

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 "running walk," which one of the guides demonstrated for us. Bill awaited us back at Fljótstunga, and we ate our usual vegetarian meal of salad, bread, and skyr.

August 7th [To Geitaskard near Blönduós]

August 8th
From Geitaskard, 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 gray clouds. At one point Húnafljórdur seemed to divide neatly into a shining glassy blue layer and another deep, rougher blue one close in. We then travelled down to Vatnsdalur, one of the most beautiful valleys we've seen (Morris's "Water-dale"). Green tun-steads surrounded neat red-roofed two- or three-building farmhouses, and Vatnsdalur's striking parallel rivers seemed to coil and undulate like ribbons, until the dale finally became a watery pasture of grassy islets and soft green mounds. Largish hills, formed by a landslide, 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, Glámur the Undead, at Þórshall-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 dark brown and gray rock. For waterscapes, this has been our best day yet.

At the top of Vatnsdalur we continued south past Hóp and Hausar, and passed the site of the temple of Ingimund, a Celtic priest who made an early attempt to Christianize Iceland. At our stopping point at Forsaeludalur ("shadow dale"), we stood together on a knoll looking south toward a cluster of conflating ridges and hills. "Shadow-dale" is the name of a valley in Roots of 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 Thingeyra, 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 crevices in the ground were so large that rivulets could run through them, and walked with care. Against the headlands, with the river behind and Húnavatn 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 firth and small mounds, and around the Hóp's handsome large oval of 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 Borgarvirki ("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. Borgarvirki is constructed in a rough crater-like circle, with a smaller stone roomlike structure within. 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 Hóp behind. According to Morris's 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 Hvammstangi, 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 Waterdale region towards Blönduós, the rivers shone silver in the end-of-day light. At Geitaskard, 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.



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

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JUL 30 1987

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY NEWSLETTER

July 1987

Dear Member,

1. KELMSCOTT HOUSE

The open day in our refurbished headquarters at Kelmscott House on 11 April was a heartening occasion, full of fellowship. 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 Mirwitch welcomed us back to Hammersmith and hoped co-operation between the Society and the local authority would grow. Athene Seyler, who lives in the coach-house and has now passed her 98th birthday, put in a warmly-applauded 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 Eyre 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.

Fitting 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 8860.

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. The new 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.

On a slightly different note, we learn that Edmund Penning-Rowell, 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 originals 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 Dreyfus will lead this tour of the sites of the printing presses run by William Morris, Emery Walker, Cobden-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, ECl. 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 so 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 satisfyingly 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 (Hon. Programme Secretary)
Dawn Morris (Hon. Membership Secretary)
Peter Faulkner (Hon. Editor)
Patricia Bayer
Dorothy Coles

Nicholas Friend
Norah Gillow
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 Fulham Archaeological Rescue Group.

6. SOCIETY PROGRAMME REPORT

Birthday Celebrations, Oxford, 21 March

More than sixty members met 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. The associative cues described in the excellent handout (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 stink 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, 1893-98, 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 Pevsner) are by Webb who was paid £2 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. only undertook commissions for new buildings. The chapel also has a remarkable 'crucifixion' by Ceri Richards, 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 enticed by John Hanna'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 late comers, our President, Asa Briggs, Provost of Worcester and Lady Briggs welcomed us to tea. I don't recall Worcester teas 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 views 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, creator of 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 Burges Chapel, the resplendent library and the 'landskipped' 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.

Hans Brill

Victorian RAs, their Architects and Houses, 16 May

In older parts of towns 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 locale 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 (1863) 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 on the Oxford Union murals some years earlier. In Melbury Road we saw notable houses by Norman Shaw for Marcus Stone in 1876 and another for Luke Fildes a year later (a beaut, this); one by Burges 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 1802, to which Burges subsequently added the other structure in 1895. It was 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 Annunciation 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 have astonishingly 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 an unusual one, and not a museum, and the early 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 as recently as 1983, when the villagers defeated a project to build in the area. Georgie, who was noted in Rottingdean for her radicalism, would have approved 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 1893 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 offered to provide most welcome tea, sandwiches and cake for the whole party. 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 Hans de Groot of Toronto University on 19th century attitudes towards rescuing and rebuilding medieval church fabric. Excellently illustrative slides and well found quotations outlined the shades of opinion from antiquarians, through Tractarians, church authorities, enthusiasts and members of SPAB, who, although holding a firm line against Victorian replicas of original Gothic and outright fakery derived 'from conjecture alone', were nevertheless not facing massed ranks of ecclesiastical and architectural philistines, as has sometimes been suggested. The cases of restoration in Oxford during the 1850s were of particular interest, together with Ruskin's and Morris's early membership of the Oxford Society for the Promotion of Gothic Architecture, which as Prof. de Groot said, should repay further research.

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, but 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 (0608-63482). An annotated list of books dealing with Morris and his circle is being drawn up and will be circulated to all interested. Those

attending the meeting on 10 July are asked to bring one or two books with them for those present to examine. Further information about the work of the Branch may be obtained from its Secretary, Malcolm Pollard, 6 Bosely Close, Shipson-on-Stow, Warks. 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 1988 programme the Centre is planning a short course on the 19th century Gothic revival in church architecture, examining rediscovery, restoration and newbuilt examples. The programme provisionally includes visits to sites such as Tintern, Kempley, Highham, Hoarwithy, Hereford and Brockhampton. Further details of dates and costs (about £100 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/MARX 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 yews 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 about 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 he was no unrealistic enthusiast but a very successful head of the Firm, an aspect of his achievement which is often undervalued. It also raises questions about socialism and capitalism which we discussed in our final session and which remain of central concern. Our trip to Morwellham, from whose copper (and later arsenic) mines the Morris family fortune derived, was made arduous by the quality of the transport, but served to show us something of the realities of Victorian business enterprise, a necessary background to the subject matter of an enjoyable weekend, for arranging which 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 McCausland Ltd., located, oddly, in a Toronto suburb. The firm, founded in 1850, 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 preamble to the tour, Corey Keeble of the Royal Ontario Museum, co-leader with Andrew McCausland, 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. Katharine Lochnan 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 tiled 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". This 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 fine bookbinder and book restorer Michael Wilcox with personal reflections, "A Joy in my Work". We were brought abruptly into the modern work situation in the afternoon by Joe Surich, 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 McNulty, V.P. Personnel, IBM Canada, who presented a benign version of IBMs 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 Wychwood Park, Toronto, an area that was originally developed as an artists' colony by Marmaduke Mathews, a local artist. Many of these homes show the influence of the English Arts and Crafts Movement. Most recently, on a wet and stormy May 30, we toured 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 Luce, 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 very 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 1970s, 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, however, 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 Sumner Studio. Further information about the Trust and its Appeal may be obtained from the Secretary, Alan J. Dennis, 13 St. Swithun 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 R. 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 Maureen Rothstein, a Society member living near Portsmouth. She is willing to make 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

contains two articles of interest to Society members, one on the work of Philip Webb in general, the other on Standen 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

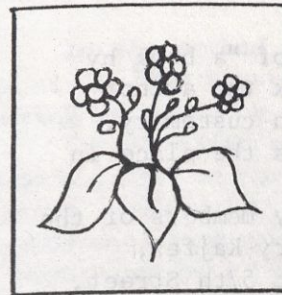
The next issue of the Newsletter will appear in October, and contributions should reach me by 21 September.

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

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 Boos, Jan Marsh, and Carole Silver; in the second, the speakers will be Gary 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 NEMLA Meetings did not appear in the recent NEMLA 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 Elzea, 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 Trellis 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. Elzea 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 Kajfez, 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.

Grateful as we are then for the excellent papers we have accepted, we remain troubled by an apparent lack of interest in the social dimensions of medievalism. Where are the historians? In fact the impact of medievalism on social forces like nationalism and socialism exceeded its more obvious literary manifestations. Medievalism will never be rightly understood, nor its potential for illuminating the past exploited, until it is perceived as a social force apparent long before the nineteenth century and much more than a passing fashion in art and literature. We will continue then to press for papers on these topics.

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 Morris 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 Gallant of the University of Connecticut spoke on "Medievalism and the Pre-Raphaelite Concept 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 the medieval past, 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 Morris 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 autograph 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 manager of the Southern Pacific railroad, from the library of Laurence Hodson, at Compton Hall, near Wolverhampton. Politically, this concentration of more than 60 of Morris' autographs in the hacienda 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 Doom of King Acrisius," "The Hill of Venus," and Love Is Enough, and the only extant autograph of the 1967-70 Earthly Paradise. Prose manuscripts include early drafts of The Story of the Glittering Plain and The Roots of the Mountains, and fair copies for the press of The Glittering Plain, Child Christopher and Goldilind the Fair, and The House of the Wolfings. There are also fair copies of several of Morris' translations with Magnusson from the Icelandic, of his translations of the Aeneid and the Odyssey, and of The Tables Turned, or Nupkins 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 59 letters include eleven to Ford Madox Brown and several to Charles Marsh Gere, in which Morris suggested changes in Gere's illustrations for Kelmscott books. In one November 7th, 1893 letter to Gere, Morris cheerfully remarked, "When I was a young--bear--I think I really succeeded in ignoring modern life altogether. And 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 of a 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 R. Dunlap reports that Robert Leslie has died at the age of 101. See the January 1986 Newsletter for Dunlap's eloquent testimonial--on the occasion of Leslie's 100th birthday--to this tireless Morrisean who had read News from Nowhere before the turn of the century.

Dunlap also reports that many Society members will be interested in the sale of an important collection of manuscripts and fine books scheduled for next Fall at Christies in New York. This is the Estelle Doheny collection which includes Morris's calligraphic manuscript of the Aeneid. More details will follow in the next Newsletter.

Marilyn Ibach 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 Latrobe Chapter of the Society of Architectural Historians, of which I am treasurer, sponsored two lecturers invited to the Victorian Society to speak. 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 craftwork, architecture, family photographs, and homes and haunts. 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 was acclaimed by those who heard her to have 'personality.' Members of the William Morris Society in North America in the area were invited to attend both lectures, and Marilyn Ibach, Dr. William Peterson, and Mark Samuels-Lasner attended."

Mary Riley has written to direct our "attention to the May/June English Edition of FMR Magazine (No. 26) which contains several lovely photographs of the Morris Room at the V. and A."

Elaine Harrington reports that in April she gave a lecture on the Glessner House in Chicago (See the January and April 1986 Newsletters) to the Graham Society. This hour-long lecture, accompanied by many fine slides, was well-received, and Ms. Harrington is willing to offer it again. Even though she is no longer curator of the Glessner House, she can be reached via its address: 1800 South Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, 60616.

Society members interested in Morris and Company interiors can write to the same address for an informative brochure, "Explore Chicago's Historic House Museums."

D. OTHER NEWS

Several months ago we received a letter from Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Greenhalgh regarding a "Fine Set of William Morris Picture Tiles." The set referred to is Beauty and the Beast, reported to be in "excellent condition, the colours being remarkably fresh, owing to their location in our billiards room." This set is now for sale and interested members should write to the Greenhalghs at Cronkbourne House, Tromode, Braddan, Isle of Man.

The following remarks introduced an article in our local newspaper, The Daily Hampshire Gazette, last week: "Western Massachusetts is the crafts center of America. That statement is not an exaggeration.

It started in the late 1960s, with the Leather Shed in Amherst, the Faux Pas in Northampton, and similar funky little shops from Ware to Williamstown, where law school dropouts, perennial bohemians, and average middle-class folk all turned their creative energy to pottery, weaving, metalsmithing, sandal-making, and other traditional artisans' work. Twenty years later, look at the results: Craftspeople with national reputations work in studios in the hills and the Valley, fine crafted items are on display from one end of Northampton's Main Street to the other, and the nation's largest commercial crafts fair is in West Springfield.

The items in Northampton's boutiques and galleries represent decades of apprenticeship and dedication, both by the area's craftspeople and by hundreds of other artisans across the United States who send their work to this city--or who even move to the Valley--because of this area's national reputation as a center of crafts activity. This week, that activity rises to its highest level of the year, as craftspeople, retailers and individual shoppers will converge on the Valley for the annual AMERICAN CRAFT COUNCIL FAIR. The largest retail crafts fair in the nation, this event used to be held in Rhinebeck, N.Y., but now it takes place at the Big E in West Springfield. 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 around it--notably the DEERFIELD CRAFTS FAIR AND CRAFTS NIGHT IN NORTHAMPTON.

The Deerfield Fair, held this Saturday and Sunday (10 a.m.-5 p.m. both days), is a fitting opening to the week, as the 250 exhibitors around Memorial Hall in Historic Deerfield work mostly in traditional forms that reflect the old town's history. This is the place to look for an old-fashioned quilt, ironwork, or traditional pottery. Chosen by a crafts jury, these exhibitors come from as far away as Arizona and Florida."

Here are some personal reactions to this Deerfield Fair, from Patricia Aho who visited it on a recent sunny Saturday afternoon.

"The Deerfield Fair is spread out over several blocks within the historic town, which is itself a museum of American history, the site of an Indian massacre, and the home of the prestigious Deerfield Academy.

The fair brings together craftspeople from all of the New England states to display and sell their wares and creations. While I feel certain that William Morris would have applauded the protection and preservation of the wonderful houses and buildings in Old Deerfield, I doubt he would have been impressed with most of the fair's artifacts, for there is little evidence here of a craftsman who might have laboured over a few inches of needlework or colorful decoration. In the space of one hour, I saw no fewer than fifteen collections of blue and white ceramic plates and bowls, turned out by different potters but looking as though they all came off the same wheel. Every dried flower arrangement contained the same number of purple and yellow flowers mixed with wheat or barley or some kind of straw; every blacksmith displayed the same hooks, plant holders and fireplace equipment; all the little wooden trucks, pigs and cows, the cloth dolls to cover toilet tissue rolls, the stencilled "Welcome" signs in slate, rock, pine or porcelain, the watercolours of the Maine seacoast or

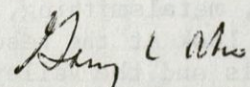
the neighbor's dog, the leather wallets, belts and address books--all seemed distressingly similar.

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's reactions to last August's Iceland jaunt are herewith attached.

Yours in fellowship,



Gary L. Aho, for the
Governing Committee

Department of English
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"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 dale with winding rivers. We passed then through a dryer plateau with barren tundra, 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 Skagafjörður ("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 Stefán 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 dale, carefully planted and irrigated, and continued east through it to Viðimýri ("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 (☞) 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 baer encompassed two guest rooms, a dairy, a kitchen, a tool-room, and an unusually large and airy baðstofa ("bath room"), with its characteristic bedsteads along the sloping walls. A little partition provided some privacy at one end of the baðstofa 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, mantlepieces, musical instruments, and other items, some of them quite beautiful. As in every baðstofa, 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 Sauðarkrókur ("sheep's crook"), near where Morris probably turned east toward Akureyri. Sauðarkrókur (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 Skagafjörður, 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 swim.

From Sauðarkrókur, 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 Hólar, we passed the stead of Grettir's slayer, Þorbjörn Öngull ("Thorbjörn Hook;" Morris and Magnusson translated the name as "Thorbiorn 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 Viðvíkursveit ("wide-bay country"), we came to Hólar ("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 Guðbrandsbiblía, and the translator himself was depicted with other worthies along the wall. The elaborate altarpiece 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 inscribed baptismal font, and two tombstones carefully protected under wooden covers. 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 400th anniversary of Jón Arason's death; the cemetery's sadly effaced stones were shaded by ash trees quite large by Icelandic standards, and a carefully planted "forest" stood nearby. Here and elsewhere there seems to be an attractive custom of planting a small tree, often a fir, next to the grave sites, and family members are often buried together in a little stone enclosure or pen, and sheltered from the wind by one large stone.

On our return, we again passed Drangey, Grettir's last refuge, and stopped at Flúgumýri ("fly swamp"), where the Sturlunga Saga records a burning of the stead in 1273. A 1727 painting of the last supper, quite ancient for preserved Icelandic art, graced its small red and white church, where Eugene again tried to play the organ, and a herd of healthy-looking cows grazed in the fields nearby. On the way home, several delicate rainbows appeared in the light which streamed down from blue patches of sky over the clouds and mountains nearby. Eugene seemed happy with his small purchase (two illustrated placemats), and more generally with the day. I wrote a card to Ray after dinner.

August 10th, Sunday

Rain and mist shrouded our visit to Laxdalur ("salmon valley"), site of the Laxdaela Saga. We drove north again from Geitaskard, through Blönduós, past Hóp to Borðeyri, and then across the peninsula to Hvammsfjörður ("hollow-firth"), where we turned north at the hamlet Búðadalur ("booths' valley"), and further north towards Svínadalur ("pigs' valley"; our language teacher once remarked that Iceland's last domestic svín were slaughtered sometime in the fifteenth century . . .). We passed the site of Olaf Peacock's house at Hjarðarholt, and, some distance off the narrow road to its north, the lonely boulder where Bolli is said to have killed Kjartan. The bleak gray drizzle created an appropriate atmosphere, as Eugene, Bill, Gary, and I climbed up to the rock and looked back at the little bus in the rain. Morris called the environs "a most evil bog;" emotional response to the friends' mutual betrayal may well have heightened his distaste: ". . . it is an awful place: set aside the hope that the unseen sea gives you here, and the strange threatening change of the blue spiky mountains beyond the firth, and the rest seems emptiness and nothing else: a piece of turf under your feet, and the sky overhead, that's all; whatever solace your life is to have here must come out of yourself or these old stories, not over hopeful themselves. Something of all this I thought. . . . and now and again a few times I felt homesick--I hope I may be forgiven" (108). "Auðvitad," as the Icelanders would say ("Of course"). Walking back from Kjartan's stone, I looked with astonishment at some bright red mushrooms on the sparse wet grass.

We drove on past Ásgarður, and the rolling slopes once again became real mountains, riven by reddish-black crevasses down their sides. In contrast to Morris' depression at Hjarðarholt (Kjartan's home), his identification with the unfortunate Bolli may also have influenced his response to Saelingsdalur ("chieftain's valley"; "saell" of course also means "happy" or "blessed"), which he thought too humble for the resonance of its name. I also found it hard to imagine twenty men hiding there in ambush, for all the land's clefts and turns; perhaps the eleventh century supported more bushes.

The dismal day cleared a little as we drove on; the slate blue fjord and tiered headlands and mountains began to emerge from the mist. We saw a large "glaucous gull" (identified by Margaret Power), with brown striations on its wings and tail. In Laugar for lunch, we stopped to see a sculpture by Ásmundur Sveinsson in the town center. Later, at Krosshólar near Stadarholt on the peninsula, we climbed a wind-lashed promontory to view a cross which commemorates Unnur djúpuða (Unnur the Deep Minded), matriarch of the

Laxdaelingar. The wind gusted fiercely to sixty knots or more, and we huddled against rocks and ledges to take pictures of the cross and wide view of the mist-covered horizon below. At another little red and white church at Hvammur on the peninsula nearby, Ruth helped Bill decipher a dignified pillar which honored Snorri Goði, and we paused to view the still-darkened dale to the front and left and bleak hills to our right. On the return journey we stopped in Hjarðarholt at another rather gothicized small church above the river in which the young Kjartan and Bolli would have swum in "The Lovers of Gudrun."

After we had rounded the firth and stopped again to rest at Búðadalur, I noticed a mock-heroic bumper sticker: "London-New York-Paris-Búðadalur." Morris's response to isolation was (usually) that the world is wherever any sentient being dwells, and of course he was right. Still, I confess I do not remember much else about Búðadalur, beyond its few houses in the mist, and the interior of its inevitable gas station-café-general store. Fog accompanied our journey to a new night's refuge, and I napped; as I awoke, we were traversing a flatter, rocky region, dotted with many cairns. The mountains on the right rose starkly grey-black, greener as we approached Snaefellsnes on the south side of the peninsula. We passed Ölkelda and Stadaðarir ("ale-springs" and "places of places"), and arrived at our luxurious guesthouse at Ytri Tunga ("outer tongue"). Quite new and spacious, the building is airy, warm and pleasant; I shared a room with five other women upstairs, and Bill and Eugene roomed with Gary.

Most strikingly, we are for the first time directly by the sea. A few hundred feet from the house, the familiar crabgrass and dandelions yield to a broad sand beach washed (today) by a gentle tide of white waves. The weather was now what the Icelanders call skar, better-than-it-might-be, and the sea shone a light blue and turquoise beneath the beautiful lavender sunset. Morris mentioned a similar phenomenon at Snaefellsnes--the light suddenly radiates through the clouds, and cascades in a kind of visualallelujah. Violet shells are everywhere on the shore, and the twilight washed everything--white foam, broad beach--in the soft bright colors of a Monet painting. I looked out over the sea for a long time, wondering whether Icelandic voyagers also marvelled that this ocean also touches North America.

August 11th, Monday

We all awoke much more alert, even though Eugene, Bill, Holly, Neville, Gary, and others had played hearts till two. The sky was bright, and we looked fondly at the sea from our breakfast tables. In our little bus once again, we continued west along the shore, across a clear river, beneath several sharply peaked mountains and fairly large waterfalls, and through the hamlet of Lýsuhöll ("gleam hill"). Snaefellsjökull still hovered in the distance when we stopped for a rest at the peaceful little inlet of Búðir ("booths"). The mountains above rise steeply from the coastal plain to the north, and Morris remarked correctly on their many colors of stone, in striking combinations of red, orange, green, and black. Nevill, who brought his binoculars, discovered sheep for us on incredibly high ledges in the distance, isolated, placid figures against the green. Morris also commented on Búðahraun, a large mossy lava-field southwest of Búðir, which would have been very difficult to traverse on horseback. In today's light the sea is deep-green and turquoise blue, and Búðir's wild grasses and yellow-green moss are streaked with an immense variety of nameless flowers.

On the road to Arnarstapi ("eagle's cliff") we scattered a cloud of arctic terns, and passed large volcanic cliffs circled by hundreds of terns. Morris was pleased by Arnarstapi and its adjoining meadows; the stapi itself overlooks steep shores and narrow, rocky inlets in a larger firth which reaches out to the sea. As we walked along a bit of the firth, we could see the headlands from which we came behind us to the east, a waterfall and Snaefellsjökull above us to the left, and thousands and thousands of nesting birds on the islets in the firth. Their endless caws echoed loudly in the sea-air. Several sheep ambled past, and Eugene happily pursued six of them over some hillocks. I came so close to a tern perched placidly in the lake that I began to worry it might be hurt. A few hundred feet inland stood a grim-looking memorial to fishermen

drowned at sea.

After this we drove off contentedly toward Hólahólar ("hills of hills"); the lava was more uneven still, bizarrely shaped black rocks covered everywhere with green moss. Hólahólar 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 dale toward Búdir, and up again toward Snaefellsjökull. In the bus again, we finally rounded the tip of Snaefellsnes, past a large boulder balanced incongruously on the narrow tip of one sharp peak. The terns continued to wheel around the deep green slopes of the mountains to our right. We stopped briefly at Hellissandur ("cave-sands"), where another statue commemorated drowned fishermen, and we contemplated Snaefellsjökull 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 Ingjaldshóll, 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 in Morris' time, the trading station lay to the east of town, now the site of a couple bucolic steads and a small waterfall. Morris and his companions approached the town warily below Búlandshöfði ("farmlands-head"), whose vertical sides plunge almost directly into the sea. Any delay would have left them helpless in the rising tide, and his descriptions of the gravelly mountain shale 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 crags from the peninsula east of the bay.

Somewhat later, we passed a bird sanctuary and several stands of fish drying-racks between Setberg ("bench rock") and Hallbjarnareyri ("Hallbjörn's Sandbank"). At Kolgrafarjörður ("coal-pit firth"), beneath the Tröllatindar ("trolls' peaks"), the mountainous headlands and small glaciers curve gracefully into the bay, a sight Morris also admired. Beneath Helgrindur ("Hell-grates") we turned back, and stopped briefly near Búlandshöfði 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 land became rougher near Holtsá ("hill river"), where we turned left to return south across the peninsula, and climbed steeply into the mountains at Froðarheiði ("foam-heath"). As we came over the pass, we looked down into a broad valley, from which the curves of the southern beaches of Snaefellsnes opened out on the firth. The golden light of the afternoon sun illuminated the sea at 5:30 p. m., one of the most sweeping and vertiginous views we have had.

Later, we reached the familiar costal meadows of Lýsuhóll near our house, and several stopped to swim at an authentic but rather rank-looking Ölkelda; the rest of us continued home. After a friendly dinner, Bill and I walked for a while by the sea. 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

Handsome cumulus clouds hovered over the sea as we left Langholt, and climbed north from Vegamót past Straumfjardará ("stream fjord river") toward Kerlingarskard ("old woman's pass," "carline's pass" to Morris). The name comes from a rather indistinct stone profile at the top of the pass which would justify "Karlsskard" just as well. Little glaciers flowed down mountainsides into small rivers and handsome little falls, some of them multitiered, and further into the lake where the legendary troll-kerling drowned when she was caught fishing at dawn, a fatally compromising act for trolls.

We passed Grettistak, site of another feat of Grettirian prowess (he heaved a large boulder), and looked down toward Álftafjörður ("swans' fjord"), on the right, and Breiðafjörður on the left. Morris greatly admired "Broadfirth"'s great expanse, many skerries and low strands. We then turned left to

Berserkjahraun, 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's edge stood neatly symmetrical cairns, under one of which Valerie placed a poem. The lava's edge was abruptly and clearly defined; a hundred feet from it, we saw a farmstead 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 ("slice island"), along the strand between Breiðafjörður and Álftafjörður. A beautiful cove lay to 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 Helgafell, a "holy mountain" whose venerable literary associations are amicably belied by its dimensions and appearance; Bill accurately described the grassy-sided hill as a "cozy little bump." Eyrbyggja Saga and Gisla Saga episodes took place at Holy Mountain, and Gudrun spent her final years there as a rueful nun in the Laxdaela Saga. A grave which may be hers is now surrounded by a railing and marked by a brown stone which reads Gudrun Ósvífursd. 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 waived his wishes, and commented 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 so often in Iceland, the view from the enclosure was sweeping and beautiful; it extended out toward the bay towards Breiðabólstaður and the many small islands in Álftafjörður. The little stone shrine itself was rectangular, rather smaller than the room of a twentieth-century house.

We presumably did not profane the "cozy bump" by stopping for lunch at a small pond at its base. Bill talked for a while with a young German father touring 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 Gudrun Ósvífursd. as we left.

Stykkishólmur is a large pleasant town of twelve hundred souls, whose pier and harbour front on the bright blue firth; its largest structure is a regional hospital run by 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 Hrapsey ("boor's island") are now uninhabited, visited only by sheep, tourists, and vast flocks of seagulls, brown cormorants, long-necked glaucous gulls, and round orange-billed puffins. Margaret, our birder, was thoroughly in her element; as the birds skimmed and dove, she pointed out the most interesting markings, and watched carefully for any species she had not found so far. Her checklist of observed species soon rose to more than thirty. Especially touching were the puffins, who could only achieve flight when they had vigorously agitated the water for thirty or forty feet.

Ruth remarked that some islands are still used for grazing, but we saw no sheep. Most imposing were the islets' steep sides, often (as at "Pigs' Island") imposing colonnades of striated basalt which rose like organ pipes a hundred feet or more from the sea. Red and white flowers clung to the ledges, and bright striations of lichens colored the columns. We skirted closely one particularly convoluted islet, where Eric the Red (Eiríkur Raudi) once took refuge before he left for Greenland, in a sheltered cove now called Eiríksvík ("Eric's bay").

We lingered for a while in Stykkishólmur after we disembarked, then departed for home with a last pause near Helgafell. A curtain of cold rain redescended once again just as we climbed up into the pass. We stopped a last time to view an inlet of Álftafjörður, deep cobalt blue in the rain and mist, where Eiríkur Raudi is said to have murdered his first enemy. Morris found this scene quite beautiful, with its wide expanse of mountains embracing the bay. We descended the other side of the pass from rain into sunshine, and a beautiful rainbow arc again accompanied us toward our guesthouse.

We lingered after dinner on this, our last night together in the country (tomorrow we will be separated in Reykjavík), talked in little groups, and sang folk songs far into the night. Nigel Kelsey led the folk singing with an amazing repertoire of hymns, songs, and ballads--art, folk, popular, political, romantic, and satirical, American as well as British (Bill loves to sing the first three or four stanzas of "Joe Hill," from the "Little Red Songbook;" Nigel knew all five). We lingered together till after one, then scattered slowly and a bit sadly to bed. This exhausting trip has been a small testimony to the human desire to see and appreciate; and after our brief stay in Reykjavík, we may never see each other again.

Wednesday August 13th

One of the clearest, most beautiful days of our trip favored our departure. As we made our way down the fjords, Snaefellsjökull slowly began to dwindle to the faint hachure which remains visible in Reykjavík.

On the way down around Faxafloi ("mane bay"), we stopped first in Stadarstaður ("place's place"), home of Ari Thorgilsson Fróði ("the Wise"), 1068-1148, a conciliator and author of the Íslendingabók and one of the sources for the Landnámabók. A stone monument there is inscribed with Snorri Sturluson's praise of Ari as the first to write "new and old wisdom" in the Norse language. At best one can only hope to write new and old wisdom, as the Preacher remarked, and we both found Snorri's praise more moving than several score homages to literary revenge murderers. I waded through a flock of twenty energetically cackling geese to visit the nearby church. Its pulpit dated from around 1700, and its (rare) chandelier from 1713, but the most striking antiquity was a tombstone of a priest, Sigurður Sigurðsson, dated 1690. The pastor was at home, and seemed pleased when we praised a sailing ship he had suspended from the ceiling; it seemed more than appropriate for a country of rowers and seafarers.

We stopped again briefly at Vegamót ("crossroads") and passed Miklholt ("large hill"), site of one of one of Morris's camps, and Fagraskógarfjall ("Fair Woods Mountain"), where we slowed for a small herd of horses, among them a slender foal which leaned uncertainly against its mother. Several rivers and craters briefly rose above us, pitch-black and impressively stark, and many small, sparsely vegetated mountainsides and darker peaked ridges. We briefly visited Raudamelsölkelda ("red-gravel ale springs"), and stopped in a lava field at one small hot spring, which seemed to us blasé hot-spring viewers by now rather anticlimactic. As we walked back to the bus, I thought about our imminent dispersal once again, and Karen remarked that, "It took me so long to get used to these people, and now it'll seem so strange not to see them."

Near Raudamelur, we also stopped briefly to view a small ruined church by high basalt colonnades, and the more impressive Eldborg ("fire castle"), created by two eruptions separated by 1000 years, the second and more violent during the time of the settlements.

Somewhat later, we passed Grettisbídri ("Grettir's hideout") in Hítardalur ("basin valley"), a wretched crevice which Morris thought "such a savage dreadful place, that it gave quite a new turn in my mind to the whole story, and transfigured Grettir into an awful and monstrous being, like one of the early giants of the world."

The Hítará itself was a small, clear river, near a beautiful small glacier in a pacific, evenly-created mountain to our left. Near here, Morris described the sight of birch bushes against the distant but visible Langjökull and Eiríksjökull in the east. As we passed Grímsstaðir ("Grímur's place") to our left and the region of Myrar ("swamps") to our right, I gazed for a while at a particularly bright waterfall which cascaded in two small slender tiers. We stopped briefly at Borg ("castle") to view a sculpture of an episode in Egils Saga, in which the despairing Egill tries to starve himself to death, but is tricked by his daughter into drinking a little milk. Beyond lay the open horizon, reddish cliffs, and glaciers in the east, and the now-distant

Snaefellsnes 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 Skallagrímurgarður (Egill was Egill Skallagrímsson), a remarkably flowered and verdant little park. The flowers are grown in greenhouses, then transplanted lovingly to their beds amidst the shrubs. A genuinely striking sculpture near the garden's entrance shows the impressively homely Egill with his slender, lifeless son (also Skallagrímur) 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 Reykjavík, along Melasveit ("gravel district") by Borgarfjörður into Hvalfjörður ("whale firth") and around Esja to the capital. Along the way we passed the largish industrial town of Akranes ("fields' ness"). In Hvalfjörður, we stopped at Saurbaer ("dirt farm") to view Hallgrímskirkja ("Hallgrim's Church"), a light 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 Hallgrímur Pétursson, the 17th-century author of the Passíusálmar ("Passion Psalms").

Further round the firth, we could see Skálafell ("hall mountain") to the south, and the sun-capped Botnsúlur ("basin columns"), which we originally saw at Thingvellir from the other side. The firth is bordered by fertile fields and broken by many skerries; we passed a disused whaling station at its head. When we stopped at Botnavogur ("bottoms inlet") to eat and look up the firth, sheep placidly ate seaweed nearby, and we enjoyed the peaceful sight of the white spire of Hallgrímskirkja across the firth. We rounded Esja, passed what Ruth noted as the largest farmstead in the country, and continued by Kollafjörður ("heads firth"), where several plants now process fishmeal into fertilizer.

When we finally entered the suburbs of Reykjavík, we could see the pyramidal spire of its Hallgrímskirkja above the roofs, and we drove straight to it. Glad 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 house at Hávalla götu 1. It was strangely moving to see our temporary dwelling 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 university, our former Icelandic teacher Margrét Jónsdóttir, Rob Berman and Wincie Johannsdóttir at the Fulbrightstofnun, and prowl a few bookstores. We collapsed, more or less, in our comfortable guesthouse rooms, which included a separate small one for Eugene; ours was also stocked neatly with a little refrigerator and small desk.

Hilmar Foss, the Society's only Icelandic member, met us all the next morning at the National Library (Þjóðbókasafn). Hilmar 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 welcomed us, 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 1872 letter, in which Iceland's founding father Jón Sigurðsson called Morris's poem "beautiful," but added that ". . . it is a pity that Morris thinks that our 'mother' is rather gray and haggard-looking, dull and dreary; I can understand that but do not agree. The poem about Gunnar's Howe is still more in the same vein, and I think we shall not have a go at it. 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 that is why I prefer 'Iceland First Seen,' because there we find some hope of survival. It may be an illusion, but I think not, and I would at any rate not like to be disillusioned." The great man's faint praise is understandable, but I think he misread the underlying sense of Morris's text. The characterizations in "Gunnar's Howe" of Iceland as a "grey minster of lands" and "tomb of time past" clearly honored 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 Mark Watson's collection of foreign-language books on Iceland, especially those from the decades just before and after Morris's trip, 1865-85 (mostly such ephemera as Off to the Geysers; The Polar World; To Iceland in a Yacht; Snioland or Iceland: Its Jokulls and Fjalls; etc.). Afterwards, Bill and I walked together to the Fulbright office, and later met Margrét at the Norraena Húsið for coffee. With the group in one of the woolen stores, Bill also bought me a capelike purple coat. I protested, but later became reconciled when two students at Iowa 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 Hornið, 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 Keflavík 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 wry way, our last trip through the hraun from Reykjavík to Keflavík was fun. This dreary drive from Reykjavík to the international airport at the U. S. naval air base (site of the so-called "Iceland Defence Force") is all that many Icelandair 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 for London, 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 remote clarity 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 Landnám; 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 easeful and variegated than sparse little trees amid the vast mossy countryside, the glaciers and the rocks. The clouds lifted briefly as we passed over Scotland, and I was startled to see such fertile farms 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 útlending, as for Morris, an astringent ideal.

Florence Boos

(Bill Boos kindly helped with the Icelandic place names.)



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NEWSLETTER

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UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

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 Kelmescott House, after several years' exile. We are most grateful to the National Trust and the Society of Antiquaries; also to Athene Seyler and many other individual members who have provided storage space for our goods 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 Morris. The process 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 Kelmescott 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 reinstated in its headquarters, we want to make the best possible use of the facilities available at Kelmescott 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 Kelmescott House is also important. With the welcome