Jack Walsdorf with items from his collection, Ames Library, Illinois Wesleyan University, October 2014.
For a description of the exhibition, see page 22.
ample of recent architecture which, although more than 10 years old, looks new and modern and functional. [see report page 22]

We were lucky enough to be escorted through the campus by the University Librarian, Dr. Karen Schmidt and the University Archivist & Special Collections Librarian, Meg Miner. Their assistance made our journey all more enjoyable. While attending the various classes I posed the question, asking for a show of hands, how many of you know of Elbert Hubbard? (born 10 miles north of Bloomington), and I would get about a 5 to 10% response. Next I asked about Louis Comfort Tiffany, with about a 5% response. Then I asked about Frank Lloyd Wright, many of whose homes are in this region, and this got about a 30-40% response. Finally, prior to hearing of having two visiting scholars from the William Morris Society of the United States coming on campus, how many had heard of William Morris? At very most, 5% or less.

This brings me around to some closing remarks. If we want to get Morris and his message out to young people we need to help people like Florence Boos, Jane Carlin and Jason Martinek on their new project, Teaching Morris. Also, John Plotz’s latest book, Time and the Tapestry, A William Morris Adventure could also be a good starting place to get young people (ages 11-14) interested in Morris through a fascinating tale of time travel.

I am writing this in late November, but most of you will not read it until late winter 2015. In between, many of us will have traveled to Vancouver, B.C. in January for the 130th Annual M.L.A. convention for our session on “William Morris and Old Norse” and another session on “The Ecological and the Oceanic.” This will be a great time for Morris lovers from across the U.S., Canada, and the U.K. to bond in friendship.

Jack Walsdorf, President, William Morris Society in the United States

A LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

I have just returned from a trip, along with Florence Boos, former President of the William Morris Society, to a wonderful campus located in central Illinois. We were lucky enough to be invited to give a number of lectures and participate in classes at Illinois Wesleyan University, located in Bloomington, Illinois. The title of our presentations was “Boundless Spirit: William Morris for the 21st Century.” The nearly dozen classes included “World of Ideas”; “Utopianism & Its Critics”; and a general presentation on the highlights of some 60 Morris related items (including 12 Kelmscott books) on display at the Ames Library, a wonderful ex-
plained that they selected items from seven different museum departments and the exhibition included tapestries, paintings, drawings, books, stained glass, and furniture. Reflecting the holdings of the museum, the exhibition centered on the second generation of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, with representative works by Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Morris and Simeon Solomon.

The design of the exhibition was extremely well done. In one section they used Morris & Co.’s “Bird” fabric as a backdrop with De Morgan chargers and the firm’s Backgammon Players cabinet, echoing Morris’s own use of the fabric in decorating the drawing room at Kelmscott House. On one side of a pillar they placed Burne-Jones’s stained glass cartoon for Moses (from Jesus College Chapel) with a stained glass panel of King David on the other side. Of the works on paper in the museum’s collections, the most remarkable is an 1868 study of Jane Morris in chalks by Rossetti for his painting “Mariana.” Near it was placed the museum’s one important Pre-Raphaelite oil painting, Burne-Jones’s “The Love Song,” together with a pencil study for the painting from a private collection. The curators have discovered the Breton song that inspired the painting and placed a recording of a performance of it on their website.

Near Morris & Co.’s tapestry “Angeli Laudantes” were displayed several designs and studies by Burne-Jones for tapestries as well as a trial piece created by Morris & Co. In display cases they included the museum’s copy of the Kelmscott Press The Well at the World’s End and a Julia Margaret Cameron photograph obviously influenced by the Pre-Raphaelites. In addition to works from the museum’s collections, there were several loans from private collectors, most notably Simeon Solomon’s “Evening Star.”

In their presentation, the curators revealed that the museum’s first acquisitions of Pre-Raphaelite works were made by Roger Fry when he worked briefly as Curator of Paintings at the museum. His acquisitions included Ford Madox Brown’s “The Convalescent” (a portrait of his wife Emma), one of Burne-Jones drawings for the figures for the Morris Room at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and a watercolor study by Rossetti for “Lady Lilith.” The museum’s study shows that Fanny Cornforth was the original model for the work, but at the request of the patron she was replaced by Alexa Wilding in the oil painting. Both the exhibition itself and the presentation by the curators were thoroughly enjoyed by all the participants.

**Time and the Tapestry:**
A William Morris Adventure
Written by John Plotz and illustrated by Phillis Saroff
Bunker Hill Publishing 2014
Park. I loved that house; in fact I might claim to have had a turn-of-the-century childhood in the 1950s. The atmosphere was of the late Victorian period. Of course my grandparents were born in the 1890s.

My grandmother had an elderly friend, May Bradshaw Hays, whom we used to visit. Mrs. Hays was the daughter of Joseph Jacobs, the Australian-born British writer and folklorist. She was born in 1880 and was full of tales.

Do not want art for a few, any more than education for a few, or freedom for a few.

William Morris

AN INTERVIEW WITH MARK SAMUELS LASNER

Clara Finley

Can you pinpoint a particular experience, or acquisition, which led you to become a collector?

Well, I’ll go back and start with my usual story, which seems even more remarkable now, as I get older, than it did when it happened. I grew up in suburban Connecticut, and lived with my grandparents in a wonderful Queen Anne “summer cottage” built in 1898 by Bruce Price, the architect of Tuxedo Park. I loved that house; in fact I might claim to have had a turn-of-the-century childhood in the 1950s. The atmosphere was of the late Victorian period. Of course my grandparents were born in the 1890s.
about growing up in London. And she had known William Morris and had visited Kelmscott House; she had known Burne-Jones; she had met Robert Browning; she remembered, as a teenager, being taken rowing by Frederick Furnivall. Mrs. Hays even claimed, and it was possible, that George Eliot had seen her as an infant.

I heard all these reminiscences, which only reinforced my love for everything about that period. When I graduated from Connecticut College in 1974, at which point Mrs. Hays was 94 years old, a box arrived. In the box were two hand-painted fireplace tiles; those were her parent’s wedding present from Edward and Georgiana Burne-Jones; and four pieces of blue and white china, the remnants of the tea set that William and Jane Morris gave them. That was the moment I started to collect. And it’s just astonishing. As Lorelei Lee says in “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,” “fate just keeps on happening”—and it keeps happening to me.

You own such treasures as Morris’s handwritten catalogue of his books, Edward Burne-Jones’s visitors book from North End House, Rottingdean, and a rare original print by Max Beerbohm: is there a single item that you would consider to be the crowning jewel of your collection?

It’s always this question, if someone yells, “fire,” what do you take with you. I think I have to say that the Morris calligraphic manuscript is one of my great treasures. It’s a spectacular thing. I was actually surprised that I was able to buy it at auction. I assumed that—I won’t even name which institutions, but those would come readily to mind—I assumed that one or another of the great libraries or museums would outbid me, and they didn’t. I mean, the manuscript is like the Holy Grail to me.

The Burne-Jones visitors book was a complete surprise. I didn’t know it existed. In January 2004 a bookseller sent me an email, saying that he had the book for sale for a client, and asking if I knew anything about it. I remember calling him, and I recall my exact words, which were, “I don’t know anything about it except you’re putting it in a Fed-ex box and sending it to me.” That was it. I didn’t know how much it was, I didn’t even ask. The dealer’s email stated that it came with a little group of drawings by Burne-Jones, but there were no further details. The next morning one of the mailroom staff at the University of Delaware library brought the package to my research study. I unwrapped the book and kept turning the pages filled with sketches, awe-struck, which is an understatement. All the time I was thinking, why isn’t this in the Fitzwilliam Museum or the Morgan Library, how is this here?

Then I opened the little portfolio with marbled paper, which accompanied the visitors book and found a Burne-Jones self-caricature, a caricature of Georgiana Burne-Jones, and drawings of animals and babies. There was a folded piece of paper, and inside this another folded sheet of paper at which I stared for at least two minutes. I thought, no, no this is not here, there’s something really wrong. Because what I was looking at was the sketch of Burne-Jones in the studio in Red Lion Square, in 1858, reproduced in every book on the artist or Morris. That iconic piece of Pre-Raphaelite history must be in an institution; it just can’t be sitting in front of me, and I went to the stacks and got the Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones, where the illustration caption says “from a photograph in the British Museum.” The British Museum has always had a photograph, and this was the original.

I now realize that I knew the last living person to have known William Morris. It’s just astonishing.

And I remember, after I recovered, that I picked up the phone and I called Margaretta Frederick of the Delaware Art Museum. I asked Margaretta, “What are you doing?” and told her to just stop and get in her car and come to Newark. I did not tell her why, just that she had to come, right now.

Margaretta came, and I handed her the little piece of folded paper and she opened it up, and she kept saying “oh my god, oh my god,” and of course, for both of us, this was magic: for in the drawing Burne-Jones is sitting on one of the medieval chairs, decorated by Morris and Rossetti, that are in the Delaware Art Museum.

So those two would have to be at the very top of the list of things in the collection. I’m so grateful to have them, and to not only enjoy them myself, to make them available to people to see them. Both the calligraphic manuscript and the visitors book receive a lot of “oohs and aahs.”

Your collection is wide-ranging, but Morris is one of your specialties. What makes him so interesting and important?
I think Morris is central first of all because of the personal connection of knowing Mrs. Hayes. But Morris is simply fascinating, he did so many things so well in so many areas. I'm a great admirer, sympathetic to his political and environmental views, and I love the incredible invention of design that he had. The sheer beauty of Morris's productions, whether they are textiles, Kelmscott Press books, or stained glass windows, is remarkable. I remember that there's the story that when William Morris died, his doctor said that he died of being William Morris and doing more things than ten mortal men. So, he's always been central to collecting.

However, I have to say that while I was president of the William Morris Society, I claimed that I did not collect William Morris. That was partly self-defense, but partly because, in a way it was true. Because I've never gone out to look for Morris in the way that I've searched for, say, Max Beerbohm or Aubrey Beardsley, on whom I have done scholarly work. Morris items simply came to me, and I was happy to add them, but, for instance, I've never deliberately acquired William Morris letters. And thus I only have a couple—and with Kelmscott Press books, it's much the same process; I like to have some, but have never wanted a complete set. I couldn't afford it anyway. The Chaucer, in any case, is not financially possible.

Oddly enough, I no longer have my first Kelmscott Press book, which my grandmother bought me on our first trip to London in 1967. Inexplicably it got out of my possession. It's in the library of the Athenaeum of Philadelphia. When we had a William Morris Society visit to the Athenaeum there or four years ago, they brought out their Morris and Arts and Crafts books, and there was Gothic Architecture, with my bookplate, in the box I had made for it... they do not have an acquisition record, nor I do not have any recollection of selling it or giving it away. Anyway, I'd like it back! (laughs)

**Which of his Kelmscott Press books do you admire most?**

I almost would say you have to admire the Chaucer, but actually I'm very fond of News from Nowhere because of Gere's beautiful frontispiece of Kelmscott Manor, one of the great examples of Morris's uniting illustration, text, and ornament to perfection.

**You said in an earlier interview that when you collect, you seek out connections to the past rather than mint-condition items. Can you talk about this concept a little?**

Many collectors are interested in the obvious qualities of rarity, cultural significance, and the fine condition of the objects they collect. While not entirely indifferent to condition, I consider this of far less consequence than the interest in the item, in terms of "who made it," "what is it," and "what does it tell you about the person and the period and the place." I believe that objects are practically human, or animate anyway, and they have three tales to tell: the story of their creation, the story of what they mean in their own time, and then the story of what's happened to them since.

There are lots of things in the collection that fall in the category of just ordinary books, or books with interesting texts (many of which are not online), or have illustrations that I find attractive, or merely act to represent a particular artist or writer. What I really love are the items that have within them narratives of creation, meaning, and history.

Some books in the collection can be traced continuously through a series of owners and I know where they lived from publication day to my acquisition—there's a copy of Tennyson's "The Lover's Tale," one of his later, still extremely common titles, that he gave to the writer/collector Frederick Locker-Lampson. It was sold after Locker's death, and next owned by the American collector, William Harris Arnold; Arnold sold his library at auction, where it was bought by the composer Jerome Kern; Kern in turn sold his library at another auction in 1929; this time it was acquired by Arthur Houghton, Jr., the Corning Glass heir and a major book collector. I purchased the book at the Houghton sale at Christie's in 1981. Each owner is represented by his bookplate, including my own.

As an independent collector, researcher, typographer, and bibliographer who collaborates with all sorts of people, where do you see your position in relation to the worlds of curating, academia, publishing, and collecting? Do you feel mostly independent, or mostly integrated into one or more of these communities?

I'm in all of those worlds—with collecting at the center. I'm sort of an academic; I'm sort of a curator.
I work for the great university library that has provided a wonderful home for the collection. Much of what I do as a “Senior Research Fellow” (a clever made-up title, but perhaps not as appealing since my sixtieth birthday) is only tangentially connected to my own interests: looking for donations, helping researchers, working on exhibitions, helping to organize events, our annual Fellowship in Pre-Raphaelite Studies. Then there are the various organizations and bibliophile groups in which I’ve been involved: the William Morris Society, the Grolier Club, the Bibliographical Society of America, the American Printing History Association... anything that involves books, I’m there.

It will sound silly, but there are reasons to collect apart from having a collection. The activity gives you something to do, using time and money that might be devoted to a more constructive purpose. I often think of A.N.L. Munby’s comment that book collecting is a full-time occupation, and if you do it right, you won’t have time for frivolities like reading. One can collect at any financial level, and now, with the Internet, you can make acquisitions twenty-four hours a day. Another reason why I love collecting is that you get mail (something email has yet to replace)—dealers’ catalogues, and of course packages. If you buy enough, every day is like Christmas.

You also get to know a lot of wonderful people, extraordinary people, who may not share your particular interest or obsession, but understand it. There can be no more gossip-y world than the... I’m going to say the book-collecting world, certainly the collecting world, and probably the book-collecting world is the most gossip-y of all. We want to know what’s happening. Who has just been hired by that library, what collection is coming up for sale, how the deal was done to get that rare and famous book from one place to another, who’s writing on what. It’s a fabulously insular little world. I like that. It’s something like academia, but better, with real books and money, and crime and sex, added. Speaking of scholars let me not forget all that I have learned from them about my books. Although I cherish my independence as a private collector, I also like being integrated into the other worlds that you asked about.

You have the world’s largest private collection of works and items related to Max Beerbohm, the eminently amusing critic, essayist, writer, and caricaturist. Does a personal affinity with Beerbohm—who looked back on the past much as you do, in your position as surveyor of late Victorian and Edwardian literary figures—fuel any of your interest in collecting him?

Of all the people I collect, Max Beerbohm is the one that I would most want to visit, and have him just talk. Max is perhaps—even more than William Morris—the figure most appeal-

Edward Burne-Jones, “Studio in Red Lion Square,” 1858, Mark Samuels Lasner Collection
long to the Beardsley period,” already writing of himself as passé. He seems to have had a very self-aware nostalgia, something I identify with. At sixty I have a reverence for my childhood; when I’m seventy no doubt I’ll look back longingly at my fifties.

Max is simply fun to collect. Like William Morris, he worked in a variety of media. Max Beerbohm once claimed that “my gifts are small; I’ve used them wisely,” leading one to believe that he hadn’t done very much over his long life. In fact, if you include every pamphlet, there are at least sixty separate printed items by Max (his collected works issued 1922–28 extend to ten thick volumes). And that’s just writings, never mind 2,000 original caricatures, plus radio broadcasts and periodical appearances. As with Morris, there is no lack of material in the marketplace. I used to say that I could walk into any bookstore in the world and find something with a Max connection: a later edition, a magazine, or a book of someone’s reminiscences. It is extraordinary the number of otherwise negligible items which contain a reference to Max. So there are a great many things to collect: the first editions of his books, books from his library, manuscripts, drawings, and personalia. Of the last category I own, inter alia, one of his walking sticks, one of his cigarette boxes (empty), and his and his wife’s World War II ration book. Gathering Max became for me an obsession with a name: Maximania. The excuse of acquiring such a mass (or mess) was that I was compiling the definitive bibliography, which survives in a draft approximately 1,300 pages long—typeset.

What items feel most obviously missing from your collection today?

A Girl Among the Anarchists (1903), by William Michael Rossetti’s daughters Olive and Helen under the pseudonym Isabel Meredith, is a long-sought desideratum. I do have a copy of the book, but in the plain secondary binding. I want the first edition in the first binding, bright red cloth showing a large, round, black bomb lit with fuse on the front cover. Now, that’s on my list. Then Without Permission: A Book of Dedications by Arthur Sykes (1896). I have never seen a copy for sale. It’s a tour de force, three hundred pages of parodies of famous contemporary writers by one forgotten one.

What else, what other things? A Max Beerbohm broadside, Ballade Tragique, a Double Refrain. There’s a copy at Princeton, and an entirely different one in the British Library. Those are the only copies known so far, and one or both may be a Thomas J. Wise forgery. Missing from my Beerbohm collection. So those are the ones that I don’t have.

So far, I’ve been thinking of things that might actually come my way. Moving on to books that exist but which I cannot possibly afford, sure, how about the Kelmscott Chaucer, an incunabula or illuminated manuscript from William Morris’s library, or the series of letters Charles Dickens wrote to Alice Meynell’s parents recently offered at the New York antiquarian bookfair—these would all fit in nicely, don’t you think? And if we are talking true fantasyland, I wouldn’t mind, if we’re going into Victorian literature more broadly, having a first edition of Jane Eyre, inscribed by Currer Bell to Elizabeth Gaskell or the 1865 Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland presented by Carroll to Christina Rossetti. Carroll makes me think of the weak areas of the collection, authors or artists who are under-represented in terms of the number of items in relation to their importance. Although the poets of the period are found in depth, most of the canonical—and non-canonical—novels are mostly absent. The only book by George Eliot is a book of verse. There’s no Trollope, Brontës, Gaskell, little Haggard or Mary Ward. I would like to have some novels in parts, more Carroll, and a first edition of Little Black Sambo, if only to be able to show students that the story is not about African-Americans and is not demeaning to the boy in the story.

Of course I’d also love to have a roomful of Beatrix Potter.

Just a roomful?

A roomful! A first edition Peter Rabbit would be nice; an illustrated letter, that would be great; one of the watercolors of the rabbit’s Christmas party. A set of the Christmas party watercolors actually turned up at auction, where I think one of them brought £400,000. One of Potter’s 1890s publications, which does turn up (it’s actually, for a supposedly “rare” book, very common book), might be possible. It’s a little gift book called A Happy Pair. Since the only visible Potter connection is the depiction of rabbits and her initials “H. B. P.” on the illustrations, perhaps this might be another “discovery.”

I’d love to have lots of other things. Early printed books (ones that belonged to William Morris), a Blake drawing, a few modern artists’ books that would be nice. One of my collector friends jokes that eventually what he really would like is one great book, one great painting, one great chair, and a Tiffany lamp. I’m not ready to be reduced to that but admire the thought.

Clara Finley is a Vice-President of the William Morris Society-US and analyst at Hachette Book Group. She maintains the WMS-US Facebook page and Twitter feeds, writes a blog, themorrisian.blogspot.com, and is preparing a biography of William Morris.

This interview is condensed and adapted from The Morrisian.
THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE: THE MOTIVES AND MEANINGS OF A FORGERY

By Zach Eggemeyer

The book. The book lies supine to the observer. Resting unopen, atop an orange linen cloth. There it is sprawled; rather impossibly consuming the observer’s gaze, with its full brown Levant morocco cover, and five raised bands of the spine. At the bottom of the spine, stamped in gilt, is 1886; at the top is the title. The dimpled leather seems an open invitation appealing to the sense of touch. Yet, mingled with this impulse is an equally valid intimation of authority scintillating from the gilt stamped lettering. The desire to make contact is obviated. Every externality, every sentiment, comprising the experience of, and leading up to, this moment—this liminal space between parley and truce—have called for etiquette. The ritual, comprising the time leading up to the experience, informs as much as does its long awaited object. The gaze returns to the thin gilt border stamped on the cover, very nearly small enough to escape the parameters of the trim size; this border frames the whole of the gilt lettered title—The Pilgrims of Hope by William Morris—adding to the sense of contextuality steadily mounting with each phenomenon. The observer is now comfortable with moving forward.

Then, the frame is again blown apart. As it has so many times before, it calls upon another individual to insert their self in this moment of time with this object and, using the scattered pieces, assemble their own anew. We enter the book. The turn-in of the goatskin leather is roughly a half-inch; the frame motif is reiterated in this space by two gilt lines. For the pastedown and end papers, a marbled steel-blue paper of a sturdy weight is employed. In the center of the pastedown is glued an armorial bookplate. On this is printed Sic Vita Humana, attributing previous ownership to a Mr. William Arnold [a late nineteenth-century bookseller]. The edition under scrutiny was rebound. That fine morocco is not the original. The original binding is however preserved inside and now comprises a portion of the end papers. Because of this, we see the same title and by-line, so ostentatiously stamped on the cover, coolly printed on the original, more modest pamphlet binding. Moving further in, there is a half-title page and a colophon. Succeeding that, a table of contents, a blank page in whose upper right-hand corner is an inscription that reads, “R.A. Potts from H. Buxton Forman” [Potts had edited a volume of selections from Shelley for which H. Buxton Forman provided an introduction]. There is also a note for the reader by the signer. The poem itself comprises the majority of the sixty-nine page volume. In the middle of the header of the verso appears the title; the header of the recto page corresponds to the title of the book in which the reader is presently located. The folios are printed at the top of the page, not the bottom. There is ample white space surrounding the text block, which is aligned ragged-left. On the bottom of the turn-in on the back cover “EH” “1915” is stamped in gilt. To whom these initials may be attributed remains unknown.

The book detailed above is a dissembler. It was produced with the intent to conceal what in actuality it is—an unauthorized gathering of previously published poems. Individually, these thirteen poems (sections) were penned by William Morris and published between March of 1885 and July of 1886 in The Commonweal—the official organ of the revolutionary Socialist League. As to whether The Pilgrims of Hope should be labeled forgery or piracy is still up for debate. Certainly, Forman intended the date of the collection to appear to be 1886, as evidenced by the roman numerals printed on the colophon. Moreover he placed it under this date in his bibliography, and in the prefatory note he writes as if Morris was still alive. There is re-doubtable evidence suggesting the mendacity of this date. First, the notion that Mr. Morris’s approval was sought for authorization prior to printing, as is clearly suggested in the prefatory note, is wholly suspect. At the end of the thirteenth poem appear the words, “The End.” However,
as it carves out its own unique iteration of this craft. The book belongs to a list of forged nineteenth-century publications, now famous due to some bibliographic detective work by John Carter and Graham Pollard. The content of these works was, and remains, famous for its literary merit—this was never a question. It is also true that these “pamphlets” were once sought out for their rare chronological place amongst their respective author’s canon, and by a mysterious turn of events these books still fetch a goodly price. It was not until Constable and Co. in London and Charles Scribner’s Sons in America published Carter and Pollard’s exposé *An Enquiry Into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets* in 1934 that the pamphlets’ false dates became known. In 1932, Carter and Pollard, both young men starting in the rare book trade, compared notes on separate investigations, and embarked on an empirical case study leading to the exposure of the cache of forgeries. Ever mindful of the accusation of libel, the two detectives never explicitly identified the suspects as forgers but presented convincing evidence to the reader.

Carter and Pollard begin their book by outlining the detailed methodology that was to follow. They take a prominent publication from the cache under scrutiny and apply to it a rigorous set of questions. It will be helpful to reproduce the first six questions, which are of central interest, to instill a sense of the precision of the logic used in building a methodology that could be applied to any of the dubious publications. Interpolated between the italicized questions is commentary that broadens the scope of the question beyond the first text discussed, Elizabeth Barrett Browning’s *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

(1) Are any copies recorded with presentation inscriptions from the author or her husband?
   a. In this first question Carter and Pollard highlight the curious fact that none of the copies in question are presentation copies. By beginning with this question they set a precedent for restricting their gaze to precise material signs left by those who would have had direct physical contact with the object.

(2) Are any copies recorded with any contemporary inscriptions, dated marks of ownership, or the like—are there, that is to say, copies with a provenance independent of the Bennett cache?
   a. The second question locates the cache of manuscripts in a particular time and asks: Is it possible for this to be so?

(3) What is the condition of the traceable surviving copies?
   a. Question three catalogues the anatomical elements of the pamphlet’s bindings and attempts to place the manufacturing practice within time. This
raises the difficult question of how books whose bindings employ only modern techniques could be in circulation as early as 1847?

(4) What is the relation of the 1847 edition to the extant autograph manuscripts?
a. This question addresses the collation of the manuscripts. It seeks to find a logical and pragmatic workflow.

(5) What exactly was Dr. Bennett’s qualification for the important position he occupies in the provenance of Mr. Wise’s and the other copies which came from him?
a. Here Carter and Pollard call into question the relationships between some of the key players in Mr. Wise’s story and blow apart their supposed interactions.

(6) Are there references to the book and its printing in Mrs. Browning’s published letters?
a. Here the authors examine private collections of letters. Meticulously, they reconstruct a timeline, closely scrutinizing the language. Then they compare this reconstructed timeline with the one posited by Mr. Wise. This is the paragon of specificity!

Having shown multiple instances where a significant gap occurred in the expected outcome of reported evidence, Carter and Pollard might have been satisfied to decry the pamphlets as fraudulent. Negative evidence, however, is not watertight. In their words, “at this point, then, nothing further could be done without access to a copy of the volume itself for the purpose of applying physical tests.” To build this body of evidence, they subject the works to a new set of questions designed to support the conclusions produced by the first set. The scholars found that “the principal lines of approach resolved themselves into five”: Paper, Typography, collation of the text, Negative evidence of the Author, Publisher, or Printer, and Provenance and condition of surviving copies. Admittedly, “of these five methods only the first three are positive;” these first three corroborate the findings of the last two lines of approach, as well as the previous negative set. It is these first three that give confidence to the statement, “our object must be proof, absolutely conclusive.” This use of technology and a scientific protocol hitherto unseen in bibliographic scholarship would irrevocably remap the bibliophilic landscape.

The Typography

The approach taken to examining the typography was similar to the one taken with the paper. A snapshot of the history of type foundries was used to cross-examine the fonts used to print the pamphlets. Carter and Pollard explain, “The majority of “modern face” romans have only two kerned letters in the lower case, f and j. A “kerned” letter is one in which a portion of the face of the letter extends beyond its body (fig. p. 10). After examining 152 type specimens from the eight largest foundries in England, the investigators found that “no kernless design was shown in any specimen...dated before 1883.” Looking at the cache under suspicion, they concluded that sixteen were “printed from seven to thirty-eight years later than the dates given on their various title-pages.” Again, they could not be what they claimed to be.

Heretofore, we have scarcely mentioned the central shadowy figure, who walked in daylight undetected. Thomas J. Wise was a prominent bibliophile renowned for his inimitable collection of original editions of English poets from the 17th century to the present day. This collection was known as the Ashley Library, which upon

Inscription for forgery, *The Pilgrims of Hope*
Wise’s demise was sold to the British Library by his wife for 66,000 pounds. Between the years of 1922 and 1924 Wise served as President of the Bibliographic Society. His reputation was unscathed until the publication of *An Enquiry Into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets* in 1934. How could an individual who treasured books as dearly as Wise spend a significant portion of his life undermining the bibliographic profession? Often, the question of how is used in place of why. The Carter and Pollard investigator discussed above gives a cursory idea of the physical process of how. As with all forgeries, between motive and deception, motive is the more elusive quarry.

To explore the possible reasons for Mr. Wise’s actions would be a vast undertaking. It suffices to say that he came of age during a time of great change in the world of books—one where the First Edition, for the first time, attained a near-fetishistic status. And though this speaks more to how Wise was able to so easily perform his legerdemain, rather than why, it is telling that this culture—that so cherished first editions—was both the source of his passion and the target of his deception. This obsession with collecting first editions escalated to near mania. In his 1894 *Early Editions*, J.H. Slater wrote: “The craze for first editions […] may be said to have now reached its extremest form of childishness. Time was when the craze existed in a perfectly rational form, and when the first editions in demand were books of importance and books with both histories and reputations, whilst their collectors were scholars and men of judgment. Now, every little volume of driveling verse becomes an object of more or less hazardous speculation, and the book market itself a stock exchange in miniature” (CP, 105). Clearly the overzealous attention being paid to first editions made for the perfect audience on which to practice his tricks. Wise merely changed the publication date and fabricated an elaborate exercise it with great care and precision. To intentionally abuse this power and divorce materiality from a temporal space inserts the forgeries into the anachronistic charade that divorces them from their appropriate temporal space. Forgery is a slippery slope. There is evidence in the correspondence between Wise and Forman that this question became one of morality for Forman. In a letter to Wise, Forman laments the clandestine task they have undertaken, and the necessary preclusion of any possible “credit” he might receive for the work performed. It seems this feeling is wrapped up with a sense of guilt. Trying to come to terms with, or give a sense of meaning to, their forgery, Forman writes, “But perhaps it is good trade and literary morals for two men to rest almost entirely on a third in making a serious claim to literary honours, and adopt the attitude that if it suits their purpose they will in ten years time tell the public what they have been doing!” (PR, 26) Wise’s interlined response is equally revealing, “There’s no ‘honour’ in the editing of a series of miscellanies, surely!” Clearly the men rationalized their beguiling craft through different mental maneuvers.

In addition to pecuniary loss, the havoc precipitated by the existence of forgery is great. Collectively we value veracity; time and time again we have known the devastation of propaganda, deception, and nihilistic ideology. The power ensconced inside discourse demands we exercise it with great care and precision. To intentionally abuse this power and divorce materiality from a temporal locale severs us from the past. Without authentic materiality, we are like Theseus without a golden thread—lost forever in history’s labyrinth.

The signature of H. Buxton Forman appears in the volume that acts as our portal into this world. Although his complicity was suspected by Carter and Pollard, he had died in 1917, and the evidence was apparently not damning enough to warrant a posthumous accusation. It was not until several years after the publication of *An Enquiry Into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets* that conclusive evidence surfaced detailing the intimate dealings of Wise and Forman. In between The Lines, Fannie Ratchford of the University of Texas, examines some of their letters, acquired by Carl H. Pforzheimer from the third Forman library sale, and concludes that this changes somewhat and considerably enlarges Carter and Pollard’s 1934 pattern.” In his preface note to the volume, Mr. Pforzheimer cites his reason for offering the letters to Mrs. Ratchford: “because of my desire to be of service in safeguarding the integrity of bibliography and scholarship in general” (PR, x) Pforzheimer’s words, in an unintended way, obliquely hint at a motive for the perpetrators’ deception: a deep if twisted love of scholarship. A one of a kind academic study, which found them out, altered the bibliophilic landscape. Yet the anachronistic charade that divorces them from their appropriate temporal space inserts the forgeries into the space of another history entirely.

**Bibliography**


Morris’s famous design change as branches arborize, new leaves appear and then fall, buds blossom, and fruit, birds, and small animals appear.

But meeting Morris at this exhibition is expected from its title, while the winning of the competition for landscape design held at the Festival of the Imperial Gardens of Russia by an exhibition titled “The Garden of William Morris” turned out to be a pleasant surprise. This annual international festival of park and garden art organized by the State Russian Museum in Saint Petersburg has become one of the important events of the city’s cultural life. Every summer since 2008 landscape architects and designers from Russia and abroad exhibit their works created in concordance with the topic chosen for each year. The present year’s event theme was “The Art of the English Garden” and it focused on history, traditions, and new trends in English garden architecture. The more than 40 participants of the contest that took place on 6-15 June competed in three categories: “Traditions of the English Garden” – variations on the themes of traditional stately homes, castles, and landscapes; “Gardens of the Great and Famous” – projects based on the outstanding gardens owned or created by prominent historical figures; and “Gardens of Imagination” – designs inspired by English symbols, music, literature, and other cultural expressions. The projects exhibited on the terrain of the Mikhailovsky Garden in the historical center of St. Petersburg were very diverse, ranging from “The Elizabeth Browning Dress”, composed of hundreds of pages of quotations from the poetry of the Victorian poet through which live roses grow, to a garden inspired by the Beatles hit “Yellow Submarine,” a model of which was moored on the lawn.

A MORRIS GARDEN IN RUSSIA

Anna Matyukhina

The year 2014, designated as one of UK-Russian cultural exchange, has been filled with diverse exhibitions, festivals, dramas, educational programs and other cross-cultural events. Interestingly several of these have centered on the works of William Morris. On 3 October a new exhibition, “British Design: From William Morris to the Digital Revolution” opened at the State Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts in Moscow, organized in partnership with the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Moscow Design Museum. Its aim is to show the past and future of British design as a dialogue between the 19th and 21st centuries, and thus works by William Morris, William de Morgan, Christopher Dresser, Philip Webb and Charles Rennie Mackintosh are displayed together with those of several contemporaries. For example, William Morris’s “Marigold,” “Granada,” and “Wey” designs and a Morris and Co. book of samples are exhibited along with Christopher Pearson’s animated digital wallpaper “Look at Your Walls” (2006). Based on the design of Morris’s 1887 “Willow Boughs,” Pearson’s animation “comes to life” through modern technologies: the viewer sees...
The educational function of the festival has been considered one of its main features since its inception, and the fact that the project “The Garden of William Morris” was unanimously declared one of this year’s winners by the international jury, which included world-famous landscape architect John Brookes, was of high importance in attracting visitors’ attention to one of the greatest Englishmen of the 19th century, who, alas, is still little-known in Russia outside specialist circles.

Olga Cherdantseva, a festival curator and a senior keeper of the State Russian Museum gardens, reported that according to an opinion poll conducted by the Russian Museum, many festival visitors were uninformed and seldom visited museums, but almost all were fond of flowers. Thus when they come to the Mikhailovsky Garden to spend time in its beautiful atmosphere they are encouraged to visit the museum that organized this exhibition, and reading the descriptions of the gardens turns out to be a powerful incentive for them to learn something new about what they are interested in. Moreover, mass media coverage of the projects that won the competition is quite intense, as well as their publicity in social networks.

“The Garden of William Morris” was created by a St. Petersburg landscape company, “SpetsParkDesign,” which since its founding in 1998 has participated in the Festival of the Imperial Gardens of Russia. The center of the “Morris Garden” features an arbor designed as an interpretation of Red House and enclosed by a hedge. Although the “Morris Garden” won the first prize in the category of “Traditions of the English Garden,” no doubt it could also have been nominated in the category of “Gardens of the Great and Famous” with the same success, especially this year – an anniversary one for William Morris.

Yulia Kondratyeva, the designer of the project, is an architect and professor at the St. Petersburg Academy of the Arts, where her course on the history of 19-20th century architecture includes a lecture devoted to Morris and the Arts and Crafts Movement. It is of interest that while William Morris as a child was deeply impressed by the Gothic splendor of the Canterbury Cathedral and this childhood impression helped determine the course of his life, it was the Pseudo-Gothic of the Vorontsov Palace that turned out to be similarly influential for 5-year old Yulia. This palace, situated at the foot of the Crimean Mountains near the town of Alupka in the Crimea, is one of the most famous tourist attractions on the Crimea’s southern coast. It was built according to British architect Edward Blore’s design in 1828-29 as the summer residence of a prominent Russian statesman and field-marshal, Prince Mikhail Vorontsov. It’s worth mentioning here that it seems likely that the reason for choosing the architect, who had worked at Walter Scott’s Abbotsford House, was the fact that anglophil Vorontsov was a friend of Sir Walter Scott, whom William Morris was also to greatly admire.
As for Morris himself, Yulia Kondratyeva is convinced that he was an outstanding man whose artistry is very important for Russia at present. According to her, Russia’s current problem is the lack of universal artists and personalities capable of influencing subsequent generations for the better. That is why when she learned that the 2014 Festival of the Imperial Gardens of Russia was to be a part of the UK-Russia year of cross-cultural events, she decided that their company’s project should certainly reflect the influence of William Morris. As a result she initiated the idea of “The Garden of William Morris,” which was supported by the director of SpetsParkDesign, Aleksey Skibin, also a great fan of English landscape architecture. As Kondratyeva recalled, “We wanted to capture the spirit of harmony and beauty incarnated in the works by William Morris and to create a garden that could have caught his fancy.”

According to Ms. Kondratyeva, on finishing the project the creators felt they had been fortunate in that “everything turned out as desired.” The “Morris Garden” was also a rather rare chance for her to create without the customer’s dictates and to feel a complete freedom of self-expression unimpeded by alien influence, an ideal situation for creative work. Interestingly, after visiting the exhibition and looking at “The Garden of William Morris,” a client of SpetsParkDesign decided to order a similar garden for his own garden, although he wished it to be “more Russian in spirit.” Here it may be appropriate to note the impact that Morris and his heritage had in the late 19th–early 20th centuries on the artists of the so called “Russian Revival” (the Abramtsevo artists’ colony and the Talashkino artistic workshops).

Yulia Kondratyeva herself dreams of eventually being commissioned to design a large Arts and Crafts style home—and considering the resurgent popularity of the Pre-Raphaelites, such a house and its garden, designed according to Morris’s ideas of a harmonious union of beauty, form, and function, could be an influential and well-timed alternative to the “Scandinavian style,” so popular nowadays in Russian country house design.

Thus, it could be said that “The Garden of William Morris” is a unique gift to William Morris on his 180th birthday, as the winning project brought him one step closer to the Russian people.

Anna Matyukhina is a senior curator of the New Acquisitions Department at the Hermitage Museum, St. Petersburg, Russia. Awarded the Joseph Dunlap Memorial Fellowship in 2006, she defended her Ph. D. thesis on “Traditions of Medieval Tapestry and the Tapestry Revival of the 19th Century: William Morris” the same year, and has published articles on William Morris and tapestry weaving as well as on Morris-related artworks in Russia.

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A POSTSCRIPT TO WILLIAM MORRIS AND COLLINS CLEAR TYPE PRESS

Robert L. Coupe

Since the appearance of my earlier article in the January 2014 issue of the William Morris Society-US Newsletter, I have located three more books of relevance to the subject. Two I can dismiss quickly. The first of these is a further copy of The Defence of Guenevere in the Hyperion series. It is identical to the version in brown leather discussed in the article. Its relevance lies in the dated inscription “October 1929,” the same year as the dated inscription in the other copy. This lends more weight to the assertion that Collins published the book that year (fig. below).

The second book is another copy of The Gilliflower of Gold, identical in every respect with the one already described in the article. It demonstrates that the unusual binding, with its lack of free endpapers, is a feature of this edition rather than a fault limited to one copy.

The third book requires more detailed consideration. I was previously unaware of its existence, with no copy held in the British Library or the Library of Congress, and no mention in LeMire’s Bibliography of William Morris. It comprises yet another selection of poems from The Defence of Guenevere, with the same size and layout as The Gilliflower of Gold. The first poem, “Riding Together,” provides the book with its title. Hickling’s picture illustrating this poem appears on the front cover (fig. page 17) and frontispiece. The image used on the endpapers of The Gilliflower of Gold is also used for Riding Together, with the two halves of the picture separated by the body of the book (see back cover). The title page of Riding Together displays a rectangle with a floral border which encloses the title above a pictorial vignette (fig. page 17).

The half title, facing the front endpaper and printed on the obverse of the frontispiece, differs from that of The Gilliflower of Gold in that it lacks decoration. This marginal decoration appears on all the pages of the text of Riding Together as a red line around the lettering with a floral motif at each corner (figs. page 16b). In every respect the Gilliflower of Gold and Riding Together form a pair, and Collins probably issued them at much the same time.

The Gilliflower of Gold

Although my spear in splinters flew,
From John’s steel-coat, my eye was true;
I wheel’d about, and cried for you,
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

Yea, do not doubt my heart was good,
Though my sword flew like rotten wood,
To shout, although I scarcely stood,
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

My hand was steady too, to take
My axe from round my neck, and break
John’s steel-coat up for my love’s sake,
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

When I stood in my tent again,
Arming afresh, I felt a pain
Take hold of me, I was so fain,
Hah! hah! la belle jaune giroflée.

To hear: ‘Honneur aux fils des preux!’
Right in my ears again, and show

Riding Together

Hotter and clearer grew the weather,
Steadily did the East wind blow.

We saw the trees in the hot, bright weather,
Clear-cut, with shadows very black,
As freely we rode on together
With helms unlaced and bridles slack.

And often as we rode together,
We, looking down the green-bank’d stream,
"Our tough spears crackled up like straw."
BOOK REVIEWS

Nigel Daly, *The Lost Pre-Raphaelite: The Secret Life & Loves of Robert Bateman*  
Wilmington Square Books, 2014

This book brings to light an impressive amount of new information on the life of the Pre-Raphaelite-circle artist Robert Bateman (1842-1922). Best known for his Dudley Gallery submissions, and more specifically for the Yale Center for British Art’s *The Pool of Bethesda*, the details of his biography and oeuvre have remained until now a mystery. *The Lost Pre-Raphaelite* represents the first full-scale investigation into Bateman’s life.

The author, Nigel Daly, is an interior designer and architect who, with his partner Brian Vowles, learned of Bateman when he purchased and began restoration of Biddulph Old Hall in Staffordshire, which was for a time the artist’s home. Intrigued by the limited but tantalizing known facts of Bateman’s life, and fascinated by the strange subject matter and medieval presentation of the few surviving examples of his work, Daly embarked upon a tenacious exploration to uncover further information. The process included visits to art historians, dealers, and auction rooms, during which all the currently known works of the artist were identified—and reproduced in color in this volume. Through genealogical research Daly was able to piece together a very probable personal history, with all the makings of a gothic romance, including a passionate but unsanctioned relationship between artist and aristocrat; the birth of an illegitimate child; an enforced period of separation; and the eventual reunion of the couple in marriage. The facts are revealed in the order in which they were discovered, and related in a coherent narrative format. It is the rare artist’s biography that reads like a good mystery!

According to the theory presented, sometime in the early 1870s, during the period when Bateman was exhibiting annually at the Dudley Gallery, he fell in love with Caroline Howard (1839-1922), first cousin of the painter and pre-Raphaelite patron George Howard. Out of this relationship, a son was born. To cover up the indelicacy of a child born out of wedlock, the infant was sent to India for the first five years of his life to become established as the son of Bateman’s sister and her barrister husband. Caroline was quietly married to the Reverend Charles Philip Wilbraham, a respected Anglican clergyman. Shortly af-
ter the early death of Wilbraham, Caroline and Robert were re-united and married in a prominent public ceremony in St. Marylebone Parish Church, London. The couple secretly re-connected with their son, pointedly relocating during the last years of their life in order to live near him. Robert and Caroline’s devotion to one another remained unwavering until their death, which occurred within weeks of one another.

The convincing account presented is backed by painstaking genealogical research. (Helpful family trees of the Howard, Bateman and Wilbraham clans aid the reader in tracking the various players and their connections). Surviving descendants were located and consulted, strengthening the case for this reconstruction of Robert Bateman’s life. The narrative falters slightly in the art historical assessment of the period and Robert’s place within it. For instance, the level of scandal associated with the Dudley Gallery due to Edward Burne-Jones’ affair with Marie Zambaco and Simeon Solomon’s fall from grace as an explanation of Bateman’s choice to stop exhibiting there in 1874 is slightly exaggerated. There is also a tendency to over-read works of art, intuiting biographical details which, while plausible, are probably best not relied upon as fact. But these minor missteps do not alter the otherwise credible narrative constructed. The book is an important addition to the art and cultural history of this period as well as a darn good read!

Margaretta Frederick

Margaretta Frederick is the Chief Curator and Annette Woolard-Provine Curator of the Bancroft Collection of the Delaware Art Museum. She is also past president and current secretary of the William Morris Society in the United States.


A year after the publication of Frank Sharp and Jan Marsh’s Collected Letters of Jane Morris, Wendy Parkins’s Jane Morris: The Burden of History offers the first full-length work on its subject since Jan Marsh’s 1986 Jane and May Morris. Parkins’s approach is thematic rather than chronological, with chapters devoted to “Scandal,” “Silence,” “Class,” “Icon,” and “Home.” As befits her post-structuralist commitments, Parkins often seems less concerned with discerning an elusive historical Jane than with deconstructing the varied ways she has been viewed, appropriated or misjudged by a long line of observers, biographers, and critics. Although at times the text’s methodological digressions can impede its progress, the committed reader can glean much from Parkins’s compendious marshalling of previous sources, her zest for ferreting out contradictions, and her consistently engaged and spirited observations.

In chapter 1, “Scandal,” Parkins sifts later attempts to conceal or probe evidence of Jane’s two affairs, noting that Jane’s own responses have been repeatedly occluded in favor of those of Rossetti. After a damming analysis of the Rossetti-worship which motivated Blunt’s affair with Jane, she nonetheless concludes that Jane’s “self-awareness as object of exchange between men complicates any simple portrait of either a proto-feminist heroine or a victim of patriarchal social structures” (52). In chapter 2, “Silence,” Parkins attacks the view that Jane’s proverbial reticence arose from self-absorption, documenting instances in which Jane demonstrated outgoing kindness, reflected on her own difficulties in expressing emotion, or minimized her health problems for the convenience of others. Chapter 3, “Class,” considers Jane Morris’s adaptations to a higher class status than that of her origins as “a process of the re-making of habitus” through acquiring new skills and an altered sense of self (91); to this end Parkins aduces Jane’s avid reading habits, her friendships with reformist-minded women, her comments on current events, and her interest in alternate societies such as that of Richard Jefferies’ After London and Albert K. Owen’s utopian Topolobampo. Chapter 4, “Icon,” catalogues the multiple instances in which Jane’s appearance, dress and manner evoked stereotypes and attracted celebrity, noting her own role in shaping preferred responses and deflecting excesses. The final chapter, “Home,” holds special interest in demonstrating Jane’s artistic collaboration with her husband, her original decorative artwork, including handmade books, her efforts to “home-school” May and Jenny during their early years, her concern for Jenny’s health, and her harmonious and loving relationship with May during their later years at Kelmscott Manor. Jane Morris: The Burden of History succeeds in defending Jane Morris’s character and integrity against the class and gender biases which have obscured her agency in shaping her life, artistic persona, and later image. What Parkins dismisses as “traditional biography” remains a useful supplement to her approach, however, and readers may find a perusal of the Collected Letters a valuable complement—and on occasion a corrective—to Parkins’s many insights.

Florence S. Boos

This review has been excerpted from a longer essay in Victorian Poetry, 52.3.

Florence Boos’s History and Poetics: The Early Writings of William Morris is scheduled to appear from Ohio State University Press in 2015.
IN REMEMBRANCE: 
EMERITUS PROFESSOR KEN GOODWIN 
(September 29, 1934-July 12, 2014)

We are sorry to learn of the death of Ken L. Goodwin, an Australian scholar who made many contributions to the study of Morris’s poetry, artwork and manuscripts.

Ken was raised in Sydney, the son of a lift driver and a dressmaker, and was the first member of his family to attend university. He earned a B. A. with honors from the University of Queensland in 1959 and a Diploma in Education from the University of Sydney, then taught briefly in high school and at Wagga Wagga Teachers’ College. After this he joined the Department of External Studies and later the English Department of the University of Queensland, where he was appointed a Professor of English in 1971.

His earliest interest was in modern British poetry, and in 1970 he completed his D. Phil. at Balliol College, Oxford, with a thesis on “The Relationship between the Poetry of William Morris, his Art- and Craft-work, and his Aesthetic Theories.” While in England he compiled a catalogue of Morris and Co. artworks then held in Kelmscott House and “A Preliminary Handlist of Manuscripts and Documents of William Morris” (William Morris Society, 1983), still the standard guide on this topic.

During the 1970s and 1980s, his literary interests turned to Commonwealth and Australian literature, and he served as Chairman of the International Association for Commonwealth Literature and Language Studies. Among his 110 publications listed on a website of scholarship on Australian literature are a History of Australian Literature (1986), a literary biography of Bruce Dawe, Adjacent Worlds (1988), an edition of Dawe’s prose work, Bruce Dawe, Essays and Opinions (1990), and The Macmillan Anthology of Australian Literature (1990), co-edited with Alan Lawson.

Ken also continued to publish on William Morris as an artist and designer as well as writer; his articles include “The Summation of a Poetic Career: Poems by the Way,” Victorian Poetry 34.3 (1996); a discussion of Morris’s little-known personal poems still in manuscript, “Unpublished Lyrics of William Morris,” Yearbook of English Studies 5 (1975); and a 1986 survey of Morris and Co. and Victorian stained glass.

From 1992-99 he served as the Deputy Vice-Chancellor for Academic Affairs at the University of Southern Queensland in Toowoomba. The University of Southern Queensland awarded him an honorary D. Litt., and in 1997 he was made a Member of the Order of Australia.

In 1999, shortly after his retirement, Ken suffered a stroke which led to paralysis throughout the left side of his body and some residual cognitive impairment. But it did not diminish his ability to read, write, and think, and he continued to publish literary articles until 2005. Author or editor of thirteen books and more than ninety articles and book chapters, Ken Goodwin made a significant contribution to literary scholarship and was widely acknowledged as a university administrator of great integrity.

The Morris Society would like to extend our condolences to his wife Ness Goodwin and their family.

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

Elizabeth Miller Awarded North American Victorian Studies Association Prize of the Year.

Elizabeth Carolyn Miller’s Slow Print: Literary Radicalism and Late Victorian Print Culture has been recognized by the North American Victorian Studies Association as the best academic book on a Victorian topic published in 2013. Miller is a WMS-US board member, former Dunlap Fellowship winner, and present chair of the English Department at the University of California-Davis. Her book, the first comprehensive study of the...
radical Victorian press, provides insightful commentary on a broad spectrum of dramas, anti-novels, and periodicals such as *Commonweal, Justice*, the *Clari*on and others, as well as coverage of individual authors, including Morris, Eleanor Marx, Bernard Shaw, and union organizer Tom Maguire.

At the 14 November 2014 NAVSA book roundtable held to honor and discuss Elizabeth Miller’s book, Professor Linda K. Hughes of Texas Christian University described the judges’ reasons for their choice. We include an excerpt from her remarks:

I’ll single out three qualities that so deeply impressed me. Her subtitle, “Literary Radicalism and Late Victorian Print Culture,” could suggest a circumscribed temporal scope and focus on literature. But not so. Slow Print is notable for its impressive breadth. It might even be called a long nineteenth-century scholarly work since, as Liz points out in chapter 3, Shelley’s “Queen Mab” was “dubbed ‘the Chartist Bible’ in the 1840s (p. 151) and Chartistism serves as the early Victorian back formation against which “slow print” is defined. If Liz insists on our awareness of Romanticism and of Chartist protest against “taxes on knowledge” that obstructed access to what Liz terms “print enlightenment,” Slow Print also keeps twentieth-century Modernism clearly in view since it shared radicalism’s emphasis on rupture and spurning of popular culture.

Breadth also inheres in Liz’s interdisciplinary scope. Literature and a number of close readings are central to her book. She even makes room for something we generally talk less about these days, the power of imagination. But her starting point is radicals’ view that literature itself was a politically empowering force, whether because poetry and song gestured toward pre-capitalist formations, because private theater was a communal experience, or because the urgent need to slip past the given world of late-Victorian England to conceive a root-and-branch alternative made imagination and anti-realist literature essential political resources. Thus Slow Print respects literature in its generic and historical particularities while also placing it in service to politics, economics, labor, history, and shifting ideologies. And what an array of literary genres we encounter: novels, periodicals, plays, pamphlets, oratory, and poetry.

The second compelling feature of Slow Print for me is the originality and depth of Liz’s archival research. We have been given (or our libraries have paid for) such rich caches of cultural materials from digitized periodicals and newspapers, court records, memoirs, and genealogical data that it is easy to overlook how much we do not have available at the click of a mouse. And materials documenting marginalized social formations, people, or niche movements are least likely to have been digitized because of their narrower appeal to potential users. Of the long list of radical periodicals in Liz’s “Works Cited,” only two were available to her digitally, so that completing her book entailed untold hours of travel to collections and turning of pages—or worse, scrolling of eye-straining microfilms. A slog through old documents never assures quality in the outcome, of course. But Liz’s original research questions, combined with her in-depth archival research, have generated a wealth of important new knowledge about radicalism and print culture.

Finally, I admire Liz’s elegant theorizing encapsulated in the two words of her title. When I first heard her title I had no idea what it signified, though its play on “slow food” was a hint. Her introduction and first chapter show just how brilliant a concept “slow print” is, a mode of production opposed both to Chartist’s embrace of mass print and to late-century machine-driven printing on an industrial scale to maximize profits and minimize reliance on workers. Her theorizing of print production based on unalienated labor and resistance to a mass audience applies, moreover, across a wide array of radicalisms. Elitist radicalism jostles alongside proletarian forms; overtly political movements intersect with radicals advocating theosophy or “free love.” Poetry, then, appears not just in the fourth chapter of Liz Miller’s study. It also inheres in the title that graces her cover. And I urge all of you to open it and discover this splendid book for yourselves.

**New Morris Translations**


**New Rossetti Translations**

Pre-Raphaelite poetry and art seems to be attracting considerable interest in Russia, as indicated in the report on the recent Moscow exhibition in our January 2014 Newsletter and on “The William Morris Garden” in the present one.

**Morrisians at Play:**

**William Morris Textile Computer Game!**

The Victoria and Albert Museum has arranged with a technology company to issue a game based on “Strawberry Thief” and other Morris textiles, to be used on iPads and other mobile devices. Morris would be amused! We’ll post further detail when available. [http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-28687811](http://www.bbc.com/news/uk-scotland-28687811)

**William Morris Exhibition and Symposium at Illinois Wesleyan University**

As part of an Andrew E. Mellon Foundation grant to private colleges for the enrichment of the humanities curriculum, Jack Walsdorf and Florence Boos participated in a three day symposium at Illinois Wesleyan University in Bloomington, Illinois 22-24 October. Sixty-three items from Jack’s private collection were displayed in the rotunda of the university’s Ames library, and in addition he brought additional Kelmscott Press and other Morris items for students to examine in their classes.

Florence provided a general introduction to Morris at the university’s weekly convocation, held in the university chapel, and gave a public slide lecture on “Morris and the Origins of the Garden City Movement.” Florence and Jack were also guest speakers in seven classes, which centered on Morris’s relationship to modernism, Marxism, censorship, utopia, medieval architecture, environmentalism, and the arts and crafts movement from 1870-1920. The final event of the symposium, held in the courtroom of the McLean County Museum of History, was an “Antiques Road Show”-style appraisal of nineteenth-century books, at which Jack Walsdorf informally assessed volumes which audience members brought from their collections. Attendance was good, and all present seemed gratified to have learned more about how to select and appraise older books.

After eleven presentations in three days (in addition to many pleasant social events), Jack and Florence were quite exhausted. Nonetheless they were gratified to hope that—as Mark Samuels Lasner wryly commented to Florence—the number of undergraduates at Illinois Wesleyan University who have heard of Morris may be greater than that at any comparable institution…. They are grateful to Karen Schmidt and Meg Miner of the Ames Library for all the work which went into arranging for their visit and ensuring an interested reception.

**A Beautiful Elegy for Morris**

Copyright restrictions prevent our publishing in entirety Ursula A. Fanthorpe (1929-2009)’s poem, “A Wish for Morris,” which pays tribute to Morris’s love of the countryside and his work for the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. The poem’s final stanzas give a sense of its tone:

O if there were justice they’d have saved him—
The tower, the Suffolk angels, the non-pareil nave,
The tower, the roof, the barn—they’d have pulled him back
As he did them. And Rouen itself,
Rouen itself and little Bourton
Would have come to deliver him.
But things are as they are.
It was raining. Leaves
Still on the lime-trees,
Church ready for harvest.

Readers may find the entire poem in Fanthorpe’s *New and Collected Poems* (London: Enitharmon Press, 2010).

**Arts And Crafts Tours For 2015 and 2016**

Arts and Crafts Tours plans a tour of private presses in England in early September 2015, centering on London, its environs, and the Cotswolds. Tours are limited to 12 participants, and those registering before March 2015 will receive a 10% discount. In addition, a tour to study “Tiles and Ceramics of the Arts and Crafts Movement” is planned for May 8th-18th, 2016, with visits to Manchester, Cardiff, and London. And a third tour in the summer or
The Last Word

From a Dream of John Ball: Life Within Death

On the night after the final battle before the arrest of John Ball, leader of the Peasant’s Revolt of 1381, Morris’s narrator, a revenant from the nineteenth century, talks with Ball about their deferred hopes for a future of justice and fellowship. As they view the bodies of those killed in battle, the priest asks Morris’s time-traveler how he conceives of death.

[Ball:] “What sayest thou, scholar?… sorrowest thou not for thine own death when thou lookest on [these]?”

I said,”…Bethink thee that while I am alive I cannot think that I shall die, or believe in death at all, although I know well that I shall die—I can but think of myself as living in some new way.”

Again he looked on me as if puzzled; then his face cleared as he said, “Yea, forsooth, and that is what the Church meaneth by death, and even that I look for; and that hereafter I shall see all the deeds that I have done in the body, and what they really were, and what shall come of them; and ever shall I be a member of the Church, and that is the Fellowship; then, even as now.”

I sighed as he spoke; then I said, “Yea, somewhat in this fashion have most of men thought, since no man that is can conceive of not being; and I mind me that in those stories of the old Danes, their common word for a man dying is to say, ‘He changed his life.’” …

“What hast thou to say hereon?” said he, “for there see- meth something betwixt us twain as it were a wall that parteth us.”

“This,” said I, “that though I die and end, yet mankind yet liveth, therefore I end not, since I am a man; and even so thou deemest, good friend; or at the least even so thou doest, since now thou art ready to die in grief and torment rather than be unfaithful to the Fellowship, yea rather than fail to work thine utmost for it … And as thou doest, so now doth many a poor man unnamed and unknown, and shall do while the world lasteth: and they that do less than this, fail because of fear, and are ashamed of their cowardice, and make many tales to themselves to deceive themselves, lest they should grow too much ashamed to live. And trust me if this were not so, the world would not live, but would die, … (Chapter 9).