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Editorial – Why Morris?

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Some readers – especially those whose attention span only runs to 140 characters – may be pleased to learn that owing to a truly Einsteinian conjunction of time and space, and of pressure upon it, this editorial, my last in this position, may well be shorter than usual (Not much as it turned out). I also need to resolve a dilemma: whether to produce a much longer article entitled 'Seven myths about William Morris', or a much shorter statement of why – despite the last eight years – I still think Morris is important: hence my title. In effect, I have in fact decided to do both, but at much shorter length than the first subject really requires.

Over the past eight years, I have indeed observed recurrent reference to a number of what I consider to be myths about William Morris. The first of these, of course, is that 'William Morris's wallpapers poisoned his customers', which despite clear evidence to the contrary, is an idea still being peddled by various presenters of programmes on BBC4.[1] So, once more, and for the record (and will people with or without a science background please stop repeating this nonsense on any future television or other kinds of programme they may be asked to make?): there never was a 'silent but deadly' gas produced in damp rooms by William Morris's arsenical wallpapers, or anybody else's. Because any gas which might have been produced would have been an arsenic compound, it was assumed at the time that it would be poisonous, but in fact the only credible candidate gas was shown not to be toxic as long ago as 1914 (or perhaps even 1899). Most well-documented cases of arsenic poisoning, either in the home, or in the workplace, were caused either by ingestion of arsenic, or by exposure of the skin, or by breathing arsenic vapour produced in industrial processes, or – as in the case of Clare Boothe Luce – arsenic dust.[2]

The second shibboleth is that William Morris was a failure both as an artist and as a socialist because his products could only be afforded by the rich and their 'swinish luxuries'. Such statements ignore both what Morris was trying to achieve, and also the effects of attempting to do that in a market economy. What Morris was trying to demonstrate, of course – very successfully as it turned out – is that artefacts which are 'both useful and beautiful' are much better made by methods which ignore the 'cost-cutting' demands of the 'free' market, which only serve to drive down quality, and therefore lead to a great production of trash, as

in the case of present-day China. But of course, when such objects are then sold in a market economy, their 'market' price, which greatly exceeds their true value (i.e. that of the human labour incorporated in their production), is bound to be highly inflated. Aneurin Bevan understood perfectly this key difference between socialist and capitalist economics; when castigated by Brendan Bracken for being a 'Bollinger Bolshevik', Nye famously pointed out that under socialism, everyone would be able to drink champagne if they liked.[3] Hence Nowhere's 'Golden Dustman'.

Myth number three is that Morris was a 'Little Englander' – that because he so loved the English landscape, and because his politics stemmed from his Romantic attachment to that landscape, and to the medieval English past, Morris, was, as Engels labelled him, 'a sentimental socialist', whose socialism did not begin with 'the [abstract] laws of history', and whose ideas therefore do not travel. Owen Holland skewers this particular myth at more length below (see pp. 26–52), so that all I will point out here is that if Morris's ideas were developed specifically to fit the demands of England and the English people, their culture and their landscape, then it is indeed truly astounding how similar the expression of those ideas as set out in *News from Nowhere* is to the economy, polity, and society established in 1936 by the people of Andalusia, the Levante, Catalonia and especially Aragón.[4] Neither does it seem to me (*pace* Fiona MacCarthy) that Morris's attachment to the past, and to place , necessarily makes him a ('back to the land') 'conservative radical', even though, socialism, especially in its modern, much less authoritarian, greener form, is often as much about saving communities and a specific way of life (and hence a particular landscape), and that it is capitalism, especially the rapacious modern neo-liberal kind, which practises Schumpeteran 'creative destruction'.[5] Wishing to preserve traditions for the sake of them, or because they are part of some Herderian/Burkean 'natural order', is conservatism, but wishing to defend people and communities against change for the sake of it (that is, usually, for profit) is not. Besides, what the Spanish anarchists tried to achieve in 1936 was a completely new way of doing things, based on their own traditional ideas, mores and principles of *pueblo*, but with an economic system in which there were no bosses, and especially no landlords; a system which had never been tried before.

My fourth 'myth' (it may not be one) is one which has puzzled me for much of the last eight years. Why is it that so many authors cannot seem to resist concluding that Morris, a man who is on record as stating that the key motivating factor of his artistic life was 'hatred of modern civilisation', is somehow at the same time an ancestor of Modernism, both the visual and the written kind? It is almost as if scholars educated in the Modernist paradigm need somehow to seek approval for Morris's ideas and his legacy among those who clearly do not share them, or his aspirations. It was of course Nikolaus Pevsner who argued that it

was via his revival of decorative honesty, of the (surely early medieval) idea of the artist as a servant of the community (as opposed to a rich patron?), and in the 'simplicity and directness' of Red House, that Morris was a pioneer of modernism in design, influencing, for example, Gropius and the Bauhaus, although not perhaps the 'undisciplined individualism' of later modernism. But even Pevsner recognised that modern artists are 'painfully severed' from their public, a tendency he ascribed to the elitism stemming from Romanticism.[6]

However, in Morris's own time, there is surely more responsibility for this particular 'myth' to be laid at the door of the Aesthetic Movement, and the doctrine of 'art for art's sake' – something which, along with Morris's increasing politicisation during the early 1880s, led for a while to differences between Morris and Burne-Jones[7]– and of its twentieth century corollary that 'art is anything that artists do', than with the Romantics. Morris did not live long enough to hear it,[8] but it was not that long after his death that composers of 'art music' (that written for the concert hall, the ballet and the opera house) began to write pieces which (as a musician myself, I believe) can only really be fully understood by fellow composers, and visual artists surely began to paint in much the same way.[9] Similarly, although Morris was a fan of some nineteenth century novelists (e.g. Scott, Dickens, Dumas, Hugo, Zola), I cannot believe that he would have approved of the modernist novel, to say nothing of its post-modern successor, with its inward-looking preoccupation with the self and the individual.

> As for your books, they were well enough for times when intelligent people had but little else in which they could take pleasure, and when they must needs supplement the sordid miseries of their own lives with imaginations of the lives of other people. But I say flatly in spite of all their cleverness and vigour, and capacity for story-telling, there is something loathsome about them. Some of them, indeed, do here and there show some feeling for those whom the history-books call 'poor,' and of the misery of whose lives we have some inkling; but presently they give it up, and towards the end of the story we must be contented to see the hero and heroine living happily in an island of bliss on other people's troubles; and that after a long series of sham troubles (or mostly sham) of their own making, illustrated by dreary introspective nonsense about their feelings and aspirations, and all the rest of it; …[10]

And Fiona MacCarthy (*passim*) is surely correct when she writes that Morris possessed too strong a sense of the importance of history to be a true modernist. After all, one does not need to have met Flora Poste to know that radical modernity involves the wholesale rejection of anything 'old-fashioned' or 'outdated'. As for the existentialist (modernist? post-modernist?) sentiment that 'Hell is other people', we surely only need to substitute:

… fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell: fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death: and the deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them, and the life that is in it, that shall live on and on for ever, and each one of you part of it, while many a man's life upon the earth from the earth shall wane.[11]

It also seems to me to something of a myth that Morris was the ancestor of what used to be called 'town and country planning'. True, in his very first lecture on 'Art and Society',[12] he pointed out the great inherent value of the English landscape produced by centuries of careful management, and true his ideas may well have prompted people such as Ebenezer Howard to develop the concept of 'the Garden City',[13] but there are no planners in Nowhere! Instead, 'How matters are managed' clearly points out (and it is interesting that Morris chooses a selection of 'planning issues' – 'a new town-hall built; a clearance of inconvenient houses; or say a stone bridge substituted for some ugly old iron one' – in order to make his point), decisions are not made by a professional elite, but initiated by, and approved by, communities themselves.[14]

Last, come two complementary myths which, again for reasons of space, I will take together. These are sixth that Morris came eventually to be reconciled to the parliamentary route to socialism, and seventh that he was therefore somehow the ancestor of 'green politics'. As the second proposition falls if the first is not correct, I devote more attention to that.

As David Goodway explains, throughout the 1880s, Morris 'eschewed parliamentarianism', culminating in the lecture 'The Policy of Abstention' (1887), delivered only twice during his lifetime. When the split came in the Socialist League, it was over this very issue, and the earlier decision of the Fabian Society, to follow the parliamentary road, with Eleanor Marx, Edward Aveling and others forming the Bloomsbury Socialist Society, and Morris, May, Jenny, the Cobden-Sandersons, Andreas Scheu, Emery Walker and others (and slightly later Bax and Webb) the abstentionist Hammersmith Socialist Society. From 1890 Morris moderated his position somewhat, but did so reluctantly, retaining his distaste for conventional politics.[15] Thus we read in *News from Nowhere* that, 'Concerning Politics', there are none, and that:

> ... a man no more needs an elaborate system of government, with its army, navy, and police, to force him to give way to the will of the majority of his equals, than he wants a similar machinery to make him understand that his head and a stone wall cannot occupy the same space at the same moment.[16]

Nearer the end (1895), he told the prominent Fabian, Sidney Webb, 'the world is going your way Webb, but it is not the right way in the end'. And although parliamentary socialists may claim Morris as one of their own, as David Goodway

summarises, Morris was an anti-statist who advocated 'decentralised federation', and 'placed the state and politics in a wholly secondary and instrumental position … (H)is view of the proper character of human living left little place for them'.[17]

Therefore it follows that Morris's writings may also have influenced green politics (good thing too, if they serve as antidote to those of the likes of Teddy Goldsmith or James Lovelock), but that without the economic transition upon which *all* of Morris's other ideas depend – the abolition of the profit motive – none of them (or 'town and country planning') can be put fully into practise. Without the economic revolution Morris knew to be essential, as with the price of his products, putting any of his ideas into practice can only ever operate at the margin.

So then, to answer my original question – 'Why Morris?' In 2010, Jo Homan asked me to review the exhibition 'Inspired by Nature' at RHS Rosemoor in Mid Devon.[18] I deleted the following paragraph from my review, as I did not wish to seem ungrateful to the organiser(s) of that particular exhibition, but I reproduce it here as summary of what I mean:

> PS: Note to all future organisers of Morris exhibitions and other Morris material. In 1987, the ecological footprint of our species began to exceed the capacity of the Earth to support us. Despite Morris's tremendous influence on design, literature, politics etc, his most important contribution is therefore yet to come, in that [in the shape of *News from Nowhere*] he also knew how to save the world from ecological ruin without resorting to totalitarianism. Please give this aspect of Morris's ideas more prominence; that way there may actually be some future generations around to enjoy Morris's works.

In this issue, we print articles by Julia Courtney on comparison between Morris's account of the Peasants' Revolt, and those by two other Victorian authors – Charlotte M. Yonge, and Mary Bramston. Owen Holland then charts the international dissemination of *News from Nowhere*, and gives a highly valuable annotated bibliography of translations up until 1915, while Stephen Williams describes Philip Webb's visit to Oxford during November 1886, and then reproduces Webb's own account, again suitably annotated. Finally I discuss the possibility that the Dixton paintings (located in Cheltenham Museum and Art Gallery) may actually serve as an image of Nowhere.

We also carry a substantial number of reviews, of the facsimile edition of Morris's manuscript version of *The Odes of Horace*, of Fiona MacCarthy's *Anarchy and Beauty* which accompanied the recent exhibition of the same name at the National Portrait Gallery, and of a (nearly) new edition of Elizabeth Wilhide's influential *William Morris: Décor & Design*. Frank C. Sharp then reviews Wendy Parkins's 'thematic study' of Jane Morris, and Clive Wilmer assesses the impact of

Ruskin's Guild of St George on the early socialist movement, and others. Helena Nielsen then reviews a biography of Dimiter Blagoev, a Bulgarian contemporary of Morris, and Diana Andrews one of Alec Miller, an important but perhaps now neglected member of the Arts & Crafts. Gabriel Schenk and Peter Faulkner next each discuss one book on the Gothic revival and Martin Crick reviews a new assessment of E.P. Thompson and the new left, while David Goodway does the same for a collection of essays on libertarian socialism. Finally, I must point out that I deeply regret the error printed in the last issue in the obituary of Norman Kelvin.

And that would appear to be it. 'Our revels are now ended ... This rough magic I here abjure'. I wish my successor every success (not my best sentence ever). Or as Morris did not quite put it, as he sat on his top hat: 'My business is done here, I think'.

NOTES

1. BBC4, *Hidden killers of the Victorian home*, 2013, presenter Susannah Lipscomb, http://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/b03l7nl8; BBC4 Fabric of Britain: the story of wallpaper, 2013, presenter Susan Catcher, http://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/b03bm1rg. See also http://www.vam.ac.uk/blog/conservation-blog/weeks-post-free-arsenic. (All as seen 13 April 2015)

2. William R. Cullen & Ronald Bentley, 'The toxicity of trimethylarsine: an urban myth', *Journal of Environmental Monitoring*, Vol. 7, part 1, 2005, pp. 11–15; Patrick O'Sullivan, 'Devon Great Consols and William Morris', *Reports and Transactions of the Devon Association for the Advancement of Science*, Vol. 145, 2013, pp. 155–172.

3. Not me, I hate the stuff!

4. Patrick O'Sullivan, '¡Homenaje a Aragón! *News from Nowhere*, collectivisation and the sustainable future', *Journal of William Morris Studies*, Vol. XIX, No. 3, 2011, pp. 93–111. (Afterwards *JWMS*)

5. Paul Mason, 'To move beyond boom and bust, we need a new theory of capitalism' [*Wrong*!], 23 March 2015; Giles Tremlett, 'The Podemos revolution: how a small group of radical academics changed European politics', 31 March 2015; Yanis Varoufakis, 'How I became an erratic Marxist', 18 February 2015. All at http://www.theguardian.com/world/2015/. (as seen 14 April 2015)

6. Peter Faulkner, 'Pevsner's Morris', *JWMS*, Vol. XVII, No. 1, 2006, pp. 49–72 (pp. 51, 61, 52). See also remarks by Tony Judt as quoted in review by Clive Wilmer (p. 89 below).

7. Peter Faulkner, *Against the Age. An Introduction to William Morris*, London; George Allen & Unwin, 1980, pp. 102–104; Penelope Fitzgerald, *Edward Burne-Jones. A Biography*, London: Michael Joseph, 1975, pp. 191–192: Fiona MacCarthy, *William Morris. A life for our time*, London: Faber & Faber, 1994, pp. 481–482, 504–505 ('The only time I failed Morris', p. 482). Afterwards MacCarthy.

8. Just as well, judging by his reaction to *The Ring* ('a sandy-haired German tenor tweedledeeing over the unspeakable woes of Sigurd, …'; MacCarthy, p. 372).

9. Thus leading to £2.5 million being paid for 'art' in the shape of an unmade, soiled bed. In music, *The Rite of Spring* is likewise often said to be the beginning of this tendency, but I am thinking here not so much of Arnold Schoenberg but of Alban Berg and Anton Webern. I would be interested to know, for example, how many compositions commissioned of modern composers by the BBC for the Proms, have ever been played anywhere again.

10. James Redmond, ed, *William Morris, News from Nowhere*, London: Routledge & Keegan Paul, 1970, Chapter XXII, pp. 129–130. (Afterwards *NfN*) I am extremely grateful to Peter Faulkner for his help on this specific point (even though he will not like what I have said!), and for his unstinting support these past eight years.

11. *A Dream of John Ball and A King's Lesson*, London: Longmans, Green & Co. (The Swan Library), Chapter 4, pp. 36–37.

12. 'The Lesser Arts', 1877. As in A.L. Morton, ed, *The Political Writings of William Morris*, London: Lawrence & Wishart, 1979, pp. 31–56.

13. I recently saw Bourneville for the first time, and thought, 'I must have died and gone to Nowhere'.

14. *NfN*, pp. 74–75.

15. David Goodway, *Anarchist Seeds beneath the snow: left libertarian thought and British writers from William Morris to Colin Ward*, Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 2006, pp. 22–24 (and references therein to work by E.P. Thompson, Ruth Kinna and Rodney Barker; afterwards Goodway). I once heard Barbara Castle claim Morris as one of her influences (on *Desert Island Discs*), and sent her a copy of our book. She replied very graciously, but addressed her thank you letter to 'Dear Mr Sullivan'. Serves me right!

16. *NfN*, p. 72, p. 64.

17. MacCarthy, p. 644; Goodway, *Ibid*.

18. Patrick O'Sullivan, 'Inspired by Nature', RHS Rosemoor , Devon, 29 May–29 August 2010; William Morris Society Newsletter, Autumn 2010, p. 24.

Versions of the Past, Problems of the Present, Hopes for the Future: Morris and others rewrite the Peasants' Revolt

Julia Courtney

Anna Vaninskaya has commented on nineteenth century fascination with the Peasants' Revolt of 1381. As she says, 'A Victorian interested in the Revolt could consult not just scholarly editions of primary sources or footnoted academic treatises, but popular children's histories, illustrated historical romances, cheap political pamphlets and expensive private press *objets d'art*'.[1] My article draws on this rich diversity by contrasting William Morris's *A Dream of John Ball* with two near-contemporary if now lesser-known fictional retellings of the Revolt: Charlotte M. Yonge's *The Wardship of Steepcombe* (1896), and *The Banner of Saint George* (1901) by Mary Bramston. These three texts exemplify widely disparate historical paradigms: Morris's visionary account emerges as different in kind from the two more conventional historical novels. At the same time, there are intriguing links, parallels and comparisons between them, some perhaps coincidental, others indicating shared concerns and preoccupations at the *fin de siècle*. All three were produced during the period identified by Krishan Kumar as 'The moment of Englishness'. Kumar argues that during the final decades of the nineteenth century, when new commercial rivals such as Germany and the United States began to threaten Britain's industrial supremacy, and faith in the empire began to waver, a degree of English self-consciousness began to emerge. 'English intellectuals and artists – historians, political theorists, literary and cultural critics, composers, poets and novelists –for the first time began an inquiry into the character of the English people as a nation, with a distinct sense of its history, its traditions and its destiny'.[2]

In Morris's case, Nicholas Salmon has further argued that nineteenth century socialists saw the Peasants' Revolt as indicating an indigenous socialist tradi-

tion, and that 'viewed in this context *A Dream of John Ball* appears as much a celebration of national identity as of revolutionary aspirations'.[3] All three authors discussed here are sympathetic to participants in the rising in varying degrees, regarding their motivation and behaviour as linked to positive national traditions and characteristics. Given this fundamental similarity, the differences between the texts are revealing, and may reflect what other late Victorian writers and readers thought about the Peasants' Revolt, whether or not they were aware of Morris's views. It may be useful for Morris scholars to see *A Dream of John Ball* in this context, as this approach points up the alterity of his account. While, as I shall argue, *A Dream of John Ball* is by far the most artistically and politically sophisticated of the three versions, Yonge and Bramston were not unheard voices in their time. Both were professional, popular and widely read authors; Yonge especially was one of the nineteenth century's most respected best sellers. And one year after its publication in 1901, Bramston's *The Banner of Saint George* was included in Jonathan Nield's exhaustive listing of *A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales*.[4]

Increasingly the work of writers such as historiographer Hayden White, and literary critic Stanley Fish, has tended to blur the line between 'academic' history and other textual genres; texts labelled as history and fiction (whether historical, utopian, dystopian or science fiction) take as their reference point the society within which they are written. If, as Vaninskaya notes, interpretations of the Revolt were an ideological battleground, many of the verbal weapons employed were forged during long centuries of debate. As Lister M. Matheson points out, during the period separating the fourteenth century from the late nineteenth, the personalities and events of the Revolt were frequently re-evaluated. Writers and artists tended either to valorise Wat Tyler, John Ball and Jack Straw as popular folk heroes, or to denigrate rebellion of any kind as an offence in the eyes of God and the Establishment.[5]

Both attitudes persisted into Victorian culture: for example, the triumphalist re-enactment of the slaying of rebel leader Wat Tyler at the 1884 Lord Mayor's Show has been suggested as one of several prompts for *A Dream of John Ball*. At the same time, new standards and practices in historical scholarship were enabling major revision of the medieval period. During the 1870s and 1880s 'scientific' historians such as Freeman, F. R .Green, Stubbs and Thorold Rogers produced carefully considered political, social and economic analyses of the Revolt, while the newly available Rolls Series (so called because it appeared by direction of the Master of the Rolls, the official custodian of the records of the Court of Chancery and of the other Courts) offered valuable, if sometimes contradictory, primary sources.[6]

Morris's sources for *A Dream of John Ball* have been the subject of much scholarly analysis. Most critics stress his main reliance on Froissart; Michael Holzman

notes the close correspondence between John Ball's sermon to the rebels in both
Morris and Froissart, adding that there are also evident debts to Walsingham,
Knighton and a range of secondary sources including Thorold Rogers.[7] Carole
Silver sums up:

> Morris carefully bases his fictional versions of events on the medieval and con-
> temporary works of English historians. Supplementing Froissart's account of the
> rebellion with such sources as Holinshed's *Chronicles* and the *Chronicle of John
> Hardyng*, he turns to nineteenth century historians for analysis and interpreta-
> tion. He derives materials from Sir Henry Maine, Bishop Stubbs, Edward Free-
> man, John Richard Green and Thorold Rogers, as well as from the more popular
> writings of Southey, Macaulay and Cobbett.[8]

But in some ways Morris takes his historical framework lightly, adding a skirmish
(Chapter VI) for which there is no documentary evidence, and changing the
circumstances of John Ball's release from Maidstone Castle. Also, the original
serialised version (see next para) was only brought into line with recorded history
when the 1888 text set the action in midsummer 1381.

A Dream of John Ball appeared first in serial form in *Commonweal* between
November 1886 and January 1887. Subsequently, a revised version was published
in 1888 by Longmans, Green & Co., with six reprints between 1888 and 1900.
The Kelmscott edition was issued in 1892. Given Morris's fame and high cultural
profile during these years, it is likely that both Yonge and Bramston at least knew
of the existence *A Dream of John Ball*. Bramston, I suspect, had read it, although
this is impossible to prove. At all events, the years immediately following Morris's
death in 1896 saw frequent and widely-read reappraisals and evaluations of his life
and work, such as the 1899 biography by J.W. Mackail.

Fiona MacCarthy has written of *A Dream of John Ball* that it 'operates on
several different levels like one of his designs for textiles or for wallpapers, superfi-
cially easy to read but revealing hidden depths and complexities the more closely
you examine it'.[9] Among these complexities must surely be the implications of
the title, with its shifting meaning of the term 'dream', as symbolised by the tra-
ditionally soporific white poppy which recurs throughout the text; growing near
the road where the narrator awakes, decorating Will Green's house, and carried
by the narrator into the church where it withers and dwindles as the night fades
into day. Dreams and visions weave throughout the narrative which Morris/the
speaker describes as 'my dream of things past, present, and to come'. He falls
asleep and dreams a typical 'anxiety dream' (he is giving a lecture in his nightshirt)
from which he seems to awake but in fact finds himself within a dream of the four-
teenth century in which John Ball features. In his turn, the dreamed John Ball
experiences a vision or dream of Morris/the narrator, who appears in the Kent
countryside in fourteenth century guise. The two men are therefore dreaming of

each other, and so therefore are inhabiting overlapping visions. 'Thou hast been a dream to me as I to thee' John Ball tells the Narrator before they part. And John Ball also tells of a dream or vision he experienced in prison. [10]

Then there is a further meaning of 'dream' in the sense of an ideal; both figures share a dream of future freedom and fellowship. Norman Kelvin writes that 'the dreams *John Ball* and *News from Nowhere* are metaphors, embracing the entire texts and delivering socialist messages to the world'.[11] An added layer of intertextuality also comes from the tradition of medieval dream literature, well known to Morris via Chaucer and Langland. Here, the dream partakes of visionary status, conveying significant truths and prophecies beyond natural sight: as Morris declares at the end of *News from Nowhere*, 'if others can see it as I have seen it, then surely it may be called a vision rather than a dream.'[12]

Such classification of Morris's later fiction, including *A Dream of John Ball*, as dreams, vision or Romances,[13] would make a major division between Morris's text and the two novels under discussion; they are of different genres. While both Yonge and Bramston also impart political messages, they do so via the medium of the traditional 'historical novel', rather than Morris's innovative and evocative prophetic utterance.

II

Long before Morris turned to socialism, he had been an ardent reader of Charlotte M. Yonge. Both Fiona MacCarthy and Peter Faulkner record his smitten reaction to Yonge's 'chivalric' novels, particularly the best-selling *The Heir of Redclyffe* (1853), suggesting that the key to Morris's interest was Yonge's ability to convey medievalist ideals of honour and self-sacrifice through a story of upper middle class Victorian families inspired by the Oxford Movement. But by the end of the century, Yonge, although still widely read, was no longer a centre of controversy. By then, a baffled reviewer noted that it was only Mackail's biography of Morris which had sent him to *The Heir of Redclyffe*; on reading Yonge's novel he failed to see its early attractions for Morris and his circle.[14]

The Wardship of Steepcombe was published by The National Society in 1896. As such it was intended as a prize or reward book for older children attending schools run by the Society, which had been founded in 1812 in order to provide education, and to train teachers within the framework of the Church of England. Surviving copies are attractively bound and illustrated; I own one with a name plate identifying a 1901 prizewinner at Whitelands College. Although intended for a younger readership, the novel displays those characteristics which made Yonge's adult historical fiction so popular. Writing of her collaboration with the historian E.A. Freeman, Susan Walton notes that Yonge 'did not skim over grim

realities' or 'violent events', suggesting that she shrewdly turned to historical fiction just as the sensation novel was taking over the market.[15]

The publisher's advertising description of *The Wardship of Steepcombe* encapsulates what the reader may expect:

> *A story of the troublous times of the youth of King Richard II and of the work done by Wickliffe and William of Wykeham respectively, concluding with a graphic and spirited description of Wat Tyler's rebellion.* [16]

'Graphic and spirited' may be interpreted as bloodthirsty, while mention of two fourteenth century religious figures indicates Yonge's central interest: the history of the Church in England.

The story begins with a retrospective and grisly account of the Black Death, which is correctly seen as the cause of the subsequent labour shortage which both temporarily improved the lot of the villeins (by enabling them to press for increased freedom and higher wages), but which then tempted feudal landlords to clamp down on wages and freedom of movement of labour (e.g. *via* the Statute of the Labourers of 1351). Readers follow the fortunes of the villein a-Coombe family as their landlord Sir Diggory Upton forces them to return to the estate of Steepcombe, which he administers during the minority of his ward and nephew, Miles Upton. The a-Coombe brothers Simon and Allan are separated when Allan is saved from villeinage by joining the household of Bishop William of Wickham; Simon follows the rebels to London where the brothers are reunited in time to witness the murder of the Archbishop of Canterbury (and Chancellor of England) Simon of Sudbury, the subsequent mayhem in the city, and the crucial meeting between King Richard II and the protesters. Meanwhile Miles Upton struggles against the harsh decisions of his uncle Sir Diggory in a narrative which parallels that of the young King Richard against his royal uncles, including the notorious Duke of Lancaster, John of Gaunt.

Yonge cites Stowe as one of her major sources, and also employs two chapter headings taken from Southey's drama *Wat Tyler* (Chapters XV and XIX). As a publicist of the Oxford Movement, Yonge combined medievalism, expressed as respect and admiration for the culture of pre-Reformation England, with a dislike of industrialisation and urbanisation. For her, since it did not necessarily improve quality of life or spiritual health, material 'progress' was to be viewed with scepticism. In some ways her vision of the fourteenth century might well have met with Morris's approval, since both writers abhorred industrial, urban 'civilisation' as degrading, and as a decline from a former wholesome, healthy medieval neighbourliness.

In Yonge's novel, Winchester is depicted as a thriving attractive city where work on the cathedral provides rewarding employment for stonemasons and carvers, while the rest of the populace supports itself via other crafts or trades.

The Church provides education for many of the city's boys, the sick are cared for, and townsfolk generally support each other in everyday life. A pageant is vividly described, the streets decorated with flowers and greenery as well as embroidered banners and textiles, the procession colourful, in striking, handmade costumes. Outside the city, work on the land is seen as hard yet satisfying, and after town life, young Simon a-Coombe is delighted to be amongst the birds and the beasts.

For all of her long life, Yonge lived in the village of Otterbourne just outside Winchester, and as Susan Walton notes: 'living in an area steeped in history she longed to know how people experienced the events about which she read'.[17] At the same time, Yonge's framework was teleological, with human history seen as part of the working of a divine plan within which the individual Christian quest for salvation is paramount; throughout history all should strive for 'the one thing needful'[18] in whatever social station they find themselves. Thus, although expressed via the human interest centred on the a-Coome family and young Miles Upton, the main message of the novel is social and religious. Rather vaguely, readers are told that the undoubted evils of villeinage will fade away, possibly to be replaced by equally deplorable conditions: 'bondage, no one knows exactly how, died away in England in the course of a generation or two'.[19] But there is sympathy for those who fight against injustice, corruption and oppression.

Yonge follows Walsingham's account of the Revolt by making Jack Straw a priest, identifying him as John Santley, a cleric who renounces his religious title:

> Brother me not; I hate the idle crew of monks and friars too much to bear their feigning title. Call me Jack Straw, as the honest folks of Kent call me. … I would see one blaze destroy every one that grinds the faces of the poor, be he king, lord, Archbishop, Abbot, lawyer perverting justice, begging friar mulcting the poor with lies. Woe unto you all! Let one flame burn up all pride, and vanity, hypocrisy and tyranny, and let us have all things in common, as in the days of the holy Apostles.

An idealistic young Brother, Bartle Cree, is then inspired by Straw/Santley, agreeing that '[n]aught is to be amended if all sit still and preach patience and do nothing'. Yonge does however 'preach patience' if indirectly. A hermit (or 'anker') with whom Santley and Cree take refuge, regales them with warning tales of the Jacquerie in France. Similar horrors are later perpetrated by the rebels when they reach London. Cree then bitterly repents his participation in the rising, and 'to his last day upheld that the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God'. More positive emphasis is given to Wickliffe and to Wickham, and the eventual effects of their mission on the English Church. The novel ends with Cree reading aloud from 'one of the first copies of Wickliffe's bible completed, but not yet proscribed. … readings from it were the life and oracle of his flock'.[20]

Clearly Morris's take on the fourteenth century Church differs vastly from

Yonge's, yet it can be argued that the spiritual vision of *A Dream of John Ball* is one of its most complex and memorable features. Morris possessed far too much historical understanding to dismiss the central place of the Church in fourteenth century culture and society. In the *Dream*, the township church is beautiful and newly built; the cross dominates the open meeting space, and a statue of St Clement denotes the blacksmith's house. John Ball is definitely 'a priest of God' who says Mass, prays, wears 'a pair of beads', and hears confessions. Morris acknowledges that not all priests are of Ball's calibre; the township parson has fled, and Ball himself shares his moments of self doubt when he muses 'hadst thou kept thy tongue between thy teeth [as no doubt did many other priests] thou mightest have been something … comfortable to many a poor man' without risking his own neck.[21]

Especially in his earlier speeches, Ball makes quite orthodox mention of Heaven, Hell, the saints and so on; but gradually his interpretation of the Mystical Body or the Communion of Saints (i.e. the eternal spiritual unity of all believers past, present and to come) is combined and elided with the ideal of earthly Fellowship, a concept which by the end of Chapter 7 acquires a capital letter. In the final chapter, it has become 'the Host of the Fellowship', a phrase reminiscent of 'the Heavenly Host' (the angels) and even of the consecrated Eucharist. Famously, 'fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell: fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death'.[22]

During their colloquy in the church, Ball asks the Narrator directly about his religious beliefs, sensing that 'there seemeth something betwixt us twain as it were a wall that partest us'. He is unconvinced by Morris's humanist view that 'though I die and end, yet mankind liveth, therefore I end not'. Here I find Morris's historical sense entirely convincing; while identifying and celebrating the ideal of fellowship embedded in Ball's belief and practice, he admits that, as the heading of Chapter 11 states, 'Hard is it for the Old World to see the New', both in terms of religious doctrine as well as economic theory. On the other hand, the Narrator surprises Ball with the prediction that 'in those days shall there be neither abbey nor priory in the land, nor monks or friars, nor any religious':[23] perhaps wishful thinking which does not entirely accord with the religious history of late-Victorian England.

III

Mary Bramston's novel *The Banner of Saint George* (1901) shares Morris's aversion to the power tactics of the fourteenth century Church. Bramston's hero is a real historical person, the stonemason William Grindecobbe who led the citizens of St Albans against the impositions of its Abbot both before and during the

Peasants Revolt. A novelist, educator and friend of Charlotte Yonge, Mary Eliza Bramston (1841–1912) cited 'Walsingham's Chronicle' as the basis of her novel, stating that 'This tale of the Peasant Revolt in Essex and Herts is of course an embroidery, but the framework on which it hangs is fuller of historical details than often lie ready to an author's hand'.[24] Subtitled *A Picture of Old England*, the novel is imagined as a tapestry or worked textile in which the historical record supports, and is embellished by, colourful additions wrought by the novelist's creative art.

Indicating a willingness to be led outside her comfort zone in an engagement with her sources, Bramston adds that she 'followed the details there given [in Walsingham's Chronicle] as far as I could, sometimes finding them so medieval that they gave quite a shock to the picture my imagination was working at'. Her Preface also mentions Knighton's *Chronicron,* plus a secondary source, Jusserand's *Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages* (1889). And the novel's claim to meticulous reportage of the Peasants' Revolt has stood the test of time, the only obvious inaccuracy being that Bramston locates John of Gaunt in London playing the heavy uncle to the teenage King Richard when modern research places him in the North negotiating with the Scots.[25]

Her hero, Grindecobbe, 'big, broad and florid, with blue eyes which gleamed and sparkled with every change of mood and thought' is a natural leader, a loving father, a courageous upholder of the rights of the citizen, an opponent of violence, and finally steadfast unto death as he is executed for his principles. His 'heroism, law-abidingness and moderation' are held by the author to be truly English traits worthy of 'a nation working its way towards [the] civilisation and freedom' assumed to have been attained by 1901.[26]

Such a context indicates that Bramston's historical paradigm is that of traditional Whig History, a construction of democratic progress which differs from both Morris's socialist vision, and from Yonge's teleological view. Perhaps because of Whig History's tendency to denigrate the Middle Ages, Bramston's vision of the fourteenth century is much less idyllic than Morris's, and also less favourable than Yonge's. For example, in *The Banner of Saint George*, the streets of St Albans are malodorous, foul and ill paved. And travelling the countryside, apothecary Alan Harding is 'shocked to find how large a part sheer hunger played in the lives of these poor folk' forced to exist on 'wild roots and herbs'.[27] Lack of respect for human life, and the brutality of fourteenth century justice have, it is implied, by 1901 been remedied by Englishmen and Englishwomen sharing the same 'hard commonsense' and law abiding moderation displayed by Grindecobbe and his associates. Morris, on the other hand, contrasts the 'trimness and handiness' of the Kent countryside, the beauty of the buildings and the quality of clothing and accoutrements sported by the inhabitants, with the squalor of late nineteenth century London. The Kentish folk are shown as enjoying a healthy and satisfying

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lifestyle; they join the Revolt in solidarity and fellowship with their oppressed Essex comrades, thus setting an example of selflessly concerted political action.

In *The Wardship of Steepcombe* all classes, given goodwill, can live in harmony and mutual prosperity, with individuals free to seek a satisfying earthly life combined with spiritual salvation. Bramston possesses a more nationalist agenda: a reviewer in the *Daily Chronicle* described *The Banner of Saint George* as a novel likely to 'make Englishmen proud of their race' and a prime example of English manhood is the brawny bighearted blue eyed Grindecobbe.[28] He is a father figure for young Alan Harding, whose parents suffer from the cruelty of the Essex landowner Sir Walter Rickdon. Early in the novel Alan is taken by his sick and embittered mother Pernel to hear the radical preacher John Ball announce that 'we be all come from one mother, Eve, and one father, even Adam. Why should some dwell in fair houses, and sleep on down, and feast off gold and silver, while others have the pain and the travail, rain and wind in the fields; and by the sweat and blood of some, others maintain their estates?'[29] Interestingly, these words do not figure in Walsingham's account, although he cites the famous Adam/Eve couplet and summarises Ball's discourse. Bramston writes of Ball's words that 'they are historical', so she like Morris may have taken them directly from Froissart's *Chronicle* or from a secondary source quoting Froissart.

For Bramston John Ball is not so much an initiator of the Revolt as a mouthpiece for widespread opinion:

> Alan listened spell bound. All this was in the air of the day and John Ball only said what many men thought; but the first time a lad hears the unformed thought of the time put into words is for ever memorable to him.

He goes on to participate in the Revolt, although following Grindecobbe's example, he takes neither life nor property: 'let us glory in the name [of the commons] and do nothing to disgrace it—let us have no rioting, nor suffer others to riot but let us claim our rights and defend them with courage and calmness'.[30] In this resolve Grindecobbe and Alan are unlike the wild-eyed followers of 'scrannel-voiced', half-demented Jack Straw.

That figure is given a much more positive presentation in Morris's work, where he is portrayed as an orderly and resourceful leader, while Yonge, in partially eliding him with the preacher John Ball, makes him inspiring and idealistic if misguided. Bramston's unattractive Straw is contrasted with 'a more cultivated and much saner-looking person with a dark bushy beard'. This is John Kirkby, whose beard is frequently insisted upon, even as the identifier of his disembodied head on London Bridge. Bramston's narrative voice informs readers that 'There were among the leaders of the Essex rebellion a large Socialist and a small Anarchist contingent, though such names were as yet unknown. … Kirkby was

the leader of the Socialists, Jack Straw of the Anarchists'. When both address the rebels:

> … there was a kind of fierce inspiration in Straw's speech which set Alan's heart beating wildly: for was he not after all the son of the murdered Harding? He was followed by John Kirkby, who spoke in a much milder and more reasonable manner. The one wanted to destroy all that differentiated one man's station from another, if needs were by the death of him who held it; the other wanted to redistribute the goods of earth more fairly, but with no violence. One object was more amiable than the other but hardly more practicable.[31]

Kirkby must surely be a cameo portrait of Morris, despite Bramston's pragmatic toning down of Morris's revolutionary agenda. Fiona MacCarthy quotes Eiríkr Magnússon's description of Morris as 'ruddy complexioned, sturdily framed, brawn necked, shock headed',[32] while 'Topsy's' bushy beard features in numerous cartoons, portraits and photographs. Whether or not Bramston had read *A Dream of John Ball*, it seems clear that she was aware of Morris's persona and his political ideals.

I V

I was initially drawn to a comparison of *The Banner of Saint George* with *A Dream of John Ball* by the prominence in both texts of the theme or symbol of the banner. Although Bramston lacks Morris's highly developed aesthetic sense, both authors describe their own version of the peasants' banner. In Bramston's novel, the aspirations of the rebels, as well as their Englishness, are expressed by the banners they carry, and especially by the standard brought from London to St Albans in order to signify King Richard's all too brief agreement to their requests. This banner is set up as an object of veneration outside the Abbey, and Bramston explains that her 'title owes its existence to the description in Walsingham of Richard of Wallingford's arrival at St Albans bearing the kings letter: *deferens ante eum vexillum, sive pencellum, displicatum, de armis Sancti Georgii, juxta morem illorum qui Londoniis tot scelera perpetrarunt*'.[33] It is not the only one in the novel, since for their march on London the rebels assemble beneath banners provided by each locality; and it is the description of one of these which indicates that Bramston's own 'embroidery' includes their actual design. While medieval illustrations record the St George's Cross carried by the rebels, and Walsingham refers only to 'the arms of St George', Bramston clearly imagines a representation of St George and the Dragon. In a moment of homespun ekphrasis, the widow Pernel Harding hands over the banner she has made for her son Alan's band.

> 'See!' she said 'here is a good linen pennon—indeed it is the sheet I have been
> keeping by me for my shroud: and on it is St George in blue, and the dragon in
> red. Didst thou think I could work so well, Alan? I trow I had almost forgot the
> art, which I used to ply before thou wert born!' 'But how did thou get the pattern
> Mother?' said Alan, looking with admiration at the outlined saint, impaling the
> red dragon with his lance. 'I took it from a picture of Mistress Fenn's that her
> mistress gave her. The saint's legs be too short, I fear, because of the selvedge in
> their way, but none could deny it is St George'.

Pernel's needlework is interwoven with Bramston's Whig ideology of progress
on a nation's road to freedom and with the maintenance of values such as truth,
honour and moral obligation, which can be shared by all classes, symbolised by
the juxtaposition of the King's banner and Pernel's homely effort:

> [Alan] had not…the sense of the obligation of nobility, the son of William Hard-
> ing had no noble blood in his veins, but the sense of the obligation of *worth* has at
> all times, thank God, been equally potent with Englishmen and Englishwomen.

The values of chivalry are attainable by all; after Alan has repaid an obligation by
saving a member of the landowning De Rivers family:

> perhaps [he] never … knew a sweeter or more gladdening popularity, or a greater
> contentment with himself than he felt for upholding the honour of the bands of
> St George and proving that one could act knightly without being a knight.[34]

Visually, Morris's banner as shown in Burne Jones's famous realisation, is very
different from Pernel's short-legged St George:

> a banner on a high-raised cross pole, a picture of a man and a woman half-clad in
> skins of beasts seen against a back-ground of green trees, the man holding a spade
> and the woman a distaff and spindle, rudely done enough, but yet with a certain
> spirit and much meaning; and underneath this symbol of the early world and
> man's first contest with nature were the written words

> *When Adam delved and Eve span*
> *Who was then the gentleman?*[35]

The iconography of the Morris/Burne Jones banner, which served as Frontis-
piece for several of the Longman reprints, has been extensively analysed by schol-
ars, including Stephen Eisenman. He argues that 'Morris's implicit claim in *John
Ball* that communism is indigenous to England and a basic human drive was
given an added dimension' by Burne Jones's image which 'shows the first humans
occupied with hard but satisfying labour in conditions of equality and mutual
aid'.[36] And both text and etching present the Peasants' Revolt as a crucial point on

the journey from the primitive communist past to the post-revolutionary future of 'the change beyond the change'. The meaning of Morris's banner, with its invocation of the natural basis of communism, is very different from Bramston's evocation of chivalric honour, drawn from the ideology of knighthood.

V

In the final chapters of *A Dream of John Ball*, the two dreamers, Ball and the Narrator, attempt to share their experiences of revolutionary struggle. The Morris persona succeeds in highlighting historical events such as the Enclosures, industrialisation, urbanisation, changes in transport and communications, 'trickle-down' capitalism, and colonial globalisation of production; all of which are defamiliarised by Ball's questions and responses, and which resonate today as much as they must have done with Morris's original readers. Morris's use of language is significant here, since the dreamers must communicate across five centuries. Although convincing choice of idiom is a problem common to all writers setting their texts in the past, Morris's approach is significantly different from that of Yonge or Bramston.

Yonge explains that 'the language of the story is conventional, since, though English was commonly spoken, it would be difficult to understand the old form of it'.[37] This is clearly a pragmatic decision aimed at her teenage readership, and generally shared by other writers in the genre. Bramston writes that Alan Harding's account of Grindecobbe's last days 'is of course rendered into modern English'.[38] Morris in contrast seeks 'To make a New Tongue' to express his vision of 'the change beyond the change'.[39] One of the most telling sentences in *A Dream of John Ball* reads 'I felt strangely, as though I had more words to say than the words I knew I could make clear: as if I wanted to get from other people a new set of words'. This statement does not involve a transcription of the actual speech of Will Green and his fellows, for 'if I were to give you the very words of those who spoke to me you would scarcely understand them, although their language was English too'.[40] On the contrary, as Will Abberley has argued, Morris seeks 'an a-historical tongue' in his late fiction which aims to 'resist the degradation of modern language'. For Abberley, 'Morris's rebelling peasants protect their Germanic vocabulary and oral community against encroaching artificial Latinisms and writing culture', while 'Ball uses Teutonisms to encode natural instincts for co-operation and solidarity'.[41] Just as the image on the banner evokes the inherent communism of the earliest times, so the language of the medieval peasants harks back to the egalitarianism of early Northern European society: significantly, the Morris persona regales the company at the Rose tavern with a tale of Iceland, which his hearers applaud as concerning 'such men [as] have been and

will be, and belike are not far from this same door even now'.[42]

In summary, Bramston responded to Kumar's 'moment of Englishness' by constructing a national identity of moderation, commonsense, courage, hardy determination and an innate sense of honour, enduring characteristics apparently capable of gradually transforming medieval conditions into the society of 1901. Yonge saw things differently. Writing for a teenage audience, she envisioned history less as inevitable material 'progress' (in her opinion, the values of medieval chivalry and satisfying work were sadly lacking in nineteenth century culture), than as a changing set of circumstances within which fascinatingly varied but all too human individuals must work out their own salvation, hopefully supported by a vibrant national Church. While it is intriguing to contrast Morris's historical paradigm with those of other late Victorians, the comparison makes it clear that his vision is different in kind from those of Yonge and Bramston, and by implication, from that of many other contemporary writers of historical fiction. Whether it is classified as a Romance, a vision or a novel, *A Dream of John Ball* links the experiences of 1381 with those of 1887, and resonates with readers today: as Morris says it is his 'dream of things past, present and to come'.[43]

NOTES

1. Anna Vaninskaya, *William Morris and the Idea of Community: Romance, History and Propaganda, 1880–1914,* Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2010, p. 120. (Afterwards Vaninskaya) See also Anna Vaninskaya, 'Dreams of John Ball: Reading the Peasants' Revolt in the Nineteenth Century', *Nineteenth Century Contexts,* Vol. 31, No 1, March 2009, pp. 45–57.

2. Krishan Kumar, *The Making of English National Identity*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2003, p. 224.

3. Nicholas Salmon, 'A Reassessment of *A Dream of John Ball*', *Journal of the William Morris Society*, XIV, No. 2, Spring 2001, pp. 29–38.

4. Margaret Mare & Alicia Perceval, *Victorian Best-seller, The World of Charlotte Mary Yonge,* London: Harrap, 1947, pp. 226–229. For a more recent critical assessment, see Cecilia Bass, 'Charlotte Yonge and the Critics', in Julia Courtney & Clemence Schultze, eds, *Characters and Scenes,* Abingdon, UK: Beechcroft Books, 2007, pp. 55–87. (Afterwards Bass); Jonathan Nield, *A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales*, London and New York: Putnams, 1902, Project Gutenberg, Nield's Section on Fourteenth Century, http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/1359 [as accessed 19 March 2015].

5. Hayden White, *Tropics of Discourse*, Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1978/1985, pp. 81–100; Stanley Fish, *Is There a Text in This Class?*,

Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press, 1980, pp. 305–321; Lister M. Matheson, 'The Peasants' Revolt through Five Centuries of Rumor and Reporting', *Studies in Philology*, Vol. 95, Issue 2, Spring 1998, pp. 121–152.

6. Stephen F. Eisenman, 'Communism in Furs: A Dream of Prehistory in William Morris's *A Dream of John Ball*', *The Art Bulletin*, Vol. 87, No 1, March 2005, pp. 92–110. (Afterwards Eisenman) The Rolls Series included Thomas of Walsingham's *Chronica Maiora*, published 1874; his *Gesta Abbatum*, 1867; and Henry Knighton's *Chronicon*, Rolls 1889–95. Officially titled *The Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages*, the series runs to two hundred and fifty five volumes. While copies of the original nineteenth century editions are kept in many university and copyright libraries, the Rolls Series is now available in electronic form, and in some cases in recent translation. Although the Rolls were edited and annotated in English, Victorian scholars needed to be able to read the medieval Latin of the main texts.

7. Michael Holzman, 'The Encouragement and Warning of History', in Florence Boos & Carole Silver, *Socialism and the Literary Artistry of William Morris*, Columbia: University of Michigan Press, pp. 98–116 and *passim.* (Afterwards Boos & Silver) Also Charles H. Kegel, 'William Morris's *A Dream of John Ball*: A Study in Reactionary Liberalism', *Papers of the Michigan Academy of Science, Arts and Letters*, Vol. XL, 1955, pp.113–312.

8. Carole Silver, *The Romance of William Morris*, Athens: University of Ohio Press, 1981, p. 124.

9. Fiona MacCarthy*, William Morris. A Life for our Time,* London: Faber & Faber, 1994, p. 546. (Afterwards MacCarthy)

10. *A Dream of John Ball*, London: Longman, 1900, p. 16. (Afterwards *DoJB*); *DoJB,* p.126.

11. Norman Kelvin, 'The Dream, Image, Vision, Wizardry, and Erotic in Morris's Work', *The Journal of William Morris Studies*, Volume XX, No. 2, Summer 2013, pp. 41–54 (p. 42).

12. *News from Nowhere*, London: Longman, 1910, p. 238.

13. Vaninskaya, pp. 35–36.

14. Peter Faulkner, *Against the Age. An Introduction to William Morris*, Abingdon, UK: Routledge Revivals 2011/1980, Chapter 1, e-version; MacCarthy, pp. 65–66; Bass, pp. 55–85 (p. 65).

15. Susan Walton, 'Charlotte M. Yonge and the "historic harem" of Edward Augustus Freeman', *Journal of Victorian Culture*, Vol. 11, No. 2, Autumn 2006, pp. 226–255, especially pp. 232 and 238. (Afterwards Walton)

16. Publisher's description, back pages, Charlotte M. Yonge, *The Wardship of Steepcombe*, London: National Society (Afterwards *Wardship*), nd but

known, from biography to be 1896; see C.R. Coleridge, *Charlotte Mary Yonge,* London: Macmillan, 1903, p. 367.

17. Walton, p. 230.

18. Expression from St Luke's Gospel, frequently used in nineteenth century writing, e.g. in *Hard Times.*

19. *Wardship,* p. 314.

20. *Wardship,* pp. 187–188, 315, *ibid.* The Jacquerie was a revolt by peasants which took place in northern France during the summer of 1358 (and thus the Hundred Years' War). The revolt, which was suppressed after a few weeks of violence, centred on the valley of the River Oise north of Paris. The rebellion became known as the Jacquerie because the nobles derided the peasants as 'Jacques' or 'Jacques Bonhomme' for their padded surplice named a *jacque.* Their leader, Guillaume Cale, was referred to by the (aristo-cratic) chronicler Jean Froissart as Jacques Bonhomme ('Jack Goodfellow') or Callet. The word *jacquerie* subsequently became a synonym for peasant uprisings in general, both in English and in French. (Wikipedia; Jacquerie)

21. *DoJB*, pp. 27, 32.

22. *DoJB*, p. 19.

23. *DoJB*, pp. 90, 121.

24. Mary E. Bramston, *The Banner of Saint George*, London: Duckworth, 1901, p. v. (Afterwards *Banner*) For more information on Mary Bramston's career and work, see Julia Courtney, unpublished PhD thesis, University of London 1990, *Charlotte M. Yonge, A Novelist and Her Readers,* pp. 450–466. (Afterwards Courtney, thesis)

25. John A.F. Thomson, *The Transformation of Medieval England*, London: Longman, 1983, p. 28.

26. *Banner,* pp. 3, vii.

27. *Banner*, p. 32.

28. Courtney, thesis, p. 466.

29. *Banner,* p. 41. Here, Ball's sermon is based not on Walsingham but on Froissart, although it was also quoted in nineteenth century secondary sources; see Michael Holzman (as Note 7), in Boos & Silver, pp. 98–116.

30. *Banner,* pp. 41, 125.

31. *Banner,* pp. 49, 51, 52.

32. MacCarthy, p. 279.

33. *Banner*, p. x. 'Carrying unfurled in front of him a banner or standard with the arms of Saint George according to the usage of the rebels who had com-mitted the crimes in London'; David Preest (transl.), *The Chronica Maiora of Thomas of Walsingham*, Woodbridge, Suffolk, UK: Boydell, 2005, p. 134.

34. *Banner,* pp. 60, 179–180, 71.

35. *DoJB*, pp. 23–24.
36. Eisenman, pp. 93, 95.
37. *Wardship*, p. vii.
38. *Banner*, p. 247.
39. Will Abberley, ' "To make a New Tongue": Natural and Manufactured Language in the Late Fiction of William Morris', *Journal of Victorian Culture*, Vol. 17, No. 4, Dec 2012, pp. 397–412. (Afterwards Abberley)
40. *DoJB*, pp.74, 5.
41. Abberley, p. 401.
42. *DoJB*, p.17.
43. *DoJB*, p. 16.

Revisiting Morris's socialist internationalism: reflections on translation and colonialism (with an annotated bibliography of translations of *News from Nowhere*, 1890–1915)

Owen Holland

A number of recent critical endeavours have attempted to map the international reception of the Pre-Raphaelite movement and the aestheticism of Oscar Wilde, as well as the utopian writings of H.G. Wells and Edward Bellamy.[1] Bellamy's international influence, in particular, has long been recognised owing to Sylvia E. Bowman's edited collection of essays on *Edward Bellamy Abroad* (1962). By contrast, attempts to chart the international dissemination of William Morris's utopian romance *News from Nowhere* (1890), have extended little further than an offhand remark by J.W. Mackail, in his 1899 biography of Morris. Here, Mackail noted a 'curious fact' about *News from Nowhere*, remarking that 'this slightly constructed and essentially insular romance has, as a Socialist pamphlet, been translated into French, German and Italian, and has probably been more read in foreign countries than any of [Morris's] more important works of prose and verse'.[2]

In fact, Mackail missed the existence of Swedish, Dutch and Russian translations and would perhaps have been disconcerted to see further versions appearing between 1900 and 1915 in German, French, Finnish, Czech, Polish, Spanish, Japanese, Russian, Serbian and Norwegian.[3] Carl Guarneri points out that, in the case of Bellamy, the variety of international responses surveyed in Bowman's collection 'affirm that *Looking Backward* became a transnational intervention, a treatise in the form of fiction that joined an ongoing international debate about

the future of industrial society'. Given the largely unnoticed and critically unex-amined array of translations of *News from Nowhere*, the same could also be said for Morris's utopian romance, with the obvious ideological difference that the impact of Bellamy's treatise was, according to Guarneri, most 'discernible in shaping an international community of reformist socialists in the two decades after its publication', whereas Morris's intervention was uncompromisingly revo-lutionary.[4]

In Morris's view, the society depicted in *Looking Backward* represented only 'the beginning of [the revolution's] militant period' and was guilty of numerous 'errors and fallacies'.[5] Mackail's slightly aggrieved tone in noting the transna-tional reception of *News from Nowhere* is indicative of the values he brought to bear when estimating the relative 'importance' of Morris's works. Mackail privileged the 'aesthetic' over the 'political', drawing up a Manichean dichotomy between the two terms, and thus failed to consider the possibility that *News from Nowhere* travelled more extensively than, say, *The Earthly Paradise* or Morris's late prose romances precisely *because* it belonged to and helped to consolidate a shared political imaginary of social revolution. In recovering this context, I sug-gest some possible openings for new readings of Morris's utopian text, grounded in a reconstruction of its significance in the intellectual history of the late nine-teenth- and early twentieth-century socialist movement, not only in Britain, but across most of Europe as well.

It is clear that members of the international socialist movement were respon-sible for most of the early translations. Those of Natalie Liebknecht in Ger-many, Pierre Georget La Chesnais in France, Juan José Morato in Spain, Ruggero Panebianco in Italy, Henri Polak and Frank van der Goes in the Netherlands, Carl Natanael Carleson in Sweden, Elise Ottesen in Norway, J. K. Kari in Finland, Dušan Bogosavljević in Serbia and Toshihiko Sakai in Japan were all published by houses affiliated to socialist parties and/or labour movements in their respec-tive countries. Such a politicised network of distribution qualifies recent critical assessments of Morris's utopianism, which focus on its nationally circumscribed content. The apparent contradiction between the strident internationalism of Morris's political rhetoric and the comparatively limited national scope of his utopian vision appears in a different light when *News from Nowhere* is seen in this transnational context. Before undertaking my re-assessment, however, it is important to establish some sense of what 'internationalism' meant to Morris, along with his contemporaries in the Socialist League and the wider *fin de siècle* socialist movement.

In the historiography of the socialist movement, the 'national question', and its relationship to socialist internationalism, is notoriously vexed and contested.[6] Internationalism could, for example, be taken to refer to the processes of capital-ist globalisation, cutting across national boundaries, which Marx invoked when

describing 'commodities' as the 'heavy artillery with which [the bourgeoisie] batters down all Chinese walls' in pursuit of profit. After a series of public debates between Ernest Belfort Bax and the Radical politician Charles Bradlaugh, Morris echoed Marx's comments and admonished Bradlaugh for failing to comprehend 'the international character of modern capitalism', as well as his concomitant failure to 'grasp that if capitalism is international, the foe that threatens it, the system which is put forward to take its place, must be international also'.[7]

Elsewhere, Morris was at pains to distinguish *socialist* internationalism from the 'free trade' internationalism he identified with the Manchester School economics of John Bright and Richard Cobden. As he put it in *Commonweal* (1887):

> Mr. Bright's Internationalism is, and always has been, a very one-sided matter, as one-sided as his love of peace. The Internationalism of bourgeois interests is what he is enthusiastic for, and in that cause he would try to join all the nations in the world, ignoring the fact that each nation is composed of two other nations, the nation of the poor and the nation of the rich.[8]

Morris's opposing version of internationalism derived from the traditions of working-class solidarity and anti-imperialism dating from the International Workingmen's Association, or First International (1864–1876). He attended the founding congress of its successor organisation, the Second International, in Paris in 1889, and left a useful record of his 'Impressions of the Paris Congress'. It is possible that Morris formed contacts at this conference which subsequently led to production of numerous translations of *News from Nowhere*. His short report on the conference for *Commonweal* offers an indication of the extent of the late nineteenth-century socialist movement's implantation and relative density in different national contexts: '[t]he numbers of the delegates first taken', Morris wrote, 'were as follows: <u>French</u>, 180; <u>Germans</u>, 81; <u>English</u>, 21; <u>Belgian</u>, 14; Austrian, 8; <u>Italian</u>, 11; <u>Russian</u>, 6; Swiss, 6; Denmark, 3; Roumania, 4; <u>Spain</u>, 2; <u>Poland</u>, 4; Hungary, 3; <u>America</u>, 2; Portugal, 1; Greece, 1; <u>Holland</u>, 4; <u>Sweden</u>, 1; <u>Norway</u>, 1'.[9]

As far as I have been able to trace, translations of *News from Nowhere* appeared between 1890 and 1915 in both book- and serial-form in ten of the nineteen countries listed by Morris where the socialist movement possessed an organisational nucleus. J.K. Kari's Finnish translation also appeared in 1900 under the auspices of the *Työväen Kustannusosakeyhtiö* [Workers' Publishing Company], while an anonymous Czech translation appeared in Prague in 1900 via *Právo Lidu* [the Right of the People]. Subsequent translations also appeared in Japanese and Serbian. The congress itself played an instrumental role in helping the movement to consolidate its self-conception as a transnational movement. Morris attested that the congress was ideologically productive in engendering a spirit of internation-

alism, noting that 'the mere presence of so many Socialists come together from so many countries so earnest and eager was inspiriting and encouraging'.[10]

Morris also possessed a network of international contacts and friendships in London which helped to form his political imagination after his entry into the socialist movement in 1883. Many such contacts were people in flight from persecution for political activity by autocratic regimes on the continent, or in Tsarist Russia. In July 1885, Morris wrote to Gilbert Ifold Ellis requesting a copy of the Russian nihilist Sergius Stepniak's book *Russia Under the Tsars* (1885), along with Henry David Thoreau's *Walden* (1854) and the German socialist August Bebel's *Woman in the Past, Present and Future*, published by the Modern Press in an English translation in 1885. Morris had already read Stepniak's *Underground Russia* (1882), which he described as 'a most interesting book, though terrible reading'.[11]

Morris came to know Stepniak well, as well as another exiled Russian anarchist, Peter Kropotkin. His own 'rather long-winded sketch of my very uneventful life' was written for the Austrian refugee and fellow socialist Andreas Scheu. He also helped to fund Louise Michel's International School for the children of refugees in Fitzroy Square, set up during the 1890s.[12] Michel, a French communard who had been exiled in the wake of the suppression of the Paris Commune in 1871, had arrived in London after a lengthy period in New Caledonia. Such contacts and friendships helped teach Morris about the global dimensions of the political struggle in which he had begun to participate.

In organisational terms, the formation of the Socialist League was met with fraternal greetings from socialists across Europe: Wilhelm Liebknecht, August Bebel and Karl Kautsky wrote from Germany, the Russian exile Pierre Lavroff and Paul Lafargue, the leader of the *Parti Ouvrier Français*, from France, as did the exiled Hungarian socialist, Leo Frankel. Ferdinand Domela Nieuwenhuis sent greetings from the Netherlands. In his editorial introduction to the 1887 volume of *Commonweal*, Morris wrote that '[i]n every country of the civilised world there is a definite, strong, and increasing Socialist party [...]. From all directions come tidings of good cheer'. The newspaper had kept up its regular 'Record of the International Movement' column during the intervening period. The 'separate radical counterpublic' and 'subcultural networks' which Elizabeth Carolyn Miller identifies with the socialist periodicals circulating in late-Victorian Britain also possessed a transnational dimension, motivated in no small part by a shared ideological commitment to a politics of worldwide solidarity and working-class internationalism.[13]

It is important to consider the significance of this international political network for the reception of *News from Nowhere*. The array of translations produced within the sub-cultural orbit of the Second International anticipated the vision described by Old Hammond in which 'the whole system of rival and contend-

ing nations […] has disappeared along with the inequality betwixt man and man in society'.[14] Internationalism, for Morris and his fellow socialists, was both an ideological goal to be aspired towards in a putatively post-capitalist future and a material practice of solidarity, correspondence, friendship and collective organisation.

In his perceptive collection of essays on the relationship between socialist internationalism and the national question, Michael Löwy notes that the feeling of national identity, or attachment to a national culture, ought not to be confused with the more problematical ideological matter of nationalism, which, he suggests, demands supreme loyalty to the nation-state. Löwy further suggests that it is the task of socialist internationalists, in particular, to 'fuse the historical and cultural heritage of the world socialist movement with the culture and tradition of their people, in its radical and subversive dimension – often […] hidden and buried by the official culture of the ruling classes'.[15] Internationalism, as Löwy construes it, should not be taken to mean the subsumption of national differences. Rather, it implies recognition of the historically conditioned existence of the nation-state, and the possibility that the category of the nation might be reduced to a primarily cultural dimension, set against its currently dominant economic and political determinations.

Löwy's formulation of the cultural mediation of national identity is particularly relevant to *News from Nowhere*. In an addition to chapter fourteen of the 1891 version in book form, the narrator, William Guest, enquires about 'relations with foreign nations', prompting Old Hammond's response about the disappearance of national rivalries. Hammond seems to imply that the market-orientated global collection of competing nation-states has given way to an international system of federated but autonomous communes, echoing the Socialist League Manifesto which aimed to win a world in which 'there are no nations, but only varied masses of workers and friends'. Guest goes on to ask whether this makes the world a 'duller' place, hinting at an anxiety about global subsumption of the local whereby national differences are erased through homogenisation, and he is told to 'cross the water and see'. Hammond refers to 'the landscape, the building, the diet, the amusements' and 'costume' as markers of national differences which persist.[16] 'Nations' seem to have 'disappeared' and yet the presence of the Irish and Welsh languages suggests that certain kinds of culturally mediated national identity continue to prevail:

> sometimes even before [the children] can read, they can talk French, which is the nearest language talked on the other side of the water; and they soon get to know German also, which is talked by a huge number of colleges and communes on the mainland. These are the principal languages we speak in these islands, along with English or Welsh, or Irish, which is another form of Welsh.[17]

Eric Hobsbawm has characterised the period between 1870 and 1914 as one in which 'the ethnic-linguistic criterion for defining a nation […] became dominant' – so Morris was, at one level, very much in tune with contemporary developments. In much of his journalism, Morris also strongly supported the demand for Irish Home rule, adding a warning, with reference to the experience of Italian unification during the mid-nineteenth century, that national liberation without the international abolition of class society would be liable to institute a new form of the old domination.[18] Restoration of the Irish language only became an important issue in the Irish Nationalist movement after the formation of the Gaelic League in 1893.

Acknowledging his own sense of Welsh national identity, Morris wrote to Henry Richard in 1882: 'since [my parents] were both of Welsh parentage on both sides, I think I may lay claim to be considered one of the Cymry: I am I assure you very proud of my nation, and its lovely ancient literature as far as I know it by translations, since unfortunately I only know a very few words of the difficult but beautiful language of my forefathers'.[19] So Morris clearly respected the Welsh language, even though he did not speak it, much as he valued the right of national self-determination for the Irish.

As such, Morris's internationalism should be distinguished from that of his German socialist contemporary, Karl Kautsky. In an 1887 article for the German Social Democratic Party's theoretical journal, *Die Neue Zeit* – the same newspaper in which Natalie Liebknecht's German translation of *News from Nowhere* appeared four years later – Kautsky predicted that, with the advent of socialism,

> Schmerzlos werden die Nationen in einander aufgehen, etwa wie heute die rhaetoromanische Bevoelkerung Graubuendens unmerklich und ohne Murren allmaelig sich germanisiert, weil sei es fuer vorteilhafter findet, eine Sprache zu sprechen, die Jedermann in weitem Umkreise versteht, als eine, die nur in wenigen Thaelern gesprochen wird.[20]

> [… the nations will painlessly fuse with each other, more or less in the same fashion as the Romansh-speaking inhabitants of the Graubünden canton in Switzerland, who, insensibly and without complaint, are slowly germanising themselves as they discover that it is more beneficial to speak a language that everybody understands in the vast surrounding areas rather than a language that is only spoken in a few valleys.]

The anti-imperialist inflection of Morris's internationalism also set him at odds with some fellow socialists in Britain, including the leader of the Socialist Democratic Federation, Henry Mayers Hyndman, and the editor of the popular *Clarion* newspaper, Robert Blatchford. Unlike Morris, both Hyndman and Blatchford were given to making overtly jingoistic and pro-imperialist remarks

in their socialist writings.[21]

Assessing the fragile perseverance of an anti-imperialist current of socialist internationalism during the late twentieth century, Löwy writes that

> internationalism is not the expression of the identity in the life conditions of the exploited and oppressed of all countries, but of a dialectical relationship between at least three very different kinds of struggles: the socialist labour movement in advanced capitalist societies; social and national liberation movements in dependent (or colonial) capitalist countries; and movements for democracy and against market 'reforms' in the former Eastern Bloc countries.[22]

With the obvious exception of the reference to the now non-existent 'second world' of the former USSR, Löwy's formulation usefully suggests some points of convergence with Morris's own internationalist stance, located as it was in the early agitation of the socialist movement in one of the leading capitalist countries of the late nineteenth century.

As we have noted, an important preoccupation of many *fin de siècle* socialists involved solidarity with the Irish struggle for national liberation (or 'Home Rule') from the British Empire. Morris was one of the movement's foremost propagandists and there is a consistently internationalist emphasis in much of his political journalism and his many public lectures. The *Manifesto of the Socialist League*, the organisation to which Morris gave his time and funds between 1884 and 1890, boldly declared its commitment to the 'principles of Revolutionary International Socialism'. Nor is it difficult to find rhetorical formulations of an internationalist political perspective in Morris's socialist journalism of the 1880s. For instance, in his review of Bellamy's *Looking Backward* (1888), he argues that 'modern nationalities are mere artificial devices for the commercial war that we [socialists] seek to put an end to, and will disappear with it'. The vision is realised in *News from Nowhere*. Similarly, in 'The Policy of the Socialist League' (1888), Morris wrote that 'in the society of the future, nations as political entities will cease to exist, and give place to the federation of communities bound together by locality or convenience'. The internationalism of the League, he suggests, was what distinguished its political position from those 'Socialists who cannot see so far as the abolition of nationality' – a remark aimed at Fabian gradualists and jingo socialists such as Hyndman.[23] Morris's understanding of communism, then, clearly did not entail a vision of 'socialism in one country'.

Given Morris's professed internationalism, various commentators have unsurprisingly called attention to the peculiarly national scope of the political vision outlined in *News from Nowhere*, echoing Mackail's emphasis on the text's apparent insularity. In his excellent commentary on chapter XVII of *News from Nowhere*, John Crump poses an important criticism of Morris's conceptualisation of revolution. 'One problem raised by Morris's account of "how the change

came" ', Crump observes, 'is that he limits his description to the confines of a single nation-state'. Old Hammond makes no reference to the response of other capitalist nation-states – in Europe, the USA, or elsewhere. Philip E. Wegner makes a similar point to Crump in his discussion of the divergence between Morris's views and Bellamy's on the desirability of 'resuscitating elements of the *national* cultural past'. For Wegner, Morris's utopianism manifests a 'deep faith in the fundamental continuity of the English past and present'.[24]

Philip Steer echoes both Crump and Wegner in pointing out that 'Morris […] articulates a fundamentally national vision' bound up with a 'contraction of political terrain that seeks to retrace the nation's steps back into the past'.[25] The network of the Second International, which provided a politicised channel of distribution and reception for *News from Nowhere*, partly answers Crump's objection and forces us to reconsider the characterisations offered by Wegner and Steer. Taken together, the array of translations provides one way of trying to resolve, or force through, some of the apparent limitations in Morris's internationalism as it is represented in *News from Nowhere*. The proliferation of translations in overtly politicised *milieux* offers a concrete example of one way in which the text transcended its own immediate national context.

Grappling with the difficulty of mediating between the national and the international, Terry Eagleton has suggested how the 'powers released by [a] national revolution' can 'begin to warp the global space of capitalism and fashion unpredictable new internationalist conjunctures, blasting the national revolution out of the temporal continuum of the nation itself and into another space altogether'.[26] The problem faced by those seeking to 'fashion' what Eagleton calls 'internationalist conjunctures' is how to supersede the form of the nation-state at the global level, while continuing to work through the content of the struggles engendered by the form in each particular national context. In Morris's case, *News from Nowhere* envisions the unfolding of a revolutionary process in Britain, but the translation of the text blasts it out of its own immediate context and into 'another space altogether'. The means of distribution is particularly significant given that the Second International was a subversive political formation, sections of which were committed to bringing about the kind of revolutionary upheaval which Morris portrayed. Tanya Agathocleous has commented on the similarly international 'conditions of production' of *The Communist Manifesto*, pointing to its having been '[p]ublished in several languages and addressed to an international audience' as evidence of its status as 'an example of the new *Weltliteratur* heralded by Marx and Engels'.[27] Agathocleous follows Martin Puchner's recent discussion of the *Manifesto* as a novel departure in 'world literature':

> [w]ritten from the point of view of the international, countryless proletariat, the
> *Manifesto* hopes to create its addressee through its own international, literary

practice. In much the same way, the *Manifesto* is the pinnacle of bourgeois world literature and wants to transform this world literature, performatively, into a different world literature, a new world literature in the making.

The political network of distribution which mediated the European reception of Morris's utopia also demands, *pace* Puchner, 'that we accept the reality of translation and translatability not just as something that happens to originals but as something that structures these originals as well'.[28] Translation enabled Morris's utopian romance to transcend its immediate spatial and temporal horizons, transforming its nationally circumscribed content by making it available in a variety of different national localities.

A more thoroughgoing account of the text's reception in each particular national context might thus begin to answer the reservations of Crump, and Steer, both of whom correctly identify the nationally-delimited *content* of Morris's utopia, but who do not consider the way in which translation lends the text a certain kind of portability. While Bellamy scholars are well served by the essays collected in Bowman's *Bellamy Abroad*, no comparable collection exists for *News from Nowhere*.[29] This is an unfortunate critical *lacuna*, especially given that the constellation of translations supplied in my accompanying bibliography suggests the comparably transnational scope of Morris's publication. At least some of those who translated *News from Nowhere*, however, are likely to have been opposed to the evolutionary gradualism of Bellamy's version of socialism, as was Morris. If, as Carl Guarneri suggests, dissemination of Bellamy's utopia shored up the flank of Eduard Bernstein's revisionism during the debates which raged in the Second International during the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries, Morris's utopia can safely be assumed to have given succour to those who, like Bax, opposed Bernstein's gradualist, evolutionary stance.[30] It is thus unsurprising that Bernstein's response to *News from Nowhere* was guardedly critical. After having leafed through an English-language edition of Morris's book while staying in London, he remarked in a letter to Karl Kautsky, dated 16 March 1892 and sent from Upper Holloway, that:

> Ich kann diese Utopien nicht verdauen, man lernt nichts daraus, und zur Unterhaltung dient ein guter Roman besser. Wenigstens geht es mir so, andere haben das Buch sehr gelobt. Nur den Anfang habe ich durchflogen, und da muß ich sagen, daß er im Englischen eines gewissen poetischen Duftes nicht entbehrte. Aber späterhin war es, soviel ich beim Durchblättern merkte, im Grunde nur Cabet redivivus mit etwas Anarchismus verquickt.[31]

> [I find these utopias quite indigestible, you don't learn anything from them and a good novel is more entertaining. At least that's how it strikes me: others have

greatly praised the book. I only skimmed through the beginning of it and I have to admit there is a certain poetic flavour there in English. Further into it, though, it struck me, insofar as I could tell from leafing through, as essentially no more than re-heated Cabet mixed with a bit of anarchism.]

Given Bernstein's developing revisionism, it is clear why he might have objected to the idea that any political lessons could be drawn from Morris's utopian text. For Bernstein, 'the movement was everything, the final aim nothing', elevating (reformist) means as an end-in-itself against the commitment to revolutionary rupture advocated by Morris and others.[32]

Bernstein had been partly influenced by the British Fabians, whose ideas Morris frequently criticised. Bernstein argued that gradual economic progress would ensure peaceful social reform and transformation, thus obviating the need for socialists to pursue the kinds of militant tactics and revolutionary strategy outlined in Morris's chapter on 'How the Change Came'.[33] The vision of revolution presented there is, as numerous commentators have pointed out, clearly identified with a fictionalised version of nineteenth-century London, replete with familiar landmarks and buildings, inviting Crump's criticism. However, Morris's place-conscious and localist evocation of revolutionary struggle against capitalism need not rule out the capacity of the text to inspire the political imaginations of readers in different geographical (or temporal) situations.

The text first appeared, in its serialised form in *Commonweal*, in the same year in which annual May Day demonstrations – which Hobsbawm describes as 'the most visceral and moving institution asserting working-class internationalism' – were inaugurated. The occasion is still marked in Nowhere. Guest learns about the 'solemn feast' held '[o]nce a year, on May-day […] in those easterly communes of London to commemorate The Clearing of Misery, as it is called'.[34] As Old Hammond puts it:

> On that day we have music and dancing, and merry games and happy feasting on the site of some of the worst of the old slums, the traditional memory of which we have kept. On that occasion the custom is for the prettiest girls to sing some of the old revolutionary songs, and those which were the groans of the discontent [including Thomas Hood's 'Song of the Shirt'], on the very spots where those terrible crimes of class-murder were committed day by day for so many years.[35]

The May-day festivities in Nowhere suggest one of the ways in which Morris's vision of a future communist society is affiliated in its habits and social rituals to the nineteenth-century institutions of working-class internationalism described by Hobsbawm. Similarly, in the serial instalment of *News from Nowhere* published in *Commonweal* on 24 May 1890, which prints a section of 'How the Change Came', Morris's text is wrapped around Walter Crane's cartoon, 'Solidar-

ity of Labour: Labour's May Day, Dedicated to the Workers of the World'. Crane depicts workers from Asia, Africa, America, Australia and Europe holding hands in a dance around a liberated globe inscribed with a banner reading 'Solidarity of Labour'. As is only too obvious, the course of world history took a dramatically different path from that envisaged by Morris.

Hobsbawm points out that during the years leading up to 1914, 'the force of working-class unification within each nation inevitably replaced the hopes and theoretical assertions of working-class internationalism, except for a noble minority of militants and activists'.[36] Until his death in 1896, Morris was part of that militant minority. Dissemination of his utopian romance through the ranks of the Second International indicates both its role in ideological production (on the anti-revisionist, revolutionary flank) and the material conditions of the text's internationalism. This requires us to re-assess the assumptions made about the content of Morris's utopian vision which assert its national limits.

Gregory Claeys has argued, like Crump, that *News from Nowhere* 'might well appear to be the apotheosis of the "Little England" ideal'. Claeys considers the way in which Morris's vision of Nowhere as a 'garden, where nothing is wasted and nothing is spoiled', along with its rejection of the world market and international trade, lends credence to the 'proposition that Morris was a vigorous supporter of a "Little Englander" vision of socialism'. The term, as Claeys points out, had previously gained notoriety in relation to Positivist anti-imperial agitation in the writings of E.S. Beesly and Frederic Harrison during the 1880s. Beesly, and Harrison, disowned Britain's colonial territories in the name of national self-sufficiency and isolationism. Morris's own stance was slightly more complicated. Like his comrade Ernest Belfort Bax, who had attended Positivist meetings in his youth, Morris inherited the anti-imperialist *animus* of Beesly and Harrison and opposed British colonial policy in India.[37] The politicised anti-imperialism of Morris's journalistic critiques, however, did not dovetail neatly with a straightforwardly anti-colonialist stance.

For instance, the extent to which decolonisation can actually be said to have taken place in Nowhere is ambiguous. What is to be inferred from Old Hammond's remark that 'we have helped to populate other countries – where we wanted and were called for'? Hammond is more explicit when he points out that '[t]hose lands which were once the colonies of Great Britain […] and especially America […] are now and will be for a long while a great resource to us'. Hammond's comments seriously weaken the claim that *News from Nowhere* presents a 'Little England' vision of socialism, shorn of its international ties and colonial inheritance, in which 'priority [is given] to self-sufficiency'.[38] Hammond's reference is in the past tense ('were once'), but it is ambiguous nonetheless. It could, for example, signal the supersession of Great Britain as a nation-state while leaving open the possibility of a comparable structure of colonial exploitation given

the suggestion that the territories remain 'a great resource to us'. Hammond's problematic valorisation of a colonial structure of feeling presupposes the persistence of a defined 'centre' or metropole – 'us' as separate from 'them' – occluding the possibility that any actualisation of an international socialist community might involve a more fundamentally de-centring kind of multi-polarity.

This is no mere slip of the tongue on Hammond's part, as it accords with views which Morris advocated in his journalism. In 'Emigration and Colonisation', published in *Commonweal* on 31 December 1887, Morris wrote:

> … our younger Socialist readers must not suppose that Socialists object to persons or groups changing their country, or fertilising the waste places of the earth. Granted that society really were the sacred thing it should be, instead of the mass of anomalies and wrongs that it is, the Roman idea of leading a colony is right and good, and it will surely be one of the solemn duties of the society of the future for a community to send out some band of its best and hardiest people to socialise some hitherto neglected spot of earth for the service of man.[39]

Precisely where such 'waste places' and 'neglected' tracts of land are located, Morris failed to specify. Moreover, it is difficult to reconcile Morris's praise for the 'Roman idea of leading a colony' with the critical narrative exposition of Roman imperial expansion which he would go on to produce in *The House of the Wolfings* in 1888. In an earlier article, dated 5 June 1886, criticising nineteenth-century patterns of coerced emigration and expatriation, he wrote: 'Let us think of organised emigration when we shall be able to find freedom before us and leave freedom behind us; not till then'. Morris was critical of British imperialist interventions in Afghanistan, Sudan, Burma, Egypt and Tibet, and it is also possible to find scattered criticisms of British colonial policy in India and Hong Kong in his journalism.[40]

These remarks, however, suggest Morris's willingness in his political journalism and in his utopian romance to countenance a colonial structure of feeling, placing him closer to the positions which Claeys identifies with Hyndman and Blatchford. This point, in turn, obliges us to acknowledge that a key part of Löwy's formulation of socialist internationalism is problematised in Morris's version, namely, the importance of solidarity with 'national liberation movements in dependent (or colonial) capitalist countries'. The *fin de siècle* socialist movement had not yet witnessed the twentieth-century national liberation and anti-colonial struggles of the 'third world', reminding us that Morris's historically-situated socialist 'internationalism' was a product of its Eurocentric times.[41]

Colonialist ideas were not uncommon in other sections of the socialist movement and in the wider Second International. The German socialist August Bebel's popular exposition of socialist doctrines in *Die Frau und der Sozialismus* (1879), first translated into English in 1885, envisaged colonialism as one potential means

of resolving the perceived problem of overpopulation which Malthus had elaborated in his *Essay on the Principle of Population* (1798). In terms similar to Thomas Carlyle and John Ruskin, Bebel wrote that '[t]he most fruitful and luxuriant countries of the world are lying entirely or almost entirely waste, because they cannot be made arable and cultivated by a few hundreds or thousands; *nothing short of an en masse colonization of many millions can avail to carry the day against the extravagant exuberance of nature*'. Bebel speculated that the plains of South and Central America would be ripe for such colonisation, without considering how such migration might affect the indigenous population. Bebel's vision of a 'new community […] built up on an international basis' was limited to a 'great federation' of 'civilised nations', a construction which implicitly re-inscribed the imperialist binary between 'civilised' and 'savage' peoples and customs. Morris possessed and read a copy of H.B. Walthers's English translation of Bebel's *Woman in the Past, Present and Future*, which, along with the influence of Carlyle and Ruskin, played a formative role in his view of international relations in the projected socialist future.[42]

It is well-known that Carlyle and Ruskin were significant figures in Morris's intellectual development. Carlyle eulogised the potential of colonial emigration in the conclusion to his essay, *Chartism* (1839), quoting some of Professor Teufelsdröckh's remarks from Book III, Chapter 4 of his earlier text, *Sartor Resartus* (1830–31). Emigration is figured as a means of displacing the forces of social conflict and class antagonism represented by the Chartists geographically. Ruskin, too, had proven himself a willing proponent of the 'New Imperialism' which emerged in Britain during the 1870s, arguing in the final part of his Inaugural Lecture as Slade Professor of Art at Oxford in February 1870 that Britain must 'found colonies as fast and as far as she is able, formed of her most energetic and worthiest men; – seizing every piece of fruitful waste ground she can set her foot on, and there teaching these colonists that their chief virtue is to be fidelity to their country'.[43] Morris's own advocacy of the idea of 'leading a colony' to fertilise the 'waste places' of the earth clearly owed more to Carlyle and Ruskin than it did to Bax or Marx.

The other source of Morris's thinking regarding colonisation was Iceland, about which he kept journals of his visits there during 1871 and 1873. That Morris viewed the history of 'Norse colonization' in a positive light is clear from the brief remarks he makes on the subject in his lecture on 'The Early Literature of the North – Iceland', which Eugene Lemire estimates was first delivered in the lecture hall at Kelmscott House on 9 October 1887. Here, Morris refers to nineteenth-century Icelanders as the 'representatives, a little mingled with Irish blood, of the Gothic family of the great Germanic race: their forefathers fled before "the violence of kings and scoundrels" […] to save their free tribal customs for a while in that romantic desert'.[44]

In Morris's rendition of the historical narrative, conflicts between the 'tribal chiefs' in feudal Norway in the time of King Harald Fairhair had led to a general exodus on the part of the 'malcontent chiefs' after the battle of Hafrsfiorð, with various chieftains emigrating to Russia, Normandy, England, Ireland and Scotland. Those who went to Iceland were in a unique position, as Morris notes: 'the land was uninhabited, they brought with them their tribal customs and traditions and kept them for long together with their language: this of course was the deliberate intention of the emigrants'.[45]

Colonisation, in this instance, facilitated the preservation of cultural norms and traditions which Morris regarded as incipiently democratic, allowing him to trace a line of continuity from his historical reconstruction of the first settlement of Iceland to the virtues of kindness, honesty and hospitality which he encountered amongst the people who inhabited the island during his visits there. Unlike the more problematical forms of colonial settlement envisaged by Bebel, Ruskin and Carlyle, Iceland was an unsettled tract of land. By the late nineteenth century, however, such an ideal of uninhabited 'virgin' territory was untenable; a point which led Joseph Conrad's Marlow in *Heart of Darkness* (1899) to assert the separability of the ideal and the real.[46]

The brief suggestion that the vision of abundance in Nowhere might, in some way, be bound up with the persistence of an 'ideal' of colonial settlement points to a limitation in Morris's internationalism. It is possible, given that *Commonweal* circulated throughout Europe, America and the colonies, that Morris incorporated such references because of his awareness that he was also writing for an audience located in the colonies, and thus wished to incorporate such readers into the political community of international socialists that he hoped to create. On Christmas Day 1892, Olive Schreiner wrote from South Africa to her close friend Edward Carpenter telling him that '[e]veryone is very busy now reading Morris's *News from Nowhere*'.[47]

Despite this, Hammond's almost parenthetical admission that 'we have helped to populate other countries' points toward an unconscious complicity with what Anne McClintock has described as 'the myth of the empty land', a fiction which conceals and sustains the founding violence of any colonial gesture or practice.[48] Both the heretofore overlooked transnational scope of *News from Nowhere*'s dissemination, and its problematic appraisal of a colonial structure of feeling suggest ways in which critical understanding of Morris's internationalism should be partially revised. The array of translations seems to confirm the possibility that Morris's romance was mobilised as part of a live ideological dispute which ran throughout the Second International during the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries, transcending the nationally circumscribed content of the text by functionalising it as part of a wider, transnational political polemic.

Mackail's brief comment that *News from Nowhere* was translated 'as a Socialist

pamphlet' is telling in this regard, not least because it accentuates the propagan-distic, as opposed to narrative, generic or aesthetic qualities of the text.[49] Mackail was perhaps disturbed to think that Morris's international reputation was being constructed primarily with reference to his militant socialist and 'political', as opposed to his 'aesthetic' identity, hence his griping about the insularity of *News from Nowhere*. He chose not to look too closely at some of the ways in which this 'insularity' was challenged by the text's international distribution, which I have begun to recover here.

Annotated Bibliography of Translations of News from Nowhere, *1890–1915*

Morris's bibliographers have tended follow Mackail's lead, working within a lim-ited national horizon. What follows is an attempt partly to redress this problem. In his otherwise superb *Bibliography of William Morris* (2006), Eugene LeMire acknowledges that he makes 'no attempt […] to list or describe translations of Morris's texts into other languages'. LeMire points out that 'choices set limits, but limits must be set in order to define the task and to achieve an exhaustive account within the limits defined'.[50]

LeMire's bibliography is the most comprehensively researched since Temple Scott's *A Bibliography of the Works of William Morris*, and Harry Buxton Forman's *The Books of William Morris* (both 1897). It is thus interesting to note that Buxton Forman does make one brief reference to a translation of *News from Nowhere*, whereas LeMire does not. Buxton Forman felt that '[i]t is worth mentioning that, in 1895, *News from Nowhere* was printed in Italian at Milan under the title *La Terra Promessa*. It was translated by Ernestina d'Errico, and includes an amusing introduction and notes'.[51]

Of the translations I have been able to trace which appeared before publica-tion of Buxton Forman's bibliography, d'Errico's *La Terra Promessa: Romanzo Utopistico* [*The Promised Land: A Utopian Romance*] is the only one he cites. He does not mention Ruggero Panebianco's 1893 Italian translation, which appeared under the title *La Futura Rivoluzione Sociale: Ossia un Capitolo del Libro Un Paese che non Esiste*, published by the Ufficio della Lotta di Classe [the Office of Class Struggle]. D'Errico's translation, by contrast, is unusual insofar as it appeared outside the ranks of the socialist movement, suggesting the extent to which Morris's early bibliographers were either ignorant about, or at pains to sup-press, the dissemination of his work in contexts outside bourgeois high cultural

milieux.[52] The only analogous translation is Maria Feldmanowa's Polish version, *Wieści z Nikąd: Powieść Utopijna* (1902), which also appeared outside the socialist movement, even if, once published, the text would have become available in such circles. Both d'Errico and Feldmanowa were professional translators, who also translated the works of Carlyle, Ruskin and Wilde.

Where LeMire avoids the issue of translation by acknowledging that it is beyond the scope of his study, national circumscription leads Robert Coupe into the realm of mistaken speculation. Coupe provides details of a serial edition of *News from Nowhere* which appeared in nineteen instalments between October 1901 and September 1903 in the American socialist magazine *The Comrade: An Illustrated Socialist Monthly*. This edition contains a series of fine illustrations by the German illustrator Hans Gabriel Jentzsch, who was born in Dresden in 1862 and who provided work for German socialist periodicals such as *Der Wahre Jacob*. Coupe speculates that '[i]t is odd that a New York periodical would engage an artist living so far away to illustrate for them', admitting that while '[h]e may have illustrated a previous German language serialization of *News from Nowhere* [...] [a] prior edition actually seems unlikely, since one picture contains words in English'.[53] As it happens, Jentzsch had, in fact, illustrated Natalie Liebknecht's 1900 German translation, *Kunde von Nirgendwo*.

In the following bibliography of translations of *News from Nowhere*, I have included annotations supplying brief biographical particulars of the translators, along with details of any affiliation to the socialist and/or labour movements in their respective countries. Translations are grouped by language, and listed in chronological order from date of first appearance.

DUTCH

'Nieuwstijdingen van Uit Nergensland of Een Tijdperk van Rust', *Recht voor Allen*, 13, 1891, Nos. 143 (June 20/21), 155, 161, 167, 173, 179, 185, 191, 203, 209, 215, 221, 233, 239, 245, 251, 257, 269, 281, 287, 293 (Dec 12/13).

'Berichten Uit Nergensland, of Een Tijdperk van Rust. Eenige Hoofdstukken Uit Een Utopischen Roman Door', trans. Henri Polak, *De Diamant-bewerker*, 3, 1892, Nos. 1 (Jan. 2), 2, 3, 4 (Feb. 15).

Nieuws uit Nergensoord, of Een Tijd van Rust: Eenige Hoofdstukken uit een Utopischen Roman, trans. Frank van der Goes, Amsterdam: Van Looy, 1897.

Henry Polak (1868–1943) was general secretary of the Diamond Workers' Union of the Netherlands (ANDB) and a founding member of the Dutch Social Democratic Workers' Party (SDAP) in 1894. *De Diamantbewerker* [*The Diamond Work-*

er] was the union's news-magazine. Polak's serialisation only ran to four issues before it was ended. Frank van der Goes (1859–1939) had been an editor, along with Mark Twain, of the literary magazine *De Nieuwe Gids* [*The New Guide*] during the 1880s. Goes left the anarchistic Social Democratic League (SDB) because of its anti-parliamentary stance in 1894 to become one of the twelve founding members of the SDAP. His Dutch-language serialisation of *News from Nowhere* ran from the summer of 1891 until December in the periodical *Recht voor Allen* [*Justice for All*], the organ of the SDB, but the series was suspended before the full text had appeared. A complete, book-form version of his translation was published in Amsterdam in 1897.

FRENCH

'Nouvelles de Nulle Part, Ou Une Époque de Répit', extracts published in *La Société Nouvelle: Revue internationale*, 8, 1892, pp. 148–165, 321–336, 500–509, 623–632, 783–793. The serialised text, which breaks off at chapter 10, is available online: <http://fr.wikisource.org/wiki/Nouvelles_de_nulle_part_ou_une_époque_de_répit> [accessed 1 May 2014].
Nouvelles de Nulle Part, ou Une ère de Repos, Roman d'Utopie, trans. P.G. La Chesnais, 2 vols, Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Édition, 1902.

Pierre Georget La Chesnais (1865–1948) was a writer and literary critic with a particular interest in Henrik Ibsen. He was also a socialist sympathiser who took part in the antiboulangiste agitation of the 1880s against the reactionary nationalist movement of General Georges Boulanger. Among his many books, La Chesnais published *The Socialist Party in the Reichstag and the Declaration of War* (1915). His translation of *News from Nowhere* appeared, in extracts, in *La Société Nouvelle: Revue internationale,* a journal edited in Paris and Brussels between 1884 and 1897. His translation appeared in full as numbers 11 and 12 of a series entitled 'Bibliothèque socialiste'; the result of a partnership between the French poet and essayist Charles Péguy and the radical publisher Georges Bellais. The publishing venture was known as the Librairie Georges Bellais, which also published writings by the French socialist Jean Jaurès. On *La Société Nouvelle*, see Timothy J. Clark, *Farewell to an Idea: Episodes from a History of Modernism*, New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1999, pp. 94–99, and Stephen Eric Bronner, *Modernism at the Barricades: Aesthetics, Politics, Utopia*, New York: Columbia University Press, 2012, pp. 13–14.

SWEDISH

Nytt Från En Ny Värld Eller En Hvilans Tid, trans. C. N. Carleson, Stockholm:
    Socialdemokratiska Arbetarpartiet, 1892.

Carl Natanael Carleson (1865–1929) was a prominent member of the Swedish
Social Democratic Party and remained active in the socialist movement well into
the twentieth century. When the Party split in the wake of the Bolshevik revolu-
tion, Carleson sided with the left-communists and became one of the founding
members of the Swedish Communist Party.

GERMAN

'Kunde von Nirgendwo: Einige Kapitel Aus Einem Utopischen Roman', *Die
    Neue Zeit: Revue des geistigen und öffentlichen Lebens*, Jg. XI, 1892–3, H.
    1–20, S. 29–32, 59–64, 93–96, 124–128, 157–160, 187–192, 227–232, 257–264,
    290–296, 323–328, 356–360, 387–392, 420–424, 450–456, 485–488, 514–520,
    547–552, 579–584, 609–616, 640–648. The serialised text is available online
    via the Bibliothek de Friedrich-Ebert-Stiftung: <http://library.fes.de/cgi-
    bin/populo/nz.pl#anfang> [last accessed 1 May 2014].
Kunde von Nirgendwo: Ein Utopischer Roman, trans. Natalie Liebknecht, with
    a Foreword by Wilhelm Liebknecht and illustrations by Hans Gabriel
    Jentzsch, Stuttgart: Dietz, 1900.
Neues Aus Nirgendland: Ein Zukunftsroman, trans. Paul Seliger, Leipzig: Her-
    mann Seemann, 1901.

Natalie Liebknecht (1839–1909) was a German revolutionary socialist married
to Wilhelm Liebknecht (1826–1900), one of the principal founding members of
the Social Democratic Workers' Party of Germany (SDAP). The SDAP existed
between 1869 and 1875, whereupon it merged with the General German Workers'
Association (ADAV) to form the Socialist Workers' Party of Germany (SAPD).
Liebknecht's German translation was serialised as a *feuilleton* between 1892 and
1893, in the eleventh annual volume of *Die Neue Zeit* [*The New Times*], the theo-
retical journal of the SAPD. It later appeared in book form in 1900, with a short
Foreword written by her husband. Further editions of this translation were pub-
lished by party presses in 1914, 1919, 1920 and 1922. An alternative translation by
Paul Seliger (1863–1935) was published in Leipzig in 1901, with further editions
in 1902 and 1912. Seliger was a topographer who also translated a wide array of

books from English and Italian into German. The Leipzig-based publisher Hermann Seemann issued German translations of a number of Morris's other works, including *Hopes and Fears for Art* and *Signs of Change*.

ITALIAN

La Futura Rivoluzione Sociale: Ossia un Capitolo del Libro: 'Un Paese che non Esiste', trans. Ruggero Panebianco, Milano: Ufficio della Lotta di Classe, 1893.
La Terra Promessa: Romanzo Utopistico Di William Morris, trans. Ernestina d' Errico, Milano: Max Kantorowicz, 1895.

Ruggero Panebianco (1848–1930) was a socialist and a geologist who founded a Socialist League in Padua in 1893. He wrote a treatise on mineralogy, and was a partisan of Esperanto, which earned him a stern rebuke from Antonio Gramsci in 1918 in the pages of *Avanti!* Panebianco translated a single chapter of *News from Nowhere* (most probably 'How the Change Came'). *Lotta di Classe: giornale dei lavoratori Italiani* (1892–98) was an organ of the Italian Socialist Party. A brief summary of its history (in Italian) can be found online at: http://91.212.219.213/browsie/testate/LottaDiClasse.html [last accessed 1 May 2014]. For further biographical information about Panebianco, see also: http://www.treccani.it/enciclopedia/ruggero-panebianco_(Dizionario-Biografico) [last accessed 1 May 2014]. Ernestina d'Errico (1867–??) was a professional translator. In 1901, she married the socialist politician Ettore Ciccotti (1863–1939) and changed her name to Ernestina d'Errico-Ciccotti.

RUSSIAN

'Vesti Niotkuda ili Epocha Scast'ja', *Russkaya Mysl'*, 10, 1896, pp. 85–127.
Vesti Niotkuda ili Epocha Scast'ja, trans. A.P., St. Petersburg: Delo, 1906.
'Vyesti Niotkuda', *Idyeal'Naya Zhizn'*, nos. 1–5, 1907.

I have not been able to trace the identity of A.P. In 1896, the first seven chapters of A.P.'s Russian translation appeared in a politically moderate journal entitled *Russkaya Mysl [Russian Thought]* (1880–1918), edited by Vukol M. Lavrov. A.P.'s translation was subsequently published in full in 1906. Another anonymous translation appeared in 1907, alongside that of Edward Bulwer-Lytton's *The Coming Race* (1871), in a journal named *Idyeal'Naya Zhizn'* [*Perfect Life*], edited

by Mikhail Kaufman. The journal carried its serialisation of Morris's text through its first five issues between October and November 1907, whereupon it ceased publication. For discussion of Russian culture and utopianism in the wake of the failed 1905 revolution, see Richard Stites, *Revolutionary Dreams: Utopian Vision and Experimental Life in the Russian Revolution*, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1989, 307 pp.

FINNISH

Ihannemaa, trans. J. K. Kari, Turku: Työväen Kustannusosakeyhtiö [Workers' Publishing Company], 1900.

Juho Kyösti Kari (1868–1921) was a teacher and a member of the Finnish Social Democratic Party. He was party treasurer between 1899 and 1905, and also later served as a member of parliament.

CZECH

Zvěsti z Nejsoucna, Čili, Epocha Míru v Několika Kapitolách z Utopického Románu, [trans. anon], Praha: Právo Lidu, 1900.

Právo Lidu [People's Right] was the publishing house of the Czech Social Democratic Workers' Party. It was founded in Hradec Králové in 1893 as a local social democratic journal, and began to be issued in Humpolec in 1894. In 1897 the editors moved to Prague.

POLISH

Wieści z Nikąd: Powieść Utopijna, trans. Maria Feldmanowa, Lwów: Księgarnia Polska, 1902.
Wieści z nikąd czyli Epoka spoczynku: kilka rozdziałów utopijnego romansu, trans. Wojciech Szukiewicz, Lwów: Księgarnia H. Altenberga, 1902.

Maria Feldmanowa (1874–1953) and Wojciech Szukeiwicz (1867–1944) were both professional translators.

SPANISH

Noticias de Ninguna Parte o Una Era de Reposo: Capítulos para una Novela Utópica, trans. Juan José Morato, Barcelona: Casa Editorial M. Maucci, 1903.

Juan José Morato (1864–1938) was born in Madrid, and became a typographer before joining the Spanish Socialist Workers' Party (PSOE) in 1882. He was a friend and collaborator of Pablo Iglesias Posse (1850–1925), founder of the PSOE. Morato also wrote several important works on the history of socialism in Spain, including *A History of the Spanish Section of the International, 1868–1874* (1930).

JAPANESE

理想郷 [*Risōkyō*], abridged translation by Toshihiko Sakai, Tokyo: Heiminsha [平民社], Meiji 37 [1904].

Toshihiko Sakai (1871–1933) was a Japanese revolutionary socialist involved in founding Heiminsha, or the Commoners' Society, a short-lived socialist organisation established in 1903 to focus on anti-war activities, agitating against Japan's imperial expansion into Manchuria and Korea, as well as Japan's war with Russia. Heiminsha was an affiliate of the Shakai Minshu-tō, or the Social Democratic Party of Japan (SDPJ), which had been founded in 1901 by Sen Katayama and others. Sakai also wrote for the weekly anti-war newspaper Heimin Shimbun. In 1922, he became one of the founding members of the underground Communist Party of Japan. See John Crump, *The Origins of Socialist Thought in Japan*, London: Croom Helm, 1983, pp. 106–113.

SERBIAN

Vesti ni od kuda, trans. Dušan M. Bogosavljević, Beograd: S. Radenković i brat, Socijalistička knjižara, 1911.

Dušan Bogosavljević (1888–1957) was a teacher in Belgrade who is likely to have been a member of the Serbian Social Democratic Party founded in 1903. He also translated Bebel's memoirs (1910). The Socijalistička knjižara [socialist bookshop] series published writings by Marx, Kautsky, Bebel, Otto Bauer, the Bulgarian revolutionary Christian Rakovsky (1873–1941), and Dragiša Lapčević (1867–1939), founder of the Serbian Social Democratic Party.

NORWEGIAN

Drømmen om Fremtiden, trans. Elise Ottosen, Kristiania [Oslo]: Det Norske
    Arbeiderpartis Forlag, 1915.

Elise Ottesen (1886–1973), later Ottesen-Jensen, was a prominent libertarian
socialist and a campaigner for women's rights. She was a member of the syndical-
ist trade union federation in Sweden, the Central Organisation of the Workers
of Sweden (SAC), founded in 1910. Her Norwegian translation of *News from
Nowhere*, entitled *Drømmen om Fremtiden* [*A Dream of the Future*], appeared
under the imprint of the Norwegian Workers' Party, formed in 1887.

NOTES

1. Thomas J. Tobin, ed, *Worldwide Pre-Raphaelitism*, Albany, N.Y.: State
    University of New York Press, 2005, 326 pp; Grace Brockington, ed, *Inter-
    nationalism and the Arts in Britain and Europe at the Fin de Siècle*, Oxford:
    Peter Lang, 2009, 326 pp; Patrick Parrinder & John S. Partington, eds, *The
    Reception of H. G. Wells in Europe*, London: Thoemmes Continuum, 2013,
    419 pp; Carl J. Guarneri, 'An American Utopia and Its Global Audiences:
    Transnational Perspectives on *Looking Backward*', *Utopian Studies*, Vol. 19,
    No. 2, 2008, pp. 147–187 (afterwards Guarneri, 'American Utopia'); Carl
    Guarneri, 'Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*: The International Impact
    of an American Socialist Utopia, 1888–1945', in Mary Kemperink & Wille-
    mein Roenhorst, eds, *Visualizing Utopia*, Louvain: Peeters, 2007, pp. 1–29.
    See also, Stefano Evangelista, ed, *The Reception of Oscar Wilde in Europe*,
    London: Continuum, 2010, 381 pp.
2. Sylvia E. Bowman, ed, *Edward Bellamy Abroad: An American Prophet's Influ-
    ence*, New York: Twayne Publishers, 1962, 543 pp; J. W. Mackail, *The Life of
    William Morris*, 2 vols, London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1899, Vol. II, p.
    243. (Afterwards Mackail)
3. Full details of this array of translations are given in my accompanying bibli-
    ography, which includes brief biographies of translators and their affiliations
    to the socialist/labour movement.
4. Guarneri, 'American Utopia', p. 150, p. 169. Morris's antipathy to what
    he regarded as Bellamy's technocratic gradualism is well-known and has
    been amply stated elsewhere in the pages of this *Journal*. See, for example,
    Stephen Coleman, 'The Economics of Utopia: Morris and Bellamy Con-
    trasted', *Journal of the William Morris Society*, Vol. VIII, No. 2, Spring 1989,
    pp. 2–6.

5. Nicholas Salmon, ed, *William Morris, Political Writings: Contributions to 'Justice' and 'Commonweal', 1883–1890*, Bristol: Thoemmes, 1994, p. 420. (Hereafter Salmon, *Political Writings*)

6. Eric Hobsbawm, *Nations and Nationalism since 1780: Programme, Myth, Reality*, 2nd edn, Cambridge: Canto, 1992, pp. 124–6 (Afterwards Hobsbawm, *Nationalism*); Michael Forman, *Nationalism and the International Labour Movement: The Idea of the Nation in Socialist and Anarchist Theory*, University Park, PA: Pennsylvania State University Press, 1998, 216 pp. and Walker Connor, *The National Question in Marxist-Leninist Theory and Strategy*, Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1984, 212 pp. For discussion of the national question in the *fin de siècle* socialist movements in Britain and France, see Paul Ward, *Red Flag and Union Jack: Englishness, Patriotism and the British Left, 1881–1924*, Woodbridge: Boydell Press, 1998, 232 pp., and Robert Stuart, *Marxism and National Identity: Socialism, Nationalism and National Socialism during the French Fin de Siècle*, Albany, N.Y.: State University of New York Press, 2006, 305 pp. For an illuminating discussion of how (and whether) a global left might 'learn to speak together' in the changed context of the early twenty-first century, see Susan Buck-Morss, 'Can There Be a Global Left?', in Susan Buck-Morss, *Thinking Past Terror: Islamism and Critical Theory on the Left*, London: Verso, 2003, pp. 92–112.

7. Karl Marx & Friedrich Engels, *The Communist Manifesto* [1848], with an introduction by David Harvey, London: Pluto Press, 2008, p. 39. For an account of the 1851 Great Exhibition as a consolidation of practices of capitalist globalisation, see Paul Young, *Globalization and the Great Exhibition: The Victorian New World Order*, New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2009, 249 pp. Recent readings of Bellamy's *Looking Backward* similarly accentuate its transnational distribution as an early instance of American 'cultural imperialism', prefiguring US-led consumerist globalisation. See Philip E. Wegner, *Imaginary Communities: Utopia, the Nation and the Spatial Histories of Modernity*, Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 2002, pp. 62–98 (afterwards Wegner), and Susan M. Matarese, 'Foreign Policy and the American Self-Image: Looking Back at *Looking Backward*', *American Transcendental Quarterly*, vol. 3, no. 1, 1989, pp. 45–54; Salmon, *Political Writings*, p. 267.

8. Nicholas Salmon, ed, *William Morris, Journalism: Contributions to 'Commonweal' 1885–1890*, Bristol: Thoemmes, 1996, p. 275. (Hereafter Salmon, *Journalism*)

9. See Frits van Holthoon & Marcel van der Linden, eds, *Internationalism in the Labour Movement: 1830–1940*, 2 vols, Leiden: Brill, 1998; Salmon, *Political Writings*, pp. 431–440, p. 432. For histories of the Second International, see James Joll, *The Second International, 1889–1914*, rev. and extended edn, Lon-

don: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1974, 224 pp,. and George Novack, Dave Frankel & Fred Feldman, *The First Three Internationals: Their History and Lessons*, New York: Pathfinder Press, 1974, 207 pp.

10. Salmon, *Political Writings*, p. 432.

11. E.P. Thompson, *William Morris: Romantic to Revolutionary*, rev. edn, London: Merlin Press, 1977, p. 306; Norman Kelvin, ed, *The Collected Letters of William Morris*, 4 vols in 5, Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1984–1996, Vol. II, p. 194. (Afterwards Kelvin)

12. May Morris, ed, *William Morris: Artist, Writer, Socialist*, 2 vols, Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1936, Vol. II, p. 8; Linda Richardson, 'Louise Michel and William Morris', *Journal of the William Morris Society*, Vol. VIII, No. 2, Spring 1989, pp. 26–29. (Afterwards *JWMS*)

13. 'Record of the International Movement', *Commonweal*, Vol. 1, No. 2, March 1885, pp. 15–16. *Commonweal* has been digitalised and is available online in the General Collection of the University of Michigan: http://quod.lib.umich.edu/cgi/t/text/text-idx?page=browse&c=genpub [accessed 1 May 2014]; Salmon, *Political Writings*, p. 217; Elizabeth Carolyn Miller, *Slow Print: Literary Radicalism and Late Victorian Print Culture*, Stanford, CA.: Stanford University Press, 2013, p. 25. (Afterwards Miller)

14. May Morris, ed, *The Collected Works of William Morris*, 24 vols, London: Longmans, Green &Co., 1910–15, Vol. XVI, p. 85. (Subsequently *CW*)

15. Michael Löwy, *Fatherland or Mother Earth? Essays on the National Question*, London: Pluto Press, 1998, p. 60. (Afterwards Löwy)

16. *CW*, XVI, p. 85; Salmon, *Journalism*, p. 7; *CW*, XVI, p. 85.

17. *CW*, XVI, p. 30. Morris is of course famously incorrect here, in that while Irish and Welsh are both Celtic languages, Irish is from the Goedilic branch of those languages ('Q-Celtic'), and much closer to Manx and Scots Gaelic, whereas Welsh is from the Brythonic branch ('P-Celtic'), and much more akin to Cornish and Breton (*Ed.*).

18. Hobsbawm, *Nationalism*, p. 102; Salmon, *Political Writings*, pp. 108–110.

19. Kelvin, Vol. II, p. 101.

20. Karl Kautsky, 'Die moderne Nationalität', *Die Neue Zeit*, vol. 5, nos. 9 & 10, 1887, pp. 392–405, 442–451 (451). I am grateful to Henning Grosse Ruse-Khan for assistance with the translation.

21. Gregory Claeys, *Imperial Sceptics: British Critics of Empire, 1850–1920*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2010, pp. 140–59, 172–80 (afterwards Claeys). Morris dismissed Hyndman, in particular, as 'rather a jingo than anything else'; Kelvin, Vol. II, p. 371.

22. Löwy, pp. 55–56.

23. Salmon, *Journalism*, p. 3; Salmon , *Political Writings*, p. 425; *CW*, Vol. XVI, p. 85; Salmon, *Political Writings*, p. 361; *Ibid*.

24. John Crump, 'How the Change Came: *News from Nowhere* and Revolution', in Stephen Coleman & Patrick O'Sullivan, eds, *William Morris & News from Nowhere: A Vision for Our Time*, Hartland: Green Books, 1990, pp. 57–73 (p. 68). Crump (*ibid.*) adds that the limitation may have been 'literary rather than ideological', speculating that Morris perhaps 'shrank from the difficult task of attempting to portray the revolution on an international rather than a national scale' in the context of a fictional narrative; Wegner, p. 76; *Ibid.*

25. Philip Steer, 'National Pasts and Imperial Futures: Temporality, Economics, and Empire in William Morris's *News from Nowhere* (1890) and Julius Vogel's *Anno Domino 2000* (1889)', *Utopian Studies*, Vol. 19, No. 1, 2008, pp. 49–72 (pp. 53, 56).

26. Terry Eagleton, 'Lenin in the Postmodern Age', in Sebastian Budgen, Stathis Kouvelakis & Slavoj Žižek, eds, *Lenin Reloaded: Toward a Politics of Truth*, Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 2007, pp. 42–58 (p. 53).

27. Tanya Agathocleous, *Urban Realism and the Cosmopolitan Imagination in the Nineteenth Century: Visible City, Invisible World*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2011, p. xvii.

28. Martin Puchner, *Poetry of the Revolution: Marx, Manifestos, and the Avant-Gardes*, Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 2006, p. 58, p. 57.

29. There are a few scattered examples of such work, e.g. Lieske Tibbe, ' "Art and the Beauty of the Earth": The Reception of *News from Nowhere* in the Low Countries', http://home.planet.nl/~tibbe073/MORRIS2.ENG.pdf [last accessed 1 May 2013]. The link supplies an English-language version of Lieske Tibbe, '*Nieuws uit Nergensoord*: Natuursymboliek en de receptie van William Morris in Nederland en België', *De Negentiende Eeuw*, vol. 25, Dec. 2001, pp. 233–251. See also, Michael Brook, 'A Swedish-American Translator of Morris: Axel Lundberg', *JWMS*, Vol. III, No. 4, Winter 1978, pp. 8–13.

30. Guarneri, 'American Utopia', p. 169. For a useful summary of Eduard Bernstein's ideas and the revisionist controversy, see the editorial introduction to Richard B. Day & Daniel Guido, eds, *Witnesses to Permanent Revolution: The Documentary Record*, Leiden: Brill, 2009, pp. 16–24.

31. Till Schelz-Brandenburg, ed, *Eduard Bernsteins Briefwechsel mit Karl Kautsky (1891–1895)*, Frankfurt am Main: Campus Verlag, 2011, p. 49. I am grateful to Kerry Goyer for providing the translation. Engels, with whom Bernstein was likely to have been staying, lived at Primrose Hill. Etienne Cabet's *Voyage en Icarie* (1840) describes a utopian commune on the island of Icaria.

32. Eric Hobsbawm, *The Age of Empire, 1875–1914*, new edn, London: Abacus, 1994, p. 101. (Afterwards Hobsbawm, *Empire*)

33. Perry Anderson, *Arguments within English Marxism*, London: Verso, 1980, pp. 180–85 praises Morris's chapter on 'How the Change Came' as an impor-

tant contribution to Marxist strategic thought in that it offers a fictional description of emergent 'dual power', in the Leninist sense.

34. Hobsbawm, *Empire*, p. 129; *CW*, Vol. XVI, p. 66. Reference to the Clearing of Misery echoes John Ruskin's polemic in the first letter (January 1871) of *Fors Clavigera* (1871–1884), in which he declared his campaign to 'abate [the] misery' he saw around him. Ruskin also referred to his desire to 'destroy and rebuild the Houses of Parliament, the National Gallery, and the East end of London' – all points Morris echoed in *News from Nowhere*. Edward Tyas Cook & Alexander Wedderburn, eds, *The Works of John Ruskin*, 39 vols, London: George Allen, 1903–1912, Vol. XXVII, pp. 13–15. (Afterwards Ruskin, *Works*)

35. *CW*, Vol. XVI, p. 66.

36. Hobsbawm, *Empire*, p. 129.

37. *CW*, XVI, p. 72; Claeys, p. 171, pp. 112–122. For discussion of Morris's relative silence on the question of Indian independence, see Patrick Brantlinger, 'A Postindustrial Prelude to Postcolonialism: John Ruskin, William Morris, and Gandhism', *Critical Inquiry*, Vol. 22, No. 3, Spring 1996, pp. 466–85.

38. *CW*, Vol. XVI, p. 74; Vol. XVI, p. 98; Claeys, p. 171.

39. Salmon, *Journalism*, p. 337.

40. *Ibid.*, p. 90; Salmon, *Political Writings*, pp. 10–13; Salmon, *Journalism*, pp. 99, 104–105, 230, 434, 465–456, 490, 583.

41. Hobsbawm, *Nationalism*, p. 102; Löwy, p. 56; Hobsbawm, *Empire*, pp. 72, 129–30.

42. August Bebel, *Woman in the Past, Present and Future*, trans. H.B. Adams Walther, London: William Reeves, 1893, p. 247, p. 235; Kelvin, Vol. II, pp. 441–442.

43. H.D. Traill, ed, *The Works of Thomas Carlyle*, 30 vols, London: Chapman and Hall, 1896, Vol. I, pp. 183–4; Vol. XXIX, pp. 203–4; Ruskin, *Works*, Vol. XX, p. 42.

44. Eugene D. LeMire, ed, *The Unpublished Lectures of William Morris*, Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1969, p. 179, p. 181.

45. *Ibid.*, p. 182.

46. Joseph Conrad, *Youth: A Narrative, and Two Other Stories*, London: William Blackwood & Sons, 1902, p. 57. Marlow notes that '[t]he conquest of the earth, which mostly means the taking it away from those who have a different complexion or slightly flatter noses than ourselves, is not a pretty thing when you look into it too much. What redeems it is the idea only'.

47. In a 'Terms of Advertising Circular', held in the Socialist League Archives at the International Institute of Social History (Amsterdam), Henry Halliday Sparling wrote that *Commonweal* 'circulat[ed] […] throughout Europe, America and the Colonies' (Miller, p. 13); Richard Rive, ed, *Olive Schreiner*

Letters, Volume 1: 1877–1899, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1988, pp. 216–217.

48. Anne McClintock, *Imperial Leather: Race, Gender and Sexuality in the Colonial Contest*, London: Routledge, 1995, p. 30.
49. Mackail, Vol. II, p. 243.
50. Eugene D. LeMire, *A Bibliography of William Morris*, London: Oak Knoll Press, 2006, p. lvi; p. xxix.
51. H. Buxton Forman, *The Books of William Morris: Described with Some Account of His Doings in Literature and in the Allied Crafts*, London: Frank Hollings, 1897, p. 151.
52. Buxton Forman's hostility later in his text to the propagandistic agenda of the *Commonweal* is barely concealed; *Ibid.*, p. 199.
53. Robert L. M. Coupe, *Illustrated Editions of the Works of William Morris in English: A Descriptive Bibliography*, London: Oak Knoll Press, 2002, p. 155.

Author's Note added in the proof: One further translation, listed below, came to the author's attention while the proofs of this article were being processed.

BULGARIAN

Novini ot Nikade: Utopichen roman, trans. S. Bogdanov and G. Bazarov [Georgi Bakalov], Stara Zagora: Svetlina, 1907.

Georgi Ivanov Bakalov (1873–1939) was a Bulgarian literary critic and historian. He joined the Bulgarian Socialist Democratic Party in 1891. He was a delegate to the London and Amsterdam congresses of the Second International, held in 1894 and 1904 respectively. Between 1903 and 1905, he served on the central committee of the Bulgarian Workers' Socialist Democratic Party (Narrow Section), but left in 1905, as the head of a group denounced as 'anarchist-liberals'. He published other important works including *Ivan Vazov and Socialism* (1909) and *Bulgarian Literature and Socialism* (1911). I have not been able to trace the identity of S. Bogdanov.

Philip Webb's visit to Oxford, November 1886

Stephen Williams

Philip Webb's amusing and revealing account of his trip to Oxford on Thursday 11 November 1886, entitled 'Town and Gown', appeared in *Commonweal,* the newspaper of the Socialist League, three weeks later on 4 December. As Webb indicated in the article, 'it was a place that had concerned me in my earlier years of life'. He had been born in Oxford in 1831 and after school, and training as an architect away from the City, he returned in 1854 in order to work in the architectural practice of George Edmund Street until the firm moved its office to London in 1856. Oxford was a special place for Webb, who believed himself to be 'coloured and even trained by its fashioning'.[1] Naturally, he was always pleased to return to Oxford as he did on this occasion, combining business with attendance at a meeting of the local branch of the Socialist League.

The Oxford branch of the Socialist League emerged during the first weeks of 1885 out of the Oxford Radical Association which itself only seems to have been recently constituted.[2] It was described by a local newspaper as including 'few of the most advanced spirits of the Radical Party', by which the reporter would have meant radical members and supporters of the local Liberal Association – but not exclusively because we know a number of self-declared socialists also took part, notably Charles James Faulkner, a mathematics lecturer and senior fellow at University College, who was Webb's 'host' for the visit.[3] Faulkner, like Webb, was a long-standing friend and political ally of William Morris, joining the League at its outset and contributing £100 to the launch of *The Commonweal.*

The secretary of the Radical Association was Arthur Stuart Robinson, a twenty six year old gardener employed at Wadham College, who obviously possessed a left-wing stance and some political education, as he described himself as a supporter of nihilism as the Association converted to socialism.[4] Its chairman, Joseph A. Partridge, was a heavyweight of the Oxford Liberal Association who allied himself to Joseph Chamberlain's radicalism and came close to contesting the Parliamentary seat of Walworth during the 1885 general election. It was Partridge who told Faulkner that 'he never had an easy moment since I (Faulkner)

began to attend meetings of the society', and whom Faulkner described as 'a Hyndman in a small way'.[5] Partridge opposed Faulkner's successful move during the third week of January 1885 to commit the Association to the 'transference to the people of all means of production', a principle which Faulkner explained to the forty or so present would make them socialists.[6] Unable to accept the 'confiscation principle' of public ownership, Partridge severed his connection with the Association on 21 January. The following week, a meeting of the transitional body confirmed Robinson as secretary, and Alfred Quelch, a market gardener, as chairman.

Faulkner obviously felt the strain of carrying the preparatory work almost single handed, especially as he believed that he was the only member of the emerging socialist group 'who had anything that can be called an education of any kind'.[7] In response, J.L. Mahon, the League's secretary, encouraged Faulkner to seek out George Gibson Brown, a recently-arrived undergraduate at Balliol College whom Mahon had met in Edinburgh the previous year. Brown had completed his first (arts) degree at the University of Edinburgh, where he became involved in the University Socialist Society (much admired by Morris), and the Scottish Land and Labour League.[8]

At this stage, the Land and Labour League was affiliated to the Social Democratic Federation, but under the leadership of Mahon and Andreas Scheu, it operated largely autonomously, making an easy secession to the Socialist League in early January 1885.[9] By this time Brown was in Oxford living in Museum Terrace, where he was visited by Faulkner drumming up support for final conversion of the Radical Association to a branch of the Socialist League. Following Faulkner's visit on 1 February, Brown wrote to Mahon that 'I liked him very much indeed. I hope that we may soon get a branch started here'.[10]

Brown did not need to wait long. Two days later, at the Elm Tree Tavern on the Cowley Road, the meeting listened to Faulkner explain the manifesto of the Socialist League – 'of course it went over the heads of the poor illiterate men to whom one has to present it' wrote Faulkner – after which it was it was agreed to change the name of the Association to the Oxford Socialist League and seek affiliation to the League in London.[11] During Faulkner's ninety minute speech, in which he rounded on Joseph Chamberlain, George Goschen, and John Bright, he also mentioned Frederick Gustavus Burnaby, a colonel in the British army who had been killed a fortnight before as troops attempted to come the rescue of General Gordon at Khartoum. Faulkner, probably taking Burnaby's previous record as an adventurer into account, as well as British imperialist motives in Sudan, described him as a 'murdering scoundrel', a remark which Morris ascribed to Faulkner being 'somewhat down-right in his oratory.'[12] Faulkner's comments, which anticipated the Socialist League's denunciation of the war on 9 February, and its *Manifesto on the Soudan War* published later that month, provoked

some furious press coverage, including a condemnatory editorial in *The Daily Telegraph*.[13] Mahon congratulated Faulkner on his speech, but typically Faulkner deflected the praise which, he wrote, 'really belongs to the society and not me. I am happy that anything done by our socialist society in Oxford should have helped turn people's attention to what the principles of socialism are in respect of murder.'[14]

Morris honoured his promise, 'I will come when you want me', made to Faulkner and the Oxford comrades when speaking to Edward Aveling at a meeting held in the Music Room in Holywell Street on 25 February 1885.[15] This, and Morris's subsequent speaking visits to Oxford during June and November 1885, are recounted in detail by Tony Pinkney and need not be repeated here. Suffice to say, a problem with the venue of the February meeting was indicative of some of the hostility the branch encountered during the first two years of its existence. The original venue had been the Clarendon Hotel assembly room in Corn Market Street, but the owner withdrew permission late on 'for fear of rowdiness'.[16] The branch continued to experience similar problems, finding a regular meeting place away from public houses which Robinson, the first branch secretary, believed put off 'members of the Varsity and the Town from joining'. On one occasion in February 1886, policemen prevented League members from meeting at its usual venue. Intriguingly, the secretary's note to the London office reported that 'comrade C. Harse immediately placed his house at the disposal of the members so we had our meeting there and invited the two sergeants in plain clothes to join us which they did'.[17] It was a couple of months before the branch found the Temperance Hall in Pembroke Street where the meeting attended by Webb was held.

Achieving City-wide coverage of newsagents willing to sell *Commonweal* proved an insuperable problem for the branch, added to which, two of the three vendors who did sell the newspaper needed to be careful because of the reaction of some customers. Faulkner told Henry Halliday Sparling, Mahon's successor as League secretary, about Annie Foy a widowed newsagent on the Plain: 'She is courageous, but told me that a gentleman had said to her that if she sold a socialist newspaper it would damage the sale of other newspapers, e.g. *The Daily Telegraph*, to conservatives. She will however do what she can and dare – I only pity the situation in which she might be placed'.[18]

Similarly, Frank Plummer, a bookseller on Broad Street, who was a branch member 'dare not openly declare himself a member of the League, but he sells ten copies of *The Commonweal* to regular subscribers'.[19] In addition, Faulkner conducted a running battle with the League's London office over its often delayed and numerically inaccurate dispatch of the paper to the branch, on one occasion telling Sparling that 'It is now 4 pm on a Saturday afternoon, and Saturday afternoon is market day in Oxford, and people from town and country are gaping at

windows of the newspaper shops by the score. But there is no *Commonweal* to be seen. It is fatal to success that we cannot even as late as 4 pm on Saturday show them a specimen of the paper published on a Thursday'.[20]

Despite obvious boycotting by newsagents, and logistical obstacles to supply, the branch did not in its early existence take the paper onto the streets to sell alongside open-air meetings. In fact, it seems to have done very little open-air propaganda work, there being only one account from the early years of a meeting at the village of Wheatley which 'met with great success', but failed to inspire similar activity elsewhere.[21] One possible explanation for this inactivity may be the relative political and industrial experience of its leading members, who had come to socialist politics with little or no record of participation in working class organisations. Certainly, with the University as the largest single employer and social relations between 'town and gown' fostering what Mahon described as 'a general spirit of flunkeyism', it is not surprising that Faulkner felt the branch to be intellectually under-resourced, hence his disappointment at the failure of the University's Marx Club to connect and support the branch.[22] For its part, the branch was unable to defend the position of two college servants who had joined the League in 1885 but were told by their employers to leave or lose their jobs.[23]

Faulkner made special effort to use the foreign language skills of one member, Jules Nicholas Guggenheim, with the suggestion that the branch could place translated articles in local newspapers, but nothing came of this.[24] He also did all he could to encourage reading and self-improvement, including helping to establish a branch library on which he consulted the London office for fear of 'choking them with works too difficult'.[25] But clearly the Oxford membership did not include the kind of proletarian activist who frequented London's workingmen's clubs, or the experienced trade unionists of northern towns and cities, a reality Webb was able to convey without condescension in his description of 'the considerable freedom of speech from the distinctly working men [whose] illustrations were vigorous and greatly amusing so that we were in no way dull'. As Lethaby noted, Webb 'spoke of the great gain socialism had been to Morris and himself, especially in bringing them into contact with all kinds of the "lower orders". Then he would quote Dumas, to the effect that one must know all sorts of life to keep one's heart tender'.[26]

It was Faulkner who, as others came and went, also provided continuity among the elected officials of the branch. As treasurer, and as a man of some means compared to his comrades, he frequently used his private account with the League's office in London in order to settle branch debts. Aware of, and uncomfortable with this arrangement, the half dozen workplace members employed at Benjamin Harse's cricket ball factory raised money at work in order 'to defray the cost that will fall on comrade Faulkner … as it will fall very hard if he has to pay

for the papers every time'.[27] One of these cricket ball makers, Frederick Martin, a twenty four year old living in Cross Street, took over as secretary from Robinson (who seemed to have inherited the post from the Radical Association and who lasted only until May 1885 when it was found he had lost the minute book and subscription cards). Faulkner told Mahon that Robinson 'is not dishonest, but is one of those sloppy characters on which no reliance is to be placed. He has been a protestant, roman catholic and Buddhist'.[28] In contrast, Martin appears to have been a diligent secretary, reporting regularly and was still in post when Webb visited during November 1886.

Webb's description of his twenty four hours spent in Oxford occurred during a period of his life when virtually all his 'leisure time was given over to the League, as his life assumed the pattern of the political activist'.[29] His perceptive account reveals his commitments and clearly illustrates the importance he attached to the cause of the Socialist League, the comradeship it embodied and a shared view with Morris on art and labour. How appropriate, therefore, that he should round off his piece with a description of one of Oxford's architectural glories, the library at St. John's College, 'crying aloud for "poor scholars" by the hundred to fill them and with such good as heads untrammelled by hypocrisy, misbelief, class fear, and other devils, could make use of'. Doubtless Morris, preparing the article for publication in *The Commonweal* would have approved.

NOTES

1. Cited in Sheila Kirk, *Philip Webb: Pioneer of Arts and Crafts Architecture*, Chichester: Wiley-Academy, 2005, p.10.
2. Tony Pinkney's excellent account of the Socialist League in Oxford confirms the inception of the Oxford Radical Association as January 1885. *William Morris in Oxford: The Campaigning Years, 1879–1895*, Grossmont: Illuminati, 2005, p. 86. (Afterwards Pinkney)
3. For Faulkner (Hereafter CJF), see Florence S. Boos, 'Morris's Truest Follower: Charles James Faulkner', *Newsletter of the William Morris Society in the United States*, June 2014, pp. 18–21.
4. *Oxford Journal*, 31 January 1885, p. 8. (All newspapers cited may be consulted in the British Library Newspaper Collection)
5. CJF to J.L. Mahon (Hereafter JLM), 19 January 1885. Archive of the Socialist League (hereafter SL), International Institute of Social History, Amsterdam; SL 1385/1.
6. CJF to JLM, 20 January 1885; SL 1386/2.
7. CJF to JLM, 22 January 1885; SL 1386/3.

8. For Morris's remarks on the Edinburgh University Socialist Society, see 'A Talk with William Morris on Socialism', *The Daily News,* 8 January 1885, p. 5.

9. E.P. Thompson, *William Morris: Romantic to Revolutionary*, London: Lawrence & Wishart, 1955, pp. 404–412, 445–446.

10. G.G. Brown to JLM, 1 February 1885; SL 957/1.

11. CJF to JLM, 3 February 1885; SL 1387/1.

12. To May Morris, 20 February 1885, in Norman Kelvin, ed, *The Collected Letters of William Morris*, 4 vols in 5, Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1984–1996; Vol. II, p. 389. (Afterwards Kelvin)

13. *The Pall Mall Gazette* (p.7) printed the League's first statement on 11 February 1885. The full statement was published as *Manifesto of the Socialist League on the Soudan War,* Socialist League, London, 1885. For reaction to Faulkner's speech, see Pinkney, pp. 87–89.

14. CJF to JLM, 1 March 1885; SL1387/5.

15. To CJF, 17 January 1885; Kelvin, p. 376.

16. M.P. Ashley & C.T. Sanders, *Red Oxford: An Historical Essay on the Growth of Socialism in the University of Oxford,* Oxford: Holywell Press, 1930, p. 5.

17. A.S. Robinson to JLM, 17 March 1885; SL 2586/2. F. Martin to H.H. Sparling (Hereafter HHS) nd, *ca* February 1886; SL 2202/2.

18. CJF to HHS 19 October 1885; SL 1394/4.

19. CJF to HHS, 4 November 1885; SL 1394/5.

20. CJF to HHS, 29 May 1886; SL 1397/3.

21. F. Martin to HHS, November 1885; SL 2201/5.

22. *Commonweal*, 5 February 1887, p. 5, CJF to JLM, 29 April 1885; SL 1389/1.

23. F. Martin to HHS, 7 October 1885; SL 2201/2.

24. CJF to HHS, 19 October 1885; SL 1394/4, 14 October 1885; SL 1394/2. Jules Nicholas Guggenheim was born in Budapest in 1820 and came to England in 1848 as a refugee, settling in Henley-on-Thames where he worked as a teacher and photographer. He moved to Oxford in 1860 where, on the Cowley Road, he set up as a photographer and lithographic printer before moving to more prestigious premises in the High Street near Magdalen College in 1863. After some success, the business declined and in 1883 went into liquidation with all equipment sold. In October 1885, Faulkner described Guggenheim as 'half starving and would be only too happy to do this (translate from French or German) if he could get a little money by it'. Guggenheim died in the Radcliffe Infirmary during December 1889.

25. CJF to HHS, 19 October 1885; SL 1394/4.

26. W.R. Lethaby, *Philip Webb and His Work* (with an introduction by Godfrey Rubens), London: Raven Oak Press, 1979, p. 241.

27. P. Harse to JLM, 1 May 1885; SL 1664/2.

28. CJF to JLM, 20 May 1885; SL 1389/4.
29. Mark Swenarton, *Artisans and Architects: The Ruskinian Tradition in Architectural Thought*, Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1989, p. 50.

Town and Gown

Having an engagement a little time back whereby I was obliged to go to Oxford, I was able so to time my visit that I should be there on the evening of the usual weekly meeting of the Oxford Branch of the Socialist League. Not having lately travelled by the Great Western Railway, I was unaware of there being third class carriages to the fast trains, I therefore booked by second class. I hardly regretted this after being seated, as my company was instructive. As soon as we were out of the darkened station I turned to the work I had to attend to and studied my papers of instructions. When this was done I looked out on the country to see if the Moule and Wey were in flood, for it was raining heavily, as it had done for some days. This relaxation from the study of papers induced, I suppose, a lady opposite to say to me that it was a bad day for the wedding, and was I going to it? I said no, and that I was never at a wedding, to my comfort, but I supposed that a wet day did not much matter for a wedding, but was certainly trying at a funeral. The lady was good-natured enough not to be put out by this somewhat rude indifference to so soul-moving a contrivance as a modern wedding, and entered freely into jests at the expense of the unhappy *(sic)* who had not the courage or the wish to go to weddings. Our conversation lulling a little, I turned to consider and make a note or two as to what I should say at the meeting in the evening if I were asked to join in the discussion, and I mused over the text for debate which had been sent to me by the friend, who would be my host at Oxford. This was it: "For lack of knowledge." My friend had added as a note, "This lack of knowledge, that is most fatal to progress, is the lack of how others live and feel." One of my notes was, "Hear the other side, the most important and least allowed to speak; the 'other side' is practically dumb." When I noted down thus far we were at Reading, and two other passengers got into the carriage. One of them was an English church dignitary of such extraordinary cleanness of person that I gaped with wonder at what soap and patience could do on a human being destined for the shining courts of paradise. This almost transparent image evidently did not belong to the aforesaid "other side." If the Royal and Imperial Queen of England, Ireland, India, etc., etc., had got into the carriage, with all her finest State robes on and the fourpenny-bit of a crown stuck on the tip of her top-knot, it would hardly have been a greater contrast. Well, my mother-of-pearl like Churchman found

a friend in the lady who had talked awhile with one who was not all transparent, and they fell-to on gossip, leaving me free to think of the "great unwashed." Occasionally, what I had wrote in my note-book got mixed up with the conversation of my opposites, and the incongruities must have cast a humorous smile on my otherwise absorbed face. As I went on I wrote down "these dumb have to depend on 'middlemen'; now middlemen have, deservedly, a bad name, as their usual quality is not that of impartial judge between differing people, but rather that of advocate for himself or his class; and for types of middlemen we may say, on one side, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and on the other, Mr. Bradlaugh; both respectable people," etc. While I was writing down this wide reflection, he with the little dignitarial rosette on his hat-band, was so impressive on the subject of some sapling of his order doing pretty well at college, but as not being particularly bright, that my ears were engaged in his talk whether I enjoyed the distraction or not. It seemed to me, as my thoughts coursed at lightening (*sic*) speed, that a second-class carriage was not a bad place in which to consider causes of ill or well.

When I got to Oxford, and had done my particular business, I went to the College where my host was at *his* business; the work of putting two and two together, and, in the matter of academical life, finding (though he is a mathematician) that they make five, or perhaps seven, but certainly not four. After a simple lunch of bread-and-cheese, and quick talk on things various and moving, I left him to his further "nut-cracking," and went on my way, having first agreed to be back at College at 6 o'clock to meet two or three undergraduates, who were friendly to the cause of the people, at a modest dinner before going to the Branch meeting. I then wended my wet way about the still beautiful old city and University, and, as it was a place that had concerned me in my earlier years of life, I found much to make me notice that any town not ugly in England, now, was a surprise as well as a delightful wonder. One of the things claiming my attention was of history, on points of date of the construction of one of the ancient buildings, and in turning over books, what struck me most was, that the founders, in the main, gave their estates for the good of the "poor scholars," and my mind recurred to the transparent dignity of the morning and his saplings to be provided for! Oxford is a place having this advantage over funerals in churchyards, that if you have thick shoes and an umbrella, you need not be wearied in mind though it may rain "cats and dogs," and the cats be "gib cats," and the dogs be muzzled and likewise "melancholy."

I was back at College eager and hungry at 6 o'clock, and while my host was washing his hands I introduced myself to two undergraduates – somewhat fearfully, I must say – but as I was in for the penny of Socialist ignorance, I might not be disturbed at being in for the pound of sucking learned students. They met my somewhat old-fashioned advances with very becoming friendliness, and we

four sat down to dinner, in an ancient seat of learning, in a beaming frame of mind, though the minds themselves were almost as various as the direction of the weather-cocks on the many steeples of the place. Now, catch an "Oxford man," a young one, just on the second or third rung of the ladder of learning, and, not unjustly, you may expect he will be reserved, or antagonistic, or bumptious, or in other ways inhuman, but the colleagues at my host's table were neither, they were good company with natural tact; and, as it will out, neither of them asked me what I thought would be good rendering of a passage in Plato! So far, for awhile with "Gown." We four now trudged through the lit wet streets to the meeting-place of the Oxford Branch of the League.

The Temperance Hall is a good enough and airy room, not so large as to look dismal with a small meeting, and yet with space to hold a hundred or more easily. On entering I saw a known comrade, the representative of the Oxford Branch at our last congress.[1] I was at once at one home and in good company. After awhile, chairman and secretary were in place, and the work of the evening began by the aforesaid congressman opening the discussion – the subject pitched upon having been chosen from the curious letters which had lately appeared in the *Daily News*.[2] Facts and figures were given in proof of our lack of knowledge, and of how things went from bad to worse because so few amongst us noted amazing anomalies wrapped in customs of the Mumbo Jumbo, "respectability;" the devotees of this great god not being anxious to encourage knowledge which might reduce the offerings at the highly favoured shrine; – Silence being Golden here, surely![3] Well, our company, amounting to some twenty-five or more, among which were two or three women, followed on in discussion, and in that curious variety of ways in which I have observed different people look at the same facts. Still, the points were kept to, and the arguments carried on in a spirited way. One of the undergraduates spoke, and without regard to the possible consequences to himself.[4] There was considerable freedom of speech from the more distinctly "working men," and illustrations were vigorous and often greatly amusing, so that we were in no way dull.[5] The writer of this article put in his railway-considered words to an audience too kind to be harshly critical; and my college host added a short speech in a way very much unlike an Oxford "don," but humanly wise; and so we came away. As my feet clattered in the now quiet eleven-o'clock streets, I thought "Here are the founder's 'poor scholars'"! No need here, if things were as they should be, for long galleries of well-filled libraries being only accidently tenanted with a student as at present day after day. It does not need a very strong imagination to see your cobbler, or seamstress, or wheelwright, mason or girl schoolmistress busy at his or her work for half the day and treading the quadrangles of a quiet college for the other half, and no man saying them nay.

I parted with my host under his college gateway, after witnessing there, at past eleven o'clock at night, a half comical, half-rough bit of wrestling bear-fight

between three or four students; just to get their wind, I suppose, after, perhaps some heated controversy over the merits of a deceased jockey – who knows? I came away to the inn for the night, and slept the sleep of– say – one who has slept for years under the sound of the bells from the many towers of this noble city.

At breakfast in the morning (it being degree time) there were some out-of-college young fellows in the coffee-room. One of them was silent and sullen over the fire, seemingly as if he had too much care on his mind, or too little. After a while another student came in; he was bright enough and company for me. He had taken his degree the day before, and smiled pleasantly at his own name in the *Times* as a B.A.[6] He fell to asking what I thought of the translated Welsh prayer given in the newspaper as having been offered at a "Gorsedd of the Bards of the Isle of Britain" in the Temple Gardens the day before.[7] I read it seriously and said I thought it admirable. He told me it was much briefer and better in the original; at which I expressed an old longing I had to know Welsh. My friend thought this strange, for he said, most people speak slightingly of the Welsh and their language; to which I repeated to him Carlyle's saying, concluding with "mostly fools." From this we (my friend was a Welshman who could talk Welsh, and from Jesus College of course) got to talking of various things, and among others of the Welsh poets, of the Icelandic sagas, of George Borrow, of William Morris, and as much other talk as could possibly be put into half an hour. When I left, he asked me why Morris did not go to Wales and preach Socialism? I answered, "Why not? the Welsh people at all events are worthy of the effort." As long as I live I shall say that a good free honest companion is the best boons in the wide world. Given that we get Socialism there will be more of them, and what is perhaps better still, a less number of unfree, cross–grained darkeners of counsel and other learned and ignorant pests of the present state of things, – existing, let us hope, only to die, and that quickly. This seems as if all I had to say which would in any way interest my comrades is said; but it is possible that those of them who have not looked about such a place as Oxford still is might be interested in my saying a word or two to picture one of the pleasantest colleges? I wanted some further information about the buildings of it, and my host in the afternoon, when he had done the first part of his day's work, good –naturedly offered to get me inside the library.[8] We called at the porter's lodge and found the authorities were out at exercise; but while thinking of what next to do, one of the powers came into the quadrangle who was personally known to my host. This lock-compeller addressed my host in the half-jocular half-cynical way as a "Dynamiter;" upon which my friend introduced me as another of the same trade![9] However, we found our way into the library; and although Cerberus was in a hurry, he got interested in my questions and doubts as to facts, or things stated to be facts, and stayed longer than we expected. On his leaving, my host said, "Well, you can leave us here alone a little; we will promise not to blow the place up, and will shut-to the door with its spring

lock." Some laughter and some shrugging of the shoulders, and we were alone to enjoy there what was a pleasure indeed. A great, long, handsome old wide gallery of a place, misty towards the end from its great length. Bookcase after full bookcase, set at right angles to the walls, windowed right and left, leaving a private chamber with its double bench and reading desks, space after space the whole length of the room. Overhead, the old oak cradled roof which clearly belonged to the same walls before they were transformed in Queen Elizabeth's time. In truth, this portion of the building was part of what remained of Chichele's monks' college, taken over by the founder of the present college. At the end of this, the old library, was the new one at right angles to it, and of even greater length – built by Inigo Jones in James the First's time. Here you have two great libraries only crying aloud for "poor scholars" by the hundred to fill them and be filled by them with such good as heads untrammelled by hypocrisy, misbelief, class fear, and other devils, could make use of.

Ph. W

Commonweal, 4 December 1886, pp. 284–285. see also http://quod.lib.umich.edu/g/genpub/0544678.0002.001/284?page=root;size=175;view=image

NOTES

1. The Oxford branch delegate to the Socialist League conference of 13 June 1886 was William Ogden, born in Rutland in *ca* 1829, a carpenter and joiner by trade, who ran a small building firm in Oxford during the 1860 and 1870s, before setting up in Worcester Street as an antique dealer. During those decades he was active in civic affairs, the Liberal Association and the Oxford Radical Association. Siding with Faulkner and others, he supported transformation of the Radical Association into a branch of the Socialist League, and played an important part in leading branch meetings, often with an introductory talk in order to generate discussion. Ogden spoke to Faulkner at one of the branch's open air meetings at Wheatley during the winter of 1885, and then again at Norwich during August 1888, when he shared the platform with Morris, Annie Besant, Sam Mainwaring, and Herbert Burrows (SL 3479). In 1889, Morris told his daughter Jenny that he 'tumbled upon Ogden' and travelled with him to London: 'we talked about the strikes wherewith he was much excited' (Kelvin, Vol. III, p. 93). Ogden was still active in the Socialist League in August 1890, when he was reported as speaking at a conference of revolutionary bodies (*Commonweal,* 16 August 1890, p. 261). He died in Oxford in January, 1903.

2. The branch secretary was Frederick Martin, born Southborough, Kent *ca* 1861. Almost certainly related to the county cricketer and cricket ball maker in the Tonbridge area, Edward Martin, Frederick was apprenticed as a cricket ball maker before moving to Oxford during the early 1880s, where he worked for Benjamin Harse. He appears to have been the driving force behind the recruitment of the four Harse brothers to the League, and possibly other ball makers in the City. With Henry Wright, also a League member, he successfully prosecuted Harse in the county court in September 1888 for non-payment of wages. During the case, the defending counsel asked Martin, 'You are a socialist, are you not?', to which the ball maker replied, 'I have no solicitor representing me, and I don't think that is a proper question to ask'; *Oxford Journal*, 15 September 1888, p. 6. Between inception of the branch and the time of Webb's visit, there were at least three chairmen – William Burr (cricket ball maker), William Parker (furniture broker) and Alfred Quelch (market gardener), but it is not possible to be certain who chaired the meeting on 11 November 1886.

3. Ogden's introduction related to a series of letters to *The Daily News* initiated on 29 October 1886 by Lord Brabazon, dealing with industrial training. The Oxford comrades clearly discussed a second letter (2 November) in a series written by Caroline A. Leigh from Stoneleigh Abbey, relating to the absence of domestic training for women, which, she argued, 'for lack of knowledge', had disastrous results: 'Oh! What a welcome is that which many an honest man receives after hours of work, and when he puts his hardy-earned wages into his wife's hand – a poor fire, a dull light, a dirty room, cold, tasteless, unsatisfying food. Where? Oh! Where is the pretty girl with whom, on a bright May morning, he went to church not so long ago, with the clean fair face, the spotless gown, the snowy ribband? What stands in her place? A careworn, frowsy woman, with careless hair, gown coarsely patched, and the beauty and attraction of a woman lost, her voice rising to a fretful scream as she threatens the children who should be the rosebuds of the family, but who, like pigs, in every sense, and to every sense, quarrel on a dirty floor'. The irony of these comments, from the daughter of Robert Grovesnor, 2nd Marquess of Westminster and wife of William Henry Leigh, 2nd Baron of Leigh, was not lost on the Leaguers. Faulkner had written to Webb that, 'This lack of knowledge, that is the most fatal to progress, is the lack of how others live and feel', to which Webb added, 'Silence being golden here, surely'. A third letter, by 'V' of University College, Oxford, was also published on 2 November. J.C. Buckmaster concluded the correspondence on 3 November.

4. It is almost certain that the undergraduate was George Gibson Brown whom Faulkner identified in April 1885 as the only member of the University Marx

Club who belonged to the League – 'He is a very genuine fellow'. (CJF to JLM, 29 April 1885; 1885 SL 1389/1). Brown had been born into a middle class family in Edinburgh in 1862. His father John Crombie Brown worked for *Blackwood's Magazine* and posthumously published *The Ethics of George Eliot's Work* (1879). Brown attended George Watson's School in Edinburgh, and then Edinburgh University where, as a Pitt Scholar, he received his BA in 1884. While at Edinburgh, he became involved in the University's Socialist Society, the Scottish Land and Labour League, and the Guild of St Matthew, a Christian socialist group led from London by Stewart Headlam. Brown moved to Oxford during late 1884, taking a first in Classical Moderations and a second in Classics in 1888 (Edward Milliard, ed, *The Balliol College Register, 1832–1914*, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1914, p. 40). Active in the Oxford Socialist League branch from February 1885, Brown contributed a lecture on 'Constructive Socialism' during April 1885, and appears to have been the instigator of discussions and articles about the relationship between socialism and Christianity, particularly *via* the lively Oxford branch of the Guild of St Matthew (*Oxford Journal*, 21 March 1885, p. 6). J.A. Fellows wrote an article, 'Am I right in Connecting Christianity and Socialism', 'for the Oxford Branch of the Socialist League', published in *The Christian Socialist* during July, August and September, 1886. For Fellows see David E. Martin, 'Fellows, John Arthur (1864–1935)', in Joyce M. Bellamy & John Saville, eds, *Dictionary of Labour Biography, Vol. II*, London: Macmillan, 1974, pp. 133–134. In March 1885, Brown wrote to the League secretary, Mahon, expressing reservations about the *Manifesto*, which, he believed, badly represented its policy on religion and marriage and led to 'unnecessary prejudice against us' (G.G. Brown to JLM, 5 March 1885; SL 957/2). After Oxford, Brown was prepared for Holy Orders at Auckland Castle from where, after ordination in 1889, he became curate at Tudhoe Grange, County Durham where he lived alongside miners, iron workers and labourers. In 1892, he accepted the living at All Saints, Colchester where he maintained a reputation as a 'radical parson', on one occasion intervening in an industrial dispute of boot makers (*Essex County Standard,* 3 June 1893 p. 3; *Chelmsford Chronicle*, 21 December 1894, p. 7). In 1911, he moved to St Mary's, Bedford, from where he retired in 1935. Brown then moved back to Oxford where he died in November 1943.

5. Membership of the Oxford Socialist League branch averaged between twenty-five and thirty during the years for which reports are available. Occupations of twenty-five individuals have been identified: one university lecturer; one antique dealer; one furniture broker; one bookseller; one shoemaker; one boat builder; one market gardener; one student; four college servants; thirteen cricket ball makers. The preponderance of the last is quirky, and

almost certainly explained by the close ties which bound this group of work-
ers together in the small workshops based in the Cowley area; craftsmen
would have known one another, socialised, and discussed the trade, pay and
politics. However, there is no evidence of trade union organisation. The
group of at least six (possibly more) League members employed at Benjamin
Harse's workshop on St Mary's Road (in 1881 he employed ten men and
two boys), was its strongest base, from which two branch secretaries came;
Frederick Martin (1885–7) and Morton Philip Harse (1887–?). Morton, the
brothers Colin Alfred, George William Henry, and Wilfred George, were
all League members present at inception of the branch. (A.S. Robinson
to JLM, 9 March 1885; SL 617). Unsurprisingly, their brother Benjamin,
also their employer, did not join the League. During later years, it appears
that some of the brothers set up a new business in Pembroke Street making
cricket balls and selling bicycles.

6. This was Alfred Tudor Morris, born Glamorgan 1863, who had been awarded
   the Meyrick Exhibition at Jesus College in 1882, and who graduated with
   a BA in November 1886 (*The Times*, 22 June 1882, p. 5; 12 November 1885,
   p. 7). Morris went on to follow a career as a schoolteacher, including assist-
   ant master at Tonbridge School, before opening Ravenswood Preparatory
   School. He died in Tonbridge in July 1938.

7. The open air ceremony at which The Gorsedd of the Bards was recited
   formally opening the 1887 National Eisteddfod of Wales (*The Times,* 12
   November, p. 10).

8. Webb visited the library of St John's College. His description and attributions
   are now known to have been wrong on a number of points. The old library
   and the rooms below, which Webb believed 'was part of what remained of
   Chichele's monks' college', was, in fact, built during the 1590s. The rest of
   Canterbury Quad, including the Laudian Library, were added during the
   1630s, so under Charles I rather than his father, James I. (I am indebted to
   Michael Riordan, Archivist of St John's and the Queen's Colleges, for this
   information) It is also now known that the once common attribution of
   Inigo Jones as architect of Canterbury Quad, repeated by Webb, is wrong.
   See Howard Colvin, *The Canterbury Quadrangle, St John's College, Oxford,*
   Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1988, p. 15, 44.

9. Faulkner's advocacy of socialism was well known in Oxford, especially after
   the nationally reported speech mentioning Colonel Burnaby. Students
   at Merton College named one of the runners in a donkey race 'Comrade
   Faulkner', which he found 'amusing' (CJF to JLM, 6 March 1885; SL
   1388/3). He was attacked by *The Oxford Magazine* for 'alehouse anarchism'
   (William Whyte, 'Faulkner, Charles James', *Oxford Dictionary of National
   Biography,* Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004–2014).

The Dixton Paintings: vision of *News from Nowhere* or dream?

Patrick O'Sullivan

> Yes, surely! and if others can see it as I have seen it, then it may be called a vision rather than a dream.[1]

Cheltenham Art Gallery and Museum contains two strange paintings, known variously as 'The Dixton Paintings' or 'The Dixton Harvesters' which, as the name suggests, depict haymaking, and – more important for this article – the landscape of the North Cotswolds about 8 km northwest of Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, during the period 1710–1725. The paintings are of unknown origin, almost certainly by the same artist, and represent panoramas of the view from the hill above the hamlet, one to the south and west, the other to the east. Both are very accurate topographic representations, in which many extant features of the landscape can be identified: they were probably made using a *camera obscura*, a technique which apparently became fashionable during the eighteenth century, 'using the conventions of panoramic battle-painting'.[2]

The view to the south and west, towards Gloucester (Figure 1; the cathedral can just be picked out on the middle distance) illustrates a foreground consisting of hedgerows and enclosed fields not dissimilar to that of the present day. It is mainly being used to pasture sheep and cattle. On the immediate skyline, however, and on the Cotswold scarp to the left, the land is more wooded, and beyond that a mixture of woods and open country can be seen. As an aside, I find it intriguing, and highly significant, that artists painting during the eighteenth century, i.e. in the 'classical' tradition – and later even Constable – make English native trees (in this case I would suggest , from the modern landscape, mainly oaks) look like Mediterranean species. In the very far distance is the heavily wooded country of the Forest of Dean, and beyond that the Welsh mountains.

To the east, (Figure 2) lies a very different landscape; of large open fields, few hedges, and even fewer trees – the fields divided into strips, these in turn (as with the paler field at the very centre of this second painting) grouped into furlongs.

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Figure 1 – Dixton Painting (CHE 1810z) looking west across a mainly boccage land-scape toward Gloucester. By permission of Cheltenham Museum and Art Gallery (Bridgeman Images).

Figure 2 – Dixon Painting (CHE 68500) looking east over landscape still containing elements of unenclosed champagne. By permission of Cheltenham Museum and Art Gallery (Bridgeman Images).

This second view clearly illustrates a local example of the ancient *champagne* of Europe north of the Alps (or 'champion land', as the English called it), which occupied the country in a great triangle with its base running from North Yorkshire to Norfolk, and its apex more or less in this very part of Gloucestershire, in which, according to maps made about a century ago, and reproduced nearly sixty years ago by W.G. Hoskins, sixty to eighty percent of the land lay under this kind of cultivation.[3]

As indicated, this second painting also depicts haymaking, with mowing by scythe conducted in rectangular plots, according to the Gloucestershire method. Each team of mowers worked one block at a time and then other workers, both men and women, raked the hay and piled it into (hay)cocks in order for it to dry before it was loaded on to wagons ('haywains') and taken from the field. Plots in various stages of being harvested are shown. To the left and the right are those in which hay already has been, or is being 'stooked'; in this painting almost exclusively by women. In the left centre, a gang is mowing a strip in a diagonal. In the centre right three riders – landowners and/or overseers? – are riding ('roughshod') across a newly-mown strip.

At the far side of the field, another group of women is perhaps preparing refreshments, which, in this part of England, and in those days of hard manual labour, abundant orchards and uncertain water quality – and as celebrated many years later by Laurie Lee – would almost certainly have included cider. There is even a group of Morris dancers, cavorting their way (I think) *out* of the field, which surely must have been a relief to the rest of the company.

In other words, the unknown artist has tried to make the scene as 'Merrie England' as possible, and to emphasise the importance of haymaking and the ways in which a good harvest was enthusiastically celebrated.[4] Or as Morris put it:

> … of all the cheerful meals in the year, this one of haysel is the cheerfullest.

For a successful hay-making meant that there would be enough fodder for the coming year for the livestock, and in particular for the horses (or in earlier times the oxen) without whom next year's ploughing could not be easily conducted. Alternatively, if the oxen starved, so – the next year – did the people.
Morris however, was under no such romantic illusions:

> As we went, I could not help putting beside [Dick's] promised picture of the hayfield as it was then the picture of it as I remembered it, and especially the images of the women engaged in the work rose up before me: the row of gaunt figures, lean, flat-breasted, ugly, without a grace of form or face about them; dressed in wretched skimpy print gowns, and hideous flapping sun-bonnets, moving their rakes in a listless mechanical way.

How often had that marred the loveliness of the June day to me; how often had I longed to see the hay-fields peopled with men and women worthy of the sweet abundance of midsummer, of its endless wealth of beautiful sights, and delicious scents. And now, the world had grown old and wiser, and I was to see my hope realised at last.

In contrast, in Nowhere, when Guest finally does encounter the long-promised hay harvest:

I came to the hurdles and stood looking over into the hay-field, and was close to the end of the long line of haymakers who were spreading the low ridges to dry off the night dew. The majority of these were young women clad much like Ellen last night, though not mostly in silk, but in light woollen most gaily embroidered in bright colours. The meadow looked like a gigantic tulip-bed because of them.

All hands were working deliberately but well and steadily, though they were as noisy with merry talk as a grove of autumn starlings. Half a dozen of them, men and women, came up to me and shook hands, gave me the sele of the morning, and asked a few questions as to whence and whither, and wishing me good luck, went back to their work.

Elsewhere:

[T]he people in the fields looked strong and handsome, both men and women, and that so far from there being any appearance of sordidness about their attire, they seemed to be dressed specially for the occasion – lightly, of course, but gaily and with plenty of adornment.

Even people whose life does not normally involve agricultural labour are roped in:

[I]n this haymaking work there is room for a great many people who are not over-skilled in country matters: and there are many who lead sedentary lives, whom it would be unkind to deprive of their pleasure in the hay-field – scientific men and close students generally: so that the skilled workmen, outside those who are wanted as mowers, and foremen of the haymaking, stand aside, and take a little downright rest, which you know is good for them, whether they like it or not: or else they go to other countrysides, as I am doing here. You see, the scientific men and historians, and students generally, will not be wanted till we are fairly in the midst of tedding [*i.e. turning over the grass in order to speed up the drying process*], which of course will not be till the day after to-morrow.[5]

And even in modern countries where the hay-harvest remains more important than it does in Britain, this kind of thing still happens. The first time I visited Fin-

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land (over forty years ago now, but a country whose principal resources remain, even today, the river, the lake, the tree and the cow) I was frustrated by the fact that it was often so difficult to contact various academic colleagues during summer. Many of them had gone home to the family farm in order to help get the hay in.

But perhaps the most significant thing about these paintings, especially the eastward view, is that they *just* pre-date the whole scale enclosure of the English landscape known as the Parliamentary Enclosures.[6] As indicated, land had been enclosed before, especially during Tudor times, but between 1750 and 1820, somewhat after these paintings were produced, just over half the remaining unenclosed arable land of the kind shown here, and much of the commons and 'waste' (according to Hoskins, some 4.5 million ha)[7] were enclosed by Act of Parliament. During the first phase (1755–1780), it was mainly the open fields which were enclosed; during the second (1790–1815, coinciding with the Napoleonic Wars) the common heaths and wastes were also taken – even more profitably than the open arable – into private hands. In fact we might regard the Parliamentary Enclosures as one of the first great privatisations. But as the Dixton paintings date from the earlier eighteenth century, they probably depict land which is beginning to be enclosed, but which has not yet been fully commercialised; from open arable devoted mainly to growing food for people, to pasture used to support animals.[8]

Much the same kind of misery as currently being created by 'shrinking government' was also produced by the Enclosures. In particular, depriving ordinary people of access to common land, where traditionally they had been allowed to collect food and fuel, and even hunt small game such as rabbits, took away their emergency support system, soon leading to the need for Poor Laws. Instead of Malthusian 'overpopulation', this may well have been the true 'Tragedy of the Commons'.[9] By the late nineteenth century, agricultural labourers in England & Wales, as well as being required to perform long hours of arduous manual work, were obliged to live on a food intake of fewer than 2000 calories per day, less than the amount which Richard Lee found that the !Kung San of the Kalahari (2140 cal) were able to collect daily by foraging ('hunting and gathering').[10]

The Dixton paintings therefore pre-date much of the enclosure, commercialisation and specialisation toward monoculture of the lowland English landscape. And in a way, they therefore provide us not with an accurate image of what Nowhere *would* look like (which is, of course, impossible), but certainly with an *idea* of what it *might* look like. However, the use of open arable to produce hay for livestock (as shown in Figure 2), as opposed to food crops for human subsistence, suggests to me that even by 1710, a certain amount of commercialisation of farming in this part of Gloucestershire had already occurred. In medieval times, the hay had been produced in the meadow, mainly in the valley bottoms, not the arable.[11]

In contrast, in Nowhere:

> One change I noticed amidst the quiet beauty of the fields – to wit, that they were
> planted with trees here and there, often fruit-trees, and that there was none of the
> niggardly begrudging of space to a handsome tree which I remembered too well;
> and though the willows were often polled (or shrowded, as they call it in the
> countryside), this was done with some regard to beauty: I mean that there was no
> polling of rows on rows so as to destroy the pleasantness of half a mile of country,
> but a thoughtful sequence in the cutting, that prevented a sudden bareness any-
> where. To be short, the fields were everywhere treated as a garden made for the
> pleasure as well as the livelihood of all … [12]

Over great swathes of England, Enclosure was about to transform the land-
scape out of all recognition, sometimes – as documented in poems by John Clare,
such as *The Mores* or *Swordy Well* – almost overnight (although it only accelerated
a process which had been going on for a couple of centuries, as part of the devel-
opment of modern, commercial society). Since the disappearance of the Royal
Forest during the later Middle Ages, ordinary people had made few songs about
poachers. But beginning with the Game Act of 1671, which reduced access to
many of the commons, songs such as *Van Diemen's Land*, which highlight the per-
ils of 'transportation' for the crime of poaching, became only too popular.[13] The
last phase of Enclosure – that of the common lands – finally deprived the poorest
country people of their traditional support systems – their rights to gather food
and fuel from lightly-used parts of the landscape, and to keep a few animals of
their own there – and led to the need for Poor Laws. Thus it was indeed probably
'the true Tragedy of the Commons'.

Traditionally, agricultural historians – trained in a modernist paradigm –
have considered the 'Open Field' system, in which strips of land were reallocated
annually around the community according to need, as inefficient, and one in
which there was no incentive to innovate. But while this may have been the case
under the English feudal tax economy (a system which has been described else-
where as 'legalised extortion'),[14] it clearly need not be under a different economic
system. It at least possessed the advantage of being mildly democratic (strips were
allocated by the Manor Court, which was often run by the peasants themselves),
and it bore a striking resemblance to the kind of land use system set up by the
Collectives of the Spanish Revolution.[15]

Clearly there is, and never can be, a completely accurate image of Nowhere.
We will just have to make our own.

NOTES

1. James Redmond, ed, *William Morris. News from Nowhere*, London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1970, p. 182. (Subsequently *NfN*)

2. Alan Rich, 'Dixton Manor haymaking: a visual encyclopedia', *Hay in Art*, 2004; as seen at http://www.hayinart.com/000981.html. (4 February 2015); Jane Sale, 'The Dixton Paintings', *Gloucestershire History*, Vol. 6, 1992; http://www.cheltenhammuseum.org.uk/Docs/Dixton%20paintings%20A5.pdf (as seen 9 December 2014); John Barrell, 'Sportive labour: the farmworker in eighteenth-century poetry and painting', in Brian Short, ed, *The English Rural Community. Image and analysis*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1991, pp. 105–132. (p. 110; afterwards Barrell) I first came across the Dixton Paintings via the BBC television series *Talking Landscapes*, 2009 (6 x 30 minute programmes, presenter Aubrey Manning; http://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/b00mrtct, as accessed 23 March 2015).

3. W.G. Hoskins, *The Making of the English Landscape*, London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1955, Figures 12 and 14, pp. 114, 140. (Afterwards Hoskins) Although at first sight the view to the south and west (Figure 1) may depict the alternative European landscape – the wooded country or *boccage* – the presence of 'fossil' strips in some of the fields shown on the lower part of the Cotswold scarp indicate that Sale is probably correct when she suggests that this area may also have been partly enclosed before 1700 – perhaps during Tudor or Stuart times when much land was 'taken in' in order to raise sheep for the wool industry. The same is suggested by Barrell (p. 111), who draws attention to the fossilised strips of the 'ridge and furrow' of medieval open field shown at the bottom right of Figure 4, Barrell, p. 112

5. *NfN*, pp. 178, 123, 132–133, 139, 178.

6. Mark Overton, *The Agricultural Revolution in England. The transformation of the agrarian economy, 1500–1850,* Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1996, 257 pp. (Afterwards Overton)

7. Hoskins, pp.138–139.

8. Anne Laurence, 'Status and Gender in English topographical paintings, *ca* 1660–*ca* 1740', *Architectural History*, Vol. 46, 2003, pp. 81–94. (p.90; Afterwards Laurence) One difficulty with this analysis is that such paintings were usually produced during early summer, before the cereal harvest was ready. It is not therefore not possible to test the hypothesis that grain growing was still not commercialised (i.e. the seed corn would still have been sown broadcast, as opposed to the rows in which it would have been grown during commercial cultivation; Laurence pp. 90–91).

9. Simon Fairlie, 'A short history of Enclosure in Britain', *The Land. An occasional magazine about Land Rights*; http://www.thelandmagazine.org.uk/

articles/short-history-enclosure-britain (as seen 10 December 2014).

10. Overton, p. 125; Richard Lee, *The !Kung San: men, women and work in forager society,* Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979, 556 pp. The penury and insecurity in which farm labourers in Leicestershire lived during the same period as the Dixon paintings were produced are recorded by Laurence. (p. 90)

11. Brian Roberts, *The Making of the English Village*, Harlow, Essex, UK: Longman, 1987, Chap. 6, esp. Figures 6.3a and 6.3 b, pp. 110–111; Michael Aston, *Interpreting the Landscape: Landscape Archaeology and Local History*, London: Routledge, Chapter 9, pp. 103–119.

12. *NfN*, pp. 164–165.

13. Roy Palmer, *The Sound of History: Songs and Social Comment*, London: Pimlico, pp. 47–50.

14. Tom Williamson & Liz Bellamy, *Property and landscape: a social history of land ownership and the English countryside*, London: George Philip, 1987, p. 32.

15. Patrick O'Sullivan, '¡Homenaje a Aragón! *News from Nowhere*, collectivisation and the sustainable future', *Journal of William Morris Studies*, Vol. XIX, No. 3, 2011, pp. 93–111.

Reviews

William Morris: The Odes of Horace. Facsimile edition; printed on Tatami paper in coloured inks with gold and silver foil; bound in Indian smooth-grain goat-skin, following the original design by T.J. Cobden-Sanderson; gold blocked on spine, edges and doublures, 192 pp. Together with 61-page hard-bound book containing the 1870 photograph of William Morris, an eight-page Commentary by Clive Wilmer, and translations of the Odes by William Gladstone (1894). All in a large handsome box designed by David Eccles. London: Folio Society, 2014. No ISBN; £395.

Following its facsimile editions of the Kelmscott *Chaucer* and three books by Eric Gill, the Folio Society has now produced a splendid edition of Morris's manuscript version of *The Odes of Horace.* Clive Wilmer's informative Commentary tells the reader of Morris's preoccupation, in his Sunday leisure time during the period 1869–1875, with what he called 'painted books'; he produced some 1500 pages of lettering and ornament, and eighteen illustrated books, though only two of them were completed. May Morris's recollections of her father at work at his desk at the time are delightfully quoted. Morris had already shown his enthusiasm for medieval manuscripts in the Bodleian Library at Oxford when he was an undergraduate. His early attempts at writing were awkwardly Gothic in form, but he came under the influence of Renaissance writing-books and developed a clearer and more attractive style. Most of us will know Morris's work in this area mainly through the attractive 1870 *Book of Verse* facsimile produced by the Scolar Press for the V&A in 1981. Wilmer argues that the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khay-yam* (1872), *The Odes of Horace* (1874), and above all the unfinished folio *Aeneid* (1874–5), are even finer. Certainly, the *Book of Verse* is a quiet little volume, lacking the gold and silver exuberance of the later books. Morris ceased work of this kind in 1875, giving no explanation, but having learned lessons about the making of books that would come to fruition at the Kelmscott Press. Overall, Wilmer sees the venture as 'a qualified failure'.

Wilmer gives a clear account of Morris's life, emphasising the influence of

Ruskin, both for his criticism of industrial capitalism and, on a smaller scale, quoting his argument that the purpose of illumination 'was not to lead the mind away from the text, but to enforce it'. Wilmer admits that we do not know why Morris chose Horace for such elaborate treatment. (I can find no reference to the Odes or to Horace as a poet in Morris's letters. The first mention of Horace is in a letter to Charles Fairfax Murray, in Italy in 1874, instructing him to get some high-quality vellum which Morris needed for this manuscript, remarking that 'the odes are so short so there is nearly an ornamental letter to every page', and adding that 'I have in mind to try and sell a book if I could find a customer: I work much neater now, & have got I think more style in the ornament, & have taken rather to the Italian work of about 1450 for a type'; Morris never found such a customer. Later, in a letter to the aspiring poet James Henderson in October 1885, Morris referred to Horace in the advice he gave, but here Horace was simply a source for common-sense ideas about writing). Wilmer argues that Horace appeals to readers in various ways, and that the Victorians, 'troubled by doubt', responded to his emphasis on transience and mortality, his 'humane scepticism'. He then provides the text of Gladstone's translation of the Odes published in 1894, though admitting that Gladstone had 'no poetic talent' and was politically anathema to Morris by that time. If a reader wants to know what the poems are about – though many of us may simply want to look at the pages aesthetically – it seems to me a pity that access is not given rather to the remarkable Wordsworth edition, *Horace. The Odes in English Verse,* edited by Antony Lentin in 1997; here we encounter fine versions by such poets as Cowper, Dryden, Housman, Johnson, Jonson and Rochester, as well as specialist translators.

The text that we can now happily see here is likely to impress because of Morris's unfailing inventiveness; on page after page we find designs of the utmost elegance and vitality, using gold and silver to impressive effect. There is no repetition, and Morris clearly enjoys taking on new tasks, as for instance in the changing colour-schemes of the pages as they come before us. There is only one fully decorated page, but a host of others filled by the decorator with the energy of life. In her biography of Morris, Fiona MacCarthy has brought out well how on these pages 'the pictorial decoration swims into the lettering'. She notes the richness of the 'Leaves and grapes and rose hips; honeysuckle trellis; a thousand dotting rosebuds', giving sometimes 'a sense of demented wallpaper', and finds the general effect 'inexpressibly peculiar, at once beautiful and decorous yet fraught and slightly manic'. She is led to think of Lewis Carroll, Blake, French Surrealism and the Czech avant-garde. Wilmer's conclusion is less excited, but conveys admirably the mysterious appeal to be found here.

The Odes of Horace is a little book, kept in a small box. When we open the leather covers and behold the neatly bound pages with their elegant lettering and delicate decoration, we seem to have been granted access to a treasure: vulner-

able, threatened by the very transience that Horace's odes resist and lament, and therefore all the more highly to be prized.

The book is undoubtedly expensive, but the reproductive work is of very high quality. Readers who have the good fortune to be able to afford it will find it a rich source of visual pleasure, and perhaps a stimulus to taking up the study of calligraphy or of the Latin tongue.

Peter Faulkner

Fiona MacCarthy, *Anarchy and Beauty: William Morris and his Legacy 1860–1960*, London: National Portrait Gallery Publications, 2014. Hbk. 184 pp., 174 coloured illustrations, £30. ISBN 9781855144842.
William Morris, Words and Wisdom, London: National Portrait Gallery Publications in association with The William Morris Gallery, Walthamstow, 2014. Pbk. Approx. 150 unnumbered pp., 100 coloured illustrations, £10. ISBN 9781855144941.

With its ample format – the book measures 27 x 24 cm. – *Anarchy and Beauty* is clearly a volume of generous intentions. It accompanied the exhibition of the same name held at the National Portrait Gallery from October 2014 to January 2015. The advantage obtained from using the resources of the NPG is that a large number of unusual photographs were made available. Among these one would expect to find some exceptionally good portraits. After seeing the startling physiognomy of Stepniak displayed here (p. 42) all the discussion about his life and accidental death is resolved; the poor man looks totally disorientated. In contrast it is a pleasure to learn that William Morris had 'a round and genial thirteenth-century face'. While explaining that there are few portraits of Morris, because he was 'neurotically hostile to self-image' and would take no pleasure from sitting still, the book opens with the Watts portrait taking up a full page. Morris took three years to agree to sit for it. The stare is arresting. Yeats kept a copy over his mantelpiece, and in his *Autobiographies* described the 'grave wide-open eyes' as 'the eyes of some dreaming beast'.

As with the preceding Virginia Woolf exhibition, the traditional catalogue has been replaced by an independent book, in which the views of the curator are laid before you. Instead of a long list of self-contained descriptions of individual items, six themes are developed at some length. MacCarthy announces the direction her book will take in the introduction by referring to Morris's lecture 'Art under Plutocracy'.

Art [for Morris] was not just painting, sculpture, architecture, it was also 'the shapes and colours of all household goods'; art was even 'the arrangement of the fields for tillage and pasture, the management of towns and of our highways of all kinds'.

Earlier sections cover the first half of the chosen period from 1860 to 1900, while Morris was still a living influence. They are 'William Morris and the Red House Circle', 'The Fellowship of the New Life', and 'Arts and Crafts'. I shall deal briefly with these, although MacCarthy often brings out new emphases to well-known topics. There are two excellent portraits of Edward Carpenter, whom Morris evidently admired more than is usually realised; in one he is wearing his famous sandals, accompanied by a picture of the actual Indian hand-made sandals, which he learned to make himself. This seems to hit a number of Morrisian targets. Several amazing women are discussed, including Barbara Leigh Bodichon, who founded Girton College; it is suggested that Jenny Morris, who had passed the relevant examinations, might have gone to the college, had she not been suffering from epilepsy. In the Arts and Crafts section the stress is on the number of useless gentlemen who found a new way of living. William De Morgan (as spelled here) was changed from an amateur into a working potter, and Cobden-Sanderson was inspired to take up bookbinding by Janey Morris. Morris's copy of Marx's *Le Capital* 'had been worn to loose sections by his constant study of it', and we are shown how Cobden-Sanderson remade it into an art work on his second attempt at binding. In 1898, though Morris was dead by that time, Lethaby encouraged Edward Johnston, a failed medical student, to take up lettering and calligraphy, and he passed this skill down to Eric Gill. Ashbee and Voysey carried on the Arts and Crafts tradition into the next century, and we conclude with May Morris, whose own house in Hammersmith was 'the epitome of shrininess'. This is a new word to me, and I felt that May's effort in bringing out the *Collected Works* was rather devalued by saying she was 'fixated on her father'.

The second half of the book deals with the first sixty years of the twentieth century, in three sections: 'The Garden City Movement', 'Inter-War Artistic Communities', and 'The Festival of Britain', followed by a very brief Afterword on Jeremy Deller. Before we get to the Garden City there is a long diversion about Octavia Hill and the foundation of the National Trust in 1895; this was not an initiative of Morris's, although he was alive at the time, and I began to see that any number of interesting people *might* have been connected with Morris, but in fact were not. Ebenezer Howard was deftly summed up by Bernard Shaw as 'one of those heroic simpletons who do big things whilst our prominent worldlings are explaining why they are Utopian and impossible'. It seems that he was inspired by Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* which to Morrisians is entirely the wrong book. Speaking personally, I always used to enjoy visiting Letchworth,

though a friend of mine who worked there was very disillusioned by its dullness. I fell in love with the Co-op, where the café was in a vast Saxon edifice; it was a cross between a Moot Hall and something out of *Beowulf*, and it did strike me as a Morrisian structure, though it is not mentioned here. I think it has now been dismantled. But I never felt that Letchworth had anything to do with *News from Nowhere.* The section concludes with Hampstead Garden Suburb, which seems a long way from the original idea of the Garden City.

On the other hand, the interwar period seems full of genuinely Morrisian artistic enterprises. Eric Gill's community at Ditchling could have been a rebirth of Morris's early brotherhood of artists, but Gill saw Morris as having 'the fatal disadvantage of missing out on God'. The letter-carving, the printing and the stonework seem to derive exactly from Morris. So does the vision of handmade pottery for the people, and the new kind of factory Bernard Leach founded at St Ives, a place MacCarthy describes in an amazing aside as 'far beyond the Cotswolds'. But she does see the 'inner purpose', and points out that 'Leach depended on a succession of disciples who were glad to work for nothing'. This leads on to one of the disciples, Michael Cardew, a driven man, and his decision to start another pottery at Winchcombe.

Finally, the Festival of Britain is seen by MacCarthy as a great fulfilment of Morris's ideals, but the reality is summed up in the picture of the committee. Everybody is very worthy, but there is not enough about the exhibits. There is a good discussion of Gordon Russell (who had the advantage of coming from the Cotswolds!) and his production of Utility Furniture during the Second World War. John Piper, too, had the imagination to capture the appearance of 'Ancient Buildings' before and when they were destroyed. MacCarthy draws attention to his Shell Guides and his work in stained glass as truly Morrisian in their impetus. All in all, this is a splendid attempt to trace Morris's influence, and there is a clear choice between those who acknowledged this, and others who were simply driven along by the spirit of the age. MacCarthy's emphasis is almost entirely on design; even so, I wish a little more could have been said about printing and the private press movement.

William Morris, Words and Wisdom also accompanies the exhibition. It contains many of the same illustrations, which face pages of useful quotations from Morris and his friends. It is the sort of book that you could open on an easel, and turn one page every day.

John Purkis

Elizabeth Wilhide, *William Morris: Décor & Design*, London: Pavilion Books, 2014, 192 pp., Hbk, £25. ISBN 9781909815537.

First published by Pavilion Books in 1991, the third edition of this lavishly illustrated book offers to be a 'practical and inspirational guide' suggesting 'simple and cost- effective ways of incorporating a William Morris style décor'. Wilhide's rationale for creating an interior décor which aspires to the Morris fundamentals of purity, colour and craftsmanship is that 'rich colours, fluid floral patterns, light airy rooms and simple wooden furniture are all radical principles of the Arts and Crafts Movement. As these are also the fundamentals of most modern décor, there has never been a better time for introducing Morris designs into the home'. Twenty-three years ago, when Wilhide's book was first published, there was indeed a trend for rich colours and repeat floral patterns within the popular market: Liberty's colourful prints experienced a resurgence during the late 1980s and early 1990s, Laura Ashley opened hundreds of shops during the early 1990s, and Cath Kidston's vintage-inspired floral prints took off during the late 1990s. Alas, the current trend in interior design seems to be for grey, beige and for, the word that makes me shudder above all other: 'neutral'. Thus, Morris's fundamentals of rich colour and floral patterns are now needed more than ever in order to prevent home décor from slipping into a quagmire of taupe banality. One of my favourite Morris tales recalls him working in the Oxford Street shop when a high-society lady came in looking for drinking glasses. Observing the brightly coloured tumblers for sale, she asked whether he had anything in less vibrant tones. Morris escorted her to the door and said perhaps what she was looking for could be found outside: mud.

For those not familiar with the author, Elizabeth Wilhide is an accomplished and prolific writer having produced more than twenty books about design, home interiors and architecture, including *Sir Edwin Lutyens: Designing in the English Tradition*, *The Mackintosh Style*, and *Scandinavian Modern Home*. She has also contributed to many of Sir Terence Conran's books, including *Terence Conran on Design*. By happy coincidence, I purchased a copy of the 1991 edition of *William Morris: Décor & Design* from a charity bookshop only a few months before reviewing this new one. Such good fortune made it easier for me to compare the first and third versions of the book. The first thing which stuck me was the change in the cover: the dust jacket of the first edition features a photograph of an oak Letchworth dresser by Ambrose Heal festooned with glazed vases sitting in front of *Indian*, a 1868–70 wallpaper by Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co. The new edition features *Fruit* or *Pomegranate,* with slate/thyme background, one of the earliest wallpapers designed by 'the Firm', and first produced in 1864. As *Fruit* is one of the most popular of his designs, the new cover makes the book instantly recognisable as a volume about William Morris.

Both editions contain the same number of pages, the same Introduction, the same five chapters, the same glossary of patterns and the same (unforgivably I think) Select Bibliography. The key word here is same. Beyond the cover, the only additions or amendments I can see within the new book are in the Commercial Suppliers section (more about that later). And that is my criticism of the book: unfortunately, it is a lost opportunity. Why did the publishers not take the opportunity to update some of the information it contains? By not doing so they have sold short this useful, beautiful and informative book, as they have the reader. During the twenty-three years since the first edition was published, new information about William Morris has come to light, and major exhibitions have taken place, including the William Morris Centenary Exhibition at the V&A (1996), and *Pre-Raphaelites: Victorian Avant-Garde* at Tate Britain (2012). Morris & Co. celebrated its 150th anniversary in 2011, with a new collection of archive-based prints, weaves, embroidered fabrics and surface-printed wallpapers, along with new designs inspired by Morris and his circle. During the last two decades, Morris & Co. has flourished, first under the umbrella of Sanderson who purchased the entire company in 1940 (for £400!) and now under Walker Greenback PLC who bought Sanderson and Morris & Co. in 2003 (presumably for a lot more). Morris & Co. fabrics and wallpapers are available in over sixty countries worldwide, including Japan, Australia, the United States and Russia. Internet retail has changed our shopping experience beyond any expectations we might have had twenty years ago. Another significant change is that the cradle of the Arts & Crafts Movement, Red House, is open to the public through its acquisition by The National Trust in 2003. When *William Morris: Décor & Design* was first published, Morris's beloved home and creative laboratory was in private ownership and only open via private appointment. Now the house is available for all to enjoy and be inspired by.

The book is a visual feast, lavishly illustrated, with historic black-and-white photographs and over sixty full-page colour photographs of Morris-related interiors at Wightwick Manor, Kelmscott Manor, Cragside, Red House, 18 Stafford Terrace and Standen. There are numerous other colour photographs of beautiful Arts & Crafts styled interiors in private homes. The Arts & Crafts style font used for the chapter headings is also a visual treat. If readers had not possessed the opportunity to compare the 1991 version with the 2014 then perhaps their conclusion would have been an optical delight. Alas, in the 2014 edition something odd seems to have happened to the colour photographs, making them seem paler, less rich and vibrant than they did in the original. The text in the 2014 edition also appears fainter than in the 1991 original, making it slightly more difficult to read – I thought this was perhaps only my review copy, but a trip to Waterstones confirmed my finding.

Now to the content; unchanged until five pages from the end. The Introduc-

tion provides an overview of Morris's life and work, acknowledging his accomplishments in fields other than home décor, and stating that the book is concerned with Morris the designer, his impact on the decorative arts and the relevance of his approach to design and decoration today. Wilhide astutely observes that a Morris design celebrates the natural world, and his work emphasises harmony with nature which in a way is particularly timely. But again, since the first edition was published, new information about the Morris circle has come to light. The portrayal of Jane Morris in the Introduction, only mentioned as a stereotypical Victorian female invalid, adulteress and muse, is a case in point: had more recent research been consulted, such as *The Collected Letters of Jane Morris* published in 2012, then readers would have been given a more complete and more accurate assessment of Jane.

Chapter 1 examines nineteenth-century interiors, where middle- and upper-class homes were festooned with too much drapery, over-stuffed sofas and a sea of clutter. Industrialisation, an explosion in house building, and a rising, status-hungry, fashion-conscious middle class, had created an expanding market for household goods. The stage was set for Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co., in which Morris firmly rejected current fashions, and looked instead to the medieval period as a source of inspiration as, for him, it represented the last honest period of design. Wilhide points out that Morris was opposed to reproduction: his genius was the ability to create something new out of his enthusiasm for the past. The chapter takes us on a tour of Red House, Kelmscott Manor and Kelmscott House, in order to demonstrate the ways in which Morris's beliefs about décor and design were played out at home. We learn that by the end of the nineteenth century, no fashionable home in London was without some item from Morris & Co., whose influence meant that rooms at the turn of the century were less dark, and less crowded.

Chapters 2 to 5 focus on specific aspects of interior decoration, and ways to achieve a Morris-style décor at home: decorating with pattern, wall adornment with paint, paper and fabric, window treatments, furniture and furnishings. Each chapter explores Morris's ideas on these subjects, gives examples of commissions undertaken by Morris & Co., and finishes with Wilhide offering sensible suggestions on ways to attain the desired look in the twenty-first century. I particularly enjoyed the chapter on decorating with pattern, where Wilhide writes comprehensibly about the ways in which Morris revolutionised the art of pattern-making, and changed the course of western design. The Glossary of Patterns section, illustrating sixty of the most popular designs by Morris & Co., is design heaven.

The only obvious additions or amendments to the book are in the section on Commercial Suppliers. This is now arranged into Stockists and Suppliers, and Collections. Addition of web addresses is helpful, but a simple proof-reading

and checking of these links would have identified errors with several addresses, including that of The William Morris Society. Inclusion of telephone numbers would have been helpful, as would adding Emery Walker's House under Collections. Last, the lack of an updated Bibliography is unforgiveable. While all of the books listed make excellent further reading, the most recent publication date is 1990. During the last twenty-five years other excellent sources have appeared, including, in particular, *The Collected Letters of Jane Morris*, Fiona MacCarthy's *William Morris: A Life for Our Time*, 1995, and Pamela Todd's *William Morris and The Arts & Crafts Home*, 2005.

William Morris: Décor & Design makes enjoyable reading, and is a visual delight for readers interested specifically in Morris's design ideas about home décor. By way of her sensible, practical suggestions, Wilhide succeeds in providing an inspirational guide for simple and cost-effective ways of creating a Morris-inflected interior. She reminds us that Morris campaigned hard in order to render the experience of everyday living more beautiful and more efficient, encouraging people to examine carefully the objects they used, and their surroundings, in order to discard the ugly and useless. She wisely concludes that it is this attitude of selection, appreciation and enjoyment of simplicity and purity which is the most important component in creating a Morris interior. I am however left with the feeling that this edition is, sadly, a lost opportunity, and I would suggest that readers looking to buy the book first have a rummage in a second-hand bookshop for the 1991 edition.

Fiona Rose

Wendy Parkins, *Jane Morris, The Burden of History*, Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2013, 194 pp. Hbk, £70. ISBN 9780748641277.

Wendy Parkins's new book on Jane Morris promises to draw on theoretical scholarship in literary theory and gender studies in order to reinterpret Jane's history. She states that 'the myth of Jane Morris will be juxtaposed with contrasting representation and interpretations'. (p. xiv) The book is therefore not a biography of Jane, but rather a thematic study of aspects of her life. The author's ambition to make Jane 'no longer just an ancillary character in the lives of famous men' (p. xvi) is admirable.

Parkins argues that in order truly to understand Jane, a major re-interpretation is necessary, and uses a theoretical framework deriving from Pierre Bourdieu's theory of *habitus*. She assumes that every reader will be familiar with Bourdieu's

theories, and thus does not give much background about them. Essentially Bourdieu proposes that certain norms and tendencies guide thought and behaviour. These become deposited in individuals, and determine thoughts, feelings and actions. This analysis forms the core of Parkins's treatment of Jane's life.

The strongest parts of the book are straightforward examinations and interpretations of the archival record. There are particularly interesting discussions of Philip Webb's letters to Jane. To the author's credit, she has spent a considerable amount of time using both archival resources and contemporary periodicals. She has made several interesting discoveries, including in Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's diaries at the Fitzwilliam Museum where, for example, she found a previously unknown entry showing that Jane gave Blunt a tour of the Grosvenor Gallery exhibition in 1886. This finding reinforces Jane's previously known interest in the Gallery exhibitions and illustrates her familiarity and ease with contemporary painting. Publication of *The Collected Letters of Jane Morris* in 2012 came too late for systematic use of Jane's correspondence in the book, but Parkins does manage to insert a few relevant references.

Parkins divides her work into examination of a series of tropes which have been used both by her contemporaries and later writers on the Pre-Raphaelites in order to characterise Jane; invalid, mistress, lower class woman, muse and craftswoman. While Parkins is highly critical of use of these tropes in relation to Jane Morris, structuring the book around them encourages the reader to see Jane through this prism. It is ironic that the first page states that, like a refrain, 'the stories told of Jane Morris have typically involved repetitions, simplistic and persistent, that reiterate an always-already known tale' – because the chapters which follow do essentially the same thing, albeit with a repeating analysis which persistently argues that Jane's active role in her life story has been misrepresented or marginalised. It is true that the previous 'absence of Jane's epistolary voice' and the lack of any recorded recollections by Jane, previously obstructed easy biographical accounts, but in other ways her historical presence in a well-documented social circle has been assiduously picked over, as it is once more here.

Some of these older interpretations of Jane's actions, thoughts, character and emotions are so insignificant that they are hardly worth attacking, much less dissecting. Others, such as the somewhat minor role Jane is allocated in Mackail's original (1899) biography of Morris, may legitimately derive from her own preference, at a time when gossip about her private affairs was spicing up. However, the only interpretation Parkins seems to consider is that Jane was deliberately kept out of the biography.

Parkins's book is not an analysis of all works about Jane and how she has been interpreted. Rather, its focus is almost exclusively on those publications discussing Jane (mostly from the 1940s to the 1970s) Parkins finds questionable. More recent works (which in many cases seek to correct past interpretations) are barely

mentioned. For example, Parkins spends several pages analysing (and criticising) Rosalie Glyn Gryllis's 1964 description of Jane's antipathy to her husband's socialism. However, Fiona MacCarthy's conclusion (in her 1996 biography of Morris) that socialism was not a major cause of friction between the Morrises, is relegated to a footnote. MacCarthy's biography is to a large extent left out of Parkins's book.

In her discussion of previous works on Jane, Parkins almost completely overlooks Jan Marsh's groundbreaking *Pre-Raphaelite Sisterhood* and *Jane and May Morris*. There are a few stray references to Marsh's works, but these mainly dispute some minor point. While in the Introduction, she acknowledges that Marsh's work was 'trailblazing' (p. 9), nowhere is Marsh's work analysed, nor is Marsh given credit for her original research or for previously arguing some of the very revisions in views of Jane which Parkins promotes. Marsh's revolutionary work initiated a major re-evaluation of the women involved in the Pre-Raphaelite circle, and has led to a major shift in scholarship in relation to them. Certainly Marsh's work is relevant to Parkins's stated purpose in writing the book. Nowhere is this lapse explained.

One odd discussion is a lengthy review of Jane's relationship with Wilfrid Scawen Blunt: Parkins characterises Blunt's interest in Dante Gabriel Rossetti as 'almost homoerotically charged'. (p. 43) In her analysis of Jane in relation to the two men, 'the woman functions merely to authorize and confirm the idealized if unachievable homosocial relation; she may have the final work in endorsing the men's bond but it is ultimately their story not hers'. (p. 47) The remarkable aspect of this discussion of Blunt's mental state regarding the relationship is that there is relatively little analysis of Jane's own motivations and feelings. One could see this extensive dissection of the relationship through Blunt's interests (whether one agrees with Parkins homosocial theories or not) as precisely the kind of dismissive analysis of Jane which Parkins finds so false in other publications.

Parkins begins the section 'Class' with valid criticism of other authors who found Jane's class 'fixed and irrevocable'. One of the authors discussed is E.P. Thompson, who characterises Jane as 'spoiled and indifferent'. It is quite striking that an advocate of the working classes such as Thompson would have treated Jane, who originated in them, so harshly. As Parkins describes, 'a woman may marry up, these biographers imply, but her past will always betray her'. (pp. 83–84) However, she herself then goes on to refer to Jane on other occasions as a 'working class woman' or 'working class', not allowing her to break free of her status at birth. In her analysis of Jane's extensive reading, Parkins suggests that it may have been 'aspirational', as if not motivated by genuine intellectual curiosity, but an effort to make herself seem genteel. (pp. 95–97) All of this seems quite unfair to the remarkable achievement which characterises Jane's re-creation of herself. One need only compare her to other women in the Pre-Raphaelite circle with

working-class origins, such as Emma Brown, in order to appreciate the amazing, almost seamless, social and intellectual transformation Jane accomplished.

There are some errors in the book. For example, there is a discussion of Phillis Ellis (whose name she also misspells as Phyllis) as F.S. Ellis's wife, (p. 100) when in fact she was his daughter (Ellis's wife was Caroline). Similarly, some of her conclusions seem based on nothing more than speculation. Near the beginning, there is a lengthy discussion involving which name to use for Jane. In order justify her choice not to use 'Janey', Parkins states that she chose not to, in part, because Janey was a name Jane Morris 'rarely uses' in letters. (p. xii) There may well be strong reasons for not using a diminutive to refer to Jane Morris, but this is not one of them. In Jane's published correspondence, close to one-fifth of the surviving letters are signed 'Janey'. This, of course, does not include the numerous lost letters to her husband, sister and the Burne-Joneses, to whom every letter would have been signed 'Janey'.

As the first work of theoretical scholarship on Jane Morris, this book will hopefully serve to broaden the audience of those interested in her. Certainly the book is to be welcomed as another contribution to understanding Jane's life and significance.

Frank C. Sharp

Mark Frost, *The Lost Companions and John Ruskin's Guild of St George: A Revisionary History*. London & New York: The Anthem Press, 2014, 250 pp. Hbk, £60. ISBN 9781783082834.

When William Morris 'crossed the river of fire' in 1883 and joined a Socialist body, he was making one of a number of possible choices. During the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, several alternatives to unchecked capitalism and the mainstream political parties existed. There were, for instance, the social Liberals, whose ideas went into the University settlements. Most of them eventually joined the Labour Party, which brought together several radical tendencies. Other movements were also developing, on the right as well as the left . There were also radical Tories, for instance, who hated the movement away from the land, and the inhumanity of the factory system.

Where did John Ruskin stand in all of this: the thinker who had, in his great essay 'On the Nature of Gothic' (1853) pointed out what Morris called 'a new road on which the world should travel'? Ruskin continued to influence Morris, was an inspiration for the University settlements, and was acknowledged at home and

abroad as presenting a serious challenge to industrial capitalism – by Tolstoy in Russia, for instance, and early during the next century, by Gandhi as well. But during the 1870s and 1880s, Ruskin was mainly concerned with his own Utopian body, which, unlike many of its rivals, is still active today. This is the Guild of St George, founded in 1871 as St George's Fund. Its main purpose was to restore and reform the rural economy, not merely as a back-to-the-land movement but as a modern response to the evils of industrialism. The Guild also promoted the arts and crafts, and planned to create communities in the countryside with their own schools and school curricula, and their own art galleries and libraries. Ruskin founded the Guild in despair at the way things were going, particularly for the artisan class, for which he felt deep sympathy.

The trouble was that Ruskin's despair was caused not only by the state of things in the world – though that was wholly genuine – but also by the state of things in his own mind and heart. In 1878, just as the Guild was finally registered with the Board of Trade, he suffered the first of seven mental breakdowns. The Guild was an obvious victim of this decline. Quite early on in the process, he seems to have lost interest in developing it, and gradually came to concentrate his attention on what everyone agrees was its chief success, the St George's Museum on the edge of Sheffield, now named the Ruskin Collection, and housed in central Sheffield's Millennium Gallery. But the Guild's prospects had never been good. Of Ruskin's obvious friends and allies, people of distinction in the arts and the public world, few rallied to his cause. Had they done so – had Morris and Burne-Jones done so, to go no further – the Guild might have moved on in spite of its Master's difficulties. Presumably they had realised that Ruskin was unstable and steered clear of all his hare-brained schemes. The irony is that the Guild survived and achieved important things – today as well as then.

But the Guild has tended to be regarded as faintly ridiculous and at best quixotic. One important feature of Mark Frost's indispensable book is that he shows how effective several of Ruskin's initiatives in fact were, and attributes the downbeat accounts one reads of them to the Master's own failure to build on his own successes. But the chief message of the book is not to Ruskin's credit and makes for painful reading, especially for those who still count themselves among his followers.

Frost argues that there was a deep contradiction in Ruskin's outlook, which puzzled his readers and deterred sympathisers from joining the Guild. The message was one of sympathy for the poor and deprived, and provoked Ruskin to the kind of radical language Morris found so inspiring. But Ruskin was not joking, as some have thought, when in the eighth of his 'Letters to the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain' – the series *Fors Clavigera* – he wrote: 'I am, and my father was before me, a violent Tory of the old school …' He wanted a strictly hierarchical society in which the chief duty of the labouring classes was to obey

their masters. Of course, he understood only too well that there was more than enough reason for them to disobey, given the injustice of their circumstances, but the utopia he imagined was one where the wise ruled and the poor, decently housed and fed, were there to be governed. Moreover, in the previous letter, written at the time of the Paris Commune, he had also told his (no doubt bemused) readers: 'I am myself a Communist of the old school, reddest … of the red'.

Intellectually speaking, there is much to be said for this refusal to be tied to an existing ideology. In one of the fascinating interviews given by the Marxist historian Tony Judt, just before he died, he insisted that Socialism was in some ways a conservative movement, as Morris would surely have agreed, the implication being that capitalism is dedicated to erasing the past in the interest of future profit. Frost might have dealt with that argument, but his purpose here is to recover, from the oblivion they have fallen into, those working-class Companions who (as he sees it) became the victims of Ruskin's medievalising fantasies.

Fortunately for his readers, the grimness of Frost's conclusion accompanies the thrill of scholarly discovery. He early on tells the story of the key finding – in the library of Wellesley College, just before closing time – of 'an article tucked away in a previously uncatalogued manuscript'. The article was by a working-class Scotsman, William Buchan Graham, who had worked for something like eight years on the Guild's land in Worcestershire, and had something to complain about. That land, situated in Wyre Forest near Bewdley, was given to the Guild by the Mayor of Birmingham, George Baker, who went on to succeed Ruskin as Guild Master. Bewdley has claims to being the most important centre of Guild activity from the 1870s to the present day. It was only there that the Guild's aspirations to communal life met with success, particularly during the 1890s and early twentieth century when a group of Ruskinians from Liverpool settled there. In view of the depressing character of some of Frost's revelations, it is pleasant to add that Wyre Forest is today the site of the Guild's most imaginative work in the fields of twenty-first century sustainability, social responsibility and rural co-operation.

Yet Graham's involvement with it seems to have been, for him, something of a disaster. Frost begins with an account of the Guild's early years, and its roots in Ruskin's earlier thought. Simply as a history, it is a work of considerable value and significance, and one which it is possible to recommend to anyone interested in the radical movements of the later nineteenth century. But the real impact it makes is during its second half, which deals mainly with four largely forgotten individuals: Graham, James Burdon, John Guy and William Harrison Riley. All four were working-class men attracted to the Guild by the possibility of reviving a dignified and life-enhancing agricultural labour. They were what Ruskin called 'Companions Militant', lying in his hierarchy between 'Companions Servant' (the higher class individuals who administered the Guild) and 'Companions

Consular' (who were happy to fund it without participating in its work). In practice, though, they quickly fell to the bottom of the heap. It was they who were expected to labour on the Guild's land, often forgotten or disregarded, underpaid, paid late or not paid at all, treated by Ruskin and the 'servants' with a mixture of high-handed authoritarianism and thoughtless neglect.

Of Burdon and Riley a little was known before. The former went to prison for forging a cheque in Ruskin's name, and received financial help from him on release. The latter led the disastrous experiment in agricultural Communism at Totley near Sheffield. Both men appear in a dark light in Ruskin biographies, but it appears that both of them – though certainly not blameless – have been deliberately blackened in order to preserve the Master's noble reputation. It is unlikely that Ruskin himself was to blame for this, but George Baker (his successor and, in effect, his deputy) was, as also were Ruskin's posthumous torchbearers. Guy, who was briefly praised by Ruskin and seems to have deserved it, had vanished from sight when Frost began his work, while Graham was simply unknown – in spite of the fact that the Guild's successes at Bewdley were founded on his unacknowledged toil.

Was Ruskin simply a hypocrite? I think not. Believing in the importance of 'Mastership' – of taking responsibility for the ills of the time – he took on a role he was ill-equipped for. He was already committed to a punishing range of work of different kinds and from time to time he simply let the Guild slip from his thoughts. Moreover, as we have seen, his emotional life was in turmoil. None of these facts provides sufficient excuse for his failure, but they do not suggest a man who wilfully damaged the lives of others. He had created the Guild in order to help the very people it appears to have harmed, and there are innumerable instances of Ruskin treating working-class people with affection and respect. This book cites the instances of George Allen, the journeyman printer who became Ruskin's publisher, and Henry Swan, who curated the Guild's Museum in Walkley near Sheffield, both of whom he regarded as dear friends. Frost thinks Ruskin's real error lies in the inherent contradiction in his own social philosophy: that he believed in educating working-class people in a caring society, but refused to accept the implication that education would lead to equality. The result was the mock-feudalism of Companions Servant and Militant, and the dependence of everyone on a Master without the strength or consistency to support them. It is a dismal conclusion, though Frost's book actually ends with praise – justified praise, I think – for the 'bravery' of Ruskin's leap in the dark and his creation of a body committed to the idea that there is (as Morris put it, writing of Ruskin) 'pleasure in labour', when the context of that labour is creative, collaborative and in tune with the world around us.

Clive Wilmer

Mercia McDermott, *Lone Red Poppy*, London: Manifesto Press, 2014, 249 pp. Pbk, £14.95. ISBN 9781907464102.

The story of Dimiter Blagoev (1856–1924), founder of the Bulgarian Communist Party, will not be familiar to many people in Britain but the author's account of his life and political philosophy provides invaluable insights into Balkan history and the doings of communist groups on the continent when Morris was actively involved in similar bodies in Britain. It also helps challenge the generally negative view of eastern and Soviet communism held in the West. The author writes in an engaging and lucid style, which enables readers to understand some of the key political arguments within the development of revolutionary socialism.

McDermott, a long-time member of the William Morris Society, speaks both Bulgarian and Russian, lived and worked in Bulgaria for many years when it was part of the eastern bloc, and is well-known in Bulgaria for her biography of the revolutionary Vasil Levski. She has therefore been able to gain access to original documents as well as personal accounts, and the book is meticulously researched. The title *Lone Red Poppy* refers to a Bulgarian poem, which poses the question:

> Why do I bloom, why am I living
> Unnoticed I shall die tomorrow,
> Of use to none upon this earth.

The reply states that, although frail, the poppy will scatter seeds that will eventually bloom and multiply – an apt metaphor for Blagoev's philosophy and life.

Blagoev was born in 1856 in western Macedonia, now part of Greece, but at the time populated by Bulgarians, and part of the Ottoman Empire. When Blagoev was twelve, appointment at the local school of Dinaka, an inspired teacher and ardent Bulgarian nationalist, helped develop his steely determination to continue his education and to improve the life of ordinary Bulgarians. Although the author explains the stifling of Bulgarian identity in Macedonia, she fails to contrast this with the National Revival Movement in Bulgaria, which saw a flourishing of Bulgarian pride in its history and culture. There is also, surprisingly, no mention in the book of Levski, the 'apostle' of freedom, who is still so revered throughout Bulgaria. Levski was a charismatic revolutionary leader who argued that the ordinary people needed to be educated and prepared before an armed revolt against Ottoman rule could be successful. Blagoev was to follow this philosophy when setting up the communist party later in his life. Levski was hanged in 1873, three years before the April uprising in 1876, which was put down with such great savagery by the Turks that public outrage at Disraeli's support for Turkey led to the formation of the Eastern Question Association (EQA) of which William Morris became the treasurer. Political circumstances in Bulgaria were thus instrumental in Morris's eventual conversion to socialism. In a letter to *The*

Daily News in October 1876 Morris wrote 'as one of a large class of men – quiet men, who usually go about their own business, heeding public matters less than they ought …' The EQA also brought him into contact with articulate members of the working class, and led to his *Manifesto to the Working Men of England*.

In April 1877, Russia declared war on Turkey, and sent troops into Bulgaria. Blagoev, who was studying in Stara Zagora at the time, was overjoyed and set out to welcome the Russian army. The Treaty of San Stefano, which followed defeat of the Turks, ceded 60% of the Balkan peninsula to Bulgaria. However, four months later, the Western Powers, fearing establishment of a powerful Russian ally in the region, revoked this agreement by signing the Treaty of Berlin which divided Bulgaria in half, creating a separate Eastern Rumelia in the south and giving Macedonia and other territory back to Turkey. No account was taken of ethnicity, and the treaty left every Balkan nation feeling cheated, thus fuelling future wars in the region. As a consequence, Bulgaria fought six wars with other Balkan States between 1878 and WWII, mainly over Macedonia. Although himself a Macedonian, Blagoev throughout his life argued against nationalism and war, insisting that the only solution was a Balkan Federation.

In 1878, aged twenty-two, Blagoev was still determined to continue his education and so set out for Odessa and then later St Petersburg. It was during this time that he was continually reflecting, like the lone poppy, on the meaning of life. It was in St Petersburg that he found the answer. The city was a hotbed of student revolutionary fervour, and it was here that Blagoev first read Marx's *Kapital*. On the basis of that reading, he challenged the belief of the more numerous Narodniks – that capitalism could be overthrown by the peasants – and set up the first Social-Democratic or Marxist circle in Russia and began spreading his ideas among proletarian factory workers. It was not long before he was expelled.

However, during his time in Russia, Blagoev also met the Bulgarian woman who was to become his wife. Vela Zhivkova was a committed Marxist with a special interest in women's issues and education. Not only did she look after their four children and the home while working as a teacher, she also edited a newspaper, ran women's groups and while in Plovdiv set up seven kindergartens. Her salary and organisational skills allowed Blagoev to concentrate on his writing and political activity. He could not have chosen a more suitable wife. It is not clear from this biography however, whether Vela was ever recognised formally in her own right as a communist activist.

In 1891, ten years after the foundation of the Social Democratic Federation in London, Blagoev was instrumental in founding the Bulgarian Social-Democratic Party, with similar objectives divided into minimum and long-term aims. Despite Bulgaria being mainly an agrarian country, Blagoev, in line with Marx and Lenin, insisted on educating the workers rather than the peasants. He also demanded complete adherence to 'scientific socialist' principles, thus leading

to a split with others whom McDermott terms 'broad socialists', and 'opportunists'. Blagoev thus concentrated on preparing the workers for the revolution by educating them in Marxist ideology by publishing newspapers, books, and by lectures and discussions. He also gave them opportunities to govern their own affairs. This approach proved successful when the Social Democratic Party won the municipal elections in Samokov in 1910 and, despite various underhand attempts to discredit it, not only restored the town's finances but also introduced numerous social reforms aimed at improving the lives of the poor. Such success was later reproduced in other towns.

Between 1899 and 1915, Blagoev worked tirelessly as a member of the National Assembly, writer and socialist leader. When Bulgaria declared war on Britain and France in 1915, the Social Democratic Party was the only one to speak out against the war. In 1919, their analysis proved correct, when the Treaty of Neuilly demanded approximately one quarter of the country's wealth in reparations, punishing Bulgaria even more severely than Germany. Also the loss of Western Thrace led to the expulsion by Greece of the Bulgarians living there. Blagoev's practice of nurturing the seeds of socialism paid off in 1919 when, helped by the success of the Russian Revolution in 1917, and the negative consequences of the war, the newly named Bulgarian Communist Party won the second largest number of seats in the National Assembly and extended its control of local councils. Despite this flowering of socialism, the period before Blagoev's death was overshadowed by what the book describes as his only major mistake – his failure to recognise the threat posed by fascist elements resulting in his refusal to form an alliance with the Agrarian Party. In 1923, a successful fascist coup led to banning of the Communist Party and to brutal suppression of its supporters.

After a lengthy illness, Blagoev died in 1924. The seeds he had sown lay fallow until 1944 when the communist-led Fatherland Front took power. In an epilogue, McDermott acknowledges that many mistakes were subsequently made by the Communists in power, through a failure to live up to the Marxist values Blagoev held so dear, but she also makes a plea that the many positive socialist achievements of this period should not be overlooked. Significantly, Bulgaria was the one country in the former Eastern Bloc which voted in the Communist Party after 1989 despite the American Government providing the opposition with the most support given to any former soviet socialist republic.

Lone Red Poppy is worth reading not only as the biography of a remarkable man, but also as providing an opportunity of a comparison between socialism as understood by Blagoev and by Morris. How interesting it would have been to listen in to a discussion over dinner between these two famous socialists.

Helena Nielsen

Graham Peel, *Alec Miller: Carver, Guildsman, Sculptor,* Tenbury Wells, Worcs, UK: Graham Peel, 2014, 296 pp., numerous black & white and coloured illustrations, Pbk, £14. ISBN 9780992739102. Copies may be obtained from: Graham Peel, Glenville, Berrington Road, Tenbury Wells, Worcestershire WR15 8EL, e-mail: peel94@btinternet.com, £14 plus £3 p & p, payment by cheque or PayPal.

Graham Peel has written a closely researched account of the achievements, interests and hard-working life of one of the most important carvers and sculptors of the first half of the twentieth century. Alec Miller (1879–1961) was a member of the Guild of Handicraft in Chipping Campden from 1902 until its closure in 1907, and corresponded regularly with Charles and Janet Ashbee long after its dissolution, when he was to run his own studios in the town, and later the United States. He is a little known Arts and Crafts figure today, partly because he concentrated on portrait sculpture during his later career, and partly because he emigrated to the United States in 1939, when work in Britain became difficult to find. He had little sympathy with modernism and abstraction. The book is introduced by Paul Atterbury, and divided into five hefty chapters which delineate stages in Miller's interesting life: child, apprentice, guildsman, master craftsman and expatriate. The story displays the importance of motivation, life-long self-improvement, and a certain serendipity in meeting the right people at the right time. A second edition might benefit from some close editing of syntax and spelling.

Alec Miller was born into a strict, teetotal, Baptist family in Garnethill, Glasgow. Peel vividly describes life in a Glasgow tenement, with unlit staircases, communal lavatories and laundries in a back court. William Miller, Alec's father, was a self-employed cabinet maker. Life was hard, with six children to feed and clothe, until the older boys began to bring in some money. Alec became a 'milk-boy' at the age of nine, delivering milk before school, including on Sundays, for which he earned a shilling a week to supplement the family income. On Sundays, older children attended a total of three hours of church services, plus an hour's evening Sunday school. Alec did not attend church regularly after he left home in 1902 but remained a searcher after spiritual truth, and two of his most respected friends were clergymen. He read everything he was allowed or could lay his hands on and began a lifelong habit of drawing everywhere he went.

Alec left school when he was twelve and was lucky enough to be offered a seven-year apprenticeship by Caroline Anstruther, who had probably met him in his father's workshop and recognised his skill in drawing. She ran a professional wood-carving shop and school in Glasgow. Trained at the School of Art Woodcarving in South Kensington, later to be absorbed into the Royal College of Art, Miss Anstruther was an example of an upper-class woman who had been influenced by the ideas of Ruskin and Morris, not just in terms of craft and design

but also in attempting to improve the social lot of those less fortunate than she. With Scottish ancestry, she also became fascinated by the ideas of the Celtic Revival. She had enlisted the help of the Home Arts and Industries Association in setting her business on strong lines. Her picture (p. 25) shows a most attractive woman with a powerful right forearm – essential for woodcarving!

Miss Anstruther gave Alec a comprehensive training in design and artistic sensibility, as well as woodcarving. He progressed well, and supplemented what he learned during the day with evening art classes on drawing, shading and perspective and an additional woodcarving course run by the Kyrle Society. He also attended drawing classes at the Glasgow School of Art. The hard, concentrated, daily work bent over a bench or table unfortunately caused a malformation of his spine. He became very useful to Miss Anstruther and learned to carve swiftly, to a formula, in tackling multiple tasks – for instance *Acanthus* leaves on the top and bottom of a hundred pine balusters. He began to teach the less-experienced students in the school, and classes of ladies outside Glasgow where, however, he was enraged on more than one occasion to be offered lunch in the kitchen while his pupils ate in the dining room. In 1898, when Alec completed his apprenticeship, Miss Anstruther arranged him a week's holiday in London, where a friend of hers, a Miss Strode, introduced him to the British Museum and the Victoria & Albert Museum, Leighton House, North End House where Burne-Jones had died a few months before, and G.F. Watts's studio where he was overwhelmed by a model for the great 'Physical Energy' equestrian statue. He particularly appreciated Watts's portraits in the National Portrait Gallery.

In 1899 Miss Anstruther opened a summer studio in Oban which Alec was to run. Here he taught and accepted commissions, two of which were precursors of the work which would dominate his career between the wars – a Boer war memorial, and a *reredos* for a private chapel. She was keen he should become as confident as possible, away from his family and Glasgow. She gave him a copy of Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and late in life Alec was to write, 'the eloquence and power, the acute analysis, the imaginative range of his mind in the book made a very powerful impression on me – an impression still vivid and potent'. (p. 45) Ruskin led to Morris, the Pre-Raphaelites, and medievalism. The idea of the medieval guild became more and more attractive. C.R. Ashbee was in the process of arranging the Guild of Handicraft's move from Whitechapel to Chipping Campden when Miss Anstruther wrote to him on Alec's behalf. Miller met Ashbee in Cheyne Walk, and was successfully interviewed in Whitechapel by the Guild foreman. He was to join them in Chipping Campden.

The culture-shock on arriving in a Cotswold market town from Glasgow must have been great. However, 'CRA' (Ashbee) and the other guildsmen did their best to settle Alec in and the glorious countryside around the town worked

its magic. The structure and discipline in the workshops is interesting:

> Any guildsman arriving more than five minutes late would be locked out for half
> an hour and so lose half an hour's wage. The working day began at 7 am. The men
> worked until 8.30 when they took half an hour for breakfast. They continued
> from 9 until 10.50 when there was a ten minute break, time for biscuits, buns, tea,
> or for some men, beer. After another two hours there was an hour's break for
> lunch. The afternoon session lasted three and a half hours with a ten minute
> break for tea at 4. The beginning and end of each break was signalled on a hand
> bell. (p. 52)

Breaks in the working day were often spent in different workshops, so that Alec
became accustomed to the disciplines of silversmithing, metalwork, bookbind-
ing, blacksmithing, enamelling or printing.

'In the print shop he met three men who had come to the Guild only a few
years earlier when the [Kelmscott] press had been bought by Ashbee after the
death of William Morris. Led by Tom Binning, the foreman, they had all worked
for Morris at the Kelmscott Press. They spoke of him with a wonder, reverence
and admiration which never declined. Tom Binning had followed Morris in his
political work into the Social Democratic Federation and he retained his ardent
support for the cause'. (p. 53) Miller described Binning as 'a silent man, capable,
efficient, austere till one got him started on the theme of Morris. I do not mean
that he was in the least disloyal to Ashbee and his Essex House Press, but *any*
press – any master – was but second best after Morris. How few men have had
Morris'[s] galvanic power and capacity for arousing and keeping an undying loy-
alty'. (p. 54) However, Alec was surprised by how little certain guildsmen knew
about Morris and his ideas.

In addition to absorbing work, comradeship, and the exchange of lively ideas,
CRA introduced his workforce to extramural activities and people of quite differ-
ent backgrounds. Friday evening guild singsongs and poetry readings were also
enjoyed by visitors such as William and Evelyn de Morgan, and Sydney and
Beatrice Webb. Alec became comfortable with people outside his own class and
close friends with the Ashbees.

Graham Peel gives an exhaustive account of Miller's life's work. While carving
for the Guild he received his first major ecclesiastical commission, for a *reredos*
for St James's Church, Walthamstow. This was the first of many such commis-
sions, from both sides of the Atlantic, in Canada as well as the United States. He
began to carve in stone, and frequently finished his wood sculptures with colour,
medieval fashion. His superb work for St Michael's Church in Coventry, later
Coventry Cathedral, towards the end of the First World War, was sadly lost to the
blitz. This included a magnificent, coloured statue of St Michael. After the First
War, demand for war memorials from all over the country was great and Miller

was fully employed with this and further ecclesiastical work. He also began to extend his portraiture commissions. The list of extant works in the appendices is impressive, and will enliven visits to such disparate places as Boot in Eskdale, or Madresfield Court. There is another impressive list, of his lecture titles, some delivered more than once, in England and America, on subjects such as 'Morris and Burne-Jones', 'RL Stevenson', 'Ruskin Reconsidered', 'Should we be Teaching Art' and 'Sculpture as Petrified History'. He was a fluent letter writer and a loyal friend.

In 1939, the Millers left England for the United States. Alec had begun to feel out of step with the latest movements in art, although he had some sympathy with Gill and Epstein. It seemed that there would be more demand for his sort of work on the other side of the Atlantic. He was sixty. He and his wife Eleanor returned to Britain in 1961 with a full itinerary of old haunts and old friends to visit, but missed Janet Ashbee by days. She died on 8 May. In the words of Alec's daughter Jane: 'The blow was a mortal one - and yet like all such it opened a door, this time to his own release'. (p. 269) Miller died peacefully in his sleep on 17 May 1961.

Diana Andrews

Joanne Parker & Corinna Wagner, *Art & Soul: Victorians and The Gothic*, Bristol: Sansom & Co., 2014, 91 pp., fifty colour images, Pbk, £12.95. ISBN 9781908326652.

Art & Soul accompanied the Royal Albert Memorial Museum's exhibition of the same name, which ran in Exeter from 22 November 2014 until 12 April 2015. The book, like the exhibition, considers the influence of the Gothic Revival – and more broadly, medievalism – on 'art, architecture, literature, religion, politics and the monarchy' during the nineteenth century. It is made up of two illustrated essays (69 pp.) and a brief guide to visitor attractions in the South West which pertain to the Gothic Revival (11 pp.). The exhibition included work from, among others, Morris, Burne-Jones, William Burges, Pugin, and J.W. Waterhouse. Thirty of the book's fifty images are of items displayed in the exhibition, such as Morris's 'Figure of Guenevere' (watercolour and graphite), and Walter Crane's title-page for *The Story of the Glittering Plain*. However, *Art & Soul* is not merely a supplement to the exhibition: the essays stand alone as substantial explorations of Victorian attitudes to the past, and the book will appeal both to those who visited the exhibition, and those who did not.

The first essay, entitled 'Imagining the Middle Ages', is a thirty-two-page overview of Victorian medievalism by Joanne Parker. She begins by examining the definition of 'medieval', contrasting Boris Johnson's recent usage – when he seems to have used it to mean 'savage' – with earlier, more neutral, uses of the word during the nineteenth century. The essay is then divided into eight further sections separated by sub-headings, which explore Victorian attitudes to the past and the Middle Ages; the links between Queen Victoria and medievalism; the works of Sir Walter Scott; medievalist literature and architecture in the South West of England; the renewed interest in King Arthur during the nineteenth century; the Pre-Raphaelites; and, finally, the legacy of Victorian medievalism up to the present day.

Of the topics covered, the section on the South West is the least well integrated. The Foreword to *Art & Soul* explains that the book and exhibition are the culmination of a multi-year research project exploring Victorian medievalism in the South West, and the section in Parker's essay is clearly a product of that regional investigation. The majority of the essay is more broadly about medievalism in Victorian Britain, however, and the South West section, while interesting, is awkwardly sandwiched between parts of the wider analysis.

The rest of the sections work together to build up a comprehensive account of Victorian medievalism which covers the main forms, and the most influential figures. Morris's work is featured at the end of the section on Scott, where Parker names Morris 'the most prolific imitator of medieval literary forms'. (p. 20) She does not discuss other aspects of Morris's medievalism – only his poetry and prose romances – but then she only briefly touches on any of her subjects before moving onto the next. This is not necessarily a weakness: by peppering the essay with so many examples, quotations, and names, Parker ensures that those coming to the topic for the first time will enjoy a wide-ranging introduction which covers a lot of material in a short space, whilst those who are already familiar with the subject will still discover something new.

The last section, which discusses the legacy of Victorian medievalism, is particularly interesting. Refreshingly, it avoids retreading the old argument that chivalry died (or was at least greatly damaged) by the First World War. Instead, Parker suggests that it was more specifically the 'obsession with the Anglo-Saxons that came to an end in the early twentieth century after the first and second World Wars', at least until a recent resurgence of interest in Anglo-Saxon/English identity. (p. 35) Parker traces other aspects of Victorian medievalism, such as the interest in King Arthur, and the popularity of the medieval-inspired designs of Morris and Co., up to the present day. Finally, she compares Morris, Tennyson, Swinburne, and Charlotte Yonge to George R.R. Martin, writer of *A Game of Thrones*. For Parker, the *Thrones* book and TV series is 'the progeny of Victorian medievalism'. (p. 36) Martin shares with Victorian writers many of the same

interests, even if the amount of sex and violence in *Game of Thrones* marks it apart from earlier texts. This short comparison puts Victorian writers in a new, contemporary, context.

The second essay, by Corinna Wagner, entitled 'Victorian Resurrections: Gothic and the Challenges of Modernity', explores the idea of the Gothic in literature and architecture, considering its influence on politics, religion, and the concept of foreignness. Wagner includes four case studies: the illustrations to Pugin's *Contrasts*, which compare medieval and Victorian buildings; the construction of a Gothic-style water pumping station in Exeter; the Gothic architecture and designs of William Burges in Devon; and the woodcarving and sculpture of Harry Hems in Devon and Cornwall. Three of these case studies are taken from the South West, and this regional focus returns at the end of the essay, when Wagner discusses the ways in which Gothic writers responded to Cornwall. These examples are used to illustrate points in the wider argument, and do not shift the direction of the overarching narrative. Wagner integrates her regional focus into her national overview more smoothly than Parker.

Like the preceding essay, 'Victorian Resurrections' covers a large collection of figures and ideas. Morris is briefly included, at the end of the case study on the Exeter pumping station, where Wagner discusses the link between beautiful design and good health in Morris's aesthetic philosophy, quoting from two of his talks ('The Prospects of Architecture in Civilization' [1881], and 'How Shall We Live Then?' [1889]). Wagner traces Morris's ideas from reaction to the 1832 cholera epidemic – despite the fact that Morris was born in 1834, more than two years after the first outbreak in England – when urban reforms became part of the long fight against the disease, and some architects, as well as improving the function of buildings and towns, took the opportunity to improve their appearance by using the Gothic style. In this section, and in other parts of the essay, the author stretches her argument thin by incorporating so many different ideas, without devoting the space to develop the links between them – but as with the preceding essay, this is an inevitable effect of providing a wide-ranging overview in a short book and is not caused by bad writing.

The guide to Gothic locations in the South West, which follows the two essays, provides entries on Castle Drogo, Tyntesfield, King Arthur's Great Halls in Tintagel, Knightshayes, the Royal Albert Memorial Museum, and the Cathedrals of Exeter and Truro. The entries include brief but interesting histories, and helpfully point out particularly worthwhile things to see.

The essays are well-researched and well-referenced: the footnotes enable readers to trace the quotations and ideas to their sources with ease, and the suggested reading list will help guide those who wish to find out more about the subject. One of the captions to Pugin's illustrations is mislabelled on p. 53 – 'A Catholic Town in 1840' should be 'The Same Town in 1840' – but otherwise the informa-

tion all appears to be accurate. The essays and guide are also well-presented: the text is divided into two columns, which makes it easy to read despite the wide pages (the book has roughly the same dimensions as A4); the subheadings and image captions are attractively printed in red; the pages are thick and glossy; and the book uses the beautiful Doves Type typeface, developed for T.J. Cobden Sanderson's Dove Press in 1899 and recently revived by Robert Green.

The essays and guide only represent half the value of *Art & Soul*, however; the fifty images sprinkled throughout the book represent the other half. Some are integrated into the essays – as with the case study on Pugin's *Contrasts*, where the illustrations under analysis are reproduced beside the text – and some simply provide additional examples of Victorian medievalism. Of particular note is a facsimile of the Kelmscott Press edition of *The Stones of Venice* printed in very fine detail and displayed over a two-page spread. It is almost as good as looking at the real thing. Most of the other images take up half a page each, but some – including Sir Edwin Landseer's oil painting of Victoria and Albert in fourteenth-century costume, also reproduced on the cover – are printed on a whole page with no margins.

For those wanting an introduction to Gothic and medieval influences in Victorian culture and society, *Art & Soul* provides a good, detailed overview. The occasional focus on the South West, while not always as well integrated with the rest of the text as it could be, is nevertheless a welcome presence in the book, adding another context to the study of Victorian medievalism.

Gabriel Schenk

Michael Hall, *George Frederick Bodley and the Late Gothic Revival in Britain and America*, New Haven and London: The Paul Mellon Centre for Studies in British Art & Yale University Press, 2014, 506 pp., 298 illustrations, £45. ISBN 9780300208023.

Michael Hall begins his illuminating account of Bodley at the Sheldonian Theatre in Oxford in June 1907, when honorary degrees were awarded to leaders in all fields of political and cultural life; the architect chosen for this distinction was Bodley, described in the English version of the Latin citation as 'probably the most distinguished architect of our time'. Hall argues that this judgment was not inappropriate, as only Richard Norman Shaw was equally prominent at the time, and he was known more for domestic and public buildings, while Bodley was valued for his contributions to the Gothic revival and to ecclesiastical architec-

ture. He also had a long career, lasting from 1852 to 1907, and a strong influence in America as well as Britain. During the 1960s and 1970s, Hall argues, Bodley's reputation declined along with respect for the Church of England, which Bodley had consistently served, while art history dismissed the later Gothic Revival as lacking the energy of the High Victorian period, and praised only Bodley's early buildings. For in 1862, Bodley changed his design for All Saints, in Jesus Lane, Cambridge, and developed a new style which came to be extremely influential, though it was to be decried by later critics such as J. Mordaunt Crook as showing a loss of nerve and 'increasingly feeble efforts to be "refined" '. (p. 4) Hall presents, in convincing detail, the case for Bodley, in the context suggested by his subtitle. He finds Bodley's late style 'challengingly spare and abstract'. (p. 5)

Bodley was born in 1827, his father a successful physician. His two older brothers attended Cambridge, but G.F. had developed a keen interest in architecture. He persuaded his father to arrange a pupillage for him in the office of the thirty-five-year-old George Gilbert Scott, at the beginning of his highly successful career; G.E. Street was a fellow-pupil. Bodley set up his own practice in 1852, and his involvement with the Morris circle began in 1856, when Morris joined Street's practice in Oxford. Bodley visited the newly built Red House in 1860, and we are shown, interestingly, that he was close to becoming a partner in 'the Firm' as it emerged in 1861; Hall refers to a lost letter from Morris to Brown of 14 December 1860, recorded by Mackail in 1899, including the words 'as to Bodley being one of the firm'. (p. 461, Note 106) Although this did not happen, Bodley became, in Hall's words, 'an enthusiastic collaborator' in the venture. (p.49) This brings us to the churches with which Morrisians are familiar because of their stained glass. The earliest of these, in 1862, were, St Michael, Brighton, 'his first urban church', and All Saints, Selsley, 'in a rural Cotswold setting'. (p. 55) In Brighton, the stained glass took a prominent place, although it formed only half of the featured work, the rest being by Clayton & Bell, an unusual arrangement which Hall suggests may have been motivated by a desire to get as much of the glazing as possible completed before the opening of the church – two of Morris's windows were not ready in time; (p. 64) the arrangement put Morris on his mettle – he referred to Clayton & Bell in a letter of the time as 'only glass painters in point of fact', later writing that 'they do very fair glass now since we have taught them how to colour'.

It is Hall's view that Clayton & Bell's unusually subdued windows are more in keeping with Bodley's church than those by MMF & Co., which have 'nothing remotely thirteenth-century in their style: the figures … are treated naturalistically like painting'. (p. 64) In discussing Bodley's next church, All Saints, Cambridge, Hall develops the unexpected argument that, although Morris was later to move away from any form of religious belief, this was not evident during the early 1860s; perhaps the 'Firm's' ecclesiastical work was undertaken not merely for

commercial reasons but by 'a higher sense of mission to the Church':

> In its early years, the firm in many ways fulfilled the youthful idea he had shared
> with Burne-Jones of founding an artistic brotherhood of a quasi-religious nature,
> a vision – perhaps inherited from Street – that began to evaporate only with
> Morris's departure from Red House in 1865. (p. 68)

Whatever Morris's motivation, there is no doubt of the quality of the windows he supplied at Selsley. 'Their fame is justified', and 'as at Brighton, the scenes are presented naturalistically, as pictures'. The glass here is 'doing something new: something gentler, more English and subdued than the glass that Bodley had commissioned from Hardman or Clayton and Bell'. By synthesising many elements, Morris was creating a High Victorian glass, 'both medieval and modern', and it was Bodley who encouraged its 'delicate transparency'. (p. 74)

A major shift in Bodley's work is discussed in the seventh chapter, 'The Return to Englishness'. In a section headed 'Morris and architects in the 1860s', Hall points out that, although Bodley favoured the work of MMF & Co., this taste was not shared by architects of the 'developed' Gothic style such as Butterfield and Burges. The dramatic change of direction in Bodley's work is shown clearly in his designs for All Saints, Cambridge around 1864: the first and second designs included 'developed' elements which were repudiated in the final design:

> Instead of a campanile, a low tower bearing a tall spire rises over the chancel.
> Instead of two narrow aisles, there is a single very wide aisle on the south. The
> early French plate tracery, the marble enrichment and the sculpture have been
> replaced by wholly English late thirteenth-century forms and detail. At a stroke,
> every element of developed Ruskinian Gothic has vanished. (p.107)

Hall places this significant change in Bodley's work in the context of the debate at the time about Englishness in architecture, quoting letters by Warington Taylor – now working for MMF & Co. – in which he criticised 'Burges and Seddon and hoc genus omne' for their employment of 'all that is huge coarse in French Gothic', neglecting English models. For him, 'the Firm' was going in the right direction – 'they get gradually lighter'; in another (undated) letter, to E.R. Robson, Taylor dismissed High Victorianism as 'vulgar', adding:

> English Gothic is small as our landscape is small, it is sweet homely picturesque
> farmyardish, Japanese, Social domestic – French is aspiring, grandly straining
> after the extraordinary, all very well in France but wrong here … We not only
> want a pointed arch &c – but we want an English version of it. (p.108)

Here, Hall argues, 'Taylor pointed forward, to the way in which the Gothic revival was to evolve over the next decade and beyond'. (p. 109) Since Taylor has tended to be marginalised in accounts of 'the Firm', it is good to find our attention

drawn to his vigorous writings on this issue.

During the 1870s there occurred what Hall calls 'the break with Morris'. The windows inserted by 'the Firm' in Jesus College chapel showed Burne-Jones's later style, influenced by Renaissance painting; the results, though powerful, tended to darken the chapel. Moreover, the college refused to use MMF & Co. after 1878, and Bodley began to employ Kempe, whose work became very important for him during later years. However, Garner recommended the new firm of Burlison & Grylls , and they supplied almost all the glass for Bodley and Garner after 1870. (p. 160) A letter of January 1872 explained Bodley's decision and also shows his fair-mindedness:

> I find I get my own way more than I can with Morris … They are much more moderate than Morris in their charges & there is not that very long delay that there is with Morris. Still, with all, Morris's glass is very good & very original. His & ours is, I think, the only modern glass worth putting up. (p.159)

Relations seem to have deteriorated after the establishment by Morris of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings in 1877. Bodley was by no means a reckless restorer, but he was less scrupulous on some occasions than the SPAB expected architects to be. This would seem to explain the comment Webb made to Lethaby in a letter at the time of Bodley's death in 1907:

> … for a while I had at one time pleasure in his companionship; it died away under the "Restoration", separator of friendly familiarity, his respectability increasing and mine going-going-gone!

Webb told Lethaby that Bodley was 'a disappointing man. W.M. recognized that he had "taste". He was always shy on the road, and harnessed himself with blinkers – has it not been from fear, the opposite of divine courage?' (p. 161) Hall 'finds a certain symbolism' in the fact that Webb's assistance during Bodley's illness in 1869 seems to have been their last contact, while in October Bodley wrote to Webb that 'Morris was good enough to come & see me the other day but of course missed a few trains & had consequently but little time to stay'.

In a later chapter, Hall quotes from Morris's account of a visit to a church 'built by a friend of mine' – probably Holy Angels, Hoar Cross. Morris remarked that at first he felt almost as if he was in 'a genuine building of the 15th century', but on looking more closely at the statuary, he came to see it as '*carving* not sculpture', work produced to order without allowing the workman any freedom in the making. Hall argues that this view shows Morris looking for the Savagery that Ruskin had attributed to Gothic in *The Stones of Venice,* and that here Ruskin and Morris show themselves to be 'locked into the aesthetic prejudices' of the time, deriving from 'the preconceptions of neo-classicism', which saw medieval sculpture as 'savage' or 'rudely cut'. (p. 257) In Hall's view,

> Bodley's appreciation of late medieval architects and sculptors was more accurate than Ruskin's or Morris's anachronistic view of them as admirable but simple. Morris's understanding of fifteenth-century English sculpture does not take into account those aspects of the best of it that Bodley most admired and aspired to in his own work: its emphasis on delicacy of line and a very high degree of finish combined with subordination to its architectural context. (p. 258)

I find it difficult to believe that Ruskin's view was based on neo-classical preconceptions in view of the accuracy of his observation of medieval buildings seen in his detailed drawings. Hall relates this disagreement to a preference for individual craftsmen over the workmen of commercial firms, and suggests that this preference was influenced by

> Morris's (and Ruskin's) vision of an ideal society, which had an honoured place for craftsmen and artists but none for such products of capitalism as the companies that supplied craft skills to the building industry. However, it is also an outlook that contains a strong element of snobbery, since idealisation of working-class – ideally rural – craftsmen was accompanied by a lofty disdain for those who occupied the lowest ranks of the artist's professional ladder. (p.259)

At this point I began to feel that Hall's admiration for Bodley was perhaps taking him too far, but the matter clearly merits further discussion.

The final chapter is preceded by a striking black-and-white photograph of workmen demolishing St Michael, Folkestone in 1953, in relation to which Hall remarks that the 'survival rate' of Bodley's buildings has been very high, with this church and the London School Board the only major losses. Hall gives a highly informative account of Bodley's legacy, concluding his story in the United States, under the heading 'American Gothic'. He quotes Bodley's remark to Bishop Satterell soon after he was given the commission for Washington Cathedral in 1907:

> It would seem that the love of the beautiful Gothic style is somewhat dying out in the old world, religious and beautiful as it is. The cathedral may, in the legislative seat of the new world, hold up a light that shall be reflected for us in old England. (p. 428)

Hall remarks that 'Gothic architecture in *post-bellum* America has yet to find its historian', and himself sketches in the outlines – his range of knowledge seems inexhaustible.

The reader has been taken on an epic journey, which contains not only the career of Bodley but a great deal more, as we have seen. The book ends with two Appendices: the first of pupils and assistants, and the second a complete list of Bodley's works; followed by full bibliographical notes and an impressive bibli-

ography; acknowledgements and picture credits – the book is extremely rich in illustrations – and a thorough index. All in all, this is a remarkable book to which it is impossible to do justice in a review. I hope members will get to read it, spread word of Hall's achievement, and persuade any libraries with which they are associated to buy it.

Peter Faulkner

Cal Winslow, ed, *E. P. Thompson and the Making of the New Left: Essays and Polemics*, London: Lawrence & Wishart, 2014, 333 pp. Pbk, £14.99. ISBN 9781909831070.

In the previous issue of this *Journal* I reviewed a collection of essays published to mark the fiftieth anniversary of E. P. Thompson's *The Making of the English Working Class*, a collection which provided 'a coherent, almost chronological account of his intellectual and political activities'. Thompson's widow, Dorothy, said that if we really wished to know her husband, we should read his writings, and this volume presents us with a selection covering the period 1956–62, a crucial interval during both his political and his intellectual activity. It thus provides a useful and illuminating companion to the earlier publication.

There is a sense in which one reads these as a work of history, investigating a past now long gone; we are still in the post-war era, a period of reconstruction, rationing only just coming to an end. The Cold War is intensifying: the threat of nuclear war seems very real. It is the period of Khruschev's 'secret speech' denouncing Stalin, the Suez Crisis, the invasion of Hungary by Soviet troops, and later the Cuban missile crisis. It is a past where the Labour Party still subscribed to the socialist Clause 4, where the unions of the mine workers, the transport workers and others still wielded enormous power, where the Communist Party of Great Britain, although weakened by the events of 1956, remained influential in certain arenas. The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament is drawing thousands to its rallies and marches, and one is interested by all this, but it is the past, 'a forgotten country', and times have changed. The Cold War has ended, the Communist system has collapsed. Margaret Thatcher has emasculated the unions, the mining industry has all but disappeared, along with much other heavy industry, we are in a period of coalition government and multi-party politics, with traditional political loyalties disappearing along with the old certainties. Thus the emergence of a 'New Left' in 1956, initiated by Thompson and others after their exit from the Communist Party, and the debates and disputes about the future direction of a socialist movement, are similarly interesting but … fifty years on the

Labour Party has abolished Clause 4, we are now post-New Labour, the political agenda has moved to the right and the main parties argue solely about which of them can best manage capitalism.

And yet, fifty years on, one reads Thompson and something stirs, perhaps one's conscience? His arguments resonate, one realises that many of the things he writes about are strikingly relevant today. In *At the Point of Decay* he examines 'the apathetic decade' of the 1950s, the apparent indifference of the population, and particularly the young, to politics. Defining apathy, Thompson suggests 'it is an expression of the impotence of the individual in the face of contemporary institutions – the small man in the vast corporate enterprise, the single citizen confronted by the state, the individual trade unionist within the union "machine"'. (p. 138) We recognise this when we consider the fate of the whistle-blower in the NHS, the disabled person confronted with the iniquities of the 'bedroom tax', the struggles of ordinary people to deal with the complexities of the welfare system. And, says Thompson, 'they are indifferent to politics because – if there are no real alternatives – it does not matter very much which lot gets in'. They are apathetic because 'they do not believe there is any workable alternative, or they very much dislike any alternative (such as Communism) which is proposed.' (p. 140) Here in 2015 we recognise these arguments. 'They are all the same', 'there is no point in voting'; membership of the main political parties has collapsed, turn out in local elections is derisory, in national elections it fell to only 59.4% in 2001 (although by 2010 it had recovered slightly to 65.4%). Increasingly voters are middle-aged or older.

Thompson takes these arguments further in an essay on *The New Left*, with an illuminating examination of three 'establishments'. The first is 'the establishment of power', where he describes 'the increasing size, complexity, and expertise' of industrial concerns, the power of the managers and the anonymity and insignificance of individual workers. In an era of global corporations, multi-national financial organisations, Amazon and Microsoft, of zero-hour contracts, part-time working and non-recognition of trade unions, this is all too familiar to us. Thompson writes of a 'super-establishment' of the CBI, the TUC and the Government, with its own procedures and an air of 'official sanctity' which renders minority groups or non-conformists both powerless and liable to be demonised as 'offenders against decency, law and order': thus the 'Occupy' movement, or the current suggestion that protestors should pay for policing at demonstrations i.e. for the right to demonstrate.

His second establishment is that of 'orthodoxy'. He identifies two factors which have combined to generate a climate of intellectual conformity: first the centralised control of the mass media, either by corporations or by the state itself, with the consequent elimination of minority opinions. One may argue that the growth of the internet has militated against this, but recent debates about the

role of the BBC, the furore over the leadership debates at the coming general election, and the reporting of the *Daily Telegraph* on the HSBC scandal, suggest that Thompson's arguments are still valid. The second factor which Thompson examines is contextualised by the Cold War; he writes about ideological orthodoxy, an orthodoxy enforced by the then Communist State in Russia, but in the democratic countries by the agreement of all major political parties on the issues of nuclear arms, NATO strategy etc. Yet is Putin's Russia any different? Witness the fate of the Pussy Rioters! Are there any substantive differences of foreign policy between the main political parties on the nuclear deterrent, on how to deal with austerity, on their responses to the Libor and HSBC scandals? 'The electorate are presented with no effective choice'. (p. 122)

And third, 'the establishment of institutions', fossilised in their leadership, bureaucracy, policies and procedures, set apart from and above the mass of people: thus the antiquated procedures of the House of Commons, the rituals of the party conferences, the carefully scripted speeches of the party leaders and fear of going 'off message'. We see public anger at the MPs expenses scandal and, as I write, the 'cash for access' allegations against senior politicians Malcolm Rifkind and Jack Straw.

But while we might identify with much of Thompson's analysis does he offer us any solutions? His polemics were a call to arms, a plea for a 'New Left', free from sectarianism, a decentralised, non-hierarchical, creative and humanist left, open to debate. The keynote essay in this collection is that on *Socialist Humanism*, where Thompson defends Marxism against the distortions of Leninism and Stalinism, and returns to the true, humanist content of 'real' communism. He references Marx's earlier writings, re-asserts the humanism of Marx and Engels, their belief that socialism will make possible the assertion of our humanity. Marx, he says, emphasised intellectual and moral agency, that human beings, 'by acting on the external world and changing it … at the same time [change their] own nature'. And this, of course, brings us to William Morris.

Morris's influence is apparent throughout Thompson's writings, an influence freely admitted, and his 1959 lecture for the William Morris Society on *The Communism of William Morris* is included here. In this lecture, Thompson argued that Morris's moral critique of society is as important as Marx's economic and historical analysis, that 'the construction of a communist community would require a moral revolution as profound as the revolution in economic and social power'. (p. 260) Thus commodities, 'things', material benefits, cannot alone satisfy men and women because they are intellectual and moral beings. 'Socialist humanism declares: liberate men from slavery to things, to the pursuit of profit or servitude to "economic necessity". Liberate man, as a creative being – and he will create not only new values, but things in super-abundance'. (p. 87)

Like Morris, Thompson is concerned with 'making socialists', and he begins

his essay on *Commitment in Politics* with Morris: 'Intelligence enough to conceive, courage enough to will, power enough to compel. If our ideas of a new society are anything more than a dream, these three qualities must animate the due effective majority of the working people and then, I say, the thing will be done'. Thompson lambasts those socialist intellectuals who see the working class as 'the passive object of social transformations which take place with geological inevitability'. (p. 105) He urges them to acquire a sense of history, to recognise that working-class history 'has never been a blind, spontaneous reflex to objective economic conditions', (p. 106) but a conscious struggle of ideas and values. The role of the intellectual and the politically active minority is not to set up new organisations but to assert these ideas and values, to make common cause in showing working people 'that man is capable not only of changing his conditions, but also of transforming himself; that there is a real sense in which it is true that men can master their own history'. (p. 99) And thus in this volume too we have *Homage to Tom Maguire*, which tells us much about Thompson's own socialism, about what he meant by 'socialism from below', and the kind of socialist movement he wanted, one rooted in community. As Winslow suggests in his introduction, he looked back to the early days of West Riding Socialism, where, 'for a time preoccupation with changing all forms of human relationships had been central in a working class movement'. (p. 17)

Thus, even in a period of apathy, Thompson reminds us to remember our history, a history which includes the socialist revival of the late nineteenth century and the Left Book Club of the 1930s. For him no 'vanguard' party or resolution-mongering within the Labour Party: he was thinker, writer, organiser, and foot-soldier. The Thompson home in Halifax was a centre of activism, an open house for all, both comrades and working-class neighbours. The New Left ventures included journals, Left Clubs and participation in CND. The clubs, by 1960 some forty of them scattered across the country, became centres of radical activity and thinking. As Winslow points out, CND's significance and the New Left's influence within it is difficult to exaggerate: 'its decentralised structures, grassroots formations, direct action, sit-downs, mass marches, and political independence … prefigured the social movements to come'. (p. 27)

During recent years we have seen mass demonstrations against the war in Iraq, the Occupy movement, a growing environmental campaign, expanding membership of the Green Party and the election of a Green Party MP; the turn-out in the Scottish referendum demonstrated very clearly that people can be energised where they are offered genuine alternatives. And maybe, just maybe, the Left is once more raising its head above the parapet. Two new books suggest this. Peter Hain, in *Back to the Future of Socialism*, reflects on an era of looser political allegiances and urges a campaigning labour movement. Hain is about to retire from parliament but perhaps, as Tony Benn said, he will now have more time to devote

to politics. And the Blue Labour group, founded just before the last election by Jon Cruddas, Labour MP for Dagenham and the academic Maurice Glasman, have issued a compendium of essays entitled *Forging a New Politics*. Cruddas argues that inequality and identity are at the heart of political social malaise, and the group promotes notions of community engagement and decentralisation, of ethical economics and moral values.

What the essays in this volume also demonstrate is that as a writer of political prose Thompson was unrivalled. His command of detail, his style and eloquence, the precision of his arguments, illuminate the history of the New Left but they also offer insights to the present generation. The nuclear threat remains: we have seen the takeover of the global economy by a cabal of the super-rich combining a single financial ideology with the use of new technology and a political class acting as its cheerleaders. As Winslow points out in his valuable introduction, 'we now face our own "exterminisms", in the form of permanent war, the enduring curse of class, the ravaging of our environment, and the issue of the very survival of our earth as we know it'. (p. 35) I would dispute Winslow's assertion that Thompson ended his life 'not really a Marxist at all', and I would wish that this anthology covered the full range of Thompson's work rather than restricting itself to the New Left period. Nonetheless Cal Winslow has done an invaluable service in presenting this collection of Thompson's writings, writings which both educate and inspire and which, in Sheila Rowbotham's words, provide 'indispensable weapons for a new generation of activists struggling to reinvent radicalism'.

Martin Crick

Alex Prichard, Ruth Kinna, Saku Pinta & David Berry, eds, *Libertarian Socialism: Politics in Black and Red*, Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2012, 311 pp., Hbk, £66. ISBN 9780230280373.

Black is the traditional colour of anarchism and red that of Marxism or Communism; 'Is Black and Red Dead?' was a most successful conference held at the University of Nottingham in 2009; and of the forty-two papers delivered there thirteen have been selected for publication in *Libertarian Socialism: Politics in Black and Red*. Readers of this journal, however, should know that Morris was not covered at the conference and Ruth Kinna has replaced a paper she gave on the maverick Guy Aldred with the one on Morris printed here.

The epigraph to the introductory chapter is 'Crowned heads, wealth and privilege may well tremble should ever again the Black and Red unite!'; the remark

Bismarck reputedly made on hearing of the split of 1872 between the followers of Bakunin and of Marx in the First International (although it seems improbable that Bismarck would have used such language). The black and the red after a century and a quarter of antagonism have, with the failure of Communism worldwide, coupled with the intellectual bankruptcy of social democracy, to some extent been drawing together. John Holloway, the Irish author of the influential *Change the World without Taking Power: The Meaning of Revolution Today* (2002) – as well as of one of the commendations on the cover of *Libertarian Socialism* – has commented: 'One thing that is new and exciting about the re-articulation of ideas is that the old divisions between anarchism and Marxism are being eroded' (quoted on p. 294). Even more strikingly the Marxist geographer David Harvey observes:

> Contemporary attempts to revive the communist hypothesis typically abjure state control and look to other forms of collective social organisation … Horizontally networked, as opposed to hierarchically commanded, systems of coordination between autonomously organised and self-governing collectives of producers and consumers are envisaged as lying at the core of a new form of communism … All manner of small-scale experiments around the world can be found in which such economic and social forms are being constructed. In this there is a convergence of some sort between the Marxist and anarchist traditions that harks back to the broadly collaborative situation between them in the 1860s in Europe before their break-up into warring camps … (p. 295)

This is the context of the current collection whose editors express its leading contention to be that contemporary activists have 'something to gain from re-engaging with and reflecting on the past, on the complexity of socialist history, and on problems which previous generations … encountered'. Of their main aims, the first is to challenge traditional accounts, suggesting that the ideological boundaries between Marxism and anarchism are 'far more complex, fluid and porous' than existing histories have them to be. A second aim is 'to reconsider the overlaps and tensions between and within different Marxisms and anarchisms' – the plural forms of both are very welcome. (p. 6) This programme is addressed largely through the history of ideas, focussing on a series of thinkers, all located at some point on the continuum between anarchism and Marxism: Morris; Georges Sorel; Antonio Gramsci; the Council Communists Anton Pannokoek, Karl Korsch and Paul Mattick; C.L.R. James; Daniel Guérin; Cornelius Castoriadis; Guy Debord; and the Italian Autonomist Antonio Negri and his recent US collaborator Michael Hardt. Some of the analyses are of high quality and the totality makes for an extremely useful as well as stimulating coverage.

Morris called himself a communist and in 1955 E.P. Thompson claimed him convincingly for Marxism. He rejected anarchism with great vehemence, abhor-

ring its violence – unsurprisingly in the era of the bomb-throwers – and its indi-
vidualism. Yet his politics were close to anarchism and, in particular, anarchists
have been consistent in regarding *News from Nowhere* as an anarchist utopia.
Kropotkin, in an admiring obituary of Morris, considered it 'perhaps the most
thorough, and deeply anarchistic conception of future society that has ever been
written'. *News from Nowhere* dates from the period when Morris eschewed par-
liamentarianism; and his lecture of 1887, 'The Policy of Abstention', was hailed
by the anarchist Herbert Read as 'the best statement of the case against parlia-
mentary action ever made in English'. While he was to moderate his hostility to
parliamentary participation from 1890 with the thwarting of his revolutionary
hopes and the abandonment of the Socialist League (disgusted by the antics of its
anarchist members), he did so with reluctance and retained his extreme distaste
for conventional politics. It was in 1893–1894 that he subjected anarchism to
uncompromising criticism: in the Hammersmith Socialist Society's *Manifesto for
English Socialists*, an interview in *Justice* entitled 'A Socialist Poet on Bombs and
Anarchism' and 'Why I Am a Communist' published in *Liberty* (which happened
to be an anarchist newspaper).

   Kinna has previously shown the root cause of Morris's opposition to anar-
chism by comparing his ideas to Kropotkin's. The two men knew one another,
their families were on visiting terms, and they had great mutual respect. Kinna,
examining their analyses of the mediaeval commune, showed that, whereas Kro-
potkin believed it was the later development of the state which had perverted an
innate capacity for freedom and co-operation and that society could therefore
dispense with the state, Morris, although also anti-statist, did not believe the
state could be immediately abolished but that a new form of social organisation
would need to be painstakingly constructed. This she did in 1999 in 'Morris,
Anti-Statism and Anarchy' (in Peter Faulkner & Peter Preston, eds, *William
Morris: Centenary Essays*). She now returns to Morris's antagonism to anarchism
in 'Anarchism, Individualism and Communism: William Morris's Critique
of Anarcho-Communism', exploring his rejection of its individualism. He is
revealed as not operating at his best, conflating the considerable range of late-
Victorian individualisms as a single bugbear, 'individualism'. Kropotkin's anar-
chist communism, not only anti-authoritarian but also anti-capitalist, was at
an extreme to the *laissez-faire* ideology of the pre-eminent nineteenth-century
individualist, Herbert Spencer (much admired though he was by anarchist Spain
for his enmity to the state). Between these left- and right-libertarian poles was a
raft of other types of individualism, including that of a friend of the young Bea-
trice Webb, the once well-known Auberon Herbert. He advocated the release of
the 'living energies of the free individuals', leaving them 'free to combine in their
own way, in their own groups … respecting deeply and religiously alike their own
freedom, and the freedom of all others'. Herbert, whose thought possessed affini-

ties to Tolstoy's, described himself not as an anarchist but a 'voluntaryist' since he supported a system of regulation to 'repress aggression or crime'. (p. 44) A comprehensive study of the entire range of Victorian individualism is much needed.

Kinna's chapter is followed by Lewis H. Mates on 'The Syndicalist Challenge in the Durham Coalfield before 1914'. Attention has centred on the syndicalism of the South Wales miners, who produced the notable programme, *The Miners' Next Step*, their intention being to 'take over the mining industry, and carry it on in the interests of the workers'. Mates makes a persuasive case for the importance of syndicalism in County Durham, emphasising the impact of two militants, Will Lawther and George Harvey. Lawther was to achieve national prominence as a right-winger after the Second World War, ending with a knighthood. Sorel's most celebrated work, little read nowadays, is *Reflections on Violence* (1908); yet it is an original contribution to libertarian political theory as well as a profound essay on the sociology, or social psychology, of mass movements and the institutionalisation of dissent. Renzo Llorente argues convincingly that Sorel was an 'anarcho-Marxist', drawing equally upon anarchism and Marxism. In contrast, Carl Levy who has been working for many years on a biography of the major Italian anarchist, Errico Malatesta but is also an authority on Gramsci – he has written *Gramsci and the Anarchists* (1999) – sees little that is anarchist in Gramsci's thought. It was not anarchism as a philosophy which influenced him but rather his encounters with individual anarchists in the Turinese factory movement.

Saku Pinta provides a lucid and very welcome account of Council Communism, a predominantly German and Dutch tendency stemming from the experience of the workers' councils set up during the Russian Revolutions of 1905 and 1917, as well as the aborted German Revolution of 1918–1920. On being denounced in 1920 by Lenin in *Left-Wing Communism: An Infantile Disorder*, the Marxist councilists established their own organisations. The collectivisation of the Spanish Revolution and their understanding of the CNT-FAI's predicament during the Civil War led them to draw close to anarchism; and Pinta highlights the particular convergence with the critique of the Friends of Durruti group in *Towards a Fresh Revolution*.

Christian Høgsbjerg, author of *C.L.R. James in Imperial Britain* (2014), gives a further instalment of his impressive work on James with 'A "Bohemian Freelancer"? C.L.R. James, His Early Relationship to Anarchism and the Intellectual Origins of Autonomism'. After breaking free of Trotskyism, of which he had been a prominent activist, James developed a creative and anarchistic Marxism, deeply impressed by the workers' councils of the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 – as were also Castoriadis and Debord. Yet James continued to insist that he remained a Leninist (and the same applies to Negri). It was Leninism indeed which held Marxism and anarchism far apart for most of the twentieth century,

since its vanguardism and democratic centralism are anathema to libertarians. Rosa Luxemburg was an early – and libertarian – critic of Lenin's political innovations of 1905 in *What Is To Be Done?*, answering it the following year with *The Mass Strike, the Political Party and the Trade Unions*. This is mentioned by several contributors and a chapter on her politics is an unfortunate omission. Høgsbjerg concludes by describing James as 'perhaps the "William Morris of the Twentieth Century"', which he explains by quoting from the second edition of Thompson's *William Morris: Romantic to Revolutionary*: 'Either he was an eccentric, isolated figure, personally admirable, but whose major thought was wrong or irrelevant and long left behind by events. This could be so … on the other hand, it may be that Morris was a major intellectual figure [who] may be assimilated to Marxism only in the course of a process of self-criticism and re-ordering within Marxism itself'. (pp. 159–160)

Guérin had also been a Trotskyist, but he moved on to accept anarchism and what he called 'libertarian communism'. When I asked him in 1986, two years before his death, whether he was a Marxist or an anarchist, he replied 'Some mornings when I wake up I'm a anarchist, other mornings I'm a Marxist'. So Guérin was another anarcho-Marxist and is discussed by David Berry. Castoriadis, a Greek exiled in Paris, was the leading figure in Socialisme ou Barbarie which published between 1949 and 1965 the journal of the same name (the phrase is Luxemburg's). They too were moving on from Trotskyism but while to outsiders the politics of SouB was eventually a fusion of Marxism and anarchism, the name of anarchism was vigorously spurned (as it has frequently been by other libertarian-inclined Marxists). Later Castoriadis moved to a definitely anarchist position – as Benoît Challand explains in an able analysis – but by then he had rejected Marxism. Also impressive is Jean-Christophe Angaut's 'Beyond the Black and Red: The Situationists and the Legacy of the Workers' Movement', which concentrates on Debord at the expense of the more libertarian Raoul Vaneigem, the other principal thinker of Situationism.

The index is a disgrace. There is no entry for Morris despite a chapter on him and half-a-dozen other references. Sorel, Gramsci and Debord also fail to appear, although the authors of the chapters on the quartet do. Is this what happens when you have four editors? Otherwise Prichard, Kinna, Pinta and Berry are to be congratulated on a most successful editorial enterprise.

David Goodway

Robert Hewison, *Cultural capital; the rise and fall of creative Britain*. London, New York: Verso, 2014, 278 pp. £14.99. ISBN 9781781687512.

Robert Hewison is a cultural critic who in this book turns his sights on the 'rise and fall of creative Britain', charting this process from the period when Tony Blair became leader of the Labour Party in 1994 and the term 'Cool Britannia' was coined, more or less to the present day. It begins with an introduction entitled 'the golden age', but by chapter six we are 'the age of lead', and the book is now about the New Labour era of cultural policy from the optimism of the late 1990s to the funding crisis currently confronting culture in the UK. Unlike Hewison's earlier book *The Heritage Industry,* this one is not about analysing cultural history so much as advancing a case. The argument is that after twenty years in the Thatcherite wilderness, the 1997 Blair Government offered the arts a Faustian pact. In exchange for an increase of £290m in the budget of the Department of Culture Media and Sport (DCMS) (whose funding was to pass £1bn by 2001) the cultural sector was expected to deliver the government's economic and social policy agenda. Much of this was achieved by redefining the cultural sector as part of the 'creative industries' which consisted of commercial enterprises in a range of sectors as diverse as architecture, designer fashion, the art and antiques market, video games and television and radio (but not newspapers). Government spending to support these and about a dozen other sectors, which strangely never included either individual artists (a creative occupation) or the museums sector (a cultural enterprise), was to conform to the Treasury's *Green Book* guidelines which required spending impacts to be measured and monetised. This process ('contingent evaluation') involves attempting to measure the value of the experience of visiting say, Salisbury Cathedral, in other words asking people what they would be prepared to pay for this facility, if they were not attending a service. Of course the categories employed, as well as the bureaucratic forms of management, were highly problematical , with as many as half the workforce in the creative industries not doing anything creative and as many creative people working outside the designated industries as within them.

Not surprisingly, the bargain began fairly quickly to fall apart at the seams. Hewison devotes some of the more tedious sections of the book to describing the various task forces, commissions, reorganisations, policy papers and think-tank reports involved, with some gossipy insights into what was a markedly incestuous world. I had no idea for instance that Tony Blair's old housemaster at Fettes, Eric Anderson, was appointed Chairman of the National Heritage Memorial Fund in 1998, nor that the amateur football team formed by James Purnell, a future Minister at the DCMS (and now Director of Strategy at the BBC) contained no fewer than four future cabinet ministers, a team which, as Hewison puts it 'typified the laddish style adopted by New Labour's shock troops, masking fierce ambition

with demotic male bonding'. Tales of back-stabbing, hissy fits, back-scratching deals and unexplained 'resignations', make what might otherwise be something of a slog through the detail of the twists and turns of government policy under New Labour readable, if not exactly inspiring.

It all had to end in tears, and it did. Probably the most spectacular disaster was the Millennium Dome. Fifteen years later it is difficult to remember just how much money was wasted on this project, but Hewison lays it all bare and it is not a pretty sight. It was not the only one. The Public in West Bromwich is more disturbing. In 2001 a quality of life survey named that town as the second worst place to live in the UK. In terms of crime, unemployment, housing and schools, West Bromwich lacked a future. If New Labour was to make 'things of quality' available 'to the many not the few', here was the kind of place to begin. The DCMS Policy Action Team 10 (there were eighteen in all charged with delivering the National Strategy for Neighbourhood Renewal) was given as one of its basic policy aims 'sustaining cultural diversity and using the arts to combat social exclusion and promote community development'. The Public – the largest community arts development in Europe – would combine commercial outlets, theatre and exhibition spaces, catering and a high-tech interactive gallery winding through the building. Apparently, an 'iconic' development would solve the deep structural problems of life in West Bromwich.

Despite its own Lottery Panel recommending rejection of the project, the Arts Council pressed ahead. By the time The Public opened in 2009, costs had risen from a projected £35 million to £52.6 million. The architects and two successive companies responsible for running the project became bankrupt, the 'interactive technology' did not work, and after the Arts Council washed its hands of it, the local council found itself with a £30,000 a week bill to keep the building open. It finally closed in 2013. Why did this happen? Hewison argues that it was because of the Arts Council's need to show that it was willing to meet the (non-artistic) policy objectives of New Labour. The distinction he rightly makes is between the Arts Council's role being to fund the creation of arts and their enjoyment (which may lead to its meeting wider economic and social goals) and these aims becoming the policy imperatives, which cannot be its primary purpose.

The Lottery, which has become a major source of arts funding, experienced an extraordinary run of failures, arguably because the sheer quantity of money shovelled through it (over £30bn by 2013), was way in excess of the capacity of the sector to absorb. Who now recalls the National Centre for Popular Music in Sheffield, the Earth Centre in Doncaster, or the National Faith Centre in Bradford? All closed. Nonetheless, some of the 'golden age' was very golden indeed and despite the catalogue of placemen, managerial incompetence and inappropriate targets, the era saw the renewal of the Royal Shakespeare Company, the end of museum charges, and the opening of Tate Modern and The Sage, Gateshead.

The Olympics too were a triumph and the cultural Olympics saw substantial investment (in among others) the William Morris Gallery in Walthamstow, to glorious effect. New Labour's cultural policy, in emphasising the social as well as the economic impact of cultural investment, took the arts into schools, prisons and hospitals. While many arts organisations, the William Morris Society among them, would have set up outreach and educational programmes whether or not their funders had told them to, the national policy encouraged and sustained its clients in that resolve.

Under the coalition, the position has deteriorated. Interviewed last year in *The Independent,* Hewison lamented the impact of austerity on the role of local government and its support for the arts. 'I think we could see the collapse of the cultural infrastructure of the country because local authorities play a key role, they are much closer to the grass roots and it's often not recognised. The arguments for them are impossible. Most local authorities in two years time will simply have enough money to fulfil their statutory duties and the arts aren't a statutory obligation'. Instead the sector has fallen back on the Lottery. 'The Lottery has had an incredible impact on the arts. But the problem is [that] the Lottery is becoming the funder of first and last resort'.

There are lessons here for the William Morris Society. Significant core funding is provided by Hammersmith and Fulham council, mainly for the Society's work in schools. The success of its partnership bid with the Emery Walker Trust to the Heritage Lottery Fund for the Arts and Crafts Hammersmith project, provides a very welcome boost for its educational programmes, but also enables it to carry out vital capital and conservation works. However, there is no certainty that either source of funds will be available in five year's time. In his conclusion, Hewison reminds us that cultural capital is not an exclusive commodity which can be traded in the market. It is a public good whose value increases when *more* people possess it, not fewer. His view is that the sole purpose of public policy should be to enlarge it by making culture as freely available as possible to as many people as possible. Morrisians everywhere would subscribe to that. *Cultural capital* is timely because it reminds us that whoever is elected in 2015 will need to carry out a radical rethink of cultural policy, but in doing so the book sounds a warning. The neo-liberalism of the past thirty-five years has brought us crises in banking, in public trust in institutions, and in culture. It is not clear whether we know the way out of the last one.

Martin Stott

Erratum

Obituary: Norman Kelvin, 1924–2014

Peter Faulkner

The world of Morris scholarship lost one of its great figures with the death of Norman Kelvin in New York on 14 April 2014. Norman was born in Brooklyn in 1924 late in his parents' lives and attended the local public schools. His father was severely affected by the crash of 1929 and never financially recovered, so that Norman grew up well aware of the consequences of economic insecurity. Upon graduation from high school in 1942 he received a scholarship to Columbia College and attended until he entered the US Army in July 1943. He served in the Medical Corp as an X-ray technician at Schick General Hospital in Clinton, Iowa, and in the Philippines. He was discharged in March, 1946 and returned to Columbia, financed by the G.I. Bill of Rights. Norman's widow, Phyllis, to whom I am indebted for information about Norman's early life, remarks that Norman often said that it was while he was in the Army that he got to know America and Americans. His democratic interest in people of every kind was one of his marked characteristics.

When he returned to Columbia it was as a pre-medical student, but he quickly discovered that literature was what he wanted to study. He wrote short stories for the undergraduate literary journal, *The Columbia Review*, and served as its editor for a year. After graduation in 1948 he entered the Columbia University Graduate Program in English. Norman and Phyllis married in 1956 and had two daughters, Elizabeth and Jane. The dissertation topic for Norman's PhD was George Meredith, so that his first academic book, published in 1961 by Stanford University Press, was *A Troubled Eden: Nature and Society in the Works of George Meredith*. He was an enthusiastic teacher. As a graduate student he taught at Rutgers University in New Jersey and English as a Second Language at Columbia. He began teaching at The City College of New York in 1961 and remained there

and at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York until he retired in 2006. He published articles and book reviews in various journals, as well as a survey anthology of English literature with several colleagues at the City College of New York, and a book on E.M. Forster in 1967. On a trip to England in the same year, he came across some unpublished letters of William Morris in the British Library. He had been looking about for a new project and Morris's letters seemed like a possibility—and this certainly proved to be the case.

By Morrisians Norman will always be valued for his great work of scholarship, his edition of *The Collected Letters of William Morris,* which appeared in four volumes from Princeton University Press in 1984, 1987 and 1996. The volumes have been of enormous value to all those who have been involved in Morris studies; it was also the case that Norman was of the greatest help to younger scholars who sought his advice on their work. He came over to England every summer while working on this project, staying in Mecklenberg Square, and it was one of my summer pleasures to spend a day with him annually, talking of Morris and many other matters, including the British class system, of which he made me guiltily aware. He was a fine conversationalist, who liked to bring out his ideas while slowly wandering the streets, with no particular end in sight. All our conversations seemed to come to a premature end, but could fortunately be taken up again in the same liberal spirit the following year. He embodied the true spirit of academia, impressing my young children when on a visit to our house he proposed a toast, not to our selves, but to the Spirit of English Literature. Patricia and I had the pleasure of visiting Norman and Phyllis in their apartment in Riverside Drive in New York, and were given an engrossing tour of the cultural highlights of the area, including a production of an obscure play by Chekhov and an outstanding pizza restaurant.

It was a natural part of his work that Norman should write a number of perceptive articles about Morris. These include 'The Erotic in *News from Nowhere* and *The Well at the World's End'* 1976, 'The Morris Who Reads Us' in 1996; the Kelmscott Lecture for 1996, *Letters as Biography & Autobiography*; '*News from Nowhere* and *The Spoils of Poynton*: Interiors and Exteriors', published in 1999; and an edited selection of Morris's political writings, *William Morris on Art and Socialism,* published in New York in 2000. In the same year, he wrote on 'H.D. and the World War I Years' in *Victorian Poetry*. I was delighted that Norman contributed to the issue of the *JWMS* that its editor kindly dedicated to me in Summer 2013. His wide-ranging contribution 'The Dream, Image, Vision, Wizardry, and Erotic in Morris's Work' contrasts the dream as a metaphor making possible the delivery of a socialist message in *John Ball* and *News from Nowhere* with dreams in the 'fantasy tales' as 'elements within the text'. He was clearly continuing to read Morris's fiction with attention and insight.

I was fortunate enough to have a correspondence by email with Norman dur-

ing the last few years. He did not like the vocabulary of emails, preferring to call the messages that he sent to me *letters*. One of his interests was language, and in particular the differences between British and American usage, but our main topics were of course literary. Only near the end did he tell me about his experiences as a medical orderly in the US army at the end of World War II; I had not realised that he was of an age to have served then. In a long lifetime I have met only a few people who have impressed me as so intelligent and humane as Norman Kelvin; it is a privilege to have known him.

Peter Faulkner

Some further words from Phyllis, Norman's widow: His greatest professional pleasure was when a former student became a colleague. Norman also wrote poetry throughout his life and several have been published in *Sewanee Review*. In high school Norman started to draw and paint and he continued to do so throughout his life.

Norman was never slow to show his daughters love and attention. Above all, he was honest with them, as he was with everyone. I think his legacy to them is his love of the book and of the search for knowledge.

Editor's note: The above obituary was printed in the previous issue with an error in the title. The editor deeply regrets this error.

Guidelines for Contributors

Contributions to the Journal are welcomed on all subjects relating to the life and works of William Morris. The Editor would be grateful if contributors could adhere the following guidelines when submitting articles and reviews:

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7. At the end of your article please include a short biographical note of not more than fifty words.

Please note that the views of individual contributors are not to be taken as those of the William Morris Society.

Notes on Contributors

Diana Andrews is an independent teacher, conservator and design historian.

Julia Courtney has recently retired from the Open University where she served as an administrator, research fellow and Associate Lecturer, principally in the Post Graduate Literature programme. Her PhD was on Charlotte M. Yonge, about whom she has co-edited a volume of essays. Other publications include articles in *English Review*, the *Tennyson Research Bulletin* and *Hampshire Studies.*

Martin Crick is author of *The History of the Social Democratic Federation*, and of *The History of the William Morris Society 1955–2005.* He has written numerous articles on labour and socialist history, and contributed a short biography of Peter Shore to the *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography.*

Peter Faulkner taught English at the University of Exeter until his retirement in 1998; he is a former editor of this *Journal* and Honorary Secretary of the Society.

David Goodway taught sociology, history and Victorian studies mainly to adult students from 1969 until the University of Leeds closed its School of Continuing Education in 2005. For twenty-five years he has written principally on anarchism and libertarian socialism, including *Anarchist Seeds beneath the Snow: Left-Libertarian Thought and British Writers from William Morris to Colin Ward* (2007), reissued in a second edition in 2012. His first book was *London Chartism 1838–1848* (1982), and he has recently published *The Real History of Chartism* (2013) and an edition of George Julian Harney's late journalism, *The Chartists Were Right* (2014).

Owen Holland recently completed his PhD on Morris's utopianism at St Catharine's College, Cambridge. He studied in the Faculty of English and also taught classes in literary criticism and practical criticism. He has published work in the *New Theatre Quarterly*, *Social History* and elsewhere.

Helena Nielsen spent twenty-nine years as a senior lecturer in social work before becoming a volunteer for Voluntary Services Overseas in Bulgaria from 2004 to 2005. On her first day at the University of Veliko Turnovo, she was introduced to the work of Mercia McDermott whose name is much respected in Bulgaria. Helena is now a volunteer guide at Kelmscott Manor.

Patrick O'Sullivan is the retiring editor of this *Journal*. In a parallel existence, he is Eddie Farrell of Farrell Family, performers of the double CD, *The William Morris Songbook* (http://www.farrellfamilyband.co.uk/).

John Purkis joined the William Morris Society in 1960, and is a former Honorary Secretary. He was with the Open University from 1970, and is currently writing a memoir of his time in Finland during the 1950s.

Fiona Rose spent many years working for health care charities and the NHS before opening a business, 'Arts & Crafts Living', selling home interiors in the style of the British and American Arts & Crafts era.

Gabriel Schenk recently completed his D.Phil. on Arthurian Literature at Pembroke College, Oxford. He is currently teaching courses on C.S. Lewis and British Mythology to study abroad students in Oxford and Bath.

Frank C. Sharp is a previous contributor to the *Journal*, and co-editor with Jan Marsh of *The Collected Letters of Jane Morris.*

Martin Stott is Chair of the Willaim Morris Society.

Stephen Williams worked for the National Union of Public Employees (NUPE) and UNISON in an educational capacity, and is also a previous contributor to the *Journal*. He has written on trade union and labour history, including co-authoring two volumes of an official history of NUPE.

Clive Wilmer is Master of the Guild of St George and Emeritus Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. He is a published poet and editor of two volumes in the Penguin Classics series: *Unto this Last and Other Writings* by John Ruskin, and *News from Nowhere and Other Writings* by William Morris.