News from Nowhere (see p. 15).
There ought not to be a problem about the literary genre of *News From Nowhere*. The title page identifies it explicitly as an utopian romance. Moreover, we know from Morris's letters that he wrote it in 1890 for a Socialist periodical, *The Commonweal*, as a virtual refutation of Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, an utopian romance of January 1888 celebrating the future triumph of what has since come to be called "American know-how", set in a high-technology environment that Morris dismissed as "a Cockney paradise".¹ In spite of these facts, however, it has become commonplace to speak of *News From Nowhere* as really a pastoral rather than an utopian romance. Utopias, runs the argument supporting this judgement, are always cities, abstract patterns produced by conscious design, or art, in which reason prevails over nature to bring forth carefully articulated schemes of government, law and education. But Morris's London is a garden, and his futuristic England, from which the industrial city of Manchester has entirely disappeared, is a recreation of the legendary Golden Age where government, law and education are not only unnecessary but quite useless. This romance, instead of giving a prophetic vision of the future, merely evokes a vanished pastoral paradise and may therefore be classed with other examples of escapist Victorian nostalgia. One version of this judgement belittles Morris's socialism by depicting it as sentimental rather than scientific, offering as it does the literary convention of the Golden Age in substitution for the economic and political construct of the classless society foreseen by Marx as the Final End of the historical process.²

Whatever the opinions of Morris's comrades in Socialism may be concerning his orthodoxy,³ I wish to focus attention in this paper on the question of literary genre. Like Old Hammond, Morris thought of himself as a literary man, once describing his political faith as "Socialism seen through the eyes of an Artist".⁴ He must have had some reasons for setting up his title page as he did; indeed, it is a title page of which we should read every word. "Nowhere" is English for Utopia, a Greek word which, as coined by Thomas More, means both *eu-topos*, the good place and *ou-topos*, no place. That paradox or irony seems to be present in all literary utopias: they are hybrids, setting the satiric over against the elegiac, mixing the grim and terrible with the frivolous. Consequently these books are often dismissed or misread. It may be worth noting that in 1893, two years after he published *News From Nowhere* in book form, Morris brought out a Kelmscott Press edition of More's *Utopia* with an introduction by himself which challenges what Morris calls the "modern" view of it as "nothing more serious than a charming literary exercise".⁵ More was also accused by the
"moderns" of indulging, like Morris, a sentimental longing for a quasi-pastoral Middle Ages as he sought to retreat from the social transformations of the Renaissance.

As a genre, the romance, utopian or otherwise, was taken more seriously by Morris than by any other English writer of comparable stature in the nineteenth century with the possible exception of Hawthorne. We should also note, on the title page, the fragmentary, discontinuous element implied in the phrase “some chapters from”, recognizing in it as well as in the first and last chapters some conventions of the dream-vision, a genre frequently employed by Morris's favourite poet, Chaucer. Finally, the subtitle, "an epoch of rest", may indicate that the most important genre evident in News From Nowhere is neither Arcadia nor utopia but the idyll, not simply the pastoral idyll of Theocritus and Virgil but the Romantic idyll as defined by Friedrich Schiller in his essay of 1795, On Naive and Sentimental Poetry. If the reader is inclined to balk at attributing such literary aspirations to Morris in the 1890s, he should remember the artist's Pre-Raphaelite roots and consider the possibility that he was not immune to "that last infirmity of noble mind", the desire for literary fame. Morris was not offended by the suggestion that he was Oxford's, or England's, greatest living poet, although in accord with his aesthetic and political principles he refused to offer himself as either Oxford Professor of Poetry or Poet Laureate.

Tennyson had made himself a virtuoso of the Romantic idyll through such works as Idylls of the King, the "English idylls" and the poems originally called Idylls of the Hearth but published as Enoch Arden, etc. Morris's visionary idyll in prose is worthy of comparison with Tennyson's contributions to a genre which was central in European literary Romanticism from the 1790s when it was conceived by Schiller, the Schlegels and other German idealists in opposition to an arid and insipid neoclassicism. This rebellion was carried on fifty years later by the English Pre-Raphaelites.

Let us first examine the argument that News From Nowhere is a pastoral romance. Some difficulties with this view will at once be evident. The artificial, aristocratic pastoral romances of post-mediaeval literature were anathema to Morris, who associated them with the degradation of the arts as a genuine spontaneous expression of human thought and pleasure during "the period when art became academical, i.e. inorganic; the so-called renaissance". For the charge that News From Nowhere is a sentimentalized pastoral of the Middle Ages, the Guest's words to Dick Hammond in Chapter VII can serve as a refutation:

Have you not read of the Mediaeval period, and the ferocity of its criminal laws; and how in those days men fairly seemed to have enjoyed tormenting their fellow men? nay, for the matter of that, they made their God a tormentor, and a jailer, rather than anything else.

Graham Hough claims the book is a reshaping of the Golden Age "attached to the contemporary world by a slender thread of social analysis" but really intended as a primitivist fantasy of unfallen simplicity, before the advent of civil society or private property. While News From Nowhere is certainly a romance, it is not a romp in
Cloud-Cuckoo Land. Contrary to Hough's view, we see in Morris's twenty-first century England the whole familiar range of human imperfection, from ill-temper to homicidal mania. There are cranky reactionaries like Ellen's grandfather, assorted nonconformists including obstinate refusers, and bookish intellectuals who actually live in the British Museum reading about, among other things, civil society and private property. Although the story unfolds during the summer, winter will come, crops may fail and the course of true love can include hitting the rocks, as Dick and Clara discover. Nevertheless, Nowhere is a better world than ours, satisfying in some measure the human longing for carefree happiness and presenting the complexities of human life, including the battle of the sexes, against a background of relative simplicity. As such, then, according to established definitions, Morris's romance is at least partly pastoral. However, its pastoral setting is neither the Golden Age nor the Garden of Eden but that ambivalent land called Arcadia.

Like utopia, Arcadia is both the good place and no place at all, being therefore an appropriate destination for a traveller in a dream-vision. Although the idylls of Theocritus took place in Sicily, that land is scarcely less imaginary than Virgil's Arcadia: both are the same idealized pastoral milieu. Shepherds and shepherdesses dwelling in Arcadia spend their time making love, music and poetry, for all of which they possess innate aptitudes. Neither sybaritic nor slothful, these activities are entirely consonant with otium, the concept of Arcadian leisure. In classical Arcadia gods, heroes and urban sophisticates mix easily with herdsmen. While otium is the very opposite of the lusts for sex, power or gold which dominate city and court life, some Arcadians have been to Rome, or Syracuse. The decorum of the Arcadian idyll, and that of the dream vision, allows this ambivalent fusion of worldliness with rural charm, of the ordinary with the fantastic. Like Theocritus in his seventh idyll, "The Harvest Festival", Morris introduces contemporaries and friends in pastoral guise. We are reminded of Ruskin and Dickens as well as Janey and Morris himself as the Guest and both Hammonds. Morris conflates the pastoral locus amoenus with his own favourite beauty spots, as Arnold had done in The Scholar Gypsy: the Thames Valley, Oxfordshire and the Cotswolds gain universality through becoming Arcadian. Fusing the ideal with the actual enables Morris to overcome several difficulties, but we should note that these difficulties are precisely the ones that confront the writer of an utopian romance.

The utopian genre requires the use of various stock devices, principally the guided tour and the Platonic symposium or dialogue. The Guest is regularly lectured by representatives of the utopia he is visiting on how utopian it is. Sometimes provoked to counter-arguments by what he perceives as errors or complacency, but more often to ask a question, he does manage to break the lectures up somewhat. But these conventions can lead to a relentless didacticism of tone, wearying the reader with exposition of information unrelieved by entertainment. The long central section of News From Nowhere in which Old Hammond holds forth is, while vital to Morris's conceptual scheme, rather lacking in the values we expect from prose fiction. However, it is here that the dream-vision and Arcadian dimensions help Morris out. The Guest is simultaneously a being from another planet, a tourist from overseas and a time-traveller from the past who may be a magical double of Old Hammond's grandfather who fought for the Revolution: these facets give this conversation an
interest it would not have in a straight utopia. Indeed, the first part of the book which culminates in Old Hammond’s peroration at the end of Chapter XVIII can be seen as an utopia consisting of a guided tour of London, whereas the second part modulates into an increasingly pastoral idiom. The boat trip up the Thames, while a device to get the Guest back to Victorian London, is also a hedonistic Arcadian excursion, a journey from the twenty-first century back to the Middle Ages as symbolized by Kelmscott Manor, a dreamlike regression to the Guest’s childhood and a minutely accurate description of the river route from Kelmscott House in Hammersmith to Kelmscott Manor near Lechlade that the Morrises had followed with their family and friends.  

Thus, the ambivalence of Arcadia allows Morris to combine history, ideology, autobiography and fantasy. We know that Arcadia is the haunt of the poet disappointed in love, or the statesman fallen from power; perhaps it may also be a haven for the battered Socialist intellectual, disappointed in his hopes for a better society. For Virgil, however, Arcadia afforded, beyond delight and consolation, the prophetic vision of a glorious future expressed in his Fourth, or Messianic, Eclogue. For the Guest, Arcadia leads back to the childhood of the race, as Old Hammond says, but also forward to the prophetic vision of the Communist Revolution. It is at this point, perhaps, that we may see the classical pastoral as only a beginning, as the strawberry social level of happiness, as wish-fulfilment fantasy rather than vision. Beyond the pleasure-principle and the anarchy of dreams lies the reality-principle, beyond happiness lie freedom and justice. To discover these, we must travel to the borderland where Arcadia meets utopia.

II

By the time Morris wrote News From Nowhere, the pastoral tradition was close to exhaustion, whereas the utopia was thriving. Thinkers from Rousseau to Marx had anticipated Freud in contrasting the natural or instinctual state of man with the social conditions that oppressed him. Rousseau’s cry, “Man is born free, yet everywhere he is in chains”, made it impossible, as Erich Auerbach has noted, for the artist to ignore existing social conditions. Pastoral did not die, but neither did it get assimilated by the literature of social protest or revolutionary change, as some claim it did. Pastoral sanctions are traditionally aristocratic, conservative and retrospective: that is the main reason why the genre could not of itself bear the full weight of Morris’s revolutionary gospel. I believe that political pastoral exists, but it is the pastoral of Toryism, superbly exemplified in prose fiction by the long dying meditation of Mark Tietjens in Ford Madox Ford’s The Last Post: looking out serenely over his feudal estate of Groby in Yorkshire, Mark feels himself to be the last Tory in England; as such, he is perhaps more truly the last Arcadian than Yeats’s singer who laments the advent of “grey Truth” in “The Song of the Happy Shepherd” (1889).  

The progress of democracy and science, and the dawn of literary naturalism, would seem to have favoured the utopian romance that Edward Bellamy had written. Superficially, Morris’s hostility to Looking Backward seems surprising, as the two
writers shared so many values and aspirations: a commitment to a form of Socialism, a passionate faith in the innate goodness of mankind, a fierce hatred of those baleful Victorian demons, Capitalism and its ugly sister Imperialism. The following passage from Bellamy’s novel could have been written by Morris:

Humanity’s ancient dream of liberty, equality, fraternity, mocked by so many ages, at last was realized... Now that the conditions of life for the first time ceased to operate as a forcing process to develop the brutal qualities of human nature, and the premium which had heretofore encouraged selfishness was not only removed, but placed upon unselfishness, it was for the first time possible to see what unperverted human nature really was like. The depraved tendencies, which had previously overgrown and obscured the better to so large an extent, now withered like cellar fungi in the open air, and the nobler qualities showed a sudden luxuriance which turned cynics into panegyrists and for the first time in human history tempted mankind to fall in love with itself.19

However, it is important to look at this effusion in its context: it is part of a sermon by a state clergyman broadcast by the state over a state-installed speaker (called a “telephone” by Bellamy) in the living room of a family home. The reader may be inclined to think of Orwell’s Big Brother rather than the millenium. Exuberant utopian socialism like that of Saint-Simon and Fourier was denounced by Engels as inimical to the progress of Communism, but in the twentieth century it has been darkened if not obliterated by the shadow of Fascist, Communist and militarist totalitarianism.20 Utopian romance of the Looking Backward sort has become associated with the naive faith in rationality and good will exploded by Freud, the sentimental primitivism exploded by anthropology, and the constant, sometimes appalling, failure of utopian experiments whether religious or secular. Perhaps the most damning indictment of the book is that it can truly be said to typify the Victorian faith in progress through proliferating technology. Morris’s negative review of Looking Backward in The Commonweal, the genesis of News From Nowhere, anticipates such a modern critique:

A machine life is the best which Bellamy can imagine for us on all sides; it is not to be wondered at then that his only idea of making labour tolerable is to decrease the amount of it by means of fresh and ever fresh developments of machinery.21

Even more offensive to Morris than the apparatus of state socialism, the pseudo-priesthood of bureaucrats, and the obediently marching helots of the national Industrial Army, must have been the state-supported authors who produced quantities of immensely popular formula romances! For all these reasons, Morris had to take up Bellamy’s challenge: let us look specifically at some literary reasons.

From Plato’s Republic to Anthony Burgess’s 1985, literary utopias have juxtaposed existing societies with ideal ones, using an amalgam of morality, fantasy and irony. The dominant effect of this kind of writing has normally been satire. We must never forget that utopia is — literally — nowhere. Plato’s paradox at the end of Book Nine of the Republic is at the centre of all great literary utopias: the perfect state exists as a vision — ideal, or perhaps only illusionary. It may never get constructed in time and space but the wise and just will live in it anyway, in the sense that they will obey its
laws. Bellamy's intentions in *Looking Backward* were less literary than political: that is why his book is, to borrow a distinction from Professor Frye, a descriptive rather than a constructive utopia:

Doubtless many writers of utopias think of their state as something that does not exist but which they wish did exist; hence their intention as writers is descriptive rather than constructive. But we cannot possibly discuss the utopia as a literary genre on this negatively ontological basis. We have to see it as a species of the constructive literary imagination, and we should expect to find that the more penetrating the utopian writer's mind is, the more clearly he understands that he is communicating a vision to his readers, not sharing a power or fantasy dream with them.  

When the *Boston Transcript* criticized Bellamy for placing his utopia a scant 100 years ahead, suggesting that he should have made his figure seventy-five centuries, he replied that his book was intended in all seriousness as a forecast, in accordance with the principles of evolution, of the next stage in the industrial and social development of humanity. Morris's growing concern with the fallacies of State and Fabian Socialism had been articulated in such essays as "How Shall We Live Then?" (i.e. after the Revolution) delivered 1 March 1889 to the Fabian Society in an effort to persuade them that the New Birth would be brought about, not through gradualist reforms, but by "abolition of the great central power of modern times, the world-market . . . with all the ingenious and intricate system which profit-hunting commerce has built up about it . . ." This and other lectures and pamphlets of the 1880s constitute Morris's own forecast of society's future. However, confronted with the immense popular success of Bellamy's book and the broad appeal of Fabian policies, Morris countered with a weapon more potent, in his hands, than mere propaganda. *News From Nowhere* as a constructive utopia belongs to imaginative literature rather than to social science. In writing it, Morris demonstrated what could be done with the genre that Bellamy had trivialized.

The central Chapters in Morris's constructive speculations are XVII, "How The Change Came", and XVIII, "The Beginning of the New Life". Graham Hough's attack on this section shows that he is reading the book as a descriptive utopia. Hough suggests that Morris is simply laying down the Marxist line; when he discerns any deviation from this line he attributes it to the influence of Ruskin, as for example the idea that mechanical technology was as much the enemy as capitalism and must therefore be done away with in the Revolution rather than taken over by the workers as called for in the Marxist program. Old Hammond's statement that no useless or junky products are made in Nowhere because there is no commercial system to be propped up leads Hough to the cynical observation that ignorant people in uncivilized countries are only too ready to welcome the shoddy products of industrialism. Old Hammond reports that his neighbours have now discovered what they truly want and truly need, thereby putting an end to wasteful surplus production: "All work that would be irksome to do by hand is done by immensely improved machinery; and in all work which it is a pleasure to do by hand, machinery is done without." Hough comments as follows:
How the machinery is made and how the power is generated without irksome and inartistic work on the part of somebody does not appear. And here it becomes plain that Morris is talking a good deal of nonsense... There is no sense in discussing Utopias unless one asks how far they are possible, and one cannot write an effective moral fable by faking the physical conditions.26

The reader might observe that the last statement quoted above would disqualify *Gulliver's Travels* as well as *News From Nowhere* as an effective moral fable, but the most glaring error in this critique is the failure to perceive that Morris’s criteria for social analysis and judgement are aesthetic and imaginative, operating at a much deeper level than the literalistic pedantry displayed by Hough. Too often presented as a sort of Luddite machine-basher wishing to substitute handicrafts for factory production, Morris should be seen as the most subversive of all Victorian social critics, not excluding Marx, because he was the only one to raise the question, “What is work?” and to answer it. As Raymond Williams has said:

> When we stress, in Morris, the attachment to handicrafts, we are, in part, rationalising an uneasiness generated by the scale and nature of his social criticism.27

In *News From Nowhere*, Morris went beyond distinctions between classes, between work and drudgery, even his own distinction between useful work and useless toil, to a radical distinction between work as pain and work as pleasure. In his review of *Looking Backward*, he noted that Bellamy had merely reduced labour instead of reducing or eliminating the pain in labour: “... it cannot be too often repeated that the true incentive to happy and useful labour must be pleasure in work itself.”28 As author of an utopian romance, Morris is not interested in the details of technology or administration, although he showed great interest in those details in his articles, such as “A Factory As It Might Be”.29 What interests him as constructive utopian is the earth and the life on it, the happiness and freedom of humanity in harmony with nature. Society as repression and coercion vanishes through a creative, collective act of faith. How the change really came, or rather where it came, was in perception: aesthetic, artistic criteria became paramount. Old Hammond’s words in Chapter XVIII are the intellectual climax of the book:

> The art or work-pleasure, as one ought to call it, of which I am now speaking, sprung up almost spontaneously, it seems, from a kind of instinct amongst people, no longer driven desperately to painful and terrible overwork, to do the best they could with the work in hand — to make it excellent of its kind; and when that had gone on for a little, a craving for beauty seemed to awaken in men’s minds, and they began rudely and awkwardly to ornament the wares which they made; and when they had once set to work at that, it soon began to grow. All this was much helped by the abolition of the squalor which our immediate ancestors put up with so coolly; and by the leisurely, but not stupid, country-life which now grew... to be common amongst us. Thus at last and by slow degrees we got pleasure into our work; then we became conscious of that pleasure, and cultivated it, and took care that we had our fill of it; and then all was gained, and we were happy. So may it be for ages and ages!30
Satire against the writer's own society is, as suggested earlier, the dominant literary effect of utopias. Even the Republic can be read as a satire on the vulgarity of the Spartan regime which controlled Athens during Plato's youth. It is therefore notable that in News From Nowhere satire plays a quite secondary role. The tendency of the utopia towards the satiric, and ultimately the sardonic, is comparable to the tendency of the Arcadia towards the elegiac with its accompanying mood of pathos. Today the utopia seems as moribund as the Arcadia was a hundred years ago. It is in danger of being assimilated by the flourishing genre of science fiction or surviving only as dystopian horror. The world has sometimes honoured but has never loved a satirist, as Swift well understood when he defined satire as "a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own". The target of the satirist is his reader's pride and complacency, but the utopian satirist concentrates his attack on one of man's fondest dreams: the earthly paradise. In view of some of the ugly turns the twentieth century has taken, the harsh criticism of utopian satire is almost superfluous, as this passage from Orwell's 1984 suggests:

The idea of an earthly paradise in which men should live together in a state of brotherhood, without laws and without brute labour, had haunted the human imagination for thousands of years. And this vision had had a certain hold even on the groups who actually profited by each historical change. The heirs of the French, English, and American revolutions had partly believed in their own phrases about the rights of man, freedom of speech, equality before the law, and the like, and have even allowed their conduct to be influenced by them to some extent. But by the fourth decade of the twentieth century all the main currents of political thought were authoritarian. The earthly paradise had been discredited at exactly the moment when it became realizable.

News From Nowhere is almost alone among modern constructive utopias in affirming an earthly paradise without either undermining it satirically or evading the daunting problems faced by mankind; the only other one I know is Aldous Huxley's last novel, Island (1962). It bestows a power of vision that helps us to see clearly, not just the gulf between the depressing actual world and the ravishing ideal one, but also the possibility of bridging it. In his opening paragraph, Morris offers simply his version of "what would happen on the Morrow of the Revolution", showing us a picture "of the fully-developed new society". Neither a cynical tabulation of the vices and follies of Victorian England, nor a naively materialistic Marxist homily, the book reveals, in common with the great literary utopias, an abiding faith that made its author suspicious of any man-made paradise not grounded in the human spirit. Plato's austere piety, More's saintly Catholicism, Swift's Anglicanism and Huxley's Buddhism separate them radically from Morris the Communist and atheist. Such men did not believe in the secular city or the perfectability of economists, but in some form of St. Augustine's City of God. Consequently they saw utopia as an illusion, but they saw also that this illusion is necessary to man. The full expression of that paradox is their achievement. But Morris's faith, although it is difficult to find a better name for it than the Romantic dream, also has the power to move us; Professor Frye has acknowledged that "we are indebted to the most unreligious of the great English writers for one of the most convincing pictures of the state of innocence".
Joy is the predominant tonality of News From Nowhere because both the utopian and Arcadian genres, with their potential for tonalities of, respectively, bitterness and nostalgia, have been subsumed in the genre of the idyll. In his essay On Naive and Sentimental Poetry, Schiller, “the spiritual grandfather of German Romanticism” and a primary formulator of the Romantic dream, argues that the idyllic is the highest form of “sentimental” or modern poetry; it was Friedrich Schlegel, upon reading the second part of Schiller’s essay in December, 1795, who fathered the term “Romantic” upon the poetry, or imaginative literature, that Schiller had characterized as “sentimental”. The German idealists held that Romantic literature had to be “Universalpoesie”, uniting in itself the several forms and genres of poetry. Schiller says that the genres of satire and elegy are the most important components of idyll. In satire, “the real as imperfection is opposed to the ideal considered as the highest reality”, but this genre excites indignation and mirth rather than joy (Freude). Elegiac poetry also juxtaposes the real with the ideal, but represents nature as fallen or lost to man, and the ideal as unattainable or at least unattained. However, the idyllic mode presents both the harmony of mankind with nature and the triumph of the ideal over the imperfect as realities, thereby exciting joy in the reader. Schiller’s “Ode to Joy”, set to music by Beethoven in the final movement of his Ninth Symphony, conveys quite directly what his theory says. For him, any artist aspiring to express the Romantic dream, to represent the true ideal of ennobled humanity, must of course transcend the merely ‘real’. But he must not forget the particularity of his own age, or lose sight of the limits of human nature, or turn in any elegiac mood to the past. Here is part of Schiller’s challenge to the artist, a challenge that I believe Morris met in News From Nowhere:

Let him prepare as his task an idyll that realizes the pastoral innocence, even in the children of civilization, and in all the conditions of the most militant and excited life; of thought enlarged by culture; of the most refined art; of the most delicate social conventionalities – an idyll, in short, that is made, not to bring back man to Arcadia, but to lead him to Elysium.

This idyll, as I conceive it, is the idea of humanity definitely reconciled with itself, in the individual as well as in the whole of society; it is union freely re-established between inclination and duty; it is nature purified, raised to its highest moral dignity; in short, it is no less than the ideal of beauty applied to real life. Thus, the character of this idyll is to reconcile perfectly all the contradictions between the real and the ideal, which formed the matter of satirical and elegiac poetry, and, setting aside their contradictions, to put an end to all conflict between the feelings of the soul. Thus, the dominant expression of this kind of poetry would be calm; but the calm that follows the accomplishment, and not that of indolence – the calm that comes from the equilibrium re-established between the faculties, and not from the suspending of their exercise; from the fulness of our strength, and not from our infirmity; the calm, in short, which is accompanied in the soul by the feeling of an infinite power.
12 Hough, p. 112.
14 See Middlebro’. pp. 8–10.
17 e.g. Empson, and to a lesser degree Marinelli (see supra n. 13).
The woods of Arcady are dead
And over is their antique joy;
Of old the world on dreaming fed;
Grey Truth is now her painted toy.

21 This review appeared 22 June 1889 on pp. 194–95 of *The Commonweal*, official journal of The Socialist League; between 11 January and 4 October 1890 *News From Nowhere* was published as a “serial story” in the weekly issues of this journal.
24 This canard about Ruskin doubtless owes its durability to Morris’s generous acknowledgements of his influence. But Morris was often critical of Ruskin’s politics: “Ruskin”, he wrote in 1884, “is not a Socialist, that is not a practical one.” (*Letters*, p. 204).
25 This passage exposes the falseness of another canard – that Morris is a Luddite. In ‘How Shall We Live Then?’ (see *supra* n. 23), he declares that “in cases where art could not be an integral part of the work if it turned out to be necessary work, it would have to be done by machines as nearly automatic as possible.” (p. 231).
26 Hough, p. 109.
34 *News*, p. 1.
35 Frye, p. 131.
37 Lovejoy, p. 226.
38 Schiller, p. 297.