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WORLDWIDE PRE-RAPHAELITISM



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67. De la Vega's words (in my translation) from a piece he wrote on 19 May 1895 for the Madrid *El Liberal* are quoted in Masegosa, 21. Other commentary on Spanish reviewers is found in *ibid.*, 19–23, *passim*.

68. From a 12 May 1906 review Orbaneja wrote for *El Globo*, as quoted in Masegosa, 23.

69. Robert de Montesquiou, excerpts of "Le Spectre Burne-Jones" translated by me and reprinted in des Cars, *Les Preraphaelites*, 115.

70. Léon Balzquette, *L'Esprit Nouveau dans la vie Artistique, Sociale et Religieuse* (Paris, 1898).

71. Sparrow, "Fernand Khnopff," 42.

72. Walter Shaw Sparrow, "English Art and M. Fernand Khnopff," *Studio* (1894), 203.

73. Salvador Dali, "Le Surréalisme Spectral de l'Éternel Féminin Préraphaélite" in *Le Minotaure* no. 8 (1936): n. p. This excerpt was translated by me from text reproduced in des Cars, *Les Préraphaélites*, 116–7.

Chapter 7



WILLIAM MORRIS'S LATER WRITINGS AND THE SOCIALIST MODERNISM OF LEWIS GRASSIC GIBBON

Florence S. Boos

Nany critics and commentators in the twentieth century seemed to consider William Morris's principal gifts to their century artistic and ideological rather than literary and linguistic, and assume that he manifested them most directly in the form of influences on the Arts and Crafts movement, several generations of Labourites, and other members of the British-left. His passionate invocations of the "Social-Revolution," for example, seemed remote from the skeptical detachment or elitist conservatism of such writers as Conrad, Eliot, and Pound, and his translations, epic poetry, historical romances, and revolutionary-utopian writings seemed "archaic" and irrelevant to later authors' more avant-garde experimentation with imagism, stream of consciousness, multiple points of view, and achronological patterns of cyclical recurrence.

More recently, however, there has been a partial reassimilation of Victorian and early-twentieth-century writers, as the modernity of "modernism" gradually receded from critical view. Several recent books and articles have examined literary filiations between Morris and H. D., Orwell, and Auden, as well as earlier figures such as Yeats, Chesterton, and Wilde.¹ But few writers—and no Morris critics—have commented on the rather striking affinities that might be traced between Morris's prose romances and the neglected trilogy *A Scots Quair* (1932–1935), one of Britain's greatest modernist works, written under the pseudonym of Lewis Grassic Gibbon.

James Leslie Mitchell, its author, published ten novels, seven works on history, biography, travel, archaeology and cultural criticism, and scores of uncollected short stories and essays before he died at age thirty-four in

1935.² Born to a family of limited means in 1901, Mitchell struggled to escape a life of penury and farm labor through early attempts at journalism (he was a reporter at sixteen), then spent ten years in Mesopotamia, Palestine, Egypt, and London with the Royal Army Service Corps (1919–23) and the R. A. F. (1923–29). According to his biographer, Douglas Young, he “hated army life with an intensity that comes out in almost everything that he wrote,” and his military experiences also exacerbated the deep hatred of war manifested in his writings.³

He had also read voraciously from earliest youth, especially works of history, science, and science fiction by Jules Verne, Rider Haggard, and H. G. Wells. Wells—whom he later described wryly as “the inspirer and bamboozler of youth”⁴—also personally encouraged his interests in science as well as socialism, and helped him find a publisher for his first novel.⁵ More precisely, Wells and others encouraged Leslie Mitchell to leave the military service he hated at twenty-eight, and settle in southern England, first in London and later in Welwyn Garden City, and undertake the precarious project to support himself, his wife Ray (whom he had married in 1925), and two children, Rhea and Daryll, through the authorship of books.

Stained Radiance (1930), *The Thirteenth Disciple* (1931), *Three Go Back* (1932), and *The Lost Trumpet* (1932) appeared under his own name and enjoyed a measure of success. He adopted the pseudonym “Lewis Grassic Gibbon” for *Sunset Song*, a novel of Scottish rural life, as a tribute to his mother Lelias Grassic Gibbon. For the rest of his short life, Mitchell/Gibbon published concurrently under both names, and added *Cloud Howe* (1933) and *Grey Granite* (1934) to *Sunset Song* to complete the trilogy *A Scots Quair* before his death in 1935.

The principal works of D. G. Rossetti, William Morris, and other Pre-Raphaelites were found in Mitchell’s library after his death, and one of his favorite books was Morris’s socialist romance *News from Nowhere*.⁶ Collateral evidence of Mitchell’s interest in Pre-Raphaelitism might also be found in “The Road,” a short story he published in 1929, whose narrator praised the Brotherhood for its (comparatively) enlightened views of women’s social roles, more particularly an aunt who had given Jane, the tale’s heroic protagonist, an

education and . . . freedom beyond that decade even in England . . . [and] was a member of some society of the painters that may have been your Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; she was a friend of Ruskin and Morris and the

gentle rebels of those days. The New Age was nigh when all men would be free and kindly and happy, and all women not only the equals of men, but the goddesses to inspire. . . . Except in the brown lands of the Nile, . . . where women were the cattle-slaves and dolls, where the light Pre-Raphaelite had never shone.⁷

Mitchell’s own “gentle rebellion” and lifelong left-wing politics derived from his deeply ingrained sympathy with the victims of grinding labor and cynical injustice. Criticized for the brutality and pain portrayed in his 1933 novel *Image and Superscription*, which included a description of the lynching of a pregnant black woman, he explained his priorities in a letter to his friend, the poet Helen B. Cruickshank:

Ancient Greece is never the Parthenon to me: it’s a slave being tortured in a dungeon of the Athenian law courts; ancient Egypt is never the Pyramids: it’s the blood and tears of Goshen; Ancient Scotland is never Mary Queen: it’s those serfs they kept chained in the mines of Fife a hundred years ago. And so with the moderns. I am so horrified by all our dirty little cruelties and bestialities that I would feel the lowest type of skunk if I didn’t shout the horror of them from the housetops.⁸

His angry sympathies extended to other sentient beings as well. In an autobiographical essay, “The Land” (1934), Mitchell reflected that

[w]hen I hear or read of a dog tortured to death, very vilely and foully, of some old horse driven to a broken back down a hill with an overloaded car of corn, of rats captured and tormented with red-hot pikers in bothies, I have a shudder of disgust.⁹

Mitchell’s socialist inclinations and generally dissident views found encouragement from his older neighbor (and later father-in-law) Robert Middleton, who later became the original for Long Rob of the Mill in *Sunset Song*. They were also confirmed by his two years as a reporter, assigned first to the harbor beat of Aberdeen and later to the Gorbals district of Glasgow, and he drew on his experiences as a speaker and member of the Aberdeen Soviet for his portrait of the young socialist activist Ewan Tavendale, hero of the *Scots Quair*’s third novel *Grey Granite*.

Malcom Maudslay, moreover, the hero of Mitchell’s earlier autobiographical novel *The Thirteenth Disciple* (1931), immersed himself in the works of impassioned socialist authors such as William Morris:

Here were people who, like himself, had shuddered in sick horror at sight of the dehumanized and wandering crucified . . . and seen solution of all the earth's bitter cruelties in a gigantic expedition against the World's Walls. . . . He discovered with them a splendid, romantic hope which coloured his days and nights. . . . William Morris led [him] into the jungle and without apparent qualms abandoned [him] to . . . Lafargue . . . Hyndman . . . Blatchford . . . Karl Liebknecht . . . Shaw, the incomprehensible Marx, and . . . H. G. Wells.¹⁰

Like Morris, Mitchell has also been variously described as an orthodox Marxist and an irremediably "romantic" pastoral anarcho-communist. William K. Malcolm, for example, remarks that "Mitchell himself contributed to the uncertainty by using different terms—principally those of anarchist and communist—to describe his personal standpoint, and definition is made more complicated by the keen interest he also took in Scottish affairs."¹¹

Like many activist intellectuals, Morris included, Mitchell may also have found the torturous verities of "party discipline" hard to take, for he wrote his fellow novelist and leftist Neil Gunn in 1934 that "[b]y the way I'm not an official Communist. . . . They refuse to allow me into the party!"¹² But until the day he died, he consistently advocated communism as the only practicable path to revolution, however flawed and makeshift he found those turns to be.

Another, distinctly idiosyncratic but rather Morrisian aspect of Mitchell's distaste for rigid orthodoxies might be found in Mitchell's attraction to "Diffusionism," a view of ancient societies popularized by Grafton Elliot Smith (*The Migration of Early Cultures*, 1915) and H. J. Massingham (*The Golden Age*, 1927). "Diffusionists" held that humans had originally lived in free and genuinely egalitarian communal societies, a state of secular grace of the sort Morris might have described as "mutualist or communist anarchism." Mitchell spoke of "the clean anarchy which is the essence of life" in his essay "Glasgow" (1934),¹³ and argued in the anarchist periodical *The Twentieth Century* (1932) that our ancestors once "co-operated in matters of mutual group life as a colony of modern anarchists might co-operate—without the merging of individuality in any group-consciousness."¹⁴ Malcolm later characterized the persistent anarchist qualities of Mitchell's political ideals as follows:

His ideal, in which all men live in happy communal freedom, endures unchanged throughout his work. Thus he, like Kropotkin, ultimately demands

the abolition of property rather than the Marxist redistribution of wealth, and finally, in accordance with the original meaning of the word anarchy, he calls for the abolition of all constitutional and legislative ruling, eventually seeking what is effectively an apolitical state.¹⁵

The allusion to Peter Kropotkin is accurate, of course, but so also might have been a more "literary" comparison with the limiting ideals of Morris's *News from Nowhere* (1890), an anarchist kingdom-of-ends in which political parties and institutions of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have vanished altogether.¹⁶

Against the canvas of these ideals, the tensions between Mitchell's anarcho-communist views and the communist orthodoxies of the period may also be compared with Morris's vexed interactions in the 1880s and 1890s with the social democrats of the Social Democratic Federation (SDF) and the more doctrinaire anarchists of the Socialist League,¹⁷ and one can find strong affinities between Mitchell's views and convictions Morris expressed in essays such as "Communism," "Why I Became a Socialist," "The Society of the Future," and "True and False Society." Both men were motivated by "the humanistic principles of communism," as Malcolm put it, and resisted then-current forms of orthodoxy and doctrinal rigidity. And both sought to envision transformed—not simply ameliorated—social orders, which they hoped would fulfill natural human aspirations in unanticipated ways.

A closely related analogy with Morris's views might be found in the historicist qualities of Mitchell's displacement of utopian aspirations into a remote (and perhaps partially preagrarian) pastoral past. Marx, Engels, and Reclus, among other nineteenth-century socialists, had sought to find anticipations in "primitive" societies of anti-capitalist social structures they valued,¹⁸ and Morris's *News from Nowhere* was one of a series of historical or quasi-historical recreations Morris wrote in the 1880s and early 1890s—among them *The House of the Wolfings*, *The Roots of the Mountains*, and *A Dream of John Ball*.¹⁹

Mitchell took pains to set his account of the devastating local consequences of the First World War I against a background of reconstructed Scottish history, from its ancient Pictish past to the early-twentieth-century present, and a number of other "historicist" aspects of Mitchell's "diffusionist" or populist and socialist readings of history paralleled views Morris had set forth in essays such as "Feudal England," "The Art of the People," "Art and Architecture," and the co-authored *Commonweal* series, "The Roots of Socialism."²⁰

In "How I Became a Socialist," for example, Morris himself decried industrial "civilization" for its "mastery of and its waste of mechanical power, its commonwealth so poor, its enemies of the commonwealth so rich, its stupendous organization—for the misery of life . . . [i]ts contempt of simple pleasures which everyone could enjoy but for its folly[.]"²¹ Morris likewise sought to recover in history and prehistory an absence of class-hierarchy, a more just and long-overdue regard for the aspirations and accomplishments of women, and a more honest and equitable respect for simple human needs and desires, not least among them the love of beauty.

All of these, Morris had argued, had been distorted or effaced by forms of civilization that worshiped technique over art, profit over value, power over cooperation, and repression over simple natural pleasures:

I demand a free and unfettered animal life for man first of all: I demand the utter extinction of all asceticism. If we feel the least degradation in being amorous, or merry, or hungry, or sleepy, we are so far bad animals, and therefore miserable men. And you know civilization does bid us to be ashamed of all these moods and deeds.²²

All of Leslie Mitchell's works bear witness to his shared preoccupations with exploration, heroism, social injustice, historical evolution, and the search for an unrealised "golden age" of human dignity, but the late works of "Lewis Grassie Gibbon" manifested some of his most striking echoes of Morris's aesthetic ideals and historicist as well as socialist ground-motives. In particular, *Sunset Song* and the other novels of *A Scots Quair* resonate with poetic celebrations of the beauty of nature, the sorrows of life lived near the soil, the difficulties and limitations of political effort, and a secular faith in cyclical renewal. They express the sort of elegiac epiphanies and heightened moments of visionary prophecy Morris had evoked in *The Earthly Paradise*, *A Dream of John Ball*, and *News from Nowhere*. In the closing scene of *Sunset Song*, for example, the local minister, Robert Coloquhoun, preaches a war-memorial sermon that hauntingly echoes the doomed revolutionary priest's climactic "sermon at the Cross" in Morris's *A Dream of John Ball*.

For simplicity and brevity I confine myself here to the trilogy's first novel, *Sunset Song*, and consider only four of the detailed resemblances that might be traced between the literary work of Morris and Gibbon: (1) their experiments with languages and their historical and regional inflexions; (2) their shared anticapitalism, calls for revolutionary action, and

appeals for stoic resilience, charitable "fellowship" and utopian hope; (3) their common beliefs in the sacredness of nature and expressions of deep reverence for its enduring spirit; and, finally, (4) their attempts to find in "new women"—reflective, determined, independent and unrepressed—emblems of continuity between an idealised past and a desired future.

Morris in his later writings and Mitchell/Gibbon in his Scottish fiction both sought to find new forms of poetic prose outside the boundaries of standard English, though Mitchell's was more autochthonous, more innovative and less "formulaic." Influenced by several years of study of Old Norse and by his early readings in Chaucer, Malory, Froissart, and other Medieval authors, Morris infused a variety of germanicisms and archaisms into much of his later poetry, translations, and late romances.

There was a lord named Thorir, a man of mighty power in Norway, a man of fame, and wedded to a noble wife: this earl begat on his wife a woman-child, Olof by name, who was wondrous fair-mannered from her youth up; and she was the fairest fashioned of all women of Norway, so that her name was lengthened and she was called Olof Sunbeam.²³

Morris sacrificed part of the nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century rhetorical diapason in this diction; many translation scholars have criticized it, but others have noted its ability to evoke forms of ethos and plainspoken cadences lost in modern English.²⁴ It also has its declamatory and narrative charms, which Morris systematically exploited in the later prose romances to suggest their placement in a hypothetical atemporal niche and quasi-Scandinavian region, somewhere beyond (and well to the north of) the Isles of the Blest. Consider, for example, the following passage in *Water of the Wondrous Isles*, in which Habundia the wise-woman tells her protegee Birdalone that

[t]hou art the beloved child of my wisdom; and now I see of thee that thou wilt be faithful and true and loving unto me unto the end. . . . And whatsoever thou wilt of me that I may do for thee or thy friends, ask it freely, and freely shalt thou have it.²⁵

Or the tale's conclusion:

Now when all this hath been said, we have no more to tell about this company of friends, the most of whom had once haunted the lands about the *Water of the Wondrous Isles*, save that their love never sundered, and that they lived without shame and died without fear. So here is an end.²⁶

Morris's own everyday prose—in his letters and essays, for example—actually had something of this style's straightforward underpunctuated lilt, and the quasi-medievalism of the late romances sustained a kind of liminal detachment and evoked a carefully modulated sense of loss. At their best, moreover—in Ball's sermon, for example—they were hauntingly beautiful.

The language of *Sunset Song* and its companions was *sui generis* and experimental in different ways. It was not archaic, but it was historically evocative, and it was also “artificially” designed to bridge two rather disparate cultures. Mitchell himself explained his purposes in a prefatory note, in which he used the relationship between Dutch and German as a metaphor for the problems a Scot writing for early twentieth-century Scottish and English audiences faced.

If the great Dutch language disappeared from literary usage and a Dutchman wrote in German a story of the Lekside peasants, one may hazard he would ask and receive a certain latitude and forbearance in his usage of German. He might import into his pages some score or so untranslatable words and idioms—untranslatable except in their context and setting; he might mould in some fashion his German to the rhythms and cadence of the kindred speech that his peasants speak. Beyond that, in fairness to his hosts, he hardly could go: to seek effect by a spray of apostrophes would be both impertinence and mis-translation.

The courtesy that the hypothetical Dutchman might receive from German a Scot may invoke from the great English tongue.

Several critics have admired the effect of Gibbon's synthetic attempt to reconcile the nationalist goals of the Scottish Renaissance with his desire to reach a wider international audience. Douglas Young, for example, praised his achievement of a “personal and distinctive style which is neither standard English nor broad Scots, but attempts to reproduce the rhythms of Scots speech whilst avoiding an excessive use of dialect words.”²⁷ In Ian Campbell's view, Gibbon's prose also had a clear secondary meaning to Scots readers, who

can recognise vocabulary items which make the story recognisably attractive, and . . . read . . . silently or aloud will betray familiar sentence-patterns, or ambiguous words such as “brave” and “childe” which mean one thing to a Scot, another to an English reader coming new to the prose. The mixed response . . . conveys a different impression to different readers:

the Scots are communicated to with an immediacy simply not possible through prose in standard English.²⁸

Above all, the narrative voice of *Sunset Song* is remarkably flexible—alternately authoritative, mock-credulous, resistant and openly ironic, as the values of the author weave in and out of the speech of the folk narrator, a dweller in the Mearns of northeast Scotland.

A sweep of history—real and imagined—is also conveyed in the book's initial section, “The Untilled Field,” which evokes the fictive Kinraddie's misty past in the “days of William the Lyon, when gryphons and such-like beasts still roamed the Scots countryside,” then ranges forward into the lives of the present inhabitants, whom the narrator introduces one by one in knowing tones that shift abruptly from kindred feeling to demonic *Schadenfreude*:

Out of the World and into Blawearie they said in Kinraddie, and faith! it was coarse land and lonely up there on the brae, . . . and some said there was no bottom to it, the loch, and Long Rob of the Mill said that made it like the depths of a parson's depravity. That was an ill thing to say about any minister, though Rob said it was an ill thing to say about any loch. . . . nearby the bit loch was a circle of stones from olden times. . . . They were Druid stones and folk told that the Druids had been coarse devils of men in the times long syne, they'd climb up there and sing their foul heathen songs around the stones; and if they met a bit Christian missionary they'd gut him as soon as look at him. And Long Rob of the Mill would say what Scotland wanted was a return of the Druids, but that was just a speak of his, for they must have been awful ignorant folk, not canny. (12–13)

At other times, the voice of the knowing bystander/narrator blends together with that of a particular character's stream of consciousness, most often that of the heroine's central protagonist Chris Guthrie, as in the following passage about her divided linguistic identity:

So that was Chris and her reading and schooling, two Chrisses there were that fought for her heart and tormented her. . . . You saw their faces in fire-light . . . you wanted the words they'd known and used, forgotten in the far-off youngness of their lives, Scots words to tell to your heart how they wrung it and held it, the toil of their days and unendingly their faith. And the next minute that passed from you, you were English, back to the English words so sharp and clean and true—for a while, for a while, till they

slide so smooth from your throat you knew they could never say anything that was worth the saying at all. (32)

This interweaving voice is often polyphonic, in part-writing as well as Bakhtinian senses, and sometimes blends viewpoints within the same sentence, alternating the meanness, ignorance, and narrow-mindedness of neighbors' gossip with moments of epiphanic celebration of the land and the struggles of the people who have passed over it. Another instance of such choral writing occurs when Chris learns that she has inherited her father's farm, and is overpowered by a sense of love as well as dread:

she could never leave it, this life of toiling days and the needs of beasts and the smoke of wood fires and the air that stung your throat so acrid, Autumn and Spring, she was bound and held as though they had prisoned her there. . . . The kye were in sight then, they stood in the lithe of the free-stone dyke that ebbed and flowed over the shoulder of the long ley field, and they hugged to it close from the drive of the wind, not heeding her as she came among them, the smell of their bodies foul in her face—foul and known and enduring as the land itself. Oh, she hated and loved in a breath! Even her love might hardly endure, but beside it the hate was no more than the whimpering and fear of a child that cowered from the wind in the lithe of its mother's skirts. (120)

In more autochthonous counterparts of Morris's cadences, Gibbon sought to express in a single passage the consolations of reflection, the passions of freedom and bondage, the desire to range over the world, and the yearning for home.

Sunset Song traces the origins and inner life of Chris Guthrie, born somewhere south of Aberdeen around 1890 to the dourly autocratic crofter John Guthrie and his meekly forbearing wife Jean Murdoch. Her father's already puritanical temperament had been hardened in the back-breaking labor of marginal tillage when his pride and stubborn resistance to local authorities cost him his lease and forced him to move his family further south to "Blawearie," a farm in Kinraddie in the Mearns.

After the birth of three sons and a daughter, Jean Murdoch pled with her husband for a break in childbearing, but he "thundered at her, that way he had. *Fine? We'll have what God in His mercy may send to us, woman. See you to that*" (28), and she gave birth to twins. When she poisoned the two infants and herself, "[i]t was not mother only that died with the[m], something died in your heart and went down with her to lie in Kinraddie kirkyard—the child in your heart died then" (63).

Guthrie's ranting threats and physical cruelty alienate his eldest son, Will, who lacks the money to marry his sweetheart, Mollie, until her mother helps him find work in Argentina. After Will's departure, John Guthrie is left alone to work the farm, and Chris must stoically endure his verbal abuse and sexual harassment when he becomes paralyzed and needs incessant care. After his death three years later, Chris struggles to temper her relief with a sense of pity for the harshness he suffered as well as inflicted, and is surprised to learn that John has left the farm entirely to her—an anomalous event in rural Scotland. His two younger sons are adopted by his childless sister and her husband, and Chris marries the highlander Ewan Tavendale soon after she assumes ownership of the farm, in a ceremony enlivened by communal good wishes and warm speeches of her neighbors Chae Strachan and Long Rob the Miller. Chris and Ewan work the land peacefully for several years, and bring their son Ewan into the world before the "Great War" and its social pressures and legal compulsions separate them.

Moved neither by patriotism nor belief in the war, Ewan succumbs to local social pressures to enlist, but does not tell Chris at first, misdirects his bitterness at her and their son later on, and finally leaves home in shame and anger at the end of his last miserable leave before departure for the front. Stunned and hurt by his uncharacteristic behavior, Chris maintains the farm with the help of a hired man and Long Rob, until she learns first of Ewan's death in France, and then from Chae, who is home on leave, that her husband had in fact been shot as a deserter after an abortive effort to return home. Chris climbs up to "the Standing Stones," a Druid circle on a hill near the farm and her favorite retreat, and consoles herself with a vision of her husband's reconciliation and return.

Chae himself, a hopeful man with socialist convictions, is killed later in France, and leaves behind his wife and young children. Even Long Rob, the area's wise skeptic and a principled opponent of the war, finally enlists in despair and misguided solidarity with the dead, leaving behind his mill farm and devoted friend Chris. The son of the region's one wealthy family is also blinded in the war, which is "won" in the region only by outsiders who invested heavily in assorted industries, among them deforestation for "the war effort" of old-stand trees. This clearcutting further degrades the land, and damages in consequence its already-marginal economy.

The novel ends with the dedication ceremony for a war memorial on the site of the ancient Standing Stones, at which the new minister Robert Coloquhoun, himself returned from the war with damaged lungs, preaches

an unpatriotic but utopian sermon in which he appeals for a transformed community: "With them we may say there died a thing older than themselves, these were the Last of the Peasants, the last of the Old Scots folk. . . . the crofter is gone, the man with the house and the steading of his own and the land closer to his heart than the flesh of his body" (256). He advocates not the ravaged present but something "beyond it and us [where] there shines a greater hope and a newer world, undreamt when these four died" (256). In hope if not expectation of that day, the novel's folk-narrator observes that "you can do without the day if you've a lamp quiet-lighted and kind in your heart" (258).

Morris's most moving and universal critiques of war and capitalist exploitation may not have appeared in his overtly political writings but in the medieval and future-contingent cadences of *A Dream of John Ball* and *News from Nowhere*—for example, in the doomed rebel priest John Ball's "sermon at the Cross":

Yes, forsooth, once again I saw as of old, the great treading down the little, and the strong beating down the weak, and cruel men fearing not, and kind men daring not, and wise men caring not; and the saints in heaven forbearing and yet bidding me not to forbear. . . .

And how shall it be then when these are gone? What else shall ye lack when ye lack masters? . . . then shall no man mow the deep grass for another, while his own kine lack cow-meat; and he that soweth shall reap, and . . . he that buildeth a house shall dwell in it with those that he biddeth of his free will; and the tithe barn shall garner the wheat for all men to eat of when the seasons are untoward, and . . . all shall be without money and without price. (54, 59)

Or more prosaically in chapter XV of *News*, in which old Hammond explains to the revenant Guest that

the appetite of the World-Market grew with what it fed on: the countries within the ring of "civilisation" (that is, organised misery) were glutted with the abortions of the market, and force and fraud were used unsparingly to "open up" countries outside that pale. . . . [accompanied by] the use of hypocrisy and cant to evade the responsibility of vicarious ferocity. When the civilised World-Market coveted a country not yet in its clutches, some transparent pretext was found—the suppression of a slavery different from, and not so cruel as that of commerce; the pushing of a religion no longer believed in by its promoters; the "rescue" of some desperado or homicidal madman whose misdeeds had got him into trouble amongst the natives of the "barbarous" country—any stick, in short, which would beat the dog at all. (278)

Mitchell/Gibbon's socialism—as befitted a novelist—emerged most often in assessments of economic forces that underlay plot events, and in *Sunset Song*, he often cast these assessments as laconic or angry remarks by Chae or Long Rob. Subtitles in the trilogy's first volume also make literal as well as symbolic reference to the cyclical labors of that society: "The Unfurrowed Field" (a prelude); "Ploughing," "Drilling," "Seed-Time," and "Harvest" (a song-cycle); and finally an "epilude" or return to "The Unfurrowed Field." In "Ploughing," for example, we see the psychological scars of the sternly religious John Guthrie's grinding efforts to work the land:

when things went clean over him, as that day in the sowing of the park below Blawearie when first the car-shaft had broken and then the hammer had broken and then he'd watched the rain come on, and he'd gone nearly mad, raging at Will and Chris that he'd leather them till they hadn't enough skin to sit a threepenny bit on; and at last, fair skite, he'd shaken his fist at the sky and cried *Ay, laugh, you Mucker!* (59)

When Chris and Ewan courted, they traveled to see the ruins of Dunnotar Castle in Stonehāven (Aberdeen), where

down below, in the dungeons, were the mouldering clefts where a prisoner's hands were nailed while they put him to torment. There the Covenanting folk had screamed and died while the gentry dined and danced in their lithe, warm hall, Chris stared at the places, sick and angry and sad for those folk she could never help now, that hatred of rulers and gentry a flame in her heart, John Guthrie's hate. Her folk and his they had been, those whose names stand graved in tragedy. (125)

Mitchell knew well (and hated) the postwar British army, and anatomized with a certain care and bitter interest the pretensions of military rhetoric and forms of psychological as well as physical and economic destruction the war had wrought in a once-cohesive if poor rural society. Not even membership in the "gentry" had provided protection against small rotating projectiles of milled metal that shattered skulls. When Chae had visited Mistress Gordon of Underhill,

she told him the news of her blinded son in the hospital in England. . . . he'd drawn back the bandages when she went to see him and shown her the great red holes in his head; and syne he'd laughed at her, demented like, and cried: *What think you of your son now, old wife?—the son you wanted*

to make a name for you with his bravery in Kinraddie? Be proud, be proud, I'll be home right soon to crawl around the parks and I'll show these holes to every bitch in the Mearns that's looking for a hero. He'd fair screamed the words at his mother and a nurse had come running and soothed him down, she said he didn't know what he said, but Mistress Gordon had never a doubt about that. And she told Chae about it and went uncovered, her braveness and her Englishness all fair gone. (204–205)

Shortly before he was to be shot as a deserter, Ewan told his friend Chae what had made him leave:

Ewan looked at him and shook his head, *It was that wind that came with the sun, I minded Blawearie, I seemed to waken up smelling that smell. And I couldn't believe it was me that stood in the trench, it was just daft to be there. So I turned and got out of it. . . .* So out he had gone for that, remembering Chris, wanting to reach her, knowing as he tramped mile on mile that he never would. . . . And young Ewan came into his thoughts, he'd so much to tell her of him, so much he'd to say and do if only he might win to Blawearie. (238)

For Mitchell, there were no “just wars.” The brutal mutilations that the war had inflicted were not “tragedy,” but “desertion” of a much deeper sort, of one's kindred and land.

Thus deserted, the land and mills of Blawearie and the surrounding Kinraddie farms eroded away in the wind, and could be bought for a pittance:

that was the way things went in the end on the old bit place up there on the brae, sheep baaed and scrunched where once the parks flowed thick with corn, no corn would come at all, they said, since the woods went down. And the new minister when he preached his incoming sermon cried *They have made a desert and they call it peace*; and some had no liking of the creature for that, but God! there was truth in his speak. (251)

Such passages recall the tonal parallels mentioned earlier between Coloquhoun's sermon and the thoughts and cadences of John Ball's reflections at the crossroad:

Therefore, I tell you [cf. “Verily, verily, I say unto thee. . . .”] that the proud, despiteous rich man, though he knoweth it not, is in hell already, because he hath no fellow; and he that hath so hardy a heart that in sorrow he thinketh of fellowship, his sorrow is soon but a story of sorrow—a little change in the life that knows not ill. (52)

When Guest ponders the priest's “dream” in Morris's work, he also reflects on the complex evolution of ideals such as Ball's “fellowship,” which recede and reemerge again and again in new forms:

how men fight and lose the battle, and the things that they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat, and when it comes turns out not to be what they meant, and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name. (53)

Ball listens stoically to Guest's report that his people's exploitation will continue in ever-subtler forms for centuries, and the two men meditate quietly together in the symbolic light of dawn on a limiting ideal that seemed for a moment so close: “by such grey light shall wise men and valiant souls see the remedy, and deal with it, a real thing that may be touched and handled, and no glory of the heavens to be worshipped from afar off” (18).

Coloquhoun's elegiac sermon also invokes the eternally recurrent imagery of sunset and dawn, the cycles of season and weather, and what Morris—in the voice of Ellen in *News from Nowhere*—called the “love of the earth”:

it was not in them to tell in words of the earth that moved and lived and abided, their life and enduring love. And who knows at the last what memories of it were with them, the springs and the winters of this land and all the sounds and scents of it that had once been theirs, deep, and a passion of their blood and spirit, those four who died in France? (255–56)

Indeed, his elegy—like all good elegies—mourns not only the dead, but also the loss and neglect and dispersion of what they had loved and cared for:

And the land changes, their parks and their steadings are a desolation where the sheep are pastured, we are told that great machines come soon to till the land, and the great herds come to feed on it. . . . They died for a world that is past, these men, but they did not die for this that we seem to inherit. . . . (256)

And it is at this point that Mitchell and Coloquhoun invoke the secular-millenarian “dream” Guest and Ball had shared for a moment in the gray medieval dawn:

Beyond it and us there shines a greater hope and a newer world, undreamt when these four died. But need we doubt which side the battle they would range themselves did they live to-day, need we doubt the answer they cry to us even now, the four of them, from the places of the sunset? (256)²⁹

In *Cloud Howe* and *Grey Granite*, the second and third volumes of *A Scots Quair*, Chris, Robert, and young Ewan encounter the obstacles Coloquhoun had predicted. As in *A Dream of John Ball* and *News from Nowhere*, the kingdom of ends the minister evoked remained as Kant himself described it—"only an ideal." The very power to evoke it, however, gives it its guiding, regulative, and even programmatic force. The kingdom of ends—to vary a phrase—is within you.

Common to Morris and Gibbon were their abandonment of religious orthodoxies (Anglican and Presbyterian, respectively), and a dialectical desire to redress the evils of the world with a meditative or metaphysical appreciation of its resilient natural beauty through endless processes of physical and social change.

Morris, for example, explicitly advocated a "religion of humanity," based on social ethics and a respect for the rituals of communal history, in his coauthored *Socialism: Its Growth and Outcome* and such romances as *The Roots of the Mountains*.³⁰ Extended critiques of hypocrisies and intolerance were essential ground-motives of Mitchell's work as well, but he also shared Morris's devotion to complementary ideals of near-mystical contemplation and meditative acceptance of cyclical succession in "the sign of Earth, its . . . steadfastness and change."

This expression of Morris's metaphysical views appeared in fact quite early on in his work, in the lyrics of his 1871 masque, *Love Is Enough*, where an allegorical figure of "Love" points the tale's deferred and bittersweet resolution:

Lo, for such days I speak and say, believe
That from these hands reward ye shall receive. . . .
—What sign, what sign, ye cry, that so it is?
The sign of Earth, its sorrow and its bliss,
Waxing and waning, steadfastness and change";
Too full of life that I should think it strange
Though death hang over it; too sure to die
But I must deem its resurrection nigh.
—In what wise, ah, in what wise shall it be?
How shall the bark that girds the winter tree

Babble about the sap that sleeps beneath,
And tell the fashion of its life and death? . . . (115–16)

An equally passionate and no less beautiful aspect of this duality appears in Ellen's affirmation of nature in *News from Nowhere*, when she and Guest arrive at the old house at river's (and journey's) end, depicted in a woodcut as Morris's beloved Kelmscott Manor:

She led me up close to the house, and laid her shapely sun browned hand and arm on the lichened wall as if to embrace it, and cried out, "O me! O me! How I love the earth, and the seasons, and weather, and all things that deal with it, and all that grows out of it—as this has done!" (391)

Many of Chris's reflections in *A Scots Quair* are refracted through comparable moments of heightened emotion, recollected not in tranquility but "under the aspect of eternity," as Spinoza put it. Such epiphanies occur when she meditates at the Standing Stones in youth, and on a similarly isolated hilltop in middle age. In *Sunset Song*, for example, when she learns that she has inherited Blawearie, this leads not to thoughts of possession, but to a vision of her own impermanence:

And then a queer thought came to her there in the drooked fields, that nothing endured at all, nothing but the land she passed across, tossed and turned and perpetually changed below the hands of the crofter folk since the oldest of them had set the Standing Stones by the loch of Blawearie. . . . Sea and sky and the folk who wrote and fought and were learned, teaching and saying and praying, they lasted but as a breath, a mist of fog in the hills, but the land was forever, it moved and changed below you, but was forever, you were close to it and it to you, not at a bleak remove it held you and hurted you. (119)

An equally poignant sense of loss and detachment hovers at her wedding—an oddly gentle and elegiac understanding of the impermanence of human love itself:

Strange and eerie it was, sitting there, she couldn't move from the frozen flow of thoughts that came to her then . . . that this marriage of hers was nothing, that it would pass on and forward into days that had long forgotten it, her life and Ewan's, and they pass also, and the face of the land change and change again in the coming of the seasons and centuries till the last lights sank away from it and the sea came flooding up the Howe, all her

love and tears for Ewan not even a ripple on that flood of water far in the times to be. (146)

A similar vision passes through her in *Cloud Howe* and *Gray Granite*, when she contemplates the worthy social and political projects of her husband and son.

And she thought then, looking on the shadowed Howe with its stratus mists and its pillars of spume, . . . that men had followed these pillars of cloud like lost men lost in the high, dreich hills, they followed and fought and toiled in the wake of each whirling pillar that rose from the heights, clouds by day to darken men's minds—loyalty and fealty, patriotism, love, the mumbling chants of the dead old gods that once were worshipped in the circles of stones, christianity, socialism, nationalism—all—Clouds that swept through the Howe of the world, with men that took them for gods: just clouds, they passed and finished, dissolved and were done, nothing endured but the Seeker himself, him and the everlasting Hills. . . .

The men of the earth that had been, that she'd known—the hunters of clouds that were such as was Robert: how much was each wrong and how much each right, and was there maybe a third way to Life, unguessed, unhailed, never dreamed of yet? (II, 142–43)

After Robert's death, Chris struggles to maintain herself; she blends sympathy with Ewan's communist commitments with sorrow at his lack of personal attachments. When in middle age she returns to her birthplace in the Bennachie mountains, she climbs a nearby hill to make another meditative offering to her private religion of dialectical sublation and stoic understanding:

No twilight land anywhere for shade, sun or night the portion of all, her little shelter in Cairndhu a dream of no-life that could not endure. And that was the best deliverance of all, as she saw it now, sitting here quiet—that that Change who ruled the earth and the sky and the waters underneath the earth, Change whose face she'd once feared to see, whose right hand was Death and whose left hand Life, might be stayed by none of the dreams of men, love, hate, compassion, anger or pity, gods or devils or wild crying to the sky. He passed and repassed in the ways of the wind, Deliverer, Destroyer and Friend in one. (III, 203)

In the novel, this Job-like passage may presage Chris's death and understanding of it in universal and apostrophic terms, as the formulation of it may have foreshadowed Mitchell's own. Both Morris and Mitchell, in any

event, saw such invocations of loss, change, acceptance and detachment not as relativisations or negations of utopian socialism, but as affirmations of its values.

Another distinctive attribute of Morris's and Mitchell's works appears in their common efforts to write empathetic portrayals of the experiences of independent and sexually assertive women—"new women" in fin-de-siècle terminology—who formed points of moral reference in their respective narratives.

Morris sketched early versions of such figures in "The Defence of Guenevere" and "The Lovers of Gudrun." Later, his personal experiences as a husband, his study of socialism, and the rise of the woman's movement in Great Britain during the 1880s prompted him to formulate views of sexual ethics and the "socialist new woman" in more systematic terms in works such as *News from Nowhere* and *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*.³¹

On paper at least, socialists pioneered advocacy of certain forms of equality for women: August Bebel's *Women and Socialism* (English translation, 1885) and Eleanor Marx and Edward Aveling's *The Woman Question* (1886) express the view that property claims and forms of scarcity endemic to capitalism were the primary sources of what John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor had called "the subjugation of women." Women freed from such constraints would no longer be defined in relation to men or their reproductive roles, but be liberated to choose partners and raise any children they might have free of economic anxieties—a radical program in Victorian Britain, but one which also left clearly presupposed certain views of childraising and "definition in relation to men."

In their roles as coauthors of the 1885 manifesto of the Socialist League, for example, Morris and Ernest Belfort Bax proclaimed that

Under a Socialistic system contracts between individuals would be voluntary and unenforced by the community. This would apply to the marriage contract as well as others. . . . Women also would share in the certainty of livelihood which would be the lot of all; . . . so that economical compulsion could be no more brought to bear on the contract than legal compulsion could be. Nor would a truly enlightened public opinion, freed from mere theological views as to chastity, insist on its permanently binding nature in the face of any discomfort or suffering that might come of it.³²

Morris embodied this view in Ellen, the un-aetherial Beatrice-figure of *News from Nowhere*, who, as we have seen, expresses the ardent love of

nature characteristic of the inhabitants of an ideal future society. But she also values Morris's (and Mitchell's) "people's history," and she is well aware that in past ages "[m]y beauty and cleverness and brightness . . . would have been sold to rich men, and my life would have been wasted. . . ."33 Ellen views the attentions of men as matter-of-factly inevitable circumstances of her life, but desires children for their own sakes, as beings to whom she will impart the values that are important to her:

I shall have children; perhaps before the end a good many—I hope so. And though of course I cannot force any special kind of knowledge upon them, yet, my friend, I cannot help thinking that just as they might be like me in body, so I might impress upon them some part of my ways of thinking; that is, indeed, some of the essential part of myself; that part which was not mere moods, created by the matters and events round about me. (383)

This is exactly what Gibbon's Chris accomplishes in her education of her only child, her son Ewan. More than Morris, in fact, Mitchell/Gibbon was distinctive among male writers of the early twentieth century for his ardent feminism as well as (hetero)sexual egalitarianism, and for the striking authenticity of his principal work's primary narrative voice.

Chris Guthrie, in particular, carries the principal narrative counterpart of Grassie Gibbon's authorial voice in *Sunset Song*, as I have mentioned. In *Cloud Howe* and *Grey Granite*, she shares this role with her second husband, Robert Coloquohoun, and son, Ewan, but it is she who expresses the final poetic and metaphysical judgments which frame all three works.

Mitchell shares his fellow modernists' desire for explicitness and honesty in the portrayal of sexual matters, but he also focuses truthfully on the special pains which sexuality imposes on women, as well as evoking concrete experiences of awakening sexuality, pregnancy, birth, miscarriage, aging, and anticipated death. In puberty, for example, the young Chris looks at herself reflectively, and without any particular narcissism:

Below the tilt of her left breast was a dimple, she saw it and bent to look at it and the moonlight ran down her back . . . And Chris saw the brown glimmer of her face grow sweet and scared as she thought of that—how they'd lie together, in a room with moonlight, and she'd be kind to him, kind and kind, giving him all and everything, and he'd sleep with his head here on her breast or they'd lie far into the mornings whispering one to the other, they'd have so much to tell! (71)

Other scenes conveyed the young couple's intense lovemaking, her shifts of mood during pregnancy, and the birth of her son Ewan:

Mrs Ogilvie [the midwife] sat down and next minute jumped to her feet again, *Don't do that, Mrs. Tavendale, don't grip yourself up! Slacken and its easy, wish it to come, there's a brave girl!*

Chris tried: it was torment: the beast moved away from her breasts, scabbled and tore and returned again, it wasn't a beast, red-hot pincers were riving her apart. Riven and riven she bit at her lips, the blood on her tongue, she couldn't bite more, she heard herself scream then, twice. And then there were feet on the stairs, the room rose and fell, hands on her everywhere, holding her, tormenting her, she cried out again, ringingly, deep, a cry that ebbed to a sigh, the cry and the sigh with which young Ewan Tavendale came into the world in the farm-house of Blawearie. (190)

The same laconic and nonjudgmental straightforwardness characterizes the account of Chris's brief sexual interlude with Long Rob after her husband's death, and her second marriage to the socialist minister Robert Coloquohoun.

Gibbon also manages to express with visceral but matter-of-fact immediacy the blunt, crude, and sometimes bizarre forms of damage and alienation male sexual impulses inflicted on women who became their "objects": a pathetic episode, for example, in which the retarded "dafty" Andy embraces Chris in the woods; or a sexual assault on her by two men from a neighboring region; or her mother's forced childbearing and deranged suicide-murder; or, finally

a worse thing [that] came as that slow September dragged to its end, a thing she would never tell to a soul, festering away in a closet of her mind the memory lay . . . those evening fancies when father lay with the red in his face and his eye on her, whispering and whispering at her, the harvest in his blood, whispering her to come to him, they'd done it in Old Testament times, whispering *You're my flesh and blood, I can do with you what I will, come to me, Chris, do you hear?*

And then she'd slip down from his room, frightened and frightened, quivering below-stairs while her fancies raced, . . . seeing father somehow struggling from his bed, like a great frog struggling, squatting across the floor, thump, thump on the stairs, coming down on her while she slept, that madness and tenderness there in his eyes. (109)

Chris managed to evade him, but his domineering lust made it harder to find the measure of detached forgiveness she sought in her meditations by the grave.

Sadder, because a greater betrayal, is the the marital rape Ewan inflicted on her in a frenzy of shame and drunken fear the last night before his departure for the front.

She remembered that now, lying in the darkness the while he slept, why he had left the lamp alight; and at memory of that foulness something cold and vile turned and turned like a wheeling mirror inside her brain. For there had been other things than his beast-like mauling that had made her whisper in agony, Oh Ewan, put out the light! The horror of his eyes upon her she would never forget, they burned and danced on that mirror that wheeled and wheeled in her brain. (224–25)

Chris Guthrie survived her marriages and shifts of location, fortune, and occupation with her sense of identity and integrity intact, something like what Morris's Ellen called "the essential part of myself; that part which was not mere moods, created by the matters and events round about me." This affirmation of an integral female human self—beyond marriage, beyond love, beyond "relationships"—was essentially unique in the work of male authors of Mitchell's time.

The aim of this essay has been to trace a number of strong parallels between the writings of William Morris and Leslie Mitchell, and interpret them as common reflections of a shared commitment to concrete social action, visionary utopian socialism, evolving feminist awareness, and an elegiac sense of the evanescence of human life.

Both writers, for example, cherished a vision of an ideal society based on harmony with the earth and human fellowship, which must be reimagined and fought for in successive ages under different names. In poetic prose which they tried to free from turgidity and infuse with history, both writers also sought to temper a complex sense of transcendence with a belief in the essential goodness of sexual desire, and the conviction that any reformed society would respect women as sources of unique forms of wisdom and bearers of life. Both writers passionately believed, finally, that one must "love well what thou must leave" (as Shakespeare put it).

A first part of what they enjoined us to "love" was what Mitchell called the "speak of the place," in all its illimitable variety and nuanced diversion. A second was the "place" itself—its recurrent cycles and fleeting natural beauties, the histories of those who passed over it, and the lost

memories of their most ardent efforts and hopes. A third, however—and perhaps the deepest of all—was the "love" itself. This they enjoined us to cherish the more dearly, for it expresses our lingering regret that it (and we) will vanish from the face of the earth.

NOTES

1. One of the first books to deal with this subject was C. S. Lewis, *The Allegory of Love* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1936). More recent discussions have appeared, for example, in Cassandra Laity, *H. D. and the Victorian Fin de Siècle: Gender, Modernism, Decadence* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1996); Norman Kelvin, "Morris, the 1890s and the Problematic Autonomy of Art," *Victorian Poetry* 43.3 (1996): 425–33; Robert MacFarlane, "At the World's Waning: William Morris and the Sources of the Wasteland," *Times Literary Supplement* (16 November 2001); and Norman Kelvin, "Many Mansions, Many Filiations: Modernist Appropriations of the Pre-Raphaelites," MLA paper, William Morris session, 2001.

2. A bibliography of Leslie Mitchell's works may be found in William K. Malcolm, *A Blasphemer and Reformer: A Study of James Leslie Mitchell/Lewis Grassie Gibbon* (Aberdeen: Aberdeen University Press, 1984). Perhaps the best known of his works not mentioned in this article are *Spartacus* (London: Jarrolds, 1933), a novel; and *The Scottish Scene, or The Intelligent Man's Guide to Albyn*, with Hugh MacDiarmid, (London: Jarrolds, 1934), a collection of essays. Two posthumous collections appeared: *A Scots Hairst*, ed. and intro. Ian S. Munro (London: Hutchinson, 1967) and *Smeddum: A Lewis Grassie Gibbon Anthology*, ed. and intro. Valentina Bold (Edinburgh: Canongate, 2001).

3. Douglas F. Young, *Beyond the Sunset: A Study of James Leslie Mitchell (Lewis Grassie Gibbon)* (Aberdeen: Impulse Books, 1973). Other biographical and critical discussions have appeared in Ian Campbell, *Lewis Grassie Gibbon* (Edinburgh: Scottish Academic Press, 1985); Malcolm, op. cit.; Ian S. Munro, *Leslie Mitchell: Lewis Grassie Gibbon* (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1966); and *A Scots Quair*, ed. and intro. Tom Crawford (Edinburgh: Canongate, 1995). All citations to *A Scots Quair* are from this edition.

4. Notes for unpublished autobiography, cited in Young, 5.

5. See *ibid.* for a discussion of Wells's influence on Mitchell. Nearly all of the parallels Young cites can be applied to Morris as well.

6. *Ibid.*, 24.

7. *Cornhill Magazine* 67 (1929): 341–52, reprinted in Bold.

8. Letter dated 18 Nov. 1933, cited in Munro, *Leslie Mitchell*, 107.

9. "The Land," *Scottish Scene*, 79.
10. *The Thirteenth Disciple* (London: Jarrolds, 1931), 60: "For, led to them through a strange love for the limpid, childish verse of William Morris, he had discovered the socialists and their gigantic, amorphous literature."
11. *Ibid.*, 1.
12. Malcolm, 25.
13. "Glasgow," *Scottish Scene*, 141.
14. "The Prince's Placenta and Prometheus as God," *Twentieth Century* 2.12 (Feb. 1932): 17.
15. Malcolm, 21.
16. *News from Nowhere and Other Writings*, ed. with intro. Clive Wilmer (Penguin, 1998), chapter X. See also "The Society of the Future," *William Morris: Artist, Writer, Socialist*, ed. May Morris, 2 vols. (Oxford: Blackwell's, 1936).
17. Treatments of Morris's relationships with other Victorian socialists have included E. P. Thompson, *William Morris: Romantic to Revolutionary*, rev. ed. (London: Merlin P, 1977); *William Morris's "Socialist Diary,"* ed. and intro, Florence Boos (London: Journeyman Press, 1985); Fiona McCarthy, *William Morris: A Life for Our Time* (London: Faber and Faber, 1994); and *Journalism: Contributions to Commonwealth: 1885-1890*, ed. and intro Nicholas Salmon (Bristow: Thoemmes Press, 1966) and *Political Writings: Contributions to Justice and Commonwealth, 1883-1890* (Bristow: Thoemmes Press, 1994).
18. Frederick Engels, *The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State*, intro. Eleanor Burke Leacock (New York: International Publishers, 1972); Ellie Reclus, *Primitive Folk: Studies in Comparative Ethnology* (London: Walter Scott, 1899). See also Florence and William Boos, "Victorian Socialist Feminism and William Morris's *News From Nowhere*," *Nineteenth-Century Contexts* 14.1 (1990): 3-32 and "Gender Division and Political Allegory in *The Sundering Flood*," *Journal of Pre-Raphaelite Studies* n.s.1.2 (1992): 12-23.
19. See Florence Boos, "Morris's German Romances as Socialist History," *Victorian Studies* 27.3 (1984): 321-42, and Michael Holzman's "The Encouragement and Warning of History: William Morris's *A Dream of John Ball*," in *Socialism and the Literary Artistry of William Morris*, ed. Florence Boos and Carole Silver (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1990), 98-116.
20. 1886; revised and enlarged for republication as William Morris and E. Belfort Bax, *Socialism: Its Growth and Outcome* (London: Swan Sonnenschein, 1893).
21. "How I Became a Socialist," *The Political Writings of William Morris*, ed. A. L. Morton (London: Lawrence and Wishart, 1984), 243.
22. "The Society of the Future," 193.
23. "The Story of Viglund the Fair," II.
24. See E. R. Eddison, "Terminal Essay: On Some Principles of Translation," *Egil's Saga* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1930); Stefán Einarsson, "Eiríkr Magnússon and his Saga Translations," *Scandinavian Studies and Notes* 13 (1934): 17-24; Karl Litzenberg, "The Diction of William Morris: A Discussion of his Translations from the Old Norse," *Arkiv for Nordisk Filologi* 53 (1937): 327-63 and "The Victorians and the Vikings," *University of Michigan Contributions in Modern Philology*, 3 (April 1947): 101-124; Karl Anderson, "Scandinavian Elements in the Works of William Morris" (Dissertation, Harvard University, 1940); Linda Gallasch, *The Use of Compounds and Archaic Diction in the Works of William Morris* (Berne: Peter Lang, 1979); and Gary Aho, "William Morris and Iceland," *Kairos* 1.2 (1982).
25. *The Collected Works of William Morris*, ed. May Morris (London: Longmans, 1913), 20: 378.
26. *Ibid.*, 387.
27. See Young, 82, which cites a 1933 letter to Cuthbert Graham: "It's the old problem of dialect or no dialect. I see three ways out. The first is to write in Scots, synthetic Scots for preference—everything in the book, all the descriptive and narrative matter as well as the conversations of the characters. The second way is to write in English—everything in English—so that, names apart, the story might well take place in Cornwall. The third method is what I myself employ: writing everything, descriptive matter and all, in the twists of Scottish idiom but not in the actual dialect except for such words as have a fine vigour or vulgarity, and no exact English equivalents" (*Aberdeen Bon Accord*, 15 Feb. 1935).
28. Campbell, 53. About Mitchell's uses of this technique to effect register-shifts, Campbell further remarks that "the decision making on attitude, response, emotional temperature is left to the reader, who has frequently the material for a complex or highlighted response, embedded in a passage which is perfectly capable of being read at a simple level."
29. The imagery suggests Tennyson's "Ulysses," the text of which hung over the fireplace of the Mitchell home in Welwyn Garden City (Young, 15).
30. See Boos, "Morris's German Romances, as Socialist History," *Victorian Studies* 27.3 (1984): 321-42.
31. This subject has been discussed by several critics, including Sylvia Strauss, "Women in Utopia," *South Atlantic Quarterly* 75 (1976): 115-31; Linda Richardson, "William Morris and Women: Experience and Representation" (Dissertation, Oxford University, 1989); Jan Marsh, "Concerning Love, News

from Nowhere and Gender," *William Morris and News from Nowhere: A Vision for Our Life*, eds. Stephen Coleman and Paddy O'Sullivan (Green Books, 1990): 1–20; Norman Talbot, "Heroine as Hero: Morris's Case Against Quest Romance in *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*," *The Nameless Wood* (St. Lucia, Queensland: Mythopoeic Literature Society, 1986); Florence and William Boos, "An (Almost) Egalitarian Sage: William Morris's Later Writings and 'The Woman Question,'" *Victorian Sages and Cultural Discourse*, ed. Thais Morgan (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1990): 187–206; and Florence Boos, "The Socialist New Woman in William Morris's *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*," *Victorian Literature and Culture* 23 (1995):159–75.

32. Norman Kelvin, ed., *The Collected Letters of William Morris* (Princeton, NJ: University Press, 1987), 2: Appendix A.

33. *News from Nowhere*, chapter XXXI, 394.

Chapter 8

PRE-RAPHAELITISM'S FAREWELL TOUR: "ISRAFEL" [GERTRUDE HUDSON] GOES TO INDIA

Margaret D. Stetz

If, as Elizabeth Prettejohn has said, "it is difficult to pinpoint the beginning of the Pre-Raphaelite movement," that "is trivial compared to the problem of locating an end for it."¹ The title of my essay invokes the concept of the farewell tour, which often proves an unreliable way of marking the conclusion to a career. Influential figures in the music world may announce their final appearances, but frequently resurface on the public stage via the "master class." Instructing a new generation of artists, great originals pass along their own principles of style and technique and continue to dominate those who learn from them. Their principles, however, will necessarily be altered by these protégées, who are responding to different cultural conditions and to new social and economic imperatives.

Pre-Raphaelitism failed to "retire" completely once its founding Brothers ostensibly had left the stage. The echo of its voice could still be heard at the end of the nineteenth century, as Pre-Raphaelitism gave its own master classes to new students—especially to the British painters, decorative artists, and writers associated with the aesthetic movement. It continued to occupy a central place in the world of art and literature, although in changed—sometimes in greatly changed—incarnations. By the 1890s, the public identity of Pre-Raphaelitism bore not only the early impress of John Everett Millais and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, or the mark of later contributions from Edward Burne-Jones and William Morris, but also the effects of adaptations introduced by new successors, such as Walter Pater, Oscar Wilde, and even Aubrey Beardsley.