Bloody Sunday and News from Nowhere

Michael Fellman

A full decade before he became a revolutionary socialist, William Morris wrote to his friend, Louisa Baldwin, of his springtime longing to leave “sordid loathsome” London for a “spell of the country.... Suppose people lived in little communities among gardens & green fields, so that you could be in the country in 5 minutes walk, & had few wants; almost no furniture for instance, & no servants, & studied (the difficult) arts of enjoying life, & finding out what they really wanted: then I think one might hope civilization had really begun.”

Morris summered in the country, and made poetry and art the year round, but his home was in Hammersmith, where he confronted the same modern industrial world he loathed and would later in life long both to revolutionize and to escape. When he politicized the arcadia of his 1874 reverie, inspired as he was by the supposed purity of medieval society, especially its Icelandic variation, it would become a fully and finally communist place — simple, stateless, unpolluted, peaceful, complete — yet Morris knew that he would have to wrest this beautiful culmination from the bitterly class-riven and corrupt society of his industrial England. Increasingly during his middle age he knew that he would have to employ violent means to reach his goal, even while he detested the endemic violence which he believed underlay the society in which he lived.

News from Nowhere, the fullest expression of Morris’s longing for a communist utopia, also displayed Morris’s sense of the manner in which a violent working-class revolution would be needed to overturn the detested old order. To use Engels’ nomenclature, News from Nowhere was both a scientific and a utopian socialist tract.
Though several scholars, for a variety of reasons, have wished to see in *News from Nowhere* either a scientific as opposed to a utopian vision or *vice versa*, and have downplayed the alternative analysis, what is perhaps most striking is the internal tension between the working-class revolutionism Morris deduced from his vision of his own society, and his longing for utopian communist perfection. As well as being expressed within the whole book, this tension is fully embedded in the famous Chapter XVII, ‘How the Change Came,’ and in the following chapter, ‘The Beginning of the New Life.’ Frequently cited as the height of Morris’ scientific socialism, these key chapters have not frequently been subjected to much internal analysis, nor have they been placed consistently in the context of events in England in the late 1880s.

Many of the revolutionary events Morris imagined in ‘How the Change Came’ were his reiterations and extrapolations of the events of “Bloody Sunday,” the police action against the unemployed in Trafalgar Square on November 13, 1887. On that chilly Sunday, perhaps 100,000 unemployed workers and Radicals, Socialists and Anarchists of many varieties marched on the square. They had been provoked by difficult economic and living conditions, and more particularly by a police decree which had closed Trafalgar Square to protest meetings. Perhaps in part inspired by Prussian and American anti-labour repression, urged on by merchants and clubmen who loathed the “invasion” of their West End territory, Major General Sir Charles Warren, the ambitious and reactionary new London police commissioner, had just wrested the decree from a somewhat reluctant Home Secretary. He wanted a showdown, and by creating a free speech as well as labor issue, he in effect united all those he detested — Radicals and Socialists, with the unemployed. They rose to the bait by forming the loose coalition called the Law and Liberty League, which marched with great fervor, and no coherent organization, against the authorities, whose forces were gathered in Trafalgar Square.

It had been decades since such a radical mass effort, and the more adventurous in the throng hoped that one giant explosion would trigger the Revolution. Warren had gathered two thousand police in the Square, backed up by four squadrons of cavalry and four hundred foot soldiers, each carrying twenty rounds of live ammunition. The police understood Warren’s underlying urgings, and they were doubtless keyed up as well by waiting for hours for the arrival of what they believed to be a revolutionary mob. When the columns of marchers converged on the square in the early afternoon, the police charged them on the approach roads, truncheons flailing.

A reporter from *The Times* noted one incident during which “the police, mounted and on foot, charged in among the people, striking indiscriminately in all directions and causing complete disorder in the ranks of the processionists. I witnessed several cases of injury to men who had been struck on the head and face by the police. The blood, in most instances, was flowing freely from the wound and the spectacle was indeed a sickening one... The unrestricted use which the police made of their batons overcame all resistance.” In front of the National Gallery, the Grenadier Guards formed on the opposite side of the street from the police, and then moved across part of the pavement, creating, *The Times* reported, a “gauntlet... which the roughs had to run. A shove from one policeman, a cuff from another and a kick from a third accelerated their retreat... The Guardsmen were dropping their rifle-buttts on the toes and bringing their fists heavily across the faces of all who ventured near them with a vigour which seemed greatly to delight the weary constabulary.”
The marchers were disorganized and untutored in street fighting: their columns fell apart in confusion. Over two hundred of them were treated in hospital for injuries, and hundreds more took themselves off home battered and bloodied. At least seventy-five marchers were arrested, including the Socialist leader, John Burns, and the Radical, R. Cunningham Graham, MP, who was badly beaten by the police.

Sir Charles Warren destroyed many a dream of imminent revolution with the horses and clubs of his police that afternoon. George Bernard Shaw, for one, who had been flirting with revolutionism, wrote to Morris a few days after the event about the behaviour of the marchers: “Running hardly expresses our collective action. We skedaddled.... It was the most abjectly disgraceful defeat ever suffered by a band of heroes outnumbering their foes a 1,000 to 1.... It all comes from living down to fiction instead of up to facts.” Shaw then fled what he now considered his illusions, as well as all further populist action, for the safely elitist and gradualist Fabian Society.

John Burns, the fiery labor leader at the center of the events of Bloody Sunday, moved from revolutionary Socialism to more bread-and-butter trade unionism, in 1889 leading the successful London dock workers’ strike, a great victory, but one whose marches were cleared with the police, and whose primary goal was not revolution but a minimum wage of six pence per hour.

Although he too was disillusioned by the outcome of Bloody Sunday, which indicated to him that the Revolution was not imminent, Morris’s immediate reactions were more complex. He did not leave Socialism when he learned — or better, was reminded — at Trafalgar Square of the power of the forces of reaction, but reaffirmed that he was in the struggle for the long haul rather than for immediately conclusive action.

Writing an essay entitled ‘London in a State of Siege’ for the Commonweal immediately after the event, Morris concluded that although “our comrades fought valiantly”, he was “astounded at the rapidity...and the ease with which military organization got its victory. I could see that numbers were of no avail unless led by a band of men acting in concert and each knowing his own part.” Sir Charles Warren had offered “a lesson in street fighting,” the basic necessity for organization, drill, scouts, outposts and other tactical supports. At first swept up by the events, Morris later realized that he had underestimated the willingness of the state to employ naked force. More surprising still to Morris was his shock of ideological realization: ever after this episode he would view the protestations of liberty and freedom by the more liberal as well as by the more reactionary elements of Britain’s establishment as pure “humbug.... They have made the laws,” about freedom of speech and of assembly, he concluded, “but have never intended to keep them when inconvenient.”

A month later, on December 18, Morris reiterated many of these themes at the Law and Liberty League’s anti-state funeral for Alfred Linnell, an impoverished law writer mortally injured by charging police horses in Trafalgar Square on the Sunday following Bloody Sunday. With music by Malcolm Lawson, Morris wrote a ‘Death Song’ for the event, which focussed on the perfidy of the authorities and the eventual triumph of the working class. The last two verses are:

They will not learn; they have no ears to hearken.
They turn their faces from the eyes of fate;
Their gay-lit halls shut out the skies that darken.
But lo! this dead man knocking at the gate.  
Not one, not one nor thousands must they slay,  
But one and all if they would dusk the day.

Here lies the sign that we shall break our prison;  
Amidst the storm he won a prisoner’s rest;  
But in the cloudy dawn the sun arisen  
Brings us our day of work to win the best.  
Not one, not one, nor thousands must they slay,  
But one and all if they would dusk the day.6

At the graveside in Bow Cemetery, Morris gave one of the four speeches. The ruling class was, Morris said, “making this great town of London nothing more than a prison.... If the police knock us about and treat us ill, it is to a certain extent our own fault, but we have given the management of our affairs to other people.” In response, the marchers must now organize for a “holy war.”

Into the core of this Socialist-revolutionary speech, Morris poured a heartfelt measure of visionary utopian hopefulness. “Our brother lies there. Let us remember for all time this man as our brother and friend.... Our friend lying there had a hard lot, and met with a painful death; and if society were differently constituted from what it is that man’s life might have been a delightful, a beautiful one, and a happy one to him. It is our business to try and make this earth a very beautiful and happy place to all men who live upon it.” E.P. Thompson tells us that, with some of his comrades, Morris walked in silence away from the cemetery, “deeply moved and musing to himself.” At last he looked up and said, “Well, I like ceremony.”7

Although both Morris’s visionary utopianism and his faith in organization for the class struggle could stimulate him to action, as they did in the late autumn of 1887, these same beliefs could lead him away from direct action, as they had before Bloody Sunday and as they would afterwards. Following Morris’s leadership, many members of the nascent Social Democratic Federation had left that organization in 1884 to found the Socialist League. They had been repelled by what they considered the dogmatism, political opportunism and premature revolutionism of Henry M. Hyndman, the Social Democratic Federation leader. They were even more disdainful of the piecemeal reformism of advanced Liberals and of the Fabians, a reformism which they believed could only slow the onset of the Revolution. As the program of the Socialist League they urged organization and education, in order to foster, in Morris’ words, “an intelligent revolution.”8 This stance amounted to a purism so detached from actual events as to be ineffectual. At times the desire for socialist education and a beautiful future led Morris away from action, away from daily confrontations with the world he found so sordid.

After Bloody Sunday, Morris moved back toward such purism. When in 1890, more than two years after the events, he came to reinterpret Bloody Sunday once more in the writing of News from Nowhere, he would begin his revolution not in the Nineteenth Century but in distant 1952, when the workers had had sixty-two more years to build an educated and well-organized revolutionary party. In addition, he continued his purifying vanguardism by leaping forward several centuries within the romance to a final resting place — a shimmeringly distant and perfect communist land, from the point of view of which 1952, not to mention 1887, was a dim and distant bad memory.
Utopian distance was part of utopian desire. Shortly before beginning the writing of *News from Nowhere*, Morris had stood one evening with some friends on the Thames embankment at Hammersmith, “The wind’s in the West. I can almost smell the country,” Morris remarked. “If I could but see a day of it; if I could but see a day of it.” The narrator of *News from Nowhere* would repeat this desire the night before his dream came true.

In addition to writing out of futuristic longings when he sat down to compose *News from Nowhere*, Morris was still responding to the events of Bloody Sunday. Also, as A.L. Morton first emphasized, Edward Bellamy’s American utopian novel, *Looking Backward*, provided the “immediate provocation” for the writing of *News From Nowhere*, and for many of the particular positions Morris defended in his utopian fiction. In May 1889, Morris lectured on *Looking Backward*, which was at the time a runaway best-seller all over the western world. Bellamy’s Boston of the year 2000 was an immense and well-oiled machine, with each stage of life and each stratum of social organization neatly articulated and formed into a grand industrial army. Everyone lived in bourgeois comfort. And this utopia had been achieved without revolutionary violence, when all humankind had realized that the late nineteenth-century tendency to monopoly organization ought simply to be writ large into a unified National Trust.

In a lecture later presented as an article in the *Commonweal*, Morris pilloried *Looking Backward*. “The great change having thus peaceably and fatalistically taken place,” Morris wrote, Bellamy’s utopian land “is organized with a vengeance. His scheme may best be described as State Communism, worked by the very extreme of national centralization.” As well as detesting Bellamy’s authoritarian statism, Morris hated Bellamy’s mass urbanization as a vision of a mere “machine-life” which destroyed all soul and beauty. Writing privately to a friend Morris made his famous aesthetic judgment on *Looking Backward*: “Thank you, I wouldn’t care to live in such a cockney paradise as he imagines.” His daughter recorded Morris’ anti-authoritarian reaction to Bellamy’s vision: “If they brigaded me into a regiment of workers, I’d just lie on my back and kick.”

Morris’ contrasting utopia was libertarian, face-to-face, bucolic, governed not by a state but by free and tolerant individual wills, and marked by simple and tasteful craftsmanship, with machines nowhere in sight. Art and work were unified and free; like ugliness, power was banished. Unlike Bellamy’s peaceful revolution of values which had led to his machine-like utopia, however, Morris’ perfect and still land apparently had been initiated by the sort of violent revolution Morris had glimpsed in the events of Bloody Sunday.

Early in his sojourn in Nowhere, the late nineteenth-century time-traveller who narrates Morris’ romance rides on a horse-drawn cart with his hosts, young Dick and an old man, through a lovely apricot orchard, past which he can see the high tower of the Parliament House, now in use as a Dung Market. Shutting his eyes from the sun, the time-traveller recollects “a phantasmagoria of another day. A great space surrounded by tall ugly houses...the roadway thronged with a sweltering and excited crowd...The said square guarded up to the edge of the roadway by a four-fold line of big men clad in blue, and...a band of horse-soldiers, dead white in the grayness of the chilly November afternoon.” The old man then recalls that this once had been Trafalgar Square, where in 1887, a “barbarous half-hatched body of fools fell upon these citizens with the armed hand.” “And they put up with that?” young Dick asks his guest, who replies “We had to put up with it; we couldn’t help it.”
Later in *News from Nowhere*, Morris returns his readers to Trafalgar Square, this time to describe the onset of the Revolution of 1952. Morris also re-reads the events of 1887 into those of 1952, spinning them off into an entirely different outcome than the one he had witnessed. By the 1952 of *News from Nowhere*, Britain seems to have evolved a mixed economy, with the eight-hour day, minimum wage laws, state price fixing, and state ownership of key industries (all rather telling anticipations of the post-World War II Labour reconstruction of Britain, which suggests Morris paid quite a lot of attention to the Fabians he despised). But the economic cycle had not been stilled, and 1952 was a year of yet another deep depression (like that of 1887). “On some comparatively trifling occasion”, the workmen leaders called a demonstration in Trafalgar Square, where “the civic bourgeois guard (called the police)” charged the crowd, truncheoning and trampling the workers on horseback, five of whom died and hundreds more of whom were cast into jail. This was Morris’ nearly exact replica of Bloody Sunday. However, unlike the subsequent weeks in 1887, when protest died out in the face of official force, in imagined 1952 events escalate. The following week an even bigger crowd of workers converges on Trafalgar Square. Three or four workers are killed but the crowd is too immense for the police: ten of them are crushed to death by the crowd, and the rest flee the square and the city, followed the next day by many of the rich. Unlike the situation in 1887, by 1952 there is a well-organized socialist ‘Federation of Combined Workmen’ ready to seize power, which they do, calling themselves the ‘Committee of Public Safety.’ In response, the newspapers, reactionary in 1952 as in 1887, call for repression, and many “strong well-fed, full-blooded” rich young men join the forces of repression as auxiliary police (as many such men had in fact joined in as “Special Constables” in the week following Bloody Sunday). (pp.94-95)

While the Commin of Public Safety keeps order, distributes food, and continues industrial production (much as had the Parisian Communards of 1870), the government proclaims a state of siege and appoints “the youngest and cleverest of their generals” (a near replica of Sir Charles Warren, the Commissioner of Police in 1887), to crush once and for all not only Socialism, but all democratic tendencies — the goal of Warren and the ultra-Tories of 1887. (p.97) The following Sunday, when the workers gather in Trafalgar Square, the army wheels out the Gatling guns, and mows down perhaps as many as two thousand citizens. This is the fullest version of the showdown many workers — as well as General Warren — had anticipated as they had approached Bloody Sunday in 1887.

Most of the 1952 public are revolted by this massacre. The liberal press support the police, but the editor of *The Times* breaks official ranks to condemn the slaughter, “in a few simple, indignant words,” and to urge withdrawal of the state of siege. He is arrested, but his “bold words” convince the public, and the government first vacillates and then withdraws the state of siege. (pp.100-101)

The Committee of Public Safety continues to sit as a counter-Parliament. So well-disciplined and organized is it that it can withstand the arrest of its three leaders, who are in any event acquitted by a sturdy jury. While the chastened state passes reform programs which prove completely inadequate on political and economic grounds, the workers organize their own “new network of workmen’s associations,” which gather more power than the manufacturing class can maintain. Parliament collapses, with a reactionary rump left in control, and a bloody civil war begins. At this point, in full socialist discipline, the workers call a General Strike. Soldiers refuse to carry
out any more massacres of workers; many mutiny and join their brothers. An upper-
class ‘Friends of Order’ and those elements of the Army which have not gone over
to the workers carry on sanguinary war, but because the working-class leaders are
“far more than equal to the best among the reactionaries” and because most workers
and soldiers are by now fully imbued with the “revolutionary instinct,” the revolution
succeeds. (pp.102, 109-110)

Although it had taken sixty-five years, long-term socialist education and
organization have paid off. Morris projected forward to victory his purist program,
which a long period of preparation had freed from the sort of limits it had experienced
on Bloody Sunday. He inferred the nature of successful violent revolution from the
actual defeat of that bleak November Sunday afternoon. He grasped the essential
nature of the desires both of General Warren and of many impatient socialists. He
also predicted a reactionary state that would lose its nerve in a showdown with a
vanguard party, and a working class that would become a unified counter-government
in advance of a revolution and act in complete solidarity during it. It is this portrayal
of class struggle and of a violent but directed and organized revolution, and most
especially the psychologically realist sense of social change, which lends considerable
credibility to the contention of E. P. Thompson and A. L. Morton that Morris was a
scientific socialist.

Such a reading of ‘How the Change Came,’ however, leaves out the romantic
qualities that are intertwined with the revolutionary realism not only of that chapter,
but in the basic structure of the book as a whole, and in the great social transitions
Morris describes, transformations which are essentially universal changes of heart.
To select the scientific elements and ignore the dreamlike ones is to distort the overall
“feel” of News from Nowhere, and, I believe, the tensions internal to Morris’
sensibility.

The framing narrative device of News from Nowhere is a grand dream. The
narrator, clearly Morris himself, returns one bitter winter night in ugly 1890 London
from a Socialist League meeting, musing in the same language Morris had used to
his friends that winter, “If I could but see a day of it” — and had fallen into a fitful
sleep. “From that sleep I woke once more,” he tells the reader, but now he awakes
to a hot and sunny June morning. He leaves his stuffy house. “My first feeling was
a delicious relief caused by the fresh air and pleasant breeze.” Out to the Thames, he
discovers the pure water and air of the open country where the night before had stood
the commercial behemoth. The narrator realizes that he has been somehow
transported to the distant future. (pp.2-3)

At the end of the romance, after travelling with his utopian hosts up the Thames
through England become Eden, the narrator enters a fourteenth-century Oxfordshire
church bedecked for an autumn harvest festival. Filled with joy, the narrator then
realizes that he has dissolved from the view of his hosts of the Future. He walks out
of the church and greets a dirty and servile farmhand, who he realizes with a shock
is a fully representative figure of the nineteenth century to which he has been
dramatically returned. Next, the hero awakens in his bedroom in “dingy”
Hammersmith, thinking it had all been a dream, but he concludes finally that it had
been a vision rather than a dream. (pp. 181-82)

Looking Backward, which Morris so despised, uses the same sort of dream-
transported narrator to move between the two worlds. Julian West is an insomniac
who sleeps in a hermetically sealed underground chamber. One night he uses a hypnotist
as well as a sleeping potion to put him in a trancelike sleep. Fire destroys West's house
that night, and so he disappears from 1888 Boston and awakens in 2000 Boston,
whisked unchanged through the centuries in a state of suspended animation. Later West
has a nightmare which returns him to Boston 1888, transforming realized perfection
to mere hopeful fantasy, but at the end of the novel, Bellamy awakens West back in
Boston 2000. Bellamy's dream narrative is even more complex than Morris', but in
both romances the lines between "reality" and "fantasy" are structurally blurred.¹³

Dream transitions mark not merely the overarching narrative method of News From
Nowhere, but also the key transitions in Morris's vision, from current corruption to
future perfection. As John Goode has emphasized, even "'How the Change Came' is
as much a dream as Nowhere itself."¹⁴ Goode points out that perhaps the key element
behind the 1952 revolution had been the change of individual consciousness and heart
which had prepared the way for a revolutionary violence that would prove curative
and transformational rather than merely destructive. Morris writes that, "looking back
now [from Nowhere to 1952] we can see that the great motive-power of the change
was a longing for freedom and equality, akin if you please to the unreasonable passion
of the lover; a sickness of heart that rejected with loathing the aimless solitary life of
the well-to-do educated men of that time."(p.89)

Dreamlike transformation thus preceded the violence of the 1952 revolution. At least
as significantly, dreams marked the great transformation from the period of violent
revolution and civil war to the final epoch of rest. This is the theme of 'The Beginning
of the New Life,' the little-discussed chapter immediately following 'How the Change
Came.' A terrible two-year civil war follows the convulsions of 1952. "There never was
a war in which there was so much destruction of wares and instruments for making
them as this civil war." The rebels learn that there is little of moral or material value in
the old régime worth saving and even the reactionaries "at last learned something about
the reality of life, and its sorrows." As they had destroyed the material world together,
between them the workers and the gentlemen discovered that they had in fact also
learned to "destroy [the spirit of] commercialism!" With shared destructiveness and an
accompanying sense of tragedy, "The World was being brought to its second birth."
This amounts to a very big change of heart — a kind of universal romantic watershed.
Begun in war chaos, rebirth is fundamentally a complete transformation of work-
consciousness. The production of "slave-wares for the poor and mere wealth-wasting
wares for the rich, ceased to be made. The remedy was... the production of what used
to be called art, but which has no name amongst us now, because it has become a
necessary part of the labour of every man who produces."

Revolutionary violence and the material catastrophe which accompanied it freed
workers from the pain of work by forced necessity. "Then the art or work-pleasure...
 sprung up almost spontaneously... from a kind of instinct amongst people," to make
work simple and excellent, "and when they had once set to work at that, it soon began
to grow." Life as art, art as life had completed history. "All was gained and we were
happy. So may it be for ages and ages!" Time and change and politics all had stopped
in Eden regained. (pp.111-15)

Dreamlike consciousness-alteration occurred both before the violent socialist
revolution and before the second revolution of work-values which separated the period
of violent revolution from the far longer, implicitly endless epoch of perfect Nowhere.
Violence on the psychologically realistic or scientific socialist plane is inextricably
intertwined in News From Nowhere with romantic alterations of consciousness. It was a long voyage indeed from Trafalgar Square on November 13, 1887, to Nowhere, and Morris despairs of living to see that bright day. In his unfolding exegesis of the events of Bloody Sunday, one can see the powerful tensions of his hopes and his fears, his vision and his realism, and his sense of these great distances within his consciousness. His socialist purism included deep ambivalence about political action in a corrupt world. He did distance himself from brutalities such as Bloody Sunday, but he also confronted the violent implications of that day, seeking in imagination to combine those meanings with a distant but tangible sensibility of the world transformed.

Neither in News From Nowhere, nor before or after, did Morris move from romantic to revolutionary — he was a romantic who became a romantic revolutionary, a man of his times and not one for our selective use. If we ignore the tensions deeply present within this romantic revolutionary, we miss the persuasive human power of News from Nowhere.

NOTES

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2 The two most notable studies of Morris which make strong claims that these chapters amounted to scientific socialism are, of course, E. P. Thompson, William Morris: Romantic to Revolutionary, 2nd ed. (New York, 1976), and A. L. Morton, The English Utopia (London, 1952), 149-82. John Goode paints a somewhat subtler version of Morris which retains a certain claim on him as a scientific socialist, in ‘William Morris and the Dream of Revolution,’ in John Lucas, ed. Literature and Politics in the Nineteenth Century (London, 1971), 221-80. On the whole I am arguing with these readings. Many earlier students of Morris, often his artistic followers, tended to dismiss his revolutionism as epiphenomenal, reducing Morris to something of an aesthete, a view so obtuse, in my opinion, that one need no longer argue against it. This voice is fully represented in J. W. Mackail, The Life of William Morris, 2 vols. (London, 1899).

3 The Times, November 14, December 1, 1887, January 17, 18, 1888; The Pall Mall Gazette, November 14-17, 1887. Three analyses of the events of Bloody Sunday, written from differing perspectives are Thompson, 482-503; Norman and Jeanne Mackenzie, The First Fabians (London, 1977), 85-9; 104-7, and T.A. Critchley The Conquest of Violence: Order and Liberty in Britain (London, 1970), 141-76.

4 Thompson, 500

6 ‘A Death Song, Sold for the Benefit of Linnell’s Orphans,’ November 20, 1887, a penny pamphlet in the British Library.

7 The best description of the scene at Linnell’s graveside, together with the texts of the speeches of Morris and others, is in the weekly paper of the Social Democratic Federation, *Justice*, for December 24, 1887. Also see *Commonweal* for the same date. Morris’ musings after the ceremony are recorded in Thompson, 495.

8 Morris interview in the *Daily News* for January 8, 1885, quoted in Thompson, 379. Thompson makes a similar argument about Morris’ purism in his Socialist League activities, but draws back from the more general implications of such purism when he emphasizes Morris’ revolutionism.


12 James Redmond ed., William Morris, *News from Nowhere; or An Epoch of Rest; Being some Chapters from a Utopian Romance* (1890, London; 1970), 34-35. All subsequent references to *News From Nowhere* are from this paperback edition.

13 Fellman, 118-19. Curiously, as few who have made the comparison between the two utopian romances have pointed out, Bellamy’s utopia is, in its predictive powers, scientific — anticipating a Soviet state-communist variety of social development — while Morris’s utopia is purely romantic.

14 Goode, 276.