

*William Morris:*  
*an Approach to the Poetry*

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## Chapter 4

# *Love is Enough*

All wonder of pleasure, all doubt of desire,  
All blindness, are ended, and no more ye feel  
If your feet tread his flowers or the flames of his fire,  
If your breast meet his balms or the edge of his steel.  
Change is come and past over, no more strife,  
no more learning:  
Now your lips and your forehead are sealed with  
his seal,  
Look backward and smile at the thorns and the burning.  
—Sweet rest, O my soul, and no fear of returning.  
—*Love is Enough*

On his return from his first journey to Iceland, in autumn 1871, Morris at once began *Love is Enough*, 'a sort of masque' as Rossetti described it, 'a morality' as Morris defined it on the title-page. Philip Henderson remarks that it does not show 'the least evidence of the bracing airs of Iceland'.<sup>1</sup> Nor would it be reasonable to assume that it should have done so. A fresh stimulus does not always work on a poet with the speed of an antibiotic. I have tried at various points in this book to suggest that the changes in Morris's art were neither so abrupt nor so complete as has often been supposed. There are overlappings and blendings, foreshadowings and echoes. We need not, then, be much surprised if the first-fruits of the Iceland journey—in itself a mixed experience of activity, loneliness, melancholy, elevation and enlivening contacts—proved to be the romantic presentation of King Pharamond, the young warrior and ruler, who left all and endured all for a love seen in a dream, and was justified in his choice. Iceland provided one or two landscapes in the poem—the bleak mountainous shore of the land where Azalais lives and the cloven walls of igneous rock that encircle her valley—but these are incidental. What is essential is the reassertion, throughout the whole play, by all the poetic means at the craftsman's disposal, that love is the supreme and sufficing value in life, whether its fate be prosperous or tragic. Fifteen years before, in the callow earnestness of his review of *Men and Women* for *The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, Morris had expressed his sympathy for Browning's treatment of love in such poems as 'Evelyn Hope' and 'The Last Ride Together', where,

unfulfilled or unreturned, it is yet 'enough' for life here and hereafter. This faith he had held, painfully and tenaciously, the more so, perhaps, as Browning's prospect beyond the grave closed to him, and his perception of social injustice darkened the daily skies. However the active man might chide himself, the poet's work had been weighed again and again with dread of the nullity of life after love has been lost or cast away. Love is the intense focus of experience. Moreover, love in *The Earthly Paradise* is romantic love of the one, the unique fellow-creature able to fulfil desire. There is no substitute, no further experiences in store. It had not been so in *The Life and Death of Jason*, where Jason in middle life turns to the girl Glauce, in the pleasure of a renewal of youthfulness; it was not to be so in the late prose Romances, where the desire of the young moves from shape to shape; it may not have been so in Morris's life. In *The Earthly Paradise*, however, the unhappy lover is a captive dragging his fetters. Yet, even so, he makes a tale, and does not suffer for sordid reasons of gain.

It was not to learn to deny his beliefs that Morris made his pilgrimage to Iceland. Pilgrimages are for discipline and confirmation of faith. Other things come by the way, and may, in time, take on the major importance. They came in plenty to Morris, and eventually worked their way into his life and poetry, and changed his perspective. But, even among the scenes of Grettir's outlawry and Gunnar's end, the famished constancy that he had known and shown could still seem a type of heroic persistence. This phase of feeling was prolonged but not permanent. The relation of the hero to his society, which Iceland could so well enforce, had already been adumbrated in 'The Golden Apples' and 'Bellerophon in Lycia'. In the Romances the individual life is bound in with that of the kindred, and fruitless pining loses its prestige. By this time Morris had eaten his words. H.H. Sparling describes how he seized the book from the shelf, exclaiming: 'There's a lie for you, though 'twas I that told it! Love isn't enough in itself; love *and work*, yes! *work and love*, that's the life of a man'. He was then in his fifties, his prolonged and difficult youth and young manhood well behind him, though not out of mind. Such searching changes do not come overnight, however stimulating the circumstances.

Looked at from this angle, then, *Love is Enough* is neither surprising nor truly retrograde. Morris uses his purged and heightened energies to reassert the pre-eminence of love in life, and to create a form specially designed for this assertion. This had not been the case with the tales of *The Earthly Paradise*, excepting the Prologue. There he had taken old and proven narratives which, however they may fail to hold the attention

of the twentieth century, had held that of many previous ages, and did not fail in the poet's own time. In the process of some of these tales—not all—he finds himself in the landscape of his particular waste land; indeed, he must have known that the tale led thither, or could be made to diverge in that direction; and then comes the temptation of the lingering step, the circular movement, the inflation of sighing, and the consequent loss of proportion and narrative movement. There is really nothing like this in *Love is Enough*. It is carefully and intricately designed in strict pattern and proportion, and does not get out of hand. So much has been admitted since Mackail's structural and metrical analysis of the play,<sup>2</sup> though I do not know that the accession of sustained artistic energy, which is thus demonstrated, has often been observed; for this is not a matter of good passages, fleeting intensities, momentary felicities, but of a controlled whole. The make-do rhyme, the unnecessary elaboration drawn on by it, are hardly apparent. The sentence stops when it has done its full work. The sparse but vivid details of Pharamond's warfare, the casual references to the tomb in the minster and to the negligence of the Constable Theobald, are chosen and placed early in the play, with foresight for their recapitulation at the end, when Pharamond declines war and leaves the royal tomb to be filled by his supplanter, the same Theobald. Rossetti wrote in October to William Bell Scott of what he had seen of the work: 'The poem is, I think, at a higher point of execution perhaps than anything he has done, having a passionate lyric quality such as one found in his earliest work and of course much more mature balance in carrying out. It will be a very fine work'. Not many ears today seem to identify the passionate lyric quality that Rossetti heard; and one of Morris's recent biographers, fully acknowledging the craftsmanship, concludes: 'But the whole thing seems curiously pointless'. In its own time this quality was heard. G.A. Simcox,<sup>3</sup> reviewing the play in *The Academy* (December 1872) drew attention to Morris's new intensity and seriousness, to the abstract passionate mode of treatment, and the 'rich rapturous melody of the songs'; and I have wondered whether A. Clutton-Brock's<sup>4</sup> quasi-mystical interpretation, some forty years later, sprang from his perception of these qualities, for which he could not otherwise account, since he insisted that there was no overflow of personal life into Morris's poetry, but that all was dramatic invention. Recent writers on Morris seem to regard *Love is Enough* as a disappointing coda to *The Earthly Paradise*, through which they have been wending their conscientious way, not very pleasurably, and which they would willingly exchange for a livelier mode. The change, however, is unpredictably deferred, and their eyes scan yet

another hundred or so pages about a melancholy lover and a woman seen in a dream. There is more at the heart of the morality than this—or why call it a morality?—and more to the receding planes of the design than a conformity with those in later mediaeval tapestries, though this is an acute observation of Mackail's;<sup>5</sup> and perhaps a consideration of the poem in some detail will make its existence and nature more comprehensible. There is no need to justify the place it gives to love in life, since Morris himself was to alter his mind about it. On the other hand, to play down the struggling force of the conviction with which it is expressed would not improve understanding of Morris's nature and poetry.

Morris's morality is not modelled closely on the dramatic moralities of the late Middle Ages in England. It is blended with various strains of romance, and it eschews the farce which enlivens the majority of extant plays of that sort. Nonetheless, he chose to call it a morality, not, as Rossetti did, a masque, and must have thereby acknowledged some conformity of his play with that literary kind. It is relevant, therefore, to consider briefly the nature of the kind.

The later mediaeval moralities presented a general truth in dramatic action by means of figures that are either personified abstractions or very broadly conceived types. What concrete particulars there are are descriptive of the type. The serious action is exemplary, predictable, often little more than a series of ritual movements. It does not extend beyond what is necessary to display the moral statement it contains. It is comparable to the enlarged *exemplum* of a sermon, and its significance is expounded either by an actor within the play, addressing the characters, or by one outside it, addressing the audience. Mackail reports that *Love is Enough* gave Morris 'more real trouble than any other of his poems'. The first draft was finished before Christmas, but in mid-February 1872 he went down to Kelmscott for a fortnight to wrestle with it. It must have been difficult, for one thing, to confine his narrative invention, his irresistibly amplifying imagination, to so limited a form. Indeed, May Morris speaks of a rejected scene in which Pharamond works, unknown, as a smith, for the father of his beloved. Morris was right to excise this characteristic development. It is beside the point. All that is needed is the mutual recognition of Pharamond and Azalais, and the flowering of love in the shadow of death. The details of a pastoral wooing, however charming, would be otiose. It may also be supposed that Morris found some difficulty with the abstract statement of his morality, since so many readers have done so. The fervour of personal faith is immediate, but whither does the doctrine lead?

The slender plot of *Love is Enough* is built on the initial situation in 'The Dream of Maxen Wledig' in the *Mabinogion*. King Pharamond, like the Emperor Maxen, dreams of a fair woman in an unknown land, and is entranced and withdrawn from active life. 'Nor spirit nor existence were left him, because of the maiden whom he had seen in his sleep'.<sup>6</sup> From this point the action differs widely, until at the end Pharamond's relinquishment of his kingdom recalls and reverses the Emperor's recovery of Rome, lost in his seven years' love-search and absence. This ancient tale, as the Mayor calls it, of Pharamond, the Freer and the Freed, is performed by travelling players before the Emperor and the Empress on their wedding day. It is in six scenes, and all of them are crucial. The events which precede and link them are recounted retrospectively by the characters or by Love, who introduces each scene, expounds the doctrine on which it is built, and concludes the play. Enclosing the whole performance and marshalling Love before each scene is the Music, plangent, repetitive, varying, 'subtilized out of any definite personality', as Mackail says, '... the final and interpreting spirit of the whole work'. Besides the Emperor and the Empress and the Mayor, the play is watched by court and people: two of the latter, Giles and Joan, a young peasant couple from the countryside, stand at the rim of the design and their voices open and close the play.

The different circles or planes of the action are further marked by different metres. This is a development of a device found in later English moralities. The ancience of the tale of Pharamond is reflected in the use of a version of the four-stress, unrhymed line with medial break and varying syllable-count, that basic English rhythm about which Mackail wrote so presciently, foreseeing its recurrence even at a time of 'the overwhelming predominance of the normal, rhymed iambic metre'. It suits Morris very well. The inherent strength of its impulse, enhanced by a subtilized alliteration, is not lowered by weak or obvious rhymes. Parallel phrases and single statements accommodate themselves naturally to the line, and it is impossible to launch into those long overflowing sentences, with their supplementary ripples of description and comparison, which wind down the pages of *The Earthly Paradise*. The metre serves, too, at the rustic end of its gamut, for the Mayor's hesitant apology for the play, and, though strongly drawn, at times, to a regular four-beat triple measure, manages to preserve a good deal of its traditional freedom. Thinking of its range and its vigour, and remembering the strong dramatic blank verse of the fragment May Morris entitled *Anthony*,<sup>7</sup> which may belong to about this time, we may well wish that Morris had set aside his well-loved mistress rhyme more often.

The Emperor and Empress speak chiefly in heroic couplet, and so does Love, except in the fifth scene where, in dialogue with Pharamond, he passes into the older metre. Morris had often shown himself capable of writing passages of firmness and easy speed in the heroic couplet; here the dignity and intensity of his feeling keeps him at this pitch throughout. Not all the speeches have the classic ring that surprises from Love's lips:

Cast shame and pride away,  
Let honour gild the world's eventless day,  
Shrink not from change and shudder not at crime,  
Leave lies to rattle in the sieve of Time—

but there are no lapses into garrulous facility. The octosyllabic couplet of Giles and Joan is not keyed up, though it is balanced and patterned. On this outer rim of the poem, where it merges with common life, the light, spontaneous, almost gossiping verse serves as a shallow, rippling boundary with everyday. The lyric stanzas of the Music are highly wrought; but with a deliberate slenderness of sound and within a small compass, so that they recall the early string music to which Morris's very selective ear was accessible. The triple measure is constant and the four pulses in the line nearly so. The stanzas vary in length from five to eight lines, and in the arrangement of the rhymes, which are predominantly dissyllabic; twice there is an expressive unrhymed refrain. There is much subdued skill in these lyrical interludes, but no challenging display of poetical resource. The ideas, the diction and the rhymes recur in different arrangements and different keys. What should they do but recur, since this is the Music eternally flowing through life, a medium in which all values are submerged and through which they are perceived?

Love, crowned as a King, opens the players' performance. This is a Love akin to the 'lord of terrible aspect' who appears to Dante in *La Vita Nuova*, and to Guillaume de Lorris's Love in *Le Roman de la Rose*, who exacts total homage from the lover, kissing his mouth in token of the blended suffering and joy he will bestow on him. At the end of the play Joan says that she trembled at his voice, though she knew the actor was only a minstrel-lad, dressed in gold. He assures his Faithful in the audience that today they will have no need of compassionate tears. Then, as happens in other poems of Morris's, against this promise of a happy outcome, fit for a wedding-festivity, the shades of tragic lovers are evoked, 'the mighty of my courts', whose crown is

Woven of bitter death and deathless fame,  
Bethorned with woe and fruited thick with shame.

These the celebrant of Love cannot omit. These are they who truly make the world worthy, since their tales continually remind men of their capacity for noble grief and noble desire,

Lest through the world there should be none to weep  
Except for sordid loss; and naught to gain  
But satiate pleasure making mock of pain.

Tales that do not flinch from tragic extremes inject a stronger, simpler and purer life into the 'dulness' of the everyday world. Love, who is to marshal Pharamond the Freed through anguish, hardship, and renunciation to his happiness, yet holds his tragic lovers nearer his heart.

Pharamond, the young King, whose nobles, in the first scene, lament his nine days waking trance, is 'no minstrel or dreamer', but

Rough hand in the field, ready righter of wrong,  
Reckless of danger, but recking of pity.

He has taken his crown from a father dead at his feet, killed in an overwhelming invasion when his troops could barely push the enemy back a spear's length, and the lights of their leaguer round the city shone through the windows of the new king's audience chamber. Four years desperate warfare have been followed by success and by a year's strong rule, and now the last of his enemies has sought his friendship.

'How mighty and how fierce a King is here',

says Love, on his second entry. He is marked for fame, and to be one of those who leaven the waning world; but what fame? All the other gods would have let his life grow to bitter strength and perish in loneliness, but Love has sent

A pain to pierce his last coat of content;  
Now must he tear his armour from his breast  
And cast aside all things that men deem best,  
And single-hearted for his longing strive.

This time Love is 'clad as an image-maker', and in the second scene

Pharamond tells his foster-father, Master Oliver, of the images that came to him in sleep on the night of his father's death, of the unknown northern valley and the fair woman there. Through the years of fighting, again and again in sleep he walked in this land, and

... young in Love's dealings,  
Never called it a pain;

but with 'the high tide of deliverance' the vision waned, and desire grew anguish. Yet for a year longer he has accepted his kingly function as his prison, to hold him back from his search. Now a single renewed dream of her has shown her in tears and restlessly seeking, he believes for him. At this, he resolves to start out with his foster-father, in good confidence that he will achieve 'the last gain and greatest', and bring his beloved back to his palace, which, he thinks, she has already trodden in dream as he has trodden her country. Surely she has known his life as he has hers.

'Thou hast seen my sword glimmer amidst of the moonlight,  
As we rode with hoofs muffled through waylaying murder,  
Through the field of the dead hast thou fared to behold me,  
Seen me waking and longing by the watch-fires' flicker.'

But Love, who appears 'clad as a Maker of Pictured Cloths', denies that he has shown her such scenes. She is the sought, not the seeker. She has not seen Pharamond or known his struggle. She waits, trembling and restless, among half-formed images of what love is, for the 'story that she shall play in'.

The third scene reveals Pharamond and Oliver after three years of wandering. They have known pestilence, slavery and destitution, in the desert, on the mountains and the ocean, and have now reached, unknowing, the land of Pharamond's dream and the yew-wood in the gorge of the pass. He has grown wise in love. He can distinguish between the 'dear dreams and deceitful', in which his beloved seeks his arms—'dreams self-wrought' Love is to call them at his next appearance,

'When the soul slept a little from all but its search,  
And lied to the body of bliss beyond telling;  
Yea, waking had lied but for life and its torment,'—

and the true visions of the days of his kingship, which drove him onward with desire, but feigned no shadowy satisfactions. He can see and resist

Oliver's scepticism; but he has lain for seven days ill on the dry leaves of the forest, and 'the cold cloud of death' is rolling round him.

Love, who marvels at Pharamond's endurance, enters 'with a cup of bitter drink and his hands bloody'. In spite of these tokens he confirms that his hearers shall behold, at end of the way,

'These lovers tread a bower they may not miss,  
Whose door my servant keepeth, Earthly Bliss.'

Yet he repeats that those are truly his who tremble to hear the speech of happy lovers,

'Lest other sounds from other doors ye hearken  
Doors that the wings of Earthly Anguish darken.'

Pharamond and Oliver have now reached the highway in the valley, where everything is still covered with mist. They are, in fact, 'home', though they do not know it, 'wearying to find the country [they] are in', a situation that occurred also at the end of 'The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon'. Pharamond, feebler than when he waked in the pass, gives up hope but not faith.

'Cruel wert thou, O Love, yet have thou and I conquered.'

He falls into a profound sleep, and Oliver goes for help. The scene does not change, but is divided into two by the Music and Love's commentary. This concluded, Love, 'clad as a pilgrim' whose journey is nearly done, goes on to the stage and enters into speech with the entranced Pharamond. This line-by-line dialogue is the most inward and intense of the play. We might, borrowing a phrase from the latest works of Rudyard Kipling (to whom, when he was a little boy, Morris had been an 'uncle' in the Burne-Jones house) call this the Ultimate Test for Breaking Strain. Pharamond believes he is dying with his quest unfulfilled. The word Death has already sounded in the scene. Love has told his hearers that Azalais, the beloved, now on her way back from the city beyond the pass, believes that Death beckons her; and when he asks Pharamond, 'Why camest thou hither?', he gets the answer:

'I came seeking Death; I have found him belike,'

and as Death he greets and welcomes his questioner. Love agrees that he

has borne that name, but he has another. 'I am Love and thy master', to which the King replies:

'Sooth didst thou say when thou calledst thyself Death . . .  
Be thou God, be thou Death, yet I love thee and dread not.'

He has wholly lost the confidence in ultimate attainment, which has been with him until he sank by the highway. He speaks as Oliver did of his vision:

'A dream and a lie—and my death—and I love it.'

And when Love calls on him to open his eyes, and behold where he lies, in the country he sought, he says quietly:

'It is little—the old dream, the old lie is about me.'

Yet when Love puts the final question:

'Why faintest thou, Pharamond? is love then unworthy?'

he meets an unshaken acceptance and reaffirmation:

'Then hath God made no world, nor shall make hereafter.'

The occasion of his quest and his renunciation may have been a delusion, and a death-bringing one; he may, in that sense, have sought and desired death, but the power that drove him is not thereby disproved; it is still supreme.

This is not despair, as it has been called. Pharamond masters himself at the brink, and repeats his testimony. What, then, did Morris imply by death? We can dismiss the suggestion that the fulfilment of such a love as Pharamond's can only be in death, not in life. Love has already promised his hearers that the King will reach the bower whose door is kept by Earthly Bliss, and in a moment he is to assure the King himself: 'Thou art here in the body'. Pharamond has been brought to the edge of despair and the edge of life, as near the martyrdom of Love's most beloved servants as he could go in a wedding-play, so near that we may not doubt that he is of the same kind as Love's martyrs. But death is not required of him. 'O long shalt thou live', says Love. Moreover, despair in its full sense is required of very few of Morris's characters, of

Bharam, of the young man in 'The Lady of the Land', and of the old solitary at the beginning of *The Wood beyond the World*. Others may lose joy and life; they retain the love of, and belief in, what they lose. In Bellerophon, in Sigurd, in Dick in *The Pilgrims of Hope* and in the young people of the late Romances there is that which cannot despair, something which, even in the anguish of loss and disillusion and the imminence of death and shame, rejoices to draw natural breath in the fair and terrible world.

Azalais comes, and Pharamond wakes fully to a 'joy hard to bear but for memories of sorrow'. This is not the end, however. The King had meant to reclaim his throne and set his beloved on it. He recognises Oliver's regret for the 'crowned work' he helped to shape. Both have still to learn, not wholly without pain, that love is enough. Love says that those who are still craving scorn the world they do not want too utterly.

'Yet our one desire  
Fulfilled at last, what next shall feed the fire?'

There is no final absorption in love. Its flame must be kept clear by memory and fear; and the world, at least, can provide a necessary sacrifice. So the last scene shows us Pharamond, unrecognised, outside his palace in the twilight. His people have forgotten him and the gifts of peace and glory he gave them, and have enthroned Theobald the constable. Half in scorn, half in ruth, he renounces the struggle, leaving the royal tomb in the minster to Theobald, content to become a tale and a song, which may yet inspire his people in some future battle. For the last time we get the image of the young warrior-king, called up and approved in the memory of the older man.

'Faithful heart hadst thou, Pharamond, to hold fast thy treasure:  
I am fain of thee: surely no shame hath destined thee.'

Oliver accepts the decision, asking only what land they shall dwell in. He is answered:

'The poor land and kingless of the shepherding people',

where peace and love are. Pharamond, indeed, gets what Jason had vainly prayed the goddess for, 'good days and peace and maiden's love'. Oliver goes, as he went over three years ago, to settle a passage for them,

and past Pharamond rides the pageant of his old state, King Theobald and his court, returning from hunting, with the stranger Honorius whom Pharamond has already discerned as 'the soul to King Theobald's body'. The sight of them purges his last regret. In Honorius he recognizes the ruler that men, as they are, require.

'Thou lovest not mercy, yet shalt thou be merciful;  
Thou joyest not in justice, yet just shall thy dooms be.'

He will bring fair days, for which he has no blessing, and Pharamond can leave his kingdom to his guidance 'without shame or misgiving'. Coming at this final point of the action we see Honorius as the figure of 'bitter strength' which Pharamond himself would have become, without Love's goading, the 'barren fulfilment' of all that is emptiness to the heart. His mind then turns wholly to his love.

'Still lieth in wait with his sweet tale untold of  
Each long year of Love, and the first scarce beginneth.'

Yet this contentment cannot be wholly complete, because of the distance that still lies between them, and so the last words of Pharamond the 'Freed still pulse with unassuaged desire:

'Yea, Love were enough, if thy lips were not lacking.'

I shall return to this line.

Love, 'holding a crown and palm-branch', concludes the performance. In verse more compact and dense with meaning than Morris usually wrote, Love promises all his Faithful, the deprived no less than the fulfilled, their reward.

'Reward of what?—Life springing fresh again—  
Life of delight?—I say it not—Of pain?  
It may be—Pain eternal?—Who may tell?  
Yet pain of Heaven, beloved, and not of Hell.  
—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?  
 How shall my tongue in speech man's longing wrought  
 Tell of the things whereof he knoweth nought?

The reward may well be one that the world does not recognize, in which its values are inverted, love passing for hate and achievement for defeat. Yet, however stained the lovers' workday gear, Love will give them a wedding-garment 'no God shall dare cry out at'. Love does not mete with the world's measurements. The calm, strong soul, whom men admire, is Love's, maybe, but so is the 'well mocked clamourer out of bitterness'.

'The strong one's strength, from me he had it not;  
 Let the world keep it that his love forgot;  
 The weak one's weakness was enough to save,  
 Let the world hide it in his honour's grave!  
 For whatso folly is, or wisdom was,  
 Across my threshold naked all must pass.'

There follow two characters of lovers, both deeply felt. In the first, a great life is cast aside for a great love, which in turn is filched away and poisoned. Yet what is left is not hate but a living love, moving through a dreadfully changed world, 'an adder-den',

'With earthly death and wrong, and earthly woe  
 The only deeds its hand might find to do.'

The second, nearer home to the poet, it would seem, is led by Love for many days through flame and thorns, smiling and following close,

'Till in his path the shade of hate arose  
 'Twixt him and his desire: with heart that burned  
 For very love back through the thorns he turned . . .  
 Because for love's sake love he cast aside.'

The World's comment is that this is a heart well-satisfied with the World's gifts and a barren love forgotten. Yet on the great day of Armageddon the first lover shall be Love's banner and the second his

sword. The long speech ends with an apocalyptic vision of the House of Love, built of the pain of those who love, and still in building, where all Love's Faithful shall enter, and forget the griefs of time in timelessness.

I have given a detailed account of the play of Pharamond in terms of its action, because it is now sometimes misread. Unfamiliarity with the mediaeval mode and impatience with romantic poetry have had their predictable effect in draining the words of meaning and lowering the pitch of the passion. At the same time, the much increased though still doubtful knowledge of Morris's own troubles has thrown into a relief, that he never intended, such passages as can plausibly be taken as confessional. Yet, before we listen to these poignant notes, we should take account of the poetic structure as he designed it. There is a play, and it has an action, and the end of the action is not, as has recently been stated, that Pharamond loses his dream-woman again, and ends in despair, but that she becomes real and his wife, and he lives with her and his foster-father in the peaceful, remote land he has found. There can be no doubt about this. Oliver's last loving word to his foster-son, as he leaves him for an hour, is:

'No look in thy face is of ruin, O my master'.

Pharamond says of himself:

' . . . I am freed, and fresh waxeth my manhood'.

Nor can we suspect these remarks of being in any way ironical. Again and again Love, summoning to mind the 'ghosts of mighty lovers', has distinguished between their tragic tales and that which is being played before the Emperor and Empress. All this is made verbally explicit. What is it that seems to throw the movement of the play into reverse, even for careful scholars?

It may be too bold a statement to venture that below every declaration of belief there is an undertow, or that the faith of every man is simultaneously eroded and confirmed; but something of this kind must be true of Morris's profoundly sincere act of faith in the sufficiency of love and the fruits of patient suffering and devotion. At times the sentences seem to swing round involuntarily as they feel the hidden current. This is most readily perceptible in Pharamond's last line:

'—Yea, Love were enough if thy lips were not lacking',



which breaks out so plangently that it has been taken to be the key-note and conclusion of the whole poem. In its dramatic context, however, it refers only to the 'twenty days' voyage between the lovers, beyond which lie the long years of renewed desire, quickened by memories of pain and fears of change, which Morris, at that stage, believed to be necessary elements in the full and continued consciousness of love—and, if there is something of a refined voluptuousness in this attitude, there is more of the sensitive man's perception of the terms of the tenure of love on earth. But we feel, and surely rightly, that something more personally impassioned has broken through the dramatic speech at this point. As has been observed before, at the end of some of the tales in *The Earthly Paradise* the impersonal absorption in creation is slackening, the light of day is filtering into the poetic world; Morris begins to remember himself as he is, not as that double who, stripped of all baseness and enduring the uttermost, could see the 'daylight of life . . . grown a dream of the dream' he had won. In none of these other cases, however, where the lovers, departing to their bliss, brush against the robes of Change or Death, entering on the scene, do the minor cadences throw the preceding tale out of gear. Here we have also to do with the penetrating influence of the Music, which, as Mackail and others perceive, is the inmost heart of the poem. It was true, when Mackail said it, that the Music was 'subtilized out of any definite personality', but it is no longer so true. The increased knowledge of Morris's life and the increased difficulty and distaste in reading much of his poetry have brought it about that any part in it that can be supposed to express his personal feelings is seized and emphasised. There is both an advantage and a drawback in this. It is always good to be forced to realize that no poetry, which nourished its first readers and appeased its writer, is without its attachments to 'life'; and this is a lesson which has to be learnt again and again, as perspectives alter and language, grown in some measure unfamiliar, ceases to communicate. It is not so good to have the focus, the proportions, sometimes the very meaning of a poem, troubled by this readjustment of interest. What is the Shadow of Night, with which the lover wrestles 'mid wastes of the world', thinking it Love, to find when he has won the victory and is crowned, that it is but a Shadow of Night, that he is alone in the waste, but that 'Love lived to seek'? It is a fair subject for speculation, when we close the book. Within it, the Shadow of Night is all the delusions of love, which exercise men to the extreme, and are then found to be phantoms. It is of the nature of love to engender phantoms.

The songs of the Music are linked to the scenes they prelude and

follow, but not so urgently or obscurely that the links require elucidation. In all of them there are strains of anguish, and in all of them these pass into hope, or into a constancy of acceptance which is felt to be more precious than freedom from pain. If, therefore, we isolate the despairing stanzas, they will make a music of heart-ache and heart-break, through which indeed no bracing northern airs are blowing; but it will not be as true as the total music, with its varying impulses and fluctuating moods, and the strong effort at control under the rippling, retarded, suspended and suddenly accelerated movement. Certainly we are aware of the undertow; the verbal repetitions and linkings of lines, rhymes and stanzas suggest the groping touches of the pilgrim in darkness, and occasionally we catch a cry of extreme pain. But the poet controls his Music to his artistic purpose.

Each lyric begins with the statement 'Love is Enough', which is illustrated and enforced by types and allegories. There are throughout brief touches of landscape and weather—the winter garden, the rocks of the wilderness, the clefts in the cloud, the sun, the beaten-down orchard-grass, the harvest, the morning, the night. They are not wholly allegorized. Since earth is man's home, and he suffers and rejoices there, they have their place as actualities.

The entrance Music hymns the constancy of love in a waning world. The next theme is its fluctuation in the lover, the brief intermission of rest, the renewal of estrangement, the change to joy when 'the dry seed shall quicken, the hard earth shall soften', and the lovers unloved shall draw the nourishment of dreams, by which they live, from the tale of the happy. The following lyric turns to the unfulfilled, and puts the case of a love developing unheeded and misunderstood through the seasons, till in winter the lovers awaken 'dead-hearted'. Yet the ripe fruit, which had 'pain in its blossom, despair in its seeding', is still a harvest, and what the bosom now nurses is still a treasure. In the song that fills the space of Pharamond's wanderings, the Music is at its lowest ebb. The stanzas all end in a nearly similar unrhymed line:

Pass by me, and hearken, and think of me not,

where this unrhymed negative implies the loneliness, the detachment of the lover from life and the hopeful, his involvement in his grief and his compensating dreams, which he knows to be delusions. Yet these he will not sell to the rich, in return for their rest, their laughter or their 'fair gilded hope' of the next dawn.

Ye know not how void is your hope and your living:  
 Depart with your helping lest yet ye undo me!  
 Ye know not that at nightfall she draweth near to me,  
 There is soft speech between us and words of forgiving  
 Till in dead of the midnight her kisses thrill through me.  
 —Pass by me and hearken, and waken me not.

In 'waken' lies the whole acknowledgment of his plight. This love is 'enough' in the sense that the bare ration of the famished is enough.

The next song, which divides the scene in the pass from those by the highway, begins with the enigmatic wrestling in the wilderness, the victory that is an illusion, and the realization that, since the Shadow of Night was not Love, Love still lives to be found; and it ends, after labour over 'wearer wastes' in bleak sunlight, with a modulation into the major key.

... Haste thou onward and listen,  
 For the wind of the waste has no music like this,  
 And not thus do the rocks of the wilderness glisten:  
 With the host of his faithful through sorrow and bliss  
 My Lord goeth forth now, and knows me for his.

Here, for the first time, the loneliness is breached. The faithful of Love are a host, and there is fellowship in service. The Music that prepares for the meeting of Pharamond and Azalais soberly bids us cherish life, lest we die before we know Love,

For who knows in what ruin of all hope he hideth,  
 On what wings of the terror of darkness he rideth?

The ruin is imaged in the 'cold winter-tide garden', where those walk who 'tremble for death, or the death of desire'; but then the Music strengthens suddenly into a processional, apocalyptic verse, prophesying the triumphing morning of Love, when the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall awaken,

And the sun smite the banner of Scorn of the Scorning,  
 And dead pain ye shall trample, dead fruitless desire,  
 As ye wend to pluck out the new world from the fire.

The large echoes of this language, blending associations of the Resur-

rection morning, the new world after the Twilight of the Gods and the burning of their world, with—possibly, but by no means certainly, yet—some undefined day of social regeneration, seem to carry us beyond the plight of the lover; but he is there, in the penultimate line, trampling his dead pain and his fruitless desire underfoot, as he has learned, at the entrance to the new world. This is the only verse in which such an expansion of meaning is hinted. The next song, precluding Pharamond's relinquishment of his kingdom, contracts its scale to the original theme. Love is master of the deepest pleasure and the keenest pain. In the end they are indistinguishable to the adept. To have accepted all is a change like death.

All wonder of pleasure, all doubt of desire,  
 All blindness, are ended, and no more ye feel  
 If your feet tread his flowers or the flames of his fire,  
 If your breast meet his balms or the edge of his steel.  
 Change is come, and past over, no more strife, no  
 more learning:  
 Now your lips and your forehead are sealed with his seal,  
 Look backward and smile at the thorns and the  
 burning.  
 —Sweet rest, O my soul, and no fear of returning!

There is a note of ecstasy here, rare in English love-poetry, as a whole, and very rare in Morris. It is not renewed until Ralph and Ursula drink of the Well at the World's End, and there it is transfused with a profound peace, beyond the antinomies of pain and pleasure, and the threshold of the new world. The last lyric calls on all who seek saving to come hither to Love. The promises of healing and fulfilment are concentrated in the verbs 'heed' and 'lead', which come in the last line of every verse. The World does not heed; Love, and Love alone heeds, comes towards his Faithful, and leads them home. It is still a Love that brings not ease but a goad.

As the rain in mid-morning your troubles shall thicken,  
 But surely within you some Godhead doth quicken.

After each 'Come' of the fourth stanza follows an assurance of pain, fear, change, thirst and fasting. Yet all these lead to, or amount to, 'fair life everlasting', and 'there be who have found it' and reached the still undefined goal of 'home'. The last stanza begins with the quick,

trembling uncertainty—'Is he gone? Was he with us?'—which must succeed so hard a spiritual effort, but there is no uncertainty in the repetitions of the conclusion, as the altered tenses show. Only, as we seek to follow the half-hidden parallel and confirmation which the Music offers to the tale of Pharamond the Freed, it is hard to hear, among all these resonances of Morris's former worship and new hope, these clashing antiphonies of deprivation and fulfilment, exactly what he is saying, as a man and a poet, about love; and the same is true of the conclusion of Love's speech, which follows the Music, where again he is caught into an *O altitudo*. I shall return to this at the end of the chapter, after a brief glance at the outer circles of the morality; for, if love is the supreme value, the spiritual as well as the fleshly fruit of earthly life, if the 'deeds' of lovers, however unfulfilled, however obscure, are perpetuated in the life of the world and, by affecting the minds and 'dreams' of other men, nourish the nobler elements in it, and prevent it sinking wholly into greed, 'dulness' and callousness, then we should expect to find some reflection of this response among those who watch the play.

Morris had to guard—and may be held not to have done so sufficiently—against the charge that he presented the service of Love as involving the neglect of all other aspects of life, except perhaps a little pastoral herding and smithying. It is to offset this that he had the morality played before an Emperor who is a lover, a fighter and a ruler. We should remember, moreover, that Pharamond is an extreme case. To pick up the analogy that is breathed through the morality from Love's first appearance to his last, he is a brother to those princes, nobles and generals of mediaeval hagiography who, having encountered their visions—a white hart with the cross between its antlers or whatever it might be—discarded their rank and function in the world, and their lives if need were, to live as pilgrims or hermits or to die as martyrs. Moreover we never see Pharamond directly except in the crises of his passion. Giles, the young countryman, describing the unnamed actor's interpretation of his part when the King rejects his former world, says:

... E'en now when he turned,  
His heart's scorn and his hate outburned,  
And love the more for that ablaze,  
I shuddered, e'en as in the place  
High up the mountains, where men say  
Gods dwelt in time long worn away.

But this unmeasured rejection somewhat troubles the Mayor, and he is anxious lest, in honouring the Emperor's love for his bride, they should seem to undervalue his glorious deeds and his love for them. The Emperor reassures him graciously. We have learned from the lyrical dialogue between the royal pair, as they pass in procession, that it is through 'War's hopeless tangle' that the Emperor has fought his way to his love, who is herself a queen. They are thus what Pharamond and Azalais might have been, had Love not, as he says, discrowned them. The 'summer dream' of the story sinks into their hearts and makes them more aware of their love and its conditions. The Emperor is an 'unfreed Pharamond', but in their 'toil-girthed garden of desire' they may be brought all the closer by their 'seeming pride' and by the turmoil of careless change round about them.

The actors do not speak out of their parts, but we see them through the eyes of the Emperor and Empress and of the country people. They are travelling players—the 'King' has stumbled on Giles' last harvest-home and made mirth for the harvesters at the field edge—but they are also drawn into their roles and affected by them. They are lovers themselves, and of a longer and more assured standing than either the bridal pair or the young married country folk. The Empress describes 'Pharamond' in a beautiful passage:

'... Rough with the wind and rain  
His cheek is, hollow with some ancient pain;  
The sun has burned and blanched his crispy hair,  
And over him has swept a world of care  
And left him careless, rugged and her own;  
Still fresh desired, still strange and new, though known.'

The moment before the play begins, they are absorbed in each other. Joan asks Giles to invite them home, that they may be their scholars, 'to learn love's meaning more and more'. He will do so, but not that night; let them dream themselves the glorious lovers they have acted. The young pair are deeply moved by the legendary tale. It will come back to them many times, so strongly that they will think to see Pharamond and Azalais moving in their own valleys. The words they have heard spoken have power because they are so old; they were already old when mighty men of the past heard their own need uttered in them.

'Praise we then  
Tales of old time, whereby alone  
The fairness of the world is shown.'

To the Mayor it is an old tale, worthy and good,

'a sweet thing to think of  
In the season of summer betwixt labour and sleeping.'

We should now ask, what is this love which is enough to counterweigh the loss of a kingdom and a royal function? Is it simply idealized sexual passion, desire fulfilled and renewed? This is its immediate aspect, confirmed by images of beauty and physical tenderness. In this aspect the poem presented itself to Henry Sidgwick:

I saw Morris the other day, [he wrote to F. Myers in February 1873] and taxed him with putting nineteenth-century sentiment on the provincial stage of a mediaeval Arcadia. He said Middle Ages were subtle to any extent in amatory matters. I said they might be subtle, but they weren't sceptical of their own emotions, did not 'tremble for the death of desire'. He grinned good-humouredly and admitted.<sup>8</sup>

The melancholy echo of the Preacher—'and desire shall fail because man goeth to his long home'—is heard in Morris's youthful poetry, especially in 'Old Love', and all through his thirties. It seems to loom as an imminent change, a premature death of personality, rather than as the accompaniment of old age. If pain prolongs desire, then pain is to be valued. After *Love is Enough* the plangent notes become fewer and fainter, but the resonance does not wholly cease. Twenty years later, the fear is seen to be imaginatively appeased, as far as fear grounded in the physical cycle of human life can be appeased, when Ralph and Ursula drink of the well at the world's end, which trebles life. They are warned not to drink unless their love can endure a trebled span. They drink, and are justified; but here desire is not confined to sexual love, though it certainly includes it, but extends to the love of the natural life of man and of the earth, which is its home. How far can we rightly extend love here, having regard to the morality mode, in which the abstractions of motive and quality, populating the scenes—Pride, Sloth, Youth, Knowledge and others—are not closely defined, and so must either be taken historically, according to their contemporary values, or

expanded towards a general meaning? It is here that it becomes difficult to follow the lines of Morris's thought and feeling, and here perhaps that he found his own major difficulty. We must make use of what hints we can find, and they are not many.

The love of *Love is Enough* includes that of Pharamond and his foster-father and liegeman, Master Oliver. This is not merely a dramatic convenience, but is emphasized. It is for Oliver's sake that the King goes back to his kingdom. Relinquishing it, he regrets that he has received more love from him than he is able to repay. Nor is the consummated love of Pharamond and Azalais so sequestered from the world as that of Florian and Margaret in 'The Hollow Land'. They have Oliver with them, and a modest, hospitable, rural society is lightly indicated. Can we, then, extend love into a social principle, a just and active benevolence, uniting men, and shedding its light on Morris's future path? It is to move too fast. There is nothing in the tale of Pharamond to encourage this interpretation. He has toiled to give his people freedom and peace, and they are glad to be free of his rule, and distort his memory. He spares them in cold charity; and his words recall those of Morgan le Fay, drawing Ogier back from the throne of France to Avallon. Their subjects are the base metal of life and forgetful of gifts. Lines and images in two songs of the Music and in the last speech of Love open a wider prospect, but an undefined one. The host of lovers, following their Lord, illumine and transform the wilderness, as they pass. Far ahead lie Armageddon and the weapons round Love's bannered car, the trumpet of warning and the earth shaken by the wind of his wings. Beyond these is the lordship of the world, and then the House of Love, built, and still building, out of the joys and sorrows of all lovers, beyond time, where all shall enter in. Visually, these processional scenes seem to be designed for Burne-Jones, who was expected to illustrate the morality. Isolated lines can be, and have been applied to the social struggle, notably 'As ye wend to pluck out the new world from the fire', but Morris does not so apply them, and no clear light falls on them from the context. The journey through the wilderness, the fire, the trumpet, the new world, the House of Love, all these are powerfully emotive symbols, applicable in many ways, but at no point is their particular significance at all clear.

Yet, if no new doctrine can be elicited from the text of *Love is Enough*, there is certainly, in the second half, a new atmosphere, a fresh climate of human existence. Suffering is still with us, but the aching loneliness of *The Earthly Paradise* is gone. There is a fellowship of the Faithful, a quest, an inbuilt hope in life, a dimly-apprehended goal.

Effort is not wasted, for earth garners the pains and deeds of the dead as part of her story. They are her treasure, her armoury for some huge conflict of love and hate, some Armageddon to come, whether in flesh or spirit we cannot tell. Clutton-Brock called *Love is Enough* a religious poem, and, though I cannot concur with his account of its bearing, the description can stand, for, if it is religion to acknowledge an over-riding principle in life and to accept the mingled anguish and ecstasy of serving it, with no assurance of reward or attainment, then *Love is Enough* is religious. Not with a religion, however, that implies the supernatural. Love offers his Faithful no sign but that of Earth, and the Godhead their troubles will quicken is within them. Yet it need not surprise us that at times the verse carries biblical and liturgical echoes, especially in the speech of Love. He calls himself the Ancient of Days, the New-born of To-day, the Life of all that dieth not. He speaks of the many mansions of his house, of the wedding-garments he gives, of treading the grapes, and of vessels to honour and dishonour. The great word Armageddon in his last speech draws other phrases in the passage towards related meanings. 'Forth the banners go' calls to mind the hymn of Venantius Fortunatus, 'Vexilla regis prodeunt', and the gem-built wall of the House of Love those of the New Jerusalem. There is too much of it to be fortuitous. I do not, however, suggest here, any more than I shall do in the similar case of *Sigurd the Volsung*, that this use of language and images inherited from the mediaeval church indicates a survival in Morris of doctrinal Christianity.<sup>9</sup> What survives is a sensibility and imagination which have been nourished on these materials, both in their original forms and as they are reflected in art and poetry. What has supervened is freedom to reappropriate them. Freightened as they are with the human thoughts and emotions of centuries, they are given a fresh load to carry. This does not happen, however, except where Morris is profoundly serious about his work. The touch of glee, the pleasure in surprising, that seems to hang round Swinburne's equally well-instructed reappropriations of sacred phrases has no parallel in him; it was not part of his mind. With all the energy and resolution which he had drawn from his Icelandic journey, he enunciates once more his gospel of love. How much of this was a sublimation of his personal unhappiness, how much of the masochistic streak in his nature—his self-deprecating humbleness,—and how much might have been, perhaps without his knowledge, a search for a substitute for the Christian devotion which was no longer possible to him, is beyond my guess; and I do not think the evidence exists for an opinion of any value.<sup>10</sup>

What should be clear is that Rossetti was right. Morris had mastered

the turmoil of his emotions sufficiently to produce a work of lyrical intensity and unflinching formal control, though not, in my reading, of sustained and developing thought. *Love is Enough* was the culmination of a phase, the avowal of a creed. It could be depersonalized in expression, adorned like a reliquary, and laid before the world. Mackail says that Morris wrote it to please himself and was not surprised or disappointed at its failure to impress a large audience. His daughter writes:

He himself spoke of it later on in a curious detached sort of way. Talking of early English poetry with a friend one day, he said: 'You know, I wrote an alliterative poem myself once on a time'—almost as though it had been written by some-one else, written on another planet.<sup>11</sup>

It may be doubted, however, whether, on the particular occasion she recalls, Morris had his morality in mind. Setting aside the question whether he would have described *Love is Enough*, half of which is written in regular rhymed measures, as an alliterative poem, there is an untitled lyric, fifty-six lines in as close an approximation to eddic metre and Norse conventions of poetic language as modern English will bear, and this fits the case much better. It was published, for the first time, by Ruth Ellison in *English* vol. XV, no. 87 (1964) with a commentary. Because of its antique form it had hitherto been catalogued as a translation, but it is a personal grief and impatience that cry from the dense shelter of traditional metaphor and verse. Ruth Ellison dates it in 1873, before Morris's second visit to Iceland. The evidence is not very substantial, but the date fits the poem. The poet addresses an unnamed woman, whom we need not hesitate to call his wife. He tells her that, however eager she may be for his departure to Iceland, he himself would be more eager, if God would quicken for him the ghosts of the 'old abiders',

To live a life there  
Too short for sorrow,  
Too loud with sword-clash  
For any weeping.

If those days could return, he would soon be on the way to Valhalla, with long rest before him and a story in his hand, for the world the gods made has grown foul,

And I—I help nought  
Nor holpen am I.

But a long frost has fallen on those turbulent days; their deeds are fruitless, and the world still worsens. Yet to those forgotten dead he must now turn.

Fair friends were they  
Were they alive;  
And now for me meet friends it may be.

He ends by deprecating the wretched trickle of song that her poet now pours,

Still praying pardon  
For fainting heart  
And tongue grown feeble,  
Since nought he helpeth  
Nor holpen is he.

The bitter vehemence of the poem is not conveyed by an epitome, and the unfamiliarity of reference and assumption, the sheer oddity of calling Iceland 'the white sea-roof's land', poetry 'Kvasir's mead' and one's wife 'Rhine-fire's goddess' may obscure from most readers the fact that this is a genuine language to Morris and carries a freight of painful experience. Not much later, if we accept Ruth Ellison's dating for one poet and Oswald Doughty's for the other, possibly no more than a few weeks or even days, Rossetti, at Kelmscott with Janey Morris, began a poem, never finished, in his notebooks with the ringing line:

My world, my work, my woman, all my own.

It is the reverse of Morris's in situation and expression. It is not so easy for the defeated to make such a naked avowal.

The exact date of composition is not important, however. The process of getting the better of a grief or an injury is always a fluctuating one. The double intensities of rejection and acceptance both cry for expression, and cannot be reconciled. It takes time to heal. Nor can it be assumed that the lyric marks the point in time at which Morris had apostasized from the doctrine of *Love is Enough*. It does, however, by its nature—

spontaneous, personal, embittered—throw into relief the premeditated, idealized nature of the play, and exemplifies the stubborn recurrence of the passions it endeavoured to sublimate. The detachment that May Morris observed may well have applied both to the play and the lyric. It is what we should expect. We do not remain at our points of maximum intensity; we go on living and changing, and pass beyond what once seemed to be a permanent position. Then we look back with a sense of strangeness and surprise at the distant hill on which still smoulders the sacrificial fire we piled.

## NOTES

1. cf. *William Morris, his Life, Work and Friends*, 1967, p. 128.
2. cf. *Life of William Morris*, 1899, vol. 1, chap. IX.
3. cf. *William Morris, the Critical Heritage*, edited by Peter Faulkner, 1973, p. 204.
4. cf. A. Clutton-Brock, *William Morris, his Work and Influence*, 1914, p. 93 et seq.
5. op. cit., vol. 1, Chapter IX.
6. cf. 'Dream of Maxen Wledig' (*Mabinogion*, trans. Lady Charlotte Guest).
7. cf. *Collected Works*, vol. XXIV.
8. cf. *Henry Sidgwick, a Memoir* by A.S. and E.M.S., 1906, p. 278.
9. See also p. 254.
10. No interpretation seems conclusive. C.S. Lewis, his biographers say, read *Love is Enough* about a year after the first definite step of his conversion, and wrote to a friend that he no longer thought of Morris as 'the most essentially pagan of our poets . . . In the speeches of Love . . . there is clear statement of eternal value (coupled with a refusal to offer you crudely personal immortality) and also, best of all, a full understanding that there is something beyond pleasure and pain: For the first (and last?) time the light of holiness shines through Morris's romanticism . . . Reading this has been a great experience to me' (cf. *C.S. Lewis, a biography* by Roger Lancelyn Green and Walter Hooper, 1974, pp. 107-8). Contrast Jack Lindsay's reading: 'The desired Azalais . . . is the hope of fully satisfying union that Morris now feels will never be his. *Love is Enough* is his final effort to project the paradisiac dream in terms of a merely personal union. There is a strained and even hectic note in the main parts, as if he feels that by some terrific effort of will, an act of abnegation and devotion entirely his own, he can subdue the desired image to his need . . . Well might May remark: "No glimpse of the inner life of Morris was ever vouchsafed even to his closest friends—*secretum meum mihi*. It was a subject on which he never spoke save in *Love is Enough*.'" cf. *William Morris, a biography*, 1975, p. 188.
11. cf. *Collected Works*, vol. IX, p. xxxi.