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Memories of Nicholson by Angela Petersen

*While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.*

William Wordsworth
Lines Written Above Tintern Abbey

*Wash clear our eyes that we might see
The sky within the blackberry*
Norman Nicholson, *The Blackberry*

The first and only time I met Norman Nicholson was when I was almost 18, part way through my National Council for the Training of Journalists course in Newcastle.

My homework for the summer was to provide a 2,000 word thesis or feature which would be of interest to a wide audience. I was less than a year into my 'apprenticeship' at the Evening Mail, in Barrow, and obvious candidates for the story were Donald Campbell, who had been killed the previous year while

trying to break the water speed record on Lake Coniston, the Lakes themselves; or Barrow's famous son, footballer Emlyn Hughes.

But I had grown up with a love of poetry and my roots, and not surprisingly, a passion for William Wordsworth.

I had, in the course of my early years in Millom, heard of Norman Nicholson, but then, with my head full of the mid-18th Century Romantics, I had paid little heed to perhaps Millom's only notable export.

But I had felt, the way many had in Millom, the bleakness and uncertainty that followed the closure of the ironworks, and the day the shift siren fell silent (continues on page 2)

Norman Nicholson's Birthday Party: a new tradition?

2008 opened for the NN Society with a birthday party—the second one held by the society for its members in Norman Nicholson's honour. The year of celebrations had come full circle and a new tradition had definitely been set.

Norman Nicholson's birthday was celebrated on Saturday 12th January with a screening of ITV's South Bank Show film about his life and writing, made in 1984. Several of the thirty or so members present had not seen the film when it was first shown. For those who had, it was both surprising and stimulating to see Norman Nicholson on the big screen where his mobile features and expressive hand gestures gave a vivid impression of his personality and sense of humour as he described events in his life and shared his views on writing. A lively discussion followed, and members enjoyed a truly sumptuous 'bring and share' buffet before the second half of the programme, which consisted of two shorter Border TV films, the first being an interview dating from 1966, the second a programme made in 1975 called 'The Borderers'.

To see and hear Norman at different stages of his life was fascinating but the 1984 interview, filmed in the cosy surroundings of his living room at 14 St. George's Terrace, impressed with its serenity and sense of fulfilment.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to David Boyd and John Troll for their technical expertise—and a final cup of tea!

Peggy Troll

*From:
Wednesday Early
Closing*

Like many boys who are brought up close to the coast, we were not much attracted by the seaside—bathing has always seemed to me no more than an unpleasant and quite unnecessary way of getting wet. But we walked for miles along the sand dunes on bright March afternoons, with the larks trilling like little electric bells and the new green of the sandy turf flecked white with the first daisies and whitlow-grass. We walked up to the tarn on the top of Black Combe and self-consciously kept away from the cairn on the summit because we felt it was rather vulgar to bother ourselves with such things. We climbed Coniston Old Man, and, for the first time, I was able to look down on the Combe from a height greater than itself. It was a memorable moment [...]. We wandered through oak woods and fir woods, along rock-cluttered paths and the peaty floors of corries; we scrambled across screes, squelched through fell-side bogs. We crossed becks by natural stepping stones, slithered into the water and sat barefoot on the bank, while our socks dried in the sun. We ate sandwiches and chocolate and hard-boiled eggs and drank from aluminium beakers, dipped into grooved and sculpted swirl-holes in the blue slate. We added a thirty-seventh sonnet to Wordsworth's sequence on the Duddon, composing it in alternate lines...

WEC (1975:172)

MEMORIES OF NORMAN NICHOLSON (continued)

and the day the shift siren fell silent; the eerie quiet on that sunny afternoon, when the gates of the ironworks closed for good. Nicholson's poem on the closure of the ironworks had put into words what I had felt for the future of the town.

So I decided to look at the two Lakeland poets, the old versus the new, the romanticism of days gone by and the gritty reality of modern day living, of the two people who had been inspired by the area into which I was born. I would compare and contrast their work, their lives, and their legacies.

I had known little of the poet among us, his only 'claim to fame' in my narrow teenage years was that he was married to one of my music and drama teachers, lived above a shop on The Terrace, and was of poor health.

I suppose the romantic view of poets, starving in a garret, eking out a living as best they could, for the joy of writing, struck a chord with me. Deep down, then, I could see myself in that role.

So through Yvonne Nicholson I arranged a meeting with him.

My memory of that day has been clouded by the mists of time, but I remember being very impressed. Yvonne showed me up to where Nicholson was working, in the garret. I remember climbing steep stairs and being delighted that he did actually work in the top room of the house. While Yvonne slipped down to make some tea, I was left to look around the cluttered but homely room, with this 'gentleman' sitting, poised and ready, across from me in a lounge chair.

Three things struck me as we made our introductions – I was in the presence of a 'real poet'; he was not dead, as most of my favourites were; and he was writing in an attic, high above a busy noisy shopping street, as distant and different as you could get from my Romantics.

Here was a man, who lived just a few streets away from me, yet who found inspiration in the same ageing buildings, the same scruffy streets, the same tough, no nonsense people.

As a child you seen things in black and white – Millom to me was poor, its people hardworking and often bent and weary with the pressure of earning a crust for the family table. They took their joy from their religion and the beautiful God-made fells and mountains around them.

I wondered how someone, brought up in the same place, seeing the same work-worn faces, the same dreary existence, could find a way to make it beautiful. He must have a true gift.

Wordsworth and Coleridge had stunning beauty all around him. Nicholson had a grimy, industrial northern town as his backdrop, far removed from the dancing daffodils.

While we drank tea, from pretty, florally decorated china cups on a pretty tray, NN spoke about his life, his TB and his writing. I remember him telling me how he admired Wordsworth, but he was not his inspiration – they just shared the same love of the Lakes and mountains. I remember I had a list of questions – long since forgotten now – but I hardly used them as he chatted freely and easily. I must have seemed very young and naïve in my interview, but he was pleasant and cheerful throughout. And he agreed readily when asked to pose for a picture on my old box Brownie camera.

I didn't keep a copy of the feature I gave to my lecturers at the start of the

By Angela Petersen

September term but I remember it went down well. The main theme was the problem of precedence and I concluded that, while both poets shared the same Cumbrian sky and walked over the same hard rocks, more than 100 years apart, their different styles still spoke of the beauty of the place and both 'saw into the life of things'.

Usually my poetry has to be filled with the deep, descriptive, phrases of the Romantics, having been convinced in my early days that I was born in the wrong era. I had little time for the modern poets, feeling little or no emotion from their words. But I felt Nicholson was different – he was a man of nature with a deep and often religious understanding of life.

Nicholson looked at his space with modern eyes, giving the reader memories of where we were before and are now. His poetry included echoes of the past but with the modern twist of life in a northern town, when industry was in its infancy; and life was lived in the relationship between the natural and built environment.

To me, Nicholson's poetry was simple yet deep. There was nothing grand about him – and nothing fake. His heart and soul went into each word, chosen carefully to create just the right impact.

Wordsworth's lakes were still untouched by modern industry, Nicholson's Cumbria had seen the full force of it, and its repercussions. He had the same sensitive understanding of the landscape, the flora and fauna of Cumbria, but following the Romantics meant he had to create the same wonderment within the constraints the modern vocabulary of 20th century Cumbria. He indicated he was not walking in the footsteps of the old poets, but rather treading a new path, on a landscape changed by one hundred years.

But he also saw, in the lakes and fells of Wordsworth's time, the minutiae of life. And with the coming and ending of industry in the area, he had an even greater landscape from which to draw his thoughts. To Wordsworth the Lakes were essentially a haven of security and peace. To Nicholson his birthplace was a constant struggle against the environment.

To me he put in words what we all missed every day, walking around the Holy Trinity church, Hodbarrow, the Embankment, even up the backstreet of his home. I cannot take that shortcut now without thinking of the wren who never used the nest built for her in his back yard.

Nicholson etched the granite of modern times. His phrase 'I hack and hammer at the handiwork of verse', described not only his own effort but that of everyone in Millom in the years after the closure of the mines and ironworks. It gave the community a tougher, grittier mentality, still seen today and one which NN exposed, alongside the beauty of its surroundings. He was rooted firmly in Millom and had no need to look elsewhere for his inspiration. Everything he needed was here. He, like WW, recognised this 'remarkable breed of men, hewn from this beautiful but harsh environment'.

Wordsworth became convinced of his own poetic genius. Nicholson was humbler. But both spoke from the heart. Wordsworth, in his study of shepherds, tried to capture what it was like to be a true native of the place. Nicholson knew already.

*'If thou indeed derive thy light from heaven,
Then, to the measure of that heavenly light,
Shine, Poet, in thy place and be content.'*

William Wordsworth *If Thou Indeed Derive Thy Light From Heaven*

Now I am back permanently in Millom, after almost 40 years' absence, through his poetry and prose, I am looking forward to meeting NN's spirit all over again.

Angela Petersen

Wednesday Early Closing

The NN Society has hardly completed its first successful festival year, in commemoration of the 20th anniversary of Nicholson's death in 1987, and now we are planning new events for 2008. In particular, as part of the Society's mission to reach out to a new readership and to encourage the work of new artists and writers, we are pleased to announce that we will continue the School Writing Competition, this year extending to writing in prose as well as in poetry, and taking as the theme of the competition: **Wednesday Early Closing**

The title of the competition is taken from one Nicholson's most popular books, his autobiography, which deals exclusively with the years of his growing up, from the point in his childhood when he loses his mother: "*Your mammy has gone to join the angels,*" *my grandmother said, her old face creased like a shrunk potato*"; to the point at which Nicholson comes back to Millom after his long stay in the Sanatorium in Hampshire. Millom, the place of his childhood which at first seemed strange and unfamiliar to him on his return, is where he will stay for the rest of his life—and the book ends as he thanks God for this fact.

Those curious about the remainder of Nicholson's life may wonder why his autobiography stopped exactly here. But the parallel with Wordsworth's *Prelude* should be clear: the book portrays the development of a writer's mind within the environment that nourished him. Once Nicholson actually becomes a writer, it is the writing and not the details of his personal life which absorb his attention. *Reader, I became this writer*, he might have told us, discreetly drawing down the blinds.

AF

The First Norman Nicholson Schools' Poetry Competition

More prizewinning and commended pieces

THE 1 PLACE

There was I cheering.

The things I can hear. Players bellowing at the umpire for the wicket of the opener with an LBW cry. People chewing on their food all around the site chewing resoundingly. The wicket collapsing head onto the floor as the batsmen has been bowled. The echo of the announcer introducing the new pace bowler. The swarm of people roaring for their team. Now that is the truth.

The things I can taste. The freshly cut grass, the other peoples' sandwiches warm and chewy, my drink settling in my mouth after the first fulfilling sip. Now that is the truth.

The things I can touch. My hat being readjusted as the sweat is dripping off my head, the seat wobbling up and down as you slam the seat so you may sit. Now that is the truth.

The things I can see. The umpire raising his fingers slowly as he gives the batsman out. The nerves waiting as the third umpire gives his decision, the echo of the ball bouncing off the hard dusty ground. Now that is the truth.

The things I can smell. The drinks of other people dripping down their mouths, other people's spicy warm crisps. The plastic melting on the programme as the sun gleams down on it. Now that is the truth.

Now here is a lie. The things I can hear. People shouting, parents hovering, dad snoring. The things I can touch, the remote, putting the channel on, the things I can smell, burnt chicken, warm cups of tea. The things I can see, the time ticking slowly away, a box with the movement with people inside. Now that is a lie.

Matthew Crowther 3rd Prize Millom School

Where I am...

Shiny white quartz glistens like
a midnight moon,
And a cool breeze blows the tall trees,
Shiny white quartz glistens like
a midnight moon,
Crumbly quarries and mines were the
death places of many men,
And the ghosts of the people who died in
those mines float in our memories, a
cold tragic past,
But at least lovely mountains tower over
people's heads,
When a beautiful deer eats long green
grass in an open field,
And shiny white quartz glistens like a
midnight moon.

Amy Rice
Black Combe School

Haverigg Seawall

The crashing waves against the rugged rocks,
Bouncy barking dogs running past,
The sandy beaches with sandcastles, shells and
rocks below,
A background of Barrow, sand-dunes or beaches in
the near distance,
The cold touch of the lighthouse, tall and clear -
That's if I listen, that's if I learn.

A picture there in front of me
Is nothing like the real thing -
No salty air, or all the view,
Too small to feel the sense the same.
The best way to see it all
Is to look at the real thing.

Serena Thompson
Highly Commended Millom School

Where I am

The tall long clock tower
 Calm and peaceful
 The long wide square
 Big and busy
 Cars whizzing by
 Busy busy busy
 The small tall bank
 Rich rich rich
 The long thin lamppost tall
 as a giraffe
 Thin thin thin
 The small yellow flowers
 swaying in the wind
 Swish swish swish
 The smoky little
 chimneys
 Smoke smoke smoke.

Ella Ferguson
 Highly Commended
 St. James' Primary School

Where I am

It would be hard to cope on their
 own.
 It is big and large.
 It would be hard to cope on their
 own.
 All of the past little insects.
 It is special because you can
 remember Norman Nicholson -
 Sad because people had to carry
 coal trucks on their backs.
 Black Combe—the way it
 stretches to the sky.
 It would be hard to cope on their
 own.

Abbie Backhouse
 Black Combe School

Where I am

I hear blowing
 On a red hot summer's
 day.
 The sky is listening
 To the birds of prey
 As I say the prayer
 To hunt the Great Bear -
 I am in the Antarctic.

Joe Simons
 St. James' Primary School

Where I am

You might find 26 men.
 When the ball comes back,
 We attack.
 They score, the crowd roars
 With applause.
 When the half whistle goes
 We're tired
 But
 INSPIRED.
 We go again
 with determined men
 We SCORE!

Gavin Lloyd
 St. James' Primary School

Gibson Spout

The water is speckled with silver
 as it climbs and falls over
 the numerous boulders
 blocking its path.
 As the sun magnifies
 onto glittering streams,
 almost hypnotically
 it flows into the mind
 Such beauty forces you
 to cry -
 this feeling
 works its way
 around me.
 Love of life -
 Love of death -
 Love of hope
 and love of faith...
 all of which
 have no end.

Daniel Bower
 Highly Commended
 St. James' Primary School

Where I am...

The rock that lies beneath our
 feet in Millom is everybody's rock
 The huge hills surround calm,
 still lakes
 The sun glows on the happy town.
 The rock that lies beneath our
 feet in Millom is everybody's rock
 A single flower in the beautiful
 countryside puts a smile on
 your face
 When the mines closed Millom
 almost became a ghost town
 The mines made people's lives
 tough
 The rock that lies beneath our
 feet in Millom is everybody's rock
 The small town was popular for
 its iron ore
 The happy but busy town makes
 me feel cheerful.

Amy van der Vyver
 Black Combe School

Where I am

Observing the world around me
 Staring at the birds
 Drifting along the sky.
 Listening to the roaring sea against the rock.
 Smelling the rich scent of the bright
 yellow pollen
 Feeling the delicate petals of the beautiful
 flowers.
 Still observing this beautiful world
 That's filled with where I am.
 Scents, sights, sounds
 And smiles.

Phoebe Gardner Haverigg Primary School

REMINDER

Articles and creative writing which link to Nicholson's life and work are actively sought for COMET. We are particularly interested in memories of NN or of his family and circle, in responses to his work, especially for the Favourite Poem column, in reports on Society Events, or other events of interest to the society, in Nicholson's place in the literary and intellectual history of the period, or any other articles which have a link to Nicholson's interests. Please e-mail the editor with suggestions and contributions (contact details on page 8).



Burden of the past – the Cumbrian Poet's dilemma... Philip Houghton

If there is indeed a Lakeland wheel, I joined it at one edge of its rim, and headed off towards Ullswater and Kirkstone Pass, along one of its spokes, to join another and back out again to the rim, to where the iron hoop of Millom's worn ore fields keeps the wheel shod, as it touches the sea.

There is Nicholson and Wordsworthian imagery here and travelling to my first meeting of The Norman Nicholson Society, at its AGM in March this year, I was crossing shared territories. Finally approaching Millom, for my first ever visit, Black Combe loomed in the gathering twilight, playing the part of a great black heap of slag, stage left, as the orange orb of the setting sun rehearsed for its role as an opening furnace door, veiled in a curtain of smoke-like mist – I was at last in Norman's home town.

David Cooper gave a talk which considered the dilemma of the poet, ever in the foot-steps and shadow of William Wordsworth, linking this to a Nicholson perspective, and as I journeyed, I had been aware of this same self-consciousness.

Passing Ullswater, WW's daffodils nodded in the early evening light as I edged by the lake shore at Gowbarrow, this registered with me, but did not surface again until David's talk took us through the poem *To the River Duddon*, considering Nicholson's clash between admiration and criticism of WW and the burden of the past, which can impose itself on the contemporary poet. My passing glimpse, at Ullswater, was polarized by the lines from *To The River Duddon: Tutson,* the St John's-wort..... Marsh marigold, creeping jenny and.... daffodils.*

Here, in the poem, is another potential reference to the poetic past, but at the same time, the putting off of Wordsworth's shadow. The naturalist in me says *they're all yellow.*

So what? I hear you say.

Well, *Tutson – yellow; St. John's-wort – yellow; Marsh marigold – yellow; and creeping jenny, probably the most lowly growing yellow of all, albeit still beautiful. So, what is my point? – Not first, but last, in this list of yellows – the daffodils – and I submit that this is no accident, possibly even with regard to

their position in the poem, coming after that of the lowly, creeping jenny, thus emphasising this coincidence still further. Is this Norman's coded distancing of the Wordsworthian shadow, whilst still allowing a reverent inclusion here of *his* (WW's) daffodils?

The day after the AGM I resolved to make my first visit to the Gowbarrow daffodils, rather than seeing them by driving past, with the aim of painting them in watercolour – the result surprised me. Facing a cross-section of eroded lake shore, the central feature was a tree blocking the lake view and my chosen line of sight had put me at eye-level with the turf, daffodils above, roots and bed-rock below—Wordsworth's and Nicholson's Lakeland committed to paper in paint, separated only by turf and not a word in sight – the poet in me felt very much in the shadow of both.

Phil Houghton

***Tutson** – Often *Tutsan*, from *toute-saine* meaning "heal all".

Phil Houghton was awarded a Highly Commended Award in the 2008 Mirehouse Prize. His poem with those of the other winners can be read on the Mirehouse website.

VISIT TO THE NORMAN NICHOLSON ARCHIVE : JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY

a personal view by Richard Mansfield

December 8th, 2007 and Manchester was true to its reputation; it was raining! But warmth and illumination were to be had that afternoon as I took part in my first event organised by the Norman Nicholson Society.

In the discomfort of the weather it had been easy to pass by the John Rylands Library among pedestrians pre-occupied with Christmas shopping on Deansgate. Having cautiously kept note of the building numbers, as I hastened along the numerical slope towards No. 150, I missed it! It was the gap of the adjacent construction site that threw me and I dismissed the apparently anonymous neo-gothic facade, that the Library presents to the street, as a church misplaced among the neighbouring brash temples of merchandising.

The John Rylands Library had re-opened in May following several years of renovation and extension. That wet afternoon the new wing provided warmth, light and refreshment (a good cafe!) while I waited to join other members of the Society for a visit to the Norman Nicholson archive.

The Library is truly a gem of a place, a widow's memorial to a nineteenth century cotton baron, and it would seem little expense was spared in its construction and furnishings. As a preliminary to the main event, Stella Halkyard, the Library archivist, and her colleague, Fran Baker, enthusiastically took us on a tour of the Library, traversing from the modernity of the extension into the original building. Appropriately, as host to the archive of Cumbria's lamented bard, its earnest gothic corridors are lined with the dressed and softish hued stone of Cumberland. Above one of the staircases that climb from the original entrance on Deansgate's pavement is a lovely lantern gallery. The reading room is magnificent, the oak polished and gleaming, with alcoves lined with books.

Meant originally as a theological library, it has on display the 'St John's Fragment' - an ancient scrap of parchment that was found in Egypt but whose significance was not properly appreciated until 'discovered' in the Library by a Greek scholar. People come from across the World to see it and some are said to weep upon doing so. However, the original focus of the collection widened and John Rylands is also host to poetry, beyond that written by Norman, for it houses one of the oldest pieces known, the 'Epic of Gilgamesh', inscribed on a clay tablet.

All this was but a prelude to the main event.

In a discreet room, Stella and Fran had selected numerous items from the archive of Norman's work and life. At one end of the table his school reports. Elsewhere, his and Yvonne's photo albums, particularly those of their visit to Norway. I had visited the fiords and glaciers too and felt an even closer link to him because our visits could have coincided, though they didn't, and I too had made my passage there on the MS Leda out of Newcastle.

Elsewhere, his economy, almost an eccentricity, was evident - works in progress bound within folders re-cycled from the covers of commercial prospectuses. My parents too had lived through the Second World War and so I had been familiar with the thrift, make-do and ingenuity of that generation.

There were letters to him from the notable poets of his time, one commenting upon Norman's welcomed acquisition of a typewriter because his distinctive scrawl had been difficult to read!

Here there was so much presented that I became anxious. In and amongst all this correspondence might Stella or Fran have found the letter of appreciation that I had written to Norman in 1985 upon my own very personal discovery of his work. Fortunately, my blushes were spared!

This archive does so much to bring alive the man, his history, and the quietly assiduous way in which he pursued his craft. So, an hour or two spent in John Rylands Library is a very worthwhile experience; it is open to public and the weather is optional.

The Norman Nicholson archive is extensive, thousands of items, but it is only available by appointment. To view, notice of not less than two weeks is needed and contact should be made on the electronic parchment of the age: email stella.halkyard@manchester.ac.uk

Oh, and do you know where all the tomes were stored during the four years of the Library's renovation? It was a bit hush-hush, but if you were 'mining for knowledge' you would have been on the right track!

Richard Mansfield

Rosemary McFle 1936-2007

A Tribute

We were shocked and saddened by the death of Rosemary, the Chairperson of our Society, in November 2007. Only three weeks earlier, she had not only presided over our Festival day, but also produced (single-handed, at her own insistence) a magnificent buffet lunch.

Rosemary was an extraordinary person. Her professional work as an archivist was but one facet of her fascination with words and ideas, with literature, with places and their story, and with history and archaeology. Her intellectual interests were exceptionally broad, yet she wore her learning lightly. She and her husband Ian shared a love of poetry and greatly admired the work of Norman Nicholson. It was in large part their appreciation of Norman and his town and landscape that brought them to live in Millom in retirement. Rosemary was one of the chief instigators of the beautiful stained-glass memorial window that celebrates Norman in St George's Church.

At Rosemary's funeral we heard abundantly of her zest for life, her wide-ranging intellect, her indefatigable energy, her unstinting and renowned hospitality, her love and devotion to her family, and especially her delight in her grandchildren. Rosemary took multi-tasking to levels well beyond most of us. Fun, laughter and pleasure were there in abundance, together with an insistence upon the moral core of a Christian life. She had a way of cutting through excuses and assumed difficulties. If it was right, she would insist, just get on with it.

In his parish tribute to Rosemary, Robert Bracegirdle wrote: "At Alan Ecclestone's funeral at Gosforth fifteen years ago, they prayed, 'God deny you peace and give you glory.' That is an unusual request to God, when usually what we ask for the departed is rest and light and peace. I suspect that our medieval ancestors, indeed the early Church, did have a more dynamic view of heaven than as a sort of elysian slumberland. 'The song of them that triumph, the shout of them that feast' – that was what Bernard of Cluny, nine centuries ago, expected to join in with when he entered 'Jerusalem the golden'. That sounds to me like Rosemary's heaven as well."

Wendy Bracegirdle

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

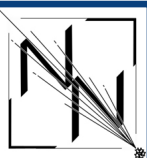
April 11th: AGM 7.30 pm Pensioners' Hall, Millom – Speaker: Dr. David Cross

**June 20th: Event at The Beacon, Whitehaven – time to be confirmed.
Speaker: Neil Curry + Ferrous Horizons Exhibition.**

**July 19th: Event at Isel Hall, Cockermouth to be hosted by Miss Mary Birkett, OBE.
Details to be confirmed.**

October 18th – Millom: Autumn Festival— including the results of the 2008 Norman Nicholson Writing Competition for Schools. Theme: Wednesday Early Closing

Stop Press: The next issue of *Comet* will contain a report on *Outside the Glass: Perspectives on Norman Nicholson*. The exhibition commenced at the 2008 Words by the Water festival in Keswick, was curated by Charles Mitchell and was initiated at the suggestion of Michael Baron. The exhibition will transfer to the Lancaster campus of the University of Cumbria (May 12th–June 6th) and a Study Day reflecting on Post-Romantic Cumbrian poetry will take place on May 23rd at UC's Alexandra Gallery in Lancaster.



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Please note the change of e-mail address. And do send articles or suggestions!
Grateful thanks to all contributors without whose efforts there would be no newsletter.