



Rananim

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A Tale of 2 Picnics (& an AGM)



By Robert Darroch

For many DHLA members, our social activities provide, on the one hand, something pleasurable to lighten to the load of Lawrentian navel-gazing, and on the other, a welcome distraction for those of our members not intimately involved in serious Lawrence lucubrations.

Since our last issue, our social scene has been, as Lady Bracknell says in the context of Miss Cecily Cardew's various medical adventures, "full of incident".

The highlight, however, has been two picnics, the first at Balls Head, and the second at our accustomed DHLA rendezvous, the Rose Pavilion at the Royal Botanic Gardens.

Our social year, post the last issue of *Rananim* (May 2002), kicked off with the AGM, held on May 18 at the interesting venue of The Spotted Cod (upstairs room) in Balmain (see report p 32).

Peter Jones brought along two English friends, who were rather

taken by both the professionalism of our DHLA society, and the fare of The Spotted Cod. Our President, John Lacey, reported on the previous year's events, and also thanked the "anonymous donor" who provided a very welcome cheque for \$500 to help finance this present issue of *Rananim*, and our website.

Vice-President Robert Darroch delivered his accustomed philippic on the state of the Society, and it was generally agreed that we should continue our efforts and existence, despite the chill winds that sometimes blow our way from the more lofty peaks of Lawrence orthodoxy.

Balls Head barbecue

The Balls Head picnic, held in September, was a signal success. We secured the prime spot, outside the cave overlooking the Harbour, and about 30 or so members, new members, prospective members, and guests

enjoyed both the view and the picnic comestibles.

It was a sparkling, crystal-clear day, as only Sydney in spring can

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provide (what a pity Lawrence didn't stay on for a few weeks after August 11, 1922, and see what Sydney could do when the weather starts to warm up).

Our President, John Lacey, outlined some of the coming events, and Dr Andrew Moore revealed some interesting snippets from a little-known history of the University of Sydney Regiment (which was up to its knees in secret army plotting in the 1930s).

So successful was the Balls Head picnic that your committee is considering making it an annual event of our social calendar.

The second picnic was our more traditional annual one in the Rose Pavilion, where our Society was officially formed on November 21, 1993 (which means that next November will be the 10th anniversary of our launching).

It is worth recalling – as Robert Darroch did at the picnic (John Lacey having a bad case of laryngitis, and being able only to mutter a few sentences) – that it was in fact 10 years ago last November that the roots of our DHLA were planted, when a small group of people met in the Thirroul Library to discuss converting our previous Save Wyewurk committee into the DH Lawrence Society of Australia.

The November 21, 1993, inaugural meeting in the Botanic Gardens was the consequence of that earlier November 14, 1992, meeting, when an interim committee was formed under the chairmanship of Robert Darroch, who had been convenor of the original Save Wyewurk committee.

The first issue of our journal, *Rananim*, was published in October 1993, reporting the birth of the DHLA society and the fact that Wyewurk, while not “saved”, had at least been preserved to some extent (in which state it remains).

That first issue contained some interesting and important articles, including future President John Lacey on trains to Thirroul, Robert Darroch on Lawrence's “Letters of Introduction”, John Ruffels on Bert Toy, the man who

really did live at 51 Murdoch Street, as well as the start of our regular *Rananim* features, *Bits* and *Letters*.

So our picnic in the Rose Pavilion last December was not only pleasant and well-attended (despite the propinquity of Christmas), but marked some significant milestones in our Society's chequered history.

We had, of course, hoped to look forward to celebrating the more significant 10th anniversary of our founding next November in the Rose Pavilion. However, a cloud has risen up over this possibility, as the Rose Pavilion and its surroundings will be undergoing some major changes in the coming year.

A blight of some sort had infected the ambient roses, and they have to be torn up and replanted, and the RBG authorities are taking the opportunity to revamp the whole area. There is, therefore, some doubt about the availability of the Pavilion next November.

Nevertheless, we have made a tentative booking, and even if that particular spot is unavailable, we hope to bivouac at some appropriate place nearby. We will keep you informed. (So long as we are within sight or sound of the “castellated” Conservatorium, we preserve some degree of relevance in our doings.)

As for future events, President Lacey has something interesting planned (but yet to be confirmed) for our AGM, probably in May. He has in mind a venue that will, or would, be most interesting, and lend something extra to the occasion, which is becoming also something of a tradition with its various venues (who can forget our AGM in the Kuo Ming Tang building in Ultimo - or the one in the Sydney Trades Hall?)

We have some very interesting articles and items in this issue, from Marylyn Valentine's excellent piece on Lawrence and Nietzsche, through President Lacey's Sardinian excursions, to Dr Andrew Moore's visit to Lincoln, to Angela Barker - who asks: was it *really* a kangaroo? - to Dr Peter Jones's memories of proposing on the beach below Wyewurk.

A lively Society, a lively issue of *Rananim*.

Balls Head (by John Lacey)

*All the usual suspects
gathered for a barbecue
and other delights.
We managed to set up
our "camp" in the
secluded area next to
the cave overlooking
Sydney Harbour*



*The Balls Head site,
one of Sydney's lesser-
known picnic venues,
affords a superb view
of the Sydney skyline
from the western side
of the Sydney Har-
bour Bridge*



DH Lawrence Knew My Father My Father Knew DH Lawrence

By Robert Darroch

Drawing by Paul Delprat

Lawrence flitted in and out of Australia so quickly, so briefly and – apart from his stay in W.A. – so anonymously, that few Australians knew he was here, or had any chance to see or meet him.

So we are desperately short of first-hand accounts of his visit.

Which is a great pity, because Lawrence scholars around the world would dearly like to know more about the time he spent in Australia – from May 4 to August 11, 1922 – and the truth about the novel he wrote here, *Kangaroo*.

There is an interesting, and perhaps curious, dichotomy here. For, as implied above, when he first arrived, and stepped ashore in Western Australia, he was both gregarious and a celebrity. He went out of his way to meet and get to know local people, and shied away from notoriety not one bit.

His arrival was trumpeted in the local W.A. papers, he basked in adulation in his guest-house in Darlington, and he held almost daily court at the Booklover's Library in Perth, the local centre of literary activity.

So from his W.A. period we have numerous memoirs and reminiscences of his brief two-week stopover.

The lady who lured him there, "Pussy" Jenkins (who had met him on a boat from Naples to Colombo), wrote an account of his visit, as did her friend Eva May Gawler. A Dutch acquaintance wrote a memoir of his encounters with Lawrence in Perth, as did the manager of the Booklover's. Even a junior assistant in that shop wrote an account of meeting and talking to Lawrence there.

However, by far the major record we have of his W.A. time comes from his future collaborator and host at Darlington, Mollie Skinner, who not only wrote several accounts of his time there, but included

several chapters about it in her autobiography, *The Fifth Sparrow*.

We even have a record of the day he spent in Melbourne, on his way to Sydney.

But from Sydney and Thirroul, where he spent by far the bulk of his time in Australia, and where he wrote *Kangaroo*, we have just one significant account, and that from a British migrant he met on the boat from Perth to Sydney, and with whom he kept in touch when in NSW. (The other two brief NSW accounts come from Mrs Southwell, his Thirroul landlady, and her niece, whose mother let Wyewurk to the Lawrences.)

We know, however, from various secondary sources that Lawrence met quite a number of people in both Thirroul and Sydney. Yet none, apart from those above, left any account of those meetings.

From circumstantial evidence we are aware that Lawrence probably met a number of secret army people – Jack Scott and Charles Rosenthal at least.

We can also deduce that he met up with another Naples-Colombo shipboard acquaintance, Gerald Hum, who was probably Lawrence's initial contact in Sydney. But, alas, Hum left no record of that vital encounter and re-acquaintanceship. Ditto the doctor who attended to him in Thirroul, Dr Crossle (who probably *did* know who he was).

If you place credence in the Darroch Thesis, you will believe that Lawrence also had extensive encounters with members of the Friend family, who were his major contacts and companions while he was in NSW. But their memoir lies securely locked up in The Kings School archives, barred to vulgar scrutiny.

In addition, we have a few, tantalisingly brief accounts of fleeting encounters with Lawrence in Thirroul from local Thirrouleans, garnered mainly by



Joe Davis for his book, *D.H. Lawrence at Thirroul*. And, perhaps in this context most significantly, we have Tom Fitzgerald's account of his 1958 interview with the local Thirroul barber, George Laughlin, who cut Lawrence's beard and exchanged chit-chat with him on a regular basis.

Compare this with the effusion of material from W.A., and you will realise there is something strange going on.

One explanation almost certainly is that in W.A. Lawrence made known who he was – a famous, or at least prominent, author and novelist - while in NSW he kept this a secret.

No one in the literary world in NSW knew who he was, or that he was here, so no one had any reason to make his acquaintance. Indeed, when later the local literary community discovered who had been in their midst, they were very surprised (and chagrined).

In his letters from Thirroul, Lawrence makes it quite clear why he wanted to remain anonymous in NSW. "No one knows me. I want it that way," he says time and again to his overseas correspondents. And he tells his future U.S. host, Mabel Dodge Luhan, that he wants to be unknown in America, too. That way he can use people and events around him for his fiction without them realising what he is doing.

So it is really not such an oddity that we have little or nothing about his time in Thirroul and Sydney, for there he was in literary mufti.

After all these years, and following the determined efforts of a host of diligent researchers, including the author of this article, who has devoted more than 30 years to the task, you might think that there wasn't much hope of any new material coming to light.

But you may be wrong.

Early last year two members of our DHLA Society, John and Liz Shaw, moved down to Canberra. Soon after they settled in they attended a semi-political function. At this function they happened to mention to one of those present, a fellow guest called Wendy Brazil, their interest in Lawrence.

Immediately, her eyebrows went up and an enigmatic look came over her features. "My father knew D.H. Lawrence in Thirroul," she said.

Not only knew, but talked to him regularly while they walked together on the beach below Wyewurk. In fact, some of the stuff in *Kangaroo* may have come out of their conversations, she added.

Moreover, she had an annotated copy of *Kangaroo* wherein her father had marked many passages.

As you might imagine, John and Liz were rather interested in these revelations, and rang me the next day. Needless to say, I was pretty interested, too. It

is not every day you run across someone – or someone's relative – with a close personal link to 1922 Lawrence...and with written evidence to back it up.

Wendy and I exchanged a few emails, without eliciting anything extra. I wrote in my DHL diary:

24/6/02 www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl: *Well, something strange and perhaps wonderful has happened. On Friday night John Shaw rang. (John is the NY Times rep in Australia, an old journo and friend who recently migrated to Canberra.) He said he had run across a lady, with the interesting name of Wendy Brazil, who has a Lawrence connection. She grew up in Austinmer (next town/suburb north of Thirroul) and says her father knew Lawrence while he (DHL) was in Thirroul, and used to go for walks on the beach with him! It's possible, though very unlikely - unless her maiden name was Crossle or, better still, Friend - or best of all, Sutherland. She's no dill, however, for John says she's an academic with a doctorate and three Masters degrees - all in language and literature. I have written to her today, and await her response with sceptical optimism bordering on hope.*

2/7/02 www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl: *Wendy has replied. Her father's name was, disappointingly, Kelly. He was some sort of boarding-house keeper, and was certainly around Thirroul and its environs in 1922. Yet she repeats her claim that her father walked on the beach with Lawrence and had long talks with him. I would place no credence in this claim were it not for the fact that she says she still has in her possession a copy of *Kangaroo* in which her father had highlighted certain passages. She also mentions the "two ladies" who lived next door to Wyewurk and who also knew Lawrence when he was in Thirroul. I am seeking more information from her about the marked passages and from Ruffels re where Kelly might have lived in 1922. If he was in Thirroul, this might add to the credence of the claim.*

However, no further light was shed until Sandra and I went down to Canberra on business a few weeks ago. There we met Wendy and her husband, Norman, face to face.

I had two main interests. One, could it be true that her father talked with Lawrence on the beach at Thirroul? Two, did any of their conversations find their way into *Kangaroo*?

Under questioning, she elaborated on the first matter. Her father was a salesman named Rowland (Ron) Kelly. He was born in England, but his family moved to Sydney before World War 1. They lived in

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DH Lawrence Knew My Father My Father Knew DH Lawrence

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Kensington. He went to the war as a young private, was a POW and invalided, and returned a TPI (totally and permanently incapacitated) pensioner. He was a keen fisherman and used his TPI rail pass to travel down the South Coast to fish. He regularly fished at Thirroul. Indeed, he had friends or relatives there, and would often stay in Thirroul. (Later, after his marriage, he had even stronger connections with the South Coast, and ran a boarding house, "Sea View", at 14 Church Street, Wollongong.) He could certainly have been visiting Thirroul in 1922 when Lawrence was there.

So there, apparently, was opportunity.

Wendy then described how the subject of Lawrence had cropped up with her father.

As a teenage girl, Wendy was a friend of a young man called John Glastonbury (later Professor Glastonbury, Professor of Engineering at Sydney University). He was friendly with two elderly ladies who lived at 1 Craig Street, Thirroul, in a house that was on the corner of Surfers Parade and Craig Street.

When visiting one day in the early 1950s, one of the ladies, learning of her interest in literature, happened to mention that the famous author D.H. Lawrence had once lived next door to them at 3 Craig Street - Wyewurk.

Returning to Sydney, she related this information to her father. It was then that he told her that he had known Lawrence back in 1922, and had walked and talked on the beach with him.

Now, we have had many similar claims or clues before, and which on closer inspection turned out to be (to use an Australianism) *furphies**. Who can forget the story that ran round the Southern Highlands a few years back that Lawrence had visited Bowral? Or the excitement at the news that someone in Manly had a postcard from Frieda? One has to be very careful, not to say suspicious, of such "revelations".

I carefully perused the marked copies (for there were two) of *Kangaroo*, which certainly contained passages marked by Wendy's father, Ron. But at first glance there was little there to confirm his story, or reveal sections that might have been the product of Lawrence's supposed chats with Kelly on McCauley's Beach in 1922. The passages appeared more in the nature of marking parts of the novel that interested Kelly, or that he thought were worth highlighting for some reason or another. And yet there

were also hints or clues that tended to lend verisimilitude to Ron Kelly's story.

Both copies of *Kangaroo* were obviously bought in the early or mid-1950s (one was a 1950 Heinemann Phoenix edition, the other a 1954 Penguin reprint). That could have coincided with Wendy telling her father of Lawrence's domicile in Thirroul, and Kelly wanting to read what Lawrence had written, perhaps about their encounters in 1922.

There is no question that Ron Kelly read that Heinemann edition with a degree of thoroughness and interest that few ordinary readers would bring to the task.

For example, in the chapter "The Battle of Tongues" he makes a mark in a paragraph correcting Lawrence's text. The Heinemann text reads: "And the people who have [my emphasis] are the only people you can depend on." [Lawrence is referring to people being alone in spirit...the previous

sentence reads: "They're never alone in spirit: quite, quite alone in spirit."]

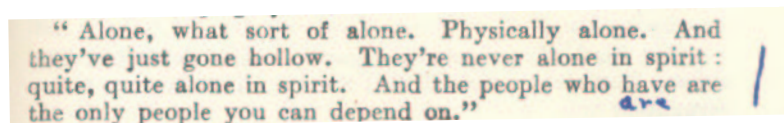
Ron Kelly, a salesman with only school education, had the audacity to correct this by exchanging the word "have" for "are", making the sentence read: "And the people who are are the only people you can depend on." [my emphasis again]. (see illustration above)

Professor Bruce Steele, who edited *Kangaroo* for the Cambridge University Press (CUP) Complete Edition of Lawrence's works (published 1994), laying down the "correct" text of the novel, also changed this sentence. He altered it to: "And the people who have, are the only people you can depend on." [thus inserting a comma in the original Heinemann text after "have"].

But this is obviously incorrect, as the editor of the American edition (the 1923 Seltzer) recognised, for the Seltzer version of the sentence reads: "And the people who are, are the only people you can depend on." The correct verb is "are", not "have", which is ungrammatical (and Steele's comma fails to make it correct, for the "have" refers to nothing previously "had", at least in the original published text - see accompanying break-out on p 8).

For Kelly to have picked up this (apparent) error of Lawrence's, and corrected it, is nothing short of remarkable, and bespeaks of a degree of concentration on the text of the novel that must give us pause for thought, and perhaps treat his claim to have met Lawrence with more respect (for why else would he have read the words so closely?).

One other possibly indicative annotation in Kelly's Heinemann copy is in the chapter, "Diggers".



"Alone, what sort of alone. Physically alone. And they've just gone hollow. They're never alone in spirit: quite, quite alone in spirit. And the people who have are the only people you can depend on."

Here he highlights the long passage in which Lawrence describes the “memorial to the fallen soldiers” outside the local Thirroul School of Arts.

First, Kelly corrects Lawrence’s word “Tommy” to “Digger” (in passing it may be of interest to note that Lawrence here did not use the Australian word “Digger” for a returned soldier, preferring the English term, “Tommy” – which gives some point to his use of the word “Diggers” in his crucial 7/10/22 letter to Seltzer [see “Corrections & Clarifications”, p 30]).

But he also makes a marginal note, identifying the fictional “Grannie Rhys” as “Grannie Riach”, the actual name on the monument. It is obvious that Kelly not only knew of the monument, but knew what was written on it.

And according to Wendy Brazil, one of the things her father had talked to Lawrence about was that soldiers’ memorial.

So this also tends to confirm a close acquaintanceship with, and knowledge of, Thirroul.

Interestingly, in *Kangaroo* Lawrence mentions encountering a fisherman on the beach below Wyewurk. Lawrence is walking on the sand and sees “a human weed with a very thin neck and a very red face” dangling a line in the “low surf”. He is accompanied by a “young urchin”. Kelly does not highlight this passage in either book, and so he is probably not the fisherman thus described.

But was it fiction?

In Kelly’s Penguin copy (which contains only a few highlighting marks, in contrast to the hundreds in the Heinemann) he makes several marginal comments. For example, in “Volcanic Evidence”, where Lawrence is describing Somers’ “daily chores” (“He always got up in the morning, made the fire...”), Kelly comments: “What is this if not autobiography[?]”, which implies that he, too, wondered what in the novel was fiction, and what “autobiography”.

The truth to be told, however, there is nothing in the markings in either book that would indicate that Kelly is highlighting passages or sentiments that he might have raised with Lawrence, or Lawrence with him. In fact, as mentioned above, there is nothing in *Kangaroo* that can be sheeted home to Kelly.

That is not to deny that closer analysis might reveal some link, or proof that they met and discussed things.

However, the likelihood is that if they did indeed meet on that beach, and stroll together and have a chat, that Lawrence garnered little of use from the salesman-cum-angler. As with the barber Laughlin (who recalled to Tom Fitzgerald that Lawrence mainly talked about the local topography), Lawrence didn’t

need any “extra colour” from such sources. For he no doubt was gathering more hefty material on his weekly visits up to Sydney, and from Scott, the Friends, etc.

Still, if we but had a time-machine, one would wish to direct it back to Thirroul around June-July 1922, and perhaps suggest to Ron Kelly a few topics of conversation he might like to raise with his friendly red-headed acquaintance on the beach below Wyewurk.

(* A “furphy” is an Australianism for a false story, a story without factual basis. The word comes, according to the *Macquarie Dictionary*, from the First World War, when a type of sanitation cart, made originally by John Furphy of Melbourne, became synonymous with “centres of gossip”).

Robert Darroch is Vice-President of the DH Lawrence Society of Australia and author of D.H. Lawrence in Australia



*Ron Kelly in the 1940s
(Photo: courtesy Wendy Brazil)*

WHO PUT A COMMA IN?

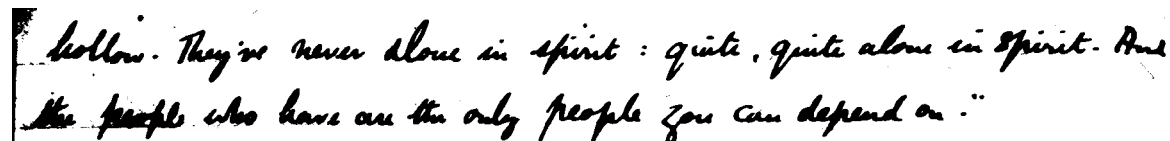
Ron Kelly's remarkable annotation in his copy of *Kangaroo* (see accompanying article) points up the perils and complexities of textual analysis.

It is instructive to see how the right and wrong texts came about. In Thirroul Lawrence wrote these words:

"Alone, what sort of alone. Physically alone. And they've just gone hollow. They've never alone in spirit: quite, quite alone in spirit. And the people who have are the only people you can depend on." [his quotation marks]

Now, there are three pretty obvious errors in this originally hand-written (holograph) paragraph. The first is the lack of a question-mark after the rhetorical question "...what sort of alone." The second apparent error is the lack of the word "been" after "never" in fourth sentence. The third error is either the lack of another "been" after "...who have", or else a comma after "have", leaving the "been" either silent or implied.

However, it should be noted here that it is sometimes difficult to tell if Lawrence is writing "They've" or "They're", for he uses an old-fashioned "r" in this structure, so his "v" can easily be mistaken for a "r", and vice-versa (see illustration beneath).



hollow. They've never alone in spirit: quite, quite alone in spirit. And the people who have are the only people you can depend on."

After Lawrence finished the first (hand-written) version of the novel around July 12, 1922, he posted the MS to his U.S. agent Mountsier in New York. He asked Mountsier to have the manuscript typed up and for the typed text to be posted to him in Taos, where he was due to arrive in early September.

This first typed version (Berg 1) of the above passage reads thus (ignore for the moment the hand-written editing change "are" for "have"):

"Alone, what sort of alone. Physically alone. And they've just gone hollow. They're never alone in spirit: quite, quite alone in spirit, And the people who ^{are} have are the only people you can depend on."

Although this page comes from Seltzer's setting text (Berg 3), it is in fact a page extracted from the second carbon copy of the first typescript which Mountsier retained in New York (sending two typescripts – top copy and first carbon – to Taos for Lawrence to correct).

Lawrence let the third error ("...have are...") stand – he apparently did not notice it – and it was this wording that was incorporated into the two intended setting texts (the U.K. Secker and the U.S. Seltzer) that Mountsier made up in New York around October/November 1922.

The U.K. text, Secker's, went off to London and was printed with that third error around August/September 1923, and this version became the standard – until the 1994 CUP edition – British Commonwealth text, perpetuated in the 1950 Heinemann Phoenix and 1950 Penguin standard editions (and therefore in Ron Kelly's Heinemann copy).

However, Seltzer was more thorough than Secker, and either he or his editor re-read this passage and decided it contained an author's error and corrected this setting text before it went to the printers, hence the change, repeated below, of "have" to "are" in a non-authorial hand:

"Alone, what sort of alone. Physically alone. And they've just gone hollow. They're never alone in spirit: quite, quite alone in spirit, And the people who ^{are} have are the only people you can depend on."

But now something very significant impinges on this (apparently insignificant) matter. For note that in Seltzer's setting text above there is no comma. Yet in the printed Seltzer text there is:

"Alone, what sort of alone? Physically alone. And they've just gone hollow. They're never alone in spirit: detached and alone in spirit. And the people who are, are the only people you can depend on."

Who inserted this (necessary) comma? Seltzer certainly didn't, for the typed and edited wording (in Berg 3 - see previous page) is the precise text that went to his printers. The printers would not have inserted the above comma, for that was not their province (alas, their readers department did make a later "editorial" decision which led to the variant U.K./U.S. texts, and then to the incorrect CUP edition - see "Not the End of the Story" in *DHLR* 26.1-3 and *Rananim* 9.1).

To answer this (as it turns out) important question we must consider who would have had an opportunity to insert the comma. Only one person: Lawrence.

For he had the chance to do so when he corrected the galley proofs of the Seltzer text in New Jersey in July 1923. There is now little question that when he read this passage on the proofs he realised that it contained a solecism, and so inserted the comma (even though he had once said [words to the effect] "Comma or no comma is all the same to me.").

(Secker either never got or never used the duplicate set of corrected Seltzer galleys that Lawrence posted to him in late July. So Lawrence's final proof corrections were made only in the Seltzer edition.)

I have no particular wish to rub Bruce Steele's nose in the dirt, but I am obliged to point out the mistakes he has made with this passage in his CUP edition.

His ("correct" CUP) text now reads thus:

"Alone, what sort of alone. Physically alone. And they've just gone hollow. They've never [been]" alone in spirit: detached and alone in spirit. And the people who have, are the only people you can depend on."

Note that he has changed the first typescript (Berg 1) text from "They're" to "They've" and inserted his own word "[been]*". This is to make the "have" that he has left in appear grammatical.

This inserted "[been]*" is explained in Steele's Explanatory Notes (the * indicates a note to the text) to the CUP *Kangaroo* thus:

"131:21 [been] The typist of TS1 [ie, Berg 1] misread MS 'They've never' (p. 239) as 'They're never' (p. 172); but the next sentence [ie, the sentence we are dealing with] makes it clear that DHL intended 'They've' and omitted the participle." [the page numbers in Steele's Note refer, firstly, to the number of the page in the holograph, and, secondly, to the equivalent page number in the Berg 1 typescript]

Steele certainly has some initial (at first glance) justification for inserting the "been". When Lawrence first wrote the paragraph in Thirroul he may indeed have wanted to make it "They've" and "have" (see original holograph text on the previous page). And Mountsier's typist did misread "They've" and replaced it with "They're". In fact, on balance, I think, as does Steele, that Lawrence's original intention was to cast the relevant verbs in the past tense (ie, "They've" and "have" rather than "They're" and "are").

But Steele is quite wrong to have left it thus, and also to have inserted his own non-authorial "been". For the text Lawrence corrected on Seltzer's galley proofs is the one that must prevail, and that text read both "They're" and (after Lawrence inserted the comma on the galley 44 proof) "are, are".*

For the life of me, however, I cannot see why Lawrence left out the question-mark. I think he overlooked this particular solecism, and so Steele should have inserted a non-authorial punctuation mark in the "correct" text.

For the record, the correct reading of the paragraph should be:

"Alone, what sort of alone? Physically alone. And they've just gone hollow. They're never alone in spirit: quite, quite alone in spirit. And the people who are, are the only people you can depend on."

Ironic, isn't it, that Ron Kelly got it right (apart from the comma), and the CUP got it wrong. -RD

* Of course, Lawrence's proof corrections on Seltzer's galleys can be deduced by comparing the differences between the Berg 3 setting text (uncorrected by Lawrence) and Seltzer's printed text (which takes into account Lawrence's final proof corrections).

From Cagliari to Coalcliff

By John Lacey



Lawrence's vanished Sardinia

It is a truth universally acknowledged that the most evocative description of an Australian train journey was written by Lawrence in *Kangaroo*, where he describes the trip from Sydney to Thirroul.

What a shame it is then that Lawrence did not leave a description of the journey from Colombo to Kandy and Nuwara Eliya (see *Rananim* May 2002).

But he did leave another description of a memorable journey, that from the Sardinian port of Cagliari to the inland town of Sogorno, published in *Sea and Sardinia*.

Sardinia is a wild and remote place, the second largest of the Mediterranean islands after Sicily, and the Lawrences visited it in 1921 while they were living in Sicily.

As to being wild, as late as 1957 wild boars could be seen fleeing from approaching trains. And as to being remote, Italian army officers and civil servants feared being sent there. And their fear was eminently understandable, as malaria was endemic and the island was desperately poor. All this changed after the eradication of malaria by

1946, and in the post-World War Two years industry began, while the north-east Coast (the Emerald Coast) became a haven for European millionaires. And Sardinia prospered, not least from the tourist industry.

So *Sea and Sardinia* describes a vanished world, and a part of that vanished world is the railway journey Lawrence describes.

Despite, or perhaps because of its wild and



remote location, Sardinia had a somewhat complicated railway geography, with standard and narrow gauge railways variously operated by the Royal Sardinian Railways, the Monteponi Railway Company, the Sardinian Secondary Railroads and the Sardinian Complementary Railways.

The journey Lawrence describes covered one of the routes of the Sardinian Complementary Railways, that from Cagliari through Mandas to Sogorno. And despite the primitive land and rough traveling he describes, this was apparently the most civilised part of the country at the time.

But we are too late for the big trains. So we will go by the secondary railway, wherever it goes.

There is a train at 2.30, and we can get as far as Mandas, some fifty miles in the interior. They told me that Sardinia mines her own coal: and quite enough for her own needs: but very soft, not fit for steam-purposes.

So unfit was this soft brown coal that most of the locomotives used wood for fuel, at least until the easily reached forests had been cut down.

Even worse

The Royal Sardinian Railways (the standard gauge lines) converted their locomotives to burn this brown coal, but it had such a low calorific value that the locomotives would not steam; even worse was the destructive effect of the coal's high sulphur content. So much so that by 1918 on the Royal Sardinian Railways fewer than 12 of their 40 locomotives were in working order.

Despite the steaming difficulties caused by the use of wood as a fuel (enormous quantities are needed to manually fire the locomotives), the small locomotives did prodigious work on their low-heat wood fuel: one of the lines involved a climb of 2755 feet in 25 miles. This is similar to the ascent of the Blue Mountains in New South Wales.

The train which Lawrence describes was hauled by a 2-6-0 Tank, built by the Swiss Locomotive Works at Winterthur and erected in a special works in Naples before they were shipped to the port of Cagliari.



They were basically copies of an 1889 design built for the Landuart-Davos Railway in Switzerland, and a few still survive in Sardinia, and are used on occasional special trains for visiting railway enthusiasts in summer.

Lawrence describes the journey inland from Cagliari in his own evocative style:

At every station we were left ignominiously planted, while the little engines - they had gay gold names on their black little bodies - strolled about along the side-lines, and snuffed at the various trucks.

After spending a night in Mandas, the Lawrences continued the next day on to Sogorno. This line travels towards the Gennargentu, the highest mountains in Sardinia, and Lawrence wrote some even more descriptive passages:



Our Own engine was always running fussily into sight, like some dog scampering in front and swerving about us, while we followed at the tail end of the thin string of trucks.

I was surprised how well the small engine took the continuous steep slopes, how bravely it emerged on the sky-line. It is a queer railway.... It pelts up hill and down dale and round sudden bends in the most unconcerned fashion, not as proper big railways do, grunting deep inside deep cuttings and stinking their way through tunnels, but running up the hill like a panting, small dog, and having a look round, and starting off in another direction, whisking us behind unconcernedly.

The little engine whisks up and up, around its loopy curves as if it were going to bite its own tail: we being the tail: then suddenly dives over the skyline out of sight. And the landscape changes. The famous woods begin to appear. At first it is only hazel-thickets, all wild, with a few black cattle trying to peep at us

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From Cagliari to Coalcliff

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out of the green myrtle and arbutus scrub which forms the undergrowth: and a couple of rare, wild peasants peering at the train.

Yes, the steep valley sides become almost gorges, and there are trees. Not forests such as I had imagined, but scattered, grey, smallish oaks, and some lithe chestnuts. Chestnuts with their long whips, and oaks with their stubby boughs, scattered on steep hillsides where rocks crop out. The train perilously winding round, half way up. Then suddenly bolting over a bridge and into a completely unexpected station.



trovando allo stesso tempo conveniente e interessante viaggiare con un mezzo ecologico, economico, pratico, sicuro.
Il nome ricorda l'opera "Sea and Sardinia" di David Herbert Lawrence: egli può ancora essere considerato un 'testimonial' dell'iniziativa, come uno dei primi pionieri di questo modo di viaggiare.
Si vuole riportare lo spirito con il quale egli, accompagnato dalla moglie, fece nel 1921 il viaggio per la Sardegna, animato da curiosità, interesse, piacere e desiderio di confondersi con la gente locale.
"Ci sono due modi per lasciare Cagliari diretti a nord: la ferrovia dello stato che sale nella parte occidentale dell'isola e la linea secondaria a scartamento ridotto che penetra verso il centro. Ma è troppo tardi per prendere i treni più grandi, così prenderemo la linea secondaria, ovunque essa vada." D.H. Lawrence

The Offer.

This offer was set up at the beginning of the summer of 2002 to meet the needs of those who want to travel across the island by public transport.
There are only two railways companies on the island: **Trenitalia** and the **Ferrovie della Sardegna**. The former is the national railway and its first lines were built in 1871, whilst the latter, the FdS narrow-gauge lines, were built 17 years later in order to join the mountainous areas to the other railway or to the coast.

The Sardinian railway network is more than 1,000 kilometres long and goes both through and around the island, joining the main cities and ports.
It is extremely easy for those who get off a ship or an airplane to take a train, and travel using this inexpensive, safe, convenient and ecological form of transport.

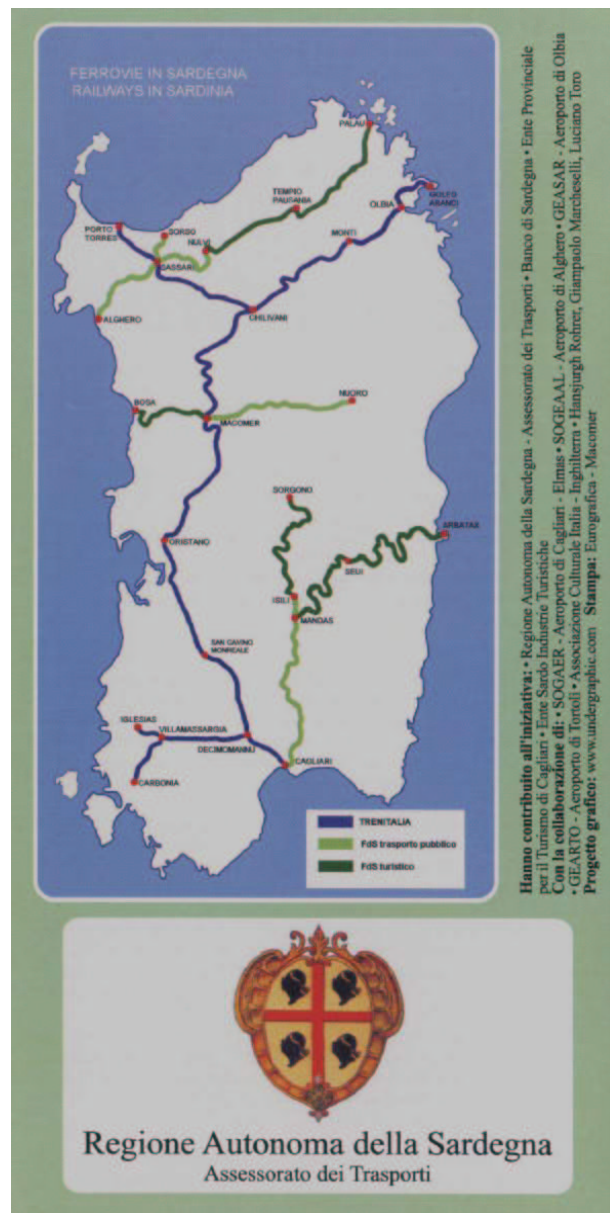
This is exactly what D.H. Lawrence did in 1921 with his wife, when he made the journey across Sardinia which he recorded faithfully in his book "Sea and Sardinia". Lawrence was urged on by his sense of adventure, curiosity and desire to mix with the local people and it is exactly this mood that we would like to recreate with this offer.

"There are two ways of leaving Cagliari for the north: the State railway that runs up the west side of the island and the narrow - gauge secondary railway that pierces the centre. But we are too late for the big trains. So we will go by the secondary railway, wherever it goes." D.H. Lawrence

La Carta e le Condizioni.

La Carta è nominale e sarà cura del viaggiatore apporre negli appositi spazi il proprio nome e cognome. È incedibile ed il possessore dovrà presentare a richiesta un documento di riconoscimento.

Above and top right, pages from a modern Sardinian railways brochure



There are many more pages of evocative description. *Sea and Sardinia* is a very entertaining read, and not just for the railway interest alone.

Sardinian railways today

There are reinvigorated train services today, and an all-Sardinia Rail Pass (similar in operation to a Eurail Pass) is available for unlimited travel over seven days at a cost of 49 Euros.

Passenger trains are all diesel railcar, with a few diesel-locomotive-hauled goods and mixed trains.

The few surviving steam locomotives operate some special services for rail enthusiasts during the summer. Sardinia today sounds a most attractive holiday destination.

John Lacey is President of the DH Lawrence Society of Australia, and - as you will gather - is a railway enthusiast

DHL and Lincoln Cathedral

By Andrew Moore

I n common with many other members of our Society, an interest in D.H. Lawrence has taken me to some interesting parts of the globe. In the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Centre at the University of Texas at Austin, I consulted the original holograph manuscript of *Kangaroo* - a remarkable experience and perverse that a place like the HRC should exist in George Dubya's philistine heartland. A later visit to Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, illustrated how Thatcherite Britain had contributed to the urban decay of the Midlands. Apart from the sites of Lawrence's youth, the experience was memorable for the area's sense of desperation. A black Pontiac circled the town shark-like (a drug dealer on board?); a miserable video shop was the only visible sign of culture. Only a run-down café kept the Lawrentian torch alight. Passing through Provence, Vence, the 'City of Art', the blue waters and beaches of the Riviera shimmering in the distance, was a far more pleasant experience. Lawrence of course died in Vence in 1930, though his body was exhumed by Frieda in 1935 and taken to Taos, New Mexico. The caretaker at the Old Cemetery must receive enough queries from English visitors to have produced a rough handwritten notice to this effect about the post mortem movements of 'Sir Lawrence's body'. Personally I would rather have stayed in Vence.

I can make no claim of being a Lawrence scholar, so it surprised me to find that a recent two-month teaching appointment to the University of Lincoln (in Lincolnshire, not the Shaky Isles) had taken me to another significant Lawrence site. Lawrence visited Lincoln in 1911 and considered writing a journalistic piece on a strike he had witnessed there. Once a solid working-class town with a heavy industrial base, Lincoln is in the process of reinventing itself with a brand new university set on Brayford Pool, part of an old Roman port that is the focus of an emerging cultural precinct.

Looming over the town at the top of the aptly styled Steep Hill is Lincoln Cathedral, the focus of chapter seven of *The Rainbow*. For Will Brangwen the cathedral is 'beloved' as well as 'a sign in heaven...the Spirit hovering like a dove, like an eagle over the earth'. Will tries to convince Anna that the Cathedral is worthy of his passion. She resists. At least one literary critic has described the

description of the Cathedral visit as 'embarrassingly bad'.

Leaving aside the literary merits of Lawrence's description, may I simply recommend Lincoln and its majestic Cathedral to readers of *Rananim*? Even if you are not, like Will and Anna, resolved to inspect every cathedral in England, it is well worth a visit. The tourist literature is justifiably hyperbolic. Lincoln Minster may well be 'the finest English Gothic cathedral'. Apart from its architectural splendour, devotees of the Bloomsbury set will enjoy the Duncan Grant murals. The famous Lincoln imp, after

whom the local football team is named, is in the Angel Choir. We attended many services in the Cathedral, including a memorable Harvest Thanksgiving, a reminder of how intensely fertile and resolutely agricultural Lincolnshire is - despite mad cow and foot and mouth disease. Another evening the vergers of every church in the diocese, resplendent in their red cassocks, congregated in St Hugh's Choir. A month after the terrorist attacks in the United States, Lincoln Cathedral offered comfort and reassurance.

Lincoln itself has many points of interest. Isolated by the road and river network of northern England over many centuries, the city remains under-recognised by the tourist industry. This of course is no bad thing. A visit to Lincoln and its Minster is a comparable experience to York, except that crowds of tourists do not overwhelm it. Unlike Will Brangwen you may not arrive at your 'consummation' there, but the experience is sure to be worthwhile. The Cathedral's immediate precinct in the old Bailgate part of town is charming, and adjoining Lincoln Castle has one of the four surviving copies of the Magna Carta. Don't miss the excellent Pimento Tea and Coffee House very close to the Cathedral on Steep Hill. A significant antipodean connection in the form of Matthew Flinders' birthplace at Donington is not far away. The beautiful countryside and villages of Lincolnshire provided many poachers who travelled as convicts to New South Wales after 1788.

(Sources: B.M. Firth, *Lincolnshire Poachings*, unpublished MSS, 2001)

DHL Society member Dr Andrew Moore is Associate Professor of Modern History at the University of Western Sydney. He is the author of a number of books including The Secret Army and the Premier



OUR VICTORIAN CORRESPONDENT WRITES....

**By Arch Dailey, who holds classes on Lawrence at the
Melbourne-based University of the Third Age (U3A)**

F R Leavis in his book *DH Lawrence/Novelist* says that Lawrence is a great novelist, one of the greatest, and in line with the likes of George Eliot, Henry James and Conrad.

Margaret Attwood in her Empsom Lectures (2001) referred to Lawrence as “the most chthonic of writers”. Never having met the word before I hastened to learn it had the meaning of “dwelling in or pertaining to the underworld”. This had me reflecting and wondering how this word applied to his writing. Our U3A class had reached Lawrence’s time in New Mexico and living at the Kiowa Ranch and writing such stories as *St Mawr* and *The Woman who Rode Away*. These had a chthonic Mexican Indian background. One of the short stories he had recently penned and sent back to his agent was *The Border Line* which had a Frieda-like lady meeting the shade of her dead husband in the “uncanny cathedral” of Strasbourg. Was this also a chthonic situation? Perhaps Margaret Attwood was thinking of his adventures into the *Etruscan Places* where he could certainly be said to be in the underworld. But of his books and stories from the very beginning he did seem to pertain to that meaning. Considering also his early writing *A Fragment of Stained Glass* and one of his last pieces, the poem *The Ship of Death*.

“Have you built your ship of death, oh have you?

Oh build your ship of death, for you will need it.”

Chthonic? The class increased its understanding of Lawrence yet further.

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Virginia Woolf likened Lawrence’s writing to the dopler effect of an approaching express steam train - as you stand on the station platform it arrives with a crescendo of noise which tails off as it passes into the distance.

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D. H. and Frieda returned to Taos accompanied by the Hon. Dorothy Brett, after a very rapid visit, for the 1920s, to England, France and Germany. lasting only three months. It was a significant visit to Europe being the first time Lawrence had to follow his wife’s travel-

ling decision, and his first return to England since 1919.

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This led to a class discussion on how Lawrence and Frieda had travelled and journeyed, and the manner of their travels. A “world tour” had been accomplished with slight finances.

But he had worked hard at his writing, and in spite of the slow communication was able to gradually prosper from his writing endeavours.

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Our spring term should see the completion of our study of DH Lawrence. It has been one of the long-running class subjects, now nearing some three years, attended by a loyal band of literary enthusiasts. One of the positives of the U3A is that there are no exams for our study efforts, which gives a relaxed approach to our classes. At the end of each semester we have a celebratory lunch, and it is noted how a glass of chardonnay makes for enlivened class discussions with chthonic undertones!

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Mentions of Lawrence noted by the class include a display of Garry Shead’s painting *The Wave* at a shopping centre. An article by a journalist on a visit to Taos, and the apparent neglect of the ranch by the University of Mexico. At the beginning of the year Melbourne was treated to an outdoor theatre version of *Woman in Love* in the grounds and garden of a notable National Trust house. Unfortunately the weather was not kind for the Water Party scene upon the property’s large lake!

The class has viewed the video films of *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love* and *Kangaroo*. Whether we can fit in any others depends on our covering of Lawrence and Frieda’s time back in Europe and his writing of this period - all in some eight weeks.

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The class send its best wishes to the Society for 2003.



OUR BEIJING CORRESPONDENT WRITES

THE GROWTH OF D.H. LAWRENCE'S SECOND SELF

*An analysis of the narrators behind five of
Lawrence's novels*

By Hei Ma

Five of Lawrence's novels – in chronological order – *The White Peacock*, *Sons and Lovers*, *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* – reveal the growth of Lawrence's second self, i.e. the implied author.

An analysis of this development is important in that, by highlighting the different stages of his second self, Lawrence's "artistic biography" is mapped out. For we are all convinced that the best biography of an author is the biography of his art.

Interestingly, the biographical traits of Lawrence, the man and his ideology, expressed through his essays, constantly overlap the narrators behind his novel, so it is important to make comparison between passages of his essays, and the ideas of the narrators or characters who serve as the mouthpiece of his second self, and to parallel his biography with the characters in his works.

However, the aim is not to identify Lawrence the man with his second self. Instead, it is to reveal the picture of an organic second self while the fragments of his essays can neither reveal the development of Lawrence's thinking nor his artistic biography.

Works like *Studies in Classic American Literature*, *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* and *Fantasia of the Unconscious* reveal Lawrence's preference of blood consciousness to cerebral consciousness. And "blood consciousness" finally transforms into "phallic consciousness".

Lawrence from time to time coins these nomenclatures neither systematically nor chronologically. They could be found in one book or within some other works. But this step-by-step progress of transformation can be illustrated by, and traced through, the development in the above mentioned novels, and could be regarded as the progression of Lawrence's second self.

The White Peacock, the embryo of his major motif, is the starting point in tracing his second self.

The development of his later four other novels is, in a sense, a progress of modification and revision of the first novel, and so *The White Peacock* is regarded as the beginning of a process of growing

his second self.

The gamekeeper motif, and the ideas he represents, are strengthened in subsequent novels, establishing a "third force" between nature and civilisation. This could be viewed as Lawrence's affirmation of his new concept of blood consciousness.

In *Sons and Lovers*, the father is really an incarnation of this blood consciousness, and the language he speaks carries a sort of phallic tenderness, despite Lawrence's conscious ridiculing of him.

After *Sons and Lovers*, Lawrence totally negates his mother, saying: "My mother is wrong..."

The creation of *The Rainbow* is an effort to deepen his exploration of the blood consciousness. But the result is to idealise the older myth of male power and to deplore its decline in the modern era. Here Lawrence's second self is represented by Ursula, who, though independent and strong willed, seeks a real male darkness to succumb to.

Women in Love carries the blood consciousness motif further by the blood brotherhood image and ritual. Although the novel is an elegy of the death of male power in the modern era, the underlying motif is still the celebration of the phallic consciousness. This is clearly seen in the relationship between Ursula and Birkin.

Finally, the phallic consciousness finds its way to revitalisation in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. This is epitomised by the hero Mellors, the final incarnation of the gamekeeper who first appeared in *The White Peacock*.

The phallic language he speaks, his mannerisms, his attitude towards sex and women, all culminate in overt phallic consciousness, and thus Lawrence's second self is completed by its ultimate celebration.

A synopsis of a longer essay (translated from the original Chinese by Hei Ma). HEI MA is the nom de plume of Bi Bingbin, a senior TV producer in Beijing. He earned his MA degree in 1984 with a thesis on Lawrence's non-fiction writing. He spends most of his spare time translating Lawrence into Chinese, and has already translated, and had published, seven of Lawrence works, including Kangaroo. In addition, he has written an illustrated book, The Country of Lawrence's Heart. Hei Ma is also a novelist, and has had two of his two novels published in Germany. His novel Killing Time in Beijing was adapted into a prize-winning Chinese film. Hei Ma has twice visited Australia. In 1985 he was a speaker at the Australian International Board on Books for Young People Conference, and in 1997 was a Visiting Fellow at Edith Cowan University in WA. He can be contacted via his email address: <bibingbin@yahoo.com>.



GARRY SHEAD

SAVILL GALLERIES, SYDNEY

It's Amazing the Things You Can Find in a Shead

A highlight of our DHLA year was the opening of Garry Shead's exhibition at the Savill Galleries in Paddington, Sydney, last August.

The show included a number of Shead's famed Lawrence Series, as well as other works.

The prices were understandably steep, given that Shead is now one of Australia's leading painters, and the opening was packed with Sydney's good and great, plus a loyal band of DHLA members, who later had supper at the hostelry opposite.

Garry was his usual shy and retiring self, and confessed astonishment at the prices his Lawrence pictures now fetch (*Dejeuner Sur L'Herbe*, pictured above and on the cover of the catalogue, was already sold by the time we arrived, but another canvas, *Arrival*, could be obtained for a mere \$138,000). Garry, however, was kind enough to append his now very valuable signature to our catalogue.

I, myself, was very pleased to see Garry again, for we have a connection that perhaps only he and I are aware of. For, many years ago, when we were teenagers, and hadn't met, we both entered paintings

in an art competition run by KLM Airlines in conjunction with *Woman's Day* magazine. The prize was a trip to Holland. There were over 3000 entries, and I had two paintings chosen in the final choice of 10 which were to be published in *Woman's Day*. One of my pictures depicted lifesavers on a beach. The other was described by the magazine as "a delicate landscape", showing blossom trees at Kurrajong.

Another of the chosen 10 was a stunning night scene of the Harbour by Luciana Arrighi. Garry, too, was chosen by the judges to be included in the final 10. His picture was a strong depiction of a flying doctor in the Outback. The judges were prescient: Garry won the first prize of the trip to Holland. Luciana and I got consolation prizes of silver broches with little Dutch clogs dangling from them.

I later went on to study art at the Julian Ashton Art School (with our other resident artist, Paul Delprat) before deciding art was not for me, and going on to university and journalism. Luciana Arrighi became a celebrated opera and theatre set designer.

- Sandra Jobson

Romancing the Stones at Wyewurk

By Peter Jones

For Lawrence scholars – and members of the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia – Wyewurk is a place of significant literary and historic importance. But for me it is also something else.

Indeed, each year I remember it well, for it was there that I proposed to my wife.

It was 1964, and I'd recently returned from Manchester, where I had been doing post-doctoral work on super-computers.

While back in Australia I was helping to install Australia's first two super-computers (at the CSIRO and the Bureau of Census and Statistics) in Canberra, before heading off to Minnesota, USA, where I was to team up with Seymour Cray at Control Data Corporation. Cray was recognised as the father of super-computing, and it was quite an honour for a young Aussie engineer to be going there.

Anyway, I decided that it was time to find a wife in Australia before moving to the US, where I was told women can be a lot bossier.

One Sunday, after delivering some parcels in the Eastern Suburbs, I passed St Michael's Church in Vaucluse, where the minister was Howard Guinness.

I had met him when he was Anglican chaplain to Sydney University when I was in college there in the 1950s.

I decided to renew my acquaintance and went into church for the service, after which Howard invited me to morning tea in the rectory, where I renewed my acquaintance with his daughter Mary, whom I had also known from my university days.

As I was working in Canberra, and Mary was teaching at Wollongong, and since I had a rather nifty brand-new British racing green MGB, I offered to give her a lift back when I visited Sydney at weekends. I was an engineer and she was into the arts, and we were opposites, but she was a very attractive young lady, so I pursued the opportunity to get to know her better.



Thirroul rocks in Minnesota (author's snapshot)



Mary Guinness on Thirroul Beach

I had to leave for the US in December, and it was now May, so I realised I had to act fast.

I had calculated that I would propose, and if she said no, I might still have time to find someone else. But I wanted to give it my best shot, and this is where D.H. Lawrence came into play.

One weekend I decided to drive her down to Wollongong via the coast road. I pulled up and parked at Thirroul Beach. I knew that Wyewurk, where Lawrence had stayed in 1922, was at the southern end of the beach, so we walked up there to see the cottage.

And it was there, in the shadow of Wyewurk, that I proposed.

Mary was most impressed, as she was quite a fan of Lawrence, which of course I was quite aware of.

Yet even with all my planning and preparation, she seemed hesitant, and asked for time to consider my proposal. I reminded her, however, that I was leaving for Minnesota in a few months.

One difficulty was that she wasn't too keen to move to the US for she had heard that Minnesota in winter was as cold as Antarctica.

So I said we'd take some of Australia with us, and we proceeded to collect what I called our "DHL rocks" from beneath Wyewurk.

This gesture must have won her over, because she said yes, and we were married in December in her father's church, and then went straight off to the US.

Well, I did take the rocks to America – freightpaid for by Control Data - and with them I built a miniature waterfall in our apartment in Minnesota, to remind us of Australia and Wyewurk.

It was kind of funny, because here was I working on the top super-computer project in the US yet when folk came to visit us they didn't want to hear me talk about my exciting super-computer work, but were more interested in the waterfall, and the story behind it, and how a little bit of D.H. Lawrence came to be in our apartment.

And the magic of DHL has worked well ever since. We're still married! (But the rocks, alas, are still in Minnesota.)

Dr Peter Jones is a member of the DHL Society of Australia. His career began in aeronautics. He is now involved with super-computer projects.

How Lawrence Always

By Sandra

*"We are here...We are very happy here...I
can't stand the place...We leave
tomorrow...write me at...Tomorrow we may be
off after all...We are leaving...
I will send address."*

So wrote Lawrence hundreds and hundreds of times over the years between 1912, when he met Frieda, and his death in 1930. He simply couldn't keep still, moving from one house or hotel to another, one country to another – and back again – unable to settle anywhere for long.

As a rough estimate, he moved over 300 times in those years. Harry T. Moore's Lawrence Travel Calendar, *Poste Restante*, which lists every postal address he wrote from, records, for example, his movements in 1922, the year he visited Australia, amongst other places. In that year he moved to or resided in 20 places: Taormina (September 1921-February 1922). Then after that: Palermo; Naples; on board the *Osterley* en route to Ceylon; "Ardnaree", Kandy; on board the *Orsova* en route to Western Australia; Perth; "Leithdale", Darlington; on board the *Malwa* en route to Sydney; Melbourne; Sydney "Wyewurk", Thirroul; on board the *Tahiti* en route to San Francisco; San Francisco; Santa Fe; Taos; Apache reservation; back to Taos; "Del Monte Ranch" New Mexico.

But 1922 was a relatively quiet year, compared with 1923 and 1924.

In 1923 he moved over 29 times, and in 1924 it was similar. The subsequent years were much the same. The pace was always dizzying.

Frieda by 1922 had begun to find the pace hard to keep up with – she liked Australia; she wanted to settle on a little farm in America – but Lawrence had to keep moving on. His writing depended on discovering new places and revisiting old ones. It was part of his creative itch: searching for the Spirit of Place.

But despite the fact that Lawrence flitted frenetically from place to place, he always fell on his feet, usually borrowing or renting from his wide web of friends and acquaintances, cottages in the English countryside, flats in London, villas in Italy, a guest-house and bungalow in Australia, ranches in New Mexico, palazzos and hotels around the world – most of which had style, even if in some cases they needed a bit of cleaning up and a lick of paint by the writer before Lawrence and Frieda could feel, temporarily,



Leithdale at Darlington, Western Australia, on the wide veranda

“at home” yet again. He might have been impecunious, at least until late 1922, but Lawrence showed impeccable taste in the places he chose to live in.

Because he stayed at so many places, I shall eschew for this brief article Lawrence's temporary or more permanent English and European abodes – such as the delights of Lady Ottoline Morrell's "Garsington Manor" (which I visited several times when I was writing her biography) where he helped paint the wooden panelling; or the beautiful garden at Taormina; or the cosy Cornwall cottage at Zenor, which he repaired and painted – and concentrate on Lawrence's New World accommodation, some of which I have also visited.

Ceylon

The first New World abode is "Ardnaree", overlooking the Kandy Lake, in Ceylon, where Lawrence and Frieda stayed for six weeks as guests of Earl and Achsah Brewster in 1922. It was a spacious

ays Fell on his Feet

a Jobson



verandah of which Lawrence chatted with "Victoria Callcott"

bungalow built on a hill, tucked into the jungle above the shores of the lake. Although when I visited "Ardnaree", 70 years after the Lawrences had stayed there, some of the verandahs of the building had been enclosed, it was still an exceptionally fine example of Indian colonial architecture – a comfortable bungalow in the particularly stifling heat of 1922. By the time I was there, the house was occupied by the headmaster of the nearby Grammar school which now occupies the Lakeview Estate.

Interestingly, the layout of "Ardnaree", with its big central room, smaller servants' areas behind it, and the verandahs around it, is quite similar to that of another house Lawrence was soon to live in: Leithdale at Darlington in Western Australia. He wrote of "Ardnaree":

"There's a good deal of room in the bungalow, and practically no furniture except for chairs and a table or two. We've got four servants –

two men, one ayah, one boy of fifteen – but nothing is ever done: except meals got ready," (Lawrence wrote to his sister, Emily King on 24 March, 1922.)

Lawrence made great use of the verandahs. Achsah Brewster later recalled:

"Generally, we sat on the north verandah in the morning. There was early breakfast, then tiffin; ... Frieda stretched out on a rattan couch, sewed and embroidered with bright silks. Lawrence sat curled up with a schoolboy's copy book in his hand, writing away."

Lawrence constantly remarked on the teeming animal life in the jungle:

"We sit on the verandahs and watch the chipmunks and chameleons and lizards and tropical birds among the trees and bamboos, there's only a clear space of about three yards around the house," he told his sister.

So, despite the heat, Lawrence had once again

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The sitting-room at Leithdale

How Lawrence Always Fell on his Feet

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fallen on his feet, finding himself in one of the better bungalows Kandy could provide.

Western Australia

His next abode was to be Leithdale, Molly Skinner's guesthouse in the Darlington Hills, 15 miles west of Perth, Western Australia. Once again, this elegant guesthouse accommodation was found for him by a friend, "Pussy" Jenkins, a member of Perth society, whom Lawrence had met on board the *Osterley* between Naples and Colombo. The owner of Leithdale, Mollie Skinner (who was later to collaborate with Lawrence on her novel, *The Boy in the Bush*), was a friend of Pussy Jenkins's and he and Frieda were driven out to Leithdale in Pussy's mother's capacious chauffeur-driven car.

Like "Ardnaree", "Leithdale" was a mainly single-storey house surrounded by verandahs, in this case with iron lace balastrades. And also like "Ardnaree", the main entrance was up a flight of steps on the panoramic side of the building. There, verandahs commanded a grand view over bushland across to Perth and the Indian Ocean on the horizon. Leithdale is much larger and more grand than "Ardnaree", and in the 1920s had its own ballroom providing evening entertainment for the up-market guests of that day.

As usual, Lawrence explored the surrounding garden and countryside, discovering both people and flora and fauna that interested him. He often chatted with Mollie Skinner outside the big Leithdale kitchen, a friendship that was to lead later to their collaboration on *The Boy in the Bush* and *Eve in the Land of Nod* (unpublished). In the mornings he would sit outside the Old Dairy in the back garden and write. One evening he climbed the hill behind "Leithdale" and found himself among white ghost gums – an eerie experience that he put into *Kangaroo*.

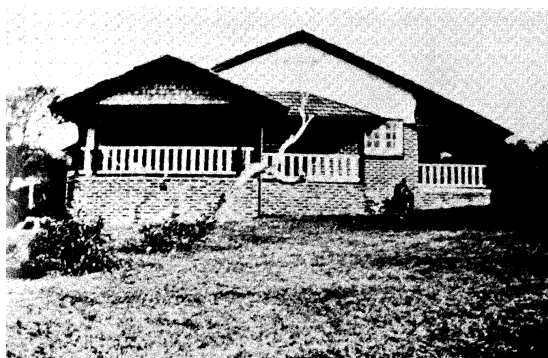
He also met the woman who was to become the model for Victoria Callcott in *Kangaroo*. She was Maudie Cohen, who was on her honeymoon at Leithdale. She and her husband Eustace were seated at Lawrence and Frieda's table and she told them of

her family background, which Lawrence borrowed for his Australian novel.

Thirroul

After six weeks the Lawrences were once again on the move, arriving in Sydney on the *Malwa* on May 27, 1922. If you believe in the Darroch Thesis – which I most certainly do! – Lawrence and Frieda met a member of the Friend family at Collaroy that weekend and was told about a bungalow down the South Coast which had just become vacant and was up for rent. The Lawrences travelled down to Thirroul the next day, accompanied by one of the Friend clan, whose family also owned a house at Thirroul. One glance at "Wyewurk", 3 Craig Street, was enough to convince the Lawrences to rent it.

"Wyewurk" is possibly the first Californian bungalow in Australia, and was built around 1911. Sited on a little cliff overlooking the Pacific Ocean, with dark Western Australian jarrah floors, and wide verandahs looking out onto a grassy area planted with three Norfolk Island pines, it had been occupied by a family of nine children, and the first task for Lawrence and Frieda



Wyewurk at Thirroul

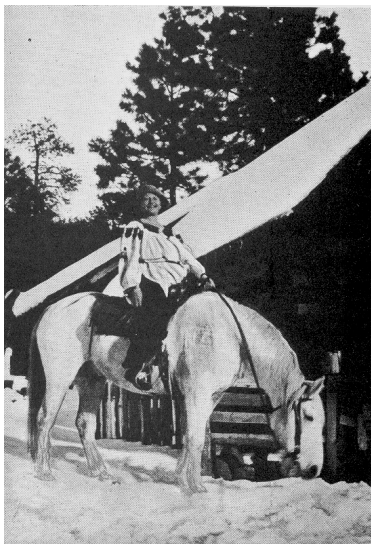
was to clean out the place and deal with the rubbish that had been dumped in the garden. Lawrence scrubbed the house out and Frieda decorated it with the scarves and brass candlesticks she carried around the world with her.

It was soon comfortable and Lawrence wrote to his mother-in-law:

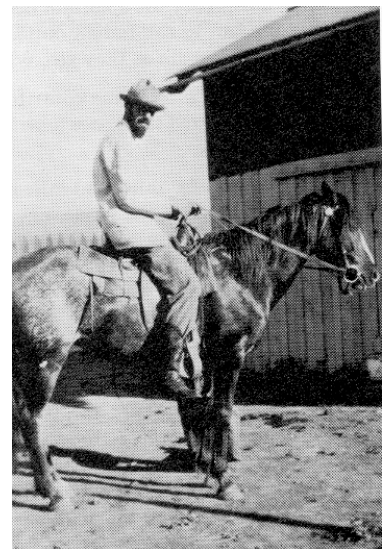
"We're very nice here. You would like this house very much: the big room with open fire and lovely windows with little red curtains, and the broad verandahs, and the grass and the sea always big and noisy under our feet."

They bathed at midday most days, despite it being winter, finding the sun quite warm. The postman and newspaper boy came to the house on horses and Lawrence enjoyed the fruit, meat, butter and milk which was delivered to the house. He found the cost of living – apart from the cheap meat – to be about the same as in England, which stretched his meagre purse to the limit. He repeatedly claimed they knew no-one in Thirroul, but he did strike up

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A photo album of Lawrence and Frieda in New Mexico in 1922-23 (above, the Del Monte log cabin; below, Lawrence and Frieda on the "porch" with their dog; left, Frieda resplendent on her horse in the snow at Del Monte; right, Lawrence sitting gingerly on his steed, also at Del Monte)



How Lawrence Always Fell on His Feet

cont'd from previous page

acquaintances with several locals (see article by Robert Darroch in this issue on page 3).

The Lawrences stayed at "Wyewurk" until early August when they set sail for America, leaving behind the bungalow by the sea which remains to this day in much the same condition as when they left it. Today it is protected by a NSW Government Preservation Order which prevents the owner, a real estate agent, from making any changes to the exterior.

New Mexico

After travelling from Australia to New Mexico, Lawrence once again found his feet. At first he stayed in Taos as a guest of the wealthy Mabel Dodge Luhan. He and Frieda had the use of her horses, and were introduced by Mabel to the artistic community of Taos. She later offered them accommodation at a small, disused log cabin ranch in the foothills above Taos, the "Lobo Ranch". By this time Lawrence had become exasperated by Mabel's claustrophobic attempts to monopolise his time and company, but with only \$150 in his pocket, he had not much room to move.

Arriving at Lobo, he commenced cleaning up the first of the decrepit log cabins, and invited two Danish painters (Knud Merrild and Kai Gotzsche), whom he and Frieda had befriended and had found congenial and useful, to come and live next door to them in the other cabin. All four camped in the first cabin while waiting to start work on the second. But when Mabel discovered that her plot to keep Lawrence exclusively to herself had failed, and that the Danes were to live there with the Lawrences, she told Lawrence he couldn't have access to the other cabin, telling him she wanted to keep it exclusively for her son in case he wanted to use it occasionally.

Lawrence got into a fuming rage at this news and set off with one of the Danes to find somewhere else. It didn't take them long to find the ideal place: the "Del Monte Ranch", about 25 km from Taos, a main house occupied by its owner, Bill Hawks, and two pioneer-age old log cabins, relegated to being storerooms. Lawrence could see their potential and rented the two cabins immediately, even though he had little money, and the Danes even less.

"It's a lonely, lovely place –under the mountains, over the desert: very open." (Lawrence wrote.)

For Lawrence, the period at "Del Monte", apart from his occasional outbursts at the emptiness of

American culture, was a relatively happy time. He commissioned the Danes to design covers for several of his works, including *Kangaroo*. He also commissioned a portrait of himself by Gotzsche.

If "Del Monte" is an exception to the general rule that Lawrence fell on his feet through the help of friends or acquaintances, it was because in this case he found it himself and paid a full rent to its owners. But it still adheres to the rule in being – after some strenuous fumigation and renovation work by him and Frieda and the Danes – an attractive if simple abode. The Lawrence's cabin had five rooms, the Danes' three. They worked hard to make the cabins habitable, as one of the Danes, Merrild, recorded in his book *With DH Lawrence in Mexico*:

"...roofing, carpentering, plastering, glazing, paperhanging, painting, whitewashing, etc. Frieda was busy sewing curtains and the like. Lawrence enjoyed himself thoroughly doing these odd jobs. It felt good to be a labourer."

Once they had got their cabins in order, and with winter coming on, the next task was to find firewood. They made an expedition into the woods and found a dead tree, a pine, with a trunk about 10 feet in circumference. The Danes, being muscular, did much of the cutting-up using a two-handed cross-cut saw, but Lawrence insisted on doing his share. Then they hired a team of horses and a wagon from the ranch owner. After some strenuous work they got the timber back to their cabins and felt the need of a good, clean bath. But the only facility for this was to cut a hole in the ice and plunge in or to rub themselves down with snow (which they mainly did thereafter as the water supply in winter was scarce). They chose instead to visit the hot springs about 17 to 20 kms away. Merrild in his book gives a graphic but sensitive description of Lawrence's slim but well-proportioned nude body at the hot springs.

Throughout the winter of 1922-23 they enjoyed a reasonably comfortable way of life, sticking to a relatively frugal diet most of the week, with Lawrence inviting the Danes to dinner a couple of times a week to partake in a meal cooked by himself with assistance by Frieda (whom he constantly lectured on culinary matters). Merrild records that:

"I have not tasted a better roast with mint sauce, Yorkshire pudding or mince meat anywhere in England."

They talked and talked and listened to Lawrence's ideas. (I can't think of a better way of spending a winter in New Mexico.)

Merrild also quotes Lawrence as saying:



The "Lobo Ranch" later renamed "Kiowa" and (below) Lawrence's sketch of it and its environs

"It is good for one to do all these small, everyday jobs. It is part of life. Everybody should know how to prepare a meal, clean a house, chop wood."

That fierce winter in the Rockies foothills was a mainly happy and amicable time for the Lawrences and the Danes. They went on expeditions on horseback and in the Danes' decrepit car, Lizzie, and spent many evenings around the Lawrence's dinner table talking about art, religion, life, literature.

In the spring it was time to move on again. Between March 18, 1923, and March 11, 1924, Lawrence travelled around Mexico, and then to San Antonio, New Orleans, Washington DC, New York, and New Jersey. Frieda then went alone to England. Lawrence continued on his own travels to Buffalo, Omaha, Chicago, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles again, then Palm Springs, Mexico again, Havana, England (London, Nottingham, Derby and Shropshire). then Paris, Strasbourg, Baden Baden, back to London, and finally back to New York.

In the summer of 1924 the Lawrences again returned to Taos, where a partial reconciliation with Mabel Dodge Luhan resulted in the exchange of Frieda's copy of the holograph of *Sons and Lovers* for the ranch at Lobo, which became her property (which Lawrence later renamed "Kiowa") and which Mabel had earlier refused them. This gave Lawrence and Frieda yet another opportunity to set up house. Just as much

as Lawrence had wanderlust and thirsted for new places in which to write, he also, I feel, had a continuing desire to "start again", to set up a new house, organise the furniture, make it cosy.

So, with the help of the English painter Dorothy Brett, who had come to live in a one-bedroom cabin on the ranch, began another hectic round of repairs in May 1924, building a new chimney out of adobe bricks which they made themselves, hammering and painting walls white and cupboards apple green.

They remained there, apart from various excursions, until September 21, 1925, when they went to England, and later Italy, where there were to be more places where Lawrence again fell on his feet.



Sandra Jobson is Publisher of *Rananim* and the author of a number of books, including *Ottoline: The Life of Lady Ottoline Morrell*



*Illustration by
Paul Delprat*

Kangaroos at the Zoo

By Angela Barker

Kangaroos, like the “antipodal kangaroo” so perceptively observed and described by Lawrence, can still be seen at Taronga Zoo, “sitting up there rabbit like, huge, but plumb-weighted”, with “little loose hands and drooping Victorian shoulders”.

But not “yellow” kangaroos. The Zoo has Red Kangaroos, the largest of all living marsupials, and the kangaroo on the Australian Coat of Arms, also Grey Kangaroos.

Kangaroo colour descriptions, however, have always been misleading. Female Red Kangaroos are, in fact, grey, and Western Grey Kangaroos are brown. Probably Lawrence’s “yellow” kangaroo was not a kangaroo at all, but a Swamp Wallaby - a closely related marsupial characterised by a yellow chest and belly, and near enough in general appearance to a kangaroo to be thought to be one by a visitor to Australia.

The peppermint Lawrence fed to the kangaroo would have done little to help her general health, but may have given a boost to her brainpower.

Marsupials are renowned for having smaller and less efficient brains than other mammals. Thinking is energy-expensive, and their normal diet being energy-poor, they don’t waste it needlessly!

Kangaroos and wallabies are also prone to a nasty condition called Lumpy Jaw where they develop painful abscesses around their teeth, and can become very ill.

This condition can be aggravated by them

feeding on soft, human foods such as sandwiches, cakes and peppermint drops!

Visitors to the Zoo today are certainly not allowed to feed the kangaroos, or to be in a position to interact with them, as Lawrence did when he tempted the “sensitive mother Kangaroo” with the peppermint which she loved and which led him to observe her so closely and reflectively. As a consequence of Lawrence’s visit to the Zoo in 1922, and his peppermints, we have a wonderful poem... hopefully the kangaroo/(wallaby?) did not subsequently suffer from Lumpy Jaw.

Kangaroos have been a part of the Zoo since Governor Macquarie kept a few emus and kangaroos in the Domain. Later the Zoo was at Moore Park, but when local residents complained about the noise and smell of the animals, a new site was sought, and after some years Taronga Zoological Park was opened in 1916. All the animals and birds were ferried across the harbour to their new home.

Today the Zoo is moving completely away from the old concrete and bars look and new mega-exhibits are being constructed that will feature many different animals in natural environments. The annual grocery bill for the animals is around \$500,000 - but NO peppermints are allowed!

Angela Barker is a member of the DHL Society of Australia. She was a senior science teacher at Abbotsleigh Anglican school for girls, and is now a volunteer at Taronga Park Zoo.

KANGAROO

By D.H. Lawrence

(from Lawrence's volume of poetry, *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*)

*In the northern hemisphere
Life seems to leap in the air, or skim under the wind
Like stags on rocky ground, or pawing horses, or springy scut-tailed rabbits.*

*Or else rush horizontal to charge at the sky's horizon,
Like bulls or bisons or wild pigs.*

*Or slip like water slippery towards its ends,
As foxes, stoats, and wolves, and prairie dogs.*

*Only mice, and moles, and rats, and badgers, and beavers, and perhaps
bears
Seem belly-plumbed to the earth's mid-navel.
Or frogs that when they leap come flop, and flop to the centre of the earth.*

*But the yellow antipodal Kangaroo, when she sits up,
Who can unseat her, like a liquid drop that is heavy, and just touches earth.*

*The downward drip
The down-urge.
So much denser than cold-blooded frogs.*

*Delicate mother Kangaroo
Sitting up there rabbit-wise, but huge, plumb-weighted,
And lifting her beautiful slender face, oh! so much more gently and finely lined
than a rabbit's, or than a hare's,
Lifting her face to nibble at a round white peppermint drop which she loves,
sensitive mother Kangaroo.*

*Her sensitive, long, pure-bred face.
Her full antipodal eyes, so dark,
So big and quiet and remote, having watched so many empty dawns in silent
Australia.*

*Her little loose hands, and drooping Victorian shoulders.
And then her great weight below the waist, her vast pale belly
With a thin young yellow little paw hanging out, and straggle of a long thin ear,
like ribbon,
Like a funny trimming to the middle of her belly, thin little dangle of an
immature paw, and one thin ear.*

*Her belly, her big haunches
And, in addition, the great muscular python-stretch of her tail.*

*There, she shan't have any more peppermint drops.
So she wistfully, sensitively sniffs the air, and then turns, goes off in slow sad
leaps*

*On the long flat skis of her legs,
Steered and propelled by that steel-strong snake of a tail.*

*Stops again, half turns, inquisitive to look back.
While something stirs quickly in her belly, and a lean little face comes out,
as from a window,
Peaked and a bit dismayed,
Only to disappear again quickly away from the sight of the world, to snuggle
down in the warmth,
Leaving the trail of a diffident paw hanging out.*

*Still she watches with eternal, cocked wistfulness!
How full her eyes are, like the full, fathomless, shining eyes of an Australian
black-boy
Who has been lost so many centuries on the margins of existence!*

*She watches with insatiable wistfulness.
Untold centuries of watching for something to come,
For a new signal from life, in that silent lost land of the South.*

*Where nothing bites but insects and snakes and the sun, small life.
Where no bull roared, no cow ever lowed, no stag cried, no leopard
screeched, no lion coughed, no dog barked,
But all was silent save for parrots occasionally, in the haunted blue bush.*

*Wistfully watching, with wonderful liquid eyes.
And all her weight, all her blood, dripping sack-wise down towards the
earth's centre,
And the live little-one taking in its paw at the door of her belly.*

*Leap then, and come down on the line that draws to the earth's deep, heavy
centre.*

Did DHL Have N

By Marylyn

There was a writer, who was also a poet and philosopher. He believed the rainbow was a symbol for a new era; the intuitive life the clue to wholeness. Childless, he had at one time wanted to marry a girl called Lou. He envisaged a utopian community of friends living together. Teaching was his profession until ill health forced his resignation. His health problems, which stemmed from childhood, led him to seek relief in changes of climate, countries and altitude. Weird and wonderful diets, remedies and regimes were tried until his writing life ended at age forty four. The music of Wagner and Schumann were early loves; in fact he wrote music. The teaching of his religious upbringing was soon questioned but he never forgot the language of the bible. His writing is said to be repetitive, contradictory, and excessive at times. Nevertheless he sometimes likes to address the reader directly and is not always serious.

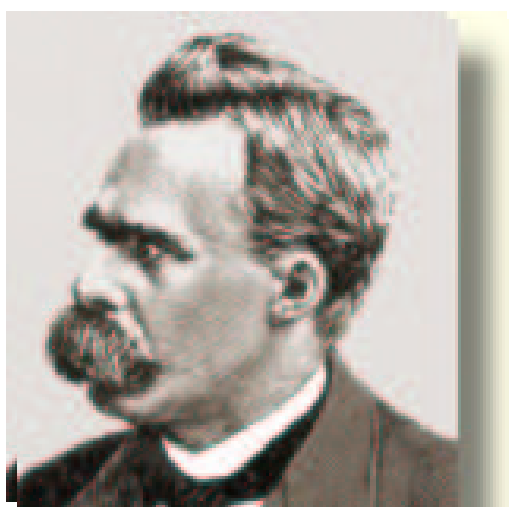
This man is the philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche (FN); but also describes D.H. Lawrence (DHL). They were born forty years apart, Nietzsche sinking into madness in 1889 never to write again.

In *Rananim* (Vol 5 No 3) Colin Pearce explores the characters in *Kangaroo* and asserts that Friedrich Nietzsche is the key to grasping the interplay between the main characters. He says that Lawrence rarely mentioned Nietzsche and 'covered up his traces.'

As well as the many fortuitous parallels between the lives of Lawrence and Nietzsche there are many similarities in their thoughts and ideas which give the feeling that perhaps Lawrence carried a slim volume of Nietzsche in his pocket. We do know that Lawrence had a very good memory. Here we will be only touching the surface of some of the influences and echoes of Friedrich Nietzsche in the work of D H Lawrence.

There were several works by Nietzsche in the school library at Croydon and Lawrence mentions Nietzsche in the manuscript of 'A Modern Lover' in 1909. Around this time Jessie Chambers tells us that

Lawrence subscribed to the magazine *The New Age*, which was edited by A.R. Orage, who was interested in new ideas, and had published a little book of extracts and explanations called *Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism*.



It is intriguing to imagine the meaning of the note which Lawrence made in 1910 on the back page of the manuscript of 'The Saga of Siegmund' (later *The Trespasser*): 'Nietzsche, [sic] Lamp and cock'. The word *Lamp* in Lawrence's note could be referring to the significant section 125 in Nietzsche's *The Gay Science* where Nietzsche announces the death of God: 'the madman who lit a lantern in the bright morning hours ran

into the market place' seeking God.

'Where has God gone?.....God is dead. God remains dead and we have killed him.

How shall we, the murderers of all murderers console ourselves? That which was holiest and mightiest of all that the world has yet possessed has bled to death under our knives: who will wipe this blood off us'.

The madman throws down the lantern and it smashes to pieces.

Many years after making the note, Lawrence writes: 'Where is He now? Where is the Great God now? Where has he put his throne? We have lost Him. We have lost the Great God.'

The significance of the word 'cock' in Lawrence's note could also be found in *The Gay Science* (section 340) called The Dying Socrates. Plato at the end of *Phaedo* tells of the downing of the hemlock by Socrates and his last words, 'O, Crito, I owe Asclepius a rooster', or translated thus: 'Will you remember to pay the debt? I owe a cock to Asclepius'. Nietzsche interprets this as meaning that Socrates wanted to thank the god of healing for curing him of his life. For Socrates the continuing life of the soul after death was the goal of life on earth. As much as Nietzsche admired Socrates' courage he

Nietzsche in His Pocket?

Valentine

was dismayed that life for Socrates was an illness; 'Socrates, Socrates suffered life!' Lawrence agreed. He wrote, 'With the coming of Socrates and "the spirit", the cosmos died. For two thousand years man has been living in a dead or dying cosmos, hoping for a heaven hereafter.'

In his novella *The Escaped Cock*, which came to be called *The Man who Died*, the cock becomes for Lawrence a symbol of *earthly* life. In the story the cock has been confined, but its zest for life enables it to break its tether and it flies into the arms of the 'man who has died', the man who has moved the stone from his tomb and emerges to gain strength and a new life. The man saw 'The short, sharp wave of life of which the bird was the crest' ... 'the bird was full of life'. We know that the story was suggested by a toy, a rooster escaping from an egg, seen in a shop window in Volterra when Lawrence was with his friend Earl Brewster. Lawrence writes that he has written a 'story of the Resurrection, where Jesus gets up and feels very sick about everything, and can't stand the old crowd any more - so cuts out - and as he heals up, he begins to find what an astonishing place the phenomenal world is, far more marvellous than any salvation or heaven - and thanks his stars he needn't have a "mission" any more.'

According to Nietzsche the Pre-Socratic philosophers represented the golden age of philosophy. As a classical philologist he had read the Greek texts and it was Heraclitus who was greatest of all. 'For the world forever needs the truth, hence the world forever needs Heraclitus'. Lawrence was also impressed by Heraclitus and his theory of the constant state of flux of all things. In July 1915 he wrote to Bertrand Russell, 'I shall write out Herakleitos on tablets of bronze'; and to Ottoline Morrell, 'I shall write all my philosophy again. Last time I came out of the Christian Camp. This time I must come out of these early Greek philosophers'.

Heraclitus was a lonely philosopher, Nietzsche thought. 'To walk alone along a lonely street is part of a philosopher's nature'⁵. Nietzsche, also lonely, writes in the Foreword to *The Anti - Christ*, 'This book belongs to the very few. Perhaps none of them is even living yet'. And in *Ecce Homo*, 'My time has not yet come, some are born posthumously'. In a letter to Overbeck (1885) Nietzsche says, 'If a man like me sums up his deep and hidden life it is only for

the eyes and conscience of the select few'. Lawrence also wrote for the few. In *Fantasia of the Unconscious* the Foreword says, 'The generality of readers better leave it alone... I don't intend my books for the generality of readers'. 'As for the limited few, in whom one must perforce find an answerer, I may as well say straight off that I stick to the solar plexus. That statement alone, I hope, will thin their numbers considerably.'



Instinctive knowledge was the surest way to know the world for both men. 'I speak only of things I have *experienced* and do not offer events in the head.'^(FN) Of men of his day Lawrence thinks, 'all that happens to them, all their reactions, all their experiences, happen only in the head.'^(DHL)

'We are afraid of the intuition within us. We suppress the instincts and we cut off our intuitional awareness from one another and the world.'^(DHL)

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Did DHL Have Nietzsche in His Pocket?

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'You say "I" and are proud of this word. But greater than this – although you will not believe it – is your body and its great intelligence which does not say "I" but performs "I" There is more reason in your body than in your best wisdom.'^(FN)

Lawrence and Nietzsche felt that their writing came from this deep intuitive awareness.

'The novels and poems come unwatched out of one's pen'... They 'are pure passionate experience.'^(DHL)

'I have at all times written my writings with my whole heart and soul: I do not know what purely intellectual problems are.'^(FN)

Science was not to be trusted.

'A "scientific" interpretation of the world might therefore still be one of the *most stupid* of all interpretations of the world, meaning that it would be one of the poorest in meaning. It is measuring the richness of existence with "square little reason".'^(FN)

Lawrence finds 'scientists just like artists, asserting things they are mentally sure of, in fact cocksure, but about which they are much too egoistic and ranting, to be intuitively and instinctively sure.'

The theme of water is then taken up: useless 'the chemical composition of water must be to the sailor in danger of shipwreck.'^(FN) 'H₂O is not water, it is a thought experiment derived from experiments with water.'^(DHL) Lawrence often writes on this theme and his 'Introduction to These Paintings' contains a passage which science teachers have read to their classes to explain the concept of H₂O and water.

'There has been only one Christian and he died on the cross', said Nietzsche who had given up his theological studies early with conflicting feelings as his beloved father (and many others in his family) had been pastors. A crisis of conscience was also experienced by Lawrence as shown in his letters to the Reverend Robert Reid. However, Lawrence never forgot the bible readings and hymns of the Congregational Chapel. E M Forster described Lawrence as the only modern novelist 'in whom song predominates, who has the rapt bardic quality'. Nietzsche's writing has the cadences of Luther's bible. He enriched the possibilities of expression in the German language.



They were both great writers and Friedrich Nietzsche was a great philosopher, something which Lawrence wanted passionately to be. In March 1915 he wrote to Bertrand Russell, 'I feel very profound about my book *The Signal – Le Gai Saver* – or whatever it is. It is my revolutionary utterance.' *Le Gai Saver* was provençal for the art of the troubadours in the early 14th century, and thus the title of Nietzsche's *Die fröhliche Wissenschaft, The Gay Science*. Nietzsche himself writes, 'I thought only of the *gaya scienza* of the troubadours – hence also the little verses'. Then in April 1915, Lawrence in a letter to Ottoline Morrell writes, 'Today I have begun again my philosophy – *Morgenrot* is my new name for it.' Named of course after Nietzsche's *Morgenröte (Dawn)*.

Lawrence and Nietzsche thought that the world needed changing. The war had depressed Lawrence very much and he felt that 'the whole great form of our era will have to go'. 'There is still nothing to be "done". Probably not for many, many years will men start to "do" something.' And even then, only after they have changed gradually and deeply.'^(DHL) Nietzsche puts it more succinctly, 'If a goal for humanity is still lacking is there not still lacking – humanity itself.' Sometimes they became more strident: 'I am not a man, I am dynamite.....Europe will need to discover a new Siberia where it can exile the originator of these experiments in valuation.'^(FN)

'I should like to see a few decent men enlist themselves just as fighters, to bring down this old regime of dirty, dead ideas, and make a living revolution.'^(DHL)

Perhaps a better solution was to find a world of your own:

'I want to gather together about twenty souls and sail away from this world of war and squalor and found a little colony.'^(DHL)

'What about Rananim... We are going to found an Order of the Knights of Rananim. The motto is "Fier".'^(DHL)

'California or the South Seas, to live apart, away from the world, a monastery, a school – a little Hesperides of the soul and body.'^(DHL)

Nietzsche writes: 'And then we shall create a new Greek Academ ...a monastic and artistic community. We shall love work and enjoy for each other – perhaps this is the only way we can work for the whole.'

Throughout the works of Lawrence and Nietzsche, we find advice about the treatment of our neighbour:

'You love your neighbour: Immediately you run the risk of being absorbed by him; you must draw back, you must hold your own.'^(DHL)

'No person is responsible for the *being* of another person. Each one is starrily single, starrily self-responsible, not to be blurred or confused.'^(DHL)

Nietzsche devotes a section in *Zarathustra* to 'Of Love of One's Neighbour' and a verse in *The Gay Science* (Prelude no. 30) reads :

*I do not love my neighbour near.
but wish he were high up and far.
How else could he become my star.*

The flame and the phoenix are recurrent images in the works of Lawrence and Nietzsche. In 1888 Nietzsche signed himself phoenix, and for Lawrence the phoenix was to be the emblem for the badge of The Knights of Rananim.

From Nietzsche's *The Gay Science* (Prelude no. 62) a verse reads:

*Yes, I know from where I came!
Ever hungry like a flame,
I consume myself and glow.
Light grows all that I conceive,
Ashes everywhere I leave:
Flame I am assuredly.*

'Life – that means for us constantly transforming all that we are into light and flame.'^(FN)

Lawrence writes to Ernest Collings (Jan 1913):

'I conceive a man's body as a kind of flame forever upright and yet flowing: and the intellect is just the light that is shed into the things around us. And I am not so much concerned with things around: - which is really mind; - but with the mystery of the flame forever flowing.... and being itself.'

The Apocalypse, the Book of Revelation, was on Lawrence's mind after he had corresponded with Frederick Carter about Carter's book *The Dragon of the Apocalypse*. Reading the Apocalypse of St John of Patmos Lawrence called it the work 'of a second rate mind'. 'The second half of the Apocalypse is flamboyant hate and simple lust, lust is the only word, for the end of the world.' Nietzsche called the Apocalypse of St John of Patmos 'the most desolate of all the written outbursts which vindictiveness has on its conscience'. It was a 'book of hatred'.

Most people remember Lawrence for *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Lawrence published it privately knowing it would not pass the censors. But he considered it a very serious endeavour: 'Years of honest thoughts of sex, and years of struggling action in sex will bring us at last where we want to get, to our real and accomplished chastity, our completeness.' 'Ob-

scenity only comes in when the mind despises and fears the body, and the body hates and resists the mind.'^(DHL) Many years before this Nietzsche had written: 'Every expression of contempt for the sexual life, every befouling of it through the concept impure, is *the* crime against life – is the intrinsic sin against the holy spirit of life.'^(FN)

It has been said by Graham Parkes that Nietzsche qualifies as 'one of the most powerful ecological thinkers of the modern world'. He had an 'intimate personal relationship to the natural world'. His *Zarathustra* lives with nature and wants to give 'meaning to the earth'. The thrust of Nietzsche's philosophy is the recognition of humanity as being part of nature. 'Stay loyal to the earth' says *Zarathustra*. Lawrence was always completely attuned to 'the spirit of place'; even his worst books are rescued by his descriptive passages. He would often sit under a tree to write or go to the pine woods near the Villa Mirinda where birds would approach as he sat writing. Nietzsche liked to walk (always with his notebook) in pine forests often for six hours at a time. They both used the sun, moon, stars and high mountains to represent the emotions of their characters and to give feelings of awe and reverence.

For Nietzsche a little ship on a wide sea was a symbol of courage, the leaving of solid ground, a free spirit venturing into new ways of thinking. In his verse *Towards New Seas* he writes:

*...into the vast
Open sea I head my ship.
All is shining new, and newer,
Upon space and time sleeps noon;
Only your eye – monstrously,
Stares at me, infinity!*

Lawrence prepares his 'Ship of Death' for 'the longest journey' into the 'deepest longest of seas' into the 'unknown and oblivion'. He must pull 'the long oars of a life-time's courage'.

They were both looking for a new future for mankind. 'There must be a new world', Lawrence writes to Cynthia Asquith about the message of *The Rainbow*. In *Kangaroo* the rainbow is 'a pledge of the unbroken faith, between the universe and the innermost'. Nietzsche's rainbow bridge was to lead to 'the great noontide' the coming of new values and ideals. Friedrich Nietzsche has influenced philosophy right up to the present. D H Lawrence has influenced our ways of looking at sex. Both men have shown great courage in speaking the truths that they considered so important. Their influence continues.

(ENDNOTES p 32)

Marylyn Valentine is a member of the DH Lawrence Society of Australia and the Nietzsche Society and has visited a number of DHL sites around the world

CLARIFICATIONS AND CORRECTIONS

By Robert Darroch

The DHLA website is now the most up-to-date account of our activities, both social and “intellectual” – except when a new issue of *Rananim* is due (for then articles specially written for the journal are more “up-to-date”, until they, too, become incorporated into the website as part of the next online version of *Rananim*).

However, some items in the website also require highlighting and repeating in *Rananim*, and what follows falls into this category.

These consist of two clarifications/corrections concerning on the one hand the vexed Darroch Thesis, and on the other the matter of the variant ending of *Kangaroo* (the Seltzer/US 1923 edition, and the Secker UK 1923/CUP 1994 editions).

The first item concerns my reappraisal of an important piece of evidence about the secret army plot in *Kangaroo*, and I quote it as it appears on the website (in the “Secret Army plot” section).

1/6/02 www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl: *I just wrote an editing comment to the item above dated c.31/8/78 in which, to use another Australianism, I poked borak at Steele & Ellis for down-playing Lawrence’s 7/10/22 letter to Seltzer in which he asked, “Do you think the Australian Govt. or the Diggers might resent anything?” I sd in that note that L must have bn referring to his Diggers secret army, not, as Steele & Ellis wd have it, Australian ex-servicemen generally – ie, Steele at least is still denying that L’s “Diggers” is a real secret army. (I do no know what his, or the CUP’s for that matter, current position is on this. I cannot conceive that they are still denying that there was a real secret army in Sydney in 1922. They have probably now moved forward & taken up a position behind Eggert’s “not proven” line.) In any case, the point I have to make here is that L in his 16/1/22 letter to Mountsier also sd: “Ought one to put in a tiny forward note, apologising to Australia?” I must be honest ere & say that this sentence, coming immediately after the “resent” remark made to Seltzer of 7/10, might tend to support Steele’s interpretation. However, I think it can be read both ways - ie, if, as I maintain, he was referring to a real secret army of Diggers/Maggies, then this “apology” remark wd reflect a residual concern that he hd done something wrong with Kangaroo: revealed something he should nt have (ie, a pang of conscience over his duplic-*

ity). But I concede that the more obvious meaning wd be that he might have sd something in K about Australia that might need apologising for, that might reflect poorly on the country. Nevertheless, such a possible interpretation does nothing, I wd argue, to take any sting out of the previous remark to Seltzer about “the Australian Government or the Diggers” resenting what he hd written in K. The crucial question is, does his use of the word “Diggers” refer to the KEA, or to Australian ex-servicemen generally? Nowhere else does L refer to Australian ex-servicemen as “the Diggers”. The only use he makes of the word is to describe the “front” organisation behind his “Maggies”. Indeed, the dual nature of Callcott/Cooley’s organisation – “the Diggers clubs” and the “secret organisation” behind them, as Trehwella refers to it (see 29/1/78 & K [Heinemann] pp 160-61) - so reflects Brookes’ APL arrangement (see diary entry 15/3/78) as to make it well nigh indisputable that here L is referring to the KEA, & his (admittedly fuzzy) understanding of Rosenthal’s organisation.*

*[*In this single & particular context, a reading of “RSL clubs” for “Diggers clubs” is probably the natural one. Indeed, the Bondi Diggers Club, which is still clinging tenuously to existence, & of which I was once a member, was founded in 1922, & it was not a front for a secret army, as far as I know, anyway. Elsewhere in K, however, it is clear that the “Diggers movement” L is referring to is Cooley’s organisation, founded “18 months to two years” previously – the precise time the KEA was founded and launched – & not the RSL, or RSSILA, clubs, as L makes quite clear in the “Diggers” chapter, see K (H) pp 186-189.]*

The second clarification concerned the variant endings, which was the subject of a major article, first published in the *DH Lawrence Review* (DHLR 26.1-3 1995-96) and subsequently republished in *Rananim* 9-1 (March 2001). Again, I cite it as it was posted:

2/6/02 www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl: *In writing the above, I had cause to read all of Seltzer’s letters to L over this 1922-23 period, & this entailed reading my just-acquired copy of the recently-published (ie, 2000) edition of vol 8 of the [Un]Collected Letters, containing*

Lawrence letters hitherto unpublished, but dating back to that period. And in two of these new letters (DHL-Seltzer 16/1/23 & Seltzer-DHL 26/1/23) fresh information emerges that obliges me to amend my explanation of how the variant endings to Kangaroo came about (see “Not the End of the Story”, *Rananim* 9/1 & DHLR 26 1-3). In the first letter, L says to Seltzer: “You haven’t told me what you think of Kangaroo.” And in the second letter, Seltzer replies: “Congratulations on KANGAROO! It is superb....” Now, there can be little doubt that the first quote implies that Seltzer had only recently had an opportunity to read [the type-script of] K. And the second quote just as obviously implies that he had only just read it. Therefore I am probably wrong in saying, as I did in my “Not the End” article, that Mountsier must have given Seltzer his setting copy of K before Christmas 1922. (I had said, in refutation of Steele’s Introduction & his explanation of how the variant endings came about, that Mountsier wd have given Seltzer the U.S. setting text soon after the collation was complete, which was around 23/11/22. [Steele, on the other hand, in his Introduction proper, sd Mountsier brought the two setting texts to Del Monte around Christmas 1922, & that it was a few days later that the decision to cut the texts was made.]) It is now probable that it was indeed Mountsier – not Seltzer, as I had supposed – who brought the US (but nt the UK*) setting text to Del Monte. However, that does not change or affect the gravamen of my argument that the original cutting decision was made in Taos by L back in October (& nt, as Steele wd have it - at least in his Introduction proper - at Del Monte around 1/1/23), & also that it was Mountsier’s confusion over L’s instruction of where the cut was to be made (created by the variant TS1R paginations & the missing TS1R p 466 in Mountsier’s copy of TS1R) that caused the texts to be cut in the wrong place (at “broken attachments, broken”, instead of L’s intended ending [“It was four days...”]). Yet that leaves me to provide an explanation for why Mountsier did not, as L had clearly instructed him to do, give the U.S. setting text (TS2) to Seltzer “as soon as possi-

ble”. (L wrote to Seltzer on 19/11/22: “I hope Mountsier has given you Kangaroo.”) I think the explanation lies in the breakdown in relations between Mountsier & Seltzer after September 1922 (see, eg, Letters vol 8 p 58, footnote #5: “Seltzer had been at ‘daggers drawn’ with Mountsier since at least September 1922 [iv. 298].”). He probably disobeyed L’s instructions because he did not want to go and see Seltzer in New York in November 1922. They were not on speaking terms, apparently. (I was unaware of, or had not remembered, the poor state of relations between Mountsier & Seltzer in the months running up to L’s break with Mountsier in early 1923.) And Mountsier was to go to Del Monte in a few weeks, anyway, where Seltzer was also due. (It is unlikely that Seltzer would not have read a text which he was going to Del Monte, in part, to discuss with Lawrence). So Mountsier no doubt brought the U.S. text with him to Del Monte, & it was there, on the afternoon or evening of 31/1/22, that Mountsier’s cutting error was discovered, Seltzer departing the next morning, New Year’s Day 1923, carrying with him the intended Kangaroo U.S. setting text (ending “broken attachments, broken”), & L promising to copy out from his retained (single) copy of TS1R the missing words – the infamous “last page”, containing the correct (“It was four days...”.) ending, which Seltzer subsequently received & incorporated, but whose printers later re-deleted, & which Secker also received, sometime after 10/2/23, but who then did print it, thus bequeathing to posterity the much-vexed variant endings, on which, in large part, as Warren Roberts had said, the whole CUP exercise was predicated, and which the CUP, courtesy of Bruce Steele, has seen fit to incorrectly perpetuate (and refuse, as of my encounter with their new Publisher in Taos in 1998, to correct in their “definitive” Complete Works edition).

Something of an irony, I think.

[*As Steele conceded in his “footnote scenario”, Mountsier probably gave or sent the UK TS2 setting text – mistakenly cut by him at the “broken attachments” ending - to Seldes of The Dial before Christmas 1922.]

Contributions to *Rananim*

Contributions to *Rananim* are welcomed. If you are able to send your article on a floppy disc (PC) it would be very helpful, or e-mail it to jlacey@zeta.org.au. Please use Microsoft Word. We are trying to standardise the style: please indent the first word of each paragraph 5mm and don’t make a line space between paragraphs. Put titles of books in upper and lower case *italics*, and don’t put quotation marks around them. If you want to quote from a published book, please do not indent it but make a one line space before and after the quotation and mark it as an indent if you also send a hard copy. Many thanks - it will save a lot of time! Please contact the publisher, Sandra Jobson, for further style details and disc formatting.

Minutes of Our AGM 2002

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF
THE D H LAWRENCE SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA
HELD AT THE SPOTTED COD RESTAURANT
IN BALMAIN ON 18 MAY 2002

PRESENT: John Lacey, Robert Darroch, Sandra Jobson, Doug Knowland, Marylyn Valentine, Margaret Jones, Evie Harrison, John Rothwell, Sally Rothwell, Peter Jones, David Tanqueray, Tammy Tanqueray

APOLOGIES: Arch Dailey, John Ruffels, Beverley Farmer, Gerald Pollinger, Andrew Moore, Beverley Firth, Robin Archer, Cliff Barker, Angela Barker

PRESIDENT'S REPORT: John Lacey said as the DHL Society approached its tenth year, there appeared to be a turning point in the Society's fortunes. The resurgence was going to be the web site, and it was hoped there would be an explosion of interest when the presence on the web could be announced to overseas groups.

Minor repairs and corrections still needed to be done, but the site was already listed with some search engines such as Google. The Society owed a great debt to Sandra and Rob who had poured much time and energy into the site. When it was launched it should bring in more readers and more contributors to *Rananim*.

Tribute should also be paid to John Ruffels and his efforts to inspire the Thirroul community. After years of effort on stony ground, Thirroul had finally embraced its heritage, and the Society now had a much warmer and highly regarded place in the Thirroul Society than ever before.

Special mention should be made of the print edition of *Rananim*, a DHL journal like no other. The latest edition was made possible by the generous gift of an anonymous donor.

The only fund-raising activity the Society has at present is the *Lady Hopetoun* cruise, but other avenues will be explored.

TREASURER'S REPORT: Doug Knowland reported that at the end of the financial year October 2000 to September 2001, the cash balance was \$1,435.68, and for the period October 2001 to April 2002, the cash balance was \$1,726.68.

Membership was now 39, including six new members and seven honorary members.

ELECTION OF COMMITTEE: The committee remains as before: John Lacey President, Robert Darroch vice president, Doug Knowland Treasurer, Margaret Jones Secretary, Sandra Jobson Membership Secretary and publisher of *Rananim*, Marylyn Valentine Archivist. Evie Harrison has been appointed to the editorial panel of *Rananim*.

EVENTS: John Lacey proposed an evening cruise on the *Lady Hopetoun* during the period of daylight saving: probably 5 p m to 9 pm.

OTHER POSSIBLE EVENTS: a bush picnic at Balls

Head. A steam train excursion on a circular route: Thirroul, Robertson, Moss Vale, Sydney, possibly in August.

An indoor function possibly in conjunction with the Jane Austen Society: Liking and disliking Lawrence. Another similar debate at the University of Wollongong or of Western Sydney.

A barbecue in the DHL Memorial Park at Thirroul during the Thirroul Festival. A video to be made of Lawrence's Thirroul.

DHL dinner with dishes mentioned in Lawrence's work.

A Rose Garden picnic at Christmas.

Peter Jones mentioned the formation of a group called Art House, possibly at Walsh Bay. Extracts from Lawrence's work could be read, or perhaps Tennessee Williams' play about Lawrence in Mexico could be staged.

ENDNOTES (from p 26)

¹ The two Lous were Louise Burrows and Lou Salomé.

Readers may wonder at Lawrence's music: it was the music he wrote for his play *David*. Arranged by Bethan Jones, it was first performed in April 1996. Nietzsche wrote songs that have been recorded by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and piano music that is performed in Europe by Elena Letanova.

² *Phoenix Part Two*. On Being Religious.

³ *Apocalypse*. CUP p96

⁴ Letter to Earl Brewster May 1927.

⁵ *Philosophy in the Tragic Age of the Greeks*.

⁶ Posthumously Published Notes.

⁷ *Phoenix II* Assorted Articles: On Being a Man.

⁸ *Phoenix Part Two*: Introduction to These Paintings.

⁹ *Thus Spake Zarathustra*.

¹⁰ Foreword to *Fantasia of the Unconscious*.

¹¹ Posthumously Published Notes.

¹² *The Gay Science* Book 5 sect. 373.

¹³ *Phoenix Part Two*: Introduction to These Paintings.

¹⁴ *Human all too Human* sect. 9.

¹⁵ *Apocalypse* p135

¹⁶ *Phoenix II* Note to the Crown.

¹⁷ *Zarathustra*

¹⁸ *Ecce Homo*

¹⁹ Letter to Henry Savage June 1914.

²⁰ Letter to William Hopkins Jan 1915

²¹ Letter to Koteliensky Jan 1915

²² Letter to Cynthia Asquith Jan 1917

²³ Letter to Erwin Rohde Dec 1870

²⁴ *Apocalypse* p 148

²⁵ *Phoenix Part Two*: Education of the People sect. III

²⁶ *The Gay Science* Preface 2nd Edition sect. 3.

²⁷ *Apocalypse* p 80.

²⁸ *Genealogy of Morals* Essay 1 sect. 16.

²⁹ *Phoenix II* A Propos of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

³⁰ *Ecce Homo*.

³¹ *Nietzsche's Futures* ed. John Lippitt.

Lawrence into Fox

Doris Lessing is one of the world's most distinguished contemporary writers and novelists. Being a colonial – she was brought up in white Southern Africa – she shares with Australia (and America, for that matter) a peripheral view of English literature.

Although now settled in England itself, much of her work is written from the margin, in the language, and the traditions, of a country that is not her own.

Its stars for her are foreign luminaries: from what we all once called “home”. Unlike many colonial writers, however, she retains the highest regard for “English” (perhaps one should say “British”, and even “Irish”) writers and novelists – and she has an especial regard for DH Lawrence (quite a quirk for a female of her background).

Recently she wrote an essay (published in the *New York Review of Books*) on DH Lawrence's short novel, *The Fox*, which was first published in 1923: the same year as *Kangaroo*.

The essay, specially written as the introduction to a new edition of the novelette, is worth quoting from, as it is not only a most perceptive analysis and gloss on Lawrence's work, but also because of its references to other works, including *Kangaroo*.

Lawrence the man and DH Lawrence the writer both provoked strong reactions in his lifetime, and it still goes on. He had the defect of his qualities...I read him as a young woman, in the old Rhodesia, and not in proper order: in wartime one grabs what one can get. It was Aaron's Rod, my first one: and nearly 60 years later in my mind are scenes as bright as they were then. The sounds of water as a man washes, listening while his wife badmouths him, for he is leaving her forever. Nascently fascist Italy, plagued by gangs of unemployed youth; mountains streaked with snow like tigers; the vividness of it all: I was seduced while resisting the man's message, which seemed to be a recommendation to find a strong personality to submit oneself to. And so with Kangaroo and the Australian bush, which I can see now as he described it, dreamlike and spectral, different from the bush I actually saw later. Quite forgotten is the nonsense about the strong Leader and his followers, suspiciously like Storm Troopers.

One of the great pities of the decades of misinterpretation of the plot of *Kangaroo* is that perceptive

writers like Doris Lessing – and especially those from a similar colonial background to Australia's – dismiss as “nonsense” the most important part of the novel, and perhaps a very important part of Lawrence's writing and writing methods generally.

But that is another story.

In this context it is better to focus on what Lessing writes about this most interesting of Lawrence's stories, reflecting as it does yet another aspect of his analysis of male-female relationships, in an elemental world:

Lawrence was brought up in a mining town but really he was a country boy: the fields and woods were all around him, and are in what he wrote. No writer had ever identified so strongly with the wild, and with beasts....A white peacock is the spirit of a screeching woman. Who could forget St Mawr, the horse who comes out of some primeval world? Even the pheasants' chick being raised in the dim and dusky wood are like emanations of the forces of fecundity. And here is the Fox...into the sylvan scene where two young women are struggling for economic survival, a young man comes, impudent, and daring, like the fox.

Her essay is too long to quote in its entirety (it can be read in NYRB 5/12/02). But her final remarks are worth recording:

[Lawrence] writes about [animals] as if he were one. Probably he was punishing himself. He was very ill then. I have read theses and tracts and analyses about Lawrence, which never mention the consumption that was eating him up. When he was young, it was surely this illness that gave him his supranormal sensitivity, his quickness, his fine instincts. He was very fiery and flamey and lambent, he was flickering and white-hot and glowing – all words he liked to use. Consumption is a disease that over sensitises, unbalances, heightens sexuality, and then makes impotent: it brings death and the fear of death close. The defects of his qualities, yes, but what qualities.

- RD

Bits...

Is there new hope for Wyewurk? To everyone's political surprise, a local historian - and Greens candidate - won the recent Cunningham by-election, which takes in Thirroul and therefore Wyewurk. Bearing the very Lawrentian name of Michael Organ, the new Federal Member is an archivist at the University of Wollongong (an institution

At the Sea's Edge

*At the sea's edge the wanderer stands firm
before the pale sea of green glow
and listens to a late long afternoon
watches an old landscape of memory,
written on sand and flat rock shore
and reflected on fume of waves.*

*He stands at the foam's edge and sees where
great waves turn mill wheels in the sand
and sometimes like the present
there are smaller more confused
undulations*

*of distant thought, inscribed
as currents shift*

*ever unfurling fawn soft sands
skirt deep rock holes*

*and little sponges toss meaning like short
clubs in the wind*

*and fairy blue windbags of rainbow whip
out long blue feelers*

*all these are places where different senses
and shells are to be found*

*white and black, and black and red
rainbow scoops big and innumerable
little black snails that live a peculiar
destiny*

*on flat rocks in limpid water invisible
delicate pebbles sea scooped shells shining
and there, and there, and over there
in pools of clear water almost inaudible,
red anemones purse and pucker themselves up
a thin, frail utterance begins
displaced, unseen and unknown, at the
sea's edge.*

**- Geoffrey Sykes (after
Kangaroo)**

that hitherto has shown little interest in its proprinquity with the area's most historic and significant building). Up until now, Mr Organ's main interest in the environs of Wyewurk has been the Sandon Point development - which seems at the moment to be on hold. We will be inviting the new MHR to our picnic at the DHL Reserve in Craig Street, Thirroul, on April 5 during the Thirroul Seaside and Arts Festival. We hope he can attend and hear our representations on behalf of Lawrence and Wyewurk.



Earlier this month (March) saw the premiere on ABC-TV in Sydney of the latest Lawrence novel dramatisation - *Sons and Lovers*. Although received somewhat coolly by some Lawrence aficionados overseas, the adaptation at least here had the valuable purpose of publicising Lawrence and his work in an increasingly inward-looking Australian literary environment. One of the points highlighted by the ABC was the liberal deployment of bodily hair by the characters depicted, the producers insisting on full frontal hair in the bathing and sex scenes. Our vice-president was interviewed on ABC Radio to promo the production, and in the process he managed to get in several plugs for *Kangaroo* and Lawrence's time in Australia.



Some coincidences for you. The Rajah of the South Indian state of Pudukkottai married an Australian, Molly Fink, of Melbourne. Their honeymoon was spent at the Hydro, Medlow Bath. They settled for a while in Sydney, renting a house St Mervyns, in very large grounds, running down to Seven Shillings Beach. It was owned by secret army member E.P.Simpson. After the birth of their son, the Rajah made a pilgrimimage back to India. He returned to Sydney, from Colombo, on the Malwa (March 1917).



*As a half serious curse Sardinian people say:
“anku it ‘iskudighide in Sorgono”
‘May you find yourself after sunset in
Sorgono’, meaning you will find no shelter
there. (See story p 10)*

Letters...

(From Mr Gerald J. Pollinger)

Dear Sandra Jobson,

Many thanks for the copy of *Rananim* for May 2002, your letter, and the invitation to your AGM. Sorry I can't make it, but I am appreciative of being asked.

May I make an amendment/correction to the news item on the back page [which reported that "Laurence Pollinger, the 80-year-old firm that administers the Lawrence Estate, has gone public, being floated in England as part of Oak Media, an intellectual property group"] .

Laurence Pollinger Ltd still exists and I am the Managing Director, and I am also (still) the Literary Executor of the Estate of Frieda Lawrence Ravagli.

My daughter, Lesley, has formed a new company called "pollinger limited" [sic], who are associated with Oak Media.

My company has nothing to do directly with Oak Media, but Lesley is acting on my behalf and shares the same staff and offices. (My daughter sits at my father's desk when I'm not in the office - which is all too often nowadays, I am afraid, as I have dislocated a vertebra lifting a crate of books: by D.H.L. of course!)

So any queries about D.H.L. still come to me. I speak with my office every day, and have my own study, 'phone and fax in our new home. In other words, there's no change.

Ignore the ignorant reporter in the [London *Daily Telegraph*]

Thanks again,
Yours,
Gerald J. Pollinger

May 7, 2002
3 Old Barrack yard
Knightsbridge
London SW1 7MP
www.pollingerltd.com

(From Dr Christopher Pollnitz)

Dear Rob and Sandra, John and John, and All,

Congratulations on new *Rananim*, which is full of worthwhile stuff.

My apologies for not sending last year's membership; it came at a dark time of the year, work-wise, but just an excuse.

I am sending a late membership, an overseas one [\$50] by way of apology, and will also renew my membership for the coming year.

I've already spoken to someone else about becoming a member - no luck yet - but I'll try.

And I'll try to think of something worthwhile to contribute myself.

Too much Australian literature lately, and recherche Lawrence poetry occupying the mind. (Though Rob will remember "Bits".)

If something occurs I'll try to make time to write it up.

Something called "Bits and Peaces" might be possible.

Best wishes,
Christopher P

29/4/02
Merewether, NSW

(From Mr Kerr Chatfield)

Dear Sandra,

Apologies for the delay in responding to your request for the e-mail addresses of [DHLA] members.

My mail and Internet access have been hors de combat in recent times.

I fear I have not been a contributing member to date, but I do devour every word of *Rananim* greedily, and thank everyone for its excellence and interesting content.

My enthusiasm for DHL has focussed on collecting his works, mostly originals, of which I lack only a few.

I look at my shelves and am astonished at the output of his 44 years.

I think I came upon Lawrence originally through Russell and the Garsington people, so I may have you to thank indirectly through your [biography of] Lady Ottoline.

Yours sincerely,

Kerr Chatfield

(undated, late 2002)
Penrith, NSW

(From Jan Nicholas)

Dear Margaret [Jones],

In May 1997 you were very helpful with an inquiry concerning [the late] Manning Clark [chairman of the Save Wyewurk Committee] for a bibliography I am compiling of his work.

I'm almost there, but I just have one small request.

I have the first page and the 13th page of *Rananim*, Vol. 6 No. 2, October 1998, and I would very much like to have the rest of the list of the correspondence regarding the Save Wyewurk campaign.

When I went to the Mitchell [Library] I found that this particular issue of *Rananim* is missing.

Someone explained to me they receive periodicals like *Rananim* under the terms of the copyright, but due, to shortage of resources, they do not chase up any that do not arrive. Could you send me a copy?

Yours sincerely,

Jan Nicholas

29/5/02
Mosman NSW

Please send letters to the D.H. Lawrence Society,
PO Box 100 Millers Point, NSW 2000,
[Australia] or e-mail to: jlacey@zeta.org.au

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the latest edition of *Rananim*. And a particular welcome to our new contributors, Peter Jones, Angela Barker, and Hei Ma! Why don't you join them? For submission details, see the box on page 32.

The distribution of this issue of *Rananim* marks the beginning of a busy time for the Society. Firstly, there is the *Lady Hopetoun* cruise on 14 March, then the Thirroul Festival on 5 April, followed by the AGM in May.

I have also arranged another excursion for spring, involving an unusual mode of transport. One of the highlights of the Australia Day festivities in Sydney is the annual Vintage and Veteran Car Display, and as well as the cars other interesting vehicles also appear. Andrew Moore and I try to attend every few years, and this year we were rewarded by the sight of a new vehicle: a 1957 Ansair "Clipper" coach, styled by the famous industrial designer, Raymond Loewy. The coach, although of full coach size (by 1957 standards at least), seats only 20 passengers in spacious comfort. It immediately occurred to me that this would make the basis of an excellent Society outing, so the coach will be hired for a Saturday in Spring. The plan is to travel the scenic route south through the Royal National Park, then the Coast Road to Thirroul, where we stop for an extended morning tea break. Continuing south past Kiama, we will then climb Cambewarra Mountain before stopping for lunch in Kangaroo Valley. The return to

Sydney will be a mix of old and new with some freeway travel and then a diversion to the Cataract Dam, which impounds the waters of the Loddon River which we visited a few years ago (see *Rananim* vol. 4 no. 2-3, December 1996). The fare will be \$80 and this includes morning tea, picnic lunch, and a glass or two of sparkling wine. To register your interest, contact me by the usual means (mail, telephone or email).

Looking further afield? I had hoped to take Long Service Leave to travel to India last year which would put me in a position to organise a Society visit to Sri Lanka in January. However, as some members know, I suffered an accident in June, and the injury (two fractures in my left arm) put an end to those plans. But I hope to revive them for the end of this year.

A friend has recently returned from Sri Lanka, and my proposed tour certainly seems feasible. I have extended the time to allow a visit to the ancient city of Anuradhapura (founded in the 5th century BC) and some other interesting sites. However, the wonderful New Oriental Hotel in Galle (despite the name, it was built in 1684) has been closed; it is slated for conversion into a 5 star hotel. So we will have to make do with the Triton further up the coast! The friend has given me the names of some excellent places to eat; there have been a lot of changes since my last visit to "the resplendent isle" in 1985. Again, please register your interest by the usual means.

- John Lacey

About the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia

The aims of the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia are to foster interest in Lawrence generally, and his time in Australia, and also to promote the preservation of Wyewurk, the Californian-style bungalow where he stayed in Thirroul south of Sydney and which he portrayed in his novel, *Kangaroo*.

The Society holds regular meetings and outings and publishes its journal, *Rananim*.

If you are not already a member of the Society, or know somebody who would like to join, please fill in the our Membership form and send it with a cheque for \$30 (A\$50 for overseas members) to the Secretary, D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia, PO Box 100, Millers Point, Sydney, NSW 2000, Australia.
www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM THE D.H. LAWRENCE SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA

PO BOX 100 MILLERS POINT, NSW 2000,
AUSTRALIA

NAME:

ADDRESS:

..... POSTCODE:

TEL: FAX:

E-MAIL:

I enclose a cheque for \$30 (A\$50 for overseas members) for membership for one year.