



Rananim

The Journal of the DH Lawrence Society of Australia

ISSN No: 1039-9658

www.dhlawrencesocietyaustralia.com.au

Vol 17. No 3, July-August 2010

A VISIT TO TAOS

Long-time DH Lawrence Society of Australia supporter, MICHAEL LESTER, recently made a visit to Taos where he happened upon some Lawrence treasures...Read about his adventures and see his photographs, next page, please click [HERE](#)



WYEWURK 1919 - FOR SALE

REAL ESTATE was selling like the proverbial hot cakes down the south coast in 1913 when Wyewurk was built - as the ad for a sub-division in nearby Austinmer demonstrates.

And though, alas, we don't have a poster for Thirroul, an advertisement for Wyewurk was discovered recently in the Australian National Library by STUART MACKENZIE who has written a delightful article about it for *The National Library Magazine* (December 2009). The ad was in the real estate journal *Properties and Premises* by Hardie and Gorman Pty Ltd. The date is 1919 when the Irons family, who had built the cottage, put it on the market and it was bought by Mrs Southwell.



The Very Cream of Austinmer, Second Subdivision 1913 coloured map; 15.5 x 25.8 cm. Maps Collection, Australian National Library

The Real Estate agent waxed lyrical about the cottage, which he spelt Wywurk: 'Wywurk' ... 'Why work' indeed when one has a retreat like this to tempt from the turmoil and effort of city life to the restful murmur of the beach? ... The fortunate owner of 'Wywurk' can tumble out of bed on its sheltered verandah, run down the path to the beach, and in thirty seconds revel in the froth of the breakers. Again one asks, 'Why work'?

You can read Stuart's article - and see a lot of other interesting pictures of another seaside place which Lawrence visited in 1922 - Narrabeen. - by clicking [HERE](#).

STUART MACKENZIE is a landscape architect and town planner with a passion for Sydney's urban heritage and bushland. He is writing a book titled 'Absolute Waterfrontage: A Real Estate History of Sydney's Waterfront Suburbs'

OUR SOCIETY MAKES LITERARY HISTORY

A major literary discovery made by DH Lawrence Society of Australia member. See details on Page 3 by clicking [HERE](#).



Lawrence

Katherine Mansfield

VISITING DH LAWRENCE IN NEW MEXICO

By Michael Lester

***".....in the magnificent fierce morning of New Mexico, one sprang awake, a new part of the soul woke up suddenly and the old world gave way to the new."
(Lawrence on arriving in Taos in 1922)***

The memorial.....shrine or chapel?

THE last resting place of D H Lawrence, arguably the greatest English author of the twentieth century, is to be found, not in his home country, but in Taos, New Mexico. In 1934, some years after his death in France, on a pine-covered slope in the vast and mountainous Wild West, about twenty miles north of the town of Taos, Frieda Lawrence built what looks like a chapel (indeed it is often referred to as a shrine), and what she called a small "memorial" to DHL, his talent and his work. These days it is referred to as the Lawrence Memorial at the D H Lawrence Ranch.

The building is about 12 feet wide at the front by about 15 feet in depth and its walls stand eight feet high topped with a steeply gabled, shingled roof. Built of local stone and adobe, it stands solid on the hill, completely white-washed and entered through a double wooden door, latched to keep out the wind, dust and leaves.

Frieda had his ashes brought here from Vence, where Lawrence had been buried in the south of France, near Cannes, following his death there from tuberculosis on 2 March 1930. In March 1935 Frieda had his body exhumed and cremated and brought back to the ranch in September of that year, where she had settled with her Italian lover Angelo Ravagli, whom she married in Taos in 1950.

The interior décor of the building is spare but bright, with yellow and white paint on the walls and lit by a small, round window painted with yellow flowers, behind what looks most disconcertingly like a central altar.

Above the altar block, in a niche, is a carved and painted phoenix, DHL's personal symbol, about two feet high. The initials DHL are painted on the front of the altar and embellished with yellow flowers intertwined with green leaves.

There is a stone-and-timber rail and small gate in front of and across the altar which looks as if you might be expected to kneel there....in prayer and communion, but no doubt it is there to keep visitors from touching the 'altarpiece'.



Lawrence shrine



The interior



The altar

The widely accepted story these days is that, following arguments with the overbearing host and patron, Mabel Luhan, about whether to scatter his ashes on the plains or retain them in the memorial in an urn, as Frieda wished, Frieda dumped the ashes in a wheelbarrow of wet cement used to make the concrete altarpiece, saying: "Now let's see them steal this!"

Along the inside left wall a small but tall desk or table carries a visitors book in which I duly inscribed my mark and indicated my Australian identity, alongside the other entries and comments. Particularly eye-catching was the entry by a gentleman from Beijing who recorded his mother's great love for *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Another visitor prosaically cited his favorite DHL quote: "I do not think you are right (sic!)"

The location...in the enchanted land

In the Fall of 1922 Lawrence wrote from Taos (*Letters*, Aldous Huxley Collection, p542):

"But I do think, still more now I am out here, that we made a mistake forsaking England and moving out to the periphery of life. After all.....as far as we go, they are only the negation of what we stand for and are; and we're rather like Jonah's running away from the place we belong....."

I tried to imagine what might have brought Lorenzo and his aristocratic Germanic wife, Frieda, to such a remote if beautiful location, such a long way from their European roots, and from his English Midlands birthplace in Eastwood - indeed, how they both ended up interred there; he in the memorial and she in a grave on the left hand side of its entrance on her death in 1956. Frieda bequeathed the property to the University of New Mexico.

Lawrence was invited to Taos by the very persistent, manipulative and by all accounts powerful personality, heiress to a banking fortune and philanthropist, Mabel Dodge Stern Luhan (the names of her three successive husbands). Interested in promoting the location as a centre for arts and literature, she thought Lawrence the ideal writer to capture the wonders and colours of this high-desert landscape and its Indian cultural heritage. Her idiosyncratic memoir "Lorenzo in Taos" (1932) gives her side of the relationship and tensions that developed between them.

He and Frieda arrived in Taos on 11 September 1922, his 37th birthday, having come from Australia and via San Francisco. "It was in Taos that he was to write the final chapter of *Kangaroo*, crammed with nostalgia for a land he had forced himself to leave. But he was prepared to accept Taos..." (Anthony Burgess, *Flame into Being*, page 148). He also worked there on his other Australian novel *The Boy in the Bush*.



The walls are yellow and lit by a small round window painted with yellow flowers

He referred to her as the Hon. Dorothy Brett. She was the only one of his circle of friends who took up his invitation to join him on the ranch in New Mexico to realize his utopian dream of his "Rananim" artistic community.

Unfortunately, intruding upon the setting and privacy of the hut, there also stands within about twenty metres of the Lawrence house, and on the downhill side, a much more substantial house. It was built by Frieda and her Italian lover in 1935 when she returned to live there. It appears inaccessible to the visitor although inhabited, perhaps by the university caretaker of the property.

The "Forbidden" Paintings

Heading back for Santa Fe after visiting the DHL ranch we stopped in the early evening light in the lovely small square in Taos, formed by a colorful collection of adobe built and timber verandah fronted arts, crafts and gift shops.



Taos town square

Passing by the largest building, a two storey hotel called the Hotel la Fonda de Taos, we were surprised by a sign inviting the visitor to view a collection of paintings within by....D.H. Lawrence! We could not resist.

But the peripatetic writer continued his ceaseless travels. Subsequently, on his return to Taos in April 1924 (via Mexico and London), Mabel Luhan gifted Frieda the 160 acres that came to be known as Kiowa Ranch. In return, Frieda gave her the original manuscript of *Sons and Lovers*. It was to be the only property Lawrence ever owned.

It is a 6-mile drive up the dirt track ascending from the Taos main road to the isolated Kiowa Ranch property where, on and off, the Lawrences spent a total of nine months over three years, between September 1922 and September 1925. The ranch is well sign-posted off the highway by the University of New Mexico, which continues as the custodian of the property.

Not without reason is New Mexico known as the 'enchanted land' and the drive through the mountains known as the 'enchanted circle' passes the Kiowa Ranch. The Rocky Mountains are a towering presence over the sage-covered desert plains. On the late April day in 2010 that we visited it was sunny with blue sky, but bitterly cold for early spring, at only 30 degrees F. Snow still lay in patchy drifts a couple of feet deep, but the steep path from the parking area to the shrine had been cleared. The distant views from this elevation of 8,600 feet are breathtaking.

There was no sign of a caretaker, and the little office was locked so, helping ourselves to a small photocopied leaflet, we headed up the track to the memorial. It was refreshing to find the site open and free of charge, and the absence of any other visitors brought home the isolated, wild and natural beauty of the area. In the way that Lawrence must have experienced it.

The cabin

The original homesteader's cabin where DHL and Frieda lived sits down the slope from the memorial about 100 metres distant. Extremely small and basic, it is reminiscent of such early settlers' cottages found in the Australian bush. Sadly, it was locked.....and no information about when it might be made open for visits.

It is a crudely-built four rooms cut into a small bench in the small hill. Framed and clad with adobe plaster and timber, it has a single gabled roof of unpainted corrugated iron. There are two doors and two small windows at the front, the main door leading to the kitchen and living room covered by a small entry porch.

The cabin has been variously 'improved' since Lawrence's time, when it had dirt floors, no ceilings, and a very crude kitchen arrangement. On the front wall hangs a roughly fashioned, battered and weathered tin plate depiction of a phoenix, whether from his time there or not it is not clear. Similarly, in the small porch at the front door rests a picturesque, if dilapidated and old-looking wood and wicker chair, in which it is easy to imagine Lorenzo having a snooze.

Whilst the place appears weather-proof and reasonably well-maintained, the land around it looks unkempt and littered with farm debris of fallen trees and their limbs, tumbling fences, and assorted bits of equipment and machinery.

Peering into the front windows of the hut I could make out essentially bare rooms with a fireplace and mantle in the living room and a small desk at the window with a typewriter on it, perhaps used by DHL. I could see only a single bed in the small bedroom, and a simple wooden table in the kitchen area.



For the modest fee of \$3 each we were ushered by our host Anne into a large back dining room hung with a few portraits. With great ceremony she drew aside a very large curtain to reveal a small collection of Lawrence paintings. In a highly informed, enthusiastic and engaging manner she proceeded to tell the story of how these nine paintings had found their home in this Taos hotel.

They were nine of thirteen oil paintings which were deemed obscene and banned by court decision in London in August 1929 following the court ban on *Lady Chatterley's Lover* the previous year. Lawrence, living in Italy at the time, agreed to remove them from England, never to be returned. The ruling holds to this day, despite apparent interest in recent years by British museums in having them returned to England.

Considered in their day to be sexually explicit, the naked portrayals can only be considered unexceptionable, to say the least, by today's standards. Their often self-explanatory titles are:

- " "Fight with an Amazon" (1926) illustrates a man being ensnared by a woman;
- " "The holy family" (1926) depicts a man about to kiss a semi nude woman, watched by a small child;
- " "Flight back into paradise" (1927);
- " "Red willow trees" (1927)
- " "Fawns and nymphs" (1927);
- " "The rape of the Sabine women" (1928);
- " "Close up" (1928), known also as "The kiss", parodies Hollywood sex sirens;
- " "Dance sketch" (1928);
- " "Summer dawn" (1929);

The paintings are discussed in the book *D H Lawrence Paintings*, Chaucer Press, 2003. They range in size from small (two feet by one foot) to medium (four feet by three feet) in size. Colourful, almost impressionistic in style and somewhat amateurish, they seem to owe little, if anything to his time in New Mexico. Although, Ann speculates that "Red willow trees" (1927), loosely reminiscent of Degas' *Bathers by the stream* motif, may reflect the red willow foliage native to the area. Anthony Burgess described Lawrence's paintings as "neo-pagan fleshly pictures" (*Flame into Being*, p164)

Notwithstanding his lifelong interest in art, Lawrence came late to his painting, his first serious piece being painted in Italy in 1926, well after his time in Taos. Of painting he is quoted as saying, "...it gave me a form of pleasure that words can never give...."

The memorabilia and valuing the writer

Just next to the house stands a very tall and mature pine tree which according to an information marker there is known as The Lawrence Tree, and under which sat in the mornings, writing at a table, of which he said: "The big pine tree in front of the house, standing still and unmoved and alive.....one goes out of the door and the tree-trunk is there, like a guardian angel...the tree-trunk, the long work table and the fence".

During his time there he also wrote "*The Lady Who Rode Away*" (1925), with Mabel featuring as the American heroine, and the novella *St Mawr*, in which he wrote about the country around the ranch:

"The desert swept its great fawn-coloured circle around, away beyond and below like a beach, with a long mountainside of pure blue shadow closing in the near corner, and strange bluish hummocks of mountains rising like wet rock from a vast strand, away in the middle distance, and beyond, in the farthest distance, pale blue crests of mountains looking over the horizon from the west, as if peering in from another world altogether".

The celebrated Taos painter Georgia O'Keeffe, although a contemporary of Lawrence, never met him and only visited the hut in May 1929, five years after he last left. She painted the tree from a perspective looking directly up its trunk to its crown and titled the painting 'The Lawrence Tree'. Her wonderfully evocative, sinuous and pastel-coloured paintings of the New Mexico landscape are well worth seeing at the museum dedicated to her work in Santa Fe.

Adjacent buildings....and Rananim

Close by and to the rear of the Lawrence house, at a distance of only ten metres or so, stand a one-room cabin and a small shed or barn. The shack was lived in by the Lady Dorothy Brett, a painter, at the tail-end of the time that Lawrence and Frieda were there. She reportedly assisted him by typing his manuscripts .

The day after visiting Kiowa Ranch, we unexpectedly came across a small collection of the original official French and American documentation authorizing the removal of DHL's remains from France and their entry for interment in New Mexico at the New Mexico History Museum in Santa Fe.



Official documents

Also displayed are his satchel and a number of other papers . These papers, which include letters, receipts, business cards, and several cheque books, were retrieved mainly from the satchel or small leather grip, and wallet owned by Lawrence at the time of his death.



Lawrence's satchel

In his book about England, *Notes from a Small Island*, Bill Bryson observes (page160) how rich is the English countryside in places of historic and cultural significance and yet how lightly the English wear and seem to value this heritage.

Unexpectedly coming across the untended grave of Eric Arthur Blair in a small village graveyard, he was astonished to find it not even mentioned the name Orwell, no mention of his literary stature, and no epitaph. It was alongside a similarly anodyne and neglected tombstone inscribed to H H Asquith, Prime Minister of England (sic).

What a contrast to visit the remote resting place of DHL in New Mexico and to find it appreciated and cared for by the University of New Mexico, with signage to mark its location, useful and interesting information plaques and pamphlets to inform you of its significance, and listed on the US National Register of Historic Places.

Lawrence is clearly valued and celebrated in New Mexico. The Ranch and his paintings are also listed on the New Mexico Register of Cultural Properties and his

memorabilia in the Santa Fe museum are prominently displayed in a museum otherwise brimming with artifacts from that State's long and interesting history.

In the words of Anthony Burgess,
"Neither Eastwood nor Westminster Abbey has questioned the propriety of the most English of our writers being interred in American soil. Exile was a kind of affront to England in his life; its perpetuation in death remains a reproach."

[Back to page 1](#)

A VACANT LOT

D.H. LAWRENCE AND THE SYDNEY REAL ESTATE SCENE



C.W.B. King
*The Very Cream of Austinmer,
Second Subdivision* 1913
coloured map; 15.5 x 25.8 cm
Maps Collection
nla.map-1fsp20

A GOOD STORY LINE FOR A COMEDY might be *D.H. Lawrence is shown the true soul of Australia by Sydney real estate agents*—but, if Lawrence’s novel *Kangaroo* is anything to go by, the great English novelist wasn’t laughing. Written during his visit to Australia in 1922, his encounter with the Sydney real estate scene was destined to end in tears.

There is a memorable passage in *Kangaroo* where Lawrence, in autobiographical guise as English writer-in-exile Richard Lovat Somers, fresh off the boat, takes possession of a bungalow in Sydney. He is irked by the

STUART MACKENZIE EXPLORES THE GENRE OF REAL ESTATE LITERATURE THROUGH THE LIBRARY’S HISTORICAL SALES PLANS

local fondness for giving cottages names like Tres Bon and The Angels Roost or U-An-Me. Somers, Lawrence writes, ‘rather hoped for one of the Australian names, Wallamby or Wagga-Wagga’. Approaching his new domicile with his wife, he is relieved to see the name painted by the door:

‘Forestin’, he said, reading the flourishing T as an F. ‘What language do you imagine that is?’ ‘It’s T, not F,’ said Harriet. ‘Torestin,’ he said, pronouncing it like Russian. ‘Must be a native word.’ ‘No,’ said Harriet. ‘It means To rest in.’ She didn’t even laugh at him. He became painfully silent.

In reality, the 36-year-old Lawrence and his wife, free-spirited German aristocrat Frieda von Richthofen, had installed themselves in a seaside bungalow at Thirroul, near Wollongong, some 50 kilometres to Sydney’s south. They had fled war-torn Europe and a barrage of public and official outrage against his overtly sexual novels and outspoken anti-militarism during the First World War. The bungalow was called Wyewurk, a name with which Lawrence was so taken that he used it for the home of his novel’s main protagonist, describing it as being ‘built by a man who had inherited ... a modest income, and who had written thus permanently his retort against society on his door’.

On a recent foray into the National Library of Australia’s collection of historical sales plans, I chanced upon the original 1919 advertisement for Wyewurk (spelt ‘Wywurk’) in the real estate journal *Properties and Premises* by Hardie and Gorman Pty Ltd:



is extremely charming. Echoing the Wyewurk pitch, the 1923 *Pearl of Pittwater Estate* sales plan states:

The Vendor having dedicated the beautiful beach reservation for public recreation, dwellers on all parts of the Estate share in the advantages of this silvery strand flanked by a belt of green sward and trees. Fine swimming is within 'kimono distance' of every lot of the estate, and as for the fishing, well he is a poor angler who cannot 'snare them' here.

Fishing is commonly pitched as an attraction. Further up the coast at *Tuggerah Lakes—2 ½ Hours' Train*

from Sydney, according to real estate agent S.T. Rodd, a 'land of sport' was on offer for 'fishing, shooting, bathing'. Not only, we are told, was the lake swarming with fish and free from sharks, but 'the Gun is amply provided for. The Lakes abound with wild ducks and swans'. The real estate publicity signals a high point in the art of living aimed at outdoors-loving Australians, who liked nothing more—or so it would seem—than to lie back on a beach in bathers, rod and rifle at hand, and with ample leisure for studying recipes for swan pie.

The graphic quality of the Library's sales plans paints a picture of early Sydney as a paradise beckoning to be inhabited.

'Wywurk' ... 'Why work' indeed when one has a retreat like this to tempt from the turmoil and effort of city life to the restful murmur of the beach? ... The fortunate owner of 'Wywurk' can tumble out of bed on its sheltered verandah, run down the path to the beach, and in thirty seconds revel in the froth of the breakers. Again one asks, 'Why work'?

Reputedly, next door to Wyewurk were bungalows called Wyewurrie and Chirrup. While we may fancy that these were designed to cheer up grumpy English novelists who had strayed too far from Margate, one could safely guess that the real estate agent who penned these would have been thrilled to know his entrepreneurial wit had claimed the attention of one of the greats of twentieth-century literature. The cottage-naming habit, as Lawrence realised, said much about Australians, with their predilection for coastal real estate and a 'no worries' lifestyle. One scarcely dares to speculate what Lawrence would have thought of a weekend I once came across called *Didyabringyagrogalong*.

The sense of boundless leisure in a land of idyllic scenery as described in the real estate literature at the time of Lawrence's visit

LEFT
H.W. Horning & Co.
The Dee Why Beach Estate, Manly (detail) 1911
reverse of promotional map
31.7 x 50.6 cm
Maps Collection
nla.map-lfsp1433

BELOW LEFT
Watkin & Watkin
Tuggerah Lakes, the Fisherman's Paradise
coloured map; 82.1 x 51.2 cm
Maps Collection
nla.cat-vn4559883

BELOW RIGHT
Huntley & Barnard
Freshwater Heights, Manly
1885
coloured map; 85.6 x 53.0 cm
Maps Collection
nla.map-lfsp1443





ABOVE
Arthur Rickard & Co.
Narrabeen Lakes Estate,
in the Delightful Village
of Narrabeen, 7 Miles
from Manly 1906
coloured map; 50.7 x 82.4 cm
Maps Collection, nla.map-1fsp1700

BELOW, CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT
Unknown artist
Cover of Narrabeen Lakes Estate,
1906 by Arthur Rickard & Co.
Ltd, Auctioneers
Maps Collection, nla.map-1fsp1695

The attractions of the
Narrabeen estate, 'right in the
centre of Narrabeen'
reproduced from Narrabeen
Lakes Estate, 1906 by Arthur
Rickard & Co. Ltd, Auctioneers
Maps Collection, nla.map-1fsp1695

Unknown photographer
'The Lake Frontages on the Estate'
reproduced from Narrabeen
Lakes Estate, 1906 by Arthur
Rickard & Co. Ltd, Auctioneers
Maps Collection, nla.map-1fsp1695

As a cartographic record of the emerging metropolis, tracking development from penal colony days to the 1930s, the collection is close to comprehensive, amounting to over 14 000 plans, most bequeathed from the collection of tireless bibliographer and Sydney judge, Sir John Ferguson (1881–1969). As a social record, the literature records the emergence of a distinctive national temperament, celebrating landscape and leisure. The ideal of home ownership in the suburbs shaped our mental condition as much as other social revolutions of the time. Australia, by the turn of the

century, had established a reputation as a 'working man's paradise' through the introduction of the eight-hour day—the ideal day of '8 Hours Labour 8 Hours Recreation 8 Hours Rest'. Extra daylight hours and free Saturday afternoons created a surge in sport, surfing, camping and stays in seaside weekenders.

A holiday mood seems to have taken hold of the real-estate purchasing public around this time. In 1906, for example, the *Narrabeen Lakes Estate*, then a sleepy village and camping spot with a superb beach and lagoon, was brought onto the market by Arthur Rickard, 'Auctioneer and Realty Specialist'. Rickard, whose trademark 'Easy Terms'—combined with 'special coaches', 'light refreshments' and 'a band' to make auction day attractive to daytrippers—won a large share of customers. His pocket-sized brochure, like hundreds of others in the Library's collection, reads like a manual for finding happiness, decorated with seaside scenes of sailing boats, bathing beauties and happy couples canoodling on the lagoon. Rickard opens his pitch for Narrabeen, with a cheeky Shakespearean twist:

To 'loaf'—or not to 'loaf'. That is NOT the question. The question is ... WHERE will you 'loaf'? ... the Narrabeen Lakes Estate is an ideal 'loafing' spot. Here, far from the madding crowd, you can enjoy a lazy holiday to the full, for you need never leave your camp, so delightful is the air. Yet, if you like boating, lake bathing, surf bathing, sun bathing, harbour fishing, rock fishing, shooting, or delightful rambles—in fact, everything to give the complete change your close city life demands—you have for choice right here.

One of the features of the sales plan collection is the first-hand descriptions of Sydney, in its pre-surburban arcadian condition, with miles and miles of waterfronts. Rickard's brochure is another gem of the genre, describing the scene of the estate:

Enter your boat now and drift ... and as you row once more with lazy stroke, you see passing like flashes, a dozen, a score, a shoal of bream, and mullet, and whiting, and flathead—a veritable fishpond. ... [Drift] beneath wattle boughs that rain down golden showers ... Through shoals



of fish, and song, and chatter and pipe of birds, and hearty laugh of jackass. ... feast your eyes with the grandeur of the scenery around them ...

Evidently, the day after arriving in Sydney in 1922 for their three-month Australian stay, Lawrence and Frieda visited Narrabeen, taking the tram north from Manly, past beaches and headlands. Lawrence was not comfortable in the Australian suburban landscape with its 'thousands of small promiscuous bungalows built of everything from patchwork of kerosene tin up to fine red brick and stucco'. Arriving at the Narrabeen terminus, he drew a picture very different from that of Rickard's brochure.

This was the end of everywhere, with new 'stores'—that is, fly-blown shops with corrugated iron roofs—and with a tram shelter, and little house agents' booths plastered with signs—and more 'cottages'; that is, bungalows of corrugated iron or brick—and bits of swamp or 'lagoon' where the sea had got in and couldn't get out.

The Lawrences strolled up the main street (probably Ocean Street), 'a wide rutted space of deep sand, ... looking at the "cottages" on either side ... like so many forlorn chicken-houses, each on its own oblong patch of land, with a fence'. But his wife loved the sea, and wanted to live there, stopping at every bungalow with a sign that said '4 sale' or '2 let'. And, as they lay on the dune in the warm sun at Narrabeen, Lawrence conceded a 'sort of fascination' with the scene:

Freedom! That's what they always say. 'You feel free in Australia.' ... There is a great relief from tension, from pressure ... The sky is open above you, and the air is open around you. Not the old closing in of Europe. ... But what then? The vacancy of this freedom is almost terrifying. ... without any core or pith or meaning ... and at the same time, the great sense of vacant spaces ... The sense of do-as-you-please liberty. And all utterly uninteresting.

Lawrence seemed more focused on writing about

Australia than experiencing the full value of seaside revelling—he wrote the 150 000-word *Kangaroo* in an astonishing six weeks, according to Lawrence contemporary, Richard Aldington. Idleness was not a condition that David Herbert Lawrence praised readily. 'Loafing' must have been repugnant.

To be fair to Lawrence, by the time he brought his novel to completion, the charm of sea and bush, even the rain on the tin roofs of the ubiquitous suburban bungalows, had penetrated his English soul like a warm breeze. His mood completely turned, writing with an elated lyricism that even a realtor would have found immodest:

Nothing is lovelier than to drive into the Australian bush in spring ... great gold bushes full of spring fire, ... the most ethereal golden bloom, ... plumes and plumes and plumes [sic] and trees and bushes of wattle, as if angels had flown out of the softest gold regions of heaven to settle here, in the Australian bush. And the perfume in all the air that might be heaven, and the unutterable stillness, save for strange birds and flocks of parrots, and the motionlessness, save for a stream and butterflies and some small brown bees, ... the bush flowering at the gates of heaven.

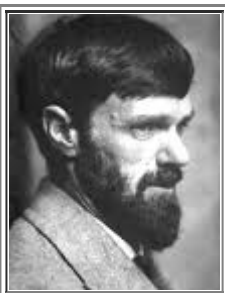
BELOW
Stanton & Son
Careel Ocean Beach Estate
(detail) 1922
promotional poster
63.3 x 50.7 cm
Maps Collection
nla.map-1fsp499

STUART MACKENZIE is a landscape architect and town planner with a passion for Sydney's urban heritage and bushland. He is writing a book titled 'Absolute Waterfrontage: A Real Estate History of Sydney's Waterfront Suburbs'



AN AUSTRALIAN LITERARY COUP

By Robert Darroch



Lawrence



Mansfield

AT risk of being nepotistic, I am writing this article about a literary coup of my wife, Sandra (Jobson Darroch), which I believe is of importance to DH Lawrence and Katherine Mansfield scholarship.

However, a coup is a coup is a coup (as Gertrude Stein might have said), and so Sandra's triumph at the recent Katherine Mansfield seminar at the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology - their equivalent of the University of NSW - deserves to be brought to your attention.

...Katherine Mansfield? - that name should ring a bell with some of you.

She is New Zealand's most famous literary figure. Our equivalent of Patrick White, if you like (national-eminence-wise). Should you ever find yourself in Wellington, you must visit the Katherine Mansfield museum there, consisting of the well-preserved house where she was

Indeed, the novel is about two couples - the parallel with the Lawrences and the Murrays is impossible to avoid - and in particular the female wing of the foursome (Ursula being largely based on Frieda, and Gudrun on Katherine).

That Lawrence habitually based his works of "fiction" on real people and real events is accepted by most scholars. When it came to the characters in his works, he was almost incapable of invention. Almost everything he wrote can be traced back ultimately to something in his actual life.

Though there is little serious dispute about this, Lawrence scholars do their best to play down the "reality" aspect in his works, preferring to paint their hero as a literary firebird, aflame with pure creative genius (and not grubbing around for inspiration in the actual world).

Now...the novel Lawrence wrote immediately after *Women Love* (itself published in 1921) was *The Lost Girl*. Like most of his earlier works, it was set in the Midlands in England, and in particular in the "fictional" village of Woodhouse,

born...

...into a very distinguished family.

For her real name was not Mansfield, but Beauchamp, and her father was the head of the Bank of New Zealand. But she was a rebellious child, with literary - or at least artistic - ambitions. She was determined to go to London and break into the literary scene there (her main claim to literary fame is as a short-story writer).



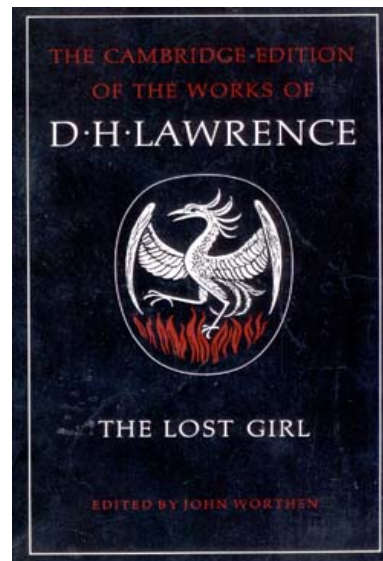
*Katherine's
childhood
home in
Wellington*

I might comment here that if, perchance, you were to fancy yourself a budding Chekov - as Katherine did (she was a great fan of Chekov) - then windy Wellington is not a likely place in which to pursue a successful literary career, nor where to find international literary renown.

However, she made good her escape - to her parents' dismay - in the decade before WW1. In London she eventually achieved minor notoriety as a "colonial" female writer, before dying her early death in 1922 from that curse of the pre-war literary generation, "consumption" - ie, TB (Lawrence succumbed to it, too, in 1930).

She swam into our ken in the early 1970s, when Sandra was writing her biography of Lady Ottoline Morrell (the Bloomsbury salonniere). Katherine was one of

which is obviously based on the village where he himself was born and grew up - Eastwood. (It is characteristic of Lawrence that even his "fictional" place-names are a twist on something real, eg: Eastwood=Woodhouse.)



*The CUP edition of
The Lost Girl*

The Lost Girl tells the story of a young girl of the town, Alvina Houghton, and her chequered attempts to break out of the traditional Victorian/Edwardian female role, and pursue a life in the wider, male-dominated world. Lawrence regarded this as the contemporary dilemma of "the modern woman". Everyone agrees that Lawrence based much of Alvina on an actual person he knew in Eastwood: Florence Cullen, the daughter of a local shopkeeper. The novel was originally called *The Insurrection of Alvina Houghton* - Alvina being (initially) Florence Cullen.

However, what Sandra discovered - and argued convincingly in both her essay and her paper delivered to the Mansfield seminar in Melbourne - was that Lawrence subsequently "switched" his heroine in mid-novel from Florence Cullen to Katherine Mansfield. Thus Katherine ended up as Lawrence's "Lost Girl".

This is a major literary insight, in both the world of Lawrence scholarship and to the world of Katherine Mansfield studies...but most particularly to the latter.

For it invests Katherine with a far greater importance in world literature than her

the many literary moths drawn to Ottoline's bucolic salon at Garsington, along with her lover, and later husband, John Middleton Murry, himself a minor literary figure in Georgian London.



Lady Ottoline
Morrell
Drawing by Paul
Delprat

Later, she resurfaced in my ken too, for Katherine and Murry - known in Bloomsbury and Lawrence circles as "the Murrys" - were close friends of Lawrence and his wife Frieda ("the Lawrences"). In fact, the Murrys were the two witnesses at the Lawrences' Kensington Register Office marriage in 1914.



The "Murrys" at Lawrence and Frieda's wedding

The four of them - the Lawrences and the Murrys - later took themselves off to live a quater in remote Cornwall, where they spent much of 1916 in adjacent

previously-known depiction in *Women in Love* ever could have.

Because here is a novel written largely about her (rather than the subsidiary role she played in *Women in Love*). Moreover - and this is what captured the special interest of the Katherine Mansfield scholars in Melbourne - it plays out, in a major literary work, the real-life story of their heroine and literary idol, KM. For this is a novel about HER.

To get an inkling of how important this discovery is to the world of Katherine Mansfield scholarship (and to the even wider world of "feminist/colonial" literature) - and indeed to lonely, isolated New Zealand itself - you would have to imagine that it had been discovered that a major character in a 20th-century literary masterpiece was based on a famous Australian writer...

...that, say, Miles Franklin or HH Richardson turned out to have been portrayed as, say, Ursula in *Women in Love*. (Or, perhaps more pertinently, that Patrick White was the inspiration of "M" in EM Forster's homosexual novel, *Maurice*.) It would create something of a stir in Australian literary circles.

So, what was the reaction to Sandra's literary coup in Lawrence and Mansfield circles? Somewhat different, I have to tell you.

Present at the Melbourne seminar was the doyen of Katherine Mansfield studies, Professor Vincent O'Sullivan, of Victoria University in Wellington. He was a fan of Sandra's earlier biography of Ottoline, and warmly welcomed her and her *Lost Girl* thesis, promising to send her more confirmatory evidence that Katherine was indeed Lawrence's "Lost Girl". Other Mansfield scholars at the seminar were equally supportive and appreciative.

This positive reaction, however, was in stark contrast to the negative reception Sandra's essay on the same subject received from the judges of the KM-DHL competition. She did not even make the short-list. (Which, given what she had discovered, is little short of scandalous.)

stone cottages, before a row broke out, and the Murrays upped-stakes and decamped to live elsewhere.

They saw each other only once more, for a few weeks in Hampstead at the end of the war, before both couples departed for the continent, Katherine eventually to a sanatorium in France, and the Lawrences for Sicily, before they left Europe for Australia via Ceylon in early 1922.

The last contact they had consisted of a postcard that Lawrence sent to Katherine from Wellington in August 1922, on his way from Sydney to San Francisco. It had a single word on it: "Ricordi" (memories). Katherine died at a TB clinic in Fontainebleau a few months later.

It was those memories that Sandra intended to write about when the DH Lawrence Society of Australia (of which Sandra is secretary) was asked if we would send someone down to Melbourne to take part in the RMIT Katherine Mansfield seminar on June 4-5.

Not entirely coincidentally, the Katherine Mansfield Society announced an essay competition (the results of which were announced at the seminar) on the topic "Katherine Mansfield and DH Lawrence". Sandra decided to enter the essay competition, and for that to become the basis of the paper she would give in Melbourne.

So that sets the scene now for her Melbourne triumph, and literary coup.

It is well known to both Mansfield and Lawrence scholars that, in what is regarded as Lawrence's greatest literary work, *Women in Love*, he portrayed Katherine - at

Perhaps the reason for this rejection was the fact that on the judging panel was the editor of the UK Journal of DH Lawrence Studies, which is based in Nottingham, the headquarters of the Lawrence Centre, whose former head was John Worthen, the editor of the "authorised" Cambridge University Press edition of *The Lost Girl* - and the doyen of international Lawrence studies.

For his edition of *The Lost Girl* did not pick up the now blindingly-obvious fact that the later Alvina is a thinly-disguised literary portrait of Katherine Mansfield. Nor did the "authorised" author of the three-volume CUP biography of Lawrence, Mark Kinkead-Weeks, pick up the fact that Lawrence had based much of the novel on Katherine.

Which is a pretty big boo-boo.

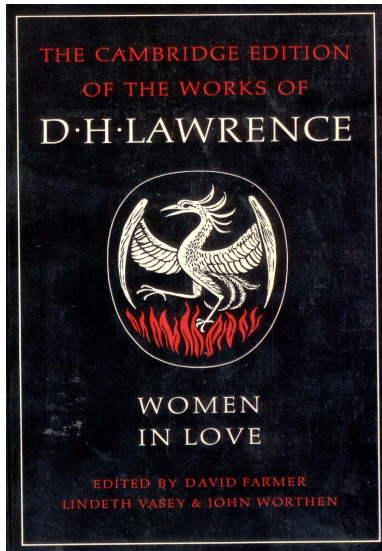
So, perhaps the reason why Sandra's literary discovery did not make the essay short-list was that such distinguished Lawrence scholars as Worthen and Kinkead-Weeks could not be seen to have missed what was staring them in the face (see below for the link to the text of Sandra's essay and why it is so obvious).

That, and perhaps the fact that Sandra's essay was by: SANDRA JOBSON DARROCH

...for a second Darroch contradicting another* tenet of established Lawrence scholarship would have been hard to swallow.

Please click [HERE](#) to read Sandra's essay.

least in part - as one of the principal characters, Gudrun.



The CUP edition of Women in Love

Rananim

The Journal of the DH Lawrence Society of Australia

ISSN No: 1039-9658

www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl

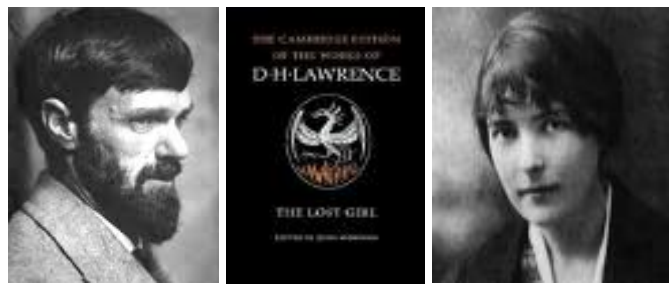
KATHERINE MANSFIELD: DH LAWRENCE'S "LOST GIRL"

A Literary Discovery

by

SANDRA JOBSON DARROCH

© 2009



Though founded on mutual recognition and respect, the relationship between Katherine Mansfield and D.H. Lawrence was a fraught and fractured one. From the time they first met in 1913, Lawrence found Katherine interesting and intelligent - and also a potential literary object. It is well-known that he drew on her for part of the character of Gudrun in *Women in Love*. A major point of this essay is my finding that he portrayed her, more significantly, in another novel: *The Lost Girl*.

ON AUGUST 11, 1922, D.H. Lawrence and his wife Frieda left Sydney aboard RMS *Tahiti* en route to America, New Mexico and Taos. Their first port-of-call was Wellington, New Zealand... 'four days over a cold dark, inhospitable sea'. Lawrence, after he arrived in Taos, composed a cursorily-fictionalised account of this brief stop-over. He appended it at the end of the first typescript (TS1) of *Kangaroo* (later discarded, but now referred to as the TS1R ending):

At Wellington a great fuss filling in papers for the Immigration Authorities, even though the boat was staying only a day. And another insult

adventure - he had written to their mutual friend, the Russian exile Koteliansky: 'If you were here you would understand Katherine so much better. She is very Australian - or New Zealand. I wonder how she is.' 4

Before examining the significance and fruits of Mansfield's and Lawrence's relationship, it is useful to recall the course of their interaction, for it was out of this that the literary produce came.⁵ They met at a critical moment in their all-too-truncated lives. Although both had shown promise as writers, as individuals they were outsiders in the post-Victorian London literary and social scene. Lawrence had risen out of the coal-dusted mining tenements of

from a fat individual who came aboard as chief official. He looked at Harriett's form, saw she was not born in England - or the Empire - and did not give her a landing card. "Why haven't you given me a landing card?" she said....Richard was livid with rage at the fellow's insolence. They waited until the whole gang was through, and he was prepared to have it out with the person. But, having kept them hanging about for an hour, the person was satisfied with himself. He handed Harriett her landing card, saying suavely: "You are going on by this boat, Mrs. Somers?" "I am. I've no desire to stay in New Zealand." After a day in Wellington, cold and stormy, they had less desire than ever to stay in this cold, snobbish, lower middle-class colony of pretentious nobodies [...]

This incident offered Lawrence little reason to like New Zealanders. However, there was one New Zealander he had a high regard for: Katherine Mansfield, to whom he sent a postcard from Wellington.

He had not seen Katherine for four years, and did not know her current whereabouts, so the postcard went via Lady Ottoline Morrell. Convalescing with tuberculosis in Italy, Katherine reported to her husband Middleton Murry: 'I had a card from Lawrence today - just the one word (Ricordi) - how like him. I was glad to get it though.'³ The 'memories' Lawrence was looking back to was the friendship the four of them - Katherine, Lawrence, Murry, and Frieda - had shared for five eventful years between 1913 and 1918. While on the boat from Perth to Sydney - just over a week into his antipodean

Nottinghamshire; she had, quixotically, fled distant, provincial New Zealand to try to establish herself as a writer in London. They shared a number of things, as Katherine later acknowledged: 'I am more like Lawrence than anybody. We are unthinkably alike, in fact.'⁶

The year 1912 was a turning point for both of them. Katherine and Murry became lovers that year; at the same time⁷ Lawrence had run off with Frieda Weekley (nee von Richthofen), the wife of his French teacher. A year later, living with Frieda and revising proofs of *Sons and Lovers* in Italy, Lawrence received a letter from Katherine, whom at that time he did not know. She was working with Murry on a literary journal, *Rhythm*, and looking for contributions from promising young writers⁸. Lawrence offered to contribute a short story, without payment. This led to Lawrence calling in to the office of what had been renamed *The Blue Review* on his return to England a few months later. An immediate friendship was struck up between 'the Lawrences' and 'the Murrys'. As well as their common literary interests, there were social bonds, for both couples were 'living in sin', and thus potential social outcasts, too.

That summer of 1913 the two couples saw a lot of each other, before they all returned to France and Italy later that year. The following summer, however, the foursome was back in London, and renewing their friendship. Katherine and Murry attended, and witnessed, Lawrence and Frieda's Kensington

click [here](#) to turn to page 2

Rananim

Register Office wedding, after which Frieda bestowed an earlier-wedding ring on Katherine (who wore it to her grave). A regular matter the four discussed was Lawrence's developing plan to flee from England and establish a community of like-minded souls - his 'Rananim' - in America, or almost anywhere else than England. Needless to say, Katherine's colonial interests lay in the opposite direction - '[...] I felt very antagonistic to the whole affair,' she noted in her *Journal*.⁹

On the literary front, Lawrence's mind was transforming *The Sisters* - the Italian fragment that became *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* - into his next literary project, in which Katherine and Murry were to play not-inconsiderable parts. An incident from Christmas 1914 provided some literary fodder. Katherine, Murry, Koteliensky, the artist Mark Gertler, Lawrence, and Frieda were all staying at Gilbert Cannan's windmill cottage in Buckinghamshire, when someone suggested putting on an improvised play. Things got out of hand - the gathering was so inebriated that they were unable to carve the Christmas pig - and the play descended towards a bacchanalia, with Katherine flirting outrageously with Gertler. This incident gave Lawrence the episode in *Women in Love*, where Gudrun goes off with the artist Loerke.¹⁰

The friendship continued into 1915, though October was a bad month for both Lawrence and Katherine. His new novel *The Rainbow* was suppressed, and Katherine's younger brother Leslie was blown up in France. Yet in 1916 the relationship between the Lawrences and the Murrays initially flourished, while Lawrence was writing *Women in Love* and (unbeknown to them) basing part of the characters of Gudrun Brangwen and Gerald Crich on Katherine and Murry. The previous year Katherine and Murry had met the 'the Blooms Berries' (as Katherine called them) and had been enjoying the attractions and divertissements of Lady Ottoline Morrell's bucolic salon at

already ensconced nearby. When Gertler told Katherine the Lawrences were 'just around the corner', she confided to Ottoline her fear that quarrels would once more break out between Lawrence and Murry. 'Every time the bell goes I hear Frieda's 'Well Katherina - here we are! And I turn cold with horror.'¹³ Yet a few days later Katherine also reported to Ottoline that Lawrence had been 'running in and out all week'.

The following year Katherine's chronic tubercular condition worsened, and she once more attempted to find relief in Italy. Lawrence and Frieda themselves went abroad in late 1919. But there was to be no meeting with Katherine. A low-point in their relationship came a few months later when Katherine apparently received a letter from Lawrence, who was on Capri. (We only have Murry's - somewhat suspect - word for what it might originally have said.) He quotes Katherine: 'Lawrence sent me a letter today. He spat in my face and threw filth at me and said: 'I loathe you. You revolt festering in your consumption [...]. You are a loathsome reptile - I hope you will die.'¹⁴

Notwithstanding that, Katherine and Lawrence once more healed their fractured relationship, and on 20 January 1922 she noted in her *Journal*: 'I suppose it is the effect of isolation that I can truly say I think of de la Mare, Tchegov, Koteliensky, Tomlinson, Lawrence, Orage, every day. They are part of my life....'¹⁵ She also wrote to Murry, just before ending up at Gurdjieff's 'clinic' at Fontainebleau, saying, 'Yes, I care for Lawrence. I have thought of writing to him and trying to arrange a meeting after I leave Paris - suggesting I join them until the spring'.¹⁶ But this was not to be, and Katherine died at the clinic on 9 January 1923.

Yet for Lawrence, those five eventful years - 1913-1918 - had been highly creative ones. Much of the time he was composing and polishing what were to become his two

Garsington. But in October 1916 the increasingly-impoverished Lawrences (*Sons and Lovers* was not a commercial success) were obliged to retreat to Cornwall, where Katherine and Murry soon joined them at Higher Tregerthen, in what Lawrence (now that he was prevented by the military authorities from going to America) hoped would be an interim way-station on the road to Rananim.

Yet the ménage a quatre at Higher Tregerthen did not prove a happy one. Frieda was pining for the children she had left behind, while Lawrence seemed to prefer the company of a local farm boy to that of Frieda (when the two weren't throwing pots and pans at each other).¹¹ As well, Lawrence was pursuing his new-found interest in 'dark gods', which took the form of fostering a 'blood-brotherhood' with Murry (to the disapproval of Katherine). To add to the general atmosphere of stress and anxiety, the Lawrences were under surveillance by the military, who thought that Frieda might be signalling to German submarines in the Bristol Channel. Lawrence, too, was being harassed by the army, which was keen for him 'to do his bit'. Finally, it was all too much for Katherine, and she and Murry decamped to a less-remote cottage on the other side of Cornwall (where there were 'less rocks').¹²

Nevertheless, her belief in Lawrence was unshaken. In August 1916, when she overheard in the Cafe Royal a group of people deriding his recently-published book of poems *Amores*, she went up to them and snatched the book away, before stomping out - an incident Lawrence put into *Women in Love* in the chapter 'Gudrun in the Pompadour'.

The last time Lawrence and Katherine saw each other in the flesh was in October 1918, after the Murrays had taken a house in Hampstead, only to find that the Lawrences were

major novels, *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*. And it was with these novels that he began to encounter problems when using actual people - his friends and acquaintances - as character-models for his 'fiction'. That Lawrence based his novels on real people and actual events is widely recognised (as his childhood friend, George Neville, for one, confirmed ¹⁷). His main patron of the time, Lady Ottoline Morrell, was especially angry over her portrayal as Hermione Roddice in *Women in Love* ¹⁸. Her husband Philip threatened to sue, as did another 'model', Philip Heseltine, whom Lawrence depicted as Halliday in the same novel. Thenceforth, however, Lawrence was more scrupulous with his various methods of camouflage.

The method he mainly used was combining parts of one or more other real people to construct a composite fictional character. In *Women in Love*, for example, Gudrun is not a full portrait of Katherine, but rather an amalgam made up of some of her characteristics and portraying her in episodes based on actual events (such as the Cafe Royale incident). He also portrayed aspects of Katherine in several short stories, such as *Smile*, and more particularly in the guise of Anabel in his 1920 play *Touch and Go* - alongside Gerald, who is clearly a composite depiction of Murry.¹⁹ Though these representations of elements of Katherine's personality have been acknowledged by others, there is a depiction of Katherine in another Lawrence novel that, I believe, has not been previously identified.

When I first read *The Lost Girl* ²⁰ some years ago I was struck by the name Lawrence had given the 'Red Indian' troupe of performers in the novel - the Natcha-Kee-Tawara. To my antipodean ear, the name 'Lawrence had given the 'Red Indian' troupe of performers in the novel - the Natcha-Kee-Tawara. To

click [here](#) to turn to page 3

Rananim

my antipodean ear, the name 'Tawara' sounded more Polynesian/Maori than Red Indian. John Worthen, the editor of the CUP edition of the novel, points to James Fenimore Cooper and other authors as possible sources for the Natcha-Kee-Tawara 'Red Indian' troupe, though he could find no precise reference, deciding that Lawrence had invented the name 21. Antony Alpers, himself a New Zealander, accepted Natcha-Kee-Tawara as a Red Indian name, as have other Mansfield biographers, such as Claire Tomalin and Jeffrey Meyers.

Recently, while re-reading Lawrence's works of this period, I consulted a Maori-English Dictionary and found that 'Tawara' is indeed a Maori word, meaning 'flavour, taste, tenor.' 22 Of course, Katherine was no stranger to the Maori language. Her father Harold Beauchamp was an amateur Maori linguist, while in 1907 she herself made a list of Maori words in her Notebook. 23 This insight led me to re-read *The Lost Girl* with fresh eyes. Although I am aware of the dangers of saying that Lawrence 'put' Katherine Mansfield into *The Lost Girl*, I want to suggest that some of the elements of Alvina Houghton in that novel are clearly based on Katherine - a probability that invests the Lawrence-Katherine relationship with new significance, for I argue that Katherine is in fact Lawrence's *Lost Girl*.

The original genesis of *The Lost Girl* came at the end of 1912. On 23 December Lawrence declared: 'I shall do a novel about Love triumphant one day. I shall do my work for women, better than the suffrage.' 24 The first draft, 'Elsa Culverwell' 25 (originally 'Scargill Street'), was abandoned after 26 pages. Lawrence started on a fresh text a few weeks later, changing its working title to 'The Insurrection of Miss Houghton', and the name of his heroine to Alvina Houghton. It is accepted that Lawrence based much of Alvina's family and associates on the Cullens, a well-known Eastwood family. The initial guise of Elsa/Alvina was obviously based on Florence Cullen, the daughter of the family,

ALVINA	KATHERINE
<i>Alvina Houghton, daughter of a prominent businessman, shocks the conservative bourgeois town of Woodhouse with her unconventional behaviour in particular; with an Italian peasant called Ciccio The people of Woodhouse regard her as a traitor to her background and family and she is ostracised. 'She is a lost girl [...]' 28</i>	In October 1906, Katherine Beauchamp, daughter of a prominent Wellington businessman, vows she will make life so difficult for her parents that they will agree to allow her to return to London. Her behaviour outcasts her from the comfortable, conservative world of bourgeois Wellington. 29
<i>Alvina Houghton suddenly disappears from her family home telling nobody of her whereabouts and goes off to the north of England with a musical troupe, the Natcha-Kee-Tawaras. There she knuckles down to the hard slog of travelling by train from one set of digs to the next, cooking meals in boarding houses. She and the Italian, Ciccio, become lovers.</i>	Returning to London in August 1908, Katherine falls in love with musician Garnet Trowell. On March 2, 1909, Katherine suddenly marries George Bowden. She leaves him the same evening and disappears from her lodgings, telling no-one of her whereabouts. On about March 10 she joins Garnet Trowell who was touring the north of England with the Moody Manners 30 operatic troupe. Joining the troupe, she sang

who left Eastwood to become a nurse, but who later, like Alvina, returned to play the piano in her father's ill-fated cinema. 26

By early March 1913 'Insurrection' was apparently half-written (this second draft is lost). However, Lawrence was worried over its overt sexual references. He did not want it to jeopardise his third novel, *Sons and Lovers*, which was just about to be published. So he stopped writing, but took the 'Insurrection' text with him to Bavaria later that year, where he left it with Frieda's family. There it remained, untouched, for the next seven years.

Lawrence first thought about reviving 'Insurrection' in 1916 27, but the MS was still in Bavaria with Frieda's family, and inaccessible due to the war. It was not until 1919 that Lawrence, by then in Italy, arranged for it to be posted to him in Capri, where in February 1920 he began writing a third version, which he now provisionally called 'Mixed Marriage'. However, he soon scrapped this (it, too, has not survived), and it was not until he had settled into the Fontana Vecchia in Taormina some months later that the fourth and ultimate version was started. (At this point he was thinking of calling it 'The Bitter Cherry'.) In May 1920, after only eight weeks' writing, what he finally decided to call *The Lost Girl* was finished, and sent off to a typist in Rome. It was published in the UK by Martin Secker on 25 November 1920.

It is my contention that Lawrence, after having met and got to know Katherine, had decided that Katherine, rather than Florence Cullen, was a better model for the later Alvina, the young 'liberated' woman who had been struggling for independence in his abandoned 1913 text. I suggest that a comparison between some episodes in *The Lost Girl* and events in Katherine's life supports this view, for example:

in the chorus, travelling by train from one town to the next, living in boarding houses and cooking meals in primitive kitchens. She becomes pregnant to Trowell but later miscarries.
--

In 'Elsa Culverwell' the heroine describes herself: 'I was very ordinary, very quiet, rather shy. I was rather pale, and rather weedy, with dun-coloured hair, with real blue eyes, that stared at myself, in a sort of defiance.' 31. When she was nearly 20, Elsa described herself again: 'I was not very handsome: cold looking, with my slightly aquiline nose and my steady blue eyes. I had dun-coloured hair, I was pale. But I had the knack of looking a lady.' 32.

In the *The Lost Girl*, there is a distinct change between the early Alvina, who is still similar to Elsa, and the later, post-Elsa-Culverwell Alvina. The two, I would argue, are quite dissimilar. This, I believe, is because Lawrence had switched the 'model' of his heroine from Florence Cullen to Katherine Mansfield. Before the change (while still based on Florence Cullen/Elsa Culverwell), Alvina '[...] spoke with a quiet, refined, almost convent voice' 33 A few pages later, however, 'her voice had a curious bronze-like resonance that acted straight on the nerves of her hearers, unpleasantly on most English nerves [...]' 34 Alvina's appearance also changes between the two depictions of the heroine. In what we can now call the early, pre-Katherine version, Alvina is described as having been:

a thin child with delicate limbs and face, and wide, grey-blue ironic eyes. Even as a small girl she had that odd, ironic tilt of the eyelids which gave her a look as if she were hanging back in mockery. If she were, she was quite unaware of it [...]

Rananim

But then, in the post-Katherine version, her former governess, Miss Frost, describes Alvina as having 'a gargoyle' face, 'she would see the eyes rolling strangely under the sardonic eyelids, and then Miss Frost would feel that never, never had she known anything so utterly alien.' 36

When Katherine got to know the Bloomsburies after first meeting them in artist Dorothy Brett's studio in November 1915, a number of them discussed her appearance. Dorothy Brett remarked on Katherine's 'mask-like composure'. 'The dark eyes glance about, much like a bird's, the pale face is a quiet mask, full of hidden laughter, wit and gaiety...' 37 Lytton Strachey described Katherine as 'an odd satirical woman behind a regular mask of a face...' Strachey wrote to Virginia Woolf: 'I may add that she has an ugly impassive mask of a face - cut in wood, with brown hair and brown eyes very far apart; and a sharp and slightly vulgarly- fanciful intellect sitting behind it.' 38 An echo of this 'gargoyle look' also appears in *Women in Love* 'Gudrun looked at Ursula with a mask-like expressionless face.' 39, and also in Lawrence's short story, 'Smile', a cruel depiction of a Murry-figure at a Katherine-figure's (Ophelia's) death bed 'And for the first time they saw the faint ironical curl at the corners of Ophelia's mouth.' 40 It is clear, I suggest, that the later Alvina is at least partly based on Katherine rather than Florence Cullen.

But appearance is not the only parallel between the fictional Alvina and the real-life Katherine. Both had sharp tempers. Lawrence in *The Lost Girl* says that Alvina had outbursts of temper, with the addition of sudden fits of 'boisterous hilarity' and 'mad bursts of hilarious jeering.' 41 Katherine, too, was known for her ill temper. She once wrote: 'I think the only thing which is really 'serious' about me, really 'bad'. Really incurable, is my temper...' 42 Dorothy Brett remarked on Katherine's rapid and disconcerting changes in mood... 'ironic ruthlessness' ...

But was a Ciccio the solution to Alvina's dilemma? Lawrence confessed he was troubled by Alvina. He was concerned that he hadn't found a solution to her quest for independence. He could see similarities between Alvina and the heroine of his friend Compton Mackenzie's recently-published novel, *The Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett* 48, a picaresque story of a young girl questing for independence. In a letter to Mackenzie in May 1920 Lawrence wrote that he was: 'terrified of my Alvina who marries a Ciccio'. He went on, referring to Mackenzie's heroine, Sylvia, who married an upper-middle class Englishman, but finally decided to leave him: 'I believe neither of us has found a way out of the labyrinth. How we hang on to the marriage clue! Doubt if its really a way out [...]' 49

Lawrence leaves Alvina still married to Ciccio, but he also leaves a question over the future of that marriage - as he did over the relationship between Katherine and Murry. He summed up the complicated relationships between himself, Murry and Katherine in fictional form in his 1920 play, 'Touch and Go' 50. Anabel Wrath (a Katherine/Gudrun-figure and Oliver Turton (a Lawrence/Birkin figure) are talking about the failure of their relationship with Gerald Barlow (a Murry/Gerald Crich-figure)

ANABEL: But we were a vicious triangle, Oliver - you must admit it.

OLIVER: You mean my friendship with Gerald went against you?

ANABEL: Yes. And your friendship with me went against Gerald.

OLIVER: So I am the devil in the piece.

ANABEL: You see, Oliver, Gerald loved you far too well ever to love me altogether. He loved us both.

But the Gerald who loved you so dearly, old, old friends as you were, and trusted

'satirical wit' and said Katherine had a 'a tongue like a knife'. 43 Dora Carrington described her as having 'the language of a fishwife'. 44 And Virginia Woolf, despite being a great admirer of Katherine and her writing, said cattily that Katherine 'dressed like a tart and behaved like a bitch.' 45

However, it is in the theme of *The Lost Girl* where perhaps Katherine makes her greatest contribution to the novel. It is Alvina's attempts to achieve independence that most of all mirror Katherine. Indeed, her attempts to escape her social and emotional bonds reflected the theme that obsessed Lawrence at this time: the role of women in modern society. Lawrence saw in Katherine the personification of the dilemma of the modern woman, and which (I now argue) he played out in *The Lost Girl*. The on-and-off relationship between Katherine and Murry haunted him, as did her attempts to escape from a settled relationship. Lawrence had observed Katherine's repeated attempts to leave Murry, and, referring to Jung's ideas, he likened her role as the 'mother' to Murry's 'child' 46. He suggested Katherine should look for a more manly, sensual man - perhaps like Ciccio, the swarthy Italian with whom Alvina runs off. (In 1915, Katherine ran off briefly with a swarthy French poet - Francis Carco. The surname is rather like the name Ciccio. Indeed, when the novel was first published the name was spelt with one 'c' and Lawrence himself spelt it often with one 'c' but he later insisted on the double 'c' 47, possibly, I suggest, to make it sound less like Carco, for fear of antagonising him. It should be noted that Ciccio did not appear in the original - 'Elsa Culverwell' version. He only appears in the post-Katherine version of the novel.)

you, he turned a
terrible face of contempt on
me....He had a passion
for me but he loved you.

The Lost Girl was published in the UK on November 25, 1920. The reviews were tepid. (Nevertheless, Lawrence later won the James Tait Memorial Prize for the novel - his only writing award.) Murry reviewed it in his literary magazine, *The Athenaeum*, in December 1920, but it was not a favourable critique:

Mr. Lawrence's own grasp of the central theme of his story, of the peculiar attraction which held Alvina and Cicio together, despite an ecstatic hatred that would have sufficed to separate a hundred ordinary lovers for ever, may possibly be profound; but he does not convey it to us. He writes of characters as though they were animals circling around each other; and on this sub-human plane no human destinies can be decided. Alvina and Cicio become for us like grotesque beasts in an aquarium, shut off from our apprehension by the misted glass of an esoteric language, a quack terminology. 51

Murry later recorded 52 that at the time of writing this review he was unaware that Lawrence had written *Women in Love* before *The Lost Girl* (as *Women in Love* had not yet been published). He revealed that Lawrence had kept what was in *Women in Love* a secret while he was

click [here](#) to turn to next page

Rananim

writing it. However, as Lawrence had circulated the manuscript of *Women in Love* to Ottoline around November 1916, and she had then told many of her friends about it, including Katherine - long before its publication - it would seem that Murry is not completely truthful about this (as, I suspect, he may not be in other matters concerning Katherine). Murry also said that the character of Gudrun did not reflect anything of Katherine's personality and was an indication of how little Lawrence understood her. But he did concede: 'it probably is true that Lawrence found the germ of Gerald in me.'

By the time *The Lost Girl* was published Katherine was too ill to review the novel, but she recorded her feelings about it in her Scrapbook, and they repeat Murry's ('animals') image. However, she apparently detected no overt parallel with herself: 53

Lawrence denies his humanity. He denies the powers of the imagination. He denies life - I mean human life. His hero and heroine are non-human. They are animals on the prowl. They do not feel: they scarcely speak. There is not one memorable word. They submit to their physical response and for the rest go veiled, blind - faceless, mindless. This is the doctrine of mindlessness.

She also saw no parallel between the wanderings of Alvina and her own early life: 'The whole is false - ashes. 'The preposterous Indian troupe of four young men is - a fake.' Nor any similarity to her pregnancy and Alvina's: 'Oh, don't forget where Alvina feels a trill in her bowels, and discovers herself with child. A TRILL. What does that mean?' Others have mentioned Katherine's criticism of Lawrence's use of the word 'trill' to describe how Alvina sensed she was pregnant - perhaps Katherine's strong reaction to the use of the word dragged up memories of her own pregnancy. But she goes on:

Earth-closets too. Do they exist, qua earth-closets? No. I might describe the queer noises

There only remains the question of the W.C. The one that stands already is not very satisfactory. Surely it should have a bucket, that it might be emptied quite cleanly. It is a pity it stands there at all, spoiling the only bit of ground. And it would never do to stand another beside it: one might as well, at that rate, live in a public-lavatory. I can see Katherine Murry's face, if she saw two W.C's staring at her every time she came out of the door or looked out of the window. It would never do. 55

My analysis of the 'Katherine elements' in the character of Alvina Houghton demonstrate that Katherine influenced Lawrence's work more than hitherto recognised. But what influence did Lawrence and Katherine have on each other's writing? Their approach was quite different. Where Lawrence could be called more of a fresco painter, Katherine was a miniaturist. When he writes about Gudrun's 'exquisite carvings' in *Women in Love*, Lawrence may have been thinking of Katherine's writing:

Isn't it queer that she always likes little things? -- she must always work small things [...] She likes to look through the wrong end of the opera glasses, and see the world that way [-]' 56

Lawrence played out his theories and ideas in his novels, which in some parts are more like morality plays than novels. Katherine's style was to refine her message to complete simplicity and subtlety. Yet there were also some similarities in their technique (although not influenced by one another) - both were intensely visual and impressionistic; both could describe landscape and nature superbly (indeed,

coming from one when old Grandpa X was there - very strange cries and moans, and how the women who were washing stopped and shook their heads and pitied him, and even the children didn't laugh. Yes, I can imagine that. But that's not the same as to build an earth-closet because the former one was so exposed. No.

Her singling out of the matter of the water-closet is a reference to an incident in the novel when Ciccio has taken Alvina to live in a hovel in his remote Italian alpine village. He decides that the open air lavatory arrangements there were not suitable for an English lady of Alvina's status and sets about making a more salubrious arrangement. This is described in two very minor sentences in *The Lost Girl*:

' Ciccio worked all day on the land or round about. He was building a little earth closet also; the obvious and unscreened place outside was impossible.' 54

Why did Katherine bring this incident up? It no doubt refers to an incident at Higher Tregerthen when she and Murry were about to live in the cottage alongside Lawrence and Frieda. Lawrence, had entered into a frenzy of domestic arrangements, and organising the rearrangement of the water closet. He wrote to his landlord, Captain John Short, on 23 March 1916:

some of Katherine's very early writings in her Notebook 57 about the New Zealand rivers and forests she saw during her 1907 trip to the North Island, although unpolished, rival, in my opinion, some of Lawrence's best landscape writing such as in *Sea and Sardinia* 58 and *Mr Noon* 59).

Both, in their different ways, pushed English literature forward into new territory. However, I do not think Lawrence influenced Katherine's writing. Her main early literary mentor was Chekhov, not Lawrence, though by the time she wrote *Prelude* she had begun to slough off Chekhov's influence. After that, she was striking out into new territory on her own. . Katherine, in *Prelude* did something new in literature - in shifting the focus of the story from the point of view of one character to that of another and then to another. It seems to me that In doing such sliding from one character to another, she was writing in a cinematic way, presaging the techniques used in modern screen writing In *Prelude*, the reader is led from one character to another and the story cuts from one character to another like a film. This technique is repeated and refined in some of her other stories such as 'Je ne Parle pas Francais' 60 and is examined in depth by Sydney Janet Kaplin. 61.

It may even be that Lawrence was a bad influence on Katherine. Indeed, Lawrence's stronger personality may have been the cause of her writer's block during the time they were in Cornwall. Lawrence

click [here](#) to turn to next page

Rananim

had been enthusiastic about setting up Katherine in her 'tower' at Higher Tregerthen where he envisaged her writing. But Katherine, for a number of reasons, did not want to be locked up in that (or any other) tower. Katherine for her part ranked Lawrence highly as a writer but she could also be critical of him. For example, in a letter to Murry on 13 June 1918, she tells him she is reading *The Well Beloved* by Thomas Hardy, which she found 'appalling bad'. She then sees that Hardy occasionally falls into 'a pretentious, snobbish, schoolmaster vein (Lawrence echoes it). 62 She reacted strongly against *Women in Love*, criticising Lawrence's depiction of 'satanic love' and also criticised him for his constant harping on the importance of maleness: 'When he gets on to the subject of maleness I lose all patience. What nonsense it all is - and he must know it is. His style changes he can no longer write. He begs the question. I can't forgive him for that - it's a sin.' 63 Nevertheless, she admired his 'passion'.

We don't know whether Lawrence ever said anything directly to Katherine about her work. But we do have some hint of what he felt about her writing when he wrote to Koteliensky in February 1917 after a split with the Murrys: 'Only for poor Katherine and her lies I feel rather sorry. They are such self-responsible lies.' 64 She herself felt she should get closer to real life and people and to 'purify' her work.

After Katherine's death, Murry vowed '[...] the only thing that matters to me is that she should have her rightful place as the most wonderful writer and most beautiful spirit of our time.' 65 Lawrence jibed at Murry's attempts to put Katherine on a literary pedestal, saying in a letter to Murry on 25 October, 1923 'I got Dove's Nest here. Thank you very much. Poor Katherine, she is delicate and touching. - But not Great! Why say great?' 66

Critical opinion of Mansfield has waxed and waned since her death. It was clouded in the

On hearing of her death, Lawrence wrote to Murry: 'Yes, I always knew a bond in my heart. Feel a fear where the bond is broken now.' 69 Katherine, too, recognised that Lawrence was special - 'one of the few real people' 70

He found her a fascinating, enigmatic, subtle, contradictory personality- as his part-portrayal of her as Gudrun in *Women in Love* demonstrates He also saw in Katherine a courageous young woman, whom, as I have pointed out in this essay, he portrayed as Alvina Houghton in *The Lost Girl*.

For if ever there was a lost girl, it was Katherine.

(Endnotes [over page](#))

[Back to page 1](#)

Sandra Jobson Darroch ©2009

early years by the 'Mansfield Legend' created by Murry, as Jan Pilditch points out in the introduction to *The Critical Response to Katherine Mansfield*.⁶⁷ A survey of the contents of *The Critical Response* exposes as much about the prejudices, backgrounds, and social conditioning of the critics as it does the nature of Mansfield's writing. Latterly, her work has been subjected to feminist critique, Commonwealth critique, New Zealand patriotic critique, and so on. More recently some general agreement has been reached that Mansfield was a 'substantial and crucial figure' in 20th century literature. That she was not a native-born Englishwoman is perhaps the most important element in her writing. As Andrew Gurr said in 1984:

Much of the best writing in English this century has been prose fiction by writers born outside the great metropolitan centres [...] Consequently much of their finest fiction has been constructed about the distant homeland from the standpoint of exile.' ⁶⁸

Curiously, this could also be said of Lawrence. He came to London as an exile from Nottinghamshire, and was able to create a fictionalised version of his 'homeland', just as Katherine did. But later Lawrence became even more of an 'expatriate' than Katherine. As relative outsiders with outstanding ability, Lawrence and Mansfield had a unique mutual understanding based on an innate recognition of each other's heightened awareness of reality, high intelligence, and a dedication to the art and labour of writing. Unlike many of his other friendships which ended in ashes, and despite occasional periods of hateful correspondence, Lawrence continued to the end to treat Katherine as a fellow pilgrim on the difficult writers' road.

ENDNOTES

[back to page 1](#)

1. D.H. Lawrence, *Kangaroo* (London: Secker, 1928) (With annotations in pencil by John Middleton Murry), p 402.
2. Lawrence, *Kangaroo*, Bruce Steele, ed, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994), Textual Apparatus, Note 358.7, pp. 476-477.
3. Vincent O'Sullivan and Margaret Scott, eds, *The Collected Letters of Katherine Mansfield* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1984). To John Middleton Murry, 10 September 1922; D.H. Lawrence, *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence* Vols. 1-., General Editor, James T. Boulton (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987), Vol 4, p. 283 note to letter 2565.
4. Lawrence, *Letters*, Vol 4, 20 May, 1922, p 241.
5. The following chronology is based principally on: Antony Alpers, *The Life of Katherine Mansfield* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1980).
Claire Tomalin *Katherine Mansfield A Secret Life* (London: Penguin Books, 1988).
Jeffrey Meyers, *Katherine Mansfield A Biography* (London: Hamish Hamilton. 1978).
D.H. Lawrence, *Letters*
Vincent O'Sullivan and Margaret Scott, eds, *The Collected Letters of Katherine Mansfield*. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1984-2008).
6. Katherine Mansfield, *Journal*, ed. J. Middleton Murry, (New York: Knopf, 1946), 20 September 1918, p.99.
7. In 1912 Lawrence fell ill, broke off his engagement to Louie Burrows, abandoned teaching, ran off with Frieda, and made a start on several of his later novels.
8. Mansfield, *Letters*, Vol.1. 30 January 1913, pp. 118-119.
9. Mansfield, *Journal*, (London: Constable, 1927), 9 January 1915, p 20.
10. John Middleton Murry, *Reminiscences of D.H. Lawrence* (New York: Henry Holt, 1933) pp. 41-42, and Alpers, pp. 172-173.
11. C.J. Stevens, *Lawrence at Treggerthen* (New York: The Whitstone Publishing Company, 1988).
12. Mansfield, *Letters* Vol.1 To Beatrice Campbell, 4 May 1916, p. 261.
13. Mansfield *Letters* Vol 2, To Ottoline Morrell, 8 October 1918, p 179.
14. Alpers, p 310, and John Middleton Murry, *The Letters of John Middleton Murry to Katherine Mansfield*, (London: Constable, 1983), p. 268 and notes on p. 269 re Lawrence's letter.
15. Mansfield *Journal*, 20 January 1922, p. 223.
24. Lawrence, *Letters*, To Sally Hopkin, 23 December 1912, p.490,
25. D.H. Lawrence, 'Elsa Culverwell', published in *The Lost Girl* p.343-358
26. Worthen, ed., *Lost Girl*, p. XXI.
27. Lawrence, *Letters*. To Ottoline Morrell, 15 March 1916, p. 580.
28. Lawrence, *Lost Girl*, Chapter X, pp. 210-244 and particularly p. 217.
29. Alpers, p. 49.
30. Alpers, pp. 69 and p. 92.
31. 'Culverwell', p. 350.
32. 'Culverwell', p. 356.
33. *Lost Girl*, p. 20.
34. *Lost Girl*, p. 23.
35. *Lost Girl*, p. 20.
36. *Lost Girl*, p. 21.
37. Tomalin, p. 153.
38. Myers, p. 63.
39. Lawrence, *Women in Love*, p. 9.
40. D. H. Lawrence 'Smile' in *The Woman Who Rode Away and Other Stories* (London: Martin Secker 1928), p. 110.
41. *Lost Girl* p 21.
42. Mansfield, *Journal* , September 20, 1918, p.99.
43. Meyers, p.65.
44. Meyers, p. 76.
45. Meyers, p 138
46. Meyers, p. 96.
47. Worthen, Intro. *Lost Girl*, p. XXXV1
48. Compton Mackenzie, *Life and Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett* (London: Hutchinson, No Date).
49. Lawrence *Letters*, 10 May 1920, p. 521.
50. 'Touch and Go', Act 1, Scene 11, p. 331. (Lawrence sent Katherine a copy of the play but she did not seem to recognise herself in it.)
51. Murry *Reminiscences*, p, 94.
52. John Middleton Murry, *Between Two Worlds* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1935), p. 413.
53. Katherine Mansfield *The Scrapbook of Katherine Mansfield*, ed. J. Middleton Murry (New York: Knopf 1940), pp. 182-184.
54. *Lost Girl*, p. 323.
55. Lawrence, *Letters*, Vol XX, 25 March 1916, p. 585.
56. Lawrence, *Women in Love*, p. 39.
57. Mansfield, *Notebooks*, Notebook 2. 135-149.
58. D.H. Lawrence, *Sea and Sardina* (New York: Seltzer, 1921).
59. Lawrence *Mr Noon* (Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 1984).
60. Mansfield 'Je ne Parle pas Francais' in the

16. Mansfield, *Letters*, 13 October, 1922.
17. George Neville, *A Memoir of D.H. Lawrence (The Betrayer)*, ed. Carl Baron, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1981).
18. DH Lawrence, *Women in Love*, David Farmer, Lindeth Vasey and John Worthen, eds, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987).
19. D.H. Lawrence, 'Touch and Go' in *D.H. Lawrence Plays*, Introd. Malcolm Elwin, (Geneva: Heron Books, 1965) pp. 315 -380.
20. D.H. Lawrence, *The Lost Girl*. John Worthen, ed, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1981).
21. Lawrence, *Lost Girl*, Worthen Introd., Note 113:2 p. 377.
22. <http://www.maoridictionary.co.nz/> based on *Te Aka Maori-English, English- Maori Dictionary* and Index. Note: Katherine listed a similar word in her *Notebook*: 'range tewera'. (See my note 23).
23. Katherine Mansfield, *The Katherine Mansfield Notebooks*, Complete edition Margaret Scott, ed, (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press 2002), *Notebook 2*, p.166 and *Unbound Papers*, poem 'In the Darkness', p. 125.
- Complete Stories*, (Auckland: Golden Press, 1974).
61. Sydney Janet Kaplin Katherine Mansfield and *The Origins of Modernist Fiction*, (Ithica and London: Cornell University Press, 1991).
62. Mansfield, *Letters*, June 5, 1918, p. 219.
63. Mansfield letter to Sydney Schiff, March 12, 1921, quoted in Kaplan, p. 213; Tomalin, p.220.
64. Lawrence, *Letters*. Vol 1V. 9 February 1917, p. 90.
65. Sandra Jobson Darroch, *Ottoline: the Life of Lady Ottoline Morrell*, (London: Chatto & Windus, 1976, New York: Coward McCann, 1975, republished Cassell Biographies, 1988), p.258, Unpublished letter, Humanities Research Centre, Texas,
66. Lawrence, *Letters*. Vol 1V. 25 October, 1923, p. 521.
67. Jan Pilditch, *The Critical Response to Katherine Mansfield* (London: Greenwood Press, 1996).
68. *Critical Response*, Andrew Gurr, p. 197.
69. Lawrence, *Letters*, Vol 4. 2 February, 1923, p. 375.
70. Mansfield, *Letters*, To Ottoline, 24 April, 1917, p. 306.
71. Alpers, p. 366.