



# Rananim

The Journal of the DH Lawrence Society of Australia

ISSN No: 1039-9658

[www.dhlawrencesocietyaustralia.com.au](http://www.dhlawrencesocietyaustralia.com.au)

Vol 19. No 1. June, 2012

## 90TH ANNIVERSARY OF LAWRENCE'S ARRIVAL IN SYDNEY



THE DH Lawrence Society of Australia had much to celebrate on Sunday May 27 in the Rose Garden Pavilion in Sydney's Royal Botanic Gardens.

First of all it was the 90th anniversary of the arrival in Sydney of Lawrence and Frieda.

Secondly, it was the 20th anniversary of the founding of the DH Lawrence Society of Australia - in the Rose Garden Pavilion in 1992.

A special anniversary cake was cut by outgoing President John Lacey, and in-coming President Rob Darroch offered a toast to DH Lawrence. Those present - more than 20 Lawrence "fans" - raised their glasses to the toast.

Artist Garry Shead, a patron of the Society, drew a special sketch of the occasion (see picture, right).

A three-minute-long AGM was then held where John Lacey expressed his regrets in having to resign due to continuous ill-health and Sandra Darroch thanked him for his 13 years of presidency, during which he took the Society on annual Harbour cruises on the historic VIP steam yacht, *Lady Hopetoun*, and a number of memorable steam train trips to Thirroul and other places of Lawrentian interest (see John Lacey's speech, page 2).



Garry Shead's drawing of the event, depicting Sandra & Rob Darroch & John Lacey, with Paul Delprat and a kangaroo behind them



Outgoing President, John Lacey, cutting the Anniversary cake with Garry Shead and new committee member, Robert Whitelaw, looking on

Then followed a reading of the five entries in our Literary Competition to write the Missing Chapter that was excised from Lawrence's notebooks when he wrote *Kangaroo*.

Rob Douglass was unfortunately away and unable to read his entry, titled "Chinatown", about an intriguing encounter Lawrence had with some mysterious Chinese during a trip up to Sydney from Thirroul. Rob Darroch read it on Rob Douglass's behalf.

Next, Sandra Darroch read her entry titled "Batten Down the Hatches" in which she told of how she had come upon the missing chapter which had been excised by Frieda because she was angry at what Lawrence had written about her in the chapter.

Third to be read was Lindsay Foyle's evocative chapter about Lawrence's visit to Sydney and a meeting with the family of Norman Lindsay.

Fourth was "Daemon", Rob Darroch's deeply-researched analysis of the correspondence Lawrence had recently received from England at the time of writing the missing chapter, and the

Rob Darroch was elected the new President and Robert Whitelaw was elected to join the committee. Sandra Darroch remains Secretary and editor and publisher of *Rananim*, and Clif Barker, who was away in Berlin, stays on as Treasurer.

Sandra Darroch, on behalf of Treasurer Clif Barker, reported that the Society's finances were in good shape and that future talks and other events would be organised. She called for donations to help the Society, and Cerridwen Lee generously made a contribution.

influence one of the letters had had on him and the excised chapter.

Finally Paul Delprat told of how Lawrence met Paul's ancestor, the artist Julian Ashton. He illustrated his chapter "A Fellow Artist", with a drawing (see page 7).

The five entries were then voted on by those present and the winner was declared to be Paul Delprat, who was presented by Rob Darroch with a bottle of single-malt Scotch whisky.

SEE MORE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE EVENT ON PAGE 8.

## GEOFF IN SYDNEY

By Sandra Darroch



ONE of the most unusual, and amusing, books about DH Lawrence is Geoff Dyer's *Out of Sheer Rage - Wrestling with D.H. Lawrence* in which he sets out to write a book about Lawrence, but never actually gets around to doing so, yet produces a book that tells the reader a great deal about Lawrence.

This sort of contradictory conundrum seems to be part of Dyer's personality, as I discovered when I interviewed him for *Rananim* during his time in Sydney for Writers' Week.

In another of his books, *Jeff in Venice*, his protagonist Jeff (spelt with a J) is a freelance journalist (as Geoff himself is part of the time) who ruminates about the technique of interviewing. He decides after some years working as a journalist that the best technique is not to try to be smarter than the interviewee, but to appear rather stupid, thus making the interviewee feel superior.

So when we sat down at an outside table overlooking the Harbour and began the interview, I said to Geoff that I agreed with Jeff about the technique of interviewing. As I said this I felt as if I were looking into a mirror that reflected a mirror that reflected another mirror...

I refrained, however, from telling Geoff that he looked a lot younger than his 54 years. But I did grovel slightly, as the fictional Jeff did, when I asked the real Geoff if I could take his photograph.



Sandra Darroch interviewing Geoff Dyer

He said the reception of his book by Lawrence academics had been good, on the whole. But some scholars had been flummoxed, not knowing how to take such an unconventional book.



Geoff Dyer signs a copy of his book on Lawrence for the Society

Geoff has the letter hanging in his study, framed so that both sides of it are visible.

He hadn't been to Australia when he wrote *Out of Sheer Rage*, but he has since visited our shores four times, and says that each visit makes him more aware of Lawrence's uncanny ability to see beneath the surface of Australia - to sense the dark presence of the original inhabitants.

Even though he has moved on from writing about Lawrence, Geoff still feels a strong affinity with him. "I feel this both as an Englishman and because like Lawrence, I come from the working class," he explained. "Lawrence was probably the first writer to emerge from the working class, the forerunner of John Osborne and all the others."

He regrets that Lawrence is no longer as highly-regarded by academics in England and Australia, and he also feels that Frieda should have had more attention paid to her.

Our conversation was then interrupted by Australian expat writer Kathy Lette, who came up to our table to tell Geoff she had organised a helicopter ride with local entrepreneur Dick Smith the next day.

"Make sure you ask Dick to fly you over Narrabeen," I said. "That was where Lawrence and Frieda got out at the tram terminus and walked to the lagoon where they had afternoon tea with the people who told him about the secret army."

"I told people when I started that it was going to be a serious book about Lawrence because I needed their help. But I had always conceived of it as a 'crazy' book," Geoff said. A theme running through the book is Geoff's contention that Lawrence's best writing is in his poetry and his letters, not his novels.

Even now, Geoff still enjoys discovering new scraps of correspondence by Lawrence. He himself is now the proud owner of a letter by Lawrence to his sister-in-law, Else, in which he describes how he is writing less and less and painting more.

Geoff said he'd make sure he saw the place where the "house set sideways to the lagoon" had been.

His publicist then arrived and gathered him up to take him to a radio interview, and I picked up the copy of his book he had signed. On the title page he had written:

"For the DH Lawrence Society of Australia from Geoff Dyer in Sydney 2012."

[next page](#)

<b>CONTENTS</b>	
90th Anniversary	1
<a href="#">President's Welcome: John Lacey</a>	2
<a href="#">UK Member Jonathan Long</a>	2
<a href="#">Literary Contest</a>	3
<a href="#">Chinatown - Rob Douglass</a>	3
<a href="#">Batten Down the Hatches- Sandra Darroch</a>	4
<a href="#">Coffee &amp; Camouflage- Lindsay Foyle</a>	5
<a href="#">Daemon-Rob Darroch</a>	6
<a href="#">A Fellow Artist - Paul Delprat</a>	7
<a href="#">Anniversary Photos</a>	8



[Back to Home Page](#)

## WELCOME AND FAREWELL

**Our President, John Lacey,  
opens our 90th  
Anniversary celebrations:**

**W**ELCOME to our celebrations of the 90th anniversary of DH Lawrence's arrival in Sydney, and, by a happily-planned coincidence, the 20th anniversary of the founding of our Society.

The Lawrences spent their first two nights at Mrs Scott's guest-house over there (the modern building until recently housed the American Club) before leaving for Thirroul where they lived inside a mystery wrapped up in an enigma which Robert Darroch, our vice-president and driving-force has spent many years trying to unravel.

Our inaugural meeting was held here, in the Rose Garden Pavilion in 1992. So I would ask you to join me in a toast to the DHL Society of Australia and its members.

While this is indeed a happy occasion for the Society, it is a sad one for me personally, as I formally tender my resignation as President and Editor of *Rananim*. Some of you know that I am suffering from a chronic illness and this has led to my moving to Coffs Harbour to be with family.

There are only two resolutions to this illness: one is an organ transplant, but re-reading parts of Lawrence has helped me get

Some pictorial memories of John Lacey's 13 years as  
President of the DH Lawrence  
Society of Australia



*The VIP steam yacht Lady Hopetoun, which John chartered  
for t-e Society's annual Harbour cruise*



*A spectacular sunset, photographed by John on  
one of the Lady Hopetoun cruises*



*John Lacey and Cerridwen Lee aboard the Lady Hopetoun*

through the dark nights  
contemplating the  
alternative.

Quite simply, I do not have  
the strength to devote to the  
needs of the society, and to  
you its members.

While I hope that I may have  
"done the State some  
service", personally my life  
has been enriched by many  
experiences in holding this  
position.

After 13 years as President  
of your society I have a great  
many people to thank,  
starting with all of you  
present today. But I will  
name two people only, Rob  
and Sandra Darroch.

Without them, as I am sure  
you realise, there simply  
would be no DH L Society  
of Australia, and I wish to  
thank them publicly too for  
their many acts of personal  
kindness to me over the  
years.

So I would propose a second  
toast, to the Darrochs and  
their huge contributions to  
the DHL Society.

For the reasons I've  
mentioned above there will  
be no Presidential Report as  
such. Thank you, ladies and  
gentlemen - friends - you  
may now enjoy the day.

**- John Lacey**

## DUDLEY NICHOLLS

By Jonathan Long (a member of the DH Lawrence Society of the UK)

(Text of a talk given at The Sun Inn, Eastwood, on April 13 last year on "Dudley Nichols:  
'Breaking the Chain of Conversation. A Journey of Discovery, Following  
Lawrence Around the World'.")



his was a special meeting for two reasons. The first, with the [UK] Society 'homeless' following the predictable but unfortunate increase in charges for the use of the Eastwood Library, we were trying out alternative venues. An obvious choice was the Sun Inn, at the heart of so many places in Eastwood with Lawrence connections (and the site of the birth of the Midland Railway in 1832). The second was that our speaker was a nephew of Lawrence's fiancée Louie Burrows, his mother being one of her younger sisters. And, perhaps uniquely, Dudley had previously made a similar presentation to the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia - see:

<http://www.dhlawrencesocietyaustralia.com.au/lawrence%20month/1%20month.html>



*Louie Burrows, Lawrence's fiancée*

Dudley gave us a copiously illustrated talk on some of the places across the world that he and his wife had visited where Lawrence had been. He showed us over 100 photos, taking us in chronological order from Dudley's association with Lawrence as a nephew of Louie and her family's connection with Cossall, the Cossethay of The Rainbow, through to the Lawrence tomb in Taos, New Mexico. As illustrated biographies have shown, although we can never reproduce what Lawrence saw and felt, we can get closer to him through images of the places he visited. Keith Sagar's *The Life of D.H. Lawrence* and Harry T. Moore and Warren Roberts' *D.H. Lawrence and His World* would be much less impressive without those carefully chosen illustrations.

Any member of our Society will want to visit the places that Lawrence stayed the longest and that are associated with his best work. The Nichols' travels in Lawrence's footsteps included Villa Mirenda, Scandicci, set in a beautiful location in the hills overlooking Florence, and forever associated with Lady Chatterley's Lover, and Mabel Dodge Luhan's house and the Kiowa Ranch, inspiration for so much of Lawrence's American period. The photos of Thirroul, where Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo*, remind us though that houses such as Wyewurk are private property and not all owners of such property share our appreciation of a famous former resident, nor do they welcome visitors. Close shots of that house are not possible in the way they are of properties fronting roads, such as 1 Byron Villas, in Hampstead. Dudley also talked us through the early months of Lawrence's relationship with Frieda and their travels through the Tyrol and down to Gargnano on Lake Garda, some of the most picturesque places on his travels. Such an evening could only raise again the question of why Lawrence never settled anywhere permanently, particularly when so many of the places he stayed are quite inspirational.

Some of these locations are of course very familiar to us from the illustrated biographies but it was interesting to see how (if at all) they have changed over the years. Equally interesting was to see some of the less familiar sites such as The Cearne, Edenbridge where Edward Garnett lived, an editor so important to Lawrence's early development as a writer, and Ludwig Wilhelm Stift in Baden-Baden where Frieda's mother spent her last years - the lady who became the recipient of some of Lawrence's best letters. And how many of us have been to Compton House in Bourne-mouth where Lawrence convalesced in 1912, or the house in Broadstairs where Lawrence stayed in 1913?

Some of these locations are difficult to locate - you cannot for example follow the directions Lawrence provided to get to the Villa Mirenda. The task for us is to record (perhaps in this Journal) how these important sites can be reached.



*Lawrence shrine, Taos, New Mexico*  
Photo: Michael Lester



*Villa Mirenda, Florence*

[next page](#)

## THE MISSING CHAPTER

The finalists in our Literary Competition on the chapter  
that was excised  
from the manuscript of *Kangaroo*

- (i) "*Chinatown*" by Rob Douglass (on this page)
- (ii) "[Batten Down the Hatches](#)" by Sandra Darroch
- (iii) "[Coffee and Camouflage](#)" by [Lindsay Foyle](#)
- (iv) "[Daemon](#)" by [Robert Darroch](#)
- (v) "[A Fellow Artist](#)" by [Paul Delprat](#)

### (i) Chapter X

by Rob Douglass

### "Chinatown"

**S**OMERS emerged from the Kuomintang building. There he had met inscrutable Chinese, who were unwilling to give him any information, other than polite but fatuous discussion and jasmine tea.

It would be several hours before the train to Mullumbimby and he was at a loose end.

A small Chinese urchin accosted him: "Mister Somers" he understood the boy to say and the boy pushed an envelope into Somers hand. In it was a note, beautifully written in English in an elegant script on hand made paper. It read:

future writing to foretell England's pitiful future and the glories, still to come, of the restoration of China to its proper place as the Middle Kingdom centre of the world.

Somewhat annoyingly Fu keeps smoking strange smelling cigarettes, which he takes from a gold cigarette case and almost rudely blows the smoke in Somers's direction. Somers would have normally objected, but he was entranced by this strange man with his confident air of certainty.

With the same tact that he displays with other leading lights of the Kangaroo saga, Somers changed the subject and seeks to explore Fu's attitude to the White Australia Policy.

As far as Somers could tell, as his memories of the evening are rather confused, Fu is contemptuous.

Fu asserted baldly "I tell you Mr Somers that within a hundred years Asians will make up over 10% of the Australian population. They will highly honoured and

"Mr Richard Somers  
English writer  
Visiting Sydney

If you could kindly take a little time out of your busy schedule, a humble person would very much like to acquaint you with some information which may be of interest to you and possibly beneficial."

The signature was a Chinese "chop" indecipherable by Somers. However there was an address in Dixon Street, just around the corner from where Somers had received the note.

Somers walked to the address, a non-descript doorway and hall, leading to an inner courtyard. He noted the slouching, insolent Chinese leaning insouciantly against the wall around the entrance. One of them spat a tubercular glob in the gutter.

They looked at Somers out of the corners of their slit eyes.

One of them straightened up and pointed Somers to the doorway on the opposite side of the courtyard, without a word. Somers entered into the rear room, which was smoky and heavy with sandalwood incense.

There he encounters a fearsome character:

However the apparition smiled at Somers and said in perfect Oxford English, "Mr Somers, how kind of such a distinguished English literary luminary to grace my humble premises. Please take a seat."

As Somers sat in a comfortable chair, the apparition clapped his hands and immediately a Chinese man entered, wearing a black silk pajama suit with some sort of elaborate embroidered black working on it, edged in red piping with a black matching skullcap.

regarded. There will be no White Australia Policy.

"Australia itself will be flourishing in partnership with China and part of its sphere of influence.

"Imperial England will be irrelevant, and will have long been languishing under a succession of incompetent, corrupt Prime Ministers, reminiscent of the corrupt mandarins around our late unlamented Empress XiZi. Indeed England will have its own Empress XiZi, ruling, or rather appearing to rule, for over sixty years, while the English mandarinates fusses, fights engages in debauched behaviour and sinks into a sump of irrelevance.

"Even your much vaunted British Navy will be one tenth the size of the Chinese Navy!"

Somers bestirred himself. He had started to feel that Fu must be some kind of meglomaniac, although he was enjoying the experience and imagined writing it into his current book.

"Mr Fu, you seem very confident of all this, but next you'll be telling me that even the local selective Sydney High School will be dominated 90% by Asiatics!"

Suddenly Somers finds himself laughing, Fu laughs too and they are soon howling with laughter at this thought.

Somers cannot remember the next day all the conversation, although he wrote it down in the train back to 'Mullumbimby'/Thirroul the next morning.

However he does remember Fu asserting words to the effect "In fifty years, the Australian Prime Minister will go to the capital of China, Beijing, to kowtow to the Chinese ruler and to swear fealty to China, thus abandoning Australia's ties to England."

They discuss local politics. Fu is remarkably well informed. He tells Somers of a secret, secret army and of its leader's identity and political connections. He knows all about Kangaroo. He has nothing but contempt for their "flag waving and Union Jackboots".





He put what Somers now realized would be the inevitable jasmine tea in a pot on the table next to him and poured some into a tiny cup. When Somers sipped it, however it was not jasmine tea, but a flavour Somers could not identify and quite delicious.

Some strange oriental music was playing quietly in the next room. Somer found it discordant, but fortunately it was not very loud.

"Mr Somers", said the apparition, "Please excuse my failure to introduce myself. My unimportant name is 'Fu Manchu'. Our Chinese names are so difficult to those outside the Middle Kingdom, or "Republic" as we now proclaim ourselves, so please just call me "Foo".

Fu went on to praise Somers extravagantly, revealing without any hesitation a familiarity, which quite set Somers' aback, of Somers background as a pacifist, his legal problems in England with defamation and the scandalous divorce, whereby Somers came to be able to marry his aristocratic wife.

"Mr Somers I have thrown your i Ching. You will have an extraordinary fame in your lifetime. However but after your death you will become almost a god-like figure in literary circles and to the wider public.

"Despite setbacks, you must persist in reaching out beyond conventional literary

Fu goes on, "I have to admit a grudging approval of the Communist Trades & Labour Council Leader, Willie Struthers. You must get to meet him, Mr Somers. Of course his temperance beliefs are naive and foolish, but he is indeed a true Christian, however bizarre and benighted that religion is. At least he is no hypocrite.

"For example, Mr Somers, Struther's has the courage in perhaps being the one prominent person, on either side of politics in Australia, prepared to speak out for the brotherhood of mankind, irrespective of race.

"This is almost foolhardy in this city. The inferiority of the 'chink' is one topic all Australians seem prepared to believe.

"In this regard, Struther is so unlike his Labor and Unionist colleagues, who are racist to a man and horrified of the 'Yellow Peril' taking their jobs and raping their women. They actually know nothing of the joys of sexual relations, if so, they would then have something to worry about."

Fu claps his hands.

Into the room comes the most glamorous and beautiful, but exotic woman Somers has ever seen.

Fu says "Mr Somers allow me to introduce my difficult, devious and delectable daughter, the exotic, enigmatic and seductive Fah Lo Suee. She will dance for us...

"In our country women are trained to serve men, in every way. Like the long grasses, they bend to the wind, but are deeply rooted in our soil."

Fah Lo Suee started to dance in time to the music Somers has come to appreciate.

He compares her to reeds waving in the wind.

All of a sudden Somers feels totally in tune to the music. He leaps from his chair and starts dancing. Fah Lo Suee insidiously attunes her dancing to his. Somers had never felt he was a good dancer before, always feeling awkward and self-conscious, but now he felt from top to toe

topics, as you have already started doing."

"Mr Fu, this is far too kind," said Somers, "but what do you want from me?"

"I'm sure you got nowhere with the Kuomintang people you saw today. " Said Fu. "They soon will get some guidance from Moscow and that will help them. But that is not of any consequence to us today. My poor country will go through many travails before it emerges victorious as the centre of the world again.

"There is no doubt that we will - possibly not in our lifetimes, but within a hundred years. We Chinese always have a longer view of history than you white people. But then we have a rather longer history too.

"Industrialisation gave you English a leap ahead of us. But with our hard-working and highly intelligent masses, we will ultimately surpass England. And sooner than you think. We strongly believe in the power of education and hard work.

"It is sad that a country which invented the compass, can have so lost its bearings. Sadly we also invented gunpowder and paper money and one must wonder if these are of benefit to the world.

"However we also invented printing and that, Mr Somers is where your genius - and I don't hesitate to use this word to describe you - can be of benefit to the world. They need to work with us rather than oppose and oppress us.

Somers was greatly flattered by Fu's discourse, but felt uncomfortably out of his depth. This was made worse by the strange smelling cigarettes Fu smoked which had an aroma reminiscent of patchouli and overwhelmed the smell of sandalwood.

Somers felt curiously relaxed, time seemed to have stood still and everything Fu was saying seemed to be brilliant.

Somers had never felt such clarity before and all his perceptions seemed heightened. Even the music from the next room seems to be superb and Somers could feel the logic behind it, even though it was so strange and foreign.

that he was the wind and Fah Lo Suee the reeds bending to his breath.

They danced as one, until Fah Lo Suee takes hand and leads him to a wooden bed in the corner of the room, covered in a thin padding. Fu Manchu has disappeared.

The music continues and Fah Lo Suee leads him into the dance of love.



[In a dramatic reverse of the Student/teacher role of Lady Chatterly and Mellor, Fah Lo Suee introduces Somers the love-making he later seeks to share with his readers in "Lady Chatterley's Lover", but also the secret of the Shanghai Grip, which later so entranced Edward VIII, when employed by the egregious Mrs Simpson.]

He wakes the next morning wondering if it all a dream, except he feels wonderful, full of joy, as if walking on a cloud.

He realizes if he is to catch the morning train to Mullumbimby, he will have to run. On the train, he rapidly writes a whole chapter apropos his extraordinary adventure.

However when he arrives back in Mullumbimby, his wife almost distraught with worry at his disappearance the previous night, turns her worry to fury as he tries to explain his non-appearance on the evening train the night before.

Fu charges Somers with a mission. He skilfully plays on Somers love hate of the ruling powers that be in England. He wants Somers in his

She reads the Chapter X he has written and in a fury tears it up. "I never want to hear of the wretched Chinese again!"

[next](#)  
[page](#)

[Back to Home  
Page](#)

## HOW THE MISSING CHAPTER CAME INTO MY POSSESSION

By Sandra Darroch

**B**

BEFORE you read this Missing Chapter from Lawrence's *Kangaroo*, I should explain how it came into my possession.

A few weeks ago I received a phone call from a member of the family which had been involved with Lawrence during his time in Sydney and Thirroul. I had never met her but she said she knew of our interest in Lawrence and her family connection. She told me that her great-aunt was recently clearing out her house in preparation for moving into a nursing home and she recounted what her great-aunt had said:

"I've found a couple of old books that belonged to DH Lawrence when he was living down at Wyewurk," her great-aunt told her. "My older sister, your great-aunt Dorothy - we called her Dawdie, had taken the Lawrences down to see Wyewurk and settle them in there. Our family had the house across the road in Craig Street and were friends with the owners of Wyewurk.



*Frieda Lawrence*

"Then after the Lawrences left for America, Dawdie went back into Wyewurk to check that it was shipshape for the next tenants. She found some old books in a drawer of a bedside table under some of Frieda's underwear she'd also left behind.

"I've kept them all these years but I was about to toss the books out when I opened one and found tucked in it some pages from an exercise book. They look as if they were cut out of the exercise book with a pair of sewing or nail scissors. You might like to have a look at them."

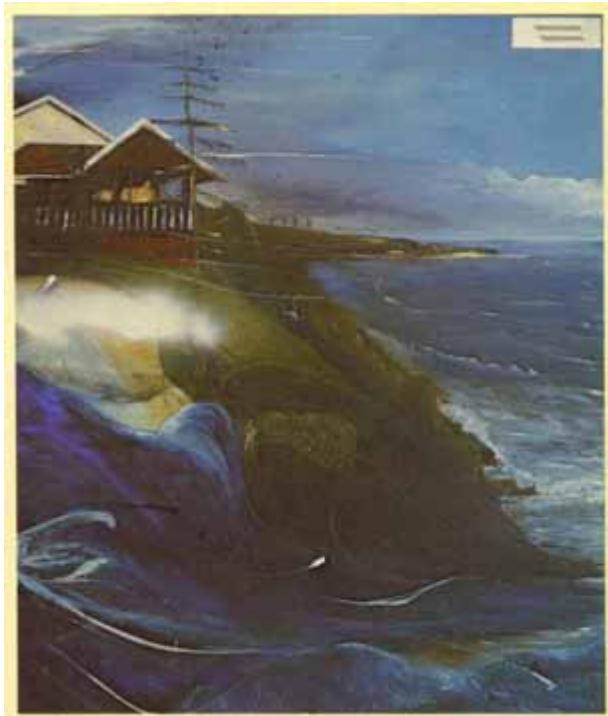


So that is how the Missing Chapter - Chapter X, came into my possession.

## CHAPTER X

By Sandra Darroch  
(with apologies to Lawrence)

# BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES



*Wyewurk by Garry Shead*

SOMERS got up early the next morning. The sun was rising over the Pacific in a sky wiped of yesterday's rain. He could hear the waves pounding and booming against the rocks below. He went out to the yard and chopped some wood for a fire to warm the house. Then he brushed out the ashes from the grate, lit the fire and busied himself with preparing breakfast. He put some porridge into a saucepan on the stove and spread a blue-and-white checked cloth on the table, arranging the cutlery neatly. Harriet was still asleep and

Somers was faintly relieved not to hear her voice calling out from the bedroom.

bow down to. You can't have two masters of one ship: neither can you have a ship without a master.

The Harriet and Lovat had been an experiment of ten years' endurance. Now she was to be broken up, or burnt, so he said, and the non-existent Hermes was to take her place."

Harriet banged the notebook down on the table.

"Your problem, Lovat," she went on, her face taking on that queer blanched look "is that you're all fired up with these men you are seeing so much of - Jack and Kangaroo - talking about manliness and leadership and rallying men to fight. You're going back to your old blood brotherhood

ideas - just like when we were living in Cornwall and

you and Leonard wanted to cut your hands and draw blood and clasp hands and claim everlasting blood brotherhood. And what you thought you were doing with that young farm boy you spent all your time in the hayfields with, I can't imagine."

The memory of those fraught days and nights at Higher Tregarthen flooded through Somers's head. It had all started out so happily. He had painted the walls of the two cottages and made little shelves and cabinets, getting the place ready for Leonard and Mary. Mary was to have her own writing tower and they would all go for walks over the downs and come back to the cottages for tea and talk.

"You didn't care a jot for me," Harriett jeered. "You didn't care that I had left my children for you. You were so full of brotherly love for Leonard and making the place comfortable for that New Zealand scribbler. Mary told me her real story, Lovat, and if you'd

He planned to go out into the warm bush later to sit beneath a tree in peace and quiet and try to get the novel, his "romance" moving again. Where was his notebook? Somers searched the top of the jarrah table in the room where he often sat to write when it was raining. He couldn't find it anywhere. He wandered out to the verandah. At last he spied it on the floor beside Harriet's armchair. There was an ashtray full of cigarette butts. She must have been reading his notebook after he had gone to bed.

Somers felt a queer foreboding that Harriet would not have been pleased by what he had written in the last chapter, Chapter 9, of his troublesome novel. He had called the chapter "Harriet and Lovat at Sea in Marriage" and it was to his mind an accurate assessment of where they were now after 10 years of matrimony: marooned somewhere between romantic love and comfortable companionship, though he, Somers, favoured the role of lord and master. Harriet of course would have none of that.

Somers prepared a cup of tea and took it into the bedroom where Harriet was stirring.

"I've made some porridge," he said. "I'm going down to the beach for a walk."

The sand was glistening with rivulets of yesterday's rain draining down to the sea. He took off his shoes and walked along the hard sand close to the water's edge, the little waves hissing up and caressing his ankles. Above him was the great cathedral of Australian sky. For a moment Somers felt overwhelmed with love for the world, love for the freedom he felt all around him. Then the sense of foreboding crushed down on him again and he went back to the house.

Harriet was up and dressed and in the garden, wearing an apron and hanging out newly-washed clothes on the makeshift line he had strung up for her.

Somers greeted her tentatively, aware from her bustling demeanour that all was not well.

He would wait for her to start the argument, as she always did. Subtlety was not Harriet's strong point. In fact, Somers frowned, if only she could be more subtle; Harriet was so direct in everything she did and said. He had begun to find her tedious.

known more about her, you wouldn't have been so lovey-duvvie."

It had all gone so terribly wrong. The memory of his aching desire to reach some kind of deep understanding, manly love, with Leonard engulfed him. Then there was Mary, cool and enigmatic, jeering at him, while Harriet wept for her abandoned children when she wasn't throwing pots and pans at him in their wild tirades around the kitchen table. The military authorities were treating them as spies, the locals were suspicious... He felt himself falling back into the dark morass, the engulfing terror of helpless fear that had permeated his pores, filled his breath, warped his very thinking during those dark days.

"I thought we'd found peace," spat Harriet. "We sailed away from Europe, got away from the darkness. Got away from the war. We sailed away from the Old World and discovered the New. I thought you were happy now, Lovat. But you aren't. All you want to do is be my lord and master! Pah!"

Somers was gripped in a dark frenzy, the memories engulfing him. Harriet went on and on, her voice rising to a pitch of utter frenzy.

"You're weak and useless, Lovat! You took me away and now you don't love me. I'm a baroness! I used to know the leading intellectuals in Germany. You have reduced me to nothing! Nothing! I wash and clean for you while you go up to town to talk treason with those stupid men.

"You even betrayed our love when you gave Kangaroo that little wooden heart we found in the Black Forest at the start of our liaison. I kept it on my dressing table wherever we were living. You took it from my dressing table and you gave it to Kangaroo! It was a token of your love," Harriet wailed. "But you gave it to that dreadful man, Kangaroo."

"That heart wasn't a token of love," Somers spat. "It was a symbol of manliness and bravery. I gave it to you because I wanted to demonstrate to you

"I've read your latest chapter," she began as she followed him into the house. "You don't love me at all, Lovat."

She only called him Lovat when she was either angry with him or when they made love.

"Of course I love you," Somers replied.

"Pah!, " she retorted. "Tell that to the horse marines! You couldn't write what you said in that chapter "Harriet and Lovat at Sea in Marriage" if you loved me!"

Harriet picked up his notebook and turned to the offending chapter.

"Look!" she said in a guttural-sounding tone, "You say you are to be the lord and master and me the humble slave. See, you wrote: 'Or at the very best she was to be a sort of domestic Mrs Gladstone...' You say I've to submit to the mystic man and male in you..that I must bow down to you!"

She read out parts of a paragraph, breathing heavily and spluttering:

"She was to submit to the mystic man and male in him, with reverence, and even a little awe, like a woman before the altar of the great Hermes....there was In him also the mystery and lordship of - of Hermes, if you like - but the mystery and the lordship of the forward-seeking male. That she must emphatically realise and bow down to. Yes,

how much more manly I was than that effeminate army officer you were flirting with at that time. I wanted to show you I would be the victor."

Harriet looked at hm quizzicly: "What do you mean?"

"As you well know, Somers replied, "the writing on the wooden heart says "Dem Mutigen gehort die Welt" - "To the manly brave belongs the world"."That was the motto to have on one's red heart: not Love or Hope or any of those aspiring emotions.

"I gave it to Kangaroo not as a token of Love but of manliness."

"But it was mine, " Harriet countered.

Somers went silent, a cold silence that put out the burning coals of his vengeance. Harriet was nothing to him. Nothing mattered now.

"I'm going out to do some writing," he said. "And I'll go up to Sydney first thing tomorrow morning. I shall stay overnight with Jack."

With that, he went out the door, leaving Harriet standing appalled, tears sleuced down her cheeks and she wiped them on her apron.

#### **NOTE:**

*Lawrence left his notebook on the jarrrah table later the next day when he went for an afternoon walk. In his absence, Frieda read the chapter he had written that morning - Chapter X "BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES" , descrbing their quarrel. She went into the bedroom, found her sewing scissors and in a frenzy of rage, hacked out the chapter and hid it in a drawer of her bedside table.*

*Lawrence replaced the excised chapter X with another Chapter x "DIGGERS". The opening paragraph says:*

*"They had another ferocious battle, Somers and Harriet; they stood opposite to one another in such fury one against the other that they nearly annihilated one another...."*

*A few days later, on the Saturday, their quarrel and the memory of the dark days in Cornwall still occupying his thoughts, Lawrence took the 6am train p to Sydney to meet Kangaroo. That night he had the nightmare described in Chapter XI.*

[Coffee &  
Camouflage](#)

[next page](#)



[Back to Home Page](#)

## CHAPTER X

By Lindsay Foyle

### COFFEE AND CAMOUFLAGE

**T**

HEY had risen in the dark so they could catch an early train to Sydney. The reason was Jaz wanted to take Somers to Canberra House, in Sydney, where the socialists and Labor people had their premises: offices, meeting rooms and clubrooms. He claimed it was quite an establishment.

Their walk to the station had been taken in an almost forced silence, as if they were afraid to speak in case someone said something that would be regretted. Somers told himself the reason for the silence was the cold wind, which did not invite talk. In reality he knew it was because he was locked in thought and was comfortable to stay there.

It was a strange knowing. It was an inner knowledge that could not be shared for no-other reason than some things should just not be shared. If shared they become lost, never to be recovered. Somers had been looking forward to the visit since it was first suggested. But from the moment he woke that day he had had other things on his mind. Nothing seemed to matter. He needed some time by himself. Time to think, to just be himself for an hour or so, perhaps for the entire morning. That would be nice.

As the train pulled into Central Station he broke the silence that had engulfed them for the entire train journey. He could hear himself making what sounded like some

He could not explain why but there was an inner voice that told him here was a book that could give him a look under the camouflage he was battling with. Somers reached for his wallet while asking what the price was. The young bookseller put his hand out in a gesture for him to stop getting money out. He explained books fascinated him and he was more interested in having them read than selling them. He suggested to Somers he should just take the book and have a read. There was a coffee shop in Castlereagh Street where he could sit uninterrupted for an hour or two.



*The Carlton Hotel in Castlereagh Street 1922 where Lawrence had his Nightmare*

Somers agreed and said he would return the book as soon as he had finished. The ever-eager young bookseller then said his name was Frank Johnson and he would soon have some time off and could come around to Mockbell's café and reclaim the book. Somers could tell him what he thought of it or ask questions. Which bits were real and

feeble excuses about remembering he needed to go to the bank and make enquiries about some money that was being transferred. If only it was true Somers thought. Access to more money would enable him to do much more than live in a small house south of Sydney.

As he made his excuses Somers hoped his words sounded more convincing to Jaz than they did to himself. Too late now he thought, I have done it and it would be up to Jaz to make of it what he will. Somers suggested they meet up at Canberra House later in the day, perhaps for lunch. At first Jaz seemed puzzled, then he agreed. Almost rushed his words as he told Somers there were people who he needed to talk to, and yes, it might be better if he went alone. They could catch up in a few hours and there would still be time for everything. Whatever everything meant Somers did not know, but it did not matter. Jaz was gone, saying over his shoulder "See you at one" as he crossed the road in a hurry and disappeared into the crowd.

Somers was surprised at how quickly Jaz had accepted his suggestion. He was not sure if he had not detected some sort of questioning or even menace lurking in his manner. Despite all his friendliness Somers knew there was much more to Jaz than he or anyone else wanted to admit.

It did not matter. The cold wind of the dawn had gone and it was now a beautiful day with the sun warming the city streets. The sky was a clear blue that you could almost see through and there was no longer even a hint of a cold breeze that had controlled the dawn. It was another day one could expect in London during summer when everyone would be intent on enjoying it. Here it was a winter's day and nobody seemed to notice. The streets were crowded and people were intent with getting on with what ever it was they needed to get on with.

Somers strolled up Elizabeth Street, crossed Liverpool and entered Hyde Park. The deep green of the grass was a contrast to the hard lifeless grey of the city buildings. The streets were grey too and even the people walking along the footpaths looked grey. Somers craved for

which bits were fiction. It was a friendly offer Somers was only too happy to accept.

Somers found Mockbell's, placed an order for a tin jug of coffee and settled down. Johnson had suggested he should ask for the tin jug of coffee as it only cost four pence and with luck two and a half cups of passable coffee could be squeezed out of it.

While Somers had never been inside this Mockbell's before he did know what to expect as there were a number of Mockbell's sprinkled around Sydney. They all had marble topped tables, good chairs and leather-upholstered seats with backs attached to walls. Most of them were in cellars and lit by murky electric lights and were a favoured place for planning meetings of people without an office, because as long as a jug of coffee had been ordered nobody was hurried on. Somers had been told these cafes were particularly popular with women involved in the trade union movement as they had problems meeting in bars. This one was no different and there were several groups of people huddled together in what seemed to be furtive conversation. Whispering among themselves as if worried they would be overheard and reported to a higher authority. There was one group of five conspirators who caught Somers attention. They all talked at once with an intensity that implied they wanted to take over the world. What ever it was their conversation took all of their concentration and Somers knew the last thing he wanted to do was disturb them.

He selected a quiet corner as far away from them and other occupied tables he could. He could not see who else was there, but the last thing he wanted was to be disturbed by other people's chatter. He just wanted to be left alone to read. Somers was only just aware of Frank Johnson when he appeared a couple of hours later. As he was on a restricted break he only ordered a cup of coffee. Before approaching Somers he went over to the group of five and spoke with them in the soft whisper. Whispering seemed to be contagious in this semi dark crypt. Whatever it was he said to them it got their full attention. They stopped whispering and all of them looked across the room at Somers, then as if caught doing something they should not be doing they quickly turned away and began their low whispering again.

colour. Something to match the beauty of the day, but there was nothing, except for the grass.

For a time Somers sat on the grass contemplating the contrasts this country constantly presented him. So much was familiar and yet it was not. The more he looked the more differences he saw and yet those differences were disappearing, as everything became more of the same. The riddle perplexed him. As he thought it became obvious that no matter how much time he spent thinking about the subject nothing would change. He would remain just as confounded as he was that second as he would be if he pondered the contrasts all day. It was time to move on. Time to accept that if winter could be at the wrong time of the year and as warm as summer, then obviously he could not expect anything to be as it was on the other side of the world.

The warmth of the day - which he had welcomed just a short time ago - was now making him uncomfortably hot. He needed to get out of the sun. A quiet cup of tea was what he required. Despite the temptation he knew it was too early for something stronger. If he had still been in London he would have known where to go for a quiet hour or so, perhaps with a book so he could lose himself in some other world. Something with more to it than what existed in the School of Arts Library with its hundred or more books by Nat Gould or Zane Grey. Something familiar. He remembered there was a bookshop in George Street; perhaps he could buy something to read there. Something to restore his sense of self so he could resume his adventures in this country of contrasts with renewed inner confidence.

It took Somers five minutes to make his way to Dymocks bookshop a few blocks away in George Street. He was surprised at its size, much bigger on the inside than what it had appeared from the outside. Another conundrum to add to his day of conundrums. He looked around for something familiar and was about to take a copy of *Women in Love* from the shelf when he stopped. Maybe he did not need to reread something by D.H. Lawrence. Maybe what he needed was something

Johnson then turned his full attention to Somers. With all the assurance of an old friend he quickly crossed the room and took a seat at Somers' table. Small talk about the book followed. Yes the book was interesting. Yes it was well written. Yes it had been just what he had been looking for. Then with all the eagerness of a boy scout helping someone across the road, Johnson said he had phoned Norman Lindsay and told him about Somers. He asked if he would like to come down to Sydney to meet him. Johnson said he had been disappointed when Norman had refused.

But Johnson said he had just developed another plan. The group at the table he had spoken with were intending to go to Springwood in the Blue Mountains to visit Norman on the weekend. They were willing to take Somers with them. Frank explained three of them Jack, Ray and Philip were sons of Norman. The older man was his brother Percy, and the fifth member of the group was a young journalist named Kenneth Slessor. He was also a poet and was making a name for himself within Sydney's literary world. He assured Somers Norman would welcome him. It would be just one more added to an invading army of drunks looking for literary talk, poetry reading followed by bed and an expense free weekend away.

Somers was considering the offer when he noticed Jaz was also in the café. He was sitting at a table in the darkest part of the room, almost hidden. Had he followed him here or was this just a coincidence? Questions that defied an answer. Not the first of the day. He was with someone who Somers had never seen before. Very dark, receding mouth, and even in the half-light of the café he could see his black burning eyes. He reminded Somers of the portraits of Abraham Lincoln, the same sunken cheeks and deep, cadaverous lines but lacked the look of humour that one can find in Lincoln's portraits. He looked suspicious and seemed as if he were brooding on an inner wrong. Suddenly Jaz rose and was moving with purpose. Not hurried but a direct stride that contained a not to be messed with message. His companion followed. The two crossed the café and headed for the stairs, Somers thought they looked as if they wanted to get out of the place before being recognised. Then they were gone. Consumed by the light coming from the street.

that was familiar but different. Something that would help explain this land, this city and these people.

He slid the book back into its place amidst the other Lawrence books and went off looking for an assistant who might be able to recommend something. Almost hidden between the rows of books he found a young man who worked there. Somers asked him if he could recommend something that might help explain Australian culture. Not a textbook, but something readable, something different in style from what was published in England or America. The young man looked at Somers and asked in a slow yet sure voice, with a faint note of hesitation if he wanted something with a little spice or was he more interested in things of a more conservative nature.

Somers explained he was more interested in something he would enjoy than something an academic might claim to be a must read. He added he only wanted a book to peruse while he relaxed for an hour or so. The response was instantaneous. The assistant reached down under the counter and produced a slightly tattered copy of *A Curate in Bohemia*. He apologised for its appearance saying it was an old personal copy. He was almost embarrassed as he said while it was a book of fiction it

was based on fact and gave an insight into what was really going on under the cover of simple everyday life. Norman Lindsay, who was a friend, wrote it and it had created a lot of interest when first published nine years earlier. Too many people thought it could have done with more disguise and a lot less truth. There was something about the description of the book that rang a bell in the dark recesses of Somers' mind.

Somers did not know if Jaz had seen him talking in the corner or had not, but somehow knew life would be more comfortable if he had not. Not that he had been doing anything he should not, or talking with anyone he should not. Somers decided it was time he too left the dimly lit coffee shop. It was becoming claustrophobic. Too many people whispering and too many people looking at him. He returned the book to Johnson, said the trip to the mountains would be good, but he could not commit to anything just then.

He was intent on getting out of the place as soon as he could too. He got up abruptly leaving Johnson sitting at the table with his coffee half drunk. No more time for small talk. He nodded to the group of five as he made his way towards the stairs, the escape route that had become his focal point. The group of five were all still looking at him. Should he say something or just leave? He decided there was nothing he wanted to say and averted his eyes from their gaze. As he went up the stairs and into the bright light he knew he had made the right move. Regardless of what lay ahead he was now ready for Jaz and the visit to Canberra House.

[Daemon](#)  
[next page](#)





## DAEMON

By Robert Darroch

### THE "MISSING" CHAPTER IN DH LAWRENCE'S AUSTRALIAN NOVEL, *KANGAROO*



WHAT did *Kangaroo's* "missing chapter" contain? That is the question posed, ostensibly, for this 90th-anniversary "competition".

What did the original "chapter X" say? What might it have said? What could it have said?

Perhaps the more interesting question is why it was excised. What was "wrong" with it?

But before we can answer these questions, there are two more that we should try to answer:

Who wrote the "missing" chapter X? And who cut it out?

These are a very significant questions, germane not only to *Kangaroo*, but to all of Lawrence's "creative" writing. Attempting to answer them provides us with occasion, the opportunity, to raise this very important aspect of Lawrence's "literary" works.

For there are two "authorial" voices in Lawrence's works - both his fiction and his poetry (but not, I don't think, in his non-literary writing - his essays, letters, translations, and so on).

In *Kangaroo*, as well as elsewhere - and particularly in *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, the work he wrote immediately before *Kangaroo* - he mentions this dual aspect to his literary "persona".

(I delivered a talk on this to the 7th international DH

It was, I now believe, like the chapters on either side of it, discursive and insubstantive.

What he had wanted, almost desperately, to say was that Lovatt went up to Sydney again and met Rosenthal and had a good chat with him.

But his daemon would not let him - it had no "actual" material to work on. It wanted, needed, substance, not pollyanalytics.

(One reason - the main reason - why critics and scholars have been reluctant to acknowledge the role of the daemon in Lawrence's "creative" works is that, according to Lawrence [as expounded, for example, in *Fantasia*], it resided, not in his mind or head, but in his solar-plexus - somewhere in the lower half of his body. An unconscious that lives below the waist is a bit hard to swallow for even the most open-minded and supportive of literary critics.)

Somers, fictionally, attempted to go up and see Cooley again at the start of the "Harriett and Lovatt" chapter:

Lawrence Conference in Taos in 1998.)

Yet this aspect of his writing is almost universally ignored or dismissed by critics and Lawrence scholars.

They prefer to sweep it under the literary and academic carpet, not to be thought about, or kept confined to its room, like the madwoman in *Jane Eyre*.

Yet Lawrence himself was far from shy about this. Not only did he write a whole book about it (*Fantasia*), but dozens of essays. (His introduction to his collected poems is particularly informative on this - see the "polyanalytics" quote below.)

Personally, the image of this aspect of his life that I like to keep in my mind is the one captured by Dorothy Brett in her chronicle of her life with Lawrence.

They - the threesome, Lawrence, Frieda and Brett - were living in a remote log cabin outside Taos in 1924.

Each morning, so Brett records, Lawrence would go off, after breakfast, alone into the woods, carrying his notebook (usually a school exercise-book) and pencil or fountain-pen.

He would return before lunch, his notebook filled with new writing.

One day she asked Lawrence about this strange behaviour. Did he, she asked him, have any clear vision of what he was going to say when he went out to write?

"No," he replied. "I never know when I sit down just what I am going to write. I make no plan, it just comes, and I don't know where it comes from.

"Of course, I have a general sort of outline of what I want to write about, but when I go out in the mornings I have no idea what I will write. It just comes, and I don't really know where it comes from."

Just so you aren't tempted to think that this was unrepresentative of Lawrence and his "creative processes", let me quote directly from *Fantasia*, in the delightfully-named chapter "Trees and Babies and Papas and Mamas":

*I come out solemnly with a pencil and exercise book, and take my seat at the foot of a large fir-tree, and wait for thoughts to come...*

*Somers went chastened back to Kangaroo, realising that if one was given a real thing in this life one should not carp at it. He wanted to feel absolutely at one with the other man... "You allow," said Kangaroo, who was in his harder, logical mood, "that men can never come together to act in unison save on the lift of some common, powerful emotion which they accept as their higher emotion...."*

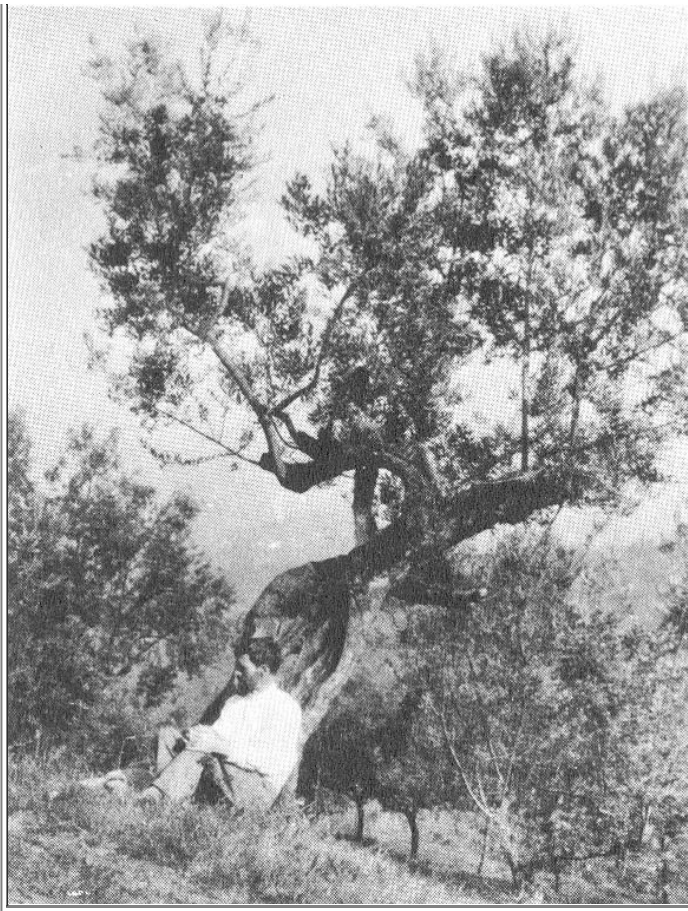
but he crossed this out, replacing it with a report of a "real" argument with Frieda (chapter IX "Harriett and Lovatt at Sea in Marriage").

So to at least start off the next chapter - the missing chapter - he had to find something else to push his stalled narrative forward.

My guess is that he tried to use material extracted from the 14 letters he got midweek on Wednesday morning.

He summarises their content and provenance in "Volcanic Evidence" (and excuse the length of the extract, but it is important to my reconstruction of the missing chapter)...

*There came dreary and fatuous letters from friends in England, refined young men of the upper middle-class writing with a guarded kind of friendliness, gentle and sweet, of course, but as dozy as ripe pears in their *laissez aller* heaviness. That was what it amounted to: they were over-ripe, they had been in the sun of prosperity too long, and all their tissues were soft and sweetish. How could they react with any sharpness to any appeal on earth? They wanted just to hang against the warmest wall they could find, as long as ever they could, till some last wind of death or disturbance shook them down into earth, mushy and overripe. A sardonic letter from a Jewish*



Lawrence sitting under a friendly tree

The second quote above was written in 1921, just before he came to Australia, and the first in 1924, two years later. We can take it, therefore, that it was very likely that this was how he behaved in Australia, too.

(Wherever the tree was under which he wrote some if not all of *Kangaroo*, it may still be there, unmarked and uncommemorated, somewhere in the vicinity of Craig Street, Thirroul.)

Be that as it may, what we can be quite sure of is that, wherever his "inspiration" came from, at some time in the week beginning Sunday June 18, it had dried up.

His letters written at the time are ample proof of that. On Monday June 19 he wrote to Mabel Dodge saying he was "stuck in my novel". Frieda also wrote to Mabel Dodge actually citing the page in Lawrence's manuscript where he had "come to a halt and kicks" - p. 305.

And on the Wednesday of that week he was still "stuck", for he told his American publisher Seltzer in a letter he wrote that day that he was "slightly stuck". (Though by then he did think he saw "a way forward" - after probably having received the Saturday appointment reply from Rosenthal - see below.)

In the manuscript itself Lawrence says (at the

friend in London, amusing but a bit dreadful. Letters from women in London, friendly but irritable. "I have decided I am a comfort-loving conventional person, with just a dash of the other thing to keep me fidgety"--then accounts of buying old furniture, and gossip about everybody: "Verden Grenfel in a restaurant with TWO bottles of champagne, so he must be affluent just now." A girl taking her honeymoon trip to Naples by one of the Orient boats, third class: "There are 800 people on board, but room for another 400, so that on account of the missing 400 we have a six-berth cabin to ourselves. It is a bit noisy and not luxurious, but clean and comfortable, and you can imagine what it is to me, to be on the glorious sea, and to go ashore at wonderful Gibraltar, and to see the blue hills of Spain in the distance. Frederick is struggling with a mass of Italian irregular verbs at the moment." And in spite of all Somers' love of the Mediterranean, the thought of sitting on a third class deck with eight hundred emigrants, including babies, made him almost sick. "The glorious sea--wonderful Gibraltar." It takes quite a good eyesight even to SEE the sea from the deck of a liner, let alone out of the piled mass of humanity on the third-class deck. A letter from Germany, about a wedding and a pending journey into Austria and friends, written with a touch of philosophy that comes to a man when he's fallen down and bumped himself, and strokes the bruise. A cheque for fifteen pounds seventeen shillings and fourpence, from a publisher: "Kindly acknowledge." A letter from a farming friend who had changed places: "A Major Ashworth has got the farm, and has spent about 600 pounds putting it in order. He has started as a poultry-farm, but has had bad luck in losing 400 chicks straight away, with the cold weather. I hope our spell of bad

beginning of chapter VIII "Volcanic Evidence") that he had "come to the end of his tether". He adds that:

*He tried to write, that being his job. But usually, nowadays, when he tapped his unconscious...*

...it was silent. Nothing was coming out of it.

In the absence of any message from his unconscious, he stares, forlornly, at the ocean below "Wyewurk"...

*...he looked at the ocean uneasily moving, and wondered when next it would thrust an angry shoulder out of the watery bed-covering, to give things a little jog. Or when his own devil would get a leg up into affairs.*

He decided, apparently, to help his devil or daemon "get a leg up" by writing to Rosenthal seeking a meeting with him (and sending a red wooden heart as a pledge of his commitment to "the cause").

Rosenthal - a very busy man - apparently replied that he could spare him some time on Saturday evening, June 24.

Meanwhile his primary - conscious - authorial voice would have to bide its time in patience, before receiving on Saturday some fresh material for his subconscious "daemon" to work on, or with.

(It seems that it worked at Lawrence's behest, but, apparently, not under his conscious direction.)

Yet his primary, conscious pen could not be still. It wanted to soldier on, regardless.

He referred (in the Introduction to his collected poems) to this conscious "entity", or part of his creative processes, as his "pollyanalytics":

*The novels and poems come unwatched out of one's pen. And then the absolute need which one has for some sort of satisfactory mental attitude towards oneself and things in general makes one try to abstract some definite conclusions from one's experiences as a writer and as a man. The novels and poems are pure passionate experience. These "pollyanalytics" are inferences made afterwards, from the experience.*

In the absence of "pure passionate experience" - of being able to successfully "tap his unconscious" - he does his inadequate best to fill in time - and pages - before the advent of his anticipated new inspirational material on Saturday.

The result was the four "quick" but discursive

*luck doesn't still hang over the place. I wish you would come back to England for the summer. Viv talks of getting a caravan, and then we might get two. Cold and wet weather for weeks. All work and no play, not good enough." A letter from Paris, artist friends: "I have sold one of the three pictures that are in the last Salon." A letter from Somers' sister: "Louis has been looking round everywhere to buy a little farm, but there doesn't seem to be a bit of land to be got anywhere. What do you think of our coming to Australia? I wish you would look for something for us, for we are terribly fed up with this place, nothing doing at all." A letter from Sicily: "I have had my father and stepmother over from New York. I had got them rooms here, but when I said so, the face of Anna, my stepmother, was a sight. She took me aside and told me that father was spoiling the trip entirely by his economies, and that she had set her heart on the Villa Igeia. Then Dad took me aside and said that he didn't wish to be reckless, but he didn't want to thwart Anna's wishes entirely, and was there nothing in the way of compromise? It ended by their staying two days here, and Anna said she thought it was very nice FOR ME. Then they went to the Palmes, which is entirely up to Anna's ideas of luxury, and she is delighted.*

This was, at least, new material - a substitute, as it were, for something substantive from Scott or Rosenthal, even though it derived from overseas.

Maybe he offered it to his daemon, who tried to work something up from one of these letters, or the memories they conjured up, but couldn't.

(Lawrence certainly would have been grateful for the cheque from - almost certainly - his UK publisher, Martin Secker.)



chapters "Volcanic Evidence", "Harriett and Somers", the missing chapter (originally chapter X), and the actual (regurgitative) chapter X, "Diggers".

So my conclusion is that the missing chapter was written by the "pollyanalytic" non-daemon - conscious - Lawrence, and cut out by him as well.

But what did it say, originally?

However, the mentioned letter from "a farming friend" could have touched off something more substantive. This was Stanley Hocking, the young Cornishman Lawrence befriended in Cornwall during the war, and with whom he had a slightly suspicious relationship (does a young working-class farming lad in far-off Cornwall write a casual letter to you in Australia, just to say a distant hello?).

This, by the way, was the "farming friend" of Lawrence whom, in chapter III "Larbord Watch Ahoy!" Harriett recalls:

*"Oh! Oh! I know that," cried Harriet remembering a farmer friend of Somers', who had initiated her into the thrilling harmony, down in Cornwall.*

That summer of 1916 back in Cornwall Lawrence had spent a lot of time with his young Cornish friend (whom in *Kangaroo* he calls "John Thomas" - a name that for Lawrence had definite sexual undertone: *Lady Chatterley* was originally entitled *John Thomas and Lady Jane*).

Two chapters later, in "The Nightmare" chapter, Lawrence remembered him fondly:

*But Richard drifted away this summer, on to the land, into the weather, into Cornwall. He worked out o doors all the time-- he ceased to care inwardly--he began to drift away from himself. He was very thick with John Thomas, and nearly always at the farm. Harriet was a great deal alone. And he seemed to be drifting away, drifting back to the common people, becoming a working man, of the lower classes. It had its charm for Harriet, this aspect of him--careless, rather reckless, in old clothes and an old battered hat. He kept his sharp wits, but his SPIRIT became careless, lost its concentration.*

*"I declare!" said John Thomas, as Somers appeared in the cornfield, "you look more like one of us every day." And he looked with a bright Cornish eye at Somers...*

Perhaps this is what he wrote about in the missing chapter X. If he did - and it is merely an idle speculation - then it would not have pleased Frieda, had she read it (which it is very likely she would have, as she knew the manuscript page numbers).

Perhaps what resulted is reflected at the start of the "real" chapter X "Diggers", which followed:

*They had another ferocious battle, Somers and Harriet; they stood opposite to one another in such fury one against the other that they nearly annihilated one another. He couldn't stay near her, so started walking off into the country.*

Maybe the missing chapter recalled something of that 1916 relationship (as later expressed in "The Nightmare").

Maybe he cut it out to appease Frieda.

But now we will never know.

What we do know is that, a day or so after all four of this sequence of chapters - "Volcanic Evidence", "Harriett and Lovatt", the missing chapter, and "Diggers" - were written, Lawrence ventured up to Sydney on the Saturday and saw, first, Jock Garden, then Rosenthal in his Castlereagh Street chambers...

...where Lawrence got the shock of his life when Rosenthal showed his darker, secret side - the scaly back of the reptile and the horrible paws.

Nevertheless, that kept his daemon happy, and occupied, for at least the next three chapters.

[\*A Fellow  
Artist\*](#)

[\*Next  
page\*](#)

[Back to Home Page](#)

## A FELLOW ARTIST

By Paul Delprat



## PREFACE

Chapter 9 - Harriett and Lovell at sea in Marriage  
to Chapter 11 - Diggers.

The typewritten document attached was transcribed from hand-written wording in an old fragile exercise book and had been a source of some puzzlement to the Artist's family over the years. It may be of interest to scholars. As to its author ship and provenance it respectfully exists in the zone of intuition which of course is the stuff of novelists and was re discovered by Paul Delprat in an old wooden box containing newspaper cuttings and family papers dating from the 1920s. As the events recounted occurred in the magical Antipodes, the reader can safely suspend belief as the following requires no level of faith.

### THE MISSING CHAPTER 10

- Draft (crossed out and underlined)

Harriett had not been concentrating when the street address had been given to her by Hum the hatter on the ship's forward deck that morning as they took their constitutional walk. She protested that Lovatt should have been listening.

Lovatt had politely expressed interest in the person Hum was describing.

"I know you don't want to meet any writers in Sydney although I can easily arrange that for you, but my cousin Julian is an artist and a good conversationalist. He drew the Kelly gang. He drew Ned Kelly in the dock at his trial."

Lovatt, intrigued, had heard about the infamous Australian Kelly bushranger gang.

"I am sure that he would like to meet you. He always makes people from the old country welcome. Like me, he grew up in Cornwell. He is a friend of Robert Louis Stephenson."

Lovett had a passion for Stephenson. What a curious connection so far from home.

Hum had a way of addressing the sea or the deck, or the persistent albatross, anything, rather than facing his listener. Possibly Harriett had misheard when she wrote it down.

"I must tell you Mister Lawrence your work has created quite a stir in this town. Mary Gillmore is just one of the worthies who are easily shocked." He laughed. "Our Norman Lindsay comes in for a lot of criticism too so you are in good company."

The artist confirmed Lovett's fears regarding the Sydney writing fraternity.

Tea and scones arrived and Harriett and Rene, both of whom agreed that they did not their tea too hot, went on a tour of the house to find and bring back the Burmese cat which was held up to be admired.

"You are writing a novel. Mr Lawrence. Australians are not like Englishmen, who write. They have become Spaniards in this hot land. We paint. We paint like Latins. From the heart. And our bullfight is held in the sea and the bull is the shark and we are fearless. I swim in the ocean every day at dawn." Lovett had earlier made a mental note of a quaintly Victorian full length horizontally striped bathing costume hanging on a nail on the verandah.

Our artists have just scratched the surface in this vast land. You too paint, you say, I would like to see your paintings. Blake wrote and painted."

Lovett tentatively asked the artist about the feeling in Australia about old Europe and the looming class war. "We have it all here of course but it will come to nothing. We are Spaniards but hedonists and egalitarian. Australians are lazy and very forgiving."

Lovett mused, what would these people



Was it Bondi or Bronte and was this the correct number in Glen St, with the large magnolia tree, on the high side of the hill as Hum described it. The sea thundered below.

The Bondi landscape reminded Lovatt of Cornwall. It was so like Polperro, but without the gentle inlets. Here the misnamed Pacific Ocean had torn out deep gullies where the Banksias grew horizontal and waves pounded the sandstone into wide beaches.

This was where the gods and goddesses of Australia bathed.

The brick and tile cottage was unimposing. A short flight of neat white painted steps led to a wide wooden veranda overlooking the sea. Lovett looked back to the sea as Harriett tapped on the door, amused by the oxidised brass knocker cast in the shape of a mermaid, green from the salt. Harriet sometimes felt like a mermaid. Like a Siren.

The sea was cobalt now ripped up by the prevailing southerly into wide flurries of pure ultramarine. A distant tramp steamer was preceded by its grey black plume as it beat up the coast with the following wind. The door was opened by a bustling ruddy faced woman carrying a bunch of flowers, which she explained as being, "on their way to vase". She had just picked them. "Come in, Come in. Down the hall. Julian is looking forward to seeing you."

The artist who greeted them, was, it seemed to Lovett, at first meeting, Italianate in his bearing and gestures. Long expressive fingers. Fingers that reached out to him emphasising, shaping the air like a conjurer. But there was no doubt from his speech that he was an Englishman. The verandah door was closed behind them and the paintings in the hall that had been clattering in the wind from the sea fell silent. The woman, who introduced herself as the artist's wife Renee, disappeared into a kitchen with the flowers, saying lightly over her shoulder "I will put on a pot of tea."

"You are on your way to America, you say. My father was American, from Boston, but you plan to go to New Mexico, where I

think of his novel, Kangaroo, when it came out. Would it be forgotten? Would future generations share his mystic realization that this country was the future? Around him he sensed dark ancient forces populated by innocents. Long may they keep this innocence.

If he had a second life Lovett would spend it in Australia.

It was time to leave Bondi. The artist, who preferred to paint out of doors, had an appointment with a girl and a certain sandstone cliff face at this time of the day, in a certain light. The model had arrived.

He would meet the writer again in the city in George Street. Lovett would wind up the spiral staircase leading to a studio straight out of Florence with easels and statuary and friendly curious girls and young men mixing paint and glancing at him with the mildest of interest.

The artist, dressed now in a long white coat, took him on a tour of the studio. Lovett was grateful that at no time was his identity revealed. He was just another studio visitor. The writer could return to Thirroul on the train with the bones of another chapter at the tip of his pen and not one of the scribblers in Sydney would be any the wiser.

Now again it was the sea and the flat horizon and the bush behind. From the dazzle of the slope above the beach the train entered a hellish tunnel and holding hands as it clattered on Lovett and Harriet came out and down into the safe home region of the familiar Californian Bungalow with the pine trees and the wainscoting. He lit the gas lamp.

When he opened the current, scribbled and crossed out, exercise book on the desk where it was kept by habit to be available to hand, next to the neatly stacked completed books, he turned pages. Where was this new chapter to go?

He pondered and reached then for a new exercise book, turned the cover to a crisp page and started writing. From time to time he pumped the gas lamp. The artist had admired his poem "The Snake." Lovett resolved that he would finish this chapter

regret I cannot help you. No relatives."  
The artist seemed to look past Lovatt at a distant burning hot landscape, he thought. He learnt later that the artist was going blind, some said from too much looking into the Australian sun. Around the walls were paintings from floor to ceiling. A jewel box. Lovett found himself talking confusedly about Hum, to make conversation.

The artist detected his reserve and set off on a journey of words that wound around the house down in to the gullies below with nude models restive on the beach and then back to youth in London and Cornwall and then with affection included his brother and son who were both artists, but living in London and the North Shore of Sydney Harbour respectively.

"You must visit my studio in the Queen Victoria Building. I can show you the work of young painters the equal of any in England."

on the train when he took his next trip to that friendly studio, the oasis of art in George St Sydney

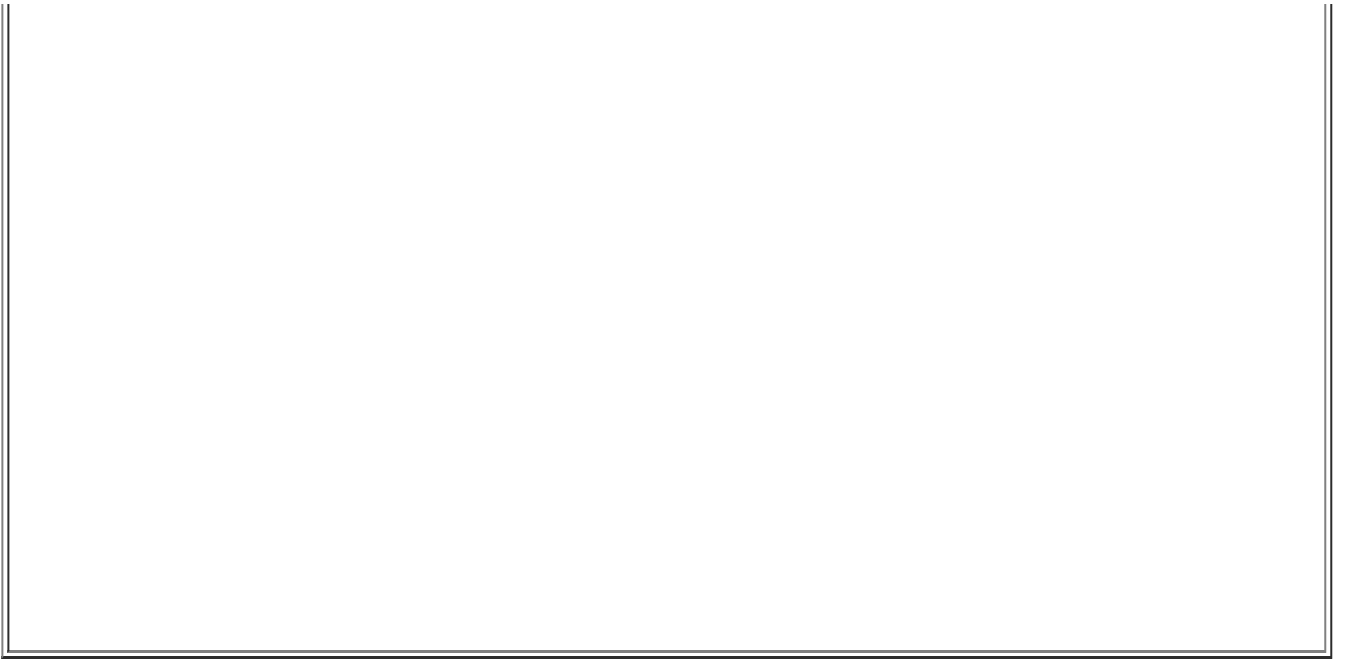
.....

I found this exercise book leaning against the bust of Homer at the back of the studio years after David Lawrence had left Australia. He had sat happily in the corner of the life room writing in it and sketching the models. We lunched together every day. One day his wife joined us. There was no furthering address.

JRA (Julian Rossi Ashton)

PS: One of the students is working with a conservator in an attempt to unstick the undecipherable pages in the exercise book. Oil and turpentine were spilled on the book as it lay neglected. We are hopeful of being able to read more.

[Anniversary Photographs](#)  
[next page](#)



[Back to Home Page](#)

## DHL ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION



photo: John Lacey

**Photos of the DH Lawrence Society of Australia's 90th Anniversary celebrations held in the Rose Garden Pavilion in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Sydney, on Sunday May 27, 90 years since the date Lawrence arrived in Sydney**



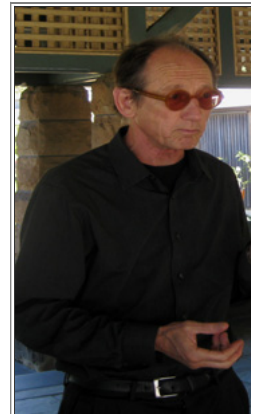
The Rose Garden Pavilion in the Royal Botanic Gardens



Rob Darroch introduces the event



John Lacey cuts the anniversary cake



Garry Shead did a sctee of the event



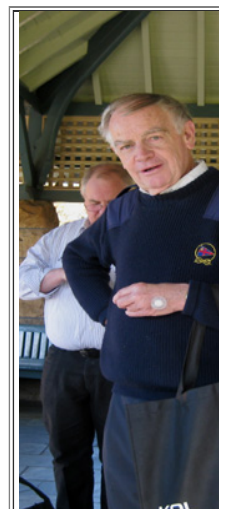
Rose Gissing and Garry Shead



(l to r) Rob Darroch, Cerydwen Lee and Lindsay Foyle outside the Pavilion



Paul Delprat reads his winning entry in the Missing Chapter competition



John Lanser, former Preside Australasian Pioneers'



*(Left to right) Rob Darroch, Rose Gissing, Robert Whitelaw, Lindsay Foyle, Jan Andrews*



*Paul Delprat listens to the competition entries*



*Lindsay Foyle and Jan Andrews*

**HOW TO JOIN THE DH LAWRENCE SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA:** Membership is FREE. Just **CONTACT** us and provide your name, address and email address and you will then receive emails from us announcing forthcoming events. Our website: <http://www.dhlawrencesocietyaustralia.com.au> will also announce forthcoming events and new editions of our journal, *Rananim*.