# Rananim

The Journal of the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia

ISSN No: 1039 - 9658

Vol 4, No 1, April 1996


# SPECIAL POETRY ISSUE


**Page 6**

## Between the Covers:

**Christopher Pollnitz on Lawrence the Poet**

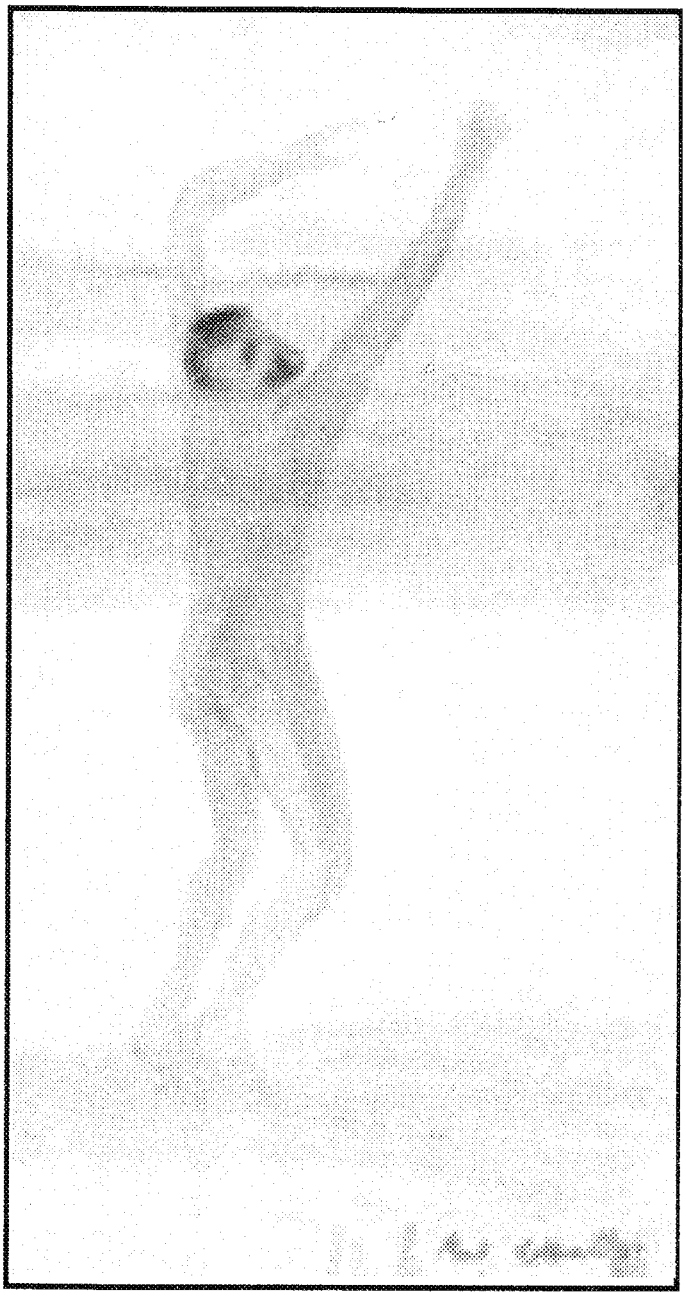
**Pages 10-16**

**POEMS BY:**
**C.D. Barron**
**Joseph Davis**
**Jeff Guess**
**Lynn Hard**
**Kris Hemensley**
**John Ridland**
**John Ruffels**
**Thomas Shapcott**
**Peter Skrzynecki**

**Page 17**

## It Was a Hot and Steamy Night:

**Robert Darroch on DHL's Ceylon poem, 'Elephant'**

*Detail of a watercolour painting by Paul Delprat of Lawrence swimming at Thirroul. (See centre pages for a colour portfolio of Delprat's images of Lawrence.)*

# EDITORIAL

This issue of *Rananim* sees two very special innovations: our first guest editor John Ruffels, and our first use of colour. At the inaugural DHL Conference last August, John Ruffels suggested a special poetry issue of *Rananim*. Here it is! John has done a splendid job in obtaining both the original poetry and the articles. Do write and give your opinions and thoughts on the poems and other contributions to this issue. The Editorial team will be delighted if other members wish to follow John's example.

Our special colour insert consists of some of Paul Delprat's DHL paintings which he has very kindly made available for us to publish for the first time.

The photograph (above) shows the winner of our potted DHL novel competition, Marylyn Valentine, receiving her prize of a bottle of fizz from Vice-President Robert Darropch at our annual pre-Christmas picnic in the Rose Garden of the Botanic Gardens. Despite the threatening weather this was yet another very pleasant social gathering. Included in this issue is Marylyn's account of her tour of DHL's Etruscan places last year.

Our Annual Steamy Event (our second Cruise on the Edwardian Steam Yacht, *Lady Hopetoun*) was also very pleasant and a full account appears on page 22. No steam is involved in our next outing which will be a visit to Loddon Falls. Permission to visit this restricted area has been given and a Ranger has volunteered to guide our party and to ensure we do not pollute one of the sources of Sydney's drinking water.

Our plan is to charter a coach to leave the city about 9.30 on Sunday 11 August, meander through the bush of the Royal National Park. then enjoy the coastal views from the Laurence Hargraves Drive, stop in Thirroul and then ascend Bulli Pass before walking to picnic at the Loddon Falls. The return to Sydney will be via the freeway.

It is very important to gauge the amount of interest in this outing so that we can charter the appropriate sized coach and estimate costs. To help us decide whether we should book a 9 seat mini bus or a 54 seat tourist coach please register your interest with John Lacey by sending a short note to him at PO Box 847 Rozelle 2039.

The Committee thanks Marylyn Valentine for agreeing to start a Press cuttings file for the Society. Anyone coming across an item mentioning DHL is requested to clip it, notating the date and source, and post it to Marylyn at:

**29 Carrington Road**
**Wahroonga, 2076.**

Once again, sincere thanks to John Ruffels and to the many contributors to this special, and colourful issue. Particular thanks to Christopher Pollnitz and Peter Skrzynecki. Thanks also to the editor of *Overland* for giving us a plug in his publication.

**- John Lacey**




Address:

PO Box 100
Millers Point, NSW 2000 Australia
Fax: (02) 310 4940 e-mail: wpn @mpx.com.au


Letters and contributions to *Rananim* are very welcome. Please send to the above address, with your name, address and telephone number (and, if possible, fax).

## Contributions to *Rananim*

**If you are able to send your article on a floppy disc (PC or Mac), it would be very helpful. Please label your disc with details of which program you used. We are trying to standardise the style. Please indent the first word of each paragraph 5mm and don't make a line space between paragraphs. Put titles of books in upper and lower case *italics* with no quotation marks. If you want to quote from a passage from a published book, please do not indent it but make one line space before and after it and mark it as an indent on your accompanying hard copy. Many thanks - it will save a lot of time! Please contact the publisher, Sandra Jobson, to establish style details and disc formatting.**

# Much Bonking in the Bushes: Lady Chatterley at Vaucluse House

***Members of the DHL Society recently attended a production of Lady Chatterley's Lover produced by Foster Gracie and Back Row Productions at Sydney's historic Vaucluse House. Here are two impressions of the lively outdoor performance...***

I am not sure how frequently in past history Vaucluse House and grounds have rung to the sound of syncopated, simulated orgasms - these are the things the history books leave out - but on Friday January 19th, 1996 you could have heard them in Thirroul!

Unfortunately, that was, in the main, just about all you could hear! The nude lead players became mere mime artists between orgasms. (Leaving the audience to rely on visual titillation - giggling when the near-perfect body of Lady C rose from the forest floor with a bottom festooned with twig dimples, grass and redness [lese majeste]).

Mark Gerber as Sir Clifford C, Elizabeth Fleming as Lady C, worked hard, looked well, but...

Anthony Waddington, as the DHL/Narrator character was altogether more robust, sustained, believable, audible, in fact wonderful. Julia Britton ("the 82-year-old grandmother" as the Press insisted on calling her) made a great fist of the script which was obviously aimed at guiding the novice through the tangled thicket of DHL's sexual/environmental/natural aristocrat/anti-war sermon.

Nature contributed its normal array of climate changes, providing atmospheric drama (thunder/lightning/warm after-rain /cooler/darkness) on a summer's evening to complement the successful locations: front lawn, Regency grand entrance, stables (with its A.G.Stephens "atmosphere of rutting swine"), back garden, and flood-lit figtree in forest glade.

Verdict: visuals and atmosphere - terrific; acting - patchy; script - good; overall - 100 marks for giving it a go !!

**- J.K.R.**

## and another view of the event...

I am glad I took the opportunity to join with other members of the Society to attend the production of the play *Lady Chatterley's Lover* which was set in the beautiful grounds of Vaucluse House.

Whilst the general acting was adequate, the actor playing the role of Lawrence was excellent. He looked like him, and, as far as I could tell, the accent was authentic too. He spoke Lawrence's own words with feeling and enthusiasm, telling of the difficulty in getting the novel published.

Also he spoke of Man's difficulty of whether to act through the blood (instinct, sex) or with the mind (intellect).

Although in the play the lovers settle for the former, at the climax Connie asks: "Just what do you want?" Mellors despairingly replies: "I don't know".

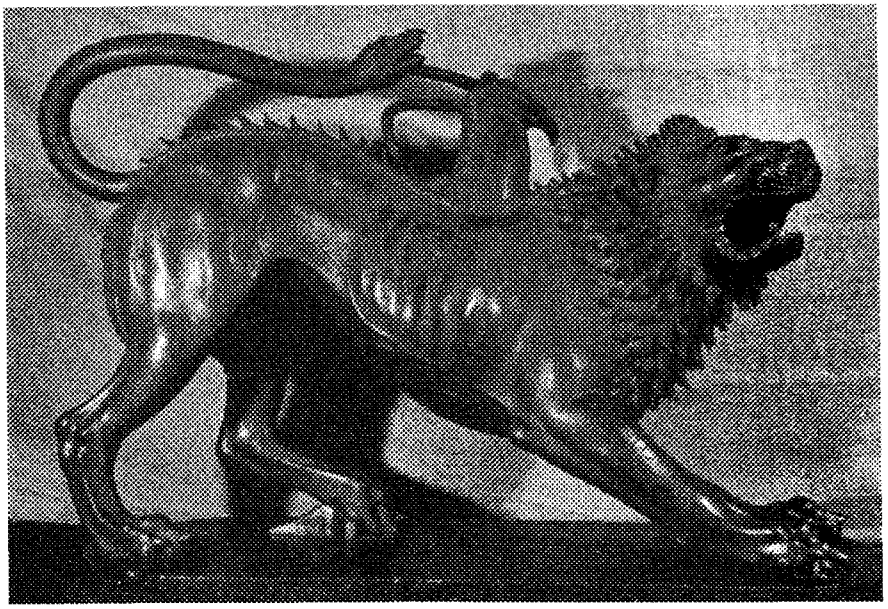
Full marks to Back Row Productions and to the Management of Vaucluse House.

We were ushered to seven different locations for the various scenes, starting in the daylight and ending in the dark at 9.30pm.

The timing, attention and courtesy were all very good indeed. I had a most enjoyable night.

**-Jean Black**

# A WEEK IN ITALY



*The Arezzo Chimera in the Florence Archaeological Museum*

'The Etruscan things appeal *very much* to my imagination', wrote Lawrence. He was 'instinctively attracted to them'.

Led by the Lawrence scholar Dr. Keith Sagar, we were to visit those Etruscan places which Lawrence had visited in 1927. We landed last July at Pisa airport, a group of twenty or more from all parts of the world: Brazil, Canada, France, Texas, Tokyo. There was Rosemary Howard from the UK DHL Society and Mark Kinkead-Weekes who has just written the second volume of the biography of DHL Cambridge University Press Edition.

After a quick look at the Leaning Tower we headed for Florence where we were to stay at the Hotel Balestri on the river Arno which had been Pension Balestra when Lawrence stayed there in November 1919. Still run by the same family it is situated in the Piazza Mentana, the piazza where Aaron in *Aaron's Rod* finds himself the day after his arrival in Florence. Aaron takes a room in the Pension Nardini, as it is called in the book, because it is cheap. Across the river lives the Marchesa del Torre with whom Aaron has an affair.

The next morning we went to the Florence Archaeological Museum to see, as Lawrence wrote, 'one of the most fascinating bronzes in the world'. The Arezzo Chimera is indeed a powerful work. Our group milled around it for some time and then went on to see the bronze Public Speaker and the large Francois Vase from Vulci.

On our way to the Etruscan site at Fiesole, with its glorious view of Florence, we stopped in the suburb of San Gervasio to look for 'the rambling old villa', the Villa Canovaia, which Lawrence had borrowed from the then Rosalind Baynes while Frieda was in Germany in September 1920. A passing postman (usually such founts of knowledge) and a priest could not recall the name at all. It seems Canovaia is no more. There, Lawrence wrote the five *Fruits* poems, and Rosalind gave him some panforte. 'I ate all my panforte in the train — loved it', he wrote on leaving.

Of course we had to see the Villa Mirenda, (where *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was written) on the other side of Florence, which Lawrence and Frieda rented from May 1926 to June 1928. Our bus could not leave the main road, so we walked the one and a half miles to the villa as many of Lawrence's friends must have done, turning left at the fork in the road with the two cypresses (which are still there). The house is not open to the public but we could see the pine woods where Lawrence walked and wrote - the woods 'where the nightingales have a very gay time singing at me. They are inquisitive, and come nearer to watch me turn a page. They seem to love to see the pages turned.'

On our last evening in Florence Keith Sagar read, very beautifully, some of Lawrence's poems including *Medlars* and *Sorb Apples*. He was wearing a rather unusual pale linen coat which at the conclusion was removed for inspection by the faithful. Some very neat

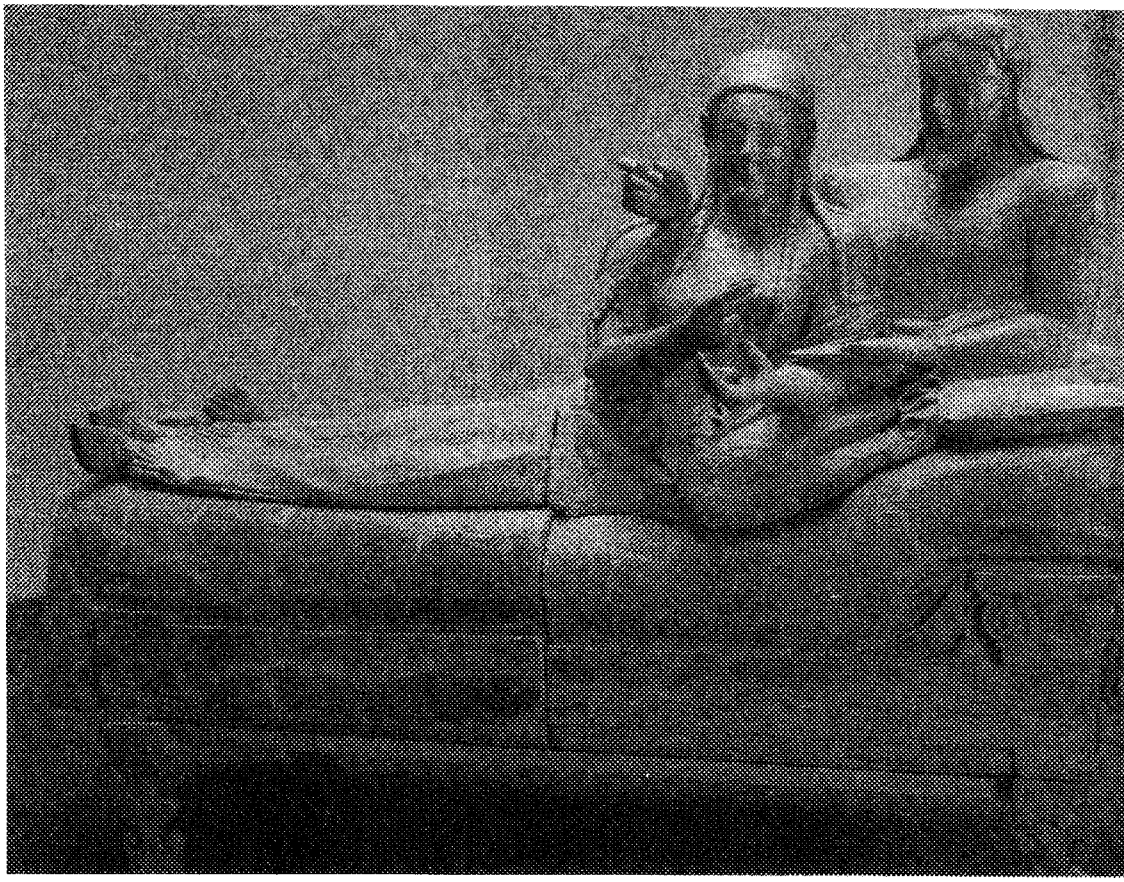
darning was revealed, surely the work of the man who also embroidered, and mended his own socks. Yes it was Lawrence's coat.

After seeing Assisi, which Lawrence did not really like ('too museumish'), and the Perugia Archaeological Museum, we headed south to the important Etruscan centre of Tarquinia with its museum in the Palazzo Vitelleschi where Lawrence had arrived half an hour before opening time. While waiting, he had walked 'the steep but not very long street to the top', looked over the parapet and left us with an unrivalled description of the countryside.

The next day we hurried to the painted tombs of Tarquinia. We can no longer enter 'the little one roomed tombs' as Lawrence did, but must go down the small tunnel on the wooden steps provided and peer through the glass partition. But everything is there: banquets, games, dancing, colour and design. We do not really need to listen to our guide because Lawrence's word pictures are with us however long ago it was that we read them. Down and up we go. They are 'scattered at random on the hilltop here and there'.

And at Cerveteri, the great necropolis with the tumuli, the 'great grassy mounds with their ancient stone girdles', here Lawrence has again described the atmosphere perfectly: the tombs are homelike, solid, soothing.

The sarcophagus of the Bridal Pair from Cerveteri we saw later at the Villa Giulia Archaeological Museum in Rome. Also at Rome is the Apollo of Veii. These works exhibit the 'subtle Etruscan smile' that appealed to Lawrence so much. We were disappointed to be told that 'the pure Etruscan smile' is of Greek origin.



*The sarcophagus of the Bridal Pair from Cerveteri*

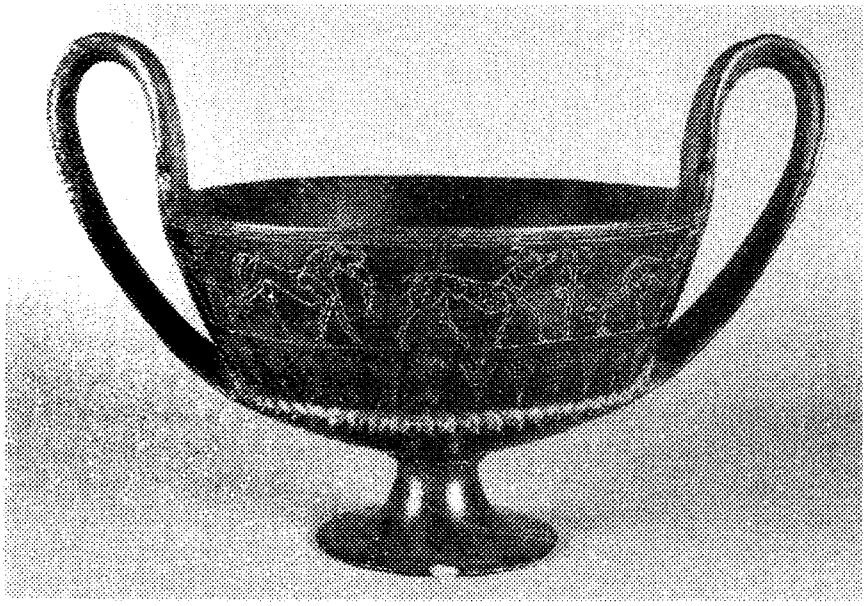
Not far from Tarquinia is Vulci where Lawrence crossed the 'queer bridge' in a horse and cart. The 'black old ruin' is now a museum.

Our last hilltop town was Volterra, and the Guarnacci museum with its elongated bronze statuettes and large collection of cinerary urns many with depictions of the dead going away in covered wagons which are unique. After looking everywhere we find one with a little boat and wonder if this is Lawrence's 'ship of death'.

And so back to Pisa in plenty of time to buy our panforte and torrone, Lawrence's favourite sweet, Keith Sagar carrying his well-packaged Etruscan vase.

**- Marylyn Valentine**

*Kantharos from Vulci*



# Between the Covers:

## *Notebooks in a chaos of poetry manuscripts*

'It will be poetry,' Lawrence announced to Jessie Chambers, as he interrupted her 1905 exam preparation to announce his vocation as a writer (Chambers, p. 57). In January 1905 he had given Jessie a Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* (p. 99). In spring of that year, as Lawrence recalled in 1928, he wrote his first poems: 'I remember the slightly self-conscious Sunday afternoon, when I was nineteen, and I "composed" my first two "poems". One was to 'Guelder-roses', and one to 'Campions', and most young ladies would have done better: at least I hope so. But I thought the effusions very nice, and so did Miriam' (*Complete Poems*, p. 849). In February 1930 the last literary labour Earl Brewster saw him perform, the morning before leaving for the Ad Astra sanatorium, was correcting the proofs for *Nettles* (Brewster, p. 309). For twenty-five years (always allowing for a quota of prose) it had been poetry.

Lawrence wrote over a thousand poems; versions of the majority survive in hundreds of manuscripts. The manuscripts are located in libraries in the U.S. and England, as well as in holdings of private collectors. As an editor I have sometimes felt like Isis in Search, reassembling Osiris from the pieces which market-forces have scattered over the English-speaking world. Sometimes I have also felt my memory was like that chaotic corner of my study where manuscript photocopies spill out of a filing cabinet into a nest of supermarket cartons.

My collaborator, Carole Ferrier, made a splendid start to bringing bibliographical order to this documentary diaspora in the seventies. Now, in the wake of the publication of the Cambridge *Letters* and much new data about Lawrence, I have been engaged in a chronological listing of the verse manuscripts. Six notebooks from the early and the late periods of Lawrence's writing life have been specially useful: firstly, because between their boards the notebooks preserve a sequence of entry which, to some degree, reflects the chronological order of composition; secondly, because the three notebooks in which versions of Lawrence's early verse is collected, and the three notebooks with his late *pensées*, serve like bookends or covers, shaping the jumble of his manuscripts into conceptual order. Also helpful to the vagabond scholar is the location of the first three notebooks at the University of Nottingham, while the last three are held in the University of Texas at Austin. In this survey of the notebooks I shall sketch some of the insights they yield into Lawrence as man and poet, and also discuss the middle period for which no verse notebooks are extant. This is the period in which Lawrence, if ever he was an Australian poet, must have written his Australian poetry.

Lawrence's recollection that it was at Nottingham University College he 'began putting [his] poems down in a little college notebook' (*Complete Poems*, p. 849) may be mistaken. When one leafs through this notebook (Roberts E317), past the Latin notes and French compositions at the front and the translations of Horace's *Odes* at the back, one comes eventually to the two poems Lawrence remembered as his first, 'Campions' and 'Guelder Roses'. Of course, these are not the versions composed in 1905: Lawrence did not attend the College until October 1906. Lawrence numbered the notebook's first 24 poems, from 'Campions' to 'Dim Recollections'. 'Dim Recollections' is a summation of childhood and education; the poem that follows it, 'Renaissance', farewells the Erewash Valley. Probably Lawrence arranged these 25 poems in the notebook after he had left College and was planning to leave Eastwood, in summer 1908.

### Autumn and Winter

The poems that follow 'Renaissance' — poems like 'A Failure' and 'Baby Songs', 'Coming Home from School' and 'A Snowy Day at School' — tackle the experiences of autumn 1908 and winter 1909, of lodging with the young Jones family in Croydon, and of teaching at the Davidson Road School. Lawrence wrote steadily from the back to the front of the book, at which point, in autumn 1909, he began using a second college notebook for his poems. Then, in 1910, he resumed jotting pencil drafts into the remaining blanks in this first notebook. One of the pencil drafts is about his guilt at breaking with Jessie Chambers, after 'The Test on Miriam' in spring 1910; most concern the mother's terminal illness in autumn 1910. One of the last poems conserved in the notebook is 'Last Words to Muriel' (later retitled 'Last Words to Miriam'). It is entered in blue-black ink on the page facing the paler 'Campions', the last stanzas written

across the opening stanzas of 'Campions'. The dark stanzas are a signing-off, the closure of a cycle that began with poems for Jessie. But tucked in the front of the notebook is a later lyric again, a second version of 'Honeymoon Train'. The sexual animus of 'Honeymoon Train' confirms that Helen Corke was also a target for Lawrence's attentions in 1910. When he set down 'Last Words to Muriel' as the King notebook's last words, Lawrence made the manuscript book come full circle. When he added 'Honeymoon Train' he created a broken closure, a sense of unfinished business, which some Lawrence readers will prefer.

The King notebook is so called because it was once in the possession of Lawrence's older sister, Emily King's family. The Clarke notebook, a second College notebook (Roberts E320.1), is held at Nottingham on behalf of the family of his younger sister, Ada Clarke's descendants. While at College, Lawrence had used the book for botany notes. It was seized by police when the Lawrences were evicted from Cornwall in 1917, the authorities finding something mysteriously military in the botanical diagrams, yet the Clarke notebook is rather the diary of an undercover sexual agent than one involved in espionage against the state. The book opens with versions of the poems Jessie Chambers sent to Ford Madox Hueffer, launching Lawrence's career 'like a princess cutting a thread' (*Phoenix II*, p. 593). Lawrence revised the poems for Hueffer's *English Review* and had them fair-copied into his notebook by his then fiancée, not Jessie but Agnes Holt. That Agnes ceased copying in the middle of 'Restlessness', a poem Hueffer didn't publish and Lawrence himself dropped from *Collected Poems*, may be attributable to her taste, or to her drawing unwanted inferences from the poem's desperate sexual frustration.

Other verse in the Clarke notebook has to do with Lawrence's relationships, from 1909 to 1911, with Jessie Chambers, Helen Corke and Louie Burrows; and there is a long suite of elegies for his mother. The former poems Lawrence wanted to keep from his fiancée Louie: 'They are all very well dancing up and down in the pages of my little notebook, shut safely in the cupboard — but wandering, even as speech from me to you, as yet "no", permit me to say' (*Letters*, i.272, 26 May 1911). Yet, presumably under supervision, Louie was allowed to enter in her own hand three elegies Lawrence wrote immediately after his mother's death, 'To My Mother — Dead', 'The Dead Mother' and 'My Love, My Mother'. The third of these was in turn annotated by Frieda Lawrence, perhaps during the throes of composition of *Sons and Lovers*: 'what a poem to write! yes, you are free, poor devil from the heart's home; life free, lonely you shall be, you have chosen it, you chose freely, now go your way ...' Although the Clarke notebook makes one a chance voyeur of painfully intimate circumstances, the raw drama of the poems makes one glad these versions were preserved — and preserved in a more straightforward sequence than in the King notebook.

**Move to Cornwall**

The Porthcothan notebook (Roberts E320.2), so named because it includes a page of accounts from the Lawrences' move to Cornwall at the end of 1915, can only be termed an 'early' notebook because Lawrence recast in it poems from Eastwood and Croydon days, for publication in *Amores* (1916) and *New Poems* (1918). The poems redrafted for *Amores*, in January 1916, are numbered and entered from the back to the front of the notebook; the versions reworked for *New Poems*, in April 1918, run from front to back. Some poems, like the two versions of 'Piano', appear in both sections. In the five-quatrain draft of 'Piano' (not used for *Amores*) 'my sister' Ada appears 'Singing her love's young vanity'. The three-quatrain draft (published in *New Poems*) is illustrated with ink drawings (flowers, a monstrous head, a noble bust) and a childish pencil scrawl. The scrawl is a two- to three-year-old's. While he was preparing *New Poems*, Lawrence visited Ada Clarke in Ripley and must have let his nephew John sit on his knee to 'illuminate' the Porthcothan notebook. Similar scrawls appear in the King notebook, but here the artist was Hilda Mary Jones, his landlady's daughter and the poetic model for 'Baby Running Barefoot' and 'Baby Asleep After Pain'. Hilda was accustomed to 'larking with me as I write on my knee' (i.138, 11 September 1909). It is something of a revelation that, on occasion, Lawrence could adapt his lyric and elegiac poems to the purposes of family entertainment.

The three late notebooks held in the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center of the University of Texas are repositories for the late verse, published by Lawrence, or posthumously edited by Richard Aldington, as *Pansies* and *Nettles*, *More Poems* and *Last Pansies*. The first of this triad, the *Pansies* notebook (Roberts E302d), has several detached leaves at the front, where two or more signatures of leaves have been torn out. Despite re-insertion and misnumbering of the loose leaves (Angelo Ravagli may be the guilty party), their original order can be restored by matching ink-shades and torn-out leaves with leaf-butts. This order is confirmed by a description of the notebook compiled by D.J. and H.K. Wells late 1936 (Squires, pp. 262). The Wellses' description also identifies the missing signatures: the *Pansies* notebook once started with that haunting tale of resurrection, 'The Flying Fish'. With the order of Lawrence's first *pensées* re-established — 'I know a noble Englishman', 'How beastly the bourgeois is!' and 'What matters' are among the opening six *pensées* — it becomes clear that what started Lawrence on his last year of active verse-writing was satirical indignation at such middle-class fellow-writers as Richard Aldington and Aldous

*cont'd over page*

# Between the Covers

*cont'd from p 7*

Huxley.

Aldington believed Lawrence began his *pensées* while both were staying on the Île de Port-Cros (Nehls, iii.254), but it is equally likely that Lawrence held his fire until he had regained the French mainland, where he wintered in Bandol. Lawrence reached Bandol on 18 November; he records having filled the *Pansies* notebook with its 173 *pensées* by 23 December 1928 (*Letters*, vii.89). Allowing some fallow days, he would have had to compose six *pensées* a day to fill the *Pansies* notebook before Christmas. On 26 November, eight days after arrival in Bandol, he sent Achsah Brewster a selection of *pensées* including the fortieth in the notebook: that's a week at six poems a day. When Rhys Davies visited on 29 November, he recorded Lawrence 'had just written ... about a November sun — "my sun" sinking "wintry but dauntless" into the west' (Davies, p. 200). Davies quotes from 'November by the Sea', the notebook's seventy-third *pensée*. That's over six poems a day, after eleven days in Bandol. The rate of progress was kept up for more than November-December 1928. By mid-November 1929, the latest date for which there is evidence of Lawrence entering new poems in the third, *Last Poems* notebook, he appears to have completed all the poems, from *Pansies* to the end of *Last Poems*. From November 1928 to November 1929, Lawrence wrote 40% of his published poetry — an *annus mirabilis* indeed!

Aldington, the first editor of the *Nettles* and *Last Poems* notebooks (Roberts E192a[1] and E192a[2]), argued Lawrence used these notebooks contemporaneously, the *Nettles* notebook serving as 'a first jotting-book' for more finished versions in the *Last Poems* notebook (*Last Poems*, p. 6). Keith Sagar demolishes this supposition, demonstrating that Lawrence filled the *Nettles* notebook, then moved on to the *Last Poems* notebook. Versions of 'Butterfly', 'Bavarian Gentians' and 'Ship of Death' in the *Last Poems* notebook are later than those in the *Nettles* notebook because all poems in the *Last Poems* notebook are later than those in the *Nettles* notebook. The *Nettles* notebook has a sandwich structure: it begins with nineteen poems apparently entered in December 1928, when for some reason Lawrence did not have access to the *Pansies* notebook; it ends with nine meditations in which Lawrence takes up the theme of his own death, a theme pursued in the *Last Poems* notebook.

### Theme of Mortality

Comparing the ink-colour of the nine poems which close the *Nettles* notebook with ink-colours in Lawrence's letters suggests that his move in August 1929, from Lichtenthal to Rottach-am-Tegernsee (where an arsenic cure brought Lawrence close to death), led him to embark on the theme of personal mortality. This theme was deepened by his return in September 1929 to Bandol, where he resumed the mode of Mediterranean mythopoeia or 'image-thought' that would lead through *Last Poems* to his final prose monograph, *Apocalypse*. The central portion in the *Nettles* notebook is, by contrast, dominated by the waspish humour of 216 satirical *pensées*. The first of these, 'Image-Making Love', attacks the intellectual narcissism of a young American, Brewster Ghiselin; the last assaults the bourgeois platitudes of J.C. Squire, editor of the *London Mercury*. It was from this bristling collection Lawrence extracted *Nettles*, the last slim pamphlet he saw through the press. In the *Nettles* notebook one notices pages in which Lawrence's autograph is misted by what I have called a cough-print, his cough visually softening the satirical edge which his consumption honed.

In the *Last Poems* notebook, by contrast, Lawrence launched out on a sea of mythology — a spring tide drawn from astrology and alchemy, from Etruscan, Egyptian and Greek myth, and above all from his own re-imagining of anthropological and occult lore. In December 1929 Lawrence declared his fountain pen 'Kaput', and received a Christmas replacement from his banker brother-in-law, Emil Krug (*Letters*, vii.610, 28 December 1929). Had Lawrence been composing verse into the December of 1929, his old pen should sputter out detectably in the *Last Poems* notebook. Since it does not, he presumably gave up composing poems in mid-November, after Frederick Carter's arrival prompted him to turn to *Apocalypse*. What there is in the notebook, which might have occupied Lawrence into 1930, is a level of revision: horizontal lines drawn across pages and the insertion of new titles show him disintegrating poems like 'Demiurge' (originally a meditation of 62 lines) into an eleven-line 'Demiurge', plus 'The work of Creation', 'Red Geranium and Godly Mignonette', 'Bodiless God' and 'The Body of God'. In the early Clarke notebook Lawrence had also broken up long philosophical sequences, like 'Transformations', into short fragments suited to the Imagist fashion of the 1910s.

For Lawrence's middle period there are no surviving notebooks to indicate whether practices like these persisted throughout his career. Mentions of a German notebook, 'a brown Tagebuch of Frieda's' (*Letters*, ii.478, 16 December 1915), give reasons for thinking Lawrence once gathered between covers those poems of 1912-13 he later revised for *Look! We Have Come Through!* (1917). But the only compendium of *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* extant is a business diary with drafts of nine of that volume's 48 poems. During the 1920-22 period Lawrence would send manuscripts of his poems to his American agent, Robert Mountsier, who apparently discarded the manuscripts after copy-typing. The not-quite-total loss of the early versions of Lawrence's finest volume is saddening. Nevertheless George Lazarus has been happy to let me examine one of his collection's jewels, the form in which Lawrence assembled *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*

(Roberts E47c). A composite of manuscripts and typescripts, it is a medley of paper types and ribbon, ink and carbon colours, an archaeological cross-section of two of Lawrence's most productive years. But does it include any Australian-based poems?

Spurred on by the Norfolk Island Pines in the garden at Wyewurk, Thirroul, Joseph Davis has suggested that Lawrence might have written two of his *pensées* in Australia. 'Poverty', after all, includes a description of a 'pine-tree near the sea,/that grows out of rock and plumes forth, plumes forth ... and its plumes look like green cups held up to the sun' (Davis, pp. 171-73; *Complete Poems*, p. 498). Although drafts of 'Poverty' are found among the first nineteen entries in the *Nettles* notebook and in the *Pansies* notebook, the *pensée* makes no pre-1928 manuscript appearance. If further counter-evidence is needed, I should point out that, whereas the Cluster Pines (*Pinus pinaster*) which grow on the cliffs at Bandol are sometimes distorted into shapes resembling cups and can be accurately said to 'plume forth', the lines from 'Poverty' are a peculiarly inept description of Norfolk Island Pines (*Araucaria heterophylla*).

### Birds, beasts, flowers

And what of 'Kangaroo', the poem from *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* tallying with the account in *Kangaroo* (pp. 339-40) of Richard Lovat Somers's visit to Taronga Park? Since Lawrence would have made the corresponding trip to Sydney, to arrange visas for the U.S., in early July 1922 (*Letters*, iv.274, [7 July 1922]), he had a month to write 'Kangaroo' before his ship sailed through the Heads of Sydney Harbour. Alas, looking at the composite of *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* which Lawrence assembled at the Hawk Ranch in New Mexico in January 1923, one finds 'Kangaroo' is an autograph manuscript written on paper of the same American type as 'Elephant', 'Bibbles' and 'Mountain Lion'. Lawrence wrote the last two poems while living at the Hawk Ranch. It is possible he composed 'Elephant' and 'Kangaroo' likewise in New Mexico, to make his bestiary more global in scope. To estimate Lawrence's status as an Australian poet, we must look to the influence his writing has had, by way of direct allusion in Oodgeroo Noonuccal's wonderful 'Ballad of the Totems', but also more generally in works where Australian poets like Judith Wright and Les Murray, Mark O'Connor and Robert Gray have managed to 'find language', as O'Connor puts it (p. 63), for a flora and fauna alien to that language.

**- Christopher Pollnitz**


### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For offering me every courtesy and facility in my research, I am grateful to: the Department of Manuscripts and Special Collections, Hallward Library, University of Nottingham; the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, the University of Texas at Austin; and the private collector, Mr George Lazarus.


### WORKS CITED


Brewster, Earl and Achsah. *D.H. Lawrence: Reminiscences and Correspondence*. London: Martin Secker, 1934.

Chambers, Jessie. *D.H. Lawrence: A Personal Record*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1980. First published Jonathan Cape, 1935.

Davies, Rhys. 'D.H. Lawrence in Bandol'. *Horizon*, ii (October 1940), 191-208.

Davis, Joseph. *D.H. Lawrence at Thirroul*. Sydney: William Collins, 1989.

Ferrier, Carole. 'D.H. Lawrence's Pre-1920 Poetry: A Descriptive Bibliography of Manuscripts, Typescripts and Proofs'. *D.H. Lawrence Review*, vi (1973), 333-359.

___. 'D.H. Lawrence's Poetry, 1920-1928: A Descriptive Bibliography of Manuscripts, Typescripts and Proofs'. *D.H. Lawrence Review*, xii (1979), 289-304.

Lawrence, D.H. *Complete Poems*. Edited Vivian de Sola Pinto and F. Warren Roberts. 3rd ed. London: Heinemann, 1972.

___. *Kangaroo*. Edited Bruce Steele. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994.

___. *Last Poems*. London: Secker, 1933.

___. *Letters of D.H. Lawrence*. 7 vols. Edited by James T. Boulton *et al.* Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979-1993.

___. *Phoenix II*. Edited Warren Roberts and Harry T. Moore. London: Heinemann, 1968.

Nehls, Edward (ed.) *D.H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography*. 3 vols. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1957-1959.

O'Connor, Mark. *Two Centuries of Australian Poetry*. Melbourne: Oxford University Press, 1988.

Roberts, Warren. *A Bibliography of D.H. Lawrence*. 2nd edn. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1982.

Sagar, Keith. 'The Genesis of "Bavarian Gentians"'. *D.H. Lawrence Review*, viii (Spring 1975), 47-53.

Squires, Michael (ed.) *D.H. Lawrence's Manuscripts: The Correspondence of Frieda Lawrence, Jake Zeitlin and Others*. New York: St Martin's Press, 1991.


## *Initial Reaction*

A recent article in the London *Daily Telegraph* ("Men and Women of Initial Letters" by Christopher Hawtree) remarked on how many authors were known by their initials and surname, eschewing full Christian - or to be more PC - Given names.

Indeed, some literary initials are so well-known that the surname is almost redundant, eg: H.G., E.M., G.K., W.B., W.W., A.E., T.S., P.G., G.A., R.M., T.E., F.R., A.L., and of course D.H. (and who of a literary bent would not recall O.F.O'F.W.?)

Hawtree cited the *Telegraph's* review of Lawrence's first novel, *T.W.P.*: "To begin with, what is the sex of D.H. Lawrence?"

Good question.

Something similar was said of a UK review of Lawrence's Australian collaborator, M.L.

Poor Mollie. Not only was her novel attributed to the genius of her senior partner, they thought she was a man, to boot. As E. (aka N,) K. said: "Such is life."

# Rananim Poetry Edition

## THE PRESENCE 1

*after Garry Shead*

*There it was again - there,*
*a kangaroo's head and shoulders growing*
*out of the side of a hill! Kangaroo?*
*Or light moving over stones*
*and grass, playing a trick on eyes,*
*reshaping earth to resemble an animal*
*on a hill eroded by the open-sea wind?*

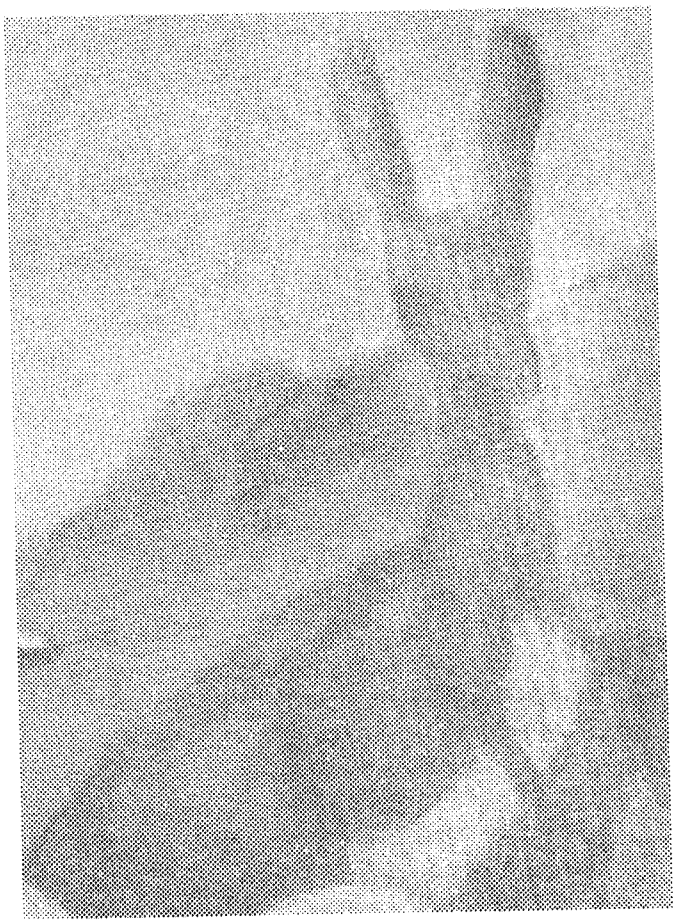
*Lawrence sat*
*with his back to the shape*
*that peered at him as if trying to read*
*over his shoulder - head cocked*
*to one side, quizzingly, its ears*
*like giant antennae pointing to the sea .*

*Frieda lay stretched*
*like a mermaid against the veranda's*
*railing, cigarette in hand -*
*a model posing against the sea and sky*
*or resting in the arms of a breeze .*
*Neither Frieda nor Lawrence mentioned the animal .*
*It was bound to go away .*

*Yet, there it was again,*
*not separate from the land and moving*
*but part of the yellow hillside -*
*almost tilting, sliding off it .*
*growing out of it like a strange stump!*
*Why were they suddenly within arm's reach of it*
*when none of them had made a move ?*

**- Peter Skrzynecki**

***Peter Skrzynecki lectures on Lawrence at the University of Western Sydney. He has had his poetry extensively published, including his* Immigrant Chronicle *which is widely used in high school courses. He is also a short story writer, novelist and anthologist.***



*Detail from painting by Garry Shead*

## GOODBYE LORENZO

They buried him without a prayer
Not even the hint of one;
Just her 'Goodbye Lorenzo '
And he was gone.

Buried beneath a heap of mimosa
In an old coffin of oak,
Apart from her 'Goodbye Lorenzo'
Nobody spoke.

**- Kris Hemensley (1963)**

***Kris Hemensley, who is English-born, and helps run the "Collected Works" Bookshop in Melbourne, wishes it to be known that although he now permanently resides in Australia, the above poem was written prior to his arrival on these shores. It was, however, published in* Domestications, *Sun Books, Melbourne, 1974. Many books and booklets of his poetry have been published since 1968.***

## THIRROUL EVENING TOO

*There's nothing like the fizz of a bad poem*
*to wreck your day.*

*You know the sort of thing.*

*The sound of fingers turning a page or*
*even the tap tap soft machine-gun fire*
*of digits on a keyboard.*

*It's rather like the boom of the sea really.*
*Or* Kangaroos *jumping round somebody's top paddock.*
*Maybe even some white folks peering out of the darkness*
*or someone simply playing rugby league.*

*Ah, yes.*
*All this is going on*

*While Thirroul*
*(as seen by*
*the literary hoaxers from the*
*balcony of the Dead Whiteley Motel)*
*settles down to*
*wrestling with its attempt*
*to reincarnate*
*itself as a*
*fairly prosaic pre-1906 Cazneaux gelatin*
*with cloud printed in.*

*By late May*
*Wyewurk is in shadow*
*from 4.10 p.m.*
*(that bloody 'dark tor')*
*and the cool shades of evening*
*are slowly*
*coming*
*Down.*

**- Joseph Davis**

***Dr Joseph Davis was born in Thirroul. He still lives there and hopes he always will.***

*By Paul Delprat (see portfolio, centre pages)*

## PARACLETE PIE

I could come to terms with
Lawrence leaving
his kangaroo mother,
but the kookaburra ghost
has got me beat.

He bumped his head
on my window
last night,
and I realised then
it was time to retreat.

**- C. D. Barron**

***First published October 1992 in* Social Alternatives *(University of Queensland).***

# A Ballad of Lawrence and Thirroul

*From Sydney to Thirroul,*
*The Plain of Cabbage Palms,*
*Where D.H Lawrence toiled,*
*I pilgrimed bearing alms—*

*No, homage—and a map*
*To guide me in my praise.*
*There he wrote Kangaroo*
*In forty-seven days,*

*And got the sense of place*
*In it, they say, so I*
*Walked out to sense if still*
*In ocean, town, or sky,*

*Escarpment, beach, new moon,*
*Black magpie, talus, cliff,*
*Or human, I might scent*
*The least Laurentian whiff.*

*The house they'd had,*
*"Wyewurk,"*
*(Called "Coo-ee" in the novel)*
*Slumped in its tired red brick,*
*Hemmed in, half-stuccoed hovel.*

*Beyond a porch, the dirt*
*Went crumbling down a cliff*
*Past three tall Norfolk pines*
*So puritanly stiff.*

*They'd scarcely bend when wind*
*Combed their boughs through*
*for birds,*
*Of which the black and white*
*Magpie could still be heard*

*Calling for Lawrence to come*
*And feed it as he did,*
*By hand, Franciscanly.*
*Another beggar hid*

*And thrust me out his hand —*
*"Two dollars?" for the first*
*Such claim I'd struck in Oz,*
*Even in Darlinghurst.*

*Next to the Lawrence house*
*A sign had gone up SOLD*
*By a hankie of green park*
*Where surfers stretched and*
*lolled,*

*Upwind of whom the sea*
*Breathed fanwise on the land*
*And licked its sticky tongue*
*Over the sunburnt sand.*

*The block of Number Three*
*Craig Street—soil house and*
*trees—*
*Rested on sandstone smoothed*
*And sanded by the seas'*

*Insistent knock and suck*
*Back to reflect and pause,*
*Intent on getting in,*
*Inland, for no good cause,*

*Just restless, on the move*
*Like Lawrence on his travels.*
*The surf chewed toothlessly,*
*Grinding the cliff with gravels,*

*Exposing in the stone*
*Rich veins of dark blood-red*
*As if the continent*
*Had cut itself and bled.*

*I laughed, here's Lawrence's*
*Trademark, staining the rock*
*As sharply as these names*
*Inscribed in solid block*

*Letters of Thirroul School*
*Printing: TED DARRAN JEAN,*
*And HELEN BUTLER over*
*24.12.59—*

*A Christmas carving of*
*Herself for wind and tide*
*To work away until*
*Her hand-work is denied.*

*The painter Garry Shead*
*Peeled layers off Thirroul*
*That seventy years had laid*
*Like thread wrapped round a*
*spool,*

*Untarred the roads, unhoused*
*The hills, the Lawrences*
*Clad as they were, unclad—*
*Painting all as it is*

*Still in the mind of God*
*Who sees things rise and drop*
*Like the prices of antiques*
*In Thirroul's Come Again shop*

*Where this plain pine Commode*
*Pre-1920's, might*
*Have held the Lawrences'*
*Chamber-pot at night...*

*In Gringo's bright café*
*I taste, ate, and smelt*
*A mild sweet Mexican meal*
*Which made my eyelids melt,*

*Imagining myself*
*Over where Lawrence went*
*After he left Thirroul*
*For my home continent.*

*Then back to Room 13*
*Of the Thirroul Beach Motel*
*Where one poor buggered*
*painter*
*Drugged himself out of Hell:*

*The Dark God rose and smote*
*And darkened him—eyesight*
*Closed on a hideous view:*
*A row of bulgy white*

*Balusters on a wall*
*Of red brick marching off*
*Lockstep into the land*
*Of Lawrence's last cough.*

**- John Ridland**

## JOHN RIDLAND

John Ridland is a professor of English from California. He has published several books of poetry there including Palms (The Buckner Press,1993) and corresponded with the late James McAuley on versification.

Ridland, who last year completed his two-year term as overseer of 60 Californian students in Australia, and their Australian equivalents in the U.S., prefers to be identified as "an American poet working in Australia". He tries to write poems "true to Australia and to my experience of Australia..."

**- J.K.R.**

# D.H. Lawrence and Frieda in Thirroul

**(For Garry and Judith Shead)**

*One of Garry Shead's Thirroul paintings*

*Perhaps every voyage*
*over water*
*ends at some sandy place*
*standing alone*
*with the basic shapes of our*
*luggage*
*the ocean forgotten by the*
*leather handles*
*busy splitting*
*in this town of small shadows.*

*In England,*
*in Italy*
*the seas almost overlap the*
*land,*
*like a cheese*
*going green from the edges;*
*but here*
*it's left behind at once*
*in this oasis of drought*
*within a desert of salt water.*

*I have brought my work*
*to this climate*
*so as to dry it,*
*to make the pages turn*
*with a crack,*
*the characters change*
*their complexion.*
*Certainly,*
*the ink will set faster*

*but maybe, also*
*it will parch*
*the act of love,*
*not juice enough anywhere,*
*arid,*
*as the coupling of the King*
*and Queen of Spades.*

*No,*
*I don't believe you will thank*
*me*
*for bringing you to the end of*
*the gangplank*
*rested like a finger on this*
*particular*
*spot:*
*to this dusty stage of street,*
*to this crude set of partial*
*buildings,*
*this chorus of louts*
*and we the only leads.*

*Is your look*
*distraction or dismay?*
*I reach out*
*to know,*
*dropping into my part,*
*but afraid*
*you might not help me*
*with the lines.*

**- Lynn Hard**

This poem is based on the Garry Shead painting entitled *Thirroul* (DH.Lawrence Series, 1992). It appeared as a cover illustration for Hard's earlier poetry collection, *Dancing on the Draining Board*, which actually contains no DHL poems. Lynn Hard is the Librarian at the Australian Defence Force Academy. He is American-born.

# VISITING WYEWURK

From the road, a high fence
neighbour houses shrugging their shoulders
and the sky wider than ever.
Behind the old garage at Wyewurk
an old shower nozzle
moonflower with sunflower head
and I can see Lawrence there
very cold water to douse himself
pale stalk of a man slapping his body
and thin buttocks.
The steep track up from the beach
still leaves sand between his toes
he will still feel it there
every time he hears the surf crash
out in the darkness.
In that sound he will be clambering up
again, missing the open coal-face
to reach the verge, couch grass,
fence and the garage with an open shower
to shake yourself under, naked.
Yes, Lawrence is still there
ticklish as sand, shouting like water.

- Thomas Shapcott

*Tom Shapcott is a leading Australian writer. Currently he is Director of the National Book Council and was Director of the Literature Board, 1983-90. He was awarded the Struga Golden Wreath international poetry award in 1989 - the only Australian to be so honoured.*

# AT THIRROUL

**D.H.Lawrence in Thirroul 1922**

*He leaves the boat*
*with wind spreading sea-birds against the sun*
*like specks of golden pollen*
*upon the huge blue calyx of the sky:*
*already turning pages*
*of scrawled longhand in his head.*
*Locks himself inside a few rooms*
*within a faceless town.*
*Beyond the house an empty ocean*
*of mad-cap waves, and behind*
*the dull endless distance of the bush.*
*Lives in the plot of a new novel;*
*sleeps between installments;*
*takes on an alias and a new lover.*
*Between the invention*
*of dialogue and description*
*creates political conspiracy and scandal.*
*In another life argues with Frieda*
*in screaming fits about everything-*
*mostly the futility in photos*
*of the landscape:only his words will do*
*for this waste of vacant spaces*
*with nothing at the core.*
*Closes the sea-front door finally*
*on four hundred pages.*
*Spends the final weeks moody and taciturn*
*on long solitary walks along the sand*
*and deep into the scrub,*
*collecting shells and stones,*
*poems and problems.*
*Between reluctance and relief*
*sailed for Mexico on a dark cold day*
*the sea troubled into an unremitting passage.*
*Takes only the sky with him-*
*to recall later how all of this began*
*in tiny flowers*
*pressed between his journal notes*
*from a blue bush*
*that grew all that long way back there*
*at the edges of their rented garden.*

**- Jeff Guess**

**Winner of the Stanthorpe (Qld) InterArts Group 1995 Poetry Award. First published *Imago*: University of Queensland.**

# LAWRENCE AT CIRCULAR QUAY

*Well-heeled tourists walk all over D.H.Lawrence*
*At Sydney's Circular Quay;*
*Patina'd brass plaques the size of manhole covers*
*Fit snugly in the salmon pink paving.*

*David Williamson, Eleanor Dark, Jack London...*
*Each one bears their share of soles.*
*But Lawrence fares the worst, since*
*He is on the tourist track from ferry gates*
*To Opera House.*

*An all-weather walk, undercover all the way,*
*The further-than-expected dash from*
*Ferry boat to Opera House*
*Fair makes the feet fly,*
*And steel-capped shoes strike evanescent sparks*
*From D.H. Lawrence's brazen words.*

*Few travellers-by would know that England's great novelist*
*And his fortifying wife, Frieda,*
*Stepped ashore from the steamer* Malwa *just up from*
*His metallic memory plate.*
*Two quaint red-tiled pavilions now sell tea and helicopter*
*Flights just where a red-faced red little man and his*
*German wife peered through the misty rain of winter '22.*

*So what would Lawrence make of todays Rushing people?*
*Like the Grace Cossington Smith painting;*
*What would he make of these tumescent towers*
*Bristling at each other from both sides of Sydney Harbour?*
*I think he would laugh:-a high pitched Lawrence laugh.*

*And, if he should peer through the misty rain of 1996*
*He might just see his scaly-backed monster with horrible claw,*
*Rising from the deep waters of this Ancient Continent.*
*But he would have no cause for alarm:*
*It would just be the Opera House! The Porcelain Armadillo..*

**- John K. Ruffels**

***John Ruffels is a postman and embryo poet.***

# It Was a Hot and Steamy Night...

## Lawrence's Ceylon Poem, *Elephant*

Very little of what happened to Lawrence was not turned into art. His art illuminates his life, as much as his life illuminates his art. An example of this can be observed in his Ceylon poem, 'Elephant', published first in his 1923 pastoral anthology, *Birds, Beasts and Flowers.*

The 126 lines of this free-verse poem - one of the few fruits of his brief stay in Ceylon - find Lawrence in one of his pepperiest moods. It also reveals him in the process of transmuting experience and observation into high art. And, perhaps most interestingly, it gives us an insight into his political and social thinking prior to embarking for Sydney, where he was to set his novel, *Kangaroo.*[1]

The poem begins with an encounter with an elephant. We know this is taken from reality, for Frieda records the incident in her autobiographical treatise, *Not I But the Wind...*

> In the morning...the heat would rise. We went for a walk and I saw a large thing coming towards us, large like a house, an elephant holding a large tree with its trunk! Its guide made him salaam to us, the great animal...

The Lawrences' Ceylon hosts, the American artistic couple the Brewsters, recorded separate accounts of Lawrence's stay with them at Ardnaree, the modest white bungalow high up overlooking the lake at Kandy. Earl Brewster wrote about the incident:

> In the depths of the forests we visited glowing white temples surrounded by fragrant champa flowers: we crossed the Mahaweliganga in primitive boats; on narrow paths we withdrew respectfully to let the tall dark elephants pass.

His wife, Achsah, added:

> Lawrence...had a wholesome respect for the size and disposition of the elephant hauling timber on the road.

The poem 'Elephant' begins:

***You go down shade to the river, where naked men sit on flat brown rocks, to watch the ferry, in the sun;***
***And you cross the ferry with the naked people, go up the tropical lane***
***Through the palm-trees and past hollow paddy-fields where naked men are threshing rice***
***And monolithic water-buffaloes, like old, muddy stones with hair on them, are being idle;***
***And through the shadow of the bread-fruit trees, with their dark green, glossy, fanged leaves***
***Very handsome, and some pure yellow fanged leaves;***

*cont'd over page*

# It Was a Hot and Steamy Night...

*cont'd from p 17*

> ***Out into the open, where the path runs on the top of a dyke between paddy-fields:***
> ***And there, of course, you meet a huge and mud-grey elephant advancing his frontal bone, his trunk curled round a log of wood:***
> ***So you step down the bank, to make way.***
>
> ***Shuffle, shuffle, and his little wicked eye has seen you as he advances above you,***
> ***The slow beast curiously spreading his round feet for the dust.***
> ***And the slim naked man slips down, and the beast deposits the lump of wood, carefully.***
> ***The keeper hooks the vast knee, and the creature salaams.***
>
> ***White man, you are saluted.***
> ***Pay a few cents.***

These three stanzas, which would stand by themselves as a rather nice piece of verse, are but an introduction to the main theme of the poem, which is not really about elephants (though they figure prominently), but about - ostensibly, at least - the visit of the Prince of Wales to Kandy in March, 1922, and which we know Lawrence witnessed at first hand.

Relieved at having put old, sick Europe behind them, and looking forward to experiencing the "New World", the Lawrences arrived, the scent of cinammon in their nostrils, off Ceylon aboard SS *Osterley* on March 14. They stayed a night in Colombo, at first captivated by the fabled isle of Serendip, "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile". Lawrence wrote on arrival to his agent Mountsier: "I think I shall love these tropics." They then entrained for up-country Kandy, the ancient Lankan capital.

Hardly a week later, however, he wrote again to Mountsier from Kandy: "...lovely to look at - but I doubt if I shall stay very long in Ceylon. Probably in a few months move to Australia - and finally from Sydney to San Francisco." And he added: "Today the Prince of Wales comes to Kandy and we go to see the Pera-hera with 120 elephants."

The specially-convened Pera-hera, which was attended by 12 fewer elephants than Lawrence had anticipated, was held on the night of March 23-24. The Lawrences and the Brewsters descended the winding lane down through Lake View Estate into hot, humid, lantern-lit Kandy to observe the event, for which thousands of people, native and white, had come from all parts of Ceylon and beyond to witness (there were even visitors from as far away as Australia).

Frieda described the oriental spectacle:

> Then we had the fantastic experience of a Pera-Hera given in honour of the Prince of Wales. Such a contrast was the elegant figure of the Prince sitting on the balcony of the Temple of the Tooth amongst the black seething tropical mass of men. The smell of torches and the oily scent of dark men. Great elephants at midnight and the heat in the dark. The noise of the tom-toms that goes right through some dark corner of one's soul.

Achsah Brewster's memoir was more discursive:

> In honour of the Prince of Wales' visit a great pera-hera or religious procession of elephants was arranged. All the available elephants were collected, a hundred or more - tall dark ones with legs like palm-trees and backs like boulders; silver-grey ones speckled over their faces as if they were freckled. Richly caparisoned they were, with velvet and fringes, tassels and tinkly bells. In front of them ran attendants continually spreading out white cloth that the sacred elephants need never tread the earth. Devil dancers, some of them on stilts, performed amazing antics. Drummers and tom-tom players and pipes made strange, pulsating music. We remained until the last sky-rocket sank into the lake. The pale prince sat in the tower of the Temple of the Tooth reviewing the procession. Every elephant salaaming before him: which scene Lawrence describes in his poem, 'Elephant'.

In his several contemporaneous letters, Lawrence made much of the Perahera (his original spelling). On the following day he wrote to his sister Emily King :

> We have been in the bungalow a week...Yesterday the Prince of Wales was here - great doings. We were down at the Perahera at night - just opposite the Prince. Poor devil, he is so thin and nervy: all twitchy: he seems worn out and disheartened. No wonder, badgered about like a doll among a mob of children. A woman threw a bouquet, and he nearly jumped out of his skin.
>
> But the Perahera was wonderful: it was night, and flaming torches of cocoanut blazing, and the great elephants in their trappings, about a hundred, and the dancers with tomtoms and bagpipes, and half naked and jewelled, then the Kandyan chiefs in their costumes, and more dancers, and more elephants, and more chiefs, and more dancers, so wild and strange and perfectly fascinating, heaving along by the flames of the torches in the hot, still starry night. Afterwards fireworks over the lake, and thousands and thousands of natives, so that it looked like some queer dream when the fire flared up and showed their thousands of dark faces and white wraps packed on the banks.

In his next few letters Lawrence varied the theme. To Robert Barlow on March 30 he wrote:

> We were at the Perahera : it was wonderful, gorgeous and barbaric. One realises how barbaric the substratum of Buddhism is : after a slight contact, I draw back and don't like it.
>
> The Prince of Wales seemed sad and forlorn. He seemed to be almost the butt of everybody, white and black alike. They secretly hate him for being a Prince. My sympathy was with him.

Lawrence's turning against the Buddha ("I wish he would *stand up*!") must have been a bit of a blow to his hosts, the Brewsters, for it was to be exposed to the mysticism of the East that they lured their Capri acquaintance to Ceylon and Kandy (where Earl Brewster had come to study the Pali language in a local temple). He confided to Robert Barlow: "I now know it is shirking the issue to look to Buddha or the Hindu or to our own working men [ie, socialism] for the impulse to carry through." And he added: "...this I know: the responsibility for England, the living England, rests on men like you and me...probably even the Prince of Wales...".

By April, Lawrence had had enough of Celyon, the tropics and the locals. He wrote to Mabel Dodge:

I find all dark people have a fixed desire to jeer at us: these people here. They jeer behind your back. But heavens, I don't see much in them to admire, either. They seem built around a gap, a hollow pit. In the middle of their eyes, instead of a man, a sort of bottomless pit. That's Buddhism, too...No, no, these little darkie people don't impress me...

We do not know when precisely Lawrence wrote 'Elephant'. In may have been in Ceylon, maybe afterwards. The poem seems to reflect the thoughts expressed contemoraneously in his Ceylon letters. On the other hand, as Christopher Pollnitz points out in his article in this issue (see page 6), the manuscript of the extant autograph text of 'Elephant' implies that it was completed when Lawrence was in America. Whenever it was penned, it has a freshness, and, as we will see, correlates with other factual reports in a way that would imply at least a very good recall of the instant events.

The main theme of the poem begins with the third stanza:

***But the best is the Pera-hera, at midnight, under the tropical stars.***
***With a pale wisp of a Prince of Wales, diffident, up in a small pagoda on the temple side***
***And white people in evening dress buzzing and crowding the stand upon the grass below and opposite:***
***And at last the Pera-hera procession, flambeau aloft in the tropical night, of blazing cocoa-nut,***
***Naked dark men beneath,***
***And the huge frontal of three great elephants stepping forth to the tom-tom's beat, in the torch-light,***
***Slowly sailing in gorgeous apparel through the flame-light, in front of a towering, grimacing white image of wood.***

The Kandy Pera-hera (procession) is an annual event, held normally in the lunar month of Esala, or July/August. During the procession the sacred relic - a tooth of the living God Lord Buddha - is paraded through the streets of Kandy, aloft on the largest elephant. (Actually, it is only a replica of the "sacred relic" that is carried in the procession. However, this is in fact itself a replica of a replica, for the real tooth - if it ever existed - was reportedly destroyed when the Portugese invaded Ceylon several centuries earlier, and imposed Christianity. The tooth itself is the motif of one of the several local Buddhist cults which gained ascendancy over its rivals, the significance of the relic being that the priests who have the tooth could dictate which princely sect ruled.) The procession starts a few streets away from the Temple and terminates immediately after it passes the "saluting base" - the Octogon situated on the side of the Temple complex. Its main components are elaborately decorated elephants, Kandyan chiefs and Temple dignatories, Kandayan dancers, and miscellaneous procession hangers-on, plus lots of tom-toms, bagpipes and flaming torches. For the visit of the Prince of Wales, who was on a world tour (accompanied, among others, by his aide-de-camp, Lord Mountbatten, HM's late uncle-in-law), a special out-of-season "Raja" Pera-hera was arranged, as something of a Royal Durbar, or grand act of colonial homage.[2]

The procession was led off, according to local newspaper reports, by effigies of the King and Queen (one hopes these were not Lawrence's "towering, grimacing white images of wood"!):

***The elephant bells striking slow, tong-tong, tong-tong,***
***To music and queer chanting:***
***Enormous shadow-processions filing on in the flare of fire***
***In the fume of cocoa-nut oil, in the sweating tropical night,***
***Elephants after elephants curl their trunks, vast shadows, and some cry out***
***As they approach and salaam, under the dripping fire of the torches,***
***That pale fragment of a Prince up there, whose motto is Ich Dien.***

To say the Prince was feted in Ceylon would be a considerable understatement. On arrival in the capital he was fawned over, adulated, almost deified, particularly by the colonial white populace, who also did their best to whip up similar enthusiam - not always successfully - amongst the native Singalese, Tamils and Burghers (the decendants of the earlier Portuguese and Dutch colonists). And if European Colombo went wild with princely fervour, then white Kandy went bananas.

The Prince's beflagged and beribboned Royal train chugged into Kandy Station, itself liberally decked with flags and bunting, just after noon on the 23rd, to be welcomed by the screams of hundreds of schoolchildren waving Union Jacks, and hundreds more adults cheering and shouting "God Bless the Prince!" To the reported disappointment of the crowd, the Prince detrained in mufti and inspected a uniformed guard of honour made up of war veterans from a planters' rifle company (of which he was, incongrously, the Colonel-in-Chief). Then the local bigwigs were presented and various richly-illuminated addresses of welcome read out before the Prince was driven, through streets garnished with flowers and arched by decorated pandals, plus more flags and bunting, not to mention more cheering crowds, to the Audience Hall, where yet more illuminated addresses of loyalty were read out. Then followed a garden party, a levee in the King's Pavilion, dinner with the Governor and entourage, and a Royal progress to the Temple for another audience, this time with the Kandayan chiefs, dressed in their traditional costumes and brandishing yet another illuminated address of loyalty. Then came the Royal Inspection of the Sacred Relic (reverently taken out of its numerous enclosing jewelled boxes) before, just after 11 pm, the Prince was ushered up onto the Octogon, sat in a bejewelled Kandyan chair, and the festivities began. Alas, it was well past the Royal bedtime, and it had been a long, hard day, and the cynosure of all loyal eyes was observed by those nearby to be nodding off (so his apparent dispirited demeanour was more likely sheer exhaustion).

***Pale, dispirited Prince, with his chin on his hands, his nerves tired out,***
***Watching and hardly seeing the trunk-curl approach and clumsy, knee-lifting salaam***
***Of the hugest, oldest of beasts in the night and the***

*cont'd over page*

# It Was a Hot and Steamy Night...

*cont'd from p 19*

*And down below huge homage of shadowy beasts;*
*barefoot and trunk-lipped in the night.*

Lawrence's biographers have not always served him well, or accurately. One enduring image that has been set in biographical stone was conjured up by perhaps Lawrence's greatest delineator, the late Professor Harry T. Moore. He wrote of 'Elephant' in his 1954 portrait of Lawrence, *The Intelligent Heart*: "This [poem] described the Perahera at Kandy on March 23, when the 'pale disprited Prince' of Wales rode on an elephant's back high above the torch flares." Professor Moore went on to repeat his description of this incident in various subsequent books, up to an including his last biography of Lawrence, *The Priest of Love*, published in 1974. The pale Prince would have had every reason to feel dispirited had he been obliged to mount an elephant and lead off the procession after such a long and arduous day, and on such a hot and sweltering night (the temperature was still in the high 80s and the humidity almost 70%).

*Chieftans, three of them abreast, on foot*
*Strut like peg-tops, wound around with hundreds of yards of fine linen.*
*They glimmer with tissue of gold, and golden threads on a jacket of velvet,*
*And their faces are dark, and fat, and important.*
*They are royalty, dark-faced royalty, showing the conscious whites of their eyes*
*And stepping in homage, stubborn, to that nervous pale lad up there.*

The 50 or so chieftans had some cause to look stubborn, for not only had their collective noses been put out of joint by matters of precedence at the earlier Audience (where "a temple caretaker with a high-sounding title" called the Senior Ratemahatmaya had forgotten his place in the queue), but they had just been forcibly reminded that their ancestors had ceded control of the Kingdom of Kandy to the British Crown in 1815 in the very Hall where they just had presented their Loyal Address (which opened with: "We, the Chiefs of the Kandyan Provinces of Ceylon, beg on behalf of the Kandyan natives, to offer Your Royal Highness a most loyal and hearty welcome to our ancient capital.") And now that they had gone to the trouble of putting on all their finery - though "hundreds of yards" seems poetic licence - the usurper's scion was obviously tired of the whole show.

*More elephants, tong, tong-tong, loom up,*
*Huge, more tassels swinging, more dripping fire of new cocoa-nut cressets*
*High, high flambeaux, smoking of the east;*
*And scarlet hot embers of torches knocked out of the sockets among bare feet of elephants and men on the path in the dark.*
*And devil-dancers luminous with sweat, dancing on to the shudder of drums,*
*Tom-toms, weird music of the devil, voices of men from the jungle singing;*
*Endless, under the Prince.*

By 11.30 or so, the Prince had had enough. Although the Pera-hera procession was not yet three-quarters done, he abruptly rose from his chair and indicated he was going. There was some consternation, but HRH was adamant: he couldn't keep his eyes open a moment longer. There was a brief flurry of activity, and he was off to bed. Yet to come, however, were another 20 or 30 elephants, plus a hundred or so dancers and tom-tom accompanists. The show went on:

*Towards the tail of the everlasting procession*
*In the long hot night, more dancers from insignificant villages.*
*And small, more frightened elephants.*

Lawrence either did not notice that the Prince had made his apologies, or chose to ignore it. His own eyes were now on the dancers, with whom he was much taken:

*Men-peasants from jungle villages dancing, and running with sweat, and laughing,*
*Naked dark men with ornaments on, on their naked arms and their naked breasts, the grooved loins*
*Gleaming like metal with running sweat as they suddenly turn, feet apart,*
*And dance, and dance, forever dance, with breath half sobbing in dark, sweat-shining breasts,*
*And lustrous great tropical eyes unveiled now, gleaming a kind of laugh,*
*A naked, gleaming laugh, like a secret let out in the dark,*
*And flare of a tropical energy, tireless, afire in the dark, slim limbs and breasts,*

(Traditional Kandyan dance, which is noted for its energetic movements, is an essential part of every Perahera. The dancers are clad in pagoda-like conical silver headpieces with glistening forehead fringe and huge earpieces, many-stranded bead necklaces of silver and ivory across their naked torsos, with beaten-silver epaulets on their biceps and hollow silver anklets, filled with silver beads to make them rattle, on their feet. They turn and spin in geometric patterns, making sudden leaps and throwing themselves around violently, making onlookers feel dizzy. They sing and recite stories from the Buddha's life, enacting passages with spurts of dancing.)

*Perpetual, fire-laughing motion, among the slow shuffle*
*Of elephants,*
*The hot dark blood of itself a-laughing, wet, half-devilish, men all motion*
*Approaching under that small pavilion, and tropical eyes dilated look up*
*Inevitably look up*
*To the Prince*
*To that tired remnant of royalty up there*
*Whose motto is Ich Dien.*

Lawrence probably did realise that the Prince was no longer in the Octogon, for in the next stanza he imples that the spectacle, or what it stood for, had proved too much for Edward:

*As if the homage of the kindled blood of the east*
*Went up in wavelets to him, from the breasts and eyes of the jungle torch-men,*

*And he couldn't take it.*

Lawrence now turns from description, or reaction, to analysis:

*What would they do, those jungle men running with sweat, with the strange dark laugh in their eyes, glancing up,*
*And the sparse-haired elephants slowly following,*
*If they knew his motto was Ich Dien?*
*And that he meant it.*

Somewhat ironic, as events were to turn out. But Lawrence can perhaps be excused for not guessing what effect a countrywoman of the Brewsters would have 14 years later. Lawrence continues:

*They begin to understand.*
*The rickshaw boys begin to understand.*
*And then the devil comes into their faces,*
*But a different sort, a cold, rebellious, jeering devil.*

More than jeering was taking place, if not among the rickshaw boys, then among the better-educated Singalese. The same month Lawrence arrived in Ceylon, the editor of the nationalist newspaper *Young Lanka* had been arrested in Colombo for failing to register the publication with the colonial authorities. As well, Mahatma Gandhi had just been arrested in India for some species of colonial disrespect, and amongst the middle-class and professional Singalese his example was regarded generally as one to be admired, if not followed. Interestingly, also, were reports in the contemporary Ceylonese (Uncle Tom) Press, which Lawrence may well have read, that colonial whites in India were forming "self-defence groups" in case the nationalists there grew too restless.

*In elephants and the east are two devils, in all men maybe.*
*The mystery of the dark mountain of blood, reeking in homage, in lust, in rage,*
*And passive with everlasting patience,*

(A reference to Gandhi, perhaps?)

*Then the little, cunning pig-devil of the elephant's lurking eyes, the unbeliever.*

The Pera-hera wound to its end around midnight, according to the various newspaper reports (none of which were as comprehensive or descriptive as Lawrence's poem - by far the best record we have of the event). The Brewsters and the Lawrences prepared to depart.

*We dodged, when the Pera-hera was finished, under the hanging, hairy pigs' tails*
*And the fat, flaccid mountains of the elephants' standing haunches,*
*Vast-blooded beasts,*
*Myself so little dodging rather scared against the eternal wrinkled pillars of their legs, as they were being dismantled;*
*Then I knew they were dejected, having come to hear the repeated*
*Royal summons: Dient Ihr!*
*Serve!*
*Serve, vast mountainous blood, in submission and splendor, serve royalty.*
*Instead of which, the silent, fatal emission from that pale, shattered boy up there:*
*Ich dien.*

Like the elephant, the crowd - the white section at least - came to be of service, to crook a knee, to pledge obedience; instead it broke up desultorily, and somewhat disappointed.

*That's why the night fell in frustration.*
*That's why, as the elephants ponderously, with unseeming swiftness, galloped uphill in the night, going back to the jungle villages,*
*As the elephant bells sounded tong-tong-tong, bell of the temple of blood in the night, swift-striking,*
*And the crowd like a field of rice in the dark gave way like liquid to the dark*
*Looming gallop of the beasts,*
*It was as if the great bulks of elephants in the obscure light went over the hill-brow swiftly, with their tails between their legs, in haste to get away,*
*Their bells sounding frustrate and sinister.*

Of course elephants have to have bells, else you might not know where they were, and be trodden on. Obviously the foursome was now beginning to make its way back towards Ardnaree. But the Pera-hera had yet one last gasp, let off from a battery set up on the island in the middle of the lake.

*And all the dark-faced, cotton-wrapped people, more numerous and whispering than grains of rice in a rice-field at night,*
*All the dark-faced, cotton-wrapped people, a countless host on the shore of the lake, like thick wild rice by the water's edge,*
*Waiting for the fireworks of the after-show,*
*As the rockets went up, and the glare passed over countless faces, dark as black rice growing,*
*Showing a glint of teeth, and glancing tropical eyes aroused in the night,*
*There was the faintest twist of mockery in every face, across the hiss of wonders as the rocket burst*
*High, high up, in flakes, shimmering flakes of blue fire, above the palm-trees of the islet in the lake,*
*O faces upturned to the glare, O tropical wonder, wonder, a miracle in heaven!*
*And the shadow of a jeer, of underneath disappointment, as the rocket-coruscatrion died, and shadow was the same as before.*

The sense of superiority and the sense of guilt that is at the heart of colonialism was not lost on Lawrence. But he was more of a Kurtz than a Marlow, at least in Kandy. He turned his feelings back on the natives.

*They were foiled, the myriad whispering dark-faced cotton-wrapped people.*
*They had come to see royalty,*
*To bow before royalty, in the land of the elephants, bow deep, bow deep.*
*Bow deep, for it's good as a draught of cool water to bow very, very low to the royal.*

*And all there was to bow to, a weary, diffident boy whose motto is Ich dien.*
*I serve! I serve! in all the weary irony of his mien -*

*cont'd over page*

# It Was a Hot and Steamy Night...

*cont'd from page 21*

***'Tis I who serve!***
***Drudge to the public.***

For those who don't know this poem, its end will come, perhaps, as a surprise. Lawrence has taken the Pera-hera and the Prince's visit and made some interesting and perceptive comments about the nature of colonialism and royalty. What conclusion might he come to in the final stanzas? For those who have read *Kangaroo* the ending is not that unexpected. Indeed, any edition of *Kangaroo* should include 'Elephant' as its preface. Lawrence continues:

***I wish they had given the three feathers to me;***
***That I had been he in the pavilion, as in a pepper-box aloft and alone***
***To stand and hold feathers, three feathers above the world,***
***And say to them: Dient Ihr! Dient!***
***Omnes, vos omnes, servite.***
***Serve me, I am meet to be served.***
***Being royal of the gods.***

Certainly one of the most revealing stanzas Lawrence ever penned. Being royal of the Gods. There, but for an accident of birth in Eastwood... It is little wonder Lawrence is so sympathetic to the "pale, dispirited Prince".

Lawrence's next major work was *Kangaroo*, written within three months of the events he is describing in this poem. It has much to say about authority and leadership, and its germs, we must concede, lie, partly at least, in Ceylon, where Lawrence's natural authoritarianism was sharpened by the colonial experience. And there is another Ceylon-based idea that Lawrence took on to Australia, one already mentioned in the poem, and the one he returns to in the final stanza:

***And to the elephants:***
***First great beasts of the earth,***
***A prince has come back to you,***
***Blood mountains.***
***Crook the knee and be glad.***

Dark mountains of blood - this image of primitive, instinct-driven creatures, remnants of some earlier, swampy epoch, was to resurface in *Kangaroo*, and perhaps climax in *The Plumed Serpent*. The "blood mountains" were to mingle with his new, dark gods, sinister dieties driven not by love or reason, but by primaeval forces that "enter from below".

As Lawrence embarked for Australia, after less than two, rather uncomfortable months in Ceylon, his thoughts were turning to questions of power, force and authority. He was ready to flirt with fascism.

**- Robert Darroch**

**(Endnotes: see page 23)**

# Another Great Day Out on the Harbour

The DHL Sydney Harbour cruise on the steam yacht *Lady Hopetoun* has become an annual highlight of our Society's activities, and this year's excursion was, if possible, even more enjoyable than the inaugural one last year.

The event, as always ably organised by our *Rananim* editor and resident ferroequinologist, John Lacey, cast off from the Sydney Maritime Museum Wharf in Rozelle Bay with a dozen or so hardy tars aboard. The weather fined up almost as soon as we crossed under the new Glebe Island Bridge and we then steamed down-Harbour towards Manly, to the sound of champagne corks popping amid general jollifications.

This year the good ship *Lady Hopetoun* took us down-Harbour towards Manly and then up Middle Harbour to the powder stores where we further slaked our thirsts. Later we sailed past Northbridge and waved in Bob and Blanche's direction before returning to berth at Rozelle. The committee then repaired to a coffee shop in Glebe Point Road for a committee meeting where, amongst other matters discussed, it was agreed that the *Lady Hopetoun* trip should be an annual event. (Book early as there are only a few berths left for next year's cruise!)

# Bits...

Down Under To Deep?

A curious fact is that three prominent English literary visitors to Australian shores - Arthur Conan Doyle, Agatha Christie and D.H. Lawrence - all made mention of one exclusively Australian word. Sherlock Holmes described it in *The Boscombe Valley Mystery* (1891-2); Agatha Christie in *Peril at End House* (1932 ); and D.H. Lawrence even gave the word as the title of a chapter in his Australian novel, *Kangaroo*. Can you guess what this word was? (For the answer see Page 24).

❖❖❖❖❖❖

***While it may be common knowledge amongst those who are familiar with the Theatre of DHL's period, 1922, few outsiders will realise that the local lifesaver then was Jock Rooney. He was interviewed in his retirement in the Sydney suburb of Eastwood at the wonderful age of 88. ("Lawrence kept staring at the sea"...) It is not generally realised that in the winter of 1922 Lawrence's postman was quite probably the very same Jock Rooney. The Bulli electoral roll for that time lists Rooney as "postman". And winter was a quiet time for life-savers (winter is the off season). This makes it more than likely the postman immortalised in Garry Shead's wonderfully evocative DHL painting :*** **The Letter,** ***and mentioned by Lawrence and Frieda, was our friend Rooney.***

❖❖❖❖❖❖

"Counting out", that fearsomely threatening device popular with WW1 Australian soldiers to indimidate those public speakers whose views they did not espouse, was not a creation of the recently returned fighting man as commonly supposed. The system, which is so tellingly used by Lawrence in the "A Row in Town" chapter of *Kangaroo*, apparently has an older pedigree. In the local history of the Sydney suburb of Randwick it describes an unruly meeting called to protest the local council's move to borrow £50,000 to construct Broad Street, the widest road in Australia: "A protest meeting in November, 1911 at Randwick Town Hall .....The meeting was rowdy and counted out Alderman [illegible]. Obviously borrowed from the [illegible]. Co-incidentally, the proposer of the [illegible] meeting, Ald. W.H.D. [illegible] was an ex-boxer.

❖❖❖❖❖❖

**The death in England has been reported of Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, nee Curzon, the last surviving witness to the wedding of the Duke of Windsor. Married to "Fruity" Metcalfe (Edward's equerry), Lady Alexandra had a tenuous link with Lawrence and *Kangaroo*. Her second name was "Naldera", given to her by her father, Lord Curzon, after the name of his Vice-Regal cottage in the Mashroda Woods, near Simla, where, it is said, she was conceived. Lawrence used the name "Naldera" for one of the ships he mentions in *Kangaroo*.**

❖❖❖❖❖❖

*The newsletter of the DHL Society of North America records, under the heading "Oddities", that the renowned Humanities Research Center at Austin, Texas, (where the MSS of* Kangaroo *and* The Boy in the Bush *reside) recently mounted a show called "Worldly Possessions", which included not only Gloria Swanson's sunglasses from the film "Sunset Boulevarde", but a pair of moccasins worn by D.H. Lawrence when he was in Taos, New Mexico. Lawrence may be in his grave, but his soles go marching on.*

❖❖❖❖❖❖

The affairs of great writers are not always as well managed as those of D.H. Lawrence. Take poor Robbie Burns. His 200th anniversary fell this year, and a big festival was organised to mark the occasion. Organiser, Ayershire councillor Eric Rowe, alas decamped a few weeks before the event, running off, it was said, with a woman other than his wife, and left the festival in dissaray. There's a slight echo of DHL in this, in more ways than one. The chap appointed to clean up the mess was one John Struthers. No kin of *Kangaroo's* Willie, but further evidence perhaps that Lawrence had a Scotsman in mind when he "invented" the Labor leader for his Australian novel - as member Robert Douglass would argue, undoubtedly that denizen of Sydney Trades Hall, the fiery Lossiemouth lay preacher, Jock Garden.

❖❖❖❖❖❖

## 'Elephant' Endnotes

**(see pp 17-22)**

1. Lawrence in fact wrote a second "Ceylon" poem, though in a more light-hearted vein. It was addressed to his Kandy host, Earl Brewster, whom Lawrence pictured as a Buddhist monk. The poem, "Apostrophe to a Buddhist Monk", went:

*Oh my bald head*
*Cranium*
*duck-egg*
*how thou dost poke up among the spokes of my umbrella*

*Oh my marigold robe*
*how thou castest up a sickly glare*
*a bilious blast*
*a mango-fleshed aura nauceously steamy*
*a pawpaw effulgence*
*into my eyes and nostrils*

*Oh my wife's brass incense bowl*
*bought second-hand from Mrs Justice Ennis*
*for 3 1/2 rupees*
*I am inclined to heap thy coal of fire on your bald and prickly pate*
*and lick up thy ashes with a repentent tongue*
*and consider the lilly, not the pawpaw nor the mango-flesh*
*and give up the ghost incontinent*
*in the hope of resurecting or rather re-incarnating as a vendor of fied fish, once more yellow.*

There are, of course, two references in this which Lawrence repeated in *Kangaroo*. The brass incence bowl is mentioned as one of the ornaments Harriett brings with her to Australia. And Lawrence gives the name Ennis to the head of the Maggie squads. Lawrence apparently met Mrs Ennis, wife of a senior Ceylon judge, at an Easter bazaar in Nuwara Elyia, in the highlands above Kandy. Lawrence's choice of the name Ennis for his secret army commander is interesting, and perhaps indicative (see "What's in a Name?" in the next issue of *Rananim)*.

2. Lord Louis wasn't much impressed with the visit to Kandy or the Perahera. In his diary he recorded the occasion thus: "...we walked to the Temple of the Tooth, and saw the sacred tooth of Buddha. This was followed by a procession of elephants."

# About the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia

The aims of the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia are to foster interest in Lawrence generally, and his time in Australia, and also to promote the preservation of Wyewurk, the house where he stayed at Thirroul, and which is portrayed in *Kangaroo.* The Society plans to arrange regular meetings, seminars and outings, and will also publish three issues annually of its journal, *Rananim.*

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

**MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM**

**THE D.H. LAWRENCE SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA**
**PO BOX 100, MILLERS POINT, NSW 2000, AUSTRALIA**

**NAME:** .....

**ADDRESS:** .....

.....

..... **POSTCODE:** .....

**TEL:** ..... **FAX:** .....

**I enclose a cheque for $A30 ($A50 for overseas subscribers)**

# Major DHL Conference to be Held in Nottingham in July this Year

The Sixth International D.H. Lawrence Conference will be held (under the auspices of the Co-ordinating Committee for International Lawrence Conferences) at the University of Nottingham, UK, between July 11 and 16 this year.

The University - Lawrence's alma mater - houses the D.H. Lawrence Centre, which is not only one of the major focal points of Lawrence studies, but contains one of the world's major collections of Lawrence manuscripts and materials.

The Conference is being organised by the Centre's Executive Director, Peter Preston. He has called for speakers and papers for the Conference. The final deadline for papers is April 30.

As well as lectures, panel discussions, short papers, and other "serious" events, the Conference will offer the opportunity to visit places associated with Lawrence (Eastwood, Lawrence's birthplace, is nearby, and "the country of his heart" all around.)

Our President, Paul Eggert, has been invited to attend, and both Robert Darroch and Sandra Jobson will be delivering short papers at the Conference: the former on the ending of *Kangaroo*, the latter on Lawrence's time in Western Australia and the unpublished novel he edited - *Eve in the Land of Nod* - by Mollie Skinner.

Conference inquiries should be addressed to Peter Preston at the Centre, Cherry Tree Buildings, University Park, Nottingham, NG& 2RD, UK). (Fax: 951 3711) (E-mail: peter.preston@nott.ac.uk).

**Answer to Quiz Question - Bits, p23**

*ANSWER : The word is COO-EE .*
*Holmes explained it thus :-*
*"...But 'Coo-ee ' is a distinctly Australian cry,and one which is used between Australians ....."*
*For those readers who said "Orange pips", they are incorrect - although it is true that Conan Doyle filled one story The Five Orange Pips and Agatha Christie did consume 23 oranges in one sitting on a property called "Yanga" in NSW in June,1922! D.H Lawrence chose to abstemiously eat one custard apple at one sitting .*

## Coming Up in Future Issues

Was Lawrence an Anti-Semite?

What's in a Name? - where Lawrence found inspiration

*Eve in the Land of Nod* - the unpublished novel Lawrence edited

Wyewurk Update

The Nottingham DHL Conference



Published by the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia, PO Box 100 Millers Point, NSW 2000, Australia.
Printed by Business Network, Shop 5, 251 Oxford Street, Bondi Junction, NSW 2022, Australia.