



Rananim

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LAWRENCE 75 YEARS ON Society's Plans to Mark Anniversary

Seventy-five years ago - on Saturday, May 27, 1922, at about nine o'clock in the morning - David Herbert Lawrence and his wife Frieda came ashore in Sydney at the P&O wharf at Bennelong Point, having travelled from their first Australian stop, Perth, on RMS *Malwa*.

The Lawrences' available capital was less than 50 pounds, and, apart from the idea of staying in NSW for "a few months", their plans were vague.

Lawrence could have had little idea at that stage that he would write *Kangaroo*, or that, because of their 10-week residence at Thirroul, Wyewurk would become an essential stop on the DHL trail for Lawrence admirers.

So, this year being the 75th anniversary of the Lawrences' visit to Australia, our D. H. Lawrence Society will hold a series of events to commemorate Lawrence and Frieda's arrival and departure, and the writing of *Kangaroo*.

The first event will be on Sunday May 25, when the Society will stage a "retracing the footsteps" commemorative DHL tour (that being the weekend closest to their actual arrival date).

It is proposed that we meet outside the American Club (the site of Lawrence's 1922 guest-house) at 11 am, go past the "fortified

Conservatorium", thence down Macquarie Street to Bennelong Point, where the PO wharf once was, then around to Circular Quay to where "the two-decker brown ferry-boats [slid] continuously" from the wharves, and where we will catch the (slow) ferry across to Manly - hopefully avoiding collisions with colliers - and there stroll up the Corso to the ocean beach, where "the Pacific belied its name and crushed the earth with its rollers."

We may have morning tea (or equivalent) at, or at least near, the teashop where Frieda lost her scarf, before we join our transport to take us up to Narrabeen, to where the still-extant tram terminus, across from the (no-longer) "fly-blown" shopping centre, remains intact.

We will walk up Lagoon Street, passing "Tres Bon", to the stretch of water that was once "bits of swamp" where "the sea had got in and couldn't get out".

But instead of lying on the sand and peeling pears, as Lawrence and Frieda did, we will trot across the low bridge over the lagoon to enjoy a far more substantial repast at a rather smart little restaurant on the other side where a lunch, with appropriate menu, will be laid for us, and from where we might idly watch the "massive-legged Australians" playing in the sand opposite.

After that, we plan to go to the Darrochs' 1919 bungalow at Collaroy Basin (aka Fisherman's Beach) where,



In 1985 Eastwood marked the 100th anniversary of Lawrence's birth with a procession, led by the above "float". Lawrence - portrayed as some strange devilish creature - is recognisable, as is the plaque in his right "paw" which depicts himself, his mother, Jessie Chambers, Louie Burrows, Haggis Farm, mining headframes and some phoenix flames. Our DHL Society has nothing similar planned for its 75th commemorations.

later, afternoon tea will be served, after which we will wander along Beach Road to where the dreaded Darroch Thesis maintains Lawrence and Frieda actually went that sunny Sunday afternoon at the end of May in 1922 (and by which time, fingers crossed, we might have some interesting news to relate).

The next event planned will be a commemorative DHL Conference which will be held on Sunday August 10, the day before Lawrence and

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EDITORIAL

Welcome to another edition of *Rananim*, and as you will see from the article beginning on page 1, the Society has quite a number of activities planned for this year, the 75th anniversary of the Lawrences' arrival in Sydney. Attendances at each of our events grow - we are quite a friendly bunch of diverse people - so if you have not attended a social or "serious" function previously don't be shy.

The *DHL Review* (vol 24 #3 Fall 1992) remarked that "*Rananim* combines the best of newsletter-and journal-type material." I hope that we continue

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LAWRENCE 75 YEARS ON

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Frieda sailed from Sydney in 1922. Held at the NSW Writers' Centre at Rozelle, it will be the third seminar/conference to be staged by the DHL Society, and it is proposed that these conferences will continue annually, with the possibility of an international event in the future. (A slide-show of Taos - site of the next DHL International Conference in 1998 - will be a special feature of the event.)

There will also be a 75th anniversary visit to Thirroul (date to be advised), with a picnic on the beach. Picknickers will be able to view - alas, still only from a distance - the bungalow "crouched above the beach" where Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo*:

...a real lovely brick house with a roof of bright red tiles coming down very low over dark wooden verandahs, and huge round rain tanks, and a bit of grass and a big shed with double doors. Joy!

There will be other commemorative events as well (and some are still in the planning stages).

In co-operation with Wollongong Council and its Heritage Committee, a DHL walk will be mapped out at Thirroul, and a brochure published. Local historian and

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Society member Joe Davis will liaise with the Council and its committee on this project.

An appeal will shortly be launched to erect a plaque or some other fitting memorial to commemorate Lawrence's stay in Thirroul. Its site is still to be determined, but we are hopeful of having it as near to Wyewurk as practicable. It is hoped the memorial will be ready later in the year, when an unveiling ceremony attended by members of the Society will be organised.

Following the success of our earlier visit, another trip to Loddon Falls is being arranged (possibly in August), followed by a Sublime Point picnic. Notices of these and all other events will either be posted out with this *Rananim*, or communicated more directly to all our members.

In July next year an International D. H. Lawrence Conference will be held in Taos, New Mexico, with side trips to Mexico City, Oaxaca, and Guadalajara. Further details of this event will also be communicated in future issues (several members are planning to attend.)

(Footnote: This year, as well as being the 75th anniversary of the writing of *Kangaroo*, is also the fifth year of existence for the D. H. Lawrence Society of Australia, which was founded on November 14, 1992 - and this issue marks the fifth series of *Rananim*.)

- Margaret Jones



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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 or e-mail).

TWO VISITS TO WYEWURK

A Rare Invitation to "Lawrence's House"

As related elsewhere in this issue ("Lawrence's Nomenclature - The Neville Theory", p.10), Lawrence's boyhood "best friend" was George Neville, with whom he "knocked about" in their home town of Eastwood, and whom Lawrence portrayed in several of his works, most particularly as the first Gilbert Noon in *Mr Noon*.

Interestingly, we had a recent visit from Jean Temple (nee Neville), who late last year travelled to Sydney with her husband, Tony.

Jean's uncle was George Neville.

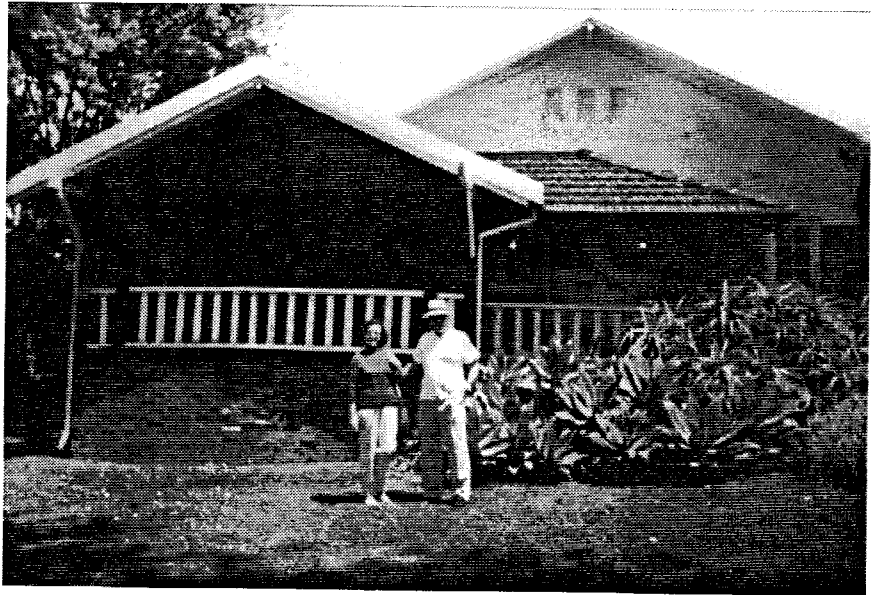
The Temples visited Thirroul and were treated to a rare (but considerate) event - tea on the lawn at Wyewurk with the resident owner Mr Michael Morath!

Mr Morath in the past has turned away even such eminent prospective visitors as Lawrence's own niece, so the Temples' reception was indeed an event worth recording.

What follows is an edited version of the resulting article, "To Sydney with 'Gordon'", written by Jean Temple for the D.H. Lawrence Society of UK's newsletter.

The article's title, "To Sydney with 'Gordon'", requires explanation. It refers to a book Jean brought with her to Sydney. It was *Our Country's Flowers and How to Know Them*, by W.J. Gordon.

The book was one of Lawrence's treasured childhood pos-



Pivileged visitors - Mr and Mrs Temple snapped by Mr Michael Morath on the front lawn of Wyewurk late last year

sessions, and one that we know he read over and over again. His encyclopaedic knowledge of the flora of England, which everyone remarked on, and which features so prominently in his works, probably comes primarily from this book.

The book itself is a rare and valuable document. It bears Lawrence's (Nottingham High) school's bookplate, and was in fact his maths prize in 1900 (it is a little-known fact that Lawrence was brilliant at maths, particularly algebra).

It is signed by Lawrence himself and dated July 1900 (when Lawrence was 15). He gave the precious book to George Neville as a remembrance of their happy (and not-so-happy) childhood together. (Thus the signature was probably appended some time after 1900.)

To Sydney with "Gordon"

In November 1996 my husband and I arrived in fabulous Sydney for the first time.

Rosemary Howard, editor of the D.H. Lawrence Soc. UK. Newsletter, who was aware of these impending travels with "Gordon", had alerted Dr Christopher Pollnitz who appeared at our hotel at 9.30am on Nov. 14th, after a considerable journey from Newcastle University.

We were whisked away in the spacious comfort of his car, air-conditioned [and] well able to cope with temps. of 35 [degrees] for a magnificent day's tour of the Hunter Valley region.

[Then follows an account of

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TRAVELS WITH "GORDON"

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the tour of the vineyards, during which Jean showed an appreciative Christopher Pollnitz the precious, calf-bound "Gordon".]

Two days later we headed south to Thirroul (Mullimbimby) in pursuit of Dr. Joseph Davis and Wyewurk where Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo*.

There would be no romantic steam train which transported our UK. Treasurer, Monica Rothe-Rotowski, on her 1994 visit [see "Monica's Train Trip", *Rananim* 2-2]. But we liked our comfortable, silent, steel double-decker, so spotlessly clean....

On the top deck we sped through Sydney's outskirts of industry, and acres of small bungalows with corrugated-iron roofs, yet each with its fragment of garden, enough to house a flame tree or flowering bush of wattle-blossom....

A half-hour from Sydney the bush begins, regenerated, rising again like DHL's phoenix after the devastating fires of '94.

Deadened black trunks of the gum trees tangle together with the living silver-grey, seeming to need each other's support. The whole - "a funeral-grey monotony" (DHL) - spreading inexorably.

COASTLINE

Soon the coastline appeared and the rocky outcrops as we approached Thirroul, and we saw Joe Davis springing up the steps to welcome us as we crossed the station bridge.

In perfect conditions, high 70's with a breeze, we set off to tour the town and buildings referred to in *Kangaroo* - the Estate Agent (Mrs Wynne), a newly-painted building that housed the

School of Arts Library, Pictoria and soldier memorial statue, "forever stiff and pathetic", to WW1 heroes. The same that Harriet longed to surround with a railing and a bit of grass. All of which happened.

On to Thirroul beach with its exquisite little bay. Here a high tide was rampaging the flat-shore rocks as we clambered along under the lea of Wyewurk's little cliff and garden, trying to catch a glimpse of the bungalow.

Joe, with one small daughter tucked under his arm, handled a second from rock to rock with expert strides. Tony and I must have been an added grave liability!

Wild flowers grew in tussocks where they could, and coal seams lay compacted in the rocks. As each fresh attack came from the Pacific rollers, these were loosened and washed out to sea. Worse still, I feared for Tony's Panama hat in a *deja vu* spectacular!

The time had come to make our overtures: we were soon included in life at 3, Craig Street, (alias Coo-ee, alias Wyewurk), with the owner Michael Morath and his charming young children Emily and Sam, and kindly offered tea and biscuits on the lawn.

While this was being prepared Emily guided us through the trees to the "look-out" perching over "the sea, the great Pacific right here" (DHL).

She told me that she and her brother loved to come here [at] high tide when, like now, the spray leapt over the parapet.

Tea arrived - thoughtfully, "English-style" in a brown teapot - and later Michael [Morath] read a few verses from a favourite contemporary Australian poet, Les Murray (who recently won the International T.S. Eliot Poetry Prize, Jan. '97), adding that he [Morath] had read *Kangaroo* twice, in fact.

He offered to take our photo

in front of the veranda, and then invited us into his home.

The large living-room is lighter now, cream walls replacing the heavy dark red, a sky-light in the ceiling, and an internal door from the south-side added to the veranda, making now "double-doors" for this splendid view.

The fireplace and chimney-breast remain as they were. Dark jarrah floor boards and beams remain in place and to the left the same heavy, jarrah dining-table littered with "work in progress" - much as it must have looked for the birth of *Kangaroo*.

The house had a homely, familiar feel, "a simplicity and ground-hugging quality" (Prof. Richard Apperly, [see] John Ruffels article *Rananim*, vol 2 '94).

VERY MOVED

The intervening 70-odd years seemed no time at all, and we were very moved indeed by our warm welcome at 3, Craig Street (alias Coo-ee, alias Wyewurk).

Joe [Davis] and his little girls were waiting to drive us to their family home for a delicious lunch with his Italian wife Inga, eldest daughter Myra and their bouncy dog. A giant Norfolk Island Pine stood in the garden, a Christmas tree planted by Joe when he was a child.

Their ventures into printing [Joe and his wife run a small, local publishing house] made Joe particularly interested in the actual lay-out and typeset of Gordon's flower book and the excellent quality of the illustrations, for its age.

It was sad to leave. How could we ever repay such kindness.

Our "travels with Gordon" continued with our family in Western Australia, and the three of us returned home safely after many exciting adventures "down under"!

- Jean Temple (nee Neville)

TWO VISITS TO WYEWURK



The Other Tenant from Eastwood

In the year we are marking the 75th anniversary of Lawrence's visit, a rare glimpse of Wyewurk in the years following Lawrence's stay in Thirroul has come to hand.

A gentleman from Eastwood - Sydney, not Notts - has written a memoir of his stay at Wyewurk in 1936.

His name is John Rybak, and he kindly sent a recent snapshot of himself, to accompany his text.

Even better, he included three snaps of the Wyewurk he stayed in in 1936 - a rare prize indeed!

(The resident lady first referred to in his story was undoubtedly Mrs Lucy Callcott, sister of Wyewurk's owner, Mrs Beatrice Southwell, and the person who let Wyewurk to the Lawrences in 1922.)

“ John Rybak remembers:

He walked hesitatingly down the path to the small, brown-painted bungalow, virtually on the

beach. In his left hand was a typist's notebook. As he got closer to the house, a pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman appeared. She raised her eyebrows as she answered my question: "Yes, this is Lawrence's house."

Yes indeed it was.

What the visitor was going to do with the notebook he really didn't know. This was 1936 and he was in his fourth year of unemployment. He had been reading *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*, poems of D.H. Lawrence - such a relief after the Tennyson and Byron *et al* he had been made to do at school.

He started to look closely at the building - heaven knows what he expected to see. The woman spoke again: "You're a writer?" she said inquiringly.

"Well...", he mumbled (he'd like to be a writer, whatever that was, but was too truthful to claim that he was).

"Come in," she said, and led him in to what must have been a formal lounge-room. "Sit down there," she said, indicating a strongly-built armchair. He sat.

"That is where He used to sit," she said, a little reverently. The young man expected to feel something unusual, but we can't say that he did.

She brought him some tea and went on: "...when I first set eyes on Him I knew I was in the presence of an exceptional person."

After a few minutes, she said: "Look, why don't you come and stay here for a while? No rent."

He gathered himself together enough to say: "Well, I'm booked on a liner to England at the end of the month, but I'd like to spend a week here, yes." And then remembering his special girlfriend, he added: "May I bring my sister, if she can get away?"

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THE OTHER TENANT FROM EASTWOOD

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"That will be alright," she said.

Ten days later saw John installed in Wyewurk with his "sister". The week passed pleasantly and uneventfully.

That was a full 60 years ago, and there is much about it that I can't remember - for example, where and how we cooked, slept, or what efforts were made to repay this exceptional kindness.

When the wind was strong from the East, wind-blown spume pattered on the roof like raindrops. The ocean beach lay about 100 feet away at the bottom of the backyard. The lawn seemed to be

only a few feet above the beach (but beaches can alter with storms).

The steady roar of the ocean could lull you to sleep. We often walked along the beach and once we found a stream from inland cutting a channel about ten feet wide and five inches deep across the beach. In imitation of Hollywood, I picked her up and carried her across the rivulet so her feet needn't get wet.

I don't recall a bathroom, but there was a cubicle in the house with a cold shower, with a hole in the floor leading direct to the sand with a boulder to stand on at the same level as the floor of the cubicle.

When you showered, the water fell down the stone and on to

the sand. There was no piping to carry it off, as far as I knew. I gathered that the idea was to use it to wash off sand and salt after swimming. In the cold of May, it would not have been used often, either by us, or by Lawrence and Frieda.

I was invited to write in the visitors' book.

Whilst remaining eternally grateful for the loan of such a significant house, I nevertheless thought I sensed that the lady who had been so kind to us had in fact not realised how distinguished her 1922 tenant was until after he left, possibly leaving behind some illustrated English magazines which revealed who Lawrence and the Baroness were.

Did she then become determined not to miss the next artist who passed that way?

We never met again.

I was young enough at the time to want to see "a meaning" in the fact that I was born in a place called Eastwood, though this Eastwood was in Sydney.

I recall the massive brown jarrah table at which we dined in the lounge-room and of sitting in the matching solid jarrah armchair that was DHL's favourite seat.

Later, in London in mid-summer, I submitted to Faber & Faber a collection of my poems which reflected (so I thought) the encouragement of Lawrence's free verse.

"Sincerity," said the editor, "is not enough."

My visit to London and Paris failed to break the cycle of unemployment. "You can't be employed by us, because you have not been employed by someone else," I was told.

My next venture was coloured by Surrealism, and satire, and, finally, extensions of the Formal Logic of Aristotle.

An Arts degree, and 20 years later I became a Technical College teacher.

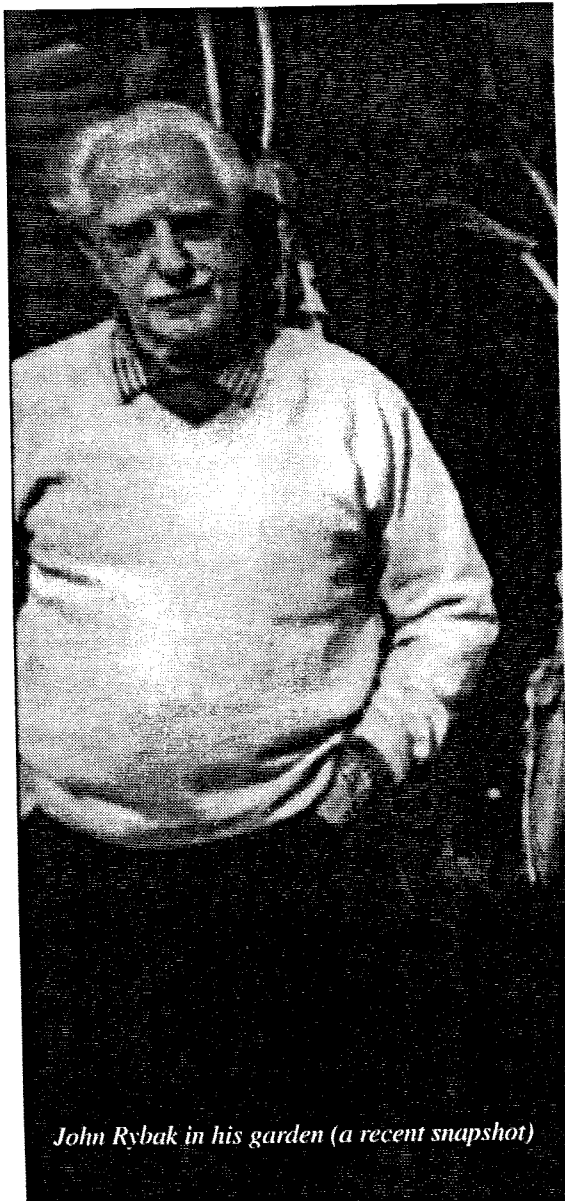
About 1966 I tried to show Wyewurk to my wife. Again I walked down that path, and came face-to-face with another middle-aged woman.

"We were hoping to catch a glimpse of Lawrence's house," I said hopefully.

"Well you can't!" came the response. "And it's not Lawrence's house, it's **my** house!"

So we had to be content with seeing the grounds, the outside of Wyewurk, and the beautiful beach below. ”

[The woman who turned John away was probably the wife of the dentist "sitting tenant" who occupied Wyewurk for much of the postwar period. - ed.]



John Rybak in his garden (a recent snapshot)

WHAT ELSIE KNEW

Historical research is sometimes a serendipitous process and no more so than in following the footsteps of Australia's secret soldiers of the interwar years, the Diggers - whom D. H. Lawrence seems to have described in *Kangaroo*. This, of course, is the thrust of the so-called "Darroch Thesis" (a term I think I may have invented).

Serendipity was certainly to the fore when, after my 1989 book *The Secret Army and the Premier* was remaindered, I received a letter from Mr Peter Yeend. Information in The King's School Archives suggested that a certain W. S. Friend knew more about D. H. Lawrence than he was prepared to tell Robert Darroch, as did members of his family who more recently misled Andrew Riemer. (This story is written up in *Rananim*, vol 2-1 "What Walter Knew".)

Those of us who believe in the Darroch Thesis - an increasingly dwindling band - certainly have evidence we can marshal to support our arguments. Nonetheless it is true that the "smoking gun" refuses to come forward.

As Joe Davis pointed out in 1989, it would probably take an extremely venerable gentleman to materialise, proclaiming that he was both a member of a secret paramilitary army in 1922, and had introduced D. H. Lawrence to the organisation, in order for the argument to be won conclusively. As Davis knew, this is most unlikely to happen. The "smoking gun" refuses to be found.

So it was then a most amazed and delighted historical detective who received a phone call from Mrs Elsie Ritchie on 12 February 1997.

Mrs Ritchie explained that she was researching her family history, at the moment concentrating on the life and times of her grandfather, Jack Davies.

Colonel Jack Davies, a Beersheba veteran, was a leading light in the Old Guard in 1930-32, in which context his initials, JRCD, appeared in the famous cigarette case presented to the Old Guard's leader, Sir Phillip Goldfinch, by his "Old Friends". (See photograph in *The Secret Army and the Premier*). *

A long and interesting telephone call ensued about the activities of the Old Guard and its operations from the garage of Colonel Davies' horse stud at Scone. The details are not important here, though "Puen Buen" stud seems now to have been much more than a nerve centre for the secret army's opera-

tions than I had allowed in my 1989 book.

With a faculty board meeting looming at another campus of the university at which I work, it became apparent that the telephone call would have to be curtailed. As a passing thought by way of conclusion, I asked Mrs Ritchie whether she was aware of the argument that the Old Guard's antecedents had been written up by D. H. Lawrence in his Australian novel, *Kangaroo*.

"As a matter of fact," Mrs Ritchie said, "I have a book here that has all of that material in it.... It seems that Lawrence met someone on the boat who was involved."

Experiencing something of an adrenalin rush, I ventured to ask her the name of the book. Before putting the phone down to find the volume, Mrs Ritchie said: "It was privately published at the time...my grandfather used to give it to people who wanted to understand what the Old Guard was about. It's now very rare. I think I have the only copy left." Returning to the phone she pronounced: "I've found it. Its author was Sandy McTavish. The title is *Our Noble Selves*, published in Melbourne in 1933."

We are, of course, all haunted souls looking to be remembered for something really important. Here it seemed was my source of fame. I was to be remembered as the historian who *proved* that Lawrence did not make up the Diggers, that Bruce Steele and the other detractors were wrong and Robert Darroch was right.

Clearly a visit to Mrs Ritchie's home to inspect this curious volume was in order. The next day was impossible. The following day was agreed on.

The intervening 48 hours allowed plenty of time to ponder the best way of announcing this wonderful find. The D. H. Lawrence Society ferry cruise was the following weekend. With my friend John Lacey, the editor of *Rananim* and distinguished ferroequinologist who organised our day out on the *Lady Hopetoun*, I planned to make a dramatic announcement, just as we were hovering-to off the North Head Quaranteen Station for lunch. Perhaps, I thought, any belittlers present could be invited to walk the plank. (Being a friend of Robert Darroch for 20 years makes one appreciate the role of a certain amount of drama in literary stoushes.)

LADY CHATTERLEY'S PLOVER

Lawrence on the Birds and the Bees

Lawrence was supposed to be an expert, above all else, on one subject - sex.

He himself devoted a lot of his writing time to the topic, and it runs like a blue strand through most of his fiction and much of his other writings.

Not for nothing was he labelled - both in his major biography (by Professor Harry T. Moore) and in a film of his life - "The Priest of Love".

Given that he was also a lord of language, one might expect that when he chose, in his 1922 work, *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, to proffer some hints on the important matter of sex education, he would have come up with something pretty good.

However, judge for yourself.

In this section he is talking about "The Birth of Sex" and how burgeoning sexuality can affect, and afflict, the young. He comes to how a boy might be told "the facts of life" (a delicate matter for many parents). He suggests that the lad's father does the job, and that dad might employ the following words:

"Look here, you're not a child any more; you know it, don't you?"

"You're going to be a man. And you know what that means. It means you're going to marry a woman later on, and get children.

"You know it, and I know it. But, in the meantime, leave yourself alone.

"I know you'll have a lot of bother with yourself, and your feelings. I know what is happening to you. And I know you get excited about it.

"But you needn't. Other men have gone through it. So don't you go creeping off by yourself and doing things on the sly. It won't do you any good.

"I know what you'll do, because we've all been through it. I know the thing will keep coming on you at night. But remember that I know.

"And remember that I want you to leave yourself alone.

"I know what it is. I tell you. I've been through it all myself. You've got to go through these years, before you find a woman you want to marry, and whom you can marry.

"I went through them myself, and got myself worked up a good deal more than was good for me.

"Try to contain yourself. Always try to contain yourself, and be a man.

"That's the only thing. Always try and be manly, and quiet in yourself. Remember that I know what it

is. I've been the same, in the same state that you are in. And probably I've behaved more foolishly and perniciously than you ever will.

"So come to me if anything really bothers you. And don't feel shy and secret. I know just what you've got and what you haven't.

"I'm as bad and perhaps worse than you.

"And the only thing I want of you is to be manly. Try and be manly, and quiet in yourself."

That's it. Nothing about birds and bees, still less of genitalia and pregnancy. After that the lad's supposed to go out into the wide world and do what a chap is supposed to do, sex-wise.

And in case, as a conscientious dad, you might - naughty, naughty - try to elaborate a tad, Lawrence added some stern words of admonition:

"That is about as much as a father can say to a boy, at puberty. You have to be very careful what you do: especially if you are a parent. To translate sex into mental ideas is vile, to make a scientific fact of it is death."

On the other hand, you might leave a stray copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* lying around the house. Come to think of it, that's not a bad marketing ploy. Perhaps that was what Lawrence was doing - drumming up future circulation. He surely wasn't serious.

But he was. He went on to explain why the lad shouldn't be told anything about the mechanics of sex.

"Sex should come upon us as a terrible thing...a new terrible power given to us...The mass of mankind should never be acquainted with the scientific biological facts of sex: never. The mystery must remain in its dark secrecy..."

Again you might think this is Lawrence at just about the nadir of his pseudo-philosophising. You'd be wrong. Lawrence is deadly, functionally serious.

To prove it, he goes on to conjure up what a mother must **not** say when she takes her daughter aside to acquaint her about the facts of life. This is what he describes as the "sickening" line, to be avoided at all costs :

"You see, dear, one day you'll love a man as I

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A MEMORY OF LAWRENCE FROM MAHABALESHWAR

We have some far-flung correspondents. Recently to hand is a letter from John Malcolm, a friend of the Society who is presently in India researching a biography of his ancestor, Sir John Malcolm, who was Governor of Bombay 1827-39 (and who was a colleague of the famous Warren Hastings).

John is based at The Club in Mahabaleshwar, outside Bombay, where his ancestor is well-known to this day, having started the practice of moving the Seat of Government from Bombay to the Hill Station during the summer heat, and having in fact founded The Club. (Mahabaleshwar is one of the many Hill Stations in India, a number of which are familiar to our own "India Hand" John Lacey.)

At The Club, John, coincidentally, ran across a nice little DHL item, which he has forwarded to us for inclusion in *Rananim*. He wrote:

"We have a friend here, a charming retired Indian Army colonel who lives in a house called "Dingley Dell". He has a Labrador called Trigger (his other Labrador was killed last year on his verandah by a leopard). When we told him that we were going to have Francis Sitwell (Sachie's younger son) and his wife Susanna to stay, he related a story of how his regiment, the Mahratta Light Infantry, had been part of the Eighth Army in WW2, and had "liberated" the Sitwell castle in Tuscany - Montefugoni. The Uffizzi Gallery had stored many priceless paintings there for the duration of the war,

including the Botticelli Venus, but it was also being used as a Germany Divisional HQ. Miraculously, some Italian managed to tell the advancing Allied troops about this, and thus stopped them from shelling the castle. The Mahrattas duly captured the castle, and, through the agency of [author] Eric Linklater, acquired the Visitors' Book as 'war booty'. The Colonel obtained a photocopy from their regimental archives for us to show to Francis, who knew the story. The Visitors' Book went back to the early 1920s, with many well-known names from the Sitwell circle, among them - and this is the point of the story - D.H. Lawrence and Frieda. The detail of the Lawrence entry is as follows:

'2 June 1926/D.H. Lawrence/Frieda Lawrence geb von Richtofen/G.M. Orioli/[and two Italian couples]'. According to Francis, DHL used some mildly coarse language on this visit, which shocked his aunt, the prudish Edith, and this led to the celebrated spat which resulted in *Lady Chatterley*, etc."

John is certainly correct in linking *LCL* with the Sitwells. It is believed that Connie's home, Wragby Hall, was based on the Sitwell seat not far from Lawrence's own Eastwood, and that the Lady Eva in the novel may well be a portrait of Sitwell *mere*, wife of the horrific Sitwell *pere*, the Baronet (Edith's father) who was a domestic tyrant and egregious eccentric. (The Sitwells were also portrayed in *The Virgin and the Gypsy* as the Saywells - see p 14.)

Lawrence let very little go to waste.

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love Daddy, more than anything else in the whole world.

"And then, dear, I hope you'll marry him.

Because if you do you'll be happy, and I want you to be happy, my love.

"And so I hope you'll marry the man you really love (kisses the child).

"And then, darling, there will come a lot of things you know nothing about now.

"You'll want to have a dear little baby, won't you, darling?

"Your own dear little baby. And your husband's

as well. Because it'll be his, too.

"You know that, don't you, dear?

"It will be born from both of you.

"And you don't know how, do you?

"Well, it will come from right inside you, dear, out of your own inside.

"You came out of your mother's inside," etc etc [Lawrence's etc's].

That's the wrong way to do it, says Lawrence. The right way is the one above...a few platitudes, and ignorance.

Which is probably the way it was for many of us, anyway. - R.D.

MINING LAWRENCE'S NOMENCLATURE

"The Neville Theory"

Lawrence was a very prolific writer. From the day he started to write, until his death in 1930, hardly a week passed without him having a pen in hand.

Prodigious hardly does justice to his creative energy - 12 major novels (several in separate versions), a number of shorter novels or novellas, more than 50 short stories, a half a dozen or so plays, a large corpus of poetry, several unfinished works, plus numerous other bits and pieces.

Such an output - a veritable production line - demanded, by necessity, a dramatis personae running into hundreds, perhaps thousands of fictional names, both character names and place names.

But *were* they all fictional? Indeed, were any of them?...*entirely* fictional, that is.

Of course, the phenomenon of Lawrence's borrowings from real life to fuel his fictional furnace has been long recognised. It was highlighted perhaps most tellingly in *The Betrayal*, a book written soon after Lawrence's death by his boyhood friend George Neville (but not published until 1981). The book's title is indicative.

Of all people, Neville (who grew up with Lawrence and was portrayed by his boyhood companion in a number of novels and short stories - most extensively as the first Gilbert Noon in *Mr Noon*) was in a special position to recognise the degree to which Lawrence leant on reality - specifically the reality of his early life - in his fiction. Neville expressed the matter thus:

I have never been able to understand quite clearly why Lawrence, of whose wonderfully fertile and vivid imagination we have such abundant proof, should so constantly refuse to put his imagination into action when seeking names for his characters. Practically all the names of his more important characters are the actual names of people he knew in his youth, or are so flimsily disguised as to represent no real attempt at disguise. (Neville, p 157)

Neville delivered himself of this opinion based

on his knowledge of one period in Lawrence's life: his growing up in Eastwood. He had, perforce, scant knowledge of Lawrence's later life - such as his time in Australia - and so was not in a position to comment definitively on the workings, or non-workings, of Lawrence's imagination post-Eastwood.

In his book *Neville* listed 30 or so characters from Lawrence's fiction whom, he claimed, were not only named after people Lawrence knew in and around Eastwood, but whose traits were also borrowed from real life. (This observation is important. According to Neville, not only did Lawrence borrow the names of people he knew, or knew of, but also their characteristics - jointly and separately.)

Neville's list of Eastwood borrowings included Lawrence's violin-playing neighbour, Birkin, the Houghton family, the Mellors family, the Chatterleys, his cousins the Lievers, and so on - all of whom figured as "fictional" characters in *Sons and Lovers*, *The White Peacock*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *The Lost Girl*, *Aaron's Rod*, *St Mawr*, and even short stories like *Glad Ghosts*.

To Lawrence scholars, such identifications will hardly raise an eyebrow. Indeed, Professor Bruce Steele, the CUP editor of *Kangaroo*, freely concedes that Lawrence borrowed from real life for his Australian novel.

He acknowledges, for example, that Somers and Harriett were obviously based on Lawrence and Frieda, and he would no doubt also agree that many other of the novel's "fictional" places and people - and the names Lawrence gave them - might be traced to various real-life sources and inspirations, from Australia and elsewhere.

In *The Betrayal*, Neville went on to make some pertinent observations about Lawrence's reluctance to invent things.

He recalled that he once confronted his friend on the matter:

I am very forcibly reminded of a discussion I had with him in March 1912. I had raised the matter of the very pointed references he was making, in his

writings, to living individuals, and the fact that, for the the majority of his characters, he was using the names of actual people we knew well... (Neville, p 53)

The reason why Neville had broached the matter was that in Lawrence's second novel, *The Trespasser*, he portrayed a musician who commits suicide.

Neville told Lawrence that he thought this reference was insensitive, given the fact that the portrayal was clearly based on the suicide of a real-life person, whom they both knew, and whose relatives would be most upset at what they would see as the literary exploitation of their bereavement.

On this subject, however, Lawrence "would not hear of any argument", reported Neville.

He recalled what he then told an obdurate Lawrence:

Bert, old man, believe me, if you will persist in placing all your friends and acquaintances in your own particular pillory, you will finish up without a friend in the world. (Neville, p 53)

Prophetic words as far as Eastwood was concerned, especially after the publication, even in its expurgated form, of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which is heavily peopled with local Eastwood names and identities. Little wonder that until quite recently Lawrence's reputation was at a discount in his home town.

Yet Lawrence did make some effort to disguise his borrowings, as Neville also conceded:

...in fairness to Lawrence, I think I ought to say that the character as portrayed by him is usually just about as near being diametrically opposed to the character of the actual holder of the name as it could possibly be. (Neville, p 53)

Here Neville, most perceptively, lights on one method of "disguise" which Lawrence adopted to turn fact into fiction - what perhaps we will come to call his "diametrically opposed", or "opposites" technique. Neville then went on to mention another:

...much capital has been made of his method of expressing himself. In my own opinion he deliberately mixed up a portion of an experience he underwent [with the description of another, similar experience (in this case his childhood illnesses)]. His works are full of such transpositions. (Neville, p 90)

His works are full of such transpositions. Of all the comments made about Lawrence and his works,

this little-known sentence of Neville's is, I would argue, one of the most significant. It is the purpose of this article to examine these transpositions more closely, and (in subsequent articles) to attempt to apply them to *Kangaroo*.

Readers of *Rananim* who are familiar with the Darroch-Steele dispute - over the degree to which Lawrence lent on reality in *Kangaroo*, and in particular whether the novel's secret army plot and characters were invented or not - will perhaps anticipate the objective of such an exercise.

For if Professor Steele is correct in pooh-pooing Lawrence's use of indigenous political reality (and in particular any contemporary "secret army" ingredients), then in *Kangaroo* there would be no sign of real-life secret army figures such as Jack Scott and Charles Rosenthal.

On the other hand, if Lawrence did base the plot of his Australian novel on actual encounters with real-life secret army figures (which the "Darroch Thesis" steadfastly maintains), then there should be in *Kangaroo* demonstrable evidence of it - maybe not obviously or directly, for Lawrence would have had additional reason to camouflage these particular ingredients, but in areas where his writing technique might not, perhaps, allow him to disguise such "sources": as, for example, in his various "transposition techniques".

Fortuitously, in attempting to analyse Lawrence's transposition techniques, we are blessed with a very large body of material to work from.

Admittedly we cannot be certain, in every case, precisely which technique, or combination of techniques, Lawrence is using. For, as we shall see, his transformations and chains of association are complex, and we can never be completely privy to the detailed workings of his mind. Nevertheless, there is, as we shall also see, enough about which we can be reasonably certain to establish some meaningful patterns - for what we are seeking here is not assurity, but habit.

Three of Lawrence's transposition or shift techniques have already been mentioned above: the reversal method (referred to by Neville); amalgamation - combining elements of real people, places or events (or, as Neville put it: "he deliberately mixed up a portion of an experience he underwent"); and the association technique (which perhaps subsumes them all).

Let us now look at these in more detail.

The reversal or opposites shift (which, like his other techniques, comes in several variations) is one

MINING LAWRENCE'S NOMENCLATURE

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of Lawrence's favourites. One of its more obvious manifestations is found in the nom-de-plume Lawrence chose for an early, school-oriented work, *Movements in European History*. Here he did not want to use his own name, so by way of disguise he partly reversed it. Instead of David Herbert Lawrence, he authored the text-book under the name Lawrence H. Davidson (Davidson may also be a reference to the Davidson Street school Lawrence taught at in London).

A more complex use of the reversal technique - and it is prudent to introduce the complexity factor as early as possible - is found in *Aaron's Rod*, where a leading character is Rawdon Lilly. This is based on the name of the daughter of an Eastwood family: Lilly Rawson. Here there is a primary shift (the names reversal) and a secondary shift (the slight change - a single letter shift - in spelling: Rawdon for Rawson). And there is also a third shift: the change of sex: man for woman.

Another common transposition is what we can perhaps label the amalgamation technique. Many, perhaps most (and even - arguably - all) of Lawrence's fictional characters are amalgams or composites of parts of real people. George Neville himself suffered from being divided up in several of Lawrence's works.

Part of him is lodged in George Saxton in Lawrence's first novel, *The White Peacock*. (Note the retained first name, George.) Part of him appears as George Granger in Lawrence's short story, *The Married Man*. And, as noted above, he appears most obviously as the first manifestation of Gilbert Noon in *Mr Noon* (the rest of Noon being mainly Lawrence himself).

Note that here Lawrence retained one or both initial letters of the real-life model - an important shift pattern we shall repeated again and again. (Gilbert Noon was also the name of another boyhood acquaintance.)

Also of interest in this *Mr Noon* example is Lawrence's propensity to produce (and be content to leave - see a subsequent article, "He Couldn't Help Himself") a character who switches in mid-novel from one real-life model into another, in this case Gilbert Noon changing from Neville into Lawrence half way through the story (a transformation, it might be recalled, undergone by both Jaz Trewhella and Jack Callcott in *Kangaroo*). This, when it occurs, seems to

indicate that two or more real-life "inspirations" or models were involved in producing the "fictional" composite.

An interesting variant of the amalgam shift can perhaps be called disamalgam. An amusing - and indicative - example of this can also be seen in *AR*. Here Lawrence wants to use of the real name of a local building: Cocker House. So he calls the fictional building Shottle House. Why?

Almost certainly because the word Cocker reminded him of something - not a spaniel, but a game: shuttlecock. So he probably disamalgamated shuttle cock, changed a letter (see above) and made the transposition to Shottle.

Note also here the element of humour. Clearly the play on words - a pun, in fact - tickled his fancy. We shall see more of this.

A particularly good example of one of Lawrence's associative name-shifts can seen in *AR* in the character Algy Constable.

In the novel Algy is a painter - hence, obviously, the shift in name to England's famous landscape painter, Constable.

But what is of greater interest is the real-life model Lawrence is portraying here: Norman Douglas's very English and rather effete painter friend, Reggie Turner. One doesn't have to visit the Tate in London to see why Lawrence chose to transpose Turner into Constable. (Also note the first-name "upper-class" similarity: Algy-Reggie. Incidentally, Douglas himself, an egregious Scotsman, is portrayed as James Argyle.)

AR gives us numerous other shift variants. The real-life society beauty Lady Diana Cooper is portrayed as Lady Artemis Hooper. (Here the association is from classical literature - Artemis being the Greek god of the hunt, and Diana her Roman equivalent.) Also note again Lawrence's initial-letter shift: C-cooper to H-cooper.

In *AR* there is a hotel called the Royal Oak - a "tree association" probably derived from Eastwood's Thorn Tree Inn. Similarly in *The Lost Girl*, the real Sun Inn is, by obvious association, portrayed as the Moon and Stars Inn. And in *St Mawr*, twin peaks are given the "fictional" names The Angel's Chair and The Devil's Chair (the real-life West Country peaks being Heaven's Gate and Hell's Gate).

Lawrence was especially fond of literary shifts (we will encounter another example of this in *Kangaroo*). In *Mr Noon* there is a house called Marvell House. This is a shift from the name of Frieda's house in Nottingham, Crowley House (both Crowley and Marvell being dead poets).

Another “pun” shift is found in *Mr Noon* where there is a character called Walter Whiffen. The original of Walter was Alfred Wiffen, from whose local bakery shop issued an whiff beloved of every hungry young Eastwood lad.

Many of Lawrence’s shifts are simple and fairly obvious. One can see why, for example, Lawrence changed the Presidential first name of well-known American journalist Lincoln Steffens into Garfield Spence in *The Plumed Serpent* (Presidents Lincoln and Garfield were both assassinated). A less obvious association is in *TLG* where a character called “Mr Clay, the Minister” is mentioned. Lawrence derived this name from a local Eastwood clergyman, the Rev Cobb. The shift? The word “cobb” in local Eastwood dialect was a type of clay.

There is, however, a sort of watershed in the saga of Lawrence’s transposition techniques - and it is his fifth novel, *Women in Love*. Here, for the first time, Lawrence portrayed people, not only from his own neighbourhood, but from his widening social world. And, like Neville (and Eastwood at large), they did not like it. Unlike Neville and Eastwood, however, they were in a position to do something about it.

The first person to get an inkling that she was a transformation target was Lady Ottoline Morrell, Lawrence’s then current patron, who heard via a third party (probably Katherine Mansfield) that she had been portrayed in an unflattering light in Lawrence’s new novel. She demanded to see a copy of the text, which Lawrence, rather naively (or perhaps indicatively - see subsequent article “He Couldn’t Help Himself”), sent her. She immediately recognised herself as Hermione Roddice and threatened to sue. (Lawrence got the surname from the Roddis family of Eastwood. But note the German “feminisations”: Herman-Hermione; Otto-Ottoline.)

Others also threatened to sue. Philip Heseltine (portrayed in *WL* as Julius Halliday) was bought off only with a cheque and some minor revision to the original text. Note here the similarity of the surnames (Heseltine-Halliday): same initial letters, and the same syllable “weight”. (Heseltine’s girlfriend, nicknamed “the Puma”, was also portrayed, her nickname shifted to “The Pussum”.)

(However, also see below [part three re Charles Rosenthal] for Lawrence’s use of the shift Philip-Sidney [in an MS text of *WL* Lawrence first changes Philip Heseltine to Sidney Halliday].)

The *WL* experience burnt Lawrence, and he strove, manfully, to be more careful thenceforth. He explained the matter in a famous (1926) letter to a

later patron, Mabel Dodge (who had sent him her “Memoirs”): “...why oh why didn’t you change the names! My dear Mabel, call in all the copies, keep them under lock and key, and then carefully, scrupulously change the names: at least do that: before you let one page go out of your hands again. Remember, *other people* can be utterly remorseless, if they think you have given them away.”. Alas, Lawrence himself fell back into his perilous ways, and it must be said that his behaviour post *WL* was little different than before - *LCL*, in particular, being just as shift-strewn as *WL* (but also see subsequent article, “He Couldn’t Help Himself”).

Another who threatened to sue was the husband of Alice Hall, an Eastwood acquaintance of Lawrence’s. He didn’t take kindly to Lawrence’s portrayal of his wife as Alice Gall in *The White Peacock*. Lawrence not only ignored the threat, but - as with Neville - repeated the “inspiration” in a later work, poor Alice being portrayed as Beatrice Wyld not only in *Sons and Lovers* but *A Collier’s Night Out* (Beatrice was Alice’s middle name; Wyld her mother’s maiden name). Lawrence once remarked that she had a lot of spunk - or, more genteelly, gall.

Plays on words especially attracted Lawrence. One very close to home was the street in which his alter ego Paul Morel lived in *SL* (where The Breach became The Bottoms). Lawrence had quite a penchant for sexual puns, the most notorious of which was the title of *LCL* mark 2: *John Thomas and Lady Jane* (Lawrence once proposed John Thomas as another of his noms-de-plume).

More down to earth was his transposition for the English periodical *Time and Tide*, mentioned in the Introduction he wrote for Maurice Magnus’s *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion*, where it became *Land and Water* (he portrayed the ill-starred MM in *AR* as Mr May).

An example of one of Lawrence’s many historical association/shifts is found in the name of Hermione’s husband in *WL*: Alexander Roddice (Ottoline’s husband was, of course, Philip [of Macedon] Morrell). And in *WL* the real Wellington Inn came, via the Napoleonic wars, the fictional Lord Nelson. And in *LCL* King Edward Street surfaced as King Alfred Street.

Geographic shifts abound throughout his fiction (see fuller list below). The Derby Hotel in *TLG* is the Midlands Hotel in real life. In *WL*, Devonshire Street becomes Somerset Street. An extra point here is the *contiguous* nature of many of the shifts: Lawrence often fictionalises a geographic name by simply

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switching it one place to the left or right - the counties of Somerset and Devon being, for example, next to each other, as were the London suburbs of Norwood (fiction) and Croydon (reality) in *SL*. Often one must examine unpublished texts of Lawrence's works to keep track of some of his transpositions (see part three re Sidney/Philip). For example, in the published version of *WL* Lawrence refers to "Wagstaff's Hotel, in Barton Street" [London]. To get the full flavour of this transposition you need to go to an earlier MS version, where it is "the Wallendorf in Kingsway". The real-life hotel was, of course, round the corner - the Waldorf, in the Aldwych.

Word plays abound in Lawrence's works. A monumental mason in *TLG* is called Fullbanks. Real name? Holbrook (geddit?). Another double shift (geographic switch, plus play on words) is in the name of James Houghton's business in *TLG*. The real-life George Cullen's drapery store in Eastwood was London House (itself a borrowing from Liberty's of London). Lawrence fictionalised this as Manchester House, the latter being not only another UK city, but the common word for a drapery or linen store. We could go on and on - and further on. However, it might short-cut matters if we simply jotted down an almost random list of examples of some shifts types, before moving on to *Kangaroo*, where the shift technique will begin to take on some pertinence. We'll begin the list with some examples of typical Lawrence place-shifts:

REAL NAME	FICTIONAL NAME (SHIFT)	BOOK
<u>Hardwick Hall</u>	<u>Chadwick Hall</u>	<i>LCL</i>
<u>Teversal</u>	<u>Tevershall</u>	<i>LCL</i>
<u>Garland's Hotel</u>	<u>Hariand's Hotel</u>	<i>LCL</i>
<u>Monsall Head</u>	<u>Bonsall Head</u>	<i>VG</i>
<u>Felley Mill</u>	<u>Strelley Mill</u>	<i>TWP</i>
<u>Selston</u>	<u>Selsby</u>	<i>TWP</i>
<u>Cossall</u>	<u>Cossethey</u>	<i>TT</i>
<u>Eakring</u>	<u>Eakrast</u>	<i>MrN</i>
<u>Bolsover</u>	<u>Beldover</u>	<i>WL</i>
<u>Breadalby</u>	<u>Breadsall</u>	<i>WL</i>
<u>Langley Mill</u>	<u>Lumley Mill</u>	<i>TLG</i>
<u>Newthorpe</u>	<u>Bagthorpe</u>	<i>TLG</i>
<u>Pinxton</u>	<u>Pinxon</u>	<i>TLG</i>
<u>Ripley</u>	<u>Rapton</u>	<i>TLG</i>
<u>Walsall</u>	<u>Warsall</u>	<i>TLG</i>
<u>Annesley</u>	<u>Aldersley</u>	<i>SL</i>

<u>Wainall</u>	<u>Nuttall</u>	<i>SL</i>
<u>Seathorne</u>	<u>Seathorpe</u>	<i>SL</i>
<u>Cinder Hall</u>	<u>Tinder Hall</u>	<i>SL</i>
<u>Amberdale</u>	<u>Ambergate</u>	<i>SL</i>

The place pattern is fairly clear now (but note such extra shifts as the word association Cinder/Tinder). So let's turn to a random selection of people-names:

REAL NAME	FICTIONAL NAME (SHIFT)	BOOK
<u>Duncan Grant</u>	<u>Duncan Forbes</u>	<i>FLC</i>
<u>Squire Mundy</u>	<u>Squire Manby</u>	<i>JTLJ</i>
<u>Bertha Cutts</u>	<u>Bertha Coutts</u>	<i>LCL</i>
<u>Henry Saxton</u>	<u>Henry Paxton</u>	<i>LCL</i>
<u>Camilla</u>	<u>Cassandra</u>	<i>LCL</i>
<u>Sitwells</u>	<u>Saywells</u>	<i>VG</i>
<u>Brentnalls</u>	<u>Brecknalls</u>	<i>AR</i>
<u>Cissie Giddens</u>	<u>Cissie Gittens</u>	<i>MrN</i>
<u>Mr Aylwin</u>	<u>Mr Allport</u>	<i>TT</i>
<u>Mr Humphries</u>	<u>Mr Holliday</u>	<i>TT</i>
<u>Miss Pidsley</u>	<u>Miss Pinnegar</u>	<i>TLG</i>
<u>Allcocks</u>	<u>Allsops</u>	<i>TLG</i>
<u>Atterwell</u>	<u>Ottewell</u>	<i>TLG</i>
<u>Dr Bingham</u>	<u>Dr Brindall</u>	<i>WL</i>
<u>Cullens</u>	<u>Coulsons</u>	<i>WL</i>
<u>Suhrawardy</u>	<u>Sherardy</u>	<i>WL</i>
<u>Willy MacQueen</u>	<u>Billy Macfarlane</u>	<i>WL</i>

Several things will be apparent from these lists. Note the way he preserves a first name (eg, Duncan) and changes the surname, often keeping, however, the same initial letter (eg, Bertha Coutts/Cutts). This, is a very common Lawrentian name-shift technique, and one we will see repeated in *Kangaroo* and elsewhere.

Something else is also emerging from this (ad hoc) analysis. It now seems that Lawrence first "thought" in terms of real people and places (ie, that was his "departure point"), then used a fairly mechanical - one might even use the word "automatic" - method of changing reality into (for him) "fiction".

One "fairly mechanical" method was straight theft. For *WL* Lawrence wanted to portray a real-life figure, Gordon Campbell. But rather than think up a similar Scottish name for himself [cf. Jock Garden-Willie Struthers in *Kangaroo* - see below, part two], he simply stole one from a MS novel he had been given to read by Catherine Carswell. He called the fictional character based on Campbell "Sholto Bannerman", a character-name stolen from Carswell MS text. However, Catherine Carswell later read a typescript of *WL* and suggested that Lawrence change Sholto Bannerman to any other Scottish name, such as Balfour. Apparently oblivious to the problem, Lawrence ignored the advice, and Carswell herself had to

physically make the change on the MS, and thus in the published version of *WL* the character became Donald Gilchrist. (Lawrence's almost constitutional reluctance or inability to carry out such obviously necessary changes will take on extra significance in the subsequent article, "He Couldn't Help Himself.")

In passing we should not forget to record Lawrence's various pseudonyms, noms-de-plume and other self-references. We have already mentioned Somers, a name which will be explored more fully when we come to *Kangaroo* itself. As also mentioned above, Lawrence is the latter half of Mr Noon. He is (largely) Aaron Sissons in *AR*. He is also Paul Morel. He is Lawrence H. Davidson. As previously mentioned, he proposed John Thomas for himself. In *The Married Man* he is Billy Brentnall (Billy was his childhood nickname). In *TWP* he is Cyril Beardsall (the latter his mother's maiden name). And it would be foolish not to imagine he pictured himself as Mellors, the randy gamekeeper in *LCL*. (Frieda figures equally prominently in his fiction, under too many guises to fully list here.)

A similar "spread" of shifts can be observed in the various names he gave his home town, Eastwood - Underwood, Bestwood and Woodhouse, to name only three transformations, each retaining the root word, "wood".

It is also useful to mention Lawrence's "foreign name" shifts, as examples of these also crop up in *Kangaroo*.

REAL NAME	FICTIONAL NAME (SHIFT)	BOOK
<u>Berchielli's Hotel</u>	<u>Bertollini's Hotel</u>	<i>AR</i>
Deutscher <u>Hof</u>	Wolken <u>hof</u>	<i>MrN</i>
<u>Wald</u> brol	<u>Wens</u> dorf	<i>MrN</i>
<u>Pescosalido</u>	<u>Pescocalasdo</u>	<i>TLG</i>
<u>Alfred</u> Weber	<u>Alfred</u> Kramer	<i>MrN</i>

The last named was also portrayed in the same novel as Ludwig Sartorius (Professor Weber being a meticulous dresser). But also note here another association: the mixing of two composers' first and family names - Ludwig and Weber.

Yet another "foreign" pun resides in the character Maxim Libidnikov in *WL*. The real-life model, Russian diplomat Maxim Litvinov, was a notorious womaniser, with an over-active libido.

Some of Lawrence's more complex chains of association are not so easy to unravel. We will encounter some of these more complex association chains in *Kangaroo*. However, one non-Australian example can be mentioned here, by way of illustration, or perhaps warning.

In *WL*, Gudrun (mainly Katherine Mansfield)

and Gerald Crich (initially Philip Barber, the "Squire" of Eastwood, but also bits of other Lawrence acquaintances, such as John Middleton Murry) go to the Pompadour restaurant in London (the Cafe Royal - see *Rananim* 2-1). There they see "Carlyon in his corner with his pupils and his girl". As many have remarked, there is good reason to believe that Lawrence here is portraying the painter Augustus John.

The probable chain (or web) of association goes like this: in an earlier version of *WL* (*The Sisters*), Carlyon is called Thomas. This is a Lawrence sex reference (John Thomas), John being an inveterate pants man. He also affected a large black hat, commonly called a Carlyle. (Named after historian Thomas Carlyle.) Hence, almost syllogistically, Carlyon. (But also see below, part two, for a probable reference to John as "Major Caerlyon" in *Kangaroo*, and in part three for another possible *WL* reference to John as "Algernon Strange".)

On the subject of more complex matters, it is time to bring in one of the major decoding techniques we can bring to bear on Lawrence's less obvious transformations and disguises. This concerns his tendency (mentioned in *Rananim* 2-3 in connection with the Chatterleys' Wragby Hall) to revert towards real-life as he revises and rewrites.

Lawrence, as noted above, seems very often (if not always) to have composed his "fiction" using real-life people, places, events and characteristics as "departure points". Only after he had mentally conjured up his ingredients did he attempt to "fictionalise" them. But this was largely an unconscious, or perhaps even an automatic process (see subsequent article, "He Couldn't Help Himself"). And quite often he slipped up, forgetting the disguise, and reverting to the "truth". These slips-ups can be very revealing (again, as we shall see when we come to *Kangaroo*).

Take *Mr Noon*, which in its second part is just as autobiographical as *Kangaroo*. Here, as in *Kangaroo*, Lawrence is plainly writing about real-life people and events. In *Mr Noon* the character Professor Alfred Kramer appears. We know this character is based partly on Professor Alfred Weber, Frieda's sister Else's lover, and partly on Edgar Jaffe, Else's husband. But in the MS of the novel, Lawrence also calls Kramer "Edgar" (though he crosses it out).

Another example occurs in *AR*, where the Lawrence figure Aaron stays with the fictional character Sir William Franks in Italy in September ("It was a frosty morning at the end of September."). Later on in the novel, however, he slips up and says "It was November." Here he is reverting to reality, for his letters show he stayed with Sir Walter Becker in Milan

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WYEWURK 75 YEARS AGO



With our other photos in this special issue (pp 3&5), it might be of interest to reprint one of the precious "Forrester" photographs first published in the DHL Review a few years ago, by kind permission of the family of A.D. Forrester. This one shows Lawrence and Frieda being visited in July 1922 by the two couples they met on the boat to Sydney. On the right is Bill Marchbank and his wife, then Frieda, with Laura Forrester standing next to Lawrence (her husband took the snap).

MINING LAWRENCE'S NOMENCLATURE

cont'd from previous page

in November, 1920. (Note: Becker and Franks are common German surnames).

Finally, we have a most revealing example of this trend in *TLG*. Here Lawrence constructs an elaborate family tree for the Houghton family. The father, we are told, was born in 1851. This would make him 62 when he starts his ill-fated cinema venture (as the real-life Houghton - George Cullen - did). But Lawrence then slips up, saying that Houghton was "nearly 70". In reality Cullen was 68 at the time.

Lawrence also slips up with the name of Houghton's cinematic enterprise. At first he calls it Houghton's Pleasure Palace. Cullen's cinema was actually called Cullen's Picture Palace. Lawrence wanted to change Picture to Pleasure, but the original

lured him back, like one of Homer's sirens. On page 107 of the MS he reverted to Houghton's Picture Palace, crossed it out, only to err again on page 185. But this time he left it "Picture", and it was thus printed. (However, we shall return to the Cullen family anon.)

Although we have, by no means, fully explored all of Lawrence's shifts, switches, disguises and webs of association, we now perhaps have a sufficient range to turn our attention to *Kangaroo*, which is (with the possible exception of part 2 of *Mr Noon*) the novel in which he portrayed himself - as Richard Lovatt Somers - most directly in all his fiction, and perhaps not himself alone.

- Robert Darroch

NEXT ISSUE: "What's in a Name?", the second part of this three-part *Mining Lawrence's Nomenclature* series.

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 have 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. Book titles and newspaper titles should be in upper and lower case *italics* with no quotation marks. Titles of poems, essays and short stories should be in quotation marks but not italics, ditto house names. Names of ships should be in Upper and lower case *italics*. Many thanks - it will save a lot of time! Please contact the publisher Sandra Jobson (on 9300 0363 - daytime) if you have any queries.

Lazarus Raises Centre's Profile

One of the great figures in the Lawrentian world has died in England, aged 92.

He was George Lazarus, a collector of many valuable items, but particularly of Lawrentiana, of which he had, at his death, the world's finest private collection (and, according to our President Paul Eggert - who visited George to do research and take sherry and whisky with him - the third best Lawrentian collection generally, after HRC UT Austin and the Bancroft Library at UC Berkeley).

George started collecting as an undergraduate at Oxford and obtained the wherewithall for his life-long hobby from gold wheeling and dealing (he was a scion of the famous London firm of Lazarus Brothers).

He had, some time ago, willed his entire Lawrence collection, including such gems as the original manuscript of Lawrence's first novel, *The White Peacock*, to the University of Nottingham. (The bequest probably now elevates the Nottingham holding to world pre-eminence.)

All this, of course, would have **not** amused DHL, whose relationship with his alma mater was anything but warm.

Indeed, he wrote a poem about his university college memories, entitled *Nottingham's New University* (his old college was uncerimoniously sloughed off, and replaced by a spacious new campus on an adjacent hill, generously endowed by the British chain-chemist, Jesse Boot).

The poem ran:

*In Nottingham, that dismal town where I
went to school and college*

*they've built a new university for a new
dispensation of knowledge*

*Built it most grand and cake-ily out of the
noble loot*

*derived from shrewd cash-chemistry by
good Sir Jesse Boot.*

The feeling, in those bitter, far-off days, was largely mutual, the new university on the hill trenchantly supporting their cuckolded lecturer (and Frieda's first hubby), Professor Ernest Weekley, and cold-shouldering the randy upstart from nearby Eastwood, uppity young Bert Lawrence.

But the years have mellowed both the university and the world of Lawrence, and now a significant cache of the great writer's literary bones have returned to take their pride of place in the excellent DHL Centre attached to the university, and currently run by John Worthen and Peter Preston.

The irony of the occasion, however, was not lost on Rupert Murdoch's *Times* in London. The *Dirty Digger's* upmarket English rag could not resist the opportunity to point out that Nottingham's latter-day favourite son had not always been known for his high opinion of things British in general and Nottinghamish in particular.

And to make the point, the paper quoted Lawrence's final word on quitting the "country of his heart":

*Curse the blasted, jelly-boned swines, the
slimy, the belly-wriggling invertebrates, the
miserable sodden rotters, the flaming sods,
the snivelling, dribbling, dithering, pulse-
less lot that make up to England today.*

And some local critics (eg. Katharine Sussanah Prichard, et al) thought what Lawrence had to say in *Kangaroo* about Australians was too severe!

PS: In the above story the term "Lawrentian" is used. Until recently, this was the accepted spelling. However, a move is now afoot - led by the *DHL Review* - to change the spelling to "Lawrencean". We will keep you informed on which prevails.

JOLLY BOAT YET



Our Editor and steam enthusiast (and India hand) John Lacey - a jolly tar if ever there was one

February was a hot and humid month, humid, if not the hottest (the previous complement of 24 members and friends were pleased to discover that the forecast

The first highlight of the cruise was the Maritime Museum's base in Rozelle Bay, Sydney that morning on its last around closer view of her than would be available. We successfully pleaded our special case and were granted a rare dispensation: to enter Sydney at the Overseas Passenger Terminal. From ship to ship, and on board the yacht the present, and even recall of seeing new. The *Hopetoun* turned near the Circular Quay, Sydney Cove, some members were able to disembark from the *Malwa* in May.

Passing Bennelong Point, some in the background to the Opera House.



Hoved-to off the North Head Quarantine Station - (centre) Rob Darroch and Lee Shrubbs, with Mr Lacey's champagne bucket



Underway again across the sail-strewn Harbour - John and Liz Shaw (left) with former Secretary Beverley Burgmann



The repast.

ING WEATHER AGAIN

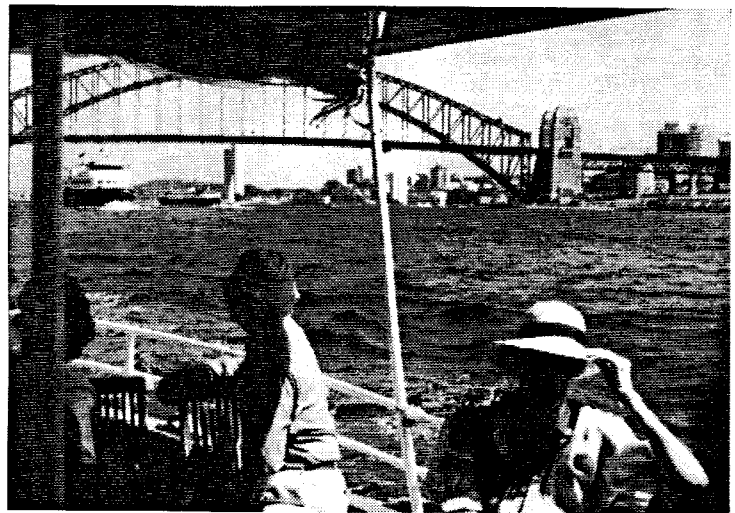
Sydney. Saturday 22nd was one of the most (it was surely that), and so our full day on the elegant Steam Yacht *Lady Hopetoun* with cooling Harbour breezes was correct. Soon after our departure from the Sydney Harbour the grand P&O liner *Canberra* had arrived in the Harbour. Could we possibly get a detour from our nominated path? Our Captain consulted Harbour Traffic Control, and we were allowed to slowly pass the *Canberra*, moored at the wharf. Here the looks of admiration passed from the *Canberra* to the *Lady Hopetoun*, and as we traversed the eastern side of the Harbour we saw the *Canberra's* launch. The *Lady Hopetoun* was in the Harbour, and as we traversed the eastern side of the Harbour we saw the *Canberra's* launch. The *Lady Hopetoun* was in the Harbour, and as we traversed the eastern side of the Harbour we saw the *Canberra's* launch.

Photographs were possible: the Harbour Bridge, the *Canberra*, and a Manly ferry traversing the Harbour.

cont'd on page 36



Several members chatting, with Stephen Matthews looking at the camera



The Bridge, with Secretary Margaret Johnes holding on to her hat



Food served by many and shared by all



Our Society doesn't stint itself - lace tablecloth, the best wine and silver plate, all in the cause of Lawrence (President Paul Eggert centre)

DOLLY BOATING WEATHER YET AGAIN

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and India hand)
- a jolly tar if
as one

February was a hot and humid month in Sydney. Saturday 22nd was one of the most humid, if not the hottest (the previous Sunday was surely that), and so our full complement of 24 members and friends aboard the elegant Steam Yacht *Lady Hopetoun* were pleased to discover that the forecast of cooling Harbour breezes was correct.

The first highlight of the cruise came soon after our departure from the Sydney Maritime Museum's base in Rozelle Bay. The grand P&O liner *Canberra* had arrived in Sydney that morning on its last around-the-world voyage. Could we possibly get a closer view of her than would be available from our nominated path? Our Captain successfully pleaded our special case with the Harbour Traffic Control, and we were granted a rare dispensation: to enter Sydney Cove and slowly pass the *Canberra*, moored at the Overseas Passenger Terminal. Many were the looks of admiration passed from ship to ship, and on board the yacht there were many reminiscences of voyages past and present, and even recall of seeing newsreels of the *Canberra's* launch. The *Lady Hopetoun* turned near the Circular Quay wharves, and as we traversed the eastern side of Sydney Cove, some members were able to point to where the Lawrences had disembarked from the *Malwa* in May 1922.

Passing Bennelong Point, some iconic photographs were possible: the Harbour Bridge as background to the Opera House, the *Canberra*, and a Manly ferry traversing

cont'd on page 36



- (centre) Rob
champagne bucket



Harbour - John and Liz Shaw
Beverley Burgmann



The repast, contributed by many and shared by all



The



Our S...
plate

CATHARSIS, COMEDY AND IRRECONCILIATION

Review by CHRISTOPHER POLLNITZ of *Lawrence and Comedy*, ed. Paul Eggert and John Worthen (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1996) ISBN 0-521-56275-9 Hard covers

Paul Eggert and John Worthen's *Lawrence and Comedy* has given me the most pleasure, illumination and stimulation of any of the numerous collections of essays published on Lawrence since his centennial year, 1985. The pleasure comes from a volume of well-written pieces. The illumination, though not even, is shed by the good handful of essays that are must-reads for anyone interested in the current condition of Lawrence criticism, of where Lawrence is being situated at the end of the century. And the collection stimulates because there is much in the best essays that provokes question, investigation and outright disagreement, even with some of the basic tenets of the collection.

I've no argument with the contention Paul Eggert advances, in his authoritative introduction to the collection, that the Leavisite Lawrence, the life-enhancing critic of society and priest of love, has been on the wane since the '70s. Nor with the proposition that what is commonly understood as comic needs reassessment if one is to appraise Lawrence's comic impulse. Often it has a purgative or scarifying power, like Blake's 'infernal method' of printing with corrosives, that hasn't always been acknowledged as 'comic'. I'm less convinced that Bakhtin, often invoked in these essays, is invariably the authority to appeal to for redefinition of the comic component in Lawrence: at times it seems to be Bakhtin who's being redefined. Nevertheless, Howard Mills on *Women in Love* and John Turner on *Aaron's Rod* mount sensitive readings of dialogue exchanges and character interaction that open up new tracts of comic territory, for this sceptical reader, in their respective novels. Yes, that's right — *Women in Love*. In a spirit of critical mimicry, Mills milks good fun out of the folly of attempting to show *Women in Love* has comic moments. Mills persists in his folly till the point is made. But the volume loses as well as gains from treating problematic examples. Only passing reference is made to

a predominantly comic tale like 'Jimmy and the Desperate Woman' or a mainly comic collection like *Pansies*, even though the tales and poems offer chances to test Lawrence's comic range.

Eggert, again in his introduction, notes the disparity between Lawrence's comic writing and classic accounts of comedy. This antipathy to Aristotelian classifications has been recognised in Lawrence's impatience with tragedy, or at least with modern attempts at it: 'Tragedy ought really to be a great kick at misery' (*Letters*, i. 459). After this, comedy would presumably be a punch in the wind of pomposity — or is that too close to neo-classical definitions of satire? Better let Lawrence speak for himself, from a letter oft-quoted in this collection, in which he repudiates any attempt at dramatic detachment from his subject, his characters or his audience. It is kicking rather than punching that Lawrence sees as his comic prerogative: 'An author should be in among the crowd, kicking their shins or cheering them on to some mischief or merriment — That rather cheap seat in the gods where one sits with fellows like Anatole France and benignly looks down on the foibles, follies, and frenzies of so-called fellow-men, just annoys me ... whoever reads me will be in the thick of the scrimmage, and if he doesn't like it — if he wants a safe seat in the audience — let him read somebody else' (*Letters*, v. 200). The hint that Lawrence in comic mode works at audience involvement, indeed harassment, is taken up by Lydia Blanchard in her study of reader address in *Mr Noon*, though I fear the thoroughness with which she treats all such occasions in the unfinished novel left me thinking *Mr Noon* a drearier read than I'd remembered.

Mark Kinkead-Weekes shows a defter touch with the letters. His light but sure account offers tips on how best to appreciate the sudden comic *tours de force* in Lawrence's correspondence. The comic Lawrence often immerses friends and his own episto-

lary persona in bathos, Kinkead-Weekes observes; and it helps to do the voices aloud, with appropriate voicing and accent — as Lawrence would have, and his recipient. Kinkead-Weekes illustrates these traits by quoting almost the entire text of a newly discovered letter, just published in *Selected Letters*. Writing from Cornwall to Esther Andrews, Lawrence recreates every act and *entr'acte* of an excruciatingly bad evening of poetry-reading, dramatic interlude and song, put on by minor poet Meredith Starr and hapless wife for the townsfolk of Zennor, who paid 1/2, 2/2 or 3/3 for the privilege of being embarrassed by the Starrs. The comic climax of the whole, wonderfully funny re-enactment is reached when Lawrence tallies the night's takings and concludes: 'I want my money back — my 1/2.' There's the author, as comedian and audience, sticking the boot in and bandaging his shins.

Many of the essayists attempt to fix a turning-point in Lawrence's development, after which Lawrence turned to the comic with deepened interest. It's a temptation Kinkead-Weekes, with the letters' ever-renewed irruptions of laughter in front of him, is able to resist. In the massive second instalment of the Cambridge biography, Kinkead-Weekes instructively collocates two letters of Katherine Mansfield, the first of which describes a Lawrence as sunny as Catherine Carswell (or Howard Mills) would have him: 'I loved him: He was just his old merry, rich self, laughing,

describing things, giving you pictures, full of enthusiasm and joy in a future where we were all "vagabonds" — We simply did not talk about people.' This, by contrast, may be the earliest allegation Lawrence lacked a comic sense: 'Perhaps his whole trouble is that he has not a real sense of humour — He takes himself dreadfully seriously now-a-days; I mean he sees himself as a symbolic figure — a prophet — the voice in the wilderness crying "woe"' (*Triumph to Exile* 474). The editors of Mansfield's letters reverse the order of the two letters but date them only a week apart, in October 1918; Kinkead-Weekes suspects a November date is more probable for the second letter and would space them a month apart. It would be unbiographical to suggest that Mansfield is describing

the same visit to different correspondents. Yet in any given month of his life Lawrence could appear as different as these two accounts of him. There's no doubt that at any stage of his career Lawrence had the capacity to write out of either of these sides of him — doom-crying prophet or humorous escape-artist. Indeed, in most of his works from 1912 on, so these essays collectively suggest, Lawrence wrote out of both these sides of him.

In a brief but brilliantly suggestive historiography of Lawrence criticism, Paul Eggert indicates why earlier decades have preferred the

careful construction and culturally normative deliberations in the 'big three' novels, *Sons and Lovers*, *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, to the casual construction of the two Australian novels. In their very provisionality, however, *Kangaroo* and *The Boy in the Bush* offer a freer range to the morally questionable extremism of Lawrence's preoccupations and also manage to accommodate a brighter, more discordant assortment of comic colours in their 'rag-bags'. Having set up the terms for a revaluation of these

Lawrence and comedy

Edited by Paul Eggert and John Worthen



novels, however, Eggert avoids pushing what looked like being his argument to a conclusion, whether out of a distaste for the critical business of evaluation or in order to give his own essay an untendentious looseness is unclear. The essay structure seems itself mimesis and critique of the novels' construction.

'All tragedies are finish'd by a death,/ All comedies are ended by a marriage' — so Byron assures us in *Don Juan* (iii. 65-66), in one of the bravura simplifications of his great comic poem. We refer to *Don Juan* or *The Canterbury Tales* as comic poems rather than comedies not only because they are non-dramatic poems, but because they dispense with the construction expected of a comedy. Greek and

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CATHARSIS, COMEDY AND IRRECONCILIATION

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Roman comedy, *Commedia dell'Arte*, Shakespearean and Restoration comedy, comedy of humours or of manners, Shavian high comedy and black comedy — all these modes of comedy but the last depend on a construction in which characters settle for a lower common social denominator than they had aspired to, bend the knee before a social institution like marriage, or suffer chastisement under some social corrective mechanism. And the audience smiles, murmuring a little sadly, but reconciled to their common humanity. Lawrence's *The Daughter-in-Law* trembles on the edge of a comic ending but does not succumb; Ursula Brangwen toys with the idea of marrying Anton Skrebensky but is saved from a comic fate by the horses; and so on, throughout the *oeuvre*. Hence, for anyone who thinks there is value in genre as defined by literary tradition, the title of this collection begs important questions. *Lawrence and the Comic*, certainly; *Lawrence and Laughter*, perhaps a little glib; but even *Lawrence or Comedy* would, to us genre conservatives, be preferable to *Lawrence and Comedy*, a linkage this collection neither interrogates nor demonstrates. What these essays elicit are the comic bits in Lawrence; what they assert is that the bittiness and changes of register of the longer works generate a sustained comic tone. But no Lawrence protagonist is allowed to stoop to a demeaning reconciliation with the norms of comedy; no Lawrence audience is allowed to entertain a possibility so unstrenuous.

Among a small audience of friends, however, dramatic performance was something Lawrence stooped to, with startling but characteristic results. This is the centre of John Worthen's study. Worthen focuses on Lawrence's mimicry, the gift for self-parody as well as the guying of important literary acquaintance, the playing of charades, the performances of his own or others' characters. The memoirs Worthen assembles relating to such performances, and drawn from all phases of Lawrence's life, show a surprising consistency. Lawrence would become the person he was playing, acting the part with a precision, a relentlessness or an intensity that went beyond the bounds of the dramatic occasion: 'We used to laugh until we were tired'; 'You acted a bit too well'; 'He seemed to be beside himself'; 'Lorenzo's imitations aren't *acting* — they're ... demoniacal possessions'. Worthen makes comparison with another novelist who loved performing his own work and playing all the characters — with Dickens making faces in the mirror to decide what his characters

would say in a passage of dialogue.

Further, Worthen points out that a concomitant or outcome of these playings at being another character was a distancing from the persona. Lawrence playing the part of 'Gawd-a'-mighty' in a charade of the Fall was detaching himself from his own prophetic persona, was discovering how to deal ironically with the *Salvator Mundi* in Birkin. If Lawrence hadn't called his performances 'charades', they might have earned the party name of 'Hunt the Archetype'. The trick wasn't only to become the archetype but to work your way beyond it, as Gertler and Mansfield failed to, in one charade. The dynamic of such performances, emptying out your own contents and identifying with an intensified part in order to purge yourself of it, is not dissimilar to Aristotle's account of catharsis, except that for Lawrence it would seem comedy no less than tragedy provoked a catharsis, for actor as much as audience. It had to be so for someone who refused a seat in the gods, who identified with both high and low characters, who was more at home with the lowness, violence and spite of farcical action than the cliché of comic endings, whose involvement with characters and audience was a pell-mell kicking their shins and nursing his own.

A writing task I suspended for the sake of reading this collection is a series of lectures on Hardy and Lawrence. I had got up to a sentence to the effect that 'Neither of them is a barrel of laughs, but at much the same point in their careers as novelists, Hardy's barrel sprang a leak while Lawrence's reached half full'. Now, returned to the sentence, I still find my finger hovering between the delete and save functions. If I were asked to isolate the funniest moments in Hardy, high on my list would be the glorious grotesqueries: Liddie Smallbury's hint to Bathsheba Everdene, about Fanny Robin's coffin, 'there's *two of 'em* in there'; and Angel Clare's carrying Tess across the swollen river to the abbey to deposit her in the bishop's stone coffin. If we do manage to laugh at Liddy's horrified report in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and to avoid laughing in *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* at Angel's sleep-walking antics on his wedding night, a large part of the difference must be that the first novel is a pastoral comedy 'ended by a marriage', while the second novel finishes only when the President of the Immortals has 'ended his sport with Tess'. The catharsis of comedy also gains power from conclusions. A reader's acquiescence in laughter at an incident in a Lawrence or Hardy novel will depend, in Hardy's case, on the sense of an ending, in Lawrence's on questions of construction and balance. These are questions not always considered by Eggert and Worthen's critical team, but the essays that showed a consciousness of the barrel won my assent.

Worthen's 'Drama and Mimicry' was my pick for the play-of-the-match in *Lawrence and Comedy*, but my player-of-the-match award goes to John Turner for his 'Comedy and hysteria in *Aaron's Rod*'. Alert to every comic possibility in this picaresque novel, Turner differentiates a comic sense and comic performance in *Aaron's Rod* from the funny but odd — from hysteria and hysterical behaviour. Hysteria is diagnosed by Lawrence, Turner argues, as the legacy of the War, as an abandonment of responsibility for one's actions in which the will and self-consciousness connive: Jim Bricknell's punching Lilly Rawdon in the wind is an hysterical act. Comedy is a catharsis or unconditional self-abandonment which permits relief from, and refreshment of, a deeper self: the Colonel jiggling up an down to Lady Franks's performance of Schumann, while the audience revels, not in the Schumann *vivace* alas, but in the Colonel's 'capering upon his posterior' — this is Turner's model for comic performance in *Aaron's Rod*. Turner, finally, is aware that comedy in this redefined sense is only one component of the novel he is analysing. Of *Aaron's Rod* as a whole he concludes: 'It is a serious novel, which often grins and, when driven too hard, grows fierce ...' Turner's is an analysis which never loses its sense of proportion, a work of criticism in which every quotation and note falls into place like a tile restored to a mosaic.

Two cavils about notes occurred to me in reading. In a survey of *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*, one critic speaks of 'Syracusa', an American-Italian malapropism which Lawrence never visited. John Worthen cites 'À la Manière de D.H. Lawrence', a poem included in Vivian de Sola Pinto and Warren Roberts's *Complete Poems*, as an example of Lawrence's self-parody, rendered curious by the misspelling of 'cabages' — 'perhaps to celebrate those [misspellings] which dogged the Florentine printing of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*'. But the only surviving manuscript of the poem at Princeton is not in Lawrence's hand, but in the same hand as records this to be 'An Unpublished Poem by D.H. Lawrence'; its spelling of 'lilly' as well as 'cabages' is at variance with Lawrence's accustomed spelling; and it twice omits articles, as if to recreate the solecisms of those referred to in the poem as 'my Tuscans'. It is simpler to presume the poem is a Giuseppe Orioli parody of Lawrence than it is to accept it is a Lawrence parody of Orioli parodying Lawrence.

One article with which I must confess disappointment was John Bayley's reading of Lawrence through the lens of Philip Larkin's *Selected Letters*. Bayley speaks of 'Lawrence's contempt for [Sir Clifford] Chatterley for having been wounded in the war' as 'gratuitous, and indeed odious', but as repre-

senting exactly 'where Larkin stood' on the question of going off to *his* war. Larkin's attitude and therefore Lawrence's is 'very much part of the unflinching "us/them" world, in which we must be with him [Lawrence] completely' or become 'one of "them"'. Yet the author of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* had grounds for identifying with Clifford's impotence. Nonetheless, Lawrentian comic catharsis doesn't require reader sympathy for Clifford, nor sympathy with his class, but that a reader momentarily *become* the extremity that is Clifford, doing the voice and accent: 'What is *quite* so lovely as an English spring!' That'll get Clifford out of your system.

Bayley's 'Lawrence to Larkin' is disappointing because his earlier essay 'Lawrence's comedy, and the war of superiorities', published in Keith Brown's *Rethinking Lawrence*, has done more than any other piece to galvanise the present collection. Perhaps, having brought the monstrous birth of a comic Lawrence into the world, Bayley feels entitled to drive it forth with parody. He proposes that what Larkin found 'liberatingly laughable' in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was 'the unintended comedy of Mellors's sexual frolics with Connie'. But if we look, for instance, at the scene which has provoked the most malicious mirth and is in itself laughable enough — Mellors and Connie's decking of their pubic hair with wildflowers in Chapter xv — there is in the episode another kind of comedy to be learned. Mellors and Connie rig each other out as King and Queen of the woods, Knight of the Burning Pestle and Lady of the Red-hot Mortar, John Thomas and Lady Jane. Then, after playing out their archetypal charade with some seriousness and some humour, they resume their clothes without quite resuming their former identities, as Mellors's wry farewell to 'your Ladyship' attests. If this was the liberating comedy Larkin found in the chapter, it left no mark on the self-ironising humour of the Movement.

- Christopher Pollnitz

Lawrence List

An interesting development in Lawrence studies was the launching in February of the "D.H. Lawrence List". This e-mail newsgroup is run out of the Department of English at the University of Texas at Austin (which also produces the *DHL Review*). Similar to other "literary sites" - such as the "Joyce List" - it is meant to be a forum for discussion on Lawrencean matters. "Listees" who subscribe (by e-mailing "subscribe dhlawrence [their names]" to <listproc@mcfleeley.cc.utexas.edu>) get a daily download of items posted on the List - any topic is permitted and encouraged - and everyone is welcome to join in either via reply or contribution.

A DARK VIEW OF LAWRENCE

In 1989, when literary sites like Eleanor Dark's "Varuna" at Katoomba, and D.H.Lawrence's "Wyewurk" at Thirroul were experiencing difficulty in enlisting State Government support for funding to ensure their survival, Professor Manning Clark, the prominent Australian historian, agreed to become president of the preservation committees of *both* bodies.

He regarded as essential the importance of preserving both as important literary monuments to two great writers about Australia.

As a serving member of the Save Wyewurk Committee, I wondered if Eleanor Dark was aware of the writings of D.H.Lawrence. And, if so, what she would have made of them. (I do not think Lawrence was aware of Dark's work.)

When I later read the biography of literary polemicist P.R.Stephensen, I realised that Stephensen had not only met Lawrence and helped publish a book of his paintings - and later was involved in the publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (see p 31) - but that, in Australia, Stephensen published Eleanor Dark's early novel *Prelude To Christopher* (1934).

Recently, quite by chance, I purchased via a second-hand book catalogue a Ure Smith publication from 1944 entitled *Australia Week-end Book Number 3*.

Leafing through the index, I discovered an essay by Eleanor Dark entitled, "Australia and the Australians".

In the article Eleanor Dark appears to have taken a leaf out of P.R.Stephensen's monumental *Foundations of Culture In Australia*. She commences by citing the diary of a First Fleet officer: "I believe this country to be the outcast of God's work." Just as Stephensen had quoted uninformed Anglo professors and writers to evidence their lack of understanding of Australia, so Dark castigated similar blinkered observers.

This lack of understanding extended to the early settlers: she cited inappropriate house designs; hot Christmas dinners in summer; and quoted an 1854 Australian reporter: "Since Australia was first peopled by the palefaces, no thrilling incidents have occurred to furnish material for the novelist or

romancer."

What, commented Dark, about the Rum Rebellion, the voyages of the *Tom Thumb*, or the escape of Mary Bryant?

Against the adventures of these unsung early pioneers and intrepid explorers, she contrasted the blunders of the new-comers: using the land too recklessly; overstocking; denuding the soil; silting up precious rivers; using valuable timbers for fencing and firewood; building barbarously with no thought for beauty; and "darkest of all blunders, heaviest upon our conscience, the blunder of our dealings with the black Australians whose land we stole."

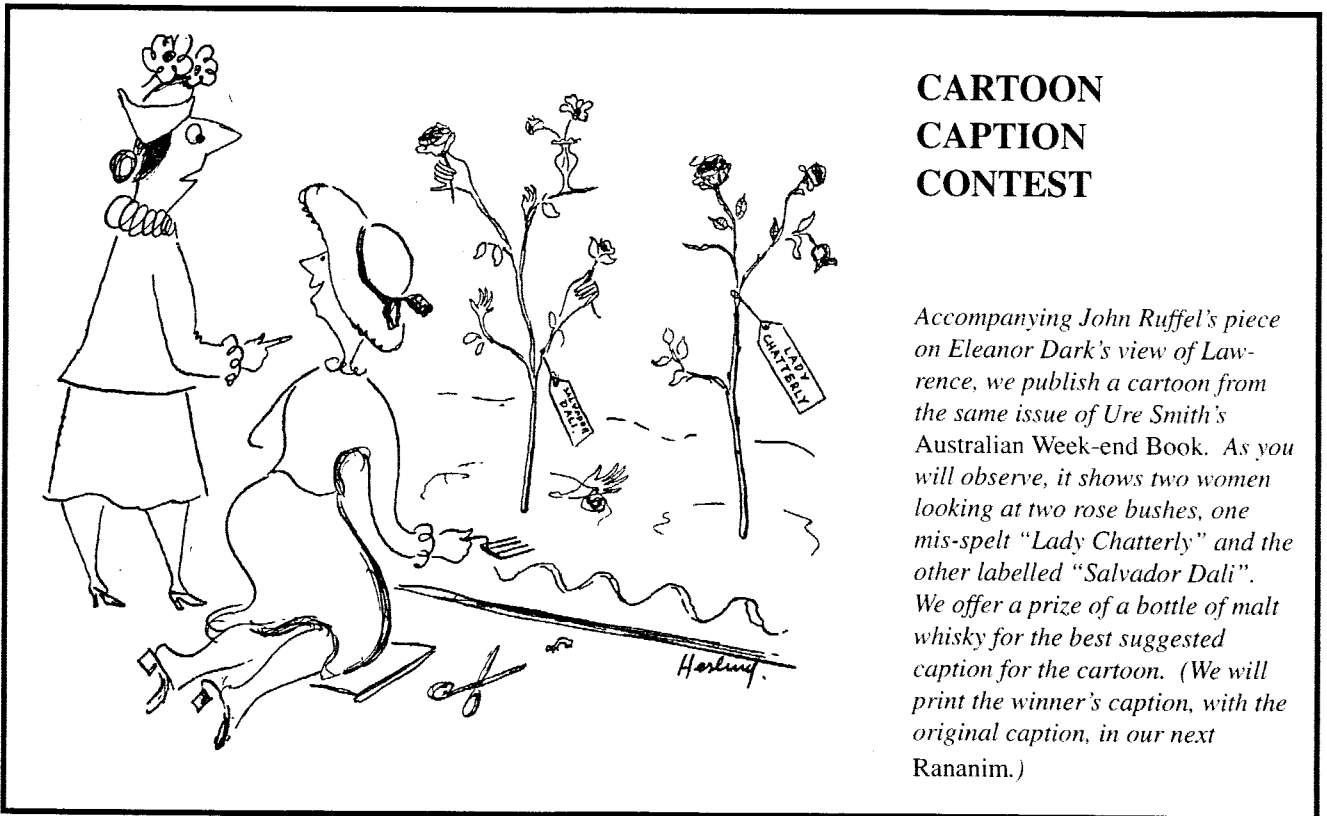
Gradually though, she continued, the land produced poets and painters who understood Australia. They did not bother about it being "poetry", in a sophisticated sense. Their function was to light a spark of recognition in the minds of the people: Lawson the poet, and Tom Collins the writer.

And she continued: "Nearly a century and a half later, when another Englishman visited the country for the first time, he, too, was bewildered because what his eyes saw was not what they were accustomed to seeing.

"That was D.H.Lawrence, whose whole book about Australia - *Kangaroo* - suggests one long, tormented effort to see. He wanders through the pages of that book peering like a man half-blind, almost frantic with irritation because the beauty of other lands which he has seen hangs like a veil between him and a beauty which, here, he can only feel.

"To us, whose vision has become adjusted, his description of the bush as 'gloomy and lightless' seems incredible. When he speaks of 'the sun-refusing leaves of the gum-trees', we, remembering those leaves on a sunny day, glittering like millions of tiny mirrors, can only gasp.

"All the same, because he was not an average outsider, but an artist, his struggle to see was at least intermittently rewarded. He is sharply conscious, for instance, of what many visitors from abroad....are apt to miss - its age. Age and loneliness are the dominant notes of the Australian scene, and its loneliness, too,



CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

Accompanying John Ruffel's piece on Eleanor Dark's view of Lawrence, we publish a cartoon from the same issue of Ure Smith's Australian Week-end Book. As you will observe, it shows two women looking at two rose bushes, one mis-spelt "Lady Chatterly" and the other labelled "Salvador Dali". We offer a prize of a bottle of malt whisky for the best suggested caption for the cartoon. (We will print the winner's caption, with the original caption, in our next Rananim.)

recurs over and over again in Lawrence's descriptions.

"Not only Lawrence has felt this loneliness. The young American poet, Karl Shapiro, had only to glance at us and our country before he could write:

*For blue and diluted is this nation's eye,
Wind-worn with herding and great distances
That were not made for cities. This was a land
Laid for the park of loneliness of Earth,
And giant imagination and despair.*

Dark went on to quote Lawrence on democracy: "In estimating his attitude to democracy, I cannot do better than call once more on Lawrence as an independent witness, certainly not biased in our favour.

"He found us so democratic that it put his teeth on edge. And because of this casualness, Australians do not get the wind up. Opinions will differ as to the source of this calm: bovine calm of incomprehension; sun-bemused mental lethargy; the calm of conscious strength. I should say it is a mixture of all three.

"Lawrence noted our aptitude for shedding oppressiveness of over-government as water on a duck's back. 'Their happy-go-lucky casualness is deceptive,' he wrote.

"I think it deceived Lawrence. Beneath it there is a reserve of sobriety and stubborn purpose; an enormous unassailable confidence in themselves...not a bad thing in a crisis.

"We are not isolated any more....The world's

business is our business; and whatever the world may require of us in the future, I think we shall be ready - on the side of Demos."

Dark appears to have had P.R.Stephensen and D.H.Lawrence much on her mind when she wrote this article. Five years later, in her novel *Waterway*, many of the sentiments expressed in this article were repeated: she modelled one of the characters, 'Roger Blair', on P.R.Stephensen. The heroine feels she is involuntarily attached to 'Blair' - as if by invisible thread. Thus denying her liberty.

"I'm going all D.H.Lawrence!" she wrote. "I suppose you have to go through this before you realise how terribly accurately he paints - one side of the picture!"

Later, at Tom Thompson's suggestion, I wrote off to Eleanor Dark's biographers, Judith Clark and Barbara Brooks (their book is to be published by Pan Macmillan at the end of the year), asking if they had encountered any other references to Lawrence's novels amongst Dark's correspondence.

Barbara Brooks kindly sent me a typescript of some (undated) pages from Eleanor Dark's diary, in which she discusses her reaction to having read Lawrence's *The Rainbow*.

(I summarise her comments).

".....human experience is the conflict between good and evil. Social and anti-social behaviour. We can externalise this as a conflict between totalitarianism and

cont'd on p 29

WAS LAWRENCE A GOOD SPORT?

A little-examined aspect of Lawrence is his attitude to surfing.

Joe Davis touches on this important matter in his book on Lawrence in Thirroul, where he entitles an entire chapter, "Surfing at Wyewurk".

He writes:

One Sunday in 1969, some well-dressed people pulled up [near Wyewurk], got out of their expensive car, and walked over to us [the surfing 'McCauley's Boys'] and asked in posh voices, 'Could you please tell us where D.H. Lawrence lived?'

My mates and I sat open-mouth and replied, 'D.H. Who?'

This kept on happening, almost every weekend.

It was from this inauspicious start, as Joe tells us in his book, that his deep and continuing interest in Lawrence sprang.

Lawrence, too, appreciated the surfing conditions on the beach below Wyewurk. His hero Somers has a number of "dips" in the foamy brine, and the assumption must be that Lawrence did too (despite it being mid-winter when he was there).

Lawrence's excursions into the Australian surf were, apparently, fairly timid affairs. Shooting the waves was not his scene, still less hanging five, like Joe.

But he did have an eye for a decent surf. He writes of Harriett's first glimpse of the waves below Wyewurk:

...just down the low cliff, really only a bank...was smooth yellow sand, and the long sea swishing white up its incline, and rocks to the left, and incredible long rollers furling over and crushing down on the shore...the huge rhythmic Pacific.

Somers' (and we can safely assume this is Lawrence) first real venture into the Australian surf comes at the end of chapter vii (written around the third week in June, 1922). After returning from a trip to Sydney he goes out and sits on the bank overlooking the beach and looks out at the Pacific:

It was raving in long, rasping lines of hissing

breakers - not very high ones, but very long...ramparts of white foam. There were usually three white ramparts, one behind the other, of rasping surf: and sometimes four. Then the long swish and surge of the shoreward wash.

He decides to brave the briny:

...suddenly [he] began taking off his clothes. In a minute he was running naked...Harriett in amazement saw him whitely disappearing over the edge of the low cliff bank...He ran quickly over the sands, where the wind blew cold and velvety...He walked straight into the fore-wash, and fell into an advancing ripple. At least it looked like a ripple, but was enough to roll him over so that he went under and got a taste of the Pacific.

We have ample evidence that Lawrence, like Brutus, was not gamesome (although he was a good horseman). As Paul Eggert pointed out in the CUP edition of *The Boy in the Bush*, his knowledge of cricket was scant indeed. Nor from his description in *Kangaroo* of a footy game in Thirroul do we get any real impression that he appreciated any better the finer points of Rugby League.

There is, however, evidence that Lawrence enjoyed the occasional game of tennis. This little-known fact can be deduced from a letter he wrote his childhood sweetheart, Jessie Chambers, from Italy in March 1913. He finished the letter "I must leave off now, they're waiting for me." Originally, however, he wrote: "...they're waiting for me *at tennis*." (my emphasis).

Yet the sea had long attracted him. One reason he came south to the Pacific shores was the prospect of the sea. In November 1919 he wrote to Cynthia Asquith: "The sea under the window - the sea! My God, what I wouldn't give to sail far off in it - South. What I wouldn't give to go off...The sea! Let's go."

But he had a healthy respect for the water, and was not a good swimmer. His boyhood friend, George Neville, described an early instance of Lawrence's performance in the water:

We bathed in Moorgreen Reservoir, undressing

on the bank...Lawrence, of course, had no idea of swimming. I felt like a swim. After giving him a few hints, I told him to paddle about a bit...

Which Lawrence did, apparently. However, George, who was a good swimmer and something of an athlete, struck out across the icy reservoir. But he had an attack of cramp, and only just managed to get ashore, where he found a petrified Lawrence, who had given him up for dead. (Then followed the famous scene where Lawrence massages his friend's frozen limbs - a scene repeated fictionally in the even more famous homoerotic "rubbing" sequence in *Women in Love*.)

In *Mr Noon* Lawrence frankly admits his ineptitude in the water (by contrast, Frieda was a good swimmer, once throwing off her clothes to swim across a river to make love to a stray woodman on the other side). In this highly-autobiographical novel Lawrence's writes:

Johanna [Frieda] was a better swimmer than Gilbert [Lawrence] - he was not water fowl...he never could know the water-ecstasy...

It seems, however, that Lawrence associated water and swimming with sex. A dip turned him on, apparently (as, perhaps, it did with George Neville and his cold, naked limbs on the bank of Moorgreen Reservoir).

In *Mr Noon* he watches the Frieda figure, swimming naked in the icy Iser:

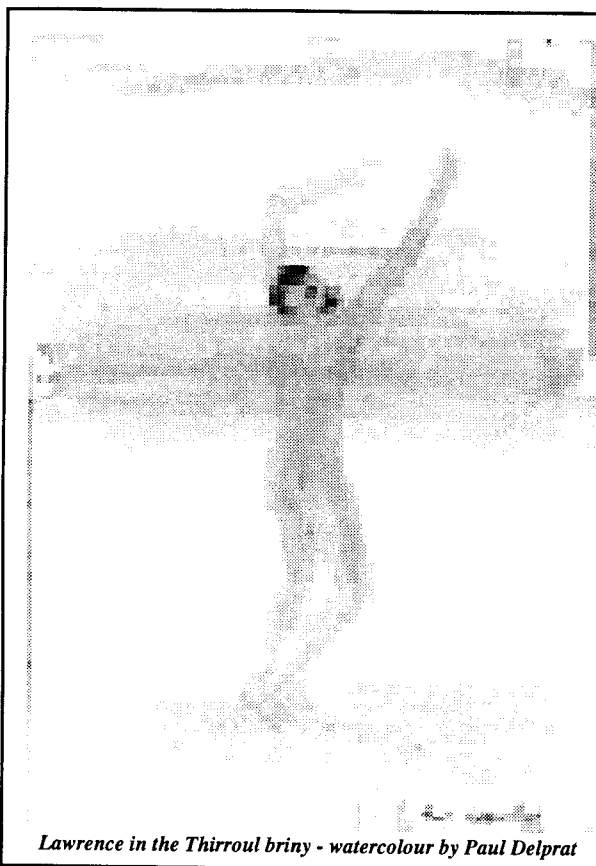
...she rocked in the water like a full water lily, her white and gold breasts of a deep-bosomed woman of 32 swaying slightly to the stream...she rolled over in the palid, pure, bluey-effervescent stream, and he saw her magnificent broad white shoulders...and an almost hostile desire filled him...he looked at her...as she lay spread in the sun on the clean shingle...with the dark eyes of a half-hostile desire and envy.

So it was in Thirroul. After the green ripples ("Of course he did not go near the surf") of the broken swell catch him up by the scruff of the neck and tumble him rudely up the beach, in a pell-mell, he

feels that "the blow did one good" and he emerges to climb up the bank to where Harriett/Frieda is waiting for him.

"What a good idea!" she said. "If I had known I'd have come. I wish I had." Lawrence adds: *"...he put his hand to her face and nodded to her. She knew what that meant..."*

We shall discreetly draw the curtains as the two disappear, hand-in-hand, into the darkness of Wyewurk.



Lawrence in the Thirroul briny - watercolour by Paul Delprat

It's clear that Lawrence, unlike Jack Callcott (who goes for his dip in chapter V, "Cooee"), didn't bring his togs when he went down to Thirroul, so his excursions into the surf had, perforce, to be brief and in poor light, else he be spotted and reported to the local police for indecent exposure.

But he had many, fully-clothed walks along the beach - McCauley's - below Wyewurk, and his descriptions of the prevailing surfing conditions are a feature of *Kangaroo*.

His most evocative description comes at the end of the second-last chapter. This passage is perhaps the best in the entire novel, and shows Lawrence at the very

height of his considerable poetic and descriptive powers. It also illustrates a curious trait in his writing - his use of repetition. Also of interest is his skillful use of alliteration and melodic imagery. It is worth quoting the passage at length:

It was a time of full moon....Richard went out at 9 o'clock down to the shore. The night was full of moonlight as of mother-of-pearl....Like radium...liquid-gushing lucidity...the waves were rolling very tall, with light like a menace on the nape of their necks as they bent, so brilliant. Then, when they fell, the fore-flush rushed in a great soft swing with incredible speed up the shore, on the darkness soft-lighted with moon, like a rush of white serpents, then slipping back with a hiss that fell into silence for

WAS LAWRENCE A GOOD SPORT?

cont'd from previous page

a second, leaving the sand of granulated silver...Incredibly swift and far the flat rush flew at him, with foam like the hissing, open mouths of snakes. In the nearness a wave broke white and high. Then, ugh! across the intervening gulf the great lurch and swish, as the snakes rushed forward, in a hollow frost hissing at his boots. Then failed to bite, fell back hissing softly, leaving the belly of the sands granulated silver...Great waves of radium swooping with a down-curve and rushing up the shore. Then calling themselves back again, retreating to the mass. Then rushing with venomous radium-burning speed into the body of the land. Then recoiling with a low swish, leaving the flushed sand naked.

Not bad for a bloke who couldn't catch a wave if his life depended on it.

There are other passages in *Kangaroo* extolling the seascape around Wyewurk. In another memorable extract Lawrence described the Pacific in a very different mood:

A very strong wind had got up from the west. It blew down from the dark hills in a fury, and was cold as flat ice. It blew the sea back until the great water looked like dark, ruffled mole-fur. It blew it back till the waves got littler and littler, and could hardly uncurl the least swish of a rat-tail of foam.

The couple take a day-trip to Wollongong, and go down to the beach. There...

The wind was cold enough to make you die....Dark-blue water, ruffled like mole-fur, and flicked all over with froth as with bits of feather-fluff....So, in the flat-icy wind, that no life had ever softened and no god ever tempered, they crouched on the sea's edge...Suddenly, with a cry, to find the water rushing around their ankles and surging up their legs, they dragged their way wildly forward with the wave, and out and up the sand.

Where, equally suddenly, a quick gust of the icy-flat west wind parted Lawrence/Somers from his hat...

...and sent it spinning into the sea again, and he after it like a bird. He caught it as the water lifted it, and then the waste of waters enveloped him. Above his knees swirled the green flood, there was water all around him swaying, he looked down at it in amazement, reeling and clutching his hat. Then once more

he clambered out. Harriett had fallen on her knees on the sand in a paroxysm of laughter, and there she was doubled up like a sack, shrieking between her gasps: "His hat! His hat! He wouldn't let it go" - shrieks, and her head like a sand-bag flops to the sand - "no - not if he had to swim" - shrieks - "swim to Samoa."

Lawrence - and surely it was he himself - took this latest venture into the Pacific with as much dignity as he could salvage, in the circumstances. "The Pacific water," he said, "is so very seaeey..."

Later still, just before they depart for America, Lawrence has the chance to observe the Pacific in one of its most violent moods. An easterly gale sweeps in, and they are imurred in Wyewurk for several days as the storm lashes the bungalow, and the sea hurls itself on to the low cliff at the end of the garden...

The sea began to have a strange yelling sound in its breakers...the wind broke in volleys from the sea...The roaring snarl of the sea was of such volume...to create almost a sense of silence...Through the long, low windows you saw only a yellow-livid fume, and over all the boom you heard the snarl of the water.

After three days, the raging storm began to abate, and Lawrence went out to survey the damage...

The sea was enormous: wave after wave in immediate succession, raving yellow and crashing dull into the land. The yeast-spume was piled in hills against the cliffs, and in swung the raving yellow water, in great dull blows against the land...Its great yellow fore-fringe was a snarl of wave after wave, unceasing.

Later he went down to the eroded shore-line...

...all the time the waves would lash up... "Beastly water, beastly water, rolling up so high, breaking all the shells where they lie" - he crooned to himself, crooning a kind of war-croon, malevolent against the malevolence of this ocean.

Lawrence certainly left Australia, a few weeks after this violent storm, with mixed feelings. It seemed to him that the storm was part of some strange, unfathomable, primeval vibration that emanated from the place, something distinctly sinister. There was a bright new air, there was freedom, but underneath there was also something else...

It was as if the silvery freedom suddenly turned, and showed the scaly back of the reptile, and the horrible paws.

Lawrence did, however, leave one surfing legacy

behind in Thirroul, if Margaret Barbalet's 1988 novel *Steel Beach* is anything to go by (which it isn't - it's pure fantasy, of course).

In it the hero encounters a young surfer (very much like Joe Davis!) just near Wyewurk. The boy looks familiar. He has red hair, blue eyes, a slight build, concave chest, a delicate air...

"The face was Lawrence's."!

It turns out that, according to the novel, Lawrence in 1922 snuck off from Wyewurk to have an affair with a local Thirroul washerperson - the red-haired lad's "gran" - out of which liaison a boy was born - the lad's dad, Joey Forster (whose chronic chest condition makes surfing inadvisable).

Of course, as pointed out in our *Rananim* article, "The Barber of Thirroul" (vol 2, no 1), in point of fact you would have been more likely in the environs of Craig Street to have come upon a blonde, bulky lad, with Germanic cheekbones, named Hans Laughlin.

Be that as it may, one must point out, in the interests of completeness, that before he came to Australia, Lawrence evinced some interest in surfing.

His eighth novel, *The Lost Girl*, written two years before *Kangaroo*, contains - although set in landlocked Eastwood - an important surfing reference.

In the chapter, "The Beau", the heroine Alvina Houghton is having trouble attracting the right sort of chap. The problem is, she's averse to flirting. She doesn't want *shallow* relationships, but something *deeper*. Lawrence makes the point thus:

As well ask the paddlers in the small surf of passion to plunge themselves into the heaving gulf of mid-ocean. Bah, with their trousers turned up to their knees [very working class!], it was enough for them to wet their toes in the dangerous sea.

Undoubtedly the sea, surf, and water generally, had for Lawrence a powerful, no doubt erotic, symbolism. (There's a particularly erotic seaside passage in *Sons and Lovers*, as many students will recall.) Until he came to Australia, however, Lawrence's contact with the surf had been minimal.

But in Thirroul the sea and surf were omnipresent, and they form an important element in the novel, which was largely written in Wyewurk's front garden, within sight, sound and tang of the booming Pacific.

Those who want to interpret *Kangaroo* as a novel about animal imagery, or about leadership, or about secret armies, or any of the other score or so interpretations imposed down the years, should keep in mind that it is also a novel about the sea...and the surfing conditions at McCauley's Beach. - **R.D.**

A DARK VIEW OF LAWRENCE

cont'd from p 25

democracy. This is crude and harmful a method. It deflects attention from the origins of the source of a conflict, therefore destroys convincing tragedy, and sets up in its place merely unconvincing horror.

"No doubt such things as described in the novel did occur, but I think a good novel would have a gesture of faith in the goodness of its good characters, by expecting something more than unadulterated hate of them...But the man who is portrayed evil, as if by some Satanic act of creation, is not tragic and not credible...He is no more convincing than a scientific experiment conducted without a control; the 'control' of evil - good - is missing...This, I think, is where The Rainbow fails.

"Evil is portrayed as inhabiting one set of people, and good as inhabiting another set...far too easy a conception, and the last thing a novelist should do is encourage people to facile thinking...Art has to add an interpretation which relates the facts to universal human experience ...

"...a sentence which can suggest the merest flicker of good, however deeply buried, in an evil man - a word or two which can affirm a passing flash of pity in a mind full of hatred - may seem, in the heat of the moment, to violate contemporary reality, but will bring it closer to the permanent reality of all times, all places and all people.

"It is to affirm the millennium - not today, or tomorrow, or next week, or next year - but some day. The novelist who does not indefatigably dangle this bunch of carrots is an ineffective." - John K. Ruffels

LAWRENCE LOSS

It is with regret that we report the death, at the early age of 54, of Dr Carl Baron, eminent British Lawrence scholar and editor of the Cambridge University Press edition of Lawrence's most famous novel, *Sons and Lovers*. Dr Baron was also one of the scholars who initiated the CUP *Collected Letters of D.H. Lawrence* edition, which is undoubtedly the major extant source of Lawrence biographical information.

DHL - REPUBLICAN OR MONARCHIST?

Lawrence has not come down to us as a card-carrying member of the Australian Republican Movement, nor *Kangaroo* as a republican tract.

Yet, if young Malcolm were on the lookout for literary precedents to support his push for an Australian Republic, he would be well advised to take a closer glance at Lawrence's 1922 novel of Australian secret-army plotting.

A posthumous membership of the ARM - ominous acronym - for Lawrence might be in order.

Take, for example, what the main Australian character, and secret army deputy-leader, Jack Callcott, tells the visiting English "author of essays" Richard Lovatt Somers in the chapter called "Diggers":

I hate the thought of being bossed or messed about by the Old Country...I don't altogether want the mills of the British Empire to go slowly grinding on, and you're compelled to do nothing but grind slowly with them...We're too mixed up with other folk's business...No, what I want is a cosy, lively little Australia away from of this bloomin' world-boost. I've no use for a lot of people across a lot of miles of sea nudging me while I handle my knife and fork. Leave us Australians to ourselves, we shall manage.

Of course, what Jack Callcott had in mind as an alternative to the mills of the Old Country was a dinky-di Aussie supreme leader, with full executive powers - powers somewhat similar to, one imagines, those presently outlined in the Australian Constitution for Head of State of the Commonwealth.

Ben Cooley for President (or perhaps a Lawrencean warning) ?

And while on the subject, it is worth mentioning here that Lawrence had something to say on the matter of a republic versus a monarchy in other works.

In a very short piece entitled "A Britisher

Has A Word with an Editor" (published recently in *Study of Thomas Hardy and Other Essays* [CUP. ed. Bruce Steele]), Lawrence remarked on a piece by Harriet Moore, the American editor of the magazine, *Poetry*, in which she criticised English poets for lack of artistic vitality, a lack she put down to being forced to write under the hated yoke of a monarchy.

Ms Monroe (no kin) wondered if British poets would ever amount to anything, or have anything of substantial significance to say, "as long as the King remains".

Lawrence gently pointed out in his essay that in fact some very good poets had flourished under "that worthless dude", the "contemptible George IV".

(Professor Steele helpfully added a footnote at this point: "Among those who wrote during the reign of George IV were, of course, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats.")

Lawrence went on to conclude: "Oh what might not Milton have been, if he'd written under Calvin Coolidge!"

(We might add our own footnote here. When it was remarked that President Coolidge - a man noted for his phlegmatic demeanour - was dead, some wit, probably Dorothy Parker, responded: "How did they tell?")

Further evidence of Lawrence's republican leanings can be found in a letter he wrote from Cornwall in December 1916. He wrote: "...we need a republic. But heavens, not a republic based on the idea of Equality and Fraternity [ie. the "French model"]. We want a republic based on the idea of extrinsic equality, and intrinsic inequality."

In the same letter, Lawrence gives some support to the principles of multi-culturalism, or at least of separate development. He wrote: "We are only equal insofar as that every man should have equal opportunity to come to his own fulfilment."

Inky was a Parlez-vous Pinky

Rananim is always on the lookout for Lawrence connections with Australia, and our diligent Membership Secretary, John Ruffels, has come across an interesting one, in the course of his omniverous research.

Many will have heard of the link between P.R. Stephenson and Lawrence. However, until now we have never had a first-hand account of that important relationship.

"Inky" is something of a black sheep in Australian literary history. He hailed from Queensland and was a communist or extreme-left-winger in his youth. He gained a Rhodes Scholarship and went off to Oxford, later returning to Australia to write one of the most important books on Australian culture, *The Foundations of Australian Culture*.

He was a critic of some note (and was responsible for commissioning one of the first complementary reviews of *Kangaroo*, published in a Brisbane newspaper in 1924). He subsequently met and corresponded with Lawrence in the late 1920s.

But he blotted his copybook in the 1930s, after returning to Sydney, when he turned to fascism and was a leading light in the pro-Nazi Australia First movement. During the War he was interned and after his release was reduced to helping ghost-write Frank Clune's historical pot-boilers.

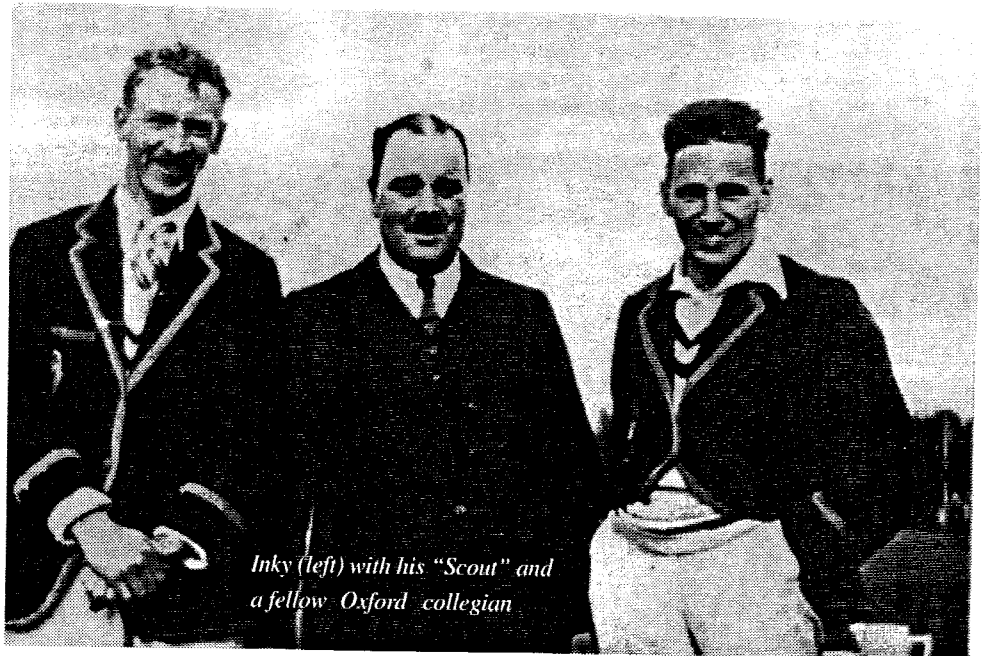
In 1960, however, he surfaced under his own name to write a piece for the now defunct Sydney *Observer* (probably commissioned by Donald Horne, that magazine's then editor).

The occasion was the recent ruling by a British jury that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was not obscene, a decision that led, not only to its general release, but to a world-wide Lawrence renaissance, turning him from a little-known writer of risqué novels into a major 20th century literary figure, an icon of popular con-

temporary culture.

In the *Observer* piece, Stephensen recalled how he and Lawrence had first met...

"...I suppose that I have a duty to present some



Inky (left) with his "Scout" and a fellow Oxford collegian

hitherto undisclosed facts for the biographical record (Inky wrote in the *Observer* issue of November 26, 1960).

In January, 1929, while I was manager of the Fanfrolico Press in London (in association with Jack Lindsay), I went on a short working holiday to the south of France.

After spending three days at Mentone with Norman Douglas, I arrived by train, with Rhys Davis, from Nice to Bandol (a small seaside town between Toulon and Marseille), to visit D.H. Lawrence, who was staying at a hotel there with his wife Frieda and step-daughter, Barbara Weekley.

During a stay of three days there, I had many walks and talks with the allegedly *farouche*, but actually lovable, whimsical, but physically frail "Pommy with a beard" - as he had described himself in his novel which most interested me, *Kangaroo*.

We talked a good deal about Australia. Both he

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INKY WAS A PARLEZ-VOUS PINKY

from previous page

and Frieda said that they would like to return to one of the few places where they had not been pursued by jealousies and hatreds. I assured him that Australia was a good place to die - from the neck up.

Lady Chatterley's Lover, after being declined by Lawrence's publishers in England and America, had been published in an English-language edition in Italy, and, even in that limited circulation, was being viciously attacked in the English press.

Lawrence was enraged at these attacks on his artistic integrity, and was relieving his inner tension by writing a series of whimsical and satirical poems, not seriously intended for publication. He called these *Pansies*, a word which at that time did not have the slang connotation it later developed.

He had also been amusing himself for two years previously by doing some oil-paintings, mostly of nude figure-subjects. These were technically not too bad, as he had had some technical art training in his earlier years.

At this time he was 44 years of age, and knew that he was dying, but he was yet a living flame, and Frieda, who had the stature of a Brunnhilde and the refinement and devotion of the German aristocrat that she was, had tended that flame for the 16 years of his greatest achievements in literature. She continued to "mother" him to the end.

Though his novels, short stories and essays had made him well known to the "literary" world, D.H. Lawrence was scarcely known to the general public except through attacks that had been made on him as an immoralist in sensation-mongering newspapers. He was not a best-seller, and in fact was not financially prosperous.

I offered to publish colour-reproductions of his *Paintings* in a limited edition at a high price. He agreed, and the problem then was to get the original paintings into England. They were not obscene, but the Customs would probably have considered them so.

I solved this problem by putting the paintings into my suitcase and informing the Customs at Folkstone that I had "nothing to declare". So sincerely innocent was my mein that the Customs did not even open that suitcase!

As Lawrence did not wish to be associated with the somewhat confused "dionysian" ideas of Jack Lindsay in the Franfrolico Press, I formed a separate company, the Mandrake Press, in which I was associated with a London bookseller, Edward Goldston, to publish D.H. Lawrence and other writers.

His *Paintings* were duly published by the Mandrake Press in an edition of 500 copies on hand-made

paper at 10 guineas, and 10 on vellum at 50 guineas. The edition was sold out within a week. The royalties which Lawrence received on this publication, 577 pounds 10 shillings, relieved his financial situation considerably.

I also published, in the Mandrake Press, his essay, *Apropos of Lady Chatterley's Lover*, in which he stated his reasons for writing that novel. Then in my own name I published a limited edition of 500 copies of his poems, *Pansies*. This was the first edition of that work: it included about a dozen poems which were expurgated from subsequent editions published by Martin Secker.

Then I took a more serious risk. A bookseller, whom I had better name, even now, as "Charlie", had come to me, in November 1929, sweating and trembling with fear, and asked me if I could arrange the printing and binding, in London, of a full and unexpurgated edition of the novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. This, he said, was to be done at Lawrence's request. He and other booksellers would pay the printer and binder, and would sell the book surreptitiously. All profits would go to Lawrence.

Being young and foolish and Quixotic, I felt that I had a duty to Lawrence and Literature to make this gesture, regardless of Legality. I found the printer, and for a fortnight worked with him and his son in his basement workshop, helping him to print and bind the book, and an edition of 1000 copies. The printer insisted on putting on a falso imprint, "Printed in Italy", as a red herring.

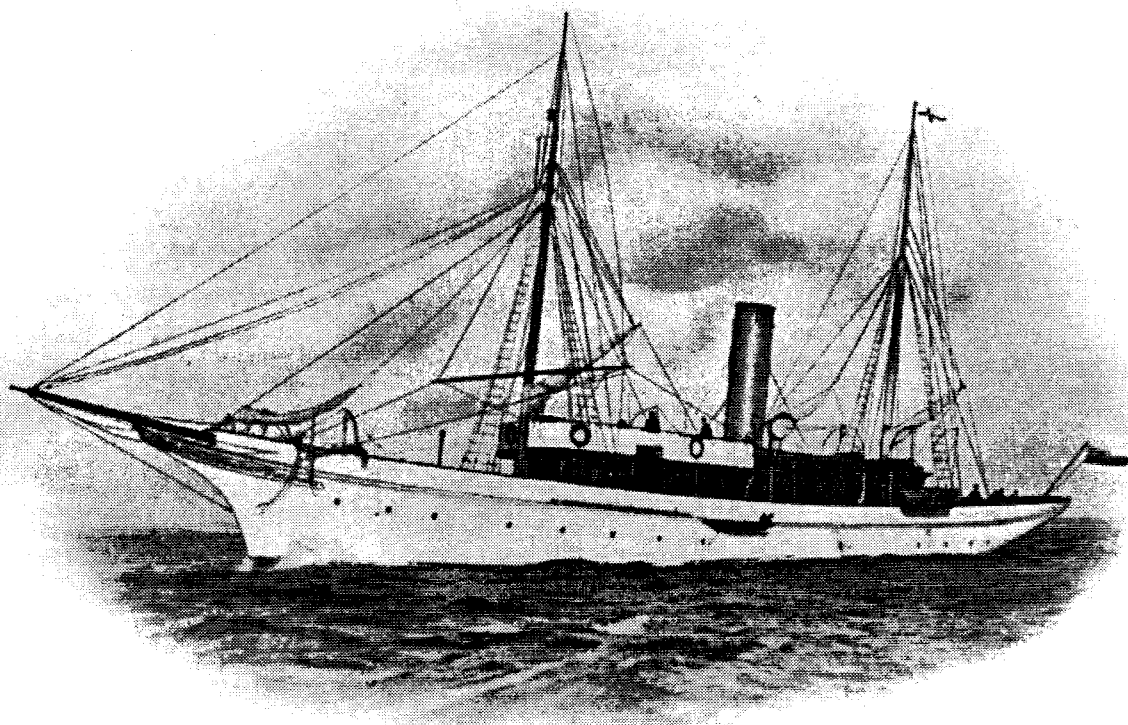
I had no part in the financial transactions of this surreptitious and illegal edition. My part in it was done voluntarily. All I ever got out of it was one copy of the book, and the satisfaction of having helped, in that limited and preliminary way, to spread the Gospel of D.H. Lawrence in the land of his birth.

Yes, that gesture was made. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was printed, unexpurgated, in England, a few months before Lawrence died in the South of France, and now, 31 years later, the verdict of a British jury has vindicated the risks that we took in the cause of a Genius with no "But". ”

A few remarks might be in order to explain some of the above. The final reference is to the first major post-war biography of Lawrence by Richard Aldington (see *Rananim* 3-2), entitled somewhat carpingly, *Portrait of a Genius, But...*, published 10 years earlier in 1950.

Lawrence was, in fact, not as impecunious as Inky made out, and *LCL* was a great financial success for Lawrence and his subsequent estate (it helped keep Frieda and her relatives in reasonable comfort for many decades - indeed, still does). It was, however,

EAT YOUR HEART OUT, LADY HOPETOUN!



S. Y. "ADELE" ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

PUTTING our good ship *Lady Hopetoun* to shame is the yacht once owned by the family of our latest member, the distinguished Australian man of letters, Geoffrey Dutton. Geoff writes that his grandfather, Henry Dutton, sailed the *Adele*, 350 tons, 175 foot long, out from Scotland to settle in Australia around 1905. Geoff has another claim to fame - he met Frieda! He also was a friend of Richard Aldington. He has promised to write about these matters in a forthcoming issue of *Rananim*. Welcome aboard Geoff!

very dangerous before 1960 and the famous Penguin edition to have had anything to do with *LCL*. Inky was nothing if not brave (an exhibition of those same Lawrence paintings was put on at the Warren Gallery in London, but shut down after a police raid).

Finally, a word about Inky himself (his nickname came, not from the world of printing, as is usually supposed, but from a World War 1 popular song, which he sang as an undergraduate in Brisbane, and whose refrain was "Inky Pinky Parlez-vous"). His internment during WW2 was especially cruel and quite unjustified, for he was an Australian patriot of the purest green-and-gold hue, but it - the taint of fascism - blighted his declining years dreadfully.

The unjustness of his imprisonment was highlighted in a book on the Australia First movement, *The Puzzled Patriots*, by Bruce Muiden. It chronicled the subsequent Royal Commission that eventually led to Inky's release. And although Inky would not have realised it, that Commission which freed him had also a

Lawrence connection, albeit a somewhat sinister one.

For it was during evidence on undercover work into the Australian First movement that an officer in Australian Military Intelligence, with the wonderful name of Captain Blood, revealed that even in his own organisation there had been people suspected of harbouring sentiments similar to that for which Inky and his motley followers were interned.

The good Captain went on to mention that one particular MI officer had had to be deprived of access to certain information, due to suspected Japanese sympathies. The officer's name was suppressed, but it was one that Lawrence, had he been alive, would have recognised instantly.

For the officer concerned was (by then) Lt-Col W.J.R. ("Jack") Scott, almost certainly the model of the main Australian character in *Kangaroo*, Jack Callcott (and who himself made, rather ironically, a significant appearance in the second draft of *LCL* - see the forthcoming *Rananim* 5-3). - R.D.

What Were the Boys Doing Down in the *Garage*?

Andrew Moore's interesting article in this issue ("What Elsie Knew", p 7) contains what could be a significant piece of secret army information.

He mentions that the activities of the Old Guard in the New England region were run out of Colonel Jack Davies' *garage*. (Davies and his lieutenant were known locally as "the two rats from the garage".)

This may well be an echo of a reference in a letter from right-wing historian (and newspaperman) M.H. Ellis to W.J.R. ("Jack") Scott in the post-war period and in which Ellis referred enigmatically to "the garage" paying for some expense Scott had incurred (Ellis wrote Scott's obituary in *The Bulletin*).

This in turn could be a reflection of Jack Scott's actual position in the 1920-22 secret

army (sometimes referred to as "the Association" or the Australian Protective League - the paramilitary organisation lying behind the King and Empire Alliance) and whose fictional model Lawrence perhaps portrays in *Kangaroo*, ironically, as the "garage proprietor", Jack Callcott.

(It is believed that the between-wars secret armies in Australia were organised around "car pools", car ownership being a middle-class privilege, and the quickest means of mobilisation in an "emergency". It is perhaps significant that units were arranged in groups of five or multiples of five - that being the convenient number that could fit in a car. Our Save Wyewurk committee member, the late Tom Fitzgerald, remembered being told by his

bookshop-owner friend, Colonel Alec Sheppard, that in the 1930-32 crisis he has been a member of the Old Guard, and had once been part of a "mobilisation" exercise. He was told to report to Victoria Barracks in Sydney in his car - and there, to his amazement - he found many of his friends and neighbours, also lined up in their family cars.) - R.D.

WHAT ELSIE KNEW

cont'd from p 7

Here my story stutters and stalls. I did visit Mrs Ritchie. As she is an intelligent and enthusiastic family historian, we had much in common and to talk about.

Unfortunately it seemed that she had two books close to the phone when she spoke to me earlier. *Our Noble Selves* certainly explained the Old Guard's view of the world, because it was all about the imminent collapse which Australia faced at the height of the Great Depression. But it was silent about D. H. Lawrence and the secret army connection.

It was the other book which contained a section on Lawrence's encounters with counter-revolutionary forces in Australia. What was its title? Who was its author? *The Secret Army and the Premier*, by Andrew Moore. The phone call had consisted of my own arguments being recited back to me! - Andrew Moore

*This famous memento, of the leadership of the 1930-32 Old Guard secret army, also carried the initials W.J.R.S., standing for William John Rendell ("Jack") Scott, whom the Darroch Thesis maintains is portrayed as Jack Callcott in *Kangaroo*. - Ed.

EDITORIAL

cont'd from p 2

to do so, but regrettably there is no Letters column in this issue. Why? Simply because no suitable letters have been received. Please pen your comments to us. Sometimes letters suggest articles: a reply to Marylyn Valentine's question about Coo-ee has been held over to the next issue.

The above mention of *DHLR* leads to glad tidings. The edition, commenting favourably on *Rananim*, was the last until the recent 1996 edition. The *Review*, the premier journal of DHL studies, aims to review every book on DHL, and to present the best of new writing about DHL, his circle, and the

historical context in which he worked.

Rananim is much more modest. Thanks again to all those who have contributed.

All members and friends of the Society are encouraged to contribute in the future.

Our publisher, Sandra Jobson, makes a sterling effort to produce a perfect issue, and so we appreciate it if you can adhere to the guidelines on page 16.

However, a contribution written by a thumbnail dipped in tar is as welcome as any other (though it may take longer to appear).

Here's your chance to appear in print!

Bits...

Lawrence had a pretty low opinion of journalism and newspapers. In *Fantasia of the Unconscious* he blames newspapers, along with education, for most of the world's evils. "The great mass of humanity should never learn to read and write - never," he wrote. "Even 12 hours work a day is better than a newspaper at 4 in the afternoon [those were the heyday of the afternoon tabliods] and a grievance for the rest of the evening."



We dare mention this bit of Lawrence trivia without comment. According to the list of passengers disembarking at Fremantle from RMS Orsova

from Colombo on May 4, 1922, were (among others) Mr D.H. Lawrence, 36, British, author; Mrs D.H. Lawrence, 42, no occupation; and Mr A. Darroch, 21, British, no occupation. Hmmm...



Senator Don Chipp demonstrated his honesty in answer to a question in April, 1982. Given his Customs Minister job as preventer of the entry to Australia of banned books, Chipp declared he had smuggled in a copy of Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, in thick brown paper, in 1968. (He probably meant 1965).



The International Coca-Cola Surf Classic had some Lawrentian overtones this year.

One heat, moved from Narrabeen to Sandon Point in New South Wales due to bad surf, was won by a certain Richie Lovett !! (Sandon Point is the other name for Bulli Point: just along the beach from "Wyewurk".)



The 1968 American classic film "Easy Rider", also has Lawrentian connections, with Jack Nicholson in his debut role as a spoilt-rich Texan lawyer. When he was locked up in the film he gave his name as "D.H. Lawrence". During filming, director and co-star Dennis Hopper, bought Mabel Dodge Luhan's Taos adobe house. There Hopper claimed he "saw" Lawrence strolling about at night. (Must have been the peyote.)

A New Australian novel on Thirroul

John Scott's powerful new novel *Before I Wake*, just out with Penguin, has an opening sequence set in Thirroul. The cast and themes of the novel then wander over the cantons, counties and states of France, Australia and England, but a late chapter brings the protagonist back to Thirroul. Early, the South Coast town is little more than 'the low reverberation of a passing town' or perhaps the corresponding roar of the ocean; but later, Scott lets his protagonist ruminate about Thirroul and Lawrence's sojourn there:

Village stretched between a towering escarpment and the Pacific Ocean. Lawrence's

dark tor. Lawrence's 'boomingly, crashingly noisy' ocean.

A town of two supermarkets, of two doctors and newsagents. Of two nurseries. A town of two Chinese restaurants, two hotels. This strange thin ark of weatherboard, fibro-cement and tin.

This village tottering since its beginning on dissolution. An Englishman stays to write his worst novel. A Sydney painter overdoses in a motel. This is the fame of Thirroul. The landmarks stumble raggedly, then collapse.

It should be pointed out that these are less John Scott's opinions than those of his protagonist, Jonathan Ford, and they are

opinions coloured by the emotional and physical breakdown Ford is suffering. Perhaps writers of important Australian fiction are beginning to gravitate Thirroul-wards as irresistibly as hang-glider enthusiasts are now drawn to Stanwell Park, the site of Lawrence Hargrave's aeronautical experiments. This Australian novel, so conscious of its European forbears, nevertheless gives Lawrence Society members questions to ponder and answers to prepare. Is *Kangaroo* Lawrence's worst novel, and can life in Thirroul be as dreadful as Jonathan Ford reckons?

- Christopher Pollnitz

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)

JOLLY BOATING WEATHER (YET AGAIN)

cont'd from pp 18-19

the yacht- filled Harbour. A yacht race was taking place on the Harbour, and so we glided past Clark and Shark Islands. Unlike last year there was no Charity regatta taking place and so our preferred lunch destination of Spring Cove was achievable. The *Lady Hopetoun* was well within viewing range of the splendid racing yachts though out of their paths. Then we steamed north with views across to Balmoral on the one side and out to sea on the other. The swell was slight, and as North Head and the Quarantine Station was passed, the engines were cut and we drifted silently into Spring Cove. Here one of the splendid lunches the Society is becoming known for was spread out on the cedar table. There was Robert Darroch's Tripe Paella, Tony McIlwain's Mango Chicken and John Lacey's Lamb with zucchini flowers, plus many other delights. Rob Douglass produced

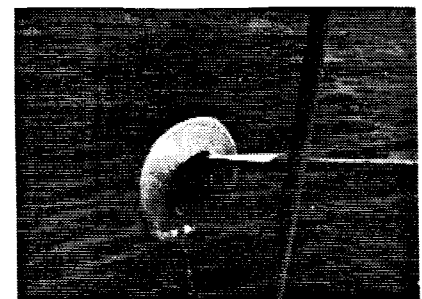
a rare Sparkling Burgundy and various varietals were uncorked.

While we were at lunch a minor drama unfolded. Beverly Burgmann was the first to utter the cry for a "Boathook" (see picture below). After lunch there was an anti-climax (see page 7, "What Elsie Knew").

The sky was blue, the sea was even calmer, as we crossed to South Head and proceeded to investigate the southern shore. Other vessels prevented us from having a very close inspection of the Eastern Suburbs mansions until we reached Point Piper. Here we sailed just below the Cruise mansion and then the Gibson mansion but no one seemed to be at home. We continued sailing through the southern coves and bays until we saw the 1874 iron hulled square rigger *James Craig*, another of the of the Sydney Maritime Museum's vessels, in the Captain Cook Graving Dock in order to return it to the water after the Museum's volunteers had spent more than 20 years restoring its hull. (The next day *Lady*

Hopetoun lead the flotilla of vessels returning the *James Craig* to Rozelle Bay, and the Museum hopes to have it fully rigged and sailing by the year 2000.)

We returned under the Harbour Bridge, through Darling Harbour, under the Glebe Island Bridge (where yet another hat was lost-but alas no boathook this time) and back to the heat at Rozelle Bay. Next year we propose new territory for us: the Lane Cove and Parramatta Rivers. The rivers are very interesting with quite a variety of scenery. These cruises are very successful, and we thank the volunteer Captains and crews of the Sydney Maritime Museum. - **John Lacey**



Rob Douglass's hat being retrieved from the Harbour on the Lady Hopetoun cruise