



# Rananim

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## FROM CITY TO SURF IN DHL'S FOOTSTEPS

*"It was Sunday, and a lovely sunny day of Australian winter."*

That was May 28, 1922, and visiting English writer David Herbert Lawrence and his wife Frieda were about to set off on the expedition to Manly and the northern Sydney beaches immortalised in the second chapter of *Kangaroo*.

Seventy-five years later, Sunday May 25 was another lovely sunny day of Australian winter, an unexpected bonus after a long stretch of rainy weather, and ideal for the retracing-the-footsteps event the D. H. Lawrence Society had planned to commemorate the 75th anniversary of the Lawrences' arrival in Australia.

Seventeen members of the society gathered outside the American Club in Macquarie Street near what was once Mrs Scott's guest house where Robert Darroch suggests in *D. H. Lawrence in Australia* the Lawrences stayed for a "day or two" (to quote Frieda) in Sydney. Across Macquarie Street is the grass verge outside the Botanic Gardens and the "fortified" Conservatorium of Music, famously the setting for the opening of *Kangaroo*.

Today's Lawrence pilgrims set off for the east side of Circular Quay where the nearly-broke Bert and Frieda had landed from RMS *Malwa* on May 27, 1922, intending to stay "a few



*In the footsteps of Lawrence - D.H. Lawrence Society members stand around the DHL plaque at east Circular Quay*

months", though in the end it was less than that. A little further back towards the Quay the group stopped to inspect the Lawrence plaque on Writers' Walk. Its quote is typical DHL, who never really sorted out his feelings about Australia during his stay:

**Australia has a marvellous sky and air and blue clarity and a hoary sort of land beneath it, like a Sleeping Princess on whom the dust of ages has settled.**

**Wonder if she'll ever get up.**

The next stage of the pilgrimage was to take the Manly ferry as DHL and Frieda did on their first Sunday in Sydney 75 years ago; or to be

precise, as did their fictional counterparts Richard Lovatt Somers and his wife Harriett, for all our knowledge of what happened on that day is derived from *Kangaroo*. However,

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# Another Steam Train Excursion

**Welcome to this special edition of *Rananim*.**

Many have asked me about the possibility of a repeat visit to the South Coast by steam train. I have just received advance notice of such a trip on **Saturday 18 October**. After leaving the Railway Museum at Thirlmere, the train will pick up at Campbelltown, Bankstown, Hurstville and Sutherland and stop at Kiama, Berry and Nowra. But for those who do not know this journey, the finest scenery is both before and after Kiama. After crossing the Minnamurra, the train climbs through dramatic basalt formations with wide sea views and then descends to run along the sand of

Bombo Beach. After leaving Kiama the train plunges into a tunnel to emerge at the head of a cove while on the land side rise green hills with the fields marked by dry stone walls. So my recommendation would be to leave the train at picturesque Berry where there are a variety of fine restaurants within a pleasant stroll from the station. If you would like to participate, please let me know at PO Box 847 Rozelle 2039.

News has come to hand of plans for the 1998 International DHL Conference. This will be held from July 13-17 in Taos. The weekend before the conference sees a huge Pow Wow of Indigenous Americans, and the conference will be

followed by an organised tour of the South-West. Professor Earl Ingersoll has issued a call for papers, to be finalised by February. I hope to attend, and plan to fly to Los Angeles in early July, and take the train overnight to Santa Fe and after the post-conference tour take the train from Denver to San Francisco.

Again, if you are interested or would like further information, drop me a line at PO Box 847 Rozelle 2039. (See p 4 for more details.)

**- John Lacey**

## APPEAL LAUNCHED FOR LAWRENCE MONUMENT AT "MULLUMBIMBY"

English-born Joanna Skilton studied Lawrence and Dickens under the distinguished DHL critic and biographer John Worthen at Swansea University. After she graduated she came to Sydney where, from her then Sutherland home, she visited Thirroul. Discovering no physical monument to record Lawrence's stay, she decided to set about remedying the situation.

She has, so far, organised an artist - Renee Barnes from Sydney - to design a plaque with a phoenix motif ("It must be a phoenix," said Worthen). A local Thirroul village fair committee under Don Gray has donated funds and selected and set in concrete an appropriate local bush rock.



The project has Council approval and the site chosen is the little park at the south end of Craig Street.

The phoenix plaque plus another with explanatory wording have yet to be made. Donations are sought and may be sent to: Mrs Joanna Skilton, 1/14 Norfolk Place, Carlingford, NSW 2118.



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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).

# MEETING FRIEDA IN TAOS

**I**n 1953 I was living in Florence for six months, working on one book and researching another. The latter was my biography of Colonel Light, founder of the city of Adelaide. Light's second wife, Mary, the illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Richmond, had left him in Egypt for the brother-in-law of the poet Shelley. Later she had settled in Florence, and lived for the rest of her life at the Villa I Cedri. So I was keen to follow up any clues.

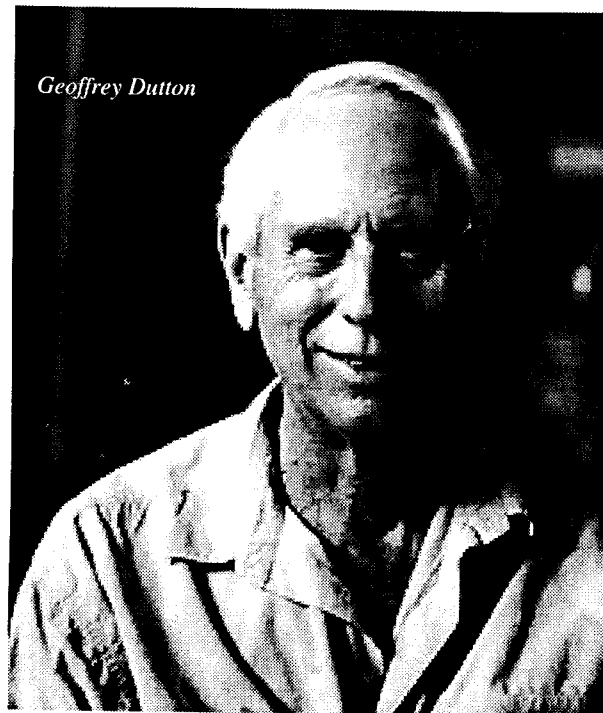
I also wanted to have a look at the Villa Mirenda, where Lawrence and Frieda had lived while he was writing *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. I knew it was somewhere near Scandicci, so I drove there in my little blue Fiat and asked whether anyone knew the whereabouts of the Villa Mirenda. Immediately a man came over to me and said "Ha! Lorenzo's house! Follow me." This excellent stranger shot off in his tiny Topolino, waving for me to chase him, and drove for about three miles, then stopped and pointed me to the villa, which was high up on a hill. In the misty light of the October afternoon Florence lay below, and all around there was the sound of bells from a tower, with ox-drawn carts moving between the olives and vines. A peasant shovelling manure waved to quite a large, comfortable house and said, yes, Lorenzo lived there. All the locals still seemed to regard him as part of the family. And in return, Lawrence's love of Tuscany lives on, in some of his greatest writing, in prose and verse. The day I was at the villa was very Lawrentian, with hundreds of yellow crocuses around the house and chestnuts tumbling into the first fallen leaves.

Not long after this Richard

Aldington and his daughter Catherine came to stay. I showed Richard my photos of the Villa Mirenda, and Richard, who was in regular correspondence with Frieda in Taos, asked me to send some copies to her, and that he would also write to her to say I would be travelling through America on the way back to Australia. I did so, and immediately a letter came back, thanking me for the photos, and saying 'Behind the Villa under the umbrella pines Lawrence wrote his *Lady Chatterley*; don't you agree it's a very innocent setting for this book, that shocked people so much?'

The letter continued with a warm invitation to visit her at Taos, and she also urged me to look up her son, Montague Weekley, when I was in London. I did so, and met him at the Bethnall Green Museum, where he was the curator. He was pleasant enough, but a bit limp, not at all how I imagined Frieda, Baronin von Richthofen.

A few months later I was driving along the magnificent Rio Grande valley, with the Sangre de Cristo mountains rising in the background, and then through Taos and up the hills to her ranch. (Anything a bit bigger than a chookyard is called a 'ranch' in America.) At the house a man came out and introduced himself as Angi Ravagli, Frieda's husband, and asked if I was the Australian they were expecting. Frieda then emerged. I was surprised at the neat ankles and tiny feet below her solid body. Her



white-golden hair flashed in the sun. She had a wonderful deep laugh, and was bursting with vitality.

She immediately began to talk about Australia; she still had a strong German accent. "Oh how I loved Austr-a-alia!", with a head-nodding "Ja! Ja!" She remembered it all so well. "The bush! As if just after creation - almost being created. And that wood, *J-a-rrah*, it was a pleasure to scrub it clean. And when I tried to buy a pound of butter at a farmhouse, the woman just cut off a chunk and gave it to me, maybe a pound and a half!"

Frieda is often portrayed as being allergic to housework, leaving it all to Lawrence. I began to question this as she talked of the jarrah, and with great pride showed off her kitchen and the new stove with a glass-fronted oven. "I have to be a good cook. But I like to be. Especially with cakes and bread."

In the house there were several of Lawrence's paintings, including the one Lawrence called "Decameron". "Oh what a fuss when they were exhibited in London and that one removed from the

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## Squib, Not Cannon:

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ised himself that he left 'pinning to take a pamphlet or broadside from them, for the working-classes' (*Letters*, vii. 128, 11 January 1929). By 21 January Lawrence had learnt that the typescript copies which he had sent his London agent had been intercepted by postal officers, acting under instructions from the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson Hicks. Lawrence typed a revised and expanded typescript of *Pansies*, taking care that this time copies were smuggled into England. The copy posted to his publisher, Martin Secker, was sent in a form sufficiently selective to make interception unlikely (*Letters*, vii. 178, 15 February 1929; vii. 195-96, [28 February 1929]; Davies 146). When Secker proposed a trade edition in which only the poems thought suitable for the post would be published, Lawrence cast about for someone to publish an unexpurgated edition. Why did he settle on Charles Lahr, rather than the eager Stephensen, to publish a complete *Pansies*? The short answers are: the publication of the *Paintings* had taught Lawrence that Stephensen and his business methods were 'not entirely dependable' (*Letters*, vii. 328-29, 10 June 1929); and Lawrence's folk wisdom told him not to overload baskets with eggs. He also wanted to avoid the kind of expensive collectors' edition with which Stephensen had made his name at Fanfrolico: the intention was for *Pansies* to reach the 'poorer people' with 'a quite cheap edition, say 2/6' (*Letters*, vii. 123, 7 January 1929). In the event, by going with Lahr, Lawrence had the worst of both worlds: a £2 edition with 'filled up . . . pages like a cheap printed report . . . Stephensen lent his name as printer, but he'll look down his nose when he sees how badly the book is planned and executed' (*Letters*, vii. 407, 6 August 1929).

### Used to Bad Press

An early note of caution about the younger man had been sounded by the article on Lawrence, Nietzsche and Shaw, which Stephensen, inspired by his meetings with Lawrence, had thrown off for the fifth number of the *London Aphrodite*. It was not flattering to be described as a 'vulgariser of Nietzsche' whose contribution to modern letters had been to recognise 'ego as blood': 'But such blood! Dark blood, brooding; primitive blood . . . the blood of sub-humanity!' Lawrence, however, was used to bad press. Asked for an evaluation of Stephensen's piece, he claimed to prefer it to Jack Lindsay's panegyric on Norman Douglas in the same number of the magazine: 'No, I don't think I inspired you to a brilliant article — not even very estimable — but it might have been worse, like the one on poor Douglas' (*Letters*, vii. 269, 1 May 1929).

Earlier again, Lawrence had willingly debated

Stephensen's Marxist politics, though unfortunately the first term in that debate, Stephensen's February 1929 letter to Lawrence, has been lost. In reply, Lawrence complained that Stephensen's individualist Bolshevism and faith in human brotherhood had about them an un-lived quality. Theoretical Marxism would not unravel, on a revolutionary scale, the weave of the English class system. Sexual relations across class barriers were not even a first step towards the personal revolution Lawrence was looking for:

*You make quite a dash at me — poor  
<Englishman> +Pommy+ with a beard!  
Brotherliness is all right — but defenceless  
brotherliness, that will let itself be dragged  
into a war, fooled, despised, made bankrupt  
and as good as exterminated — won't do. . . . I  
am only capable of a fighting brotherliness —  
the easy sort isn't in me, I have had to struggle  
so hard to keep what I am. The bourgeois, the  
machine civilisation and the 'Worker' (as such)  
all want to destroy real humanness. If Bolshe-  
vism is going to classify me as a Worker or a  
non-worker, I am against it. I hate our civilisa-  
tion, our ideals, our money, our machines, our  
intellectuals, our upper classes. But I hate  
them because I've tried them and given them a  
long chance — and they're rotten. If a man has  
not 'risen in the world' he'll be forced to admit  
there is something 'above him'. — Many ladies  
nowadays, very many, have love affairs with  
their chauffeurs — the chauffeur is the favorite  
fucker. But the chauffeur stays where he is —  
and is a machine à plaisir — and the lady stays  
where she is — and nothing is altered in the  
least. . . . No, it's all much more difficult than  
you imagine. The Working man is not much of  
a British Bulldog any more — he's rather a  
shivering cur — one has to try slowly to rouse  
the old spirit in him — and definitely disillu-  
sion him about the 'upperness'. — You see you  
yourself are really much more impressed by  
the upper gentleman — even by Aldous — than  
ever Mellors is (*Letters*, vii. 179, 15 February  
1929).*

Three points are worth noting in this patiently thought-through response. Writing to Stephensen tempted Lawrence to rehearse, with an amateur's self-ironic pleasure, what he had picked up of the Australian vernacular in 1922. Lawrence may bracket 'risen in the world' in inverted commas to indicate a usage to which he does not subscribe, or to quote from a text he and Stephensen knew. That text would be a version of the *pensée* 'Red-herring', recalling how a mixed class-parentage reared the young Lawrence clan as 'in-betweens', 'little non-descripts': 'But time has fled, our parents are dead/ we've risen

in the world all three'. The third point, also made by Munro (*Wild Man of Letters* 78), is that within the cited response Lawrence moves seamlessly from discussion of Stephensen's prose polemic to discussion of a polemical poem of Stephensen's from the February number of the *London Aphrodite*.

'Barrel-Organ Rhapsody' is a rallying-call to the most unlikely of the periodical's potential readers — the unemployed:

*A muttering moral that workless workers  
are drawing, on the whole,  
Is that if they kill all the business men,  
They have Nothing to lose but the Dole.*  
\* \* \* \*

*Well, the Middle Class is the uppish class now  
that England's gone to seed;  
But the blokes on the Dole are really the boys of  
the famous bulldog breed.*

Stephensen's 'Rhapsody' is not ineffective as rhetoric. In his letter Lawrence deprecates neither Stephensen's revolutionary objective nor his promotion of it in vernacular verse, but rather his failure to address the psychological hold which class exerted over both the English and colonials. Lawrence's dwindling regard for Stephensen's revolutionary potential can be gauged when, after the *London Aphrodite* had folded in July 1929, Lawrence proposed that Lahr publish a new satirical magazine, with Davies as editor, to be called *The Squib* (*Letters*, vii. 447, [24 August 1929]; vii. 448, 24 August 1929).<sup>8</sup> Lawrence listed Stephensen as a possible, though not very appropriate, contributor to the magazine: 'You might ask Richard Aldington . . . Rebecca West, Sheila K. Smith . . . Sara Salt . . . and Stephensen. Contributions any length, from ten words up: but, preferably not more than 100 words . . . Squibs, not cannon . . . Not too much Stephensen's' (*Letters*, vii. 516, 7 October 1929). Set alongside Lawrence's agile *pensées*, Stephensen's satirical polemics do seem too heavy-gauge, too immobilised by ideology, for the psychological campaign Lawrence envisaged.

### Satirical Poet

To change points of view, Stephensen had good reason to think of Lawrence, not only as the novelist who had written *Kangaroo* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, but as a satirical poet. It is not surprising to find, among Stephensen's papers at the Mitchell, a typescript article about how Lawrence's working-class origins and class-consciousness sharpened the satirical edge of such *pensées* as 'Altercation', 'Money-madness' and 'A rise in the world —'.<sup>9</sup> There are, in addition, two typescripts of complete *pensées* to be found in the Papers. It is to these, in

particular, one might look, for examples of cross-influence and for evidence about the 'doggerels' sent to Stephensen.

The first of Lawrence's *pensées* in the Papers is a typescript of what Stephensen acknowledges is an imitation of Lawrence:

### I AM IN A NOVEL —

(Slightly parodied from D.H. Lawrence's *Pansies* — Secker's 1929 edn. p. 81)

*I read a novel by a friend of mine  
in which one of the characters was me,  
the novel it sure was mighty fine  
but the funniest thing that could be*

*was me, or what was supposed for me,  
for I had to recognise  
a few of the touches, like a ginger mo,  
but the rest was a real surprise.*

*Well damn my eyes! I said to myself.  
Well damn my little eyes!  
If this is what Eleanor thinks I am  
she sure thinks a lot of lies.*

*Well think o' that now, think o' that!  
That's what she sees in me!  
I'm about as much like a Persian cat,  
or a dog with a harrowing flea.*

*My Lord! a man's friend's ideas of him  
would stock a menagerie  
with a marvellous outfit! How did Pixie see  
such a funny pup in me?*<sup>10</sup>

Substantive alterations Stephensen made, in modifying the *pensée* which appears in the Secker edition, are:

line 7: like a low-born jake,] like a ginger mo,  
line 11: Archibald thinks] Eleanor thinks  
line 12: he sure] she sure  
line 14: he sees] she sees  
line 19: Archie see] Pixie see

Lawrence's 'I am in a novel —' pokes fun at Aldous Huxley's portrait of him in *Point Counter Point* as Mark Rampion: 'such a gas-bag', Lawrence complained (*Letters*, vii. 20).<sup>11</sup> Stephensen also had cause to appeal against Huxley's caricature of him as Cuthbert Arkwright in the same novel. But Stephensen, who prided himself as Eleanor Dark's first Australian publisher, was provoked into tapping out his good-humoured adaptation of Lawrence's *pensée* when he discovered himself featuring as Roger Blair in Eleanor Dark's novel *Waterway*.

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## Squib Not Cannon

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Written before Stephensen's war-time internship for allegedly treasonous activities at the head of the Australia First Movement, *Waterway* portrays a fiercely nationalistic little-magazine publisher, whose energies are concentrated on bringing to birth an Australian civilisation. Dark's *Waterway* is a Sydney Harbour-based mix of *roman à clef*, novel of ideas and suspense melodrama, with a structure drawn from Virginia Woolf's *Mrs Dalloway*. Roger Blair is captioned the 'stormy petrel of the city's intellectual life' (16) before appearing in person: 'His fair skin . . . a fierce brick-red, against which his short moustache showed tow-coloured and his eyes a brilliant and imperative blue' (85). Out of his stream-of-consciousness Blair plucks handy phrases for his next leader, never missing a beat in his ceaseless inner debate about the nation's culture:

*'Surfing, horse-racing, cricket! The Holy Trinity! Lying on the sand, doped with ultra-violet rays, or yelling themselves hoarse over a Melbourne Cup, or getting hysterical over a Test Match! If Bradman doesn't get his century the skies have fallen, but if Roger Blair doesn't get enough support to carry on his paper — who cares? Who even knows? Culture isn't news['] (one corner of his mind seized this phrase and put it aside for future use, dock-eted: 'Heading — Culture isn't News!'). But his thoughts ran on uninterrupted: 'A sordid murder's news, and an American film star's news, and a Paris-trained mannequin shedding the lustre of her presence on her native land for a month or two is Big News. But the fostering of national consciousness isn't news, a magazine in which the nation can become articulate without having to compete with cheap syndicated trash — that isn't news! It's hooey. It's bunk. It's one of Roger Blair's queer obsessions' (Dark 86-87).*

All Stephensen finds to cavil at in Dark's treatment of her subject was the shade of his moustache. *Waterway* is arguably Dark's most Lawrentian novel. Part III culminates in a scene of crowd violence comparable with the 'Row in Town' chapter in *Kangaroo*; and when the young heroine is wrestling with her purely physical attraction to a sporting figure who appears to be the hero, she complains, 'I'm going all D.H. Lawrence!' (237). Stephensen's parodic response to *Waterway* is a marker of how, as a Sydney editor, he served as one of the conduits for Lawrence's manifold influence on Australian fiction.

The second typescript of a Lawrence *pensée* among the Stephensen Papers is not attributed to a

published source. A ribbon typescript on one page of quarto paper, size 20.9 x 26.5 cm., watermarked 'BANK PAPER BLACON', the *pensée* is an early version of a poem later titled 'The little wowser'. The leaf has been folded three times as if for insertion in an envelope. The following is a diplomatic reproduction of this typescript:

### AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE By D.H. Lawrence

*There is a little wowser  
John Thomas by name,  
And for every bloomin' mortal thing  
That little blighter's to blame.*

*It was 'im as made the great mistake  
Of bringin' us into the world,  
Shovin' us out of the unawake  
Where we were quietly curled,*

*Into this hole — but you do your best  
And just as you begin  
To feel all right, this bleeder bursts in  
With: Hello boy! show us your sin!*

*And then he leads you by the nose  
After a lot of women,  
As strips you stark as a monkey-nut  
And leaves you never a trimmin'*

*Till somebody has ter marry you  
To put him through his paces,  
Then when John Thomas dont worry you,  
Its a wife, with 'er airs an' graces.*

*I think of all the little brutes  
As ever was invented  
This little cod's the holy worst.  
I've chucked him. I've repented.<sup>12</sup>*

The Stephensen typescript of 'An Old Acquaintance' is clearly a later version than that preserved in the *Pansies* notebook. The following is a transcript of the first stanza only of the untitled notebook version:

*There is a little gentleman  
John Thomas is his name  
and whenever anything goes wrong  
poor devil, he's to blame.<sup>13</sup>*

The following is the first stanza of 'An old acquaintance —' in the first typescript of *Pansies*, showing the autograph corrections Lawrence added to the typescript, at least to the one extant copy:

*There<'s a bloomin' little feller> +is a little  
wowser+*

*John Thomas by name,  
and for every blessed <blasted> +mortal+ thing  
that little blighter's t<a>+o+ blame.<sup>14</sup>*

The official seizure in the post of two copies of the first typescript of *Pansies* forced Lawrence to prepare a second, much-revised set of typescript copies of *Pansies*. The corrected second typescript version of the *pensée* (Roberts E302g) is substantively the same as that published in the unexpurgated edition of *Pansies*. The poem was one of those Martin Secker refused to carry in his trade edition. This, to conclude, is the first stanza of the final typescript text of Lawrence's *pensée*, published under the title 'The little wowser' in the unexpurgated edition:

*There is a little wowser  
John Thomas by name,  
and for every bloomin', mortal thing  
that little blighter's to blame.*

It is unlikely that the typescript of 'An Old Acquaintance' held in the Mitchell is authorial. The paper type is not found in either of the surviving typescripts of *Pansies*. Although the typeface of the Stephensen typescript might conceivably be that of Lawrence's typewriter,<sup>15</sup> the typing style is not Lawrence's. The use of tripled hyphens for a long dash and the four-spacing in the last line are mannerisms rarely, if ever, found in other Lawrence typescripts. Paul Eggert has pointed out to the present author that the typist of the Stephensen typescript habitually depresses or releases the Shift key just before or after typing capitals. This is not a feature of Lawrence's typescripts; it is of Stephensen's. Lawrence did not mail Stephensen typescripts but autograph manuscripts of the three poems: 'I send you three doggerels for the *Aphrodite*, and hope you can make them out. I do so dislike the typewriter' (*Letters*, vii. 77). Hence, although the Stephensen typescript is almost certainly not authorial, there are grounds for presuming that the typescript is a witness preserving the text of one of the autograph 'doggerels' which Lawrence sent to Stephensen on 20 December 1928. Corroboration for the authority of the typescript's text is its closeness (there are two substantive variants) to a version of 'An Old Acquaintance' which Lawrence posted to Charles Wilson on 28 December 1928. This version was one of six poems (Roberts E319.4) sent as a New Year's greeting for a colliers' reading-group, 'the Willington Men' (*Letters*, vii. 101-02). Very probably, there were furrowed brows in County Durham in the New Year, as the colliers tried to establish the significance of the Australian barbarism, 'wowser', which by the end of December was firmly established in the poem's first line.<sup>16</sup>

A conjectural but economical narrative would see

Lawrence, having heard the term fresh from Stephensen's lips on 18-19 December 1928, use it when re-writing the autograph manuscript of the three *pensées* ('An Old Acquaintance', 'My naughty book —' and a third, undetermined poem) for Stephensen on 20 December. 'Wowser' was a well-practised item in Stephensen's critical vocabulary, as it would have been in the rhetorical arsenal of any larrikin intellectual of the earlier twentieth century:<sup>17</sup> in his Byronic broadside against the Home Secretary, *Policeman of the Lord*, Stephensen stigmatised Joynson Hicks as the 'Wowser Censor'. The Australian answered Lawrence the following day, 21 December, with a long letter in which he promised: 'The doggerels are quite amusing and we shall certainly use them' (Munro, 'D.H. Lawrence—P.R. Stephensen Letters' 298). Stephensen would then type copies of the three poems, posting the typescripts to his co-editor, Jack Lindsay, for the February number of the *London Aphrodite*. There is no evidence to suggest how the autograph manuscripts came to be lost or how the typescript of 'An Old Acquaintance' was separated from typescripts of the remaining two poems. Lindsay has, however, left a plethora of explanations for rejecting Lawrence's contribution to the *London Aphrodite*.<sup>18</sup> Davies's memoir records that Lawrence was typing the first typescript of *Pansies* at almost the same rate he was recording notebook versions of the poems (Davies 137).<sup>19</sup> After striking on a word that suddenly focused the psychological paradoxes of his satirical monologue, Lawrence presumably recorded the alteration in the first typescript version of 'An Old Acquaintance —' (Roberts E302f), then, in the second typescript (Roberts E302g), elevated it to the *pensée*'s title.

### Mimicking the Australian Vernacular

Writing to Stephensen and copying out 'An Old Acquaintance' afresh tempted Lawrence into mimicking the Australian vernacular. It is worth pausing for a moment to consider what Lawrence made out of the paradoxical identification of those two slang identities, the Australian 'wowser' and the English 'John Thomas', each customarily seen as the other's moral antipodes. Aldous Huxley had introduced Lawrence to what would become a familiar critical characterisation of him, as an inverted Puritan (Huxley 156). Lawrence shows how easily any escape from Puritanism can be subverted, in the apology of his hapless persona. Alienated from his own sexuality, the persona of 'The little wowser' takes on an increasingly *de haut en bas* censoriousness towards his John-Thomas self, re-inventing the self-repression of the Puritan even while he thinks himself subject to

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## Squib, Not Cannon:

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his lower(-class) urges. Were the whining of the persona not so hilariously captured, this would be searching analysis. As it is, seriousness heightens levity in 'The little wowser', the revised first line and title brilliantly targeting the speaker's joy-killing resentment of his own sex-drive. Ironically, it is the very borrowing from Stephensen that epitomises the pinpoint nimbleness and versatility of attack which differentiate Lawrence's 'squibs' from Stephensen's 'cannon'.

There is a further irony for the bibliographer combing through the Stephensen Papers for records of his association with Lawrence. Although no sign remains of the third *pensée*, the *Papers* include markers of where Lawrence's autograph letters to Stephensen were once filed. It appears Stephensen sold some of his Lawrence manuscripts to alleviate the poverty he and his wife suffered, as a result of the failure of the numerous under-capitalised publishing schemes on which he embarked after returning to Australia in 1932. For the bibliographer and editor of Lawrence's poetry, the Stephensen typescript of 'An Old Acquaintance' scarcely amounts to more than an entry in a variorum apparatus. Its significance is that it is the only known manuscript of a Lawrence poem currently held in Australia. Although Stephensen's projects in support of other writers fed Australian literature with a little life during the Depression, his Quixotic pursuit of a new Australian culture in those years left Australian documentary holdings of European high modernism measurably the poorer.

- Christopher Pollnitz

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### NOTES

<sup>1</sup> The Mitchell's accession number for the *Papers* is MSS 1284. Further references to the Percy Reginald Stephensen Papers at the Mitchell use the cue-title 'MNSW'. Acknowledgments are due to the Mitchell Library and the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, the University of Texas at Austin, for facilitating this research, and to the Estate of the Frieda Lawrence Ravagli, for permission to publish manuscript versions.

<sup>2</sup> Writing of his dealings with Lawrence, in a late account in which there are many errors of fact, Stephensen claimed 'in my own name I published a limited edition of 500 copies of his poems. *Pansies*'. Lawrence's letters nevertheless establish that Lawrence authorised Lahr to publish the unexpurgated edition of *Pansies* and that Lahr did so (Letters, vii. 255-56, 18 April 1929; and vii. 407, 6 August 1929).

<sup>3</sup> Jack Lindsay had proposed to Pino Orioli the making of reproductions of Lawrence's paintings, while on a visit to Florence in October 1928 (Nehls, iii. 300), but Orioli had not relayed the suggestion to Lawrence until Lindsay repeated it in a letter to Orioli (Lindsay, *Life Rarely Tells* 639, 642). Hearing of the proposal on 9 December 1928 but ignorant 'who the Fanfrolicos' were (Letters, vii. 48), Lawrence must have consulted the second issue of the London Aphrodite which Charles Lahr had sent him (Letters, vii. 31, 2 November 1928), since on the same day he sent Rhys Davies in Nice a now-missing letter of inquiry about the Fanfrolico Press. On 14 December Lawrence responded to Lindsay directly: a 'portfolio of reproductions of my pictures' might be 'fun' (Letters, vii. 60). On 19 December Lindsay wrote to Stephensen, already holidaying in France, with suggestions about a contract for a book of Paintings (MNSW, Box 25, 19 December 1928); but by 19 December Stephensen was already winding up his first visit with Lawrence, and his plans with Lawrence had grown from 'black-and-white reproductions' for the Fanfrolico (Letters, vii. 53, 10 December 1928) to a book of 'paintings in colour tone process', publication of which would require an ad hoc publishing venture, the Mandrake Press (Letters, vii. 71, 19 December 1928; Munro, 'Lawrence—Stephensen Letters' 298, 21 December 1928). Although it was on Lindsay's prompting that Lawrence asked Rhys Davies to invite Stephensen to Bandol, Stephensen had reason to think he had made his own way there and that it was the success of his first meeting with Lawrence — they 'got on wonderfully' he confided to his de facto wife, Winifred Lockyer, the day after the visit — which clinched the agreement for the Paintings (Letters, vii. 67; MNSW, Box 122, [19 December 1929]). In the acrimonious break-up between the partners, 1929-30, the Paintings became one bone of contention in a cupboardful of murky skeletons. In later life the two quarrelled vituperatively, in print, over credit for the publication.

<sup>4</sup> Martin Secker published the trade edition of *Pansies* (Roberts A47b) in July 1929; Lahr's privately printed unexpurgated edition (Roberts A47c) appeared in August 1929.

<sup>5</sup> The *Pansies* notebook, Roberts E302d, holds 165 *pensées*, of which 'Mr Squire Says I'm not lovable' is item no. 155, a notebook position indicating it was composed mid-December 1928. The immediate provocation referred to in the title of 'Mr Squire Says I'm not lovable' was Squire's 7 October 1928 review of Lawrence's *Collected Poems* in the *London Observer* (Draper 301).

<sup>6</sup> Barbara Weekley Barr recalls Stephensen and Brewster Ghiselin being in Bandol at the same time (Nehls, iii. 283-84), yet a Lawrence letter to Huxley of 6 January 1929 mentions only Ghiselin's arrival (Letters, vii. 118). Stephensen had planned to return to England by 7 January (MNSW, Box 122, Stephensen to Winifred Lockyer, [31 December 1928]); his strenuous activities in Bandol would have required at least an overnight visit; by 11 January Lawrence is writing of Stephensen's stay in the past tense (Letters, vii. 128).

<sup>7</sup> 'The Whirled Around: Reflections upon Methuselah, Ichthyphallos, Wheels and Dionysos', *London Aphrodite* No. 5 (April 1929): 339.

<sup>8</sup> The high-water mark of the camaraderie between the two satirists is the letter from Paris in which Lawrence relates to Stephensen an





One of these urchins is D.H. Lawrence (at his local primary school). Can you pick him? Answer page 35.

incident which became the basis for a trio of his satirical 'Nettles', 'Puss-Puss!', 'London Mercury' and 'My Little Critics' (Letters, vii. 222, 20 March 1929).

<sup>9</sup> 'Letter to Lionel Ellis, the Painter' is held as a typescript, MNSW, Box 25. It is not known whether this article, cast in the form of an open letter, was published. Though a worthy project, a bibliography of Stephensen's journalism and published articles has yet to be compiled.

<sup>10</sup> MNSW, Box 15. The carbon typescript is on one leaf, 20.9 x 26.0 cm., folded in the same fashion as the leaf on which 'An Old Acquaintance' (see n. 12) is typed.

<sup>11</sup> Another pensée from the Pansies notebook in which Aldous Huxley is referred to as 'Archie' is 'I heard her say —'. Lawrence refrained from collecting 'I heard her say —' in the volume Pansies, perhaps not wanting to jeopardise his friendship with the Huxleys.

<sup>12</sup> Folder: 'Papers 1927-32, re Fanfrolico Press and Mandrake Press', MNSW, Box 25.

<sup>13</sup> The pensée is item no. 153 in Roberts E302d. For more extensive descriptions of the notebook, see Tedlock 104-12; and Pollnitz 156-58.

<sup>14</sup> Roberts E302f. The symbols used to represent authorial alterations are: deletions < >; insertions + +.

<sup>15</sup> Comparison of typefaces, necessarily based in this instance on comparison of photocopies, is a chancy proceeding. In 1995, the first and second typescript copies of Pansies were held in Slough and in London, respectively.

<sup>16</sup> Eric Partridge and G.A. Wilkes both accept 'wowsers' as an Australianism, Partridge defining a wowser as 'A person very puritanical in morals; a spoil-sport; one who neither swears, drinks (in especial), nor smokes', while Wilkes gives 'A censorious person; a killjoy'. John Ruffels has pointed out to me that Cyril Pearl traces the word's historical roots to the Sydney newspaper Truth in the 1890s. Pearl credits Sydney journalist, drunkard and womaniser, John Norton, with inventing the term, as did Norton himself (Pearl 113-14). The derivation establishes the word's applicability to sexual hypocrites as well as to closet drinkers who inveigh against lower-class drunkenness.

<sup>17</sup> At least one poem accepted for the London Aphrodite No. 2 (October 1928), 115, written by an English poet and long-standing friend of Lawrence's, Robert Nichols, adopted the term. In Nichols's 'Sir Horace Wiseacre's Waggery', Sir Horace enjoins us to 'Let wowsers wowse'.

<sup>18</sup> Jack Lindsay refused the pensées: because they ran counter to the Norman Lindsay aesthetic, and would also bring the wrath of Joynson Hicks upon the periodical (Nehls, iii. 302); because they were among the weaker poems in Pansies (Lindsay, Life Rarely Tells 647); and because he didn't like them (Lindsay, 'Expatriate Publishing' 178). Created as a forum for Lindsay's poetry after it had been rejected by the established outlets for modernist verse, the London Aphrodite maintained a consistently debunking stance towards established modernists, including Lawrence. If another explanation of Lindsay's editorial fiat is required, it would be that he could not resist rejecting a representative

of the club which had rejected him.

<sup>19</sup> Starting from the point at which he established himself in Bandol, 17 November 1928, Lawrence would have had to compose pensées at a rate of about six per day to fill the notebook by 20 December. By 29 November, therefore, one might expect him to have reached item no. 72 in the notebook. Davies speaks of Lawrence not writing but typing a version of his pensée 'November by the Sea' during his first visit to Bandol, 29 November—2 December 1928. Under the title 'On the Shore', 'November by the Sea' is entered as item no. 73 in the Pansies notebook, E302d.

## INKY'S NICKNAME?

The usually punctilious biographer of Percival Reginald ("Inky") Stephensen, Craig Munro, has claimed Stephensen's nickname appeared around 1918, and therefore was probably derived from the diggers' song "Mademoiselle from Armentiers" which contains the chorus line "inky pinky parlez vous".

While there is no certainty in nickname origins, I venture to say that "Inky" has a different origin.

The illustrious legal and civil service family, the Stephens, from which Virginia Woolf was a member, has had several biographies written about them. One was entitled "Think of Stephen" a reference to a widely-advertised brand of ink named Stephen's Ink. Their advertising legend "Think of Ink, Think of Stephen's."

Interestingly, Inky Stephensen's Australian literary idol was A.G. Stevens who wrote the famous literary Red Page in the *Bulletin*. There also appeared at that time a column called "The Inky Way" which may also have been written by Stevens.

# THE INKY WAY

*'...whatever faith 'Inky' might accept, he would accept it with such zealous excitement that it would temporarily blind him to everything else. Such was his nature, such was his charm. You heard him approaching a pub many minutes before he flung wide the door and entered bellowing for drinks all round. Then there would be back-slapping, laughter, excitement that seemed to tinkle thrillingly along the very glasses on the shelves. He stirred a pub to life.'*

***Life Rarely Tells: Jack Lindsay (Penguin, 1992) p 594***

When Percy Reginald Stephensen met D.H. Lawrence and Frieda, in Bandol in late 1928, (see *Rananim* 5:1) he was in the throes of abandoning the Norman Lindsayian creed of *Creative Effort*, as practised by Lindsay's son Jack, and on the look-out for a new messiah to embrace.

PRS, or 'Inky', as he was known to his wide circle of friends, and enemies, had arrived at Oxford from Brisbane in 1924, a Rhodes Scholar and fervent member of the Ipswich branch of the Communist Party of Australia.

As the above quote has it, Inky had embraced communism with zealous excitement to the exclusion of all other philosophies. Foresaking his studies, he threw himself into writing pamphlets, speaking from platforms, and, significantly, translating the works of V.I. Lenin into English for the very first time. He took his vacations in Paris where he mingled with Russian emigre students; discussed Marxism and translated poems by Alexander Blok (*The Scythians*), and Mayakovsky (*The Death of Lenin*). He never did things by half.<sup>2</sup>

In subsequent years he was followed to Oxford by other Queensland University students, including Tom Inglis Moore. Inky's pamphleteering amongst Indian students at Oxford earned him a 24-hour suspension, and a warning further activity would result in his expulsion. Stephensen shared rooms with Moore who was also involved in Indian student politics.

Their campaign led to mention in the House of Lords, and a debate by the Oxford Union that Stephensen's suspension was unwarranted.<sup>3</sup>

Surprisingly, these pressures by university administrators resulted in both Moore and Stephensen deciding they would quit the Communist party. Inky, however, took longer over his leaving than Moore; from 1926, when he made up his mind he still engaged in revolutionary writing (reviews for the

*Sunday Worker* until 1929), gradually drifting away from Oxford, and seeking the company of less political associates. Meantime, he graduated with a Bachelor of Arts<sup>4</sup>.

About this time, John Kirtley, a Sydney stockbroker and fine book printer, came to London to engage in his hobby with young poet and writer, Jack Lindsay, the son of Australia's famous artist and anti-moralist crusader, Norman Lindsay.

Stephensen joined Jack Lindsay, a fellow Queenslander, and Kirtley publishing a riposte journal in counter to the *London Mercury* called, transparently, the *London Aphrodite*. Stephensen, Lindsay and Kirtley also published some elaborate editions of works under the imprint of Fanfrolico Press. Stephensen became Fanfrolico's manager. The press was part financed by Norman as a vehicle for publishing his son's writings; Kirtley, and later Brian Penton, reported back on Jack's welfare to his secretly indulgent father.<sup>5</sup>

But Stephensen, by no means an easy personality to endure over long periods of time, began to have misgivings about the direction Fanfrolico Press was taking, and particularly the creed under which it flourished or didn't flourish: Norman Lindsay's book *Creative Effort*, which held that all artistic personages lived on a sort of Olympian plain, far removed from lesser mortals, and that there was a kind of Top Forty of elect writers, composers and poets. (Baudelaire, Flaubert, Beethoven, Aristophanes, William Blake, Catullus, and Nietzsche among others.)

Lindsay senior also had his list of 'art villains', which included modernist writers like D.H. Lawrence, whose works were not admired under Lindsayism.<sup>6</sup>

Part of Stephensen's problem was that he had admired Lawrence's novel of Australia - *Kangaroo*, which he had read in 1924 in Brisbane. He had even written the foreword to a review of the novel in the Brisbane *Daily Standard*, the local Labor paper. The main review was written by the legendary Labor editor, R.S. Ross. Stephensen in his foreword had said Lawrence's novel had "burst like a bomb amongst his critics".<sup>7</sup>

In late 1928, in an attempt to get some breathing space from his publishing colleagues, and to sell some of the rapidly accumulating back list of Fanfrolico publications, Inky proposed to his partners he take a trunk-load of their fine publishing and travel to the wealthy French Riviera to generate some much-needed revenue. By coincidence, his Bloomsbury boozing pals, Welsh writer Rhys Davies,

and Irish writer Liam O'Flaherty, were staying there, the latter having written suggesting they visit.<sup>8</sup>

December 1928 found Stephensen in Nice with Davies, who told him Lawrence had written to him from nearby Bandol, saying he had heard from the Florence publisher Orioli that Fanfrolico was considering doing a book of Lawrence's paintings. (Actually, Orioli had suggested this to a non-committal Jack Lindsay in Florence, but Jack had omitted to tell Stephensen on his return.) Stephensen decided to take the long train journey to Bandol to visit Lawrence and Frieda at the Hotel Beau Rivage. Davies joined him.

Lawrence was delighted at the prospect of a visit by this lively colonial whose letter had crossed with Lawrence's own to Fanfrolico Press, asking would they publish a book of his paintings.

Stephensen later wrote: "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 described himself in his novel which most interested me, *Kangaroo*."<sup>9</sup>

Bearing in mind Lawrence's frail state, (he was to die the following year), it seems Stephensen was oblivious of this, and talked non-stop way into the night, leaving Lawrence's head spinning, and unable to sleep. Nonetheless, he did prove a powerful distraction for Lawrence, who enjoyed this first visit and Stephensen's wild enthusiasm to discuss, clarify and evangelise Lawrence's work in England and elsewhere. Inky seems, according to Christopher Pollnitz's investigations, to have introduced Lawrence to the word he had been looking for all his life, "wowsers" (see p 6) - an Australian invention meaning "moralistic, hypocritical, kill-joy".

Unfortunately, Stephensen does not seem to have written at all in detail of these intense discussions with Lawrence concerning Australia and *Kangaroo*. In the Sydney *Observer* article he wrote thirty years later, the one memorable comment was:

*we talked a good deal about Australia. Both he 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.*<sup>10</sup>

On a second visit the following month, Lawrence did not find Stephensen so ebullient; more subdued; he did not work his previous magic on Lawrence.

In fact, Stephensen seemed more distracted by his bust-up with Jack Lindsay. Inky's Fanfrolico phase was ending; (another "ism" to be discarded). He only stayed briefly with the Lawrences before smuggling three of Lawrence's paintings back to London, where he proposed establishing the Mandrake Press with Edward Goldston, and publishing Lawrence's paint-

ings, thereby breaking his ties with the Lindsayans.<sup>11</sup>

But in between visits, he and Lawrence exchanged letters: Stephensen saying, like Lawrence, he was a purposeful hater, systematic:

*"It is too easy to hate the ruling class as a social class. We must hate and destroy it as cancerous; as threatening life..."*<sup>12</sup>

He likened Lawrence's fight against the "wowsers" to that of Norman Lindsay who painted robust nude women to upset the *paterfamilias*.

Inky told Lawrence he would publish his paintings in 'colour tone process'.

Lawrence wrote back excitedly:

*I feel you and I have something in the spirit in common- or uncommon- we must work in unison and plan together. I hear those pillars, (a Samsonian image), going crack already. Fun!*<sup>13</sup>

As well as bursting into new activity arranging the new book of the paintings, Stephensen also set about helping preparing an unexpurgated edition of Lawrence's poems *Pansies*, which he allowed to be released with his own name as publisher (even appearing in court as publisher because he considered DHL's work important).

He secretly began searching out a London printer who would be prepared to print an unexpurgated edition of Lawrence's banned book, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Quite clearly, Stephensen had found a new guru to replace his passed enthusiasms.....Or had he?

Following his discussions of *Kangaroo* with Lawrence, Inky claims he went back to London and whipped up a bookful of sketches of bush life in rural Australia, "over the Whitsunday weekend", based upon his childhood recollections. He entitled the sketches *The Bushwhackers*, had it published by Fanfrolico, and sent off a copy to Lawrence for comment.

Prior to sending this copy, Stephensen wrote telling Lawrence of the sketches to which Lawrence replied:

*I shall be interested to see your Bushwhackers, I am puzzled that you should feel you have to conquer or contradict something of me inside yourself. Kangaroo was only just what I felt. You may indeed know something much deeper and more vital about Australia and the Australian future, I should be the first to admit it.*

When Inky sent the text, Lawrence made gentle criticism:

*I read Bushwhackers, and it's not 'childish', it's that it's too sketchy.*

*You won't be patient enough and go deep enough into your own scene.*

*You always stay at the level of the sketch, because of the hurry. If you went deeper you'd get a real book out of it. But you haven't the submission.*<sup>14</sup>

Craig Munro, Inky's biographer, felt the book

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*Rananim*

## The Inky Way

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owed more to Lawson and Steele Rudd, and the Irish stories of Liam O'Flaherty. Shaped around historical themes and social issues, rather than psychological narratives.

But by April 1929 Inky was beginning to define his new direction: he published an essay in the second last *London Aphrodite*, entitled *The Whirled Around - Reflections upon Methuselah, Ichthyphallos, Wheels and Dionysos*. The essay is probably the only clue we have to the Stephensen/Lawrence dialogues of 1928/29. He praised Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, praising his blood-is-spirit philosophy, but adding that it must be "the delighted blood of Dionysos", not Lawrence's "dark blood". He did say Lawrence was a "modern Luddite warrior", but felt he was too aloof from activity. He praised 'practical communism' as opposed to "daring modern novelists and playwrights":

*The bourgeois require shocking all will agree. Well, shock them properly. Expropriate them. They started the wheels going, now they cannot control the wheels. Expropriate them; smash them on their own wheels. Let us have proletarian ownership of the wheels, then. The axles will be better greased, the wheels will whirl more steadily...*

*There will still be wheels. And upon the Communist wheel, revolve it ever so smoothly, there will still be individual communists; each with a pulse of blood. I speak of a rhythm uncontrolled by politics.*<sup>15</sup>

By late 1929 Inky was floundering in a sea of "isms"; he had entirely rejected scientific communism ("It was only banditry disguised as a political philosophy, based on resentment and hatred, and completely lacking in human kindness, toleration or humour"). Instead he was a Bakuninite anarchist, with shades of Nietzsche, and a Lawrentian/Lindsayan anti-moralist stance. Lawrence too served as a constant reminder that he must resolve his own Australian identity.

The following year was full of drama: Lawrence's poems were banned; the Italian edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was strongly vilified in the English press; and the Warren Gallery, where his paintings were on exhibition, was raided by police on July 5th, 1929. Any paintings showing pubic hair or genitals were taken.

Twelve thousand people paid a shilling to view the remaining paintings. Few were sold.<sup>16</sup>

Stephensen wrote a spirited letter to Lawrence: he and the new Mandrake Press, which Stephensen ran under Edward Goldston after he had parted company from Jack Lindsay's Fanfrolico Press, were prepared to go to court to defend the publication of *Pansies*, Lawrence's poems, or the book of Lawrence's paintings.

*I'm ready for 'em...this fight for free expres-*

*sion has to be fought all over again since those blackguardly little police pimps and spies have goose-stepped into action.* Inky assured Lawrence both he and Goldston were not worried, quoting the latter as saying: *they can fine us or perhaps lock us up, but they can't put us in the family way.*<sup>17</sup>

It was obvious Stephensen could still be critical of Lawrence for choosing the wrong target in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*: the gentry were already overthrown, the real target was the capitalist. Inky only identified with one man, Michael Bukunin *the only man who has lived dangerously*. The true revolutionary, Stephensen wrote in the last *London Aphrodite*, *possessed uncompromising pugnacity in rebelliousness which marks Satan for our respect.*<sup>18</sup>

Inky Stephensen, one of the best judges of Australian book-flesh, led an amazing life. For those who want to learn more, I would recommend Craig Munro's biography: *Wild Man of Letters*: (Melbourne University Press:1984).

I now want to develop an observation I have made whilst pursuing Lawrence's Australian discussions with Stephensen. Jack Lindsay, in his biographical trilogy, *Life Rarely Tells* (Penguin:1982, p 691 footnote), makes the extraordinary claim that his erstwhile publishing colleague Stephensen was so impressed with D.H. Lawrence

*In a sense he was trying to live through DHL's Kangaroo, bring it true.*

Over the past few years, I have been trying to discover any writing by Inky which would throw further light on his discussions with Lawrence about Australia and *Kangaroo*. One brief quote, which appears above from one letter, and the Sydney *Observer* article about Inky's role in publishing the English edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (see *Rananim* 5-1), and reviews in *The Publicist* later, are all I have discovered.

But the more I read about Inky Stephensen, the more I begin to realise Jack Lindsay's observation was correct: Inky Stephensen was living *Kangaroo* - making it come true.

Because of considerations of space, and the fact this theory is still evolving, I shall summarise a few incidents to illustrate.

**Incident One:** When Stephensen returned to England in late 1928, after meeting Lawrence and Frieda for the first time, Kirtley's replacement as Norman Lindsay's son's minder, Brian Penton, wrote confidentially to Norman Lindsay in a state of alarm, warning him that NL's son Jack, was in danger: 'Inky' had gone "homo". He was "demanding continuous reassurances of affection from Jack" (Lindsay) "and for everyone who threatens to supplant him in those affections, he manifests the implacable hatred of a jealous lover". (See Penton's biography: *The Scandalous Penton* by Patrick Buckridge, University of Queensland Press, St Lucia, 1994, p 95).



**Incident Two:** On his return to Australia, Inky set about revitalising worthy, genuine Australian culture. In 1936 he published his landmark *The Foundations of Culture In Australia*, he commenced publishing a journal, *The Publicist*, based around the journal's wealthy sponsor W.J.Miles' Rationalist and Australian nationalist beliefs. During the Second World War *The Publicist* began to focus on the formation of an Australia First Party. It issued details of 50 points this party should consider. This journal under Stephensen was becoming increasingly anti-every-nation-but-Australia; equated communism and the Jews; and denounced Australia's subservience to others. It came under the notice of Censorship, and security agents began attending its meetings and taking notes.

At a meeting of the Australia First Movement at the Adyar Hall, Sydney on 14 February, 1942, when the chairman called upon a Mr Masey to speak on Australian Nationalism, an interjector shouted this was a fascist organisation, and a violent brawl erupted, according to an agent's report:

*There was a scuffle which rapidly developed into a serious brawl. Blows were exchanged, chairs overturned. A group of men rushed the platform. By the time the arrival of uniformed police had stopped the brawl, Stephensen's face was covered with blood and there were many black eyes and cut faces. Stephensen said that the meeting would continue. After interjectors had prevented Stephensen from speaking for some minutes, about half the audience walked out. Thereupon, Stephenson spoke for about an hour.*

*Mr Stephensen, his face covered with blood and*

*one of his eyes looking angry in more ways than one proceeded with his address in what developed into an awestricken silence. Only at the conclusion of his remarkable (under the circumstances) oration, did the people cheer. It was a good burst of applause, which may have been attributed to the man's physical and mental endurance, or otherwise.*

*To a mere onlooker who appreciated the present national position, the whole of the proceedings seemed unnecessary and in bad taste.<sup>19</sup>*

This was Inky, the human bomb, exploding his revolutionary ideas in a most incendiary manner, the Lawrentian Bakuninite at work.

**Incident Three:** For his Australia First activities in stirring up anti-allied sentiments at the height of invasion fever in April, 1942, he was arrested and interned in a prisoner-of-war camp for the duration. He was also accused of Pro-Japanese activity. His battle to try to secure his release was Inky's 'Nightmare'. Just like Lawrence, he was powerless against the bureaucracy.<sup>20</sup>

After Stephensen's eventual release from prison in 1946 he was very disillusioned with politics, withdrew from public life completely and "ghosted" several books by the swashbuckling ex-New Guard member, Frank Clune.<sup>21</sup>

Whilst researching one of these books in Tasmania, Inky discovered the story of a Danish adventurer named Jorgen Jorgensen. This colourful merchant sailor had been a temporary Governor of Iceland; a secret agent for Britain against France; and finally settled in Tasmania, where he worked conscientiously uncovering smugglers for the government.

Inky's biographer, Craig Munro, presciently observed that when Inky described Jorgensen's career, he could easily have been describing himself:

*The pen, in his hand, was the last resort of a man of action reduced to inactivity. He used it as a duellist uses a rapier to defend himself and wound his enemies; but those against whom he fought used methods less valorous and more sure than his. By secret political influence, they bludgeoned him with incarceration and put him under the law's mean displeasure.<sup>22</sup>*

It is from Stephensen's writings of others that we receive a rare insight into his own private feelings about his internment during the war. He employed the method Lawrence did with his 'Nightmare' chapter in *Kangaroo*, using his writing to exorcise a long-buried traumatic experience.

**Incident Four:** In 1956, feeling jaded from working on Frank Clune's adventure and travel books, he stated to Clune that he wanted a change of scene

*I intend to emerge from my hermit silence of ten years and to resume my volcanic activity in Melbourne...<sup>23</sup>*

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Marylyn Valentine is the winner of our cartoon caption contest announced in the April edition of *Rananim*. Here is the cartoon again, with Marylyn's caption:



"Surreal pose, Oedipal prose", you say, "just as well a rose is a rose..."

## The Inky Way

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As with much of Lawrence's life, apocryphal stories sprang up about the long and colourful career of the legendary Inky Stephensen. Consider the circumstances of his death. Inky's very thorough biographer - to whom I am largely indebted for much of this article - Craig Munro, says Inky Stephensen died as he would have wanted to.

As befitted such a romantic revolutionary, in May 1965 Inky Stephensen collapsed, having just addressed a large audience of the annual literature night at Melbourne's Savage Club, on his role in helping publish *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. He resumed his seat to thunderous applause, and promptly dropped dead! Volcanic activity to the last.<sup>24</sup>

However, I am informed by the editor of the C.U.P. edition of Lawrence's poems, Christopher Pollnitz, that he has been told a more prosaic, but equally typical account of Inky's demise; according to an eye-witness who was present, Inky did not die in the Savage Club. He left the hall unscathed, and in the car park took his farewell, saying "I suppose I had better fuck off"...then promptly fell dead, Lawrence's famous word on his lips to the end.<sup>25</sup>

- John K. Ruffels.

## Endnotes

1. Quoting Phil Lindsay, *Life Really Tells* by Jack Lindsay. Penguin Books. Vic. 1982. Footnote p 594.
2. Ibid. p 594.
3. *Wild Men of Letters* by Craig Munro. Melbourne University Press, 1984.
4. Ibid Ch. 4.
5. *The Scandalous Penton* by Patrick Buckridge. University of Queensland Press, Brisbane, 1994, p 95.
6. Lindsay, p322.
7. Quoted in Munro, p 25.
8. For account of following see Munro, p258-9; Lindsay, p 644, and *D.H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography*. University of Wisconsin Press, Wisconsin, 1959, Vol 111, p 300.
9. See *The Observer* (Sydney) Nov 26, 1960, p 11.
10. See *Rananim* Vol 5 No 1, April 1997, pp 31-32
11. Op. cit.
12. Quoted Munro . p 74.
13. Ibid.
14. Munro, p 79-80
15. Munro, p 84.
16. Munro, p 86.
17. Munro, p 86.
18. Munro, p 87.
19. *Australia in the War*, Series 4, Paul Hasluck (ed.) *The Government and the People*, Vol 2, Appendix 5, p 725.
20. Op. cit. pp 718-742.
21. Munro, p 253 et seq.
22. Munro, p 259.
23. Munro, p 261.
24. Munro, p 270.
25. I am indebted to Craig Munro, the late Jack Lindsay and the late Edward Nehls for much background information used in this discussion. My thanks also to Christopher Pollnitz.

# FOLLOWING LAWRENCE...

cont'd from page 1

that section of the book is so clearly reportage that it is safe to use it as a pilgrims' guide.

When they reached Manly on their ferry-steamer, the Lawrences (or the Somers) thought it looked a bit like Margate, but were impressed when they came out "...on a promenade at the end, and there is the wide Pacific rolling in on the yellow sand: the wide fierce sea, that makes all the built-over land dwindle into non-existence. At least there was a heavy swell on, so the Pacific belied its name and crushed the earth with its rollers." Right throughout *Kangaroo*, when the Lawrences are living at Thirroul, the power and majesty of the sea return as a major theme.

The pilgrims walked to the end of the promenade to see the tea rooms (now a gelato parlour) where Frieda/Harriett lost her scarf, "her big silky yellow scarf that was so warm and lovely." Lawrence makes the usual mistake of visitors in attempting to translate Australian speech into Cockney when he has the waitresses tell Frieda that they 'hedn't seen it' and that 'the next people who kyme arfter must 'ev tyken it.'

Looking for a cheap house, Lawrence/Somers and Frieda/Harriett took the tram (now extinct) north along the beaches to Narrabeen. The present-day pilgrims went by bus and what they saw as they drove through the heavily-built up suburbs of 1997 was somewhat different to the straggling beach settlements which so affronted Lawrence, and made him wish the sea "...would send a wave about fifty feet high round the whole coast of Australia."

**They sat in the tram-car and ran for miles along a coast with ragged bush loused over with thousands of small promiscuous bungalows, built of everything from patchwork of kerosene tin up to fine red brick and stucco, like Margate. Not far off the Pacific boomed. But fifty yards inland started these bits of swamp and end-**

**less promiscuity of "cottages."**

The tram shelter at Narrabeen terminus ("the end of everywhere") where the Lawrences got off still exists but the shops are not "fly blown" and there is no longer "an aura of rusty tin cans" round about. Estate agents these days are not much given to the '4 Sale' or '2 Let' signs which also upset DHL.

**Probably there was a colonial in-**



K-K Douglass cuts the cake.

**tention of jocularity. But it was almost enough for Somers. He would have died rather than have put himself into one of those cottages.**

He was a little more mollified when he and Frieda/Harriett sat on the sands and ate pears, observing the local youth at weekend leisure.

**A blond young man wearing a jacket over his bathing suit walked by with two girls. He had huge, massive legs, astonishing. And near at hand Somers saw another youth lying on the warm sandhill in the sun.**

He had rolled in the sand while he was wet, so he was hardly distinguishable. But he lay like an animal on his face in the sun, and again Somers wondered at the thick legs. They seemed to run to leg, these people.

The present-day pilgrims had their reward for a longish walk from the bus terminus when they had lunch at the Surf Side Cafe, Narrabeen, within sight of the sandy stretch where Lawrence and Frieda must have sat in the sun. The menu: fish and chips, veal shank on roasted onions with a mustard cream sauce, sirloin steak with wild mushrooms and a rosemary glaze.

The last event was afternoon tea at Sandra and Rob Darroch's cottage at Collaroy, with a specially-baked 75th anniversary cake, and toasts drunk to DHL and Frieda. The party went to the house close by of marine biologist Phil Colman to look at early photographs of the northern beaches.

Rob Darroch then took the pilgrims on a short walk to see the house *Hinemoa* which, according to the Darroch Thesis set out in *DH Lawrence in Australia*, is a revamped version of *St Columb*, the house in *Kangaroo* where Somers and Harriett went for afternoon tea. Rob Darroch believes Lawrence met WWI veteran and militia officer Major Jack Scott there, and that Jack Scott was the original of Jack Callcott in the novel.

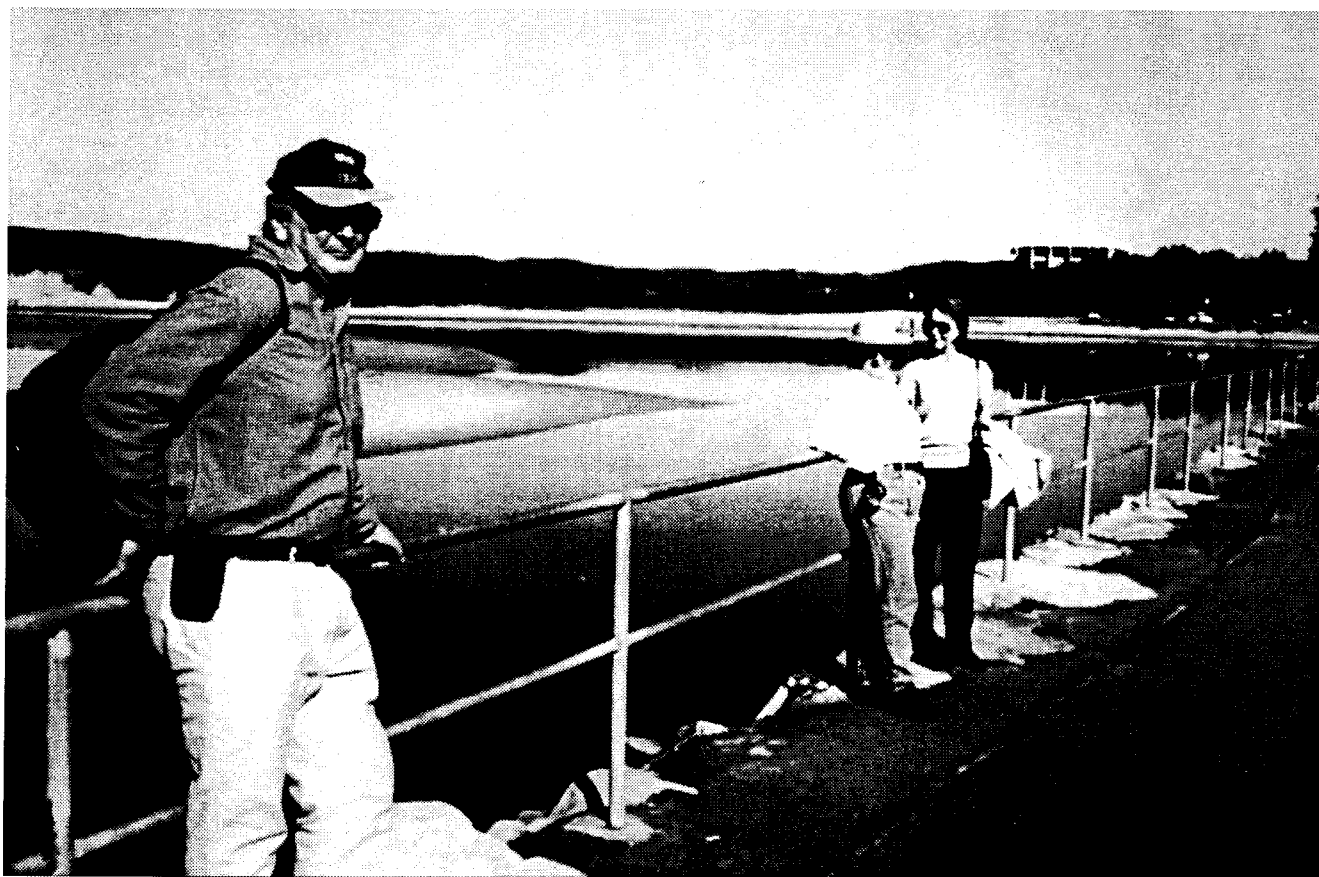
**The Somers left St Columb at sunset. The East, over the Pacific, was a tall concave of rose-coloured clouds, marvelous high apse.... And from time to time, on the left hand, they caught sight of the long green rollers of the Pacific, with the star-white foam, and back of that the dusk green sea glimmered over with smoky rose, reflected from the eastern horizon where the bank of flesh-rose colour and pure smoke blue lingered for a long time, like magic, as if the sky's rim were cooling down.**

Some things don't change, 75 years on. The eastern horizon was very like that when the pilgrims turned for home, making a pleasingly appropriate end to the day.

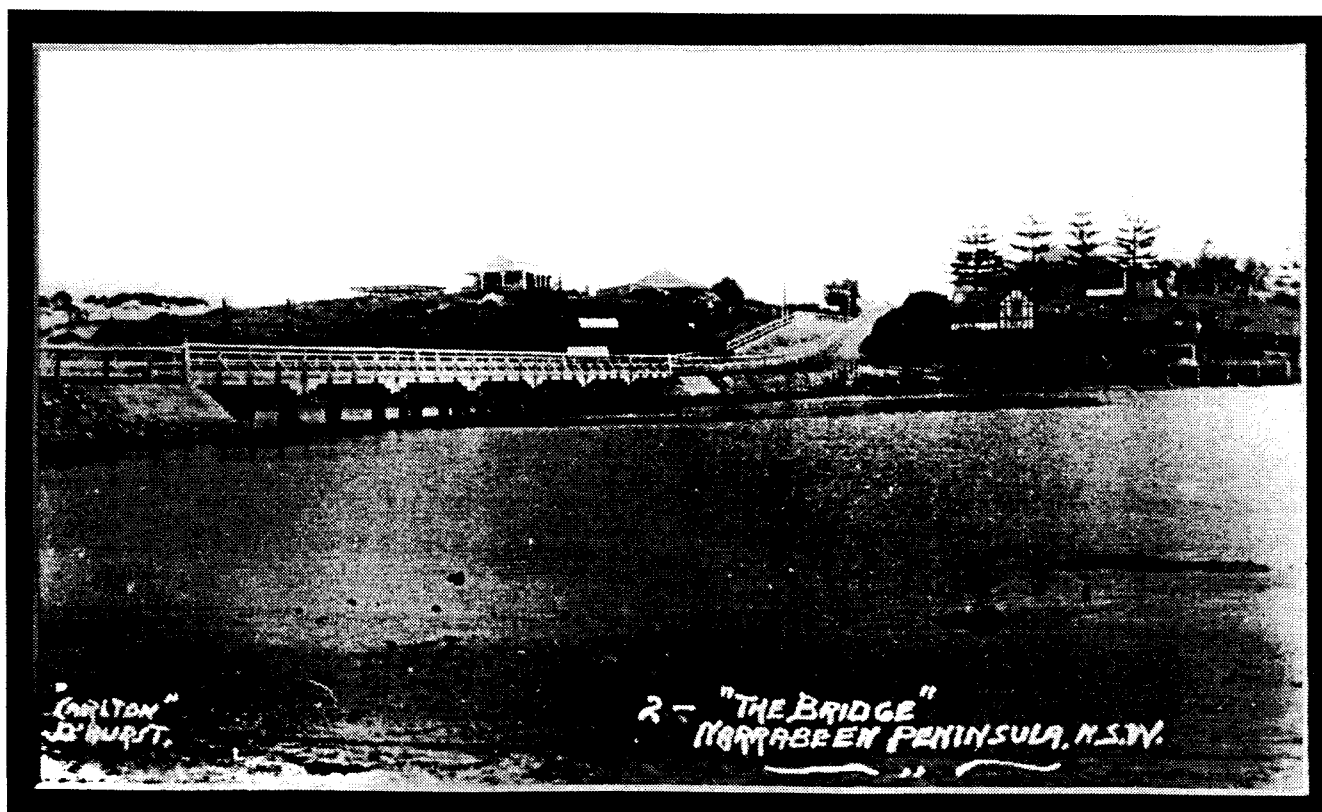
- Margaret Jones



# *From City to Surf...*



*Now...and then. Three members of the Society pose, Munch-like, on the bridge over Narrabeen Lagoon. While (below) is what the scene looked like in 1922. Of additional interest is the lack of any evidence of a likely "end house" such as Lawrence describes, adding a tincture of pictorial weight to the belief that, if such a house existed, it was not at Narrabeen.*







*The Society meets outside the American Club in Macquarie Street, the site of the "more or less expensive" guesthouse where Lawrence and Frieda stayed in 1922.*



*Members pose for a Press photographer at the DHL plaque at Circular Quay (the photographer climbed on to an awning to get a better angle).*



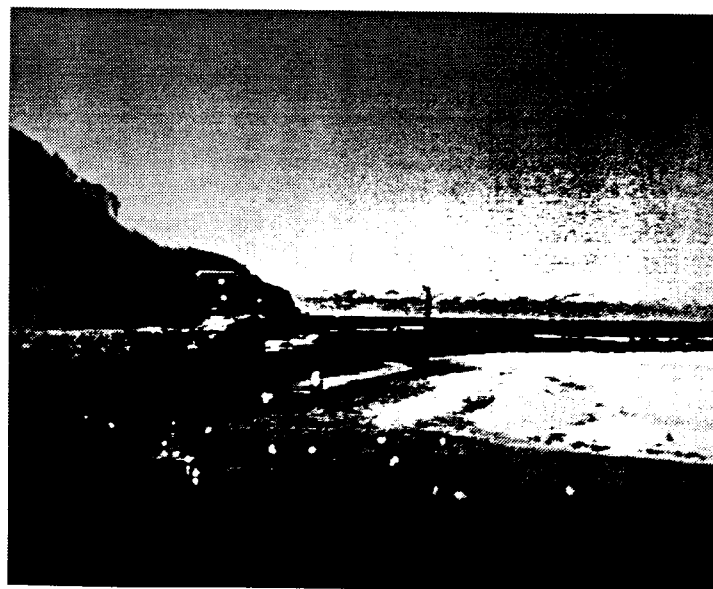
*The tour reaches the end of the Manly Corso and several members pose outside what is believed to be the cafe in which Frieda lost her yellow scarf.*



*Lagoon Street - the wide sandy road (now partly tarmac) down which Lawrence and Frieda walked on Sunday, 28 May 1922, noting the houses "2-let" and "4-sale" on their way to Narrabeen Beach and the Lagoon. Lawrence said he would rather die than live in one of them.*



*The Lagoon - still today largely as it was, with the little piece of native reserve opposite the warm sand where massive-legged Australians lunged about, mindless as opossums.*



*The beach - the entrance to the Lagoon, where Lawrence noted that the "sea had got in and couldn't get out."*

## LAWRENCE AND TOCQUEVILLE ON DEMOCRACY

If it is true, as Eric Bentley has said, that D.H. Lawrence is one of the "twentieth century's mythopoeic geniuses" (1) (the other being W.B. Yeats), it is no small feather in Australia's cap that one of his major works is Australian in setting and context. Australia gave Lawrence the opportunity to do what many other political writers have done since Plato and Aristotle, and that is to sift through carefully the advantages and disadvantages, virtues and vices of democracy on the one hand and of aristocracy on the other. For Lawrence Australia provided the laboratory for research into Democracy even as he had grown up with an "intrinsic" understanding of the older aristocratic conditions back in Europe. *Kangaroo* can be read in the same manner as Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, i.e., as a comparative analysis of Old Europe on the one hand, and the new beginning on a new continent on the other. And just as with Tocqueville's book, Lawrence's writing springs out of a sense of crisis and anxiety as far as Western civilisation and the fate of mankind is concerned. Thus a political novel set in Australia provides him with the occasion to meditate on the fate of modern man.

For his part, Tocqueville begins his study of America with its physical characteristics, just as Lawrence launches into immediate detail about the Australian "environment." But the Frenchman gives an account of early American history as part and parcel of his "political science." He describes the nature and importance of the Puritan experience for understanding America. Lawrence by contrast does not even mention the First Fleet and the transportation of criminals or even the formation of the Commonwealth of Australia, which had taken place only twenty-one years before his writing. He either did not think that the origins of Australia in the transportation of convicts were as salient to the Australian present as Tocqueville thought the Puritans of America were to its present; or he intended his "psychology" to do in his writing what "history" had done in the case of Tocqueville's study. But despite these obvious differences, the political reactions of the French aristocrat and the English collier's son to America and Australia respectively are very similar. Both Tocqueville and Lawrence were ambiguous about Democracy to be sure, but surprisingly enough perhaps, Lawrence is far more pro-aristocratic than Tocqueville, despite or perhaps because of the fact that he had "no antecedents," while Tocqueville had his proud aristocratic blood and heritage. Whereas Tocqueville expresses caution and doubt about egalitarian Democracy, Lawrence (somewhat in the spirit of Flaubert perhaps),

expresses genuine hostility. Although Lawrence is much more "a man of the people" than Tocqueville, his "Richard Lovatt Somers could not stand" the fact that "it was a granted condition of Australia that Demos was his own master." (2)

Tocqueville begins his great study by saying that "Among the novel objects that attracted my attention during my stay in the United States, nothing struck me more forcibly than the general equality of condition among the people." (3) This idea of the prevailing "equality of condition" in America is the key to Tocqueville's whole work and provides the *leitmotif* behind all his observation of America's novelty and its differences from aristocratic Europe. Likewise we see Lawrence/Somers coming face to face in Australia with the democratic ethos. "(In) spite of all disparity in wealth" that he saw in Australia "Somers for the first time felt himself immersed in real democracy." "The instinct of the place was absolutely and flatly democratic, *à terre* democratic." (4)

The explanation for these reactions or perceptions here is that although Tocqueville was a scion of a great aristocratic family and Lawrence was a collier's son, they were both Europeans. This fact, and not their "class" standing, at least in Lawrence's presentation, is definitive.

*You may be the most liberal Englishman, and yet you cannot fail to see the categorical difference between the responsible and the irresponsible classes. You cannot fail to admit the necessity for rule. (In England). Either you admit yourself an anarchist, or you admit the necessity for rule. (5)*

Lawrence's critique of Australia, and therewith of Democracy in general, is then from a European vantage point, which is to say from a vantage point where the costs of Democracy, or those things it must almost of necessity leave out, are most evident to the sensitive observer.

- Colin D. Pearce

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### Endnotes

1. Eric Bentley, *A Century of Hero-Worship: A Study of the Idea of Heroism in Carlyle and Nietzsche with Notes on Other Hero-Worshippers of Modern Times* (Philadelphia and New York: J B Lippincott Company, 1944), 252.
2. D H Lawrence, *Kangaroo* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1960), 27.
3. Alexis de Tocqueville, *Democracy in America* 2 vols. (New York: Vintage Books, 1945) 1:3.
4. *Kangaroo*, 27.
5. *Ibid.*, 27-28.

# MINING LAWRENCE'S NOMENCLATURE

## What's in a Name?

There are a considerable number of proper names in *Kangaroo*. What part two of this article intends to do is to try to discover, or suggest, whence Lawrence obtained some of them.

In fact, there are over 300 of such names/nouns in the novel. Most are taken unchanged from real life or some other form of actuality, so there is little mystery about them.

Others are changed, but their provenance is obvious - though here the specific transpositions used may be of interest. What we are most interested in, however, are the origins of those small number of names which up until now have been either a mystery, or of disputed origin.

We are, especially in this latter area, somewhat hamstrung by the fact that Lawrence's period in Australia is itself something of a mystery, or at least of controversy.

In his book, *D.H. Lawrence at Thirroul*, local South Coast historian Dr Joseph Davis argued that Lawrence, once ensconced in Wyewurk, scarcely stirred at all, and was certainly not dashing up to Sydney every week and mixing with secret army figures, as the Darroch Thesis suggests. (CUP *Kangaroo* editor Professor Bruce Steele has largely cleaved to Dr Davis's view on this matter.)

And it must be confessed that, even if the Darroch Thesis were given some credence, it is presently unable to state with confidence precisely whom Lawrence met in Sydney and Thirroul, nor exactly where he went, nor when, nor what he may or may not have read or heard while in Eastern Australia.

Happily, however, this area of uncertainty does not apply to one important section of the novel: "The Nightmare" chapter.

For this famous chapter is based, not on Lawrence's Australian experiences, but on his earlier wartime period in England. And this period is well documented, not only through his letters - the main Lawrence biographical source - but via the memoirs of various friends and acquaintances (plus the extensive research of a host of diligent Lawrence scholars). Thus, in this chapter at least, we can bring to bear the same sort of biographical resources that can be applied to other, equally well-documented parts of his life.

In "The Nightmare" chapter almost all the proper names that Lawrence uses turn out to have been taken, unchanged, from reality, viz:

(places) New York, Bodmin, the Foreign Office, House of Commons, Scotland Yard, Hampstead Heath, Parliament Hill, Spaniards Road, Platts Lane, St Paul's, Cornwall, the Atlantic, Penzance, Jupiter, the Vale, London, Truro, Plymouth, Bristol, Birmingham, Derby, Tipperary, Tennessee, the Midlands, Nottingham, Berkshire, the Strand, Germany, Salisbury, Mecklenberg Square, Kings Cross Road, Theobald's Road, Bow Street, Kensington, Derbyshire, Oxfordshire, St Pancras, Italy, Great Eastern Station, Dover, Folkstone, the Carlton Hotel, etc, and

(people and other) Bottomley, *John Bull*, Asquith, Lloyd George, Zeppelin, Apache, Allies, American, Welsh, Jews, Celts, Defence of the Realm Act, Great Western, Oscar Wilde, Weslyean, William Morris, Fabianism, Hardy's *Woodlanders*, Edgar Allen Poe, *Adam Bede*, Snowfields, etc.

From these names it is obvious that in "The Nightmare" chapter Lawrence was drawing on reality quite closely. He apparently saw no point in fictionalising such names. So from this and other evidence we can be reasonably sure that in this chapter, when Lawrence says Somers did this or that, this was in fact what Lawrence did do (no one really disputes this).

Let us now proceed to examine those few names in "The Nightmare" chapter which Lawrence *did* transpose or disguise (listed below, with their probable origin and/or transpositions):

FICTION	ORIGIN	TRANSPOSITION
Mr Monsell	Robert Mountsier	<u>Bonsall</u> (place)- <u>Monsell</u>
Buryan [family]	Hocking [family]	borrowed place name
John Thomas* B.	William Henry H.	ditto (*see below)
<u>Trendrinnan</u>	<u>Tregerthan</u>	similar Cornish name
James Sharpe	Cecil Grey	see below
Trevenna	Bosigran Castle	unknown
Mrs Waugh	unknown	unknown
Major Caerlyon	see below	see below
Westyr	unknown	probable name shift
Arthur Buryan	Stanley Hocking	B.-H. + first name switch
Ann Buryan	Mabel or May H.	ditto
Harriett Emma	Emma Marianna	different name order
Marianna Johanna	Frieda Johanna	last letter shift
<u>Trevetham</u>	<u>Trevethan</u>	common
Major Witham	unknown	Eastwood name
<u>Lady</u> Hermoine Rogers	<u>Lady</u> Ottoline Morrell	L.H. Roddis variant (see below)
<u>Uncle</u> James B. Mrs <u>Redburn</u>	<u>Uncle</u> Henry H. Mrs <u>Radford</u>	see below same first letter/weight
Hattie <u>R.</u>	Dollie <u>R.</u>	same "shape"/weight

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## What's in a Name?

from previous page

Most of these "identifications" or origins are taken from the Notes to Professor Steele's CUP *Kangaroo*. However, the shift analyses are mostly my own. There are several points of interest here.

The use of the names "John Thomas" for William Henry Hocking probably indicates something sexual (see part one of this article, *Rananim*, 5-1). In "The Nightmare" chapter, Lawrence says Somers and John Thomas spent a lot of time in each other's company and were "very thick" (with each other). The suspicion must be of some homosexual relationship (consummated or not we do not know). After leaving Cornwall, Lawrence wrote many times to William Henry, some of his letters being unanswered. The sexual implication is hard to avoid.

The connection James Sharpe-Cecil Grey may also involve a pun or an association, though a musical rather than a sexual one, for Grey was a composer, hence perhaps "C-Sharpe". (We will encounter a similar possible musical pun elsewhere in *Kangaroo*, see below.)

Major Caerlyon is very similar to a name - Carlyon - Lawrence used in *Women in Love*, which he was writing in Cornwall in the period described in "The Nightmare" chapter (see part one re Carlyon and the "Gudrun at the Pompador" chapter in *WL*). There Carlyon referred to the painter/pants-man Augustus John. There may be some echo of this reference - a subtle dig at John (whose family was very martial) - here as well. (Note Lawrence's apparent attempt to "Welshify" the name by changing Carlyon to Caerlyon - John's immediate ancestry being Welsh.)

The Lady Hermoine Rogers reference is very illustrative of Lawrence's transposition techniques. In *WL* he shifted Lady Ottoline Morrell to Hermoine Roddice (see part one of this article), changing Otto[line] into Herm[ione] and swapping the local Eastwood Roddis surname for Ottoline's married name, Morrell. (He also made her, instead of the half-sister of a Duke, the daughter of "a Derbyshire baronet" - a typical Lawrence "demonstration".) Here in "The Nightmare" chapter he now restores her ducal status (Lady Hermoine) and shifts Roddis to Rogers (note the same initial letter and similar syllable weight).

### Random Swap of Names

Of greater interest (as far as *Kangaroo* is concerned) is the shift from the real [Uncle] Henry Hocking to the fictional [Uncle] James Buryan. Here the interest is in the transformation Henry for James. This could be, as it undoubtedly is in many other cases, a simple, possibly random swap of common christian names. But it might also be a literary transposition, a shift variant for which Lawrence had an especial penchant. And what did the name Henry bring to Lawrence's mind? - Henry James, no doubt.

Summing up, one can conclude that here, in *Kangaroo*'s "The Nightmare" chapter, Lawrence (a) used real names and real events to a marked degree, and (b) that his "fictionalising" is superficial and thinly disguised, and involve typical Lawrentian shifts.

Thus armed, we can now turn to the novel's "Australian" chapters.

The first task is to filter out the names of actual people, places and other ingredients which he took from reality, unchanged. The list is long, but it carries a point:

(places) Macquarie Street, the Conservatorium of Music, Wagga-Wagga, the Botanical Gardens (sic), Martin Place, Circular Quay, the Milky Way, the Pincio, Sicily, Europe, London Bridge, Florence, Berkshire, Bavaria, Birmingham, Westminster, Covent Garden, St Martin's Lane, London Bridge, Southern Hemisphere, the Pacific, Southern Cross, Rome, Danube, Neopolitan, Sussex Street, Manly, South Coast, Somerset, Mosman's Bay (sic), Switzerland, Venice, Austrian Tyrol, George Street, GPO, Pitt Street, Athens, Constantinople, Samoa, New South Wales, Palace Gardens, Egypt, San Francisco, Custom's House, American Consulate, the Zoo, New Hebrides, Observatory, the Heads, Narrabeen, New Zealand, etc (there are no doubt a few others that I have overlooked).

(people, things, etc) Giotto, Ovid, Harbour Lights Concert, Billyer's Chocolates, Labour Party (see below), the Socialists (ditto), the *Bulletin* (ditto), A. Meston (ditto), Sydney *Daily Telegraph*, School of Arts Library, Pictoria, Mary E. Mann, George A. Birmingham, Zane Grey, Nat Gould, Fascisti, Dante, Whitman's Love of Comrades, Orion, Sirius, St Paul, Martin Luther, Cromwell, Abraham Lincoln, Kaiser Wilhelm, President Wilson, the Apostle John, Ramesis II, the Byzantine Empire, Timotheus, Lily of the Valley, Buffalo Bill, the Rights of Man, Rock of Ages, Erasmus of Rotterdam, Charydbis, Holman Hunt, Thor, Zeus, Bacchus, Venus, Moloch, Astarte, Baal, D'Annunzio, Morse-code, Scylla, Napoleon, Gladstone, Caesar, the Russian Revolution, the French Revolution, Nirvana, the Kaiser, Bolsheviks, Liberals, IWW (and World's Workers), Captain Cook, Andrew Carnegie, Rothschilds, Soviet, Hebrew, the British Empire, Transvaal, Marconi, Nestles, Johnny Hops, Nationalists (see below), Prince of Wales, eau-de-Cologne, Sorrento Box, Iceland poppies, Praxitiles, Eve, Wattle Day and Nippon Steamer, etc (ditto some omissions).

In addition to these we can add several more names - those Lawrence "lifted" from the *Bulletin* from issues ("Aboriginalities") dated June 8, June 22 and July 6 - "1085". Tenth. Outer Harbour, Adelaide, 1914 Star, "Wilfrido", Wellington Art Gallery, Ivan, "Ned Kelly", "Pick", "Cellu Lloyd", "K Sped", Mildura, "Fraoch", Northern Rivers, "Sucre", "Globe", Gippsland, and "Christianised Melanesian". All of these are unchanged - indeed, his "copying" is meticulous.

A number of minor points are worth noting in these several lists. Lawrence refers quite early in the novel to "the Labour Party". Although this is the English spelling, it is obvious he is referring to the Australian Labor Party, specifically its NSW branch (which had lost government in the March 1922 State election). Lawrence also refers to "the Socialists", which was a common-enough political term in the early 1920s, and referred mainly to the radical wing of the Labor movement. Lawrence also refers to "the Bolsheviks", by which he obviously means the Russian Communists. He also mentions "the Liberals"

and "the Nationalists", and seems to equate these with "the Conservatives". These names appear to have been taken from Australian/Sydney reality, and he employs the terms with surprising accuracy. (For the accuracy of the novel's IWW references, see "A Wobbly Source", *Rananim* 3-1.)

Also of interest is his reference to Sussex Street. As pointed out in the *Rananim* article "Following Lawrence's Footsteps" (2-2), this (together with the Covent Garden and St Martin's Lane references) could refer to a visit Lawrence may have made to the Markets area of Sussex Street, a stone's throw from the Sydney Trades Hall, where Jock Garden (also see below) reigned.

Some spellings of these "real" names are of passing interest. Lawrence misspells the name Botanic Gardens (he writes "Botanical"). But he uses the term Palace Gardens (for that section of the Gardens near Macquarie Street) correctly in chapter xvi. And he correctly spells Mosman's Bay (not Mosman Bay, as it is known today). So he is in turn errant and meticulous.

Interestingly, he uses the name Narrabeen, not in its "correct place" (in chapter ii, when Somers travels up the Pittwater Peninsula from Manly), but in the last chapter, when Somers departs. This tends to confirm the actuality of this (crucial) day-after-arrival trip. He also mentions the "Nippon steamer", which is also an accurate observation (though, alas, expunged from Professor Steele's CUP edition of *Kangaroo*).

His reference to the "Volcanoes" article by A. Meston shows he did read at least one "back copy" of the *Daily Telegraph*, this article having been published on May 11, a week before his arrival in Sydney. This could imply, as mentioned in the "Wobbly" article in *Rananim* 3-1, some research activity, which in turn would tend to widen his local source material - an important consideration when we come to examine the "unknown" aspects of *Kangaroo* (see below re Trehwella).

There is one more list of names that should be included here, though we cannot be certain if they are all "real". These are the various house names he uses in the novel. We know, of course, where he got the name Wyewurk, for that was the real name of the house he rented in Thirroul (though he transposed it to Sydney). Other house names he used include: Elite, Tres Bon, The Angels of Roost (and The Angel's Roost), The Better 'Ole, U-And-Me, Stella Maris, Love's Harbour, Arcady, and Racketty-Coo.

We know that at least one of these was taken from reality, for it still stands today on the corner of Ocean and Malcolm Streets, Narrabeen, a corner past which Lawrence and Frieda would have had to walk on their way from the tram depot to the lagoon (see "Footsteps" article mentioned above). Most of the rest are also common 1920s Sydney house names, and were probably taken from reality, too. (A Stella Maris, for example, was in Pittwater Road, on the direct path Lawrence would have taken if he travelled from Narrabeen to Collaroy that first Sunday in Sydney - a trip crucial to the Darroch Thesis).

Three other house names are of slightly more significance - Verdun, Coo-ee and Torestin. The first comes from Thirroul, but Lawrence moves it from its real place (some distance from Wyewurk) to the house opposite the one which Lawrence in reality rented. This could be significant, for the name it replaced was Wyuna. Why did Lawrence bother to make this change, given so much that he left unchanged? Perhaps because there was something

about the real Wyuna that he wished to disguise (see below).

This raises an important additional transposition factor - that there might be some pattern, not only in how, but when Lawrence changes a name. For it may be that he will leave a name (or something else) unchanged if it is "innocuous", but change it when he believes that, for some reason, it is "sensitive", or in need of disguise. As it will turn out, this is an important and perhaps hitherto unrecognised clue to unlocking some of the remaining mysteries about *Kangaroo*.

Coo-ee is a word Lawrence knew well. He had used it previously in *The Lost Girl*, where the Australian doctor Alexander Graham utters it. Passengers on Lawrence's boat *Orsova* coo-eed at a passing steamer between Colombo and Perth. And it was a common-enough house name in Sydney and Thirroul, one being in Mosman, near where Jack Scott lived (see below).

### Colonial Jocularly?

Torestin is interesting. Initially Somers misspells it, mistaking the T for an F: "Forestin". It may be that when Lawrence first saw the name Wyewurk on the gate of the house in Craig Street, Thirroul, he misread it, taking it perhaps to be an Aboriginal name rather than an attempt at "colonial jocularly". The second point of interest is the geographical transposition mentioned above. He shifts Wyewurk to Sydney, which is a common Lawrence place transposition (ie. rather than invent something, he moves it). The third point of interest is where Lawrence got the name Torestin.

It comes, almost certainly, from his time in Ceylon. To this day, as you drive from Colombo to the airport, you will see on the roadside a sign advertising a guest house called Torestin. It means, quite literally, "to rest in". All over what is now Sri Lanka there are "Rest ins". No doubt house names derived from the compound phrases Why Work-To Rest In (both implying a species of sloth) provided Lawrence with this transposition. (Also in *Kangaroo* he used, unaltered, the name of the bungalow he stayed in at Kandy - Ardanaree.)

Several street numbers mentioned in the novel are also of interest. Lawrence gives the address 120 Macquarie Street to the "more or less expensive boarding house" Somers stays in on arrival in Sydney. But his description actually fits 126 (Mrs Scott's - no kin - Macquarie Street guest house). This may be a shift or it may be a slip - probably the former.

Of more interest is his choice of "51 Murdoch Street" for the Sydney address of "Torestin". We now have a pretty good idea where he got this transposition from - he borrowed it from a letter he brought with him from Perth (cf. "Letters of Introduction" article in *Rananim* 1-1). So why did he shift 126, Wyuna, and so on, yet leave 51 Murdoch Street unchanged? The answer almost certainly is that 51 Murdoch Street was *already* shifted - from the place he actually went to in North Sydney.

Jack Scott (see below and part three) in 1922 lived in the street parallel to Murdoch Street - Wycombe Road. Indeed, his flat was in the *next* street westward (see re contiguity in the first article in this series, "The Neville

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## What's in a Name?

from previous page

Theory", *Rananim* 5-1), 51 Murdoch Street and 112 Wycombe Road being only a few hundred yards apart, at either end of the linking Bennett Street (see my *D.H. Lawrence in Australia*, pp xii-xiii).

Of extra interest here is that after initially citing Murdoch Street, Lawrence slips up and calls it "Murdoch Road". Given what we now know about the real summer-house "tub-top" in the backyard of Scott's residence at 112 Wycombe Road (see "Footsteps" article mentioned above, especially the letter from Norm Dunn), we can be pretty sure that Murdoch Street is a shift from Wycombe Road (ie, a contiguous shift). Significantly, this is probably also another example of Lawrence reverting towards actuality (see part one re Wragby Hall, Houghton's Picture Palace, "Alfred Kramer", etc).

There is another interesting anomaly here. Lawrence says that the Callcotts lived "next door" at number 50 Murdoch Street [Road]. This, in Sydney at least, is an impossibility, odd and even numbers being on opposite sides of the street. Thus "next door" would have had to be on either 49 or 53 Murdoch Street [Road].

We know, however, that Torestin is actually a shift from the real Wyewurk in Thirroul. In chapter ii, Lawrence says the Callcotts went "across" to their house. This could be read as meaning "across the street" (otherwise it should read "next door"). This may be why Lawrence chose to fictionalise the name of the house across the street from Wyewurk - Wyuna - which was owned, at least until 1921, by the Friend family, whom we now suspect guided Lawrence and Frieda down to Thirroul and Wyewurk (see "The Barber of Thirroul", *Rananim* 2-1, and below).

### A Borrowed House Name

Thirroul in the novel became Mullimbibmy, a coastal town far to the north, probably because the name, casually picked up in a newspaper, appealed to him. (Another name that appealed to him - Woolloomooloo - he reserved for *The Boy in the Bush*.) He used the name Wollondilly (the electoral district that included Thirroul) for the name of a local football team (probably a shift from the real nearly Woonona). Wollongong he called Wolloona, which is either a combination of Woonona and Wollongong, or borrowed from a house name he might have seen a few streets from Scott's Wycombe Road residence (the house, in Cremorne Road, was spelt Wooloona).

We should also note here Lawrence's use of the name "the Carlton Hotel" (where, "fictionally" he has the "dream", or rather recollection, that produces "The Nightmare" chapter). Is this real? It certainly fits in with the Darroch Thesis (being a hundred yards or so from Rosenthal's chambers in Castlereagh Street) and is not explained in any other purported reconstruction of Lawrence's time in Eastern Australia. If this is a factual reference, then Lawrence saw no need for any shift here.

Lawrence occasionally misspells words, sometimes revealingly. He spells kookaburra "kukooburra", Wallambi "Wallamby", and Doug "Dug", possibly because he heard rather than read these words. (This may be

important when we come to consider the name "Trehwella" below.) Other shifts are quite straightforward: Naldera for Malwa (another passenger boat, transposed from the one he actually arrived on); Main Street, Wolloona, for Crown Street, Wollongong, (a shift from Main Street, Thirroul); and India for Ceylon (when Lawrence was travelling to Ceylon he wrote, in a letter, that he was planning to write "an Indian novel").

Of greater interest are Lawrence's people-name transpositions in *Kangaroo*. For if we are seeking people from whom he might have derived secret army information, then it would be in the novel's people-name shifts that clues might be found.

In *Kangaroo* Lawrence calls the local estate agent "Mrs Wynne", a shift from the real Thirroul estate agent who let Wyewurk, Mrs Lucy Callcott. As Dr Davis pointed out in his book, *D.H. Lawrence at Thirroul*, the name Mrs Wynne came from another local Thirroul estate agent. So this is a simple name swap, Lawrence apparently having a far better transpositional use for the name Callcott (see below, part three).

In the novel Lawrence mentions that the local soldiers' memorial had been opened by "Grannie Rhys". This is a another typical Lawrence name-shift, the real name on the monument being Grannie Riach (same initial letter, same weight). It should also be pointed out that the name Riach is German, and is pronounced "Reesh" - hence there is also a pronunciation shift or association: Rees-Reesh.

(Of perhaps passing interest it may be worth noting a curious coincidence re the name Riach. Governor Game, the man who sacked Premier Lang 10 years later in 1932 - thus averting a probable rising by Jack Scott's Old Guard - had, as the person who cooked his meals in Government House, Sydney, one, Mrs Riach.)

These two transpositions - of the local estate agent and the name on a local monument - point to another possible pattern in Lawrence's name-shift habits. It seems that Lawrence began with a "real" local name as his "departure point", looked around for a nearby, contiguous or other local transposition, then if that failed, looked further afield, finally in the last resort going back to his childhood in Eastwood to find an appropriate name (ie, one with some apposite association) that served his transpositional needs.

There are a number of "minor" or casual names used in the novel the origin of which are unknown or unclear (to me at least). These include "Bill" (in the opening scene), "Ant'ny" (when Jack Callcott is strolling to Mosman's Bay), "Lord Washburn" (clearly a Vice-Regal reference), "Mr Thomas" (the local mine manager), and "Mr Evans" (the miner in the train). Also unidentified are Somers's UK correspondents in chapter viii: "Verden Grenfel", "Major Ashworth", "Viv", "Louis" and "Anna" (though some educated guesses could be made - eg, a Mr Evans was games organiser on the *Orsova* between Colombo and Perth).

One name of unexpected interest is used in chapter vi, "Kangaroo". Here Lawrence gives Cooley, most incongruously, a German background, saying among other things that he had been a student at Munich and had once been married to "a young Baroness" who had run off with "von Rumpeldorf". These references and the name-shift Rumpeldorf (probably from Professor Alfred Weber, aka



Professor Ludwig Sartorius) were examined more fully in part one and in an earlier article, "In The Valley of the Roses" (*Rananim* 4-2/3), where the curious phenomenon of Cooley's "Germanness" was explored (also see part three).

Turning now to the primary characters in the novel, it is quite clear on whom the main male and female protagonists are based, for Somers and Harriett are quite obviously Lawrence and Frieda themselves. The disguise is so light as to be beyond any argument. (Indeed, were it not for the disputed secret army content, the novel would be universally acknowledged as a very-thinly-fictionalised account of Lawrence's time in Sydney and Thirroul - which, of course, the Darroch Thesis maintains it is, *en tout*.)

But where *did* Lawrence obtain the hero and heroine names Richard Lovatt and Harriett Somers?

Many have suggested that the initials RLS - Richard Lovatt Somers - refer to, or are a shift from, the Scottish writer of romances, Robert Louis Stevenson. (Hugh Kingsmill in his 1938 biography of Lawrence was probably the first to make the connection.) There is solid support for this literary shift hypothesis.

We know that Lawrence arrived in Sydney with the intention of writing "a romance". He was certainly familiar, not only with Stevenson's works generally, but with his South Pacific adventures in particular. As Professor Steele points out, Stevenson, who visited NSW in the 1890s, himself co-authored an Australian novel, *The Wrecker*, which not only opens, as *Kangaroo* does, in the Botanic Gardens in Sydney, but is also about the NSW South Coast.

Steele goes on to observe that the co-author, Stevenson's stepson Lloyd Osbourne, may even have met Lawrence on Capri in 1920, when Lawrence and Compton Mackenzie were discussing an escape to the "South Seas". In one way or another, had Lawrence run across a copy of *The Wrecker*, he would almost certainly have read and remembered it.

So, from what we know of Lawrence's other shift techniques, it now seems likely that the process that Lawrence used to derive the name Richard Lovatt Somers may have been as follows:

- . he began by deciding to fictionalise, not a section of his previous life (as in *SL*, *MrN*, *AR*, etc), but his day-to-day contemporary life in Sydney and Thirroul (the "diary" technique he extolled to Mollie Skinner and Catherine Carswell)

- . this implied he would have to fictionalise the activities of a British author who was visiting Sydney (and the NSW South Coast)

- . in this context, the name of fellow author/visitor Robert Louis Stevenson came to mind

- . he retained - as we have seen in many of his name-shifts - the "real" or original first letters R L S

- . he changed Robert to Richard (Richards was his third name - but that could be mere coincidence - he had already "called himself" Cyril, Billy, Paul, John

Thomas, Gilbert, and Aaron)

- . he shifted Louis to Lovatt, Lovatt being a common Scottish name - though it could have derived from any number of sources, including Lovatt's Langley Mill Pottery in the next village to his own Eastwood, and where Lawrence probably attended pottery classes

- . he shifted Stevenson to Somers (there was a Somers and Dunlop garage in Macquarie Street - but, again, the name could have come from any number of sources, most likely the precincts of Eastwood).

## Bad Uncle Walter

The shifts involved in the transformation Harriett-Frieda are still not entirely clear. There are a number of possibilities. Lawrence had an aunt called Harriet (a Lievers, married to his bad Uncle Walter). There was a Harriette Street in Neutral Bay, down which Lawrence may have walked (from Jack Scott's place in Wycombe Road). More intriguingly, the name of the wife of Major-General Sir Charles Rosenthal was Harriett (same spelling as the novel). And, as pointed out in the "Valley of the Roses" article (*Rananim* 4/2-3), in a 1912 letter to Frieda Lawrence associated her with a character in a short story by Guy de Maupassant and published in a volume called *Miss Harriet*. Which was Lawrence's departure point we do not know - it may have come from somewhere else entirely.

Another of the novel's mystery names is "Fred Wilmot". Fred, curiously (or perhaps significantly), appears in two manifestations in the novel (normally a clue to a Lawrence disguise/transformation technique, the suspicion usually being that either two people are being portrayed, or that the second manifestation is a reversion towards actuality).

"Fred" makes his first "appearance" in chapter ii as "Alfred John", Trewhella's dead brother. Then in chapter iii he apparently transposes into "Alfred", Victoria Callcott's elder brother (Lawrence's descriptions of the family inter-relationships among the Callcotts and Wilmots is very confused, and indeed inconsistent - usually a sign of reality intruding on fiction.)

On this second occasion he is alive (though he never makes an "actual" character appearance in the novel). In this manifestation he is a mining engineer, apparently connected to "coal mines down the South Coast". He was "with Jack [Callcott] in the war, on the same job". He was a Lieutenant. He is "great friends" with Jack Callcott (which is how Victoria [Wilmot] came to meet and marry Jack). Then the elusive Fred makes his final appearance in chapter vi, where Jack admits that he and Somers could never be mates "as me and Fred Wilmot was" (note the use of the past tense - see below).

We can be reasonably sure where Lawrence obtained the surname Wilmot. When he was still in WA he received a letter from Hugo Throssell, the husband of the Australian author Katharine Sussanah Prichard, mentioning his wife's interest in his books and suggesting a meeting. Ms Prichard's confinement and Lawrence's

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## What's in a Name?

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departure prevented such a meeting. Lawrence wrote to the Throssells on May 28 from Sydney regretting the non-event. Some correspondence between Lawrence and KSP ensued, resulting in KSP sending some books to Lawrence in August, one of which was *The Eyes of Vigilance*, a book of poems by "Frank Wilmot". The probability is that KSP had mentioned Wilmot (real name: Furnley Maurice) in a previous letter, c. early-to-mid June. Thus Lawrence probably had read the name Wilmot in June and may have borrowed it for "Alfred John" when he came to write chapter vi, probably around June 12 (but see below for further discussion of "Fred Wilmot").

We next turn to the crucial character, William James (Jaz) Trehwella, and to the Trehwella menage generally. The menage consists of William James, or Jaz, his wife Rose (the widow of Alfred John, manifestation mark 1), and their daughter Gladys. They allegedly live in St Columb, a spacious bungalow - bequeathed by the first Trehwella (who died "two years ago") - apparently a short distance from Narrabeen (a residence which stands "sideways above the lagoon" [but later: "facing the sea" - another probable reversion to reality]).

If we could unravel the tangled skeins of associations that make up this menage we would be, I suspect, very close to unravelling the remaining mysteries of *Kangaroo*. For if the secret army plot in *Kangaroo* is indeed "real", then Lawrence would have had to have been introduced to those involved, and who then became his "information sources", that first Sunday in Sydney, when Lawrence travelled up to "Narrabeen" and his fictional alter ego first encountered the Callcotts and the Trehwells at that "fictional" afternoon tea party at "St Columb".

### One Other Element

Here, however, the very process of attempted unravelling may perform a useful function. It is obvious that in "describing" the Trehwella menage Lawrence is distorting reality - compressing, transforming, shifting - in a quite complex fashion. In chapter ii the Trehwella house is at or near Narrabeen ("My sister has the end house" says Jack Callcott, the sister being Rose Trehwella). But a chapter or so on the Trehwella home moves to Mosman's Bay, opposite the ferry wharf ("Jaz" being a wood and coal merchant "on the north side" - and later, incredibly, a union official - the "secretary for the coal-and-timber-merchants' union").

It is probable that the Trehwella menage is an amalgam of various pieces of "reality". For example, it may be that part of the menage is a reflection of Lawrence's contact with Gerald Hum (see the "Footsteps" article mentioned above). The physical description of Trehwella is clearly based on Hum, who also had a Cornish background. (The link Hum-Jaz[z] might be a musical pun.) Yet his fictional wife Rose appears to have been partly based on Andree Adelaide Oatley (also see the "Footsteps" article) and partly on a member of the family we suspect took Lawrence down to Thirroul (see below). However, there is at least one other element in the

Trehwella amalgam, and it is this that we are most interested in.

Who the real-life model of Trehwella was - especially in his "Thirroul" manifestation - is still unknown (though we can now make some very good guesses). It is here, however, that the provenance of the name Trehwella, and its possible shift-origins, could be of importance. At last we have a chance to put "shift theory" into practical, perhaps productive use.

So where might Lawrence have obtained this typical, indeed common, Cornish name?

Professor Steele in his Introduction to the CUP edition of *Kangaroo* states: "Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to identify the names and characters of the Trehwells; for instance, prominent obituary notices in the *Daily Telegraph*, 25 May 1922, and the *Sydney Morning Herald*, 26 May 1922, for Joshua Thomas Trehweller, manager of Cameron Sutherland Pty Ltd, of Neutral Bay. But DHL probably knew of the legendary chorister Matthew Trehwella of Zennor, Cornwall, who was seduced by a mermaid. There is a wood carving of a mermaid, supposedly the temptress, in Zennor church not far from DHL's [Higher Treggerthan] cottage."

Professor Steele was undoubtedly right to remark that DHL probably knew of Matthew Trehwella and his watery fate. DHL spent at least one night in the pub opposite the Higher Treggerthan church where the temptress was commemorated, and the prospect of a humble working class chorister being seduced by something as exotic as a mermaid would have caught his fancy. And certainly no one should under-estimate Lawrence's proclivity for borrowing names and name associations from his earlier, UK experiences. But Professor Steele was, perhaps, a trifle hasty in rejecting the possibility that the name of the late Sydney businessman, Joshua Thomas Trehweller (sic), might indeed have swum into Lawrence's ken.

Trehwella, while a common Cornish name (with numerous variant spellings), was not so common a name Sydney in 1922. Yet had Lawrence read the Perth *Daily News* while he was in the West, or had he taken note of some Sydney *Bulletin* ads, he might have seen advertisements for "The Trehwella", a stump-removing (or "grubbing") device marketed out of Melbourne by Trehwella Pty Ltd.

Had he read the "Apartments to Rent" columns in the Sydney Press he might have noticed an ad offering accommodation managed by a Mr Trehwellah in Arden Street, Coogee.

Or had he had a more than passing involvement with Murdoch Street, Mosman, he could conceivably have had contact with a Mrs Trehweller, who resided a hundred yards or so from number 51.

But we have no reason to believe that Lawrence's use of the name Trehwella came from any of these sources. Nor, initially at least, from Matthew Trehwella of mermaid notoriety.

Alternatively, had Lawrence indeed read the obituary items cited by Professor Steele - published in the *DT* (24/5 not 25/5) and the *SMH* (24/5 not 26/5) - then the local name Trehweller (not Trehweller) *might* have caught his eye. Even today, for anyone trying to trace whence Lawrence may have got the name Trehwella, the two



newspaper items contain some eye-catching indications. Here, for example, is the *SMH*'s:

#### OBITUARY

Mr Joshua Thomas Samuel Trewheellar

*Mr Joshua Thomas Samuel Trewheellar of Claude-avenue, Neutral Bay, died in a private hospital at North Sydney on Monday. He was one of the oldest members of the Royal Apollo Society, formerly the Sydney Liedertafel, and was also a prominent member of the Masonic Order. The late Mr Trewheellar was for many years the manager of the Sydney branch of Messers Cameron and Sutherland.*

Claude Avenue is the next street south-west of Murdoch Road, 70 yards or less from number 51. That's an interesting coincidence, as is the fact that Claude Avenue is a stone's throw from Wycombe Road, where Jack Scott lived.

A Trewheellar who is a prominent Mason is also of interest, for there is a strong Masonic element in the Cooley-Callcott secret army (Jack Callcott speaks of lodges and masters and so on).

Of greater interest, however, is the Sydney Apollo Society, which had obviously been stripped of its German name Liedertafel due to the recent war (see "In the Valley of the Roses", *Rananim* 4/2-3). This reference indicates that Mr Trewheellar was a singer of some note, as the Apollo Society was Sydney's main vocal music society. Of even more interest is the fact that perhaps the society's most prominent member was its resident basso, Sir Charles Rosenthal (also see the "Pussy" Jenkins article in *Rananim* 4-2/3 for Rosenthal's involvement in the Coolgardie Liedertafel).

But perhaps of most interest is the name of the late Mr Trewheellar's company, Messers Cameron and Sutherland. For it turns out to be a firm of mechanical engineers, specialising in equipment for the mining industry - and the Trehwella in *Kangaroo* has strong links with the coal mine in Mullimbimby [Thirroul]. (Also worth noting is Jack Callcott's speciality: "machinery", and the profession of his wife's brother: "mining engineer".)

Perhaps we can pursue the Cameron Sutherland connection a fraction further, exploiting a little judicious speculation. Let us assume that there was in fact some link between the death of Mr Trewheellar and Lawrence's use of the name. How might this have come about?

Lawrence could have read one of the relevant newspaper obituary items (for he read back copies of Sydney newspapers - cf. the Meston "Volcanic Evidence" article, published some days before he arrived in Sydney). More likely (given the spelling differences) is the possibility that he *heard* rather than read the name.

Certainly a number of people connected with Masons, mining and music would have attended the funeral of such a leading Sydney citizen, prominent in those areas, on the Wednesday before Lawrence arrived in Sydney. Had Lawrence been at that Sunday afternoon tea party at Collaroy (as suggested by the Darroch Thesis), then it is possible that others in attendance had either been to the funeral, or knew that it had taken place. Mr Trewheellar's name may have been mentioned. If so, it would probably

have rung a bell with Lawrence, for he would have recalled the hapless Matthew Trehwella, who also sang.

So here, based on the above speculation, is a possible Lawrence-type chain of association and name-shifts:

Hum [Cornish]-Trewheellar-[musical]-Trehwella [Jaz{z}].

Also of interest are Trehwella's christian names; William James. Christian names usually are not as revealing as Lawrence's surnames; nevertheless, there could be an association here. One possibility is that they are a shift from Jack Scott's christian names: William John. But there is another possibility.

As mentioned above in the context of the "Nightmare" chapter, Lawrence shifted the real Uncle Henry Hocking to Uncle James Buryan, possibly via the literary association Henry James. Lawrence had also read the works of Henry James's brother, William, and had cited them in his letters. So, by association with the Cornish Hockings, William James might be a "natural" choice for the christian names of a fictional Cornishman.

#### School Nicknames

But here we run up against an added and unanticipated problem. As mentioned above, we have a rough idea who our suspect "missing persons", hidden in the tangled skein of contradictions contained in Lawrence's description of the Trehwella menage, might be.

The "suspects" belong to a number of inter-connected families associated with one of Sydney's leading private boys' schools. And by now we pretty well know the family surnames possibly involved - Friend, Wright, Sutherland, Rosenthal (each of whom had a boy at the school, each of them either in the same year, or within a year or two of each other).

But in attempting to link these names with the names Lawrence uses in *Kangaroo* we encounter an unexpected barrier. This particular school had an odd tradition (indeed, several odd traditions). It invented nicknames for every boy who attended the school. These names were not necessarily, or even usually, related to their actual names. Moreover, the boys quite often adopted their school nicknames in later life.

However, there is yet another complication here. The boys from this school did this - "kept" their school nicknames - only if they did *not* have a younger brother, who also went to the school. For another tradition was that younger brothers "inherited" their elder brothers' nicknames.

For example, Walter Friend (cf. "What Walter Knew", *Rananim* 2-1) was first nicknamed "Jimmy" at the school (as were each of the Friend boys - all, at one time, being "Jimmy"). Thus when Walter's younger brother Robert Moreton Friend arrived at the school, he inherited his brother's nickname "Jimmy". Walter then acquiring a new nickname, "Tootles". It would not be revealing too much at this point to suggest that the James in William James Trehwella may be a reflection of one (or more) of the "Jimmy" Friends.

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## What's in a Name?

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The name of Jaz's wife - Rose - could have come from a number of sources. One possibility is Jack Scott's future second wife, Andree Adelaide Oately (nee Kaepell). The recently-widowed Andree was living in Hinemoa at Collaroy Basin in May 1922, and thus could have been the model for Rose Callcott, whose house faces the sea (and whose "characteristics" match those of Rose - see "In the Footsteps of Lawrence", cited above). She lost her husband (and a close friend of Jack Scott) Fredrick Dudley Weeden Oatley around the same time as did the fictional Rose. On the other hand, "Rose" might be a reflection of Lillian, Hum's wife (the shift being a horticultural one: Lilly[ian]-Rose).

An easier target for analysis is the main left-wing character in the novel, Willie Struthers. Here we are on fairly firm ground. As Robert Douglass pointed out in several issues of *Rananim* (2-1 and 3-3), this character is almost certainly based on his great uncle, Jock Garden, the leading socialist agitator in Sydney at the time of Lawrence's visit.

And now we have a pretty good idea of the process involved in Lawrence's name-shift from Jock Garden to Willie Struthers.

On a superficial level, the shift is an obvious one, swapping one common Scottish first name (Jock) for another (Willie). (The name Willie, however, could have another association, for, as many have pointed out, some of the rhetoric Struthers uses in *Kangaroo* could be a reflection of the socialist views of Lawrence's Eastwood friend and mentor, Willie Hopkin.)

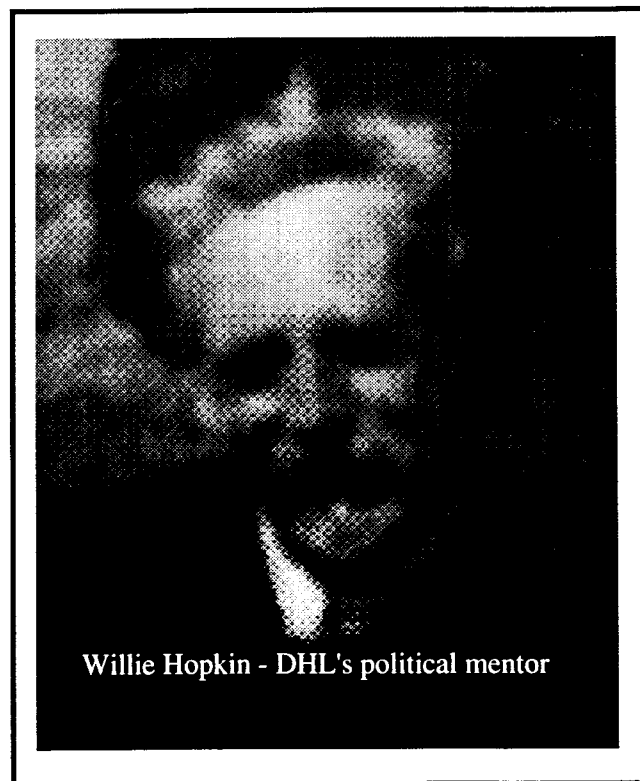
Struthers is also a common Scottish surname. And interestingly, *Kangaroo* is not the only Lawrence novel to have a character called Struthers. A Struthers appears in Lawrence's previous novel, *Aaron's Rod*. Here he is an artist, and probably based on Augustus John (whose family had Scottish and well as Welsh connections).

Lawrence in *AR* associates Struthers with Covent Garden in London (Lawrence and John went to the Opera at Covent Garden on 13/11/17). Thus the association Garden-Struthers would have been a natural one for Lawrence (particularly as Garden's office was in the Trades Hall, in the Markets area of Sydney - and Covent Garden was the market area of London). However, the Garden-Struthers chain of association may go beyond this.

In *AR*, Struthers is one of a party that not only goes to the opera (reflecting Lawrence's actual evening with John and others on 13/11/17), but later goes on to a flat in the Adelphi (off The Strand). There the character Jim Cunningham talks about the (UK) Labour Party, and a (real-life) union leader called Robert Smillie, and about Bolshevism generally. It is Lawrence's interest in Labour leaders, and use of the real name Robert Smillie, that is of concern to us here.

Lawrence knew quite a bit about this Scottish miners' leader. Indeed, he probably met Smillie in London in October 1918.

Lawrence was in London between October 9 and 22, having the previous month written to his friend Koteliansky saying he was coming to London to meet



Willie Hopkin - DHL's political mentor

some "progressive" Labour people, adding, "I want to know Robert Smillie and Snowden...I must find somebody to bring me to them."

Such a meeting, arranged by Willie Hopkin (who was in London at the same time), possibly took place, for on 18/10/18 Lawrence wrote to Hopkin: "Please send the bill for the wine," implying some function had taken place, and one that Lawrence felt some responsibility for.

The reason why Lawrence was anxious to meet Smillie and other Labour leaders was that he wanted material for a play he was writing. The play, *Touch and Go*, portrays several Labour/unionist leaders, one of whom is named Willie Houghton, and is possibly an amalgam of Willie Hopkin and Robert Smillie.

Thus the probability is that the character Willie Struthers in *Kangaroo* is the product of an association chain of starts with Jock Garden and combines Willie Hopkin and Robert Smillie, via Struthers/John and Covent Garden (however, most of Struthers' rhetoric in *Kangaroo* is Australian-based, as pointed out in "A Wobbly Source" in *Rananim* 3-1).

Incidentally, it is interesting that Lawrence not only *proposed* interviewing Smillie and other Labour leaders in order to gather material for a work of fiction, but that he probably actually *met* and talked with at least Smillie. So Lawrence going to the Trades Hall in Sydney and interviewing Jock Garden (as Robert Douglass and the Darroch Thesis suggest, and as Garden himself later told author Frank Hardy - see *Rananim* 2-1) would not only be explicable, but would have had something of a precedent (and a mention that he "knew" Robert Smillie would certainly have gained Lawrence an audience with Jock Garden).

Before we get to the more interesting, and crucial, "secret army" characters in *Kangaroo*, there is one further name to be examined - that of Victoria Callcott, Jack's flirtatious young wife.

Where did the name and character Victoria come from?

We do not know for sure. However, we do have some clues, at least to what might be called her outward guise.

We know, of course, whence Lawrence derived her surname (from the wife of the local estate agent, Lucy Callcott - see above). In the novel, Victoria herself explains where her christian or first name came from. Her father - a surveyor, "so was his father before him" - called her Victoria "to annoy all his neighbours, because he said the State of Victoria was run like a paradise compared to New South Wales".

One possibility is that part of the guise is based on the name of Jack Scott's second-wife-to-be, Andree Adelaide Oatley (whom, as mentioned above, may have been the hostess at the real-life afternoon tea party Lawrence attended at "Hinemoa" at Collaroy Basin on that first Sunday). Lawrence had just visited both the city of Adelaide and the State of Victoria on the way over from Perth, and he could have borrowed the name Adelaide and transposed it to Victoria.

Also we now know on whom Lawrence based at least part the outward guise of Victoria Callcott. Sandra Jobson, who is doing research into Lawrence's time in Western Australia, has demonstrated (see "Pussy Jenkins and Her Circle" in *Rananim* 4/2-3) that part of Victoria Callcott is based on Maudie Cohen, who, with her newly-married husband Eustace, was seated with the Lawrences at the dining table of Mollie Skinner's house, Leithdale, at Darlington, outside Perth (Maudie's father, a surveyor from Victoria, was the eldest of a large family who came from Somerset and which had a dairy property on the south coast of WA - as Lawrence so describes Victoria Callcott's background).

We have good reason to believe, however, that (like many of the characters in *Kangaroo*) more than one real-life person went into the make-up of the "fictional" Victoria Callcott. As with Gerald Hum and the character Trehwella, there is good reason to suspect that Maudie is the outward guise for another real person, she providing the "shell" that disguises someone else who provided Lawrence with the "real" inspiration on whom he based the character of Jack Callcott's wife.

Here, then, is another opportunity to call upon the transposition techniques outlined above, and see if they might help us identify the "third person" - the Sydney or Thirroul-based female - involved in the make-up of "Victoria Callcott".

To do this, we need some possible candidates, for we can only exploit what could be called our shift analysis to confirm a suspicion, or invest it with added credibility.

If our suspicions are correct, there would be a chain of associations, linking the character Victoria Callcott to our suspect female. We already have some links in the chain, so we can put these down and inject the "mystery identity", thus:

Lucy Callcott...[perhaps Adelaide Oatley]  
(names)...Maudie Cohen (family background)...mystery  
person...Victoria Callcott (fictional character).

Of course, the mystery female could be almost any woman living in Sydney or Thirroul in 1922. Yet we can narrow this field somewhat. For example, Victoria in the novel is unquestionably middle-class (her father being a surveyor and dairy-property owner, and she herself

showing no sign of a broad or working-class Australian accent). And she apparently has family connections with both Thirroul and Sydney - indeed, with the "Narrabeen" or Collaroy area of Sydney.

We now (see "What Walter Knew", *Rananim* 2-1, "Following Lawrence's Footsteps", *Rananim* 2-2, and "The Barber of Thirroul", *Rananim* 2-1) have very good reason to believe that a prominent Sydney family - the Friend family - may be responsible for what happened to Lawrence in Sydney and Thirroul.

So this is probably an opportune time to reveal that there exists a memoir, access to which is barred by the Friend family, that apparently documents the involvement of members of the family with D.H. Lawrence in 1922.

Thus, when casting around for likely "real-life" candidates for *Kangaroo's* Australian characters, it might save us a lot of trouble to look first to members of the Friend family.

That being the case, it is reasonable to ask whether there is a female Friend who might have provided part of the make-up of Victoria Callcott - and, if so, can the shift analysis theory lend any support to this speculation?

There certainly is a likely female Friend candidate.

Her name is Lucy May Friend, and she owned - up to the year before Lawrence's arrival - the house opposite Wyewurk in Craig Street, Thirroul - Wyuna (see above).

She also was a regular visitor to Collaroy, where elements of the Friend family, including Walter Friend and his younger brother Robert Moreton Friend, holidayed regularly - and who were, repeatedly according to the memoir, holidaying in a house in Beach Road, Collaroy Basin (within a few hundred yards of Hinemoa) on the very weekend that Lawrence arrived in Sydney and made his Sunday excursion up to "Narrabeen".

Lucy May Friend knew and was probably a *friend* of Lucy Callcott, both being stalwarts of the local Anglican church in Thirroul (see "The Barber of Thirroul", *Rananim* 2-1). Thus, if Lawrence had run across Lucy Friend at Collaroy that first Sunday, and had wanted, when he started his new novel later in the week in Thirroul, to include part of her in *Kangaroo*, then the shift Lucy Friend-Lucy Callcott would not be an untypical transposition.

But there is a stronger name-shift link. Lucy May Friend was not known in the Friend family by that name only. She may well have been introduced to a stranger as Lucy, but in conversation thereafter she would have been referred to by her family nickname (as "Jimmy" - aka Robert Moreton - Friend was also thus referred to). That nickname was Daudie (or Dawdie).

Thus it is, perhaps, unsurprising that the name and outward guise of Maudie Cohen came to Lawrence's mind when he sought a Victoria Callcott disguise for Lucy May "Daudie" Friend ("the 'mother' of the Friend boys").

This now sets the scene for the main part of this series: looking for the real-life models of the principal secret army figures mentioned in the novel.

- Robert Darroch

NEXT ISSUE: "A Rose By Any Other Name", the third and final part of this "Mining Lawrence's Nomenclature" series.

# LAWRENCE IS FUNNY - BUT NOT HA HA

*D.H. Lawrence is not a name that is normally associated with comedy. He is to the belly laugh what Paul Keating is to modesty, or Madonna to chastity.*

*So a new book entitled Lawrence and Comedy clearly is in want of some justification.*

*The book, published last year in England by the Cambridge University Press, is an anthology or rather collection of essays by various Lawrence scholars and edited by our own President, Professor Paul Eggert, and his distinguished collaborator, John Worthen.*

*The two editors kindly signed copies of the book during the D.H. Lawrence conference in Nottingham last year. My copy was annotated by Paul Eggert with the words "No belly laughs, but..." John Worthen wrote "Pure humour!" The two comments demonstrate the dichotomy in the subject of Lawrence and humorous writing. Yet, as the book's dust-jacket remarks, Lawrence did create "comic writing".*

*Paul Eggert recalls in his introduction that in the mid-1950s perhaps the greatest Lawrence critic, F.R. Leavis, described Lawrence as "One of the great masters of comedy". Eggert goes on to remark that, unfortunately, Leavis omitted to develop an argument for what the average reader would regard as a statement badly in need of justification.*

*The book explores many aspects of Lawrence and his comic writing, but perhaps for Australians the most interesting part is Paul Eggert's essay on what he calls "Lawrence's Address to his Audience and Material in his Australian novels."*

*The following is an extract from the essay where Eggert describes Lawrence's use of comedy in Kangaroo.*

Lawrence's comic-contemptuous attitude to his audience and its expectations in *Mr Noon* is tied up with his home-town material. [*Mr Noon* is often regarded as Lawrence's most comic novel.]

In *Kangaroo*, however, his material is at least ostensibly Australian; but again his attitude to his material is deeply equivocal. Summaries of the novel's "concerns" usually refer to the alternation of Somers's loyalties between isolate manhood and collaborative social action, and demonstrate how they form part of a continuing 1920's discourse in Lawrence's prose on male leadership.

In looking to establish the philosophical or

political reach of the novel, such accounts are apt to find curious or lamentable the narrator's admissions of having run out of inspiration and his deliberate undermining of the pretence of his fiction-making. Yet those passages reveal more about the basis of Lawrence's art than the more satisfyingly dramatised sections: they bring to the surface the many-voicedness, experimentality and risk-taking that monological accounts of Lawrence's philosophy tend to cast to the margins of his achievement.

Lawrence's material consisted largely of his and Frieda's thin vein of encounters with Australian people and his richer vein of encounters with towns and landscapes during May-August 1922 in Western Australia and New South Wales, some reading of newspapers and magazines while in Thirroul and, possibly, some information from someone he met about an Australian secret army of returned soldiers.

Lawrence does not maintain a constant distance from his material or from the character it is filtered through - Somers. Sometimes, Lawrence's relations with him are straightforwardly autobiographical (eg the self-justificatory tone Somers's run-in with the taxi driver in chapter 1); at other times, satirical (Somers as a reserved and stubborn Englishman), or imbued with the kind of impersonality which comes from intense personal involvement in recording or exploring-on-the-page a disorienting experience (as in Somers's fear in the West Australian bush at night). Correspondingly, Lawrence's relations with his audience waver or swing through varying distances and intensities.

Comedy inheres in this instability which is intrinsic to his art. While all critics of the novel point to Harriett's mocking and deriding voice, it is not the only source of dialogic:

*Man is a thought-adventurer. Man is more, he is a life-adventurer. Which means he is a thought-adventurer, an emotion-adventurer, and a discoverer of himself and the outer universe. A discoverer.*

*"I am a fool," said Richard Lovatt, which was the most frequent discovery he made. It came, moreover, every time with a new shock of surprise and chagrin...*

*Now a novel is supposed to be a mere record of emotion-adventurers, flounderings in feelings. We insist that a novel is, or should be, also a thought-adventure, if it is to be anything at all complete. (K, CUP, 279:13-18, 21-30.)*

The mock-solemnity of the professorial 'we' (and

the audience it teasingly constructs) is followed by an article of faith, it would seem. But it is no sooner stated than found wanting: what then follows is a (failed) attempt to wring some thought-value for understanding Somers's conflicting impulses for isolation and social involvement out of variations on the metaphor of the fly in the ointment. Lawrence takes his inspiration as he finds it; this is the end of it: 'I am sorry to have to stand, a sorry sight, preening my wings on the brink of the ointment-pot, thought Richard. But from this vantage ground let me preach to myself.—He preached, and the record was taken down for this gramophone of a novel' (K, 280:15-18). Lawrence's attempts elsewhere to weave meaning out of the miscellaneity of Somers's meetings and excogitations do not always share the comic wryness of this attempt; and indeed the earnestness of the attempts elsewhere gives an edge to the comic element here, preventing it from becoming free and easy. But the difference throughout is one of tonal address rather than of kind. 'Chapter follows chapter, and nothing doing' (K, 284:3), laments the narrator at the beginning of the next chapter. Lawrence dares his reader to give up - or to give up cherishing novelistic expectations.

The 'novel' is a rag-bag of a category, accommodating multifarious forms of prose and defensible as a generic term probably only in terms of its bulging convenience. Even so, in *Kangaroo* Lawrence gives its boundaries an extra stretch. Much of it is a series of meditations, or meditative sorties; and, as the above quotations whimsically indicate, it is aware of its own proceedings. Lawrence gives his own different moods, perspectives and temptations their own voices by having the characters argue them out idiomatically and in action, dramatically. So Jack Callcott and Jaz, and later Kangaroo and Willie Struthers, tempt Somers into the kind of political and manly action for which one part of Lawrence must have yearned. Somers becomes also a voice for Lawrence the landscape-writer in his effort, throughout the novel, to articulate the antipodean foreignness: 'You feel you can't see- as if your eyes hadn't the vision in them to correspond with the outside landscape' (K, 77:3-5). The ready capacity for ethno-geography by which Lawrence had been able to interpret Austrian and Italian peasants as expressions of their European landscape in the essays in *Twilight in Italy* (1916) and in the mountain chapters in *The Lost Girl* deserts him in Australia:

*"It always seems to me," said Somers, "that somebody will have to water Australia with their blood before it's a real man's country. The soil, the very plants, seem to be waiting for it."*

*"You've got a lurid imagination, my dear man," said Jack.*

*"Yes he has," said Harriett. "He's always so*

*extreme."* (K, 78:14-18)

The bower-bird in Lawrence is at work here in Somers: someone in Western Australia had probably put the idea into his head (it recurs in *The Boy in the Bush*, probably courtesy of Mollie Skinner's 'The House of Ellis'). Lawrence has the narrative method to entertain the idea earnestly as well as mock it, but without finalising an attitude to his material and without establishing a pact - reliable common ground for understanding it - with his reader.

Occasions like this stress the provisionality of his art. It is there equally in the sections where we would not think of looking for it, as for instance in the account in chapter vi of Harriett and Somers's visit to Sydney to see Kangaroo. Annoyed at Harriett's disbelief, Kangaroo gives a visionary account of his principle of Love:

*"But it I can let out the real fire of happiness from the heart and bowels of man that is born of woman and woman that is born of man—" Then suddenly he broke off: "And whether I can or not, I love them," he shouted, in a voice suddenly become loud and passionate. "I love them. I love you, you woman born of man, I do, and I defy you to prevent me. Fiery you are, and fiery am I, and fire should be friends with fire. And when you make me angry, with your jealousy and mistrust like the ants, I remember, I remind myself: 'But see the beauty of the fire in her! And think how the ants have tortured her and filled her with fear and with horror!'" (K, 121:33 - 122:2)*

The sermonising can be annoying if one is looking to attach its sentiments to aspects of Australian political history or national character types. But Lawrence is master of the chant: the fervour, in setting aside one's expectation, has its effect.

*"But the men that are born like ants, out of the cold interval, and are womanless, they are not sick of themselves. They are full of cold energy, and they seethe with cold fire in the ant-hill, making new corridors, new chambers—they alone know what for. And they have cold, formic-acid females, as restless as themselves, and as active about the ant-hill, and as identical with the dried clay of the building . . . This is the world, and the people of the world. And with their cold, active bodies the ant-men and the ant-women swarm over the face of the earth."* (K, 121:5-10. 13-16)

The account is capped off by the horrible story of the Ceylonese puppies found eaten alive by white ants. The tonal disjunctions offered by the polarising metaphor (ant-coldness versus fire-warmth) support the meditation on Love. Lawrence is pushing towards a polar principle, an extreme, and Kangaroo is given a personality robust enough to localise, if not fully to individualise, the meditation. But Lawrence rapidly changes level, scaling down to the ironic and affec-

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tionate tones of an exchange of letters between Kangaroo and Harriett on the mock question of ownership of Somers. Is this now the 'real' Lawrence, a recognisably sane ironic controller of his tale's significations, one the reader can identify with? No, as we soon find, it is only a gesture toward his duties as novelist - an acknowledgement of the need for scepticism, humour, irony. If the meditation cannot withstand gentle undermining, Lawrence must have felt, it does not deserve to stand: some undercutting might even offer, serendipitously, opportunities for development or variation of the basic terms. It is this sort of chameleon attitude to his material to which I believe we need to attune ourselves as readers.

Disconcertingly, the meditative ambitiousness abruptly resumes with Somers on the beach, contesting Kangaroo's terms:

*These days Somers too was filled with fury. As for loving mankind, or having a fire of love in his heart, it was all rot. He felt almost fierily cold. He liked the sea, the pale sea of green glass that fell in such cold foam. Ice-fiery, fish-burning.—He went out on to the low flat rocks at low tide, skirting the deep pock-holes that were full of brilliantly clear water and delicately-coloured shells and tiny, crimson anemones. Strangely sea-scooped sharp sea-bitter rock-floor, all wet and sea-savage. And standing at the edge looking at the waves rather terrifyingly rolling at him, where he stood low and exposed, far out from the sand-banks, and as he watched the gannets gleaming white, then falling with a splash like white sky-arrows into the waves, he wished es he had never wished before that he could be cold, as sea-things are cold, and murderously fierce. To have oneself exultantly ice-cold, not one spark of this wretched warm flesh left, and to have all the terrific, ice-energy of a fish. (K, 125:7-21)*

Thus Somers contests the principle of Love by re-imagining its negative pole (coldness) as a positive one. In terms of character, neither Somers (nor, behind him, his creator), keeps to a steady centre of self; no thick outline contains him. Rather, his moods are followed; they lead to surprising turns of fancy which are yet gripping in their urgency or violence. The common element with Kangaroo's meditation is the intensity; and Somers's half-admission of complicity in it here ('this wretched warm flesh') shows he will swing between the two poles throughout the novel. The Secret Army plot is only the occasion for this inner, meditative drama whose terms are pushed and extended till they touch and differentially enlighten modern marriage, male comradeship, left-wing revolt and benevolent autocracy.

'The Nightmare' chapter is a tour de force, as most readers agree; but for all its urgency it is also a piece

## Lawrence and comedy

Edited by Paul Eggert and John Worthen



of stylised prose - no less than the mock-serious account of modern relationships in chapter ix, 'Harriett and Lovatt at Sea in Marriage' Only the tonal vehicle is different. 'The Nightmare' is an anger-driven recollection of Somers/Lawrence's wartime call-up for medical examination and of the events surrounding it. It seems to be written from the quick of a now-erupting resentment; there is a thronging plenitude of recollection. Yet, for all that, it is another verbally constructed voice unconstrained by a steady notion of Somers's 'character'; the voice is another participant in the polyphony of this novel. There is no attempt to disguise the personal basis of the case about the collapse of English society around 1916. The angle Lawrence takes only coheres in the resentment he expresses: significantly, one does not try to disconnect the case from the speaker. That relationship is its ambience, its life. Thus despite the reversion to a setting in wartime England, the chapter is not disjoint from the novel's procedure: Lawrence argues with and from different sides of himself throughout. The chapter also explains the genesis of Somers's belief in isolation. It was a needful defence against the psychological depredations of the military, and now it is a defence against the ideals of Kangaroo and Struthers.

The eruption of this voice may well have been a surprise to its author - 'why had it all come back on him? It had seemed so past, so gone' (K, 260:11-12) - but his decision (as I imagine) in the act of writing to give it its head is another example of the risk-taking provisionality I have mentioned. A chapter of wound-licking follows, and then there is 'Bits' with its self-conscious construction of the novel from amusing snippets from Australian newspapers and the Sydney *Bulletin* magazine which Lawrence had happened upon. The reader finds reliable ground neither with the tale nor the teller. Lawrence's relationships with his material and audience are too slippery or unpredictable - too comic - for that.

- Paul Eggert

# THE LAWRENCE RANCH IN TAOS

In July 1998 Lawrentians from around the world will gather in one of their author's favourite places: Taos, New Mexico. Lawrence spent the winter of 1922-23 and the summers of 1924 and 1925 in Taos. He and Frieda lived on a mountainside ranch twenty miles north of the town centre. A brief account of the ranch might therefore be of interest to readers of *Rananim*, especially those who plan to make the pilgrimage.

The D.H. Lawrence Ranch, as it is called today, lies on the west slope of Lobo Mountain in the Sangre de Cristo range above Taos. To reach it one drives fourteen miles north from Taos on the sealed State highway that goes to Questa. At that point a turn off to the ranch and the village of San Cristobal is clearly signed.

From this junction a further six miles on an uphill dirt road bring one to the ranch. Snow and mud sometimes render this road impassable in winter and early spring. The ranch is not served by public transportation.

When the Lawrences arrived in September 1922, the property was owned by their wealthy patron, Mabel Dodge Luhan. After personal tensions between Mabel and her guests reached a pitch in November, she suggested that they move to Lobo Mountain. When it became clear that the Lawrences liked living there, Mabel offered them the title to the property as an inducement to stay in New Mexico.

Lawrence declined the offer, not wanting to be tied down to one place by the responsibilities of ownership. Mabel then shrewdly offered the land to Frieda, who accepted it. In exchange, Mabel received the manuscript of *Sons and Lovers*, which she later sold to pay the bill of her psychiatrist, A.A. Brill.

The disused property required a lot of fixing up, but once it was inhabitable Lawrence found it a congenial working environment. While there he finished *Kangaroo*, re-wrote Mollie Skinner's *The Boy in the Bush*, completed *Studies in Classic American Literature* and *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*, and began many new poems, essays, and stories. These include "The Princess," "St. Mawr," and "Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine." Much of his Taos work is gathered in Keith Sagar's excellent anthology, *D.H. Lawrence in New Mexico*.

When Lawrence's health began to give way in 1925, he and Frieda left New Mexico for the Italian Riviera. He died in France five years later, but his connection with Taos was not severed. In 1932 Frieda returned to the ranch with Angelo Ravagli and lived there until her death in 1956.

In 1935 Frieda sent Ravagli to France to have Lawrence exhumed and cremated. Ravagli was instructed to bring the ashes back to New Mexico. The ashes were accordingly entombed in a small chapel on the hillside above the main ranch buildings. Whether or not the remains are actually those of Lawrence is a matter of continuing debate. Some say that Ravagli was forced to abandon and replace the contents of the urn somewhere between Marseilles and Taos.

In her will Frieda left the ranch to the University of New Mexico. Her bequest was due to the mediation of the Lawrence scholar Ernest W. Tedlock, Jr., a professor in the UNM English Department who helped Frieda catalogue her manuscript collection.

Today the University maintains the ranch as a conference and recreational facility. For almost forty years the caretaker of the property has been A1 Bearce, a woodsy philosopher with a crusty manner but a soft spot for visitors who reveal an informed interest in the Lawrence heritage. Bearce knew Frieda in her later years.

The ranch is open every day of the year except Christmas. Visitors park in front of the large house that Ravagli built for himself and Frieda in the later 1930s, now the caretaker's house. The south side of the car park opens onto the meadow in which Black-Eyed Susan the cow disports herself in Dorothy Brett's painting of the ranch.

Behind the big house stands the small cabin in which Lawrence and Frieda lived. The porch is still recognizable from contemporary photographs, but the interior is closed to the public. Opposite the front door of the cabin is the "Lawrence tree," a gnarly old pine that figures in Lawrence's descriptions of the ranch, in Brett's picture, and in a famous night scene painted by Georgia O'Keeffe.

From the other side of the buildings a zigzag pathway climbs the hill to the white stucco chapel. Frieda's grave lies just outside the chapel's doorless entrance. Inside, positioned like an altar, squats the concrete block in which Frieda had the ashes sealed to prevent Mabel or anyone else from making off with them. Lawrentian symbols decorate the interior, and copies of the office wall.

Downhill from this cluster of historic buildings stand other structures erected since the 1950s. At the bottom of the meadow are about fifteen green plywood cabins. Originally built during World War II to house scientists and engineers at Los Alamos Laboratories, the cabins were brought to the ranch by A1

*cont'd over page*



## THE LAWRENCE RANCH IN TAOS

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Bearce when the Government declared them redundant. Today they are used as recreational accommodation by University of New Mexico employees.

On the other side of the main access road is a conference centre with meeting rooms, dormitories, kitchen and dining room. This facility has been poorly maintained, however, and is seldom used for its intended purpose. The 1998 conference will meet not at the ranch but in the town below.

A modern A-frame cabin on the east side of the meadow was built to house the D. H. Lawrence Fellow. To maintain a tradition of creative life at the ranch, Ernest Tedlock created a Lawrence Fellowship

in 1958. Until recently, a different writer was selected annually to spend several summer months in the environs where Lawrence lived and worked.

The Fellowship was discontinued in the 1990s, however, because income from the endowment has not kept pace with the cost of living. In an era of budget-cutting, the university administration is reluctant to invest in the ranch. On several occasions, indeed, the faculty have blocked plans by the administration to sell the property.

In addition to the ranch, Lawrentians who visit Taos will see the certificates of exhumation and cremation that hang on the wall.

- Hugh Wittemeyer

## Letters...

On page 3 of the current number of *Rananim* you suggest that Mr Michael Morath "turned away even such important visitors as Lawrence's own niece."

Miss Joan King assures me that her visit to the garden of Wyewurk took place in 1981, i.e. before Mr Morath lived there. I hope that this mistake can be rectified in the appropriate quarter. Miss King supports me in this request as does Mrs Jean Temple.

- Rosemary Howard

(Editor: Quite correct. Sincere apologies)



I have received my copy of *Rananim* Vol 5 No1, and note Jean Temple's article on page 3. If you had asked me for permission to print it, I would have given it freely, but perhaps not so freely if I had realised that your newsletter would have been distributed earlier than mine, which is just about to appear. It's really a small point, but I thought I'd mention it to you.

With regard to Lawrence's knowledge and love of wild flowers, I would beg to disagree with you about the source of his knowledge. Jessie Chambers in an amusing passage describes the boy's amazing acquaintanceship with wild flowers, and I cannot imagine that he built it up between 1900 when he won the book, and 1901 when he first went to the Hags. John Worthen comments that the inspiration for his love of flowers was probably his father ( see p105 of *D.H.Lawrence The Early Years.*) When I was preparing my lecture on "D.H.L. and Wild Flowers" for last year's International Conference in Nottingham I asked Peggy Needham if Lawrence's source of information was his Mother and she responded immediately "No, his father!" (Though, of course his Mother loved flowers as well.) Then of course he studied Botany at the University.

I've read *Rananim* with interest, as usual, and hope that will enjoy our "Newsletter No 60" when you receive it.

- Rosemary Howard

( Acting Secretary, Programme Organiser and the Editor of the *D.H. Lawrence Society of UK Newsletter*)



You probably already have my permission, plus photo, from Robert Darroch. Even so I was delighted to hear from you and fascinated by the bumper edition of *Rananim*. It is an excellent edition.

The MI5 stuff from Robert Darroch is intriguing. My husband had discovered and devoured it before me. Christopher Pollnitz had alerted me to John Ruffels' article re the Marchbank family. George Marchbank attended my school at Heanor long before. (I was actually born not in Eastwood but in Heanor where my mother's family lived.) Since when I have had two interesting letters from George and hope to meet at a school reunion one of these days. Christopher calls it "serendipity".

- Jean Temple



Thank you for your letter and invitation for reciprocal membership of your society.

We gladly accept and wholeheartedly agree that "we literary societies have to stick together." You are on our mailing list.

Susannah Fullerton, President of the Jane Austen Society, has also joined with us, and we are planning a members' only event in January or February next year, to which we plan to invite representation from the other literary societies.

I look forward to receiving copies of *Rananim* and hope to meet you, if not at one of our coming events, then at least in the New Year.

- Robert Jones

President

Dylan Thomas Society of Australia



# Bits...

The property of Saki Karavas, the former owner of La Fonda Hotel in Taos, who died in 1996 at the age of 74, will be divided between Robert and Jim Sahd and Tom McCarthy, friends of the deceased. This includes several paintings attributed to D.H. Lawrence, dating from Lawrence's time in New Mexico.



The Sydney bookseller Alexander Sheppard died recently in Sydney, aged 84. He had carried on business as a bookseller in Bathurst Street, Sydney, for many years and reviewed books for many publications. He created newspaper headlines in the 1960s when he helped publish an Australian edition of the then banned *Trial of Lady Chatterley*.

But Robert Darroch recalls two other Lawrence-related connections. The late Tom Fitzgerald (a member of the Save Wyewurk Committee and former editor of *Nation*) remembered Sheppard telling him a few years back of an incident during the Lang crisis of 1930-32. Sheppard, who was a militia colonel, was told one day to turn up at Victoria Barracks in Sydney in his car as part of a mobilisation exercise. He was surprised to find himself in the company of a large number of his Eastern Suburbs neighbours, also lined up in their family cars. Jack Scott's Old Guard was having a day out.

Darroch also remembered meeting Sheppard at a literary party in Sydney in the 1970s and mentioning secret armies to him. Sheppard told him that one of the jobs of the secret armies was to keep the regular army informed about what was happening in the community. "They [the secret army members] could do things their brother regular officers could not do," he said.



Two quotes about Lawrence and Frieda:

From Norman Douglas - "Scholars and men of the world will not find much inspiration in Lawrence's novels. Lawrence opened a little window for the bourgeoisie. That is his life-work."

And from Mabel Dodge Luhan - "Frieda always had a mouth rather like a gunman."

We have to apologise to our readers and contributors for the lateness and partly-unrevised nature of this issue of *Rananim*. Its publication was beset with difficulties, and at one stage the entire issue was lost somewhere in the depths of our computer system. There will be errors in many of the items. We hope to sort out our technical problems before the next issue (which will, perforce, be later than scheduled). - Sandra Jobson, publisher.



John Mayes, Secretary of the D.H. Lawrence Society of the UK, who is retired and living in Cornwall, was shocked to discover a large green plastic tank placed against the front wall of what is now known as the Mermaid Cottage in Higher Tregetheren, the place where the Lawrences stayed from 1916 until banished in 1917.

This tank not only badly defaces the aesthetics of the building but, given the problem of vandalism in the St Ives area, poses a threat to the building; a few slashes from a knife to the tank would stain the granite frontage of the cottage irrevocably.

Lawrentians are urged to write to the Director of Planning and Economic Development, Penwith District Council, St Claire, Penzance, Cornwall TR18 3QW, to protest.

## Coming Up in Future Issues

*A Rose by Any Other Name* - the final part of "Mining Lawrence's Nomenclature".

*Meeting Monty* - Robert Douglass recalls a strange encounter with Frieda's son.

A Progress Report on Wyewurk.

More on Lawrence in Western Australia.

ANSWER TO PICTURE QUIZ - Lawrence is second from left, third row back (his friend George Neville is immediately in front of him).

## 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.

# 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)

## FUTURE EVENTS AND AGM

The Committee of the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia held a meeting last month to plot the Society's immediate future.

As some members might already know, we decided to postpone our annual DHL Conference which was due to be held in August.

This decision was taken partly because of the difficulties in organising speakers, and partly because we did not want to invite one or more distinguished guest speakers to a function that was ill-attended.

It was decided that more planning and preparation would have to be put into such events if they were to become both practicable - and well-attended. Another factor in the decision was the prospect of offering to host a future international DHL conference in Sydney. The committee wanted to have a successful record of organising a local conference before taking on an international one.

Then there was the matter of our annual general meeting, which has

to be held before the end of the year, and the matter of future events generally.

What we also do not want to do is to run ahead of our members' interests, and to arrange events that do not fit in with the exigencies of our membership.

So it has now been decided to hold just one more event this year, which will be associated with our AGM, and to plan a combined dinner/conference/harbour trip in the new year.

As Editor John Lacey explains in his Editorial on page 2, we will now organise a steam train trip down the South Coast on Saturday October 18. We will combine this with a picnic lunch either at Thirroul or further south, possibly at Berry.

The thinking behind this is that our previous steam train excursion to Thirroul proved to be a popular and much-praised event, and we believe this would suit many of our members, combining

an interesting and pleasant day out with a Lawrence ingredient. Further details (cost, time, etc) will go out with this issue of *Rananim*. An AGM will be held during this trip.

A small sub-committee has been set up to plan ahead for the proposed combined conference/dinner/harbour outing event at some convenient date early in 1988. Again, the thinking here was that such an event, running over two days, would be both substantial and would attract sufficient interest, not only local but further afield, to make a conference-event a success. We could then confidently invite speakers in the belief that they would not be asked to talk to a near-empty hall.

Additionally, it would allow us to "cut our teeth" on the sort of agenda we would need if we were to organise a larger international event in 2000 or thereafter.

Further details of the "DHL Weekend" will be revealed in the next issue of *Rananim*.