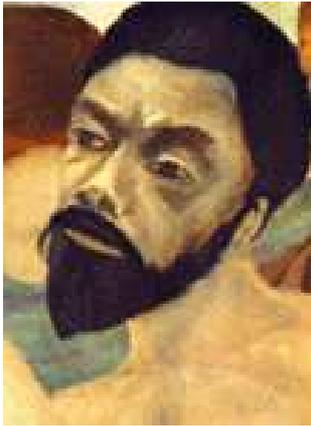




Rananim

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LAWRENCE & ART:

Inaugural Margaret Jones Memorial Lecture

**Paul Delprat: an artist's
assessment of DHL's paintings**

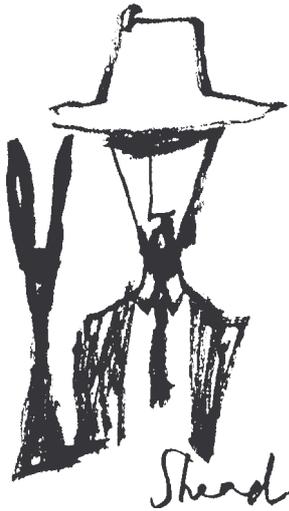
**Robert Darroch:
Lawrence's Versatility**

**Sandra Jobson: Lawrence
in New Zealand**

John Lacey: Stormy Weather

**John Ruffels: a new
Lawrence source**

**Alexander Brewis: "The
White Stocking"**



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EDITORIAL

WELCOME to this last hard copy edition of *Rananim*: don't fret, there'll be many more editions of *Rananim*, but on the Internet from now on, and more often (see story page 3).

This issue is our usual mixture of news and feature articles. In our 15 years of publication we've had articles by contributors based in North America, South America, Asia and Europe - and of course, Australia. But in this issue we publish our first piece by a contributor based in Africa. So thanks to Alexander Brewis for his structural analysis of Lawrence's "White Stocking".

An emphasis in this edition is Lawrence and Art. This

follows the inaugural Margaret Jones Memorial Lecture delivered by Paul Delprat. This edition of *Rananim* also contains some prints from the rare Mandrake Press edition of *Paintings by DH Lawrence*. A copy of this very handsome volume was recently purchased by our Vice-President Robert Darroch.

My special thanks go to publisher Sandra Jobson and all those members of the editorial committee who have written, proof-read and helped out with so many print issues of *Rananim* over the past 15 years.

So now for the future! We'll be even more active online. Keep in touch, keep with the times, and keep sending your contributions to us.

- John Lacey

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JACARANDA CRUISE

We had hoped to arrange a cruise on board the steam yacht *Lady Hopetoun* for March, but there were a number of problems.

Like the DHL Society, the Sydney Heritage Fleet is manned by volunteers, and they have been suffering a shortage of volunteers lately.

So instead of a late autumn cruise, the DHL Society has arranged a late spring cruise.

This will take place in November, and we hope to see lots of the blue haze of harbourside jacarandas. The amount of haze varies from season to season, of course, but if weather and wind conditions suit, we intend to nudge the southern and northern shores of Sydney Harbour before crossing to Middle Head and entering Middle Harbour to steam upstream to an area that is almost the same as it was in 1922. We will pause here, as twilight falls, to enjoy a communal meal on the large cedar table on the stern, while all around is the silent bush.

After dinner and after dark, we will steam down Middle Harbour, and whistle as we pass Northbridge, to then enter the main Harbour and see the lights of Sydney. This is always a wonderful contrast.

The date for the cruise is Saturday 8 November, boarding at James Craig Road, Rozelle Bay, at 4.30 pm for a 5 pm departure, with a return at 9 pm.

Please bring your own drinks, and food to share on the communal table: picnic fare is most manageable.

Cost is \$70 per head and please send your cheque, made out to the DH Lawrence Society of Australia, to PO Box 100 Millers Point 2000 well ahead of time, or contact Sandra Jobson, 02 9365 1778.

- John Lacey

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RANANIM IS GOING VIRTUAL

The DH Lawrence Society of Australia has decided to move with the times

As we move into our 16th year, the DHL Society has made two major decisions which, we believe, will keep our journal alive and kicking, and will help our finances to stay healthy.

- This will be the last issue of *Rananim* produced and printed on paper and distributed to members and libraries by snail mail. From now on the journal will be available online, in full colour, and it will be updated more often throughout the year. You can still print it out in colour (or black-and-white) if you want to.
- From July 1 this year, we will not ask for further subscription payments. Anyone who is or has been a member will be informed of up-coming events, and the Society will continue to rely on the proceeds from these events. We will also encourage new members to join.

The Society's finances are in a good state, as you will see from the Treasurer's report on page 30. The bulk of our healthy bank balance comes not from subscriptions but from the events we hold, such as our annual Harbour cruise on the VIP steam yacht, *Lady Hopetoun*, (see page 2 for details of the date for the next cruise, the "Jacaranda Cruise"). Indeed, we hope that freed from the travails of mail-outs and visits to the printer etc, we will be able to extend our program of events this year. And, as always, some of them will be free of charge.

Full colour is a plus

We have been thinking about making these decisions for some time.

Firstly, the cost of having *Rananim* printed and mailed out has always been the biggest expense the Society has had to bear. Printing an entire edition in colour would have been prohibitive, but even just a few colour pages increases the cost. Yet the quality of photographs printed in black-and-white leaves much to be desired. We have splurged this issue with colour on the cover and back page and in the centre spread, pages 16-17. This gives a preview of how much better the publication looks in full colour. (The website provides full colour

throughout.) By putting it all online, we can enjoy full colour throughout the journal.

We should add that we have been putting it up online now for some years, but many members still do not seem to be aware of this. The URL is www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl and the link to the latest, and previous issues of *Rananim*, are clearly marked on the Home Page. Put the URL in your address books or diaries.

Secondly, many members have failed to renew their subscriptions for 2007-2008 although they have continued to show interest in the Society and have happily attended our events. Many admit they have simply forgotten to renew, despite our reminders. The cost and time spent reminding members to renew their subscriptions is another expense which we have chosen to eliminate.

Faithful members

But some of you have been very faithful and have sent your cheques for 2007-2008 renewal. We thank you and guarantee that you will receive priority treatment in future if there are some events which have a restricted number of places.

The development of web-based Internet technology, as you will be aware, is changing many publications' and organisations' methods of distribution and communication.

We believe that a full-colour and regularly-updated *Rananim*, accessible online, and still there for you to print out if you want it on paper, will be a much more flexible and creative publication effort. You are all invited to send editorial contributions throughout the year to help keep *Rananim* up with the times.

Contributions should be emailed to sjd@cybersydney.com.au

We look forward to hearing from you and seeing you at our up-coming events.

- SJ

Even though membership of the Society will be free from July 1 on, please fill in the membership form on the back page and send it back to us so we can keep you informed of future events. Make sure you include your email address if you have one.

IS A LAWRENCE RENAISSANCE IN THE WIND?

by Robert Darroch

The past 12 months or so have proved to be a good year for Lawrence. And perhaps may mark a turning point, and the beginning (dare we say it?) of a Lawrence revival.

For example, I was watching one of Rick Stein's excellent food programs on TV the other night, and he was travelling around the Mediterranean, sussing out places to eat. This episode he was in Sardinia, and he had a copy of Lawrence's *Sea and Sardinia* in his hand.

He was reading out some of the book's descriptive prose, derived from Lawrence's own trip to that island in 1921 (just prior to embarking for Ceylon and Australia), and remarked on the fact that Lawrence thought that parts of Sardinia were like Cornwall, where Stein has his famous seafood restaurant.

(It turned out that Stein's grandparents had – according to Rick – invited Lawrence and Frieda to stay in Cornwall, which episode in Lawrence's life was the subject of the "Nightmare" chapter in *Kangaroo*.)

Of course, the major Lawrence event of 2007 was the new film of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which was both a critical and box-office success.

(Though in fact it wasn't a film of *LCL*, but of the second version of the novel, *John Thomas and Lady Jane* – the better version, in my opinion.)

Made by a French company, and starring Marina Hands, the film (titled *Lady Chatterley*) sparked a great deal of interest around the world, and in turn that focused attention on Lawrence and his works.

Tens of thousands of film-goers, if not millions, who had perhaps never even heard of Lawrence, or read one line of his work, were introduced to one of the major figures in 20th century literature.

I myself get each day what are called Google Alerts, and so I see a good selection of what is being "published" around the world on Lawrence and his works. And in the past 12 months, there has been a rising tide of items about Lawrence.

Last year was the 47th anniversary of the famous legal case in England which finally led to the unbanning of *LCL*. (No, that's not quite right. It led to the publication on an unexpurgated version of *LCL*. In fact, the ban on *LCL* apparently still exists, and people in London are getting up a petition asking the UK Government to revoke the ban on *LCL*.)

The anniversary was also marked by a UK television drama recreating that famous 1960 "trial". And it was a superb production, too.

Made by the BBC, *The Chatterley Affair* told, in fictional form, the story of the trial through the eyes (and other parts of the body) of two of the jurors, who themselves had an affair during the hearing, experimenting with some of the techniques mentioned in

the novel.

It was, in fact, very tastefully done, and did Lawrence, and his most-famous novel, full justice. It has been acclaimed one of the best BBC dramas ever.

And there was more. An Australian theatre company plans to tour the UK and Ireland in 2008 putting on performances of a dramatized version of *LCL*. They have already started advertising for actors to play the main roles. (Lady C and Mellors with Australian accents might be a little over the top, even for the Irish.)

Believe it or not, the centre of Lawrence activity world-wide is now, apparently, India.

My Google Alerts are alive with scholarly references to Lawrence and his works by Indian academics and critics. Which is, perhaps, not all that surprising, with India being the world's second-largest English-speaking nation (after USA).

I noted last year almost a dozen performances in various countries of Lawrence's own plays (Canada seems especially keen on them).

And hardly a day goes by without Lawrence being quoted in some context or another. ("Trust the tale, not the teller," seems to be the most popular Lawrence quote nowadays.)

On top of this, there is the increasing number of Lawrence books going into print, not to mention theses, dissertations, etc, etc.

Does all this activity amount to a Lawrence renaissance? Perhaps it's too early to tell. But I think it could be, at least, a straw in the wind.

The main Lawrence revival – after decades in the literary wilderness – came in the 1950s and 1960s, when authors like Aldous Huxley (in his superb introduction to the first major volume of Lawrence's letters) and Richard Aldington – who wrote not only the first major post-WW2 biography of Lawrence (*A Portrait of a Genius, But...*) but the prefaces to many of his novels in the famous Phoenix editions – brought Lawrence to the attention of both scholars and the general public.

Then followed Lawrence's glory years, when he was, rightly, acclaimed by scholars like Moore, Roberts, Sagar, Leavis, etc, as one of the century's major writers.

But in recent years, he has, we must admit, fallen out of both public and scholarly favour.

In Australia, he has dropped out of the literary canon almost entirely. I read *Sons and Lovers* for the Leaving Certificate, and when I began my own Lawrence studies (focusing on *Kangaroo*), *Women in Love* was still regarded as a masterpiece of 20th century literature. But today, it is hardly read.

The pendulum had swung too far.

Let us hope that 2007-08 will be the date we see it swinging back.



Margaret Jones
Memorial Lecture

INAUGURAL LECTURE: Lawrence's Art



Paul Delprat presents the inaugural Margaret Jones Lecture. Other speaker, Ian Stapleton, and wife, Maisie, seated behind Paul

On Sunday October 14, 2007, the Society held its first Margaret Jones Memorial Lecture and its annual spring picnic at Georges Heights (Middle Head) Mosman.

Journalist and author Margaret Jones was the Society's secretary for many years. She died last year and is much missed by all of us.

Paul Delprat, Principal of the Julian Ashton Art School, whose second campus is situated in one of the buildings on Georges Heights, delivered a lecture on "DH Lawrence and Art", illustrating his talk with examples of Lawrence's own paintings, paintings of Lawrence by other artists (including Garry Shead and Brett Whiteley), and with Paul's own delightful watercolours of Lawrence at Thirroul.

Paul is one of the few people to have had the privilege of seeing inside "Wyewurk", where Lawrence and Frieda stayed in Thirroul in 1922, and where Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo*.

Another person who has had the privilege of seeing inside Wyewurk is leading heritage architect Ian Stapleton, who, with his wife Maisie, inspected the inside of "Wyewurk" when preparing plans for the preservation of this historic house – the

oldest surviving Californian bungalow in Australia. Ian addressed the Society on the attempts to preserve the architectural integrity of Wyewurk while acceding to the owner's need for more living space in the cottage.

Among those present at the lecture and picnic were Robin and Owen Archer, Gavin and Ngaire Souter, Yvonne Preston, Evan and Janet Williams, John Lacey, Sandra Jobson, Rob Darroch, Sue Delprat, Anna, Zoe and David Delprat, John Ruffels, Andrew Moore and Beverley Firth, and Kerie and Roger Hooke.

The weather was perfect, as has been the case with virtually all DH Lawrence Society events in its 16 years of existence (the *Lady Hopetoun* voyage reported on page 8 being a dramatic exception). Many who attended cooked sausages on the barbecue under the trees overlooking the panoramic view of Sydney Harbour Heads (see photos over page).

The Margaret Jones Memorial Lecture will become an annual item on the DH Lawrence Society of Australia's calendar. (*More photos over page.*)



The audience enjoys Paul Delprat's talk and analysis of Lawrence's paintings



The view out to Sydney Harbour Heads



Picnicking under the trees, Yvonne Preston chats with Rob Darroch



Robert Darroch addresses the audience in front of the display of photographs of Lawrence's paintings

Photos: John Lacey

Trees or Water?

Sandra Jobson reviews a short story by Robert Drewe with references to Lawrence

I have read, and then re-read five times, Robert Drewe's short story, "The Water Person & the Tree Person", published in the Australia Day edition of *The Australian* newspaper's *Weekend Magazine* (Jan 26-27, 2008).

I didn't pore over his prose because I particularly liked it (it's not his best piece of writing – rather stilted characters) but because I wanted to try to understand why he brought DH Lawrence into his saga.

The story, illustrated with a painting of Lawrence and Frieda at Wyewurk at Thirroul by Garry Shead, is about Andy Melrose, an advertising executive, and his wife of 23 years, Lynne, an academic and book reviewer.

Each is going through a suburban mid-life crisis. Lynne is widening her circle of friends and taking up new interests, which Andy finds disconcerting. But most disconcerting for him is the way she has begun to say that she is a "tree person" while Andy is a "water person". Coming from Western Australia (like Robert Drewe himself) where he lived near the beach as a boy, Andy naturally took to the waves, but he is puzzled by his wife's delineation: he rather liked trees as well as the water, indeed, over the years he had signed several petitions for saving endangered rainforests. Sometimes he wondered whether her new-found love of the bush was "just literary-political correctness".

Andy's mid-life crisis centres more on the physical decline of his body. Arthritis has made surfboard riding painful, even when he bought a longer board.

Then at Christmas Lynne gave him a special gift, a kayak. Andy was deeply touched at her thoughtfulness and felt that maybe their temporary incompatibility was over, but waited to try out the kayak, which he hopes will allow him to enjoy paddling again, until they went on their annual holiday down to the beach.

But before they set off on their holiday, Lynne held a dinner party for some academic colleagues. At one point during the evening she started reading an excerpt from her first edition of Lawrence's *Kangaroo* where the protagonist, Richard Lovat Somers, wanders out into the West Australian bush at Darlington one moonlit evening and finds himself in a grove of towering, ghostlike white gums which struck terror into his heart.

Preparing to read Lawrence's prose, Lynne declared that "Richard Somers could be Andy. He could be Lawrence's character, or rather Lawrence himself. This is exactly how Andy thinks of the bush."

Her fellow academics chuckled knowingly and she began reading:

"It was so phantom-like, so ghostly, with its tall pale trees and many dead trees, like corpses, partly charred by bushfires, and then the foliage so dark, like grey-green

iron.....

"One night at the time of the full moon he walked alone in the bush...he walked on a mile or so into the bush, and had just come to a clump of tall, nude, dead trees, shining almost phosphorescent with the moon, when the terror of the bush overcame him...there was a presence..."

Hurt by the mockery of his wife and her companions, Andy tried to bluff his way out, saying: "It sounds exciting. My sort of book." But he was mystified by her attack.

I, too, am mystified by Robert Drewe's attitude towards Lawrence and Lawrence's terror of the bush. On the one hand, Drewe mocks the academics for being smug in their "fogeish physical deterioration...their proud ineptitude with cars and computers..." and on the other, Drewe seems to draw an unlikely parallel between Lawrence and an advertising man.

A further mystery is what is Drewe's own feelings about Lawrence's description of the bush?

Does he, as a native of Western Australia, realise that the bush Lawrence was describing in those excerpts from *Kangaroo* was West Australian bush, a type of bush which is markedly different to that of the bush on the Eastern side of Australia, which Lawrence later came to love when he lived at Thirroul?

Like the academics at Lynne's dinner party in the short story, others, such as writer Gavin Souter, have also attacked Lawrence because of those same excerpts. But has Gavin, for example, ever really looked at the bush in Western Australia and seen with his own eyes how different it is from the eastern variety?

I myself have actually seen the very clump of ghostly white gums that struck terror into Richard Somers' heart (at Darlington where Lawrence was staying at Mollie Skinner's guesthouse, Leithdale), and I can vouch for the fact that although I only saw the trees in daylight, they could be quite terrifying, especially to an Englishman wandering through the bush alone in the moonlight.

I shan't relate how the short story concludes, but there is no further reference to "tree persons" and there is nothing further about Lawrence, which makes me wonder why Drewe dragged him into his story in the first place. Was he trying to hit back at a slight that some academic or book reviewer had hurled at him? Was he bringing Lawrence into his story to add a touch of literary class to what is otherwise a fairly shallow piece of writing? I'd like to hear your views.

STORMY WEATHER

by John Lacey

The Society has held a Harbour cruise aboard the 1902 Steam Yacht, *Lady Hopetoun* for many years. The reason is that Lawrence wrote in *Kangaroo* that “He and Harriett took numerous trips in the ferry-steamers, to the many nooks and corners of the harbour”.

So it was thought that our members would appreciate a Harbour cruise. The big steel-hulled *Kanangra*, which was steam-powered in 1922 and used on North Shore services, survives under restoration by the Sydney Maritime Museum. The only other vessel in service in 1922 and available for charter is the *Lady Hopetoun*, which was built in 1902 as a VIP yacht, and was retired from this role in 1964.

So the Society has enjoyed a number of cruises, exploring “nooks and corners” such as Hen and Chicken Bay, Quarantine Bay, Onions Point and many others. Our late Secretary, Margaret Jones, when describing these cruises would usually include a sentence such as “The weather gods smiled kindly on the Society...” One year we experienced some strong winds but that was the only variation on our usual fare of deep blue skies, cooling breezes on a hot day, and vivid sunsets.

Until 2007 that is! Our travel plan in the past few years has been to leave Rozelle Bay at 5 pm on one of the last Saturdays of Daylight Saving, slip across to the Eastern Suburbs, and, then, if the weather and wave conditions allow, head for Dobryod Point, face the swell rolling in through the Heads, then turn and head up Middle Harbour past Balmoral and Clontarf and under the Spit Bridge.

Eventually we would be alone in bushland and we would anchor for dinner amidst the bush under an inky sky.

Back down Middle Harbour, enter the Main Harbour, and then we would experience the point of the timing - we would emerge from “the heart of darkness” and then be faced with the blaze of city lights.

Such was the plan for 2007 as well. The Saturday had been hot and humid and there had been rain during

the week (the drought had broken). As the party assembled at Rozelle Bay, dark clouds started to appear in the blue sky, and the captain confided that the forecast would make a passage to Middle Harbour doubtful, but that we would head for there and see how the weather developed after we explored Darling Harbour.

Under the new and old Glebe Island bridges we steamed, and there were men swimming in the water off Pyrmont while their families picnicked in the park, ignoring the assembling clouds.

There were historic vessels in the Harbour: the replica “Bounty” (now based in Hong Kong), the submarine “Onslow”, and the star of Sydney, - the fully rigged iron-hulled sailing ship *James Craig*, one of only four such ships in the world licensed to take fare paying passengers in ocean waters.

Now the temperature fell quickly, the clouds moved rapidly: the classic conditions for one of Sydney’s “Southerly Busters”, and did the rain fall! The crew quickly brought down the weather shields: these are glass windows in cedar frames which fold down to enclose the sides of *Lady Hopetoun*’s open-stern cabin.

But so heavy had the rain been that by the time we passed under the Harbour Bridge our members witnessed a sight none of us had ever seen before: waterfalls streaming off the decking of the Harbour Bridge.

The rain eased and we explored some of the eastern suburbs coves, passed around Fort Denison, then steamed west. Then the rain returned! After Greenwich we entered the Lane Cove River and followed its twists through Hunters Hill until we came to a quiet reach and set the table for dinner. The weather then cleared a little and we returned to Rozelle Bay quite elated by our unusual experiences.

All agreed that despite the wet weather it had been a wonderful cruise, as we saw Sydney from a perspective none of us had seen before. Make sure you join us on our next, Jacaranda, cruise!





Photographs: John Lacey

LAWRENCE IN NEW ZEALAND

by Sandra Jobson



Katherine Mansfield's birthplace

Lawrence was prejudiced against New Zealand – “the Antipodes” as he referred to it – even before he visited NZ on his way from Australia to America in 1922. This prejudice, reinforced by the behaviour of a customs official when his boat arrived in Wellington Harbour, was created by his friend, Katherine Mansfield, New Zealand’s most celebrated writer, who in her short stories portrayed her home country as stuffy and smug.

The Secker (UK) edition of *Kangaroo* barely mentions New Zealand. The novel ends with the words: “It was only four days to New Zealand, over a cold dark, inhospitable sea.”

The Selzer (USA) and the more recent CUP editions of *Kangaroo* don’t mention New Zealand at all, both ending as the boat leaves the wharf at Sydney with the half-finished sentence “The last streamers blowing away, like broken attachments,

broken”.

However there is a manuscript version of the novel which takes Richard Lovatt Somers and his wife Harriett to Wellington, and on to Raratonga, then Papeete and finally, San Francisco. This post-Australian text (now in the Berg collection in the New York Public Library) was a handwritten revision Lawrence made in Taos of the first typescript of the original Thirroul holograph manuscript. He subsequently cut out this additional text via a message sent to his agent Mountsier, probably in October 1922. The wording of the message was to lead to the confusion in the published ending of the novel between the Secker (UK) version and the Seltzer (US) and CUP edition (UK) (see Robert Darroch’s article published in the *DH Lawrence Review* * about how Seltzer and CUP happened



A bedroom in the family home

to get the wrong ending).

Lawrence recounted in the excised “Taos ending”, and in letters and postcards sent from Wellington, that he and Frieda spent only one day in Wellington - a day which started badly with an unpleasant encounter with an immigration official on board their ship who was reluctant to issue Harriett (Frieda) with a landing card because she was German. The contretemps concluded with the immigration official asking Harriett (Frieda): “You are going on by this boat, Mrs Somers?”

“I am,” she replied. “I’ve no desire to stay in New Zealand.”

Lawrence described their stay in Wellington: “And after a day in Wellington - cold and stormy - they had less desire than ever to stay in this cold, snobbish, lower middle-class colony of pretentious nobodies.” Ouch!

The words “snobbish, lower middle-class colony of pretentious nobodies” could have come straight from the mouth or pen of Katherine Mansfield, who had few kind words to say about the small-town society she grew up in. Indeed, Lawrence was thinking of Katherine on that cold, windy day, and sent a postcard to her via Lady Ottoline Morrell. In an undated letter to John Middleton Murry, Katherine, who was convalescing after tuberculosis in Europe, related that she had received the card from Lawrence: “I had a card from Lawrence today – just the one word (Ricordi) – how like him. I was glad to get it though.”

“Ricordi” is Italian for “memories”.

Katherine’s ten-year, often tumultuous friendship with Lawrence began in 1913. Later she and Middleton Murry lived in a cottage next door to the Lawrences in Zennor, Cornwall, when Lawrence was portraying Katherine as Gudrun in *Women in Love*. During that time they often quarreled. Nevertheless Katherine felt a powerful affinity with him, saying “L is the only writer living who I really profoundly care for.”

Although there is no evidence that Lawrence visited Katherine’s birthplace when he was in Wellington, I and my husband, Robert Darroch, made the pilgrimage to what is known as the “Birthplace” when we visited Wellington in 2007.

Her family home, at 25 Tinakori Road, Wellington, where she was born in 1888, has been preserved and meticulously restored by the Katherine Mansfield Birthplace Society, and is a pre-eminent NZ manuscript heritage site, winning both national and international awards for heritage and culture. (How different from the virtually forlorn state of Wyewurk.)

The two-storey white-painted wooden house in Wellington was built by Katherine’s father, Sir



Katherine Mansfield

Harold Beauchamp, a wealthy businessman who was involved in property development, meat processing, exporting, shipping and other activities in the expanding colonial city, and was a director of several major companies and institutions, including the Bank of New Zealand. Katherine was to caricature her father as a vulgar bourgeois cigar smoker - Stanley Burnell - in *Prelude* and other short stories, but in reality he possessed some redeeming features. Australian-born, the son of an auctioneer who had emigrated to New Zealand in 1860, he developed an amateur interest in Maori culture, educated his five daughters at private schools, and arranged musical evenings at his home, as well as encouraging young Katherine to start writing. Realising his daughter was too unconventional to fit into the tight society of turn-of-the-century Wellington, he helped and paid for her to travel to England and Europe in 1908, enrolled her at Queens College and supported her throughout her life. After her death he donated 5,000 pounds to establish a New Zealand national art gallery in her honour.

The “Birthplace” reveals Sir Harold’s taste in furnishings, perhaps a legacy of his early experience in his father’s auction house. The authentically-restored wallpaper friezes and the dining chairs are elegant, and the staircase is wide with shallow steps. I found the handrails surprisingly low – people were smaller in those days.

Lawrence may have heard about that house from Katherine, yet it is a shame he didn’t visit it when he was so briefly in Wellington. Nevertheless, he did remember to send his final message to Katherine from her home town: “Memories”.

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Margaret Jones
Memorial Lecture

PAUL DELPRAT ON LAWRENCE'S ART

Paul Delprat, artist and principal of the Julian Ashton Art School, delivered the inaugural Margaret Jones Memorial Lecture to the Society at the Georges Heights campus of the school on October 14, 2007, illustrating his talk with reproductions of many of Lawrence's paintings and works about Lawrence by other artists.

Paul admired Lawrence's artistic ability, saying:

"He had an artistic fluency and the unique vision and quirky courage that was his literary signature and which comes through in all the works, collaborative and otherwise. I suspect, from having this opportunity to study his visual work, that Lawrence **saw** his novels.

"There is a lot of present tense in Lawrence.

"He was a surrealist - without trying - in making ordinary things magical by using emotional juxtaposition, never forcing things."

Paul then took some examples of Lawrence's artwork, starting with his portrait of Dorothy Yorke (at foot of next column). He said he found it a remarkable piece of work despite the fact that it has no understanding of form – it is a flat plane. Nevertheless it was arresting - especially the alertness in the eyes. "It is the work of a very intelligent man who has managed to convey 'something inside the head' – the mark of all really good portraits."

He then described Lawrence's drawing of David Garnett (top of facing page) as "a very sensitive drawing...There is an urgency and energy in Lawrence's art".

Next, he turned to Lawrence's drawings for his book covers, pointing to his rough sketch for a cover of *The Boy in the Bush* (facing page bottom left) and said that rough though it was "it conveyed the concept."

He described Lawrence's drawing for a cover for *The Rainbow* as "really spunky stuff...the dark satanic mills of Eastwood, Lawrence was drawing what he knew and had suffered."

Paul gave special praise to Lawrence's self-portrait (facing page bottom right): "His drawing in the self-portrait is remarkable in its technical brilliance and deep emotional sensitivity. He drew well...it portrayed his alertness, his other-worldliness, it is in some ways grim. - a very good likeness... I would have given that self-portrait a

prize. Even if nobody knew who it was of, it is a very good work."

Describing Lawrence's picture from Boccaccio of the nuns happening upon the partly-naked sleeping gardener (centre, facing page), Paul said he thought it was influenced by Stanley Spencer. It was interesting that the face of the gardener, despite Lawrence's obsession with gamekeepers etc, was not that of Lawrence. He was an observer in this case, not a participant.

Paul remarked that all we had on display were fragments, but, perhaps like ancient Greek sculptures which have lost limbs and the paint and jewels in their eye sockets, the fragments can help our imagination take flight. "It would be good to get hold of the Fran Folico pictures." (See Sandra Jobson's article page 18 and examples pages 16-17 and back cover).

Paul summed up Lawrence's abilities by saying: "The trouble is - he didn't do enough painting. I believe that he said that if he had a second life he would spend it in Australia, and he could well have spent a third life as a very significant artist."



Dorothy Yorke by Lawrence

Portrait of David Garnett by Lawrence



Scene from Boccaccio by Lawrence



Draft cover by Lawrence for The Boy in the Bush



Self-portrait by Lawrence



Margaret Jones
Memorial Lecture

Bert of All Trades

by Robert Darroch

Our main function of the year – the inaugural Margaret Jones Memorial Lecture, given by Paul Delprat – highlights a considerably unappreciated aspect of DH Lawrence: his versatility.

He is mainly known and appreciated, of course, for his role and position as a major 20th-century novelist, whose work culminated in one of the century's most celebrated works, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Several of his major novels – certainly *Sons and Lovers*, *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* – are recognised by critics and academics alike as among the century's seminal novels.

(And, from an Australian point of view, we would add to the list, his eighth major novel, *Kangaroo*.)

If, indeed, you were to ask which of the century's major novels is THE most famous (or notorious), then *LCL* would probably be the one chosen, given the controversy and court cases it generated.

Of course, the reason for its fame is its sexual content, for it provided millions of readers with – to be frank – soft porn in an acceptable and readable form. Yet, at the same time, it also should be recognised for the censorship and taboos it finally broke through. What the world can read today, free of censorship, is in part due to Lawrence and *LCL*.

What is not so well known, let alone appreciated, is his other claims to literary attention. For it is the range and totality of his work that he should be judged on, not merely his famous novels.

It is, I submit, a measure of his significance in literary matters the number of times he is cited when people talk and write about literature and writing. His famous quotes – such as “Trust the tale, not the teller” (if that is indeed his exact words) – continue to resonate down to this day, and will no doubt continue to do so for many years to come.

That is not to deny that Lawrence is not as popular or as highly regarded as he once was. The shine of what he did is wearing off on modern audiences, despite comebacks generated by such things as the film of *LCL* (see “A Lawrence

Renaissance?”, page 4).

Once, not long ago, *Kangaroo* was regarded as a major work in the canon of Australian literature. Today, sadly, it is seldom cited in that context. Lawrence, around the world, is going off the literary boil.

Which makes it all the more important, for a journal like ours, to remind people of his other (than being a novelist) claims to fame.

And which was one reason why we chose his art (in the sense of painting and drawing) as the subject for our first Margaret Jones lecture.

When talking about the full range of Lawrence's work, one must start of course with the eight major novels – *The White Peacock*, *The Trespasser*, *Sons and Lovers*, *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love*, *The Lost Girl*, *Aaron's Rod*, *Kangaroo*, *The Plumed Serpent*, and, finally *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

To that one should add at least the second, and by far the superior, version of *LCL*, *John Thomas and Lady Jane* and the “other” Australian novel, *The Boy in the Bush* (written in collaboration with Mollie Skinner, from her original manuscript that Lawrence heavily revised in Taos in 1923).

Then come the novellas, two of the most famous of which are *The Virgin and the Gypsy* and *St Mawr*. Next would come his remaining fiction, published and unpublished, of which the major part were his many short stories (starting with the longer ones, such as *The Fox* and *The Captain's Doll*, and going on to the many shorter works, like *The Odour of Chrysanthemums*, *The Man Who Loved Islands*, and *The Rocking-Horse Winner*).

After the fictional works must come Lawrence's poetry. Had Lawrence written nothing else, he would be judged as a considerable poet in his own right. Indeed, the quality of his poetry is hidden by his better-known fictional works. Geoffrey Lehmann, who is one of Australia's leading poets and critics, regards Lawrence's poems as standing with the best of 20th century verse. (We did a special issue of *Rananim* devoted to Lawrence poetry in 1996.)

In fact, the earliest literary work of

Lawrence was a poem written when he was 11. It was, of course, quite juvenile...

*We sit in a lovely meadow
My sweetheart and me
And we are oh so happy
mid the flowers, birds, and the bees.*

(A prominent Lawrence scholar, Keith Sagar, remarked of this ditty: "Scholars will no doubt see here a preliminary sketch for both *Birds, Bees and Flowers* [a volume of Lawrence's later poetry] and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*." [which seems to be drawing a rather long bow, unless it is, as it probably is, an academic joke].)

Then there are Lawrence's plays. Lawrence was a considerable dramatist. He wrote 11 plays, only three of which were published in his lifetime. (In addition, a number of his short stories have been adapted as stage productions.) Perhaps his most performed play today is *A Collier's Friday Night*.

But aside from what might be called his "creative works" (I exclude his art for the moment) Lawrence should be remembered for his very considerable body of non-creative literature.

Most obviously and well-recognised is his travel literature. Even if he were nothing else, he would be acclaimed today as one of the last century's great travel writers. (In point of fact, he was a great writer who turned his writing skills to a number of different genres.)

Mornings in Mexico, Etruscan Places, Twilight in Italy, are superb travel books. Perhaps his best in this genre was *Sea and Sardinia*, the book he wrote immediately before coming to Australia, and in some ways presaging *Kangaroo*.

Then there are his translations. For a boy brought up in an impoverished miner's home in the coalfields of Nottinghamshire, Lawrence became a remarkable linguist.

We know he could read and speak French, for he stole his French teacher's wife. She spoke German, and taught Lawrence to do so. He learned Italian when he and Frieda were living in northern Italy, and he picked up some Spanish in Mexico. Yet who would have thought he could translate Russian literature (*The Grand Inquisitor* by Dostoyevsky)?

While he was in Australia, in his spare time from writing *Kangaroo*, he translated *Cavalleria Rusticana*, the short stories of Giovanni Verga (he had already translated Verga's major work, *Mastro Don Gesualdo*). He wrote perceptive introductions to other translations, including his WA

acquaintance William Siebenhaar's version of the Dutch masterpiece *Max Havelaar*.

(Some of Lawrence's introductions to other works are an important part of his output, and he himself regarded his introduction to Maurice Magnus's *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion* was the best piece of writing "as writing" he had ever done.)

He wrote a number of significant quasi-philosophical books, such as *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* and *Fantasia of the Unconscious*. He even delved into history, with *Movements in European History*. Lawrence's many critical works are worth mentioning, such as his *Studies in Classic American Literature*, *Study of Thomas Hardy*, *Education of the People*, and *Apocalypse*.

His essays on various subjects are collected in several books, such as *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*.

Finally, in the realm of the written word, there are what I claim to be are perhaps his finest prose achievement – his letters. The Cambridge University Press edition of his collected letters runs to eight volumes, and must comprise many thousands of individual letters. These are his great autobiographical legacy, and are among the finest in the language. (Lawrence is quoted more from his letters than from any other source.)

Which brings us to his paintings.

As Sandra Jobson says in our main article on Lawrence's painting (page 18), painting and drawing were Lawrence's first love.

Many who knew him as a child in Eastwood assumed that, if he had any future as an artist, it would be in the visual arts. And as Paul Delprat points out on Lawrence as a visual artist (page 12), he wrote with a painter's eye. He described in words what he was seeing and imagining.

But that begs the question: how good was he as a visual artist - was his art on a par with, for example, his much-better-known literary works?

The answer, clearly, is a resounding no. Had he not done anything else than paint, he would be a nobody.

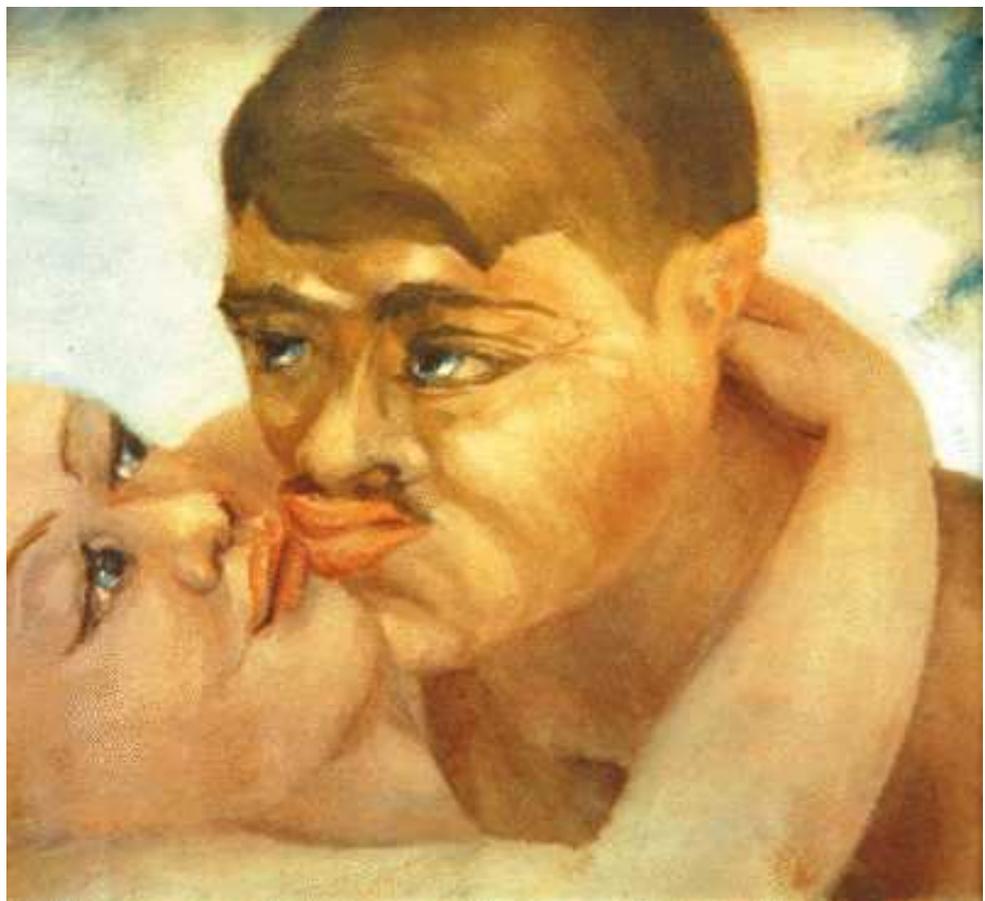
However, if he had devoted all his "artistic" energy to the visual arts, maybe he might have done something significant (after all, he could paint and draw, and possessed a powerful creative urge).

But Lawrence's art is in the same league as the art of other great writers - Conrad etc. Yet, perhaps, if he wanted to be, he might have been another Blake.

Paintings by



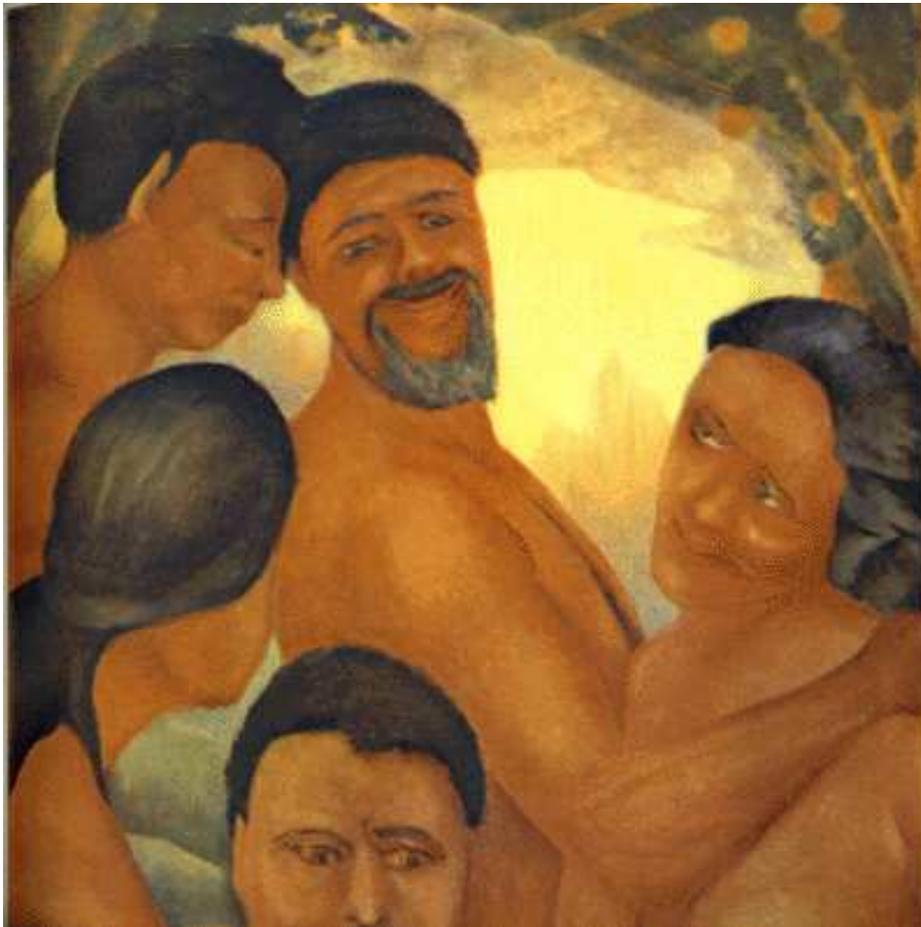
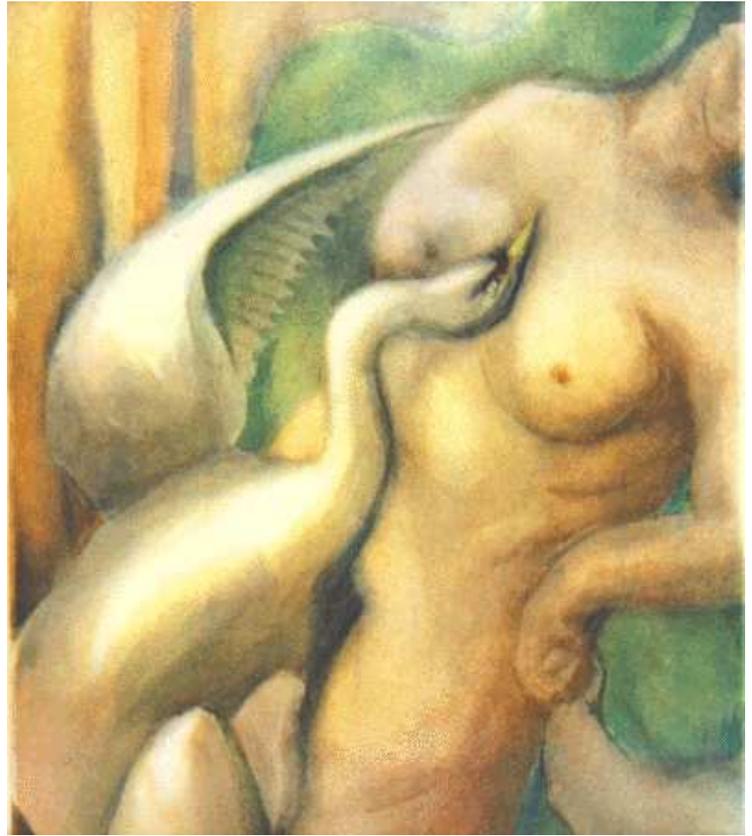
A Holy Family



The Kiss

DH Lawrence

Leda and the Swan



Fauns and Nymphs



Margaret Jones
Memorial Lecture

If Lawrence Had Stuck to Painting

by Sandra Jobson

Lawrence, as Paul Delprat pointed out in his lecture (page 12), often wrote in a painterly fashion - indeed, he seemed destined as a young man to become a painter, not a writer.

He learned to draw, but started out as a copyist painter, reproducing many watercolour works. Later he embraced the Post-Impressionists, particularly Van Gogh, and much of his artwork reflects the influence of Van Gogh, Cezanne and Gauguin. But though he copied their work, and thus absorbed their techniques, he wasn't creating his own works of art. Anyway, by the time he turned to the Post Impressionists he was primarily a writer though a writer with an artist's eye. But towards the end of his life Lawrence reverted more to painting than to writing.

By this time Lawrence was no longer a mere copyist: he was pouring layers of meaning and creative inspiration into his pictures. As Keith Sagar points out in the Introduction to a recent book, *DH Lawrence's Paintings*, both Lawrence's writing and Van Gogh's painting were revelations of inner meaning "dynamic with the energies of their animistic vision." Sagar finds this particularly evident in both men's rendering of the night sky. He quotes a passage from *The Rainbow* which could be a description of Van Gogh's *Starry Night*: "There was a wonderful rocking of the darkness, slowly, a great, slow swinging of the whole night."

As with his books, Lawrence was controversial as a painter. His collection of paintings exhibited at the Dorothy Warren Gallery in London in 1929 attracted police interest, and 13 of the paintings were seized.

Lawrence, who had been taken ill in Italy on the day of the police raid, was apoplectic at the news, writing to Dorothy Warren: "The dirty swine would like to think they made you weep." He went on to say "but I had to drop a tear when I thought of my Boccaccio in gaol."

Dorothy Warren decided to make a test case of the raid, and she rallied an impressive list of writers and artists to the cause, including Lytton Strachey, Virginia and Leonard Woolf, Roger Fry, Ottoline Morrell, Duncan Grant, Clive and Vanessa Bell,

Maynard Keynes, Augustus John, Vita Sackville-West, Nancy Mitford, and a number of others.

The magistrate, Mr Mead, refused to allow the defence to call expert witnesses on the grounds that "the most splendidly painted pictures in the Universe might be obscene." And the prosecution submitted that "these paintings are gross, coarse, hideous, and unlovely from any aesthetic or artistic point of view, and are in their nature obscene." On Lawrence's instructions the defence submitted a compromise proposal that if the paintings were released they would never again be exhibited in England. This was agreed to. At the end of the hearing, Lady Ottoline Morell, who was present in the courtroom, drew herself up to her full six feet and pointed at Mr Mead, saying in her inimitable drawl: "He ought to be burned. He ought to be burned."

Only a few of Lawrence's original paintings remain today (mainly in Texas and New Mexico) but fortunately the Mandrake Press (an upmarket publishing business which was a spin-off from the Fan Frolico Press started by Australian PR Stephensen and others) published a handsome volume of fine colour reproductions to coincide with the Dorothy Warren exhibition *The Paintings of DH Lawrence* with an introduction by Lawrence which is reproduced with two other essays by him in the Keith Sagar book mentioned above). This Mandrake limited edition quickly became a collector's item and is, to quote Sagar, "now virtually unobtainable."

However, our Society's vice-president, Robert Darroch, recently managed to purchase a copy by trawling the Internet. He came across an advertisement from a bookshop in Los Angeles offering a copy of this rare edition for US\$500. (We reproduce in colour some of the pictures from that book on pages 16 and 17 and on the back cover of this issue of *Rananim*).

In his Introduction Lawrence poses the question of why the English produce so few painters? He says it is not that they are lacking in aesthetic sensibilities but "the fault lies in the English attitude to life."

He continues: "The English, and the Americans

following them, are paralysed by fear. That's what thwarts and distorts the Anglo-Saxon existence, this paralysis of fear. It thwarts life, it distorts vision, and it strangles impulse: this over-mastering fear."

It is an old fear, he believes, "which seemed to dig into the English soul at the time of the Renaissance. Nothing could be more lovely and fearless than Chaucer. But already Shakespeare is morbid with fear, fear of consequences." He goes on to expound his theory that what took full grip on the northern consciousness at the end of the sixteenth century was "a terror, almost a horror of sexual life." He suggests that the cause of this fear lay in syphilis.

Many pages about syphilis follow. He concludes this section of his introduction by saying that now the scourge of syphilis has been almost eradicated perhaps the world can get back to the more sexually fearless times of Chaucer.

Then Lawrence returns to English art or the dearth of it. He makes an exception of Blake: "Blake is the only painter of imaginative pictures, apart from landscape, that England has produced."

He continues: "Landscape, however, is different. Here the English exist and hold their own. But for me, personally, landscape is always waiting for something to occupy it."

Perhaps Lawrence was thinking of his own painting from the story by Boccaccio of the idyllic landscape with three nuns happening upon the semi-exposed figure of a gardener reclining asleep under a tree (see page 13 – best viewed in colour on our website: www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl).

Until he was 40 Lawrence copied other artists'

work but never created his own work of art. Then after Maria Huxley brought him some empty canvasses when he was living in Italy an important development occurred.

At the time he was painting the house he had moved into and had rough house-painting brushes and paint all around him. Picking up the house-painting brushes on the spur of the moment he began daubing paint onto one of the canvas - and in doing so he finally discovered how to paint his own vision. The result was *A Holy Family* (see top left picture page 16). After painting *A Holy Family*, he declared it felt like diving into a pond and discovering what was in it.

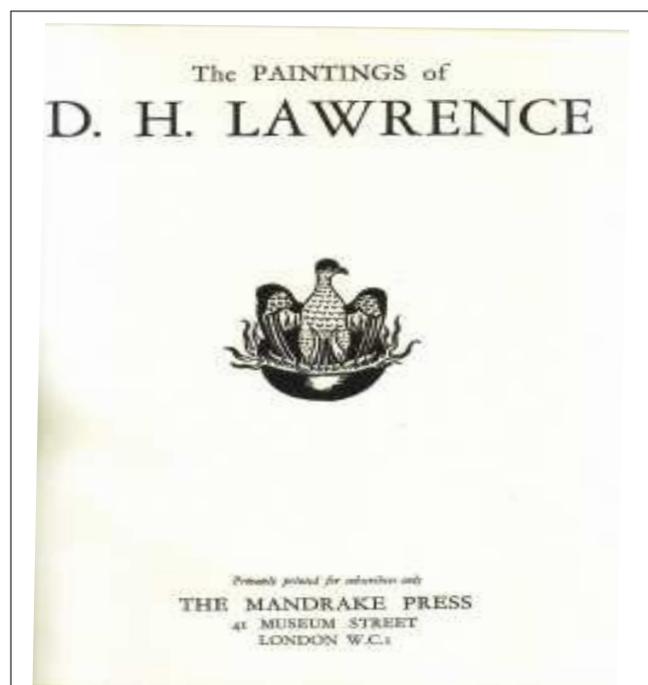
As he developed his new artwork Lawrence concentrated more and more on the human form (as the paintings from the Mandrake Press volume show - pages 17-18 and 32). He didn't use a model for the human figure, except occasionally when a painting was almost finished - to get a small detail right.

After he painted *A Holy Family* a flood of creativity flowed out of Lawrence. He still wondered if he could paint or not, but he did know that at long last he could "make a picture".

"The art of painting consists in making pictures - and so many artists accomplish canvasses without coming within miles of painting a picture," he wrote in his essay "Making Pictures":

"To me, a picture has delight in it or it isn't a picture."

Nobody could deny the "delight" in his later works. He had become a true creative visual artist.



“THE WHITE STOCKING”

A structural analysis of DH Lawrence’s short story by Alexander Brewis

THE AUTHOR

Alexander Brewis is currently a lecturer at the Polytechnic of Namibia in the Department of Communication where he lectures Communication Skills. He has an Honours degree in English Literature from the University of South Africa and has an MPhil degree (second languages) from the University of Stellenbosch in South Africa. His main interest is Victorian Literature and he is planning to do his DPhil in a related area.

ABSTRACT

The French structuralist, Roland Barthes’ structuralist analysis of Honore de Balzac’s short story *Sarrasine*, *S/Z*, published in 1970, has had a major impact on literary criticism. In this analysis Barthes shows where and how different codes of meaning function, and he uses specific ‘codes’ to show how a text ‘works’. Barthes’ five codes (to be discussed later) form a network of meaning in a text which provides a framework for analysing any text.

WHAT IS STRUCTURALISM?

The shortest and ‘simplest’ way of explaining structuralism is to quote Scholes (1985:4), who claimed that “...structuralism is a way of looking for reality not in individual things but in the relationships among them. As Wittgenstein insisted, in *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* “The world is the totality of facts, not of things”. And “facts” are “states of affairs”:

2.03 In a state of affairs objects fit into one another like the links of a chain.

2.031 In a state of affairs objects stand in a determinate relationship to one another.

2.032 The determinate way in which objects are connected in a state of affairs is the structure of the state of affairs.

2.033 Form is the possibility of structure.

2.034 The structure of a fact consists of the structures of states of affairs.

2.04 The totality of existing states of affairs is the world. (Wittgenstein, 1953)

As far as structuralism in literature is concerned, Scholes says “...structuralism has tried - and is trying - to establish for literary studies a basis that is as scientific as possible” and “At the heart of the idea of structuralism is the idea of system: a complete, self regulating entity that adapts to new conditions by transforming its features while retaining its systematic structure.” (1985:10)

Put in a simpler way, Structuralism “attempts to explain the structures underlying literary texts either in terms of a grammar modelled on that of language or in terms of Ferdinand de Saussure’s principle that the meaning of each word depends on its place in the total system of language”. (Harris 1992:378)

Jean-Marie Benoist defines the application of structuralism to literature in this way:

“An analysis is structural if, and only if, it displays the content as a model, i.e. if it can isolate a formal set of elements and relations in terms of which it is possible to argue without entering upon the significance of the given content.” (1978:8)

These “formal set of elements” are the smallest meaningful units in a work and are the ‘mythemes’ or ‘deep structures’ of a text. (Mc Manus 1998:)

This might seem frightening to those of us who love literature, but this is just one of the many different approaches to reading a text. There is still ample space for the personal and subjective. That said, I wish to include two extracts to puzzle the reader and stimulate thought related to “structuralism”.

Structure et liberte – Structure and freedom.

“Who is still a structuralist? Yet he is one in this, at least: an uniformly noisy place seems to him unstructured because in this place there is no freedom left to choose silence or speech (how many times has he not said to someone beside him in a bar: **I can’t talk to you because there’s too much noise**). Structure at least affords two terms, one of which I can deliberately choose and the other dismiss: hence it is on the whole a (modest) pledge of freedom : how on such a day can I give meaning to my silence, since in any case, I cannot speak?” (Barthes, *Roland Barthes*, 117)

“They say that by virtue of their asceticism certain Buddhists came to see a whole country in a bean. This is what the first analysts of the **recit** wanted to do : to see all the stories in the world...in one single structure. We are going, they thought, to extract from each tale its model then from these models we will make a great narrative structure,

which we will apply (for versification) to any story in existence – an exhausting task... and finally an undesirable one, because the text thereby loses its difference”. (Barthes 1976:7)

THE BARTHIAN APPROACH TO A LITERARY TEXT

In this structuralist analysis of Lawrence’s “The White Stocking” I have used as basis certain aspects of Barthes’ techniques.

I have concentrated on using Barthes’ five codes; his techniques of functions, indices, informants and their nuances, to structurally analyse Lawrence’s short story.

These techniques will amply illustrate Barthes’ views of structuralist analysis, and moreover, they are neatly applicable to my structuralist analysis of “The White Stocking”.

BARTHE’S FIVE CODES

The basic tenet of Barthes’ approach to literature may be stated in terms of Roman Jakobson’s communication theory which provides a way of analysing the six elements of any speech event (Scholes 1985:24).

These six elements of a speech event are seen in the following scheme:



“Whether we are considering ordinary conversation, a public speech, a letter, or a poem, we always find a message which proceeds from a **sender** [author] to a **receiver** [reader]. These are the most obvious aspects of communication. But a successful communication depends on three other aspects of the event as well: the message must be delivered through a **contact** [physical and/or psychological], it must be framed in a **code** [structure] and it must refer to a **context**. In the area of context we find what a message is about. But to get there we must understand the code in which the message is framed...” (Scholes 1985:24).

In order to explain the code in which Lawrence’s message [short story] is framed, let us now refer to Barthes’ five codes.

Barthes recognizes five master codes in the text under which every significant aspect of the text can be considered. These codes include

syntagmatic and *semantic* aspects of the text. The syntagmatic aspects are the ways in which the parts of the text are related to one another, while the semantic aspects of the text are the aspects of the text related to the outside world (Scholes 1985:156).

The following is a step by step application of Barthes’ five codes to aspects of “The White Stocking”.

CODE 1:

The Proairetic Code Or Code Of Actions

This code includes all actions in the story, and therefore it can, and often does, include the whole story. All actions in a story are syntagmatic. They all begin at a given point and end at another. In a story they interlock and overlap but they are mostly completed at the end (Scholes 1985:154).

In “The White Stocking” all the actions are preceded by Mrs. Whiston’s excitedly getting out of bed.

“I’m getting up,.....”, said Mrs. Whiston, and sprang out of bed briskly (143).

From this point onwards there is a progression in the action, although not necessarily in the Whistons’ married life. Throughout the story many actions interlock and overlap, climaxing in the scene where Ted Whiston beats his wife:

“You will be frightened of me the next time you have anything to do with him,” he said.

“Do you think you’d ever be told? - ha!”

Her jeering scorn made him go white hot, molten. Slowly, unseeing, he rose and went out of doors, stifled, moved to kill her.(161).

From here onwards the story’s pace increases. On his return into the room Mrs. Whiston says: *“And besides.....what do you know about anything? He sent me an amethyst brooch and a pair of pearl ear-rings”. He seemed to thrust his face and his eyes forward at her as he rose slowly and came to her...Then...the back of his hand struck her with a crash across the mouth...(162).*

From these events the code of action moves on once more, this time drawing to a close.

“Where are the things?” he said.

“They are upstairs...”

“Bring them down” he said.

“I won’t”, she wept, with rage. “You’re not going to bully me and hit me like that on the mouth”.

continued over page

*And she sobbed again...
"Where are they?" he said.
"They're in the little drawer under the
looking-glass", she sobbed.
He went slowly upstairs...and found the
trinkets. When he came back she was still
crying.
"You'd better go to bed" he said...(163)*

*He went over...and very gently took her in
his hands...
Then as she lay against his shoulder, she
sobbed aloud.
"I never meant..."
"My love - my little love " he cried...(164)*

It is clear that all these actions are syntagmatic and that they begin at one point (Mrs. Whiston getting out of bed) and end at another (Mr Whiston beating her due to his jealousy).

CODE 2:

The Hermeneutic Code or Code of Puzzles

This code is an aspect of narrative syntax. In all questions raised (Who is that? What are you up to? etc.) we have an element of the Hermeneutic Code.

Many stories like "The White Stocking" start with an action or question which the author refuses to answer for a certain period. Most stories have barriers to the completion of action. They also have lures, feints and equivocations which delay the answers to certain questions.

These levels of narration interact and relate in various ways (Scholes 1985:154).

In "The White Stocking" these actions are mainly proairetic (Sam Adams 'pursuing' Mrs Whiston by sending her valentines) and hermeneutic (Mr Whiston's trying to find out where her valentines come from). In the second line of the story Mr Whiston asks his wife: "*What, the Hanover's got you?*" (143)

The answer to this question is delayed until we see her eagerness to answer the front door and fetch her valentines. Her behaviour is now made clear. The hermeneutic code has now been solved.

On seeing her valentines her husband asks:
"*Who's that from?*"

The hermeneutic code is reopened.

Lawrence has inserted a feint in Mrs Whiston's answer to delay the answer to this question,

"In a valentine...How do I know who it's

from?"(145)

By using this technique Lawrence increases the suspense and density of the plot [message]. Our suspense is increased by the husband's statement eleven lines further on:

"Get out...you know who it's from." (145)

She replies "*Truth I don't*", but we know that she does and that the story will ultimately answer questions, both ours, and her husband's.

By using the hermeneutic code, Lawrence increases the suspense level in the story considerably. It almost becomes a 'suspense novel'.

The more questions the husband asks, the more feints his wife offers as answers. The story is therefore based mainly on the hermeneutic code, especially if we keep in mind that Mr. Whiston asks 47 questions, which are ultimately answered, and his wife gives approximately 15 feints instead of answers. An example is Whiston's question on seeing the white stocking:

"Is this another?" [Valentine]

His wife offers a feint (lie) :

"No , that's a sample". (145)

His question is, however, ultimately answered 37 lines further on in his wife's statement:

"You know that white stocking...I told you a lie. It wasn't a sample. It was a valentine." (147)

Lawrence also employs an interesting technique in his use of a hermeneutic code which is an equivocation as well. On p 144 we see Mrs. Whiston receiving valentines. One of them is a white stocking. We are immediately curious and want to know where this strange valentine comes from. Our question fits into the hermeneutic code. Mr. Whiston is also curious. On hearing that this is a valentine (147) he seems to us to be inordinately jealous, especially once he knows who it is from.

His jealousy increases when she wears the white stocking with a stocking she received earlier from Adams. His jealousy is, however, understandable when seen in the light of the events at the Christmas party a year earlier. He knows what we don't know. Only later in the story do we see that Adams 'procured' a white stocking from Mrs. Whiston at that party. Her husband found out about it and was furious at the time.

This view into the past is illuminating to the reader, while Mrs. Whiston receiving the stocking on p.144 is unclear. Her husband, however, knows the past events before we do. Herein lies the hermeneutic code's equivocation.

The hermeneutic code can also supply relatively quick answers which can carry a shocking and ominous tone for the persons in a story as well as for the reader. We see this on

page 160:

"Why, what are you frightened of him for?" she mocked.

Whiston answers, "What am I frightened of him for?...Why, for you, you stray-running little bitch".

After all the preceding events and Mrs. Whiston's behaviour with Sam Adams we are surprised to hear her say:

"[Adams] sent me a pair of pearl ear-rings and an amethyst brooch".(162).

This is clearly a lure on Mrs. Whiston's part. We want to ask the same question that Whiston asks;

"And what did he give you them for?"

He has taken the lure and so have we. We see that Mrs. Whiston's "...crying dried up in seconds. She was also tense".

"They came as valentines", she replied still not subjugated, even if beaten" (162).

By using this technique Lawrence introduces the aspect of shock into his story.

The cultural code, connotative code and the symbolic code which follow "tend to work outside the constraints of time" and are thus reversible.....there is no need to read the instances of these codes in chronological order to make sense of them in the narrative. (Felluga,2002)

CODE 3 The Cultural Code

"Under this heading Barthes groups the whole system of knowledge and values invoked by a text. These appear as nuggets of proverbial wisdom, scientific 'truths', the various stereotypes of understanding which constitute human 'reality' ." (Scholes 1985:154) Because *The White Stocking*, unlike Balzac's *Sarrasine*, is not a 'cultural story', the cultural code is difficult to apply. There are, however, various instances of the cultural code in the story. The whole idea surrounding St Valentine's Day is not strange to the European culture. This is therefore a Cultural Code since it embodies various 'stereotypes of understanding' constituting our existence.

The same can be said for Christmas and the ever popular Christmas parties people give. The European (Christian) culture is also one that disapproves of adultery and sexual or romantic liberties outside of marriage. This too is a cultural code which we see Whiston enforcing upon his wife.

"You don't want to be too free with Sam Adams...You know what he is".

"How free?" she asked.

"Why - you don't want to have too much to do with him".(155)

CODE 4 The Connotative Code

The themes of the story make up the connotative code. They form a character as they constitute themselves around a particular proper name. The description of Sam Adams in section II of the story, on p.143, is a good example of a connotative code. We see that Sam Adams "...was a bachelor of forty, growing stout, a man well dressed and florid, with a large brown moustache and thin hair...His fondness for the girls, or the fondness of the girls for him, was notorious...".

From this description, and his behaviour towards Mrs. Whiston at the party, we can understand Mr Whiston's jealousy. Adams' notorious fondness of the girls has obviously reached Whiston's ears and causes him to caution his wife:

"You don't want to be too free with Sam Adams...You know what he is".

She doesn't listen to him and we see the result of her disobedience at the dance:

"...and it seemed she was connected with him [Sam Adams] , as if the movements of his body and limbs were her own movements, yet not her own movements- and oh, delicious!...his fingers seemed to search into her flesh..." (153)

This erotic 'seduction scene' could have been connotated (deduced) from Adam's reputation and Whiston's warning.

CODE 5 The Symbolic Field

This is the code of 'theme' as it is usually expressed in English, i.e. the idea or ideas around which the story is constructed. In "The White Stocking" the theme, the white stocking, is even suggested in the title.

Whiston's jealousy and his wife's flirting with Sam Adams are also central themes of the story. "The White Stocking" and Mrs. Whiston's flirtations can be seen as symbolically related. Adams' Christmas-party (p. 148-157) is a central theme (symbolic) around which the whole story revolves. Here Adams 'seduces' Mrs Whiston, she flirts with him, Whiston starts becoming jealous and Adams gets Mrs Whiston's white stocking.

The theme of Adams reputation with females is

continued over page

The White Stocking

from previous page

embroidered upon here:

“He seized her hands and led her forward...

“Now then”, he said, taking her card to write down the dances,

“I’ve got a carte blanche, haven’t I?”

“Mr. Whiston doesn’t dance”, she said.”

“I am a lucky man!” he said scribbling his initials. “I was born with an amourette in my mouth”. (150).

His effect upon her and her flirtation are also addressed in the symbolic code. We see this on p.151.

“She went with anticipation to the arms of Sam Adams, when the time came to dance with him. It was so gratifying, irrespective of the man. And she felt a little grudge against Whiston, soon forgotten when her host was holding her near to him, in a delicious embrace...She was getting warmed right through, the glow was penetrating into her , driving away everything else.”

The theme of the stocking is resumed by Lawrence on p159.

“Again she tried on the ear-rings. Then another little inspiration came to her. She drew on the white stockings, both of them.

Presently she came down in them...

“Look!” she said. “They’ll do beautifully”.

This gives rise to the theme of Whiston’s jealousy.

“He was filled with unreasonable rage, and took the pipe from his mouth” (159).

“You’d like Sam Adams to know you was wearing ‘em, wouldn’t you? That’s what would please you”. (160)

These, then, are the five codes as used by Barthes. The examples taken from Lawrence’s ‘The White Stocking’ illustrate the validity of Barthes system, even though Lawrence’s story is not a ‘cultural’ one.

Having shown Barthes five codes, as applied to Lawrence’s story, I will now proceed to his system of functions, indices and informants.

FUNCTIONS

Functions involve *metonymic relata*, as they correspond to a functionality of doing. (Barthes 1997:93) The units of functions are not, however, all of the same importance. Some functions constitute central aspects of the novel (or a segment thereof) while others simply serve a function of ‘filling in’ spaces between central

aspects of the novel.

The functions that make up the central aspects of the novel Barthes calls cardinal functions or nuclei. The ‘gap filling’ functions are simply complementary, and Barthes refers to them as catalysers [helping functions] (1997:93).

According to Barthes, the criteria for a cardinal function is that it introduces and concludes an action (in Fietz 1982:157).

A good example of cardinal functions and catalysers can be seen in Lawrence’s story on p 159:

“She, unable to move him, ran away upstairs, leaving him smoking by the fire. Again she tried on the ear-rings. Then another little inspiration came to her. She drew on the white stockings, both of them.”

This is a cardinal function, as it introduces the following action:

“Presently she came down in them. Her husband still sat immovable and glowering by the fire.”

This is a catalyser since it stands between the previously mentioned cardinal function and this cardinal function which concludes the action:

“Look!” she said. “They’ll do beautifully,” and she picked up her skirts to her knees, and twisted round, looking at her pretty legs in the neat stockings.

He filled with unreasonable rage...”

From this it is clear that cardinal functions are the risky and dangerous moments of a narrative whereas catalysers [or helping functions] lay out areas of safety, rests, luxuries” (Barthes 1997:95).

Lawrence is fond of this method of using what Barthes calls functions, and his short story abounds in them.

INDICES and INFORMANTS

Barthes defines indices as aspects referring implicitly to a character, a feeling, an atmosphere (e.g. suspicion) or a philosophy (Barthes 1997:96 and Fietz:158).

These kinds of indices are also referred to as proper indices. Such indices always have ‘implicit signifieds’. We see many examples in Lawrence’s story. We are, for example, shown that Elsie Whiston is an excitable and energetic person. These indices referring to her character always have clear ‘signifieds’. We see this in her reaction to her husband’s question as to where her valentines come from.

"It's a valentine", she cried. "How do I know who it's from?"

"I'll let you know", he said.

After this her excitement mounts and we get a glimpse of her character.

"Ted! – I don't!" she cried, beginning to shake her head, then stopping because of the ear-rings.

He stood still a moment, displeased.

"They've no right to send you valentines, now", he said.

Another index of her character which illustrates her coquettishness follows:

"Ted! - why not? You're not jealous, are you? I haven't the least idea who it's from. Look- there's my initial" – she pointed with an emphatic finger at the heliotrope embroidery:

"E for Elsie,
Nice little gelsie",
She sang. (145)

We also see an index referring to an atmosphere on page 148:

"You haven't been seeing anything of him, have you?" he asked roughly.

From here onward we see the atmosphere and tension this question causes.

"Yes", she answered, after a moment as if caught guilty.

"You'd go off with a nigger for a packet of chocolate" he said in anger and contempt and some bitterness.

"Ted – how beastly!" she cried. "You know, quite well –"

She caught her lip, flushed, and the tears came to her eyes.

Barthes defines informants in the following way:

"Informants serve to identify, to locate in time and space—they are pure data with immediate signification...[they] bring ready-made knowledge, their functionality, like that of catalysers, is thus weak without being nil". (1997:96)

There are many examples of informants in "The White Stocking" to illustrate, but for the sake of brevity, I shall include only one example:

"They had been married two years. But still,

when she had gone out of the room, he felt as if all his light and warmth were taken away, he became aware of the raw, cold morning".(143)

In the light of the above discussion, it seems as if Barthes' five code system of structuralist analysis is neatly applicable to the works of D.H Lawrence, and I found that it worked particularly well on *The White Stocking*. Although Barthes' cultural code offers some challenges in analysing 'non cultural' texts, it is adaptable. His functions, indices and informants, however, would be applicable to any text.

I end this analysis by agreeing with Scholes who says that Barthes believes

"...there is a great difference between literature which is merely 'readable' in our time (the Classics) and that which is 'writeable'. That which is writeable is indispensable for us, because it is our only defence against the old lies, the exhausted codes of our predecessors...The writeable is a special value for Barthes, producing texts which are uncriticisable because in some way, unfinished, resistant to completion, to clarification". (Scholes 1985: 151)

Lawrence's *The White Stocking* is such a text.

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ROSE GARDEN PICNIC



Society vice-president Rob Darroch addresses members (l to r) Greg Baran, Sandra Jobson, Kerrie Hooke, Roger Hooke

To commemorate its 13th year, the DH Lawrence Society of Australia held its annual picnic in Sydney's Royal Botanic Gardens in December 2006. This time the picnic was held in the Rose Pavilion, the site where the Society was founded in 1993. For several years the Pavilion had been closed for repairs and replanting of the rose garden which surrounds it.

Although this picnic was held in 2006 it missed being included in the 2006 edition of *Rananim*, and seeing that we failed to hold a 2007 picnic we decided to run the story and pictures in this issue along with one of John Lacey's photographs of the magnificent blooms in the replanted rose garden.



The roof of the Rose Pavilion



One of the newly-planted roses

Photos: John Lacey

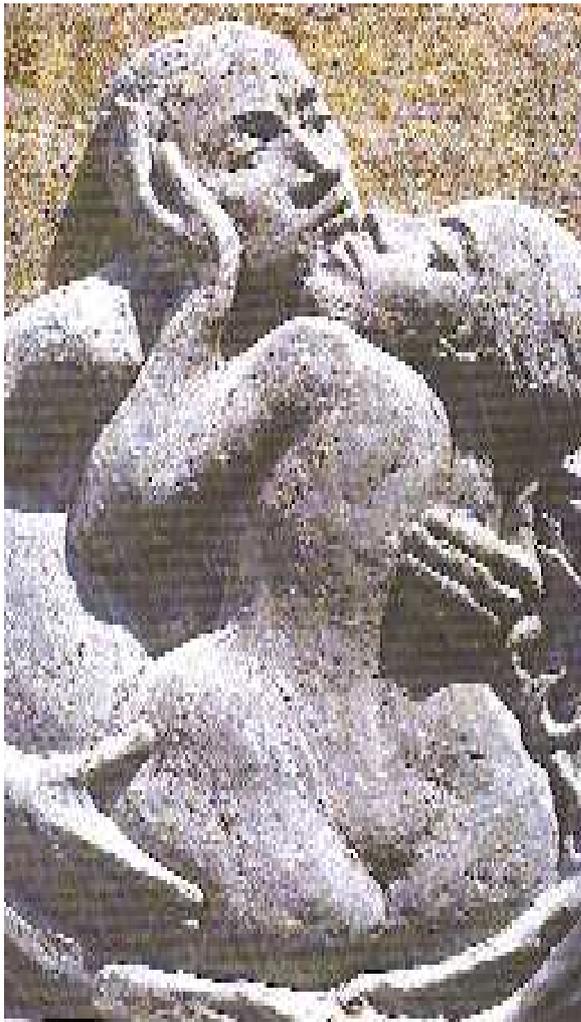
Judit Shead

Artist Garry Shead, creator of the brilliant series of paintings on DH Lawrence and Frieda at Wyewurk and Thirroul, has lost his wife and mentor, Judit, who died late last year.

Judit, a Hungarian-born sculptor, was Garry's muse: she championed, encouraged and inspired Garry's art. It is Judit whom he portrayed as Frieda in the Lawrence series (as well as in many of his other paintings).

When Judit was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer just over a year ago, Garry devoted himself to looking after her. He gave up painting and helped her try many different cures, both traditional medicine and alternative. Sadly, nothing could save her.

DHL Society member, John Ruffels, recalls meeting Judit on several occasions at gallery openings. He found her lively and intelligent,



Sculpture by Judit Shead

always with a forthright opinion on whatever they spoke about.

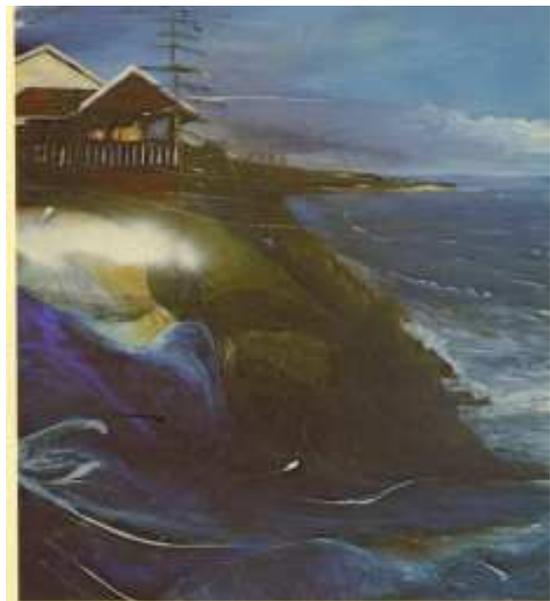
Just before she died Judit sat and looked at Garry. It was such a powerful expression on her face that he was inspired suddenly to go into his disused studio at their Bundeena home and start painting. The result was a new picture of Frieda.

After Judit died, Garry was once more inspired to go into his studio and pick up his brushes. The result is a superb picture of Lawrence trying to hold on to Frieda as she floats up into the night from the verandah at Wyewurk.

Late last year Garry organised a show of Judit's sculpture at Sydney's Australian Galleries as a tribute to her. He had some of her works cast in bronze for the exhibition (see photo).

The DH Lawrence Society of Australia has made Garry, whose image of Lawrence and a kangaroo graces our letterhead and the editorial page of each issue of *Rananim*, an Honorary Member – it's the least we can do to acknowledge his inspired depictions of DHL.

- SJ



Wyewurk by Garry Shead

Australian Journalist Interviews DH Lawrence!

John Ruffels makes a surprising discovery

Regular readers of this journal may be excused for thinking that there is little or nothing new to discover about Lawrence and Australia. Surely, after 14 or so years of *Rananim*, we have uncovered all there is to know.

But recently a new find came serendipitously to light when I was combing through the pages of the *Sydney Morning Herald* of 1929* for an elusive letter on another matter.

In the course of this quest I came across an article that caught my eye. It was written by someone with the initials BCP.

In fact, it was the first of two articles by this BCP. He was clearly a literary personality, for the two articles were about his recent experiences in the London literary world.

He was describing his encounters with some prominent writers, among them Liam O'Flaherty, Aldous Huxley and D.H.Lawrence.

"BCP", it turned out, was Brian Penton, a journalist, future novelist and legendary editor of the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*.

His novel *The Landtakers* (1934) earned critical acclaim both in his home country and overseas (its publication was overseen by that rascally publisher and fulminator, P.R.Stephensen, with whom Penton had some business or literary involvement). A second novel, published during World War 2, *The Inheritors*, was banned.

During his time in London, Penton - like Stephensen and other expatriate Australians, such as Jack Lindsay - had fallen under the spell of D.H. Lawrence. (*The Landtakers* was a rather Lawrentian novel.)

However, Penton's biographer, Patrick Buckridge, dismissed the idea that Penton had personally met Lawrence, stating - incorrectly - that Lawrence did not return to England after his stays in America and Mexico (and thus could not have encountered Penton in London). For, as Lawrence's letters clearly show, he had returned to England by 1927, when he visited his sister, Ada, in Lincolnshire.

In the *SMH* articles, Penton describes going to a café/bar in Bloomsbury named Kornboldt's, apparently a refuge of local literary lions (where, said Penton, "one can drink very good vodka").



Brian Penton by William Dobell

And it was there, he told his readers, that he met Lawrence "again".

Lawrence, Penton said, was just back from America, where he had been "trying to wash out the bitter taste of a lifetime in the world's civilised democracies by flavouring the pallid echoes of Aztec culture in Mexico". He went on:

He was talking rapidly to a woman – quick gestures and a loud, sharp voice. He is a good talker, a quick thinker, a reckless and fascinating generaliser, one of those alchemical minds which transmute all that comes to them into something that may not be gold but always glitters.

To his surprise, Lawrence, he said, recognised him from their previous (and apparently recent) encounter.

Penton said Lawrence raised his glass in toast to him. However, he felt a pang of guilt because

he “had recently written a nasty, finicky, bad-tempered article about him in a volume of critical essays contributed to by many preposterous rash pens”. **

However, it turns out that it was the previous occasion when he came across Lawrence that is of greater interest.

In one of the articles he describes how, one sunny day in summer, he and a homesick fellow-Australian had gone to the Highgate pond for a spot of sunbaking. Penton reported:

We lay in the enclosure surrounded by advertisements for cheap trips to the Hook of Holland, for theatres, and somebody's blue.

Apparently this was a favoured spot for “the younger set” to divest themselves of their shirts and vests, and to lie semi-naked in promiscuous proximity to others, hoping to obtain that desirable, but not easily acquired in London, fashion accessory - a sun-tan. He writes:

*Just then, a man came in and sat near us. A little man with a very white fine skin and black beard. ***
Now, beards are notable things in England, since the merciless ridicule of small boys drove all who wore them over cliffs and into lunatic asylums and graves.
So, peering at him over the tops of our books, we particularly examined this man. He sat down opened a writing case, took out pencils and paper, and, rolling onto his stomach, began to work.
It seemed to me anyone who could write here, in all the gabble of Cockney and Hampshire patois, must be about as sensitive as the remains of a diplodocus... or so far removed from all contacts by a super-refinement of nerves that nothing touched him at all.
So, feeling experimental – out of general pique against all mankind – and desperate, because I had exposed my hairy legs and unathletic limbs throughout this chilly morning for no better result than a cold in the head, I said loudly and savagely, ‘What a Beaver!’.
At that very instant I saw, sticking out from the bundle of papers he had taken out of his portfolio, a cutting from a newspaper, and simultaneously, I realised that this was a cutting of an article by*

*D.H. Lawrence, which I had read only that morning, and that this was D.H. Lawrence himself, this little, white-skinned man with black beard, lying on his stomach and sweating patiently onto a manuscript in pale spring sunlight at the Highgate Pond.
He looked at me and smiled. ‘Australia,’ he said deprecatingly.
I admitted it.
He was just back from his psychic bath in the remnants of Mexico's ancient savage refinements.*

Some questions

These two articles raise some questions. If Penton encountered the great Lawrence so closely, why did he not realise that his beard was most definitely red and not black?

If Penton actually had such close contact with his hero Lawrence, is this all that was said?

It seems more likely that Penton had merely a nodding acquaintance with Lawrence, and was embellishing the encounter for his Australian readers.

Penton had been in Britain for four years trying hard to find work in Fleet Street, or as a speechwriter at Westminster.

He succeeded in the former. Returning to Australia in September, 1933, by good fortune, Penton eventually engineered a job for himself as a columnist on the *Daily Telegraph*.

Later Penton became editor of the *Daily Telegraph*. There he pioneered a style of writing known as “*Telegraph style*”, copied from a Fleet Street publication – and perhaps from Lawrence, too - and which had a profound influence on Australian journalism.

However, he remained under Lawrence's influence, and in 1930, when Lawrence died, he wrote an obituary for *The Bulletin* in which he repeated some of his remarks and impressions above.

Footnotes

* *Sydney Morning Herald*, August 31 & September 7th 1929.

** *Aphrodite* July 1929: “Notes On The Form Of The Novel”.

***As was well-known Lawrence had a red beard and hair.

**** Patrick Buckridge's biography of Brian Penton, *The Scandalous Penton* (University of Queensland Press: 1994).

PRESIDENT'S REPORT TO OUR 2007 AGM, LUNCHEON & LECTURE

WELCOME to our first Margaret Jones Memorial lecture, and to the 14th AGM of the DHL society of Australia.

For those of you new to the Society, we have a tradition that the formal business of our AGMs be both as informal and as brief as possible.

Our last AGM was conducted here in Paul Delprat's studio on 23 July. The occasion was a literary lunch and the writer Peter Coleman gave us a very interesting talk on DH Lawrence and the Lady Chatterley case.

Unfortunately, our Secretary, Margaret Jones died just a few weeks later. Margaret, the foreign correspondent who reported Harold Holt's "All the way with LBJ" remark from Washington and was later Australia's first correspondent in Beijing, had been Secretary of the Society for most its existence, after the initial secretary Beverley Burgmann was transferred to Newcastle.

So welcome to the first of what we intend to be an annual Margaret Jones memorial lecture. And thanks to both our host and our inaugural lecturer, Paul Delprat.

Other Society activities included our traditional Spring Picnic at Balls Head on a bright and sunny Saturday in October, and our traditional Rose Garden post-Christmas picnic on Friday 29 December 2006 (see p 25). Thanks to the co-operation of the Royal Botanic Gardens we were able to return to the Rose Garden as this is the place where the Society was launched in 1993. The previous year our function was at the Maiden Pavilion as the Rose Garden was being replanted.

Why do we return to the Rose Garden? The Lawrences stayed just opposite in Mrs Scott's boarding house in Macquarie Street.

Another tradition we have is an annual Harbour cruise aboard the steam yacht *Lady Hopetoun*. Again

the reason is that Lawrence wrote about exploring the Harbour by the steam ferries, and the *Lady Hopetoun* is the only ferry available which was in service in 1922. Another one of the few tangible connections with Lawrence's visit to Sydney.

In her articles describing our annual cruises Margaret Jones used phrases such as "the weather gods were kind". Not this year (2007)! We have had one cruise when the weather was grey and quite windy (see p 8).

Our cruise this year was on an evening when it seemed that the drought had broken. However our members saw a remarkable sight; one I have certainly never seen before, and that was waterfalls streaming off the Sydney Harbour Bridge. We could not travel to our intended destination, but it was an interesting and entertaining cruise.

Next year [2008], we will hope for a return to Middle Harbour, experience the "heart of darkness" there and then return to the city lights (see p 2).

There are just two more traditions I need to mention. The first is that there have been no nominations for Committee positions, so if there are no objections, I will move that the present holders be re-elected.

And now for the final tradition. I wish to propose a word of thanks for those members who perform the work of the Society: Vice President, Rob Darroch, Secretary Sandra Jobson, who has combined this position with her other responsibilities, Treasurer Greg Baran who replaced Doug Knowland; Publisher Sandra Jobson, Archivist Marylyn Valentine

And to the editorial committee who work so hard to write, to cajole others to write, and then edit and proof read *Rananim*: Robin Archer, Rob Douglass, Evie Harrison, Sandra Jobson, and Marylyn Valentine.

TREASURER'S REPORT TO 2007 AGM

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 30 JUNE 2007

Income:	
	\$
Membership Subscriptions:	660.00
Interest	0
Donations	0
Coleman talk at Julian Ashton studio. 23 July, 2006:	300.00
Harbour cruise <i>Lady Hopetoun</i> 24 March 2007:	1336.00
TOTAL INCOME:	2296.00
Expenditure:	
Postage, stationary:	151.65
Catering Coleman talk 24 March 2007:	37.70
Photo film (J. Lacey):	93.10
Printing <i>Rananim</i> :	430.00
Harbour cruise (balance) 24 March 2007:	990.00
J.Lacey (deposit on <i>Lady Hopetoun</i>):	110.00
Bank Fees, charges:	13.25

TOTAL: **1824.70**

Account was closed 8 November 2008. Closing balance: \$3767.23.
New account (Society Account) opened 21 November. Total credits: \$4945.98.
Closing balance at 20 May 2007: \$3699.01
No bank charges after 21 Nov 21, 2006 because account was changed to a Society Account.

MEMBERSHIP 2006-2007:

Paid-up Members 30 (many are dual husband-wife memberships, so total paid-up membership last year closer to 50)
Contras to other societies/journals/libraries: 11
Honorary members 5

Subscription renewals for 2007-2008: 4 so far.

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 30TH JUNE 2006

Assets		
Cash at bank xxx		\$3699.01
Liabilities		
Equity xxx		\$3699.01

Bits...

A first edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, No 259 of 1000 copies, privately printed by Lawrence in Florence, signed by him, with an advertisement tucked into the flyleaf, was featured recently on the *Antiques Roadshow*. The binding was slightly damaged. The *Roadshow* expert assessed its value at 2500 pounds.



Although there might be (see page 4) something of a Lawrence renaissance in the air; he is still suffering from his detractors. Hear what one recent critic said of "this hugely overrated novelist...a pompous bore". He went on: "Listen to this typical passage from The Rainbow: 'A turgid, teeming night, heavy with fecundity in which every molecule of matter grew big with increase, secretly urgent with fecund desire . . . the fecund flow of his kiss flowed over the last fibre of her; so they were one dark fecundity. It was bliss, it was the nucleolating of the fecund darkness.' Too much freaking fecundity for me."

Letters

I wonder if I could ask you to bring to the attention of your members our accommodation in St Ives (six miles from Zennor, Cornwall, where Lawrence and Frieda lived)?

We can offer very comfortable, light and spacious accommodation in a self-contained studio-apartment which sleeps 6, and during 2007 we will be developing an education room and gallery space on the first floor for seminars, meetings, lectures talks and exhibitions. It would make an ideal retreat for couples, small groups of members who wish to come to St Ives to do research and fieldwork, or just to absorb the atmosphere of the place. We will shortly be able to offer facilities for study and residential courses for up to 10, all within our spacious and atmospheric Old Sunday School, which dates from 1899.

My wife and I are both literature graduates (Cambridge and Leeds), familiar with the Woolf circle, and can help organise/manage and provide transport for fieldtrips to the surrounding area with literary associations (Zennor for Lawrence, etc.) if required. We are happy to support, or just give visitors as much space as they need to think, work or just enjoy St Ives.

As well as Lawrence, St Ives has a number of other literary and artistic connections. Our accommodation offers the uninterrupted views 'to the lighthouse' which inspired Virginia Woolf's novel. We can organise residential courses for small groups, and can run guided tours around the St Ives and Zennor areas associated with DHL and his circle. We used to live in Lawrence's cottage at Higher Tregarthen ourselves.

Our accommodation, and our location within a few minutes walk of the town's galleries, restaurants, specialist shops and

In a recently-published anthology of the letters of Lytton Strachey there is a nice sidelight to the exhibition of Lawrence's paintings at the Warren Gallery in 1929. Apparently police, when they raided the gallery, also "seized" a drawing by William Blake, mistaking it for something obscene by Lawrence. DHL, had he known this, would have been rather chuffed.



Another sidelight of that famous/notorious Warren exhibition happened when the police asked for some directions for their proposed raid - how they would know if a painting was obscene - and their inspector told them to look for evidence of pubic hair in the pictures in question. If one of the works showed any pubic hair, it was obscene and could be seized. Needless to say, as one of our pictures overleaf shows, there was pubic hair on display, and so the rozzers pounced. (Did the Blake - see above item - also have pubic hair?)



We note the recent death of Arthur C Clarke, resident in Ceylon/Sri Lanka. Clarke wrote a wonderful combination of ancient history and science fiction in his The Fountains of Paradise set in the extraordinary complex at Sigiriya. Lawrence spent several weeks in Ceylon.

beaches, including a world class surf beach, is particularly suitable for families who wish to combine a research trip with a family holiday.

Our website is: www.secretspot-stives.com or we can be contacted on 01736 797912. As well as holidays and short breaks, we may be able to offer longer-term accommodation at sensible rates for visiting academics/researchers/writers at some times of year.

Yours sincerely
Geoffrey and Rowena Swallow



From Maurits Zwankhuizen, author of an article, "A Sinister Theory", published in the 2006 edition of *Rananim*.

I saw the new *Rananim* on the website yesterday. Thank you for printing my article. I didn't expect it to have a page to itself and it was good to see your own comments beside it. My article was already quite amateurish from the perspective of my knowledge of D H Lawrence. I have, however, made an even worse discovery, which I should have seen prior to sending you the article. I refer to the emu as being on the left or sinister side of Australia's coat-of-arms but it is actually on the right! My apologies for this error. I am naturally castigating myself for not noticing it earlier.

Regards,
Maurits Zwankhuizen

About the DH Lawrence Society of Australia

The aims of the DH 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 Californian-style bungalow where he stayed in Thirroul south of Sydney and which he portrayed in his novel, *Kangaroo*.

The Society holds regular meetings and outings and publishes its journal, *Rananim*. (see www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl)

If you are not already a member of the Society, or know somebody who would like to join, please fill in this Membership form. Now that our journal, *Rananim*, is going purely on line, which will save printing costs, we do not need to rely on membership fees so from July 2008 on, membership will be FREE.

www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl

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

MEMBERSHIP IS NOW **FREE** BUT WE WANT TO KEEP YOU INFORMED OF UP-COMING EVENTS, SO PLEASE FILL IN THIS FORM.

WE ALSO WELCOME NEW MEMBERS.

NAME:

ADDRESS:

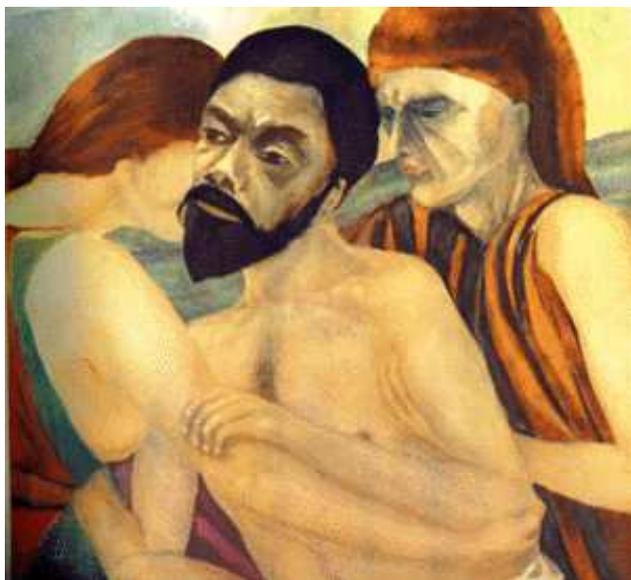
..... POSTCODE:

TEL: FAX:

E-MAIL:

FREE

More Paintings by Lawrence



Resurrection



The Mango Tree

Contributions to *Rananim*

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