



THE · NEWSLETTER · OF · THE D·H· LAWRENCE SOCIETY OF NORTH AMERICA

number 12, spring 1985

Dennis Jackson

From the President

During Michael Squires's time in this office, our Society prospered. Our membership rolls swelled by the end of 1984 to 141 people; our annual MLA seminars were well-attended and enthusiastically received; and several major Society projects—most notably our Lawrence Centennial Conference—were launched. Through all of this Michael provided strong and steady leadership, and I plan to continue drawing on his intelligence and keen judgment as I direct the Society's activities over the next two years.

In Washington last December, Michael and I met with David Cavitch, the Director of our Centennial Conference, and the other two members of the conference committee, Keith Cushman and Barbara Miliaras, to shape final plans for our "D. H. Lawrence: Creativity and Conscience" conference, scheduled for Tufts University June 13-16. Fortified with a \$10 potful of hot hotel coffee (at \$2.50 per cup!), Michael, Keith, and I joined Larry Gamache early on the morning of December 28 to work on the conference program, and we stayed cooped up in Michael's room in the Shoreham Hotel until nearly midnight, working our way slowly through the more than 100 proposals for papers submitted by Lawrence scholars from around the world. We had not only to select the best proposals, but also to choose the ones that would fit smoothly with other papers to form a unified session. When we first envisioned this conference, during our December 1983 Society meeting, we made plans for a Centennial event that would involve a lot of people, and I am happy to report that well over 80 people will be reading papers or chairing sessions during our four-day conference. Those of us on the conference committee were impressed with the high quality of the proposals we received. Keith Cushman, the conference's Program Chairman, has done an admirable job lining up our major plenary session speakers. Wayne C. Booth will deliver the keynote address, "Confessions of a Lukewarm Lawrentian," and other major papers will be presented by Martin Green, Robert Langbaum, and Julian Moynahan. Keith also arranged for Mrs. Harwood Brewster Picard to attend, and she will speak at the conference banquet.

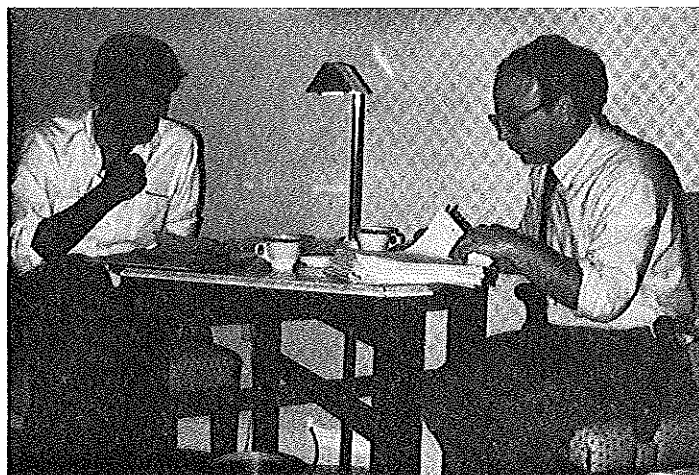
In February we were disappointed when our bid for a National Endowment for the Humanities grant was rejected, but we have been able to put together enough money to pay for our basic conference costs. Cambridge University Press, Energotechnology Corporation, Tufts University, and Viking-Penguin Inc. have contributed funds, to go with the \$1,000 that the Society has given to support the conference. We are optimistic that this Centennial Conference will be an exciting and worthwhile gathering, and I hope to see you there.

Some of you may not be familiar with the Society's history, so I want briefly to trace the way our group has developed. A "D. H. Lawrence Society of America" was first mentioned informally at the Taos festival in 1970, proposed at an MLA Lawrence seminar in



—photo by LaVerne H. Clark

Chicago in 1973, further discussed at another such seminar in New York in 1974, and finally established during the MLA convention in San Francisco in December 1975. The Society has grown particularly over the past four years, from a membership of 40 to its present number of 168.



At MLA in December, Dennis Jackson and Keith Cushman read proposals for papers to be presented at Tufts in June.

And we have become more and more active:

- Four years ago we re-established this twice-yearly *Newsletter*, and more and more Lawrenceans from around the world are sending us bits of news.
- The Society received \$1,000 from an anonymous donor who designated that the money be used to subsidize the publication of a special Harry T. Moore tribute volume planned for publication later this year (that book is being edited by Larry Gamache and Ian MacNiven).
- Besides sponsoring our Lawrence seminars during each December's MLA convention, we have planned the Centennial Conference at Tufts, and lately I've heard talk about the possibility of our sponsoring a Lawrence conference in Florence (!) or some such foreign site before the end of this decade.
- Several years ago the Society donated \$250 to help defray costs of restoring the Lawrence Breach House in Eastwood, and we are now being asked to support the effort to preserve the Lawrence ranch in New Mexico (I will have more news about that by the time the fall *Newsletter* is published).
- We have recently established the Harry T. Moore Memorial Award, to be presented every two years to an individual who, in the opinion of the Society's officials, has made an outstanding career-long contribution to the development of Lawrence studies, and it is appropriate that the first recipient of the award was James C. Cowan, one of the founders and the first president of the Society.
- Finally, our Society exists to enhance communication among people who are interested in Lawrence, and one of the happiest aspects of our group's development over recent years has been the intensified contacts we have had with members of the British and Japanese Lawrence societies. A recent example of this is a letter from Leslie Parkes, the Honorary Secretary of the Lawrence Society in Eastwood and Nottingham, who wrote to request that all members

of our North American group who plan to attend the Lawrence Festival in the Midlands next September contact her soon (at 18 Primrose Rise, Newthorpe, Notts. NG16 2BB, Telephone Langley Mill 712235). The British group would like to get together with those of us who will be in the Nottingham area next fall, for one big group meeting—which would include French, Japanese, and Korean members of Lawrence societies as well.

I hope to see you at one of the Lawrencean gatherings during this Centennial year, or at our year-end meeting during the Chicago MLA convention. For now, I wish you much good health and good fortune. Stay in touch.

Department of English
University of Delaware
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Centennial Events

April 8-9

Seton Hall U.'s "D.H. Lawrence Centenary Symposium," directed by Rose Gallo, featured a discussion of Lawrence as humanist by panelists Daniel Derwin, Charles Ross, Gary Ciuba, and James Sipple, and a discussion of Lawrence in America by Bruce Clarke, Evelyn J. Hinz, and John J. Teunissen. Julian Moynahan spoke on "Lawrence and Sicily." Lawrence's nieces Margaret Needham and Joan King were special guests. Other speakers were John Poynter and Garry Akers on "Lawrence and Painting" and Richard Howard on "D.H. Lawrence: His Importance as a Modernist Poet." John Poynter gave a slide lecture, "Lawrence and Eastwood," and Roy Spencer provided a dramatization and lecture, "The First Edition of D.H. Lawrence: The Long Adolescence."

July 7-13

Oxford and Cambridge University Vacations includes "Art and Literature of D.H. Lawrence." Using *Sons and Lovers* as a basic guidebook, participants will explore Eastwood, then use *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as a primary comparison with his earlier life and works. A poetry presentation and a viewing of Lawrence's famous oil paintings are included in the program (\$780). Contact University Vacations, International Bldg., 9602 N.W. 13 Street, Miami, FL 33172.

July 27-August 3

A Centenary Summer School, "The Achievement of D.H. Lawrence," will be held at the U. of Nottingham, Peter Preston, director. Tutors will be Bridget Pugh, Keith Sagar, John Worthen. Visiting speakers will be Garry Akers, James Boulton, Damian Grant, and Christopher Pollnitz. Write J. L. Parkes, U. of Nottingham, Dept. of Adult Education, 14-22 Shakespeare St., Nottingham NH1 4FJ.

Sept. 7-28

The D. H. Lawrence Centenary Festival program is now in print. Some special events: "An Absolute Necessity to Move," a performance by Marielaine Douglas, Ronald Magill and Brian Henson, celebrating Lawrence the traveller (12-14 Sept.); Eastwood Documentary Arts Group, with director and playwright Rib Davis presenting an epic entertainment about life in Eastwood from the turn of the century to the General Strike of 1926 (18-20 and 26-28 Sept.); "The Trial of Lady Chatterley," a new dramatization of the literary trial, devised and presented by Nottingham Playhouse Co. (18-21 Sept.); London Contemporary Dance Theatre, premiering a new work exploring the theme of Lawrence's experience as an "outsider"; The Grand Union Company, contrasting through music and dance the fantasy of Lawrence's exotic works with the reality of the miner's world.

In addition, there will be other music/theater productions, ballad operas, girls' choir performances, a brass band, and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (performing music associated with the countries Lawrence visited). Exhibitions include paintings of "Lawrence's Eastwood," "The Miner's World" (photographs), and a "D. H. Lawrence Exhibition" of manuscripts, books and paintings at the Nottingham Art Gallery. A number of original

souvenirs have been commissioned as well. For your copy of the program, send an international reply coupon and self-addressed envelope to D. H. Lawrence Centenary Festival, 20 Mansfield Road, Eastwood, Nottinghamshire NG16 3AQ.

John Poynter writes that the British Society can arrange for an informal, personal tour of the Lawrence district by contacting him (16 Borman Close, Hemphill Vale, Nottingham NG6 7A4) or Marion Brown (c/o the British Society).

Sept. 13-16

"D.H. Lawrence in the Modern World" is the topic of an international symposium at the U. of Nottingham, sponsored by the U. Library and the Dept. of Adult Education. Speakers will include many well-known Lawrence scholars, including James T. Boulton (Birmingham, England), Chong-Wah Chung (Seoul, Korea), L. D. Clark (Tucson, Arizona), Ian Clarke (Loughborough, England), H.M. Daleski (Jerusalem, Israel), Marilyn Gibson (Shreveport, Louisiana), Tom Paulin (Nottingham, England), Bridget Pugh (Birmingham, England), Claude Sinzelle (Dijon, France), John Worthen (Swansea, Wales). Topics will range from depth psychology to textual problems and will include the reception of Lawrence's work in different countries. Contact Chairman J.T. Boulton, Lawrence Symposium Office, University Library, U. of Nottingham, Nottingham NG7 2RD.

France

Under the honorary presidency of Emile Delavenay, an itinerant exposition is being formed, accompanied by a catalog developing three themes: (1) A critical bibliography of translations, prefaces and studies, 1927-1984, concentrating on the life and works of Lawrence; (2) Photos, paintings, books—a collection of images of Lawrence's life and works and a collection of facsimiles of his paintings; (3) A prestigious collection of texts and art indicating the interest of today's artists in Lawrence.

May 10-12, Emile Delavenay will chair a workshop on Lawrence at the Caen annual Congress of the Societe des Anglicistes de l'Enseignement Supérieur.

Judith Ruderman

Secretary-Treasurer's Report



With this report I introduce myself as Secretary-Treasurer of the Society, having been duly elected at the annual business session during the December MLA meeting in Washington. My background for the job is atypical in that I have never been a mainstream academic; instead, I direct Duke's Office of Continuing Education and teach literature to adults in noncredit courses. My interest in Lawrence is longstanding, and I am happy to report that the general public flocks to programs on him.



I am also happy to report on the Society's various activities during MLA. Our Lawrence seminar was well-attended: over 80 people heard essays read by Peter Bien, Debra Journet, and Catherine Stearns. About 35 people attended our annual business meeting, and 13 members went on to share an enjoyable evening at the annual Society dinner, this time at Chin's Chinese Restaurant.

Michael Squires, President of the Society, led the business meeting. Secretary-Treasurer Larry Gamache read the minutes from the Society's December 28, 1983, meeting, and Dennis Jackson gave the financial report: the treasury holds \$3,109.12. Dennis explained that \$1,000 of that money is earmarked for use as a subsidy for a forthcoming tribute volume to Harry T. Moore and that another \$1,000 will go to support the Lawrence conference at Tufts University in June.

The next order of business was the election of officers for the 1985-1986 term. They include:

- Past President: Michael Squires (Virginia Tech)
- President: Dennis Jackson (University of Delaware)
- President-Elect: Keith Cushman (University of North Carolina at Greensboro)
- Secretary-Treasurer: Judith Ruderman (Duke University)
- Program Chair: Larry Gamache (Ottawa University)
- Editor-in-Chief: Fleda Brown Jackson (University of Delaware)
- Executive Committee:
 - Lydia Blanchard (Southwest Texas State University)
 - David Cavitch (Tufts University)
 - Langdon Elsbree (Claremont McKenna College)
 - Janice Harris (University of Wyoming)
 - Holly Laird (University of Virginia)

Larry Gamache reported on the Executive Committee's decision to institute a biennial Harry T. Moore Memorial Award for career-long outstanding scholarship, teaching, and promotion of Lawrence studies. The first recipient was announced to great acclaim: James C. Cowan, founder and past president of the D. H. Lawrence Society of North America and founder and for 16 years editor of *The D. H. Lawrence Review*. Larry read letters of tribute to Cowan from a number of well-known scholars and presented him with a parchment scroll framed in glass.

Michael Squires then reminded the group that the topic for the 1985 MLA paper-reading session (in Chicago) will be "D. H. Lawrence's Influence," and encouraged the submission of proposals for papers (the deadline was March 15). The Executive Committee proposed "Mr Noon" as the topic for the December 1986 meeting, and that proposal was accepted by the membership. Anyone interested in offering a 20-minute paper at that 1986 session in New York City should send a two-page proposal to Program Chair Larry Gamache, Department of English, Ontario, Canada K1N 6N5, before March 15, 1986. Several topics were suggested for the 1987 meeting—among them, "Lawrence and Contemporary Critical Approaches," "A Reevaluation of the Established Lawrence Critics," and "Teaching Lawrence." Society members will have an opportunity to vote on one of these choices at next December's meeting, and to suggest additional topics.

Discussion of the Society Newsletter followed. Fleda Jackson plans to retire as editor at the end of 1985, and a call has been issued for a volunteer to take that job starting with the spring 1986 issue. This would require some financial support (several hundred dollars a year, for mailing costs) from the new editor's institution. Anyone interested in taking over the job as editor should contact Fleda soon.

Michael Squires reported next that the Kiowa Ranch has been threatened with closing because of the financial burden of keeping it up. The University of New Mexico alumni are evaluating alternatives and have asked the Society for help. Society officials will keep us posted on events.

In conclusion, David Cavitch spoke about the June 1985 Lawrence conference at Tufts University and Rose Gallo described the April Lawrence conference at Seton Hall. The excitement generated by this flurry of Lawrence activity was matched only by the excitement at the thought of going out for dinner. Thus, the meeting was adjourned.

Director
Office of Continuing Education
The Bishop's House
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People of Interest

- An article by Christine Zaratsian (Marseille, France) on the Phoenix theme in Lawrence's work was published in the winter issue of the Newsletter of the British Society.
- Mitzi Brunsdale (Mayville [N.D.] State College) recently completed a 1,400-word entry on Lawrence for *The Research Guide to Biography and Criticism*, ed. Walton Beacham, to be

published in 1985.

- Bruce Clarke (Texas Tech U.), gave a paper, "New World Stances: D. H. Lawrence and William Carlos Williams on Montezuma," at the D. H. Lawrence Centenary Symposium, Seton Hall U., April 9. Clarke has an article, "Birkin in Love: Corrupt Sublimity in D. H. Lawrence's Representation of Soul," in *Thought*, 59:235 (Dec. 1984), 449-61. He also has two forthcoming articles, "The Melancholy Serpent: Body and Landscape in William Carlos Williams and D. H. Lawrence," in *Bucknell Review*, and "Dora Marsden's Egoism and Modern Letters: West, Weaver, Joyce, Pound, Lawrence, Williams, Eliot," in *Works and Days*.
- The annual Harry T. Moore Memorial Lecture was given at Southern Illinois U. by Professor Stephen Greenblatt of the U. of California, Berkeley. The Memorial Lecture has been incorporated into the Central Renaissance Conference program.
- Judith Ruderman (Duke U.) recently helped devise a "house-course," a student-taught half-credit course held in a dorm or fraternity. The course was on Lawrence's short stories, and Ruderman was guest lecturer.
- An essay by Peter Balbert (Wells [N.Y.] College), "Ursula Brangwen and 'The Essential Criticism': The Female Corrective in *Women in Love*," will appear in *Studies in the Novel*.
- John Burt Foster, Jr. (George Mason U.) read a paper, "From the Diggers to the Dark God: Dostoevsky versus Nietzsche in D. H. Lawrence's *Kangaroo*" at the 1984 meeting of the South Atlantic Modern Language Association. The paper forms part of a longer essay, "Dostoevsky versus Nietzsche in Modernist Fiction: Lawrence's *Kangaroo* and Malraux's *La Condition humaine*," which will be published in the Spring 1985 issue of *Stanford Literature Review*.
- Gerald Pollinger, executor of the Lawrence estate, writes: Frieda Lawrence's elder daughter, Elsa Agnes Frieda Seaman, nee Weekley, died Feb. 5 after a short illness. She was 82. He also notes that quite a few of Frieda's family, including Monty's children Julian and Ian (and his children), Stephen Ravagli and his wife, Barbara Barr and her husband and daughter Ursula hope to be at Eastwood and Nottingham for at least part of the Centennial events.
- John Poynter (curator of The Breach House, Eastwood) is working on a "coffeetable-type book" on Lawrence's travels.
- Kingsley Widmer (San Diego State U.) has a 35-page essay on

Theater and Film Presentations

The Black Door Theatre Co., based at the Sherman Theatre in Cardiff, Wales, has been touring with a new adaptation of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Centenary College in Shreveport did a production of Allan Miller's adaptation of *The Fox*, Nov. 29-Dec. 2. This play has been produced professionally in both Los Angeles, where it originated, and New York City. The Centenary production, directed by Lee Morgan, was the first amateur production.

Gerald Pollinger, executor of the Lawrence estate, writes: "So far, we have sold the Japanese, German, French, Italian, Hebrew, Korean, Dutch, Portuguese, and Spanish rights for *Mr Noon*." Pollinger also notes that the City of London Festival will this summer put on a program of Lawrence films, many of which will be shown in Nottingham in the fall.

George Ford (U. of Rochester) was honored by a musical work dedicated to him. A performance of soprano, piano, cello and flute based on the opening paragraph of Lawrence's "The Rocking Horse Winner" was arranged by Samuel Adler of the Eastman School of Music, U. of Rochester, and performed in April at the Eastman Theater. Ford is the author of *Double Measure: The Novels and Stories of D. H. Lawrence*, published originally by Holt, Rinehart in 1965 and republished in paperback by Norton

Harry T. Moore Award for Distinguished Scholarship



James C. Cowan was awarded the first Harry T. Moore Memorial Award by the D. H. Lawrence Society of North America December 29 at the Society's annual business meeting during the Modern Language Association Convention in Washington, D.C. The award was established to honor individuals who, in the opinion of the Society's officials, have made an outstanding career-long contribution to the development of Lawrence studies. The award will be given every two years.

In addition to being the founder and for sixteen years the editor of *The D. H. Lawrence Review*, Cowan has produced three major books on Lawrence: *D. H. Lawrence's American Journey* (1970) and *D. H. Lawrence: An Annotated Bibliography of Writings About Him, Vols I and II* (1982 and 1985). He is also the author of numerous articles on Lawrence published in books and journals.



AT THE ANNUAL SOCIETY DINNER, at Chin's Chinese Restaurant in Washington, D.C., were (l. to r.) Betsy Wallace, Dennis Jackson, Michael Squires, Hebe Mace, Ken Mace, Fleda Brown Jackson, Langdon Elsbree, James C. Cowan, and Judy Cowan. Others who were present were Nora Foster Stovel, Eleanor Green, Barbara Miliaras, and Charlie Wallace (who took this picture).

Larry Gamache, the Society's secretary-treasurer, presented Cowan with a framed citation and a portfolio of letters of tribute offered by various well-known scholars.

Passages from some of those letters follow:

"[Cowan] has long seemed to me to be the very model of what the editor of a scholarly/critical journal devoted to a major modern writer ought to be: hard-working, dedicated, principled"—Maurice Beebe, Editor, *Journal of Modern Literature*;

"It may be difficult for people abroad to appreciate how important it is that we in Lawrence's own country be kept acquainted with just how many people are writing about Lawrence and what their thoughts might be. Jim Cowan has kept us constantly up-to-date with such information..."—Gerald Pollinger, Executor of the Lawrence Estate.

"I regard James C. Cowan as one of the stellar figures in modern literary scholarship... He has also been, as I can testify, the warm friend to all serious scholars in late Victorian and modern literature, his own interests extending—like Lawrence's—far beyond his own most central concerns."—Frederic P.W. McDowell, Professor of English, U. of Iowa.

"Several years ago Jim undertook the enormous task of editing an annotated bibliography of writings about Lawrence. He persevered in this task as only Jim could. The first volume is a model of scholarship, and the second, just now appearing, is certain to be the same."—L.D. Clark, Professor of English, U. of Arizona.

"Jim's fine critical work has blended penetrating psychological understanding with a profound grasp of the nature and power of myths—a unique amalgam of critical approaches that has led Jim,

Call for Papers

The D. H. Lawrence Review has issued the following call for papers:

"In spring 1975 *The D. H. Lawrence Review* published a series of essays under the heading 'On the Teaching of D. H. Lawrence: A Forum,' edited by Langdon Elsbree. Because of the enthusiastic response and the occasion of Lawrence's centennial, we are planning a second forum. The format will be the same as before: papers should grow out of one's experience in teaching Lawrence, should be as concrete as possible, and should be short, no more than 12 typed pages. We encourage contributions that are personal, specific, and exploratory. (See *The D. H. Lawrence Review*, 8 no. 1 [Spring 1975], pp. 63-79, for the kind of essay we have in mind.) We welcome essays on a wide range of topics. Listed below are a few possibilities:

(1) Feminist criticism of Lawrence: What uses have you made of it? What problems, if any, in presenting it? What kinds of student response?

(2) Lawrence as a modernist: What problems, if any, have you encountered when teaching Lawrence in conjunction with Woolf and Joyce? How did you develop the concept of modernism to allow for the significant contrasts among these writers?

(3) Lawrence's poetry: How, if at all, have you used his poetry to illuminate his fiction and criticism? What poems or groups of poems worked well? Why?

(4) Lawrence and students: How have you tried to persuade students who have primarily vocational goals to be open to Lawrence's demand for radical changes in consciousness? With what results?

Langdon Elsbree of Claremont McKenna College will again serve as Guest Editor for this 'forum,' and will select the papers to be included. All papers should be sent to Dennis Jackson, Editor, *The D. H. Lawrence Review*, Department of English, University of Delaware, Newark, DE 19716, no later than April 1, 1986."

time and time again, to valuable insights about Lawrence's most challenging and elusive works."—Charles Rossman, Professor of English, U. of Texas at Austin.

* * *

The following is a letter to the Society by James Cowan:

"I am deeply grateful to the officials and members of the D. H. Lawrence Society of North America for the honor of the first Harry Moore award for contribution to Lawrence scholarship over a full career. For eighteen years as a graduate professor of English, I was able to teach, usually once every two years, a graduate seminar in Lawrence that at various times included such scholars as G.B. Crump, Hebe Riddick Mace (then Hebe Bair), Dennis Jackson, and Fleda Brown Jackson, all of whom have made their own outstanding contributions to Lawrence studies. At the same time, I was privileged to be the Founding Editor of *The D. H. Lawrence Review*; to lead the series of MLA seminars on Lawrence out of which the Lawrence Society emerged; and to work, with the help of some thirty-one contributors, in compiling, writing, and editing the two volumes of *D. H. Lawrence: An Annotated Bibliography of Writings About Him*. So aside from my book *D. H. Lawrence's American Journey* and my critical articles, most of my work on Lawrence has been in collaborative ventures like these.

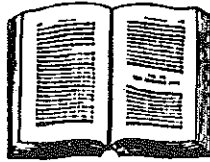
The warm relationship that I have had with other Lawrence scholars has brought me as close to Ranim as I expect to come. That community of the moral imagination rises for me, as it did for Lawrence, in the distance of what might be. Like the towers of Canterbury Cathedral in the final fragment of *The Canterbury Tales*, it is glimpsed if not yet attained. The journey toward it, however, has its own rewards, those of good company and the challenge of trying to define the meaning of the quest.

So in honoring me with the Harry Moore award, named for that

dean of Lawrence studies in America whose support for other Lawrence scholars was unfailingly generous, I think you are really honoring the idea of what, in our common effort, we can all contribute toward understanding the creative work and ideas of the great literary and prophetic figure whose study has brought us all together, D. H. Lawrence. In that spirit, I accept the honor of this award with my sincere thanks.

James C. Cowan

Book News



- *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence: Volume 3: 1916-1919*, ed. James Boulton and Andrew Robertson, was published in February by Cambridge U. Press (\$49.50).

- Douglas Smith has written a centennial sequence of poems for Lawrence, *The Light of Our Bones*. The afterword is by Evelyn Hinz. Turnstone Press, 1980. For a copy, send \$5 to Douglas Smith at Box 162, St. Francis Xavier U., Antigonish, Nova Scotia B2G 1C0.

- Keith Sagar's new book, *D. H. Lawrence: Life into Art*, will be published by Penguin in England and the U. of Georgia Press in this country in August 1985.

- *D. H. Lawrence's Lady: A New Look at "Lady Chatterley's Lover,"* ed. Michael Squires and Dennis Jackson, was published in January by the U. of Georgia Press. Essays were contributed by Scott R. Sanders, Lydia Blanchard, T.H. Adamowski, Frederick P.W. McDowell, James C. Cowan, Zack Bowen, Gavriel Ben-Ephraim, Keith Cushman, Jackson, Evelyn J. Hinz and John J. Teunissen, Craig Munro, and Gerald J. Pollinger.

- The U. of New Mexico Press has published *Mabel Dodge Luhan: New Woman, New Worlds* by Lois Palken Rudnick, 1984 (\$19.95).

- Frederick McDowell writes that Macmillan (London) will publish this year *D. H. Lawrence: Centenary Essays*, ed. Gamini Salgado and G. K. Das. Contributors to this volume are Maurice Beebe, John Beer, James C. Cowan, Keith Cushman, Das, Albert J. Devlin, P.N. Furbank, Holly Laird, Louis L. Martz, Frederick McDowell, George A. Panichas, Richard Parkinson, F.B. Pinion, Salgado, John Vickery, J.R. Watson, Kingsley Widmer, John Worthen, and George Zytaruk.

Dues

Dues for the Lawrence Society are \$10 for a two-year membership. Checks should be made payable to "The D.H. Lawrence Society of North America" and mailed to Fleda Brown Jackson, Department of English, University of Delaware, Newark, DE 19716. Please pass along our Newsletter to your friends who are interested in Lawrence, and invite them to participate in our Society.

Lawrence in Poets' Corner

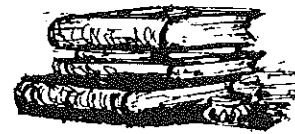
One hundred years after his birth, D. H. Lawrence at last will be given a memorial at Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey alongside Wordsworth, Coleridge and Dylan Thomas. A date for the ceremony is expected to be announced during the Centenary Festival in September. The British Lawrence Society is launching an appeal to help pay for the event.

Lawrence Has Last Laugh

The above headline introduced an article in the Nottingham Evening Post, March 14, 1985. That article announced that ten oil paintings by Lawrence which have for 56 years been banned from England as obscene are to be put on show at Nottingham University during the Lawrence Centenary Festival in September. The ban is being specially lifted by the Home Office to bring the paintings from a hotel in Taos, N.M., where they have been since 1929. The paintings—many of them showing nude figures and explicit love scenes—were seized by police from the Warren Gallery, London, in

COLLECTORS' CORNER

- Manchaca Books (Box 5877, Austin, TX 78763) lists over forty books, manuscripts, letters and unique items associated with Lawrence, among them a letter from Lawrence to Helen Corke dated July 31, 1910, telling of his impending breakup with Jessie Chambers (\$1,250).
- Diana J. Rendell, Inc. (177 Collins Rd., Waban, MA 02168) has an autographed, signed letter from Lawrence to Stephen Potter, English humorist and broadcaster, in which Lawrence says "I haven't got any important unprinted works: and I don't think any exist... I hate reading about myself and my 'works.'" (\$2,500!)
- John William Martin, Bookseller (436 S. 7th Ave., La Grange, IL 60525) has Lawrence's *Letters to Thomas and Adele Seltzer*, ed. Gerald Lacy, first ed., one of 1000 copies (\$32.50).
- The Jenkins Co. (Box 2085, Austin, TX 78768) has nine Lawrence items for sale, among them the copy of *Return of the Native* (\$1,000) which Lawrence possessed while writing his essay on Hardy in *Phoenix*.
- from J.L.E. Long, Suffolk, England: Among the items in Sotheby's Dec. 6 sale in London were various books from the library of John Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield, including Mansfield's copy of *Women in Love*. Also, a watercolor copy of Greiffenhagen's "Idyll" which Lawrence painted for Louie Burrows.
- Keith Cushman writes: Wilder Books in Elmhurst, IL, has had for sale a copy of *Foliage* by the Georgian poet W.H. Davies inscribed by Davies to Lawrence. There are two pen and ink drawings—one depicting a girl, leaning, the other a woman from the back, bent and carrying a bucket—on the rear endpaper. It is probable that the drawings are by Lawrence, but there is no conclusive evidence (\$1,250).



1929. Since then, they have been forbidden in England. According to the Post article, the paintings will travel from Nottingham to be exhibited in Paris, then at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Eastwood, At the Centennial: Two Rememberances

Across the Erewash

by Eric Radford

Tag Hill. Last of the outliers of the Pennines in east Central Derbyshire. "Tag" in local vernacular is the last tip, used also to describe miners' laces for their heavy pitboots. Those tags were of pressed tin to make it easier for threading the laces into the lace-holes of the boots. Many were the times I saw my father lace up his boots without looking at them. In the pit he would not be able to see them anyway with the flickering oil lamp he carried slung from his thick wide "collier's belt." There were few sons in mining communities such as ours who had not felt the stinging pain of a hiding from such a belt. In times of domestic and emotional crises it was sufficient for the "man-of-the-house" to loosen his belt to settle arguments with the boy children. There were ethics, unwritten, but known by all—if the "feyther" got as far as withdrawing the belt from his trousers then nothing could save the victim from a leather belt thrashing.

The last hill out of Heanor on the way north was Tag Hill. My second home was there, at the top of gently sloping Ray Street. We moved to No. 112 where rent was 3/9d per week (22p, or a quarter, in American currency), an improvement from "two up and two down" to three up and two down—the first figures being bedrooms; but in those earliest days of World War I, only a full-sized bed could be accommodated, and a wardrobe, if the builder happened to have left a chimney recess.

Heanor was a hill town like Eastwood. Their respective parish churches seemed to glare at each other across the Erewash valley. In that valley lay Langley Mill, named from a Domesday "mill" and "lang-lea" (a long meadow), ancient Saxon.

The Erewash was barely noticeable—if there had not been the necessity for a bridge for carts and pedestrians, it would never have been noticed. As boys, we could find many stretches where it was possible to leap across aided by a gallop over the adjacent fields. The leaps were made all the easier because slow-flowing as the Erewash was, it coursed through a rich black silt, and had worn a deep bed in the soft earth. Take-offs were therefore usually higher than landings, which could be wet and sticky. Eastwood was two miles east of Heanor. The whole locality was clustered with hill-towns like Tuscany—Ilkeston, Kimberley, Codnor, Hill Top (there were two of these); their very names were descriptive of the whole mining neighborhood where Lawrence and I spent our young lives. We were only a generation apart, but the mores of the district, its rough dialect and its absence of culture had remained unchanged.

* * *

Lawrence's mother knowingly forged his Oedipus complex from the very beginning to shield her son against her husband. As a boy Lawrence was weakly, very pale, and debilitated by recurrent chest and bronchial ailments. For long hours his mother nursed him on her lap as a child—there is even recorded evidence by Jessie's father of seeing her lap-nursing him when he was 13 in Lydia's "house-place" in front of the bright, high-banked coal fire at 3 Walker Street.

Because Lawrence was so "delicate," a term of shame in such a manly mining community, his schooling was delayed until he was eight. His mother, an untrained, unqualified Teacher who had taught for only a few months in southeast England where she was raised, taught him at home. When he started school at Beauvale Primary, he was in no way behind the other children who had been there for three years already. He would arrive at Beauvale in his wide white lace collar over his neat dark coat, already too clean and "nice" for the rough-and-tumble miners' children. "DH" preferred to play with girls, as he had done when kept at home by his mother. Willie Hopkin, the Eastwood writer on local events, who was advisor to Bert during his nascent literary adolescence, states, "I remember perfectly well seeing him go from Beauvale School with two girls (between them!) whilst boys called after them 'Dicky, Dicky Denches plays amongst the wenches.'"

Motherly love, over-weaning attention, and being kept at home when his peers were going to the Infants' School, sealed "Bertie's" standing in the family, and in Eastwood, as "mardy," mother's pet. In the rough, tough street play of miners' sons, Lawrence could never have held his own—and his mother knew it. He belonged "t' th' gells," a signal disgrace for his hardy, proud father. His mother had another reason to wish him "out of that"—her grandiose plans to get him out of his father's class into her own. But Mrs. Lawrence did not marry beneath herself, as she always claimed. She was captivated by a tall, strong, well-built, handsome, black-bearded giant with a ruddy complexion, all of which oozed vigor, masculinity, and sexual vitality. Arthur was a "catch" for any local lass, and a very

popular one, too, because he was a well-known dancer and as such regularly paraded his physical qualities.

When Mrs. Lawrence "caught" him, each thought each had a bargain. "DH" was not only unfair to his father, but untruthful when he said, "My father was a collier and only a collier, nothing praiseworthy about him. . . [H]e practically never had a good stall, all the time he was a butty, because he was always saying tiresome and foolish things about the men just above him and in control at the mine."

My own father, a good and skilled miner, never had a "stall," never was a "butty" (in charge of several miners and responsible, like contractors, for getting the coal out). My father worked for butties; they made very good money, much better than their hired miners, whom they paid off at "day's wages" and kept the profits. Mr. Lawrence gave Mrs. Lawrence enough, always, to run the house and improve it frequently, equip it well, so that amongst the miners' wives, she was one of the better-off. Did not her fourth move take her to "nobs row," Lynncroft Road, opposite the private pottery?

Arthur Lawrence fed, clad, housed his family of six as well as anyone in the mining community of Eastwood, and much better than could my own father, assisted as he was by my mother's regular wage as an Unqualified Teacher. All the photographs of the Lawrences show them well-to-do. Credit too should go to Mrs. Lawrence as a good manager—careful, hardworking, sewing to save pennies, full of ideas to move the family into the more "classy" houses.

Of course Arthur Lawrence spent much time at the pub and drank more than he should—in such a neighborhood and amongst miners, this was not unusual. Lawrence and his mother were simply class-conscious, anxious to shake off the collier image.

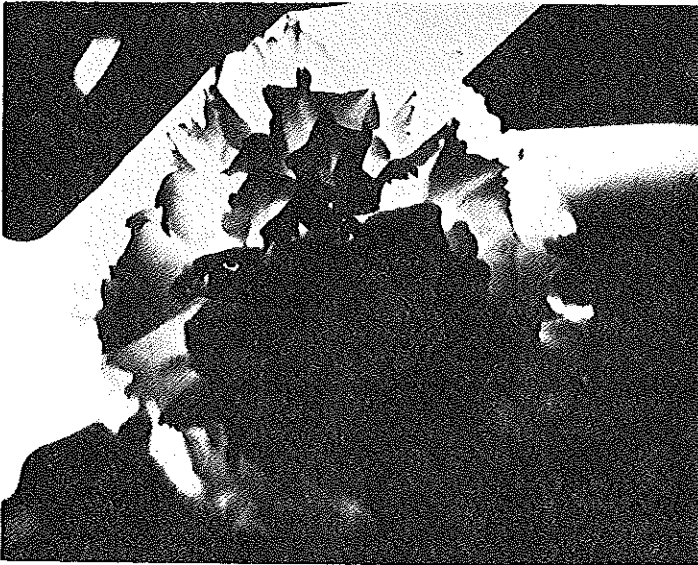
If we examine Lydia Lawrence's background, we find she was not superior. Naturally, she spoke very differently from the local, awkward, guttural, close-lipped dialect. She was from Sheerness, North Kent, which has a slight "cockney" accent, which with its long a's sounded "posh" in Eastwood. My father had a mining friend, Mr. Summers, from the same area, and we used to listen in awe as he said "parst" instead of "past" with a short a. The rest of his spoken English was also clear, fluent, and "upper class." So Mrs. Lawrence did sound a class above her neighbors, but her parents, their jobs, and her upbringing were working class like everyone else. Her ideas were Southern, broad, and progressive for her children, and especially for Bert. In their constant arguments, Arthur, locked in his pit inarticulacy, was worsted by his voluble, fluent, taunting, quite well-spoken wife. She made him feel inferior, she "mardied" his youngest son. This was a shame he could never live down amongst his mining colleagues. That was why Eastwood never took "DH" to its heart—he was not a "miner's man." As one of Arthur Lawrence's fellow miners put it, "Ah'd put 'im defn as nowt. . . took all 'is knowlidge awee. Di'nt gie this country a penny back. Spoke t' nubby. Niver 'ad a pal i' 'is life. On'y pleeyed ring-o-roses wi' young womin. But 'is feyther, ner, theer wore a man. Full o' life un' friendliness. Big, roarin', carnation in 'is coot."

From the beginning Lawrence was an isolate, and so remained all his life, except from his mother. She cultivated the Oedipus relationship from childhood and defended him fiercely from his father—Lawrence never had a "belting" and never could have taken one as did his brothers. Arthur Lawrence's isolation was worse, exclusion from his own unhappy home, and exclusion from disciplining his youngest boy. Was there any surprise he sought what joys there were such as the comradeship of fellow miners, drinking in the pub which had a fellowship and warmth his home never gave him?

Lydia Lawrence had it all her own way with young Bert, but when he approached puberty she came into conflict with his rising sensuality, which was strong and wayward. The Oedipus complex she had maintained with ease in his youth was now assailed by young women: she still fought as vehemently, but it was a different "call-game." Some rounds she won, as with Jessie Chambers. There is little doubt that Lawrence, without his mother's intervention, could have fallen for and married this comely, shy, well-formed lass, blessed with radiant health, high-colored cheeks and shiny, curly dark hair.

His visits to the Chambers' farm were always followed by post-mortems, when Lydia nagged him to reveal the intimacies of his and Jessie's classical communion. In British Independent Central Television's broadcast (Oct. 1980), there is a most moving scene where Lydia, "jealous to death" of his new confidante, tries her utmost to supplant Jessie. . . . "How do you know I can't understand you? Have you tried me? Won't you try me?" Mrs. Lawrence was able to steel Bert against Jessie and marriage, but she was less successful with subsequent women in his life.

Lydia's influence was most telling during her lifetime. How about Arthur Lawrence's? Was his to be the longer-lasting—this shadowy figure always kept in the background by family, by critic, by book, by film?



Lawrence could have secured his first love and knowledge of the countryside from no one else but his father. In the mining communities I lived amongst, there was a remarkable paradox: the rough, uncouth miners almost to a man loved flowers. Of my mother's family, all but one of the six males were pitmen. All had allotments where they grew vegetables and flowers with kindly care and astonishing skill. Few of them would be seen out without a "buttonhole." All had a passion for country walks—many of these were taken at dawn, no hardship for a miner going to or returning from shiftwork.

We know Lawrence enjoyed walks into the magnificent countryside round Eastwood with his father. One of the world's most moving animal stories is told by Lawrence, from his childhood view, about "Adolf." He says of his father, "He watched every bird, every stir in the trembling grass, answered the whinnying of the pewits and tweeted to the wrens. . . . He liked non-human things best." Returning home after a nightshift through dewy fields one spring morning, Arthur found a dead doe and three dead baby rabbits. The fourth rabbit, he placed in his capacious "snap" pocket. Bert says, "He was always a disturbing presence, trammelling. We watched his black face for a second. But instead of drinking his tea, he put

something on the table. A tiny brown rabbit, a mere morsel. . . ." Bert would have been about nine or ten—there is no other credit in all his writings to his father.

The paradox was, the men grew the flowers, sported them on their lapels, brought them home for their wives to decorate "the house place," and the parlor. The men had their special favorites; my grandfather wore and grew roses, those with the bouquet scents; Uncle Fred, sweet peas; and Mrs. Holroyd's husband, chrysanthemums—he was an actual Uncle Jim to "DH," his Aunt Polly's husband who was killed in the pit. The extra-sensory perceptions of Lawrence are personified in "Odour of Chrysanthemums"—no one should attempt to read it without first smelling the haunting, unearthly odor of this flower which graced every mining home in east Central Derbyshire at Christmas. Arthur Lawrence's preference was for carnations, "roarin'" ones, which in Eastwood parlance meant large, petally, startling in color, striking in fragrance.

Ailing children of that locality were "carried out" round the beautiful countryside during the family Sunday afternoon walks to "gerra breath a air." I and all my siblings and relatives were, so must have been Bert—he needed it more than any of us. Who else was there to carry? Not Lydia—she was too weak, too "house-proud," too at enmity with Arthur to want to be seen with him. Yet, never a mention of these family constitutionals, nor of the picnics which inevitably formed part of pitmen's family customs. Lydia pursued a policy of total eradication of her husband's role in his family's life, and persuaded her children to bury it also as a heritage of shame. He was cast by them as a drunkard (untrue), "only a collier" (untrue), brawler (untrue), illiterate (true, if one realizes that at the age of seven he was a worker on the pit banks, and at 10 working down the pit)—what chance did he have to be literate? But in the world of nature, he was a man amongst men, with endurance and fortitude to face the mines and all their perils for half a century, with an enviable sense of duty, care and solicitude for his family (whom he knew had been reared to scorn him). He worked down the mine even on the night of his wife's death, and he spent his final years, not at the loving firesides of his children but at those of compassionate strangers, of whom one was my in-law Aunt Nellie?

Jessie said of Lawrence, "He had a living vibration and primal sympathy with nature." None other than his father could have implanted that sympathy in a wan and mawkish son. "DH's" fragmentary education from Nature Study through Botany and Biology fortified an already awakened interest which was to be endowed with a photographic memorization of every flora and fauna he saw in "the country of my heart."

During Lawrence's formative years of awakening interest in nature, he had three aunts and one pair of grandparents living in Brinsley, three fields and one brook away from Walker Street. The Sunday "traipses" would have been often led by his older siblings, but as he said to Achsah Brewster in Ceylon in 1922, he could then see his father "had a relish for life" and his mother "was a self-righteous militant."

Lawrence's Eastwood, at the Centennial

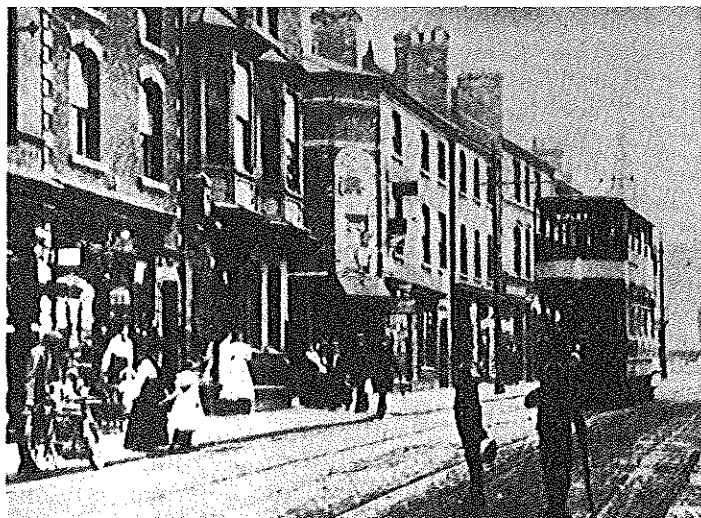
by Victoria Middleton

Come September, the people of Eastwood are throwing a birthday party for their most famous, if not their universally favorite, son: D. H. Lawrence. Most likely, he wouldn't have kind words for the show. Lawrence had no love to spare for England ("England seems to me the one really soft spot, the rotten spot, in the empire"), and for his home town he felt "at once a devouring nostalgia and an infinite repulsion." Harsh

words, but at least Lawrence was no hypocrite: he left England looking for the sun and a utopia that would keep body and soul alive. Back in Eastwood for a visit on his 41st birthday (1926), he realized he was more "at ease in Canal Street, New Orleans, or in the Avenue Mader in Mexico City, or in George Street, Sydney, in Trincomalle, Kandy [Ceylon], or in Rome or Paris or Munich or even London" than in Eastwood. He loved the countryside and loathed the town: "The country is so lovely: the man-made England is so vile." He looked over at the lines of brick villas snaking into the hills and wondered, "These mining villages might have been like the lovely hill-towns of Italy, shapely and fascinating. And what happened?"

If you don't go to Nottingham looking for a Tuscan town, you'll find Eastwood a quiet oasis full of what England does best: characters. Surprising, eccentric, enthusiastic. The kind of people who make up the local D. H. Lawrence Society. The smoke and noise of the Victorian village Lawrence knew are gone; the pits have cut way back on coal production. As in 1926, times are tough for the miners—they're out on strike again, as they were when Lawrence visited. Still, some driveways hold Mercedes and Jaguars belonging to commuters who work at Boots Chemists and the Raleigh Bicycle factory in Nottingham, about a half hour away.

Eastwood has grown (almost 11,000 live within its limits) and undergone gentrification. The end house on Garden Road that Lawrence called "The Bottoms" in *Sons and Lovers* would be the envy of many American househunters. Some pubs that Lawrence and his father knew have been spruced up, like the Sun Inn and the Three Tuns Public House, now that they've made it onto "Lawrence Country" maps. But if people have much to do with the spirit of a place, Eastwood is as full of life as ever.



Nottingham Road in 1913, facing East, with the first tram from Nottingham to Ripley. Victoria Street is on the left. Beyond the tram is the Congregational church.

While staying in the writers' residence on Garden Road, I met a cast of characters straight out of a novel, if not one of Lawrence's. There was Mr. George Hardy who works at the Post Office and does deadly serious battle in the pages of the Lawrence Society journal over whether the Lawrence house on Walker street was #8 or #12 (or #3). There was Mrs. Enid Goodband, the curator at the Lawrence birthplace museum on Victoria Street. Her grandfather was a miner. She crossed her arms, put her head down on them at the mahogany table in the Victorian parlor, and said in a weary, deep voice, "I have seen him sit, just so, at dinner, he was so worn out with fatigue, poor man." There was Miss Jessie Chambers, niece of the famous Jessie, the girl Lawrence left behind him (Miriam in *Sons and*

Lovers). I met her at a Women's Guild meeting one Wednesday afternoon. Sixty white-haired ladies in pastel dresses and I watched short color films on interior decorating, English cheeses, and Royal Doulton figurines. After tea, one lady whose name I never learned presented me with a Women's Guild pin from the turn of the century, identical to the one Lydia Lawrence would have worn to her Guild meetings one hundred years before.

And there was Mrs. Moina Brown, as Lawrence might have said, the solar plexus of the Lawrence Society. She was leading a moonlight walking tour of the Lawrence countryside and invited me to come along. I wasn't sure I could walk six miles at ten o'clock at night, but when I saw the crowd of fifty Nottingham Ramblers who were waiting for Mrs. Brown, old folks and children under ten among them, I knew I couldn't back out. Mrs. Brown mustered us like a field marshal, brandishing her walking stick and declaiming whole passages of Lawrence's novels from memory. She knew every boulder and spring, even in the dark, and the great hole in the ground that was the cellar of the Jacobean farmhouse. Italian POWs had toiled in the fields nearby during the last war. Nature was on Mrs. Brown's side, and we had a magnificent view of the ruins of Annesley Hall, with its chapel, skeletal and ribbed, by the full light of a May moon. Someone whispered that it was going to be turned into a country hotel and golf course-cum-caravan park. We all hoped the local ruin preservation trust would intervene.

Not everyone in Eastwood has a good word for Lawrence or claims fond kinship. The lady in the bottle shop who told me, "I like your accent!" (that comes of being the only American in town) said, when she realized I was writing about Lawrence, "Oh, that filthy man!" I heard the same thing from an ex-miner named Noel, born on Christmas day. He hadn't read any Lawrence, but he recited the opening lines of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" to me as we stood in the courtyard of the Ram Inn waiting for opening time.

And Mrs. Hickling, who lives in the house on Lynncroft where Lawrence's mother died, had only dipped into *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and found it naughty. Mrs. Hickling was "spiritual," which meant she received "visits" from Lydia Lawrence and her own late husband Albert, whom a grandson had recently seen on the roof.

All these people make up a kind of extended family of Lawrence's—whether they (and he) like it or not. The Lawrence Society's grand fete for his hundredth birthday will fill Eastwood with artists, writers and scholars. Anthony Burgess is setting some of Lawrence's poems to music. Poets like Jon Silkin are writing new works in his honor. Dance and theater companies are coming from as far away as Belfast and Cardiff and Belgium. Actors from Nottingham and London will dramatize stories and scenes from Lawrence's life. There will be writing and printing workshops for young people. Home Ales of Nottingham is bottling a special limited edition centenary ale. A landscape architect is creating a phoenix on a hillside near Moorgreen Colliery. The craft center on Scargill Street will offer Lawrence mementos made locally. I saw a tiny Toby jug with Lawrence's face on it for 1.25. And the White Peacock Teashop and Lawrence Snackery are bound to do a lot of business.

