

**THE LETTERS OF
D. H. LAWRENCE**

**VOLUME VIII
Previously Uncollected Letters
General Index**

edited and compiled by
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CONTENTS

Preface	page xi
Acknowledgements	xiii
Note on the text	xv
Cue-titles	xv
Previously uncollected letters	1
Additional letters	113
Corrigenda and addenda, Volumes I–VII	117
Index, Volumes I–VIII	133

PREVIOUSLY UNCOLLECTED LETTERS

NB The distinctive number allocated to each letter indicates its chronological position in relation to others published in Volumes I–VII. A number followed by ‘n’ associates the letter with the annotation to a particular text.

7a. To Alvina Lawrence, [31 October 1903]

Text: MS UN; PC v. Thorney Abbey – North East; Postmark, [Peter]borough OC 31 03; Unpublished.

[31 October 1903]

¹Off to Skeg[ness]. Broken our journey in Peterboro here.

xx DHL

10a. To Alvina Lawrence, [5 March 1904]

Text: MS UN; PC v. Worksop Priory Church; Postmark, Eastwood MR 5 04; Unpublished.

[97 Lynn Croft, Eastwood]

[5 March 1904]

Dear Tim,

Thanks so much for the Joey,² it was a very nice card. Could you send me his home next. I guess you were very pleased to hear of Nell’s success.³ I didn’t know what Nottm views you had, but thought perhaps you’d like this. Are you coming at Easter?

Your loving coz DHL

10b. To Alvina Lawrence, [9 March 1904]

Text: MS UN; PC v. St. Mary’s Church, Nottingham; Postmark, Eastwood MR 9 04; Unpublished.

[97 Lynn Croft, Eastwood]

[9 March 1904]

Thanks very much for Highbury,⁴ it was a v. good view. You have not this card, I think. We’ve had a lovely day today. Don’t send me views of Brum town, please. Send me Warwick or Kenilworth or Coventry, if you can. You don’t mind me asking you, do you Tim? All send love.

Yours DHL

¹ DHL’s correspondent was his cousin, Alvina (‘Tim’) Lawrence (1880–1968). See *Letters*, i. 68 n. 3.

² Most likely a picture of Joseph Chamberlain (1836–1914), thrice Mayor of Birmingham, MP from 1885, Chancellor of the University of Birmingham from 1901, etc. (see letter following).

³ Mary Ellen Allam (b.1886), daughter of James and Mary Ellen Allam and step-sister to Alvina Lawrence, Alvina was living with the Allams in Kings Heath, Birmingham. See i. 199 n. 4; 231 n. 3.

⁴ Joseph Chamberlain’s opulent house in Italianate Gothic style, with 100 acres of elaborately laid-out gardens; it is located in Moseley, Birmingham (‘Brum’), close to Kings Heath (see previous letter n. 3).

[30 December 1904]

12a. To Thomas A. Smith, [30 December 1904]*Text:* MS Jermy; PC v. Eastwood Hall; Postmark, Eastwood DE 30 04; Unpublished.

[97 Lynn Croft, Eastwood]

[30 December 1904]

What are you¹ doing at Leicester – enjoying yourself, I hope.

Two stupid young girls are grinning over each (that's one) word I write – Centre girls, too.² Isn't our Eastwood charming, you must form quite an exalted opinion of it – and the inhabitants including

Yrs. DHL

Happy New Year.

138n. To D. H. Lawrence from Ford Madox Hueffer, 15 December 1909*Text:* MS (copy) UN; John Worthen, *D. H. Lawrence: The Early Years 1885–1912* (Cambridge, 1991), pp. 221–2.

84 Holland Park Avenue, W.

Dec 15 09.

Dear Mr Lawrence,

³I have now read your novel, and have read it with a great deal of interest, which, in the case of a person who has to read so many MSS as I do, is in itself a remarkable testimonial. I don't think I could use it in the 'English Review' for several reasons, the chief of them being its inordinate length. As you know, I like to publish a serial in four numbers, and a quarter of your book would take up almost half the Review. But I don't think that this great length would militate against its popularity with the public, for both the public and the libraries like long books. Properly handled, I think it might have a very considerable success, and I don't think that in these matters I am at all a bad judge; but a great deal depends on its being properly handled, and if you are sending the MSS to a publisher, I should advise you to try one of the most active – that is to say one who already has the ear of the public. As you must probably be aware, the book, with its enormous prolixity of

¹ Thomas Alfred Smith (1886–1966), DHL's close friend and later his fellow-student at University College, Nottingham. See *Letters*, i. 6–7, 142–3 n. 7.

² I.e. girls from the Pupil-Teacher Centre at Ilkeston, Derbyshire, which DHL attended part-time, March 1904–July 1905.

³ Ford Madox Hueffer (later Ford) (1873–1939), novelist and, at this time, editor of the *English Review* which he founded in December 1908. He had published five of DHL's poems in the November 1909 issue of the *Review*, and offered to read 'any of the work I like to send him' (i. 138). DHL sent him the *White Peacock* MS and immediately on receiving this response, forwarded it to William Heinemann as stated in his letter to the publisher, 15 December 1909 (i. 148–9).

19 January 1910

3

detail, sins against almost every canon of art as I conceive it. It is, that is to say, of the school of Mr William de Morgan – or perhaps still more of the school of Lorna Doone.¹ But I am not so limited as to fail to appreciate other schools than my own, and I can very fully admire your very remarkable and poetic gifts. I certainly think you have in you the makings of a very considerable novelist, and I should not have the least hesitation in prophesying for you a great future, did I not know how much a matter of sheer luck one's career always is. With this in view I should advise you in approaching a publisher to promise him at least the refusal of several of your future works. This means that he will be encouraged to make efforts with your first book with some confidence that if it succeeds you will not immediately abandon him for another firm,

Yours Sincerely Ford Madox Hueffer

143a. To Sydney Pawling, 19 January 1910

Text: MS Segal; Unpublished.

12 Colworth Rd, Addiscombe, Croydon
19 Jan 10.

Sydney S. Pawling Esq.
– Wm. Heinemann
21 Bedford St W.C.
Dear Sir,²

I shall be glad to call on you on Friday next if you will allow me to come at 12.30 instead of 12.0.

Yours faithfully D. H. Lawrence

155. To Sydney Pawling, 27 April 1910

Text: MS Segal; Huxley 1–2.³

12 Colworth Rd, Addiscombe, Croydon
27 April 1910

Dear Mr. Pawling,

With reference to your letter of the 25th.: – I think the novel⁴ is complete and final in its form as I have sent it you; also I think you will not find it actually so lengthy as the weight of the M.S. might lead one to suppose. The

¹ William Friend de Morgan (1839–1917), collaborator with William Morris and author of long, digressive and elaborately plotted novels; *Lorna Doone* (1869), the celebrated novel of romantic adventure by R. D. Blackmore (1825–1900).

² Sydney S. Pawling (1862?–1923), publisher; partner to William Heinemann. See *Letters*, i. 158 n. 4.

³ Previously published text corrected from MS: cf. i. 159.

⁴ *The White Peacock*.

18 October 1910

book is, I believe, much shorter than *Tono-Bungay* – about the length of *Jane Eyre*, or rather less, I estimated it. I will delete as much as I can in phrases and perhaps here and there a paragraph from the proofs, but there are now no passages of any length that I could take out.

I have written about a half of another novel:¹ I wonder what you would think of it.

Yours Sincerely D. H. Lawrence

Sydney S. Pawling Esq
31 Bedford St. – W.C.

186. To Sydney Pawling, 18 October 1910

Text: MS Segal; Huxley 4–5.²

12 Colworth Rd, Addiscombe, Croydon
18 October 1910

Sydney S Pawling Esq
21 Bedford St W.C.

Dear Mr Pawling,

I am glad, and much relieved, to hear that you have the MSS of the S[aga] of S[iegmond]³ in your hands – (By the way, don't you think the title idiotic? I am a failure there. How would 'The Livanter's' do?) I shall wait with some curiosity to hear your opinion of the work. It contains, I know, some rattling good stuff. But if the whole is not to your taste, I shall not mind, for I am not in the least anxious to publish that book. I am content to let it lie by for a few years. Of course, you have only got the rapid work of three months. I should want, I do want, to overhaul the book considerably as soon as you care to return it to me. I am not anxious to publish it, and if you are of like mind, we can let the thing stay, and I will give you – with no intermediary this time – my third novel, 'Paul Morel',⁴ which is plotted out very interestingly (to me), and about one eighth of which is written. 'Paul Morel' will be a novel – not a florid prose poem, or a decorated idyll running to seed in realism: but a restrained, *somewhat* impersonal novel. It interests me very much. I wish I were not so agitated just now, and could do more.

When you say 'the plates of the *White Peacock* were sent from New York' – do you mean the plates of the cover design, or what? I am a trifle curious. I *do* want that book to make haste. Not that I care much myself. But I want my

¹ *The Trespasser*.

² Previously published text corrected from MS: cf. *Letters*, i. 184–5.

³ I.e. *The Trespasser*.

⁴ Later *Sons and Lovers*.

23 December 1910

5

mother to see it while still she keeps her live consciousness. She is really horribly ill. I am going up to the Midlands again this week-end.

But you will think I have a sort of 'Mr Bunbury.'¹

I don't want to bother you to write, but let me know about the second novel when you're ready, please.

Yours truly D. H. Lawrence

212. To Arthur McLeod, 23 December 1910

Text: MS Broxtowe; *Letters*, i. 213.

[12, Colworth Road, Addiscombe, Croydon.]²
23 Dec 1910

Dear Mac,³

Nice of you to remember that I wanted those Latin poems: I'd forgotten myself: which makes it all the pleasanter now.

If you've already got this Everyman vol - I wont write in it, and then you can give it someone else.⁴ But if you've not read 'Our Lady's Tumbler' - it is rich, it is a nonsuch. I read it to my mother in bed two months ago. - And the boys gloat over the 'Three Thieves.' Give it them for composition.

Be jolly!

Yrs DHL

¹ In Wilde's *Importance of Being Earnest* (1899), the imaginary character Bunbury serves as a pretext for visiting a variety of places.

² DHL used headed 'mourning' notepaper edged in black(his mother died on 9 December 1910).

³ The opening sentence of this letter was given in *Letters*, i. 213; the MS has since become available giving the full text. DHL's correspondent was Arthur William McLeod (1885-1956), his colleague and closest friend at Davidson Road School, Croydon.

⁴ The volume was *Aucassin and Nicolette and other Mediaeval Romances and Legends*, trans. Eugene Mason (Everyman, September 1910). Its contents include 'Our Lady's Tumbler', a story of the faithful minstrel-tumbler whose devotion to the Blessed Virgin was such that she appeared to him in his lifetime and, at his death, 'gathered [his soul] to her bosom' and transported it to heaven. In ways that would amuse DHL's pupils, 'The Three Thieves' illustrates the proverb (quoted at the end of the story) that 'Bad is the company of thieves'.

[9 May 1912]

437a. To Irene Brinton, [9 May 1912]

Text: Sotheby's Catalogue, 22 July 1983, Item 458; PC v. Trier - Dom u. Liebfrauenkirche; Postmark, Trier 9 5 12; Unpublished.

Hôtel Rheinischer Hof, Trier

[9 May 1912]

. . . ¹have been here about a week. I was staying in Metz, but had to quit, because they said I was a spy, an English officer, and they were going to arrest me. I, who don't know a fortress from a factory. It's too bad . . . Tell Peg to send one or two grinning photos to my sister at Eastwood, there's a dear . . .

Love D. H. Lawrence

613a. To Katherine Mansfield, [21 July 1913]

Text: Maggs Bros Catalogue 1071 (1986), Item 106.

28 Percy Avenue, Broadstairs

Monday

Dear Mrs Murry,²

I hope you found my book at your new address. You must come down here this coming week-end – How are you fixed up now? – . . . Frieda is bothering you about her children. You will help, wont you? The best way is to get one of the boys to bring Monty to you – Monty Weekley³ . . . He is 13 years old – so you'll ask one of the bigger boys of the Preparatory School for him⁴. . . Try and get Monty to see you, will you? Then Frieda might meet him at your house. – We will get a little flat for you in Bavaria, for a month, in return – not in return, but it seems rotten to drag you into our troubles, one straightway thinks of reparation . . .

D. H. Lawrence

[In a pencilled postscript Lawrence apologises for not enclosing a sovereign for Monty Weekley, as promised in the letter, and adds] I am thick headed with the thunder.

DHL

¹ DHL had met his correspondent, Irene Brinton, from Hampstead, when she, with her sister Margaret ('Peg' or 'Meg') was staying – as he was – at the boarding-house, Compton House in Bournemouth, January 1912 (*Letters*, i. 350 n. 1).

² Though addressed here as 'Mrs Murry', Katherine Mansfield (1888–1923) and John Middleton Murry (1889–1957) did not marry until 1918; they had lived together for 16 months when DHL and Frieda met her on 9 July 1913 (ii. 31–2, 31 nn. 5 and 6).

³ Frieda's eldest child, Montague (1900–82). He later recalled that Frieda took him to a teashop in West Kensington and introduced him to 'a fascinating young woman who had a charming and rather enigmatical smile. This was Katherine Mansfield' (Nehls, i. 198). Subsequently she delivered messages from Frieda to her children.

⁴ Colet Court, West Kensington, preparatory school for St. Paul's (Nehls, i. 197).

30 August 1913

7

641a. To John Middleton Murry, 30 August 1913

Text: MS NYPL: Unpublished.

Irschenhausen, (Post) *Ebenhäusen*, Oberbayern.

30 August 1913.

Dear Murry,

Your last letter was really the low-water mark. I hope you're better by now. I count the weeks for you quite apprehensively – Sept, Oct and Nov. – it's a long time. But you'll perhaps be able to hang on till then. It is definitely settled we stay here till Sept 23rd: then Viva l'Italia. – I liked your review of those poets.¹ You can do it jolly well. I wish I could.²

Frieda and I are struggling on. We have just reached the point where we cease to murder each other. I've taken my hands from her throat, and she's taken her hands from mine, and we are staring at each other, round eyed and full of wonder at finding ourselves still here and alive. I think she treats me very badly, but I have assumed the forbearance of a Christian martyr, and manage to hug it round me for an odd ten minutes, like a cloak of protection. I am sorry to say it is flimsy, and soon rips. I should like a box of tacks to tack down my wits, which seem to have turned up at the edges like ruinous oil-cloth, and I am always falling over 'em. – a box of tin-tacks to tack my wits down and hold 'em steady – danke schön.

I've written one or two things about which I know nothing – like a somnambulist. F. says they aren't bad. I've begun a novel on the same principle:³ it's like working in a dream, rather uncomfortable – as if you can't get solid hold of yourself. 'Hello my lad, are you there!' I say to myself, when I see the sentences stalking by.

That's *my* Klagen.⁴ I look to Italy to wake me up. Think of me as the Sleeping Beauty. But fancy if the Sleeping Beauty had walked in her sleep. God knows what princes she mightn't have run up against in the passages. Oh Lord!

It has been wonderful weather here: such a vally full of the delicest sunshine, and in the woods all spangles and glitters among the shadows. The chicory is still blue as blue. If I send Katarina any, it will die, because it crumples up in fifty minutes, and is no more. Then in the green cut grass by the wood-edge and in the broad green places by the roadside, there are

¹ Murry had probably sent a copy of the review which would appear on 12 November 1913 in the *Daily News* entitled 'Three Poets' (John Helston, W. H. Davies and Arthur Symons). See George Lilley, *A Bibliography of . . . Murry*, 1974, C43.

² could.] could do it.

³ 'The Sisters'.

⁴ 'complaint'.

autumn crocuses standing such a lot, each one slim and separate and mauve-pink among the vivid green. I like their name: Herbst Zeitlosen.¹ Sometimes I gather a bowlful of them. They open out so wide and spikey. I think they are a bit uncanny: rather like a Miriam:² or like a virgin of thirty years.

We had one letter from Campbell, saying you had abused him.³ But he wrote very nicely and fatherly to us.

I do wish you two could come to tea to-day – I should be so thankful. The Mädchen has made such good Kringels⁴ and cakes, and it's a bit rainy, and so still. I should⁵ fearfully like a talk with you, John Middleton Murry, and your K[atherine] M[ansfield]. Three months is a long time before you come to Italy. I've got an awful wish that you were here today.

In about a month's time, I am going to have a play published.⁶ It's a good one. You must look out for it, and say nice things about it to people. How is your novel, Katarina, and your head, J.M.? I feel frightfully like the parish priest and the doctor mixed, where you two are concerned. Doesn't it amuse you?

I suppose you are fixed quite fast out there in London. If it gets very bad, Murry, chuck up before you go to pieces, and we'll manage somehow, when you come out – don't put the last straw on, during those three infernal months. Are you making arrangements for breaking loose? Have you mentioned your flight at the *W[estminster] G[azette]*?⁷ Couldn't you do, say, a third of your work for them, in Italy? It wouldn't be so much, would it? Three weeks on Tuesday we depart. Rather land yourself in a financial hole, than in a physical or mental breakdown. Chuck that stuff in London as soon as you can.

'For we're all nice folk, yes we are —

And all hot stuff – tra-la-la —⁸

By jove, Kringeln just hot out of the pan, they *are* good.

Frieda will write the rest to you.

Auf wiedersehen, Ihr zwei⁹ D. H. Lawrence

¹ 'Meadow Saffron'.

² Perhaps the Israelite Miriam of Numbers xii rather than the character in *Sons and Lovers* based on the friend of DHL's youth, Jessie Chambers (1887–1944).

³ Charles Henry Gordon Campbell (1885–1963), Irish barrister, introduced to the Lawrences on 26 July 1913 by Murry and Katherine Mansfield (*Letters*, ii. 51 and n. 1).

⁴ 'girl . . . fancy biscuits'.

⁵ should] feel

⁶ *The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd*, published on 1 April 1914.

⁷ Murry was a full-time reviewer for the *Westminster Gazette*.

⁸ Unidentified

⁹ DHL presumably intended to say: 'Goodbye to both of you'.

30 September 1913

9

655a. To John Middleton Murry, 30 September 1913

Text: MS UN; Unpublished.

Albergo della Palme, *Lerici*, Golfo della Spezia
30 Sept 1913.

My dear Murry,

Now we've found a place – a four roomed cottage in a big vineyardy garden, tucked in a tiny bay, almost alone, under great hills of olive woods. One runs out onto a bit of sand and into the water. There is only one other house, a pink fisherman's cottage. The bay is shut in, nearly, by black rocks and rocklets. The Mediterranean is very blue. There is a boat. The cost is 60 francs a month, furnished, and 25 francs for a woman who sleeps in the fishing village 20 minutes off, and who does all work and washing. It is simply perfect. I think of sitting in my kitchen, a little fire of olive-wood burning in the wide open chimney, a bottle of wine in its rush singlet, and hearing the waves wash at night, softly: – then of getting up in the morning and going out to bathe and run back through the garden.

One goes by train – via Genoa, to Spezia, thence by steamer over the gulf to here, Lerici – then in a rowing boat round the headlands.

How much longer before you come? You can stay with us while we find you another such a house. We've looked at a lot of apartments – not bad – here. But our house is the best. You come as quick as you can, and we find you something as good. There are plenty of decent apartments – but I *love* a little house.

I had a note from Campbell – he said your visit had been psychological. – Frieda and I are going to be frightfully happy in the villino at Fiascherine. I have been acutely unhappy – I seem to have a bent that way – I am a fool. – I walked from Schaffhausen - Zürich - Lucerne - over the Gotthard - Airolo, Bellinzona, Lugano, Como. It was beautiful, but Switzerland is too milk chocolaty and too tourist trodden.¹

We must stay here another 8 days. The proprietor is getting in his crops at our villino. And I want so much to go.

Why doesn't Katharina write to us? – Are you stopping still 3 months in London –

Love from us to you – D. H. Lawrence

Write to us here

¹ Cf. *Twilight in Italy*, ed. Paul Eggert (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994), 209:36–7: 'Lucerne and its lake were as irritating as ever: like the wrapper round milk chocolate.' (The quotation is from 'The Return Journey' which was completed and sent for typing on 19 October 1915.)

[10 October 1913]

**659a. To John Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield,
[10 October 1913]**

Text: MS Anon; PC; Postmark, Lerici 10. 10. 13; Unpublished.

[Lawrence begins]

Lerici per Fiascherino, Golfo della Spezia, Italy
[10 October 1913]

Dear Murry,

I feel as if I had written you at least five times and you haven't answered. Perhaps I exaggerate, but – . – We *have* got an adorable place here – you couldn't beat it on the face of the earth. Here is your place to bask and laze. And it is nearly November, and warm as July – pure sunshine all day, and a soft, delicious sea, and figs still ripe – If you write to us, then I'll tell you all about it. – I know one place in Lerici you could have – good, cheap. I'll enquire about more if you will say whether you come or not.

Yrs DHL

[Frieda Weekley begins]

Dear K[atherine] –

Has any letter of yours gone astray I wonder? Or what are you doing? Are you desperately bursting with plans of Halls or anything? Write to me and of the brats, if you can¹ – It's the most difficult thing to imagine that there are places where it is'nt summer like here, real summer – I wonder if you'll come – We are looking for places for you. –

Yrs F.

Orange blossom in the garden!!

674a. To Mitchell Kennerley, 19 November 1913

Text: MS Anon; Unpublished.

Lerici per Fiascherino, Golfo della Spezia, Italia
19th Nov. 1913

Dear Mr Kennerley,²

I received this morning your letter and the agreement, which latter I return now. I also send by the same post the typewritten-copy of the play, which I received a little while back, and let lie, not knowing you wanted me to go over it. However it is done now. I dont think there are many alterations.

¹ Katherine Mansfield acted as a go-between for Frieda and her children. In '*Not I, But the Wind . . .*', Frieda recalled: 'She . . . tried her best to help me with the children. She went to see them, talked to them and took them letters from me. I loved her like a younger sister' (p. 86).

² Mitchell Kennerley (1878–1950) became DHL's American publisher with the publication of *The Trespasser* in May 1912; he published *The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd* on 1 April 1914.

3 July 1914

11

The play seems to me pretty complete now, as it stands. I am sorry that it is a play of unbelief – a bit cynical in conception. One has no right to be cynical.

I am quite content with the agreement. It pleases me very much to think the play will be published one day. I wish I were there to see it.

I do hope also that one day you may find my writing a good speculation. But I think you will. My thanks for advertising *Sons and Lovers* so widely. I do like the reviews. But – bisogna dar tempo al tempo.¹

If the proofs of the play have gone in before this corrected MS arrives, then no matter. What alterations there are, are not important. But they go to improving the surface. One can feel so much better when one can go straight forward over a plain typed copy – as over proofs.

Yours Sincerely D. H. Lawrence

745n. To D. H. Lawrence from Douglas Clayton, 3 July 1914

Text: MS UN; Unpublished.

54 Birdhurst Rd, Croydon.

July 3, 1914.

Dear Lawrence.²

- 1) I enclose M.S. of *New Eve & Old Adam* This has not yet been typed so I have no record of its words
- 2) Also, – *The White Stocking*: 7,904 words (I like the #!) (Pinker had the typed copy of this.)
- 3) *Love among the Haystacks* has never been here.
- 4) *The Sick Collier* } sent to you at the Cearne July 9. 1913.
2,500 words } (In a later letter you refer to certain M.S.S.
- 5) *Once* } having been sent on from Cearne (July 14, to
3,427 words } Margate.)

I have made a fair copy of the following list to put with the M.S. for ready reference in the future & we will keep it up to date.

*

List of works sent & what befell them.

- 1) *New Eve & Old Adam* MS. Sent Selwood Terrace July 3. 1914
- 2) *Sick Collier* (2,500) M.S. also typescript Sent Cearne July 9. 1913
- 3) *Fly in the Ointment* (2,029) Sent MS & typescript Cearne July 9. 1913

¹ 'one mustn't rush things'.

² DHL's correspondent, Douglas Clayton (1894–1960), was a jobbing printer who typed many of DHL's MSS; his uncle-by-marriage, Edward Garnett, had introduced DHL to him (*Letters*, ii. 30 nn. 1 and 3). In this letter (of which the MS is incomplete) Clayton was replying to DHL's of 2 July 1914, written from 9 Selwood Terrace, South Kensington, the home of Gordon Campbell (ii. 187, 190). (The Cearne, which Clayton mentions, was Edward Garnett's home at Edenbridge in Kent.)

10 September 1914

- 4) *Once!* (3,427) Sent MS & Typescript Cearne July 9. 1913.
- 5) *Honour & Arms.* (9,601) Sent to Italy November 11. 1913
Typescript sent to Margate July 1913.
- 6) *Blind Gods that do not spare*¹ (9,500) Sent M.S. & typescript Cearne
Vin d'Ordinaire July 9. 1913.
- 7) *The Rose Garden* (5,200) Original M.S. at 54 Birdhurst Rd.
Typescript sent Margate July 18. 1913.
- 8) *The Christening* (3,317) Original MS at 54 Birdhurst Rd
Typescript sent Margate July 18. 1913
- 9) *Strike Pay* (3,427) Original M.S. at 54 Birdhurst Rd
Typescript went to Lawrence at Margate, 14 July 1913.
- 10) *Her Turn* (2,075) Original M.S. at Birdhurst Rd
Typescript to Lawrence 14 July 1913
- 11) *The White Woman*² (7,400) Original M.S. at Birdhurst Rd
Typescript sent July 18 1913 to Lawrence at Margate.
- 12) *The Daughters of the Vicar.* (18,980) M.S. at Birdhurst Rd
Typescript sent Aug 1/13 to Margate.
- 13) *Two Marriages.*³(?) Untyped. M.S. at Birdhurst Rd Croydon
- 14) *The Primrose Path* (5,480) M.S. at Birdhurst Rd
Typescript Aug. 5th to L. acknowledged from Hampstead.
- 15) *The White Stocking* (7,904) M.S. to Lawrence at Kensington July 4 1914
Typescript to Pinker⁴ (July? 1913)
Poems M.S. of set of Poems are at Birdhurst Rd

785a. To Alfred Sutro, 10 September 1914

Text: MS Dean; cited in Jeffrey Meyers, *D. H. Lawrence: A Biography* (1990), p.158.

The Triangle, Bellingdon Lane, Chesham, Bucks

10 Sept 1914

Dear Mr Sutro,⁵

Your cheque for ten pounds *was* like a sudden fall of manna this morning. I was picturing myself fleeing towards a barracks to enlist, pursued by the wolf from the door, who should sit outside the barracks gate waiting for my return with the honorable little paper 'It is certified that D. H. Lawrence

¹ Early title for 'Vin Ordinaire'.

² Early title for 'The Witch à la Mode'.

³ Early version of 'Daughters of the Vicar' (Roberts C214).

⁴ James Brand Pinker (1863–1922), DHL's literary agent 1914–19.

⁵ Alfred Sutro (1863–1933), dramatist and translator, had heard that the Lawrences 'were very badly off' (*Letters*, ii. 213 and n. 2). He at once sent them a cheque for a loan of £10. See two letters following.

presented himself for enlistment at the Aylesbury barracks, but could not be sworn in owing to weakness of chest.' – That's what one is given, to save one's honor. Somebody called the farm labourer in the next cottage 'milky,' because he didn't go to serve his king and country. So, in a great state, he drove off on the baker's cart, to show 'em what milk he was made of. But late at night he came home again, and when I said, 'But didn't you enlist, then?' he came at me and pulling a paper from his pocket, threw it without a word on the table. It was – 'on account of bad teeth.'

We were almost at our last gasp, now, my wife and I, but confidently expecting something to turn up. So I wrote to Pinker, the agent. I am already in his debt, but the publisher is in my debt, so that Pinker promised me something, if I would be patient. There is due to me about £50. True, it is all I have in the world, and various debts to pay – not very big ones. It is all I have to live on and to hope for. And it hasn't come yet. But even as a prospect, it is something, and you may have somebody more hard up than we are. Please let me keep the ten pounds, because I need them. But as for the more substantial help – the quails after this manna¹ – I would be glad of it, if I were not depriving another poorer man still.

If you are a Knight or a baronet, please forgive me, because I am not sure.

Yours Sincerely D. H. Lawrence

786a. To Alfred Sutro, 13 September 1914

Text: MS Dean; Unpublished.

The Triangle, Bellingdon Lane, Chesham, Bucks

13 Sept 1914

Dear Mr Sutro,

It has just dawned on me that you must have lent me the £10 of yourself. I did not realise it at first. Your letter came as such a shock – I had no idea that Mary Cannan had written of our reduced state² – so that I thought that somehow you were acting on the behalf of some society – and I felt a bit awkward.

Please let me thank you very sincerely for lending me the money. It came at a tight moment, out of the skies, so that it scarcely occurred to me to thank you yourself, at the time.

I am Yours Very Sincerely D. H. Lawrence

¹ Cf. Exodus xvi. 12–13; Numbers xi. 31–2.

² Mary Cannan, née Ansell (1867–1950), m. (1) 1894, (Sir) James Barrie (1860–1937), dramatist; divorced 1909 (2) 1910, Gilbert Cannan (1884–1955), novelist and dramatist (see *Letters*, ii. 208 n.1, 213). The Cannans were close friends of DHL at this time.

16 October 1914

798a. To Alfred Sutro, 16 October 1914*Text:* MS Dean; Unpublished.Bellingdon Lane, *Chesham*, Bucks

16 Oct 1914

Dear Mr Sutro,

I suppose you are aware that the Royal Literary Fund have joyfully given me £50.¹ Did they begrudge it me, the good old creatures? Never mind, I will live on their charity gently for a month or two.

Will you let me send you back your cheque, which came in so helpfully a while back. I am just as grateful for it as if I kept it. It is registered in my mind a gift.

Yours Sincerely D. H. Lawrence

898a. To Lady Ottoline Morrell, [c. 10 April 1915]*Text:* MS UT; Unpublished.

[Greatham, Pulborough, Sussex]

[c. 10 April 1915]²

[Frieda Lawrence begins]

Dear Lady Ottoline,

Yes, do come any day, stay the night if you can, it makes it much less of a rush for you – I am sorry you are not very well, it makes me so cross to be seedy! Will you feel it very much leaving London?³ We think that every week there will be an excursion train to Garsington! I must'nt write any more because the postman is here for the letters – We will have a lovely talk when you come and dont do too much –

In haste Frieda

God be merciful to us and dont send us any Meynell when you come!

[Lawrence begins]

We shall be so glad to see you. I am writing my 'philosophy' now. It is coming! Thank God. It will be real – thank heaven. I feel the thing is getting under weigh – the new England.

¹ Sutro actively promoted DHL's application for support from the Royal Literary Fund: see *Letters*, ii. 224–5 n. 4; iii. 227, 251.

² The letter is dated with reference to DHL's invitation to Lady Ottoline Morrell (1873–1938), on Good Friday, 2 April 1915, to 'come down—but not till after the middle of next week', an invitation repeated on 8 April (ii. 312, 314). He reported to her, also on 8 April, that he had 'begun again' writing his 'philosophy' (then entitled 'Morgenrot', later 'Le Gai Savaire'), while on 10 April, recovering from an indisposition, he was well enough to send 'the first chapter of my philosophy' to Kot for typing (ii. 315, 317).

³ Philip Morrell M. P. (1870–1943) and Lady Ottoline moved to Garsington on 17 May 1915.

5 May 1915

15

You will stay the night, for sure.

Love DHL

916a. To Marjorie Wilkinson, 5 May 1915

Text: Michael Silverman Catalogue Six (1992), Item 33; Postmark, Pulborough 5 May 1915; Unpublished.

[Greatham. Pulborough. Sussex.]

5 May 1915

Dear Sir¹

Yes you may have my permission to print the ‘Corot’ poem in your anthology.²

Yours truly D. H. Lawrence

950a. To Unidentified Recipient, 11 July 1915

Text: MS Meerwein; cited in J. Worthen, *D. H. Lawrence: The Early Years 1885–1912*, pp. 63–4.

Greatham. Pulborough. Sussex.

11 July 1915

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your letter regarding the spelling in the *Prussian Officer*. The difficulty is, that one reads with the eye, as well as with the ear. Consequently ‘dosta’ is read as one word, and the mind mechanically halts, saying ‘What strange word is this?’ And to pull up the mind like that is fatal. Have you ever tried reading dialect – those Yorkshire stories one used to see, or even William Barnes’ poetry?³ It is difficult, even painful, because of the mental effort of interpreting into sound new connections perceived by the eye. Unless the effect of sound is conveyed simultaneously with eye-picture, there is discrepancy and awkwardness. Think how many people can read Molière with pleasure, who wouldn’t understand a word of it, on the stage, through hearing. This will tell you how secondary the ear is, even in reading⁴ speech.

¹ DHL had mistakenly assumed that his correspondent was masculine. Marjorie Wilkinson, who had written to him, was a graduate of the University of London who had been commissioned to produce an anthology, chiefly of verse but with some prose, for the use of children. She wrote also to Rupert Brooke, Masfield, Bridges, de la Mare, Binyon, Housman and many others. Her plans were defeated by wartime stringencies; the anthology was never published.

² The poem first appeared in *Love Poems and Others* (1913).

³ William Barnes (1801–86) was renowned for his poems in the Dorset dialect; see his *Collected Poems*, 1879.

⁴ reading] hearing

6 October 1915

I never liked the *ter* I use. Often, I used 'ta'. But that even creates a false impression. It reads too sharp, *tà*. One must compromise, since the convention of word-form is fixed to the eye. The ear will understand all kinds of variation – but the eye wont. Print is so arbitrary. Have you ever read Milton in the old 1680 form?¹ It is the only way to read Milton. The eye is happy then.

Thank you for your letter. I would gladly use 'dosta' if I thought it would be instinctively understood, would not cost an effort.

Yours Sincerely D. H. Lawrence

1009a. To John Wilson, 6 October 1915

Text: MS Anon; Unpublished.

[1, Byron Villas, Vale-of-Health, Hampstead, London.]

6 Oct 1915

Dear Sir,²

Thank you for your card intimating your wish to subscribe for three copies of the *Signature*. I don't quite know what you mean by 'scope etc.' But if you will send subscription of 7/6 to the *Signature*, 12 Fisher St, Southampton Row, they will send you at once three copies of the number already issued, and three copies each of the remaining five numbers, as they appear, fortnightly, hence until Christmas.

If there is anything else you would like to know, will you please ask me in detail.

Yours faithfully D. H. Lawrence

1156. To Lady Ottoline Morrell, 1 February 1916

Text: MS GU; *Letters*, ii. 521–2.

Porthcothan – St Merryn – N. Cornwall

1 Feb. 1916

My dear Ottoline,³

¹ DHL's reference is unclear since the only edn of Milton in 1680 was a re-issue of *Paradise Regain'd [and] Samson Agonistes* (1671). In view of his concerns in this letter it is possible that he had seen David Masson's facsimile edn (1877) of *Paradise Lost* which stimulated interest in Milton's idiosyncratic spelling. (DHL had visited Lady Ottoline Morrell at Garsington in mid-June 1915; perhaps in her library he had seen this or another 'old spelling' edn.)

² The recipient was most likely John Gideon Wilson (1876–1963), bookseller, formerly with Constable & Co., then with Jones & Evans, and finally chairman and managing director of John & Edward Bumpus, 1941–50. DHL reported the enquiry from Jones & Evans, for three copies of *Signature*, on 7 October 1915 (*Letters*, ii. 407).

³ The text of this letter printed in Volume II relied on Huxley; the MS has since become available; the present text is complete and accurate. Annotation to the text in ii. 521–2 is not repeated here.

Here I send you the MS. of the poems. It is complete except for that poem 'Snapdragon' which was published in the first *Georgian Anthology*. I will send you that on, and you will insert it in the right place, according to the index, will you? Tell me if you like the poems. You see they make a sort of inner history of my life, from 20 to 26. Tell me if the inscription will do.

This MS. is for America really. Will you send it on to my agent, *J. B. Pinker, Talbot House, Arundel St, Strand W. C.*, in a few days? I have sent him the duplicate MS. for the English publisher. But keep this as long as you want it.

You will find enclosed also three little MS. books, from which these poems were chiefly collected. The black book is a new scribble – but the red college note books – they *are* my past, indeed. Will you let them lie with my other MS. at Garsington. But read the poems first in the type-written MS; they will make a better impression.

I send you also, Petronius. He startled me at first, but I liked him. He is a gentleman, when all is said. I have taken a great dislike to Dostoevsky in the *Possessed*. It seems so sensational, and such a degrading of the pure mind, somehow. It seems as though the pure mind, the true reason, which surely is noble, were made trampled and filthy under the hoofs of secret, perverse, indirect sensuality. Petronius is straight and above board. Whatever he does, he doesn't try to degrade and dirty¹ the pure Mind in him. But Dostoevsky, mixing God and Sadism, he is foul. I will send your books back by degrees. A thousand thanks for them. And that Egyptian book of Mlle. Baillots is a real pleasure. Please give her my thanks for it.

I am getting better – at last I've got a solid core inside me. I've felt so long as if I hadn't got a solid being at all. Now I can put my feet on the ground again. But it is still shaky. I believe that milk casein stuff is *very* good; also the Brands.

Heseltine and his Puma are not very happy I think. But let the affair work itself out: that is the only way.²

When do you think you may be coming down. We had a perfect day on Sunday, when we could see the ships far out at sea, and we were all so happy. But it has gone sad again.

Would you rather have had your title in the inscription? After all, it is to you the inscription is written, not to your social self.

Heseltine is gloomy about conscription. When one thinks out, away from

¹ dirty]bla[cken?]

² For Philip Heseltine and Minnie Lucy ('Puma') Channing, see *Letters*, ii. 442 n. 3 and 481 n. 2 respectively.

22 October 1916

this remoteness, how horrible it is! But there, it is no good: why should one waste oneself.

Frieda sends her love, and I mine. I hope you are feeling better.

Yours D. H. Lawrence

1299a. To Augusta de Wit, 22 October 1916

Text: MS NLMD; M. Uding-van Laarhoven, “‘Oh, I wish it was spring in the world of man . . .’”: Twee brieven van D. H. Lawrence (1885-1930) aan Augusta de Wit (1864-1939)’, *Opstellen over de Koninklijke Bibliotheek en andere studies* (Hilversum, 1986), pp. 466-7.

Higher Tregerthen, Zennor, St.-Ives. Cornwall.

22 Oct. 1916

Dear Madam,¹

I have asked Duckworths to send you a copy of my *Widowing of Mrs Holroyd*, also of my first volume of poems. My first novel *The White Peacock* might be of some use to you: it is about farm-life and middle-class life mixed: the second, *The Trespasser*, is about a violinist in the Covent Garden orchestra: *Sons and Lovers* is the third. My last novel, *The Rainbow* was suppressed by the authorities here for *immorality*, and so cannot be obtained. There remains only a book of short stories, *The Prussian Officer*, which has only one or two tales dealing with the common people, and a book of Italian Studies. These are all my works – excepting a book of poems this year, called *Amores*. Duckworth is the publisher of them all. I would send you the lot, but have no money. Living by these writings, I am always hopelessly poor.

I should like to read your ‘Orpheus in a Malay Village’ in German. I am sorry I cannot read Dutch. But in English or German or French I should enjoy reading anything you have written.

There is need enough, as you say, for poets, men and women, in days like these. But the world is like a child that is ill, which screams and kicks when a doctor approaches to touch its pain. The last thing the world will bear nowadays – at least in England – is the touch of a genuine poet.

I am glad you are speaking of Hardy.² He is our last great writer. Bennett is only a journalist, in comparison, and Masfield is, a good deal of him, spurious. Wells, in his *Tono Bungay*, *Love and Mr Lewisham*, *The History of Mr*

¹ Anna Augusta Henriette de Wit (1864-1939), Dutch novelist and short-story writer; for over 30 years she had reviewed publications in German and English for the Dutch press; her most famous work was *Orpheus in de dessa* (Amsterdam, 1903) (‘Orpheus in a Malay Village’). For further details see James T. Boulton, ‘Editing D. H. Lawrence’s Letters: The Editor’s Creative Role’, *Prose Studies*, xix (August 1996), 217-19.

² She had been in correspondence with Hardy (as well as with Hans Carossa and Richard Hughes) (see M. Uding-van Laarhoven, *art. cit.*, p. 466).

[17? December 1916]

19

Polly, is really very good, dealing with lower class life, don't you think? to me, he is better than Bennett, who leaves out the *toughness* which the common people never really lack. Bennett's is coward's writing: he is really a journalist, a time-server.

There are a few odd books of the English working classes that are very revealing: like Niel Lyons *Sixpenny Pieces*, and *Arthur's*. Then there is one good Scotch novel *The House with the Green Shutters* – as well as Barrie's sentimental *Window in Thrums* and *Sentimental Tommy*.¹ But perhaps you know these things quite as well as I do. If so, please forgive the intrusion.

Yours Very Sincerely D. H. Lawrence

You can get Wells' books, and the *House with the Green Shutters*, and many other modern ones, for sevenpence each, 'Nelsons Sevenpenny Series.' They are quite decent, if you don't know them.²

1932a. To Esther Andrews, [17? December 1916]

Text: MS Wanning; Louise E. Wright, 'Dear Montague: Letters from Esther Andrews to Robert Mountsier', *DHLReview*, xxvi (1995–96), 177.

[Zennor, St. Ives, Cornwall]

[17? December 1916]³

[Esther Andrews, writing to Robert Mountsier on 19 December 1916, reported a letter from Lawrence asking 'what day we were coming', and continuing:]⁴ Please ask Mountsier to ask his sister to lend John Edler the copy of the *Rainbow*⁵ – I have written him (John) [. . .] sent him back his \$3 & told him I [. . .] would lend him the book for *one week only*. I wish Mountsier would write to his sister at once.

¹ Alfred Neil Lyons (1880–1940), *Arthur's* (1908) and *Sixpenny Pieces* (1909); George Douglas Brown (1869–1902) (pseud. George Douglas), *The House with the Green Shutters* (1901); (Sir) James Barrie, *A Window in Thrums* (1889) and *Sentimental Tommy* (1896).

² On 28 January 1917, in *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, appeared Augusta de Wit's highly appreciative review of *The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd*, in which she also treated *The White Peacock*, *Sons and Lovers*, *Love Poems* and *Amores*.

³ Mail appears to have been delayed between London and Zennor; when he wrote this letter DHL had not received Esther Andrews' written on Friday, 15 December; his letter, arriving in London on Tuesday, 19 December, may therefore have been written on Sunday 17th.

⁴ Esther Andrews (1880–1962), was an American, a student of art at Yale and now a journalist; she partnered DHL's friend who was later to become his agent, the American Robert ('Montague') Mountsier (1888–1972). They were to spend Christmas together at Higher Tregetherthen; she alone later visited the Lawrences there in May 1917. She did relief work in France toward the end of the war and probably there met Canby Chambers (d.1958), whose wife she became in 1919. (For a fuller account see Louise E. Wright, *DHL Review*, xxvi.167–75.)

⁵ Mountsier had two sisters (obituary, *New York Times*, 25 November 1972); the one referred to here was Mabel who lived at his address in New York. Edler is unidentified.

[9? February 1917]

1372n. From Frieda Lawrence to Esther Andrews, [9? February 1917]

Text: TMSC Anon; Unpublished.

[Zennor, St. Ives, Cornwall]
[9? February 1917]¹

Dear Esther,

For once I feel quite as desperate as you – *If* America comes in, well then there *is* no America in our sense; Is it at all a game? I dont understand it. It all rings false this sudden anger – as if it were factitious. We get letters and forms about passports, but the home office does not know itself what to do at present, it's bloody – I will let you know about coming to London – We want to go if it is at all possible to America unless war is declared, but I think it wont be – Is'nt all this done to pacify the Allies? – I feel there is a great swindle going on *somewhere* – Monty mustnt go – Tell him how *cold* the water is, and I *don't* like heroes – *Three ships* have been torpedoed *just here*, gone, the men seen struggling in the water (Stanley saw them) for a few minutes, I tell you it's *very* bad I won't go unless in a safe American boat – *unwar* – But I am so miserable really, as if absolutely nothing mattered – You must'nt go to America either yet, till things settle a little bit – But I daresay you are frightfully restless – Of course you can come here as you know – We will be as happy as we can – After all *damn* them – We are not them! 'Thank God I am not like my neighbour!' Gilbert Cannan has had a breakdown – He is in a Hampstead nursing home – I respect him for it – hes is so poor too – Mrs. Carswell got on your nerves² – There is a certain scotch impudence about her at times, *very* trying – I suppose London is vile and the blitheness on top is so *sickening!* But make yourself *sick* with it all, quite sick, then it will go and we shall come out like daisies, fresh and smiling new hope – I want to go to London on the *22nd* just for 3 or four days – I shall stay with Campbell – I wish you could be here with Lawrence – Where will you go, if you must give up your rooms? The gin has cheered us – I was so *happy* before the American blow –

Frieda

¹ Frieda's letter – providing background material to DHL's two letters of 9 February 1917 – was probably written on that day. It was clearly later than 2 February when USA broke off relations with Germany and after the ships were sunk off Zennor on 6th (see *Letters*, iii. 88); Frieda comments on Gilbert Cannan's breakdown reported in Kot's letter received and replied to on 9th (iii. 89–90); she remarks that she will stay in London with Gordon Campbell from whom a 'friendly' letter had arrived on 9th (iii. 90); and her letter obviously pre-dates the news – which DHL had received by 12 February – that the Lawrences' application for passports had been rejected (iii.90).

² Catherine Carswell (1879–1946), novelist, close friend since 1914 of the Lawrences and, later, DHL's biographer. m. 1915, Donald Carswell (1882–1940), barrister.