

Moreover, it is in Etna, whose smoke darkens the day, that the malevolent forces lurk which Lawrence felt to emanate from the Sicilian landscape, where beauty and evil seem to go hand-in-hand. In his poem 'Purple Anemones', for example, Lawrence portrays the flowers on the slope of the volcano as having been pushed up from Hell, and in 'Snake', the serpent becomes a mythical, god-like lord of the underworld, and embodiment of all the dark, mysterious forces of nature present in the Sicilian landscape. Lawrence often describes Etna as 'bewitched' and 'witch-like' - in March 1922 he wrote to Baroness Anna von Richthofen, 'we saw our Etna, like a white queen, or a white witch standing there in the sky: so magically beautiful, but I think wicked' (*Letters*, iv, 205) - and in *The Lost Girl*, Alvina 'seemed to feel in the air strange Furies, Lemures, ... Black and cruel presences were in the under-air. They were furtive and slinking. They bewitched you with loveliness, and lurked with fangs to hurt you afterwards. There it was: the fangs sheathed in beauty: the beauty first, and then, horribly, inevitably, the fangs' (394).

Finally, what also emerges from many of Lawrence's works is the hold Sicily had on him long after he had left the island: 'Perhaps the deepest nostalgia I have ever felt has been for Sicily ... Not for England or anywhere else - for Sicily ...' (*Phoenix*, 230). In *Kangaroo*, Somers longs for 'the tall corn under the olives in Sicily' (25). In his introduction to his translation of Verga's *Little Novels of Sicily*, Lawrence writes, 'anyone who has once known this land can never be quite free from the nostalgia for it'; and, writing to Baroness Anna von Richthofen in February and March 1922, he expresses the trauma of separation: 'My heart quivers now, mostly with pain, - the going away from our home and the people and Sicily' ... 'She (Etna) said to me, "Come back here" - I only said no, but wept inside with pain - pain of parting' (*Letters*, iv, 198-9 and 205).

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Lawrence's Brush with Hollywood: 'Lost and Found'

Ross Parmenter

Ordinarily, one would not think covering ship news for *The New York Times* in the first year of the Second World War would help in investigating D.H. Lawrence's life. Yet it did for me. Specifically, it enabled me to acquire information to round out what Lawrence and his contemporaries wrote about his voyage from Australia to San Francisco in 1922.

The 25-day voyage was part of a long-way round journey that he and Frieda made in going to the United States for the first time. Australia had been their stop after Ceylon; and, when Lawrence had finished *Kangaroo* in Australia, he and his wife sailed from Sydney on 10 August. After three stops en route, the most momentous in Tahiti, they reached San Francisco on 4 September.

Until now considerable obscurity had existed about what changed the character of the voyage at Tahiti, but vivid details have survived. After getting to New Mexico, Lawrence told Mabel Dodge Luhan, Knud Merrild and Joseph Foster about it, and all three published accounts of his stories. Frieda Lawrence wrote about the voyage in "Not I, but the Wind ..." And Lawrence sent impressions of the trip to his sister, Ada, and a number friends on post card or letters he wrote on board or at ports of call.

One of the invaluable sources of information on ships that I discovered while covering the New York waterfront was the specialized and comprehensive library of the South Street Seaport Museum. Lawrence did not name his ship in his correspondence until he had been twenty-two days at sea. But, happily, the one long letter he wrote on the voyage, that of 31 August to Mary Cannan, the former wife of James M. Barrie, was headed 'from H.M.S. Tahiti.'¹

Lawrence did not give the ship's line, but, remembering the Seaport Museum's library, I felt I had an essential clue. And, sure enough, when I presented the ship's name to Gerald Boardman, the alert and obliging librarian for the museum, he went quickly to a shelf, and produced Peter Plowman's *Passenger Ships of Australia and New Zealand*, the very book that had the facts I wanted. It even had a photograph of the *Tahiti*, a fair-sized steamer of 7,585 tons, with masts fore and aft, a single black smoke stack in the center, and open top deck, and three white closed decks visible below.

The *Tahiti* was not its original name, for it had been built for the West Indian trade and called, suitably, the *Port Kingston* after the capital of Jamaica. It was launched in 1904 and was laid up later after losing its mail contract. But in 1911 the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand bought it to compete with American steamers in the Sydney to San Francisco trade. It was re-named the *Tahiti* and for three years gave fast and reliable service, providing accommodation for 227 first class passengers, ninety-seven second class, 141 third class. When the first World War broke out, New Zealand appropriated it as a troop ship. It had

scrapes with submarines, but was never hit as it transported soldiers to Egypt. In 1919 it was given back to the Union Line, which converted it into an oil-burner and, after regaining a royal mail contract, restored it to the San Francisco route in 1921. So the Lawrences sailed on a New Zealand ship the year after the former army transport had been put back in passenger service.² No wonder Lawrence called it 'a nice boat' in his first card to Ada (283). 'A smallish boat with a stout jolly captain,' was Frieda's verdict.³ He and Frieda travelled in first class. Few other English were on board. Their fellow passengers were from Australia, New Zealand, the United States or France; the French being explained because Tahiti was a French colony.

The First Lap

Distances in the Pacific are vast, and it took the *Tahiti* five days to reach their first stop - Wellington, the capital of New Zealand. In the day they were there Lawrence sent a post card to his old friend, the writer Katherine Mansfield. Referring to the picture of where she was born, and probably to their relationship which had been broken off two years previously, it bore a single work: 'Ricordi' ('Remembrances'). Because she was dying, and it was a gesture of reconciliation, the card was important to Katherine (283). On 15 August - the same day, or perhaps the next - he wrote to Ada: 'Here we are at your antipodes - don't want to stop here though - Sail this afternoon' (283).

The next year the *Tahiti*, by making the run from Wellington to San Francisco in sixteen and a half days, was to break previous speed records between the two ports. But fast as she was, it took her another five days to reach their second stop - Averua, the port of Raratonga, the most important of the Cook Islands. To Earl and Achsah Brewster, with whom he had stayed in Ceylon, he wrote: 'Here for a day - such a lovely island - temple flowers, great red hibiscus - tropical almost but not at all sweltering. Wish you'd come this way' To Ada he wrote, 'Such a lovely island ... it's really almost as lovely as one expects these South Sea Island to be' (284).

They would call next at Tahiti, Lawrence told Ada. And it is worth noting that in the spring of 1915, when the war had put Lawrence in a dark state of soul, he was thinking of escaping to some far place and had written Lady Ottoline Morrell: 'I wish I were going to Thibet - or Kambatka - or Tahiti - the Ultima, ultima, ultima Thule.'⁴ So for seven years Tahiti had lived in his imagination as a far away and beautiful place to which one could retreat.

On 21 August - after two more days at sea - their ship put into a small bay that lies off Papeete between the island of Moorea and the Diademe of Tahiti, described later by James Michener as 'surely the loveliest seaplane base in the world.'⁵ But when they got to Papeete, the capital of the island, they were disappointed. After saying the weather was always perfect ('Nothing but flying fish, porpoises, sky, the great sea and our boat') Frieda wrote that Tahiti

must have been marvellous in the past, those gentle, too gentle handsome natives, with their huts, the perfection of the island in itself. But the joy of it was gone. The charming native women, who offered me old beads and flowers made me sad in their clumsy Mother Hubbard garments. I know how European diseases were wiping the natives out, the contact with Europe fatal to them. In the evening we saw a cinema in a huge kind of barn; there was a native king, enormous; he was in a box near the stage with several handsome wives.⁶

Paraphrasing a letter from Lawrence, Mrs. Carswell wrote: 'Tahiti he found beautiful, but Papeete "a poor dull, modernish place"' (285). Speaking of Papeete for himself, in writing to Ada on 22 August, the day before the afternoon of their sailing, Lawrence wrote that they were still having a very good trip, but qualified his enthusiasm with the words: 'hot - lovely island - but town spoilt - don't really want to stay' (285).

After Tahiti

On 23 August, the day they sailed, the somewhat boring peacefulness of their voyage was shattered by 'a movie crowd' that boarded the ship, returning to San Francisco after having been in the south seas making a motion picture. I first heard of these film-makers in 1963 when I read Knud Merrild's *A Poet and Two Painters*, and I dismissed them from my mind as the creators of some kind of travelogue or obscure documentary that no one ever heard of. Later, when I read in Lawrence's letter of 31 August to Mary Cannan that their film was called 'Captain Blackbird,' I remained indifferent. When Lawrence crossed the Pacific I was already an avid movie fan, but neither at that time or since, had a film of that name come to my attention, even though I read the movie magazines eagerly several years before I could go to movies by myself. So my idea of the negligibility of the unidentified film company, with the conviction that it could not be traced, was reinforced. Not until 1972 when Joseph Foster's *D.H. Lawrence in Taos* was published, did I suddenly wake up. There I read that Foster had seen Lawrence imitate a member of the film crew, 'a famous movie actress of the twenties' whom he called 'Beverly.'⁷

On ship news at the start of World War II we reporters in New York used to interview movie stars and other celebrities as they sought the safety of the United States. We would go down the bay in a coast guard cutter, climb aboard the liners, seek the famous on board, interview them and then, on landing, write up their stories for our papers. The stories would appear the next day. I wasn't sure that the ship news reporters in San Francisco followed the same procedure, but I suspected they did. If so, I calculated that I would find the story of the landing of the *Tahiti* in a San Francisco paper of Tuesday, 5 September, the day after the ship arrived.

The New York Public Library had the *San Francisco Chronicle* on microfilm, and when I unwound the film strip to the estimated date, I found I was vindicated.

When page three of the issue of 5 September 1922 was projected on the sloping surface of the reader, the first column bore the headlines:

TAHITI NATIVE
WARRIORS PLAY
SCREEN STARS

I had what I sought. Foster was right. A famous movie actress was in the company, and there were three other stars too. I quickly deduced this 'Beverly' must have been Rosemary Theby, who had made her film debut around 1910 and appeared in such hits as *Mills of the Gods*, *The Trial*, *Margie*, *So Big*, and *Girls Who Dare*. Pauline Starke, who had been in the film *A Connecticut Yankee* the year before, was the other female star. House Peters, the chief star, was even more famous. He was a leading matinee idol who had appeared in *The Girl of the Golden West* and *The Great Divide* in 1915, and a number of later films, including *Lady of Quality*, and *Mignon*. The other male star was the handsome Spaniard, Antonio Moreno, who had been in American movies since 1914. Lesser actors included George Siegmann and a dark-haired bit player who later was to achieve stardom as a deft comedian, William Haines. What is more, the producer of the film was the already famous Samuel Goldwyn, who had just become an independent producer. So it was a major outfit that boarded the Tahiti. And Lawrence was right about the name they were then giving the film, 'Captain Blackbird,' the title of the Carey Wilson story on which it was based.⁸

The *Chronicle* said the company had been making the film for two months. Its sub-heads read: 'Goldwyn Players Enroll Big Army of Spear Throwers for New Picture/Have Thrilling Time/Cameramen Stationed Behind Shields Have Narrow Escapes at Work.' The French government had co-operated in making the picture and the thousand natives enlisted as extras came from twelve tribes that had been kept apart by the French. A village was burned and often spears were hurled straight at the viewers and the cameramen had to stand behind shields as they caught the action. The director was Raoul Walsh, the son of an Irish father who made his film acting debut in D.W.Griffiths' *The Birth of a Nation*, became a director and later made such major films as Douglas Fairbanks' *The Thief of Baghdad*, the anti-war classic, *What Price Glory?* and *Sadie Thompson*, based on Somerset Maugham's *Rain*. Mrs Walsh, the actress Miriam Cooper, had been a member of the company too.

The company made history in being one of the first from a Hollywood studio to go to a foreign country to make a film. Its calibre and the identity of the players considerably increase the interest of the accounts of their actions on board. Frieda called them 'the film crowd,' and reported 'near our cabin two of the young stars had their cabin. They seemed to sleep all day and looked white and tired in the evening. One of them I had seen flirt quite openly with a passenger but when we arrived in San Francisco I saw her trip so innocently into the arms of a young man who was waiting for her.'

Lawrence had words about the players too in his letter to Mary Cannan. But first let us cite his account of the pre-cinema part of the voyage:

We were a day at Raratonga and two days at Tahiti: very pretty to look at, but I didn't want to stay, not one bit. Papeete is a poor sort of place, mostly Chinese, natives in European clothes, and fat. We motored out - again beautiful to look at, but I never want to stay in the tropics. There is a sickliness about them, smell of cocoa-nut oil and sort of palm-tree, reptile nausea. But lovely flowers, especially Raratonga. These are supposed to be the earthly paradises these South Sea Isles. You can have 'em... We're about sixty passengers in the first saloon - mostly quite nice, but one simply aches to be alone, away from them all. Imagine 25 days confined with 60 Australians, New Zealanders, Americans and French - never able to get away from them. You'd simply hate it... We've had always beautiful weather, smooth seas, have neither of us felt ill - only ship - weary one gets.... At Tahiti we took on a crowd of cinema people who have been making a film, 'Captain Blackbird.' They are rather like successful shop-girls, and the men like any sort of men at the sea-side. Utterly undistinguished. That's how it all is - so undistinguished, so common (286-7).

Behind these words is the suggestion that Lawrence expected the film players to be somewhat more distinguished than they were, but clearly he was not impressed by the fame of their names. The popularity of motion pictures had increased all over the world in the eleven years since they had matured into feature-length films, but one sees Lawrence had not become a movie fan, for the identity of the players meant nothing to him, not even as names to drop. Even more surprising is his lack of interest in technical information the players and cameramen could have given him. He had wanted to write successful plays for the stage since he had been a school teacher at Croydon, and he had already written seven full-length ones. Why, one wonders, had he not thought enough about screen plays to be curious when he had the opportunity to learn something about the new medium. But the screen was still "silent" in those days. Subtitles could hardly be taken seriously, and most literary men looked down on the movies. Talkies were still five years in the future, and it was not until after Lawrence's death that large salaries lured sophisticated writers to Hollywood.

After the dull passengers of the first half of the trip, the new ones provided Lawrence with fresh grist for his observational mill. But the hi-jinks of the Hollywood people did not lift his spirits. After so long at sea, everyone was getting very nervy and on edge. He summarized his mood to Mary Cannan as follows: 'To be alone, and to be still, is always one of the greatest blessings. The more one sees of people, the more one feels it isn't worth while. Better sit quite still in one's own room, and possess one's own soul. Travel seems to me a splendid lesson in disillusion - chiefly that' (286).

The last lap of the trip - from Tahiti to San Francisco - took another twelve days. Although Lawrence had money he could wire for in a New York bank, he had less than \$20 in his pocket as he descended the gangplank (288). And it is ironical that, when the *Chronicle* ship news-reporter hunted celebrated disembarking passengers, he let the Lawrences slip by. Perhaps no one was alert enough to trends in modern literature to let him know that the Englishman with the red beard had already written *Sons and Lovers* and *Women in Love*. At all events, his report never mentioned the Lawrences as having been on board.

New Mexico

Lawrence wrote to Frieda's mother, the Baroness von Richthofen, on 5 September, the day after their arrival. He was cheerful and made no mention of the film players.

Dear Mother-in-law: We arrived yesterday, the journey good all the way. Now we sit in the Palace Hotel, the first hotel in San Francisco. It was first a hut with a corrugated iron roof, where the ox-wagons unhitched. Now a big building, with post and shops in it, like a small town in itself: is expensive, but for a day or two it doesn't matter. We were twenty-five days at sea and are still landsick - the floor ought to go up and down, the room ought to tremble from the engines, the water ought to swish around but doesn't so one is landsick. The solid ground almost hurts. We have still many ship's friends here, and are still a jolly company.¹⁰

After four days in San Francisco, Lawrence went to New Mexico, to stay with Mabel Dodge, who had not yet married the Indian, Tony Luhan. She was the rich American who had invited the Lawrences to come to the United States, and she sent them their railway tickets to her home in Taos.

At Taos, the Lawrences met most of the artists and intellectuals who had settled there. One, Joseph Foster, who had provided the clue that the film company was a major one, described how he and other friends visited the Lawrences after they had settled north of Taos on a ranch loaned by Mabel.

'Lawrence, tell them about the people on the boat,' cried Frieda. Lawrence sucks in his cheeks and rolls his eyes heavenwards - then makes fastidious gestures with his hands. He gets up and shrinks away - then suddenly relents and allows himself to be overcome.

'That was Beverly' - Frieda named a famous movie actress of the twenties. 'She was a beautiful woman.'

Lawrence mimicked a very beautiful woman with his white sunken cheeks. How fascinating he was as a beautiful woman.

'We picked up a whole company in Tahiti,' he explained, sitting down in the rocking chair again. 'And they were all drunk - the whole trip.' 'The women were all naked and always going into the men's cabins.'

shouted Frieda. 'They had little handkerchiefs for nightgowns,' said Lawrence, his heavy hands showing us the size.

The visitors then asked Lawrence to describe San Francisco

Lawrence got up shakily and walked, oh so carefully, across the room. But suddenly he almost lost his balance and he put his arms out to save himself. He looked frightened. He turned around carefully, almost fell, got to the wall at last, and slowly felt his way back to the rocking chair.

'We were twenty-five days at sea - and we were still landsick. The floor would go up and down.'

His act over, Lawrence sat there in his rocking chair serenely, as though posing for his portrait, a mockery in his lovely eyes.¹¹

Earlier, Lawrence had not been so light-hearted, nor so willing to be histrionic, when he talked about the voyage at a dinner party given by Mary and Walter Ufer. The painter, Knud Merrild, a fellow guest, met Lawrence for the first time on this occasion, and in *A Poet and Two Painters* he described it as follows:

When we got seated at the dinner table, the conversation was mostly about Australia, from which the Lawrences had just arrived, making a stop-over at Tahiti.

I was anxious to hear some first-hand information about the beloved South Seas and had been dreaming of making a Gauguin pilgrimage. Elated, I asked him how he liked the Islands. But my dreams were shattered right then and there. He certainly did not like them at all. The people were ugly, false, spoiled and diseased. And the so-called blue Pacific, not at all blue, but a big drowsy, grey and weary emptiness; and those whispering poetic palms, just a lot of dirty feather dusters. Nothing to go there for at all.

He also told us about the life on board the liner and about the other passengers. There had been some people from the film colony in Hollywood, homeward bound from making pictures in the South Seas. Thrown close together on the ship, with lots of time, Lawrence could not help but observe how they carried on. He had plenty of time to watch and register their behaviour. He was shocked at their wild and unrestrained, carefree love-making. As he was telling us about it, he became absolutely infuriated. Not only their distasteful love-making in the open, to the disgust of the other passengers, but also their absolute lack of neglect of simple form, no breeding whatsoever. How perfectly awful it all was. Before the voyage was over he had had a scene with some of them.

'Yes, and they jeered at you,' Mrs Lawrence interrupted. 'You should not lay yourself open to people of that kind. They are not worth it. It is

the school teacher in you; but the naughty, adult children just jeer at you. Many times I have suffered when they draw you out, just to see "your goods," and then they jeer, and you, too suffer. You must not do it Lorenzo.¹²

Both these accounts have echoes. Lawrence's imitation of his land-sickness enacts how he described it to Frieda's mother. And Merrild's quoting of Frieda almost paraphrases a note by Frieda to Mabel about instances of other people jeering at Lawrence. Mabel's own account of how Lawrence told others about the voyage is in *Lorenzo in Taos*.

They were to take their suppers at our house, and when we finished eating that night, Lawrence started telling us about the people on the boat. He was perfectly horrified at the way movie people go on. There had been a great many Hollywood people among the passengers, coming back evidently, from making an island picture, and apparently Lawrence had observed them to the last!

Their unrestraint and their wild, care-free love-making amazed and at the same time infuriated him. He became acquainted with some of them. They were like a new species of creature he had never seen before. He watched and registered every move - not like a scientist, with coolness and interest - not like a poet - more like a dog in the manger, really, come to think of it, for he was so angry, so incensed when he told us about them. And evidently he had not got away without an antagonistic scene on board - for in the end he had a scene with one of them, and they, angered too - jeered at him, as Frieda says in the following note (paraphrased by Merrild).

Lawrence made me see that ship; the long, slow passage through the blue sea, the reckless sensational crowd on board, and his own watching, angry righteous, puritanical presence among them.¹³

Epilogue

An advantage of having worked for *The New York Times* was getting to know the members of its movie department. And once I had identified the film company on Lawrence's ship, I took the mystery of 'Captain Blackbird' to two of its veterans, A.W. Weiler and Howard Thompson. They had never heard of a film of that name either. But with the help of Volume I of *The New York Times Film Reviews (1913-1931)* and the names of the stars we were able to find what we wanted. A story of 18 March, 1923, printed the day after the premier, was headed 'A South Sea Melodrama.'¹⁴ It reviewed a film called *Lost and Found* and, because of its stars, House Peters, Rosemary Theby, Pauline Starke and Antonio Moreno, we knew we had located the elusive motion picture. Its title had been changed.

The magnitude of the venture was emphasised by the theatre in which it was shown, the Capitol, at Broadway and Fifty-first Street, advertised as the 'World's Largest and Foremost Motion Picture Palace,' owned by S.L. Rothafel, later to build an even grander motion picture palace, the Roxy. The presentation was augmented by selections on the grand organ, a performance by the ballet corps, and music by the Capitol Grand Orchestra, conducted by Erno Rapee. Other pictures being shown in New York the same week included Mary Miles Minter in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* (also with Antonio Moreno); Jack Holt in *The Tiger's Claw*, and James Cruze's memorable epic, *The Covered Wagon*.

Carey Wilson's scenario was summarized by the anonymous reviewer. Captain Blackbird (played by Peters) set out on a cruise, leaving behind his wife and two daughters. The villain, played by George Siegmann, wooed the wife (Pauline Starke) and won her with the story that her husband had betrayed her by marrying a native woman. Thereupon the deserted wife and a daughter (Rosemary Theby) entrusted themselves to the villain's yacht on a voyage to check on the perfidy. The villain took them to his private island. There the daughter grew up and fell in love with a shipwrecked American (Moreno). For reasons not explained clearly, the lives of mother and daughter were imperilled. Learning this, Captain Blackbird went to their rescue. In the struggle for their release, his wife was killed, but his daughter and lover were saved.

'It's just cut and dried melodrama, with Tahitian relief,' summarized *The Times*' critic. Speaking of the members of the company, he said, 'They brought back quite a few alluring views of mountains and the sea, but they neglected to take a robust story with them.' Apparently movie-goers agreed, and *Lost and Found* was a box office failure. It had come and gone by August, 1923, when the Lawrences, after also visiting Mexico, reached New York, so they lost the opportunity to assess the efforts of their ship-mates. Early in 1925, however, they caught Walsh's *The Thief of Baghdad* in Oaxaca.¹⁵ Lawrence enjoyed it, but his silence on who directed it suggests he never connected the director of the Fairbanks film with the director he had met on the *Tahiti*.

Five years after taking the Lawrences to San Francisco, the *Tahiti* had its first serious bad luck. It sliced a ferry in Sydney's harbour in 1927. In 1930, while 450 miles at sea, an accident caused a hole in its stern through which water flowed. It stayed afloat long enough for its crew and all its passengers to be saved, but it sank on 17 August, five and a half months after Lawrence died in Venice.

Raoul Walsh, the director of *Lost and Found*, lived to be an old man, and in November 1973 he appeared on the first of eight television profiles called 'The Men Who Made Movies.' He was credited as 'a man with an endless supply of colourful stories.'¹⁶ That he was a notable raconteur gave me the idea to write him, asking his memories of the Lawrence while he was coming home on the *Tahiti*. 'You surely must have noticed the skinny English author with the red beard and the fat, sturdy German wife,' I wrote. To jog his memory further, I reported Lawrence's shock at the behaviour of the players and repeated Mabel Luhan's

account of Lawrence's 'antagonistic scene' with one of them. 'What I would love,' I said, 'is how Lawrence and Frieda struck you, and if you have any recollection of the blow-up. Could it have been with you, as the director of the picture, that Lawrence voiced his disapproval of the morals of your company?'¹⁷

A year later, in 1974, Walsh published his autobiography, *Each Man in His Time*. Alas, it had nothing on the voyage of the *Tahiti*. And I have to report, with an even deeper sigh, that although Walsh lived to be eighty-eight, not dying until 21 December, 1980, he never answered my letter.¹⁸

NOTES

1. *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence*, vol. 4, 1921-24 ed. Warren Roberts, James T. Boulton and Elizabeth Mansfield (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987), pp.286-7. All subsequent references in the body of the text are to this volume.
2. Peter Plowman, *Passenger Ships of Australia and New Zealand*, vol. 1, 1876-1912 (London: Maritime Greenwich Press, 1981), pp. 204-5.
3. Frieda Lawrence, 'Not I, But the Wind ...' (New York: Viking Press, 1934), p.133
4. *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence*, vol.2, 1913-16 ed. George J. Zytaruk and James T. Boulton (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1981), p.330.
5. James Michener, *Hawaii* (New York: Random House, 1959), p.910.
6. Frieda Lawrence, p.133.
7. Joseph Foster, *D.H. Lawrence in Taos* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1972), p.261.
8. Most of the details of the stars' careers are drawn from Daniel Blum's *A Pictorial History of the Silent Film* (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1953).
9. Frieda Lawrence, p.133.
10. Frieda Lawrence, p.154.
11. Foster, pp. 261-2
12. Knud Merrild, *A Poet and Two Painters: A Memoir of D.H. Lawrence* (London: George Routledge and Sons, 1938), p.11.
13. Mabel Dodge Luhan, *Lorenzo in Taos* (London: Martin Secker, 1933), pp.54-6.
14. *The New York Times Film Reviews (1913-1931)*, vol. 1 (New York: The New York Times and Arno Press, 1970), p.148.
15. Ross Parmenter, *Lawrence in Oaxaca: A Quest for the Novelist in Mexico* (Salt Lake City: Gibbs N. Smith Inc, 1984), 177-8.
16. John J.O'Connor, 'TV: Focus on Directors', *New York Times*, 8 November 1973.
17. Parmenter to Walsh, 31 December 1973.
18. The following footnote in volume 4 of the Cambridge Edition of Lawrence's letters summarises part of the results of my investigations:
'Captain Blackbird' was a working title for the melodrama *Lost and Found on a South Sea Island* by Goldwyn Pictures (February 1923), directed by R.A. Walsh. The cast

included House Peters (Captain Blackbeard), Pauline Starke, Antonio Moreno, Mary Jane Irving, Rosemary Theby, George Siegmann, William V. Wong, Carl Harbaugh, David Wing. In the film Captain Blackbird goes to Pago Pago where, after a series of complications, he and his men rescue his daughter from warring natives (287).