

editions to produce six numbers of a deliberately provocative periodical, the *London Aphrodite*, for which the contributors were many and illustrious. At the time the Press seemed to be at its most financially stable, but the *Aphrodite* did not win wide support and made heavy losses. Meanwhile both Lindsay and Stephensen took holidays on the Continent on the proceeds of the Press, where the latter met and discussed with D. H. Lawrence the printing of reproductions of some of his paintings. In later accounts there is disagreement over whether Lindsay did not want to publish Lawrence (who was already considered a literary giant but also liable to bring down prosecution on the Press), or whether Lawrence did not wish to be associated with the Fanfrolico imprint. At any rate it seems clear that Lindsay encouraged Stephensen to set up his own press to publish Lawrence, even introducing him to a financial backer, and the two drifted apart. Meanwhile another Australian acquaintance, Brian Penton, had arrived in London, and took Stephensen's place as business manager. Major changes occurred: Lindsay, Elza de Locre, Penton and his wife moved together into a large house in West Hampstead (where for a while they even employed a man-servant), a good quality treadle platen was bought and a printer-journeyman hired, and the Fanfrolico books once more produced entirely by hand. The first of these, the *Mimiambs of Herondas*, was under the circumstances quite a magnificent effort. Philip Lindsay also arrived from Australia, moved into the house, and helped with the work. Certainly these changes smack not so much of belt-tightenings, but of new beginnings and raised hopes. However it was not to last. Both Philip Lindsay and the Pentons departed, and Lindsay was left to carry on virtually alone. In 1930 he called a meeting of creditors (who, as it turned out, were paid nearly in full), and the assets of the Press were liquidated and the remaining stock sold.

Various theories have been advanced to account for the demise of the Press. Adams seems to blame it entirely on the *London Aphrodite*; Philip Lindsay claimed that it was Jack's lack of business sense; Fotheringham⁷ lists several reasons, including the restrictive aesthetic, Stephensen's extravagance, and the approaching Great Depression; Hall⁸ blames it on the problems arising over the D. H. Lawrence reproductions, and also mentions the part that Elza de Locre had to play. This last aspect is probably the one that comes across most strongly in Jack Lindsay's own account:⁹ he was obsessed by her and could not see the effect she was having on him and his work. She antagonised Stephensen, was largely responsible for driving away Philip Lindsay, Brian Penton, and most of their remaining friends, and succeeded in stifling his creativity and enthusiasm. Stephensen is particularly vituperative, describing her