



Rananim

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LAUNCH ON THE GRASS

The official launch of the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia, held in the Sydney Botanic Gardens on Sunday November 21, 1993, showed that the Society has come a long way since its modest beginnings in Thirroul a year before.

At that meeting, in the Thirroul Municipal Library, a small group of 11 Lawrence enthusiasts formed a committee to oversee the drawing up of the constitution and to look at the possibility of bringing out a Society journal.

Twelve months on, the Society's membership has grown to more than 50, many of whom were at the inaugural meeting in the Gardens, and the first issue of *Rananim*, a journal dedicated to encouraging interest in Lawrence, has been launched.

The inaugural meeting had some serious business to carry out, but it was also an informal and entertaining social occasion.

In line with the committee's feeling that some physical link should be maintained, where possible, with the actual settings described in *Kangaroo*, the meeting was held in what is known to Sydney people as the Rose Garden Pavilion of the Botanic Gardens.

A little research reveals that its correct name is the Palace Gardens Shelter, and it was erected in 1897, twin of another designed for Centennial Park. In 1922, long before the Rose Garden, it

stood in open grass-lawn, and Lawrence and Frieda could hardly have missed seeing it as, like their fictional counterparts in *Kangaroo*, Richard Lovatt Somers and his wife Harriett, they strolled back to Macquarie Street across Palace Gardens from the direction of the "fortified" Conservatorium of Music.

The Pavilion was also chosen for the meeting because it is almost opposite the site where once stood a "more-or-less" expensive boarding house run by a Mrs Scott. Robert Darroch suggests in his *D.H. Lawrence in Australia* (1981), that this may have been where the Lawrences stayed during their "day or two" in Sydney before they moved down to Thirroul.

The inaugural meeting was picnic-style, and the Botanic Gardens authorities kindly gave permission for a celebratory glass of champagne, but asked that the affair should not go on for too long, as it might run into weddings, for which the Rose Garden is a favourite venue. In fact, the meeting continued well into the latter part of a brilliant Sydney afternoon, without disturbing any brides or grooms.

Formal business included the adoption of the constitution drawn up by legal officer Stephen O'Connor (with useful help from the D.H. Lawrence Society of the UK) and the appoint-

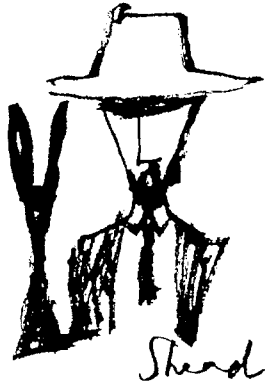
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Lawrence and Lady Ottoline Morrell at Garsington (detail) - turn to page 10

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Launch on the Grass

ment of a committee for 1993-94. Membership Secretary, John Ruffels, enrolled new members on the spot, and each received a free copy of *Kangaroo*, supplied by Tom Thompson of Angus & Robertson, publishers.

Not the least achievement of the day, however, was to promote a rewarding interaction between a group of people with a common interest, but whose other lives show a refreshing diversity: the Society's membership includes writers, lawyers, painters, postmen, teachers, students, academics, surfers, railway enthusiasts, nurses, public servants, merchant bankers and retirees. - Margaret Jones

The Spirit of the Place

A series of paintings on the theme of D.H. Lawrence at Thirroul by Australian artist and member Gary Shead has been on display at the Art Gallery of NSW over the past few months.

Shead, whose portrait of publisher Tom Thompson won last year's Archibald Prize for portrait painting, has been fascinated and inspired by Lawrence's Australian period, and several years ago he was responsible for a major work of art depicting Wyewurk, the now-famous diptych which he painted with the late Brett Whiteley.

Shead's new series took the various images associated with Lawrence, Thirroul and the novel *Kangaroo* into a larger realm. The series, which is the subject of a book that accompanied the exhibition, was well received by both critics and the public, and was just the latest example of the on-going inspiration that Lawrence's time in Australia provides for artists, writers, poets and musicians of the present day.

As the exhibition drew to a close, two South Coast poets, Geoffrey Sykes and Greg O'Brien, held a reading of their poetry at the Art Gallery, with readings from *Kangaroo*, (by actor Arthur Dignam) in the room displaying the Shead pictures.

The event was called "Images of Place - D.H. Lawrence in Australia" and we include, with the kind permission of the author, one of the poems read at the occasion.

Evening at Thirroul

*evening sea of evening light going pale
 fair of evening light faintly glazed
 with yellow eastern sky a glow of rose and smoke blue band -
 sit at the edge of bush as twilight falls and look
 down on the township scattered
 out into wide grass road then bush
 where wide scattering lights fizz
 and a frail translucent net of light blinks
 in random among black streets
 the beauty of the known
 keeping back all alone
 the sea the bush the sky
 as they drift into dark indifference
 far off far off roll the knolls
 of the planet of indifference
 the night of becoming tolls*

- Geoffrey Sykes
 (after *Kangaroo*) by D.H. Lawrence

Contributions to Rananim

If you are able to send your article on a floppy disc (PC or Mac), it would be very helpful. Please contact the publisher, Sandra Jobson, to establish style details and disc formatting.
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What Walter Knew

The name of Walter Smale (W.S.) Friend and that of his family have become increasingly important to those interested in the historical basis of the paramilitary Diggers described in D.H. Lawrence's *Kangaroo*. The Friends - a prominent Sydney commercial family with extensive pastoral interests - did not figure in Robert Darroch's 1981 work *D.H. Lawrence in Australia*, but eight years later they were mentioned in Joe Davis's *D.H. Lawrence at Thirroul*.

As Davis points out, a property owned by the Friends in Craig Street, Thirroul, (on which there was a house called Wyewurrie) lay across the road from Wyewurk, the seaside bungalow that Lawrence and Frieda rented in 1922. The Friend family not only owned this and other property in Thirroul, but also had property at Collaroy in Sydney where, Darroch claims, Lawrence went on the day after his arrival in Sydney on 27 May 1922. The Friend firm, W.S. Friend and Co, advertised in the journal of the King and Empire Alliance, which Darroch also claims was a "front" for a secret army that was operating in NSW when Lawrence was there. Additionally, recently available manuscript evidence¹ has established that Walter Smale Friend was a member of the Old Guard in the 1930s.

Such evidence, of course, does not prove a direct connection between Lawrence and the secret armies of the 1920s and 30s. There are still many pieces

missing from the jigsaw. But the following piece of information, of serendipitous provenance, may be of interest.

In October last year the archivist of The King's School at Parramatta, Peter Yeend, wrote me a note about a piece of information that had been lying in his files for the past 19 years. (The archives, which include biographical files on former King's School boys, are quite famous within the Australian history trade. No one, however, had ever suspected that they might contain evidence about Australia's most persistent literary puzzle.)

This particular piece of information was in the file of an Old Boy, N. H. Wright. Known as Wilbur Wright, he was the brother-in-law of Walter Friend. A woolbroker, Wilbur had retired to Bowral where he pursued his literary endeavours, which included writing for his school's magazine.

On 29 May 1974, Yeend, in the course of collecting information on TKS Old Boys, went down to Bowral to interview Wilbur Wright. The notes of this interview are in the King's School archives. Wright told Yeend of a "pseudo-military movement to overthrow Jack Lang". This was not, Wright said, Eric Campbell's New Guard, "but a secret group of GPS types and others based on Imperial Services Club and Schools Club". [We know today that this "pseudo-military movement" was the 1930-32 Old Guard. And now that the Vernon Papers are lodged at the Mitchell Library, identifying Walter Friend as a member of one of the North Shore units, this information is no longer that much of a surprise, though it must have been news at

the time. However, what Wilbur Wright then said is a revelation of some importance.]

Wright went on to tell Yeend of a rather odd connection between this "pseudo-military movement" and a well-known work of literature. Yeend's notes of the interview state: "...in the same conversation he [Wright] said that Lawrence, the *Lady Chatterley's Lover* author, had used the material about the above in his Ast'n novel *Kangaroo*". Yeend's notes say that Walter Friend had told Wilbur Wright about this in a conversation - which must have occurred some years previously - at "the Club".

Wright did not make clear what club he was referring to, but Yeend assumed it was either the Imperial Service Club or the Schools Club. At the time, Yeend did not question Wright more closely, for the significance of the information was not apparent to him then. Today, however, what Wright told Yeend has a great deal of significance. Not only did Walter Friend reveal that he was connected with the Old Guard, he also admitted that he knew something that very few other people then knew - which was that D.H. Lawrence had "used material" about Australia's secret armies "in his Ast'n novel, *Kangaroo*".

Perhaps the most revealing aspect of what Wright told Yeend is its date: 29 May 1974. Darroch's first article - about the possible factual basis of *Kangaroo* - was not published in the *Australian* until 15 May 1976. Of course, before 1974 there had been the odd article and stray paragraph about suspicions that *Kangaroo* was not entirely fiction, but Walter Friend was unlikely to

By Steamship to Rananim

What about the ships that Lawrence used on his quest for Rananim - do they have any intrinsic interest? No, not really, for with one exception, they were regular boats notable for their regularity and punctuality. The exception was the *RMS Tahiti* which was once renowned for its record passage of 16.5 days from Wellington to San Francisco and later reviled for the slaughter it caused on Sydney Harbour. This occurred on 3 November 1927 when the *Tahiti's* steel bows sliced through the wooden ferry *Greycliffe* and at least 39 people died in Sydney Harbour's worst disaster.

From Naples the Lawrences sailed to Colombo on the Orient Line's *RMS Osterley* and on to Perth aboard the Orient Line's *RMS Orsova*. These

ships were the first and last of a class of five which the Orient Line placed in service within five months in 1909. This remarkable flurry of building was the result of a new mail contract signed in November 1907 which shared this profitable traffic between the Orient Line and P&O and required the construction of the new ships. Both these ships, weighing about 12,000 tons, carried 280 first class, 130 second and 700 third class passengers.

The *Osterley* was named by her sponsor, Lady Jersey, the wife of a former governor of New South Wales, after her Middlesex home, Osterley Park, now a National Trust property. After war service as a troopship it resumed its regular London-Brisbane sailings in September 1919, and carried the MCC team to Sydney in 1920. When DHL travelled from Naples to Colombo it was on the *Osterley's* last mail passage to Australia for some time, as it was then to go under charter to a United States travel agency for

summer cruises from New York to the Norwegian fiords.

RMS Orsova was the last of the Orient Line's 1909 ships to enter service. The vessel was named after the Romanian town on the River Danube close to the iron gates gorge which was a barrier to shipping, and its badge was an iron water gate. Many Sydney residents will recall the name, as the Orient Line gave it to its new 28,000 ton liner of 1953.

In 1914 it had been requisitioned by the Australian government to serve as a troopship. It was later torpedoed and the master ran the ship aground. After a two-year overhaul its first post-war voyage attracted much publicity by carrying wounded Australian servicemen home.

In a letter to Mary Cannan dated 28 February 1922, Lawrence wrote:

It is lovely, lovely weather-blue Mediterranean - the ship so comfortable. We are second class

(cont'd p 24)

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What Walter Knew

have been an avid reader of journals like *Meanjin* or *Dissent*.

Walter Friend's influence in the Sydney Establishment is shown by the 1947 campaign to resist a proposal that the King's School relocate to a site that is now occupied by Wollongong University. Friend successfully mobilised 3000 of the school's illustrious and affluent Old Boys to defeat the proposal.

On the ball

The King's School archives contain a further insight into Walter Friend that may cast a new light on an incident described in *Kangaroo*. For young Walter, nicknamed "Tootles", was not only school captain (in 1916-17) but was an outstanding Rugby (Union) footballer, cricketer, boxer and rifle marksman. Little wonder the school's present gymnasium is named after him.

And in 1922, when Lawrence arrived in Sydney, Walter Friend was still actively playing Rugby. Between 1920 and 1923 he played first grade for the Glebe-Balmain club. During this period he not only played for NSW against the

visiting All Blacks, but played against the Springboks. He was clearly a very fine footballer.

This fact might cast new light on that incident in *Kangaroo* when Somers and Callcott observe a Rugby League football game in Mullumbimby:

On the field the blues and reds darted madly about, like strange bird-like creatures rather than men. They were mostly blond, with hefty legs, and with prominent round buttocks that worked madly within the little white cotton shorts.

In England, Rugby League - the workingman's code - is historically confined to the north-west counties: Lancashire, Yorkshire and Cumbria. This is the territory of George Orwell, not D.H. Lawrence. Lawrence's biographer, Harry T. Moore, once pointed out: "...throughout Lawrence there is virtually no recognition of the football and cricket and boxing activities that take up so much of the time of the modern man."²

Apart from a soccer match described in *Strike Pay*, and a

cricket match ineptly reported in *The Boy in the Bush*, the Thirroul Rugby League game is one of the few examples of sports reporting in Lawrence's writing. So why is it described so well? In *Kangaroo* it is the sinister Jack Callcott who stands transfixed watching the game. Callcott enthusiastically prods Somers, as footie fans are wont to do: "See that!" Somers is bemused: "Heaven knows what it was that he saw."

Readers familiar with Robert Darroch's writings on this subject will be aware of his argument that Callcott is based on a thinly-veiled portrait of Major Jack Scott, insurance broker and secret army leader. Yet if the subtleties of Rugby League had to be explained to a sports-ignorant visitor from Nottinghamshire and London, who better than a current Rugby Union International? Who better than Walter Smale Friend?

- Andrew Moore

Endnotes

1. P.V. Vernon papers, Mitchell Library, MSS 5176 Box 10.

2. Harry T. Moore, *D.H. Lawrence. The Man and his Works*, Forum House, London, 1969, p 241. For this reference I am grateful to Steve O'Connor.

The Barber of Thirroul

Kangaroo's greatest remaining mystery is the real-life identity of Victoria Callcott, the novel's principal Australian female character. Discovering who she was could answer most of the remaining questions about Lawrence's Australian sojourn, in particular how he came to go down to Thirroul and rent Wyewurk, the bungalow where he and Frieda spent more than two months in 1922, and where he wrote his now controversial Australian "romance".

We can be reasonably sure she was a real person whom Lawrence encountered either in Sydney or Thirroul, almost certainly within a day or so of his arrival on Saturday, May 27, 1922. Lawrence seldom invented characters when he could borrow them from real life. We have good reason to believe¹ that all the other major characters in *Kangaroo* are based, some very closely, on real people - Jack Callcott (Major W.J.R. Scott), Trehwella (Gerald Hum), Cooley (Charles Rosenthal), Struthers (Jock Garden²) and, of course, Somers and Harriett (Lawrence and Frieda). But the identity of Victoria Callcott has eluded the most intensive research, now dating back more than 20 years.

In the novel the character is extensively delineated. Lawrence has a lot to say about her. He even provides her with an elaborate family history. She is as realistic as any of the other already-identified Australian characters, and her portrayal is consistent throughout

(unlike the portrayals of Callcott and Trehwella, who precess through various guises). Given that we know on whom almost everyone else is based, it should have been easy to identify her.

One thing hampers us, however. Lawrence based most of his other characters in the novel on public figures, and thus we can correlate what he says about them with their public personas. Even Trehwella can be identified from the fact that his real name is in Lawrence's address book, and we now know his family, whose information confirms the identification. With Victoria Callcott we have none of this. She could have been almost any non-working-class female who lived in NSW in 1922, and was aged between 18

...And the Curious Incident of the Estate Agent in the Day

and 40.

Frieda did her best to be helpful, remarking to a correspondent some years later that the Callcotts were possibly based on an Australian couple she and Lawrence had met on the boat to Sydney. Alas, no such couple can be found in the various relevant passenger lists. But then, as many have pointed out, Frieda was notoriously unreliable on almost any subject. Everything she says about Australia is suspect³. We know she was wrong about whom Jack Callcott was based on (Scott), so

we cannot place much reliance on what she says about Victoria Callcott.

Lawrence, too, provided plenty of apparent clues. Fictionally, Victoria Callcott lives in Mosman at 50 Murdoch Street, but has a substantial holiday house, Coo-ee, on the South Coast (so presumably she is well-off). Her family lives on a dairy farm which is a buggy-ride away from Coo-ee. Her father is a retired surveyor. She has a 17-year-old brother. Another brother went to the war and is her husband's "best mate". She is the eldest daughter and has a married sister. She herself is recently married. Her mother came from Somerset. Her mother died five years previously, and Victoria became the "mother of the family". Victoria is dark, slightly gawky, flirtatious, "genteel", and can cook Welsh rarebit. And so on. No other character in the novel is described in such detail.

But how much of this is "real", and how much fiction - or disguise? This question bedevils attempts to look for clues in the novel to answer the many questions that still surround its composition, and about Lawrence's time in Australia generally. Fortunately, in this we are now helped by what we can deduce from some of the "disguise" techniques Lawrence adopted when incorporating real-life figures such as Scott and Hum into the novel. In their case he largely retained their physical appearances and social detail while changing their professions, marital status (in Scott's case), and other "gross", or superfluous characteristics. He also reversed things, or swapped them between characters⁴. His very inconsistencies may provide

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us with “unconscious” clues. In chapter two, for example, we are told that Mrs Trehwella is Victoria’s sister-in-law, which would make her maiden name Trehwella, too. But it is not, it is Wilmot: her brother is Fred (Alfred John) Wilmot, Jack Callcott’s best friend. It is likely that Lawrence is disguising some identifying family relationship here⁵.

There has been a lot of (quite proper) criticism of the “Darroch Thesis” concerning its use of the novel in trying to deduce what really happened to Lawrence in Sydney and Thirroul in May-August, 1922. As Joe Davis says in his excellent book, *D.H. Lawrence at Thirroul*: “Always, it is necessary to find corroborative detail from factual, rather than fictional, sources, in order to determine the accuracy or otherwise of details in the novel.” So, with this caveat in mind, where do we start looking for clues to the identity of the real-life Victoria Callcott?

The place to look first is in Joe Davis’s book. The “fictional” Victoria Callcott has more associations with the South Coast than with Sydney. She has a house there, her family comes from there, her father and brother live there, another brother works as a mining engineer there, she accompanies Somers and Harriett down there, and later stays with them there. But Joe Davis could find no trace of Victoria Callcott in Thirroul. He is not even sure Lawrence and Frieda were taken down to Thirroul by anyone. Indeed, he does not know why Lawrence chose Thirroul at all, suggesting perhaps that he saw some advertisements for holiday houses in the *Sydney Morning Herald* and went down on spec.

Incidentally, it may be worth noting what Frieda herself said

about this aspect of their time in Australia. In her 1934 autobiography *Not I But the Wind* she wrote:

We stayed a day or two in Sydney...then took a train with all our trunks and said: ‘We’ll look out the window and where it looks nice we’ll get out.’ It looked very attractive along the coast but also depressing....Then we came to Thirroul, we got out at 4 and by six o’clock we were settled in a beautiful bungalow by the sea.

There are a couple of things wrong with this account. Firstly, it is intrinsically improbable that Lawrence and Frieda, utter strangers to NSW, would simply have gone down to Central Station, chosen a train (apparently at random), boarded it, travelled more than 40 miles into the bush looking out the carriage window for somewhere “nice”, happened upon Thirroul, decided in the brief minute the train was at the station that this was the place for them (why not the prior beach resort Austinmer - a much more attractive place?), detrained, started walking in the direction of the sea, sought out a local estate agent (who was some distance from the main street, working from a private house), been shown Wyewurk, decided to take it, then moved in immediately. It is also unlikely they would have taken their heavy trunks with them on such a speculative excursion, even if they had been unloaded from the Malwa’s hold by Monday morning. But most unlikely of all is that Lawrence would have chosen the late rather than the early train for such a serendipitous enterprise.

There were two main trains to Thirroul that Monday, one at 8.20 am and the other at 2.00 pm. Lawrence chose to take the second, not the first. Had he taken the first, he would have maximised his exploratory options. More importantly, he would have provided himself with

some chance of returning to Sydney if the expedition failed (there was an up train that would have got him back to Central at 6.56 pm)⁶. Instead he chose a train that, had he not found Wyewurk, would have marooned him and Frieda, who was not renowned for her patience and understanding, somewhere on the South Coast, with the only prospect of accommodation that evening some unknown hotel or guest house in an unknown country town on a stretch of coast he knew absolutely nothing about. Not very likely. It is much more probable that Lawrence knew precisely where he was going that Monday afternoon, and also that there was the certainty of at least overnight accommodation at the end of the journey.

Lawrence’s account

What does Lawrence himself say about this? Not much. His first letter from Thirroul said: “Sydney town costs too much, so we came down into the country”. A postscript to another letter added: “We have taken a little house on the edge of the Pacific here...It costs 30/- a week...I am going to try to write a romance...”. A day or so later he told his West Australian friend, Mrs Jenkins: “...have taken this house Wyewurk...for a month...F is happy for the moment tidying the house.” And his Australian diary entry, marked “3 July 1922. at Wzewurk [sic]. Thirroul New South Wales”, said: “Landed in Sydney on Saturday May 26th⁷ - came here on the Monday.”

Kangaroo, on the other hand, provides a detailed and comprehensive account of how the Lawrence and Frieda characters Somers and Harriett go down to “Mullimbimby” (which is obviously Thirroul). Though this is “fiction”, it is worth looking at in some detail, for there may be aspects of it that we can corroborate. According to the novel,

Somers and Harriett had been offered accommodation in Victoria Callcott's South Coast holiday home, Coo-ee. They catch the 2 o'clock train (some corroboration here) and arrive just before the sun is sinking behind the "dark tor" (the actual train was due at Thirroul at 4.28 pm, sunset being at 4.55 - so there's more corroboration there). Somers and Harriett, accompanied by Jack and Victoria Callcott, walk "towards the sea" (no mention of trunks). They pass a house called Verdun and other cottages with lawns and fences. But Victoria has to go to "the house agent" for the key, so the others walk on, along "the wide sandy-rutted road with the broad grass margin".

But there is something odd about this account, fictionally speaking. Why does Victoria Callcott have to go to "the agent" to retrieve the key to her own house? That seems "unnatural". Yet it may reflect something that did actually happen. Perhaps in reality "Coo-ee" wasn't her house, but someone else's. Her house may have been elsewhere - a speculation given some support fictionally in the later "Jack Slaps Back" chapter, where Jack and Vicki come down to "Mullimbimby" but do not stay with the Somerses - where there is ample room in a house that Vicki herself owns - but at her family house, some distance away. In reality it may have been (and we shall soon see some corroboration for this) that "Victoria" merely knew that "Coo-ee" was vacant, lettable and where the key to it was to be obtained.

After darting to the house-agent for the key, Victoria rejoins the party, who are waiting outside the front gate of the holiday bungalow. The "fiction" continues:

'Got 'em?' called Jack. 'Yes. Mrs Wynne was just washing herself, so I had to wait a minute.'

Then follows an accurate enough description of Wyewurk, the real Craig Street, and the view from the front and back gardens. The party settles in, having, however, to do quite a bit of "tidying around", as the house "had been let for seven months to a man and wife with 11 children" who had left the place in such a mess that the fictional foursome spent hours cleaning up, throwing out rubbish ("unspeakable rags") and generally restoring "the beautiful bungalow" to something like its pristine condition.

Corroboration

A lot of this - perhaps a great deal of it - may have been taken from actuality, for we have significant corroboration from at least two sources. In 1956 Sydney journalist Fred Esch was commissioned by Edward Nehls to interview people in Sydney and Thirroul who had known Lawrence and Frieda in 1922. One of them, Mrs Beatrice Southwell, owner of Wyewurk, recalled that her sister, Mrs A.F. Callcott (who with her husband ran a local estate agency), had met the Lawrences after they "had just arrived from Sydney and desired a furnished cottage overlooking the Pacific Ocean". Mrs Southwell remembered that her sister "came to meet them drying her hands after washing them" (more corroboration - see above). She added that "my bungalow had just been vacated by the parents and a large family also mentioned in *Kangaroo*" (further corroboration). Mrs (A.F.) Callcott telephoned Mrs Southwell in Sydney and asked if she could let Wyewurk to the Lawrences. Mrs Southwell agreed, stipulating only that she "would prefer to have Wyewurk prepared for them and to replace anything...". But the Lawrences, having inspected Wyewurk, "were delighted with the bungalow...and said they preferred to take possession just as it was, still with the atmosphere of the home-life of a

large family".

Note the phrase "just as it was" and the (probably Lawrentian) euphemism "with the atmosphere of the home life of a large family"⁸. In other words, Lawrence and Frieda took Wyewurk uncleaned and unprepared, just as Somers and Harriett do in the novel. This is not only further corroboration, but also constitutes "the Curious Incident of the Estate Agent in the Day". Others have speculated that Lawrence chose Wyewurk from the "To Let" columns of the *SMH*. This would imply that Lawrence rang Mrs (A.F.) Callcott before going down to Thirroul and was told over the phone that Wyewurk was available for renting. This now seems unlikely. According to both Mrs Southwell and her niece Clarice Farragher⁹, on the Monday afternoon that Lawrence turned up at Mrs (A.F.) Callcott's front gate, she was in the garden, pottering with dahlias. What she ostentatiously was *not* doing was attending to her estate-agent duties, and preparing Wyewurk for incoming tenants. ("But, Holmes, the estate agent didn't do anything in the day!") "That, Watson, was the curious incident.")

Had Mrs (A.F.) Callcott had any inkling of the imminent arrival of Lawrence and Frieda, she would have ensured that Wyewurk was spic and span, not only because it was her sister's house, but to establish the condition in which it must be left by the incoming tenants, including making a proper inventory of its contents (note Mrs Southwell's reference to wanting missing household items replaced). No - the arrival of the Lawrences was unheralded and unsuspected, and it was they who insisted, most unorthodoxly and against normal letting practice, that they move in immediately, that evening, despite Wyewurk's unkempt condition.

So, how did the Lawrences, complete strangers to NSW, know even of Wyewurk's existence, let alone that it was empty - vacated

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so recently that the agent had not had time to have it cleaned, vacated probably within the previous couple of days (Saturday was the normal end of the letting week)? Not from the *SMH*. Not, so far as we know, from Hum or Scott. Not from Cook's or any other "public" source. The information must have come from someone who was very familiar with Thirroul, and who had private, intimate knowledge that Wyewurk had just become available.

Could that someone have accompanied Lawrence and Frieda down to Thirroul, as Victoria Callcott does in *Kangaroo*? Much of that "fictional" trip can be corroborated from factual sources. As John Lacey pointed out in our previous issue, Lawrence's description of the train trip, including the carriage travelled in, tallies with reality. The account of the train's arrival at Thirroul also correlates. The walk from the station to Craig Street - via Station Street, McCauley Street and Surfers Parade - can be retraced today, and is pretty much as Lawrence described it in the "Coo-ee" chapter¹⁰. Mrs (A.F.) Callcott, the estate agent, lived in Harbord Street, just north of Station Street, so someone indeed would have had to make a detour from the direct route if they had to get the keys to Wyewurk.

This means that, by both the "fictional" account and the actual logistics of walking from the station to Craig Street, Lawrence and Frieda, plus whoever may have been with them, would have reached the gate of Wyewurk just before 5 pm, at sunset

The sun had gone down behind the great front of black mountain wall which she could still see over the hedge. The house inside was dark, with its deep veran-

dahs like dark eyelids half closed. Someone switched on a light.

Now, in her autobiography *Not I But the Wind* Frieda said: "...we got out at 4 and by six o'clock we were settled...". This implies the "settling" took some time - about an hour after their presumed 5 pm arrival at Wyewurk. This "missing hour" would be explained by a scenario that had Lawrence and Frieda being shown Wyewurk, then going around to the estate agent in Harbord Street to settle the tenancy. This, as Mrs Southwell said in her memoir, involved a phone call to her in Sydney - a call she implies was made *after* the prospective tenants had inspected Wyewurk and decided to take it. All this would be perfectly in concert with a return to Wyewurk, as the light was fading, allowing the party to sit in the main room, as does the "fictional" foursome, watching "...the near sea...glimmering pale and greenish in the sunset".

What really happened?

It is my contention that this scenario implies that Lawrence and Frieda were taken down to Thirroul, shown Wyewurk, introduced to Mrs (A.F.) Callcott, and installed in "the beautiful bungalow by the sea" by someone who was not only familiar with Thirroul and Wyewurk, but was also very well-known to Mrs Callcott. No self-respecting estate agent, especially one in charge of family property, would allow unknown prospective tenants to inspect a house unaccompanied, especially if she herself had nothing better to do than prune dahlias. No one but some person whom the estate agent knew personally could have just popped in and picked up the keys to Wyewurk. And nobody except a well-known and substantial local identity could have convinced both Mrs Southwell

and her sister to waive all the standard landlord-tenant arrangements, including the normally mandatory inventory, and allow strangers with no references and no previous renting record to move in immediately to an unprepared and uncleaned house. Besides, Mrs (A.F.) Callcott had many other houses (as her ad in the *SMH* indicated) available for letting in Thirroul. It would have taken a lot of local clout to get Lawrence and Frieda into a still-warm Wyewurk by 6 pm on Monday, May 29.

Whoever this influential and helpful person was, she (and we assume it is a she) is damned elusive. Mrs Southwell didn't mention her, nor did Lawrence or Frieda. Joe Davis, who knows Thirroul better than any living person, found not the merest whiff of her. Yet she must have lived somewhere close to Wyewurk or Thirroul. The Lawrences unquestionably went down to Thirroul without any intention of returning to Sydney that day. Yet they also seem not to have had, prior to viewing, any firm intention of taking Wyewurk, for otherwise surely someone would have rung Mrs (A.F.) Callcott to alert her. Therefore they had assured alternative accommodation nearby. Frieda's misty recollection that they went down to Thirroul without any definite place in mind would fit in with this.

Yet, if one looks closely, there is some residual trace, *Kangaroo* apart, of this person in Thirroul. The fact that some other, unnamed people in Thirroul had been helpful to Lawrence is mentioned, obliquely, by Mrs Callcott's daughter, Clarice Farragher, in the memoir she provided Nehls via Esch. She said: "The people [Lawrence] would have come in contact with have long since moved from the district." That could be taken as a reference to Lawrence's doctor in Thirroul, Dr Crossle. But he was

a person, not people.

Even in *Kangaroo* there is at least one hint, *sans* corroboration, of her "realness". Although Lawrence does not say so specifically (probably because he did not realise the connection), he implies that Victoria Callcott is an active communicant of the Anglican church. For chapter 3 of the novel is called "Larboard Watch Ahoy!" because of a song apparently of that name¹¹ which had been sung at "a Harbour Lights concert". This is clearly a reference to the Harbour Lights Guild, an Anglican charity that put on concerts for seamen in Sydney. Its membership was entirely female, and it is probable that whoever Victoria Callcott really was, she was a HLG member¹². It is not drawing too long a bow to go on to assume that the real "Victoria Callcott" must also have been active in the local Anglican church in Thirroul.

Church activity

The point here is that Mrs (A.F.) Callcott was also active in the local Anglican church in Thirroul. As her sister told Nehls in 1956: "Mrs Callcott had been an Anglican church organist for...over 30 years at Thirroul where a memorial tablet has been placed in the Anglican church there. Mrs Callcott was one of the main supporters of the church...". It is not unlikely that Mrs (A.F.) Callcott and whoever came to get the keys of Wyewurk knew each other quite well socially.

In all this, where little is certain, there is one thing of which we can be sure, and that is that whomsoever the people might have been who were related to the real Victoria Callcott, they have not since publicised their connection with Lawrence, nor boasted publicly about the help they might have been to him while he was in Thirroul. But to anyone who has visited Thirroul in quest of Lawrence, this fact will come as no surprise. To this day, the name Lawrence is not one you would

lightly drop in the bars and byways of modern, progressive Thirroul, unless you fancy exiting with a flea in your ear. I, myself, encountered this hostility, or embarrassment, when I first visited Thirroul in 1975. I had come to see Wyewurk, but was turned away (as, alas, you will be turned away today), and so went on to Harbord Street, where, the telephone directory told me, a Mr Callcott still lived. He was anything but helpful, as can be seen from a letter he subsequently wrote to me:

...The young Callcott couple in the book have in no way any resemblance to my parents. I could never imagine my parents running around the beach...I do not like any of the named characters in the book, nor their activities, especially Jack Callcott, the young soldier with revolutionary ideas, and who lovingly embraced Somers in a tense moment on the rocks of Thirroul at night...

Tense moments on the rocks at night are clearly something good Thirrouleans do not want to be associated with, though perhaps Lawrence's later reputation as the author of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* may have more to do with that than has anodyne, squeaky-clean *Kangaroo*. Lawrence's reputation, ludicrous today, as a salacious writer might explain some of the hostility to inquiries. Or Joe Davis might be right to attribute the dark tor of local silence to parochial indifference, or impatience with nose city folk. Yet there is another Curious Incident that could point in another direction. It is mentioned in Tom Fitzgerald's article on Lawrence and Thirroul, "The Beard of the Prophet", and it concerns The Barber of Thirroul.

In 1958 the late Tom Fitzgerald, editor of that erstwhile and admirable magazine *Nation*, travelled down to Thirroul in the footsteps of Lawrence, looking for Wyewurk. He found it, and also found the local barber, whom

Lawrence had mentioned in *Kangaroo* as "an intelligent young gentleman in eyeglasses". He turned out to be George Laughlin, who ran a men's barber shop near the station, opposite the local footy field, where the mighty Butchers strutted their Saturday stuff. Fitzgerald (a sometime member of the Save Wyewurk Committee) quizzed the barber about Lawrence. George recalled trimming the funny, red-haired Englishman's beard regularly. He remembered, too, his questions, mainly about the local topography. But he also remembered something else, which was that he had been sent a copy by Frieda Lawrence of her autobiography, *Not I But the Wind*.

Now, that is an all-but-total impossibility. Why should Frieda, more than a decade after she left Thirroul forever, bother to send a precious author's copy of her book to *anyone* in Thirroul, let alone Lawrence's former barber? On the other hand barbers, as we know, are a promiscuous lot, and Lawrence was up in Sydney quite a bit...

Still, beguiling though that thought might be, it is not very likely. More probable is that the barber, that traditional font of town gossip, was in fact remembering something else. Perhaps George Laughlin was referring to some local scuttlebutt to the effect that Mrs Lawrence had sent a copy of her book, with its record of what ostensibly happened in Thirroul, to someone who may have been of assistance, 12 years previously - someone whose family subsequently was not anxious to be associated with the 1922 visitors to Thirroul. If so - and it is the rankest speculation - then in a bookcase somewhere in Sydney (or, mice willing, in a storeroom of a farm at Walgett), there might be a forgotten copy of *Not I But the Wind* with an interesting fly-leaf. - **Robert Darroch**

An Incident at the Cafe

Scholars and critics concede that D.H. Lawrence based many of his characters on real people, and much of his action on real events. Yet it is rare that we know enough about such "reality" to be able to establish the transformation process: *how* he turned fact into fiction. However, an incident which occurred one evening in 1916 at the Cafe Royal in London provides such a rare opportunity.

Lawrence turned the incident, which he himself did not observe, into the "Gudrun in the Pompadour" chapter in *Women in Love*.

In real life, Katherine Mansfield was at the Cafe Royal in London, meeting place of the artistic and demi-mondaine, accompanied by Lawrence's Russian friend, S.S. Koteliansky, and the painter, Mark Gertler. Overhearing some Indian academics ridiculing D.H. Lawrence's recently-published book of poems, *Amores*, Katherine walked up to their table, asked to see the book, took it and, to the hisses of other diners, marched out of the cafe.

In the novel the character Gudrun was in the Pompadour Cafe in London with her companion, Gerald Crich. Overhearing a group of people at another table deriding a letter that her friend Birkin had written, she walked up to the man who was reading out excerpts from the letter - Halliday, a Bohemian acquaintance of Birkin's. She then asked to see the letter - seized it, and, to the

boos of the other diners, marched out of the cafe.

Lawrence learned of the incident not from Katherine Mansfield herself, but from Koteliansky. Katherine and John Middleton Murry had stayed with Lawrence and Frieda during the winter of 1915-16 in Cornwall, where Lawrence was putting the finishing touches to *Women in Love*. It had been a difficult time and had led to a cooling of the friendship between Lawrence and the Murrys. Lawrence had not heard from Katherine or Murry since this falling-out.

Soon after the incident Koteliansky wrote two letters to Lawrence, describing what Katherine had done. We don't know exactly what Koteliansky said, for the letters have been lost. But we do have Lawrence's reply to Kot, which is dated Monday, September 4, 1916:

My dear Kot,

Both your letters came this morning. Your "Dostoevsky evening" gives me a queer contraction of the heart. It frightens me when I think of London, the Cafe Royal - you actually there, and Katherine - terror overcomes me and I take to my heels, and hide myself in a bush. It is a real feeling of horror. I dare not come to London, for my life.

In his 1978 book about Lawrence's life during World War I, *D.H. Lawrence's Nightmare*, Paul Delaney said that the only other known account was in a letter from Gertler to Lady Ottoline Morrell. In 1972, when I was researching my biography

of Lady Ottoline Morrell, I came across two further letters which mentioned the incident. I found them in the Ottoline Morrell papers in the Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas at Austin (HRC). One letter was from Aldous Huxley, who was not a first-hand witness. The other letter was from Katherine herself. Regretably, my publishers Chatto & Windus advised me to delete the accounts of the incident from my manuscript (I seem to recall we had trouble getting copyright permission from Mark Gertler's estate, perhaps understandably, for the content of the letter does not cast him in a pretty light).

However, in 1980 Antony Alpers, in *The Life of Katherine Mansfield*, published all three letters. The addition of the Huxley and Mansfield letters to that of Gertler's provides an opportunity to see how Lawrence assembled the "Gudrun in the Pompadour" chapter.

In his letter to Ottoline (written on 2/9/16, the day after the incident), Mark Gertler could hardly contain his excitement:

I must write to tell you about a most exciting evening I spent last night with Katherine & Koteliansky. Katherine is a most wonderful woman. I will tell you why. It was my first night in London too after being in Cholesbury. First of all we had a very good dinner at the "Eiffel Tower" then we went on to the Cafe Royal. It was packed hardly a table to be got. At last we found a table with only one person - a coloured man - an Indian perhaps - but a weak type - we hardly noticed him, he asked for tea O. Suddenly, a long thin White

Royal

Herring of a Woman with a terrific High Bunch of Crimson Hair, Outdoing easily the coloured bushes of hair in the Cafe, both in height & in intensity of colour, came in, was recognised by Our mild Half-cast, met & escorted to the table next us. A few moments later in came another coloured man & joined the other two. We immediately hated all three of them. Soon to our astonishment they began to talk "Intellectually" - they were University Blacks - using "perfect" English very long words carefully chosen. They talked about Dostoevsky, Russia - the new Age, all in a very advanced manner. All this irritated us enough, But imagine our Hatred & Horror when the Red headed piece of dried Dung produced a Volume of Lawrence's poem's & commenced to discuss Lawrence with the other, in this perfect English & carefully picked, long words! We had been ragging them all the time, but now we knew something drastic must be done. We sat & thought. Suddenly, Katherine leant towards them & with a sweet smile said "Will you let me have that Book a moment?" "Certainly" they all beamed back - even more sweetly. Imagine then their horror & utter amazement, when Katherine without a word more, Rose from the table, Book and all, we following most calmly - most calmly we walked out of the Cafe!!! We heard them hiss & make various sounds to try & stop us or have us stopped but every body only stared & no one made the slightest attempt to stop us. So we got away with their book of Lawrence's Poems! What revenge! Outside we simply trembled with excitement. It was indeed a good end.

Although Lawrence almost



Gudrun seizes Amores

Drawing by Paul Delprat

certainly did not see Gertler's letter to Ottoline!, Koteliensky's "lost" letters describing the incident must have contained very similar material, for Lawrence's fictional version is, as we shall see, quite close to Gertler's (appallingly racist) account. Ottoline's second informant was one of her frequent Garsington guests, the youthful Aldous Huxley. He had heard of the incident from one of the Indian academics who had been involved in the incident, and who was apparently an acquaintance. Huxley wrote to Ottoline:

I met Suhrawardi [sic] to-day, who told me of an odd adventure he'd had last night. He was sitting in the Cafe Royal and happened to be discussing Lawrence's Amores... unfavourably...with a friend. He had the book with him. Suddenly Gertler, who with another man and a woman was at the next table, interposed in their conversation, upholding Lawrence, I gather. Finally the young woman asked Suhrawardi to lend her the book, and no sooner was it in her hands than they all swept out of the place and disappeared, in a

taxi, into the night...Curious.

This was the sort of gossip Ottoline relished, and she immediately wrote to Katherine to inquire further about it. Katherine was staying in Dorothy Brett's London studio at the time and Ottoline appears to have enclosed both Gertler's and Huxley's letters - or perhaps she transcribed parts of them, for Katherine refers to both letters in her reply.

Dearest Ottoline,

What am I to make of this? Of course if the coloured gentleman with the young party with pink hair was Suhrawardi [sic] then indeed I do know the "reverse of the story" I am a little hazy about Suhrawardi - was he one of Lawrence's Bing Boys last winter?

At any rate, Huxley's languid letter doesn't tempt me dreadfully to tell him - to satisfy even his "very idlest curiosity" and "merest inquisitiveness" I am afraid I am not young enough to dance to such small piping. Heavens! his letter makes me feel so old - and inclined to dress up, alone in the studio here. Tie my

(cont'd from p 11)

Incident at the Cafe Royal

*head in a turban, make myself fat,
don a fur coat with lace frills
slightly spotted with tea, and act
Lady Mary Wortley Montagu
receiving a morning leg from -
Swift, perhaps (played by the
charwoman, Mrs Squeeks).*

Katherine was due to visit Ottoline the following week, and when she came she brought the incriminating evidence - the stolen copy of *Amores* (which she later passed on to Dorothy Brett)².

Ottoline, of course, knew all of the participants in the Cafe Royal incident. She had introduced most of them to each other at Garsington, the Oxfordshire manor house where she held artistic and literary court. Indeed, Hasan Shahid Suhrawardy (spelt differently from Huxley's version) had been at Garsington the previous November, in a party that included the Lawrences, Aldous Huxley and Philip Heseltine. Lawrence was one of the major figures in Ottoline's life and knew the Garsington scene very well. He had been a frequent house guest, and had even helped Ottoline paint some of the rooms soon after she had moved there in May 1915. He was also familiar with her other favoured guests, particularly the leading Bloomsburies (Virginia Woolf, Clive and Vanessa Bell, Lytton Strachey) and Bertrand Russell, who was still Ottoline's lover.

But by 1916 relations between Lawrence and the world of Garsington had begun to deteriorate. He had taken a dislike to the Bloomsbury group after visiting Maynard Keynes at Cambridge, describing the Bloomsburies as "black beetles". His friendship and intellectual sympathy with Bertrand Russell had foundered. Lawrence's previous novel, *The Rainbow*, had recently been suppressed by a London magistrate for alleged indecency. Despite some attempts by

Ottoline's husband Liberal MP Philip Morrell and others to have the book published privately, Lawrence convinced himself that their attempts were half-hearted. He was turning against the entire London literary scene. In Cornwall Murry had found Lawrence "a man possessed, now an angel, now a devil...It was pain to see him so transformed and transfigured by the paroxysms of murderous hatred, of his wife, of us, of all mankind...We packed our few possessions and went away to the other side of Cornwall."

Lawrence was even beginning to turn against Ottoline herself, despite her continuing generosity to him. Frieda, who did not get on well with Ottoline or the Garsington crowd, added poison to Lawrence's reactions, and during their stay Katherine and others apparently plied Lawrence with the malicious gossip they had picked up at Garsington and in London - much of it directed at him. As well, Lawrence's grand plan to go to Florida to start Rananim, his utopian colony of like-minded people (to include Katherine, Murry, Koteliensky, Heseltine - and even Suhrawardy), had fallen through, Lawrence quarrelling with most of them. Now virtually alone in Cornwall, Lawrence brooded over the War and what he regarded as the decline of England. He felt England would be a far better place if only a hundred or so people inhabited the island. He was suffering from what were probably the early stages of tuberculosis and was ill and irritable. Despite the critical success of *Sons and Lovers*, he was in desperate financial straits. His feelings of the moment were being channelled into his new novel, *Women in Love*, which he believed was his best work.

At the time of the Cafe Royal incident, he was in the process of typing and revising his handwritten manuscript, as he couldn't afford to pay a typist. Already he

had satirised Ottoline in the novel as the vengeful Hermione Roddice. When he learned of the incident at the Cafe Royal he decided to incorporate it. As it turned out, it was just what he needed to help him complete the novel.

The "Gudrun in the Pompadour" chapter begins with Ursula, Gudrun, Gerald Crich and Birkin preparing for their trip to Austria. Gudrun and Gerald finish packing earlier, so they decide to go up to London and spend a night there en route to the continent, where they planned to rendezvous in Innsbruck. In London Gudrun and Gerald decide to call in at the Pompadour Cafe, the centre of Bohemian nightlife:

Gudrun hated the Cafe, yet she always went back to it, as did most of the artists of her acquaintance. She loathed its atmosphere of petty vice and petty jealousy and petty art. Yet she always called in again, when she was in town. It was as if she had to return to this small, slow, central whirlpool of disintegration and dissolution: just give it a look....The old crowd was there, Carlyon with his pupils and his girl, Halliday and Libidnikov and the Pussum -

Overhearing Halliday and his crowd ridiculing a letter in which Birkin had, at some length, postulated his theories - about the need for men to reduce themselves to the original rudimentary conditions of being - Gudrun became increasingly annoyed. Halliday, who was inebriated and hiccupping, read on in "the sing-song, slow, distinct voice of a clergyman reading the Scriptures", sneering at Birkin's ideas. Finally Gudrun could stand no more:

"I want to go," said Gudrun to Gerald, as she signalled the waiter. Her eyes were flashing, her cheeks were flushed. The strange

Incident at the Cafe Royal

character Halliday was forced on Lawrence. Halliday was already part of the novel, and to introduce a new character based on Suhrawardy, at that late stage, was extraneous and would have confused the narrative. And so he added in the Puma/Pussum (who was almost certainly not at the Cafe Royal that evening either, and is definitely not the "long thin White Herring of a Woman" in Gertler's account - the Puma was quite dark). It also gave Lawrence an opportunity to hark back to Gerald Crich's brief liaison with the Pussum before he knew Gudrun. Gudrun's sudden recognition in the chapter that Gerald had been involved with the Pussum helps build up her realisation that he was naturally promiscuous - a matter that is fleshed out in succeeding chapters. Lawrence also had to change the book of poems into a letter from Birkin, for the good reason that Birkin was not a poet.

On the whole, however, Lawrence didn't make many factual changes to the original incident. Katherine is Gudrun, the Cafe Royal is the Pompadour, her actions are the same. Lawrence claimed to be surprised and hurt when people accused him of basing characters on real people, particularly themselves. Writing to Catherine Carswell, whose barrister husband had "vetted" the manuscript of *Women in Love*, he maintained:

Halliday is Heseltine, The Pussum is a model known as Puma, and they are taken from life - nobody else at all lifelike

However, Philip Heseltine was not the only person to threaten Lawrence with legal action over their portrayal in *Women in Love*. Hearing on the gossip grapevine that she had been cast as the

"villainess" in the novel, Ottoline insisted on seeing the manuscript, which Lawrence, reluctantly, sent her. On reading it she was aghast - and very angry. She saw herself portrayed in a very unflattering light. Hermione's physical appearance, despite a change in hair colour from red to blond, and a change in age from forties to twenties, was straight Ottoline, as were Hermione's elaborate and exotic hats and dresses. But it wasn't the physical portrait that so upset Ottoline (although she was annoyed at his describing some of Hermione's gowns as soiled and tattered) - it was the way he portrayed her as a bitter, evil,



Ottoline, after John

By Paul Delprat

twisted woman. As she read the manuscript she felt herself "going pale with horror, for nothing could have been more vile and obviously spiteful and contemptuous...". Furious, she despatched a letter to Lawrence. The letter has been lost, but Clive Bell, who was at Garsington at the time, mentioned that she had written Lawrence "an incredibly foolish reply...Every line of her letter that I was allowed to hear revealed a wound...".

Philip Morrell threatened to sue Lawrence and reportedly wanted Lawrence's prospective

publisher to come to Garsington to see Ottoline for himself to compare her with Hermione. In the event nothing came of the threat, and Ottoline remained Hermione.

Lawrence's obliviousness to other people's sensitivity over seeing themselves, or aspects of themselves, portrayed in his fiction was not reformed by his experiences with *Women in Love* - in future novels he was to repeat the process. One explanation for his blindness in this area may be that *he* saw his characters in a different light. In the case of Hermione Roddice, Lawrence had started off basing the character, at first called Ethel, on his first love, Jessie Chambers. When, much later in the evolution of the novel, he recast Ethel in Ottoline's appearance and clothes, and invested her with some of Ottoline's personality, he probably continued to think of the character as partly Jessie, who also embodied the intellectual, unspontaneous type of woman that he wanted to portray. Thus it was that Lawrence would only reluctantly admit to his agent, Pinker, in February 1917: "*There is a hint of [Ottoline] in the character of Hermione: but so there is a hint of a million women...Anyway, they could make libel cases for ever, they haven't half a leg to stand on...*"

One interesting aspect of all this is to observe the techniques Lawrence used for transferring real-life models into his fiction. One technique was to change their names - but not arbitrarily, for he seemed unable to resist the temptation to leave behind a hint or echo of the original inspiration. For example, Bertrand Russell, who appears in *Women in Love* as a baronet, is called Malleson, the surname of one of Russell's lovers. Another example is Augustus John who appears at the Pompadour as Carlyon (a play on the name of the style of hat John wore, a Carlyle). The Puma is

The Pussum, and so on.

Yet in the case of Hermione Roddice, he hardly changed anything. He merely made minor alterations such as Ottoline's hair colour and age, as well as changing her from being the half-sister of a duke to the daughter of a viscount, and disguising her marital status, a favourite trick of his. (Instead of being married to a Liberal MP, Hermione has a brother, Alexander, who is a Liberal MP.) As the biographer of Ottoline I can attest to the fact that his portrayal of Hermione is extremely perceptive. Yet Lawrence professed surprise that Ottoline wasn't delighted with the pen portrait, claiming that he had made her a more noble figure in the book than she was in real life!

The "Gudrun in the Pompadour" chapter was exactly what Lawrence needed to tighten up the novel's narrative direction, inserting a staging point between the English section of the book and the continental ending. Additionally, it brought the focus back on to Gudrun, who is the main character in the final chapters of the novel. It also allowed Lawrence to tie the earlier part, particularly chapter VI, "Creme de Menthe", which is set in the Pompadour, to the later section of the novel.

But if Kot hadn't written to him about the events at the Cafe Royal, this vital chapter probably would not have been written. And if the other witnesses of the incident had not written their accounts, we would not know how closely Lawrence based his characters and action on an actual event.

- Sandra Jobson

Endnotes

1. We can deduce this from the fact that Lawrence, whose letters Ottoline sedulously preserved, did not write back to her.

2. It is interesting to note that *Amores* (published in July 1916), the book which caused the incident at the Cafe Royal, had been dedicated by Lawrence to Ottoline Morrell, in happier days.

A Literary House That Has Been Preserved

In an unpublished conclusion to the novel *Kangaroo* Somers and Harriett sail from Sydney to Wellington, New Zealand, and then to Tahiti. On arrival in Wellington they have some difficulty when disembarking. Harriett is detained by the local immigration authorities, for the reason that "she was not born in England". This obviously happened to Frieda, and as a result Somers (Lawrence) took a harsh view of both New Zealand and New Zealanders, "...they had less desire than ever to stay in this cold, snobbish, lower- middle-class colony of pretentious nobodies."

Wellington was the birthplace of the writer Katherine Mansfield. She left New Zealand in 1908, never to return. She met Lawrence and Frieda in 1913. Thus began a close but often strained relationship that was to last until Katherine's death in 1923.

In May 1922 Lawrence documented his thoughts about Katherine, crossing the Great Australian Bight en route to NSW. He wrote to Koteliansky saying: "*I think from Sydney we shall visit the South Sea Islands - think of our 'Rananim' - on the way across to San Francisco. If you were here you would understand Katherine so much better. She is very Australian - or New Zealand. Wonder how she is.*" (Letters Vol 4 No 2518).

While in Australia Lawrence did not write to Katherine. There had been a falling-out, but this did not stop Katherine writing Lawrence into her will on 14/8/22. On 15/8/22, the day after Katherine's gesture, Lawrence and Frieda sailed into Wellington Harbour. That same day from Wellington he sent a postcard to Katherine via Lady Ottoline Morrell with a one word message, "*Ricordi*" (meaning "remembrances"). (Letters Vol 4, no 2565). Lawrence chose not to share with Katherine news of the "pretentious" behaviour of her countrymen that day.

Katherine was born at No 11 (now 25) Tinakori Road, Wellington, in 1888. The house had been built earlier that year and was her family home until 1893. In 1986 the Katherine Mansfield Birthplace Society was incorporated. As a result of donations from the public and corporations, together with a considerable government grant, the house has been acquired. A Society newsletter, "The Mansfield News", concentrates on the house, giving subscribers updates on restoration work, news of the acquisition of period furniture and details of exhibitions.

An educational program is a major priority of the Society. Various school and literary groups are encouraged to visit the house. The local council recently granted a \$25,000 subsidy towards the salary of the curator-manager for the forthcoming year.

The local council has cause to have an interest in the Society, as the house attracts a considerable number of tourists which of course benefits the local community. "The Mansfield News" of October 1993 gives the following account of inspections of the house by two visiting Australians:

On 21 May Mrs Annita Keating, wife of the Australian Prime Minister, visited the house with Mrs Joan Bolger and Mrs Jenny Greet. She brought a gift from Australia of two serigraphs from Barbara Hanrahan, one showing her genealogical search for "the Australian family" and the other, a flower piece. These will be interesting additions to our collection. Mrs Fahey, wife of the Premier of New South Wales, visited on 29 July.

The constitution of the D.H. Lawrence Society states that the preservation of Wyewurk is one of the objects of the Society. We can perhaps point to this example of the Katherine Mansfield Birthplace Society to foster our aims.

- Stephen O'Connor

Was Willie Struthers My Uncle Jock?

Lawrence visited Sydney and Thirroul in 1922. Just over a year later his novel of Australia, *Kangaroo*, was published. There has been much speculation about who was the inspiration for the novel's socialist demagogue, Willie Struthers. Robert Darroch, in his *D.H. Lawrence in Australia* (1981), said it was Jock Garden (John Smith Garden, 1882-1968). Jock Garden was my mother's uncle.

I only met Jock Garden once. In 1965, at the funeral of my grandmother Olive Garden, I was introduced to a fit but large octogenarian with a shock of white hair, en brousse. "This is your Uncle Jock," I was told. I shook his hand. He had large-jointed hands. He got into an animated discussion with my grandfather, who was balding. They talked about whose genes had caused their different heads of hair.

I later asked my mother about Uncle Jock. She said: "He is the black sheep of our family. We even tried to get Dad to change our name to "Gordon", we were so ashamed of being associated with Jock."

I went abroad soon after this, so I never got a chance to talk to him. I only learned his full history later.

Early days - Lossiemouth

Towards the end of last century, Great Grandfather Alexander Garden went off to seek his fortune (vainly) in North America. He left behind his wife, Annie (nee) Smith, and four children - James (known as "Jimmy"), John (known as "Jock"), Bessie and Jessie - in a tiny (4 x 6 metre) stone cottage in the Scottish fishing village of Lossiemouth (whose other famous son was British Labour Prime Minister Ramsey MacDonald).

The Gardens were fisher folk and

spoke English and Gaelic. Destitute, Annie moved her young family to the upper town, where she did washing and housekeeping for her richer married sister. My grandfather, Jimmy, was apprenticed to a sailmaker. He went to sea at 15 on the Glasgow-Melbourne run. Jock was also apprenticed as a sailmaker, but did not go to sea.

By the age of 29, Grandfather Jimmy had worked his way up to being a captain for the Adelaide Steamship Company, for which he worked for 42 years, retiring as the commodore of their fleet.

Church and State

Captain Garden paid for the other children's education and later for the family to emigrate to Australia. Uncle Jock arrived in Australia in 1904. By then he had become a Church of Christ preacher. At first he was a minister in a Church of Christ parish in Harcourt, Victoria, but later worked in a mission to seamen in Sydney. This, apparently, led him to become a socialist.

In 1914 he became a member of the NSW Trades and Labor Council. He was also at this time a "Wobbly" (the IWW - Industrial Workers of the World). By 1918 Jock had become Secretary of the Labor Council (known as "Trades Hall"), where he ruled for 16 years. He was also a founder of the Communist Party of Australia in 1920, and its first secretary.

Jock remained a dedicated Christian (and teetotaler), and there are newspaper cuttings showing him doing Trades Hall business in the morning, and officiating at weddings in the afternoon. He was, my mother told me, a tremendous idealist. He was also generous. When beggars came to the door he would give everything away, to the annoyance of his wife, Auntie May. He once gave the coat he was wearing to a destitute sailor he met on the street. Bede

Nairn in the entry on Jock Garden in the *Australian Dictionary of Biography* says that Jock was regarded as "courageous, generous and romantic".

Background: 1921

In Russia the 3rd Comintern congress had in June 1921 adopted the policy of a "united front". Communists were encouraged to support socialist parties on specific points. This was reflected in the All Australian Trades Union Conference, which was held in Melbourne also in June 1921. Jock Garden was a dominant figure at this conference, which reflected the views of the broad Australian labour movement at this time.

Its minutes record that J.S. Garden, representing the Sail Makers Union of NSW, moved a resolution supporting the view that parliamentary government was the instrument of domination by the capitalist minority toying with the ignorance and apathy of the majority of workers.

Later the congress adopted its historic and notorious "socialisation" policy (which the ALP has only recently shed), resolving that: "the only way in which the working class can achieve its emancipation is by the complete overthrow of the capitalistic exchange, production and distribution system."

Garden insisted that a ways and means committee of 12 be appointed to report immediately on how to achieve this aim. Garden later moved an amendment to the committee's report to the effect that the parliamentary system be used "only as a temporary weapon to systematically expose the true nature and hamper the operations of Capitalism and to act as a medium of working class propaganda and education."

Following the strong objections of J. Scullin, J. Curtin, and A.C. Willis, Jock's amendment was lost. Willis said that if this were to be adopted,

then they would be better discussing the creation of a Red Army.

Lawrence was in New South Wales from 27 May to 11 August, 1922. Newspaper reports show Jock was in Sydney most of this time. The reports also make it clear that he was the principal focus of anti-socialist fervour. For example, in the Sydney *Daily Mail* of 7 July 1922 he was reported as accusing a leading "loyalist", Mr Scott Fell MLA, of "bloodthirsty intolerance". Scott Fell, along with Sir Charles Rosenthal, had spoken at a recent meeting at the Town Hall "in loyal support of the Empire and the Union Jack". Scott Fell called at the meeting for all "disloyalists" to be "sent to hell" or "strung up". A lively exchange had ensued in which Garden recalled Scott Fell's involvement in the 1921 Red Flag riot in the Sydney Domain, which "culminated in the attack on peaceable workers in the Domain by bands of drunken jingoes". Jock went on to remark: "The time is not far distant when the organised workers will secure real political (not Parliamentary) power. When they do so Mr. Scott Fell can rest assured he will be presented with the full bill - plus interest."

On August 4, 1922, *The Communist* had published an encomium on Garden likening him to Lenin, part of which said: "One of the most outstanding reasons for Jock's popularity, and his progress with the revolutionary spirit of the times, is the fact that he stands on no ceremony...He is easily approached by everyone, and gives the same close attention to any serious caller, whatever his views or station...he is always open to the reception of the latest lesson of the times."

Move to Russia

Jock departed for Moscow to attend the Fourth Congress of the Comintern, which commenced on 11 August, 1922. My mother recalls that Jock had been filled with enthusiasm for this trip. Before he left, Auntie May was told to prepare herself and the three children, Harcourt, Ian and Isma, to move to Russia. In Moscow Jock was elected to the Comintern's executive committee. Jock told Lenin that Australia "will be the next country to become Communist".

(Jock had a habit of saying things that infuriated the bourgeoisie.) However, Jock was deeply disappointed in the workers' paradise. If this were the future, it did not work for Jock.

On the way back from Moscow Jock scandalised his Comintern colleagues when he stopped in Lossiemouth and preached a revivalist sermon. A Lossiemouth cousin remembers him marching through the town at the head of some 30 or more "saved souls" singing: "*Romans Four and Nine Are a Favourite Verse of Mine*". Arthur Hoyle, Jock's biographer, described to me meeting a man, only 10 years or so ago, who had remained a life-long Christian following his conversion by Jock's



Jock Garden c 1922

sermon in Lossiemouth. After Jock's return to Sydney there was no more talk of moving to Russia.

Jock's role as the bourgeoisie's bogeyman really got into its stride in 1928, with the great seamen's strike. He effectively told the seamen to throw their officers overboard, saying that sailors outnumbered officers six to one, and "The water is damp, the sea is deep, and dead men tell no tales!" PM Stanley Bruce tried unsuccessfully to deport Jock back to Scotland.

Jock's wife, poor Auntie May, in her traditional big hat, came to Blakesley Street, Chatswood, to explain that although Captain Garden was sailing with a scab crew, Jock didn't want Jimmy's sailors to murder him. I don't know if Auntie May sang at the piano on this occasion. My mother tells of turning the pages at the piano at other times

for Auntie May while all the family pulled faces behind her back. In the event, Captain Garden wouldn't accept the apology/explanation and stopped talking to Jock.

In the late 1920s Garden officially resigned from the Communist Party and rejoined the Labor Party, becoming a strong Lang supporter. It was he who coined the famous slogan, "Lang is greater than Lenin". In 1931, in a scene curiously presaged in *Kangaroo*, he was counted out by communists at a public meeting. He was also the subject of physical attacks from the extreme right, being assaulted by a New Guard unit in 1932 (the famous "Pack of Cards" raid).

Mother's wedding - 1935

My father used to heckle Jock in the Domain. Jock was always a great orator. When my mother and father got engaged, in 1935, Jock was already a Lang Labor Member of Federal Parliament. My father's father, H.V. Douglass, was the General Manager of the Perpetual Trustee Company. Also located in the Perpetual Building in Hunter Street was the firm of solicitors, Campbell, Campbell, & Campbell. However, H.V. Douglass had no time for the New Guard's leader, Colonel Eric Campbell, whom he regarded as "a bounder, as well as being a Campbell".

H.V. declared that he would not come to my parents' wedding if Jock were there. Captain Garden hadn't spoken to Jock for seven years, following the "dead men tell no tales" incident. Captain Garden now declared that if his brother were not suitable to be invited, then he would not attend the wedding either.

This put my mother in an awful dilemma. Mother's cousin, Nancy, Jock's niece, worked in Jock's office in Trades Hall. She suggested Mother go out to Kensington to see the ogre, Jock. She did and Jock was charming. "Send the invitation," he said, "and I'll refuse." He still sent my mother and father a very handsome wedding gift.

Mother has always said that, on this occasion, Jock was the only gentleman among the lot of them. She won't hear a word against him even today. She feels he was an

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wonderful idealist, who eventually discovered, when he worked for Eddie Ward, that nice guys finish last. My father maintains that Jock was "always nothing more than a bloody nuisance".

The War and after

In World War II Captain Garden became one of the heroes of the bombing of Darwin, as Captain of the hospital ship, HMAS Manunda, and was awarded the OBE for his bravery. Jock, on the other hand, failed to get re-elected to Federal Parliament on a disputed count, and degenerated into Eddie Ward's bagman. In 1948 Jock was disgraced in the New Guinea timber scandal Royal Commission, in which Eddie Ward was whitewashed. Jock was ultimately acquitted.

However, Captain Garden, at one point in the scandal, felt obliged to go and visit Jock who was in Long Bay Gaol. He took with him a tin of asparagus, Jock's favourite food. But Jock could not eat it, because the authorities would not allow him a tin opener. It must have been an uncomfortable meeting.

After the war Jock eked out a living as Mr Leo, writing on the astrological application of the Zodiac to horse racing. He died, still a member of the Church of Christ, in 1968.

Did Lawrence base Willie Struthers on Jock Garden?

In *Kangaroo* Lawrence describes Willie Struthers:

He was very dark, red-faced, and thin, with deep lines in his face, a tight-shut, receding mouth, and black, burning eyes. He reminded Somers of the portraits of Abraham Lincoln, the same sunken cheeks and deep cadaverous lines and big black eyes. But this man, Willie Struthers, lacked the look of humour and almost sweetness that one can find in Abraham Lincoln's portraits. Instead he was suspicious, and seemed as if he were brooding an inner wrong.

He was a born Australian, had knocked about the continent, and spent many years on the goldfields. According to report he was just comfortably off - not rich. He looked rather shabby, seedy; his

clothes had that look as if he had just thrown them on his back, after picking them off the floor. Also one of his thin shoulders was noticeably higher than the other. But he was a distinct Australian type, thin, hollow-cheeked, with a brightish, brittle, red skin on his face, and big, dark incensed-looking eyes...

He spoke with a pronounced Australian accent - a bad Cockney...

A sort of bitter fire corroding in his eyes...

...in his flat metallic voice

...his thin, very red, hairy hand

The fighting look was in the front of his eyes...

A strange glow had come into his large black eyes, something glistening and half-sweet, fixing itself on his listener. Somers felt drawn towards a strange sweetness - perhaps poisonous. Yet it touched Richard on one of his quivering strings - the latent power that is in man today, to love his near mate with a passionate absolutely trusting love...

"You know that Labour is stronger here, perhaps, more unopposed than in any country in the world... 'When wilt thou save the People, oh God of Israel, when?' - It looked as if the God of Israel would never save them. We've got to save ourselves."

The red face of Willie Struthers seemed to glow with fire, and his black eyes had a strange glisten... Richard's eyes at length met the black, excited glistening eyes of the other man, and he felt that something in the glisten was bearing him down, as a snake bears down a bird. Himself the bird.

[Richard felt] they were capable of building up this great Church of Christ, the great beauty of a People, upon the generous passion of mate-love...

"Well then - well then - the religious question is ticklish, especially here in Australia. But all the churches are established on Christ. And Christ says Love one another."

Richard laughed suddenly.

"That makes Christ into another political agent," he said.

"Well then - I'm not deep enough for these matters. But surely you know how to square it with religion. Seems to me it is religion - love one another."

"Without a God."

"Well - as I say - it's Christ's teaching, and that ought to be God enough."

Struthers didn't mind Christ. Christ could easily be made to subserve his egoistic purpose. But the first, dark, Unnamed God whom men had once known so tremendous - Struthers had no use for Him.

Mr Struthers watched him as if he would read his soul. But Richard wasn't going to have his soul read by force.

...something thin and hairy and spiderish. I didn't want to touch him. But he's a force, he's something.

Struthers is the anti-Christ,
preaching love alone
...big, dark, glancing eyes, like
an aboriginal's...

My mother reread the "Willie Struthers and Kangaroo" chapter of *Kangaroo* to help me with this piece. She also read the descriptions of Willie Struthers, above, to Cousin Nancy, who worked for Jock for many years.

My mother and Cousin Nancy both say the two most striking things about Jock's appearance were the thick shock of black hair, which grew straight up and was brushed back over the top of his head and, even more, his unusual brownish, slate-coloured eyes. Eyes that were "warm and brown" according to Cousin Nancy, but "cold and glittering" according to my mother.

They agree Jock's demeanour was always quiet. He was an extremely good listener, except on a rostrum, where he was most eloquent and persuasive. He made his point of view seem simple and obvious. All his life he had a distinct, attractive Scottish burr in his voice, which was much admired. It became more pronounced when he was excited. Like my grandfather, Jock was extremely well read.

It must be remembered that in 1922 Mother and Cousin Nancy were both under 10 years of age and not aware of politics. Jock was then 40. Both my mother and Cousin Nancy felt that if Lawrence in fact had met Uncle Jock, either he had not described him accurately in *Kangaroo*, or had sought to disguise the character to such an extent that Willie could not be said to be Uncle Jock "because he was so unsympathetically drawn, and was described as 'brooding an inner wrong'."

They concede that the piercing eyes of which Lawrence makes great play were indeed characteristic of Jock. They recognise that Lawrence's talk of "Church of Christ" in the context of Willie Struthers may well have been an attempt to convey Jock's well-known Christianity. My mother further believes that Willie Struthers' views in the dialogue between Struthers and Somers could indeed have been a fair representation of Jock's Christian views.

She and Cousin Nancy, however, point to a number of discrepancies.

Jock was not a "born Australian". All his life. Jock had a pronounced and attractive Scottish burr in his voice. His voice was beautiful. He certainly did not have a "pronounced Australian accent - a bad Cockney". He had not knocked about the goldfields (although Harcourt, where he had his first Ministry with the Church of Christ, is near Bendigo).

Though Jock was a big-framed man, he did not in their opinion resemble Abraham Lincoln, except that, as well as being a good listener, he radiated a sort of sweetness, which was much commented upon. (Like my grandfather, Jock was quite dour. He and my grandfather would sit together for hours and not say a word.) They do not feel that he would sneer at anyone. He was always polite. Jock dressed carefully and never looked seedy. He did not have one shoulder higher than the other, nor have particularly repulsive or thin red hands. Indeed, his hands were large and thick-jointed.

The holograph

However, there is another version of the "Willie Struthers and Kangaroo" chapter. This sheds a very different light on the matter. It is Lawrence's original handwritten manuscript (holograph) which was sent by Lawrence to be typed in America. (Some months later, in Taos, he extensively revised the chapter, turning it into the version that now appears in the published text of *Kangaroo*.)

The first page or so of the holograph chapter is virtually the same as the final version. Then the conversation about *fascisti* and *socialisti* in Italy starts. Struthers encourages Somers to give his personal impressions.

[I have underlined and square-bracketed those parts crossed out by Lawrence in the holograph version. For the sake of clarity, I have from time-to-time indicated who is speaking.]

"Quite right, Mr Somers, quite right. I want your impressions. The majority of mankind don't know what they feel, and never will know till they're told. But it's no good telling 'em unless you're going to tell them right. You've got to dip your spoon to the bottom of the pot and take a bit out to taste of it (sic), before you know what sort of a hash there is cooking. It's no good just looking at

the top of it and judging by the scum."

This undemocratic statement certainly reflects the publicly-expressed views of Jock Garden at the 1921 Trades Union Conference. The text continues:

RL Somers: "None of the labour people want a revolution, in their heart of hearts. They're afraid. They're just part of the whole society, and they don't really want to follow Russia."

"That's so! That's so!" Mr Struthers nodded. "They don't really want to. Then what do they want?"

RLS: "Friction. Just friction, it seems to me."

WS: "Just friction, you think?..."

RLS: "... and the other side will never offer a sharp enough resistance to cause a blaze - and so it will go on: in friction."...

"...The man looked at him, then down at his own [thick] thin, reddish hand, with its rather thick joints, that lay on the desk before him. He looked at it as if it were a big strange insect..."

RLS: "...You saw that English Labour has repudiated the Third International and Soviet Rule?"

WS: "It should have done so sooner. Australia can't repudiate it."

"Can't it?" said Somers. "And yet I don't believe for a moment Australia would ever make a violent revolution."

WS: "May have no need to. May not."

RLS: "And as for getting a big enough Labour Majority into your parliaments to have things all your own way, and be able to proclaim a Soviet in that way: it seems to me unlikely."

"May seem to you unlikely, Mr Somers. It may."

There was a pause. Somers felt he had fired his shots very early.

RLS: "The wave seems to be setting against Socialism all the world over - here just as much."

WS: "Yes, it seems to be, as you say."

RLS: "I suppose the tide may turn again."

"We may presume it will, Mr Somers."

In spite of himself Richard Lovatt began to feel a fool. And a sneering sort of smile seemed to hover indefinitely on the face of Mr Struthers. Jaz shifted uncomfortably on his seat.

RLS: "It's the way of tide," he said, clearing his throat. "To come and go." Mr Struthers [did n] looked at him, but made no remark. There was a pause. Then he said at last drily:

"Then you think, Mr Somers, that the course of democracy has run out - that it's finished?"

Somers had to think a minute.

RLS: "I mean it doesn't vitally interest me any more," he said. "Excuse me if I am so egotistically personal. It seems the only way one can speak the truth, to say what one feels in oneself."

"Democracy doesn't interest you vitally any more, speaking personally," repeated Mr Struthers slowly. "Why may that be? Can you account for it?"

RLS: "Perhaps. One knows, since the war, that this liberty isn't liberty, and that equality, even equality of opportunity, is a figment, a tiresome abstraction, worse than a lie; and that one just doesn't want to feel fraternal with all mankind any more. I speak for myself."

WS: "You don't care for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, is that it? I like to know what your literary gentlemen do think, at the back of your minds. I find it interesting."

"I wouldn't even like to speak for any other literary gentleman besides myself," smiled Somers. "But the great French watchword (sic) does really fail to move me - except to irritation."

"I understand you, Mr Somers. You believe in the *status quo*." This was said quietly and ironically.

RLS: "No I don't."

WS: "What then?"

Somers was now uneasy. He guessed he would look a fool.

RLS: "Oh," he said, "I believe in power, in its true sense. I even believe in a dictator. But not a Soviet, because a Soviet represents one class only, and one interest only: the wage or common property interest. It isn't good enough."

WS: "The wage doesn't interest you?"

RLS: "No."

WS: "Of course. But since you're a writing man, it may interest you at second hand. If I have understood your book, you are against capitalism?"

RLS: "Yes - but it is money altogether that I hate: this living for money. Competition, ambition to get on - I would like to remove all that."

WS: "And how will you remove it?"

RLS: "[By getting peo] I shan't. I shan't make the slightest difference. But it makes me uninterested in State Ownership or equal opportunities."

WS: "You think men can live without private ambition, without competing with one another for the acquiring of wealth?"

RLS: "They have lived for thousands of years without it. It's quite a new dodge. Egypt, the Inca Peru, even Greece and Rome had a vast population which had no wage and no opportunity of getting on. It's the opportunity for getting on which blasts all life."

Mr Struthers watched him with a faint smile.

"You mean Slavery, Mr Somers?" he said.

RLS: "No I don't. If I were dictator in Australia, people wouldn't have any opportunity for getting on. There'd be no getting on. That wouldn't be the point. [It would be li] But there would be no slaves. It would be as in Egypt, say, when the mysteries of the Gods and the temples and the divine kings stimulated all kinds of life-responses in the people, which we have lost. They had infinite sensations and feelings and strange answerings in their soul, an endless changing throb, because the world of getting-on had never been invented, and the world of barren dreariness of so-called educated democracy. I'll bet you a slave in Egypt had a myriad-fold subtle vibrations and responses to things which for us don't even exist. We have gone hollow and insensitive, like trees that are all bark."

As Somers talked he looked back at the black sardonic eyes of the other man. Mr Struthers was listening with [tin] automatic ears, to this stream of words, and gazing on our semi-hero with a [superior] distant sort of [sneer] admiration. "I know," thought Somers, "he thinks I'm just a gas-bag ranting words for effect, but whether he thinks it or not, he shall have it, the tin Moses that he is." - And so he looked back with an answering [sneer] defiance of his blue eyes, as if to say: "Take that! And if you can't understand it, know that you're a tin-pot demagogue."

WS: "I'm sure you're right, Mr Somers,

(cont'd from p 19)

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about the Egyptians. You mean the ones that had the plagues of mice and locusts and a few

other little things. We aren't so far off them in that way out here. - But let me put you a straight question, if I may."

"Oh do," said Richard Lovatt.

WS: "Are we to leave capital in the hands of the few, and are the many to work to increase riches for the few?"

RLS: "No," said Somers, since that was simplest.

WS: "What is the way out?"

RLS: "I suppose the next step is nationalisation," he admitted.

WS: "You do admit that?"

RLS: "I wouldn't, if people could understand anything else."

WS: "They can't. All they can understand is **Hang on and Take it from him.** Which is it to be, then?"

"Take it from him, I suppose," said Somers.

WS: "You do! You do agree? And how is it to be taken from him?"

RLS: "By some form of socialism. - But the whole situation really bores me."

WS: "It bores a lot of you. But there's some of us that aren't bored. Some form of Communism, you mean?"

RLS: "It will need a central power. It will need a one man for the time being."

WS: "And supposing, for example, the Diggers put their man at the top of everything. How would he tackle the capitalist question?"

RLS: "I don't know."

WS: "Ask him. Ask him how he's going to settle about property. Ask him how he's going to settle the split between [capital] capitalist and wage-earner. He may be going to ask them to kiss and be friends of course. And of course they'll do it for his asking."

"They rammed a bit of poetry into me at school, Mr Struthers (sic). I believe an American wrote it.

Heaven is not reached in a single bound. But we build the ladder by which we rise - to the some sort or other of skies...

"I forget exactly. But that's what we do. You reminded me of it, talking of next steps, you know."

Richard Lovatt Somers gazed into space when silence fell.

"To tell the truth," he said, "I don't believe the next step interests me, Mr Struthers."

"That may be. But some of us have got to take it, Mr Somers, if we're going to get to that seventh heaven you have in mind, you know. It's either a case of taking the next step, or standing still. I understand the folks who'd rather stop as we are. Quite understand them. They feel they might be worse off than they are, do you see, Mr Somers?"

"I think we might," laughed Somers, taking the hint. "Yet I don't want the world to remain as it is either. To tell the truth, I really don't care."

"You know what they say, Mr Somers? Don't-care went and killed a man. Don't-care got hung."

"I may live to be hung for it. But truly I don't care. Soviet or capitalism or dictator or digger: Mr Struthers, I don't care."

"Maybe not," smiled Mr Struthers.

"They've never had their knife up to the hilt in you, maybe."

There was a pause which was the end of the interview. Mr Struthers rose to his feet with an air of almost malignant joy.

"Well, Mr Somers," he said, "when people are educated up to your ideas they may be willing to be slaves [offering] and offer up their first-born to a fatted calf or golden serpent, - though they won't see the use of it just at present, I'm afraid. Meanwhile I suppose I may as well [try] go on trying to equalise things a bit, as far as money goes, even if some of us are so vastly superior to the rest in all other ways except money. Goodbye Mr Somers, and thank you for coming."

We know that Lawrence almost certainly visited Trades Hall. The description at the beginning of Chapter 11 is too exact for anything other than first-hand observation. Also, in Chapter 1, Lawrence says of Somers "in Sussex Street he almost wept for Covent Garden". Interestingly, this implies a very early visit by Lawrence to the Paddy's Markets end of Sussex Street, a few hundred yards from Trades Hall.

We have two quite different versions of the Somers-Struthers encounter. The earlier text, the holograph, being an immediate recall, must be presumed to be the more accurate reportage, if that is what it is. Any recollection, some months later in tranquillity in another country, would, in general, not be so verbally accurate. The latter could reflect a further encounter, or a recollection of additional omitted material, or an improved understanding, or a rewrite to enhance the dramatic effect. As fiction, *Kangaroo* remains remarkably true to the character and views of Jock Garden.

One major difference between the two texts is that in the holograph version Somers clearly knows he is talking to a Communist. No mention of the Soviet appears in *Kangaroo*, although it can be inferred. All reference to Somers feeling uncomfortable, having fired his shots early, or feeling a fool have been dropped between the holograph and the published novel. In the holograph Somers does most of the talking, and clearly is trying to bait Struthers into some kind of an outburst. No wonder Struthers was suspicious. Who was this strange earnest little man talking about "strange answerings" in the souls of slaves in Ancient Egypt and Inca Peru? If Struthers was in fact Jock Garden, he had good reason to be suspicious. Jock was a dour man, a teetotaler, a born-again, total-immersion-baptised Church of Christ minister. He passionately believed in what he was doing. He was also a

top union official, secretary of the Communist Party, loyal to Moscow, and about to set off there to live.

In the circumstances, Struthers turns out to be an extraordinarily polite and active listener. Both versions remark: "The man could listen: listen with his black eyes too. Watchful, always watchful, as if he expected some bird to fly suddenly out of the speaker's face. He was well-informed, and seemed to weigh and judge everything he heard as he heard it."

This is much more apparent in the holograph. Indeed, apart from Struthers' dialectical skill in bringing Somers around to either supporting Communism, or looking foolish, there is very little of Struthers' views directly disclosed in the holograph.

Struthers raises the subject of the Diggers in the holograph and suggests Lawrence conduct the same dialectic with Kangaroo. This implies that Struthers knew about the Diggers and their leader already. This might be a device of the plot. In the printed version it is Somers who mentions the Diggers, but the topic is not pursued. But in both versions the topic of returned servicemen is discussed.

In the final version, Struthers, instead of just drawing Somers out, becomes quite eloquent, saying (consistent with Jock Garden's views openly expressed at the 1921 Trade Union Conference) that change is inevitable, but a revolution may be a premature jump. He says that a "step by step" approach will achieve the socialistic and communal ideal - "State Ownership and International Labour Control."

In the holograph the Communist Struthers is described by Somers as being a "tin Moses". Why Moses? Struthers quotes the Bible, but not nearly as much as he does in the printed version. Here Struthers is seen by Somers as wanting to build "this great Church of Christ, the great beauty of a People, upon the generous passions of mate-love."

I find it striking that Lawrence described Willie Struthers as a Christian, who apparently wanted to build the "Church of Christ". The Christ whom Willie Struthers describes is not that social reformer, so respected and quoted by socialists. Instead Struthers' Christ is the god of

Love. Surely, openly admitted and discussed Christianity, buttressed by biblical appeals to the God of Israel, is a most idiosyncratic characteristic for a fictional Bolshevik agitator. And between the holograph version to the printed version, Lawrence actually intensifies Struthers' Christianity and introduces the "Church of Christ", as if the holograph had not put this clearly enough.

In the printed version, Struthers offers Somers the editorship of a Labor newspaper. Struthers says that as a man of working class background, Somers can unite Australians, by appealing to the "deeper man" within them by editing a true People's paper:

Wait a minute, Mr Somers. You are the man I have been waiting for...we've got no real Labour newspaper in Sydney - or in Australia...Come and take charge of a true People's paper for us. Show us that the issue isn't just the wage issue, or who holds the money. It's brother-love at last, on which Christ's democracy is bound to rest.

Jock, in fact, was charged with setting up a Labor paper in Sydney. But what is even more convincing is that Jock's reported remarks at the 1921 Trade Union Conference, not to mention his articles in *The Communist* and the *Daily Mail* and elsewhere, carry no reference to his religious tenets. Lawrence's account of Struthers' attempt to persuade Somers to take up the editorship of the Labor newspaper is laced with Jock Garden's humanitarian Christianity. Struthers in *Kangaroo* promises to send Somers details of the editorship position the next day. It is most curious that Lawrence does not report whether Struthers carried out this promise, or whether he failed to do so. It is simply left up in the air. Was this the excuse Lawrence used to go to see and interview Jock Garden, and having got material for his novel, just let it drop?

In Struthers' public speech in Canberra Hall, reported by Lawrence, there is no mention of Christ, but a defence of the basic wage system (very topical in 1922) and an extraordinarily enlightened attempt to modify the thinking behind the White Australia Policy - the leading plank of the Australian Labor Party. Indeed it is this plea for greater racial

tolerance which provokes the Diggers to start counting Struthers out. Surely no one but the Communist Jock Garden could have committed this heretical deviation from contemporary Labor orthodoxy.

If Lawrence had only observed Garden speaking, this would not have given Lawrence the knowledge of Garden's eyes, extraordinary listening skills, and his Christianity of Love. Since Jock was so approachable, why wouldn't Lawrence, who was at least a minor celebrity in his own right, a published novelist, and the author of a pamphlet on Democracy, have taken the time to meet him and exchange views?

Summing up

In summary, we can conclude that there is an almost identical overlay of Struthers' peculiar views with Jock Garden's equally idiosyncratic public and private views in both versions.

In a number of respects, such as Struthers' Australian accent, his seedy clothes, his misshapen shoulder and his thin hands, it is almost as if Lawrence went to the opposite extreme of Jock to describe Willie. However, this might be more indicative of Lawrence, concerned about defamation, having met Jock, rather than not. Lawrence had already had unhappy experiences with defamation.

One of the obvious points of difference between Struthers and Jock were Jock's large, thick-jointed hands. But in the holograph Struthers *does* have thick hands. This could be an example of Lawrence's "disguise" technique. The holograph says [corrected as indicated]:

"The man looked at him, then down at his own [thick] thin, reddish hand, with its rather thick joints, that lay on the desk before him. He looked at it as if it were a big strange insect."

Later, when Somers is with Kangaroo. Cooley says:

"He didn't offer to shake hands, did he?" "No, thank goodness," said Somers, thinking of the red, dry, [thick] thin skinned hand like a skinned reptile.

In the printed version this is reduced to:

"Struthers fidgeted with the

blotter, with his thin, very red, hairy hand".

Also, it may be indicative that, rather than choosing an Irish name for his revolutionary socialist - as might have been expected in NSW Labor politics - Lawrence chose the name "Willie Struthers", which is both Scots and, in "Willie," as intimate a diminutive as "Jock".

All-in-all, the strict verdict on the question probably lies between the Scottish one of "not proven" and not "proven beyond reasonable doubt". But I think that, on the balance of probabilities, Lawrence not only based Struthers on Garden, but in fact met him and talked with him.

If Uncle Jock was not the model for Struthers, then there is no other Labor figure in Australia who is a more likely candidate. Earlier speculation that Struthers was based on William Holman or A.C. Willis cannot be sustained. There is no question that Garden personified the "Red Menace" in the Press and the public mind at the time Lawrence was in Australia, as he continued to do so for the whole of the 1920s and thereafter. Ockham's Razor would argue that we conclude that Struthers is based, first-hand, on Jock Garden.

- Robert Douglass

Frank Hardy's Testimony

Robert Douglass's article is a significant addition to what we know about Lawrence's time in Australia.

As Douglass remarks, it now seems very probable that Lawrence visited the Trades Hall and probably met and talked with Jock Garden there. Indeed, it is likely (from the Covent Garden reference mentioned above) that Lawrence first went to the Trades Hall on the day he arrived in Sydney. This odd excursion could be explained by Lawrence having been given an introduction to Garden by William Siebenhaar in Perth (both were IWW sympathisers).

Such a speculation is given a great deal of credence by a letter the late Frank Hardy wrote researcher John Ruffels in 1983. Hardy said: "...Garden told me [around 1947-48 when I was researching *Power Without Glory*] that Lawrence had visited the Trades Hall while in Sydney asking questions about the political situation...one subject Garden claimed Lawrence was interested in was the political situation of the returned soldiers. - R. Darroch

The Barber of Thirroul

Endnotes

- Others might dispute this, however. Bruce Steele in a 1990 article in *Meridian* questioned whether Cooley, for example, was based on Rosenthal.
- See accompanying article, "Was Willie Struthers Uncle Jock?"
- Lawrence actually quotes not only from the *Bulletin*, but from the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* and *The Sun*.
- An example of his reversal technique is in seen in the relationship between Cooley and Callcott. In the novel Callcott is portrayed a Cooley's wartime superior (which fictionally is not very likely), this being a simple reversal of the real relationship between *Major* Scott and *General* Rosenthal. Re swapping: Lawrence has Callcott smoking "his short little pipe". Scott did not smoke a pipe, but used a cigarette -holder (as in the picture in *D.H. Lawrence in Australia*). But Hum - Trehwella - habitually used a short-stem, curved pipe. Interestingly, as with many of his disguise techniques, Lawrence later slips up, having Callcott offer a cigarette to Harriett in the train to Mullimbimby.
- What he seems to be disguising is the presence at the "Narrabeen" afternoon tea party at "St Columb" (almost certainly Collaroy and Hinemoa) of people who were helpful to him in Sydney and who were related *not* as sisters-in-law.
- The Sydney-Thirroul down trains that Monday were (Thirroul arrival times in brackets): 02.05 (04.39), 08.20 (10.34), 14.00 (16.28), 16.45 (18.43), 18.25 (20.47). The relevant up train times were (Sydney arrival times in brackets): 11.25 (13.52), 16.35pm (18.56), 19.58 (22.23). I am, as in all such matters, indebted to John Lacey for this information.
- Lawrence's error. Should have been the 27th.
- One can imagine Lawrence, determined to move in immediately, brushing aside objections that the cottage was not ready with the assurance that they would enjoy the "atmosphere of the home life of a large family".
- As quoted in Nehls.
- Though, as John Ruffels points out, the cottage Verdun was not on the route from the station to Craig street.
- I believe its proper name is probably "The Nightwatchman's Song".
- It would be remiss of me to omit here that the head of the Harbour Lights Guild in 1922 was Mrs A.S. Scrivener, mother of one of Lawrence's shipboard companions on the Malwa.

Letters

I appreciate being invited to attend the Inaugural Meeting of the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia, and I thank you for the first issue of RANANIM which was enclosed.

Thank you again for the invitations; I regret that I have to decline as I have already arranged to give my annual lecture to the Royal Air Force at the R.A.F. Museum at R.A.F. Hendon on that day.

Yours
Gerald Pollinger [literary agent for the Lawrence Estate]. October 26, 1993.

Very many thanks for the Journal: I found a lot to interest me. And many thanks, too, for putting me on your mailing list: I'll be looking forward to forthcoming issues and especially, of course, the one dealing with the exchanges between R.A.[Richard Aldington] and Adrian L. [Lawlor].

Tom Thompson is at present in Paris but I forwarded the extra copy of the Journal to him.

Renewed thanks
Alister Kershaw [Richard Aldington's former secretary].

Many thanks for sending me Volume 1 Number 1 of *Rananim* and for offering me [Honorary] membership of the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia. At first I felt I should decline the honour, being neither a passionate reader and disciple nor a scholarly student of Lawrence. But in his time Manning was all three, and it was a very well-worn edition of *Sons and Lovers* that was pressed upon me early in our acquaintance...I certainly shared Manning's interest in Lawrence's gifts and his remarkable career and legacy. In the spirit of that reminiscence, I am happy to accept honorary membership of the society.

With relief I read in *Rananim* that by a miracle Wyewurk still stands unaltered. I would of course endorse any moves to ensure its integrity and preservation on the grounds of literary and architectural significance.

With renewed thanks and every good wish for the success of the society and its Journal,

Yours sincerely

Dymphna (Clark).

Forthcoming Events

In the Footsteps of Lawrence 1: Sydney

The D.H. Lawrence Society plans to hold a seminar on Sunday May 29, to commemorate the arrival of Lawrence and Frieda in Sydney that weekend in 1922. The seminar will start in the morning with talks and discussion followed by lunch, with further talks in the afternoon. Speakers and other details to be announced later. Price, including lunch: \$25.

In the Footsteps of Lawrence 2: Ceylon

The DHL Society of Australia is planning a tour "In the Footsteps of Lawrence" to Sri Lanka in December 1994/January 1995. We will visit the Lawrence sites of Colombo, Kandy, and Nuwara

Eliya, but we will also go to other places of interest in Sri Lanka such as Galle, and Sigiriya, with its "fountains of paradise". We are investigating the possibility of travelling at least part of the way on the Viceroy Special train. But the intention is to have an inexpensive tour in a country where hotels and other travel arrangements are remarkably good value. John Lacey, a veteran of seven trips to Sri Lanka, as well as being our resident train buff, is advising on logistics and other arrangements. More details soon, but in the meantime you might like to register your interest and we will send you a brochure. Write to: The D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia, PO Box 100, Millers Point, NSW 2000.

Bits...

The newsletter of the D.H. L. Society of North America contains an interview with Doris Lessing, who confesses that Lawrence had an enormous effect on her. She picked out for special mention *Kangaroo*. She said: "I'll never forget the excitement of reading him...this Australian book...that continent, I will never be able to see it in any other way..." The interviewer expressed surprise that she liked *Kangaroo* so much, pointing out that modern American opinion thought Lawrence had been politically incorrect in such books. Lessing (who was brought up in Rhodesia) dismissed such "silliness". "Probably I shouldn't say this," she said. "But your country is an extremely hysterical country."



A review of a new video about D.H. Lawrence has been sent to us by one of our members, Jean Black, who spotted the item in one of the Sydney television guides. The review is of "Coming Through", starring Kenneth Branagh as D.H.L. and Helen Mirren as Frieda (who else?). Nice review of what seems, sight unseen, a good production (Branagh is apparently superb as the young Lawrence). The only flaw comes at the end of Bruce Webber's crit. He regretted the story did not go on to cover "their final journey around the world," he added: "After all, it was in Corrimal, that he wrote *Kangaroo*." What does Thirroul have to do to become famous?

Dr Peter Cochrane, author of a recently published book on the legend of John Simpson Kirkpatrick and his donkey, was asked to give a talk on his book to the Coledale branch of the RSL. Simpson had been a coalminer in the area before the Great War. In introducing Peter, the president of the RSL very proudly remarked that "Thirroul may have its D.H. Lawrence. But we have our Simpson."



One of our members, Christopher Pollnitz, who is with the Department of English at the University of Newcastle, is to deliver a paper at a conference to be held at the Humanities Research Centre of the Australian National University in Canberra on April 8-9. The paper will discuss the dating of a recently-discovered poem by Lawrence, "Death-Paeon of a Mother". The poem was discovered in 1990 among some manuscripts acquired by the University of Nottingham. John Worthen, author of *DHL: The Early Years*, believes that the poem was one of a number of elegies Lawrence wrote in 1911 on the death of his mother. However, there is evidence that the poem might have been written later, and this will be examined in the ANU paper.



Going to the dogs: D.H. Lawrence has recently been represented in Christopher Hawtree's *The Literary Companion to Dogs*, published by Sinclair-Stevenson. Reviewing the anthology in the Independent (UK) 22 November 1993, Duff Hart-Davis found Lawrence's contribution "acutely embarrassing". The poem finds its way into the anthology simply as *vers d'occasion* and it is to be hoped that those who purchase the collection will make allowance for that.



The name of Lawrence's Thirroul cottage - Wyewurk - has amused and intrigued many people, as has that of its equally laid-back neighbour, Wyewurrie. But such house names were common in Sydney before street numbering was established. John Ruffels has found a Wye-Wurk in the 1919 electoral role for Manly environs, and there are any number of Wyewurries, including one at Collaroy, a few hundred yards from Hinemoa, where Lawrence probably had afternoon tea in 1922.



Among those who sent apologies to our inaugural DHL Society meeting was Dr Bruce Steele, who is editing the much-awaited Cambridge University Press Edition of *Kangaroo*. He wrote to say that the CUP had advanced the publication date of the edition to July 1994.

About the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia

The aims of the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia are to foster interest in Lawrence generally, and his time Australia, and also to promote the preservation of Wyewurk, the house where he stayed at Thirroul, and which is portrayed in *Kangaroo*. The Society plans to arrange regular meetings, seminars and outings, and will also publish four issues annually of its journal, *Rananim*.

If you are not already a member, or if you know somebody who would like to join, please fill in the form and send it with a cheque for \$30 to the Secretary, (A\$50 for overseas members) D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia, PO Box 100, Millers Point, NSW 2000.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

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

NAME:

ADDRESS:

.....

..... POSTCODE:

TEL: FAX:

I enclose a cheque for \$A30 (\$A50 for overseas subscribers)

(Cont'd from p 4)

By Steamship to Rananim

and it is quite perfect, because the people are so quiet and simple and nobody shows off at all. The boat is nothing but comfort - like a luxurious hotel this second class. First is no different, except one deck more - but more showing off - dances etc. It cost £140 for the two of us, Naples to Colombo. First class only ten pounds more.

From Fremantle to Sydney DHL sailed on the P&O *Malwa*, named after the Central India province. Originally, the vessel was to be named the *Medina* but this name was not available in 1908. (The later *Medina's* first voyage was as the Royal Yacht to take the King-Emperor and Empress to the Delhi Durbar in 1911.)

The *Malwa* was one of a series of liners built either for the London-Australia or London-India mail services. Thus all passenger accommodation was above the main deck for comfort in tropical conditions. These M class liners, weighing about 11,000 tons, carried 400 first class and 200 second class. The P&O line did not carry 3rd or emigrant passengers as emigrant ships had to have all-white crews, while the P&O line had Indian deck and saloon staff, with white officers and senior seamen. In service as a troopship the *Malwa* was the victim of a torpedo attack, but

the torpedo failed to detonate.

The liner in which the Lawrences sailed from Sydney to San Francisco gained both fame and infamy. The *Tahiti* was launched in 1904 for the UK-West Indies mail service as the *Port Kingston*. When Elder Dempster lines lost the mail contract, the ship was purchased by the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand in 1911 and renamed. It was requisitioned by the New Zealand Government during the war and used as a troopship, especially to Egypt. Weighing 7800 tons, the *Tahiti* accommodated 227 first, 97 second and 141 third class passengers.

In 1923 the *Tahiti* gained fame for its record passage of 16.5 days between Wellington and San Francisco. Infamy was to come later on 3 November 1927 when the *Tahiti* sliced through the ferry *Greycliffe*, which sank within 3 minutes, killing at least 39 people, including many homeward bound schoolchildren on the 4.16 Circular Quay-Watson's Bay service. The *Tahiti* itself sank in 1930 when the starboard propeller shaft snapped leaving a huge hole in her side. The ship stayed afloat for two days enabling everyone and their luggage to be transferred to the rescuing Matson liner *Ventura* (which was one of the liners considered by DHL) before sinking 18,000 feet into the Pacific.

Unlike their voyage from Naples to Sydney, the Lawrences travelled in first class aboard the *Tahiti*. In a letter

to Mabel Dodge Sterne Lawrence wrote:

"I expect we shall have to go first class on these small boats" (and to Anna Jenkins), "It is about £60 first and £50 second class to San Francisco on the Tahiti. We thought of going First to San Francisco because it is a long trip."

During the ship's call in Wellington, DHL sent a postcard of her birth place to Katherine Mansfield, and this gesture was much appreciated.

However, what Lawrence himself thought of Wellington may be seen in Stephen O'Connor's article.

- John Lacey

Coming Up in Future Issues

- Dr Paul Eggert's bibliography of DHL and Australia.
- DHL in Ceylon
- The Fred Esch Papers
- The Wyewurk Visitors' Book