



Rananim

The Journal of the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia

ISSN No: 1039 - 9658

Vol 2, No. 2, June 1994

BY STEAM TRAIN TO THIRROUL



Sandra Jobson, Liz Shaw and Margaret Jones at Thirroul station (man with black bag: Paul Eggert)

On Saturday, February 26, the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia made its first out-of-town trip to a Lawrence Sacred Site. Appropriately, the 28 members of the Society who took part in the pilgrimage to Thirroul - the fictional Mullumbimby in *Kangaroo* - travelled in the same way Lawrence and Frieda had done in May 1922: by steam train.

The trip was arranged by John Lacey, the editor of this journal and a steam train enthusiast of long standing, through the NSW Rail Transport Museum which runs regular excursions for steam buffs. Its scheduled expedition to Thirroul for its members allowed the DHL Society to join in, and retrace the journey down the coast 72 years ago of the Lawrences (and also, fictionally, of Richard Lovatt Somers and his wife Harriett).

Another important purpose of the trip was to allow those members who had not been to Thirroul before to see at least the outside of Wyewurk, the house in Craig Street where Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo*.

One pilgrim for whom this was a unique event was Monica Rothe-Rotowski, who is the treasurer of the United Kingdom DHL Society. It was her first visit to Australia and she had been in Sydney only a few days before she booked on the excursion.

The train with its load of steam buffs and Society members left Sydney's Central station at 11.20 am. The carriages, dating back to 1937, were more comfortable than the "long, open" variety in which the Lawrences travelled.

Their panelled wood mirrors, luggage racks, and sedate black-and-white photographs of rural scenes produced an agreeable nostalgia in those old enough to have travelled on such trains in their childhood.

The Society was luckier than the fictional Richard and Harriett, who had rain streaming down the train windows. The February day was brilliant, with a temperature of 28 degrees, and the champagne produced after the train pulled out was deliciously cold. One

of the charms of the trip was that Society members were able, with a good deal of exactitude, to recreate for themselves the Lawrence's actual journey, for, even after 72 years, many things remain the same.

(cont'd p2)

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By Steam Train to Thirroul

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Kangaroo does not mention the first landmark, the macabrely-named Mortuary Station (there was some difficulty in explaining this to the English visitor) but then there were familiar scenes outside the carriage windows.

The train ran for a long time through Sydney or the endless outside of Sydney. The town took almost as much leaving as London does. But it was different. Instead of solid rows of houses, solid streets like London, it was mostly innumerable detached bungalows and cottages, spreading for great distances, scattering over hills, low hills and shallow inclines....Away to the left they saw the shallow water of the big opening where Botany Bay is: the sandy shores, the factory chimneys, the lonely places where it is still Bush.

But when the train began to run through the Royal National Park, the Society members saw what the Lawrences had not: the terrifying devastation by the recent (January) bushfires. Lawrence had got the landscape right:

...It was virgin bush, and as if unvisited, lost, sombre, with plenty of space, yet spreading grey for miles and miles, in a hollow towards the west...The strange, as it were, invisible beauty of Australia, which is undeniably there, but which seems to lurk just beyond the range of our white vision.

The bush still looks virgin but, post-bushfires, it was scarred and blackened for kilometre after kilometre, a sight which would be frightening were it not also exhilarating, for everywhere can be seen the bright shoots of new growth, determinedly struggling to regreen the vast areas of burnt out landscape.

If the sight of the National Park was sobering, the first glimpse of the sea at Stanwell Park sent spirits as high as the soaring hang gliders. From then on, down the coast, the maritime scenery is as splendid as can be seen anywhere in the world, "...lovely bays with sand and grass and trees, sloping up to the sudden hills that were like a wall," Lawrence wrote, seeing also, though, the

smoke from the collieries which would have been so familiar to him.

Then the Society members, like the Lawrences, came to Thirroul, set below "a great black wall of mountain or cliff or tor, a vast dark tree-covered tor."

Like the Lawrences, the pilgrims set off on foot towards the sea, carrying their picnic baskets. They did not have to picnic, however, for with great generosity Lani and John Moulton, who live on Surfers Parade, just round the corner from Wyewurk, had thrown open their house to the visitors, providing the implements of barbecue, and great bowls of salad. The Sydney excursionists were joined there by Wendy Jolliffe, the former librarian at Thirroul, and still custodian of a substantial local Lawrence archive.

A side-expedition to Craig Street and Wyewurk was mounted for first-timers and others, though as the house is in private hands and therefore a no-go area for visitors, viewing had to be from the outside. There may be signs, however, that the owner, estate agent Michael Morath, may be softening his severe attitude to visitors, for he recently allowed an SBS camera crew to film on the verandah, and record the vista that Harriett Somers saw in *Kangaroo*:

...the sea, the great Pacific right there and rolling in huge white thunderous rollers not forty yards away, under the grassy platform of the garden. She walked to the edge of the grass. Yes, just down the low cliff, really only a bank, went her own little path, down a steep bank, and then there was smooth yellow sand, and the long sea swishing white up its incline, and rocks to the left and incredible long rollers furling over and crushing down on the shore. At her feet! At her very feet, the huge rhythmic Pacific!

The return trip to Sydney was, for the benefit of the train-only buffs, over a rarely-used section of goods line, and the sight and sound of the steam train brought residents out of their houses, many with cameras.

It was a day of steam and sun and surf and nostalgia, and it may profitably (for it helped raise funds for our journal, *Rananim*) be repeated at some future time on more orthodox transport and with more leisure to explore Thirroul and its hinterland, which Lawrence so well described.

- Margaret Jones



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If you are able to send your article on a floppy disc (PC or Mac), it would be very helpful. Please label your disc with details of which program you used. We are trying to standardise the style. Please indent the first word of each paragraph 5mm and don't make a line space between paragraphs. Put titles of books in upper and lower case *italics* with no quotation marks. If you want to quote from a passage from a published book, please do not indent it but make one line space before and after it and mark it as an indent on your accompanying hard copy. Many thanks - it will save a lot of time! Please contact the publisher, Sandra Jobson, to establish style details and disc formatting. Tel: (09) 382 3955 or 018 679 649.

A Visitor from Japan: Yoshi's Australian Odyssey...

Professor Yoshiharu Niwa from Osaka, Japan, is the first, and only, translator of *Kangaroo* into Japanese.

Recently Yoshi was granted a year's sabbatical in the USA. He decided to start his year by visiting Australia en route to America and retracing Lawrence's time in 1922.

Yoshi's visit was to be a revelation to him of the reality behind Lawrence's words. It was also to be punctuated by a series of fortuitous and unexpected coincidences. Firstly, the Darrochs happened to have moved to Perth a few weeks prior to his arrival there and were thus able to escort him to Fremantle to start his odyssey in the footsteps of Lawrence.

Next day they went to Darlington, about 38 kilometres north east of Perth, where Lawrence and Frieda stayed at Mollie Skinner's guesthouse cum convalescent home, "Leithdale". Just as they were about to set off, a neighbour, Jock, asked where they were heading. When told it was Leithdale at Darlington, Jock revealed he had lived at Leithdale in the 1940s when his father recuperated there.

Yoshi and the Darrochs set off,

driving for miles through sparse and unpopulated bushland, much of it scarred by the previous year's bushfires and very alien to Yoshi's eyes..

"Ahhh," said Yoshi when pointed out examples of white "ghost" gums. Arriving at Darlington, they soon spotted an elegant old single storey house with a verandah all round it, decorated with iron lace and wooden fretworked balustrades (Lawrence certainly had good taste in the houses he lived in). It was Leithdale, and its current owners, Ruth and Simon Knowles, kindly invited them to look around and take pictures. Then the pilgrims went to the site of the Old Dairy (now demolished), where a plaque announces that D.H. Lawrence used the building, built in 1890, as a writer's retreat. The next street is called Lawrence Close.

Progressing on his odyssey, Yoshi arrived in Sydney and made contact with John Ruffels and Steve O'Connor who invited him on a tour in Lawrence's footsteps to Manly and Narrabeen via Collaroy Basin. Arriving at Narrabeen, Yoshi immediately recognised the tram shelter where Lawrence and Frieda alighted. A

walk down Ocean Street took them past the original house called "Tres Bon". Then, to all, came a surprise, a few doors down the street was a quaint beach house named "Wywurk" (the original spelling). An excited Lawrentian group was somewhat deflated when the owner said the name had only been given to the house the previous year. Unperturbed, Yoshi took a photo.

Later, Yoshi visited Joe Davis in Thirroul where they inspected Wyewurk from the outside and also visited Bulli Lookout where Yoshi observed the tree ferns, remarking: "Ahh - the prehistoric world."

Joe asked Yoshi to inscribe a message on the flyleaf of his translation of *Kangaroo*. He wrote: "When I went to Wyewurk I felt what you felt - the Spirit of the Place."

After a tour of the streets of Thirroul, Yoshi was able to confirm that Lawrence's powers of observation and reportage were acute and accurate: "Lawrence didn't use much imagination," he commented.

For a picture of Yoshi on the road to Darlington, please see p 23

...and a Visitor from England: Monica's Train Trip

A letter was waiting for me on my arrival in Sydney from England on February 18. Opening it, I read: "By Steam Train to Thirroul". Jet-lagged, I misread the date and thought I had missed the outing. Surfacing later, I realised to my joy it was going to happen the following Saturday. John Lacey was contacted, the booking was made, and upon arrival at Sydney Terminal Station, D.H. Lawrence enthusiasts were recognisable. Sandra Jobson became aware of me - perhaps the Phoenix I was wearing attracted her attention. It was all reminiscent of waiting for each other outside the library in Eastwood, Notts, for our outings.

Kangaroo came alive for me - the train did run for a long time through Sydney. I was eagerly looking for

the coastline but all thoughts of that vanished when we ran through the Royal National Park, and the devastation caused by the bushfires we had watched daily on BBC TV came vividly to life for me. An occasional glimmer of green gave hope of new life for the trees. The journey sped by as the good company in my carriage exchanged views about Lawrence and the two treasurers discussed keeping the books.

Arriving at Thirroul, I looked for the cliff that reminded Harriet of Matlock in Derbyshire - yes, much bigger. Then we walked to the lovely home of Lani and John Moulton, quite close to Wyewurk. We should have been happy to linger longer over the delicious lunch served in the restful garden of our hosts, but

Wyewurk had to be seen at all costs. It was, but indeed from afar, as Robert Darroch tells us in "The Barber of Thirroul" in the last issue of *Rananim*: "I came to see Wyewurk, but was turned away as, alas you will be turned away today." Sadly, we were, but we drank in the sweep of coast Lawrence loved.

The journey home sped by too quickly, goodbyes were said and I had the company of Paul Eggert as I waited for a lift home. We talked of mutual friends in the Society in England and of each finding the cottage in Higher Tregethen, Cornwall, called *Rananim*. Then the car came for me - but memories of an unforgettable day remain. - **Monica Rothe-Rotowski** (Treasurer of the UK D.H. Lawrence Society)

A Touch of Pasadena at Thirroul

A really lovely brick house with a roof of bright red tiles coming down very low over dark wooden verandahs and huge round rain-tanks, and a bit of grass and a big shed with double doors. Joy!

She turned to the house. There it crouched with its long windows and its verandah and its various slopes of low, red-tiled roofs. Perfect. Perfect...

The house indeed was dark with its deep verandahs like eyelids half closed... Long cottage windows, and a white ceiling with narrow beams.¹

Harriett liked the house extremely. It was well built, solid, in the good English fashion. It had a great big room with dark jarrah timbering on the roof and walls; it had a dark jarrah floor, and doors and some solid, satisfactory jarrah furniture, a big, real table and a sideboard and strong square chairs with cane seats.

The Lord had sent her there that was certain.²

The above quotes are from Chapter 5 of D H Lawrence's Australian novel, *Kangaroo*; they leave the reader in no doubt that whatever the author and his wife Frieda had to fight about during their stay at Thirroul on the New South Wales South coast in 1922, they agreed on one thing: the bungalow, "Wywurk"³, which they rented for ten weeks in the winter, was a perfect joy to live in.

Not for them the promiscuous humiliating little bungalows on Sydney's northern peninsular: Love's Harbour" or "Racketty Coo", with their scatter of tin cans and "2 Let" signs, all formlessness and chaos. Nor did they want the "dog kennelly" houses which he described in the North Shore harbourside

suburbs (with their "chicken run" backyards).

With his sharp eye and acute antenna, Lawrence linked these haphazard little bungalows with a vacant kind of freedom; the irreverence of the house-names offended his English sensibilities.

But in Thirroul (in the novel *Mullumbimby*) the Lawrences encountered a bungalow with a feeling of permanence and solidity. A red tiled roof: not zinc or tin.

"We're very nice here. You would like this house very much: the big room with open fire and lovely windows with little red curtains, and the broad verandahs, and the grass and the beach quite, quite lonely: only the waves."⁴

Unbeknown to Lawrence and Frieda, this cottage which they so admired was a successful experiment in architectural transplant; built over a decade before, when such designs were rarer.

By the time the Lawrences arrived in 1922, this style of architecture, an adaptation of the California Bungalow design, had become an established model for those even in "dog kennelly" suburbia, people drawn to the relaxing life-style and practicality it induced.

"Wywurk" was a touch of Pasadena in Thirroul.

The Californian Bungalow

In the beginning was the barn. Persons of small means when they first came to California often found it desirable to put all their money into land and the young orchards which were to make their fortunes.

They decided to live themselves in a small structure which should be their barn of the future house. These barns were at first constructed with Eastern solidity, with heavy posts and beams, and

completely finished on the inside as barns, with stalls, mangers and other like fittings. The human tenants generally decorated the carriage house with burlap, or old Government Java coffee bags, held in place by split bamboo strips: and this, with a tough fireplace, a few good pieces of furniture, and the shadows of the rafters overhead, made a really delightful living room. The great barn doors were generally left open, giving an outdoor effect very grateful to the lovers of the sun and space.

The next step was to build only the outside shell of the barn, dividing it into rooms with temporary partitions.... Later, travellers from distant lands noticed the resemblances between these widespreading, one storey houses and the East Indian 'bungalow', and thenceforward these dwellings ceased to be temporary; but putting on wide verandahs and a dignified name, sprang up in every direction, as intentional homes.⁵

This rather long quote gives a clear indication of just how the original California - or Pasadena - bungalows came about; a process of serendipity harnessed by the Greene brothers, architects from Pasadena, who also incorporated the horizontal lines from Japanese houses (possibly observed in the swelling Japanese colony on the West Coast of the United States).

Then came, in the mountains as hunting lodges, with their rugged log walls and stone chimneys, or by the seaside, as coastal imitations of these log cabins, the true American version of the bungalow.

Enterprising architects, struggling to supply economic designs to the waves of new settlers from the East Coast, adapted the cheap yet appealing format of these informal holiday bungalows, combining the rough-hewn exteriors of the mountain lodges with the attractive interiors of the Pasadena barn-bungalow. And

thus was born the California Bungalow.

In Australia in 1907, immigration from Britain was rising. Housing in the inner city suburbs of Sydney and Melbourne was close to breaking point. The same year a new journal appeared in Sydney, devoted entirely to the building industry. Edited by George Jones, it was called, appropriately, *Building*. Almost in its first edition, this new and soon to be influential journal drew the attention of local tradesmen to the quaint new bungalow cottages beginning to spring up all over California. So successful were these new cottages that American architects established a whole new industry in publishing designs for them. (Their advertisements claimed for only one dollar it was possible to purchase the complete set of the plans required to build a California Bungalow)⁶.

By 1912, these design books were flooding the bookshops of Australia. There were so many, and still few people buying them, that booksellers actually reduced their price.

Precisely when the first California Bungalow-influenced cottage was erected in Australia is impossible to establish. Unlike our Californian cousins, Australia was already aware of the bungalow house, to use the general term, because of its popularity in Britain since the 1890s. And since large numbers of ex-Indian army officers and their families chose to retire to the warmer compromise of a Sydney or Melbourne climate, rather than return to the traumatic cold of the Northern hemisphere, it is highly likely these "Raj-wallahs" brought their own knowledge of Indian "bungalows" (from the Hindi for a lightly built structure from the Bengal area) with them to Australia.

It can be safely said the general category of cottage known as the bungalow began to make its more wide-spread appearance in Australia in the early 1900's. But these were cottages which incorporated influences from several diverse areas; for example, a bungalow cottage designed by Adelaide architect F. Kenneth Milne for Mrs S Toms at

Marryatville, in 1906, adopted flavours from the Indian bungalow, the British Vernacular Revival, and, some people think, early traces of the California Bungalow.⁷

If added to that are the influences of the Artistic or Arts and Crafts design, not to mention the Swiss chalet (which permitted the confusing rule that a bungalow could be of more than single storey in height!), it can be seen just how difficult it would be to establish the priority of the first California Bungalow-designed house in Australia.

Perhaps it should be added that architectural historians in Australia are currently still wrestling with the provenance and priority of various examples of the California Bungalow, and naturally prefer to chronicle the clearer entry of the pure Pasadena prototype.

But having said that, several dogged architecture detectives have tracked down some interesting cottages which exhibit more than the minimum characteristics which found wide suburban popularity after World War I.

Sydney architect Edwin Orchard seems to have used American pattern-book designs before World War I. Harry Day designed a "Mission Bungalow" at Cremorne in 1912. And the Guthrie bungalow built at Sutherland outside Sydney in 1913 included a cerise colour scheme in one bedroom and was described as a no-servants house.

When James Peddle returned from two years of practice as an architect in Pasadena in 1914, he brought with him the most authentic knowledge of how to erect a pure Pasadena bungalow. He and his partner, Stephen Thorpe, built in the new Sydney "garden suburb" of Daceyville a design of house principally categorised as Australian Vernacular because of their use of verandahs and asymmetrically placed projecting front gables.⁸

The purest example of a Peddle & Thorpe California Bungalow so far unearthed is "The Cobbles" built at Neutral Bay in 1918, of "rustic lumber" with a fantastic tapered

outside chimney of round river stones.⁹

The house D H Lawrence and Frieda rented in the former South Coast holiday resort of Thirroul was erected in that grey period when Australians were afraid to embrace too wholeheartedly the pure California Bungalow. Nonetheless, as the phenomenon of the C.B. becomes clearer, it is plain to see that the designers of Wywurk incorporated the very best features of the California Bungalow, combined with the clever ingredients of the already widely-accepted Federation style.

To learn just what the main features of a California Bungalow are, see attached boxed drawing by Ian Stapleton and text by Maisy Stapleton from a *Sydney Morning Herald* article on the subject.¹⁰

Wywurk's History

In July 1910, a Sydney engineer, Thomas Irons, purchased a block of land at Macauley's Hill, a small promontory just south of Thirroul's main beach¹¹. Surrounded by paddocks of grazing cows from the nearby dairy farm, no houses had yet been built on the sea-edge.

Irons was at the height of his career as a successful manufacturer of railway engines and carriages for the New South Wales government, one of a syndicate which owned the large Clyde Engineering works at Granville in Sydney. Born in 1849, Thomas Irons relaxed by renting a holiday cottage called Wendouree in this South Coast holiday resort. There, surrounded by his family, he enjoyed many seaside holidays.

Wendoruree (aboriginal for 'meeting place') was a classic old hip-roofed, weatherboard house facing north with a wide, shady verandah on the front. It still exists, much changed, in Tasman Parade, south of Craig Street¹².

From photographic evidence supplied by Dr Joseph Davis, and from Irons' family photographs taken in the early days of Wywurk's history, it is possible to compute an approximate date for the erection of

cont'd over page

A Touch of Pasadena at Thirroul

cont'd from p 5

the new Irons family holiday house at Macauley's Hill. This date would appear to be prior to January 1911.¹³

In subsequently published information¹⁴ it is stated that the Irons family employed an architect to design - or adapt a design - for the house, probably in close consultation with Thomas Irons and his son Roy. It was said the owners gave the architect (who is unknown) "carte blanche". But there persists a legend, even repeated to journalist F W L Esch in 1956 by the Southwell family who bought Wywurk from the Irons family, that the bungalow was designed by Thomas Irons' son Roy, who brought the design back with him from America, where he studied architecture¹⁵.

Yet this appears to be confused remembering, as the Irons family historian, Margaret Gilfillan, has discovered. Whilst Thomas Irons and his eldest daughter took a business trip to America in 1900 (to visit locomotive engineering works), no evidence can be found to show that son Roy Irons travelled to America prior to the building of Wywurk (spelt without the 'e' prior to 1919). He did go to America to study architecture, to the University of Pennsylvania school of architecture, for the years 1912-13 and 1913-14.

Nonetheless, Wywurk seems to be inextricably associated with Roy Irons in surviving family information. Nearly all of the photographs of Roy show him in swimming attire with a towel or blazer, taken at Wywurk. Even the house name itself has an association; originally the cottage was christened "Idlehere" or "Idleawhile", the story varies¹⁷, but local tradesman who called over the Christmas holidays period found the cottage a hive of pre-festive activity, prompting them to comment on the irony of the name. Roy suggested a name change to Wywurk: the family agreed.

As a champion rower for a Sydney club, and as a strong swimmer, Roy enjoyed the outdoor,

healthy life style...Wywurk...? During one holiday Roy was swept by the current out to sea at Macauley's and around the Sandon point to Bulli beach. As a future precaution the Irons family purchased a life-saving reel and belt and this was stored under Wywurk, where from 1913 the Thirroul Life Saving Club knew to locate it should it be required in an emergency¹⁸.

The answer to the mystery of Roy's involvement may be that Roy sat in with his father during discussions with the architect or builder, perhaps poring over a pattern-book bungalow design. It is quite possible Thomas Irons enlisted his son's assistance in the design of Wywurk, and later encouraged him to take up studies in the United States, as no course was available at that time at Sydney University. Roy Irons never completed his studies in architecture, as these were interrupted by the outbreak of war with Germany in 1914. He sailed at once for England to enlist. Later whilst there, he met and married the Hon. Winifred Smith, daughter of Lord Colwyn, a successful rubber and cotton manufacturer.

His father died in February 1918 whilst mowing the lawn at Wywurk. In his will he left the holiday cottage to Roy. But sadly Roy never returned to Australia, choosing instead to work in his father-in-law's rubber business in the north of England. He died in 1950 leaving a widow and one daughter¹⁹.

Two points can be made which show how singular the design of Wywurk was. When the Irons family sold the cottage at Thirroul in January, 1919, Hardie & Gorman published a pamphlet entitled "Real Estate Movements: a Monthly Record". This described the fabulous site Wywurk occupied on the coastline; and then the writer (probably Clarence Gorman who sold his own house at Cheltenham to Thomas Irons the year before) enthused: "Wywurk was built to order for its late owner; he gave the architect 'carte blanche', and the latter most certainly 'did himself proud'. The

writer knows, because a few years ago he happened to see through this delightful seaside home, and he has carried the memory ever since, with a determination some day to have one as nearly its double as possible..."²⁰.

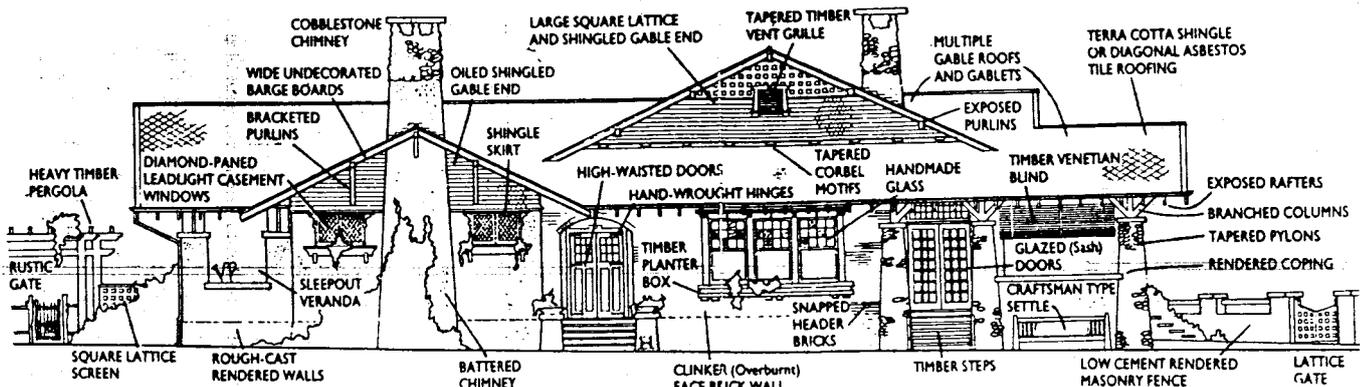
The second point which can be made is that when other families purchased the lots adjoining Wywurk, two of them asked if they might copy the layout of Wywurk, these houses are still standing nearby today.²¹

Perhaps the last word should be left to an expert, Professor Richard Apperly, who provided his opinion on Wyewurk's place in the scheme of things at the Department of Planning Inquiry into Wyewurk in 1989: "While the emergence of a recognisable California Bungalow style in Australia can be dated at 'about 1916', the first one-and-a-half decades of the twentieth century saw the cultural and architectural foundations for the style being laid. By 1910, the Queen Anne style of domestic architecture was well and truly on the way out and the design of houses was moving towards the simpler California Bungalow style. Architects like T. R. Irons (sic) and houses like Wyewurk were helping to usher in the new style. Wyewurk has a simplicity and a ground-hugging quality which characterises the California Bungalow in Australia, although it has few of the stylistic details and 'features' of the fully developed style. The very informal plan of the house, complete with an absence of corridors, demonstrates a typical aspect of the California Bungalow in America.

"In my opinion, Wyewurk is a good example of an architect-designed house in the period when Australian domestic architecture was moving towards the California Bungalow Style which was to dominate the suburbs in the 1920's"²².

I would add that other features indicate an even stronger Pasadena influence: the nested gables, the sleep-out verandahs, the shingled gable ends, the rough-cast rendered upper walls, the side main entrance,

WHAT WYEWURK STARTED



Typical features of the Californian Bungalow style (courtesy of Maisy and John Stapleton)

the radical backdoor facing the street, the battered chimney, the use of solid Australian timber (jarrah) for beams and floor boards, the plate rails, and the dark interior colour scheme.

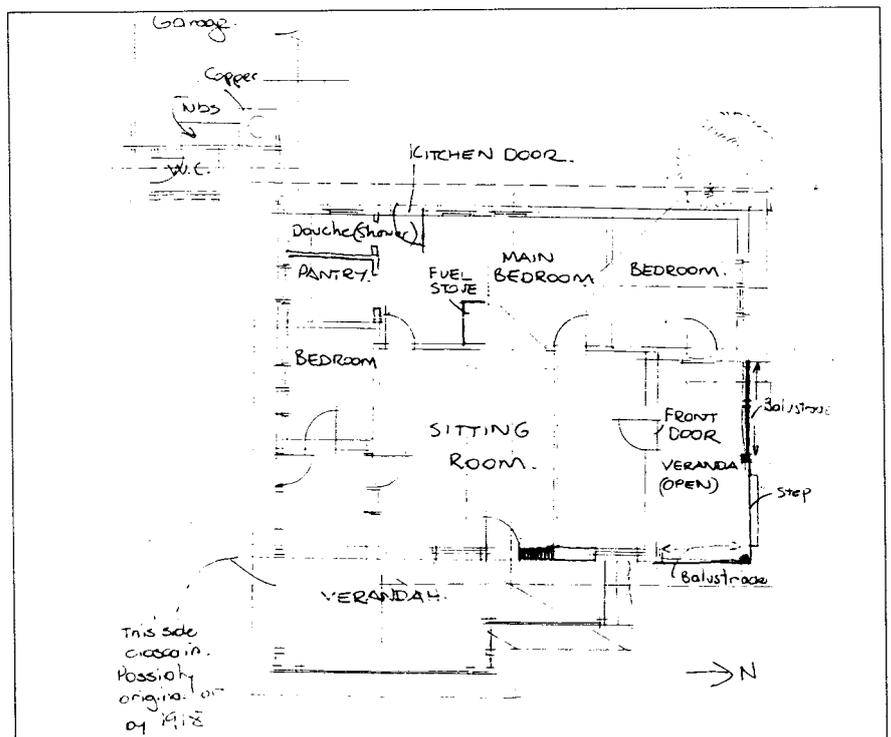
All these features contributed to the homely atmosphere Frieda and Bert Lawrence were yearning for. It is probably not drawing too long a bow to say, had not the Lawrences found such comfortable accommodation, they might well have caught an earlier steamer to America and, who knows?, *Kangaroo* might not have been written. - **John Ruffels**

End Notes

1. Collins Imprint Corrected Edition of *Kangaroo* (Angus & Robertson: Sydney 1989); p 88.
2. *Ibid.*, p 89.
3. The original spelling of Wyewurk was Wywurk (without the "e"). I have used the original spelling unless quoting others.
4. *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence*, Volume IV (1921-1924); Cambridge Edition: Letter 2534, to Baroness Anna Von Richthofen (Frieda's mother), 9 June 1922 from Thirroul.
5. This wonderfully informative account is from (American) *House Beautiful*: June 1914; *The Evolution of the Bunaglow* by H.H. Lazear, cited in Prof R.E. Apperly's treatise on "Wyewurk" attached to A.M. Prescott's Proof of Evidence submitted for the Heritage Council at the First Wyewurk Inquiry, circa August, 1988.
6. The literature on California Bungalows is slowly emerging. See principally: John Clare *The California Bunaglow in Australia: 'Historic Environment'* Volume One (1986) pp 19-39. Graham Butler: *The Californian Bunaglow in Australia* (Lothian Books: Victoria, 1992) and various works by Maisy and Ian Stapleton.
7. Butler *ibid.* and National Trust Desk Diary (1982) for photograph by Donald I. Johnson (thank you to J. Davis for alerting me to this.)
8. Butler *ibid.*
9. National Trust of NSW Desk Diary (1982). Photograph of The Cobbles by Ian Stapleton.

10. See article on California Bungalows SMH 23 Sept. 1989; text by Maisy Stapleton, sketch by Ian Stapleton.
11. Land Titles Office records. Lot 2, DP5828, Certificate of Title Volume 2067 Folio 33.
12. Photograph in the Irons' family photo album in possession of Mrs M. Gilfillan.
13. Dr Joseph Davis has a photograph of Thirroul showing clearly "Wywurk" but not the distinctive high pitched roof of the new Methodist Church. His local knowledge puts this date at prior to December 24, 1910. The Irons family can compute the approximate date of the photograph of an early gathering at "Wywurk" from the perceived age of known infants identified therein.
14. Hardie & Gorman: *Real Estate Movements: A Monthly Record*. (January 1919).
15. A letter from SMH journalist F.W.L. Esch to Mrs Beatrice Southwell dated 7 May 1956. (F.W.L. Esch Papers - in possession of Mrs M.A. Esch, who has kindly permitted this citation).
16. Photographs in the possession of Mrs Gilfillan; the Jolliffe Collection; and recollections of Thomas

17. Information from Don Irons. Thanks to Joseph Davis re: local lore and informing me of this mention in the official history of the Thirroul Surf Club.
18. Details of Roy Irons' subsequent career from Mrs M. Gilfillan; "Nan" Napier, who visited Roy and his wife in England between the wars; Burke's Landed Gentry 1976; Roy's engagement *The Bulletin* November 15 1917 p 18; marriage: *Sydney Daily Telegraph* November 7 1917. Thomas Iron's obit. *The Bulletin* March 7 1918 p 14.
19. Hardie & Gorman: *Real Estate Movements: A Monthly Record* (Jan., 1919).
20. Information provided by Joseph Davis from the late Rita Brown, whose house "Chirrup", Surfers Paradise, was one; and from Mrs Brown that the house diagonally opposite (NW corner) was the other.
21. Professor Apperly's verdict was offered in his treatise on "Wyewurk" annexed to A.M. Prescott's Proof of Evidence, submitted by the Heritage Council of NSW at the First Wyewurk Inquiry, circa 1989 (August).



Wyewurk: a plan showing original design (courtesy of Maisy and John Stapleton)

FOLLOWING THE OF LAWRENCE

Lawrence spent two and a half days in Sydney before going down to Thirroul by the 2 pm train on Monday, May 29, 1922. What did he do during that time?

It's an important question, for it is likely that it was in Sydney, not Thirroul, that Lawrence encountered the contacts who were to provide him with the information for the secret army plot of *Kangaroo*. And as he started the novel within days of settling into Wyewurk, it is highly likely that those Sydney contacts were the result of one or more key encounters between his arrival at the P&O wharf early on Saturday, May 27, and the quitting of his "more or less expensive boarding-house" about 1 pm the following Monday.

It's also a timely question, for not only will this issue of *Rananim* coincide with Lawrence's arrival in Sydney 72 years ago, but it also marks the occasion of our Society's first seminar, "In the Footsteps of Lawrence", to be held on Sunday, May 29, at Collaroy - where some of us maintain he spent some time that first Sunday in 1922.

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And it must again be pointed out that all attempts to reconstruct Lawrence's movements in Australia are, as I conceded in a previous article ("The Barber of Thirroul", *Rananim* #2), bedevilled by the problem of sources and their reliability. Of course, it is my contention that the most extensive source is *Kangaroo* itself, it largely being, I believe, a fictionalised "diary" of Lawrence's time in NSW. Yet, as Davis and others have quite rightly pointed out, it is not one that can be too-freely lent on. It can, however, become surprisingly informative when correlated with other sources, such as Lawrence's letters and diary, Frieda's autobiography, and the other scant first-hand records, principally the Australian reminiscences to be found in Nehls's *Composite Biography* (cf. the "Barber" article mentioned above).

But there is another area of potential correlation which can allow the novel to be used as a source for deducing Lawrence's Sydney and Thirroul activities. If, for example, Lawrence has his alter-ego Somers doing something fictionally, and this activity reveals knowledge that Lawrence could neither have invented nor found out about second-

hand, then we might deduce that this part of the novel was probably taken from reality, and that the activity in question happened to, or was observed by, Lawrence himself.

Using this technique we can, for instance, deduce that Somers' trip to Manly and beyond, described in chapter two, actually occurred. The detail of the "fictional" trip tallies so closely with actuality that it could scarcely have been invented, nor derived from a second-hand source. Specifically, his mention of a house name, Tres Bon, almost certainly places him at the corner of Ocean and Malcolm streets, Narrabeen, on Sunday, May 28, 1922 - for a house bearing that name stands there today. Using aids such as this it should be possible to extend our primary-source picture of Lawrence's movements in Sydney and Thirroul, building up a hierarchy of likelihood, comprising what is certain, what is highly probable, what probable, down to the merely speculative.

Lawrence's boat from Perth, the Malwa, docked at the P&O wharf, near the bottom of Macquarie Street, at around 6.40 am (according to the shipping report in the *Daily Telegraph*). It was raining, the sky was dark, a light southerly was blowing, and the temperature was about 47 degrees F.

When he came on deck after breakfast and the ship had stopped, it was pouring with rain, the P. & O. wharf looked black and dismal, empty. It might almost have been an abandoned city. He walked round to the starboard side, to look towards the imposing hillock of the city and the Circular Quay. Black, all black and unutterably dismal in the pouring rain, even the green grass of the Botanical Gardens, and the bits of battlement of the

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His impression was that Scott was deeply involved with those activities. Charles Rosenthal, incidentally was his G.O.C. in the Thirties, and he knows a lot more about the post war "association" I mentioned than will ever go on the record, or than he ever told Bert Coak. He also agrees with me that all those who had played any significant part in the organisations of the time are dead and that they were strictly separated by States, except perhaps at the top level.

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Disembarking formalities would have taken the Lawrences between one and two hours, so they would have emerged from Customs and immigration, preceded no doubt by a porter bearing their cabin luggage (two suitcases, a hat-box and two smaller bags, plus, maybe, the side of a Sicilian cart⁵), around 9 am, to be welcomed to Sydney by David

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How do we know that Lawrence was met on arrival by Hum? There is no mention or hint of such a meeting in *Kangaroo*, nor in any other primary source. Yet it is all but certain. For a start, we may take it as as near to certainty as we can get that had Lawrence known *anyone* in Sydney, that person would have been at the wharf to greet him and Frieda on their arrival. That was common practice and courtesy, particularly for strangers to the city, just as elaborate farewells (with streamers, etc) were also customary. Besides, it was also Lawrence's almost invariable

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had benefit of their "Deep Throat", so also has the Darroch Thesis had its shadowy "inside" informant. Alas, like W&B, I am not at liberty to reveal his name, though by way of verisimilitude I herewith reproduce a page from a letter he wrote to me in 1977. As with much of this gentleman's information, it is tantalisingly incomplete, and often distorted (he is remembering matters he overheard as a youth in his mother's drawing room well over 30 years previously). Nevertheless, the substance of what he says almost certainly reflects some aspect of actuality, and thus it is likely that there was, once current, and among those in a position to know, knowledge of the fact that Lawrence *was* indeed met by someone on his arrival in Sydney⁶. It seems that such a person could only have been the latter, Hum.

Yet, in all honesty, the best evidence we have of this meeting is contained in the correlation between Hum and the fictional character Trehwella in *Kangaroo*. This is not the time to list all the correlations, but the fact - confirmed by his family - that Hum was Cornish by descent, and was physically identical with Trehwella, makes it virtually certain that Lawrence renewed his acquaintance with Hum on the wharf in Sydney - *as we would expect him to have done*. Indeed, what happened during the subsequent three days can only be satisfactorily explained by Hum having met Lawrence on arrival, and then arranged his Sydney stay.

After an exchange of greetings, Hum probably told Lawrence he had made a reservation at a guest-house further up Macquarie Street. He may also have mentioned other tentative arrangements he had made for the rest of the weekend. But the first thing to be done was to hire a cab from the rank outside the wharf, and load its boot with the Lawrences' luggage.

Yet the cab did not, it seems, take them directly to Mrs Scott's at 125 Macquarie Street. It appears rather that they made a detour, most probably to Hum's office at 38 Carrington Street, there to drop him off (possibly after he pointed out

where Cook's was in Martin Place) before the Lawrences took the cab on alone to Macquarie Street.

How could we know this? Again, there is no mention of it in *Kangaroo* nor in any of the other primary sources (if only Fred Esch had found Hum and interviewed him!). It may, however, be deduced from the fact that Lawrence almost certainly took a taxi ride that Saturday which involved his luggage and which cost him eight shillings:

"But the taxi-drivers! And the man charged you eight shillings on Saturday for what would be two shillings in London!"

This exchange follows the scene where another Sydney taxi-driver quoted Lawrence "Shilling *apiece*, them bags" for his two "Gladstones" and Frieda's hat-box. Allowing charging for bags at a shilling a piece, a five-shilling ride a few hundred yards up Macquarie Street is too stiff, even for a predatory Sydney taxi-driver. The likelihood is that it was a longer trip, and one, moreover, that ended unaccompanied by anyone local, enabling the opportunist cabbie to "rook" two new chums (eight shillings still being too much for a via-Carrington-Street trip.

This scenario would imply that Lawrence and Frieda, plus luggage, were deposited at Mrs Scott's around 9.30-10 am Saturday (why Mrs Scott's? - because it fits the opening description in *Kangaroo*: diagonally opposite the Conservatorium, with steps). Checking in, being shown their room, unpacking, and so on, would account for perhaps another hour. After that Lawrence probably went for a walk - up Macquarie Street to Martin Place, then down to Cook's in Challis House, opposite the GPO.

We can deduce this because Lawrence had given Cook's as his Sydney mail address, and he would be expecting letters (in fact we know he picked up his mail on Saturday, for he wrote several letters of reply on the Sunday). In 1922, Saturday may have been a morning-only working day, so he may have had to visit Cook's before lunchtime. There he no doubt also inquired about onward travel from Sydney. Given that Hum's office was virtually around the corner in Carrington Street, he may also (and this is rank

speculation) have dropped in on him, perhaps to discuss his most pressing need - how to escape Mrs Scott's "more or less expensive boarding-house" and find cheaper, more long-term accommodation.

That Lawrence was in urgent - not to say desperate - need of cheap accommodation, and that this imperative would largely have dictated his moment-to-moment concerns on arrival in Sydney, cannot be doubted. We do not know precisely how much money he possessed on arrival, but we do know it was less than 50 pounds (his steamer tickets terminated in Sydney, and he would have to cable his American agent, Mountsier, for more money for onward tickets and other expenses). Mrs Scott's was probably around 15 shillings a day⁷, so every night spent there would have been a serious drain on his slender reserves⁸. Yet he would have been well aware that he would have to spend at least a month, more probably longer⁹, in or near Sydney (the earliest ship to America was the *Marama*, leaving July 6). Where and how he was to live, most immediately until more money arrived, would have dominated his thoughts and actions. And he was not looking for just any accommodation - he had something specific in mind. Not a flat or house in the city or suburbs, but somewhere away from people, preferably on or near a beach, where he and Frieda could be alone, and where perhaps he might write a "romance"¹⁰.

Yet whatever discussion there may have been with Hum about this need for urgent, longer-term accommodation, and whatever plan was arrived at to seek out such accommodation, it did not, paradoxically, involve any immediate action, for on that first Saturday afternoon in Sydney Lawrence apparently had nothing more pressing to do than casually stroll through Sydney town:

Somers wandered disconsolate through the streets of Sydney, forced to admit that there were fine streets, like Birmingham for example; that the parks were well-kept; that the harbour, with all the two-decker brown ferry-boats sliding continuously from the Circular Quay, was an extraordinary place.

Of course, had there been no

immediate need to find some alternative to Mrs Scott's, such an exploratory meander after lunch on Saturday would have been a fairly natural thing for two newcomers to Sydney to have done. One of the city's main parks, the Palace Gardens, was opposite their guest-house, and being part of the Botanical Gardens would indeed have appeared "well-kept". The crenellated Conservatorium, outside the nearby gates of Government House, obviously attracted his passing attention, for he mentions it more than once. Hereabouts, that particular Saturday afternoon, there was quite a deal of activity. There was an impressive new statue - of the late king, Edward VII - on display, unveiled with much pomp just three days previously, on Empire Day. Surging about it, and stretching up and down Macquarie Street, were hundreds of Boy Scouts, attending a gathering at Government House:

The day was Saturday. Early in the afternoon Harriett went to the little front gate because she heard a band; or the rudiments of a band. Nothing would have kept her indoors when she heard a trumpet, not six wild Somerses. It was some very spanking Boy Scouts marching out.

Their walk that Saturday afternoon apparently extended to Sussex Street - neither then, nor now, one of Sydney's more salubrious thoroughfares, nor one of its more obvious tourist attractions:

In Martin Place he longed for Westminster, in Sussex Street he almost wept for Covent Garden and St Martin's Lane, at the Circular Quay he pined for London Bridge.

We get the link with Westminster (Parliament House was at the top of Martin Place) and London Bridge (water and commuters), but what connection between Sussex Street and Covent Garden could Lawrence have been thinking of? This can only be a reference to the Haymarket end of Sussex Street, where the fruit and vegetable markets were to be found. An odd place to choose to go, and quite a trek from Macquarie Street. It might be, however, that this Saturday stroll also took in a visit to an address near the markets, an address that Lawrence may have been given in

Perth. For the other major institution to be found off the Haymarket end of Sussex Street was the Trades Hall, where Jock Garden reigned (see "Was Willie Struthers My Uncle Jock?", *Rananim* #2).

This perambulation probably occupied much of the afternoon of that first Saturday, ending with a return to Mrs Scott's, and there perhaps opening some of the accumulated mail picked up from Cook's earlier in the day, prior to dinner and an early night (Lawrence was an early-riser). Note, however, that what the excursion did *not* include was any apparent effort to look for accommodation, Lawrence's greatest immediate need. This can only be explained by Hum having already arranged a separate, accommodation-oriented excursion for the next day, as per the novel.

Yet it must be pointed out that others disagree with the above version of events, Joe Davis in particular putting forward a very different programme for that Saturday, involving Lawrence taking a ferry trip to Neutral Bay, with some exploration of accommodation possibilities around Murdoch Street and Wycombe Road, a further tram trip on to Mosman, more exploration there of possible places to let, culminating in a late-afternoon visit to the zoo at Taronga Park, returning to the city by an evening ferry. But I must say, with due respect to Joe (whose Thirroul research is invaluable), that I find this amount of Saturday activity, bordering on the frenetic, very unlikely indeed, especially with nothing in the novel to support it.

However, everyone agrees that on Sunday Lawrence went to Manly, and with accommodation firmly in mind. Yet even here there is little sign of urgency. Instead of starting early, and thus maximising his house-hunting options, Lawrence apparently caught quite a late ferry to Manly, arriving just before lunch. Indeed, Lawrence wrote two or three letters that Sunday, possibly devoting part of the morning to this task.

At Manly he and Frieda strolled up the Corso, the seaside streetscape reminding them of Margate:

It was Sunday, and a lovely sunny day of Australian winter. Manly is the bathing suburb of

Sydney - one of them. You pass quite close to the wide harbour gate, The Heads, on the ferry steamer. Then you land on the wharf, and walk up the street...with seaside shops and restaurants, till you come out on a promenade at the end, and there is the wide Pacific rolling in on the yellow sand: the wide fierce sea, that makes all the built-over land dwindle into non-existence.

In the novel Somers and Harriett buy some food from one of the seaside shops and repair to the beach for an alfresco lunch. But Harriett "was chilled", so they go into one of the restaurants for "a cup of soup". There Harriett manages to mislay her yellow silk scarf, and when they go back for it, it has disappeared. Here Lawrence attempts his second¹¹ rendition of the Australian accent, or rather the broad end of it, describing it as "cheeky Cockney Australian". He quotes the eating-house waitress as saying she "hedn't seen" the scarf and that the "next people who kyme arfter must 'ev tyken it". Oddly, or perhaps significantly, Lawrence makes only one further attempt to convey the Australian accent - fleetingly, in the "Bits" chapter - implying either that he gave up the effort, or that he subsequently mixed mainly with people who did not normally speak broad Australian (which would seem to exclude such people as motor mechanics - see below).

After lunch, the Lawrences caught the tram north along what is now called the peninsular - that stretch of coast from Manly to Palm Beach (though in 1922 the tram terminated at Narrabeen). Even today is it a long trip, and in 1922 it would have been very out-of-the-way, and through sparsely-populated suburbs: Harbord, Brookvale, Dee Why, Collaroy and Narrabeen:

They sat on the tram-car and ran for miles along the coast with ragged bush loused over with thousands of small promiscuous bungalows, built of everything from patchwork of kerosene tin up to fine red brick and stucco...Not far off the Pacific boomed. But fifty yards inland started these bits of swamp...

This part of the excursion could hardly have been Lawrence's idea.

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He was going into unknown, unpromising territory. Besides, it was already the afternoon of his second day in Sydney, and he still had no place to live. Nor, apparently, had he even *started* looking for accommodation. That afternoon there are only two possibilities: Lawrence was either travelling randomly - which is nonsensical - or under instructions. And the instructions seem to have involved a rendezvous at or near the end of this tram-ride.

The trip from Manly would have taken the best part of three-quarters of an hour. So the Lawrences probably got off the tram at Narrabeen some time between 2 pm and 3 pm. This is significant, for it implies that the speculated rendezvous was set for mid-to-late afternoon, which is a curious time to nominate, especially for someone looking for urgent accommodation - unless the rendezvous was for afternoon tea, and the accommodation was close by.

As we now know that Lawrence went to Narrabeen that Sunday afternoon (for not only is his description exact, but he mentions local house names), we can assume that most, if not all, of the relevant passages in *Kangaroo* are abstracted from reality. The "happy couple" detrammed beside the terminus shelter (which still stands), walked past the "fly-blown" shops (where they partook of "a drink of sticky aerated waters"), observed the lagoon "where the sea had got in and couldn't get out", then progressed along a "wide sand-road" (probably Lagoon Street) that featured a display of tin and weatherboard shacks, turning right into Malcolm Street, at the end of which was a "ridge of sand" (with Tres Bon on one corner), to the right of which was "the pure, long-rolling Pacific", and in front of which was "the salt pool where the sea had ebbed in", opposite "a state reserve" (which still exists today).

Here also is the first evidence of house-hunting, or at least house-looking, Lawrence having Harriett feeling she "absolutely must live by the sea", and the fictional pair looking along the way at the various

shacks and bungalows "4 sale" and "2 let". But clearly these "forlorn chicken-houses" with their "aura of rusty tin cans" did not appeal to Lawrence, for Somers "would have died rather than have put himself into one of those cottages". It seems that this was not what he was looking for, nor had come so far to see.

Yet whatever it was they *had* come to see, they appeared to be in no hurry to see it, for their activities that late afternoon at Narrabeen, if the fiction is anything to go by (as in this case it is), reflect studied leisure, verging on sloth. They buy pears and sit on the sand peeling and eating them (implying some time had passed since lunch, with no immediate prospect of further sustenance). They observe a man in a boat on the lagoon. Two men run past to join two women paddling in the surf over the spit of sand. A blond young man walks by with two girls. Lawrence, not for the last time, marvels at the Australian male's "huge massive legs", remarking: "They seemed to run to leg, these people". Three boys cavort in the warm sand "like real young animals, mindless as opossums, lunging about". Lawrence begins to wonder what underpins the scene in front of him:

This was Sunday afternoon, but with none of the surfeited dreariness of English Sunday afternoons. It was still a raw loose world. All Sydney would be out by the sea or in the bush...And to-morrow they'd all be working away, with just as little meaning...Even the rush for money had no real pip in it....When all is said and done, even money is not much good where there is no genuine culture....It has no real magic in Australia.

Swinging observations from someone who was only into his third week in Australia (though admittedly written in his fourth week). Yet, as John Douglas Pringle remarked, citing this passage, Lawrence's impressions can be uncannily accurate, though it should also be remembered that in *Kangaroo* Lawrence often revises first impressions. However, the passage in its entirety probably reflects what Lawrence had planned for his Australian "romance", had not a more exciting plot partly intervened. It seems he was going to follow the

advice he had offered to Mollie Skinner at Darlington a week or so previously. He was, it seems, going to "splash down reality" and intersperse it with a commentary of his own. It was going to be part-travelogue, part-critique, dressed up as fiction. "Poor Richard Lovatt wearied himself to death struggling with the problem of himself, and calling it Australia."

Finally Lawrence and Frieda decided it was time to get moving again. In the novel Harriett sits up and dusts the sand from her coat, and Lovatt does likewise. They walk back past some cottages and see a car standing "on the sand of the road near the gate of the end house". This turns out to belong to "Jack Callcott's sister". Jack himself is, quite coincidentally, also at Narrabeen - after having also been, quite coincidentally, at 50 Murdoch Street, and having previously, coincidentally, encountered Somers in Macquarie Street on Saturday in the (unbelievable) guise of a motor mechanic in blue overalls. Clearly Lawrence is here attempting to disguise something - no doubt the identity of "Jack Callcott", and probably also the reason why the Lawrences were at Narrabeen. The disguise appears to be quite heavy, not to say clumsy, so the novel's account of the rest of Sunday cannot be much relied on. Other means must be found to discover what happened.

From what we now know (see below) it seems very likely that Hum's afternoon-tea rendezvous with Lawrence was to be at Hinemoa, in Florence Avenue, Collaroy Basin. This is one suburb south of Narrabeen, and would have required the Lawrences either to walk back along Pittwater Road, or catch a tram back about 10 stops. The Lawrences were keen walkers, and they had time on their hands, so the walk is the more likely possibility. This is reinforced by Lawrence's mention of several house names that he could have observed in Pittwater Road between Narrabeen and Collaroy, such as Stella Maris. But by whatever route, it seems that he and Frieda reached the gate of Hinemoa around 4 pm on Sunday, in time for afternoon tea.

How do we know this? The time fits in with the previous (now fairly

established) scenario. We have every reason to believe that Lawrence had travelled up to Narrabeen in search of accommodation. He arrived there sometime after 2 pm, yet loitered about. The probability is that he was filling in time - no doubt at a polite distance from his actual destination -

Jack Callcott, is based on Scott¹². Lawrence would have had to have come across Scott within days of his arrival in Sydney, for he was writing about him by the following week-end. And we know Scott *could* have been at Florence Avenue, Collaroy, that Sunday - for in May 1922 his

prior to 1919. As well, Mrs Oatley's first husband, Major F.D.W. Oatley, had been convalescing at the Basin around 1919-20 when he caught a chill while bathing in the ocean and died, in fact succumbing in the Kaepfel private hospital in Elizabeth Bay, near where Scott grew up.

Scott went to school with Andree's brother, Carl Kaepfel, and it is probably he who is described in *Kangaroo* as Jack Callcott's best mate, and wife's brother, "Fred Wilmot".

But before we have Scott meeting Lawrence at Hinemoa, we have to place Hum there, for up to this point, so far as we know, he is Lawrence's only contact in Sydney. What was Hum's connection with Collaroy and Hinemoa? There is no doubt he spent time at the Basin. His son recalls regular school holidays spent at "Fisher-man's Beach", which is another name for the area. He can actually recall one house they rented in the late 1920s, probably in

waiting to keep an invitation to afternoon tea. And, of course, in the novel Somers and Harriett *do* have afternoon tea. The house the Somerses fictionally go to - St Columb - is extensively described in the novel. Its size and quality do not fit Narrabeen, which then largely comprised working-class shacks. The nearest place to Narrabeen with houses like St Columb was Collaroy, where Hinemoa was.

But why Hinemoa? *Because we can place Jack Scott there in 1922.* Without any question, the main Australian character in the novel,

future wife, Andree Adelaide Oatley, was renting all or part of Hinemoa. She had moved there from Gordon earlier that year¹³.

Her son - Scott's stepson - Peter Oatley recalled in an interview in 1976 that as soon as they moved to Hinemoa (because of Peter's frail health), Scott, a long-time family friend, came visiting regularly (Mrs Oatley was a very eligible widow, and Scott a notorious womaniser). Moreover, Mrs Oatley's family - the Kaepfels - had earlier connections with the Basin area, buying several lots when the area was subdivided

Seaview Parade (one street away from Hinemoa). The private schools were still on vacation that weekend of May 27-28, so Hum's family might have been staying in one of the rented holiday houses at the Basin. Indeed, the Basin would have had a number of places to rent at cheap "winter rates", ideal for Lawrence. It was renowned for its healthy environment, again ideal for the ailing Lawrence. And it was reasonably remote, and on a beach (the "Basin" actually being a circular lagoon, fringed by a small beach).

But did Hum know either Scott or

STATEMENT

Landscape gardener
N.D.

My name is Norman Arthur Dunn and I live at 27 Barry Street, North Sydney, NSW. I am 75 and I have lived in this area for most of my life, having gone to the local school here when I was eight. I have lived in my house for over 30 years.

Recently—on February 7, 1979, in fact—a man called Robert Darroch called at the Neutral Bay nursing home which is at 112-114 Wycombe Road and at the rear of my own house. I have been a mason and builder most of my life and now that I am retired I often do some odd jobs around the nursing home. I was engaged in some small job when the manager of the home, Mr Ken Young, called me over to where he and Mr Darroch were talking in the back yard of the home.

Mr Young asked me if I knew if there had been a flame tree in the back yard. At first I could not exactly recall, then I remembered that there had been such a tree there, but that it had been cut down. I remember it particularly because it had pods and sharp spikes.

Mr Darroch then explained he was doing some historical research and wanted to know something about the past history of the building at 112-114 Wycombe Road. I was able to tell him that it was built over 30 years ago, by a builder, a Mr Summers. I knew Mr Summers and in fact worked for him. He had two spinster daughters and he built the double house at 112-114 for them. Until it became a nursing home about 12 years ago it had been flats which were let out to various people.

Mr Darroch asked me if I could recall a summer house in the backyard or anywhere else on the property. In fact I did recall such a building. It was actually a fern house and it was where the shed is now in the backyard, in other words immediately to the left, near the fence, as you walk up the side path on the right of the house from the street.

I then recalled that the flame tree was next to the fern house which was between that and the camphor laurel which still stands. I've lopped that tree many times. The fern house was a round building with wicker sides and ferns hanging from the ceiling. There were two benches inside with maiden-hair ferns on them.

The fern house had a flat roof and a ladder, made out of slats, leading up to a lookout. The lookout had four posts and a rail. It had been built—the lookout that is—so you could see over the house next door to 112-114 down to the Harbour. You got quite a good view, actually.

signed *N.A. Dunn*
7/2/79

Norman Arthur Dunn.

Ken Young

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Rananim

13

In the Footsteps of Lawrence

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Mrs Oatley? There is no known connection. Yet they all were of the same social class, and came from similar North Shore environments. It may have been that the connection was via school, for the Hums' children and Mrs Oatley's children went to private schools. As well, Hum may have been a member of Scott's organisation, either the front organisation and/or the secret army behind it. He was a leading Sydney business figure, with particularly strong links with the Chinese community, and thus a likely contact for anyone interested in alien activity (as Scott and military intelligence were). He was a hatter, and, believe it or not, a supply of bowler hats was one of the equipment necessities of secret armies between the wars (they were stuffed with paper and employed as makeshift helmets). Most importantly, Hum owned a large car, the essential prerequisite for secret army membership in 1922 (it would not be an exaggeration to say that any "loyal" middle-class male with a car was a likely secret army recruit in 1920-22). He was related to, and a close confidant of, Howard Ashton, editor of one of the main conservative papers, who was later, and possibly then, engaged in secret army activities. Finally, Hum holidayed at the Basin, which the Oatleys and Scott frequented. So it is possible that Hum knew Scott and Mrs Oatley closely enough to arrange a meeting with his star visitor from England.

Yet if Hum was not staying at Hinemoa but rather nearby, why would he have invited Lawrence to Mrs Oatley's, rather than his own, rented accommodation? We do not know. Mrs Oatley was a graduate in English and Scott was an avid book collector, so if Hum had mentioned Lawrence to them, they would have been interested in meeting such a prominent literary figure¹⁴. It may be that Hum had a long-standing invitation to the Oatley's, and invited Lawrence along. Or it may be that Scott was looking for an editor or writer for his *King & Empire* magazine, and fancied the literary visitor as a possible candidate. We do not know. What we do have very good reason to know, however, is that the

house that Lawrence calls in the novel "St Columb", where the Somerses have afternoon tea, is unquestionably Hinemoa.

Others¹⁵ have speculated that Lawrence's description of St Columb is, in fact, an echo of Wyewurk. But that is a misreading. Besides, Lawrence used Wyewurk twice elsewhere in the novel - basing not only Cooe on it, but Torestin. It would be rather over-milking the cow to use it a third time. The description of St Columb does not fit Wyewurk, except in its beach-house character. St Columb was the end house in a street (unlike Wyewurk, which is in the middle of Craig Street). It had a sideways aspect (which Wyewurk did not). It stood on a bluff of sand (Wyewurk was above a small cliff). It had settles under the windows, and basket chairs (unlike Wyewurk). It did, however, have a large room facing the sea, and verandahs and little rooms opening off. But that is the only similarity - shared, no doubt, by thousands of other beach houses.

But Hinemoa had *all* these characteristics. It was the end house in Florence Avenue. It stood sideways, its front door facing the street, but all its major rooms and verandahs facing the sea and Basin. Most distinctively (see photo), it stood on a large bluff of sand. It had settles around its living-room bay-type windows, and verandahs and other little rooms opened off the main room. Crucially, it not only faced the sea (Lawrence says St Columb faced both "the lagoon" and the sea) but was built directly above the Basin, which in fact is a natural lagoon, ringed by reefs. But most important of all, as Peter Oatley confirmed in another interview in 1979, its main room was adorned with medals, letters and other memorabilia of his late father, Major Oatley:

There were many family photographs, and a framed medal and ribbon and letter praising the first Trehwella.

We do not know who else was at afternoon tea in Florence Avenue that Sunday. It is possible the gathering included the builder of Hinemoa, Horrie Hayman, for he was a wood and coal merchant "on the north side", as Lawrence makes Trehwella. Hayman suffered from a peculiar eye

complaint, Bell's Palsy, which afflicts sufferers with bloodshot eyes, and Lawrence describes Trehwella so. There may also have been other people present.

Yet we have only Lawrence's fictional account of what occurred that afternoon at Hinemoa, and so can only speculate on what actually happened. Lawrence describes the scene:

...the party sat around in the basket chairs and on the settles under the windows...William James [Trehwella] silently but willingly carried round the bread and butter and the cakes.

Six people at least must have been present - Scott and Mrs Oatley, the Hums, and the Lawrences. Yet Lawrence's description implies a larger, "genteel" gathering, so some North Shore or even country neighbours, holidaying at the Basin, might have been present (members of the Friend clan, from both the North Shore and the country, frequented Collaroy Basin, especially in the school holidays). Certainly that would explain what happened subsequently.

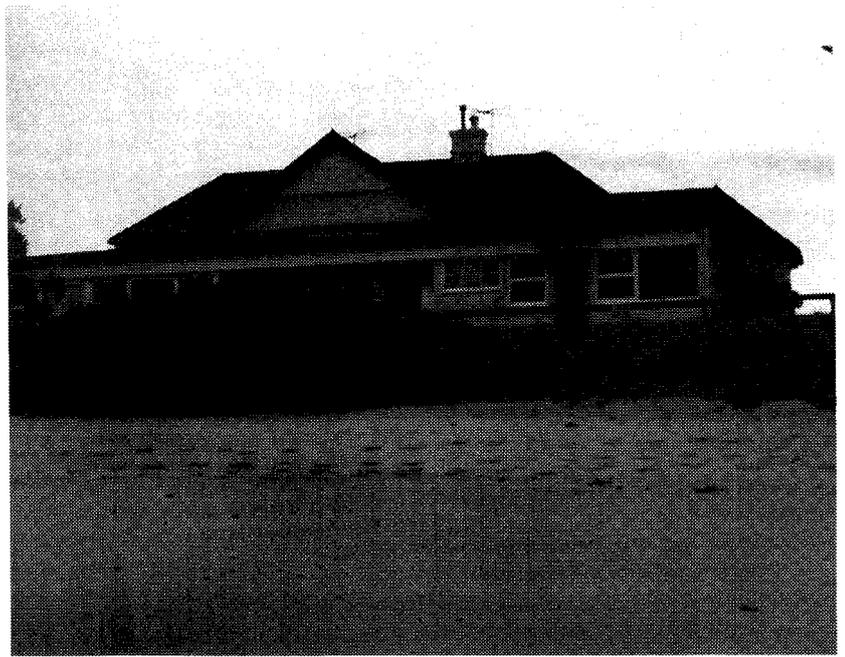
In the novel, the hostess, Mrs Trehwella (presumably Mrs Oatley), makes polite conversation, asking the visitors of their impressions of Sydney. Then Callcott (Scott) begins an exchange that sounds realistic, questioning the visiting author about his writing intentions in Australia. Somers admits he writes "essays" about life and democracy - matters of some interest to Scott, the co-founder of the most polemical magazine in Australia, the *King & Empire*. "I'd like to read some," says Callcott (now fully free of his motor mechanic persona). Somers seems reluctant, and says his books would bore the Australian. Callcott replies: "I might rise up to it, you know, if I bring all my mental weight to bear on it." That piece of native sarcasm surely has a ring of authenticity about it. Somers is forced to admit that when "these colonials" speak seriously, they "speak like men".

One subject the novel does not mention being discussed, but was clearly at the forefront of the minds of several people present, was the Lawrences' future accommodation, for that was why they had come to Collaroy Basin. Hum must have

previously told Lawrence that at the Basin there was at least one place that he would be interested in renting, as only that "offer" would explain Lawrence's inactivity and apparent lack of concern about where he was to go after Mrs Scott's. Indeed, it is possible that Hum might have suggested the place that he was himself about to quit, the school holidays being over. If not, it must have been some other place close by.

Yet Lawrence did not take up this or any other offer of Sydney accommodation, for the very next day he went down to Thirroul, and there rented Wyewurk (see "The Barber of Thirroul" in *Rananim* #2). We know of no Thirroul connection in the cases of Hum, Mrs Oatley or Scott (and, believe me, I have looked for one). Thus is it likely that someone else present suggested Thirroul (which was a rather similar place to Collaroy Basin, both being beach resorts frequented by well-off, middle-class Sydneysiders). As was pointed out in the "Barber" article, the strong likelihood is that someone accompanied the Lawrences down to Thirroul on the 2 pm train the next day, showed them Wyewurk, and arranged for them to move in immediately. That person (or persons) must also, as explained in the same article, have been very familiar with Thirroul and have known the estate agent, Mrs Callcott, personally. The suspicion must be that such a person or persons were members of the Friend family. Only the Friends, so far as we know, have the required "qualifications": familiar with Thirroul, known locally, can be placed in Collaroy, connected with the Harbour Lights Guild, connected with Scott and his organisation - and, most significantly, subsequently evinced "inside" knowledge of the true background to the writing of *Kangaroo* (see "What Walter Knew", *Rananim* #2).

So we may, with some confidence, speculate that during that tea party there was, contrary to the "evidence" of the novel, some discussion about the Lawrences' future accommodation. Whether Lawrence did not like what Hum had recommended, or whether a Thirroul alternative sounded so attractive (or less expensive) that Sydney was immediately ditched, we do not know. But some suggestion that Thirroul would provide what Law-



The original Hinemoa at Collaroy Basin

rence was looking for must have been made, and fairly promptly taken up by Lawrence. Arrangements for the trip down to Thirroul the following day presumably also must have been discussed. We might deduce that some rearrangement of Monday schedules might also have been necessary, for the late rather than the early train to Thirroul was settled on. As mentioned in the "Barber" article, this in turn implies that Wyewurk was not immediately suggested, and some other interim accommodation pre-arranged in Thirroul, probably with the people who accompanied the Lawrences down in the train.

So it must have been a reassured Lawrence and Frieda who, around 5 pm on that Sunday, probably, as the novel suggests, accepted the offer of a lift in a car, rather than face the prospect of a tram and ferry return back to their guest-house in Macquarie Street:

They left at sunset. The west, over the land, was a clear gush of light up from the departed sun. The east, over the Pacific, was a tall concave of rose-coloured clouds, a marvellous high apse. Now the bush had gone dark and spectral again, on the right hand....from time to time, on the left hand, they caught sight of the long green rollers of the Pacific

Who drove Lawrence back is uncertain. The probability is that it was Hum. He had a car that would have, at a squeeze, accommodated the

Lawrences, and he was no doubt intent on returning to his home in Stanley Street, Chatswood. The drive described in the novel tallies with such a trip, via Warringah Road and Roseville Bridge. But a Friend would fit equally well (especially as the Friends garaged their cars in a "motor works" place in Clarence Street which had been half-owned by the Irons family, the builders of Wyewurk - cf. "Jack had still to take the car down to the garage in town").

The fictional trip ends at "Murdoch Street", where the Somerses and Callcotts enjoy an elaborate Sunday supper. We know that the Murdoch Street address (number 51) was borrowed by Lawrence from Mrs Jenkins' letter of introduction to Bert Toy. Lawrence's description of this fictional address, with its distinctive "tub-top" lookout, fits the house¹⁶ that Scott was staying in in May 1922 - "Frome", at 112 Wycombe Road, one block west of Murdoch Street (note that Lawrence later slips up, calling it Murdoch Road). But it is unlikely that the elaborate meal described in chapter two could have been either prepared at this 112 rooming-house (where there were almost a dozen other residents) or fitted in to what had already been a pretty busy day. The likelihood is that the meal described was one that took place later in the week, or the following weekend, at

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Wyewurk. It is similiarly likely that the visit to 112, involving Lawrence observing the view from the tub-top lookout, was also one made later in the week to Scott's place, probably on the occasion of Lawrence returning to Sydney to collect his trunks from the P&O wharf.

But all this is speculation. In fact we know nothing of Lawrence's movements between his getting into the car at Collaroy at about 5 pm on Sunday, May 28, and his crossing from the Palace Gardens to 125 Macquarie Street at around 12.30 pm the following day - the opening scene in *Kangaroo*:

A bunch of workmen were lying on the grass of the park beside Macquarie Street, in the dinner hour. It was winter, the end of May, but the sun was warm, and they lay there in their shirt-sleeves, talking.

All we can do, to fill in the gap of more than 18 hours, is to assume that Lawrence and Frieda were either dropped at one of the North Shore wharves, and caught the ferry to the Quay, walking back from there to their guest-house, or (more probably) that Hum or someone else drove them all the way back to 125 Macquarie Street, via the vehicular ferry that crossed the Harbour, near where the Bridge is now¹⁷. Presumably they then had a light dinner and went to bed.

Monday morning must have been occupied with gathering their chattels together, perhaps posting some letters at the GPO, and maybe making further inquiries at Cook's about onward ships. Further contact with either Hum or Scott is possible, for Scott almost certainly came down to Thirroul the following weekend. But that is guesswork. All we can be certain of is that at lunchtime on Monday, after returning to 125 Macquarie Street following a stroll in the Palace and Botanical Gardens, Lawrence and Frieda emerged from Mrs Scott's, plonked down their baggage on the pavement, and tried to engage another taxi, with well-known fictional results.

By 1.30 pm they were at Central Station, preparing to board the 2 pm train to Thirroul. They probably

rendezvoused there with whomsoever it was who took them down to Thirroul and installed them in Wyewurk. By that time Lawrence would have had the germs of a novel in his mind. On the train trip down he was probably already composing the opening chapter.

- Robert Darroch
(See Endnotes p 22)

THE EVIDENCE OF THE ROLLS

In recent years some critics have questioned, in particular, the placing of Scott at 112 Wycombe Road and Mrs Oatley at Hinemoa on or about the weekend of Lawrence's arrival in 1922. As several sceptics have pointed out, the evidence of the electoral rolls and telephone books give grounds for doubt about these essential elements of the Darroch Thesis.

Mrs Oatley is shown in the 1921 and 1922 State rolls (which were ordinarily made up each year) as living in William Street, Gordon. She is not shown as having moved to Hinemoa until 1924. Jack Scott similarly is shown in the 1921 and 1922 rolls as living in Lane Cove (with his parents). He does not appear at 112 Wycombe Road until the 1923 roll. Moreover, the telephone directory (in which Scott is not listed) shows Mrs Oatley still at Gordon in April 1925.

The rolls and telephone book, however, must be wrong. There can be little doubt that Lawrence met Mrs Oatley at Hinemoa on Sunday, May 28, and that he went to Scott's flat at 112 Wycombe Road, probably later that week - else otherwise *Kangaroo* could not have been written (or we would have no credible explanation of how it came to be written). But the sceptics may be forgiven for not accepting this.

The first important thing to be pointed out in this regard is that Mrs Oatley and Scott were undoubtedly at the crucial addresses *subsequent* to May 1922. The question is: when did they move? Could it have been, contrary to the apparent evidence of the rolls, earlier than May, 29, 1922?

At this remove, 72 years on, that would seem to be a very difficult matter to determine. But here we

are blessed with a stroke of fortune, by courtesy of Bert Toy of the *Bulletin*. For if we look up *his* name in the rolls, we find a pattern curiously similar to that of Scott and Mrs Oatley. In the 1921 and 1922 rolls he is listed at Shell Cove Road, Neutral Bay. But in the 1923 roll he too moves - to 51 Murdoch Street, Mosman. That, of course, is a familiar address. It is the one Somers gives the hansom cab driver in *Kangaroo*. And we know where Lawrence got it. It was on the envelope of the letter of introduction Mrs Jenkins gave him in Perth.

Now, the address on that letter *must* have been written before Sunday, May 29, 1922. Therefore Toy moved from Shell Cove Road to 51 Murdoch Street *before* Lawrence arrived in Sydney. That in turn means that the State roll entry for 1922 for Toy is incorrect, at least from early May. That in turn means that the 1922 entries for Scott and Mrs Oatley could be similarly incorrect. The implication must be that some time after the information for the 1922 rolls was collected, each of them moved from their old addresses to their new addresses.

And we can show when that information was probably collected. There was an unscheduled State election in March 1922, and the 1921 rolls had to be updated for this snap poll (there are indeed supplementary rolls for 1921-22). This updating was almost certainly carried out in February, just prior to the election. The probability is that this information was then retained until the 1923 rolls were made up in June the following year. Somehow Mrs Oatley missed this update (she is not mentioned in *any* 1923 roll). The telephone entry for her is probably just an oversight. Thus the rolls help, not hinder, the placing of Scott and Mrs Oatley where Lawrence describes them as living in May-June 1922. - R.D.

CORRECTION

In my "Barber of Thirroul" article in the previous issue of *Rananim* I said that as Lawrence describes Victoria Callcott as Rose Trehwella's sister-in-law, her surname had to be Trehwella, not Wilmot. This was an error. She could, of course, still be a Wilmot and sister-in-law to Jack Callcott's sister, Rose. - R.D.

The D. H. Lawrence Collection at the Australian Defence Force Academy Library: A Listing of Holdings of Lawrence Works to 1936.

LAWRENCE WORKS IN AUSTRALIA: A COLLECTION

Since 1985, when a small Lawrence exhibition was mounted to celebrate the centenary of Lawrence's birth, the Library at University College ADFA in Canberra has been steadily building its Lawrence collection in order to support both undergraduate teaching in the English Department and specialist research. The collection has grown to the point where it is one of the Library's strengths, and is probably one of the best public collections of Lawrence in the country. The accompanying listing of 70 items consists of its holdings of his works to 1936, the year in which the flurry of publishing following his death effectively came to an end with the publication of *Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence*. The holdings of imprints from 1937 to the present number about 100 items, including films; the works about Lawrence number over 300.

The centrepiece of the collection is undoubtedly the first Florence edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, signed and numbered by Lawrence in an edition of 1,000, and still uncut; this is one of five Orioli first editions in the Library. The Library also has the Paris popular edition of 1929, the Faro and Nesor Books US pirated editions of 1930, the first authorised expurgated edition of 1932, a fourth impression of the Odyssey Press Paris edition of 1933, and a number

of related items. It also possesses a rare first edition of *The Rainbow* (suppressed in 1915 and most copies destroyed); first editions of *Sons and Lovers* (Duckworth: two copies in different bindings, one rare) and *Twilight in Italy* (Duckworth); first English and American editions (Martin Secker in London and Thomas Seltzer in New York) of *Kangaroo*, *The Boy in the Bush* and *Aaron's Rod*, a first trade edition of *Women in Love*; as well as firsts of several of Lawrence's volumes of poetry and plays – including the first edition of *Touch and Go* which Lawrence wrote for the socialist C. W. Daniel's People's Theatre. His preface is an interesting moment in his idiosyncratic politics.

The Library's collections are available to researchers in the same way as in any other university library, and its Special Collections of Australian literary manuscripts and papers (one of largest in the country) is a suitable place for depositing papers and collections dealing with Lawrence and Australia.

The Library and English Department's AUSTLIT Database (available in many large libraries on CD-Rom) treats the author of *Kangaroo* and *The Boy in the Bush* as Australian-related and therefore lists reviews and discussions of successive editions. Donations or offers of sale that would fill gaps in the collection are welcomed. - Paul Eggert

ADFA list of Lawrence editions

The items are first English or first

American editions unless otherwise indicated. The listing has been developed from the Library's on-line catalogue, complemented by physical inspection of some items. Further description of individual volumes can be found in Warren Roberts' *Bibliography of D. H. Lawrence*, second edition (Cambridge UP, 1982) and Jay Gertzmann's *Descriptive Bibliography of Lady Chatterley's Lover* (New York: Greenwood, 1989).

Aaron's Rod. London. Secker 1922, 312 p.

Aaron's Rod. New York. Seltzer 1922, 347 p.

Amores: poems. London. Duckworth 1916, 137 p.

Amores: poems. New York. B.W. Huebsch 1916, 112 p.

Apropos of Lady Chatterley's lover: being an essay extended from 'My skirmish with Jolly Roger'. London. Mandrake Press 1930, 62 p. 'Second Edition'.

Apropos of Lady Chatterley's lover. London. Heinemann 1931, 99p.

Assorted Articles. London. Secker 1930, 216 p.

Birds, Beasts and Flowers: poems. London. Secker 1923, 207 p.

The Boy in the Bush. London. Secker 1924, vi, 369 p.

The Boy in the Bush. New York. Seltzer 1924, vi, 388 p.

Cavalleria Rusticana and other stories. By Giovanni Verga translated with an introduction by D. H. Lawrence. London. Jonathan Cape 1928, 224 p.

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ADFA List of Lawrence Editions

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The Collected Poems of D.H.

Lawrence. London. Secker 1928, 2 vols.

A Collier's Friday Night. London. Secker 1934, 87 p.

D.H. Lawrence: Reminiscences and Correspondence. By Earl and Achsah Brewster. London. Secker 1934, 319 p.

England my England. London. Secker 1924, 242 p.

Etruscan Places. London. Heinemann 1933, 198 p. 'Cheap' issue of 1932 first edition.

Fantasia of the Unconscious. London. Secker 1923, 175 p.

Kangaroo. New York. Seltzer 1923, 421 p.

Kangaroo. London. Secker 1923, v, 402 p.

Lady Chatterley's Lover. Florence. Privately printed 1928, 365 p. 'This edition is limited to one thousand copies, No. 876 signed 'D.H. Lawrence.' The Orioli first edition.

Lady Chatterley's Lover: including my skirmish with Jolly Roger. Paris. Privately printed 1929, 365 p. The author's unabridged popular edition.

Lady Chatterley's Lover. [USA]. William Faro 1930, 313p.

Lady Chatterley's Lover. [USA]. Nesor Books 1930, 316p. Pirated abridged edition.

Lady Chatterley's Lover. London. Secker 1932, 327 p. First authorised expurgated edition.

Lady Chatterley's Lover. Paris. Odyssey Press 1934. Fourth impression of 1933 first edition. Date-stamped '4-34'.

The Ladybird. London. Secker 1923, 255 p.

Last Poems. Florence. Orioli 1932, 320 p. 'This edition is limited to 750 copies, 700 are for sale. This is No. 127.'

Last Poems. London. Secker 1933, 181 p.

The Letters of D. H. Lawrence. London. Heinemann 1932, xxiv, 889 p.

Little Novels of Sicily. By Giovanni Verga translated with an introduction by D. H. Lawrence. Oxford. Blackwell 1925, 191 p.

The Lost Girl. London. Secker 1920, 371 p.

Love Among the Haystacks & other pieces with a reminiscence by David Garnett. London. Nonesuch

Press 1930, xiii, 96 p. Edition limited to 1600 copies.

Love Poems and Others. London. Duckworth 1913, 58 p.

The Lovely Lady. London. Secker 1932, 246 p.

The Man Who Died. London. Secker 1931, 156 p.

A Modern Lover. New York. Viking Press 1934, 296 p.

Mornings in Mexico. London. Secker 1927, 177 p.

Movements in European History. [London]. Oxford University Press 1925, xiii, 354 p. 'First illustrated edition of a work which was first published in 1921 as *Movements in European history*, by Lawrence H. Davison'.

Nettles. London. Faber 1930, 28 p.
'Not I, But the Wind...'. By Frieda Lawrence. Santa Fe, New Mexico. Rydal Press 1934, 311 p. Contains poems and letters by D. H. Lawrence.

Pansies. London. Privately printed by P. R. Stephensen for subscribers only, 1929, 125 p. 'Limited to 500 copies and containing 14 poems not printed in the trade edition published in the same year by Secker, London.'

Pansies: poems. New York. Knopf 1929, 202 p.

Phoenix: the Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence. New York. Viking 1936, xxvii, 852 p.

The Plays of D. H. Lawrence. London. Secker 1933, 312 p.

The Plumed Serpent (Quetzalcoatl). London. Secker 1926, 476 p.

Pornography and Obscenity. London. Faber 1929, 32 p.

The Prussian Officer, and other stories. London. Duckworth 1914, 310 p.

Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious. New York. Seltzer 1921, 120 p.

The Rainbow. London. Methuen 1915, 464 p.

The Rainbow. New York. Seltzer 1924. Fourth printing, with dust wrapper.

Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine and other essays. Philadelphia. Centaur Press 1925, 240 p. Limited edition of 925 copies.

Sons and Lovers. London. Duckworth 1913, 423 p. Two copies: one with the usual gold lettering on dark-blue binding, one with black lettering on light-blue binding (rare).

St. Mawr: together with The

princess. London. Secker 1925, 238 p.
St. Mawr. Leipzig. Tauchnitz 1930, 272 p.

The story of Doctor Manente: being the tenth and last story from the Suppers of A.F. Grazzini called Il Lasca. Translation and introduction by D. H. Lawrence. Florence. Orioli 1929, 119 p. Limited to 1200 copies; this is no. 542.

Studies in Classic American Literature. London. Secker 1924, 175 p.

Tortoises. New York. Seltzer 1921, 50 p.

Touch and Go: a play in three acts. London. C.W. Daniel 1920, 96 p.

The Trespasser. London. Duckworth 1924. Third impression of 1912 first edition.

The Triumph of the Machine. London. Faber 1930.

Twilight in Italy. London. Duckworth 1916, 311 p.

Twilight in Italy. London. Duckworth 1924, 311 p. Second impression of 1916 first edition.

Twilight in Italy. London. Cape 1926. Microfilm.

The Virgin and the Gipsy. Florence. Orioli 1930, 216 p.

Limited edition of 810 copies.

The Virgin and the Gipsy. London. Secker 1930, 191 p.

The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd: a drama in three acts. London. Duckworth 1914, 93 p.

The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd: a drama in three acts. New York. Mitchell Kennerley 1914, 93 p.

The Woman Who Rode Away. London. Secker 1928. Second impression of 1928 first edition.

Women in love. London. Secker 1921, 508 p. First trade edition.

Young Lorenzo: early life of D.H. Lawrence, containing hitherto unpublished letters, articles, and reproductions of pictures. By Ada Lawrence and G. Stuart Gelder. Florence. Orioli 1931, xii, 275. Limited edition of 740 copies.

Lawrence Bibliography

This is the first in a series of articles planned for Rananim in which collections of books and documents by and about Lawrence are reported and eventually collated into a national Lawrence bibliography. If any reader possesses a Lawrence collection, or knows of the whereabouts of one, please contact the Editor.

WOMEN IN LOVE AND KANGAROO: the Story Continues...

The movie based on Kangaroo intuitively starts in Cornwall with the visual representation of Lawrence's acclaimed Nightmare Chapter. In this Chapter his memory returns to those Cornish years of the Great War. The intervening six or so years of emotional repression find an outpouring in the new world of Australia.

In effect, the novel can also be said to begin with this Chapter, for it is Lawrence's link with a past life, a past Europe. It was also a trigger, as I will later seek to demonstrate. However, it is only a starting point for the story and the link between the continuing themes in *Women in Love* and *Kangaroo*.

Both novels were written on the sea coast. *Kangaroo* on the south coast of NSW and *Women in Love* in Cornwall, on the south west coast of England. These coastal environs had an impact on Lawrence. Soon after their arrival in Sydney Lawrence wrote to his mother-in-law advising her that they had settled at Thirroul in a house above the ocean: "The heavy waves break with a great roar all the time: and it is so near. We have only our little grassy garden - then the low cliff - and then the great white rollers breaking, and the surf seeming to rush in right under our feet as we sit at table. Here it is winter but not cold. But today the sky is dark, and it makes me think of Cornwall."

Kangaroo contains many vivid descriptions of the surf as well as the various sights and experiences

enjoyed by the beachcombing Lawrence. *Women in Love* includes these dramatic passages which Lawrence obviously drew from his observations of the surf and its impact on him whilst he wrote the novel in Cornwall:

There was a sudden foaming rush, and the bride like a sudden surf rush, floating all white beside her father in the morning shadow of trees, her veil flowing with laughter She lifted her heavy eyes and saw him lapse suddenly away, on a sudden unknown tide, and the wave broke over her.

She seemed to be hearing waves break on a hidden shore, long, slow, gleamy waves, breaking with the rhythm of fate, so monotonously that it seemed eternal.

So cold, so fresh, so sea clear her face it was like kissing a flower that grows near the surf.

In a prophetic description of what it is to have knowledge, Lawrence also included this passage in *Women in Love*: "It's like getting on top of the mountain and seeing the Pacific". For this in fact is what Lawrence did when he was at Thirroul and he gave a similar description when Somers climbed the tor or the mountain behind "Cooee": "He went on till he could look over the tor's edge at the land below. There was the scalloped sea shore, for miles, and the strip of flat coast land...". Whilst Somers was taking in the sights and gathering his thoughts from this position "He hung there on the parapet looking down and he didn't care. Now profoundly darkly he didn't care. There are no problems for the soul in its darkened, wide used torpor. Neither Harriet nor *Kangaroo* nor Jaz, nor even the world. Worlds come and worlds go:

even worlds. And when the old, old influence of the fern world comes over a man how can he care?". An earlier reference to the fern and its dark influence on Lawrence can also be seen in *Women in Love*, "The polish, gnarled trunks showed ghostly, and like old priests in the hovering distance, the fern rose magical and mysterious. It was night all darkness, with low cloud".

Lawrence returns to Cornwall in *Kangaroo* principally through a flashback to his encounters with the wartime authorities. However, it is my contention that *Kangaroo* is a flashback to all of Lawrence's various experiences in Cornwall, not just his unpleasant exposure to militarism in its various guises as embodied in the Nightmare Chapter. His experiences and thoughts at this time are documented in *Women in Love* and later reoccur in *Kangaroo*.

Whilst in Cornwall Lawrence became friendly with a young farmhand, William Henry Hocking, who, some years later, appears as a character in *Kangaroo* in the form of John Thomas Buryan.

The Cornish character William James Trehwella, or Jaz in *Kangaroo*, says to Harriet "I suppose you've got a way of your own with a place, let it be Cornwall or where it may, to make it look well".

Lawrence had told Koteliensky shortly before he moved to Cornwall with Frieda that "we will look out for some tiny place on the sea". Whilst sailing to Sydney from Western Australia Lawrence informed Koteliensky that whilst in Sydney Frieda "wants to have a little house". Of course, they were not to find the

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Women in Love and Kangaroo

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"little house" or bungalow in Sydney but a "place on the sea" at Thirroul, on the coast south of Sydney.

Lawrence's view as expressed in Kangaroo of Sydney's residential north shore and, more importantly, his symbolic definition of democracy is in the following terms: "And there went the long street, like a child's drawing, the little square bungalows dot-dot-dot, close together and yet apart, like modern democracy, each one fenced and yet apart, like modern democracy, each one fenced around with a square rail fence."

Lawrence had some years earlier used a similar analogy in Women in Love to describe an alternative view of democracy. "The daisy is a perfect little democracy, so its the highest flower, hence its charm. 'No' she cried 'no never'. It isn't democratic 'No' he admitted 'It's the golden mob of the proletariat, surrounded by a snow white fence of the idle rich".

This is not the only reference to democracy in Women in Love, for Lawrence comes back to it again later in the novel. (Kangaroo, of course, deals with the concept in greater detail.) "Without bothering to think to a conclusion, Gerald jumped to a conclusion. He abandoned the whole democratic-equality problem as a problem of silliness".

Early in Kangaroo, Harriet summed up a similar dilemma for Somers (Lawrence) in this way "She looked at him. And somehow so silly in refusing to be finally disappointed in his efforts with mankind, and yet his "silliness" was pathetic, in a way beautiful - But then it was so silly -

she wanted to shake him".

In Kangaroo, Lawrence continues to grapple with mankind and picks up related themes developed in Women in Love, which one Lawrence scholar¹ considers are "illuminated" in Kangaroo from what is "unclear" in Women in Love.

Lawrence touches upon his inner feelings about the "man to man" relationship in the chapter of this title in "Women in Love". These two passages put it into perspective, "it had been a necessity inside himself all his life - to have a man purely and fully" and later, "Yes - and swear to

Men and Women sums it up: "The first man to man relationship is still at first a lure to Somers. He is laughter pulled this way and that, between the world of women and the world of men".²

This alignment of the characters Somers and Birkin, and the "man to man" theme posed by Lawrence in both novels was considered by George Donaldson in his essay for the centenary of Lawrence's birth, titled "Men in Love? D.H. Lawrence, Rupert Birkin and Gerald Crich".³ Donaldson quotes this passage from Kangaroo:

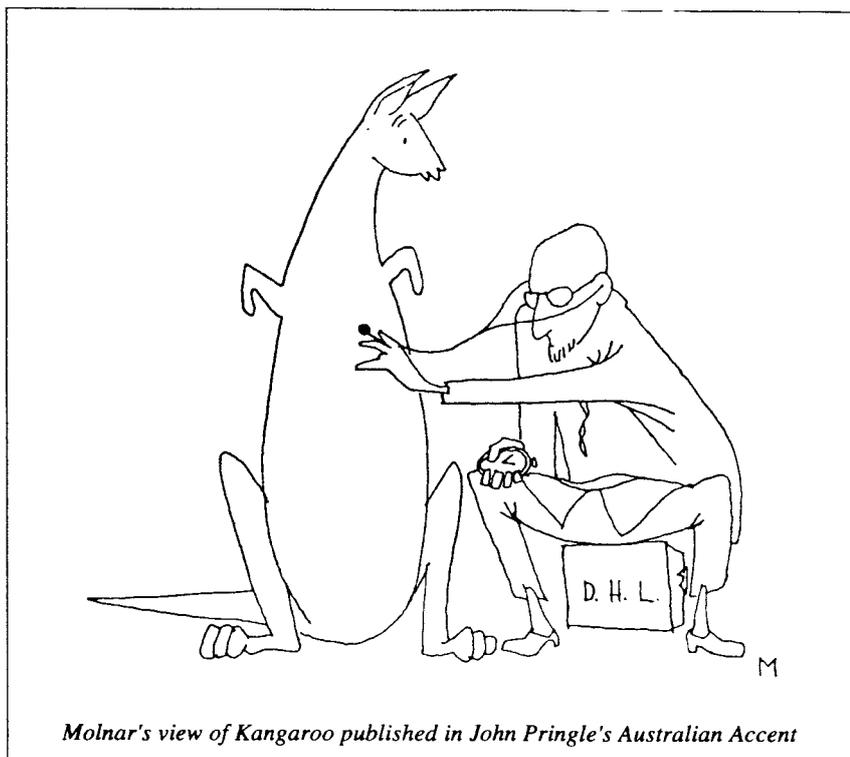
"Yet he wanted some living fellowship with other men; as it was he was just isolated. Maybe a living fellowship! - but not affection, not love, not comradeship. Not mates and equality and mingling - not blood brotherhood. None of that".⁴

Donaldson concludes "I find myself in something of a critical quandary. Although Lawrence's account of Somers' discovery about himself illuminates some of what is unclear in Women in Love -

Somers' 'revolution' in his mind being a further step of realisation of what is not fully realised in Women in Love - I am drawn back to the uncertainties and obdurateness of Women in Love".⁵ (The illumination of the "blood" connection can be seen from my earlier remarks).

At the same time as he tussled with the "man to man" relationship in both novels, Lawrence also broached his feelings toward the dual man and woman commitment.

Michael Wilding put it this way: "Like Birkin in Women in Love, Somers feels the need for a relationship with a man as well as with a woman. This is a necessity for



Molnar's view of Kangaroo published in John Pringle's Australian Accent

be true to each other, if one blood, all their issues - that is what we ought to do. No wounds, that is obsolete - But we ought to swear to love each other, you and I implicitly, and perfectly, finding, without any possibility of going back on it". In Kangaroo, Lawrence came to the view that this male "fellowship" should not be based on "blood brotherhood".

Kangaroo the novel is full of Lawrence's thoughts on what it is for a man to dedicate himself to another man and how this can or cannot for that matter sit with a man's relationship with his wife, in the person of Frieda (Harriet) in Lawrence's case. Sheila Macleod in her Lawrence's

fulfilment.”⁶ In the “Harriet and Lovat at Sea in Marriage” chapter in *Kangaroo*, Lawrence explores the different forms of the matrimonial relationships and the preferred course to be followed. *Women in Love* also contains a chapter giving guidance on this topic, titled “Marriage or Not”.

Kangaroo is Lawrence’s attempt at answering the eternal question, however, from a male perspective, in that a successful marriage is reliant upon, in his opinion, the husband as the perfect lover. In *Women in Love*, Lawrence expressed the view through the character of Gerald Crich that “surely there can never be anything so strong between man and man as sex love is between man and woman. Nature doesn’t provide the basis”.

John Worthen touched upon similar themes and terminology in this way:

“But, above all, Somers doesn’t want even momentary sexual relationship with a person he can see and be attracted to, who is - in an extraordinary phrase - a ‘visual travesty’: ‘These moments bred in the head and born in the eye: he had had enough of them. These flashes of desire for a visual object would no longer carry him into action. He had no use for them. There was a downslope into Orcus [i.e. hell], and a vast, phallic, sacred darkness, where one was enveloped into the greater god as in an Egyptian darkness. He would meet there or nowhere. To the visual travesty he would lend himself no more.’”

Ursula in *Women in Love* had the same experience of a lover telling her that he didn’t want to see her: “Birkin had knitted his brows in sudden exasperation.

‘Don’t you see that it’s not a question of visual appreciation in the least,’ he cried. ‘I don’t want to see you. I’ve seen plenty of women, I’m sick and weary of seeing them. I want a woman I don’t see.’

‘I’m sorry I can’t oblige you by being invisible,’ she laughed.”⁷

The day that Lawrence sailed for Australia from Ceylon he wrote to Martin Secker and asked for a copy of *Women in Love* to be sent to Mrs.

Ennis, the wife of Judge Ennis. Lawrence used the surname for a character in *Kangaroo*. This passing connection which involves both novels is not uncommon, as these other disparate subject matters illustrate:

□ the derision of “little” Lloyd George;

□ anti-semitism;

□ references to Napoleon;

□ Lawrence describes coal miners at Mullumbimby (Thirroul) in *Kangaroo*. Similarly, in *Women in Love*, coal miners are also portrayed at some length;

□ the search for Rananim by the respective couples who in real life are the Lawrences;

□ the words of a German folk song appear in *Women in Love* and *Kangaroo*⁸;

□ an allusion to Zeppelin’s “in the air” appears in *Women in Love*, but they are specifically referred to in the Nightmare Chapter of *Kangaroo*⁹;

□ the obscure word “excuse” (to wonder) is used in both novels¹⁰.

Many have drawn a similar line between *Kangaroo* and *Women in Love* when analysing Lawrence’s works. One of the first was John Middleton Murry in 1931 who gave an appraisal of Lawrence’s “Nightmare” in the context of “The Fundamental Equivocation of *Women in Love*”¹¹. In addition, a wider view can be taken of these links as Graham Hough states:

“We must look, then, for Lawrence’s leading ideas in the expository writings between 1914 and 1923. They form a pretty consistent body of work, for they are on the whole successive shots at saying the same thing, or at applying the same set of ideas to different fields of experience. So we can draw on them eclectically for our evidence.”¹²

The influence of “place” was also a major reason, in my view, for the similarities between *Kangaroo* and *Women in Love*. John Worthen in his essay “Lawrence and Eastwood” said: “The very first novel he wrote which did not to some degree draw upon the urban landscape of

Eastwood was *Kangaroo*, as late as 1922”¹³. *Women in Love* admittedly draws upon Eastwood’s urban landscape, but the Cornish coastal environment had an impact as represented by the sea analogies I have referred to. *Kangaroo* is also a reflection of Lawrence’s impressions of the coast in its various forms. In addition, the Nightmare Chapter makes reference to the Cornish Coast. Its effect on Lawrence had therefore been long lasting.

The evocative military role of the Diggers in *Kangaroo* brought Lawrence back to Cornwall principally through the threat of conscription. For what else was *Kangaroo*, and for that matter Willie Stuthers, attempting to do but conscript Somers into their opposing bands of combatants. Lawrence’s view of relationships is also brought into the equation because of his characterisation in the two novels. In *Women in Love* it came from the Mansfield/Murry connection. Whereas in *Kangaroo* it materialised from a pairing with another couple, whose identity in real life is still being conjectured about. Here the story will have to continue.

-Stephen O'Connor

ENDNOTES

¹ George Donaldson

² William Heinemann Ltd (1985) p. 56

³ D.H. Lawrence Centenary Essays (Bristol Classic Press (1986))

⁴ Ibid pp.64, 65

⁵ Ibid pp.65, 66

⁶ Political Fictions (Routledge & Kegan Paul (1980)) p.167

⁷ D.H. Lawrence (Edward Arnold (1991)) p.81

⁸ See explanatory note to CUP Edition of *Women in Love* at p.550 (165.6)

⁹ Ibid at p.532 (193.30)

¹⁰ Ibid at p.563 (302.2)

¹¹ D.H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow/Women in Love*, edited by Colin Clarke (MacMillan (1969)) p.77

¹² *The Dark Sun* (Gerald Duckworth Co. Ltd. (1956)) p.222

¹³ D.H. Lawrence Centenary Essays (Bristol Classic Press (1986)) p.11

'I Think I Shall Love These Tropics'

cont'd from p 24

will visit the school and the bungalow, and see the view down to the lake which Lawrence described so well. (In Kandy we will stay at the wonderful - and inexpensive - Hilltop Hotel.)

Nuwara Eliya. Pronounced "Newreelia", our visit to this colonial hill station will literally be the highlight of our trip, especially as we hope to arrive in the Viceroy's train from Kandy, climbing up over 6000 feet through jungle and tea plantations. Lawrence spent a day in Nuwara Eliya, and describes it in his letters. He was there in late March, when the

colonial elite of Ceylon repaired to the hills to escape the heat. It is hard to describe this amazing place without exhausting superlatives. (We will stay at the Hill Club, which is a sort of Hurlingham in the Hills, next to the world's highest golf course.) If you can picture Bowral (in our southern highlands), shift it up 5000 feet, put another 1500 feet of mountains above it, plant it with yellow gorse, palm trees and wattles, deck the housing in the style of Scotland's Balmoral (the place was designed and built by a regiment of the Gordon Highlanders), make it rain every day at 2 pm, wake up to frost and mist,

swelter in the noonday sun, be surrounded by friendly Tamils conducting their various festivals, marvel at the hill-station bungalows (both the President and Prime Minister have their "upcountry" residences next to the Hill Club), and you will have some sort of picture of Nuwara Eliya. On second thoughts, the valley in Hilton's *Lost Horizon* is probably the best image.

Lawrence arrived in Ceylon saying "I think I shall love these tropics". He didn't, and quickly departed for Australia. If, however, Ardnaree had been at Nuwara Eliya, we may never have seen him again.

In the Footsteps of Lawrence

cont'd from p 16

Endnotes

1. See "*Kangaroo: Fiction and Fact*", *Meridian*, May 1991.
2. In the *Sydney Morning Herald* of 9/12/89 ("Jumping to Conclusions about the Right-wing army of Kangaroo") Riemer said: "Darroch's complicated argument hinges on the Somerses' Sydney address, 51 Murdoch Street...[where] Lawrence visited [Jack] Scott...Not so, says Joe Davis." This review, of *D.H. Lawrence at Thirroul* and the Imprint edition of *Kangaroo*, as well as casting doubts on the Darroch Thesis, also raised doubts about the involvement of Walter Friend in any secret army activity, citing personal information from the Friend family. As mentioned in the previous issue of *Rananim* ("What Walter Knew"), we now know that Walter "Tootles" Friend was not only a numbered North Shore member of the 1930-32 Old Guard, but confessed as much to his brother-in-law, Wilbur Wright.
3. In the *Australian Book Review* (February/March 1990) Trigg, a member of Melbourne University's English Department, wrote that because of Davis's "meticulous reconstruction of Lawrence's movements and contacts in Australia...Robert Darroch's controversial *D.H. Lawrence in Australia* thus slips into the background".
4. Ellis, the CUP "authorised" biographer of Lawrence's middle years (and whose volume is also due out soon), wrote in the *D.H. Lawrence Review* ("Lawrence in Australia: The Darroch Controversy", vol 21/2 1989): "It would be a long and complicated affair to investigate in detail all of the claims Darroch made in his book, but the after-life of the important ones does not augur well for the rest. (The view from the back garden of Scott's former house is not, I gather, as conclusive as it was first made to appear.)" Information of this evanescent "after-life" appears to have reached him via Davis and Steele.
5. cf. *CUP Letters* #2455 (DHL-Baroness Richthofen [19/2/22]).

6. Intriguingly, among the other pieces of information he revealed was that he had heard that "the answer to how Lawrence found out about the secret army is to be found in the passenger list of the ship that brought him to Sydney". This would seem to imply that Lawrence had at least two contacts in Sydney - a "boat" one and a "wharf" one. However, I now believe these "two" people were actually the same person - Hum (though I still could be mistaken about this).
7. Hotel accommodation in 1922 ranged between 10 shillings and 30 shillings a day, but Hum was an expert at putting up people in good, inexpensive accommodation (as his family recalls), so a "more or less expensive" place in Macquarie Street would be mid-range, ie. between 15 and 20 shillings.
8. How slender they were is evidenced by the fact, cited by A.D. Forrester in Nehls, that Lawrence had to borrow money from his shipboard acquaintance, Marchbanks, in July, before Mounstier's draft arrived. As well, Lawrence told his mother-in-law [30/5/22] "Sydney town costs too much, so we came down into the country" and his agent [ditto] "it's awfully expensive getting about". (We also know Lawrence had recently complained about the expense of staying a night or so at the Savoy Hotel in Perth.)
9. Precisely what Lawrence's Sydney intentions were at this time is hard to deduce. He told one correspondent that he intended to stay for some time, because Frieda "says she must stay at least three months in or near Sydney" [*CUP Letters* #2521], and he told Mounstier [#2523] that he had "taken a little house on the edge of the Pacific" where he intended to "write a romance" (which seemingly implies a stay of at least a month or more). A later letter [#2529 to Mable Dodge Stern] implies an intended stay of up to three months.
10. We can deduce this from his time in Perth (where he expressed a wish for something similar), from his normal practice (Cornwall, Taormina, Taos, etc), and from what he ultimately chose (Wyewurk at Thirroul).
11. The first is contained in the novel's opening scene, where "Jack" and "Dug"

- indulge in a laconic exchange, using words such as "Dunnow", "yer" and "Mebbe". (Note the misspelling of "Doug". It seems likely that either in Perth or Sydney Lawrence ran across someone whose christian name was Douglas.)
12. I don't think anyone would argue this point now. The evidence for it is overwhelming, and is confirmed in many ways, not the least by the former Killara lady who told Dr Andrew Moore (see *The Secret Army and the Premier*) that Scott was "ribbed" at cards over his portrayal in *Kangaroo*.
 13. How do we know this? Others have disputed it, relying mainly on the evidence of electoral rolls (and phone books). However, the electoral rolls in fact confirm the presence of Mrs Oatley at Hinemoa around this time, as they do Scott's presence at 112 Wycombe Road (see accompanying "The Evidence of the Rolls").
 14. A contemporary *Bulletin* article named Lawrence as one of the up-and-coming English novelists.
 15. eg Joe Davis, *op cit*.
 16. An error I made in my 1981 book has led to some confusion about this 112 address (also see accompanying "The Evidence of the Rolls"). I said that the South Head lighthouse, mentioned by Lawrence as being in view from "51 Murdoch Street", could be seen from Scott's place in Wycombe Road. This, of course, is wrong. I meant the Macquarie light, which indeed is in view from 112, but from virtually nowhere else in Mosman. However, had Lawrence looked at night eastwards towards where he imagined The Heads were, that is the flashing light he would have noticed (note that he talks about "lights" on the Harbour), and easily confused the two. That Lawrence did indeed go to 112 there can be no question, for not only did Scott live there, but the "tub-top lookout" must have been almost unique in Sydney (see accompanying statement from Norm Dunn).
 17. Though in the Ace books edition of *Kangaroo* they could have crossed the Bridge, for its cover shows a couple cuddling under the SHB, even though it was then but a glimmer in Dr Bradfield's eye.

Bits...

Lawrence-wise, it's been a busy three months since our last *Rananim*. Suddenly there seems an upsurge of interest about Lawrence in Australia. In February not only did SBS screen a segment on Lawrence, Thirroul, etc, but ABC radio did a long feature as well. Then the *Illawarra Mercury*, bless its little parochial heart, published a long piece, timed to coincide with our train trip to Thirroul (see front page). So distorted was the latter article that both Ray Southall and Robert Darroch (president and vice-president) wrote stern letters of protest, both published (see below). Then in May a major article on "Lawrence of Australia" (geddit?) was published in the *New York Review of Books* and republished in the *Weekend Australian*, this time under the author's real name of Pierre Ryckmans, erstwhile professor of Chinese at Sydney University. His unstinting praise of Kangaroo aroused polymath gadfly Humphrey McQueen to pen a vitriolic anti-Lawrence riposte, also in the WA. With Bruce Steele's Cambridge UP edition of *Kangaroo* about to appear, and the "authorised" CUP second volume of Lawrence's biography (covering 1922) also ditto, and the *DH Lawrence Review* soon to publish an article on the "Darroch Thesis", Lawrence's topicality would seem at an all-time high.



In 1974 there was a proposal to name a street in Eastwood (Notts) "Chatterley Mews". A Miss Margaret Coe, a luminary of the local housing committee, objected to the name. She told the committee: "Lawrence was a dirty old man and a peeping Tom. Why must the people of Eastwood always be classed with this type of filthy literature?"



Our recent Lawrence visitor, Professor Yoshiharu Niwa, on the Great Eastern Highway, near Darlington (see story p 3).



Society member Garry Shead will be taking his Lawrence series of pictures and graphics to London soon. The art world in London is in for a treat, as are UK Lawrence fans, for Shead's series is one of the best sustained pieces of painting Australia has produced in some time, and a marvellous evocation of *Kangaroo* and *Thirroul*. These are not idle words, but an accurate summary of the reviews he has been receiving. The series is also the subject of a book, published recently by Craftsman House, and with an introduction by Sasha Grishin, reader in art history at ANU. "The book is a treasure," said reviewer Sandra Warner in the art gallery and museums magazine, *State of the Art*.



When word of our Society reached England, a member of the UK DHL Society, Enid Goodband, wrote to one of our members enclosing a letter about the word *Rananim*, the name of our *Journal*. (Enid had previously named her house in Lawrence's Eastwood, *Rananim*.) The letter

was from a Hebrew scholar, Gabriel Ben Ephraim. He explained that the word "rananim" was the plural masculine present tense of the Hebrew verb "ranen" which means "to rejoice, jubilate, make merry, sing, and generally have a good old time". It comes from a Biblical text: "All the wise men rejoice".



Perhaps the worst aspect of the *Illawarra Mercury* piece (mentioned above) was the photo that accompanied it, showing Lawrence seated at the foot of a tree reading or writing. Robert Darroch commented on this in his letter to the paper's editor: "The article should perhaps be best remembered for the nice picture of Lawrence that goes with it, which you have captioned 'D.H. Lawrence at Thirroul'. Surely even the greenest sub-editor would pick up the fact that a gum tree is not what Lawrence is leaning against, nor are those olive trees in the background a prominent part of the Thirroul landscape. The picture was taken at the Villa Miranda outside Florence in 1928. That's Florence, Italy."

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 (A\$50 for overseas members) to the Secretary, 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)

'I THINK I SHALL LOVE THESE TROPICS'

Plans are on track for our visit to Sri Lanka in late December. A brochure outlining the trip and itinerary will be available soon. Those who would like to receive this should write to John Lacey, the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia, PO box 100, Miller's Point, NSW 2000.

The visit will have many high-lights (not the least being the food and the breath-taking scenery). However, to whet the appetite, here a just a few of them:

The Galle Face Hotel. This was once the main hotel in the capital Colombo, and one of the Empire's great colonial hotels. Latterly it had fallen on thin times and was in urgent need of repair. This, fortunately, is now happening, with the Singapore company DBS Land currently restoring the Galle Face to its former splendour. (DBS Land recently restored Raffles Hotel in Singapore into one of the world's best hotels.) The Galle Face is, potentially, an even better hotel than Raffles, having

a far more spectacular site (on the Colombo seafront, facing the old city of Galle, which we will also visit), and better, more spacious accommodation and decor (the teak is something to behold). No one should miss dining on the verandah of the Galle Face on a balmy evening, with the candles fluttering in the night breeze, and the Indian Ocean floodlit not 50 feet away, leisurely partaking of a Sri Lankan curry, with chilli hoppers and Maldives fish-chips, followed by tropical fruit, washed down with local toddy and finished with coffee and Mendis "whisky" (at about 20 cents a glass). We will probably stay two nights at the Galle Face.

Ardnaree. For much of the past 60-odd years, the whereabouts (indeed, the existence) of Ardnaree, where Lawrence and Frieda stayed in Kandy with the Brewsters, was unknown. Many Lawrence visitors came to Kandy in search of the bungalow, so wonderfully described by Lawrence in his letters, and whose ambience he evoked in his Ceylon poem, *Elephant* (described also by Frieda and the Brewsters themselves). About three years ago, two

members of the UK DHL Society arrived in Kandy and began asking questions about Ardnaree. They were referred to a local doctor, who had written a book about Kandy. He could not help them, and they departed. A few months later the doctor was visiting a patient who was living in a house in the grounds of a local (and rather exclusive) boys' school. As he mounted the steps of the bungalow he looked up and saw, on a piece of wood over the door, the faded word, "Ardnaree". He had found Lawrence's bungalow. We

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Coming Up in Future Issues

The "Row in Town" - Lawrence as researcher.

Lawrence and Inky Stephensen

The Aldington-Lawlor Correspondence - where it all went wrong.

Review of Bruce Steele's *CUP Kangaroo*

The Friend Connection