Rananim

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

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LAWRENCE SEMINAR BY THE SEA

Members of the DHL Society go walkabout at Collaroy

The D.H.Lawrence Society of Australia broke new ground in May by staging its first Lawrence seminar. The event was a follow-up to the pilgrimage by steam train to Thirroul in February this year.

The seminar, on Sunday May 29, largely concentrated on Lawrence's Australian stay, and was held at Collaroy. Its title was "In the Footsteps of Lawrence" and the setting was appropriate, for the northern beach areas were vividly described in the early section of *Kangaroo*, when Richard Lovatt Somers and his wife Harriett made their expedition by tram from Manly, northward through the suburbs of Harbord, Brookvale, Dee Why and Collaroy to the terminus at Narrabeen.

There can be no doubt that Lawrence and Frieda themselves made this tram trip, and Robert Darroch believes it was on the last Sunday in May in 1922, hence the timing of the seminar. Nineteen members of the D.H.L. Society came for the day's proceedings which began at 10 am and ended at 5pm, with a break for a lively barbecue lunch in the garden.

Members present were the organisers, Robert Darroch and Sandra Jobson (at whose house the seminar was held), Paul Eggert, John Lacey, John Ruffels, Andrew Moore, Steve O'Connor, John Shaw, Liz Shaw, Marilyn Valentine, Jean Black, Kim McCauley, Ted St John, Val St John, John Rothwell, Christine de Mattos, Robin Archer, Drew Cottle, and Margaret Jones.

Dr Paul Eggert led off with a paper called "Open Secrets: Lawrence in pre-war Austria and Italy". This dealt with the period when, Frieda having left her husband, she and Lawrence were roaming the Continent, and laying the foundations of their stormy, difficult, but emotionally rich union.

Paul Eggert read from a previously unpublished essay by Lawrence, reflecting on national differences between the English and the Germans. But much of his talk concentrated on Lawrence and Frieda's wanderings in the Tyrol and in Italy, in particular with Lawrence's descriptions of shrines and small chapels, often depicting a suffering Christ.

Dr Eggert argued in his paper that Lawrence's obsession with the tortured

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Christ figures may relate to his guilt over taking Frieda away from her husband, Ernest Weekley.

Sandra Jobson, who has written a history of the Collaroy Basin area, called her paper: "The Collaroy Lawrence and Frieda Visited in 1922". At that time the northern Peninsula comprised a string of sleepy villages that ran along the coast, while Collaroy was particularly favoured by country people down in Sydney for the summer and other school holidays by the sea.

Sandra Jobson outlined the general history of the district, starting with its geological formation, through Aboriginal settlement, to the first white settlement, its bequest by the Jenkins family to the Salvation Army, then to subdivision in 1912, and to the building of substantial houses, such as Hinemoa, which may have been the model for St Colomb in *Kangaroo*, where Mr and Mrs Somers had afternoon tea.

During a break in the seminar, Robert Darroch led a walk around Collaroy and he and Sandra pointed out features of interest, thus illustrating both their papers.

Robert Darroch's paper, "In the Footsteps of Lawrence at Narrabeen and Collaroy", is largely covered in his article on this subject in the June edition of the Society's journal, *Rananim*.

In the novel, the Somers travel up to Narrabeen on a Sunday excursion. By chance, at the fictional St. Colomb, they encounter their Murdoch Street neighbours, Jack and Victoria Callcott, and have afternoon tea with them, thus cementing the friendship which will eventually lead, through the agency of the Callcotts, to the renting of Coo-ee at Mullumbimby, better known to us as Wyewurk at Thirroul. Robert Darroch argues (though this has been challenged by others) that in real life Lawrence and Frieda were not idly house hunting but had a rendezvous at or near the end of the tram ride, and that rendezvous was with a real-life secret army leader called Jack Scott, which the "Darroch Thesis" claims to be the real-life model for Jack Callcott.

Dr Andrew Moore's paper "*Kangaroo* on Trial: the Campaign to Save Wyewurk", deals with the struggle to preserve Wyewurk in the form the Lawrences knew it, following an attempt at renovation in 1988 by the present owner, real estate agent, Michael Morath.

Andrew Moore argued that the organised campaign to stop extensive alterations to Wyewurk involved questions of heritage value, architectural taste, and cultural identity. But more than that, the campaign to save Wyewurk broadened out into contesting views on the merits of *Kangaroo*, and whether Lawrence had correctly interpreted the Australian experience.

The anti-Lawrence school saw him as an interloper who had somehow undermined Australia's claim to possess an independent culture of its own. Dr Moore's paper showed how the Save Wyewurk campaign brought all sorts of negative and sometimes virulent feelings bubbling to the surface.

Christine de Mattos spoke on "A Student's Experience of *Kangaroo*", and outlined her research into membership of the New Guard in Thirroul in the early 1930s. She found no tangible links with the period when Lawrence was in Thirroul, but said there was potential for further research.

John Ruffels spoke on:"Holidaying at Thirroul in the Early Years of the Century", and quoted extensively (see page 19) from the memories of Mr Laurence Harrison, whose family holidayed at Thirroul before WW1.

Mr Harrison wrote of the days when families brought their maids with them to their beach houses, when women wore neck-to-knee costumes and floppy hats as they bathed, and children played decorously with buckets and spades.

Final speaker of the day was John Lacey, editor of *Rananim*, and train buff, who organised the trip to Thirroul and will be the organiser for our proposed trip to Sri Lanka, which, of course, will feature as many train rides as possible.

John Lacey spoke on "Lawrence in Ceylon", and outlined with words and colour slides the charms of Sri Lanka, with its hill stations, national parks, and remains of ancient cities.

For more news of the proposed Sri Lankan trip, see opposite page.

- Margaret Jones

The D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia

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Contributions to *Rananim*

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: 018 679 649.

Kandy is Dandy *(in Sri Lanka in August)*

Our planned trip to Sri Lanka has been postponed as various difficulties have militated against a January tour.

The recent elections there have seen the first change of government in 17 years, and the curious situation has arisen where the President, who has extensive executive powers, and the Prime Minister have conflicting party loyalties. A Presidential election is due at the end of this year. All those who love the resplendent isle and its people hope that the civil war and the communal disturbances will end and that the country will return to peace and prosperity.

Assuming that this does occur, we are looking at a tour in July-August 1995 to coincide with the Kandy Esala Perahera. A perahera is a religious procession, and that held in the Buddhist month of Esala in the upland city of Kandy is one of Asia's greatest festivals. This perahera runs over ten nights and culminates in a 2 km long procession of celebrants - thousands of dancers, drummers, musicians and a hundred elephants with bejewelled and decorated caparisons.

The centrepiece of the parade is the illuminated caparison on the elephant Raja which holds a replica of the Sacred Tooth which is venerated in Kandy's Temple of the Tooth. This tooth was recovered from the Buddha's funeral pyre, embedded in 7 cm of ivory and, as legend has it, smuggled from India to Lanka in the tresses of a princess of Orissa. Once the Portuguese invaded the island, it was taken inland and installed in Kandy. It is held on a golden wire rising from a golden lotus, enclosed in glass and covered by seven gold caskets.

Typical of Sri Lanka, the perahera is not only a Buddhist ceremony, but a secular one as well. Many Hindu elements are incorporated, and on the day after the final night the lay custodian reports to the nation's President that the perahera is done. This ceremony was carried out before the King of Kandy prior to his conquest by the British in 1815 and confirmed that the return of the Tooth had renewed the Kandyan spirit of nationhood.

Please register your interest in the trip by dropping a note to John Lacey at the Society's address.

When Lawrence was in Kandy a special perahera was celebrated for the Prince of Wales. Lawrence described the scene:

> **...the Perahera was wonderful: it was night, and flaming torches of cocoanut blazing, and the great elephants in their trappings, about a hundred, and the dancers with tomtoms and bagpipes, and half naked and jewelled, then the Kandyan chiefs in their costumes, and more dancers, and more elephants, and more chiefs, and more dancers, so wild and strange and perfectly fascinating, heaving along by the flames of torches in the hot, still, starry night.**

We hope to travel to Kandy and on to Nuwara Eliya by a restored steam-hauled train running as the Viceroy Special (although Ceylon only ever had a governor) which consists of two observation saloons and a restaurant car. This is ideal for viewing the stunning scenery of this route, with its jungles, wild waterfalls next to the track, tea gardens and its climb to the world's highest broad gauge summit of 6,226 feet. Even if we are not able to travel on the Viceroy Special, the ordinary trains convey a first class observation car with comfortable seats and deep windows at the rear of the train.

As well as visiting the DHL sites of Colombo, Kandy and Nuwara Eliya we also intend to visit the ancient cities of Anuradapura and Polunnawurra and the monolith at Sigiriya (for more on this read Arthur C. Clarke's *The Fountains of Paradise*). From the mountains we will descend to the sea and stay at both the 1684 built New Oriental Hotel and the contemporary Triton. **- John Lacey**

An Affable AGM

It was cold and wet on Sunday 24 July when the Society held its first Annual General Meeting in the McKinnon Room at North Sydney Leagues Club. The choice of venue surprised some but it was redolent with subtle literary associations as the late Club President Harry McKinnon was wont to interrupt Rugby League management meetings with explosive extracts from *Coriolanus* or reflections from *Omar*. Also there is a numerological connection, for the Bears last won the Premiership in 1922, the year of Lawrence's visit to North Sydney.

The meeting chaired by Ray Southall was marked by an absence of malice, but the presence of affability, unlike the AGMs of some other organisations. Due to the pressure of work, Beverley Burgmann reluctantly relinquished the responsibilities of Secretary, and the meeting warmly welcomed Margaret Jones as the new Secretary. The Committee is otherwise the same.

The meeting unanimously accepted the Treasurer's report and his recommendations for membership fees. As the Inaugural Meeting of the Society was held in November, and the membership year required by the Constitution ends in June, renewing members would pay half of the appropriate fee for 1994/1995, while new members would pay the full fees. The fees remain at $30 local and $50 overseas.

The Society has a total of 62 members and has conducted an excursion to Thirroul and hosted a Seminar at Collaroy, as well as producing one 12 page and two 24 page editions of *Rananim*. The original intention was to produce four 12 page issues each year but the Editor now hopes to produce at least three 24 page editions. The Editor appeals for more contributions from more members. Please see guidelines for Contributors, page 2. **- John Lacey**

The Mystery of

On my first trip to Darlington, 24 kilometres east of Perth, to look for Leithdale, once run as a guesthouse by Mollie Skinner, where Lawrence and Frieda stayed for 12 days during their time in Western Australia in May 1922, I was told by some local residents that I should also go over to the other side of the valley and see the place where the Old Dairy used to be. "D.H. Lawrence used it as a writer's retreat," they said.

Their instructions were easy to follow: Number 245 Mills Road, about a kilometre-and-a-half from Leithdale. I identified it by a small brass plate on its gatepost which says:

THE
OLD DAIRY
BUILT 1890
USED AS A
RETREAT BY
D.H. LAWRENCE
1922

As I read the wording I couldn't help comparing Darlington's pride in Lawrence's visit with the antagonism towards Lawrence demonstrated by some - but, fortunately, not all - of the residents of Thirroul.

Although I couldn't recall any references to Lawrence having used an old dairy as a retreat while he was in Darlington, I put this down to my lack of local knowledge. Moreover, at the bottom of Mills Road was a Lawrence Close; Darlington had obviously taken Lawrence to its bosom.

It wasn't until my second visit to Darlington that my suspicions about "the Old Dairy" were aroused. The present owners of Leithdale, Ruth and Simon Knowles, showed us a curious little octagonal "folly" in the garden at the back of the house. This little building, they said, was the "Old Dairy". They had first been told this by Nicola Banner, who researched a school project on Leithdale and had found a local long-time resident, Gwen Hearne, whose parents had bought Leithdale from Mollie Skinner to run as a convalescent home from 1930 to 1955.

Two Old Dairies, both connected to Lawrence, in the one small town? To paraphrase Oscar Wilde, two Old Dairies sounded like carelessness! So began my attempts to solve the Great Old Dairy Mystery.

As anyone who has undertaken research will know, once you get a whiff of an anomaly, you can't rest until it is solved. It was to be a quest that would lead me to a number of the older residents of Darlington and which was to provide me with a lot of local gossip (including the name of the alleged possessor of "the longest appendage in the district"). Certainly I began to get the feel of the place. (As well, I have come away with a detailed knowledge of the dairy industry of Western Australia, a subject I had not hitherto dreamed of investigating).

My first move was to write a letter to the occupants of 245 Mills Road (who weren't home when we were there previously). This drew a blank - they didn't reply and I didn't know their name, so couldn't ring them. So I rang Gwen Hearne who still lives in Darlington and is now in her mid-seventies. She was most helpful. She was only ten when her parents bought Leithdale but she can recall seeing Mollie Skinner going round with a cigarette hanging out of her mouth and being bossy. But, said Gwen,Nellie Beakbane, Mollie's partner in the guesthouse, was a "real lady".

Gwen also said that when her mother set up a convalescent home at Leithdale, they brought in a few extra cows to add to Mollie's one, and Gwen's brother milked them each morning before going to school, putting the milk and the separated cream into the "old dairy", the little building at the back of the house.

The building has a wooden door and a small window high up near its ceiling and another, tiny window on the opposite wall. It looks more like a substantial toilet than a "dairy", and indeed, I suspect that this is what it might have been in the beginning (although it is a little too large - unless it had a table with a water pitcher and basin as well). It is about six-to-ten metres from the existing back of the house, which has been considerably extended and altered from the original layout. It has a disused set of stone steps that lead up to it side-by-side with an old brick path that leads up to an ancient mulberry tree, and would have made an ideal loo for guests to visit, far enough away from the house not to offend sensitive noses, and close to the back cart track for removal of pans. It is in keeping with the grandiose vision of the man who built Leithdale in 1894, John Allpike, who planned the house as a series of octagonal shapes, with a verandah right around it, a magnificent hallway with tesselated tiled floor, marble fireplaces imported from Italy, chandeliers, and even a ballroom. That the little building was dispensed with as a toilet later when the house was plumbed is very likely, for there is a section of the side verandah wall which is white-washed, suggesting that a new loo had been constructed there at a later date. Thus it might then have been used to store milk, as Gwen Hearne says. I asked her where the cows were actually milked and she said they were milked in the sheds up near the three uncovered wells which had been wine or water vats in the early 1890s when the Leithdale estate of 20-or-so acres had been a vineyard. There was also a stable and a chicken coop. It is probable that the wash-house was also in these sheds as the water had to be drawn from the well by Mollie's assistant, an old man called Martin, who stoked the copper for the washing. This tallies with Mollie Skinner's description of sitting with Lawrence outside the

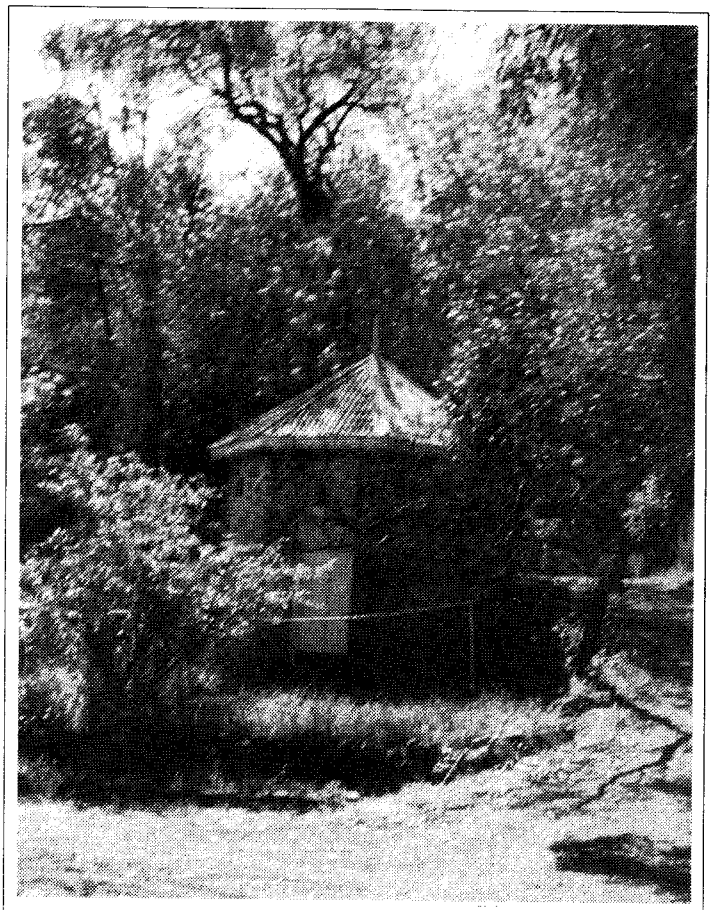
the Old Dairy

wash-house, and how he went over to "the redgum by the stable" and brought back a lump of sap, and how they walked back "down to the house".

So what about the other Old Dairy over in Mills Road? My quest led me to Arthur Dall, who started the first milk run in Darlington when he returned from World War 11. Arthur said there were only three dairies in Darlington in the early days that he knew of, although plenty of people had the odd cow and sold their neighbours their excess milk. The first dairy in Darlington was Rangers' near the now defunct nine-hole golf course off Darlington Road and on the opposite side of the valley. Old Mr Ranger let his cows wander all over Darlington and he complained they got hit by golf balls when they wandered on to the course. The golfers were not sympathetic to his complaints.

Arthur Dall said I should contact Peter Fischer who owned one of the other two big farms at Darlington which had cows, and also Kelvin Praeter, who owned the other farm. By accident, when I rang 013 to get Peter Fischer's number, despite the fact that I very carefully spelt his name with a "c", I was given another person by the name of Brian Fisher without a "c". Unaware at that stage of Telecom's error, I spoke to Brian Fisher, who turned out to be a mine of information about Darlington, and gave me Pip Colbourne's number.

Pip Colbourne was even more helpful. Unlike Arthur Dall, he thought there had been a dairy in Mills Road despite the fact that the drainage on the lot was bad and not suitable for dairy farming. Pip suggested I ring his friend Colin "Nobby" Clarke, now a marine electrician in Fremantle, who used to live at 245 Mills Road. Pip also suggested I ring Peter Fischer with a "c". So I then rang Peter Fischer and asked him about the Old Dairy. Like Arthur Dall, he said he could recall no dairy in Mills Road, and he also confirmed that the oldest dairy was Rangers' on the old Saw estate near the golf course. The Praeters had a dairy, too, with a stone wall around the holding yard where the cows were milked.



The "Old Dairy" at Leithdale

My next step was to contact the historian of the Mundaring Shire, Ian Elliott, who confirmed the existence of the three dairies which Arthur Dall and Peter Fischer knew of, and, like them, he couldn't recall there ever being a dairy in Mills Road.

Yet there was that sign on the gatepost. Moreover, the next street down the hill from Mills Road was Lawrence Close. There must be some connection, I thought. Then there was the persistent linking of Lawrence to an old diary. Perhaps I might get a clue from the naming of Lawrence Close. I rang the local shire council who advised me to ring the Department of Land Administration's Geographic Names section at Midland. There I asked about the origins of the name Lawrence Close. Their records showed that in 1977 the Mundaring Shire Council had decided to rationalise some of the street names in Darlington. One of them was Constance Street, which was cut in two by a creek. The council decided it would be more sensible to divide the street into two dead-end streets and give one side a new name rather than go to the expense of constructing a bridge over the creek. So it asked the local Residents' and Ratepayers' Association to suggest a suitable name. In a letter to the Council, the then secretary, Mr A. (Tony) Stockwell suggested "Lawrence" and in 1981 the name was duly approved. The present secretary of the Association, Beth Sawyers, could find no correspondence on the subject but put me on to Peter Day, who had been president of the Association back in 1977 when it had suggested the name. He confirmed that the suggestion of "Lawrence" was indeed to celebrate the fact that DHL had visited Darlington. Peter said he was not aware

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THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD DAIRY

of any connection between Lawrence and an old dairy in Mills Road, and he suspected that there had never been a dairy on that site. So the connection between Mills Road and Lawrence Close must have been purely accidental.

By this time I had gathered a lot of useful information about Darlington. But I feared I'd never get any closer to solving the mystery of the Old Dairy. My main hope was Nobby Clarke, the marine electrician now based in Fremantle who had lived at 245 Mills Road in the 1970s. There were no electricians by the name of Clarke in Fremantle in the Yellow pages, so I tried looking up MARINE and found one company, Arrow, which was listed as "marine electricians". A call to them located Colin "Nobby" Clarke who worked there. A well-modulated, friendly-sounding voice answered and I explained my mission.

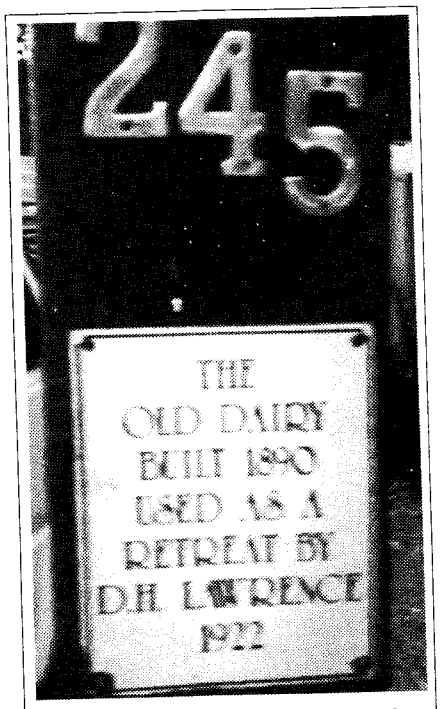
"Yes," he replied, "D.H. Lawrence stayed in my old house, he must have, it was virtually the only place in Darlington at that time. It used to be a dairy."

But what about the fact that Lawrence had stayed at Leithdale during his time at Darlington? I asked. Nobby Clarke then said that he had read about this more recently in Molly Skinner's book and conceded that he was wrong: Lawrence had stayed at Leithdale, not in his house. But, he added "I went round for 20 years telling people Lawrence had stayed in my house." Was he, then, responsible for the sign on the gatepost? "What sign?" he asked, denying any knowledge of it.

I then asked had it ever been a dairy? Nobby said he was sure it must have been because it had delapidated sheds which later fell down, some crumbling concrete troughs, an old stone wall for a yard, and the whole property was fenced agriculturally. Moreover, there was a permanent water supply from a spring which came out of a cliff. This is not conclusive proof, however, that it was purely a dairy. It might have been a farm which had some cows.

If Nobby Clarke, who had created the idea that Lawrence had used the "Old dairy" as a retreat, hadn't been the person who erected the brass plate on the gatepost, who had? A former Darlington estate agent, Bob Wootten, said he vaguely recalled that there was a sign on the gatepost when he was involved last year in selling the house, which at that time belonged to Michael Wilden to its present owner. A third attempt to find the present owner proved lucky. His name is Alan Dodds, and he bought the house in December 1993 from Michael Wilden. He showed me the back of the house where the remains of a small and very old stone building have been incorporated into the present modern wooden structure.

Inside, two little rooms of the old building remain, with little windows and



The brass plate at 245 Mills Road

low doorframes made from wood that is now very old. Alan Dodds said he had heard from "hearsay, or perhaps the person we bought the house from" that the old building had once been a dairy. On one boundary of the property and across part of the front of the house is also the remains of an old stone wall which is now bowed in places. As to any link with D.H. Lawrence, Alan knew of none - apart from the brass plate on the gatepost which was there when he bought the house. He didn't know who had erected it.

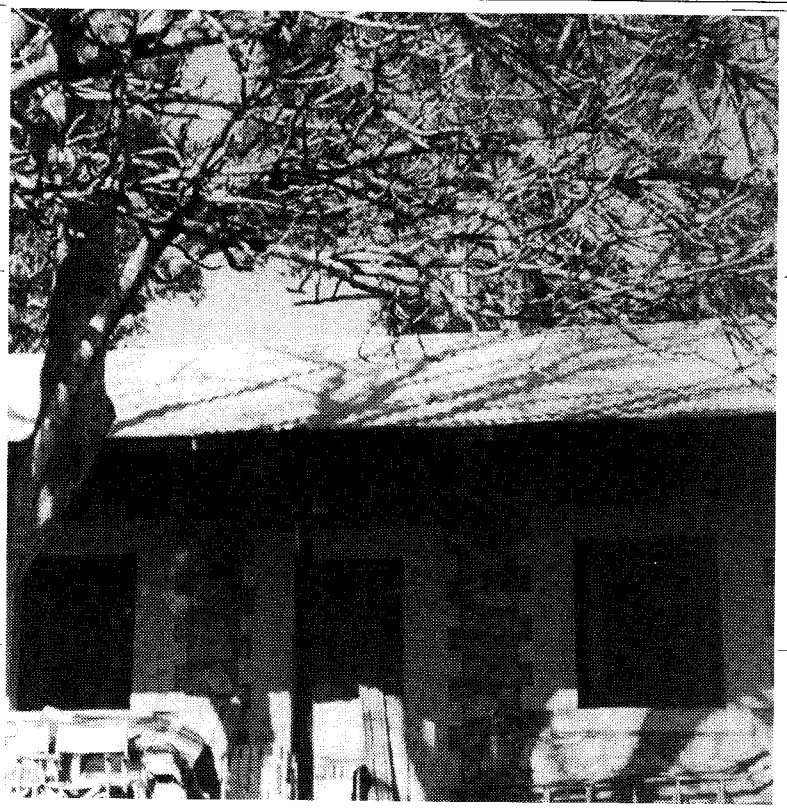
I then went to the Department of Land Administration at Midland to search for the previous owners of 245 Mills Road, formerly 36 Mills Road, and before that, Lot 71. A computer title search revealed that Lot 71 was created in 1917 out of a large parcel of land owned by George Lukin and Henry Merino Cooke. Title to Lot 71 was transferred in 1917 to William Arthur Cook, a master printer of Subiaco, and Frederick Wilhelm Tham, saddler. They still owned Lt 71 in 1922.

Colin Moffat Clarke ("Nobby") bought the property in 1972 and sold it in July 1988 to Terence Peter Banning and Sylvia Ann Watson, who sold it to Michael Wilden in June 1989. He sold it to Alan Dodds in December 1993.

As Nobby Clarke said he had not erected the brass plate, it must have been either Terence Banning or Michael Wilden because Alan Dodds said it was there before he came along, and the former estate agent, Bob Wootten, said it was there when he was selling the house. I tried to find Miachel Wilden but was told he'd "gone to the Eastern States", which, in WA parlance is equivalent to saying he'd disappeared off the face of the earth. A preliminary attempt to find him in Sydney via 013 proved hopeless but I shall continue to hunt for him. So I turned to Terence Banning. The Perth phonebook listed four Bannings. The first two drew a blank, but once again, third time lucky! Terry Banning's daughter told me he was currently overseas with Sylvia Watson. She said she had visited the house in Darlington on several occasions but could not recall any brass plate. "Dad wouldn't do that kind of thing," she added. She put me on to Sylvia Watson's daughter, who also said that despite visiting the house in Mills Road many times, she couldn't recall a brass plate on the gatepost either. She very helpfully gave me Terry Banning and Sylvia Watson's address in England, and I have written to them asking if they know of any link between Lawrence and the property and also whether they know who put up the plaque. So far, no reply.

By now, I had more or less cracked the mystery of the Old Dairy. It looks as if the link with Lawrence was nothing more than a surmise of Nobby Clarke's that Lawrence had stayed at his place. He had deduced "the Old Dairy". Either Terry Banning or Michael Wilden had put up the plaque, and I hope to get to the bottom of this before too long.

But something still niggled at the back of my mind. Why had there been such a persistent belief in Darlington that Lawrence had a connection with an old dairy? Why the reference to "the old dairy" at Leithdale? Maybe there was a deeper reason for the myth which could



The remains of the "Old Dairy" at Mills Road

be traced back to Lawrence's time in Darlington.

We know that Mollie Skinner's returned WW1 injured veteran brother, Jack, on whom she based the hero of *The Boy in the Bush*, moved to Darlington from his returned soldier settlement farm at Kalumunda in the Hills, when Mollie took up residence at Leithdale. His new patch was "an unstocked three acres by the brook" but he probably began to farm it soon after arriving. We know that he kept ducks, and he probably had a cow to supply himself and his mother with milk. Mollie says that he brought his mother's cottage over from the old site and rebuilt it next to an existing shack at Darlington which he lived in. We know from Lawrence's own letters to Mollie Skinner that he would wander down to Jack's little plot and would pay a visit to Mollie's mother, a once-grande-dame of Perth society, but now old and down on her luck.

We also know that after Mollie's mother's death, Mollie suffered a nervous reaction, even though she said they had never been really close. As a result, Nellie Beakbane closed down Leithdale for a while and went to England while Mollie went and lived in her mother's little house - using it as a writer's retreat as Lawrence had urged her to to in "that little cottage on the creek slope".

I decided to try and find if the two little cottages still stood. Once again, the close-knit society of Perth and Darlington was to supply the answer. We had visited Perth's best antiquarian bookshop in search of Lawrence material and had met its owners, Robert and Helen Muir (nee Durack), who told us that their friends, Gail and David Gregson, a well-known WA artist, lived at Darlington "next door to the little house Mollie Skinner lived in". A trip up to Darlington the following Saturday was rewarding. The little cottage is situated next to an old oak tree on a narrow strip of land running side-by-side with a wedge-shaped allotment down to the "brook", as both Lawrence and the locals called Nannya creek. The adjoining wedge-shaped block is now vacant, as the old cottage on it (Jack's) was condemned and demolished recently. Gail and David, who have lived in their house for 32 years, say that the remaining cottage used to be owned by an old man called Mr Rawson who told them that Mollie Skinner had lived there.

We went down to look at the cottage more closely, walking through the soft mossy grass strewn with large gumnuts, past wattle brightly in bloom. The old oak tree still had some leaves because the winter had been so short and gentle.

Down from the house was the brook, which usually only runs in winter. Lawrence had visited in late autumn, by which time the brook itself would have probably dried up, although the sudden rain storm on the day of Lawrence's arrival in Fremantle might have provided some water. But Lawrence mentions a pond and the ducks. Jack Skinner had most likely dammed the creek to provide his cow and other animals with drinking water during summer.

A little, and very old, wooden footbridge with no railing leads over the creek to a large cleared paddock with the remains of a loose stone wall on two sides. This paddock is joined to the wedge-shaped allotment on the other side of the creek and was the three acres which her brother took up, referred to by Mollie Skinner in *The Fifth Sparrow*. We know Lawrence would walk down from Leithdale to visit Mollie's mother:

> **The path down the hollow under the gum trees, to your mother's cottage; and those big ducks - Your mother didn't belong to our broken, fragmentary generation; with her oriental rugs in that little wooden bungalow, and her big, easy gesture of life. It was too small for her, really.**

The most likely path he would have taken would have been up the hill behind Leithdale and down a track to the dirt road, then along the right-of-way by the stone wall of the paddock, across the little wooden footbridge, and up the slope to Mollie's mother's cottage.

If any of the locals had observed the pale, red-bearded Englishman making his way through the grey bush towards the cottage and Jack's little farm, on which there was a cow, although not a dairy, the visits might well have gone into Darlington folklore. The fact that Mollie later used the cottage as a writer's retreat could also have added to the legend. Or maybe there was no association whatsoever between Lawrence and an old dairy in Darlington - apart from Nobby Clarke's assumption.

Either way, I rest the Case of the Old Dairy for the moment. Perhaps I shall find out more. No matter the final outcome, it is to Darlington's credit that, perhaps a little over-zealously, they have commemorated Lawrence's stay there so generously.

- Sandra Jobson

LAWRENCE, LEAVIS AND THE LAW

This is an edited version of an address to the Law and Literature Society on April 29, 1994, by Peter E. King

To my mind, as a legal practitioner, the practice of law in Australia is at an interesting crossroads. We could see it become paltry and of little merit or become a great tradition and its study a central part of the wider culture which both Lawrence and F.R. Leavis thought was essential to a vibrant society.

Lawrence recognised in his Australian novels that the law could not be avoided, that ultimately law did hold society together even if in a mechanistic way and generated its own morality, tawdry and insubstantial and unsatisfying though it is. Jack, in *The Boy in the Bush* , knew he could not get the new society he wanted, even in the outer reaches of north-west Australia. What worried Lawrence supremely and what he sought to address was the very lifelessness that modern law and social conditions had produced. A life of prescription, under law, under modern law, was adequate, sufficient, admired by society and impelled by the conditions it had created. But for Lawrence it is not life or life giving.

To explain why, I think, it is helpful to examine Dr Leavis's assessment of Lawrence and whether it tells us anything about the failings of Lawrence's view of Australia or the law. Leavis is perhaps an annoying critic. I think he's a modern in that he has a palpable inner anger - an anger of vision of a highly intelligent man whose ideas and ambitions have not met with every success. He is pompous and often uses obscure turns of phrase, but there is no doubt he is and remains one of the foremost potent literary critics of the century to those who have an abiding interest in English literature and literary criticism as an independent art from and as part of our culture. The ruthlessness of his purpose, and the bluntness (not wittiness) of his expression, makes Leavis to contemporary eyes, too frequently, arrogant and a little quaint, if not old fashioned. But for the purpose in hand, Leavis still has a critically important modernity. That importance relates in part to the description that Lawrence gives to the Australian culture, the well springs of existence in our country, and the assessment that Leavis makes of that type of writing and that type of writer and the vital spirit of a nation's literature and its people.

Levis, like Lawrence, had a strong sense of the sickness of the modern world. To Leavis, at least, the inordinate cause of this sickness is the technologico-Benthamite social structure, or in the language of jurisprudence, the law of the positivists and the great administrators of a scientific system of law and justice. The lawyers who clamber to be somebody as part of a system in itself and make others somebody through the law he held in lofty contempt. Both Lawrence and Leavis in their different disciplines make observations about law which lawyers hardly understand and which few lawyers, except perhaps appellate judges reflecting on the words of others, ever grapple with. The problems of a displaced, uprooted society (evidenced by reported widespread abuse of drugs, sexual permissiveness, alcohol abuse and the "disquality" of life that taunts the modern world for both the unemployed and the employed) do not call, in the minds of some, for more regulation, more law or more prescription. If anything, this makes the problem worse. The more law there is the less it has any meaning, the less opportunity there is for it to generate its own sense of morality, the morality which binds society together and gives individuals a sense of belonging and attachment one to the other and to the whole. At least it seems to me that's the way both Lawrence and Leavis have seen it.

What impresses Leavis so much about Lawrence however is not his radically different sense of morality but rather his quest of it. His recognition of the need for that morality and that likeness of the modern blank cultures of the world. Lawrence may not be the answer, but he is asking the right questions. How do we really live today? Having won great technological battles how does the human spirit in ordinary people survive and now revive? Leavis's solutions are well-known - a better English department in modern universities, a new and robust intelligentsia.

But Leavis is not a snob. He

deplores "a high standard of living in a vacuum of disinheritance" (*Nor Shall My Sword* page 79). What he seeks for the saving of modern society is "an organic community" and for individuals to have "an opportunity to be". For me, the fascinating aspect of *The Boy in the Bush* is the dramatic and difficult path Lawrence depicts as being necessary for the youth of our century in Australia. We need courage and fidelity in both a physical and moral sense so as to achieve stature as human beings. The ordeal to achieve it, so magnificently depicted in the chapter "Lost" in the book, in the Australian bush shows just how demanding Lawrence is of his heroes and best citizens and how critical he is of the society which makes that path so difficult.

If Lawrence's personal quest is difficult, yet essential and gratifying for the human who undertakes the challenge in this way, Leavis is more clear about how to achieve it. In order to achieve "the collaborative creation of the world of significances and values" (*Nor Shall My Sword* page 94) we must regain our cultural inheritance. For this purpose the study of English by persons sensitive to the needs and nature of a culture is essential. By this route an educated public, not elites and oppressive oligarchies, will develop. In this process the university's place in society is critical:

> **The university should be a creative centre of civilisation - my explanation is conveyed in my account of what I mean by saying that. When I develop the proposition by enlarging on our need of a real and responsible educated public there is a shift to the plural: the constitutive function of the Universities is to create such a public, and keep it vitally charged, conscious of its responsibility, and properly influential. (*Nor Shall My Sword* page 201).**

[illegible] English department in a [illegible] becomes a co-[illegible] or co-centre for all other disciplines, requiring intelligence and sensibility in the promotion and understanding of a vital culture. "Creative quarrelling" is part of this process and something which Leavis obviously practised fully with the aim of producing cultural leaders and in due course "an educated public". Students from university will contribute to the complex collaborative community (*Nor Shall My Sword* page 206) and prevent the Americanisation of our community. Public policy on these (and perhaps all) matters should not be left in the hands of democratically elected politicians but in the hands of the best or most qualified of our time in the tradition of Plato. Leavis, however, is not an absolutist. Only with a properly educated public will a democracy work, in spite of the weakness of such a system of government. He like Lawrence is concerned with culture, though the solutions are somewhat different.

If our system of law is a living part of the social order, is in a sense parasitic upon it, then Lawrence has a lot to say to us today. Modern society in Australia is going through historic upheaval which many lawyers appreciate and sympathise with. I do not only mean (though I do include) problems surrounding unemployment and social dislocation associated with it in large areas of industrialised Australia, but I also mean those of the new technological world in which we live, where the unskilled worker which formed the bulk of the workforce in the past is in the process of going or has gone, where the have nots are growing exponentially in relation to the haves, where employment itself did not mean what it did ten years ago and where many young people find comfort only in despair whether or not they are in work. The problems are sometimes expressed as a breakdown of law and order, but is I think more accurately referred to as a failure of culture.

Lawrence does not tell us what the law can do about these problems. What he tells us is what the problem is and portrays how we as ordinary people can fix it. As lawyers with a social interest we face the question, what can we do to help? The answer is to humanise law, and something which the Americans have succeeded partly in doing, "moralise" law, and make it more relevant in an organic society. Leavis tells us what we, as English students, can do about the problem, and what it is in Lawrence that matters in answering that question.

For the lawyer a study of Lawrence generally and the Australian novels in particular brings home to us the utter inadequacy of our system of law to fulfil hitherto the social need that only a vibrant culture can fulfil. A recognition of this is perhaps an endorsement of the controversial leave process for appeals to the High Court, and for a widening to other tribunals of the type of argument and acceptance there. It also re-emphasises that legislators and judges should not oppress our society with an excess of law or of legal and equitable expectations if there is any hope that the law as passed or enforced will generate their own morality and a sympathy which commands respect amongst the general public. And for barristers and others vitally interested in the processes of the law, study of these novels reminds us of the desire of some judges and the tendency of the law to mistake morality for public policy. The great role of judges, according to the view, should be by sensitive judgements and evocative simple statements of the law, to communicate to the public a strong moral response and sympathy for the laws as enforced. Leavis's contructionism illustrates that literary criticism still has a role in promoting a lasting worthwhile culture. Leavis emphasises in a grand sense the responsibility of those involved in literature to every part of society. And this observation is justified: most appellate lawyers, critics and writers, are in substantial agreement but the political process has not provided the answers to the difficult human social problems which needed addressing when Lawrence and Leavis wrote. So, they should busy themselves and address the concerns now.

D.H. LAWRENCE AND THE "BL" SYNDROME

"Far be it from me to suggest that all women should go running after gamekeepers for lovers." - D. H. Lawrence, in "A propos of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*" (1929)

By far Lawrence's most famous work - and by no means his worst - is, of course, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (referred to in Lawrence circles as *LCL*). Without it, Lawrence's reputation would be rather different, and his estate much the poorer. In many places (China, to name but one) virtually the only knowledge of Lawrence is via *LCL*. For millions of people it performed the role Lawrence largely intended: a means of sexual enlightenment, even liberation. It is safe to say that *LCL* is the best-read erotic book in the language, and perhaps in any language. (Though Lawrence would have insisted it was *phallic* rather than erotic.)

Yet for all its fame, what is not so well-known is that its theme - the illicit love of a titled lady for a lowly (but sexy) gamekeeper - was not all that fresh, in the sense of original. As Professor Elsie Adams pointed out some years ago (in a 1969 issue of the *D.H. Lawrence Review*), LCL bears an uncanny resemblance to a novel published over 40 years before: *Cashel Byron's Profession* (hereafter known as *CBP*).

Moreover, it is very likely that Lawrence read *CBP*, as it enjoyed an immense vogue around the turn of the century, when he was a young man in Nottingham. And although no one, least of all Professor Adams, is accusing Lawrence of anything so base as plagarism, the parallels **do** cast an informative light on Lawrence's possible source materials, and to his attitude generally to "originality".

I can, I hope, assume that readers of this journal will recall the plot of *LCL*, at least in broad outline. In which case the plot of *CBP* will seem quite familiar. An aristocratic lady, Lydia Carew, encounters, not a gamekeeper, but a prize-fighter, Cashel Byron. Like Connie Chatterley, Lydia is independent and sophisticated - indeed, she is what today might be called liberated. Yet instead of being repelled by Cashel's brutish "animal vitality", she soon finds herself under his physical spell. Eventually she throws convention aside and, like Connie, runs off with her working-class lover.

The first thing to note is how the titles echo each other: *Lady Chatterley's Lover - Cashel Byron's Profession* (and note also that the titles refer to the *objects* of the respective heroines' attentions). Both Lydia and Connie have enjoyed, unusually for their eras, educational advantages. Both have enlightened fathers. Both fathers warn their daughters of the social dangers of being *too* emancipated. Yet both finally approve their daughters' choice of low-born mates.

Even the settings of the two novels are similar. As Professor Adams pointed out, Lydia is the mistress of an estate, Wiltstoken Castle, which "stood on an eminence surrounded by hilly woodland, thirty acres of which were enclosed as Wiltstoken Park". *LCL* readers will recall that Connie is also mistress of an estate, Wragby Hall, which, according to Lawrence, "stood on an eminence in a rather fine old park of oak trees".

Both male targets occupy lodges on or near the two heroines' estates. Both Lydia and Connie are out walking when they come across the objects of their future infatuations. Professor Adams cites the relevant passages. First, from *CBP*:

> **The trees seemed never-ending: she began to think she must possess a forest as well as a park. At last she saw an opening. Hastening towards it, she came again into the sunlight, and stopped, dazzled by an apparition which she first took to be a beautiful statue, but presently recognised, with a strange glow of delight, as a living man....the man was clad in a jersey and knee breeches of white material; and his bare arms shone like those of a gladiator. His broad pectoral muscles, in their white covering, were like slabs of marble. Even his hair, short, crisp, and curly, seemed like burnished bronze in the evening light.**

In *LCL*, Connie comes across the gamekeeper's cottage in the woods:

> **She turned the corner of the house and stopped. In the little yard two paces beyond her, the man was washing himself, utterly unaware. He was naked to the hips, his velveteen breeches slipping down over his slender loins. And his white slim back was curved over a big bowl of soapy water, in which he ducked his head, shaking his head with a queer, quick little motion, lifting his slender white arms, and pressing the soapy water from his ears, quick, subtle as a weasel playing with water, and utterly alone...in some curious way it was a visionary experience: it had hit her in the middle of the body....Perfect, white, solitary nudity of a creature that lives alone, and inwardly alone.**

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What sort of novel is *Kangaroo*? To those unfamiliar with the arcane world of Lawrence literary analysis, that might seem a simple question. It is not. Today there is little or no agreement on what *Kangaroo* is about, nor precisely what sort of literary work it is.

For many years it was classified as one of Lawrence's three "leadership" novels (*Aaron's Rod, Kangaroo, The Plumed Serpent*), the idea here being that the artist was imagining himself in fiction as a leader. More recent Australian criticism - eg, Dr Joseph Davis - has it as "a novel of place". There is something to be said for this position. Other interpretations range from the conceivable to the bizarre.

With so many diverse interpretations competing with each other, it might be an idea to see what Lawrence himself said about the novel. Admittedly he didn't say much - he seldom did say anything about his novels. However, he did leave a few hints, particularly in his letters - and especially while he was writing the novel in Thirroul. And although many scholars have in the past pored over these Australian letters looking for clues, the ground is not as well trodden as it might at first appear.

So let us pay attention to what he does say about the novel, starting with the first mention of it, in his May 26, 1922, letter to his American agent, Mountsier, written just before arriving in Sydney:

> I shall try NSW, to see if I want to stop there and write a novel.

Note the word "try". Lawrence originally had gone to Ceylon with the idea of writing an "Indian novel", but the weather had, apparently, put him off. He had earlier suffered fits and starts with other novels (*Mr Noon*, his "Venice novel", *The Lost Girl*, and *Aaron's Rod*). In a postscript to the above letter, written on 30/6/22, the day after he arrived in Thirroul, he adds:

> I am going to try to write a romance - or begin one - while I am here and we are alone.

It is quite a puzzle what he meant by "a romance". He can hardly have meant a love story. And what he did write cannot by any stretch of normal language be called a romance. The novel starts out very realistically, and in fact echoes many of the observations Lawrence is making to his various correspondents overseas. It is clear that he is taking in a lot about Australia and Australians, and he comments extensively in his letters on what he sees around him in Sydney and Thirroul. He next mentions the novel in a letter to Mabel Dodge Luhan (MDL), written on Saturday, June 3, exactly a week after his arrival:

> I have started a novel and if I can go on with it I shall stay till I've finished it - till about the end of August. But if I can't work I shall come on to America.

Here, perhaps, is the first indication of the sort of novel Lawrence has in mind. It is to be a novel he will try to start and finish in one place - Australia (unlike *Aaron's Rod,* which spread over a number of countries). He also hopes to conclude it in three months - rather quicker than most of his previous novels (in fact he finished it in about six weeks). Yet he has not, apparently, worked out the entire plot, for he does not know if he *will* be able to finish it in Australia. From the outset there is an element of uncertainty about the project.

Next Lawrence sends several postcards (all dated 5/6/22) to various people overseas. He mentions his writing intentions in two of them. "If I can write we shall stay a few months," he tells S.S. Koteliansky (Kot). "I am trying to write," he tells his Ceylon friend, Brewster, "and if I can get on we shall stay a month or two." The next proper letter is to his mother-in-law, Baroness Richthofen (9/6/22):

> I am in Australia, and suddenly writing again - a weird novel of Australia.

This is the first definite mention of the subject of the novel. It will not only be written in Australia, but will be "of Australia". And there is something else: the word "suddenly". This seems to hark back to an sentence earlier in the letter: "...I must go [on travelling] till I find something that brings me peace. Last year I found it at Ebersteinburg. There I finished *Aaron's Rod*, and my *Fantasia of the Unconscious*." Lawrence appears to be making a connection between the problem of finishing difficult works, and particular places. Also note the word "weird". Lawrence repeats this description of *Kangaroo* a number of times in his letters, also calling it "queer" and "different". So, even at this early stage, he is saying there is something odd or unusual about his new novel "of Australia".

On the same day, the second Friday after his arrival, Lawrence also wrote to Mountsier, telling him more about the novel he had first mentioned in his previous (26-30/6/22) letter:

> If the novel I have begun (pitched

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> in Australia) keeps on at the rate it is going at, it should be ready by August. But it is a rum sort of novel, that'll probably bore you. So don't count on it.

He reiterates that there is something strange about his new work: "a rum sort of novel". Also, his U.S. agent might be put off by it. Would that be due to its "rumness", or to something else? But it goes well (indeed, I calculate that he had written four, perhaps five of the 18 chapters by 9/6/22). He also tells Mountsier:

> I feel rather keen to write an American novel, after Australia.

So well is the novel going that he's already thinking of his next novel, to be set, perhaps in some similar fashion, in America. Gone are the problems of *Mr Noon* and *Aaron's Rod*. Whatever he is doing differently, or whatever his new "place" is contributing, he apparently thinks he can take advantage of the phenomenon in America.

On the same day he posts a letter to Thomas Seltzer, his American publisher:

> I have begun a novel, and it seems to be going well - pitched in Australia. Heaven knows if anybody will like it - no love interest at all so far - don't intend any - no sex either.

This "no sex" comment is a reference to a letter he had recently received from his American poet friend Amy Lowell in which she apparently remarked on Lawrence's reputation as "an erotic writer". To Seltzer he concedes he has such a reputation, but adds that in his new "Australian" novel he'll "go back on it". So *Kangaroo* is not going to be like *Women in Love* or *The Rainbow*. It is not going to be (to, perhaps, the disappointment of Seltzer) about the subject Lawrence was then renowned for: human relationships, particularly male-female relationships. Seemingly he would be writing about something else. Lawrence also tells Seltzer:

> I should like very much to write an American novel, after this Australian one: on something the same lines. But we'll see. One has to do what one can do. Only Germany helped me to the finish of *Aaron*.

Again the mention of a place providing the solution to a writing problem. But the significant phrase here is: "on something the same lines". What does be mean by this? Is some new approach implied, one that gets round some previous difficulty? Or is it merely a reference to a "setting"? On the same day (his letters clump, due to the exigencies of catching mails carried by various ships) he writes to MDL:

> It is a queer novel I'm writing, but it interests me.

And he adds:

> I shall be so glad if I can write an American novel from that centre [Taos, his New Mexico destination]. It's what I want to do. And I have learned a lot coming here.

The last sentence is the interesting one. What has he learned? What has coming to Australia got to do with it? Two days later, on 11/6/22, he again writes to Seltzer:

> I think I'm calling my new novel *Kangaroo*. It goes so far - queer show - pray the gods to be with me, that I finish by August.

This decision, on the title of the novel, seems to have been taken around the time he wrote the chapter which he heads "Kangaroo" (chapter 6), itself named because of the fanciful resemblance between Cooley and Australia's national animal. Yet, interestingly, Cooley is by no means the main character in the novel. On the same day, Lawrence writes to his U.K. publisher, Martin Secker:

> Am here in a house on the Pacific writing a novel - queer sort of quite different novel, pitched in Australia.

In what way is it different? What is so unusual about it that Lawrence keeps repeating this caveat, or explanation? (Few literary critics, down the years, have noticed anything especially odd about it. To most people it reads much like any other Lawrence novel.) He adds:

> The new novel goes well, and I hope to call it *Kangaroo* and finish it by August. Touch wood!

Yet there is some doubt, despite it "going well", that he *will* be able to bring it to a conclusion. Thus the rest of the content of the novel - that following chapter 6 - must still be unformed in Lawrence's mind. Two days later (13/6/22) he writes to his sister-in-law, Else Jaffe:

> I am busy doing a novel: with Australia for the setting: a queer show. It goes fairly quickly...

At this stage, very quickly indeed - about half a chapter a day. And still "a queer show". On the same day he writes to Brewster:

> I am writing another novel - pitced here in Australia - a weird thing of a novel.

By now it must be conceded that there is something unusual about *Kangaroo*, at least in Lawrence's mind. It is "weird", "queer". "different", "rum", and perhaps not even a novel in the normal sense: "a weird thing". (It must, however, be kept in mind that Lawrence often used words like this to describe his novels - see

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in particular the introduction to the CUP *The Lost Girl*. Then again, *TLG was* different, and deliberately so, Lawrence writing it as an unabashed pot-boiler.)

Six days later (19/6/22 - a big gap - missing a UK mail) he writes to MDL:

> Am stuck in my novel - wish we could get away from here in July, but fear I will have to wait till August for money.

Of course, this "stuck" reference must be important to any analysis of *Kangaroo*. Clearly something has occurred to stop the smooth, even hectic, flow of the writing, something that even threatens his plan to finish the novel in Australia[1]. On the next day he writes to Seltzer:

> I have done more than half of the novel: the Lord alone knows what anybody will think of it: no love at all, and attempt at revolution. I do hope I shall be able to finish it: not like *Aaron*, who stuck for two years, and *Mr Noon*, who has been nearly two years at a full stop. But I think I see my way.

This is another crucial letter. It again implies that the solution he had imagined he had found in Australia to his earlier writing problems has in some way come undone. However, the most interesting phrase in this letter is "attempt at revolution". This is the first reference in his letters to the specific subject matter of the novel. And it is most curious. For there is no attempt at revolution anywhere in *Kangaroo*. Besides, who is supposed to be doing the revolting? The Diggers? Surely not. Any threat of revolution can only come from the left. Yet all the novel's action, such as it is, lies in the other direction. However, at least we now know that the novel is, in part at least, intended to be about politics. On the same day as this key Seltzer letter, Lawrence writes to Mountsier:

> Done a bit more than half of *Kangaroo* - now slightly stuck. You'll never like it - though there isn't so much as the letter S of sex.

Lawrence seems to be implying here that Mountsier will be relieved there *isn't* any sex in the novel, maybe for reasons of avoiding censorship. On the same day he also appends a PS to a letter from Frieda to MDL in which she also remarks on Lawrence's writing problems: "L has written a novel, gone it full tilt at page 305 - but has come to a stop and kicks...". However, as L told Seltzer: "I think I see my way." Apparently some resolution to the hiatus was at hand.

Three days later (22/6/22) Lawrence writes a very significant letter to his U.K. novelist friend, Catherine Carswell, who had just sent him her new novel, *Camomile*, which is told by a narrator via a diary. Lawrence comments: "Myself I like that letter-diary form." (It is my contention, of course, that Lawrence was doing something similar in *Kangaroo*.) Then he adds:

> I am doing a novel here - half done it - funny sort of novel where nothing happens and such a lot of things *should* happen. Scene Australia...

Again, it's a "funny sort of novel". But he now reveals a little more - to a fellow novelist - about the content. Not only is it about Australia, and about politics in Australia, but it is about events that should happen, but don't. Surely this is a reference to the "attempt at revolution" he mentioned in his June 20 letter to Seltzer. So it seems the novel is about a revolution that does not happen. Is it now stretching things too far to go on to deduce - as the "Darroch Thesis" maintains - that

Barefoot Lawrence

Honorary member (and agent for the Lawrence Estate) Gerald Pollinger kindly sent us pictures of an event that, alas, *Rananim* lacks the resources to cover itself.

It was the unveiling of a new statue of Lawrence in the grounds of the D.H. Lawrence Centre at the University of Nottingham, the event being held during a one-day seminar at the Centre on Saturday, June 18, this year.

The handsome bronze shows Lawrence, on a pedestal, in a pensive, not to say serious, mood with his rolled-up trousers and barefooted stance bespeaking of some depiction, apparently, of an event in his life. Alas, we do not have details of what this may be (a visit to Skegness, famous for its bracing seaside, perhaps?). We know it could not have been the time when he went down to Wollongong, because on that occasion he was wearing his socks, which a rogue wave overtook.

Alas, also, we are unable to say who executed the imposing work. We are, however, blessed (by courtesy of Rosemary Howard, of our UK sister Society) with further details of the unveiling ceremony itself.

It was a four-person effort, see picture, the tape-pullers being (left to right) Bert Clarke (son of Ada Clarke, Lawrence's sister), Joan King (daughter of Emily King, Lawrence's other sister), Louise Needham (grand-daughter of Margaret "Peggy" Needham, nee King), and Peggy Needham herself (sister of Joan and daughter of Emily - we hope we've got that right).

Speeches were delivered by Peter Preston, convenor of the D.H.L. Centre, and Professor John Worthen, Professor of DHL Studies at Nottingham University.

The "business" part of the seminar was concerned with Lawrence's letters - for whose preservation and exceptional editing in the CUP eight-volume edition every Lawrence scholar and enthusiast is eternally grateful.

The paper-presenters were Professor J.T. Boulton (General Editor of the Letters), Dr Dorothy Johnston and Dr Keith Sagar.

Kangaroo is about somethin or somebody *preventing* a revolution that might happen in Australia?

Following this letter there is another big gap - 15 days, from 22/6/22 to 7/7/22 - before we find another mention of the novel. On 7/7 he writes to Mountsier:

> I have only two chapters to add to my novel [ie, "Kangaroo is Killed" and "Adieu Australia"]. I think you'll dislike it and disapprove of it even more than you did of *Aaron*. Can't be helped....let us have the typed MS as soon as I get to America.

And he adds, re his (now perhaps slightly altered) plans for his "American novel":

> I should like, if I could, to write a New Mexico novel with Indians in it. Wonder if it would be possible.

Two days later, on July 9, he writes to Kot (having referred, earlier in the letter, to "this famous *Ulysses*", which had just been published in Paris):

> I have nearly finished my novel here - but such a novel! Even the Ulysseans will spit at it.

Not having read all of *Ulysses*, Lawrence could hardly have known first hand many "Ulysseans". But here he merely may be referring to literary folk who might praise new (and even experimental) works. On the same day, 7/7, he writes to MDL:

> I have nearly done my novel: *such* a novel.

Then there is a gap of over a week to 17/7/22, when he writes to Mountsier:

> I have packed up the MS of *Kangaroo* and send it to you by the Makura, via Vancouver. I have no doubt you will dislike it very much, and think it worse even than *Aaron*. But again, be patient.

He then tells Mountsier that he wants to go through the MS in America again, and for Mountsier to send him any suggestions (re changes in the novel), adding: "only be *patient* even with things you don't like". Then he goes on:

> If possible, I should like to write an American novel with Indians in it.

The next day he writes to Seltzer:

> finished *Kangaroo* on Saturday [ie, July 15]. I don't suppose you'll like it a bit.

On the same day he wrote to MDL:

> have done my novel, and have nothing further to do here.

Then on July 24 he writes to Brewster's wife Achsah:

> I wrote a sort of novel here - short - you won't care for it at all. But this bit of landscape and atmosphere pretty clear.

Once more, this is an important letter. Again, note the reference to "a sort of novel", reiterating some deviation from orthodoxy. But the significant words are "this bit of landscape and atmosphere pretty clear". Not only is the novel about Australia, and about politics in Australia, and about a revolution that doesn't happen, but also, at least in part, about the Australian landscape and atmosphere (providing some justification to *Kangaroo's* interpretation as "a novel of place"). Yet not any or all Australian landscape and atmosphere - just "this bit", ie Thirroul and Sydney. He goes on to repeat that having done the novel he is "out of work until we sail" (though in fact he was probably translating more Verga, probably *Cavalleria*

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This is his last mention of his novel in any letter posted from Australia. His final Australian letter is to Kot on 8/8/22, a couple of days before his August 11 departure: "We are packed up, and go to Sydney tomorrow - sail on Friday".

These extracts from Lawrence's Australian letters should, I believe, provide a gentle warning to those who want to read into *Kangaroo* anything very different from what he himself says the novel is about - Australian politics, and the landscape and atmosphere around Thirroul and parts of Sydney. Yet, for me, the most interesting thing that comes out of the above analysis is Lawrence's numerous assertions that *Kangaroo* is different, odd, rum, unusual, unorthodox, even weird and queer. What is he trying to say here? Given the many repetitions, it must be something important. But it is by no means obvious. Is there anything else in the letters that might throw some light on this mystery?

Perhaps there is. For when you come to examine these Australian letters more closely, you find something most peculiar. Have you noticed it? Consider - there are no less than 39 letters (which we know about) written between the Mountsier one of 26-30/6/22 and the final one to Kot on 8/8/22. Let us exclude from this list three business letters. That leaves 36. In 24 of them Lawrence mentions his novel (and each of the 24 is cited above). But note - not a single one of the 24 is addressed to *anyone* in Australia. Yet of those 36 original letters (several of which were brief postcards and one a PS), seven were to Australians. In other words, Lawrence told virtually every overseas correspondent (from his mother-in-law to the wife of his former host in Ceylon) what he was doing in Thirroul and Sydney - writing a major novel about Australia - but failed to inform any of his Australian correspondents of this interesting fact.

This is even stranger when you consider who his Australian correspondents were. You would have thought that Mrs Jenkins, who organised his visit to Australia, might have been interested in Lawrence's use of Australia in his next novel. Certainly author and poet William Siebenhaar would have been. So would Katharine Susannah Prichard and her husband. But Lawrence omitted to mention to any of them, in letters in which he canvassed numerous literary matters, that he was writing a novel about their country.

Why? Given their primacy in such matters, perhaps we should look at the letters again to see if they, too, might provide us with an answer to this anomaly. And maybe they do. For, as well as the "weird" motif, there is another repeating theme that runs through Lawrence's 36 Australian letters. Indeed, it is this theme which has led to more confusion and misunderstanding about *Kangaroo* than any other aspect of Lawrence's time in Australia. And it revolves around the difficulty of squaring what Lawrence said in his letters about what he was doing in Australia, with what we now know he must have been doing.

"Don't know a soul"

The confusion began early. The first collection of Lawrence's letters - the Huxley edition - appeared in 1932, two years after Lawrence's death. It contained only three letters posted in Australia: one to his UK agent Curtis Brown (from Darlington, WA), one to Mrs Jenkins ("May 28", from Thirroul) and the one to Catherine Carswell (June 22, Thirroul).[2] In the Jenkins letter Lawrence told his erstwhile WA hostess: "...here don't know a soul: nor want to."

Not long after Huxley, both Frieda and MDL published their own memoirs of Lawrence. Both volumes featured new letters which repeated the image of Lawrence's solitude in Australia. In *Lorenzo in Taos* (1932), MDL reproduced the letter Lawrence wrote to her from Thirroul on 9/6/22 in which he said: "Here I have not let anybody know I am come." And in *Not I But The Wind* (1934), Frieda included the 13/6/22 letter from Lawrence to her sister Else Jaffe in which he said: "...we don't know a soul on this side of the continent...For the first time in my life I feel how lovely it is to know nobody in the whole country..."

It is little wonder that subsequent biographers and critics took Lawrence at his word about his apparent lack of gregariousness while in Australia - and particularly while he was in Thirroul writing *Kangaroo*. In his Introduction to the novel (which is still in print), Richard Aldington states categorically: "in Australia Lawrence met nobody socially". After citing the "don't know a soul" Jaffe letter, Aldington went on to lay down that "the named characters and all that happens with them were imagined". And how could it have been otherwise, if indeed Lawrence met nobody locally?

This reliance on the letters' "don't know a soul" message was exploited, comparatively recently, by British scholar David Ellis in an article ("Lawrence in Australia: The Darroch Controversy") published in the *D.H. Lawrence Review* in 1989. Ellis is the authorised Cambridge University Press biographer of Lawrence's middle years - which takes in his Australian sojourn - so his reading of the relevant "Australian" letters has the potential to be influential.

In this *DHLR* article Ellis referred to the several above-mentioned "don't know a soul" letters, going on to reinforce their picture of Thirroul solitude with a number of his own additional examples: "Here in N.S.W. not a soul knows about me" (Lawrence to Seltzer, 21/6/22); "We don't know one single soul - not a soul comes to the house" (to Kot, 9/7/22); "...we don't know anybody - don't want to - prefer it alone" (to Mountsier, 17/7/22); and "We haven't known a single soul here - which is really a relief" (to Achsah Brewster, 24/7/22).

Ellis remarked that, faced with such evidence, "Darroch drew the

only conclusion possible for him...and decided that what either of the Lawrences say about their their time there 'simply cannot be believed'." Ellis went on to ask, rhetorically: "Why should Lawrence, well before *Kangaroo* was published, have taken such elaborate pains to pull the wool over the eyes of intimate friends and business acquaintances who lived as far away as Europe and America and had no connection with Australia? That procedure strikes me as too irrational to be worth considering."

A good point, on the face of things. And yet, also on the face of things, it is nonsense. For Ellis knows full well that Lawrence *did* know a soul in Australia. He knew tens, if not scores of souls. We don't know the names of all of them, but those we do know give the lie to this simplistic reading of what Lawrence says in his letters.

The list

It is worthwhile, in this context, listing those Australian souls we know about. In Western Australia we know (mainly from Nehls) that he met Mrs Jenkins, Eva May Gawler, Mollie Skinner, her mother, her crippled brother Jack, the Eustace Cohens, Nellie Beakbane, William Siebenhaar, Mrs Zabel and Phyllis Harrison (both of the Booklovers Library). In Melbourne he stayed a night with the Elder Walkers. In Sydney he knew the Forresters and the Marchbanks (at least). In Thirroul he knew Dr Crossle, the Callcott family and, almost certainly, a range of local tradespeople and town identities (such as the bespectacled, gossipy Barber of Thirroul).

It might be argued that he did not renew his acquaintanceship with the Forresters and Marchbanks until after he finished *Kangaroo* (around July 15). Nevertheless, in addition to the above list, we now have good reason to believe (and, fingers crossed, we will soon have even better reason to believe) that he also met a range of other Sydney people: Gerald Hum, Jock Garden, Jack Scott, Charles Rosenthal, the Oatleys, and a number of members of the Friend clan. Whichever way you look at it, his time in Australia - and particularly his time in Thirroul and Sydney - was by no means a lonely one. Rather the contrary.

So what *did* Lawrence mean by all this "don't know a soul" business? Before we accuse him of dissembling, it might be an idea to look more carefully at the context of his numerous "don't know a soul" remarks.

The first Australian reference we have to Lawrence's expressed wish "to be alone" comes in a little-known article published in *The Australian Observer* on July 24, 1948 Mollie Skinner, interviewed by WA journalist Ted Mayman, recalled that at Darlington Frieda had remarked to Mollie's partner (in the Leithdale guest-house business): "Miss Beakbane, do you know who Lawrence is? No, you do not know...He is pleased."

Although it is not immediately germane, it is also worth noting here what Lawrence says in his pre-Sydney letters about his current writing intentions, or non-intentions. The first reference is in a letter to Kot written on the Malwa just after leaving WA (20/5/22). Lawrence says: "I'm not working - don't want to." (Actually he probably *was* "working" - whatever he meant by that word - for he was almost certainly translating Verga.) On the same day he wrote to the American poet Amy Lowell: "I am enjoying the face of the earth and letting my Muse, dear Hussy, repent her ways. 'Get thee to a nunnery' I said to her. Heaven knows if we shall ever see her face again, unveiled, uncoiffed." The same day he also wrote to Achsah Brewster: "I am not thinking of any work." And to Jan Juta: "I'm not working - don't want to". Then, as we have seen, just before Sydney, he tells, abruptly, his U.S. agent Mountsier: "I shall try New South Wales, to see if I want to stop there and write a novel." And he adds a PS written in Thirroul: "I am going to try to write a romance - or begin one - while I'm here and we are alone."

It is this last sentence that first makes the connection between Lawrence's writing intentions and his being "alone". The next "alone" reference comes in a letter written almost certainly the same day to Mrs Jenkins containing the words cited above ("...here we don't know a soul: nor want to"). However, Lawrence says this in a particular context. He is thanking Mrs Jenkins for her efforts on his behalf: "You were so awfully nice to us too - and here we don't know a soul...I feel I simply can't face *knowing* anybody". The emphasis is Lawrence's.

Busy writing

Between June 3 and June 9 Lawrence wrote five letters. In none did he refer to wanting to be alone (though he implied he was alone, apart from visiting tradespeople). He seemed to be busy writing his book, and enjoying the general ambiance of Thirroul ("The people are all very friendly," he wrote to his mother-in-law, "yet foreign to me.") Then on June 9 he writes suddenly and emphatically to Mountsier: "*Don't* tell anybody I am coming to America. Don't let Seltzer either. I don't want people to know." Again the emphasis is Lawrence's. On the same day he wrote, equally demandingly, to MDL: "I want you please *not* [Lawrence's emphasis] to tell anybody we are coming. Here I have not let anybody know I am come - I don't present any letters of introduction - there isn't a soul on this side of Australia knows I am here, or knows who I am. And that is how I prefer it. It's a queer novel I'm writing...".

Surely it is now becoming clear what Lawrence is referring to with these repeated references to being "alone" and to "knowing" people. He gives the game away in the 21/6/22 letter to Seltzer, mentioned above: "Here in N.S.W. not a soul knows about me". The crucial word is "about", just as, in the MDL letter above, the crucial phrase is "or knows who I am". The "knowing" refers to anonymity, not human contact.

However, there is an important

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THE EVIDENCE OF THE LETTERS

extra subtlety here. Lawrence apparently is not so much concerned about preventing people who *already know* who he is from finding out "he is come". No, he is primarily interested in preventing people who *do not know who he is* from finding out.

He tells MDL on June 9: "I want to be really apart from *most people* [my emphasis] - same as here." On June 21 he tells Seltzer: "...I don't want *any* [his emphasis] strangers to know [of his arrival in America], or any foolish reporters." And on the same day Frieda tells MDL: "We don't know a soul here, rather fun - nobody has 'discovered' Lawrence"[3]. (Or, one might add, discovered who he is.)

In other words, Lawrence has been *incognito* in Australia - at least as far as most people he has met are concerned[4]. And he wants to remain *incognito* after he arrives in America. Why is he so insistent about this? Could it be that the novel he planned to write in America also required him to be *incognito*?

The crucial question in all this is exactly what Lawrence meant by those enigmatic words he used in that June 9 letter to his U.S. publisher, Thomas Seltzer: "I should like very much to write an American novel, after this Australian one: *on something the same lines*." Which "lines" had he in mind? What might be the connection, on the one hand, between Lawrence not telling his Australian contacts that he is writing a novel about their country, and, on the other, his wish that the local people he is mixing with should remain unaware of who he is and what he is doing? Is he experimenting with some new writing technique?

Ellis wound up his 1989 *D.HLR* article by remarking: "It is not merely where Lawrence went and whom he met which is at issue here, but also the nature of his imagination." Maybe. Re-reading his letters, however, one is tempted to wonder, if his imagination was so perky in Australia, why did it insist going round in mufti?

Finally, let us return to Ellis's earlier comment that to him it was "too irrational to be worth considering" that Lawrence would "pull the wool" over the eyes of "intimate friends and business acquaintances who lived as far away as Europe and America". It should now clear that Lawrence did no such thing. People have simply misunderstood what he intended by "knowing". However, he undoubtedly *did* pull the wool over the eyes of some people much closer to him, in Australia, to whom he owned no little debt of gratitude.

- Robert Darroch

ENDNOTES

1. If Lawrence is the imaginative writer, nonpareil, that so many claim he is (with justification), then how could he get "stuck" when writing an imaginative novel, a "thought-adventure"? Surely his imagination could take flight and simply sumount any temporary obstacle. Lawrence being "stuck" in the middle of *Kangaroo* is something those who interpret the the novel as primarily a product of his imagination have to find an explanation for.

2. Curiously, the 1932 Huxley *Letters* also contained some pictures of Lawrence in Australia, taken by A.D. Forrester. How these crucial snapshots found their way into the book - and what subsequently came of them - is an intriguing mystery.

3. However, it should also be pointed out that even before arriving in Sydney Frieda had written to MDL asking her not to let any literary people know of Lawrence's projected arrival in America. As well, Frieda mentioned that he was writing a novel, in her letter to Mrs Jenkins (undated but probably 30/6/22). She did not however say what the novel was about.

4. In her autobiography, *The Fifth Sparrow*, Mollie Skinner said: "The funny thing about the Lawrences' stay at Leithdale was that they liked not being known as celebrities. The only person who knew that D.H. was a really great writer was Katharine Susannah Prichard...". And in Thirroul it was only when Mrs Callcott, the estate agent, found a magazine with an article about Lawrence that she discovered the identity of her recent tenant at Wyewurk.

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LAWRENCE AND THE "BL" SYNDROME

Now, Lawrence did not normally rewrite by a simple process of revising earlier versions (though he did that as well). Each version of *LCL* was completely rewritten, from start to finish, afresh. He may not even have had the earlier version at his side as he rewrote, entire chapters being quite different. So an original piece of source material, such as aspects of *CBP*, tended to be used separately and freshly in each version.

What is of special interest here is his use of the word "eminence" in the final version of *LCL*. In the first version there is no reference at all to Wragby being on higher ground. It does not even have a view. It gains one in the second version (see above), the house being "on an elevation". In the third version, however, this is changed to "on an eminence".

Thus Lawrence in his third "revision" of the original *CBP* source reverts to the original GBS wording: "*stood on an eminence* surrounded by hilly woodland" (my emphasis). Contrary to what might be expected, Lawrence, in this case at least, came closer to the original source, or inspiration, the more he revised and rewrote.

This might seem a minor point. On the contrary, it may be a significant one. For in my analysis of the various revisions of *Kangaroo* I have, I believe, come across a similar pattern. And the pattern might extend to other of his works, as well. If so, it could provide a useful tool for helping to determine where Lawrence derived his source material, and how he processed it into art.

- Robert Darroch

ENDNOTES

1. It was first published in the socialist magazine, *To-day*, in 1885-86. The author, according to Professor Adams, later repudiated the youthful work, saying admiration of it was "the mark of a fool". Yet in 1901 he turned it into a play, with the interesting title *The Admirable Bashville*.

2. He was, however, a well-educated BL, and an author to boot.

Holidays at Thirroul

An extract from John Ruffels' paper to the Collaroy Seminar

The reason I have chosen to speak on "Holidaying at Thirroul before World War 1" is that Thirroul was at its prime as a holiday resort at that time. As Dr Joseph Davis points out in his book *D.H. Lawrence at Thirroul*, Thirroul declined during World War 1 and opened a railways goods yard and became subject to noisy trains and a layer of grime not noticed in its halcyon pre-war days.

A descendant of the Irons family who built Wyewurk, Nan Napier, told me of her time holidaying at Wyewurk, remembering the long trip down in a large car.

When electricity was installed at Wyewurk, the Irons children would return to the house in the evening, where they were reminded to wash all of the sand off their feet. This they did at the tap of the large rain tank. If the lights were switched on in the house, they would receive an electric shock when they touched the tank. Mrs Napier recalls how dark the interior of Wyewurk looked, especially before electricity was put on, only Tilly lamps and kerosene lanterns made the house inside look distinctly dark. The children slept on the sleep-out verandahs. All the girls were on one side verandah, the boys were on the other side of the house.

I also received the following letter from Laurence G. Harrison which gives a picture of family holidays at Thirroul before World War 1.

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Our holidays at Thirroul started with a train trip from Sydney which included a stop at Waterfall station whilst a character walked up-and-down with a basket on his arm selling peanuts, blocks of chocolate etc but calling out, "Slipstone bananas and fried icecream!" which we children thought marvellous. We were also encouraged to ask him the time and from an inside coat pocket he would bring out a Westclox Big Ben on a string. Its face would be at least five inches diameter.

On arrival at Thirroul we would step out and assemble the luggage and then get into the horse-drawn vehicle, we sitting inside facing each other. The roads of course were dirt. The name of the house we used to rent for the school holidays was Wybalena.

Next door to Wybalena was a vacant block in which grew long paspalum grass. Of course we played near this and regularly got ticks. One of the looked-for activities was collecting blackberries. We used to pick enough for blackberry pies, blackberry jam, and of course to eat fresh. The best ones were always a little further than you could reach.

Over the railway line there was a coalmine and the coal skips used to come from that, across the railway line and go down towards the Bellambi coal jetty.

As was the custom, a maid was taken down, and was a great help in preparing the food and looking after the children. Our Ethel was a Salvation Army girl and on Sundays used to put on her bonnet and navy blue uniform and off she would go to play the tambourine and sing. As children we used to enjoy this immensely.

Next door to Wybalena, the Aspinall family (of legal fame) came down and we enjoyed being with their daughter Ailsa. They also brought down with them Nancy Alvarez and her son Jack. I have a very vivid picture of my mother and Nancy Alvarez, each in their neck-to-knee costumes and my mother with a wide-brimmed floppy hat, holding each other's hands, up to their knees in waves, bobbing up and down to let the bigger waves break over them. I do not remember any ladies shooting the breakers.

Before we four children were allowed to go into the sea, Father always painted us with his coconut oil as we all had fair skin. This was to stop us from burning. I do remember on one trip that the back of our legs got so sunburnt that my brother and I had to stay in bed for a few days until the excessive swelling went down. In order to cover up from burning sun all the family wore dressing gowns from the house down to the beach. When we played on the beach we took down our buckets and spades. We always enjoyed a visit from an uncle who used to take us for a walk on the "Money Beach". He used to arm himself beforehand with a bag of small coins, draw our attention to something and then throw one or two of them ahead so we could pick them up. He would repeat this process until he had scattered all the coins.

We used to get up early in the mornings and play busily all day and went to bed early at night. The children all slept in rows on the verandah. On the eve of Christmas we would put pillow slips at the end of the bed and get up early in the morning to see what Santa Claus had brought us. Christmas Day dinner was a hot meal. On one of our visits we had a live goose and it was kept in a small yard. It was a great trouble to catch as the goose would peck hard and could give a nasty wound. The goose lost and also lost its head.

The puddings were always made ahead in a floured cloth and brought down from Sydney. One year a pudding was hung in the laundry and my brother and I found that by standing on a chair we could reach it, take a generous mouthful of the cloth, munch and then pull hard and get a lovely flavour of currants etc. Mother was not pleased!

The Post Office was near the railway station and opposite was the general store. They sold everything from a needle to a bathing cap and also icecream. These were quite a novelty in those days. The store used to deliver any goods that we requested. The fishermen used to come round early in the morning offering their catch and the garfish were given to the children - good flavour but very small bones which had to be very carefully removed.

This is about all I remember about the pre-World War 1 visits to Thirroul. Later I used to go down and stay with the Wilkinsons, who used to take a house and the Friend family took one nearby. Not far away was Laurie Le Gay Brereton from Sydney University English department...

The Friend family was associated with the W.S. Friend hardware warehouse in York Street Sydney behind the Queen Victoria building.

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LAWRENCE AT DUNTROON

The D. H. Lawrence Collection at the ADFA Library: A Listing of Holdings of Lawrence's Works, 1937–93

The first instalment of this listing in the June 1994 issue of *Rananim* listed 70 items by Lawrence published prior to 1937 held by the ADFA Library in Canberra. Most of them were collected following the DHL centenary exhibition at the Library in 1985. The present listing of holdings of works by Lawrence published in the period 1937–93 consists of another 90 items, some of them multi-volume and a few being film versions. Works *about* Lawrence held by the Library number over 300. (They are not listed here.) The Library at ADFA is open to the public and borrowing privileges are obtainable on certain conditions (apply to the Librarian). Its holdings, with the exception of materials in its Special collections (MSS and rare books), can also be accessed via interlibrary loan.

Having been responsible for recommending most of the Lawrence purchases, I am keen to see the collection used as the natural first port of call for people doing extensive study of Lawrence – or simply seeking an elusive volume. Christopher Pollnitz, of the University of Newcastle, was recently delighted to find that the collection contained the first American edition of *Amores* (1916), a wartime volume which he needed for the Cambridge edition of Lawrence's complete poetry he is preparing with Carole Ferrier (University of Queensland).

I suspect that ADFA has the largest public collection of Lawrence's works in the country but, whether or not it has, it would be good to see its gaps filled. Donations of collections under the tax incentives scheme or offers of sale of individual volumes are welcome.

- Paul Eggert

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Place of Spirit

Darlington, in the Darling Ranges about 15 miles east of Perth, is, of course, known to Lawrence enthusiasts around the world as the place he stayed at during most of his brief stopover in Western Australia in May 1922.

What is not so well-realised is that Darlington is a wine-growing place. In fact, Leithdale, where Lawrence and Frieda were put up in Darlington, was originally part of a large estate, which was primarily a vineyard. Today, winegrowing has returned to Darlington and the *other* major attraction of the town - which itself is a most attractive holiday-in-the-hills environment - is the vineyard, called Darlington Estate Winery, and its attached restaurant.

Now, DHL journals do not usually run to restaurant reviews. But the fact that Darlington can now boast one of Western Australia's most pleasant eateries - and drinkeries - is something worth recording in a Lawrence-interest context (we Lawrence enthusiasts are occasionally known to indulge our tastes in this important regard).

The Darlington Estate winery is at the top of Mills Road, just above Lawrence Close (yes - D.H.). Accompanied by the new Hon Secretary of the DHL Society of Australia, Margaret Jones, and my wife, Sandra Jobson, we stumbled upon the winery almost by accident during our quest for the elusive Old Dairy (see page 4).

You turn right where the bitumen ends, on to a bright orange dirt road (signposted: Winery entrance 400 metres). Turn left at the end, down a short drive, and you come to a vista that opens up before you and warms the spirit of the most blase visitor.

An oblong stone and wood house - looking rather like a mountain chalet - is set on the edge of a hill overlooking several acres of rolling vineyard, with larger examples of the Perth Hills rising beyond. Outdoors there are various terraces, with tables laid in warmer weather, which in Perth means most of the year. Inside are several rooms laid out as a restaurant, with glass doors leading to the winery proper, and also to the kitchen. In the main room is a bar or tasting station, and a large central fireplace which operates on the cooler winter days. Paintings by WA artist David Gregson hang on the walls.

Open mainly for lunch (Thursdays to Sunday, dinner Saturdays only), the establishment, winery and restaurant, is run by a Dutch couple, Balt and Francesca van de Meer, who took over Darlington Estate in 1983, adding the nearby Woodthorpe Vineyard in 1987.

Their wines are surprisingly good, though fairly light. The food, at least that which we had, was excellent. But it is more the combination of ambience, food and wine that makes the place so pleasant to visit. (The three of us had a very acceptable mulligatawny soup, an interesting plate of antipasto and a pungent pate, accompanied by a particularly fragrant sauvignon blanc - WA's best wine - and a fruity Shiraz-cab.sav.)

That visit was for Sunday lunch. Had we known, we would have come the following Saturday night, when a string quartet would have been playing. With the fire roaring, and Mozart in the background, there cannot be too many more pleasant ways to wile away a winter weekend evening in Perth.

Yet at night you would miss the view out on to the waving rows of vines, which in the warmer months, at lunch outdoors, might be a sight you would need a Lawrence to do justice to.

Actually, the most pleasant thing about the place is that it is there at all, for most of WA's wineries (the State produces 2%of Australia's wine) are either several miles down in the Swan Valley, or 200 miles to the south in the Margaret River wine district. To be frank, the serious wine buff can give the Swan Valley a miss, for if you blink you would miss it. The Margaret River is another story, however, and probably constitutes the State's major tourist attraction, at least for those visitors of a hedonistic bent. Which again makes Darlington Winery such a pleasant discovery.

I suppose the Villa Mirenda, south of Florence, where Lawrence stayed in 1926 and 1927, might have been something like this (though more primitive of course). There Lawrence, while writing the several versions of his most infamous book (see page 10), enjoyed the simple local food and the peasant wine. (Yes, he liked his drop). One might even speculate - and I know that's a dangerous thing to do - that while at Darlington in 1922 Lawrence might have sampled the local wine, for the Darlington vineyards were still active in the 1920s.

To imagine Lawrence sitting on the verandah of Leithdale, sipping a Darlington white on a late autumn afternoon in May 1922, looking out across what still must have been paddocks of vines, and then further on the flat plain of the Swan Valley, and the low outline of the city of Perth in the distance, with the sounds of strange birds and animals around him, constitutes a beguiling image. Perhaps it is no wonder he formed such a good impression of both Darlington and even of Australia, too.

One would not, of course, want to see a boots-and-all exploitation of Lawrence in Darlington. One Lawrence Close is quite sufficient. However, a small, select edition of the Darlington Estate wines, incorporating the local Lawrence connection, would not perhaps go amiss. It is certainly something worth our Society looking into. Maybe we could run a small competition for an appropriate label and some apt appellations.

To start you off I propose Boy in the Bush Blanc. I am instructed that Kanga Rouge is too much of a pun.

- Robert Darroch

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 three 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: .....

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.....

..... POSTCODE: .....

TEL: ..... FAX: .....

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

Is Lawrence Dinki Di?

Is *Kangaroo* an Australian novel? Is *Kangaroo* part of "Australian literature"?

Professor J.I.M. Stewart's famous words on the subject are well-known. (He said words to the effect that he was grateful to the Commonwealth Literary Fund - 1940s precursor of the Literature Board - for providing the funds for his inaugural CLF lecture, but since they had omitted to also provide him with any Australian literature, he would be obliged to deliver a lecture on D.H. Lawrence's *Kangaroo*.)

Of course, it was a joke. Alas, as the years passed the joke turned in to a "pommy's jibe".

Today Stewart's words have become almost a rallying point for a new brand of Australian literary nationalism. To praise *Kangaroo* is regarded almost as a cultural capital offence. The wheel has not only turned but is churning vigorously in the opposite direction.

Still, the question remains: is *Kangaroo* an "Australian novel"? What constitutes an Australian novel?

The question has become suddenly topical, with a vigorous current debate about the parameters of the important, and lucrative Miles Franklin Literary Prize, probably Australia's most esteemed fiction award.

Who *Roo*?

Melbourne author John Bryson who wrote *Evil Angels* (re the "Dingo Baby Case"), has written a new novel set in Spain. Is *it* an "Australian novel"?

Not according to the terms of the Miles Franklin award, says the *Australian* literary columnist Peter Craven. He points out that the award is strictly for novels that depict "Australian life". So Bryson's book is, despite its exemplary political correctness, apparently excluded.

On the other hand, works by non-Australians about Australia would seem to be included, Craven went on to point out, adding: "it's cheering to know that the judges would be open to a latter-day *Kangaroo*".

Of course, Craven is being sarcastic. Even if the Miles Franklin were made retrospective, Lawrence today wouldn't stand a chance. He might, however, still have a show with sharing the prize with Mollie Skinner.

Coming Up in Future Issues

The Wyewurk Visitors' Book

First Encounters with Lady Chatterley

The "Row in Town" - Lawrence as researcher

Kangaroo in Court: the Battle for Wyewurk

Coverage of Bruce Steele's CUP *Kangaroo*

The Aldington-Lawlor Correspondence