



Rananim

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An August Gathering

Last year, the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia held a stimulating and enjoyable seminar at Collaroy, when a series of papers was presented, with a break for a barbecue lunch in a sunny garden.

This year, as a sign of the Society's growing strength, the seminar was upgraded to a conference, held on Sunday August 13 in the impressive surroundings of the NSW Writers' Centre at Rozelle. The conference was the first for the Society, but is expected to become an annual event.

The 23 participants included a party of students from the University of Western Sydney. The principal topic was Australian reactions to D. H. Lawrence and his writings, but the conference broke new ground with an audio-visual presentation, and the reading of an original poem on a Lawrence theme.

The setting was entirely sympathetic to the spirit of the conference. The NSW Writers' Centre is housed in a 1840s stone building, formerly used as a home for nurses working at the Callan Park hospital. (The other hospital buildings are to be turned into a college of the arts).

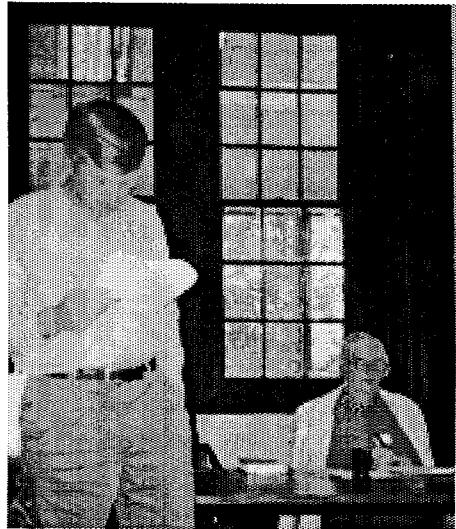
The weather was idyllic, allowing

participants to lunch on the verandah in the sun, and to wander in the garden in the breaks.

The vice president of the DHL Society, Robert Darroch, opened the conference by outlining the Society's short but lively history, and sketching in some of the reactions to Lawrence's *Kangaroo* - in general terms lukewarm and sometimes hostile - in the 73 years since DHL and Frieda left Australia.

A South Coast historian, W A Bayley, had, for example, written in the *Sydney Morning Herald* in 1960 that the contribution of Lawrence to Thirroul (where he wrote *Kangaroo*) had been nil. In fact, Robert Darroch said, Lawrence had put Thirroul on the cultural map of Australia and the world, and his stay there had generated music, poems and paintings.

On the other hand, some reviews and reviewers over the years had reacted to *Kangaroo* with malice and virulence. Katharine Susannah Prichard had called Lawrence's writing flat, fatuous, and absurd. A. D. Hope had written that Lawrence's work was ignorant, shoddy, sloppy and a travesty. In



Paul Eggert addresses the conference with Secretary Margaret Jones taking notes

reality, Hope himself had made many errors in his criticism, and Lawrence knew more about right wing politics than Hope and many others.

The president of the Society, Dr Paul Eggert, a Lawrence scholar and editor, widened out this theme. His paper was called "Patterns of Antagonism in the

(cont'd p18)

Contents

Lawrence Returns	2
The Touch	3
Small Town Music	3
D.H. Lawrence's Reception in Australia	4
Coming Events	6
An Unconsidered Trifle	7
Battle for Wyewurk	10
News from the UK	13
Editor's Column	14
On First Reading DHL	14
The Shead of Windsor	15
Forum	16
News from USA, Japan	17
Poster	19

Lawrence returns to the Haymarket

The D. H. Lawrence Society of Australia chooses some imaginative venues for its annual general meetings. So far, the Society has met for its AGMs in the Rose Garden pavilion of the Botanic Gardens, the North Sydney Leagues Club, and this year at perhaps the most unusual of them all, the Kuo Min Tang building at 75 Ultimo Road, Haymarket.

The building, with its distinctive blue and white KMT symbol above its entrance, was erected in 1921, a year or so before Lawrence and Frieda came to Australia. Robert Darroch, the Society's vice-president, had the idea of holding the AGM there because Lawrence, for reasons which remain obscure, wrote the postal address of the Kuo Min Tang, and its visiting representative, in a notebook he was using for translations of Sicilian prose. Darroch believes Lawrence would have known this building, as it was on a natural route from Central Railway to the Trades Hall, which he almost certainly visited.

The Chinese community may well have been surprised when the Society asked if it could use one of the KMT building's meeting rooms, but KMT officials turned up in strength for a receiving line, and provided a handsome spread of cakes and coffee, the western version, someone said, of *yum cha*. A photographer was there to record the event for the Chinese-language press.

One of the KMT officials, Mr Eugene Seeto, greeted the Society members, and the traditional exchange of presents took place. Robert Darroch, who was acting as chairman, gave Mr Seeto a presenta-

tion copy of *Kangaroo*, and also some cuttings on the laying of the foundation stone of the building. Mr Seeto reciprocated with two books, *San Min Chu I* by Sun Yat-sen, and the *Aphorisms* of General Chiang Kai-shek.

Those present at the meeting, including new members, were Robert Darroch, Sandra Jobson, Steve O'Connor, John Lacey, John Ruffels, Paul Eggert, Jenny Shaw, Angela and Clifton Barker, Stephen and Meg Matthews, and Margaret Jones.

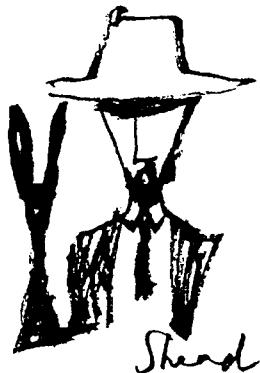
The inaugural president, Professor Ray Southall, has recently resigned, as he finds difficulty in coming to Sydney for the meetings. The new president, elected at the AGM, is Dr Paul Eggert, a Canberra academic and a Lawrence scholar.

The meeting heard from the treasurer, Steve O'Connor, that the membership now stands at 70, including honorary and reciprocal members. The annual subscriptions for the current financial year were set at \$30 for local members and \$50 for overseas members, with a special rate of \$10 for students. Members will be asked to contribute an extra \$5, on a voluntary basis, for the Wyewurk fighting fund.

The meeting discussed the situation of Wyewurk, which remains largely unchanged. It was agreed that an attempt might be made to have the interim conservation order turned into a permanent one, as the new

NSW Premier might well be sympathetic. A sub-committee is already in existence to work out a plan of

cont'd p9



The D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia

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



A painting from
Garry Shead's D.H.
Lawrence series

The Touch (after Garry Shead)

Lawrence stopped writing
when he felt the touch on his arm
and wondered what was happening.
Was it the soft paw of a kangaroo
that put its mark at the end of a sentence
or a gust of wind blowing
around the bungalow's door?

Frieda kept on looking out to sea,
leaning on the rail, below a white hat
that fitted like a halo.
Kangaroo stood behind them without moving.
The redbricked house seemed
as if it might suddenly shift and fall off
the cliff-face, crushing them all.

Lawrence wondered what stood
on the landing behind them, ignoring
Frieda and himself.
He felt the perfume of acacias and eucalypts

embrace them and heard
the chorus of kookaburras and magpies
over the crash of the surf.

Then everything became still.
The pine tree below them did not bend.
The world on the edge
of the Pacific paused for just a moment.
The rush of blood in his writing
had never been stopped like this before.
By whom and for what reason?

A moment's touch, that was all it took,
and everything went back to how it was before.
The house continued to stand safely.
Frieda leaned forward, eyes and lips smiling.
Lawrence resumed writing.
Kangaroo stood unmoved, staring ahead -
ears upright in a V-for-Victory sign.

- Peter Skrzynecki

How Lawrence Inspired Sculthorpe

Australian composer Peter Sculthorpe, delivering the Jubilee Lecture at the Silver Jubilee Symposium of the Academy of the Humanities discussed, *inter alia*, the composition of his *Small Town*:

"It takes its point of departure from this description of Thirroul, given by D.H. Lawrence in his novel *Kangaroo*:

It was a wonderful Main Street, and...out of the wind.
There were several large but rather scarring brown hotels, with balconies all round: there was a yellow stucco church with a red-painted tin steeple, like a weird toy: there were high roofs and low roofs, all corrugated iron: and you came to an opening and there...were one or two forlorn bungalows inside their wooden palings, and then the void.
...the memorial to the fallen soldiers...had 'Lest we forget' for a motto. Carved on the bottom step it said 'Unveiled by Grannie Rhys.' A real township

monument, bearing the names of everyone possible: the fallen, all those who donned khaki, the people who presented it, and Grannie Rhys.

"I knew that Thirroul was no longer this lonely country place. On the other hand, I wanted the music to sing of all small Australian towns. In my attempt to capture their spirit, I turned to those Drysdale paintings where they dwell forever. I also underpinned the work with the harmonic progression of *Heart and Soul*, a favourite of Tass Drysdale's.

"When I later visited Thirroul, I was astonished to find the War Memorial there, just as Lawrence had described it. For some reason, I had always thought it was imaginary. It is still there today, but it has been moved from a corner of the main street to the precinct of the local R.S.L. Club."

D. H. Lawrence's Reception in Australia: *Kangaroo* and *The Boy in the Bush*

Precis of a paper delivered to the first Australian D.H. Lawrence Conference
by PAUL EGGERT

Two themes stand out in the Australian response to *Kangaroo* and *The Boy in the Bush*: gratefulness for Lawrence's having given authentic voice to an Australian spirit of place, and sharp disputation about his commentary on Australian society and politics.

Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo* in 1922 during his three-month stay in Australia; after revision it was published in 1923. In that year in California and Mexico he rewrote a novel by Mollie Skinner with whom he had stayed in Western Australia in 1922: it was published in 1924 as *The Boy in the Bush*. Together with his poem, 'Kangaroo', and a number of letters, these novels constitute his literary response to Australia.

R. S. Ross wrote a front-page review of *Kangaroo* for the Brisbane *Daily Standard* of 14 and 15 July 1924¹. Like most commentators he was amazed, given what he felt was the importance of the novel, that Lawrence had slipped into the Australian eastern states virtually unnoticed. (This had been deliberate on his part, having been irritated by his mildly lionising reception in Western Australia and feeling the urgent need to get on with the writing of a novel in New South Wales which would earn him some much-needed money².) Ross was a man who had much to lose if there was any basis in real life for Kangaroo's plans in the novel for a right-wing *coup d'état* in Australia, but he commented: 'It reads absurd this network of conspiratorial organisation for the catastrophic bossed by the Kangaroo'.

Suggestions confidently put forward in recent years in Australia that there was a contemporary counterpart to the novel's secret army, and that its leaders sought to

involve Lawrence in it, have been discounted by Bruce Steele in his recent critical edition of *Kangaroo*³. There was probably at the time, he argues, a general anxiety amongst Australian conservatives about the future of the established system of government. This anxiety was understandable given the recent Russian Revolution. Ideas about private- or government-backed paramilitary forces able to assist the police in the maintenance of public order in the event of socialist- or communist-inspired riots must have been circulating. Recent evidence has come to light that such a force (a quite small, government-backed one⁴) was formed and used in Western Australia against miners in Kalgoorlie a couple of years before Lawrence's arrival in Perth. There were loyalist organisations in Australia at the time (i.e. loyal to Britain), such as the King and Empire Alliance, and it is possible that groups within them contemplated forming secret armies (but there is precious little evidence to date of their actual formation prior to the New Guard of 1931). However the idea of their organising a a right-wing *coup d'état*, as envisaged in the novel under Kangaroo's leadership, would run utterly against the political current of the period. Their business would have been to counteract left-wing attempts, as they saw it, to overturn established law and order, not to create a disorder of their own.

What is certain however is that since 1917 in a number of essays Lawrence had been actively considering a new political order to counteract what he believed had been the cause of the War: the European sickness of benevolent idealism, and the spiritual ossification caused by a Victorian

ideology of living for others at the expense of one's own living⁵. Given this background of continuous interest in a political renovation, Lawrence would not have needed more than the odd clue or hint, and a bit of local colour, to flesh out the involvement of his hero in an imagined Australian secret army.

Almost certainly, then, Ross was right to be unapprehensive, and no other reviewer gave any sign that the proposed revolution was based on a real organisation or even the possibility of one. This consideration will not convince some proponents of the secret-army hypothesis. It is open to them to reply, of course, that the reviewers did not know anything about the army because it was a secret. If so, then we will see another stage of the reception of *Kangaroo* played out in Australia in the second half of the 1990s. However, I am confident that Steele's sceptical position will ultimately prevail. We will hear some more 'secret' details and mini-revelations, but will eventually come to believe what Ross and other early reviewers saw from the start: that the political figures in the novel essentially act out internal voices which Lawrence was proposing to himself.

This is true above all of the characterisation of Kangaroo. It involved some borrowing of details (which Lawrence could easily have picked up from newspapers) from General Sir John Monash; but Lawrence drew more fundamentally on his own friends, S. S. Koteliansky and the psychoanalyst, Dr David Eder⁶. There is no need, as Robert Darroch has done, to invent supposed meetings between Lawrence and the president of the King and Empire Alliance, Major-General Sir

Charles Rosenthal, meetings which Lawrence is then said to have immediately written up for the novel. Again, Ross's initial reaction has been justified: that 'Kangaroo himself is the weakest characterisation in the volume. He's quite un-Australian, though suggested as Australia's personification'. Archibald (later, Sir Archibald) T. Strong, Jury Professor of English at Adelaide University at the time, found him 'entirely preposterous . . . not so much a man as the incarnation of an idea' (*Melbourne Herald*, 26 January 1924, p. 13). With the left-wing politics in the novel on the other hand, Ross felt that Lawrence was 'right at the heart of things Labor' and found the chapter, 'A Row in Town', 'superbly colossal'. Perhaps the resort to violence, even though initiated by the right-wing Diggers, appealed to Ross's communist sympathies. Strong disagreed. Born of an Establishment family in Melbourne but educated in England, Strong declared that the scale of violence made it 'utterly unlifelike and impossible' in the Australian setting⁷. The violence and near-violence at political rallies in Sydney in the early 1920s, as reported in the newspapers, did not approach the scale of the novel's. But there was certainly disorder, including attempts by loyalists to break up left-wing and pro-Irish republican meetings (the Irish Free State had become, controversially, a British Dominion rather than an independent state on 15 January 1922).

The Australian playwright, Louis Esson, commended the characterisation of Jack Callcott as 'a fine study of a real Australian type' (*Bulletin*, 27 March 1924, p. 3): getting a fix on mateship was undoubtedly part of Lawrence's formula for success. And here Strong agreed: 'several of his characters – Jack Callcott . . . Victoria Callcott, his heavily sexed wife, and the mercurial Welsh colonist, William James – are so drawn as to show that Mr. Lawrence has in some ways at least got fairly deep into our national

character.'⁸

In his next novel *The Boy in the Bush*, Lawrence offered a case-study of a young Briton arriving in Western Australia in the 1880s, going onto a farm as a jackeroo, and tracing his decline, as the reviewer in the *New Graphic of Australia* saw it, from 'a clean-minded young Englishman into the promiscuous sensualist of the closing chapters' (6 November 1924, p. 13).

Australian reviewers were far less interested in the fine question of the collaborators' relative responsibilities for the novel even though they, with the exception of some West Australian reviewers, had not heard of M. L. Skinner either. The tacit assumption was that the novel was Lawrence's, a product of his visit to Australia in 1922. However when Vance Palmer referred to the novel in his *Bulletin* article of 8 January 1925 as one of 'D. H. Lawrence's two novels [on Australia]' he was rebuked by a correspondent ('W.C.T.') in the issue of 5 February: 'Why do some writers persist in crediting D. H. Lawrence with the authorship of "The Boy in the Bush"? . . . Australian writers, who ought to be the first to honor native talent, need not divert entire credit of the book to a man whose own works have already given him a niche in the library temple' (p. 32). In 1931, again in the *Bulletin*, Katharine Susannah Prichard, commenting on a recent book about Lawrence, took John Middleton Murry, its author, to task for failing to mention the name of 'the woman with whom, after all, Lawrence chose to collaborate. When he did so, few young writers did not envy M. L. Skinner' (1 July 1931, p. 5).

For Palmer, *The Boy in the Bush* marked 'a stage in the disintegration of his powers' (p. 415). A 'structure and balance' had characterised the home-life sections of *Sons and Lovers*, Lawrence's 'high point'. These qualities, which had been flung aside in his recent novels, were qualities Palmer himself pursued in his own fiction: an artless-seeming realism in a controlled, unpretentious prose style. For Palmer, then, *The*

Boy in the Bush was not a sign of a missed opportunity or something to be envied as it was for Prichard. It was an instructive lesson about the danger of possessing genius without discipline; and it may, perhaps, have served as a consolation for lacking the former himself⁹. Thus was another 'appropriation' of *The Boy in the Bush* effected; and the literary work went on circulating in and out of Australia, gathering significances.

Less subtly conservative appropriations of the novel were provided by the parodies and gossip articles which followed its publication: these were another part of the second wave of responses. The *Sydney Sunday News* (16 November 1924, p. 11) ran a review in rhyming doggerel. In its last of five stanzas, its anonymous author naturally fastened on the issue of Jack Grant's desire for three wives:

*In this I think Lawrence is quite out of date,
And simply nonsensical when
Such sentiments flow from his pen.
Three wives! Not for me, I tell you
quite straight,
A fellow should have at least ten.*

Despite its conscious or unconscious conservatism, parody at least acknowledges that its target has already made its mark on the current climate of opinion, that it is 'common property'. The gossip articles about *The Boy in the Bush* which appeared in Britain, Perth and Adelaide made a similar acknowledgement by treating the book more respectfully – for it was, after all, the peg on which each columnist's livelihood had temporarily to hang. So the coy unveiling of Mollie Skinner as the 'Mr M. L. Skinner' of the first reviews, subsequent interviews with her¹⁰, and reportings of her departure from England in December 1924 and her arrival in Perth all had to have their place in the papers and magazines, fully eight items appearing in Australia¹¹. 'Who sits in the shrine beyond those blue-grey eyes [of

Mollie Skinner]', wrote Katharine Susannah Prichard for the Melbourne *Woman's World*: the social machinery of respectability for the novel had clicked into gear.

Grant Madison Hervey's version of *The Boy in the Bush* is even more intriguing. Certainly his alertness to the novel's many exploratory interests focused in unpredictable places. Quoting Jack Grant's angry vituperation after Mary Rath has turned down his offer of a bigamous attachment, Hervey concludes that Lawrence has hit on 'the innate snakishness of the typical Australian [i.e. in Mary]'. He celebrates Lawrence as a novelist 'who goes straight towards his objective, and beats us over the head without mercy', a characteristic particularly needful, according to Hervey, for a convict country born to an 'adoration of the whip'. There are rather a lot of references to whipping in this essay: 'A few more floggings like this', he writes, 'and we shall begin to move'; he claims that the people's fear of criticism is the real Yellow Peril and that 'there is a great and permanent shortage of whip-wielders'; and he again welcomes Lawrence for 'having cordially and so emphatically flogged Australia; eviscerated and thumb-screwed the Australians'.

'Grant Madison Hervey' was in fact the pseudonym and, on one occasion at least, the alias of George Henry Cochrane (1880–1933), a journalist, poet and novelist from the State of Victoria, thrice imprisoned for fraud (1915, 1923 and 1931). The *Oxford Companion to Australian Literature* refers to his posing as an American at Mildura in 1919, his business being 'to drum up financial support for a new state; he was exposed by [the entrepreneur and publisher] C. J. de Garis' who was associated with the dried fruit industry there. '[A]fter seeking his revenge through the editorship of the *Mildura and Merbein Sun* [he] was tarred and feathered by de Garis's supporters in 1921'¹². Reflecting on some reviews and articles about himself in 1925, Lawrence remarked: 'I always find that my critics, pretending to criticise me, are

analysing themselves'¹³. Hervey would seem to be a good case in point. His *Boy in the Bush* is clearly a novel of collaborative authorship to which he is a major contributor.

But the difference between him and the rest of the Australian reviewers was one of degree rather than of kind. The literary work had become, inevitably and cumulatively, a multifarious object. The printed document was successively interpreted and reinterpreted, appropriated and reappropriated, till one might wonder how the participating readers could have imagined they were all talking about the same thing. This is no doubt the fate – the condition of existence – of all Lawrence's works, and perhaps of all published literary works in general.

ENDNOTES

¹ All quotations below from this review are from the issue of 14 July, front page. Page numbers for other quoted reviews are given upon their first quotation only.

² Frances Zabel who ran the 'Book Lovers' bookshop which Lawrence visited in Perth reported (under the penname, 'Franciska') in the Perth *Daily News* on the Lawrences' departure: 'He is a brilliant conversationalist, and at the same time is extremely modest, disliking limelight and publicity' (22 May 1922, p. 6).

³ The principal proponents of the hypothesis have been: Robert Darroch, *Lawrence in Australia* (South Melbourne: Macmillan, 1981); Michael Cathcart, *Defending the Neutral Workshop: Australia's Secret Army Intrigue of 1939* (Melbourne: McPhee Gribble Penguin, 1988); and Andrew Moore, *The Secret Army and the Premier: Conservative Paramilitary Organizations in NSW 1930–32* (Kensington, NSW: University of New South Wales Press, 1989). For dissenting views, see Paul Eggert, 'Lawrence, the Secret Army, and the West Australian Connexion', *Westerly*, xxvi (1982), 122–6; David Ellis, 'Lawrence in Australia: The Darroch Controversy', *D. H. Lawrence Review*, xxi (1989), 167–74; Joseph Davis, *D. H. Lawrence at Thirlmere* (Sydney: Collins, 1989); and Brian Steele, *Lawrence, Fact and Fiction*, *Meridian*, viii (1991), 19–34. For the fullest bibliography of material by Australians on *Kangaroo* and Lawrence's stay in New South Wales, see: Joseph Davis, 'Place, Personal and the Politics of the Personal: A Semi-Geographic Exploration of D. H. Lawrence's *Kangaroo*', Ph.D. thesis, University of Wollongong, 1992, pp. 400–23.

⁴ See the forthcoming article by W. S. Latter in *Labour and History*.

⁵ In his explanatory note on 92:9, Steele quotes a section of *Fantasia of the Unconscious* which Lawrence wrote in 1921 before he came to Australia but which was deleted by Seltzer.

⁶ It concerns the organisation of a secret army.

⁷ See Steele's explanatory note on 107–40 in the critical edition for a full discussion.

⁸ Cf. Palmer's review of *The Boy in the Bush* for *Triad* (Sydney), 1 December 1924, p. 36: 'he writes a rather absurd story to a conclusion by sheer lyrical power... Lawrence has trifled shamelessly with his talent, and this book almost makes one believe that there was something spurious in the lyrical style that gave him his fame.'

This review answered Francis Brien's of 10 November, A. G. Stephens, anonymously, also did a (brief) review for his *Bookfellow* (29 November, 1924, p. 47): 'There is a great deal of writing, with an effort at realism, and a result of fantastical dullness'. The motto of this famous literary editor was 'Truth is not in extremes', he may well have reacted against the novel's imperative writing technique.

⁹ E.g. article by W. G. 'British Australian and New Zealander' (London), 25 December 1924.

¹⁰ *Dawn News* (Perth), anon., 20 and 31 January 1925; *West Mail* (Perth), anon., 5 February 1925; *Australasian* (Melbourne), anon., 7 February; *West Australian* (anon., social column note), 13 February; *Sunday Times* (Perth), 'Our Lady's Letter from London' by 'Pamela', 15 February; and K. S. Prichard, *Woman's World* (Melbourne), 1 December 1924, p. 41.

¹¹ William H. Wilde, Joy Hooton and Barry Andrews, *Oxford Companion to Australian Literatur* (Melbourne: Oxford UP, 1985), p. 337; and cf. *ADB*, ed. Bede Nairn and Geoffrey Serle, ix, 275 (1983), in particular Nettie Petree's quoted description of him (1933) as 'a bulky giant with a large reddish beard... a caricature of those expansive young men of the Nineties... patriotic and Hopalong Cassidy-like'.

¹² 'Accumulated Mail' in Lawrence, *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine and Other Essays*, ed. Michael Herbert (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1988), p. 240.

COMING EVENTS

An informal pre-Christmas get-together will be held in the Rose Garden pavilion of the Royal Botanic Gardens at 12 noon on Saturday, December 16.

Please bring your own food and refreshments. No charge will be made for this function.

New members, and members who have not attended any previous functions are especially invited.



Due to the enthusiastic response of this year's passengers (see a "Day Out on Sydney Harbour" last issue) another cruise has been arranged on the 1902 steam yacht, the *Lady Hopetoun* on Sunday February 25, 1996. The plan for this cruise is quite different to that of our first cruise. This time we will, conditions permitting, make an express run from Rozelle Bay under the new Glebe Island Bridge, to Manly Cove. We will pass the preserved Quarantine Stations, cross the Heads to the southern shore and then explore the bays of the Eastern Suburbs.

Our cruise will cost members only \$39 per passenger.

To make a reservation write to John Lacey at either PO Box 100 Millers Point, NSW 2000, or PO Box 847, Rozelle, NSW 2039.



Two other DHL events - the Kangaroo High Tea and the Loddon Falls picnic - are still being finalised. Details, next issue.



Lady Chatterley, live, in the grounds of Vaucluse House, commencing Jan 8, part of the Sydney Festival. 6pm onwards, Tuesday to Sunday.



WINNER

The "The Potted DHL" Competition has been won by Marylyn Valentine for her witty ditty on *Lady Chatterley* published in *Rananim* Vol 3 No 2, June 1995. Marylyn wins a bottle of champagne which we hope to present to her at the picnic on December 16.

An Unconsidered Trifle

Text of a paper delivered to the DHL Conference by ROBERT DARROCH

A.D. HOPE AND THE REPUTATION OF D.H. LAWRENCE IN AUSTRALIA: A SURPRESSED ARTICLE.

Towards the end of 1924 Martin Secker, Lawrence's UK publisher, sent the author some rare good news. *The Boy in the Bush*, the novel Lawrence had rewritten from a manuscript by W.A. nurse Mollie Skinner, was selling well in Australia. Distributors had taken 1000 copies and wanted 500 more. They also wanted to know if Lawrence had written anything else that might interest Australians.

Well, yes, there was something else - Lawrence's novel about Australia, *Kangaroo*, for which Lawrence's agent, Curtis Brown, had failed to find a separate Australian publisher the previous year. So Robertson and Mullen also took 500 copies of *Kangaroo*, and after a delay of almost a year, Australians had the opportunity to read for themselves what Lawrence had written about their country.

Initially the reaction was reasonably good. Vance Palmer said the novel was "a very valuable book for us...He reveals a portion of the truth about us, as only an artist can." *The Bulletin* reviewer said Lawrence had written "a very beautiful book that is full of the sunshine and flowers of Australia, with many quiet little gibes at our peculiarities at which nobody could take offence unless he is determined to take offence." Later critics, however, did take offence. In 1948 Ian Mair in *The Age* wrote an article headed: "D.H. Lawrence Met None of Us, Yet He Found Us Hollow". In 1956 Peter Green wrote that *Kangaroo* was hardly a novel at all, but "whole deserts of stultifying political discussion". And in 1950 Katherine Susannah Prichard, whom Lawrence had helped and advised, wrote: "How fatuous and absurd are yards of drivel about Australia" adding: "he failed as a writer of the first magnitude."

But the harshest judgment of *Kangaroo* was to come in an article written in 1974 by A.D. Hope, Professor of English at ANU from 1951 to 1968. Entitled "D.H. Lawrence's *Kangaroo* - How It Looks to an Australian", this article has had an important influence on how Australians regard Lawrence's novel of their country. A little over a year ago [ie, in 1976] I was

talking to Leonie Kramer, Professor of English at Sydney University, and I mentioned my interest in Lawrence and *Kangaroo*. She seemed rather cool on the subject, and concluded with the remark: "Have you read what Professor Hope has to say about *Kangaroo*?"

In that now famous essay, Hope criticised *Kangaroo* on many grounds, including plain accuracy (implying that if Lawrence couldn't get simple things right, he was not to be trusted in larger matters). He listed a number of points on which Lawrence had erred, things "he could easily have checked on".

He complained that Lawrence had his hero lighting fires with "chunks of jarrah" (too expensive for burning, said Hope). Lawrence described the figure on a war memorial as a Tommy (he must have known the term Digger, said Hope). Hope commented: "the carelessness is of the same order that makes Somers say he will sound his muezzin, or tell a story about white ants eating a litter of puppies, or take the blue-bottle...for some kind of octopus". One might have thought that Lawrence could sound his muezzin if he liked, or call a Digger a Tommy, but Hope is adamant: "These are more than mistakes excusable in a tourist...they are symptomatic of a sloppy attitude to his craft".

To accuse Lawrence of sloppiness in his craft is a serious (and unusual) allegation. But before we judge Lawrence on accuracy, and since Hope had brought up the subject, how careful is Hope himself in such matters? If you are going to criticise Lawrence's accuracy, you should be pretty scrupulous yourself. Hope is not.

Hope called the ship Lawrence took to Ceylon the Osterly. It was the Osterley. He called Lawrence's bungalow Wyework. It was Wyework. He called Lawrence's character Calcott. It was Calcott. He said Lawrence called Wollongong Walloona. He called it Wolloona. Hope referred to another writer as Frances Adams. It was Francis Adams. He said Lawrence left Sydney on August 8. It was August 11. He said Lawrence wrote the last chapter in America. He wrote it in Thirroul². Hope said Lawrence found some of his works in the School of Arts library in Thirroul. It was the Perth Literary Institute, and it was

Almost 20 years ago, shortly after I began my research into Lawrence's time in Australia (and after having had one or two early articles published in *The Australian*), I was asked by the literary/political magazine *Quadrant* to review an essay on Lawrence and *Kangaroo* written by the distinguished Australian poet and critic, Professor A.D. Hope.

Hope's article (later re-published in an anthology of Hope's criticism, *The Pack of Autolycus*¹) was a pretty stiff attack on Lawrence and his Australian novel. I don't know what *Quadrant* was expecting, but, having delved into the matter, it was obvious to me that Hope was talking through his hat, and so, reputations aside, I decided on a pretty stiff riposte.

In the event my review was rejected, which is rather unusual, especially for a magazine like *Quadrant*. I don't recall any explanation, but it may have been not totally unconnected with the dinner the magazine arranged some years later to honour Professor Hope. But that is rank speculation - they may merely have thought it a poor review.

However, as the topic of our first DHL conference concerned Australian reactions to Lawrence, and as Hope's article had a significance in this regard, I am taking the opportunity to read into the record an edited (for reasons of space) version of the paper I delivered at our August gathering. The paper was entitled:

An Unconsidered Trifle

cont'd from p 7

accuses Lawrence of being "completely unaware" of the program adopted by "the then famous Trade Union Congress" of 1921 - the year before he arrived in Sydney. One might think Lawrence could be excused ignorance in this matter. But what does Hope know about this so-famous meeting and programme? He doesn't know its correct name, for one thing: it was the All Australian Trade Union Conference. Nor apparently does he know what it discussed, for otherwise he would be aware that one of its main topics was the founding of a chain of Labor newspapers in Australia - a topic mentioned at some length in *Kangaroo*.

But quibbles about Lawrence's accuracy in minor detail are but side-dishes to the main course of Hope's attack on *Kangaroo*. His principal complaint was that in the novel Lawrence got Australia and its people completely wrong. He raised the possibility that Lawrence did not intend *Kangaroo* to be taken seriously as a portrait of Australia; that rather it was a parody. He attacked Lawrence for his "irritable attacks" on Australian society and his picture of Australia as "crass, uncultured and mindless" whose people were "sub-human".

At one point in the novel Lawrence describes footballers as "bird-creatures rather than men...They were mostly blond with hefty legs, and with prominent round buttocks that worked madly inside the little cotton shorts". A rather nice description, I would have thought. But Hope disagrees, and conjures up what a typical footy fan might have thought of Lawrence's prose: "Mad Pommy bastard, what's he talking about? I'm watching this game, North Bulli against Thirroul, see, and he comes yacking about bird-creatures and buttocks!"

Hope says he could give many more instances of Lawrence's "parody of Australian life" but he prefers to move on to the "real reason for so much of this irritating nonsense" which is, he says, Lawrence's "simple ignorance". Hope compared Lawrence's picture of Australia, unfavourably, with those of J.A. Froude and Frances (sic) Adams. But while they knew what they were talking about, Lawrence did not, for "he took not the slightest trouble to find out" about Australia and its people.

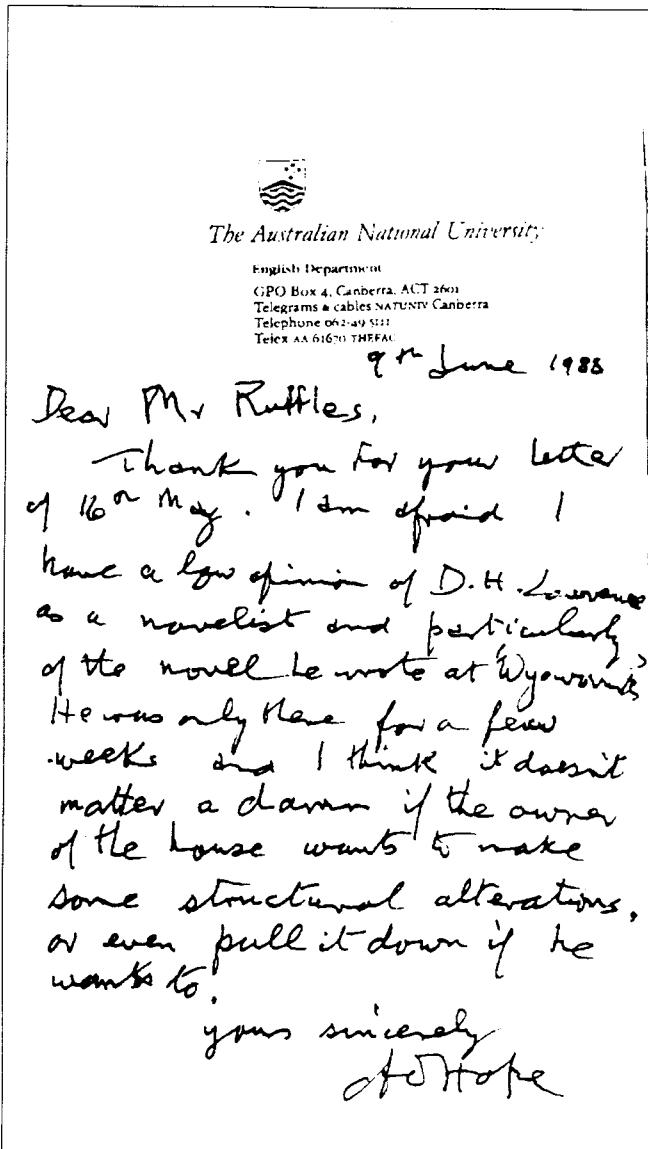
Hope said: "As he spent practically all his time writing or going for solitary walks [his contact with Australian people] were limited to tradespeople and shopkeepers". He hammers the point home with an analogy: "The crassness of Lawrence's procedure can be

illustrated not unfairly by supposing an Australian novelist who happened by some curious accident to have been brought up in total ignorance of England, visiting the country for a couple of months, spending two days in London during which he took a day trip to Brighton on a bank holiday and then retiring to a village on the Sussex coast where his only contacts were odd fishermen, village shopkeepers and the local lending library. He refuses to read any newspapers or to acquaint himself with any evidence of English culture above the level of popular magazine fiction and spends his time writing a novel with 'an

Thirroul in 1922, or rather he mixes assumption with what other people have written about Lawrence in Australia, which is also based on assumption, made partly from the letters Lawrence wrote from Thirroul, and partly from what Frieda wrote in her memoirs. But whereas overseas critics at least had the excuse that they could not easily have checked the accuracy of these "sources", Hope was in a position to do so.

Hope reserves his most scathing criticism for Lawrence's picture of politics in Australia. "If he took no trouble to learn about them, it is not surprising that his account of politics in this country is almost entirely factitious," Hope says. Grudgingly noting that Lawrence had been praised for his observations about incipient fascism in Australia, Hope has an explanation for this slight possibility that Lawrence was perceptive. "It is true," he writes, "that there are some remarkable similarities between Lawrence's Diggers Clubs...and the New Guard which appeared a few years later [but] there is a simple explanation for this. Lawrence was projecting on Australian society the image of the still unformed and largely incoherent Fascist movement which he had learned something of in Italy...Lawrence's account [of the clash between Callcott's Diggers and Willie Struthers' socialists] has no definite touches of local colour...". According to Hope, Lawrence's picture of Australian politics is a fantasy which, because it occupies a large part of the book, tends to weaken what is "already suspect and shoddy".

But how can Hope be so certain that Lawrence's politics are "a travesty"? Has he taken the trouble to check? One of the few people to check what Lawrence wrote with the historical record was the Rev. John Alexander, a Melbourne teacher. In an article entitled "DHL's *Kangaroo*: fantasy, fact or fiction?" (*Meanjin*, June 1965), Alexander, while still repeating the errors of overseas writers, at least did Lawrence the courtesy of comparing *Kangaroo* with actuality. He summed up his findings: "It can be said with confidence that he is closer to the facts than almost all critics have to date recognised." Alexander referred to Lawrence's description of "the big mass meeting of Labour in the great Canberra Hall" at which a number of current political topics were discussed. Alexander checked this with the historical record



English setting', in which the civilisation, the social life and the politics of the country are explained to the rest of the world with all the assurance of profound experience and prophetic insight".

And Hope is, of course, right. If Lawrence's contacts were as limited as he says they were, the novel would be hopelessly unreal. But how does Hope know that Lawrence's contacts were as limited as he claims they were?

The answer is that Hope assumes he knows what happened to Lawrence in Sydney and

and found that "This is almost direct reportage of contemporary events in NSW".

On one point, however, Alexander is as mistaken as Hope. He says that Lawrence's picture of left-wing forces in NSW was more accurate than his description of those on the right. The opposite is the case. Lawrence knew more about right-wing activity in NSW in 1922 than Hope, Alexander or almost anyone else who was not directly involved.

In an article in *Dissent* in 1968, political scientist Don Rawson examined political violence in Australian society. He found an almost exact parallel between what Lawrence described in *Kangaroo* and real events in Sydney in 1921-22. Rawson refers to an incident in the Sydney Domain in May 1921 in which a red flag was torn up in a clash between militant socialists and returned servicemen and says that this is almost identical to the climactic event in the novel: The Row in Town. In his article Hope had said: "the fascism of *Kangaroo* as preached in his legal chambers had [nothing] to do with the politics and theory of any actual party that existed anywhere, let alone in Sydney". Rawson, however, points out that the whipping up of agitation in May 1921 was instigated by an organisation in Sydney called the King and Empire Alliance. And the leader of this unquestionably proto-fascist body was a Jew - Major-General Sir Charles Rosenthal - just like Benjamin Cooley in *Kangaroo*³.

It must now be conceded that Lawrence knew something about politics and contemporary events in Sydney in 1921-22. It could well be that far from being "a travesty", *Kangaroo* is one of the better records of some sinister activities that happened in a period few people today remember.

But Lawrence did more than observe accurately. He understood what he was observing: he discerned the nature of the organisation he called the Digger Clubs and found its activities repulsive. It was an experience that made a deep impression on him, deep enough to perhaps provoke one of the finest pieces of writing in all his works: the Nightmare chapter in *Kangaroo*.

Hope's almost complete misinterpretation of *Kangaroo* has led him, as it has led other critics, to assume the novel is not what it plainly is: a novel about politics in Australia. Hope says *Kangaroo* is a struggle on paper between what he terms Lawrence's "three personal problems": his relationship with modern society, how to live with his wife, and how to be a messiah. There are elements of these topics in the novel, as there are other elements too. But these are minor themes, and to take them for the major theme is equivalent to imagining that *Macbeth* is a play about witches, women's lib and Scottish nationalism⁴.

But one lesson that should be drawn from Hope's article is that the critic who speaks too confidently about Lawrence is taking risks. He was a very unusual person who wrote things that are not simple and which have often been misjudged. I myself would be wary

about saying exactly what *Kangaroo* is. But that doesn't mean that nothing should be said, and Professor Hope's article, though wrong-headed, at least performs the very useful function of raising the issue of Lawrence and *Kangaroo*. Too many people in Australia have simply not read it.

The reader should make up his own mind about *Kangaroo*. I myself think that a clue to its purpose is contained in a sentence on page 358 of the Phoenix edition where Lawrence says: "It was as if the silvery freedom turned and showed the scaly back of the reptile, and the horrible paws."

When Professor Hope wrote his attack on Lawrence in 1974 he opened with a swipe at perhaps Lawrence's greatest interpreter, F.R. Leavis. Hope wrote: "Even admirers of D.H. Lawrence have not had much to say in favour of *Kangaroo*. His most slavish devotee, F.R. Leavis, favours it with ambiguous approval as a novel which shows a penetrating insight into the nature of the Australian national life and the character of Australian democracy - two subjects on which it may be doubted whether Dr Leavis has any real qualifications for an opinion other than hearsay."

Although the old warrior has now passed on, he no doubt would have been delighted to see yet another of his critics fall by the wayside.

That is the end of the article. It never saw the light of day, and so I am grateful for the opportunity to publish it at last.

Hope did not recant or resile in any way. When in 1988 we were gathering support (as Sandra outlines in her paper) for our Save Wyewurk effort, John Ruffels wrote to Hope seeking his support. His reply echoed his earlier article (see letter in box on previous page).

As a reflection of the extremes of Australian reaction to Lawrence and *Kangaroo*, it is interesting to contrast Hope's response with that of Patrick White, who, as Sandra will show, was generous and supportive. But Hope didn't think much of White either. Hope once described White's masterpiece *The Tree of Man* as "illiterate verbal sludge".

I suspect Hope is wrong about White, too.

ENDNOTES

¹Hope pictured himself as the mythical son of Mercury, Autolycus, "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles".

²And revised it in Taos, adding a new 15-1/2-page ending.

³Here Rawson makes an error. Rosenthal was not a Jew (though he was commonly taken for being Jewish - eg, Bean). Rawson's error, alas, led me astray for many years.

⁴The interpretation of *Kangaroo* is a fascinating topic (and well worth a conference of its own). I read recently one Australian interpretation which maintained that the novel was a struggle between heat and cold!

Lawrence returns to the Haymarket

cont'd from p 2

action in the event of the house coming on the market, and the idea of obtaining an architect's written opinion on the historical relevance of the house was put forward.

Robert Darroch, addressing the meeting, said the Society had had a most successful year. One of the highlights had been the Harbour trip on the *Lady Hopetoun* which it hoped would be repeated.

Three issues of *Rananim* had been brought out, thanks to the efforts of Sandra Jobson, John Lacey, Paul Eggert, Margaret Jones, Robert Darroch and John Ruffels.

The Lawrence conference held at the Writers' Centre at Rozelle on August 13 this year could very well become an annual happening.

In warmer weather, it was hoped to have a picnic with food described in the "high tea" episode of *Kangaroo*.

Taking over as president, Paul Eggert paid tribute to the work of Ray Southall. He expected his own role to be more advisory than executive, and said he was pleased that, unlike the American DHL Society, the Australian version was not overwhelmed by academics who treated it as a professional society. "This society allows people's enthusiasms to take an enjoyable and useful form," the new president said. He suggested, however, that *Rananim* might take in broader issues than *Kangaroo*.

After the meeting, members had a sumptuous *yum cha* at the Emperor's Garden restaurant, and walked it off on a short tour of the Haymarket area with Rob Darroch as cicerone. Darroch, who in his book *D H Lawrence in Australia* tried to retrace Lawrence's movements in Sydney, suggests that Lawrence must have known the area of the Haymarket because of remarks made by his alter-ego Richard Lovatt Somers in *Kangaroo*.

"...in Sussex Street he almost wept for Covent Garden and St Martin's Lane..." This implies, Rob Darroch believes, a visit to the Haymarket end of Sussex Street where the vegetable markets were around 1922.

In the "Row in Town" chapter, Somers buys himself "a big, knobbly, soft-crusted apple, at a Chinese shop..." suggesting a visit to Dixon Street or its environs. Somers goes three times to "Canberra House/Hall," where Willy Struthers. (Jock Garden in the Darroch interpretation) reigned in 1922. All these sites were visited, and a lively and richly gastronomic day ended with a visit to Paddy's Markets.

- Margaret Jones

How We Battled

Text of a paper delivered to the DHL Conference by SANDRA JOBSON

Most of you will be aware that Wyewurk is a no-go zone for visitors interested in seeing the house where D.H. Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo* in 1922. The present owner, estate agent Michael Morath, and a previous occupant, a dentist who rented the bungalow from the postwar era to around 1984, have both vigorously refused to allow visiting Lawrence enthusiasts into Wyewurk.

Our first attempt to do something about saving Wyewurk was back in 1976 when I broached the subject to the Minister for Planning, Paul Landa, at a private dinner party. I had just returned from a trip to Thirroul where we had been allowed by the dentist's wife to enter the garden - but not the house. It was very quiet, with the sea shining through the Norfolk Island pines, and the grass on the little headland was springy.

It was exactly as Lawrence described it:

....a little front all of grass, with loose hedges on either side - and the sea, the great Pacific right there and rolling in huge white thunderous rollers not forty yards away...

At that dinner party I tried to get Paul Landa to see the importance of preserving Wyewurk. But he had other matters on his mind, such as preserving the Myall Lakes, which he talked about at length. Someone at the table quipped: "Are you going to walk on them?" We subsequently made a formal submission to Landa, but nothing came of it.

My next visit to Wyewurk was in 1984 when, out on a visit from London, I went down to Thirroul. I knocked on the door but nobody answered. I peered through the window and could see very little furniture apart from a large wooden table - the jarrah table on which Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo* on. The house appeared to be no longer occupied by the dentist and his wife. We later learned that Wyewurk had been up for sale and had been bought from an elderly relative of the Southwell family, who had owned the house since 1919. The purchaser was a local estate agent, Michael Morath. The house had never been advertised on the open market. The price Morath paid is

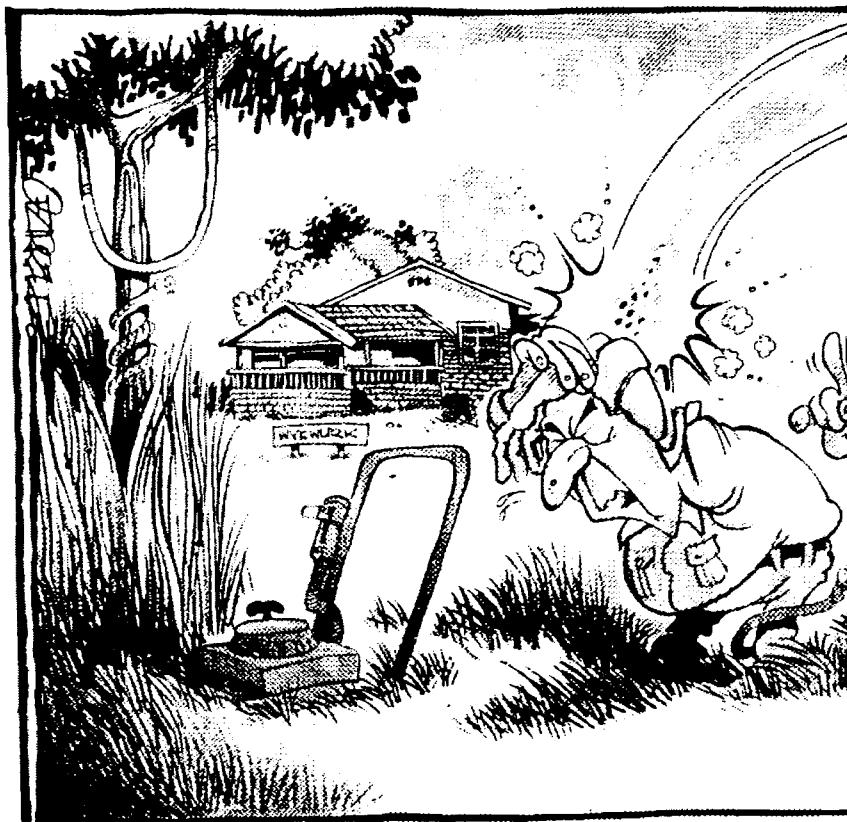
said to be around \$150,000.

My third visit to Wyewurk was much less peaceful. It was 1985 and our colleague John Ruffels had rung Michael Morath to ask if he would waive his normal anti-visitor stance in the light of the fact that we had come all the way from London to see the house, and that my husband Robert Darroch was the author of a book on D.H. Lawrence in Australia. Alas, Morath said no. We were not welcome.

Nevertheless, we decided to go down to Thirroul, having a bush picnic together with some English friends and Paul Delprat, the painter.

When we reached Thirroul and were walking along the beach under the cliff on which Wyewurk is perched, Paul and I rashly decided not to be deterred by Morath's refusal to let us see the house.

So we climbed up the low cliff to the house from the reserve on the beach. Rob held back, not wanting to intrude, but Paul and I, with some difficulty, hauled



ourselves up the cliff and finally found ourselves on a grassy area at the bottom of the Wyewurk garden.

A man was mowing the lawn with a very noisy motor mower. He looked up but didn't turn off the mower, so I called out to him: "Are you the owner of Wyewurk?" He refused to say anything, so I continued: "We have come all

to Save Wyewurk

the way from London to see Wyewurk. My husband has written a book about D.H. Lawrence in Australia. Could we possibly see the house?"

Mr Morath, for it was indeed Michael Morath, then turned his back and went on mowing. We went back down to the beach, somewhat crestfallen. Not long after this incident, events began to move on the Wyewurk front.

To put you in the picture: in the 1970s and early 1980s, a small group of people interested in Lawrence studies began to coalesce in Australia. They included Paul Eggert, Robert Darroch, Andrew Moore, Ray Southall, Joe Davis, John Ruffels, myself, Bruce Steele, John Lacey, Margaret Jones, and a number of others. From time-to-time we would meet at book launches or other events. But there was no DHL Society as such at that time.

Our next attempt to do something about preserving Wyewurk bore fruit. Back in London in 1985, Rob Darroch had written to his old friend and journalistic colleague, Bob Carr, who had recently assumed the job of

that nothing was done to substantially change the house, which was virtually intact, and almost exactly as Lawrence described it in 1922. But how right we were to fear that the new owner would want to make drastic changes - despite his initial protestations that both he and his wife had studied Lawrence at university and were determined to preseve his memory at Thirroul!

Not long after the Interim Conservation Order had been placed on the house, Joe Davis, who lived in Thirroul, learned that Michael Morath, despite the Interim Conservation Order, had submitted plans to Wollongong Council to add a second storey to Wyewurk. In essence, Cape Codding it. Moreover, he was planning to appeal against the Conservation Order.

Joe alerted John Ruffels and the coalition of people now interested in Lawrence, and the Save Wyewurk Emergency Committee was formed. We set to work, alerting Lawrence scholars in Australia, overseas scholars and DHL Societies, writing to the local Press, alerting TV and radio, and writing to the Minister for Local Government, the National Trust, the Heritage Council, etc.

The response was gratifying. Outrage is probably the best word to describe the reaction of most of the respondents, some of whom sent donations which were very useful in maintaining our campaign. It should be noted that almost half the letters of protest came from Thirroul and the South Coast area.

Patrick White wrote, sending a copy, in his own handwriting, of the letter he sent to the Heritage Council protesting against Morath's plans. The letter said:

I am amazed at the possibility that "Wyewurk", Thirroul, may have a two-storey addition built on to it. "Wyewurk" should be preserved and restored to its original condition as the house where Lawrence lived while writing his novel Kangaroo. It could become a place of pilgrimage for tourists less interested in the mostly Philistine pursuits Australia has to offer. As our politicians harp on about tourism, their minds are chiefly concentrated on sport, hotels, beaches and casinos, whereas "Wyewurk" Thirroul is an opportunity to aim at attracting a more civilised type of visitor; they do exist in considerable numbers.



Minister for Planning after the untimely death of Paul Landa.

The result was very positive and in July 1987 Bob Carr had an Interim Conservation Order placed on the bungalow, which meant that it put an emergency stop on any development. Let me stress here that we never wanted to throw the new owner out. We simply wanted to ensure

Historian Manning Clark agreed to become the Chairman of the Save Wyewurk Emergency Committee. Journalist Tom Fitzgerald also agreed to join the committee, as did literary editor Margaret Jones and most of the people who were later to form the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia. Professor Dame Leonie

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How We Battled to Save Wyewurk

cont'd from p 11

Kramer strongly supported the preservation of Wyewurk, as did **Tom Shapcott** and **Ted St John**. And the letters continued to pour in. **Professor Warren Roberts**, of the University of Texas, Lawrence's bibliographer, wrote, pointing out that the months Lawrence and Frieda spent at Thirroul were one of the more satisfying periods of his life:

It seems regrettable that when other countries, which include the United States, France, Italy, Mexico and Great Britain, are making great efforts to preserve places associated with Lawrence as monuments to his life and work, the one place in Australia most often associated with Lawrence should be neglected.

An entire class at **Bulli Public School** wrote letters of protest. Leading overseas Lawrence scholars like **Professor L.D. Clark**, who sent a donation from his own pocket, were right behind us, as were the **DHL Societies of North America and the UK**, who also sent donations. We were interviewed on the **7.30 Report**, which exposed to the general public the scandal of the Cape-Codding of Wyewurk.

There were, alas, a handful of exceptions. Columnist **Jim McClelland** wrote saying:

I really can't get worked up over Wyewurk. A permanent shrine to a third-class novel like Kangaroo does not seem to me a worthwhile cause. Sorry.

Poet and literary doyenne, **Dorothy Green**, said:

My admiration for Lawrence as a writer is very qualified and I do not admire Kangaroo at all. of Lawrence as a man...is not a very high one.

She went on to qualify this a little, saying she admired most of his poetry, and *Sons and Lovers*, but added that much of his writing was indistinguishable from that of Ethel M. Dell.

And **John Pringle** (to my

surprise, as he has been one of the great champions of *Kangaroo*) wrote:

Wyewurk is a dull little house on an awkward site. I don't believe that anyone would wish to visit it except for its link with Lawrence as I did long ago.

He suggested a plaque would be an adequate commemoration.

I wonder if Pringle would have been quite so down on Wyewurk if he had known at that time that it was probably the first example of a Californian bungalow in Australia?

The matter quickly spread out to the wider community - or at least to those who had heard of Lawrence. As Andrew Moore analysed in his excellent paper presented to our Collaroy seminar last May, the Wyewurk saga split the Australian community in an interesting way. To be very brief on this - and I urge you to re-read what Andrew said on the matter (published in *Rananim*) - one side not only seemed to have a cultural chip on its shoulder, but also felt sorry for poor Mr Morath and his growing family. This element no doubt also asked itself: "What if my house was suddenly discovered to be of heritage value?" Those on the opposing side took a less parochial and longer view of the matter.

Michael Morath, too, launched a campaign, gaining support from fellow estate agents and other local business people. He must also have told the *Illawarra Mercury* of my visit to him in 1985 when he was mowing the lawn, for the *Mercury* ran a cartoon (reproduced herewith) in May 1988, depicting me as some kind of Edwardian harpy bashing Mr Morath on the head with a furled umbrella. The caption coming out of my mouth reads: "Mow this lawn? Are you crazy? D.H. Lawrence actually threw a banana peel on this grass in 1922."

I wrote to the editor of the *Illawarra Mercury* to ask if, in the age-old tradition of people who have been lampooned in a cartoon, I might have the original to frame, but he didn't deign to answer.

The battle lines drawn, events moved swiftly. The Heritage Council

rejected Morath's two-storey application and said it would appoint an architect to draw up more "sympathetic" plans. The architect produced two plans, both one-storey extensions. The first was a fairly substantial single-storey addition attached to the original house. The second plan was a single-storey "pavilion" which was not directly attached to the house. The Heritage Council turned down the first plan but adopted the pavilion, subject to the owner's approval.

But the owner did not approve. Michael Morath turned down the pavilion plan and decided to appeal.

The then (Liberal) Minister for Planning (David Hay) decided the only course of action was a Commission of Inquiry.

Our interim Save Wyewurk Emergency Committee (SWEC) then sent out a newsletter advising that all of the people and organisations, world-wide, who had originally protested against the alterations to Wyewurk would be contacted and asked to make submissions to the Commission of Inquiry. The SWEC then insisted, in the light of the 300 or more protesting letters the Heritage Council had received - once again from both Australia and overseas - that the Inquiry be a public one. This was agreed to.

A number of major submissions were drawn up by: the Heritage Council, the National Trust, Ray Southall (then Professor of English at Wollongong University), author Margaret Barbelet, publisher Tom Thompson, Robert Darroch (representing SWEC), and a third generation resident of Thirroul, Joe Davis.

The Commission of Inquiry met at Wollongong Council Chambers on 23 August 1988.

Michael Morath, with his wife and daughter, sat silent as his lawyer got up and, to the astonishment of all, announced that Morath had decided to withdraw his appeal on the "pavilion" plan and would opt instead for the first of the two plans, which the Heritage Council had opposed. He asked for an adjournment of the Inquiry so he could put in an application for the first Heritage Council plan.

The Commissioner agreed to an

News from the UK

Trewella Country

In the spring of 1916 DH Lawrence came to live at Tregerthen at Zennor with his wife Frieda, renting a cottage there for four shillings a week.

Lawrence drew much inspiration from the dramatic Cornish landscape for his short stories, and for the powerful nightmare sequence in his novel *Kangaroo*.

Next door lived Katherine Mansfield and John Middleton Murry, whom Lawrence portrayed as Gudrun and Gerald in his novel *Women in Love*.

Despite his friendship with William Hocking from nearby Tregerthen Farm and with whom he worked the fields, Lawrence lived in an atmosphere of persecution. His wife Frieda was German and a cousin of the air ace Baron von Richthofen, which gave rise to suspicions of spying. As a result the couple were forced to leave the area in 1917.

The property is now for sale at £350,000.

Listed Grade II, it is formed around a courtyard and was converted from barns some five years ago.

The National Trust, which has a covenant over the area, praised the conversion highly at the time.

Most rooms have window seats, and there are fine views over the Atlantic. There are two reception rooms, four bedrooms and three bathrooms.

Much use has been made of maple, including doors, working shutters and bookcases on the spacious landing. The floors are of mahogany or pine.

From the *Western Morning News* 17.6.95

inspection of Wyewerk, accompanied by Morath, a representative of the National Trust, and Tony Prescott from the Heritage Council. The next Inquiry was advertised, and Wollongong Council Chambers were once again to be the venue, on 27 April 1989.

Meanwhile, we formed The Friends of Wyewerk as a more long-term organisation which would look into the various opportunities, should Wyewerk ever be acquired for the public.

The Committee of Inquiry ultimately resumed. Despite the fact that some Wollongong Council members - particularly Alderman Dave Martin - had been totally pro our cause at the first session of the Inquiry, the attitude of the majority in the Council had hardened against us by the second session.

And even though evidence that Morath himself had at one period approached the Council to buy Wyewerk from him, and despite the fact that many members of the Save Wyewerk Committee, in particular Tom Thompson, had made strenuous

submissions on the subject of turning Wyewerk into a centre of creative activity, the Commissioner decided that, in the absence of any alternative plan for Wyewerk, he would rule in Morath's favour and allow him to extend the premises on a single-storey basis.

The SWEC sent out a final newsletter, deplored the matter.

The Minister for the Arts, Peter Collins, who had been very supportive of our cause from the outset, wrote to Planning Minister Hay on 13 June 1989, also deplored the matter, saying that although he was aware that the proposed extensions to

Wyewerk could at a later date be demolished, he noted that the Commissioner had admitted that the "proposed alterations will adversely affect the heritage value of the house."

Collins went on: "It would not appear to be in the long-term public interest to allow any adverse development, even if reversible.

"I would emphasise to you the place which Wyewerk occupies in our literary and cultural heritage and

Such a Hassell

Open cast coal mining yesterday ran into political, environmental and heritage opposition when it emerged that a village closely associated with DH Lawrence would be seriously affected if planners approve a pit in green belt land outside Nottingham.

RJB Mining, Britain's biggest coal mining company following privatisation of the industry, said that its application to extract 1.8 million tonnes of coal from the Sortwood Farm site would enhance "poor quality" land at no cost to the taxpayer and create 80 jobs....

The mining would take place within a few hundred yards of Hassall, where Lawrence's girlfriend Louise Burrows lived. The village is thought to be the setting for his novel *The Rainbow*...

The Guardian 24.8.95

I hope that in the final consideration of this matter, the greatest possible weight will be given to these factors."

But we had lost the battle - or so we thought.

However, Morath, for personal reasons, failed to go ahead and make the approved extensions.

So, miraculously, to this day, Wyewerk remains intact, almost exactly as it was when Lawrence and Frieda stayed there and Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo*.

Recently Michael Morath applied for, and received, a grant from the Heritage Council to re-tile the roof. He was prevailed upon by the Wollongong Council's Heritage officer to replace the tiles with ones similar to the originals.

This is good news, because a secure roof means the building will not deteriorate as quickly as it might otherwise.

According to new information, the original permission to alter Wyewerk has now lapsed. But the Interim Conservation Order still applies. Thus the saga continues.

- Sandra Jobson

EDITOR'S COLUMN

This issue of *Rananim* is devoted mainly to publishing extracts from papers delivered at the Society's highly successful August Conference - which will become an annual event.

But we'd like to hear more from all of you. As you might have seen in the *Sydney Morning Herald Spectrum* pages (28.10.95) we are ranked among the ten best-known literary societies in Australia, and indeed have even more members now than the 70 the *SMH* reported.

We are trying to cater for people who have an interest in any aspect of DHL's life and writings. Write to us - and it doesn't have to be typed or on disc (although that helps). As you can see on this page, we have received some interesting contributions to our "On First Reading DHL" feature. We'd like more of these and any other comments or thoughts you'd like to communicate. They can be short enough for our Bits page (not published this issue for space reasons) - send us anything you spot in the media or your other reading.

Letters are also welcome for our Forum section. Write and pose a query, an opinion, or offer information, or make corrections or suggestions. Be as controversial as you wish.

We hope you enjoy this November issue of *Rananim* and hope, too, that you will be able to join us at the Christmas picnic and the *Lady Hopetoun* voyage (see page 6 for details).

We have tried to broaden our horizons in this issue to include news from around the world.

Next issue of *Rananim* will centre on DHL and poetry. Please contribute early!

- John Lacey

On first reading DHL

I was well into D.H. Lawrence's stories (at Adelaide University in 1944) and wanted to begin on the novels. One morning I was in bed with a feverish cold and before my father left to catch his tram to town he came to ask whether he could bring me some books. Yes, please. 'Would you bring me anything of D.H. Lawrence?' There was a pause and father fidgeted, clearing his throat as he always did when forced to say something disagreeable.

'You are old enough now you have left school to choose your own reading,' he finally pronounced. 'I can't influence you any longer. However, I will not be seen in the tram carrying the works of that man... You will have to collect them yourself.'

- Ninette Dutton

Historian David Harte was ordered to not take Lady Chatterly into his public service office in 1969.

Being older than the majority of Australian Lawrentians, I can remember reading *LCL* (or pages of it) in 1935 or 1936 as a student at Edinburgh University.

The copy, bound in brown with gold lettering, went the rounds and each of us had it for only one night. I don't remember who owned it. Presumably it must have been smuggled in from the Continent.

Of course, Lawrence's niece Peggy Needham beats us all, as she read the copy Uncle Bert sent to his sister Auntie Ada in 1928 (the year of first publication).

According to Peggy's reminiscences, Uncle Bert told her not to read it and not even to cut the pages.

- Rosemary Howard

Footnote: Rosemary says that if anyone would like a copy of the tape of Peggy Needham's reminiscences, to send her a cheque for £6.50 sterling and she will organise the mailing on behalf of Peggy. Rosemary's address is: 12a Adams Hill, Keyworth, Notts NG12 5GY, UK.

My own story concerns *Sons and Lovers* rather than *Lady C* which I was reading as a Year 11 English student in 1967. I accidentally left it behind on a seat on Wentworth Falls station. When I returned to collect it, the station master reproved me for reading a "dirty book". Umbrage turned to Outrage when I explained it was a school text book.

- John Lacey

When I first read *Women in Love* I was particularly shocked by the wrestling scene involving Gerald Crich and Birkin. That was back in the prim old days when many books (eg. *Portnoy's Complaint*, *Tropic of Cancer*, etc. etc. were banned in Australia). On re-reading *Women in Love* recently I was amazed at how tame that scene seems now.

- Sandra Jobson

Ottiline Morrell had hysterics when she first read the manuscript of *Women in Love* and discovered that Lawrence, despite her bountiful generosity towards him, had (at least to her eyes) portrayed her as the over-the-top Hermione Roddice. Lawrence feigned total surprise at her reaction. To his credit, he later repaid Ottoline some money she had lent him in his poorer days.

- S.J.

The Shead of Windsor

As the (in some quarters) much-reviled author of that infamous anti-republican tract, TWENTY REASONS WHY AUSTRALIA WON'T BECOME A REPUBLIC (*Sun-Herald*, May 1992), I perhaps would not be first choice to review Garry Shead's recent exhibition, entitled "The Royal Suite", as it will be no secret that the theme of Garry's latest show is, clear for all to see, somewhat disparaging of the Royal Family and its continued link with an Australia set on a course on which loyalty to the British Crown is excess baggage. The presence of arch-republican Malcolm Turnbull to open the show at the Nagy Fine Art gallery in Sydney's Victoria Street last month was living proof of the show's general drift.

On the other hand, the view of someone not totally committed to the show's iconography, or perhaps ideology, might be refreshing in these days of general back-scratching and critical incest.

Garry's message is pretty obvious, not to say blatant. Each of the 20 or so canvasses, most of them fairly big, shows HM and various HRHs, plus the odd corgi, stranded in an Australian landscape, as incongruous as a family of Pommy shags on the proverbial Aussie rock. The exhibition's Notes explain: "In Garry Shead's new series we see a shift from images of D.H. and Frieda Lawrence to those of the young Queen Elizabeth and Philip out on a tour of the colony circa 1954." The Notes go on to make the point that the show is "not simply" about Australian republicanism, "though they help this cause", but reflect childhood memories, the echo of former cult idols, observed from a (South-Coast?) backyard. (The Notes, written by Adam Rish, add to the irreverent ambience, descending, alas, to such remarks as "This queen may or may not live in a castle but she lives in a Shead. Check it out mate!"

That there is also a whiff of D.H. and F in the paintings is also pretty obvious (as our illustration shows - note the roo in the window). However, the suite has an integrity and life of its own, and is more like a logical progression from the (highly successful and rightly acclaimed) Lawrence series than any hint of the painter being stuck in a rut. And although the Notes speak of Goya and Velazquez (the reference to the latter's famous portrait of the Spanish royal



family is apt), I must say I was more reminded of Stanley Spencer's Christ at Cookham series, where angels and apostles tumble in and out of Thames bullrushes and the Trinity colonise the hamlet's thatched roofs. Indeed, I think that Garry is withal something of an antipodean Stanley Spencer - and that is intended as high praise.

The pictures are wonderfully painted, if a trifle darker than I personally would have liked (though the dun atmosphere does add to the general feeling of gloom and doom). Garry paints as well as any representational artist now practising in Australia and must now be regarded (with his friend Brett Whiteley so tragically gone) as one of our very best genre painters. It might not be drawing too long a bow to comment that Brett's death - in that lonely, poignant Thirroul motel room - hangs over Garry's work, providing at the very least a mentor's inspirational encouragement.

Inevitably there is the ingredient of shock. These are iconoclastic pictures, designed to provoke, even to scandalise. The weekend after the opening (and a crowded event that was, though polyglot, with Shadow Arts Minister Peter Collins rubbing shoulders with OZ *enfant terrible* Richard Neville) the ubiquitous *Sun-Herald* found itself outraged by one particular picture in which the young Queen appeared in less than full regalia - indeed, in the buff - to the presumed outrage of the populace. But it was a limp attempt to drum up a controversy (and I hope the gallery had nothing to do with it), and it was perhaps the most interesting aspect of the show that such gross *lese majesty* passed with hardly a murmur of protest. The republican movement can at least claim some (much

needed) progress in that direction.

There were an encouraging scattering of red dots, indicating consumer interest, and the ambient buzz was laudatory. To the younger attendees this seemed to be a meaningful occasion, something they could tune into, if that is not too old-fashioned an expression. To me, however, a question posed itself. What was the connection between this and the Lawrence series?

The question is not unjustified, for the landscape of this new series is similar to that of the larger Lawrence *oeuvre*. Just as there is a kangaroo in the window, you can, or could, almost suspect that D.H. and/or F are lurking somewhere about, having just vacated the canvas to allow these newcomers to have their day. So what is the link? What made Garry go republican?

The artist, of course, is not obliged to provide explanations outside his canvases. But it does raise an interesting question - for lurking behind the republican movement, here and now, is that question that Lawrence, probably first, raised in *Kangaroo*. What is Australia? Is it England on alien soil, or is it something that has a life and existence of its own?

The answer, no doubt, is a continuum. We are moving from one to - what? That question haunts Garry's new series. But there is no obvious answer, or suggested direction. To a degree, what he is saying is a negative, a renunciation. That he shares with Whiteley and many others.

It is probably asking Garry too much for "The Australian Suite". Even Whiteley could not give us that. But it does give him something to shoot at. We look forward to his next series.

- Robert Darroch

Rananim

15

FORUM

In *Kangaroo*, D.H. Lawrence describes the socialist demagogue, Willie Struthers as follows:

He was very dark, red-faced, and thin, with deep lines in his face, a tight-shut, receding mouth, and black burning eyes. He reminded Somers of the portraits of Abraham Lincoln, the same sunken cheeks and deep cadaverous lines and big black eyes.

In 1922, when Lawrence visited Australia, Jock Garden was serving simultaneously as the Secretary of the NSW Trades and Labor Council (Trades Hall), Secretary of the Communist Party of Australia and as a Church of Christ Minister. I believe Jock to have been Lawrence's model for Willie Struthers (see "Was Willie Struthers My Uncle Jock?" *Rananim* Vol 2 No 1, February 1994.)

Your readers might like to compare such a portrait [of Abraham Lincoln] with a photo of Jock Garden.



Separated at birth?

Incidentally, the photo of Jock Garden, taken about 1922, comes from his family, rather than from any publicly available source.

- Robert H.V. Douglass



Thank you for your good wishes in my new role and for acknowledgement in your journal.

Very best wishes.

- Peter Collins (Leader of the NSW Opposition and Shadow Minister for the Arts)



Thanks for the note and the latest issue of *Rananim*. You're right - lively material therein. I had no idea we had a D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia. I'm grateful that you've furthered my education.

- Phillip Adams



Thank you for the copy of *Rananim* with the article by Sandra Jobson "How Would Wyewurk?" containing information on Nutcote. The Nutcote Trust would be happy to be added to your mailing list.

There were some errors in the text of the article:

Nutcote was left to UNICEF which "decided it did not want it...". UNICEF was prevented by its charter from owning property, hence it had to sell Nutcote.

The original works which May Gibbs "left to the Spastic Centre" should have read "and to the NSW Society for Crippled Children". That is, a joint legacy.

Nutcote was opened "on May 1, 1991". It was opened on May 1, 1994.

Thank you for the publicity given to Nutcote and best wishes to your efforts to obtain Wyewurk.

- Patricia McDonald,
Nutcote Trustee



...I was so glad to see Christopher Pollnitz's article on *Twilight*- how clever to link it with *Kangaroo* as travel writing!...I'm glad you will have a piece on Western Australia in the next number. I visited Leithdale and also contacted some of the people in the writers' group in Perth... What about those wonderful wildflowers in Western Australia? I have always wanted to visit that area at the right season. I do have photos of black-

boys and other scenes near Leithdale- and the bus-shelter at Katharine's place.

- Rosemary Howard



My children Paul and Rebecca went on the University of Western Sydney field trip to Thirroul and got to, almost, see Wyewurk. Rebecca is ten and her ambition is to become a famous writer. It meant lots to her because of her ambition and her love of writing to actually visit a house of someone who wrote "big books". She gave a speech at school about the childhood memories which said in part: "Next up is when my family and I went to a lovely beach in Thirroul. At Thirroul I saw the house D. H. Lawrence lived in for the ten weeks when he was in Australia. During this time he wrote the book *Kangaroo*."

- Lynne Marsh and
Rebecca Langham



Hopefully I'm taking my Lawrence play to Belgium at the end of the year, so if the British Council can see it then that might pave the way to visits abroad.

By the way I enjoyed Robert Darroch's *DHL in Australia*. Knew nothing of *Kangaroo*'s background and what the book revealed is very truthful as regards Lawrence's way of working: (Like Mrs Levi in *Hello Dolly*) here a bit, there a bit, add a little, mould a little, and so on. Fascinating to untangle real-life experience from the novelist's fiction.

- Roy Spencer



COMMERCIAL CORNER

Quetzalcoatl, an unpublished manuscript by D.H. Lawrence, is soon to be available from Black Swan Books.

Since the appearance of *Mr Noon* a few years ago, *Quetzalcoatl* is the only known full-length work of Lawrence to remain unpublished.

An early version of Lawrence's *The Plumed Serpent*, *Quetzalcoatl* is a version so different from the published one that it deserves to be called an independent novel. Edited and with an introduction by Louis L. Martz, Sterling Professor of English Emeritus at Yale University, the work is being presented to readers for the first time.

Written at Lake Chapala, Mexico, in 1923, Lawrence completed the 479-page manuscript in two months. A work of psychological naturalism exploring the possibility of creating a new religion, *Quetzalcoatl* is highly significant in adding a new dimension to Lawrence's œuvre.

In addition, Black Swan has published an edition of the paintings of D.H. Lawrence. Reproduced in full colour are 10 paintings by Lawrence; included also are Lawrence's essay, "Making Pictures", and excerpts from his letters dated from the period of his painting. The frontispiece photograph is by Edward Weston (1925).

To order, write to

Black Swan Books
PO Box 327
Redding Ridge
CT 06876
USA

enclosing US\$32.50 per copy of *Quetzalcoatl* and US\$27.50 per copy of *Ten Paintings by D.H. Lawrence*.



The Parisian-American publisher, Carrefour Alyscamps (Alyscamps Press, 35 rue de l'Espérance, 75013 Paris, France,) has issued in pamphlet

form an essay by Australian Christopher Pollnitz, "D.H. Lawrence and the *Pensée*". The essay looks into whether Lawrence's 'Pansies' should be read as satirical doggerel or as deriving from the high neo-classical culture of the French 17th Century.

The essay, which touches on Lawrence's Australian connections in his last two years, with Inky Stephensen and Jack Lindsay, is a demonstration that Paris isn't and hasn't been always populated with Jacques Chirac and Chirac-surrogates.



For Sale: \$150 o.n.o *The Boy in the Bush*, First ed. Scuffing on top and bottom of spine, including a 9mm tear at top, in the middle. Spine also looks dirty (cigarette smoke?). Shallow silver-fishing on outside of both covers.

Unmarked and sound internally.
Tel: James Charlton 002 293
499 (Tas) early morning.

Those who ordered cut-price copies of Brenda Maddox's biography of Lawrence through John Lacey should have received them by now (please contact John if your copy hasn't arrived). New offer next issue of Rananim.



News from Japan

The Study Circle of DHL, Kyoto, Japan, has released synopses of its The Plumed Serpent and Kangaroo numbers. These may be borrowed by writing to the Editor at PO Box 847 Rozelle 2039.

News From the USA

From the Newsletter of the DHL Society of North America:

The Cambridge Kangaroo, edited by Bruce Steele, has now finally appeared. It is controversial because of questions over the correct ending of the novel. This edition includes in the apparatus the longer ending present in the typescript and in the first English edition of Martin Secker but deleted from the American edition and the later English edition.

Koichi Fujiwara, an ardent Lawrencean, died in Osaka at age 80 in February 1994, having finished looking over the examination papers of two classes the day before his death. He had visited Eastwood every summer for 17 years since 1977 and was a walking dictionary on Lawrence. He was also a great second-hand book collector who sent about 30 parcels of books back to Japan each time he visited London or Nottingham. Yashushi Sugiyama reports that there was no place in his house to sit down because of the overflow of books, which even crowded into the kitchen. The Kyoto Tachibana Women's University, which already has a Lawrence collection, will soon open its new Koichi Fujiwara Collection, thanks to the kindness of his widow.

And now back home...

Collaroy Basin, where Lawrence and Frieda had afternoon tea on Sunday 28 May, 1922, is the subject of a book by Sandra Jobson Darroch, to be published on December 3. Price \$18.00.

Orders for Collaroy Basin: Sydney's Hidden Secret can be made to WPN Pty Ltd, PO Box 100, Millers Point 2000. Postage \$3.00 - or collect at the Dec 16 picnic.

Conference

cont'd from p 1

Early Reception in Australia of *Kangaroo* and *The Boy in the Bush*."

Dr Eggert said that there had been 11 reviews of *Kangaroo* in Australia out of 40 worldwide, whereas *The Boy in the Bush*, which Lawrence rewrote from an original manuscript by the West Australian writer Mollie Skinner had 49 Australian reviews and 138 worldwide. The reason for this was probably the co-authorship.

The validity of the political content in *Kangaroo* was explored in the paper, particularly as seen through the eyes of a left-wing reviewer, R S Ross, as was the reaction to Lawrence's concept of mateship, and his vision of Australia as, in the words of Louis Esson, "a silent continent, a sphinx among nations."

The morning session also included a paper by Sandra Jobson on the history of the Save Wyewurk campaign, illustrated by pictures of the Californian bungalow perched on the edge of a cliff at Thirroul where Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo*, and by a cartoon from the *Illawarra Mercury* purporting to show Sandra attacking the present owner, Michael Morath, with an umbrella because he was daring to mow the lawn on which Lawrence's feet had once trod.

In her paper, Sandra Jobson said Wyewurk had been a no-go area for many years, both Michael Morath and a previous tenant refusing to allow visitors into the house.

She recalled the struggle to stop Mr Morath Cape Codding the bungalow, a struggle which resulted in 1988 in a Commission of Inquiry being set up. The battle to stop any alterations had been lost, but in fact Mr Morath had not gone ahead with the authorised changes, confining himself to replacing the roof.

Sandra Jobson said the DHL Society had had support from Lawrence societies in other parts of the world in its battle to save Wyewurk as well as from many enthusiasts in Australia.

Nobel laureate Patrick White had been a strong supporter, saying Wyewurk could become a place of pilgrimage for literary tourists from all over the world.

(Full text of these papers appears in this issue of *Rananim*).

The morning's proceedings were interrupted only by an unexpected visit from a large brown and white basset hound which made a boisterous survey of the room and then departed, literary conferences obviously not being to his taste.

Lunch was barbecue style on the wide verandah in the benign winter sunshine, accompanied by ample supplies of Australian wine, and the conference participants were in contented mood when they returned to the afternoon session.

This was led off by a slide show of the paintings of the artist Garry Shead, winner of the 1994 Archibald Prize with his portrait of publisher Tom Thompson (the original of the portrait being in the audience). Shead also did the drawing of Lawrence accompanied by a kangaroo which is the Society's logo.

Garry Shead's series of paintings of D. H. Lawrence and Frieda at Thirroul have received much attention both at home and in Britain. A recent showing at London's Dover Street galleries received excellent reviews, and a book of the Lawrence paintings has been published.

Garry Shead said he had been attracted to *Kangaroo* by the colour in the book, and he had set out to do a series of 100 paintings. Slides of a number of these were shown, and made a powerful impact because of their iconography.

Lawrence and Frieda are almost always accompanied, or watched, by a large and sometimes faintly sinister kangaroo, so that by repetition it becomes a symbol as striking as Ned Kelly's helmet in the Nolan Kelly paintings.

Shead shows Lawrence and Frieda clothed and naked, sometimes in the sea, more often at Wyewurk, with a

giant and threatening bird occasionally replacing the kangaroo as watcher or participant. Garry Shead said he believed Lawrence underwent some sort of crisis or change in his whole life when he came to Australia, and this is reflected in the paintings.

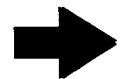
The poet and teacher Peter Skrzyniecki read a new poem inspired by seeing the Shead paintings, which, he said, gave him a rush of adrenalin. He said he had studied Lawrence at Sydney University in the 1950s, but it was not until the late 1970s that he turned to him again, though he was not sure why.

His poem is called 'The Touch' and it is printed on page 3.

The afternoon ended with a colloquium, in which all participants, including the students, could take part. Comments were made on the morning papers, and topics ranging from the relative importance of Lawrence and Joyce, and the relevance of Lawrence to today's students, were extensively discussed.

- Margaret Jones

DHL Poster



We have had a pleasing increase in new members since we have started displaying our DHL poster in libraries and bookshops.

Please photocopy the poster on the facing page and try and get it displayed somewhere locally.

It seems a lot of people would like to join the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia - if only they knew who to contact!



The D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia

Join the D.H. Lawrence Society and meet others who enjoy DHL and his works (and who are also interested in preserving Wyewurk). Our members include writers, academics, artists, teachers, journalists, retirees, students, and a postman.

The Society has a lively calendar of events including steam launch cruises on Sydney Harbour, seminars, trips to places Lawrence visited, etc. Our journal, *Rananim*, which comes out three times a year, is the major forum of Lawrence debate in Australia.

To join

Write to: The Secretary
D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia
PO Box 100, Millers Point, NSW 2000
Please enclose a cheque for \$30
with your name and address

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 in 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:

ADDRESS:

.....

..... **POSTCODE:**

TEL: **FAX:**

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

DHL Society Shirts Offer Order Now While Stocks Last!

We have had an excellent response to our DHL shirts offer. If you have already ordered, you will probably have received your shirt by the time *Rananim* goes to press. We have now requisitioned some more, so, if you haven't placed your order yet, there are some left.

The Shirts:

Available in a range of sizes from Small to XXLarge and made from 100% cotton, these high-quality open-neck "polo" shirts carry Garry Shead's DHL logo and the words "DHL Society of Australia" embroidered on the breast pocket (see illustration, right). **Only \$25 (plus \$5 for postage and handling).**

The shirts come in white, black, red, blue, green and yellow. The embroidered logo is a silvery grey.

If you plan to pick up your shirt/s at the next DHL Society event, please tick the appropriate box on the form below and do not include the cost of packing and postage.

To order shirts please fill in the form below and send with a cheque made out to the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia, PO Box 100 Millers Point NSW 2000



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I wish to order: No: Colour/s: Size/s:

I will pick up the shirt/s at the next DHL event

I enclose \$5 for postage and handling

Coming Up in Future Issues

Lawrence in Ceylon

DHL and "Inky" Stephensen

Lawrence's Third Australian Novel

D.H. Lawrence in Western Australia

Who was Jaz Trewella?