



# Rananim

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## A LIVELY THIRD YEAR AHEAD

The D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia has a full and lively program of events sketched out for 1995, the third year of its existence.

The program was drawn up at the final meeting of the committee of the Society for 1994, and will begin with a cruise on the Lady Hopetoun on February 25. The cruise was arranged by committee member John Lacey, an expert on all forms of steam travel, and will retrace the route of some of the ferry trips Lawrence and Frieda (and their alter egos Richard Lovatt and Harriett Somers) took in 1922.

Lady Hopetoun, an elegant steam-powered yacht, will take members for a four-hour cruise around the Harbour, "...the blue harbour like a lake among the land, so pale blue and heavenly, with its hidden and half-hidden lobes intruding among the low, dark-brown cliffs, and among the dark-looking, tree-covered shores, and up to the bright red suburbs."

The committee is also proposing a visit to the Bundeena studio of painter Garry Shead. Shead's series of paintings on Lawrence and Frieda in Thirroul - the couple usually accompanied or watched over by the

iconic figure of a kangaroo - was shown at the Art Gallery of NSW last year, and has since been on exhibition in London. A recent issue of *The Times Literary Supplement* featured a full-colour Shead painting on its cover, pointing to a review inside of two books on Lawrence.

The committee is also looking at the possibility of a *Kangaroo* dinner, featuring some of the dishes served when, in chapter two, Harriett Somers invites her neighbours, Jack and Victoria Callcott, to "...the high tea which takes the place of dinner and supper in Australia."

For tea there was cold roast pork with first-class brown crackling on it, and potato salad, beetroot and lettuce and apple chutney; then a dressed lobster or crayfish, very good, pink and white; and then apple pie and custard tarts and cakes and a dish of apples and passion-fruit and oranges, a pineapple and some bananas: and, of course, big cups of tea, breakfast cups.

(Quantities of good Australian wine will also be served at our dinner, even if the Somerses and Callcotts stuck to tea).

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### GARRY SHEAD KANGAROO D. H. LAWRENCE PAINTINGS



3 November - 30 November  
DOVER STREET GALLERY  
IN ASSOCIATION WITH ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS

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The cover of the catalogue for Garry Shead's recent, critically-acclaimed, London exhibition of his series of paintings on Lawrence at Thirroul

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## A LIVELY THIRD YEAR AHEAD

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Another proposal is for a seminar on reactions to *Kangaroo*, both following its publication in the 1920s and up to the present. Members are invited to present papers at this seminar. A date will be announced soon.

Other possible events are the showing of the film *Kangaroo*; another picnic lunch in the Botanic Gardens (following the success of the lunch in 1993); and a day excursion to Thirroul of a much more leisurely nature than the previous trip by steam train excursion, possibly taking in the Loddon Falls, which the Lawrences visited in 1922.

At its meeting the committee decided to look into the cost of producing Lawrence postcards. It has obtained permission from the trustees of the estate of Grace Cossington Smith for the use of three of her paintings. The paintings are Bulli Pier, Rushing, and Sea Wave, two of which appear to have been painted at Thirroul.

The Wyewurk sub-committee reported that the present owner, Mr Michael Morath, had been given a grant of \$13,000 by the Heritage Commission to repair the roof, under specified conditions. The committee agreed that part of the proceeds from all functions be set aside for the Wyewurk Fighting Fund, set up to assist towards the eventual acquisition of the house in which Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo*.

In other business, the Treasurer reported that the finances of the Society are in healthy shape. Membership now stands at 66, including honorary and reciprocal members.

The Society is seeking a voluntary archivist, and any interested members are warmly urged to apply.

- Margaret Jones

## EDITORIAL

*It was originally intended to have just the one address for all Society correspondence.*

*However, experience has shown us that it will expedite matters if correspondence intended for the Editor of *Rananim* is directed to him at his personal PO Box number which is: PO Box 847, Rozelle, NSW 2039.*

*Please note the contributors' box at the foot of this page - all contributions are welcome, even if you cannot submit them on disc.*

*Talking of which, we would be very grateful for volunteers to join the editorial team to help word process any copy that has not been presented on disc. Please contact the Editor, John Lacey, if you can spare a little time to help.*

## Sri Lanka

As the principal of his school has decreed that John Lacey should teach three Year 12 classes in 1995, John cannot take leave to lead the Society's tour to the Perahera. More seriously, we will continue to monitor the political situation in Sri Lanka and decide whether to proceed to plan a December 1995/January 1996 or Perahera 1996 tour.

Those who have expressed interest will continue to receive personal up-dates. If you have not previously expressed an interest in a 21-day tour to Sri Lanka as outlined in previous editions, please drop a note to John Lacey at either the Society's address (PO Box 100 Millers Point 2000) or John's address (as above).

## Harbour Cruise

**Thank you for booking on our Lady Hopetoun cruise. Did you see the photo of the steam yacht in the *Sun-Herald* on 29 January?**

**For those who have booked, our**

cruise is on Saturday 25 February from 11am to 3 pm, departing from the Sydney Maritime Museum Restoration Workshop Wharf, 5 James Craig Road Rozelle Bay.

Please arrive 30 minutes before departure time.

James Craig Road (the 1874 iron hulled sailing ship is under restoration at the site) branches off The Crescent just after (from the city) the Victoria Road/The Crescent intersection at White Bay. Ample parking is available.

Please bring your own refreshments. The Lady Hopetoun has very limited seating (6 cane armchairs) so if you can, bring your own folding chairs. I will bring an esky, an ice bucket and ice. See you on the 25th! - J. Lacey



## The D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia

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Letters and contributions to *Rananim* are very welcome. Please send to PO Box 847, Rozelle, NSW 2039 with your name, address and telephone number (and, if possible, fax).

## Contributions to *Rananim*

If you are able to send your article on a floppy disc (PC or Mac), it would be very helpful. Please label your disc with details of which program you used. We are trying to standardise the style, so please indent the first word of each paragraph 5mm and don't make a line space between paragraphs. Make one space after commas and two after full stops. Put titles of books in upper and lower case *italics* with no quotation marks. If you want to quote from a passage from a publication, please do not indent it but make one line space before and after it and mark it as an indent on your accompanying hard copy. Many thanks - it will save a lot of time! Please contact the publisher, Sandra Jobson, to establish style details and disc formatting. Tel: 365 1778.

# “DARROCH THESIS” PUT TO FLIGHT?

**T**he major event since our last issue of *Rananim* has been the (long-awaited) publication of the Cambridge University Press “authoritative” edition of *Kangaroo* - Lawrence’s novel of Australia. Expectations for this volume were high, and its editor, Melbourne academic Professor Bruce Steele of Monash University, has not disappointed us.

As our reviewer, Paul Eggert, makes clear in his review of this important volume (starting on page 12), Professor Steele has not resiled from the challenge of the provenance of this hitherto controversial novel. He comes out strongly against what has come to be known as “the Darroch Thesis”.

There will be some relief in Lawrence circles at the strength of Professor Steele’s analysis of the alleged “real-life” background to Lawrence’s novel. Ever since Robert Darroch published his first articles (in the mid-1970s) about Lawrence’s Australian sojourn, attempting to undermine the accepted interpretation of *Kangaroo*, there has been disquiet about this period in Lawrence’s literary life.

Darroch, in a series of articles, and then in his *D.H. Lawrence in Australia* (Macmillan, 1981), claimed that Lawrence based his novel on a real-life encounter with an actual secret army in NSW in 1922. This was at variance with the received interpretation of the novel, and posed a major challenge to Lawrence scholarship.

A number of critics tended to accept, or at least countenance, Darroch’s “thesis”, though others staunchly denied that Lawrence could

have had any contact with real-life secret army figures in Australia during his brief stay in Sydney and Thirroul. Historians like Dr Andrew Moore supported Darroch, while literary critics such as Professor Andrew Riemer were dismissive of his theories.

The controversy simmered through the 1980s and into the present decade, placing an unresolved question mark over not only one of Lawrence’s major literary works, but on a significant aspect of his life. However, in the latter part of this period, Darroch’s controversial ideas were increasingly criticised, by both local and overseas writers.

A considerable blow to Darroch’s

“  
***Assertions that there existed in mid-1922 a well-organised secret army...have not been substantiated***  
”

position was delivered by Dr Joseph Davis in his 1989 book, *D.H. Lawrence at Thirroul*. Dr Davis pointed out that Lawrence could only have spent a very limited time in Sydney, and may only have made one trip up from Thirroul during his 10-week stay there. Thus he would have had little or no occasion to meet the many secret army figures that Darroch claims he did.

Dr Davis also questioned other parts of Darroch’s “provisional reconstruction” of Lawrence’s time in NSW. He put forward a scenario of

Lawrence’s stay in Sydney that precluded any meetings with people like Major Jack Scott or Sir Charles Rosenthal, whom Darroch alleged were portrayed in *Kangaroo* as the secret army leaders Jack Callcott and Benjamin Cooley. Even if there were any “real” secret army material in the novel, Dr Davis claimed, Lawrence was much more likely to have picked this up in Thirroul.

Subsequently, Dr Davis’s book was favourably reviewed by Dr Steele in the *D.H. Lawrence Review*, the main international journal of Lawrence scholarship. Dr Steele said that Dr Davis’s account of Lawrence’s time in NSW was much more credible than Darroch’s theories.

A later article in the *DHLR* by the authorised Cambridge University Press biographer of Lawrence’s middle years, David Ellis, took up Dr Davis’s critique of what he called “the Darroch controversy” and used it to cast further doubt on Darroch’s “thesis”. Ellis, whose biography is due out soon, also pointed out that some of the alleged underpinnings of Darroch’s “reconstruction” had been shown by other local research to be less than certain, particularly the identification of a house in North Sydney as the place Major Scott allegedly entertained Lawrence in 1922. Ellis commented that the “after life” of such elements in Darroch’s theories did not augur well for the rest of his “reconstruction”.

Perhaps the major attack on Darroch (prior to the present volume of *Kangaroo*) came in 1991, when Dr Steele published a text of an address he had delivered at the Australian Defence Force Academy in Canberra.

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## Darroch Thesis

cont'd from page 3

The article, in the La Trobe English Department review *Meridian*, brought together the growing doubts over Darroch's account of Lawrence's stay in Australia. Dr Steele in particular criticised Darroch's identification of Charles Rosenthal as the fictional secret army leader Ben Cooley. Dr Steele said that pictures of Rosenthal gave little or no physical support to such a speculation. He questioned Darroch's methodology and pointed out, as Ellis also did, that Lawrence did not need "real life" inspiration to fuel his fiction.

Dr Steele's critique was answered by Darroch in a later edition of *Meridian*, but this did not lead Steele or his fellow doubters to rethink their position, and Dr Steele in the Introduction to his new CUP edition of *Kangaroo* has now further elaborated on the controversy, coming to the conclusion that Darroch's "thesis" about Lawrence's alleged involvement with real-life secret army figures "has now been shown to be without foundation".

In the Introduction, Dr Steele repeats his rejection of the identification of Cooley as Rosenthal, and says that if Lawrence had anyone in mind when inventing this figure, it would have been the Victorian military leader Sir John Monash rather than Rosenthal. He also points out that Australia's Returned Servicemen's League was a much-more-likely source for Lawrence's fictional "Diggers" than any alleged secret army. This, plus Lawrence's previous observation of Fascist violence in Italy, were sufficient "sources" for the novel's political plot, Dr Steele adds.

But his trump card, as Dr Eggert points out in his review on p.13, is his revelation that Lawrence had "invented" a secret army before he ever came to Australia! Lawrence, in an unpublished section of his earlier book, *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, had written about a "league of comrades" that was organised in America along secret-army lines, as part of a fictional moral crusade. Dr Steele goes on to describe the "league":

**there would be small cell groups of comrades pledging loyalty and total obedience to a leader, groups of leaders pledged to a higher leader, and so on across the nation. The comrades, while still boys, would undertake "pure individualistic military training"...In *Kangaroo* Lawrence transports and develops this embryonic programme, grafting it on to an imaginary Australian movement, itself based on the comradeship of returned servicemen (the "diggers") to test the idea in a political world.**

There is no question that such wording echoes some of Lawrence's description of the Diggers secret army in *Kangaroo*. One of the main supports of the Darroch Thesis has hitherto been the alleged coincidence of Lawrence's choice of a secret army theme in the novel and the existence of an actual secret army in Australia at the time of Lawrence's visit (an alleged existence that, Dr Steele says, has yet to be established). However, an even more compelling coincidence would have been such a choice of theme, and Lawrence's invention of a secret army in a previous book. In effect, what Steele is saying is that Lawrence had no need of any contact with an alleged real secret army in Australia - for he brought one with him to Australia as part of his mental baggage.

Dr Steele has many other interesting comments and observations in this new edition, not only on the up-till-now vexed matter of Lawrence's alleged local sources of inspiration, but on Lawrence's time in Australia generally. He makes much more of Lawrence's stay in Western Australia than Darroch does, and reveals the names of people Lawrence met during his antipodean sojourn, particularly a family called Elder Walker, whom Lawrence met on the boat to Perth, later stayed with in Melbourne and corresponded with thereafter.

He also establishes a new text for *Kangaroo*, which after all is the main purpose of this new, and very handsome, CUP edition. The text he chooses is the U.S. or Seltzer variant,

which, apart from two recent Australian editions, has been out of print for decades, the UK or Secker variant being the main circulating text since the 1920s. The main difference between the two texts is that the U.S. variant incorporates Lawrence's final proof corrections, while the UK edition lacks them. However, the two texts also have a different ending, the Seltzer text ending 365 words earlier than the Secker. Dr Steele explains in some detail how this unusual difference came about.

## A Novel Approach

The London *Daily Telegraph* has a regular section called "Novel in a Nutshell". Each week they give a bottle of champagne to the reader who submits the cleverest outline of a well-known novel in no more than 100 words. The winner of Competition No. 31 in August last year was won by Patricia Griffiths, who submitted the following encapsulation of Lawrence's autobiographical novel, *Sons and Lovers*:

**Paul Morel, oedipal son of toffy-nosed mother and opted-out son of castigated collier, seeks 'oneness' with both spiritual spinster and sexual suffragette. But his apron-string sexuality ensures that the two cannot give him enough 'oneness'. Idolising his husband-hating mother and reviling his family-damned father, Paul consistently plants vampirish kisses on the maternal throat until the game little woman, assisted by a son-administered drug overdose, finally expires. Abandoning spiritual spinster and sexual suffragette, our hero manfully rejects apron-string tugs from the grave and puckily opts for the challenge of life without mother.**

Readers of *Rananim* are invited to provide their own "thumbnail summaries" of other Lawrence works. A bottle of champagne for the best entry.

# The Long and Muddy Road to Taos

**W**e arrived in Albuquerque one rainy day last May. Our friends who picked us up at the airport were chagrined: "It NEVER rains in New Mexico - the sky is always blue - you're not seeing us at our best."

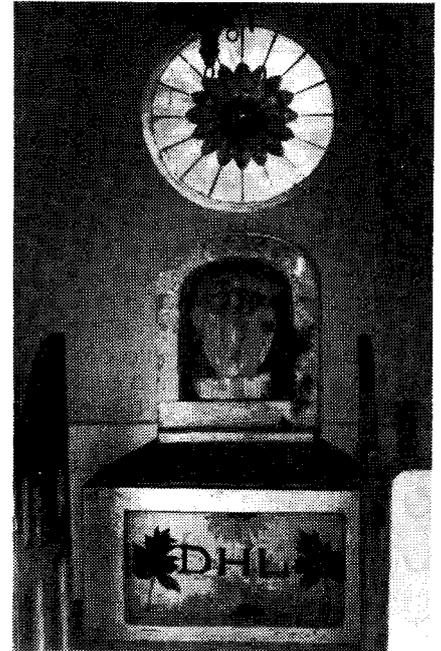
The following cloudy day we drove to Santa Fe with rain on and off - a spectacular trip up the freeway with incredible views of the mountains, some still snow covered ahead. We explored this, the oldest State capital in the United States, over some days, and finally, on one less-cloudy day, we set off for Taos. Again the drive was spectacular. On first arriving in Taos in the 1920s, Lawrence wrote: "I think the skyline of Taos the most beautiful of all I have ever seen in my travels around the world."

The D.H. Lawrence memorial is further out of Taos than the guidebooks would have one believe. Twelve miles north on State Road 522 we at last reached the turn-off to the ranch which Mabel Dodge Luhan,

a prominent New York socialite, tried to give Lawrence. He did not want to be beholden to Mabel and declined. However, Frieda accepted the offer in return for the original manuscript of *Sons and Lovers*. The road to the ranch - "A well maintained dirt road" as the guidebooks had it - was deeply rutted and water-logged and almost impossible to negotiate. We struggled on, skidding and sliding for the four-and-a-half hours it took, and arrived at the ranch only to discover that the wooden house and buildings are not open to the public. The memorial to D.H. Lawrence, however, is open.

Several years after Lawrence's death (in France in 1930), Frieda had his body exhumed and cremated. His ashes were then returned to Taos to be buried in the mountains that he loved. However, fearful that the covetous Mabel would steal the ashes, Frieda had them mixed into the cement of what is now the Lawrence shrine.

To reach the memorial one takes a



zig-zag path up a steep incline at the end of which stands the small shrine, which looks like a miniature white cabin, topped with a white eagle on the roof. The same motif appears at the head of the stone tablet in the shrine which carries the initials DHL. There are yellow sunflowers painted on the tablet and also worked into the glass of the round window behind it. Frieda herself is buried just outside the shrine under a huge piece of white marble, beautifully engraved and featuring a photograph of herself looking back into the shrine and which is screwed into the marble.

We signed the visitors' book and walked back down to the car admiring the stunning views over the mountains and valleys, views of which Lawrence was so fond. He and Frieda lived here for several years during which time he wrote parts of *The Plumed Serpent*.

After taking photographs of the shrine and the house we returned to Taos, having successfully negotiated the four-and-a-half miles of muddy road back to the highway without getting bogged - a successful enterprise all round!



# THE WYEWURK

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*There's no discouragement,  
Will make him once relent,  
A first, avowed, intent  
To be a pilgrim.*

- John Bunyan

**I**n Moncur Street in Sydney's Woollahra, just down from the Woollahra Hotel, stands an anonymous three-storey block of flats whose architecture suggests that it was erected around 1940. In 1972 this unassuming location was chosen to be the model for fictional apartments around which Australia's first television "soap opera" was to be centred; the name of the program - and the fictitious flats - was *Number 96*. This program became so popular that hordes of viewers began to think of the show's characters as real people: towards the end of the show's six-year life tour buses loaded with "fan(atic)s" actually pulled up outside the innocent Moncur Street block to enable "soapie" fans to take photographs, roam the foyer and stairs, all the while calling loudly to each other. A few even stole light fittings as souvenirs. Today the program is long finished: the tourist buses come no more, and Woollahra has returned to its original calm.

Recently, the British Tourist Authority released a glossy publication on England's West Country and its topographical delights. One article featured a nostalgic look at Cornwall through the eyes of Christian Browning, the son of Daphne du Maurier. Reference was made to the novelist's atmospheric book *Rebecca*, written in

1938, about a young woman who became the chatelaine of an imposing Cornish mansion called "Manderley".

Browning says that in real life his mother modelled the house on "Menabilly", an actual mansion at Ferryside, near Fowey, a fishing village in East Cornwall. Alfred Hitchcock made an equally atmospheric film of the book in 1940, starring Laurence Olivier (trivia buffs may be interested to learn that du Maurier moved into the real house some three years after she completed *Rebecca*).

Fifty four years on, Browning added this warning: "The house has been returned to the Rashleigh family and the du Maurier enthusiast [who] travels to Cornwall in search of the fictional Manderley and tries to gain access to Menabilly will be disappointed. But they should remember that it is a private house and respect the wishes of the owner, whose forebears have owned it for centuries."

Real places which feature, albeit disguised, in films, books and television, have long been the focus of conflict between privacy-loving owners and the emotion-driven pilgrim. To date, no suitable compromise has been devised - short of public acquisition. Doubtless, even the most famous of cultural landmarks, like Shakespeare's cottage at Stratford, or Dylan Thomas's shed at Laugharne, or Henry Handel Richardson's house at Chiltern in Victoria, have wrestled with this dilemma.

Over the years many enthusiasts for the Australian writings of D.H.Lawrence, and in particular of his novel *Kangaroo*, have travelled to Thirroul from many parts of the globe to see for themselves the actual sites

described so vividly by the author.

Some have prepared carefully for their pilgrimage, correctly seeking out the name and address of the owner of the property to request permission to call. Others - in particular, artists and writers, who can be a notoriously impulsive lot - have travelled down, uninvited, on spec.

One such (and there have been many) was American journalist Tony Horwitz, who, in 1987, went down to Thirroul with a view to doing a story on D.H.Lawrence's stay at Wyewurk. He spotted a young man in the garden of Wyewurk. It was the owner, Mr Michael Morath. The reporter asked him about Lawrence, and he replied: "My wife and I both studied Lawrence in university, so of course it's a special place to us."

Unfortunately, added Horwitz in his *Sydney Morning Herald* account, it was a special place to a lot of other people as well. Every weekend the pilgrims would come, navigating from the clues in *Kangaroo* (or the vaguer clues provided by the locals). Others walked along the rocks below for a peek at the yard where Lawrence sat for two months, scribbling in exercise books. "Usually its people like you," the owner said, "hanging over the fence of a Sunday and asking, Is this where Lawrence lived?"

That is as far as Horwitz got. He reported: "The owners are weary of having their privacy invaded by nosey newsmen and others who tramp across the yard, and others who press their faces to the window."

One can only sympathise with the present incumbents; there can be no excuse for trespassing on any family uninvited. However, historically speaking and without excusing this

# VISITORS' BOOK, -1949

behaviour, it should be explained that pilgrims have been appearing unannounced in the garden at Wyewurk for over 50 years.

The evidence for this is the Wyewurk visitors' book. It was started in the 1930s by a South Australian woman, Agnes Goode, who made her own pilgrimage to Wyewurk in September 1934. Mrs Goode has been described as a forceful speaker, who was active in local government, and who organised a women's pro-recruitment march through the streets of Adelaide in 1916. A presiding justice in the State's Children's Court, Mrs Goode was also a Liberal alderman on the local St Peters Corporation for 10 years from 1925. Her *Australian Dictionary of Biography* entry describes her as "busy in innumerable groups, advancing the interests of poetry, theatre, Aborigines, housewives, unemployed women, travellers, and local industries". An Official Visitor to the Parkside Mental Hospital and the Adelaide jail, Agnes found time from 1918 to 1924 to edit the Women's Page of the Adelaide *Liberal Leader*. A pre-school was named after her in the Adelaide suburb of Stepney in 1949. The writer of the *A.D.B.* entry, Suzanne Edgar, chose to describe Agnes as "this rotund, public figure who was a devoted family woman championing a women's voice."

Why did Mrs Goode travel all the way from her comfortable Adelaide home to savour the view from the lawn at Wyewurk? We do not know. However, a later visitor to Wyewurk, Marian Agnew, from Victoria, said in her reply to just such a question from

*Sydney Morning Herald* journalist Fred Esch: "the late Mrs Goode of Adelaide, who was a keen admirer of Lawrence's writings, and who held meetings at her home for a few



friends who discussed Lawrence's books, bought the autograph album for the future signatures of anyone who stayed at Wyewurk."

It was Agnes Goode who made the first entry in the visitors' book. Alongside her name, she wrote: "What a journey for my soul: DHL." Two other women accompanied her, both with Sydney addresses: Mary Buckley of Neutral Bay, and Marie B. Maloney of Longueville. Mary Buckley described herself in the electoral roll as "artist". It can be assumed their link with Mrs Goode was through her Liberal Party women's connections. They were

accompanied by Lucy Callcott, sister of the Sydney owner, and keeper of the key, who also signed the new visitors' book.

It was to be a whole year before the next visitor signed: the above-mentioned Marian Agnew, who gave her address in Melbourne as Princes Street, Kew. No biographical details could be garnered from the usual sources, except confirming her long-time residence in Kew. From a letter by Mrs Agnew, sent later to Mrs Callcott, it can be inferred that the former had Christian Science connections, for she posted to Mrs Callcott unnamed books wrapped in a copy of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Just as with the previous visitors, it appears that Miss Agnew's link to Lawrence and Wyewurk must have been the redoubtable Mrs Goode. Miss Agnew told Esch she stayed at Wyewurk for a couple of weeks.

One day in February 1936, a brace of mystery men from Sydney visited Wyewurk, recording their call, but nothing else. They were John Earnshaw of Roseville and David Baker of Cremorne.

A lone Scotsman from Galashields made the pilgrimage at the end of the following month, but he was suitably typical of his race, giving nothing away, solely recording his name and city: "Hugh S. Anderson, Galashields, Scotland."

There must have been an article in the Press in early 1936, for that was the bumper year for Wyewurk visitors. Four signatories found their

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## WYEWURK VISITORS' BOOK

cont'd from p 7

way to Wyewurk between February and April. The first two are very interesting, if only for the fact that something is known of them, and their activities.

The first was John S. Rybak, the son of a Russian migrant who owned a hobby orchard in Sydney's Eastwood. Having been introduced to Lawrence's writings by someone he described as "an attractive English-woman from Borneo", Rybak took to writing poetry in the Lawrentian style. (And they *did* have something in common - both came from Eastwood. Such omens are a comfort to lonely poets.)

Rybak, who is still alive, an active 80-something, has offered to write for this journal his recollections of his visit to Wyewurk nearly 60 years ago. He wrote in the visitors' book: "Remember the heralding too late". He may have been referring to the fact, mentioned above, that writers often went on pilgrimages, to such places as writer's sacred sites, without heralding to the owners their imminent arrival.

Rybak tells a humorous story about his introduction to Wyewurk. He had been persuaded by "the lovely Borneo Englishwoman" to read *Kangaroo*, a task he had recently completed. As he was then entering his "Eastwood" period, he decided to retrace Lawrence's Australian movements, as indicated by the novel. He made his way down to Thirroul, found Craig Street, and entered by the front gate. No one was in residence, so he started wandered around the grounds. Suddenly he heard a voice. It turned out to be Mrs Callcott, sister of the owner. Spotting the pens in his top pocket, she asked: "Are you a writer?" He replied that he was, whereupon Mrs Callcott insisted on taking him on a tour of "the Lawrence house". "Sit in that chair, that is where the great Lawrence sat." "See that table? That's where he wrote *Kangaroo*." Rybak got the impression that Mrs Callcott, having let one

writer escape, was not about to let another one go.

He made arrangements to rent Wyewurk for a week. He duly went down with a woman friend, who, he told Mrs Callcott, was his "cousin". Rybak later travelled to England with a sheaf of his poems, with the intention of having them published. He later returned and attended John Anderson's philosophy lectures at Sydney University. He knew Harry Hooten, published some poems in *Arena* and *Hermes* (and later *Hericlitus*), became a teacher and tutor, and tucked Lawrence away in the back of his mind. Mrs Beatrice Southwell, the owner of Wyewurk, seems to have arranged for her son William to look after Rybak, and in April 1934 they both signed the Wyewurk visitors' book.

### The Most Mysterious Pilgrim

Later the same month, the most mysterious pilgrim to visit the Thirroul cottage put his name in the book - "C. Harding Browne, Imperial Services Club, Sydney". The IMPERIAL SERVICES CLUB, SYDNEY!?!

Now, anyone vaguely interested in the secret army plot in Lawrence's novel, and who has read any of Robert Darroch's or Andrew Moore's writings on the subject, will know that this Sydney club was a hot-bed of secret army plotting (it was established after Lawrence's visit). Both the NSW Old and New Guards were incubated at the tables of this commissioned officers club in O'Connell Street. So who *was* this shadowy figure?

A little research revealed that C. (for Clifford) Harding Browne, like Agnes Goode, was Adelaide-based. He was a tax accountant and university lecturer. But, most importantly, he had impeccable Establishment connections in the conservative political backrooms of South Australia. He is unmasked as one of the masterminds of Joseph Lyons' Premiers Plan, which sought to provide a solution to the economic problems of the Depression by

proposing that everyone forgo some of their income (this included pensioners, bond-holders, workers and businessmen). Harding Browne was a confidant of Professor Melville, financial adviser to the Commonwealth Bank. He was a political cohort of the influential South Australia eminence grise Archibald Grenfell-Price and he was present on the platform at the Constitutional Club when E.D.A. Bagot formed his Citizens League in 1931. This Citizens League went on to be the launching pad for one of two Adelaide secret armies later the same year. Whether Harding Browne was a principal in the Citizens League has not yet come to light. Despite giving the Imperial Services Club as his Sydney address, he was not an officer. He was accompanied on his visit to Wyewurk by two women. Phyllis MacPherson of Sydney's Rose Bay, and Lillian Cromer from Kellerberrin in Western Australia. Neither, alas, has left an account of their pilgrimage to Craig Street. A check with the South Australian State Library reveals that Mr Harding Browne had not preserved his memoirs - or an account of his Thirroul visit - for posterity. However, further research of this man's career could be historically rewarding.

A journalist (or perhaps two journalists?) provided the next names in the book. [F.H.?] (the initials are written illegibly) Harris of the Sydney *Sunday Sun*, and Nancy Clarke of Lakemba (Sydney) went down to Thirroul almost four years later. A cursory check of the pages of the *Sunday Sun* has not turned up a riveting journalistic description of "a day at Wyewurk", possibly because it was wartime and newsprint was rationed. Any article that Harris (we think this is Frank Harris, the New Zealand-born, Kings Cross-domiciled journalist) may have written might have appeared elsewhere, but sadly this presumed gem will have to await its discovery later. (Harris wrote in the visitors' book: "A Fine Thrill". His companion, Nancy Clarke, was speechless.)

It is quite possible that many uninvited pilgrims have crossed Wyewurk's threshold - or been ejected - without availing themselves of the opportunity to inscribe their words of homage in the visitors' book (Lawrence's sister Joan King was one we know about). In the years 1943 to 1949, after long-term Wyewurk tenants local dentist Bill Turner and his wife and daughter moved in, only a few literary encroachments seem to have been recorded.

In March 1943 a Sidney Dorne dropped in and signed the book. He turned out to be a teacher at what would now be termed an "alternative" school. He taught at a Mona Vale school named Questhaven. English-born, from a Quaker family, he had read Lawrence extensively prior to coming to Australia. Here he married Joan Lewers of a famous Western Sydney artistic family. Their house, at The Crescent, Mona Vale, they called "Taos". Husband and wife appear to have paid their visits to Wyewurk three days apart. Their son Quentin can recall discussions about Lawrence by his parents, but nothing of their South Coast visit.

The last signature in the book is that of another school teacher, John Valentine Byrnes. His entry is dated the 8 January, 1949. At the time he lived at Concord. A great reader and admirer of Lawrence, he visited Thirroul, following the novel for directions. Wyewurk he says, was unoccupied. Once again, the alert Mrs Callcott came around and let him in to have a look. She later wrote with permission for him to stay at Wyewurk. He still has the letter; but he never got around to taking the offer up. Mr Byrnes, however, did make several more trips down to Wyewurk and on one occasion, he recalls, a lady invited him in, and, he feels sure, he saw the jarrah table mentioned by Lawrence. He donated his DHL book collection - including *Kangaroo*, and the letter and a photo he took of Wyewurk - to the library named in his mother's honour, the Mary Elizabeth Byrnes Memorial Library in Orange.

He offered a story based on his

visit to Wyewurk to *The Bulletin* in 1949, but they did not accept it. John Byrnes recalls that he had great difficulty interesting others in D.H. Lawrence back in those days (they thought Lawrence was a sex maniac, he recalled).

John Valentine Byrnes thought then - and still does - that Lawrence was the greatest author who ever lived. Last month, at age 82, Mr Byrnes became a member of the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia.

In F.W.L. Esch's 1956 *SMH* article "Wyewurk May be a Shrine", he conjured up the prospect for future Lawrence fans of the house reverting

to the possession once more of the Southwell family - after over 10 years' occupation by the testy Mr Turner. Referring to the Southwells, the article had a positive note: "They want to live in it themselves and plan to make it a place where Lawrence will be honoured, and where visitors will be welcome to look around and have a cup of tea. There is a regular pilgrimage to Wyewurk - a pilgrimage which might easily swell if finding the place was made easier."

- John Ruffels

*Please write to John Ruffels c/o D.H.L. Society of Australia, PO Box 100, Millers Point, 2000, if you have any queries about references in his article.*

## FREDERICK ESCH - WYEWURK'S FIRST HISTORIAN

Had it not been for a much-later Wyewurk visitor, F.W.L. Esch, none of these visitors, described herein, would now be known. Some time after the death of Mrs Callcott, the black-covered visitors' book disappeared, and it can no longer be located. Fortunately, Esch was a thorough man, and he made a copy of its entries. Frederick William Latimer Esch was born in England in 1906, the son of Vincent Esch, Government Architect at Calcutta. His mother was the daughter of the Private Secretary to Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India. His earliest years were spent in India before he went off to Downside, the Catholic Eton. In 1923 he travelled to Australia where the prominent Sydney Catholic (and Downside supporter) Sir Mark Sheldon helped him commence a career in banking. He worked in several country centres, (including Armidale) where he formed life-long friendships with some local families. He then left his bank and, at 22, began exercising his interests in humanism and philosophy, both Western and Eastern. He turned to journalism and worked on a variety of papers in Victoria, New Zealand, Fleet Street, and, eventually, Sydney. By 1939 Frederick's views on Australian independence from the

British Crown were well formulated. When he was called up later in the war, he refused to swear allegiance to "His Sovereign Lord the King". This was seen as a crime, and he was duly charged for failing to take the Oath necessary for military service. Despite a spirited defence, and comments in support in the Sydney Press by Bishop E.H. Burgmann and Professor John Anderson, Frederick was sentenced to jail. He served three months in March 1944. By the 1950s he had had a substantial introduction to the ideas of D.H. Lawrence. He could identify strongly with Lawrence's first experiences of Australia, as he had had similar experiences. In 1956 fate took Frederick to the newsroom of a Wollongong radio station on a three-month stint. Following his normal practice, he explored the area (he was a keen bushwalker) and he spoke to colleagues and locals. This led him to discover Lawrence's Thirroul connection, and he began to methodically assemble a timely and comprehensive record - interviews, photographs, letters and transcribed documents - which in turn have helped Australian, and overseas, Lawrence scholars piece together the novelist's movements and contacts in Thirroul in 1922.

- J.K.R.

# *Kangaroo* in Court: The Battle for Wyewurk

When Michael Morath decided to renovate his house in 1988, a private decision became a public controversy. The house in question was, of course, 3 Craig St, Thirroul - Wyewurk, the Californian bungalow where 66 years earlier D.H. Lawrence had written most of the manuscript of *Kangaroo*, his eighth major novel.

Morath's proposed renovations inspired what the late Stephen Murray Smith, then editor of *Overland*, called a "Sydney storm, a real southerly buster". Before the storm had blown over, or rather had receded to a muted rumble, because the story is not yet finished, a number of issues had been caught up and blown around. Some of these included:

Firstly, the question of heritage significance. At one level this was a matter of assessing Wyewurk's architectural significance, its status as an early, or earliest, example of the type of Californian bungalow which would, a decade later, feature so strongly in Sydney's suburbia. It involved issues such as whether or not a government authority, the Heritage Council, had any real power. Could it, for instance, enforce an interim conservation order of 1985, renewed in 1987, to transform preservation into something more enduring. Or was it in the final analysis impotent?

The Wyewurk controversy also involved issues of architectural taste. Was it possible to establish guidelines about "sympathetic alterations", parameters which Cape Codding a Californian bungalow must surely have violated?

Secondly, because it was after all the bicentennial year, matters of cultural identity were raised. In a year when indigenous peoples' rights to areas of sacred significance were being widely recognised, was it possible to embrace the notion that the Europeans also had sites of spiritual importance? Or was Manning Clark right when he said that the [European] Australians were all lying eyeless on Bondi Beach, like Sampson at Gaza? Seen in this light, Mr Morath's job as a real estate agent was a wonderful irony, and indirect confirmation that the values of the money-changers, to use another Manning Clark term, were dominant.

Thirdly, looking back, too, it might be said that the

oppositional Save Wyewurk Committee has its own historical significance. 1988 was after all a time when the New Right was in its ascendancy, when oppositional groups like the Labor Party were utterly seduced by its ideas, as indeed they still are, when left-wing groups like the Communist Party were in terminal disarray. In this context, small environmental and conservationist groups, such as the Save Wyewurk Committee, were increasingly the only dissenting voices of any account in Australian society.

Each of these themes could be pursued in great detail. However, here I pursue another tack. I am interested in the extent to which the debate about Mr Morath's renovations became a site for contesting views on the merit of D.H. Lawrence as an interpreter of the Australian experience and, perhaps bizarrely, arguments about *Kangaroo*'s literary merit. (In this paper I must emphasise that I am fleshing out some thoughts first raised by Ray Southall when he said that *Kangaroo* itself was on trial.)

Being an historian, I think sketching the historical context for essentially literary questions might be useful.

For in some respects this 1988 "southerly buster" mirrored the ambiguous place of *Kangaroo* in the canons of Australian literature. Ambivalence was present in literary circles right back to the 1920s *Kangaroo* reviews.

After being regarded as something of a curiosity, one gets the impression that local opinion began to harden quite quickly about D.H. Lawrence in general. He was regarded as a bit of an interloper and smarty, someone who should keep his depressing and negative observations about Australian culture and society to himself. An enthusiastic correspondent, the presumably pseudonymous "P. Pompadour", wrote in the *Triad* on 10 March 1924: "*Kangaroo* is a tremendous novel, perhaps the greatest yet written about Australia. Mr Lawrence's literary position is second to none in London, and even the eminent G.B.S. seems to have gone back a little ... into a sort of yesterday. Mr D.H. Lawrence is the man of the minute." *Triad's* editor then brusquely interpolated: "But is he?"

Shortly afterwards Louis Esson wrote sarcastically in *Triad* about Lawrence's "powers of divination": "The following eloquent passage is from *The Dark Wombat*, an Australian novel by D.H. Lawrence:

'It's no good

'It can't be done

"Advance Australia!" cry the Democrats from the tops of their little heads, but Advance where? Advance to the precipice! Advance to hell!"

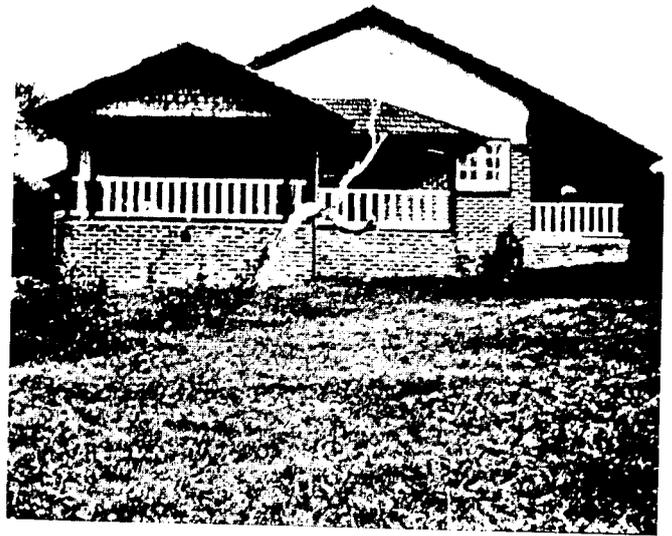
The negative response to Lawrence was partly based on the perception that he was an interloper who somehow undermined Australia's claims to possess an independent and vibrant culture of its own. Anglo-Australian philistines like Professor J.I.M. Stewart have nurtured this nationalist resentment. [Professor Stewart's famous comment of course was when invited to give a lecture on Australian literature by the Commonwealth Literary Fund to remark that because the Fund had failed to provide any Australian literature, he would lecture instead on D.H. Lawrence's *Kangaroo*.] Nor does it help to have the likes of Anthony Burgess arguing more recently: "No novel, not even by a native Australian, has caught so well the spirit of a place whose magic has been virtually denied by the inarticulate culture that has been dumped upon it."

The nationalist resentment against Lawrence and *Kangaroo* crossed political boundaries. For every enthusiast like John Douglas Pringle there are several William McLeans, who remarked in an ABC radio talk in 1955 that *Kangaroo* was a "dull novel". People on the Right like Guy Howarth, the editor of *Southerly*, who felt that the novel suffered from "a curious obliquity of political vision", concurred with left-wing writers like Katharine Susannah Prichard who felt: "*Kangaroo* was a flat disappointment - perhaps because I expected so much from Lawrence's novel written in Australia."

In radical nationalist circles, there was no need for some Pommie to assist the task of interpreting Australia, even if he was a fully-fledged son of the proletariat. That most vehement Australian anti-Lawrencean, A.D. Hope, draws some of his venom from this outraged nationalist sentiment in his famous essay, "How it looks to an Australian: D.H. Lawrence's *Kangaroo*". In addition, Hope, an academic champion of Australian literature, was also responding to the internecine disputes that had earlier racked university English departments between the proponents and detractors of F.R. Leavis.

The Save Wyewurk campaign crystallised these divergent feelings about the value of *Kangaroo*. All the negative feelings about Lawrence and *Kangaroo* among the intelligentsia and public bubbled to the surface. That inimitable if succinct correspondent to both the *Illawarra Mercury* and *Sydney Morning Herald*, Joseph Firth of Fairy Meadow, asked: "Why all this hoo-haa about a nondescript house which D.H. Lawrence rented for three months [sic] to write a second-rate book."

For Don Anderson, from Sydney University, the "slavish adulation" for D.H. Lawrence (which he found irksome), "is now to be met on a new front. A gang of well-off middle-class conservationists is trying to preserve the cottage at Thirroul in which Lawrence holidayed in 1922 and wrote and set *Kangaroo*. They wish to stop some poor home-owning stiff from adding a second storey three-bedroom extension in which to house his family." [Anderson was subsequently astounded to receive a retort from that great man of letters, John Ruffels, who argued that an organisation whose committee included a postman could not be characterised as a "gang of well-off, middle-class conservationists".]



Wyewurk

There was a further unfortunate wild card floating around at this time. It happened that the future of two other writers' houses - Eleanor Dark's Varuna at Leura and May Gibbs' Nutcote in Neutral Bay - was then in doubt. Thus, for some, preserving Wyewurk's originality became a further manifestation of the good old Australian cultural cringe. In a letter to the *SMH* for example, Karin Vesk, of Elizabeth Bay, argued: "The fuss over Lawrence's eight weeks stay in Australia would be less ridiculous were our own writers accorded similar veneration. Since they are not, and since we have more architecturally and important and historically relevant buildings in need of preservation and attention (May Gibbs' house for one), perhaps we should be addressing a different issue altogether." The good people associated with Varuna were equally damning. Rhonda Flottman, of Lawson, wrote to the *SMH*: "It is interesting that a house in which a British writer spent a mere four months has managed to capture the attention of the press. Yet a house which was designed, and lived in by a great Australian writer, does not seem to capture the same attention."

Flottman's letter was re-published in the first issue of the Friends of Varuna bulletin, evidently signifying this group's approval of thinly-disguised Pommy-bashing, or outraged Australian nationalism. On the other hand the Varuna mob no doubt astutely realised that the heritage dollar was limited. Nevertheless, they should have recognised that the presence of Professor Manning Clark as patron of both the Wyewurk and Varuna preservation groups might well have suggested that a less parochial view would have been more productive in the long run.

For his part, Robert Darroch maintained that: "The importance of Wyewurk rests mainly on your judgement of the importance of *Kangaroo*." Certainly the Save Wyewurk committee was not without its support from influential writers and academics both within Australia and around the world. Many cited the significance of *Kangaroo*, or the influence it had on them.

Patrick White was one such supporter, even if his letter to the Heritage Council cited some pragmatic factors for Wyewurk's preservation (ie, tourism). White argued that

cont'd p 20

# AT LONG LAST! THE CUP EDITION OF KANGAROO

*Review of D. H. Lawrence, Kangaroo (1923), ed. Bruce Steele (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994). ISBN 0 521 38455 9 hard covers*

**T**he appearance of this critical edition of *Kangaroo*, many years in the making, is most welcome. Bruce Steele has already prepared editions of Lawrence's *Study of Thomas Hardy* and his *England, My England* stories for the Cambridge series of his works and letters. The present edition is the most ambitious of Steele's to date. The question of Lawrence's knowledge of an Australian secret army has been voluminously and at times vitriolically argued for more than a decade now. This edition takes a firm position on the debate (more on that below). For that reason perhaps not all members of the Society will see it as an unmixed blessing, but all will find themselves turning to it again and again because of its encyclopaedic command of relevant historical, geographical and biographical detail, and its economy: only 35 pages of Introduction, 49 pages of explanatory notes, and a 10-page appendix with maps detailing all the places mentioned in the novel and Lawrence's movements.

This material surrounds the critically established reading text, the traditional central goal of scholarly editions. The edition represents Steele's attempt to establish a reading text for *Kangaroo* which, in all its details – punctuation, capitalisation, hyphenation, spelling and wording – corresponds to the one that Lawrence intended. Steele's decision to base his text on the autograph manuscript ensures that Lawrence's somewhat idiosyncratic, rhetorical punctuation and his characteristic rhythms would be preserved (he listened to what he wrote). This base-text is emended to incorporate the alterations which Lawrence subsequently made at typescript and proof revision stages. The alternative readings are recorded in the volume's textual apparatus. A great deal of painstaking work underlies this kind of edition: existing editions of *Kangaroo* are utterly without its kind of considered authority and cannot be relied on when quoting, whenever the question of what Lawrence actually wrote is at stake.

The only intractable problem which Steele struck was what to do with the novel's alternative endings. The evidence is inconclusive. I do not have space to recapitulate it here, but it suggests that Lawrence struck out the longer ending (present in the typescript and in the first English edition of Martin Secker but not in the American) when correcting proofs of the latter for Seltzer. Steele goes with the tendency of the evidence rather than taking it on himself to adjudge which ending he feels to be 'superior' and accepting it. The apparatus records the deleted ending: it may well be that Lawrence himself didn't care very much if two alternative endings for the novel were simultaneously in circulation. His writings and revisions were fluid affairs; he was not a man of iron consistency nor a copy-editor.

In the explanatory notes Steele also gives Lawrence's deleted readings in the manuscript. The latter are particularly important and give us a sense of how Lawrence was thinking as he wrote, and give many a pause for thought. The Maggies, for instance, were originally to be called the Dingoes; and there are significant hesitations over the characterisation of Jaz who was 'at first', Steele points out, 'neither cunning nor evil' (p. 365). Users of the critical edition have a rich resource here which the Penguin students' edition will lack. (Penguin UK is producing a new, multi-volume series of Lawrence's works at the moment. The texts come from the Cambridge volumes, but there is only a fraction of the explanatory material, and the Introduction is literary critical rather than historical.)

Steele's distillation of the biographical archive for his account of the writing, revision and production of *Kangaroo* and its reception by early reviewers of the novel is authoritative. As far as I can tell, he has left no likely source untouched, and despite the mass of detail which he has at his command, his prose in the Introduction does not become bogged down in it. His explanatory notes are wonderfully rich, providing us with hundreds of miniature and larger contexts in terms of which aspects of the novel can be illuminatingly read. Those apocalyptic visions of human ants, for instance – 'men that are born like ants . . . seethe with cold fire in the ant-hill' (121:5–7) turn out to derive from Lawrence's reading of *The Glands Regulating Personality: A Study of the Glands in Relation to the Types of Human Nature* (New York, 1921) by Louis Berman. The ants, here and elsewhere, are part of a tissue of

Nietzschean reference woven through the novel (slave morality etc.). Guiding Steele's endeavour is an informed understanding of the way in which Lawrence's writing in *Kangaroo* was part of a continuum of living and thinking and reading.

Additionally, there is a determination in this edition to take Occam's razor to the various claims in recent years about whom Lawrence met in Australia and what he 'must' have learned from them. Not unreasonably, Steele assumes there is something to be gained by accepting that Lawrence was telling the truth when he said in a letter from Thirroul: 'Here I have not let anybody know I have come – I don't present any letters of introduction'. He had been lionised in a minor but nevertheless irritating way in Perth, and in Thirroul he needed to get on with earning his, and Frieda's, daily bread by writing a novel. Apart from the fact that, as David Ellis has shown, he would not have had time for the trips to Sydney to see various political and trades union figures which Robert Darroch postulated in *D. H. Lawrence in Australia* (Melbourne, 1981), nor for taking part in political meetings, Lawrence had no need of the kind of material which Rosenthal or Scott (or others) could have offered him – always assuming of course that a secret army of the scale described in chapters v and x actually existed. There was probably at the time a fairly general anxiety amongst Australian conservatives about the future of the established system of government – understandable given the recent Russian Revolution – even if, in retrospect, the response was clearly an overreaction. In such an atmosphere, ideas about private- or government-backed paramilitary forces able to assist the police in the maintenance of public order in the event of socialist-inspired riots must have been circulating. Steele observes. In fact, a forthcoming article by W. S. Latter will show that such a force (a rather small, government-backed one) was formed and used in Western Australia against miners in Kalgoorlie a couple of years before Lawrence's arrival there. Probably the last thing in the minds of the various loyalist organisa-

tions in Australia, Steele urges, was organising a right-wing *coup d'état* as envisaged in the novel: here, Kangaroo and Callcott (and Somers) merely act out the voices which Lawrence was proposing to himself, and of course he would have borne in mind the early days of the *fascisti* he had observed in Italy. He had been actively considering ever since about 1917 in a number of essays a form of political organisation to counteract what he believed had been the cause of the War: the European sickness of benevolent idealism, the wilful sanctification of the weak, the ossification caused by a Victorian ideology of living for others at the expense of one's own living. Somers

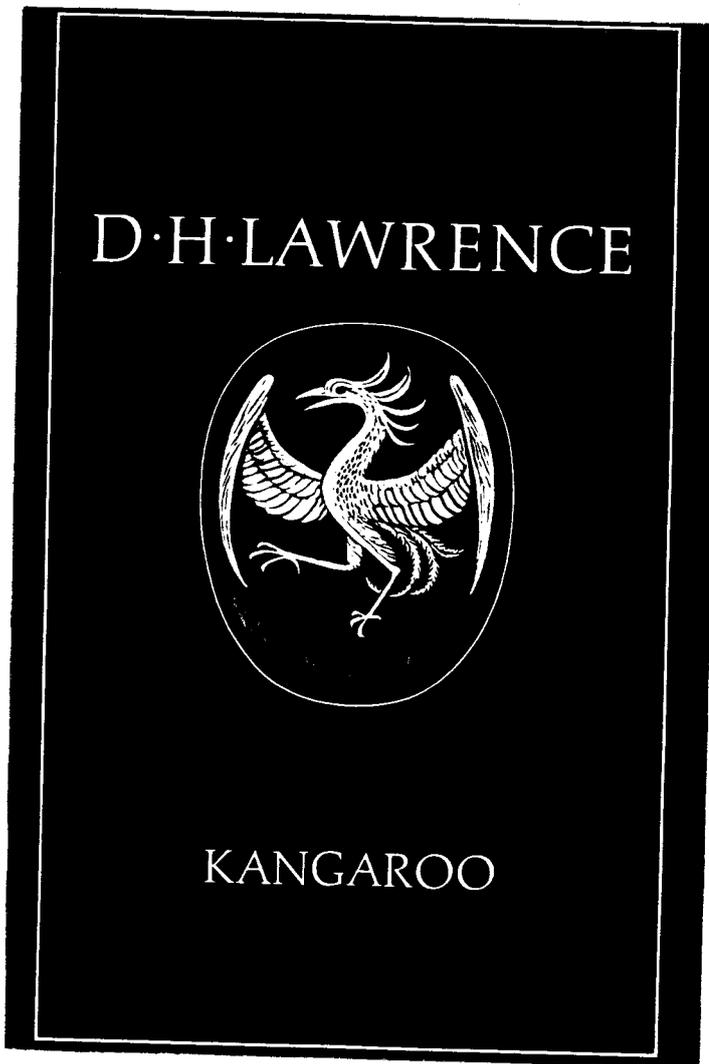
rejects Kangaroo's outlook when he realises it is 'love by force' (p. xxxi) rather than a true renovation of male relationships. To assume that there must have been anything like a one-for-one series of inspirations for the characters and events in *Kangaroo* is seriously to underestimate Lawrence's capacities and to miss the authorial (rather than Australian-political) context which the novel inhabits.

Steele's trump card however is a section of *Fantasia of the Unconscious* which Lawrence wrote in 1921 before he came to Australia. But it was deleted by Seltzer. It concerns the organisation of a secret army; Steele quotes it in his explanatory note on 92:9. Given this continuity of prior interest of which this deleted passage is only one upshot, it is clear that 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. (Does it really matter from whom it came?) And a *little* bit seems to be all he got: witness the failures of Australian slang in the novel, the fact that Kangaroo 'never develops his political agenda in the practical context of Australian politics' (p. xxxiii), and that, as Steele truly observes:

More than the characters, it is the pervading sense of place in *Kangaroo*, the visual accuracy of his descriptions of scenery and his vivid evocation of the physical and social atmosphere of Australia in 1922 that make this Lawrence's 'Australian' novel. (pp. xxxiii-xxxiv)

- Paul Eggert



# WOBBLY SOURCE FOR ROW IN TOWN

**T**he most dramatic incident in *Kangaroo* is the "Row in Town" - the violent clash between Jack Callcott's Diggers and the socialists of Willie Struthers. It is a bloody affair, involving shootings (Cooley is fatally wounded), a bomb explosion and police intervention. It is also a fitting climax to the book, which otherwise would taper off rather lamely. So what was its provenance?

A close examination of the newspapers of the period (May-July 1922) reveals no actual event that could have directly inspired Lawrence's vivid account of the Canberra Hall meeting and the subsequent riot. Lawrence was up in Sydney on July 4 and could have observed a demonstration outside Parliament House at which Jock Garden spoke. Garden's rhetoric at that meeting could have given Lawrence some of Willie Struthers' Canberra Hall harangue. Support for this speculation is given by a dating of the writing of the "Row in Town" chapter, ie around July 5-8. But this meeting ended peacefully. We know of nothing that happened during Lawrence's stay that could have provided him with the more gaudy ingredients of the Canberra Hall riot. So did he just "dream them up"?

Invention is one possibility, though it goes against what we know of Lawrence's working methods generally and his method in *Kangaroo* in particular. Lawrence liked to lean on reality whenever possible,

and in *Kangaroo* we have good reason to believe he was leaning on reality more than usually. Consequently the likelihood is that the "Row in Town" had some real-life origin.

After the novel was published in 1923 its "political plot" was much commented on by critics and reviewers, many of whom were rather puzzled by its obvious departure from Lawrence's normal fictional fare. For many years it was assumed that Lawrence had borrowed events he had observed or heard about overseas, and "transported" them to Australia.

This was the interpretation adopted by two of Lawrence's major post-war biographers, Richard Aldington and Harry T. Moore. Aldington's view was particularly influential, as it prefaced the standard editions of *Kangaroo* from 1950 to the present day. In his introduction to the novel, Aldington said:

**Where did [Lawrence] get the vivid scenes of political contest between the Diggers and the socialists? Not from his favourite periodical, The Sydney Bulletin, for at that time no such political violence occurred in Australia. Probably they were a transference to the Australian scene of the bitter contests between fascists and communists Lawrence had seen in Italy in 1920-22.**

In 1954 Harry T. Moore published *The Intelligent Heart*, by far the most widely-read biography of Lawrence (its revised version, *The Priest of Love*, published in 1974, remains the standard biography). Moore wrote:

**Politically, that year of 1922 was a quiet one for Australia, with no riots such as the one in**

**the novel in which the Diggers fought the socialists... [Lawrence] recalled what he had seen in Italy and Sicily...and he created a fascist group...**

This transposition theory was repeated as recently as 1990, in Jeffrey Meyers' *D.H. Lawrence A Biography*. Professor Meyers (biographer of Hemingway, Wyndham Lewis and Katherine Mansfield) said that in *Kangaroo* Lawrence was imagining the Australian political system "falling prey to the kind of organised Fascist movement he had seen in Italy", adding that "there is no motive for revolution in Australia and no real reason for the Diggers to exist, for unlike Italy, political affairs [were] running quite well".

The proposition that Lawrence was imposing something alien on the docile soil of Australia - echoed by Australian critics like A.D. Hope and Katharine Sussanah Prichard - started to be undermined in the 1960s when a number of writers began pointing out that the soil in Australia in the early 1920s was not all that docile, and that it was possible that in *Kangaroo* Lawrence was closer to reality than hitherto had been imagined.

The picture of Lawrence many people have, or wish to promote, is that he was all pure creative fire - that he burned with inward convictions, and poured these out in his writings. The titles of books about him reflect this: *Flame Into Being*, *The Forked Flame*, *Fire-bird*, *The Phoenix and the Flame* (either that or he was viewed as part of the cosmos: *Dark Night of the Body*, *The Moon's Dominion*, *The Dark Sun*, *Body of*

*Darkness, The Hostile Sun*). No one would want to question the elemental nature of Lawrence's creativity, yet it must also be pointed out that there were more down-to-earth aspects to his work. To be blunt, he did research.

Of course, there is plenty of evidence that Lawrence incorporated factual information into his books, fashioning it to his purpose. He obtained this information from many sources. A major source was his reading. He was an omniverous reader. (The list of books and publications he is known to have read runs to more than 1200 titles, not only in English but German, French, Italian, Russian and Spanish.) We now know that even before he arrived in Australia he was familiar with a number of books about the country, including works by Henry Lawson and Rolf Boldrewood. But the list could be longer than that.

It was in Ceylon, in early March 1922, that Lawrence decided to go to Australia, and there perhaps to write a novel. Once that decision was taken it is likely that he began gathering information about the place. A year or so later, when he went to Mexico to write what became *The Plumed Serpent*, he certainly did some pre-reading, as his letters of the time demonstrate. Even in Ceylon he could have begun his pre-reading (presumably there were libraries in Kandy), and the ships he travelled on would have been well-stocked with books and periodicals.

We know that in Perth and Darlington he certainly did research, as Mollie Skinner recorded. We also know he read, and incorporated into *Kangaroo*, items from *The Bulletin*, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Sun*. In particular, the inclusion from the *Daily Telegraph* - the article on volcanoes by "A. Meston" - was from "an old *Sydney Daily Telegraph*", in fact from one dated May 11, when Lawrence was still in Perth. This implies research of some sort.

It now seems that this reading and research continued in Sydney and Thirroul, even while he was writing *Kangaroo*. From a reference in the

novel to the derivation of the word "Pommy" it seems likely that Lawrence's reading included H.J. Rumsey's *The Pommies, or New Chums in Australia*, which was published in 1919. That in turn could imply some familiarity with libraries in Sydney. From Jack Lindsay we know that Lawrence visited Dymock's book shop, which had an excellent lending library. This establishes a pattern that could support the proposition that Lawrence *could* have obtained material for *Kangaroo* that he might have gained from second-hand sources, such as interviews, back-copies of newspapers, and lending or reference libraries. This encourages us to look more widely for the provenance of the Row in Town.

The Row in Town consists of two main ingredients: the speech by Willie Struthers and the subsequent intervention by the Diggers, which leads to a mini-riot. We now have good reason to believe (see "Was Willie Struthers My Uncle Jock?", *Rananim* 2-2) that Lawrence interviewed Jock Garden, and that he is in fact Willie Struthers in *Kangaroo*. Garden, secretary of both the NSW Trades and Labor Council and the newly-formed Communist Party of Australia, was the most prominent and outspoken representative of the radical left in Sydney in 1922. He was the leading bogeyman of the "loyalist" element in the community, and was widely and disparagingly quoted in the conservative Press. Given Lawrence's working-class background, and his prior interest in socialism, it would not have been difficult for him to use what he had picked up about Garden and his rhetoric to fashion Struthers' Canberra House diatribe:

**Work? What is one man's job more than another. Your Andrew Carnegies and your Rothschilds may be very smart at their jobs. All right - give 'em the maximum wage. Give 'em a pound a day. They won't starve on it. And what do they want with more? A job is nothing but a job, when all's said and done. And if Mr Hebrew Rothchild is smart on the finance job, so am I a smart**

**shearer, hold me own with any man. Wherein is Mr Hebrew or Lord Benjamin Israelite any better man than I am? Why does he want so damned much for his dirty financing, and begrudges me my bit for shearing ten score o' sheep?**

It's a long speech, spiced with anti-capitalist and anti-Jewish sentiments like this. It is also a powerful and sustained political exposition, with a distinctive ideology. But that ideology is not orthodox Labor Party ideology - though, in the climate of the time, elements of it would not have been out of place in the mouths of some contemporary Labor politicians. However, now consider this extract:

**What's the scare about being mixed up with Brother Brown and Chinky and all the rest: the Indians in India, the niggers in the Transvaal, for instance? Aren't we tight mixed up with them as it is? Aren't we in one box with them, in this Empire business? Aren't we all children of the same noble Empire, brown, black, white, green, or whatever colour we may be?**

These are not the words any self-respecting member of the Australian Labor Party would have dared utter in Sydney in 1922. White Australia was sacrosanct and a major plank of Labor policy, as it remained until after the demise of Arthur ("Two Wongs don't make a white") Calwell in the 1960s. Moreover, Lawrence says Struthers' speech was on "the solidarity of Labour". In 1922 that meant unionism. But that is not what Struthers preaches in the "Row in Town" chapter. He hardly mentions unions or unionism. What he does preach is the class war (Lawrence calls it "class hatred"):

**Don't be sucked in any more, mates. Look at 'em,...Greedy fat-arses. And that's what we've got to knuckle under to, is it? They're the upper classes? Them and a few derelict lords and cuttlefish capitalists. Upper classes? I'm damned if I see much upper about it, mates. Drop 'em in the sea and they'll float butt-end uppermost, you see if they don't. For that's where they keep their fat**

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## Wobbly Source for Row in Town

Anyone politically astute who had been in Sydney (or who frequented places like the Domain) in the years running up to 1922 would have had little difficulty recognising this rhetoric. It was the rhetoric of the Industrial Workers of the World - the IWW, or Wobblies.

But it also would not have been out of place in the mouth of a member of the recently-formed Communist Party. And there are two references in Struthers' speech to "a Soviet". On the other hand, the words "World's Workers" are mentioned again and again:

**We'll unite with the World's Workers...The World's Workers...That is the World's Workers...The World's Workers...one of the world's workers**

Each time but the last Lawrence capitalises the words "World's Workers". The implication surely is that he is referring to a proper name - almost certainly the IWW. Struthers' harangue has not only the vocabulary but both the tone and ideology of IWW rhetoric of the time. Compare it, for instance, with the words of the contemporary IWW activist Tom Barker:

**When the workers resent the everyday violence perpetrated upon them, the horrified and sanctimonious crew [ie, the capitalists] and their lickspittle toadies lift their blood-stained, profit-mongering hands in the air with horror. But prisons, and hunger, and gallows, will not save your ruling class**

It is hardly surprising that IWW rhetoric, mixed up with Communist ideology, should have found its way into Willie Struthers' speech, given that Struthers is almost certainly based on Jock Garden. For, as Robert Douglass has pointed out in the article cited above, Garden was a strong IWW supporter. This is confirmed by historian Ian Turner in his book on the IWW, *Sydney's Burning*. Indeed, it was Garden who

led and orchestrated the campaign to free 12 IWW men jailed in 1916 for alleged arson and sedition. It was the Trades and Labor Council (TLC) under Garden which uncovered the evidence that eventually freed 10 of the 12. The Ewing Commission recommended the release of the 10 in August 1920 (soon after the Storey Labor government came to power) and the last of the 12 was let out in November 1921, six months before Lawrence's arrival. In December 1921 Garden, in his annual report to the TLC, wrote: "The agitation for the liberation of the 12 IWW men is one of the greatest acts for the liberation of political prisoners that has been accomplished in any country of the world."

Even before he arrived in Sydney, Lawrence had been exposed to possible IWW influence. For in Perth he had considerable contact with William Siebenhaar, the public servant in the WA Statistician's Office who in 1916 was suspended and charged with improper conduct "by manifesting sympathy with the illegal methods of the IWW" (in fact he had protested against the trial of some local IWW men, including the septuagenarian activist Monty Miller).

Siebenhaar, whose radicalism ran deep (he pressed on Lawrence an anti-war poem he had written in 1907), had several meetings with Lawrence in Perth, and later corresponded with him. Siebenhaar has left a memoir (published in Nehls' *Composite Biography* of Lawrence) of those Perth meetings. He said there were two, one on May 6 at Mabel Zabel's Booklovers' Library and the other on May 18 at a tea-room. He says the conversation was literary. However, it is possible that political matters, even the IWW, may also have been discussed, particularly at the latter meeting, when Lawrence almost certainly would have known of Siebenhaar's wartime problems. We have already noted (see the "Footsteps" article in *Rananim* 2-2) that Lawrence may have gone to the Trades Hall the day he arrived in Sydney, and it is possible - but this is speculation - that he carried to Sydney a letter of introduction from

Siebenhaar to Garden.

Thus Lawrence had a number of possible "sources" for Willie Struthers' Canberra House speech - the July 4 meeting (which probably was the direct inspiration), his interview with Garden, perhaps some background reading, perhaps some conversation with Siebenhaar, maybe some research of his own, perhaps even tracking down back-copies of *Direct Action*, the local IWW paper. But where did he get the counting out of Struthers, and the ensuing riot?

In the novel the trouble begins when Struthers' speech is interrupted by the counting out:

**"Three!" The voice, like a tolling bell, of men counting the speaker out. It was the Diggers.**

Clearly, this is something Lawrence did not invent. Counting out was a very Australian phenomenon, practised especially during the war (as Lawrence explains) and at political meetings. Apparently, it was very effective:

**"Five!" The sound was unbearable, a madness tolling out of a certain devilish cavern in the back of men's unconscious mind, in terrible malignancy. The Socialists began to leap to their feet in a fury.**

At the count of "Eight!" the brawl started. Lawrence describes this vividly:

**There was a most fearful roar, and a mad whirl of men, broken chairs, pieces of chairs brandished, men fighting madly with fists, claws, pieces of wood - any weapon they could lay hold of. The red flag suddenly flashing like blood, and bellowing rage at the sight of it. A Union Jack torn to fragments, stamped upon.**

The fighting spills out into the street and the police arrive, "wielding their batons". Jaz drags Somers, who is struck, away from the scene, just as mounted police appear "laying about them". Then shots are heard. Somers catches sight of Cooley and also of "a white felt hat looped up at the side" (the "distinctive headgear" of the Maggies). Somers hears Cooley's "big, husky voice". Then a

bomb goes off. Cars arrive, presumably carrying more police or Maggies, and then the fire brigade. Again Somers sees the Maggies' uniform

**white hats - Somers, in his dazed condition saw three or four, and they occupied his consciousness as if they were thousands.**

Jaz manages to get Somers to "one of the smaller, more remote Diggers Clubs". A little later Callcott arrives, splattered with blood. Cooley has been shot, "in his bloomin' Kangaroo guts," says Callcott, who gives his own colourful account of the riot, saying "our boys" helped the "Johnny Hops" to subdue the socialists, a turn of events confirmed in the follow morning's papers:

**"Brawl between Communists and Nationalists at Canberra Hall. Unknown anarchist throws a bomb. Three persons killed and several injured. Ben Cooley, the well-known barrister, receives bullets in the abdomen...Police, aided by Diggers, soon restored order."**

Later the papers report that "Labour incendiaries" caused the riot. The "Labour papers" on the other hand blame the police for the shootings. Callcott is arrested but released. Lawrence implies that some Labor "incendiaries" are jailed, the Diggers getting off scot-free. However, soon "the affair began to fizzle down".

It was not until four decades after *Kangaroo* was published that historians and others began to notice similarities between real-life incidents and sections of the novel like the Row in Town. The Rev. John Alexander pointed out in 1965 that Lawrence's account of the socialist side of politics had been oddly accurate. Historian Geoffrey Serle then made a similar comment about Lawrence's account of the conservative side. In 1968 D.W. Rawson even mentioned Sir Charles Rosenthal as a possible model for Cooley. However, the most interesting parallel was commented on by Curtis Atkinson (in *Meanjin*) who pointed out that the

Row in Town incidents bore an uncanny similarity to events that occurred in Sydney in May 1921, a year before Lawrence arrived.

Atkinson had been present at one of these events, a "great patriotic demonstration" in the Sydney Domain, held to protest against a May Day meeting that had been organised by the TLC the previous Sunday. According to Atkinson, over 100,000 people were at this great patriotic demonstration, which degenerated into a mini-riot, with Labor speakers being assaulted and the police intervening. Atkinson, who himself spoke on one of the "patriotic" platforms, recalled that he had noticed that many in the crowd were ex-soldiers, and it was they who had been responsible for much of the violence. He went on:

**Many people have guessed about the politics of *Kangaroo*. My 'guess' is that Lawrence had heard and/or read about the climate of opinion which existed not very long before his arrival in Australia....Lawrence was known to be a tireless questioner on any subject which interested him. He was sufficiently interested in the political situation, as he glimpsed it, to write *Kangaroo*. It is regrettable that he was not more interested, so that he could have put more of the essential truth into the novel.**

That last remark apart, Atkinson was perceptive, for the May 1921 events indeed provide parallels with Lawrence's Row in Town.

To appreciate what happened it is necessary to recall the political climate of the time. Memories of the war were still fresh. On the conservative side, the combined bugbears of Communism, the unions, the Labor Party, the IWW and the perfidious Irish-Catholics were being vigorously counteracted by an appeal to British patriotism, symbolised by the Union Jack. On the left, the solidarity of the working class, in the face of conservative taunts, was determinedly promoted by radical rhetoric, and defiantly symbolised by the Red Flag. The 1920 election of the Storey Labor government had aroused conservative NSW to a fever-pitch of "patriotism" (and led

no doubt to Brookes' APL secret army plan being put into effect). This fever reached its height in April-May 1921.

On Anzac Day, during an RSSIL rally at the Sydney Town Hall, a group of ex-soldiers calling themselves "the Digger Vigilance Society" allegedly noticed that the flag-pole on top of the Labor-controlled Town Hall was bare. One of their number went up and attached a Union Jack to the vacant pole. His action was hailed by the conservative Press, which contrasted the Digger's "loyalty" with the lack of respect for the "Grand Old Flag" evinced by Lord Mayor Lambert and his Labor cronies on the council (in fact, the organisers of the rally had failed to ask for any flag to be displayed).

All the following week the conservative papers kept the issue alive, alternately interviewing Lambert and a "loyalty" spokesman, Lt.-Com. Marks, MHR, who obligingly traded mutual insults and accusations of disloyalty (the former to Australia, the latter to England). The scene was well and truly set for the traditional May Day rally in the Domain on Sunday, May 1. At this rally, and during the march from Eddy Avenue that preceded it, the Red Flag was to be prominently displayed (the first time permission to do so had been sought of and granted by the State Labor government).

The march went off peacefully enough, despite the efforts of a patriotic lady who marched in front of the Red Flag holding up her umbrella, on which she had affixed a small Union Jack. However, at the Domain, things soon began to turn nasty. As the conservative *Daily Telegraph* reported the following day, under the headlines AN EXCITING INTERLUDE / ATTEMPT TO RUSH PLATFORM, a group of about 20 men, all returned soldiers, tried to force a path to the main TLC platform (the back of a lorry), apparently in an attempt to seize the Red Flag flying from it. A melee ensued, and the invasion was repulsed. However, someone on the

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## Wobbly Source for Row in Town

fringe of the meeting was then seen to be ripping apart a small Union Jack that either the patriotic lady had brought or which the soldiers had intended to use to replace the Red Flag. Smoke and a smell of burning were observed, and the papers the next day all reported the "Flag-Burning Outrage". (It was suggested later by the police present that the burning had been committed by an agent provocateur.)

The May Day rally eventually broke up, with victory, such as it was, apparently going to the Labor side. The provocative actions of the soldiers had been bested, and there was every reason on the left for satisfaction of the outcome. So that same evening a Labor meeting in the Town Hall, scheduled earlier, thought it had reason to celebrate, if not crow.

This meeting had been organised by Jock Garden and the TLC. Ostensibly it was to honour the memory of Jack Brookfield, MLA for Broken Hill, and a leading campaigner for the release of the IWW men. Some weeks earlier, in March, Brookfield had been standing on Riverton railway station when a mad Russian, Tomayev, ran amok with a gun. Brookfield helped subdue him, but was shot, and later died in Adelaide Hospital. His loss was keenly felt by the Labor movement.

The May Day evening meeting was an emotional affair. It began with a choir singing the Red Funeral March (in Russian). The speakers reflected all the concerns of the radical left in NSW. A particularly fiery speaker was the silver-tongued Donald (later Senator) Grant, one of the jailed IWW men. He was reported (inaccurately) as saying it was a good thing that 65,000 Australian had died in the war, as they deserved their fate. The injustice of the IWW affair was emphasised by more than one speaker. Various other left-wing representatives gave a number of vigorous addresses, reported the next day in the Press as

being full of class-war rhetoric. The jingoes of the right were roundly condemned. Again, the Red Flag was on display, and the meeting concluded with a stirring rendition of the Anthem of the Working Class.

When news of the May Day proceedings - day and night - broke the next day, the conservative element in Sydney was outraged. The anger of some "loyalists" could hardly be adequately expressed or contained. Immediate plans were announced for a monster counter-demonstration of loyalty the following Sunday, May 8, in the Domain. The conservative papers whipped up enthusiasm and "loyalists" from country areas were trucked and trained in. Even to this day, the May 8 "great patriotic demonstration" remains perhaps the largest, and certainly one of the ugliest, demonstrations ever held in Sydney. The crowd was reportedly between 100,000 and 150,000. A prudent Labor government ordered 450 police to be present, including mounted police.

Interestingly, also present were probably - Lawrence apart - the entire male dramatis personae of *Kangaroo*: Rosenthal (Cooley), Scott (Callcott), Garden (Struthers), and probably Macarthur Onslow (Colonel Ennis) and Gerald Hum (Trehwella). Also present, as Atkinson implies (and the *King & Empire* later boasted), were large contingents of organised ex-servicemen, probably elements of Major Jack Scott's secret army units. Indeed, the May 8 rally was probably the only time Scott's 1920-22 secret army had an opportunity for "action".

The speeches from the numerous "loyalist" platforms were provocative and vituperative in the extreme. When Jock Garden and other Labor speakers tried to speak from their platforms, they were counted out and otherwise heckled. A wedge of ex-soldiers managed to break through to the platform Garden was speaking from. They seized a red flag from it and set fire to it. Police had to intervene to rescue some Labor speakers. Mounted police moved in. A fire-cracker was thrown into the

crowd, causing some panic. The great patriotic demonstration eventually broke up, in some disarray.

The next day the conservative papers were in total accord that "the forces of Bolshevism and IWW-ism" had been shown a thing or two by the outpouring of "loyalty". The role of the Diggers - who had done their best to cause as much mayhem as possible - was particularly praised. The left-wing papers, such as they were, complained bitterly about "organised gangs of ex-soldiers" who disrupted and attacked the Labor platforms. The affair simmered on for weeks, with minor clashes on subsequent Sundays.

I think it would be fair to say that had Lawrence been present at the May 1 and May 8 meetings, he would have had most of the ingredients he put into the "Row in Town" chapter in *Kangaroo*. Given that he most probably spoke to several of those who *were* present, and given the opportunities he would have had for researching in old newspapers, it is also fair to say that those events are probably the main inspiration of that section of the novel. Only one thing is missing: the shots, and the death of Cooley.

Yet it is possible that these, too, came out of the May 1 rally. The Russian Tomayev shot a number of people on Riverton railway station that day in March 1921. The memory of that outrage was still fresh in people's minds, especially on the left. Brookfield, like Cooley, was shot in the stomach ("Bullets in my marsupial pouch," Cooley tells Somers). So even this aspect of the Row in Town could have come from the May 1-8 events, mentioned by Struthers, or read in backfiles.

It is, today, ironic that so many critics have accused Lawrence of inaccuracy in *Kangaroo*. In fact, the Row in Town is as accurate a reflection of the reality of left/right politics in NSW in 1920-22 as we have, even taking into account orthodox historical accounts. Its literary merits aside, it should be compulsory reading in every Australian school.

- Robert Darroch

# Bits...

As will be seen from earlier pages, the poor old "Darroch Thesis" receives a fearful battering in this issue of *Rananim*. It even got a side-swipe from the UK. Reviewing *Rananim* 2/1 and 2/2, the UK *DHL Newsletter* reported: "the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia ... still seems to be obsessed with establishing what exactly Lawrence and Frieda did in the first forty-eight hours of their stay in New South Wales. There is at last, however, some realisation that the "Darroch Thesis" cannot be entirely substantiated...a projected trip to Sri Lanka has unfortunately had to be postponed."



There are always items of interest in our sister DHL newsletters and journals, which are kindly sent to us on a reciprocal basis. In the current UK *DHL Newsletter* there is an item of especial interest. Under the heading: "NEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD (from Japan)" is the following: "Professor Okada sends some details about the Nippon steamer that Somers saw lying at anchor in Sydney Harbour (see *Penguin Kangaroo* p 393). The name of the steamer [says Professor Okada] is the *Yoshino maru*, 8,999 GT. That was one of seven repatriation ships from Germany after the Versailles Conference. The original name was the *Kleist*. That ship was transferred to Nippon Yusen Kainsha (N.Y.K.) from the Ministry of Finance." Accompanying the item is a picture of the *Yoshino maru* with the notation "Attacked and sunken on the Bashi Channel 31 July '44 by U.S. submarine". Of passing additional interest is the fact that the page reference given above is to the Penguin edition, not the new CUP edition, which, however, will soon provide the new Penguin "authoritative text". Alas, this new text (as presently constituted) will omit any mention of the ill-fated *Yoshino maru*, for that reference is part of the Secker

ending that Dr Steele has omitted from his CUP text. And so we say farewell to the *Yoshino maru*, only reminding ourselves of Lawrence's lost words: "heartstrings. The crowd on the wharf gone tiny in the sun, and melting away as the ship turned. Richard watched the Observatory go by: then the Circular Quay, with all its ferry wharves, and a Nippon steamer lying at her berth..."



*The D.H. Lawrence Society of North America's latest newsletter cites a response by Sotheby's auction house to criticism about the recent sale of Kim Philby memorabilia. Spokesperson Peter Selly said: "We do not side with Napoleon when we sell material related to him, nor embrace free love when we sell D.H. Lawrence material."*



Of Baron Corvo's (Fr. Rolfe) *Hadrian the Seventh*, DHL wrote in 1925, "a clear and definite book of our epoch, not to be swept aside. If it is the book of a demon as Corvo's contemporaries said, it is the book of a man demon, not a mere *poseur*. And if some of it is caviare, at least it came out of the belly of a live fish."



Cashing in on the Lawrence connection is all the vogue in London, where a house in which DHL wrote *The Last Laugh* is on the market for £1.3 million. Meanwhile, in the USA, a men's outfitter is advertising an alpaca waistcoat (vintage 1902) as worn by DHL at one of Lady Ottoline Morrell's salons. As she and Lawrence didn't meet until late 1914, the waistcoat would probably have been a bit moth-eaten even by then.

# Letters...

*In the October 1994 edition of Rananim, you raise the question is Kangaroo an Australian novel? Is Kangaroo part of Australian literature?*

*You quote Australian literary columnist, Peter Craven, who points up the anomaly presented to judges of the Miles Franklin award: that John Bryson's Spanish novel would not be classed as "Oz lit" whilst a latter-day Kangaroo would be.*

*Two important writers on the subject, H.M. Green, who wrote the two-volume A History of Australian Literature, and P.R. Stephensen who wrote the seminal Foundations of Culture in Australia, had something to say on whether Kangaroo was Australian literature.*

*Green (Volume II at page 1148) says: "... the merits and defects of the novel [Kangaroo] are so marked and it had so much influence here, that it may be given more space than would otherwise be devoted to a book which is not part of*

*Australian literature ... "*

*Stephensen (at page 30) says: "In the broadest sense Australian literature comprises anything written in Australia or about Australia, or by Australians - everything from Captain Cook's log to D.H. Lawrence's Kangaroo but this definition would be very wide indeed ... "*

*So it appears these experts regarded D.H. Lawrence's Australian novel as English literature which could be included only if the definition of "Oz lit" was at its widest, and only because the book had so influenced Australian writers.*

*Anyone interested in arguments about just where Australian culture is heading should read P.R. Stephensen's booklet quoted above (a re-read for those who have done so would be rewarding too). For those of Republican bent and Constitutional monarchists ...!*

*- John Ruffels*

# About the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia

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

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

## MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

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

NAME: .....

ADDRESS: .....

.....

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

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

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

## Kangaroo in Court

*cont'd from p11*

Wyewurk could become "a place of pilgrimage for tourists less interested in the mostly philistine pursuits Australia has to offer." Lawrence's rented bungalow provided "an opportunity to attract a more civilised type of visitor".

Without doubt the most eloquent statement of support came from Stephen Murray Smith, a man of the Left obviously, but long since removed from the Stalinism that had blinkered Katharine Susannah Prichard's vision. For Murray Smith, the "saddest aspect" of the campaign was the opposition displayed by intellectuals like Anderson and the agitation from the Blue Mountains. Murray Smith summarised the matter quite brilliantly: "in terms of intellectual resonance, of unfettered genius ranging this country with its burning spear and its horse of air, Lawrence's sojourn was in Louis Esson's words, an 'episode' of startling quality in our cultural life. If literary associations are worth preserving at all, and I believe they are, the Wyewurk campaign is of great importance to our country and our self-respect."

Perhaps the greatest pity is that in that 1988 "trial" of *Kangaroo*, Stephen Murray Smith was not our Rumpole, let alone our Commissioner Simpson.

The postscript to the 1988 campaign is ironic. Both Varuna and Nutcote seem to be doing quite well. Wyewurk's future, on the other hand, despite the alleged Press bias towards the Englishman in 1988, is uncertain. The increased powers recently handed to local government - and obviously in Wyewurk's case this means Wollongong Council, which in 1988 supported Mr Morath's renovation plans - to adjudicate in areas of heritage significance are worrying. Given *Kangaroo's* value as a source illustrating the mind set and activities of some sections of Australia's returned soldiers after the First World War, it is appropriate that we not forget the diggers' maxim: The Price of Liberty is Eternal Vigilance.

- Andrew Moore

(This is a revised version of a paper delivered at the "In the Footsteps of Lawrence" seminar held at Collaroy on 25/5/94.)

## University Request

The University of Tulsa has written to us asking if we could supply them with our membership list. We would like to encourage such reciprocal communications. However, any member who does not wish to have his/her name on the Tulsa list is asked to inform us. Thanks.

## Coming Up in Future Issues

**The Aldington-Lawlor Correspondence**

**An Analysis of the "Steele Theory"**

**On First Reading Lady Chatterley**

**Lawrence and Inky Stephensen**

**DHL in Western Australia**

**The CUP *Kangaroo*.... Is This the End of the Story?**

**Review of CUP *Twilight in Italy***