



# Rananim

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

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## A Day Out on Sydney Harbour

“  
*He and Harriett took numerous trips on the ferry-steamers, to the many nooks and corners of the harbour.*  
”

Sydney Harbour receives many approving mentions in the opening section of *Kangaroo*, so it was appropriate that members of the D.H. Lawrence Society should emulate DHL and Frieda, and their fictional counterparts, Richard Lovatt Somers and his wife Harriett, and take to the water.

The excursion, on Saturday February 25, was something of a follow-up to the pilgrimage to Thirroul last year by steam train. This trip was also steam-powered, very appropriately, for the ferry-steamers Lawrence mentions in Chapter 2 of *Kangaroo* were, in pre-diesel days, run on steam.

DHL Society members went on their Harbour exploration in much more style than the Lawrences, however, as they travelled on the steam yacht *Lady Hopetoun*.

Built in 1902 at Berry's Bay, and owned by the Sydney Maritime Museum, *Lady Hopetoun* is believed to be the only vessel now on the Harbour which would have been operating at the time of the Lawrences' visit in 1922.

Gliding silently in and out of "the many nooks and corners of the harbour", she is an elegant vessel, as well she might be, for she was built by the Sydney Harbour Trust (predecessors of the Maritime Services Board) to carry visiting VIPs on Harbour trips.

John Lacey, steam buff and master-magician in arranging trips on steam-powered conveyances, said that she carried not only the odd Royal or two, but also non-human passengers, when she ferried animals transferring from the old Moore Park zoo to Taronga Park, during World War 1.

*Lady Hopetoun* was retired as a VIP transporter in 1964, but was saved from the wreckers by local enthusiasts, and she became the



*John Ruffels aboard the Lady Hopetoun*

first acquisition of the Sydney Maritime Museum. She is crewed on Harbour trips by volunteers who are all clearly in love with their job.

Fifteen members of the DHL Society made the excursion, setting out from Rozelle Bay, through Blackwattle Bay,

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## EDITOR'S COLUMN

There must be at least as many reasons for being interested in DHL as there are members of the DHL Society of Australia. Some -we (the Committee and Editorial board) know about - others we don't. Why not share your interest and experiences with us?

The Society is indeed fortunate that one of our members is a professional publisher and so our journal, *Rananim*, is a very much more polished-looking production than could normally be supported by a membership of 60. Do not let this deter you from writing for us. We have asked for contributions where possible to be sent on computer disc as this helps speed the production of the journal. Again, do not let this deter you, as we also welcome contributions written by a thumbnail dipped in tar - or by a quill. Just send them in!

Included with this issue of *Rananim* is an A4-size poster to publicise the Society. Please pin it on a notice board at work, in a library or shopping centre to help us attract new members. - John Lacey

## EVENTS

At the most recent DHL Committee Meeting held on May 7 it was resolved to:

1. Hold a Conference on "Responses to DHL" at the Writers' Centre of NSW ( Rozelle) on Sunday, August 13, 1995. Papers have been called for and the Conference advertised in the AUSCON (the National Conference Network

Bulletin, published by Monash University). Members who would like to contribute papers are asked to contact John Ruffels at PO Box 100 Millers Point NSW 2000. Tel: 30 4805.

2. Hold the Annual General Meeting in July 1995. [The date and time of our AGM is now fixed. It will be at the Kuo Ming Tang building in Ultimo Road at noon on Sunday July 23. It will be followed by lunch at a nearby restaurant and a tour of Lawrence places in the Haymarket. For further details, see enclosed "AGM/Tour" notice].

3. Make available DHL Society shirts (see back page for Special Offer).

4. Hold a DHL luncheon in the Spring on Observatory Hill.

5. Conduct another *Lady Hopetoun* cruise in summer 1996.

## WHAT'S NEW

\* A Special Offer for Members: a paperback version of Brenda Maddox's *The Married Man: a Life of D.H. Lawrence* is available for \$33 (including postage and handling) instead of the normal retail price of \$45. Contact John Lacey at PO Box 847 Rozelle 2039.

\* Ken Russell's film *Priest of Love* is now available for rental in some video shops.

\* Reprints of *Greetings from Thirroul* (postcards and photos of the Thirroul area) and *Greetings from Wollongong* (which includes photos of buildings mentioned in *Kangaroo*) are available for \$19.95 and \$22.95 plus \$4 postage per book from Wyewurrie Publications 437 Lawrence Hargrave Drive, Thirroul NSW 2515. Tel: 042 674142.

Our Society is also offering low-price copies - courtesy of publisher (and member) Tom Thompson - of the Imprint edition of *Kangaroo*, with Introduction by our President, Ray Southall. This discount edition is \$15, plus \$5 postage. Write to the Secretary, DHL Society of Australia, PO Box 100 Millers Point NSW 2000, enclosing a cheque and your name and address.



### The D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia

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

### Contributions to *Rananim*

Contributions to *Rananim*, long or short, are always welcome. If you cannot type, or don't have a word processor - no worries! We will key in your article for you. But if you do have a word processor and 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 of *Rananim*, 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.

# How Would Wyewurk?

**T**he DHL Society of Australia is fortunate that the man responsible for placing the original Interim Conservation Order on Wyewurk, thus preventing it from being Cape Codded, or changed in any other substantial way, was Bob Carr, who is now Premier of NSW and (just as importantly) also Minister for the Arts - and an honorary member of our Society.

This ensures a continuum of concern about Wyewurk, both as a place of great heritage value, and as a potential centre for literary and artistic pursuits. We have previously been fortunate, too, in the support given to us by the former Minister for the Arts, Peter Collins, who, now as Leader of the Opposition, has also taken the shadow Arts Portfolio, and is also an honorary member of our Society. He shares the same concern about preserving Wyewurk.

At present, there is little we can do about Wyewurk as its owner does not wish to leave the house. Nevertheless, it might be of interest to our members to learn a little about the uses being made of three other former writers' residences, and how they are financed and administered. Each case history is different, which gives an interesting range of possible options for the future of Wyewurk.

Two of the houses are in New South Wales: "Varuna", the former home of Eleanor Dark at Katoomba in the Blue Mountains, and "Nutcote", the home of May Gibbs at Neutral Bay in Sydney. The third is Katharine Susannah Prichard's former home in Greenmont, outside Perth, Western Australia.

"Varuna", set in two-and-a-half acres of gardens created by author Eleanor Dark, was generously



*Katharine Susannah Prichard's house in the foothills of the Darling Range*

*The garden shed*



donated to the Eleanor Dark Foundation in 1991 by her son, Mick Dark. He wanted to preserve the house and grounds from the sub-division that would have otherwise occurred, and he remains very active in the Eleanor Dark Foundation, being one of the eight members of the Board whose chairman is Henry Nicholas.

Relieved of the need to raise a large sum to purchase "Varuna", the Eleanor Dark Foundation was able to concentrate its efforts on gaining support from the NSW Ministry of the Arts and the NSW Heritage Council. The Ministry of the Arts granted the Foundation \$70,000 a year, and the Heritage Council made a grant of \$15,000 for repairs and maintenance (the house was in good

condition). The local council has generously waived all rates on the property.

The \$70,000 a year from the Arts Ministry is spent on 25 writers' fellowships annually. These provide board and lodging for each writer to stay at "Varuna" for three weeks. (The house is large enough to accommodate up to five writers at a time.) This yearly \$70,000 also pays for a part-time staff, which includes a director, assistant administrator, housekeeper and caterer.

The Trust manages to earn some income by accommodating writers who do not have fellowships and who are prepared to pay for themselves.

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## How Would Wyewurk?

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A program of 45 events a year - talks, readings, plays, and so on - brings in some extra revenue. The purpose of "Varuna" is to provide a quiet haven for serious writers to work and to communicate with their fellow writers when and if they wish. The public is not encouraged to call in on "Varuna", except for advertised events and two open days, held each year.

"Katharine's Place" is the name of the house in Greenmont, about 15 kilometres east of Perth, Western Australia, where the writer Katharine Susannah Prichard lived and wrote 14 novels, 12 plays, two books of poetry and countless short stories.

In May 1922 she was looking forward with great excitement to meeting D.H. Lawrence, who was staying nearby at Darlington. Her excitement caused her to go into premature labour, and instead of meeting Lawrence she gave birth to her son, Ric. She and Lawrence later corresponded, though she eventually turned on him, finding his Australian novel "yards of drivell".

Her house, built on the side of a hill overlooking the Swan Valley, is now the Katharine Susannah Prichard Writers' Centre. It was bought by the Mundaring Shire Council for \$65,000 in June 1985.

Over the past two years, the Shire Council has made an annual allocation of \$3,500 to the Foundation to finance writers' fellowships for both established and new authors. The Council does not levy rates on the property. The WA Heritage Council has also contributed funds towards repairs and maintenance of the house. Membership of the KSP Foundation is \$25, students \$18, families \$35.

"Katharine's Place" is a simple, unpretentious bush bungalow with a spacious back verandah and a self-contained flat which is occupied each year by a succession of writers-in-residence. In the garden is a shed in which Katharine's husband, the VC winner, Lieutenant Hugo (Jim) Throssell, committed suicide. (Katharine had published a semi-autobiographical novel in which the



*Wyewurk - with Lawrence seated in the front garden*

wife manages to stop her husband from shooting himself in his shed.)

Today, writers meet regularly in the house for discussion and readings of their work. Workshop sessions are also held regularly. An annual KSP Memorial Lecture is another activity organised by the Foundation.

"Nutcote", the home in Neutral Bay, Sydney, of May Gibbs, children's writer and illustrator, and creator of the Australian bush characters Bib and Bub, was originally left to UNICEF, which decided it did not want it, and so put it up for sale. The May Gibbs Foundation stepped in and attempted to raise sufficient funds to purchase the house, and thus preserve it for the public.

They managed to raise \$1 million, from both individuals and big corporations, and this so impressed the North Sydney Council that it decided to purchase the property itself, paying \$2.2 million. This was a great victory for the May Gibbs Foundation, which had been campaigning vigorously for the preservation of the house.

Once the house had been bought, a new body was set up to manage it, called the Nutcote Trust. The Trust, with \$1 million in its kitty, then set about repairing the plaster on the house, fixing up the plumbing, making other necessary repairs, and converting two garages into a shop plus a tea-room and toilet facilities for visitors. This activity ate up \$500,000.

With the remaining \$500,000 the Trust purchased some property across the road from "Nutcote", and is now

converting this into an art gallery, a lecture/conference room and a flat for a writer or illustrator-in-residence.

The house itself is more a permanent museum to May Gibbs and contains copies (not originals) of her works. The originals, which May left to the Spastic Centre, are housed in the NSW State Library. The Nutcote Trust is perfectly happy about this, as the security problems at the house would have been difficult.

"Nutcote" has a central sitting-room, verandah, studio, and three bedrooms. It was opened on May 1, 1991 - the name of the month, rather than the historic date, being the determining factor.

At the opening, the then Minister for the Arts, Peter Collins, delighted the Nutcote Trust by presenting them with a cheque for \$300,000. At present, the Nutcote Trust is still grappling with getting the property's garden into order, and is discussing matters such as writers/illustrators' fellowships.

Meanwhile, Wyewurk is still there, alone and palely loitering. It is virtually unchanged since Lawrence sat at the jarrah table and wrote *Kangaroo*. It remains almost exactly how it was described by Lawrence.

Lately, the owner of "Wyewurk", Michael Morath, applied for, and received, a grant from the NSW Heritage Council (with the support of the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia) to repair and retille the roof. We are happy that Wyewurk is being properly maintained.

- Sandra Jobson

# The “Spy” Episode in *Kangaroo*

**O**n March 1 this year *The Australian* newspaper announced the death in France of Alister Kershaw, “a fellow of infinite jest”, as obit writer Geoffrey Dutton said in his eulogy to a writer - and journalist - of singular distinction, even though he leaned, alas, to the right in his politics (hence, perhaps, his somewhat acerbic letters to the *SMH* on matters literary, and particularly concerning grants to writers, against which he had strong views).

Born in Melbourne, the son of an Army officer, Alister had some interesting connections with D.H. Lawrence, apart from nascent propinquity, being born less than four months before DHL arrived in Australia. He cut something of a figure in Melbourne Bohemian circles in the early 1940s, but it was his move to France later that decade that placed him in a position to contribute something, albeit posthumously, to *Rananim*.

I knew his name only from the letters columns of the *SMH*, mostly addressed from his expat home at Sury-en-Vaux, in France. I shared his reservations about the efficacy of literary grants. Little I did realise then how closely our DHL interests would soon coincide.

I had long been interested (as many of our readers will be well aware) in the contrast between the literary, or what I call, perhaps unkindly, the couch-potato, interpretation of *Kangaroo*, and any effort made, either here or overseas, to look into question of how much of the novel might have been pure fiction, and how much autobiography, or autobiography-based.

In this one of my great enemies was the Introduction to the up-till-recently-standard editions of *Kangaroo*, composed originally around 1950 by Richard Aldington, who not only knew Lawrence well (virtually being with him at his death-bed), but who also wrote the first major post-war DHL biography, *Portrait of a Genius, But...* (wonderful title!). For, in that Introduction, Aldington had set in stone the currently accepted and received interpretation of the novel (now reiterated in the new Cambridge University Press edition), which was, to paraphrase, that it was not based on any substantial element of reality, and that the main Australian events and characters in it were invented by

Lawrence.

What intrigued me was how this interpretation had been born and subsequently grown into the monstrous travesty it patently was. What, I asked myself, had Aldington, who seemed an otherwise fairly sensible chap, done in the way of thinking, if not research, into the matter, that enabled him to be so dogmatic and certain about something that even blind Freddy could see reeked of first-hand experience.

RA gave a clue in the Introduction, relating that he had consulted an actual, live Australian called Adrian Lawlor on the question, and had been authoritatively assured that nothing like Ben Cooley’s sinister Diggers/Maggies could ever have existed in happy, wattle-round-the-door, children-on-the-floor, untroubled Australia, certainly in the early 1920s, when DHL was out and

about Down Under.

Thus the novel had to be pure fiction, apart from passing vignettes of the antipodean visit of DHL and Frieda, and

depictions of such local bit-players as the taxi-driver, and man who came to empty the dunny.

The proximate cause for my interest in Aldington was, however, a little-known letter from Frieda to him which I had stumbled on in the course of my research. It was dated 20/11/48, and was clearly written at the time that Aldington was composing his Lawrence biography (and probably his Phoenix Introductions). It appeared to be a response from Frieda to an earlier letter from Aldington asking for information about their time in Australia and the possible real-life background to *Kangaroo* (matters of some interest to me).

In the letter, Frieda said: “...- I think Cooley was a mixture of Dr Eder and Kot[ielansky] - No Lorenzo never went to political meetings - Jack and Victoria something like them were on the boat - No the spy story did not happen. About the only paper Lawrence read was the Sydney Bulletin.”

There wasn’t much there to support my outlandish speculations, quite the contrary! Yet there were several

## The Kershaw/Aldington/ Lawlor Letters

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## The "Spy Episode"

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points of interest in the letter. Firstly, it implied that Aldington had been entertaining the idea that the secret-army figures in *Kangaroo* might have been based on real people, perhaps Australian figures. He also seemed to be wondering if Lawrence might have gone to political meetings in Australia, or, failing that, had read about such meetings in the Press. Indeed, Frieda seemed to have been responding to a whole list of quite perceptive queries. (Her reply about Jack and Victoria being something like people "on the boat" was especially interesting, but that's another story.)

Another point of interest was that Aldington had undoubtedly used some of this material in his Introduction to *Kangaroo*. He said, for example, that Lawrence's only reading in Australia was "*The Sydney Bulletin*". It occurred to me that he might have asked similar questions, and gained similar information, from people other than Frieda. And in the Introduction he clearly mentioned one such person - Adrian Lawlor. I made a mental note to try to track down Lawlor.

However, it was not me who tracked him down, but my historian friend Dr Andrew Moore (author of the Old Guard history, *The Secret Army and the Premier*). Andrew mentioned to me that in the Lawlor papers at the Victorian State Library, which he had been examining, he had found a letter from Aldington. I wrote there asking if I could see a copy of it. The library replied that I could not, as they believed it was still in copyright, and, as they did not know who controlled the copyright, they could not get permission to reproduce it. I would have to come down to Melbourne to see it.

Alternatively, they could send the letter up to the Mitchell Library, and I could look at it - but not copy it - there. So a week or two later I heighed myself up to the manuscript section, was sat at a desk, and the precious item was set before me. It was from Villa Aucassin, St Clair, Le Lavandou, Var, France, and was dated 30/12/48. As I now have permission to quote as I like from it, I will reveal its contents almost in full:

Dear Adrian Lawlor,

Alister sent me your very interesting notes on DHL, and I write to ask if you will allow me to quote from them, making all due acknowledgement. You will see at once the importance of Australian confirmation of DHL's insight and even prophetic vision, in view of the fact that unspeakable cows of the Hugh Kingsmill breed have dismissed the whole book [ie, *Kangaroo*] as invented twaddle. [Aldington then mentioned an Australian he had recently met who 'spoke of *Kangaroo* with a disrespect which would have earned him a bloody nose but for the fact that he was protected by the sacred veil of hospitality'. RA went on: ]... May I bore you with more queries? What about the "neighbours", Jack and Victoria - would you not say they must have had some basis in dull fact? They are strangely like suburban characters in England,...Then the "spy" episode. Oddly enough, that followed him about everywhere. Even on the island of Port Cros in 1928 we were visited by three

staff officers from Toulon who were most pertinacious in enquiries about Mr Lawrence and in wanting to see him...If that "spy" scene between Somers and Jack is invented I should be surprised. There is real rage in it, which I don't think Lorenzo could have worked up over an imaginary episode. [Then follows speculation that the persecution Lawrence suffered in England, partly during the war, extended overseas, abetted by British representatives in Italy and elsewhere]. Aldington goes on: ... I have long thought that Lawrence's departure from Australia was precipitated by that "spy" business. [And he adds: ] Will you let me have your views on this topic?...

So, far from being certain that Lawrence's "spy" scenes in *Kangaroo* were "wholly imagined" (as RA's eventual Introduction stated), Aldington was originally inclined to believe that they were based on reality. Moreover, this letter to Lawlor was dated 30/12/48, more than a month after Frieda's 20/11/48 letter to Aldington in which she had said that the "spy" business in Sydney did not happen. Thus not only was Aldington interested in the possible factual secret army (for that is what the "spy" business refers to) background of *Kangaroo*, he was still trying to find out if it had any basis in reality after receiving a categorical denial from Frieda, who had been with Lawrence in Sydney and Thirroul at the time, and surely in the best position to know what happened (as many other doubting Thomases have since pointed out).

But it seemed that Aldington, who knew Frieda very well, did not place much credence in anything she said, for his letter to Lawlor goes on:

Your suggestion that I should apply to Frieda for information about Australia (or anything else) shows a most happy ignorance of that highwellbornone's nature. In answer to my letter [obviously the 20/11/48 letter mentioned above] she ordered me to say that L. is the successor of Augustine and Francis of Assisi and "has no place among English novelists",...It is useless to ask Frieda, she has the memory, not like a sieve, but like a bottomless bucket. That book of her's [*Not I but the Wind*], apart from letters [Frieda's autobiography contained many Lawrence letters], consists almost wholly of things she was reminded by Pino [Lawrence's Florence publisher], Douglas [Norman], David Garnett, Huxley [Aldous], and myself.

But these useful insights were not the only thing of interest in Aldington's letter. Much of it was taken up with gossip about the Alister of the opening sentence. It was obvious that he, too, was an Australian, and had left Australia to live in France. Now, I knew of an Australian Alister with literary connections who had gone to live in France: my *SMH* letters fellow-traveller, Alister Kershaw. I thought that if I could track him down, he might know who had copyright of the Aldington letter, which I was very keen to quote from when the time came. I asked my colleague Margaret Jones, who had been literary editor of the *SMH*, if she could find out Kershaw's address in France<sup>3</sup>.

She did, and I wrote to him in these terms:

Dear Mr Kershaw,

I am writing to you in the belief that you might be the "Alister" mentioned in an important letter I have just

come across. [And I went on to tell him of my interest in Lawrence, inquire about Aldington's letters, and ask if he knew who held their copyright.]

A few weeks later came this reply:

Dear Mr Darich [sic],

You have the right Alister, but I am not sure I have the right Darich: your handwriting matches me in the legibility stakes.

Taking your queries in order:

1. I very well remember when RA and Adrian first began to correspond. Richard had asked me if I knew anything about the "fascist" background in *Kangaroo*. I didn't, of course, but wrote to Adrian Lawlor to see if he could provide anything. Needless to say, he in turn was wholly ignorant in the matter but managed to collect the information sent in the enclosed letter...

5. I do indeed know who is Richard Aldington's literary executor: me.

The enclosure was a letter from Adrian Lawlor to Alister Kershaw. It was addressed to "the good Alister", c/o Richard Aldington esq., and was dated 26/9/48 (and thus predated both Frieda's letter and RA's to Lawlor, it being the letter Aldington was referring to in his own letter of 30/12/48). The relevant parts (from which Aldington was to extract the material he finally used in his Introduction) included:

...dearest Alister...Touching *Kangaroo*: there's nothing particularly informative to say, I'm afraid. K. "himself" is quite clearly a figment of the Lawrentian imagination, as one of the girls, Carswell I think, says somewhere I remember. After all, L. arrived about May, leaving about August, met nobody here, except the Skinner woman (in the West, at the other end of the world) and what guide he had to local affairs was what anybody on a 3-months' visit would have - merely the dailies and *The Bulletin*. [Lawlor then mentioned that Lawrence might have read some of his "jejunities" in the Red Page.]...All I remember of *Kangaroo* is the marvellous descriptive tissue...But here's a digest of N.R.'s scribbled notes gleaned over the phone from Brian Fitzpatrick, Aust. History pundit, as perhaps you'll remember. - In 1930 (about 8 years too late, by the way, for R[ichard]'s purpose, L. having visited Aust. in 1922) Aust. was caught by the Depression. In NSW J.T. Lang, Lab. Govt. Premier, pursued an economic policy radically different from that of the other States, maintaining (e.g.) the basic wage at a pre-Depression level, advocating postponement of interest payments on o'seas loans, and appointing all sorts of snooping economic committees, etc. Reactionary to all this, a number of businessmen, pastoralists and other propertied people set up a semi-secret organisation of somewhat fascist colour apparently, calling itself the New Guard. A Colonel Campbell, Sydney solicitor, was one of its animating spirits. The city of Sydney was divided by these solemn zanies into "zones"...The N.G. boys drilled themselves in their spare time (instead of gathering up their girls and drilling them!) in vacant lots. (N.R.'s notes all but illegible here, and would you wonder, but seem to refer to a counter-opposition movement, The Workers' Defence Corps.)...[Then follows a racy description of the De Groot Harbour Bridge incident.]...In short, No such person as Kangaroo. R.L. Somers clearly put together from elements of D.H.'s own personality and experiences...His wife - Harriet? - somewhat a sketch of Frieda. The spirit-of-place bits unquestionably and incomparably the best descriptive writing about Aust. ever. The coincidental resemblances between

the "action" of *Kangaroo* and that of The New Gd shennanikans merely another proof of the baffling prescience of Genius....Indeed, the only point in my retailing all this deracinated gibble-gabble about the New Guards and all that is that L. anticipated, in *Kangaroo*, and in 1922, what did come to happen in 1930. I wish I could have offered you more, for Richard. But nobody on earth could, I believe - of course there's Frieda herself, in Taos or wherever. Now she could tell him something perhaps about their Australian experiences. But I doubt even that. Certainly nobody else on earth could, I'd confidently tell him. If Richard wants any specific inquiries made, let me know, and I'll do what I can of course. [The letter then trails off into personal gossip, Lawlor signing off "my dear one, ever and always, Adrian."]

There are a number of interesting points in this letter. Clearly Lawlor either knew nothing, or was told nothing, about Jack Scott's Old Guard, or else confused it with the public New Guard. For if Lawrence was merely prescient, then it was prescience about the activities of the Old Guard in 1930-32, rather than Campbell's gaudy breakaway New Guard. The Old Guard - for good reasons - did indeed resemble Lawrence's Diggers/Maggies secret army, which the New Guard did less, for their's was **not** a secret army, quite the opposite.

Another interesting point is where Lawlor got his (highly misleading) information from. N.R. was Norman Robb, a Melbourne ABC talks producer, and a friend of Lawlor's. Brian Fitzpatrick was indeed an Australian historian, and, as such, it is rather surprising he apparently knew nothing of the Old Guard. This is especially odd when you know he was a member of the Victorian equivalent of the Old Guard (the "White Guard") that emerged from the shadows during the Melbourne police strike<sup>5</sup>. That was in 1923, the year after Lawrence was in Australia.

But what is most surprising, and perhaps of greatest interest, is Aldington's persistence in pursuing his suspicion or feeling that Lawrence must have been leaning on reality in the "spy" business in *Kangaroo*. First he asked Alister Kershaw (who was acting as his secretary at the time). He knew nothing about it. Then he got Kershaw to write to Lawlor, who again pooh-poohed the idea, citing Norman Robb and Brian Fitzpatrick. Then he asked Frieda, who also said no. Still not satisfied, he himself wrote to Lawlor, asking if he was sure there could have been no truth in the "spy" business. Alas, we do not have Lawlor's reply (it is, apparently, lost in Aldington's papers in the University of Southern Illinois). But the reply must have been firmly in the negative, for RA decided in the end to rule out any possibility of reality behind Lawrence's Diggers or any possible real-life models for Cooley and Callcott.

Why was Aldington so persistent? (Most other critics and commentators, before and after, have been quite content to accept Frieda's line that there was no factual basis for the plot of *Kangaroo*.) Is it possible that during their many later conversations in France and elsewhere Lawrence might have said something about his Australian experiences, or *Kangaroo*, that might have led Aldington

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## The "Spy" Episode

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to suspect that there could have been more to the "spy" business than mere fiction? Could it, perhaps, have been brought up following the visit of the three French officers to Port Cros in 1928? We do not know. It might merely have been, as Aldington said in his letter to Lawlor: "If that 'spy' scene between Somers and Jack is invented I should be surprised. There is real rage in it, which I don't think Lorenzo could have worked up over an imaginary episode."

What he was referring to, of course, is that part of the "Jack Slaps Back" chapter where Jack Callcott comes down from Sydney to give the Lawrence figure Richard Somers a dire warning:

"You've found out all you wanted to know, I suppose?" said Jack.

"I didn't want to know anything. I didn't come asking or seeking. It was you who chose to tell me."

"You didn't try drawing us out, in your own way?"

"Why, no, I don't think so."

"I should have said myself you did. And you got what you wanted, and now you are clearing out with it. Exactly like a spy, in my opinion."...

"Then what do you want of me now?" he asked, very coldly.

"Some sort of security, I suppose," said Jack, looking away at the sea....

"Pray what sort of security?" he replied, coldly.

"That's for you to say, maybe. But we want some sort of security that you'll keep quiet, before we let you leave Australia."

I have always thought that this passage is the most chilling in the novel, and agree with Aldington that it does not sound invented<sup>6</sup>. If Lawrence did run across a real secret army in Sydney in 1922, and did "try drawing them out" to get material for his novel of Australia, then a passage like this rings very true.

Had Aldington been given any hint that such a real secret army existed, let alone that the man who was the chief-of-staff of the Old Guard in 1930-32 - Jack Scott - is the very image of Jack Callcott in *Kangaroo*, then we might have got a very different Introduction to that so-influential 1950 Phoenix edition. For which insight, I am very grateful to the late Alister Kershaw.

- Robert Darroch

### ENDNOTES

<sup>1</sup> I had, however, come to learn not to place too much reliance on Frieda's recollections of their Australian sojourn. In a later radio interview, when again being questioned about Lawrence's Australian visit and possible real-life sources, she denied that Lawrence had read any newspapers in Australia, which was patently untrue. Besides, Lawrence himself was on record as denying that Cooley was based on Kotielansky, telling another curious correspondent: "Kot was never Kangaroo - Frieda was on the wrong track."

<sup>2</sup> Kingsmill, a left-wing literary journalist, had published one of the last pre-war biographies of Lawrence. It was highly critical of Lawrence and rubbished *Kangaroo* in particular.

<sup>3</sup> I did not know it at the time, but researcher John Ruffels had already tracked Kershaw down and written to him asking if he could recall anything that Aldington had said about Lawrence's time in Australia. Kershaw's brief reply (kindly supplied to me by JR) said: "I would have been only too glad to help you; but I'm afraid I can only recall one remark of Aldington's concerning Lawrence in Australia. This was to the effect that Lawrence loved the country itself but was exasperated by the free-and-easy manners of Australians which felt as an intrusion. Not, as I say, of much use to you, I'm afraid."

<sup>4</sup> I am grateful to Peter Nixon, Lawlor's closest surviving relative, for permission to quote from this letter.

<sup>5</sup> I am indebted to Dr Andrew Moore for this information.

<sup>6</sup> I might point out here that this passage in the novel was heavily rewritten and revised by Lawrence - the final version, which was composed in the safety of Taos in New Mexico, being the most chilling. As I mentioned in an article in *Rananim* 2/3 on the various versions of *LCL*, Lawrence had a curious habit of reverting towards reality as he revised. This might well be another example of that trend.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Appropos the reference to Brian Fitzpatrick - the White Guard incident was a turning point in his life: it inclined him to the Left. He was only there because he was a college student at university and they were all "called up". Another observer, appalled by the behaviour of Monash's special constables, realised then "How easy it would be to raise a fascist army in Australia". - J. L.

## The Potted DHL Novel Competition

Last issue we announced a competition to describe a DHL novel in a nutshell. So far we have had only a few entries, but their high quality makes up for their lack of competitors.

The competition will continue until the next issue - so please send in your entries. The winner will receive a bottle of champagne. Meanwhile, here is Marylyn Valentine's submission:

*Lady Chatterley's Lover  
Steals her from another  
They meet in green seclusion  
Mid purple-prosed profusion*

- M. Valentine

Our "On First Reading *Lady Chatterley's Lover*" feature has, for space reasons, been held over to next issue. So you've all got time to send in your memoirs on the subject - or of any other early encounter - with any of Lawrence's works.

## CONFERENCE

### "AUSTRALIAN REACTIONS TO D.H. LAWRENCE AND HIS WRITINGS"

Members - and non-members - who would like to contribute papers are asked to contact John Ruffels at PO Box 100 Millers Point NSW 2000. Tel: (02) 30 4805

Venue: Writers' Centre of NSW (Rozelle)  
Sunday, August 13, 1995  
Further details will be sent to members shortly



# Back of Burke

**T**he essence of a good book, at least from the point of view of a publisher, is a combination of timeliness and timelessness. Andrew Moore's new book, *The Right Road?* (OUP, 116pp, \$24.95), can boast both these desirable characteristics.

An Australian exposition of the dexter side of the seemingly timeless left-wing/right-wing dichotomy, the book comes hard on the heels of the blowing up of a Federal building in Oklahoma City, allegedly by far-right American secret army elements, and the alleged involvement of a local secret army - the Loyal Regiment of Australian Guardians - in infiltrating the Australian Defence Force. So the book is nothing if not timely.

Andrew Moore's journey down *The Right Road* (the name is borrowed from M.H. Ellis's 1932 anti-communist diatribe *The Red Road*) begins with the reputed origin of the dichotomy at the French National Assembly, when the more-revolutionary faction sat on the left of the Assembly rostrum. This was in 1789, the year after Phillip raised the British flag at Sydney Cove.

The road leads through the early squatter disciples of Edmund Burke (who, in reviling the French revolutionaries, laid the foundations of English - and colonial - conservatism), past the "bunyip" aristocrats of the 1850s (typified by W.C. Wentworth), the Victorian farmers' strike of 1860 (when rural conservatives marched on parliament demanding "a farm, a rifle and a vote"), the workers' upheavals of the 1890s (which ushered in organised unionism and the Labor Party), thence to 20th-century fears...socialism, communism, the yellow hordes, dominoes, Indonesians, and thus down to the present day. (As Lawrence remarked in *Kangaroo*: "There is such fear in Australia...").

The left has always had the dice

loaded against it. Jesus sat on God's right hand. And we all know where the word "sinister" comes from. And recent world events haven't helped any. If it was a race, you could bet who'd win.

*The Right Road?* is clearly written, comprehensive (given its synoptical brief as part of OUP's Australian Perspectives format), and balanced. The fact that Andrew Moore would clearly prefer to travel on the other road hardly affects his treatment of his subject, though his own perspective does peep through (some might dispute his claim that in 1951 "the headquarters of Australian Fascism" was the Lodge in Canberra).

His four-part definition of far-right extremism is very thoughtful: indeed, his explications of such oft-used terms as "liberalism", "fascism" and "conservatism" make a twisty road more easy to negotiate. A particular strength of the book is the way it takes the reader into some of Australia's lesser-known and ill-recorded political byways.

**Y**et, though I appreciate the limitations of the OUP series format, I feel there are a couple of important omissions. The "right-to-bear-arms" lobby in Australia, whose ideology is reflected in such contemporary publications as *Lock, Stock and Barrel*, is perhaps underestimated. A Shooters' Party member was elected to the NSW parliament in a recent election. As well, the rabid talk-back radio commentators (whose U.S. kin were recently castigated by President Clinton) are not fully examined, though these harbingers of doom habitually feed the late-night fears of our conspiracy theorists, who are always preparing for "them".

Also missing in this history of right-wing extremism in Australia is any linking of the Old Guard and its

ilk to the existence of a secret army which Lawrence might have based *Kangaroo* on. Given the forthright treatment of this topic in his previous book, *The Secret Army and the Premier*, this omission is surprising.

One point worth noting is the male orientation of the subject-matter. The right, says Andrew Moore, is a patriarchal phenomenon, almost a function of Australian male-bonding. (Though Dr Moore does record one honourable exception: a Barry-Humphries-like front organisation - LILAC: Ladies In Line Against Communism, a division of Eric Butler's League of Rights.)

Those who think there might be some "eminence gris" behind all our right-wing plotting should peruse the notes, sources, bibliography, and excellent index of *The Right Road?*. There are within some names to set the conspiracy theorist thinking.

But Dr Moore himself does not apparently place much credence in such grand conspiracy theories. He is fairly dismissive of the extent or influence of the far-right in Australia. On p. 142 he writes: "By and large the sound commonsense of most Australians (or perhaps that much-vaunted apathy) has caused them to eschew right-wing extremism".

Dr Moore, who is writing a history of the North Sydney Rugby League Club, describes the Australian right's fascist preoccupation with the "chimera" of Soviet communism as a "castor oil cure". He implies that sensible Australians would prefer to sublimate their frustrations on the football field. He says: "...it seems Australians join football clubs before fascist cabals".

Ross May (the Sydney National Socialist) and Jack Callcott (in *Kangaroo*) would probably have agreed, as both watched, entranced, "the greatest game of all", *pace* Mr Murdoch.

- John Ruffels

# Andiamo! A New Guide to Lawrence's First Travel Writing

*Review of D.H. Lawrence, Twilight in Italy and Other Essays, ed. Paul Eggert (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994). ISBN 0 521 26888 5. Hard covers.*

Late 1994, when Cambridge University Press brought out Bruce Steele's edition of *Kangaroo* and Paul Eggert's expanded *Twilight in Italy*, was a high-water mark in Lawrence scholarship in Australia, lifting to five the number of volumes these editors have contributed to the thirty volumes of Lawrence's Works already published by CUP. It is perhaps inevitable that the reception of the editions in this country has focused on Steele's much-needed recension of Lawrence's Australian novel - inevitable but regrettable, for much can be gained by reading the two works together. Eggert has expanded the original *Twilight in Italy*, published by Duckworth in June 1916, to include all the travel essays Lawrence had written up to that date, from the time he left England in May 1912 and immediately "began to record his reactions to the foreign" (p. xxiii). From the first Lawrence introduced philosophical and ethnographic components into his descriptive and diaristic travel writing, and from the first had trouble striking a balance between the two. From the first Lawrence wrote about divisions and socio-economic pressures building within Europe, and traced with disquiet the Continent's growing militarism, an analysis that would lead eventually to that *cri de coeur*, "The Nightmare" chapter in *Kangaroo*. In teaching us about the growing art and rejection of art in Lawrence's travel writing, Eggert's re-editing of the *Twilight* essays has much to teach readers of Lawrence about how to read *Kangaroo*, as travel writing and thought-adventure, novel and anti-novel.

Eggert is an excellent guide to Lawrence's travel writing, because of his authoritative knowledge of the region through which he conducts us, and because of the pungency of his asides. For travellers among scholarly editions who like getting into the backstreets (or notes), Eggert is a continual delight, forever ready with a juicy historical detail or scrap of contemporary gossip. If you want to know what Adelia Tadini's or Teddy Rainer's theatre companies did, or what make of weapon produced "Snyder fire"; if you want to know what model typewriter Lawrence used (but preferred not to) and what has happened to the Röhrlmoos chapel, in the Alps above the Isartal, since Lawrence shone his candle around the ex-voto paintings on the walls; then Eggert is the guide to go with. I should add that my own fascination with Eggert's outstanding scholarship is not without special interest. Together with Carole Ferrier, I am myself working to

produce the new Cambridge edition of Lawrence's *Poems*.

As published in 1916, *Twilight in Italy* centred on the Italian Lago di Garda, but began and ended with accounts of two walking tours, one from Bavaria through Austria to the Lago di Garda, other from Lake Constance through Switzerland to Milan. In his edition Eggert adds significant early versions of the collected pieces and an eight further essays. There is a draw for those who want to read "new" Lawrence in two essays never published before, "The English and the Germans" and "How a Spy is Arrested". Likewise, this is the first time "With the Guns", published in the *Manchester Guardian* on 18 August 1914 as the work of "H.D. Lawrence" and discovered and republished in 1969 by Carl Baron, has been collected in a volume of Lawrence's work. All texts are re-edited and the distinction between periodical and book versions clearly maintained.

Eggert's collecting the early versions of the three "By the Lago di Garda" essays, which first appeared in the *English Review* in September 1913, seems of more specialist interest. It certainly is that. The early essays were written during Frieda and Lawrence's elopement to Italy, their crossing of the Alps into Italy and their settling at Lake Garda, a journey in which they crossed the Rubicon into a permanent relationship. The essays traverse the same ground as does *Look! We Have Come Through!*, those poems of "the crisis" that takes place in a man "when he marries and comes into himself". Poems and essays often echo each other. Early in "The Theatre", for instance, Lawrence wonders at the courting rituals of the young men and women of Gargnano, who walk out together more lik<sup>TM</sup>e antagonists than lovers. In the poem "Sunday Afternoon in Italy" he describes the same painful constraint between the young, before concluding, with evident approval, that each is the champion of his or her sex: "Wreathe and enlap and anoint them! Behind separate doors."

Lawrence first wrote poems like "Sunday Afternoon in Italy" in 1912-13, but they were not published in *Look!* until 1917, just as the travel writings of 1912-13 were not collected in *Twilight in Italy* until 1916. But whereas the early versions of the essays survive in the *English Review*, most early versions of the poems were lost when the brown German notebook in which Lawrence kept his first poems to Frieda went missing. It is a theory of Mark Kinkead-Weekes, currently working on the second volume

of the three-tiered Cambridge biography of Lawrence, that the *Look!* poems should be read, not as the poems of the optimistic young man who eloped with Frieda, but as poems revised to reflect his bitter wisdom in 1917. Those with a specialist interest in the poems and Lawrence will look at the two versions of "The Theatre", and note that "Sunday Afternoon in Italy" is closer to the 1916 than the 1913 essay.

There are other, less specialist reasons for wanting both sets of essays collected in Eggert's Cambridge edition. In their *Twilight in Italy* form, the generalisations and digressions of the "Lago di Garda" essays seem to outweigh, sometimes preposterously, the observations on which they are based. It is possible to prefer the periodical versions with their freshness of response and humour. Revising during the War, Lawrence submerged these qualities beneath a philosophy and subjective history of ideas which expounded how Western civilisation came to be in its death-throes. Offered the roles of light-travelling travel writer or prophet, he chose the heavy part and was accused of having no sense of humour. What rather happened, confronted by the historical moment, was that Lawrence undervalued his sense of humour. Lawrence's earliest travel pieces, designed

as the triptych "In Fortified Germany", show that his first problem as a travel writer was how to balance description and reflection. The three essays, their order reconstructed by Eggert from documentary evidence, work the wrong way round: "The English and the Germans" is all pontificating about national characteristics; the second two essays supply the observation on which such generalisations might be allowed to stand.

The problem with the *Twilight* "Lago di Garda" essays is not that the generalisations outweigh the observed data: it is that they are not even based on those data, but on Lawrence's quarrel with Bertrand Russell and his reading of Heraclitus and Empedocles in Burnet's *Early Greek Philosophy*. When in "The Lemon Gardens" a reader is offered a glimpse of the dark interior of the house of a rich *padrone*, then plunged into seven pages of digression about the failure of European sensuality since the Renaissance, he is inclined, nay entitled, to feel disoriented. This reader feels that Percy Lubbock had justice on his side when he complained, in a review of *Twilight in Italy*, Lawrence "might have written a good book

about Italy if he had been content to ... see no more than he really saw. But he preferred the easier course of discovering the Infinite" (p. lxiii).

Eggert's notes teach a special sort of patience to my kind of reader. We must revalue the philosophical meditations in *Twilight*, not in context but as prefaces to *Women in Love*. Eggert aligns the variant endings of "The Lemon Gardens" to explain how the optimism of the last chapter of *The Rainbow* could be succeeded by the bleak extremity of *The Rainbow's* sequel. The extra versions in Eggert's

edition also allow a reader to recapture the travel book *Twilight in Italy* could have been, a precursor to the alertness and intellectual resourcefulness of *Sea and Sardinia* and *Mornings in Mexico*. But they also suggest a way of reading the essays, more as Menippean satire or postmodern medley, that is a valuable re-orientation of reading expectations for *Kangaroo* indeed, for all Lawrence's fiction, from *Women in Love* on.

In the decade of postmodern editing theory, of which Eggert is a leading exponent, the premises on which the Cambridge series of Lawrence's *Works* were launched can seem a little old-fashioned. Although early published versions of the *Twilight* essays survive, there is a relatively incom-

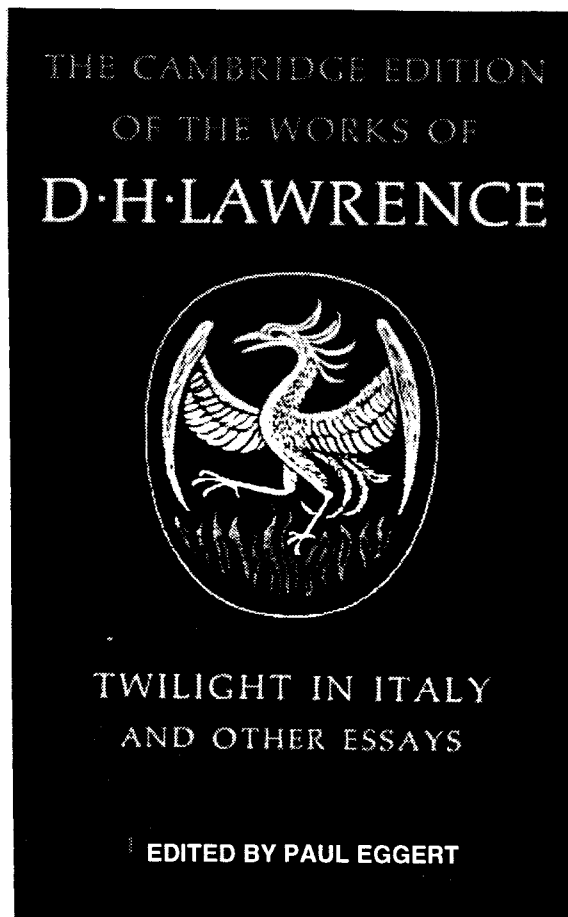
plete documentary record. In the case of the early *English Review* version of "The Theatre" for instance, manuscript (Roberts E294.5a) and periodical texts survive. When there are disparities between the two, the periodical text reading

**When a decent Italian ... put himself through the creepings and twistings of an unwholesome Dane, I disliked it.**

- while the manuscript has -

**When a decent Italian ... put himself through the creepings and twistings of an unwholesome Dane, I revolted. I saw the natural man of hot heart, crawling to an anaemic tune, and it made me sick.**

is the scholarly editor bound to suppose Lawrence revised in proof, or can he act on a suspicion that the revision sounds more like Austin Harrison's blue pencil than Lawrence's fountain pen at work? Eggert arrogates to the



Cont'd on p 14

## A Day Out on the Harbour

*Cont'd from p 1*

White Bay and Darling Harbour, then to Farm Cove, Elizabeth Bay and Darling Point. There was a pause for lunch in Athol Bay, then the cruise resumed to Mosman Bay and up-river to Greenwich, passing Cockatoo Island, then into Iron Cove, Mort Bay and anchorage at Rozelle Bay.

*Lady Hopetoun* still retains much of the style that she must have had when she conveyed VIPs about. The after-deck has an awning for protection from the sun, a long table, and large and comfortable cane chairs. At lunch the table was covered with a lace cloth, and adorned by a silver ice bucket for keeping the champagne chilled.

The weather gods co-operated by providing, in the middle of the cloudiest summer for 20 years, a day of unalloyed brilliance: cloudless, with a bright sun tempered by cooling breezes. Afloat on the water it was easy to believe that Sydney is the most fortunate of cities.

During the four-hour cruise, members could also reflect on what Lawrence/Somers and Frieda/Harriett thought about the Harbour, which to them redeemed an otherwise undistinguished cityscape.

**The sky had gone grey, and the low tableland into which the harbour intrudes squatted dark-looking and monotonous and sad, as if lost on the face of the earth...**

**Oh, but it's a wonderful harbour. What it must have been when it was first discovered! And now all those little dog-kennelly houses and everything.**

**The harbour with all those two-decker brown ferry boats sliding continuously from Circular Quay was an extraordinary place.**

**The inland sea of the harbour was all bustling with Sunday morning animation: and yet there seemed space and loneliness. The low coffee brown cliffs opposite, too low for cliffs, looked as silent and aboriginal as if white man had never come.**

It interesting to speculate what Lawrence would think of the 1995 version of Sydney, with the high-rises of the CBD, the notorious Cahill Expressway, the waterfront mansions of the rich, and the suburbs progressing relentlessly down to the Heads. Not a great deal, probably!

Members and guests who went on the cruise were: Robert Darroch, Sandra Jobson, John Lacey, John Ruffels, Beverley Burgmann, Andrew Moore, John Moulton, Lani Moulton, Robert Lee, Ceridwen Lee, John Rothwell, Sally Rothwell, Owen Archer, Robin Archer, and Margaret Jones.

The day was so successful that the exercise is likely to be repeated next year, with more "nooks and corners" to be explored.

- Margaret Jones



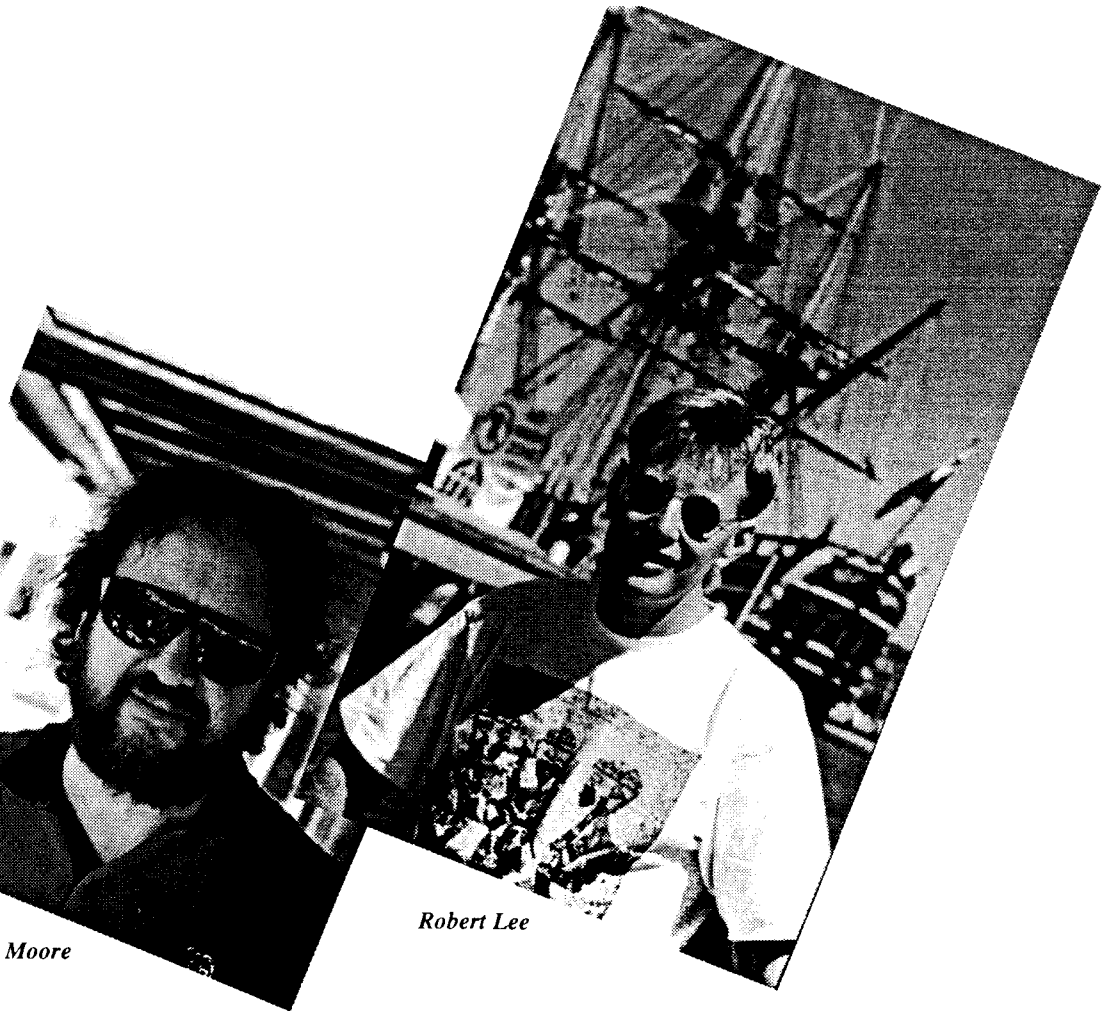
*The DHL Society aboard the Lady H*



*Margaret Jones and Beverley Burgmann*



*Andrew Moore*



*Robert Lee*

# *Lady Hopetoun*



*John Lacey*



*Rob Darroch and Sandra Jobson*

**Photographs: Robin Archer and the Lees**



*John and Lani Moulton*

## Andiamo!

Cont'd from p 11

editor, experienced in an author's habits of revision, the right to distinguish between plausibly Lawrentian revision and non- authorial intervention. He restores the manuscript reading. The postmodern editor avoids privileging one passage before another, representing both in his book or hypertext to emphasise the text's instability. The Cambridge edition, via its apparatus, offers readers the opportunity to check an editor's decisions, and to reconstruct any version, but presents an author's intended text in the reading text. Such an approach may be critically unfashionable, but in Lawrence's case it has seemed important to free the text from bowdlerism. The effort to restore what Lawrence wrote has had a further, theoretically unfashionable outcome. Freeing Lawrence from the tamperings of non-scholarly editors has produced aesthetically superior reading texts.

One of the few extant documents from the *Twilight* essays consists of two pages of carbon typescript from "The Lemon Gardens", heavily revised in autograph (Roberts E294.5b). Eggert's treatment of surviving manuscripts, joining hands with Helen Baron's intensive analysis of subtly different paper types in the shaggy and immense manuscript of *Sons and Lovers*, is thoroughly objective. The ingenious web of deductions he is able to hang from the surviving pages of the "Lemon Garden" typescript is a model of documentary scholarship that goes a long way towards restoring a picture of Lawrence's rewriting of this essay. CUP's textual analyses are not only yielding texts to carry Lawrence criticism into the next century but editions which will be essential points of departure for whatever new texts appear in the twenty-first century. Having outlined the transmission of "The Lemon Gardens", Eggert proceeds to question the textual status of the carbon typescript's autograph revisions. Although these supersede the text transmitted to the Duckworth edition, Lawrence made no effort to incorporate them in the edition. In Lawrence's case the "authorial processes of continuous revision" bestow an authority on the revised carbon typescript text which, Eggert argues (p. lxxiii), warrant adoption of it as base-text for his edition. Such hands-on editing, drawing objective and theoretical perspectives, is keeping the Cambridge edition to the fore of bibliographical practice.

To descend from the high altitude of editorial theory to more ordinary terrain, in the part of his introduction devoted to determining the essays' chronology of composition, Eggert shows that Lawrence revised the first four essays in *Twilight in Italy* August to September 1915. The last six essays, from "San Gaudenzio" on, relate the Lawrences' experiences on Lago di Garda in 1913 and Lawrence's trek across Switzerland in September of that

year. Nevertheless, all six essays were composed two to three years after the events, in September to October 1915. "San Gaudenzio" Lawrence composed and sent for typing on 11 September 1915, at the same time as, telling Lady Ottoline Morrell about sighting a Zeppelin above London, he protested, "It is only the new spring I care about, opening the hard little buds that seem like stone ... But first there is the shedding of the old, which is so slow and so difficult, like a sickness" (Letters, ii.388).

One hears those accents in the description with which "San Gaudenzio" opens, of the turning of the year by the Garda, in that prose paean which opens "In the autumn the little rosy cyclamens blossom in the shade ..." and closes with "the grape hyacinths" of spring, "purple as noon, with the heavy, sensual fragrance of noon" (pp. 154-55). These are two of the most beautiful pages to be found anywhere in Lawrence, and it is sobering to reflect he could produce such ecstatic prose, from memory, with the fatality of Europe hanging above his head. It was still two months to the banning of *The Rainbow*.

Yet even the closing essays of *Twilight in Italy*, in their own way an equally remarkable stylistic achievement - 35 pages of continuous down-beat, passing out of a Rhineland in which the Nibelung still seem possible, passing through exile and alienation, industrialism and militarism, till one enters a city where the mechanised modern world has totally prevailed - were completed before that personal blow fell, the suppression of Lawrence's finest work. Where in Lawrence's Australian novel can one find writing of equal beauty, or equal virtuosity? The answer I think is not necessarily that there is some failure of power in *Kangaroo*, but rather that the range of tones and styles is more various, and the effects more finely intercut. An alert reading of *Twilight in Italy* might lead to a reinterpretation of *Kangaroo* as a primer of different rhetorics, topographical and political, which the novel's anti-hero is slower to learn than this strange novel's reader can afford to be.

Eggert's new edition makes a far greater contribution to our knowledge of Lawrence than most full-length monographs and is something more than a theoretically aware demonstration of editing practice. It is an edition which offers the non-specialist reader the opportunity to arrive at a new critical understanding of Lawrence's work, and the specialist the means to apply Eggert's exciting findings more widely.

- Christopher Pollnitz

[The Editor gratefully records that Dr Pollnitz has rewritten and expanded his review of *Kangaroo and Twilight in Italy and Other Essays* published in *The Australian* (Higher Education Supplement, 1 March 1995, p. 28.) for this edition of *Rananim*. Dr Pollnitz gracefully agreed to a very difficult deadline to allow publication in this issue - and he submitted it on a disc which was easily converted.]



# Lawrentian Places



Drawing by Paul Delprat

## Taos, New Mexico

*Not every Lawrentian gets to see South Taos  
from the point of view of kids with conjunctivitis.*

*A dirt road pushed through blocks of sage-dust towards the  
expectation of yet more newcomers  
to the motels and galleries, the snow and hot springs, the  
white water and shopping -  
a road graded to a low-set bright-windowed concrete-and-  
adobe emplacement*

*of a G.P.'s clinic.  
She seems blonde, flustered and two hours behind her schedule  
of Hispanic and Indian kids,  
but when she takes time out on her last appointment  
to fill out cards and then to fill in context,  
we all begin understanding - my daughters are real neat  
despite their eyes -  
and eventually leave  
with scripts for antibiotics and a new-found reverence  
for that unstoppable, miraculous, twanging spring,  
American chat.*

*Too soon for the antibiotic, it must be excitement, no dammit  
it's the air*

*lifts the stinging veils from my daughters' eyes  
to follow their Indian guide on their Indian ponies  
prancing out from the Pueblo into the foothills  
where the cottonwoods start but still the desert flowers  
spark underfoot underhoof in the burrowed dust  
our bums bounce painfully over.*

*We get these Australian films at the Plaza ... You ever see  
The Man from Snowy River?*

*Ah, there is loaded speech as well as silence  
on the Reservation. We collapse, disarmed, in laughter,  
the stable dog grins ear to ear  
wearing a dead prairie-dog moustache,  
and bushwhacked by his coolhand, bareback, laidback  
mateship we trail with our guide*

*back to the corral a good hour late (again!) from a one-hour  
ride.*

*Water secretly spun from the sombre mountains  
and laid like a magic ribbon across the high plain,  
air by some alchemy sun-purified  
but not heated: you don't sweat, don't even burn.  
He came here shuddering and burning, pale as a Christus  
from Mexico and the grind of a failed novel,  
he came back dying and, undoctored, the place healed him.*

*At first he lay idle on the cabin's little veranda,  
nothing moving, except the hand across the page;  
later supervised raising an oven, purifying the well,  
summoning fire and water; and by summer was trying  
his hand at a little carpentry- knocked together  
a throne of a chair from which to survey the ranch  
he'd been given for the manuscript of Sons and Lovers.  
Carpentry, lad? Have you seen The Life of Jesus?  
He might have cracked a grin then at his father's ghost  
tinkering just around the veranda side; but instead in  
September  
he sailed for Southampton ...*

*Why did he go? He asked himself. - Was it boredom? But he,  
of the generation of Berryman's parents, had inner resources,  
he had a reserve that could make the desert bloom.  
For good talk? Yes, he loved that but he found it  
as much with ranchers as the demi-monde.  
No, in the end he went to see his niece and sisters,  
drink a little good wine and dance a danse macabre  
he had conceived of. He chose the painted, cracked face  
of Europe for partner in the quadrille, and stepped out,  
lifting her hand,  
making believe he was the healthy one.*

- Christopher Pollnitz



# A Literary Stoush

*“STOUSH: a fight, spat or kerfuffle (Aust)” - Robert Darroch reports*

**A**s Andrew Moore remarked in our last issue, we Australians relish a good literary stoush. And it seems that we have one on our hands.

In our expanded *Letters* section (renamed “A Battle of Tongues” for this issue) will be found a letter from Humphrey McQueen, the eminent academic and sometime columnist for the *Australian* newspaper.

Humphrey is upset over several references to him in recent issues of *Rananim*. The references concerned Humphrey’s reaction to an article originally published in the *New York Review of Books*.

The article was by Pierre Ryckmans, writing under his *nom-de-plume* Simon Leys. (Ryckmans, a member of our Society, is a former Professor of Chinese Studies at Sydney University, a distinguished novelist, and a regular contributor to the *NYRB*. He lives in active retirement in Canbarra.)

The lengthy *NYRB* article, published in April last year, was headed, not unimaginatively, “Lawrence of Australia”. In it Ryckmans put up the proposition that our understanding cannot properly absorb the truth of a land until a poet or artist interprets it for us. He then examined how Lawrence had interpreted Australia in *Kangaroo*.

His approach was unabashedly laudatory, remarking early on that in *Kangaroo* Lawrence created an evocation of Australia “which, to this day, has not been equalled in literature”. He proceeded to outline the novel’s plot (explaining that it was not one of Lawrence’s most-read novels) and remarked that many Australians seemed to harbour hostile feelings about the novel, regarding it

as fanciful, slapdash and a sham.

Ryckmans then pointed to the irony that, according to modern research (and here he mainly cited - giving generous acknowledgement - my 1981 book, *D.H. Lawrence in Australia*), the novel was not fanciful at all, but a surprisingly accurate portrait of Australia in the early 1920s.

He next examined other portraits of Australia, from Swift to Conrad, finding them shallow and unperceptive. Returning to *Kangaroo*, he showed how, on the other hand, Lawrence had captured the very essence of Australia and its people.

In fact the article in substance was mainly a homage to what Lawrence wrote in *Kangaroo*, and it concluded with another long quote from the novel, the last words of which were:

**No wonder Australians love Australia. It is the land that as yet has made no great mistake, humanly. The horrible human mistakes of Europe. And, probably, the even worse human mistakes of America.**

Ryckmans had put very little of his own opinions into the piece, apart from generally agreeing with what Lawrence said about Australia. One might have imagined that it would have raised few hackles back in Australia. The *NYRB* is not one of our better-read journals - in fact you would be hard put even to find a copy of it in the State Library in Sydney. (I know - I tried.) However, a copy of this issue definitely reached the desk of Humphrey McQueen.

Two weeks after the *NYRB* article was published, Humphrey devoted his *Australian* column to an attack on Ryckmans (taking a sideswipe at me in passing).

Humphrey began by quoting Lee

Kuan Yew (“the Singapore standover merchant”) regarding peddling stereotypes. Lee, however, could be excused - unlike “cultural cringers” like Ryckmans, who had lived in Australia long enough “to realise he is not surviving on the dark side of the moon”.

Humphrey said the article “served up the tiredest and most tendentious clichés about our landscape and our national character”. But what shocked him more was what he described as Ryckmans’ “flapdoodle” in vaunting *Kangaroo* above home-grown fiction, something he described as “just the most recent example of the belittling of Australian writers with the claim that the drop-in Lawrence did it better than any colonial lad or lass”.

Humphrey defended Australians against Ryckmans’ accusation that they didn’t like *Kangaroo*. He said the initial reaction to the novel in Australia had been “more even-handed” than Ryckmans made out. He said Ryckmans was using the novel “to reduce the dynamics and complexities in Australian life, landscape and literature to a single and fixed set of images”. And he added: “Taking *Kangaroo* as a source for 1990s Australia is as helpful and using Pearl Buck’s 1931 *The Good Earth* to explain contemporary China.”

He was particularly caustic on Ryckmans’ reliance on the Darroch theory that Lawrence had come across a real secret army in Sydney in 1922. He said: “Since Darroch advanced his hypothesis, reviews and articles have pointed up the holes in his case. Even Darroch has side-stepped. [Ryckmans] is now alone in accepting Darroch without qualification.”

Humphrey's attack must have caught the eye of someone at the *Australian*, for the following week the paper's Weekend Review section was led by a truncated version of the *NYRB* article, this time under the author's real byline. The article picked up Ryckmans' point about native hostility to the novel, captioning a picture of Lawrence as: "Raw nerves: Lawrence stayed just three months, but the book he produced still unsettles Australian readers".

But the burden of the presentation followed the tone of the original *NYRB* article. The "blurb" that went with it said: "The amazing fact is that, during his brief stay in Sydney, he had stumbled upon a momentous political conspiracy that at the time entirely escaped the awareness of the public".

**H**umphrey's attack also came to the notice of Peter Craven, who, too, writes for the *Australian*, where he has a literary column in its Higher Education section. He agreed with Humphrey that Ryckmans had gone over the top in praising *Kangaroo* above other works, such as Patrick White's *Tree of Man*. But he added: "Still, it is ludicrous to describe [Ryckmans'] piece as 'flapdoodle'...or to suggest that it is the result of ignorance of any other writing about Australia....He might also bear in mind that [Ryckmans] is a significant writer of fiction himself. His novella *The Death of Napoleon* has probably received more international attention than anything else written here for years...".

The *Australian* article attracted other attention. Writing to the editor on May 20, Robyn Ravlich, producer of a radio program The Listening Room, said she had read Ryckmans' article with great interest, but was surprised "to find no mention or acknowledgement of the significant and ground-breaking research on this subject by Robert Darroch, Joe Davis and John Ruffels - perhaps the most amazing researcher of all".

But Humphrey had another cannon to fire off. In the July issue of the ABC Radio magazine *24 Hours* he had a second go at Ryckmans. The accompanying blurb set the scene. Referring to the original article, and noting the "disputes" that had arisen over "the insightfulness and accuracy of Lawrence's picture of this country", it said that Humphrey would "unstitch" Ryckmans' "reduction of Australia's national environments [sic] and national character to single, immutable types".

Fortunately, Humphrey's prose was, as it always is, a trifle more limpid than this. But he did bite the hand that at least provided some of his sustenance. "More disturbing," he wrote, referring to the "inaccuracies" in the original *NYRB* article, "was the replication of such an ill-researched article by the *Weekend Australian*".

Humphrey described Ryckmans article as "a 7000-word piece cobbled together with slabs from *Kangaroo*, hyperbole masquerading as aesthetics, and outdated historical analyses". He soon, however, warms to his task: "Had [Ryckmans'] essay come from an undergraduate, a professor in Australian studies would have sent it back to be rewritten." Stern stuff. He adds: "The expanse of research about Lawrence in Australia, which [Ryckmans] bypassed, demonstrates the falsity" [of an assumption that] "a study of Australia can be got up by dipping into a novel here and a newspaper there, as Lawrence did."

Then Humphrey, like the good journalist he also is, gets to the nub of the matter. He goes on: "At the crux of the current debate about the fact or fiction of *Kangaroo* is Lawrence's account of a right-wing secret army operating in Sydney, its leader known by the novel's title." He then explains that early criticism of the novel dismissed any factual basis for such a secret army. He goes on: "...more recent scholars, led by Dr Andrew Moore of the University of Western Sydney, have traced the pedigree of those secret armies back to the Great War, if not earlier. Historians now accept that the

politics in Lawrence's *Kangaroo* had its sub-stratum of fact."

Next he has a dig at "the academic sceptics" (by whom he means primarily Professor Bruce Steele, editor of the CUP edition of *Kangaroo*). "One line of reluctance [to accept any factual background to *Kangaroo*] is that decent chaps do not plot to overthrow elected governments," he says. "For example, in a 1989 review for the *Sydney Morning Herald*, Associate Professor A.P. Reimer doubted the extent of such right-wing forces. After interviewing descendants of the Friend family, one of Lawrence's neighbours in Thirroul, Reimer reported that they had been 'upright, gentlemanly and for their time tolerant people, hardly the stuff that right-wing revolutionaries are made of'. Notwithstanding Reimer's credulity, Mr W.S. Friend's name was listed as a member of the 'Pacific Highway nucleus' of the Old Guard."

He then refers to Steele directly. "A second kind of resistance from literary scholars derives from their fear that historians want to deny Lawrence's imagination and thus reduce *Kangaroo* to investigative reporting. This position centres on Monash Professor Bruce Steele, whose annotated edition of *Kangaroo* for the Cambridge University Press has been 'forthcoming' for many years. Steele's text might have appeared sooner had not a pack of historians and journalists added problems to those of piecing together the variant punctuation." [Little did Humphrey realise when he wrote those, rather unkind, words how much the question of a full-stop would come to haunt Professor Steele (see my also forthcoming article, "Not the End of the Story" re the Curious Incident of the Missing Full-stop).]

Then Humphrey had a direct dig at me. Mentioning that I was "the journalist who did most to draw attention to the immediate circumstances written up by Lawrence", he went on to say that "In 1981, Darroch published a slim book on Lawrence

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## A Literary Stoush

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in Australia that did his cause more harm than good, because what he began by deeming to be a 'provisional hypothesis' he soon trumpeted as rock-solid proof."

Humphrey rightly points out that some of what Ryckmans said in versions of his article is outdated. Ryckmans was relying, at least for the "factual" elements in his article, on my 1981 book, which in some respects is now incorrect and superseded (though the gravamen of the original "provisional reconstruction" remains very much intact). But Humphrey is quite correct to say that the "Darroch Thesis" is still speculation, not proven fact. It should be pointed out, however, that Humphrey himself is not fully up to speed with some of the latest research, thus in accusing Ryckmans of not being up to date with post-1981 developments is acting a little like the proverbial defamatory pot.

Humphrey is quite thoughtful, unlike some other commentators (such as A.D. Hope), on Lawrence's simplifications and generalisations in *Kangaroo*. He says Lawrence "regurgitates clichés"...the men are taciturn, the bush primeval, and so on. And Lawrence does. But Humphrey here is as guilty as one of our own Great Australian Stereotypes, the chauvinist who assumes that what a stranger says represents his constant considered opinion, then castigates him for it. Lawrence changed his mind about the Australian people and their landscape, both in the course of the novel and after. His last (recorded) word on these subjects was delivered in France, many years later, to the Australian publisher and polemicist P.R. Stephensen, who was himself thinking of writing a novel of Australia, and wondered what he could say better than Lawrence had in *Kangaroo*. Lawrence told him to go ahead and write what he thought: "I would hate to think what I said [in *Kangaroo*] was the last word on the subject," he told "Inky".

After reading Humphrey's second

attack on Ryckmans, I was moved to write him a note, defending Ryckmans and pointing out that he was not, like Ryckmans, aware of the latest research. I enclosed for his information a copy of a forthcoming article on "The Case for the Darroch Thesis" to be published in the *D.H. Lawrence Review* in America.

Humphrey replied, in part: "I have spent the past three days re-reading the corpus of books and articles [on *Kangaroo* and secret armies, etc] and come away still unconvinced by the Scott-Lawrence encounter. I would like it to be true, but your style keeps me alert to the special pleading in your case...I am left with the suspicion that you have cried Proof! too often. The footnoteable fact is always just within your reach. Yet it eludes you as it did 18 years ago."

**H**owever, Humphrey's attack also brought Ryckmans out of his retirement den. He wrote a long reply, first to the *Australian* - which declined to publish it - then to *24 Hours*, which published it in part (*24 Hours* declined to publish my response). Ryckmans' main point was that Humphrey had attacked him for saying what he had not said. "Mr McQueen finds fault with my knowledge of Australian history: he could as well find fault with my knowledge of nuclear physics - the trouble is that I never attempted to express views in either discipline." Ryckmans added. "...my intention was not to analyse the plot of *Kangaroo*, nor to discuss the issues on which Mr McQueen is now exerting himself so hotly; I simply summarised Lawrence's novel, as well as Robert Darroch's historical investigations (reference to the latter was unfortunately omitted from the *Australian* reprint of my article), in order to provide my readers with the basic information...to achieve my purpose - ...to explore an aspect of literary creation: how does poetic imagination invent reality?"

Ryckmans emphasised that his point was that creative writers, such

as those he cited at the start of his *NYRB* article (Segalen on Peking and Michaux on Ecuador), succeed in capturing what only poets could grasp: the Spirit of Place "which is at once more elusive and more enduring than historical circumstances" - and which Lawrence also captured in *Kangaroo*. He said that Lawrence in *Kangaroo* summed up his own personal feelings about "the land in which I happily struck root many years ago", and he cited Lawrence

**The frail, aloof, inconspicuous clarity of the landscape was like a sort of heaven...**

Humphrey was not the only person to take umbrage at Ryckmans' *NYRB* piece. Publisher Tom Thompson, whose Imprint imprint was responsible for the most recent (the CUP edition excepted) Australian edition of *Kangaroo*, also wrote to the *NYRB*, pointing out that Ryckmans had not mentioned in his *Kangaroo* article the new Imprint edition, also pointing out that the Darroch "theory" had been superseded by more recent research.

And so we come down to the present day. Ryckmans believes that Humphrey over-reacted because of his (Ryckmans') criticism of the Peking regime ("the murderous madness of his totalitarian idols") and his "usurpation" of a topic - Australian culture - that "should rightfully belong exclusively to him". Humphrey thinks Ryckmans is in ignorance of, and has insulted, Australian intellectual life. And he denies "personal squabbling" with Ryckmans (whose books he has "never read").

Such is the stuff of which a good literary stoush is made. Any further contributions will be gratefully received and submitted to the Editor for possible inclusion in this modest journal, devoted to, as Humphrey commented - probably justly - on how many kangaroos can be balanced on "the points of RSL pins". Wait a minute, Humphrey might have an extra point. Is it just coincidence - or did Lawrence leave a clue there? Of course! RSL - Richard Somers Lovatt!

# A Battle of Tongues

*The Editor has received so many interesting letters that he has decided to expand the Letters page in this issue into a Readers' Forum, borrowing one of Lawrence's chapter headings in Kangaroo as a title for the section (as usual ... indicates excisions from the original)*

## Lawrence a Stirrer

May I congratulate you on the sharp interest and engaging presentation of the current issue of *Rananim*?... Like Lawrence himself, the articles were highly thought-provoking. I was, for instance, moved to go back to Michael Cathcart's *Defending the National Tuckshop*. He seems to accept the Darroch thesis unreservedly- but fails as far as I could judge to come up with any corroborative evidence of his own.

What a stirrer Lawrence was! More than seventy years on he still agitates the phlegmatic Australian psyche!- or some Australians at least. I have lent this issue to one very interested reader (our son Axel Clark) and photocopied it *in toto* for another.

- Dymphna Clark



## Freighter Deleted

Thank you very much for your great kindness...I corresponded with Miss Helen Corke for twenty years until her death...On the 8th of March I gave the last lecture "On a Nippon steamer which DHL saw in the port of Sydney" to many a teacher and student. They listened to me with much interest.

I have not known the two different kinds of *Kangaroo* because I have been reading it in the Heinemann edition. When was the CUP *Kangaroo* published? Why did Dr Steele omit any mention of the ill-fated Yoshiro maru from his text?

I should like to compare the two editions if I can get the CUP.

As for *Kangaroo*, I think that it is

an important novel. I regard it as a sort of political novel, and yet I can't find a way to his darkness and dark god...

Lastly, I want to join your society, so I will send \$ A50 to you before the end of this month...

- Taiji Okada



## Humph Says Hrrumph!

I have only today, 29 March 1995, seen copies of your journal where you refer to the article I published in *24 Hours* in rebuttal of Pierre Ryckman's article on *Kangaroo*.

The first mention in the June 1994 issue was puzzling because it described my piece as 'a vitriolic anti-Lawrence riposte' which it had never crossed my mind to pen.

Not until I read the second mention did I decide to set the record straight. In the October 1994 issue, your gossip columnist wrote: 'Apparently the McQueen/Ryckmans enmity goes back some way, they having crossed swords over the nature of the regime in Beijing.'

Enmity is again an inappropriate word since I have no recollection of ever having met Ryckmans though I had seen him in Canberra in the early 1970s. I visited his Canberra house while it was occupied by an in-law of his who is a friend of mine, and so it is possible that we once were introduced but if so that would have been a formal occasion and not one for disputation. So far as I recall, we have never spoken and, until his Lawrence article, we had not crossed swords in print or orally.

From what I understand to be Ryckman's view we would have

disagreed about the Beijing regime for the same reason as I find his wish to exclude most existing students at Australian universities to be offensive. But we have not crossed swords over China, if only because I have never read any of his books. That omission might be a fault but it is a fact.

Given the propensity of your contributors to balance kangaroos on the point of RSL pins, I send this letter because if the record is not set straight one of your kind in the year 2065 will be using your slovenliness as proof of Mao knows what about either Ryckmans or myself.

One important point does need to be made. The assumption behind your par is that my motive in rebutting Ryckmans was other than indignation at his ignorance and insult to Australian intellectual life. However, if your reduction of such a dispute to personal squabbling is widespread in this country, I might yet owe Ryckmans an apology.

- Humphrey McQueen

(See "A Literary Stoush" p 16)



## Wyewurk Visitors

Many thanks for sending Volume 3 No 1 of *Rananim*. I've just read it from cover to cover with the greatest of interest. One or two points first of all. On page 9 you mention Joan King. She is Lawrence's younger niece (not his sister!) who visited Wyewurk the year she retired and took some stunning photographs. She and I put on a programme for the [UK] DHL Society of her slides and

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## Readers' Forum

### A Battle of Tongues

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commentary plus my readings a few years ago...She sent a contribution to the "Friends of Wyewurk" at the beginning of the battle for Wyewurk and then heard no more. Do you think you could send a copy to Professor Okada? ....It was quite fascinating to realise that I had to look up the reference in my old Penguin edition, realising that it was not in the CUP one. Actually I wrote to Bruce saying how much I enjoyed the character of "Norbett" in the alternative ending and Bruce said he was sorry not to be able to print it in the text...

Another literary visitor to Wyewurk whose name would have gone in the Visitors' Book if there had been one is Toby Foxlee, Australian Dambuster...who accompanied me to Wyewurk in March 1978 ...He was a gunner in Mick Martin's all-Australian crew. I feel very glad that the debate about Rosenthal and company is now being fully conducted as I always thought that there was too much credence given to the Darroch thesis.

- Rosemary Howard



### DHL's Niece at Wyewurk

Thank you very much for sending me the copy of your journal *Rananim*, at the request of Rosemary Howard, which I have found very interesting and so well produced. I wish I could have joined your party on the cruise around the Harbour on the steam-powered yacht, it sounded idyllic and I trust it was successful.

Of course I was most interested in the article on Wyewurk and the Visitors' Book. At the time of my visit to Wyewurk in October 1981, the Visitors' Book would be long since gone and I didn't gain access to the house. I had been on an 11 week holiday in Australia with a Sydney friend and she and I went by train to

Thirroul and more or less by accident went up the little path from the beach to find ourselves actually in Wyewurk's garden, which was a great thrill. Everything was so exactly as described by my Uncle- the train journey, the station, the football field, the coast, rocks and especially the House, Garden and the View. It seemed magical that so little had changed from his descriptions. I took some beautiful slides which were remarkable in their similarity with 1922 pictures. It was a most beautiful and memorable day.

I only wish that a satisfactory conclusion could be found to the Wyewurk problem in order that its many pilgrims need not be "uninvited".

- Joan King



### Student Appreciation

...Although I cannot attend the functions of the Society due to the vagaries of being a full time University student in Adelaide, I appreciate contact through *Rananim*.. The journal is an interesting and informative one which deepens my understanding of the life and work of D.H. Lawrence- a great writer...

- Darriel Jeffree



### PC, Lady C and DHL

I neither particularly desire nor expect the publication of this letter, as CD-ROMs, floppy/hard disks, indeed that whole caboodle, are quite beyond me (I shall not dwell on the irony of a society purportedly dedicated to our century's chief enemy of standardisation apparently succumbing to the present time's chief example of standardisation). I simply thought that a few comments on each of a couple of currently popular topics might conceivably be of some help, however small.

The topics are:

1) "Political correctness" used as a weapon against DHL

2) Phallic symbolism

1) I am surprised at *Rananim*'s apparently high level of concern, expressed in all sorts of both significant and less significant ways, about a "politically correct" backlash against DHL. I simply fail to see any significance in "politically correct" literature or literary criticism, which are not properly speaking literature or criticism at all.

On the other hand, among independently-minded writers (ie, the only writers who matter) I am constantly bumping into appreciative comments concerning DHL. without even particularly looking for such appreciation, as my tastes are reasonably "eclectic", and by no means confined to DHL.

The Society will surely be well aware of the appreciation expressed by such independent luminaries as Judith Wright, Patrick White and Manning Clark, so I shall not dwell on these. Rather I shall deal below with a notable exception from out of these sages of the past.

I would simply like for now to mention two current examples of people from various walks of life who, because of their respective independent outlooks, have been able to appreciate DHL. The first is Andrew Reimer, the critic, and the second Philip Drew, the architectural historian.

Andrew Reimer's book *Inside Outside: life between Two Worlds* (1992) mentions DHL's *Kangaroo*, albeit briefly, as a prime example of the consideration of the intrinsically insuperable difficulties involved in a European's adjustment to the realities of the continent of Australia. As it happens, I am in the same boat, in this regard.

I hope that the Society is aware of Philip Drew's work- most specifically *Veranda: Embracing Place* (1992), and now *The Coast Dwellers: A Radical Reappraisal of Australian Identity* (1994). In his own way Drew contrasts European "inwardness" and Australian "outwardness" and en route has a great deal to say

## Memories of 1922

about DHL. His work is especially worthy of the consideration of the Society.

I would be interested to discover whether the Tim Winton, who was capable of the heightened "sense of place" (yes I adhere roughly to Joseph Davis' interpretation of *Kangaroo*) which is so characteristic of his West Australian "travel" book, *Lana's Edge* (1993), was in any way influenced by the same quality as it appears in DHL. So far I have failed to discover any direct evidence of such an influence.

2) My first theme is not wholly unconnected with this second, as I mentioned above that I would deal with a certain "exception," who happened to be himself capable of vivid phallic symbolism. I refer to A.D.Hope.

Hope is indeed the "black sheep" in the aforementioned category of truly independent writers. To some extent it is incomprehensible that he apparently took such a violent dislike to DHL, as mentioned in Dr. Davis' book.

Since DHL's phallic aspect and Lady C have loomed large again of late, I take the opportunity to suggest, as an outsider seeking to adjust to antipodean life and culture, that Hope has travelled furthest in providing a parallel to Lady C. I refer to Hope's recent *Orpheus* collection 1991, and in particular to the poem "Teaser Rams". I find it hard to believe that Hope could have written poems like this without some prior contact with Lady C. I like to think, therefore, that maybe the ageing Hope mellowed in his attitude towards DHL. Certainly such poems immediately "rang bells" with me.

I admit that I have not even begun to scratch the surface in my quest for detailed parallels between these two writers in their phallic aspect. For the moment I can only draw the most superficially general parallels—both writers undertook an early apprenticeship involving sexual symbolism (*Sons and Lovers*, and Hope's collection *The Wandering Islands* 1955); both attained a final phallic maturity in the (late) evening of their respective lives (although one is

virtually twice the age of the other); finally, both happened to relish to an extreme degree the role of the polemical pamphleteer, even though Hope directed some small portion of his ire against DHL himself.

I return in closing to the question: why did Hope take such a bitter dislike to *Kangaroo*? Perhaps, if my contention of a similarity between these two writers has any grain of truth in it, this is a classic case of warfare between two forceful personalities which were akin in temperament.

- Mark ("Jack") Southwell  
[See "Bits" p 23]



## Cultural Cringe?

Thank you for the *Rananim* and your letter. I'm puzzled as to why this latter sounds almost hostile, as if I somehow owned or fired the "canon" you pun against.

If you've got a DHL Society then you must have a lot of academic members whom you could ask about the scholarly critical status of DHL's Aust writings. Why ask me? I don't give much of a toss whether *Kangaroo* is the first great Oz novel, whatever that means.

I think it's a very interesting roman a these about Australia at one period, not least because of its total condescension towards Aust. rural people and its typically Pom lickspittle put down of the proletarian strength of that Australia and initiate the danger of such a model to British class-culture, sort of Kingsley written more slapdash, but in a colloquial that hasn't yet faded too much to flatter anti-proletarian intellectuals. DH also looked silly on that camel, but his marrying the Red Baron was dead clever.

- Les M. (urray)  
(Literary Editor of *Quadrant*)



In 1922 I was only eleven, in my first year at Fort Street Boys High, so any "political memories" of 1921-1922 could not be genuine memory...but I do remember clearly "the big picture" so to speak at the time of my leaving Camperdown Primary School to start high school further up Parramatta Rd at Taverner's Hill, Petersham... And I certainly retain the clearest of recollections of regularly reading *The Bulletin* (my father always brought it home on a Wednesday), and the *Sun* and *Herald*; and in those days the May Day procession and the Eight Hour Day procession (October) were big events that left impressions. And the RSSIL sure commanded attention on April 25. In my mind's eye I can still see the stickers on the lampposts in the streets of Camperdown, Newtown and along Parramatta Road "Free the IWW". The names of Donald Grant and Jock Garden got embodied in the mind. Later in the 20's I'd hear them, as well as the loquacious A D Kay, in the Domain on a Sunday afternoon. Years later my path would cross all three....

As to my letter I sent to the *Australian*, I don't think there is much I can add; remember, we're trying to pinpoint what were just passing events of over 60 years ago, in the early thirties, and I mulled them over with Joe Davis when I called on him at Thirroul and walked with him around the "Lawrence House" and along the beach below. Everything I could recall about what a cheeky young 21-22 year old impecunious week-end bush walker did without any thought of recording his trappings and intellectual curiosity for posterity. The bare facts are that in the early 30's there was near Thirroul station a roadside hoarding or billboard which proclaimed "JACK CALLCOTT ESTATE AGENT". I saw it, at dusk on a Sunday evening, tired and cranky through having taken a wrong track and getting back to the railway line at Thirroul instead of Lilyvale. I

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## Readers' Forum

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dozed (as usual) in the crowded uncomfortable railway carriage. The name Callcott for some obscure reason kept intruding upon my youthful reverie. I was a young public servant who over the years 1927, 1928, 1929 1930 performed "the impossible" and completed the full 4 year degree course for my B.Ec in competition with the full time day students and graduated with honours and first place. Pardon the boasting but it explains a lot. I was the youngest ever graduate, still only 19 in my fourth year, but as an evening student always in the company of those, mostly, 5-10 years my senior in years. But being at the top and getting "distinction" each year was accepted as one of the "oldies"....

So, to resume, at Mockbell's coffee den, next to the old Theatre Royal, in Castlereagh Street (downstairs) I was, by the onset of the Depression, "IN" so to speak with the collection of intellectuals, artists, political activists, "characters" (and cranks) who came for their coffee and wheatmeal biscuits and cheese for four pence; and games of dominoes and chess on the marble top tables; and endless talk, talk, talk about anything... rubbing shoulders with the harsh wide world and growing political awareness because of the depression news and the fact that my public service duties touched closely upon them... all this widened my reading....Bertrand Russell, Shaw, Wells, Aldous Huxley, Steinbeck etc etc, and of course D.H. Lawrence. I've recounted [in the *Australian letters*] how curiosity led to another visit to Thirroul (the Sherlock Holmes reflections that Mullumbimby 500 miles north didn't add up with the train ride described in *Kangaroo* and the mention of Como en route; then the thought that the name Callcott might be more than just coincidence; and that the imaginary novelist might well have looked at a map of NSW, glanced in the opposite direction to where he'd

travelled and hit upon a nice satisfying "Aussie" looking name; and not knowing a thing about north coast geography more than likely jumped to the erroneous assumption that Mullumbimby was on the coast. Think about it. A small scale map would easily deceive, with the name, being a long one, running over the line of the coast. DHL probably thought that he was being very clever. The young 21 year old AD thought he'd be clever too. Another trip to Thirroul with a copy of *Kangaroo*, with slips of paper at various pages, notes and queries etc. and cross references. Then tramping from the station seawards and up and down the beach. Remember that in 1932 it was mostly bush and scrub. And THE HOUSE stood out like a sore finger. And I knew I'd "struck gold" "when I saw the word WYEWURK on the top rail of the gate. The house was locked up. I had to get back to the train. Later I confided my convictions to a close friend. We made another trip, not on a Sunday this time but a Saturday. We were very secretive! We asked a woman in Callcott's was there any chance that the house by the beach called Wyewurk might be available for rent, how much and so on. No. It was let. She did not seem impressed by two young men with hiking packs. Could we look inside? Go and ask. We did. A fairly elderly lady, who seemed at the time to be on her own, was not very co-operative. A few probing questions convinced me that the name Lawrence meant nothing to her. I concocted a "whopper" that an uncle of mine had written that a friend of his had told him about having stayed years ago at the house and for some legal reason he'd like to be absolutely sure; and could I check, not just the outside, but a few things inside that only someone who'd actually been inside would know and be able to describe. I doubt whether we spent more than a few minutes looking out of windows on to the beach and peeping from the doorways into a couple of rooms. But as by this time we knew almost by heart the relevant passages in *Kangaroo*

that we'd marked, we were certain of our conclusions. The lady was obviously nervous. We were polite young men. The rest is in my published letter.

Of course after the publication of Frieda Lawrence's memoir ["Not I But the Wind"] later in the thirties, the "Thirroul secret" became if not "general knowledge", at least known to the literati. I can honestly say I never gave much thought thereafter to my 1932 brush with Wyewurk. Joe Davis's little book seems to me to cover all that can or need be said. One REAL coincidence may interest you. At page 160 in Davis' book, he reproduces the post card Lawrence sent to Mrs Forrester at "Khartoum", 206 Australia St. Camperdown. Would you believe it? From 1914 to 1922 Mr and Mrs Date and their seven children (the youngest one Albert Date 1911- ) resided at Number 198 Australia Street, just four doors away from the Forresters. I knew the house called Khartoum quite well and played often in its grounds. It was a much grander house than ours, standing in its own spacious block. Our old house is still there.

- Albert Date



### Further to My First Letter

...Your mention of Leavis prompts me to express a little of my own ambivalent attitude towards him (a not uncommon sort of attitude, I suspect). I am grateful chiefly for his work on C20 writing- more specifically, for highlighting Lawrence (I encountered Lawrence originally through Leavis), as well as the obscure writer T.F.Powys, and for exposing the impoverishment of most other 20th century writing.

On the other hand I now find his debunking of Spencer, Milton and certain other writers most shortsighted. Moreover, I regard the



criticism of Tennyson by Australia's own unjustly neglected poet, Charles Harpur, as being far more sensible and level-headed than the equivalent criticism on the part of Leavis. How can today's teenagers possibly be expected to leapfrog straight to Lawrence over the void left by a romantic body of literature which formerly provided a crucial first step, but is now frowned upon by Leavis and subsequent critics? Leavis may unwittingly even have driven more people in despair into our zombie age.

I am not really a phallocrat. Indeed the phallus-obsessed make an error remarkably similar to that of the wowsers. The former make the phallus in effect the source of all good, the latter the source of all evil. I would go so far as to say that in my view C20 literature has been wrecked by this polarization, in large part.

Rather I intend to ask questions which we tend to shirk: what is this Australia? Is it just more than highways, high-rise, and mobile phones? What has Lawrence's own stumbling on something outward and objective at last (even if elusive at the same time, like Melville's whale), namely the "continent of the kangaroo", to contribute towards this debate? Surely we do not want to leave this sort of question to the journalists, even to the Donald Hornes alone. Maybe what we currently hear are the rumblings of a "sleeping giant", a phrase more commonly applied to China.

Or are we inextricably caught up in the global (pseudo) problems of the '90's? I suggest that by reading Thoreau in particular we can immediately sense what has been lost in the past century, and what added to the lumber of that which complicates life.

Both Lawrence and Thoreau would understand Jeremiah's criticism of a certain self-seeking individualism, which has culminated supremely in our Anglo-Saxon philistinism: "Do you seek Great things for yourself? Seek them not."

- Mark ("Jack") Southwell

# Bits...

British heartthrob Hugh Grant ("Four Weddings and a Funeral") was thought by his fellow students at Oxford - according to biographer Judy Tressider - to be gay, but he did manage, she says, to seduce some girls by reading them poetry and D.H. Lawrence.



DHL has achieved another first. He is the first author to cross the English Channel underground. Yes, one of the first locomotives to go through the Chunnel was named "D.H. Lawrence" (to the delight of our resident ferro-equinologist, Editor John Lacey). Could Lawrence have ever dreamt, as he made one of his last, bitter farewells to "the dead grey cliffs" of England, that one day he would be pulling a trainload of cross-Channel travellers under the sea to France?



Writing in the Australian about sartorial correctness, feminist columnist Beatrice Faust (eloquent name!) gave what she described as DHL's view on male attire, as expressed in Lady Chatterley's Lover. Ms Faust wrote: "DHL preached that if men could only wear tight red trousers, they would enjoy subsistence wages and quell women's desire for orgasm." A refreshing view of LCL, though one questions whether Connie would really have been satisfied with a glimpse of Mellors in crimson tights.



In our expanded Letters section Mark Southwell wonders why A.D. Hope had such a thing about Lawrence (the subject of a virulent Hope essay "Kangaroo - How it Seems to an Australian"). Well, there is an answer. Our John Ruffels mentioned this to Hope in a letter, to be told that Hope conceded he had perhaps gone too far in the famous essay, which he'd actually written because he didn't like F.R. Leavis, and was annoyed with Leavis's adulation of Lawrence.



In our "A Literary Stoush" feature on page 16 Humphrey McQueen says that initial Australian reviews of Kangaroo were not all that unfavourable. They weren't that favourable, either. A 1924 review by A.G. Stephen described the novel as "a failure". The same year Catherine McLaurin said it was "a queer, neurotic book" written by "a fundamentally unhealthy mind". Yet to find a local reviewer who really did not take to Lawrence or his Australian novel you have to wait till 1934 when a critic called J.M. Wood wrote: "Lawrence is one of the most contemptible personalities to pass across the pages of literary history ... a nasty little egotist concerned with staring at his own navel ... He puts Old Country ideas, notions and propaganda into the mouth of an Aussie talking to dinkum Aussies about purely Aussie matters ... Hast ever, gentle reader, seen a photo of Lawrence? Puny, insignificant, consumptive-ridden specimen of over-rated, undersized, red-haired, red-whiskered humanity, only wanting the black colour to pass for an Abo ... a sewer rat."

# About the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia

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

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

**MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM**

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

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

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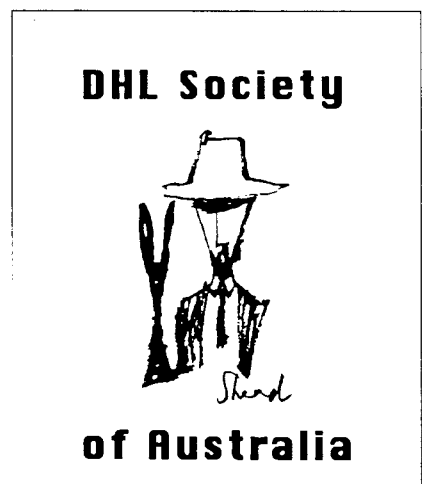
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- Coming Up in  
Future Issues**

  - Lawrence in Ceylon
  - DHL and "Inky" Stephensen
  - Lawrence's Third Australian Novel
  - D.H. Lawrence in Western Australia
  - Who was Jaz Trehwella?