



# *Rananim*

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**Lawrence and Dada: Sandra  
Jobson looks at *Kangaroo* in a  
revealing new light**

**DHL & Nietzsche:  
Marylyn Valentine finds  
many links to *Kangaroo***

**DH Lawrence - Genius or  
Joke? asks Peter Coleman**

**A Roo by Any Other Name:  
Robert Darroch reviews the CUP  
edition of *The Virgin and the Gypsy***

**All at Sea with DHL: Hugh  
Liney's ancestor travelled  
with Lawrence**

**Encounters with  
Bloomsbury  
Tribute to  
Margaret Jones**





## The D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia

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 Editor, *Rananim*: John Lacey  
 Publisher, *Rananim*: Sandra Jobson  
 Editorial Committee: John Lacey, Robert Darroch, Sandra Jobson, Robin Archer, Evie Harrison, Marylyn Valentine, Angela Barker, John Ruffels  
 Archivist: Marylyn Valentine

PO Box 100, Millers Point, NSW 2000, Australia  
 Fax: (02)9319 6850  
 e-mail: [jlacey@internode.on.net](mailto:jlacey@internode.on.net)

## NEXT EVENTS

**14th Anniversary Picnic in the Royal Botanic Gardens: Friday 28 December, 2006. 12 noon - 3pm. Rose Garden Pavilion (off Macquarie Street). Bring picnic food & drink.**

**Lady Hopetoun evening Harbour cruise: Saturday 24 March 2007: 5pm-9.30pm. Bring finger food & drinks. \$67 per person. Remember to book early as there is only room for a limited number of passengers. Please send cheques made out to the DH Lawrence Society of Australia, Mail to PO Box 100, Millers Point, NSW 2000.**

## EDITORIAL

Welcome to this edition of *Rananim*.

The focus in this issue is Teutonic: Lawrence was certainly affected by his experiences of Germany and certainly by his experiences with Germans. Not only Frieda, of course, but he was also arrested as an English spy just before the outbreak of World War One, and he was only released after the story of his involvement with Frieda was revealed to her father, Baron von Richthofen, commandant of the fort at Metz.

So in this issue we have an article by Marylyn Valentine on the impact of Nietzsche on Lawrence, and one by Sandra Jobson on the relationship of Lawrence to Dada. Next issue we may well have Lawrence and Wagner!

There is a sad aspect to this issue of *Rananim*: it is the first issue which has been produced without the editorial support of our late Secretary, Margaret Jones.

Our first Secretary was Beverley Burgmann, who had to

relinquish the position when she was transferred to the Hunter. Margaret took up the role and fulfilled it with her grace, efficiency and dignity. As well, Margaret wielded her blue pencil with great aplomb at editorial meetings; and always told a great story over lunch. Sometimes, and these were delivered with a particular relish, they were related to Lawrence.

Our 2005 AGM was held at Paul Delprat's studio (see story and pictures p 17,19). I was most impressed that Margaret's BYO was a small bottle of *Moet et Chandon*. As she said, "the price was too good to be true: and so it was. I thought it was for a dozen of full bottles - not these quarter bottles".

Margaret died just a few days after the AGM; a wake was held at the Bellevue Hotel in Paddington, and a number of Society members and supporters attended. A number of wonderful stories were told, and some appear in Sandra's appreciation on p 28.

- John Lacey

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## CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

MARYLYN VALENTINE ("Lawrence & Zarathustra" p 4) is the DH Lawrence Society's Archivist. She has had a long interest in Nietzsche and has written about Lawrence and Nietzsche in a previous issue of *Rananim*.

SANDRA JOBSON ("Lawrence & Dada" p 7, and "My Encounters with Bloomsbury p 30) is the author of *Ottoline: the Life of Lady Ottoline Morrell*, and a number of other books. She is the Publisher of *Rananim*.

PAUL DELPRAT (p 11) is the Principal of the Julian Ashton Art School

HUGH LINEY ("All at Sea with Lawrence" p 12) is a film buff and publisher

ROBERT DARROCH ("Roo by Any Other Name" p 24) is the Vice-President of the DH Lawrence Society of Australia and author of *DH Lawrence in Australia* (Macmillan, 1981).

PETER COLEMAN ("Lawrence: Genius or Joke?" p 20) is a writer and broadcaster, former Leader of the NSW Opposition and former editor of *Quadrant*

MAURITS ZWANKHUIZEN ("A Sinister Theory" p 27) is a 32-year-old writer based in Canberra. He will have an article about *The Hound of the Baskervilles* published in the *Sherlock Holmes Journal* of the UK next year

JOHN LACEY (p 33) is the President of the DH Lawrence Society of Australia and has an interest in Lawrence, steam ships and railways

Photography: JOHN LACEY, PAUL DELPRAT.

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# MARKING OUR 13th YEAR IN THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS

**D**espite the heat and humidity, 17 picnickers arrived at the Maiden Pavilion in the Royal Botanic Gardens on Friday December 30, 2005, to celebrate the DH Lawrence Society's 13<sup>th</sup> anniversary of its founding.

The Maiden Pavilion, which is down the lower part of the Gardens, not far from the Harbour, was so named not for any Lawrentian association but to commemorate a civic dignitary named Maiden. The Rose Garden Pavilion, where we held our inaugural meeting 13 years ago, was not available that day.

We (DHL Society Vice-president Rob Darroch, Treasurer Doug Knowland, and Membership Secretary and *Rananim* publisher, Sandra Jobson) arrived first, to find a young Asian

girl reclining on a bench in the pavilion, sporadically dozing and reading a book. She wore smart sports clothes, brand-new running shoes, and used her knapsack as a pillow. We left her to her reverie and started unpacking our food and drink.

Next, our President, John Lacey arrived, bearing his camera and a box of roast lamb sandwiches, a trifle out-of-breath from his long walk across the Gardens, but looking fit after six months of daily swims in the Dawn Fraser Pool on Sydney Harbour.

Then Peter Jeffery, his wife Lisa, and their four sons – Tim, John, Ben and Luke, ranging in age from eight to one – plus Lisa's parents, Wayne and Cheryl, down from Queensland, arrived, panting from the heat of the long trek from Martin Place.

Two elderly strangers wandered in. They were friendly and told us they lived outside Oxford in England and were on a world tour. They had chosen to be in Sydney for the New Year fireworks and were booked on a Harbour cruise next day, Saturday. Little did they know that on the following day, New Year's Day, the mercury would soar to 44.2 degrees.

Later – he is habitually late – our DHL honorary artist Paul Delprat, his wife Sue, and their three

children: Anna (13) and twins David and Zoe (9) arrived – also hot and flustered by the weather.

Fortunately the Maiden Pavilion, with its low eaves and stone floor, provided some protection from the sun beating down outside. And everyone began to relax and cool down.

Rob's smoked salmon sandwiches and John's roast lamb sandwiches were passed around. We offered the Asian girl some marinated chicken wings, but she declined with a shy smile. Wine and beer was poured and the picnic was underway.

The children sidled around, sizing each other up, then settled down on rugs on the floor, occasionally making a foray down to the nearby ponds. White cockatoos flapped, squawking, onto the grass.

Perhaps it was the heat, or the generally lazy holiday mood, but little was said about Lawrence, apart from when we told the English couple that we were celebrating the founding of our Society, and that Lawrence and Frieda had spent their first night in Sydney in 1922 in Mrs Scott's guesthouse in Macquarie Street. The English visitors seemed interested to hear that Lawrence had described walking past the Conservatorium of Music in the opening chapter of *Kangaroo* – though they didn't appear to know about the novel. Coming from Oxford, however, they did know about Garsington, where Lawrence had helped Lady Ottoline Morrell paint gold leaf around the wooden panels in her drawing room (see Sandra's article on p 30).

We did, though, make some plans for the coming year, and discussed with Paul Delprat his kind offer to host a luncheon and talk (some time in May-June) in his newly-opened Julian Ashton Art School annexe on Middle Head. It proved to be an appropriate and scenically beautiful venue for our event (see p 17, 19) – Lawrence would have had a fine view of Middle Head when he and Frieda sailed into Sydney Harbour on the *Malwa* in 1922. (See p 18 for more pictures of the Botanic Gardens picnic)



# LAWRENCE & ZARATHUSTRA



*The Greek god Dionysus influenced both Nietzsche and Lawrence*

## **MARYLYN VALENTINE** *investigates the links between Kangaroo and Friedrich Nietzsche's only novel*

**T**he influence of Friedrich Nietzsche on D.H. Lawrence has often been remarked upon. Both writers sought in their own way the restitution of the sacred, and wanted to encourage society to pursue ideals by which it would be transformed.

Lawrence's novel *Kangaroo*<sup>(1)</sup> was a text almost without precedent, "a gramophone of a novel", as he called it. He said at the time of writing *Sons and Lovers* that he did not want to be constrained or to adhere to the old form of the novel. Nietzsche rather differently described his first and only attempt at fiction, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*<sup>(2)</sup>, as a symphony to be read as music. It came to him as if "lightning had struck". There are many similarities between Lawrence's *Kangaroo* and Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, Lawrence using many of the modes of thought of Nietzsche in *Kangaroo*.

Both these unusual works are fragmentary, rambling, loosely constructed, autobiographical in parts. There are departures and returns, meetings and sermons, dreams and nightmares. This is not to say that *Kangaroo* and *Zarathustra* are not well crafted. When Lawrence had finished revising, his publisher Thomas Seltzer wrote to him, very pleased: "The Odyssey of the human soul as seen through the individual soul of Richard Lovatt and the revelation of the dark God. I think I am intimate with your dark God." Lawrence's elusive dark God and the complicated thinking of both Lawrence and Nietzsche are difficult to untangle.

The two novels depict the poet, teacher, sage, trying to relate to the people, and then, not satisfied that he has found his rightful audience, he becomes

disillusioned, seeking refuge in solitude and nature. There is much to-ing and fro-ing as the main character advances and retreats, examining himself and wondering if he will be successful in achieving the task of conveying his message. He can be a comic, confused, self-doubting figure who becomes his own commentator and critic. There is a lack of identity between the self-understanding and the authorial-understanding of the central character: one voice assents, one objects. There is an eventual recovery from the "dark night of the soul", and the characters set forth to find fresh fields.

Lawrence arrived in Australia in 1922 with little planning beforehand and basically wrote his *Kangaroo* in less than two months. The fictional Lawrence figure, Richard Lovatt Somers, becomes involved with a group of men, including the charismatic Kangaroo, who wants to redirect the political life of Australia. Nothing ever went to waste with Lawrence, and he gleaned much information about the political situation in Australia from old copies of the *Sydney Bulletin*.

The powerful majestic figure of Zarathustra in Nietzsche's novel was inspired by Emerson's description of him as a man "whose form and gait cannot lie". Certainly he is nothing like the slight figure of Somers, who is "smallish", "the odd man who stands out." "You're different from us. But you're a man we want and you're a man we've got to keep" (K 59). Kangaroo, who actually looks like a kangaroo, has more of the vital presence of a Zarathustra.

However, Somers's reputation has preceded him and he is known, expected. Kangaroo says at their first meeting, "Ever since I read your first

book of poems...I knew you'd come...(K 129) Australia is waiting for her Homer" (K 122). Jack Callcott says, "I knew it the minute I set eyes on you...I said to myself, 'That chap is coming into my life'" (K 59). Willie Struthers: "You are the man I have been waiting for." (K 229) Somers ponders that Victoria "sees, perhaps, the real me...Queer to be recognised at once" (K 31).

After spending 10 years alone in his mountain cave, Zarathustra is also recognised at once by all the people. He descends "overflowing with his wisdom like a bee that has gathered too much honey." The saint hermit comments "This wanderer is no stranger to me" (Z 40). Zarathustra (or is it his shadow?) is recognised, as he flies over a volcanic island, by the sailors. They "loved him as the people love: that is with love and awe in equal parts" (Z 152). Zarathustra's shadow is often with him as a dialectical opponent, much as Richard Lovatt Somers's wife Harriett acts as a sceptical verbal opponent to his musings.

As Zarathustra wanders on, he teaches his doctrines, many of which are taken up by Lawrence in *Kangaroo*. His disciples, and later the "Higher Men", keep him company. His disciples are told to "Overcome...Sand-grain discretion, the ant swarm inanity, the miserable ease, the 'happiness of the greatest number'" (Z 298). Somers wanted to take the world "away from all the teeming ants" (K 171). And Kangaroo tells Harriett, "I am with you against the ants" (K 138).

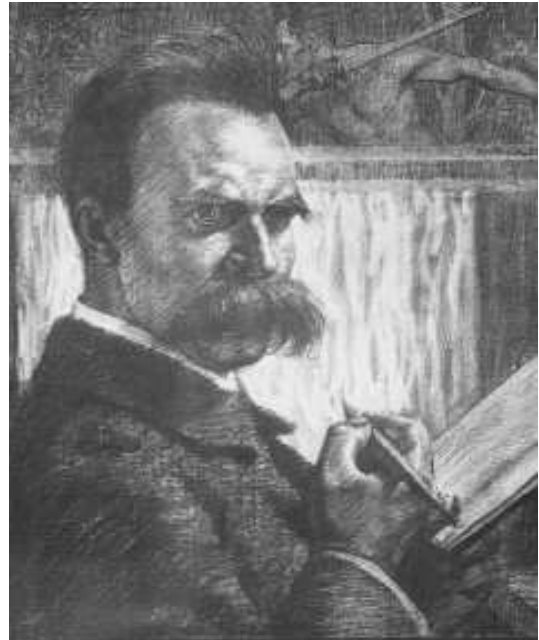
Zarathustra announces the concept of the Superman, the meaning of the earth, to the people in the marketplace. They are the herd, "the buzzing flies", and they do not understand. He has come too early. How and when Nietzsche's Superman will manifest himself is never fully revealed. The creative men who will understand Zarathustra's teachings are the bridge to the Superman. All values must be revalued and the time of the "great noontide" will come. Somers wants to "send out a new shoot in the life of mankind" (K 75),"some kind of way for the afterwards" (K 73). "It's not politics. But it is a new life-form, a new social form" (K 110).

Kangaroo speaks of the Ten Commandments as "millstones round our necks. Commandments should fade as flowers do. They are no more divine than flowers are" (K 127). Zarathustra is more brutal, "Shatter these ancient law tables of the pious! Shatter by your teachings the sayings of the world calumniators!" (Z 222).

Kangaroo believes that "the sun's attraction for the earth is a form of love" (K 152). The sun is also a potent image for Zarathustra: "the glowing sun—its love for the earth is coming. All sun-love is

innocence and creative desire" (Z 146).

"Life" speaks to Zarathustra about Nietzsche's doctrine of the will-to-power: "Where I found a living creature, there I found will-to-power" (Z 137). "Only where life is. There is also will: not will-to-life, but – so I teach you – will-to-



*Friedrich Nietzsche*

power" (Z 138). Somers thinks "every creature" is "individually in contact with the great life-urge which we call God, and inseparable from God. To call this connection the will-to-live is not quite sufficient. It is more than a will-to-persist. It is a will-to-live in the further sense, a will-to-change, a will-to-evolve, a will towards further creation of the self...It is the one and only everlasting motive for everything" (K 343). This is such a good description of will-to-power, something Nietzsche considered to be universal. Of course, Nietzsche had already announced the death of God, but Lawrence's God was his own personal God ("my idea of him is my own"<sup>(3)</sup>). As he also said about God: "I'm off on a different road"<sup>(4)</sup>.

There is much talk of love and mateship in *Kangaroo*. The "one central principle in the world" should be love, Kangaroo tells Somers. He loves all humanity, he wants to be loved. "I loved you before I knew you", he says to Somers (K 156). Initially drawn to Kangaroo by the extraordinary attraction of the man, Somers cannot agree with him, and they begin to fall out with each other. "Love has become like cardboard to me", says Somers (K 154). Jack also wants to persuade Somers to work with him, "Do you think I wouldn't lay down my life for you?" Somers went pale...But he didn't

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## LAWRENCE & ZARATHUSTRA

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want this great love. He didn't *believe* in it" (K 118). He "wanted so much to get out of this lit-up cloy of humanity...Why not swing away into cold separation?" (K 157). He says to Jack, "I can't honestly say I feel at one with you, you and Kangaroo, so I say so and stand aside (K 338). "Where one can no longer love, one should – pass by!" Thus spoke Zarathustra (Z 198).

A voice speaks to Zarathustra: "Your fruits are ripe but you are not ripe for your fruits! So you must go back into solitude" (Z 169). Both Somers and Zarathustra seek time to reflect, and Zarathustra leaves his disciples saying, "The man of knowledge must be able not only to love his enemies but to hate his friends. One repays a teacher badly if one remains only a pupil...Now I bid you lose me and find yourself; and only when you have all denied me will I return to you" (Z 103). "Solitude, my home! How blissfully and tenderly does your voice speak to me" (Z 203).

Even when Kangaroo, near death after being wounded in a fracas, asks Somers to tell him that he believes in love, Somers is unable to do so. "No I don't want to love anybody. Truly" (K 381). Speaking of the Higher Man, Zarathustra says that he did "not love sufficiently: otherwise he would not have been angry that he was not loved" (Z 304). "All great love is above pity: for it wants – to create what is loved!" Thus spoke Zarathustra (Z 114).

Somers withdraws to be alone with his soul, "to be clear of love pity and hate...To turn to the old dark gods" (K 308). All the old gods make up the one dark God, Somers tells us. "But outside the gate is the one dark God, the Unknown" (K 332). And yet "the unknown God is within" (K 351). This unknowable, unutterable, unrealisable, God is many things and seems to be forever changing.

Could this God be Dionysus? - a God that Nietzsche identified with completely: his whole concept of Zarathustra, he writes in *Ecce Homo*, was dionysian. "Zarathustra is a dancer, who has the harshest, the most fearful insight into reality".



Zarathustra

Dionysus was the chaos in a work of art, or a life seen through the Apollonian veil of order. He was many gods; the God of wine, vegetation, and pleasure, depicted surrounded by satyrs and maenads. Dionysus was also associated with Hades, from where he brought up his mother, Semele. Being the God of vegetation, he was also associated with Demeter, who descended into the darkness to rescue her daughter from the clutches of Pluto. He is the God who of all the old gods represents our unconscious desires and fears. Lawrence was fascinated with the picture from the Greek cup depicting Dionysus which he describes in *Kangaroo*.

At the end of the story the reluctant leaders, having resolved their inner conflicts, optimistically set out to find a new audience. The peripatetic Somers (Lawrence) rhapsodises on the beauty of Australia. "The sky was all sun" as he sailed away. Lawrence went on to write an even more provoking leadership novel, *The Plumed Serpent*. Zarathustra, ecstatic, as he steps from his cave in the morning sun, is surrounded by his animals, but still "lacks his rightful men". He has overcome his "ultimate sin", his pity for the Higher Man. "This is my morning, my day begins; rise up now, rise up, great noontide!"

### FOOTNOTES

- 1 *Kangaroo* – Angus & Robertson 1992
- 2 *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* – Penguin Classics ed.1969 trans. Hollingdale
- 3 "On Human Destiny"
- 4 "On Being Religious"



# Lawrence & Dada

*SANDRA JOBSON discovers a new way of making sense of Kangaroo*

A lot of people, myself included, have found Lawrence's Australian novel, *Kangaroo*, difficult to understand. Even Lawrence thought it a "queer novel".

It's a novel that goes this way and that, starting in a fairly straight-forward fashion describing how an English writer, Richard Lovatt Somers, and his wife Harriet arrive in Sydney and settle down in a cottage called "Cooee" at Mullumbimby on the coast south of Sydney - a thinly-disguised piece of autobiographical writing, reflecting Lawrence and Frieda's arrival in Sydney in 1922 and their move to "Wyewurk" in Thirroul on the coast south of Sydney.

But gradually the novel seems to veer off its track. There's a chapter called "Volcanic Evidence", containing a lengthy word-for-word transcription of an article Lawrence found in the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, and which seems to have little relevance to the plot (such as it is). There's an odd chapter titled "Harriet and Lovatt at Sea in Marriage"; a chapter called "Bits", taken from short items published in the *Bulletin*; a strange nightmare flashback to the First World War; all interspersed with the daily comings and goings of Somers/Lawrence, plus some political talk of destroying the Old World and its politics, starting afresh, and seeking manly mateship, and ending up embracing a "dark god" that "enters from below".

Certainly such seemingly disparate content and plotline make the novel seem to have been hastily thrown together in an attempt to get sufficient words down on paper in six brief weeks in order to satisfy Lawrence's publisher. It seems that Lawrence was suffering, not so much from writer's block (he could always write something), but rather an inability to move the plot of *Kangaroo* forward - possibly because it was close to being a faithful diary of each day's events, and often nothing very much actually happened in sleepy seaside Thirroul.

Maybe so. However, I now believe the key to understanding *Kangaroo* lies in Lawrence's ever-deepening involvement with German intellectuals and their ideas after he first met Frieda in 1912 - and in particular, one striking manifestation of that intellectual movement - Dada.

After she married Professor Ernest Weekley, who was later Lawrence's French tutor in Nottingham, Frieda (nee von Richthofen) had made a trip back to her homeland, Germany, in 1907, primarily to visit her family, and particularly her sister Else. During her stay Frieda had an affair with Otto Gross, a controversial psychologist and psychiatrist who had



*Picture, picture, on the wall, who is the Dadaist of them all? - a collage by Kurt Schwitters*

been an early disciple of Freud, but who later repudiated Freud's methods, especially psychoanalysis. To complicate matters, Gross also had an affair with Frieda's sister Else, with whom he had a son, Peter. He also had another son called Peter, by his wife, Frieda Schloffer. To complicate matters even further, Frieda Weekley also had an affair with the Swiss artist, archaeologist, linguist and anarchist, Ernst Frick, who in turn had a long relationship with Otto Gross's wife, Frieda Schloffer, by whom he had three children. (It is hard to keep track of all the Peters, Friedas, Ernests and Ernests!)

A disciple of Nietzsche, Otto Gross was a drug addict. He was in-and-out of mental asylums during his relatively short life, and was eventually repudiated by the German psychology and psychiatry community because of his of anarchistic beliefs and his advocacy of drugs and sexual freedom (it was he who coined the phrase "sexual revolution").

After Frieda left Ernest Weekley to live with Lawrence in 1912, she continued to correspond with Otto Gross.

Gross's influence on Lawrence, via Frieda and her sister, proved to be a powerful one. Biographer John Worthen believes Lawrence read many of Gross's letters to Frieda. "They would have offered him a major insight into the politics and language of *fin-de-siecle* liberation and self-fulfilment; Nietzschean, Freudian, vitalised," Worthen said.

In fact, Lawrence had begun reading and

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## Lawrence & Dada

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discussing the ideas of Nietzsche as early as 1907 after he went to teach at Croydon in London - long before he met Frieda (but when she was meeting Gross). Among the works by Nietzsche in the library at the school in Croydon at the time was *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. We also know that he was re-reading *Thus Spake Zarathustra* in 1916. And he mentions Nietzsche in *Kangaroo*.

Marylyn Valentine, in her article on page 4 in this issue of *Rananim*, demonstrates the influence of Nietzsche on *Kangaroo*.

But there is another, more immediate influence on *Kangaroo*, albeit also influenced by Nietzsche - and that, as I shall show, was Dada, the *avant-gard* artistic and literary movement taken up by Marcel Duchamp, Kurt Schwitters, Hans Arp, Max Ernst, Man Ray, Francis Picabia and George Grosz.

Frieda Weekley-Lawrence's former lover Otto Gross was, it turns out, one of the most influential catalysts in the development of Dada.

When he moved to Berlin in 1913 he began to influence the writers Raoul Hausmann and Hannah Hoch, who were to be two of the key figures in the Berlin Club Dada, which grew out of the original Dada movement in Switzerland in 1916. Hausmann



Frieda

was the originator of photomontage and the art of collage: a major element in the tenets of Dada.

Dada had evolved out of a series of small theatrical events in the Café Voltaire in Zurich in February 1916, staged by a German *avant-garde* theatre director, Hugo Ball, and his nightclub singer mistress, Emmy Hennings.

Initially their new movement didn't have a name, and its activities - readings of modern poetry, recital of songs and music - changed and transformed almost daily as new artists and intellectuals arrived. The early performances included recitals of music by such established composers as Liszt, Scriabin and Debussy.

But the performances changed rapidly as four of the newcomers - the Alsatian artist Hans Arp, the poet Richard Huelsenbeck, the Romanian poet Tristan Tzara, and his friend, the painter Marcel Janco - started to shape the movement.

All these proto-Dadaists had one significant thing in common: they were nihilists and opposed to the First World War, believing that art and politics needed a revolution. They wanted to start anew.

Otto Gross said: "The realisation of the anarchist alternative to the patriarchal order of society has to begin with the destruction of the latter."

He believed that those who wanted to change the world must first rid themselves of the old authority that ruled their "inner self".

The Zurich cabarets featured macabre African-masked dancers who performed accompanied by music played on drums, pots and pans. They were creating a theatre of the absurd in the seedy intellectual quarter of Zurich where Lenin also lived and where James Joyce wrote *Ulysses*. It was a fecund place to start a new movement.

To this day, nobody knows for sure what the word "Dada" means. The most likely explanation of its origins is that Hugo Ball and Emmy Hennings, in the true spirit of the *objet trouve*, simply picked the word at random from a French-German dictionary. Dada translated as "hobby-horse". (The word also sounds like "yes-yes" in Slavonic languages.) Another explanation of the derivation is that it was the name of a popular hair-straightening gel.

The movement spread after 1916 to Berlin, Hanover, Cologne and Paris - and even to New York. Max Ernst, the leader of the Cologne Dadaists, developed the art of collage, inspired by its inventor, Hausmann. (Picasso also took it up.) One of the most brilliant exponents of Dada, Kurt Schwitters, raised collage to its highest level, creating his works out of anything that came to hand: newspapers, labels, leaflets, bits of wood, and other trash. Although Dada was best-known as a visual movement, there were many writers and poets who adhered to, or at least flirted with, the movement. Dada persisted until around 1924, although many



Marcel Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase"

participants dropped out earlier, while others moved on to join new *avant-garde* movements.

The Dadaists aimed to produce works of art, both visual and literary, that were totally new. They strove to eradicate all forms of imitation (as the Italian Futurists had already) and instead emphasise complete originality. The idea was, as Charles Simic says in his excellent review (published in *The New York Review of Books* August 10, 2006) of an exhibition of Dada at the Museum of Modern Art, New York (June 18-September 11, 2006) "To make something no one had ever seen or experienced before."

The Dadaists wanted to end the separation of art from real life, and they stressed the importance of chance events.

The Dadaists favoured the *objet trouve* (Marcel Duchamp later being its most illustrious exponent) and used collage and photomontage as a tool.

In his Dada *Manifesto*, Tristan Tzara wrote to the poets in the group:

*"Take a newspaper.*

*Take a pair of scissors.*

*Choose an article as long as you are planning to make your poem.*

*Cut out the article.*

*Then cut out each of the words that make up this article and put them in a bag.*

*Shake it gently.*

*Then take out the scarps one after the other in the order in which they left the bag.*

*Copy conscientiously.*

*The poem will be like you.*

*And here you are a writer, infinitely original and endowed with a sensibility that is charming though beyond the understanding of the vulgar."*

First and foremost, *Kangaroo* exemplifies the Dada creed that any work of art or literature must be completely new, and a departure from the past.

It would be difficult to think of another novel by any writer that resembles *Kangaroo*. And certainly *Kangaroo* is unlike any of Lawrence's other works.

Although Lawrence was to be influenced by Dada when he wrote *Kangaroo*, his painting shows no such influence (nor do his later novels and poems). In this regard, *Kangaroo* was a "one-off".

*Kangaroo* is essentially a novel based on almost random real-life events. It's a close approximation to a diary of Lawrence's time in Australia, written during a brief six-week period and based on events as they unfolded daily.

By 1922 he had more or less run out of the rich vein of material based on his early life in Eastwood. *Kangaroo* is still based on Lawrence's life – but now life as it was happening, day-by-day, not in the past.

*Kangaroo* in fact is constructed like a collage, made up of events and material assembled together into a new order. Lawrence took newspaper and magazine items, extracts from letters he received and advertisements he saw in the local streets and put them into his novel, just as the Dada artists did with their collages.

Consider, for example, the "Bits" chapter in *Kangaroo*, and also the chapter "Volcanic Evidence". For "Bits" he picked out items from the Sydney *Bulletin* where jottings were bundled together in a ragbag of brief news items. For "Volcanic Evidence" he used a complete article which he found in an old newspaper, writing "That morning as luck would have it Somers read an article by A. Meston in an old Sydney *Daily Telegraph*, headed:

EARTHQUAKES

Is Australia SAFE?

SLEEPING VOLCANOES

Note the words "as luck would have it" – a perfect example of the use of chance.

Lawrence made use of everything that came his way, including the letters he received while he was living at Thirroul. He documents them in "Volcanic Evidence": "*There came dreary and fatuous letters from friends in England, refined young men of the upper middle-class writing with a guarded kind of*

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# Lawrence & Dada

from previous page

friendliness, gentle and sweet, of course, but as dozy as ripe pears in their *laissez aller* heaviness....A sardonic letter from a Jewish friend in London, amusing but a bit dreadful. Letters from women in London, friendly but irritable. "I have decided I am a comfort-loving conventional person, with just a dash of the other thing to keep me fidgety"—then accounts of buying old furniture, and gossip about everybody: "Verden Grenfel in a restaurant with TWO bottles of champagne, so he must be affluent just now." A girl taking her honeymoon trip to Naples by one of the Orient boats, third class: "There are 800 people on board, but room for another 400, so that on account of the missing 400 we have a six-berth cabin to ourselves. A cheque for fifteen pounds seventeen shillings and fourpence, from a publisher: "Kindly acknowledge." A letter from a farming friend who had changed places..."

Lawrence also found a fertile source in the Sydney *Bulletin*, describing how Somers "looked at the big pink spread of his Sydney Bulletin viciously. The *Bulletin* was the only periodical in the world that really amused him...So he rushed to read the "bits". They would make Bishop Latimer forget himself and his martyrdom at the stake." These are some of the "Bits" Lawrence transcribed, word-for-word, from the *Bulletin* into *Kangaroo*

"1805: The casual Digger of war-days has carried it into civvies. Sighted one of the original Tenth at the Outer Harbour (Adelaide) wharf last week fishing. His sinker was his 1914 Star."

"Wilfrido: A recent advertisement for the Wellington (New Zealand) Art Gallery attracted 72 applicants. Among them were two solicitors (One an Oxford M.A.); five sheepfarmers, on whose lands the mortgagee had foreclosed; and a multitude of clerks. The post is not exactly a sinecure, either; it demands attendance on seven days a week at 150 pounds per annum."

Lawrence commented: "Then a little cartoon of Ivan, the Russian workman, going for a tram-drive, and taking huge bundles of money with him, sackfuls of roubles, to pay the fare. The 'Bully' was sardonic about Bolshevism...Bits about bullock drivers and the biggest loads on record, about the biggest piece of land ploughed by a man in a day, recipes for mange in horses, twins, turnips, accidents to reverend clergymen, and so on...Somers liked the concise, laconic style. It seemed to him manly and without trimmings. Put ship-shape in the office, no doubt. Sometimes the drawings were good, and sometimes they weren't."

"Lady (who has just opened door to country girl carrying suitcase): "I am suited. A country girl has been engaged, and I'm getting her to-morrow."

"Girl: "I'm her; and you're not. The 'ouse is too big."

"There, thought Somers, you have the whole spirit of Australian labour...Bits, bits, bits. Yet Richard Lovatt read on. It was not mere anecdote. It was the sheer momentaneous life of the continent. There was no consecutive thread. Only the laconic courage of experience....All the better. He could have kicked himself for wanting to help mankind, join in revolutions or reforms or any of that stuff. And he kicked himself still harder thinking of his frantic struggles with the "soul" and the "dark god" and the "listener" and the "answerer". Blarney—blarney—blarney! He was a preacher and a blatherer, and he hated himself for it. Damn the "soul", damn the "dark god", damn the "listener" and the "answerer", and above all, damn his own interfering, nosy self."

This echoes the Dadaists' ranting and raving. Tristan Tzara's Dada Manifesto stresses the need for the author to turn in on himself, to cleanse himself of the ways of the Old World: "*There is a literature that does not reach the voracious mass. It is the work of creators, issued from a real necessity in the author, produced for himself. It expresses the knowledge of a supreme egoism, in which laws wither away. Every page must explode, either by profound heavy seriousness, the whirlwind, poetic frenzy, the new, the eternal, the crushing joke, enthusiasm for principles, or by the way in which it is printed. On the one hand a tottering world in flight, betrothed to the glockenspiel of hell, on the other hand: new men. Rough, bouncing, riding on hiccups. Behind them a crippled world and literary quacks with a mania for improvement.*"

You will see many passages in *Kangaroo* that preach the same message.

Tzara writes:

"Ideal, ideal, ideal  
· Knowledge, knowledge, knowledge,  
· Boomboom, boomboom, boomboom"

(Shades of Baldrick's poem about the First World War trench warfare in an episode of the TV series "Blackadder Goes Forth".)

Zara also talks of the "Trajectory of a word tossed by a screeching phonograph record..." Lawrence refers to *Kangaroo* as a "gramophone of a novel."

The Dadaists were anti-war. They were conscientious objectors, as was Lawrence.

This is particularly manifested in the "Nightmare" chapter which is powerfully anti the

First World War although his fictional doppelganger, Somers, was not a conscientious objector as most of the Dadaist were.

*“Somers tiresomely belonged to no group. He would not enter the army, because his profoundest instinct was against it. Yet he had no conscientious objection to war. It was the whole spirit of the war, the vast mob-spirit, which he could never acquiesce in. The terrible, terrible war, made so fearful because in every country practically every man lost his head, and lost his own centrality, his own manly isolation in his own integrity, which alone keeps life real. Practically every man being caught away from himself, as in some horrible flood, and swept away with the ghastly masses of other men, utterly unable to speak, or feel for himself, or to stand on his own feet, delivered over and swirling in the current, suffocated for the time being. Some of them to die for ever.”*

The Dadaists were nihilists and anarchists. They wanted to start a revolution in politics and ideas.

*Kangaroo* is essentially a novel about a movement that wanted to create a revolution in Australia to wipe out the old world and its ways, to create a New Jerusalem, and a new man – precisely what the Dadaists were calling for. Many of the political discussions Somers holds with Jack Callcott and also the character Kangaroo, are perfect examples of the theories espoused by Otto Gross and the Dadaists about creating a new world.... Tzara called for “new men”... “behind them a crippled world”. In “Volcanic Evidence” Somers and Jaz discuss the possibility of a revolution in Australia led by Kangaroo:

*“Do you yourself see Kangaroo pulling it off?” There was a subtle mockery in the question.*

*“What?”*

*“Why—you know. This revolution, and this new Australia. Do you see him figuring on the Australian postage stamps—and running the country like a new Jerusalem?”....*

*“I’m afraid, Jaz,” said Somers, “that, like Nietzsche, I no longer believe in great events. The war was a great event—and it made everything more pretty. I doubt if I care about the mass of mankind, Jaz. You make them more than ever distasteful to me.”*

In the same chapter Lawrence also says: “So again came back to him the ever-recurring warning that SOME men must of their own choice and will listen only to the living life that is a rising tide in their own being, and listen, listen, listen for the injunctions, and give heed and know and speak and obey all they can. Some men must live by this unremitting inwardness, no matter what the rest of

the world does. They must not let the rush of the world’s “outwardness” sweep them away: or if they are swept away, they must struggle back. Somers realised that he had had a fright against being swept away, because he half wanted to be swept away: but that now, thank God, he was flowing back. Not like the poor, weird “ink-bubbles”, left high and dry on the sands.”

Now read what Otto Gross said years before Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo*: “Whoever wants to change the structures of power (and production) in a repressive society, has to start by changing these structures in himself and to eradicate the “authority that has infiltrated one’s own inner being”.

To sum up, if *Kangaroo* is read in the context of Dada and the Dada philosophy, a great deal of its seeming inconsistencies and apparent untidiness of construction fit into an over-all scheme. *Kangaroo* is a perfect example of a collage created from *objets trouves*. □

## LAWRENCE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE



*A collage specially created for this issue of Rananim by our Honorary Artist, Paul Delprat, using objets-trouves, including crumled pieces of paper and string, plus oil paint (we recommend this be viewed in colour on our website: [www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl](http://www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl))*

# All at Sea with DHL

*My relative sailed with Lawrence, writes HUGH LINEY*

I suppose it was more than 10 years ago when I borrowed from my parents - Fred and Alison Ewart Liney (nee Jones) - a copy of *DH Lawrence at Thirroul* (1989) by Joseph Davis. They don't yet have it back from me.

The subject very much interested me because of its Thirroul links: family and friends had much to do with the town and the region for much of the last century.

Good friends and publishing colleagues Robert and Sandra Darroch had always showed more-than-great interest in DH Lawrence. While working and socialising with the Darrochs for many years I also became aware that Rob authored *DH Lawrence In Australia* (1981).

Both the Davis and Darroch books were important in sparking some thoughts about Lawrence, *Kangaroo* and Thirroul - enough to recall fond memories of our friends and family from the region. Some memories occasionally seemed to fit neatly (in my disorganised mind) with the stories about DHL in Australia and gave me a good enough reason to discuss the matter with both Darroch and Davis.

The Lawrence cottage Wyewurk is presently owned by Michael Morath, whose family was dear friends of my family during our childhood in Wollongong.

My mother Alison's relatives were (mostly) mine managers and engineers throughout the south coast coalfields. It was her father William (Billy) Ewart Jones and grandfather Jacob Carlos Jones who were the most prominent around the Austinmer, Thirroul, Corrimal (and also other) areas.

There was a great friendship (confirmed to last for decades by my mother) between the Jones and Kirton families (the Thirroul mine owner Kirtons sometimes have been suggested as a source of information for Lawrence).

Rather imaginatively, I took the character in *Kangaroo* Willam (Jaz) James's physical description to be close to our relatives' (height and eyes). DHL's character's name was close enough (I thought) to be an amalgam of William Jones and Jacob Carlos (Jaz).

Also there were fast-fading family stories of our Jones relatives of that period and others dressing up in military style gear.

Just stories though; there's many more.

There has never been any evidence of any established connection between my Jones relatives and Rob Darroch's and Joe Davis's tales of DH Lawrence in Australia or Thirroul.

That remains the situation today.

Church historian from Austinmer, Mrs Judith



(back row) left to right: brothers John Rees Jones, Jacob Carlos Jones and a mining engineer friend  
(middle row) left to right: sisters Valmai Ewart Jones, a friend, Joyce Cecilia Jones, Olwen Jane Jones (grand daughters of JC Jones) (front) Rees Ewart Jones

Garrick, recently sent a copy of an article from *The Illawarra Mercury* of March 25, 1921. Titled "Valedictory. Presentation to Mr JC Jones", the article reads (in part):

*Last Saturday night at the Mechanics' Institute, Keiraville, employees and subscribers of the Mt Keira Colliery met to wish their manager, Mr J.C Jones, bon voyage prior to his departure on a trip to Europe after 19 years as manager at Mt Keira and 43 years as manager and surveyor of several mines on the South Coast and before that in the Hunter. Those present wished him a good voyage, a happy trip back to his native land, and a safe return, and that his days back on the hill (Mt Keira) would be days of peace. Mr Jones, in response, said that when he returned he would like to have a few more years amongst them all.*

Jacob Carlos Jones was then nearing 66 and died in 1928 aged 73. It was suggested it may be worth checking the passenger list for JC Jones's name on Lawrence's three-ship voyage from Naples to Sydney via Colombo, Fremantle and Melbourne.

I wrote to Joe Davis who asked his researcher friend John Ruffels to look at the shipping lists.

Recently, I asked Joe Davis to place the positive results in context for interested readers of this journal. He has kindly done so for these pages.

Robert Darroch and Joseph Davis are the two historians and authors who have unearthed so much about Lawrence, Thirroul and Australia.

I am very pleased that my notes and Joe Davis's contextual piece (see article next page) are to appear in this Darroch-inspired publication.

# WAS THERE A JONES CONNECTION?

Until recently, it was thought there was only one possible person whom DH Lawrence is known to have met before he came to Australia and who had any connection with the town of Thirroul where Lawrence would later write the entire first draft of the novel *Kangaroo*.

That person was Robert Louis Stevenson's stepson, Lloyd Osbourne.

Lawrence had met him on the isle of Capri, where Osbourne was a great friend of Compton Mackenzie, Lawrence's informal host during his stay on the island. Mackenzie himself has a slight Australian connection in that he wrote a very good book about the Gallipoli campaign, one which is still well worth a reading today.

But it is Mackenzie who, in a biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, notes that Lloyd Osbourne claimed that it was he, Osbourne, who wrote *all* the Australian sections of the novel published in 1892 by Stevenson and his stepson as *The Wrecker*.

That novel contains a description of a furious storm, during which the main Illawarra South Coast railway line falls into the sea at "South Clifton" - today known as Scarborough, NSW, and located about four kilometres north of Thirroul. This surprising event turns out not to be fiction and is detailed at some length in the pages of the *Illawarra Mercury* and *Sydney Morning Herald* during 1889.

That the protagonist of Lawrence's *Kangaroo*, Richard Lovatt Somers, is specifically described in the novel as one "RLS" suggests that Lawrence may have had either Stevenson or his stepson in mind when penning his own South Seas Romance.

But a recent check of the shipping records of the three separate vessels which brought Lawrence eastwards to Australia from Naples has revealed a more compelling source of information about Thirroul.

Stored away in the family legends of a prominent south coast family for some 80 years were stories about some rather distinguished local gentleman dressing up in funny military style gear and disappearing with family members for meetings. More to the point, their anti-labour politics was well-known.

On hearing this story, a descendant of the family, Hugh Liney, thought to ask whether it was possible to re-check the shipping records with a view to discovering whether or not an individual named Jacob Carlos Jones was on any of three ships which brought Lawrence eastwards to Australia.

Hunting among the shipping lists for a "Mr J. Jones" did not seem like a particularly fruitful avenue of research - but the task, nonetheless, was duly undertaken.

Even if by some stroke of luck a "Mr J. Jones" was on board with Lawrence, it would be difficult proving that he was the one and the same "Jacob Carlos Jones" about whom research was being undertaken.

But, curiously, the shipping records did produce a surprising detail.

John Ruffels visited me in Thirroul and, pouring over the shipping lists one sunny morning, we discovered that on board the *Osterley* with DH Lawrence and Frieda, travelling between Naples and Colombo, was one "Mr JCG. Jones".

But there were two problems with this information.

Firstly, "Mr Jones" had somehow acquired an extra initial - a 'G' - which was hitherto unknown to the family. The other was that Mr Jones was listed as being on the third class deck when even the then quite impecunious Lawrence and Frieda could afford a berth in second-class.

On re-checking Lawrence's letters written during and after the voyage from Naples to Colombo, however, the enticing remark that "I spend the day talking small-talk with Australians on board - rather nice people" (7 March 1922) jumped off the page.

Could "Jacob Carlos Jones" have been one of these individuals? And what would it matter if he was?

Would JC Jones have been the sort of person who might have anything to contribute to the plot of the novel Lawrence would soon begin writing in Thirroul NSW?

Once again JC Jones did not seem a very promising candidate on whom to conduct research - for his name is almost completely unknown to even scholars intimately familiar with the general history of Illawarra.

But a quick Google search indicated that in "1901, at the Mt Keira Colliery, John McGeachie was replaced by Jacob Carlos Jones (ex manager of South Bulli & Austinmer Collieries)."

So, it turned out, JC Jones was no new recruit to the Illawarra in 1922.

Indeed, he had lived locally for a very long time. He had even helped as part of the rescue team in the disastrous Bulli Mine Explosion of 1887 in which 81 lives were lost. He then worked locally as mining engineer, having previously qualified in the old Country before coming to Australia.

He was involved as a mine manager during the severe industrial turbulence of the early 1890s, witnessed the local disturbances which resulted from the jailing of miner's leader Peter Bowling in 1910, and also bore witness to the massive unrest of the General Strike of 1917 - a dispute in which the Illawarra miners were the last unionists in the country to be starved into submission.

JC Jones had also received a gold medal for his efforts in the rescue associated with the 1902 Mount Kembla Mine Disaster, an event which is still the worst land disaster in Australian history.

After his 1901 move to the Mt Keira mine, JC Jones became, effectively, the Chief Executive Officer

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## WAS THERE A JONES CONNECTION?

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for Ebenezer Vickery, the coal and shipping magnate, who was then biggest player in south coast mines.

During all this time, one of Jacob Carlos Jones' closest friends was the Kirton family of Thirroul - owners (after 1905) of the small Excelsior Colliery in that town.

The Kirtons were, like Jacob Carlos Jones himself, prominent Anglicans. They jointly provided the land for the little church built at Austinmer in 1904, so they had business as well as social dealings.

Both JS Kirton and JC Jones were long-serving conservative local politicians and Kirton was President of Bulli Shire Council on many occasions.

Kirton and Jones were both very active social lawn bowlers. They were members of the Woonona Bowling Club - which JS Kirton had formed and of which the leading conservative, Sir George Whaley, was Patron - along with serving as Chairman of the Southern Colliery Proprietors' Association (1920-31).

The mine owner, in all the south coast mining villages (particularly if - like Kirton - he lived locally), was the pinnacle of society.

The mine manager was next on the local social rung.

Both owner and manager were the natural colleagues and friends of people like the conservative Parramatta parliamentarian and mine owner, Charles Joseph Byrnes (1835-1917), who also found time to be Chairman of the South Coast Coal Owner's Agency and the Southern Collieries Proprietors' Association.

In short, JC Jones, as a practising senior mine manager was at the cutting edge of labour relations in Illawarra. In *Kangaroo*, Lawrence wrote:

*So again came back to him the ever-recurring warning that SOME men must of their own choice and will listen only to the living life that is a rising tide in their own being, and listen, listen, listen for the injunctions, and give heed and know and speak and obey all they can. Some men must live by this unrelenting inwardness, no matter what the rest of the world does. They must not let the rush of the world's "outwardness" sweep them away: or if they are swept away, they must struggle back. Somers realised that he had had a fright against being swept away, because he half wanted to be swept away: but that now, thank God, he was flowing back. Not like the poor, weird "ink-bubbles", left high and dry on the sands.*

Jones was politically and socially active in Thirroul and the wider Illawarra for some 35 years before he took his valedictory grand tour of Europe prior to his return and eventual well-earned retirement, just a few years after his return to Australia in 1922.

Importantly, if he was one of the "very nice Australians" who chatted to Lawrence on board the *Osterley*, JC Jones's absence from Australia for over a

year between 1921 and 1922 might go a long way to explaining why some of the verifiable political details Lawrence includes in his novel, written in Thirroul in June and July 1922, are roughly a year out of date.

Moreover, if there was any one of the "very nice Australians" on board the *Osterley* who was in a position to tell Lawrence that tourist accommodation would be cheap to rent in Thirroul during the winter months of 1922, then Jacob Carlos Jones would have been in a better position than most to tell Lawrence this.

Both Lawrence and Frieda insisted that they never met anyone of consequence while living on the south coast of NSW; they presented no letter of introduction.

Perhaps they did not need to - for they may have already met someone with a story to tell on the first leg of their voyage to Australia.

Jacob Carlos Jones could have told Lawrence all he needed to know about the secret underworld of Australian labour relations in the first quarter of the 20th century, even before the *Osterley* berthed at Colombo.

After all, Jones had lived the daily reality of the Australian clash between Labour and Capital for approximately 35 years.

And Australia, of course, in the early years of the 20th century was a great social laboratory in which some workers were developing the attitude that "Jack was as good as his Master" - and this is precisely the attitude that Richard Lovatt Somers ("R.L.S.") encounters when he meets the taxi drivers and the "hansom cab" man in the scene in front of the Conservatorium of Music which opens the novel *Kangaroo*.

Jacob Carlos Jones was thus a man with a peculiar political story to tell - a very local and very nuanced political story to be true, but one based on personal experience of both sides of the conflict between Australian workers and their masters.

And, as it turns out, the fine details of Jones's daily life in Illawarra between 1887 and his death in 1928 are a key to understanding the secret underworld of Australian conservative politics between the great strikes of the 1890s and the brasher and more hot-headed conservatives who participated in the public activities of the New Guard in the 1930s.

On a wider canvas, JC Jones's long-term experience with the specific idiosyncrasies of industrial relations in Illawarra gives us an insight into precisely why, after 1917, the conservative right in Illawarra might have felt a need to seek covert paramilitary solutions to their problems - if ever there came a time when they felt parliamentary democracy was failing to adequately serve their interests.

But that, of course, is another story - and one which we hope to tell at much greater length in a forthcoming publication.

- Joseph Davis

(Dr Davis is the author of DH Lawrence at Thirroul)

# ...But Who Was Jaz?

asks ROBERT DARROCH

**T**he previous articles, by Hugh Liney and Joe Davis, are interesting.

I would like to try now to make them even more significant.

The fact that a mine manager connected with Thirroul was on the same boat as Lawrence – the *Osterley*, between Naples and Colombo – is, unquestionably, an important revelation, and I congratulate Hugh, Joe and John Ruffels for this insight.

Although Lawrence and the mine manager (ex-manager?) were in different boat classes - Lawrence in second, Jacob Carlos Jones apparently in third\* – it is at least possible that their paths may have crossed in transit, and, as Davis rightly remarks, Lawrence is on record (in his letters) as saying that he conversed on the *Osterley* with “simple” Australians.

So it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Lawrence and Jones might have met and discussed Australia, the South Coast, and even secret armies.

But, to be frank, I doubt it.

Lawrence seems to have come to Australia following an invitation from “Pussy” Jenkins, whom he and Frieda almost certainly sat with at table on the *Osterley* (for we have letters extant to this effect).

The decision to come on to Sydney (from Perth), again, is almost certainly due to another Australian on that boat, and who may also have been at Lawrence’s *Osterley* table – the latter, Gerald Hum (whose address is the only Sydney address in Lawrence’s address book).

The decision to go to Thirroul – taken, I believe, on the first Sunday in Sydney, when Lawrence almost certainly travelled up to Collaroy and met some Australians involved with secret armies and the South Coast - was probably due to encountering there members of the Friend family, whose (Thirroul) connection with Lawrence was first highlighted by Joe Davis.

However, amongst all this probability, remain some profound uncertainties, and the occasion of this present “Jones” article might help illuminate them - particularly regarding the references in *Kangaroo* to mining in and around Thirroul.

So let us now look at those references, and see if the Liney-Davis “Jones” connection might help explain them (or, better still, help unravel one of the remaining mysteries about *Kangaroo*).

The key figure in all this is “Jaz” – William James Trehwella (as both Liney and Davis recognise).

We have a pretty good idea on whom the character Jack Callcott is based (probably a combination of Jack Scott and Robert Morton Friend). We know who Cooley is based on – Sir Charles Rosenthal (see p 24). But the third Australian male character, Jaz, is still something of an enigma.

Physically (“stuggy”, etc) he seems to have been based on Gerald Hum. But it is clear there is more to him than Hum.

Of particular note is his profession. He begins by being portrayed as a coal-and-timber merchant “on the north side” (his place of business is given as Mosman Bay, across from the ferry wharf).

But that “disguise” does not last long. He is soon travelling down to “Mullumbimby” (Thirroul) regularly, and seems to have a strong connection with the local mine there. He encounters Somers on the coal-loading wharf, which certainly existed in 1922, a few hundred yards down the beach from Cooe (Wyewurk).

Indeed, in this second manifestation he is no longer a timber merchant, but he is described instead as a “mining engineer”.

On whom is this second (non-Hum) manifestation based? This could turn out to be a vital and revealing question (for one must keep in mind that one of Lawrence’s main “disguise” or transformation techniques was to combine in a “fictional” character two or more “real-life” originals - see my article on *The Virgin and the Gipsy* on p 24).

There is a very strong likelihood that Jaz is in fact based on a man called George Sutherland.

This is a name that would have eluded Lawrence scholars, even those closely interested in *Kangaroo* and Lawrence’s time in Australia in 1922. I myself was unaware of it until 1995, the 19<sup>th</sup> year of my (seeming never-ending) research into Lawrence and *Kangaroo*.

I had been corresponding for some months with the archivist of The King’s School in Sydney, Peter Yeend, whose interest in the matter had led him to contact my historian colleague, Dr Andrew Moore (whose *The Secret Army and the Premier* – the main work on the “Old Guard” and its predecessors – Yeend had picked up at a recent book sale).

Yeend revealed - first to Andrew, then to me - that he was aware of the real story behind *Kangaroo*, and that in fact he had access to a document that related that story. But, due to a duty of confidentiality, he was unable to tell me what the

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## ...But Who Was Jaz?

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truth was. However, over the subsequent months he did drop a few hints that he hoped might help me, without compromising his position (the document in question – a copy of a page of which he sent me – had been lodged in the school's archives, which stored an extensive collection of memoirs of TKS old boys).

In a letter in March 1995 he dropped such a hint. I had known for some time that one of the Friend family – Walter Friend, a Kings old boy – was involved. Yeend had previously confirmed this, but had said I should also take into account his younger brother, Robert Morton Friend (the Friends owned extensive property in Thirroul, as Joe Davis had discovered).

After much toing-and-froing, he tried his best in this March 1995 letter to be helpful (“let me put forward a supposed scenario...”).

He told me that a leading firm of Sydney solicitors – Minter Simpson – had been “an organisational base” for the secret army. He mentioned Walter's brother-in-law, a signals expert, who had been at Kings with Rosenthal's two sons, and he then added, significantly: “Then there was Walter's good friend George Sutherland – an engineer, also TKS - all a network really!”

Clearly Yeend knew something about Sutherland that was important to the story, for he would not have mentioned his name otherwise. But what was the connection? He could divulge it.

Yet it was clear that the name Sutherland was significant, for in his second-last letter to me (in 1997 the kibosh was put on our correspondence by the headmaster of Kings) he encouraged my Sutherland research, saying: “Yes, you are hot on the trail with Sutherland, and it leads straight to Friend [sic]. Walter Friend and George Sutherland were life-long close friends.” He added: “George Sutherland...often spoke of his friendship with the Rosenthal family.”

As if to emphasise the relevance, he enclosed copies from the TKS archives of George Sutherland's own memoir of his life, plus a photo of him. The only similar information he had sent me concerned Walter and Robert Friend, so Sutherland must have been very important to the story of how *Kangaroo* came to be written.

However, try as I might, I could not myself find any connection between the novel and George Sutherland. (I had formed the belief that anything of interest that had occurred to Lawrence in Sydney and Thirroul – indeed, anything to do with Australia – was recorded or reflected somewhere in *Kangaroo* – see, in this respect, Sandra Jobson's article on “Lawrence and Dada”, p 7.)

The next clue came by courtesy of Bruce



*George Sutherland*

Steele, the editor of the CUP edition of *Kangaroo*. Speculating on where Lawrence might have got the character-name “Trehwella”, Steele had remarked that the issue of the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* of May 23, 1922, (five days prior to Lawrence's arrival in Sydney) had an item about the death of Joshua Thomas Trehwelaar, “manager of Cameron Sutherland Pty Ltd of Neutral Bay”.

This particularly caught my eye, because in one of his letters, Yeend had mentioned Cameron Sutherland Pty Ltd, saying that he believed George Sutherland might have worked for what was probably the family firm.

George, it turned out, was an engineer by profession. And Cameron Sutherland was a firm of mining engineers, specialising in things like winding gear for mines.

So Steele may be right – Lawrence might indeed have got the name Trehwella from someone who had known Joshua Trehwelaar...someone from the firm Cameron Sutherland...someone like Walter Friend's schoolmate, George Sutherland.

In fact, Lawrence might have attached the name William James Trehwella to George Sutherland, whom he may have met, along with the Friends, that first Sunday at Collaroy, and whose acquaintance may have been renewed when George went down to Thirroul – as Jaz does – in connection with the local Excelsior mine.

That may have been the connection Yeend had been pointing to.

Speculation, yes. And Liney and Davis could yet be right in their speculation about Jacob Jones and the *Osterley*.

If only we could see that document in the TKS archives – almost certainly a memoir by Robert Morton Friend, who had arranged for the Lawrences to rent Wyewurk (as Yeend revealed in one of his letters).

One day, perhaps...

\* *why third? - that class on ships was usually reserved for the lowest of the low, something a mine manager (Joe says a mine manager was the second-most-important person in a local community) would seem to be unfitted for* □

# A Lawrentian Event



Photo: John Lacey

**T**ucked in between days of torrential rains, roaring seas and lowering clouds, the DHL Lawrence Society managed to arrange a pure, fine, balmy day on Saturday, July 23, for its luncheon, AGM, and talk by Peter Coleman at the recently-established Studio of the Julian Ashton Art School at Georges Heights (Middle Head), Mosman.

Our honorary artist and member, Paul Delprat, principal of the Julian Ashton Art School (and also known at least to Mosman locals as Prince Paul of Wy) welcomed the Society and friends to his Georges Heights Studio.

The Julian Ashton Art School, founded by Paul's illustrious great-grandfather, Julian Ashton, is mainly based in North George Street in the Sydney Rocks. But Paul has managed to acquire premises, courtesy The Sydney Harbour Federation Trust, on the old military land at Middle Head where the former huts have been restored and renovated to accommodate a variety of creative groups, including the provision of a studio and *en plein air* landscape facility for the Julian Ashton Art School.

Arriving at the site, visitors are impressed by the panoramic view looking out towards both South and North Heads and the entrance to Sydney Harbour – the same vista Lawrence and Frieda would have seen in reverse as they entered the Heads on the RMS *Malwa* in 1922.

About 30 people, mainly members, attended the event. We were particularly pleased to wel-

come our other honorary artist, Garry Shead.

Peter Coleman also invited some friends with DHL connections: film director Bruce Beresford and his wife, the author and scriptwriter Virginia Duigan, diplomat Owen Harries and his wife Cynthia, and columnists Frank Devine and his wife Josephine.

Paul's associate, Jimmy Jackson, helped set the banquet scene, supplying colourful plastic "tablecloths" depicting children's hopscotch grids.

The food was cooked and supplied by DHL Society Vice-president Rob Darroch (with a little help from relations and friends) who brought two poached salmon, boiled potatoes, salad and accoutrements, plus fruit tarts and cream – enough to feed a hungry horde of 30 or more.

Host Paul Delprat welcomed the guests, who had inspected an exhibition of work by Julian Ashton students, before sitting down to lunch. President John Lacey delivered his annual speech (see page 33) and a brief AGM was held (see reports pages 23, 33).

After the first course was devoured, Peter Coleman, distinguished writer, journalist, editor, and former leader of the Liberal Opposition in NSW, delivered a talk about looking back "in anguish" at Lawrence. (His talk is reproduced on p 20.)

The event was relaxed and the venue particularly airy and Australian – as the pair of birds who flew in and out of the Annexe kitchen appreciated, pecking here and there at whatever left-over titbits they could find. (See p 19 for more pictures.)

# Out and about

*Scenes from our 13th commemorative picnic in the Royal Botanic Gardens (see story p 3)*

*The Botanic Gardens fountain was an oasis of cool on such a hot day*



*DH Lawrence Society members enjoying the picnic lunch*

*View of the Sydney skyline from the Maiden Pavilion*



Photos: John Lacey

# with Lawrence

*Scenes from the luncheon  
and talk at the Julian  
Ashton Studio*



*Peter Coleman (above) addresses the Society (right: Bruce Beresford)*



*Paul Delprat welcomes the guests*



*Sandra Jobson listening to Peter's talk with interest*



*Andrew Moore and Beverly Firth*



*The commemorative luncheon menu*



*Paul Delprat with some of his paintings of Wyewurk and Thirroul*

*Doug Knowland (left) and John Ruffels*



*Photos: John Lacey*

# LAWRENCE - A GENIUS, OR A JOKE?

*This is the text of the talk delivered by PETER COLEMAN to the DH Lawrence Society on Sunday July 23, 2006, at the Julian Ashton Art School Studio, Georges Heights, Mosman. The talk was subsequently published in Quadrant, and now in Rananim.*



*Peter Coleman delivers his talk to the Society. Filmmaker Bruce Beresford ("Breaker Morant") on his left.*

Photo: Paul Delprat

My theme is from Joseph Conrad and his tale, *The Shadow Line*. Only the young, he wrote, have such moments. One closes behind one the little gate of mere boyishness – and enters the enchanted garden. One goes on. And time, too, goes on – till one perceives ahead a shadow-line warning one that the region of early youth, too, must be left behind.

On this side of the shadow-line is shimmering sunshine, endless possibilities, experiment, enjoyment and heartbreak. The enchanted garden of youth. On the other side of the shadow-line is maturity. Summer leads on to winter. Sunshine ends in rain. Everything is cut and dried. No man is an island entire of itself. A fool and his money are soon parted. We call it the real world and we learn to live in it. Some call it the getting of wisdom. Perhaps it is.

D.H. Lawrence is sometimes a good travelling companion ... but only for part of the way. My proposition is that the polemical Lawrence, the prophet, sometimes now dismissed as a "national joke", lingered too long in the en-

chanted garden - right to the end. But the enduring Lawrence, the poet and genius, crossed the shadow-line.

It was hard to escape D.H. Lawrence in my youth in the late 1940s. Everybody in Sydney had a view about him. Over here was James McAuley with the Lawrence poem he had set to music ("Green"). Over there was P.R. Stephensen, publisher of Lawrence's dreadful paintings, still telling his often tall stories about the great emancipator. Here was Professor John Anderson refining his variation of Lawrence's creed of sexual freedom, the Andersonian doctrine of "comic copulation" (without the illusions of either sentimentality or phallocentricity). And here was the poet and dramatist Ray Mathew, a true Lawrencian who sensed a sympathetic homosexual spirit in Lawrence. Above all Lawrence had written a famous novel about Sydney, its politics and its dark gods. *Kangaroo* seemed to lead some of its readers past the vacuity of Australian life to a land of poetry and mystic promise.

## Critics

There were also the critics - AD Hope ridiculing Lawrence as overrated, muddled, naïve and boring, or Kenneth Slessor mocking his ambiguous profundity.\* But these sceptics were a minority.

Lawrence certainly influenced me. I do not recall all the details. But there are a few scars of old sores to quicken the memory. About 50 years ago I wrote an essay on Lawrence's thought in a *Current Affairs Bulletin*. A little later I wrote a book called *The Case of Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Not everything etched out on these relics is wrong. But more of that later.

Lawrence's popular notoriety - as distinct from his literary prestige - was based on one famous or infamous novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and the two causes it championed. One was the battle against censorship. The novel was Lawrence's final, certainly his most shat-

tering, salvo. The other was the Sexual Revolution. The novel was his last manifesto.

Let us dispose of this issue of censorship first. In the 15 prodigious years before his death in 1930, Lawrence became a hero and martyr in the censorship wars. The principal landmarks were *The Rainbow* (banned 1915), *Women in Love* (prosecuted 1916), *Pansies* (bowdlerized 1929), *Paintings* (destroyed 1930) and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (expurgated, 1932). The Home Office in London had a huge file on him.

Lawrence also wrote important polemics, such as *Obscenity and Pornography*, distinguishing obscenity (which may be necessary) from pornography (which is "the deepest and most dangerous cancer of our civilisation"). He had every right to say to Rhys Davies shortly before his death: "All you young writers have me to thank for what freedom you enjoy. It was I who set about smashing down the barriers." \*

The explicitness of its sex scenes and four-letter words ensured that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was banned throughout most of the world for about 30 years. But at last, in 1960, Penguin Books won its test case, before a London jury, and the right to publish the novel unexpurgated.

In Australia the book remained banned. Not only the novel, but the principal book about the case. The English journalist CH Rolph wrote a respectable account called *The Trial of Lady Chatterley's Lover*. In an extraordinary act of authoritarian paternalism, the Australian Customs department banned it too.

This is where I have my little footnote in the drama. The Sydney publisher, Horwitz Publications, asked me to help them frustrate the Customs department by writing a book on the case, drawing on the detailed reports of the trial in the London newspapers, especially *The Times* and *The Guardian*, which were of course freely available in Australia. I would also add my own commentary.

Since the book was published in New South Wales, it was beyond the authority of Federal Government and its agencies. We knew that the State Government had no interest in taking us on. The book was called *The Case of Lady Chatterley's Lover* (price six shillings). It is a slight book of no importance except as a document of liberal opinion of its time.

Like everyone, I was impressed by the accumulation of evidence which writers, academics, clergy and psychologists gave of the book's merit. They ranged from EM. Forster and Rebecca West to Richard Hoggart (one of the

heroes of a recent BBC Four film of the trial). Even the skeptics, like the Lawrencian FR Leavis, who thought the novel overrated, held their tongues, because everyone was sick and tired of censors dictating what we may or may not read.

But soon after the trial there was an unexpected turn of events. John Sparrow, Warden of All Souls, Oxford, published a remarkable essay in the London magazine *Encounter*. He pointed to obscure passages that, once explained, become clear. The novel not only validates, but celebrates, sodomy. The gamekeeper sodomises Lady Chatterley.

In her biography of Lawrence, Brenda Maddox argues that if the Crown had really understood these passages, and had drawn the jury's attention to their meaning, Penguin Books would have been found guilty of publishing an obscene article in breach of the Obscene Publications Act. The prosecution would have succeeded. She may be right.

It is not simply that sodomy was a felony punishable by imprisonment. Felonious or not, it is hard to imagine that in 1960 a British jury would have condoned it. (This was some years before "Last Tango in Paris.") But in the trial, even the Crown, cautious at least in this, seemed to think that the book was a plea, however reprehensible, for free, natural and normal love. Like many readers, I had thought that the novel was often comical in word and action. But I too had certainly missed what Warden Sparrow picked up.

As it turned out, the triumph of Penguins Books opened, to coin a phrase, the floodgates, and in due course censorship of books totally disappeared, even of the pornography that Lawrence had bitterly condemned. His fine distinction between obscenity and pornography may have appealed to the fastidious, but was, understandably perhaps, beyond the administrative powers of government authorities.

Most of us, perhaps all, rejoiced at the time at the success of the hundred years war against censorship. Lawrence had won his great crusade, in the end. No doubt the author of *Obscenity and Pornography* would have been aghast at the tidal wave of pornography that swept through the publishing and the entertainment industry. But for better or worse, the issue was settled.

This brings us to the second great theme of Lawrence's polemics - the Sexual Revolution. From the beginning of his career, he was pre-

*cont'd over page*

## LAWRENCE - GENIUS OR JOKE?

from previous page



Poet Kenneth Slessor - see his Lawrence verse at end of article on following page

occupied with the crisis of civilisation. He was one of the many before the First World War who denounced the dehumanising effect of industrialization and modernity. The English guild socialists, the French syndicalists, and the Catholic or Chesterbelloc distributivists, and the emptiness and ugliness of modern industrialised life.

This current of thought became a torrent during and after the War - which was widely seen as the mechanised suicide of the West and, later, as a rehearsal for the Holocaust and Hiroshima.

The popular justification of industrial capitalism was that it increased our material standard of living. There is no doubt it did. But Lawrence's conviction was that the price of "the plausible ethics of productivity" was too high. Better the old frugal and unspoilt England, he said, than material prosperity, mass production, Passchendaele, and "the rampant, raging meanness of the democratic mob" of Lloyd George, Mussolini or Hitler.

But these big ideas - plain or fancy - do not explain Lawrence's peculiar appeal. That came with his teaching that we could and should do something about the collapse of civilisation - in our own decisions about our own lives. We should secede from the dehumanising, industrialising, repressive new industrial order. We should liberate ourselves by enrolling, above all, in the sexual revolution. Liberate yourself first, and

there will be at least a chance of social salvation. He did not mean casual promiscuity, a sort of permanent P&O cruise. He meant a return to the dark gods - the gods who prevailed before the repressive Christian and Jewish gods had unmanned us.

For many, this was intoxicating stuff. But Lawrence was in an almost impossible dilemma. He believed, as almost all English poets had believed over the centuries, that man and wife are one flesh, that marriage is sacramental, and adultery a betrayal. As he once put it : "Your most vital necessity in life is that you shall love your wife completely and implicitly and in entire nakedness of body and spirit. This is my message as far as I've got any." But in March 1912 he met the Baroness Frieda von Richthofen, then Mrs Ernest Weekley, and she changed his life. The Baroness was not only the most sexually uninhibited woman he had met, she also introduced him to a new world of Germanic sexology, sexual politics, Freudianism and Nietzscheanism - and all sorts of Wagnerian dwarves from Otto Gross to Wilhelm Reich. Her basic message - her theory and practice - was the liberating magic of free love.

Bertrand Russell used to say that Lawrence's eloquence was his alone, but the ideas were Frieda's. That is an exaggeration, but it would be foolish to underestimate her influence on his life and thought. His work may be seen as an attempt to reconcile his puritanism and her libertarianism.

It was a hopeless quest. He could not square the circle. Nor could his critics. That was certainly my experience 50 years ago when I attempted an analysis of Lawrence's ideas in an essay that turned into the *Current Affairs Bulletin* article. When I tried to sum up to his sexual theories, I threw up my hands: "The reader," I wrote, "must make what he can of these expressions."

I put the essay aside in the mid-1950s. It obviously needed more work. Then about 1959 Owen Harries read it and suggested that I tidy it up, without trying to solve all the problems, and offer it to the *Current Affairs Bulletin* for its series on The Modern Mind. A generous editor, the late JL Wilson, told me that I did not present the Lawrence at whose feet his generation had sat in the 1920s. But he agreed to publish the essay, in June 1959 (price 6d).

My friend Ray Mathew reviewed it in the old fortnightly *Observer*. I had tried too hard, he said, to read Lawrence as a systematic thinker. Lawrence was essentially unsystematic and

inconsistent; his ideas changed from day to day, and each new book was a discovery (“a session on the analyst’s couch”, as he put it). Mathew was right - up to a point. Lawrence often changed his mind, but the basic preoccupations, his Problematik, did not change, and this is what I had tried to explore.

I found it impossible to go along Lawrence and his dark gods. Even so sympathetic a scholar as John Worthen, in his recent biography, sanitises Lawrence’s underlying creed as simply the validation of the body as against the soul. There is more to it than this.

Worthen merely notes in passing Kate Millett’s attack on Lawrence’s misogyny but offers no refutation. He does not mention Warden Sparrow’s reading of *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*. He dismisses Bertrand Russell’s view of Frieda’s influence on Lawrence as that of a malicious old man.

But we do not have to agree with those many English critics who now treat Lawrence as “a national joke”, although it is easy to see why they do. Ken Russell’s films have much to answer for. His images of Lady Chatterley and the game-keeper gamboling naked in the English woods, of Alan Bates and Oliver Reed wrestling naked in the firelight, and of Glenda Jackson seducing the bulls and the steers in *Women in Love*, contributed significantly to the national joke. And what of the wild Mexican Indians ritually murdering The Woman in *The Woman who Rode Away*?

Is this what sexual freedom comes down to? What happens to our children as we are being initiated into the Aztec sexual cult of Quetzalcoatl? (Significantly Lawrence’s characters never have children.) When we have read *Aaron’s Rod*, are we expected to follow Aaron with his flute, leave wife and family on Christmas Eve, and submit to some masterful masculine hero?

Yet Worthen may be on the right track after all. Now that censorship is abolished, the sexual revolution triumphant, and *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* a school text, we can at last enjoy Lawrence’s fiction without the distraction of his ancient polemics. We can go beyond the to the genius.

I feel ungrateful to be so skeptical about Lawrence’s polemics. I began with Conrad. Let me end with him:

*I remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more – the feeling that I could last forever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men; the heat of life in a handful of dust, that glow in the heart that with*

*every year grows dim, grows cold, grows small, and expires - and expires too soon, too soon - before life itself.*

I too remember my youth. Do we not all recall those days, those dear vanished days when we were so unhappy - and we pored over Lawrence’s stories and poems looking for guidance?

It was indeed an enchanted garden. But sooner or later we had to cross the shadow-line.

*\* Shortly after Lawrence left Australia in 1922, his new novel Aaron’s Rod was the dernier cri among the avant-garde. Kenneth Slessor, 21, poet and journalist, wrote this verse review for his newspaper The Sun of 25 October, 1922 :*

To those who hold decomposed souls in abhorrence  
This wink is as good as a nod.

Look out for frightfully deep Mr Lawrence,  
And likewise avoid ‘Aaron’s Rod’.



## MINUTES OF 2006 AGM

AT THE JULIAN ASHTON ART SCHOOL  
ANNEXE

GEORGES HEIGHTS, MOSMAN

ON SUNDAY 23 JULY 2006

12 NOON

**PRESENT** (DHL members): John Lacey, Paul Delprat, Rob Darroch, Margaret Jones, Sandra Jobson, Doug Knowland, Kerie Hooke, Roger Hooke, John Ruffels, Marylyn Valentine, Peter Coleman, Verna Coleman, Garry Shead, Sue Delprat, Beverley Firth, Andrew Moore, Anne Dix.

**IN ATTENDANCE:** Owen Harries, Dorothy Harries, Bruce Beresford, Virginia Duigan, Lee Shrubbs, Peter Shrubbs, Frank Devine, J. Devine, Madelaine Armstrong, Ursula Dubosarsky, Rafe Champion, Kilmeny Niland, Anna Delprat, David Delprat, Zoe Delprat, Jim Jackson, Gerald Valentine, Artist Robert Dujin.

**BUSINESS:** Paul Delprat, Principal of the Julian Ashton Art School, welcomed everyone. Robert Darroch, the Society’s Vice-President, expressed his thanks to Paul for providing the venue and exhibition of artworks. The Society’s President, John Lacey, reported on the events of the past year (see page 35).

The Society’s Treasurer, Doug Knowland, presented the financial report (see page 35).

The current committee members were re-elected unopposed. Since the sudden death of our Secretary, Margaret Jones, (see article page 4), Sandra Jobson has agreed to be Acting Secretary.

**MEETING CONCLUDED:** 12.30 pm.

# ROO BY ANY OTHER NAME

ROBERT DARROCH reviews the new CUP edition of *The Virgin and the Gypsy*

**T**he latest Cambridge University Press volume of Lawrence's "Collected Works" has recently (last year in fact) been published, and although there is nothing in it - ostensibly - of direct relevance to Australia and Lawrence's time here, it does contain something of considerable interest to us.

*The Virgin and the Gipsy and Other Stories* - which costs a hefty \$225, so I don't expect you to run out immediately and buy a copy - contains two late novellas and the parts or whole of seven short stories, all from the last four years of Lawrence's tragically short life (he died in 1930, aged 45).

*The Virgin and the Gipsy* and *The Escaped Cock* are the novellas, while the short stories are *Things*, *Rawdon's Roof*, *Mother and Daughter*, *The Blue Moccasins*, *The Man Who Was Through with the World*, *The Undying Man*, and *The Woman Who Wanted to Disappear*.

What especially interests us is the first novella, *The Virgin and the Gipsy* (V&G), written in early 1926, but not published in Lawrence's lifetime.

It was written just after Lawrence's final visit to "the country of my heart" - his native Eastwood and its surrounding areas in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, which trip also was the spark for his last major novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (LCL).

In many ways the two works - V&G and LCL - are similar, and both were certainly inspired by this late-1925 trip to England. Both reflect what was perhaps Lawrence's abiding fantasy...the attraction of a working-class (and in the gipsy's case, perhaps an even lower class: almost an "untouchable") man to a woman of title (in the case of LCL) or of culture (V&G) - certainly someone from a higher class.

What interests us, as Australians, is the clue V&G gives to one of the great mysteries in Lawrence studies, and of his period in Australia - the underlying identity of the main character in his Australian novel *Kangaroo*, Benjamin Cooley.

But it also has a more general significance, in that it provides a useful insight into Lawrence's literary technique.

As I pointed out in a series of three articles in *Rananim* in 1997, Lawrence seldom invented things. Almost everything in his fiction is based, to some extent, on reality - on places he knew or visited, on events he had experienced, and on people he had known or had encountered.

This is fairly common ground among Lawrence



scholars. However, there is a great deal of controversy or lack of agreement over precisely who was whom, and what was based on what, or where.

(In this respect, it is worth quoting from the memoir - *The Betrayal* - of Lawrence's Eastwood childhood friend, George Neville. In it he wrote: "I have never been able to understand...why Lawrence...should so constantly refuse to put his imagination into action when seeking names for his characters. Practically all the names of his more important characters are the actual names of people he knew in his youth, or are so flimsily disguised as to represent no real attempt at disguise...His works are full of such transpositions.")

In fact, there seems to have indeed been a significant pattern or method in what I called, following Neville, Lawrence's "transformation techniques". I gave a number of examples of his name transpositions, of his reversal technique, his "puns", and his "association" habit. Yet the most that can be confidently said of these techniques is that the ghost of the original is sometimes (I would argue often) to be found in the result or product of

its transformation, or “switch”.

(See *Rananim* 5-1, “Mining Lawrence’s Nomenclature”, and *Rananim* 5-2, “What’s in a Name?” for examples.)

In the final article (*Rananim* 5-3, “A Ruse by any Other Name”) I speculated that Lawrence might have, in his post-Australia fiction, “recycled” people, etc, that he had encountered in Australia, and that, moreover, if he had done this, then that might give us a clue to whom he actually met in Australia, and on whom therefore he might have based some of the fictional characters in *Kangaroo*, particularly Benjamin Cooley (a matter of some controversy, not to say moment, to the reception of the novel).

I pointed out, for example, that in the second version of LCL (*John Thomas and Lady Jane*, also not published in Lawrence’s lifetime), there is a character – Jack Strangeways – that looks as if it was based on Jack Scott, whom I say Lawrence had encountered in Sydney in 1922, and on whom I say he based the character in *Kangaroo*, Jack Callcott. (Jack Scott had some very strange ways – though the “links” go well beyond that “pun” [see *Rananim* 5-3]\*.)

In the new CUP edition of V&G there is no speculation about on whom several of the characters are based – an odd omission, for other CUP works are full of such identifications and possible links. For example, Bruce Steele, the editor of the CUP edition of *Kangaroo*, speculated about the “inspiration” for virtually all the main characters in the novel.

In particular, Steele identified as the model of Cooley a combination of two of Lawrence’s Jewish acquaintances – Koteliensky and Dr Eder, though he adds that if there were perchance some local ingredient, it probably would have been Sir John Monash, the Jewish WW1 Australian general.

The CUP editor of V&G (who is unnamed – the volume has three editors, but it is not revealed who edited what) says that many of the main characters reflect “a portrayal of Ernest Weekley’s family home” (Ernest Weekley was Frieda’s first husband, whom she abandoned to run off with Lawrence in 1912).

Whomsoever the particular CUP editor of V&G might have been, he or she certainly sees in Yvette – the “virgin” of the novel – the “original” of Frieda’s daughter Barbara, and in Yvette’s father, the Rev. Arthur Saywell, the shadow of Ernest Weekley himself (and who is portrayed in a very unflattering light).

On the other hand, two prominent characters – the “little Jewess” and her new husband, Major Charles Eastwood – are not identified. And it is this latter character that Australian interest should focus on.

Although the new CUP edition does not

speculate on whom the husband might be modelled, other attempts have been made to identify him. One possibility is pretty obvious from his name – Major Eastwood. Several critics have speculated that this character is a memory of the “laird of Eastwood”, Thomas Barber, owner of the colliery where Lawrence’s father worked.

Barber, whom Lawrence portrayed in several works (for example, partly as Leslie Tempest in *The White Peacock*, ditto Gerald Crich in *Women in Love*, and possibly as Clifford Chatterley in LCL), was something of an obsession with Lawrence. Barber certainly served as an officer in WW1, and so the Eastwood-name reference might seem to point to him.

But there the resemblance ends. There was nothing Jewish about Barber, and physically he is very different to V&G’s Major Charles Eastwood.

Lawrence portrays the latter as a large, powerfully-built man ([he is a] “...big, blond man...athletic...a magnificent figure, an athletic, prominent chest...powerful athletic white arms...”). Barber was not thus endowed.

However, it is (I would argue) pretty obvious where Lawrence derived many – but not all (for he usually combined one or more “originals” to produce what can be best described as an amalgam character) – of the ingredients that make up Major Charles Eastwood...Major-General Sir Charles Rosenthal.

And this in turn, if my argument is accepted, would confirm Rosenthal as the model of Cooley in *Kangaroo*.

So what are the parallels that might identify Rosenthal as the original of Eastwood?

They are compelling.

The most obvious one is the physical resemblance. Although Rosenthal was dark, not blond, in every other outward respect he is the same as Major Eastwood. (Rosenthal was noted for his athletic ability, and often took on teams of soldiers single-handedly in tug-‘o-war contests.)

Eastwood is described a youngish, but that does not rule out Rosenthal, for he, too, was young for a WW1 General – he was in his 40s when Lawrence encountered him, almost certainly, in Sydney in 1922.

The Jewish reference (his fictional wife is “a little Jewess”) is also telling. Rosenthal himself was not Jewish (he was a Methodist), but he was notoriously mistaken, mainly due to his name and facial appearance, for being Jewish. Indeed, one important reason, textually speaking, for identifying him as the model for Cooley is the ambivalence in the novel about his apparent Jewishness. For Lawrence does not say Cooley is Jewish, only that he “must be Jewish”.

Then there is the name – Major Charles

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## ROO BY ANY OTHER NAME

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Eastwood. As Neville pointed out, Lawrence had an ingrained habit of retaining in the names of his fictional characters a relic of the name of the real-life character he or she was based on. (Again, see *Rananim* 5-2, “What’s in a Name?” – however, one example will serve to illustrate this quirk...in *Women in Love* the character Hermoine Roddice is a switch from Lawrence’s real-life patron, Lady Ottoline Morrell, the transformation being from the feminine form of the German male name “Herman” to the feminine form of “Otto”.)

Another of his habits was to alter the rank of his characters, elevating lower ranks higher, and visa-versa. In *Kangaroo* Major-General Rosenthal is demoted - in a pretty feeble effort to disguise the original - to a lowly lieutenant (a most unlikely rank for the leader of a fictional secret army made up of WW1 ex-servicemen). So whenever one comes across a rank in his fiction, one would be tempted to either raise or lower it, according to the specific instance.

Yet he often kept part of the name of the original inspiration intact. (So much was he attached to the original, that he often made a slip, and inadvertently reverted to the original “real” name – in *Kangaroo*, for example, he originally changes the real-life Murdoch Road to the “fictional” Murdoch Street, but later in the novel reverts back to the “correct” Murdoch Road [see, also, *Rananim* 5-1, “Mining Lawrence’s Nomenclature”, for his handling of “Cullen’s Picture Palace” in *The Lost Girl*].)

So the “retention” of the first name, Charles, from Sir Charles Rosenthal in Major Charles Eastwood is by no means without precedent.

There is even the hint of a connection between the two surnames, Rosenthal and Eastwood. As I pointed out in *Rananim* 7-1, the name Rosenthal means, in German, “the valley of the roses”. And in chapter VIII of *Kangaroo*, “Volcanic Evidence”, there is a reference to a “Black Forest trifle” (a red-painted wooden heart) that, I argue, probably came from the village of Rosenthal, in eastern Germany – a village situated in the depth of the German primeval forest, which so frightened the Romans. Although this is, admittedly, drawing a long bow, there is arguably an echo of “East wood” in the name Rosenthal. (Such “plays on words” are common Lawrence transposition techniques. For example, he transposed a real-life person in one of his works, a Mr Fullbank, as a fictional Mr Holbrook.)

However, what converts suspicion – originally founded on the real-life link between Lawrence and Rosenthal (see my 1981 book, *DH Lawrence in*

*Australia*) – into near certainty are two further aspects of the fictional character Major Eastwood, and their link to Charles Rosenthal.

The first is Charles Eastwood’s military unit. He was in the war, according to the gipsy (who served with him in France), an artillery officer. Rosenthal was an artillery officer.

But the clincher, if you will excuse the expression, is his family background. One would have thought that someone with the rather English – indeed, Midlands – name of Charles Eastwood would be English. (And if Barber were the model, he probably would have been.)

Yet in the novella Eastwood is not English. He is Scandinavian, specifically “of Danish blood”. (Hence his blondness.)

Charles Rosenthal’s parents came from Denmark.

There is, I submit, little doubt that Lawrence modelled the main part of the character Major Charles Eastwood on Major-General Sir Charles Rosenthal – just as he portrayed Jack Scott as Jack Strangeways in the second version of LCL.

Both portrayals, I would further submit, are confirmation that Lawrence encountered both Scott and Rosenthal in Sydney in 1922, and that he based the (surprising) secret army plot of *Kangaroo* on his contact with these two real-life Australian secret army leaders, depicted in the novel as Jack Callcott and Benjamin Cooley.



\* as an example, Lawrence portrays Strangeways as being attractive to women, yet unable to have children (as was Scott); as having some very odd views on the use of machine-guns against the masses; has a “pet subject”; a “too-large” body part; and is the same age as Scott (about 35).

Sir Charles Rosenthal



# A SINISTER THEORY

by Maurits Zwankhuizen (© 2006)

**B**enjamin Cooley is known as Kangaroo in the novel of the same name. We then find that his main radical political opponent is the socialist Willie Struthers. Two idealists fighting for Australia's vote.

Struthers is an interesting surname for Lawrence to choose. It may have been chosen because it contains the great Australian term, struth (also spelt strewth). Australians were once a proud nation of struthers, the mildest of blasphemies still used in some quarters by the old guard.

Then there is another option, one which is highly fanciful and thus highly delightful. Lawrence's visit to Sydney may have been brief but he would have seen many representations of the Australian coat-of-arms on civic buildings. A kangaroo and emu facing each other, almost facing off, like opponents in a boxing match or, indeed, on the hustings. Through gentle extrapolation, knowing that the emu is a brother-bird of the ostrich and that the ostrich in Greek is strouthos, we find a sudden connection. Both the emu and ostrich are within the same family, called Struthionidae. Is it then not possible that Struthers was deliberately chosen to be the emu-opponent of Kangaroo Cooley?

His description in the novel as having a likeness to Abraham Lincoln provides extra fodder for this argument. Kangaroo is very much a simulacrum of his marsupial namesake. Likewise, Struthers is depicted as a cadaverous fellow with dark black eyes and a shabby habiliment – an anthropomorphisation of an emu if ever there was one.

Whether or not this is the case, it is interesting to note that, on the Australian coat-of-arms, it is the emu which is, heraldically-speaking, sinister. This aligns it to some extent with Somers' own feelings in the novel, though of course we all know that he never loved Kangaroo, just found him more attractive than Mr Struthers.

Naturally, Lawrence may have genuinely known a Struthers and my hypothesis may be based purely on coincidence but it does summon the idea that often some thought goes into creating a character's name. There are certainly myriad examples of this in the history of literature. Shakespeare was the king of puns and portmanteaus, my personal favourite being the executioner Abhorson in *Measure for Measure*.

Personally, Lawrence does not strike me as an author who would use puns intentionally.

Please correct me if I'm wrong, as my judgment is based upon only three of his novels - *Kangaroo*, *The Rainbow* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. It would be interesting to see if there are any other characters in the canon of Lawrence which may fall into this category.



## *on the other hand...*

*We thank Maurits for this contribution, which is certainly thought-provoking (and fits in nicely with our earlier articles - "All at Sea with DHL", "But Who Was Jaz?", and "Roo by any other Name"). Again, he could be on to something. Had he read Neville's The Betrayal (see p 24), he certainly would have found grist for his Struthers speculation mill. Maybe Lawrence did have, at the back of his mind, the Greek word for ostrich. The "sinister" reference is an interesting idea. Yet we have a pretty good idea on whom Lawrence based Labor leader Willie Struthers - the Communist secretary of the NSW Labor Council, Jock Garden. Lawrence's actual visit to the Trades Hall - Garden's Sydney headquarters - was confirmed by (in a letter to researcher John Ruffels) Australian left-wing writer Frank Hardy, who told Garden's biographer Arthur Hoyle that Garden had told him (Hardy) that Lawrence had in fact visited him at the Trades Hall and had asked him about the political situation in Sydney, and specifically about the position of the ex-Diggers (ex-servicemen) vis-a-vis the Labor movement. However, it should also be pointed out that Lawrence had used the fictional name Struthers before. In his previous novel, Aaron's Rod, he called one of his characters "Struthers" (an artist, probably based on Augustus John, who lives in Covent Garden). So one can perhaps see why the name Jock Garden would remind Lawrence, horticulturally speaking, of the previous Struthers.*

**- RD**

# A Friend of Dogs and DHL



Margaret Jones

**I**t came as a shock that our Society's Secretary, Margaret Jones, died suddenly on Sunday July 30, 2006.

She had suffered a fall a few weeks earlier, and had broken her elbow, but had come out of hospital and had recovered sufficiently to attend the Society's luncheon and talk by Peter Coleman on July 23. Though looking frail, she seemed in good spirits, and announced that "this is much more enjoyable than being in St Vincent's Hospital!"

All of us miss Margaret. She had a very distinctive personality, a set of high values, a wicked sense of humour, and a sense of public duty. Some people found her forbidding, but, once one got to know her, the stiff outside shell opened up to reveal a remarkably sensitive human being. She had had to battle hard to get to where she was, coming as she did from a Rockhampton convent school and battling to survive as a serious single female journalist in an era where women were usually relegated to the women's pages and the social jottings.

Her struggle to become a serious journalist, however, had a somewhat tabloid start when her first job on the *Sydney Sun-Herald* was as the inaugural compiler of that newspaper's weekly feature, "Dog of the Week".

Her newspaper obituaries (including one in the *London Times*) stressed her high standard of journalism – as the *Sydney Morning Herald's* first Foreign Correspondent in Washington and Beijing, as its Literary Editor, Foreign Editor, senior feature writer and columnist. She campaigned as a

committee member of PEN on behalf of dissident writers jailed by certain foreign regimes and she was an active member of the Republican movement in Australia. She was also the author of a number of books, including *Thatcher's Kingdom* and a novel, *The Smiling Buddha*.

But let me tell you one or two anecdotes about Margaret which I think demonstrate her stubborn personality and her willingness to adapt. The first story is about how she went to London as a raw cadet journalist in her late teens. On arrival she wrote an article chronicling her first impressions of London – and submitted it with characteristic Australian brashness to the very austere and prestigious *London Times*.

To its credit, *The Times* accepted and published her piece which, among other things, described a quaint habit of the English whom Margaret had observed taking afternoon tea in the stalls at the cinema. However, she received a letter accompanying her payment cheque which said *The Times* did not wish to receive any more articles from her. Once again, with Australian intrepidity, Margaret rang the Features Editor and asked why they didn't want any more of her offerings. "Readers of *The Times* do not take tea in the stalls at the cinema," he replied. "They go to the bar."

Then there was the time years later when, as the *Sydney Morning Herald's* first Foreign Correspondent in Beijing, Margaret insisted on leading a group of foreign journalists stationed in China to visit what the Chinese government had publicised as the most modern town in the world. No matter that this town was situated thousands of kilometres away from Beijing deep in the heartland wilderness of China, Margaret intrepidly chose to lead her delegation by train, in mid-winter.

After a gruelling trip lasting several days on a very slow and ancient Chinese steam train, the party arrived and were told to alight and walk along the track to the station. In doing so, Margaret suffered an excruciating injury: a red-hot cinder from the spluttering steam engine flew into her eye.

In extreme pain, she was taken to the "boarding house" where she and her party were billeted (a primitive concrete building, sparsely furnished), and the officials in charge of her party tried to find a doctor. No luck. There were no doctors anywhere. The closest doctor was back in Beijing. Margaret was almost fainting from the pain by now. Finally, the official said they could find a



*Her arm in a sling, Margaret Jones attending her last DH Lawrence event with (l to r) Rob Darroch, Paul Delprat, Peter Shrubb and Frank Devine at the luncheon at the Julian Ashton Art School Annexe, Mosman*

**Photos: John Lacey**

“barefoot” doctor to come to her aid. Of course, “barefoot” is not exactly the right word to describe a doctor living in minus 15 degree, or lower, temperatures.

Anyway, he finally arrived. He was wearing a dirty old coat and scruffy boots, and, after examining Margaret’s eye, he pulled out from the pocket of the coat an old scalpel. Without sterilising it he dug it into Margaret’s eye and gouged out the cinder. This was indeed a great relief. But unfortunately she then developed a serious eye infection which was not cured until she finally got back to Beijing, having discovered in the meantime that the claims of the Chinese about the town she had visited as being the most modern in the world were groundless.

Her time in Beijing must have been extremely tedious. China had not yet resumed any diplomatic relations with America, it was the period of the great anti-Confucius war, and Margaret found an almost impenetrable wall between her and the regime in Beijing. She lived in a flat along with a cook, a maid, a chauffeur and an interpreter, but her job as a journalist was thwarted by the official wall of silence.

As a relief from this almost gaol-like existence, she and other Australian correspondents and diplomats used to go out on Sunday evenings to the Ming Tombs to have supper and read poetry. But even this pleasant pastime was finally kyboshed by the Chinese officials.

I shan’t go into Margaret’s trip on the Trans-Siberian railway, save to relate that she was befriended en route by a charming Russian couple who invited her to the opera in Moscow and tried to

ply her with gifts. She concluded they were spies.

Now I’ll turn to her later years in Australia when she had a very primitive Amstrad word processor. “Margaret, you need to get with the modern world,” I told her. “You need to get a Mac or a PC and get connected to the Internet and start using email.”

Margaret, despite being intrepid, also possessed a conservative streak. “Why do I need email?” she asked. “Nobody would want to communicate with me.”

But I cajoled her and finally we organised a Mac for her. At first she rang me daily – sometimes more than once a day – complaining that the machine was “stupid” etc. But gradually she began to learn how to use it. Eventually, she was telling other “newbies” how to connect to email, and she herself was receiving and sending many emails a day. In her 80s, this was something to admire.

Despite the heading on this article, Margaret was not really a great “lover” of DHL, indeed she did not make any effort to disguise this. Nor was she a great dog lover, despite her heroic work on “Dog of the Week” – she probably preferred cats. But as the Secretary of the DH Lawrence Society of Australia, she kept meticulous minutes, as well as writing many of the news stories for *Rananim*. She was a member of our editorial committee and always participated enthusiastically in the Society’s activities, specialising in bringing tasty gourmet additions to the usual picnic and barbecue fare.

As I said at the start of this article, we miss her.

**- Sandra Jobson**

# My Encounters with Bloomsbury

*This is the text of a talk delivered to the DH Lawrence Society of Australia by SANDRA JOBSON who met some of the last surviving Bloomsburies when she was writing her biography of Lady Ottoline Morrell*

**B**ecause much of my talk today will be gossip and anecdotes about the members of the Bloomsbury group whom I met, I thought I should start with a more serious bit about the origins of Bloomsbury.

I first heard about the Bloomsbury Group virtually from the horse's mouth: - Marlay Stephen, who lectured me in British History at the University of Sydney in the early 1960s.

Marlay Stephen was a descendant of James Stephen, whose son, Leslie, was Virginia Woolf's father.

Steeped in family tradition, Marlay traced the history of Bloomsbury back to the 19th century members of the Clapham Sect - that very upper-class, very non-conformist group of evangelicals who derived much of their wealth through their involvement in the East India Company and who fought to end slavery and to reform the English prison system.

Marlay Stephen brought to life names like Wilberforce, Macauley, Trevelyan, Fry, Wedgewood, Darwin, Huxley, Strachey and Stephen and explained how they were all inter-related and united in their evangelical zeal and ethical beliefs.

The Bloomsburies were the children and grandchildren of the Clapham Sect, and, like many children, they rebelled against their parents' beliefs. The hard core of what was to become Bloomsbury was formed at Cambridge around 1903 when certain members of the exclusive Apostles embraced the ideas of the philosopher GE Moore. (The Apostles were a secret society devoted to choosing the brightest undergraduates and enlisting them into a lifelong elite intellectual society)

Among those young Apostles were Thoby Stephen, Lytton Strachey, Leonard Woolf, Maynard Keynes and Saxon Sydney-Turner - the male core of what was to become Bloomsbury, though Thoby died not long after he joined the Apostles.

Following Moore's *Principia Ethica*, they

turned their backs on organised religion in favour of the "religion of art" and the "morality of poetry" and showing allegiance primarily to each other rather than to God or country.

Later, when he was arraigned for being a conscientious objector, Lytton Strachey was reminded by the magistrate that England was fighting to save civilisation, to which Strachey replied: "I am that civilisation you are trying to save."

Bloomsbury as such began in 1904 when, after the death of their father Leslie Stephen, the three surviving Stephen children, Virginia (pictured centre), Vanessa and Adrian set up house in Bloomsbury near the British Museum. Their close circle of friends included Lytton Strachey, Clive Bell, Duncan Grant, Maynard Keynes and Saxon Sydney-Turner. Soon the Group expanded to include Roger Fry, Harry Norton, David Garnett, Desmond McCarthy and a handful of others (including Henry Lamb, who later painted a superb portrait of Lytton Strachey).

Their rebellion against the strict religious mores of their Victorian forebears became explicit one day in August 1908 when Lytton Strachey entered the Stephens' drawing room and, noticing a stain on Vanessa's dress, inquired: "Semen?" From that moment on, Virginia later recalled, the floodgates of frank and free speech burst open.

But they weren't just talking about sex, they were very busy doing it - and, for the Bloomsbury men, it was mainly, but not exclusively, homosexual.

One member marvelled at the "permutations and combinations" of which Bloomsbury was capable. In 1907, for example, Strachey discovered that his lover (and cousin) Duncan Grant was also having an affair with Arthur Hobhouse, who, in turn, was having an affair with Maynard Keynes. The following year Strachey was even more distressed to learn that Grant was now having an affair with Keynes as well.

One wit described Bloomsbury as a place where "all the couples were triangles and lived in squares,"



but one historian remarked that this did not do justice to them; some more polygonal figure would be required to describe those "couples."

Vanessa Stephen, for example, married Clive Bell in 1907, partly to console herself for the loss of her brother Thoby who had been Clive's friend. Four years later, with the acquiescence of her husband, who had been having a series of affairs, including one with Molly MacCarthy, Desmond's wife, Vanessa started an affair with Roger Fry. The ménage à trois had lasted two years before Roger complained to Clive that Vanessa was transferring her affections to Duncan Grant, who had suddenly acquired a temporary taste for heterosexuality. (Duncan had earlier been her brother Adrian's lover as well as Strachey's. Vanessa also later had a liaison with David Garnett, producing a daughter, Angelica.)

I entered the world of Bloomsbury when I began researching my biography of Lady Ottoline Morrell. She has been described as the "High Priestess of Bloomsbury" but that is totally incorrect. Ottoline was never a member of the Bloomsbury Group as such, although she knew them all very well and indeed entered into amorous liaisons with several of them.

Bloomsbury was very catty about Ottoline, but they nevertheless regarded her as a fascinating and exotic creature who was very useful to them with her hospitality, first at her London house at 44 Bedford Square, where she gained the reputation of being a literary lioness, inviting all the big and up-and-coming names (including DH Lawrence) to her salons on Thursday evenings, and later to her house parties at Garsington Manor near Oxford where she moved in 1914.

By the time I arrived on the scene, most of the Bloomsburies were dead. But two core Bloomsburies - David Garnett and Duncan Grant - were still alive and I managed to meet, interview and correspond with both of them. They were both charming and kind and only too happy to spill the beans on Bloomsbury. I also interviewed a number of other people who were associated with Bloomsbury, including Juliette Huxley, still married to a very dodderly old Julian Huxley who I would see pottering around their house in Hampstead. Juliette had come to

Garsington during the First World War as a refugee from Switzerland. She had become close to Ottoline, as had her sister-in-law Maria, who married Aldous Huxley, who depicted Ottoline and Garsington in his novel *Crome Yellow*.

My first meeting with David Garnett was on the Thames at Putney on a houseboat which belonged to his daughter Angelica whose mother was Vanessa Bell. Garnett was a solid, good-looking man and wore a tweed jacket. The paintings on the houseboat walls were by Roger Fry and Vanessa Bell. Garnett offered me a sherry - in a ship's tumbler. He

mimicked Ottoline's voice: "Derrraaaaainn," he said, sounding like a cow mooing. That was how she pronounced the French painter's name. He told me of the scandals surround Ottoline's husband, Philip, who fathered two illegitimate sons, one by Ottoline's maid and the other by his secretary. Later Garnett helped me back along a series of precarious gang-planks, which was fortunate after all that sherry. Some years later in a sad postscript to this houseboat visit, David Garnett's and Vanessa Bell's daughter, Angelica, jumped off the houseboat and committed suicide, following in the footsteps of her aunt, Virginia.

I had several later meetings with Garnett, and letters

from his cottage in France - one describing the rain and his attempts to catch the drips coming through his roof into saucepans on the floor.

Duncan Grant, in his late 80s, invited me to lunch at Firle in Sussex. He was still very good-looking, with a sensitive face, quite luxuriant curly hair, wearing a white straw hat and a painter's smock. Firle was where the Omega workshops - set up originally in Bloomsbury by Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant and Roger Fry - had produced craft work and painted decorative furniture.

At lunch we sat at a table still showing a faded Omega pattern. Duncan Grant was still painting - he showed me his latest work, which was vivid and strong - a portrait of a beautiful young black man who appeared to be his latest companion. After lunch Duncan offered me a cigarette, and though I had given up smoking some years earlier, I simply couldn't resist him. I then got hooked on cigarettes again and



Ottoline Morrell

cont'd over page

## My Encounters with Bloomsbury

*from previous page*

had to finally be hypnotised to stop. What with David Garnett's sherry and Duncan Grant's cigarette, I began to realise what persuasive personalities those Bloomsburies must have had in their heyday.

Others who were associated with Bloomsbury, whom I met and interviewed, included Lady Pansy Lamb, sister of Lord Longford ("Lord Porn") and widow of Henry Lamb.

Another was Alix Strachey, who, with her husband James, Lytton's brother, had been the first British people to study under Freud. We ate a Spartan meal of dried biscuits and lettuce leaves - exactly the same as the fare she served to Michael Holroyd when he was researching his ground-breaking biography of Lytton Strachey.

Michael was very supportive of my work, and, after reading my manuscript, rang me to say "Thumbs up!", which gave me a lot of much-needed confidence. We subsequently wrote a joint article for *The Times Literary Supplement*, and Michael rang me to tell me, with a chuckle, that his father thought he was going to marry me! In fact, his beloved was Margaret Drabble, whom he married shortly afterwards.

Others I interviewed included David Cecil. I visited him at his grace-and-favour residence outside Hatfield House, the Salisbury (Cecil) stately home.

I went many times to visit Ottoline's daughter, Julian Vinogradoff, at her home, Broughton Grange, near Banbury. Every time I went I asked her a list of the same questions, and each time she gave me a different set of answers. One day at lunch she brought out a hatbox containing a shank of Ottoline's plum-coloured hair. She was extremely tricky to deal with. Juliette Huxley and Julian Vinogradoff ganged together at the end and tried to get me to remove certain descriptions of Ottoline's appearance from my manuscript. Instead of wanting me to excise details of Ottoline's love affairs, Julian wanted me to excise things that had embarrassed her about her mother when she was a child, such as her skirts and petticoats scraping the floor, or her excessive kohl eye make-up.

Maybe we should now ask what did the Bloomsburies achieve? Some critics say, not much. Others point to Virginia Woolf's novels and other writing, to Henry Lamb's painting, to Lytton's essays, to Vanessa Bell's painting, and most important of all, to the economic theories of Maynard Keynes.

However, much of their talent and energies went into their voluminous correspondence, some of which Rob (Darroch) and I were privileged to read when we went to the Humanities Research Center at Austin Texas and opened the first of a series of filing cabinet

drawers to find 8000 uncatalogued letters written to Ottoline. We felt like Howard Carter opening up Tutankhamen's tomb.

The collection contained many hundreds of letters from Bloomsburies such as Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf and Roger Fry, but also from others such as Augustus John - not to mention 2500 from Bertrand Russell. I used to read Bertrand Russell's letters in the mornings and Lytton Strachey's in the afternoons. It was rather like comparing a good claret with a sparkling champagne.

One day I was sitting in my glass cubicle at the Humanities Research Center, poring over Virginia Woolf's letters. I noticed a man with a black moustached peering in at me. Rob told me later it was Edward Albee, author of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* If only Rob had tipped me off, I could have shown Albee Virginia's letters.

Having read and taken notes from the collected letters - we weren't allowed to photocopy them because the copyright law at that time prevented photocopying unpublished material - I then had the tedious task of writing to the estates of all the correspondents to get permission to quote from the letters. Because they were originals I had to get permission to quote even a couple of words.

This reached a crisis point when I tried to get permission from Roger Fry's daughter, Pamela Diamond, to include a very innocuous line from one of his letters to Ottoline: "Your loving friend, Roger Fry".

Pamela Diamond refused point-blank to reply to my publisher's (Chatto & Windus) letters requesting her permission. My book was being held up and the delay was threatening pre-Christmas publication.

I finally wrote to Pamela Diamond saying I wanted to come and see her. I lived close by and got on my bicycle and rode over to her house in Holland Park. It was fortunate that I'd cycled, because she turned out to be a bicycle freak.

But bicycle or no bicycle, she wasn't going to give in to my request easily. I put a letter in front of her for her to sign giving me permission to quote from her father's letter. She in turn talked endlessly about her other pet hobby, the Etherea Society. As she told me about capsules put into the sea off Hawaii to spread world peace, she watched me squirming and patted my letter from time-to-time.

Finally she put the hard word on me: would I join the Etherea Society? It would only cost 15 pounds. As I wrote out my cheque, she picked up her pen and signed my letter.

Then she escorted me to her front gate where my bike was chained up. We discussed its gears, and then she bade me farewell, and I cycled off with her letter of permission. My book was back on track.

That's Bloomsbury for you. □

# PRESIDENT'S REPORT TO OUR 2006 AGM, LUNCHEON & LECTURE

Ladies and Gentlemen, Welcome to our Literary Lunch, and especially welcome to our host, Paul Delprat, whose studio this is, and also to our principal speaker today, Peter Coleman. Our very warm thanks to you.

Now I know that those of you who have not attended a DHL Society AGM before are probably dreading this prospect of the formal business of an AGM, but we have several traditions in the Society. One is that we try to have our AGM accompanied by lunch at an interesting venue. Last year we were at Mr Minh's wonderful Vietnamese restaurant in Dulwich Hill. This year we are here.

More importantly for you, another tradition is that the formal business be as both as informal and as brief as possible.

Almost at this time last year we had a Christmas in July lunch at Ranelagh House in the Southern Highlands. We travelled there by train, hauled by steam locomotive 3801, and we were joined by members of the Jane Austen Society in our second joint venture.

The weather warmed, and so we had our annual Spring Bush Picnic at Ball Head. I'm looking forward to a change in venue in a year or two - to Ballast Point, where the new park will look over to Balls Head.

Another Society tradition is the end-of-year picnic in the Botanic Gardens. This was held on a hot 30 December, and we had some interesting visitors - a Japanese student and an English couple who joined us for some eating and drinking, and probably bewildering conversation. Lawrence Society members love to talk, especially while eating and drinking.

The first of April was the day of the Thirroul festival, and we held our traditional BBQ in the DH Lawrence Reserve at Thirroul. Sydney was warm and sunny when I left, but Thirroul was cold wet and windy

when I arrived (indeed I tried to buy a pullover in town). But Rob warmed us up with one of his spicy dishes, and then the sun returned and Lawrence's Dark Tor became less menacing.

So the DHL Society continues in its traditional ways. We plan to have another *Lady Hopetoun* cruise on a Saturday evening when the jacarandas are out, and a Bush picnic in Spring. When I wrote these words, that Spring seemed to be long in the future - but today brings an early promise. *Rananim* will arrive in the near future, and DHL members will again picnic in the Botanic Gardens (see p 2 for details of these forthcoming events.) Why don't you join us? All the places and events I have mentioned (except for Mr Minh's) have Lawrence in Australia connections.

There are just two more traditions I need to mention.

The first is that there have been no nominations for Committee positions, so if there are no objections, I will move that the present holders be re-elected.

And now for the final tradition. I wish to propose a word of thanks, ladies and gentlemen, to those members who perform the work of the Society:

Vice President, chef extraordinaire, Rob Darroch  
Secretary Margaret Jones  
Treasurer Doug Knowland  
Publisher and Membership Secretary Sandra

Jobson

Archivist Marylyn Valentine

And to the editorial committee who work so hard to write, to cajole others to write, and then edit and proof read *Rananim*: Robin Archer, Angela Barker, Rob Douglass, Evie Harrison, Sandra Jobson, Margaret Jones, Marylyn Valentine.

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen,  
(See Minutes of AGM p 23)

## TREASURER'S REPORT TO 2006 AGM

### INCOME AND EXPENDITURE STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 30 JUNE 2006

|                                                                         |          |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| <b>INCOME:</b>                                                          | \$       |
| Advertising                                                             |          |
| Interest                                                                | 2.31     |
| Donations                                                               |          |
| Membership Subscriptions                                                | 480.00   |
| Social activities -<br>Lady Hopetoun Cruise                             |          |
| Thirroul Festival                                                       |          |
| Christmas in July                                                       | 670.00   |
| Other                                                                   |          |
| Total Income                                                            | 1,152.31 |
| <b>EXPENDITURE</b>                                                      |          |
| Bank fees, charges                                                      | 120.00   |
| Photocopying, postage, printing,<br>stationery (mainly <i>Rananim</i> ) |          |
|                                                                         | 504.63   |
| Social activities -<br><i>Lady Hopetoun</i> Cruise                      |          |

|                                  |        |
|----------------------------------|--------|
| Thirroul Festival                |        |
| Yuletide - Ranelagh trip         |        |
| Other                            |        |
| Total Expenditure                | 624.63 |
| Financial Result (profit/(loss)) | 527.68 |

### BALANCE SHEET AS AT 30TH JUNE 2006

|                       |          |
|-----------------------|----------|
| <b>Assets</b>         |          |
| Cash at bank 3,285.43 | 2,757.75 |
| <b>Liabilities</b>    |          |
| Equity 3,285.43       | 2,757.75 |

Doug Knowland  
Hon. Treasurer  
23/07/2006

# FROM THIRROUL TO BALL'S HEAD - AND BEYOND



*They also stand and cook - our vice-president Rob Darroch keeps a close eye on the BBQ at the April Thirroul Festival picnic in the DHL Reserve*



*Rananim publisher Sandra Jobson inflates a balloon for the Balls Head BBQ*

The DH Lawrence Society of Australia has, as this issue and these pictures illustrate, a busy social calendar (and as our President, John Lacey, points out in his report on the previous page). The centre spread (p 18-19) - which records pictures of our Botanic Gardens end-of-year commemoration picnic (marking the founding of our Society 13 years ago) and the July Georges Head AGM/ literary lecture - was insufficient to accommodate all our social events, so this "spill-over" page supplements that. The snaps record our April 1 picnic in the DHL Reserve in Thirroul, and the



*Peter and Mary Jones at our Spring bush BBQ at Balls Head*



*Rob Darroch again demonstrating his barbecuing skills, this time to Mary Jones at Balls's Head*

more recent Spring picnic at Balls Head. This is also the place to mention a proposed addition to our Society's calendar. Following the success of the July lecture by Peter Coleman, we plan to make this an annual event, held alongside our AGM. We have decided to call this annual lecture the "Margaret Jones Lecture" in memory of our late secretary who passed away a week after our AGM. We intend to hold this new AGM/Margaret Jones Lecture each year at the Julian Asshton Art School Studio at Georges Head, courtesy of the School's principal, Paul Delprat.

# Bits...

If you key in the name DH Lawrence into Google you will find 8,770,000 entries. If you key in Jane Austen, you will find 8,120,000 entries. If you key in Charles Dickens you'll find 10,300,000. First Prize to Dickens!



*We always suspected that the Red Baron – Frieda's nephew - was a bad egg. In Brazil, his great-great-grand-neice, 22-year-old Suzane von Richthofen, has just been sentenced to 40 years in the slammer for killing her parents, Manfred and Marisia von Richthofen, as they lay sleeping in their swish Sao Paulo apartment (she had two accomplices). She was described in court as "the personification of an evil blonde". Another DHL Brazilian connection? (see Rananim 13-1, "DH Lawrence in Brazil").*



**LATE NEWS:** It has just been reported that there is to be a new film made about the Red Baron that will depict him as a good guy, rather than the past portrayals as the scourge of the Brits, etc, in WW1. Val Kilmer was supposed to take the part, but now it's been given to a younger, more attractive German actor, who will play Richthofen as a celebrity of his day.



It is of interest to read the review, written some time ago, in that paragon of "quality" newspapers, the *New York Times*, of the film (made by Tim Burstall) of *Kangaroo*. The crit opens: "Although DH Lawrence spent only two days in Sydney..." (and not mentioning any other local experience – implying that that was all the time he spent in NSW). Two days! It is a miracle that DHL managed to find out as much as he did about Sydney and secret armies in the six weeks he had in which to write the first draft of the novel. That he could have discerned that much in a mere two days would have been the greatest literary achievement in history. (However, the *NYT* reviewer, Janet Maslin, liked the film.) But

one shouldn't poke too much borak at the *NYT* and its reviewer. They are a long way away from Thirroul and Wyewurk. Local knowledge is just as faulty. The local-council site avers that Lawrence spent six months in Thirroul, and those in 1923. Would you believe 12 weeks, and 1922?



The 11<sup>th</sup> International DH Lawrence Conference will return to Eastwood next year and be held in August in conjunction with the annual DH Lawrence Festival. The conference topic is to be "Return to Eastwood", and presumably will feature (the program is yet to be finalised) the products of Lawrence's last return, in 1925 - *LCL* and *V&G* - (see p 24).



As many of our readers will know, efforts to ensure the preservation of Lawrence's Thirroul bungalow, Wyewurk, have had mixed results. Yet we should not be too down-hearted. For it is still there, and largely intact, thanks to a NSW protection order that remains in place. In New Mexico, similar efforts have been made to preserve the ranch Lawrence lived in outside Taos, and with similar mixed results. Recently the University of New Mexico applied for a grant from the American National Endowment for the Humanities to help efforts to preserve what is an even more-important Lawrence site. The application was turned down. Now a new Friends of the DH Lawrence Ranch organisation has been formed to take up the cultural cudgels. We wish them well.



*Lest it be thought that we are blind to Lawrence's faults (he was rather anti-semetic, for instance), here is an extract from one of either a letter or an essay (the reference was not cited) he wrote about eugenics, which was a popular subject prior to WW2. He said: "If I had my way, I would built a lethal chamber as big as Crystal Palace, with a military band playing softly...and I'd go out into the back streets and bring them all in - all the sick...the maimed, and I would lead them in gently, and they would smile a weary thanks...". The Holocaust put an end to such musings.*

## About the DH Lawrence Society of Australia

The aims of the DH 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 Californian-style bungalow where he stayed in Thirroul south of Sydney and which he portrayed in his novel, *Kangaroo*.

The Society holds regular meetings and outings and publishes its journal, *Rananim*.

If you are not already a member of the Society, or know somebody who would like to join, please fill in this Membership form and send it with a cheque for \$30 (A\$50 for overseas members) to the Secretary, DH Lawrence Society of Australia, PO Box 100, Millers Point, Sydney, NSW 2000, Australia.  
[www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl](http://www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl)

### MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM THE D.H. LAWRENCE SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA

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I enclose a cheque for \$30 (A\$50 for overseas members) for membership for one year.



*The Sydney skyline from Balls Head where the Society held its annual Spring bush BBQ. You can see all the photos in Rananim like this in colour if you go to our website:*

[www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl](http://www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl)

### Contributions to *Rananim*

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