



Rananim

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DHL, JANE AUSTEN & THE TRAINED CORMORANT



The DHLA (foreground) at Ranelagh's Yulefest



The 3801 steaming through the Southern Highlands

The July Yulefest/literary trip to Robertson on the 3801 steam train was, by general agreement, an outstanding success.

We were joined by members of the Jane Austen Society, in what we hope will be a continuing tradition of literary societies outings and functions (so commendably initiated by the JASA at the Kirribilli Club two years ago).

The excursion was embellished by a literary competition, into the spirit of which both societies entered with enthusiasm and ingenuity.

There were nine full entries

in the competition (two composed, as it were, "on the run" to Robertson), and we had two extra entries after the contest was judged – perhaps a testimony to the interest it generated.

The winner was Margaret Jones, our own DHLA secretary, and the runner-up was Faye Hope-Allan from the Jane Austen Society. (We reprint all the entries in this issue of *Rananim* – see p.15.)

The task set was to conjure up a plot line (in about 100 words) that linked three elements – a politician, a

lighthouse and a trained cormorant.

The inspiration came partly from a book review of a life of the Scottish writer, John Buchan (*The 39 Steps*, *Greenmantle*, etc). The reviewer had remarked that Buchan once said, in response to a question about where he got his storylines, that the secret was to dream up three plot ingredients that were totally unconnected, then write a mystery story that linked them.

However, the direct inspiration came from a Sherlock Holmes short story, *The Veiled Lodger*, in

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DHL, Jane Austen & the Trained Cormorant

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which Dr Watson explained that, while his and Holmes's discretion could, of course, always be relied on, it had come to his notice that attempts had recently been made to break into their Baker Street rooms and get at his records of Holmes's cases. Moreover, they knew who the culprit was, and, unless such burglary attempts immediately ceased, he had Holmes's authority to reveal the true story behind the politician, the

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the latest edition of *Rananim*. Our editorial team hopes you will enjoy reading about the Society's recent activities, as well as finding the more serious articles stimulating and interesting.

Personally, I think what is very heartening are the articles about our joint activities with Australia's largest literary society, the Jane Austen Society. Our joint activities began when I was overseas and Rob Darroch spoke about DHL at a Jane Austen function "Introducing the Other Literary Societies".

This led to an invitation to attend Jane Austen's 2004 Birthday Party, where the entertainment was a debate between the two societies: "Which is the sexier novel,

Pride and Prejudice or *Lady Chatterley's Lover*?" (see p.21).

Our next joint activity was the Christmas in July Lunch at Ranelagh House, the subject of our cover story.

I think that it is extremely encouraging that we have such events, and that there is such a flourishing literary culture in Sydney. There will be further co-operative events in the future, and members of other literary societies will be invited to these events, in particular another steam trip in 2006.

Thank you for your continuing membership and support. I and the editorial team look forward to seeing you at the Literary Lunch & AGM and the Spring picnic (details back page).
- John Lacey

lighthouse and the trained cormorant. As Watson never went on to tell the story of the politician, the lighthouse and the trained cormorant, we invited those going on the 3801 trip to supply the plot of the missing tale. The contest was judged (so as to minimise bias and corruption) by the votes of members of both societies present on the trip, and the winner (Margaret Jones) won decisively, scoring 299 points to the second-place-getter's 250 (there was a clutch of entries in the 190s, and the lowest score was 130). The result might have been even more decisive, had Margaret voted for her own entry, which she did not. However, it was a good thing that she did win, for the donor of the competition prize, which she won, had left the prize in a taxi on the way to Central Railway, and the lack of the winner's reward would have been more embarrassing had the contest gone the other way.

The entries were read out during lunch at Ranelagh, where the voting (secret ballot) also took place. This inspired one

non-societies fellow-traveller, present in the dining-room, to submit his own, very ad-hoc entry. It had promise, had the author had more time to polish it. It began: "The British politician, dressed as a French maid, lay astride his desk, in the moonlight. His secretary, just back from Brazil, stood poised like a trained cormorant..." No mention of a lighthouse, alas. (But one appreciated the reference to Brazil – see p.10.) Yet the key to the competition was the role of the trained cormorant, and many entries fell down on this point. Observers were left with the feeling that Conan Doyle (or Buchan, for that matter) would have made better use of the bird.

However, the other late entrant did score a point for brevity. He (or more likely she) needed only 17 words for this: "Paul Keating, who has been likened to a trained cormorant, also has a passion for redecorating lighthouses..." It was unfinished. Not every entrant appended their name to their entry, so we will not identify the authors (except the first two, which have been sourced above). So now go to p.15.

WHERE ARE WE GOING? WHAT ARE WE DOING?

by Robert Darroch

This year marks the 75th anniversary of Lawrence's death, and is the occasion for a major new biography, together with some muted celebrations around the world.

It will also be, come November, the 12th anniversary of the founding of our Society, and the occasion, perhaps, for some timely consideration of what we are doing, and where we should be going as an Australian literary society.

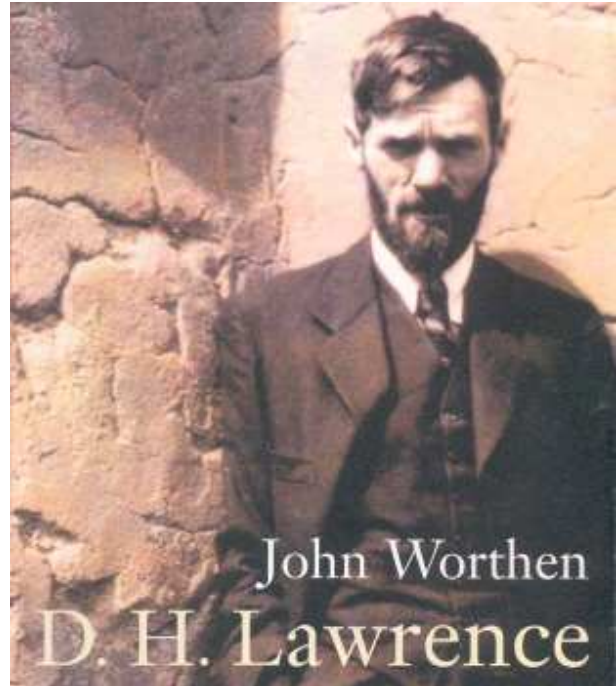
The biography – *D.H. Lawrence, The Life of an Outsider*, by John Worthen – is, in most respects, a journeyman account of Lawrence's life and works by one of the world's most respected Lawrence scholars (several years ago he wrote the first part - 1885-1912 - of the three-part CUP "official" biography of Lawrence, and was until recently the head of the DH Lawrence Centre at Nottingham University). He is now working on a biography of Frieda Lawrence.

The new work has been reviewed well. Its main "selling point" is, ostensibly, Worthen's claim that Lawrence based *Lady Chatterley's Lover* on the adulterous love affair between his wife Frieda and her Italian paramour, Angelo Ravagli (who, after Lawrence's death in 1930, became his widow's third and final husband, and whose numerous descendants are now the main recipients of the largesse of the Lawrence estate).

Worthen might have a point here – there may be a bit of Ravagli in Mellors, as there is certainly some Frieda in Connie (and perhaps some Lawrence in Clifford Chatterley). But surely there is also a lot more of Lawrence in Mellors, and I do not think he saw himself as the wheelchair-bound owner of Wragby Hall, especially as he had already portrayed himself as a gamekeeper in a previous novel, *The White Peacock*.

Be that as it may, Worthen is entitled to his speculation (God knows there have been enough of them!). However, I cannot let pass without comment his account of Lawrence's time in Australia, and the circumstances of the composition of *Kangaroo*.

The best that can be said of it is that it is superficial and derivative, faithfully following the "official" Lawrence Studies line (ie, Lawrence bringing his memories of fascism in Italy, etc, to Australia and his Australian novel). The most



Worthen is willing to concede to local input is that Lawrence might have met someone on a boat to Sydney who might have told him a bit about what was going on locally, and some of that might have found its way into the novel.

But I have an axe to grind here, as followers of *Rananim* will know, so I will leave it to readers of the biography to come to, and draw, their own conclusions.

Worthen does, however, make the important and relevant point in his Preface that Lawrence's star has waned in recent years, and that he is no longer regarded as the giant of 20th-century English literature that he once was.

There are many reasons for this – see, for example, my article on p.31 – and it was no doubt reflected in the decision of the NSW Ministry of the Arts to refuse our Society a grant to host our DHLA website on a proper server – the theme of our last issue of *Rananim*.

But this dimming of Lawrence's star also poses a problem, or at least a question, for our DHLA Society. Given the receding influence of Lawrence and the inevitable erosion of interest here in Australia, reflected in our membership renewals, what should we as a Society do?

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Our Anniversary in the Botanic Gardens



While our DHLA Treasurer Doug Knowland made friends with the cockies, other members of the Society reclined last December outside the Maiden Pavilion in the Royal Botanic Gardens to mark the foundation of our Society 12 years earlier. That 1992 event was held in the Rose Garden Pavilion, which last year was undergoing refurbishment. This year we hope to return there to mark our 13th anniversary.

WHERE ARE WE GOING? WHAT ARE WE DOING?

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We have discussed this general question on several occasions in the past, and the decision has been to soldier on. We survived the loss of our more scholarly membership, and the relegation of *Kangaroo* from its once preeminent position to almost non-existence in the canon of Australian literature.

Perhaps it's a matter of context. Lawrence may not cut much of a figure nowadays in the pantheon of international literature studies. But perhaps he does cut a figure in the context of Australian literary societies.

The debate last year between the Jane Austen Society and our DHLA Society is reported elsewhere in this issue. It was an undoubted success, for both societies, and has led to further joint events, such as our Yuletide literary trip to Robertson (see p.1).

For, although the Jane Austen Society is certainly in no danger of fading out (despite its unabashed un-Australian focus), the other Australian literary societies are, like us, relatively small, and struggling to stay afloat (though the Sydney Passengers, our local Sherlock Holmes Society, has some in-built buoyancy).

And although the collective societies may be

modest in individual numbers (again, the flourishing JASA excepted), together and jointly we do, or can, make some impact on the local literary scene. Herein may lie the salvation of us all.

So our two recent joint events – the Mellors-Darcy debate, and the yuletide trip to Robertson – might be the shape, and hope, of things to come. United we might stand, even though divided we may have limited long-term prospects, given the nationalistic (ie, anti-British) tenor of our encroaching literary multi-culturalism, wherein Albanian or Zimbabwean literature is seen by some as as politically correct as Shakespeare, or Lawrence, or even the blessed Jane.

Some time ago the Jane Austen Society hosted a lunch to which all the main literary societies were invited. We had the opportunity to also meet members of the Dickens Society, the Holmesian Passengers, the Dylan Thomas Society, etc, and the occasion was both enjoyable and supportive.

Indeed, we have much to offer each other, and can probably benefit our own and our sister societies with co-operative and mutual aid and comfort.

We believe that our DHLA website: <www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl> and our *Rananim* journal show what can be done with limited resources.



Wyewurk, 3 Craig Street, Thirroul, where Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo*

Oil painting by Paul Delprat

A TALE OF TWO HOUSES

Contained in this 2005 issue of *Rananim* is a theme, or sub-plot, which might be called A TALE OF TWO HOUSES.

The two houses are “Hinemoa” at Collaroy, and “Wyewurk” at Thirroul – both places with strong Lawrence resonances.

For one it is the worst of times (see p.7), and for the other (see this page), if not the best, then at least it is still standing, substantially intact as Lawrence left it - forever, nevertheless, preserved in Western literature as “Cooee” in *Kangaroo*.

And this is the appropriate moment to say how very grateful are we for Bob Carr’s intervention and saving Lawrence’s famous “cottage by the sea” from subsequent Cape-Codding and other horrors proposed in the late-1980s by its then owner, the real-estate agent, Michael Morath.

Of the many things our former Premier will be remembered for, his role as the Saviour of “Wyewurk” will not be forgotten, for were it not for him, that wonderful bungalow would have

almost certainly met a worse fate than “Hinemoa”. The land on which it stands is now probably worth several millions, who knows what structure would have since replaced it?

The justification for this present article is the accompanying drawing of the inside structure of “Wyewurk”, as Lawrence would have found it, that Monday afternoon, as dusk came, at the end of May, 1922.

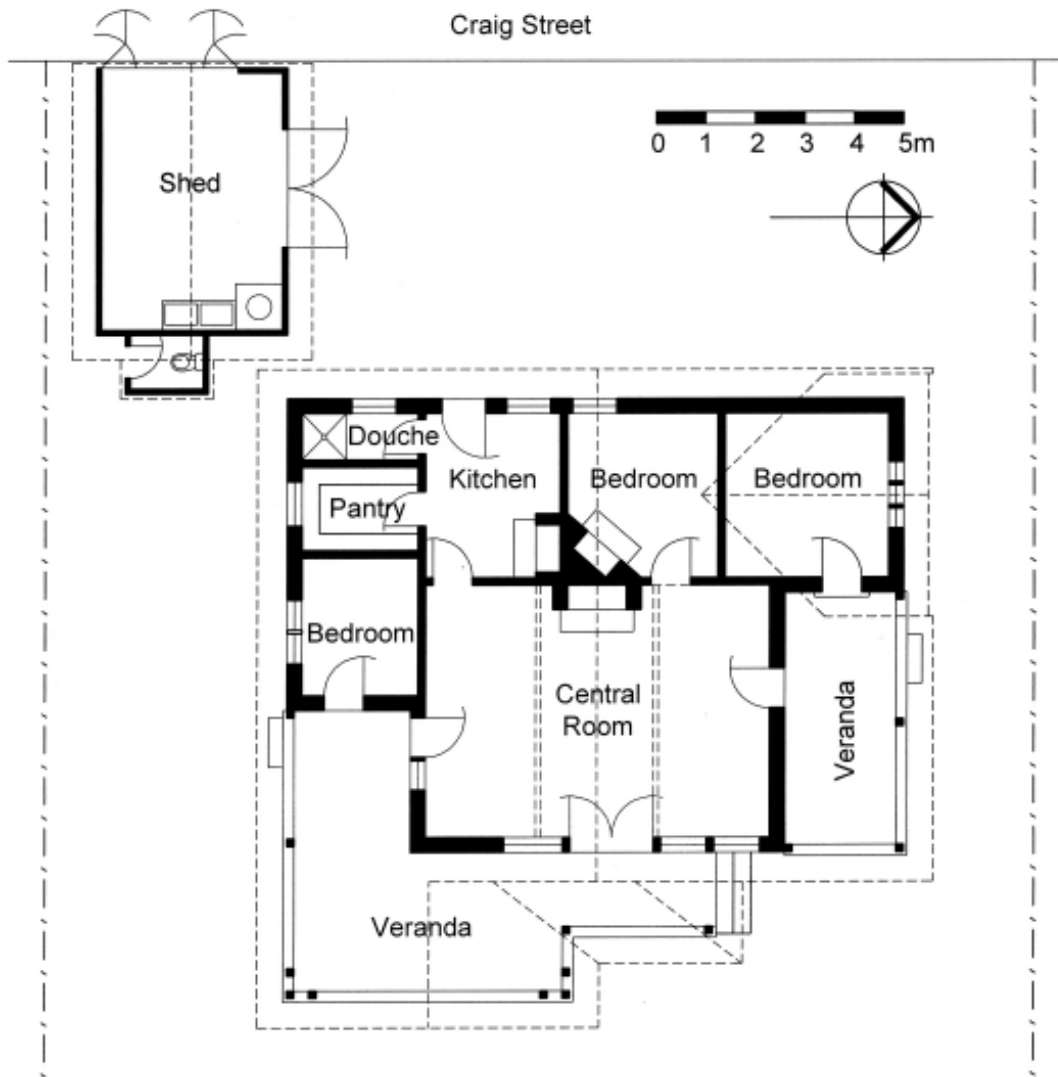
The drawing was made some years ago by Ian Stapleton, the heritage architect assigned in the late-1980s by the NSW State Government to investigate on behalf of Michael Morath what might be done to appease his wishes to expand the bungalow’s scant, or at least primitive, accommodation, yet preserve its historic, literary and (as we now know) its architectural heritage (for it is today the oldest surviving Californian bungalow in Australia).

Ian, with his wife Maisie, inspected the

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The original ground plan of "Wyewurk"

house, made a number of drawings, and prepared plans which were approved by the NSW Government's appropriate body (the Heritage Council) but which Morath ultimately rejected (though he was granted permission for some subsequent alterations and grants for repairs).

In considering the matter, Ian and Maisie had cause to recreate the plan of the house as Mrs Southwell would have agreed to let it to the importuning Lawrences that Monday evening (via her local estate-agent sister, Mrs Callcott).

If you compare the drawing with the descriptions in *Kangaroo*, you will see that Lawrence was uncannily accurate in what he wrote, and thus his and Frieda's time in the famous cottage can now be better imagined and reconstructed. For example, we can see the "douche" (shower) that Lawrence describes having used

following his sexy – for Frieda, anyway – "dip" in the sea...brrrrr...

We are grateful to Ian for permission to use this drawing (and for his several other contributions to *Rananim* and our Society).

In conclusion, it is – on the occasion of the 75th anniversary of Lawrence's death – timely to recall that it was the threat to "Wyewurk" that caused us to launch the Save Wyewurk Society, chaired by the late Professor Manning Clark, which was supported by, among many others, Patrick White, and which, once "Wyewurk" was saved, turned into the DH Lawrence Society of Australia.

So thank you Bob, Manning, and Patrick, and Ian and all the others whose support has brought us to where we are today, and where we intend to continue to remain into the foreseeable future.

“HINEMOA” - AND THE OATLEY CONNECTION

by Carl Oatley

A significant piece of D.H. Lawrence history was recently up for sale in Florence Avenue, in “the Basin” at Collaroy, on Sydney’s northern beaches.

One half of “Hinemoa”, the family home of the Haymans, was available for over \$2.2 million. (Alas, it was the new, rebuilt Hinemoa, not the old weatherboard 1912 one.)

But what was its connection with Lawrence?

It was a stop-off for Lawrence and Frieda on their day-after-arrival sojourn to Sydney’s northern beaches - and possibly the place where he met the “real people” behind *Kangaroo’s* Australian characters: Jack Scott (part of the character Jack Callcott), Carl Kaepfel (almost certainly Fred Willmot), and Andrée Oatley, my grandmother.

“Hinemoa’s” builder and owner was Charles Hayman. His own family arrived from New Zealand “full of missionary zeal”[1]. He eventually bought the best block land from the Salvation Army when it sold its substantial farming holding in the area in 1912 (my father Peter Oatley’s - more about Peter below - birth year, and the year the Titanic sunk!). Charles Hayman built “Hinemoa” - based on a design from New Zealand - on that land, initially for his Salvation Army parents.

“Hinemoa” was used for the sick and homeless for a period during World War One, and after the war it was used, first as a maternity hospital, then leased to holidaymakers and others, including the Oatleys.

Andrée Oatley (nee Kaepfel, later Scott) was widowed in March 1919 on the death of her husband, Dudley Oatley, who was gassed defending Villers Brettoneux when in charge the 56th Battalion AIF[2]. She had three young children, and, after a being a grazier’s wife before the war, was keen to settle in some form of city life which better suited her circumstances (and no doubt to be closer to her family – the Kaepfels had bought land in the Basin when it was first sub-divided).

She believed that her second son, my father Peter, was of such a delicate condition that he needed the recuperative environment of the beachside (Collaroy was renowned as a “healthy”



Andree Adelaide Oatley

place). He was mildly asthmatic, like his father, and, like many of that generation, she was concerned for all her family’s health.

She had lost her father to “consumption” when he had been quite young, and, like the rest of Australia, they had just gone through the 1919

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A TALE OF TWO HOUSES

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global influenza epidemic.

Through a very close family friend and paediatric doctor, Sir Charles Clubbe, (the Royal Children's Hospital had an annex at Collaroy) she most likely learnt of the location's reputation. As well, an Oatley cousin-in-law, Trixie Oatley - also widowed in the war - was also resident, just around the corner from "Hinemoa" in Beach Road, Collaroy.

The Oatleys moved permanently to Hinemoa from Gordon in 1922 and lived there for about six years. Andrée, an attractive, olive-skinned widow with three young children (John, Peter and Rachel), had, for some time before and after the move, attracted the attention of a family friend, Jack Scott, and, according to family anecdotes, he pursued her romantically for many years, until she finally agreed to marry him in 1927. (The Kaepfels and Scott's family, the Streets, had lived in Elizabeth Bay.)

It was one of these days of pursuit/courting that was probably under way when the Lawrences turned up – literally on their doorstep - on the above-mentioned northern beaches outing from Manly to Narrabeen (described so vividly in *Kangaroo*).

Lawrence, possibly accompanied by Gerald Hum (an Australian he had met on the boat from Naples to Colombo, and who was almost certainly his initial contact in Sydney), probably dropped into "Hinemoa" (near where

the Hums had a holiday house) and apparently partook of tea with Andrée, Jack Scott and perhaps Carl Kaepfel - and maybe others as well. (The house itself was a minute or two's walk from the tramline that then went to and from Manly and Narrabeen.)

Both Scott and Carl Kaepfel at times lived near each other at Neutral Bay, and may well have come across each other in the AIF. They may also have known each other in Elizabeth Bay, although I never recall any parental mention of them being friends.

It was here, at "Hinemoa" that first Sunday, that Lawrence possibly formed impressions sufficient for the initial characterisation in the novel of Australia he was about to start writing.

Carl visited "Hinemoa" regularly. He was a renowned classical scholar, a friend of Christopher Brennan, as well as others of the University of Sydney intelligentsia. He was also a World War 1 veteran, awarded an MC for his actions leading Lewis Gunners into German trenches.

He would have been an interesting companion in any context, let alone a literary one. Andrée could certainly hold her own in this company, having been "one of our most brilliant University girls"[3] in the early the 1900s.

Scott, too, may have been keen to impress his literary connections (he was an avid book-collector) by joining in such a get-together.

Today, I can only dream of the occasion, but it must have been fascinating.

Oh, to have such dinner companions today!



"Hinemoa" (original house) with Andrée's son Peter, his (second) wife, daughter & grandson snapped on the sand in front of what Lawrence in *Kangaroo* described as a bungalow "sideways facing the sea"

As for the Oatleys' idyll at "Hinemoa", only vague recollections remain from my father, Peter, and his sister Rachel, and from secondary recollections from other members of the family...

...the joy of constant swimming between the two major rock outcrops at the Basin in their holidays... Carl calling in unexpectedly with lobsters for dinner and being turned away by Andrée for drinking too much... the rustic toilet at the house and penguins under the verandah, proving a hazard for toilet visitor... catching the tram into the then Manly Preparatory School... the idea that Rachel, the youngest of the three Oatley children, may be adopted out to Trixie, presumably to help Andrée manage the family... the impression that Scott as a refined but cruel man, who later fought bitterly with Andrée (they divorced well before World War 11)...

Our clearest reminiscences of Scott were in later years after we had moved back to the North Shore. Peter had severe doubts about Scott's mental health and political activities, but also acted as a runner for him.

Rachel swore that Scott took off with the family's money – Dudley's family was quite wealthy – but Andrée and Jack's relationship is not so clear on breakdown. By that time the boys had gone to the country near Moree to eke out a living in the Depression.

Our family heirlooms include quite a few books left that indicate Scott's interest in Japan and also in classic literature. (Scott reported the Manchurian war for the *Sydney Morning Herald*. Also Andrée and he certainly travelled to Japan at one time). We also still have Scott's desk – and, for some reason, his initialled wallet (empty - ironically).

The time at "Hinemoa" were more the recollections of a child, but Scott's presence there was certain, and it undoubtedly left an effect on the Oatleys. Interestingly, Andrée retained the surname Scott until she died, but was interred next to Dudley as "His wife Andrée" when she died at a comparative young age in 1952.

Sadly, the old "Hinemoa" was demolished in 1988 by subsequent members of the Hayman family, who built a new version with two adjoining portions. It is half this property that was up for sale recently. Despite the historical interest, the current Oatley family wealth was not quite up to the purchase price!

We looked at it nostalgically the other day, and felt sad that, with the loss of the old house, a piece of history – and world literature - is no more.

[1] *The Manly Daily* "The History of Hinemoa" 2 Jul 2005 p 38
[2] Ironically this was also Lt Col Humphrey Scott's unit, brother-of Jack. Humphrey was killed on the western front. The 56th Bn lost four of its commanding officers during the war. [3] LH Allen in *Hermes*, University of Sydney Magazine, circa 1920 p.135



Two mementos of Jack Scott: above, his writing desk, now in the possession of his step-grandson Carl Oatley; and, below, Jack Scott's wallet, also now in the possession of Carl. (Note the initials - WJRS - standing for William John Rendal Scott.) As Carl remarked, the wallet is empty, which was its usual state when in Jack Scott's original possession.





D.H. LAWRENCE IN BRAZIL

by Robert Darroch

Brazil? *Brazil?????*

What on earth is there to say about Lawrence in Brazil?

Brazil does not figure prominently in the standard bios of Lawrence.

The closest he got in person to Brazil was probably on the boat that took him back to England from Mexico in 1923.

Though proficient in many languages, Portuguese was not one of them. In the lists of his voluminous reading, there is no sign of anything Portuguese, let alone anything of Brazilian authorship.

Key in BRAZIL+LAWRENCE in Google and nothing of any substance comes up. A Lawrence scholar visiting Brazil, and that's about it.

Peruse the indexes of Lawrence's letters, and three tangential references are revealed. In 1913 Lawrence, staying near Lake Garda in Italy, says he's met a tipsy local who's been to South America. Then in 1917, when he's casting around for places to escape to, he says he has a fancy for the Andes, and mentions Brazil, Paraguay and Colombia as possible Rananim sites.

The most substantive Brazilian reference comes in a letter to his then squeeze, Louie Burrows, in October 1911, where he tells her he's met

a Portuguese lady from Sao Paulo, who plays the piano - "the most exquisite woman pianist I have ever heard...very good looking".

Alas, she spoke little English (despite her name - Mrs Rudge-Miller), and they conversed in French, but the acquaintanceship didn't ripen. (She would have made an interesting, not to say exotic, alternative to Frieda.)

On the other hand, Lawrence did know a bit about South America, for he was a fan of WH Hudson, and in 1910 had read his *South American Sketches*, recommending them to his earlier sweetheart, Jessie Chambers.

Hudson, who was born in Argentina (he died the year Lawrence was in Australia - 1922), is famous for his books on things South American. His best-known work, *Green Mansions*, is a lurid forest romance, set in Brazil. Lawrence is certain to have read it, so he had no doubt some image of the steamy purlieu of the Amazon, and the denizens thereabouts. (In London, we lived in the same street, St Luke's Road, that Hudson had, as the plaque on a neighbouring house testified.)

Another approach is to key into Google KANGAROO+BRAZIL. This will bring up "Kangaroo Mother Method". Brazil, as it happens,

is the headquarters of the Kangaroo Mother Method, and recently hosted an international conference on the subject. I won't go into any detail here, as it is not germane, but it refers to saving premature or low-weight babies via the "Kangaroo Mother Method", which in turn involves skin-to-skin contact between mother and baby. (Lawrence was very much in favour of skin-to-skin contact.)

On the other hand, if you key in BRAZIL+LAWRENCE into Google and click the "pages from Australia" option, then up comes the name of Wendy Brazil. Keen readers of *Rananim* will recall Wendy's name, and her Lawrence connection (her father told her he had met Lawrence while fishing at Thirroul). But that does not get Lawrence very far into Brazil, the place.

I myself was unaware of Lawrence's most substantial contemporary connection with Brazil until about a year ago. That was when I received my first message from Beatriz Sidou.

Emailing from Fortaleza, Ceará, (in north-eastern Brazil) on May 9, 2004, she explained that she was an English-Brazilian Portuguese translator, and had become interested in Lawrence's Australian novel, *Kangaroo*, and wanted to translate it into Brazilian Portuguese.

Kangaroo? Brazil? Portuguese?
My mind boggled.

Our DHLA has grave trouble interesting ordinary Australians in *Kangaroo* - and they are the subject of the novel. We have a few fans around Thirroul, perhaps. Some aficionados up in Sydney. There's an active branch in Melbourne. An interested academic or two scattered around the several States. A core of loyal supporters and friends (and very grateful we are for their interest). But that's about it - perhaps 60 in all.

So, Brazil? *Kangaroo?*

No doubt there are some fans of *Lady C* in Brazil. *Sons and Lovers*, perhaps. *Women in Love*. *The Rainbow*, maybe.

But *Kangaroo*? What could there be in *Kangaroo* of interest to the wider Brazilian reading public?

Still, one doesn't look a gift horse, etc. Who knows? *K* could have hit a particular nerve in Brazil. They are a beachy lot - Copacabana, etc - maybe the resort aspect of Thirroul sparked an interest. Perhaps the secret army plot hit home. Ronnie Biggs (the Great Train Robber) found a haven in Rio - was Somers a Ronnie figure? Maybe it was the manana syndrome - Wyewurk?

Somewhat intrigued, I replied in positive, helpful terms: "Good to hear from you. Good luck with your book. Any assistance we can give you,

please ask for."

And she did. One of the first things Beatriz wanted to know was what the name "Wyewurk" meant. She wrote: "I simply cannot understand why 'Wyewurk' was [as Lawrence wrote] 'a retort against society'. Can you help me?"

I explained it was a local whimsicality - Why Work? - adding that there was a tradition in Australia of naming houses, especially holiday houses, in such ways (next door was Wyewurrie, I told her).

I myself, having visited Rio in the early 1970s, was curious about where Ceará was in Brazil - where Beatriz was coming from - for I knew almost nothing else about a nation that is bigger, and certainly more populous, than Australia.

So I looked up Ceará on Google.

Alas, I came across the same problem as Beatriz had, except in reverse, for much of the material about her home was in Portuguese, not English. Fortunately, Google has a translation facility, and so I accessed an English version of the Google link, "The History of Ceará" (Ceará, I learnt from one of the few English links, is a large State in north-eastern Brazil, whose capital is Fortaleza, pop. 2 million-plus, and which has 184 other cities, and lots of beaches - including Jericoacoara, once voted the best beach in the world).

The Portuguese-English translation that I accessed was a "machine", or automatic, conversion, and I think something was lost, or distorted, in the transfer process. For example, it told me that (and I quote): "The occupation accomplishes of the pertaining to the state of Ceará territory started in 1603 with the flag of Pero Rabbit of Souza who established the Fort of Is Tiago, in the Bar of the Ceará."

That's one of the troubles with "machine" translation. It converts words literally, straight from the dictionary. Another pioneer, a bishop, is called "Pero Fernandes Sardine". I'm sure it was more elegantly put in the original Portuguese. (Though Portugal is rightly renowned for its sardines.)

Trying to find out something about the local Ceará culture was similarly bedevilled. A central motif of Ceará folklore is, according to a local website, the ox, or ox-dance. In a ceremony translated as "bumba-mine-ox" (one imagines the bumba is a Brazilian variant of the rumba), the "central figure", arcabuco the ox, is paraded, while a song or chant is performed, "My ox died/What it will be of me/Orders to search unfruitful other/ Back in the Piauí".

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DH LAWRENCE IN BRAZIL

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One shudders to think what the reverse process, if employed, would make of *Kangaroo*. Take the novel's famous opening passage, viz:

A bunch of workmen were lying on the grass of the park beside Macquarie Street, in the dinner-hour. It was winter, the end of May, but the sun was warm, and they lay there in shirt-sleeves, talking. Some were eating food from paper packages. They were a mixed lot – taxi-drivers, a group of builders who were putting a new inside into one of the big houses opposite, and two men in blue overalls, some sort of mechanics. Squatting and lying on the grassy bank beside the broad tarred road where taxis and hansom cabs passed continually, they had that air of owning the city that belongs to a good Australian.

In automatic or “machine” mode, this is rendered into Brazilian Portuguese (apparently a variation of European Portuguese) as:



Um grupo dos trabalhadores estava encontrando-se na grama do parque ao lado da rua de Macquarie, na jantar-hora. Era inverno, o fim de maio, mas o sol estava morno, e colocam lá nas camisa-luvas, falar. Alguns comiam o alimento dos pacotes de papel. Eram um lote misturado - táxi-excitadores, um grupo dos construtores a que punham um interior novo em uma das casas grandes oposto, e dois homens em macacões azuis, alguma sorte dos mecânicos. Squatting e se encontrando no banco gramíneo ao lado da Estrada tarred

larga onde táxis e táxis do hansom passados continuamente, tiveram esse ar de possuir a cidade que pertence a um australiano bom.

Now, let's see what a Brazilian might make of that (putting the machine into reverse):

A group of the workers was meeting in the gram of the park to side of the street of Macquarie, in the supper-hour. It was winter, the May end, but the sun was warm, and places back in the shirt-gloves, to speak. Some ate the food of the paper packages. Taxi-drivers were a mixed lot - a group of the constructors the one who put a new interior in one of great houses opposing, and two men in blue overalls, some luck of the mechanics. Squatting and if finding in the grassy bank to the side of the road tarred wide where passed taxis and taxis of hansom continuously, they had this air to possess the city that belongs to one Australian good.

Not too bad, actually. But I think Beatriz would do a better job, especially if she got a little help with the local patois (Australian English).

Which is what I was willing to supply. Who knows? We could even get a branch of the DHLA up and running in Brazil.

However, what was Beatriz's target market? She enlarged on this in her next email. (Until I received it, I had no idea of the exotic nature of the Brazilian publishing industry.)

She wrote: “My plan is to make a very nice cute edition, with a very good paper and nice cover, hand-printed, of a type [called locally] ‘string books’, because popular poets hand-print [their works] and hang them on strings to sell them

at weekly fairs in the countryside.”

I have a collection of editions of *Kangaroo*, on a shelf of my study. I have an annotated first UK edition (the 1923 Secker) that once belonged to John Middleton Murry (who witnessed Lawrence’s marriage to Frieda in 1914). A superb and rare US edition (the 1923 Seltzer) with the famous “broken streamers” dust-jacket. I have a copy signed by Raymond Chandler and inscribed in his hand “Los Angeles, Christmas 1923”. I have a nice Japanese edition, a French one, numerous English editions, and a bevy of Australian editions (including the Ace Books 1961 edition, showing Lawrence and Frieda cuddling under the Sydney Harbour Bridge, 10 years before it was built). But nothing in Portuguese, and nothing bound in string, or hanging by a thread.

At this point I began to suspect someone was having me on.

I have not a few enemies, in the Lawrence world, and someone, somewhere might be itching to get back at me (in retaliation, for example, for my Hunter S Thompson – of blessed memory – report on the 1998 DH Lawrence conference in Taos). String books? Surely not.

So I looked up BRAZIL+STRING-BOOKS on Google. Nothing. My suspicions mounted. Then I came across the following item in an article on Ceará folklore. It was headed “Twine Literature” (the following is machine translated from Brazilian Portuguese):

Twine Literature is a folclórica manifestation still in full spreading in all the Northeast. Palpitantes subjects are versejados by sertanejos poets who publish them in brochures, capeados of referring xilogravuras to the treat subjects. As the majority of the sertanejos is illiterate, it very it is read in the fairs and concentrations others for a declaimer that, without a doubt, will always count on a considerate public and believing in that he is being pronounced.

Well, that was obviously what Beatriz referred to as “string books”. Scepticism gave way to curiosity.

I asked her how she became interested in *Kangaroo* and Lawrence. She replied (I have taken the liberty of tidying up her English): “The first living Australian I met was a kangaroo at Rio Zoo, when I was a kid. Then many years later I met some geologists or mine engineers when I lived in Amazonia, at a mine camp - then I discovered the Oistrolian English... you say “noine” etc. And I have a friend who went to Oistrolia a few years ago (she adored the country). Ah, and there is the Priscilla film, and magazine articles.” The

fact that the 2000 Olympics were held in Sydney augmented her interest, as well as finding a copy of *Kangaroo* in her father’s bookshelf (she did not know how it got there).

She said she was “carioca” (born in Rio) but had lived in Sao Paulo for 15 years, before moving up the coast to Ceará, which she likened to Thirroul, as she imagined Thirroul might be. It was very hot in Fortaleza (and as close to Lisbon as it was to Rio – Brazil is a BIG place). The Equator was but a hop, skip and a jump away. But it was also very windy. She sent a picture.

By the middle of May she was half-way through chapter 4, “Jack and Jaz”, and striking difficulties. A lot of expressions were hard to translate into Brazilian Portuguese. What was a wowser? she asked. Please explain what “jarrah” is. And what is “white-anting”? And “bush”? I did my best to assist. She thought a glossary might be an idea (so did I).

I reassured her that she wasn’t alone in having trouble with “Oistrolianisms”. I told her about the Mr Asia trial which I covered in England in the early 1980s. Various Australian witnesses were giving evidence, mainly about nefarious doings in outback NSW. The presiding judge, Mrs Justice Heilbron, interrupted for a point of clarification. “What...is... ‘bush’,” she asked, ponderously. The bar table consulted. Then the senior barrister rose, explaining: “Not the city, ma’am.”

Beatriz liked that. But finding the equivalent word was a problem. The closest she could find was “sertao australiano”, where “sertao” referred to an area of dry, hardened soil with little vegetation. I preferred “not the city”, but that was untranslatable (não a cidade=not it city).

Commendably, Beatriz was diligently boning up on Australia. She somehow found a copy in Fortaleza of Marcus Clarke’s *For the Term of His Natural Life* (perhaps left behind by an Aussie back-packer), and also watched a programme on the Discovery Channel about Lasseter’s Reef, both of which took a little putting into context.

Then she Googled up a map of Sydney, and found where I lived at Bondi... “which I think is your Ipanema Beach, isn’t it?”. I told her Bondi was better, but secretly wondered if Jericoacoara might be a rival. I sent her a picture of Bondi. She agreed it was better than dirty, polluted Ipanema... “zillions better”.

We appeared to hit a wavelength on the subject of beaches. It seems she lives near Praia do Futuro – the Beach of the Future (wonderful name!). She sent pictures. “I live ‘inside’ the dunes,” she said, “between the dunes and the city.”

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DH LAWRENCE IN BRAZIL

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The dunes were constantly moving, and couldn't be built on. "I used to lay on top of the dunes, arms wide open, watching the night sky," she said.

By now – mid-May – Beatriz had moved on to chapter 5, "Coo-ee". She described her method of translation. She put down what she called "the skeleton", converting from English into Brazilian Portuguese rapidly. "I type in Portuguese what I am reading in English, without caring to look all the time in dictionaries," she said. "Then I go back and revise. Revising is the hard part."

She was also reading the "Darroch Thesis" on the DHLA website, about which she was polite. But she wasn't totally convinced. "Up to the point I've read on the Darroch Thesis, I'm with you, but I have no knowledge to say anything for or against. But all you say makes a lot of sense, though I always thought of DHL as a man of letters." Didn't we all, Beatriz, didn't we all.

Then, suddenly, in the throes of all this translating and research about Australia, some repressed memories - and not altogether pleasant ones - welled up. She wrote (and I quote verbatim):

"yesty I reminded something that had been comple!!tely buried in my brains... by 71 or 72 australia was accepting migration — I almost went to the embassy with the idea of changing to a *completely unknown* place... but some friend told me that there I shud marry an enormous ignorant farmer of cows, camels and kangaroos, shud have some half dozen little aussies (that is why ostrolia was calling people!) — and I was horrified: the picture was dreadful to me — becoming a farmer in some very remote corner full of kiddies pulling my skirt, and having a gross husband that wud b wearing a hat & boots even in bed, wud b feeding chickens in the back yard, and no bookstores around, probbly no paper and no pencils, having to ride horses to go anywhere, killing pigs or making kangaroo bbq for lunch etc etc etc. in the south of brazil my relatives have farms of cattle, rice, soy and so and I really cudn't stand the conversation of those people! that is why am not in oistrolia now."

This was worrying. I began to think that Beatriz might not be in the right frame of mind to do justice to *Kangaroo*. But after this outburst, Beatriz went silent.

From May 20 until August 20 I heard nothing from her. Then came this message (again, sic):

"Had a nice talk w a publisher (a journalist

who became editor-publisher) and at the moment I told him I hv half *Kangaroo* translated [in fact 1/3 — as I had to stop for a while as I had two books in this meantime] and he immediately said – 'I buy it! Bought! It is mine!' Today sent him the chapters translated — told him abt our e-mail-sations & abt the idea of having the cover by that painter you mentioned (G.. Gary ...?) + some small ornaments by an aborigene artist like a kangaroo (at the begining or end of chapters). perhaps your thesis as a post-logue (x pro-logue) etc! Oistrolians beating americans in Athens! Great!"

And that was it. Nothing more. I sent an email asking how the book was going, but got no reply. The cause of DH Lawrence in Brazil was snuffed out, as a candle in the wind.

Did the project prove too much for her? Was her rediscovery of her bad vibes about Australia a factor? Was it the spectre of being in bed with that "enormous ignorant farmer of cows camels and kangaroos"? Was it something I said? Did the local para-militaries get to her? Was it a hoax, after all?

I do not know. But I really would have liked a string-book version of *Kangaroo*, to add to my shelf.

MORE HOMAGE TO LAWRENCE

Our last issue of *Rananim* (2004) was devoted to showing the profound influence that Lawrence and his Australian novel *Kangaroo* have had on Australian culture.

We did not - could not - cover every influence, and since last year's publication a new and significant influence has come to light, and in a slightly unexpected field.

Max Dupain was one of Australia's greatest photographic artists.

His work has become part of our culture - one of his most iconic images was "Sunbather", a black-and-white photograph of a tanned surfer lying on the sand at Bondi Beach.

A new book on Dupain's work has just been published (*Body Culture: Max Dupain 1919-39*, by Isobel Crombie).

One of the photographs she highlights in the book shows a human arm imperilled by a large flywheel (shades of Chaplin's famous film, *Modern Times*).

The 1937 image was entitled "Homage to Lawrence".

...A CORMORANT, HOLMES? WHY A CORMORANT?

Below are the nine entries in the 3801 "Literary Competition". Margaret Jones's winning entry is printed first, and in full, as is the second-placed entry by Faye Hope-Allan. For reasons of space, some of the other entries have been judiciously truncated, as indicated by the punctuation: ...

On the south coast of NSW is a derelict lighthouse, built in 1851, but long unused. There, for a number of years, lived a solitary eccentric, an old man with a bushy white beard and long hair. He came from nowhere one day, and moved in, and the local council talked of evicting him, but he was harmless and well-behaved, and they did not have the heart to turn him out. The nearby townspeople grew rather proud of "Our Hermit", and took visitors to the lighthouse to catch a glimpse of him. Remarkably, he had a trained cormorant, which brought him the fish on which he mainly lived. The hermit and the cormorant seemed fond of each other, and could sometimes be seen sitting together on the headland. One day, after the old man had been living in the lighthouse for more than ten years, passing townspeople saw the cormorant at the front door making loud distressful cries. Someone investigated, and found the hermit dead on his narrow bed. Nearby, searchers found an envelope marked "Only to be opened in the event of my death". Inside was a single sheet of paper, which read: "I did mean to commit suicide when I went into the water that day. I was sick of the responsibility and the worry, and a scandal was looming that would have brought me down. But the life force won out, and instead of drowning, I reinvented myself." It was signed H.E. Holt.

The lighthouse keeper, transfixed with horror, stared at the dismembered finger, disgorged by his trained cormorant, lying at his feet, on the sea-battered rocks. Sudden enlightenment displaced his horror as he remembered, recognising the amethyst ring on the finger. He recalled last night, and his embarrassment at overhearing his friend – the local politician – and his wife furiously arguing over the slinky presence of a Marilyn-Monroe "lookalike". He recalled the raised voices, silenced by a sudden blood-curdling scream.

A satisfied grin spread across the lighthouse keeper's face as the outline of the politician's figure disappeared over the horizon. He had insisted on coming, so one hoped he was now satisfied. The fishing boat that was the centre of



Ranelagh in July - where the trained cormorant had its flights of fancy

attention was still a little way offshore, with its usual three occupants. The cormorant was resting on a rock with its wings spread to dry in the sun. It had done its job well, returning to shore from the boat with a good-sized fish, which it had dropped at the politician's feet. It had done this three times. Normally, however...

After his journey down the Pearl River on board a ferry, Dr Sun Yat-sen sat on the breakwater and pondered his future. Would he be able to break the servitude of the Chinese people so that they no longer needed to yield up the fruits of their labour, as did the trained cormorants he could see working on the river? Could he be a beacon or Chinese democracy, as the lighthouse at the mouth of the river was for navigation? The rest is history.

The politician gave a grand speech at the opening of the new lighthouse in his constituency, and fingered in his suit pocket the latest brown envelope he had received from the developer. The cormorant, tied to a cord running round the lighthouse, heard the clapping from the other side, and

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THE LIGHTHOUSE

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thought it was his signal to fly off. The lighthouse lifted slightly, groaned, made a wrenching-rumbling noise, and fell down flat. The cormorant kept on flying. The politician sighed. The developers kept running...

The light that flickered from the lighthouse was answered by the Russian vessel standing offshore. The politician released the cormorant. The man on the beach below sent the oilskin-covered packet skimming from shore to ship on a thin line, but watched appalled as the bird dived, and then soared skyward with its dark catch. "Have mercy," he begged the politician, "for my wife and child's sake." The politician's grey eyes quickened. "If you tell me about your entire operation, I'll see what I can do." Behind him, the cormorant disgorged a large red herring.

Helena usually walked the dog in the early evening, choosing the path close to the lighthouse, because, apart from a few lovers and other dog-walkers, no-one was there, and she liked the solitude. There was always a bit of rubbish lying about, but this time a small packet caught her attention, and something told her she should go down and bring it back. Fidelio scampered down to the ledge, and she followed, allowing her curiosity to overtake her normally detached self. Had someone deliberately thrown it away, she wondered? Later, as she looked at it in the kitchen, she thought it might have an address. It certainly did – and a name as well. The name was that of a politician, now deceased, and with it was a photo-



Santa brings the Yuletide spirit to the 3801



(l to r) John Lacey, Marylyn Valentine and Paul Jeffery at the DH Lawrence table at the yuletide feast

graph of a Japanese girl with her pet cormorant, and a small child, probably taken in Japan during a trade mission in the early 1960s. She had noticed a good-looking Asian man earlier in the day. He had patted her dog. She determined to return to the lighthouse and wait for him. For now she knew the whole story...

"I can't see it," Capriol said quietly. "You must look more carefully," murmured Mer d'Amour. "My constituents would be horrified," he complained. "Utterly irrelevant," came the ready reply. Capriol paused, "Who taught you to say utterly?" "Your press secretary." "Lynn should watch his tongue." Mer d'Amour bubbled, "Lascivious!" Capriol stared at his partner. "He didn't mention a bird in the hand, did he?" Mer d'Amour sighed. "I have a confession to make." "Poor timing, surely." "Ah, Capriol, timing is your business." "And look, it is upon us!" "How curious, it looks like a lighthouse."

The lighthouse was Marchmont's political triumph. Eighteen piscatorial constituents had drowned on the rocks it now marked, and Marchmont had fought hard to have it built. He secured the appointment of a friend, from his days as consul in Nagasaki, as keeper – a Eurasian adept in the sea and its ways. Marmaduke Yoshikado enjoyed solitude, yet found company in his trained cormorant, which offered both affection and fish. Eels too, for which Yoshikado (the name meant "Gate of Good Luck") found both epicurean and erotic uses. When Marchmont visited the lighthouse, he stayed the night, enjoying his friend's hospitality and unusual tastes in eels. Thereafter, the politician, the lighthouse keeper and the trained cormorant were inseparable.

BACK ON BOARD THE *LADY HOPETOUN*

Our President, **John Lacey**, sent the following email to a friend after the DH Lawrence Society's annual Harbour cruise in March 2005. This year we were back on the *Lady Hopetoun*, now re-stored after a maritime mishap last year. John wrote:

“

Enjoyed a wonderful Sydney Harbour cruise last night, aboard the 1902 Steam Yacht *Lady Hopetoun*. The weather has not been the best lately, with lots of showers. Yesterday was clearer, with some wind; and the initial part of the cruise was breezy. We steamed off at 6 pm, headed for the Eastern suburbs, passed Shark and Clark Islands. Our intended destination was Middle Harbour, and the Captain agreed, if the swell across the Heads was manageable: the westerly winds should keep the swell low, he said. The gunboat engine - triple expansion, hand-fired - was making sweet sounds as we steamed down the Harbour at 8-10 knots, and as always, it is just great to hear the ringing of the engine telegraph, the clank of the shovel, and the bell being sounded on the hour. I just love sitting forrad of the bridge, seeing the occasional smoke trail as a fire is put on, and the gliding sounds as the *Lady* cuts through the water.

We rounded the point where the vessels are exposed to the swell which, depending on the day, may well be rolling in from the South Pacific. The passengers in the stern copped a rough ride, apparently bottles of wine went flying (yes, my damask tablecloths are saturated with red wine!), and some of the food laid out on the cedar table took on trajectories. But in the bow, all was magical. The *Lady Hopetoun* started surfing! We picked up waves from behind and rode them into Middle Harbour! A steam-propelled surfboard!. Now in Middle Harbour, all was much quieter, though on one or two of the mansions above the water, children started whistling, calling for a reply from the *Lady Hopetoun*: and they got it, blasts from the chime whistle, as used on NSW steam locomotives. Once we reached the



head of navigation, near Bantry Bay, the engines were cut, night descended, and we all repaired to the table in the stern for dinner. I spoke briefly about why we were here, and then introduced Australia's most renowned sculptor, Tom Bass, who spoke about his connection with DH Lawrence, and produced a physical token, a piece of wood taken from the room where Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo* at Thirroul. There was just one ray of light in the sky left, and this was reflected in the still water, as Tom read one of Lawrence's poems. It was a wonderful occasion to be with this sage, on the water at the end of a day, as the light disappeared, and Tom read. We then feasted, in an incandescent glow, with Lawrence's dark bush all around us. Then the engines started, and we headed back, down Middle Harbour. We

emerged into the Main Harbour: all was black, except for the lights of Manly. Ahead was the open sea; facing us straight on; nothing but darkness there. We turned past the reef, and then saw the full intensity of the city lights. The

Opera House lighting seems to have been redone: it is very striking from the water. Under the bridge, I was by the engineer's cabin when the captain came up: "Go flat out if you wish, to use up the steam".

So the engineer advanced the cut off, and put the regulator in full forward. I moved to the bow; what a magical sight, the fireman had opened the damper, and flames were pouring out of the chimney. Before you ask; no, I don't have a photo. I had put my camera away earlier, and it was stowed in the stern. But there are a number of witnesses! - **John.**"

see John's cruise photos over page

LADY HO



A pre-supper drink off Rose Bay



Full steam ahead!



Sculptor Tom Bass



Preparing the table for supper



As twilight falls

OPETOUN



Angela Barker, Sally Rothwell and Sandra Jobson (Darroch)



Opera House and Sydney skyline



Middle Harbour



LOOKING FOR DHL EDITIONS

by Arch Dailey

The Melbourne Royal Exhibition Building stands just north of the city, and not far from where Lawrence walked on his short stay in Melbourne. It is a splendid Victorian building, hidden directly behind the skyscraping city and is one of the two Australian buildings on the World Heritage Register (the other being the recently-listed Sydney Opera House). Hence the appropriate venue for the Twentieth International Antiquarian Book Fair, held in October 2004. Here gathered the world's most eminent antiquarian booksellers from Europe, Asia, Africa, America and, of course, Australia - some 70 exhibitors to display an unprecedented collection of fine and rare books, unlikely to be equalled for many years.

Melbourne itself is well-endowed with excellent second-hand bookshops, which I have browsed for many years, hoping to find amongst others that Lawrence gem that somehow the bookseller was not quite seeing straight and placed it on his shelf, priced at a nominal sum which I could afford. Over the years I managed to find copies of some of Lawrence's esoteric writings. *The Escaped Cock*, but not the 1928 only the 1973 printing of the Black Sparrow Press: *Apocalypse*, again the 2nd printing. Even the local library astonished me by putting among their "Books for Sale" the Heineman 1972 edition of *John Thomas and Lady Jane* and the 11th edition of *Sons and Lovers* (published in 1935) at the amazing price of 20 cents each. I was getting warmer when I came across *Fantasia of the Unconscious* Martin Secker 1931. But to actually hold and covet a first edition of *The Rainbow* or *Lady Chatterley's Lover* even *Kangaroo*! Surely there must be an odd neglected copy collecting dust on someone's bookshelf in Australia that would find its way by some freak of circumstance to my waiting hands. The Book Fair might just be the answer. So with literary primed grandson - very authoritative on *Tin Tin* - and caring and protective wife - always with a sharp eye for a bargain - we entrained for Melbourne City, fronted up at the Exhibition Building, paid our entrance fee and entered into the book token prize draw of \$500 and entered the great building.

Spread out before us were no less than 56 exhibitors and their books on shelves and displays in glass cabinets. A feast for the eyes and a temptation for any bibliophile to reach out and touch. Our first exhibitor was from Paris, the next from Utrecht. We scanned their printed lists of selections. No

DHL. We asked and received various replies from which we were assured they had not any copies of Mr. Lawrence - he obviously had yet to be recognized as antiquarian. But at exhibitor No.19, we noticed that his address was Pied Bull Yard, 15A Bloomsbury Square, London. An R.A.Gekoski and his list of selections in an A4 Format with a varnished cover on which was a print from the Bronze of James Joyce's Death Mask. This could be our lucky spot for DHL. Coming from that address he was bound to have Lawrence's contemporary Virginia Woolf. And he had. The Hogarth Press, 1925, First Edition of Virginia's *The Common Reader, First Series* an ownership signature to front free endpaper, in scarce dustwrapper. which has some neat restoration to extremities of spine and corners. \$15,000.

Then there was an original design for dustwrapper of Virginia's *A Room of One's Own* by Vanessa. Little would she have realized that a hasty rough ink on paper could now command a price of \$30,000.

My grandson gave me a querulous look and I shook my head, and, as I noted that Ernest Hemingway and Aldous Huxley must be given more scrutiny in my bookshop perusals, there was LAWRENCE, D.H. *The Rainbow*, Methuen, London, 1915, one of the 731 copies that was not destroyed (were they burnt?). This was a fine copy in an excellent, fresh example of the rare dustwrapper, illustrated by Frank Wright. It was only the third copy in dustwrapper to appear on the market in the last twenty years. A snip at \$120,000.

It was time for lunch and a quiet recovery from the asking prices, even to make an offer was out of the question. Later on we were to locate a signed first edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, one of the 1000 that Lawrence had printed privately in Florence in 1928, for which he laboriously spent time at the Villa Mirinda and sent off on 7 June to Guiseppe ("Pino") Orioli: "Here are all the sheets (for *Lady Chatterley's Lover*) Signed and numbered, up to 1000: then ten extra ones signed but not numbered, in case anything goes wrong....and ten blank ones. So glad that's all over."

I was allowed to hold it and note it was in Octavo size. The spine had but a printed paper label with minor wear. But it was held in a cloth clamshell case. And there on the frontispiece "DH Lawrence". An excellent copy said the bookseller only \$9,500. Pity they were American dollars.

The Great Debate



The speakers (from left): JASA - Diane Speakman, Penny Gay, Virginia Gay; and DHLA - Robert Darroch, Sandra Jobson, Rob Douglass

SEX AND SENSIBILITY

by Rob Douglass

A penis,” replied Mme de Gaulle, apparently. There was a stunned silence.

Madame Yvonne de Gaulle, wife of the just-retired, austere President of the French Republic, General de Gaulle, was known for her shy retiring nature, bourgeois habits and utter rectitude. (An English journalist had asked her what she looked forward to, in the General’s retirement - and, of course, she meant to say: “appiness”.)

I could not get the phrase out of my head, on that champagne December day of glorious sunny blue clarity, as we drove to the Kirribilli Club, with its splendid view over Lavender Bay, the Sydney Harbour Bridge towering over us, and the thrill of anticipation, at last, of the Great Debate.

Over six months before, the Jane Austen Society (JASA) had challenged the DH Lawrence Society of Australia (DHLA) to debate the relative merits of “their” two authors. The JASA knew they were on to a good thing. Why, only that very morning, the *Sydney Morning Herald* had proclaimed Jane Austen the English language’s favorite author, and Mr Darcy its greatest hero.

Margaret Jones, secretary of the DHLA had suggested as a topic for the debate: “That *Pride & Prejudice* is a sexier novel than *Lady*

Chatterley’s Lover.”

I had volunteered to be third speaker for the DHLA side, led off by DHLA vice-president, Robert Darroch, and seconded by Sandra Jobson-, publisher of *Rananim*. They had prepared their excellent speeches weeks before, and supplied me with copies.

My task, as our last speaker, was to refute whatever arguments the other side threw at us. Of course, I didn’t know what they would be. Rob, Sandra and I had long agreed that the key to winning the debate was the definition of “sexy”. So all I could do was to think of clever phrases, which I might be able to work into my presentation.

Thomas Jefferson had written the American Declaration of Independence a mere 20 years before Miss Austen started her famous work. Maybe I could say he had asserted the right of every person to “The Pursuit of Life, Liberty and a Penis!”

After getting the last parking spot under the Club, my daughter and I ascended to the main dining room of the Club. where, to my horror, I discovered a room with at least 200 people

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JANE AUSTEN *versus* DH LA

JASA's first speaker – Dianne Speakman.

My initial reaction to address this topic was to say, 'just read the two books, how hard is it to work out?' but then I realised that we needed to fill four minutes each and we couldn't speak that slowly. The *Oxford Concise Dictionary* says 'sexy' is 'sexually stimulating, attractive or provocative': sexiness is a force of attraction, without necessarily physical contact. 'Sex' by comparison is defined as 'a physical act'. *Lady Chatterley* is a novel full of sex, lots of talk about sex, but not sexy. It is also a political novel, critiquing post-WWI England. It had only a brief spurt of notoriety when it was 'unbanned' in 1960. *Pride and Prejudice* has never been out of print since it was first published in 1813. It was the #2 favourite book in the recent ABC survey - where was *Lady Chatterley's Lover*? Mr Darcy keeps getting voted, for example, the fictional character that women would most like to go on a date with, and is #1 on the guest list for a fictional dinner party. *Women's Post*, a Canadian newspaper for professional women, recently reviewed the OUP edition of *Pride and Prejudice*, and calls the plot the template for almost every romantic comedy that Hollywood has ever produced. John Wiltshire in *Recreating Jane Austen* says Darcy is a focus of fantasy because he is enigmatic and out of reach. An article in the *SMH* of 20 October agrees. Titled 'It's universally acknowledged Mr Darcy is, like, to die for', it makes the comment 'Austen may have realised that' and that Darcy is the perfect blank screen on which to project female fantasies.



The adjudicator - Dickens Society vice-president
Sandra Faulkner

DHLA first speaker - Rob Darroch:

Let me open with a statement of the obvious - *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a sexy book, no matter how you define 'sexy'. It oozes [explicit] sex. So explicit was its sexual content that it was condemned as obscene, and its reading was proscribed for more than 30 years – even longer, here in Australia. Therefore, the point on which this debate turns, is : Is, on the other hand, *Pride and Prejudice* sexy? And, if it were judged to be so, could it be even sexier than *Lady Chatterley's Lover*? We concede that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is not Lawrence's best novel - that accolade probably belongs to *Women in Love*. We concede also that *Pride and Prejudice* is a better novel than *Lady Chatterley's Lover* – certainly it's more

SEX AND SENSIBILITY

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crowded in - 80 percent or so of them women. In the middle of this maelstrom of respectability were two small, empty tables that said: "Reserved for the DHL Society". However, my daughter and I were the only DHLA people there. How could I possibly carry the debate off on my own?

Though feeling like pork chops in a Mosque, we were soon welcomed and made feel comfortable by the Jane Austen people. It seemed the invitation had become garbled in translation, and the DHLA supporters were going to be late, and I knew there were no parking spaces left.

Slowly, familiar faces at last began to

appear - Beverly Firth and Andrew Moore, Rob and Sandra (thank goodness), and last, but never least, our president John Lacey.

Susannah Fullerton, president of the Jane Austen Society, welcomed us and told us about publication of her new book, *Jane Austen & Crime*.

Then the debate started.

Di Speakmann (JASA) opened by asserting that *Pride and Prejudice* was a much better novel than *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, and more popular as well.

Rob Darroch started off by thanking the JASA for hosting the event. He freely admitted that *Pride and Prejudice* was a great novel - but was it sexy?

Professor Penny Gay, from Sydney Universi-

LAWRENCE - *what the speakers said*

popular. I would also be willing to concede that Jane Austen is a better novelist, or at least on the same level, as DH Lawrence.

But Lawrence's greatness does not depend merely on his eight major novels. It lies in his overall literary ability and output – on his short as well as his longer fiction, on his poetry, on his plays, on his essays, on his translations, and on the eight CUP volumes of his letters. Given those concessions, however, I still maintain that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is certainly the most erotic novel by a major novelist in the entire canon and history of English literature. I am convinced that DH Lawrence would not be studied as extensively as he is if it were not for the erotic content in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Literally millions of people around the world read *Lady Chatterley's Lover* because - among other things of course - it is permissible porn. For Lawrence deliberately, and with lasciviousness aforethought, composed *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as an exercise in eroticism. He wrote with the express intention of attacking and undermining the then existing taboo on the portrayal of erotic – sexy – subjects in serious literature. *Lady Chatterley's Lover's* sexy credentials, then, are not in doubt. What of *Pride and Prejudice* and Jane Austen, and the crucial question – is *P&P* sexy? No one has suggested that it be banned. If it is deemed sexy, it is sexy almost exclusively to women readers. Few men would go into erotic raptures reading *Pride and Prejudice* – at least not men of my acquaintance. Let me stay with that point for a moment. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a

man's (Lawrence's) fantasy about having sex with a titled lady. *Pride and Prejudice*, on the other hand is a middle-class lady's (Jane Austen's) rather coy reverie about a romance with a tall, dark and wealthy landowning bachelor. If Darcy had been a horny-handed son of the working-class – a gamekeeper like Mellors, even – Elizabeth Bennet wouldn't have given him a second glance. The position she was interested in was not the prone one. Let's call a spade a spade. *Pride and Prejudice* is, to put it frankly, romantic fiction. Of a higher order than Barbara Cartland and Georgette Heyer, but romantic fiction nonetheless...in the same genre as *Wuthering Heights* and *Jane Eyre*. Great fiction, of the very highest order - but sexy? A novel that is sexy for both men and women must be sexier than one which is sexy only to the female sex.

JASA's second speaker, Penny Gay:

One of the most important things about a novel is its opening lines: if they don't grab our attention, we are vaguely resentful, as though a contract has not been fulfilled. This audience is certainly able to quote the opening lines from *Pride and Prejudice*: "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife." Is not this like love at first sight? Austen's novel seduces us, makes us willing slaves of the story – the genre that has seduced and delighted us for at least 400 years, romantic comedy.

The opening of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* on
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ty's English Department, said that there was no one she would prefer as a dining companion to Mr Darcy.

Sandra Jobson's argument turned on the verisimilitude of "sexy" Colin Firth emerging dripping wet from the lake at "Pemberley" in the TV version of *Pride and Prejudice*.

We then broke for luncheon, but not before Susannah Fullerton remarked - somewhat improperly, our side thought - that Robert Louis Stevenson preferred Jane Austen to DH Lawrence.

After luncheon it was the turn of Virginia Gay, Professor Gay's daughter, to refute our arguments. She was indignant at all the talk of Mellor's flaccid penis in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. She found this very unsexy. She argued that sex itself was rather unsexy.

When my turn came to sum up, I foolishly wasted time scoring debating points and refuting Susannah's illicit speech. Thus I didn't have time to read any of the truly sexy bits in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

However, all went well when the vice-president of the Charles Dickens's Society got up to give her adjudication. She read some hilarious "chatting up" scenes from Dickens, with all the right accents, and, after some minutes of this, awarded us the debate, declaring that we had made out the case for *Lady Chatterley's Lover* to be the sexier of the two novels.

And I hadn't had to mention "a penis".

We had had a wonderful day, with kind hosts, and we look forward to the next opportunity to argue our cause.

JANE AUSTEN versus DH LAWRENCE

cont'd from previous page

the other hand is hardly seductive, much less sexy. Gloom, a sort of doggedness ('we've got to live, no matter how many skies have fallen'). Sex isn't the same as sexiness. Isn't suggestion more sexy than graphic description, letting our imaginations wander deliciously? The physical act of sex, as Lady Chatterley has occasion to reflect at various points, is 'ridiculous'. Sexiness is a force of attraction, depending on distance, not intimate closeness. It's to do with the enigmatic, fascinating otherness of someone and the possibility that you might find yourself in a situation of intimate closeness with them. At that point there is an opportunity for the electrically-charged repartee that probes the other's character, and even – perhaps – for the suggestion of a sexy double-entendre. Says Elizabeth to Darcy at the Netherfield ball: 'That reply will do for the present. Perhaps by and bye I may observe that private balls are much pleasanter than public ones.' [We could perhaps add the extraordinary discussion of 'performance', between Elizabeth and Darcy after dinner at Lady Catherine's (ch. 31).] With this dynamic at work over 400 pages, I put it to you that *Pride and Prejudice* is one long, deliciously varied, act of foreplay: we close the book on 'uniting them' with a sigh of the deepest satisfaction.

DHL's second speaker, Sandra Jobson

In the 1995 television series based on *Pride and Prejudice* when Colin Firth emerged from the pond at "Pemberley" a new male sex symbol was born. Women the world over drooled at the sight of his soaking shirt revealing his manly physique beneath his brooding visage. How swooningly sexy Mr Darcy was! That scene put *Pride and Prejudice* at the top of the ratings and helped sell millions of copies of the novel to a new generation of readers, eager to dwell on and flesh out in their imaginations the sexy scene they had run and re-run on their videos. But the irony is that in the novel Mr Darcy never plunged into or came out of a pond at all. That scene was invented by the director, because it was necessary to sex-up *Pride and Prejudice*, for otherwise the novel was not sufficiently sexy and would have made humdrum footage for the modern viewer. Indeed, this fact means that I could rest my case here and now. *Pride and Prejudice*, while most certainly a great novel, is not fundamentally sexy, whereas *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is all about sex.

Pride & Prejudice is primarily about class, status, property and money. Curiously, around Jane Austen's time, the English novel went a step

backwards in candour on sexual matters after a boisterous start with such novels as *Tristram Shandy*, *Pamela*, *Clarissa*, *Tom Jones* and others. But Austen chose to write a completely different kind of novel, using an analytical and rational approach to the social and economic laws and customs that bound men and women in those days. Like Austen, her heroine Elizabeth, too, remained calm, aloof and rational about her chances with the opposite sex – until she set eyes on "Pemberley". Sex doesn't get a mention. As Charlotte Bronte said of Jane Austen: "The passions are perfectly unknown to her: she rejects even a speaking acquaintance with that stormy sisterhood ... but what throbs fast and full, though hidden, what the blood rushes through, what is the unseen seat of life and the sentient target of death—this Miss Austen ignores."

Now let us turn to *Lady Chatterley's Lover*: a more sexy book would be difficult to find.

There are more obscene books available, but *Lady Chatterley* is truly sexy. Lawrence understands sex from both the male and female point of view and the union between Connie and Mellors is sensitively portrayed. As we know, there was an enormous outcry over the four letter words and explicit sex scenes when the novel was first published, but Lawrence's aim in writing *Lady Chatterley* was serious. His letters include a statement that he wasn't advocating perpetual sex, rather, he was trying to promote a healthy attitude to it. So I rest my case. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a sexy book. *Pride and Prejudice* is not. Indeed, if Colin Firth were to be cast as the game-keeper Mellors in a TV adaptation of *Lady Chatterley*. I don't think anyone on the other side of this debate would have a single leg to stand on. Moreover, the director would have no need to insert scenes into his film to sex up the novel. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is sexy enough as it is.

JASA's third speaker, Virginia Gay:

Pride and Prejudice is a sexier novel than *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, because sex is not necessarily sexy. Sexy is the promise of sex, the desire for sex, the unstated acknowledgement that one is only really thinking about having sex despite talking about parks, avenues, estates and private balls. *Pride and Prejudice* is a novel that makes women all over the world want to have sex. (Let's just assume in parenthesis for the moment that men are going to want to have sex anyway. Let's just take that whole issue for granted.) *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a novel that could put you off the sex act entirely. Sex throughout the book is variously described by Connie's narrative voice as

'cruel' 'perverse' 'ridiculous' 'ugly'; it's filled with 'terror' and 'clumsy'. The opposition accuses *Pride and Prejudice* of being a novel about class, but we can equally attest that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a novel of politics. Chapters and chapters of dialogue and narrative devoted to the dismal state of Britain and which political system can best be used to fix it. Lady Chatterley herself often is merely lying back and thinking of Britain. Politics – always sexy. Stalin, famous sex machine. Howard – delish! And don't even get me started on Bush! *Pride and Prejudice* is the ultimate romantic comedy, and we all know the only reason boys take us to romantic comedies is because they know they'll get a little action. We'll be turned on by the lack of explicit resolution, the high emotional and intimacy stakes and more than half their work will be done. If *LCL* were sexy in the same way, then boys would take us to pornography on first dates. And if *Pride and Prejudice* is a romantic comedy, then *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is more like *Sex and the City*: sex which is so explicitly, neurotically, gynaecologically detailed as to be, innately, not sexy.

DHLA's third speaker, Rob Douglass:

The definitions chosen say it all. The *Oxford English Dictionary* defines "sexy" as "sexually stimulating or provocative". However we are far from England's green and pleasant land. We are here in Sydney, looking at the Sydney Harbour Bridge, so we have to accept the *Australian Macquarie Dictionary* definition, of "sexy", as: "pertaining to sexual intercourse". That is our case in a nutshell.

I'd like to draw your attention to what I believe is an even better definition of "sexy" than these – that given by William Blake, written in 1793, just three years before Jane Austen started writing *Pride and Prejudice*. 'What is it men in women do require/The lineaments of Gratified Desire/What is it women do in men require/The lineaments of Gratified Desire.' Now surely we can all agree that THAT is what good sex is all about – this is truly sexy. [Here the speaker for the negative pointed out a number of misquotes by Professor Gay, [for one of which, he later discovered he was in error, and apologised.]

We have accepted that *Pride and Prejudice* is a more popular novel than *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. We even accept that it is a better novel. But that is not the subject of our debate. Our debate subject is that Mr Darcy and *Pride and Prejudice* are sexier than *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and Mellors, the gamekeeper. We have claimed that overt sex is and necessarily has to be



Two of the winning DHLA debaters Rob and Sandra (Jobson) Darroch celebrate their Society's victory

sexier than the subtle hint of sex. Surely that must be correct. *Pride and Prejudice*, while most certainly a great novel, is not fundamentally sexy, whereas *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is, par excellence, all about sex. To go to the nub of the argument, I'd like to draw your attention to the very sentence quoted by Professor Gay and recited by all of you, which actually makes our case. "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife." 'Good fortune' gives the game away. This isn't a sexy novel. It's a novel about property and any sex is incidental - just the aroma of sex for sale to rich men.

And who is this Mr Darcy, besides being a very rich man? Let's go to the unimpeachable authority of Miss Elizabeth Bennet: "From the beginning - from the first moment, I may say - of my acquaintance with you, your manners, impress[ed] me with the fullest belief of your arrogance, your conceit and your selfish disdain of the feelings of others..." The man is a boor. Mr Darcy rudely refuses Sir William Lucas kindly efforts to involve him in the fun and dancing saying "Every savage can dance" This doesn't auger at all well for Lizzie's sex life. Virginia told us "sex is not sexy". Surely this itself reveals the weakness of our opponents' case. Jane Austen is exquisite in describing the cruelties between genteel people, beneath the veneer of civilized discourse – but this is not sexy. *Pride and Prejudice* is simply Pommy sado-masochism and class warfare, it has nothing to do with the sexy lineaments of gratified desire.

DHL IN ENGLAND

by Sandra Jobson (Part i) and Darren Harrison (Part ii)

Part i

In the March 2003 issue of *Rananim* (Vol 11, No.1), I reported that during his lifetime Lawrence visited or stayed in over 300 different dwellings between the years 1912 when he met Frieda, and his death in 1930. As I said, he simply couldn't keep still. Indeed, his work was inextricably linked to movement from place-to-place. Additionally, he had a knack, even a genius, for always falling on his feet and finding himself lodged in delightful, sometimes quite palatial accommodation.

In that first article I mentioned the places he stayed in during his time in the New World: in Ceylon, *en route* to Australia, at 1 "Ardnaree", a bungalow on the shores of the lake at Kandy. In Australia in 1922 at "Leithdale" at Darlington, Western Australia, and "Wyewurk" at Thirroul in New South Wales. And in America, in New Mexico, firstly at the "Lobo" Ranch belonging to Mabel Dodge Luhan and then, more permanently, at the "Del Monte" Ranch.

In this article I and Victorian member of the DH Lawrence Society, Darren Harrison, will visit some of the places Lawrence spent time in or lived in England and Europe.

I shall start with 44 Bedford Square in London, from 1907 to 1915 the home of Lady Ottoline Morrell and her husband, Philip, a Liberal MP. This large and elegant London townhouse with its spectacular curved staircase leading to the double drawing rooms on the first floor decorated in pale yellow and grey with Oriental rugs and silk cushions was where Ottoline held her celebrated Thursday evening literary and artistic salons before the First World War.

Ottoline's guest list was immensely wide and varied, ranging from politicians like Prime Minister Henry Asquith, to young painters like Mark Gertler. Other salons boasted equally glittering guests, but Ottoline's was unique because of the way she departed from the mere aristocratic hostess role to become deeply involved, often unwisely, with some of her talented guests.

As Henry James, a frequent visitor to 44 Bedford Square, warned her after witnessing a particularly boisterous group of young people at

one of her Thursdays:

"Look at them. Look at them, dear lady, over the bannisters. But don't go down amongst them."

Ottoline, however, later replied: "I disobeyed. I was already too far down the stairs to turn back."

One such involvement, though not romantic, was with Lawrence, whom she was keen to meet after reading *The White Peacock* and *Sons and Lovers* in 1914. Both novels, based as they were on the Nottinghamshire countryside where she had grown up, struck her powerfully and she was determined to meet Lawrence. Gilbert Cannan brought him and Frieda to 44 Bedford Square in late December 1914.

But it was at "Garsington Manor", Ottoline's later abode, that Lawrence and Ottoline really got to know one another and where he was able to observe her and her surroundings sufficiently closely to caricature her as the grotesque Hermione Roddice in *Women in Love* which was to lead to a long rift although they had a rapproche-



44 Bedford Square where Lawrence and Ottoline first met

AND EUROPE



Dejeuner sur l'herbe - Dorothy Brett, Lytton Strachey, Ottoline (in gypsy garb), and her lover Bertrand Russell (from a snapshot taken at "Garsington" around 1914). Lawrence portrayed Ottoline as Hermione Roddice in *Women in Love*

ment towards the end of his life.

When I was researching and writing my biography of Lady Ottoline I was privileged to be the guests of the then owners of "Garsington", Sir John and Lady Wheeler-Bennett. Sir John, who was the biographer of George VI, and his charming American wife, invited me to come to "Garsington" as often as I wished. They would pick me up at the local railway station and allow me to wander wherever I liked until they served lunch.

So I would stroll across the gravelled entrance courtyard, through the oak-panelled rooms and to the back of the house which looked out over the Berkshire Downs and below to a tiered garden with a series of formal ponds said to date back to the Doomsday book.

The high-gabled manor, built of grey Cotswold stone on two storeys plus attics, had mulioned windows and was surrounded by 200 acres of orchards, garden, yew-hedged walks and farmland.

By the time I visited "Garsington the strutting

peacocks, the Samarkand rugs, the silk hangings, lacquered screens and other stage settings reminiscent of Bakst and the Ballet Russe with which Ottoline had transformed "Garsington" were long gone and the manor house had been restored to its original architectural style. But I could still imagine how it must have struck Lawrence when he first set foot in the manor house as one of Ottoline's first guests at a housewarming, along with Bertrand Russell, Mark Gertler and Gilbert and Mary Cannan in June 1915.

Towards the end of the evening everyone donned overalls and helped put the finishing touches to the painting of the old oak panels for what was to be the Red drawing room. Bertrand Russell had to climb a ladder to complete the ceiling while Lawrence outlined the red panels with extremely straight and fine gold lacquered lines.

Meanwhile Frieda. No doubt jealous of Ottoline, she sat on a table, swinging her legs, mocking the activity and giving Ottoline advice on

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DHL IN ENGLAND AND EUROPE

cont'd from previous page

what curtains to hang.

Things turned from bad to worse. A day or so later, Frieda and Lawrence had an almighty row where objects were thrown, and they finally departed back to Hampstead.

Lawrence re-visited "Garsington" on a number of occasions and put it into *Women in Love* as "Breadalby".

Part ii

Now over to DH Lawrence Society of Australia member, DARREN HARRISON who visited many of the places Lawrence frequented in Europe and England:

My wife and I recently spent two and a half years in England and Europe as part of a working holiday. Before leaving I wrote down the addresses of various Lawrentian connections, eager to see if former places still existed. My wife and I drove a lot of miles, but we weren't disappointed.

Eastwood:

Despite Lawrence's sometimes unkind words about Eastwood and its environs, this particular 'outer suburb' of Nottingham seems to remember L. quite fondly. This is particularly apparent in things like the little phoenix symbols on pathways in the main street and outside the library. A painted blue line on city paths reveals the routes the young L. would have taken in and around places like his primary school, past the pub where his father drank, and in streets he lived in like Walker Street and Lynn Croft. There is also plenty of information on boards in the main street about routes to places like the Hags farmhouse and Moorgreen Reservoir. None of the Lawrence homes are open to the public, with the exception of the 'Birthplace Museum', worth visiting even though he didn't spend very long there. There is even a sign outside the local supermarket explaining that in former times this construction was Jessie Chambers' and DHL's Congregational Church.

Arguably the most interesting place to visit in Eastwood is the local library, with a bookcase filled with Willie Hopkins's Lawrence first editions. A short drive away is Cossal, with a pretty red brick house next to its church, hence "Church Cottage", the former home of Louie Burrows, figuring meaningfully in *The Rainbow*. We stayed in Nottingham proper for nine months. I regularly visited Nottingham University to get my hands on the Lawrence manuscripts, as well as the amazing George

Lazarus collection of first editions.

Italy:

Lawrence and Frieda's various periods in Italy began with a house on Lake Garda near Gargnano, called the "Villa Igea". This was a tranquil, sleepy village, and even in summer, a world away from the tourists at the end of the lake in Riva.

A proud Italian woman showed us the apartment where DHL and Frieda lived for some of 1912/ 1913. We saw the original fireplace they would have tended, and the window out of which L. used to throw washing water on to the concrete pavement below. Lawrence would have loved it: the vast lake water only a half-minute walk away.

The Cimbrone Gardens are situated in a hilltop town on the Amalfi Coast called Ravello. Dorothy Brett and DHL stayed nearby and visited these gardens, daubing paint onto Venus, one of many statues situated there. Perhaps this became something of a ritual, because these days Venus is



"Villa Igea" where Lawrence stayed

paint-free and situated behind glass. Ravello is the chosen place of abode for Gore Vidal these days.

Living in Italy again later in life, not far from Florence, in the late twenties, the Lawrence's chose another picturesque spot, this beautiful home being the "Villa Mirenda". Almost impossible to find, admittedly our almost non-existent Italian made receiving directions very difficult. After driving around the ugly town of Scandicci, there it was, nestled in some hills, right next to a

rustic church. Once again I was in luck- a neighbour was happy to show us around the exterior, pointing out the woods where DHL wrote *Lady Chatterley*, and allowing us to sample wine in the underground cellar. The highlight for me was posing for photos by the well which is often seen in books about Lawrence and Frieda, in the garden of the Villa Miranda.

I also strongly recommend places like Volterra and Tarquinia in Tuscany to you - the Etruscan Tombs. The still brightly painted frescoes are behind glass nowadays. They are even more enjoyable if you have Lawrence's book with you, hence looking at them along with his atmospheric descriptions. Alas, we never did get to Sardinia or Taormina, Sicily.

England Again:

There are many homes situated in England that are still standing in which Lawrence spent quite a bit of time. Seeing them first hand was a good way of getting to know England.

The house at "The Triangle", in Chesham, Buckinghamshire, is fairly nondescript in a pretty area. Lawrence and Frieda stayed here during the war, and it was a difficult period for them (although worse was to come).

In 1915 the writer, Viola Meynell, invited the Lawrence's to stay at her family residence near Pulborough in Sussex. We arrived for an afternoon visit in the summer. Again this wasn't an easy place to find, but well worth it. We had a tour of the shed called "Humphrey's" where Lawrence lived, and received many interesting visitors like E. M. Forster and Bertrand Russell. The new generation of Meynell's themselves still live there, and the place is decorated with pictures of Alice and Viola. There was a heavy literary feel about the place. A relative we spoke to collects everything published by The Nonesuch Press. The new Meynell's enjoyed talking about 'England, My England.'

In part of 1916-1917 Frieda and Lawrence were spending a harrowing time in Cornwall. Zennor, near St. Ives, is still relatively quiet, even in summer, yet very pretty and other worldly like the best bits of Cornwall. The pub in which DHL wrote some of *The Rainbow* still operates as a pub and is hardly changed - the "Tinner's Arms". The owner was even able to point out Lawrence's 'table'. The houses called "Higher Tregerthen", (encompassing Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield's home), have altered little from contemporary photos. The feeling of wandering about these streets on a windy day was quite an eerie one. I tried to imagine Lawrence and Frieda's

many fights, and William Henry Hocking.

At the end of 1917 the Lawrence's were forcibly removed and ended up at a friend's home called "Chapel Farm Cottage", in Berkshire. This house is now owned by a friendly widow who had great delight in receiving us into her home. Within minutes I was following her upstairs to the 'Lawrence's bedroom.' Her nephew has given her a CUP volume of letters L. wrote from here. She also has a spoon she found once in the backyard with 'DHL' engraved on it. We spent hours there chatting about lots of things, including stories of DHL and friends dancing in the very room we were sitting in, in an attempt to keep warm in the winter of 1917/1918.

The owner of "Mountain Cottage" in Middleton near Wirksworth is a wealthy businessman who owns some of DHL's letters. He was very generous of his time, and allowed us a good look at his home, and the views across the valley seen in lots of photos. Judging by how sociable Lawrence was at this time, it seems this was a relative happy period for him. Mr Mellors (real name) has a blue plaque in his backyard stating that in 1918 DHL lived there.

Our trip away was certainly an enjoyable one. It culminated in dinner on my birthday (December 21) at the famous Café Royal, exactly 79 years after Lawrence and friends spent a fascinating evening there contemplating in the Domino Room their Utopia, Rananim.

(Part ii of this article written with the help of The Life of D H Lawrence by Keith Sagar. Anyone who collects Lawrence first editions and would like a chat can phone me, Darren Harrison, on 03 9460 4392.)

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LAWRENCE AND “HEIDE”

By John Ruffles

Constant readers of *Rananim* will be aware of the wide range of Australian creative people who studied the works of DH Lawrence in the wilderness years between the 1920’s and the 1950’s. In Melbourne by the late ‘thirties, the need for a modern literary journal had become obvious to a well-to-do philanthropist John Reed and his writer colleague, Max Harris. They established a journal named *Angry Penguins* in 1940.

A few years later, John and his wife Sunday bought a farm house in the countryside outside Melbourne, which they called “Heide”, and this became a meeting place and studio for budding writers and artists to gather. People like artists Albert Tucker, Sidney Nolan and Joy Hester and writers like Adrian Lawlor and Alaister Kershaw, Barrett Reid and of course, Max Harris. Around the same time similar establishments were created by Cezannesque painter Lina Bryans at Darebin Bridge House and by the Boyd family at Murrumbeena.

In the year 2000, Barrett Reid along with Nancy Underhill published the collected letters of John Reed. These are interesting for the brief glimpse they give us of gifted Australians who found Lawrence’s writings a strong influence. Reed, writing to his absent wife, who was feeling a bit down, in May 1937, tries to cheer her up by telling her even Lawrence found some comfort in desperate circumstances.

In September 1941 John writes to Rah Frizelle in Sydney complaining about Adrian Lawlor’s refusal to return to his painting (after the disastrous fire at his house in 1937). Instead Lawlor turned to prose, sending Reed an article for *Angry Penguins* enti-

tled “Night Thoughts From Broom Warren”. In this he praises Lawrence for his self-control, condemns Kant’s moral laws because they could give Hitler comfort, and praises Nietzsche, claiming he would be anti-Nazi because he thinks the World justifies its existence solely as an Aesthetic phenomenon. However, by 1944, despite Reed’s extraordinary tolerance of unrestrained creativity, he and Harris have to reject Adrian Lawlor’s new novel *The Horned Capon* because the book is obviously autobiographical and heavily influenced by Lawrence. The text was too explicit sexually. It was eventually published five years later by Oberon Press.

Another painter mentioned as being under the Lawrence influence was Sam Atye, a Surrealist, who became a diplomat and left Australia for good in 1939.

During the ‘forties too, painter Sidney Nolan made a Lawrentian pilgrimage to Taos in New Mexico where he illustrated Robert Lowell’s translations of Nolan’s other hero, the French poet Baudelaire. (In 1982 Nolan was to return to a Lawrence theme when he exhibited his painting “Streamers” at the Festival of Perth. This showed a large steamer leaving New York harbour be-

decked with coloured streamers, carrying Lawrence, once more, to England). Obviously influenced by *Kangaroo*, Lady Nolan later said this painting reflected Nolan’s own feelings on leaving Australia for the last time (cf *Kangaroo’s* “broken attachments”).

An interesting observation at page 213 of Reid and Underhill’s book says: (re the Melbourne of 1943) “Admiration for DH Lawrence was a hallmark of modernity”. *The Letters of John Reed* by Barrett Reid and Nancy Underhill: (Viking : Ringwood, Vic, :2000).



THE ENEMIES OF LAWRENCE

by Robert Darroch

In a recent article published in the UK *Guardian* newspaper, an eminent British academic – no less than the Professor of English at Oxford University, Terry Eagleton – wrote these dismissive words: “You can only have surfaces if you also have depths to contrast them with, and depths went out with DH Lawrence”.

Eagleton’s slur (for it was a gratuitous aside, coming in an article about the “postmodern” aspects of the Michael Jackson trial) is, unfortunately, a reflection – indeed an expression – of the current fad in academia to downplay the role and influence of Lawrence in modern (ie, 20th century) literature.

And not only in academia, but elsewhere, as our last issue of *Rananim* showed.

For Lawrence has not only been booted out of the canon of Australian literature, but his reputation is in retreat all over the English-reading world.

Why is this so?

Lawrence is hardly read in our schools and universities today, when mention of his name in civilised company brings embarrassed sniggers.

This – the damning of Lawrence – is the topic of a new book, sent to us for review. It is *D.H.Lawrence Today*, by American Lawrence scholar Dr Barry Scheer (Peter Lang Publishing Inc, NY, 2004 www.peterlangusa.com).

And let me add at once that this is not the sort of book that the Terry Eagletons of the world will rush to buy. It is an expose of what Scheer maintains is a postmodernist antipathy to Lawrence, most particularly in and by academe.

Scheer argues that the reason why Lawrence is at such a discount today is that the academy, worldwide, has been taken over by a rabid band of left-wing, postmodern, feminist, gay activists who are pushing their own agenda down the throats of today’s students (and the community’s wider readership).

However, first let me concede that Scheer goes out on a limb in his criticism of these enemies of Lawrence. The number of times he refers to the Clintons and their left-wing buddies seem, to this reviewer, somewhat tendentious. (I think, for example, his reference to the former U.S. President as the “semi-sociopathic serial adulterer-perjurer King William Jefferson Clinton, aka The Big Creep” is a bit over the

top.)

Nevertheless, his book is important, for it does lay out the full, gory spectacle of what is undoubtedly a virulent contemporary attack on Lawrence, and a concerted effort by very significant critics to write him off as a homophobic, sexist, semi-fascist, and generally non-progressive author.

Yet one also suspects the Scheer book was sent to us for a reason, for we do not normally get books to review.

Scheer’s thesis is not the song that today’s Lawrence scholars want to listen to. If you say things like Scheer does, you are not likely to get on academe’s literature studies reading lists. Hence, perhaps, his publisher’s direct-mail recourse.

And perversely, as Scheer points out, even Lawrence scholars – who might have been expected to stand up for him – are becoming contaminated by the insidious current anti-Lawrence band-waggon.

As an illustration of this most-regrettable trend, he cites the egregious example of the American Lawrence scholar, Mark Spilka.

Spilka, among other Lawrence works, wrote an Introduction to an anthology of DHL criticism, *DH Lawrence: A Collection of Critical Essays* (my copy is dated 1963). In it he said this: “[Lawrence] is now generally regarded as the foremost English novelist of his generation, and he takes his place among the important modern [world] novelists: Joyce, Mann, Proust, Faulkner, Kafka. In terms of popular audience he even begins to exceed more famous masters”.

Contrast this (and there was much more in the same laudatory vein) with his speech on receiving the Harry T Moore Distinguished [Lawrence] Scholar Award in 1988: “Since the 1950s...I have been increasingly hard put to defend [the values espoused by Lawrence]...my arguments have become more and more convoluted and ingenious...indeed, a year ago...I shaved off my emulative beard in barefaced shame at my previous allegiances to hirsute literary heroes like Lawrence...”.

Since 1988, however, Spilka’s anti-Lawrence views have hardened further (and become more overtly postmodern). Writing in 1996 about Lawrence’s personal life and its relation to his literature, Spilka referred to “these days of raised consciousness about ethnic and gender differences” and deplored Lawrence’s “dominance-submission ethos”

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THE ENEMIES OF LAWRENCE

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and his “abusive posture towards women”.

But this is mild stuff – faint praise even – compared to the more radical current interpretations of Lawrence and his works.

The American feminist academic Cynthia Lewiecki-Wilson in 1994 wrote: “Lawrence is a political conservative on broad national-political issues, preferring the individual ‘great man’ and natural aristocrat to the masses.” He was, she added, a believer in patriarchy, in preference to “alternative family forms...the blended families of divorce, gay and lesbian families, African-American extended families, Native American clans and tribal families.”

Another U.S. critic (R.A. Berman) wrote in 1989: “The repressive character of Lawrence’s art is evident not only in the misogynist depiction of the [Lawrentian] heroine but in the extensive denial of any specifically social dimension where political conflict might take place.”

Another feminist academic (Linda Williams) referred to Lawrence as “the arch MCP”. Professor Daniel Schwarz of Cornell in 1995 spoke of Lawrence as “hyperbolic” and “intemperate” and deplored his “moral irresponsibility”, “violence”, and “fascism”, adding: “I have always been troubled by Lawrence’s misanthropy, anti-Semitism, and penchant for violent solutions”.

American homosexual academics are particularly scathing about Lawrence and his “dogged” heterosexuality. In 1994 Christopher Clark found himself (from the point of view of his confessed “gay-affirmative thinking and feeling”) “extremely uncomfortable with Lawrence’s overwrought sexuality”, adding: “The routine performative exertions...of being masculine and staying straight can be staggering in their destructiveness and duplicity, as the violent tortuosities of *Women in Love*...help make clear.”

What annoys modern (ie, postmodern) academics is Lawrence’s determined individualism. The American left-wing critic Jonathan Dollimore wrote about Lawrence’s “megalomaniac and paranoid individualism” and spoke of his as “a somewhat unpopular author...increasingly disregarded and often despised”.

The spider at the web of the reaction against Lawrence, according to Scheer, is the late guru of literary postmodernism, Michael Foucault. Scheer calls him “The Big Gay Daddy”.

For Foucault and his disciples (Derrida, etc) and followers, Lawrence indeed represents all that is wrong with 20th century literature. Foucault is more temperate in his criticism of Lawrence, but



Foucault in demo mode

that does not blunt the focus of his barbs.

Scheer quotes from Foucault’s seminal 1976 work, *The History of Sexuality*, about Lawrence’s “concern” about sex:

Perhaps one day people will wonder at it. They will not be able to understand how a civilization so intent on developing enormous instruments of production and destruction found time and the infinite patience to inquire so anxiously about the actual state of sex ...

And it is here that, perhaps, the reason for the modern and postmodern reaction against Lawrence can be found.

Foucault believed that “sex” – what he called “a unique signifier” – had become, in the 19th century and early 20th century, much more than a physiological phenomenon. It was “something else, something more”. It was power. It was deployed to dominate and pervert society.

One can see, even without Scheer’s fervour, where Lawrence would have fallen foul of Foucault and his band of merry men. As Lawrence wrote (in *The Plumed Serpent*): “How wonderful sex can be...it fills the world! Like sunshine through and through...”. (Foucault quoted this in *The History of Sexuality* to illustrate Lawrence’s misguided adulation of heterosexual activity.)

Foucault did not equate sex with sunshine, but with darkness (he did not mention Lawrence’s Dark Gods).

Harry T Moore called Lawrence “the priest of love”, a description Lawrence would not have disagreed with. Lawrence was, in these matters, a simple man.

Alas, postmodernism is not simple.



"It buzzed venomously into the air, looking very unsafe"

Watercolour by Paul Delprat

Thirroul Arts Festival

by Margaret Jones

In 1922 D H Lawrence and his wife Frieda, cosily ensconced in "Wyewurk" (Lawrence called the house "Coo-ee" in *Kangaroo*), found themselves under an early version of a flight-path:

That old aeroplane that had lain broken-down in a field. It was nowadays always staggering in the low air just above the surf, past the front of Coo-ee, and lurching down on the sands of the town "beach." There, in the cold wind, a forlorn group of men and boys round the aeroplane, the sea washing near, the marsh of the creek desolate behind. Then a "passenger" mounted, and men started shoving the great insect of a thing along the sand to get it started. It buzzed venomously into the air, looking unsafe and wanting to fall into the sea.

What Lawrence was describing in this passage from *Kangaroo* was joy-riding, then in its early days, and Thirroul was very up to date to be offering it. It was expensive, though, thirty-five shillings a time, and the Lawrences could hardly have afforded it, as funds were very low. (Though Frieda might have been

tempted because of her familial connection to her nephew, the Red Baron).

One of the locals told Lawrence or his fictional self Somers that the owner of the machine, a former WWI flyer, had made over forty pounds on the recent Whit Monday. He didn't always give money's worth, the local complained, some flights only lasting three or four minutes. (The plane was unlicensed and unsafe, so perhaps that was just as well. And it crashed on Sandon Point, just before Lawrence arrived at Thirroul.)

Now we move forward 83 years to April 3, 2005. We are in the D H Lawrence Reserve at Thirroul, next-door-but-one to Coo-ee/Wyewurk. And amazingly, our small band of Lawrence devotees is also able to watch joy-rides in progress, past the house in which Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo*.

The joy-riders are not in a broken old plane, however, but in a state-of-the-art helicopter, its brilliant colours flashing in the sun. Would Lawrence have been pleased, or appalled?



DHLA President John Lacey at our BBQ



John Ruffels in his troubadour outfit

**MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE
D H LAWRENCE SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA HELD AT THE
ROCKS DYNASTY RESTAURANT ON JULY 24, 2004**



(From left) Treasurer Doug Knowland, Secretary Margaret Jones, Editorial committee member Rob Douglass, Vice-President Rob Darroch

PRESENT: John Lacey, Robert Darroch, Sandra Jobson, Doug Knowland, Margaret Jones, Rob Douglass.

APOLOGIES: Apologies were received from Evie Harrison, Angela and Clif Barker, Tom Bass, John Ruffels, Peter Jones, Andrew Moore, Robin and Owen Archer.

MINUTES: The minutes of the previous meeting held on August 2, 2003, were confirmed.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT: The President, John Lacey, said in his report that last year's AGM had been held in Minh's Vietnamese restaurant in Dulwich Hill, a venue impossible to imagine in 1922 when Lawrence and Frieda visited Australia. This year's AGM was at The Rocks which did exist in 1922 though Lawrence did not mention it.

It had been a great pleasure last year to welcome as a new member the sculptor Tom Bass who told society members that Lawrence had had a profound effect on his life and art. Also at the meeting as a visitor was Susannah Fullerton, President of the Jane Austen Society of Australia.

The DHL Society had held its annual spring picnic at Balls Head reserve and had taken part in the celebration of Jane Austen's birthday, with a number of other literary societies joining in. At this year's birthday lunch, the debate will be on the subject of whether *Lady Chatterley's Lover* or *Pride and Prejudice* is the sexier book.

The annual autumn cruise was held on the yacht *Boomerang*, built in 1902, as the *Lady Hopetoun* was unavailable. Other society events were a BBQ at Thirroul as part of the Thirroul Festival of Arts, and fielding a team for the Society of Archivist Trivia Night.

MEMBERSHIP: Sandra Jobson reported that the paid membership now stood at about 40, others were Honorary Members, bringing the total to about 78. Rob Darroch suggested discounted membership fees be offered

to Union Club members and to other literary societies.

TREASURER'S REPORT: A report by the Treasurer, Doug Knowland, showed that for the year ending June 30, 2004, the Society had an income of \$2,210.01, principally from social activities. The year ended with a profit of \$287.67.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS: The committee remains as before: John Lacey, President, Robert Darroch, Vice President, Doug Knowland, Treasurer, Margaret Jones, Secretary, Sandra Jobson Membership Secretary and Publisher of *Rananim*, and Marylyn Valentine Archivist. Robin Archer, Marylyn Valentine, Evie Harrison, Rob Douglass and Angela Barker continue on the editorial committee.

FUTURE EVENTS: The Spring Picnic will be held at Balls Head on September 26, the debate at the Jane Austen luncheon on December 11, the Botanical Gardens Picnic on December 28 and the Harbour cruise in March 2005. Sandra Jobson suggested a raffle might be held on board. The possibility of a trivia night was also discussed.

John Ruffels had suggested that the University of Wollongong Drama Department should be asked to restage the play on Lawrence in Thirroul (which it originally commissioned) during the next Thirroul Arts and Tourism Festival in April. The film of *Kangaroo* might also be a popular draw. It was agreed John Ruffels be asked to contact the University of Wollongong about staging the play.

The idea that the next DHL AGM be held in Western Australia was floated at the meeting with the idea that a "Lawrence Weekend" could combine the meeting with a tour of sacred sites.

OTHER BUSINESS: John Lacey suggested that the next issue of *Rananim* could be a ten year retrospective, reprinting articles from earlier issues.

Sandra Jobson also suggested taking a look at what Sydney and Thirroul were like in 1922.

John Lacey said he had pictures of early trains which could be reproduced.

Bits...

It is the Year of the Rooster, in the Chinese calendar, and Lawrence is a rooster (though not an Easts' supporter, nor a member of the Labor's Shadow Cabinet). DHL shares this distinction with Groucho Marx, Rudyard Kipling, Caruso, Descartes and Britney Spears. Something to crow about.



Rosemary Howard - long-time Secretary of the DH Lawrence Society of the UK (and editor of their journal) - has finally retired, after decades of service in the cause of Lawrence. She was a frequent visitor to Australia. She was also very supportive of our own efforts here in Australia. Our sister Society in the UK, and the world of Lawrence generally, will be the poorer for her retirement.



In a long interview in April 1973 Thomas Lanier (Tennessee) Williams includes among the chief influences on his writing Chekhov and DH Lawrence. Describing his professional decline in the 1960s, Williams recalls the critical disaster of his *In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel* in 1969, which *Time* said was more deserving of a coroner's report than a review. "*Life* said I was finished, and its obituary was reproduced in *The New York Times*," he said.



As a railway note to Robert Darroch's article "DH Lawrence in Brazil" (p.10) Sao Paulo had one of the world's most remarkable railways. This was built to convey the huge coffee crops to the port of Santos (it used to be said that four fifths of the world's supply of

coffee came from Sao Paulo). In seven miles the railways ascends 2,625 feet. This seven-mile ascent was designed by a 26-year-old engineer, Daniel Fox, who devised a cable railway, with tram engines used to secure the trains to the cables and to act as brakes. The line was surveyed in 1856, and operated in this form for over 120 years. (JL)



Taos has had some strange inhabitants, over the years. Dennis Hopper (Easy Rider, Blue Velvet, etc) once owned Mabel Dodge Luhan's adobe house, in which she entertained Lawrence in 1922 et seq. Now news comes from the terracotta pot capital of the world that US Secretary of Defence Donald Rumsfeld, who has his thermonuclear escape-hatch in Taos, has sold 24 acres of his land to Julia Roberts (Sleeping with the Enemy, etc). Neither are roosters.



DHLA Honorary member, and the grand old man of Australian sculpture, Tom Bass, continues to flourish (see his DHL cruise photo on p.18). In March last year he unveiled his statue of his father, *The Baker of Narromine*, and in June this year he celebrated his 89th birthday. Currently he is working on a work for St Augustine's Church in Yass. He attends many of our functions, and is still as keen on Lawrence as he ever was...an enduring testimony to the importance of DHL to Australian culture.



Alas, we recently lost another of our Honorary members with the death earlier this year of the Lawrence Estate's agent, Gerald Pollinger. Gerald was a keen supporter of our DHLA Society, and sent both letters of support and donations for the Save Wyewurk fund. A sad loss to us all.

Contributions to *Rananim*

Contributions to *Rananim* are welcomed. If you are able to send your article on a floppy disc (PC) it would be very helpful, or e-mail it to jlacey@internode.on.net. Please use Microsoft Word. We are trying to standardise the style: please indent the first word of each paragraph 5mm and don't make a line space between paragraphs. Put titles of books in upper and lower case *italics*, and don't put quotation marks around them. If you want to quote from a published book, please do not indent it but make a one line space before and after the quotation and mark it as an indent if you also send a hard copy. Many thanks - it will save a lot of time! Please contact the publisher, Sandra Jobson, for further style details and disc formatting.

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FUTURE EVENTS

LITERARY LUNCH

We are holding a literary lunch on **Saturday 10th September**, 12.30pm, at Minh's Vietnamese Restaurant, upstairs room, 506 Marrickville Road, Dulwich Hill, where the topic for discussion will be Sandra Jobson's "**Encounters with Bloomsbury**". We will also hold a very brief AGM. But never fear! It will be so brief you'll barely notice it. All welcome. Please contact John Lacey (jlacey@internode.on.net) to book. You pay on the day. BYO.

SPRING BUSH PICNIC

The DHLA annual bush BBQ picnic at Balls Head is on **Saturday 15th October**, from 12 noon onwards (nearest station, Waverton). We will try and occupy the Cave, as in previous years. Bring your own food and drink and something to sit on. It's always an enjoyable occasion. See you there!

13TH ANNIVERSARY

We will celebrate our 13th Anniversary in the Rose Garden Pavilion, Royal Botanic Gardens (entrance off Macquarie Street) on **Friday December 30**, from 12 noon. Bring picnic food and drink.

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 the our 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

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

PO BOX 100 MILLERS POINT, NSW 2000,
AUSTRALIA

NAME:

ADDRESS:

..... POSTCODE:

TEL: FAX:

E-MAIL:

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