Rananim

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

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From the Reticulous to the Sublime

DHL Society's Trip to Falls and Lookout

A mixture of old and new friends, travelling from as far as Newcastle and Melbourne, met in the upper deck of the leading car of the 9.38 train to Thirroul on Sunday 11 August last. The air-conditioned double-deck electric train was quite a contrast to the cane seats in the open carriages described in *Kangaroo*. As we travelled south, extracts from the novel were read and compared with the views from the panoramic windows. Delays caused by a coal train damaging the overhead wires meant only that we had more time to admire the bush and wildflowers of The Royal National Park.

Then the train came out on the sea - lovely bays with sand and grass and trees, sloping up towards the sudden hills that were like a wall.

The party increased at Thirroul with the addition of Robert and Jamie Lee, Paul and Anna Eggert, Steve and Kath O'Connor and family, and three students from the Lawrence course at the University of Western Sydney.

Our chartered charabanc toiled up the 1-in-6 grade of the Bulli Pass and continued to the Loddon River bridge where we met Rangers Allen Richards and Don Tilley who had volunteered to lead our party through this restricted area (the Loddon Falls are within the catchment area of the Upper Nepean dams which supply Sydney with drinking water).

It was an easy walk at first, through typical sandstone plateau landscapes, and then came the sound of water and the realisation that the choice of name for the Cataract Dam was indeed appropriate.

Although there had been little recent rain, a lively roar was heard as we approached the top of the falls. After admiring the view from the top, we then walked down to the pool at the foot of the falls, and various arrangements of the party took place as re-enactments of the 1922 photos took place.

The rangers advised that the path onto the Disappearing River and the Lower Falls was now too dangerous for us to attempt - and this was verified by the state of the clothes of one member who did attempt the track.

We then travelled to the for-once aptly named Sublime Point where our party drank in not only the sparkling views but also some fine wines. We picnicked under superb cerulean light.

1922: Lawrence and Frieda at Loddon Falls with the Forresters and Marchbanks (Photo: Denis Forrester). 1996: see centre pages

There was an even more spectacular descent of Bulli Pass and Thirroul was reached in good time. Unfortunately the morning's accident had caused ongoing delays. These allowed a close inspection of the relocated War Memorial, and then followed a fast trip up the Illawarra in glorious winter light. All judged it to have been a most successful outing.

A hint: next year is the 75th anniversary of the Lawrences' visit to Australia and the Loddon Falls. Our rangers who made this visit possible retire next year: so join us next August for a repeat visit, but one probably with some variations.

Thanks again to Rangers Allen Richards and Don Tilley. Society President Paul Eggert presented Allen with a copy of the Imprint edition of *Kangaroo* which had been signed by Gary Shead.

- John Lacey

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EDITORIAL

This bumper issue of *Rananim* contains reports from both our own Annual Conference and the International Conference in Nottingham. We are unable to reproduce Robert Darroch's Nottingham paper at present as it is to be the subject of a longer article in the *DHL Review* - the main Lawrence scholarship jounral - next year.

Also in this issue are timely reminiscences about spying and Andrew Moore's review of the Manning Clark-Kathleen Fitzpatrick correspondence (page 13).

Rananim is now on the Internet: http://www.cybersydney.com.au/dhl/ and much interest has been shown about its WWW site, particularly by Stanford University.

Our Social Calendar includes another late Summer Harbour Cruise aboard the elegant Steam Yacht *Lady Hopetoun* when we intend to lunch in Quarantine Bay or ashore on a Harbour island, then cross to South Head to explore the Eastern Suburbs bays and coves. To reserve your berth drop a line to John Lacey at P.O.Box 847 Rozelle 2039. Every cruise is different and the last cruise saw many repeat participants.

On page 31 is an article by Ken Inglis on the Thirroul War Memorial which *inter alia* compares the roles of war memorials in Australia to those in other countries.

We hope you enjoy this bumper issue of *Rananim*, and the Committee wishes all our members and supporters Seasons Greetings and Best Wishes for the New Year.

- John Lacey

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If you are able to send your article on a floppy disc (PC or Mac), it would be very helpful. Please label your disc with details of which program you have used. We are trying to standardise the style. Please indent the first word of each paragraph 5mm and don't make a line space between paragraphs. Put titles of books in upper and lower case *italics* with no quotation marks. If you want to quote from a passage from a published book, please do not indent it but make one line space before and after it and mark it as an indent on your accompanying hard copy. Book titles and newspaper titles should be in upper and lower case *italics* with no quotation marks. Titles of poems, essays and short stories should be in quotation marks but not italics, ditto house names. Names of ships should be in Upper and lower case *italics*. Many thanks - it will save a lot of time! Please contact the publisher Sandra Jobson (on 9300 0363 - daytime) if you have any queries.

ELVIS AT DHL CONFERENCE

Even to the most assiduous Lawrence scholar, the link between D.H.Lawrence and Elvis Presley might not be immediately apparent.

Yet "the King" made an unexpected appearance at our second annual DHL Society of Australia conference (and AGM) at the NSW Writers' Centre at Rozelle in October.

Held on the Labor Day holiday weekend, the conference was, unfortunately, less well attended than our inaugural conference at the Centre last year (see "An August Gathering", *Rananim* 3-3).

The school holidays were partly to blame (Treasurer Steve O'Connor was away in the country with his family), as was the weather (rain) and sheer unavailability (Premier Carr was attending the State Party conference, Opposition Leader Peter Collins sent his regrets, Secretary Margaret Jones was in London, and there were half a dozen other apologies).

They missed some very good papers. President Paul Eggert, who had travelled up from Canberra, opened proceedings by remarking on the success of several 1996 Society events - the Harbour cruise in February, the Lady Chatterley evening at Vaucluse House ("Much Bonking in the Bushes" - see *Rananim* 4-1), and the recent trip to Loddon Falls (see p. 1).

He thanked those who had come such long distances to attend (John Lowe from Melbourne and Christopher Pollnitz from Newcastle) and then introduced the first speaker.

This was John Lowe, who gave a paper entitled "Benjamin Cooley, A Factitous Composite" (edited versions of the papers start on p. 10).

Drawing by Paul Delprat

John argued that Lawrence put many ingredients into the creation of the character Kangaroo - Benjamin Cooley - including that curious acquaintance of Lawrence's Italian days, Maurice Magnus.

Christopher Pollnitz unveiled a coup (see p.13) - "a hitherto unidentified Lawrence item". This was the text, written by Lawrence, of a version of his "Pansy" or "Pensee" titled "The Little Wowser", and uncovered in the Inky Stephensen papers at the NSW State Library.

An interesting discussion ensued about the meaning and derivation of that incomparable Australian epithet, wowser, with Robert Darroch reciting from memory a poem written by the apparent inventor of the term, John Norton, journalistic enfant terrible and proprietor of *The Truth* newspaper chain. The poem went:

Oh, why do they wowse
These public men
And blow off their claptrap steam.
You'd shake in your shoes
If you heard Billy Hughes
Let go on his heavenly theme.
He's a terror, is Hughes,
He's down with the booze,
And other good things as well.
(De dumpty, dumpty, dum, dum)
[Darroch couldn't remember the previous line]
It's a win and a place
On the lot of us going to Hell.

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Elvis at DHL Conference

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The next speaker was Darroch himself who delivered a paper enigmatically entitled "In the Valley of the Roses". It was during this segment that Elvis made his unheralded appearance.

Darroch's paper focussed on a minor incident in *Kangaroo* where Somers sends Cooley a little red wooden heart decorated with black dots and inscribed with the motto (as translated by Lawrence from the original German), "The World Belongs to the Manly Brave".

Darroch put forward (see p.14) the hypothesis that Lawrence in real life sent such a manly memento to the real leader of the secret army in New South Wales, Charles Rosenthal, basing his theory on events in Germany in 1912 when, according to Darroch, Lawrence might have visited the town of Rosenthal in Hessen.

A discussion ensued on such trinkets, with one of the audience recalling that when another famous artist was visiting that region - Private Elvis Presley - he marked the event with a locally-inspired song - "Wooden Heart". The conference conceded that, though tenuous, the connection was worthy of note. (Indeed, any further suggestions of Lawrence-Presley links should be sent to the editor, who would like to work up a correspondence on this subject.)

After a pleasant lunch (kebabs, chilli-and-garlic rice, salad and wine) on the verandah, the conference resumed with Sandra Jobson delivering a paper on "Pussy Jenkins and her Circle". If any paper deserved the description "blockbuster", Sandra's was it.

For Sandra, who is researching a book on Lawrence's time in Western Australia, revealed that Pussy (who met Lawrence on the boat to Ceylon and welcomed him at the wharf in Fremantle) and her circle had a greater than previously recognised influence on Lawrence and his Australian "period", and particularly on the composition of *Kangaroo*.

Sandra's chief revelation was the identity of the real-life model of the main female Australian character in the novel, Victoria Callcott (a matter that many scholars and pundits had incorrectly speculated about).

She demonstrated that, rather than a shipboard or NSW acquaintance, Victoria had been based on a West Australian contact, Maudie Cohen, whom Lawrence met at Mollie Skinner's guest-house at Darlington outside of Perth. The conference acknowledged that this was a significant discovery, and Sandra was warmly congratulated on her research.

But that was not all. Sandra went on to show that there was a very credible link between Pussy Jenkins - who provided Lawrence with letters of introduction to people in Sydney - and Charles Rosenthal, who is a candidate for Lawrence's possible contact with a real secret army in Sydney. (See a brief reference to this in the extract from her paper on p. 20, and wait for her forthcoming book on D.H. Lawrence in Australia for a more detailed account.)

The next speaker, John Ruffels, picked up Sandra's theme of shipboard acquaintances and outlined the background and subsequent history of Bill Marchbank, who met Lawrence and Frieda on the Malwa between Perth and Sydney and who lent Lawrence some money to tide him over while he was in Sydney and Thirroul. John explained that the acquaintanceship was not all that unusual, for Marchbank came from a village near Eastwood in Nottinghamshire (see p. 23).

The final speaker was our President, Paul Eggert. He spoke about travel writing, recent theories about it, and the relevance to Lawrence. He cited a famous passage in Lawrence's travel writing describing a roadside crucifix and read out Lawrence's several descriptions of this, contrasting Lawrence's vibrant prose with earlier travel writing of Burton and James (see p. 29).

There was a lively discussion after each paper and it was clear that had we more time, the various themes the papers raised could have been further explored. However, some of the audience had to decamp for distant parts, and Paul handed the meeting over to the vice-president to conduct the society's AGM, which is reported below.

All agreed that we should continue to develop our annual conference format, with perhaps a view to making plans to host an international Lawrence conference in Sydney some time in the future.

Our Society's 1996 AGM

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting of the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia, held at the NSW Writers' Centre, Rozelle, on 6/10/96:

The third AGM of the Society opened at 3.50 pm with vice-president Robert Darroch in the chair. (President Paul Eggert transmitted his apologies, the DHL Conference having run over-time, and he being obliged to attend another function.)

The minutes of the previous AGM, held in the Kuo Ming Tang building last year, were approved as a fair and accurate record of that meeting (moved J. Lacey, seconded J. Ruffels, carried).

In the absence of the President, V-P Robert Darroch gave a report on past and upcoming events, and matters of concern to the society. He mentioned the series of events the Society had held - the trip to Loddon Falls, etc - and assured members that future outings and occasions were being planned. The next event would be the popular Harbour cruise on the Lady Hopetoun in February. He said that the annual conference, despite the forced absentees of the day, would become an established part of our calendar, possibly working up to an international conference in 2002. Wyewurk was a continuing concern to the Society, but there was nothing of substance to report here, except that the idea of it becoming a writers' centre had been set back by the decision of the State Government to support a rival establishment in Wollongong proper. John Ruffels and Steve O'Connor had been active in publicising the heritage value of Lawrence's Thirroul cottage, and had been trying to promote its supplementary architectural value as probably the oldest standing Californian bungalow in Australia. The Society was especially grateful for the continuing support of both Premier Bob Carr and Opposition Leader Peter Collins.

Turning to the Treasurer's report,

(cont'd next page)

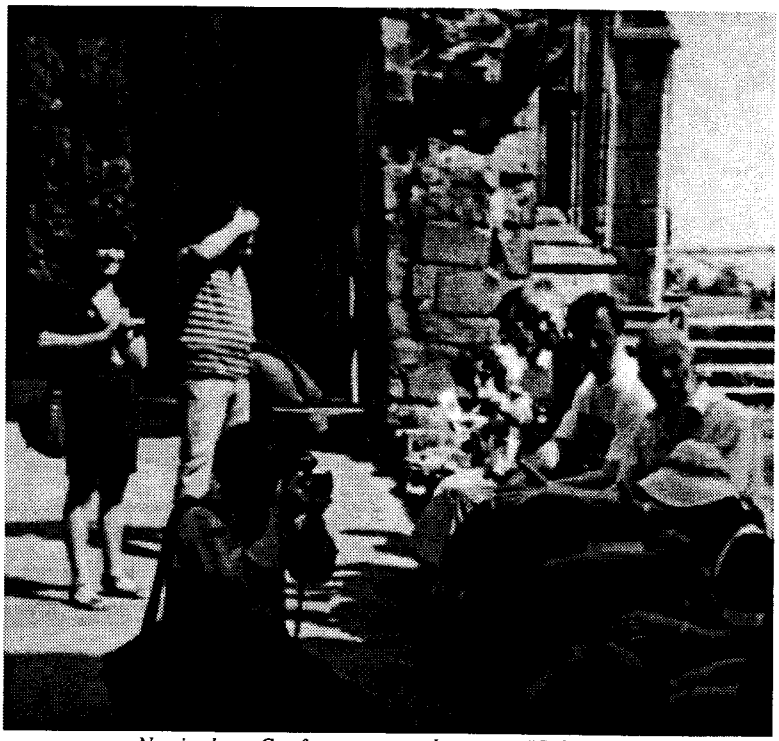
Multiple Lawrences

Report on the Nottingham Conference, July 1996:

Delegates at the Sixth International D. H. Lawrence Conference gathered at the University of Nottingham to consider weighty matters. There was the girth of Volume 2 of the Lawrence Biography to conjure with, and there was a reported case of having to give a paper at 9 am without any coffee to steady the nerves. Nothing daunted, delegates found life to be a matter of drinking superb wine with hot school meals - and taking shiveringly unmetaphorical cold baths. But the *maître d* at Hugh Stewart Hall - affectionately dubbed 'Honey they shrunk Oliver Reed' by one wag - kept us in good order.

Fortunately the weather gods smiled on the conference: the English climate is truly sultry, I decided, as one hot day followed another. (Complaints from English friends on the matter of weather will no longer be sympathetically entertained by this Australian, newly tanned under English skies.) The book sales sessions showed that DHL is still a hot literary property. Dozens of copies of the Biography went, and all available copies of *Lawrence and Comedy* (""Many people said it is . . . 'truly'. . . great"", according to a fourth-hand report, but what sins of omission the editorial elipses disguised is unknown).

The same standard of veracity probably undermines the rest of this report except for the sincerity of the thanks that are due to Peter Preston and John Worthen who, assisted by Bethan Jones, convened a conference for 150 people offering over a hundred papers, and who fed, watered, stabled and entertained them. There was an exhibition of Paul Hogarth's watercolour and ink paintings of the various places around the world that DHL visited. Set in the Djanogly hall, it was like walking through a colourful coffee-table book but whose pages are behind glass on the wall. There was a splendidly curated display of DHL manuscripts, typescripts and proofs from the University Library's collection laid out in cabinets in the room. Adding lustre to the occasion, Dorothy Johnston made the announcement that George Lazarus's famous manuscript collection had now come to the University, making its Lawrence collection *very* substantial and wide-ranging. It would rival that of the Humanities Research Center at Austin.



Nottingham Conference attendees on a "Side Trip" (cicerone John Worthen on right)

The entertainment continued: a workshop of an operatic adaptation of 'The Rocking-Horse Winner' with libretto by Bethan Jones and music by Andrew McBirnie. Nervous music (Janacek and Britten were brought to mind) with subdued passion, it deserves a larger-scale production.

- Paul Eggert

DHL Society of Australia AGM

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which had been distributed at the Loddon Falls outing, the vice-president said that, due to the diligent work of Steve O'Connor, John Ruffels and the committee, the Society's finances were in a satisfactory state, with membership slowly expanding. (The report's acceptance was moved by J. Lacey, seconded by J. Ruffels, and carried.)

The next item on the agenda was the election of officers, notice of which had been given in the letter sent out with the conference agenda. The only nominations received were the names of the existing committee, all of whom had agreed to stand for re-election. Their names were put en bloc to the meeting and their election was carried (moved by S. Jobson, seconded by M. Valentine). The committee for 1996-97 is: P. Eggert (president), R. Darroch (vice-president), M. Jones (secretary), S. O'Connor (treasurer), J. Ruffels (membership secretary). Ex-officio: J. Lacey (editor, *Rananim*) and S. Jobson (publisher, *Rananim.*)

The vice-president then asked if there was any further business to be raised. There being none, he thanked those present, hoped that the coming year would prove equally successful for the Society and its members, and closed the AGM at 4.15 pm.

HORROR! SHOCK! DRAMA!

DHL Society Official Exposed as Foreign Agent

IT WILL BE no secret now that the erstwhile chairman of our Save Wyewurk Committee (subsequently the DHL Society of Australia) - the late and very distinguished historian Professor Manning Clark - has been accused by the reptiles, aka the popular Press, of being "an agent of influence for the Soviet Union", and may even have received (horror!) a Russian "gong" for services to International Communism.

Although this appalling canard has now been put to rest, it's time for another member of our Society to come clean.

For, in truth, the finger of journalistic suspicion was pointing in the wrong direction. It was not Manning who was guilty of working for a foreign power, but another - someone close to the very top of our Society...indeed, our vice-president, Robert Darroch, the author of this confession.

Yes - I spied, not for Russia, but (even worse in some eyes) *for Britain.* I was, not only an agent of influence for Her Majesty's Britannic Government, but a sometime employee (albeit inadequately remunerated) of Britain's internal security service, MI5.

The shameful episode, into which I was naively lured, began, innocuously enough, in January 1984.

I was at that time in charge of the Australian Consolidated Press (Kerry Packer's) bureau in London.

One Friday our receptionist came into my office and said that a man, who would not give his name, wanted to speak to me on the phone.

I had given firm instructions that no one should be put through who did not give their name and business (the London bureaus are plagued with salesmen and crackpots, or just Aussies wanting to know the football result in Sydney or Melbourne). But this fellow was insistent, and he finally gained my ear by saying "it was a matter to do with Defence".

He asked if I would have lunch with him the following Monday. He would not tell me what it was about, though he did say it concerned the Foreign Press Association, to whose committee I had just been elected, (due to the fact that I was the secretary of ANZCA, the Australian-New Zealand Correspondents' Association).

I agreed, rather reluctantly, more intrigued than anything else. I was to go to Bertorelli's in Covent Garden and ask for "Mr Sturridge". The office thought this was a hoot, suggesting various disguises I should adopt. Our only previous connection with "security" was a file I inherited from my predecessor, labelled "D Notices" (D standing for Defence, the purpose apparently being to warn editors about security-sensitive matters). Alas, the file was empty, and remained so throughout my tenure, to my intense disappointment.

At 1 pm on January 16, 1984, I presented myself at Bertorelli's, and was directed to a table on the upper floor. A few minutes later a middle-aged gentleman attired in an ordinary-looking suit and carrying a rather scruffy briefcase came up the stairs, said "Mr Darroch?", and sat down.

I had resolved to be cool, maybe even aloof, and perhaps see if there was a story in what was happening. He began by apologising for troubling me and seeming enigmatic over the phone. Yet he avoided saying precisely whom he represented, giving me the impression he was connected with the Foreign Office, which (I knew) paid the rent on the rather swish premises the FPA occupied at 11 Carlton House Terrace, above the Mall. Indeed, it was about the FPA he wished to speak.

Here I must explain a little about the FPA. I had joined originally because I leant from a colleague at the Herald and Weekly Times bureau that it had corporate membership of the RAC Club in Pall Mall, which I knew had the best indoor swimming pool in London, probably the whole of Europe. I was desperate for exercise in mid-winter London, and the $50 or so membership of the FPA was a small price to pay for access to the $500-plus membership of the RAC.

No sooner had I joined the FPA than I was approached by the then FPA President, a Pakastani, to accept nomination for the committee. I agreed, and was duly elected, only to discover that I had stepped into a bitter faction fight between two

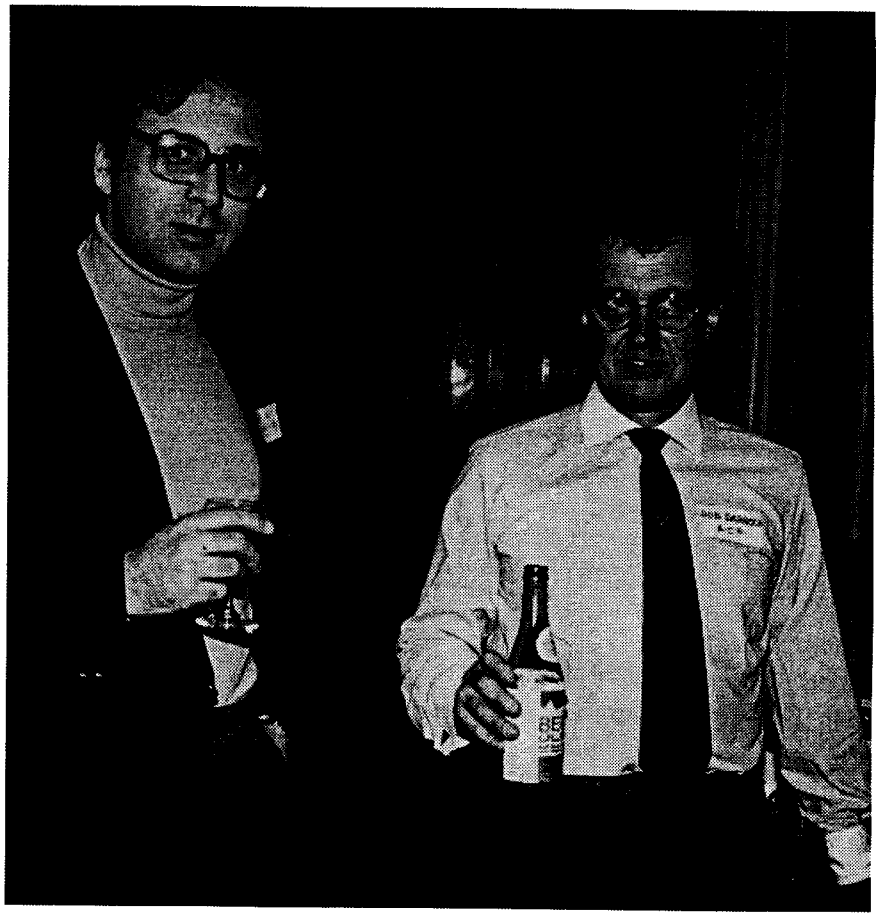
hostile camps, roughly categorised by "the Europeans" on one side and "the Third World" on the other. Before my election, the two factions were evenly divided, and my vote with the latter faction (whose nominee I was) ensured the numbers the President needed to be re-elected.

"I hear you are on the committee of the FPA," said "Mr Sturridge", opening the conversation. I admitted that I was. He followed this with some discussion on the role of ANZCA, which we had launched the previous year at a function at New Zealand House, attended by Rupert Murdoch, James Fairfax and Robert Holmes a Court, among other Media luminaries. Finally he got to the point.

"You are no doubt aware that there are a large number of journalists from Eastern Europe who are members of the FPA," he said. That had impinged on me - most of them had helped elect me to the FPA committee. "Would it concern you to learn that many of them are not bona-fide journalists?" he asked.

At this point I should have taken umbrage, raised my hackles and demanded to know what all this had to do with him - or me. Yet the make-up of the FPA was something I had wondered about, and something that, as a committee member, I felt I should know more about. So I let him go on.

"I can tell you *as a matter of fact* (and he emphasised those words) that a number of your FPA members - even your fellow committee members - are abusing their status in this country as journalists." I replied that did not particularly worry me. In Russia or wherever the distinction between journalist and government employee was probably rather blurred, the Media being largely an arm of government anyway. I rather suspected that some of the journalists I knew working at Australia House in London sent back non-journalistic information to Canberra. A few Russians at the FPA doing something similar was no concern of mine. Besides, we were getting into



Robert Darroch (right) and Yuri Kobalese at Yuri's London farewell...Which journalist is the spy? (see story this page)

compromising territory, and I was reluctant to pursue this line of conversation any further.

"Yet, Mr Darroch," he insisted, "if you were to discover that one of your fellow FPA members was acting in a way incompatible with the rules of the FPA, that would concern you, wouldn't it?" Not really, I replied, adding that internal FPA matters were something I was not prepared to discuss. But he pressed on. "What if those activities endangered the security of NATO, or Britain, or even Australia - that would concern you, wouldn't it, as a citizen, and an FPA committee member?"

I can't recall now how the subsequent conversation went, but I do remember finally conceding that there might be, conceiveably, in theory, some possible circumstances in which I might be concerned about the allegedly illegal activities my fellow FPA members. I reassured "Mr Sturridge" that I had never observed anything approaching such circumstances, and even if I did I would not be prepared to act as some sort of nark or agent for the Foreign Office or Defence or whatever.

He did his best to placate my indignation, saying he wasn't suggesting any such course. But "we" had a problem. In unusual and extraordinary circumstances "we" needed access to someone "inside" the FPA to whom "we" could speak. Nothing more - just a person they might ring up occasionally. Merely "a friendly contact". Would I be prepared to be such a contact?

I didn't like this. There was no way I would sneak on my fellow journalists, even if they were white (or red) anting the whole fabric of Western civilisation. On the other hand, if this were MI5 - as I assumed (correctly) that it was - then I felt that I could not, as a responsible citizen, refuse all contact. Beside, I was mildly intrigued. A part of me wanted to see where my contact with "Mr Sturridge" might lead. It is not

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every day that one is asked to become a spy. So, as long as I were not professionally compromised (and I felt that I could manage that), then just keeping in touch couldn't be all that improper, especially if no one else knew. This was the stuff of schoolboy fantasy - Buchan and Biggles.

So we parted on the basis of a mutual agreement that I certainly would not call them, but that I would agree to make myself available to a call from "them". I would accept their call, but do nothing overt, let alone covert. "Fine," said "Mr Sturridge", and we went our separate ways, I walking out into Long Acre wondewring what I would tell them back at the office.

I realised that I had accepted a free meal from MI5, and must now be "on their books". But I fully expected that my involvement would end there. I will confess, however, that I began to look on my fellow FPA members in a different light, particularly my Eastern European colleagues, and most especially those on the committee, of whom the most prominent was Yuri Kobalese, the correspondent of Radio Moscow.

Yuri I liked very much. He was a big, bluff, Georgian, full of bonhomie and extravagant gestures. Yet, I must say, there was something suspicious about him. He lived in Craven Hill Gardens, a very expensive part of London, where he reportedly entertained lavishly. His wife, so the FPA gossip went, was an even more senior KGB agent than he was. Yuri certainly had influence. He was chairman of the key FPA House Committee and caucus leader of the entire Eastern European (ie, Soviet) Media contigent, numbering over 100 of our 500-or-so members.

Yuri also had considerable patronage at this disposal. Each month he hosted a film night at the Russian compound in Kensington Palace Gardens. My wife and I got regular invitiations there, rubbing shoulders with such Media bigwigs as Keith Waterhouse, and consuming generous portions of excellent food and wine.

He also arranged invitations for me to the Russian Embassy across the road, where the food and wine was even better, and I got to meet such visiting VIPs as Mikail Gorbachev.

In the fullness of time I moved up to become the vice-president of the FPA, and finally, in 1985, the president, the former with Yuri's support, the latter not, he supporting a Polish colleague. But all was forgiven, and I was able to play host at his farewell, just prior to his recall to Moscow.

That was an occasion to remember. The entire committee was present, even the Europeans. I have never seen so much caviar. There were a number of different vodkas, Georgian wine, Georgian brandy, Georgian champagne. All supplied by Yuri. He rose to speak. He leered around the ornate dining room, Gladstone's former music gallery. "Shall I tell you the latest KGB joke?" he offered, and we mentally nudged each other.

Yuri could tell a joke, and this was a typical Russian one, lasting about five minutes. It was about Gorbachev and his chauffeur and two Moscow traffic policemen, the punchline being: "Gregor, I cannot say who was in the back of the Zil, but Comrade Gorbachev was his driver." The accompanying photo illustrates the spirit of the occasion.

Yuri was replaced on the committee by another Russian journalist called Michael Bogdanov, representing *Soviet Equipment News*, or something similar. Meanwhile, in the

How Many

The Russian Embassy invited Rob and me to their regular film evenings. We were the only Australians to receive invitations, the other journalists invited being mainly from UK left-wing publications.

Each time we arrived at the heavy wrought-iron gates of the large mansion in Kensington Park Gardens, which was the annex to the Embassy, we were ushered in by security guards and placed in the care of two minders - always the same ones.

Rob, being a bureau chief and a member of the Foreign Press Association's committee, was accorded a fairly senior member of the Embassy staff. I, being merely Rob's wife (they didn't know that I, too, was a journalist), was assigned to their most junior staff member, the Embassy librarian.

We were always plied with vodka and somewhat stilted conversation while we waited for the films to start. On one occasion they were also presenting a photographic exhibition to celebrate the 40th anniverary of the ending of World War 11. My little minder became quite animated as he pointed out photographs of death and destruction wrought by the Germans on his countrymen.

Always, during our pre-film chats, my minder would ask me the same question: "How many oranges does Australia produce?" I didn't have a clue, but invariably I would come back with the same answer: "Three thousand." He would look baffled and then change the subject.

Finally we'd be ushered into the cinema, a semi-darkened room fitted with comfortable, high-backed moquette-upholstered swivel chairs.

course of about a year, I receieved two further calls from the office of "Mr Sturridge". The first invited me to a rather down-market bistro in Mayfair where I was met by a new "Mr Sturridge". Even had I wanted to tell him something, which I did not, there was nothing to tell. Everything was as before: anodyne. Yuri was about to depart after seeming months of leave-taking, but "they" would have known that. The FPA factions continued to bicker, but that would not have been news either, for the capable FPA secretary was in daily touch with the Foreign Office, which paid her salary.

So I spent the lunch telling my stolid companion about my interest in Lawrence and secret armies, which went down as well as the Polish Colonel Golenwiski's revelation to western intelligence (he fingered George Blake) that he was in fact the Czar of all the Russians.

The second call invited me to a bar off Trafalgar Square. Same story: nothing to report. But he did press upon me - it being the week before Xmas - a seasonally-wrapped package, which turned out to be a bottle of cheap, three-star brandy. Clearly I was not their highest-paid agent.

And that was the last contact I had with MI5. But it was not, by any means, the end of the story.

For, some months later, we were watching the 6 o'clock news when there was a sensational lead story. The Prime Minister, Mrs Thatcher, announced that Britain was to expel about 60 Russians for "activities incompatible with their status" - ie, for spying. Most were diplomats or officials, but a fair sprinkling were journalists, all of them members of the FPA, and including my fellow committee member, Michael Bogdanov. The FPA's Eastern European ranks were decimated.

Suddenly it all clicked. What had happened was that the resident head of the KGB in London had defected some time previously and "gone over" to MI5. But they had prevailed on him to stay at his post, feeding Western intelligence with priceless information. One piece was a list of all the KGB agents in Britain, and on that list was a considerable number of my fellow FPA members. For over a year MI5 had known precisely who were real journalists and who spies. Hence the approach to me, and probably to others, too. A natural enough precaution, and probably in the circumstances justified.

With hindsight, I should never become involved. I should have refused to go to lunch at Bertorelli's, or got up and stamped out when the FPA was first mentioned. I can appreciate now, however, how people can get sucked into such shadow-worlds. Manning Clark was wise to have eschewed whatever blandishments might have come with his Moscow medal for services to literature, or whatever.

Yet ever since those shameful days I have oft-times had cause to wonder what happened to my friend Yuri. I had the idea that I might look him up if ever I made my way to Georgia. I imagined him relaxing in some Black Sea villa, or perhaps running a restaurant or inn, indulging his taste in fine wine and good food.

But I was wrong. Yuri did not retire. On the contrary, he was promoted, as an item published in *The Weekend Australian* on July 20-21 revealed. The item reported that the KGB, or rather its successor, was putting out a CD-ROM on "the great triumphs of Soviet intelligence".

The item went on to say that the announcement had been made at a Media conference by the head of the Press Office of the First Directorate , Major-General Yuri Kobalese.

So MI5 was right. Yuri was a spy. But, then, so was I.

- Robert Darroch

Oranges?

Each chair was separated from the others, which made viewing very comfortable. In the warming glow of vodka, we'd sit through the obligatory travelogue of the Black Sea before the feature film was screened. The latter were surpassingly well-acted and beautifully-shot, though I can only vaguely recall what they were about.

The film nights continued for about a year, and each time I was asked about the oranges. And always my answer would be the same: "Three thousand."

Then came the revelation on the evening news that the British Government had expelled about 60 Russian diplomats and journalists for spying. An ITV camera crew were camped outside the darkened Russian consulate in Bayswater Road. Every now and then a reporter would knock on the front door. But nobody answered. The cameras would switch back to the studio. Then one last time, the reporter then tried to raise someone in the consulate. This time, the heavy door opened a crack, and a little face peered out.

"The Russian Embassy has no comment," he said.

I looked in surprise for it was none other than my minder! In the absence of his colleagues who were busily packing, he was now the most senior official in the Embassy.

I never saw him again, and I never discovered why he was so interested in Australia's orange statistics.

- Sandra Jobson

(See p. 34 for yet another report of a possible close encounter by a member of the D.H.Lawrence Society of Australia with agents of a foreign power.)

BENJAMIN COOLEY - A FACTITIOUS COMPOSITE

This paper was delivered at the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia's second conference in October

by JOHN LOWE

Benjamin Cooley is an unconvincing character, not least because of his kangaroo appearance that Lawrence takes such pains to emphasise. In a novel written otherwise in a realistic mode, the effect is jarring. It is undermined in its turn by the pince-nez Lawrence places on his nose. Kangaroos do not hop about with glasses on. Katharine Susannah Prichard was right in describing his portrait as 'sur-realist'. [1]

This is not the only obstacle to identifying him with any one person of Lawrence's acquaintance. He is several things at once. First, he is Jewish: he never contradicts anyone who says he is, and refers to himself as 'an order-loving Jew'[2] and 'your old Jewish Kangaroo' (K, 325). He is the preacher of a love ethic but, lacking self-knowledge, confuses it with his own homoerotic feelings. This ethic is subverted by his authoritarian outlook and methods. He is a reformer who expresses his ideas almost entirely through metaphor, revealing little of any specific programme. If he is based on one figure, this person would not have been a resident of Sydney; for how would Lawrence have had the time to write *Kangaroo*, take 'long walks along the coast ... finding shells for hours,' [3] associate with the Marchbanks and Forresters, and have sufficient dealings with the putative figure to make him the major character in a book? No one person fills the bill.

The question of Cooley's origins is perhaps best approached three ways. Did Lawrence have in mind a general typology of Jews? Did he use Cooley to embody certain social and psychological ideas? What events and encounters in Lawrence's life confirmed these ideas?

He certainly knew individual Jews. Katz-Roy details and discusses his several Jewish friends and associates.[4] There are generalisations in *Study of Thomas Hardy and Movements in European History*. Yet there are few Jewish characters in his writings. Apart from Cooley, only Mrs Britten (in *Mr Noon*), Loerke (*Women in Love*) and Mrs Fawcett (*The Virgin and the Gipsy*) spring to mind.

If Lawrence believed that Jewish people followed a broad type, where did he obtain the idea? The clue lies perhaps in a phrase that appears prominently in Chapters 1 and 14 of *Kangaroo*, 'aristocratic principle'. The term was not originally Lawrence's. It was used by Benjamin Disraeli, who stated, 'It is not true that England is governed by an aristocracy in the common acceptation of the term. England is governed by an aristocratic principle.'[5] This he wrote in his biography of Lord George Bentinck. Is it possible that Lawrence knew this book? The Bentinck family seat, Welbeck Abbey, was not far from Eastwood, and in fact servants from the estate were friends of Lawrence's family during his childhood [6]. Lord George's death by the roadside was a well known local event. Little needs to be said about Lawrence's friendship with Lord George's cousin, once removed, Lady Ottoline Morrell. The 1905 edition of the Bentinck biography, still the latest, has an introduction by Charles Whibley, a close friend of Lady Cynthia Asquith, and through her a patron of Lawrence. The book has therefore three separate associations with him. He would have appreciated its support for the old agriculturally based political system against the rising industrialists.

One chapter of the biography is a digression in which Disraeli attacks the anti-Semitism of his time. He characterises Jews by their 'strength of will' in influencing other groups, their 'faculty of acquisition' and their bias to 'religion, property, and natural aristocracy.' Cooley's will is a major element in *Kangaroo*, his luxurious lifestyle is twice described, and despite his integrity, he is not above delaying the processes of law to exact the maximum fee from a case (K, 284).

Disraeli claims that the successes of the 1848 revolutions in Europe surprised their instigators, who were not equal to seizing their opportunities: Jews had to step in and form the new administrations. Jack Callcott in Chapter 5 presents the Diggers' strategy as intervention after a revolution or a social disaster. In Chapter 8 Trewhella and Somers agree that the Reds and the I.W.W. are afraid of making a revolution and taking responsibility; and Jaz suggests that Cooley should deliberately provoke a revolution and then step in. This more radical proposal is a major issue in the quarrel of Chapter 11. Somers' comments near the start of this chapter, on recent events in Italy, are also relevant.

An idea that appears obscurely in *Kangaroo*, and more clearly in other publications to this day, has its origins in Disraeli's book. Anti-Semitism may rouse desires for revenge in some Jews, who become rebels, while the rest remain law-abiding.[7] Taken together, the destructive Loerke and the established Mrs Britten suggest that Lawrence accepted the dichotomy. Cooley is an 'order-loving Jew' (p.207) as against 'Jews like Marx' (p.201): this explains his strange phrase, 'the half-chosen people,' also on page 207.

On to this general type of the Jew Lawrence grafted some ideas, about humanity in general, that preoccupied him. 'The demand to be loved is the greatest of presumptions,' stated Nietzsche,[8] and such a demand will lead to bullying and tyranny. 'Human love as an all-in-all' (K, 328) is an unrealistic philosophy. Cooley tries unsuccessfully to be both Christ and Jehovah, illustrating the statement in Lawrence's essay 'Love', 'God as we know Him is either infinite love or infinite pride and power, always one or the other, Christ or Jehovah, always one half excluding the other half.'9

These were Lawrence's ideas and generalisations.

What flesh and blood human beings, and actual encounters, might have corroborated them for him? His documented assessments[10] of three people in particular are relevant.

The name of S.S. Kotelianski is almost inevitably mentioned as a model or partial model for Cooley. A very brief sketch of him, an entry in fact in a reference book, mentions his 'fear of friendlessness in alien London.'[11] Barbara and Percy Muir lived with him, and found him gentle but unconsciously domineering. When they revisited him a year after leaving, they found him unforgiving toward them, for having left him[12] . Here perhaps is Cooley's demand for love, in small compass. Lawrence said Kot was 'a very bossy and overbearing Jew.'[13]

Something of the encounter between Somers and Cooley can be found in the association that took place in 1915 between Lawrence and Bertrand Russell[14] . They were brought together by Ottoline Morrell, who believed that two men bent on reforming society should meet. Russell was preparing the lectures that would result in his book, *Principles of Social Reconstruction*. 'I liked Lawrence's fire,' he said. '... I liked his belief that something very fundamental was needed to put the world right.' The parallel with Cooley's greeting to Somers in Chapter 6 is there. Lawrence wrote to Ottoline that he felt 'a real hastening of love to' Russell.

But Lawrence within a week claimed to see a jealousy and possessiveness behind Russell's humanism. A month later, recovering from influenza, and having just read Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*, he told Ottoline that he himself was full of murderous thoughts. 'We cant so much about goodness - it is canting. Tell Russell he does the same - let him admit the powerful malignant will in him. That is the very worst wickedness, that we refuse to acknowledge the passionate evil that is in us. That makes us secret and rotten.' The last two sentences could stand as an epigraph to *Kangaroo*; but by 1922 he has combined the idea with Nietzschean psychology and social theory, introducing the aggressive craving for love, cycles of violent historical change, and the 'mass spirit' of Chapter 16.

The association nevertheless continued, despite Russell's plaint, 'When one gets a glimmer of facts into his head, as I did at last, he gets discouraged, and says he will go to the South Sea Islands, and bask in the sun with 6 native wives.' Russell is a plausible model for Cooley's exasperation with Somers.

Two months passed, and Lawrence wrote an unbridled letter to Russell: 'You are simply full of repressed desires, which have become savage and anti-social. And they come out in this sheep's clothing of peace propaganda ... It is the falsity I can't bear ... It is not the hatred of falsehood which inspires you. It is the hatred of people, of flesh and blood. It is a perverted, mental blood-lust. Why don't you own it.' Lawrence told Ottoline it had to be said, but added, 'I feel like going into a corner to cry.' The effect was far stronger on Russell, who contemplated suicide.

During the subsequent fencemending, Lawrence told him, 'My quarrelling with you was largely a quarrelling with something in myself, something I was struggling away from in myself.' This was in November 1915, six months after Lawrence had admitted to his own urge 'to kill a million Germans - two million.' To him Russell denied the ugly element in human nature and in himself, an accusation later to be made against Cooley. Unremarkably, the friendship between Lawrence and Russell petered out.

The other decisive encounter for Kangaroo was with a very different type of person. Lawrence believed that Maurice Magnus had stared the horrors of human nature 'in the face', quite unlike Cooley; yet there are parallels between the real and the imaginary figure [15].

In 1919 Lawrence met Magnus in Florence. According to Lawrence's account he lived beyond his means, continually keeping ahead of the law. Magnus wanted to interest him in the manuscript of his memoirs of the Foreign Legion, and assist in having it published. Despite seeing him as a cadger and a cheat, Lawrence admired the book and the courage it revealed. He could ill afford to help him financially, but claimed to be attracted by his 'wistfulness'. He went on to mention that Magnus was a 'rabid woman hater.' Meyers has stated explicitly that Magnus, himself homosexual, recognised that Lawrence was subconsciously attracted to him, and knew how to exploit this [16]. Here we are on the ground of *Kangaroo again.*

Their paths kept crossing. When the Lawrences were in southern Italy, so was Magnus. Brett Young says he prompted them to go to Sicily: 'Sicily has been waiting for you since the days of Theocritus.'[17] Cooley says to Somers, 'I hope you are going to write something for us. Australia is waiting for her Homer - or her Theocritus' (K, 109).

Magnus caught up with them again in Taormina. They were always short of money, and could not support him. Frieda disliked him, but one day, in Lawrence's absence, he won her over by speaking to her in German - is this the source for Cooley's German manners (K, 117)? Her continuing ambivalence is epitomised in the statement, 'We can't let him starve. It is degrading, degrading, to have him hanging on to us.' Harriett is similarly ambivalent toward Cooley. In Chapter 6 he tells frankly how his own marriage lasted seven months, and sardonically claims that women adore but 'can't stand' him (K, 119). Magnus had also been married, but the union had ended in separation and ill-feeling lasting beyond the grave.

The Lawrences visited Malta with Mary Cannan, and Magnus was on their ship. He stayed on there, entering into dealings with two local men, which left them out of pocket. The Italian law caught up with him and, rather than face extradition, he committed suicide.

Lawrence obtained permission, not without controversy, from Magnus' literary executor Norman Douglas to have the memoirs of the Legion published. In his introduction, 'Memoir of Maurice Magnus', Lawrence claims he did this to give Magnus his due and to make money for his Maltese creditors.

He also states, 'I could, by giving half my money, have saved his life. I had chosen not to save his life. Now, after a year has gone by, I keep to my choice. I still would not save his life.' Compare this with Somers' refusal to give love to Cooley on his deathbed. Cooley says explic-

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itly, 'You've killed me' (K, 336), but Somers reaffirms to himself, 'I don't love him. I dislike him. He can die ... I love nobody and I like nobody, and there's the end of it, as far as I'm concerned' (K, 339). These seem to be neat conclusions.

Frieda however states that to Lawrence 'Magnus presented a problem of human relations ... Lawrence felt deeply disturbed by Magnus and did feel a responsibility for him.'[18] Her fictional counterpart, Harriett, says, 'As for Lovatt, he's absolutely broken-hearted ... As a matter of fact Kangaroo went awfully deep with him, and now he's heart-broken' (K, 349). Somers has to pay a high emotional price for his assertion of individuality. Lawrence then had something to expiate, not in this case a pettiness, but a moral ambiguity? He would not give half his money to a cheat, he had to fight against a possible homosexual attraction, yet he felt remorse. Perhaps he did not really write it out of himself in the Introduction, but in *Kangaroo*.

There is one more real person who gave something to the character of Benjamin Cooley. This was a man called D.H. Lawrence. So many of the debates with Cooley are arguments with Lawrence's own self, as Cooley personifies his creator's ideas. The real argument is how to achieve them. Russell said that Lawrence 'in his imagination, supposed that when a dictatorship was established he would be the Julius Caesar.' It was in regard to Russell that Lawrence spoke of 'quarrelling with something in myself.' Often his novels parody his own views and set them up for attack: Hermione's conversation with Birkin in Chapter 3 of *Women in Love* is perhaps the most quoted example. As Katz-Roy says, Cooley the character is the meeting place of all the internal tensions and passing temptations of the author [19].

There are two more small points. Lawrence read Somerset Maugham's collection of stories, *The Trembling of a Leaf*, not long before coming to Australia [20]. 'Rain', perhaps Maugham's best known story, concerns a man not only imposing his will on an attractive woman, but unconsciously confusing Christian love with erotic. This leads to his death. There is also 'Mackintosh', which has a political assassination and a deathbed scene. These details are suggestive, but if they influenced Lawrence, the reader must be alert to the different slants he put on them.

Let us come back to those pince-nez. Are they a deliberate allusion to Woodrow Wilson, the well meaning president of America? 'The best souls in the world make some of the worst interpretations - like President Wilson - and this is the bitterest tragedy of righteousness' (K, 296-297). In his later Apocalypse Lawrence has a full account of Wilson as a destructive 'saint'.

Occam's razor requires the investigator to go to Lawrence's attested or verifiable experience. The only thing hypothesised above is his reading of the Bentinck biography, but defensible clues lead back to it. Cooley is an unstable amalgam of personalities, ideas and generalisations about life. Rather than a real character, he is a factitious composite.

ENDNOTES

1. Katharine Susannah Prichard, 'Lawrence in Australia,' Meanjin, 9 (1950), 255.
2. D.H. Lawrence, *Kangaroo*, ed. by Bruce Steele (Cambridge : U.P., 1994), p. 207, hereafter designated K.
3. Frieda Lawrence, *Not I, but the Wind* - (Bath : Chivers, 1964), p. 112.
4. Ginette Katz-Roy, 'D.H. Lawrence et les juifs,' *D.H. Lawrence,* dirigÇ par Ginette Katz-Roy et Miriam Librach (Paris : L'Herne, 1988), p. 314-326.
5. Benjamin Disraeli, *Lord George Bentinck, a Political Biography,* with an intro. by Charles Whibley (London : Constable, 1905), p. 361.
6. Letter to E.M. Forster, Jan. 28, 1915, *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence, v. 2* (Cambridge : U.P., 1982), p. 265.
7. Lord George Bentinck, p. 323. For a modern restatement of this idea, see Isaiah Berlin, 'Benjamin Disraeli, Karl Marx and the Search for Identity,' in his *Against the Current, Essays in the History of Ideas* (London : Hogarth Press, 1979), p. 252-286. Anti-Semitic writers have used the idea for their own purposes.
8. *Human, All-too-Human*, sect. 523.
9. *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine, and Other Essays*, ed. by Michael Herbert (Cambridge : U.P., 1988), p. 12.
10. These were Lawrence's assessments. Many see Bertrand Russell as a great humanitarian; Norman Douglas found good qualities in Maurice Magnus. The most recent discussion of Lawrence's judgements is in Mark Kinkead-Weekes, *D.H. Lawrence, Triumph to Exile, 1912-1922* (Cambridge : U.P., 1996), p. 262 ff. and 705 ff.
11. Alan and Veronica Palmer, *Who's Who in Bloomsbury* (Brighton : Harvester Press, 1987), p. 92.
12. Barbara Kaye, *The Company We Kept* (London : Werner Shaw, 1986), p. 2 ff.
13. Letter to Barbara Low, March 10, 1915, *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence,* v. 2, p. 305.
14. Sources for Lawrence and Russell's collaboration include *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell 1914-1944* (Volume II) (London : Allen & Unwin, 1968); *Ottoline at Garsington, Memoirs of Lady Ottoline Morrell 1915-1918,* ed. by Robert Gathorne-Hardy (London : Faber, 1974); and volume 2 of the *Cambridge Letters*. Lawrence did not preserve Russell's letters to him. Very significant and too little known is Ralph Maud's article, 'The Politics in *Kangaroo*.' Southerly, 17 (1956), 67-71. He concentrates on the parallel between Russell's and Struthers' politics, with a mention of the situational parallel between Russell and Cooley. It is the latter that I am emphasising.
15. The main sources for the Magnus encounters have been conveniently brought together in the edition of *Memoir of Maurice Magnus* edited by Keith Cushman (Santa Rosa, Calif. : Black Sparrow Press, 1987). Frieda's *Not I, but the Wind* - gives her viewpoint. There is also the full edition of Magnus' *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion* (London : Secker, 1924).
16. Jeffrey Meyers, *D.H. Lawrence and the Experience of Italy* (Philadelphia : Pennsylvania U.P., 1982), p. 41. But Mark Kinkead-Weekes' long note must also be read: *D.H. Lawrence, Triumph to Exile ...*, p. 855, n. 94.
17. Brett Young reports this statement in indirect speech (*D.H. Lawrence, a Composite Biography*, gathered, arr. and ed. by Edward Nehls, v. 2, Madison : U. of Wisconsin Press, 1958, p. 31). Robert Lucas, Frieda Lawrence (London : Secker & Warburg, 1973), p. 69, puts it, as here, in quotation marks without citing a source.
18. *Not I, but the Wind* -, p. 92, 93.
19. Katz-Roy, p. 323.
20. Letter to Mountsier, May 26-30 1922, *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence,* v.4 (Cambridge : U.P., 1987), p. 246. Maugham's book was reissued as *Rain and Other Stories.*

Squib, Not Cannon: P.R. Stephensen, D.H. Lawrence and a Hitherto Unidentified Lawrence Item

This is a brief extract from CHRISTOPHER POLLNITZ's paper delivered at the Sydney DHL Conference. It is to be published at length in the Journal of the Bibliographical Society of Australia and New Zealand

Inky Stephensen visited Lawrence in Bandol twice, on 18-19 December 1928 and circa 5-7 January 1929. The principal purpose of his visits was to discuss publication of Lawrence's Paintings, but Lawrence and the at-that-stage left-wing publisher, who also edited the London Aphrodite with Jack Lindsay, went on to discuss their penchant for verse satire. On 20 December 1928 Lawrence sent Stephensen 'three doggerels for the Aphrodite' (Letters, vii. 77, [20 December 1928]). When these 'pansies' or verse pensees were rejected by Jack Lindsay, Lawrence wrote asking Stephensen, 'Did you think it better not to print "My Naughty Book" etc?' (Letters, vii.180, 15 February 1929). What the et cetera were is a question one might put to the Percy Reginald Stephensen Papers held at the Mitchell Library.

The Papers include two full texts of 'pansies', the first a Stephensen imitation of 'I am in a novel —'. Lawrence wrote this spoof to send up Aldous Huxley's portrait of him as Mark Rampion in Point Counter Point; Stephensen adapted it to mock Eleanor Dark's portrait of him as Roger Blair in her Sydney-based novel Waterway. The other is a typescript of 'An Old Acquaintance', an early version of a poem published in the unexpurgated Pansies as 'The little wowser —'. This unique text of the Lawrence poem is not an authorial typescript but preserves the text of one of the autograph manuscript 'doggerels' which Lawrence sent Stephensen on 20 December 1928. In fact, Lawrence only thought of including 'wowser' in his poem, a word which became central to the pensee's agile satire of Puritan self-repression, after meeting the Australian publisher.

Although Lawrence came to think of Stephensen's verse-satires as inflexibly dogmatic 'cannon' (while he liked to think of his as annoying 'squibs'), the two 'pansies' are instances of the cross-influences between Lawrence's writing and Australian vernacular culture. Although, as Sandra Jobson pointed out at the conference, the J.S. Battye Library in W.A. holds a script of Mollie Skinner's Eve in the Land of Nod so heavily revised by Lawrence as to seem a second collaboration, the 24 lines of 'An Old Acquaintance' are the only manuscript of a complete Lawrence work, certainly the only Lawrence verse manuscript, known to be held in an Australian library.

Book Review

Manning Clark and Lawrence

Notwithstanding the recent lunacy concerning alleged Marxist Leninist influences on Australia's greatest historian, the late Professor C.H. Manning Clark, a recent book sheds light on the real source of Manning's agent of influence (s).

Members of our Society may not be surprised to learn that D.H. Lawrence was one such inspiration. Professor Clark was the esteemed patron of the Save Wyewurk Committee when the cape-codding of 3 Craig Street Thirroul seemed imminent in 1988-89. References to *Kangaroo* are elegantly interspersed throughout volume of Clark's magisterial *History of Australia.*

In a charming new book edited by Susan Davies, *Dear Kathleen, Dear Manning - The Correspondence of Manning Clark and Kathleen Fitzpatrick 1941-1990,* Clark writes to his former colleague and great friend in November 1986:

"Am re-reading *Kangaroo.* After all the work on 1919-22 I find myself now overwhelmed by the genius of the man. How did he find out so much about us in six weeks? Most of us need a life-time to find out enough for a small picture. Lawrence has written our Bayeux Tapestry - and like that work - he is often close to caricature and the methods of the cartoonists."

Members of tne D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia will take great pleasure in this wonderful volume of letters. The book evokes an era in Australian academic life which John Dawkins and Amanda Vanstone have crushed, when university people had time to think rather than fulfil DEET research quantums and 'service clients'.

Dear Kathleen, Dear Manning is also beautifully produced, ironically perhaps by Melbourne University Press. That Press's former director, the odious Peter Ryan, who made a scurrilous posthumous attack on Clark in *Quadrant,* must be gritting his teeth in dismay. Five years after his death, Manning Clark, his grace and gentility shining forth from this volume, can still answer small-minded critics like Ryan.

- Andrew Moore

IN THE VALLEY OF THE ROSES

This is the text of a paper delivered by ROBERT DARROCH to the second annual conference of the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia

While not the oddest of Lawrence's novels - perhaps *The Plumed Serpent* deserves that title - *Kangaroo* is certainly a strange book. Lawrence himself called it "weird" and "queer", and ever since it was published in October 1923 reviewers and critics have remarked on its many puzzling aspects.

The secret army content is probably its most unusual element - an enigma to this day - but the novel has other oddities, some of which might, if they could be explained, yield clues to the underlying mystery: the circumstances in which *Kangaroo* came to be written.

One oddity, usually passed over by the casual reader, is found in chapter viii, "Volcanic Evidence".

In the previous chapter - "The Battle of Tongues" - there is a stormy meeting between the "hero" Somers (who is Lawrence to all intents) and the eponymous secret army leader Kangaroo (aka Benjamin Cooley). Later Somers goes to the Callcotts' place, where he dreams he has been seized and perhaps robbed by strangers. Next morning he and Harriett return to the South Coast, where Lovatt ponders on his inability to acclimatise himself to Australia and Australians.

Then, a few hundred words into the following chapter, there is an abrupt break in the text (between the 14th and 15th writing sessions). Lawrence gives up self-analysis and launches into a digression on the subject of manliness. This seeming non-sequitor is touched off by what Lawrence describes as "a Black Forest trifle": "Harriett had on her dressing-table tray a painted wooden heart, painted red with dots around it."

Lawrence says Harriett bought the trifle in Baden-Baden for a penny (Lawrence and Frieda were in Baden-Baden during the summer of 1921, about a year before they came to Australia). On this red wooden heart a motto is inscribed. It reads: *Dem Mutigen gehort die Welt.*

Lawrence goes on to translate this motto in various ways - as "The world belongs to the courageous" and "To the manly brave belongs the world".

In the novel Somers sends the trifle to the secret army leader Cooley, along with a note saying it symbolised his giving his heart to the secret army cause ("I will be your follower, in reverence to your virtue - *virtus*. And you may command me.")

Now, let me pose a question. Is there not something rather odd about this incident? Consider - Lawrence here is saying that Somers' wife Harriett (who is Frieda to all intents) had on her dressing table - something that she would look at every day - a cheap, wooden heart, painted red with dots around it, bearing the words, in German, "The world belongs to the manly brave".

Is that not a strange object and a peculiar motto that someone as feminine as Harriett/Frieda should voluntarily choose to look at each day of her life? Is it something a woman of character and independence would happily countenance as her everpresent talisman? Is it something she herself would acquire and place amongst her toilette - her womanly equipment, as it were? I suggest not.

It is an apparent anomaly, and whenever we strike an anomaly in Lawrence - especially in so strange a novel as *Kangaroo* - we should, I suggest, look more closely at it, for it might point to something of deeper significance.

So, in the cause of teasing out any such significance, let us assume that here, in this incident, as elsewhere in the novel, Lawrence is leaning on reality. Let us assume that in real life there was such a red wooden heart, with dots around it, and that it was indeed on Frieda's dressing table. How might it have got there? And, more importantly, in what circumstances might this obviously valued though intrinsically inexpensive item have been given up (even fictionally, that's rather odd)?

The clue, perhaps, lies in the language - German. To whomsoever this trifle was sent (and we are assuming it was so sent), they would have needed to have understood German, else the gesture would have had little meaning.

Of course, in the novel, that's no problem, for, as Lawrence makes clear in chapter vi, "Kangaroo", the recipient, Ben Cooley, speaks German.

And that brings us to another oddity in the novel: the Germanness of Cooley. Critics have remarked on how peculiar it was that Lawrence should have chosen for his right-wing, indeed fascist, secret army leader a Jewish (or, at least, Jewish-looking) leader.

But far more peculiar is that a secret army, made up almost entirely of Australian World War I veterans, who had recently returned from fighting the Hun, should have by Lawrence been given a leader with such a strong and distinctive German background.

In the Sydney of the early 1920 post-war years to have had any connection with things German was not only unwise, but positively dangerous. Anti-German hysteria and witch-hunting were rife. Kindergartens had been forcibly converted into nursery schools, German shepherd dogs were now alsatians, frankfurters were saveloys, Berliner devon, and even the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha had been renamed the House of Windsor.

Only a few years previously, a Catholic priest with a German name - Father Jeager - had been deported, despite a church-organised rally in Moore Park at which both Jack

Scott and Charles Rosenthal had appeared on invading Protestant/"loyalist" trucks (and where rival Catholic speakers had been counted out and physically assaulted by bands of ex-servicemen). [I am told that here I should point out, for those not fully conversant with the Darroch Theory, that its thesis is that Lawrence portrayed Scott and Rosenthal as Callcott and Cooley in *Kangaroo*.]

Yet, according to Lawrence, Ben Cooley not only spoke German (he says "*Danke*" when Somers first encounters him in his City chambers), but he had also been "a student at Munich". Moreover, according to Lawrence, he had also been married to "a young baroness" who "after seven months" couldn't stand him for another minute, and "went off with Von Rumpeldorf".

To anyone familiar with Lawrence's life, these references will ring bells. This is not Ben Cooley who is being referred to here. This is not Australia. It is not 1922. It is 10 years earlier. It is 1912, and it is Germany. And it is Lawrence, Frieda and her friends and relatives who are being described.

Flashbacks or references to the past are, of course, common in Lawrence's novels. *Kangaroo* itself is renowned for its flashbacks, the most famous of which makes up the novel's centrepiece, the justly-acclaimed "The Nightmare" chapter. There is a sustained flashback to Western Australia and a walk in the bush around Darlington. There are backward references to Ceylon, Italy and England. Yet, until now, no one has remarked on a flashback to Germany and 1912.

1912 was probably the most eventful year in Lawrence's life. In February, ill with a lung infection, he resigned his teaching post in London. In March he met Frieda. In April they decided to run off to Germany. In May he turned up at Metz in the Alsace, where Frieda's von Richtofen father was the garrison commander. In June he and Frieda started what Lawrence described as "their life together". In August-September the couple tramped over the Alps to Italy. There Lawrence finished a preliminary text of *Sons and Lovers* and started several other works. The year was a high-point of his emotional and creative life.

Professor Steele in his Introduction to the CUP edition of *Kangaroo* says that the mention of the "student at Munich" is a reference to Dr David Eder, who went to school in Munich, and whom Steele claims was part of the inspiration for Ben Cooley. And he may be right, though perhaps not quite in the way he imagines. However, Dr Eder, eminent psychologist, Jewish activist and friend of Lawrence, did not run off with a young baroness.

Lawrence did - but so did Dr Alfred Weber and Otto Goss, both of whom ran off with Frieda's elder sister, Else (when she was still reasonably young - indeed, she had a child by Goss). The reference to Von Rumpeldorf is probably a reference to Weber, who was not rumpled but, on the contrary, was a natty dresser, portrayed in Lawrence's novel covering this period, *Mr Noon*, as Professor Ludwig Sartorious, the name being a typical Lawrence name-pun on the professor's sartorial reputation.

There is, I believe, little doubt that in Lawrence's references to the Germanness of Cooley he is looking back to May, 1912, when he ran off with Frieda ("a haughty lady" as Cooley describes his ex-wife). To confirm this, it behoves us to look in some detail at what happened to Lawrence after he arrived in Metz at the beginning of May and before he left for Munich on Friday, May 24, to start "married life" with Frieda.

This, fortunately, is one of the best-documented few weeks in Lawrence's life. Not only do we have the highly-autobiographical *Mr Noon*, but several essays, a swag of letters, Frieda's own memoir, plus a number of poems, all focussing on these event-filled two weeks.

The record starts with Lawrence leaving Metz, partly because of the anger of Frieda's father, partly because because he had been mistaken for an English spy. First he went to nearby Trier, then on to the village of Waldbrol in the Rhineland, where he had been invited to stay with an aunt who had married into a German family.

Lawrence was in a highly emotional state, charged with passion and frustration, desperate to enduce Frieda to confirm her resolve to leave her husband to live with him.

On the way to Waldbrol he changed trains at Bei Hennef, where he sat in a meadow and wrote to Frieda: "Now I am in Hennef...I am sitting like a sad swain beside a nice, twittering little river, waiting for twilight to drop...Now, for the first time during today, my detachment leaves me, and I know I only love you."

He wrote a poem, too:

The little river twittering in the twilight
The wan, wandering look of the pale sky,
This is almost bliss...

And at last I know my love for you is here...

You are the call and I am the answer,
You are the wish, and I am the fulfilment,
You are the night, I am the day...

The "call and answer" image is echoed in *Kangaroo*. In chapter xiii, "'Revenge!' Timotheus Cries", Lawrence says: "Life makes no absolute statement. It is all Call and Answer."

Lawrence also recorded the stop at Hennef in *Mr Noon*: "Hennef was a station in the midst of water-meadows. There was a stream of full, swift, silent water, and marsh plants, and evening beginning to glow over the remote Rhineland. He sat by the stream under the evening, while some birds swung past...he thought of Johanna [Frieda], and felt filled with peace..."

(The above extracts from a letter, a poem and a novel demonstrate how closely Lawrence is leaning on reality, and how well-documented the period is.)

Lawrence arrived at Waldbrol on Saturday, May 11, late at night, after a nine-hour train ride from Trier. Next day, Sunday, there was a village fair, which he attended. On the Monday he received a letter from Frieda (who was still with her outraged parents) saying she was going back to her abandoned family in Nottingham. Lawrence

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IN THE VALLEY OF THE ROSES

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responded: "It's really very nice here - Hannah [his cousin] is very bright and so decent with me...Hannah is really intelligent. We amuse ourselves a great deal [he was obviously trying to make Frieda jealous]...It's a quiet, dead little village - miles from everywhere...I write in the morning...If you must go to England - must you? - go before I leave Waldbrol...Be of good heart, my love...Stay strong. Farewell."

Next day he wrote again, trying to find out what Frieda's plans actually were: "...tell me exactly what you are going to do. IS the divorce coming off? - ARE you going to England at all? Are we going to pitch our camp in Munich?" He told her he was prepared to wait until she had made up her mind.

The following day he and Hannah walked to the nearby village of Numbrecht. There was a hailstorm, which Lawrence described in an essay and *Mr Noon*. The next day he wrote to Frieda again (they were exchanging letters virtually every day during this period), mainly in reply to a letter from her in which she flaunted an affair with an old flame, Captain Uno von Henning. Lawrence responded: "If you want Henning, or anybody, have him. But I don't want anybody till I see you..."

Much of the time at Waldbrol Lawrence spent writing and revising. But he was also exploring the surrounding countryside. His custom was to write in the morning and go out in the afternoon. Sometimes he would, in company with his relatives, skip writing, and embark on one-day excursions, further afield.

Undoubtedly he was restless and frustrated. His mood is reflected in a poem called "Mutilation" which he wrote a few weeks later:

A thick mist-sheet lies over the broken wheat.
I walk up to my neck in mist, holding my mouth up...
Perhaps she will go back to England
Perhaps she will go back,
Perhaps we are parted forever.

If I go on walking through the whole breadth of Germany
I come to the North Sea, or the Baltic.
Over there is Russia...

On Friday, May 17, Lawrence wrote again to Frieda in response to a "hateful" letter in which she again flaunted her affair with Henning. This reply is important. Frieda had accused him of leaving her in the lurch, and she called him a rat. ("Are you my ship?" he commented.) Yet it is what Lawrence says about Henning that is of significance: "You fling Henning in my teeth. I shall say Hannah is getting fonder and fonder of me....So there!...I think you're rather horrid to Henning. You make him more babifed - baby-fied. Or shall you leave him more manly?"

Lawrence then recalled the story of the woman who breast-fed a stranger in the train (published, interestingly, in a Maupassants collection called *Miss Harriet*). And he added: "Where is Henning to get his next feed?"

Two days later Lawrence and his Waldbrol hosts made a one-day trip to Bonn, then south on a river steamer to Drachenfels. Although he was still revising his new novel, time was dragging, and his frustration and anguish over Frieda's actions and non-actions were mounting.

On Tuesday, May 21, he wrote to his editor, Edward Garnett: "I am going to Munich...perhaps Saturday. The soles of my feet burn as I wait. Here, the slow oxen go down the main street...the country is all still...I just remain in a state of suspense, till I can go to Munich...it is 15 hours away from this God-forsaken little hole."

It is clear that Lawrence was finding the prospect of waiting another four days in the "God-forsaken little hole" irksome. It is probable that his Waldbrol hosts were aware of this and they may well have suggested further excursions to nearby points of interest.

This period is also referred to in *Mr Noon*, where the hapless Henning is portrayed as Captain Rudolf von Daumling. Lawrence describes him as belonging "to the wistful of the world" who wrote poems and "needed subtle proof of his own virility", which proof Johanna - the Frieda figure - provides. Thus the impotent Rudolf is "restored to his manliness". (Lawrence, on the other hand, portrays himself in the image of a manly St George, slaying the dragon - Henning or Professor Weekley.)

It is not drawing too long a bow to interpret both Lawrence's letters from Waldbrol, and his account of the period in *Mr Noon*, as reflecting his real-life attempt to counter Frieda's flaunting of her affair with Henning by stressing his own manliness and virility. And perhaps now we can see the significance of the reference in *Kangaroo* to the little red wooden heart and its anomalous inscription: "The world belongs to the manly brave."

Had Lawrence come across such a trifle (we can ignore the reference to the Baden-Baden purchase - Lawrence transposes Bavaria and the Rhineland in both his poems and *Mr Noon*) in his walks and excursions around Waldbrol, he might have bought it and sent to to Frieda as a token, reinforcing or symbolising his manly assurances, and as a counter to the wistful, wilting Henning.

This could - and it is only a hypothesis - explain why someone as dominately feminine as Frieda might have countenanced such a male-chauvinist trifle on her dressing table - for its "sentimental" value would have outweighed its otherwise objectionable connotations (at least when the good ship Harriett and Lovatt was in calmer waters).

Such a hypothesis might explain one mystery. But it does not explain the other, greater mystery - in what circumstances, real or fictional, might such an item of high sentimental value be surrendered? In what circumstances might Somers (or Lawrence) send such a trifle to Cooley (or whoever Cooley might have been based on)?

This is the crucial question. If my hypothesis is correct, there must be some other connection between the two weeks Lawrence spent in and around Waldbrol and this "Black Forest trifle" incident in *Kangaroo*. Something or someone Lawrence encountered in Sydney or

Thirroul may have recalled to him that vital period in his past. Who or what might that have been?

Certainly the question of Somers' manliness is raised in *Kangaroo*. At one point Lawrence contrasts Callcott's "he-man" with Somers' "she-man" - but that is towards the end of the novel, after the break with Cooley. So, although a prospective secret army member might need to offer reassurance of manly attributes, this seems inadequate provenance for the "Black Forest trifle" reference.

Whatever the hypothetical link might have been, it would seem that something German is involved. So, is there something else that might have happened during those two weeks in the Rhineland - something unrecorded, or only partly recorded - that could be that missing link?

It was to look for such a link that I recently travelled to Germany, in search of Cooley's German roots. I had developed a theory that the missing link in the hypothesis might have some connection with the environs of Waldbrol. I speculated that Lawrence had bought that red wooden heart with the black dots and the manly motto on one of his excursions from Waldbrol.

My theory was that such a trifle was a local tourist artifact, and that in all probability it originally had, on its obverse side, the name of the place where it was either bought or produced. I speculated that it was that name which could be my missing link.

(Of course, I had taken the precaution of looking at the map before paying my air fare. And there were several places in the area around Waldbrol worthy of further investigation.)

For example, to the east ("towards Russia" as Lawrence says in his poem) lies a wooded area, near Cassell in Hessen. This is the area from where elements of the British Royal Family hail (and in the section of *Mr Noon* chronicling this period there is a reference to the House of Windsor). It is a popular, indeed famous, tourist area, and easily reachable by train from Waldbrol.

My attention was focussed on a particular Hessen valley through which a picturesque river ran, and specifically the riverside town of Frankenberg, a medieval hamlet with a railway station and a museum and a famous 14th century *rathaus*. Certainly deserving of a visit by a local family who had a restless and hard-to-amuse English guest to cope with until his train for Munich left on Saturday.

And my Darroch Thesis chief critic Professor Bruce Steele might be pleased to learn the name of the river that runs though Frankenberg, for it is the River Eder, which might lend credence to his own speculation that Lawrence based Cooley on Dr Eder.

Indeed, had Lawrence visited Frankenberg-on-Eder in May 1912, and had his eye lighted on a local tourist trifle, a red heart with black dots around it, and had he noted the motto thereon - "The world belongs to the manly brave" - he might have purchased it for a phennig, and sent it to Frieda, as a earnest of the message he was trying, so desperately, to get across to her.

And 10 years later, when he was in Australia, and had to conjure up (as Professor Steele would have it) a fictional character for a secret army leader, he might have remembered Dr Eder, and the connection with the River Eder might have sprung to mind, and so the red wooden heart with its manly motto and black dots might have found its way into the plot of *Kangaroo*.

But there is another, and for those who discount any local inspiration for Ben Cooley, a far more unsettling possibility. For a decent walk, or short ride, further east of Frankenberg is another, and even prettier hamlet, also with a 14th century *rathaus*. It also lies in a valley, in the middle of a forest of tall pines. And it has a lovely name, derived from the chief feature of its parks and gardens. The village is called, in English, The Valley of the Roses.

It is a natural tourist spot - a place, as I learned during my recent visit, where regular fairs and festivals are held. Just the place to which a nature-loving poet and writer such as Lawrence would have been attracted (interestingly, immediately after leaving the Rhineland and meeting Frieda in Bavaria, Lawrence embarked on a series of "Rose" poems - five of them in succession - and in this period virtually all his poems are inspired by real-life events).

And those fortunate to understand German will have by know realised what I'm going to say next, and thus bring my convoluted argument to a conclusion. For the place name, The Valley of the Roses, translates into German as...Rosenthal.

I have a footnote to add. Major-General Sir Charles Rosenthal, whom the Darroch Thesis claims is the real-life secret army leader whom Lawrence met in Sydney in 1922, and on whom he based Ben Cooley, was universally known as Rosie. He was not German, nor Jewish, though he had a German name and looked very Jewish indeed.

I would also append this comment: I do not think - and Dr Moore here present will correct me if I am wrong - that any Australian historian would question the fact that, had there been a secret army in Sydney in 1922, then Rosie would have been its titular head, as Monash was of the White Guard in Melbourne a year later.

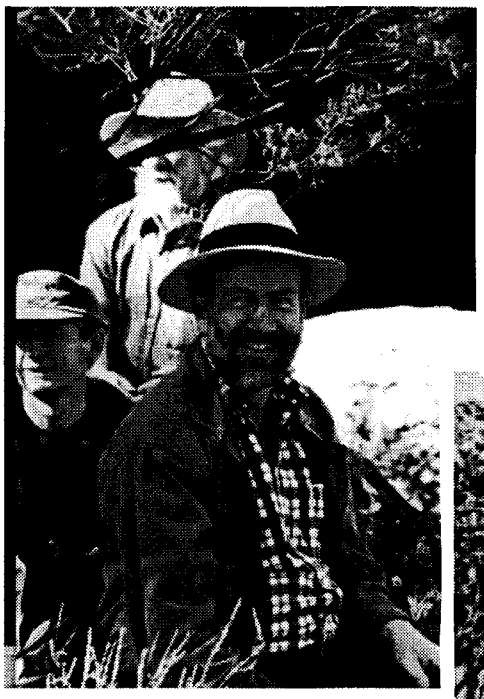
In concluding, I would like to describe for you a wall decoration I observed in the dining room of the hotel in which I stayed in Frankenberg just over two months ago. The display consisted to a collection of plates, each one of which featured, at its centre, a distinctive motif - a heart, the perimeter of which was decorated with black dots. The hotel proprietor told me they were local souvenirs.

A Parting Gesture

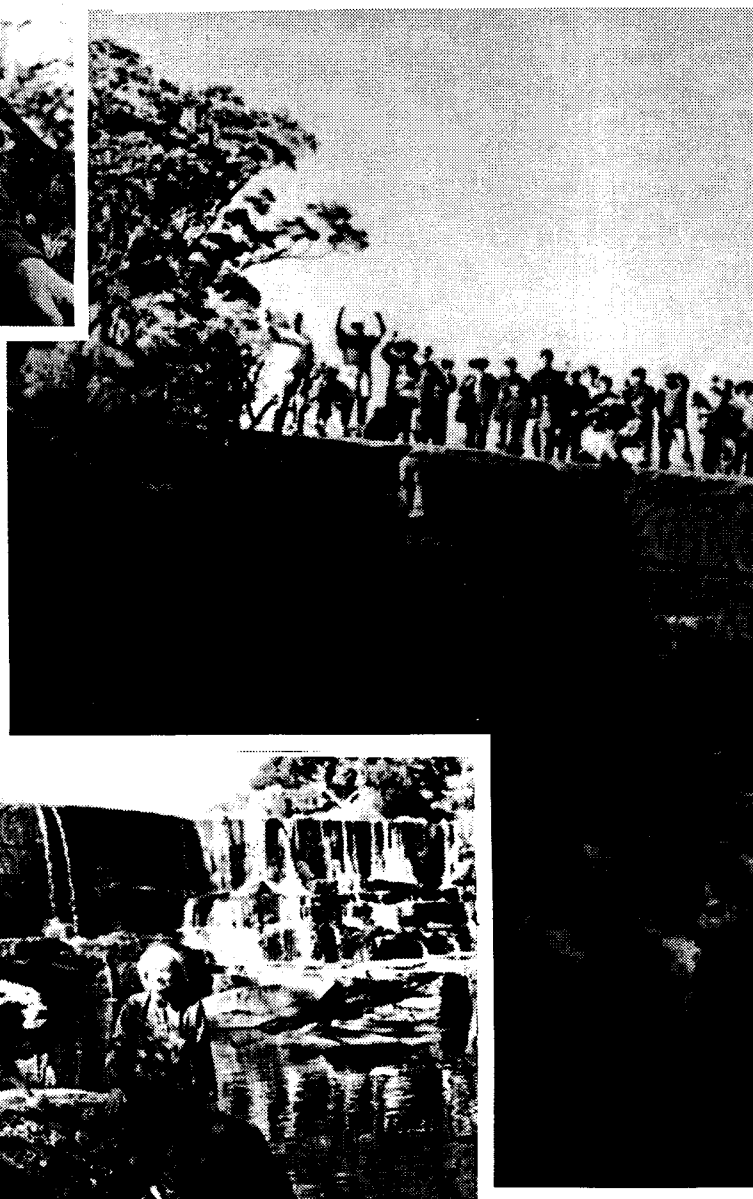
The former librarian of the local Thirroul Library, Wendy Jolliffe - a strong supporter of, and publicist for, our Society - has, alas, departed to Queensland. She has, however, left her valuable cache of Lawrentiana to add to the growing Lawrence collection at the Australian Defence Force Academy's English Department at Duntroon in Canberra.

Thanks for everything, Wendy - and good luck in Bananaland.

Excu
Lodd



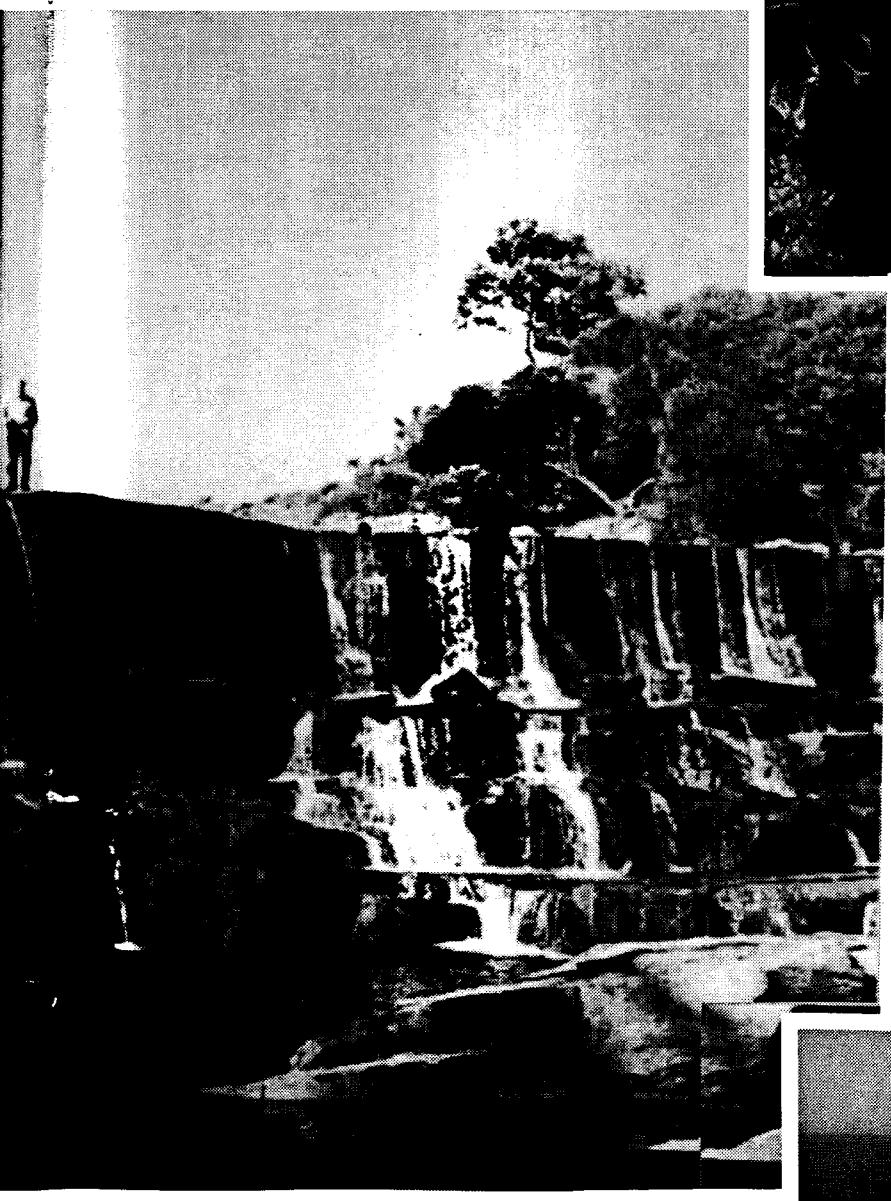
Christopher Pollnitz (front) with Steve O'Connor (left) and John Lowe (partially obscured by a tree branch)



A re-staging by Beverley Burgmann (right), Sandra Jobson (centre), Christopher Pollnitz (left) and Steve O'Connor (back) of the scene in the historic photograph reproduced on page 1

sion to
n Falls

President Paul Eggert (right) presents a copy of Kangaroo to Sydney Water Ranger Allen Richards, with artist Gary Shead (left) who illustrated the book's cover



ers of the DHL Society standing on the brink

The view that Lawrence loved - picnic lunch afterwards at nearby Sublime Point Lookout

PUSSY JENKINS AND HER CIRCLE

The people Lawrence met in Western Australia in 1922 before he went on to Sydney were all linked in one way or another to Pussy Jenkins. One person he met was to be a central character in Kangaroo. *This is the text of SANDRA JOBSON'S paper delivered at the second DHL Society of Australia conference.*

Annie Louisa "Pussy" Jenkins had some interesting friends

Wherever he went, Lawrence had a finely-developed ability to home in on the right people to befriend, and to find, through them, the best places to stay. There is a pattern to his behaviour which is repeated time-after-time - in England, with Lady Ottoline Morrell and Lady Cynthia Asquith. In Capri with Compton Mackenzie. In Ceylon with the Brewsters and the Ennises. In New Mexico with Mabel Dodge Luhan, and so on, right throughout his life.

In Australia it was no different. From the moment he and Frieda were seated at Pussy Jenkins' table in the Second Class dining room on board the *Osterley* en route from Naples to Ceylon, Lawrence must have sensed that this flamboyant, red-haired, generous woman in her late forties would introduce him to her friends and find somewhere for him to stay in Western Australia, should he decide to go on there after Ceylon.

Annie Louisa "Pussy" Jenkins has been portrayed over the years as a "society woman", a "socialite", a "member of the local aristocracy". The truth is more interesting. Indeed, she was a member of the local aristocracy, but words like "socialite" do not do justice to her or the milieu from which she came. Top Perth society, to this day, is like something out of Jane Austen - still rooted in the English upper middle class tradition of its non-convict origins, and supremely self-confident - and insular. Even today, many members of this exclusive group, as we shall see, are related to or acquainted with other members.

Pussy was born Annie Louisa Burt, daughter of Septimus Burt and Louisa Fanny Hare - both illustrious pioneering names. The Burt family, in particular, to this day, towers over Perth legal, government and commercial circles.

Sir Archibald Paull Burt, Pussy Jenkin's grandfather, was the first Chief Justice of Western Australia and Lieutenant-Governor.

His seventh son, Septimus, Pussy's father, was the first Attorney General after the establishment of responsible government in WA. Pussy Jenkins had been an attractive girl with a much-praised talent as an amateur pianist. In this, she took after the Hare side of the family, for the Burts were uniformly stolid with no interest in literature or the arts.

Her family lived in one of the largest mansions in Perth, "Strawberry Hill" on an estate in St Georges' Terrace running down to the Swan River. She had begged her family to allow her to become a professional concert pianist - to no avail. Nice girls from good families didn't do that sort of thing. Her incessant piano practice got on their nerves so much that they built her a little bungalow in the grounds of "Strawberry Hill", nicknamed the "Dug-out", where she could practise out of their earshot to her heart's content.

Barred from becoming a professional pianist, she married in 1895 Arthur George Jenkins, a lawyer who practised on the goldfields and was Mayor of Coolgardie in 1897 before moving to practise in Perth. It was regarded as a suitable marriage - Arthur George was the son of Sir George Henry Jenkins, clerk of the Victorian

Parliament.

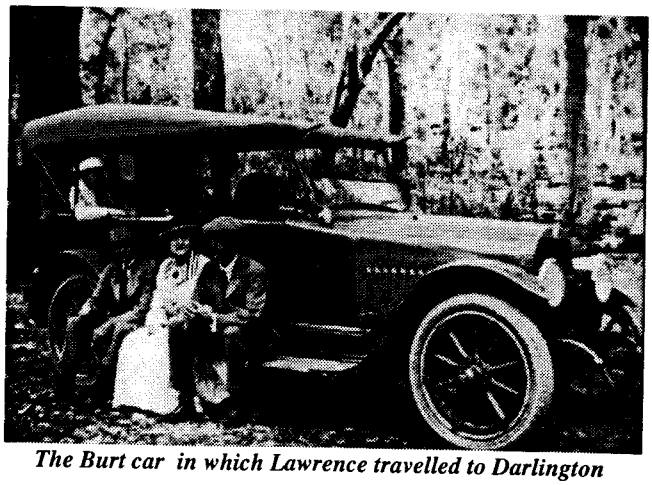
Arthur George Jenkins died in 1917. But in family legend, as a letter I received from her great nephew Sir Francis Burt says, Mr Jenkins "disappeared" well before his death, and the family heard no more of him. The family took pity on her and invited her back to live at Strawberry Hill. Pussy was a little down on her luck, but this didn't prevent her from becoming a "Test cricket groupie", following the Australian Cricket Team to England and back for Test matches, nor from sending her son to one of the better English boys' schools, Repton. However, her incessant travelling was starting to eat into her savings, which explains why she was travelling second class on the *Osterley* and hence met Lawrence.

When the Lawrences arrived in Western Australia after an uncomfortable time in Ceylon, Pussy was at the Fremantle wharf to meet them, as was an acquaintance of hers, Mrs Zabel, who was a stringer for the Perth *Daily News* as well as the proprietor of the Book Lovers' Library in Hay Street, Perth, where Lawrence was to become an habitue.

Pussy arranged for the Lawrences to spend their first night at the Savoy Hotel in Perth - an establishment which Lawrence found far too expensive. But why didn't Pussy invite the Lawrences to stay at Strawberry Hill?

The answer is that her mother, Louisa, lived in the main house with its chauffeur, chandeliers and imported antiques, while Pussy lived in "the Dugout" in the grounds - the little two-roomed bungalow which had been specially built for her years ago when she practised the piano day and night. It would have been impossible for her to have put the Lawrences up in such a small abode.

Nevertheless, Pussy had the Lawrences' needs at heart and, realising that Lawrence wanted to move out of the Savoy and find somewhere out of town that was less expensive, she began to work her network of friends and relatives.



The Burt car in which Lawrence travelled to Darlington

First, she asked her mother if she could borrow the Burt car and chauffeur for a day.

Then she picked up Lawrence and Frieda from the Savoy and drove to West Perth to pick up her friend Eva May Gawler. Like Pussy, Eva May was a member of a distinguished Perth family.

Born in 1873, Eva was christened May Waldeck, a member of a very old and distinguished WA pioneer family. She was married in 1893 to Douglas Reginald Gawler, barrister and solicitor. He was very establishment and belonged to the Liberal Club, the Turf Club etc. They had four children. He died in 1915. Perhaps, like Pussy, she was a little down on her luck, because by 1922 when she joined the Lawrences on the trip in the Burt car she was running a millinery shop at 23 Mount Street, Perth. Nevertheless, her family background gave her a self confidence that allowed her to challenge Lawrence on the subject of his incessant travelling. Why did he have to roam around the world so much when he could write his books in one room anywhere? Lawrence was uncharacteristically nonplussed by her queries.

The Burt chauffeur drove them to Darlington in the Hills about 20 km east of Perth where Pussy wanted the Lawrences to see Leithdale, the beautiful old house with wrought iron verandah railings looking out over the bush to Perth.

Leithdale was a combined guesthouse and convalescent home run by another of Pussy's friends, her cousin, Mollie Skinner, who was also a member of one of Perth's oldest pioneer families, the Leakes.

George Leake, who arrived in Western Australia in 1829 with a substantial fortune, soon became the major landholder in the area. His sons prospered further and dominated the legal and business world of Perth, alongside the Burts. Indeed, the two families intermarried.

Mollie Skinner's great grandfather was George Leake's elder brother, Luke, whose son, George Walpole Leake was the father of Mollie's mother Jessie. Jessie was a beautiful but headstrong girl brought up in a hothouse society happily cut off from the rest of Australia,

Mollie portrayed that milieu saying:

"As people of a free settlement founded for the most part by members of the British landed gentry and respectable farmers, they had no great desire to associate with a mixed bag of 'jumped up t'other siders.'"

Jessie married a young officer in the 18th Royal Irish Regiment. Captain Skinner was dashing but penniless. Hence, Mollie, like her cousin Pussy and her friend, Eva May Gawler, was a little down on her luck and running Leithdale was her best opportunity to make a living.

Her Perth friends and relatives rallied round, and a long list of Burts and Leakes and other leading families spent school holidays at Leithdale or recuperated there from scarlet fever and other complaints.

One such pair were Maudie and Eustace Cohen. They were spending part of their honeymoon at Leithdale. As well, Maudie was convalescing from a broken leg caused by a bad fall down a lift shaft a few days before her wedding.

Eustace Cohen was an architect and very interested in music. He was Welsh and had gone to school in England at Repton - the school where Pussy Jenkins' son was being

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Pussy Jenkins and Her Circle

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educated.

Maudie was a member of the Brazier family. (Before I continue with the details of Maudie Cohen, I should interpolate that much of the information I gained about her came from Mary Brazier, nee Burt, great-great-grandaughter of Septimus Burt. And great-niece of Pussy Jenkins. Mary Brazier lives in Leake Ave, in exclusive Peppermint Grove. You can't get away from those family connections in Perth.)

Anyway, Mollie Skinner decided that the Cohens and the Lawrences would get on well, so she seated them together at one of the tables in the dining room. And indeed she was right, for Lawrence absorbed everything that Maudie, a young woman with warm brown eyes, told him about herself.

Her father, Major Noel Brazier, had been a surveyor in Victoria before moving to Western Australia where he established a dairy farm on the coast south of Perth. He had taken "the cream of the South West" to the First World War and had been shot in the eye at Galipoli.

Maudie's mother, Edith Maude *nee* Hardwick, who was from Somerset in England, produced nine children, of whom Maudie was the eldest.

If these details are starting to ring bells, let me quote from *Kangaroo*:

Somers asks Victoria Callcott: "Was your home in Sydney?"

She replies:

"No, on the South Coast - dairy farming. No, my father was a surveyor, so was his father before him...Then he gave it up and started this farm down south."

And further down the page Victoria speaks about her mother: "She came from Somerset. Yes she died about five years ago. Then I was mother of the family. Yes, I am the eldest except Alfred."

Lawrence habitually took some characteristics from one person he met and tacked them on to the appearance or personality of another, to form a composite fictional character. Lawrence scholars have long tried to find out who in real life Lawrence had based part of the character of Victoria Callcott on. But they were thrown off the track by mention of the south coast dairy farm, naturally thinking it must have been geographically situated on the south coast of NSW not far from Thirroul. It wasn't until I went to Perth and discovered the details of Maudie's life from Mary Brazier, and Maudie's son Gresley and her youngest sister, Gwen Fitzharding, that I realised that of course there is also a south coast dairy farming area in Western Australia.

This is a photograph of an older Maudie Cohen which her son, Gresley, lent me when I visited him in Perth.

This solves one of the outstanding mysteries of *Kangaroo*. We now know on whom Lawrence based the outward guise of Victoria Callcott. However, there is little doubt that the guise was in fact a disguise for a real person who befriended Lawrence in Sydney - and the pun is intentional.

Maudie Cohen - aka Victoria Callcott

My Western Australian research into Pussy Jenkins and her circle might also answer another mystery about the novel - how Lawrence became so quickly involved with a real secret army when he arrived in Sydney.

We know Pussy Jenkins gave Lawrence one letter of introduction - to ex-WA journalist, Bert Toy. But she might also have furnished him with another, and far more significant introduction.

For when Pussy was in Coolgardie, the young wife of Mayor Arthur George Jenkins, there was a flourishing musical society, the Coolgardie Liedertafel, formed at the beginning of 1898. Pussy, an accomplished pianist and friend of Percy Grainger, would have been a leading light in the musical life of Coolgardie and probably a member of the Liedertafel, as was a local architect and his wife, Charles and Harriet Rosenthal. Indeed, she may well have been at the piano when the Liedertafel held its inaugural concert in the Tivoli theatre in Coolgardie on November 23rd 1898, the highlight of which was the rendition of "The Nightwatchmen's Chorus" by basso Charles Rosenthal.

Had Lawrence wanted someone to look up in Sydney, Pussy may have mentioned her fellow artist, now - in 1922 - a leading Sydney architect, prominent musician, famous World War 1 General, and perhaps something else as well.

LAWRENCE AND THE MARCHBANKS
The Solution to an Enduring Mini-mystery

Excerpts from a paper delivered to the second D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia conference
by JOHN RUFFELS

In 1956, the Sydney journalist, Frederick Esch, wrote a piece for the Saturday literary page of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, drawing attention to the house, "Wyewurk", at Thirroul on the New South Wales South coast, where English writer D.H. Lawrence composed most of his lesser known Australian novel *Kangaroo* in 1922. Esch had learned of the house's existence through his job as a radio news reporter for the ABC's Wollongong studio.

With the serendipity which so frequently accompanied Lawrence's own life, Frederick Esch received a letter from a reader, a Denis Forrester, telling of how he, Forrester, and his wife had become acqaintances of Lawrence and Frieda when they joined the Forrester's ship, the *Malwa*, for the last nine day leg of its voyage from England, which took them from Fremantle in Western Australia round to Sydney.

Denis Forrester was able to supply Esch with some interesting details of the time the two couples spent together, both on board ship and later visiting each other's homes in New South Wales. Forrester even had photographs of the weekend he and his wife, Laura, spent with the writer and Frieda at "Wyewurk".

Forrester mentioned that also travelling to Sydney, to start the same job as himself, was another Englishman, Bill Marchbanks, and his wife, Constance. They too became friendly with the Lawrences, and also spent the pleasant weekend with them at Thirroul. Forrester lost touch with the Marchbanks in the following years: he thought they had gone to New Zealand, but was not sure where they were by 1956.

The serendipity was that this information from Denis Forrester arrived just at the time Esch had received a letter from a Dr Edward Nehls in America. Dr Nehls wrote that he was writing a "composite biography" of D.H.Lawrence and Frieda, and had learned of the *Sydney Morning Herald* article. Mr Esch promptly sought the Forresters' permission to dispatch to the University of Wisconsin in Maddison their story of their time with Lawrence, and it was duly published in Nehls' work.

(Which to my mind is the most revealing collection of other people's reminiscences of their encounters with the great English writer, mixed in with extracts from Lawrence and Frieda's own writings.) He also dispatched copies of the now-famous photographs.

Since the 1970s, when Robert Darroch kickstarted the revival of interest in Lawrence's Australian activities, the existence of any unexamined relationship with someone in Australia who had encountered Lawrence, no matter how seemingly trivial, has assumed potentially greater importance.

However until today, the mystery of the fate of Lawrence's shipboard friends the Marchbanks, has remained just that, a mystery.

Would the locating of the Marchbanks reveal vital information indicating a source of material drawn upon in Lawrence's Australian or other writings? Would the tracking down of this English couple cast hitherto unknown light on the character and personality of the great D.H.Lawrence?

I shall return to the tracking down of the Marchbanks shortly, in the meantime I should just like to sketch in two pieces of background, to help us put this Lawrence era into context.

As you will have gathered from Sandra's talk on Pussy Jenkins, and as you will doubtlessly learn from Paul (Eggert's) paper, D.H.Lawrence and Frieda, were consummate travellers. After living in other people's houses all over England up to the end of the Great War, they then travelled to and resided in Germany, Italy, Capri, Sicily, Malta and Ceylon. By early 1922, Lawrence wanted to keep moving and Frieda was becoming jaded with travel. Through all this, the Lawrences were accumulating the experience which would turn them into competent and street-wise travellers.

In my opinion, the main attributes which make someone an experienced traveller are four in number.

They are : (1) an ability to select, read and digest thoroughly a good guide book; (2) an ability to seek out and quiz effectively some reliable person who is familiar with that next destination; (3) a talent at forward planning, particularly with money; the logical fact the more you travel the better you get at it-like flying hours in a plane; and last but not least, (4) the God-given ability to *recon-*

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noitre (when the destination is finally reached). From the Latin for 'to recognise', the art of reconnoitring is closely allied with a sense of direction. You either have it, or you haven't. One of the most amazing reconnoitrers I have ever met is our very own Robert Darroch. I have been with him to Cabramatta in Sydney's West. Even when not completely familiar with an area, he has a sixth sense, which will enable him to reconnoitre a shopping centre and quickly get his bearings. Able to snaffle an ideal parking spot, he will leave you temporarily whilst he puts up his antaenna and prowls about, hands behind back. Within a brief time he will return, and politely suggest we may all regret it for the rest of our lives if we do not try the patouli soup or somesuch local delicacy at a nearby eatery. So far as my experience goes, Robert Darroch's instincts have not yet deserted him, and his judgment invariably proves sound and satisfying. That is an example of a good scout. Manifestly, D.H.Lawrence by 1922, when he travelled to Australia, was fast becoming a a good scout.

To illustrate just how the veteran Lawrences went about assessing their next suitable destination, I shall quote from a 1923 eye witness, Witter Bynner:-

We lingered at the Monte Carlo through another week while we read Terry's "Guide To Mexico" and debated. Yes, he would give the country one more chance. Chapala. It would have been two chances but for the likliehood of severe heat in Oaxaca. Besides, he had been told that the southern train trip was rough and wearing, perhaps the worst in Mexico, whereas the line to Guadalaraja on the way to Chapala was good. Still smarting from experience on other trains, he set us reading Terry's long disquisition on the beauties and attractions of Lake Chapala and its little town of the same name. It was apparently all birds and flowers and friendly villagers. "But Terry's a fool", crackled Lawrence. "He's been a liar about the other places and why should we expect him to be anything else about this one? We'd be lunatics to believe him and all four of us risk it. I'll give the country one more chance. You two stay here with Frieda for May Day, and I'll go and investigate. If the place is any good I'll telegraph" .

The other preliminary background I want to provide is about that almost-lost era of the great ocean liner.

We now live in the age of jet aeroplane travel. Those leisurely days of ship-board travel are gone forever.

Today it is possible to board a plane in Sydney and be in London in less than 30 hours. In the age of steamers, the voyage from Australia to England via the Suez Canal, took at least six weeks. Except for Pacific Ocean cruises or hugely expensive luxury liners, the opportunity for experiencing ship-board life is largely relegated to television.

The Sydney of 1922 was a steamer destination: one of the great ports-of-call on one of the world's regular shipping routes. With one of the most spectacular harbours in the world, arriving at Sydney by ship is one of the truly great nautical experiences in life.

Most of the well-known ships on the England-Australia run carried holiday makers and business people from Australia to England; but on the England to Australia voyage, the greater proportion of passengers were invariably migrants. There were, of course, first class passengers, mainly those same holiday makers and wealthy cruise-takers on their return trip. These classes did not mix.

The 1920s and '30s were the heyday of the great ocean liners. The Peninsular and Oriental line was so familiar to Sydneysiders it spawned a rounded, elegant, style of architecture in Sydney in the late 20s, particularly in the eastern suburbs. Ship Captains featured frequently in the social columns as liners made their regular visits to Sydney.

By the 30s new night-clubs were springing up with lounges deliberately designed to look like the First Class Saloon lounges on smart steamers. People named their houses after the *Orcades*, or the *Moultan*, in memory of a happy voyage. Shipboard travel in Hollywood films - like the imagery of cigarette smoking - was projected as the ultimate in sophistication and romance.

It is no coincidence that most of Sydney's great new cinemas were designed in the new P & O style of architecture. Glossy magazines had large social columns chronicling the January exodus by wealthy socialites heading for 'the Continent' (Europe), or 'home' (England), to escape the hot weather. In the days before air-conditioning, an ocean breeze was the solution.

On board these ships, the length of time of the voyage permitted firm friendships to form: and more than one concerned parent, anxious to wrest their impressionable daughter or son from some undesirable relationship on land, resorted to sending their offspring on an ocean cruise, with the twin hopes that their sibling would forget their current amour, and instead find a more eligible companion aboard one of the better class of liners plying Australia's waters.

Of course, one of the luxuries of ocean liner travel, as opposed to jet travel, was the fact you could lie on the deck reading several travel books about the unfamiliar country which lay ahead.

There was, however, one danger, as Kay Harman pointed out in connection with popular writers and Australia in the 1920's, (like Nat Gould and Zane Grey):

"Although their writing has not been found worthy of mention by many literary historians, it was read by millions of ordinary people and, I venture to suggest, was responsible for the main impression of this country held abroad."

Sea travel also permitted time to become better acquainted with those among your fellow passengers who had actually been to your next port-of-call.

Perhaps they were natives returning to their homeland: an invaluable source to any traveller (prize catches like Pussy Jenkins).

WRAGBY BY THE HARBOUR?

"Much Bonking in the Bushes" - our categorisation of the dramatisation of Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* at Vaucluse House in Sydney - proved such a hit with the public that there is to be a repeat series of performances early in the New Year (when the Sydney weather is at its most propitious for such performances, for Connie should shiver with anticipation, not the evening chill).

Those who missed the previous staging (reported in *Rananim* 4-1) are urged to book early.

Who knows? The Vaucluse House version - developed and first performed in Melbourne - of Lawrence's most famous novel could become a regular item in Sydney's summer entertainment scene...a sort of Antipodean *Mousetrap*.

It would not be entirely inappropriate - after all, Agatha Christie and D.H. Lawrence were in Sydney at the same time in May-August, 1922. Alas, Mrs Christie found nothing to inspire her, while Lawrence found quite a bit to write about.

With green migrants taking their first sea voyage, commercial people accepting the slowness of sea travel to enjoy the break, socialites dining at the Captain's table and pressing the Purser for information concerning any interesting, or unmarried fellow passengers, ocean liners made for a fascinating mix of people from all walks of life.

Before I finish with my general discussion of the lost days of the great ocean liners, I should like to revive memories of one of its most potent symbols, since disappeared: the farewell tradition of the Coloured Streamer.

True. Lawrence described it towards the end of his Australian novel, *Kangaroo*: where the people on the wharf hurled flimsy paper party streamers up to their departing friends on the lower decks of the ship; each person clutching desparately to the end of this frail, but potently coloured, last link. Until the huge ocean-going building, very, very slowly pulled against its rainbow bonds, like some spider's victim trying to escape its silken tethers, or some gigantic Gulliver straining against his myriad threads.

In the bright sunlight, this many-stranded rainbow began to snap, one by one. Each swirling upwards like a slow-motion Chinese Silk Twirlers ribbon, until, after what seemed an age, the very last streamer broke to the cheer of the crowd on the wharf.

As Lawrence aptly described this highly charged moment: "He felt another heartstring going to break like the streamers, leaving Australia, leaving his own British connection."

The incomparable Australian photographer Harold Cazneaux did a special photo-essay on this sentimental ceremony in the April 1928 edition of the Sydney glossy magazine, *The Home*. He titled it , with shades of Lawrence, "When Liners Tear Themselves Away...". No wonder people got watery eyes from the departing ship's smoke, especially if the band on the wharf played "The Maori Farewell"- ("Now is the Hour, For me to say Goodbye...").

Today, the Lawrences would be described as "good networkers": they knew how to work a room, a house, a ship. After years of constant travelling on land and ship, they knew the ropes. Just as with many married couples, who entertain socially, they had a repertoire of "funny stories". They had a sort of "good policeman, bad policeman" arrangement: wherein Frieda would enchant strangers with her slightly bohemian social graces, whilst regaling them with tales of the Lawrentian World Odyssey: (Frieda's funny stories). All the while the more retiring Lawrence would sit in a corner, or at a small remove from the company, occasionally joining in the laughter or asking a searching question. There is no suggestion they were dissembling, or engaging in some dishonest practice merely one of survival, (reliant as they were upon the whim of a restless talent, and upon uncertain mail-steamers arriving on time with remittances).

They used their routine in unfamiliar surroundings, and when they wished to sound out new acquaintances. And it gave Lawrence the added advantage that he could slip away if he wanted to work or simply avoid someone. This was particularly important on board ships involving long sea voyages (and people like Maurice Magnus).

Frieda, in her interesting autobiography, *Not I, But The Wind,* published in America in 1934, some 12 years later, fondly recalled the lively and warm ship-board friendships forged on their pleasant voyage from Naples to Ceylon on the *Osterley* in 1922:

How we enjoyed that trip. Everybody feeling so free and detached, no responsibility for the moment, people going to meet husbands or wives. People going to Australia full of the wonders that were coming to them, and Lawrence being so interested and feeling so well. How tenderly one loves people on board! They seem to become bosom friends for life. (My emphasis.)

It is fortunate the Lawrences enjoyed their sea-voyage to Ceylon, because their planned stay in the Kandy hills lasted only a few weeks: "The heat; the natives; Buddhism; money; humidity; noisey jungle fauna."

Within no time Lawrence was writing to the nice Australian woman he and Frieda had liked and socialised with on board the idyllic *Osterley*: Mrs Annie Jenkins.

She had told them persuasively of the wonders of Western Australia, with its marvellous climate, reasonably

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cheap accommodation, and relaxed, democratic lifestyle. Mrs Jenkins was a socially well-connected widow of a prominent Perth lawyer. They had a standing invitation to look her up if they ever came to Perth.

Well, they were, so they did!

Mrs Jenkins was as true as her word, entertained them lavishly, introduced them to social and literary acquaintances, and helped them find comfortable lodgings in a guest house in the hills behind Perth.

BUT... (as Lawrence said: "there is always an anticlimax of 'buts'"), the lionising by adoring fans got too much for Lawrence, and when they failed to find a house to rent, they decided to take advantage of the nine day sea voyage still remaining on their steamer tickets and booked their passage on aboard the RMS *Malwa* to Sydney. Frieda was disappointed. She wanted a "little home of her own" for three months to catch her breath....

And so, once more, the Lawrences took all their trunks and bags and hat-boxes and the long, hand-painted side of a Sicilian donkey cart, and boarded the mail steamer in Fremantle harbour.

(Incidentally, moored opposite them in the harbour was a Western Australian ship, which had just returned with a small elephant for the Perth Zoo. A present from the Government of Malaya. The name of the ship? *Kangaroo* !!).

As the *Malwa* headed south, Lawrence decided to send his muse to a nunnery, symbolically bidding farewell to the Perth literarti by hurling poet Willem Siebenhaar's long, turgid, political/love poem, "Dorothea", into the sea.

In a letter to artist Jan Juta, from the *Malwa*, Lawrence wrote:

I find on these boats one can travel perfectly second class - nicer than first, simpler - now that there is hardly anybody coming out this way. We are less than thirty passengers second class - nice simple people ....

He saw an albatross: "following us in waters hard upon the Antarctic. And in the Southern winter. And the ship, a P&O boat, nearly empty. And the lascar crew shivering...The bird with its long, long, wings following, then leaving us. No-one knows till they have tried, how lost, how lonely those Southern waters are. And glimpses of the Australian coast."

Most of the passengers on board were coming out from England or returning to Sydney. Most had had several weeks in which to get acquainted. The Lawrences befriended two young English couples,who had been contracted to come out to the Bonds knitting mills at Camperdown in Sydney. The husbands were "hosiery mechanics".

One extraordinary thing about these English couples was their surnames: both had quintessentially English names. Names which smacked of fen and hedgerow, of primroses and willow streams... Where the Bee Sucks... They were Constance and Bill Marchbank, (no "s" on the end), and Laura and Denis Forrester.

The exact circumstances of how they met differ. One story related thirty years later by Denis Forrester to Sydney journalist Fred Esch tells of Frieda making the first approach by asking Denis if she could borrow his binoculars to look at a passing ship. The Marchbank family say the Lawrences were seated at their table in the dining room. Both stories have verisimilitude. And it is possible - given the small number of passengers - that after Frieda's initial approach, they applied to the head steward to be seated together in the sparsely-filled dining room.

Regardless, the two couples and the Lawrences seem to have got along like a house on fire. They used to meet together and chat. Forrester remembered:

"Frieda did most of the talking, while D.H. just listened and laughed and seemed to be enjoying himself. Frieda talked mostly about their travels and the amusing experiences they had had. We knew he was a writer, but at that stage we had not read any of his books and he never talked about his work. Laura (Forrester) must have given Frieda a forwarding address."

The shipboard friends parted, the Forresters and Marchbanks to arranged accommodation at a guest house in Australia Street, Camperdown, and the Lawrences went off to explore Sydney.

Denis Forrester continues:

"We saw the Lawrences next shortly after we had settled in our boarding place in the Sydney suburb of Camperdown. The accommodation had been found for us and the Marchbanks, so that we would be close to the Bonds knitting mills. D.H. knew where we were going, and he came to look us up after he and Frieda had taken the cottage at Thirroul.

"I got the impression that they did not know anybody in Sydney, and I think they were quite lonely, Frieda in particular. D.H. of course, had his writing. Another reason he came to see us was that his royalties cheque had not arrived and he was short of cash. Marchbank had more money than we at that time, and he willingly did what he could to help the Lawrences. It was not a large amount anyhow.

"As the result of this contact, D.H. invited the four of us to "Wyewurk" for a weekend. My memory is we went down early in the Australian spring.

"Once again I cannot remember any unusual conversations. We just had a good time with a lot of laughing over our experiences. As on the boat, Frieda did most of the talking, and this seemed to satisfy D.H. I had the impression they were very happy together, and that they were enjoying life on the South Coast.

"We arrived on a Saturday morning for lunch, and went home by the evening train on Sunday. D.H. took us for a drive in a hired car on Sunday, and he seemed to get real pleasure from showing us the beauty of the Australian scenery in these parts.

"We had our lunch at some falls.....which is quite some distance from Thirroul.

"D.H. was writing something while we were there, because there would be times when he would leave us because he had work to do.....We paid a couple of visits to

the beach and went for walks along the sand, helping Frieda to collect shells.

"That was the last we saw of D.H. and Frieda. It came as a surprise later when I heard they had left. Then we had a book from New Mexico, and a letter which I have lost."

(The book was *England My England* inscribed to both for Christmas, 1923.)

"Later still we received another book - an illustrated copy of *Sea and Sardinia* ...

" Marchbank went to New Zealand some years later, and I do not know where he is now."

Now you may be sitting in your seat saying, "So What? This is all heads on pins stuff. So what if Lawrence chatted up some English factory workers on a ship in the Australian Bight in 1922?"

But wait! I know you want more!

As Robert Darroch and Andrew Moore and Joseph Davis have pointed out, much can be adduced from learning of Lawrence's real life contacts whilst he was in Australia.

Thanks to the assiduous efforts of the late Frederick Esch and Edward Nehls, we now have monographs from several of the people who encountered the Lawrences in and around Australia in 1922. Denis Forrester contacted Esch and offered to show him the only photos of the Lawrences in Australia. Up until that time Lawrence scholars were unaware of their existence. He also wrote his own recollections of his encounter with Lawrence - as quoted above.

But as he also said above the Marchbank couple went to New Zealand and lost contact.The whereabouts of the Marchbank people and the prospect of them possessing more knowledge about Lawrence's Australian movements, has exercised my mind for some years now.

It was only when a Wellington (New Zealand) barrister named Colin Amery visited Thirroul and contacted Joseph Davis about Wyewurk and Lawrence in February this year, and only when Davis and Robert Darroch passed him on to me, that the thought occurred to insert an advertisement in a New Zealand newspaper. Fortunately, Colin Amery had press contacts at the *New Zealand Herald*. An advertisement brought results - Joan Marchbank, the surviving daughter-in- law. She gave me the Marchbank family historian's address in Derbyshire in England, and I made contact. Joan Marchbank had told me all the family clippings and letters had been taken over to cousin George in the early 1970s.

Would the Marchbank family possess some seemingly innocent information from their relatives' contact with the Lawrences in Australia which would unlock a whole new panorama of possibility? I waited with bated breath for their reply. I eventually received a long, courteous letter from cousin George Marchbank who lived in the Derbyshire village of Heanor.

Heanor, he told me, was the century-long home village of the Marchbank family. From the family home he could see the churchyard where all the Marchbanks were buried.

It was only when I began to study the geography of this area I discovered Bill and Constance Marchbank would have had another alluring reason to attract them to Lawrence on board the *Malwa*.

Lawrence was born, as is well known, at Eastwood, eleven kilometres from Nottingham, and not one kilometre from a small stream, the Erewash, whose valley was the dividing line between the county of Nottingham and Derbyshire.

In his essay "Nottingham and the Mining Countryside", which was posthumously published in *Phoenix*, Lawrence talks of the new Eastwood church:

"They put up a new church, which stands fine and commanding, even if it has no real form, looking across the awful Erewash Valley at the church at Heanor similarly commanding, away on a hill beyond." (St. Lawrence was its patron saint!)

Fate provided further links for the Lawrence family with neighbouring Heanor. When the work ran out, around 1910, some Eastwood miners travelled to collieries at a little distance: Selston, Alfreton, Cinderhill, and Heanor.

So, no wonder Lawrence and Bill Marchbank felt they could trust each other over small loans; they were neighbours! An amazing coincidence though, that they had to travel thirteen thousand kilometres to meet! (Denis Forrester came from Hinckley in Leicestershire.)

So, let's catch up with the missing years in the Marchbank saga. William Marchbank was born in Heanor the son of William Marchbank senior, who had been sent there to open a textile mill for a Nottingham company, I & R Morley Ltd., in 1880.

William (junior), who was the third son, attended the church school, then began an apprenticeship at his father's factory. His father was chief engineer. William junior was an apprentice textile engineer. After service in World War One as a Despatch Rider, Bill was interested in motorbikes. He built his own motorbike in his father's garden shed after the war. (Interestingly Jack Callcott in *Kangaroo* rode a motor cycle).

In 1921, Bill married Constance Abbott (originally an out-of-towner, born in another village nearby - Smalley). At first they shared with Bill's brother and wife at 37 Derby Road, Heanor. Whilst there, Constance and Bill lost their eleven month old daughter to whooping cough. So Heanor lost its gloss for them.

In 1922 Bill Marchbank and a man he did not know, Denis Forrester, were signed up to sail to Australia to be Chief Engineer and Hosiery Mechanic for some new machinery an American, George Bond, was importing from England for his expanding knitting mills in Sydney.

As might be expected after seventy years, the Marchbank family stories appear to be a little confused on some matters - for instance, they seem to be mixing the Lawrences up with the Forresters at some stages, saying they (the Marchbanks) shared the dining-room table with the Lawrences from the start of the voyage. They also say "I understand the quartet (no mention of the Forresters) used to enjoy hiring a motorcar at week-ends and going out on day trips either to the coast or into the countryside, whilst living in Australia. My uncle did tell me that D.H.

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was a first class cook, who would often do the cooking at the weekends at the Lawrence's home in Australia".

But most intriguing of all is this piece of information:

"My Aunt" (that is Constance Marchbank) "had a hobby. She enjoyed collecting different varieties of wildflowers, drying them off, pressing them and then placing them into large books of art paper. She then wrote a short story about each entry - when and where found, etc. Apparently D.H. helped my Aunt to collect the flowers, as I understand that he was interested in - where, when the flowers were growing and the conditions in which they were growing".

The famous photograph of the Lawrences, Marchbanks and Forresters at Loddon Falls shows Frieda clutching a bunch of straggly wildflowers. Constance Marchbank does not seem to be holding any: she is wearing a fur stole, and has her hands in her pockets.

It would be facinating to learn if Constance included flowers from their Loddon Falls picnic in her hobby books. And I shall be following that up further.

(In fact, I broke off composing this story to phone Joan Marchbank in New Zealand. She told me the flower books, and one of Lawrence's books to the Marchbank couple, personally signed, went over to cousin George in the 1970s.)

(Joan Marchbank in New Zealand will contact George and try to arrange the transfer of the flower books to our Society's possession if the book contains any Loddon Falls or South Coast flowers - or details concerning their time with the Lawrences. And she will discover if there are any other signed books and/or letters.)

Bill and Constance had a baby boy after they moved to Manly in 1924. The following year Bill Marchbank opened the Bond's mill in Wellington, New Zealand. He later moved to Masterton, and opened his own light engineering business. His wife urged him to go into local politics. He was Mayor of Masterton for twelve years. He died in Tauranga, in the Bay of Plenty, around 1976. And Constance also died around the same time. It was then that their son, also William, and daughter-in-law Joan, took the Lawrence material to cousin George in Heanor, in England, where it still is.

As an example of the circuitous route some Lawrentiana takes, cousin George was contacted by Lawrence's niece - the one who lived in Shipley - to ask if he would lend her his only photo of Lawrence in Australia: " with Aunt and Uncle taken somewhere in Australia on the bank of a river". Joan Marchbank assures me it is identical with the photo which appears in Harry T. Moore and Warren Robert's book on Lawrence (the well-known Loddon Falls photo). Lawrence's niece has never returned it. Thus we now know how the Lawrence nieces in England got hold of a copy of one of Denis Forrester's photographs of Loddon Falls !! ··

Finally, I should like to draw your attention to the use to which Lawrence put his contact with the Marchbanks and Forresters.

When Lawrence was little, he and Jessie Chambers used to play a game in which he would pretend to be a very important visitor to Jessie Chambers' house, and she would be Mrs Blank, the lady of the pretend house. The name this game employed for the important visitor was "Mr Marchbanks" !!

(Apparently this game is cited as common amongst North Country school children of that era, in a book called *Language and Lore of School Children* by a Peter Opie). In Lawrence's *St. Mawr*, published in 1925, he includes a minor character, a chauffeur named "Forrester". And *"The Last Laugh"*, has another minor character named "Mr Marchbanks"- (with an "s" on the end).

Nothing rivetting is revealed about their characters which could be sheeted home to the real Fs and Ms.

So let's leave them with Lawrence's opinion of them.

In Lawrence's poetry and his prose, Lawrence used the simplest words for the lovliest things. A man with a vast vocabulary would reserve the most unadorned of English words to bestow his greatest praises.

To be described by D.H. Lawrence as "Nice, Simple people" was grand praise indeed.

Sic Transit Gloria

The DHL Conference in Nottingham (see Paul Eggert's report on page 5) featured what are called in conference-jargon "side trips" (one illustrates his story). For the Lawrence pilgrim, the most important was to Lawrence's birthplace, Eastwood. Alas, Eastwood is not what it used to be.

Once Lawrence was reviled in his home town. He still might be despised by some, but Eastwood has also taken him to its heart - at least its mercenary heart.

The DHL Birthplace Museum is nice enough (now expanded to the house next door with souvenir shop, video room and guided inspection). But things get a bit tacky outside.

Across the road are the White Peacock Tearooms, around the corner the Phoenix Snooker Parlour, up the street the Lawrence Veterinary Surgery, the Chatterley Shopping Mall and the Lawrence Jewellery Store.

There is also a tourist route that snakes through the back streets past the various houses Lawrence occupied (though there's a bit of doubt about the exact whereabouts of home No 3). You can hardly miss this route, for it is marked by a thick garish line in the pavement.

Yet you can still find a bit of untouched Lawrentiana - in the local graveyard. A stroll past the gravestones reveals almost the entire dramatis personnae of Lawrence's fiction - the Chatterley grave, the Mellors', the Sissons', and so on - mute, inglorious testimonies to the reluctance of Lawrence to invent almost anything (see "What's in a Name?" in the next issue of *Rananim*).

Yet not entirely untouched. For Eastwood has a drugs and crime problem, and the week before we arrived the cemetery had been vandalised, many of the gravestones being toppled over. Lawrence would have smiled at that.

- R.D.

Recent Theories of Travel Writing – and D. H. Lawrence

The following extracts are from a paper which was first delivered by PAUL EGGERT at the D.H. Lawrence International Conference at Nottingham in July. Excerpts from the paper were then presented at our DHL conference in Sydney in October

Michel Foucault's writings of the 1960s and 1970s have been extremely influential in all areas of cultural study. He cogently linked the formations of knowledge (in socially circulating discourses) to the operations of political and other forms of power. The new approaches to travel writing are, not surprisingly, Foucauldian: Edward Said's *Orientalism* got the ball rolling in 1978, but it was not till the early 1990s that, after a period of incubation within the now-ballooning field of postcolonialist studies, it was effectively picked up for travel writing in a series of studies, the best known of which is Mary Louise Pratt's *Imperial Eyes* (1992). My case will be that, although criticism of Lawrence's travel books is in need of renovation, the Foucauldian base of this new approach limits its usefulness for travel writing as strong-voiced as Lawrence's, and indeed I want to make some general remarks about the inherent shortcomings of discursive-based response to Lawrence's writing in general ...

Said's case about Orientalism is probably familiar to you, whether by direct experience of his book or by a process of osmosis. Basically his argument is that the Orient – by which he means the Near East, the French Orient – exists in western imaginations and minds not as an actual place but in terms of its representations. The Orient is 'man-made' (4): it is an idea that has a history and a tradition of thought, an imagery and vocabulary. From 1800, according to Said, 'a complex Orient emerged suitable for study in the Academy, for display in the museum, for reconstruction in the colonial office, for theoretical illustration in anthropological, racial and historical theses about mankind and the universe'. (7) The acts of measuring, classifying and imagining tended to place 'the sovereign Western consciousness' (8) at the centre of knowing and tended to deny the object of knowledge with any participation in this knowing – any 'subjecthood'....

Like the other scholars who have come after Said, Mary Louise Pratt marks out new territory by qualifying Said's case. For her the traffic is not all one-way: European ways of knowing are not simply mapped onto the foreign place but rather the foreign traveller reconfigures those ways of knowing partly because the native peoples interact with and affect the writer's representation of them. As an example, she points to traditional 'autoethnographic materials' – indigenous methods of mapping a fertile mountain's agricultural and pastoral pursuits – which in some ways parallel the South American illustrations and writings of the great German travel writer and natural historian, Alexander von Humboldt. Her next, and for my purposes significant, move is to choose *not* to comb closely through Humboldt scholarship for ways of establishing her hunch. She says she does not want to revert to what she calls the 'bourgeois author-centred ways of knowing texts' – the traditional 'imperative', as she puts it, to interpret his writings in terms of the 'Life and the Man' (115): '"Europe" [i.e. the notion of Europe] 'constructs itself from the outside in, out of materials infiltrated, donated, absorbed, appropriated and imposed from contact zones all over the planet' (p. 137). In other words, the discursive model can succeed, only it needs some adjustment. Authorship can safely be left out of the equation.

Would then a sufficiently fine-tuned discursive account eliminate the need to consider the Life and the Man in accounts of Lawrence's Italian travel writing? Would *he*, in a sense, also not matter? ...

The first problem with this proposal is that the Orientalising case about Italy is not conventionally pursued by post-colonialists. Why not? As Lisa Lowe announces in her book, *Critical Terrains: British and French Orientalism* (1991), her objection is to 'western domination of non-Europeans' (p. 4) and she means to expose its discursive methods. Discursive domination of Italy is not reprehensible enough to be looked into, apparently, because it was and is European, it became a nation in the 19th century, and in due course a coloniser of parts of Africa. Italy in short was one of the bad guys – almost as bad as Britain and France. Post-colonially speaking it seems, it would be inadvisable to bemoan Italy's discursive fate. If this is true I find it worrying, and its bluntness makes me worry about the whole discursive approach to travel writing. Its radical-sounding appeal is its linking of colonial politics with imaginative writing: its exposure of discursive corruption, as it were. ...

Its unintended consequences, though, call out for comment. The Orientalist argument draws attention away from the writer's moment of response to the foreign, away from the later moment of writing and revision, away from the finer verbal textures of that response and, finally, away from the compact between writer and Home readership – the shared assumption that at least an attempt of referral towards, even if not authentic contact with, the foreign

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Recent Theories of Travel Writing

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place will have been made. That assumption is exposed as an illusion under the Orientalist argument.

What do I mean when I say that Orientalist argument overrides the finer verbal textures of the response? It's not that Said and Pratt aren't expert close readers: they *are*. But they deliberately draw attention away from the writer in the act of writing in order to centre the explanation discursively. I want to contest the advisability of the attendant vaporising of authorship within their explanatory model. (Because the model is discursively centred does not mean that its practitioners refuse to acknowledge the existence of authors or don't believe in creativity or craftsmanship: but it does mean that they have little to say about them.)

Writers participate in discourses – yes – but they exercise their craft at the level of words and punctuation marks. Verbal texture is woven by a textual agent in the moment of writing and revision. Look, for instance, at the long, second sentence in the following passage by Henry James ('From Venice to Strasburg', 1873: James Buzard's excellent, non-Foucauldian book on travel writing about Europe, *The Beaten Track*, 1994, alerted me to it):

These children, by the way, were the handsomest little brats in the world, and each was furnished with a pair of eyes which seemed a sort of protest of nature against the stinginess of fortune. They were very nearly as naked as savages, and their little bellies protruded like those of infant Abyssinians in the illustrations of books of travel; but as they scampered and sprawled in the soft, thick grass, grinning like suddenly translated cherubs, and showing their hungry little teeth, they suggested forcibly that the best assurance of happiness in this world is to be found in the maximum of innocence and the minimum of wealth.

James holds together, in the contemplative moment, several filaments of sensuous description and remembered reading: the highly conscious contrasting of the words 'maximum' and 'minimum' suspends in a barely perceptible film of fine irony his act of being able to 'suggest' something 'forcibly'. He remains aware that this is travel *writing*: that the act of referral towards the foreign is very much a performance on his part and that he is walking a tightrope in front of the home audience.

Reviewers from about 1850 according to Buzard were complaining of the thinness and superficiality of travel writing in its claim to convey knowledge of the foreign place. To the extent that what used wishfully to be called 'authentic' contact with the foreign is possible, it is on the understanding that the travel writer is an advance scout and that the report is for Home consumption. For Pratt who prefers to resist talk of the Life and the Man this is of no moment: for her, the only available truth about the foreign is writers' incapacity to tell it, compromised as they are by their participation in the Orientalist discourse. This may indeed be the ultimate condition of life for the travel writer, but my point is that there are many stops along the way.

The discursive model is, I believe, offering to cover the ground too quickly, and to evacuate the moment of attention and writing, and the later moment of reading, in favour of exposing the travel writer's discursively compromised situation. The notion of performance is crucial I suggest: there is no point in parodying, as Pratt does, the writing situation by polarising on the one hand the inscrutable foreign reality as against the travel writer innocently or aesthetically hoping to observe it, and then proceeding to show why that situation never obtains. The performance question is how far the writer has managed to exceed the interpretative loop that the home culture insidiously offers in advance as a basis for the travel writing. What can be known in that situation about the foreign place cannot be considered as absolute knowledge. The knowledge is relational, as between writer and home audience: that is a condition of life and of knowing. It is equally true of knowing Italy as it is of knowing Africa. Nor would a finer grained discursive approach than the Orientalist remove my objection: the problem is its intent concentration on the socially circulating discourse.

Seeking to dislodge the preeminence of the Life and the Man approach, Foucault in 1968 referred to authorship as a principle of thrift, observing that it was something we invented to generate thrifty explanations of otherwise uncontainably multitudinous literary meanings and responses. My feeling is that now, almost thirty years later, we need to reinvent authorship or textual agency as a principle of plenitude.

'Lawrence' – in inverted commas – seems to me to be an excellent place to start. It might help to reinsert criticism of him back into the literary-critical and theoretical mainstream. I haven't time to get far with this today and don't in any case have the wit or the energy to do it alone. But by way of starting it, let me say this: I know that the author I was dealing with in my editing work in the CUP Lawrence series was not the man who was being invoked in the 1960s Lawrence criticism, even though he went under the same name. The plenitude of hard bibliographical information about textual variance in different versions of a work, the ordinary 'work' (in the other sense) that those changes implied on the part of Lawrence and others, and the fine-grained chronological detail which those editions reveal are a constant challenge to any closure of the hermeneutic circle. ...

[The lecture then went on to compare the different versions of Lawrence's account of coming upon a roadside crucifix in Alpine Bavaria in 1912.]

The successive waves of literary theory of the last twenty years have shared a relativism which undermines the speaking position from which cultural values can be asserted in a universalising way. This is why Mary Louise Pratt and others have rejected the Life and Man approach and have switched to analysis of discourses. A large part of their point is to expose the hidden agendas that seemingly innocent speaking positions such as Richard Burton's [in his *Lake Regions of Central Africa*, 1860] blithely assume and to reveal the voices, such as the

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The Digger who Caught Lawrence's Eye

(Editorial note: this paper, prepared by Australian historian KEN INGLIS, was written to be published before April 25, 1995. The author's tenses and punctuation have been retained.)

THE STONE SOLDIER at Thirroul, north of Wollongong, has been at the centre of Anzac Day ceremony every year since it was unveiled on 25 April 1920. This year, as usual, men of the local RSL sub-branch have made arrangements for a march, a dawn service, and a service for schoolchildren.

The march is on this Sunday. The RSL president, Keith Woodward, who served in New Guinea, and the secretary, Ken Dobbs, who was on HMAS Condamine in Korea, expect about 150 members to step off with Boy Scouts and Girl Guides to the beat of the Wollonging City Silver Band. The route is 300 metres or so from Lachlan Street to the memorial, shorter than it used to be now that all the World War II men are into their seventies. The memorial will become a kind of altar before which local clergy will speak and hymns will be sung; then veterans will adjourn to the bowling club and fight old battles.

The dawn service is set for 6 a.m. on Tuesday, and later that morning those returned men who feel up to it will join the march in Sydney or Wollongong.

On Wednesday, some 300 children from the public and Catholic schools are expected to assemble at the memorial.

Anybody who counts the names on the pedestal will find that 102 men went from this place to the Great War and 24 did not come home. The enlistments probably represented, here as elsewhere, around half the district's men of military age. The mourners were slightly more numerous than normal: around one in four men from Thirroul died at the war, compared with one in five over the whole nation.

Before the war the main occupation of workers in Thirroul was coal mining. After 1900 a new fashion for sea bathing had attracted holiday makers to the town's superb sweep of ocean beach, but in 1915 the NSW Railways arrested resort development by making Thirroul the base for shunting yards and a locomotive depot. Some names on the war memorial belong to railwaymen who responded to recruiting appeals very soon after moving to the town.

Like all the thousands of war memorials erected across Australia, Thirroul's has a history shared with the rest and a history of its own. It is the only one to be characterized by a great novelist, and the only one to be have inspired a distinguished composer.

A movement to honour the soldiers began well before the war was over, as happened often in Australia and rarely in other countries. The reason was that by the end of 1916, after voters at a referendum had rejected conscription, Australia was almost the only belligerent nation whose men were being exhorted, not compelled, to go to the war; and in Thirroul as elsewhere, the making of a monument to local volunteers was also a campaign for more.

Early in 1917 the Thirroul Progress and Ratepayers Association opened an appeal for a memorial to the soldiers and set up a committee to see the project through. Like planners of commemoration everywhere, they had wondered whether to put up a traditional monument (obelisk? pillar? statue?) or a useful amenity (hall? clock tower?), and here they settled for both: a monument incorporating a drinking fountain. Reticulated water had reached Thirroul only in 1915, with the railway works. A public drinking fountain was a symbol of municipal progress, and the collection for the memorial was known as the Fountain Fund.

The official collector was the widowed Mrs. Riach; as everbody knew her, Granny Riach (pronounced Reesh). The first pound was subscribed by J B Nicholson, MLA, until recently a Labor man, who had been expelled from the party along with the premier, W A Holman, and others for endorsing conscription. The movement for a memorial was supported also by the local federal member, Hector Lamond, who had lately been forced to resign his editorship of the Australian Worker for the same reason, and who in May 1917 won the seat of Illawara for the National, or Win-the-war, Party under the ex-Labor prime minister W M Hughes. Another of the first ten pounds was subscribed by the Governor-General, Sir Ronald Munro-Ferguson, on a visit to the town.

Was the Fountain Fund a rallying of imperially patriotic conservative enterprise, and Granny Riach its servant? The truth is more complex. Mrs Riach, whose late husband had worked in the railways, collected also for his comrades engaged in a conflict that entered history as the Great Strike of 1917; and when the strike was over the railwaymen held a social in the School of Arts hall attended by three hundred people who played euchre and danced until after midnight 'to mark their esteem for Granny Riach and assist her efforts for the Fountain Fund in acknowledgement for the assistance rendered by her in collecting for their funds during the late strike.' Ties of family and friendship in a small community enabled her to move comfortably between these two causes. If posterity imagines that the causes were in conflict, posterity is wrong: those three hundred people in the School of Arts hall had a serious grievance against the Railways Commissioners, but they did not believe that their soldiers were fighting somebody else's war. During 1918 donations to the Fountain Fund included one pound and eleven shillings collected from men at the locomotive sheds and seventeen shillings and threepence from workers at the Excelsior Colliery.

Money was still being collected when the war ended. The Bulli Shire Council gave a site outside the School of Arts Hall. The Thirroul post master, Harold Price, took on the job of collecting the names to be inscribed on the monument. Free labour was guaranteed from an architect in Wollongong and a plumber from Bulli, and free cement from merchants and builders. More remarkably, men of the town gave up their Eight

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THE WAR MEMORIAL AT THIRROUL

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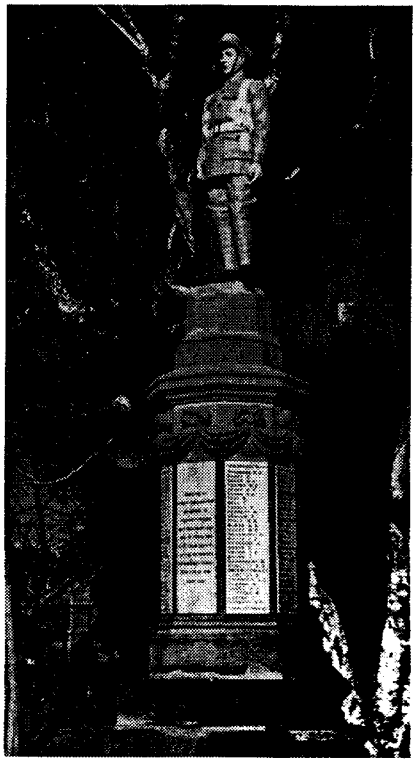
Hour holiday early in October to put in the foundations.

A foundation stone was laid on Saturday 18 October 1919 'on behalf of the citizens' by Mrs Arnold Higgins, who was acknowledged to be the first person in Thirroul to propose a memorial, and who had donated linen and china to one of Granny Riach's raffles for the Fund.

The monument was completed within six months, in good time for unveiling on 25 April. This was the date everywhere preferred, and in 1920 Anzac Day happened to fall on a Sunday, the best day for a turnout. All over Australia newspapermen called such occasions 'red letter days', as people gathered to commemorate their men. Two thousand, one reporter estimated at Thirroul. Grannie Riach led a procession through the town : forty returned soldiers, women of the Voluntary Aid Detachment, cadets, school children, all marching to the Thirroul Citizens' Brass Band. Red Letter Day was also Purple Prose Day: the man from the South Coast Times observed that as the crowd gathered around the monument a kookaburra, 'that grand quaint bird so typical of Australia, had alighted on an electric light pole overlooking the scene, as if to symbolize Nature's approval of what was to transpire that day.'



When Grannie Riach pulled back the Union Jack and declared the monument unveiled, her speech was as Australian as the kookaburra. Many unveilers in other places spoke of king and empire. Grannie Riach chose words acceptable to conscriptionist and anti-conscriptionist, to men who had been soldiers and their brothers and cousins and workmates who had not. This memorial, she said, would 'remind everyone of our brave heroes who kept Australia safe from the horrors of warfare'. Her message was in harmony with words on the pedestal now revealed.

'Erected by public subscription in honour of fellow citizens who gave their lives and those who gave their services in the interests of humanity during the Great War 1914-1919'. The unveiler's granddaughter Elsie Riach turned on the water.

The man who had constructed the monument sat on the temporary platform but was not among the several speakers, and possibly he could not have made a speech in English. Alessandro Casagrande, of Hurstville, bowed in acknowledgement of praise for his work. In this premulticultural Australia reporters spelt his name in at least five different ways, including Cassingandra.

He and his wife had emigrated from the Veneto region of Italy shortly before the war, in response to news that Sydney had plenty of work for Italian stonemasons. Firms of monumental masons were in the habit of importing marble statues for cemeteries and other sites from Italy, and many of the stone diggers now being erected on pedestals had been made to Australian order at Carrara, from quarries which had supplied Michelangelo. But lately, responding to a new spirit of Commonwealth nationalism, some firms had taken to advertising wholly Australian-made products. At least one company in Sydney actually sponsored craftsmen to emigrate from Italy. Cassagrande was in brisk demand as maker of pleasing and well-priced monuments. The Thirroul committee had accepted his tender of 230 pounds for pedestal, fountain and sandstone - equivalent to more than $20,000 in 1995.

Folklore has it that our war memorial statues are identical, even mass-produced. In fact they are remarkably diverse, and if two are exactly or almost exactly the same the chances are that they have been done by the same hand. Cassagrande was commissioned to do figures like Thirroul's in several places: at the Waverley Tram Depot and at Blacktown, in rural NSW at Nelligen and the Junction, and as far away as Nanango in Queensland. The Sydney Daily Telegraph's description of the statue at Blacktown, unveiled six days after Thirroul's, will do as a contemporary perception of the figure unveiled by Grannie Riach. The reporter thought that masons in Carrara 'tended to refine away that hardness of physiognomy which characterised the most high-spirited and daring' of Australian soldiers. In short, the craftsmen in Italy were apt to portray sissies. Not this one. Here was 'the finest figure of an Australian soldier ever carved in marble . . . a hard-faced "Digger" . . . standing at ease, with rifle, as though on sentry. The face is strong and wiry, and the lineaments are typical.'

Two years later D.H. Lawrence and his wife Frieda lived in Thirroul for most of the three-month Australian sojourn which yielded his novel Kangaroo. Writing to an American friend from their rented bungalow, 'Wyewurk', ('an Australian joke, we believe, on why work?'), Frieda instances as an example of the town's ugliness and disorder that 'quite a nice statue of an "Anzac" stands at the corner, just like a forgotten milk can, no grass round it or anything, only filthy paper flying and a tin cinema show near'. Her husband is more receptive. As he records in Kangaroo their lightly fictionalised exchange as 'Somers' and 'Harriet', he too thinks the site makes the memorial look like a forgotten milk can; he agrees that the 'tin cinema' - the School of Arts hall, wooden with corrugated iron roof - is a forlorn sight; he dislikes the litter; and he sees as totally out of place the German machine gun at the back of the monument, placed there since the unveiling as part of a vast empire-wide program of distributing trophies: 'a thing of some higher culture, demoniac and fallen.'

But he loved the memorial, and I wonder if Alessandro Casagrande ever read Lawrence's account of it.

'The statue itself was about life size, but standing just overhead on a tall pedestal it looked small and stiff and rather touching. The pedestal was in very nice proportion, and had at eye level white inlet slabs between little columns of grey granite, bearing the names of the fallen on one slab, in small black letters, and on the other slabs the names of all the men who served: "God Bless Them." The fallen had "Lest we forget" for a motto. Carved on the bottom step it said "Unveiled by Grannie Rhys." A real township monument, bearing the names of everybody possible: the fallen, all those who donned khaki, the people who presented it, and Grannie Rhys. Wonderfully in keeping with the place and its people, naive but quite attractive,

with the stiff, pallid, delicate fawn-coloured soldier standing forever stiff and pathetic.'

Lawrence sees the statue rather than the fountain. He senses from the inscriptions how much of Thirroul went into its creation, changing only the unveiler's surname, from Germanic to Welsh, presumably to avoid a distraction. And though he cannot have known how unusual the practice was (this was almost certainly the first Great War memorial he had seen anywhere in the world), he savours the naming of all who served as well as those who died.

This is virtually unknown on the memorials of continental Europe and unusual in other English-speaking countries. Even in New Zealand, the other component of Anzac, the names of men who served and survived appear on fewer than one in five World War I memorials. In Australia they are recorded on most.

Why? Surely for the same reason that Australians were more prone than other people to put up memorials during the war: because only the AIF remained to the end of the war an all-volunteer force. In France or Italy, whose armies were totally conscripted, nobody thought of honouring a man merely because he performed military service as the state compelled. Americans at the war were mostly conscripted, and the armies of the United Kingdom, Canada and New Zealand came to be composed of both volunteers and conscripts. 'They answered the call', said part of the inscription at Thirroul not quoted by Lawrence. That was true of the AIF as of no other army, and the returned soldiers were to be given high honour for doing so.

Thirroul's memorial was the first on the south coast. By 1930 nearly every suburb and town and township in the country had one, and by 1934 the last and grandest of the states' projects, the Anzac Memorial in Sydney and the Shrine of Remembrance in Melbourne, were up. The national tribute, the Australian War Memorial in Canberra, was so delayed by the depression that it was not inaugurated until 11 November 1941, the third Armistice Day of a still greater war.

Forever, ˇwrote D.H. Lawrence. Could a war memorial endure so long? The fountain has long since run dry. The German machine gun disappeared many years ago, and recently a World War II Bofors gun was bought by the local RSL and installed near the monument. The hard face is eroding. Longer ago than anybody can now remember, it and the rest of the fawn-coloured figure were painted white. Face and hands are still white, but a decade or so ago the uniform, webbing, boots and rifle were painted, in the cause of realism, as close as possible to the actual colours of the first AIF.

Similar cosmetic activity on statues in Queensland is deplored by the museum curator Judith McKay. Engaged as adviser by the state's RSL, she warned her clients that painting stone monuments can do them damage; moreover, she deplored on aesthetic and symbolic grounds the painting of figures whose creators had never intended them to bear any colour than that of the original stone.

At Thirroul and elsewher, diggers that once were a ghostly white or off-white now have an embalmed air.

As has occurred elsewhere where war memorials were built close to busy roads, Thirroul's memorial was sideswiped by a truck in the mid-1970s. Now developers have purchased the financially-strapped RSL premises next to it. This involved purchase of the land on which the memorial stands. The local council and the developer have offered to pay for the re-settlement of th war memorial to a rose garden next door owned by the NSW State Rail Authority. Local people hope that this will prove to be the final resting place for the restless statue.

To the names of all those men who went from Thirroul to World War I will be added the names of 13 who died in World War II, on a plaque beside the monument. The RSL men hope that this plaque will be paid for out of the money the Minister for Veterans Affairs has persuaded the federal cabinet to find for 'Australia Remembers', a public relations exercise designed to shift national memory from the first world war to the second.

Nobody now knows why Thirroul has no World War II memorial other than an honour board in the Bowling Club. The projected plaque will not name men who returned. Here again Thirroul is a microcosm of the nation. Conscripts as well as volunteers died on Australian service from 1942 to 1945, and most World War II memorials honour only the dead.

Some people in Thirroul read familiar names as they pass by or turn up for ceremony: one widow, some sons and daughters and grandchildren, more numerous grand-nephews and grand-nieces. But more and more Thirroul is occupied by newcomers, most of whom commute to work in Sydney. What can the memorial mean to them? And who will look after it and arrange ceremonies when the old men of the RSL are gone? More generally, what will be the fate of Anzac monuments and ceremonies in a post-British and multicultural Australia?

Twenty years ago sensible prophets foresaw inevitable decline. Yet at Thirroul as elsewhere, attendance at Anzac Day activities is rising. About 90 people came to the dawn service in 1993, 130 in 1994. Why? This time last year a Jesuit priest, Andrew Hamilton, defined Anzac Day as 'the great Australian feast day. For it deals with the ultimate questions about the value of life posed inescapably by those who are sent to die young on a community's behalf.' Paul Keating proclaimed that theme eloquently at the reinterment of the Unknown Australian Soldier in the Australian War Memorial on 11 November 1993, an event which had a resonance far beyond the imagining of its makers. It may be that 25 April will come to surpass 26 January as the one day in the year on which Australians of whatever ethnicity affirm their shared nationality. Americans would not find that strange, since the Fourth of July has become the common property of a people few of whom are connected by lineage with the America of 1776.

In the interests of humanity, says that inscription unveiled on Anzac Day 1920. Might 25 April become an occasion for affirming a common humanity that embraces even old enemies? At Thirroul, not yet. In 1989, wreaths were laid at the memorial not only on Anzac and Remembrance Days but on 24 February, by veterans of World War demonstrating on behalf of dead and ill-treated mates against Australian official recognition of the death of Emperor Hirohito.

Meanwhile, the stiff and pathetic soldier stands for the dead. All the men named on the World War I monument have died, the 102 who returned as well as the 26 who did not. Like other Australian war memorials in no way resembling the Cenotaph - meaning empty tomb - erected in London to commemorate the dead of the empire, or the one in Sydney's Martin Place TO OUR GLORIOUS DEAD , the statue at Thirroul is known generally as 'the cenotaph'. That word appears on the program for Tuesday's dawn service. An empty tomb, a shrine for those sent to die young on their community's behalf and to lie in foreign fields: that is what the structure built by Alessandro Casagrande and unveiled by Granny Riach has become. When Peter Sculthorpe was inspired by Thirroul's memorial to compose his orchestral piece 'Small Town', written to accompany a reading by James McAuley of D H Lawrence's words, he wove into his own melody the sound of a deathly Last Post.

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN

DHL Society Secretary, MARGARET JONES, is yet another member of the Society's committee to have had close encounters of the suspicious kind

As we are in spy story mode, here is my account of one of those classic encounters on the Trans-Siberian railway which usually belong in the category of fiction. This one was real life.

In the mid-seventies I was working in Peking as a correspondent, and as I was due for leave my office suggested I return to Sydney via Moscow, travelling on the Trans-Siberian. I pointed out it was mid-winter and Siberia was unlikely to prove hospitable, but my masters thought a winter journey would be quite dramatic. And so it turned out.

I left Peking in bitter weather. There were only two other passengers in the "soft" carriages, two Queen's Messengers bound for Ulan Bator. They cooked me sausages and bacon and eggs over a portable stove ("We don't eat any of this foreign muck") and plied me with beer. I was very glad of their company and distressed when they left after a couple of days.

I was now the only foreigner on the train, and very lonely it was. The windows were icing up fast, so I couldn't see much of the landscape: not that there was much to see except blinding whiteness. Daylight was rationed, the nights went on forever, and my morale was sinking as fast as the temperature.

When we reached Irkutsk, other passengers started to fill up the "soft"carriages, which was a relief. Soon after the train pulled out, a handsome fair-haired man put his head round the door and said "Madame, do you speak English? Ah, good. My fiancee and I invite you to have a drink."

So that was the start of my acquaintance with Ilyena and Vladimir, an engaged couple, Moscow-bound, who had been visiting Ilyena's granny in Irkutsk, or so they said. They were well provided for the journey with a big hamper full of champagne, brandy, cheese, sausage, and cakes, and I spent most of the rest of the trip in their compartment.

He was a librarian, she was a language teacher, and they both spoke good English. They were most interested to learn that I was a journalist working in Peking, and they asked general and inoffensive questions about China which I answered without hesitation, believing in the free exchange of information.

One odd thing happened. Ilyena said I would not be warm enough in Moscow, and pressed me to accept a beautiful sheepskin coat, very soft and fine, which she happened to have with her. I refused and she was quite distressed.

She gave me her telephone number in Moscow, which I did not intend to use, but Intourist proved typically unhelpful, so I took the easy option and rang Ilyena up. She and Vladimir gave me a fine time: a tour of Moscow and environs, and front stalls at the Bolshoi two nights running, with champagne at interval.

I was invited to dinner at Ilyena's flat which turned out to be a nice little one-bedroom apartment with all mod cons including an expensive stereo system. So this was how young language teachers lived in Moscow?

Alas, in the (then) Soviet Union as elsewhere, there is no such thing as a free lunch. After dinner, Ilyena was sent off to the kitchen to do the washing up while Vladimir, saying we would now have a serious talk, invited me to tell him anything I could about defence installations in China. Anything at all, he said, would be useful to him in his work.

I'm afraid they had wasted their hospitality. No correspondent working in China at that time had ever been near a defence installation, and I had to break the news to Vladimir that I was totally ignorant of any of the People's Republic defence secrets. I was quite upset by all this, as I had really liked these two people who had been so nice to me. (To their credit, they stuck to me to the last, driving me to the airport in a blinding snow storm and loading me with presents).

Were they KGB? Who knows, though I rather lean to the theory that they were more likely a couple of amateurs hoping to do some good for themselves. Ilyena's untypical flat and the front stall seats at the Bolshoi make you wonder, though.

Bits...

A recent article in the *Weekend Australian* about the former footballer/film star (and acquitted murder charge defendant) O.J. Simpson reported that while holidaying in Florida he booked into the local Edgewater Beach resort under the unlikely pseudonym of "D.H. Lawrence".

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In Kylie Tennant's biography of H.V. Evatt she recounts a debate between Evatt and W. N. McNamara, a fellow trustee of Sydney's Mitchell Library. Evatt forthrightly declared that Lawrence wrote "awful pornographic stuff". McNamara insisted on getting up from the Library's basement some of Lawrence's pictures. Evatt enthusiastically decided that if Lawrence was not his favourite writer, at least he was an artist.

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Gerald Pollinger tells us his firm, Laurence Pollinger Limited, is in the process of placing *Love Among the Haystacks* with Australian film producer J. McElroy.

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In 1952 at the Washington mansion of Mrs Dupont, Dylan Thomas read the D.H. Lawrence poem, "Kangaroo". An audio tape of the reading was made and is available from the Library of Congress, Washington DC.

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In reference (see letters below) to the mention of the words "Coo-ee", Treasurer Steve O'Connor points out that DHL again referred to the old Aboriginal call "Coo-ee" in the First Lady Chatterley.

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We have received a letter from Peter Preston, of the DHL Centre at Nottingham, alerting us to the problem facing - literally - one of Lawrence's famous homes - the "DHL Cottage", Higher Tregerthen, Zennor, in Cornwall (where Lawrence set much of the Nightmare chapter in *Kangaroo*). A large and vulnerable fuel tank has been erected in the front garden, desecrating - shades of Wyewurk - the view of the cottage and presenting a danger from local vandals. Our committee is writing to the local council to support appeals for the tank's relocation.

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The University of NSW has a "Great Books Group" which each month meets to discuss what others might call "the canon" of Western Literature (1997 books include Proust's *Remembrance*, Boldrewood's *Robbery Under Arms*, and Rushdie's *Satanic Verses*). Last October the group discussed *Kangaroo*, and Professor Donald Horne addressed it on this "Great Book" (he recalled the famous J.I.M. Stewart story about *Kangaroo* being the only example of Australian literature). Horne praised the novel, which he described as "a book about human relations". It was not a fascist novel but "a Socratic dialogue" about authority. Lawrence was particularly good about the Australian male character and the absence of class distinctions in Australia. The plot - democracy against the mob - was a bit of a letdown ("lots of things don't happen"). "Not a great novel...a bit of a mess...self-indulgent...comes to life in its 'bits and pieces'." However, it had many good descriptive passages - "9.5 out of 10".

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Letters...

Congratulations to all on the April edition of *Rananim*. The poems and pictures are marvellous, and such a thrill to see my piece on the Etruscans. Is Coo-ee an Australian word? I have often wondered why Lawrence used it in the early, Eastwood part of *Mr Noon*. The novel was written before Lawrence visited Australia; and the typescript sent to the publisher was not to be seen again for 30 years. Has anyone an explanation?

- Marylyn Valentine

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Many thanks for *Rananim*. I have read it with some absorption. The colour and black and white reproductions are outstanding and so simply and effectively displayed. I remember seeing DHL's own paintings displayed in the hotel in Taos in 1963 and those in your *Rananim* seem to match very well. "Elephant" is interesting too - at five I was brought to see HRH The Prince of Wales driven along St Kilda Road in Melbourne on that same trip. Lawrence seemed to sense the ultimate fate of the House of Windsor up there in Kandy.

Congratulations on a fine issue...

- Dymphna Clark

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I enjoyed the latest edition, particularly the watercolours. What about arranging an exhibition of them along with the next seminar?...

Enclosed is a photo of the war memorial (see page 32) which has been relocated and refurbished. It is near the Railway Station. Frieda's plan for a fence around it has almost been implemented! The inscription at the base "unveiled by Grannie Riach 25th April 1920" is becoming a bit faint due to the erosion of the sandstone, so I've drawn it to the attention of the heritage officer at Wollongong Council.

If there is time you might also be interested in calling at the Bulli Railway Station museum where they now have preserved a steam engine that pulled the coal trucks out onto Bulli jetty. When you see how small it is it helps to make sense of the scene in Chapter 7 where Somers talks with William James who was driving one of these engines along the jetty...

- John Child

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About the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia

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

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

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

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

NAME: .....

ADDRESS: .....

.....

..... **POSTCODE:** .....

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

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

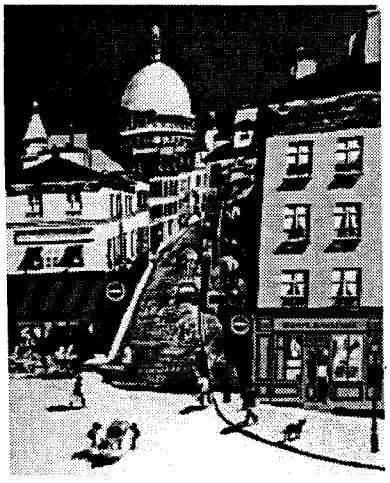
Recent Theories of Travel Writing
cont'd from p 30

natives', that they exclude. ...

The stability of such positions is assumed. Despite Pratt's caveat about 'autoethnographic materials', the claim of stability cannot be relinquished without blunting the political edge of the case about the imperial gaze and its rhetorical forms of appropriation. Does any such stability, though, actually obtain once one starts to dig away at the writing experience and at the facts of publishing which underlie the published Lawrence passages we were looking at? ...

Instability of meaning and philosophy were inherent in his writing practice, both within a version and between versions. Lawrence wrote provisionally, although the confidence and scope of his conclusions about, in this case, a racial psychology of the Bavarian peasant, belie this. Like a sub-atomic scientific experiment in which the act of viewing alters the disposition of the particles rendering objective observation impossible, Lawrence's own thinking was elicited by, and changed in, the *act* of writing.

In conclusion then, the privileged, single, coherent speaking position within a phallocentric discourse which has taken such a hammering in recent years turns out upon inspection in Lawrence's case, especially in the 1912–16 period, not to be single, not necessarily privileged, unsure of itself as it changed, gathering significances as it went. But above all it was performative, changing there in front of you as you compare versions and as you look into what had happened in the interim between writing and revision and further revision. The authority and power of knowing which Said and Pratt target assumes a stable knowledge or position of knowing. Lawrence turns out to have none of this in the 1912–16 period.



Spirit of Place

As mentioned in Paul Eggert's Nottingham report (see p. 5), a feature of July's DHL Conference was a show of lithographs by English artist Paul Hogarth of the places Lawrence visited. Unfortunately he chose the Harbour Bridge to illustrate Sydney (as did the Ace Books edition of Kangaroo*). So we show a genuine Lawrence site - Montmartre.*

Coming Up in Future Issues

What's in a Name? - Mining DHL's Nomenclature

A Peek Inside Wyewurk - a Visitor Gets a Look-in

Lawrence in Ceylon

More about DHL in Western Australia