



# Rananim

The Journal of the D.H. Lawrence Society of Australia  
ISSN No: 1039 - 9658

Vol. 7, No. 1, December, 1999  
& Vol. 8, No.1, March 2000

## WE ARE ALIVE - AND TWITCHING

A lot of literary water has flowed under the Lawrentian bridge since our last issue of *Rananim*, going on for two years ago.

Then it was mainly a report on the events, or non-events, at the Seventh International D.H. Lawrence Conference, held in Taos in July, 1998.

Now it is the new millennium, and the Eighth International D.H. Lawrence Conference looms, this time in Japan.

Who knows what it might bring? Thankfully it will be free of the baleful presence of the dreadful Dr Hunter S. Darroch (see *Rananim* 6.2).

Here in remote Australia, Lawrence interest, alas, wanes.

Membership of our D.H. Lawrence Society has contracted to the point where, late last year, its very future existence was in question, notwithstanding a spurt of interest in Thirroul (see "Plaque" picture this page and story and more pictures pp.12-13).

Our President, Paul Eggert, was present at the unveiling of the Lawrence plaque in Craig Street, and had occasion to speak to some of the local folk, including several academics from the Univer-



*Pictured at the unveiling of a plaque off Craig Street, Thirroul, in honour of D.H. Lawrence: L to R (front) Kerrie Christian and her young daughter; Joanna Skilton, plaque initiator (in white hat); and plaque designer, Renae Barnes. At rear, John Ruffels (left) and DHL Society President, Paul Eggert. (See full story and more pictures pp 12-13.)*

sity of Wollongong.

He invited a number of the Thirroulians and Wollongongians to attend a proposed annual general meeting which was to follow our Lady Hopetoun cruise (see story p. 3) last November.

The expectation was that the Lawrence Society focus could be extirpated from Sydney and re-

potted on the South Coast, where a little band of bright-eyed and bushy-tailed local Lawrentians, watering cans at the ready, might hopefully tend this fragile genus (*Lawrentia Australium*) into the indefinite future.

But it did not turn out that way. The little spurt of local in-

*cont'd on p2*

# Editorial

Welcome to this bumper edition of *Rananim*, spanning 1999 and the start of the new Millennium. There are two very important major articles in this edition: Rob Douglass's account of his meeting with Monty Weekley, and the historical context of the secret army plot in *Kangaroo*. This issue also provides the background to an entertaining account (on pp. 4-5) of how a BBC correspondent (and Eric Linklater) saved the contents of the Uffizi from destruction. This gem was kindly forwarded by Jean Temple, and there is another connection to a Bit in this issue (see p. 39).

One disappointing feature of this edition is the dearth of letters (but see back page for an important one from the distinguished Australian journalist and author, Phillip Knightley). Please write! (on any topic which however vaguely may relate to Lawrence, Frieda, or indeed the world). The Editor's address is

P.O.Box 847, Rozelle NSW 2039  
(email: [jlacey@zeta.org.au](mailto:jlacey@zeta.org.au)).

Some other topics on which you may wish to comment (though not necessarily for publication) are: Should *Rananim* be published on the Internet? at the same time as the printed issue, or with a time delay? entirely, or selectively? (in any case, it is probably not possible to include photos at present) be offered at a reduced subscription for electronic readers?

Some social activities which the Committee is considering are a steam train trip to Blue Mountains, a Yulefest steam train to Hunter Valley vineyards, a steam train to Newcastle, with a cruise on either Lake Macquarie or Newcastle Harbour, a steam train to Robertson with Yuletide lunch, or a weekend away in the Blue Mountains, or in the Thirroul area.

- John Lacey

## WE ARE ALIVE - AND TWITCHING

*cont'd from previous page*

terest occasioned by the unveiling of the plaque could not be sustained, and none from the South Coast could find time to come up to Sydney and attend either the cruise or the putative AGM.

An alternative suggestion from our indefatigable President that an AGM might be organised closer to the environs of Thirroul/Wollongong, for the convenience of the locals, also came to nothing.

That left the future of the Society somewhat in limbo, and indeed it might come as a surprise to some that another issue of *Rananim* - the blossom of the *Lawrentia* plant - has seen the light of day.

However, the Society is, we are pleased to announce, still alive, if not exactly kicking. Limbo, despite its poor Press in the Good Book, is not an altogether inhospitable place for Societies such as ours, suspended as it were betwixt

existence and non-existence. At least thus ensconced it holds out the possibility of a future re-emergence, if not resurgence.

And so, out of limbo, comes this issue of *Rananim* (which we are dating December 1999/March 2000, for it was conceived in 1999, and we do not want to have to jump our volume number from 6 to 8, also giving us the incentive to have a proper 2000 volume 8 issue later this year, seeing we still have funds for that).

We have in this issue a number of articles of interest, as mentioned by our editor above, and in the contents box at right.

And so, thus fitted out, we go to press, optimistic that our Society and its journal (of which we are quite proud, and reluctant to see disappear altogether) will continue into the new century, even from such an insecure *poste restant* as Limbo, Sydney, Australia

- RD



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

President: Paul Eggert  
Vice-President: Robert Darroch  
Secretary: Margaret Jones  
Treasurer: Stephen O'Connor  
Membership Secretary: John Ruffels  
Editor, *Rananim*: John Lacey  
Publisher, *Rananim*: Sandra Jobson  
Editorial Committee, *Rananim*: John Lacey, Robert Darroch, Sandra Jobson, Margaret Jones, John Ruffels

PO Box 100  
Millers Point, NSW 2000 Australia  
Fax: (02) 9130 6059  
email: [sandra@cybersydney.com.au](mailto:sandra@cybersydney.com.au)

Letters and contributions to *Rananim* are very welcome. Please send to the above address, with your name, address and telephone number (and, if possible, fax).

## SELECTED CONTENTS

- P3 A CRUISE INTO THE FUTURE
- P4 MADLY
- P6 DHL - WOMEN'S ALLY
- P8 FOOTY POEM
- P9 THIRD AGE LAWRENCE
- P10 MYSTERY PAINTING
- P11 LAWRENCE BOOK REVIEW
- P12 DHL PLAQUE SPREAD
- P14 ED GETS WET IN SICILY
- P15 DEAR DIARY...
- P16 KINGS SCHOOL LETTERS
- P17 NOTHING TO SNIFF AT
- P27 A SLIP OR A TIP?
- P28 TEA WITH MONTY
- P38 BITS
- P40 LETTER FROM LONDON
- P40 MEMBERSHIP FORM

# A Cruise into the Future



It was in the finest weekend weather for some weeks as members gathered for the DHL Society's Year 2000 annual cruise on Sunday 14 November last.

The observant reader will have noticed that the date and the year do not match: to find the answer to this conundrum, read on.

This cruise had been arranged primarily so that the Sydney-based members of the Committee could welcome the Thirroul members who had indicated at a September meeting with President Paul Eggert their wish to participate more directly in the Society's activities. Unfortunately, none these members could come up to participate in the cruise. Some of the vacant berths were able to be taken by two visitors from Sweden.

The Swedish visitors were impressed by the views of Sydney icons such as the Harbour Bridge and the Opera House as the 1902 Steam Yacht *Lady Hopetoun* steamed under the newly named Anzac Bridge and headed down the harbour on this sparkling Sunday morning.

Earlier fears of a large swell (whipped up by the previous day's strong winds) were groundless and Captain Smith was able to steer the *Lady Hopetoun* on a course directly across the Heads, thus avoiding some large tacking yachts before swinging deftly into the calm waters of Middle Harbour. Here was a journey into another world, apparently remote from the glittering towers of glass and steel which remained concealed beyond the bends in the drowned river valley, but only a few kilometres distant by road. The stark hillsides with their sandstone caps bore the scars of recent beautifiers.

One of the Society's now traditional lavish spreads (see above) was enjoyed in the tranquil waters of Bantry and Sugarloaf Bays. After lunch, the works of the new North Shore Overflow Tunnel were inspected at close hand (the excavated spoil is taken by barge to White Bay, where there is a 40, 000 tonne

stockpile waiting to be loaded on to trains which remove the sandstone to a site near St. Marys). The purple jacaranda displays of Castlecrag and Cammeray were closely inspected, as were Neutral Bay, various harbourside developments, and the Prime Ministerial residence. Our Swedish visitors, among others, were appreciative of the close views given of the *Bounty* and other vessels.

Then, as Captain Smith steered a course for home through Darling Harbour, Robert Darroch called for order as he delivered the explanation for the year 2000 annual cruise being held in November 1999 (see below). With the Olympics and other traumas, this was the only suitable date John Lacey had been able to secure to charter the *Lady Hopetoun*. In reply, John Lacey stated that a cruise may still be possible in 2000, and the moment was well chosen for he was able to point dramatically "on that", that being the elegant 1920s gentleman's yacht, *Boomerang*.

If you have Internet access, you may see an album of photos taken on this cruise at

[http://www.zing.com/cgi-bin/album.cgi?album\\_id=4294827893](http://www.zing.com/cgi-bin/album.cgi?album_id=4294827893)

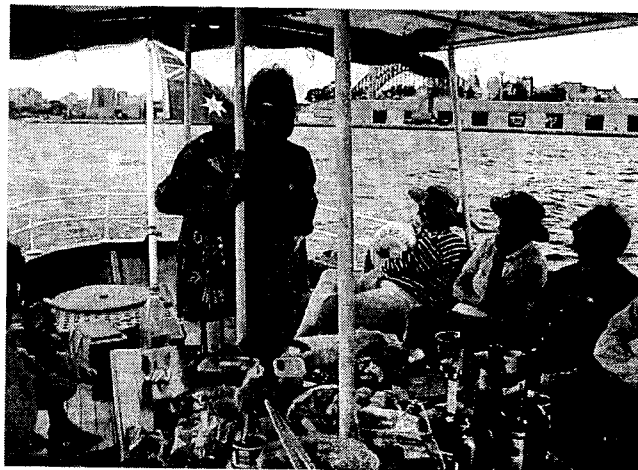
If this is too daunting, try <www.zing.com>. Go to album directory, choose hobbies and interests; from this list click on "Boats" and "Sydney Harbour cruise" should be illustrated. Click this link, then view the album in the slide show mode.

Once your Editor has improved his Web page building skills, there should be some Web pages devoted to the Society's activities posted directly on the Internet. In the meantime, the Editor's first two experimental efforts, devoted to Indian Railways, may be viewed at:

[http://www.geocities.com/TheTropics/Bay/7942/steam\\_masala.htm](http://www.geocities.com/TheTropics/Bay/7942/steam_masala.htm)

<http://www.geocities.com/TheTropics/Bay/7942/ircolor.htm>

—John Lacey



# Madly

*Jean Temple has kindly forwarded the following extract from the memoir of WWII BBC correspondent Wynford Vaughan-Thomas Madly In All Directions (Longman, 1966)*

I earn my living by throwing words about in front of a microphone. Occasionally they are filed away on disc and tape, but most of them disappear - deservedly - into thin air...

Well, perhaps there was one moment in my commentating career when talk did actually lead to worthwhile action: and it naturally took place in the far-off days of World War II.

I'd been the BBC correspondent on the Anzio beach-head and felt as if I'd been to jail for four and a half months. In the heady atmosphere of freedom that followed the breakout and the fall of Rome, I seemed to be set free to meander joyously over the whole front. Ahead of us now lay the next great artistic prize, Florence, and along with Eric Linklater and Sy Korman of the *Chicago Tribune* I drove in my jeep through the July heat towards the front to see how the battle was going. We made a very strange jeep-load. Eric Linklater is short, slightly bald, wears glasses, and is the last man in the world whom you would immediately recognise for what he is - a brilliant novelist, a distinguished military historian and a soldier with a heroic record in the First World War. Sy Korman was tall, gaunt, raw-boned, and his uniform looked as if it had been issued to him by a relief organisation during a famine. He was brave, untiring in pursuit of a story... Sy and I had struck up a close alliance, behind the backs of our bosses. As for myself, I was a a red-faced roly-poly sort of soldier, a fugitive from Falstaff's army.

We came to the high ridges that guard Florence, and reported to the HQ of the hospitable 8th Indian Division. Captain Uni Nayar, their Press Officer, did us proud. He produced a curry of epic proportions and we tucked in; so heartily that when the time came to move poor Sy Korman had tummy trouble on a big scale.

'Stay where you are,' I reassured him. 'I'll tell you if there's anything happening.' Nayar, Linklater and Quereshi, the Reuter correspondent with the 8th Indians, now joined me in my jeep and we drove through a landscape of cypress trees, white-walled Renaissance villas and vine-clad hillsides. The war had erupted itself over a painting by Fra Lippo Lippi.

The silence of fear held the countryside. The guns thudded here and there and a starry shell whistled overhead on a pointless mission across a pow-

dery-blue sky. On the brow of the ridge before us stood a medieval castle, complete with towers, turrets, battlements and a view towards the distant domes of Florence. We raced up through the dust to avoid giving an easy target to snipers and machine-gunners - for the front was all around us and no old soldier takes any risks he can conveniently dodge.

We shot into the safety of a small courtyard. Indian soldiers were everywhere, some squatting in the corners clapping their hands over the circular *chapattis* that seemed so strange in Renaissance Italy. We had come to the HQ company of the Mahratta Light Infantry. The Colonel was upstairs asleep after being up all night dealing with a Tiger Tank at the bottom of the garden.

We went into the castle itself. Two great golden crucifixes leant against the walls of the entrance, alongside them a Virgin and Child on a dark, wooden panel. They are very good,' said Linklater. 'Too good,' said I. 'They must be copies.'

We went into the drawing-room. Cases were stacked against the walls, and a few British soldiers from the signals company attached to the Mahrattas were rummaging amongst the shelves. A pile of invitation cards were still on a table near the door. I picked one up and read that Lady Ida Sitwell would be at home at Montegufoni and that there would be dancing.

Montegufoni! Of course, it was Sir George Sitwell's castle we were in. Everywhere were books, photographs and *objets d'art* which bore the hallmark of the marvellous and terrifying eccentric who was the father of Osbert, Edith and Sacheverell. Linklater, as a friend of the family, felt he ought gently to expostulate with the sergeant. 'We were only looking for something like an Agatha Christie, sir, he explained, 'but there's damn all here.'

How wrong he was! At that moment I felt myself being tugged on the arm. I was surrounded by a group of Italian refugees, papa, mamma and all the garlic-perfumed *bambinos*. They shouted, '*Capolavori degli Uffizi. E vero, e vero*', and propelled me towards the main hall. As they opened the doors I could see stacks of dark frames inside in the gloom. Then papa shouted, 'Moment, *aspett*'. He raced around the hall, opening the huge shutters. As he opened each shutter a shaft of sunlight shot

down, like the spots in a theatre, and lit up the frames. Down shot the first shaft - and I gave a gasp of delight and astonishment. There before me was one of the world's greatest paintings, Botticelli's 'Primavera'. Down came the second shaft: again a glorious revelation - Uccello's 'Battle of San Romano'. On through the hall, with shaft after shaft of the sun lighting up picture after picture, Giotto's, Cimabue's, Andrea del Sarto's, Lippo Lippi's - the greatest concentration of superb painting I had ever seen. And all at my mercy! For a moment I was overcome with a wild temptation. Not even the Great Train Robbers had been given such an opportunity. I could have put an assorted pair of masterpieces in my jeep, whipped them back to the BBC and spent the rest of my life enjoying bootlegged Botticelli in the bathroom.

But at that moment a triumphant cry of '*Il Professore*' echoed around the hall and my 'moment of truth' ended. *Il Professore* entered at the run, one of the librarians of the Uffizi. These were indeed the masterpieces of the gallery. The Allies had bombed the marshalling yards and in panic the Fascists had ordered the paintings to be scattered around Florence. The war rolled north, the Germans had no transport to spare and there was the anguished *Professore* bicycling from castle to castle appealing to unheeding soldiers, on both sides, who had a battle on their hands, to stop shooting in the cause of the Renaissance! He didn't get far.

Now, at last, he had hopes. He turned to Linklater. 'You are a Colonel. Quick, you must stop the war.'

We did our best. We roused the C.O. from sleep. He'd noticed some paintings about, but he had a Tiger Tank to deal with and painting wasn't exactly his line, though the wife did a certain amount of watercolours. But once we'd explained the position, he acted promptly. He cleared out the refugees eating their salami and drinking their Chianti amongst the Fra Angelicos. Dark Mahratta soldiers stood on guard over the Uccellos. As for the Botticelli - Eric Linklater adjusted his glasses to make sure he'd got the right woman and, on our behalf, imprinted a kiss on the lips of Primavera.

Later, led by the *Professore*, we ducked and dodged our way along the skyline to the two neighbouring castles of Montagna and Poppino. The *Professore* made light of the odd bullets that whistled over. 'I, Cesare Fasola, was an ancient Alpini'; and away he bounded with his green pork-pie hat decorated with a small feather.

More pictures, some damaged, some hidden in wine vats for safety and which to the end of time will exude a slight perfume of Chianti into the exclusive air of art galleries on warm days.

'Now, you have seen with your own eyes, you must stop the war!'

We decided that Linklater as senior man had more

chance of stopping the war than I had. He would stay at divisional HQ; I would race back and send a discreetly worded dispatch to the BBC. We pondered carefully how we would describe Montegufoni so that there would be no danger of bringing down German gunfire on it. 'An old Italian farmhouse' was our best effort. Alas, when they heard it in England, the Sitwells were naturally indignant at hearing the lordly castle on which their family had lavished so much care demoted to a decrepit old farmhouse.

Yet perhaps I ought to still feel guilty, for as I picked up Sy Korman and sped back to the Press Camp to send my dispatch, a new temptation overwhelmed me. For the first and only time in my life I had a world scoop on my hands. What should an honest man do? Tell Sy? I just couldn't. When Sy asked me, 'Did you bump into anything interesting up there?' I heard myself replying as from a great distance, 'Not a thing, everything as quiet as the grave.' Sy has long since forgiven me, but if ever a reporter committed journalist mayhem, I was that man.

But my words took effect. They were heard and the Allied Art Commission raced up its experts. Linklater, on his side, had eloquently pleaded the cause of art with the generals, who sealed off this small but precious section of the front. Between us I think we helped to save the Primavera and her sisters. May it be accounted to me as my one good deed of the war.

When I returned to the Uffizi after the war Cesare Fasola welcomed me. We walked through the newly hung galleries. Everything was guarded, untouchable, revered. We passed the pictures which I had last seen propped against corridors and surrounded by peasant families. Now they seemed to have become impossibly remote once again. At last we stood before the 'Primavera'. I remembered how I had touched the painted panel and my surprise at discovering that it was full of little worm holes.

Two American ladies stood before us as we looked at the marvellously patterned colours, the delicate, heart-moving fragile beauty of spring. One turned to the other and said, 'I think she doesn't look very healthy, do you?' The other replied, 'I wonder why they make such a fuss about her.'

*Il Professore* and I made no comment. We knew what the fuss was about. We felt that from now on we had a secret understanding with Primavera. I was glad to find she came safely through the floods of 1966 that did more damage to Florence in twenty-four hours than the Allies did in four years of war!

# D.H. Lawrence as Marriage Counsellor and Women's Ally

By Pam Stadden, a professor at Conestoga College, Continuing Education and Preparatory Studies, Canada

**STUDENTS OF LAWRENCE** will be aware of the vast quantity of his writing; he produced an incredible amount of work within his short life time and much of this work concentrates on the workings of a marriage. From Birkin's star-equilibrium theory in *Women in Love* to Richard Somers' ship analogy in *Kangaroo*, Lawrence's characters are conscious of the responsibilities of the male/female union; Lawrence's prose becomes long analogies of marriage, with his male characters spouting the importance of female obligation. Hence, Lawrence has been subjected to serious claims of misogyny.

His own marriage was a notorious one: Lawrence wed Frieda Weekley, the wife of his University professor, Ernest Weekley. The Lawrence marriage has been documented extensively by scholars and acquaintances of the Lawrences, with Katharine Mansfield's recollection of the couple being perhaps the most striking and illuminating presentation of the Lawrences. In a 1916 letter to S.S. Koteliansky, Mansfield writes:

She [Frieda] then went out of the kitchen and began to walk round and round the house in the dark. Suddenly Lawrence appeared and made a kind of horrible blind rush at her and they began to scream and scuffle. He beat her — he beat her to death—her heart and face and breast [,] and pulled out her hair. All the while she screamed for Murry to help her. Finally they dashed into the kitchen and round and round the table. I shall never forget how Lawrence looked. He was so white—almost green[,] and he just hit, thumped the big soft woman. Then he fell into one chair and she into another. No one said a word. A silence fell except for Frieda's sobs and sniffs. In a way I felt almost glad that the tension between them was over for ever, and they had made an end of their 'intimacy'. Lawrence sat staring at the floor, biting his nails. Frieda sobbed.... Suddenly, after a long time—about a quarter of an hour—Lawrence looked up and asked Murry a question about French literature. Murry replied. Little by little, the three drew up to the table... Then Frieda poured herself some coffee. Then she and Lawrence glided into talk, began to discuss some 'very rich but very good macaroni cheese.' And next day, whipped himself, and far more thoroughly than he had ever beaten Frieda, he was running about taking her up her breakfast to her bed and trimming her a hat.

Although not problem free, the early part of the Lawrences' marriage was the happiest years in Lawrence's life. The friendship between Lawrence and Mansfield would continue to deteriorate, eventually breaking off before her death in 1923.

Catharine Carswell, a writer and friend of Lawrence, said of Frieda that she "lived in a placid dream, which was variegated at times by love affairs that were almost equally unreal."<sup>(8)</sup> For Frieda, marital infidelity appeared to be a necessary accompaniment to any marriage. She had cheated on her first husband, Professor Weekley, numerous times before Lawrence was invited to dinner that fateful afternoon and she continued to cheat. With Lawrence as her husband, Frieda would offer herself to Lawrence's best friend (Murry) and at times to virtual strangers. Aldous Huxley, a writer and acquaintance of the Lawrences, suggests that Frieda's infidelity was extensive. Prussian cavalry officers and Italian peasants supposedly kept Frieda happy while Lawrence and Frieda were travelling through Italy.<sup>(Feinstein,89)</sup> Although they were not married until after Italy, Frieda's actions suggest that she could not be faithful to any man.

Once married, Lawrence was allowed to formulate and test his marital theories. One might say that because of Frieda's sexual indiscretions, he was forced to. Jessie Chambers states that Lawrence told her "every great man—every man who achieves anything...is founded in some woman."<sup>(59)</sup> Marriage, for Lawrence, was a serious institution. As a married man he expected his wife to uphold the monogamous relationship that he himself honoured. <sup>(First endnote).</sup>

Of Frieda's infidelity, Carswell writes "while he [Lawrence] admired this woman's [Frieda's] 'freedom' it was torture to him. At the same time he would hold his own and not be at her mercy."<sup>(9)</sup> Just as men found Frieda attractive, women were drawn to Lawrence. <sup>(Second endnote)</sup> Mabel Dodge Luhan, host to Lawrence while he and Frieda visited Mexico, became infatuated with the writer. Feinstein tells of Luhan's attempt to attract Lawrence with scantily clad clothing. "Once, when they were washing up and their fingers touched accidentally, he paused to explain that there was something more important than love, namely fidelity, which suggests some sexual arousal on his part; but otherwise there is

little sign that he was drawn physically to Mabel.”(Feinstein,185) Luhan, also a poet, perhaps mistook Lawrence’s willingness to collaborate artistically as a suggestion of possible sexual intimacy. Quite possibly Luhan did not know that Lawrence encouraged all his female literary friends, for instance, Carswell and Skinner, supporting them in their work. The relationship with some was close: Carswell was a favourite confidante and to whom he sent a copy of *Women in Love* for her valued opinion.(Carswell,J.Intro.,xi) Lawrence also collaborated with Mollie Skinner producing the novel *The Boy in the Bush*. With Amy Lowell and Lady Cynthia Asquith he corresponded about literature and accepted what possible help they could provide him with his current work.

Lawrence’s status as a loyal husband is strengthened when we consider the number of literary female partners with whom he worked during his life. Even though his sexual philosophies tested the existence of most friendships, he valued friendship. He tells Dorothy Brett, another artist friend that “friendship between a man and a woman, as a thing of first importance to either, is impossible: and I know it. We are creatures of two halves, spiritual and sensual—and each half is as important as the other.”(Huxley letters,626) But Lawrence’s theories would test even the limits of male friendship when he proposed a unique male friendship with John Middleton Murry. Murry, critic and husband of Katherine Mansfield, was uncomfortable with Lawrence’s idea of *Blutbruderschaft*. He rejected Lawrence’s special friendship and gradually he and his wife became removed from the Lawrence circle. Perhaps uncomfortable with the underlying tones of homosexuality that *Blutbruderschaft* suggested, Murry has since achieved the somewhat dubious honour of introducing the subject of impotence into Lawrence criticism.

Considering Lawrence’s poor health, the idea that Lawrence experienced sexual impotence near the end of his life does not seem unreasonable. Feinstein even suggests that Lawrence and Frieda experienced sexual problems as early as 1919.(162) Whether their problems originated from Lawrence’s impotence or Lawrence’s sexual naivety, Feinstein identifies 1919 as a time when Lawrence was concerned about whether his wife was receiving full sexual satisfaction in their relationship.(162) (Third endnote) But as Lawrence’s alleged impotence seems reasonable, Murry’s actions do not. It seems strange that a male friend would be aware of the inadequacies of another male and wish to publicise them. Perhaps he received this information from Frieda, but Murry’s extreme anger after Lawrence’s death, (*Son of Woman*), is not fully explained. Murry

held back something in regard to his friendship with Lawrence. I am sure this missing piece of information would explain his comments in *Son of Woman* in 1931 when other Lawrence acquaintances were writing respectful obituaries for the writer.

As Lawrence’s own physique declined, his interest in homosexuality, or blood brotherhood, increased.

As Lawrence’s body became more skeletal, he admired the beauty of a healthy male. Mailer understands why the phallus is a major theme of Lawrence’s work. “No wonder he worshipped the phallus, he above all men knew what an achievement was its rise from the root, its assertion to stand proud on a delicate base.”(154) The male relationship presented a world for Lawrence where masculinity was shared and understood. Perhaps Lawrence saw this unique male relationship as a chance to elevate oneself over the mysteries of the female. The male relationship would also create a greater chance for his own failing masculinity to be acknowledged and appreciated. Frieda apparently failed to consider Lawrence a whole man during the final stages of his life.

Feinstein states that by 1928 Lawrence suspected that Frieda was already romancing her future husband, Angelo Ravagli.(222) It is possible therefore that Lawrence viewed Frieda’s infidelity as a reflection upon his inability to perform as a husband. The paranoia and mental strife Lawrence experienced near the end of his life quite likely had marital origins. And so Lawrence’s statements about female submission seem quite understandable. In a 1927 letter Lawrence states: “I’m not sure if a mental relation with a woman doesn’t make it impossible to love her. To know the mind of a woman is to end in hating her.”(Huxley letters,688)

Although I don’t believe Lawrence hated Frieda during any time in their marriage, I do believe he hated her actions. Hence, his theories about women and about marriage were not always welcomed by Frieda. Since Frieda was allegedly unfaithful to Lawrence even before they were married, his radical statements about the woman’s expected role within relationships do not appear as early misogynistic tracts; instead, they are the latent awakenings of a husband whose wife’s activities were known and responded to by men. In 1918 Lawrence tells the newly married Katharine Mansfield: “I do think a woman must yield some sort of precedence to a man, and he must take this precedence. I do think men must go ahead absolutely in front of their women, without turning round to ask for permission or approval from their women. Consequently the women must follow as it were unques-

cont’d over page

tioningly. I can't help it, I believe this. Frieda doesn't. Hence our fight.(Huxley edition,458)

In his theories about marriage, Lawrence is not dismissing women but accepting their differences within the male/female relationship. Troubled by the problems in his own marriage, Lawrence attempted to save the relationships of others using his insights about the male/female relationship. Instead of being viewed as someone who insists upon helping others, Lawrence is viewed instead as a radical husband who wished his friends to control their wives as he dreamed of controlling his own wife.

Lawrence's theories are not so radical as we at first assumed: "And women shall not vote equally with men, but for different things. Women must govern such things as the feeding and housing of the race...women shall have absolutely equal voices with regard to marriage, custody of children, etc.(letter to Lady Cynthia Asquith, Huxley edition, 248) Perhaps he should have concentrated more upon his own marriage and not interfered in the marriages of others, but it is through the chaos of his own marriage, that Lawrence comes close to an understanding of the balance between the sexes. Lawrence was aware of minorities and the oppressed because his authority as husband and partner, similar to the woman's role, was ignored by his wife. Even though his wife did everything to upset Lawrence's sympathetic relationship with women, he did not lose his sympathy for feminism.

- Pamela Stadden

#### Notes

1. It has been suggested that Lawrence did not permit birth control to enter their love-making because of the falseness it added to the relationship.(Feinstein, 85).

2. In an undated letter to Edward Garnet (Huxley edition, 38), Lawrence tells Garnett that he (Lawrence) is the object of an infatuation. The admirer is one of Lawrence's cousins. Lawrence is amazed that his young female cousin finds him (Lawrence) attractive. This is possibly the earliest recollection of Lawrence's effect on women. They were attracted to him for reasons even Lawrence could not comprehend. Lawrence asks, "Why is it women will fall in love with me?" (Huxley edition,38). Also note: Aldington misquotes this line in *Portrait of a Genius*. Aldington claims that women were indeed attracted to Lawrence but that Lawrence complained in the same letter about "women always falling in love with him" (Aldington,103).

3. Paul Delany suggests that Lawrence experienced a different kind of problem — the inability to father children. Delany links a quotation by Murry pertaining to Lawrence's alleged sterility to 1914, the beginning of Lawrence's marriage and a time when Lawrence and Frieda were most likely not using birth control(22).

#### Works Cited

- Aldington, Richard. *D.H. Lawrence: Portrait of a Genius But...* New York: St. Martin's Press, 1989.
- Carswell, Catharine. *The Savage Pilgrimage*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1932.
- Chambers, Jessie. *D.H. Lawrence – A Personal Record*. Cambridge University Press, 1935.
- Delany, Paul. *D.H. Lawrence's Nightmare*. New York: Basic Books Inc., 1978.
- Feinstein, Elaine. *Lawrence's Women*. London: Flamingo/Harper Collins Publishers, 1993.
- Lawrence, D.H. *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence*. Ed. Aldous Huxley. London: William Heinemann Ltd., 1932.
- Mailer, Norman. *The Prisoner of Sex*. London: Sphere, 1971.
- Mansfield, Katherine, "Letter About the Lawrences", *D.H. Lawrence: A Critical Survey*. Ed. Harry T. Moore. Toronto: Forum House Publishing, 1969, 131-133.

### Hail to thee blithe spirit Footy fan thou never wert

One of our Society members, Christopher Pollnitz, is a bit of a poet, or versifier at least. He recently published a slim volume devoted to his favourite sport, Australian Rules football. The book, entitled *Rushed Points*, contains a poetic coverage, from the point of view of a Ports supporter, of the 1997-99 seasons. Here are a few extracts:

*Season of barbecues and Tim-Tams  
when first-round losers get the jim-jams  
(the opening lines of Owed to Autumn)*

*Thanks for the scarf, and well-meant snorts  
about the sad debut of Ports.  
Last week, like Demons, they withstood  
the forward might of Collingwood;  
this week, I'll watch enc scarfed with passion  
while the full-freighted Bombers thrash 'em.  
(from Easter Ode, 1997)*

*Some teams can't win and they can't lose,  
for they've not made The Eight;  
with vacant eyes their followers look,  
and desolate their State.*

*No stranger bad a soft hello,  
no friendly eye grew dim;  
but Port had missed the cut, and oh  
the difference to him.*

*(from Whistles in the Wind, Melancholy  
Songs for End-of-Season, 1998)*



# Third Age Lawrence Studies

*Being an account of a creative new way of studying Lawrence and his works*

**OUR CAMPUS IS** hardly university size being a former kindergarten, but it has all the usual offices and is centrally located for our members of the University of the Third Age in the city of Knox which lies some 25 kilometers East of Melbourne. We have over 500 members, who qualify by being over 55 years and retired. No academic qualifications are required but the desire to increase one's knowledge and meet other enthusiasts on subjects ranging from computers, languages, literature to Tai Chi, philosophy and bush walking. Our tutors can be an ex admiral, a university don or an expert willing to give of his or her knowledge and experience. Such persons could also be members of one of the 60 classes held where they too would be hearing, practicing and learning. There are no exams!

I first began U3A tutoring by discussing the life and writing of Thomas Hardy which took some twelve months and realise now that it could have been years longer. This was followed by Dylan Thomas which concluded with the class hearing and following the man himself in *Under Milk Wood*. This year began the class on the Young D H Lawrence. The intention was to stop when we reached 1914 and his marriage to Frieda, now I am not so sure. I think it would not be fair to Lawrence or the class to leave him just when he was maturing in his outlook on society and the remarkable relationship developing between Lawrence, Frieda, John Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield. And their idea of Rananim.

We have not arrived at 1914, and will not for several semesters. In fact, we are wrapped up in the years 1908 – 1910 when he is a school teacher at Croydon, London, completing the umpteenth draft of *The White Peacock*, beginning his association with Ford Maddox Heuffeur and David Garnett. Meeting established authors. Writing away to Blanche Jennings. Meeting Helen Corke and becoming involved in her life and in consequence writing *The Trespasser*. The gradual placing of Jessie Chambers to the background. His school life, the poems he wrote of his feelings and of course, the personal problems trying to resolve his sexual proclivities. His mother's death and his engagement to Louie Burrows. We shall be completing this semester with a showing of the film *Coming Through*, written by Alan Playter, which will help the class obtain an idea of time and place of Nottingham and Eastwood, but

not so much as it was in Lawrence's day. One of the highlights of the film, for me, is Lawrence (Kenneth Branagh) reciting idiomatically *Violets* when lunching with the Weekleys.

To give the class an understanding and feeling for the early 1900's in the Midlands of England, the mining community, and the accepted manners and lifestyle of Lawrence's own family and neighbours; then contrast the uniqueness of his family in comparison to say his father's brother Walter required explanations of living in that period. This involved interesting research and I was often surprised by the class comments, many of them having spent their childhood in the 1930s in circumstances and conditions common to Lawrence's years at Eastwood.

One advantage of discussing writers such as Lawrence is that the class has already read some of his writing. They remember him and possibly come to think of him as a living author. They are aware of the controversies surrounding some of his novels and stories, but often are not aware of his poetry. As we have the vast collection of his letters the class can hear what he wrote and felt in that actual moment of his life, as we discuss a situation, which he was living through, makes him a very identifiable flesh and blood writer. The comment I often receive from members is how they never realised what an involved and contrasting personality he had and how they begin to identify Lawrence's thoughts and feelings through their reading of his fictional characters.

The several young women that he meets as a teacher at Croydon and wants to establish in depth relationships with them all make us realise how great was his desire and need for a female presence to be with him through his life. Which in his early twenties he seems at a loss to understand. As do most men?

We spent a long time of one period discussing his painting abilities and the enjoyment of being able to easily visit the National Gallery in London. That today Jan Junta's portrait of him hangs in the National Portrait Gallery of London would have elicited an interesting ironic comment had he been alive to know. Also that one of his first addresses was on *Art and the Individual* to his friends in the Eastwood Debating Society.

The short stories we read in class and we began with *Odour of Chrysanthemums*, his first suc-

*cont'd over page*

### Third Age Lawrence Studies

cont'd from previous page

successful published story apart from those that were entered into the Nottinghamshire Guardian competition, teaches us his gift for creating a story from his own early background. Again for many it was a pleasant surprise to learn that the writer of *St. Mawr* and *The Rocking Horse Winner* was our Bert. When we read *Love Among the Haystacks* our understanding of Lawrence and why he was to be constantly at the puzzle (for him) of the male and female relationship as a writer grows.

It seems no matter at what part of Lawrence's life we are considering his own bubbling personality constantly surprises. The off hand manner he will treat his associates can change in the twinkling of an eye from impertinent dismissal to one of complete attention and seeming devoted friendship that he could not possibly live without begins to be noted. The incredible and intense relationship he has with Jessie Chambers as compared with that to with his mother over the years is the basis of our research

into his early character development and behaviour as a mature writer.

Since beginning the class the local and further afield second hand bookshops have been surprised by the increased demand for Lawrence writing this year. Our literary hunger for biography and books written about him has sent us scurrying through the Internet seeking writing of those he met in his life and were impelled to put down their impressions. So the class is delighted I have made contact with the D.H.L. Society here in Australia and learn of your magazine *Rananim*. There could be an eventual increase in your Victorian membership!

Whether our consideration of D H Lawrence is "correct" post-modern understanding or not we do not know. Lacking discrimination we are happy to read the many "experts" and place what we garner to our own conclusions. As your *Rananim* editorial of October 1998 pointed out – one person's understanding as valid as anyone else's. With which our U3A members, with "time to pause to consider what is true or fact or real" all agree.

- Arch Daley

## MORE ON THE DE MAISTRE MYSTERY PAINTING

SINCE our last edition, more information has come to light on our little mystery painting by Roy De Maistre of "one of D.H.Lawrence's Australian houses", Torestin. (See previous issue pages 5 & 7). I was able to make contact, finally, with Helen Johnson of Pennant Hills, the biographer of painter Roy De Maistre. She was most interested in our inquiries, and phoned back with some useful information.

After reading the article on the painting in the previous *Rananim*, Helen said the fact De Maistre presented his painting of "Torestin" to the Butlers "in 1926-28" indicates De Maistre must have met them when they were in Sydney as part of a round-the-world honeymoon voyage. De Maistre was living at the fabulous Burdekin House in Macquarie Street. The Butler wife had been Sidney Courtauld, daughter of Samuel Courtauld whose famous art collection was presented to the British government.

The other interesting item provided by Helen Johnson was the fact a third version of a painting featuring that house had been pub-

lished in the book *Australian Modern Art between the Wars 1919 – 1939* by Mary Eagle.

The painting, entitled Coastal Landscape, New South Wales, was also painted around 1926, the year the "Torestin" painting was produced.

The scene depicted in this last version is of a secluded beach, with holiday cottages on gently sloping terrain quite close to the sand. Left of centre is the "Torestin" cottage. A road through the bush higher up the hill traverses the landscape from left to right.

In the foreground the beach scene is framed by smooth-barked trees, perhaps indicating those Palm Beach angophoras. De Maistre, despite entitling one of his "Torestin" scenes "Balmoral, 1926", produced several other coastal scenes with Palm Beach subjects in 1926-27.

The "Torestin" painting has since appeared in Southby's Melbourne catalogue for April, listed for sale, I think, for \$30,000.

Helen Johnson phoned Sotheby's to tell them the original painting was untitled and that the title had been bestowed upon it by the Wemys Gallery people.

- John K. Ruffels

## Review

# LAWRENCE UN-ENGLISHED

Masako Hirai, *SISTERS IN LITERATURE: FEMALE SEXUALITY IN ANTIGONE, MIDDLEMARCH, HOWARDS END AND WOMEN IN LOVE* (London: Macmillan, 1998)  
Stefania Michelucci, *L'ORIZZONTE MOBILE: SPAZIO E LUOGHI NELLA NARRATIVA DI D. H. LAWRENCE* (Turin: Edizione dell'Orso, 1998)  
*THE RECEPTION OF D. H. LAWRENCE AROUND THE WORLD*, ed. Takeo Iida (Fukuoka: Kyushu University Press, 1999)

**HERE WE HAVE** three notable publications on D. H. Lawrence, none of them emanating from anglophone countries.

Masako Hirai is a Lawrence scholar who teaches in the English Department at Kobe College in Nishinomiya, Japan. She argues a strong case: the three English novels of her work's subtitle all share a common theme about sisterhood and its responsibilities. In this shared interest, they reflect and also, in an intertextual sense, descend from the terrible plight of Sophocles' *Antigone*. The case is a feminist one handled with restraint and delicacy, a real achievement. The chapters on *Women in Love* are particularly good.

Stephania Michelucci is a postdoctoral student in Italy. She recently wrote a fresh and illuminating introduction and the notes for the Penguin edition of Lawrence's *Twilight in Italy*. Now she has produced a literary-critical study in Italian. Its subtitle declares the angle of study: space and places in Lawrence, a promise which the work fulfils for the novels and some of the short stories. The intriguing title picks up, in English, not just *Mobile* horizon, but a changeable, fickle, quicksilver one. And that's dead right for the new Lawrence who has been emerging from the recent criticism and scholarship as rather a different figure from the one we all read when we were in our twenties and thought we'd grown out of — or against whom we reacted on firm, ideological grounds.

Just when you thought Lawrence was yesterday's author, the criticism has been shifting in fundamental ways. Watch this space! I wish my Italian was good enough to do the work justice. Michelucci is a smart critic and she'll be contributing solidly to this reassessment.

This present piece can't properly be a review of *The Reception of D.H. Lawrence Around the World* because it contains a chapter of mine about Lawrence's reception in Australia. But it has such interesting material in the other chapters I can't forbear . . .

It's a book about the reception of Lawrence around the world. Ho hum, you say? Think again. It's a brilliant idea. This book, edited and produced in Japan, is saying implicitly that Lawrence does not belong to the British nor to the Americans nor the Australians nor other anglophone readerships.

We anglophones (i.e. most readers of this review) normally assume a prerogative of understanding Lawrence's writings because our access to his language is native. But his writings exist not only on the page but in

the minds of his readers. There's Lawrence as written and there's Lawrence as received. Trouble is, we don't in practice know what's written till we read it, till we 'receive it': see the dilemma?

His meanings are inevitably inflected according to the reader's cultural background. Why then is the anglophone meaning inherently superior to the Korean or Chinese or Finnish? Of course, the answer is: it ISN'T.

This book doesn't grandstand, doesn't instruct us to come to this conclusion. It just happens cumulatively as a scholar from each country reflects on how 'Lawrence' (now in inverted commas) has been understood in that scholar's country, what phases the reception has gone through. Lawrence's works do cultural work — differently in different cultures: THIS, we can now say for sure.

Occasionally Iida's book's English is unidiomatic — but, again, that's the anglophone critic (me) speaking. Better just to say that it's liberating to read, say, Jungmai Kim's chapter, 'The Reception of D. H. Lawrence in Korea'. The facts alone are amazing.

The critical response to Lawrence in Korea started in 1926. By 1996 there had been 222 masters theses and 27 doctoral dissertations written on Lawrence in Korean universities. In 1998 there were 30 academics teaching in Korean universities with PhDs on Lawrence — probably a greater number than in any other country with the likely exception of USA: 'Koreans have traditionally loved nature by instinct, never thinking of nature as the object to be conquered as most Westerners do, but as a great benign Being with whose rhythm we feel in harmony . . . his respect for individuality is very heartening to youths who tend to feel stifled under the traditional Confucian morality, still the powerful mainstream in Korean society' (p. 268). There are echoes here of the anglophone response to Lawrence of the 1950s-60s, and certainly *Lady Chatterley's Lover* has served an equivalent political function in a number of countries including China and Finland.

Much useful information can be found in Peter Preston's *Lawrence in Britain: An Annotated Chronology: 1930-1998*. The reception of Lawrence in Britain has gone through various phases too. Even there, no stable 'Lawrence' is available: he is made afresh in each generation.

And what's more, it's happening again.

- Paul Eggert

# Plaque in Park

*DHL Society member JOHN RUFFELS attended the unveiling of a plaque in Thirroul in honour of D.H. Lawrence*

It has taken so many years to get a plaque erected in honour of Lawrence's time in Australia that it is somewhat appropriate that we are only now recording the unveiling which occurred on Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> November 1998 - a red letter day in the cultural history of Thirroul.

After a campaign stretching back some three years, a large bronze medallion and plaque dedicated to the stay in Thirroul of English writer D. H. Lawrence and wife Frieda, were unveiled in the postage-stamp park at the south end of Craig Street before a surprisingly large crowd of some 120.

Chairs were lined up facing the sea-front, a raised platform and podium before them. A brisk Nor' Easter divided the locals from the "blow-ins": the locals sat on the sheltered side, the "out-of-towners" on the other.

The inimitable Thirroul "Godfather" of major events, Don Gray, O.A.M., presided as Master of Ceremonies. Dressed in an Edwardian morning suit, silk cravat and bowler hat, this veteran of past monument-raising campaigns (he was responsible for the Wollongong Miners monument, and the relocation of the Thirroul ship-wreck monument), handled the

ceremonials with aplomb and dexterity.

The initiator of the whole idea, Joanna Skilton, looked quite Bloomsbury in her long summery dress and straw hat. Nervous at first, she warmed as the proceedings flowed smoothly. She had said she was determined to keep the event simple and unpretentious.

Don Gray briefly outlined the importance of D.H. Lawrence and his novel to himself as a long-time Thirroul resident.

He then introduced the Lord Mayor of Greater Wollongong, David Campbell, who wore his mayoral chain of office and read a message of congratulations from New South Wales Premier, Bob Carr.

A flutter of excitement spread through the crowd when Mayor Campbell announced the arrival of the Official Guests: "D.H. Lawrence" and "Frieda", who arrived in a vintage car.

Looking considerably thinner than her last visit, "Frieda" looked splendid in her scarlet Charleston 'flapper' dress, cloche hat and pearls !!!

"Lawrence" too, looked much healthier than any of his photographs, and seemed to be positively affluent in his brown morning coat and top hat.



*Mike Jones (Treasurer of the Thirroul Village Festival Committee) and his wife, Lyn, (Secretary) arrived at the unveiling dressed as DHL and Frieda*

# Marks DHL Link

Joanna Skilton then outlined the reason she began her determination to erect a memorial to Lawrence, Frieda, his visit and his novel *Kangaroo*, saying we need to remember great men like Lawrence so we can learn from them and continue to be inspired by their work and lives.

Despite the passage of some 75 years, there had been, prior to this, nothing to mark the fact this eminent English writer had ever set foot in Thirroul.

This monument would provide a focal point for literary pilgrims, just along the street from "Wyewurk", which was not, as yet, accessible to the general public.

John Ruffels, entered into the spirit of the place by appearing dressed like an itinerant 1920's banjo player, in a striped blazer, striped tie, and straw boater. He opened up his 1920's edition of *Kangaroo* and read selected vignettes of Lawrence's "Mullumbimby". Afterwards the assembly applauded enthusiastically, suggesting a bright future for D. H. Lawrence at Thirroul.

Local Councillor, Kerrie Christian had a double claim for being on the bill, as the local government representative for Craig Street; and as the great grand-daughter of Alfred and Lucy Callcott. (Mrs Callcott acted as landlady for her sister's house Wyewurk. The name Callcott also features as that of two characters in *Kangaroo*.)

Kerrie told the crowd what *Kangaroo* meant to her. The Lord Mayor intervened and suggested Kerrie, as local representative, be delegated to have the name of the small park changed to "D.H. Lawrence Park" such was the effusive praise for the novelist.

The moment of the actual unveiling then occurred. The two brass pieces had been affixed to some genuine Thirroul rock, which looked handsome in its ideal setting amid the coastal ti-tree, banksia and New Zealand bottlebrush.

Don Gray joined Joanna Skilton in thanking his Thirroul Village Festival Committee, Mrs Helen Bogue (Wyewurk's neighbour), the Federal Department of Communications and the Arts, the D.H.Lawrence Society of Australia, and Renae Barnes the sculptor, for their monetary donations and work which all helped the project to success. A triumph of dreamer-meets-doer, the joint efforts of Joanna Skilton and Don Gray had proved the ideal combination in bringing the scheme to fruition.

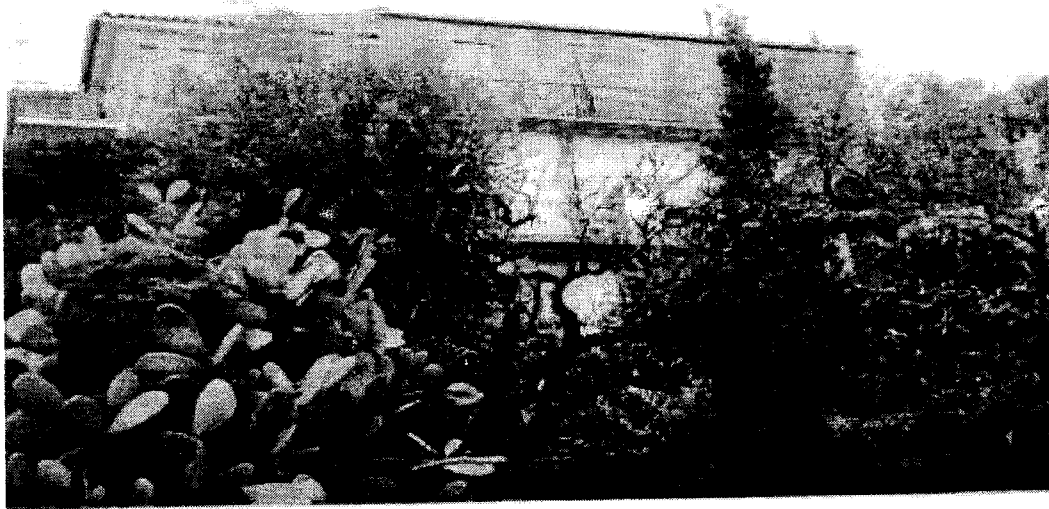


*Thirroul Festival President Don Gray and plaque initiator Joanna Skilton*

At the end of proceedings, the entire populace evacuated to the Thirroul Girl Guides Hall where Devonshire Teas and coffees were provided and "DHL", Don Gray and Joanna Skilton cut a phoenix-decorated cake baked by Nancy Kettley, who also handled the catering.

Eminent writer Frank Moorehouse, who was staying in Jamberoo, moved incognito amongst the crowd, and said he enjoyed the occasion muchly.

Other messages of congratulations and support were received from Opposition Leader Peter Collins; former Thirroul Librarian, writer, sculptor and D.H. Lawrence champion-now living in Queensland, Wendy Jolliffe; and London-based Lawrence publisher Gerald Pollinger (who also donated One hundred Pounds).



## Serendipity in Taormina

Your *Rananim* editor made his first foray into Sunny Sicily in January, after a period of travelling by train through Italy.

The first priority on the morning after a late night arrival in Taormina was to find a laundry, as the need for clean clothing was a pungent necessity. The hotel could not oblige, so a local map was obtained and the location of a laundry marked. The name Via Fontana Vecchio should have caused an alarm bell to ring - but none did - as the clamour for a laundry service was really loud. Anything as frivolous as a search for a Lawrence house or a decent meal (it had been an indirect, two-day train trip from Firenze to Taormina via Bologna, Lecce, Casserta and Salerno) would have to wait.

It was quite a tramp but an enjoyable one despite the drizzle.

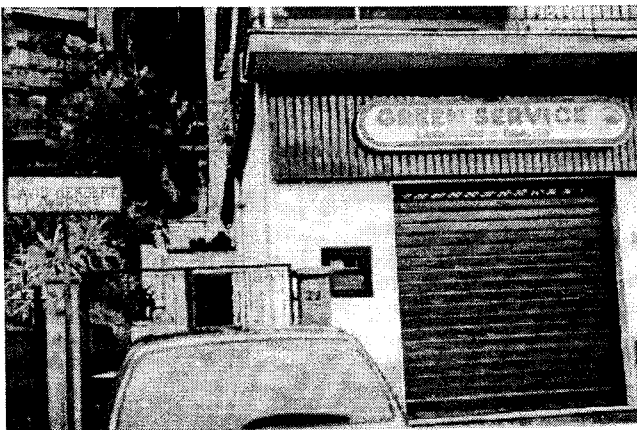
The drizzle then became rain, and somewhere around Via Pirandello your editor became lost and dispirited. Onward went the trudge through the rain; there would be no searching for a Lawrence house today. Once the laundry was found, it would be straight to some reviving refreshment, away from the rain and out of the biting cold.

At last, at the very end of Via Fontana Vecchio, in a little square, was the Green laundry (below, left). And not only a laundry- starting at the laundry, running away from the little square, was the Via David Herbert Lawrence. This was irresistible, and sure enough after some distance was a plaque (below right) set in the outside wall of a house (above) which somewhat inaccurately proclaimed, "D.H. Lawrence English Author Lived here 1920-1923."

As the road loops around a spur in the hillside, the front of the house and the now overgrown garden is also visible, and so the accompanying photos could be taken.

And as you can see, the laundry was closed...and the rain continued for six days.

- John Lacey



# DEAR DIARY...

FOR THE PAST 28 YEARS, I have kept a diary of my research into D.H. Lawrence's period in Australia.

The diary began in 1972, at the Humanities Research Centre in Austin, Texas, where my wife Sandra and I were looking at the 8000-or-so letters written to Lady Ottoline Morrell for her biography (published in 1975) of that famous Bloomsbury hostess and patron of D.H. Lawrence.

The then head of the HRC, Dr Warren Roberts, suggested that (seeing we were research-minded Australians) there was work to be done on Lawrence's time in Australia, and so that's where this long trail began.

The diary, now in two volumes, chronicles the ups and downs of this (largely thankless) task, up to the present day.

Given the article that follows this introductory piece (see next page, *et seq*), it might be of additional interest to record the (sequential and slightly edited) diary entries of 26/9/93, 5/10/93, 12/10/93 and 13/10/93, as they might help to put into some context what is contained therein:

**26/9/93 (Collaroy):** Sally Rothwell<sup>1</sup> rang on Friday with some interesting information....Her mother's sister has a friend called Markie (for Margaret) Vernon. Her father knew Scott. She also knew Enid Hum<sup>2</sup> (who also went to Abbotsleigh). But, most importantly, she was connected with Phillip Goldfinch<sup>3</sup> (and knew Walter Friend<sup>4</sup>). Obviously a lady whose closer acquaintance I will be endeavouring to make.

**5/10/93 (Collaroy):** This morning I went to see Miss Marky Vernon at Warrawee. A most intriguing interview. She is very bright, with her wits intact. She knew Enid Hum, but, alas, only by sight (a small, round-faced girl, very plain). [Markie] knew all about the Old Guard. Her father and brother were involved. Knew, too, that it had a predecessor<sup>5</sup>. Said Macarthur-Onslow<sup>6</sup> wrote to Goldfinch asking him to be involved. Had not read *Kangaroo* or AM's book. Knew of Scott, but not very much. Knew of plotting (guns under pillows, cars around house). Rosenthal close to her father (also an architect). But here's the important thing. I felt she was holding something back. I could almost sense it in what she said. At one stage I was rabbiting on about what I thought had happened – Hum, Scott, Hinemoa, Collaroy, etc – when she stopped me by saying, rather softly, "Are you sure?" I mumbled, "Not really," but however hard I tried she would not be drawn further. I certainly got the strong impression she knew something more which she was not telling. I'll send her a copy of *Kangaroo*, and probe further. But the scent is hotting up.

**12/10/93 (Collaroy):** Alas, no result from Miss Vernon...But she again reiterated that there was a pre-1930 "Old Guard"...Back to the drawing board.

**13/10/93 (Collaroy):** I have often wondered how all this might finish – with a bang, perhaps, or just trail off, with all leads exhausted, and no final answer found. The main hope has always been some sort of dramatic discovery – a lost file on Scott, or some aged relation suddenly confessing. Well, just such an event might have happened. Andrew rang yesty with the news that he had received a letter from the archivist of

The Kings School, Parramatta. This gentleman had written, [having acquired a remaindered copy of Andrew's book]. He said that one of the Friends<sup>7</sup> who had gone to TKS had told him that Lawrence has been given the key to Wyewurk by a Friend (or words to that effect). Now, this just might be the key (both literally and figuratively) that unlocks it all. For reasons I won't go into here (but see entry 9/7/93 and relevant Ruffels letter)<sup>8</sup> I have concluded that someone – probably a Friend – who met Lawrence at Collaroy on that first Sunday<sup>9</sup> had accompanied him down to Thirroul and installed him and Frieda in Wyewurk. So this could be something...After the comparative disappointment of yesty's entry re Marky Vernon, this breakthrough, if it is one, comes at a propitious moment. Indeed, I do not need much more, just one more solid pointer to [the Friends]. That, failing anything further, would be sufficient to explain virtually everything. Even if I don't know how Lawrence met Scott, the Friend connection, if confirmed, is propinquity enough. We might have something to announce at our next [DHL Society] meeting in the Palace Gardens<sup>10</sup>.

*1 Sally Rothwell's father grew up in Jack's Scott's house in Gordon. It was she who introduced me in 1976 to Peter & John Oatley, Scott's stepsons, who in turn told me about Hinemoa and Scott's secret army background. (Sally went to Abbotsleigh with Sandra.)*

*2 Enid Hum was the daughter of Gerald Hum, whom Lawrence met on the S.S. Osterley from Naples, and whose name is the only Sydney name in Lawrence's address book.*

*3 Sir Phillip Goldfinch was the organising head of the Old Guard (as well as being President of the Union Club in Sydney).*

*4 Walter Friend was a prominent member of the Friend clan in Sydney in 1922, and the brother of Robert Friend, whom we now believe was the other half of the amalgam that Lawrence used to create the main Australian character in *Kangaroo*, Jack Callcott (the other half being Jack Scott).*

*5 The Old Guard (the 1930-32 NSW secret army expression) was, we are now convinced (see Andrew Moore's *The Premier & the Secret Army*), the lineal descendant of Scott's two earlier efforts, the 1925 "500 stalwart ex-servicemen" recruitment (see Eric Campbell's *The Rallying Point*) and the 1920-23 secret army that Lawrence in fact stumbled across so ingenuously in Sydney in May-July 1922.*

*6 General George Macarthur-Onslow was the military head of the 1930 Old Guard and Scott's 1920-23 secret army (see following article) as well.*

*7 Not actually a Friend, but the brother-in-law of Walter Friend (N.H. Wright).*

*8 John Ruffels, a most diligent researcher, has helped me greatly in my own investigations.*

*9 Lawrence & Frieda went up to Narrabeen (and we now believe, Collaroy, too) on the second day he was in Sydney, and the next day he went (otherwise inexplicably) down to Thirroul, on a train that allowed no return that day to Sydney.*

*10 The opening scene of *Kangaroo* is set opposite the Palace Gardens in Macquarie Street, a venue for some of our (very pleasant) DHL Society functions.*

- Robert Darroch



THE KING'S SCHOOL

P.O. BOX 1,  
PARRAMATTA, N.S.W. 2124  
TELEPHONE: (02) 883 8555  
FACSIMILE: (02) 883 8488  
© King's School 1997

28 September 1997

Dear Robert, Thank you for the latest Journal and for your letter. The point of Bob Scott and Rosenthal being responsible for repatriation of forces from Europe should not be lost on you. At least twelve of Walter and Robert's friends TKS mates all were in the same unit in Europe and Rosenthal had his three sons at TKS. The friends were known to General Rosenthal on a personal basis. Rosenthal's second son Almond Sydney was at TKS with Walter and Robert who made up the foundation (1922) in Europe. See the attached letter Jimmy Friend is your Walter.

Things are falling into place.  
Regards  
Peter

Dear Robert, Yours of 2 November; - I am happy to do all I can to see the truth is revealed as the correspondence is not too burdensome as you put it. I include a further history of the School Club. Tim Yates is an ex-President of the School's M.K.B. Union and was very helpful in establishing the building club, houses and structures. I am sure he will do all he can.

Yours sincerely  
Peter Yates



THE KING'S SCHOOL

P.O. BOX 1,  
PARRAMATTA, N.S.W. 2124  
TELEPHONE: (02) 883 8555  
FACSIMILE: (02) 883 8488  
© King's School 1997

Dear Robert,  
Having read Rosenthal's letter, I thought I should write and say I have not given up but have made no progress, since the party things change you will be the first to know. I am the Minister of Education in NSW and I am the same as you are and I am sure that you are a very good person. I am sure that you are a very good person. I am sure that you are a very good person.

Yours sincerely  
Peter Yates



THE KING'S SCHOOL

P.O. BOX 1,  
PARRAMATTA, N.S.W. 2124  
TELEPHONE: (02) 883 8555  
FACSIMILE: (02) 883 8488  
© King's School 1997

In regard to the school building - I am sure that you are a very good person. I am sure that you are a very good person. I am sure that you are a very good person.

Peter



# NOTHING TO SNIFF AT

## - the 'secret army' plot of *Kangaroo*

by Robert Darroch (being the paper he did not deliver at the  
7th International DHL Conference in Taos in July 1998)

To address a non-Australian audience on the factual background of Lawrence's Australian novel, *Kangaroo*, poses some difficulties, or at least apparently so.

In attempting to link what Lawrence says in the novel with what was happening in Sydney at the time he was there, one needs, perforce, to have some appreciation of, and information about, the contemporary historical scene.

If you do not know, for example, who Jock Garden was and what he represented in the politics of Australia in 1922 (he was the main socialist agitator of the day), then telling you that Willie Struthers is the spitting image of Garden, and that what Lawrence puts into the "fictional" mouth of the main socialist character in the novel is precisely what Garden was saying at the time, will have little meaning. It will do little to convince you that Lawrence was leaning on contemporary Australian reality - and heavily so - when he conjured up the political plot of *Kangaroo*.

This difficulty extends to literary commentators generally. If you are not an historian, nor have read widely the history of the period, then you can be excused for not connecting that very localised history with what Lawrence says in the novel. That is not your area of expertise.

Yet there is an even greater difficulty here, and on the surface an almost intractable one. The political plot of *Kangaroo* centres on the existence in Sydney of a secret army - one whose existence is not generally known.

It is difficult enough to base an (intrinsically unlikely) literary argument on the relationship between what Lawrence writes in *Kangaroo* and what is known about the contemporary scene, it is immeasurably tougher to base such an argument on a relationship between what is found in *Kangaroo* and a history that is not generally known, and which in fact has been deliberately kept from public scrutiny.

Nevertheless a credible - and I would argue ultimately convincing - attempt can be made, and this is the topic of my talk today.

Not a little research has been done on the period, some useful history written, and there is, especially if you know where to look, further supporting evidence on which to base such a linkage. And here,

to lighten the somewhat heavy historical load of what follows, I have an anecdote to relate.

In Sydney in 1930-32, during the Depression, a radical socialist government was in power. It posed all sorts of threats to the middle and upper-middle classes. It is now known - and no history of the period would gainsay this - that a secret army called "the Old Guard" was active behind the scenes.

One day in 1931 the leaders of the Old Guard decided to organise a march-past of their secret army units. Now, I ask you, how might one organise a march-past of a secret army - especially as it was decided that the venue for this unique event was to be the main street of Sydney, during the crowded lunch-hour?

Rather cleverly, as it turned out. They arranged for the units to come by a "saluting dais" - the steps of a city office block - one-by-one, and as they passed they "saluted" by taking out a handkerchief and blowing their nose, thus identifying themselves.

This incident shows several things, resourcefulness apart. It shows how difficult it might be to detect the presence of a secret army in the midst of an apparently normal, workaday society. To know it was there you must be privy to its signs and secrets.

It also highlights the problem of getting information about such clandestine bodies. History comes mainly from recorded events - events that you might read about in contemporary newspapers. If there is no record (and secret armies are understandably shy about such things), then finding out about them is very difficult indeed.

Unless someone blabs, or you unexpectedly stumble across something.

Now, all this talk about secret armies and plotting may seem remote from this time and place. And from D.H. Lawrence scholarship. But I can bring it a little closer.

Recently two books were published that pooh-poohed any suggestion that Lawrence came across an actual secret army in Sydney in 1922 and based *Kangaroo* on such an encounter - a proposition that has become known as "the Darroch Thesis". The first was the CUP edition of *Kangaroo*, in the Introduction of which Australian academic Professor

cont'd over page

## NOTHING TO SNIFF AT

*cont'd from previous page*

Bruce Steele said, dismissively, that the so-called Darroch Thesis had "now been shown to be without foundation". This line has been repeated, with embellishment, in the recently-published third volume of the CUP biography of Lawrence, edited by David Ellis.

I won't go into their arguments in detail here, except to focus on what might be called the "crown jewel" of their counter-thesis, which is that in a work written shortly before he arrived in Sydney, Lawrence had conjured up a "league of comrades" that bears a similarity to the organisational structure of the secret army organisation outlined "fictionally" in *Kangaroo*. Those who had been wanting to wax sceptical about the Darroch Thesis breathed an almost audible sigh of relief when Professor Steele unveiled this gem.

Alas, its seductive gleam is a false dawn, as I will now show.

In one respect, however, Professor Steele and David Ellis were right - the secret army in *Kangaroo* did originate in America. But not out of some Whitmanesque, slap-my-knees, Kibbo-Kiftish league of comrades. No - it derived from something far less benign.

For if today you wanted to find some published source akin to *Kangaroo's* "fictional" secret army of Diggers Clubs and Maggies Squads, then I suggest you read *The Price of Vigilance*, by Joan Jensen, published in 1968 by Rand McNally. It is the story of the United States' own secret army, the American Protective League.

Many of you may not have heard of the American Protective League, but in its heyday - between 1917 and 1920 - it was a very extensive and powerful organisation. It came into existence due to a particular set of wartime circumstances in America.

**E**ven before it became obvious at the beginning of 1917 that America would soon be at war with Germany, the problem of German agents and foreign sabotage had caused concern in Washington. At that time there were only two bodies charged with protecting the nation against such threats - the Secret Service, and the fledgling Bureau of Investigation attached to the Department of Justice (earlier, the U.S. Army had had to hire the Pinkerton organisation to look after military intelligence).

But neither the Secret Service nor the Bureau of Investigation could cope with the looming problems of a large and potentially "disloyal" German-immigrant population, with enforcing conscription, and with policing Federal wartime regulations gen-

erally. In Chicago, for example, the local Bureau of Investigation office could muster only 15 men to cover the entire States of Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota - States with large German-born populations.

That, however, changed one day in February 1917 when a man called Albert Briggs, vice-president of Outdoor Advertising Inc, walked into the Chicago office of the Bureau and offered to organise civilian help for the over-stretched Bureau. Initially he offered to supply 10 or 20 cars driven by "quiet men, who would work without pay" to assist Bureau activities. The offer was gratefully accepted. Local businesses apparently supplied the men and vehicles.

In March, as war drew closer, Briggs reappeared with a far more grandiose proposal. He offered to organise a secret, America-wide organisation that would work with the Justice Department to combat espionage, disloyalty and potential civil unrest. It was to be called the American Protective League.

This is not the place to describe the APL's activities in detail, except to say that it bears a very much closer similarity to *Kangaroo's* Australian secret army of Diggers and Maggies than does Steele and Ellis's league of comrades, which, when you examine it (especially the part that Steele omitted in his CUP *Kangaroo*) looks more like a boy scouts troop than a secret army.

The APL, for example, had an elaborate hierarchy of chiefs, captains, lieutenants and "operatives", similar to that described in *Kangaroo*. It had levels or cells of secrecy and a recruiting regime very like that outlined in *Kangaroo*. It co-operated with local police (bashing unionists, Wobblies, etc), very much like Lawrence describes in the "Row in Town" chapter.

By November 1918 the Web (for that is what the APL came to be called) had spread into every State, city and town in America. It had been responsible for tracking down hundreds of thousands of "slackers", Wobblies and other supposed dissidents. In Chicago alone it boasted 16,000 members - a veritable private army. Nationwide, its numbers ran to more than 100,000. Its Hollywood branch was run by Cecil B. DeMille. When the war was over, it remained active, mainly in the cause of fighting Bolshevism. J. Edgar Hoover (the Bureau of Investigation soon became the FBI) employed large numbers of ex-APL men to fight the communist threat in the early 1920s.

The index to Jensen's history of the American Protective League contains one reference to Australia, on p. 234, where she says: "Word of this volunteer army spread beyond the shores of the United States, and at least two other countries, Canada and Australia, sent government representatives to study APL

methods, with a view to their possible adoption.”

We know who from Australia went to the APL's headquarters to find out about “the Web”. It was a Melbourne businessman, R.C.D. Elliott, who had been dispatched by Australian Prime Minister Hughes to Chicago to see if the APL might have an answer to a problem that had arisen in wartime Australia.

Like America, the Federal government in Australia lacked any infrastructure to enforce wartime emergency measures, such as combating disloyalty, sabotage, civil unrest, etc. Constitutionally, such enforcement was in the (inept) hands of the State governments.

Here the difficulty was that at least one State government was in socialist hands, and was obdurately refusing to arrest trouble-makers, dissidents, IWW members, and so on. In any case, the Federal authorities felt they could not rely on normal, orthodox measures to achieve their exigent wartime purposes. Something more forceful and dependable was needed.

Elliott met the APL leaders in Chicago in November 1917 and brought back to Melbourne details of their organisation, plus (apparently) glowing examples of its scope and effectiveness. His report was sent on to Australia's military and security authorities for their comments, and they apparently added their approbation to the idea that something similar might be tried in Australia.

Consequently, on May 29, 1918, a meeting was convened in the Melbourne office of the acting Prime Minister to “consider a proposal to form an ‘Australian Protective League’ on the lines of a war body operating in the United States of America”. I show a copy of a letter convening this crucial meeting. It happens to be one of the few documentary items we have demonstrating that the APL model was brought to Australia - a rare fragment of light in a story otherwise shrouded in almost Stygian darkness.

The precise steps that followed in setting up a likeness of the APL in Australia are not fully known.

The next item - the next point of light - is a note in the archival file of a Melbourne businessman, Herbert Brookes, who seems to have been given, or taken on, the job of organising what indeed came to be called the Australian Protective League (henceforth the APL, Australian version).

In October 1918 Brookes met with the acting Prime Minister and the Minister of Defence in Melbourne. Apparently at this meeting Brookes put forward a detailed plan for setting up a modified version of the American Protective League across Australia.

Brookes' note of the meeting is marked with the crucial words “when this suggested scheme was adopted”.

Brookes' modified APL had certain unusual features, designed to better fit the American model into the Australian political scene. Its most distinctive modification was that it was to be divided into two: an “official” side (linked to the security services), and connected but separate “voluntary arm”. The

objective of the latter, according to the Brookes notes, was “to stimulate a public or semi-public organisation to do some work *which might be necessary* (my emphasis).”

The voluntary arm was to be organised in a particular way. The overall “organiser” would “set up the voluntary organisation throughout Australia” by approaching “the executive heads of the known loyal societies and associations” and after swearing them to secrecy “invite them to form [their own State organisation].” Behind this screen of loyalist bodies a volunteer army of “vigilantes” – Brookes specifically uses the term - would be assembled.

The end of the war in November 1918 led to further changes in Brookes' APL scheme. In particular, it led to an alteration in focus - away from

*cont'd over page*



## NOTHING TO SNIFF AT

*cont'd from previous page*

anti-war dissidence towards post-war civil unrest, particularly the threat of radical socialism and Bolshevism, of strikes and revolution. The government's apparent involvement retreated into the background, and the APL took on a more civilian - and even more secretive - aspect.

Brookes spent the next few months setting up the APL in the various Australian States. His immediate concern, however, was Queensland, where the only non-conservative State government was in power. There Brookes's local representative was the State Police Commissioner, Urquhart.

Brookes went up to Queensland in early 1919, following which Urquhart reported (in a letter to Brookes) the results of his visit: "...upwards of 30 societies have given their adhesion [sic]...and yesterday three of their leaders came along...and told me that they would have 60 societies joined up...They wish to go pretty far - not only uphold the Constitution by peaceful means but to have *a formidable striking force ready* if required [my emphasis]."

A little over a month later - and here the documentary evidence (mainly the Brookes papers) peppers out, and we have to rely partly on inferential evidence - a series of violent street clashes broke out in the State capital, Brisbane. Basically it was a Labor dispute over the right to display the red (ie, communist) flag at demonstrations and marches (hence the name "the Red Flag Riots"). Next, a handful of local Russian Bolsheviks became involved, and the conservative "loyalists", who seemed to be spoiling for a fight, decided to confront what they chose to call this "outbreak of disloyalty".

The Brisbane newspapers reported that an umbrella "loyalist" organisation had been formed, initially called the United Loyalist Executive, and this, Queensland historians such as Trevor Botham and Raymond Evans now believe, was the organisation Urquhart was referring to in his February letter to Brookes - in other words, the local expression of the APL.

**W**ithin days a force of around 2000 ex-servicemen - World War 1 veterans - had been mobilised and they began physically attacking local radicals, targeting in particular the Brisbane Russian area, supposedly harboring the local Bolsheviks. Several people were killed and many injured before the police stepped in. Meanwhile the umbrella "loyalist" organisation had changed its name to the King and Empire Alliance. (I would ask you to keep this name in mind in considering what follows.)

The next link in this chain of documentary and

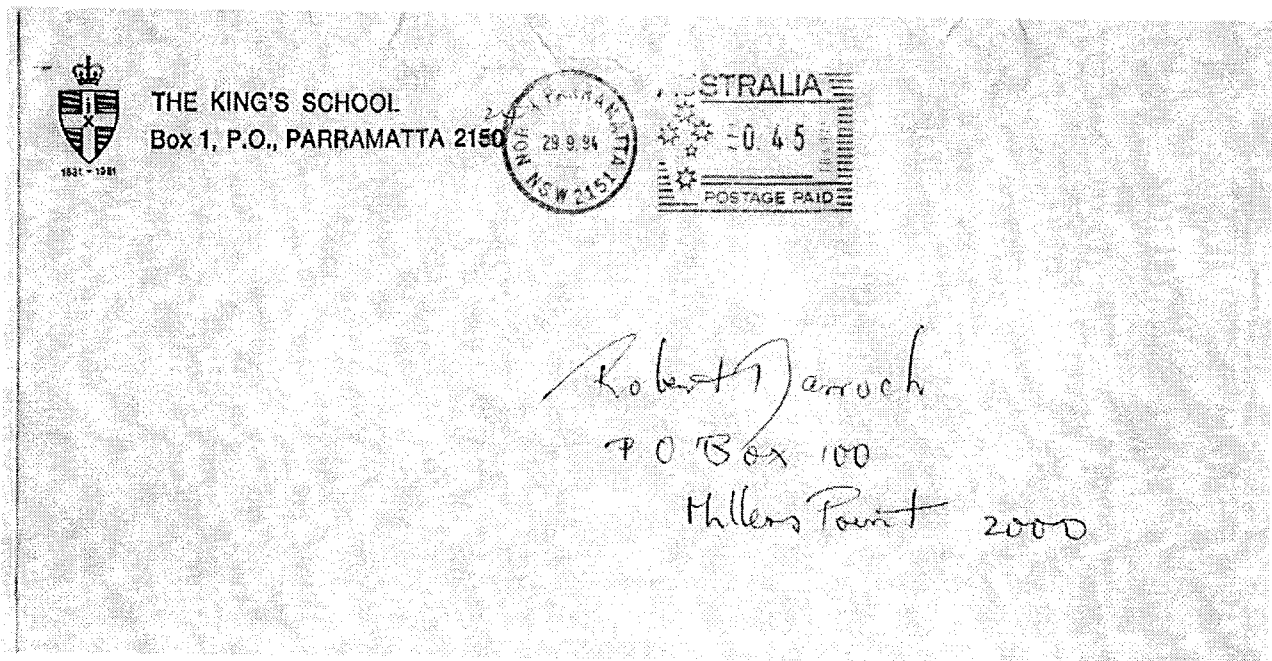
inferential evidence occurred in New South Wales (the most populous Australian State) just over a year later when, in March 1920, to the dismay of the conservatives, a very left-wing government came to power after narrowly winning a snap election.

**A**t that time - the early 1920s - Australia was in a state of political and religious turmoil. The leadership of the labor movement had turned very radical, espousing extreme socialist, even revolutionary, ideas. Strikes were breaking out seemingly everywhere - even in the police force. The Australian Communist Party was formed (by Jock Garden) in 1921. The Irish-Catholic element (making up around a quarter of the Australian population) appeared vehemently opposed to everything British, and the local Anglo-Protestants (who also made up most of the business community and conservative establishment) were equally opposed to everything Irish, Catholic and/or socialist.

The first sign of reaction against the new Labor government was observed at a Labor-Catholic rally which was held in a Sydney park to protest against the deportation of a Catholic priest of German extraction. The rally was disrupted - violently - by organised bands of ex-servicemen who assaulted speakers and tried to "count them out" (in a similar way to that described in *Kangaroo's* "Row in Town" chapter). Prominent in the anti-Catholic melee (as subsequently reported in the local newspapers) were two ex-Army officers, Major-General Sir Charles Rosenthal and Major W.J.R. Scott. (And, again, I would ask you to keep these two names in mind.) Scott was quoted in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of May 31 as saying that after the Germans had been cleared out "the loyalty of certain citizens...should be taken up".

Two months later - on July 19, 1920 - these same two men were on the platform of a public meeting in the Sydney Town Hall that had been called to "form an organisation of Empire Loyalists". The *SMH* reported: "Scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm marked the great crowded meeting in the Town Hall last night, when there was launched, in affiliation with similar bodies in other Australia States, an organisation to be known as the King and Empire Alliance, having as its objects broadly the welfare of the British Empire and the counteracting of attempts to encourage disloyal doctrines." (In this context, "disloyalty" referred specifically to the Irish/Catholic/Labor community.)

The secretary of the new body was Sir Charles Rosenthal and the Treasurer Major W.J.R. (Jack) Scott (who had been Rosenthal's deputy when the former was in charge of repatriating the Australian



troops from Europe in 1919). We now have every reason to believe that this new body, formed specifically to counteract the new, Catholic-tainted Labor government, was an APL “front”, and that behind it “a formidable fighting force” was being secretly organised.

Those of us who maintain that Lawrence encountered a real secret army in NSW in 1922 argue that the King and Empire Alliance is portrayed in *Kangaroo* as “the Diggers Clubs” and that the “formidable fighting force” is Lawrence’s Maggie Squads - and also that the novel’s two main Australia characters, Ben Cooley and Jack Callcott, are portrayals of Rosenthal and Scott.

Up to this point there is, I think you will concede, a chain of inferential evidence that points to the strong probability that between 1920 and 1923 (when the King and Empire Alliance was disbanded, following the defeat of the Labor government the previous March) there existed in New South Wales a public-private APL organisation. What now follows is the evidence that links this organisation to *Kangaroo*.

But first it might be noted that the man who presided over the July 19 meeting that formed the KEA was Sir Henry Braddon, who had been Australia’s Trade Commissioner in America during the last years of the war. He obviously knew about the American Protective League (he probably alerted the Australian government to its existence in the first place), for in a book he wrote a year or so later he described the American organisation as being made up of the “leading men in all the professions and avocations...who did their secret work most capably” [my emphasis].

(It might also be noted that the July 19 meeting

was attended by the U.S. Consul-General in Sydney, E.P. Norton, who reported back to Washington that “an organisation of leading Australians” that “looks upon the present state of affairs as being unusually disquieting” had been formed and was “contemplating measures calculated to overcome the influence [of] Roman Catholic, Sinn Fein and labor elements” and that they were preparing for “a clash between the various influences in Australia”, particularly anticipated strike activity.)

That the KEA, both in Queensland and NSW, was an APL “front” is also confirmed in a letter from Major H.E. Jones, the head of Australia’s security organisation, the Investigation Bureau, to his Melbourne subordinate in 1931. A secret army called the League of National Security had just emerged, and the startled local IB man had asked his chief if he knew anything about it. Major Jones gave him some background: “I do know...that some years ago a definite basis of organisation was formed in case of emergency. It was organised...quite unofficially. The idea of such an organisation was no doubt suggested by the American Protective League, a body of people banded together in all branches of activities to safeguard constitutional Government.”

So, once it can be said, with a degree of confidence, that an APL-type secret army was probably operating in NSW when Lawrence was there (and the fact that other known secret armies emerged during similar political crises in 1923, 1925 and particularly in 1930-32 would tend to confirm this), the question to be answered is: how do we know that this APL organisation is the same secret army that Lawrence describes in *Kangaroo*?

cont'd over page

## NOTHING TO SNIFF AT

cont'd from previous page

The principal evidence that it lies in the correlation between Lawrence's "fictional" Diggers-Maggies organisation and what we now know about the Rosenthal-Scott organisation and its subsequent manifestations. And here the strongest argument is probably the parallels between the novel's "fictional" characters Cooley and Callcott and the real-life figures of Rosenthal and Scott.



As I have demonstrated in a series of articles over the past 20 years or so (in particular my 1987 article "The Man Who was Kangaroo" in *Quadrant* and a number of subsequent articles in our Australian DHL journal *Rananim*), there can be little doubt that Lawrence based his two main Australian characters, Cooley and

Callcott, on Rosenthal (bottom right) and Scott (above left, just emerging from the shadows).

The first person, in public, to point out the striking similarities between Rosenthal and Cooley was the Australian historian Don Rawson, who in a 1968 article "Political Violence in Australia" noted the correlations between Rosenthal and Cooley.

A few years earlier, the involvement of Rosenthal's organisation, the King and Empire Alliance, in political violence of the period had been also noted by Curtis Atkinson, who remarked on the similarity between, on the one hand, a clash of "organised bands of ex-servicemen" and socialist demonstrators in the Sydney Domain in 1921, and, on the other, the "Row in Town" chapter in *Kangaroo*, written 12 months later.

As it turns out, Rosenthal and Cooley are about the same age (early 40s), have the same (distinctive) appearance, have offices in the same street in Sydney (and on the same floor), are both of Jewish appearance (though there is some doubt about their actual Jewishness), are both professional men, had been officers in the Army, were physically strong,

had booming voices, and so on.

Even where there are differences (ie, in rank and marital status), we can account for these via Lawrence's "reversal" disguise technique (mentioned in my recent "Nomenclature" article in *Rananim*). The fact that they are both head of a public anti-socialist organisation with a secret military core - and have similar deputies in Scott/Callcott - must convert possibility into all-but-certainty.

The parallels between Scott and Callcott are, if anything, even closer (though, again, with several tell-tale reversals). I will detail these in a moment. Now, however, I want to outline some other correlations between the Rosenthal/Scott-K&E/APL organisation and Lawrence's Cooley/Scott Diggers/Maggies arrangements, keeping in mind that my purpose here is to establish, with a high degree of probability, that the latter is a real-life reflection of the former.

On the (public) executive of the K&E Alliance, along with Secretary Rosenthal and Treasurer Scott, was Brigadier-General George Macarthur-Onslow. Later he was commander of the Old Guard's military side - 1930-32 secret army. His presence of the KEA executive could imply that he was in charge of its military side, too.

In *Kangaroo* the only other NSW secret army leader mentioned by name is a "Colonel Ennis". Lawrence describes him as a cavalry man, the name "Maggies" (from the black-and-white bird, the magpie) supposedly being derived from his white riding breeches and black jacket. Moreover, the "distinctive badge" of the Maggies is a white hat, topped with a white feather. Such an outfit, colour apart, was the distinctive uniform of the Australia Light Horse, of which Macarthur-Onslow was the NSW general-in-charge [also see below]. Thus it is highly likely that Lawrence modelled Ennis (who also had a Scottish name - George Macneil) on George Macarthur-Onslow.

Another correlation is the period the Diggers-Maggies had been in existence, "fictionally". Lawrence in the novel says that this was "About 18 months - nearly two years altogether". The KEA was formed, as we have seen, at a series of meetings beginning in July 1920. Its magazine - its public face - was launched in January 1921. The period spanned by these two events is precisely 18 months to two years prior to Lawrence's arrival in Sydney. Lawrence can be referring to nothing else other than the formation and launching of the KEA.

Another parallel is to be found in chapter V where Callcott tells Somers about the Australia-wide organisation of which the Diggers-Maggies is a part. He says the national organisation is headed by "the Five", ie, the leaders of the five State bodies. But in

1922 there were six Australian States, not five.

Just prior to the public launch of the KEA in Sydney, however, Rosenthal was quoted in the *SMH* as saying that similar organisations were established in Queensland, Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania. He pointedly omitted the sixth State, Western Australia.

In *Kangaroo* it is made clear that Cooley's main role in the Diggers-Maggies is titular. While Colonel Ennis busied himself training the secret army side, Cooley "slaved at the other half of the business", which involved touring around NSW promoting discussions on subjects like "Australia and the Reds". In fact Rosenthal's principal role in the KEA was to tour round its 30 or so branches giving talks on such topics as Australia and the danger of Red revolution.

Then there are the numbers Lawrence cites in *Kangaroo*. He makes two stabs at describing the structure of the Diggers-Maggies organisation: in chapter V and chapter X. Both times Somers confesses he "didn't follow this [secret army organisation] business very well".

The descriptions in both chapters give figures for members, clubs, squads, and so on. These seem very muddled. At the top is The Five, supported by two more levels of five; all-up there are 1400 men in the "private squads"; each "club" is made up of 50 members; 30 people can form a new club; each squad consists of 20 men; a "section" consists of 10 clubs; and so on. All very confusing and, one might wonder, if it were all invention, why would Lawrence introduce such apparently vague and meaningless numbers? The difficulty Somers has, twice over, in comprehending these arcane arrangements would seem to add little to the plot.

On the other hand, numbers such as these have a great deal of significance to historians familiar with secret army structures in Australia. Take Lawrence's mention that each club had 50 members, and that 10 clubs make a section. The figure 50 crops up again and again in secret army activity between the wars. A strike-breaking force Scott and another secret army activist, Eric Campbell, organised in 1925 at the behest of the Bruce-Page government comprised "50 stalwart ex-servicemen". In 1930, just before Campbell broke away from Scott and formed his own private army, the pair had recruited 1000 men (plus 12 staff officers - two levels of five, plus themselves). And later, when Campbell mobilised an "action unit", it consisted of 500 men.

Of course, this could be coincidence, for the decimal system is a natural one for any organisation, fictional or real (for example, Lawrence's "league of comrades" was arranged in groups of 10). Nevertheless, Lawrence's other "fictional" numbers are also meaningful in a secret army and KEA context. New

KEA branches could be formed if they had 30 prospective members. Could Lawrence really have got that figure 30 - specifically mentioned in chapter X - from anywhere else than the KEA? Surely not.

The squads of the 1930 Old Guard and the 1923 Victorian secret army the White Guard were arranged in units of five men, mainly because that was the number of men who could fit comfortably into a car - the essential item common to all secret armies in Australia (and elsewhere), the secret army phenomenon primarily being a secret mobilisation plan, designed to bring force to bear in the quickest time possible - hence perhaps the nickname given to Scott's organisation, "the garage", and hence too perhaps the fictional Callcott's job: "garage proprietor".

There are other parallels and correlations, some of which I will mention later. (There is also, as Sandra Jobson will reveal in her research about Lawrence in Western Australia, a possible answer to the question of how, of all people, a literary stranger like Lawrence could have so quickly encountered people such as Rosenthal and Scott on his arrival in Sydney in late May, 1922.)

Given the above, I believe it is now fair to conclude that not only is it highly probable that there was a real secret army in NSW when Lawrence arrived, but that this actual secret army - the KEA/APL organisation - is the one that Lawrence portrays in *Kangaroo*. At this point I could almost rest my case. Lawrence's choice of a secret army plot for his Australian "romance" is so unexpected and unprecedented that almost any correlation with a real secret army should be sufficient to establish that in describing the Diggers-Maggies organisation he was leaning on some sort of local actuality.

Indeed, I would argue that we now have good reason to conclude that "this gramophone of a novel", as he describes it, is in fact a fictionalised diary - the composition technique he had recently espoused to Mollie Skinner and Catherine Carswell - of what happened to him in Sydney, and that the secret army



cont'd over page

## NOTHING TO SNIFF AT

*cont'd from previous page*

part of the plot is just as "real" as the other, obviously autobiographical parts, such as "The Nightmare Chapter". This is largely what the Darroch Thesis set out to establish.

But my research also set out to find out how Lawrence came across this highly-sensitive secret army material - and to go on to reconstruct what actually happened to Lawrence and Frieda in Sydney and Thirroul between May 27 and August 11, 1922 - how, in short, *Kangaroo* came to be written.

To answer the first question it is now necessary to consider who in Sydney whom Lawrence might have encountered knew what was behind the public facade of the KEA, and who might thus have divulged some of this information about it to him.

A careful reading of the newspapers of the time reveals no hint of any public knowledge of a contemporary secret army. Memoirs and other published works are similarly mute, as are the standard histories, at least up to the 1960s, when the first suspicions arose. So it is fair to conclude that Lawrence, an utter stranger to Sydney, could not have picked up his information about the secret army behind the KEA from any casual or readily-available source - in a bar or barber shop, for instance (the "sceptics" alternative suggestion to how Lawrence might have come to include in *Kangaroo* "some" local secret army actuality). Such organisations had a strict, cell-like structure, and only those at the top knew the complete picture. Thus it is reasonable to conclude - and this is vital to the Darroch Thesis - that Lawrence could only have obtained the structural detail he reveals in *Kangaroo* from one of the KEA's leaders.

In *Kangaroo* the person who tells Somers about the Diggers-Maggies organisation (on the pretext of enducing him to join - to write for them) is Jack Callcott, the character in the novel whom we now have good reason to believe is (partly) based on Jack Scott. So the crucial question is: could Lawrence encountered Jack Scott in Sydney in May 1922, and struck up a friendship with him? (for only that would explain what happened).

But before we go into that, let us establish beyond any doubt that Callcott is indeed a portrait of Jack Scott, Rosenthal's deputy, and the co-founder of the KEA.

I have interviewed both of Scott's stepsons, others who lived in his house, and others who knew him personally and as a businessman and a soldier, both secret and regular. He is mentioned in a number of books and memoirs, and in security and other recently-released files. We have a number of photos of him. After 20 years of intensive research, we now

know quite a bit about him, and you will have to believe me when I assure you that he is, without question, the model of Jack Callcott in *Kangaroo*.

For the record, however, I will briefly detail the parallels. The most obvious one I have already mentioned - his position as deputy to Rosenthal. In addition, Scott is identical physically to Callcott - like Callcott he was tall, loose-limbed, with lean, aquiline features. Like Callcott, he wore expensive suits. Like Callcott, he "had been through the Australian High School course". Like Callcott, he was an expert on Japan. He had been a captain in the Army, just like Callcott. He was a compulsive gambler, as Lawrence describes Callcott. He was prone to violent outbursts, just as Callcott was. He had a fine tenor voice and sang at functions, as Lawrence describes Callcott. Scott was a notorious "ladies' man", and Lawrence talks about Callcott's "loves". And in May-June 1922 Scott lived in a house in Sydney that had a most distinctive feature: a Harbour lookout perched on top of a fern-house - and in *Kangaroo* just such a distinctive lookout is described, giving a view identical to that which was to be had from Scott's backyard eyrie.

Perhaps Scott's most embarrassing characteristic - his impotence - is also mentioned in *Kangaroo*, though it is transferred to another character - Callcott's "best mate", Fred Wilmot, who never appears in the novel. Later, after he left Australia and perhaps felt safe from any retribution, Lawrence did portray Scott's impotence, for the portrait of Jack Strangeways in the second version of *Lady Chatterley* (where Strangeways is described as a secret army aficionado who lacks his "testimonials") is clearly based on Jack Scott (just as Major Charles Eastwood in *The Virgin and the Gypsy* is most likely a thinly-disguised portrait of Charles Rosenthal).

Yet can we place Scott and Lawrence together in Sydney in May 1922, and thus provide the opportunity for the transfer of information that resulted in the secret army plot of *Kangaroo*? I believe we can, with a high degree of probability.

We know that the day after he arrived in Sydney, Lawrence went on an excursion by ferry and tram to the then rather remote seaside suburb of Narrabeen. It was odd that he should have done so, as at that time he was in desperate need of cheap accommodation, for he and Frieda had decided - were obliged - to stay in Sydney or its environs for a number of weeks, and perhaps months, and Lawrence was almost flat-broke, and waiting for more money from America to finance his onward travel.

From the description of this trip in *Kangaroo*, where Somers and Harriett look at houses "2 let" and "4 sale", it is certain that such a trip was made at someone's suggestion, and that its objective was to



inspect or explore a possible solution to Lawrence's urgent accommodation problem. Fictionally, they go to a house overlooking a lagoon (though later "facing the sea") for afternoon tea, and there meet Jack Callcott and what turns out to be the other Australian characters in the novel.

The novel's description of this house - "the end house...sideways facing the lagoon...with a large room with settles around a bay window", etc - tallies exactly with the house where Scott regularly visited his future second wife in Collaroy, the next suburb south (and within walking distance) of Narrabeen. (It was at this house that first Sunday in Sydney that Lawrence, we now believe, learned that Wyewurk in Thirroul was available, and a much more suitable accommodation prospect than anything in Sydney, hence his otherwise inexplicable decision to catch the late train down to Thirroul the following day.)

From the above (and clearly I do not have time to outline all the relevant research) I believe it is fair to conclude that there is a convincing body of inferential evidence, combined with a small amount of documentary evidence, that supports the hypothesis that Lawrence encountered Jack Scott in Sydney on Sunday May 28 and that the secret army plot in *Kangaroo* is the consequence of that encounter.

But the evidence is still only circumstantial. We have no letters from Lawrence or Scott to prove that it happened that way (though I believe that letters

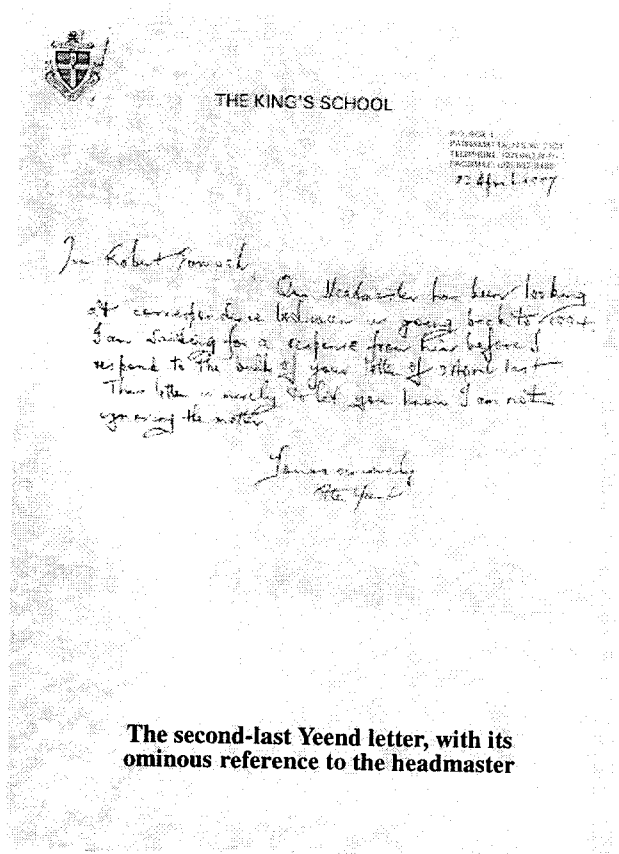
were written, and indeed might still be in existence). What we do have, however, is a significant body of further evidence, some anecdotal, some documentary, which corroborates such a hypothesis.

The first item of possible corroboration came in 1977, after the publication of one of my early, speculative articles on the possible factual background to the secret army plot in *Kangaroo*. A gentleman from Melbourne wrote to me saying: "I believe the name of the man who told Lawrence about Kangaroo [ie, "Cooley"] is on the passenger list of the ship in which they sailed from Perth to Sydney." This, we now believe, was a false lead, but in a subsequent letter he said that Jack Scott "fits the description I had of the man on the wharf who took the Lawrences to stay on the north shore for three days before they went to the south coast." Again, this is a garbled version of what happened. The significant thing is that he was recalling a conversation he overheard as a young boy at one of his mother's literary parties in the 1930s. The informant, he believed, was a senior executive of one of Australia's largest companies.

Another clue was revealed to Dr Andrew Moore when he was researching his book on the Old Guard. He interviewed the widow of a left-wing activist, a Mrs Jeffrey. She recalled that at bridge parties at her parent's home on Sydney's North Shore in the 1930s Jack Scott was "ribbed" by others at the table over his portrayal as Jack Callcott in *Kangaroo*.

Dr Moore also found someone else who knew that there was more to *Kangaroo* than a mere "thought adventure". In 1978 the historian of the NSW Country Party Ulrich Ellis wrote to him in response to a query about his brother's involvement in the APL (Malcolm Ellis was a crony of Jack Scott, and in the Ellis papers there is a letter from Ellis to Scott referring to "the garage"). Ulrich Ellis replied: "In my youth I did not know that [the APL] existed. Later on I heard rumours about it. [Probably when he was doing research into country folk like Macarthur-Onslow.] Years ago I read a novel which tells of a group who formed an organisation along the same lines as the APL. I found it this morning in the Tamworth library - D.H. Lawrence's *Kangaroo*....it would seem that Lawrence knew the APL story."

A further item of corroboration appeared only recently. In a radio programme broadcast in Sydney in September last year [1997] an elderly lady, a Mrs Elsie Ritchie, was interviewed about the involvement of her family in the 1930-32 Old Guard. During the interview she recalled her mother telling her that her grandfather, Major Jack Davies, was first recruited to a secret army in 1922 [my double emphasis] when he was visited by Brigadier Macarthur-Onslow and



The second-last Yeend letter, with its ominous reference to the headmaster

cont'd over page

## NOTHING TO SNIFF AT

*cont'd from previous page*

asked to take on the job a running a secret army branch in the district. Later, the local branch of the secret army was called "the lads from the garage".

Were that the end to the evidence - inferential, documentary, circumstantial, corroborative - the matter would be left, to many minds, in limbo. That would be very unsatisfactory. However, I have left the major supporting evidence to the end. It is that there is proof, documentary proof, that Lawrence did meet Scott and Rosenthal, and that *Kangaroo's* secret army plot is based on reality.

But here I have a problem. I know that proof exists, I have certain evidence of it, and I know where it is to be found. The trouble is that I am denied access to it.

The proof that proof exists is contained in a series of letters, the originals of which I have, between, initially, Dr Andrew Moore, and then me, and the archivist at one of Sydney's leading private boys' schools, The King's School. The archivist is Peter Yeend. And as this talk will conclude on this point, I hope you will bear with me a little longer as I explain the importance of this series of letters.

For they are significant not only for what they reveal about the factual background and content of *Kangaroo*, but also because they serve to explain, in part at least, one of the enduring mysteries about *Kangaroo* and the secret army people whom Lawrence stumbled upon - so incredibly - in Sydney in May-June 1922. The mystery is: how did they keep such a sensational story so secret for so long?

As the extracts I am about to cite will show, there is in fact a dichotomy in secret army circles. It was illustrated by the hankie-blowing incident I cited earlier. It is that while they, the secret army people, are determined at all costs to keep secret what they and their colleagues and, these days, their fathers and uncles, were doing, they also feel an itching need to tell someone something (or to demonstrate it) - that streak of indiscretion that Lawrence so vividly portrays in *Kangaroo*.

The first Yeend letter was dated October 1993, on King's School notepaper, and was enclosed with a covering note to Dr Moore's publishers. The letter (which was sparked by Yeend's recent purchase of Dr Moore's remaindered secret army book) mentioned that almost 20 years earlier he had interviewed an school "old boy" named Wright who had told him about the Old Guard and of a curious literary connection with it, which was (and I quote from Yeend's notes written down in May 1974) that "Lawrence, the *Lady Chatterley's Lover* author, had used material about 'this pseudo-military movement' in his

Australian novel, *Kangaroo*."

Dr Moore subsequently met Yeend who told him that he had also learned that members of a leading Sydney family, the Friends, had been responsible for taking Lawrence and Frieda down and installing them in Wyewurk in Thirroul. After this, Dr Moore handed Yeend over to me, this being my area of research.

I first wrote to Yeend in mid-1994, enclosing an article I had written speculating about a possible link between the Friends and Lawrence. He wrote back saying that the Friend family had deposited certain material in the school archives, but with strict instructions that it was not to be used for any purpose other than research on TKS matters. He went on: "Now my predicament is...I do hold a strong piece of evidence which your thesis needs."

In his next letter, dated June 15, 1994, he explained further: "I will spell out my problem clearly. I would be probably dismissed from my job if I disobeyed the directive I have received. I have worked here since 1957. I can't sacrifice a life's work. The Friend papers were donated on very clear understandings...I also understand your complete frustration. It is agonising to be so near an intellectual coup...". However, he offered to speak with the Friends and see if they would be prepared to release the material using "the greater good argument". In September he wrote again: "I have, yesterday, played another card in the hope that it falls for you."

The result came in the next letter: "I was given a strong hint last night by one of the Friend family that their problem is they want no publicity...I tried to explain that the chaps in the 1920s were, from their point of view, keeping Communism at bay...I'll let you know if anything more eventuates."

At the same time that Yeend was reporting progress, or lack of it, he was also dropping hints, such as: "The point of Jack Scott and Rosenthal being responsible for the repatriation of forces from Europe should not be lost on you....Rosenthal had his three sons at TKS...The Friends were known to General Rosenthal on a personal basis...Rosenthal's second son was at school with Walter and Robert Friend...".

Something more than a hint was dropped in the next letter, dated October 1994. He said that Wyewurk had been built by a TKS old boy and that Robert Friend had once owned the dwelling. He went on to say that he had had a chat with Robert Friend's son at a TKS committee meeting and that "His final word went along these lines - well what my father and Uncle Walter did as young chaps can't be held against them...". And he added: "I also saw Walter Friend's elder son Bill last Saturday - no progress."

The next letter explained how closely TKS boys bonded together, and went on to say that "TKS boys



THE KING'S SCHOOL

P.O. BOX 1,  
PARRAMATTA, N.S.W. 2124  
TELEPHONE: (02) 883 8555  
FACSIMILE: (02) 883 8488

28 April 1997

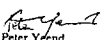
Mr Robert Darroch  
PO Box 100  
MILLERS POINT 2000

Dear Robert,

I have thought long and hard about your recent letter. My position has not changed. The Papers you seek from The King's School were accepted under an embargo that they are not available for research purposes for some years hence. Thus I see little purpose in you writing to any of the Friend family.

I offer sympathy, for your dilemma is often faced by historians, but I can suggest no practical solution.

Yours sincerely,

  
Peter Yeend  
ARCHIVIST

were excellent material for anyone organising a secret army...". He concluded: "I'll keep trying to help the truth to surface."

In March 1995, after Bruce Steele's CUP *Kangaroo* was published, I sent Yeend a copy of the Introduction in which Steele said that Cooley may have been based on a Victorian Army general called Monash. Yeend commented: "The Monash theory is just not on....Steele doesn't understand the TKS community which is one extended family.", adding that if Steele and other sceptics understood the TKS mentality they "might see how Rosenthal, Friend et al fit the mould."

A week or so later came a crucial letter: "I have thought long and hard about your recent letter and find I have no solution. While I remain custodian of this School's records I am bound by the ethics of the task. When I am no longer custodian I cannot get my hands on the material to prove your case."

He then put forward what he called "a supposed scenario, "all supposition of course...", and he went on, "my guesses would be your guesses with a few refinements". He then said that he understood that a well-known Sydney legal firm [Minter Simpson] was the organisational base for the secret army, and he went on to drop a few more names and extra hints. He concluded: "The basis of the Friend objection is the association with a force which might be seen as overthrowing the legally constituted government. Their wishes must be respected. Thus I end where I began but I feel you will be vindicated in the end."

A little later came a note "in great haste": "no change in the Friend position...I still have the matter in my daily work file for you are right, but we are prevented from proving it." In April 1996 came Yeend's penultimate letter, saying he was referring the correspondence to the TKS headmaster. Then

silence for over a year - a year in which the reaction against the so-called Darroch Thesis gathered strength. I knew what Steele had said, and had an inkling of what Ellis might say. The truth was in dire danger of being crushed under the weight of CUP authority.

Finally, in some frustration, I wrote to Yeend about the middle of last year [1997] enclosing a letter I had drafted to the Friend family, saying that I had the Yeend letters and might use their contents unless they agreed to release (under certain conditions) the TKS material.

This led to the final (formal, typewritten) letter (see left), which was meant to close the correspondence. "My position has not changed," he wrote. "I see little purpose in you writing to the Friend family....I can suggest no practical solution."

That is where the matter stands. I did write to the Friends, but got no reply. However, I think you will agree that the Yeend letters, taken with the other evidence I have outlined, strongly - I would say conclusively - support the argument that Lawrence did run across a real secret army in Sydney in 1922, and that *Kangaroo* is the result of that encounter.

Yet the story of precisely how it happened is, alas, privy only to the silverfish in The King's School archives.

Thank you.

## A SLIP OR A TIP?

In his letter of 28/9/94 Peter Yeend referred to Jack Scott as "Bob Scott" (see p. 16). Was this a "Freudian" slip - or a subtle tip?

The point here is that, as Yeend's later letters coyly reveal, the man who met Lawrence at Collaroy that first Sunday, and probably took him down to Thirroul the following day and installed him in Wyewurk, was Robert Moreton Friend.

Indeed, it is, no doubt, "Bob" Friend's memoir that the silverfish now have exclusive access to in the King's School archives.

And it is "Bob" Friend who, we now realise, provided Lawrence with half the character Jack Callcott in *Kangaroo*, alongside Lawrence's other character ingredient, Jack Scott.

(Interestingly, almost all the Australian characters in the novel turn out to be amalgams of two real-life people Lawrence encountered in Australia - that literary subterfuge being Lawrence's then current method of "disguising" where in fact he got the character elements for his very odd novel of Australia.)

# Morning Tea with Monty

*DHL Society of Australia member, Rob Douglass, reminisces on his meeting with Frieda's son, Monty Weekley*

Early in the 1970's, I decided to buy a house in London. I liked the Islington/Highbury area - comprising the postcode N1. It was so close to the City, where I then worked for an American bank. The bank would give me hugely subsidised finance. The area had great charm and elegant garden squares.

Camden Passage market in Islington featured a variety of quality antiques in quaint little shops. Fascinating hours could be spent learning about arcane knick-knacks, china, furniture, magnificent and trivial, clocks, guns, and all those things one had admired, but never thought before of collecting.

Robert Carrier's trendy eponymous restaurant was only one of a number, one of which featured two or three huge indoor *ficus benjamina* in a splendid and huge atrium, the first I'd ever seen. Carrier provided the best cooking I had ever enjoyed outside France and my mother's kitchen.

It was Carrier's restaurant, which first lured me to the area - only ten minutes from my office, where I could take clients to luncheon, naturally at my employer's expense (of course, in those glorious days, long before the Lizard of Oz, Paul Keating, invented the iniquitous Fringe Benefits Tax).

I sought out The Angel of Islington pub, memorably coloured blue on the Monopoly Board. It was a dull, dingy, smelly and sleepy place only featuring a few ancient gnarled drinkers, with nothing to recommend it. However, the Kings Head pub in Islington High Street had the best Rhythm and Blues band I'd ever heard and on weekends was packed with a true cross section of English life for once united, class distinctions forgotten, moving and grooving uproariously to the beat, with cigarette and sometimes other smoke, giving it an instant nostalgia.

High Street Islington also featured a shop, in those long bygone days only frequented by women, which, to my endless amusement, promised "*Ear Piercing While You Wait.*" Can you imagine the alternative?

In the West End of London, over half an hour from the City, by Underground and up to an hour by bus, taxi, or car, houses in garden squares would cost ten times as much as in N1.

The West End squares had the verisimilitude of nature, Capability Brown style gardens, which screamed of understated elegance, money and good taste. In the best English tradition, such squares were locked to the *hoi polloi* and only square dwellers were issued with keys. They were frequented by Nannies and their prams, training their little Lord Fauntleroy to look down and turn up their toffee noses at improper non-U usage, enthusiasm, or colonials, like me.



In Islington, the squares were open to all. The gardens were kept by the Islington Council, whose gardeners thought that the acme of beauty was the greatest mix of garish colours, planted out with geometric regularity. They were full of kids playing cricket - or even peeing in the bushes.

This was the same Islington Council, which created London's funniest Irish joke. They passed a by-law banning the telling of Irish jokes, on the grounds that such jokes were racist and also anti-IRA. One character stood outside the Council Chambers telling Irish jokes, non-stop, for weeks, in hope of being arrested.

The Islington/Highbury neighbourhood was very mixed, with, then, inalienable Council housing, in some of the most magnificent architectural squares, cheek by jowl with what we now call Yuppies (of which I was one) moving in and driving up the prices. There was a famous piece of graffiti on an elegantly painted mushroom coloured wall demanding: "Stop the gentrification of Islington." Mrs Thatcher later drove a stake through that sentiment, when she privatised Council housing.

The British satirical magazine, *Private Eye*, featured a cartoon called "The N1s" which, weekly, pricked the pretensions of the archetypical N1 families, who religiously not only read *The Guardian* (or *The Grauniad*, as *Private Eye* always called it), but actually believed it. They sent their children to the Montessori school, and were, what we now call, 'politically correct'.

The best houses in the N1 area carried prices which were beyond my means. Nevertheless, I was determined to get a house on a garden square. So my search took many a Saturday morning.

One Saturday morning in June 1973, I answered an ad in *The Times* for a house in a garden square in Highbury/Canonbury. The cultivated English voice, which answered the phone, said he was "Professor somebody-or-other" and we made an appointment for me to view the house about 11:00 am that day.

When I rang the doorbell, precisely at 11:00, it was answered by an elderly man with kindly features, in his seventies, I guessed. He had white, well-cut hair, a worsted well-tailored suit and unassuming tie, which fitted the house and the man. Albeit a suit on a Saturday morning was a bit respectable, then, especially in Islington.

"Do come in!" he said in a cultivated BBC accent, greeting me like an honoured guest.

"I'm just showing the previous people the house, as they arrived a bit late. If you don't mind, I'll leave you to look around, on your own and when they go, I can give you my full attention."

He hustled off to the other people allowing me to observe the house. I saw to my disappointment that it was not genuinely Georgian, but a comfortable modern copy, which had cut the ceiling height by a foot or two and did not impress with the usual sternly elegant airy lines, which the true Georgian architecture insisted upon. Nevertheless, it was well designed to allow a lot of light and was pleasantly decorated. It had that English blandness which eclipses flair (rather like English food).

I noticed a genealogical chart on the wall among the other etchings and paintings. While waiting for my host to come and talk to me, I went over to it. I saw it was headed: "The von Richthofen Family", in flowing black copperplate writing.

I looked at it curiously and followed it down the tree. I had just got to the name of the flying ace of World War I, 'Manfred', when the elderly gentleman came back and said

"Aha! You're looking at the family genealogy."

Pointing to his name on the chart, I said in all innocence:

"Yes, I've just found the famous 'Red Baron'."

"Oh yes!" he responded, "He's some sort of cousin."

"How extraordinary it must be, to be his relative and to be living in England", I commented.

He responded, "I never knew whether to be proud of him or ashamed, during the Great War. But this is me, here."

And he pointed further to the left at the bottom of the chart. I saw "Montague Weekley" and also noted he had two sisters. Above it was written "Frieda von Richthofen m Ernest Weekley".

I immediately realised who my host was and felt embarrassed, although not as well informed then, on the family, as I am now, I did know that DH Lawrence ("DHL" or "Lawrence") had seduced (or was seduced by) the wife of his WEA lecturer, Professor Weekley in Nottingham.

They had run off together. A painful and horribly public divorce had followed and Frieda had been implacably separated from her three children by her unforgiving ex-husband. The lives of her children were unknown to me.

Obviously my host was the son of Frieda Lawrence and hence, willingly or otherwise, the stepson of DHL.

However 'In for a Penny, in for a Pound' is my motto in situations like this.

"Oh! Then your mother is quite as famous as the Red Baron, in literary circles, at least, Professor Weekley", I commented.

"Ah! So you know of my mother." He smiled.

Still skirting the subject I replied:

"Being an Australian, I have read *Kangaroo*, where there is a well known pen portrait of her."

"You are well informed", he said.

He kindly added: "I am just about to have a cup of tea, I wonder if you would like to join me."

Naturally, as I was not in a hurry, I said I would. We sat out in the weak English summer sun, in the developer-stunted, little garden square his house faced onto and we chatted.

I mentioned that my mother's uncle, Jock Garden, was known to have been the model for Willie Struthers, the Christian, communist trade union leader, in *Kangaroo*. Professor Weekley listened intelligently. But unfortunately for posterity, I had not heard of the Darroch Thesis, at this time, thus I have no startling, 'straight from the horse's stepson' stories to tell the expectant world on this subject.

Nor did I ask him about how he felt about Lawrence running off with his mother. I was too polite and respectful to realise that this charming elderly gentleman actually wanted to tell his story - before it was too late. Five years later, he gave a detailed account of his life with

cont'd over page

## Morning Tea with Monty

cont'd from previous page

Frieda, which is in the British Library and on which much of this article is based.\*

I believe Professor Weekley did mention that he was a widower and a beneficiary, through his mother, of DHL royalties and it was these which had permitted him "to live in such comparative luxury".

I didn't buy that house. It was too expensive for my bank-subsidised loan and lacked the purity I sought. But it was a most pleasant encounter and it sparked my interest in learning more about "Monty" Weekley.

Monty, as I will now presume to call him, was born on 15 June 1900, the eldest son of English linguistics professor, Ernest Weekley and his much younger wife Frieda, nee Frieda von Richthofen. Ernest was then 35 and Frieda was 20. Monty was conceived only one month after their marriage. He was christened 'Montague Karl Richthofen Weekley', but later his name was anglicised to 'Montague Charles Weekley'.

The difference in the ages of Ernest and Frieda was not so unusual in that era, but this was not the only difference between them. Ernest was serious, pedantic (as only a linguistics professor could be), uptight and proper, a classic product of the Victorian age in England. Frieda was romantic, given to spontaneous gestures, wilful and contemptuous of the proprieties. Their residence in provincial Nottingham, away from the sophisticated metropolis, exacerbated their differences.

Ernest wrote, in jest, to his mother-in-law that he was jealous of his wife's attention to their newly born son. Although very proud of his son, Ernest was aloof. Children, he believed, properly belonged to nanny. Frieda's actions of jumping out from behind curtains, or crawling on the floor to amuse Monty, he found embarrassing. She was merely interacting with her child. Ernest, proud of his detachment, sardonic humour and the *sang froid* of a middle class English gentleman complained.

### "I have married an earthquake",

Monty was very bright and learned quickly. He was deemed to have inherited his father's brains.

About a year later, Frieda published her translations of Schiller's German romantic poems, which to some extent justified her literary pretensions. However (as long after recounted by Barbara Barr, Frieda's younger daughter), when she likened herself to one of Shakespeare's heroines, Ernest exclaimed

### "My god! The megalomania! The folly!"

Frieda earned the disapproval of her husband's family due to her "strange views of life" and her failure to take Monty to church.

Two sisters to Monty were subsequently born. Else, known as "Elsa", in 1902 and Barbara, or "Barby", in 1904. After the birth of Elsa, Frieda engaged a German teenager, Ida Wilhelmy as the children's nurse. She was a stern disciplinarian and loyal to Frieda, about whom Ernest had

become frequently become quite patronising and sarcastic.

Ida was a staunch Roman Catholic and took the children regularly to Mass and made them say their rosaries. This earned the approval of Ernest's sister Maude, who, to contrast it to Frieda's agnosticism, told Ernest:

**"It was better that the children had some religion, even if it was Roman".**

Monty liked playing out of doors and became, at three and a half, a witty mimic (being completely bi-lingual in German and English), with a precocious sense of the absurd. Monty used to plead with his mother not to speak to him in German in public, but was able, in perfect accents, to impersonate his relatives and neighbours, in both languages.

Monty made up funny words in mixed tongues and soon was participating with his father in doing *The Times* crosswords and subsequently became expert at them.

When Monty was four, Frieda commenced her intimate friendship with a neighbour, William Enfield Dowson. He had a little bungalow on the River Trent, to which he invited Frieda and her children. With Monty on her back, Frieda rode the waves with wild exuberance, but Monty was aware of the relationship with Barby's godfather and later used sardonically to call him "The great Dowson".

Frieda was very indulgent to her son and even once allowed him to wear to bed a new pair of boots, which he was thrilled to have had bought for him.

Relations between Frieda and Ernest deteriorated, with his cold sarcasm, his anti-romantic pragmatism and his sexual hang-ups - he liked to imagine Frieda as a virgin, in order for him to become sexually aroused. She disliked playing this part. He was a complete contrast to her growing belief in sexual freedom, her defiance of conventionality and her bold impudence.

In 1907, Frieda left the family, to set off on travels to Europe. This was to be the first major step to disrupt her relations with her son. Through her sister Else, Frieda got involved with some bizarre characters and had an affaire with the psychiatrist and free love advocate, Dr Otto Gross (a former collaborator with Sigmund Freud, and, later, a patient of Carl Jung). Otto Gross was extremely magnetic. He had already been hospitalised for manic depression, was an active cocaine addict, and, while married, was having an affaire with Frieda's sister, Else. About this time, he impregnated Else with her son, Peter. Frieda also befriended the 26-year-old Swiss anarchist Ernst Frick, with whom she later had an affair.

Upon Frieda's return to the family in Nottingham, she was a changed woman. Elsa then aged five, perceptively said to her:

**"You are not our old mother. You have got our old mother's skin on, but you are not our mother that went away."**

One can only imagine the impact on Monty, as he became the meat in the sandwich. Bored in Nottingham, Frieda used to take Monty off to The Mikado Café for

hours, to gorge on cakes to feed her quite greedy sweet tooth. She tried to read Plato, at Dr Gross's suggestion. Ernest told Monty his mother was 'silly', saying to Frieda:

**You get your measles late, most people have done with Plato at your age."**

**"You may not think it", Frieda told Monty, "but your mother's a clever woman."**

From 1907 to 1911, Frieda conducted a wild correspondence with Gross, who was in and out of mental hospitals and begetting children from various lovers. Frieda also translated the WB Yeats play, *Land of Heart's Desire*." She however moved her affections to Ernst Frick, the Swiss anarchist, with whom she started an affaire, during a 1911 visit to Ascona on Lake Maggiore.

This was done with the encouragement of Gross's wife, who lived with Frick there, and was then pregnant with her second child to Frick.

Later that year, Frick visited London for three or four weeks, paid for by Else, Frieda's sister, and Frieda took every opportunity to visit London and Frick during his stay.

Early in 1912, Frick was sentenced to twelve-months imprisonment in Switzerland, on charges of setting off a bomb, in 1907, outside the Zurich police station. Frieda wanted to send money to help Frick with his unsuccessful defence. Ernest Weekley threatened to kill her on the grounds that she was assisting a would-be murderer and criminal. Frieda continued to correspond with Frick in his Swiss prison.

It was at this stage in the Weekley marriage, that DH Lawrence came into Frieda's life. He met Frieda for the first time on 3 March 1912. She was 32. A former student in Ernest's French classes, DHL, aged 26, had come to seek Ernest's help - in order to get a job as a teacher in the Rhineland.

Ernest was out. Monty was playing with his tops in the garden and the two girls were pretending to be 'common', haranguing each other in lower class accents. Ida, the Governess, commented that she was unimpressed by DHL's lower class attire.

**"A person like that should not wear patent leather shoes."**

It has been alleged that Frieda and DHL became lovers within 20 minutes of meeting. This is almost certainly apocryphal - not that Frieda was incapable of such sexual enthusiasm.

According to more reliable reports, Frieda invited Lawrence into the sitting room, to be met with him launching a harangue against women. She shrewdly turned the conversation to Oedipus (no doubt drawing on knowledge gleaned from her former lover, Otto Gross). She could not get over Lawrence's attachment to his deceased mother, especially when contrasted to 11-year-old Monty, who was already displaying that aloof detachment of an English young gentleman. She later described Lawrence's love for his mother as **"real love, sort of Oedipus"**.

In any event, Frieda and Lawrence's affaire soon

started, hot and furious, in various borrowed beds. In late April 1912, less than two months before Monty's twelfth birthday, Edward Garnett, literary agent and father confessor to DHL, hosted Lawrence and Frieda for a week-end visit to his home in Kent, 'The Cearne', modelled to look like a fifteenth century farmhouse. This romantic location is believed to be the place where they first spent a whole night and slept together. They made plans to go together to visit Frieda's family in Metz and talked of taking Monty, Elsa and Barby with them.

Lawrence had tried to insist Frieda cut through the hypocrisy and tell Ernest of their affaire and plans. In the event, she blurted out to Ernest details about her affaires with Gross and others, but not with Lawrence, and Ernest appeared not to understand and dismissed her from the room.

Three days of uneasy silence later, on 3 May, Frieda left her husband, taking Elsa and Barby to Ernest Weekley's parental home, in Hampstead, by train. It must have been a horribly uncomfortable time for Monty, who was old enough to understand, at some level, what was going on. After a scene with Ernest, she stepped outside, where Monty was apparently utterly absorbed, spinning tops in the garden, and said in her German accented English

**"Monty, aren't you going to come and say 'Good-bye' to me."**

She kissed him and was gone. Monty never forgot this scene. Did he feel, as so many children do, that it was some fault of his which had caused the bust up?

At two o'clock, that day, having dropped the girls off at the Weekley's, she met Lawrence outside the Ladies Room, at Charing Cross Station and set off with him for the channel steamer. They had known each other exactly two months.

Frieda almost certainly did not realise that this reckless step was the end of her mothering of Monty and his sisters. All of her later actions indicated a sad ignorance of the then English divorce laws and of the implacable enmity of her husband.

Later the same month, Lawrence wrote a letter to Ernest, from Germany, telling of his love for Frieda. A year later, this letter, was to grace the front page of the *News of the World*, after it was presented in court by Ernest, as evidence of Frieda's adultery with Lawrence - probably Lawrence's largest readership, until *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Lawrence undoubtedly wrote the letter in a high-handed effort to burn Frieda's boats and prevent her ever returning to Ernest. This letter probably pushed Frieda willy-nilly out on to a limb, which she had not intended.

Under the then draconian English law of divorce, it justified Ernest, the innocent party, banning Frieda, the guilty party, from seeing her children. Indeed to preserve his rights at law, Ernest had to act in a way which did not 'condone' Frieda's adultery, otherwise the court would have refused him the divorce.

Monty later said he believed his mother had not in-

*cont'd over page*

## Morning Tea with Monty

*cont'd from previous page*

tended the hostilities, which broke out. He thought she had hoped to have DHL and also to have access to her children as well. He said:

**"Mamma was a great cake-eater and cake-haver."**

Of course, this may just have been the rationalisation of a small boy, who lost his mother and who might otherwise feel she had selfishly abandoned him to pursue her own sexual pleasure.

Ida, the children's German governess, had left to become a nurse a few months before Frieda departed. German language was banned from the nursery. Monty was told that Frieda was ill and had gone away.

Ernest, who broke down in tears, when he told a neighbour what had happened, wrote to Frieda begging her to agree to a divorce so it could be handled discreetly. Otherwise it could cost him his post and the children would starve. He wrote to Frieda's father that he had been "insane" for ten days after she left. Poor Monty must have known his father was distraught and felt helpless.

Frieda in effective confirmation of DHL's letter sent a telegram to Ernest euphemistically, but unequivocally, saying she was not "alone". Whatever she may have intended, under the then prevailing English law and social morality, she had thus made a permanent estrangement with the Weekley family, including her children.

Monty was reported to have scarcely eaten for six months, following his mother's departure. Shortly after she left, he was enrolled into the summer term at Nottingham High School, having turned twelve. He lived alone with his despondent father, the two girls having remained with the Weekleys in Hampstead. Ernest suffered wild mood swings and wrote letters, often twice a day, to Frieda, with the contents ranging from vituperation, threats of suicide, pledges of love and declaration of a will to survive, despite Frieda's cruelty.

Monty's main memory of the aftermath of his mother's departure was of his own stomach cramps and frequent nausea. On one occasion, his heartbroken father, as a treat, took Monty to The Mikado Café, where Monty had gone often with his mother to enjoy cream cakes. Instead, Monty became bilious and sick.

In August 1912, when Ernest received a letter from Frieda saying that she was never coming back to him, he up-anchored from Nottingham, sold the house and moved, with Monty, to join the two girls at his family's household in Hampstead, in London, his career already tarnished by the scandal. 'Well Walk', the Weekley home, housed Ernest's parents, Ernest, Monty, Elsa and Barbara, Ernest's brother, George, and his sisters Kit, a nurse, and Maude, apparently a lesbian. Ernest told the children to call Maude, "**Mama**".

The mood in the house was grim. Nobody told the children what was going on. Ernest was treated as an invalid.

**"Where is Mama?"**, the girls asked and Ernest blanched and left the room, leaving his mother, Agnes, to say, feebly,

**"Papa is worried."**

They cried themselves to sleep, for, while used to their mother's absences abroad, they were upset to see their father's sudden peculiar behaviour.

Ernest commuted to Hampstead on weekends, renting a bedsit in Nottingham, during the week. On Sunday nights, Monty cried at his father's departure, terrified that this presaged permanent abandonment. His crying, at age twelve, in that Victorian-era household, would have drawn strong disapproval and, no doubt, he was told to grow up and act like a man.

Ernest's sister, Maude was charged by Ernest with stamping out incipient "**bohemianism**" in the children. They were taken regularly to the local Anglican church and indoctrinated into the family's rigid puritanical code of respectability and thrift.

Monty was enrolled at St Paul's School, an ecumenical institution of high scholastic standards and placed in Colet House. Ernest purchased a large Victorian residence within walking distance, in Chiswick, with room for all his books to be displayed, drapes from the Nottingham house hung in the front window, and all nine of the family moved in.

It was not a happy household. Ernest moped and was referred to as "**Poor Papa**". He uttered such biblical aphorisms as,

**"All wrongdoing is avenged on Earth"** - in German.

Ernest's mother Agnes and her children, never allowed the opportunity to pass for an anti-German remark.

Monty's sense of the ridiculous led him to mimic all the family and to mock them, particularly Maude, who constantly held forth on the moral values of marriage and who, from time to time, Monty reduced to tears. Barby simply loathed Maude, who resented being put in charge of the children and developed a streak of sadistic humour, mingled with sudden outbreaks of temper. She spoiled Monty, but was very demanding.

Meanwhile, back in Germany, Frieda had an affair with Uno von Henning, a German soldier, even before she had sent her telegram to Ernest confirming her infidelity. It is said, after a row with Lawrence, she swam the river Isar, in the village near Munich and had sex with the local wood-cutter, who lived on the other side, as a punishment for Lawrence.

Before Christmas, Frieda asked Ernest for permission to see the children, but he refused and a present sent to Elsa was indignantly returned.

On 11 February, 1913, Ernest filed a petition for divorce on the grounds of Frieda's "**habitual adultery**" with Lawrence. A letter from Ernest's solicitors told Frieda that if she wanted to see the children, she would have to apply to the court. Frieda simply chose to ignore this and determined to see the children on the sly. A letter from Ernest told her in late March, 1913



Obviously this encounter at school must have caused Monty problems, because when Frieda sought to have a note given to him by Katherine Mansfield, she was unsuccessful. Ernest followed this up with a note to Frieda, talking of Frieda's "rotting body"

Three weeks after the Turnham Green meeting, Katherine Mansfield again tried to deliver a note and a sovereign from DHL. However, Monty sent a message back, via another boy, that absolutely no contact was permitted. On 28 July, Ernest supported by an affidavit from Maude, obtained a custody and restraining order preventing Frieda "interfering or attempting to interfere" with the children.

In October of that year, Ernest obtained a Decree Nisi, leading to a divorce with an Order for Costs of £144, awarded against Lawrence. Lawrence chose to ignore this Order. Later on, Ernest was to issue a bankruptcy petition against Lawrence for non-payment of these costs. To Ernest's dismay, the story of the adultery was carried in the *News of the World*, the *Sunday Times* and the *Daily Mail*. One wonders what Monty was told, or was said to him by the boys at school.

After a stay in Italy, Frieda and DHL returned to London in late June 1914. Frieda walked the streets of Chiswick, seeking out the Weekley house. She eventually identified it, due to recognising her old red drapes from the Nottingham house, which had been hung in the front window.

She let herself in the back door, which was unlocked and went up the stairs to the nursery. Maude and her mother were eating dinner with the children. They were dumb-founded by Frieda's sudden apparition. Maude regained her senses and ordered Frieda out of the house. Frieda refused. Agnes, screaming at Frieda to leave, tried to push her out the door. The children joined their grandmother in pushing and shouting at their mother to "Go Away!"

Eventually, Frieda left, humiliated. However, a week or two later, she accosted the two girls one morning and managed to talk more peaceably to Elsa and Barby for a few minutes before class.

"When are you coming back?" asked Barby.

"No more", said her mother.

The girls, unable to understand the situation, told Aunt Maude that afternoon, who angrily forbade them ever to walk to school alone again.

Frieda and DHL married in the Kensington Register Office on July 13, 1914. The next day Frieda again intercepted the two girls, on the way to school, accompanied by their Aunt Kit. Kit was afraid of Maude and angry with Frieda, because of her brother's humilia-

**"I have done with you, I want to forget you and you must be dead to the children. You know the law is on my side."**

Frieda screamed at Lawrence,

**"The law! Can they undo the fact that the children are mine?"**

She fell into a despair. Lawrence became jealous of the hold the children had on Frieda's mind and tried to belittle them. Frieda's mother, Anna, tried to get Frieda to become more philosophical about the separation from her children and to understand that she would eventually have a relationship with the children and whatever would be, would be.

On 30 June 1913, back in England, Frieda waited outside Colet House and Monty, several inches taller, almost bumped into her, before he recognised her. He then noticed

DHL, standing, uncomfortably in the distance.

In breach of school rules (and the court), Frieda got him to tell one of the teachers he was going out with his Aunt Maude for half an hour. Frieda took him with her to a tea shop, where she ordered strawberries and cream and cried and ate most of the strawberries herself.

She told him she had not been able to stand Nottingham any longer and that Monty would un-

derstand everything when he was older. He lent her his large and dirty handkerchief to wipe her eyes. Frieda also told him she had written a novel (DHL's *Sons and Lovers*) and Monty perked up and told her there was not much money in novels. She sought to have him bring the two girls to meet her on Turnham Green in Chiswick the next day. Monty started to weep and asked,

**"Shall I ask Papa?"**

She walked him back to school, gave him half a crown, and a letter for him to read, but not to show anyone. He wept again as she left, read the letter and hid it, so no-one at home would know. The next day, before school, Monty and the girls were delighted to meet Frieda on Turnham Green. The girls could not understand why she could not come home with them. When they all did return, that afternoon, Maude, discerning their agitation and excitement, put Monty through the third degree, until he confessed all.

Ernest was not told until he returned from Nottingham on the Friday night, by which time Frieda's letter to Monty had also been found. Ernest apparently threatened to shoot Frieda, which discouraged her from attempting further meetings with the children for the while.

Back at 'The Cearne', Garnett's house in Kent, DHL horrified his host's son David, with his heartless attitude to Frieda's children. Frieda, grateful for David's support against Lawrence, propositioned him sexually, but it was not consummated.

cont'd over page



## Morning Tea with Monty

cont'd from previous page

angry with Frieda, because of her brother's humiliation. She called to the girls

**"Run children! Run!"**

They ran into the school and, looking back, saw Frieda still awkwardly trying to give them a welcoming smile.

Frieda made a number of attempts to see them again, even bearding Ernest, in his Nottingham bedsit, to Ernest's fury. He accused her of being **"worse than the commonest prostitute"** and complained of her not having even run off with a **"Gentleman"**. Frieda said he might not be a gentleman, but she had indeed gone off with a **"Great"** man.

World War I broke out shortly thereafter and stopped DHL and Frieda from their European travels, although Frieda was able to keep up a correspondence with her family in Germany, through Switzerland.

But it was not until her thirty-sixth birthday, in August 1915, that Frieda was, for the first time, formally allowed by Ernest to meet with the three children. This was limited to a half an hour in his lawyers' offices. Carrying a gift box of candies, which she had sampled on the way there, she saw the two girls, under-nourished, due to war-time rationing and Maude's diverting the meat ration cards to their grandfather. They said virtually nothing, leaving Monty to chat away, cheerfully, despite his mother's tearstained face, until the clerk came to tell them time was up. At fifteen, he was already showing the *savoir faire* of a Gentleman.

From then on, Ernest allowed the children to meet with Frieda, from time to time, upon condition that they not encounter Lawrence. Monty teased the girls afterwards by imitating his mother's accent. Jealous of Frieda's love for her children, Lawrence started an affair with HD, the wife of Richard Aldington, although it may not have been consummated.

Frieda's correspondence with her family in Germany told her about the death of her nephew, Peter, aged 7, the son of her sister Else and their lover, Otto Gross. No doubt, she learned about her cousin Manfred and his feats as the Red Baron. She was afraid, during a Zeppelin raid, over London, observed from Hampstead Hill, of being torn limb from limb, if the English crowd knew she were German.

In November 1915, DHL's novel *The Rainbow* was seized by Scotland Yard and successfully prosecuted for Obscenity. DHL (who had been writing pacifist stories), and Frieda received unwelcome attention from the police. We do not know if Monty learned of these events, or what he might have felt.

Living in Berkshire, in early 1918, Frieda made two trips to London to see the children. In April, she upset Monty. He was, of course, proud of his appearance in an Officer Training Corps uniform, although by then a realisation of war's horrors was becoming prevalent. Frieda saw him wearing his handsome uniform and instead of admiring his good looks, immediately and vocally took fright, for fear that he might be killed in **"this stupid war"**.

Appalled at the risk of him fighting his own relatives, she suggested she hide him **"somewhere in a cave or a wood."** Monty claims to have had difficulty in dissuading her. His emotions, wound up by her German accented, impractical and romantic fantasies were to be grounded horribly a few days later. Manfred, the Red Baron was shot down near Amiens and killed. The publicity at his death, as Monty told me, more than fifty years later, gave him deeply conflicting emotions. Monty kept his distance from his mother, who must have appeared almost like a witch.

After the war, DHL and Frieda made their ways to Italy, for a cheaper life and settled for a while in Sicily. Frieda wrote to Monty, but got a frosty reply. Barby wrote to Frieda in 1920, delighted that Frieda, in her letters, showed she had not **"plucked us from your heart"** and apologising for Monty's **"nasty"** letter which she said was not:

**"...from his inside. He is nasty, though. I expect he'll swear at me for writing to you but I don't care."**

Monty had by then been admitted to Oxford on a scholarship. Playing Rugby and winning a medal in the mile, for Athletics, Monty was taking charge of his life. He seemed to be trying to shake off both his parents. He had rhinoplasty to change his slightly hooked Weekley nose. He was tall, skinny and handsome.

Monty was 21 and still up at Oxford, when Frieda and DHL set off for their trip which took them to Australia and a putative meeting with Kangaroo and Jock Garden. Before departure, DHL had sent Monty a copy of *Sea and Sardinia*, which Monty loved, at least for its description of Frieda, and passed on to his sisters commenting it was **"Mamma, to the Nth"**.

After Australia, the Lawrences moved on to spend time with Mabel Dodge in Taos in the US and then Mexico, where DHL wrote *The Plumed Serpent*. It was during the writing of this book, in 1923, that the homosexual poet, Hal Brynner, tells in his memoirs of visiting the Lawrences and DHL fulminating against John Middleton Murry. His shouts woke Frieda, who had been asleep in a chair. To try to calm things down, Frieda produced her box of family photographs and started talking about her children. Lawrence, who had retreated behind a newspaper, suddenly leapt up, grabbed the pictures, tore several in half, and jumped on the pieces, calling Frieda a **"Shit-bag"**.

This behaviour, or the loss of the photos, seemed to stoke up Frieda's necessity to see her children. She finally sailed, to England hoping to see them, alone, as Lawrence refused to accompany her. Lawrence wrote to Murry:

**"You know, wrong or not, I can't stomach the chasing of those Weekley children."**

However, later in the year, Lawrence rejoined Frieda in London and the three Weekley children were invited to meet them, along with Murry (at whom Frieda had made a pass during a recent trip to Germany, while Lawrence was still in America).

Monty refused all invitations to meet. He had become very much a Weekley. The children had heard stories that

**"The Lawrences threw saucepans or plates at each other"**

According to Monty's father, Ernest,

**"at least Monty does not reveal any fearful tendencies to vice."**

This was no doubt referring to Monty's denying his natural instincts to defend his mother and to his failure to display any inherited maternal genes.

By this time, Monty had graduated from Oxford. After a brief stint in the advertising department of Yardley's Cosmetics, at twenty-three, he had been appointed Assistant to the Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum. He was much like his father, with a love of nineteenth century French literary criticism and crossword puzzles. One wonders at the odd decision to try out in advertising, when Monty's whole subsequent career was academic and 'safe'.

The V & A was very much a scholarly institution, being a part of the Department of Education. Sir Roy Strong, who became Director of the V & A, in 1974, in his Diaries described the V & A as

**"HELL. "The dreary Civil Service-ness of it all, the terrible forms, files, signing, the filth, the smell of Jeyes fluid, the dirty loos, all the things I can't stand..."**

Sir Roy commented that there was

**"this deep and fundamental dichotomy between what was in fact its public mask, outgoing to the point where everyone always said to me, 'Oh, I love the V & A', and the reality of the face behind, far from joyous but sunk rather in an ocean of petty feuding.**

**It was a view corroborated by my [Strong's] father-in-law, who joined the Museum in 1923 [the year Monty joined the V & A]. "How did you survive?" I asked him one day. "By keeping my head down," was the reply."**

Monty's willingness to shun vice was, however, not shared by his two sisters, Else and Barby, who met not only Frieda, but the feral, literary pornographer, who had stolen her away from them.

Barby was captivated by DHL. Although put off by his looks - **"tall and fragile - a queer unearthly creature"**, with a **"high pitched voice, a slight Midlands accent"**, she liked his eyes, **"blue, wide-apart, in cave-like sockets, under a fine brow"** She concluded that he seemed,

**"beyond human and ordinary. I felt at once that he was more like an element - say a rock, or rushing water."**

Ernest had, after much persuasion, allowed Barby to enrol at the Slade School of Art. DHL said he felt the

school to be too academic. He commented to Elsa

**"Barby is not the stuff of which artists are made."**

Elsa, very uptight, did not reply. But afterwards described DHL as being **"a cad"**. In fact, Barby had an artistic temperament, while Elsa was sensible, reticent and an observer of the proprieties, a true Weekley.

Following another stay in Taos and Mexico, the Lawrences returned to the UK in late 1925. While DHL was being nursed by his sisters in Derbyshire, for a bad cold, Frieda, with little to do, invited Barby over to visit from Nottingham, where she was staying. Her host, a colleague of Ernest, remonstrated with her for flaunting her father's wishes and DHL roused himself to shout at Barby complaining of

**"These mean, dirty little insults your mother has had to put up with all these years."**

On a visit in Baden-Baden in November, 1925, DHL wrote to Dorothy Brett, back in Taos,

**"I can't stand Frieda's children. They have a sort of suburban bounce and sufficiency which puts me off...The boy kept his loftiness to the Vic and Albert Museum, and soon, very probably, will sit in one of the glass cases, as a specimen of the perfect young Englishman."**

Later Frieda and Lawrence moved to Spotorno, a fishing village sixty miles south of Genoa on the Italian Riviera. There, they rented a house from Serafina Ravagli, then married to the dashing, if short, Lieutenant Angelo Ravagli. Angelo and Frieda felt an immediate attraction to each other, although when their affair actually started is not certain. In any event, he was ultimately to become Frieda's third husband in New Mexico.

Frieda wrote inviting Elsa and Barby to come and spend Christmas with them. Ernest, to everyone's surprise, assented to them going, as long as they did not stay under Lawrence's roof, but instead at Alassio, twenty five miles away. This exposure may not have been in Barby's interest.

Barby came to Alassio, but, two weeks later, moved in with the Lawrences, only to become involved with their physical fights, sexual tension and tortured marriage. She was assailed by DHL's taunts about her shyness. He said that it was evidence of her lack of character, typical of a daughter of the enemy, Ernest. Lawrence accused her (behind her back) of flirting with him. He supervised her painting with painstaking enthusiasm, and confided in her that his sterility was due to a childhood case of mumps.

On long seaside walks, DHL gave Barby advice about marriage and she recounted stories of the Weekley household and her ultra-respectable Aunt Maude's wowsersish behaviour.

DHL transcribed all this wonderful novel-fodder into *The Virgin and the Gypsy*, a novella based on an irrespon-

*cont'd over page*

## Morning Tea with Monty

*cont'd from previous page*

sible German woman, who married into a puritanical English family and then ran away, leaving two daughters to be brought up by their father's hidebound sisters and mother. Ernest appears in the book as a rector, who **"cracked sarcastic little jokes all the time"**. Barby complained that DHL had failed to transcribe all of her family's comments accurately. So much for DHL's much vaunted literary originality!

The only piece of pure (impure?) fiction is when the family is shamed further by the younger daughter running off with a gypsy (based on Guess Who?).

However, Barby's confusion at DHL's flirtation (sexual harassment?), plus psychological mind-grinding was nothing to the farcical situation, which then evolved. Her sister, Elsa arrived, chaperoned by the mother of her fiancé - who bore the remarkable name of Bernal Edward "Teddy" De Martelly Seaman. He was a Royal Navy officer.

DHL, at the same time, had also invited his sister, Ada and her friend Lizzie Booth to stay, as well. Open warfare rapidly broke out between Ada and Frieda, whom Ada accused of sloppy nursing and cooking. Ada accused Frieda of not looking after **"our Bert"** properly. DHL had come down with 'flu and started spitting blood. Frieda counter-attacked, noisily.

The advent of the romantic Angelo Ravagli, who proceeded to pay lush Mediterranean attention to the straight-laced Elsa, and her sister, further complicated the issue.

Frieda spent one night in DHL's bed, and the next day publicly professed great satisfaction. However, she was locked out by him the next night. The key was given by DHL, safely, into Ada's grim keeping. Ada told Frieda of this, in front of the others, and added,

**"I hate you from the bottom of my heart."**

Frieda was utterly affronted by this public insult and moved out to stay in the hotel with her daughters and Mrs Seaman. Barbie acted as messenger between the two warring parties.

Both Elsa and Barby pleaded with Frieda to act like a wife and go back to Lawrence. But he had, meanwhile, moved to Ravello, near Amalfi. There he shared Dorothy Brett's bed, trying, but failing to make love to her.

Back in London, obviously the stories of his two sisters of their exposure to the Lawrence menagerie, at its worst, seem, paradoxically, to have softened Monty's resolve to shut them out of his life. Maybe he was just curious, or felt the need to be peacemaker. We don't know.

So, when Frieda and Lawrence moved back to London, in Summer 1926, Frieda said she wanted a place, near to the V & A, where Monty had **"a safe job"** and peace negotiations were opened. In August that year, Monty finally agreed to meet Lawrence. Frieda was thrilled that Monty stuck out his hand to shake Lawrence's hand, before she even had a chance to make a formal introduction. According to Monty, Lawrence talked brilliantly and we owe to Monty the only known account of Lawrence's Nottingham accent. In describing the painter, John Singer Sergeant, Monty says that DHL (out of professional jeal-

ousy?) described the painter as **"sooch a bahd peeynter."**

Frieda introduced Monty around her social circle. DHL, fed up with Frieda in her mothering role, fled to Scotland to visit friends. However, relations between Frieda and Monty were such, that by March 1927, Frieda was writing to Monty inviting him to join the Lawrences in Italy for Christmas.

However, all this family geniality did not permit Elsa to invite Frieda to her wedding to Teddy Seaman. Frieda was *persona non grata* at such a formal event, where Ernest was to give Elsa away.

In 1929, Monty was promoted to the role of Curator of the V & A branch at Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood. That year, Frieda came to London, on her own. She was present at the scandalous opening of DHL's art exhibition. This opening saw a police raid and seven oils and five watercolours being confiscated as obscene, amid a blaze of tabloid publicity. However, Frieda had to hasten back to Florence, to attend to Lawrence, who was thought to be dying.

Lawrence was able to survive, for a while, but was very ill. In February, Frieda wired for Elsa and Barby to come to be with her at DHL's bedside. Barby was then told by DHL that, after his death, he believed that Frieda should return to Ernest. Lawrence died on 2 March, 1930.

Monty, the perfect gentleman and son, wrote a loving letter to his mother. But his sister, Barby, had a nervous breakdown in Italy, due to what Monty described as **"the whole business"** - the DHL connection. The local doctor, an elderly gentleman, diagnosed it as *La Grande Hystérie*, although Barby claimed, later, it was meningitis. Mabel Dodge Luhan asserted it was syphilis.

Frieda, having arranged with Angelo Ravagli and his wife for Angelo (thereafter known as "Angie"), to accompany her in due course to New Mexico, as 'companion', then proceeded to consummate her relationship with John Middleton Murry.

Frieda's somewhat unorthodox treatment of Barby's mental condition was to hire a young good-looking Calabrian workman, Nicola, who had been creating a stone mosaic phoenix for DHL's grave, to serve Barby and also to service her, which he did with apparently commendable dedication, but, sadly, without effecting a cure.

Monty came out to Italy to attend his sister. He also discussed and advised his mother on matters arising from DHL's estate, which was not settled. Monty did not approve of Frieda's concepts of how to nurse Barby back to health and Elsa was, no doubt, horrified. So he and Elsa spelled Frieda in nursing Barby. Mabel Dodge Luhan later alleged that Barby sexually attacked Monty, during this time. Be that as it may, eventually, when Barby was well enough to travel, Monty arranged for Barby to go back to England, where she recovered. Monty must have been relieved when, four years later, Barby was at least safely married. With that bizarre parallelism one sees in so many parent/child psychological situations, following in her mother's footsteps Barby married a miner's son-turned-writer, Stuart Barr.

On her way through London to the US, it is not known if Frieda on this occasion met Monty and his intended, Vera Ross. In October, 1930, Monty married Vera, an-

The formidable Weekley family, with Ernest and Frieda right



other painter and Slade School alumnus, who had been at the Slade with Barby. There may, after all, have been a touch of the gypsy in Monty, as their first child, Ian, was born in May of the next year.

Frieda was back in London in late 1931 to litigate with Lawrence's family over the inheritance - the intentions of the deceased were far from clear. She settled in November 1932, with two of his siblings giving over £500, plus a couple of Lawrence's paintings a-piece. Ada, who had hitherto supported Frieda's claims against her two siblings, refused to accept the offered settlement and carried her enmity against Frieda for the rest of her life. The judge in the case, described the Lawrence's marital relationship as "ideal". It is claimed that Frieda cried out in court,

**"Oh but no! That's not true. We fought like hell!"**

This settlement then, at the expense of Lawrence's own family, was the foundation of Monty's inheritance. Odd that the children of the despised Ernest Weekley should have had a good part of the benefit of Lawrence's labours.

Later, in July 1939, Monty came to stay with Frieda in Taos for over a month. Frieda had not met his daughter, Julia, born in 1935, and Frieda and Monty discussed the grandchildren at great length, his upbringing and the Weekley family, along with estate matters, literature and the looming war. They got on very well together. Frieda presented Monty with an inscribed silver cigarette case, which he always cherished, despite later having to give up smoking. Thereafter, Monty spoke of Frieda only in affectionate terms. He always sought to explain her behaviour over the years in an impartial way, taking account

both of her point of view and the changed *mores* of the era.

**"She wanted everything and didn't see why she shouldn't get it. No difficulty about it, at all...[She] absolutely reject[ed] any kind of mental discipline."**

Monty returned to London, in late summer 1939, to find war imminent in Europe. He had to take leave from the V & A and joined the Ministry of Supply. During the war years, Frieda kept Monty's family supplied with very welcome food parcels. Monty contracted TB and had to spend a year, during the war, in a sanatorium on the Isle of Wight.

After the war, Monty was promoted to Keeper of the Bethnal Green Museum, which specialised in antique toys, silk designs, home furnishings and costumes. The Keeper, as of right, was entitled to occupancy of the Netteswell House, a small mansion, with a Queen Anne facade, within the grounds of the Museum. Monty invited Frieda, but not Angie, to come and live with his family there, but Frieda declined, although she promised to visit.

Shortly before the visit, in the early Fifties, Frieda married Angie, which allowed him the freedom to re-enter the US, and she travelled with him to England by plane. Frieda was met at London Airport by the children's old nanny, Ida Wilhelmy, and Monty. She was wearing a full length, Navaho broomstick dress with a thousand-pleats, a frilled Mexican blouse, ballet slippers and a brightly coloured beanie with earflaps, reminiscent in shape of the

*cont'd over page*

## Morning Tea with Monty

cont'd from previous page

pie outfit, Frieda carried, on her shoulder, a welcome, but aromatic leg of smoked ham, as a present to Monty and Vera from Gristede's. Angie went on to Italy.

Initially, Frieda stayed at an hotel in London, with Ida, for a few days, apparently professing to be still afraid of Ernest. Then, she moved for ten days to Netteswell House, where Vera surrendered her bedroom to her. Frieda in bed, "held court in eighteenth century style", chain smoking and not rising before noon. However, the suggestion that Frieda live there was not raised again.

Vera, who was sickly, preferred to be alone. She played the role of Museum Keeper's wife on formal occasions, but took her holidays separately. Monty, who was gregarious, spent most of his time at the Press Club, or Rotary. Julia had developmental and emotional problems, although Monty was "inordinately fond" of her. Aged 17, Julia had a job in hotel management. Ian was more relaxed and insouciant and claimed later to have enjoyed his grandmother's stay and odd behaviour.

Vera, despite her Slade School education, was resolutely middle class. She took Frieda shopping in the open markets, where Frieda, wearing her Taos outfit, was the subject of much attention, which made Vera uncomfortable. Monty took Frieda to the Museum, but on finding out that smoking was prohibited, she cut short the visit.

Frieda was also taken on a drive to see her daughter Elsa's house, and the flowers in the garden. Of Frieda's children, Elsa had been the most resistant to Frieda's charms. Elsa stiffly instructed the driver not to stop outside her house, but continue to drive by slowly, as she had Ernest Weekley, then aged 89, living in the house. As they passed, Frieda managed to glimpse the back of Ernest's head through a window.

Touched, she proposed a meeting with him, if her three children approved. Elsa turned the idea down, flat, without even discussing it with Barby. Barby, who was always much more pro-Frieda, was disappointed. She believed that Ernest had softened towards Frieda. Barby claimed that the elderly Ernest, when she ventured a criticism, had said apropos of the Richthofen family, "Ah, but she was the best." Monty's stance on this issue is not recorded, but as family peacemaker, it seems he went along with Elsa.

So Ernest and Frieda never met again. Ernest died two years later. A photo of he and Frieda, taken early in their marriage, when Frieda was pregnant with Monty, was found in his desk.

Angie was a bit much for Monty to swallow. However, shortly after Ernest's death, Monty wrote to Frieda that the children had made a decision to regard him as "something approximating to a stepfather" Following Frieda's death, in 1956, her will left half her estate to Angie and half to her three children, equally.

The estate, minus some real property, was valued then at some US\$200,000, but this was before computing future royalties. The publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, in 1960, following the scandalous trial for obscenity, caused the royalties to burgeon into the millions.

Lawrence had written most of his books about Frieda, who was his muse. Inadvertently through this inheritance, he financially recompensed Frieda's three children for his theft of their mother from their childhood. Lawrence's own family got very little, as mentioned above. Angie's share was huge and founded the Ravagli family fortune.

One cannot utterly gainsay the legitimacy of Angie's share of the Lawrence pie, either. After all, Angie had ostentatiously seduced Frieda in Italy, in front of DHL, when Lawrence was invalided with TB and impotent. Lawrence was never one to pass up a good plot, not when he saw one enacted before his eyes. This seduction and jealousy may have inspired Lawrence to the extreme of writing *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, DHL's most famous novel, with Angie miraculously transformed into the taciturn gamekeeper/seducer, DHL crippled, impotent and ennobled and fatherly, and Frieda, as the innocent Lady Chatterley, being taught the joys of sex, but without the unhappy encumbrance of children.

Shortly before her death, Frieda wrote to literary critic, FR Leavis, responsible for the revival of university interest in Lawrence's novels,

**"You say that I was not maternal, I think I was."**

I feel that, in some ways, Lawrence sought to have Frieda play a maternal role with him, a replacement for his lost mother. This may be why Lawrence was so jealous of Frieda's real children. This was a role which Frieda resisted, as much as she resisted playing the virgin for Ernest. Frieda was always very much her own person and lived by her own rules (which, today, would not be nearly as shocking as they were in her own era).

The maternal instinct is one of the strongest, but it requires self discipline and courage to do the work that true maternal love demands. Frieda certainly fails on this test.

So, in this extraordinarily dysfunctional family, Monty came to play a 'heroic' role, the only person who could talk to all parties, make them laugh, and be fair and dispassionate - the benign and sweet man I met. What a triumph to emerge thus from the maelstrom, in which he grew up.

However, what I like best to dwell on is that happy moment in his childhood, when Monty was allowed to wear his new boots to bed, by his foolish, indulgent and loving mother.

### \* Sources

Janet Byrne's charming *A Genius for Living, A biography of Frieda Lawrence*, Bloomsbury, 1995, has been shamelessly plundered for much of the above, and is strongly recommended. I also relied for some points on Brenda Maddox's *The Married Man, A Life of DH Lawrence*, Sinclair Stevenson, 1994.

On occasion, purportedly direct quotations conflict. I have chosen to go with Janet Byrne's version, even though earlier, because the book appears more carefully worded and somewhat less racy. However, I have to lodge a protest at the Index in Janet Byrne's book. It is infuriatingly approximate. Her chronology can often only be guessed at from surrounding footnotes, or determined mathematic calculation from hints.

I have also quoted from Sir Roy Strong, *The Roy Strong Diaries, 1967-1987*, Phoenix, 1988.

# Bits...

During the "SAVE WYEWURK" campaign, a Thirroul resident, Mike Morphett, wrote to the *Illawarra Mercury* with a poem outlining the Wyewurk saga, and pleading for the house to be open to all.

The poem could be sung to the tune of *The House of The Rising Sun*, and contained reference to Wyewurk's dentist tenant being "fed up to the back teeth" with visitors.



The recent untimely death of John Douglas Pringle, former editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, robbed Australia of one of Lawrence's greatest supporters. His celebrated 1950s book, *Australian Accent*, had an entire chapter devoted to Lawrence and Kangaroo, and it was this chapter which inspired many locals (Robert and Sandra Darroch among others) to become interested in Lawrence's (hitherto hardly noticed) time in Australia three decades previously.

Robert Darroch in particular recalls an ABC program he shared with Pringle in 1976, chaired by John West (a transcript of which still exists). They discussed the then rather startling proposition that there might be something more than fiction to the secret army plot of Kangaroo.

Though never a complete convert to such a proposition, Pringle recognised that the "local content" in the novel was more perceptive than any previous work on Australia, with the possible exception of Hancock's *Australia*. Originally, he had put down such perception to Lawrence's genius as an imaginative writer.



Our President, Paul Eggert, read a very interesting paper to members at the Society's 1998 AGM. He told of colourful *Bulletin* poet and conman, Grant Hervey. For his conning ways Hervey achieved the distinction of being Australia's sole poet to be tarred and feathered. Being an enterprising sort, Hervey had photographs taken immediately after he was embalmed in bitumen, then again later, when he had removed all the pitch and down. He sold the photographs to an Adelaide soap company.

We have received some postcards from a new B&B business in Nottingham.

The Georgian house is located 300 yards from the DH Lawrence birthplace museum. Small group tours are arranged to the areas associated with Lawrence, Byron, and the Brontes. Accommodation rates are £30 single and £40 double/twin. Half-day tours for two people cost £50, and full-day tours £95.

The address is:

The Old Surgery,  
8 Church Street,

Eastwood, Nottingham, NG 16 3BQ, UK.



Answer to last issue's puzzle corner:

This poetic advice appeared in the *Sydney Sun* of 25 October 1922. It was composed by the 19-year-old Kenneth Slessor. This item was reproduced by the kind permission of the poet's son, Paul Slessor. In his letter Mr Slessor regretted that the copyright to his father's extensive poetry would expire in 25 years. "(I) can't help reflecting on the irony that if Ken had invented and patented a tin-opener or mousetrap, the family would never lose the rights!"



Lawrence and Hemingway did not meet, but the latter saw the former in Paris one day, and recorded the event in his *True at First Light*. "I saw him and his wife once in the rain outside Sylvia Beach's book shop in the Rue de l'Odeon. They were looking in the window but they didn't go in. His wife was a big woman in tweeds and he was small in a big overcoat with a beard & very bright eyes. He didn't look well...there was a picture of him in the shop behind the stove. I admired a book of stories he wrote called *The Prussian Officer* very much and a novel called *Sons and Lovers*."



**Corrections Department...**

Due to the computer problems mentioned in the previous issue's editorial, there were a number of typos and errors in that issue of *Rananim*. Perhaps the most significant were the two missing words in the last sentence of Jean Temple's letter. This should have read:

"Stranger still, my grandparents' **best friends** were a Mr and Mrs Lacey of Heanor, Derbyshire."

## 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: .....

e-mail: .....

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

## Letters...

[To: Robert Darroch, Sydney]

Rob,

Have just finished re-reading your Taos talk. The Darroch Thesis is utterly convincing and I am at a loss to see how anyone could have tried to refute it. I read your thesis in Australia. I had not read *Kangaroo* for years and re-read it when I got back to London. It is all so obvious. For anyone to suggest that Lawrence spun all this complicated secret army stuff out of his novelist's creative imagination AT THE VERY TIME it was happening around him in real life is ludicrous. As far as I am concerned, that's all you have to say to doubters - "You mean to tell me that Lawrence made all this up. That he had never heard of the Old Guard? And that all the similarities are the result of pure coincidence. Come on. Pull the other one."

I'm at that boring stage in between delivering

the ms, getting the publisher's plaudits and waiting for the editorial queries from the copy editor. On schedule for publication in August. All the good titles had been taken and after a lot of to-ing and fro-ing with Random House Australia, the final title is *AUSTRALIA: A Biography of a Nation*. I know this is similar to Lucy Turnbull's *SYDNEY: a Biography of a City*, but what to do.

Have had to cut tennis to three times a week because my fading knees need a day's rest between each match.

Just back from Goa where the weather and the food were wonderful. Remind me to show you some photographs when I'm next in Sydney, in case you go to India some time.

Did you see Murray Sayle's article on Sydney in the American edition of *Conde Nast Traveler*, January issue?

bestest,  
pk

[From: Phillip Knightley, London]

### Contributions to *Rananim*

If you are able to send your article on a floppy disc (PC or Mac), it would be very helpful. Please label your disc with details of which program you used. We are trying to standardise the style. 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. Many thanks - it will save a lot of time! Please contact the publisher, Sandra Jobson, to establish style details and disc formatting.