

On Tasman Shores: Guy & Joe Lynch in Australasia

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The Tasman Sea, precisely defined by oceanographers, remains inchoate as a cultural area. It has, as it were, drifted in and out of consciousness over the two and a half centuries of permanent European presence here; and remains an almost unknown quantity to prehistory. Its peak contact period was probably the sixty odd years between the discovery of gold in Victoria and the outbreak of the Great War; when the coasts of New Zealand and Australia were twin shores of a land that shared an economy, a politics, a literature and a popular culture: much of which is reflected in the pages of *The Bulletin* from the 1880s until 1914. There was, too, a kind of hangover of the pre-war era and of the ANZAC experience into the 1920s; but after that the notional country sank again beneath the waves.

Recovery of fragments from that lost cultural zone is a project with more than historical interest: each retrieval is a prospective act, contributing to the restoration of a world view which, while often occluded, has never really gone away. There is of course much which is irrecoverable now; but that is in itself a provocation; for a mosaic made out of dislocated pieces might disclose something unprecedented, neither existent in the past nor otherwise imaginable in the present: the lineaments of the new world, at once authentic and delusive, that so entranced the earliest explorers of the Antipodes. What follows, then, is an assembly of bits of one of those sets of fragments: the story of the Lynch brothers, Guy and Joe, a sculptor and an artist; and the milieu in which they lived.

Francis Ennis Lynch, usually known as Guy, and his brother Joseph Young Lynch, called Joe, were born, in 1895 and 1897 respectively, in North Carlton, Melbourne, the sons of Joseph Patrick Stanislaus Lynch and his wife Annie, née O'Connor, both Victorians of Irish ancestry. Joseph was a stonemason and a sculptor; he made tombstones. The family was Catholic and the two boys began their education at Christian Brothers' College, East Melbourne. In 1907 the Lynches moved to Auckland, New Zealand, because Joseph snr. was looking for work. They settled in Newton, in the inner city, a working class neighbourhood of small painted wooden houses clinging to the sides of steep green gullies. There were the two boys and two girls, their sisters, Gertrude and Patricia.

In Auckland the Lynches met George Edmond Finey, the son of an English mariner and fisherman, Solomon Finey, and his New Zealand born wife, Rose, née Newton. Solomon Finey, called Harry, was from a moneyed Portsmouth family and emigrated after a dispute with his brother; each accused the other of fiddling the books. He was a grim and silent man who lived to the age of 102; his wife was a hymn-singing volcano of fiery energy, five foot nothing tall. George was one of nine children, born in 1895, the same year as Guy Lynch, in the inner city working class suburb of 'lousy Parnell' and educated there until, aged fourteen, he became a telegraph messenger at the Post Office.

Between 1912 and 1914 Finey took classes at the Elam School of Art and Design—which in those days was free to those who could not pay and where materials were provided gratis for both fee-paying and fee-less students. He also worked in these years as a lithographer at the *New Zealand Herald*. And in his spare time practised street drawing. It isn't known how

Finey met the Lynch brothers—it might have been at Elam, or at the *Herald*, or just in the street—but he soon became a regular visitor to their home in Newton, where Saturday night parties were the rule: there would be poetry readings, literary discussion, art talk; both Joseph and Joe would play their violins. It was a milieu that was working class, bohemian, politically radical, unaligned and ardently dedicated to artistic freedom.

Guy Lynch, George Finey and others of their cohort enlisted together and went to war; George and Guy were part of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force which in 1915 sailed for Egypt. Guy, who had given his occupation as a plasterer, was in the artillery; he served as a gunner at Gallipoli and as a signalman in France; in 1917 he was awarded the Military Medal for acts of gallantry in the field. George Finey was a driver, which meant learning to control a team of horses. On the Western Front he would take supplies of food (bully beef and biscuits) from the railhead by horse and cart eight miles up to the front line. He was present during both the offensives on the Somme and, one night sleeping in his wagon near Passchendaele Ridge, was mustard gassed and repatriated to England.

Both men were promoted to Sergeant; Finey was employed, on his own initiative, as a war artist and also found time, post-war, to study at the Regent Street Polytechnic in London, where he encountered the nascent Expressionism of the political caricatures in the German magazines *Simplicissimus* and *Jugend*. Guy Lynch, after the war, married Doris Hannen in the parish church at Stevenage, Hertfordshire, England; but, a year later, she died giving birth to their son; who also predeceased Guy. Joe Lynch, two years younger than Guy and George, enlisted late in the war and was sent overseas in 1918; he gave his occupation as a wire-worker. He never saw action as a soldier but worked instead with the British Red Cross Society in England and in France.

After the war all three young men returned, by stages, to New Zealand. George Finey found that in the interim his mother had died of cancer, his father had remarried and his siblings were dispersed. The country was ravaged by influenza and in the grip of depression; there was no work. Auckland was, he said, a city of the dead. He made obeisance to his mother's mangle in the basement washhouse where she had sent him as a child to do his painting on the floor, said goodbye to his father and sailed on a ship to Sydney. He arrived with fifty quid in his pocket and nothing else but the pack on his back containing a change of clothes, sketchbooks, pencils and pens.

Guy returned home a year later and was discharged in Auckland in February 1920. He took up his father's profession of sculptor and accepted a series of commissions to make war memorials, including the one at Devonport, on Auckland's North Shore, for which he used his brother Joe as the model. The soldier on the plinth is notable for his casual, relaxed stance; a New Zealand infantryman in trench kit, hat off, looking over his right shoulder as if at all that had to be left behind. The sculpture has been called *the untidy soldier* because of its informal, realistic portrayal of a man coming off duty.

After he came back from Europe Joe Lynch also studied at Elam School of Art and Design and there met Cecil 'Unk' White, another, slightly younger, New Zealander; but, like George Finey before them, Joe and Unk did not take to formal study and preferred instead the practice of life drawing on the streets and in the hotels of the city; selling their pictures, when they could, for publication in newspapers. Noel Cook, the son of a Maori father and an Australian mother, was another of their group; he too had fought in the war and then followed his

newspaperman father into the business and was working as a black and white artist for the *New Zealand Herald* and the *Auckland Weekly News*.

George Finey, not long after his arrival in Sydney, sold two drawings to *The Bulletin*; he received five pounds for the pair and, on payment in cash, was touched up for thruppence—the price of a beer—by a ghostly Henry Lawson. He was in 1921 appointed to the staff of the not-then-long-established *Smith's Weekly*; and in 1922 wrote to Guy Lynch in Auckland, suggesting he come across to Sydney too. Guy, in turn, convinced his brother Joe to join them; Noel Cook and Unk White also moved across the Tasman at this time. Finey and White were, in 1924, among the twenty-five founder members of the Society of Australian Black and White Artists, which soon metamorphosed into The Black and White Artists' Society, then Club, and is still extant today as the Australian Cartoonists' Association.

Smith's Weekly was in many respects the heir to ephemeral wartime miscellanies like *The Anzac Book*, edited by Charles Bean in a bunker at Gallipoli, and its post-war successor, *The Dernière Heure*, published in London in 1919. *Smith's Weekly* was, like these publications, aimed primarily at an audience of servicemen or ex-servicemen; it was sensational, satirical, controversial and published short stories, cartoons and caricatures alongside sports and finance news. In the 1920s the *Weekly* serially included an *Unofficial History of the A.I.F.* whose contributions from returned men helped establish the image of the digger as an easy-going fellow with a healthy disrespect for authority. *Smith's Weekly* also campaigned for the recognition of shellshock as a disease of battle and, more generally, tried to ensure that the promises made to soldiers during wartime were not, in peacetime, ignored.

These five young New Zealand artists, then, entered Sydney's bohemian community: *forever brawling in honour of Michelangelo*. It was an unruly, heavy-drinking, anarchistic milieu. George Finey wrote that *it was difficult to restrict alcoholic intake round Sydney. It seems to be the very life—and breath—of the place. All appointments made were for meetings in hotels, never any other place. If you happened to collide elsewhere you naturally walked to the nearest pub. Never to the Art Gallery, or the Museum*. One drunken evening the Lynch brothers and their mates broke up the damp clay of a commissioned bust of Sir Joynton Smith, publisher of *Smith's Weekly*, to make missiles they used in a mud-fight.

Guy Lynch took lessons in sculpture from Englishman Rayner Hoff at East Sydney Technical College and exhibited works with titles such as *Australian Venus* and *The Digger*. Hoff had served in France during the war, studied at the Royal College of Art in London, was awarded a Prix de Rome scholarship and spent time in Italy, where he met, in Naples, Australian architect Hardy Wilson. Hoff accepted the position as teacher of drawing, modelling and sculpture at East Sydney Tech in 1923; he was an exceptionally able administrator and publicist, a committed teacher and a practitioner whose work shows an eclectic array of influences: Assyrian, Greco-Roman, Oriental, Renaissance and Art Deco. The sculptures on the Anzac War Memorial in Hyde Park, Sydney were, with the help of students and apprentices, Rayner Hoff's work. He died alcoholic and bereft before the next war began.

Guy Lynch in Sydney bought a house in Western Crescent, Gladesville, where Joe also lived; other members of the Lynch family, including their younger sister, Patricia and both their parents, in time joined them there; it became the locus of parties like those that had occurred in Newton, Auckland, before the war. Out the back was a large workshop, converted for use as a studio, and it was there that Guy made his most famous work, *The Satyr*. He again used

his brother Joe as the model for the head and torso, and an actual goat, tethered in the yard, for the lower body, the legs and the cloven hooves.

The Satyr, in plaster painted to make it look like bronze, caused a sensation when it was included in the 1924 young artists' exhibition in the Anthony Hordern Gallery. It was hailed as a masterpiece by some and damned as a pagan work by others. *The Satyr* was bought in 1926 by the Art Gallery of New South Wales but kept mostly in the stockroom for fear of offending the gallery's more sensitive patrons. Also in 1924, Guy Lynch was commissioned by Dame Nellie Melba to make a bust of her grand-daughter Pamela; and a garden sculpture, *Victory of Orpheus*. He later created the figures for the battle diorama, *Pozières*, at the Australian War Memorial, Canberra.

In the wake of the controversy over Guy's sculpture, Joe's 'superb' graphic work—first published in *Smith's Weekly* in 1923—received more attention than it had previously and he was offered a job working for Melbourne *Punch*; where he met and became friendly with poet Kenneth Slessor, who was chief sub-editor there. Slessor recalled: *He was a black and white artist, whom I first met in Melbourne in 1925. We became friends then. I liked his mad Irish humour and his mad Irish rages. We did talk about blowing up the world. I really didn't want to blow up the world, but he was quite serious about it. We little realised, of course, that it wouldn't be long before men did devise means of blowing up the world.*

Slessor was married and living with his wife Noela in South Yarra; but Joe Lynch was a single man who had lodgings, as was common in those days, in a boarding house. Slessor continues: *In his bedroom Joe found a battered, morocco-bound notebook, apparently the relic of some unknown lodger, and gave it to me for scribbling. It contained some pages of manuscript notes written by the lodger (or Joe) which, of course, I had really no right to see. One of these entries is reproduced literally in 'Five Bells.' Its misspellings ('photoes' 'differant,' 'curioes') give it, I think, a peculiarly haunting and convincing flavour.*

When *Punch* merged with *Table Talk*, Joe returned to Sydney, took a permanent job at *Smith's Weekly* and moved back into the house in Gladesville where Guy was living with the rest of the family. In 1927 Slessor also came back to Sydney and began working at *Smith's Weekly*; he resumed carousing with his friend Joe. One of their drinking places was in Moorebank, at the Riverside vineyard owned by poet Harley Matthews, an old workmate of Slessor's at *The Sun*. Matthews had fought in the Great War and, like Joe Lynch, stood as a model for a statue, by Jacob Epstein, of a typical soldier. Lynch and Slessor would take a train to Liverpool and a taxi to Riverside; but one rainy night they could not find a cab so walked five miles down unsealed roads in a lightning storm until they arrived, hours later, wet and thirsty, at the vineyard. This, too, is recalled in *Five Bells*.

Jack Lindsay also knew the Lynch brothers. Joe, he said, was *a looser and wilder version of Guy; who had an Irish-Australian face, rough and tough and of the wildwood, yet sensitive.* Jack's brother Philip wrote that *Joe was a giant, lean and powerful, with red upstanding hair, and the most amiable of grins: but once he had fallen down, a habit he had when very drunk, he would lie contentedly on his back with a gentle smile and grin up at you while you tugged at shoulders, arms and legs, and he softly explained that the whole police force with an elephant to help couldn't shift him an inch; and I'm afraid he was right. A splendid fellow, Joe, who was to disappear from life magnificently.*

On April 27, 1927 Guy, now a man of thirty-two, married Marjorie Cush, a twenty-seven-year-old secretary, in St Francis' Catholic Church, Paddington. She was from a large rural family, one of eleven children of John and Elizabeth Cush, farmers, of Tamworth. Marge, or Madge, moved into the house at Western Crescent, Gladesville, with the rest of the Lynch clan; and the incessant and always good-humoured carousing continued; but only for a time. For, just a few weeks later, Joe Lynch was dead.

Lindsay Foyle wrote that *there were few Saturday nights when there was not a party at George Finey's home in Mosman. They were usually a bit of a free-for-all, attended by cartoonists, writers and other people looking to enjoy themselves. Word went out that there would be a party at Finey's on May 14, 1927. It was on Joe's agenda that morning as he readied for work. It might have been a Saturday, but office protocol required him to dress in a suit when going in to Smith's Weekly. It was about two kilometres along a quiet track to Looking Glass Point where he caught the ferry into the city and the office.*

After he finished work he put on an old overcoat he had in the office, and walked down to Circular Quay. The Harbour Bridge was still being built and there were a number of pubs in the area where people could meet while waiting for a ferry to take them across the harbour. When Joe arrived there were already several other cartoonists and a few journalists at the bar of the Ship Inn. Guy and his new bride Marge were there drinking with Frank Clancy, a journalist who worked on the Labor Daily.

Clancy and Joe were mates and shared an extensive knowledge of world literature and art. Joe also knew Clancy's sisters Abbey and Patricia and there were suggestions of a romantic connection between Pat and Joe. Clancy and Joe also held strong political views, leaning to the left. All of this would have fitted well with Joe's views and his talk of wanting to blow up the world. Everyone set off for the 7.45 p.m. ferry, Kiandra, bound for Mosman. Loaded with bottles of grog as they crowded on board. Guy and Marge sat outside. Joe and Clancy stood opposite leaning against the rail. Near Fort Denison, Joe just disappeared over the side.

Philip Lindsay wrote: *I shall never forget the night of his death, for I was working late, seeing a newspaper to bed, when a drunken pal, Frank, staggered, weeping, into the office to announce the tragedy. Joe had been off to some North Shore party with Frank when, tiring of the slow progress of the ferry—or perhaps of life itself—he had sprung up, saying that he'd swim there quicker, and, fully dressed, dived overboard. A deckhand had leaped in after him, and lifebelts had been thrown. They saw Joe, Frank said, wave cheerfully and strike out for Milsons Point; then he had vanished in the moon light. Perhaps a shark got him, or a mermaid—as some said—or the load of bottles in his greasy old raincoat tugged him to the fishes: no one can tell, for the body was never found.*

Guy went to pieces after Joe's death. He used to walk compulsively around the foreshore at the Botanical Gardens, looking out to the harbour as if seeking his brother there. Guy's home life also changed. His sister Patricia returned to New Zealand to live; his father, now blind, was admitted to the care of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Randwick; and his mother also left, to take care of him. The house was sold and in 1929 Guy and Marge sailed for London, where they lived for the next ten years. Guy studied under Benjamin Clemens at the Royal College of Art; he exhibited at the Royal Academy and, in Paris, completed a bust of General Birdwood, the commander of the ANZAC forces at Gallipoli.

Other works by Guy Lynch entered public collections: his 1938 London bust of Sir Isaac Isaacs, Chief Justice and the first Australian born Governor General, was bought in 1945 by the Commonwealth Government; one of the bronze panels, depicting Aboriginal life, on the doors of the State Library of New South Wales in Shakespeare Place, Sydney, is his work. He retired, in poor health, to a poultry farm in Picton in 1950 and died there in 1967; ten years later, in 1977, his widow fulfilled his dying wish and paid for *The Satyr* to be cast in bronze. It was placed in the Royal Botanic Gardens, near the Opera House gate, as if looking out to where Joe drowned; and is there still.

George Finey was hired, and fired, from almost every publication that, in Sydney between the wars, published black and white art—generally for a refusal to draw anything that was not in accord with his own ideas. In 1935 he held a one man show of collages at the David Jones gallery, self-described as *the first exhibition of modern art in Australia*. His accomplished and beautiful flower paintings were exhibited in Japan after the war, and his series of three dimensional paintings of composers toured to London and New York in 1962. He was given a retrospective at the Sydney Opera House in 1978—*The Last of the Bohemians*—and continued to make art until his death in the Blue Mountains in 1987. A notable work is the free-standing sculpture *Corroboree*, incorporating Aboriginal totems along with the glass of broken beer bottles. His self portrait made out of two old boots he found in the bush remains an enduring epitaph.

Both Unk White and Noel Cook also went on to long and successful careers as graphic artists—Unk in Australia, Cook, internationally. Unk became, as Finey had been in both conflicts, a war artist during World War Two, travelling in the Pacific and to Japan. He spent significant periods overseas in peace time, visiting London, Paris, Spain and South America; and remained staunch in his commitment to left-wing causes. Unk White was among those who came to the defence of Albert Namatjira when the Arrente artist was imprisoned for alcohol related offences in 1959. He was also a fine water colour artist and continued to paint until his death in 1986.

Noel Cook moved to London in 1950 and spent the next twenty years freelancing on Fleet Street; he, alone among his cohort, was given a New Zealand retrospective—at the Auckland City Art Gallery in 1979, two years before his death in 1981. He is revered by today's practitioners as a forerunner of comic book art; for Cook, with his strip *Peter and the other Roaming Folk*, drawn for the *Australian Sunday Times* in 1924, made one of the earliest examples of a science fiction comic. The strip features fantastic planetary adventures on Venus, Mars, the Asteroids, Jupiter, and Saturn in the outer reaches of the Solar System.

Joe Lynch survives in a different way. It took another decade, more or less, but his accidental drowning, if that's what it was, in Sydney Harbour was the occasion for Kenneth Slessor's masterpiece, the poem *Five Bells*: a primary work of Australian modernism and a kind of ur-text for much of what has followed; one which is still mined for its reverberations and its innovations today. It has inspired many other works, including jazz musician Miroslav Bukovsky's *Five Bells Suite*; Allan Browne's Australian Jazz Band's eponymous composition; composer Peter Sculthorpe's *Between Five Bells*; and a painting and a mural (in the Sydney Opera House) by John Olsen. There is too, more recently, Gail Jones's 2011 novel, *Five Bells*.

Joe Lynch has also been memorialised, by New Zealand poet Michele Leggott, across the Tasman:

the digger and the faun

Joe Lynch is that you the untidy
 soldier above the eighty six names
 of those who didn't come back you've
 removed your hat you stare down
 the road to where the Kea is embarking
 another load of partygoers for the city
 Joe Lynch your blue eyes are entirely notional
 but he hears the quartermaster's whistle
 and remembers the boats taking them off
 under cover of darkness did he set you up
 little brother a paid job after the war
 before you ran for the Sydney boat
 the mad Lynches leaving town together

it wasn't the first time and maybe
 he wanted the face of a returned man
 up there on the stone that faces
 the harbour you were both on the turps
 in King Street by the time they unveiled it
 celebrating another adventure with
 the art-loving public goatfoot dancer
 redheaded slinger of mud and one-liners
 Joe Lynch you roaring Dionysian quiet
 in bronze above another harbour watching
 the ferries plug around the point they said
 you jumped off because the Kiandra was slow
 and the bottles in your pockets heavy
 they said you wanted to get to the party
 Joe Lynch is that you digger and faun
 watching each other across the dark water

That final image—*digger and faun / watching each other across the dark water*—is a potent one, especially when you consider that the dark water may be seen as both the Tasman Sea and a metaphor for the shared unconscious, now partially abjured, of the countries that lie on its either shore. It suggests, further, that the drowned Joe Lynch, who took his considerable promise as an artist to the bottom with him, has somehow become part of that shared, if neglected, unconscious. Joe Lynch's eschatological anarchism, his desire to blow up the world, makes a haunting subtext: he destroyed himself instead but in that destruction the lineaments of a world were also lost.

For the Lynch family, it was easy to move back and forth between the two countries bordering the Tasman: from Melbourne to Auckland in 1907, when the boys were fourteen and twelve respectively; and then from Auckland to Sydney fifteen years later, when both were in their twenties. Since the 1920s, however, movement between the two countries has been more commonly one way, as Australian cities, and especially Sydney and Melbourne, were increasingly seen as metropolises and their New Zealand counterparts, relatively

speaking, mere provincial centres. Now, with the turn of a new century, for the first time there are formal restrictions upon trans-Tasman travel, and upon the rights citizens of one country may lay claim to in the other.

Questions remain: was something lost in the dissolution of that putative Tasman world? Is the present divide between the two countries, which can seem like two halves of a forgotten whole, a necessary or permanent condition? Or, to put it another way, could there be advantages to a closer relationship, especially between the literary and artistic communities in the two countries? It isn't possible to answer these questions in any detail here—though I would suggest the appropriate responses are, respectively, yes, no, and yes,—but I can testify something from personal experience.

I came to Australia from New Zealand in 1981, in the wake of a mass exodus of musicians from Auckland at that time; and have lived in or near Sydney ever since. I arrived intending to work as a screenwriter in the film industry; but from 1992 have been primarily a writer of books, which have been published on both sides of the Tasman. Curiously, however, while my Australian books find an audience in New Zealand, the books I have published in New Zealand are not read widely, if at all, in Australia. Recently I was described, after more than thirty years residence here, as a New Zealand writer living in Australia.

I think this situation bizarre; if I had come to Sydney from, say, Launceston, near which my Scottish ancestors first settled in the Antipodes, this would not be the case; even though, for many mainland Australians, Tasmania is remote as New Zealand. Like any writer, I want my work to be seen whole and as itself, not something that can be assigned a specific nationality, or an illusory patriotic provenance. With one major exception—a book about Australia mostly written in New Zealand—everything I have published since 1981 has been written in Australia; but that hasn't prevented some of it being consigned to the outer darkness of that other jurisdiction across the sea.

Of course the ignorance cuts both ways: very little is known in New Zealand about Australian writers; such ignorance can seem not just astonishing, but perverse. I was once asked to recommend an Australian writer who might be invited to a literary festival in New Zealand and suggested Roger McDonald. He had recently published *The Ballad of Desmond Kale* (2006), which includes an excoriating portrait of one of New Zealand's (sentimental) founding fathers, Samuel Marsden. And, a dozen or so years earlier, he'd written *Shearer's Motel* (1992), about his travels outback with a group of Maori shearers who were local to the area where the festival was being held. The festival organisers, who were up to date with events in London and New York, had heard neither of him nor of his books.

The same may be true with respect to artists. Guy and Joe Lynch, George Finey, Unk White—though not Noel Cook—are more or less unknown in their country of origin; whereas, if they had made a mark in the United States or, as Cook did, in the United Kingdom, it is quite possible that New Zealand, in its parochial fashion, would claim them as its own. New Zealanders who choose to live in Australia, as these artists did, are paid in peculiar coin: overlooked in their country of origin because they didn't go far enough away; treated, in their country of residence, with a casual indulgence that is close to disrespect. Blindness to their work, in both places, may be their reward.

This is not necessarily a disadvantage. It might be, as in the case of an artist as eccentric and various as George Finey, a guarantee of a freedom from restraints of all kinds. It might

stimulate that strangeness which has future value. Sometimes my own work seems to me, in its dislocation and alienation, its peculiarity, like something which might have been written in that battered, morocco-bound notebook Joe Lynch found in the boarding house in North Melbourne. Something, perhaps, conceived in a country out of a Borges fable, somewhere that once existed but does not anymore; a place that might in the future return and astonish us all.

In *Five Bells* Slessor wrote:

*I thought of what you'd written in faint ink,
Your journal with the sawn-off lock, that stayed behind
With other things you left, all without use,
All without meaning now, except a sign
That someone had been living who now was dead:
'At Labassa. Room 6 x 8
On top of the tower; because of this, very dark
And cold in winter. Everything has been stowed
Into this room—500 books all shapes
And colours, dealt across the floor
And over sills and on the laps of chairs;
Guns, photoes of many differant things
And differant curioes that I obtained . . .'*

Which might remind us that Melbourne (which he never visited) was the location of surrealist Giorgio de Chirico's exceedingly odd novel *Hebdomeros*. And the theatre for the invention of the incomparable works of the hoax poet Ernest Lalor Malley. And the epicentre of some of Gerald Murnane's dystopic prose excursions. These recall other anomalies: for instance, the intriguing information that Alfred Hitchcock visited Wellington, New Zealand sometime before 1964, and there encountered the bizarre image—of an ocean liner somehow moored, not on harbour waters, but at the end of a suburban street—that so defines the disquieting anomie of his film *Marnie*.

Sometimes I think that a restored Tasman world, if such a thing is possible, would show us wonders that, in another imagination, might rival these: a once and future country as various and as strange as the Great South Land which haunted European dreamers before any navigator sailed here. That world will resemble the room of which Slessor wrote—if Joe Lynch did not write about it for him—into which everything has been stowed: guns, photos, curios, *many differant things*; and the five hundred books we have not read, perhaps because no-one has yet worked out how to write them. To do so we will have to remember again what it is to set foot, as if for the first time, on Tasman shores.

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