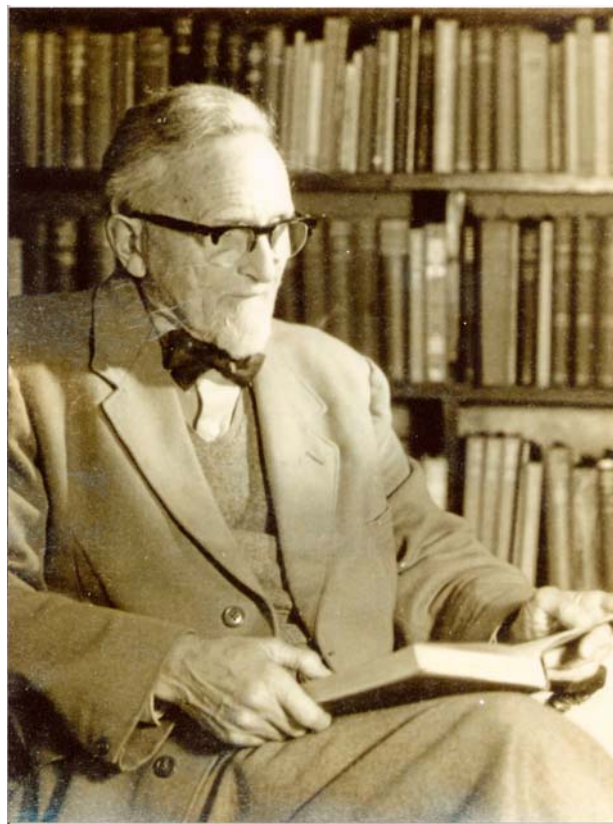


‘IT WAS TO HAVE BEEN MY BEST BOOK’: DOROTHY GREEN AND E. L. GRANT WATSON

Suzanne Falkiner

As early as the 1970s it was well known among Dorothy Green’s circle that she was working on a critical biography of the English writer Elliot Lovegood Grant Watson. ‘I have always felt a curious kind of “rapport” with the work, and wanted to express my gratitude for it’, wrote Green to Grant Watson’s wife Katharine in December 1971, not long after his death.¹ Her short obituary, ‘Vale Grant Watson’, appeared in Clem Christesen’s *Meanjin* in March 1972.²



E.L. Grant Watson in later life (Photograph: private collection, Wales)

The previous year she had noted in her seminal critical study ‘The Daimon and the Fringedweller’ that his ‘sensitive appreciation’ of the ‘true and necessary spiritual relationship’ between mankind and the Australian bush was ‘astonishing in a total stranger’: beside it the attitude of D. H. Lawrence’s Somers and even Patrick White’s ‘superb’ Voss seemed to her ‘curiously one-sided, ego-centric, aggressively European’. E. L. Grant Watson’s own attitude, she felt, was more akin to that of the Aborigines, who long ago had discovered the secret of ‘living *with* the land rather than on it.’³ Friends and colleagues encouraged the enterprise. ‘It was wonderful to see you looking so spritely and hear you were going to finish the book on Grant Watson. The phone must go off the hook from 8 am till 1 pm every day of the week. You’ll get so much written if you follow that regime’, advised Humphrey McQueen in July 1984.⁴ ‘I look forward to receiving your biography of him, when published’ added Harold

Stewart from Kyoto in 1990,⁵ after receiving the ‘rich gift’ of her edited collection of Grant Watson’s essays *Descent of Spirit*, in the acknowledgements of which she once again referred to ‘the full scale study’ that she hoped would ‘appear without too many more delays’.⁶ So it was that when Green herself died in February 1991, after some twenty years of research, a small group of devotees were mystified to learn that no trace of the book—intended to be called *The Invisible Sun*⁷—had been found among her papers.

Dorothy Green had first discovered Grant Watson’s neglected novels through her distinguished husband Henry McKenzie Green, who had broken a long critical silence about the writer’s work in his *Outline of Australian Literature* in 1930. H.M. Green had compared Grant Watson, in his early novels *The Desert Horizon* (1923) and *Daimon* (1925), to Thomas Hardy: in his exploration of the Australian inland he had been ‘bold enough to try to interpret the spirit of these sandy vastnesses as Hardy interpreted the spirit of his Wessex moors.’⁸ Nevertheless, some of Dorothy’s reasons for her interest in ‘Peter’ Grant Watson were more apparent than others, even to herself. Both had lost their fathers early, both had come to Australia from England in childhood: Dorothy Auchterlounie, born in County Durham in May 1915, as a twelve year old when her mother, Marguerita, immigrated with her second husband in 1927; Grant Watson as an infant on a visit to an uncle in Tasmania, before his second arrival in Western Australia in 1910, aged 24.

Dorothy Auchterlounie grew up in the Depression years in North Sydney and became a pupil-teacher in a small private school, where a sympathetic headmistress arranged for her to study at night at the University of Sydney. Here she published her first poetry,⁹ and also met the University’s librarian Henry McKenzie Green, a handsome man in his early sixties who shared her love of literature. In the next years, during which her mother died of cancer and her only brother was lost at sea, Green worked as a wartime newspaper and radio journalist in Sydney, Brisbane and Canberra. In May 1944—a few weeks after H. M. Green was divorced from his first wife Eleanor—the couple were married at a suburban registrar’s office.¹⁰ Dorothy was 29.

As her biographer Willa McDonald has pointed out, Dorothy Auchterlounie had always believed that love would triumph over social convention and that if God had joined two people together, nothing could break them apart, but she must have suffered for her decision to marry H. M. Green. A respected academic had scandalously deserted his wife of 33 years for a woman the same age as his daughters. Nonetheless Dorothy—virginal, idealistic, and as unworldly as many young women of her era—found in him a calm, safe haven from an insecure world, and the intellectual companionship she craved.¹¹ With money short after H. M. Green’s divorce, the couple lived in a small flat in Sydney’s Elizabeth Bay, and later a run-down cottage in the Blue Mountains, while Dorothy Green continued to freelance for the ABC. A daughter, Harriet, was born in 1945, and a son, Andrew, seven years later. H. M. Green retired from the University after the War to devote himself to his own magnum opus, the *History of Australian Literature: Pure and Applied*. With Dorothy’s help, the manuscript—of 1,550 pages—was completed to 1950, and finally saw the light of day in 1961.

In this two-volume work H. M. Green again revisited the literary outsider, placing Grant Watson’s works in the continuum of Favenc’s stories of the 1880s, Barcroft Boake’s poems of a decade later, Aeneas Gunn’s *We of the Never Never* in 1908, Katharine Susannah Prichard’s *Coonardoo* of 1929, and Myrtle Rose White’s *No Roads Go By* of 1932.¹² If this outback landscape had not yet attracted ‘any Australian novelist of the first rank’, H. M.

Green observed, the nearest to it was this Englishman, who had ‘so entered into their spirit, or one aspect of it, that he has here been treated as an Australian.’¹³

The Greens in the meantime had moved to Queensland, where Dorothy became co-principal of the Presbyterian Ladies College in Warwick. In 1961, encouraged by her friends Clem and Nina Christesen, she took a position as the first female lecturer at the new Monash University in Melbourne. On 9 September 1962, H. M. Green died at the age of 81. Dorothy Green was now 46. Again, as Willa McDonald has noted, if she had at first sought refuge in a revered but elderly husband from a chasm of unresolved grief resulting from family losses and childhood exile to another country, a union with H. M. Green had meant that she was soon obliged to take on a large part of the financial burden of her family. Now, eighteen years on, and still a relatively young woman, again she must face the world alone. Perhaps it is unsurprising that in this vulnerable state she found herself falling deeply in love—‘misguided and unrequited’, according to McDonald—with a colleague at Monash. An episode of clinical depression followed, culminating in a nervous breakdown for which she was treated with electroconvulsive shock therapy, or ECT. Later she would fall passionately in love again, this time with a married man who reciprocated her feelings but told her he never intended to leave his wife—a condition that Green accepted unwillingly.¹⁴ The liaison, kept very private, lasted until her death.¹⁵

In 1964, under the auspices of the poet Alec (A. D.) Hope, Green joined the English Department at the Australian National University and threw herself into writing literary criticism to re establish authors she felt were undervalued, notably Martin Boyd and Henry Handel Richardson.¹⁶ A year earlier, after the publishers Angus & Robertson had approached her for an abridgement suitable for students, she had also begun to revisit H. M. Green’s massive *History of Australian Literature*. With time, this assignment turned into a full-scale revision of the text, necessarily longer rather than shorter.

By five years in, the updating of H. M. Green’s life’s work had become a trial of duty, drudgery and discipline, but Green’s loyalty to her husband’s memory—and her tendency to be a prisoner to her own perfectionism—meant that the task would drag on until the mid 1980s. Green’s interest in Grant Watson had been first aroused by H. M. Green’s earlier critical assessment: now, in her fastidious checking of texts, she rediscovered him as a mystical novelist—a re-reading that led her in February 1970 to write to him, through his American publisher, about the possibility of bringing his Australian novels back into print.¹⁷ E. L. Grant Watson, now elderly and in considerable pain, dictated a reply through his wife Katharine, thanking Green for her ‘appreciative letter’: he would very much like to have Australian editions.¹⁸ In March Green wrote again, noting that she was trying to persuade ANU Press and the Australian National Literary Fund to republish several works,¹⁹ and was also composing a critical article. Grant Watson wrote back offering a commission and leaving her to suggest a fair arrangement—and, ‘Yes I have read Henry Handel Richardson and *Voss*’, he finished.²⁰ Grant Watson died at his home in Petersfield, Hampshire, on 21 May 1970, just five weeks later, and in the same year his widow Katharine moved to North Devon. Now Green began writing directly to Katharine Grant Watson and as Katharine grew more frail, to her daughter Josephine Spence, who lived close by. When Katharine died in 1986, the chain of letters with Spence would continue until Green’s own death in early 1991. Published in Clem Christesen’s *Meanjin Quarterly* in September 1971, ‘The Daimon and the Fringe-Dweller’²¹ set the paradigm for future discourse about Grant Watson’s work.

Now, with the aid of an Australia Council grant that allowed her to resign from the ANU, Green was contemplating her full-scale biography, a decision based on no more than the several out-of-print 'Australian' novels (among six) she had been able to lay her hands on. When her revision of her husband's initial assessment finally appeared in 1984, she had appended that: 'In his use of the central desert country of Australia as a symbol of the isolating journey into the self, the penetration of the subconscious in pursuit of the superconscious, [Grant Watson] anticipates Patrick White's *Voss* by thirty years.'²²

'Dear "Dorothy" (may I? Am I too old to be Katharine?)', wrote Katharine Grant Watson soon after Green had visited her in England in May 1974. 'Now that you are gone it seems wonderful that you actually were here.'²³ Josephine Spence, aware of her mother's increasing frailty, had suggested that Green take on a literary executorship in Australia.²⁴ With Green's encouragement, David Baron, a British-based liaison officer for the National Library in Canberra began to arrange the purchase of Grant Watson's manuscripts, including an unpublished biographical work, 'To This End'. Several years before this, Katharine Grant Watson—again encouraged by Dorothy Green—had begun to compose an autobiographical work of her own, intended to provide a background to her life with her husband. She called it 'Between Two Worlds'.²⁵

'You cannot think what it means to me to have Peter's work recognised and appreciated', wrote Katharine Grant Watson in October 1974. 'I have started writing again, slow but I will persevere.'²⁶ Copyright of Grant Watson's papers was to remain with Katharine, and an embargo was placed on the manuscripts for five years, with only Green allowed access.²⁷ But now Green's health had begun to trouble her—and trying to finish her husband's history, she wrote, was like 'trying to squeeze a dry orange'.²⁸

Until now Green's knowledge of Grant Watson's life had of necessity come from his own non-fiction works. Now she began to perceive that, as with many writers, there was a hidden story—and, as also often happens, the story of the public life belonged to a man and the hidden life to a woman or, in Grant Watson's case, two women: his wife Katharine and his great idealistic love, Ida Bedford, who was married to someone else. In late August 1975 Josephine Spence wrote to inquire if a chapter from Grant Watson's unpublished autobiography 'To This End'—the part dealing with Ida—had been sent to the NLA: Katharine, easily muddled now, could not remember if she had allowed it to go. '...she says she cannot avoid realising how odd a marriage hers was....I don't believe men did know much about women in those days, and *his* fixed star was elsewhere.'²⁹ In July 1976 Katharine herself confirmed that she wished Dorothy to have access to it—'This is all rather intimate, for your information only. Should there be an occasion when you want to know more, Jo[séphine] knows it all.'³⁰

With Katharine Grant Watson's explicit desire that Green should know the entire story, and a reiteration of their trust that she would deal with it in a sensitive way, Green was in a strong position to begin her work. But with no further Australia Council grant forthcoming, in 1977 Green was obliged to take up a position as a lecturer at the Royal Military College, Duntroon.³¹ Nevertheless, after the atmosphere of the ANU English Department, which she had found stifling, she felt that the cadets—who fondly called her 'Dottie' or 'Aunty Dot' behind her back, and often came to her home for tea and cakes—had a refreshing interest in Australian literature.

In late October 1977 Katharine Grant Watson, now 82, wrote that she would shortly send her own completed story, 'Between Two Worlds', now in five typescript parts and amounting to over 100,000 words. Katharine's manuscript, when finally it arrived by sea mail the following year, profoundly affected Green. Providing an entirely different view of Grant Watson's life, it threw a new light too on his fiction, which he had frequently used as a vehicle to convey allegorically his unfulfilled love story. With early sections derived from Katharine's pieces in *Blackwood's Magazine*, 'Under the Sky'³² (on their early married days) and 'Villa Beau Sejour'³³ (on her childhood in Dieppe), it was also deeply infused with pain. Forced to consider the value and implications of the various perspectives now open to her—in one of which, over time, Katharine had revealed more than she initially intended—Green found herself at an impasse.

Dorothy Green had published her early poems as Dorothy Auchterlounie (which she later spelt Auchterlonie), while her literary criticism, produced within the (then) almost entirely masculine academic milieu, had appeared under her husband's distinguished surname, Green. After her marriage she had continued to write poetry under her maiden name—and perhaps 'maiden' name is a telling phrase here: only in her poetry did she put aside her stringent intellectualism and allow any subjective glimpse into her fiercely-guarded emotional life. While there was no lack of scholarly passion in her academic writing, and her poetry was no less beautifully crafted in its formal discipline, nevertheless—as several critics had noted—the divide between the two voices was quite startling.³⁴ Green's second book of poetry *The Dolphin*, published in 1967, like her third, *Something to Someone*, in 1983, included a number of sensitive, intimate love poems, reflecting on an affair with a 'someone' whose life was largely spent with another. The insight into Green's life lent by these poems may assist in understanding her response to the individual stories of Peter and Katharine Grant Watson, and her shifting sympathy between one and the other. While it was 'Dorothy Green' who planned to write critically (but initially almost reverentially) about Grant Watson and his unrecognised work, it was 'Dorothy Auchterlonie' who was deeply touched by the story of Katharine, a woman who found herself married to a man in love with someone else—and between the strict self-discipline of Green's scholarly training and the hard lessons that life had taught her about love and loss, she found it hard to reconcile the two.

As she contemplated her own biographical approach, Green also felt strongly that Katharine Grant Watson's work had literary merit of its own—she found it moving, she wrote to Spence, while regretting that Katharine had been so self-effacing.³⁵ In Grant Watson's published autobiography *But to What Purpose* (1946), his wife, while given some formal due, had remained a vague and ghostly presence. Katharine's memoir, as well as baring the subtleties of her own personality, revealed aspects of Grant Watson's character of which he himself might have been unconscious, or perhaps censored due to the strictures of his education and upbringing. Grant Watson, as Green must now have admitted, quite naturally had his share of human faults and blind spots, although his striving after a personal truth was unquestionable. And here also was an indication of an even more elusive piece of the jigsaw: Ida Bedford's own sad story, never directly told by herself.

Dorothy Green was now in her early sixties. Over the years, and as the common ground between them grew, her correspondence with Katharine Grant Watson and Josephine Spence had increasingly begun to reflect an exchange of discreet family confidences: Green was deeply worried about the precarious health of a new grandchild; Spence by a serious operation her teenage son Hugh was to undergo. Now their letters also became something of an interrogatory, puzzling out the psychological questions raised by the material at hand. Over

Christmas 1978, in response to Green's detailed written queries, Josephine Spence taped several hours of conversation with Katharine Grant Watson. Spence posted these cassette tapes to Green in early January 1979, apologising that they were 'a bit rambly'.³⁶ Later transcribed for Green by her colleague Elizabeth Perkins, these were probably eventually destroyed by Green, along with some of their more personal correspondence.³⁷ These tapes further laid bare confidential details of Ida Bedford's life, apparently based on what Ida had confided in Grant Watson, and that he in turn had relayed over the years to Katharine.

In late January Green wrote to Spence again, for the first time drawing a parallel between her own experience and the three lives she was now considering as biographical material: '...to be second best is not easy to bear, as I know only too well, in a different kind of way, but near enough to recognise how she felt', she wrote. She mentioned also, with sympathy, Katharine Grant Watson's 'deep anger': Katharine had had so much to give, in both child and adulthood, that was rejected.³⁸ In March Green wrote again, apologising for any apparent clumsiness on her part:

I should have explained that no matter what I think of this extraordinary relationship I have to make it credible to the ordinary hard-headed reader, who is always looking for rational explanations....I can't take a firm line unless I know as much of the truth about it as is possible to expect—not necessarily to use it, but to give me enough confidence to state that the relationship was of a particular kind, not necessarily the result of illusion or wishful thinking.³⁹

Green was in England again in April 1979 while making a lecture tour to Yugoslavia on behalf of the Australian Government. This time, with an introduction from Josephine Spence, she also contacted Ida's daughter Joan: 'She knows of the friendship between Ida and Peter and possibly the earlier part of the story...but I am sure you will tread carefully...I will write her a brief little letter preparing the ground', wrote Spence.⁴⁰ Green viewed family photographs, and also a portrait of Ida Bedford as a young woman by the Australian artist Charles Conder. Then Green spent a further five days—a 'moving and memorable' visit—in Devon with Katharine Grant Watson and Josephine Spence. She hoped not to bother them further with details until she had 'some sort of rough draft for you to vet', she wrote once back in Australia.⁴¹ But now Angus & Robertson, the publishers of H. M. Green's *History of Australian Literature*, wanted a third volume: could Katharine extend the embargo on Grant Watson's papers at the National Library a little longer?⁴²

At this date the work, commissioned in 1963, had been in train for nearly fifteen years. Nevertheless, the plan the publishers now proposed—never to eventuate—was that Green should expand her husband's last chapter (1950 to 1960) to cover the period to 1980. Green, in turn, saw their pressure as a form of persecution, but neither could she contemplate giving up the project, and was determined that it should be published.

The need to earn extra income by writing book reviews for newspapers such as the *Nation Review* and *National Times*, and her increased political and social activism in Canberra, meant that even though Green retired from full-time lecturing at Duntroon in early 1981, her time was now fully occupied and her correspondence with Josephine Spence and Katharine Grant Watson dropped off considerably. The continuing saga of the *History* and her feelings of obligation to the Australia Council for funding it meant she felt 'tied down like Gulliver', she wrote to Spence a year later.⁴³

In early 1983, thirteen years after she had first written to Grant Watson, Green wrote to Spence again: Angus & Robertson were still ‘messaging her about’, but nevertheless she felt a compulsion towards Grant Watson—‘so I got out all my notes and your letters and started going through them again...I shall divide my time, cut down the hours, days spent on the History and get to work in earnest on the book I really want to write’. She had not entirely neglected the task, Green continued, but was troubled with serious arthritis; would they agree to extend the closure on the papers again?⁴⁴ By mid September that year there were further setbacks: Green’s severe arthritis had made getting up the steps to the National Library—and its Manuscripts Room—quite impossible, and now she needed a bilateral hip replacement, a painful procedure already much delayed.⁴⁵ Despite this, the two volumes of her husband’s history—to 1950—were complete, and would appear the following year. In early May 1984 Josephine Spence wrote to thank Green for sending her new collection of critical essays, *The Music of Love*, introduced by Drusilla Modjeska and containing ‘The Daimon and the Fringe Dweller’.⁴⁶

A fortnight later Spence wrote again, describing a recent journey with her husband to Chesil Beach in Dorset while on their way to visit Katharine Grant Watson:

Strangely enough Dorset, so much loved by my parents, was new to me. I hadn’t looked at my mother’s autobiography for years but something was whispering to me that either at Studland or the Chesil beach they had stayed in a coastguard’s cottage at the start of married life. ...Whenever I go to visit my mother I get deeply involved in that life—that triangle—as though it were more real than my own life. ...Of course mother in her fifties was a very distressed woman—I can sense why (though it is all too obvious): what in earlier years was a task taken on bravely out of a sense of duty and commitment, in the years of middle age must have appeared differently: ‘an immense internal deprivation’—I am using your own words in your essay on Mary Gilmore—obviously a very different case, but I was struck on several occasions by your perceptions on M. Gilmore and they seemed so appropriate to mother—in particular the second paragraph of page 78 (the first half to be precise)...⁴⁷

A month later Green responded at length on an unusually personal note. She felt an empathy with Katharine Grant Watson for a marriage undertaken ‘out of a sense of destiny and commitment’, she wrote, ‘or more accurately in my own case...a determination to make something positive out of a chaotic situation which was not of my making...’ She went on:

I suppose one of the things that (apart from physical difficulties in the last few years) has prevented me from writing down the book about your father that is in my head is that I cannot make up my mind about what seems the extraordinary lack of understanding about the quality of the woman he had married...I don’t know. I look back on my own life sometimes and see where I took the wrong turning. Then I doubt whether it was wrong. If I hadn’t taken it I would not have had the children who seem to me to possess an essential ‘goodness’ that I value more than any other sort of achievement. And there are other things which it would be improper for me to take pride in, but which others seem to see in me, which might not have been there if I had followed a different path. Perhaps what we are groping for in this story is what your father’s entry into her life *made* of Katharine. One of the things you said when I was last in Lynton has haunted me, something to the effect that in old age, your father was sitting beside your mother listening to Beethoven, and said suddenly, ‘It might always have been like this.’ Then of course the doubt arises. If they had begun and continued in the normal course, would he have made this remark, would she have been the kind of woman he could have made it to? We have to be hammered into shape, it seems. Though that does not take away the pain of ‘internal deprivation’.⁴⁸

Green was still awaiting her hip operation, but was determined to spend the rest of the year writing the book. ‘Never make a promise to carry on a husband’s work,’ she repeated, ‘it has gobbled up the last 20 years of my life, and prevented me writing the things *I* wanted to write.’ In early July, as Dorothy convalesced, Spence reminded Green of her father’s preoccupation with Hardy’s *Jude the Obscure*. ‘I feel I must write in answer to yours about the “hold up” you feel in starting the biography...Peter is at a great disadvantage as he is dead and you have not met him. Reading between the lines of your last letter I feel you identify strongly with my mother—there are parallel experiences. In this way she has an advantage—but...this is not trial and judgement I am embarking on, but a search into what was really going on....’



Dorothy Green, Canberra, 1984, portrait by Alec Bolton (Photograph: collection of the National Library of Australia).

However, ‘[n]one of this adds up to an answer as to what Ida had to offer that was superior to Katharine. I do not myself think that question can be answered on a practical level—why does one ‘love’ one person? Perhaps the story can only be told and the options be left open?’⁴⁹ Immediately on receiving this, Green replied:

My dear Josephine, no, no, trial and judgement are out of the question. My trouble is not quite as you read it: it is more that I have parallel experiences not merely with your mother, but with your father and the problem first was not to over sympathise with

him.....And you are of course quite right—there is *no reason* one can produce for loving one person rather than another. It is a chemical affinity. The last 20 years have taught me as much about Peter’s problems as about Katharine’s.⁵⁰

Nearly a decade had passed now since the Library had purchased Grant Watson’s papers, and again the restrictions were about to elapse. Green wrote that she had no right to ask, but could they extend the embargo again? Spence’s last letters had ‘cleared the blockage’ as much as it could be cleared, and her only excuse was the constant pain and ‘A&R’s damnable behaviour over the History’. She was to undergo a second operation, but then would concentrate on ‘Peter’s book’ and hoped to finish it in six months.

In August Green—still taking drugs for severe pain and needing a crutch to go outside without falling—wrote to Spence that the Library remained inaccessible, as she could not drive, and anyway the Manuscript Room chairs were too uncomfortable for her to sit in. In September Spence reported that the embargo would remain until Green’s project was finished.⁵¹ In return, Green sent Spence a copy of *Something to Someone* (1983), her most recent collection of poems.

‘It is kind of you to try to absolve my guilt—but I can’t help feeling it,’ wrote Green in November 1986 after hearing of Katharine Grant Watson’s death in August that year. Now, with her continuing physical disabilities, it was a struggle to work at all.⁵² But 1987 was to provide yet more distractions. Along with her environmental causes and volunteer work for the Council of Churches, at 72 Green was also campaigning with an Australian Defence Force Academy colleague, David Headon, in speeches and writing against nuclear arms. As one of nine Australian delegates invited to a peace forum by the USSR Government, she was carried to the plane in a wheel chair and negotiated the icy streets of Moscow with a stick in temperatures of minus 20 degrees. On her return, continuing family tragedies diverted her from the task at hand: ‘but now I am clearing the decks and saying *no* to everyone who dares to ask me to do anything else...’ she wrote to Spence.⁵³

In May 1988 Dorothy Green began to collaborate with Paul Brennan and his small independent publishing company, Primavera Press, to produce a ‘conspectus’ of Grant Watson’s work, to be published with Literature Board funding, as a precursor to the biography.⁵⁴ In September, when Green shared with Spence her heartbreak over the loss of a much-loved grandchild, Spence sent in return a letter which Green felt ‘helped to make sense’ of it all.⁵⁵ Green’s grief-stricken poem ‘Imago’,⁵⁶ published in *Southerly* two years later, reveals just how much Grant Watson’s metaphysical imagery had at this point permeated her imagination. This was not the first time in their twenty-year correspondence, instigated at first as a literary investigation, that the two women had supported each other throughout the deaths of loved ones and worries about their respective children.

In late 1988 a certain amount of iron entered Dorothy’s soul. ‘Was Ida wiser than she knew in not running off with him?’ she asked Spence. ‘Was part of her attraction the fact that [Peter] could NOT manipulate her? I’ve known that to happen, though more often with women than with men...’⁵⁷ ‘I’m glad you reject the idea he was a “manipulator”, but since it was raised by a psychiatrist I respect, thought I’d raise the question’, she added in February 1989. ‘It’s only when one starts writing in earnest that one knows the real questions to ask.’⁵⁸

By early 1989, *Descent of Spirit* (as the Primavera Press compendium was to be called), was ready to go into production. In her Introduction Green remarked on the ‘underlying scaffolding’ suggesting the pattern of an ‘unfulfilled’ love story in some of Grant Watson’s

novels, adding that this ‘extraordinary...relationship’—‘too complicated to be told here’—would be the focus of ‘a forthcoming biography by the present writer.’⁵⁹ ‘[Biologist E. J. Steele’s] essay has arrived...soon we can collate and start printing...it’s great to have a publisher as hooked as I am on your father’s prose,’ she wrote to Spence in February 1989. ‘He was right about himself: the novels are fine, but the real greatness is in the essays. I was looking through *Animals in Splendour* again ...and could hardly put the book down...magic!’ ‘I have been wrestling with the chronology of the [Cambridge expedition to Western Australia]...the dates simply don’t make sense’, she continued in March.⁶⁰ Green’s research had now reached a stage where she had become aware of the inconsistencies between Grant Watson’s published accounts of his Antipodean travels and the evidence of his letters. As she went on, what she would call his ‘cavalier attitude’⁶¹ began to frustrate her. If Grant Watson was prone to large omissions about his life, to Green his inexactitude with dates and sometimes careless approximations of quotations meant (in the days before Google) time-consuming searches, and—to a meticulous fact checker—an exasperating uncertainty as to whether all the errors had been uncovered. More and more now, this was time that Green could ill afford.

‘I’m keeping the Conder connection very dark, because that is what I want for my opening paragraph in the biography as a surprise!’ she wrote to Spence in April.⁶² Green had been ill for many months now, with persistent infections and other maladies, but nevertheless had re-interrupted her work to read the proofs of *Descent of Spirit* before returning to her manuscript. Now some thirty pages into her introductory chapter, and having rewritten it at least once, she made a note in the text of an abrupt hiatus that had occurred: she had been told she had a terminal illness. This would make the full-scale, in-depth study she had planned no longer feasible: ‘one of the side effects of the disease is impaired sight which makes intensive reading and writing impossible.’⁶³

Green was to complete just six more pages, of 37 (or some 15,000 words) in all, in which she hurriedly outlined, with little of her usual precision and grace, her biographical characters’ three-cornered love-story. A few pages further on, she wrote baldly and with supreme certainty: ‘Watson himself had learned on his earlier journey to Australia [that] love had no necessary connection with sex; the latter is simply one mode of expression. Genuine love can survive years of absence and the lack of physical expression whatever sceptics may think about it.’ The text breaks off mid-sentence not long after, at a point where Katharine (who had lost her own first love during World War I), had determined to ‘put the past behind her and ...marry a man who would help her to find some meaning in life, find a way of making something of it’—a man who was receptive thus to making, in Meredith’s phrase, an ‘amazing marriage’.⁶⁴

Had the balance of Green’s sympathy finally shifted entirely from Grant Watson to his wife?⁶⁵

On 26 February Federal Minister for Science Barry Jones launched *Descent of Spirit* at the National Museum of Australia in Canberra.⁶⁶



Dorothy Green and Paul Brennan of Primavera Press at the launch of *Descent of Spirit* at the National Museum of Australia, Canberra, 26 February 1990 (Photograph: private collection, Wales).

Green attended in a wheelchair. ‘Congratulations on the book and God bless you’ cabled Spence on the same day.⁶⁷ Green wrote in reply that her condition was not good: ‘but a surgeon has rearranged my interior in the hope of giving me quality time to finish a few jobs. I shall drop everything except the biography. Cancer of the pancreas I am afraid. However, we shall “carry on as usual”!’⁶⁸

At the end of April Green, convalescing slowly, wrote that she had an alternative plan for Spence to consider in case her time ran out: a book made up of Katharine’s and Peter’s unpublished biographical works, along with *But To What Purpose*, plus Green’s introduction containing ‘all that wouldn’t fit into the other three parts’. This would cut down the amount of writing needing to be completed.⁶⁹ Asked by an interviewer about her own imminent death, Green replied that it was not a preoccupation—and although it was not very easy to contemplate, either—‘the notion that God was a circle whose centre is everywhere and circumference nowhere suddenly became a profound reality to me.’⁷⁰

By now Green was desperately ill. As well as pancreatic cancer, she was suffering from severe arthritis, eye problems and—as her primary illness dragged her down—a bout of pneumonia, several strokes and recurring episodes of depression. For some weeks her friend and colleague Elizabeth Perkins, with whom she had taught on the Darling Downs in Queensland, took leave from James Cook University to stay with her in Canberra. Even now, Perkins recorded, Katharine Grant Watson and her story occupied much of Dorothy’s thinking.⁷¹ In regard to her own death, having been given her ‘sailing orders’, she’d like to go quickly, Green wrote to Spence in April, ‘... but it looks like a long drawn out affair.’

‘We had better be sensible and make some emergency arrangements in case I am suddenly helpless,’ she continued crisply. Would Josephine like her correspondence returned, or placed with her own letters in the National Library?⁷²

By mid August she reported that her deteriorating eyesight had made further work impossible: all she could do was to leave behind ‘my material as far as it has gone’, along with a bibliography of associated reading.⁷³ She was very unhappy about the biography, she added: ‘it was to have been my best book and the thought of giving it up is painful in the extreme.’⁷⁴

In late December 1990 Primavera Press released *Writer Reader Critic*, a collection of essays based on Green’s Colin Roderick Lectures of 1985.⁷⁵ The volume, with an introduction by Elizabeth Webby, was officially launched at the National Library in Canberra early the following February. Seventeen days later, on Thursday 21 February 1991, Dorothy Green died of a stroke, at 75, in Canberra’s Calvary Hospital. ‘Waiting for the ferryman is indeed tedious, I’m so tired of it already...’ she had written in one of her last letters to Spence. ‘I suppose someone one day will put all the pieces together. I’m just heart broken that it can’t be me.’⁷⁶

Before her death, I learned, Green had entrusted her research materials, along with Katharine Grant Watson’s manuscript, to her colleague Elizabeth Perkins at James Cook University in Townsville, in the hope that her long-anticipated work might eventually be brought to publication. Having developed an interest in Grant Watson myself, and having heard rumours of biographical activity, firstly by Dorothy Green, then by Perkins, and finally by a mature age doctoral student, Hope Kynoch, I awaited the book’s arrival with great interest. Kynoch had begun her studies with a Master of Arts thesis at Melbourne University: Green had examined her section of the thesis on Grant Watson in 1987—‘It was, I’m glad to say, quite a good one,’ she commented to Spence at the time.⁷⁷

In August 1992, with Spence’s permission, Kynoch accessed the papers at the National Library in order to write a PhD at Monash University, again with Grant Watson as her subject. Perkins wrote to her from Townsville that a heavy academic load and her own health problems had intervened in her plans to complete Green’s book. ‘Unfortunately, too, much of Dorothy’s work must be missing: material I thought she had compiled is not amongst these papers, nor on the discs that we have been able to retrieve’, she added. ‘I was working with Dorothy in 1990, and know something of the theses she was developing and the kind of biography she hoped to write. It is too early yet to know if I can successfully recreate what she had done and bring it to a conclusion.’⁷⁸

In the meantime, in an unrelated development in 1989, Don Lowe, a writer living on Hydra, had brought a film script he had written based on Grant Watson’s novel *The Nun and the Bandit* (1935) to the attention of Melbourne-based filmmaker Paul Cox, who was on the island directing a feature film. Cox eventually offered Spence a small option payment for the rights to the novel, and to help with these negotiations (given Green’s ill health), Spence approached Paul Brennan about his taking over Grant Watson’s literary executorship. In early 1990 Spence reported to Green that if the film were made, her share—1% of the budget of \$3,000,000—would help her to fund a trip to Australia.⁷⁹

Josephine Spence arrived on 22 September 1992, spending time in Sydney with Brennan and his partner Christine Flynn, visiting Perkins in Townsville, and staying with Kynoch in

Melbourne. In mid October she met Paul Cox for a special screening of 'The Nun and the Bandit', completed but not yet released.



Film director Paul Cox and E. L. Grant Watson's daughter Josephine Spence, December 1992, after a screening of Cox's film 'The Nun & the Bandit' in Melbourne (Photograph: Mario Borg, Fairfaxphotos, *The Sunday Age* 6 December 1992, page 9).

In December Cox revealed that a further film, *Exile*, based on Grant Watson's novel *Priest Island* (1940), was in the planning stage.⁸⁰ At this point, with the film rights sold but the Primavera Press editions of both novels yet to appear, relations between Paul Brennan and Josephine Spence began to break down.⁸¹ In early September 1993, marked by a small ceremony in Centennial Park,⁸² Primavera Press launched the Australian edition of *The Nun*, with an Afterword by Hope Kynoch, to coincide with the commercial release of the film. Before Paul Brennan's edition of *Priest Island* could eventuate, however, Spence's contract with Primavera Press was terminated in acrimony. The book was abandoned and all rights to Grant Watson's works returned to Spence. A number of previously friendly relationships fell casualty to the dispute.

Meanwhile, in July 1993, at the annual ASAL Conference, Elizabeth Perkins had delivered the Dorothy Green Memorial Lecture: 'Katharine Grant Watson, the Artist's Wife: Portrait of an English Lady'. In her tribute, Perkins revisited Katharine's life in detail, drawing on the tapes made by Spence and her mother (now lost)⁸³ that she had transcribed for Green, and paid tribute to the four women 'whose voices here are stronger than mine': Josephine Spence, Dorothy Green, Katharine Grant Watson and Ida Bedford.⁸⁴

By early 1998, at Spence's behest, 'Between Two Worlds' was added to the NLA deposit, along with Green's extensive correspondence with the Grant Watson family. Kynoch completed her Ph D thesis in mid 1998 and an edited version was offered to several publishers in 2001, without success. On 17 November 2001 Josephine Spence herself died at Forest Row, East Sussex, aged 76. E. L. Grant Watson's papers were now no longer restricted. Early in the new millennium I learned that while various additions had been made to both the Green and Grant Watson collections at the National Library and ADFA, no uncompleted biography, by Green or anyone else, was among them.

Was there—somewhere—still an elusive lost manuscript?

While a little study of the Green and the Grant Watson family letters in the NLA would reveal something of Green's struggle to write E. L. Grant Watson's story, nowhere did it emerge what had ultimately happened to her research papers entrusted to Elizabeth Perkins—whom, I discovered, had died in Townsville in February 2004, her own plans abandoned, and taking with her whatever knowledge she had of Green's project.

In late 2004, I began my own research for a biography. Hope Kynoch, who had wished me well on the 'great adventure' on which I was about to embark, remembered my inquiries when she moved into an old age home in November 2005, and generously allowed her own accumulated material (including her correspondence with Spence), to be forwarded to me by her children. In November 2006 a chance inquiry to ADFA's Special Collections librarian Wilgha Edwards led to the revelation that Dorothy Green's 'lost' archive on Grant Watson, along with her personal library of related books, had turned up in an uncatalogued deposit made a little earlier that year. Shortly before her death, it transpired, Elizabeth Perkins had passed the materials on to their mutual colleague Paul Eggert at ADFA, as caretaker until they could be made available for future researchers. Among these papers were some outmoded floppy discs that eventually rendered up a short introductory text entitled 'The Invisible Sun', apparently the only surviving remnant of Green's biography.

Several months before this, in August, Andrew Green had kindly permitted me access to his mother's collections. The lengthy dialogue of letters between Dorothy Green and Katharine Grant Watson and Josephine Spence, in which, as intimacy and trust between them grew, they attempted to tease out the conundrums of Grant Watson's life and their own, provide a poignant hint of what a loss it is to biography that Dorothy Green's account was never completed.

Suzanne Falkiner is a Sydney writer. Her biography, *The Imago: E. L. Grant Watson and Australia*, was published by the University of Western Australia Press in February 2011.

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Abbreviations in Endnotes

ADFA MS 20/1.1: Academy Library, UNSW@ADFA, Australian Defence Force Academy, MS 20 Green, series 1.1

ADFA 230: Papers of Paul Eggert, Academy Library, UNSW@ADFA, Australian Defence Force Academy, MS 230 (unhoused papers).

NLA 4950/4/19: National Library of Australia, E. L. Grant Watson Series 4950 Box 4, Folder 19

NLA 4950/4/20: National Library of Australia, E. L. Grant Watson Series 4950 Box 4, Folder 20:

NLA 4950/5/21: National Library of Australia, E. L. Grant Watson Series 4950 Box 5, Folder 21

Endnotes

JASAL departs from its usual practice of in-text citations in the case of this essay because of the density of archival references.

¹ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Katharine Grant Watson, 20 December 1971.

² Dorothy Green, 'Vale Grant Watson', *Meanjin Quarterly*, Vol. 31 no. 1, Autumn 1972, p. 84.

³ Dorothy Green, 'The Daimon and the Fringe-Dweller: The Novels of Grant Watson', *Meanjin Quarterly*, Vol. 30 no. 3, Spring [September] 1971, pp. 283-284.

⁴ ADFA 20/1.1: Folder 12 – Humphrey McQueen to Dorothy Green, 24 July 1984.

⁵ ADFA 20/1.1: Folder 18 – Harold Stewart to Dorothy Green, 1990.

⁶ Dorothy Green (ed), *Descent of Spirit: Writings of E. L. Grant Watson*, Primavera Press, Sydney 1990, Acknowledgments.

⁷ 'Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible Sun within us.' Green's title is taken from *Hydriotaphia V* [Urn Burial], by 17th century English writer and physician Thomas Browne, a favourite of hers and (coincidentally, as Spence revealed) Grant Watson's earlier choice of title for his magnum opus *The Mystery of Physical Life* (1964) (NLA 4950/5/20: Spence to Dorothy Green, 13 September 1983.) The term resonated with his own notion of a 'descending spirit', or 'logos', working in tandem with evolutionary and physical laws, that met and transformed all earthly phenomena in a marriage of science and the transcendental (E. L. Grant Watson, 'The Transformation of the immature', *British Homeopathic Journal* Vol. LVIII No 1, January 1969).

⁸ H. M. Green, *An Outline of Australian Literature*, Whitcombe and Tombs Ltd, Sydney, 1930, p. 282.

⁹ Dorothy Auchterlounie's first book of poems, *Kaleidoscope*, was published by Viking Press in 1940.

¹⁰ For biographical information on Dorothy Green I am indebted to Willa McDonald's 'Dorothy (Auchterlounie) Green: A Deeply Felt Humanity', Ph D thesis, University of New South Wales, 2000, published in edited form as *Warrior for Peace*, Australian Scholarly Publishing, Melbourne 2009.

¹¹ Willa McDonald, *Warrior for Peace: Dorothy Auchterlounie Green*, Australian Scholarly Publishing, Melbourne 2009, p. 23.

¹² H. M. Green, *History of Australian Literature*, Vol. I (1961), p. 649.

¹³ H. M. Green, *History of Australian Literature*, Vol. II (1961), p. 1139 and footnote 42.

¹⁴ Willa McDonald, 'Dorothy (Auchterlounie) Green: A Deeply Felt Humanity', PhD thesis, University of New South Wales, 2000.

¹⁵ Andrew Green, personal information to author, 2008.

¹⁶ Dorothy Green's *Ulysses Bound*, a 597-page critical biography of 'Henry Handel Richardson', appeared in 1973, and the revised version *Henry Handel Richardson and her fiction* with Allen & Unwin 1986.

¹⁷ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to 'Mr Watson, 9 Woodbury Avenue, Petersfield', 20 February 1970.

¹⁸ ADFA MS 230: E. L. Grant Watson to Dorothy Green, 27 February 1970.

¹⁹ Over the next ten years, Dorothy Green badgered a variety of Australian publishers: along with the Australian National University Press and the A.N.L.F., Green's letters to Katharine Grant Watson and Josephine Spence report specifically on approaches to Adrian Mitchell at Adelaide University, Rigby, 'Mr Walsh' at Angus & Robertson, Geoffrey Dutton at Sun Books and Brian Johns at Penguin.

²⁰ ADFA MS 230: E. L. Grant Watson to Dorothy Green, 13 March 1970.

²¹ Dorothy Green, 'The Daimon and the Fringe-Dweller: The Novels of Grant Watson' *Meanjin Quarterly* Vol. 30 no. 3, Spring [September] 1971 (pp. 277-293) pp. 283-284.

- ²² Dorothy Green (revisor), *H. M. Green's History of Australian Literature*, 2nd revised edition, Vols 1 & 2, Angus & Robertson, Australia 1984, p. 704.
- ²³ NLA 4950/4/20: Katharine Grant Watson to Dorothy Green, 9 May 1974.
- ²⁴ NLA 4950/5/21: Josephine Spence to Dorothy Green, 23 May 1974.
- ²⁵ 'Between two worlds life hovers like a star / 'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.' (Thomas Moore (ed), *The Works of Lord Byron*, Vol 17, 'Don Juan' canto 15, stanza 99. John Murray, London 1833, p. 189).
- ²⁶ NLA 4950/5/21: Katharine Grant Watson to Dorothy Green, 10 October 1974.
- ²⁷ I.e., until May 1980: NLA 4950/5/21: Josephine Spence to Dorothy, 22 February 1975.
- ²⁸ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 7 March 1975.
- ²⁹ NLA 4950/5/21: Josephine Spence to Dorothy Green, 30 August 1975.
- ³⁰ NLA 4950/4/20: Letter, Katharine Grant Watson to Dorothy Green, 20 July 1976.
- ³¹ later the Australian Defence Force Academy, or ADFA.
- ³² Watson, Katharine Grant, 'Under the sky' *Blackwood's Magazine* February 1969, pp. 112-121
- ³³ Watson, Katharine Grant, 'Villa Beau Sejour', *Blackwood's Magazine*, April 1969.
- ³⁴ See McDonald, Willa, 2000, who cites Ayres, Marie-Louise, 'Me is not a stable reality': *Negotiations of Identity in the Poetry of Dorothy Auchterlonie, Rosemary Dobson, Dorothy Hewett and JS Harry*, Unpublished PhD Thesis, ANU, December, 1994, p. 79.
- ³⁵ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 30 August 1978.
- ³⁶ NLA 4950/5/21: Josephine Spence to Dorothy, 7 January 1979.
- ³⁷ See Elizabeth Perkins, 'Portrait of an English Lady' (*Westerly*, Vol. 39 no. 1, 1994) p. 6, which gives this date as 1979-80.
- ³⁸ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 30 January 1979.
- ³⁹ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 7 March 1979.
- ⁴⁰ NLA 4950/5/21: Josephine Spence to Dorothy Green, 13 March 1979.
- ⁴¹ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Spence, 22 May 1979.
- ⁴² NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 18 June 1979.
- ⁴³ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 8 February 1982.
- ⁴⁴ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 7 January 1983.
- ⁴⁵ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 20 September and October 1983. The operation finally took place nine months later, in June 1984.
- ⁴⁶ NLA 4950/5/21: Josephine Spence to Dorothy Green, 4 May 1984.
- ⁴⁷ NLA 4950/5/21: Josephine Spence to Dorothy Green, 16 May 1984.
- ⁴⁸ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, dated 24 April 1984, but more probably 24 May (i.e., in response to Spence's of 16 May); and 16 June 1984.
- ⁴⁹ NLA 4950/5/21: Josephine Spence to Dorothy Green, 7 July 1984.
- ⁵⁰ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 18 July 1984.
- ⁵¹ NLA 4950/5/21: Josephine Spence to Dorothy Green, 17 September 1984.
- ⁵² NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 26 November 1986.
- ⁵³ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 26 August 1987.
- ⁵⁴ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 10 May 1988.
- ⁵⁵ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 16 September and 13 October 1988. The letter was evidently too personal for Green to allow it to remain in the file.
- ⁵⁶ Green, Dorothy, 'Imago' (In Memoriam: My Grandson, Paul Jungheim 27th September, 1975 - 4th September, 1988) *Southerly*, Vol 50, No 3, September, 1990, p. 278.
- ⁵⁷ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 13 December 1988.
- ⁵⁸ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 15 February 1989.
- ⁵⁹ Dorothy Green (ed.), *Descent of Spirit: Writings of E. L. Grant Watson* Primavera Press, Sydney 1990, p. 33.
- ⁶⁰ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 16 March 1989.
- ⁶¹ ADFA MS 230: Dorothy Green, 'The Invisible Sun' (draft introduction) p. 18.
- ⁶² NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 24 April 1989.
- ⁶³ ADFA MS 230: Dorothy Green, 'The Invisible Sun', p. 30 (title arrived at in 1983, commenced circa 1989, illness intervened February 1990).
- ⁶⁴ This is a reference to George Meredith's novel, *The Amazing Marriage* (1895), which reiterates the theme that a wife should be free to leave a husband who does not recognize her value. In the novel, a man marries as a defense against another woman's power over him. But instead of recognizing the opportunity for fulfillment, he fears emasculation, and finally, in his misogyny, alienates his bride.

⁶⁵ Susan Lever, 'Ratbag Writers and their Cranky Critics', *JASAL* 4, 2005, p. 11. Lever records that Perkins told her, after her 1993 lecture, that she believed it was the discovery of intimate aspects of Grant Watson's relationship with Katharine that prevented Green from completing the biography.

⁶⁶ See *Canberra Times*, 28 February 1990, for a report on the event by Robert Hefner.

⁶⁷ NLA 4950/5/21: Josephine Spence to Dorothy Green [telegram], 26 February 1990.

⁶⁸ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 1 March 1990.

⁶⁹ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 27 April 1990.

⁷⁰ Campbell, Peter and Murdoch, James, *Videorecording—Interview with Dorothy Green*, Australia Council, Archival Film Series, Redfern, 1990, quoted in McDonald, Willa 2000. Grant Watson had written: '...for as soon as we think of a centre, we think of the circle that surrounds it, and when we look into the sky we are aware not only of the vast blueness but, behind and beyond, the sense of life itself: "The invisible sun," as Sir Thomas Browne has said: "Life is a pure stream, we are lit by an invisible sun." And this invisible sun impinges on us from the vast surround.' 'The Transformation of the immature' [in two parts], *British Homeopathic Journal*, Vol. LVIII No 1, January 1969. As Green would have discovered, Grant Watson had slightly misremembered the quotation.

⁷¹ Elizabeth Perkins, 'Portrait of an English Lady', op.cit., pp. 5-20.

⁷² NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 24 June 1990.

⁷³ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 16 August 1990.

⁷⁴ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 14 September [in fact, October?] 1990.

⁷⁵ Dorothy Green, *The Writer, the Reader and the Critic in a Monoculture*, Foundation for Australian Literary Studies 1986; republished as *Writer Reader Critic*, Primavera Press, Sydney 1991

⁷⁶ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 29 October and 24 November 1990.

⁷⁷ NLA 4950/4/19: Dorothy Green to Josephine Spence, 4 May 1987.

⁷⁸ Hope Kynoch papers, possession of the author: Elizabeth Perkins to Kynoch, 7 September 1992.

⁷⁹ NLA 4950/5/21: Josephine Spence to Dorothy Green, 10 February 1990.

⁸⁰ Larkin, John 'Paul Cox takes on a Literary Legacy', *The Age* 6 December 1992, p. 48; Willa McDonald, 'In Symbiosis: Cox and Watson' *Sydney Morning Herald* 12 December 1992, p. 9. 'Exile', also directed by Cox, was shown at the Berlin Film Festival in February 1994. That year it won a cinematography prize at the Australian Film Institute awards, and (like *The Nun and the Bandit*) was later adapted for Australian television.

⁸¹ Hope Kynoch papers, possession of the author: Spence to Kynoch, 3 May 1993.

⁸² At which this author gave the launch address.

⁸³ 'I could not find any evidence that Dorothy Green had started to write an ELGW biography,' wrote Spence to Hope Kynoch. 'When I was in Townsville I had access to all the relevant papers, letters etc, and E[lizabeth] Perkins assured me *she* could find nothing—not even an 'Introduction' that Dorothy referred to in a letter. It makes me wonder if something hasn't got overlooked somewhere....There were two very confidential tapes that disappeared without trace....conversations between my mother and me about Ida and other matters now known since Elizabeth's talk.' Hope Kynoch papers, possession of the author: Spence to Kynoch, 4 November, 1994

⁸⁴ Perkins, Elizabeth 'Portrait of an English Lady', op. cit, p. 6.