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**A Word from our President,
Graeme Charles**

Unfortunately, we, the HHR Society, have not been exempted from the far-reaching effects of the world-wide coronavirus. The restrictions on public, and for that matter, private gatherings, have caused the postponement of our AGM, which was to be held in March, and our annual oration, which was scheduled to be held in June.

Our other major event in this, HHR's sesquicentenary year, featuring Angela Neustatter and Brenda Niall, is scheduled for early October. Angela is still keen to visit Australia later this year, but the coronavirus is going to dictate whether or not she will be able to be with us in early October. So, we will just have to wait and see when we can reschedule all three of these events.

In the meantime, Janey Runci continues to produce her great newsletters, which I know are really appreciated by lots of you. Perhaps all of you. Until we are able to be together again, we can at least be so in spirit, and I hope our newsletters play no small part in making that happen. Let's hope we will get the opportunity to join together before the end of this rather momentous year.

AGM on June 25

The AGM will now be held on June 25 at 10.30 am by teleconference.

More details will be sent by email.

Brenda Niall



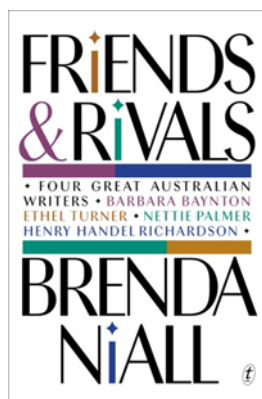
Brenda Niall

Many HHR Society members were fortunate enough to attend the wonderful HHR Annual Oration given by one of Australia's foremost biographers, Brenda Niall in October 2012. The event was held in the grandeur of the Red Rotunda of the State Library of Victoria. The title of the Oration was *The Sharp Edge of Friendship: Henry Handel Richardson and her Biographer, Nettie Palmer*.

Now Brenda has produced a book on four great Australian writers: Barbara Baynton, Ethel Turner, Nettie Palmer and Henry Handel Richardson, or more specifically the unlikely relationship between Baynton and Turner, and the edgy one between Palmer and Richardson.

Friends and Rivals is published by Text and is available now at good book stores.

And a word here in support of our book stores in these difficult times: please, please, please **help save your local book store** by ordering from them rather than one of the online giants (especially one named for a legendary race of female giants). In Melbourne, Readings is taking online orders and delivering books.



Literary Friendships by Brenda Niall

Every life has its surprises, and a biographer needs to be alert to the contradictions of her subjects.

The wonderful three-volume *Letters*, edited by Clive Probyn and Bruce Steele, gave unexpected insights into HHR's complex personality.

I found a new Henry Handel Richardson in her correspondence with her former schoolfriend, Mary Kernot. Because these letters were under an embargo for fifty years after the writer's death, a great deal of Richardson scholarship went on without them. With Mary Kernot, Richardson was relaxed, frank and funny. Her feelings about Australia, and her memories of her younger self, appear in the lively exchange that started with Kernot's response to *The Getting of Wisdom*.

My group biography, *Friends and Rivals*, looks at the intersecting lives of Ethel Turner, Barbara Baynton, Henry Handel Richardson and Nettie Palmer. I was astonished to find Ethel Turner, author of *Seven Little Australians*, out shopping for diamonds with Barbara Baynton in 1911. Everyone loved *Seven Little Australians* and its unruly, lovable children. The comedy and pathos that it kept in balance had nothing in common with Baynton's brutal realism. Her *Bush Studies* was unrelentingly grim, and it repelled many Australia readers. In age and social milieu, the two writers were very different, and Turner was shocked by Baynton's way of demolishing reputations with a cutting phrase. Yet, as their diaries and letters show, the two women built a lasting friendship. How did they do it? I took a new look at their private histories and working lives.

I was equally intrigued by the edgy relationship between HHR and Nettie Palmer. Mary Kernot brought them together. The key scene, for me, was their first meeting in HHR's East Sussex house, in 1935. Palmer was a powerful shaper of literary reputations. By the time they met, she had acknowledged HHR's genius, but it hadn't always been so.

She had ignored HHR's first three books and had been tepid about the fourth. The turning point was *Ultima Thule*. Palmer and HHR had much in common. But for various reasons that emerge in the HHR-Kernot letters, they were never at ease with one another. The interaction between the two women was fascinating at the human level, and it touched on abiding issues in the coming of age of Australian literature.

HHR in the time of Corona – responses to our writing challenge

Thanks to the following members who put pen to paper, or fingers to keyboard and took up the challenge of rewriting the opening lines of any of HHR's works in this disturbing time of the coronavirus. The idea was prompted by the article featured in our last mini-newsletter, *The first lines of 10 classic novels, rewritten for social distancing*.

Maurice Guest:

Sebastian and Susan Fink, Leipzig

One noon in 2020, a young man stood in front of the new Gewandhaus in Leipzig, and watched the wide, paved square, until then white and silent in the sunshine - the way it would stay for the rest of the day, because nobody else was on the street in those weird days.

Graeme Charles

One noon in 202---, a young man stood in front of the new Gewandhaus in Leipzig, and was immediately issued with an on-the-spot fine for failing to adhere to the strict social distancing laws that had been introduced by the Government of the day.

Clive Probyn

One noon in 189-, a young man stood in front of the new Gewandhaus in Leipzig and decided to avoid all non-essential travel.

Alison Street

One noon in 2021, a young man exercised alone in front of the new Gewandhaus in Leipzig, and watched the neglected, grass-laid square, until then white and silent in the sunshine, grow dark and silent as mandated

Bronwyn Minifie

One noon in 20- a young man stood in front of the Gewandhaus in Leipzig, and watched the neat, grass-laid square, white and silent in the sunshine. He was waiting for the people to come from the rehearsal. But no-one came. The rehearsal had been cancelled. Everything had been cancelled.

The Getting of Wisdom

Di Parsons:

The four children were conferencing online.

Ava Hubble:

The four children were lying on the grass, self-isolating, three metres apart. They really couldn't hear the fairy story Laura wanted to tell them. Meanwhile, she wasn't paying close attention to her non-listeners. She was worried. She was due to leave for boarding school the next day, but she had the nagging fear that the place would be shut down by the virus crisis. The children cried out. They were suddenly distracted by parakeets that flew up and away over the garden. Then one, by one, in the enveloping warmth of a glorious day, they fell asleep.

Let's leave them now. Let's not wake and distress them. Let's not tell them, for instance, about the cruise ships, sailing away, never to return. We can see them, those majestic white liners, as we take our permitted exercise.

'Good riddance!' someone shrieks.

The Getting of Wisdom

Clive Probyn:

The four children were lying on the grass less than 1.5 metres apart.

Dot Charles:

The four children were lying on the grass. They were confined to their own backyard due to the widespread and deadly Covid-19 virus. However, this only served to stimulate imaginative games, such as the one they were embarked on now-- telling stories about the cloud shapes floating by.

The Fortunes of Richard Mahony

Australia Felix: Proem

Bronwyn Minifie:

At the head of a shaft on the Gravel Pits a man had fallen forward onto his face, his mouth pressed into the mud. He had been at work in the shaft, recklessly ignoring the feverish pain that had been gathering in his limbs since morning. Now he lay there, struggling to breath, as the mates who had hauled him to the surface, ran from him, knowing the terrible risk they would be taking if they touched him.

Elizabeth Webby:

In a luxury hotel in Sydney, a man had been buried alive. Returning too late from overseas, he had been taken into quarantine under police guard. Now he faced four weeks of boredom, with tasteless meals delivered to his door in paper bags, and no exit.

Garry Spry:

“Most men lead lives of quiet desperation“ (to paraphrase the melancholy aphorism of an early American author) is a line which best perhaps defines the pain of uncomprehending and struggling men and women, especially in the aftermath of human disaster.

Such is the fate of most in the mass of humanity which flocked to the Australian goldfields from all corners of the world, hoping to strike it rich, many optimistically seeking excitement and relief from their otherwise suffocating struggles.

Australia Felix, Part 1, Chapter 1.

Delia Bradshaw:

On the deserted streets of Melbourne, a solitary figure stood out amongst the shuttered shops. Some saw a harbinger of doom.

The Way Home

Alison Street:

When having braved the crowded sealanes of the South Pacific and rounded the Heads; having lain becalmed in Sydney Harbour, bartered passengers for supplies, and snatched a glimpse of the confused workings of government: when the homeward bound vessel is come level with those of the Navy escort and begins to skirt the Bay, those aboard her get the impression of the community's relief, as they sail to home waters.

Ultima Thule

Brigid Magner:

'When, for the third time in his life, Richard Mahony set foot in Australia, it was to find that the fortune with which that country a few years back had so airily invested him, no longer existed due to a global pandemic.'

Alison Street:

When, returning from Hawaii, Scott Morrison set foot in Canberra, it was to find that the fortune with which that country a few months back had so airily invested him, no longer existed.

Ultima Thule**Ric Pawsey:**

When for the third time, Richard Mahony set foot in Australia, it was to find that the fortune with which that country some six years back had so airily invested him no longer existed. A conservative government was rushing to social innovation as an enemy bearing neither money nor guns assailed the nation.

The Young Cosima**Bronwyn Minifie:**

One late March evening at the beginning of the second decade of the century, two men stepped out of a modest hotel in the centre of Berlin, and began to walk together side by side, but separated by two arm lengths, unable to link arms as was their usual way. The two men, who met after a separation, relished the quiet: for they had come out to talk and the distance between them would have made talking impossible if the city had been throbbing with its usual noise. Their pace changed from one minute to the next: now they pushed forward, now lingered on their steps, or even stopped short, the better to emphasise what was said. But always aware of the space between them, and the lurking danger that made this distance necessary.

The End of a Childhood:**Graeme Charles:**

Twelve months almost to a day after her husband's death, the coronavirus threat had finally abated, and Mary Mahony was able to invite her many friends to attend a proper memorial service for him.

And some extras from Clive Probyn:**Gulliver's Travels**

My father had a small Estate in Nottinghamshire now occupied by dog-walkers and mobile homes.

Northanger Abbey

No one who had ever seen Catherine Morland in her infancy would have supposed her born to be the captain of a cruise liner.

A Virtual Walk around HHR's Chiltern

Thanks to the wonderful work of Brigid Magner our first HHR walking tour app is now available, and what better time. You may not be able to walk around the actual streets of Chiltern but you can do it from the comfort of your living room.

As the introduction says: *This tour takes you around seven sites associated with the famous expatriate Australian author Henry Handel Richardson, located in the gold rush town of Chiltern in Victoria, Australia.*

The first of the seven 'sites' is an introduction, followed by Chiltern railway station, Lake View house, The Flour Mill, Lake Anderson, Chiltern Athenaeum, the Star Hotel and the Star Theatre. At each site you can see relevant photos, and read or listen to the dulcet tones of our President, Graeme Charles, giving information about the site, followed by relevant readings from HHR texts delivered by Janey Runci.

To Access this Tour:

Apple App Store: <https://itunes.apple.com/us/app/henry-handel-richardson-tours/id1504566412?mt=8>

Google Play Store: <https://play.google.com/store/apps/details?id=com.mytoursapp.android.app2041>

HHR trip 2019 - Instalment 3 - England and Wales

Four HHR sites

Our journey to HHR's England and Wales took us to four sites:

- London: HHR's home from 1903-1934
- Lyme Regis: HHR's 'other' home from 1915-1934
- Hastings: HHR's home from 1934 until her death in 1946
- Llanfairfechan: burial place of HHR's sister, Lil

For this edition of the newsletter Graeme Charles has written an account of our time in Llanfairfechan and I will give an account of our time in London. Our time in Hastings and Lyme Regis will be covered in the next newsletter.

Wales - Finding Lil's Grave – The Four Richardsons Laid to Rest by Graeme Charles

On September 28, 2019, I, along with four fellow HHR Society companions, found myself standing in pouring rain looking at a plot of unmarked ground in Rhandir Hedd cemetery, Llanfairfechan, North Wales. Somewhere below the surface of that lush grassed plot were the remains of HHR's only sibling, Ada Lilian Neill (Neustatter, nee Richardson). She died in April 1944 whilst being cared for in nearby Bryn Y Neuadd Mental Asylum, after suffering some sort of nervous breakdown, and was buried on May 3.



One of the few remaining old buildings at the Mental Asylum, and entrance to the Asylum

Previously, Lil and her husband, A.S. Neill, founded and ran the progressive school, Summerhill in various locations before finding a permanent home in Leiston, Suffolk in 1936. The school was forced to move to Blaenau Ffestiniog in North Wales during World War 2 because of the threat posed by German bombs back in Suffolk. During that time Lil's marriage to the much younger Neill virtually disintegrated.



Lil and Neill at Summerhill in Suffolk

I had previously visited Blaenau Ffestiniog (formerly a slate-mining community), long before I had any knowledge of Lilian Richardson, and found it to be one of the bleakest places I had ever been in. It might have had something to do with the overall picture the town presented on that occasion. Grey stone buildings everywhere, surrounded by grey hills with torrents of rain pouring down on them, and, if my memory is correct, very little vegetation to soften the effect.

Llanfairfechan and its surrounding region in northern Wales, which we really enjoyed visiting, was unfortunately on the day, courtesy of very heavy rain, doing its best to replicate my memory of Blaenau Ffestiniog. Our visit to the grave site had been greatly helped by Andy Clayton who has the care of all Conwy County cemeteries within his remit. Andy had initially identified the unmarked grave site for us and on the day met us at the cemetery. I was particularly pleased to be finally at Lil's burial place, because I have been more than a little interested in her since first becoming aware of her existence in 2006 when I read an HHR biography for the first time.

At that time I wrote a short piece "The Other Richardson Girl" which can be found on our website. I began to wonder where she had been buried, and no one I spoke to about it seemed to be exactly sure. In fact it took me quite some time before I finally discovered the details of her burial place.



Graeme Charles and Andy Clayton at Lil's grave

But finally I was standing at it, in pouring rain, with my fellow-travellers and Andy Clayton, and I was pleased that for me the circle was complete. I have now visited the lonely graves of Walter, Mary and Lil and gazed out to sea off Hastings where HHR's ashes were scattered. Job done.



Graeme Charles, Maureen McCarthy, Janey Runci, Dot Charles, Helen Macrae



In a further development Andy Clayton has installed a more substantial cross with a plaque. He is gathering material to write a booklet about 'personalities' buried in this cemetery and was very glad to receive material from the HHR Society.

Burial Sites of the Richardson Family
Walter Richardson, HHR's father – buried Koroit, South-western Victoria, Australia in 1879



Graeme Charles at Walter Richardson's grave



Close-up of Walter Richardson's grave

Mary Richardson, HHR's mother – buried Munich, Bavaria, Germany in 1896



Dot Charles lays flowers at Mary's unmarked grave

Ada Lilian Richardson (HHR's sister and known as Lil) – buried Llanfairfechan, North Wales in 1944



Lil's grave in Llanfairfechan

Ethel Florence (Henry Handel) Richardson – ashes scattered at sea off Hastings, Sussex, England in 1946



View to sea near Hastings

London – when a man is tired of London he is tired of life

Our time in London was short and I am not sorry to say that we were very easily distracted by the likes of such places as the Tate Gallery, The Victoria and Albert Museum, the Emery Walker Museum, the Temple, the Portrait Gallery, St Paul's Cathedral, and, for some members the highlight of London – Dr Johnson's house. As well there were the distractions of the Brexit campaign. As Johnson himself said: *When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford.*

However we had dutifully made note of HHR's various homes in London before we came there.

1903 – occupied lodgings at 18 Willow Road, Hampstead.

1904 – lived in newly built house at 5 Lyons Road, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

1910 – moved to 90 Regent's Park Road We managed to see just one of these three places, 90 Regents Park Road, or at least the place where it had been, now a block of ugly brown brick flats.



90 Regents Park Road on the right

The HHR highlight of our time in London was meeting up with our members, Roger and Lesley Buckley who had come down from Cambridge and arranged a dinner for us in the Belgravia area on our first night. They met up with us again in Leipzig a couple of weeks later and joined us for the various events.



Helen Macrae, Dot Charles, Lesley Buckley. Graeme Charles and Roger Buckley

Roger and Lesley are both keen members of the Delius Society and Roger wrote an article for a previous HHR newsletter (April 2018) – ‘Leipzig, then and now’. For this current newsletter Roger has written a fascinating piece about Edouard Schilsky - a contemporary of Delius and the possible model for HHR’s character, Schilsky in *Maurice Guest*.

Edouard Schilsky - ‘The Rising Genius’ by Roger Buckley

Henry Handel Richardson and the composer Fritz (later Frederick) Delius probably never met, but they had something important in common: in the 1880s they both studied music at the Leipzig Conservatorium. Both also knew a man named Edouard Schilsky.



The Old Conservatorium of Music in Leipzig, 1886

HHR met Schilsky in 1896, not in Leipzig but in Munich, when she and her new husband George Robertson were living in an adjacent flat on Thorwaldsenstrasse.¹

Delius had met Schilsky ten years earlier, on the day in October 1886 when they were both admitted to the Conservatorium; their hand-written entries are just one apart in the admissions register.

4484	Edouard Schilsky aus London geb. am 13. März 1867 zu Paris.	7. Oktober 1886.
4485	William Henry Dingle aus Quebec, Canada born Feb. - July 23 - 1862.	7. Oktober 1886.
4486	Fritz Delius geboren in Bradford, Yorkshire. am 29. Januar 1862.	7. Oktober 1886.

Part of the Leipzig Conservatorium admissions register for 7th October 1886.

Years later, recalling his time in Leipzig at the request of his young friend and future biographer Philip Heseltine, Delius remembered that Schilsky had been ‘regarded everywhere as the rising genius’.² We have no record of any further contact between the two musicians, and while Delius went on to become a composer of renown, first in Germany, later in England and then in the rest of the world, Schilsky, ‘the rising genius’, seems to have vanished without trace.

Schilsky left the Conservatorium on 15th July 1887, much less than a year after he registered there, and without a qualification. His certificate of admission reveals that before registration he had had just six months of piano tuition in London, after which he elected to continue to study alone: a brave decision for a 19-year-old. His final report carried favourable or non-committal comments from all of his supervisors, with the exception of a truly excruciating one from his piano professor, Willy Rehberg:

‘Since Mr. Schilsky is extremely talented, it is all the more regrettable that he did not want to undergo serious, necessary studies in piano playing and he has always shown a strange, incredible aversion to this instrument, which is so important for a composer. In the beginning he worked hard and with perseverance, even if he had always loathed scales and studies. Lately he even played, quite nicely, the D minor concerto by Mozart, but only a few *tutti* (!) passages interested him. Since Mr. Schilsky recognised that I did not involve myself in his quirks and did not approve of his taste for anything eccentric or abstruse, of late he preferred, under some pretext, not to attend.’

Rehberg’s irritation with the hubris of his highly talented but reckless student shines clearly through his diatribe.

It seems possible that Rehberg’s condemnation resulted in the termination of Schilsky’s musical education in Leipzig; no student whose attendance amounted to less than a year was recognized by the Conservatorium.³ Prof. Stefan Welz suggests: ‘It seems to me that the devastating Rehberg judgement on Schilsky might be based on an incident at the Conservatorium, or on Schilsky’s behaviour in public. Perhaps the on-going battle at this institution between the traditionalists and the modernists (the latter being in favour of Liszt and Wagner) could be the background to all this.’⁴

A little browsing through the on-line archives produces the information that the parents of Edouard (also known as Edward) Schilsky were Prussian-born Joseph Hendrik Schilsky (1811-1893), and French-born Clara, née Bloch (1826-?), both naturalized British subjects. He was to have three brothers and six sisters. His brother Charles (1868-1931) became Professor of Violin at the Elder Conservatorium in Adelaide, South Australia, and is remembered as the person who recognised the talent of pianist Eileen Joyce and did much to further her career.

The 1939 England and Wales Register shows Edward living at Barn House, Alton, Hampshire, where he is described as married and a ‘Musical Composer’. With him at that address was Adolphine Sophie Schilsky (1902-1984), also listed as married, whose relationship to Edward is not specified. If she was Edward’s wife, she was 35 years his junior. We have no other information on Edward’s marital status, or whether he had children.

Edward died in 1945 at the age of 78.

As to Schilsky's description as a 'Musical Composer', we know that a number of his compositions were published, for example two sets of *Klavierstücke*, both advertised in the November 1889 catalogue of Albert Henry Payne (1812-1902), an English engraver and music publisher whose business was located in Leipzig.

The name Schilsky (but Eugen, not Edouard) features largely in HHR's grand romantic novel *Maurice Guest*, set in late nineteenth century Leipzig with the Conservatorium at its heart. HHR's first novel, published by Heinemann in 1908, 'traces the doomed passion of [an English] musical student, Maurice Guest, for a young *femme fatale*, the enigmatic Australian Louise Dufrayer, who is herself besmitten with the musical genius of their entourage, Schilsky.'⁵ Aside from its quality as a work of literature, the book is particularly fascinating for those keen to learn about the musical and interpersonal lives of Conservatorium students in the late 1880s, Fritz Delius included, though doubt has occasionally been cast on its authenticity.⁶

HHR was a student at the Leipzig Conservatorium from 1888, the year in which Delius left the city; there was no overlap between the two. Nevertheless it seemed possible that 'the rising genius' of Delius's time could have been the model for HHR's Schilsky. The answer to this question turns out to be, truly, both 'yes' and 'no'. In the scholarly annotated edition of *Maurice Guest*, in which all the substantial cuts insisted on by the original publisher have been restored, a note on the text includes all that we could wish to know on the subject, in the form of an August 1929 letter from HHR to her friend Mary Kernot:

'For your ear alone, I will tell you of what & whom the latter [i.e. Schilsky] was made. '

'When I first married, & we lived a Bohemian existence on a fourth floor in Munich, in one of the better, front flats lived a composer named Edouard Schilsky – I used to watch with interest packets coming to him by post, which I imagined to be returned scores. – I mean returned by publishers. He was a dark scraggy little man, living I'm sure with a girl he wasn't married to, & his personal appearance has nothing to do with the S[chilsky] of 'M[aurice] G[uest]'. But I liked his name and chose it. Secondly, in Leipzig when I was there, there was an auburn-haired German violinist [Felix Berber] (who had an affair with an English girl) who did great things, and is one of the best known German fiddlers of today. Thirdly, Schilsky's *personal appearance* was borrowed from Richard Strauss, the composer & conductor, of whom at this time I thought the world. And that's the whole truth. You see how absurd it is to try to pin S. down as a portrait of any one person.'⁷

Despite HHR's somewhat disparaging description of the Edouard Schilsky she knew in Munich, it seems more than likely that he was actually the self-same 'rising genius' and exact Leipzig contemporary that Delius knew. Rise he did, but like Icarus too close to the sun, and nemesis followed his brief trajectory.

Roger Buckley

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the invaluable assistance of the following during the preparation of this article:

Ingrid Jach (Archivist, University of Music and Theatre, Leipzig, formerly the Royal Conservatorium of Music, Leipzig)

Hans Peter Dieterling (long-standing member of The Delius Society)

Prof. Dr. Stefan Welz (Professor of Linguistics and Literature, University of Leipzig)

Endnotes

1. Janey Runci, 'HHR trip to Germany: Munich and Marquartstein', *Henry Handel Richardson Society of Australia Inc Newsletter*, September 2017, pp.3-4
2. Peter Warlock (Philip Heseltine), *Frederick Delius* (London: The Bodley Head, 1952), p.45 (first published 1923).
3. Joanna Pepple, 'Americans at the Leipzig Conservatoire (1843-1918) and Their Impact on American Musical Culture', The Florida State University, Pro-Quest Dissertations Publishing (2019), 13421544, pp. 195-205 (<https://preview.tinyurl.com/svyxard>).
4. Prof. Dr. Stefan Welz, personal communication (2020).
5. Michael Ackland, *Henry Handel Richardson: A Life* (Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 2004), p. 166.
6. *Idem*, chapter 5 ('Love and Music in Leipzig'), pp. 83-84.
7. Henry Handel Richardson, *Maurice Guest*, ed. by Clive Probyn and Bruce Steele (The Academy Editions of Australian Literature; St Lucia, Queensland: University of Queensland Press, 1998), chapter III, note 8, pp. 739-740.

New Members

Jan Wallbridge from
Abbotsford, Victoria



I recently joined the Henry Handel Richardson society. I first read *The Getting of Wisdom* when I was in my late teens...and I loved it. In the following years I read *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony* and *Maurice Guest* and was struck by the breadth and scope of each of these novels. I found out about the HHR Society a few years ago and became interested in the forums and activities of the group.

In the last couple of years I have started some memoir writing and have been reading lots of memoirs as a way of seeing how others represent their lives and construct their writing. A friend told me that HHR had written a memoir, *Myself when Young*.

I hadn't realised this so I bought a copy and read it immediately. I found it an absorbing account of large parts of her life and it has further sparked my interest in HHR's time in Melbourne, in the various towns across Victoria, in Germany and finally in England.

I think being part of the HHR Society will both satisfy and further that interest....I look forward to meeting you all.

Membership Renewal

Membership renewals of \$20 are due on or after January 1 each year. The bulk of the Society's activities rely on these annual membership fees. They matter to us!

Large individual donations cover the Henry Handel Richardson Fellowship every two years, and a few smaller donations also provide valuable income, but it is the membership fees that keep us going and allow us to branch out in the ways we promote the reading and enjoyment of HHR's work.

You don't need to be a member to get the newsletter. Pay by direct deposit into our bank account and remember to identify yourself on the deposit by name.

BSB: 803070 Account no: 77605

New members

If you'd like to become a member you need to fill out a membership application. This is a standard process for all organisations incorporated in the state of Victoria, as we are.

You can find a membership form on the website:

www.henryhandelrichardsonsciety.org.au

or email the membership secretary: helen.macrae@bigpond.com and have one posted to you. If you have any questions about membership call Helen on 0401 901 558