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A Lover and a Fighter

Clare Wright on the trouble with Lola Montez

Recently I acted as historical consultant for a television documentary celebrating the bicentenary of Australia Post. The crew came to Sovereign Hill to film the crucial gold rush scenes. By coincidence, I was also in Ballarat, conducting postdoctoral research into the role of women in the Eureka Stockade. The producer invited me to sit in on the pivotal Lola shoot, where the romance of gold rush was to be captured by Lola Montez performing her infamous 'spide dance' to an audience of exhilarated diggers. Thus we had period-costumed Sovereign Hill staff throwing spray-painted gold nuggets at the feet of the ersatz Lola, hooting and cheering as she provocatively lifted her skirts higher than Victorian-era decorum dictated.

Later that week I had dinner with my German-born and raised stepmother. 'I know you know anything about Lola Montez?' I asked her.

'Yes, of course,' she replied. 'This is the woman who led the people's democratic movement in Bavaria against the Jesuit-controlled monarchy. She was King Ludwig's lover and confidante. She was much feared for her political influence. Finally driven out of Bavaria, no?'

Yes. And suddenly the rising gall I had experienced since leaving Ballarat erupted into a dinner table tirade. A German high school education invests a second-courtesan dancer with a role in its national political history. But in Australia, she is almost singularly known for her licentious behaviour on the Ballarat goldfield in 1856. She showed a bit too much leg, came between the struggling miners and their precious nuggets, and horsewhipped the local newspaper editor after he gave her a bad review. In the publicity poster for the 1988 production of *Manning Clark's History of Australia – The Musical*, Lola is one of only four women in the Rockettes-style chorus line of iconic characters. She has her trademark black and an enormous set of tits protruding from a ruby red corset. Though the highly authentic, the bosom can only be considered poetic licence – it was in fact Lola's bright blue eyes framed by thick black lashes that attracted the universal admiration of her contemporaries.

Similarly, in the 2004 musical theatre production *Eureka! The Musical*, the Lola

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character becomes the high-kicking symbol of the women of the gold rush era despite the fact that the real Lola was not in Ballarat until over a year after the stockade.

Lola's Ballarat antics were, in fact, limited to a short-lived theatrical season cut out of an extraordinary life story encompassing several continents, a host of famous and influential connections and, as my stepmother knew, a starring role in the political history of modern Europe. (My stepmother, by the way, did not realise Lola had toured Australia and thought this digression into antipodean culture quite picturesque.)

Lola Montez was born in Limerick, Ireland in 1818, and was christened Maria Eliza Delores Rosanna Gilbert. Her father was a low-ranking commissioned officer in the British army; his fourteen-year-old bride claimed to be descended from Spanish nobility. (Lola later recounted that she had Irish and Moorish-Spanish blood: 'a somewhat combustible compound it must be confessed'.¹) Her father died of cholera in India, leaving her mother a teenage widow. Lola was educated in India, Scotland, London, Paris and Bath until, at eighteen, at her mother's behest she was betrothed to a sixty-year-old judge of the Supreme Court of India.

Baulking at the 'rich and gouty old rascal', Lola eloped with the youthful Lieutenant Thomas James, whom she married in Ireland in 1837.² But, as she would later concede, 'Runaway matches, like runaway horses, are almost sure to end in a smash-up'.³ Lola's mother disowned her, and James soon deserted her for another woman. Thus began her lifelong misfortune in matters of the heart. Her biographer, employing a psychoanalytic methodology, identified transference, displacement, neglect and abandonment as Lola's primary 'issues'.⁴

Needing to support herself financially and emotionally, Lola travelled to Spain and trained as a dancer. Most contemporary observers concurred that she had little aptitude, but what Lola lacked in natural talent she made up for in self-confidence and ambition. In 1843 she made her London debut, then travelled to Europe where she performed in Paris, Munich, Warsaw and St Petersburg. She moved between both bohemian and diplomatic circles, befriending George Sand (with whom, wearing male attire, she smoked cigars), discussing matters of state with Emperor Nicholas I of Russia and becoming lovers with Franz Liszt, Alexandre Dumas, influential republican and publisher Alexandre Dujarier, to whom she was engaged when he was killed in a duel in 1845. (At the resulting murder trial, Lola told the court she was a better shot than the deceased and would have rather herself fought.⁵)

After Dujarier's death, Lola went to Munich. King Ludwig I of Bavaria saw her dancing and fell in love with her. He was sixty, she was twenty-two. According to a contemporary source, the king 'became enamoured of her originality of character, her mental powers and of those bold and novel political views which she fearlessly and frankly laid before him'.⁶ Lola secured a season at the Munich Theatre, then, in 1847, Ludwig made her Countess Marie von Landsfeld, gave her an estate, feudal privileges and an annuity of £5000. When her liberal principles began to unnerve the Bavarian court, Lola won the support of student activists. This was 1848, when Europe was convulsed by revolutions unprecedented in scale and largely fuelled by sections of the urban middle class seeking political enfranchisement.⁷ Lola's radical push in Bavaria had been against the Jesuit-

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controlled bureaucracy but in the popular mind she was associated with the vice of aristocracy, and she was hounded out for her dissipated patrician life. Lola's version of this chapter of her tumultuous life has her a devoted democrat assailed by thousands of mercenaries working for a nobility who feared and despised her.⁹

Ludwig abdicated, and Lola fled briefly to Switzerland, before returning to London where she wed Guards officer George Heald in 1849. (Lola called the match 'another marriage experiment'.¹⁰) A month later she was arrested on a charge of bigamy, instigated by Heald's sister. Released on bail, Lola and Heald fled to Spain, where he drowned a year later.

Alone again, Lola returned to the stage, joining the international exodus to California following the discovery of gold. Shattered in fortune and broken in health, Lola sought refuge in the country she called 'this stupendous asylum of the world's unfortunate'.¹¹ In San Francisco, she gave the inaugural performance of her spider dance, was briefly married to the local newspaper proprietor in 1850 and owned shares in various mining ventures. In May 1855, Lola appointed the young actor Noel Follin as her manager and, like many other showbiz folk, embarked for the new el dorado of Australia when profits waned in California. Lola arrived in Melbourne in August under the name Madame Landsfeld Heald. On their return journey just over a year later, Follin mysteriously fell overboard while drinking champagne somewhere near Fiji; his death was never investigated. Grief-stricken and penniless, Lola spent her remaining years touring America tending her menagerie of pets (including an Australian white cockatoo) and, in a more spiritual demeanour, giving lectures across the country wearing a loose gown. In January 1861, the syphilis that had been ravaging her body and mind since at least 1850 finally claimed her soul. She died alone in a New York boarding house.

In her own time, Lola collected derision and insults like charms on a bracelet. An American journalist with dubious mathematical skills called her a 'female Lucifer, half woman, half man and half untameable beast'.¹² The Melbourne *Argus* pilloried Lola's first performance at the Royal Theatre in September 1855 as 'utterly subversive to all ideas of public morality'.¹³ Her reputation for vitriolic attacks on hecklers, as well as her saucy dancing and loose morals, preceded her around the globe – a fact on which her impresarios banked.

Yet some of Lola's contemporaries actively refuted the notional correlation between theatrical women and sexual immorality. The most stunning example was published by a Pennsylvanian Chief Justice in the *American Law Journal* of 1856. The glowing testimony praised Lola's 'masculine energy and courage'. It was her intellect and facility, argued the judge, and not her feminine allure that had 'enabled her to acquire an ascendancy over the minds of others'. Under Lola's liberal counsel King Ludwig, 'a total revolution afterwards took place in the Bavarian system of government', with 'the extent of her influence' shown by her success in driving the Jesuits from power, remodelling the cabinet of the king and directing all the important measures of his administration. As a political character, the judge continued, 'she held, until her retirement from Switzerland, an important position in Bavaria and Germany, besides having agents and correspondents in various parts of Europe. On foreign politics she has clear ideas, and has been treated

the political men of the country as a substantive power.’¹⁴

Is it any wonder that Lola used this paragraph from the *American Law Jour* as the epigraph to her 1858 autobiography?

Lola’s legendary status – her near canonisation as the archetypal femme fatal bears striking similarity to another exotic dancer turned political fugitive. Mata Hari, the international stage name of Dutch-born Margarethe Zelle, was also bohemian courtesan much admired by both the European establishment and dancehall audiences alike. Her provocative, openly sensual dancing style, her fictionalised stage persona and her ardent spirit ensured that controversy was never far behind her glittering, beaded costume train. During the political upheavals of the First World War, both French and British intelligence officers had Mata Hari in their sights: she was executed by the French for being a German spy in 1917, at age forty-one. By the time of her death – and in the movies, books even video games) that immortalised her name – separating fact from fiction Mata Hari’s story was near impossible. One thing is for certain: it is Mata Hari’s unbridled sexuality rather than her political sway that is most remembered to

British historian Bettany Hughes, speaking in an interview about her BBC television documentary and book *Helen of Troy*, has theorised about this cult reflex: ‘Men didn’t like the idea that women controlled the men around them [women] who had an effect, who had some sort of impact on world events – and therefore, they can’t just be powerful, they had to be dirty, scheming, narcissistic little bitches, which is what Homer calls Helen.’¹⁵ Historian Margarita Stokke, in her book *Judith: Sexual Warrior: Women and Power in Western Culture*, writes that Judith, the biblical femme fatale, arouses deep-rooted fears (and fantasies) because she represents the ‘woman on top’, the woman whose ‘self-election to political action marks her out as a ... challenging figure for traditional views of the public sphere as a masculine arena’.¹⁶ Lola Montez was often compared to other commanding, potent women. After a performance in Bendigo in April 1856, a journalist portrayed her as ‘a lost Peri, a stray angel, a star unsphered, a Cleopatra without a throne – another Herodias’ daughter, who, by her witcheries, can compel kings to give her half their kingdoms, or bring her the heads of her enemies in a basket’.¹⁷

Like all good publicity-mongers, Lola both delighted in and decried the mud thrown at her by the press. She refused to recoil from the limelight, an act of defiance she perceived to have gendered, as well as historiographical, implications. In her autobiographical lecture tour in 1858, Lola revealed that:

A woman, like a man of true courage, instinctively prefers to face the public criticism of her life, rather than, by cowardly shifts, to skulk and hide away from her own historical presence.¹⁸

Lola believed wholeheartedly and self-consciously in her own historical importance. She perceived herself as superior to most women, who would not have the courage to perform ‘deeds which have left their mark upon society’.¹⁹ Indeed, she was scathing towards those women whose lives ‘consisted merely of powdering, drinking tea, going to the opera, flirting and sleeping’, branding them as ‘inane piece[s] of human waxwork’.²⁰ Lola viewed herself as a woman possessing ‘the independence and power of self-reliant strength to assert her own

individuality'.²¹ Conventional femininity, she believed, only invited men's scorn. But surprisingly, Lola was a staunch critic of female suffrage, arguing that only women of her own political calibre deserved a say in matters of the state, and bizarrely, that such women would always find a way to influence the course of history without recourse to the franchise.²² For a woman who was known to wear the trousers, Lola was also remarkably dismissive of the bloomer movement, equating restriction in women's clothing with their social and political oppression. 'I am philosophically puzzled to know, how cutting six inches off a woman's dress can possibly add anything to the height of her head.'²³ Lola put herself in the same league as Catherine the Great, Christina of Sweden and Madame de Staël, women who had 'not spent much breath' discussing their status, but 'have been very prompt to assert their rights, and to defend them too'.²⁴ Lola accepted that she stood outside 'the shelter of conventional rules' but craved the respect and gravitas she felt she was owed yet was continually denied.²⁵

With her liberal democratic credentials, we might anticipate that Lola finally found herself in tune with the *Zeitgeist* when she arrived in Victoria in the wake of the popular liberation movements on the goldfields of late 1854. As the *Ballarat Times* wrote on the second anniversary of the Eureka Stockade, 'the state has been purged and cleansed of the insatiate corruption which a reign of tyranny and oppression had reared up on the soil'.²⁶ It was like Bavaria revisited.

Here, in this hotbed of radicalism, where a tidal wave of entrepreneurial immigrants had washed away old class prejudices and power hierarchies, Lola might finally have received the just treatment that the *American Law Journal* advocated when it beseeched: 'Let Lola Montez have credit for her talents, her intelligence and her support of popular rights.'²⁷

So fresh was the memory of the miners' rebellion against petty bureaucratic tyranny that when Lola took to *Ballarat Times* editor Henry Seekamp with a letter after an excoriating review, *Melbourne Punch* composed a twenty-seven verse poem about the incident, facetiously titled 'The Battle of Ballarat', a direct allusion to the Eureka Stockade.²⁸ When Lola told her life story, she spoke of taking her 'fresh love of politics' from St Petersburg to Paris and mixing in republican circles where she 'ripened in politics and became a good and confirmed hater of tyranny and oppression, in whatever shape it came'.²⁹ Substitute Ireland and Victoria for Russia and France, and this could be an ode to Peter Lalor.

But if Lola expected a hungry audience for the mature fruits of her political labours, she was sorely disappointed. Her short-lived tour of the Australian colonies was dogged by controversy and sensational publicity. On arrival in Sydney, she sacked her entire American troupe, who promptly sued her.³⁰ After their encounter, Seekamp charged Lola with assault; she counter-sued for criminal libel. She tussled over house takings with Ballarat theatre owner James Cross, whose wife later beat Lola to a pulp. Reviewing the Melbourne performance of *Lola Montez in Bavaria*, *Melbourne Punch* derided Lola for wearing her hair in short curls 'like a barrister's wig'. 'She can talk politics like a book,' the review continued, 'and teach kings how to govern their people more easily than you could conjugate a French verb.'³¹ This was faint praise, and Lola was damned for her self-promotion and delusions of grandeur. (Characteristically, it should be s

that can be put down to the advanced stages of syphilis, where the sufferer – particularly if already disposed to arrogance or aggression – is blighted by unreasonable outbursts of temper, extravagance and ‘fever of mind’.³²) By the time Lola sailed for California after her ten-month tour, however, she had undeniably won popular approval on the goldfields, if not in the chattering metropolis, for her egalitarian gestures, republican spirit and provocative dan

Lola’s story has been written repeatedly by scholars of many nationalities for a hundred years, her powerful mystique, global wanderings and untimely death from syphilis at age forty-three proving a magnet for biographers.³³ A 1909 biography by Edmund d’Auvergne claims that it was her ‘masculine courage’ that ‘astounded the world over’. Lola, argued d’Auvergne, was ‘a singular character equally at home in kings’ courts and miners’ camps’, a woman who overthrew ablest plotters and intriguers of Europe’, struggled for freedom and fought for rights.³⁴ Another author summed her up as a woman of great sexual allure who represented republican and democratic ideals who inspired progressive forces of the times. In 1955, German-French film director Max Ophüls made *Lola Montès*, starring Martine Carol in the title role, a biopic some critics have claimed to be the ‘greatest film ever’.³⁶

Why has the Australian version of Lola’s tale located her exclusively in a provocation at a particular moment, instead of situating the Australian leg of her journey within a transnational story of political and cultural significance? (Lola, by the way, completely elides Australia from her autobiography.) Does it say something about Australian national identity that one of the most recognisable women in the mainstream historical narrative is a flirtatious vamp with a penchant for whiplash? Or is there something universal in the tendency to either demonise or trivialise powerful, charismatic women? As Margarita Stocker notes, ‘Western culture has happily produced legions of sly, seductive mankillers.’³⁸

My sense is that both impulses are at work. In navigating the swirling eddies of the past, it is our habit to perceive the world through pre-existing mythic stereotypes. We latch onto familiar territory. We express our historical knowledge in comforting shorthand. Judith. Helen. Cleopatra. Mata Hari. But I suspect that the specific context of Lola’s march through Australia’s historical terrain has significantly contributed to her characterisation as artful seductress.

In times of deep cultural crisis – times of giddy change – attitudes about sex and gender become more contested.³⁹ The early gold rush in Victoria was such a time. Just as the European revolutions of 1848 transformed political hierarchies, so the social turbulence and popular unrest in gold rush Victoria challenged gender power structures. Imperial anxieties about the state of social flux in the colony were conveyed by everyone from English historian James Bonwick to the editor of *Melbourne Punch*. ‘The wild, free and independent life’ that Bonwick identified as being the great charm of the diggings was clearly being enjoyed by women too. One Irish girl wrote home that living on the goldfields was like ‘parting with a man for a season’, such was the freedom from conventional feminine restrictions. A little-known illustration by ST Gill, entitled *Despotic Government*, depicts a

cowering Governor Hotham on the arm of a hefty, fearsome Lady Hotham. (In reality Jane Hotham was pretty and petite.) The picture neatly marries the widespread hatred for Hotham's administration with the equally prevalent anxiety about women's unprecedented agency and control. In post-Eureka Victoria, no one – least of all women – knew their proper station. On New Year's Eve 1851 the *Melbourne Age* reported on the number of 'unfeminine females' winding up in police courts. 'It really would almost appear', lamented the paper, 'that there is something baneful in the Australian atmosphere which quite unsexes the human class of women, and converts them, if not into a race of Amazons, at least into a community of viragos.'⁴² How could women be made to remember their place?

Lola was a leading light in an industry that was customarily associated with transgressing and inverting otherwise strict principles of hierarchy and subordination. Theatre had also long been a forum for discussion of what we would now call 'current affairs'. Pantomimes, in particular, had an emphasis on topical jokes about local personalities, places and newsworthy events of the preceding twelve months.⁴³ In 1854, William Akhurst, an English-born journalist with 'an instinct for a topical theme', penned a farce called *Rights of Woman*, which played in Melbourne to an audience that would have included government officials and labourers alike.⁴⁴ Characters in the play included 'a strong-minded lady who is a Pupil of the New Age and a firm supporter of the Rights of Woman', a barrister and a waitress.⁴⁵ Another early colonial entertainer with an eye for newsworthy, Charles Thatcher, wrote many songs about how girls in Australia 'gave themselves airs'. In 'London and the Diggings', included in his popular *Colonial Songster* of 1857, he told of 'The gals that come out to Australia to roam/Have much higher notions than when they're at home'.⁴⁶ In 1854, Akhurst and the Nelson family also teamed up to perform *Colonial Experience*, about the difficulty of engaging and managing domestic servants. *Melbourne Punch* also regularly published illustrations depicting maids defying their masters and haughty, self-important young women displaying uncommon recalcitrance in the colonial marriage market.⁴⁷ In the mid-1850s, the creative arts reflected widespread disquiet about women's newfound social, economic and political authority.

Into this milieu of rapid social change and contested gender hierarchies parachuted Lola: a lightning rod for controversy, an inveterate maverick and born outsider. She was a woman both decidedly of her time and tragically behind it. Upon Lola's slender shoulders could be heaped the opprobrium of a frontier society searching for moral ballast. As Kirsten McKenzie notes in her book *Scandal in the Colonies*, scandal and gossip are essentially about the management of reputation: 'They play indispensable roles in the construction of community by disseminating socially relevant information which enables individuals to be positioned within a group.'⁴⁸ In a fluid community like gold rush Victoria, where social and economic identities were open to reinvention, ridiculing Lola for her moral transgressions was a tried and true way to, as McKenzie puts it, 'resist social change in the political arena'.⁴⁹ With a prominent libertarian like Lola effectively vilified, the public-political sphere could continue to be constructed as a place of respectability and conservatism. There would be no petticoat revolution here.

The real question is, do we still – as a nation – need to cast Lola in the role of

eternal good-time girl? Does the image of Lola as a blowsy flirt still convey ‘socially relevant information’? Is it possible to view her as a whole person: a complicated, conflicted woman, both powerful and persuasive *and* craving respect and attention? If the reduction of women to their sexual essence has been used in the past to resist social change in the political arena, could the opposite procedure be true? Could elevating Lola’s democratic and republican ideals and actions – her ‘mannish’ features – help to promote positive change in women’s political participation? Perhaps – now please come along with me on this leap of historic faith! – perhaps if we are ever to see Joan Kirner as distinct from her spotted frocks and Julia Gillard as separate from her bare kitchen, we must resist the atavistic temptation to distrust, and therefore diminish, commanding, authoritative women. Maybe then Australian schoolchildren will learn that Lola Montez was both the lover of a king and the leader of a revolution.

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2. Montez, p. 17.
3. Montez, p. 17.
4. *Lola Montes: The Tragic Story of a Liberated Woman*, Heritage Publications, 1973, p. 3.
5. Montez, p. 60.
6. *American Law Journal*, quoted in Montez, p. 63. The *American Law Journal* was published by Thomas, Cowperthwaite and Company in Philadelphia from 1848 to 1852. Note that Australian historian Geoff Hocking has other ideas about what drew Ludwig to Lola: ‘Lola once stripped to the waist and thrust her breasts into the King’s face in order to prove that her charms were all her own.’ Hocking gives no reference for this anecdote, nor does it appear in any of the dedicated biographies I have read. Geoff Hocking, *Gold: A Pictorial History of the Australian Goldrush*, Five Mile Press, Melbourne, 2006, p. 120.
7. Roger Price, *The Revolutions of 1848*, Humanities Press International, Atlantic Highlands, NJ, 1975, p. 1.
8. Michael Cannon, in *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, vol. 5, Melbourne University Press, Melbourne, 1974, pp. 271-2.
9. Montez, p. 71.
10. Montez, p. 77.
11. Montez, p. 77.
12. James F Varley, *Lola Montez: The Californian Adventures of Europe’s Notorious Courtesan*, Arthur H Clark Co., Spokane, 1996, p. 241.
13. *Lola Montes*, p. 60.
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15. www.youtube.com/watch?v=C7FMV9Enjsg.
16. Margarita Stocker, *Judith: Sexual Warrior: Women and Power in Western Culture*, Yale University Press, New Haven, 1998, p. 13.
17. *Melbourne Punch*, 10 April 1856, p. 80.
18. Montez, p. 12.
19. Montez, p. 13.
20. Montez, p. 13.
21. Montez, p. 176.
22. Montez, p. 200.
23. Montez, p. 173.
24. Montez, p. 174.

25. Montez, p. 14.
26. *Ballarat Times*, 3 December, 1856.
27. Montez, p. 74.
28. *Melbourne Punch*, 28 February, 1856, p. 27.
29. Montez, p. 58.
30. Varley, p. 209.
31. *Melbourne Punch*, 14 September 1855, bound in vol. 1, p. 65
32. *Lola Montes*, p. 11.
33. See for example Edmund d'Auvergne, *Lola Montez: An Adventuress the Forties*, T Werner Laurie, London, 1909; Isaac Goldberg, *Queen of Hearts: The Passionate Pilgrimage of Lola Montes*, John Day Co., New York, 1936; Bruce Seymour, *Lola Montez: A Life*, Yale University Press, New Haven, 1996.
34. d'Auvergne, p. vi, p. 331.
35. *Lola Montes*, p. 13.
36. Andrew O'Hehir, "Greatest film ever" or a cream cake?', *Salon*, www.salon.com/ent/movies/btn/feature/2008/10/10/lola_montes/print
According to O'Hehir, the film was 'postwar Europe's closest equivalent to Hollywood spectacle ... a pseudo-historical setting complete with opulent and costumes, crowds of extras and expensive widescreen colour film and cameras'.
37. Marilyn Lake, 'The Politics of Respectability: Identifying the Masculine Context', *Australian Historical Studies*, vol. 22, no. 86, 1986.
38. Stocker, p. 15.
39. See, for example, Stocker, p. 54; Richard J Evans, *The Feminists: Women's Emancipation Movements in Europe, America and Australasia 1840-1920*, Barnes and Noble, New York, 1977, p. 23.
40. James Bonwick, quoted in Michael Cannon (ed.), *The Victorian Goldfields 1852-3: An Original Album by ST Gill*, State Library of Victoria Melbourne, 1982, p. 11.
41. James Capper, *Phillips' Emigrants Guide to Australia*, George Phillips Son, Liverpool, 1855, p. 235.
42. *Age*, 31 January 1855.
43. Richard Fotheringham (ed.), *Australian Plays for the Colonial Stage 1834-1899*, University of Queensland Press, Brisbane, 2006, p. xviii.
44. Margaret Williams, *Australia on the Popular Stage 1829-1929*, Oxford University Press, Melbourne, 1983, p. 44.
45. *Argus*, 3 August 1854.
46. *Thatcher's Colonial Songster*, Charlwood, Melbourne, 1857, p. 7.
Thatcher was himself a critic of female suffrage. While in New Zealand in 1865, he wrote to a Dunedin newspaper mocking the idea of women having a legislative role: 'A female Town Board I *should* like to see/Oh fancy what food there'd be for me'. Thatcher Papers, Australian Manuscript Collection, State Library of Victoria, MS 5004.
47. See, for example, *Melbourne Punch*, 28 February 1856, p. 32; 29 March 1856, p. 156.
48. Kirsten McKenzie, *Scandal in the Colonies: Sydney and Cape Town 1820-1850*, Melbourne University Publishing, Carlton, 2004, p. 8.
49. McKenzie, p.11.

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Eureka Stockade story from a female perspective.

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