

**Longing to Belong:
Judith Wright's Poetics of Place**

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It has often been noted that Judith Wright struggled with two opposing ideas: her love of the land on which she was raised, and her knowledge that her family's ownership of that land was preceded by the dispossession of indigenous Australians. The presence of dualities in general is strong throughout all of Wright's work – from her early "The Twins" to "Patterns," the last of the ghazals. This duality in particular, however, is such a preoccupation in her work that, in some ways, it superimposed itself on Wright's life, or rather the way Wright's life has been represented. So, we have, on the one hand, Wright the celebrator of all things Australian. This Wright is the writer of "South of My Days" and "Bullocky," the poet who was instrumental in forging the Australian poetic conception. This is the poet who is, in the words of Jennifer Strauss, an "Australian poetic institution."¹ On the other hand, we have Wright the activist, the campaigner. This is the Wright we see in poems like "Nigger's Leap, New England," and later, more overtly political poems like "Two Dreamtimes."²

These two seemingly distinct aspects of Wright and her work are not reality but a myth: a misrepresentation offered to us by critics. I will argue that a fresh reading of several of Wright's best known and, possibly, best loved poems illustrates the way these apparently separate strands intertwine. This myth which reduces Wright's feelings about the landscape into

two separate and simple positions is reductive, and does not allow for the complexity of Wright's feelings about the landscape. I will argue that a knowledge of, and disquiet about, not only the specific history of the landscape on which she grew up, but also the process of history in general, influences the way Wright conceptualised and wrote about the landscape.

That Wright was passionate about the natural landscape cannot be disputed – not only the land, but the creatures who inhabited it. One needs only to look to a poem like “Birds” to know that though Wright recognised the cruelty and harshness of nature, she nevertheless longed for the “clear” and “simple” existence of the birds, preferred it over being “torn and beleaguered” by her own people. Born in the shadow of the Great War, and reaching maturity during the heights of another terrible war, Wright could not escape a knowledge of the cruelty of humanity, and it is perhaps no wonder that the simple, unselfconscious cruelty of the animal world seemed appealing in contrast. The longing to “be simple to myself as the bird is to the bird” is expressed in the poem as a longing for atemporality: “If I could leave their battleground for the forest of the bird / I could melt the past, the present and the future in one / and find the words that lie behind all these languages” (86).

It is not only in “Birds” that longing to belong in the natural landscape is bound up with temporality. Wright suffered from that peculiarly modern ailment which I will term “temporal anxiety”: an anxiousness directed at the passage of time, the processes of history, and also modernity itself. Temporal anxiety is personified in Walter Benjamin's angel of history. His face turned towards the past, he watches the catastrophe that is the unfolding of historical events. He would like to “make whole what has been smashed,” but the storm of progress propels him forward, and he is unable to make good the past.³ To this, Wright adds a particularly Australian flavour. Australian historical anxiety is more than simply guilt about a brutal past, though this is almost always involved; at issue is the legitimacy of the past itself. An understanding – often unconscious, or not stated – of the unjustness of the colonial past manifests itself in an uneasiness about the historical process and history itself, and a longing for stable origins and historical legitimacy.

In colonial societies such as ours where the possession of land rests on the dispossession of prior occupants, historical anxiety and the desire for *historical* origins involves a desire for origins in the spatial sense, a longing to come to terms with the landscape, to render it wholly owned and possessed. The desire for a legitimate past, to be vindicated rather than condemned by history, is also a yearning to take imaginative as well as actual possession of the land, to become, as it were, native, and so to redress

feelings of dislocation, or, as Canadian writer Margaret Atwood puts it, “the feeling of being alien, of being shut out, and the overwhelming wish to be let in.”⁴ There has been a trend in Australian writing to attempt to forge a sense of belonging through literature, and specifically through poetry, a trend to which Wright certainly contributed. Through writing about the landscape, the poet takes possession of it, and becomes native to it. In a country such as Australia, to lay claim to nativeness necessarily involves a certain degree of appropriation.

Wright was certainly aware that this was a potential consequence of a desire to be at one with the Australian landscape. She reveals her complex understanding of this issue in a poem written for Kath Walker, “Two Dreamtimes” (315-8). It is a poem that has been criticised often: for romanticising Aboriginality and white guilt,⁵ or for being too political and not poetical enough. I will return to this poem in due course, for it is in fact a wonderfully complex poem, a poem that exhibits a great deal of faith in the power of poetry and its potential to create meaning in, and improve, an imperfect world. In “Two Dreamtimes” Wright works through the issue of appropriation: she begins in asserting a shared sense of loss – that the white speaker and her black friend are sisters in grief. However, Wright ultimately moves to a position in which she realises that the loss of one cannot be compared to the loss of another. Wright might long to absorb the landscape and be at home in it, to “write, no longer as transplanted Europeans, nor as rootless men who reject the past and put their hopes only in the future, but as men with a present to be lived in and a past to nourish,” as she once wrote;⁶ however she cannot escape the knowledge that her desire to fully possess the land would implicitly involve the displacement of her “shadow-sister” and her people.

This acknowledgement of the dark side of a desire to possess beloved landscape informs much of the poetry that has typically been characterised as “dark.” “Nigger’s Leap, New England” (15) is one such poem. “Nigger’s Leap” is based on a favourite family camping spot frequented by Wright as a child. Lookout Point was, to young Judith, “magical” but had “a darkness in it.” Darkie Point, cliffs just north of the camping grounds, had been the site of massacres of Aborigines, forced off the cliff by whites as punishment for stealing cattle. The problem of loving a land with a dark past was thus an obsession of Wright’s from an early age: “those two strands – the love of the land we have invaded, and the guilt of the invasion – have become part of me. It is a haunted country,” she wrote.⁷ There is a strong sense of that hauntedness in “Nigger’s Leap.” The poem begins with a description of the encroachment of the night that is also a plea for darkness, for the night to swallow the landscape: “Swallow the spine of range; be dark, O lonely air. /

Make a cold quilt across the bone and skull / that screamed falling in flesh from the lipped cliff.” The image of the “cold quilt” is an uneasy one, and not simply because the quilt functions as a shroud for the corpses. The quilt, which should represent warmth and comfort, is made strange by coldness; what should be reassuring is the opposite, and thus the image lends to the darkly terrifying first stanza a feeling of the uncanny – the anxiety that results when something familiar becomes alien because it has been repressed.⁸ The image of the night dominates this poem. The desire for nightfall indicates what Strauss calls the imperative of repression. It is so strong in the poem that the “traditionally feared capacity of time to devour becomes something desired.”⁹ Not only are the events of the past and the resulting guilt repressed, but so are Aborigines themselves. Thus, they (“ourselves writ strange”) become uncanny.¹⁰

“Nigger’s Leap” is not essentially a poem about historical events, but rather a poem about the colonial state of mind. If the drawing in of night represents repression – of the landscape, the past, and Aboriginality – the final stanza can be interpreted as the effects of repression. “Night floods us suddenly as history / that has sunk many islands in its good time.” Significantly, both night and history return to flood us, as what is repressed returns to assail the consciousness. This moment, the confronting and often violent return of the past, is frequently repeated throughout Wright’s poetry. In “Bora Ring” (8), the absence of an Aboriginal presence on the land is symbolised by the ring of the title – a ceremonial ring that has literally left its mark on the landscape, on the grass that “stands up” to mark its place. Faced with this indication of both absence and continued presence, the presumably white rider is confronted by a “sightless shadow, an unsaid word.” In her excellent biography of Wright, Veronica Brady writes that Wright’s life was always filled with “unseen presences” – the land, as well as “memories of Aboriginal people and their culture” – that remain with her “as a kind of melancholy longing for a vanished space, a grief for a lost country, a lost paradise, an image of some past she will never be able to recover and from which she is and always will be shut out.”¹¹ In poems like “Niggers Leap” and “Bora Ring,” these unseen or absent presences, which are written on the landscape itself, make the landscape strange. They are compelling reminders of the hauntedness that, for Wright, was an acknowledgement that the land her family owned could never, at least morally, be wholly possessed.

Shirley Walker typifies the view that there is a clear duality between the historical point of view that comes across in the pessimistic poems, of which “Nigger’s Leap” is one, and poems such as “South of My Days” and “Bullocky.” These poems, she argues, “recover and revalue colonial history,

elevate it to an almost religious level by the use of biblical allusion, and place it in the long history of human effort."¹² The effect of this, according to Walker, is to "bridge the generations, establish traditions and culture heroes ... in a raw new land, and altogether alleviate that sense of spatial and temporal exile."¹³ This is not a singular reading of these poems. Interpretations such as this were frequent enough that, as Strauss points out, Wright became distressed by those who took her poems as a simple valorising of the pastoral past, given her "own hardening view of it as a process of invasion."¹⁴ In my view, an ambivalence about history that prevents an easy relationship with the land is present in these well-known, so called "celebratory" poems inasmuch as it is present in poems such as "Nigger's Leap."

A.D. Hope thought that "Bullocky" (17) was Wright's best poem, and believed it to be a representation of the success of Australian poets in coming to terms with the land.¹⁵ Walker claims that the poem shows compassion for the bullocky, and celebrates his heroic virtues, his readiness to suffer for his vision, in which past, present, and future are fused "into a mythic continuum of suffering and sacrifice which are necessary for the progress of the race."¹⁶ Yet there is an uneasiness throughout, which undermines the bullocky's vision and the sense of celebration. The passage of time is threatening, here as in so many of Wright's poems: it makes the bullocky go mad. The word Wright uses to indicate this – "widdershins" – can mean simply "in the wrong direction", or it can mean anticlockwise, in the opposite direction to the sun. Taken in the second sense, the word locates the bullocky, and by implication the enterprise of which he is a part, at odds with the workings of nature. The second stanza is quite often taken literally; critics assert, as did W.N. Scott in another context, that "the landscape is inhabited."¹⁷ The landscape does become inhabited, in a sense; the "solitary tracks" become "populous before his eyes, / and fiends and angels used his road." However, it is not a landscape meaningfully or productively populated; in fact, the landscape is "populous" only in the deluded eyes of the bullocky. The bullocky is a truth-teller only in the sense that his dreams are "apocalyptic": his is a world that is coming to an end. To Walker, the bullocky is a visionary,¹⁸ but in my view, the sense of unease throughout the poem demands an ironic reading.

In the poem, night creeps up on the bullocky,¹⁹ and he hears the "sweet, uneasy sound" of "centuries of cattlebells." John Salter accurately points out that the cattlebells he is hearing cannot be Australian, for cattle have not existed in Australia for "centuries."²⁰ This is another moment of the uncanny: in the sound of centuries of cattlebells, the past is recurring, but it is the British past transposed onto the Australian landscape – it is at once familiar and strange, "sweet" and "uneasy." The uncanniness in this

poem has great significance for Australian history, which is made clear in the two final stanzas. The land is being used for a different purpose and the world of the bullocky is no more. That the vineyards cover “*all* the slopes” (my emphasis) suggests progress and productivity, yet there still remains a deep connection to the past. The vine, as it will “grow close upon” the bones of the bullocky and grasp them in its “rooted hand”, is literally holding on to history. The present inherits the bullocky’s anxieties; his fate is doomed to be theirs. “Bullocky” thus makes clear that the productivity of the new age is based on a past that was not entirely moral and unproblematic – rather a history in which Salter’s “European consciousness” imposed itself on the Australian landscape and the indigenous people. New endeavours cannot escape the ghosts of the past.

Like “Bullocky,” “South of My Days” (20-1) has been read as a nationalistic poem, and like “Bullocky” it contains a palpable sense of threat. It is evident in the loving yet almost violent description of the land; though beautiful and even beloved, it is inhospitable. Wright’s language matches the harshness of the landscape: “bony slopes wincing under the winter,” the “clean, lean, hungry country”, the creek which is “leaf-silenced, / willow-choked.” The landscape is embodied and alive, “hungry country” that threatens to consume and devour, a not uncommon fear throughout Australian literature.²¹ The coldness and darkness of the “black-frost night” is Wright’s stock indication of uneasiness. Inside, the drawing in of the walls, the cracking of the roof, and the hissing kettle create an eerie atmosphere. Like the bullocky, old Dan attempts to populate the landscape in order to protect himself against the sense of unease represented by the cold and the winter. However, Dan’s attempts to populate and possess the landscape through stories is as unsuccessful as the bullocky’s prayers, for “no one is listening.” The stories are slippery and do not stick, but “slide and vanish”, and Dan “shuffles the years like a pack of conjurer’s cards”, which strengthens the sense that the stories are no more than illusion: the elements intrude and the reality of the winter imposes itself. The stories that “still go walking” in the final stanza are plainly not the stories of old Dan to which “no one is listening.” They are the stories of the Aboriginal Australians, that, as in “Bora Ring”, are inscribed in the landscape, and arise to haunt the colonisers.

One cannot examine the way Wright deals poetically with the legacy of the past without mentioning “At Cooloolah” (140-1), published in *The Two Fires* in 1955, about a decade after the earlier poems to which I have already referred. In this poem, the haunted landscape again serves to remind us that our possession of the land is tenuous at best. The vitalistic blue crane “fishing in Cooloolah’s twilight / has fished there longer than our cen-

turies", and is thus majestic, a symbol of the eternity of nature. In contrast, the speaker is a "stranger," and uneasy in nature because rejected – "unloved" – by it. The "dark-skinned people who once named Cooloolah" are not the source of fear; rather, they know what is ignored in peril, that the land is spirit, and is thus itself the source of threat, as "the invader's feet will tangle in nets there and his blood be thinned by fears." The ghost which beckons the grandfather, the "black accoutred warrior armed for fighting, / who sank into bare plain, as now into time past", is part of the landscape ("bare plain") as well as history ("time past"). It is clear from this that the dislocation the speaker feels in the landscape has at least as much to do with history. Like the grandfather, the speaker is confronted by a spectre from the landscape – the spear "thrust from the water" – yet the speaker's heart is "accused by its own fear." Interestingly, in the end, though the speaker is uneasy about past murders, feels out of place in the land and challenged by history, the source of the speaker's anxiousness is not Aborigines, nor the land, nor even history: the speaker's fear comes from within.²²

It is characteristic of Wright's complex understanding of the issues that, while she raises many questions in poems such as "At Cooloolah," she rarely attempts to offer any solutions. "Two Dreamtimes" is unusual in this respect. It is arguably an optimistic poem, despite Strauss' argument that nothing is resolved in the poem, that it "finishes in sad perplexity."²³ To an extent, this is true. The poet attempts to make amends, but it is uncertain whether or not this is accomplished: "The knife's between us. I turn it round, / the handle to your side, / the weapon made from your country's bones. / I have no right to take it." The knife, made from the past as much as from the landscape, is not the poet's "to give as a free gift," as Strauss notes, and "with this rupture in the ceremonial giving and taking ... the poem ends inconclusively."²⁴ The ending of the poem is inconclusive, certainly ("But both of us die as our dreamtime dies. / I don't know what to give you / for your gay stories, your sad eyes, / but that, and a poem, sister.") yet not entirely without hope. Wright exhibits a profound faith in poetry here, as the poem can be offered in recompense for the lost sacred. It is clear that poetry cannot make good the past, nor restore the speaker or her friend to the land; but it can do something towards restoring a lost sense of meaning.

For much of her poetic career, Wright believed she could effect a restoration of meaning, to the land as well as to the past, through the moral authority of poetry. Ultimately, however, this belief failed her. She ceased to believe that meaning could be restored, and that transplanted Europeans could gain access to an Australian sacred through poetry. Shirley Walker

published her *Flame and Shadow* in 1991, and ended it by stating that there could be no “real conclusion” to the study, “for there is as yet no conclusion to Wright’s work.”²⁵ This carries a sense of irony Wright would have appreciated, as *Phantom Dwelling*, published in 1985, was in fact to be Wright’s last poetic endeavour: she made a deliberate, conscious decision to stop writing poetry.

It was not only the failure of Wright’s belief in the possibility of restoring meaning to the land that caused Wright to cease writing poetry. It was also a loss of faith in poetry itself, a faith which she had struggled to maintain throughout her poetic career. “The Unnecessary Angel” (291-2) is an articulation of Wright’s wavering faith in poetry. To Strauss, the poem is part of a trio – along with “Australia 1970” and “Eurydice in Hades” – of “early warning signs” of Wright’s decision to remain poetically silent.²⁶ The poem begins seeming like an affirmation – “Yes, we can still sing / who reach this barren shore” – but it is a poem about the “limits” of art, a poem that mourns the “truth” that “Law surpasses Art.” The ending of the poem is powerful, and does strike a note of premonition: “Yet we still can sing, / this proviso made: / Do not take for truth / any word we said. // Let the song be bare / that was richly dressed. / Sing with one reserve: / Silence might be best.” Walker argues that the poem “concedes man’s inability to capture reality... yet affirms both the continuity of art and the persistence of the artist”,²⁷ but the outlook of the poem is not as positive as her reading renders it. The two final lines suggest that while the artist may continue to “sing”, she sings with the knowledge of her song’s futility; that the “small chords” are fruitless in the face of the overriding power of “Law”; and that, as Wright observes in *Going On Talking*, the poet with “a private vision and a conscience” will be unappreciated by the society for which she writes.²⁸ In a sense, “The Unnecessary Angel” is a more poetic – and, I think, sadder – expression of the bitterly sarcastic “Advice to a Young Poet” (269-70) in which Wright gives advice on what a poet must do (“There’s a carefully neutral tone / you must obey; / there are certain things you must learn / never to say.”), and ends sarcastically questioning, “What – sunk already?” These poems may exude a bitter hopelessness about poetry, however, to express this within a poetic framework suggests that some hope in poetry remains.

Later poems return to a position in which faith in poetry is more explicitly possible – as, for instance, “Two Dreamtimes” – but unfortunately Wright was not ultimately able to maintain this belief. “The Unnecessary Angel” marks a shift in Wright’s poetic form that the poet Chris Wallace-Crabbe characterises as a move away from “the grandeur of language” to sparser poetry. Wallace-Crabbe argues that underlying this shift was

Wright's "belief that language and a worldwide nuclear threat could scarcely exist side by side."²⁹ This reveals a sense of Wright's loss of faith in poetic language, but does not quite take it far enough. In *Because I Was Invited*, Wright maintains that the role of the contemporary poet is different from that in the past, and that society is often inimical to the values or knowledge of the poet. "His hope must then lie", she writes, "not in society, but rather in humanity, and in the human possibilities that 'society' is often organised to include."³⁰ This is the catch; for it is precisely this hope and faith in humanity which failed Wright, so that in an interview in 1993 she said, "The fact of the matter ... is that the world is in such a bloody awful state that I cannot find words for it. The whole situation that we've got ourselves into is too immense, too insane as it were, for verse to encompass ... I simply feel incapable of dealing poetically with what is happening now."³¹

The inconclusive end to Wright's poetic career leaves us with a series of unresolved questions and issues that Wright attempted to deal with in her poetry, and later, when she came to believe it was no longer a suitable vehicle, in prose. That Wright failed to find answers to these questions does not, I think, signal her own personal failure, but a failure that implicates us all. The uneasiness of her poetry is an uneasiness which (as she has a character say in her semi-fictional, semi-historical family narrative, *Generations of Men*) could "remain forever at the root of this country."³² Wright never achieved her desire to acknowledge, and to an extent make amends for, the brutality of the past, to remove the burden of the past from the shoulders not only of the colonised, but also of the invaders themselves. The disgust in humanity that led Wright to quit writing poetry was, somewhat paradoxically, the result of her love for humanity and her love for her country. This love was perhaps only made stronger and deeper because she acknowledged its flaws. It is therefore unfortunate that Wright is best known for those poems which lend themselves to a congratulatory reading, which have been used to celebrate an Australia Wright did not want to be celebrated. As Strauss notes, Wright grew to detest "Bullocky" because "it became intolerable that the poems expressing this view [settlement as invasion] should be neglected while this one poem became canonical because it could be taken as an endorsement."³³ This is indeed unfortunate, not only because it does not do justice to Wright's somewhat unconventional and extraordinary life and talent, but also because it detracts from the opportunity we have to learn something from what Wright achieved, and, perhaps even more importantly, from what she failed to achieve. Reading her poems alert to the sense of haunting they contain gives us an opportunity to examine the answering feelings of unease that

arise in us – to examine, as the speaker is forced to in “At Cooloolah”, the fear in our own hearts. Only then can the poems which have been called “negative” or “too political” have their full effect. For in them, Wright is constantly striving not only for a connection with the land, but a better, more moral world, and the chance that we will someday, in Wright’s own words, “know ourselves no longer exiles, but at home here in a proper sense of the term.”³⁴

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NOTES

- ¹ Jennifer Strauss, *Judith Wright* (Melbourne: Oxford University Press, 1995), p. 20
- ² Judith Wright, *Collected Poems* (Sydney: Angus & Robertson, 1999). All citations of Wright’s poems are from this edition and will appear in parenthesis throughout the text.
- ³ Walter Benjamin, “Theses on the Philosophy of History”, trans. Harry Zohn, in *Illuminations* (New York: Schocken, 1968), pp. 257-8
- ⁴ Margaret Atwood, *Strange Things: The Malevolent North in Canadian Literature* (London: Virago, 2004), p. 72
- ⁵ Gig Ryan, “Uncertain Possession: The Politics and Poetry of Judith Wright”, *Overland*, 154 (1999), p. 29
- ⁶ Judith Wright, *Preoccupations in Australian Poetry* (Melbourne: Oxford University Press, 1996), p. xxii
- ⁷ Judith Wright, *Born Of the Conquerors* (Canberra: Aboriginal Studies Press, 1991), p. 30
- ⁸ It is of course impossible to discuss the uncanny without reference to Sigmund Freud’s famous essay of that name. The German term he uses, *das Unheimliche*, is what is frightening, arouses dread and horror, what is unfamiliar. *Das Heimliche*, is therefore what is familiar; but it is also an ambiguous term and can be used to mean its own opposite. The important point about the uncanny is that the two concepts which are supposedly opposites actually converge. Anxiety is not caused by what is purely unfamiliar, but by the familiar that has become estranged. (Sigmund Freud, “The Uncanny”, *New Literary History*, 7:3 (1976), pp. 619-645)
- ⁹ Strauss, *Judith Wright*, p. 64
- ¹⁰ Interestingly, in an earlier version of the poem, the line reads ‘ourselves writ small’ (in Judith Wright, *A Human Pattern: Selected Poems* (Watsons Bay: Imprint, 1990), p. 8). The change emphasises the alterity and strangeness of the others, who are also in some way ourselves, thus highlighting the sense of uncanniness.
- ¹¹ Veronica Brady, *South of My Days* (Sydney: Angus & Robertson, 1998), p. 73

- ¹² Shirley Walker, *Flame and Shadow: A Study of Judith Wright's Poetry* (St Lucia: University of Queensland Press, 1991), p. 19
- ¹³ Walker, *Flame and Shadow*, pp. 25-6
- ¹⁴ Strauss, *Judith Wright*, p. 57
- ¹⁵ A .D. Hope, *Judith Wright* (Melbourne: Oxford University Press, 1975), p. 11
- ¹⁶ Walker, *Flame and Shadow*, p. 20
- ¹⁷ W.N. Scott., *Focus On Judith Wright* (St Lucia: University of Queensland Press, 1967), pp. 24-5
- ¹⁸ Walker, *Flame and Shadow*, p. 21
- ¹⁹ C.f. the encroachment of night in "Nigger's Leap".
- ²⁰ John Salter, "Re-Reading Judith Wright", *New Literatures Review*, 18 (1989), pp. 49-50
- ²¹ Particularly in popular nineteenth-century ghost stories, or the Gothic realism of Barbara Baynton.
- ²² C.f. Wright, "Australia 1970", *Collected Poems*, p. 287. The final line reads: "we are ruined by the thing we kill."
- ²³ Strauss, *Judith Wright*, p. 69
- ²⁴ Strauss, *Judith Wright*, p. 69
- ²⁵ Walker, *Flame and Shadow*, p. 205
- ²⁶ Strauss, *Judith Wright*, p. 23
- ²⁷ Shirley Walker, *The Poetry of Judith Wright: A Search For Unity* (Australia: Edward Arnold, 1980), p. 148
- ²⁸ Wright, *Going On Talking*, p. 3
- ²⁹ Chris Wallace-Crabbe, "Poetry and Modernism", in eds. Bruce Bennett & Jennifer Strauss, *Oxford Literary History of Australia* (Melbourne: Oxford University Press, 1998), p. 227
- ³⁰ Judith Wright, *Because I Was Invited* (Melbourne: Oxford University Press, 1975), pp. 42-3
- ³¹ Richard Glover, "World Without Words", *Good Weekend: The Age Magazine*, (26 June 1993), p. 36 in Strauss, *Judith Wright*, p. 23
- ³² Judith Wright, *The Generations of Men* (Sydney: Imprint, 1999), p. 183
- ³³ Strauss, *Judith Wright*, p. 58
- ³⁴ Wright, *Preoccupations*, p. xxii