

A sampling of literary theory and themes explored in the Secondary section of Reading Australia

Structuralism and poststructuralism	Robert Dessaix, <i>A Mother's Disgrace</i>
Postcolonialism	Jimmy Chi, <i>Bran Nue Dae</i>
Holocaust literature	Arnold Zable, <i>Cafe Scheherazade</i>
Postmodernism	Janette Turner Hospital, <i>Collected Stories</i>
Critical studies	Katharine Susannah Prichard, <i>Coonardoo</i>
Polemics	Don Watson, <i>Death Sentence: The death of public language</i>
Modernism and metatheatre; Rabelaisian comedy	Jack Hibberd, <i>Dimboola</i>
Aboriginal perspectives	Ruby Langford Ginibi, <i>Don't Take Your Love to Town</i>
Feminist and ecocritical approaches	Rosie Scott, <i>Faith Singer</i>
Situationism, urbanism, psychogeography, trauma theory	Gail Jones, <i>Five Bells</i>
Feminism, Marxism, queer theory, postcolonialism, poststructuralism	Marcus Clarke, <i>For the Term of his Natural Life</i>
Feminism, postcolonialism	Robert Drewe, <i>Grace</i>
Positive Discourse Analysis	Tim Flannery, <i>Here on Earth</i>
Postcolonialism, cultural cringe, gender	Hannie Rayson, <i>Hotel Sorrento</i>
Reconciliation	Alex Miller, <i>Journey to the Stone Country</i>
Unreliable memoir	Kate Grenville, <i>Lillian's Story</i>
Eco/environmental, race, gender and class readings	Les Murray, <i>Collected Poems</i>
Dominant, alternative and resistant readings	Geraldine Brooks, <i>Nine Parts of Desire</i>
Postcolonialism and posthistory	Jack Davis, <i>No Sugar</i>
Aristotle's Rhetorical Triangle	Raimond Gaita, <i>Romulus, My Father</i>
Aboriginal experience	Tara June Winch, <i>Swallow the Air</i>
Frontier narratives, littoral connections, genius loci	Kim Scott, <i>That Deadman Dance</i>
Green's 3D model	Shaun Tan, <i>The Arrival</i>
Postcolonialism and the Australian History Wars	Thomas Keneally, <i>The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith</i>
Feminism	Germaine Greer, <i>The Female Eunuch</i>
Critical readings	John Romeril, <i>The Floating World</i>
Metafiction	Marcus Zusak, <i>The Messenger</i>
Intertextuality	Richard Flanagan, <i>The Narrow Road to the Deep North</i>
Masculinist and queer reading	Christos Tsiolkas, <i>The Slap</i>
Intertextuality	Jessica Adamson, <i>Tirra Lirra by the River</i>
Intertextuality	Peter Carey, <i>True History of the Kelly Gang</i>
Critical readings	Judith Wright, <i>Collected Poems</i>
Teen sick lit	A. J. Betts, <i>Zac & Mia</i>

Baynton's women as victims, agents and witnesses

From *The Chosen Vessel* by Barbara Baynton

Full text available at Project Gutenberg:

<http://www.gutenberg.net.au/ebooks01/0100141.txt>

There was a track in front of the house, for it had once been a wine shanty, and a few travellers passed along at intervals. She was not afraid of horsemen; but swagmen, going to, or worse, coming from the dismal, drunken little township, a day's journey beyond, terrified her. One had called at the house today, and asked for tucker.

Ah! that was why she had penned up the calf so early! She feared more from the look of his eyes, and the gleam of his teeth, as he watched her newly awakened baby beat its impatient fists upon her covered breasts, than from the knife that was sheathed in the belt at his waist.

She had given him bread and meat. Her husband, she told him, was sick. She always said that when she was alone, and a swagman came, and she had gone in from the kitchen to the bedroom, and asked questions and replied to them in the best man's voice she could assume. Then he had asked to go into the kitchen to boil his billy, but she gave him tea, and he drank it on the wood-heap. He had walked round and round the house, and there were cracks in some places, and after the last time he had asked for tobacco. She had none to give him, and he had grinned, because there was a broken clay pipe near the wood-heap where he stood, and if there were a man inside, there ought to have been tobacco. Then he asked for money, but women in the bush never have money.

At last he had gone, and she, watching through the cracks, saw him when about a quarter of a mile away, turn and look back at the house. He had stood so for some moments with a pretence of fixing his swag, and then, apparently satisfied, moved to the left towards the creek. The creek made a bow round the house, and when he came to it she lost sight of him. Hours after, watching intently for signs of smoke, she saw the man's dog chasing some sheep that had gone to the creek for water, and saw it slink back suddenly, as if the man had called it.

More than once she thought of taking her baby and going to her husband. But in the past, when she had dared to speak of the dangers to which her loneliness exposed her, he had taunted and sneered at her. She need not flatter herself, he had coarsely told her, that anybody would want to run away with her.