Lucretia on the Island:
Revisiting Randolph Stow's Masked Poems

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I first came to know Randolph Stow's writing in the town of Cervantes on Yued Country, Western Australia, where my stepfather fished—first western rock lobster, then octopus—in the last decades of his life. His family had fished out of there since before there were established roads in and out, and after a life of fly-in-fly-out and truck driving, he'd finally found himself with his own boat and an occasional deckie to help him pull pots. It was there, sitting where I could see the crayboats bobbing, that I first read *The Land's Meaning: Collected Works of Randolph Stow,* John Kinsella's essential 2010 anthologisation of Stow's poetry. What I immediately felt was recognition, the sense of striking up a conversation with a random stranger at a bus stop and knowing it's someone you'll keep in your life. Since then, I've kept up the conversation, which somehow doesn't feel one-sided. This is ironic, given that one thing always emphasised about Stow is his privacy, his reticence to speak.

Stow's poetry was censured in his lifetime for obscurity, for being unnecessarily difficult (Hassall 75), never receiving the same critical attention as his prose. This trend continues, even the recently published 2021 edited volume *Randolph Stow: Critical Essays* only devotes six pages exclusively to poetry (Farrell 11–16). Yet his poems over the decades of my career have offered solace, argument, challenge and companionship. Along the way, I've also written into his work, placing my poems side-by-side in an almost eclogic method I've previously termed "re-singing" ("A Western Australian Pastoral" 666). "Re-singing" understands eclogues, from Virgil onwards, to be a form of collaborative authorship, an act of community formation between the shepherds in the poems, but also between poets, for instance Virgil's re-envisioning of Theocritus. I'll be continuing "re-singing" today, to reconsider a common trope across Stow's poems—islands.

I've been emphasising the sense of commonality I found with Stow's poems because it is very tempting to read the islands in his poems as symbols of separateness and loneliness, along the lines of Anthony Hassall's statement on Stow's oeuvre that it maps a "landscape of the soul," and to move from there into generalisations about the writer's life (1). But I want to think through three types of islands as they exist in the poems: the human, the social and the geohistorical; to "explore" these islands in different ways—through close reading of the poems, through some historical meanderings, and through my own poetics responses—ending with an extended meditation on Stow's critical response to, and fascination with, the *Batavia*. Here I follow the work of Fiona Richards, whose 2012 article "The Islands of Randolph Stow: (1935–2010)" reads Stow's literary output on islands against his biography, concluding that, "All of the pieces of fiction and collections of poetry that constitute Stow's output feature either material or metaphorical islands" where "Stow's mechanism of island narrative is enhanced by . . . opposition: between the centre and the outside, the inhabitant and the visitor, home and away" (117). While there is not space in this paper to fully address it, I would also point readers to C. A. Cranston's (2007) evocative recasting of islands in Australian literature from within ecocritical praxis, as a guide to understanding how littoral ecologies function in writing literally as well as metaphorically.

Islands—or images relating to islands—are present in over twenty of the approximately 74 pieces anthologised in *The Land's Meaning*, so more than one in four poems contains an island. The earliest mention is in "Sea Children," where "boats coming home / from the islands

bucked like Pegasus over the sea" (71). These literal islands—the Abrolhos—in Stow's case are present as geographic markers, orienting the reader amidst the littoral life of Geraldton, Yamatji Country, where many of Stow's early writings are centred. This was an early point of geographic confluence for me, used to my father fishing out "beyond the islands" off the Turquoise Coast. There, three islands hover just before the horizon out front of the fishing shack I would write from, and in Perth there is of course Rottnest, Wadjemup, a constant marker off the coast. In "Sea Children," Stow captures in a few lines how islands serve as markers, geographic weigh points, in Western Australian life.

The sense of being on the mainland, looking out towards islands, also embodies the littoral aspects of Stow's writing which are so definitively and complexly Western Australian. In his introduction to *The Land's Meaning,* John Kinsella unpacks how Stow's "writing of that area speaks the language of the sea *and* the land. Where they meet clash, dissolve, reform. Where they connect. Where the sand mixes in the waves and it is neither shore nor sea, then is definitively one or the other" (13). Islands are key to this admixture of land and sea; for the person standing on the shore on the mainland, to see an island offshore is to find a place of rest for the eyes as well as another point on the map—another place where it is possible to imagine standing.

Islands as symbolic locations of rest, and inversely, of agitation, emerge most prominently in Stow's seafaring poetry, notably in the section of poems Stow referred to as "fever poems" from his *Outrider: Poems 1956–1962* (qtd. in Noske 183). Catherine Noske links this fever to Stow's bout of febrile illness and mental distress suffered when he was living on a different set of islands, the remote Trobriands, for a few years from 1959 (183). Fever emerges in these poems in persistent images of calentures—the fevers of sailors in tropical conditions who are driven to delirium and, imagining the waves and water are fields, throw themselves from deck. In "The Embarkation," "the sea / billows at dawn like wheat" and later "the weak must dare to drown, / and harvest as they can / the salt, enormous field" (*Land's Meaning* 94). In these poems land is absent except as a mirage; as the speaker says in "The Ship Becalmed," "How long it is since I put out from land / no man remembers" (*Land's Meaning* 95). In the absence of land, the speaker becomes feverish and there is a pervasive loneliness; the speaker hungering for an island to rest on becomes metaphysically marooned, finding "such beauty in the grey / corpses of slat-ribbed wrecks as no soft shore, / empowered with spring, might rival" (95). The poem ends with a transfiguration of speaker into ship, into island, into sea, where "clawing vines drag down my prow, / and heart itself is roped in dark. And man / is tendril and tideless sea, and I am man / and the shore, the shore—no man remembers now." In other poems such as "The Recluse," we find the speaker as what has washed up on shore after a shipwreck: "His mind was a long seashore, where the tide / cast up its wrack . . . And all his days, like driftwood, he picked up / and scrutinised, and broke across his knee" (*Land's Meaning* 104).

It is in Stow's mask poems, a series of love poems written in the personae of historical and mythological figures, that the fusion of island imagery and metaphysical concern is densest. I and others have written elsewhere on how masks might reflect Stow's unease with revealing his sexuality (Maling, "Randolph Stow" 198). But—perhaps because they are love poems, or simply because of the use of the mask/mythological figure—when we encounter islands here it is not with the sense of complete isolation found in the fever poems. Rather, they reflect, as John Beston writes:

> On his journey through life he [the speaker] is happy to find an oasis or island where he can find rest and solace, but his hope is essentially for something more substantial, a hearth . . . or homeland. (21)

Here islands are temporary spaces of respite. The poem "Endymion" opens, "My love, you are no goddess . . . / / You are lovelier still by far, for you are an island; / a continent of the sky, and all virgin, sleeping" (*Land's Meaning* 162). Similarly "Ishmael" begins with a declaration: "Oasis. Discovered homeland." (*Land's Meaning* 163), and in "Penelope" the speaker asks, "Where have been all my sailings, all my islands, / but here, by you, in search of you, my island" (*Land's Meaning* 165). Yet as Beston articulates: "The love relationship portrayed in Stow's poems is never completely mutual . . . The poet is accordingly uncertain in his expectations and ambivalent in his feelings towards the loved one" (21). So in "Persephone" the speaker ends the poem: "I would have you think of me on another island / / where it is never quite spring, but an ache and waiting, / foreshadowed nostalgia, voices once half-heard" (*Land's Meaning* 164), and in "Efire," "So stand, and do not turn: your island round you, / offering, indifferent, to sea worn eyes" (*Land's Meaning* 168).

What makes Stow such a powerful poet, and perhaps what scared people off his poetry when it was originally published, is that his symbols and images exist not just for their metaphorical potential, but as ways of offering complex social analysis (Maling, "Randolph Stow" 190–91). As much as the poems I have quoted may be taken as reflecting individual crisis, Stow—and other commentators—link the isolation associated with the island imagery I've unpacked here to his understandings of settler Australian society. As Anthony Hassall writes in his seminal study on Stow, "Our own time has seen an increase in many different kinds of alienation: tribal, racial, urban, geographic and religious," claiming that "Stow draws on all of these" especially "the post-colonial alienation of settlers, which he, like Martin Boyd and Henry Handel Richardson, depicts as a European consciousness fretting in an Australian landscape" (2). I follow Catherine Noske's recent work here, drawing from Chelsea Watego's revisiting of Stow, to caution against readings positioning him as having a heightened sense of the violence of coloniality, or as a portal to understanding settler anxieties of his time. Instead, I am interested in what Stow's work continues to reveal about the ongoing dynamics of settler Australia. It is in this context that we might begin to consider Stow's lifelong obsession with shipwrecks, and especially the *Batavia*.

In his article "The Southland of Antichrist: The *Batavia* Disaster of 1629," Stow proposes that the *Batavia* is a core symbol by which one might understand the "mythology of the White Australian." He goes on to say: "One pair of opposed myths which one notices throughout this history/mythology of Australia is, on the one hand, the myth of Australia as prison, and on the other of Australia as Eden" (411–12). Intended to be the new flagship for the Dutch East India Company, the *Batavia* set sail on 29 October 1628 from Amsterdam for the capital of the Dutch East Indies, for which she was named. The voyage was marked by a persistent antagonism between members of the ship's command, and violence amongst the passengers, to the extent that a mutiny was already afoot when on 4 June 1629, she was wrecked on the Abrolhos. After the wreck, the ship's commander Francisco Pelsaert took a longboat and forty or so sailors to seek rescue, leaving over two hundred survivors on what became known as Beacon Island, a small piece of land with no fresh water or food sources. Here, Jeronimus Cornelisz, elected commander of the survivors as the highest-ranking official of the Dutch East India Company on the island, led a small band on a murderous rampage that would leave at least half of those marooned dead by the time Pelsaert returned with help less than sixty days later. It's a gruesome tale, and one that continues to fascinate, especially when considering that rather than hang two of the younger mutineers, Pelsaert set them ashore on mainland Australia where they disappeared, becoming, however briefly, some of the first European occupants of the continent.

Growing up, I shared Stow's obsession with the *Batavia*, reading the 1990 Gary Crew book *Strange Objects* and imagining myself marooned on an island. I adopted *Lord of the Flies* as an early guidebook. But as I've aged, I've realised that I could not place myself as either the

young male protagonists of Crew's or Golding's books, or share with Stow his easy access to the imaginative realm of the seafarer. This first poem of mine, simply titled "*Batavia*," led to this realisation:

Batavia

Everyone wants the bravery
of the man about to be hanged
or the one who decides
it's time for flesh, the way
a child on land
looks offshore
imagines there's an island
building the shelter
from rocks, foraging
the reef to form
from a straight twig
a bow, or maybe a spear
with a whittled point
you may even have come
with another (never come
with another) and you'll
need to decide
if you're together
roaming the beach
or apart, one on each
hemisphere of shore
sometimes in stories
one of you becomes a tiger
and you watch for the prow
of a boat, wishing,
desperately, for wings.

Offering one of the few critiques of Stow's poetry written in his lifetime, fellow Western Australian poet Fay Zwicky situates Stow's work as particularly masculine. She writes: "This love-affair with place rather than people seems to me very much an affair of man rather than woman," and later adds: "In the fiction and poetry of Randolph Stow, which I have taken as fairly typical of the sensitive Australian male's attitude, we find examples of that desire to be released from society's claims, from the burden of success, women, family, and materialism" (36). This is particularly intriguing in the context of Stow's portrayal of the *Batavia* as Edenic; he writes: "[T]he domain of Captain-General Jeronimus could be seen as a prison given over to orgies—or perhaps another sort of Eden where nothing was forbidden, not even the pleasure of homicide" ("Southland" 418). For of course the pleasures here—such as they are—are restricted to the male seafarers, often at the expense of the freedom and lives of their female shipmates.

Among the female passengers of the *Batavia*, none has drawn as much attention—whether on the journey, during the marooning or in the subsequent histories—as 27-year-old Lucretia van den Mylen who was journeying on the *Batavia* to join her husband in the Dutch East Indies. Even before the wreck, Lucretia was subjected to a brutal attack while on board, in which she was stripped naked, smeared in faeces and strangled with a hair ribbon—all in an

attempt to force Commander Pelsaert into taking disciplinary measures that might be used as a catalyst for mutiny. In his journal, Pelsaert writes that the attack was also motivated by the skipper having "taken a great hatred to a woman named Lucretia whom he had tried to seduce for a long time and had not succeeded" (qtd. in Edwards 28). After the wreck, Lucretia was taken by Cornelisz as his personal "prize," though not a willing one, as Pelsaert would record in his later account:

> Jeronimus . . . complained to David Zeevanck that he could not accomplish his ends either with kindness or anger. Zeevanck had answered "And don't you know how to manage that? I'll soon make her do it." He had then gone into the tent and said to Lucretia: "I hear complaints about you." "On what account?" she asked. "Because you do not comply with the Captain's wishes in kindness. Now, however, you will have to make up your mind whether you will go the same way as Wybrecht Claes [stabbed to death] or else you must do that for which we have kept the women." Through this threat Lucretia had to consent that day, and this Jeronimus had her as his concubine. (qtd. in Edwards 65)

Lucretia survived through to Pelsaert's return and was herself taken back to Batavia in the Dutch East Indies only to find the husband she had journeyed to meet dead and to face further scrutiny. Accused and found guilty by the Council of Justice of Batavia of "provocation, encouraging evil acts and murdering the survivors . . . some of whom lost their lives owing to backhandedness," the public prosecutor went so far as to seek to torture Lucretia to gain further information about the events on the island but it is unknown whether or not the torture proceeded (qtd. in *Batavia (1629)* 3). Lucretia steadfastly denied all involvement in the events and would never speak about the *Batavia* again. Her legacy however contributes to the ongoing belief that the presence of women on ships is dangerous; in the wake of the *Batavia* events, the directors of the Dutch East India Company even passed legislation in 1647 limiting the number of female passengers on their boats. As the convenors of the 2017 *Batavia (1629): Giving Voice to the Voiceless Symposium* write:

> Eighteen years after the *Batavia* was wrecked, it would seem that at least one group of powerful men believed that Lucretia van den Mylen and her bewitching charm was partly responsible for the violent catastrophe. (*Batavia (1629)* 3)

This belief has also been inherited by many of the major modern accounts of the *Batavia*; for instance Henrietta Drake-Brockman's classic *Voyage to Disaster*, first published in 1963, specifically cites a desire to learn more about Lucretia as her motive for translating all of Pelsaert's journals:

> I had felt convinced that far more significance should be attached to Lucretia Jansz; that, in fact, the true story would prove it to be a classic example of *cherchez la femme.* (64)

Cherchez la femme—"look for the woman"—is shorthand for the detective fiction cliché that as the root cause of any problem, a woman will be found.

I felt that there was an uncanny alignment between Stow and Lucretia, both of whom were partially defined by their silence and by their relationship to the islands off the coast of Geraldton, as well as what each may reveal about settler Australian society. I felt that Lucretia's presence could be sensed in these lines from the end of Stow's "The Calenture":

> And when they ask me where I have been, I shall say
> I do not remember.
>
> And when they ask me what I have seen, I shall say
> I remember nothing.
>
> And if they should ever tempt me to speak again,
> I shall smile and refrain. (*Land's Meaning* 118)

I wanted to engage Stow and Lucretia poetically, to imaginatively insert her voice as a corrective into the historical record and to complicate Stow's understanding of the *Batavia* as a site of Edenic mythos for settler Australia. Here I returned to Stow's mythic poems, which he described as

> private letters written to people with whom I have a relationship, about which, for one reason or another, I want to say something to them, directly; but I say it through the circumstances of the myth-figure who gives each poem its title. ("Breaking the Silence" 400)

I asked myself what conversation might exist between Stow, Lucretia and these mythic figures? How might it be mediated by the island landscapes they shared and by the type of symbolic geography developed by Stow across his poetic career? I chose to write a series of poems that are in effect double-masked; where Stow names his poem "Endymion" I have called mine "Lucretia as Endymion" and so on. It seemed fitting that so many of Stow's masks were figures from Western classical mythology, as the *Batavia* represents the literal wrecking of European civilisation on antipodean shores, while simultaneously going on to fulfill, as Stow writes, a mythic function for settler Australians.

For the first poem, I took the figure of Ishmael, the wandering seafarer narrator of Moby Dick but also a biblical name associated with exile.

> *Lucretia as Ishmael*
>
> Imagining I saw an island
> I turned the sail leeward
>
> Imagining I saw an island
> the arc of it rising from the sea
>
> like the brow of a whale
> I will never be rid
>
> of that smooth soft skin
> quite unlined, unreasonably
>
> white for one who drifts
> in the depths
>
> I imagine the dark fins
> circling your ankles

anchors in the sand
I imagine you moving

slow enough no silt draws up
into light. Even islands

migrate, as rock moves
as whale song travels

in the dense fog
which hovers over water

so there's no sky, no horizon
and I am imagining again

islands which are peaks of clouds
peaks of albatross wings

feathers moving darker than sky
All I can do, is let the sail

drop. Onshore, flames
reach the beach, the sky is darker

over land, but you rise
to the west of me, like ice.

The second poem is not a typical mask poem; instead I was taken by Stow's poem "The Ship Becalmed" (*The Lands Meaning* 95), and I imagined Lucretia also becalmed in a sense, after the immediate wreck. I shifted the title slightly to "Be calmed" to emphasise the wreck itself as a paradoxical space of calm for Lucretia, between two sites of violence: the ship and the shore.

Be calmed

The land spins
it shouldn't but does
the day is grey
sky flecked with tendrils
of sand that graze.
Across the horizon
islands bruise like
a stranglehold.
No water, no wind,
only salt, bobbing high
on the endless salt
I am not a rich woman
float on a plain pine board.
I grew jewels
from the stillness,

lace in pure white
covers the wounds in the wood
like fine marzipan.
A long dead horse
would lick salt blocks
its pink tongue never tentative
against the dirty ice,
I never envied it
freedom, but now wish
for its credulity
rocking in my own free ocean
unable to bring myself
to lick.

I began my series of poems after the wreck with Penelope, famous for putting off suitors in her husband's absence (and presumed death) by saying she needed to complete a tapestry to mourn him. She would weave all day, then unravel her work at night. While Stow's poem addresses Penelope from the perspective of her wandering husband Odysseus (*Land's Meaning* 165), I wanted to flip this to emphasise the different levels of agency available to both.

Lucretia as Penelope

It's wrong to describe an archipelago
as a loom, water and boats
threads and needles. My whole life
I watched you wander, you angered
to be home, hungered to sail again.
What else had I to do
but join you. Unexpected.
The only move I had. When I left Amsterdam
I thought you a great man, broad
as a mast, now I know you
cunning as a rat that escapes
the ship's cat. Like the men who run
the beaches since we've been cast ashore
looking for scraps. How I wish
there was some goddess who would
claim your scrawny flesh, if only
she could avoid the teeth, the bite.
But this island is faithless
conjures no gods and the men scurry
and knock against the dreams I use as threads
my own god-like patience fraying.

I then moved to Endymion, a shepherd boy so beautiful he was believed to draw the Goddess of the moon—Selene—to him, and in some tellings she asks Zeus to keep him perpetually asleep and under her thrall. I found the beauty of Endymion a strong parallel to that of Lucretia, who is described by Hugh Edwards as "Corenelisz' own prize . . . the shrinking white body—very beautifully alive" (52).

Lucretia as Endymion

Some nights your cold face
hovers in the water like another island.

When the waves peak like mountains
of silver light

and then break like dust upon the shore.
I have never had a crust of my own

that flaked apart so easily, these
men plant flags and names

only to turn, do it again on new islands.
I know your detached face for my own

the ripples you make as others move through you
seeking footholds, how moving

you hold your still shape. Even here
where the stars shift into new creatures

yours is the name I know. My heart
becalmed as death hovers in the exact

point where your mouth might be.
Oh *swallow swallow*

The final line in this poem, "oh *swallow swallow*," echoes the conclusion of T. S. Eliot's "The Wasteland." Eliot famously developed the concept of the "objective correlative" in the essay "Hamlet and His Problems," positing that the correct choice of "a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events" described in a poem is capable of transferring the exact emotion intended from writer to reader. Stow himself proposed that each of the mythic figures he selected served as an "objective correlative" for their real world counterpart ("Breaking the Silence" 400). Here the choice of "*O swallow swallow*" from "The Wasteland" invokes within the frame of Endymion the different objective correlative myth of Procne, Philomela and Tereus, where the sisters, Procne and Philomela, are transfigured into birds feeding following an act of gross sexual violence by Tereus.

A similar theme emerged in my next poem, based on the figure of Enkidu, the fabled companion of the Akkadian hero Gilgamesh. Enkidu was a warrior created by a goddess to counter Gilgamesh's cruelty to his subjects; after their battle the two became companions and intimates, until Enkidu's death. Stow's poem "Enkidu" has the subtitle, "Gilgamesh laments" (*Land's Meaning* 166), and is accordingly written from the perspective of Gilgamesh, and my poem answers it.

Lucretia as Enkidu
It was cruel to be made for this
these tents so thin moonlight
cuts through; to be told

you must care for him.
I almost prefer the battle
when he is absent, though those nights
I hear the high cry of a nightjar
despite there being no winged thing here
except the white bird which settles sometimes
to peck at the grit with their brutal
cries and engorged necks, perhaps once
they were held too tight
and now know to pretend largeness
to be something too wide
for a single hand to grasp;
though this island from above
is a clenched fist
incapable of letting go.

My next two poems take on the figures of Demeter and Persephone. Stow only wrote a poem from the persona of Persephone (*Land's Meaning* 164), but I found the paired figure of Demeter/Persephone resonant from a feminine perspective. If these are versions of love poems, then the maternal love of Demeter is an interesting additional complication. Demeter was the Goddess of Spring, Persephone her daughter. Persephone was captured by Hades—God of the dead—and taken by him to live in the underworld. It was said she could leave if she refrained from eating anything, but Persephone ate a few pomegranate seeds. With her daughter captured, Demeter stopped the seasons, until a deal was reached by which Persephone would spend six months with her mother—these becoming Spring and Summer—and six months in the underworld—Autumn and Winter.

Lucretia as Demeter

In some other life, I called my daughter home and found she was an island. She came towing an anchor of sand nested in reefs that spread out from her like cracks in ice after a stone has been dropped, the water starting to lap over the edges. No man is an island but women have tides, waves, winds, they move and are moved by sun and earth. In my other life, I hold my hand to her shores and watch the dune bushes grow and thicken, there are small flowers in the grasses the colour of a winter sky. Fresh water starts to collect on the wide leaves of the scraggly acacias and soon there is a river which gathers to it wallabies, lost parrots, the small hopping mice we only see at night. There were no ghosts because there were no men to see them. My daughter bloomed.

Lucretia as Persephone

The island didn't rock
no matter how hard the feet slammed
no part shifted, nothing fell
the sky had the far off blue
of porcelain, sometimes in travelling clouds
I saw windmills and longed for cracks
but it held: solid as the roof
of a jail. I didn't eat or drink

because there was nothing for me
but salt. In the end, they held us
for only sixty days, not even
the whole of the season the roses bloom,
their plump heads, greeted our return
bobbing in stalls by the harbour.
Such colour, petals like
thick tongues. But I never spoke again.
And still over that island far south
no rain came.

As a final poem in this series, I wanted to expand beyond the times of Lucretia and even Stow, to think of the life of the Abrolhos as it would come to pass, as a place of fishing boats and crays and industry, to tie the islands' history to our own. Beston argues that many of Stow's mythic love poems share the argumentative structure of the Elizabethan Sonnet, so in this poem I've chosen to adopt a lose sonnet form (16).

"Her husband, Pelsaert learned, had died while she was voyaging to join him"
(Edwards 58)

& more to know she returned alone
& would stay alone
& people would speak her name
more than she ever spoke again

& people would come
& grab the carapaces
from amid the bones
& they would have families

houses of stone and gull shit
clean white sheets drying in the wind
& only so often would they look
out a window, at an ocean

& wonder if the shadow is
cloud, sail or ghost

In all of my poems, I found myself returning to using coastal imagery of Western Australia. These are also locations and texts underserved in Australian criticism, despite their dominance in creative production. Arguing for the importance of reassessing Stow's fiction as key to the tradition of Oceanic writing of Western Australia, local writer Sam Carmody writes:

> Australian criticism has so far, it could be argued, been unable to wholly define the turbulent poetics at work in Australian coastal narratives—the romanticism and nostalgia in these narratives, and the simultaneous environmental destruction, colonial forces and toxic masculinities that are symbolised above all, by shadows in the water and the menace of sharks. It is Stow's shadowed view of both the land and the sea that Western Australian writers inherit. (178)

I am one of those who has inherited Stow's "shadowed view," and through my writing in response to his poems in this Lucretia series and elsewhere, I hope to continue to engage Stow as a way of understanding this landscape and the violent history we share.

A version of this paper was given as the 2022 Randolph Stow Address of the Big Sky Writer's Festival on 1 October 2022 at the Shipwrecks Gallery, Museum of Geraldton.

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