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APPENDIX 1

1. Female Data

No	Sentence	Page
1	In a shop window in Merimbula I saw my face reflected and gave myself a fright: my hair was wild and stiff with salt, standing on end all over my head. My face was burnt almost back to paleness and my eyes stared out of dirty skin. I liked myself: I looked strong and healthy.	3
2	But he came back to my house with me, and we lay on my bed and talked and liked each other, and the way it happened was, that we began to stroke each other, and to kiss, and after a long, long time of slow, gentle touching and pausing, and kissing like an idle game that turned serious (he held my head hard with his two hands, we kissed and kissed) I rolled on to him and we fucked ever so gently. 'Wait, oh wait,' he whispered, and I waited, and he started again with the slow and steady rolling under me, his mad crooked face very sweet in front of my eyes; I felt the thin bones in his shoulders, and my heart dissolved to see him change away from abruptness to this kindness.	5
3	What am I going to do? The question was already rhetorical: she was on her feet, gathering up her bag, pulling herself together. 'I dunno. Battle on, I guess. It's like what Eve says: "Life's a struggle". We both began to giggle at the mental picture of Eve the trooper, head forward in work-horse position, ready for the harness. Rita struck a heroic pose, one hand flung out. "Dare to struggle, dare to win",' she intoned. 'Or – "Dare to giggle, dare to grin", as the anarchists used to say.'	33
4	Martin sulked, pursing his small lips, arms folded, looking at the floor. I felt the mother of two headstrong, opinionated boys. My bones flooded with weakness. I stared at the metal bed. No-one spoke. I stopped caring about seeming straight, or motherly	38
5	I was starting to notice that I hadn't fucked for a long time. It wasn't the fucking I missed: I wanted love. I felt sad and hungry, or greedy rather, wishing to comfort myself. ...He kept dropping his scraper and dashing over to me and hugging me ferociously, kissing me and hugging me and making much of me, saying, 'Ooh, isn't this sexy work!' He stopped me from feeling sad in the flesh. 'I haven't fucked for weeks,' I remarked. 'I dream all	57

	the time about fucking with guys I know.'	
6	I was tired out. I worked like a dog on my room. As I scrubbed vigorously at the skirting boards I thought, I've never cared this much before about doing the job properly: why do I care so much now	61
7	Alone in my house. Javo did not come back. I might have gone looking for him the night after, but I had the children to look after, and I read them a story and put them to bed with a plate of cut-up apple, and no-one else came home, so I went to bed myself.	67
8	I ironed my shirt and tidied my room. I was happy in the quiet house. I felt as strong as a horse.	68
9	And when he did come round, he was stoned, but still in the honeymoon phase: it hadn't got him by the throat. He got into my bed in the middle of the night and wrapped his thin limbs around me, and we fucked with a joy so intense and peaceful that our hearts were in our faces and we gave them to each other without a word.	71
10	I didn't wait for the show. I got in a cab and came home. No unhappy, but tired in the heart. When I got home, it was like having escaped from a stricken city. I sat by the fire and talked with Clive who had been with the children, and as we talked, the thought formed itself in my head, 'Time coming in which I must survive without a lover.' If I can do it. But he actually came back in the middle of the night. What'm I going to do? He is out of the human phase, is like a black-lipped spectre which eats, sleeps and groans	76
11	jeans and socks. Why do I do it? I do it for love, or kindness. Women are nicer than men, Kinder, more open, less suspicious, more eager to love	82
12	'I'm really pissed off with you. I don't like the way you burst in here tonight, telling me what I ought to do with Martin's car.'	83
13	'Anyway. The car's not the main reason why I'm so mad at you. When you came here tonight. I was right off my brick with the kids, and you didn't even notice. You just don't give a shit about what I have to do in my life.'	83
14	'I'll go there. At least you should have your bed for one night.' I stood up between the bed and the door, edging my way out. He was struggling with his mind up towards me, trying to speak or persuade, but lying flat among the blankets while I moved away from him.	84
15	'It's getting too much for me, Javo. I can't handle	87

	the dope,' I said gently. He nodded, listening as I spoke. 'I want you to understand – I love you a real lot, but I can't live with you when you're like this. So, maybe it would be better if you found somewhere else to sleep, at least till you've got it under control a bit.'	
16	'Great!' he said, seeming enthusiastic. I worked till one, and of course he didn't show up. I waited till one-twenty and went home. I wasn't surprised, and for that reason. I didn't care. I found he'd thrown back the blankets, taken my clean greasywool socks, left his dirty ones on the floor, and gone. Well, fuck him.	90
17	But I would have to be a mediator: between him and Gracie, between him and the rest of the world.	90
18	I asked him to pick up the kids from school. He wouldn't. I didn't expect him to. Why don't I? I expect nothing, on that level, and I get nothing.	93
19	I finished work and took a bus to Carlton. On the bus stop I had to fight the housewifely urge to make things simple, to stay in the groove, to go straight home. I had an hour before the " time I'd promised to be home for the kids, and I needed to be i sociable.	94
20	So, an hour later I was home in my clean bed, looking after the kids while Rita went to the art school ball. And I kept wondering, what di Javo think in the street tonight? Which of s ies harder t be cool? or in control? Will he come back to sleep with me tonight? Will I care if he doesn't? Should I scramble back out to the solitary life I led when he was away in Asia? Can I live without being Loved?	95
21	By the next night I was homesick. I was still tired, though I had slept all afternoon while Peggy played with Gracie. Javo was behaving as if we hardly knew each other: everything was in ruins. I began to hate him.	99
22	Fear of being loved; fear of not being loved. I decided to leave. Gracie came with me. We walked sadly down the hill.	102
23	I have to get free. But there is this incomprehensible bond that keeps us together.	103
24	'I was thinking,' I replied, 'that I have got right over Javo leaving.'	108
25	With Javo gone, I had had sweet sleeping at night, slow thinking as the light came in in the morning, and the company of people who liked me. It was time to go south, home again.	108
26	Respect and danced all by myself for half an hour in our living room, without inhibition, almost crying with jubilation – not just about the wood, but	112

	because I could live competently some of the time, and because that day I liked myself.	
27	<p>'I'm on good terms with him, but he's not on good terms with me.'</p> <p>I was out the door, had closed it behind me, was out in the dark street.</p> <p>'Hoo, hoo!' crowed Micky, who had followed me out. 'You really laid it on him!'</p> <p>I didn't want the commentary. 'Fuck him,' I snarled, 'he gives me the shits.' But I couldn't help laughing, to think that he was almost certainly saying the same thing about me at that very moment.</p>	116
28	I came home with Clive and Gracie. She went to sleep in her bunk, and we fucked in the silent house, and fell asleep peacefully, tenacious old lovers, friends forever perhaps. In the morning we drank orange juice and talked about everything.	118
29	'I find my life a lot simpler, too, when I'm on my own,' I said. 'But I want to say – I miss you, and I miss fucking with you; because even when things were really difficult. I always felt we made real emotional contact when we fucked.'	119
30	'It's that old thing about "having room to move",' she said. 'They're afraid of being emotionally pressured ... you know, the old fears of manipulation, of moral pressure – because of course for centuries women have been the conscience of the world.'	123
31	<p>Bill and I fucked one ordinary, human fuck, and then the coke took over and we were doing something else: my head raced and plunged away into other worlds, and my body flowed on a tide of uncontrollable fantasy, singing sweet and high the while.</p> <p>I slept two hours barely; and the next day I kept going only by smoking huge quantities of black hash. I went to a party at Eve's. Clive was there.</p> <p>'Come and stay the night with me, Nora!' he said, taking my hand in his callused palm; but I couldn't. I was so exhausted</p>	126
32	What was I afraid of? Nothing much, by the time daylight came, and I began to use my brain	131
33	Enough of you, Javo, and your death. I've had enough. Now, if only I can live that out. Enough. I will gather my strength.	135
34	<p>'No! He just didn't like to be in a situation where I was in control.'</p> <p>Nora talked about the fact where Javo did not control her anymore. Javo did not like it because Nora would not do her instructions. Nora could decide to do or not do what Javo wanted. After long time she was controlled by Javo, now she tried to</p>	153

	leave Javo's control.	
35	That night everyone was out but me. Doing my washing in the rickety machine in the bathroom. ... I'm full of restlessness. Not lonely, exactly — my head is racing with ideas. But it is that old treacherous feeling that real life is happening somewhere else, and I'm left out.	171
36	'She's back there,' I said, jerking my thumb behind me. My insides went curdly with envy, thinking of the way she turned up her face, charming, her skin smooth and polished. Sometimes I was afraid of becoming man-like, of losing softness.	184-185
37	The jealousy, upon being scrutinised, metamorphosed into a sadness I could not shake off for a day. My heart ached whenever I thought of him. But then, somehow, the pain stopped, and I went about my business.	186
38	'Hey,' I said suddenly, 'let's get into bed and fuck.' 'What?' He looked up, smiling. I said it again. 'OK. Let's do that.'	193
39	'Jean — I've been fucking with Hank — I hope you'll understand.'	205
40	For a moment I was afraid he would say no: he looked at me steadily for several seconds, and then he smiled and started to get up off the bed. We scurried upstairs and undressed quickly into Cobby's unmade bed in its ship-like alcove, and got our skins together with a sigh. What was it about him? Whenever he touched my cunt, my clitoris seemed to be in the exact spot where he first came in contact with my flesh: I was ready for him before we started, as if hastening all my processes to be there for him.	210
41	I supposed I was speaking out of some immense, unexamined privilege. I began to feel myself in a position of power arrived at, inadvertently, through an absence of deep or passionate feeling.	213
42	We were sitting on the edge of the pool at the shallow end, squinting in the glare, water drying on our shoulders. 'Wow, it's been a weird weekend, Nor,' he said. 'Yeah? What's been happening?' Very nonchalant.	220
43	I came home to the empty house and rang Angela. I told her I didn't know where Javo was and would prefer not to have to go looking for him.	224
44	I could feel my cheeks hot, but I didn't care. I read his half-written note and took my courage in both hands and went at it like a bull at a gate.	231
45	'That's OK. I've got enough for both of us.'	232
46	'You could sleep in here if you liked. Or in the other room. I'd like you to sleep with me — but I just want	233

	to make it clear that it's cool if you don't. I wouldn't freak out if you didn't.' Too many words; but he laughed, and said,	
47	It crossed my mind: tomorrow night he'll probably be fucking with Claire again. This is the last time I'll sleep with him for a while: last chance.	233
48	It was the first time I had felt cheerful in days. I sang to myself. I thought about the night Javo and Martin and Gracie and I had arrived at Disaster Bay. I picked my way across pointed rocks, hearing my own panting and exclamations as I toiled.	244
49	A funny kind of pain, dull, not sharp, spread through my body as if by way of the bloodstreams. Doesn't matter, doesn't matter.	244
50	I thought again of her and Javo, and instead of that pain came the thought. 'Well ... so be it. Let it be what it is.	244

APPENDIX 2

2. Male Data

No.	Sentence	Page
1	'At last,' he said, 'I've found someone who fucks soft'	5
2	I can't, I won't stop. I thought of his skin and the way I could sense out his skull, and his crazy eyes.	6
3	I was afraid of his restlessness, his idleness, his violent changes of mood, his inability to sustain himself. Being with him was sometimes like being a child.	8
4	'I love,' he said in a quiet voice, 'the moistureless way in which we kiss.' Exactly like that, he said it. 'I love the relationship you have with your body. I love the way your face is showing sign of wear. I love the way you talk when you're coming – the way you become a child. Your face looks twelve years old.'	12
5	'Hullo' He looked up with a start. His face looked strange to me in a way I could not determine. I supposed it was because of his churned-up feelings	13
6	Next day I rang the hospital. They told me he was 'satisfactory' but that only his next of kin might visit him. Forced to be his mother, sister, wife.	39
7	Francis stayed with me and was patiently kind to me; but when we were fucking, I began to cry again out of weakness and fear he was fucking me, as a man does it to a woman; or out of fear that I liked it. I couldn't find his mind, or his heart; he was away in his travelling.	49
8	'I love you so much that if I thought you didn't love me, I'd want to die.'	59
9	Men never come back. He didn't.	60
10	I lay in my bed in the empty house. I thought, when Javo comes back, his presence in my house might be just as difficult, painful	60-61
11	'Hey, Javo is back, Nora, and he's looking for you!' I didn't know whether to stay where I was (on a farm, up a sandy road) and wait for him to come to me, or to set out myself and start searching for him round the households. I was full of joy and anticipation. As the dream progressed, this joy drained away and I realized that it was a dream. I woke up desolate.	62
12	Life was getting thin and sick. I lay on the floor in front of the fire and listened to the litany of gossip sung by my friends. The loneliness was drying me out. I reached the bottom one Friday night. I lit a fire in my room, for animal comfort, got into my bed, turned off the lamp, looked at the fire. Dry, dry and	64

	aching.	
13	'It makes my sex life pretty simple.' 'It will be simple whether I come or not.' ('Too futile to make love,' he says over my bed.) We laugh, right up close to each other, now we're kissing again, easy for him now that he's stoned and loose on the body, unafraid. I could feel him loosening up, he let his breathing change and his voice sounded soft on his breath.	70
14	'How did you manage it?' 'I didn't! I was so sick, trying to keep up with him – he was way ahead of me. even snorting it used to make me spew afterwards.' 'I wish there was no such thing as smack,' I grunted into my collar. She laughed. 'But the reasons for it would still be there.' 'Yeah. I s'pose you're right. Well, fuck it.'	70
15	He told me about a woman he was working with, in a play he had begun to rehearse. 'I would like to fuck with her,' he remarked. She was a junkie too: I saw her once: thin, white, with red plaits on top of her fine head. 'I would be jealous, I suppose,' I said unwillingly. 'I know. But that wouldn't stop me,' he said without the harshness the words might have carried. 'Though I would think of that; I would think of it.'	72
16	I wish it would, but only if it would stop him, too. As it is, I must learn not to need him, because when I need him, he will have nothing to give.	73
17	I didn't wait for the show. I got in a cab and came home. Not unhappy, but tired in the heart. When I got home, it was like having escaped from a stricken city. I sat by the fire and talked with Clive who had been with the children, and as we talked, the thought formed itself in my head, 'Time coming in which I must survive without a lover.' If I can do it. But he actually came back in the middle of the night. What'm I going to do? He is out of the human phase, is like a black-lipped spectre which eats, sleeps, and groans.	76
18	Trouble. Javo the monster. I don't know him when he's like this. I wish he would go away. He barely gives me the time of day. He blunders into my room at night, drops his great boots from waist height and crawls into bed beside me.	78
19	And to make it worse, with Lillian, long-legged good-looking Lillian in her rugged fur coat, who shared with me a past of such bitterness that it was all we could do to greet each other without a grimace, the rigorous and theories of feminism not with-standing. I was about to leave the price of the	79

	as yet unserved gnocchi in his box of chalk and go off quietly when he came back to the table and sat down opposite me, smiling with his bright eyes in his filthy face.	
20	I went out all day and didn't see him till six-thirty in the evening, when I found him in the theatre. His pupils were large. He did not seem pleased to see me, and was offhand and cold. I went home and did four loads of washing at the laundromat. I washed his shirts and jeans and socks. Why do I do it? I do it for love, or kindness. Women are nicer than men. Kinder, more open, less suspicious more eager to love.	82
21	'Will you kids bloody SHUT UP?' I was nearly crying. Javo stared doggedly at my feet. Hank saw I was about to go off the edge. He plucked at Javo's sleeve. 'Come on, mate. We'll talk about it later. See you, Nor.' He pulled Javo out of the front door, and Chris followed, having observed the altercation with an impassive face. I was choking with anger.	83
22	I began to talk at length, angry and despairing; but I could never say more than two sentences before his breathing became louder and slower and he nodded off. I was nearly crying with unhappiness and frustration. Again and again, at my impatient movements, he would drag himself back to consciousness, mumble a few slurred words, and drift off again.	84
23	I wanted him to go away (he was carrying his belongings on his back: 'I'll stay away for a couple of days', he said 'and you can come and visit me.') because he was driving me crazy; but I wanted him to stay because when he was himself, I loved him. We said goodbye at the counter of the University café. He kissed me openly, as he always did now, and I walked away full of agitation.	85
24	Gracie slept with me, and in the middle of the night I woke up and put my arm around her small body. It was the first time I'd missed Javo's body.	88
25	'My love for you never seem to get any less. There is something new there, all the time.' And as the day began, we lay together in my bed in the empty house and make love: we went into each other. I looked at his face and it open and blossomed under my eyes	25
26	I want to be with you, laugh and mooch around, travel if we can. But I'm not getting anything back, I'm running out, I need love. And if you don't want to give it anymore, will you please say so? I'm telling you Javo! I'm lonely! Are you reading me? ... over ... Nora.'	96

27	He went out late in the morning, to 'visit people'. He barely said goodbye to me, didn't kiss me as he once would have done as a pleasant matter of course.	99
28	Early day he would disappear and come back hours later, stoned, white-eyed, obsessive about washing his clothes and cleaning up after himself. Maybe, I thought, torturing myself, he is in love with somebody, with Ruth perhaps who was here with her two children and Micky while I half-slept.	100
29	No touching, he won't touch me, he won't allow me his body. But, as usual when I was being of service, he cheerfully accepted an omelette and a cup of coffee when I made lunch for everyone. Mistakenly interpreting his smile, I finished cooking and threw myself on the big bed beside him.	101
30	'What makes me saddest,' I said, 'is the way you're physically closed to me. It's not just that I want to fuck with you. It's that in the ordinary daily run of things it's not possible for me to touch you.'	119
31	'That's absurd,' she said. 'You're the only one who's stuck by him.'	122
32	That night I had a terrible dream. I came into the house and found it full of the dense feeling of two people sexually involved with each other: Rita and Javo had been fucking, and I was totally excluded. I could not break through. I was dreadfully upset. I tried to talk to Javo, half-crying, full of grief, but he adopted an airy tone and brushed my questions aside. 'Is it that you just aren't interested anymore?' I asked, almost pleading. 'Yes, that's about it,' he replied, not looking at me.	130
33	I lay there wide awake, battling with it and with my feeling of shame, and very slowly it began to dissipate itself, and release me. But the room was full of presence, and of my fears. What was I afraid of? Nothing much, by the time daylight came, and I began to use my brain	131
34	Why'd you go, in the first place?' 'I knew I was mad to go, but I was so stoned, and I just let him drag me out the door.'	153
35	'Well,' I mumbled out of the corner of my mouth past the row of pins, 'ultimately, of course, it doesn't; but the world being as it is, one may as well strive for a little elegance of line, don't you think?'	154
36	I couldn't speak. My life looked to me like a stupid tread-mill. I wanted to say, you taught me to love differently, you have changed everything, this madness has only swamped me for a day, or two; teach me the lesson again.	155

37	Well, all men are as weird as hell, if you ask me,' I retorted, still laughing in spite of myself. 'Yeah – all men except Willy,' she said, and pantomimed a loving sigh. 'Willy?' I shrieked. 'Are you kidding? He's the weirdest of the whole fuckin' lot!'	157
38	I wanted to pierce his bravado, ask him for the truth, but these days his ego was invested in keeping that brave smokescreen well in place.	164
39	'Of course, it does.' (Remembering him saying, 'Do you feel horny? Because I don't.' Bang, the door slammed in my face.)	168
40	He hugs me again, I'm comforted by his body all down my back. I get out of bed and take off my nightdress, thinking partly of fucking, partly of the foolishness of our skins not touching through all the layers of my sickness. I turn my front to him, we lie along each other close and comfortable.	168
41	'I'm too miserable to fuck. I can only fuck when I'm happy.	168
42	'I shouldn't come here when I'm this stoned.' 'That's OK,' I say, and lie back on my pillows, restfully regarding his battered face. I'll love that wrecked bastard forever, along with all the other people under whose influence I've had my hard shell cracked. He leaves. On his way out he says, 'Give us a kiss, Nor.' Willingly I put my mouth against his blackened junkie lips.	171
43	I went into Myers to buy myself a pair of bathers. I began to see my body as an object, and an unsatisfactory one at that. The Fluorescent lights in the fitting room emphasized the looseness of my skin; the elastic of the bikini pressed unattractively into my flesh which will never be really firm again. In my heart I started to grieve over my body. In the next cubicle I heard a woman saying to the saleswoman, 'No – not that one; all the stretch marks show.' I remembered hearing another woman, on another day, saying to another saleswoman, 'I can't seem to lose weight anymore, since I turned forty.' She spoke with humorous regret in her voice, appealing to the womanly sympathies of the shop assistant, but underneath it I heard the fear and sadness that I felt myself, today, in small measure.	174
44	When I heard his voice (he croaked, 'Hullo? – oh,	185

	good day, Nor!') my heart turned over a couple of times and beat harder than usual.	
45	My uncle, or 'the big boss' as his sister called him with not quite enough irony, filled my grandmother's house with his ruling class confidence.	188
46	Not in love with Gerald, never have been, don't want to be, but so afraid of loneliness that the very cells simulate the chemical reactions of jealousy, in some primal instinct to grasp and hold against all comers	195
47	But occasionally I got caught out by his violently blue eyes, and the way he riveted me with them sometimes.	200
48	Nothing is ever one-sided,' I wearily replied. I tried to summon up a memory of how I used to argue for my life against the cold face of someone I was in love with. I couldn't remember. There is no logic in feelings. No logic. I said, 'Maybe this is something you just have to go through. I have, and I didn't like it either.'	209
49	For a moment I was afraid he would say no: he looked at me steadily for several seconds, and then he smiled and started to get up off the bed.	210
50	I was holding his hand, nodding and smiling. 'I'm going out to the kitchen,' I said after a while. 'If you need me, call out.'	212
51	At that moment we were passing another car: he put his foot down hard and we were rushing along in third gear on the wrong side of the road. I was sick with fear. I thought, 'he is doing that thing men do, he's rushing to destruction, he's got me here, he's power-mad, I can't do anything.' I took a breath to call his name. I said, 'Ger ...' and knew there was no point. I lay back on the seat	216
52	He began to stroke me, and touch the side of my neck and face, in a way I dared not submit to, lest it become sexual. I lay there in a crazy panic of revulsion, half-turned away from him, disliking the smell of his breath, wishing I could dematerialize. I escaped by slowing down my breathing and pretending to be asleep.	217
53	Why couldn't I let him go and wish him well? Why did I always need a man to be concerned with, whether well or ill?	219
54	I looked in my purse and found the money. I held it out to him: he put up his hand, palm upwards, his face turned away towards the street. I dropped the coins into his hand and he made no acknowledgement. My insides performed a little dance of anger and sadness. No, no, said my resolution, the small voice of reason, he asked and you gave. You didn't have to give, and he didn't	223

	have to be grateful. Giving is not bartering. I handed him the ten dollar bills.	
55	'I was thinking I'd get him to move it out. It makes it harder for me, the way he comes and goes.	226
56	Like a husband protecting a wife who was battling with feelings too strong for her.	227
57	'I can't stop crying,' I said, and went on letting the tears run. She made that 'oh, oh' sound of wordless comfort which mothers utter. I thought, she is kind, how foolish of me to talk of hating her.	230
58	And I was anaesthetized against this painful fact by the amount I'd drunk and the looseness of my bones from the dancing.	236
59	I was too afraid to speak.	241

APPENDIX 3

Summary of the Novel *Monkey Grip*

The story tells about a woman who stays with soher people in a house. In the old brown house on the corner, a mile from the middle of the city, they ate bacon for breakfast every morning of our lives. There were never enough chairs for them all to sit up at the heral table; one or two of us always sat on the floor or on the kitchen step, plate on knee. It never occurred to us to teach the children to eat with a knife and fork. It was hunger and all sheer function the noise, and clashing of plates, and people chewing with their mouths open, and talking, and laughing. Nora (the main character/woman character) was happy with their life. Nora enjoyed her life with her friend in the difficult condition, where they didn't have good facilities at house such as they didn't have enough chair to sit, but they enjoyed their togetherness.

In the next time, Nora felt that everything, as it always does, began to heave and change. It wasn't as if she didn't already have somebody to love. There was Martin, teetering as many were that summer on the dizzy edge of smack, but who was as much a part of our household as any outsider could be. Martin slept very still in her bed, jumped up with the kids in the early morning, bore with her crankiness and fits of wandering heart.

Nora lived with many heron at house, but she needed the one who loved and she loved. Then, she loved Javo, she fell in love with her friend Javo, just back from getting off dope in Hobart. She looked at his burnt skin and scarred nose and violently blue eyes. In this part, Nora saw Javo as a strong man.

They sat together in the theatre, Gracie on Nora's knee. Javo put his hand to the back of her head. They looked at each other, and would have gone hoher together without a word being spoken; but on their way out of the theatre they hert Martin rushing in, back from Disaster Bay. Decorously, Javo got on his bike and rode home. Javo felt shy to Martin because he didn't know who is Martin.

In the next time, Javo and Nora enjoyed their time. They slept peacefully, knowing each other well enough not to need to touch.

Nora woke in the morning and heard at the moment a rooster crow in a back yard and a clock strike in a house in Woodhead Street. In the rooms people slept singly in double beds, nothing over them but a sheet, brown faces on still pillows. Gracie and Eve's boy the Roaster sprawled in their bunks.

She put the kettle on to make the coffee, stared out the louvers of the kitchen window at the rough grass and the sky already hot blue.

Nora and Javo picked Gracie up from her kinder and left Herlbourne that afternoon. By the time they had crossed the border into New South Wales it was well into night. The camp where the others were waiting for the supplies Martin had brought was a mile from the end of the track, round a rocky beach. It was dark and the tide was right in against the rocks. Nora picked up Gracie, who was too scared to speak, and waded blindly after Martin's voice. She was soon wet to the thighs. Whenever a wave withdrew, invisible crabs clattered round her feet on

the spiky rocks. She could dimly see Javo ahead of her with his boots over his shoulder. Her ears were full of confusion and the sea thumping. Martin helped her scramble up the last slope, Gracie clinging like a monkey to her back, and in the sudden quiet between waves She saw the gleam of the tent in a small hollow. They stumbled in. The others woke in a mass of rugs and sleeping bags.

In a shop window in Herrimbula she saw her face reflected and gave herself a fright: her hair was wild and stiff with salt, standing on end all over her head. Her face was burnt almost back to paleness and her eyes stared out of dirty skin. She liked herself: She looked strong and healthy. But Martin was unhappy, and to her shaher she was not concerned with kindness.

One morning when the others had gone into Eden to buy food, she squatted on the wet sand between two boulders and rolled sand balls with the children. They rolled and rolled, hypnotized, thrusting the sand balls into the ancient pitted surface of the rocks, singing private songs to themselves. The sun struck the hacks of our necks and shoulders, burnt already brown as leather. They sang and rolled and sang, naked and sweaty.

She went up and over the dried-out rocks to find her hat, and found instead Javo sprawled on a rug in the springy grass, not naked like the rest of us, but pouring sweat in the fierce sun, his hair matted with it, his skin greasy with coconut oil. she lay down next to him and our hot skins touched. Up close, his face was crooked, wrecked and wild. His eyes were as blue as blue stones or as water coloured by violent chemical. She put her dry, hot arm across his oiled back. He moved like a boy, hard and gentle by turns. she heard him breathing.

A hundred yards away the children's laughter evaporated into the blue, blue air. When the ranger came in his long white socks, Selena and Lou had down with hepatitis, and they broke camp in the afternoon, escaping with the scraps of their dignity and their hastily packed possessions. Javo had never learned to drive, and Lou and Selena were too sick; they propped themselves with pillows in the front seat, white and trying not to complain. Thus it was left to her and Martin to ferry the load down south round the coast highway. At first they were all frantic with temper, jealousy and illness. When it was Martin's turn to drive, she sat in the back with Javo. she held both children on her knee, and told them a long hypnotic story about how they gobbled up the world and then each other. The others listened through the roar of the car, and laughed. Javo sat with his long legs stretched out, touching her knee, stroking her leg with his bitten fingertips.

In the front the others sang and sang. Selena's sweet voice rose finely, illness momentarily forgotten in the steady movement south as dark fell. Javo croaked, She looked out the window at the moon the shape of a slab of gouda cheese, she shelled the warm grassy air, she felt the bony limbs and soft flesh of the children, she thought, oh, nothing can be as sweet as this to have two children on her knee and a man beside her and the singing and the summer travelling.

To think this, she needed to forget the unhappiness of Martin who was two feet away from her, driving. And to forget that not one of us would ever have a life that simple, because they were already too far off the track to think about turning back.

That night they forced themselves past exhaustion and kept going. She stopped the car outside Gold Street. The sleeping bodies stirred. Lou sat up.

Next day, she saw him was at Ormond Hall. People lolled against the mirrored walls, or danced, or lay on the floor with their sleeping children safely bundled in nests of discarded clothing. Javo and Nora spread themselves on our backs on the floor as on a large double bed. She felt hesitant to touch him, or approach.

But he was back to her house with her, and they lay on her bed and talked and liked each other, and the way it happened was, that they began to stroke each other, and to kiss, and after a long, gentle touching and pausing, and kissing like an idle gather that turned serious She rolled on to him and they fucked ever so gently.

Three nights in a row was enough to make it too late. On the fourth morning she went about her business in the house, and came upon him later on the back doorstep. She squatted down beside him in the hot morning sunshine. She pushed her face against his jacket, warm cloth and the shell of his body. He smiled that crooked, reluctant smile, flashing at her sideways with his blue eyes. She went out on her own, leaving him there idle in the yard. When she came back in the evening he was gone.

A person might not be ashamed to wish for love. She was not aware of having wished. She had fallen asleep, no longer listening for footsteps. At one o'clock in the morning someone pushed open her door quietly, Javo, and sat on her bed and she hugged him round his neck and he held her like anything.

They lay talking for a long time, and dozed and woke and dozed again. The moon moved across the roof. It was hot and still.

She slept alone that night, dreamer deeply, forgot the dreams, woke to a house empty of children. Sunday morning, a cool wind, sun not shining. Eve was right, of course: more tihér on her own. But there was an image to shake her resolution: Javo lounging on a blue couch, drinking in shore flash pub beyond their herons, the sun coming through his eyes the colour of blue marbles, blue glass, how his eyes burn in his wrecked face.

He was twenty-three then and maybe, she ignorantly surmised, wouldn't get much older, because of the junk and the dangerous idleness in the bloodstream. She hadn't reckoned with the grit, nor with what would be required of her, nor with what readiness She would give it. Giving it all away. People like Javo need people like her, steadier, to circle round for a while; and from her centre, held there by children's needs, she stare longingly outwards at his rootlessness.

On Christmas Day they woke together again. Georgie had given her a book by Diane Wakoski, *The Motorcycle Betrayal Poems*. She read a page or two, quite fast.

She did, the one about the big snoring bike who fell asleep beside her, drunk, and woke not knowing he carried her bullets in his back. She laughed. Lying next to Javo with the book in her hand, she remembered that in shore

narrow chamber of herself she knew what she was talking about. Love, it's about love.

He caught her on the hop. But she was well-disciplined by the orthodoxy, a fast faker. She was sitting at her table. They were ten feet apart, and she grinned at him, neat, sharp and steady.

She came past just as he was dropping the first spiteful of earth on the dead body she saw its flattened head, its eye closed, its beak open and desperate. The dirt hit the feathers and they gave out a stiff, lively rustling.

Cut off from gritty daily contact with the world, she was floating shore where else, her time ruled by the children's demands, her ears tuned to the tones of their voices. She slept and woke when they did, served them out of her dream; and lived a short, intense hour of every night in the dark with Javo, living privately in the sleeping house.

He slept on in her bed each morning when she got up to the children. She came back in when they had gone to play, sat at her table to write or read, was aware of him flung across her bed in a running position. She felt dispossessed. She wished he would get up and take cognizance of the world, as she had to every morning. He didn't act, but waited for the tide to lift and carry him.

She was afraid of his restlessness, his idleness, his violent changes of mood, his inability to sustain himself. She would have been at the herry of his erratic nature – unbalanced, vague, out of sync. 'What about this way I've got of falling in love with people and just as quickly out again?' She said.

Nora began to think that she had to leave Javo She didn't to stay with a lover who didn't give good life for her family and herself. She had to be brave one to decide her life. Javo was the wrong people who she loved.

Her daughter's hobby was singing. The kids begin to sing. They roll in unison (her upright and straight-backed with outstretched arms, Clive bent low over his handlebars with the Roaster crouching inside the curve of his body) down the wide road and into the green tunnel, the cave of the Edinburgh Gardens. No-one around, though it is ten o'clock in the morning. The hoses flick silver strings on to the drying grass. They sweep round the corner into the Belgium Lane, where the air is peppery with the scent of cut timber and even on this still day the poplars flutter over the ancient grey picket fence, they thrust up their sprouts through the cracking asphalt under our wheels. Between the posts they flash without hesitation and out of the cool they hit the road again and get down to the work of it, pedaling along Napier Street: our speed makes Gracie's legs flail behind her like oars.

Broken glass glitters nastily all along the top of the cream brick walls. They chain our bikes to the rack. The Roaster grabs his towel and springs over the hot concrete to the turnstile. Gracie holds her hand with her hard brown one and they pick our way between the baking bodies to the shallow pool. The brightness of that expanse of concrete is atomic: eyes close up involuntarily, skin flinches. She was lower herself gingerly on to the blazing ground and watch the kids approach the pool. The Roaster slips over the side and wades inexorably

deeper; Gracie waves to her and squints, wraps her wiry arms around her belly, and sinks like a rich American lady beneath the chemicals.

Nora could leave her bad love and bad lover, she stood for her daughter, without a special friend. After long time in the bad love and defence for the wrong person, she could leave her bad life and took the happy life than stay with Javo.

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APPENDIX 4

HELEN GARNER'S LIFE AND WORKS

Helen Garner was born 7 November 1942. She is an Australian novelist, short-story writer, screenwriter and journalist. Garner's first novel, *Monkey Grip*, was published in 1977, and immediately established her as an original voice on the Australian literary scene. She is known for incorporating and adapting her personal experiences in her fiction, something that has brought her both praise and criticism, particularly with her novels, *Monkey Grip* and *The Spare Room*.

Throughout her career, Garner has written both fiction and non-fiction. She attracted controversy with her book *The First Stone* about a sexual harassment scandal in a university college. She has also written for film and theatre, and has consistently won awards for her work.

Garner was born in Geelong, Victoria, the eldest of six children. She attended Manifold Heights State School, Ocean Grove State School and then The Hermitage in Geelong. She went on to study at the University of Melbourne, residing at Janet Clarke Hall, and graduating with a Bachelor of Arts with majors in English and French.

Between 1966 and 1972 Garner worked as a high-school teacher at various Victorian high schools. During this time, in 1967, she also travelled overseas and met Bill Garner, whom she married in 1968 on their return to Australia. Her only child, the actor, musician and writer Alice Garner, was born in 1969, and her marriage ended in 1971.

In 1972, she was sacked by the Victorian Department of Education for "giving an unscheduled sex-education lesson to her 13-year-old students at Fitzroy High School". The case was widely publicised in Melbourne, bringing Garner a degree of notoriety.

Garner married two more times: Jean-Jacques Portail (1980–85) and Australian writer Murray Bail (born 1941). She is no longer married. In 2003 a portrait of Garner, titled *True Stories*, painted by Jenny Sages, was a finalist in the Archibald Prize.

Garner came to prominence at a time when Australian writers were relatively few in number, and Australian women writers were, by some, considered a novelty. Australian academic and writer, Kerryn Goldsworthy, writes that "From the beginning of her writing career Garner was regarded as, and frequently called, a stylist, a realist, and a feminist".

Her first novel, *Monkey Grip* (1977), relates the lives of a group of welfare recipients living in student-style accommodation in Melbourne. Years later she stated that she had adapted it directly from her personal diaries. The book was very successful: it won the National Book Council Award in 1978 and was turned into a film in 1982. In fact, Goldsworthy suggests that the success of *Monkey Grip* may well have helped revive the careers of two older but largely ignored Australian women writers, Jessica Anderson and Thea Astley. Thea Astley wrote of the novel that "I am filled with envy by someone like Helen Garner for instance.

I re-read *Monkey Grip* a while ago and it's even better second time through". Critics have retrospectively applied the term Grunge Lit to describe *Monkey Grip*, citing its depiction of urban life and social realism as being key aspects of later works in the subgenre.

In subsequent books, she has continued to adapt her personal experiences. Her later novels are: *The Children's Bach* (1984) and *Cosmo Cosmolino* (1992). In 2008 she returned to fiction writing with the publication of *The Spare Room*, a fictional treatment of caring for a dying cancer patient, based on the illness and death of Garner's friend Jenya Osborne. She has also published several short story collections: *Honour & Other People's Children: two stories* (1980), *Postcards from Surfers* (1985) and *My Hard Heart: Selected Fictions* (1998).

In 1986, Australian academic and critic, Don Anderson, wrote of *The Children's Bach*: "There are four perfect short novels in the English language. They are, in chronological order, Ford Madox Ford's *The Good Soldier*, Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* and Garner's *The Children's Bach*." The Australian composer Andrew Schultz wrote an opera of the same name which premiered in 2008.

Garner said, in 1985, that writing novels was like "trying to make a patchwork quilt look seamless. A novel is made up of scraps of our own lives and bits of other people's, and things we think of in the middle of the night and whole notebooks full of randomly collected details". In an interview in 1999, she said that "My initial reason for writing is that I need to shape things so I can make them bearable or comprehensible to myself. It's my way of making sense of things that I've lived and seen other people live, things that I'm afraid of, or that I long for".

Not all critics have liked Garner's work. Goldsworthy writes that "It is certainly the case that Garner is someone whose work elicits strong feelings ... and people who dislike her work are profoundly irritated by those who think she is one of the best writers in the country". Novelist and reviewer, Peter Corris wrote in his review of *Monkey Grip* that Garner "has published her private journal rather than written a novel" while Peter Pierce wrote in *Meanjin* of *Honour and Other People's Children* that Garner "talks dirty and passes it off as realism". Goldsworthy suggests that these two statements imply that she is not really a writer. Craven, though, argues that her novella, *The Children's Bach*, "should put paid to the myth of Helen Garner as a mere literalist or reporter", arguing, in fact, that it "is light years away from any sprawling-tell-it-all naturalism, [that] it is concentrated realism of extraordinary formal polish and the amount of tonal variation which it gets from its seemingly simple plot is multifoliate to the point of being awesome".

Most of her novels address "sexual desire and the family", exploring "the relationship between sexual behaviour and social organisation; the anarchic nature of desire and the orderly force of the institution of 'family'; the similarities and differences between collective households and nuclear families; the significance and the language of housework; and the idea of 'the house' as image, symbol, site and peace."

Craven comments that Garner is "always an extremely *accurate* writer in terms of the emotional states she depicts".

She has written three screenplays: *Monkey Grip* (1982), written with and directed by Ken Cameron; *Two Friends* (1986), directed by Jane Campion for TV; and *The Last Days of Chez Nous* (1992), directed by Gillian Armstrong.

Critic Peter Craven writes that "*Two Friends* is arguably the most accomplished piece of screenwriting the country has seen and it is characterized by a total lack of condescension towards the teenage girls at its centre".

Garner has written non-fiction from the beginning of her career as a writer. In 1972 she was fired from her teaching job after publishing in *The Digger*, a counter-culture magazine, an anonymous account of frank and extended discussions she had with her students about sexuality and sexual activities. She wrote for this magazine from 1972 to 1974. In 1993, she won a Walkley Award for her *TIME* magazine account of a murder trial following the death of a toddler at the hands of his stepfather.

One of her most famous and controversial books is *The First Stone* (1995), an account of a 1992 sexual harassment scandal at Ormond College. This book was a best-seller in Australia, but also attracted considerable criticism. Garner's other non-fiction books are: *True Stories: Selected Non-Fiction* (1996), *The Feel of Steel* (2001) and *Joe Cinque's Consolation* (2004). She also contributed to *La Mama, the Story of a Theatre* (1988).

WORKS

Novels

- *Monkey Grip* (1977)
- *The Children's Bach* (1984)
- *Cosmo Cosmolino* (1992)
- *The Spare Room* (2008)

Short story collections

- *Honour & Other People's Children: Two Stories* (1980)
- *Postcards from Surfers* (1985)
- *My Hard Heart: Selected Fictions* (1998)

Screenplays

- *Monkey Grip* (1982, directed and co-written by Ken Cameron)
- *Two Friends* (1986, telemovie, directed by Jane Campion)
- *The Last Days of Chez Nous* (1992, directed by Gillian Armstrong)

Non-fiction books

- *The First Stone* (1995)
- *True Stories: Selected Non-Fiction* (1996)

- *The Feel of Steel* (2001)
- *Joe Cinque's Consolation* (2004)
- *This House of Grief - The Story of a Murder Trial* (2014)

Articles

- "Man with the Pearl-White Cord", Dec 2005 – Jan 2006, No. 8, *The Monthly*
- "Moving Experience", September 2005, No. 5, *The Monthly*
- "Punishing Lauren", June 2005, No. 2, *The Monthly*
- "A Date with Darcy" , 18 January 2013 *The Sydney Morning Herald*

Awards and nominations

- 1978 – National Book Council award for *Monkey Grip*
- 1986 – South Australian Premier's Awards for *The Children's Bach*
- 1986 – New South Wales Premier's Literary Awards, Christina Stead Prize for Fiction for *Postcards from Surfers*
- 1987 – New South Wales Premier's Literary Awards, Television Writing Award for *Two Friends*
- 1983 – Shortlisted for the Miles Franklin Award for *Cosmo Cosmolino*
- 1993 – Walkley Award for Best Feature Writing for *Did Daniel Have to Die?*, published in *TIME*
- 1997 – Nita Kibble Literary Award for *True Stories: Selected Non-fiction*
- 2005 – Ned Kelly Awards joint winner for Best True Crime for *Joe Cinque's Consolation*
- 2006 – Melbourne Prize for Literature
- 2008 – Victorian Premier's Literary Awards, Vance Palmer Prize for Fiction for *The Spare Room*
- 2008 – Queensland Premier's Literary Awards Fiction Book Award for *The Spare Room*
- 2009 – Barbara Jefferis Award for *The Spare Room*

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