

AUGUST – SEPTEMBER, 2007



THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE:

...HOT POTATO...

Deadline:
Thursday September 28, 2007

(short poem, or prose up to 750 words)

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Hello Everyone

The last couple of days in Launceston have been sunny and Spring-like, and I noticed particularly that some varieties of wattle were in full bloom. This brought to mind Wattle Day, which is celebrated on 1st September. When I was a child growing up in Melbourne after WW2, there was always something special to do on the Sunday closest to the day, but, sadly, the popularity of the day waned. In 1992, National Wattle Day was gazetted – what an excellent way to celebrate the arrival of Spring! The day was originally conceived as a day to demonstrate patriotism for the new nation of Australia by wearing a sprig of wattle, and I love this little exhortation published in the Sydney Morning Herald in 1916 -

*'Wear a spray of Wattle and your allegiance pay
To the emblem of your country
For this is Wattle Day.'*

The final piece of your history lesson for today is a reminder that just as wattles rise from the ash of bushfires, so Australians have always shown a determination to succeed and rise above any disasters, showing the spirit that has made us a great nation.

Keep writing (maybe about Wattle Trees) and enjoying it,

Finally, The Alice Award will be presented again in 2008. Victoria SWW are hosting the event. We need to send our nomination for this award – an Australian female writer who has made a significant contribution to writing. Who do you think fits this bill? Send your nomination to our secretary Rose.

Warm regards to all,
Maureen.

PS- Please do the right thing by our Society and give consideration to helping by either nominating for the Committee, or at least taking time to record your vote. Our Annual General Meeting is on Monday, 1st October, 2007. see you there...

From the desk...

Hello again, everyone,

It's rapidly coming to that time of year again. No, I don't mean the festive season, I mean the AGM, that exciting time when the buzz is, who is going to man the committee for another year. Will it be you?

Christina Booth joined us in Launceston recently. She was very generous with her time and with her anecdotes of how she got started as an illustrator and eventually a childrens' book writer in her own right.

Some interesting slants on the last theme for you to ponder. Thank you to those who responded.

Again another H {elp} File from Jane to tickle your funny bone. Some interesting sites to consider. I wonder if they'd be useful if you decided to follow that genre for our next theme ...hot potato...? I'd keep an eye on that one, see what shoots up. Mash around a few thoughts but no half-baked ideas! So, please, keep chipping away on that one...

Finally, Maureen's not exactly having a knee's up, but she is indisposed presently. We hope to see her back on her feet very soon. All the best from everyone, Maureen.

Now the levity's over, there's only one thing left to say...

...all the best in writing... **R**

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PURININA, A Devil's Tale

From those early days growing up at Steiglitz on Tasmania's east coast, when the little library at St Helens only opened in the evenings, Christina Booth always loved reading. One of her favourite authors was Colin Thiele.

A talented artist, Christina had a passion, a dream to follow, to be a book illustrator. Chance played its part in this journey. Finding herself removed to Wagga Wagga with her husband, Christina took up work as a teacher, she then found herself in the serendipitous company of a small publisher. It appears it isn't the size of the publishing house sometimes, it's simply who that publisher knows - and who did she know? Why, it was Colin Thiele, and he'd requested Christina to illustrate his next book *Sun Warm Memories*.

But Christina's journey didn't stop there. She wanted to take the next step, become an author and illustrator in her own right. With hair dyed pink to impress anyone who might meet her, she set off with her portfolio to the publishing houses in the big smoke of Melbourne. Undeterred that phone calls and visits were ignored, she kept up the momentum until, at last, perhaps through exasperation, she was finally granted an audience.

Purinina, a Tasmanian aboriginal word for the quirky animal we know as the Tasmanian devil, eventuated through Lothian Books. Written and illustrated by Christina, it tells the story of a devil, from birth to motherhood. This book asks the ultimate question: Can they survive humanity?

Purinina - a Devil's Tale
Christina Booth
Available from bookstores

AH! VANITY BEGONE

To a writer, getting published can mean everything. To see those words in print brings a certain satisfaction of having achieved a goal. But at what cost? There are many contests out there, especially on the internet, which have that ability to draw you in, and once you're there, your ego goes on a wild ride as the compliments come gushing off the screen. The dazzle of thousands of dollars in prizes probably encourages the writer to take that step forward, knowing there is just a chance that their work will 'make it'. Your work can only be the best. You always thought that but now it's been proved, 'cause you are being told, over and over again. However, be warned, all that glistens etc. is not exactly what it appears to be. Whether it's an anthology or a competition, the trap awaits the unwary.

You can find out more about the pitfalls along the way by viewing:

<http://accrispin.blogspot.com/2007/07/victoria-strauss-literary-agents-for.html>

<http://www.sfw.org/beware/contests.html#Vanity>

http://www.winningwriters.com/contests/avoid/av_avoid.php

CREDITS

Robyn Mathison - poem & review - *Poetry Matters* #3

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

I seemed to grow up with this dire warning ringing in my ears, or floating before my eyes. No-one explained to me what such an event might be, so I attempted to unravel the mystery from written instructions and adult hints. The signs advised to 'pull that', 'push this', 'ask an adult', or better still, a policeman. Nowadays you would be hard pushed to find a policeman waiting around for your emergency. And let's face it, an emergency to a child is not necessarily one to an adult. So I developed my own strategies for coping with unexpected problems.

When very young, bursting into tears seemed to work, as when accompanying my older sister to school at the tender age of five, I managed that feat when she was subjected to bullying by a large state school boy and his sister. My spontaneous tears worked. He looked suitably abashed, not because of me, but because he was roundly trounced by his sister for making the 'little one' cry. Needless to say it was not a strategy that remained with me for long.

The stiff upper lip was regarded as *de rigueur* as I grew older. Flight was good, and was practised when crossing Howick Street after school to see a mob of cattle accompanied by whip-cracking stockmen bearing down on us as they were driven from the saleyards at Killafaddy to holding yards at Kings Meadows. It may not have done much for our blood pressure, but it did wonders for our respiratory systems and stamina. Long distance runners please note.

Withdrawal had its points. When our gas cooker caught fire, and all hands milled about noisily offering wacky ideas for coping, I withdrew from the fray, confident that someone would fix it – and they did. My sister had the presence of mind to turn off the gas at the tap. The gasman later commented that it was just as well she had acted quickly, or it would have been a disastrous conflagration – an emergency in fact.

As a student in Hobart, I learnt from the other girls at the Hostel to always carry 'Mad Money' – in case of emergency. This small amount was sacrosanct, never to be spent frivolously, to be reserved for unexpected emergencies which may need a phone call or taxi fare. As mine was never spent you can gather that I lived a calm and placid life.

An interesting fact about emergencies is that sometimes they are not! In other words, sometimes over-responsible people perceive an emergency where none really exists. Doubtful?

An example of this phenomena occurred to a friend in wartime. An attractive blonde, she was travelling home for the holidays from Brisbane to the Atherton Tableland. Now during the war travel was discouraged and special permits had to be obtained. So my friend found herself sharing a 'dog box' with men from the Army, packed in tightly, even the luggage racks. They were accompanied by a very young, rather nervous officer. The train progressed slowly, without incident, and most of the passengers dozed off, as did the young officer. Now as this train climbed it entered a fairly long and dark tunnel, with a noticeable bend towards the end. As the train reached the bend, the driver hit the brakes, and the train gave out a long screeching squeal like a banshee, which woke the young officer from his cosy nap. As they emerged into the light, he leapt to his feet, still half asleep, and shouted: "My God! What have you done to her!"

Those awake fell about laughing. My friend was embarrassed. Luckily there was a sergeant with them, and it's part of a sergeant's job to train young officers. So he said soothingly, "It's all right – just the brakes." and then kindly: "You must have spent too much time with the Americans – Sir."

So you see, sometimes you can be faced by that most mystifying of events – an emergency that never was!

Joan MacKenzie Eldridge

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY BREAK THE GLASS!

Helen looked at the sign. She had always thought it was a stupid command. How did one break the glass? What was one meant to use? What was an emergency?

She huddled back into her seat. The train was running smoothly through the countryside. The snow was still falling heavily, covering the fields with a thick mantle of white.

Helen smiled. They would have a white Christmas. She remembered her childhood Christmases. Fragrant pine tree, bright decorations, delicious smells from the kitchen, mysterious presents suddenly appearing as if by magic. How long ago it seemed. How long ago it was! Today was her birthday. Her parents always told her she was the best present they had been given. Their love had sheltered her and she had grown up knowing how precious she was to them.

'Tea, coffee, chocolate?' The cheerful voice of the attendant broke into her reverie. Helen looked up and smiled. The normally conservatively dressed attendant was wearing a Santa hat decorated with tinsel and twinkling Christmas-wreath earrings.

'Chocolate, please' she replied.

'A piece of cake?' the woman asked.

'Just the chocolate, thank you.'

Helen settled back, cradling the warm drink in her hand. She sipped slowly, savouring the warmth of the hot chocolate. The emergency sign caught her eye again. She certainly had an emergency but breaking that glass was not going to help.

She recalled the terror in her father's voice. 'It's mother, darling. She's in intensive care. A heart attack this afternoon. Helen, I think you need to come.'

Helen reassured him that she would catch the first available train. The rest of the afternoon passed in a blur. She made arrangements at work, booked a seat on the train and packed a suitcase. Her neighbour assured her she would take care of the house and cancel milk and newspapers for her. Within 2 hours, Helen was on the train making her way north.

The snow continued to fall. Cheerful lights and village decorations lit the passing landscape. Helen tried to sleep. It was a long trip and it would be late when she arrived. Her mind, however, refused to slow down. Memories of her mother flooded in. Their last conversation had not been harmonious.

'Helen, please don't let this opportunity pass without giving it serious consideration. This is something you have always wanted to do. I know it is a risk but life is risky, darling. Just think of it. The art, the history, the beauty!'

'I know, mum. It's everything I've always wanted. But look at what I'd be losing. I have my job, my pension, my house, my life here. I have security. What will I have there? Mum, I'm almost fifty!'

Her mother laughed. 'Fifty! You still have so many years ahead. Take a chance. Grab this opportunity with both hands and relish it'.

Helen sighed. She looked out the window. The snow had stopped falling. The sky was clear and the first stars were appearing. She thought about her mother and those last words she had spoken. She knew her mother was right but was not sure she had the courage to take that first step.

“Next stop Macclesfield.” “Next stop Macclesfield.” “Please wait until the train has stopped before opening the door.” The recorded voice broke into her thoughts.

She stood up and collected her case. The train slowed gently and stopped. She made her way to the door and stepped onto the platform.

She saw her father immediately. His thin face was wreathed in smiles. Helen knew this emergency was over. She also knew the present she would give her mother for Christmas.

Jacqui Smart

MAYDAY! MAYDAY! MAYDAY!

The control tower and radio room were bathed in subdued lighting which emanated from the blue tinge of the DF screens and the green-shaded lamps casting a pool of light illuminating each workspace.

We were currently on a state of full alert – in the middle of an emergency exercise – testing our ability to defend ourselves in the event of enemy action.

An aircraft carrier somewhere out to sea was conducting night flying exercises, its movements were meticulously logged by a member of the night watch.

Out there in the darkness a company of Marines was edging their way towards our Naval air station, its runway bathed in moonlight.

Station watch-keepers pursued their normal tasks – off duty personnel slept fitfully, ready to spring into action if required.

Naval guards patrolled the perimeters of the station, stopping, searching and interrogating anyone who approached their territory.

A neighbouring farmer, heading for a session with his cronies at the local hostelry, taking the usual short cut across the top end of the airfield, found himself under arrest!

The duty signal Wren, securely locked in the main signal office, was alerted to the sound of gunfire and discovered her phone was dead.

The lights went out and came on again as the emergency generator kicked in. The noise outside had abated and voices could be heard fading away into the distance.

The silence was shattered by the clatter of a teleprinter starting up. This clatter startled the Wren, causing her legs to turn to jelly and her hands to begin shaking. Forcing herself to concentrate, she extracted the incoming tape and ran it through the crypto machine.

“Noisy night, Leading Wren,” said the duty officer as he emerged from an adjacent room.

The Wrennery, situated at the far end of the station, was fronted by a high brick wall. This wall was known by station personnel as the ‘wailing wall’ because it was here WRNS and their escorts returning from a ‘run ashore’ (night on the town, in Naval parlance), would stop for a last passionate embrace before disappearing through the gates to be signed in by the officer on duty.

A lone invader, in full battle dress, stood beneath it looking up, intent on a bit of fun, with money riding on his ability to get inside.

Having reconnoitred the area, he uncoiled a rope and with the aid of a grappling iron, climbed up and over. Lights out had sounded, the compound was in darkness as he dropped to the ground. An Alsatian dog appeared before him snarling. He warded it off with the butt of his rifle. The animal yelped and sank its teeth into his calf.

“You’re under arrest, sergeant!” came a female voice of a WRNS officer emerging from the shadows.

Out-ranked and on forbidden territory, he limped with her to the guard house, to sit tied to a chair, a bloody bandage wrapped around his bared calf.

From an adjacent room, First Officer WRNS could be heard talking on the phone.

“I’ve captured a live one, best send a medic over, Caesar took a chunk out of him, I think he’ll need stitches.”

“I’ll be the laughing stock of the platoon,” the prisoner muttered to the dog, who afforded him a baleful stare.

The control tower rocked with a loud explosion, as a Marine appeared in the smoke-filled doorway to announce, “You’re out of action!”

The invaders, weapons at the ready, ranged themselves around the room.

A signal Wren broke the silence, “Sir, a Seahawk with engine trouble has requested permission to land.”

The controller flicked a switch, landing lights flooded the runway, a claxton blared alerting the fire crew to stand by.

The captors silently withdrew as the Naval air station prepared to cope with a real life emergency!

Eileen Webster

NO EASY RETURN

Simon Carpenter was running late. Nothing unusual in that. She didn’t say anything, just smiled. Then, as an afterthought, “Sir, perhaps a few tissues?”

He found the seat she’d indicated, on the left. He hoped no-one would sit next to him, he had things to think about. And after all, this was really only a commuter flight, a hop from one state to another. He wiped his face and hands with the tissues and absently the sleeves of his suit-jacket. The seat belt clicked.

It would have been better without rain today but who can choose the weather? The office wanted him over there. He hardly questioned work. Work was work no matter the short notice, no matter the disruptions – and there’d been plenty this morning. Bree was in a foul mood, Jake wouldn’t co-operate with the cereal she was trying to force-feed him, and Skye thought it would be opportune to feign stomach cramps – à la no go school. Just one of those mornings. He shuffled in his seat, looked at the in-flight menu for a time but decided he’d be fine. Perhaps a drink later.

He’d scooted out the door managing a peck on the cheek for Bree and a quick pat on the head with a ‘be good for your mum kids’ as he grabbed his overnight case and car keys. ‘See you in a couple of days, hon...’ he managed before he finally got away.

Now he wished the day could be reversed. Started over. Try it all again, differently. It didn’t help that he actually hated flying. His palms were clammy. The plane was taxiing down the runway.

The crew were going through the usual drill. Crazy, he thought. What would happen if... No, get your head back to the other stuff, the deal you’re working on with Madison’s. He was glad the flight was not packed, he might catch forty winks.

There was something disturbing, a horrendous whining. He thought he was dreaming. Jet engines *were* screaming!

He became aware of the pressure working against him. It was intensely powerful pushing his whole body back, crushing him into the seat.

The oxygen masks had dropped but he had no show of retrieving one. What was it? Look after yourself first, then others. How?

The noise was tremendous and, additionally, the shell of the plane creaked and cracked as if its husk was about to burst apart.

There was some sound, human, but not vigorous like you'd expect. His mouth was being contorted with the velocity of the fall.

With all he could muster he forced his head leftward. No answer there. Seats empty. He cranked his head back to the window, a deathly fear surged through him. The plane was plummeting, screaming out of the sky, dropping erratically through the clouds.

He wished he'd held Bree tight, wrapped his arms around her, crushed her with his true feelings. And the kids – Jake, the chip off the block – great little guy. And what if Skye fudged a day off school, what's one day out of a lifetime. He checked himself – one day out of a lifetime – it was now how many minutes, seconds were left of his lifetime!

“Hi hon... No, I'm fine. The Plaza is pretty quiet. Madison's are paying for the room. Yes, we're rescheduling in a coupla' weeks.”

“ Mmm, I'll be on the bus home tomorrow. No, I can't believe it either, it righted itself at the very last moment. Yeah, it sure was crazy.”

“Hon.., are you crying? No don't wait up. Kiss the kids for me.”

It was still raining when Simon left the The Plaza by taxi early next morning, his return flight ticket cancelled. He stepped out of the cab at the bus depot. “Thanks mate,” he said handing the cabbie a note. “Keep the change, buddy,” he urged as he grabbed his hand luggage. He expected the long ride home would be uneventful and he'd probably sleep most of the way. He didn't notice the headlines at the newsstand as he hurried past and into the terminus:

Widespread Flooding Creates Havoc, Bus Plunges into River – Death Toll 30!
Rose Frankcombe

Are you an aspiring poet?

THE TASMANIAN POETRY FESTIVAL is a great opportunity for established and emerging poets to vent their talents. Begins in Launceston on October 5. For more details contact: tpf_inc@yahoo.com.au or view: <http://www.tasmanianwriters.org/taspoetryfestival>

ALICE AWARD 2008. Who would you consider a deserving winner of The Alice Award 2008? The nominee would have to be an Australian female writer who has over the years made a great contribution to the art of writing. The host state for the presentation is Victoria. Send your nominations to: Hon. Secretary, SWWT, C/- 118 Arnolds Road, Karoola, Tas., 7267.

INTERESTED IN COPYRIGHT? You can send for Calendar, the newsletter of Copyright Agency Limited (CAL). Contact details: Public Affairs Copyright Agency Limited, Level 15, 233 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, NSW 2000, email: pr@copyright.com.au or view <http://www.copyright.com.au>

THE H[elp] FILES

For ... Humour in and for Writing

This H[elp] File has less to do with writing humourously and more to do with keeping your sense of humour while you write because with humourous writings one joke, pun, or satirical situation does not fit all. If you want to write with humour then you must read, read and read until you discover something that tickles your writing bone — then work to understand how that author ticks. Easy peasy.

Now a sense of humour needs exercise but don't forget to give it a proper warm up. Let's ease into the regime with *The Institution of Silly and Meaningless Sayings* at www.isms.org.uk/ cited as

being 'the UK's, if not the world's foremost authority on humourous isms'. A big claim, put it to the test.

Next, stretch those humourpuscles by visiting the online magazine, *Fugitive Author* at <http://fugitiveauthor.com/> Click on 'humour' (or 'humor') and take a stroll.

It's now time for your sense of humour to pick up the pace at *News of the Weird* oddly enough at www.newsoftheweird.com/ We live in a very strange world indeed — thank the writing gods!

Your sense of humour is now ready for the marathon event — The Burry Man Writers Centre at www.burryman.com/diversions.html . There are links here to *The Omnificent English Dictionary in Limerick Form*, *The Annals of Improbable Research* — and then there are ... silly things. If you want your sense of humour to live, visit!

Lastly, a slight cool down is necessary so as to not over cook your humour. *The Book of Bunny Suicides* and *Return of the Bunny Suicides* by Andy Riley (available at the State Library 741.5 RIL) are perfect ... though it may be a while until they are back on the library shelf. Sick, yes but there is no need to feel guilty about the demise of a few pesky pests ... think of them as Akubras waiting to happen.

Next in The H[elp] Files ... the latest flavour of the month, *Food Writing*

Jane Schell Waite

COMPETITIONS AND OPPORTUNITIES

(all care has been taken sourcing the information given below, but please, always check the details for yourself)

- Sep 21 **EJ BRADY SHORT STORY COMPETITION** – a) Major Short Story to 2500 wds – e/fee \$10.00 – theme/open – 1st \$1000.00 b) Very Short Story to 700 wds – theme/open – e/fee \$7.00 – 1st \$500.00 – for further information and entry form view: <http://www.mallacootaarts.org> or telephone 03 5158 0890
- Sep 21 **ROLF BOLDREWOOD LITERARY AWARDS** (The Outback Writers Centre and the Macquarie Regional Library) a) prose to 3000 wds (fiction, article or essay) - theme/Australian b) poetry to 80 lines – 1st Boldrewood bust sculpted by Brett Garling + \$600.00, 2nd \$300.00, 3rd \$150.00- for further information and entry form view: <http://www.mrl.nsw.gov.au> or send SSAE to: The Convenor, Rolf Boldrewood Literary Awards, PO Box 1042, Dubbo, NSW 2830
- Sep 30 **VERA NEWSOM POETRY PRIZE** – poems to max 32 lines – e/fee \$5.00 per poem – no e/fm – 1st \$300.00, 2nd \$100.00 – for further information SSAE to: Receiving Officer, Youngstreet Poets, PO Box 71, Avalon, NSW 2007
- Sep 30 **MARJORIE BARNARD AWARD, FAW NSW** – short story to 3000 wds – 1st \$500.00 – e/fee \$10.00 – open to permanent residents of Australia – entries to be unpublished, original and have not won a prize at the time of entry – for further details contact: Competition Secretary, PO Box 488 Rozelle, NSW 2039 - telephone 02 9810 1307 – email fawns@bigpond.com
- Sep 30 **BIGGEST LITTLE SHORT STORY COMPETITION** – Eastern Writers Group competition – to 500 wds - theme/open – max. 4 stories – e/fee \$5.00 per entry – for further information and e/fm view: <http://www.wordsatwork.com.au> or telephone 03 9434 3491
- Sep 30 **TROUBADOR POETRY PRIZE** – 1st £1000, 2nd £500, 3rd £250 – open to poets of any nationality over 18 years – poems must be in English and no longer than 45 lines – no limit to the no. of poems (unpublished) submitted – e/fee: £5 per poem if less than 4 poems or £4 if more than 4 poems – payable by cheque or money order (Sterling or Euro) – poems and payment may be sent by mail to: Troubador Poetry Prize, Coffee-house Poetry, PO Box 16210, London, W4, 1ZP or email (with payment

following by mail) to: CoffPoetry@aol.com - for further details contact Coffee-house Poetry (address above)

- Sep 30 **THE BEST OF TIMES SHORT STORY COMPETITION** – up to 3000 wds – humorous – e/fee \$6.00 – for further information and entry form view: http://www.geocities.com/spiky_one/comp4.html or email cabbook-4@yahoo.com.au or SSAE to: Chris Broadribb, PO Box 116, Burwood NSW 1805
- Sep 30 **ABC MYSTERY WRITING COMPETITION** - must use the setting of Central Queensland - s/s up to 750 words - emailed entries preferred but ordinary mail acceptable too - prize: boxed set of Agatha Christie's Inspector Poirot mysteries - runner up DVD of Kidnapped - email entries to porter.linda@abc.net.au or post to: ABC Capricornia Short Story, PO Box 911, Rockhampton, Qld, 4700
- Sep 30 **EUCALYPT** — poets may submit up to six tanka for consideration but no more than two poems by an individual poet will be accepted for a single issue – no submission fee – for further details contact; Beverley George, PO box 37, Pearl Beach 2256 or view: <http://www.eucalypt.info>
- Nov 9 **ONE ACT PLAY AWARD** - FAW Shoalhaven – performance max. 45 mins. – theme/open – multiple entries permitted – e/fee \$10.00 per entry – 1st \$500.00, 2nd X3 @ \$100.00 each, 3rd Commendation certificates to selected entries – e/fm from: www.fawnswoalhaven.org.au or for further information SSAE to: FAW Shoalhaven, PO Box 154, Nowra, NSW 2541
- Nov 30 **SHORT & TWISTED** – an anthology of short stories & poetry to be released in May 2008 – a) Short Story to 2000 wds b) Super Shorts to 500 wds c) Poetry to 30 lines d) Black & White Images – photos & illustrations. Email submissions to shortandtwisted@celapenepress.com.au or SSAE to: Short & Twisted, 2 Bonview Court, Knoxfield, Vic 3180
- Dec 31 **TOM COLLINS POETRY PRIZE 2007** - poems to max 60 lines - e/fee \$5.00 per poem (max. X3 poems per author) - e/fm necessary - 1st \$1000.00, 2nd \$400.00, X4 Highly Commended \$150.00, Commended (certificate) - for further information SSAE FAWWA, PO Box 312, Cottesloe, WA 6911 or view: <http://www.fawwa.org.au> or email <mailto:admin@fawwa.org.au>
- Jan 31 **KING ISLAND LITERARY AWARD 2008** - open to all residents in Tasmania - poetry to 60 lines - an island theme - 1st \$300.00, 2nd \$100.00 - no e/fm required - e/fee \$3.00 per poem - send entries to: FAW Tasmania, PO Box 234, North Hobart, Tas 7002
- Mar 27 **INVERAWE OUTDOORS POETRY COMPETITION** - theme: Nature - max 28 lines - max X3 entries per person - unpublished and not under a publisher's consideration - e/fm essential - e/fee \$5.00 per poem - 1st \$500.00, and a single minor prize of \$200.00 is offered. Additionally, a \$200.00 prize is offered for a Tasmanian resident and a \$200.00 prize for an emerging poet - for further information SSAE Inverawe Native Gardens, Margate, Tasmania or view: <http://www.inverawe.com.au>

JUDITH WRIGHT PRIZE FOR NEW AND EMERGING POETS is open for submissions – for poets who've not yet had a collection of their work commercially published – max. X3 unpublished poems per entrant - \$5.00 administration fee – poems to be considered for publication in Overland - prizes: major award \$2000.00 & X2 @ \$250.00 (to be awarded annually) – for further information view: http://www.overlandexpress.org/poetry_prize.html

SOCIAL EXPERIMENT - Topic: Depression - Head Noises Collective – intended to be released as a published collection of writing, including poetry. For further information view: <http://socialexperiment.ath.cx/index.php?module=webpage&id=5> or contact dandywhirlwind@gmail.com

LITTLE EARS - the Australian story magazine for 3 to 6 year olds, *Little Ears*, launched on 3 September into national newsagencies. showcasing Australian writers of children's

stories, poetry and plays, to inspire young children – for further information view:
<http://www.littleears.com.au>

THE BOOK PLACE is a site where self-published authors can promote their work
http://www.fixwrite.net/book_place.htm

COMPUTER HINTS FOR WRITERS NUMBER •----

Instead of typing -- or --- for en (–) or em (—) dashes use a Shortcut Key:
Hold down Ctrl and the dash on the Number keypad for an en dash.
Hold down Ctrl and Alt then press the dash on the Number keypad for an em dash.

SICK OF THOSE ANNOYING SCAMS? Want to do something about it?
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SWWT Treasurer,
79 Franklin Street,
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SWWT'ers, are you interested in participating in the Society a little more? Please consider putting your name forward as a committee member. Fill in the enclosed form and return it to: Hon. Secretary, SWWT, C/- 118 Arnolds Road, Karoola, Tas., 7267

Got something on your mind?

Forgotten your subscription perhaps?

SWWT \$20.00 annual subscriptions fell due 30/06/07

Send your cheque or Money Order to:
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79 Franklin Street,
WESTBURY, Tas., 7303

THEME FOR NEXT ISSUE:

...HOT POTATO...

Deadline:
Thursday September 28, 2007

(short poem, or prose up to 750 words)

AGM

Monday, 1 October 2007

Women Tasmania Room,
53 St John Street, Launceston.

12.30 p.m.

Lunch to share, all welcome.

WANT TO GET TOGETHER?

If you would like to meet up, please telephone one of the numbers given below to confirm the next meeting date.

HOBART

In Hobart you can meet on the first Tuesday of each month (Feb. – Dec.)
More details? Contact Robyn Mathison – 03 6234 4418 (after 2.00 p.m only)

LAUNCESTON

On the first Monday of each month we meet in the Women Tasmania room (building on the corner directly opposite the old post office) at 10 a.m.
For more details contact Marg 03 6393 1075 or Maureen 03 6339 1320

The Society of Women Writers, Tasmania, Incorporated
Incorporation No: IA 08090 ABN: 91 079 957 602

SWWT encourages urban and rural writers to be a part of our statewide roster of postal magazines that circulate throughout the year. A critique with positive advice for improvements is given to your submitted work.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Do you write verse? Short stories? Articles? Other? Tell us when you send in your membership application form with payment to:

Treasurer, SWWT, Inc.,
79 Franklin Street,
WESTBURY, Tas., 7303

Membership: \$20.00
(under 16 years \$15.00)

NAME:

ADDRESS: POSTCODE:

EMAIL: TELEPHONE: FAX:

I AM INTERESTED IN (genre):
Please forward a small sample of your writing (500 words or less) for allocation to a magazine when you submit your application:

DATE: SIGNATURE:

For further information contact: socwwtas@yahoo.com or view: <http://www.lilydaletas.net/comgrps/SWW>