

FEBRUARY - MARCH, 2011

# Stylus



**THEME FOR FEBRUARY - MARCH 2011**

*...Australiana...*

Deadline: Thursday, April 14, 2011

(short poem, or prose up to 750 words)

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## President's Message:

The launch of 'Word Weavers' an anthology of poetry, held at Petrarch's bookstore in December, was a great success. Our thanks go to Petrarch's for their generosity, in allowing us the use of their book store as the venue for this event. Congratulations once again to everyone concerned with publishing this book.

March seems to have come around very quickly this year. The seasons seem to have gone from Spring to Autumn with only a brief pause for Christmas and New Year. No sooner had the Christmas decorations been taken down in the shops, but Easter items have appeared in their place.

Our Christmas breakup lunch at the Grand Chancellor hotel after our December 2010 meeting was declared a great success by everyone who attended and, perhaps, this could become an annual event.

One of our members, Margot Manchester, spoke at our December 2010 meeting on the relationship between photographic imagery and the written story. Margot's photographic skills are excellent and blending a story within a photograph showed us a whole new dimension to her writing skills.

We will be having more guest speakers throughout 2011. The Society welcomes everyone to come to our meetings in Launceston on the first Monday of each month, not only to listen to these speakers, but also to give and receive information helpful to all writers as well as enjoying a wonderfully relaxing few hours with a group of your peers.

I look forward to seeing you there.

Wendy Laing  
President

## From the desk...

A packed edition this time. Lots of varied responses to our theme *..take no prisoners...*

Our big news of course was the launch of our new publication, *Word Weavers - An Anthology of Poetry*, in which 16 of our poets have participated.

Our publication has been well received, but if you would like to purchase another copy as a gift for someone, please do get in touch with our treasurer (details page 11) - or go to Petrarch's Bookstore in Launceston, where you'll find copies on display.

Speaking of Petrarch's, we were very privileged to be able to have our book launch in the newly expanded store - amid all those other wonderful books. Peter Durkin and his team looked after us very well. As a treat, some of our poets entertained us, or made us think more deeply about life, especially when Margot Manchester read her poem, *My Survival Walk*, her account of part of her journey with breast cancer. Loretta McCarthy read her poem, *Courage* - and the indefatigable Yvonne Gluyas performed her poem, *My Cat Can Speak Catonese*, Mary Quigley was unfortunately once again surrounded by flood waters at Deloraine and couldn't be there, so Wendy Laing read her poem, *October*, on her behalf. All in all it was a very good evening and a fitting climax to a long journey to publication.

Karen Laura-Lee Wilson also knows the long journey to publication, with her memoir finally being launched in Hobart in early March (read an excerpt, page 3).

And finally you can't miss Jane Waite's H[elp] files this edition, where she reveals some of her family history and embraces its convict ancestry.

Enjoy.

*all the best in writing... R*

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Word Weavers book launch, Petrarch's Bookstore, Launceston, December 9, 2010  
L to R: Natasha Devereux, Rose Frankcombe, Liz Russell-Arnot, Yvonne Gluyas  
Photo courtesy Liz Russell-Arnot

## CONGRATULATIONS

Karen Laura-Lee Wilson - launch of *Gaining a Sense of Self* - a memoir

Yvonne Gluyas - audition for Australia's Got Talent

Kate Tongs - award for a poem, *Baby Weight*, in the 2010 Hobart Poetry Pot.  
(Previously published in Tasmanian Times)

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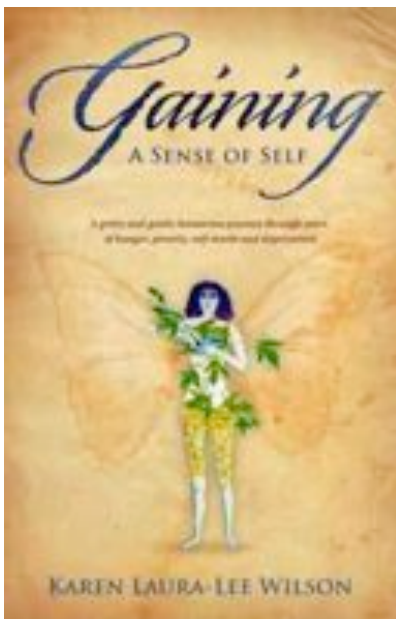
## WELCOME TO NEW MEMBER

Isabel Telford

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## MAGAZINE CO-ORDINATOR

Denise Bottom is our new Magazine Co-ordinator. Please let her or your editor know when you are going to be away for any extended length of time, while on holidays or for any other reason, so the magazine editors can be made aware of your impending absence. This will enhance the smooth running of the magazines and no-one will be left wondering why their magazine is taking so long to reach them. Also, if you have an interest in joining a postal magazine, or indeed an email magazine if someone's willing to construct one, please get in touch with Denise and she'll take it from there.



## GAINING A SENSE OF SELF

The following are diary entries written by a young girl, Karen Laura-Lee, which express elements of the innocence of her childhood and adolescence in the mid 1950s. However, Karen's story is far greater than the innocence demonstrated in her words as a fifteen-year-old. In her newly released memoir, *Gaining a Sense of Self*, Karen reveals much about the dysfunction of her family life and her experiences when she had been placed in an orphanage, aged 7. In the orphanage she had to confront the harsher side of human nature, with rigid rules to which a small child had to abide and obey

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### Excerpts from a fifteen-year-old girl's diary, Brisbane

#### *Diary entry, Thursday 27 June, 1957:*

*My little Diary, these past few weeks have been very busy so I just have not had the time to write. I think I will give you a summary so that you won't be bewildered. Two night's ago we held the annual All Hallows' Ball. I danced the Highland fling and a Ring Dance. Everyone looked beautiful in their ball dresses and I had quite a nice time. At the end of the display, everybody was allowed to dance. I thought that the general dancing was the best item.*

*On Saturday, the St John's Brigade held their annual field day. I was in the First Aid and Home Nursing team. It was a cold, miserable and gusty day and in between events such as marching and other things, I shivered behind walls, trying to stop the wind coming through me. The competitions were in a cow shed, and if it was a bit smelly, I did not mind because it was warm. First Aid was up first, and I got a shock because it was so easy. It is very disconcerting when a stern-looking adjudicator stands in front of you criticising your work. Our time just ran away, and after packing up I went to the area where Home Nursing was held. There we did a better job, but I was very glad when we finished. Later I found out that we had come second in Home Nursing. Beaten by one mark. Nowhere in first aid. I do not think I will win the cup offered by our senior officer for the highest marks in our Division. Well, goodbye until I write again to you.*

**Diary entry, Saturday afternoon, 29 June, 1957:**

*My little Diary, I have just come home from the St John's meeting. Today we did not do much except play games and run races. Chocolates were given out as prizes, but I did not win any. Mother has gone away to Surfers' Paradise - a fashionable resort on the south coast. By the time I arrived home Mother had already left so I could not say goodbye to her.*

*When I woke this morning I saw it was a dull day. I was partly glad and sad, because I wanted it to be good weather for the CSIRO rain makers to have another successful experiment and I also wanted it to be a fine day for St John's.*

**Diary entry, Sunday 30 June, 1957:**

*My little Diary, I have just now had my breakfast and am feeling satisfied (ie replete). Mother has just come home from the coast and looks much better and is more cheerful. The sky is a light grey and occasionally the sun peeks through breaks in the clouds. This morning I am going to the St John's Annual Church Parade. I had a dreadful time this morning getting the right time because all the clocks in the house had stopped.*

Excerpt taken from the book *Gaining a Sense of Self*, Karen Laura-Lee Wilson,  
Sid Harta Publishers, 2010 (<http://sidharta.com/au/>)

Order the book online from [www.in2books.com.au](http://www.in2books.com.au) or place an order through your local bookseller. RRP \$24.95

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## The H[elp] Files

*For ... Convicts ahoy!*

In 1860, my great-great-grandfather, William, toddled out of the Crown Inn at Pontville, and began walking along the mostly dry riverbed of the Jordan River on his way home to his family at what is now Gagebrook. He fell down face-first in an isolated puddle of water, whereupon he drowned as a happily drunk man. He was promptly carried back to the Inn, and the inquest into his death was immediately held as he had been drinking with the coroner. His widow, Maria, married a local man seven years later. This gentleman discovered his first wife after they were shipwrecked together coming around the Cape. He married a further two times before he married Maria, whom he also outlived. And married again after Maria's death. He was a wealthy man. Something William never was although he did build a few things, mostly transport structures.

He and his father, Thomas, helped construct the Bridgewater causeway. William then moved on to completing Sandy Bay Road, before being sent to Richmond to continue working in his chosen field of ploughing. Here he met Maria – a larrikin girl better off with the lesser number of opportunities that the country provided over the bustle of Hobart Town.

Now both my grandmothers were talkative ladies but even they were unaware of William's and Maria's story. Thank goodness my great-great-grandparents were both convicts. In fact, I am descended from thirty-six transportees, and that's not including several who married into the family and another four who are unconfirmed convicts – those aliases do throw a spanner in the works! Having a convict past is a beautiful and bountiful thing as they are some of the most documented people to have walked this Earth. And they have very human stories to tell. Find them, think about them – they don't have to be your convicts.

Go to the library, the archives or online to easily access any number of documents, help is always on hand to get you started.

Next in The H[elp] Files

*Weird Facts...*

Jane Schell Waite

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## RESPONSE TO A THEME

*...take no prisoners...*

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### A FINE DAY FOR PRISONERS

A quick check in the mirror on the way out, blonde hair tucked under the wide brimmed hat, crisp navy shirt tucked into black pants.

Her sensible shoes tap the tiles. Squeezed under her armpit is the necessary equipment.

Outside the sun beats down and a light breeze tosses leaves about in the square. A bird trills but it is soon drowned out by the traffic's drone.

Her slitted eyes scan for transgressors, left, right, left.

Nothing here. Turn the corner, stroll half a block.

What's this - a possibility!

She fetches out the data logger, keys in the rego number, date, time, offence, prints out the ticket and with a flourish it's snug under the windscreen wiper blade.

A scurry of steps behind her back. A voice booms, "I'm here!"

She smiles grimly, stands her ground, "It's too late, once the ticket's written out, you must pay the fine!"

She turns on her heel, calmly walks away, thinking Cameron Street is usually good for an offence or two.

Ros Sydes

### TAKE NO PRISONERS

There's nought to be seen but a collection of mounds overgrown and neglected, so why surround them with an ornate railing? We searched for a plaque, but found nothing.

Shack owners could offer no explanation, denying all knowledge of the site's existence.

Boats and the size of their catch was all that interested them. Treacherous waters and rugged cliffs around the point, was all the information they would concede.

At a nearby hostelry, descendants of early settlers, usually eager to impart details of local history, had nothing to say.

Taking a picnic lunch we headed back for the point. A small boy coming towards us accompanied by a kelpie in passing remarked, "Don't go up there, mister. It's haunted."

We sat under the trees contemplating the beauty of the bay below us. A calm, bright blue sea fringed by rocky outcrops and sandy beaches against a back-cloth of plantation forest. Commercial fishermen returning with their catch, seagulls whirling around the vessels, looking for food as gutting got underway.

Why, we wondered, would such a tranquil area be haunted? What had happened here that the locals didn't want to talk about?

The mystery was solved some months later, over dinner with friends holidaying in the area.

"Have you been up to the point and seen the graves?" our host enquired.

"Must be all of 200 years old. Seems a schooner transporting convict labour ran into a heavy squall and foundered on the rocks below." he said.

"Crew and prisoners survived to be faced with a trek through an uninhabited area of dense forest, with little or no food or water to sustain them," he continued.

"Then came the captain's dreadful order, that all prisoners should be shot, then afterwards affording them a Christian burial in rough graves up there on the cliff top."

"The railings were added in recent times to ensure the burial ground would not be disturbed," he concluded.

(Fiction based on fact. The graves can be found above Lady Bay, in southern Tasmania)

Eileen Webster

## TAKE NO PRISONERS

The King stood with his Queen as they watched the battle raging in front of them.

The opposition cry of Take No Prisoners was still ringing in their ears.

One of their knights suddenly appeared in front of them.

"I'm sorry, my King," he cried. "We have lost half of our men and your castle is under siege."

"Try your best," the king replied. "We must win this war."

"We will, sire", the knight replied before returning to the battle.

The king watched as more of his men were overrun, his castle taken and his knights fight a brave retreat.

Suddenly he realised he had moved too far from his queen.

He turned and saw she was surrounded by the enemy.

A victory cry echoed around the room.

Checkmate!

Wendy R Laing

## TAKE NO PRISONERS

I learned to drive a little later in life – in my mid-thirties. My husband had tried to teach me before this, without success, so that it was some years before I enrolled in a driving school - secretly. But when my husband found out, he insisted on giving me a lesson, and as a result, my confidence plummeted to such a degree that the driving instructor noticed and told me I was not to let my husband take me out again.

Finally the driving test day arrived, and the first task set by the examiner was reverse parking. Had I failed that, it would have been the end of the driving test, but I did a perfect reverse park straight off and passed the rest of the test and was given a provisional licence and P plates.

During that first year, and in all the time since, I drove without once backing the car or reverse parking. The very thought of doing so terrified me.

Cars don't last forever, and my husband had his eye on a second hand Hilux utility with power steering. He arranged for a test drive, and took me with him. Then wonder of wonders, he suggested I drive it, which I did. We bought the Hilux and from time to time I drove it – successfully.

My next challenge was to drive through the Adelaide Hills. Again the mere thought of doing so terrified me, until I finally made the decision to face my fears and drive myself through the hills to a course I wanted to attend.

Our next car was a Holden station wagon – and an automatic. Yet I still had not backed or reversed parked since my driving test years ago. I continued to find easy parks and to tell myself that it did not matter, yet deep down I knew that this failure to conquer my fears limited my handling of the car.

Again the time came to face my fears, and about two years ago, I booked a couple of lessons with a driving instructor who took me out in our station wagon and gave me lessons in backing and reverse parking. Yet I still did not put it into practice, although I had a couple of half hearted attempts to back out of our gate, and then gave it up as too hard, especially if my husband was in the vicinity.

I was, however, outmanoeuvred by fate. On Christmas Day last year, my husband was taken to hospital and has been there ever since. Now I was on my own with the car. He used to back into the garage because there is limited space, but I was unable to do that, so I cleared away some of the clutter, thinking I could drive in forwards.

How wrong I was! There was not enough room, and because I had driven in at too sharp an angle, I got the car stuck and had to be rescued by one of my husband's friends. Needless to say, the car has not seen the inside of the garage since.

This little crisis made me rethink my position, and I committed myself to backing out of our gate each morning, when I left for the hospital, and I have become quite good at it. I even backed in once, to prove that I could do it.

By arriving at the hospital at 7.30, I found that if I could get a two hour park, it would give me two and a half free hours – time to do what I needed to do for my husband before the time was up.

But the two hour street parking spots are popular, and this particular morning, if I wanted the remaining park, I would have to reverse in. I almost gave in to panic because I thought I couldn't do it, but it is amazing what one can do when one is desperate. I made the decision to give it a go, and indicated my intention to the traffic behind me as I attempted my first ever unassisted reverse park.

I couldn't believe it when the car was successfully parallel with the gutter, and without scraping the car in front of me or backing into the car behind me. All day I told whoever would listen of my accomplishment, I was so pleased with myself. Mind you, I have not yet tempted it a second time. Perhaps when I am desperate enough I will!

Erin Eiffe

## DANNY

I met him not long after he had received his sentence. Life, with no chance of parole.

He was young and vibrant, in his prime with his life just beginning. Sport was his passion, being a champion member of the local rifle club. Along with his brother he ran a furniture restoring business.

He came from a large close-knit Irish family, who supported him fully. His dear old mother was distraught at what had befallen her babbie.

His brother would visit regularly, often asking for advice on a knotty problem regarding restoration procedures.

On my visits I sometimes wrote letters for him. On occasions I found myself acting as an intermediary between him and his estranged wife, as he tried to bring about a reconciliation.

But even as he sat in that prison, surrounded by hopelessness, he remained optimistic. He believed that a miracle would happen and he would be set free.

After 3 years he was eventually released, from this earthly life.

One day through the diligent efforts of our most brilliant scientists, and an advance in technology, a breakthrough will occur, and a cure will be found for motor neurone and all other insidious diseases. Only then will it 'take no prisoners'.

Jennifer Caygill

## TAKE NO PRISONERS

She stood before the full-length mirror styling her hair into an elegant twist that enhanced her high cheekbones and cat-like blue-green eyes. To the world she was Chantalle, one of the highest paid models to ever grace the fashion scene, adored by the glitterati and idolised by the magazine-buying masses. It had been a hard road, one of sacrifice, subterfuge and dedication but, aided by the love of her adoptive parents, all trace of her horror-filled childhood had been erased.

Many had wondered at her preferred choice of lovers, mostly older men, wealthy and prominent, although there had been a few her own age or younger. But that was the past and tonight all her carefully laid plans would come to fruition and her life would change forever. This afternoon the wealthiest man in the country would be offering her everything he possessed to win the prize he believed himself entitled to.

Ramon De La Vega thought he had it all...but there was one thing he didn't have yet...Chantalle.

Downstairs, in the ballroom, the final arrangements for the evening's festivities were nearly completed. Preparations for his Dia de los Muertos Gala had been underway for many months and Ramon had been micro-managing every aspect of it. This year, his Day of the Dead celebration would be the most spectacular yet. Security was tight...tighter than ever before, for Ramon De La Vega was well aware of his enemies' scrutiny. In Mexico wealth went hand-in-hand with powerful enemies and one had to be prepared and willing to handle the threats with whatever resources were at one's disposal. Nothing was going to spoil tonight; at the Gala he would show the world that he finally had everything that his heart desired.

Chantalle put the finishing touches to her hair, carefully sliding the gold kanzashi hair ornament into the French twist. It had been a carefully considered purchase on her last modeling assignment in Japan. She had a love for beautiful accessories but she liked them to be practical as well.

A discrete knock at the door preceded the maid's entry. The note she offered to Chantelle informed her that Ramon wished to speak with her in the library in his private suite. She sighed. Of all the places for

him to propose it had to be there she thought, but that was typical of him. Despite her well-documented arachnophobia he had to do it amongst his beloved collection of exotic spiders. She shuddered; then smiled a smile of pure satisfaction. Ramon was setting the scene for her seduction well...fear and lust...a titillating combination.

The moment she entered his suite Ramon locked the doors and disengaged the security cameras. He led her into the library where he backed Chantalle against a cabinet and fiercely embraced her. Behind her, long furry legs stroked at the glass. She shuddered then slowly slid one hand up over Ramon's shoulder, threading her fingers through the thick silver hair that brushed his collar as his lips devoured hers. It was as if he was trying to brand her as his with his kiss.

Ramon uttered a low groan. His arms dropped to his sides as his body crumpled to the floor, twitching convulsively.

Chantalle removed the kanzashi hair pin from his neck then carefully inserted the tiny, poison-tipped prongs back into their protective sheath. Within moments it was back in place, nestled in her hair.

Lying on the floor, Ramon could only watch in terror as Chantalle tapped repeatedly on the door of the display cabinet above him, agitating the Brazilian wandering spiders within.

Her tone was matter-of-fact. "You know, I've waited a long time for this Ramon. Ever since I was five, in fact. Do you remember the Sheriff you slaughtered in Del Rio...you drug-dealing scum? I do. He was my father, you bastard." She smiled. "As for you, you'll be dead in five minutes. It will appear as though you've had a heart attack and when you fell you knocked open the case. When your bodyguard finds me locked in your bathroom, screaming hysterically about the spiders, you'll have joined your ancestors. Dia de los Muertos...a fitting day for your death don't you think?"

Chantalle paused at the library door to watch the cabinet door swing slowly open. Angry arachnids dropped down onto his shuddering body.

"Ramon? One final thing. My father believed in justice for all...no matter who they were. Me? I'm like your eight-legged friends - I take no prisoners!"

Natasha Devereux

## LOVE IS BLIND

Glamour oozed out of her tall frame, but her eyes were sad. It was evident she had no love in her heart for him. She felt as cold as ice to his touch, yet he adored her.

When she had consented to marriage the one vow she was granted by her husband, was for him to set her free if no love grew between them.

Maria performed the marital duties expected of her, all except one - she would produce no child. She vowed to herself there would be no blood attachment that could bind her to his family heritage.

She had married for financial security but now she was circled by entrapment.

He needed her presence, her beauty for social occasions.

After five years he still refused to set her free.

She felt bitterness at his dishonouring the vow.

However, eventually she found she did have feelings - for another - Damian, who was destined to soon marry.

He was junior to Maria's years, and his monetary advancement depended on the architectural projects which her husband provided. Damian followed the projects through, but often the finished project was in excess to the original quote. This created a conflict between him and his employer.

Maria knew Damian did not love the young woman he was expected to marry. She knew he felt he was trapped and now had found he needed to make some choices.

The lovers met clandestinely. How long could they continue to meet secretly in such a forceful, passionate way, where they found themselves expressing their feelings so powerfully?

It felt as if gossipers were hanging off every branch - in the garden, hiding behind the foliage, hushing their secret on the winds whispering past, waiting for the moment when those evil words, 'take no prisoners' saw them revealed.

The lovers were both trapped in their own cocoons. They must endure the life they'd chosen, or abandon all hope.

Strange things can sometimes happen.

One night in dense fog, Damian was making his way to another secret assignment with Maria. As he walked he was still feeling outraged after the earlier fiery altercation with her husband - and now his finances had been severed. In his hyper emotional state he was blinded by fury. He stepped into the path of a vehicle looming in the dark and was knocked down, suffering serious head injuries. His life was over.

Maria would remain destitute without her lover.

Margot Manchester

## GUMMY SHARK

### BABY WEIGHT

They said that with breastfeeding every day  
this post baby gut would just melt all away  
Five months ago I had a belly like a cow.  
Despite all assurances I'm not far off that now.  
I may well ask - is it my fate  
to never ever lose the weight  
put on in nine months pregnancy  
a brand new babe  
and a brand new me!  
On Monday morn I went for a walk  
with some other mothers and started to talk  
Are you pregnant again?  
asked my ex-best friend  
and I started to shudder  
and wobble my blubber  
I replied and smiled my best  
No I have simply succumbed to largesse  
and I sighed quite resigned  
to my newfound form  
a motherly figure  
since my baby was born.

Kate Tongs  
(previously published in the Tasmanian Times)

It swam, its head  
part-emerged  
above the surface,  
dorsal fin exposed,  
sleek body  
gleaming,  
gliding,  
eyes watching me,  
my gaze locked on it in return.  
It swam above smaller exotics,  
coloured fish beneath.  
Lap after lap,  
never taking its eyes off  
the curious  
bystander  
at the tank,  
its cell, its six-by-four.  
Cold fish?  
Not so.  
Back and forth it journeyed,  
like a con in the exercise yard  
with no destination;  
on death row;  
a kilo-price on its head;  
a blackboard price;  
and there was nothing I could do.  
I wanted to take this prisoner  
out to the wide ocean,  
set him free,  
but I could not.  
So now he haunts me,  
like the condemned  
on death row,  
fate-sealed,  
and I am helpless.

Rose Frankcombe

### IN PRISON

I'm sick of writing words on a page  
I want to exchange them  
with someone sitting opposite  
who will add, interrupt, disagree  
give her views with which  
I might concur ... or not.

I want conversation to reach a crescendo  
each protagonist stuck  
on a viewpoint, words like blows  
demanding to be felt.

The blows of isolation leave no bruises  
visible, on the body;  
they are in the mind.

Jacqueline Lonsdale Cuerton

## COMPETITIONS AND OPPORTUNITIES

*All care has been taken sourcing the following information but, please, always check the details for yourself.*

- Mar 11 **11<sup>th</sup> NEIL GUNN WRITING COMPETITION**  
Biennial comp organised by the Highland Council and The Neil Gunn Trust. Sections include Prose  
2500 wds and Poetry 40 lines. 1 entry per section. 1<sup>st</sup> £500, 2<sup>nd</sup> £250, 3<sup>rd</sup> £100. Judge is Scottish author  
Andrew Greig. Go to [www.highland.gov.uk/leisureand\\_tourism/library/neilgunn/](http://www.highland.gov.uk/leisureand_tourism/library/neilgunn/) for details.
- Mar 24 **7<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL BLACK DOG WRITING COMPETITION**  
This year's focus is on Postnatal Depression, Men and Women – Personal Experiences and the Search  
for Real Answers. Essays should be between 500 and 1500 wds. 1<sup>st</sup> \$2000, 2<sup>nd</sup> \$1000, 3<sup>rd</sup> \$500. No e/fee

- or e/form but must download and return signed application form with your typed entry. Go to [www.blackdoginstitute.org.au](http://www.blackdoginstitute.org.au) for form and info, then send entry to Black Dog Writing Competition, Black Dog Institute, Hospital Rd, Prince of Wales Hospital, Randwick, NSW 2031.
- Mar 30 **THE FISH INTERNATIONAL POETRY PRIZE**  
The 5 best poems netted, up to 200 wds will win €1000 and be published in the 2010 Fish Anthology (Fish Publishing landed itself in the West of Ireland). E/fee €14 or €16 for postal entries. Winners announced 30<sup>th</sup> April. Judge is Brian Turner. Go to [www.fishpublishing.com](http://www.fishpublishing.com) for further details about entering the competition – & I do believe you can write about subjects other than our ocean-inhabiting friends.
- Mar 31 **26<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL WRITE A STORY FOR CHILDREN COMPETITION**  
Organised by The Academy of Children's Writers. Open to amateur writers around the world, write a short story max. 2000 wds for any age group up to teenager years. 1<sup>st</sup> £2000, 2<sup>nd</sup> £300 & 3<sup>rd</sup> £200. Winners notified by the end of May. Go to [www.childrens-writers.co.uk/](http://www.childrens-writers.co.uk/) for details, & send entries to ACW Competition Entry, PO Box 95 Huntingdon, Cambridgeshire PE28 5RL England. Non-UK entries use a US\$10 or €10 note.
- Mar 31 **FAW TASMANIA NAIRDA LYNE AWARD**  
Short story for children 8-12 years max. 1000 wds for \$100 & name included on plaque displayed in Launceston State Library. Hobart Bookshop gift voucher for best Tasmanian entry. Story should be unpublished & not previously won a prize. Provide personal details on separate cover sheet, only story title to appear on entry. E/fee \$5 payable to FAW Tasmania Inc. Send entries to FAW Tasmania, PO Box 234, North Hobart, Tas, 7002.
- Apr 1 **WERGLE FLOMP HUMOUR POETRY COMPETITION**  
1<sup>st</sup> \$1500, 2<sup>nd</sup> \$800 & 3<sup>rd</sup> \$400, plus an official polo shirt, and publication on Winning Writers website. Free to enter. Submit your poem to the Wergle Flomp Competition online. Must be in English and 'inspired gibberish' is particularly acceptable. Judge is Jendi Reiter. Results 15<sup>th</sup> August in free newsletter. Go to [www.winningwriters.com](http://www.winningwriters.com) for details. Poets of all nations are welcome, as are published and unpublished works.
- Apr 8 **VALERIE PARV AWARD FOR UNPUBLISHED WRITERS**  
Enter first 12 500 wds of a category or single title manuscript, with an 800 wd synopsis, of an unpublished romance/romantic element manuscript. 1<sup>ST</sup> Mentorship and \$300, 2<sup>nd</sup> \$200, 3<sup>rd</sup> \$100. E/fee \$38.50 Email submission only. Go to [www.romanceaustralia.com/](http://www.romanceaustralia.com/)
- Apr 14 **THE JOYCE PARKES WOMEN'S WRITERS' PRIZE**  
Open to all Australian women. Prose, Fact or Fiction 1000 wds. Theme: 'Women's Ascendancy'. 1<sup>st</sup> \$200. E/fee \$10 to be donated by organisation to charity. Winning entry published in *The Journal*. Go to [www.irishheritage.net](http://www.irishheritage.net) for e/form. Post entries to Writers' Prize, Australian Irish Heritage Association. PO Box 1583, Subiaco, WA, 6904.
- Apr 15 **THE COMMON THREAD SHORT STORY COMPETITON**  
For stories between 3000-5000 wds. 1<sup>st</sup> \$500 2<sup>nd</sup> \$200. E/fee \$10, optional \$15 fee for feedback. Results and Judge's report early June. Go to [www.pippakay.com](http://www.pippakay.com) email Rosemary Hansell [rosiehans@bigpond.com](mailto:rosiehans@bigpond.com) or phone (02) 9428 1761 for info.
- May 10 **ALAN MARSHALL SHORT STORY AWARD**  
Entries up to 2500 wds. 1<sup>st</sup> \$2000, 2<sup>nd</sup> \$1000. Judge is Fiona Capp. E/fee \$15. For e/form email [artsinfo@nillumbik.vic.gov.au](mailto:artsinfo@nillumbik.vic.gov.au), go to [www.nillumbik.vic.gov.au](http://www.nillumbik.vic.gov.au) or phone (03) 9433 3359.
- May 20 **BUNDABERG BUSH LANTERN AWARD**  
Bush poetry up to 100 lines. 1<sup>st</sup> Bush Lantern Trophy and \$200, 2<sup>nd</sup> Certificate and \$100, 3<sup>rd</sup> Certificate and \$75. E/fee \$8 or 3 \$20. Go to [www.abpa.org.au](http://www.abpa.org.au) or email Frank Daniel [editor@abpa.org.au](mailto:editor@abpa.org.au)
- May 27 **KATHERINE SUSANNAH PRITCHARD SPECULATIVE FICTION AWARD**  
Short stories 1500-3500 wds. 1<sup>st</sup> \$600, 2<sup>nd</sup> \$300 3<sup>rd</sup> \$175, 5 Commended \$10. E/fee \$7. Go to <http://kspf.inet.net.au> email [kspf@inet.net.au](mailto:kspf@inet.net.au) or phone (08) 9294 1872 for e/from and details.
- May 31 **PRESSPRESS CHAPBOOK AWARD**  
Submit an unpublished chapbook length manuscript of poems for \$600 prize money and publication. Please use the e/form and include \$15 e/fee. Visit <http://members.ozemail.com.au> or email [info@presspress.com.au](mailto:info@presspress.com.au) for details. Send entries to PressPress Chapbook Award PO Box 94 Berry NSW 2535. Results announced July.
- May 31 **WAR POETRY COMPETITION**  
Submit 1-3 unpublished poems on the theme of war. Combined length should be no longer than 500 lines.

Prize money is 1<sup>st</sup> \$2000, 2<sup>nd</sup> \$1200, 3<sup>rd</sup> \$600, plus 12 Honorary Mentions of \$100. Entry is US\$15. Go to [www.winningwriters.com](http://www.winningwriters.com) for details.

## FESTIVALS & CONFERENCES

The 10<sup>th</sup> Annual **NORMAN LINDSAY FESTIVAL OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE** will be held in **March** 'in the grounds of the home of "The Magic Pudding"', The Norman Lindsay Gallery in Faulconbridge, Blue Mountains, NSW. There are some free events. For info go to [www.normanlindsay.com.au](http://www.normanlindsay.com.au) or phone (02) 4751 1067.

The **HOME TRUTHS WEEKEND LITERARY FESTIVAL** will be held **2<sup>nd</sup>-3<sup>rd</sup> April** as part of Ten Days On The Island. Contributors include Carmel Bird, Alice Pung, Geoffrey Baldaccino and 'other Tasmanian novelists, poets, historians and thinkers'. Guides to Ten Days On The Island readily available in shops and libraries.

The **BYRON BAY WRITERS' FESTIVAL** will run from **5<sup>th</sup> - 7<sup>th</sup> August** (workshops from 1<sup>st</sup> August) at Belongil Fields. You can view the entire program online from early June. Subscribe to email news and check out the available workshops at <http://byronbaywritersfestival.com.au>

The 20<sup>th</sup> Annual **ROMANCE WRITERS OF AUSTRALIA** 'From Here To Eternity' will be held **11<sup>th</sup>-14<sup>th</sup> August** at the Hilton on the Park, Melbourne. Guest speakers include Kelley Armstrong, Bob Mayer, Susan Wiggs, Marion Lennox, Angela James, Erika Tsang and Kristin Nelson. Contact Romance Writers of Australia ph 0429 233 764, visit [www.romanceaustralia.com/](http://www.romanceaustralia.com/) or write to PO Box 1236 Neutral Bay NSW 2089.

## FELLOWSHIPS, MENTORING & RESIDENCIES

**VARUNA FELLOWSHIPS** are open to applications **1<sup>st</sup> - 31<sup>st</sup> August**. Fellowships include: 'Retreat' of 2 weeks, 'Flagship' of 3 weeks and 'Second Book' - 22 places available in all. Fellowship results announced 1<sup>st</sup> October, to be taken up between January and April 2012, and booked by November 2011. Recipients are required to contribute \$200 per week of residency. Application fee is \$55, and forms available end of July. Go to <http://varuna.com.au> email [varuna@varuna.com.au](mailto:varuna@varuna.com.au) fax (02) 4782 6220 phone (02) 4782 5674 or write to 141 Cascade St, Katoomba, NSW, 2780 for details.

## ORGANISATIONS

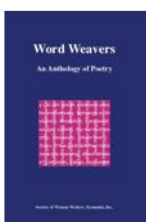
**THE VAMPIRE RESEARCH SOCIETY** was founded in 1967 for the 'advancement of irrefutable vampirological and lycanthropic research' as a 'specialist unit' within the now disbanded British Occult Society. They offer considerable information but to get you started click on FAQs and 'What is a Vampire?' For those aspiring to write authentic storylines, go to [www.gothicpress.freeserve.co.uk](http://www.gothicpress.freeserve.co.uk)

## OTHER OPPORTUNITIES & NEWS

The **DUNGOG FILM FESTIVAL** in association with **SYDNEY THEATRE**, now offers the 'In The Raw' as an ongoing bi-monthly event. Unproduced feature film and television pilots will be staged at Sydney Theatre's Richard Wherrett Studio in Walsh Bay. Next session is on the **4<sup>th</sup> April**, 6-9 PM. E/fee \$38.50 and applications are accepted anytime. Email [intheraw@dungogfilmfestival.org](mailto:intheraw@dungogfilmfestival.org) for info, or go to [www.dungogfilmfestival.org](http://www.dungogfilmfestival.org)

**DEATH HEAD GRIN** is an e-zine currently seeking horror short stories, flash fiction and poetry. Go to [www.deathheadgrin.com](http://www.deathheadgrin.com) for info.

**DARK PRINTS PRESS**, a new Perth-based, independent Australian publisher of dark fiction, is accepting submissions for two anthologies. 'Surviving the End' 'is a horror collection that focuses on human survival (or lack of) in a post-apocalyptic world', and "The One That Got away" is 'a collection that takes a darker stance on crime fiction'. Works should be between 4000-10 000 words and will be published in early 2012 in print and e-book. Both have quite specific frameworks in which the editor wants the stories written - check these guidelines carefully at [www.darkprintpress.com.au](http://www.darkprintpress.com.au) Email submissions to [submissions@darkprintpress.com.au](mailto:submissions@darkprintpress.com.au) or post to Submissions, Dark Prints Press, PO Box 3079, Joondalup, WA, 6027. Deadline is **30<sup>th</sup> April**. They are also seeking submissions for a novella series. Discuss with the publisher before sending material.



### *Word Weavers - An Anthology of Poetry*

Orders are being taken for SWWT's new publication,  
*Word Weavers - An anthology of Poetry*  
Check our website: [swwt.org.au](http://swwt.org.au)  
Available from

SWWT Treasurer,  
3 Hawley Street,  
NEWSTEAD, 7250  
or

**Petrarch's Bookstore, Launceston**

## **WANT TO GET TOGETHER?**

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

### **HOBART:**

In Hobart, there is an opportunity to meet a small group of writers, on the first Wednesday of each month, (Feb - Dec) at Hobart Women's Health Centre, 25 Lefroy Street, North Hobart. For further details, contact Robyn Mathison – telephone 6234 4418 (after 1.00 p.m. only)

### **LAUNCESTON:**

On the first Monday of each month (Feb – Dec) (Nov. is 2nd Monday due to a public holiday) we meet in the Women Tasmania room (building on the corner Cameron and St John Sts., directly opposite the old post office) at 10 a.m - 1.00 p.m.

Always check our website for current news of meetings or guests:  
<http://www.swwt.org.au>

**Writing theme for April - May, 2011: ...Australiana... (see page 1 for details)**



### **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.,  
3 Hawley Street,  
NEWSTEAD, 7250

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

**NAME:** .....

**ADDRESS:** .....

**POSTCODE:** .....

**EMAIL:** .....

**TELEPHONE:** .....

**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, contacts: or downloads view: <http://www.swwt.org.au>