

JUNE - JULY, 2011

Stylus



THEME FOR AUGUST - SEPTEMBER, 2011

...the candle burned...

Deadline: Thursday, AUGUST 25, 2011

(short poem, or prose up to 750 words)

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PRESIDENTS MESSAGE

Welcome everyone to our winter edition of Stylus.

One hundred years ago, children attended school with their slate and a piece of chalk and after each lesson they cleaned the slate ready for the next one. We seem now to have come full circle with the modern version of a slate in the form of the e-reader.

Having worked in schools and watched students struggling with backpacks full of textbooks, the e-reader will take a lot of weight off their shoulders (not just a pun). Not only will they be easier to carry but the main advantage must be that textbooks can be downloaded quickly and changed easily for each class.

However, I feel very sad when I think of the closure of bookstores, and the changes that will inevitably take place in our libraries. Places where a lot of writers go to browse, buy, borrow and sometimes get their inspiration.

I recently attended a double launch of Mary and Ray Hawkins new books and saw their delight as they talked about the journey they had taken to have them published and proudly signed them for the people attending the launch.

Launching an e-book, it seems to me, does not have the same appeal and, of course, they cannot be signed and handed to you with a smile by the author.

With technology taking over so much of our life and changes to our lifestyles occurring at a rapid pace, can we still have the best of both worlds? I hope so, but I leave it to you to decide.

Bye for now,

Wendy Laing

From the desk...

Hello everyone,

As you can see noted below our AGM comes around once again, in September. We'd love to have you join us. It'll be a pretty full morning, as once we've completed the official meeting we are then anticipating a guest poet, Cameron Hindrum, to take us through Performance Poetry - and we are to provide such a poem of our own - and indeed perform it! What an ask! Especially for those who 'hate' poetry, or never write it! But that's not me! And a challenge is a challenge. I'm sure everyone will rise to the occasion. If you can come, it isn't compulsory to bring a poem, just be there and enjoy the hilarity of the workshop with us.

Membership subscriptions are due now. See below for the treasurer's postal address to send your payment.

That's all from me for now. Happy writing everyone... *R*

AGM SEPTEMBER 5, 2011

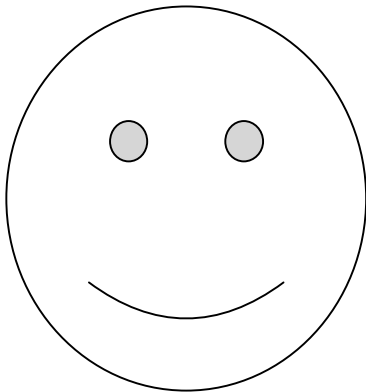
All welcome to attend.

Women Tasmania room, Cnr. Cameron and St Johns streets, Launceston.

AGM followed by guest poet Cameron Hindrum workshopping
Performance Poetry.

AGM between 10.00 a.m. and 11.00 a.m. followed by workshop

Lunch afterwards at a venue to be decided on the day



MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

are due now!

Please send your \$20.00 payment to:

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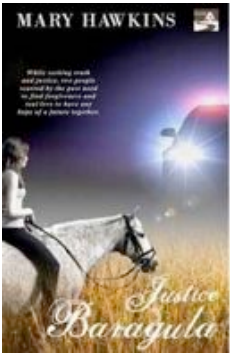
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CONGRATULATIONS

Mary Hawkins - release of *Justice at Baragula*, the last book in the *Baragula trilogy*. This is Mary's 19th title and was officially launched in Melbourne, and in Launceston, at the Door of Hope.

MJQ - Mary Jones Quigley - *Scared The Hell Out Of Me!* (published as *Who Moved the Baby*) - anecdote published in *That's Life*, issue #25

Marilyn Quirk - two of her works, *Echoes on the Mountain* and *Tasmania - an island far away*, accepted by the Immigration Museum, Flinders Street, Melbourne

In July **Patience Stewart, Rose Frankcombe, Ros Sydes & Wendy Laing** celebrated the 2nd anniversary of the Explore History column which they write each week for The Examiner newspaper.

Wendy Laing - to give a series of history talks on Meander Valley Radio

Helen Brumby - *The Long Run Home* - winning poem, Hamilton Show 2011

IMPORTANT REMINDER:

Postal magazines: If you find you can't deal with a magazine within a reasonable time, please keep the round moving along smoothly and just post it on - and, everyone, be extra careful when you forward-address the envelope, to make sure the details you write are correct.

Denise Bottom, Magazine Co-ordinator



Clockwise: Enjoying a glass of bubbly at the high tea at the Hotel Grand Chancellor to celebrate the Explore History column: Joan Webb, Loretta McCarthy, Beryl Wilson, Yvonne Gluyas, Natasha Devereux, Rose Frankcombe, Erin Eiffe, Marilyn Quirk, Ros Sydes, Wendy Laing, Patience

IMMIGRATION MUSEUM MELBOURNE

Nine million people have immigrated to Australia since 1788 and some of their stories have been told.



Marilyn pictured right with Immigration Museum staff member Jo Philo

The Immigration Museum in Flinders Street, Melbourne is housed in the grand old Customs House. The museum explores the stories of real people from all over the world who migrated to Australia and Victoria in particular.

The real life stories of coming to Australia are re-created by moving images, personal and community voices, memories and memorabilia. It is thought provoking to experience a genuine immigration interview and then move through the realistic quarters of a migrant ship down to the sound effects of a creaking floor.

The Discovery Centre is on the ground floor and records many personal stories of men, women and children.

The comprehensive library is for public use both for reading and research.

The museum's staff helps to guide visitors through research for immigrant communities, to passenger lists on the internet and facts sheets that give selected genealogical research websites.

It is a unique and moving visit into Australia's past by photographs, books, stories, tapes and film.

My two books about migrants, *Echoes on the Mountain* and *Tasmania – an island far away* were recently accepted by the Museum and are now part of the library on migrant experiences. M Quirk

The H[elp] Files

For ... Wise Woman

There are a lot of unrecognised mums out there. Yet every one of them has had an impact upon our world because even Adolph Hitler had a mum. Who was she? Did she live beyond her infamous son?

Who was Genghis Khan's mother?

Did Nelson Mandela's mother figure strongly in his up-bringing and shape the person who would bring about such positive change for South Africans?

I know I'd like to meet Steven Spielberg's mother.

What about the mothers of women who became original thinkers, movers and shakers?

Madame Curie and Eleanor Roosevelt were very strong women. Were they influenced by wise women or quite the opposite?

Jane Austen seemed to characterise similar mother characters in her stories – was there a reason for this?

From a writing point-of-view, dipping into the real world of the mums of famous and infamous persons could be very fruitful.

Applying some textual intervention methods to both real mums and those fully drawn from active imaginations could be even more productive.

Has anyone speculated about what kind of woman may have produced Sherlock Holmes, or his smarter brother?

But before you Google and before you check 'the facts' take a moment to have an unadulterated think about these mums – see where your imagination takes you before it is muddled by the 'real deal'. Speculate...as wildly as possible before you go anywhere near what is actual and recorded.

You may surprise yourself and stumble upon the glimmer of something wickedly original and totally awesome, dude.

Personally, I'm thinking about the mums of Roman generals and the like, or possibly the mother of the first human being to pick up a burning branch – probably got a clip around the ears.

Next in The H[elp] Files *Not first, but last...*

Jane Schell Waite
RESPONSE TO A THEME

...as the night drew in...

A LATE NIGHT VISITOR

As the night drew in I snuggled up under the blankets and listened to the rain. I was almost asleep when I heard it: Bang! Bang! Bang! on the door. Who on earth could that be at this time of night? I pulled the blankets over my head. Bang! Bang! Bang! There it was again. It was no use. I would have to get up.

I pulled on my dressing gown and made my way slowly down the stairs. Bang! Bang! Bang!

‘All right. I’m coming. Hold your horses!’

I switched on the light and opened the door. A man stood there in the rain. I recognised him immediately as I had seen him only that afternoon. It was the man from Antiques Roadshow, tall, charming, silver haired and still wearing that green and yellow striped jacket with the purple tie.

He stepped inside and smiled at me, his gold teeth flashing in the light.

‘I just had to see you. I couldn’t wait until morning.’

I didn’t smile back as my teeth were in the glass upstairs. He followed me through to the kitchen.

‘I had to tell you tonight.’

‘Tell me what?’

He sighed.

‘That I’ve fallen desperately in love with you.’

I sat down with a thump and clutched my old pink chenille dressing gown tightly around my large middle. It scarcely made the distance.

‘You’ve what?’

My voice sounded shrill.

‘Yes, yes,’ he said as he paced back and forth. ‘It was love at first sight. I’ve never felt anything like this before. You must, you simply must.’

‘I must what?’

‘Marry me of course.’

He dropped down on one knee and gazed at me with those bright blue eyes. He certainly was handsome.

‘We’ll be married next month and you can come and live with me in the cliff house in Cornwall. You’ll love it there. I have plenty of room for your collection.’

He stood up and looked around.

‘By the way, where do you keep them, your collection of 39 Steiff bears?’

Reality was beginning to dawn on me. He was after my bears, my priceless bears. His eyes gleamed and he took my hand and held it tightly, too tightly. I thought quickly and gave a careless laugh.

‘Oh I’m afraid I misled you a little bit today. They’re not actually mine you see.’

His smile disappeared.

‘But you had three this afternoon and you said you had 36 more at home. Did you lie to me?’

He grasped my hand even tighter and his eyes bored into mine. I shivered.

‘No! No! They belong to my sister Daphne.’

He let go of my hand and stood up.

‘You have a sister. Tell me, is she as beautiful as you?’

‘Oh much more so. She has lovely dark hair, and she lives just five minutes away.’

‘Where exactly?’

‘Just keep going down this road until you come to a bridge. Turn right on to the bridge and it’s the first house you see on the other side.’

He was off, making muttered excuses. I locked the door behind him and leaned against it as he rushed out into the darkness. I made my way upstairs again and opened the wardrobe door. There sat my bears, all 39 of them, their eyes gleaming in the light.

‘Goodnight my precious ones. You’re safe now. Come along Daphne.’

My black cat Daphne leapt on to the bed and purred.

In bed I thought about the bridge. Unfortunately it had been washed away yesterday in the flood. I yawned. Just before I went to sleep I thought I heard a distant scream. I snuggled back under the blankets as the night drew in.

Yvonne Saw

A BOMBER MOON

The Germans had increased their sorties across the English Channel, groups of bombers escorted by fighter planes, crossing the South Eastern corner of the coastline, created havoc as they dropped their lethal cargo.

Mother and I lived on the outskirts of a small market town in Kent, bordering the suburban sprawl of the country's capital city. Behind us lay Britain's No. 1 fighter station, Biggen Hill. We were the meat in the sandwich. The daytime afforded a ringside view to constant dog-fights overhead, at night we were recipients of explosives dropped early when it was obvious the bomber would not reach its target. Often whole planes would fall from the sky, knocked down by the ack ack gunners who defended our shores, or were put out of action by a spitfire hastily scrambled as the interlopers were reportedly crossing 'the ditch', code name for the English Channel, that stretch of water that had so far prevented capitulation to Germany of our island.

The British government at the outbreak of war provided each household with a shelter. There were two models available - the Morrison, consisting of thick steel sheets fitted over the household's dining room table - or an outside version, the Anderson, which is what we had.

A deep pit was dug, over which a corrugated iron shelter covered in earth was placed. The first located adjacent to the house filled with water, and was relocated to the bottom of our garden, necessitating a long trek from a warm bed as the sirens sounded. Sleep was virtually impossible, as apart from the drone of bombers and fighters overhead, a mobile gun manned by the local Home Guard would roam the school playing fields behind us.

Our local butcher who commanded this unit was frequently abraded by Mother as she queued for our meagre weekly ration: *Not only were they noisy, they were lousy marksmen!* Which was nothing to what she had to say when this crew finally found its target, causing the German on one particular occasion to prematurely jettison his load into the garden of next door but one, the resultant blast burying us into the Anderson, to be rescued by the butcher. Then we would return unscathed but shaken to a house minus several windows. Mother was profuse in her thanks but she was none too pleased when she found the mobile gun relocated to the street outside. Sporting pyjamas and wrapped in blankets we now sat in the cupboard below the stairs sipping hot home-made soup, mugs of which had also been handed to the gun crew waiting for further action.

A new shelter was delivered and located over a deep concrete pit halfway down our long garden, its rich loam cover serving as a pumpkin patch until the war ended.

As the night drew in, we would, clad in siren suits, sporting a tin hat and carrying our gas masks and hot water bottles, lock up the house and retire to the 'hole in the ground'. An oil heater provided warmth and the means of boiling a kettle to supply that English panacea for all ills - a cup of tea!

Eileen Webster

IN A BOX

She'd always liked the look of silver grey hair. During her last session of cell destroying chemotherapy her wish was granted. For reasons only medical science could explain what growth of hair she had remaining turned into an attractive silver grey. Excitement flushed through her veins. This was the look she'd dearly wanted. How weird, chemotherapy had drained the colour from what little hair she had left.

At a conference only twelve months ago she'd admired Josie's crowning glory and a trendy wardrobe to boot. Being able to wear dense black, passion red, seductive purples and contrasting whites had been her desire, and not that many months later she, too, had joined the club. Her own hair had now thinned dramatically, and while her treatment continued she took the bold step of purchasing a new wig, number 60 B, in a fashionable silver grey colour. She so wanted it in a modern style and, luckily, it was available.

Time progressed. She needed to make a decision on her future. She had pondered over it for some time, and one evening, as the night drew in, she glanced out from her verandah into the darkened woods. Mystery prevailed. Were there any unknown new events for her lurking in the shadows? She uttered a quiet hopeful prayer.

Suddenly an intuitive thought flowed into her mind. She would put all her spiral books of her documented journey into a box and close the lid. Shut. Never to be opened again. She did not want to open the door into past tortures and memories, and revisit what this past time had been like. Six long years of traumatic rollercoaster blood tests, chemotherapy, intense malaise, nutritional changes, smiling oncology nurses, radiotherapy and specialist visits. It had been a tough, long and winding road.

Within the box were reminders of what she'd endured, and now her body was changing. It was being fuelled by a new treatment and responding. After these long years where her prognosis had been very serious, it was only because of her strength, comfort, love and spiritual guidance that she was now being transformed.

She did not want to tell the world that her body was on the verge of breaking down. Her last glimmer of hope had been a core biopsy. By now the chemotherapy cupboard was nearly empty, she was symptomatically anaemic, and life held little joy for her. It was an immense surprise to discover there had been a change in nature of the multiplying cancer cells.

Up until now the chemotherapy was slowly draining the life blood from her bone marrow, and regular transfusions had been common place and, now, it was wonderful to be able to gradually feel the reversal effects that slowly but constantly revived her body. Her energy returned, she was no longer so short of breath, her bones were not so aching, her colour was not so pasty - and her hair was growing!

Day by day energy surges pounded into her body, and as one great physician said, "If you give the body the right environment, it will recover."

Now as she stared into the blueness of the night, stars twinkled above, but it was the strongest brightest one that gave her strength.

It was inspiring her onto years of life that formally she thought she would never see.

Margot Manchester

THE MILL KIDS

We were known as the mill kids. Besides myself, there was Fay who was in grade 4, Edna grade 5 and two littlies – Doris in grade 1 and Emmy in grade 2. There were also two boys, Alan and Ron, but we ignored them for we didn't have much patience with boys in those days.

The day in question started out like every other school day. We walked three miles to school without incident. We took our usual short-cut through Brown's paddock past the bored old bull who took absolutely no notice of us and we ran and ducked when the spur-wing plovers engaged in their morning dive bombing act.

For the homeward journey, I had an extra burden. Mum's friend at Dunalley had sent a large crayfish to the school for me to take home. You would have thought that that would have provided sufficient difficulty for one day. But no, because of a stupid whim, we girls decided to be adventurous and leave the road and find an alternative way home through the bush.

We nearly turned back when we struck a marshy soak and found ourselves sloshing through tannin-stained water up to our knees. However, we decided to keep going and almost before we knew it we found ourselves on drier ground in the midst of thick horizontal scrub. We were soon disoriented for none of us was tall enough to see any landmarks. The truth hit us. We were lost and there was no easy way out.

Emmy and Doris set up a loud wailing, which would surely have attracted help if there had been anyone within a mile or so. We made slow progress wriggling under entwined branches and trying to break a path through the tangled mess. We had no idea whether we were moving in the right direction. I wouldn't admit it but I was terrified and claustrophobic as we struggled on.

I used the crayfish as a battering ram without success because although the branches looked frail, they were very strong. We were seriously afraid as the night drew in and the setting sun cast dark shadows over us. Every exposed patch of skin was covered in cuts, scratches and mosquito bites and we were kept busy continually flicking leeches off. In spite of our exertions, we were getting cold, very cold. Emmy and Doris had stopped crying, they didn't have the energy to keep it up.

We were exhausted but the bush was so thick and unyielding that there was nowhere to sit and rest. We had to keep going, battling on without much hope of finding our way out. Fear had given way to resignation when Fay yelled, "Look!" There, a few yards ahead, was the old pot-holed road. It was a glorious sight. We scrambled through and made our bedraggled way home.

"Where have you been?" Mum shouted as she threw the mangled crayfish on the table. She raised her arm and gave me an almighty smack on the bottom. I was shocked. It was the first time she had ever hit me.

The strange thing was that I was the one who was slapped but Mum who was the one who was crying.

Jeannine Connors

AS THE NIGHT DREW IN - OR - IT'S STILL A STORY

So you're a keen amateur photographer and you want to create your memento, a DVD to show off and share with the family and current friends? I say 'current friends' because if they even sniff a whiff of

holiday snaps à la an enthusiastic you, you may actually notice a shift in their usual affability. You will observe their bubbling enthusiasm flattening to that of a three-day-open bottle of champagne. You may even notice they tend to duck into shadows of nearby alcoves or pull up the hoodie as they dash off in the opposite direction. Take heart, they're not the only flash-in-the-camera.

Undeterred, you find you have some lovely holiday snaps (your own creativity) and perhaps a frame or two of moving footage to enhance the project. Now what else might you need? Perhaps a smooth-sounding voice for your narration? If you sound like an old crake, then there's not much hope for improvement, so press on regardless - and keep your commentary brief. Listening to one's own voice played back can be quite a confronting experience. In your head you sound quite lovely, melodic even, but the true lack of modulated tones as you face the reality of your voice coming back at you is quite another thing!

Having overcome the initial voice-shock, what are you now going to say? Will you type up a script as an adjunct to the telling of the story? Of course the images say much, but perhaps you just need to tweak the storyline just a teensy-weensy bit. Can you read it well enough to not sound as if you are reading? How many words have you put down? Too many will have your captive audience (those who haven't been astute enough to avoid your charming invitation) nodding off like a yawn circling a room.

What about the device of pretending you're being interviewed? It takes a bit of tricky timing but it can be done. Gotta sound relaxed of course, and delay between, as if you're being asked a question, then make replies brief. Might work.

Next you would like some musical accompaniment to the scenes of you baking in the sun like a kransky on a barbecue (unbeknowns someone else took the pictures!). Perhaps some sound effects of booming surf might be nice for the dissolving slideshow of you slotted in here. Oh, you feel like you'd look like a barbecued kransky being slowly turned over by a pair of tongs? Okay, well cut those pics. Then there's that shadowy twilight scene, remember, when the night was drawing in and the camera didn't quite catch what you had anticipated. Yes I've heard tell everyone has a double, but that wasn't really a Frederick Krueger look-alike hiding in the elms, was it! So no, I wouldn't choose a clip of 'that' soundtrack. And then there's that blurry motion shot that's turned out all stripes and no subject but it does look artistic. All sorts of other melodies come to mind to compliment these frames.

What do you need to do about the music though? Now don't forget, copyright and royalty issues can arise. Don't want to be accused of stealing someone else's intellectual property, so do the right thing. Credit where credit is due and all that... And after all, dealing with your own 'intellectual' creation is hard enough without taking on someone else's - illegally!

If you're interested, a Kevin MacLeod has a page that explains much of what you need to know about royalty-free music and free music downloads etc. <http://incompetech.com/m/c/royalty-free/faq.html> And then there's the Creative Commons, but you can find out about that for yourself.

Or perhaps you can simply approach a non-mainstream artist or the recording company and ask what are their requirements for you to use parts of the works.

Now you have your swag filled with all you need to make your project a success, all I can say is - good luck... Say cheese... Click...
Rose Frankcombe

COMPETITIONS AND OPPORTUNITIES

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

- July 25 **YARRAM COMMUNITY CENTRE SHORT STORY & POETRY COMPETITION**
Short stories 1500-3000 wds. E/fee \$5. 1st \$200, 2nd \$100. Poetry 8-48 lines. E/fee \$3. 1st \$100, 2nd \$50. Go to www.yclc.com.au/ for e/form and details. Previous results and judges comments are on the website. Phone (03) 5182 6294 with enquiries. Send 2 copies of your entry to Yarram Community Learning Centre, PO Box 212, Yarram, VIC, 3971.
- July 29 **9th ANNUAL IPWICH POETRY FEAST**
'An international poetry competition and program of literary events aimed at uncovering, promoting and showcasing poets and poetry for all ages'. 1st prize \$600 2nd prize \$250 3rd prize \$150. E/fee \$5 for Open categories, cheques payable Ipswich City Council. PayPal available for printed and online entries. Free to school-aged children. Download entry form and details at www.ipwichpoetryfeast.com.au/ email ipwichpoetryfeast@ipwich.qld.gov.au or Ph (07) 3810 6758. Awards evening to be held 21st October.
- July 31 **BRUCE DAWE NATIONAL POETRY PRIZE**
Send up to 3 original and unpublished poems up to 50 lines. 1st \$1500 held in trust by the University of Southern Queensland. E/fee \$6 for each poem, payable to USQ. Judged by the English literature staff. Go to www.usq.edu.au/arts/community/poetryprize/ to read previous winning

entries. For further info phone the Faculty of Arts (07) 4631 1065 or email daweprize@usq.edu.au for e/form. Notification in November.

- July 31 **POSITIVE WORDS MINI-COMPETITION**
Short stories to 100 wds, poems 10 lines, must contain the word 'Blanket/s'. E/fee \$1.20 in unused stamps. Prize is 6 months subscription to Positive Words. Send entries to The Editor, Sandra James, PO Box 798, Heathcote, VIC, 3523.
- Aug 1 **WHITMORE PRESS MANUSCRIPT PRIZE**
This publisher specialises in poetry and will produce a 25 copy limited-edition chapbook of the winning entry, published and launched in March 2012. Submit a single/suite poetry to 150 lines, and send with \$10 e/fee to Whitmore Press Manuscript Prize, PO Box 833, Geelong VIC, 3220. Go to www.whitmorepress.com for correct formatting particulars.
- Aug 3 **TODHUNTER LITERARY AWARDS**
1st Prize \$2000 The Leslie Marchant Prize, 2nd Prize \$1200 The John Joseph Jones Prize, 3rd Prize \$800. Entry can be a short story, essay or play 3000-5000 wds. This should be spoken words for the play, 1 act, with no more than 4 cast members. Entries written for children are excluded. Entry fee is \$25 or \$75 for Judges' comments (includes entry fee). Must write to the topic which is 'Disentangle the Past' (the entry must use a different title). Email patchtheatre@mysoul.com.au or phone (08) 9362 4399 for further information. Post entries to 47 Kitchener Ave, Victoria Park, WA 6100. Results mailed to entrants at end of November. (If in Launceston, you can collect an e/form from the reference library).
- Aug 7 **STRINGYBARK EROTIC FICTION AWARD**
Short stories up to 2000 wds. 1st \$300, 2nd \$150, 3rd \$50. Each winning entry also receives a certificate and is published. E/fee \$9.50, \$17 (2 entries), \$22.50 (for max. 3 entries). Entry is by email. Payment by PayPal or Direct Deposit. Go to www.stringybarkstories.net/ for further details. Feedback is available and 1st prize 'will be presented to the writer whose story entertains the judges the most'.
- Aug 7 **AFL SHORT STORY COMPETITION**
1000-2000 wds short story focusing on Australian football and its future, in 2022. Winning entry to be published in the AFL Grand Final Record. Entry is online. Go to www.aflrecord.com.au/shortstory for exact topic and guidelines. Email enquiries askus@slatterymedia.com
- Aug 10 **AVANT PRESS SHORT STORY COMPETITION**
Avant Press in association with Box Hill Institute present their competition for unpublished short stories up to 1800 wds, written to the theme of 'Future Worlds'. 1st \$250, 2nd \$150, 3rd \$75, plus winners and up to 3 commended entries will be published in the 2011 Avant Anthology. E/fee \$5 for 1, \$8 for 2 (max. number of entries). Download e/form at www.bhtafe.edu.au Email enquiries to creativeindustries@bhtafe.edu.au
- Aug 31 **PUBLISHER'S CUP CRICKET ART PRIZE – POETRY AWARD**
Entrants must be over 18 years and reside in an ICC registered country (that's us!), entry needs to have been completed within the last 12 months. 1 piece only, e/fee \$20, 150 wds, \$2000 prize. Entrants should 'submit a poem celebrating aspects of life in and around game and sport of cricket, in settings of backyard cricket, club cricket or social cricket. Genre can be narrative, epic, dramatic, satirical, lyrical, elegy or verse fable'. Go to www.cricketartprize.org/cricket-poetry-award/entry-2011/ for e/form and conditions. Email enquiries derek2@cricketartprize.org or phone 0411 572 100. Post entry to Cricket Poetry Award, Suite 23, 53 O'Brien St, Bondi Beach, NSW, 2026.
- Aug 31 **THE JOHN MARSDEN PRIZE FOR YOUNG AUSTRALIAN WRITERS**
He's Australia's favourite Young Adult author. This comp is open to short stories/1st chapter of a novel up to 3000 wds, and poetry by Australian authors up to the age of 24 years. Free entry for under 18s, \$10 e/fee for 18-24 years. Very good prize money up for grabs: Under 18s Short story and Poetry sections \$500 each. 18-24 years Short story/book chapter \$3000, Poetry \$1500. Go to www.expressmedia.org.au for details.
- Aug 31 **POSITIVE WORDS MINI-COMPETITION**
Short stories to 100 wds, poems 10 lines, must contain the word 'Newspapers'. E/fee \$1.20 in unused stamps. Prize is 6 months subscription to Positive Words. Send entries to The Editor, Sandra James, PO Box 798, Heathcote, VIC, 3523.

- Aug 31 **SENTENCES LITERARY COMPETITION**
1st prize \$200 2nd \$100 3rd \$75. Category A: Short story to 2500 wds, Category B: Poetry to 30 lines. Theme is 'sentences'. Entries must be unpublished. No e/form required, use coversheet. E/fee \$5 or \$12 for 3 entries. Email enquiries to bridge.foundation@ucgipps.org.au Post to The Bridge Foundation PO Box 9279 Sale, Victoria 3850.
- Sept 14 **JEAN ROBERTS' MEMORIAL CHILDREN'S STORY, FAW NW TASMANIA**
Children's story for ages 5 to 12 years, up to 2000 wds, e/fee \$2.40 FAW members, \$5.40 for non-members in postage stamps. Prize \$25.00. Entry cover page denoting competition name, entrant's name, address and contact details. No personal details to appear on entry. SSAE for material to be returned. Work should not have won any previous award nor have been published. For further details contact Graeme Bourke 6425 5793 or post entry to PO Box 538, Ulverstone, 7315

FESTIVALS & CONFERENCES

The **MELBOURNE WRITERS' FESTIVAL** is on **25th August – 4th September**, held at various locations including Federation Square, involving over 300 writers from all over the world, and including literary banquets, debates, readings, performances, film screenings and workshops. Go to www.mwf.com.au as information comes available from 27th July.

FELLOWSHIPS, MENTORING & RESIDENCIES

The **KATHERINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD WRITERS CENTRE'S EMERGING WRITER-IN-RESIDENCE** program closes **26th August**. Two positions are available for 4 weeks or part-time equivalent. It is expected applicants will have some published material, 'ideally, applicants should be working towards achieving their first major full-length publication'. In return for a \$2250 salary, writing space and accommodation, writers are expected to conduct 1 workshop for a minimum of 3 hours, provide 4 hours 1-on-1 mentoring to selected KSP writers, give readings at 1 literary dinner at KSP, and write a report about experiences. Go to <http://kspf.iinet.net.au> for the application form. Send this to The Selection Committee Writer/Editor-in-Residence Positions, The Katherine Susannah Prichard Foundation Inc. 11 Old York Rd, Greenmount, WA, 6056.

The **OMEGA WRITERS**, 'a support group for Australasian wordsmiths writing faith-inspired work' are offering mentorships to development writing. 'Successful applicants will work on their own manuscript in order to bring them to publishable standard' for presentation to a publisher. Go to their website www.omegawriters.org for info.

The **4th HACHETTE AUSTRALIA/ QUEENSLAND WRITERS CENTRE MANUSCRIPT DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM** closes **21st July**. This program is for 'emerging Australian authors of fiction either unpublished or having no more than one significant work commercially published'. Up to 10 authors will be selected to develop their manuscripts with Hachette Australia from the 18th – 22nd November in South-East Queensland. Looking for commercial fiction and non-fiction 50 000 to 120 000 words across all genres. Need to provide 2 copies of first 50 pages, 2 copies of a 1 page synopsis & \$50 application fee. Go to www.qwc.asn.au for details.

ORGANISATIONS

THE SCIENCE FICTION POETRY ASSOCIATION was founded in 1978 'to bring together poets and readers interested in science fiction poetry'. They run contests and publish the *Rhysling Anthology* annually, all included works are nominated by members. In association with SFPA, *Eye to the Telescope* is a quarterly online journal publishing science fiction, fantasy, horror and other speculative poetry. Go to <http://eyetothetelescope.com/> for details.

1 year's overseas subscription to SFPA is US \$25. Can use PayPal to SFPAreasurer@gmail.com Go to www.sfpoetry.com/ and check out if this organisation and style of poetry suits you.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL SOCIETY is 'the place to find out about new historical fiction'. Founded in 1997, this association 'provides support and opportunities for new writers, and a community for authors, readers, agents and publishers'. Membership is for 'anyone who is enthusiastic or curious about the genre'.

A quarterly magazine, *Historical Novels Review*, evaluates over 800 new works from the US, UK, Canada and Australia. *Solander*, a twice-yearly magazine contains interviews and lots of other information.

Membership is AU\$65, and subscription includes both magazines. PayPal is available.

Go to www.historicalnovelsociety.org/ for details.

CRITERS WRITERS WORKSHOP is where science fiction, fantasy and horror writers can post their

work for free critiquing. It is run by Andrew Burt, former vice-president of SFWA. Also check out the advice offered and free e-book publishing kit. Go to www.critters.org/ and see if this suits you.

OTHER OPPORTUNITIES & NEWS

OMNIBUS BOOKS is an imprint of Scholastic. They are accepting unsolicited manuscripts for picture books, fiction and some non-fiction books for primary-school-aged children. They recommend you visit your local bookshop to see if Omnibus suits your work.

This is a very helpful website which clearly states what not to do with your submission – so faithfully follow these guidelines, it is to your advantage. These guidelines include:

- All unsolicited work must be accompanied by either a SSAE or a valid email address for contact.
- If you wish to have your work recycled, state this in your cover letter.
- Include a brief cover letter.
- No CV.
- Pages numbered and containing your name.
- No multiple submissions, and one manuscript at a time.
- All manuscripts to be printed double-sided.
- Do not make a dummy picture book.
- Send a complete manuscript, not a synopsis or sample chapters.
- Double space.
- For a picture book, send only the text.
- No email submissions.
- Do not send by Registered Post or Express Post.
- There is no advantage to sending an Assessment Agency letter with submission – save your money!
- Usually takes 12 weeks to process but please contact them if there has been no response after 16 weeks.
- Do not send work in last couple of weeks in December through to mid-January as this is when they are closed.

Send work to:
The Senior Editor
Omnibus Books
175-177 Young St
Parkside SA 5063.

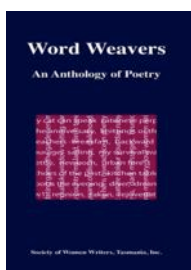
They are also keen to see portfolios of Australian artists 'who believe they have the interest and ability to illustrate children's picture books.

Guidelines include:

- A portfolio should consist of a few printouts in colour or black and white A4 size (no original work).
- Send a variety of samples that show the best of your style and subject matter.
- Send a cover letter with basic information about you and your contact details.
- Enclose suitable SSAE for return.
- Can take 6 months for a reply.
- Only Omnibus Books are accepting submissions.

Send portfolio to:
Patricia Howes
Art Director
Omnibus Books
175-177 Young St
Parkside SA 5063.

Go to www.scholastic.com.au to carefully check all details – it's too good an opportunity to pass up if your work suits Omnibus' list.



Order your copy of *Word Weavers - An Anthology of Poetry* from: SWWT Treasurer, 3 Hawley Street, Newstead, Tasmania, 7250. Further enquiries: swwt.org.au

Also available from Petrarch's Bookstore, Launceston and Fuller's Bookshop, Hobart.

SUBSCRIPTIONS DUE NOW!

See treasurer's details page 12

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.

AGM SEPTEMBER 5, 2011, WOMEN TASMANIA ROOM,

CNR CAMERON & ST JOHN STS, LAUNCESTON -

COMPLETE SESSION 10.00 a.m. TO 1.00 p.m. -

SEE PAGE 2 FOR OTHER DETAILS - ALL WELCOME

Always check our website for current news of meetings or guests:

<http://www.swwt.org.au>

Writing theme for August - September, 2011: ...the candle burned...
(see page1 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.

**Do you write verse?
Short stories? Articles?
Other?**

**Tell us when you send
in your membership
application form with
payment to:**

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

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>