

AUGUST - SEPTEMBER, 2011



Stylus

THEME FOR OCTOBER - NOVEMBER, 2011

...renaissance...

Deadline: Thursday, OCTOBER 20, 2011

(short poem, or prose up to 750 words)

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

In my President's report at our Annual General Meeting held in September, I thanked all those wonderful ladies who gave up their time to take positions both in the Executive and as our Magazine editors during the past year.

Once more these people have come forward and taken on these roles, Mary Hawkins as Vice-President (North), Jane Waite as Treasurer and Public Officer, Rose Frankcombe as editor of Stylus and, as a big help to me, the role of Webpage Administrator. Robyn Mathison will still be our Vice-President (South) and also the editor of Coffee Break. Denise Bottom has agreed to once again take on the roles of Postal Magazine Co-ordinator and editor of Overflow and Yvonne Saw will once more be the editor for Ripples.

Having such a great team made last year proceed very smoothly and I know that this will be the same for the coming year.

Member support is a vital part of the Society and everybody's continued input into our meetings and social functions has been very much appreciated.

Our monthly workshops are both interesting and enjoyable and everybody at these meetings, with their stories both written and oral and poetry, has helped us learn a lot about writing from each other.

New members are always welcomed warmly to our meetings and further information about who to contact or where and when our meetings are held can be found on the website or in Stylus.

I wish everybody success with their writing during the coming year and look forward to seeing you all again on the first Monday of each month.

Bye for now,

Wendy Laing

From the desk...

Hello again, everyone.

Well that time of year has come and gone and the AGM is becoming but a dim memory. I notice in Wendy's message that she has omitted to take claim for her second and third very important roles, not only is she President of SWWT but she also continues as Minutes Secretary, handling any correspondence that happens to come along - and she is part of the Examiner history-writing quartet. A big thank you to you and your committee companions from all of us in SWWT, Wendy...

As ever a good year of responses to the Stylus themes and this edition is no exception, an eclectic response to *...the candle burned...* Now let's see what you can do next time, with *...renaissance...*

Only a brief word from the desk this time. As ever always keep those postal magazines moving as quickly as you can. There are writers along the line waiting for them who are disappointed each time they find their letterboxes empty.

The year's rolling rapidly to a close and the season's changed, with all the joy Spring can muster the shedding of winter is always a relief. Where will your renewed writing energy take you?

That's all from me for now.

Happy writing everyone... *R*

Have you forgotten?

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

are

OVERDUE!

If you haven't yet paid
please send your \$20.00 payment to:

SWWT Treasurer,
3 Hawley Street,
NEWSTEAD, Tas, 7250



*I'll send mine
off immediately!*

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SWWT PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT

SEPTEMBER 2011

It has been a pleasure and a privilege to be President of the Society for the past year.

I would like to thank Robyn Mathison for her continuing contribution - and Mary Hawkins, Jane Waite, Jennifer Caygill and Rose Frankcombe who worked quietly behind the scenes to help ensure that Monday meetings, workshops and other get togethers ran smoothly.

Congratulations to everyone who contributed in some way to our Anthology of Poetry 'Word Weavers' which we launched successfully at Petrarch's Bookstore last December.

We celebrated the second anniversary of the history articles in the Wednesday Examiner newspaper with a high tea at the Grand Chancellor Hotel and I congratulate Patience Stewart, Rose Frankcombe and Ros Sydes for their interesting articles and look forward to another celebration at the end of the third year.

Stylus was once more edited and compiled professionally by Rose Frankcombe - and Denise Bottom took on the added role of magazine co-ordinator, ably helped by our other magazine editors, Robyn Mathison, Yvonne Saw and Rose Frankcombe. Thank you each and everyone one of you for ensuring that Stylus and our magazines continue.

Our guest speakers this year have been a real treat.

Peter Bakowski enthralled us with his poetry pep talk, *Beneath Our Armour*.

Margot Manchester spoke and demonstrated the relationship between photographic imagery and the written story. Her ability to weave her stories around her wonderful photographs is brilliant.

Mary Hawkins discussed the art of writing a synopsis, which will be a great help to all our aspiring authors.

Yvonne Gluyas demonstrated both the joys and tribulations of performance poetry and we all congratulated her for winning Australia's Yarn Spinner of the Year trophy at the National Folk Festival in Canberra.

Our Treasurer, Jane Waite inspired us into spirited discussions on sociopaths and different kinds of characters that could become protagonists in our own stories.

The list continues of Society achievers throughout the year. Here are just a few: Mary Hawkins launched her novel, *Justice at Baragula*, the last book in the *Baragula* trilogy and it is shortlisted in the 2010 CALEB Awards, Joan Webb was inducted into the 2011 Tasmanian Honour Roll of Women, Loretta McCarthy, *No Sneezes for Lily* in the Tasmanian gift box to the Danish Royal children, Eleanor Coombe writing as Dan Jerris anticipated her children's books release in the UK, Brazil and Turkey, Marilyn Quirk is working on yet another Tasmanian publication following the success of *Tasmania, An Island Far Away* (this book and *Echoes on the Mountain* has been accepted by Melbourne's Immigration Museum, Karen Laura-Lee Wilson published her memoir, *Gaining a Sense of Self*, Mary Quigley had an article published in issue 25 of *That's Life Magazine*. Our poets too had successes: Yvonne Gluyas won the Launceston heat of the National Poetry Slam and travelled to Sydney to perform in the finals, Helen Brumby had a winning poem at the 2011 Hamilton Show, Robyn Mathison continues to gain accolades for her poetry, Kate Tongs received awards for her poetry, Jacqueline Lonsdale Cuerton also had poetry success in the Central Coast Anthology (Qld), and Jennifer Caygill had a poem published in the RACT Magazine.

Finally, a big, big thank you to all our members who brought their stories and poems to our meetings and helped to make both my position as President and this year's Monday meetings, such a delight.

**Wendy Laing,
President**

CONGRATULATIONS

Yvonne Gluyas - Toastmasters, Launceston District, August 10, 2011:
winner *Table Topics & Humorous Speech* contest

Kate Tongs read poems on Edge Radio, 18/09/2011:
Visiting Nanna, Childhood Memories and Pregnancy Test

Mary Hawkins - *Justice at Baragula* - short-listed in the Adult
Fiction Omega Writers CALEB Prize, 2011 - awards to be
announced in Brisbane in November

Rita Summers - 4 drawings and poetry published in Short and
Twisted literary journal

The H[elp] Files

For ... Not First, But Last

This Help File is not the first but the last in the series of musings that have hopefully stirred the creative juices just enough to bring forth some interesting, visionary, quirky, dramatic and/or magnificent story ideas.

Today, we are taking yet another unusual diversion to think about not the firsts – remarkable as they are – but the lasts. The last time something occurred, was made, was seen, was whatever, can be as thought-provoking an event as anything which has claimed to be first. Personally, I'm currently considering a storyline where the athletes who all came fourth in their Olympic events save the world. It's an important story as everyone knows coming fourth sucks! As do vampires...

Here are some entries from Ian Harrison's *The Book of Lasts* (Launceston Reference Library 031.02 HAR) to get everyone thinking.

The last gladiatorial games were held in Rome 404 BC.

The last women fought in the Colosseum in 200 AD when gladiatrices were banned by Emperor Septimus Severus. Clearly, he didn't understand the male population...and who says women are late for everything.

The last western country to grant women the vote was Switzerland...in 1971! What's going on there?

In 1810 British coins ceased being minted in the Tower of London. The Royal Mint moved to nearby premises...I sense a heist coming on.

In 1889 the USA issues its last 3 cent coins...who makes 3 cent coins?

In 1670, Shakespeare's last direct descendant, a granddaughter, dies.

The last animals of the Royal Menagerie were moved from the Tower of London in 1834...busy place the old Tower.

Oliver Winchester (the repeating rifle fella) made a fortune, passed it to his son, William, in 1880, who dies in 1881, which passes the fortune to his daughter-in-law, Sarah. In 1884, Sarah begins to build a house that will be known as the Winchester Mystery House, in Santa Clara, California. Sarah dies in 1922, leaving a house with 160 rooms – that's the last fortune the Winchester family will probably see.

And lastly, something very dear to my heart, year in, year out, the Eurovision Song Contest – Null points, Britain, 2003, with 'Cry Baby' by Jemini...Eurovision rules!

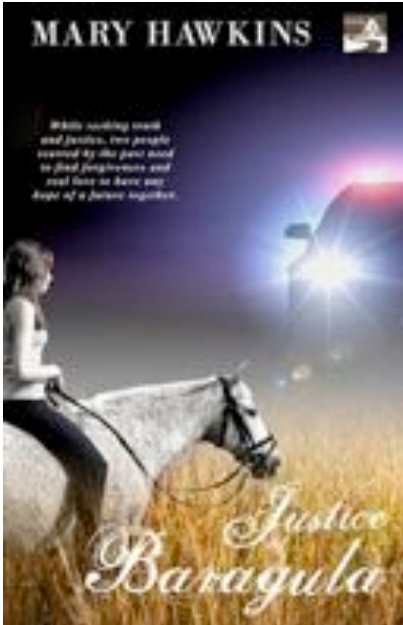
Next in The H[elp] Files: *Some Technical Notes...*

Jane Schell Waite

Rose Frankcombe looks at

Justice at Baragula

by Mary Hawkins



Mary Hawkins writes in the Spiritual Romance genre, having previously released *Back to Baragula* and *Outback from Baragula*. Now she has finally released *Justice at Baragula*, which is the last book in this trilogy.

Mary has made her mark in the Christian fiction world, with 19 titles so far to her credit.

In the current *Baragula* book, there is unfinished business to deal with for the various characters in the story. Brad, the neglected boy grown to manhood carries a strong urge to prove himself, shake off the deprivations of his past, find a niche for himself within the police force. But who is he really?

Not wanting to make his presence known, he only used the small torch he carried a couple of times but was relieved when a full moon crept out from behind some clouds and lit the way for him. The problem with that of course was that anyone else out there could also see him...

...A dark figure stood up from the steps. Brad lifted his rifle then stood motionless...

Maddie has been brought up knowing her country-girl strengths, is a competent horsewoman and has abilities handling livestock on the farm and helping out wherever she is able - but she carries a dire secret, one of the worst kind any girl can.

There is devilment in the air directed at the Honeysuckles, someone is creating chaos around them, alarming signals of trouble have already been found, the recurrence of a nightmare for one.

Madeline saw the blood first. It had trickled down around the base of the smooth boulder. She edged the horse around until she stared down at the dead calf. Its throat had been slashed wide open.

Most of the previous characters make a return appearance. The old Vietnam vet still hovers in the background, with his rough exterior and cunning astuteness.

Can Brad solve the mysteries? Can Madeline ever come to terms with her dreadful secret? Will the trouble ever stop?

Understanding that there are many interpretations of justice, what kind of judgement can come out of all the chaos that surrounds these people?

Being a girl of the Darling Downs, the author takes pains to make sure she has the settings and aspects of her characters just as they should be.

There is a distinct feeling that this is the closure of the *Baragula* series, with a surprising coupling that makes it feel as if all the ends have been tied off...

[This book has been short-listed in the Adult Fiction Omega Writers CALEB Prize, 2011. Omega Writers is a support group for faith-inspired writers. The winners of the awards will be announced in Brisbane in November]

Published by Ark House Press

<http://arkhousepress.com>

R.R.P \$18.00

Go to the author's website: <http://www.mary-hawkins.com>

RESPONSE TO A THEME

...the candle burned...

DINNER BY CANDLELIGHT

By the light of a single candle,
I sit down to eat my tea,
Laboriously cooked on a wood fire,
Because the power cut at three!

The batteries were flat in my torches,
Smoke from the candles set off the alarm,
Power cuts are widespread, cause is unknown,
Said a voice at Aurora recorded with charm.

The scratch meal I cobbled together,
Was not what I'd planned for that night,
And as soon as I sat down to eat it,
Hey presto, back came on the light!

Eileen Webster

CANDLESTICK HOLDER

Curved grey metal
arching up in branches,
holding four cream candles,
flames flickering,
molten wax
dripping from their stems
like honey
found stacked on a stall
at the bustling market
on a sunny Saturday.

Kate Tongs

MAGNUM OPUS

is this the music
of the spheres

white crescendo
of lightning flash

syncopated
thunder crack

flicker of a
candle flame

black shadows
dancing

Rita Summers

And there was LIGHT...

After outgrowing the noviciate stage at the local camera club Paul and Anna wanted to set up their own studio and enter into the realm of portrait photography. They both possessed an inherent desire to create beautiful images that would stand their ground in any competition, but in order to fulfill their passion they would need a set of good lights. Time was spent talking to people, surfing the Internet, visiting the camera house franchise, considering their budget, and thinking about exactly what was the end product they desired.

It was going to be a steep learning curve. They understood this as the sliding glass door to their studio opened. Before them they would need supporting stands, premier flash heads, lighting stands, umbrellas, a soft box, infra- red trigger and receiver, reflector and carry case. This equipment would provide consistent output, a versatile light level control and flexibility.

They felt almost blindfolded as they embarked on another steep mountain to climb. Would they ever reach the top of this never ending journey where signposts of position, direction, size, spread, softness, colour or multiple lights, lay before them, and they hadn't even considered placement or setting. It was all starting to get very technical.

Paul thought the essential parts were only power source, flash tube, reflector and a modelling light. How wrong he was.

He could only think in terms of end results. He wanted beautiful forms with no shadows, and softness. Absolute softness and delicateness, possessing the purity of a newborn. The type of look that is often revealed in fashion magazines. Those images looked so cool and he wanted to by-step the need to know this new language... The further he proceeded the more complicated the English language became. His side kick, Anna shared this burning desire for Portraits. Her father had kindly built them this wonderful adjoining studio and "*Images by Anna*" had already been detailed on her sporty car and now she was deciding...

How many flashes, one or four from which side, above or below, how much brightness or softness... what wattage..., and then what coloured background, was it to be black or 50% grey, was the hair highlighted or toned down, and this unit was fitted with a Conical snoot, or a honeycomb grid, a Gary Fong Puffer, Power Snoot or a collapsible light-sphere. A Gobos might be positioned to block stray light. Was this what she wanted?

Barn doors could be attached. The only ones she remembered from her farming childhood. Was this another light option?

It was a huge, precise, controlling, technical, appealing game. Where a ray of light could be made diverse, dramatic or dull, and the golden days of seeing the emotive face and book side lit as the candle burned was long gone.

Technology has invaded these two keen image maker's souls, but it would not dampen their enthusiasm. They were advancing into the IT era with confidence. May the force be with them.

Margot Manchester

THE CANDLE BURNS ON

"I can still see you sitting up in your bassinette, the first time you stayed with me," she said, "such a bright-eyed little baby you were." I could tell from her face that she loved me even then.

That was my first memory of my Nanna was when I was five and a soft cuddly visitor I didn't recognise arrived at our house for a visit, but I could sense even then that she loved me, so I instantly loved her back.

I have the feeling that I wasn't considered the most lovable of little girls at home when I was small, and can remember crying myself to sleep on many nights, feeling frightened and unloved. But there were special times when I was put on the train to Launceston to go and stay with my Nanna. I always felt that whatever else was happening my Nanna loved me. It was a long and scary trip to a small child. I would sit alone, watching the carafe of water at the end of the carriage swing from side to side each time the train cornered, worrying about whether I would get on the right train at Conara, where

we had to change trains. But somehow it was all worth it a journey's end, when my nanna met me at the station, enclosing me in a big, warm, loving hug.

Later on, when I was older, I would walk over the bridge and down the streets near the river until I came to her house. She would have heard the train come in, and was always there at the end of her drive to greet me, pinny tied around her ample waist, to give me a welcoming hug, then she would say, "Com on inside, dear, and I'll make a cup of tea. The kettle's on."

Nanna was interested in everyone's doings, and loved to talk about people, but I never heard her say a negative thing about anyone, and she certainly never directed a cross word at me.

Life at Nanna's home was not exciting, but I was very happy to be there. We made slow trips to the butcher, to church, to relatives' homes, and also to the cemetery, where she mourned for the beloved husband she had lost much too early. Grandpa had died when I was just a baby. She spoke of him with great love, and would say to me, "He is just a veil away, you know." I didn't know what that meant, but knew that it gave her comfort.

At the cemetery we would discard the last week's faded flowers, and fill glass jars from the nearby tap to place fresh ones upon his grave. It was a serious business, impressing me with its importance, seeing Nanna keeping the flame of love for her husband alive with such faithfulness.

When I was small I would share Nanna's bed (perhaps she understood my fear of the dark), but later she said I must sleep by myself, because sometimes, when she woke, she would be aware that someone else was in her bed, and think for a moment Grandpa was still with her.

Nanna was a good cook. I always enjoyed meals with her, but my absolute favourite was when she and my aunt made haggis for the annual Scottish celebration. The haggis was boiled up in the copper at my aunt's house. Nanna and I would have haggis and mashed potato for tea - delicious!

Over the years I stayed with my Nanna many times, as a baby, a small child, a teenager, a young woman, and the last time, with my new husband, and of course she loved him too.

When our precious daughter was born we went to Launceston to show her off to Nanna, who especially loved babies. I treasure the photo of the two of them cuddled up in bed together, Nanna showing delight on her face.

When we moved later to Launceston we visited Nanna on Sunday afternoons. Our children, there were two by now, would give her a hug, then scoot off to the box of toys in the next room, playing there happily while the adults chatted.

Nanna had two very large photos, beautifully framed, on the wall of her living room. They were on the wall directly in front of her, so she could always see her two younger brothers, Cyril and Arthur, who were killed in the First World War. She had been very close to her brothers, treasuring postcards they had sent her from Egypt and France, and she always loved and missed them.

It makes me happy that the photos of the boys are now in my keeping, those two young men who seem to regard me with such solemnity. Like Nanna, they are long gone, but still remembered. I also have the portraits Nanna and Grandpa had taken early in their marriage. She looks so young, little more than a girl. She told me how sorry she was that she was only wearing her second-best brooch in the photo. Fancy regretting that so many years later.

I wish that I had asked her questions about her life. One day she told me she remembered the big flood of 1929 in Launceston, how she had put her hand out of her bed and it went into water, and they had to take refuge in the nearby school. Why didn't I ask her more?

The last day I saw my Nanna it was raining. She was old, and not very well, spending the main part of each day in her comfortable chair in the living room. My aunt lived with her now, and cared for her. It seemed strange to me that she would sometimes comb Nanna's hair into ringlets, maybe that was what Nanna had done for her when she was small.

We were tempted not to visit that day, as the weather was bleak and it was raining heavily, but I am so glad that we went anyway. I ran in, dripping with rain, hugged her, and declared, "Well, it's a good thing I love you or we wouldn't have come out in this weather!"

I never saw her again, she died that week, and my father wouldn't let me see her, so I couldn't say a last goodbye. I cried until there were no tears left, feeling as if a part of my body had been torn away.

There is still a vacant spot in my life - a Nanna-shaped hole - but when my grandchildren come to visit I greet them with arms wide and filled with love, just as my Nanna always greeted me, and I know that the candle of her love still burns, it burns on in me.

Helen Brumby

THE 'FISHERMAN'S' RETORT

based on an article in the Launceston Examiner, Tuesday 17 August, 1886

The old sea-dog was angry; who was this Johnny-come-lately signing himself Tom Wiltum who had written such tosh to the Editor?

Incensed enough to take up the pen himself, the retortee had also chosen a nom-de-plume, opting to sign his correspondence as, 'Fisherman'.

He explained that he had for some years been in the fish business, both in catching and selling, and this fool Wiltum had no idea of the goings on in the marketplace. What fisherman in his right mind would sell his catch for a mere 2½d (tuppence-halfpenny) a dozen! Certainly not ever Fisherman. No indeed. Why, when he was out on the briny for sometimes two nights and a day, that kind of low price referred to would not even pay for the 'cost of the candle!' he wrote.

Wiltum had had the temerity to write that the incorrigible town vendors paid 3/- (three shillings) a dozen for flounders (sic) and sold them on for 9/-.

'Harrumph!' Wiltum, or 'Honest Tom', as Fisherman had now derisively taken to calling him, and who he surmised was 'rather in a fog', had no ability whatsoever with numbers. The hapless correspondent's skills with arithmetic, fractions in particular, was sorely tried (or perhaps, trying) and he'd be best to take up further study of Walkingham's arithmetic.

I now quote directly Fisherman's words of assistance to his numerically challenged compatriot, '...for, if I mistake not, a fishmonger in George-street publicly announces, that fish-eaters can obtain at his shop a nice hot fried flounder cooked in batter for supper at 6d (sixpence) each, so there is no 60 per cent, profit on that.'

You tell him, Fisherman!

If they'll fillet it I'm in! I like a bit of flounder.

Fisherman by now is on a roll, moving on to Honest Tom's suggestion of a fish market to be located on the upper side of Tamar-street bridge and the holding of daily sales of fish...

Oh, no siree! That would never do.

'How would poor 'Tom' manage that?' Fisherman scathingly enquires (note he's now disengaged the 'Honest' bit). 'Three or four days elapse and no fishing boat arrives. What then?' he asks.

And here's the rub, poor Tom has had the audacity to say that fishermen could take their boats up on any tide. Foolish man. Here comes Fisherman's sharp reply: 'If it (the tide) happens to be out - how about the mud, Tom?'

Yes, Tom, how about the mud!

Fisherman has really warmed to his topic (and it appears so have I!), and the vilification (or should I say annihilation) of his defenceless opponent continues.

'Would the trains wait so that the country townships could be well supplied? Do the coast steamers arrive daily or would they bring you regular supplies, Tom?'

His tirade continues...

'You may as well look for the Greek Kalenda (sic) as look for our leading men taking the ballast up for you, Tom,' he jibes.

Poor Tom.

However, in a final turn of concession Fisherman writes: 'I am a strong advocate for establishing a fish market as my friend honest 'Tom Wiltum', (see, he's back to full nomenclature acknowledgment now. 'Honest' and 'Tom' have been reinstated) 'but should prefer a better site than the upper side of Tamar-street bridge.'

Fisherman cannot agree with the idea of the railway process, nor of the coast steamer dodge, as, I quote him, 'I consider them all bunkum and rot.'

Oh dear, no real progress on Fisherman's agenda then.

Now at the end of his outburst Fisherman extends the hand of friendship, wishing plain old 'Tom' all the success in his laudable endeavours and begs him in future to be most accurate in his quotations, before bidding him good-bye...

[Whether an earlier Fish Market was established between 1886 and 1908 I don't know, but in 1908 a 'proper' fish market was erected at the Alexandra Wharf in Lower Charles Street. It had a chequered life, with fishermen generally opting to bargain with the local fish shop owners and hawkers who located their trade more to the town centre.]

COMPETITIONS AND OPPORTUNITIES

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

2011

- Sept 30 **FAW NORTH SHORE SUPER SHORT COMPETITION**
1st prize \$200, 2nd \$100. Category A: Super short story 700 wds, Category B: Memoir 700 wds. \$5 e/fee, use a coversheet. Include SSAE for results. Send entries to Competition Convener 5 Clement Street, Strathfield South, NSW, 2136. Email fawnorthshore@gmail.com for further info.
- Sept 30 **POSITIVE WORDS MINI-COMPETITION**
Short stories to 100 wds, poems 10 lines, must contain the word 'Daffodil/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.
- Oct 14 **SOUTHERN CROSS LITERARY COMPETITION**
Organised by Ballarat Writers, send short stories up to 5000 wds, 1st \$1000. E/fee \$10. Can enter by post or online. Go to www.ballaratwriters.com or email info@ballaratwriters.com for details.
- Oct 14 **FINCH MEMOIR PRIZE**
Competition opens 1st September for an unpublished non-fiction memoir manuscript. Prize is publication by Finch Publishing plus \$10 000. Go to www.finch.com.au for details.
- Oct 30 **TANGO POETRY COMPETITION**
1st prize \$500. Winner published in *Tango Australis*, a monthly journal. Shortlisted entries notified, winner announced January 2012, results published in January edition of the journal. Contact Pamela Jarvis richardandpam@mac.com ph 041 753 1619 or visit www.verytango.com for complete details.
- Nov 2 **KATH DOHERTY HISTORICAL ARTICLE**
Organised by FAW Tasmania North West branch. Submit an article up to 2000 wds. Prize \$25. E/fee in unused stamps: \$2.40 members, \$5.40 non-members. Send entries to PO Box 1538 Ulverstone, Tasmania, 7315.
- Nov 9 **JEAN ROBERTS' MEMORIAL CHILDREN'S STORY** FAW NW Tasmania has extended the closing date for the Children's Story Competition - (5 to 12 years of age), up to 2,000 words, entry \$2.40 for members and \$5.40 for non-members in postage stamps. One prize of \$25.00 – closes at the November meeting (9 November) - North West Branch, PO Box 538 Ulverstone, Tasmania 7315 - Website: www.fawnw.com - email: fawtas@y7mail.com - Further enquiries can be made by contacting the President, Graeme Bourke on 64255793 or posting your entry to P O Box 538, Ulverstone, 7315.
- Nov 30 **NATIONAL LITERARY AWARDS**
FAW Victoria opens this comprehensive competition 1st September. Download entry form from www.writers.asn.au email awards@writers.asn.au or send SSAE to FAW P.O.Box 973, Eltham, Vic, 3095.

[Please check details and conditions of entry carefully before entering as some conditions and categories may have changed from the previous year.]

Includes categories for books, manuscripts, adult and young writers]

PART 1: BOOK AWARDS - \$15.00 e/fee

FAW SID HARTA LITERATURE AWARD - \$1000 for non-fiction book including biography and autobiography, first published in Australia with Australian theme.

FAW CHRISTINA STEAD AWARD - \$500 for book of fiction first published in Australia.

FAW ANNE ELDER AWARD - \$1000 for first book of poetry first published in Australia.

FAW BARBARA RAMSDEN AWARD – bronze plaque valued at \$500 presented to the author and editor for a book of fiction or non-fiction.

PART 2: MANUSCRIPTS

FAW COMMUNITY WRITERS' AWARD - \$500 for anthology by a community writers' group.

FAW JENNIFER BURBIDGE SHORT STORY AWARD - \$250 for story dealing with any aspect of the lives of those who suffer from some form of mental disability and/or its impact on their families.

FAW MARY GRANT BRUCE SHORT STORY AWARD FOR CHILDREN'S LITERATURE - \$600 & \$300, for readers 10-15 years.

FAW JOHN SHAW NEILSON POETRY AWARD - \$600 & \$150 for poem or suite of poems.

FAW JIM HAMILTON AWARD - \$1000 for unpublished novel aimed at adult or teenage readership.

FAW ANGELO B. NATOLI SHORT STORY AWARD - \$600 & \$400 for story up to 3000 wds.

FAW DI CRANSTON AWARD - \$250 for a stage play, radio play, screenplay or TV script of no more than 120 pp.

FAW WHITE LIGHT FEATURE SHORT FILM SCRIPT AWARD – PART A \$125 for TV drama script 25 minutes in length. **PART B** \$125 for 10-15 minute short film script of any genre.

PART 3: YOUNG WRITERS AWARDS

FAW YOUNG POET OF THE YEAR AWARD: Part A 8-12 years - \$100, Part B 13-16 years - \$150.

MICHAEL DUGAN SHORT STORY AWARD: Part A 8-12 years - \$100, Part B 13-16 years - \$150.

FAW COLIN THIELE POETRY AWARD - \$200 & \$100, 17-20 years.

FAW JOHN MORRISON SHORT STORY AWARD - \$200 & \$100, 17-20 years.

FAW MAVIS THORPE CLARK AWARD – PART 1: \$350 for anthology by individual student. **PART 2:** anthology by a group of secondary school students.

FAW IVY HART PEACE AND ENVIRONMENT RHYMING POETRY AWARD – rhyming poetry with the theme of peace or the environment. **PART A** Students years 3-4 \$100,

PART B Students years 5-5 \$100.

PART 4: OPEN AWARDS

FAW ADAM LINDSAY GORDON COMMEMORATIVE AWARD – poetry relating to the life of Adam Lindsay Gordon. **PART A** poets 17 years and above, **PART B** unpublished poets 17 years and above, **PART C** student poets 12-16 years.

PART 5 – COMMENDATION AWARD

FAW CHRISTOPHER BRENNAN AWARD – for a poet who has written work of sustained quality and distinction, selected by panel of judges, no entry required.

All winners notified in writing by February 2011. An Oscar-style award ceremony is held normally in March in Melbourne. Lots of fun!

FESTIVALS AND CONFERENCES

The **TASMANIAN POETRY FESTIVAL** is on for three days in early **October**. There will be readings by Australian and overseas poets, book launches and the Launceston Poetry Cup. Contact festival director Cameron Hindrum on 0437 762 707 email tpf_inc@yahoo.com.au or go to www.taspoetryfest.org/

ORGANISATIONS

The **AUSTRALIAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION** formed in 1973 as a ‘national organisation of historians, academics, professionals and others’, has over 600 members. Membership is \$95 Concession \$50. Go to www.theaha.org.au email TheAHA@latrobe.edu.au phone 0404 880 141 or write to Jayne Persian Executive Officer PO Box 82, Fairy Meadow, NSW, 2519 for info.

ILLUSTRATORS AUSTRALIA formed in 1988 to ‘promote illustration and the interests of artists’. Membership is \$137.50 Concession \$82.50, benefits include a database, source books, newsletters and exhibitions. Go to www.illustratorsaustralia.com email office@illustratorsaustralia.com phone 1300 720 181 or write to Jody Pratt, Administrator, 19 Eastman St, Northcote, Victoria, 3070 for details.

FELLOWSHIPS, MENTORING AND RESIDENCIES

ARTHUR BOYD’S BUNDANON was established in 1993 as a ‘living arts centre’. Artist-in-residence programs (also open to writers) are available by application and invitation. Go to www.bundanon.com.au email Regina Heilman, Arts Program Manager regina@bundanon.com.au or phone (02) 4422 2113 for information.

OTHER OPPORTUNITIES & NEWS

DARK PRINTS PRESS is a small press publisher in WA ‘shining a light on dark fiction’. Publishers Avril and Craig Bezzant will be seeking short stories, novellas and novels written in the genres of dark

fiction: crime, thriller, speculative fiction (horror, dark fantasy) and dark comedy for an adult readership, expanding later to include Young Adult fiction.

Submissions are now open for novellas 15 000 – 40 000 wds, their aim is to publish 4-6 books per year, beginning June 2012. Publication will initially be as e-books, with print to follow. Payment for e-books AUD\$100 advance, 40% royalty on list-price of \$3.99. Print series, additional AUD\$100 advance, 20% royalty on list-price \$7.99. Submit by email with either DOC(X), TXT or PDF format to submissions@darkprintspress.com.au or post print copy to Dark Prints Press, PO Box 3079, Joondalup, WA, 6027. Response time approx. 12 weeks.

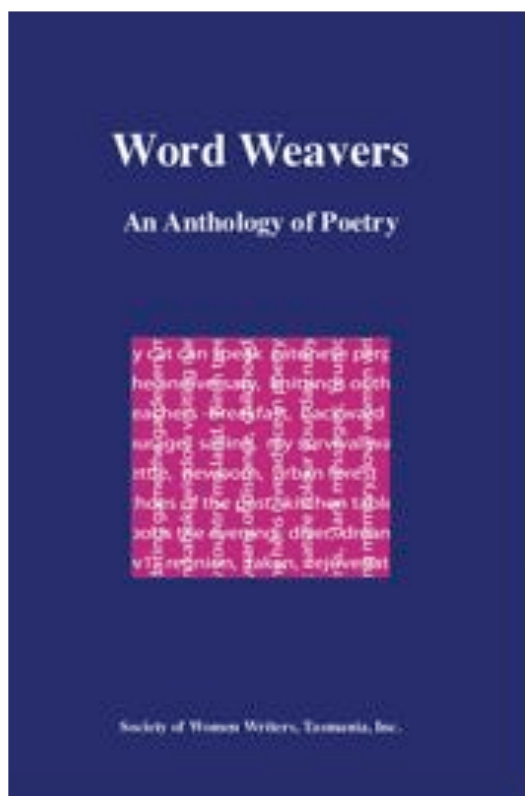
[In late 2011 will have details on publishing novels, but can query now with a short description and synopsis within body of an email. Send email to submissions@darkprintspress.com.au with 'Novel Query' in heading]

Go to www.darkprintspress.com.au email info@darkprintspress.com.au for all information.

HISTORY MAGAZINE, the quarterly journal of the Royal Australian Historical Society, accepts and pays for freelance submissions of articles, fillers, interviews, reviews and cartoons. Please contact by phone (02) 9247 8001 or email history@rahs.org.au before submitting. Website is www.rahs.org.au

ALLEN AND UNWIN has resumed its 'Friday Pitch', so they are accepting electronic submission of adult fiction and non-fiction. You will need to have a short synopsis and first chapter prepared. Go to www.allenandunwin.com.au for full instructions. If they like your work they will get back to you within a fortnight.

PAN MACMILLAN is running 'Manuscript Monday'. They will accept electronic submissions of general fiction, literary fiction, thrillers, crime fiction, current affairs, true crime, health, self-help, humour, memoirs/biography/autobiography, history, travel/adventure, women's fiction, paranormal fantasy and young adult fiction, between 10am and 4pm. Go to www.panmacmillan.com.au for details and how to successfully submit. They will read your submission within a month.



Limited numbers left. 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.

Did you know:
YOU CAN DOWNLOAD COLOUR COPIES OF STYLUS ONLINE:
swwt.org.au

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. - telephone 6362 3850

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

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

Writing theme for October - November, 2011: ...renaissance...
(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:

Treasurer, SWWT, Inc.,
3 Hawley Street,
NEWSTEAD, 7250

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

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

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>