

DECEMBER, 2011 - JANUARY, 2012

Stylus



THEME FOR FEBRUARY- MARCH, 2012

...a turning point...

Deadline: Thursday, JANUARY 31, 2012

(short poem, or prose up to 750 words)

INDEX

1. President's Message
2. From the Desk
Committee & Magazine Editors
3. Welcome to new members; Congratulations;
The H[elp] Files - Jane Schell Waite
4. Response to a Theme: *...nostalgia...*
Dorothy Popiel - s/s - *My Grandad - The Blacksmith*
Erin Eiffe - s/s - *For Better or for Worse*
5. Liz Russell Arnot - poem - *Nostalgia*
Rose Frankcombe - poem - *Nostalgia*
6. Brenda Scully - s/s/ - *Letting the Genie Out!*
Eileen Webster - poem - *In Times Gone By*
Jacqueline Lonsdale Cuerton - s/s - *Interlude*
7. Helen Brumby - poem - *What My Father Taught Me*
Jacqui Smart - s/s - *Nostalgia - Who Needs It!*
8. Margot Manchester - s/s - *Life Was Sweet*
9. Competitions & Opportunities
10. Competitions & Opportunities continued
11. Competitions & Opportunities continued
Secret Santa pics
12. Reminders

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

2011 is quickly coming to an end and as I look back over the past twelve months I am so pleased that the Society meetings in Launceston have been both enjoyable and different as each month has gone by. Thank you to all the attendees at our meetings for your input, your stories and poems and your wonderful warmth and friendliness.

At our November meeting, we were very fortunate to have two guest speakers.

Di Carter, from the Wicking Centre, spoke to us about the Tasmanian Healthy brain Project and how people between the ages of 50 and 79 can participate and benefit from doing a course of study at UTAS and participating in the Project. Di also explained about the different types of dementia, dispelled myths and showed us ways that we can improve our standard of living if dementia should become an issue.

After a short break, Margot Manchester gave us a talk about using the ideas of conceptualisation and mentalisation to create a story. By using seven steps, you could learn to be more creative and have stronger and newer ideas. Margot explained that you gather, sift, percolate, let the ideas flow, shape and mould, share and - Eureka! - you could have a masterpiece of writing.

I would like to wish all our members, families and readers of Stylus a very happy and peaceful Christmas. I hope 2012 will be a year of inspiration and fulfilment in your writing and I look forward to seeing everyone again at our February monthly meeting in the new year.

*Bye for now,
Wendy Laing*

From the desk...

A very productive year has just about ended. How about you? Did you achieve all you wished? Perhaps if you didn't, 2012 will be a good year to make and keep some new writing resolutions...

One resolution to consider for 2012, is to keep those postal magazines moving along. There are writers who wait patiently for their arrival, sometimes to no avail, so please, some courtesy would go a long way to relieving their angst. If you're having difficulty with your magazine, please let the Magazine Co-ordinator know. Contact Denise at: bonwicke@bigpond.com or telephone 6229 6899

Good news about our upcoming competition (see below). Final details and entry forms will be available online and by post by mid January.

We had fun at our Christmas luncheon at the Grand Chancellor on December 5. See the thumbnails on page 11.

So that's all from me for 2011. I wish each and every one of you all the Compliments of the Season - and a Great New Year of Writing...

Happy writing everyone... *R*

Valé Isabel Telford



It is with sadness we learn of the death of Isabel Telford.

We send to her family our deep sympathy at this very difficult time.

Members of the Society of Women Writers

THE BIG NEWS

ADVANCE NOTICE:

The big news for 2012 will be the SWWT Short Story Writing Competition. Open to everyone, write up to 2000 words and choose your own theme, but the word 'Tasmania' must be included somewhere in the story. With substantial prizes, the final details will be available online from mid January and the competition will close on May 1, 2012.

And there'll be big Tasmanian news for Romance Writers come 2012

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WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Dorothy Popiel & Emalisa White

CONGRATULATIONS

Yvonne Gluyas - 20/11/2011 - 2nd place for Table Topics - Toastmaster's Area (State Final) Speech Contest, Hobart

Joan Webb - one of the five finalists in the National Poetry Slam in Sydney

Mary Quigley - Take 5, November issue 48 - article - Home Town Story - *Deloraine*

Jacqueline Lonsdale Cuerton - 1st prize - article - SWW Qld - *Keeping Time*

Danijela Hlis - poem - *An Enemy or a Friend* - published in Mindfields, Poems for Mental Health

The H[elp] Files

Revisiting Romance Sub-genres...

Romance is something that never goes out of style. Styles may change but thankfully we will always welcome romance with open arms, which is possibly the easiest way to hold a book.

This current update of romance sub-genres combines the valuable insights offered by the Romance Writers' of America at www.rwa.org, Lee Masterson on *Fiction Factor – Online Magazine for Fiction Writers* (www.fictionfactor.com) and Wikipedia.

Firstly, they state all romances should 'have a central love story and an emotionally satisfying ending'. Within this context, consider the following sub-genres:

- **Novels with strong romantic elements.**
- **Contemporary Series** – set after 1945, with some consistent link between different stories.
- **Contemporary Single Title** – set after 1945 but not part of a series.
- **Historical** – set before 1945.
- **Regency Period** – set in early 1800s England.
- **Western** – usually set in American 'Old West'.
- **Inspirational** – religious or spiritual beliefs central to story.
- **Suspense** – suspense, mystery or thriller elements are integral to the plot.
- **Young Adult.**
- **Multicultural** – typically with African-American characters, or explores interracial relations.
- **Erotic** – contains strong sexual content.
- **Paranormal** – includes futuristic happenings (set in far-future and containing some science-fiction or fantasy elements), fantasy (other worlds and/or elements of magic), and paranormal elements such as vampires and werewolves.
- **Time-travel** – set across two different time periods or with time-travelling characters.
- And last but not least, my personal addition **Humorous** – which can be its own sub-genre or a sub-genre of all of the above sub-genres.

Happy romance hunting!

Next in The H[elp] Files *New Year's Resolutions...*

RESPONSE TO A THEME

...nostalgia...

MY GRANDAD - THE BLACKSMITH

As a newcomer to Tasmania I am slowly learning about other people's roots and was delighted to find some, at least, not so far distant from my own, when I visited the Pioneer Museum in Burnie recently.

Except, according to the brochure, the Museum represents Tasmania in the late 1800s and early 20th century, whereas there, in front of my eyes, was my England of the 1940s and early 1950s.

There was my Grandad's smithy, including the cobblestone floor, and next door is my Grandmother's dark living-room - the same colours, the same range and corner nook.

Grandad has been dead for over fifty years but the memory of a quiet gentle man lives on.

Grandad had a lump on the back of his head, two centimetres in diameter, as children it fascinated us, but all he would ever say was 'That's where your Grandma hit me with the poker.'

Grandma used to cut his hair regularly, and trim the hair in his ears at the same time – much to my wide-eyed astonishment. Grandad had a crew-cut long before the Americans made them fashionable. His hair was short, very short, all over. After it was cut he looked almost bald, I can only remember grey stubble and how sorry I felt for him. There always seemed to be a fine grey stubble on his chin too. He shaved about three times a week unless my Grandmother could persuade him to go visiting, when out would come his grey suit and he would shave, slowly, meticulously, as he did everything.

To persuade him to wear a suit was a task Grandma must have found exhausting. Grandad could turn a very deaf ear if he had a mind *not* to do something.

I have a photograph of him wearing a suit and an open-necked sport's shirt, but I have no such picture in my memory.

In my mind's eye is the background of the smithy, or that dark living room, or the long narrow garden at the back of the house where not even the grass would grow. Grandad is wearing a grey or blue narrow-striped collarless shirt, open ten centimetres at the neck to show a hairy chest, the sleeves are rolled up above bony elbows. He has on a pair of baggy grey flannels, braces, and an old leather belt. In the smithy he added a leather apron and sturdy leather boots. On coming into the house the boots and apron would be removed, and he would settle in his armchair to the right of the chimney.

This was his corner; the alcove beside the range. He sat in his armchair, a wireless beside him, a striped towel hanging on a hook on the chimney breast. He was very sentimental and tears rolled down his cheeks as the wireless played songs of Al Jolson - Swanee; Old Folks at Home. He loved to read and Zane Grey - and Jeffrey Farnol never failed to bring tears to his eyes, which he would surreptitiously wipe away from beneath wire-rimmed spectacles with the end of the towel.

Grandad was very fond of jigsaw puzzles. The ones he owned were mainly huge wooden ones and were laid out on a tray or piece of plywood, as Grandma would never have permitted a jigsaw to sit on the table indefinitely. He would sit for hours working his way inwards from the straight edges of those jigsaws, and always encouraged us to help. I would sit next to him staring at his sinewy hands and arms and would follow the veins along the backs of his hands and up his arms until they disappeared beneath his rolled-up sleeves. There was no fat and – looking back – his muscles were hardly the size one imagines to belong to a blacksmith.

A blacksmith must learn patience - up with the heavy hammer - down - tring, on the horseshoe or metal held on the anvil, up with the hammer, down . . . steady, rhythmic blows. Grandad came from a line of blacksmiths, patience was bred in his nature. I never knew him in a hurry, nor do I remember his voice raised in anger, but if my sister or I were naughty, off would come his belt and he'd swing it menacingly.

We would laugh, but we behaved ourselves – just in case that quiet, gentle man had a different side to his nature.

Dorothy Popiel

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE

How many times had he heard the expression 'the good old days'? He had even used it himself - even looked back with a degree of longing for how things used to be. But now, he was having second thoughts. Recent events had catapulted him into crisis and he found himself re-evaluating his past and the so called 'good old days'.

His early life had been difficult, but he had worked hard at school and had made the most of every opportunity, so he had been overjoyed when he won a scholarship to university, something which had even pleased his hard to please father. But he suspected that here the foundations had been laid for his present unhappiness.

It had come in the form of a woman. She was the most beautiful creature he had ever laid eyes on, and immediately he was smitten. He hadn't thought he stood a chance, as he was at university on a scholarship, and not because his family had money, while she came from one of the wealthiest families in the country.

He had worshipped her from afar, until the event-of-the-year charity ball, to which she sent him an invitation to be her partner. He couldn't believe his luck! Out of all the eligible young men, anyone of whom would have given his right arm to be her escort, she had chosen him.

Despite his frugality, money was still tight, so he hired a suit for the occasion, but he saved up to buy her the prettiest, most expensive corsage he could afford. Of course, she was the belle of the ball, and he basked in the reflected glory. Their romance soon blossomed to at last become the society wedding of the year.

He was in seventh heaven. It was as though all his prayers had been answered at once. He had a beautiful young wife whom he adored and who loved him. Him! When she had had the choice of so many others. And eventually, she had given him five beautiful children. He thought he had all a man could want. These were 'the good old days' that he recalled.

Yet in those moments when he allowed himself to look back with clarity and honesty, he began to wonder if there really had been any 'good old days' after all. It pained him deeply to think that love and happiness were nothing more than myth, but of late this had been his prevailing thought. He felt so cheated and resentful and the pain was so great that had there been a flight leaving the planet, he would have been on it.

As he stood in the present, looking back into the past, he realised that his perspective had changed, for now he could see that the cracks which had eventually opened up and swallowed his life. They had been evident from the beginning, but because he had been young and inexperienced and 'in love with love', he had not been aware of them until they were well-advanced - deep chasms.

It had been a gradual decline, a slow death which had not become apparent until there was barely any life left in the marriage, the cracks held together for years by loyalty and the belief that marriage was irreversible and forever, no matter how deep the suffering, so he had stayed and he had endured.

He had endured until he could endure no longer. Anything would be better than living with the sniping, bitter woman his once beautiful wife had become. Where had he gone wrong? He had asked himself this question hundreds of times, yet there seemed to be no answer. All he knew was that in the end he had failed to make her happy, and for that, as masochistic as it seemed, he took all the blame.

Now he stood looking down the years and into 'the good old days'. They were not 'good old days' after all, he thought and he railed against the folly of youth and the relentless passing of the years.

Alone he endured a season of grief. He grieved for the wasted years. He grieved for lost opportunities and for broken dreams. He grieved for the folly of youth and the loneliness he saw as he gazed across the years to the inevitable end of life.

He battled with his depression for months, until one day he woke with the realisation that 'the good old days' had made him what he was today - the hardships and the hard lessons had built strength and character into his soul, and he knew that if he could come through the pain of a broken marriage, he could also make a new and a different life for himself; a worthwhile life.

That morning, for the first time in years there was a song in his heart and a lightness in his step as he crossed the bedroom floor and walked into the kitchen - and into a new day.

Erin Eiffe

NOSTALGIA

Empty bed
Empty chair
Old toothbrush
Traces of hair

Nostalgia

Fishing flies
Dirty old car
Magazines
Royal Oak bar

Nostalgia

Heart hurting
Crying tears
Something's missing
My son's not here

Nostalgia

Liz Russell-Arnot

NOSTALGIA

Recollections,
opaque memory-haze,
images of bygone days
conjured by an unexpected word.
Sounds, tenuous, tantalising, teasing.
Nostalgia riding the wave of reflection,
surfing the crests of memory,
diving into the past with no heed,
no warning of revelation's power.
Aromas seeping into consciousness.
Touch, gentle, soft, sensually
imbuing delight, melancholy, loss.
Mountainscapes, unchanged.
Seascapes, so brooding,
promising more beyond the horizon.
The complexity of the urbane,
the simplicity of the reinvention,
the stories, the folklore,
the legends that will patchwork the past.

Rose Frankcombe

LETTING THE GENIE OUT!

Gold! It shone out under heaps of debris. I dug further and the glitter almost blinded me. More rubbish and then I uncovered it - an old gravy boat covered in dirt but surely the gold must make it worth something? I wiped the boat with my handkerchief and then 'whoosh' - a silver beam of cloud bounced in front of me and then slithered to form a gigantic Genie.

"What is your desire," the Genie boomed.

Startled, I gasped "To be young again for just one day."

"Done," the Genie said and 'whoosh' he vanished into the night.

What nonsense, surely I must be dreaming, I thought.

The following morning I woke to find my arthritis had vanished. I stretched and glanced into the mirror.

Uh! That pretty young blonde - *that can't be me!* I looked at my hands - they were white and unblemished.

The Genie - he must have been real after all and *am I going to make the most of today!*

That old suit I've been saving until I lost weight - perhaps it will now fit me. Oh, what joy! No grey hair and no more bumps and lumps and I just love that reflection.

I joined the queue for the bus but two young men stood aside.

"Haven't we met before," said the younger of the two.

"I don't think so," I said as I tried to find somewhere else to fix my eyes.

The bus arrived and another young man held the door open.

"We're just invisible," a senior lady grunted.

The bus was crowded and garlic breath almost suffocated me as a dark young man ironed my back with his body.

"Please, please let me out," I said as I groped for the open door.

Four tradesmen dropped their shovels and whistled in my direction. Men with briefcases undressed me with their eyes and continued to stare at me as I walked past.

When I arrived at the office the boss shook his head and then blinked.

"It is yourself then - when did you have the facelift? Must say it's an improvement - but don't expect any special treatment," he said.

The other women looked at me and then giggled behind my back.

The travelling salesman whistled, and then swatted my backside.

I tried to bury myself under the computer but the day stretched on.

The trip home on the bus was even worse. The elderly gent who usually offered me a seat was immersed in his paper as the man with the garlic breath manoeuvred his way towards me.

I raced home, dodging stares from the roadside workers.

Out of practice, I said to myself as I flung the door open to my flat and fossicked for my slippers. The cat edged up onto my lap and I snuggled down to another cosy night.

That genie - what a lesson!

Brenda Scully

IN TIMES GONE BY

In days of yore, ye olde herb lore
Was used for many things,
From facial packs, to cure sore backs,
Relief from insect stings.

Chamomile tea if your hair was fair,
Rosemary tea if 'twas black.
A pillow of herbs helped to soothe sore nerves,
And give sleep when you hit the sack.

Infertility, immobility, everything had a cure.
And from grandmother's stocks
Of herb-filled crocks
A remedy you could procure.

Culinary herbs still used 'til this day,
Marjoram, Thyme and the rest,
Still grown in our gardens for us to enjoy,
Picked the day they are needed is best.

So look out great grandma's herbalist notes
And check on the plants that she grew,
It could be a remedy's there at your door,
For the ailments that seem to hit you!

Eileen Webster

INTERLUDE

This October has been music month at my local library and I went to listen to a flautist. I bought a CD and asked her if she knew of a certain person. She did, and what he was doing now. I laughed and said how much I had been in love with him. Ah, yes, she said, many women loved him.

In those days I met with the entire orchestra often, because it was part of what I did but there was a particular concert - I don't remember what was played but I do remember the beforehand. I was walking down the stairs of the concert hall and he was rushing up. I saw him before he saw me but he did, and stopped. There was a hand rail between us, our two hands on it but not touching and patrons hurrying past, up and down, to get to the entrances to their seats, but that conversation was as sweet and intimate as if we had been the only people on the planet. He had to go to join the orchestra but in the autumn of my life that little incident remains a diamond sparkle in my memory.

And is this what life is? Nostalgia; a review of past times, the good times? I don't want to go back to 'the good old days' because no time is uniformly good or bad. It might be unbalanced but nothing is going to stop time but if it helps, or makes a dull time better, then bathe in the good nostalgic moments of your life.

Jacqueline Lonsdale Cuerton

WHAT MY FATHER TAUGHT ME

*"What did your father teach you?"
a friend asked one day.
It made me think for a long while.
What did my father teach me?*

He taught me we each have one body,
with the responsibility to look after it.
His most important edict:
No smoking!
Dad insisted no-one who respected his body
would put poisons into it.
Oh, how I yearned to smoke
as an insecure teenager!
Surely then people would think me sophisticated,
a woman of the world,
not the shy little lass I really was.
I took his advice, despite my yearning,
and blessed my Dad and his advice later,
when lung surgery was needed...
At least my lungs were clean.
He taught me to start the day deep breathing,
to get my body going.

He taught me how to graft a fruit tree,
a fiddly, skilful job,
inserting a tiny sliver in a neat slit in the mother tree,
binding it carefully, with the result
that the tree bore two types of fruit,
quite an achievement.

He showed me how to turn the earth,
so the buried green growth
provided food for the new plantings.

A superb photographer,
he taught me how to frame up a view,
how to measure distance by eye.
Technology has changed a lot since those days,
the camera does all the work now.
We needed to understand many things,
how to put film in the camera,
retrieve it after exposure,
how to calculate apertures and distances.
I would count 'One dad, two dads, three dads...'
to judge distance to the subject.
(My Dad was about six feet tall, so it was easy.)

How to mend a fishing net was a skill he taught me.
It came in handy years later
at a small carpet factory in Egypt.
"Very good, Ma'am," said the young weaver
as I worked at the loom.
I like to think that someone,
somewhere in the world,
has my neat stitches in their carpet.
That little bit of weaving,
in that far-off land,
reminded me of my dad.

He taught me always to do my best,
whatever I worked on,
rewarded outstanding exam results,
occasionally with an unexpected gift,
once taking me to a shop,
to help choose a gift for mum,
which, to my delight
turned out to be for me.

My Dad thought boys, and their education,
were more important than girls.
Men superior to women.
That lesson I did *not* take to heart.

My Dad taught me to stand tall,
he always walked proud, head erect;
to always be the best that I could be,
just as he always strove, most successfully,
to be the best that *he* could be.

My friend's question was important,
reminding me of the legacy Dad left in me.

He taught me many things,
and through it all
the most important thing he taught
was that he truly loved me,
just as I loved him.

Helen Brumby

NOSTALGIA - WHO NEEDS IT!

"Were we really that young?"

"Were we really that gorgeous?"

Anne and Susan sat by the fire and fingered the photographs. It was the day after Susan's 70th birthday and they were having a glass of wine. They agreed it had been a wonderful birthday but it was time to relax and catch up with each other.

They had been friends for many years but their lives had not followed the same path. Anne had married, had children, divorced and returned to study and was now a lecturer in literature at the local community college.

Susan had travelled, married and lived in France and only returned home after her husband died. She augmented her income by writing short romance stories for magazines. For the first time in many years the friends lived in the same city.

"I think we probably were but just took it for granted. I don't recall being aware that I was 'gorgeous'. In fact I remember feeling inadequate." Anne sipped her wine. She opened her handbag and pulled out a packet of cigarettes. "Do you mind, Sassy?"

"Of course not." Anne went to a drawer in her desk and produced a cigarette case. "Remember this? That little store in Montmartre?"

They lit their cigarettes and settled more comfortably.

"Annie," Susan didn't look directly at her friend, "what do you miss the most? Would you have done things differently if you now had the chance?"

"God yes," Anne didn't hesitate, "I wouldn't have married so young; I would have been a better mother; I would have travelled more; I would have taken more risks and I would have kept my hair long!"

Susan laughed. "I know what you mean. The dictates of fashion and friends can be quite overwhelming when one is young. I remember being quite intimidated by Amanda. She seemed to be able to cope with everything and always looked amazing."

"Do you know she left Peter shortly after you married Gabriel? I'm sorry I didn't let you know. He apparently was a controlling husband and father and her life with him was a nightmare. She found the strength to leave and still lives on a smallholding. She runs a successful small business providing local produce to restaurants in the city. She never remarried."

"I guess we all live with secrets." Susan poured another glass of wine. "Gabriel never knew that I really did want children. He was adamant that he did not and I understand why. His childhood was horrific and he was unsure of his ability to be a good father. I loved him so much and I loved our life together. Perhaps it was selfish of me but I don't regret it. We had 25 years together and they were wonderful. When he died I never thought I would be happy again."

Anne touched her friend's hand. This was the first time Susan had talked about Gabriel's death. He had been a lot older than Susan but their marriage had appeared happy. On the occasions when Anne had spent time with them there had been no hint of Susan's unhappiness at her childlessness. On the contrary, they had both appeared totally content with their life. Gabriel openly adored Susan. Anne did not doubt her friend's words.

"I, on the other hand, do regret marrying Tim. Oh, I don't regret having the children but Tim and I were just not right together. We both wanted different things. Anyway, all of this was a long time ago. It is part of our past, part of history. We can't change it now and I refuse to waste time regretting what I cannot change." She lit another cigarette and went to stand at the window. "Let's not look back any more. Let's live in the present and look forward to the future. You know it's my 65th birthday in December. How do you feel about taking a trip?"

"Where did you have in mind?"

"Well," Anne paused. "How about Christmas on Martha's Vineyard? I would love to go back and I know you've never been. It is so beautiful."

"What will your children think? You're always here for Christmas."

"Well, darling Sassy, I think it's time they created their own Christmas traditions. I want another white Christmas and I want to spend it with my dearest friend and I want to share the wonderful Martha's Vineyard with you."

"Do you think we could make a trip to Concord and Walden Pond? I've always wanted to see the home of Thoreau and, of course, Louise May Alcott."

"We, my friend, can do anything we want. We've made our past now let's make our future."

Jacqui Smart

LIFE WAS SWEET

It had been two years since Jean had given birth to her son, Simon, but he had a prolapsed umbilical cord, and was unable to sustain life. Just to see this tiny treasure, a human life, not able to show the signs of oxygen flowing within his body, the pinkness of skin or the response to touch was heartbreaking. After nine long months of pregnancy, no indication was revealed until labour - then nothing.

A very long jetty that goes out to sea, has on one side a row of remembrance tokens where other babies have had their ashes scattered to the ocean. Now Simon, too, was part of that history.

It's a long way from the dry, dusty, heartland of Paraminjara Mission where Samuel had listened to school lessons on the radio, gone walkabout with Grandma Edith, and jumped into the swimming hole via a long twisted length of twine with his cousins, to the cooler climate of other country landscapes.

Through their church Jean and Ian heard how disadvantaged these aboriginal communities were. Facilities were at a minimum, housing conditions were well below health standards, skinny worm-infested dogs wandered aimlessly through the hot corrugated shanties, while dust and flies penetrated everything.

Perhaps, the addition of a young aboriginal boy, where they could give him a better life could be their way of helping another community...

Neither Jean nor Ian had ever ventured to the Top-End. The time consuming 'plane trip along with the long vehicle ride over red dusty gravel riddled with corrugations, made them wonder if they'd ever get there. But they did.

Bringing Samuel back to the Tasmanian rural scene was full of new experiences for him. He seemed to adapt well, went to a new school, appeared to make friends easily enough, and was not bullied in the playground. Everyone seemed happy, but life is not always as it seems. Despite appearing happy Samuel began to have his quiet moments. Cracks opened up.

It was when Jean took him to the local Agricultural Show, where Samuel had the opportunity to have his face painted, not with the fine strokes to resemble a kitten, or the texture of a lizard, but he convinced his artist to allow him to make up his own face, using his finger - in bold, dark, energetic strokes, the type he'd seen his uncle do when they used to dance barefoot around the camp fire, clapping hands, strongly, and making lots of dust.

There was a void opening in his life. He was missing his cousins, running free and bare-footed, and kicking the soccer ball. His school shoes hurt. He wanted freedom. Freedom of the mind and spirit. Here the weather was too cold to swim in a waterhole. Too many clothes, too much restriction and not enough damper to cook in the coals. Bread from the bakery didn't taste the same. It wasn't hot and crunchy as he remembered.

He grew older. He knew he had been given more opportunities than many. He became educated. He respected what he'd been given in life, but by now he felt it was God's will that he go back to his roots amongst the heat and dust and help the people at the Mission. He longed for a corroboree, to pound the earth, paint his body and sing in native dialect.

It had always been his wish when he'd been taken away by his white parents that he would one day return to his own community. That had been his private prayer with God and now his wish had been answered. Life was sweet.

Margot Manchester

COMPETITIONS AND OPPORTUNITIES

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

2011

Dec 31 **BONDI WRITERS SHORT STORY COMPETITION**
Seeking short stories between 1500 and 3000 words. 1st \$200 2nd \$100 Please use a coversheet for all of your details. E/fee is \$5. Results published in *Writers Voice*. Go to www.fawns.org.au for full details. Send entries to Competition Convenor, Bondi Writers, PO Box 701, Bondi Junction, NSW 1355

2012

Jan 7 **MARDI GRAS SHORT STORY COMPETITION**
Stories up to 750 wds written to topic of 'Heroes' with a LGBTIQI theme. E/fee \$15 \$10 conc. 1st \$2000 & Sydney Writers' Centre course voucher (\$500) 2nd \$1000 & SWC course voucher (\$300) 3rd \$500 & SWC course voucher (\$200). Go to www.mardigras.org.au for details.

Jan 13 **VISION AUSTRALIA'S DICKINSON LITERARY AWARDS**
Entrants must be Australian residents and legally blind. Categories include: Adult (over 25 years) Fiction & Non-fiction 1000 wds, Young Adult (16-24 years) Fiction & Non-fiction 1000 wds, Youth (under 16 years) Fiction & Non-fiction 500 wds, Open – Autobiographical work on living with blindness or low vision. 1st in each category \$500 Vision Australia Equipment Solutions voucher. No e/fee. Go to www.visionaustralia.org.au for all information.

Jan 18 **PARENTING EXPRESS COMPETITION**
Free entry for creative non-fiction words up to 900 wds, written to the theme of pregnancy, birth or the first five years of raising a child. Writers must be Australian residents over 18 years of age. Go to <http://parentingexpress.com> for details.

Feb 14 **EAGLEHAWK DAHLIA & ARTS FESTIVAL INC. LITERARY COMPETITION**
Categories include 'The Rolf Boldrewood Short Story Award' 3000 wds 1st \$200 2nd \$50, 'The Opollo Poetry Award' 30 lines 1st \$200 2nd \$50, and 'The Alan Llewellyn Bush Verse Award' 52 lines 1st \$100. E/fees \$3. Go to <http://dahlia.bendigo.net.au> for details.

Feb 29 **ART MONTHLY AUSTRALIA EMERGING ARTS WRITER'S AWARD**
Open to writers of post-school-age with no more than 5 published works – it is suggested you contact AMA's editor Maurice O'Riordon for clarification. An entry which is 1000 to 1500 words written to the theme 'The Art of Art Criticism' – chosen because it is the 25th anniversary of the magazine – can be anything from a review to an essay and anything in between. The prize is \$2000 plus publication in AMA. Use a coversheet and either email entry to art.monthly@anu.edu.au (with 'Emerging Writer's Award' in the subject line) or post to Art Monthly Australia, Emerging Writer's Award, LPO Box 8321 ANU, Acton, ACT 0200. Go to <http://artmonthly.org.au> for their formatting requirements.

FESTIVALS AND CONFERENCES

Here's a summary of the up and coming festivals in the southern hemisphere which you may consider attending, lucky ducks:

PERTH WRITERS' FESTIVAL 23rd-26th February 2012
www.perthfestival.com.au/ email festival@perthfestival.com.au ph (08) 6488 2000 fax (08) 6488 8555
Can subscribe to enews.

ADELAIDE FESTIVAL 2nd – 18th March 2012
www.adelaidefestival.com.au email info@adelaidefestival.com.au ph (08) 8216 4444 fax (08) 8216 4455

NOTHERN TERRITORY FESTIVAL ('WordStorm') 2012 date not yet set, usually May.
www.ntwriters.com.au/ ph (08) 8941 2651 fax (08) 8941 2115

SYDNEY WRITERS' FESTIVAL 14th – 20th May 2012
www.swf.org.au/ ph (02) 9252 7729 fax (02) 9252 7735
Enews available.

EMERGING WRITERS' FESTIVAL 2012 date not yet set, usually May.
www.emergingwritersfestival.org.au/ email info@emergingwritersfestival.org.au

MELBOURNE WRITERS' FESTIVAL 24th August – 2nd September 2012

ORGANISATIONS

BROAD UNIVERSE is an international organisation formed to 'celebrate and promote the work of women writers of science fiction, fantasy and horror' - and there are many! Go to www.broaduniverse.org or email info@broaduniverse.org for further info.

The **STATE LIBRARY OF TASMANIA (Launceston)** has a very user-friendly family history centre in the Reference section, and the librarians have correlated many useful information sheets, including listing online resources for researching convicts. Here is an unlimited source of, and inspiration for stories, in particular from the proceedings of the Old Bailey, London 1674 to 1913 www.oldbaileyonline.org the British Convict transportation registers 1787 – 1887 www.slq.qld.gov.au/info/fh/convicts and the National Archives of Ireland – Transportation Records www.nationalarchives.ie/topics/transportation/search01.html

It appears **Sir Terry Pratchett of *Discworld* fame and his publishers Transworld**, are not offering their manuscript competition at present, however Sir Terry's website offers much interesting info. Go to www.terrypratchett.co.uk , just in case!

FELLOWSHIPS, MENTORING AND RESIDENCIES

The **KURIL DHAGUN INDIGENOUS WRITING FELLOWSHIP** closes **31st January 2012**. Published and unpublished writers can apply for a \$10 000 fellowship, of which two will be awarded. Accepted genres include: Adult fiction (over 60 000 words), Poetry (minimum 30 poems), and Children and Young Adult fiction (over 40 000 words). Recipients will be based at the Queensland Writers' Centre and the State Library of Brisbane. Go to www.slq.qld.gov.au email indigenous.writing@slq.qld.gov.au or phone (07) 3842 9484 for information.

The **REDMOND BARRY FELLOWSHIP 2012**, named in honour of a founder of the University of Melbourne and State Library of Victoria, is now open. Up to \$20 000 will be available to assist with a writer's travel, living and research expenses, which will then 'facilitate research and the production of works of literature that utilise the superb collections of the State Library of Victoria and the University of Melbourne.' The writer will be based at the library for 3-6 months. During this time it is expected the writer will 'pursue his or her own project, present a lecture or short seminar to the public, library and university communities, and a brief report at conclusion.' Contact Gail Schmidt, State Library of Victoria (03) 8664 7335 email fellows@slv.vic.gov.au Application closes **29th April 2012**.

OTHER OPPORTUNITIES & NEWS

Based in Perth, WA, **WINTERBOURNE PUBLISHING** is a 'boutique Australian e-publisher of speculative fiction by new or unknown Australian authors'. They publish 4-6 titles per year and are 'actively seeking submissions from Australian writers of science fiction and fantasy a little outside the mainstream'. Must have a complete manuscript and it has to be speculative fiction. Genres considered include fantasy-comedic, fantasy-epic, fantasy-noir, fantasy-urban, paranormal-classic and science fiction – no horror and ,not a big fan of straight epic or sword-and-sorcery fantasy, paranormals (especially vampires), or hard science fiction, unless the characters really stand out.' 'Stories with decent female characters, humour and/or a bit of romance are in with a head start.' They prefer standalone novels for an adult/young adult audience. Works should be more than 70 000 wds. No Short stories collections, novellas or poetry, please. Royalties are 20% of AU RRP for e-books and 10% of AU RRP for POD books, paid quarterly. Receive advance royalty of \$200. Submit electronically – synopsis, first 3 chapters to the main editor, Wendy Palmer. Include contact details, word count, best guess at sub-genre, previous publication credits or other info in the body of your email. Paste

Synopsis and chapters into the body or attach as .doc, docx or rtf files. Use plain fonts such as Times New Roman. You will be sent an automated reply for a successfully received submission.

Go to www.winterbournepublishing.com.au for full details. Email publisher@winterbournepublishing.com.au for enquiries relating to publishing. Email submissions@winterbournepublishing.com.au for MS submissions.

DYMOCKS has launched a publishing service – **D Publishing** ‘a new web-based book publishing service, that aims to support all Australians with stories to tell’. This is an ‘author driven publishing initiative from Dymocks that will enable Australian authors to create, improve, publish, print, and distribute their books and e-books.’ Google Dymocks to find out more.

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

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

A RANDOM SCATTERING OF SECRET SANTA RECIPIENTS AT THE GRAND CHANCELLOR HOTEL, DECEMBER 5, 2011



L to R: Nancy Corbett, Liz Russell Arnot, Natasha Devereux, Jane Waite, Cathie Willson, Cathie Duff, Yvonne Gluyas, Patience Stewart, Mary Hawkins



Joan



Liz



Patience



Yvonne



Natasha



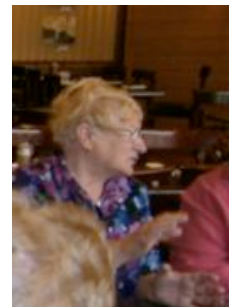
Ros & Cathie



A sedate Mary & Wendy



A not so sedate Rose - and Erin



Loretta

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 February-March, 2012: ...a turning point...
(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>