

The Australian Writer

Stamp

January 2017 newsletter

Official newsletter of the Fellowship of Australian Writers (Vic)
Supplement to The Australian Writer

Vale

Member of the Society of Women Writers Victoria, and the Fellowship of Australian Writers Vic, noted poet, Tricia Veale, of Benalla, lost her long fight against cancer, on Friday 13 January 2017, while at the North East Health Centre, Wangaratta.

Tricia was a long time supporter of the Fellowship of Australian Writers.

The fellowship extends sympathy to Tricia's son, Neil Pipers, and their extended family.

Let us know at FAW if you feel
you have been ripped off by a
publishing scheme.

See page 3

Contributions for publication

Please send contributions for publication in the Australian Writer to:- Jim Mynard, Editor, The Australian Writer, 453 Bourke Road, Katamatite, 3649 or to:-
mynardmedia6@bigpond.com

Please send details about competitions, publishing opportunities, events, and experiences of your work being published to share with members.

Be a published member

The Australian Writer is a medium providing opportunities for members of the Fellowship of Australian Writers to become published. We welcome all themes. Include a one or two sentence author bio with your submission. A photograph is optional.

Submissions may be emailed to:-

fawsubmissions@writers.asn.au

Or posted to The Editor

The Australian Writer

453 Bourke Road

Katamatite 3649.

Phone 0417 567 741.

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Activities in literature

Free, but for whom?

Sadly, we are hearing too often about writers being ripped off through a range of editorial and publishing schemes. (whoops - scams) Cases of people paying more than \$1000, and in one recent case \$2000, to have their books published with a promise of getting them sold on the web or through some well known ereader company probably not even approached. This month we have a young girl caught in a competition scheme offering thousands of dollars in a prize pool who was told she won first prize. But, later told there would be no prize because her work was sub-standard.

No writer should pay to have his or her work published. It is the responsibility of publishers to pay writers, not for writers to pay publishers.

Please let us know at FAW if you think you have been shorted sheeted in this way.

Poetic inspirations

Readings. 11.45am to 1.45pm Saturday 4 February. Emerald Hill Library and Heritage Centre, 195 Bank St, South Melbourne (opposite South Melbourne Town Hall) with Peter Malapanis, Ant Doig, and Gabrielle Everall, plus open mic. Kitchen available, including crockery and a hot water urn. Details; Dimitri Troaditis:- troaditisdimitris@gmail.com 0432 094 342.

Seeking excellence in literature

Secretary's Report

FAW member, Danielle Carr, agreed to take on the role of editor for the new look Australian Writer Anthologies. Danielle, met with committee member David O'Dwyer, and myself at Wyreena Community Arts Centre, Croydon on Friday 20 January for a lengthy discussion. She has a masters in communications and a pleasant personality. All Danielle needs is for members to send in short stories and poetry for the books.

Osmosis is hopefully working for the fellowship because some unknown influence took us to meet Danielle at Wyreena, a beautiful old private home turned community centre. Two minutes in the place and it became the new home for the Fellowship of Australian Writers. We have a room for our monthly meetings and function facilities for future events. Danielle is now a committee member and we have two other committee members senior university administrator Marg Francis, and businessman and literary agent Gil Steendam who have also joined the committee. The way is open to appoint a patron. I am in the process of updating the membership database and matching what I have with banking records. I anticipate this will take three months. I would be pleased to hear from members about the status of their membership as they see it.

We are enjoying a flow of new members, a fair indication people interested in writing and literature are looking at our new look website and the Fellowship of Australian Writers brand.

Dark Crimson Lips

by Pauline Csuba

Foreword

Recently while I was renovating a period home, I found tucked away under old floorboards in a plastic bag, a book, a diary, really. At first I was excited because I thought I had found something valuable and old. It was not to be the case. Enquiries have failed to trace the whereabouts of the owner of the book or their identity even though we live in a modern technological age. Did the person hide this book in order to forget? This great discovery friend will interest you, as this is an ultrafashionable romance. The following is an account, I believe of someone's life. Whether the story is true, only you can decide.

*Signed. Rebecca Guthrie.
Malvern, Victoria.*

I can remember her sitting on the floor beside me, and talking.

"Does it matter I said," boring silly stuff of course, but she spoke furtively in her restrained manner. Through it, her face belied her thoughts.

"I do not know what I am saying, what am I going to do?" I asked everyone, but no one could tell me.

Let me get clear on this, when was this? I can't remember. I was leaving David Jones; she came from behind the counter to the door with me. Suddenly she turned me around and kissed me, again and again.

My every thought crushed like the shattering of ships on the rocks in a storm. I took her face in my hands, I looked into her eyes, and she let me kiss her.

"Was she a lover." I asked.

"No," was the reply.

She told me she was going to be my lover, but I pushed her away. She said nothing.

I said: "You must forget what just happened."

I realised I had made a mistake. She tried to seize me by my arm.

"Leave me alone."

Not knowing why, I left her with a look of desolation, she was laughing.

I vowed I would never enter that particular store again. I was such a fool, I could never have begun to imagine. Those dark crimson lips, silken soft as the fluffy white blossoms of the pussy willow, well groomed was she, her lustrous straight auburn hair cascading over the side of her face. How can I care for you?

I do not even know you. I need you. I want you. I was gripped with a deathly unwellness. I heard a frenzied cry, then realised it was coming from me. I felt my love for her was so strong she would feel it, she would know. She had to know. Those kisses, my heart was on fire, I was floating among the Gods. I went home and could not sleep, paced back and forth, back and forth in the room. Anxiety rushing through every cell in my body. Then suddenly I could stand it no longer, I must find her.

Hours or weeks had passed, I cannot be sure, when I raised my eyes I was looking straight into her eyes. Those silky dark crimson lips, it all happened at a tremendous lick. She was a luscious peach, sweet to the senses of my mind. From the moment she kissed me, I knew.

All night we walked and talked. It could have been days or years; I was so lost in her. There are women you can kiss, you cannot know, maybe you can. I do not know how we got to her apartment, minutes flashed by so fast, and the next I knew I was in the street looking at her closed door.

For several weeks I had not slept, my head splitting like timber crushed by a blow with an axe. I was suffering.

‘Tortured and condemned is my soul, until I return to you’.

At last, alone together, darling to think it has been several weeks isn’t this wonderful. She laughed, jumped up, took out her make-up and began powdering her nose. The whole event had been very hurried. She turned to me; I could see her face. She came over to me; she was dressed in black velvet. I imagined her silky dark crimson lips parting, engorged I devoured her right there in that moment.

I went on looking at her in a way I had never done before. My eyes popping like fresh corn on the stove. Joyously appraising her, my eyes following every curve and point. Her dress tight

over her breasts, each time she took a breath, the rise and fall. I was hooked, mesmerised.

“Here we are,” she said, a hint of excitement in her voice, I grabbed the seat of the car as she leaned over placing her hand on my leg. I fell back against the seat, my heart beating a hundred miles an hour. I began to feel wet; the car seat warmer was on.

We stood there by the car door staring at one another. I couldn't take my eyes off her. She moved aside for me to pass, I tripped on the small stones not looking where I was going, she laughed saying nothing. I did not speak to her; we went down a few stairs and through the door of the grand old hotel.

We stood near a window of the old hotel looking down on the river, the ancient waterway that continued to nourish and define this, our city.

“Is it as lovely as you expected?”

“Much lovelier,” I told her.

She laughed. Hey, tomorrow we'll explore and wander along the river. I felt restless, stirred by a strange energy. I wanted to be outside walking, holding her hand, touching her. I leant with my cheek against the window sill. Suddenly I felt very tired as though she were too much for me, too difficult, more than I could bear. If only I could just rest my mind I thought, how silly.

As I turned away from the window, she caught my eye, exquisitely scented with Deep Night, mysterious and unique. “Come out onto the terrace,” she said.

We picked up our drinks. A moment later, we found a spot to sit. She held out her hand, we sat. A song rang out and she hummed to herself happily and light-hearted.

I sat quite still; it had been another week, I wondered why I loved her. The smallest touch from her would send a flood of warmth to my heart. Scarcely a day passed without a debate in my head. How I would shower her with gifts. It had to be flowers of course, tiffany jewels, and the latest designer label, anything to please her.

Oh how I was suffering. If she only knew what I was going through. My heart was bursting, this had never happened to me before, not like this.

Sometimes she sat away from me not saying a word, some-

times I could have sworn she loved me, other times she would not let me touch her, saying she was not in the mood. She made me wait. It was agony until I had her again. Infuriating as she could be, I waited.

I remember leaving the restaurant after having dinner somewhere. Yet again, I do not know how we got to her flat. She turned the key I stepped inside; everything was in darkness except for a soft glow from an open curtain over a small win-lamp. She went into the kitchen and then the bathroom. Suddenly it was midnight she was pushing me toward the door.

I did not wish to go. She had her hand on the door-handle. It was incredible that I could know such happiness. Here I was in the street having left her, again.

I had not heard from her for several weeks. I was missing her terribly. She knew if she made me wait, I would come. And then came the call. She didn't sound her usual bubbly confident self. Her voice sounded powerless.

I knew immediately she was calling for help.

"I will be there as fast as I can," I said.

What had gone on?

My brain felt empty.

Suddenly I felt ill and tired. A dark shadow began to appear over me. I rushed out the door not knowing what to expect.

There was an ambulance outside her door. I knew it was she. They were carrying her limp body on a stretcher, her long auburn hair cascading over the side. I leapt from the taxi, covering her pale face with my kisses: "My love, my love." Streaks of tears pouring down my face, I let them. I sobbed so loudly I shook.

Something inside of me cracked, I knew it was my soul. My heart would never beat the same.

Years have passed; I do not know what I am saying, what I am going to do?

I had asked everyone, no one could tell me. I had no idea why. I do not need you, I said aloud. I do not want you, I screamed. I hated her.

Reluctantly I knew if I were to live, to go on, to cope, I needed to resolve this damned cursed feeling otherwise she would haunt my life forever.

That was how I found myself sitting on the floor in a shrink's consulting room. She listened intently as I spoke. I guess I just needed some form of closure. I did not know how I was going to find it. This was my first step to a new life and me. The fact I could not remember was that everything had become a blur. Was there ever this person? Had I made her up? My memories were failing me. The seconds and minutes became months and years.

And those God-damned dark crimson lips, silken soft as the fluffy white blossoms of the pussy willow, shit.

Those fucking dark crimson lips were all I ever saw. My last memory of her. No wait, my last memory of her was her long auburn hair hanging over the side of the stretcher.

I began to laugh. It wasn't those dark crimson lips at all. I felt relieved. I finally knew I was on my way. On my way to healing and finding a new me.

Name Change

Like a pope pontificating
he said,
'Don't know why feminists
make such a fuss about
a woman being expected
to change her name at marriage.
You didn't.'

'No, but that's only because
then it was the social norm.
Also I didn't like my maiden name
and I liked your name.
How would you have liked it
if you'd been expected to change
your name from Gary White
to Gary Lipshut?'
Face changing colour to match
the vitreous of his eyes
his mouth dropped open.

Meryl Brown Tobin.

Opportunities

2017 Nature Writing Prize.

Closes Friday 27 January 2017. Five thousand dollars will be awarded for the winning entry, an essay of 3000 to 5000 words in the genre of 'Writing of Place'. The winning entry will be published in the Griffith Review. Judges are award winning journalist and editor, Jo Chandler, and novelist and critic, James Bradley.

Details:- www.natureaustralia.org.au/nwp

Contacts:- Ally Catterick at ally.catterick@TNC.org or
Claire Hammond at claire.hammond@TNC.org

Fish Short Memoir.

Closes Tuesday 31 January. Memoir to 4000 words. First prize \$1400; 2nd prize:- a week at Casa Ana Writers, Spain. Ten winning entries will be published in the 2017 Fish Anthology. Details:- www.fishpublishing.com

Birdcatcher Books Stories for Children.

Closes Friday 3 February. Stories suitable for children aged between five and eight. First prize \$150 plus publication in an anthology. Details:- <http://birdcatcherbooks.com/competitions>.

Text Prize for Young Adult and Children.

Closes Friday 3 February. First prize a \$10,000 advance on royalties. Details:- textpublishing.com.au

Newcastle Short Story Award.

Closes Monday 6 February. Prize pool \$6000. Thirty five short listed stories will be published in an anthology. Details:- www.hunterwriterscentre.org

Fellowship of Australian Writers Vic
Website:- writers.asn.au

Tasmanian Writers Prize 2017.

Closes on Monday 13 February 2017. The award is for a 3000 word short story with an island theme, and has a \$500 cash prize, plus publication in Tasmania 40 South.

Details:- www.fortysouth.com.au

Mudgee Valley Writers Youth Literary Award.

Closes Tuesday 28 February 2017. First prize for a short story:- \$700; 2nd:- \$200; 3rd:- \$100. Poetry 1st:- \$700; 2nd:- \$200; 3rd \$100. Highly commended and commended certificates awarded. Sponsored by Norman Vickers Estate. Details:- j.baggett@bigpond.com or the competition secretary, Mudgee Valley Writers FAW NSW, PO Box 356, Mudgee, NSW 2850.

EJ Brady 2016-2017 Short Story Competition.

Closes Tuesday 28 February. *The Mallacoota Prize*. First prize for a short story up to 2500 words is \$2000; runner up \$300. *The Gabo Award*. First prize for a story up to 700 words is \$500. *The Berka Award* provides a first prize of \$500 for a humorous story of less than 1000 words. One encouragement award of \$100 will be given for an entrant who has not previously been paid for a published story. Details:-

www.artsmallacoota.org/page3.htm

Henry Kendall Poetry Award.

Central Coast Poets Incorporated has called for entries in the 2017 Henry Kendall Poetry Award. Entries are open only from Friday 20 January to Tuesday 28 February. Noted poet Jean Kent will judge the award. First prize \$1000; second prize \$500; and third prize \$250. Entry is \$15 for each poem. Details:- centralcoastpoets.com.au

Calibre Essay Prize.

Closes Wednesday 15 March. For an unpublished essay of between 3000 and 7000 words on any non-fiction subject. First prize \$5000; 2nd is \$2500. Both essays will be published in the Australian Book Review. Details:-

www.australianbookreview.com.au

Laura Literary Awards.

Close on Friday 24 March. These involve the *Flinders News Prose Awards* and the *CJ Denis Poetry Awards*. Flinders News awards Section One for a short story to 1500 words. Prize \$200. Section Two is for young adults 13 to 18 for a short story of up to 1000 words. Prize \$50. Section Three for junior writers 9 to 12 for a short story to 5000 words. Prize \$25. Section Four, for junior primary writers aged 5 to 8. A short story up to 500 words. Prize \$15.

CJ Denis Poetry Awards for poems of up to sixty lines in all sections. Section Five open. Prize \$200. Section Six Open Bush Poetry. Prize \$200. Section Seven. Open Young Adult Writer 13 to 18 years. Prize \$50. Section Eight. Junior writer 9 to 12 years. Prize \$25. Section Nine. Junior Primary writer 5 to 8. Prize \$15. Details:- 08 8636 2401 or 08 8636 2833.

<https://rockyriverrriters.files.wordpress.com/2015/08/lauraliteraryawards2017.pdf>

FAW Tasmania Nairda Lyne Award.

Closes Friday 31 March. for a short story of 1000 words, suitable for children 8 to 12. First prize \$100 and name engraved on a plaque in the Launceston Branch of the State Library. Also a Hobart Bookshop \$50 voucher for the best Tasmanian entry. Entries to the competition secretary, FAW Tasmania Inc, Box 234, North Hobart, Tasmania, 7002.

ABR Elizabeth Jolly Short Story Award.

Closes Monday 10 April. First prize \$7000. Second prize \$2000. Third prize \$1000. Prize winners and three commended entries will be published in the Australian Book Review.

Details:-www.australianbookreview.com.au

The Australian Writer

provides opportunity for FAW members to
have their work published.

Please send short stories and poems to
453 Bourke Road, Katamatite, 3639
or email to:- mynardmedia6@bigpond.com

Haiku

cloud semi-blocking sun
blue sky giving way to dark cloud
mood changes

Meryl Brown Tobin.

Cicadas

A nebulous sirocco
they sing to me,
my friends in the trees.
Thirteen years in gestation
to make their chorus and solos
of raucus din and greenery.

Like Wagner
they go on far too long
and need editing
from our hungover summers.

Peace through insecticide
and I've silenced some,
not all,
so we may quietly bask
to cassette tapes
of more favoured composers,
while on the bark of trees
hang a million
sallowed and parched skins
gasping at codas
over a plagal cadence.

I have made them past-tense,
but they'll return again,
dal segno
as their genes conduct them,
with their cessationless cassations
and fugal intertide interludes.

Graham Simmonds.

Northvale Primary School

The room is empty,
chalkdust fossilizes on our books.
tables nurse chairs,
the air collapses
from academic fatigue.

The children have gone
to catch measles and tadpoles,
or be led astray by television,
or the perniciousness of childhood games.
Their noisy voices,
sounds of scuffling feet
haunt on in corners and cupboards.
On the table tops
their greasy fingerprints sleep,
dormantly awaiting tomorrow's regeneration.

I write lesson plans at twilight:
winters in a hollow classroom,
ghostly images filling my finally private head.

My prisoners of the day are on night release,
but their ectoplasms ooze on
in the school's perpetually mysterfying rites.

Graham Simmonds

From Thirty Six Poems

Xlibris

www.xlibris.com.au

Delight

To write of the sunshine, to write of the green leaves,
To write of the plumage of birds in the spring,
To write of the colours of all the bright flowers,
Is surely a delightful and uplifting thing.

To write of the strong breeze, to write of the showers,
To write of the fresh bursting buds can show how,
To write of the sight of all life's renewal,
Is to write of the new born animals now.

This is the time when vigour's encouraged,
This is the time when living is fun,
And all that are human can feel the days lengthen,
And all that are human can smile in the sun.

John Covill.

Dawn

This is the kind of fresh pure song,
To welcome the morning.
Look up above, pink bars come along,
The pale sky adorning.
The stars lose their brilliance and meeting the dawn,
Are silently fleeing.
The buds open slowly but reach to adorn,
The atmosphere's being.
The birds merry chirpings, praising the East,
Are new sky ascending.
The heads lifted up of each drowsy beast,
To clear air are bending.
Slowly awakes all nature around,
The sun that is twining,
From up on the hillside to down on the ground,
And over all shining.

John Covill.

Dodoni

Great men have walked hither,
and I too,
walked those ancient stones
of Greece,
when evening fell.

Dodoni

I then wondered
of your ever ageing past.
I felt the slowness of your journey
to the present
and on into the future.

Dodoni.

From your power,
emotion, silence, and secrecy,
came your stories.

I heard, but only in my mind,
as I lingered on those steps
where great men had been.

Where time stands still.

Jim Mynard.

Migraine

Migraine,
sense reducing pain.
Nausea, gut gripping retch,
jelly, legs debase.

Vomit:

Sweat moistened face.

Fear, feel of death.

Please, God, not again.

Jim Mynard

The Third Plate

By Karissa Welch

She's out there again. I lean my forehead on the cold glass and watch her. The trampoline's belly sags tiredly towards the grass as the weeds reach greedy fingers up its rusting legs.

I watch her lying there, face upturned to the sun and see her fingers reach out to curl around our son's hand. She points to a cloud laughing and I flinch. They started cloud watching when he was just a baby and it became their secret joke, running inside giggling and flushed from the sun, interrupting my work with stories of dragons and evil rabbits seen battling in the sky.

She would lean in the doorway, a quiet smile touching her lips. Watching her hurts but so does everything lately. I slump back behind the computer and let the flow of data wash soothing waves of order over my thoughts.

The back door bangs as she calls out: "You hungry honey?"

I blink and rub my neck: "Yeah. I'll come out."

She's stretching up on tiptoes to reach the tea bags, faded cotton dress riding up brown calves, her hair a tangled mess of sun bleached silk. She shoots me a smile and nods at the kettle. I flick the switch while she busies herself making the sandwiches.

When she reaches for a third plate I grab her wrist harder than I intended. She pulls away and slams the third plate down next to the others. She won't look at me now. My words are bricks tumbling out in the silence: "My mother called today. She thinks we should have another baby."

Her stiff back makes a lie of her casual reply: "I am not surprised. She never thought it was good for Kai to be an only child."

"I think we should too. It might help us ... help you ...

to" She spins with eyes of anguish begging me to stop, screaming at me not to do it, not to say the words. I force myself to speak through the weight of her reproach: " accept he's gone. He's been gone for a year now sweetie."

She places my sandwich gently down on the table. A doll made of china with too many cracks, she takes her plate and walks carefully back outside to an empty trampoline. I slink back to my office.

On the bench the third plate lies abandoned, sandwich slowly crusting through the quiet afternoon heat.

Membership Application

I wish to join the Fellowship of Australian Writers Vic. Inc

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

P/CODE _____

PHONE _____

MOB _____

EMAIL _____

Applications will be considered during the monthly committee meeting after receipt. When accepted, new members will be invoiced for their first year dues and must submit payment within 30 days to endorse the application. Members will be notified 30 days prior to their annual renewal date.

Please send this form to:- The membership registrar, Fellowship of Australian Writers, 453 Bourke Road, Katamatite, 3649.

writers@asn.au

Listing

If you have a book out there please join our listing;
it just might sell a few.

Simmons, Graham:-

Thirty Six Poems.

Plays performed.

Ohm 1971.

The Sacrifice 1971.

Mishka and Nomagave 1975.

Script For Four Friends 1981.

For children.

Tulla, Murk and Grub 1973.

George iii/iv and Dragon 1 1973

Probert, Terry:-

Kundela (Commended Christina Stead Award).

terry.probert@bigpond.com

Smith, Gordon:-

An Australian Story.

The Family That Went to War.

(Both translated into Portugese).

Lady Ruth Bromfield.

The Ministry Communications Unit.

All four books are being translated into Chinese.

(see www.gordontraffic.com)

Smailes, Lynn:-

A Prescribed Life.

Co-written with Tony Atkinson.

Affirm Press.

Stone, Dulcie:-

Changing Times, Changing Lives.

Spectrum Publications.

(free). publications@aiidd.org.au

Tavrou, Nenia:-

Magical Moments of an Adventurous Life.

nenia1@bigpond.com

The Australian Writer is edited by Jim Mynard. 0417 567 741

FAW (Vic) Committee

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Committee Members:-

Danielle Carr, John Covill; Margaret Francis, David O'Dwyer; Angelo Salamanca; Graham Simmonds, Gil Steendam.

Interstate branches

New South Wales	www.fawns.org.au
North Shore NSW	fawnorthshore@gmail.com
Shoalhaven NSW	fawshoalhaven.org.au
Queensland	fawq.net
Tasmania	fawtas.org.au
Western Australia	fawwa.org.au

The Australian Writer

invites contributions of short stories, poetry, and monologues, from FAW members. Please send contributions to The Australian Writer, 453 Bourke Rd, Katamatie, 3649 or by email to:-

mynardmedia6@bigpond.com. Publication in The Australian Writer does not preclude authors from publication elsewhere at any time.

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