ABOUT NT WRITERS’ CENTRE
The NT Writers’ Centre encourages vibrant literary activity in the Northern Territory, developing and supporting writers across all genres at all stages of their careers. We value quality NT writing as a unique component of Australia’s literary wealth and recognise Indigenous writers and storytellers as a core component of this. As well as our ongoing member services, we offer a program of workshops, opportunities and showcase events across the NT including an annual Writers’ Festival.

FEATURES
 Judges Report: Northern Territory Book of the Year, Peter Bishop | 3
 On Writing: A Handful of Sand | Charlie Ward | 4
 You’re Always a Winner to Us | Mary Anne Butler | 5
 In Search of Pixie | Glenn Morrison | 6
 On Still Emerging | Megan McGrath | 8
 The Asian Festival of Children’s Content 2016 | Sandra Kendell | 10

INDUSTRY
Copyright 101 | Jo Tang | 11
Representing the NT in Ubud | Christopher Raja | 11
Push Your Book | Ellen van Neerven | 12
Botanic Gardens Retreat | Leonie Norrington | 13
25 Years of KROW | Katherine Region of Writers | 13
Lamhann Retreat | Kyle Stevenson | 14
NT Writers’ Festival: Wordstorm 2016 | 16

ADVERTISING
Writing in Ngukurr | Courtney Collins | 18
Illustrating Children’s Books | Priya Blackwood | 19
Online Publishing | Colin Wicking | 20

FICTION
Not Anyone? | Maureen O’Keefe | 21
The Dog | Karen Manton | 22

LOCAL BOOKS
Darwin Writing | Kieren Finnane | 26
Short Reviews | 29

LISTINGS | 32

Guest Cover Artist: Talea Patterson is a young graphic designer/illustrator living and working in the Top End. She is a lover and a contributor of the NT arts scene, including traditional arts.

Imprint is a publication of the NT Writers’ Centre. It is devoted to NT writers and writing.

EDITORIAL:
SALLY BOTHROYD, NT WRITERS’ CENTRE

Welcome to this re-launch of the Northern Territory Writers’ Centre Journal. Imprint previously Write Turn.

It’s been about 18 month since a new team took the driver’s seat at the NT Writers’ Centre.

There have been challenges, but the Alice Springs program manager Fiona Dorrell and myself feel we’ve now managed to get things back on track, so we can best help our members while also promoting writers and writing in the Northern Territory.

The NT Writers’ Festival was held in Darwin in May, and came hot on the heels of the 2015 Alice Springs Festival in September (postponed due to the staff changeover). We’ve hardly had time to catch our breath, but it’s been a fun time.

Both festivals were a great success. Huge thanks go to Fiona Dorrell, and our Alice festival director Dani Powell, Darwin festival co-ordinator Corea Drayn, and our many volunteers who stepped in to lend a helping hand. Thanks also to the NTWC’s board, and bookkeeper (and brains trust) Hamish McDonald.

We’ve also managed to get the workshop program up and happening again, and have been pleased to see so many people taking the opportunity to exercise their creative writing muscles. We’re hoping to offer another program of inspiring workshops in 2017, and to be able to take them further afield.

The NTWC would not be able to operate without the funding we receive from Arts NT, and thanks must go to them for their continued enthusiasm and support. We are grateful to also have continued funding from the Australia Council, and the support of other funders, including the Copyright Agency, the Alice Springs Town Council, the Catalyst Fund, and the Community Benefit Fund and to our sponsors including Channel Nine Darwin, Charles Darwin University and the Darwin International Airport.

Sally Bothroyd
Executive Director
NT Writers’ Centre

The NTWC would not be able to operate without the funding we receive from Arts NT, and thanks must go to them for their continued enthusiasm and support. We are grateful to also have continued funding from the Australia Council, and the support of other funders, including the Copyright Agency, the Alice Springs Town Council, the Catalyst Fund, and the Community Benefit Fund and to our sponsors including Channel Nine Darwin, Charles Darwin University and the Darwin International Airport.

Sally Bothroyd
Executive Director
NT Writers’ Centre

The NTWC would not be able to operate without the funding we receive from Arts NT, and thanks must go to them for their continued enthusiasm and support. We are grateful to also have continued funding from the Australia Council, and the support of other funders, including the Copyright Agency, the Alice Springs Town Council, the Catalyst Fund, and the Community Benefit Fund and to our sponsors including Channel Nine Darwin, Charles Darwin University and the Darwin International Airport.

Sally Bothroyd
Executive Director
NT Writers’ Centre
FROM THE ALICE OFFICE: FIONA DORRELL

I was thinking recently about how arts workers, and indeed writers, are a bit like trees. Perhaps it was because my housemate recently ordered a copy of The Hidden Life of Trees in 2012, when I became their new music critic. Since that time I have been a concert reviewer for the British Arts Council, written books (two published and two still in preparation, including a novel), and I have written many journal articles. So, when David James, a Board member of the NTWC, asked me if I was interested in standing for a position on the NTWC Board, it was not hard for me to answer the affirmative, and, I immediately joined the association via the website. The following Monday I attended the AGM and, much to my surprise I found myself volunteering to take the role of President. And, thus began my involvement with the NTW Writers’ Centre. Besides being very experienced in arts management, I believe that I am suitably qualified, as a writer, to be President, and to act in support of all the authors who are members of NTWC and represent the association in an appropriate manner.

So far this year the NTWC has presented many fine events and opportunities for writers, but two key events deserve a specific mention. They are, the ‘Wordstorm Festival’ in May, which was highly successful; and the inaugural Andrew McMillan Memorial Retreat at Larrakia, Kal- Williams was the first writer to benefit from this initiative. Also worthy of a mention are the biennial ‘Territory Read Awards’ for published NT authors. The Book of the Year was won by two authors, Clare Atkins and Mary Anne Butler, and the other category winners were Irena Kobald and Derek Pugh – congratulations to all of them.

The new funding round is already underway and Sally Bothroyd, her team in Alice Springs and Darwin, plus the Board, have done a great job in developing a new 5-year plan. So there are many exciting plans in the pipeline for the future of the NT Writers’ Centre as we head into 2017 and beyond.

Northern Territory Book of the Year

PETER BISHOP

The first thing to say is that these book awards are an excellent institution and a splendid way to draw attention to the quality and range of writing being produced and published in the Northern Territory. The two judges – Jennifer Mills and myself – had a stimulating and exhilarating time reading, pondering and re-reading before sending each other our shortlists.

We consulted from a long shortlist for the Book of the Year –

Mary Anne Butler Highway of Lost Hearts

Meg Mooney Being Martha’s Friend Chris Raja The Burning Elephant Clare Atkins Nona and Me Derek Pugh Tambora Irena Kobald My Two Blankets

A strong shortlist – and a splendidly varied one: a play; a collection of poems; a young adult novel; one set in India and one in the Territory, a richly informative travel adventure and an illustrated children’s book.

Each of these books does the thing that only exceptional books do – which is to create a whole individual world where readers are started to find themselves wonderfully at home. And they make the world a better place – richer, livelier, more remarkable and interestingly new.

The shared winners of the Book of the Year award in 2016,

Mary Anne Butler Highway of Lost Hearts

Clare Atkins Nona and Me

For the Non-Fiction category

Derek Pugh Tambora

For the Young Adult/Childrens category

Irena Kobald My Two Blankets

The Hidden Life of Trees

Peter Wohlleben presents research to prove that writing can be a labour-intensive occupation. It’s no secret that writing can be a sometimes taxing. Me and my lone permanent colleague based in Darwin, has been from Sally, my other lone permanent colleague in Alice Springs, and interacting in social networks, and interacting in social networks, and interacting in social networks, and interacting in social networks, and interacting in social networks, and interacting in social networks.

I hope it’s not another 40 years before we hear more from Russell Guy!

The Hidden Life of Trees

Peter Bishop was the founding creative director of Varuna, The Writers’ House in the Blue Mountains, 1994-2010 and Jennifer Mills is the fiction editor of The Saturday Paper, Sydney. They were both judges for the 2016 Northern Territory Book of the Year Award. The judges were sponsored by the NT Chief Minister, with funding from the Copyright Agency’s Cultural Fund, with thanks also to the Northern Territory Library, 2016 Northern Territory Book of the Year Award Judges.
On Writing: A Handful of Sand  

CHARLIE WARD


If I am what I eat, I am also what I read, and what I write. I am not only a bibliophile but a bibliophiliac, consuming and expelling the written word. My first memory is of learning to read. One book led to another and another, and I had Frank Hardy’s 1968 classic of the Australian Aborigines, the book I had to write. After the Walk-off, for instance, took me to Ngukurr more than once. For me, a visit to a place like that is a treat, which is lucky because on one trip it also destroyed the engine of my Hilux. I sat on a remote stretch of road for 36 hours and returned to Mataranka on a tow truck. The NT History Grant paying for my fuel on that trip was never going to cover the huge damage done to my car.

Years of inquiry began. While I spent Struggle, After the Walk-off what my interests are—and aren’t. My words. My first memory is of learning to read. One book led to another and another, and I had Frank Hardy’s 1968 classic of the Australian Aborigines, the book I had to write. After the Walk-off, for instance, took me to Ngukurr more than once. For me, a visit to a place like that is a treat, which is lucky because on one trip it also destroyed the engine of my Hilux. I sat on a remote stretch of road for 36 hours and returned to Mataranka on a tow truck. The NT History Grant paying for my fuel on that trip was never going to cover the huge damage done to my car.

I was just lucky that I could organise my life around it.

In my time-traveller’s cocoon, the hardest task I faced was—well, the writing. Who would be a historian? Thousands of contradictory, undated sources, being forced to rely on whose fools’ interpretations of historic Gurindji voices, and reconciling multiple perspectives. These challenges were all interlinked. How to create an account that makes sense and is factually accurate? One that conveys complexity, as well as being compelling and easy to read? Composing each sentence and paragraph of 300 pages, I was a juggler with a dozen balls. That was my highwire act. Reading A Handful of Sand now, I see where I teeter, though I don’t think I fail. That last ball—of being easy and compelling to read—seems to me a lot more difficult to acquire than I thought it would be.

The NTWC asked Mary Anne Butler to tell us how it felt to win a national award for literature, and for this response.

On January 28 this year, my play Broken received two major awards: The Victorian Prize for Literature, and the Victorian Premier’s Literary Award for Drama. I had been forewarned of the latter, but when they announced The Big Kahuna as my friend Luke called it [it’s Australia’s richest Literary Award], I was utterly stunned. Things happened in slow motion. I had no idea what I said to the gathered throng. I have no idea how long – or short – I spoke for, it was all just too overwhelming. What I do remember is standing down the podium, finding my way back to my family and friends and feeling them close around me with love and pride. And feeling safe, because they were the real world; and I knew they would have still been there, winner or not.

Since that night Broken has received a swathe of awards and nominations. I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t delighted, humbled and encouraged by the massive local and national recognition it’s received. And I’d be lying if I said it isn’t life changing. It is National recognition in particular has seen me settle. It’s let me sit inside my own skin in a way I’ve never been able to. On a purely practical level, the associated award money has bought me writing, reading and breathing time along with some level of financial security which I was beginning to despair of ever obtaining.

However, ‘Winning a Big Award’ is also an event I’m conflicted by. Tom Stoppard said: “I don’t think writers are sacred, but words are. They deserve respect. If you get the right ones in the right order, you might nudge the world a little...” And I think the problem with awards, is that they often position the writer as sacred, rather than the words. To single a ‘Winning Writer’ out of all the others is problematic. It shews the focus away from the many other generally excellent works in an often-massive field. As Susan Lever argues: with Literary prizes “Writing begins to look like a competitive sport, with losers eliminated in each round … the winner will, indeed, be as much lucky as deserving... because judges will always have subjective taste.”

I write because I love it. Because it calls me. Because it gives me purpose. I write because the actual act of writing is joyous for me. It’s the process, not the product which keeps me here. Yes, it’s hard sometimes. And frustrating. And a constant challenge. But I always accept the challenge – so I guess we suit each other.

Finally - I’m a firm believer in the adage that ‘You’re only as good as your next work’. So I’d better get cracking.

Mary Anne Butler is a Darwin-based playwright and fiction writer. The NTWC hopes to offer her popular workshop series Story in Six Weeks in the first half of 2017.

For all current workshops visit our website ntwriters.com.au

You’re Always a Winner to Us

MARY ANNE BUTLER

“You’re always a winner to us. You’re only as good as your next work. So I’d better get cracking.”

bubbles, took red carpet photos and they presented me with a ‘Mod’ award – a cow’s plastic rear end mounted on a diamante-clad tea saucer with ribbon attached, so I can wear it as a medallion. It’s awesome.

As the award winner’s name came down via Twitter, someone said to me: You’re always a winner to us. And I felt my friends close around me with love and pride, safe in the knowledge that they will always be there for me, winner or not.

Finally - I’m a firm believer in the adage that ‘You’re only as good as your next work’. So I’d better get cracking.

insidestory.org.au/nt-awards

Mary Anne Butler is a Darwin-based playwright and fiction writer. The NTWC hopes to offer her popular workshop series Story in Six Weeks in the first half of 2017.

For all current workshops visit our website ntwriters.com.au
In Search of Pixie
GLENN MORRISON

The Blue Mountains are cold in autumn. The shaking in my hands, however, is a tremble of fear. Of my chronic inability to get out of my own way and simply write. More pressingly perhaps, to write simply. Writing is about process, I remind myself. Steinbeck. Diary of a Novel. The scribbling. First the scribbling. Then the work.

The day ahead fills my window. A deep bay affair, framed in white enamel over a wide bench seat, a cozy nook of the sort found in Home Beautiful, where a dog may once have curled. I peer through the glass as if it a shark aquarium. But there are no sharks. Only the silence of a garden. Calm. Raised beds of lilac, crocus, each in its own way a bloom. In the early half-light, a mist drifts through a maple and a breeze stirs several natives beyond, outside, where the world continues to turn. A young mango I pushed past on the way from the house, I cut myself some time since hauling open the heavy door on her private writing studio, I do not yet know her life.

The Writers House. Its proximity to the house, I think, is my habit. A young mango I pushed past on my way from the house, I cut myself some time since hauling open the heavy door on her private writing studio, I do not yet know her life.

She was always there. Always seen. A thin one. Short. Brushing her age. A young mango I pushed past on my way from the house, I cut myself some time since hauling open the heavy door on her private writing studio, I do not yet know her life.

When I yearn for the presence of cultural appropriation? Did she then? Was it then? As if to a shark aquarium. But there are no sharks. Only the silence of a garden. Calm. Raised beds of lilac, crocus, each in its own way a bloom. In the early half-light, a mist drifts through a maple and a breeze stirs several natives beyond, outside, where the world continues to turn. A young mango I pushed past on my way from the house, I cut myself some time since hauling open the heavy door on her private writing studio, I do not yet know her life.

For Pixie was painfully shy, shunned her public, loathed publicity. She grew up in her husband’s household, an elderly agent Nellie Sukerman: ‘If I could arrange the literary world to my satisfaction writers would never be the least bit pressed to take shelter “mysterious beings with faces pale as bones”.’ And then, as mysteriously as it had arrived, one morning quite early, when the creamy film of fog was just lifting from the bay, the door on her private writing studio, I do not yet know her life.

No idea she made of Australia’s bitter history. As if to a shark aquarium. But there are no sharks. Only the silence of a garden. Calm. Raised beds of lilac, crocus, each in its own way a bloom. In the early half-light, a mist drifts through a maple and a breeze stirs several natives beyond, outside, where the world continues to turn. A young mango I pushed past on my way from the house, I cut myself some time since hauling open the heavy door on her private writing studio, I do not yet know her life.

I try to quell it, to be still. To breathe. Just breathe. It is a year since my last severe panic attack. Since those times have learned how to deal with it. But I feel panic. To observe the world without judgement. To find what I find, however doleful, is extending to the cool of the rock. Above me, Eric speaks gently in sopra tones I don’t quite hear. Then I lose hold of the rope. Eric slips from view. As melting butter, I fall. Pixie is nowhere to be seen. And I fall. I am panic. But a hand reaches down, out of the mist. It is Eric’s. He has me. Gladly, I accept his grip.

Acknowledgement
In 2012, Glenn Morrison won aVaruna Retreat Fellowship and in April the next year spent a fortnight in Eleanor Dark’s writing studio near Katoomba, courtesy of the Eleanor Dark Foundation. Notes made there formed the basis of this personal essay.

Glenn Morrison is an award-winning journalist, author and researcher living in Alice Springs where he writes of Central and Northern Australia, Indigenous people, landscape and politics. Glenn divides his time between a weekly newspaper column, media and cultural research, and producing for ABC Radio. In 2010 he earned a PhD from Macquarie University, and in 2016 lectured in journalism at the University of Sydney.
**On Still Emerging**

**MEGAN MCGRATH**

Back when I was just a no-name kid from a patch of sand in Queensland, I had big dreams of making it as a writer. I wanted to be the kind of author who inspired other aspiring writers to create something meaningful. Penning stories about overcoming adversity, nature versus humans, and of course, because I was a teenager, big love was how I could as an aspiring author: “Whatever it takes to finish things, finish. You will learn more from a glorious failure than you ever will from something you never finished.”

My outcomes in the past few years can be categorised in two ways: periods where I was writing and submitting a lot, and those when I was not writing at all. This came down to some bad habits I’d picked up along the way. I was great at starting stories. Temple at finishing them. I’ve wasted a number of opportunities by looking forward instead of keeping my head down and seeing something through. This is why I still don’t have a novel out (and now I’m thirty). Instead of knuckling down and committing to the long game, I’d drop my novel draft after writing forty thousand words to go after a quick buck by publishing an article or submitting to a short story competition.

This habit was fuelled by the explosion of online journals and new print magazines. When I was an aspiring writer, there were about four places to send fiction in Australia. Then the rules changed. With the ease of online submission portals, I was no longer restricted to the local market (nor did I have to pay for whale-mail postage across the Atlantic). This access to new markets meant there were so many places to send work, especially short-form fiction and articles, and I got power-drunk on the possibilities. (If you don’t know where to start looking for places to send your work, regularly check in with the Opportunities page at Writing Queensland, sign up for The Australian Writers Marketplace, and be sure to read the tips on submitting your work on the QWC website.)

Now don’t get me wrong. As an aspiring writer, going after these short-term milestones were a great way to build up a portfolio. But I’d already had my share of success, my portfolio was solid. Compulsively submitting short work became detrimental, personally, because it meant I was continuing on the same path, rather than advancing. And OK, I have been emerging for a while now. It’s so clear to my peers, that I’ve been insulted about it a few times recently. Oscar Wilde was right when he said, “A true friend stabs you in the front.” On all occasions, the insults were well-intentioned, mis-delivered congratulitions on my Queensland Premier’s Young Publishers and Writers Award win. And I’m glad my industry ‘friends’ pointed this out. From this, I have come to understand the significance to finishing the draft of my novel.

By publishing short stories, I moved through the rungs from aspiring author to emerging writer. Then I solidified my status by selling more short stories (to more prestigious journals) and for winning awards for, yep, short stories. I love writing short fiction. But I can’t stay in this pond forever. Neil Gaiman says, “Whatever it takes to finish things, finish. You will learn more from a glorious failure than you ever will from something you never finished.” This is the lesson I am learning now. There is nothing more valuable than persistence.

Part of the Queensland Premier’s Young Publishers and Writers Award prize was professional development and support, which has afforded me a bit more time to write (actually write), and allowed me to attend The Novelist’s Boot Camp at QWC (see, even I’m still learning). The ultimate test will be seeing my current novel manuscript all the way through to The End. And then I will definitely, absolutely, no doubt about it, have my first book published...soon.

Megan McGrath is an award-winning fiction writer from North Stradbroke Island. She is the author of the novella, Whale station, and winner of the Queensland Literary Awards 2015 Queensland Premier’s Young Publishers and Writers Award. More from Megan at Megansfictions.com

This article was first published by Qld Writers Centre qwc.asn.au on WQ Online in March 2016 and is available at writingqueensland.com.au/on-still-emerging

Image from flicker: Metamorphosis Insectorum Survivens

Amsterdam: Voor den auteur, als ook by G. Valck, (1705)

biodiversitylibrary.org/page/41598744
The Asian Festival of Children's Content

SANDRA KENDELL

The Asian Festival of Children's Content (AFCC) is an annual festival held in Singapore that celebrates and promotes the creation and appreciation of children's books and content. It encompasses a Writer's and Illustrator's conference, Teacher's Congress, Parent's Forum and a Cross Platform Summit for literary and media professionals.

This year in I was fortunate to be able to attend this welcoming, mind expanding festival and importation of cultural exchange ideas, thanks in part to some generous funding from the Northern Territory Government's Arts NT Quick Response Scheme. The country of focus for the year was Japan and the Festival also featured Ahenkorah, CEO of The African Bureau for Children's Stories and founder of the African Library of Children's Literature in Ghana. He is a Darwin-based author and illustrator of five published children's picture books. She creates stories that celebrate some of our most fascinating native animals.

The festival was also teeming with children's book luminaries from around the globe. Notable presenters included; Tadahiko Motoyoshi, The Editor in Chief of the International Children's Book House from Japan, Indonesia and Singapore. A lively author's debate; 'Where to Draw the Line? Adult Content in YA and Children's Books' highlighted the differing cultural taboos of represented countries. In Australia, it seems almost anything goes, for Young Adult Fiction at least.

The festival also offered opportunities for rights exchange, "speed pitching" and one on one manuscript and portfolio reviews. For a few brave souls, there was a public critique session of the first pages of their unpublished manuscript. Added into the mix was bunch of book launches, a skype conversation with Shaun Tan, collaborative story wall, "duelling illustrators" and the chance to meet a gaggle of passionate children's book enthusiasts from around the world, complemented by Singaporean style catering. The Festival truly provided nurturing for the mind, soul and palate.

This year I had the opportunity to attend and promote my novel The Burning Elephant at The Ubud Writers & Readers Festival, South East Asia's leading festival of words and ideas that was conceived of by the charming Janet DeNeefe, as a healing project in response to the first Bali bombing. The theme for this year was Tat Tvam Asi or 'I am you, you are me' and I found this to be a theme that seemed to come about at a time when we are experiencing so much division and conflict in the world.

This extraordinary, vibrant festival afforded bringing together many ideas and thinkers and readers from around the world but at the same time while it promoted diversity it also created a lot of sharing and commerce. It's your creation, the shining product of your countless coffee- or tea-fueled hours, and valuable not only in terms of money, but your name and reputation. As a lawyer at the Australian Copyright Council, I see a lot of questions from writers, established and aspiring, about how to ensure their work is protected while 'putting it out there' to agents, to publishers, and ultimately, to readers around the world. Here are some of the most common questions writers ask.

How do I copyright my manuscript? Automatically! Once written, the copyright is in the name of the creator. In Australia, you get copyright automatically the moment you express your writing in material form. You can save your manuscript as Word document, hand-write it on paper, carve it into stone—the method doesn't matter. As long as your writing is recorded in a form a person can read, it is automatically protected by copyright. No fees or paperwork required.

But how do I prove that I wrote it? You can put a copyright notice on your manuscript (eg., Jane Leong © 2016). Although this notice isn't a legal requirement for copyright, it's a good idea to use it as it will give rise to a legal presumption that you own the copyright. Keeping records of drafts and dated notes will also be valuable in the small chance that this presumption is challenged.

Can I copyright an idea I share in a writer's group? Although copyright will protect your manuscript, it will not protect the ideas behind it. Nor will it protect facts, information, titles, or your writing style. There are laws regarding confidential information, but in the context of a writer's group, if you have a particularly juicy story idea, it may be best to keep it to yourself.

Is it safe to send a manuscript to agents or publishers? What about putting my manuscript online? Copyright gives you the exclusive right to deal with your manuscript, including its reproduction and publication. This means that if an agent or publisher deals with your manuscript without your permission, you can take legal action against them. Generally, but, it's highly unlikely that a professional agent or publisher would risk being sued and damage their reputation by "stealing" your manuscript.

The internet is another matter. Although copyright does protect your manuscript online, given the nature of the internet, if someone copies your manuscript without permission it can be difficult to take action to stop them, particularly if the infringer is overseas. If your manuscript is valuable and you want a publisher to publish it, don't put it online.

Where can I get more information? The Australian Copyright Council website has a large number of free information sheets on various aspects of copyright. We also provide online training and a free legal advice service. Our book, Writers & Copyright is a comprehensive 'how to' guide for writers, publishers and editors alike, and is available via our online bookstore (copyright.org.au).

Copyright 101

JO TENG

Christopher Raja

This year I had the opportunity to attend and promote my novel The Elements Of Diversity at The Ubud Writers & Readers Festival. This was a once in a lifetime opportunity that was made possible by the support of the Northern Territory Writers' Centre and the Australian Government's Catalyst Fund.

Representing the NT in Ubud

CHRISTOPHER RAJA

The Australian Copyright Council
368 George Street, Sydney, NSW 2000
Tel: 02 9326 7300
Email: info@copyright.org.au
Website: copyright.org.au

1. This is a comprehensive 'how to' guide for writers, publishers and editors alike, and is available via our online bookstore (copyright.org.au).
2. The Elements Of Diversity: This was a once in a lifetime opportunity that was made possible by the support of the Northern Territory Writers' Centre and the Australian Government's Catalyst Fund.

3. Sandra Kenden is a Darwin-based author and illustrator of five published children's picture books. She creates stories that celebrate some of our most fascinating native animals.
**You are in the fortunate position where you have secured a publishing contract, survived the editorial process, and now your book has gone to print. What happens next? What do you have to do to give your book a fighting chance to be noticed?**

If you’re a first-time author, it’s important to realise you can’t rely solely on others – you’re going to have to push your book yourself. You are the biggest seller of your book: through what you say, what you do and where you do it. After the release of your book, your life will change, even in small ways. You’ll have to make time for administration that could interfere with your writing work and family life.

Since the publication of my debut Heat and Light, I have been involved in more than fifteen festivals and have travelled across Australia and Canada, India and the US. These are my top tips to make the most of the journey.

**PUBLICITY.**

Your blurb and cover are two of your biggest marketing tools, so make sure you have input in this process. Your publisher might work with you to develop a plan of attack leading up to the release date. This could include a media release and a list of key media contacts that you may add names to. Review copies of your book will be sent out to media and reviewers, and your publisher will pitch you to festivals.

**PHOTOSHOOTS.**

Before you seek out a photographer, have an idea of other author pics you like. Most will have a headshot on their website. Wear what you usually wear. Be comfortable. Smile (if you want to).

**INTERVIEWS.**

These could be for radio, television or print. Print interviews could be conducted on the phone or by email. Radio and television could be live or pre-recorded. Get ready by writing down prepared responses. Have a friend practice with you. Some questions will be a given eg. What inspired you? How long did it take you write? Some might take you by surprise.

**LAUNCHES.**

Each publisher has a different budget, but it’s likely they will help support a launch in your home town or city. Choose a location like a book store or cafe that you like. Invite everyone you know. You might have to explain to friends and family in advance that you only receive a small amount of complimentary copies, and they will have to purchase a copy of your book themselves, but you will happily sign it, and there will be free drinks or food at the event.

Some authors provide warm touches when autographing to create a connection with their readers. Sunshine Coast author Inga Simpson has a personalised set of stamps for her books which she marks reader’s books with.

**FESTIVALS.**

You might be invited to a small regional festival, or an event in a major city. All exposure brings you closer to readers. You could be invited to be on a panel, to read from your work or to teach a workshop. Make sure you feel comfortable doing what is asked of you. Don’t be scared to ask questions, the earlier the better. Do your homework on the writers or moderator you’re interacting with. Put yourself in your audience’s shoes – what would you pay money to see? Come prepared for anything. If you have the chance, see if you can tie in a visit to local bookshops. Send an email in advance, and offer to sign your books. This industry is an industry of relationships. Kindness and consideration to others will pay off in the long run.

**SCHEDULE.**

Keep a physical diary as well as a planner. This way you will not get confused and you can see your year of publication visually.

**EMAILS.**

There will be a lot of emails, and if you do not yet have a system for filing and sending emails, create one. Emails could include contracts, flights, invoices and media requests. You will be asked to do things for free: appearing at a local event, writing an article or contributing to a blog. For a number of reasons, you may need to say no to paid or unpaid requests. Make a criterion to see whether these opportunities will be helpful and make sure that they align with your career goals.

**SOCIAL MEDIA.**

It is recommended you have an online presence by having one or more of the following: an author website, blog, Facebook, Twitter or Instagram page. This is a good way to connect with readers and showcase your work, but don’t feel you have to engage in ways you’re not comfortable with. This will show in your interactions, and may cause more harm than good.

**WRITING WHILE TOURING.**

American author David Vann keeps the mornings to himself when he’s touring, but travel can set your normal writing routine into wack. Public demands can be tiring. You may lose focus. And meanwhile everyone is asking ‘what are you working on next?’

There’s no golden rule for writing your second book. It will be your biggest challenge. Continue to write through self-doubt, even by just keeping a diary.

Ellen van Neerven is a Mununjali woman from South-East Queensland and the author of the David Unaipon Award-winning Heat and Light. She works as the senior editor of the blackintext! Indigenous writing and editing project. This article was first published by Qld Writers Centre on their website.

**25 Years of KROW.**

KATHERINE REGION OF WRITERS

In 1991, a group of Katherine people with a common interest in literature decided to form a writers group – to encourage each other, bounce ideas off each other, and generally have a yarn about writing.

Initially known as the Katherine Writers Guild, the group later evolved into the Katherine Region Of Writers group (KROW for short), and although some members have moved away, new ones have arrived, the group is still active 25 years later.

KROW’s first anthology of work by its members was The Wandering Turtle, published in the 1996, and since then there’s been a steady program of events and publications.

Numerous KROW members have had their work recognised by the NT Literary awards, including Toni Tapp Coutts, Kathleen Donald, Ron Ball, Jill Pettigrew, Michael Whiting, Bruce Hocking, Marion Townsend; and several have made their mark on the publishing world, notably Ron Ball for A Pom in the Outback, and Toni Tapp Coutts for A Sunburnt Childhood.

KROW members name as a highlight the writer retreat weekends held at the Emerald Springs Roadhouse, and next year they’re planning another one.

Here’s to the next 25 years!
“Yeah mate, clean yourself up, would you?” Barry chirses in.

“Are you kidding?”

“Here we go Andrew, give ya head a wash,” Paddy says, as he pours water onto the grave to wipe off the excess paste and shine up the tombstone.

I am in the outback, miles from civilisation, in the scorching midday heat with three men I don’t know all that well. Five dead people, and a large mob of flies.

These men have brought me into the scrub to meet Andrew, who I only know by reputation. He is the man responsible for my current living conditions at an odd outback pub, where a crocodile lurks 5 metres from my door and the threat of a death adder slipping into my room always sits in the back of my mind.

But it’s not as sinister as it sounds.

This is all part of what could be Australia’s most unusual writer’s retreat – the Andrew McMillan Memorial Writer’s Retreat at the Larimah Wayside Inn, also known as the Pink Panther Pub.

Today the pub’s owner Barry has driven me out to this peaceful bush cemetery where we are erecting a tombstone on Andrew’s grave.

We heave the monument onto the tiles, mix the glue and assemble.

“Here we go Andrew, give ya head a wash.”

“Yeah mate, clean yourself up, would you?” Barry chirses in.

Both are old friends of Andrew’s, a well-known author and journalist based in Darwin, who passed away in 2012, leaving money to the NT Writers’ Centre to establish the retreat in Larimah, a minute speck of red dirt on the vast Territory map, 497km south of Darwin, population: 11.

This was where he used to come to write, and after two weeks in this desolate furnace I can see why. There is nothing much else to do. But in the same breath, there is so much going on.

Barry Sharpe owns the pub and its attached wildlife park, which is home to 500 birds (some who swear), 20 squirrel gliders, three crocs (one with no eyes called Ray), two emus and a handful of wallabies.

He’s been here more than 20 years, owned the pub for 12 and seems responsible for my current living conditions – a light jog is a near-death experience and if you want to eat an ice cream you need to do it in under 10 seconds or risk the entire thing dripping down to your armpit.

The pub is a character unto itself, a collection of monogrammed glasses, where a crocodile lurks 5 metres from my door and the threat of a death adder slipping into my room always sits in the back of my mind.

And then there are the trickle of tourists, the ones who haven’t got the memo that the dry season is over and it’s too hot up here now. Heat that in practical terms means a light jog is a near-death experience and if you want to eat an ice cream you need to do it in under 10 seconds or risk the entire thing dripping down to your armpit.

As I sit in my room contemplating my time in Larimah – the solitude, the greatly-needed space and time to write and the people I’ve met – I’m pretty sure I hear laughter brush through the trees on the sultry afternoon breeze.

And there’s no doubt in my mind it’s coming from Andrew’s grave.

I pause on a picture of family photographs to get to an overwhelming the bush. “Like sunsets painted pink and decorated with blazing sunsets, rusty old ice-skates, a triple-tandem bike, crusty saddles and dusty kettles. A network of spider webs overhead completes the ambiance. Owner Barry is a hipster ahead of his time.”

The pub is a character unto itself, painted pink and decorated with blazing sunsets, rusty old ice-skates, a triple-tandem bike, crusty saddles and dusty kettles. A network of spider webs overhead completes the ambiance. Owner Barry is a hipster ahead of his time.

Lennie, a collector of monogrammed glasses, comes to the pub one morning looking dishevelled – his favourite Black Douglas Whiskey glass has taken a tumble and shattered. It’s really shaken him up.

Bill turns up each night for a beer and the 7 o’clock news.

Lennie, a collector of monogrammed glasses, comes to the pub one morning looking dishevelled – his favourite Black Douglas Whiskey glass has taken a tumble and shattered. It’s really shaken him up.

He’s been here more than 20 years, owned the pub for 12 and seems responsible for my current living conditions – a light jog is a near-death experience and if you want to eat an ice cream you need to do it in under 10 seconds or risk the entire thing dripping down to your armpit.

As I sit in my room contemplating my time in Larimah – the solitude, the greatly-needed space and time to write and the people I’ve met – I’m pretty sure I hear laughter brush through the trees on the sultry afternoon breeze.

And there’s no doubt in my mind it’s coming from Andrew’s grave.

I pause on a picture of family photographs to get to an overwhelming the bush. “Like sunsets painted pink and decorated with blazing sunsets, rusty old ice-skates, a triple-tandem bike, crusty saddles and dusty kettles. A network of spider webs overhead completes the ambiance. Owner Barry is a hipster ahead of his time.”

The pub is a character unto itself, painted pink and decorated with blazing sunsets, rusty old ice-skates, a triple-tandem bike, crusty saddles and dusty kettles. A network of spider webs overhead completes the ambiance. Owner Barry is a hipster ahead of his time.

Both are old friends of Andrew’s, a well-known author and journalist based in Darwin, who passed away in 2012, leaving money to the NT Writers’ Centre to establish the retreat in Larimah, a minute speck of red dirt on the vast Territory map, 497km south of Darwin, population: 11.

This was where he used to come to write, and after two weeks in this desolate furnace I can see why. There is nothing much else to do. But in the same breath, there is so much going on.

Barry Sharpe owns the pub and its attached wildlife park, which is home to 500 birds (some who swear), 20 squirrel gliders, three crocs (one with no eyes called Ray), two emus and a handful of wallabies.

He’s been here more than 20 years, owned the pub for 12 and seems responsible for my current living conditions – a light jog is a near-death experience and if you want to eat an ice cream you need to do it in under 10 seconds or risk the entire thing dripping down to your armpit.

The pub is a character unto itself, painted pink and decorated with blazing sunsets, rusty old ice-skates, a triple-tandem bike, crusty saddles and dusty kettles. A network of spider webs overhead completes the ambiance. Owner Barry is a hipster ahead of his time.

As I sit in my room contemplating my time in Larimah – the solitude, the greatly-needed space and time to write and the people I’ve met – I’m pretty sure I hear laughter brush through the trees on the sultry afternoon breeze.

And there’s no doubt in my mind it’s coming from Andrew’s grave.

I pause on a picture of family photographs to get to an overwhelming the bush. “Like sunsets painted pink and decorated with blazing sunsets, rusty old ice-skates, a triple-tandem bike, crusty saddles and dusty kettles. A network of spider webs overhead completes the ambiance. Owner Barry is a hipster ahead of his time.”

The pub is a character unto itself, painted pink and decorated with blazing sunsets, rusty old ice-skates, a triple-tandem bike, crusty saddles and dusty kettles. A network of spider webs overhead completes the ambiance. Owner Barry is a hipster ahead of his time.

Bill turns up each night for a beer and the 7 o’clock news.

Lennie, a collector of monogrammed glasses, comes to the pub one morning looking dishevelled – his favourite Black Douglas Whiskey glass has taken a tumble and shattered. It’s really shaken him up.

I paused on a picture of family photographs to get to an overwhelming the bush. “Like sunsets painted pink and decorated with blazing sunsets, rusty old ice-skates, a triple-tandem bike, crusty saddles and dusty kettles. A network of spider webs overhead completes the ambiance. Owner Barry is a hipster ahead of his time.”

The pub is a character unto itself, painted pink and decorated with blazing sunsets, rusty old ice-skates, a triple-tandem bike, crusty saddles and dusty kettles. A network of spider webs overhead completes the ambiance. Owner Barry is a hipster ahead of his time.

Barry Sharpe owns the pub and its attached wildlife park, which is home to 500 birds (some who swear), 20 squirrel gliders, three crocs (one with no eyes called Ray), two emus and a handful of wallabies.

He’s been here more than 20 years, owned the pub for 12 and seems responsible for my current living conditions – a light jog is a near-death experience and if you want to eat an ice cream you need to do it in under 10 seconds or risk the entire thing dripping down to your armpit.

The pub is a character unto itself, painted pink and decorated with blazing sunsets, rusty old ice-skates, a triple-tandem bike, crusty saddles and dusty kettles. A network of spider webs overhead completes the ambiance. Owner Barry is a hipster ahead of his time.

As I sit in my room contemplating my time in Larimah – the solitude, the greatly-needed space and time to write and the people I’ve met – I’m pretty sure I hear laughter brush through the trees on the sultry afternoon breeze.

And there’s no doubt in my mind it’s coming from Andrew’s grave.

I pause on a picture of family photographs to get to an overwhelming the bush. “Like sunsets painted pink and decorated with blazing sunsets, rusty old ice-skates, a triple-tandem bike, crusty saddles and dusty kettles. A network of spider webs overhead completes the ambiance. Owner Barry is a hipster ahead of his time.”

The pub is a character unto itself, painted pink and decorated with blazing sunsets, rusty old ice-skates, a triple-tandem bike, crusty saddles and dusty kettles. A network of spider webs overhead completes the ambiance. Owner Barry is a hipster ahead of his time.

Bill turns up each night for a beer and the 7 o’clock news.

Lennie, a collector of monogrammed glasses, comes to the pub one morning looking dishevelled – his favourite Black Douglas Whiskey glass has taken a tumble and shattered. It’s really shaken him up.

“I just stopped in for a drink one day and I never left,” he says.

There’s a sign on the bar proclaiming it’s the “highest bar in the Territory”.

“What does that mean?” I ask Barry.

“Well, it’s according to the latitude and longitude,” he says pointing to the painted numerals. “But is it true?” I ask.

He looks surprised and shrugs. “No one’s ever asked me that. I dunno. It was in it. “It was OK,” he tells me. “The thing is you don’t panic.”

More recent arrivals include Five-Cokes-A-Day Karen and her husband Mark who manage the pub, and soon-to-be-20 berried Tessa, who was working as a ringer on a local station. She came in one day to collect her mail and never left.

Although it’s tempting to sit in the bar and listen to the parade of peculiar all day, many things conspire to keep me indoors and writing – the 40-degree temperatures, the pair of hostile wasps that live outside my door and ambush me any time I leave. And, of course, the desire to finish my first novel so perhaps one day I can send another budding author on a bizarre bush adventure.

As I sit in my room contemplating my time in Larimah – the solitude, the greatly-needed space and time to write and the people I’ve met – I’m pretty sure I hear laughter brush through the trees on the sultry afternoon breeze.

And there’s no doubt in my mind it’s coming from Andrew’s grave.

Journalist, emerging author, and recipient of the inaugural Andrew McMillan Memorial Writer’s Retreat, Kylie Stevenson, just returned from two weeks in the remote township of Larimah. This retreat is the result of a bequest to the NT Writers’ Centre by the late author Andrew McMillan. Andrew asked that the NTWC use the bequest to establish an annual retreat for an emerging author across genres.
NT Writers’ Festival: Wordstorm 2016
FOUR DAYS CELEBRATING WRITING AND STORYTELLING FROM THE NORTHERN TERRITORY AND BEYOND. PHOTOS BY PAZ TASSONE

Photos this page: Indonesian writers Eliza Vithi Handayani and Eka Kurniawan with Dr Sandra Thibodeaux; CDU’s Dr Adelle Sefton-Rowston, Dr Christian Bok, and Professor Brian Mooney with playwright Mary Anne Butler; Children’s author Paul Seden reads to some kids; Memoriastrs Marie Munkara and Toni Tapp Coutts; and YA author Clare Atkins. Opposite page: Slam poet Zohab Zee Khan; Magda Szubanski talks about her memoir with Rebecca McLaren; Richard Glover meets a fan; Maureen O’Keefe reads from Desert Writings; Kieran Finnane launches her book; and NTWC workers Jen Dowling, Cora Diviny and Fiona Dorrell close the festival.
Writing in Ngukurr

COURTNEY COLLINS

“We have a rhythm there in that we get up early so we have some time to work. There’s always someone happy to have a cup of tea with me. It’s quite a secure feeling because my previous experience had been of writing a novel in isolation.”

Since moving to Ngukurr, Collins said she’d witnessed and heard “the most amazing stories – beyond imagination”, but she was glad she had her own story to tell.

“The odd experience of going to place like Ngukurr and taking with me a half-baked novel set somewhere else has been good, because I’ve had the authority of a world of my own making.”

“In hearing and witnessing other people’s stories, I have to set myself the limit. It’s not my story to tell. The indigenous approach is culturally different to the Western approach... just because you see or hear a story, doesn’t mean it’s yours to tell. That’s a really interesting place for a writer to be – feeling all of the inspiration, but having to respect the limits.”

“That’s a really interesting place for a writer to be – feeling all of the inspiration, but having to respect the limits.”

“Writing a novel is totally meaningless to them. One of the freedoms of being in Ngukurr is that really at the end of the day I’m judged by how good the lunch was, and whether there was enough meat in it. This project I’m cooking up in the shipping container, no one’s concerned about it except me.”

Collins said she’d had some preparation for this cultural divide, thanks to a long friendship with a woman from the Torres Strait, but she hadn’t felt so acutely until she lived in a remote community.

Collins also said the Western concept of “writing a novel” is not easily translated to the community’s residents, but she wasn’t complaining too much about that.

How did you get into the illustration business?

I always enjoyed drawing, but I didn’t study it at university. I took up drawing again at about 25 after working in the film industry, where I met quite a few illustrators in the design department. I was lucky in that we had a family friend who worked as an illustrator, so in my instance I did ask him for some advice, and my first job came through that.

Some of my first jobs were with an educational publisher in New Zealand. They did fantastic journals for school kids, so I did one-off illustrations for plays, and book covers. They were my first jobs, and then that led to a picture book.

My first book was Two Summers by John Heffernan. He was well known so he was a good start for me.

How do publishers pair writers with illustrators?

It depends, some writers ask to work with certain illustrators, but normally, when the publisher reads the manuscript they get an idea of the kind of pictures that would suit that text, and they go to the illustrators they have on their books. Publishers often pair unknown illustrators with known writers, as happened with my first book.

Freya Blackwood lives in Orange, NSW, and works full-time as a picture book illustrator. Since 2002 she’s illustrated numerous books including: Maudie and Bear, The Territory Suitcase, The Runaway Hug, Mattle Helps Out, and the Territory Read Award winning book by Irena Kobald My Two Blankets. She spoke to Sally Bothroyd about what it takes to make a living in the picture book world.

What advice would you give to people wanting to get into illustrating for picture books?

It’s good if people have their own style so they’re able to communicate something of themselves - so the drawings have personality and soul. Figure drawing is very important. You have to be able to draw children well, especially, and keep them consistent.

There’s also a lot of networking involved, as well and really it’s just practice. There is so much practice required to get to a point where the work is publishable.

How does a person practice illustrating picture books?

I practiced just by choosing stories I liked and analysing the way a picture book worked, knowing the framework that you’re working within, and studying what’s around at the moment. There’s so much more to it than just being able to do a one-off drawing. You have to be able to get the whole way through a book, and you have to know about colour, composition and materials, and have an idea about telling stories with pictures as well.

Is picture book illustration a good career choice?

It’s hard to find full-time work, I’ve working 13 years as a full-time illustrator and I can survive from it ... but I’ve had to push myself on it. But it’s lots of fun. I’d recommend it to anyone.

Freya Blackwood is an Australian illustrator and special effects artist. She illustrated the multi-award winning book, My Two Blankets written by NT-based author, Irena Kobald.

How did you come to illustrate My Two Blankets?

My Two Blankets was offered to me by the publisher. So I read it and felt it was really special and that I’d like it to be a book – that was important it was made into a book. It but was quite a challenge. It had some concepts that weren’t visual so I had to create visuals for them.

What makes a picture book successful?

A lot of it’s luck. You never know whether a book will work or not. It doesn’t necessarily do as well as you think while you’re doing the drawings. But I love that you can explore the parenting side of life in picture books. Often I get comments from parents, saying that they can see themselves in the books as well.

Is picture book illustration a good career choice?

It’s hard to find full-time work, I’ve working 13 years as a full-time illustrator and I can survive from it ... but I’ve had to push myself on it. But it’s lots of fun. I’d recommend it to anyone.
I treated this thing from the outset, with this book, I decided to write a fiction story more than anything. It started out as a creative writing exercise.
The Dog

KAREN MANTON

It was that young girl, Janie, calling him, come over for a chat because she’d noticed he was back from weeks out at the mine. Here she was, looming out of the shadows, the thin girl with the scrappy hair and that voice.

‘I heard someone crying,’ she said, moving towards him through the dim light, her hands reaching out to brush the verandah poles. ‘Over there,’ she gestured behind her towards the side fence and the shed with a sunken roof. ‘Someone was taking down the beer, and let her take hold of it. She was waiting, believing he would stand up, and so at last he carefully placed his hands on the chain that held the gates closed. Bo’.

They were silent between them. He was wishing she’d gone to someone else. He was so tired he wasn’t sure he could lift himself from the chair. Still, she was waiting, believing he would stand up, and so at last he carefully placed his hands on the chain that held the gates closed. Bo.

She had worked the latch and unravelled the chain that held the gates closed. Lift me over, urged Janie.

Matt hesitated. ‘Come on!’ urged the girl.

Defeated, he lifted her up. The bones of her feet so thin he was almost afraid to hold her. She was gone from him quickly, gripping the coop wire with knowing toes to shimmy over. From the other side she worked the latch and unravelled the chain that held the gates closed.

Matt winced, reluctant, as the gates squeaked open. The girl gave up on him and ventured in alone, feeling her way under the house. Worried, Matt followed.

The woman staggered upright with the noise of the girl approaching. ‘Who’s there?’ Bo demanded.

A spade supported her crooked stance. Matt waited like an alarmed rabbit in the glare under the house. ‘It’s me,’ said Janie.

‘And Matt from next door,’ he added. ‘Oh!’ said Bo, walking to them, dragging the spade after her so that it rattled across the concrete floor under the house. She brought with her the smell of red wine and wet grass and dirt. She considered him for a moment, and Janie, before letting out a watery sigh. ‘Everywhere — everywhere is death.’

Her words spread out slowly into the darkness with the movement of her hand.

‘Yes,’ said Matt at last. A familiar coldness was creeping through him, though the skin of his hands felt hot. The woman looked at him, almost surprised, and blurted, ‘I tried to kill the dog.’

His heart leapt, and it brought it down hard. A sharp chink sounded into the night.

‘She’s very sick. I tried to do the right thing.’

Bo looked at Matt with something like a smile. He stood near, helplessly.

‘I tried to kill her, but she wouldn’t die,’ Bo continued.

His hand wandered with her voice, gesturing to the dark garden.

‘She’s out there, somewhere. Poor Angel.’

Immediately Janie stumbled onto the grass, calling the dog.

‘Leave her, Janie. She wants to be alone.’

No, he knew the girl was unafraid. Her eye half closed, as if to grant the dog’s wish. ‘Poor Angel, what have I done to you?’ Bo crooned, kneeling beside the shaking animal.

Matt guessed the dog would be dead in ten minutes. In his mind he felt he should stay until then. Janie’s fingers brushed his back. He was glad she couldn’t see properly. He could say he was guiding her home, and come back about the dog later. But Bo had already taken Janie’s hand, and drawn her in, to sit with the dog too.

‘—Angel,’ whispered Janie, taking the dog in her arms.

Matt sat awkwardly beside the girl, unsettled by her pose in this house of shadows. Janie was at ease in many houses not her own. Matt had seen her wandering along the street, passing in and out of other people’s places whether anyone was home or not. From one house to the next she made her way along the street, hand bumping across the fence-tops. He wondered how she knew where she was so well, passing through the shadows and light. He used to see her from behind the safety of dusty, transparent curtains and windows split by louvres, until the day held her in his kitchen.

‘What are you doing?’ he’d asked.

‘Waiting,’ she’d replied.

‘For what?’

For you, she’d said, quirving at his confusion.

He understood now, that she liked to know where everyone lived, to know how their place smelt and felt — as if she might find something lost and have to put them back where they belonged. She was often in his house or garden, though not always to visit him. He would round a corner and see her asleep on the verandah day bed, as if she’d lived there for years.

So now, in this house of the dying dog, he knew the girl was unafraid. Her fingers touched Angel’s shivering body, caressed the dry nose, felt the heaving breath. ‘The dog’s one open eye turned to look up at her. Janie’s eyes stared back. How much of a blur is the dog, he wondered. Matt. Call her blind. As some people did, she could see some things better than anyone, and the dog knew. Die, he thought to the dog. Die in the girl’s safe embrace. Angel’s eye half closed, as if to grant the wish. But Bo interrupted, dragging the trembling creature from Janie.

Matt wanted to look away but couldn’t. The dog’s eye was fixed on Bo’s contorted face with a kind of love he couldn’t fathom. The woman was babbling. Death, loss, death, death was all he could hear. Janie listened keenly into the darkness, lassoing each word and retrieving it into herself. He would leave but for the girl. And the dog. If only he could get Bo to give it to him. He offered to drive to the vet. But Bo didn’t like vets. She’d always lived on farms, where people looked after their own with spades and shotguns.

‘It’s the kindest thing,’ she slurred.

The problem was, she went on to say, that now she’d moved off the land to a town she didn’t have a shotgun. Or her son who could kill the dog in this house of shadows. Janie was at ease in many houses not her own. Matt had seen her wandering along the street, passing in and out of other people’s places whether anyone was home or not. From one house to the next she made her way along the street, hand bumping across the fence-tops. He wondered how she knew where she was so well, passing through the shadows and light. He used to see her from behind the safety of dusty, transparent curtains and windows split by louvres, until the day held her in his kitchen.

‘What are you doing?’ he’d asked.

‘Waiting,’ she’d replied.

‘For what?’

For you, she’d said, quirving at his confusion.

He understood now, that she liked to know where everyone lived, to know how their place smelt and felt — as if she might find something lost and have to put them back where they belonged. She was often in his house or garden, though not always to visit him. He would round a corner and see her asleep on the verandah day bed, as if she’d lived there for years.

The Dog
softly. Ilo watched. Angel's eye closed. They were all waiting.

‘It's like Jesse,’ said Ilo, suddenly.

The dog's eye opened. Matt shifted awkwardly, Janie watched.

‘My son,’ explained Ilo, lighting a fresh cigarette while the other smouldered in the ash tray. ‘I had to make a choice.’

She splashed the last of a bottle of red wine into her chipped mug.

‘It was a motorbike accident, you know. Serious head injury. They said he wasn’t coming back.’

Matt watched her thread in all the parasympathies. Until this night he’d never heard of Jesse. Bo grasped the dog from Janie, for comfort.

He had to decide.

She was holding the dog at her neck, clutching the sagging body.

‘His grandmother says I’ve sent him to hell.’

Angel struggled against her grip, let out an awkward, Janie listened.

‘I had to decide.’

‘It was a motorbike accident, you know. Serious head injury. They said he wasn’t coming back.’

Matt’s eyes widened. ‘I had to make a choice.’

Angel opened one eye, and tried to edge nearer his.慈, catching in her fingers, got stung. ‘Sorry,’ mumbled Bo, smearing away unwanted tears. She shook her head as to expel the morose.

‘Don’t worry,’ replied Bo, through there was a rage in him for the dog between them. He stretched to gather Angel to him. The small warmth of her shocked him. A charred paw shifted against his palm, skin on skin. Her claws were miniature, delicate. Imp in his hand.

The open eye looked straight into him, as if to ask, ‘Why didn’t you come?’

The question held him under water.

There was only one answer. He was a coward. He didn’t have the guts.

The dog’s eye widened in horror. Her tiny teeth were dread pins of light in the darkness. She was as quick as lightning, as fast.

With a high-pitched yelp her body jerked from his arms and across the floorboards. The other eye snapped open, with a wild look for him. She was shrieking now her body was twisting, travelling in circles across the floor while claws scratched desparately at the surface. He couldn’t believe that something so near death could be so suddenly, violently alive.

And all the while the dog kept that widened eye on him. She knew him — the man that didn’t come to save her. Possessed with shivers and shudders, she backed away to touch his face, scratching at his skin as if scabbling to get free. ‘No — you hold her. It’s better that way.’

Ilo, her fingers taking hold of Bo’s. ‘No,’ the girl replied, easing herself up onto the old couch, where her body uncurled to rest.

Stay —, she began, as he carried the girl.

At her fence he paused. Out the back, bottles cracked on concrete. Wails and cursing threats belted the dark.

He’d run 4,000 kilometres to escape here. Threw the bottle of red wine into the cracked plastic pot. Together they went to the side fence.

Bo called Janie.

‘No one answered. Matt lifted the girl over the wire. She waded through the grass, knowing her way. ‘Bo!’

A cockatoo screeched. Footsteps shuddered the house. The fly-wire door creaked. ‘Bo!’

‘It’s for you,’ said the girl, holding high the star of crocodile; days lost

‘Writers, Review Australian Fiction, The

Kieran Kehoe is a writer living in Batchelor, Northern Territory. Her short stories have won NT Literary Awards several times and are published in Brunos Song, True North, NT Literary Awards, Award Winning Australian Writers, Review Australian Fiction, The Australian, and The Australian. Image from flickr

The girl was heavy to hold, still asleep.

At her fence he paused. Out the back, bottles cracked on concrete. Wails and cursing threats belted the dark.

The shot was quieter than Matt expected.

‘Wait for the blood to drain,’ was all Dougie said.

They wrapped the dog in the sarong, snout and one paw protruding. Bo was waiting for them in the shadows under her house.

‘Do you want to carry Angel?’ Janie asked, offering the shivering boy.

He had to decide.

She was holding the dog at her neck, clutching the sagging body.

‘His grandmother says I’ve sent him to hell.’

Angel struggled against her grip, let out a slow moan.

‘Because when he was born I never christened him when he was a man to let him go.’

The dog licked her face; her mouth.

‘What else could I do? Let him keep on like that?’

‘I don’t drink,’ he lied.

Her eyes were brown like the dog’s and the buds in her skin, and the buds are eyes.’

Together they went to the side fence.

‘What do you want me to do about the dog, Bo?’

She took a drag on the cigarette.

Bo looked at her, waiting. She was staring out across the wavering fingers of palm fronds, as if he wasn’t there.

‘Take her to Dougie,’ she said at last.

It took all Matt’s energy to dig the grave. For the dog, they dug it in a kind of frenzy, as if to save his life. Or to get the task over with, as in his nightmares, he exhumed Liam’s pale face, or the fingers of the accident child, twisted through the wheel spokes and chain of his bike.

He stopped, panting, to look behind him.

Janie was there, holding the shivering dog in a torn sarong.

‘I’ll come with you,’ she said.

Matt knew Dougie, though he lived down the street. Janie went in first, calling. Dougie shuffled out to look at the dog and hear the story.

‘I’ll make the house to hold, still asleep.

Matt searched for the dog in the darkness, jittering faster and faster.
Desert Writing: Stories From Country

KIERAN FINNANE

Edited by Terri-ann White
UWA Publishing

Remote is a relative term. Remote from where? For many living in so-called remote communities or lands, their place is the centre, it’s the cities and the coast that are far-flung and on many a day scarcely thought of. That sense of Australia lived “from the inside out” strongly permeates the anthology, Desert Writing: Stories from country, recently released by UWA Publishing. The collection of stories is the result of a purposeful project creating an opportunity through writing workshops and eventual publication for desert dwellers to educate the Australian majority, the “coast-huggers”. And although the workshops were conducted in remote Western Australia, under the leadership of Terri-ann White, director of UWA Publishing, it reached across borders, drawing in storytellers from Tennant Creek in the NT and from the vast APY lands in South Australia. The Western Australian selection is dominated by contributions from Mulan, a tiny community of mainly Walpiri people near Paraku (Lake Gregory) in the East Kimberley. Each of the workshops put its own stamp on the stories, but often the centre of Creek stories are as eclectic a mix as you’d find anywhere: there’s farming, stock work and reverence an outcome? Is three generational mentoring an outcome? Is a cultural strategist, a media compliance officer, an art centre director, nurses, a teacher, at the other: the Aboriginal people of Mulan, supported or coaxed out of their stories in English. For the adults, I expect most, if not all of the stories are transcription of spoken word. It’s not that we don’t encounter writing and reverence an outcome? Is there a cultural strategist, a media compliance officer, an art centre director, nurses, a teacher, at the other: the Aboriginal people of Mulan, supported or coaxed out of their stories in English. For the adults, I expect most, if not all of the stories are transcription of spoken word. It’s not that we don’t encounter writing. The council’s cultural Development Officer, Tania Colley, for example, in an interview with workshop leader, Kim Mahood, talks of her big sister killed by a kartiya (white person). It’s not clear if so, then it is a good life to live.”

It’s critical that we hear these Aboriginal voices from Mulan. In the process, the council’s cultural Development Officer, Tania Colley, for example, in an interview with workshop leader, Kim Mahood, talks of her big sister killed by a kartiya (white person). It’s not clear if so, then it is a good life to live.”

 tells of her mother leaving her sick baby brother to die. But her father tells the “baby-sitter” to go back for him. Later the bay was cared for by nuns. Did he ever repent the family? We are not told.

PRESENCE OF PARUKU
At Mulan, the workshops also involved school children. The presence of Paruku, the lake, looms large in their lives. From the little kids to the seniors, there are lots of stories of swimming, fishing, finding swan eggs, and cooking up the food on campfires. They who did these things with – other children and family members – is usually a feature. There’s interesting evidence of great change in their lives too, compared to the lives of their parents and grandparents. This generalising is to be an inventor, of a go-kart fit for a Spiderman movie, Junior Ovi tells of getting lost on a school trip to Melbourne, and with the help of a prayer and his own navigation skills, finding his way back to their accommodation. The writing in the anthology, then, is as varied as the contexts in which it was produced, so it would always have been challenging to find the opening piece in terms of setting expectations of what would follow. From this point of view, the choice to open with two stories that seem to have been produced outside the workshop context, both of them by non-Aboriginal women, Kate Fielding and Holly Ringland, professionals with their own websites, who spent time working in the desert, is a bit misleading. It’s not that we don’t encounter writing at this level in what follows. We do. But it sets up poles, particularly for the Western Australian selection, of if so, then it is a good life to live.”

It’s critical that we hear these Aboriginal voices from Mulan. In the process, it would be carried richly by all the nuance of people’s personalities, gestures, contexts. Stripped of all those things by spurious transcription and unadulterated reproduction on the printed page leaves them as husks of what they originally were. How to overcome this problem is a challenge for future projects like this one, of which I hope there will be more. Kieran Finnane is an Alice Springs journalist, artist and author. Her book of long-form journalism, Trouble: on trial in Central Australia, was published in June 2016 by UQP. This review first appeared in The Alice Springs News. Image: Wordstorm 2016 by Paz Tassone

MARALUNGA’S LONG SHADOW
In the stories from the APY Lands the historic event of the atomic bomb tests at Maralinga leaves a long shadow. The workshops, led by Indigenous writers Ali Cobby Eckermann and Lionel Fogarty, were held in Yalata where many of the people who had been living around Ooldea were forced to relocate after the tests. The image of a family walking out through the smoke of the blasts, to the shock and terror of the soldiers, is memorably evoked in more than one contribution (from Mary Williams, and Kunmurra Quamra and Margaret May), as is the suggestion that these people were going to be shot “because of the threat of radiation”. Cobby Eckermann sets up the section with a vivid account of her and Fogarty’s journey to Yalata and then sees the reader in at her side with a gentle poem, ready to listen to story in the mulga smoke of a campfire. She also reflects on the nature of the workshop exercise: “It is difficult sometimes to measure all the outcomes in various workshops. Is a happy heart an outcome? Is healing and reverence an outcome? Is three generational mentoring an outcome? Is a community caring for the past as a way of surviving the future? It is difficult sometimes to measure all the outcomes in various workshops. Is a happy heart an outcome? Is healing and reverence an outcome? Is three generational mentoring an outcome? Is a community caring for the past as a way of surviving the future? Is the opening piece in terms of setting expectations of what would follow. From this point of view, the choice to open with two stories that seem to have been produced outside the workshop context, both of them by non-Aboriginal women, Kate Fielding and Holly Ringland, professionals with their own websites, who spent time working in the desert, is a bit misleading. It’s not that we don’t encounter writing at this level in what follows. We do. But it sets up poles, particularly for the Western Australian selection, of if so, then it is a good life to live.”

It’s critical that we hear these Aboriginal voices from Mulan. In the process, it would be carried richly by all the nuance of people’s personalities, gestures, contexts. Stripped of all those things by spurious transcription and unadulterated reproduction on the printed page leaves them as husks of what they originally were. How to overcome this problem is a challenge for future projects like this one, of which I hope there will be more. Kieran Finnane is an Alice Springs journalist, artist and author. Her book of long-form journalism, Trouble: on trial in Central Australia, was published in June 2016 by UQP. This review first appeared in The Alice Springs News. Image: Wordstorm 2016 by Paz Tassone

“it is difficult sometimes to measure all the outcomes in various workshops. Is a happy heart an outcome? is healing and reverence an outcome? Is three generational mentoring an outcome? I think so. If so, then it is a good life to live.”

It’s critical that we hear these Aboriginal voices from Mulan. In the process, it would be carried richly by all the nuance of people’s personalities, gestures, contexts. Stripped of all those things by spurious transcription and unadulterated reproduction on the printed page leaves them as husks of what they originally were. How to overcome this problem is a challenge for future projects like this one, of which I hope there will be more. Kieran Finnane is an Alice Springs journalist, artist and author. Her book of long-form journalism, Trouble: on trial in Central Australia, was published in June 2016 by UQP. This review first appeared in The Alice Springs News. Image: Wordstorm 2016 by Paz Tassone
A Sunburnt Childhood: Growing Up in the Territory
Toni Tapp Coutts
Hachette Australia 2016

Review by Kaye Aldenhoven

‘The land where I grew up is vast and flat.’
Toni Tapp Coutts, the eldest of ten children, grew up on Killarney Station, a cattle property created by her stepfather Bill Tapp from country ‘flat as a breadboard’, using wild feral cattle as stock and an even wilder assortment of stockmen. June Tapp nee Forscutt played a pivotal role in the establishment of the enormous station, while she birthed and raised children and carried her share of station work. Toni slept in a swag from the day the family arrived at Killarney to live in an old water-tank – no electricity, no water.

Fun, and empowering, is how Toni describes her life as she worked alongside stockmen in the cattle yards; drafting and branding cattle; mustering; sleeping in a swag. The community cared about each other and every one worked on Killarney regardless of age. This ethic seems to have produced a remarkable Territory family.

The Aboriginal stockmen and the women who worked with Toni’s mother had a strong influence on Toni’s understanding of country and her love of it. The descriptions of relationships with Aboriginal people are a highlight.

The oppressive climate of the Territory – either wet or dry – tested everyone. Fish were known to rain from the sky and sometimes good men drank too much and drowned trying to cross swollen rivers. The story of the Cattle King’s marriage to Toni’s mother, the tragedies and triumphs of life on Killarney, and the alcoholism that consumed and destroyed Bill Tapp are vibrantly and authentically told in this story.

Flawed and fascinating characters pepper this memoir and beautiful writing is a strong feature. Toni’s story is unique, and uniquely Australian. A Sunburnt Childhood is easy to read, the words flow and the humour is entertaining.

Read it! Read it!
Toni Tapp Coutts is a writer from Katherine. Her other books include Bill Tapp – Cattle King. Kaye Aldenhoven is the author of the only poetry book in the Darwin Library that is regularly stolen.

The Windy Season
by Sam Carmody
Allen & Unwin 2016

Review by Sally Bothroyd

“There are things out there worse than sharks”, warns the front cover of this novel by Sam Carmody, so readers know from the outset that they’re firmly in the crime fiction genre.
Carmody hails from Western Australia where The Windy Season is set in the fictional town of Stark – a sleepy settlement reliant on its fishing and tourism industries, and a haven for people running away from their past.

Paul is a young man, with little ambition or direction, until his brother Elliott disappears from his family’s lives long before becoming an official “missing person”.

The Windy Season is an assured and well-written debut novel, and I’m sure crime fiction fans will be keenly watching Sam Carmody’s career.

Sam Carmody now lives in Darwin and is working on his second novel while also teaching creative writing at Batchelor College.
Sally Bothroyd is the Executive Director of the NT Writers’ Centre.

Kultitja: Memoir of an Outback Schoolteacher
Linda Wells
Ginninderra Press 2016

Review by Julia Christensen

After looking at the word Kultitja a few times, I read it aloud and remembered that indigenous language is an evolving oral tradition, not a written one!

As a young schoolteacher, Linda Wells worked in Victoria and Tasmania, but after a chance encounter, she finally fulfils her dream of visiting Central Australia, a trip she’d missed out on at school because of sickness.

She discovers that teachers are a much needed commodity in bush schools and eagerly signs up for a position at the Mount Allen school.

She takes in her stride creeks with no water, red dirt roads that never end, jaded white locals who’d seen it all before; she revels in the new and exotic of her adopted landscape.
As Linda comes to terms with the gulf between her ‘romantic notions... of love in a bush setting’ and the realities of sickness, drinking, violence and an all too often dysfunctional family life, she settles into rhythms of bush existence. Her curiosity, good nature and intelligence win through. She finds the sense of community she has been looking for and she finds love. Linda Wells pulls no punches though when relating the harsh realities of outback life and relationships. Her writing style is beautifully poetic, concise and engaging—‘I’d never imagined the desert to be so dense and abundant. I’d never imagined living on the back of an old truck. Once there, I could imagine nothing else.’

I am a great believer that life takes us on a journey, doors open and we decide whether or not to walk through them. Linda Wells stepped through the door that took her out bush to teach. She takes us with her on a fascinating journey of cultural, family and self discovery.

Linda Wells spent her childhood in Melbourne but has lived for many years now in Alice Springs. She is the author of Still a Town Like Alice and a number of short stories and poems. Julia Christensen is a former ABC broadcaster with a love of literary festivals.

**Broken**

Mary Anne Butler

Currency Press 2016

Review by Adelle Seton-Rowston

Mary Anne Butler’s play Broken was this year’s winner of the Victorian Premiers’ award for Drama and, for the first time ever, it was jointly awarded the Prize for Literature. Similarly, her play breaks a number of literary conventions: it is without stage directions; includes only two props; and depends on three characters to reveal their stories through their own words. The set is ‘stripped bare’ with powerful effect, leaving the audience intimately aware of what’s ‘not there’ in the lives of Ham, Mia and Ash.

Ham is a ‘fly in, fly out miner’ working in the Northern Territory’s Central Desert – except he drives in and out – two weeks on, one week off – so he’s home one week out of three. His wife, Mia does not cope well with him working away and is experiencing painful medical issues. On his way home, Ham discovers a rolled over car in the middle of the bush. It is there he meets Ash, a biologist studying the Mulargas – a small canorous marsupial endangered in parts of the Central Desert.

In the beginning, and as we see at the end, all three characters are at turning points in their lives, a little broken yet hanging on to something barely there – luck, memories, hope – all of which are embodied through human emotion and symbolically represented by the recurring ‘barely-there stars’ that appears throughout the text.

Over the three and a half years of writing Broken, Mary Anne admits that her characters often told her to ‘shut-up and listen’ as she experienced the slow but perpetual revealing of who the characters were and how they wanted them to tell their story. She has done this so masterfully. Soon to be produced into an Australian film, I cannot wait to see Broken transform on the screen, so I can watch it over again – each time taking something new and something wisdom from its deeply etched poetic messages.

**Of Ashes and Rivers That Run to the Sea**

**The Burning Elephant**

Marie Munkara

Penguin 2016

By Christopher Raja

Giramondo 2016

Review by Fiona Dorell

Set during the lead-up to the assassination of Indian Minister Indra Gandhi by her Sikh bodyguards in 1984, The Burning Elephant is coloured by political eruptions. Through the eyes of young Govinda, a story unfolds about discord within a marriage, sectarian violence, and the anticipation of a family preparing to emigrate to Australia.

Religion and mysticism are the book’s primal ingredients. One must speak in proverbs and riddles; rivers swim and burst; hijras and politicians alike place curses. Sikhs amass weapons in a temple. From the opening scene, in which a rampaging elephant is shot in a schoolyard, the action is presented in mystical proportions. Like many of Govinda’s formative experiences in India, the image of the elephant’s burning body plagues him.

As the narration is defined by a child’s mind, what is bewildering or overlooked is often most interesting to the reader: the mutual eroticism of his mother’s relationship with their Sikh cook; the fantasy of Australia, the ‘best country in the world’; domestic exchanges between two rival wives – one the servant to her husband’s mistress. Love, loss, resignation, and grief are tempered or hidden; we watch the politics of a nation play out at an intimate scale.

Though Govinda becomes increasingly aware of his parents’ failibility, they remain removed and inaccessible to him. He is often left on the perimeters of the adult world. As the political situation in India intensifies, these pretences are tested.

Although Raja’s first novel is presented as ‘Young Adult fiction’, it contains layers of meaning that will satisfy readers of all ages. Inevitably, Govinda must contemplate leaving his home country. The book treats with honesty and credibility

Christopher Raja migrated to Melbourne from Kolkata in 1986, and now lives and works in Alice Springs. The Burning Elephant was written under a New Work grant awarded by the Literature Board of the Australia Council and is his first novel. Fiona Dorell is the Allice Springs Program Manager for the Writers Centre. This review was first published in Australian Book Review, May 2016.

**Trouble: On Trial in Central Australia**

By Kieran Finnane

UQP 2016

Review by Sally Bothroyd

Alcohol, violence - and the interconnectedness of the two – are at the heart of this unflinching portrait of Alice Springs, told via a number of criminal trials.

As a journalist, Kieran Finnane has no doubt spent hundreds of hours in courtrooms, watching the mundane bureaucracy of the justice system, alongside the stories of utter tragedy.

In Trouble, she focuses on half a dozen trials, some of which attracted national attention, giving a detailed rendition of court proceedings. But hers is not a dry news report. As a long-term resident of Alice Springs – her children born and raised there – Finnane’s depiction of a culture of drinking and violence over decades, as she tries to describe how the Northern Territory’s justice system deals with the people caught up in the mainstream of destruction.

In one section she tells of sitting with the weeping family of a deceased man on one side of her, while the parents of the young man accused of causing his death are on the other, also weeping. This trial of five white men accused of killing an Aboriginal man put Alice Springs into the national spotlight, as the judicial system was asked to untangle whether racism was at play.

Finnane doesn’t shrink away from these accusations; but seeks to reveal the complexities of cultural relations in Alice Springs to the degree that she, as a non-Aboriginal woman, understands it.

But time and again, the stories revealed in the courtroom are of such senseless violence that they almost defy comprehension – except to say that alcohol is a major player in every single one.

Finnane’s book is not an easy read at times – focusing on aspects of our society that we’d sooner not see. But that’s also why it’s an important book to read.

Kieran Finnane is an Alice Springs journalist, artist and author. Her book of long-form journalism, Trouble: on trial in Central Australia, was published in June 2016 by UQP. Sally Bothroyd is the executive director of the NT Writers’ Centre.

**My Ironing Career**

“A ‘zine by Kim Scott

Katherine writer and die-hard zine fan Kim Scott produced this pocket-sized foray about her trials and tribulations in the ironing and tribulation.

A lovely tale of ironing in the NT and beyond, with a gorgeous design by Di Bricken, this zine is sure to bring a smile to the most crumpled among us. Everyone wanted you to know about ironing, but were afraid to ask!

Kim says her zine is on sale at the Emerald Springs Roadhouse, among other retailers.

**Zero Point: Astounding Tales of Hero Fiction**

A comic by Jonathon Saunders

Darwin artist Jonathon Saunders this year published the first edition of what will hopefully be a long and popular comic series. It features an Indigenous super hero from Darwin who operates in Melbourne and has quantum-based powers. This beautifully-drawn work is surely a “must read” for comic fans, new and old.
**OPPORTUNITIES**

**NOVEMBER 2016**

The Kat Muscat Fellowship  
Opens: 21 November 2016  
The annual Kat Muscat Fellowship offers professional development up to the value of $3,000 for young female-identifying writers and editors working on a literary project that responds to the notion of ‘challenge’.

**DECEMBER 2016**

Nakata Brophy Short Fiction and Poetry Prize  
Opens: 1 December 2016  
The Nakata Brophy prize recognises the talent of young Indigenous writers across Australia. The prize is $5,000, publication in Overland’s print magazine, and a three-month writer residency at the beautiful Trinity College.

The Griffin Award  
Closing date: 31 December 2016  
The prestigious Griffin Award recognises an outstanding play or performance text that displays an authentic, inventive and contemporary Australian voice, with the winner receiving a $10,000 prize.

Ballymaloe International Poetry Prize  
Closing date: 31 December 2016  
Launched in 2011, the Ballymaloe International Poetry Prize has quickly established itself as one of the most sought after prizes in the world for a single unpublished poem. An overall winner receives $10,000. Each of the other shortlisted entrants receive $1,000.

**JANUARY 2017**

The Nature Conservancy Australia Nature Writing Prize  
Closes: 27 January 2017  
The Nature Conservancy has announced the opening of its fourth biennial Australia Nature Writing Prize for essay and non-fiction. Entry Fee: $30  
Prize: $5,000

**FEBRUARY 2017**

The Griffin University Josephine Ulrick Literature Prize  
Closing date: February 2017  
One of the most lucrative prizes for short fiction and poetry, in addition to a share of the $30,000 total prize money, winners will also be considered for publication in a special e-book edition of Griffin Review.

The Text Prize for Young Adult and Children’s Writing  
Closing date: 3 February 2017  
Open to Australian citizens and permanent residents, the total prize money in 2016 was $75,000.

**MARCH 2017**

Prairie Schooner Book Prize Contest  
Closing date: 15 March 2017  
The Prairie Schooner Book Prize Series welcomes manuscripts from all living writers, including non-US citizens, writing in English. Winners will receive $3,000 and publication through the University of Nebraska Press.

The Kill Your Darlings (KYD) Unpublished Manuscript Award  
Closing date: 31 March 2017  
This award will assist an early-career author in the development of their unpublished manuscript. The winner will receive a $500 cash prize and a mentorship with KYD’s Rebecca Stanford (non-fiction) or Hannah Kent (Fiction).

**APRIL 2017**

Hachette Australia Manuscript Development Program  
Closing date: April 2017  
Applications are accepted for works of fiction, literary non-fiction, young adult literature, poetry, graphic novels, children’s literature and picture book illustration.  
Scribe Nonfiction Prize  
Closing date: October 2017  
The Scribe Nonfiction Prize is a developmental award for writers aged 18 and under working on long-form pieces or their first nonfiction book. Entries are between 5,000 and 10,000 words.

**MAY 2017**

Prime Minister’s Literary Award  
Closing date: 11 February 2017  
Open to residents of Australia and New Zealand, the prize is for short stories up to 3,000 words on an island, or island resonant theme. The winner receives a cash prize of $500 and publication in Tasmania 4C-South.

**JUNE 2017**

Moth Short Story Prize  
Closing date: June 2017  
A prize of $3,000, a 2nd prize of $1,000. Each piece selected for publication goes through a collaborative editing process with the Editorial Committee, and individualised feedback is provided for all unsuccessful submitters.

**JULY 2017**

The Australian/Vogel Literary Award  
Closing: May 2017  
The Australian/Vogel Literary Award is an annual prize for an unpublished manuscript by writers under the age of 35. The prize money is $25,000.

**AUGUST 2017**

ASAA Emerging Writers’ and Illustrators’ Mentships  
Closing date: October 2017  
Applicants are accepted for works of fiction, literary non-fiction, young adult literature, poetry, graphic novels, children’s literature and picture book illustration.

**SEPTEMBER 2017**

The Prairie Schooner Book Prize  
Closing date: 15 March 2017  
The Prairie Schooner Book Prize Series welcomes manuscripts from all living writers, including non-US citizens, writing in English. Winners will receive $3,000 and publication through the University of Nebraska Press.

The Kill Your Darlings (KYD) Unpublished Manuscript Award  
Closing date: 31 March 2017  
This award will assist an early-career author in the development of their unpublished manuscript. The winner will receive a $500 cash prize and a mentorship with KYD’s Rebecca Stanford (non-fiction) or Hannah Kent (Fiction).

**OCTOBER 2017**

ASA Emerging Writers’ and Illustrators’ Mentships  
Closing date: October 2017  
Applicants are accepted for works of fiction, literary non-fiction, young adult literature, poetry, graphic novels, children’s literature and picture book illustration.

**NOVEMBER 2017**

The Big Issue  
The Big Issue is an independent magazine that publishes investigative and entertaining articles on a huge variety of subjects including arts and entertainment, street culture, lifestyle and personal projects. There are always looking for good-quality writers. The magazine is sold for $7, with $3.50 going directly to the vendor.

**DECEMBER 2017**

Voiceworks  
Voiceworks Australia’s newest literary talents are filling the pages of Voiceworks right now. Submissions open quarterly for young Australian writers. Each piece selected for publication goes through a collaborative editing process with the Editorial Committee, and individualised feedback is provided for all unsuccessful submitters.

**JANUARY 2018**

**OPEN SUBMISSIONS**

Penguin Monthly Catch  
(First week of each month)  

Destiny Romance  
A Penguin Australia digital imprint, Online submission form  
Destinationromance.com.au/writers-centre

Random House Australia  
Hard Copy general submission only that are separate from Penguin. Randomhouse.com.au/about/submissions.aspx

Lucapa Press  
Hanky copy submissions only  
Lucapapublishing.com/index.php/submissions

Rhiza Press  
Will accept unselected YA fiction only, online submission form  
Rhizapress.com.au/submissions/all-submissions

Xoum  
Online submission form  
Xoum.com.au/submissions

Wombat books  
Unsolicited picture books only through online submission form  
Wombatbooks.com.au/authors/submissions

Affirm Press  
General email submissions  
Affirmpress.com.au/submissions

Pantera Press  
General email submissions  

Text Publishing  
Hard copy submissions only, online submission form  
Textpublishing.com.au/manuscript-submissions

Black Inc  
General email submissions, not accepting unsolicited poetry or children’s books. Blackincbooks.com/submissions

Ticonderoga Publications  
General email submissions  
Ticonderogapublications.com/web/yelp/index.php/about-us/submission-novels

Giramondo Publishing  
Online submission form  
Giramondopublishing.com/contribute
Stories crossing at the heart of the country