



The Storyline

July 2013

Magazine of The New Zealand Guild of Storytellers Nga Kaiorero Purakau O Aotearoa

Remember that anything is possible when you see the world through the eyes of your heart and dance to the music of your dreams.

Editors Report

As a storyteller for most of my 76 plus years I have felt richly blessed. But also at times deeply frustrated.

Where do I find new stories? Where do I gather with other storytellers?

In this long, thin land with its relatively miniscule population that is not very easy.

My friends in other countries keep saying that I should ask other tellers around. But how do I know who to ask in my own tiny city?

People don't wear a sign. And when we bring visiting tellers to our city to share their art the audience is not big enough to ensure they will all want to meet and share during the year.

But we have had an idea.

I have a large room with many books, CD's tapes and videos.

I also have a large peaceful room which would allow a reasonable number of people to gather and socialise over stories.

So Tania and I plan to host such a meeting once a month.

We are inviting teachers and librarians at the start. This is where I started and I believe it is the most likely group among which to find others with an interest.

I am also hopeful that when we bring the next visiting tellers to our province we will have enough members to offer a workshop and have them take up the offer.

So if you come to Invercargill to visit you will know that the 2nd Tuesday of each month this storytelling meeting is open to visitors.

We will tell you about progress next issue.

Also, if you have people from your area going to Jonesborough see that they watch out for those we could invite to New Zealand.

This last weekend I did have someone staying here who would not actually call herself a storyteller but..... well, you judge.

She said:

The other night I was curled up in my bed and Bill was snoring beside me when my phone rang.



“MMM?” “Can you drive getaway in 15 minutes? Outside New World.”

As I got out of my bed Bill turned over and grunted.

“Just going to pee.”

But out I went to my wee car and drove for New World. There they were and some were already over the wall.

Butter was being passed. Kilos of butter. It came and it came and it came.

Would my wee car hold it all?

At last it stopped.

The others followed me back and they brought containers. We packed the butter and off they went to place it in this letter box, that letter box, to surprise those who woke to find the fairies had been in the night.

Next time it was bread, all parcelled neatly in paper bags to prevent contamination.

Sometimes I act decoy in the wee hours while they do a paste up. If an old woman in a head scarf stands out on the curb grinning and saying 'Hullo, dearie' they all circle by and miss the youngsters on their ladder with their paste brushes.

After all, I might be a besotted old prostitute and that is too much.

It is so much fun, and such an honour, to be accepted among those subversive women who in daily life are young teachers, doctors, lawyers and so on all dedicated to ensuring the footprint they leave on their earth is not heavy.

If she isn't a storyteller then she is inspirational.

How is your footprint?

Liz Miller, EDITOR - Email lizm@xtra.co.nz

President's Report

It has been wonderfully exciting to see plans come to fruition, with the arrival of Geraldine Buckley and Bill Harley with his wife Debbie. Storytellers here in the south had more than a week of opportunities to meet with these wonderful folk, hear their stories and music, attend church services led by Geraldine, watch the children's faces as they laughed, sang along, leapt in fright and paused in wonder at the stories... I know of several tellers who found great motivation and reinvigoration for their own telling through spending time with Geraldine and Bill. I wonder whom Liz will spy to bring to the Deep South at the next Jonesborough Festival...

Speaking of Jonesborough, it seems that several New Zealand tellers are heading over there this October. This makes me think – hope! – that storytelling is continuing to grow steadily in this little country of ours. It can be so hard to know what the health of the art is, when we are so far apart and direct communication happens so little. But we do hear snippets – like things are happening in Christchurch again – and I do so hope that this Storyline Magazine provides a forum for finding out what is happening and

promote events.

We hear tell of many things after t h e y h a v e happened, how wonderful they were, who was there, what they did... but it would be great to hear of events before they happen, as you never know who may be able to attend if they but knew.

As Liz has mentioned in her editorial, we are starting a group called 'Let's Share Stories', aimed at attracting teachers and librarians interested in storytelling to share ideas, skills, resources and stories. The Southern Storytellers group also meet monthly in Invercargill and hold regular concerts throughout the year so people in the south are well able to find a story or two!

Well, may the winter be short, the weather be mild, the inspiration hot and storytellers everywhere be busy sharing their talents!

Happy telling, all.

Treasurer's Report

We have \$5452.64 in the June bank statements.

Tax has been filed and we do not have any to pay.

Incorporation is confirmed.

We have 33 members.

We have one from Brazil enquiring how to join.

Once we really build up we could talk about sponsoring someone with a little of our funds or...?

Secretary's Report

DEADLINE for next issue is mid-September

Do keep on sending in your contributions.

Website

Web master is Tere Hide nzvoyageur@gmail.com

Subject of your email to him should be 'storytellers' website'

UPDATE

This issue has dragged on and on and it is time we took action, I think.

We have had an offer to re-vamp which seems to me to incorporate the most pressing matters.

It will profile the Guild, it will offer a membership list with pages for individual members for those who wish, it will offer a Noticeboard for members to post their events and information, we will have the booklet Annette Knowler produced on it and we will be able to post The Storyline each time.

As soon as I can figure out how to forward the basic outline of Mr Austin's proposal I will do that with a motion to accept it.

We are asking those who wish to be listed on the website to forward the following information:

Name, performance name if you have one, performance region, categories of performance, age range for your audience, availability.

You could also send contact information, charging rates and conditions, statement of your philosophy and/or approach, endorsements, etc.

Photos will have to wait until we set up the re-vamped site – if we do – as I can't forward them.

News from around the Regions

Dunedin

Registrations are being held up by the Uni system but should be early July :)

I've just put our 2013 festival page live. It is just the first launch of the festival so there's lots more information to come.

Sue Harvey

Hawkes Bay

Mary and Peter are going to Jonesborough this year and meeting up with American teller Megan Hicks. They met years ago at the Perth Festival. Then Cathy Pharazyn who is a NZer but lives in Australia is also going to Jonesborough.

Lesley Dowding is going to Jonesborough, too, and also Liz Miller so there will be quite a NZ gathering among the thousands.

Wellington

Christchurch

On the 27th May, Bertha, Jean and Sharon met with Geraldine Buckley from Maryland.

What a delightful lunch with lots of laughs and stories. Hermione Rivison drove Geraldine to Lyttelton to meet with us and she had difficulty getting us to stop talking. We started at 12.30 and Hermione finally dragged Geraldine off at 5pm. for so long the Canterbury Tellers

have been a silent voice in storytelling as a result of the earthquakes. Now with the

enthusiasm of Sharon Moreham there is a stirring and things look rosier for the future of

storytelling in Christchurch. On the 27th of April Sharon organised "Tales at the Pallet Pavilion" and now she has organised an evening of "Starlight Stories." We look forward to

new beginnings. If you were in Christchurch on the" Saturday 15 June at The Orange Tree Cottage you may have enjoyed a gathering of souls relaxing in an intimate space to share stories through poetry, written word and storytelling.

As part of a special week of the arts at Prebbleton School Bertha will be telling to the juniors and seniors. The emphasis is on Maoritanga so the stories will be related to this.

That's the news from Christchurch.

Stories by Starlight Evening in Christchurch

Once upon a rainy Christchurch Saturday night in June, kindred souls, followers of story braved road works and rain to gather at a welcoming Orange Tree – The Orange Tree Cottage. Although the promised stars hid that evening

nestled beneath a winter-weight blanket of cloud, a rainbow serpent of candles shone to lead the gatherers down a hidden path to a night of celebration. And so it was that storytelling, poetry and short story readings heralded in the Winter Solstice and Matariki season to the accompaniment of mulled wine and hot blackcurrant juice.

The room was cosy – all packed in tightly – a good recipe for getting to know new friends! Seasoned Canterbury Tellers joined by apprentices to the storytelling craft began to weave a magical evening with traditional and true life tales to laugh and live by. Stars of the Hagley Writer's Institute shared original short stories that took us into deep reflective places for heart and soul. And the icing on the cake (or rather Anne's Lebkuchen to be exact) was the wordsmith wonders of our poet, whose verses had us laughing and seeing our whiteware from a whole new perspective and challenged us with metaphors of our society.

It was a magical evening of shared creativity and community that lightened our spirits and warmed our souls. Thank you to all who came and to all who shared what is deep within them. Our evening together was only possible because of the generosity of spirit and care for our shared humanity that connected all who shared their stories in response to an open invitation, and to those who listened. Let's do it again some time! Sharon Moreham, Anne Mortimer, Philippa Manning-Smith, Leslie McKay and Lisa Perry

Southland

“Let's Share Stories.”

This is the title for a group we are beginning on the 9th July.

It will be monthly on the second Tuesday and is an invitation to teachers and librarians to share stories, poems, songs, and resources.

Tania and Liz will host it and all my books and CD's etc will be available for borrowing.

We will let you know how it goes.

VISITING TELLERS IN THE SOUTH

Bill Harley / Geraldine Buckley

Here in Southland we have a 'Celebrate Story programme', which allows us to invite tellers from other cultures to come to Southland and share their art. In 2013 we invited Bill Harley and Geraldine Buckley. These two offered programmes to adults and to schools during their stay.

The adult programmes were part of the Southland Festival of the Arts, which enabled us to attract a much larger audience than in previous years. We believe this was not only because of the wider advertising but also the context in which the programme was offered.

Before she became a full-time storyteller three years ago, Geraldine was the chaplain at the largest men's prison in Maryland, USA. Whilst in Invercargill she visited our prison three times and captivated the prisoners and the local chaplain. She was equally well received by every adult who heard her and the school children loved her also.

Bill brought a wealth of experience and skill to each performance and we do hope to listen to his songs and stories again one day – he is a master. Each performance touched our hearts and tickled our funny-bones! His wife Debbie was a delight as she managed his business and shared her warmth with us. As you will see from Debbie's piece below, all three of our guests travelled further

around New Zealand and have wonderful memories of our country and our people to take away with them. They met with storytellers in Christchurch at Bertha Tobias' home and then again in Wellington with the lovely Judith Jones.

We look forward to inviting further tellers to come to Southland in 2014 – maybe other storytelling groups throughout New Zealand could take advantage of any such visitors. Carmen Deedy and Donald Davis are two of the names we are currently in talks with.

From Bill Harley and Debbie.



We've had such a great time and I said to Bill earlier today that I feel grateful to New Zealand for reminding me of so many important things, the beauty of the earth, wind and sky, the need to go slow and pay attention to the unfolding of the day, the fact that there are always new things to learn and new friends to make. And, mostly I feel grateful to you for bringing us here.

I'm just back from the supermarket where I bought some chocolate bars to share with our sons. That NZ chocolate sure is good! We have had a great time in Wellington with a nice dinner last night at Judith and Tony's home with some other storytellers and artists. Today Tony gave us a grand tour of the museum and tomorrow we will meet Gaye at her home for a last day out in the countryside. Unfortunately we didn't meet Mona as she had plans with her granddaughter ...another reason to come back!

Contributions

Dear story telling friends,

May I have your advice please? I have a (rather advanced) two-and-a-half year old granddaughter with whom I enjoy sharing my stories. She loves them, listens well and remembers the gist of many. At what age should I start telling her traditional folk tales?

I tried Little Red Riding Hood, but I'm worried about awakening her too early, and introducing grim Grimm tales to her which would make her worried and have nightmares. When you tell stories to littlies, at what age do you begin telling these fairy tales?

Liz Miller says that her dad told her whatever story he felt like, from birth; that children are resilient when stories are told by loving members of the family.

Tania says that she never amended the stories, and that teachers can tell the difference when children have had stories told and read to them from an early age.

Liz says just be sensitive to the child, you can sense when you need to wait, or modify. But they are never too young for stories. That I won't awaken my granddaughter too early if I follow her responses.

Margaret Blaysays that fairy tales are appropriate for children from 3 years old, as the Theory of Mind begins about age 3, that "other people can have different thoughts from you." On a TV documentary a 3 year old said, "Snow White thought the wicked witch was a good person but she wanted to hurt her." Also the wolf in Little Red Riding Hood gets his desserts and kids like this - it shows them that actions have consequences.

So, dear fellow storytellers, what do you advise me about the best age to tell the grim Grimm fairy tales?

Thanks!

From Antoinette Everts, now living in Baltimore USA with two little granddaughters

THE EARTH IS MY BODY

I'm free here
In the deep of the green golden bush
Where the waters are singing
The crickets are sounding
And the breeze it is brushing my skin.

There is light on the ferns
On the mosses
As my feet lead me over the paths
There is coolness and warmth,
There is age there is youth
And my feet dance the beauty within me -
But why as they dance do they bleed?

I'm one with the Mother
Who feeds me
This Mother is all that I need
She releases the stories within me
She strengthens my life; she's my soul.
But why, as I dance to her glory
Why do my feet have to bleed?

Here, near her heart as it nurtures
I'm safe and my song is so pure
I'm happy, I'm safe, I'm exultant,
I'm whole, I am ready to grow.
My spirit is singing and open
I know who I am and my way
My feet dance the footsteps so gaily
But why? Why do my feet have to bleed?

Laughter is not at all a bad beginning
for a friendship, and it is far the best
ending for one.
- Oscar Wilde

LITTLE SUPERMAN AT THE PARK

Little Superman and I flew to the park
round the lake
through the trees
up the wall
down the slide
along the flying fox

the swing went really high
it made me hungry

Mum brought me yummy food
but I could not eat it
I wanted to share it with Little Superman but he
was nowhere

Little Superman was not by the swing
he was not on the slide
he was not next to the flying fox
Mum had to hold my hand
give me a cuddle

and that when I saw him
Little Superman was near the ladder
he was playing hide and seek
I said bad Little Superman
you do not play hide and seek by yourself
Mum and I will show you how

the best place to hide is under the slide
it's fun jumping out at Mum
we did it 10 times

next Little Superman wanted to play tag
play fighting
getting tickled
being cheeky was so exciting

at home-time Little Superman and I flew
everywhere again
Mum let me go on the swing and flying fox
before we left

I then drove the car home

when we got home there was no Little
Superman
and Mum wanted to go shopping
she said get another toy from your room
I said he is not a toy

he is Little Superman
so we did not go shopping
we went back to the park
[LITTLE SUPERMAN AT THE PARK]

Mum and I couldn't find Little Superman
anywhere
not even near the ladder
and the boy on the ladder did not have Little
Superman
he was crying
I was upset
Mum had to say sorry to his mum

I sat down and said I'm not leaving till we find
Little Superman
but then I smiled
I said to Mum Little Superman loves me so
much he'll come home
it was cold walking back to the car
lucky my jacket was by my seat
underneath was Little Superman
he was playing hide and seek again
I was very angry
and made Little Superman say sorry
that night in bed when my eyes are closed
Little Superman and I fly to the park
over the lake
through the trees
up the slide
down the wall
along the flying fox
and then –
when I'm on the swing
Little Superman hides

WILD KID NICK [aka Nicholas Oram]

TWO DONKEYS

There were once two donkeys who were always together. A male donkey and a female donkey. They ate grass on the mountainside, rubbing each other's long necks with their heads. They rolled on the grass, playfully biting each other's ears, frolicking and frisking.

Then one year there was a dry season. The worst that anyone had ever known. No rain fell. No plants grew, no shrubs, not even one blade of grass.

"We shall both die if this continues," the male donkey said to his wife. "I have a plan. Let us change ourselves into human beings. I shall become a man and find work with whoever can pay me. You change into a woman and stay wherever you can find work. Then when the rainy season comes again, we shall both change back into donkeys and meet here as we were before."

The female donkey agreed. She changed into a woman and was so beautiful that she was married that evening to a farmer who saw her, fell in love with her, and couldn't wait.

The male donkey changed into a man and also found a place to stay. And the dry season passed.

Six months went by. The rains began and moistened the ground. The faded earth was soon filled with life and covered with flowers and grass. The man changed back into a donkey and ran eagerly to the mountain, but his wife was not there. He waited, and when she did not return, he began to travel from town to town, calling her:

Anne, Anne
(Pronounce Ahnne because in Creole-French Ahnne also means donkey)
Anne, Anne,
Springtime has come again
Anne, Anne ---

At last one day he came to the town where Anne was living. She was in the kitchen peeling malengas and yams for her husband's dinner.

Anne, Anne
She dropped the yams and listened. Springtime has come again
Anne, Anne ---
Her ears became longer, her two arms began stretching, and from under her skirt a tail started pushing.

The farmer, waiting in the fields for his dinner was getting angry. "I told my wife to bring my dinner by noon. And where is she? What can she be doing at the house all this time?" As the farmer came near his home, ready to give his wife a good beating, he heard a great crash as if a pot had been broken.

POW!

Then out the kitchen door trotted a female donkey.

HEE-huh HEE-huh

A male donkey who was waiting by the gate rushed up to her and they both stood on their hind legs, braying with pleasure and biting each other's long ears.

HEE-huh! HEE-huh!

Then they turned towards the hills and ran happily out of town to the mountains.

(continued next page)

The man went into the kitchen and found his wife was gone, and every pot and plate in the kitchen was broken. Every pot and plate. Everything!

Well, I tell you this story because I want to point out to you how important it is to have a proper engagement, and how necessary it is to meet your future bride or Bridegroom's relatives - the sisters, brothers, uncles, aunts, cousins, and especially the mother.

Otherwise, if you are too hasty, such a thing can happen. And to you.

I don't recall where I first heard this story. ED

This was sent to me by Connie Reagan-Blake:

Simon Beck wanted to get more exercise so he began to create 'snow drawings'; by plodding across Southern France in snow shoes.

Each creation is about the size of 3 soccer fields. Like a Buddhist monk working meticulously for days creating a sand mandala. Simon isn't concerned with how long it might last or who may see it. In a breath, or a storm, the creation disappears from view and yet somehow it is imprinted upon the world and endures.

For me, that is another way to describe storytelling.

"In many Shamanic societies, if you came to a medicine person complaining of being disheartened, dispirited or depressed they would ask one of four questions.

When did you stop dancing?

When did you stop singing?

When did you stop being enchanted by stories?

When did you stop finding comfort in the sweet territory of silence?"

Gabrielle Roth

Dancer & musician

IF FOR WOMEN

If we can sit among a crowd of gossips,
And not repeat the scandal we have heard;
If we can know ought of another's business,
And not betray it by a single word;
If we can smile and still, inside, feel kindly,
When other women hint our hats are frights;
If we can sit upon a church committee
And not involve ourselves in any fights;
If we can go to a sale-bargain counter,
And neither shove or elbow our way in;
If we can keep our hearts from pride or triumph,
Should any of our neighbours chance to sin;
If we can loyal be to one who's absent,
At gatherings where we hear folk run her down;
If we can keep our tempers at the moment
The clothes line breaks, or kiddies act the clown;
If we can go through life with kindly tolerance,
And keep our faith in God until the end;
Then when there comes to us the great transition,
We rank as women, Women True, my friend.

BOOK REVIEW

I was skyping Diane Ferlatte last week and she started talking about a book she was finding very useful.

It rang bells and I checked with Tania and found I was right. She bought it last year at Jonesborough.

Once upon a time...Storytelling to teach character and prevent bullying. It is by Elisa Davy Pearmain and the ISBN is 1-892056-44-5

She has taken tales we all know well indeed and presented them in shortened form for re-telling.

But the aspect that sets this book apart is the way she has divided the tales into categories.

Co-operation, courage, generosity, perseverance, self-control and friendship are a few of these divisions.

Each tale will have tips for telling, follow-up activities and other valuable ideas. It also lets you know the country or culture as well as other countries which may have versions.

So much in such a small space.

It is interesting, as sometimes when I am asked to tell stories around a certain theme I can spend ages looking at the many stories I know and wondering.

As I read through this collection I noted that even when a tale is put in one category it has links to

another where appropriate.

I was re-reading the wonderful tale I learned last year called The Burning of the Rice Fields.

Listed as themes were courage, sacrifice, generosity, compassion and wise action.

There is a version of the story of King Solomon and the baby which I liked. You remember the one where the two women are battling over who is the true mother of the baby boy.

In this version Solomon chooses a contest of strength between a mother and a step-mother but, of course, as the two women pull at the baby's arms and the baby screams one lets go. The true mother.

Themes listed are honesty, empathy, love, wisdom, leadership.

There are variant endings suggested and a table of sources..

Introductory chapters to this book offer how to tell for teachers and for students, and suggestions for introducing a character education programme in your school.

I am so glad to be able to share this book with my friend and would recommend it if you can access a copy. Maybe through your library.

LIZ

Storytelling Groups/contacts

Regional Contacts

The person nearest to you should be happy to talk to you or help you arrange an occasion or start a group or just talk storytelling! If there is no one in your area perhaps YOU would be the regional contact. Let us know.

Auckland	7.30pm last Thurs of month	Margaret Blay 09 630 6774	40 Croyden Street, Mount Eden, 1024 margaretblay@gmail.com
Thames	7.30pm 1st Wed of month	Jackie Black 07 868 1181	29 Station Road, Puriri, RD1 Thames
Tauranga	Last Thurs of month	Claire Cooper Tauranga Library 07 577 7177	Tauranga Library, Claire.cooper@tauranga.govt.nz
Central Hawkes Bay	Phone for details	Mary Kippenberger 06 856 8367	212 Argyll Road, RD1 Otane marykipp@hotmail.com
Wairarapa	Email for details gaye@storyweaver.co.nz	Gaye Sutton	Gaye Sutton, Te Pukeko, Chester Road, Rd1
Manawatu	Phone for details	Ken Benn 06 359 5024	3 Hardie Street, Palmerston North, kenbenn@paradise.net.nz
Wellington	7.30pm 1st Tuesday of month		PO Box 10-868, Wellington Storytellers.cafe@buzz.net.nz
Blenheim	7pm, 2nd Thursday monthly	Katrina Oliver 03 577 7787	katrinao@xtra.co.nz
Canterbury	2 monthly	Bertha Tobias	rbtobias@clear.net.nz
Timaru	3.30pm last Tuesday monthly in Timaru Library	Lorna McMaster 03 686 6204	Margaret Dockrill dockrill@xtra.co.nz
Dunedin	Phone for details	Kaitrin McMullan 03 467 9550	305 Malvern Street, Dunedin mail@kaitrin.co.nz
Invercargill	7.30pm 4th Tuesday day of month In public library	Tania Faulkner-McKenzie 03 217 2808	Chelmsford Street, Invercargill andrewtania@hotmail.com
Balclutha	7pm 2nd Wednesday monthly	Vicki Woodrow, Clutha Library	raine@ihug.co.nz

Sender

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