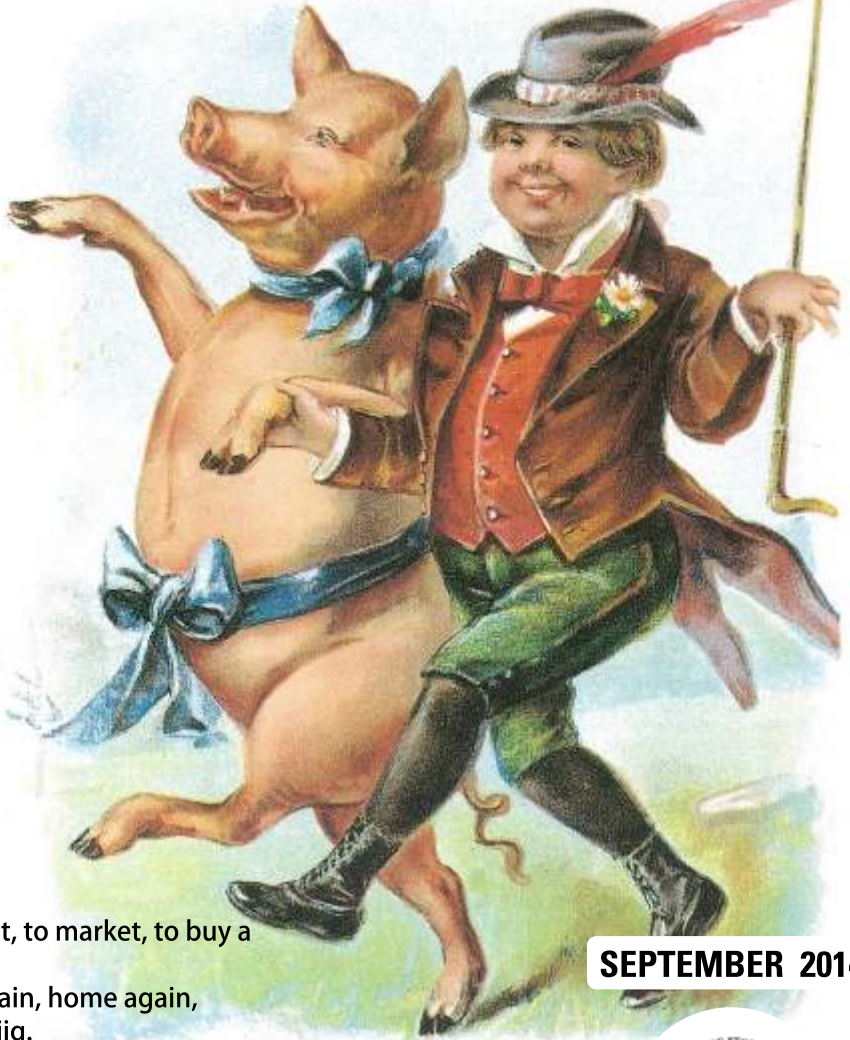


The Storyline

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



To market, to market, to buy a
fat pig;
Home again, home again,
jiggity jig.

To market, to market, to buy a
fat hog;
Home again, home again,
jiggity jog.

SEPTEMBER 2014



Editorial

Greetings!

Next week I am to be visited by Lisa.

She is from a TV programme which is planning to visit ordinary Kiwis with a passion and share their stories.

Angela Newell of Venture Southland gave her my name as someone with a passion for storytelling.

When she called me on the phone she sounded most excited about what we offer.

She is coming to the pre-school where Tania and I will be telling on Monday afternoon to listen.

Then she will talk and later in October they plan to be here to televise the stories of these passionate ordinary Southlanders.

Luckily we will be home from Jonesborough and it will be 3 days before I jet off to Perth for a week.

All this made me think.

Me? A passion? Well, yes.

But here I am with 78 years on my slate, and all of them coloured by the wonder of story, and NZ is still not alight for storytelling?

Why?

I know there are pockets of passion for our art throughout this long, skinny land.

So why haven't we set New Zealand on fire for story?

When I try to talk with people about it they will say:

- Oh, everyone is so busy.
- Oh, we are all spread out too thinly over the length of Aotearoa.
- Oh, there aren't enough people and most are all in Auckland.
- Oh, technology has taken over.
- Oh, story is just an optional extra even if it is nice.
- Oh, storytelling is really just for kids.

And so on and so on and so on.

But is it?

When the ILT down here pays good money every year to ensure every school in our city is offered the opportunity to have a full day of storytelling it must have a recognised value.

When we in Southland bring visiting storytellers of top value to our area those who attend the adult sessions get so excited.

One man came up to me to say, with passion, that



we are starved for this.

Many ask when they are going to return and promise to bring friends next time.

Mind you, it doesn't seem to double the numbers the next year.

But the intention is there.

We would love to be able to share these visitors around our land.

But we have a very small window of time from when we know who is coming until the time when we need to pay for their return airfares.

This doesn't give the rest of you much time to organise to have them in your area.

Would it help if we kept you informed by email at each step of the process?

- Who we are inviting
- Dates they will be in Southland
- Fees
- Availability for staying in NZ

If you do wish to have them you would need to provide accommodation, programmes and fees, and travel that is within NZ.

Sometimes people have felt they didn't have time to arrange all this and find sponsors but if you knew that we will be bringing two tellers for our Southland Arts Festival sometime in May 2015 you could begin right now.

It would also, I believe, make a huge difference if we were a bigger Guild and more groups were affiliated.

See what you can do to help me set our land afire with my passion because it must be yours, too, as you are members of the NZ Guild of Storytellers: Nga Kaikorero Purakau O Aotearoa.

Liz Miller, Editor

lizm@xtra.co.nz

President's Report *August 2014*

I know that all times of year are busy in their own way – Christmas, start of the new school year, Easter, summer sports, winter sports, children's activities, our own hobbies, work... life is always busy. But this term is the busiest of all for me as this is the term that I join Liz telling stories around the schools in Invercargill.



Liz has been visiting these schools for more than twenty years now and for the past three years I have been lucky enough to participate in these performances with her, when my teaching schedule allows.

Every year has been different as we try new ideas out and this year has been no exception. We now have two microphones and are dabbling in some tandem telling which has been great fun.

Liz and I are off soon to Jonesborough, Tennessee, to the National Storytelling Festival there – Liz has attended this festival many times and I am sincerely grateful to have a second opportunity to travel there. The festival is an absolutely wonderful event but there are many other parts of the journey that are as rewarding as the festival itself. We stay with storytellers, we have meals with storytellers, we play games with storytellers – it is three weeks crammed full of stories and laughter.

We go for the sheer enjoyment of it, and for the chance to raise the profile of New Zealand storytelling within the wider storytelling community.

We make contact with tellers we would like to invite to come to New Zealand – and invariably they want to come!

We have had some amazing, talented, renowned tellers come to Invercargill and on to other areas of New Zealand through the contacts that Liz has made at the National Festival.

I'm sure there will be more to come!

We shall tell you all about our adventures in the next issue.

May the spring sunshine continue to warm you.
Happy telling, all.

Tania Faulkner-McKenzie
andrewtania@hotmail.com

It's not what you gather,
but what you scatter
That tells
What kind of life
you have lived.

-Helen Waller



Editor's Report

We still need to have you all contributing to make this a representative magazine.

Thank you so much to those who contributed to this issue.

DEADLINE for next issue is **mid-November for December issue.**

Secretary Report

We have 2 new members – welcome Rob Waanders in Porirua and Step into Story in Okato.

We still have 33 members. 6 are group affiliations. 3 live in USA, 1 in the UK

We lost one of our group affiliations.

We will need to call the AGM by the end of November and we do hope more of you will ring in.

It doesn't cost you anything.

We NEED the numbers.

Before then we will send out the nomination forms for the Committee and Executive, the agenda, and the date, time, and phone number to call.

We will send the president's report and the balance sheet as well.

Also, before that time there will be an email asking for any items you would like on the agenda.

Treasurer's Report

The books have closed on 31st August for the audit in time for the AGM.

We have \$7438.51 at 17th August.

It is very sad to acknowledge that we have received \$2831.71 from the Glistening Waters Inc. I say that because it means that Glistening Waters has finished.

At the AGM near the end of November we will need to discuss how to use some of this in a positive manner.

We sent \$200 worth of petrol vouchers as a token of our warm gratitude to Tere Hide for all his years of running our web site for no charge at all.

Regional News

Southland

Your president and your editor are busy at present telling stories in most of the Invercargill schools. We are so fortunate to have the support of our Southland Committee of the NZ Literacy Association who apply each year to our Invercargill Licensing Trust for the funds to make this possible. Tania can only participate on the afternoons we are close in the city as she teaches in the mornings. But we are developing a lovely rapport as we share the sessions.

Have you all realised that if you use a sound system it will probably have to be replaced by 13 March 2015? We discovered this recently. Vodafone has bought the waves that most of us use. The NZLA has moved to apply for funding to replace the system I own as it will cost nearly \$2,000.00. We plan to get one that allows 2 microphones so that we don't have to change over and we can also tell together, easily.

We are also deep in our plans to fly off for three weeks in the USA sharing with storytelling soulmates. The highlight will be the weekend in Jonesborough, Tennessee at the International Storytelling Festival. While there we will be listening for two tellers to bring to Southland. It is always possible for other areas to invite these tellers to share in their part of the world but the decision has to be made fairly quickly as once we have paid for their airfares we cannot change them without costing.

As soon as we know who we have invited we will send out an email to all Guild members.

Okato

Lesley Dowding is on the way to the South West UK storytelling festival and will write an article for us when she returns.

Her group, called Step into Story, has joined our Guild so check in the contacts list at the back if you are going to be in their area. I am sure they would appreciate visitors.

Weaving Stories Together Conference, Full moon Cherry Blossom Festival and other Wairarapa musings...

The NSW Guild Weaving Stores Together Conference in Sydney has been a highlight of my year so far.



Christine Carlton, Cynthia Hartman and their team are fantastic at welcoming their conference participants and delivering some stimulating workshops.

I was privileged with an invitation to present a workshop on Healing Stories this year. After allowing myself to be flattered into accepting the invitation, I spent an agonising time trying to put my intuitive use of story when I want to have a real encounter with the emotion I meet in my counselling, celebrant and life's work, into a conceptual framework to pass on. You know, those moments when we are privileged to meet another soul and want to respond from our own and there are no words. In the end I managed to cobble together some stories and the context in which they'd been told and a context for what I think I might be doing at such times that semi-satisfied me and set out.

I really enjoyed my own workshop and I'm still receiving emails from some participants so intend to repeat it this summer. Watch this space if you're interested in... Reso[ul]ling and Restorying

Stories.

It was also fun to be at Caroline Welkin's Comedy in Storytelling Workshop. Many tales were told with hilarity under Caroline's tutelage. I didn't get to Kaitrin McMullen's workshop but it was fun when she and her 'String Game' participants gate crashed the performance space for a short time that evening to tell us their string stories.



What I love most of all at Conferences are those in between times when I can renew acquaintances, catch up with storytelling friends and listen...listen...listen.

Mary Buckner and I are really looking forward to our wee Full Moon, Cherry Blossom Festival On September 9th at 6 pm in Library Park, Masterton. Jordan Tredray will begin drumming up the 'Super' moon at 6.00 (it's due at 6.19), there will be storytelling and poetry. The trees will be adorned with hanging poems and Taste Cafe will keep its doors open and feed us with coffee and cake throughout and as always there will be an open mic.

We are still looking for poets to send us poems to laminate and hang.

CHERRY BLOSSOM MOON FESTIVAL CALLING ALL POETS AND WORDSMITHS

Every spring the Cherry Blossom trees in the Library Square Park beside the library burst their buds, show off their glorious blooms and lift our hearts and minds from winter's gloom.

They offer a definite, if all too brief opportunity, for a Spring Celebration, or so thought two Wairarapa women one dreary grey morning as they drank their coffee in front of the fire.

That may have remained just a notion if one of those women hadn't looked up a moon calendar and found that a Super Moon would occur this spring and began to think about the possibilities of holding a full moon Cherry Blossom Festival to celebrate spring and blossoms. Mary Buckner and Gaye Sutton are asking YOU to offer your poem or story, on paper and in performance to help the festival hum. Poems will be laminated and hung among the blossoms and there will be

opportunities for people to perform their work and to have their poems displayed in the trees.

Jordan Tredray will drum up the moon which should begin to rise at 6.19pm and other festivities are in the planning pot.

Please contact Mary 377 2956 or Gaye on 021 150 1523 for more information.

Please send your poems to **Megglepeg@yahoo.co.nz** with your name and address.

Copyright remains with the author.

Gaye Sutton

Events

Purerehua Goes For A Ride!

A recent Monday morning was full of new experiences for children from Paua(Preschoolers At Home Uniquely Achieving) and Westside, Carterton and Lansdowne Playcentres and their mothers and teachers. They were welcomed onto Te Ore Ore Marae by Mike Kawana and Auntie Mere Kerehi before being introduced to the first two of eight books, each in a Te Reo and English version and set in the Wairarapa, produced by Rangitane o Wairarapa with assistance from the Education Ministry, written by Joseph Potangaroa, illustrated by Mikus Van Geffen and translated into Te Reo by Astee Karaitiana and Mike Kawana.

I was flying along the road at Rangiwhakaoma when out of the corner of my eye..
brmm ...old Nanny drove by. It happened so fast that I could not stop,
a whoosh of wind and I was
stuck on top...
of the light of Nanny's old bike, so I had to go for a ride....

So begins Purerehua (Butterfly) Goes For A Ride, and children and their mothers and teachers and I were swept along on Purerehua's adventure. It was an exciting and noisy journey as we all leaned to the left and then to the right, went uphill and downhill over bumps until URRRRR... we all threw on the brakes as Nanny stopped for; one Crayfish (Koura), from Whakataki, then we were careering off again... until URRR... Nanny stopped for two bags of potatoes from Taueru... and on and on.

Such a lot of fun and considerable learning as Nanny and Purerehua tore onwards collecting the kai for Nanny's feast and at the same time learning to count and to name places between Castlepoint and Masterton in both our official languages. The illustrations are vivid and 'fit' with the text in a most satisfying way. As a storyteller privileged with the job of introducing Purerehua's story, I was impressed by the energy that it generated in this group of children from Paua and three different Playcentres. A quick peek at some of the other books in the series revealed that they too, have the blend of fascinating stories that teach aspects of the natural world and extend language.

Although the books were written to appeal to preschoolers they have been tested and approved of by older children as well and judging by the enthusiastic response on this sunny Monday morning the series will be in high demand.

Gaye Sutton

This is the centre where we collect our programmes for the Jonesborough Festival. Very exciting. Three of your committee members will be there this year. We will be trying to bring back rich sharing for you all.



International Storytelling Center

August 2014 E-newsletter

Welcome to ISC's first monthly e-newsletter, where you'll find updates and storytelling news from the Center. Enjoy!

Telling Stories That Matter

As a partner with the Washington, D.C. organization, Alliance for Peacebuilding, the International Storytelling Center reinforces the importance of sharing stories to build peace among peoples and nations.



Storytelling and Deeper Understanding

Ubuntu in collaboration with the Desmond Tutu Peace Foundation-USA

In March 2014 the Desmond Tutu Peace Foundation-USA launched a special web series that explores the way in which storytelling can be used to promote world peace.

Contributions

From Southern Storytellers

Here is an exercise the Southern Storytellers did at their monthly meeting. They were given this title – At the bottom of my garden.

Here is one of those stories.

There is a secret place at the bottom of my garden.
Someone comes there. I have seen the footprints.
They are there in the morning when they weren't there the night before.
Someone has been standing in the secret place at the bottom of my garden.
Why are they standing there? Do they know what is buried there?
They can't know. No one knows what is buried there. Do they?
"Mother!"
I turn from the window and look into the angry face of my daughter.

Generations and Genre

The 2014 Poetry Out Loud National Champion, Anita Norman, a Tennessee resident, and one of a new generation of storytellers, will perform at the 2014 National Storytelling Festival.

She is waving a tire lever in my face.
I feel myself beginning to shake.
"It was you."
I can barely get the words out I am so frightened.
"You have been here in my garden at night."
Her face is contorted with rage.
"How could you?" she screams.
"He was my husband, the father of your grandchild."
"He hit you." I reply weakly.
"You killed him with this."
She brandished the tire lever. "Then you buried it in your garden."
"I had to protect you. I love you." I whisper.
"I loved him and this is for him."
I watched in terror as the tire lever rose into the air above my head.

At the bottom of my garden there is a secret place.

Sent in by Heather Perriam

6th August 2014

I tried to ignore the horses. I talked to myself. I listened intently as I told myself that the horses would be ok with their covers on. That it was quite cold and they would appreciate keeping their pyjamas on for the day. They could have their hay a bit later. I explained to myself that I was late, that I had a meeting, that those mournful big eyes were really happy eyes. So I tucked my clean trousers into my socks, noting that one sock was blue and one was black. I dragged the gate through the mud and squelched to the barn, threw hay about, took covers off, gave them a kiss, turned...and fell flat on my face, head down in the wet mud. Unfortunate words carried through the valley.

Life on the farm is excellent. However it is quite nice to leave the puddles behind and when we were called to Oamaru for the Kidsfest my 'YES!' was a resounding one. We skipped happily to the airport, stopping only for breakfast with our wonderful American friends, storyteller Megan Hicks and historic home restorer Jack Abbott. If you ever meet them ask them for their love story.

Unfortunately Wellington was living up to its reputation that afternoon. We parked in an empty car park a world away from the terminals. The wind fought and won. Peter's guitar, three large cases and a carry-on found themselves splattered in front of the on-comings. My scarf flew to meet its maker. Heads bent to the elements, hair wild and free, clothes askew we battered through and into the terminals. Relief was short lived as the do-it-yourself counters laughed and beckoned us forward. One of the good things about encroaching old age is people come to your rescue and we were soon on the plane and bound for Dunedin Airport. Oamaru's children's librarian, Fiona drove us the two hours to our welcoming hosts. Time flew in the company of this warm, kind, extraordinary librarian. What a happy library she runs.

I really love it when I meet magical people who are lucky enough to have magical bosses. I wish it happened all the time. The kind of boss who stands aside from power trips and control and provides an environment that allows soaring and creativity. Fiona has that boss.

We spent a happy three days performing at the Opera House and the library. I fell in love with Oamaru, its people and its spirit.

And now we are home preparing for a three-week tour that includes Great Barrier Island. Storytelling, what wonderful doors it opens.

Special moment alert. After our Oamaru library performance two women approached. The first woman explained that her great-uncle was my great-grandfather's brother and the second woman explained that her great-grand father was with my great uncle when he was killed by a runaway horse on a property nearby. She then gave me a prayer book inscribed by my great grandmother. There we were, these three woman bound by a story, by family, meeting for the first time two generations on.

Mary Kippenberger

Wisdom Of Kids

A first grade school teacher had 26 students in her class. She presented each child in her classroom with the first half of a well-known proverb and asked them to come up with the remainder of the proverb. It's hard to believe these were actually done by first graders. Their insight may surprise you. While reading, keep in mind that these are first-graders, 6 year-olds, because the last one is a classic.

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 1. Don't change horses | - until they stop running |
| 2. Strike while the | - bug is close |
| 3. It's always darkest before | - daylight saving time |
| 4. Never underestimate the power of | - termites |
| 5. You can lead a horse to water but | - how? |
| 6. Don't bite the hand that | - looks dirty |
| 7. No new is | - impossible |
| 8. A miss is as good as a | - Mr. |
| 9. You can't teach an old dog | - Math |
| 10. If you lie down with dogs, you'll | - stink in the morning |
| 11. Love all, trust | - Me |
| 12. The pen is mightier than the | - pigs |
| 13. An idle mind is | - the best way to relax |
| 14. Where there's smoke there's | - pollution |
| 15. Happy the bride who | - gets all the presents |
| 16. A penny saved is | - not much |
| 17. Two's company, three's | - the Musketeers |
| 18. Don't put off till tomorrow what | - you put on to go to bed |
| 19. Laugh and the whole world laughs with you, cry and — you have to blow your nose | |
| 20. There are none so blind as | - Stevie Wonder |
| 21. Children should be seen and not | - spanked or grounded |
| 22. If at first you don't succeed | - get new batteries |
| 23. You get out of something only what you | - see in the picture on the box |
| 24. When the blind lead the blind | - get out of the way |
| 25. A bird in the hand | - is going to poop on you |
| 26. Better late than | - pregnant |

This was sent to me some time ago by my lovely friend Ouida Fay Paul in Hawaii and later in one of the States of USA.

I met her in 1976 by proxy.

I was travelling to the USA to visit with lots of librarians and she was a member of Altrusa as was I. I had contacted her to see whether I could visit with her in Hawaii. She wasn't at home but left her friend with the keys to her home and car and instructions to take care of me.

Next time I was in Hawaii she was home and I stayed with her. A doctor of music and an amazing friend.

Your editor

Joy Cowley says,

How lovely to see you with your sweet friends. They look as though they are sharing your smile. I am reminded of an old Zen saying:

"In the universe there is only one mind, and everything is a part of it.

Thank you for your congratulations. The junior fiction "Dunger" is a light entertainment and I was surprised that Gecko Press wanted to publish it, astonished that it won both NZ Post and LIANZA. This week another junior fiction work is launched "Speed of Light." That is a more substantial book.

I had sent Joy a picture of my mates when I congratulated her. She talked about the enchantment countless children experience through our gift of storytelling and finished by saying,

"You sow the seeds of beauty in the world."

She gave me permission to share this with you all.

Liz

I first met Margaret in 1991 when I was looking for storytellers in the USA for the first Glistening Waters Festival. I stayed with her in Seattle several times and have remained friends to this day.

This is the text from one of her books which she gave me, autographed and with a lovely message.

Margaret always liked stories to be shared and I have let her know I am sharing with you all and she is happy. I often tell this tale though it changes as the audience changes.

The Old Woman and her Pig - an Appalachian folktale.

Margaret Read MacDonald

There was an old woman lived in a little house way up on a hill.

Had a little boy that lived with her.

They got along real well, those two.

One day Little Boy was playing out in front of the house.

He found a shiny copper penny.

"Ma'am, look what I found!"

"Why, it's a shiny copper penny!

I'll take that right to town and buy us a fat little pig.!

Now stay here and tend the house.

I'll be back before dark with our piggy."

Off she started down the road.

She was so happy to be going to town to buy a pig.
She started singing.

"Goin' to town,
gonna buy a little pig.
Jig jog jig jog jiggety-jig!"

Came to a bridge.
Started crossing that bridge, dancing a jig.

"Goin' to town,
gonna buy a little pig.
Jig jog jig jog jiggety-jig!"

Back on the road again, she was still singing.

"Goin' to town,
gonna buy a little pig.
Jig jog jig jog jiggety-jig!"

Came to the marketplace.
"Mr Pig Farmer, here's a shiny copper penny
I'd like to buy a fat little pig."

"A shiny copper penny!
I'll take your shiny copper penny.
Pick out any pig you want"
She looked around.
Picked out the fattest little pig of all.
"I'll take THAT ONE."

She was so happy to be going home with that
little pig.

"Went to town,
and I bought a little pig.
Jig jog jig jog jiggety-jig!"

Little pig was happy to be going home with that old
woman.
He ran along behind her just squealing.

"Oink oink oink oink
oink oink oink!
Oink oink oink oink
oink oink oink!"

Came to the bridge.

Old woman started crossing that bridge.

"Went to town,
and I bought a little pig.
Jig jog jig jog jiggety-jig!"

Little pig started right after her.

"oink oink oink oink
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

That little pig would not set one foot on that bridge.
He was scared of the water.
He was scared of the height.
He just stood there and squealed.

Old Woman came back.
She pulled that pig.
She pushed that pig.
That pig would not move.

Old Woman began to worry.
It was starting to get dark.
Her little boy was at home all by himself.
He might get scared.

Then she saw the moon coming up.
The moon would give little boy light,
so maybe he wouldn't be scared.

Old Woman sat down and began to cry.
She sang a sad little song to herself.
"I can't get to my little boy tonight.
It's almost dark....
But the moon does shine."

Just then along came a dog.
Old Woman thought he might help.
"Dog, dog would you bark at pig?
He won't cross the bridge,
and I can't get home to my little boy tonight"

"Nope," said the dog. "I won't do it."

"Well, that's not nice."
And the old woman began to cry.

"I can't get to my little boy tonight.

It's almost dark....
But the moon does shine."

Old Woman saw a rat running by.
"Rat, rat would you nip dog?
If you would nip dog,
dog would bark at pig,
pig would cross the bridge,
and I could get home to my little boy tonight."

"Nope." said the rat. "I won't do it."

"Well, that's not nice."
And the old woman began to cry.

"I can't get to my little boy tonight.
It's almost dark....
But the moon does shine."

Just then a cat came by.

"Cat, cat would you worry rat?
Then rat will nip dog,
dog will bark at pig,
pig will cross the bridge,
and I'll get home to my little boy tonight."

The cat said, "Little boy? Little boy?
Is that the same little boy
who used to stroke my fur?"

"That's the same little boy."

"Is that the same little boy who used to give
me a saucer of cream?"

"Same little boy."

"Is that the same little boy who used to
scratch behind my ears and it felt so GOOD?"

"That's the same little boy!"

"Then of course I'll help!" said the cat.

So the cat began to worry the rat.
The rat began to nip the dog.

The dog began to bark at the pig.
"Woof! Woof! Woof!"

And the little pig ran over the bridge and
up the road home.....just squealing.

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!"

That old woman ran right along behind him.

"Went to town,
and I bought a little pig.
Jig jog jig jog jiggety-jig!"

When she got home, she HUGGED that little boy.
And you know, he hadn't been afraid at all
because.....

"It sure was dark..... but the moon did shine."

**"We must not only give
what we have;
we must also give
what we are."**

Desire-Joseph Mercier

Planting Seeds.

Two seeds lay side by side in the fertile soil.
The first seed said, "I want to grow! I want to
send my roots deep into the soil beneath me, and
thrust my sprouts into the earth's crust above me.
I want to unfurl my tender buds like banners to
announce the arrival of spring. I want to feel the
warmth of the sun on my face and the blessing of
the morning dew on my petals!" And so she
grew.....

The second seed said, "Hmmm! If I send my roots
into the ground below, I don't know what I will

encounter in the dark. If I push my way through the hard soil above me I may damage my delicate sprouts. What if I open my delicate buds and a snail tries to eat them? And if I were to open my blossoms, a small child may pull me from the ground. No, it is much better for me to wait until it is safe." And so she waited.....

A yard hen scratching around in the early spring ground for food found the waiting seed and promptly ate it.

My gardening friend gave this piece to me and it went on to point out that if you doubt you can accomplish something, then you can't possibly accomplish it.

I have a habit of replying to the greeting, "Have a good day." with the statement that I planned that when I got up.

We, as storytellers/listeners/writers/, need to truly have faith in ourselves to give the great gift we hold with grace and enthusiasm and love.

Editor

Remember our lovely cover last time? With the paua shell?

A friend sent this reflection on the sea creature we know as paua and the gift of the sea god, Tangaroa to that creature.

**I give you the coolest blues of the ocean,
the freshest greens of the forest,
a tinge of violet from the dawn,
a blush of pink from the sunset,
and all over a shimmer of mother-of-pearl.
And it will be your life's work to add,
layer upon delicate layer,
of the most intricate patterns...
....each layer a unique
multi-coloured masterpiece."**

Te Koha a Tangaroa by Mere Whaanga-Schollum



What Is Story?

This is taken from our Guild statement booklet.

A STORY is like the legendary magic bean that was given to JACK.

- It must be rooted, in time and space – (the setting) and given a great start (a beguiling beginning).
- It must sprout characters – believable and with personality.
- It will grow – a quest, and obstacle, and finally, conquest.

When it has reached the clouds, we can climb to other worlds, into other lives, into situations we ourselves might never encounter, though they are universal. Stories express common truths, beliefs, yearnings and goals.

And the teller is magic, because this person goes into mystical realms where anything is real. The teller weaves spells of emotions, intrigue, and beauty.

Storytelling can be defined as an oral art form that provides a means of preserving and transmitting ideas, images, motives, and emotions that are universal.

DEFINING THE DEFINITION

Oral Tradition and Art Form

- Storytelling is an *oral tradition*. Storytelling involves a person using spoken language. It is also a *presentation art form*. The art is the presentation and cannot exist without it. A script for a play is not the theatrical production. Pages of music are not a concert. A written story is not a storytelling event. Of course, we can enjoy reading music or a script or a story meant to be told. But they are incomplete in themselves.

A Means of Preserving and Transmitting Images

- Many of the stories told today are contemporary adaptations of ancient tales. Myths or folktales are still compelling. No storyteller will present his or her art form exactly like any other. An image personalised is changed. We add our own experience and background. Storytelling is a vibrant, living art. Ideas, motivations, and emotions that are universal mean that they relate to all of us. The function of any art form is sharing.
- Stories are used to illustrate truths and help the listeners to understand something important about life and how it should be lived. Because the teaching is done in an entertaining way, without manipulation, it makes more of an impression and because stories are interesting we remember.
- Stories show us how others feel and say, in effect, "If others feel this way, you can, too, and it's OK." People become angry; they love; they fear; they despise. These emotions (and the full range of human emotions) are not bad in themselves; it is the reaction that is important. "Look, here's what the character in the story does with a particular emotion," the storyteller says. "Is this the proper way to handle the emotion? Is this the way you would handle it?"
- A story paints a picture. It uses rhythmic patterns, is pleasing to listen to, and is enjoyable and educational. At its best it goes beyond the truth in that it illustrates life and so is bigger than life. Like the beanstalk.

What Is Telling?

Storytelling is an event involving at least two people – a sender and a receiver – each of whom pays attention to and therefore affects the other. It uses its own special conventions, devices, and effects, different from any other art form.

But presentation art form does not mean the STORYTELLER becomes an actor. An actor speaks someone else's lines, follows an interpretation made in part by other theatrical artists – the director, the costumer, the set designer.

The storyteller adapts and makes the story her/his own, using an individual style and method of presentation, yet using the language of the community.

The teller and the story are joined. The teller is part of the story. The teller envelopes the persona of the character narrating the story. And that enveloping is the posture, stance, gestures, costume that help the audience 'see' the story through the words of the teller.

Storytelling is a mutual creation between the listener and the teller. There is a contract established between the teller and the listener to which each has responsibilities. The teller agrees to relate the story to the best of her/his abilities; the audience members agree to pay attention and absorb the presentation. There is a shared purpose, that of grasping and understanding, of learning, most certainly of being entertained.

Contracts of any sort sometimes don't work out. The same may be true of the storytelling event. Tellers lose their audiences for any number of reasons; poor location, noise or other interference, the mental state of either the teller or the listener, and so on. There would be no teller without an audience. There would be no communication. One affects the other. Each must be considerate of the other in the telling. Stories bind people together, not only the teller with the audience, but the teller and audience with the past and with the future. A commonality of experiences concerned with the human being is pointed up, talked about, presented from generation to generation, from century to century.

This is storytelling.

REVIEW

No Tricks, Just Magic.

A collection of fairytales as told by Megan Hicks.

CD

Recently Megan and her lovely husband visited our land and came to Invercargill.

They were only here about 24 hours but in that time Megan came to Tisbury School with me and told a story in each of two sessions.

She told Mollie Whuppie which is on this CD and to watch her wind those senior students round her words and into her heart was so good.

Then I get to hear it again every time I play this track.

Megan says that each of these European fairy tales captured her heart and her imagination and chose her to be one of the voices to keep them alive.

I think they chose well.

But Megan's hope, and mine, is that they will touch you, too.

These tales have endured because they capture listeners of all ages and generations listening together. You will hear The Shoemaker and the Elves; Twelve Dancing Princesses; Davy and the Devils; and what she calls her bonus track – The Shoemaker and the Ground Hogs.

Try meeting Megan on You Tube.

Here is her contact:

www.MeganHicks.com

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 1st Thursday 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	Penny Guy	penny.guy@relly.usrful.com.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	Tony Hopkins 04 381 3307 txt 027 737 3185	PO Box 10-868, Wellington wellingtonstorytellerscave@gmail.com
Blenheim	7pm, 2nd Thursday monthly	Katrina Oliver 03 577 7787	katrinao@xtra.co.nz
Canterbury	7.30pm third Wed of the month The Avon Loop Com. College 28 Hurley Street, Christchurch	Sharon Moreham Ph 03 967 7888 Mob 022 121 3648	thestorycollectivechch@gmail.com
Timaru	3.30pm last Tuesday monthly in Timaru Library	Margaret Dockrill 027 292 5270	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 of month	Heather Perriam 021 180 6690	hrp@xtra.co.nz
Balclutha	7pm 2nd Wednesday monthly	Vicki Woodrow, Clutha Library	raine@ihug.co.nz
Okato	7 pm 1 st Thursday of the month Step into Story	Lesley Dowding 06 772 4545	lezley@xtra.co.nz

Sender

New Zealand Guild of Storytellers
c/o Elizabeth Miller
191 Princes Street
Invercargill - 9816
New Zealand