



Writing Letter

April 2024

re-story, re-create, re-imagine you

for this letter, a weekly story and ongoing opportunities - dorianhaarhoffblog.co.za

Dear writer, storyteller, reader, lover of words, images, silences...

I had the sense that the deeper meaning of the story was in the gaps. (Edith Wharton)

In March I had the privilege of spending 3 weeks in Namibia in Storyland, courtesy of the Carl Schlettwein Foundation in Basel. Sharing with and training carers, therapists, teachers, NGOs et al how to live their own story and share that knowledge and wisdom with children in need/at risk. How stories move through choice and change and offer us inside knowing. Multi-purpose muti.



One of the prompts for a Swakopmund church group

Hence this month's letter. The more I know about stories, the less I know as it opens to that vastness like Oregon, Desert Father, who located sun, moon and stars within us.

The every Sat story continues. Here is Sat 23 March 2024 - a meta story?

Donald was uncle to three seven-year-old triplets. He called them Huey, Dewey, and Louie from his comic reading days. These were not their real names though their mother did dress them in red, blue and green.

Donald lived with them. Huey and Dewey night after night chorused *Please, Uncle Donald tell us a story*. And he would make up tales that wove the world anew.

Donald called Louie, the deep one, the little philosopher for he often asked *But Uncle, what is a story?* Now that question Donald, though a teller of fine tales, could not answer.

Donald's room was lined not with wallpaper but with books. One day as he pondered Louie's question, two books fell off the shelf. He opened them at random. In one a San woman from Botswana said, *I'll break open the story and tell you what is there. Then like the others that have fallen on out on the sand, I will finish with it. And the wind will take it away.* The second book was Carl Jung quotations rich. Donald read *Diagnosis can't be made until the story is told. Telling the story is the treatment.* Donald pondered on.

One night after hearing Louie's question for the umpteenth time, he dreamt. Of Big Bird flying in the sky, who met Little Bird and in birdsong chirped *Enjoy the air.* Little bird scrunched up its brow and asked *What is air?* A big fish swam into his dream and bubbled to Little Fish *Enjoy the water.* Little fish tumbling in the depths, asked *What is water?* Big Elephant wandered into uncle's dream and trumpeted to Little Elephant *Enjoy the veld.* Little Ellie swished his ears and lifted his trunk *what is veld?* In the dream down underearth Big Earthworm digging away said to Little Earthworm *Enjoy the earth.* Little Worm turned itself in a circle and asked *what is earth?*

Uncle Donald woke and wondered.

It was close to Christmas with a giant lit up tree in the village square. Early one evening Donald took his little philosopher by the hand off to see the tree. Close by was a spluttering streetlight. Now said Uncle Louie *let's climb inside your brain . If I tell you a fact that street dull light goes on. If I tell you a story your brain lights up with a myriad of lights. Your brain is like that Christmas tree.*

The only way to tell the little philosopher what a story was, was to tell him one but what story should he tell him? So that night Uncle Donald shared his dream with the triplets. Huey, Dewey's furrowed their brows, *strange story* they chorused. Louie, the Little Philosopher, smiled a gap-toothed smile *I think I'm beginning to get it.*

And a waybackwhen poem:

Story Smous

he travels, he tinkers.
creaks his wagon
into the marketplace
and drops the flap
to display bottles,
all tints, shapes and hues.

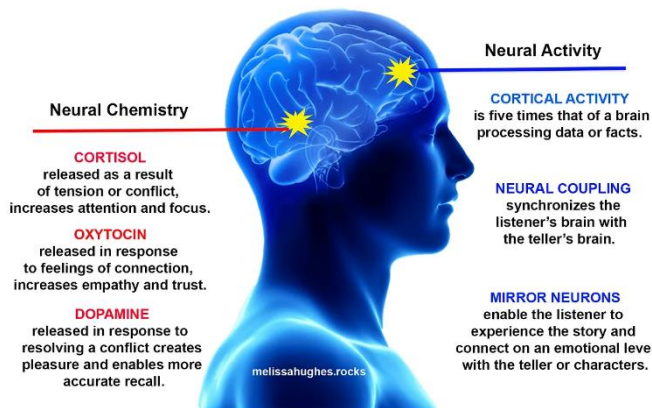
roll up. try this patent.
pops the cork
and a whiff of story
breathes from the neck.

stories for sleep,
for the knocking of the heart,
rogue-romp adventures.
tales to raise the veil,
the rainbow and the shades between.

this one tastes
like licorice on the lip,
sambuca black.
but look how the light
breaks in on the dark liquid.

Stories get all these turtles to swim in the brain

STORYTELLING CHANGES THE BRAIN

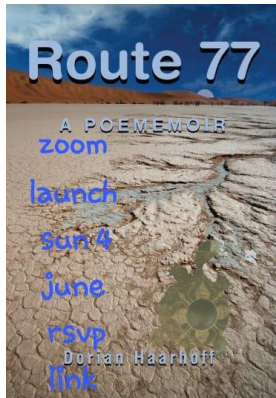


The brain cherishes a positive story in telling-hearing. So treat your brain to the delight of story that sets your synapses quivering.

A double dose of dopamine... a quart o cortisol ..mirror neurons face-to-face So treat your brain to the delight of story that sets your synapses quivering.

Dorian

PS Thank you for those who subscribe to the monthly letter (R240 per annum) I cherish your support. The letter remains open to all.



Igno van Niekerk and Tina Konstant (story mates) kindly recorded the zoom launch. Here tis.

https://mega.nz/file/rg9xhDJa#TTfWT8w-HttuLtfFbUGH_in-8_LXl8fIBtzE3dDajil

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Writing Retreat Radar Autumn 2024

detailed flyers on request

1. Magic Carpet Writers (Somerset West)

Our ongoing last Wed of the month writeaway

2. Mini workshop Hermanus

9 April

Save the date

PERSONAL AND PROFESSIONAL
WELLBEING WORKSHOPS PRESENTS A

Celebration of Life

Remember when...A Life Story
Workshop Presented by Dorian Haarhoff

Tuesday
09 APRIL, 2024

Venue
Hermanus

Cost
R50 per person

Start At
09:00AM - 12:00AM

Organising your digital world... a Workshop
Presented by Michele Serfontein

<https://www.facebook.com/WellbeingTalks/>

Dorian Haarhoff
Creative Workshops

Michele Serfontein
Entrepreneur

3. Writeaway in Pringle Bay

12-14 April only 4 of 9 places left

4. Word Brush and Being

a Creative Retreat for Poets, Writers and Painters

Fri 26 (17.30) - Mon 29 April (10.00) 2 places left

5. Remember when...A Life Story Wordshop

4 May 2024 10.00 - 16.30

It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards (Alice in Wonderland)

6a. ZenPen Retreat Writing, Being & Meditation (Groot Marico)

10 -12 May 2024 (Fri 17.00 - Sun 13.00)

<https://tararokpacentre.co.za> 014 503 8901

6b. A Stream of Words

12 -15 May 2024 Sun 17.00 - Wed 13.00.

7. Mentoring: ongoing one-on-one attention

You help me to sound like myself (numerous clients)

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