



Story Shell Prototype

storytelling

The biggest thing is to realise where I am.

Story: I am not there which is here for you, though I wanted to be. To catch that big metal bird from here to there, would spew 1.3 tonnes of carbon into the air, with the winds, the breath of everywhere. So I sent a shell of myself in the suitcase of a friend. Together we act. Here I am now, a shell, ready to unfurl in the stories you tell.

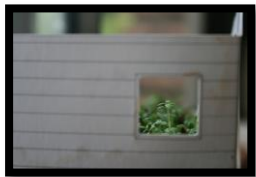
PARTICIPATION

1. **Despair:** *I said to my soul, be still, and wait without hope, For hope would be hope of the wrong thing.* T.S. Eliot.
2. **Acceptance:** After the pain runs its course, Love is vital, in all its patterns and rhythms, though harder to witness for some.
3. **Meaning:** Ko Brunswick te awa. It is said *Ko te reo te hāte mauri o te Māoritanga*.
4. **Act:** Be heard. Tell powerful tales of nature. If you use the Story Shell I can hear you.

I'll listen...

cross-pollination taking place here

An Eco Sapien Creation



Seeds

"SO... Catch!" calls the Once-ler. He lets something fall. "It's a Truffula Seed. It's the last one of all! You're in charge of the last of the Truffula Seeds. And Truffula Trees are what everyone needs. Plant a new Truffula. Treat it with care. Give it clean water. And feed it fresh air. Grow a forest. Protect it from axes that hack. Then the Lorax And all of his friends May come back."

The Lorax by Dr Seuss.



Species

This time last year I fell in love with the Whanganui Awa. What does love feel like to water?

I have an image of you Awa, passing over rocks with no hesitation or thought, just a dance with gravity.

Along the River I listened to many stories, mostly from humans; sadly there weren't scores of birds to be heard. A passing stranger told me Captain Cook had to return to his ship to think, for the noise from all the birds ashore was so loud it drowned out one's own thoughts.



Stories

"Our stories are within us. You'll find them encoded in genealogies, embedded in our hearts, imprinted on our minds. They migrate with the tongues that tell them...truly precious stories, those that hold sacred truths within them, can never be lost. They are kept intact by the universe itself. They exist beyond everything we can touch and name. They are in our blood, and like red hibiscus burnt by frost, recover and reveal themselves again. These stories are so powerful that only the pure of heart can carry them between worlds and survive. They change lives and their coming is signalled by the stars." Cherie Barford, *Niue: Pacific Writing*, ed. Selina Marsh, Huia Publishers, Auckland, New Zealand, 2006.



Sticks

Biodiversity means time.

Dr Bernie Krauss says each ocean beach has its own unique sound. And I imagine its own spirit.

I have a thirsty passion for sticks, driftwood particularly. I am a stick hunter. I ask every stick I hunt if it is willing to be prey. Often the reply is 'No, I'd like to stay listening to the unique sound of this beach'. And I respect its position in the world. We each have our own time with time.



Sound

In many wild habitats creatures vocalise in special relationships with one another. This portioning of the critter voices into temporal and frequency niches give us wonderful tools by which to evaluate the condition of certain biomes. It was biophony that first inspired humans to dance and sing. In my library I have 4,000 hours of material collected from maybe 1,500 sites from around the world. In the 40 years that I have been recording, fully 50% of the sounds in my library are from now silent habitats. 50%. These are sounds you can't hear anymore, these are sounds your kids will never hear anymore, and it's pretty devastating when you think about it.

Dr Bernie Krauss.



Self

I came to realise I'd been writing about love because that is all I'd witnessed – I'd not been passed any stories of place, land, creatures or custom, so I had to make it all up. I had to fill the void, that space that longs for meaning and the heart was the best tool I had to gain a sense of belonging in the world.

