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October 2022 - Newsletter

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# Three Sisters Social Group

Box 7074 LEURA NSW 2780

[www.threesisterssocial.asn.au](http://www.threesisterssocial.asn.au)

[info@threesisterssocial.asn.au](mailto:info@threesisterssocial.asn.au)

[bookings@threesisterssocial.asn.au](mailto:bookings@threesisterssocial.asn.au)

## Committee

President: Terence Preeo - [president@threesisterssocial.asn.au](mailto:president@threesisterssocial.asn.au)

Vice-president: John Wilson - [vice-president@threesisterssocial.asn.au](mailto:vice-president@threesisterssocial.asn.au)

Secretary: Larry Singer - [secretary@threesisterssocial.asn.au](mailto:secretary@threesisterssocial.asn.au)

Treasurer: Allan Kerr - [treasurer@threesisterssocial.asn.au](mailto:treasurer@threesisterssocial.asn.au)

Committee members: Thomas Naylor, Rick Hawthorne



## UPCOMING EVENTS



**7.00pm Tuesday**

**11 October 2022.**

### **Canton Palace**

**7 Station St  
Wentworth Falls  
Price \$45**

**Reservations: by the Sunday evening prior.**

[bookings@threesisterssocial.asn.au](mailto:bookings@threesisterssocial.asn.au)



**MONTHLY Luncheon**

**12pm Tuesday**

**25 October 2022**

### **The Grandview Hotel**

**Great Western Highway  
Wentworth Falls.  
A choice of main course and  
dessert**

**Price: \$ 37**

**Reservations: by the Sunday evening prior**

[bookings@threesisterssocial.asn.au](mailto:bookings@threesisterssocial.asn.au)



**Special Event**

### **Medlow Music in the Park**

**Medlow Bath Park**

**11.30 – 14.30**

**Saturday 15 October**

## From the President

Dear Friends

It has been a busy and exciting month.

Suddenly, it seems, all the work that we have put in to design and raise funds for the restoration of the AIDS memorial at Medlow Bath Park has paid off as work on the project has begun in earnest.

The remaining name plaques have been recovered and cleaned, the sandstone for the new memorial garden has been delivered and work on the garden will begin next week.

It has been an amazing effort from many members of the community and from our members and the Medlow Bath Resident Association to get to this stage.

In less than twelve months we have succeeded in getting this important community project up and running.

It looks like we will have the memorial completed for World AIDS Day on 1 December 2022, for its dedication. More information will be forthcoming on this event.

Our monthly dinner at the Avalon was well attended a pleasant evening was had by all. The quality of the luncheons has improved with the management and staff providing excellent service.

Both functions have attracted a number of new and potential members and it is particularly gratifying to welcome a number of ladies who have been attracted to our friendly and inclusive group.

Finally, the Medlow Bath Residents Association has extended a particular invitation to our members and friends to their Medlow Music in the Park. This a special event to celebrate the Medlow Bath community and our invitation is in recognition of the close and cooperative association that the Three Sisters and the MBRA

has developed in the restoration of the AIDS memorial. I hope to see many of our members at Medlow Music in the Park.

In the meantime,

Stay safe

Terry

## Medlow Music in the Park



**MEDLOW  
MUSIC IN  
THE PARK**

Entertainment by local artists including:  
Pat Drummond  
Martin & William Louis  
Karen Lynne  
Sophie Prior  
Wombats Crossing  
Rhythm Stix & More

Bring a picnic rug & a tennis racquet & join the fast tennis comp or just relax and enjoy the music & get to know your neighbours & have a chat to the Medlow Bath RFS crew at the shed

Sausage sizzle provided by Upper Blue Mountains Sunrise Rotary

Drawing of the raffle at 2pm for original artwork by artist Gary Shinfield & other prizes

**SATURDAY  
15TH  
OCTOBER  
FROM  
11:30AM -  
2:30PM**

"Subject to weather"  
Cancelled if it rains

SPONSORED BY  
MEDLOW BATH  
RESIDENTS  
ASSOCIATION  
FUNDRAISER FOR  
AIDS MEMORIAL  
IN MEDLOW PARK

For more details please find us on  
[Facebook.com/MedlowBathResidents](https://www.facebook.com/MedlowBathResidents)  
or email us  
[medlowbathresassoc@gmail.com](mailto:medlowbathresassoc@gmail.com)

## MEDLOW MUSIC IN THE PARK

The Medlow Bath Residents Association has extended a particular invitation to our members and friends to their Medlow Music in the Park.

This a special event to celebrate the Medlow Bath community.

The invitation extended to the Three Sisters Social Group is in recognition of the close and cooperative association that the Three Sisters and the MBRA has developed in the restoration of the AIDS memorial.

I hope to see many of our members and friends at Medlow Music in the Park. Just bring a picnic blanket and enjoy the day.

## Restoration of the AIDS Memorial Medlow Bath Park

### Stakeholder Consultation

A meeting of stakeholders in the development of the Medlow Bath Park and the AIDS memorial was held on 7 September. The meeting was held to discuss the impact of the proposed water management strategy of Transport NSW on the park and to the memorial. TfNSW plans to develop three retention ponds on the land adjoining the park.

The meeting was attended by representatives of the Transport NSW highway construction project team, the BMCC, the MBRA and the Three Sisters Social Group.



*A history lesson*

President, Terry Preeo, was given the opportunity to impress on the project team the importance of the Memorial to the LGBTIQ community and to the Medlow Bath residents.



*Inspection parade*

The upshot of this meeting in respect to the memorial was that TfNSW will contribute financially to the restoration project in order to purchase the sandstone logs and the cordon steel garden beds. All in all, a very good result for the Three Sisters and the MBRA.



*Surveying the ground*

## Collecting the Plaques



*Data cataloguing recovered plaques*

With the impending start of the garden, it was imperative that the plaques be collected from the park. The Three Sisters and the MBRA formed a work group and on 13 September we set to with gusto to retrieve the existing memorials.

We able to collect 78 plaques out of approximately 130 originals. We have identified some of the missing plaques, unfortunately there are approximately 11 plaques that are missing along with their names.



*Deb and Terry debriefing over tea and homemade slices*

The Three Sisters will attempt to match these with the records we have of the deceased Blue Mountains residents up to 1991. There is an intention to invite plaques for people whom have succumbed to HIV associated illness and



*Blackheath Men's Shed*

to identify missing plaques. We are still thinking about we may best accomplish this.

In the meantime, the recovered plaques have been cleaned and repaired by the men at the Blackheath Men's Shed as part of their community assistance efforts. Our great thanks go out to Kevin Wallace and his comrades for helping us out with this task.

## Work Begins

Stage one of the preparation of the AIDS Memorial Garden has begun.

The sandstone logs on which the memorial plaques will be affixed have been delivered to site.

Justin from DIG Landscapes will be commencing installation the week of 4 October, 2022.



*Sandstone on site*



# Memories of Balls Past

## The Story of the Exploding Tutu, or, How Tulle Became a Tool of Terror

It was 1992, or some year thereabout.

The Annual Mountaineers Queen's Birthday Long Weekend Ball was in full swing. The venue was a delightful mid Blue Mountains weatherboard community hall, redolent of flaking paint and the ordure of ciggies past and stale KB Dinner Ale.

No one really remembers the theme. No one really remembers the night, except for the drama that, literally, exploded. Even then, memories were rather hazy, such was the merriment and excessive good cheer consumed by all in attendance. Each and every person had their distinct and true version of what took place. For this was the nature of the Annual Queen's Birthday Long Weekend Ball.

All day the hall thrummed with excited good will, or vaguely undefined jealousy, and the thrill of communal creativity as the hall was transformed by acres of crepe paper, foil streamers and the odd stolen bolt of sequined organza.

The result was blue. Dazzling, startling blue, chemically copied from the small aquatic mollusc that used to inhabit the eastern Mediterranean and the plundered lapis lazuli mines of Afghanistan. For nothing was too good or exotic for the Mountaineers who were on a mission to excel at camp. The result was a dazzling, pulsating, gay replica of the blue grotto at Capri.

Similarly, the externalities of the community hall were given the Mountaineers' treatment. Light was summonsed, nay, commanded. The committee had decreed. The dullness of the mid-mountain's night was transformed by hundreds of tea lights. Twinkling glasses of tallow candled incandescence strewn generously, if not wisely, on the paths and undergrowth and steps surrounding the hall.

The stage was set for the drama that was to detonate.

Hestia Promice Ious stumbled more or less gracelessly down the renown Stairway to Paradise; those four, or six, concretely plain steps that were entry to and egress from the caerulean decked hall.

Hestia was one of a number who had chosen their costume with such unerring accuracy that she copied at least a half a dozen other attendees. What possessed a number of totally unrelated, unknown, distinct strangers to arrive at the ultimate climatic decision to come as ballerinas remains an enigma.

Unlike other ballerinas, however, Hestia had chosen her tutu with care. She intended to dazzle, to awe, to defy gravity. She presented in an oligarch's wealth of tulle. The total length dwarfed that of a great Scots kilt. The number of layers were unfathomable. The whole was starched to horizontal perfection, the top layer parallel to the ground, the inferior layers forced to a gradual cascading 45 degrees from the vertical. The total weight of starch that supported this revered tutu weighed in the vicinity of seven kilos.

Hestia was a vision of pure, severely cut, white netting. A close brush with her could result in one or more painful paper cuts.



*Hestia's Tutu before the addition of twelve additional layers of tulle*

So it was that Hestia was taken by the extreme need to flee, albeit temporally, the heat of the excited hall. Her toe slippers, with their unnatural arch, were killing her. Not the best choice, she had to admit, but it was either toe shoes or the Jimmy Choos. Comfort won out. The tutu was also threatening to droop in the heat. So she headed for the door and her subsequent unfortunate stumble on the stairs.

Limping slightly, her body tilted a distinct list to starboard, she reached the safety of a stone ledge, flopping effortlessly between Dorethea Dunitall and Titania Tungmeister, all the while keeping her acres of immense stiff net fabric rigidly flat.

It was here that Hestia's fate was in the lap of the gods. The tea light was flickering. Its night in the undergrowth was unspectacular. It was positively all that a tea light could expect. It provided atmosphere and light. If it had a consciousness though, it might strive for more. Some adventure perhaps? But it hadn't a consciousness. But if it did it would be close to tea light's life fulfillment.

A flicker was all that was needed. A filamentary flare. A last gasp of heat and light. A dying ebb of flame propelled by a faint zephyr of airy movement. A movement tinier than the beat of a butterfly's wingbeat in the Amazon. A movement that was a leap that provided a spring of transcendent energy, an arc of subliminal essence, between tea light lip and explosive tulle.

It need not have occurred. If that last expired breath of tee-light spirit was infinitely smaller than the explosive tulle might not have caught. But catch it did. Slowly, inexorably, splutteringly, unnoticeably, it grew somewhere between L3 and L14.

Admittedly, Hestia thought, it was warm, but something .... something was vaguely awry. Was it the whiff of smouldering textile? The warmth of her nether regions? (though she was used to that). No. That wasn't it.

The dual scream from left and right, however, did alert her that something was, indeed, sus.

The manly strength of Dorethea and Titania, as they threw her to the unyielding sandstone flags, definitely confirmed it. A quickly administered fire blanket wrapped around her solid buttocks brought it forcefully home that the bottom area of her tutu had definitely exploded in a tulle induced conflagration.

It was quick. It was sudden. It was alarming.

But was it harmful? Injurious? Embarrassing? Hestia instantly assessed the personal and societal implications of her predicament. Nah, she, at an instant, decided.

Hestia was born of stern stuff. She was fire proof. She was unembarrassible. It was no matter that the rear end of her tutu resembled a vertical Sauron's Eye; that her tulle was singed all round her peripherally rear boundaries.

A quick perk and primp of her bodice and the tutu looked sort of respectable. From the front.

Of her behind, she was oblivious. After all, it was years since she had seen it.

Sometimes bravado fails.

Witnesses to the debacle, of course, heeded the lesson. They had learned by that other queen's experiences. No tulle after dark.

Preferably, no tulle at all.

Hestia thereafter withdrew from society. It was rumoured that she was seen on the Central Coast. But that was never confirmed.

That night was forever referred to, in raucous shrieks, as cracker night.



*Sauron's Eye or Hestia's  
Bum?*



*The End*