

The background of the slide is a light beige, textured surface, possibly paper or fabric, with faint, wavy lines. On the left side, there is a dark, thin branch extending upwards, with a single, elongated, dried leaf attached to it. On the right side, there is another similar branch extending horizontally, with a single, elongated, dried leaf attached to it. The leaves are a muted, earthy brown color.

POETIC MOVEMENT

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The Poetics of Aging

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On The Dance


*At the still point of the turning world. Neither flesh nor fleshless;
Neither from nor towards; at the still point; there the dance
is,*

*But neither arrest nor movement. And do not call it fixity,
Where past and future are gathered. Neither movement
From nor towards,*


*Neither ascent nor decline. Except for the point, the still
Point,*

There would be no dance, and there is only the dance.

TS Eliot
Four Quartets



*Home is where one starts from. As we grow older
The world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated
Of dead and living. Not the intense movement
Isolated, with no before or after,
But a lifetime burning in every moment
And not the lifetime of one man only
But of old stones that cannot be deciphered.
There is a time for the evening under starlight,
A time for the evening under lamplight
(The evening with the photograph album).
Life is most itself
When here and now cease to matter.
Old men ought to be explorers
Here and there does not matter
We must be still and still moving
Into another intensity
For a further union, a deeper communion
Through the dark cold and the empty desolation, The wave cry, the wind cry, the
vast waters
Of the petrol and the porpoise. In my end is my beginning.*




S :T JORGENS S JUKHUS (S t. George's
S ickhouse), S weden (197 6)

The Geriatric Ward

My main work at this hospital is with the chronics, old people who have nowhere else to go. The "end-station" it is called. I help the physiotherapists move their limbs, help them stand, we walk.

*The smells, the old, "already dead" bodies
catheter tubes from all the openings*

*bodies sagging, discolored
foetal curls
muttering, screaming, mouthing*



Faces grimacing silent

toothless, hairless

Transparent skin

They don't want to walk! Leave them alone!

*Why do we go on prolonging life,
manipulating*

In dreadful cheerfulness


"Come on! We shall walk!"

Pretty white candlesticks rugs and mirrors

We shall pretend it's all right Edvard Munch

*But there's love in it. With three strong women physiotherapists,
we sing in their ears, bring balls, they kiss our hands*

It becomes funny




*Carl, an old sailor comes in dazed. Soccor awakens him, some boyhood
vigor returns. He hops, still spry,*

Blue eyes lighting up.

*He was a sailor in England during the war
Learned some English
Speaks charmingly*

Josephine.....have you seen skin 97 years old?

*They become the essence of themselves at that age
Some who are fearful become almost caricatures of fear
hands rubbing together, eyebrows jumping
mumbling, pulling in*



some grow radiant and almost transparent

some sit rather stoically some are hideous
warts leering

some like grimacing shells, still animated, wind passing
through gives them, still, life

These creatures

I look into their eyes

Wondering "Who's home?"



AGELESS AGING

*Teach me, God,
to live out my days
focused on
all that is meaningful in life.
As unaccountable aches and pains
multiply,
as memory and retention
fade,
teach me to relate to my physical existence
with an ever-expanding recognition
of its transient nature;
teach me to relate to my soul
with an ever-expanding awareness
of her eternal nature
and ageless worth.*

Rebbe Nachman of Breslov



GROWING OLD IN AMERICA

Rip Van Winkle meets Jane Fonda

Gerobics

The Case of the Ritual Altar



ART AS A WAY OF SEEING

Mindfulness and Consciousness in Action

Seeing the Mythic in the Ordinary

MultiModal Life Review

KinAesthetic Imagining

Art Bridges Verbal and Nonverbal

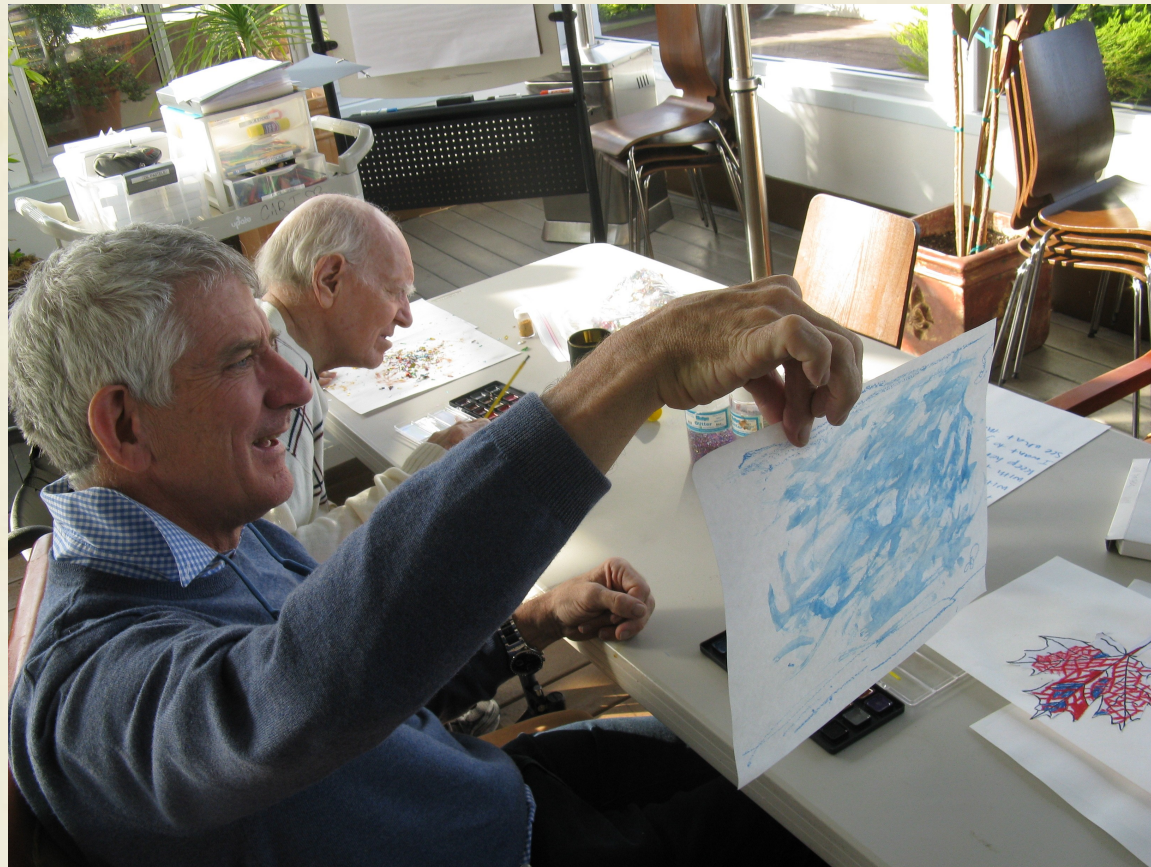


THE POWER OF CREATIVITY AND THE IMAGINATION

"What are the opportunities to
create our lives as we age?"

We will look at creativity as a force for improvising a life,
and art as a way of seeing that sees the symbolic in the
ordinary, the mythic in the narrative, and creates ordinary
magical rituals of healing.

THE CREATIVE ACT



PUTTING THE PIECES TOGETHER





S YMBOLIC ACTION

Creating the Container

Witnessing

Embodied Narratives



POETICS OF EVOLVING ABILITIES

"The decline of the body in aging often brings depression and grief over loss of function, expression, and sense of self. Leading a structured movement group for the elderly that uses rhythm, imagination, simple movements and props can aid dialogue, interaction, support, expression of feelings, and dealing with existential issues of mortality, control, aloneness and meaning."

Ilene Serlin
Program notes

Body Image Changes



Body Beautiful





RES ILIENCY

Humanistic/Existential Psychology, Whole Person
Psychology,
Posttraumatic Growth, Growth Through Adversity
The Courage to Create in Face of the Void

Confronting Mortality: Loma Prieta earthquake

“And when the earthquake happened ... I felt ready to die... I felt like I was being called to be as brave as I possibly could.”



Living Authentically

“I used to be really quiet and wouldn’t say anything and if somebody bugged me I wouldn’t say much. But now I just say what’s on my mind. I don’t think there’s time to sit around and just get mad about stuff and not say anything. The time is here and now to speak your mind.”

Wisdom and Compassion






Gratitude

“I was shook up, but you don’t want to stay shook up. You’re just grateful you’re alive. You’re all in one piece “



S ERENITY

- From the Relaxation Response to the Faith Factor
- Prayers and Fears of the Night



Growing Young

Ashley Montagu

In our innermost soul we are children and remain so for the rest of our lives.

Sigmund Freud

Our whole life is but a greater and longer childhood.

Benjamin Franklin

THE IMPORTANCE OF PLAY



USING ALL THE SENSES



CONNECTING





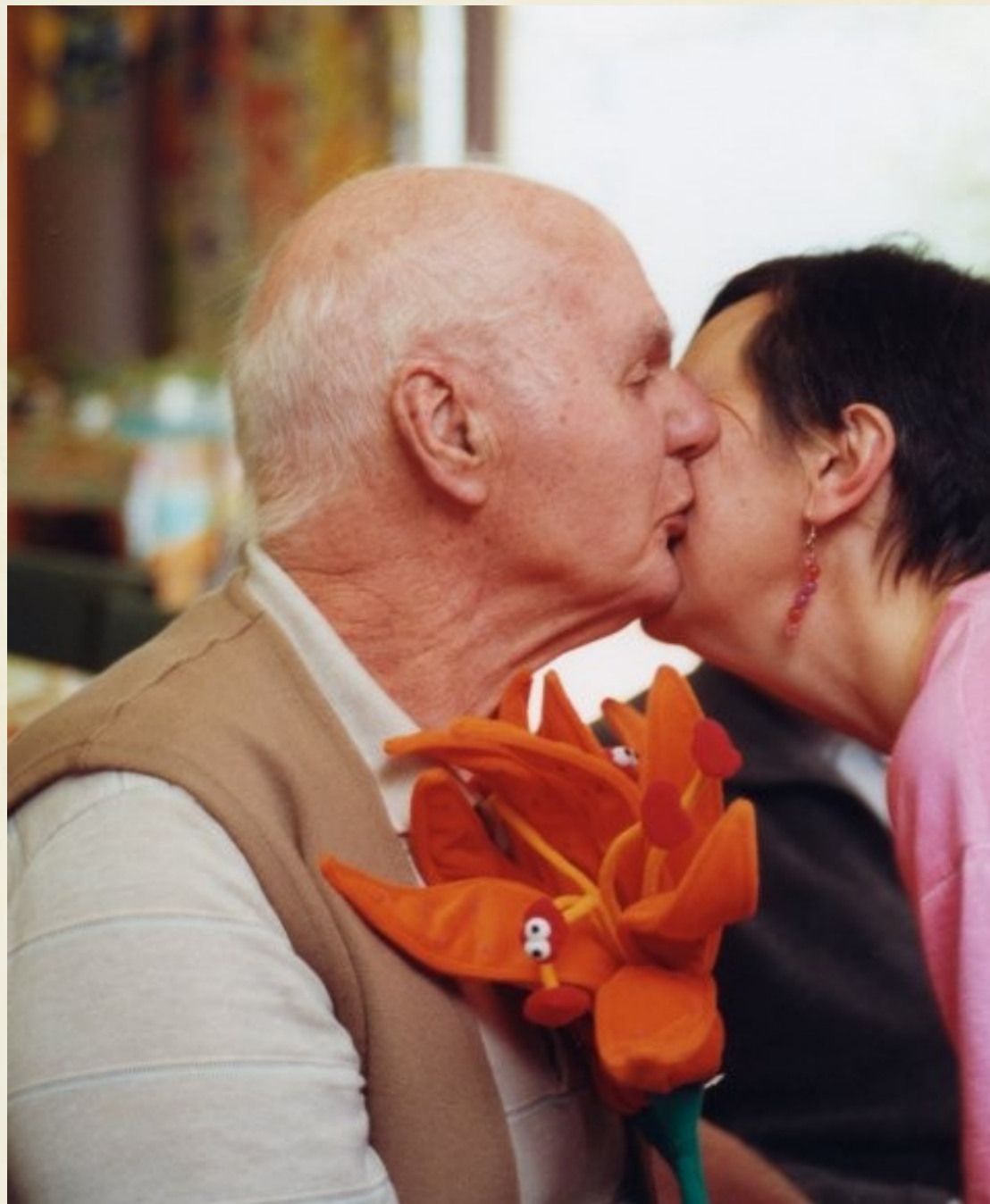
LIVING WITH PASSION

The passion to live fully :

"What gives us joy and celebrates our existence?"

“How do we celebrate what is latent
and wants to come to the fore?”

Using music and rhythm, we will learn how to
create poetry in motion.”





A

POET'S

OPTIMIS M

*I'm one of those who relishes
joys of being older and still able to create.
My mind creates sparks of innovation,
as I outreach to other empathetic souls .
I'm a 'goody-goody' poet people say.
Good activities bring on good feelings.
Good feelings make for good days.
Good things also make for good days.
In my head my thoughts envision
I'll remain awhile to perform and smile,
since good days lead to more good days.
You call me an optimist and that's okay.*

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Council on Aging with the L.A. City Department of Aging
Member/delegate to the 2011 Congress of California Seniors Constitutional Convention.

His two books are *Retiring And Senior Living*, *Experiencing The Second Half Of Life* and

Heart

Attack!

Then

What