

An open book with German text is shown, with a pair of glasses resting on the left page. The text on the left page includes a poem about a heidenlied and a section about a storm. The text on the right page includes a poem about a mother and a section about leaving the land. The title 'Hit the Bench-Relaxation and Resetting the Mind Through Art' is overlaid in white text.

Hit the Bench- Relaxation and Resetting the Mind Through Art

Blackout Poetry

To Receive Credit for this session, make
sure you complete the survey at the end



A CHANGE OF AIR

versy, they looked at one another sadly, as men who felt the approach of a common misfortune.

"The trouble is," said the Mystic, who disliked nothing so much as solitude, "we do not meditate enough, and so the springs of our inspiration from the Oversoul are running dry."

"The trouble is," said the Sceptic, whose doubts were more dogmatic than dogmas, "that our fixed ideas are choking the feed-pipes of our minds."

"The trouble is," wheezed the Asthmatic, whose suppressed dyspepsia gave him an enormous appetite, "modern life is demoralised, especially in domestic service. In the last month my wife has had five cooks, and she whom she now has is not a cook. Hygiene is the basis of sound thinking."

This sudden and unexpected renewal of the joy of disputation cheered them greatly, and they discussed it for several hours, arriving, as usual, at the same practical conclusions from the most diverse premises.

They all agreed that the trouble *was*.

To cure it nothing could be better than a change of air. So they resolved to make a little journey together.

Blackout Poetry

The cross curricular art of mindfulness created by taking an old page of text, scanning it to find a few words, and coloring out the rest.

Much like coloring a picture, but with words.

This helps calm your mind by forcing you to focus on the present moment- meditate!

History of Blackout Poetry

Over the past century poets around the world have embraced the isolation of texts to create poems. Various methods used to remove words include:

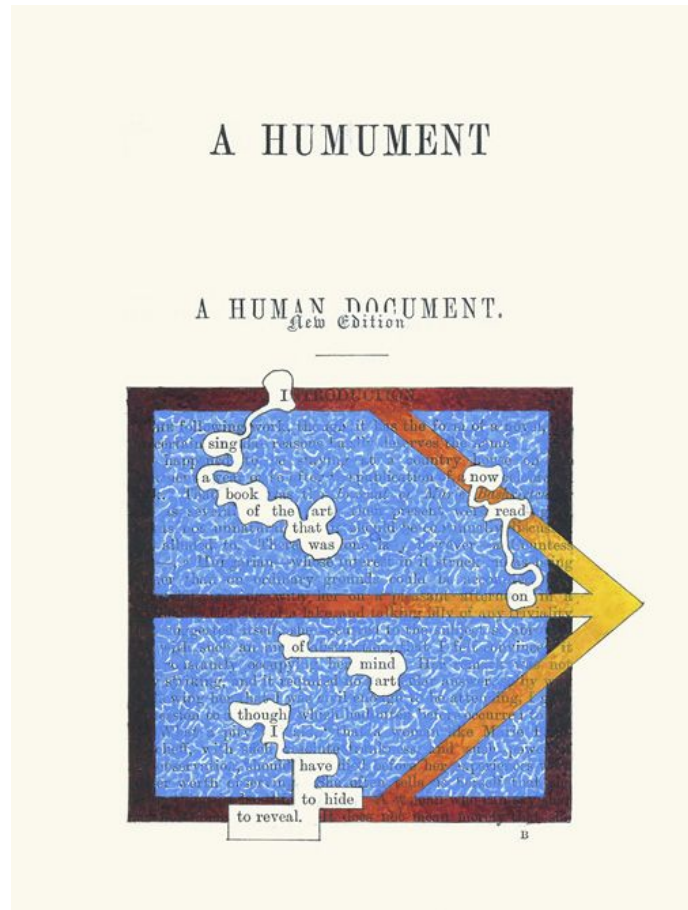
- White Out
- Erasing
- Cutting Out Words
- Stitching with Needle and Thread

Whatever means these poets/ artist use- they are all creating Found Poetry.



And there you have the most decorative landscape in the world, a landscape all color, a dream landscape. Painters for years have been trying to put it upon canvas—his landscape of color, light, and air, with form almost obliterated, merely suggested, given only as a hint of the mysterious. Men like Corot and Monet have told us, again and again, that in painting, clearly delineated forms of mountains, valleys, and rivers kill the fine color-sentiment of the picture. The great struggle of the modern landscapist is to get on with the least possible form and to suggest everything by tones of color, shades of light, drifts of air. Why? Because these are the most sensuous qualities in nature

A portion of *Deserts* by
Jen Bervin
Stitching

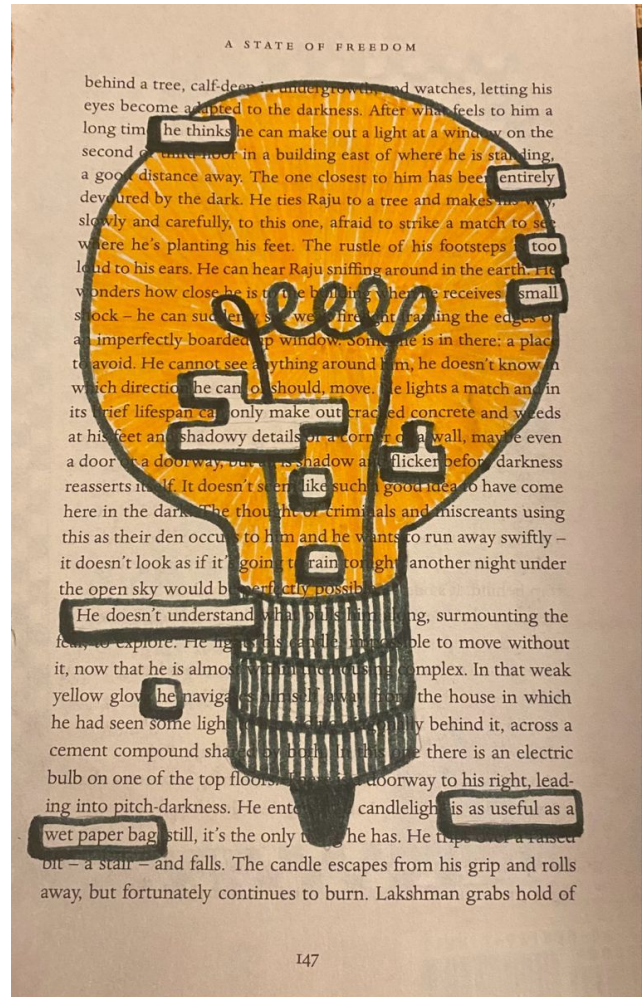


Tom Phillips



What You Will Need:

- A printed page of text (like an old book page, newspaper, or magazine, old appliance manuals)
- Pencil
- Black permanent marker (like a Sharpie)
- Coloring materials such as colored pencils, water colors, inks, markers, anything goes!



Breathe and Scan for Keywords

- Set a quiet, relaxing space. Take a few deep breaths.
- Scan your eyes over the page of text. Do not read to understand the whole story.
- Find words, ideas, and meaningful phrases that stand out and are meaningful to you.
- Use your pencil to lightly circle the words that catch your eye. Let these words flow down the page like a staircase. Do not worry if they do not make a perfect sentence at first. You can add small words like "and," "the," or "is" to connect them.

Aligning Your Poem on the Page

Working from top to bottom, take a few minutes to read the words to see how they can connect and make sense. As you start to connect your poem you may find words that no longer serve a purpose- erase those! (This is why we use a pencil to begin.)

Circle or Box your final words with black sharpie. You may start to connect them with lines in sequence order or you have other options.



Theme

Now that you have your poem created, think of a theme for your art. Is the poem conveying an emotion, a concrete idea, or have a particular subject matter? Is it abstract, meaning it is lingering around an idea with metaphors?

Use the space around your poem to create art using the pens, sharpies, and coloring materials. You could scribble with pen, add drawings, use color and lines to convey your theme. This could just be a series of marks on the page that assist to let the words stand out.

the scorn usually followed by understanding. Encountering these phantom feelings again, she found her eye could pass over pretty much all of them but stopped staring at one: his body against hers.

That body fact purported to be the truth.

The moment was split for an instant by the future. It was always an unnerving sight, the future. It was uncertain. But during revelatory moments like this, the future asked for quick consideration to test her orientation. Would this revelation take her where she hoped to go?

Eventually, at some point, Kay figured, probably, she would, most likely, have children and that a man would, in all probability, be a part of it (which was not necessarily a given these days). She had always allowed herself a certain fuzziness on the subject of her ultimate future. She didn't see herself walking down the well-trodden path of domesticity. She sort of sidewise conjured up a semidomestic arrangement, tilting away from the *really* conventional one she'd experienced with her parents. She hadn't exactly worked out the details. Her vision was a little spotty. The persistent but dim notion of *finding someone* had blotches around it of suspicion. What she had observed of family life and lasting love seemed to support the despairing conclusion. She looked for models, but what she saw was either unsuitable to her temperament—she couldn't imagine catering to the husband—or unattainable—she couldn't know how to keep that more desirable one happy.

She had not, however, given up hope that she would work it out when the time came.

BLACKOUT: Options

Take your black marker and color over every single word surrounding the words you circled. Think of this creating a focal point for your chosen words. Only your special words will stay visible.

Optionally the excess words that you do not want to be in focus can be “striked” through or covered with color and drawings/ designs.

Get Creative- The Sky's the Limit!

- Collage different pages
- Make a bookmark by gluing to cardstock
- Create a whole book or a series! (Like Tom Phillips!)
- This could be collaborative in a group where each student starts with a page of text and circles all meaningful words. Then rotate the pages to the person to your left/right where the next person edits and selects the words to be circled in black. Finally rotate again once or twice to add the artistic spin to create a poetic collection of art!



Elements of Art: the ingredients for creating a work of art.



"Wait." He caught her by the arm. "What I meant was, I can't cancel my visit, but I'll come right back afterward."

"You will?"

"I'll just be gone a week or two." His hands were light and strong on her shoulders. "Why don't you come with me. I'd like for you to meet my daughter and my grandkids. Maybe later this summer we could even head out to the ocean."

Her breath caught in her throat. "Why, that sounds like a fine idea. I'd like to meet your family."

"And I'd like them to meet you."

They held each other's gaze for a moment before Andrew kissed her. She was so surprised that for an instant she just stood there, frozen—but then she kissed him back.

Then he kissed her his arm and escorted her inside.

When their friends arrived, they gathered in the dining room. For Sylvia the entire day had been transformed. The day that she thought would be filled with partings and loneliness now took on the beginning of what felt like her next grand adventure.

She looked around the table at the smiling faces of her dear friends and knew with all her heart that no woman could be so richly blessed.

When the meal was over, at Sylvia's suggestion, they moved on to the veranda. While her friends seated themselves on the veranda, she stood. "If you'll excuse me, I have to fetch something."

"Wait," Diane said. "We have something to show you."

"I have to show you something, too," Sylvia said, leaning on her shoulder as she headed inside.

When she returned to the veranda, all her friends had rearranged their chairs around the one Sylvia usually chose. On that chair rested a large white box.

"What on earth?" Sylvia exclaimed. Her friends looked at her. "What is going on here?"

Sarah moved the box out of the way. "It's a surprise."

Sylvia took her seat. "But I have a surprise for you, too. Goodness, where should we begin?"

Lotus

THE UNDERCURRENT

formerly in another room, except on your eyes. I'll look after you. Mrs. Dale said, "The months will pass much more quickly than you expect."

"I don't suppose you'll let me starve," she found herself saying. "I suppose I shall have to turn to alms almost straightened by the buoyancy, so that the spring breeze of the sun competed with the water under my eyes. The sun struggled in the rain-pipe. The rain-pipe went up. But she did not see the rain-pipe dark, and that they could not see her tears. "You are a fool to jump."

"You were unfairly treated," she said. "You have been too hard on yourself. It is the privilege of the young to jump, and you are young again." Dr. Dale who had been sitting next to her, had a note of sympathy, just as it had a shrewdly cunning note of sympathy. "You are a fool to jump."

"You are now young," she said. "You are a fool to jump."

The other smiled. "Excuse me, but I will with you," said he. "You have the best years of your life before you."

They left her under the spell of his assertion, which lingered in her mind. Out of its absurdity, until in sheer self-defence she said to herself under her breath that she was only thirty-one. The best years of her life! And yet he knew that she was now pouring half of her life into the joy of seeing and the source of her self-defence. "You are a fool to jump."

In taking his departure, Dr. Baldwin, away

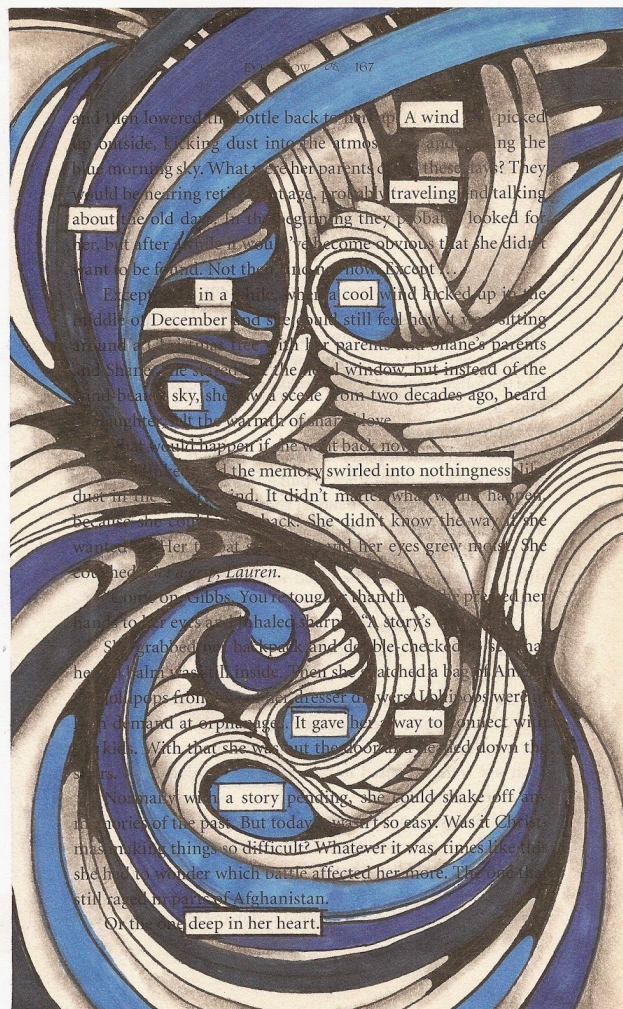
ich von selbst gekommen. Glaube ich. Genau weiß ich nichts. Zum Glück war das Bedürfnis, etwas genau wissen zu wollen. Molière habe gegen die Jesuiten geschrieben, sagte der berühmte Professor. Dann der weniger berühmte Professor: Molière habe nicht gegen die Jesuiten geschrieben, sondern gegen Jesuitenisten. Und ich habe das nicht gemerkt, nicht gewusst. Das war die Erkrankung an allem: etwas genau wissen zu wollen. Damit hat die Welt sich eingenistet in dir. Du warst nicht mehr du, sondern der, der alles genau wissen wollte. Ich kommandierte die Theorien, jede mit einem Lösungsversprechen. Allmählich waren diese Lösungen aber wie die Theorien erloschen.

Das mir dieses Geschehnis entschüpft, kommt mir nachgerade richtig vor. Dann etwas, das einem passiert ist, mutig sein.

Wenn ich mich nicht mehr für Theorien interessierte, könnte ich mich sagen: Theorien sind großartig. Eine Theorie, das ist ein Gebäude mit vielen Zimmern, und in allen Zimmern brennt Licht. Und in allen Zimmern tanzt der, der das alles erdacht und gemacht hat. Ich hätte den Schöpfer einer Theorie nie



German: "I'm lucky to have you"



and then lowered the bottle back to the ground. A wind picked up outside, kicking dust into the atmosphere and clearing the blue morning sky. What were her parents doing these days? They would be hearing retirement pay, probably traveling and talking about the old days. In the beginning they probably looked for her, but after a while it would have become obvious that she didn't want to be found. Not then and not now. Except for...

Except for now. In a house where a cool wind kicked up in the middle of December and she could still feel her father sitting around a table with her, with her parents and Onane's parents and sharing the stories of the world window, but instead of the blue-brown sky, she saw a scene from two decades ago, heard the laughter, felt the warmth of their love.

What would happen if she went back now? The memory swirled into nothingness like dust in the cold wind. It didn't matter what would happen because she couldn't go back. She didn't know the way, if she wanted to. Her father said she was old and her eyes grew moist. She coughed. *Lauren*.

Turn on Gibbs. You're tougher than the stories she pressed her hands to her eyes and inhaled sharply. The stories were old.

She grabbed her hat and double-checked the straps. When she opened the door, she saw a bag of Afghan poppy seeds on the dresser drawers. The poppy seeds were on demand at the airport. It gave her a way to connect with her kids. With that she was out the door and headed down the stairs.

Normally with a story pending, she could shake off the memories of the past. But today it wasn't so easy. Was it Christmas making things so difficult? Whatever it was, times like this she had to wonder which battle affected her more. The one that still raged in parts of Afghanistan.

On the way deep in her heart,

le parole degli altri eremiti con i quali ti è capitato di conversare.

Sotto i foli baffi non si poteva vedere il sommerso di padre Pamva, che amaramente rispose:

— Potrei raccontarti, madre, gli assassini, gli incendi, i delitti, le violenze e i saccheggi. I comportamenti malvagi e terribili di molte persone.

Nel secolo eri, evidentemente, un guerriero, lo si capisce ancora adesso. Certo, le avventure del mondo possono servire da monito, a maggior ragione se si presentano soltanto come un passaggio per arrivare a una via così piena di santità. Ma la memoria ha strani comportamenti: quanto più a lungo viviamo, tanto più ricordiamo la tenera infanzia e dimentichiamo le cose di ieri.

L'eremita si mosse con impazienza, e da sotto le sue vesti piovono a risonare sorde le catene del cilicio, come uno sferragliare di coltelli. Risistematosi la mantella, tacque. Facevano anche le sorelle.

All'improvviso ridendo e piangendo insieme, truppe Musa con il mentolo vuoto in mano:

— Miracolo! miracolo! — urlare e di slancio si getto alla ginocchia di padre Pamva. Questi con circospezione, quasi con spavento, si scostò e mormorò:

— Che miracolo? che miracolo? sei impazzita!

— Miracolo! miracolo! — gridarono due converse, gridando dopo l'etiope e si gettarono anche loro ai piedi del viandante accanto a Musa che, prostrandosi, aveva afferrato le ginocchia di padre Pamva. Le fanciulle piangevano e ridevano allo stesso tempo, quando tacquero, dall'alto si sentì una voce forte, che suonava pura ma rozza. Si ritirò.

believe in myself. A laugh sounded low in her throat. "Everyone thinks we're too young to know what love is, but I look at the way you and Daddy and the Gibbards are, the way your friendship has ended because of this, and you know what I think?"

Angela's throat was thick. Her questions chafed her. "What?"

"Being old hasn't helped. You know what love is."

She didn't want to go on, and with her eyes watching. But the tears came anyway, and she couldn't speak, she leaned in and hugged her mother. Her mother held her for a long time. As she left her room a few days later, the doubt she had about what they were doing to their children was no longer a single small thorn poking at her conscience.

It was a full-size bag.

Lauren could hear her mother's steps at her house that night. She hadn't told her parents she was coming, and now it was after eleven o'clock and her mom and dad were asleep. Lauren sat by the window, watching the rain fall. It was so cold and sprinkle all day, but now the rain was warm. She was watching the rain.

She thought of the road she had traveled, the road she was on.

In her lap, she was writing stories—

Ever since she was a child, she had been writing stories—especially when her heart was full of feelings.

She had a notebook with her in it, and she had written back to her mother. The first page: *Even Now—the*

name of the book. Lauren Gibbs was the name she always wrote. And long time ago she'd read the name in a book, and something about it—the way it fit the character or the theme of it—stuck with her.

When she found it she ran up to her dad, struggling to contain her enthusiasm. "Daddy, this is the perfect name."

next day, looking for his reply. Part of him is desperate to find that he has replied: **COME BACK! DON'T GO! I'LL CHANGE!** But around ten o'clock the next night, I finally get my answer. David agrees that yes, we really should say goodbye forever. He's been thinking the same thing himself, he says. He hopes that **I know how much he loves me.** 'But we are not what the other one needs,' he says.

I sit there staring at the computer screen for a long, sad time. Then my cell phone rings.

It's Giovanni. He says he's been waiting for me for over an hour in the pizza restaurant where we always meet on Thursday evenings to talk Italian and English.

I'd forgotten. I tell him where I am, and a few minutes later his little red car arrives and I climb in. He asks me what's the matter. I open my mouth to reply and **start crying.**

Peet Giovanni! He drives for a bit, then parks and waits for me to calm down. We have never had a conversation about our private lives, not even Giovanni. He does not even know that I am divorced or that I have left love behind in America.

He says, **I'm sorry,** but I don't understand. Did you lose something today?

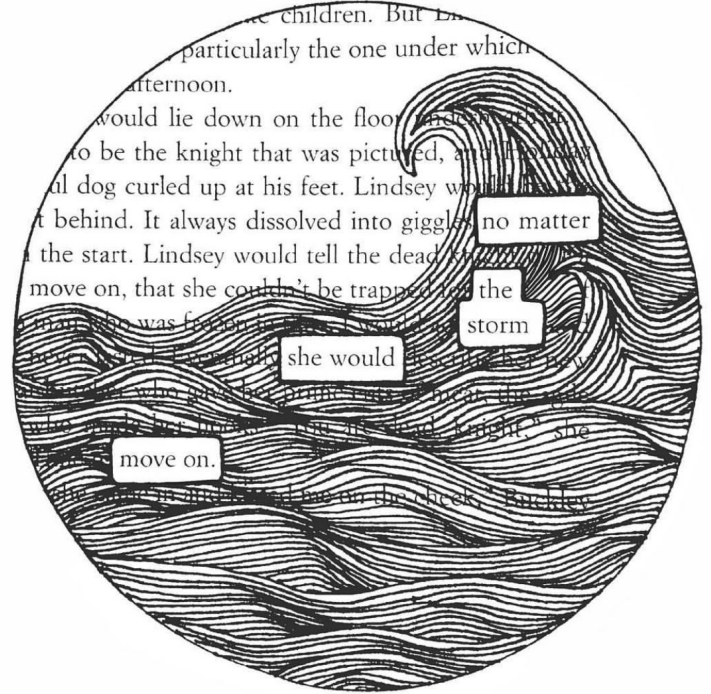
I take a deep breath and say, **It's about a love story, Giovanni. I had to say goodbye to someone today.**

Then I start crying again. Giovanni sits quietly and waits until I've calmed down once more. Then, slowly and clearly and kindly, choosing each word carefully (as his English teacher I was so proud of him that night), he says, 'I understand, Liz. I've been there.'

Let's Share!

Let's have an Art Walk! Leave your completed at your desk (or maybe not complete but in good shape as some art works are constantly being edited and altered to create full meaning). We will walk the room and admire each others poetry and connected art in this cross-curricular lesson.

Did anyone see a Blackout Poem that stood out to them? Why did this resonate with you?



Thank you!

Do you have any questions?



Please assist in cleaning the art room before we leave! Empty water cups, throw away towels, rinse brushes in the sink. The following slide will have your QR code.





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