

# EXISTENTIAL ELDERS



*The Last Journey*, by Bill Friesen  
acrylic on recycled canvas, 2014

# **EXISTENTIAL ELDERS**

**A visual art exhibition about life and aging  
featuring the work of sixteen Senior artists  
from the rural, island and small town areas  
surrounding the Salish Sea, in BC, Canada.**

**Curator: Marci Katz**

**ebook by Marci Katz  
September, 2015**

# THE CONCEPT

Shortly after turning 65, I noticed that discussions with my artist friends had changed in tone. Gradually our various adaptations to the difficult aspects of aging had become a major part of our conversations.

One artist had to switch media because of vision difficulties. Another had to work seated because of back surgery. Another changed from three to two dimensional work because of arthritis, and most only showed locally because packing work and travel to out-of-area galleries had become too arduous.

But a striking feature of these age-related changes was that unlike Seniors in other lines of work, none of us had quit making art and retired. We adapted, we modified, but we kept right on working. Why? I felt there might be something in this anomaly worth exploring.

I invited sixteen BC artists (myself included), men and women, senior both in years and professional stature, to share their personal take on life, aging, the human condition, the passage of time, and their personal search for meaning in life.

# ABOUT THE EXHIBITION

Participants all hail from small town, rural and island areas, working without the institutional structure, resources, distractions or the expense familiar to artists in larger population centres.

Artists were asked for 1 or 2 wall pieces each, plus a floor or plinth piece from sculptors - we had about 28 pieces in all, including 2 collaborative pieces. Some changes were made during the show's run; pieces shown here however are those originally chosen for the show.

Instead of the usual (loathsome) artist's statement I asked participants to write a few paragraphs about their personal experience with aging - their remarks were so strong and authentic I decided to include the statements as part of the show. Viewer response was overwhelming, with many requests to see the statements put into book form.

In order to have as many of the artists as possible attend openings (some find travel difficult) I chose venues within driving distance of most of us. The exhibition showed at the Nanaimo Art Gallery (2014), the Malaspina Artists' Centre (at VIU) in Powell River (2014), and the Old School House Arts Centre in Qualicum Beach (2015). My thanks again to gallery staff and volunteers for their work on the show.

And my heartfelt thanks to the artists for their participation, enthusiasm and professionalism.



# **CURATORIAL STATEMENT**

**Wisdom, they say, comes with age.**

**Aging is a hot topic these days. Aging boomers consult experts on how to prepare for old age, how to look younger, how to save for retirement, how to keep their brains and bodies at peak performance.**

**But perhaps they're asking the wrong people.**

**Artists are accustomed to living on the fringes of society. We live on the outside, looking in. We are typically less conventional, more experimental, more critical of society, and often poorer, less secure, and more isolated than the average citizen.**

**Then suddenly we're Seniors, part of the fastest growing and most conservative demographic in the country. But we're not typical Seniors; we generally remain marginal and we don't retire. We continue to work because making art has become our life, and still defines us. We've become what I call "Cultural Elders".**

**The traditional role of Elders in society is the sharing of wisdom with younger generations. So what do we, as Cultural Elders, have to say?**

**The message from these artists is very clear: invest in relationships, devote yourself to creative work (it needn't be art) and immerse yourself in it for the rest of your life. Carrying a creative passion into old age keeps the physical and emotional trials of aging in perspective, and nourishes one's sense of meaning and purpose.**

**....Marci Katz**

# **THE ARTISTS**

**DONNA BALMA  
ANNA BANANA  
FAMOUS EMPTY SKY  
BILL FRIESEN  
DF GRAY  
TIM HALEY  
JEFF HARTBOWER  
BARBARA HUTSON  
MARCI KATZ  
URSULA MEDLEY  
ROBERT MOON  
LYNN ORRISS  
JOE ROSENBLATT  
JO SWALLOW  
SHARON URDAHL  
ED VARNEY**

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## **EXISTENTIAL ELDER**

**DONNA BALMA**

Robert's Creek, BC

Aging has taken its toll on me; I notice my eyesight radically changing, and I mainly do small work now because of this. Gravity has done its job on my skin and body. Luckily these things don't bother me as much as they would a young person because of the serenity that also comes with age.

I don't worry about the end of life approaching. I do worry about how, and the dying process, but not about death itself.

I don't think life has any overall meaning, although one can create or bring meaning to a life. Personally I don't need there to be a larger meaning...it occurs to me that I am proud of my life and my achievements, and that all the things I have learned have given my life meaning.

I painted the *Babies* series in this show with great variety to illustrate the differences we can have in our life experience while remaining the same people inside as we were when we were children.

It is worth noticing how the aging process is similar to becoming a baby again.





***BABY OO***  
**by Donna Balma**

multi-media collage  
on raised wood panel  
12" x 12" x 1.5"  
2011



***LA BABE***  
**by Donna Balma**

multi-media collage  
on raised wood panel  
12" x 12" x 1.5"  
2011





## **EXISTENTIAL ELDER**

**ANNA BANANA**

**Robert's Creek, BC**

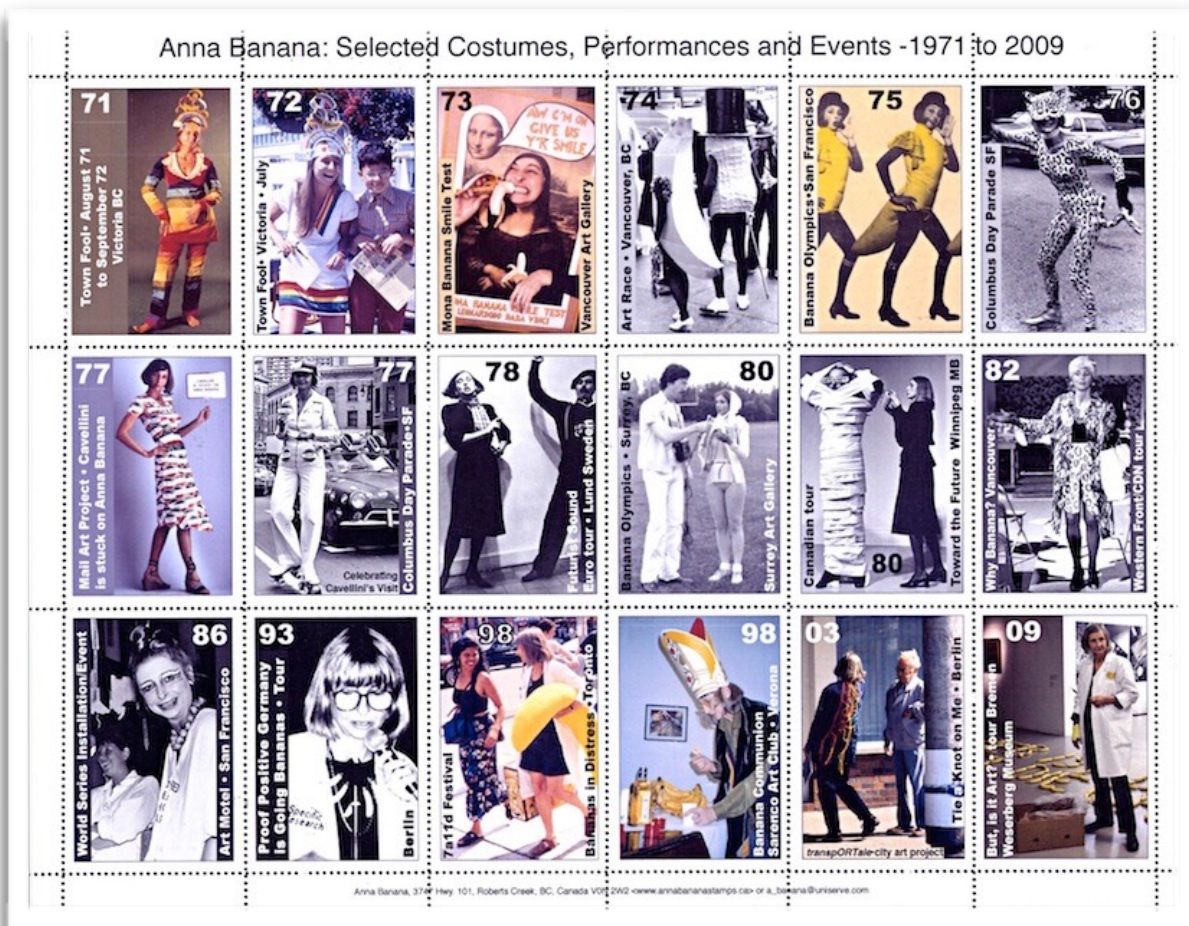
**I am much more devoted to my work than I was in the past. At a younger age, other things were compelling - primarily, a love relationship. That was always a drive, which sometimes led me astray.**

**I have two end of life issues; first, can I get it all done before I croak? It being the organization and storage of my mail art activity where it will be accessible for research. Mail Art is too often regarded as the poor country cousin of the "Fine Arts". Mail art appreciates that everyone is creative, everyone can be an artist. It values creative work for itself, not for its status in the marketplace.**

**Second, will I have the means to exit my life if I can no longer communicate and fend for myself? Life without cognition and communication, mobility and purpose, would be dismal and meaningless. What gives life meaning is creativity, of any kind. I have addressed my concerns about the state of the world in collages. It disheartens me that my grandsons have no concern for the environment, caught up in our culture's me first, gotta have it attitude.**

**My works for Existential Elders demonstrate my ongoing interest in interactive communication and expression, and show how my approach has evolved over the years.**





above:  
***COSTUME STAMP SHEET***  
by Anna Banana

Artist's stamps, limited edition print  
pin-hole perforations  
18" x 24"  
2010

left:  
***SURVEY OF BANANA CULTURE***  
by Dr. Anna Freud Banana

performance  
Nanaimo and Powell River  
Existential Elder openings  
2014





**EXISTENTIAL ELDER  
FAMOUS EMPTY SKY  
Mayne Island, BC**

**I've always been fascinated by Time Travel. Now that I am an Existential Elder, I wonder if Aging isn't Time Travelling. Or is Memory really Time Travel? We shift back so easily into and out of times that are now History.**

**There are the eternal queries of science fiction and our personal lives. What if I had not gotten on the elevator and chatted with the young man who subsequently introduced me to the man I married, with such overwhelming consequences to the flow of my life? Or if I had missed the bus carrying the beautiful young man with whom I have spent the majority of my life? What ripples in Time are we causing with our simplest actions?**

**Our Art: whose consciousness has been shifted and vision sharpened by our Work? Our visions: are they just for us? Or are they shifting the fabric of Time and Space, as we hope. Are we moving with the flow of the moment or are we subtly shifting the shape of Time with our images?**

**Much of my work dwells on mixing moments as well as mixing media. The pieces in the Existential Elders show are from the body of work of the last couple of years. My SteamPunk years, in which post-modernist industrial meets the Victorian sensibility with a hearty dash of science fiction.**

**It's a bit like a juggler using planets instead of balls and a bit like a Surrealist collage maker composing tunes that float and make the viewer smile. But lurking within are hidden queries about Mortality and Time.**





***TIMEHAT***  
by Famous Empty Sky

Mixed media collage  
limited edition print on canvas  
28.5" by 20"  
2012



***TIME***  
by Famous Empty Sky

mixed media collage  
limited edition print on canvas  
30" x 20"  
2013





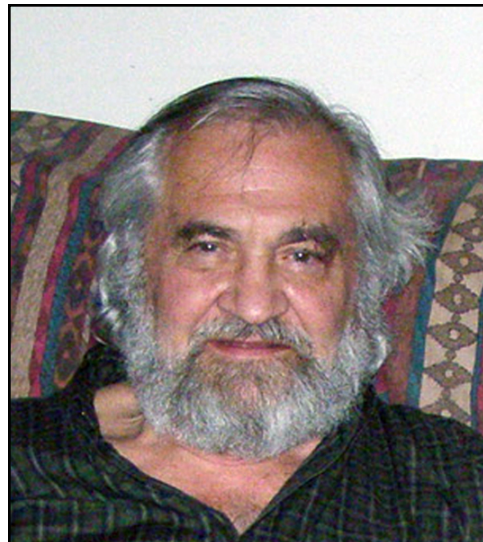
**EXISTENTIAL ELDER**  
**BILL FRIESEN**  
Deep Bay, BC

When I was a young boy I loved to draw, and I told my grandmother that when I got older that was what I wanted to do. She told me about famous artists and some of the troubles they confronted. She always said that whatever road one chooses there will be challenges to face.

The road I chose in life has been long, with many twists and turns. When thinking about Existential Elders, those wise words from my grandmother came to mind. Looking back, I realize I have been on a journey which is now on its final leg.

Like most people I have pondered over just what my purpose on this planet was. It has been through making art that I get some understanding about the purpose of my life. Aside from making art, I continue to participate in and support social issues I believe in. I do what I can to make a difference.

Each new day brings a new experience. But each passing day also means fewer tomorrows. I have surrounded myself with those I love and care for and that gives me comfort and a safe feeling. I realize that I'm on the final stretch of that road and can only hope that it's a long one.





left:  
***OLD MAN LOOK AT ME NOW***  
by Bill Friesen

reinforced paper mache, wood  
63" x 23" x 9"  
2014



right:  
***THE LAST JOURNEY***  
by Bill Friesen

acrylic on recycled marine canvas  
29" x 23.5"  
2014



***THE PARTY'S OVER***  
**by Bill Friesen & Marci Katz**

**mixed media**  
**31" x 18" x 18"**  
**2014**



## **EXISTENTIAL ELDER**

**DF GRAY**

**Qualicum Beach**

**I was guided to the Isle where the ancestor pole stands while on a painting expedition with 'Artists for An Oil Free Coast' to BC's Great Bear Rainforest, June 2012. The expedition was organized by Raincoast Conservation Foundation.**

**A sacred place to the Heiltsuk first nation, we were told how to behave and granted permission to paint and photograph here because of our undertaking.**

**My brother Nusi told us why and who the poles honour, then a song. I was able to get enough information down to be able to create this larger work later. When we were alone my brother took me around to the far pole and said “Dan, I want to introduce you to your ancestor”. A very emotional time and place for me as I was an orphan and have had no ancestors in my life.**

**This piece is a very important one in my journey, I have waited to paint authentic poles with permission and encouragement.**

**This might be what the elder artist is, bringing skill and knowledge to opportunities that are presented. I have learned this example of my elders, to use the time I have left as well as I can by working almost every day and being prepared to tackle the next subject/emotion with my skills.**





**ANCESTOR**  
by DF Gray

Soft pastel from field sketch  
38" x 32"  
2012, 2013





Tim with his buddy in the early 1960's, singing for their meals at different restaurants in Colorado

## **EXISTENTIAL ELDER**

**TIM HALEY**

Courtenay, BC

Advancing in age is a moment by moment process of diving into the unknown. We find crossroads which lure us this way and that, leading us to the inevitable pre-birth cosmos and timeless dawn.

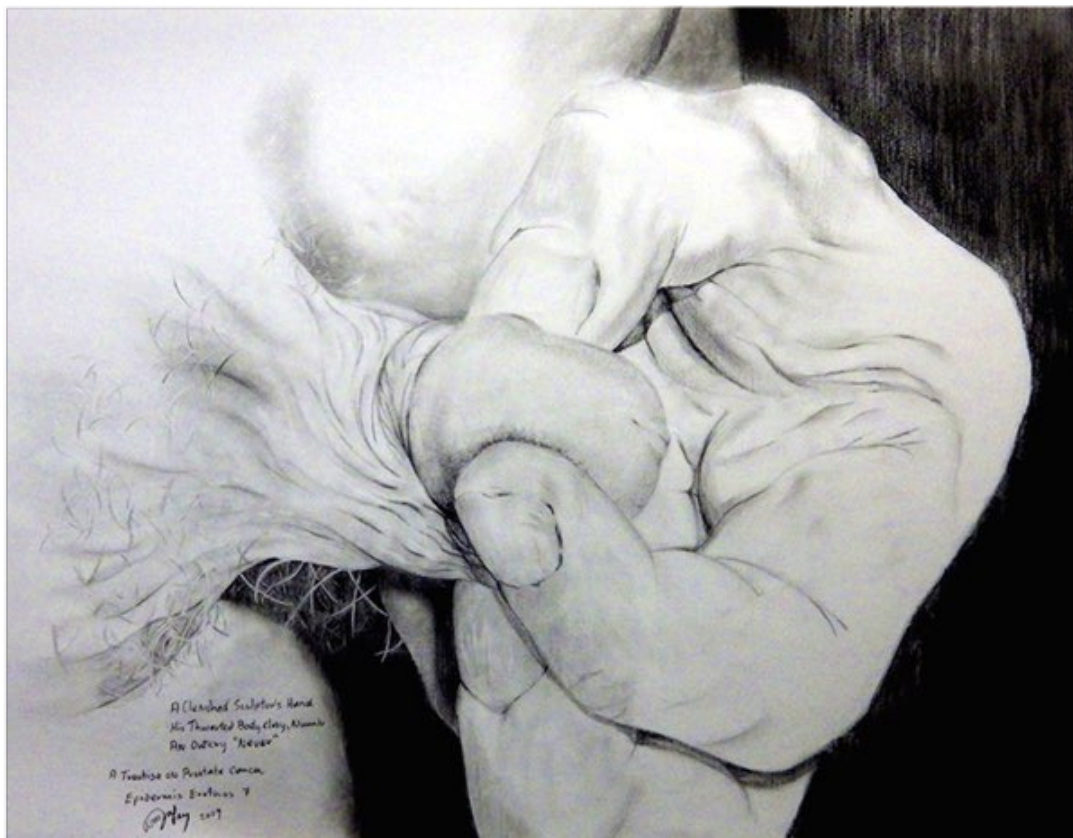
It is a dichotomy of perverse and elating moments, strung together by what the human creature calls time.

It is by looking at death straight in the eyes that one realizes life is so difficult and death so easy, yet one can love life and hate death all with a passion.

To define Art is to negate Art. To define an artist is to cheat the world of his or her full potential. We are all artists of our own making, choosing our own paths of creation.

We sometimes dance with the devil and we sometimes dance with the angels, but we continue to dance, the grimy bile spewing from our innards and a beatific song chiming from our mouths.





above:  
***A TREATISE ON  
 PROSTATE CANCER***  
 By Tim Haley

graphite on paper  
 23.5" x 30"



left:  
***PRIVATE COLLECTION #6***  
 By Tim Haley

digital print, pastel  
 19" x 13"



**EXISTENTIAL ELDER**  
**JEFF HARTBOWER**  
Courtenay, BC

Often now I remember all the dogs and cats which, with condescension, were willing to live with us over the years. A joy and best companions they were, and they taught me how to die.

I remember their deaths; cancer, congestive heart failure, crippling arthritis, a renegade dog shot, and that border collie cross who spared us by going in her sleep. She died as she lived, a perfect being in an imperfect world. I ask myself, why not go gently into that good night as they did?

Now we too are ready to go, but we keep working, Jo and I.

For me, a life of boatyard work, furniture building, renovations and other jobs turned into sculpture when I retired. I had enough skills, tools, imagination and anger to attack the things that disturb me - computer culture, consumerism, TV, cars, mindless travel, and so on.

We saw the curtain coming down at the end of the 1960s. It was the best of times and it offered a chance, but that chance was lost. Suddenly the end time for Western civilization was apparent. Now the curtain has come almost all the way down.

Odd to be here in my seventh decade thinking about the “last adventure” for myself as, at the same time, the whole works disintegrates, and comes tumbling down. That the Western world is in its death throes is obvious.







***GOODBYE TO ALL THAT***  
by Jeff Hartbower

carved wood with mixed media  
12" x 4" x 4" each  
2013

individual titles, from left:

**The Skinner Box**  
**Isobel Then and Now**  
(credit: Jacob Epstein, *Isobel*, 1933)  
**Molly and Fritz**  
**Goodbye To All That**



**JO SWALLOW'S COFFIN**  
**by Jeff Hartbower & Jo Swallow**

**Alder felled and sawn by Jeff Hartbower, 1979**  
**Coffin built by Jeff Hartbower, 2013**  
**Fabric lining & shroud hand woven by Jo Swallow**  
**18" x 28" x 66"**  
**2013**

**EXISTENTIAL ELDER**  
**BARBARA HUTSON**  
Courtenay, BC

**I don't feel old. We have longevity genes in my family; our hair goes grey early but we live a long time. My mother is now 100 years old.**

**Perhaps having a living parent also keeps me from feeling old; I don't want to be an orphan, and I've told my mother that.**

**Aging brings physical changes, but having a healthy lifestyle and a good sense of humour prevent you from feeling old.**

**Aging definitely hasn't affected my work. When you have a creative passion, you just keep going.**

**Life is what it is. You live and then you die. You might as well have a good time while you're here.**







left:  
***CENTENNIAL***  
by Barbara Hutson

mixed media  
36" x 36"  
2013



right:  
***ENLIGHTENMENT TO GO***  
by Barbara Hutson

part 1, wall:  
***ENLIGHTENMENT***  
graphite  
20.5" x 16.5"  
2013



part 2, plinth:  
***TO GO***  
mixed media  
15" x 15" x 8"  
2013



**EXISTENTIAL ELDER**  
**MARCI KATZ**  
Deep Bay, BC

A friend once told me that in our dreams, we're always a certain age, and that age is how we always see ourselves. In my dreams I'm in my 30s, with two small children. And that's how old I always feel, no matter how scary the numbers get.

When considering "Existential Elders" my thought was that all the stress and pressure and rushing around trying to please that we do in our lifetimes gets us nowhere. It's not a race, and there's no point in reaching the finish line. That led me to *The Athlete*.

I don't believe life has any cosmic meaning. I may be old, poor and falling apart, but I love my life. I live in an old growth forest and walking there daily with my dog keeps me grounded and content. What I have chosen to do and who I love gives life whatever sense it has. Making art has meaning.

My view of the world is pretty sour. We're a rotten species in the process of destroying ourselves. In the meantime I stay involved; I do what I can to promote social justice in my own community.

I don't look ahead much, I take each day as it comes. What saddens me about reaching old age is realizing that the number of times I'm likely be with my remarkable children has become distressingly finite.







above:

***THE ATHLETE***

By Marci Katz

mixed media

(captions: treading water, skating  
on thin ice, performing while walking  
on eggs, pushing up daisies)

24" x 24"

2013

left:

***LIFE IS A BANQUET***

by Marci Katz

mobile / assemblage

31" x 13" x 13"

2013





**EXISTENTIAL ELDER  
URSULA MEDLEY  
Powell River, BC**

**Aging offers me an opportunity to reflect on the facets of who I was and incorporate them into who I am today.**

**I recall a young child watering seedlings in a rural immigrant community outside Bogota, Colombia, a bewildered teenager in Vancouver's west side, a self confident bride and young mother in California, a single parent on Galiano Island searching for meaningful life. Patterns were emerging. Closing doors revealed new challenges. I leap. The net appears.**

**For me, life continues to be a mystery. Like a jigsaw puzzle. Each piece a part of the whole. A joy when pieces fit easily, a challenge when pieces are not easily found.**

**Life is change. My favourite ride at the PNE was the roller coaster. Following a seemingly endless climb to the highest point, the rest of the ride full of twists and curves always brought me to the closing gate. Ready to get back in line. I've been here before. I will return.**

**I'm saddened at the rate human consumption is contributing to human extinction.**

**For the past 12 years I have been planting gardens on my 1/2 acre property in Lang Bay. These gardens are inspirations for the paintings of my old age. *Tangled Garden* is the first painting in this body of work.**







***TANGLED GARDEN***  
**by Ursula Medley**

**42" x 42"**  
**oil on canvas**  
**2009**





## **EXISTENTIAL ELDER ROBERT MOON**

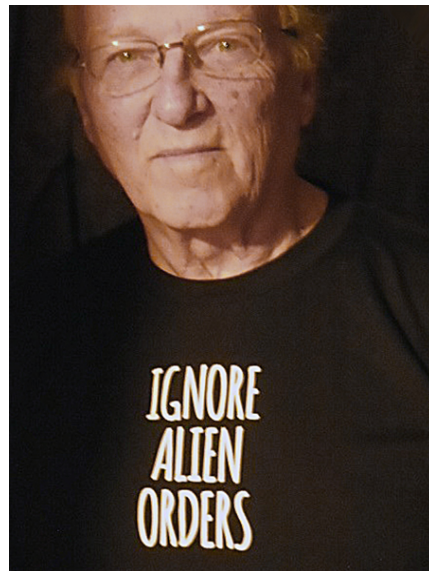
**Courtenay, BC**

**It was 1964 when I entered the San Francisco Art institute to begin my studies. At that time students there looked much like any other college students. But within a year, guys were wearing their hair long and girls were wearing flowers in their hair.**

**It was a great time to be in art school. Things were changing in many ways, and the contrast between the staid 1950s and the “anything goes” 1960s was mind boggling, to say the least.**

**The cultural revolution of the 1960s formed the basis of my career in art for the next 50 years. Many things in our world have changed since then, and - inevitably - many things have been forgotten. However one memory from that time has guided me through those changes; that was the graduation speech given by Fred Martin, then president of the Art Institute.**

**Though I won't try to quote him exactly, it went something like this, “you may ask yourself, what is a successful artist? Let me give you a thought. If when you are old and grey you are still asking yourself ‘what is beauty, and how do I best communicate it?’ then you are a successful artist.”**





***THE PUNTLEDGE***  
**by Robert Moon**

Acrylic on canvas  
6 panels, each 18" x 24"  
2013



## **EXISTENTIAL ELDER**

**LYNN ORRISS**

**Parksville, BC**

**When preparing for “Existential Elders”, it suddenly occurred to me that I am indeed elderly! I had never thought too much about that - except when the birthday numbers kept creeping up and I felt those dreaded aches and pains that come with old age.**

**My life and focus changed in 2012 when our youngest son passed away. It was a very challenging time and I forced myself to work because I had deadlines to meet. It is hard to get out of that dark place but support from family and friends helped me along the way.**

**I enjoy the memories of time spent with the family at the lake and our many camping adventures with the boys. I do wish the world were a simpler place. I just try to make “my” world a better place.**

**I am having fun doing my art these days. Age has whispered “who cares? Do what you want!” And so I do!**







***MIGRATION*, by Lynn Orriss**  
**Mixed Media, 12" x 24", 2013**



***WINTER STORM* by Lynn Orriss**  
**Mixed Media, 12" x 12", 2013**

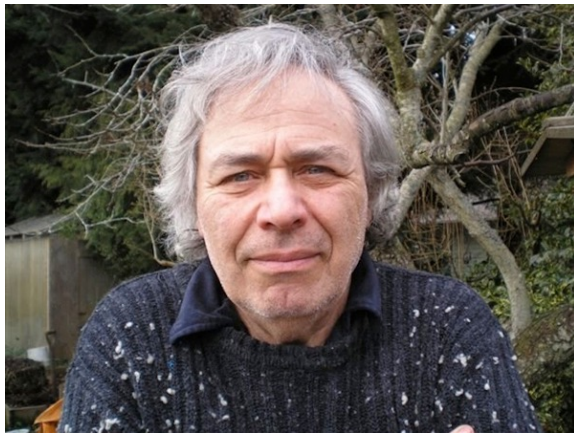
**EXISTENTIAL ELDER**  
**JOE ROSENBLATT**  
Qualicum Beach, BC

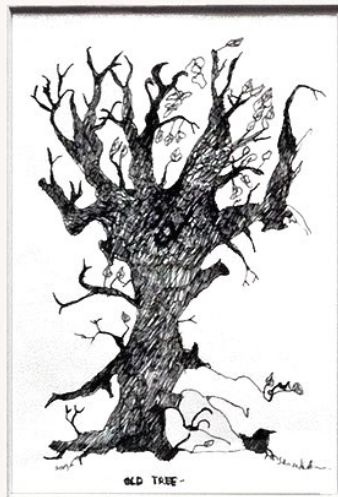
**The artist ought to be trans-generational, appealing to the young and to those elders who are young at heart.**

**I have always sought the eternal child in myself, and not finding him, wandered down the road looking for that lost child.**

**To the young of all ages I say look forward, *avanti!***

**And don't look back, or like Lot's wife you'll be turned into a pillar of salt.**





**Old Age is a Tree with Decaying Bark.**

Shadows are lurking in the daylight.  
Tentacles of my being stir and touch  
mottled spirits congealed in a wound.

Old age is a tree with decaying bark  
where voices trapped in cellulose  
rage at sprouting rootlets in the earth.

Among unseen spores adrift in mildewed air  
I'd be reborn, nourished by the forest floor:  
I could become a child to some spongy mother.

A hawk-eyed Horus awaits us in these woods.  
This bird of the Highest Order is in his roost.  
He's there to snatch my soul and skyward bolt.

Shadows are lurking in the daylight.  
Elfin spirits stir under decaying leaves.  
We serve as food for famished fungi.

Or I could be mould on a crooked branch  
where woodpeckers drumming for grubs  
lay frantic claim to the same living tree.

Yellow tailed warblers gossip by a brook  
where spores of drifting memory desire  
oyster mushrooms on a soggy tree trunk.

Joe Rosenblatt, 2013

***OLD TREE*, by Joe Rosenblatt**  
pen and ink drawing, original poem, 18" x 14", 2013



**And Then the Purring Earth  
Begins to Move**

Gardens are sometimes cats that sleep  
late into a summer's afternoon  
and when evening finally arrives  
each tabby, released from its delicious nap  
unwinds like a snake on some downy bed.  
Rising like famished spectres they inhale  
swarms of dancing dragonflies.

Pulsing through a night that wears  
only itself for funeral clothes  
my frightened soul, a woodland moth  
flutters across some familiar agate eyes.

And then the purring earth begins to move  
extending a gentle paw for me to rest  
while my eyelids close upon each wing.

Joe Rosenblatt, 2013

***THE PURRING EARTH*, by Joe Rosenblatt**  
pen and ink drawing, original poem, 14" x 11", 2013

**EXISTENTIAL ELDER**  
**JO SWALLOW**  
Courtenay, BC

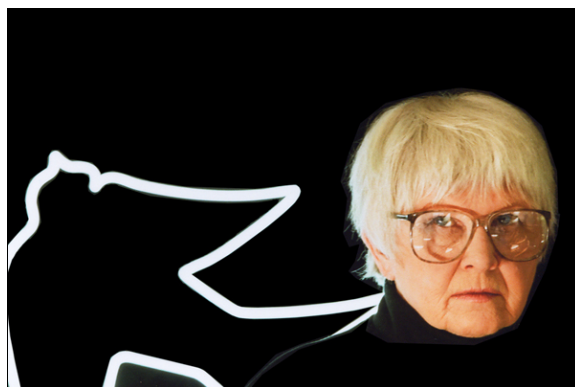
**I like designing and producing a functional piece of handwoven cloth which will give visual and tactile enjoyment as well as physical comfort and a long life of usefulness.**

**The Japanese kimono - a classic and simply shaped garment - exemplifies this ideal.**

**As a cloth designer I am engaged in creating interesting textiles through the use of colour blending applied using techniques of kasuri, shibori, warp painting and varied yarn textures, colour and fibre content.**

**Colour has power; as the embodiment of light it affects energy, mood and attitude. The primary structure - cloth - is the foundation on which design and colour are developed from instinctive choices, modified and refined.**

**Kathe Kollwitz, German artist, feminist and social activist, (1867-1945) said it all: for the last third of life there remains only work. It alone is always stimulating, rejuvenating, exciting and satisfying.**







***THE PATH NOT TAKEN***  
**by Jo Swallow**

**Handwoven kimono  
dye painted design on silk/rayon  
53" x 58" x 2"  
2007**





**EXISTENTIAL ELDER  
SHARON URDAHL**  
Comox, BC

**I didn't always acknowledge the richness of my youth; now an elder, I am aware of the value in each day, choosing carefully how I spend my time and with whom. Objects have less meaning, while people in my life have more value.**

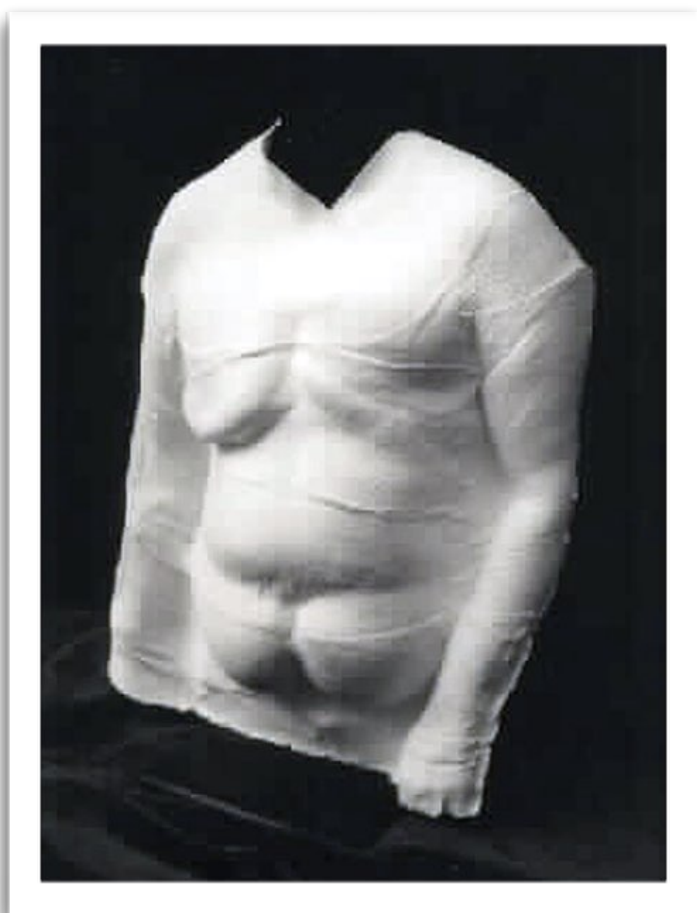
**With a share of personal drama and accomplishments, I feel life has been full, and I have few regrets. Aging has brought me a stronger connection to the global**

**community and I'm genuinely concerned about the future of earth for our children. Viewing events from the past 70 years alone, I have begun to mourn the decline of our planet.**

**I abhor war. I'm sickened to know children are born with environmentally caused cancers and can't quite comprehend the motives, apathy and greed of people or industries continuing to ignore or create irreversible damage to life and earth. My art and writing enable me to visually voice my concerns.**

**I notice time passing faster and acknowledge that I will not be completing all my goals. I feel unease and deep sadness at the thought of not being here for my children and family or to see my grandchildren grow to maturity. Living "in the now" with gratitude, helps with my personal transition.**





***YESTERDAY I WAS A GODDESS - JO***



**ONE-TIT CARTER - STEVE**

**From *VISUAL VOICES*  
by Sharon Urdahl**

**A Tribute to Breast Cancer Patients  
plaster castings, live breast cancer models  
life size  
2001 - 2014**



**EXISTENTIAL ELDER**  
**ED VARNEY**  
Royston, BC

**We all age at the same rate - a day at a time. However, a two year old's age has doubled over the preceding year, while a 70 year old's age has only increased by 1/70th.**

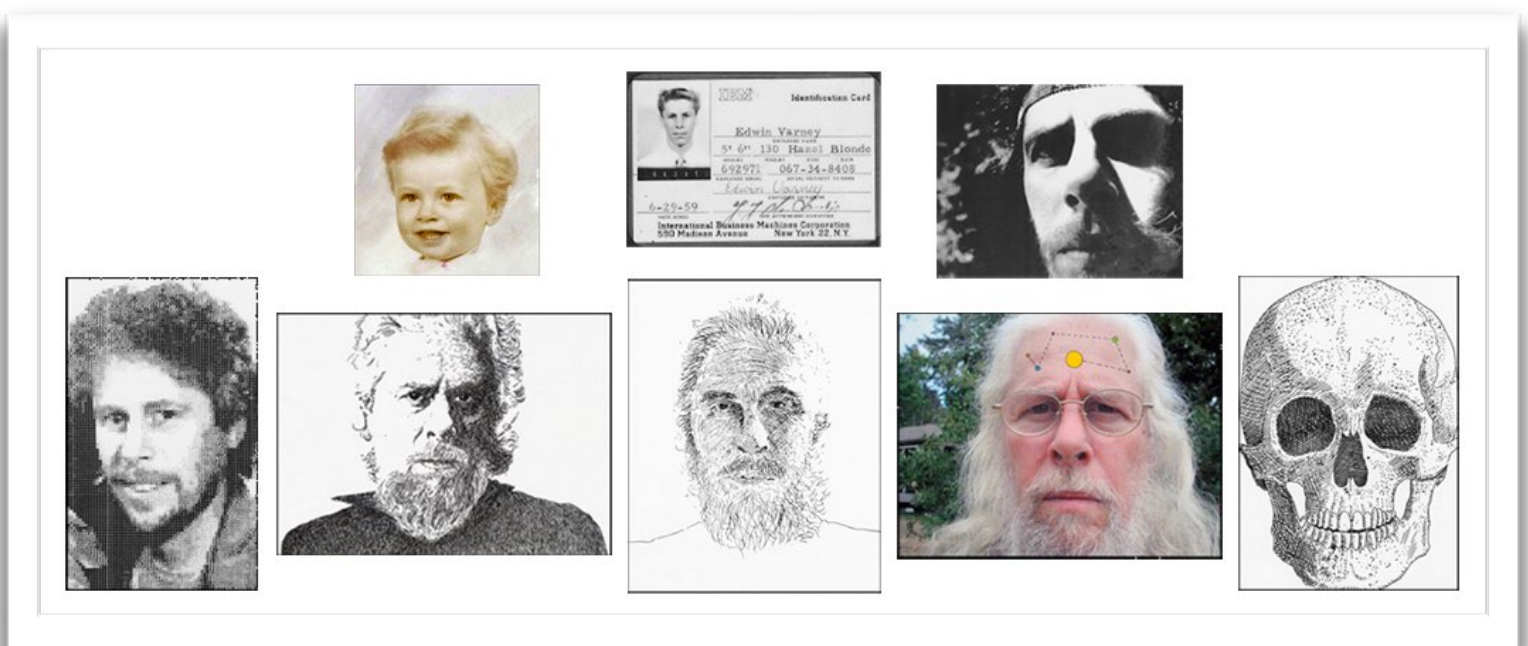
**We all say “I wish I had known then what I know now.” Me too. After all the twists and turns my life has taken, it is my work which is the constant that sustains me.**

**I have collected images of myself from each decade of my life, mostly self portraits, to present a specific picture of aging. Self portraits by artists have always interested me. In 2001, I curated an exhibition of 525 self portraits - each by a different artist. An artist's self portrait is the ultimate “selfie”, relentlessly accurate but also a bit of exhibitionism.**

**Time, like the wind, has worn furrows into my face and body but after 70 years, I'm still standing.**







## AGING - A SELF PORTRAIT by Ed Varney

**Mixed media, 8 parts, various sizes, 2014**

- 1. Ed Varney, age 1. Photograph by my Mother, Nancy Varney, 1943.**
- 2. Ed Varney, age 16. ID card and photograph, 1958.**
- 3. Ed Varney, age 28. Self portrait, silver emulsion photograph, 1970.**
- 4. Ed Varney, age 39. Dot matrix computer print, 1981.**
- 5. Ed Varney, age 48. Xerograph of self portrait pen and ink drawing, 1990.**
- 6. Ed Varney, age 60. Self portrait, pen and ink drawing, 2002.**
- 7. Ed Varney, age 69. Digital selfie with ink and acrylic, 2011.**
- 8. Skull. Pen and ink drawing, 2002.**

# SOME PHOTOS

most taken at our first  
opening, at the Nanaimo  
Art Gallery, June 2014.



Above, Barb Hutson with  
*Enlightenment to Go*.



Above, Famous Empty Sky  
with Dr. Anna Freud Banana,  
working on Anna's *Survey  
of Banana Culture*.



Left, Bill Friesen and Lynn  
Orriss, with Donna Balma's  
*Baby 00* and *The Babe*.





Above, Marci Katz and Anna Banana, and Marci's *Life is a Banquet* mobile.



Above, Ursula Medley and *Tangled Garden*.



Left, Jeff Hartbower and Jo Swallow, with their collaborative piece *Jo Swallow's Coffin*.





**Above, Lynn Orriss with  
*Migration* and *Winter Storm*.**



**Above, Joe Rosenblatt  
with *Old Tree* and  
*The Purring Earth*.**



**Left, Tim Haley,  
between *A Treatise  
on Prostate Cancer*  
and *Private Collection #6*.**





Above, DF Gray,  
with *Ancestor*.



Above, Joe Rosenblatt  
with Ed Varney's  
*Aging, A Self Portrait*.



Left, Robert Moon and  
Barb Hutson with Sharon  
Urdahl's pieces from  
*Visual Voices*, a tribute to  
Breast Cancer patients.





Above, Bill Friesen with  
*Old Man, Look At Me Now.*



Above, Famous Empty  
Sky and friend, with  
*Time*, and *Time Hat*.



Left, Robert Moon  
with *The Puntledge*.





Left, Marci at our Powell River opening at the Malaspina Arts Centre, VIU, with Bill Friesen's *The Last Journey* and Ursula Medley's *Tangled Garden*.

Right, some Elders at TOSH Arts Centre in Qualicum Beach, with Jeff Hartbower's *Goodbye To All That*.



Left, partial view of Nanaimo Gallery show, with Jo Swallow, Jeff Hartbower and friend.

**My thanks to the always  
inspiring Existential Elders  
for being part of this project,  
and for their friendship.**

**Long may we continue  
to thrive, create, and work  
our aging butts off.**