



Types and Shadows



Issue 83 Spring 2020
Journal of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts



Featured Cover Art: clockwise, top left: "Milkweed," photograph, © **Chuck Fager**; "Her Tapestry," photograph, © **Diane Gordon**; "Yes, Way will Open," Ink, **Myrrh**

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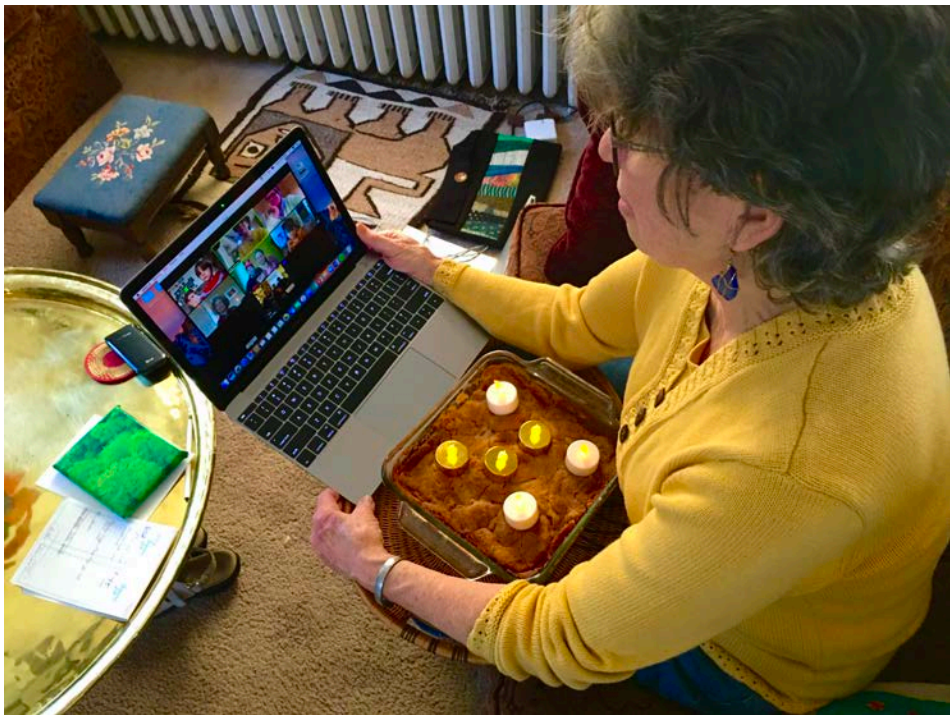
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2020 Coronavirus FQA journal issue

During coronavirus isolation, FQA artist, Judy Ballinger, paints a silk scarf in her studio and celebrates her April 6 birthday via ZOOM, bringing in her extended family from Utah and her daughters' families from CA and PA.

photos by editor



Types and Shadows is published quarterly by the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts (FQA), 7805 NW 28th Pl. M209 Gainesville, FL 32606 Membership is \$30/yr **T&S Submission deadlines are: Sept. 15, Dec. 15, March 15 and June 15.**

FQA is an art ministry for Quakers and others under the care of Trenton Monthly Meeting.



Blair Seitz

©Judy Ballinger

From the editor. . .

This spring 2020 journal comes out digitally during the lockdown to prevent the spread of the coronavirus--an incredibly memorable time. The journal will be printed when our shop opens again. It is my pleasure to introduce new artists to our Quaker art community.

Kevin Holm-Hudson (this page) has been playing guitar at the Lexington (KY) Friends Meeting. His compositions are varied and many. Check out Soundcloud and enjoy as I have. Kevin joins **Keith Calmes**, our well known guitar artist (this page) who announces a new recording. Congrats, Keith. New to the journal but not to newspapers across the US is Pulitzer-prize winning cartoonist for Philadelphia News Media, **Signe Wilkinson**. Also new is the talented photographer, **Diane Gordon**. It's exciting to have returning artists who have been loyal to FQA--**Myrrh, Jennifer Elam, John Holliger, Marian Shapiro and Chuck Fager**. I have included one of my photographs to end with a spring mood. Please enjoy. --Blair

An Alert. . .

FQA has reached a critical point when assistance is required, particularly for active board members or persons to help vision the future of the fellowship. After serving many successful years as clerk and treasurer both Maria Cattell and Doris Pulone retired from the board late last year. FQA needs persons who will become active in FQA planning. **Please contact Bonnie Zimmer** at sandbox33@gmail.com.

Quaker Musicians. . .

Guitarist Keith Calmes, FQA's performer at many events, announces a new recording, "Follow the Red Balloon," will be available online (Spotify, etc.) shortly. Keith will put a link right on the front of his website when it's out (keithcalmes.com) He will put up a link for "Spotify."

Thanks to FQA member Jennifer Elam, we have discovered another Quaker musician--Kevin Holm-Hudson from Lexington (Kentucky) Meeting. He holds "Artsapalooza" events at the Lexington Meetinghouse.

Kevin notes, "the concept behind 'Artsapalooza' is simple! We have a potluck supper, usually followed by a guest speaker presentation or topical discussion, the first and third Fridays of each month. On months that we have a fifth Friday, I have organized a broadly arts-themed 'variety show' open to anyone in our Meeting community."

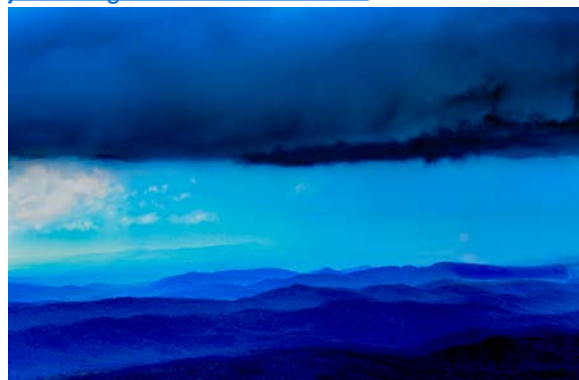
He adds that the arts represented have included music of all sorts, poetry (either self-written or sharing a favorite poem), dance, photography, painting (the artist displays and discusses their work), bookbinding, and more. All skill levels are welcomed, as are all ages. It has been a successful intergenerational event and, like the potluck, there always seems to be enough to go around to shape a varied and fun program.

Kevin is a singer-songwriter with many songs in diverse styles, and a number of these songs have Quaker--inspired messages or themes. He has a Soundcloud page where you can stream some of his songs for free: soundcloud.com/holmudson. In particular, songs that Kevin thinks would resonate well with FQA include: "The Season Spiral," "After Parting," "The Silver Shore," "Prayers of the Gentle," "Mountain," "Message from the Margins," "Lessons," "Mary" and "The Song Palace."

editors note: I have enjoyed both Keith's and Kevin's streamed music from the internet. Do treat yourself.

Weekly Inspirations. . .

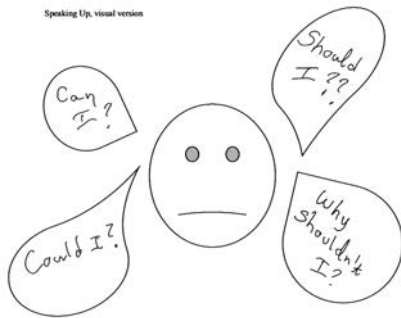
FQA member John Holliger has raised many spirits during this time of isolation to keep the coronavirus from spreading. Every week he has been sending out an inspired photograph, usually with prose or poetry. John would undoubtedly like to share with all of us. Contact him at: www.photographybyjohnholliger.net or johnholliger@columbus.rr.com



"Dark Blue Mountains and Sky," photograph © John Holliger



"Pandemic--Epicenters Abound and People Die," acrylic, 20" X 16" © Jennifer Elam



why bother —
someone else will do it.

"Speaking Up"
by Marian Shapiro

Critique, with homage to the Rule of Three by Marian Shapiro

Is It True
Is It Necessary
Is It Kind

You played the solo with such feeling
(Although you were often out of tune)
You should be very proud of how much you practiced
(Such stamina might be better spent
in an area in which you have more talent)
Your persistence is truly admirable (although
I would have been grateful had you abandoned
the violin in favor of, say, a career in engineering)
I left inspired by your hard work and determination
(or, perhaps, by your lack of awareness
of how terrible it sounded).

It's difficult to keep one's mouth from saying
what the mind and body feel so strongly. Mind,
learn to be charitable and make it easier for all of us.

Marian Spapiro writes to the editor: I am hastening, in my now spare time (less work due to the Virus) to offer some very recent creations. At the cusp (now arrived) of 80, I became a daring experimentalist, and started doing visual poetry. What a learning curve for electronic possibilities which were necessary for such creations! I completed a goodly number of them, and sent off a book to a publisher who is 'interested' in publishing them. So I will include some for review (and enjoyment). I think, given life as it is now, I will not send the most depressing/violent ones, but stick to more digestible efforts. (see above and next page)



Above: "The Light of Day is Covered by Fear," Acrylic, 12" X 12"; Right: "Charity for a Moment," Acrylic, 16" X 24," both © by Jennifer Elam; Below: "Life Lessons Redrawn and Corrected," © Marian Shapiro

Watch your **love** **lovers**
 Mind **friend** **back** **to** **strange** **business**
 Don't **love** **talk** **peace** **lovers** **every** **loves** **every**
 Shoot first, ask **beauty** **questions** **later** **joy**
 Everyone's **love** **look** **out** **for** **#1**
 out **for** **themselves**



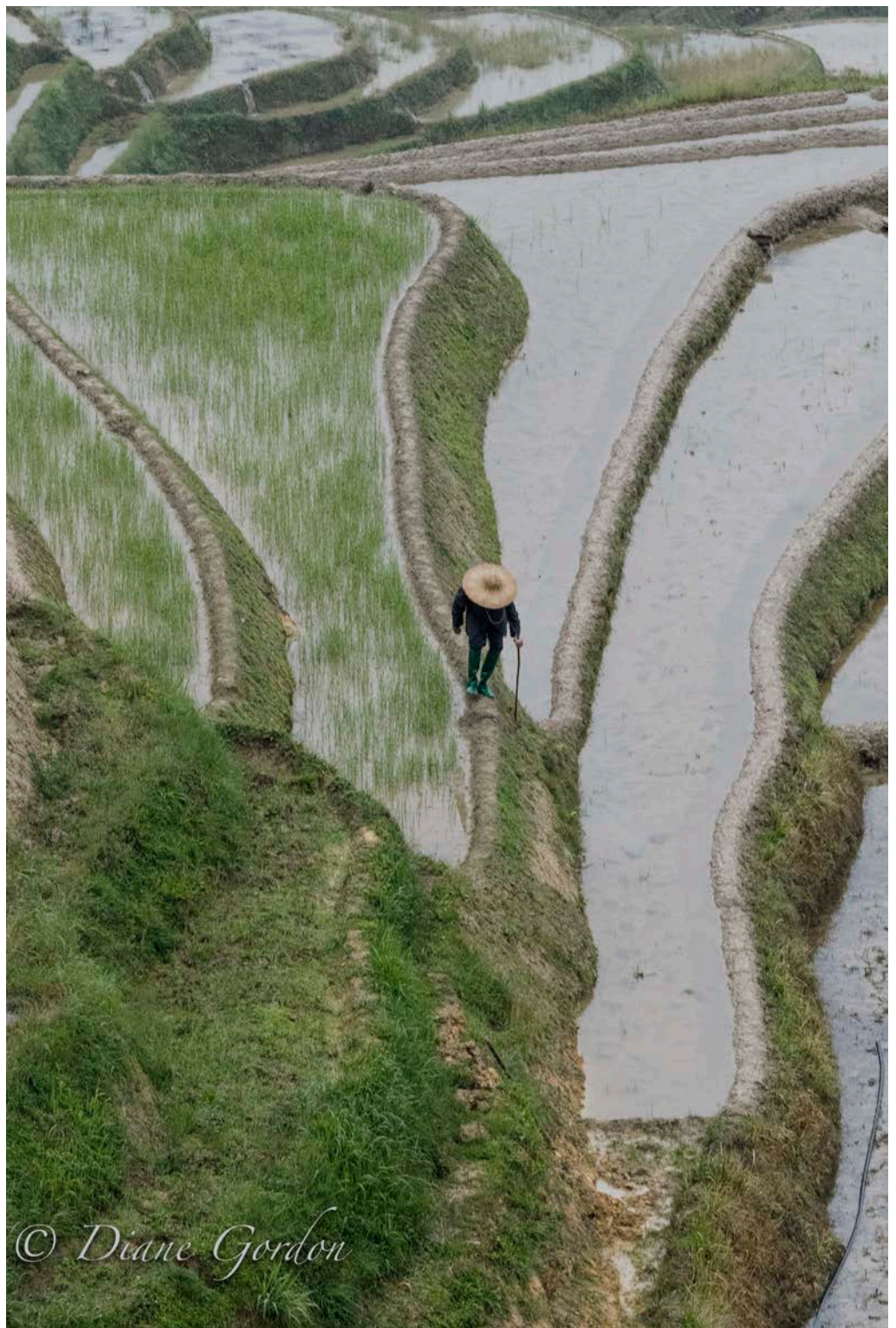
Below: **Diane Gordon**, photographer and the full time minister of administration at the St. Matthew's Baptist Church, Williamstown, NJ, talks with friends at her exhibit at Pendle Hill in November, 2019. Diane says, "I am privileged to hold my camera to capture these declarations, but God is the real artist." photo by editor; Left: "Cast your Net;" Bottom: "Cast Out into the Deep," both Li River, Guilin, China photographs, © Diane Gordon.

Diane Gordon: The Water and Ways of China and Beyond: Immersion and Impressions





Diane Gordon is an inspirational teacher, mentor of women and photographer. Her interest in photography began after she purchased her first 35mm SLR camera when she graduated from college; however, her attraction to photography was not nurtured until 2005 when her passion ignited with the view of a Hawaii sunrise. Overwhelmed by its beauty, she captured it with her camera. The intensity of the sky rang out, "It was as if creation was screaming at me, there is a God, there is a God." Without formal training, Diane is reluctant to call herself an artist, though the dominant reason is that she recognizes, "God is the creative artist and I am privileged to capture what He has created for His glory." In May, 2017, Diane had "a life changing opportunity" to travel to rural, remote China with a small group of photographers. It was an immersion in Chinese culture which changed her views of life's necessities.



Above left: "Thinking on the Set Things," photograph, China; Right: "Narrow is the Way," China, rice terraces, both photographs © Diane Gordon

The Quaker Widow by Bayard Taylor

THEE finds me in the garden, Hannah,—come in! 'T is kind of thee
To wait until the Friends were gone, who came to comfort me.
The still and quiet company a peace may give, indeed,
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

Come, sit thee down! Here is the bench where Benjamin would sit
On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows flit:
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees
Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-trees.

I think he loved the spring: not that he cared for flowers: most men
Think such things foolishness,—but we were first acquainted then,
One spring: the next he spoke his mind; the third I was his wife,
And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered life.

He was but seventy-five; I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennett graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first we met.
The Father's mercy shows in this: 't is better I should be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—than he.

We've lived together fifty years: it seems but one long day,
One quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away;
And as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days to come.

I mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know
If I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go;
For father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,
But mother spoke for Benjamin,—she knew what best to say.

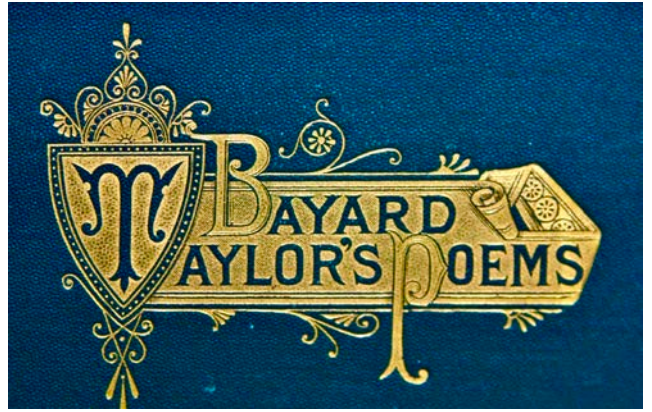
Then she was still: they sat awhile: at last she spoke again,
"The Lord incline thee to the right!" and "Thou shalt have him, Jane!"
My father said. I cried. Indeed, 't was not the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we lost:
Her husband's of the world, and yet I could not see her crossed.
She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns, she hears a hireling priest—
Ah, dear! the cross was ours: her life's a happy one, at least.

Perhaps she 'll wear a plainer dress when she 's as old as I,—
Would thee believe it, Hannah? once I felt temptation nigh!
My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste;
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the women's side!
I did not dare to lift my eyes: I felt more fear than pride,
Till, "in the presence of the Lord," he said, and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no sign;
With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life:
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah,—thee too, hast been a wife.



Bayard Taylor 1825-1878

Bayard Taylor was an American poet, literary critic, translator, travel author, and diplomat. Taylor was born in Kennett Square, southwest of Philadelphia, in Chester County, Pennsylvania. Taylor traveled widely and published many articles and books about his journeys. In 1862, he was appointed to the U.S. diplomatic service as secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, and acting minister to Russia for a time during 1862-63. He published his first novel *Hannah Thurston* in 1863. The *New York Times* first praised him for "break[ing] new ground with such assured success." A second much longer review in the same newspaper was thoroughly negative, describing "one pointless, aimless situation leading to another of the same stamp, and so on in maddening succession." **read more on** 8
the bottom of the next page

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as ours;
The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of flowers;
The neighbors met us in the lane, and every face was kind,—
'T is strange how lively everything comes back upon my mind.

I see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding dinner spread:
At our own table we were guests, with father at the head;
And Dinah Passmore helped us both,—'t was she stood up with me,
And Abner Jones with Benjamin,—and now they 're gone, all three!

It is not right to wish for death; the Lord disposes best.
His Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His rest;
And that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see:
For Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.

Eusebius never cared to farm,—'t was not his call, in truth,
And I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter Ruth.
Thee 'll say her ways are not like mine,—young people now-a-days
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

But Ruth is still a Friend at heart; she keeps the simple tongue,
The cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young;
And it was brought upon my mind, remembering her, of late,
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too much weight.

I once heard Jesse Kersey say, a spirit clothed with grace,
And pure almost as angels are, may have a homely face.
And dress may be of less account: the Lord will look within:
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

Thee must n't be too hard on Ruth: she's anxious I should go,
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I know.
'T is hard to change so late in life, but we must be resigned:
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mind.

--Bayard Taylor

submitted to *T&S* by Chuck Fager

Taylor continued from previous page

describing "one pointless, aimless situation leading to another of the same stamp, and so on in maddening succession".

His late novel, *Joseph and His Friend: A Story of Pennsylvania* (1870), first serialized in the magazine, *The Atlantic*, was described as a story of a young man in rural Pennsylvania and "the troubles which arise from the want of a broader education and higher culture." It is believed to be based on the poets Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake, and since the late 20th-century has been called America's first gay novel.

The novel is online, full text & free, here: <https://tinyurl.com/s4tsylf>:

Quiet Walkway

Photograph and prose © John Holliger

A short walk on this easy trail offers close-up views, subtle aromas, and the serene quiet of a protected woodland. You will be walking in one of the last great wildland areas in the East, but you won't need a backpack or hiking boots. Take your time. Have a seat on a rock or a log bench. The trail has no particular destination, so walk as far as you like and then return.



(After the refrain from Dallas Green's/City and Colour's *Blood*)

© Jesse White, 2020

**Someday he will sing about the hopeful air *between the wish and the well*
and I will completely agree**

The place between a wish and a well
and the distance between my dreams and a shooting star (seen only now, and dead long ago)
are smiling, familiar, wonder-full rooms in which I've waited.

I prepare to toss my shiny 1986 into the fountain at the mall
(that fountain near the carousel).

Muzak stifles conversation

lingers in easy breaths

(a song kind of recognizable, but mostly not. Mostly:
a tastefully jazzy highly non-controversial tune).

I've been holding my breath since my eyes closed in prayer,
hoping and wishing, the voice inside me repeating my longing,
and keeping it sacred by never letting it travel through my lips.

I open my eyes and with a kiss,

toss

her

in.

I am distracted by the splash and
almost miss the diving coin

stop,

suddenly at rest

as if all that preparation maybe sealed the deal

or

as if all my wishing, maybe, just hit the bottom of a chlorinated pool

in which only coins try to swim,

as if maybe there was more magic in wishing

than the sinking of money.

In all these hurried moments, passing us by,

let me pause for grace—

before eating, before sleeping, even before praying.

Let me relish in a room of belief.

Let me hold my breath and set my longing out into the wind

never revealing its name.

Let my dreams dive with certainty

that they will never hit bottom.

Two poems that came to FQA California member, Myrrh, in her meditation while staying at home during the pandemic.

PLAYFULNESS

Let's hear it for the spirit of Flow!
The unexpected notes that pop up in jazz!
The meal that comes from two leftovers,
tinged with a spice that is often overlooked,
or lemon juice!
Wearing the neglected shirt,
Cruising homeward on an oft-neglected street!

Let the time flow
in a telephone conversation
with a nearly-forgotten friend!

In the midst of *unpleasant* surprises,
take notes on sweet coincidences,
the visit from someone
you never imagined was still alive,
an undercurrent of spirit
moving through destiny.

THE APPROACH

From our hillside deck spreads out before us
the basic ho-hum California day,
blue sky,
hills of dry grass as tawny as a golden retriever,
some live oaks.

A hint of smoke,
memories of the old wood stove,
...should not be there.
We swing around—as we turn
smoke rises.
An ungodly cloud!
Suddenly, our trees on the crest
silhouette in red.

Get out!
We must!
Is there time?

both poems © Myrrh



"Sheltering in Place," from a series on homelessness, ink and watercolor, © Signe Wilkinson, FQA member and Pulitzer Prize-winning syndicated cartoonist, see GoComics.com



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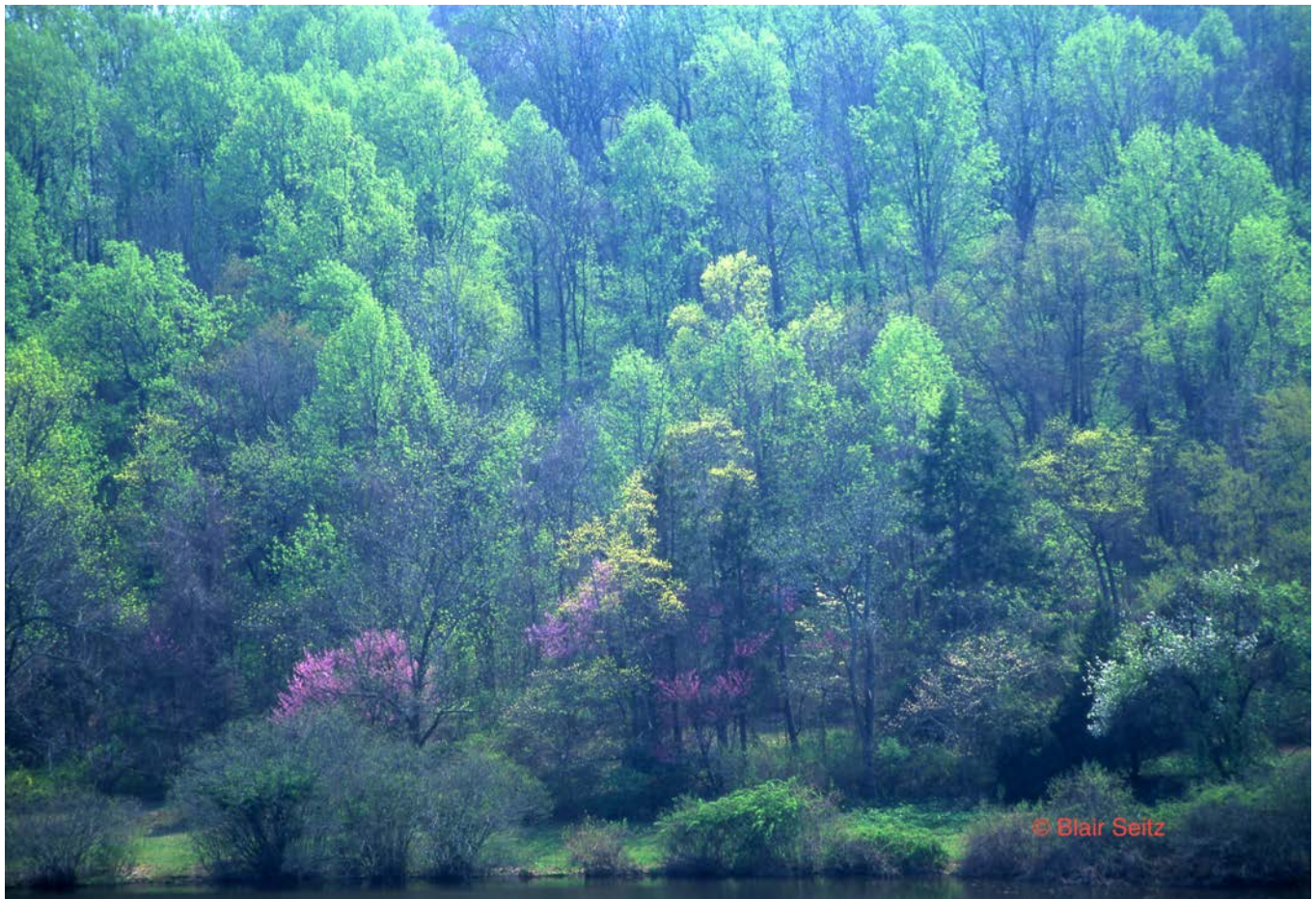
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FQA Statement of Purpose

To nurture and showcase the literary, visual, musical and performing arts within the Religious Society of Friends, for purposes of Quaker expression, ministry, witness and outreach. To these ends we will offer spiritual, practical and financial support as way opens.

In this Issue...

Four photographers: Diane Gordon, NJ, Chuck Fager, NC, Blair Seitz and John Holliger, OH; Four poets: Marian Shapiro, VA, Myrrh, CA, Jesse White, PA and Bayard Taylor; Acrylics from Jennifer Elam, PA; Cartoon art from Signe Wilkinson, PA



"New Life, Forest in the Springtime, Central PA," photograph © Blair Seitz