



Types and Shadows



Issue #107

Spring 2026

Journal of the *Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts*



Types and Shadows
Issue #107

Cover Artwork by Gabi Clayton
See more of her artwork on
pages 2, 5-9, and the back cover.

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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 NJ Monthly Meeting.

The Co-Clerks' Column:

Dear Members,

Surely, the conditions spreading throughout our planet affect our peace of mind and therefore the art we create. We hope that whatever you create or experience brings some joy, encouragement and inspiration to you and others.

How can we support and encourage each other in these times of chaos and tumult?

We can simply support each other in our spiritual experiences as well as our artistic endeavors. We can forge new friendships and relationships with other members of FQA.

There are concrete actions available to all FQA members and their friends:

FQA convenes several discrete ZOOM meetings open to all. These meetings provide a way to share our art, knowledge, ideas, and struggles or successes.

A group of writers meets monthly.

The next scheduled writers' meeting is April 16 (7 pm, EDT).

A meeting for all artists is scheduled quarterly.

The next all artists' meeting will be May 9 (noon, EDT).

We are also developing similar meetings for poets as well as for musicians and other performers.

We hope you can join in at least one of these upcoming meetings.

You can also reach out to other members via our website emails, through Types & Shadows, and through us as Co-Clerks. We would be happy to hear from you: your ideas, questions, events and more: dpulone@comcast.net (Doris) or sandbox33@gmail.com (Bonnie)

In Light & Friendship,

**Bonnie Zimmer
& Doris Pulone,
Co-Clerks, FQA**



Artwork by Gabi Clayton

Featured Quaker Artist

Alice Carlton: Underground Encounter A Short Story

The smell is what I first noticed. The subway usually smelled bad, that's just part of the scenery. People leave remnants of fast food, half consumed cans of beer that have spilled, and of course there's always the smell of urine. With budget cuts meaning maintenance had been neglected, the place had become even more dank and dark. Trains were rarely on time. When I visited the Big City, I had learned to bring a book, snacks and water anytime I traveled by subway, expecting to spend more time below ground than I wanted to, especially during rush hour.



Wikimedia Commons

But this smelled different, especially pungent and pervasive. The train was crowded. Passengers leaned against the bars, hung from the straps, squeezed into any available seats. I looked around for the best place to position myself. Then a woman got up abruptly from her seat. I quickly sat there without paying any attention to who sat nearby.

That turned out to be a mistake. Next to me was the source of the smell. A tall skinny black man with an unshaven face, his bushy black hair loose, a greasy halo around his head. He wore a dirty tee shirt and even dirtier jeans. And he couldn't seem to sit still. It was more than the rumble of the train that caused everyone to bounce around some. He fidgeted like a preschool child, clutching a backpack in his lap, jerking his eyes this way and that. Now I understood why the woman had gotten up. I considered moving myself, but the crowd pressed against me.

He began to moan and mutter. I scooted over a half inch, eager for some personal space, a foreign concept on a rush hour train. But this man just seemed to melt into the space I'd left. I glanced at him. He was clearly in distress. Something felt familiar.

Years ago I had started working in a psychiatric hospital as a clinical social worker where there were many people like him. I'd even led a therapy group with up to six patients: alcoholics admitted to dry out, homeless men in need of "three hots and a cot" who had learned to say "suicide" to the right psychiatrist in the emergency room, and others with various mental illnesses.

My first task was to help them feel safe enough to open up. I usually began by asking each one to share their first name, why they were there and what they wanted to work on. They all knew their names, some knew what brought them to the hospital ("nerves" was a popular answer), but hardly anyone knew what they wanted to work on. I learned to re-frame the question. How would you like to change your life? What would make your life better? Then came the delicate process of gently redirecting them from blaming whomever (fill in the blank), teaching them they had choices and essentially supporting them in their own power. It was hard work but often rewarding, as when I saw the light come on in someone's face, and sometimes funny, when the alcoholics compared stories of the little green men they saw when having Delirium Tremens or the DTs. It took me ten years, but I became good at it and came to love this work.

Now I'd been promoted to supervisor. It was a difficult decision, but I couldn't resist the larger salary. My plan was to work five more years and save as much as possible for retirement. But I missed the direct patient care. The extra week of vacation I'd accrued had brought me to the Big City to see an old friend and maybe see a play and visit some museums.



Wikimedia Commons

But I quickly learned that conditions in the Big City were very different from my smaller city. The streets were littered with sleeping bags full of homeless people. According to my friend, there were fewer beds than before the budget cuts and even more who needed them. I was on my way to meet my friend at the hospital when she got off work as a nurse on the psychiatric floor.

The moans beside me increased in volume. His mutterings began to form words. He began to shout and grow more agitated. People around frowned and turned away. Despite the crush of people, there was a perceptible revulsion, a moving away. When was the next stop?

More Alice Carlton, page 4 >> 3

I wondered. How could I too get away? Yet I did feel sorry for this man. I turned to him to listen.

"I'm hungry! I'm thirsty! I can't live this way any more! I'd rather be dead!" He seemed to speak to the heavens as if used to not getting a response from humans. He flailed his arms, and I instinctively ducked.

A muscle-bound man in a uniform took a step closer. I sensed he was coming to my rescue. I met his eyes and shook my head.

I reached in my pocket where I had a snack bar. Without a word, I held it out to him. He looked back at me, suddenly silent and still. "Hello," I said. "I'm sorry you're hungry. Have this. It's not much but it's all I have."

He grabbed it from my hand, tore the paper off and devoured it in three bites. As he chewed and swallowed, he studied me. I gave a weak smile, aware we now had an audience as all eyes turned to us. The muscle-bound man stared, coiled and ready to spring. I felt around in my pocket for anything else I'd brought. Ah, I had a small bottle of water. I handed it to him. "You said you're thirsty."

He unscrewed the cap and downed the contents quickly. Then he put his hand to his lips and burped. "Excuse me, ma'am," he said. He seemed now as calm as a monk. "Thank you. Your kindness shows me the presence of God in the world. Are you one of his angels?"

I held back my urge to laugh. "No, I'm just Angela. What's your name?" I asked. From the corner of my eye, I saw my rescuer uncoil and settle.

"Angela the angel." He said nothing for a moment then, "I'm Isaac."

"Nice to meet you Isaac," said. "Where are you going?"

Darkness filled his face. "Got no where to go. 'Straight to hell' my mama would say. But she can't say that no more 'cause she passed."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said.

"Ain't no biggie. She didn't like me much anyways."

There was a story there I was sure. My curiosity grew. My upcoming stop was a block from the hospital where I was meeting my friend. "Come with me and we'll get you some help."

"Help?" he said, skeptical. "There ain't no help for me."

"I don't know, but follow me and we'll find out."

I stood and nodded towards the door as the train eased to a stop.

For the first time, he smiled.



*Alice Carlton is a member of
Chapel Hill Meeting in North Carolina.*

Quaker Anti-Slavery Art

In 1846 a pair of abolitionist Quaker sisters, Hannah and Mary Townsend, came up with an idea. They believed that to ensure the end of slavery, educating the young was vital. They produced a new way for the 26 letters to be taught by rote – The Anti-Slavery Alphabet.

The Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society released The Anti-Slavery Alphabet at their annual Anti-Slavery Fair in December 1846. The sisters wrote the text and designed the woodcut illustrations of each letter.

A Philadelphia printer produced the 16 pages, which were then hand sewn in covers, and each page hand-colored.

TO OUR LITTLE READERS.

Listen, little children, all,

Listen to our earnest call:

You are very young, 'tis true,

But there's much that you can do.

Even you can plead with men

That they buy not slaves again,

And that those they have may be

Quickly set at liberty.

They may hearken what you say,

Though from us they turn away....

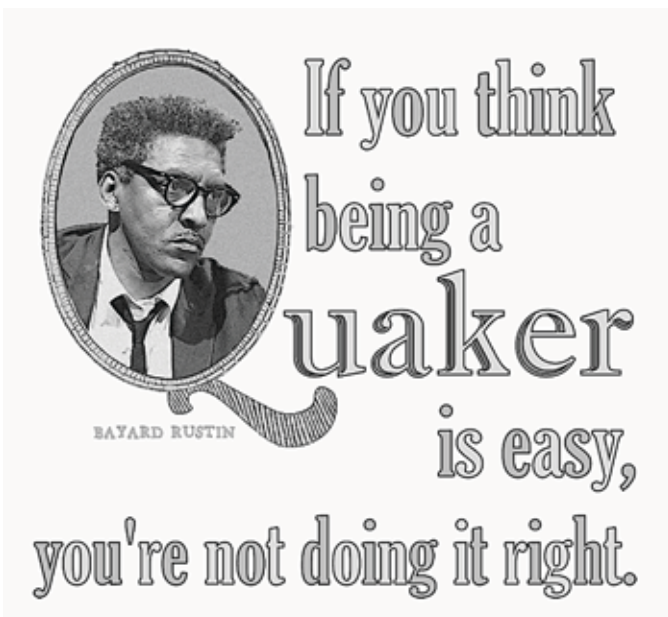


Featured Quaker Artist Gabi Clayton

Gabi: I was born in 1952, in Queens, NY. Our neighborhood had been one of all-white, “old-line reactionaries.” But then Black families were buying homes there, and left-wing white families (like my parents) who believed in integration moved in also. They started the St. Albans Interracial Fellowship Council, and a community peace group that was anti-nuclear and against things like U.S. involvement in Korea and Vietnam.

My childhood years were a frightening time to be Marxist/Communist/ politically active/outsider/etc., but both of my parents stayed committed and involved. My mother walked on a picket line, pushing me in a stroller, to protest against the death sentence given to Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, convicted of being spies. I must have been under a year old because their execution took place in 1953.

My father was working as a film editor on various projects — documentaries, newsreels, and commercials. . . . The government also threatened to deport my mother’s parents for their political beliefs; they had come to the U.S. as left-wing refugees from the Nazis.



Artwork by Gabi Clayton

This frightened them so much that they moved to Florida and completely dropped out of their involvement with the Communist Party; they were afraid to even subscribe to the left-wing periodicals they had read for years.

...The old left, the left of the Communist Party in the thirties and forties, had always practiced a certain defensive secrecy. Most party members simply did not talk openly about their political affiliations; and the investigations of the Cold War era, only one episode in a long history of persecutions, seemed to validate their habit of silence....

Photo - Gabi Clayton



When I was a child my family belonged to the leftwing family camp, Camp Midvale in Ringwood, New Jersey. We had a cabin there and went every summer until my parents divorced when I was nine years old.

I see that without always being aware of it I have believed and tried to connect with what I was taught through words and examples as a child.

The important things are love, art, and a commitment to social change, I became a practical nurse. I worked for years for room and board for a social service organization in the west Village of Manhattan, where I met my husband Alec in 1973. In 1976 we left New York for Hattiesburg, Mississippi, where Alec’s parents were from.

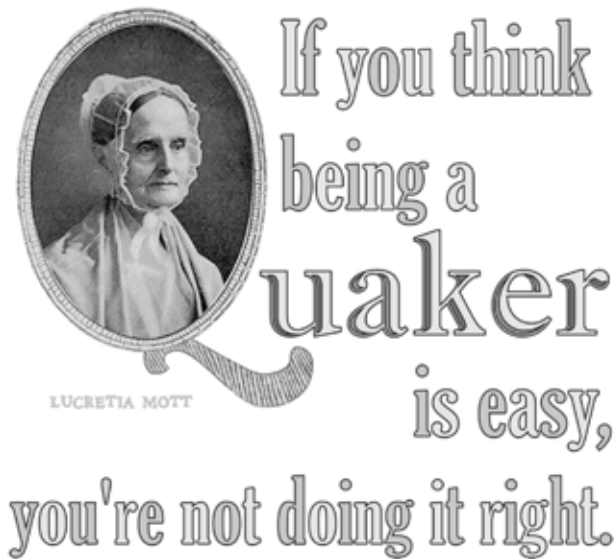
Sharing this is probably a bigger deal for me than you may realize. Being open and honest with people about my family history or cultural background (or whatever you want to call it) is a scary process for me. I think I lived in Mississippi way, way too long – eleven years.

I remember one of the first days there – I was pregnant with Bill, and Noel was a little guy. It was 1977. We went to downtown Hattiesburg with Alec’s parents, to the store they owned (sporting goods, house paint and stamps & coins). They always parked at the gas station across the street from the store.

We got out of the car and Alec’s mom introduced me to the man who ran the station. I can’t remember now if she told him that I was from New York or if he reacted to my accent, but he turned to Alec and said, “Whadj’a do – marry you one of them New York Jewish princesses?”

Alec remembers it different – that the man said “Yankee bride”, and that someone else called me “a New York Jewish princess” later. But whatever the man said, it wasn’t a friendly, joking comment. I think it was

the first of many times that I realized how very much of an outsider I was there. Although we made some good friends, I almost never shared my background with people. It didn't feel safe.

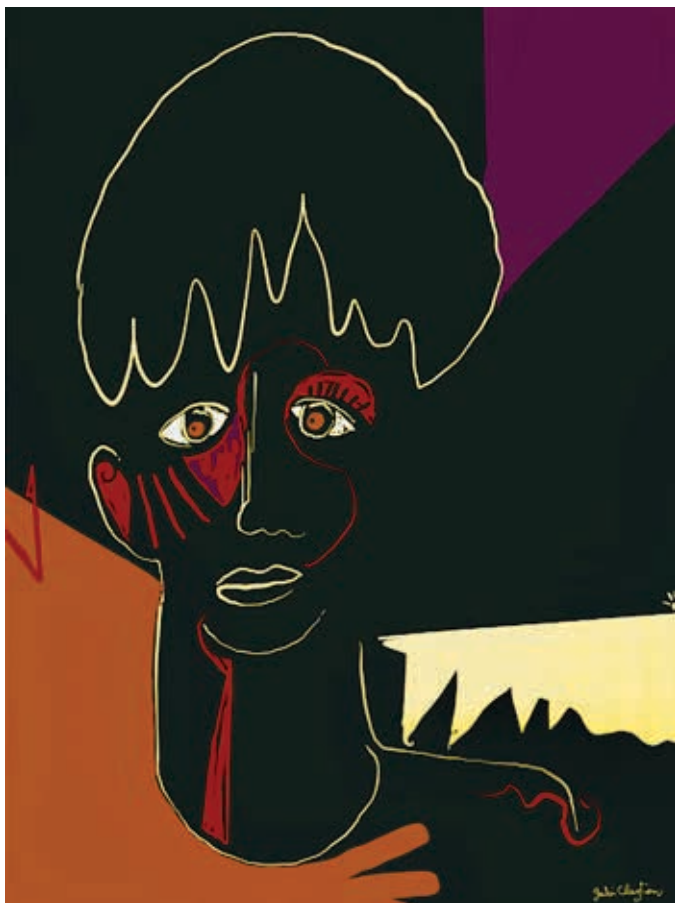


LUCRETIA MOTT

Artwork by Gabi Clayton



Artwork by Gabi Clayton



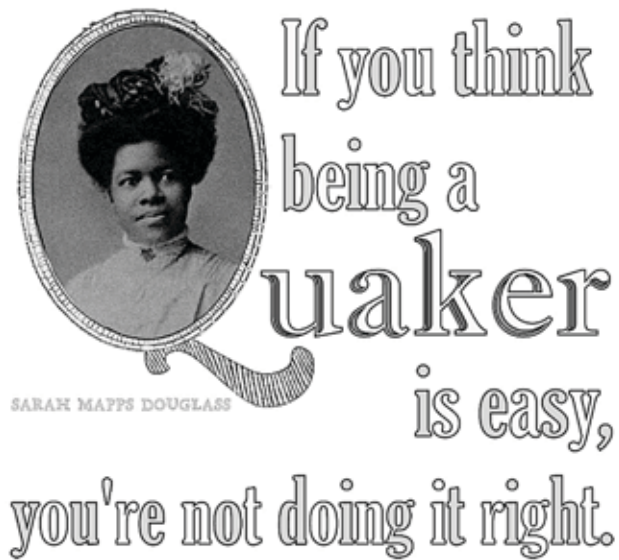
Artwork by Gabi Clayton

And yet, we went on to publish an alternative newspaper that spoke out against all kinds of injustice for many years. We did crisis counseling and ran an emergency shelter from our home, and wound up sheltering many, many battered women and their children – causing one minister to tell his congregation that we were “Com-mies” who were taking men’s property away from them. I can’t tell you how many nights I went to bed wondering if I would wake up to a cross burning in our yard.

In some ways, that experience (the whole time in the deep south) has been the closest I have come to a personal understanding of what it feels like to live in the closet, and how very hard that can be on the soul.

In Mississippi at the age of thirty-three, I went back to college, and after two years as an art student changed my major to film and video production. As a student I discovered, or rediscovered, a number of artists whose statements have touched something in me, who have, as the Quakers say, spoken to my condition. One artist/ poet who has had a particular impact on me is Kenneth Patchen.

Finally we “burned out” – we were doing too much and had little support from the community. We were exhausted, so we closed the shelter, changed the newspaper into a statewide arts and literary quarterly magazine and finally went bankrupt. We moved to Olympia [Washington] in 1988.



Artwork by Gabi Clayton

Now I'm an artist, web designer, book publisher and editor (writer too), retired therapist, wife/mother/-grandmother/sister, red diaper baby, f/Friend, atheist Quaker, PFLAG member, and pescetarian. My pronouns are she/her.

From Gabi's 2017 Letter to Olympia Meeting

Curious about Friends, I attended the [Olympia] Meeting... but I only went once because I coughed all the way through Meeting. I was a very heavy smoker then.... I discovered Paker J. Palmer in the early 1990s through his book ***The Active Life: A Spirituality of Work, Creativity, and Caring*** – and was pulled once again toward Friends. I clung to his words in that book as I was trying to make sense of my life and the world.

Skipping ahead, sometime in around 2011, I went to a [Fellowship of Reconciliation] conference and connected [with a woman I knew]. . . . When [she] gave me a ride home, Olympia Friends Meeting came up and I told her I had always considered myself a Friend. . . . [She] offered to pick me up and give me rides – and the rest is our history. . . .

I have imperfectly tried my whole life to live the Quaker SPICES testimonies . . . with as much passion, courage and grace as I can muster, and I know I can't do it alone. My family is a tremendous support to me in this quest, as are many of my friends. I feel a bit odd when I say I am a Quaker now because while it is a part of my identity I have never been a Member of a Monthly Meeting And so, finally, I am asking to become an official member of this community....

In Olympia

When Gabi's younger son Bill came out as bisexual in high school, Gabi and Alec accepted him fully, but he was subject to harassment, and struggled with depression.

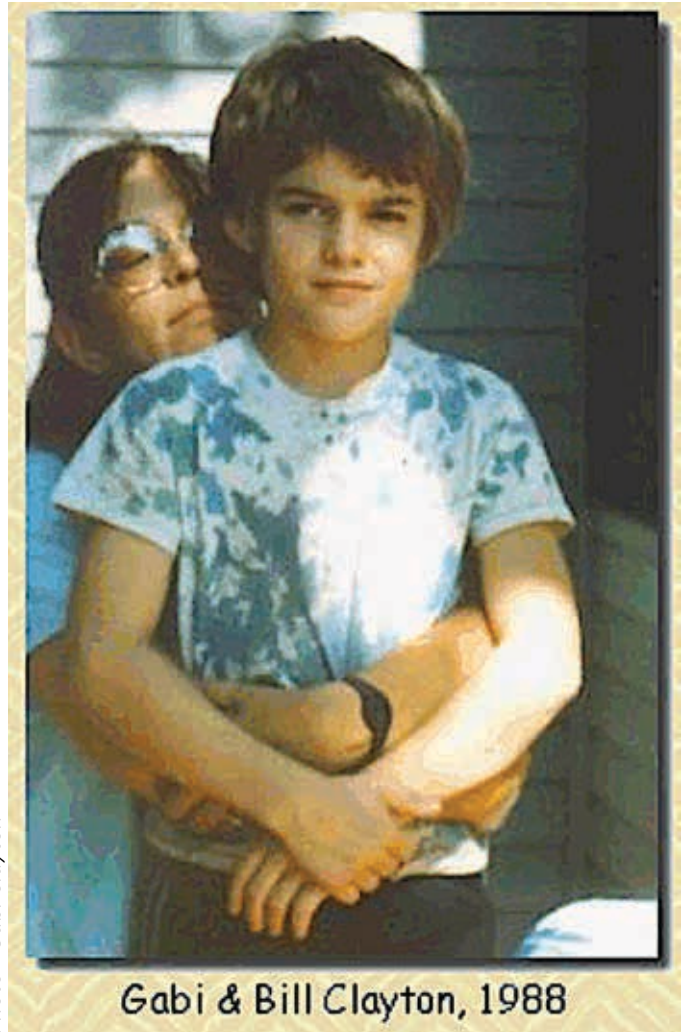


Photo - Gabi Clayton

Gabi & Bill Clayton, 1988

"In April of 1995," Gabi wrote, "Bill was assaulted in a hate crime here in Olympia, WA (USA).

On May 8, 1995 Bill committed suicide, despite loving support from his family, friends and many wonderful people in our community. Bill was 17 years old. He was a bright, warm and creative young man. He is greatly missed.

Please remember Bill, and speak out to end discrimination, hate speech and violence.

(Bill's story in detail is online here):

<https://gabiclayton.com/bills-story/>



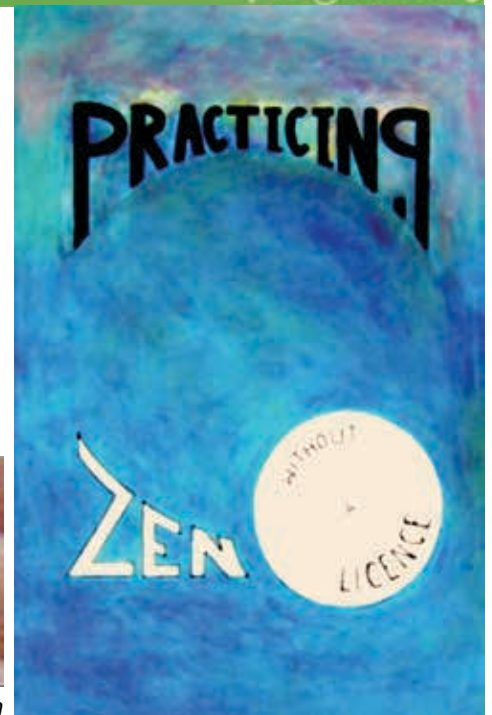
Artwork by Gabi Clayton, After the November 2016 election

Gabi and Alec also run an independent publishing house,
Mud Flat Press. Website: <https://mudflatpress.com/>

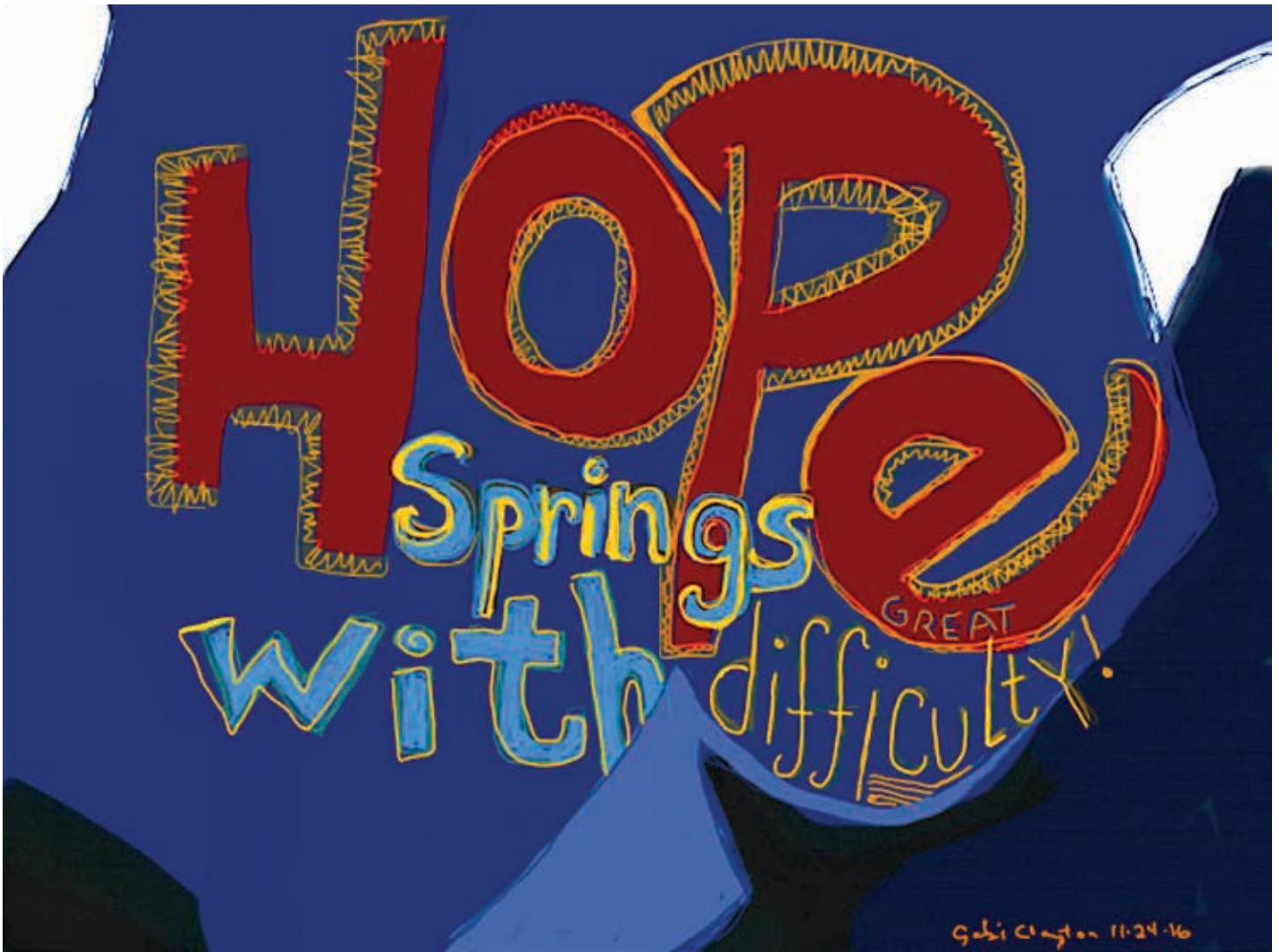
It has published several novels,
and short story collections.



Artwork by Gabi Clayton



More Gabi Clayton, page 9 >>



Artwork by Gabi Clayton

Editor's Note: On her website, Gabi has a long section filled with striking quotes she's been compiling from disparate sources for many years. I opened it for a brief sampling, but ended up spending hours browsing & reflecting. Virtually all were new to me, and there was scarcely a platitude or cliché to be found.

A sample: <https://gabiclayton.com/quotes/>

P.S. to Mud Flat Press: THIS NEEDS TO BE A BOOK!

Maya Angelou: "I've learned that you shouldn't go through life with a catcher's mitt on both hands. You need to be able to throw something back."

Seen on a bumper sticker: "I'm not a member of an organized religion. I'm a Quaker."

Barry Taylor (Road manager, AC/DC, theologian): "God is the name of the blanket we put over mystery to give it shape."

Lily Tomlin: "The trouble with being in the rat race is that even if you win, you're still a rat."

Fred Rogers ("Mister Rogers"): "At the center of the Universe is a loving heart that continues to beat and that wants the best for every person. Anything we can do to help foster the intellect and spirit and emotional growth of our fellow human beings, that is our job. Those of us who have this particular vision must continue....Life is for service."

G.K. Chesterton: "Fairy tales don't teach children that monsters exist. Children already know monsters exist. Fairy tales teach children monsters can be destroyed."

Winston Churchill: "Courage is what it takes to stand up and speak. Courage is also what it takes to sit down and listen."

Anonymous: "If you are going through hell, keep going."

Anonymous: "We all end up as stories."

Featured Quaker Artists

Lisa Patch Goldstein & Arla Patch

Baby Lady: The Wisdom of a Midwife in the Mountains

At the age of 12, Lisa Goldstein was pulled into a home birth in Naples, Italy, by the apartment custodian's family. She was needed to support the solitary midwife who needed another pair of hands. This set a life path that led to her being the only lay midwife recognized to practice by the North Carolina State Board of Nursing after lay midwives were outlawed in 1983.



Photo - Arla Patch

Lisa and Arla, September 2024

Opening with Lisa's own story of this journey, and spanning a career of 4,000 births, this book is filled with accounts from some of the mothers, doctors, nurses, friends, and family speaking to the impact one woman had on their lives. Anyone interested in birth will be inspired by these stories.

The book is a partnership project of two sisters: Lisa Patch Goldstein, and her younger sibling, Arla Patch. After a difficult childhood in Pennsylvania, Lisa enrolled in the Pennsylvania College of Art, also while beginning to observe and assist at home births. Meanwhile, Arla has been an artist.

But as Lisa, now Lisa Goldstein, wife of Gavriel wrote, "with two boys growing up, we started to think of them going to school there in the city and what that would mean to them and to us. What would we have to teach them to keep them safe in South Philly? Gavriel's parents might possibly help us to send them to private school...but that would only be part of their environment.

We had frequently visited dear friends from PCA (Philadelphia College of Art) who had been living in Western North Carolina for a few years. Why not move there? Also, from checking the Midwifery Laws, midwifery was still legal there! (at least "on the books"). That clinched it!

...We moved to the mountains of Western North Carolina. We had been hired as teachers and house parents at the Arthur Morgan School (AMS), an independent co-ed middle school [founded by Quakers]. They had a house there for us to live in and could use our skills at the school. Done. We sold our house, and a bunch of our stuff, and packed up the rest and moved. We have never regretted that decision. Our lives became so much richer.

Some time after we moved to North Carolina a friend from Philly sent me Ina May Gaskin's first book, *Spiritual Midwifery*. I was in awe! I had no idea that there were others like me involved in attending home births. I wasn't thinking that I was a "Midwife" (yet). Somehow, I ended up connecting with Ina May, by phone at first, which began a long friendship. She invited me to The Farm for Birth Conferences, as a speaker, for quite a few years. I would often call her and we would share birth stories. She was a great emotional support for me, and still is. . . .



Photo - Arla Patch

>> *Lisa & Arla, from page 10*

Where we live in western North Carolina, many of the older people were born at home, so there was strong support. I paid for time on the local radio stations explaining the situation and asking for help. I also asked my local support/back-up doctors to write letters of support to the legislators as well, which they did. I even got phone calls from some of the Legislators, asking me how I wanted them to vote on this situation! I met with the House Representative for our district, Robert Hunter, to discuss the situation.

He stood up in the North Carolina Legislature and asked: "How many of you sitting here today were born at home?"

Apparently a majority of them raised hands.

"Now, do you think that you are retarded due to being born at home like the Medical Society wants you to believe?" (Bless him!!)

So they added an amendment onto the 1983 Bill that allowed anyone who had been practicing in the state for ten years or more to be legal!!!! Unfortunately, I was the only lay midwife who benefited from this. Although many other states have approved the CPM [Certified Professional Midwife] credentials,

North Carolina has not, yet. To this day they still haven't. Being a midwife in the same community for more than fifty years has fed me and filled my heart emotionally and spiritually. Being in close contact with families in such an intimate and emotionally close way, I am grateful that I have been able to deliver the babies of "my babies." My midwifery journey has been the source of boundless satisfaction and joy and led to countless friendships that endure to this day.



Lisa especially thanks her younger sister, Arla Patch, who spent four years reaching out to find stories, interviewing key players and transcribing their comments, gathering and taking photographs and assembling this book. Arla is an artist, teacher, and writer. Her work can be found on www.arlapatch.com.

Ordering info is available at

<https://www-w-lisasremedies.com/book>

Featured Quaker Art

Quaker Meetinghouse Dollhouses by Gary Sandman

Dover, New Hampshire, Friends have created a Quaker Meetinghouse dollhouse called the "Dover Dollhouse Friends Meeting". They use it in their First Day School to teach Young Friends about Quakerism. The dollhouse was made of cardboard boxes measuring 24" x 16" x 10", while the dolls came from Habe Toy's Happy Family sets. The children decided how to furnish the dollhouse, first creating benches for the worship room, then a coffee hour table and pictures for the social space. They made food out of Sculpy.

Also, a Salem, Massachusetts, Meetinghouse, with a dog, tree, pumpkins and other harvest displayed around it, was created out of Legos by Jeff Chapman. Kelso Meetinghouse in Scotland was constructed out of Scale Scenes products by Chris Schuetz.

Dover Meeting Dollhouse - Gary Sandman



Kelso Meeting Dollhouse - Gary Sandman



Salem Meeting Dollhouse - Gary Sandman



Types and Shadows, Journal of
the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts

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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...

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photography, a book profile and dollhouses!***

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Artwork by Gabi Clayton