



Yes– But Is It *ART*?? Details Inside.



Types & Shadows **Spring 2006 – ISSUE #38** ***In This Issue***

A Poetic Tribute to Tom Fox	1
A Young Friend’s Music of the Spirit . . .	2
Announcing FQA’s Quaker Arts Conference	3
Quaker Arts Roundup	4
Story: A Vietnam Physics Lesson . . .	6
New Quaker Books	8
Memoir Excerpt: How Will I Know?	9
Quaker Art on the Web	11

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,

Types & Shadows

The Journal of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts

Issue # 38

Spring 2006

Chuck Fager, Editor

TOM FOX: 1951-2006

Death To the Reconcilers!

Death to the reconcilers!
Don't you know
that being on the team is all that matters?
Dehumanizing is a sport which all
must play. The rules are simple: Just
two sides—us (the people) versus them
(the insects).
Swatting them is the object of the game.
To rid the world of vermin—that's the aim.

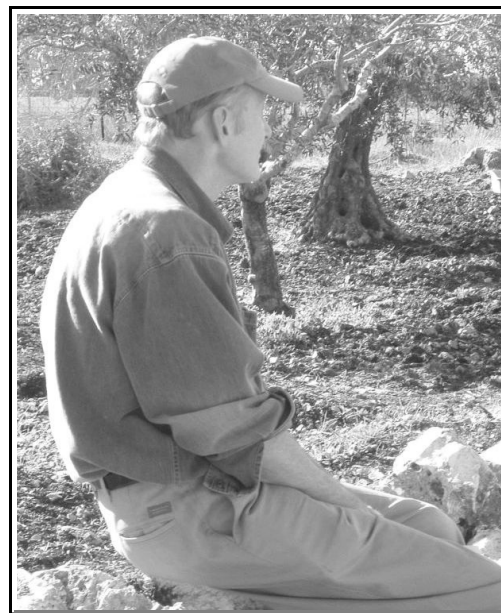
And now you peaceniks come and try
to tell us
that they're not insects? That we shouldn't
swat them?

You'd take away our sport— but tell us, then,
By what rules should we play? How should we live?
How to tell right from wrong, who's in, who's out?
Oh no, the game goes on. Remember first
That of all insects, spoilsports are the worst.

— *Esther Greenleaf Murer*

Tom Fox was a member of Langley Hill, Virginia Monthly Meeting, who served with the Christian Peacemaker teams (CPT) in Iraq. In Eleventh Month, 2005 he and three of his CPT co-workers were kidnaped. Three of the four were rescued in late Third Month of this year. But several days earlier, Tom's body was found on a Baghdad trash heap.

Esther Greenleaf Murer is an award-winning poet, and a member of Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting. She was also the Founding Editor of *Types & Shadows*.



Tom Fox, on duty for peace.

NEW MUSIC: A Few Songs Occasioned by the Spirit

Jon Watts is a senior at Guilford College, in the school's unique Quaker Leadership Scholars Program. For his senior project he has produced a CD of original music, spoken word and meditative singing, based on stories and reflections on the course of Quaker history, particularly some formative early events.

**A Few Songs Occasioned
by the Spirit**
which, in Leading one to Examine
Discourse Concerning the
Quakers

Together With a Call to Evangelicals,
Liberals, United Meetings, Conservatives,
And all Those Found to be Friends
to Discover and Understand
Their Common History

*Does Coincide With the Gift of Music
and a Final Year Project at Guilford College*

Wherein those great ancestors James Nayler,
George Fox, and Solomon Eccles are
studied and their stories told

Written for the sake of the Quaker Leadership Scholars Program
and that Spirit which has moved through the body of

JON WATTS

Perhaps fittingly, one major section of the piece deals with Solomon Eccles, an early Friend who was an accomplished violinist. After his conviction, Eccles felt obliged to rid himself of worldly entanglements, including creaturely music, and burned his violin.

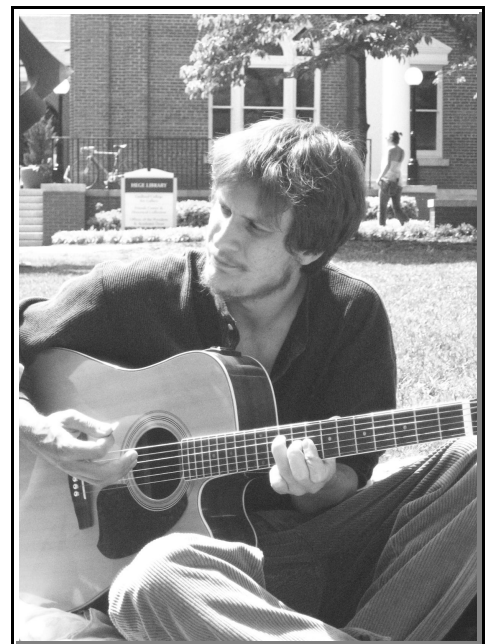
Guilford faculty member Max Carter was interviewed as part of the production of the CD, and excerpts from this conversation form a backdrop to the singing and lyrics. As Carter puts it, Eccles was "the same one, after the famous breakup of the Bull and Mouth, the Quaker meeting that was held in the Bull and Mouth tavern there on Aldersgate Street in London,

early 1660s, when the King's forces came in and broke up the meeting because it was illegal according to the Quaker Acts.

They beat up folks so badly that that blood flowed in the gutter . . . one Quaker was killed, many were injured. The next day, Solomon Eccles stripped down to his altogether and put a basket of burning coals on his head and marched naked through the Smithfield Market in London as a visible sign of the spiritual nakedness of the culture and the fire and brimstone that would come down on such an evil society."

Jon Watts's "A Suite for Solomon" reflects on some of this story, especially the burning of his instruments, with chantlike vocals and accompaniment on several instruments, all played by Jon himself.

In "Another Naylor Sonnet," Watts takes up the pivotal tale of the Quaker pioneer and rival to George Fox, who rode the wave of early enthusiasm too far for the Puritan Parliament of the day, and paid a terrible price—imprisoned, branded on his forehead with a B for "blasphemy," his tongue bored through.



Jon Watts. Photo by Dana Putney

Besides writing the music and lyrics, Jon also arranged these pieces. More about this remarkably original project will soon be up on Jon's website: www.jonwatts.com, and the CD is for sale from him, at jonwatts24@gmail.com.

ATTENTION– Quaker Artists In the Northeast!!

Plan Now to Join Us At

The First FQA-Sponsored Quaker Arts Conference

Saturday September 16, 2006 – Burlington NJ

FQA Members -- in your mail boxes soon should be the Registration and Intent to Show forms for **The 2006 FQA Quaker Arts Conference & Show**, to be held on Sat., Sept. 16 at Burlington Meetinghouse Conference Center. Don't miss it!

Bring your art for the exhibit, share what moves you to create, and learn new skills and ways to have fun.

Workshop topics will include **Historical Writing, Watercolors and Charcoal, Photography, Historical Impersonation, Knitting, Self-Publishing, Autoharp, and more.** Among the presenters will be published authors and photographers, professional actors, artists and musicians.



Well? What are you waiting for??

A luncheon, followed by performances, will be included in the cost of the conference (\$10 for FQA members w/additional \$5 to Show in the Art Show).

Non-FQA members will have an opportunity to attend Conference and join FQA for \$35 (which covers annual dues and the conference).

Our hope is that we will share the joys of our talents, love of art & appreciation of the power of art in our lives on this day.

Poets, painters, performers, come join us by the beautiful Delaware river in Burlington, NJ.

September will be here before you know it, so don't wait. **For more info, contact Doris Pulone at dpulone@comcast.net (609)267-8996; or for Art Show-Elke Muller at elkem@pym.org**

Come to the Conference!

- **Workshops**
- **Art Exhibit**
- **Performers**
- **And More!**

Quaker Arts Roundup – Lots Happening!

Okay, the photo below needs some explaining. There are two reasons why it **shouldn't** be here: first, the truck is owned by Virginia Mennonites. And second, well, it doesn't really exist.

Oh, the truck exists, all right. But it doesn't yet



Coming Soon To a Highway Near You – We Hope!

bear the provocative sign on its side. Mennonite staffer Steve Carpenter is working on that, though, aiming to raise \$30,000 to put the sign not only on the truck, but on numerous buses in the Old Dominion. He's already got bumperstickers and window signs.

And where's the Quaker connection to all this? It's through your humble editor: I've been promoting the idea of such challenging religious peace signs and billboards for some time now. About a year ago, when invited to a Virginia Mennonite church, I repeated it there. And Steve Carpenter, who was listening, took the idea and ran with it. (There's a lesson in this: the Quaker pontificates and theorizes; the Mennonite gets it done.)



Here's one of my sign ideas—which doesn't yet exist either outside my photo editing program.

But Steve's is a lot closer to

being “on the road For more information about Steve's project, check out the site: www.thirdway.com .

A Prize-Winning Dramatic Recipe

The Sugar Wife, a play by British playwright Elizabeth Kuti, features an Irish Quaker couple struggling with issues involving slavery, the morality of wealth and marriage in 1850s Dublin. The play, which has been produced in Dublin and London, was a co-winner of the Susan Smith Blackburn Award. The award is given annually to a woman playwright who has contributed an outstanding new English-language play and includes a prize of \$10,000. Previous recipients include Caryl Churchill, Wendy Kesselman, Susan Miller, Marsha Norman, Dael Orlandersmith, Paula Vogel, Naomi Wallace and Wendy Wasserstein.

As summarized in a London theatre review, the protagonist, “The childless Hannah Tewkley devotes herself to work with the poor of the city while her husband Samuel tends to a thriving business dealing in tea, coffee and sugar. The basic dichotomy of the play is how dependent these otherwise good people are for their material prosperity on the enslavement of others.

“Kuti's play is not just about the economic

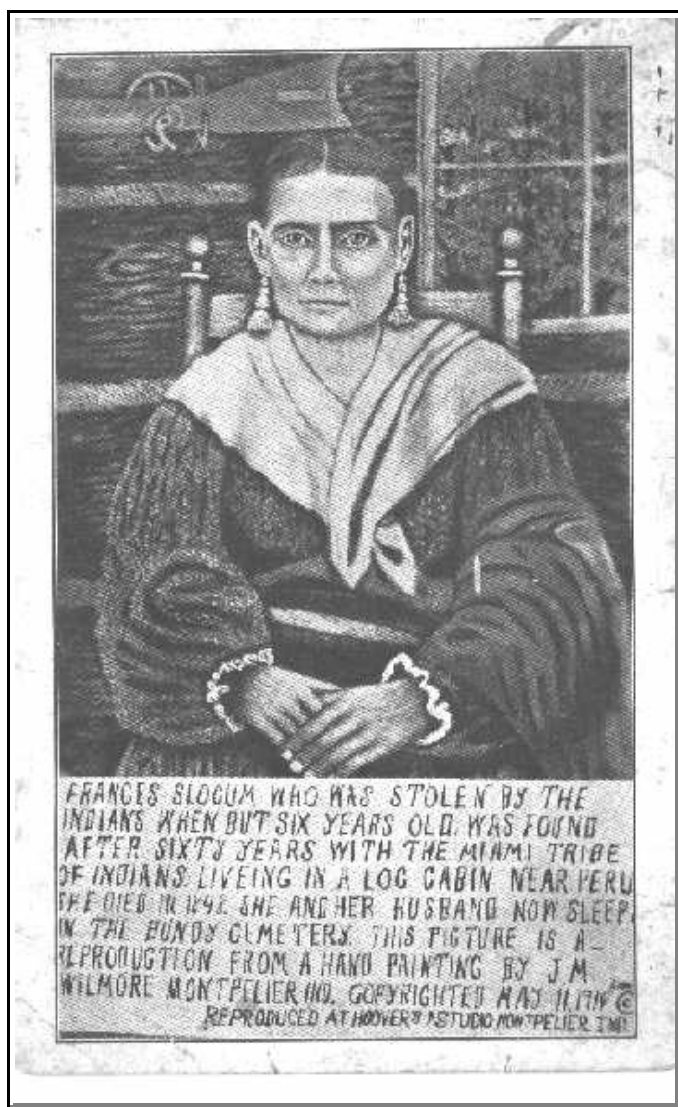


A Scene from *The Sugar Wife*.

dependence of all on the slave trade but at a personal level it is also about passion and hypocrisy and Victorian sleaze. Much of the humour comes from Martha, a prostitute with syphilis, who dreams of joining her sister in America. Her candidly observant interaction with Hannah is a highlight of the play.” The action also brings out the hidden tensions and anguish in Hannah's marriage.

I wish I could say that the play was slated to be performed in the US; but not yet. You can find the script in book form on Amazon.

From Quaker Maid to Indian Princess History becomes a New Musical



A Sketch of Frances Slocum, aka Maconaquah

In 1778, Delaware Indians abducted Frances Slocum, aged 6, from her home near Wilkes-Barre PA. She was passed on to the Miami tribe in Ohio, and was “adopted” by a couple, Strong bear and Meshinga, who had lost their own daughter. They named her Maconaquah, or Little Bear Woman.

Growing up near what is now Fort Wayne Indiana, Maconaquah/Slocum later married a Miami warrior, Shepoconah. When Shepoconah later became a chief, she was treated as something of a princess among her new people.

Two Slocum brothers never gave up searching for their lost sister Frances, but it was in 1837, more

than fifty years later when Maconaquah was finally reunited with them. However, she chose to stay among her Miami tribespeople. She died in 1847, and is buried in the Frances Slocum cemetery in Wabash County, Indiana. She lived to see the Miami people being driven out of Indiana beyond the Mississippi.

A monument to her in the cemetery reads, in part:

“Frances Slocum became a stranger to her mother tongue. She became a stranger to her brethren, and an alien to her mother's children, through her captivity. This monument was erected by Slocums and others who deemed it a pleasure to contribute, and was unveiled by them with public ceremonies May 17th, 1900.”

There have been books about the saga of Slocum/Maconaquah, including *The Red Heart*, by James Alexander Thom. (1997). Ballantine Books, and *Maconaquah's Story: The Saga of Frances Slocum*, InChem Publishing. Kitty Dye. (1996). Now there is a new musical drama, *Miami Princess*, to be performed this July in Jeffersonville, Indiana, just across the Ohio River from Louisville, Kentucky, at its Riverstage.

The musical was written by a team of local authors, Rick Neumayer & Bill Corcoran. Neumayer says the play will also focus on the brutal treatment of Native Americans and the effects of war.

SIGNE WILKINSON—February 20, 2006

As a cartoonist who has been picketed and protested for being blasphemous, insensitive, anti-Islamic, I have sympathy for my Danish colleagues who have incurred the wrath of the Godly by publishing a portfolio of cartoons making fun of one of the world's great, but apparently humor-impaired, religions.

However, I also have compassion for the members of humor-impaired religions. After all, I am a Quaker

Religious groups are often hoping to improve my moral character by getting the government to run my life for me. Catholic Church officials want vouchers so my tax dollars can pay for their schools that teach their kids that abortion should be outlawed. Many Jews want my tax dollars to support Israel and then say any criticism of Israel is anti-Semitic. High-profile moralists on the religious right want to spend my tax dollars to teach kids creationism and abstinence. I say abstain from creationism and we'd have a deal.

Types & Shadows Award-Winning Story

A Vietnam Physics Lesson

by Dennis Maulsby

We walked in single file, keeping a six-foot interval. Any farther apart, we would have lost each other in the dark. It was about as black as it could get and still allow our night vision to function. The pace was slow, each step carefully placed, feeling for holes, ditches, or rough spots that could trip or sprain.

The base was on alert and blacked out. The Viet Cong mortar and rocket attacks had started at 0330. Our sentries had spotted the rocket motors' tail flares. There had been the usual alarms, shouts of incoming, and the rush from buildings into bunkers and holes. Fifteen minutes later, in the silence following the attack, the two of us had left our shelter.

Sergeant Riley and I had the duty of checking the company area for anyone that might have been wounded during the barrage. We would be the only ones out, until the all clear was sounded.

It was the dry season. We could both smell and feel the dust kicked up by the recent explosions. It mixed with the moisture in your nostrils and throat, making a kind of choking red cement that could only be cleared by spitting or sneezing.

The sergeant was an old-timer, whose last immersion in combat had been during the so-called "police action" in Korea. Timing was not in his favor; he was now in another life threatening hot spot with only a few years to retirement. Thinking about this always left him in a sour mood.

He and I entered the first barracks. As we moved down the center aisle we ran our hands over the bottom of the bunks to determine whether they were still occupied. "Sarge," I whispered, "what did they rule on your purple heart request?"

Last week during this same duty, Charlie had waited twenty minutes after the first barrage, and then fired more rounds. Riley and I were caught in the open. He had been knocked off his feet by a close one. No shrapnel had pierced his leathery old hide, but both his eyes were blacked from the concussion.

"Damn it, Lieutenant they said if there's no blood, there's no medal. I told them, what do you think all this dark stuff is around my eyes, but they wouldn't listen."

I smiled, thankful for the dark, remembering how much he looked like an elderly male raccoon with those eyes. "It's a shame Sarge a crying damn shame."

We finished the building check and walked towards the two-story motor pool garage with its detached office. The office had been the latest victim of a rocket. Last week one had pierced its sheet metal and punched a perfect 122-millimeter hole in the corner of an army issue gray steel desk. The Chinese-made weapon then exploded out its ass-end and shot-gunned the twenty-foot sidewall of the

garage next door. It looked like a giant cheese grater.

Half way across the open compound we were suddenly, shockingly, swallowed by a burst of pure, white light. It seemed to go right through our meat and bones as if they were transparent. We were in the center of a flashbulb at the moment of ignition. Our night vision was stripped away. It left us stunned and frozen like animals caught in headlights.

Before we could move, a wall of sound washed over us. Our bodies were cupped in giant hands and pushed up on our toes. I was a toddler again being lifted by my father. The boom registered in our brains, penetrating our skulls and ears simultaneously.

"Oh, shit," burst from Riley, as he started to run for a ditch.

The herd instinct asserted itself, I ran after him. We made a few yards before the ground beneath our feet turned into putty. A wave rushed through it, tossed us into the air and slapped us forward. It lasted only a second or so, but in our adrenaline high it seemed as if we were airborne much longer.

In the calm afterwards, we found ourselves tangled together on the edge of the ditch. We rolled into its safety and lay there sweat-soaked and bruised, a pair of whipped dogs.

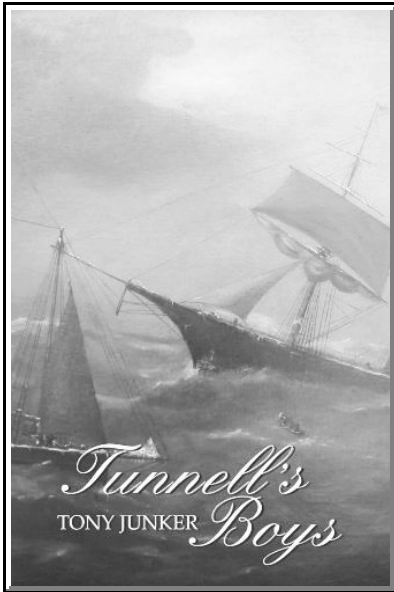
When our senses returned, we heard screaming and orders being shouted. One of the bunkers had collapsed, burying the occupants under thousands of pounds of wooden beams, steel matting and sandbags. Riley and I limped over to help dig out the survivors.

We were told that enemy sappers had set off satchel charges in the ammo dump at Long Binh, some four miles away. The initial explosion had caused acres of stockpiled artillery shells to detonate all at once.

Later that morning, over coffee and powdered eggs, the two of us figured out what had happened using a combination of my high school physics and his practical experience.

"Okay, Sarg, if we're right," I said, "the

New Books



Tony Junker is an architect and a sailing aficionado. His novel *Tunnell's Boys* (Iuniverse, 298 pages) brings his sailing passion together with history and Quakerism. Here's part of what he told an interviewer about it:
"I began writing *Tunnell's Boys* back in the early 80's. Every year I would take an ocean cruise in my old wooden ketch, *Kittiwake*, and on one,

I came into the harbor at Lewes Delaware in a storm. As I relate in the novel, Lewes is the southern terminus for the pilots of Delaware River and Bay. I first discovered the pilots there. . . . Strangely, with all the sea novels that have been written through time, with the possible exception of James Fenimore Cooper's *The Pilot*, none I know of deals in any substantial way with deepwater pilots, yet they are basic to maritime life.

"Since ocean-going ship captains cannot possibly know all the hidden dangers in every port across the world, pilots meet incoming ships in open sea, guide them safely to landside berths, and return them to sea afterwards. This happens day and night, in all seasons, and in all kinds of weather. . . .

"Writing about things I know—sailing, Quakers, history, even the Mummers (I designed the Mummers Museum)—giving people and places "life" is one of the principal joys I find in writing. I think novel readers appreciate learning about the unfamiliar, as they read. Of course, with all its treatment of 19th Century Quakers, I hope Quakers will read *Tunnell's Boys*. So far, I am gratified by its acceptance among Friends. . . .

"I'm not sure there is "a" message in *Tunnell's Boys*. If there is one thought I hope the average reader in the US might come away with, it's to question in some small way our common presumption that war is inevitable. The controversial protagonist or hero in the novel, Eben Soule, presents the dream of a world which no longer accepts war, and he lives out this dilemma. I hope his dream provides readers with food for thought."

From *Across The Pond*, comes a pair of historical romances that should be of interest to American Friends as well.

Here's the story line, which begins with *No Shame, No Fear* (candlewick, 300 pages). The British Parliament passed the Quaker Act in 1662, making it a crime to refuse to



swear an oath of allegiance and outlawing Quaker meetings. During this time of trouble, a teenage Quaker servant girl named Susanna meets Will, the wealthy Anglican son of the local mayor. The pair fall in love, but face many trials, including the jailing of Susanna's family and most of her meeting.

There's too much of story here for one book and the saga of will and Susanna continues in *Forged in The Fire* (Walker, 304 pp., order via Amazon/UK).



Three years have passed; Will and Susanna are separated by both physical distance and class differences. But Will has converted to Quakerism and left his wealthy Shropshire family for London, vowing to bring Susanna to be with him. But London is suffering under the Plague, and is about to burn in the great fire. Plus there is still anti-Quaker persecution to face.

Turnbull's novels have been highly praised by reviewers as well-researched and breathlessly readable.

Quaker Art Online -- Selected Quaker Websites

<http://www.petersontoscano.com/>



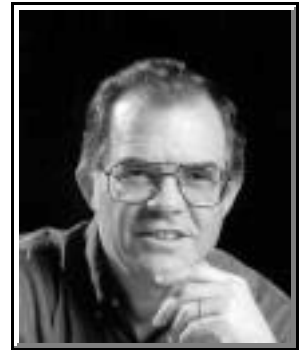
Peterson Toscano

Peterson Toscano began life as a born-again Christian and later spent 17 years in the ex-gay movement before fully accepting himself as a gay man in 1999. He is now a Quaker Christian and has turned his incredible journey into theatrical performances that use storytelling and humor to both entertain and educate. Audiences in the

United States, Canada, England and Africa have been regaled by his performances of "Doin' Time in the Homo No Mo Halfway House; How I Survived the Ex-Gay Movement," which is Toscano's humorous rendition of a 12-step Christian program that attempts to change men's sexual orientation. Peterson spent years in reparative therapy through counseling, ex-gay support groups, an ex-gay residential program and even three exorcisms.

<http://www.blairseitz.com/>

It would be hard to exaggerate the visual beauty that photographer Blair Seitz has found in his home state of Pennsylvania. Many gorgeous samples are here, and a guide to more than 60,000 more photos, with which Blair has filled the pages of numerous books.



Blair Seitz

Blair has also just completed his service on the FQA Board. Keep doing it, Blair!



Blair has taken many photos of Pennsylvania Amish.



Wes Cheney– Friendly Cyclist, on the road.

Wes Cheney, who was Curator of the Lemonade Art Gallery at the 2004 and 2005 FGC Gatherings, is also an accomplished photographer, and a dedicated long-distance cyclist. He combines the two passions on his website: <http://www.wescheneys.com/>

Wes is also keeping an illustrated blog, which tracks some of his far-flung bicycle journeys, as well as more domestic adventures such as the birth of his daughter.

Join the pilgrimage at:

<http://www.travelblog.org/North-America/United-States/Virginia/Norfolk/blog-5705.html>