
Types and Shadows

The Journal of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts

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Fall 2007

CLERK'S COLUMN

INTRODUCING OUR NEW EDITORIAL TEAM

by Maria Cattell, Clerk of FQA

The world is new again...we have new editors for *Types & Shadows*, so this, my first clerk's column, is devoted to introducing our new editorial team: Elke Muller and Blair Seitz. Both are photographers—and longtime members of FQA.

Elke Muller has a “day job” at Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, where she works for the Director of Education, but photography is her love. She's been taking photographic images for many years, and each year finds that something new and exciting jumps before her lens. Currently she is experimenting with Polaroid transfers and emulsion lifts (whatever they are, bless you, Elke!). She has sold her works at a number of gallery shows and has been published in *Friends Journal*, *PYM News* and other periodicals and has a contribution in *Founding Mothers*, a book-in-the-making edited by Emily Zelner.



Photo by Elke Muller

Elke says, “I believe that photography is not a static art form, but a living, breathing, oftentimes jump-right-in-your-face art form that can lift, transform, delight and excite me and you, the viewer. When I am alone with my photography, I oftentimes become so engrossed in what I am doing, that I no longer notice my surroundings, but am totally focused on the event, the photo. Sometimes, depending on what it is that I am photographing, the process is like a prayer or a soft song. It's really lovely and only happens when I am alone.”

When I told Elke I sometimes have similar experiences when working in my gardens, also only when I am alone, I went on to ask her: “But are we alone?” Her reply: “No! We are surely not alone.”

Blair Seitz, who grew up in York County PA, was a photojournalist in Africa and Asia for nine years. He has created a manuscript about those experiences titled *Turn the World Around*. Blair was the photographer for 20 books published by his firm, RB Books. These books, all rich in photographic images, include *Gardens of Philadelphia*, *Pennsylvania's Natural Beauty* and *Pennsylvania's Tapestry: Scenes from the Air*. His essays have appeared in *Pacific Magazine*, *Topic* and *South China Post* (Hong Kong), and his photos have been used in numerous exhibits such as the World



Photo by Blair Seitz

Exhibition of Photography, and various newspapers and magazines, including *Christian Science Monitor*, *Natural History*, *Newsweek*, *New York Times Magazine* and National Geographic Society publications.

In recent years Blair has spent much time at Pendle Hill and has revisited his career to examine how photography impacts his spiritual journey. He has found that "Photography can serve us as a deepening spiritual change agent."

I'm sure Blair and Elke's spirituality will manifest itself in *Types & Shadows* through wonderful images, beautiful layout and interesting articles. So please join me in welcoming them to the stewardship of this journal of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts.



New Books by Quaker Artists

A Biography of Lillian and George Willoughby: Twentieth-Century Quaker Peace Activists by Gregory Barnes

"A Quaker farm woman and a young man raised in the Panama Canal zone joined forces at the University of Iowa in 1939 and set out to make the world more peaceful. Lillian and George Willoughby resettled European refugees in the late 1930s, relocated interned Japanese-Americans when World War II broke out, and served as conscientious objectors during the war. They protested nuclear weapons in the 1950s. They promoted integration of the races, preservation of open spaces, and new ways of communal living."

Greg Barnes is a member of Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting and resides in Haverford, PA



An Introduction to Quakerism by Pink Dandelion

From the book cover: "This is the first comprehensive introduction to Quakerism which balances a history of the theology of the Quakers or Friends with an overview of present-day practice. It charts the growth of the Quaker movement through the 1650s and 1660s, its different theological emphasis in the eighteenth century, and the schisms of the nineteenth century which resulted in the range of Quaker traditions found around the world today."

Ben Pink Dandelion is Programme Leader, Centre for Postgraduate Quaker Studies at the University of Birmingham, England.



Jottings in the Woods: Walt Whitman's Nature Prose and a Study of Old Pine Farm by Lynne Shivers

Walt Whitman's shimmering word pictures bring the acres of the land trust to vivid life in the reader's mind.

Lynne Shivers is a member of Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting and resides in Deptford, NJ

Blacksburg

**I think of
All the cell phones
Ringing and ringing.**

A Revelation

**God
Is my broken life
A plowed field
Ready for Your Seed?**

Valedictory

**Autumn is a great clarity
Where the character of seasons past
Comes sharply to view:
How intemperate the Spring
How arid the summer,
All can be seen in the color of leaves
In small or large fruit
Sweet to the taste or bland.
Produce is harvested,
Beauty fades
And falls steadily away,
Revealing an ever more open vista
Of sky.**

I Discovered Meaning

By Zan Lombardo

I began my art teaching career thirty years ago in a poor suburb of Chicago, freshly graduated from the top university in the nation for Art Education, confident, but green in my ability to teach. As highly touted as my credentials were, I was unprepared for what I encountered. My students lived in poverty, struggled against racial tension, and were faced with drugs, alcohol, and gang violence on a daily basis. It seemed that the students I taught needed social services, not art class. After several tough years of trying to teach art in an academic manner, I wondered if I'd always feel ineffective as a teacher, yell at students and mistrust them for being uncooperative. I quit teaching and went back to school simply to ask myself the question, "Why do people need art?" I knew I had always craved it, but had never questioned how anyone else might benefit from it.

All through graduate school I cried, struggling with the development of a satisfying vision for my chosen career and answers to my question. Fortunately, I found it was worthwhile to pursue the question. In a nutshell, here is what I learned in those three years: line, shape, form, color, texture and space (the elements of art) are useful as tools of expression, but the principles of organization are where the real treasures lie. Art is a vehicle of expression accessible to anyone, and this is especially meaningful for those who hope to create and maintain unity, harmony, variety, proportion, emphasis, rhythm, movement and balance in their lives. To teach those concepts through art spoke directly to every issue facing my former students. Art was not only what those former students needed (in addition to social services), but it could have given them modes for self-expression and hope in their otherwise hopeless circumstances. If only I could have known that then!

Upon graduation, I consciously moved as far away from my discouraging first teaching situation as possible in an act of self-preservation. I ended up securing a job in a well-to-do school district with an excellent reputation in

Pennsylvania where I still work to this day. At this job that I call “the happy little planet,” my students have everything they could possibly want, including administrative and parental support, limitless supplies and a cultural arts program that brings artists and performers to benefit them every year. After teaching again for a decade, I noticed that I no longer yelled at students or mistrusted them and I felt surprisingly effective as a teacher. My energies turned to establishing art as not just a “special” subject but also an essential one. Things were looking up.

However, working with this very privileged student population left me feeling guilty about abandoning those less fortunate students in Illinois years before. Coming to the realization that I was now working with the rich children who would undoubtedly become America’s future decision makers and powerbrokers, it became imperative to me in my job as their teacher to encourage and develop skills of tolerance, appreciation of diversity, ethics, and social and ecological sensitivity in my students. As an art teacher, I wove these skills into my lesson plans by naming them “artistic behaviors.” Communicating such a sophisticated concept to students turns out to be surprisingly easy. Behaving artistically simply means engaging head, hands and heart in every act, and that can be extrapolated to include the way people handle money, possessions, the environment and relationships, as well as art materials.

My colleagues and I developed an Art Query which helped rebellious teenage students move beyond making art for purely shock value to producing more meaningful and appropriate art. In fact, after years of using it, our students seldom need to refer to the Art Query any more because it has become implicit in the art program and intrinsic to their creative decision-making. They



have moved on to make lasting contributions with art in service to their community by working cooperatively to make murals for the hallways and gymnasiums, hand-painted tiles for the cooking kitchens, banners for the auditorium and the hospital, sculptures for the grounds of the campus, and creating artwork to raise money and consciousness in support of environmental concerns, disaster relief, social justice and medical research. With these latest developments, I feel I have finally come full circle and found a satisfying answer to that early quandary surrounding why people might need art. I have seen that art can illuminate paths toward peace and beauty and give voice to our best possible selves. I feel fortunate to have stayed in a profession where I am able to teach students artistic behaviors that can reach well beyond the walls of the art studio to serve individuals, communities and the world at large.

Zan Lombardo resides in Glenmoore, PA, and is a member of Uwchlan Meeting.



ART QUERY
by Zan Lombardo

What decisions did I make
that enabled me to try
something better
in creating this artwork?

What have I learned that
improved my knowledge
of art and myself?

Is the visual power of
my artwork being focused
in a healthy direction?

How does this work do justice
to my talents, skills,
ideas, or ideals?

CHUCK FAGER'S REPORT FROM FRIENDS GENERAL CONFERENCE, JULY 2007

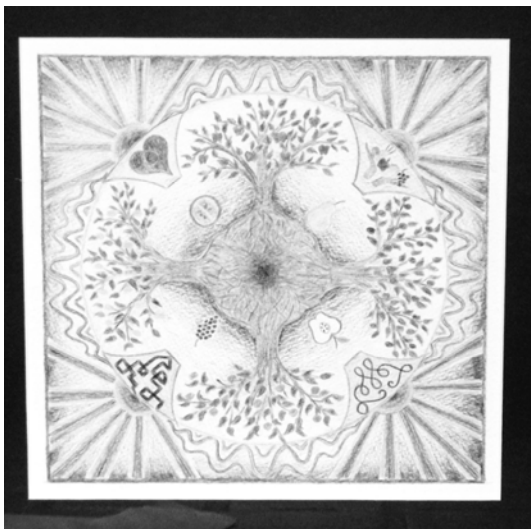


Portrait by Sophie Del La Mar

This summer the Lemonade Art Gallery returned to the place where it was born – River Falls, Wisconsin. That first year – 1998 – it was built from the dust and debris of a room that was being torn up and renovated. But in 2007, it occupied the fine gallery of the University of Wisconsin River Falls campus. Now part of the FGC Gathering, the Gallery attracted many striking artworks, mainly from the Midwest. This year's curator was John Kraft of Minneapolis, assisted by Rachel Madden. This is a sample of the images that graced the lemonade gallery. (Photographs by Chuck Fager)



Self-Portrait by Rachel Madden



"Mandala" by Kat Griffith of
Winnebago Worship Group, Wisconsin



"Sacred Cow" by Paul Mays,
Richmond, Indiana

A Daughter's Peace

by Frank Comstock

Sitting in a well-worn wicker chair in the shadows of his back porch, Paul Hanlon listened to the night sounds of frogs and geese and ducks, each calling to their own kind on the lake behind his house. He listened to the scurrying sounds of small animals in the dry leaves blanketing his gardens on the warm September night. Occasionally, the frogs stopped calling and the geese and ducks were still and the night creatures stopped running through the leaves for a few minutes. In those moments of total and complete silence Paul could hear his own heart beat and he could hear his breath going in and out, low and shallow. And, he could hear the emptiness of a world without the music of his daughter's voice.

The sound of paper scraping on paper came to Paul as the breeze ruffled the pages of the letter in his left hand. The letter was thoughtful, sad, poignant, and happy all at the same time, written by Donna, the daughter who would write no more. Another letter, lying on Paul's lap, this one written by a military chaplain, told the story no parent wants to hear. Donna had been a fine young woman, a credit to her country, a humanitarian and a seeker of peace in the killing fields of war.



Portrait by Sophie Del La Mar

Paul had argued against Donna's enlistment, citing her Quaker upbringing and his own unpleasant experience as a medic in Vietnam before he fully accepted the Quaker faith in which he had been raised. Donna countered with the age-old argument of service to her country. The disagreement ended in a draw, neither side relenting. Young and old members of the Hope Creek Meeting talked, counseled, and cried with Donna as everyone worked through the complexities at hand. When the time came to leave, Donna asked not for the meeting's blessing, but for understanding and that the door

would remain open should she, upon return, decide in favor of full fellowship with the Friends she had known all her life. Paul and the other members of Hope Creek Meeting walked alongside Donna in Iraq through her letters, emails, and the Internet blog she wrote as often as she could.

Arriving in Iraq within a year of leaving home, Donna found herself assigned to help a chaplain, a Baptist preacher with an official mission of ministering to the troops and a personal mission to extend an olive branch to the Iraqi children. Month followed month as they traveled the country, bringing some level of comfort to men and women living on the edge of death. Those same months brought shy smiles and the first, tentative possibilities of peace and brotherhood as Donna and the chaplain ministered to the Iraqi children, the forgotten victims of the insanity in which they lived.

Box after box arrived from the chaplain's home church in Tennessee, containing the simplest of things. Coloring books and crayons, cards, pictures of American kids reaching out to their peers, small food items, and simple toys passed through Donna's hands as she tried to bring peace where strife was rampant. Her last letter, the one in Paul's hand in the still hours before dawn, said so much in only a few lines.

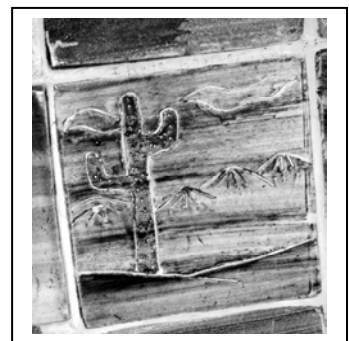
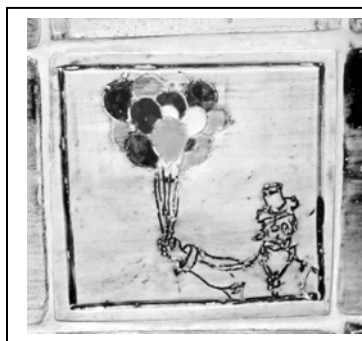
There's little time to write. We arrived back after midnight from ministering at one outpost and we leave again later today, just after dawn. We passed through a village this afternoon where someone-who knows who-fired a missile into a market. We did what we could to help, but the human body has no defense against raging metal, especially the body of a child I ask everyone I see, Iraqi or American, the same question, Papa, and you must continue asking this question if I do not return: Is this the world you want for your children? It isn't the world I want and I do what little I can to make a difference, but I 'm beginning to believe I may be fighting a losing battle. If this is the world -- a world of strife, discontent, distrust, and intolerance -- that many are willing to leave their children, there may be no hope. We have to think of the children; the change must start there.

Dawn had broken as Paul continued to sit on the porch, not yet ready to face his family at Hope Creek, the only family he had now that he had lost his daughter just a year after losing his wife to cancer. His eyes fell to the third paragraph in the letter from the chaplain as he read again through his tears.

It is difficult being a man of God in combat and, as much as I hate war, I do feel drawn to comfort those who must do the unthinkable. The spreading of peace has been my life and I always thought I brought a certain passion to my work. I never knew true passion for peace until I met your daughter. She did everything the military asked of her and then spent every free minute bringing comfort to children whose lives are tom by war. She saw the future in the children of the world and ultimately absorbed a fatal bullet while protecting a child from the same fate. I knew nothing of Quakers until I met Donna. Now, I want to know so much more.

Paul roused himself as the first birds began calling through the trees. He knew he must ready himself for meeting on this First Day. It would be hard to tell his extended family at Hope Creek the news he received on Saturday, but it would be harder still later in the week when the big transport would roll to a stop on the tarmac at the big air base in Delaware. An honor guard would descend a ramp at the back of the airplane, carrying the metal, flag-covered box in which Donna would be forever twenty-two, a woman of peace in a world tom by division.

Frank Comstock lives in Waldorf, MD, and is retired from the military. He says, "I have spent the years since my retirement praying for peace. "I try, through my writing, to ask people to rethink their beliefs and to ask themselves if they want a different world for the next generation."



Tile work from the Olney Friends School in Barnesville, Ohio. Made by Olney students produced in the spring of 1978, organized and directed by Dan Bailey & Vic Peacock. (Photos by Chuck Fager)

The Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts Board

The following FQA members currently serve on the Board of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts:

- * Maria Cattell, Clerk
mgcattell@aol.com
- * Aaron Fowler, Co-Clerk,
aaron@hopestreet.com
- * Doris Pulone, Treasurer
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- * Elke Muller, Editor T&S and Membership Care
maureenelke@verizon.net
- * Chuck Fager
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If you are interested in taking a more active role in FQA, please send an e-mail to Maria Cattell at:
mgcattell@aol.com

Visit our website at:

<http://www.quaker.org/fqa/>

**Send a story, poem,
photo or other artwork
to
Elke Muller at:**

maureenelke@verizon.net

or to FQA.

If you have an arts conference, play, gallery opening, et cetera, send the information to me for publication in the next T&S!

Note: Entries will not be returned.

Join FQA!

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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