

Types and Shadows



Issue 84

Summer 2020

Journal of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts



Featured Cover Art: top: model for installation "Way Will Open" © Zan Lombardo; bottom: "Pinwheel," mixed media, fan art, 23"x 18," © Diane McKinzie

www.fqaquaker.org

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2020 Coronavirus FQA journal issue (continued from Spring T&S when COVID-19 was opening in the US.)

GIVING NATURE BACK ITS BEAUTY

story and photos by

Frank Comstock

The trowel is an old friend, the green paint of its handle worn so thin that bare wood shows more readily than the bright enamel which once proudly covered the maple infused now with the earth of a hundred gardens. The blade, chromed and polished to a high shine when I paid a couple of dollars for the little tool many years ago, is scarred with countless scratches from small rocks and stones hidden in the dirt of four yards in four different parts of the country. The trowel has long since earned a permanent rest, but I can't imagine a spring planting season without this friend.



Photograph, ©
Frank Comstock

Fourteen years have passed since I first dug in the soil of this yard, soil that was improbably riddled with both clay and sand, confusing the rainfall that wanted to soak quickly through the sand and linger languidly in the impervious clay. Fourteen years of digging first with garden forks and large shovels, mixing in better quality topsoil, amending with organic matter, and the continual removal of stones, has left my gardens with strong, rich, friable soil—soil that would easily allow my eight-inch trowel blade to go deeper if it could. (cont. on page 10)

T & S Editor

Blair Seitz

blairseitzphotos@gmail.com

109 N 3rd Ave

West Reading PA 19611

610-223-5240

FQA Board Members

Clerk, currently vacant

Treasurer, currently vacant

Bonnie Zimmer

Membership

sandbox33@gmail.com

Chuck Fager

chuckfager@aol.com

Phil Furnas,

pbfurnas@gmail.com

Christine Cameron,

South Jersey FQA Chapter

scissordoodles@gmail.com

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





Blair Seitz

©Judy Ballinger

From the editor. . .

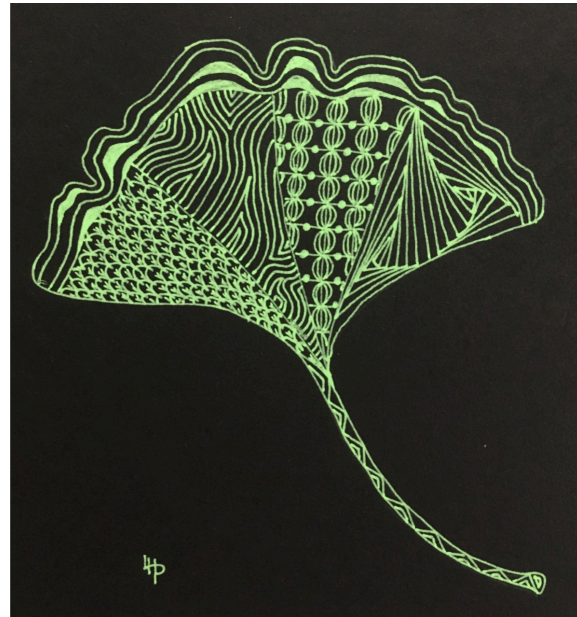
I'm as excited about this **T&S** as I've been about any of the 33 or so before that I have edited. Putting this issue together has come on the heels of participating in the FGC/FQA **Quaker Arts Center (QAC)** where I learned of **Lynne Piersol's** Zentangle art and **Zan Lombardo's** giant, imaginative installation. Thanks to Chuck Fager's introduction to **Diane McKinzie** of the same Spring (NC) Meeting, I have had an education about the art of African fans. Follow Diane's finely creative works to Ghanaian fans, for example, and your eyes will open to this multi-culture art form. Welcome back to **T&S-- Frank Comstock** and **John Holliger** with your meaningful photos and writing; also, observant poet (and photographer) **Palline Plum**. On this page you will get a glimpse of the **South Jersey's** remarkable COVID-19 virtual art tour. Please enjoy this **T&S**.
--Blair

Arts in Bloom, Salem, NJ. . .

FQA member **Mary Waddington** reports that 32 Salem County artists participated--each with a short home-grown video of themselves and samples of their work plus personal links--in the **Virtual** county tour. PBS State of the Arts 6-minute production of Debbie (Mary's daughter who is a sculptor) and herself as artists was

broadcast.

In this herculean and very successful effort, video links were on Facebook from the artists. Videos were also available on Arts in Bloom web site for those who were not on Facebook. There were plenty of opportunities to learn what inspires the artists and to see their work. See the South Jersey artists at www.artsinbloomnj.com -editor



Below left: the facebook and web site ad for artists of Salem Co. Above and right: Zentangle art shown at the virtual Quaker Arts Center at the FGC annual Gathering © Lynne Piersol



Quaker Arts Center. . .

The 2020 Friends General Conference (FGC) was held virtually due to coronavirus and social distancing, So FQA's art center was also held with four ZOOM sessions--visual arts, performing music art, photography and writing led by Jennifer Elam, Kevin Holm-Hudson, Blair Seitz and Chuck Fager respectively. Many artists displayed their works and voices including photographer Skip Schiel, silk painter Judy Ballinger, singer Paulette Meier and writer Chuck Fager. Go to www.fqaquaker.org to see more art.

WAY WILL OPEN by Zan Lombardo

I set myself a challenge in this large piece called "**Way Will Open**":

To explore, through making an artwork, the nature of our collective yin/ yang existence.

To represent the yin/yang, I chose images that seemed opposite--photographically realistic monarch butterflies and abstract leviathan whales--the first weightlessly flying high through the air across continents, the other swimming through the depths of the oceans.

Middle school students from The Sanibel School enthusiastically collaborated with me to begin the first side of this artwork. Then at the Sidney and Berne Davis Art Center in Fort Myers, FL, forty senior citizens collaborated with me to finish the first side of this artwork. Texture was created by rubbing hands together and patting with a healing, palm-only touch, avoiding full handprints, thus evoking a surface that can be read as sky or water. Relationships between the whales and butterflies were carefully choreographed. Photographs of butterflies were pressed into the wet paste and left to dry.

My plan was to paint the flip side collaboratively in a workshop during the FGC Gathering in Virginia this July at the end of which the finished piece was to premiere. But due to COVID-19, the Gathering became virtual. Instead, in time to meet the deadline for a juried exhibit, I was pressed to paint rapidly. It was exhausting work, but I managed to



360" long x 45" wide, installed at Sidney and Berne Davis Art Center in Fort Myers, FL. This piece involved the work of middle school art students from The Sanibel School and senior adults, many from the Shell Point community.





Above: Zan Lombardo (pointing) works on her installation "Way Will Open" with seniors. Previous page: flat model for installation © Zan Lombardo

complete the 30-foot long second side in three days. As if living in a fairy tale, each night I left it to dry, only to come back each morning to find the paint nibbled off in spots by mice. Nature provided these unexpected collaborators for the remainder of the creative process--a collaborative effort by nature in an artwork about nature, which seemed satisfyingly fitting for this theme. I have left their nibbles untouched.

"**Way Will Open**" shares visually what I learned experientially: We **are** living a collective existence and, despite all of our obvious differences, we must learn to share the same space peacefully. see: [WVO.mp4](#) --Zan Lombardo

MEETING FOR RUNNING AND BARKING, (IN THE MANNER OF FRIENDS)

by Palline Plum

While our world is being bludgeoned,
And congregants of every stripe,
Meet to pray and search
For human truths,
My dogs do their part by having

Meetings for running and barking,
And running and barking, and....

There is much to bark about out there
And they work hard to do it well.
When I finally call them in,
They smile and pant,
Happy,
Proud even,
With their canine
Accomplishments.

c.2020



Diane McKinzie honors African and Native American heritage in her art

From Diane: My name is Diane Faison. I live in Winston-Salem, N.C., a member of Spring Monthly Meeting. I am the mother of three adult children, grandmother of eight, and great grandmother of one. I am a retired art teacher, and have worked with students and adults. During my teaching career, I taught papermaking to my students. I fell in love with the art of papermaking, and because our art supplies were limited at that time, I searched for other materials for papermaking. With my love of nature and reusing material. I began making paper from plants, fabric, and dryer lint. "Yes", dryer lint! I was always drawn



Diane McKinzie

to the art of the African and Native American cultures, and the use of fans in their lives. The beauty of fans fascinated me. Using traditional art symbols of tribes of Africa and Native American art, I combined those cultural designs along with my own designs to create my own fans.

Fans in the Native American and African cultures are used in holidays, celebrations, deaths, births, weddings, etc. So I married the two artistic skills of creating fans and paper making. Out of this artistic marriage, I create fans from my handmade, paper and ethnic designs. --Diane McKinzie

Editors note: While researching African fan art for Diane's feature, I uncovered a treasure trove of fan art, mostly West African. For example, Goggle search *Ghanian fan art*. Contact Diane at:

dianemckinzie247@gmail.com



"Queen at Peace," 23"x 18," drawing, © Diane McKinzie



Above left: "Afro Breath," 23"x 20,"
Above: "Peacock," 20"x 28," Left: "Aztec
Bird," 32x20," all mixed media,
© Diane McKinzie



Right: "Tree Bark Air," 15"x12," Below:
"Pod Breeze," 14"x 11," both mixed
media, © Diane McKinzie



Driving (While Us) in America

by Palline Plum

As a white mother
I did not know
To have “the talk”
With my black son.

I did not know to teach him
Deference,
Where to put his large hands,
Or how, when grown,
At six foot four
He could seem harmless.

There **were** times
When he was young
I woke him up
As we drove through
The darkest parts of Chicago
Where if alone,
And seen to be alone in my white skin,
I feared I might be prey.

Now,
Decades later,
I buy stuffed animals
For him to place,
Very visibly,
In the rear window
Of his dark,
Low slung,
Muscle car.

Hesitation a reflection by John Holliger

“In a mountain that is one big stone. A crack is considering: We are saved by that hesitation” William Stafford in "Sound of the Ax"

What is your personal history with that one word: “hesitation?”

Can you fathom all the occasions when you were saved,

actually saved,

by hesitating?

Do you notice when you hesitate, hesitate to express a truth, with a pure intention?

Do you notice how your hesitation can become silence,

And your silence was best in that moment?

Somewhere William Stafford writes,

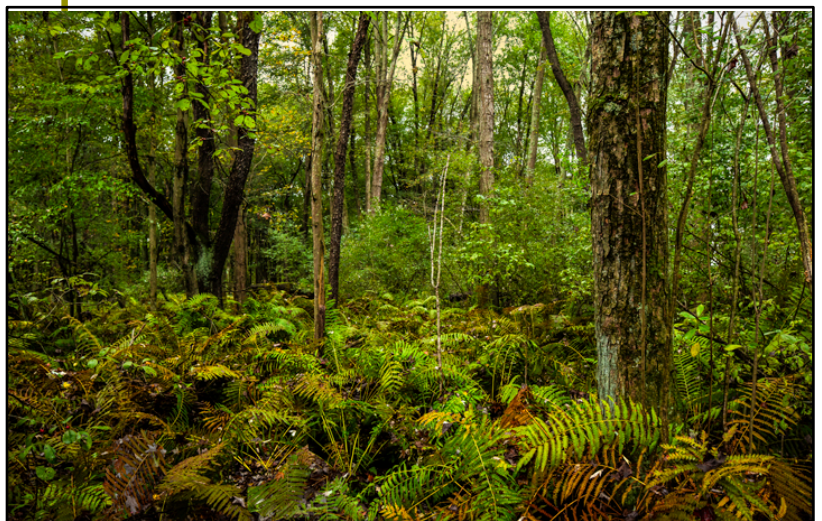
“I am grateful for all the things that did not happen.”

That is something to ponder, isn't it?

In these days of a pandemic on the Earth, I return to my companion, William Stafford. Here he is again:

“Every day when I write I feel I'm getting to the main business of my soul.”

How would you fill in the blank? “Every day when I, I feel I'm getting to the main business of my soul.” - from weekly photos and text emails from johnholliger@columbus.rr.com Delaware, Ohio



“Chaos-of-fall-fern-harmonious-trees-trunks”

photograph © John Holliger

(continued from page 2)

The trowel cleaves the soil easily as I plunge the blade to its hilt, twisting and lifting to pile the dark, granular earth beside the hole I have just created. I stop to inhale the rich, pungent smell of freshly turned earth, the smell that is at once filled with the promise of life and the reality of death.

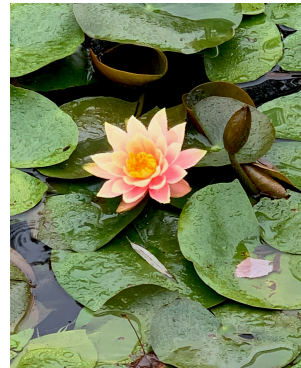
Thousands of leaves from trees in my yard, detritus from gardens of past years, and fruit and vegetable waste from the kitchen have enlivened the compost pile through the years. As I kneel over the small hole I have made in the earth, I savor that sharp, sweet smell that signifies one of the eternal rules of nature—the death of one plant ensures the life of another.

A robin hopping around a couple of feet away in the hope that I will turn up tasty worms brings me out of my reverie and I continue enlarging the small hole, adding to the piles of earth behind and beside it as I ready a home for the double-impatiens waiting patiently in a dark green pot. I toss in a handful of compost, nature's fertilizer, before I gently tap the impatiens out of its restrictive home. Setting the plant squarely in the hole, I gently backfill dirt around the generous root structure. Freed from the confines of a plastic jail, the sturdy little plant will be able to send its roots out now, exploring the dirt in which it lives, feeding and drinking from the generosity of nature.

The passage of thirty or so minutes finds me rising slowly from my knees, stretching my back, and thinking of that softly cushioned wicker chair on the porch. In front of me the garden surrounding the crabapple tree has changed from a barren, dark brown mound raised five inches above the lawn to a place of color and texture.

A dozen double-impatiens, in shades of white and pink, have settled in to balance the silvery gray-green leaves of an equal number of Dusty Miller plants, all shade-loving plants that should enjoy the cooler, protected air under the crabapple. Fluffy yellow marigolds are scattered around to provide a playful splash of color, mostly near the edge of the garden so they can soak in the sunlight as it comes in low under the canopy of dark green leaves in the early morning and late afternoon.

I've done nothing more than dig a few holes and transfer a couple of dozen plants from their plastic jail cells to the waiting earth under the crabapple. I've done nothing more than move the bounty of nature from a transitory existence at the local garden center to a permanent home—at least until the first frost. I've done nothing more than create beauty in nature. I simply used an old trowel to plant a garden. -*Frank Comstock*



*Above and left: Photographs
© Frank Comstock*

Types and Shadows history of Quaker artists feature:

With permission from author Gary Sandman, each T&S presents a vignette of an historic or contemporary Quaker artist, most from Sandman's book, Quaker Artists. Each entry is researched and written by Gary Sandman. Check out www.garysandmanartist.com.

Sarah Mapps Douglass

Sarah Mapps Douglass (1806-1882) was a writer, painter, teacher and activist. Her prose and poetry were written under the pseudonym "Zillah" (and possibly "Sophonisba") and published in the *The Liberator*, *The Colored American*, and the *Anglo-African Magazine*. Her paintings, generally of flowers, were included in her letters. She taught school in Philadelphia and New York City, among them the Institute for Colored Youth. As an abolitionist, in 1833, Douglass helped found the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, and she was active at national anti-slavery conventions. She lectured women on female hygiene and anatomy, based on her studies at the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania and the Ladies' Institute of Pennsylvania Medical University. She also founded the Female Literary Society to encourage women to learn to read and write. Douglass was a third-generation Quaker. She attended various Philadelphia Meetings, including North, Arch Street and Orange Street Meetings. The Institute for Colored Youth, at which she taught, was a Quaker school. She was a friend of Lucretia Mott and Sarah and Elizabeth Grimké. Though she worshiped, spoke and dressed as a Friend, however, she never applied for membership. (As neither had her grandparents and mother). This was because Douglass was African-American, and racism was wide-spread among Friends. Black Quakers were made to sit apart from white Friends on "black benches" and were denied membership. Though in advance of other parts of American society Friends forbade slave ownership and supported African-American education, they retained other racist practices.

Douglass published a letter in the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, refuting the belief that African-Americans preferred music and excitement in their religious services. (She wrote, "I myself know some, whose hearts yearn for the quiet of your worshipping places, and who love the 'still small voice', better than harp or viol.") She also contributed stories about her painful experiences with Quakers to Sarah Grimkes' *Letters of Prejudice Against Colored Among the Society of Friends in the United States.*" It was a shameful time among Quakers when they treated this Friend in that manner. --Gary Sandman



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7805 NW 28th Pl. M209,
Gainesville, FL 32606

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...

Prose and photographs, Frank Comstock, NJ; Installation art, Zan Lombardo, FL; Mixed Media, Diane McKinzie, NC; Reflection and photograph, John Holliger, OH; Poetry, Palline Plum, TN. Quaker Art Center and South Jersey Virtual Art Show.



"An Especially Delicious Spot" detail "Way Will Open" art installation, © Zan Lombardo