



Types *and* **Shadows**



Issue 82

Winter 2019-20

Journal of the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts



Featured Cover Art: "Wildly Beautiful," acrylic, 30" X 48" © Bronwen Mayer Henry

www.fqaquaker.org
facebook.com/quakersinthearts

T & S Editor
Blair Seitz
blairseitzphotos@gmail.com
109 N 3rd Ave
West Reading PA 19611
610-223-5240

FQA Board Members

Maria Cattell, Clerk
mgcattell@aol.com

Doris Pulone, Treasurer
dpulone@comcast.net

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

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.



Quaker Elders Lives Speak in *PASSING THE TORCH* a

new book edited by FQA board member Chuck Fager with essays by Barbara Berntsen, Carter Nash, David Zarembka, Marian Rhys,

Douglas Gwyn, Helena Cobban, H. Larry Ingle, Chuck Fager, Diane Faison McKinzie, Jennifer Elam and Emma Lapsansky-Werner.

Passing the Torch editor Chuck Fager chose a varied group of older Quakers who he felt would have something notable from their experiences to pass on—though he notes that youth may have their minds on their own issues.

The essays in *Passing the Torch* are a fine means of meeting Quakers who have dealt with the personal, intimate stress of issues from World War II to Trumpism: post-depression era poverty, racial identity, the clash of strict evangelical values with Quakerism; a gay African American finding a caring, warm Quaker meeting where members visited him while in prison; the value of living cheap, finding God within and the anti-war ethic; the rapid spread of Quakerism amid the violence of Kenya, Uganda, Burundi, Rwanda and the Congo and establishment of Alternatives to Violence (AVP) and reconciliation programs there; local Quaker disputes; a journalist's view of Christian and Muslim militias in Lebanon, war in Iraq and Palestinian-Israeli violence; relating to the "third world" from the perspective of Western imperialism and navigating being Quaker in a militarist U.S.; serving in Africa; dealing with Jim Crow; loving and re-enacting the life of Harriet Tubman; a writer searching Quaker stories for wisdom; the inner torture from the world of academia belittling Appalachian cultural roots—and the process of healing. There is much, much more in this illuminating book. (buy at Pendle Hill bookstore)

Editor's note: As long as I can remember, Jennifer Elam, PhD psychologist and creative free spirit has been a member of FQA, lending her art talents to us in books, our workshops and in T&S. Her story in Passing the Torch discusses her rich, tortured journey between a culture she loves and her success outside Appalachia and her hurts dealing with the politics of that home milieu. Starting on page three, you may read from Jennifer's essay.



Blair Seitz

©Judy Ballinger

From the editor...

Over the years of my association with artists I have learned to know quite a few, particularly women, who have gained remarkable healing from painting. In this **T&S Bronwen Mayer Henry** and **Jennifer Elam** join others who celebrate healing from brush and paint. Joy is the expression best characterizing Bronwen's bold, free canvas stokes. At workshops Jennifer has shown us how finger painting can elicit deep emotions. In **Chuck Fager's** book *Passing the Torch* eleven Quakers reveal their lifelong, personal, heartfelt experiences—a rare gem. —Blair Seitz

Letters to the editor...

Editor,

Just took some time to look at the "Types and Shadows." Wow! I have never seen lighting used so beautifully in photography. (Photographs of Leo Quirk in the Fall 2019 issue *T&S*).

Thanks for your amazing work!! –Jennifer Elam, PA

Editor,

The photographs are extraordinary! (Fall *T&S*) Leo is a visionary. I would love to see these photos in large format. I liked the grey type, chosen so that it doesn't overwhelm the image. Thanks for all you and the FQA publication do! –Trudy Myrrh Reagan, CA

Pendle Hill Art Exhibit...

Former art studio director at Pendle Hill and the creator of FQA's logo, **Carol Sexton** of Richmond, IN is exhibiting large floral paintings in Pendle Hill's Barn Gallery through March 3, 2020. Carol states, "The botanical world is endlessly fascinating to me. The variety of forms, textures, and colors to be found in plants is truly a treasure trove of ideas for an artist."



"Tropical Leaves,"
one of about 30
paintings displayed
in the Barn Gallery
© Carol Sexton

Harriet Tubman portrayed...

Diane Faison McKinzie, a member of Spring Friends Meeting, Snow Camp, NC, acts the character of



*Diane Faison Mckinzie as
Harriet Tubman*

Harriet Tubman to groups in the Durham, NC, area. She draws and is also a fabric artist. To find her theatric schedule go to her website:

www.dianefaison.com

Her next performance is on February 11, 2020 at the Abbey Glenn Club House, Gibsonville, NC at 7pm.

Heading Home on Hillbilly Highway, Passing the Torch essay by Jennifer Elam

Editor's note: We begin Jennifer's essay with chapter X. There is so much in chapters I - X, which begs you to get the book and read her entire essay as well as that of ten others. Here is a quote from Jennifer's chapter IX, "Since January, 2018 I have used all of the resources gathered in my life: deep faith, close community, education, creativity, therapeutic strategies, writing, sacred dance, and more to survive these major traumas."

Chapter X In all these living questions, there's a silent echo of one word: hillbilly. My father's desire to honor our heritage was something I have come to highly respect. I have not seen such hard work and loyalty to family anywhere else in the world. (continued on page 9)

Bronwen Mayer Henry's bold paintings abandon perfection for peace and joy



Above: Bronwen Mayer Henry and her bold paints; **Below:** "Created to Be," Acrylic, 48" X 36" © Henry

Bronwen tells us...

Five years ago, I was diagnosed with thyroid cancer and terribly afraid of the treatment. It was an unexpected path through a thyroid cancer diagnosis and treatment (swallowing a radioactive pill and spending seven days in isolation) that led me to return to a neglected love for painting. My work is an expression of prayer, meditation, hope and joy.

Now I've decided I don't have to have cancer to find time to paint. Painting is a regular part of my life. My paintings embody the characteristics of the life I aspire to: they are brave, bold, vivid, and joyful. Shadows are embraced; I let them carve

beauty, depth, and texture into my work. Finding and seeing beauty is a choice I make with each brushstroke. Painting on a large scale reflects a movement away from perfection and toward joy in life. Through playful color and courageous canvas sizes the ordinary becomes rich, energetic, and healing.





Above: "Beauty Immersion," Acrylic, 60" x 40" **Below:** "Motion of Love," Acrylic, 60" x 40," both © Bronwen Mayer Henry





Wings of Freedom - I

This quarter *T&S* continues the reprints by permission of FQA member Gary Sandman's essays about artists from Quaker history. Twyla Tharp (b. 1941) is an American dancer, choreographer and writer. She is best-known for her crossover dances, a blend of ballet, modern dance and popular dance. Among the over 160 pieces she has choreographed are *The Fugue*, *Eight Jelly Rolls*, *Deuce Ceuce*, *the Bix Pieces* and *Push Comes to Shove*. She created the dances for the Broadway shows *The Catherine Wheel*, *Singin' in the Rain*, *Movin' Out* and *the Times They are A-Changin'*. She provided the choreography for the films *Hair*, *Ragtime*, *Amadeus*, and *White Nights*. Tharp wrote *Push Comes to Shove*, an autobiography, and *The Creative Habit: Learn It and Use It for Life* and *The Collaborative Habit*, two books on creativity. Her numerous awards include two Emmy Awards, a Tony Award, a National Medal of the Arts and a MacArthur Fellowship. She is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and was a Kennedy Center Honoree.

Tharp comes from five generations of Indiana Quakers. As a child, she attended Bluff Point Friends Church (New Association of Friends). She noted, "I learned that there is a right and a wrong way in human relations from the Quaker church at Bluff Point." She also remembered, "...the Quaker meetings on Sundays and on Wednesday nights, when the community of Friends set about reconciling all life's events through love." As an adult, however, Tharp seems to have little to do with Friends. Her Quakerism appears to be cultural, something that appears in families who have been Friends for a long time.



Wings of Freedom - II Acrylic, 80" x 40," © Bronwen Mayer Henry

Repeatedly she mentions family traits of modesty, simplicity, service and community. She also feels that she learned from her mother that women could do anything to which they set their minds, a common belief among Friends.

Tharp looks on dancing as a religious calling. While rehearsing at Judson Church in 1967, a janitor complained to her that her troupe was dancing on a Sunday. She responded, "How dare (you) disturb a bunch of broads doing God's work?" Her dance *Sweet Fields* was inspired by her Quaker background and was originally titled *Bluff Point*. At one time Tharp used Friends worship to create dance: "My family is Quaker, and the idea of Wednesday meetings was everyone went to the church, and if no one had something to say, everyone sat silently; if someone had something to say, they got up to do it. So I assigned the task of, okay, you're not going anywhere, you're not doing anything until you get your mind clear and you stop telling yourself what to do, and if you move, you move. If you don't, you don't. And I said to myself, okay, can you carry through on that, and start a new move? And I said, okay, we'll call that one. Now, how many of those can you generate?"

I have always adored Twyla Tharp's work. I saw *Deuce Coupe* and *Short Stories* on television in the mid-1970's, and *Movin' Out* at the Roanoke Civic Center in the late 00's. She is a national treasure. A link to *Movin' Out*: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7hgzw5spUxc> —© Gary Sandman



"Hidden Light," Acrylic. 48" x 36," © Bronwen Mayer Henry

Bronwen has a forthcoming book exploring how her cancer treatment lit up her creative practice, *Radioactive Painting*, to be published by Shanti Arts LLC in 2020. She regularly leads workshops, Open Heart Studio, that are meditative painting sessions helping people break through creative barriers and soften to compassion. She lives outside Philadelphia, PA with her husband, two children, and King Charles Cavalier Spaniel.

Recently, Bronwen led a workshop of thirteen women in Italy. They explored the country, enjoyed the food and painted the Umbria landscape. Her work has been on display at Pendle Hill, Abington Art Center, Bryn Athen College and local shops and has been featured in *Real Woman* magazine. She has pieces in private collections in California, Colorado, Georgia, Michigan, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Washington DC, Washington State, Canada and South Africa. To view her work and get updates about her forthcoming book or upcoming workshops go to www.bronwenmayerhenry.com or contact her directly at bronwen.henry@gmail.com



Bronwen Mayer Henry © B.Henry

(continued from page 3)

When I asked Daddy, “What is Appalachian culture?” his answer was brilliant. He said, “there is no such thing. In the mountains, the force most likely to affect one’s behavior is the family and the groups that the family is a part of; they used to be called clans. There is nothing that anyone could identify that would be the same across Appalachia. Even the geography of what is considered Appalachia incorporates many different backgrounds, many different countries that people came from, different everything.” In the bluegrass, there are rural and urban differences; dissertations have been written about that. And now within the bluegrass, there are huge differences between hobby farmers (those who have beautiful spaces with horses for tax write-off purposes) and real farmers.

“Well, Papa, what is a hillbilly?” I then asked.

“I don’t know,” he said. The only thing we could come up with was that a hillbilly is what people elsewhere called people with southern accents in order to put them down (and feel better about themselves) – all based on stereotypes and not much we could identify as real. Depictions of poor people as ignorant, lazy and drug-addicted can be found everywhere in America. I call these Soul of America problems. And where those conditions exist in Appalachia, there are deep historical influences that have led to the poverty underlying the dysfunctions.

Some scholars seem to agree with my Papa’s lived observations. The Appalachian historian Richard Drake wrote:

“I am reminded of a survey I made of colleagues here at Berea a few years ago when I asked the resident regional experts — about twelve of them, as I remember — how they defined “Appalachia.” No two definitions were alike, and the two sociologists in my survey, in fact, came to opposite conclusions about whether or not there was an Appalachian culture.”

But just because I can’t find a list of agreed identifying characteristics of the culture beyond the beauty of nature and the music, there are things about being from Appalachia that have affected me much of my life. I left Kentucky and came back so many times, as did my father, as did my grandfather, as did my great grandfather – for economic reasons, for college, for the army, for adventures, and more.

And I’ve had the experience of repeatedly being put down for being from Appalachia, for being a “hillbilly,” whatever that exactly is.

My being from Kentucky always gets reactions from others – from talking about the Derby to not talking but assuming a lot about who I am, how smart I am (and am not), what I like to do, and much more. I have repeatedly encountered anti-hillbilly bias even among those who talk about having a great commitment to equality and are meticulous in political correctness about people of color (but it is not a contest). In many otherwise liberal circles I’ve been in, where bias toward most others is not OK, bias against “hillbillies” is just fine. Sometimes the stereotypes are so accepted that they are not even recognized or talked about.

But Appalachian people like everyone else are doing the best they can with what they have. They go left, right, left, right through the day, through the years, wanting what is best for their families and especially for their children.

America today is having a crisis of faith, a crisis of meaning, a crisis of purpose, a crisis of humanity, a crisis of leadership in the world...

America is in crisis. It is not just Appalachia. The poverty that Appalachian mountain people have endured has been going on since the Civil War. I asked my Daddy about the economic difficulties in the mountains. He summarized centuries of history in this way: In the Civil War, Kentucky was a border state. The North came through and took the horses. The South came through and took the cows. The people were left with no way to live on the land. Just as they were about to recover from war, the coal companies came in and took the land. Economic troubles have a long history there.

And what is true about Appalachia that is not true of America? I can’t find much. I struggle with these realities.

Chapter XI I love old-time Appalachian music with banjos and flat footin' or clog dancin'. That is the best of Appalachia. I know that in my own experiences of living and traveling many places in the world, I have experienced some of the smartest, most well-read people in the world in Appalachia. I have encountered people who have the most amazing ability to do a wide variety of things, not just their professions but can fix the car, fix the furnace, fix the plumbing, fix anything, kinds of folks. I have not encountered that quality to the same degree anywhere beyond Appalachia.

I have encountered people of the deepest faith and those with the most alive sense of creativity in Appalachia. I have seen women can food and practice habits of thrift in ways I have never seen elsewhere. I heard the phrase "waste not, want not" a lot when I was growing up. Today, in Kentucky and all over I see an American problem with waste: waste of health by eating processed, unhealthy food and smoking cigarettes because these are the cool things to do and youth feel invincible, waste of gasoline because big pick-up trucks are cool, waste of talent needed so badly because skipping school and involvement with drugs and the multitude of "screens" is cool. This list could go on and on. There are so many incredible gifts among many Appalachian people, habits of thrift, learning and growing, serving self and others, and faith need to be embraced as the new cool. We need a "new cool." Could we start it here? There is the talent in Appalachia to take this bull by the horns.



Jennifer Elam

Chapter XII The extremes as described in the media are out there but most of Appalachian life is represented by the pictures of families having dinner, a child going to school, a kid on a bicycle, a man chopping wood, a mom cooking, and all the ordinary amazing things that people all over the USA/world are seen doing every day.

I have walked left, right, left, right through the extraordinary dailiness of commitment to family that the media's extremes never speak of. And I left Kentucky to make and claim my own different life too.

Now, the question is, what will be my legacy in this complex heritage. I don't know the answer yet. But I am working hard every day to give the questions the discernment, time and energy they deserve as I seek to clarify my own identity in this complex and amazing heritage I have been given. I translate my Daddy's words: "Just be proud of who you are...then anywhere is home." The time has come to heal the wounds, celebrate the joys and write/share the poems that Silas speaks of. I want Quakers everywhere to appreciate the beauty of my Appalachian heritage that I have come to love, through my complex identity crisis and a life-time of always going back to Kentucky after being elsewhere, a life of traveling that Hillbilly Highway.

It is time for Quakers both inside the region and out to take up the huge social justice work needed to promote equality for Appalachians. It is time for the effects of the Civil War in which people who happen to be from the Northern part of the United States are seen as superior to people from the Southern part of the United States; time for that war to be over and all declared and treated EQUAL. I pray for the day when we can keep our beautiful accents, be acknowledged as equal, and live in the strength of the values promoted in this special place called Appalachia.

May this equality be the roots of blossoming in all other arenas including education, physical and mental health, and economics! I keep getting an image of driving through eastern Kentucky and seeing wind turbines and solar panels, everywhere...along with children playing, and parents chopping wood and hanging the clothes on the clothesline to dry, a deep integration of the best of the old and the best of a new Appalachia.

Chapter XIII That Indian mound on the farm was one of five lookouts that lie in a circle in north Fayette County, Kentucky for the Adena Indians. I named my part of the farm The Native Heritage Farm. I recently walked through the pastures of the farm with my nephew and we both felt the same depth of feeling. We agreed that walking through those fields, we had a feeling of connection in the depths of our bones and DNA that we did not feel anywhere else in the world. And at the same time, we felt a sadness, also like no other.

My family's acreage is now a small rickety old beef cattle farm amidst what has become miles of gorgeous and perfectly groomed horse farms. The regulations in that part of Kentucky are so intense that we can find no way to make a living or even to break even on the farm. There is no money to be made on the cows and there hasn't been at least since I have known about the farm as a business. My father and grandfather worked their whole lives at jobs to support their "farming habit" as we have called it, because of their total love of farming and the family farm. That commitment may not be there in the next generations. I am exploring the possibility that I might be wrong, and hoping. --reprinted from *Passing the Torch* with permission © Jennifer Elam

PASSING THE TORCH IS NOT WITHOUT HUMOR. FAGER RE-WRITES THE SONG "MY GENERATION." Here are some stanzas (not all) which he and seven other essayists sang at the launch of the book.

People tried to put us down <i>Talkin' about that generation,</i> Because some said we got around. <i>Talkin' about that generation.</i> The ones left now don't look so bold, <i>Talkin' about that generation.</i> But — they didn't all die before they got old . . . <i>Talkin' about that generation.</i>	<i>Talkin' about that generation.</i> Women & Black & Queer Liberation, <i>Talkin' about that generation.</i> Were all in reach for our generation.
<i>What generation??</i> <i>My generation bay-beh.</i> <i>My generation,</i> <i>My generation, bay-beh!</i>	<i>What generation?</i> <i>My generation!</i> <i>My generation, bay-beh!</i> <i>My generation!</i> <i>My generation, bay-beh!</i>
Some of the stuff we did will stay. <i>Talkin' about that generation.</i> Other stuff will f-fade away. <i>Talkin' about that generation.</i> But it's too late for any re-creation, <i>Talkin' about that generation.</i> So we'll keep talking about this generation. <i>Talkin' about that generation.</i>	Plain & simple, Thee & Thou, <i>Talkin' about that generation.</i> We'd Quake the world — sure, we knew how. . . . <i>Talkin' about that generation.</i> But then one day our King was dead, <i>Talkin' about that generation.</i> And a whole lot less was done than said. <i>Talkin' about that generation.</i>
<i>What generation?</i> <i>My generation, bay-beh!</i> <i>My generation,</i> <i>My generation, bay-beh!</i>	<i>What generation?</i> <i>My generation, bay-beh!</i> <i>My generation!</i> <i>My generation, bay-beh!</i>
We started out sure it was our hour — <i>Talkin' about that generation.</i> To stop the wars, speak truth to power.	So, we followed our Light & did our best, <i>Talkin' about that generation.</i> Tho the world is still in an awful mess. <i>Talkin' about that generation.</i> Now our friends are gone & our hair is gray,



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

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...

*Acrylic paintings by Bronwen Mayer Henry,
Philadelphia; Book, Passing the Torch, When Quaker
Lives Speak, Chuck Fager, editor, Durham, NC;
Essay, Jennifer Elam, Media, PA*



"Wondrous Curiosity," Acrylic, 48" x 30," © Bronwen Mayer Henry