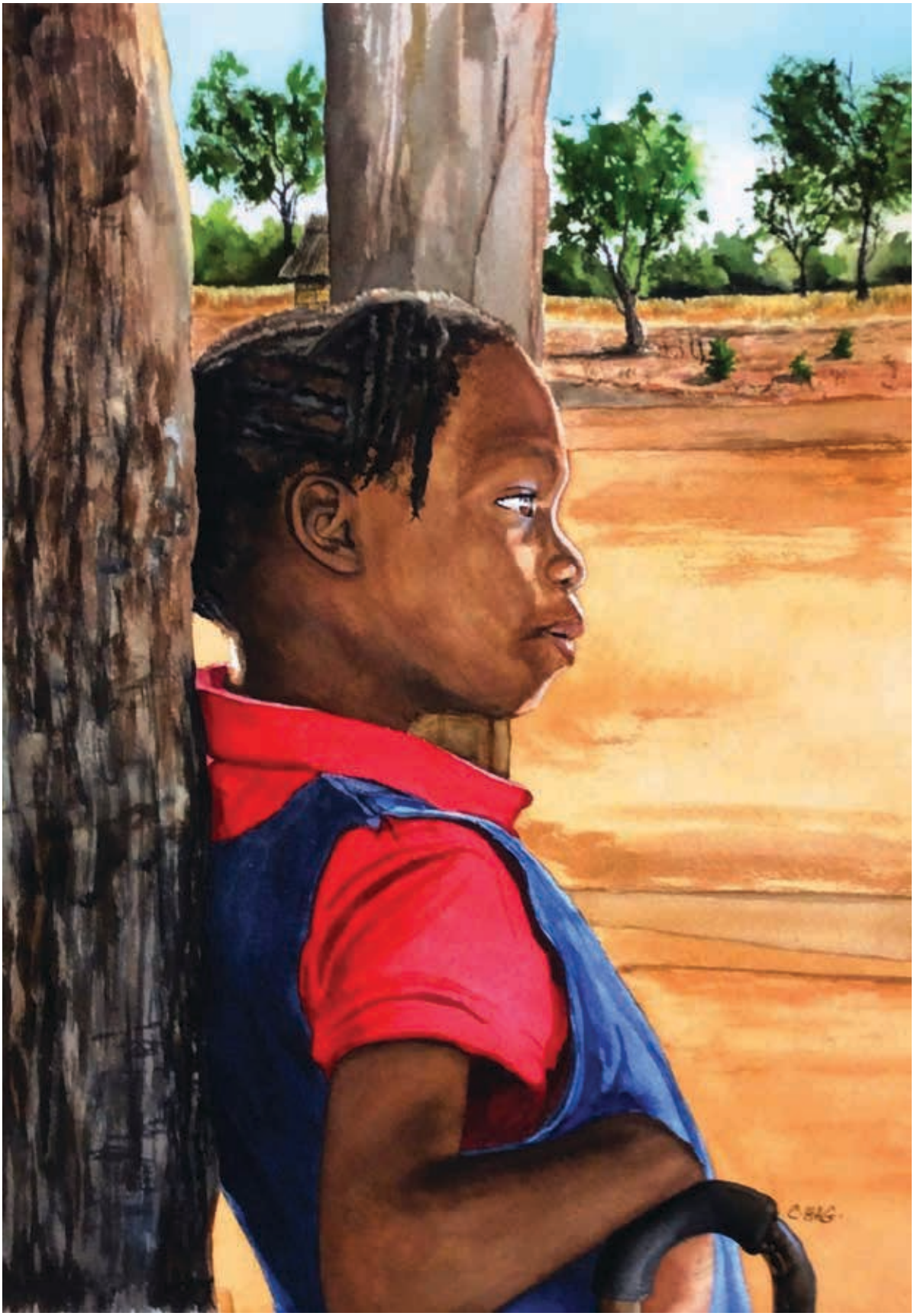
FQA

Types and Shadows



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FQA *Types and Shadows*

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

Cover Art: **Maleewe**, one of Chris Hagebak's students.
In 2014, Chris Hagebak was called upon to teach art at an orphanage in rural Zambia in southern Africa. Children from neighbouring villages walked miles to the orphanage to learn art techniques; on his first full day at the orphanage, Chris taught 215 Zambian children, most of whom had never before been exposed to art.
"I made a point of teaching the kids arts that could be completed with supplies they could find in their natural surroundings. "
More of Chris's art can be seen on pages 7-9 and the back page.

The Clerk's Column:

"Make Art, for the Love of God": A Call to Quaker Witness in the Face of Cultural Repression

Dear Friends,

I did not think I would see this moment—not in this country, not in this lifetime. And yet here we are.

My company had been working tenderly and diligently on a three-year liminality project rooted in ***Don Quixote***—a work that carried deep personal and spiritual resonance. It invited audiences into the sacred in-between spaces, where imagination and hope persist even in the face of despair. But in seeking funding, we were told, quite plainly, that such a project would not be viable in today's climate. Instead, we pivoted—toward a more palatable, grant-friendly theme aligned with the ***America250*** celebration, in the hope of surviving.

I personally read the language in the NEA application: any project that emphasized diversity, equity, inclusion, or "gender" issues would be disqualified. It was explicit. I was gobsmacked. I am 65 years old, and I thought we had come further than this. Instead, we are stepping backwards into silence.

What do we do with the grief, the anger, the helplessness of this moment?

As Quaker artists, we expose the Light through our art forms. We illuminate injustice. Our work is not decoration; it is declaration. As Tom Stoppard once wrote, "The easiest way to determine whether good has triumphed over evil is to examine the freedom of the artist." If this is true—and I believe it is—then we are living through a dangerous time indeed.

But this is not the first time the Light has been forced underground. In Nazi-occupied Poland, when theatre was banned, Karol Wojtyła (who would become Pope John Paul II) and others gathered secretly to perform the epic poetry of Poland. No sets. No costumes. Just the human voice, speaking what could not be silenced. That was called Rhapsodic Theatre, and it kept a people's spirit alive.

Closer to our own tradition, we have the voices of Quaker artists like John McCutcheon—who sings plainly and powerfully, offering truth as gift, as challenge, as comfort. "HERE IT IS," his art says to the human family. "Here is what is true."

Art is not a luxury. It is a testimony. It is how we witness to the Inner Light in times when darkness tries to claim the public square. Our testimonies of Truth, Equality, and Integrity are not only for meetinghouses—they are for studios, stages, and sidewalks.

Now is the time to speak, even if our voices shake.

Now is the time to paint, compose, dance, write, gather, tell, sing.

Now is the time to MAKE ART, for the LOVE OF GOD.

To our Fellowship: do not wait for permission. Do not bow to fear. Let us stand together, a community of Spirit-led creatives who will not be silenced. Let us carry the Light boldly into the world—especially now, when it is so clearly needed.

The Light is not gone. It never will be. And through art, it will shine all the more fiercely.

Jeanmarie Simpson, Clerk, FQA

PS - If anyone knows Friend John McCutcheon, please invite him to join our membership!

Jeanmarie Simpson

Featured Quaker Artist

Doris Pulone: Initial Intentions

April 7, 2024

It was a paramount day for me, with an important decision to make.

Wikimedia Commons

There had been other such days:

Realizing I wanted to teach, huge. I could write a book on that alone.

Marrying and having children, even bigger turning points in my life.

But -- committing to sit on the front porch each morning?

Hardly breaking news. This is South Jersey, not Antarctica.

Brewing coffee with vanilla and cinnamon and tucking back into bed with a good book was my morning routine. Sadly, I was about to say goodbye to that.

That April morning, I decided to look beyond the small, beveled glass of the front door. Even with my eyes squinted and my neck crooked, I couldn't make out much through those windows. I wanted to get a closer look at the birds I'd been feeding for over a year now.

Originally, it was an interest in murmuration that was my inspiration to watch the birds.

Murmurations are those beautiful formations hundreds of starlings make in flight -- diving, curling, changing direction all in sync. I saw a photo of one murmuration that was forming a picture of themselves -- one starling.

Not long after, my focus shifted to birds in general. Hearing the song of my spark bird (more about him later) made me even more interested. What better way to study the birds in my area than to spend time with them?

Actually, it was more than book research that made me want to sit each day. Suddenly, a desire came out of almost nowhere.

I wanted to connect and communicate with these modern dinosaurs. Regularly.

That morning, I made a promise to myself. Every day for the next 365 days, one year, I would spend my waking time with the birds. No reading under the covers, no lounging around in pj's watching the morning news. (Silver lining, the news part.)

Now retired from teaching after many years, I had the time. The front yard was teeming with birds, and an empty chair was waiting on the porch. No driving necessary.

That morning, I didn't go back to bed. I took my cup of coffee, along with two cups of Wild Delight bird seed blend and scattered them as usual on the lawn and sidewalk.

That morning, I didn't leave so quickly. I sat down in that old brown wicker chair.

My heart was racing, and my hopes were high. It felt good.

I waited.

Then I waited some more.

Suddenly, sobering thoughts interrupted my cheer.

I am less than five feet away from the seeds. They'll be afraid with me so close and stay away.

I'll turn impatient and bored, and we'll all give up.

This might be too much to ask. An impractical, naive idea.

Photo by Daniel Biber

More Doris Pulone, page 4 >>

>> *Doris Pulone, from page 3*

Birds are fearful, of course, and for good reason.

It takes fifty to seventy prey to feed one Cooper's Hawk chick for six weeks. Brooding two to six chicks each season and counting the parents, that's nearly four hundred songbirds and other snacks needed per breeding season. Approximately 75% of songbirds never make it to their first birthday, and

Photo by Doris Pulone

predation is a big part of that.

Hawks and others know about the opportunities at bird feeders. We aren't talking sunflower seeds.

The Cooper captures a bird with his sharp talons and squeezes it to death.

The stuff of avian nightmares.

In fairness, it's not easy for the hawk, either. Many starve.

In addition, the birds have the fun of worrying about falcons, kestrels, owls, snakes, foxes, raccoons, weasels, felines, and others lurking about. All hungry, too.

Who among them knew what this large biped so close by might be capable of? There are certainly some scary humans out there.

I knew I should be still and quiet.

Any sudden moves or noise would make them flee. Not my intention to waste a bird's limited and precious energy.

In naturalist Tom Brown's *Field Guide to the Forgotten Wilderness*, he advises that "how close you can get to the birds depends on how long you can be still and how still you can become."

I listen to Mr. Brown.

This is a person upon whose shoulders robins ride. He helps them build their nests and he feeds worms to their hatchlings.

One of my heroes.

Admittedly, I was well aware of the importance of quiet, but that didn't help.

"Birds! Birds!" Not only disturbing the peace, but also, so original.

"M-mmmwh! M-mmmwh!"

This other call I found myself making was worse.

Smacking, kissing noises aren't a good move when trying to comfort birds. Many birds use these sounds as a warning, but I didn't know that then. I just wanted my voice and my calls to become familiar.

"Hello, I'm here- breakfast is on the table. Don't worry about me-"

I wasn't expecting to hand-feed hatchlings, but simply to earn a little trust from these amazing creatures.

Understand each other's worlds a little more. Maybe even develop some type of a friendship.

But friendship takes two, and so far, I was sitting there alone.

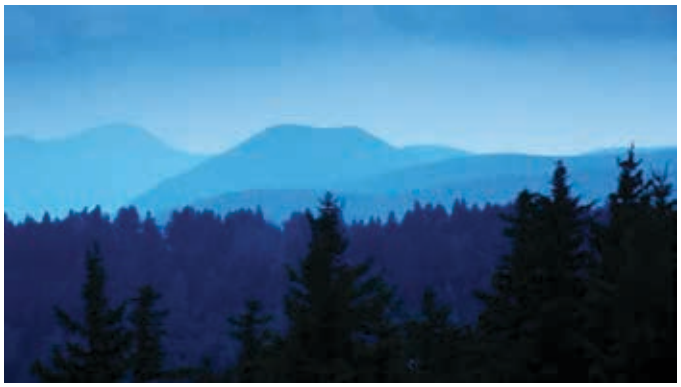
Photo by Doris Pulone

Doris Pulone is a cofounder and longtime board member of FQA.

She attends Mt. Holly Meeting in New Jersey.

Featured Quaker Artist

Alexander Levering Kern: Poems



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Quaker Mountain – Orchard Gap, Virginia

It isn't really Quaker of course, no more than Pendle Hill,
that outcrop in England where George Fox glimpsed
a great people gathered to proclaim the day
of the Lord's visitation. Wearing white raiment
in the name of the Lamb, did those early Friends,
seen from afar, resemble sheep for the slaughter,
or cherry blossoms in spring?

Pendle Hill was known as the abode of witches,
while this Blue Ridge is home to the Cherokee,
and the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof,
Great Spirit filling every hollow.
To me as a child, our grandparents' orchard
was a Quaker mountain, with a brick house
& a red house hunkered among the cherry trees,
gathered in their white raiment.

So I wonder now, some forty years later,
when does a person or place cease to be
a speaking voice, a body, an ache,
but instead a memory, a myth, an essence?
When does a mountain rise up from the sea?

What Winter Brings

Consider my grandfather Sam at the wheel
of a beat-up Ford, broken arm hanging limp
so he couldn't lift ladders or reach for the trees
or be the Quaker prophet traveling to preach
his gospel of peace to all who would listen
and many who would not.

With the good Lord leading and Sam a-pushing,
as my grandmother Miriam would say,
for years they would travel the Shenandoah Valley
and the piedmont of North Carolina planting
their vision of peace like appleseed
among the briars and winter storms
rolling in from the Blue Ridge mountains.

The Spiritual Discipline of Playing Cards

In playing cards, they tell me, it's impossible to lose
at least if you adjust your expectations
and reframe the meaning of defeat.
I've never been much of a card player, really,
though I've gambled here & there.
My face reveals so much of me –
all that I strive to hold within –
and truth be told, I'm not really one
for counting or bluffing or smoking cigars
and my teeth are hardly those of a shark,
but I can see the appeal. We each have our own
spiritual practice, I think. I remember
my Quaker grandmother Miriam, her face
lovely & poised in contemplation
like Lady Liberty on a coin, gazing across the harbor.
Hearts was her game, no shocker there,
large & wide as her own heart was.
I betrayed her once, looking over her shoulder,
and hinting she held the Queen of Spades,
with its power to ruin a hand.
She knew I knew, and was hardly happy
with me that night in her living room,
darkness moving over the valley.
We didn't know then the last hand she'd play
was the heart of forgiveness, as her own heart crumpled
in a gas station phone booth outside of Pittsburgh,
on her way to proclaim the gospel of peace,
still playing her very best hand.

Advice a Family Member Gave That Stuck

Never surrender the high ground, my grandfather said
whenever we'd hike the Blue Ridge Mountains
and it wasn't just mountains he was talking about.
There was a certain certainty about the way
we were always to aim higher than high
– the moral high ground, as it were –
that drew me to mountains and to the work I do,
the person I am, the things I love, the people I serve,
the polestar that guides my days.

It was a high ground surveyed by generations
of Quakers for centuries before me, we learned,
conductors of the Underground Railroad,
warriors for temperance & civil rights,
visionaries of a global order, characterized not
by might but peace. But to tell you the truth,
our grandfather could be a pain in the tush,

Levering family – circa 1950s

More Alexander Levering Kearn, page 6 >>

>> Alexander Levering Kearn, from page 5

Photo by Levering Family

but so can I -perhaps you too?- and there's
something compelling about high ground
that allows you to see all the way to forever
to see yourself finally not simply as flotsam
on the ocean of time, but as an agent, a maker,
a pioneer of a new tomorrow, looking over the valley
as crimson illumines the southern sky
and the Bear and Big Dipper come out to shine
and our eyes grow accustomed to the darkness
at home in the sky, a sky like forever,
the highest ground there is.

When I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray

When hiking in the woods, the old man warned,
you never, ever, surrender the high ground.
"What would happen then?" I asked my grandpa
but today was no time for questions.
His leather face squinted at the trail up ahead
beneath his battered trapper's cap,
a birthmark danced along the smiling lid
of one quizzical eye. Like a hunter, he stood
low to the ground, as nature & age whittled his spine,
his denim overalls and hardtack will
the only things keeping him from returning to earth.

One day before he died, I ignored his advice,
opting instead for the low road down.
I thought I might find the world spread out,
a tablecloth of orchards in the valley below.
I thought I might glimpse the Blue Ridge peaks,
but on the low road I found no adoring crowds
or peace prize nominations, not even the slow click
of an old walking stick in the orchard after dark.

On the low road down I found cottonmouths
and rattlesnakes, their voices muffled among the reeds.
I lost sight of our Big Rock above the creek,
where as children we discovered arrowheads,
conjuring up warriors and pirate ships.
Most days on the low road I heard nobody pray,
but instead saw lady's slippers sway in the breeze.
I felt chilly waters, crossing over our Jordan,
as the evening sun sunk like a rotting peach.
I heard the wood thrush calling beside the road.
I saw my feet moving forward in spite of themselves.

Note: The poem's title and several images are drawn from lyrics in the African American spiritual "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray."

Show Me That River

-for the people of Catoctin Quaker Camp

Show me that river, you know the one:
with the rattlesnake belly
flowing down from the mountain
frittering time along the plateau
spilling its syrup across Appalachia
beneath the gauntlet of snow.

Show me that river, you know the one
sputtering up from artesian wells
of Quaker silence around our campfires
loosening the shale of our history.

Show me that river: you know the one
burrowing beneath the Catoctin Mountains
calling us children to float like forever
on innertubes from summer camp
down into the valley where history collided
in the rocks near Harpers Ferry.

Show me that river: the red earth one
creasing beneath the cracked gourd of sky,
spattered with mud on Antietam Creek
under Burnside Bridge where lightning struck
and we ran through thunder
up to the high ground, trembling beneath
our feeble tarp, wondering whether
we'd escape alive, to swim in other rivers.

Photo by Alex Kern

***Alex Kern* is the founding Executive Director of the Center for Spirituality, Dialogue, and Service, at Northeastern University in Boston.**

He is a member of Friends Meeting at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Featured Quaker Artist

Chris Hagebak

Photo by Chris Hagebak

Chris Hagebak [left] grew up attending Oak Grove Friends (programmed) in Grinnell, Iowa, where his mother and maternal grandparents were regular attenders.

While his nearest meeting is currently Atlanta, Georgia he particularly enjoys visiting meetings in locations where he exhibits.

Tokyo Meeting [painting below] is one of his favorites. He visits there regularly when he is in the city.

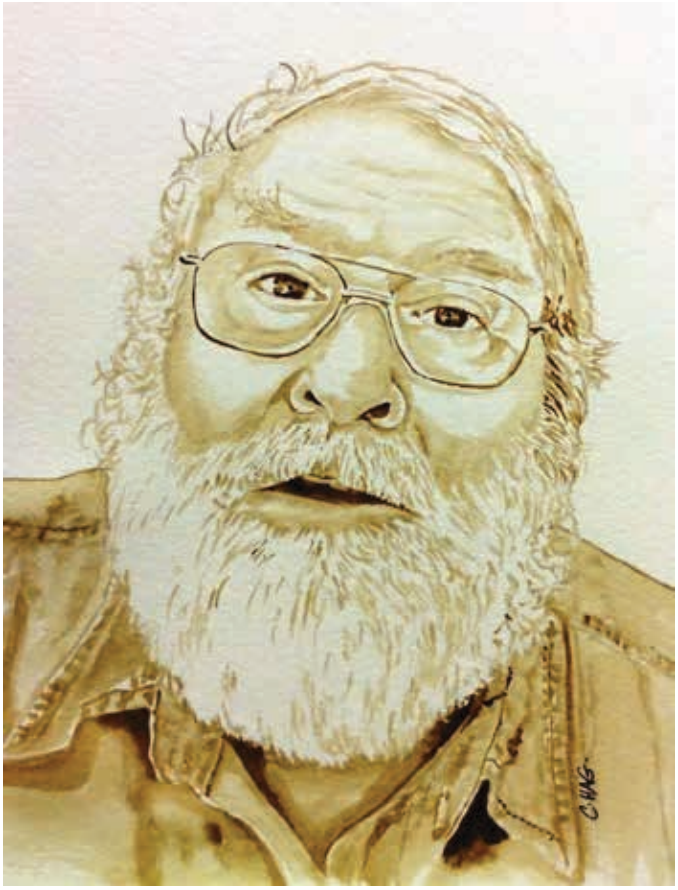
For more information:

Chris Hagebak
809 Gallery of Art
809 Hill St.
LaGrange GA 30241

The 809 Gallery is also on Facebook.
https://www.facebook.com/p/809-Gallery-of-Art-100057381441112/

More Chris Hagebak, page 8 >>

>> Chris Hagebak, from page 7



Coffee & Watercolors

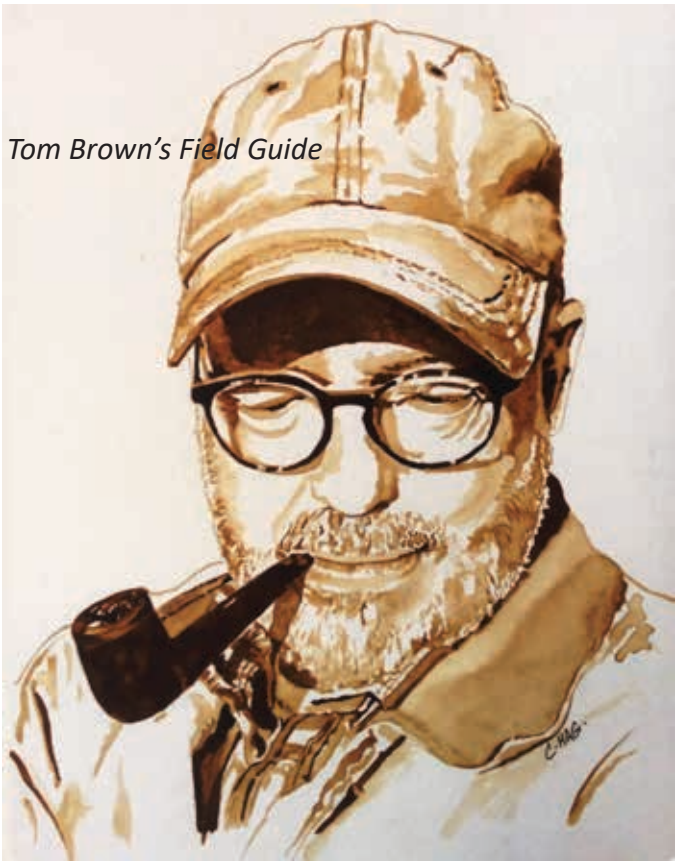
Although primarily known for his watercolor and coffee portraiture, Chris works in a variety of media, including oil, acrylic, sumi-e, sculpture, printmaking, stained glass, ceramics, batik and other fabric arts.

His work has been used as cover art for two books and several monthly periodicals. He is also a respected art restorer who has worked with museums and private collectors to restore works by many well-known artists.

[Yes, the image below left is that of the current T&S Editor, from Chris in 2017. Done in coffee.]

More Chris Hagebak, page 9 >>

>> *Chris Hagebak, from page 8*



Tom Brown's Field Guide

[Quaker author Brent Bill, with his pipe, above. The other paintings here are local.]

Chris makes his home in LaGrange, Georgia, near the Alabama border, where he is manager of 809 Gallery of Art, a gallery specializing in commissioned work and art education. Over the years, he has taught thousands of children and adults a wide variety of techniques and media. He has served as manager of 809 Gallery in LaGrange for eighteen years.

Chris is an award-winning generalist artist, specializing in portraiture and Japanese arts. He has become internationally known for his coffee portraits, which are uncommonly popular and have been exhibited worldwide. Chris has had numerous museum and gallery exhibitions, including both group and solo exhibits.

He developed his renowned coffee technique on his own, and was happy to discover along the way that cheaper instant varieties made for better watercolour brushwork.

One more portrait, which Chris believes is his best, is on the back cover.

Featured Quaker Artists

Jonathan Talbot & Signe Wilkinson

Meeting the Moment: FQA Members Collaborate on New Book

FQA members Jonathan Talbot and Signe Wilkinson are collaborating on a book to be published soon.

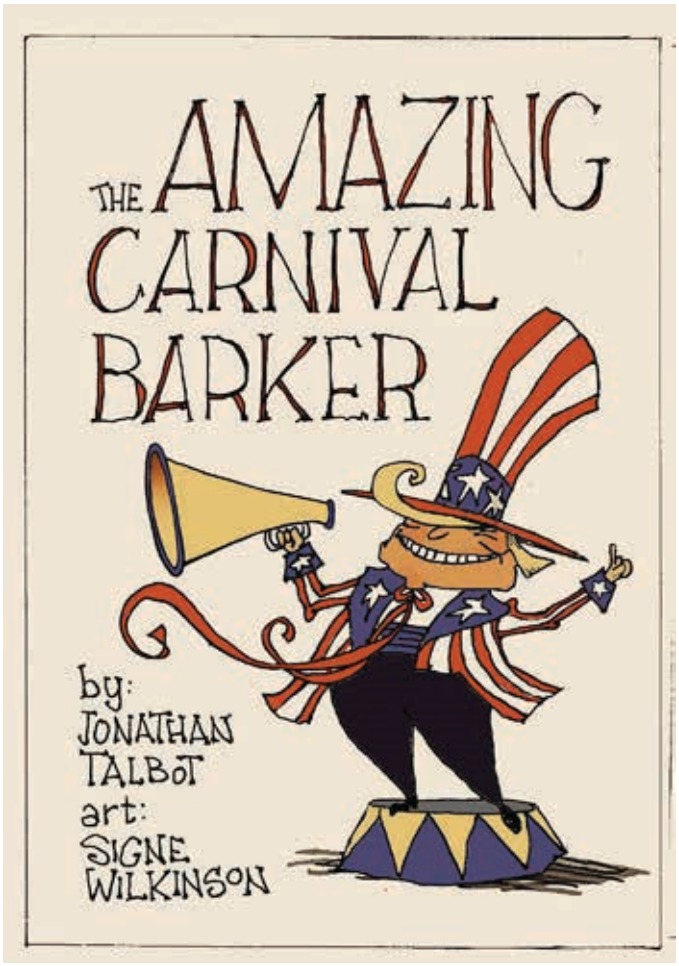
The Amazing Carnival Barker is a picture book for children who have grown up, and perhaps also for some children who have not yet grown up.

Conjuring echoes of Dr. Seuss and the Pied Piper of Hamelin, it tells of a charming fast-talking stranger who shows up in a troubled community with, what he says, is a secret surefire fix for all their woes:

With his red and white hat and his gold-colored hair
And his star-spangled suit, freshly pressed
The amazing Carnival Barker
Puffs up his splendiferous chest
And he tells us that he is the best of the best,
He's the king of his three-ring domain...
And he'll make things great... again.

Riveting rhymes tell the tale of how the barker does and doesn't keep his promises. "I first wrote the text of The Amazing Carnival Barker to be set to music and performed as a song," said Jonathan, a prominent American collage artist who worked as a musician before becoming a visual artist.

Jonathan Talbot



Book Cover by Signe Wilkinson

"However, when I recited the words for family and friends, many responded that rather than treating them as song lyrics, I should make them into a picture book."

"My work with FQA had made me familiar with Signe Wilkinson's Pulitzer Prize-winning editorial cartoons and, since the text is a commentary on recent changes in the social and political fabric of American society, I thought Signe's approach would be perfect. I reached out to her and was thrilled when she agreed to work on this project with me."

Sketch by Signe Wilkinson

More Jonathan & Signe, page 11 >>

>> *Jonathan & Signe, from page 10*

Sketches by Signe Wilkinson

Signe added, "I hate that most of the Quakers I know are, like me, mostly left and often far left politically. It can hardly be a universal faith if 50% of humanity is, ummm, left out. STILL, when Jonathan Talbot approached me to illustrate his epic diatribe about the current man occupying the White House, I bit. Having fully retired from political cartooning last fall after being censored by my editor, I had time to take on new projects but no projects to take on. Thanks, Jonathan, for getting in touch."

"Signe's creative visual response to the text is brilliant." continued Jonathan. "At the same time some illustrations have prompted, and even changes to the text. As a result, The Amazing Carnival Barker has become a truly collaborative project."

Signe and Jonathan hope to have finished books ready by June. *Types & Shadows* will keep its readers posted on the progress of this project.

All text and images copyright ©2025 Jonathan Talbot and Signe Wilkinson. Used by Permission.

Featured Artist
Lisa Maltby

THE QUAKERS - Portraits

The Quakers, by *Lisa Maltby,* are four portraits of three early Friends and a Quaker sympathizer, commissioned as part of a Swarthmore Hall exhibition on the birth of the Quaker movement. In turn they are George Fox, Margaret Fell, Sarah Fell and Thomas Fell. Because few authentic paintings of early Friends and others exist, the portraits are imaginative. (Sarah and Thomas were the daughter and first husband of Margaret. Thomas, while not a Quaker, supported Friends). The intent was to create a colorful and contemporary digital version of the subjects. David Sudlow and Simon Leach designed the exhibition.

Lisa Maltby is a painter from Sheffield in the United Kingdom. Her work includes publishing, design, editorial and heritage images, ranging from small digital illustrations to large murals. Maltby is a teacher, lecturer and writer, as well. Among other initiatives, she supports Arts Emergency, which assists young artists. She is not a Quaker, though she shares many Friendly values, like social justice and stillness.

The Quakers are charming pictures, brought to life by Maltby, a gifted artist.

A link to The Quakers project:
https://www.lisamaltby.com/project-updates/quakers-portrait-illustration.

--- Gary Sandman

The Quakers by Lisa Maltby

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Lindenwold, NJ 08021

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...

Enjoy Exciting Quaker fiction, poetry, paintings, photography, book reviews and Quaker Art News!

Cover: painting by Chris Hagebak

Page 2: Clerk's Letter, Jeanmarie Simpson

Pages 3-4: Doris Pulone, Book excerpt

Pages 5-6: Poems by Alex Kern

Pages 7-9 & at right: paintings by Chris Hagebak

Pages 10-11: New Book coming from Jonathan Talbot & Signe Wilkinson

Page 11: Gary Sandman on Digital Portraits of early Friends from the UK

Chris Hagebak's pick: Best coffee portrait