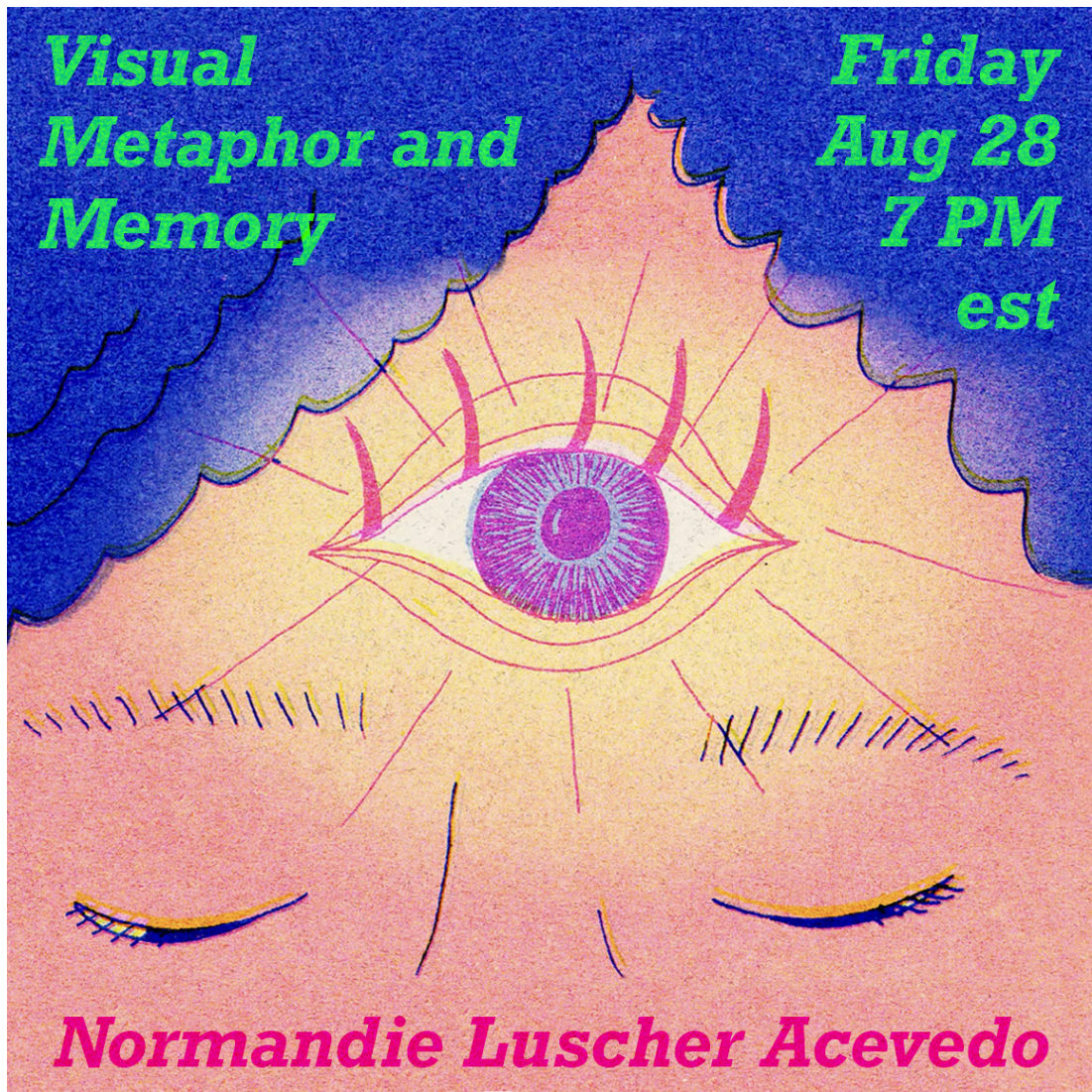


***Visual
Metaphor and
Memory***

***Friday
Aug 28
7 PM
est***



Normandie Luscher Acevedo

Thanks for coming to a SAW FNC Workshop!

VISUAL METAPHOR AND MEMORY

This workshop was led by
NORMANDIE LUSCHER
ACEVEDO

<https://normandieluscher.squarespace.com/>
<https://www.instagram.com/normandieillustration/>

On August 28, 2026

Next workshop → <https://sequentialartistsworkshop.org/freefnc>

You can also join hundreds of people sharing their work at our free members site:

... https://members.sawcomics.org/share/F6BBQeyGUGE0g-Qk?utm_source=manual

We hope you'll share your work on social media with the hashtag #fridaynightcomics . Please tag us @comicsworkshop

Thanks so much for being here!

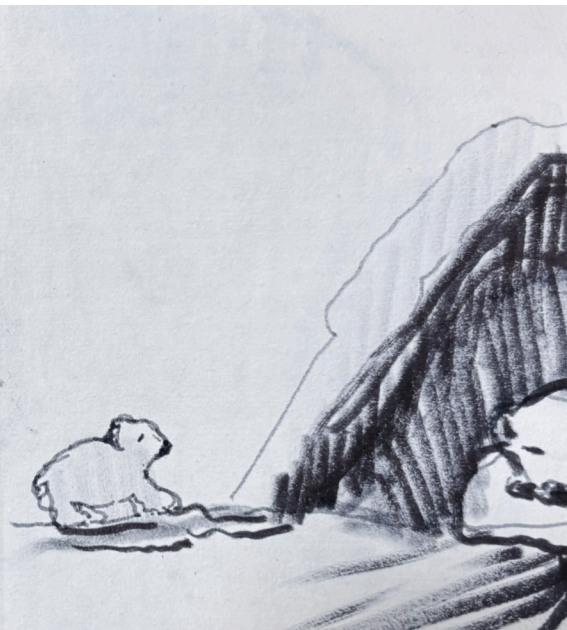
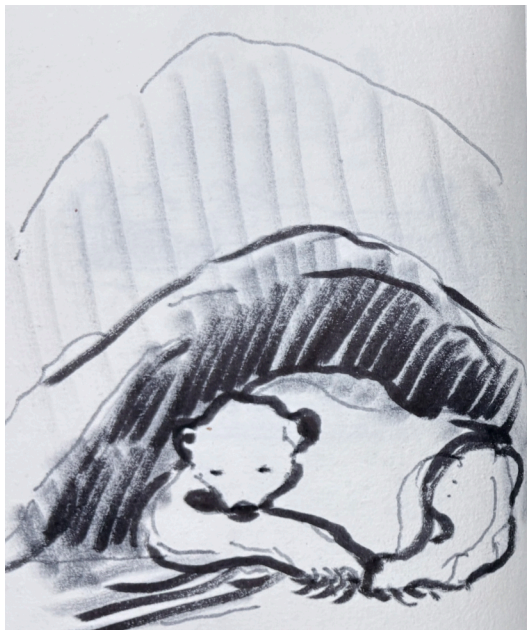
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Contributors in order of appearance:

John Wilson (2)
Tom Hart
Suzie Q (2)
Brittanny Handiboe
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Shannon
Cyn
Dimitrea Tokunbo (7)
Mary Owen (2)
Bill Lemmond
Judith Margolis
Lillian Burgess (2)
Miška
Michael Woo
Chris Seidel
Kristina Bartleson
Edgar F Russell III
Jeannie Mecorney
Eli Wadley (7)







WEEKLY - SOFTBALL
GAMES AT THE BIG
PARK AND I'D RUN
AROUND TO THE HAND
BALL COURT



AND ONE DAY ...



THE WALL HAD A GIANT
NEW AMAZING
PAINTING ON IT



WHO ARE THE
HANDBALL GODS WHO
DROPPED THIS
GIFT ONTO OUR
LAND AND LEFT



Eros bringing a towel into my bedroom in
the ^{drifting} middle of the night & Messing at the
top of his lungs waking me ^{What's up Eros?} up & then
dropping on the floor, turning tail & walking out—
his mission complete!

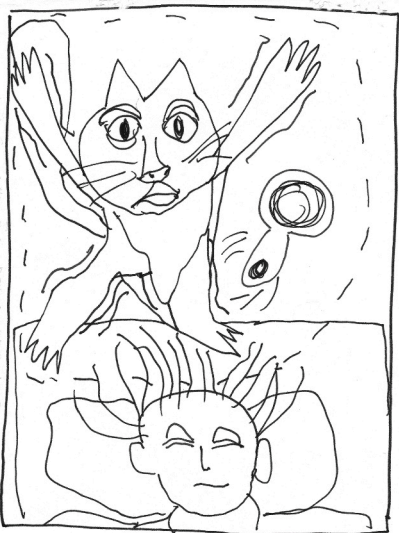
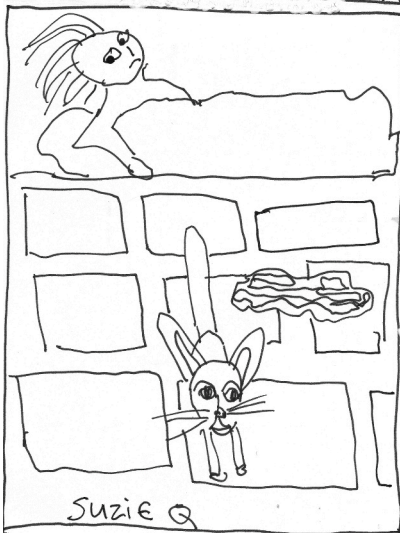
Shapes dark & light, explosive & soft,

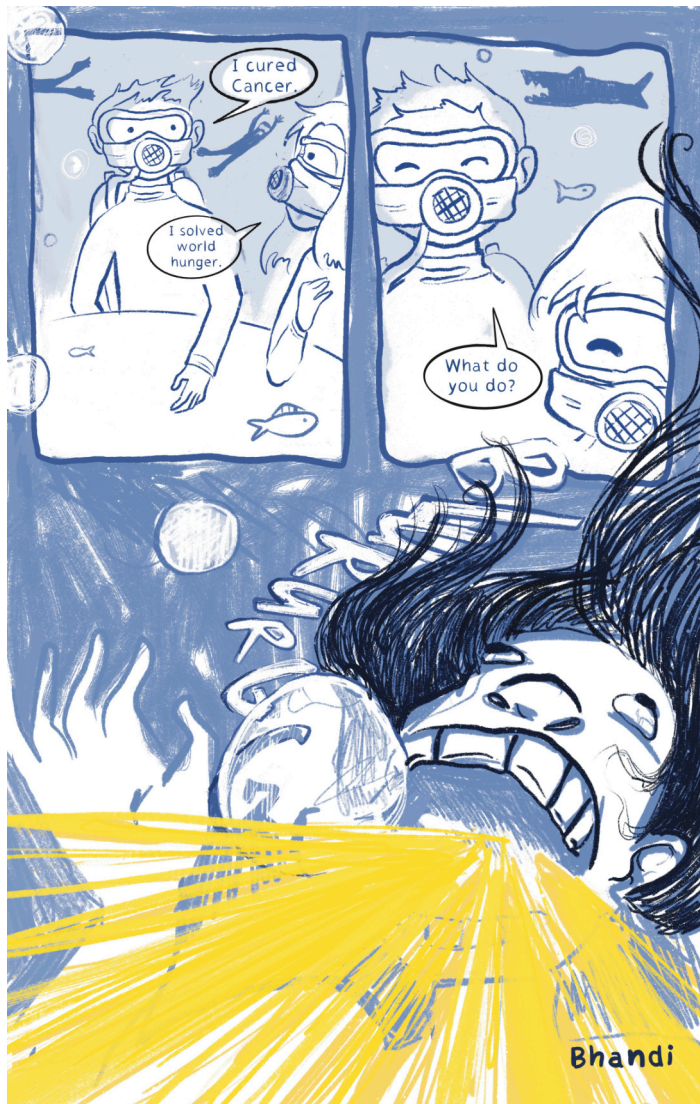
Cat's out of the Bag

Elephant in the Room

Tempest in a Teapot
fly off the handle

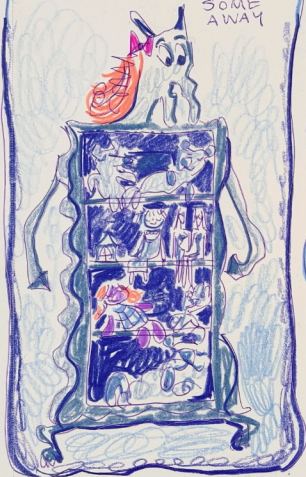






Bhandi

I HAVE SO MANY DOLLS
 & TOYS, I SHOULD BE
 GENEROUS AND GIVE
 SOME
 AWAY



MY AUNT TERESA IS
 COLLECTING TOYS TO
 GIVE TO POOR CHILDREN
 FOR CHRISTMAS



I LOVE
 THIS DOLL
 BUT I
 HAVEN'T
 BEEN PLAYING
 WITH HER
 LATELY...
 IT IS SO
 BEAUTIFUL
 I SHOULD
 GIVE IT
 ANY WAY..

AUNTY HERE
 IS A DOLL
 FOR CHRISTMAS
 KIDS!



THIS DOLL IS
 LOVELY !!
 I'D RATHER
 GIVE IT TO
 JANE AS MY
 CHRISTMAS
 PRESENT



* JANE IS MY LITTLE
 COUSIN

WHEN I GIVE THINGS
 AWAY NOW I BECOME
 SUPER CONTROLLING
 ABOUT WHERE
 THEY END UP.



ARGUMENT OVER A BALL AND RULES

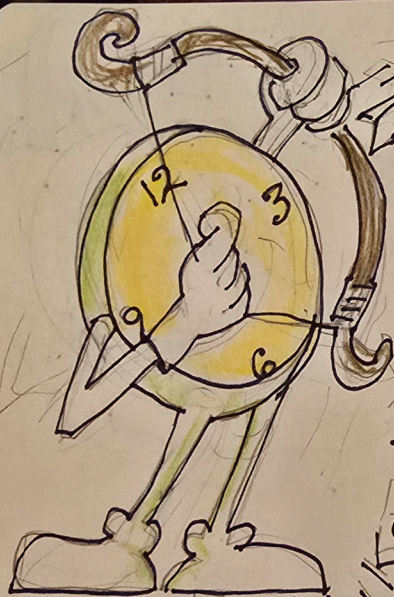


WRITING RULES IN THE "FORT"

(Basically pricker
bushes on edge
of property.)
USING MY KIDS' TYPEWRITER

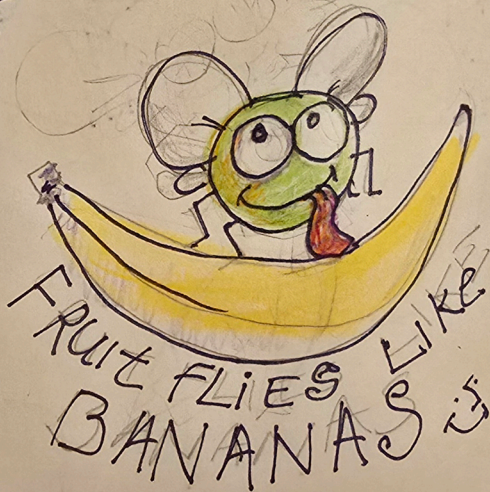
If it is
not in
writing, it
did not
exist.

SOMETHING AN ADULT SAID



TIME FLIES

LIKE AN ARROW



FRUIT FLIES LIKE
BANANAS

OF AN HOUR
DRAGONS BECAUSE
[LIST] IT BRINGS BAD
LUCK OR NOT
HAVING 1 SINGLE BODY
OR CARS STUCK IN
TRAFFIC

WHEN INTRODUCED
AND I DON'T FEEL AFRAID
OF IT

HOW WOULD I DRAW THE
FEELING - WORDS HAVE
POWER IMAGES HAVE
POWER

OVERLAPPING COLORS
LIKE RISO GRAPH

BEAUTIFUL
PAINTINGS
I BARTERED
IN NISBOON
AND HAD IT
STRETCH IN
THE US.

I DON'T
THINK I CAN
REMEMBER
THE EXACT
PAINT

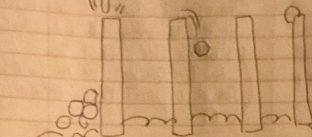
FEEL LIKE
IT WAS
AN ASIAN
PAINTING
222

LEGENDARY
TRAFFIC JAM

I GOT RID OF
BEAUTIFUL PAINTINGS
BECAUSE I DIDNT
WANT BAD LUCK

CAUSED "GO SLOW" SLABS FOR
TRAFFIC

DOTTING 'I's AND CROSSING 'T's



POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH IN
THE TONGUE

POWER OF THE SWORD
IN THE TONGUE

WHEN I WAS GROWING
UP I HAD A TENDENCY
TO THINK OLDER PEOPLE,
CHURCH MINISTERS AND
A WHOLE HOST OF OTHERS
KNEW BETTER THAN I DID
HOW LIFE IS SUPPOSED
TO GO - I WANTED MAKE
SURE I WAS DOING MY
PART IN DOTTING THE 'I's
AND CROSSING THE 'T's

IGNORANCE IS
NOT
BLISS

CHECK AND SEE IF YOU HAVE
AND DETERMINE WHERE IN YOU
HAVE - TAKE IT DOWN



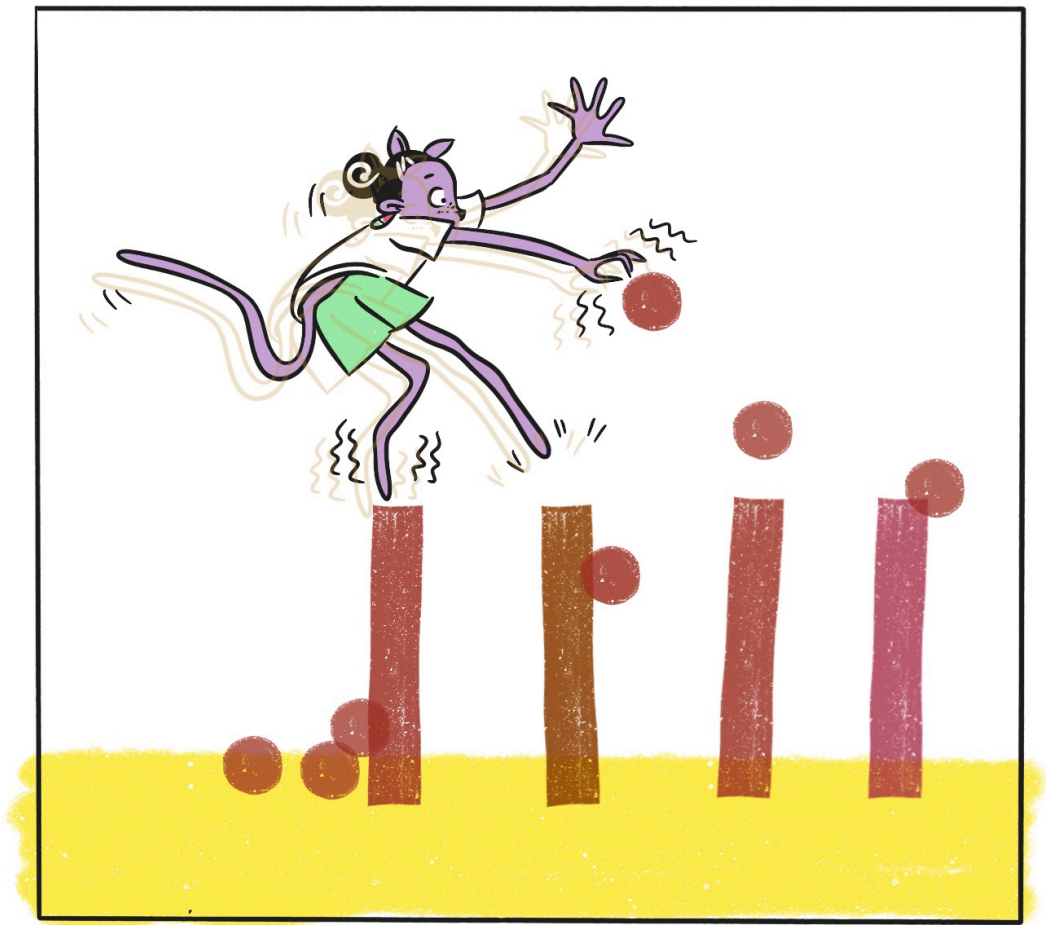
IRONICALLY IT WAS DRAGON IMAGERY THAT
HELPED MY RELATIONSHIP TO MY EMOTIONS

Many moons ago, someone
called to give me advice...

Mitri, Do you have any dragon
artwork in your home?

Take it
down! Get
rid of it.
It's bad
luck, it's
the devil.









It may have been a handcut paper art given as a gift but it had to go. I believed I had to do everything I could to have a blessed home.



What if
GO SLOW would
keep me stuck -
in an energetic
loop?



What if
a solitary figure
would curse me
to die alone?

Even though they weren't dragons,
I got rid of those two paintings I brought
back from Nigeria— that I haggled for and
stretched their canvases myself when
I got back to the states ... Gone!





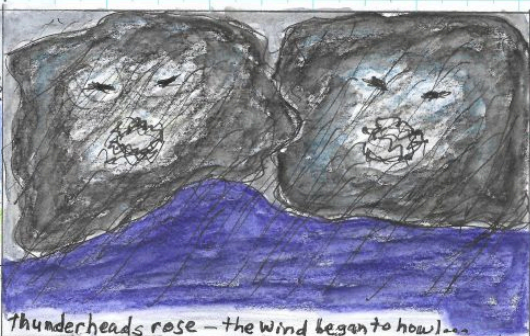
Ironically,
years later,
it was dragon
imagery that
helped me
begin healing my
relationship to my emotions—

So now I won't slay who helps me play

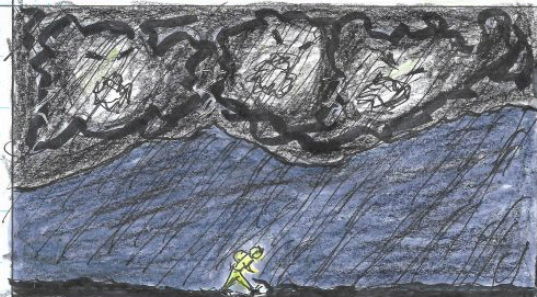
STORMS



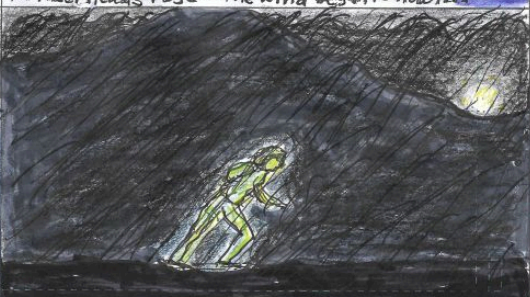
Clouds began building long before I realized it.



Thunderheads rose - the wind began to howl...



DARKNESS - Storms overtake me



I struggle to keep walking through the storms -



Does Gayle wish
she'd never met me?



One night after dinner,
in the school cafeteria,
after everyone else left,
Gayle said

I LOVE YOU

???



Would I ruin Gayle's life?
All I could think to say
was

I HAVE TO
THINK ABOUT
THIS!



And because of my extreme
and undiagnosed ADD, I took
3 days to get back to Gayle.

I haven't seen her since
1978. And because I thought
it was what she wanted,
I stayed away.



I was happy, and sad,
and terrified!
The only other girl ever
associated with me
was teased about it,
And I still thought

I'M AN AWFUL MAN,
WITH A DARK SECRET!



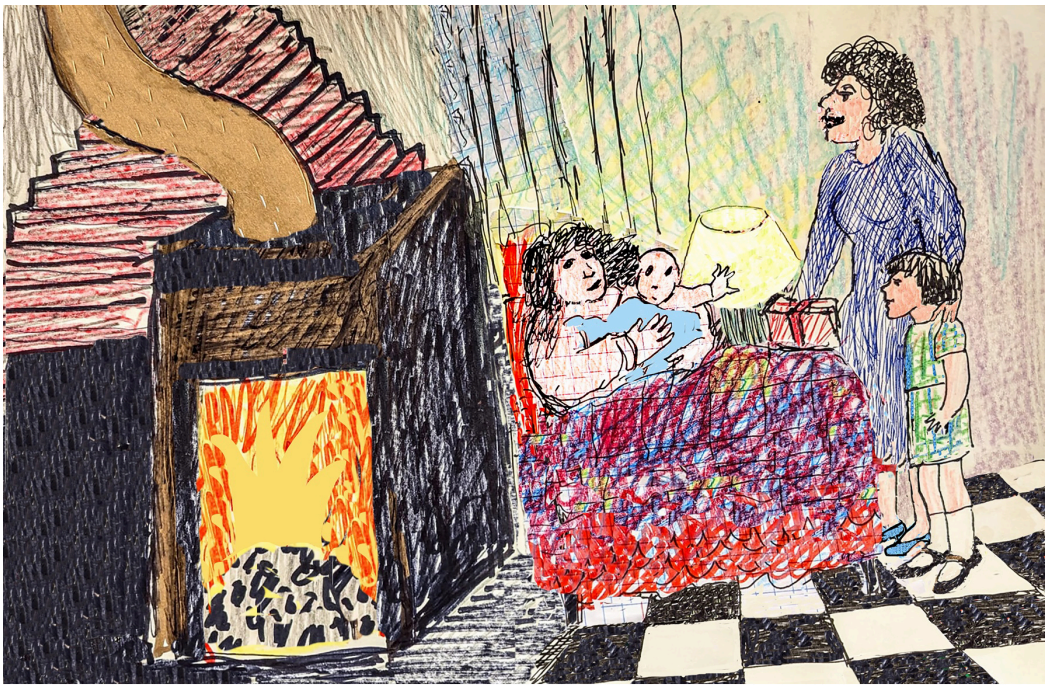
She responded

I DON'T FEEL
THAT WAY
ANY MORE



And I simply believed her.

WFS II



When I was a child, we lived in an apartment building in the Bronx. I had never been in the basement, but I knew it was where big trucks dumped black dusty coal down a chute.

The “Super” lived in the basement with his family. When his wife had a baby, my mother took me down there to give her a gift and admire the baby.

I did not know why they lived in the dark, no-windows basement, next to the danger and dirt of the fire. It was my first view of people living in what I would later recognize as “poverty”

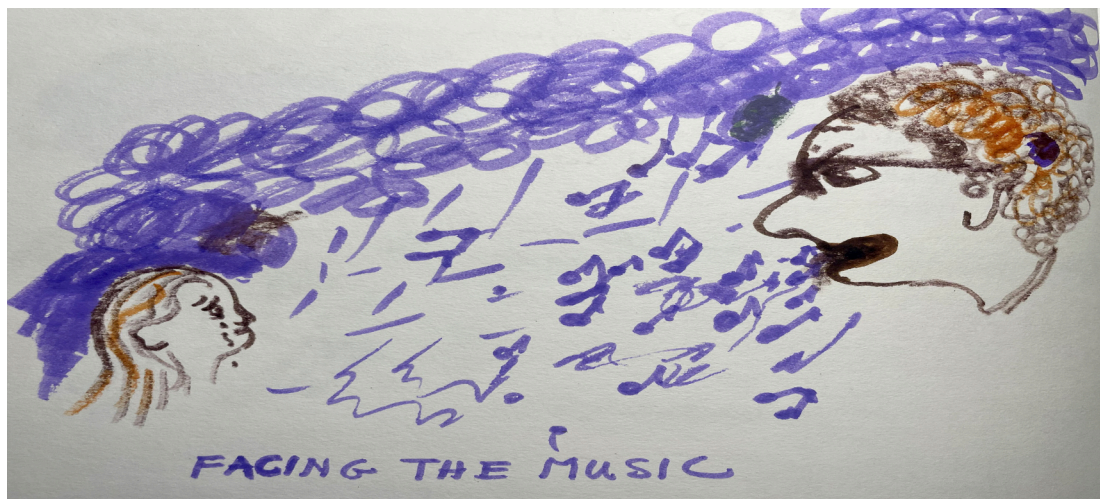
The joy of the new mother with her baby, and my mothers loving, womanly warmth still glows in my memory like the furnace.

Judith Margolis 

- labyrinth



labyrinth
music



COZIEST CABIN

For Vanoce,
my aunt & uncle
took me & their kid
Kamila to a little
cabin in

KRKONOŠE.

We parked
at the foot
of a

VERY

S

T

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L

My
family
is much
more
athletic
than
me.

I
arrived
much
later.



Delighted by
FLAMING
CANDLES
illuminating
their
simple
tree adorned with traditional
Czech, handcrafted reed
ornaments and surrounded by
my loving family,

my heart GLOWED.

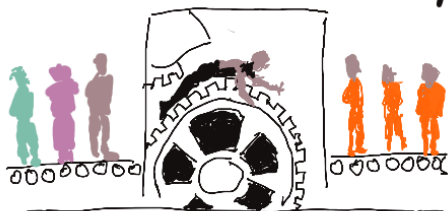
SOOO COLD!

By the time we got inside,
I felt frozen to my very core.
It took a few hours for us
to warm up.



Remembering
that special Christmas Eve
is like cuddling under a really
fluffy blanket. SO COMFY!

"A school is a factory



is a poem



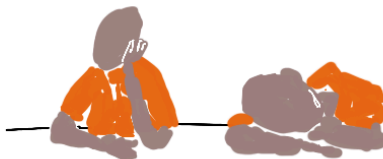
is a prison



is academia



is boredom,



with flashes
of panic."



- Joseph Brodsky, former Soviet dissident, later
U.S. Poet Laureate.

MICHAEL WOOD 30 AUGUST 2026

Visual Metaphor
 MEMORY
 w/ Normandie Luscher-Acevedo

Inflection
 REFLECTION
 28 Aug 26
 ♥ C. Seidel

SAW Friday
 NIGHT
 COMICS
 w/ Tom Hart

In 2001 my mom
 needed surgery
 on an artery in
 her neck to clear
 a blockage. The
 weekend before,
 we went to see
 Eric Clapton.



Good Luck w/ your surgery!

My last memory
 of her before
 everything
 changed was saying
 goodbye at the
 BART station

The surgery went
 fine, but just after
 she woke up a blood
 clot formed and
 she had a major
 stroke. Her career,
 language, and
 coordination ended
 that day. Simple
 sentences would
 eventually come
 back, sort of.



Now she has
 severe
 Alzheimer's. We
 hold hands and walk
 together. There's
 so little of her
 left.

But she can still
 smile and say,
 "I love you."

I applied for and
accepted a job as
a cook on a small
sailboat for a transit
from the Bahamas
to Maine. I had
only ever sailed
along the coast
of Maine...



My mind has continued to see
the endless possibilities for adventure
and life directions ever since.

"MY WIDE WORLD OF VISUAL METAPHOR"

WRITTEN, DRAWN, AND © 2026 BY EDGAR FARR RUSSELL III OR SAW FRIDAY NIGHT COMICS
 "VISUAL METAPHOR AND MEMORY" AUGUST 28, 2026 WITH GUEST ARTIST NORMAN D. LUBNER, HOST, HOLY RABBIT

IT'S 2026, I WONDER
 IF THE PAST WILL BECOME THE
 PROLOGUE FOR MY LIFE?



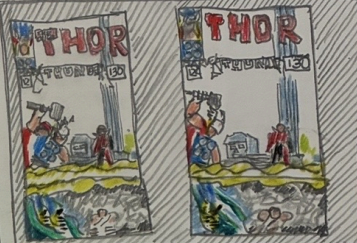
MY WEARINESS MAKES ME RE-
 FLECT THROUGH MANY DE-
 CADES OF MEMORIES OF OTHERS

ANOTHER JOYFUL DAY FOR HIM:
 THE SAVILE BOOK STORE WAS
 ABOUT TO RETURN THE COLLECTED
 WORKS OF SAMUEL BECKETT.
 THEY UNPACKED THE BOX AND
 HE PAID \$100.00. I HELPED
 HIM CARRY THE MANY VOLUMES HOME



I WILL NOT BE THE LAST TIME I WILL CARRY
 MANY OF HIS BURDENS... 1970s TO TODAY

I WANT MY COPY OF EVERY
 COMIC BOOK EDGAR HAS!



ISSUE #130 JULY 1966 WAS
 ENTITLED "THUNDER IN THE
 UNDERWORLD". HOW WAS I
 TO KNOW HOW PRESCIENT
 THAT TITLE WOULD PROVE!

MANY DECADES LATER
 AT A SOUND-HEALTH
 NETWORK WORKSHOP
 I WILL PAINT THE IMAGE
 OF A CARE GIVER
 BEING PULLED UNDER
 THE WATER BY THE
 ONE HE IS TRYING TO
 SAVE.



I LEARNED I CANNOT DE-
 STROY MYSELF. I HAVE A
 RIGHT TO LIVE MY LIFE, TOO!

why
metaphor?

- Truth that is digestible for those who have similar experiences
- Process understand for oneself
- Protect from those who don't yet understand

Skim

Jillian Tamaki
A Guest in the House
EM Carroll

Friday Night Comics

w/ Normandie S Luscher
Normandie@Luscher.com
Visual Metaphor and
Personal Memoir
webtoons Demigoddess

start with a memory

JFK and ME



Driving to Berkeley, CA.
My dad took us out of school
on March 23, 1962 to go to
See President Kennedy Speak
at Charter Day.



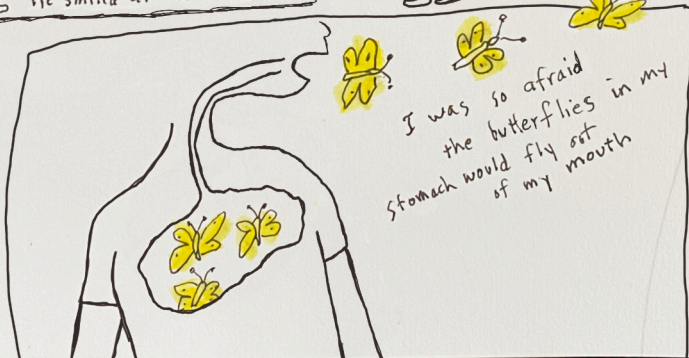
we waited in a large
crowd on Shattuck Ave.



He smiled at me and...

some lady in the crowd
yelled at me.

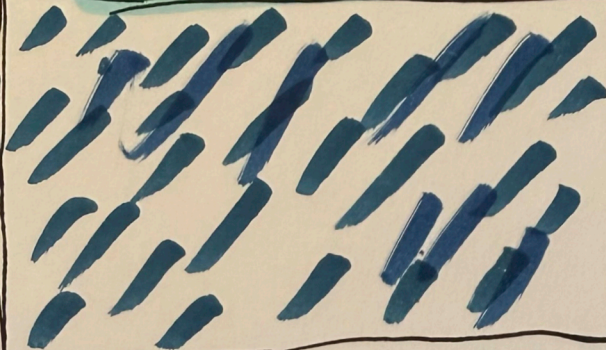
He looked right
AT YOU!!



I was so afraid
the butterflies in my
stomach would fly out
of my mouth

metcorney mmmxvi

At dad's funeral it was
raining so HARD.



The tent was over the people
but not over the hole they
dug.



The chair had
the fur and



looked like
cookie
monster

My brother and I looked in the
grave which was half full of
water and mud.



and the funeral director
handed us the urn and said
oh by the way, The lid is loose.

We had to Kneel down
in the rain and mud and
lean way way down
into the hole.

In hard rain,



And try not to fall in.
or let the lid fall off

One two three
(we have to shove it into the
mud on three!)



The priest talked about how my
dad and my sister were looking down
from heaven with love.

He looked like the fisherman
from the frozen fish stick package.



Our family knew the truth. They
were lookin' down like Statler
and Waldorf from the balcony
of the Muppet Show laughing
their heads off.



