

“Like The Black Dog Project and its Army of Ink, the book is part of a movement, a peaceful, empowering campaign, a revolution of SELF. A celebration of truth, creativity and self expression. A collective rising up from all that threatens or harms our sense of who we, fragments our identity— pulls us from our sense of place.”

ART of telling the truth . . .

Harley and I wanted to create a book that was unique and different— offered an interactive experience. We had fun breaking lots of rules to achieve this. There’s lot of imperfections throughout the book which was a challenge in itself because we’re both perfectionists. We wanted the book to have a handcrafted, earthy *realness* about it. Each page opens to a double page spread of image and text so you can pick a page and display it like you would a painting. The tone and images invite you to come closer— see things you might have missed on the first look. It’s a bit like a fine art “Where’s Wally?”

Even choice of paper and print production came into it. * Raw, recycled paper and soy based ink was chosen because, unlike other papers, the ink literally *grows* deep into the page which creates a dark and moody effect—inviting exploration beyond what can be seen *on* the surface. You can smell we used heaps of ink—it felt good knowing the story, the truth was soaked up and set deep within the pages.

It looks, feels and smells good enough to eat!

*We must pop a feather in the hat of Kate from ‘Dumbo Feather’ magazine which has been a great influence throughout the writing and publishing of ‘In My Room’.

We didn’t want it to be so perfect, neat and proper that people didn’t feel they could write on it or drag it around with them in their bag— earmark pages, write notes on it, draw their own pictures in it, or fix the book open on a favourite page. It’s meant to be much loved and used.

You can’t see me because I don’t wear black . . .

The great thing about art, image and poetry is that it leaves room for personal interpretation— allows us to feel a sense of *ownership* of what’s on the page. We wanted every copy to *feel* like someone’s personal possession—a private journal . . .

Not *my* book—*your* book.

No they're not my unshaven legs they belong to Harley !

The ballerinas in the book are symbolic of things not always being what they seem. A ballerina is beautiful, perfectly balanced and alluring yet off stage the routine is tough, painful, gruelling and

not so pretty— but you don’t see that. Most people don’t want to see it either but it’s part of the process of transformation. The book reveals both the beauty and the beast of that process.