

Upcoming Biblio Events

Readers & Writers: Clark Fork Library:

Idaho and Montana members of the "Readers & Writers" group will be holding bi-weekly meetings at the library. Call 266-1321 for further information.

Book Sale/Summer Reading:

The Cascade Public Library will be holding its annual book sale May 19th and will be hosting its summer reading program, "Plant a Seed...Read," June through August. Call 382-4757 for further information.

Artists' Book Competition:

The Idaho Center for the Book will be considering bookworks by Idahoans for inclusion in its traveling exhibition "Booker's Dozen 2002." Books should be sent (with return postage) to the ICB June through September. For address and additional information, see ICB information on page 2 of this newsletter.

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Mill of Dunnydeer (Part 2)

by Jack Thompson

3-26-00

I heard Norm's pickup start up and idle while they finished loading it and drove out about 7:00 am, to return to Portland. I tossed another stick in the stove and went back to sleep for a couple of hours. They hadn't left any coffee, but the dishes were still there to be washed, per my request. In January, I had just started to do the dishes when it began snowing; knowing that I had to be back in Portland for a conference call, I left them and got out while the getting was good. Gary washed those after breakfast on Wednesday morning.

After eating the last of the spaghetti for breakfast, I did the dishes, loaded the car, closed the cabins, and went down to visit with Jim for a short time. The drive back to Portland was as uneventful as the drive up. But Monday evening, returning home from an errand, the clutch cable went out on the Subaru a couple of blocks from the house. Timing is everything... Reminds me of the time a soft plug blew out of the water jacket of an old Dodge pickup of mine while I was backing in to the driveway after driving a few hundred miles, returning from hunting camp.



Building the first mill

a bad neighbor; just a person who prefers to keep to himself. We drove off the asphalt and onto a gravel road for about half a mile and stopped at the turn up the long driveway to the cabin and a few other homes, to take a picture or two, and then drove up to the driveway to take some close-ups. I took those pictures because Ida had asked Suz to be in some of the pictures.

After a short time the owner came out the back door, walked toward us, and asked what we were doing in his driveway.... Almost as one, Suz and I began explaining our mission, which satisfied the owner. Then he began to chat about this, that, and the other. About Communists in the government, our felonious President, the sorry state of education generally, and the damned AMA doctors who had damned near killed him, twice, some ten years ago.

Although he is a shy and retiring individual, he is not without opinions which he was perfectly willing to share - whether we were interested or not. He will be 70 years old in a few

days (but looks to be in his 50's) and studied engineering at Oregon State University. He worked for, among others, Boeing Aircraft and NASA, and if it hadn't been for losing four years of his life serving in the military during the Korean Conflict, things might have turned out better. Whatever that may mean.

One of his proudest achievements is that he designed, and with a colleague built, the metering device which controlled fuel consumption on the LEM (Lunar Expedition Module) which Neil Armstrong used when he landed on the moon.

He is currently non-denominational - calls himself an "Evolutionist." But he is designing a church for the Timberline Christian Assembly,

in Santa, a non-denominational church. He invited us in to look at the drawings, but we had a block of ice melting slowly away in the car and, with regrets, took our leave, but not before I offered to bring him some of the engineering manuals up at the cabin. For instance (and I went to the car for a book I was bringing up on this trip) a book on statics. He looked at it and said that he had a copy;

maybe an earlier or later edition, but the cover seemed familiar.

So today, I pulled three books from the shelves and took my leave of Suzanna - she declined my offer to bring her along and suggested that I eat a hearty meal and go to the bathroom before driving over to visit this shy individual.

After checking my mail (nothing) and asking Bill Rogers about six-inch pipe (nothing), I drove to St. Maries for some wood at the lumber yard and some cigarettes at the smoke shop (part of St. Maries is Indian Reservation and cigarettes are available there at a discount) and then drove to Fernwood to deliver my books.

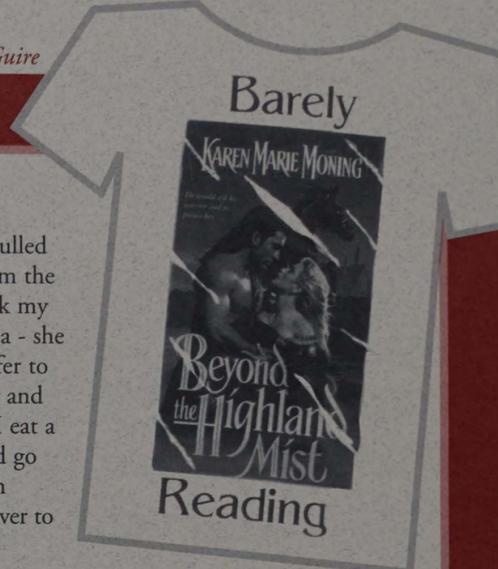
After the second (and loudest) knocking on his backdoor, he came to let me in, mentioning in passing that years of operating metal lathes and other machine tools had left him with a hearing deficiency. I passed my books to him and he put them down on the kitchen island. Before we could get to them, he wanted to show me three oil paintings and a photograph of his sailboat. The oil paintings were made by a friend of his some years ago and were of an Indian man on a hunt, a buffalo, and a landscape. All three were good enough paintings.

Shortly, we were in his study/drafting room, studying the latest couple versions of the proposed church. This congregation has no money to speak of, so they are not paying him anything for the hours he spends refining the concept and calculating loads and stresses on various aspects of the church as may be built with different materials. Wood or concrete or steel, or some combination.

When he learned that I had experience in heavy construction the conversation took a turn and we began talking in professional shorthand about rebar, tilt-ups, wind load, deflection, angles of moment, etc.

His experience is in avionics and nuclear engineering; mine is in heavy construction, English, Folklore, and art conservation. Neither of us is a competent structural engineer. He once worked for McCulloch, a manufacturer of chainsaws and I have owned and used a few chainsaws, so we have some common ground and built the ensuing conversation on these slender threads.

In the fullness of time, we established that certain things could be done within the structural limits of certain materials; that he is a Libra and his father was a Gemini; his mother was a Christian lady; his 14 year marriage to a good Christian lady was a mistake for both



3-28-00 (Addenda)

Turns out it wasn't the clutch cable after all; a nut had come off the adjacent "Hill Holder" mechanism and lodged itself under the nut on the clutch cable, preventing it from working properly. Cheap fix.

9-14-00

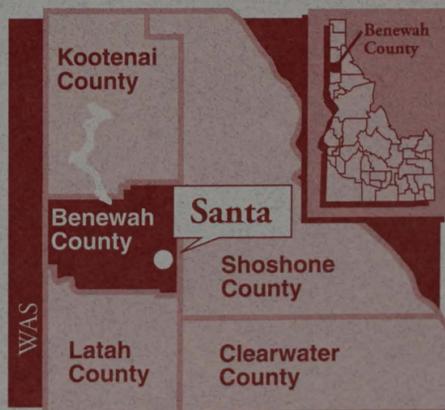
My daughter, Suzanna, traveled with me to the cabin this trip; it's been a couple of years since she had some free time when I was coming up, so it has been fun - sharing the changes with her. Other than showing her around the pond & hovel, and the various changes made in Jack's Shack & Chateau Sam, not much has been accomplished.

We arrived shortly before sunset on Tuesday and will return to Portland tomorrow, Friday. Yesterday we drove to Fernwood to acquire a block of ice for the cooler, and to take a picture of the (kit) log cabin a friend of hers lived in for a time. Suzanna and Ida were quite surprised to discover that they each knew where Fernwood, Idaho was, and that they knew some people in common. Including Jay, co-owner of the Fernwood Mercantile. As Jay was checking us out I introduced him to Suz and she told him about her friend and asked for directions to the house.

Jay lives near the house and told us that the new owner is not terribly friendly, but has no kids or dogs, and is not



The hovel



Santa, Idaho

The Idaho Statesman

of them. She did not mind sailing around the San Juan Islands and Vancouver Island with him after he retired at the age of 49 and bought a 38 ft. live-aboard sailboat, but she did not care to go voyaging out of sight of land. This test lasted 2 years (12th-14th year of wedded bliss) and then she asked to be put back on land, filed for divorce, and he spent the next 4 years sailing around in circles before going back to work to rebuild his retirement nest egg.

He showed me a photograph of the very nice home he sold in N.W. Washington to enable his purchase of the land, house and outbuildings in Fernwood. It took awhile to sell because someone had built a crude looking shack next door and he had to sell it for \$40,000 less than the appraised value which ended up putting him \$14,000 in unexpected debt.

The 38 ft. sailboat was sold long ago and he has a smaller sailboat for sale; he also has a Hasselblad camera with many lenses/filters for sale - \$6,000; about 1/3 the current value, he told me.

For a shy and retiring individual he is very forthcoming, not to say blunt and voluble.

9-15-00

After a slow start Suz and I packed the car, washed the dishes, visited Jim & Melody, said goodbye to the cabins and drove away.

A concluding article with paper sample from Thompson's medieval paper mill will appear in a future issue.



Jack Thompson outside of his shack

From the Artists' Perspective

A Booker's Dozen

"Booker's Dozen" is a biennial, travelling exhibition containing contemporary artists' and eccentric books designed and produced by Idahoans. An eccentric book is Auntie, wearing her mothball necklace to your wedding, or your cousin, the one who will be explained to you "when you're older." Artists' books are the grandest inquisitors, questioning our definitions of what a book is or may be.

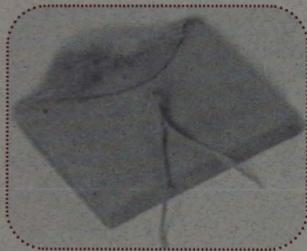
Booker's Concluding Itinerary

April Idaho Falls Arts Council
 May Herrett Center (Twin Falls)
 June Marshall Public Library (Pocatello)
 Summer: Colorado Center for the Book, Denver
 October: Boise Public Library
 November: Garden City Public Library

Barbara Michener

Up the Lemhi: The Trappings of Oliver Williams

My bookwork began as a project illustrating the life of a unique family member, but grew into a picture of an old west lifestyle. Skills like tracking, knowing animals' habits of survival, trapping in the harsh winters of



mountainous Idaho, and living off the land are no longer needed today. The solitary life of a fur trapper and the skills and benefits of living closely with our environment may be lost with our elders.

Oliver Williams is no longer sitting by his window warming his aging body and watching the red fox casually wander through his front yard, but the legacy of his life in the wilderness was passed on to this author. I learned through my visits with him how he measured his own spirituality and reverence for all life. His adventures helped him to develop an understanding of the animals he hunted, which in turn was a reflection of how he viewed himself and his part in nature.

Ruth A. Barnes

My Family Album

All my art work concerns people's relationships and connections. I create a dialog with the work as the book progresses. Every decision, paper,



fabric, color, style, texture, binding, size, weight and all their relationships of contrast and similarity, becomes part of the developing dialog that infuses meaning into the work, and extends the artist's experiences and emotions. Then when it is complete, the viewer must create a

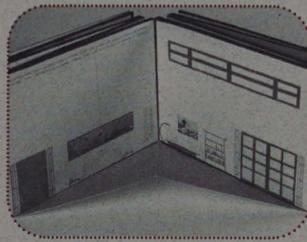
separate dialog to extend and incorporate the viewer's experience and feelings.

Working with fabric textures, I realized they could represent impressions of personal character or individual feelings. I was intrigued by the possibilities when I found an old family album with marvelous ancestors formally observing important rites of passage. They were sincere and humorous at the same time. My book is loosely based on the family tree with the names changed to protect the guilty. (To have depth of meaning and be worthwhile, I think my work must have a thread of humor.)

Meggan Laxalt and Erin Jensen

Shared Space

Our book is a tribute to the unique relationship that mothers and daughters share. Erin and I have shared space for 15 years. We have also shared our hopes, our dreams, our many successes and our many disappointments. Although we have lived under the same roof all these years, our visions and desires are vastly different. We thought the creation of a book that visually demonstrated our different "spaces" - in this case, distinctly different versions of our perfect "spaces" as homes - would be appropriate. Our book combines the best of our two worlds in a tactile, 3-D form that we engineered and created together. From illustrating our pages to gluing materials to working together on our book, we again shared space and energy, and our complex mother-daughter bond. The result was a dynamic, diverse and intense labor of love.



- Meggan Laxalt (Mother)

Shared Space is a perfect three-dimensional metaphor for life with my mother. It is one book, but with two very different perspectives. It has a beginning and an end, a strong structure, and it took a lot of work to create. It expresses who we are, both individually and together. But most of all, it has imagination, creativity, uniqueness, beauty and life. It is OUR space and how we share it.

- Erin Jensen (Daughter, age 15 1/2)

Kelly McColly

The Story Behind Cheat

There isn't much, politically speaking, that I feel like I want to make a statement about. Cheatgrass is one of the few things about which I give a sufficient damn to do so. Among cheat's many, many problems is that it isn't a sexy topic.



Few people, aside from myself and a few folks at the BLM, really lose sleep over this. So that was my challenge; making other people pay attention (well, at least a couple of minutes worth of attention) to what seems like a tedious rangeland concern. Although no naked bits of cheatgrass were featured in the making of this book, I think it turned out pretty sexy. You can peek under its clothes, you can caress it, and, owing to the subject matter, it's very, very hot. It applies the Disney school of emotion to an artistic book. Heartstrings will be tugged by this baby. But with or without this book, the fire cycle will inevitably get shorter and shorter, thanks to this persistent little organism.

Christian Thompson

The Curse, The Gift

The idea behind this small multi dimensional book is to dispel the notion that dyslexia is a "learning disability" as the medical community calls it. Many influential people supposedly have this "disability," hence the image of Einstein who was said to have been dyslexic. The use of this book style is meant to represent people with dyslexia as visually talented creative thinkers. The doctors got it wrong. Dyslexia is a gift which has given me a unique perspective in life and stronger character.



Kellie Rogers

How to be Punk Rock

The book that I designed, *How To Be Punk Rock*, is a mocking look at the Punk Rock scene that has become very popular in the last several years. Many people believe that if you have crazy colored hair, piercings, and wear the right clothes, that you are punk. In my book, I used many of these materials such as the patch for the title, the pyramid spikes, plaid and leopard print fabrics, and safety pins which are all commonly worn by punks. I typed the pages using a typewriter and cut-and-pasted the pictures, which is very common for punk flyers.



In my book I make fun of what I think commercialism has done to punk. They have made it fashionable and accessible. Now that it is cool, no one will think that punks are weird. Anyone can go out and buy hair color and spikes at the nearest mall. MTV plays all the latest punk rock hits. But punk rock is about much more than being in a band with your friends, drinking beer and looking punk. Punk rock is about putting out your own music and selling it yourself so it costs less for everyone. Shirts should be designed and screened by the musicians. Punk rock should be about getting the "normal" population to question why they believe what they do by being different. Punks question the idea of materialism and ideas of fitting into roles dictated by society. They should also be accepting of the different lifestyles. It should be about grass roots distribution of information that the media can't cover because of censorship by big corporations. The irony of punk becoming main stream is so contradictory; I couldn't help but make fun of it.

Erin Williams

I am Idahoan

As the landscapes that are my memories of Idaho retreat under urban sprawl, images seen in *I am Idahoan* will become a rare and precious few. I fear such scenes of beauty, hardship and bounty are never to be lived or loved again.



**IDAHO
 CENTER
 FOR THE
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