



Why did he do that?

Will I ever be rich?

Will I win the lottery?

Will I like my job?

Will I have a nice house?

Will I ever get married?

Will he be handsome?

Will he be good to me?

Will I have lots of kids?

Will they be smart?

Will they be loved?

Why did he leave me?

When will he come back?

Will anybody ever love me?

Will I ever be happy again?

The Henna Page® Calendar 2011

“Every picture tells a story...”

Foreword

The 2011 Henna Page Calendar "Every picture tells a story..."

A misfortune can sometimes create an opportunity. This was the case with the 2011 Henna Page Calendar. Catherine, who did the bulk of the art work for all the past calendars, injured her shoulder when she slipped an icy patch last winter, so she didn't have the strength or endurance to take on that much work on her own this year. The solution was to invite several other artists to work with her on the 2011 calendar during the TAAB-US event last spring. With the whole team working in the same place for a week, the bulk of the project was completed weeks ahead of schedule and the fresh perspective from several new pairs of eyes and different techniques from several new pairs of hands drove the artwork in a new direction.

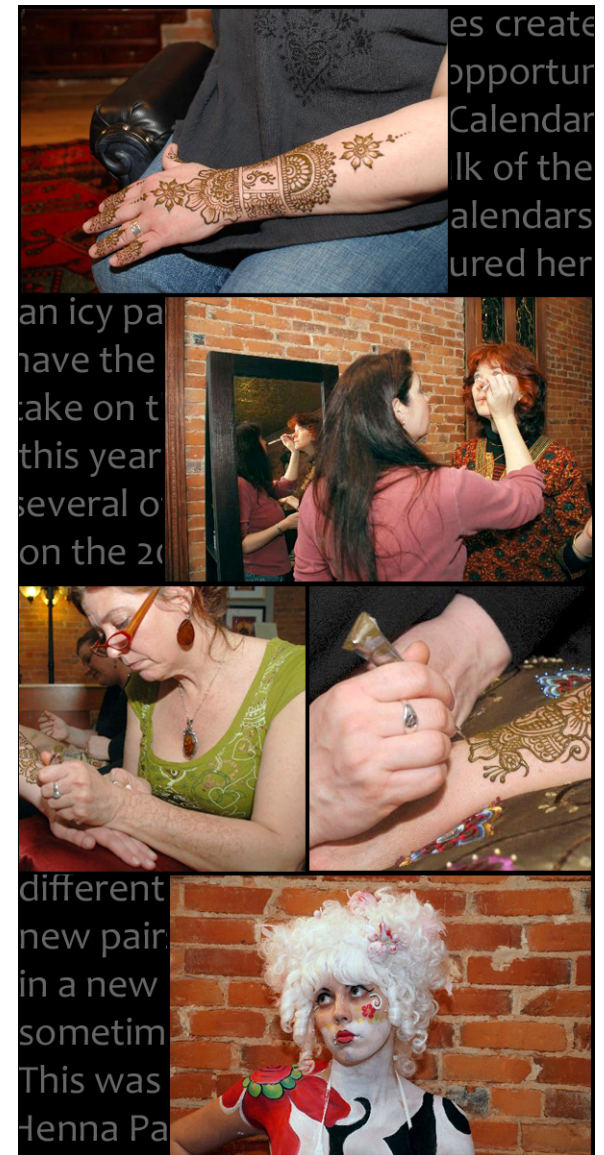
Still, one problem remained. The calendar would be yet another collection of bodyart pictures. There would be different styles, materials and techniques than in past calendars, but it needed "something more." The "something more" came out of one of the many conversations between artists and models during the week of TAAB-US. The idea was a simple one...find a story in each photo proposed for the calendar and make the story part of the overall image. Elizabeth Howard, a professor of English and writer who had been working with us on that week took on the task of writing a suggestive bit of text for each photograph in the calendar.

Finding just the right words to share a small space with an image is demanding enough but to make them part of the overall artwork is yet another problem. Alex Morgan, who leads the design and post-production for the calendar, experimented with text from Elizabeth on the image of the Red Shoes and sent us the completed graphic. It was a captivating image and exactly what we'd hoped for, a new style and a fresh approach for us all to explore. All of us who worked on the 2011 Henna Page calendar are excited to bring out what for us is something entirely new and we're already planning the visual and text content for the 2012 calendar project that will begin next spring.

As always, our calendar is free of charge and can be downloaded from our website at:
<http://www.hennapage.com/henna/calendar/index.html>

This is our annual gift to everyone in the online bodyart community to enjoy, to share and our way of thanking all of you for your continuing support.

Roy Jones



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Red Shoes

So she married the hunter's son, and everyone thought they would live happily ever after. But she didn't.

She began to take walks in the woods. Short ones at first. She followed the little path just so far; then she stood looking back at the cottage. Once, she kept on walking, but after about 10 paces, she turned and ran back. She didn't go walking any more, except to get water from the well and wood from the woodpile. Then, one morning, she awoke with the sound of wolves howling in her ears. She baked some meat pies. She put on her red shoes and her party dress. She went for a long walk in the woods...

January

S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31



Steampunk Pygmalian

Every Sunday, my love, I
wind you up.

Your heart begins,
once again, to tick.

Your breath breathes life
into me.

As I putter about, trying to
make you comfortable,

Fabricating clothes,
accessories, clockwork,

I talk to you about what
I'm doing.

I talk about heating and
cooling, molds and
armatures.

I talk about my hopes and
dreams and fears.

I talk about tomorrow.

I talk about you;
I talk to you.

Someday, my love, you will
answer me,

My chocolate Galatea

February

T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	1	2	3



Reverie

The great goddess,
awaking from her
winter death,
is a maiden once again.

She dances down from
the hills.

Time balances on the
precipice
Only this sacred union
Brings back the light.

She dances through the
forest.

Will she find him?
Creation holds its
breath

She dances along the
river.

The solitary stag starts
A toss of his antlers;
He answers her call.

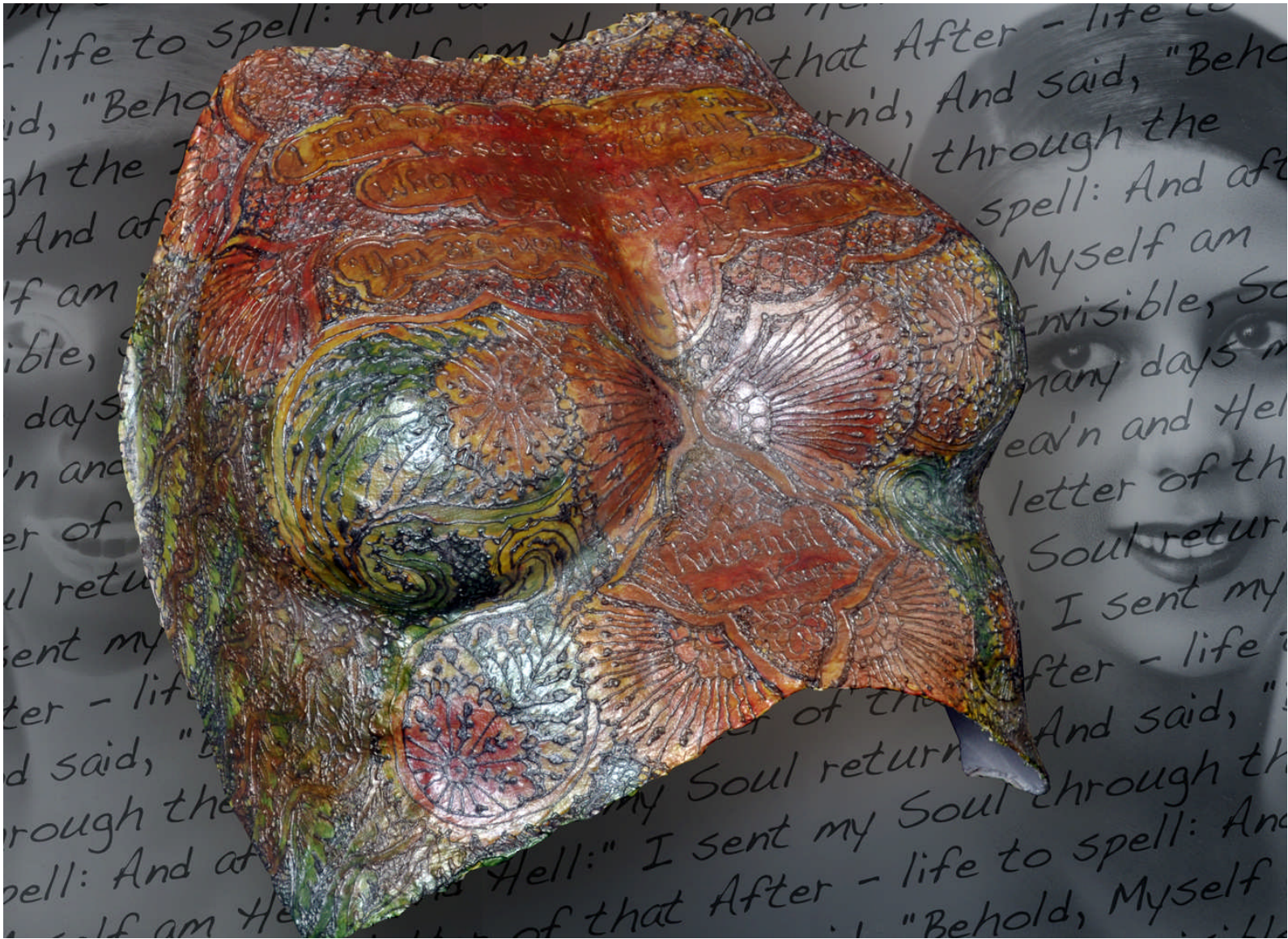
They dance across the
fields.

Melting into the dawn.

The great goddess, awaking from her winter death, is a maiden once again. She dances down from the hills. She dances through the forest. Will she find him? Creation holds its breath. She dances along the river. The solitary stag starts a toss of his antlers; he answers her call. They dance across the fields. Melting into the dawn.

March

T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31



The Rubaiyat

Omar Khayyam 1120 C.E.

I sent my Soul through the
Invisible, Some letter of
that After - life to spell:
And after many days my
Soul return'd, And said,

"Behold, Myself am
Heav'n and Hell:"

April

F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1



Commedia dell'arte

Columbine and Pierrot and Harlequin

All rolled into one.

Clever, moonstruck, agile

Always on stage

Self-sufficient

Spotlit.

Alone.

Columbine and Pierrot and Harlequin
 All rolled into one.
 Clever, moonstruck, agile
 Always on stage
 Self-sufficient
 Spotlit.
 Alone.

May

S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31



Glowing Hands

Teach me, he said.

It is, she said,

Ephemeral as a mayfly,
 Eternal as forever,
 Empty as the unfathomable abyss,
 Full as a flooding river.
 It begins here
 and ends there;
 A neverending circle.
 It is I; it is thou.
 It is both; it is neither.
 It is, she said.

And it is not.

June

W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1



It sends thrills up her spine
 And like Icarus she can't stop
 She's been warned
 She won't stop
 Too late to turn back now
 She doesn't stop
 Flying straight at the sun
 Though burned by hot steel strings
 She doesn't fall

Waxwing

It sends thrills up her spine
 And like Icarus
 she can't stop
 She's been warned
 She won't stop
 Too late to turn back now
 She doesn't stop
 Flying straight at the sun
 Though burned by hot
 steel strings
 She doesn't fall

July

F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S							
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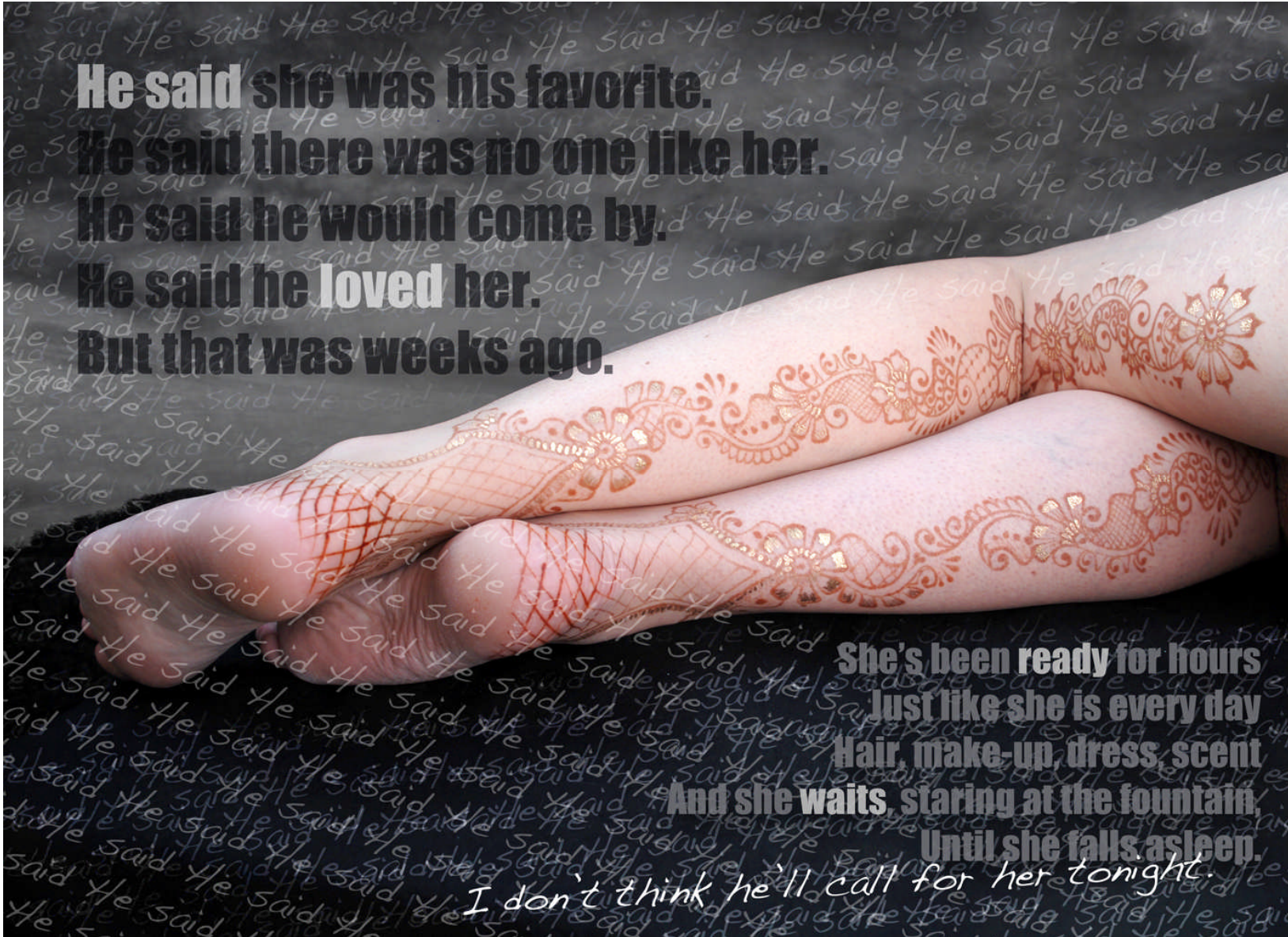
For Dido

She swore she would never marry again.
 But then Aeneas arrived in Carthage.
 Son of Venus. Beautiful. Intelligent. Heroic.
 Who could resist?
 Days pass. And weeks. Then months.
 Every moment together,
 Making love in the steamy African twilight.
 She awoke one morning to an empty bed.
 Gone.

She gathered everything bearing his scent—
 Arms, clothes, gifts, memories—
 Heaped it all on their bed,
 And set it on fire.
 She threw herself on a Trojan sword
 And fell into the flames.

August

M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31



**He said she was his favorite.
 He said there was no one like her.
 He said he would come by.
 He said he loved her.
 But that was weeks ago.**

**She's been ready for hours
 Just like she is every day
 Hair, make-up, dress, scent
 And she waits, staring at the fountain,
 Until she falls asleep.**

I don't think he'll call for her tonight.

In the Seraglio

He said she was his favorite.
 He said there was no one like her.
 He said he would come by.
 He said he loved her.

But that was weeks ago.

She's been ready for hours
 Just like she is every day
 Hair, make-up, dress, scent
 And she waits, staring at the fountain,
 Until she falls asleep.

I don't think he'll call for her tonight.

September

T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1



Día de los Muertos

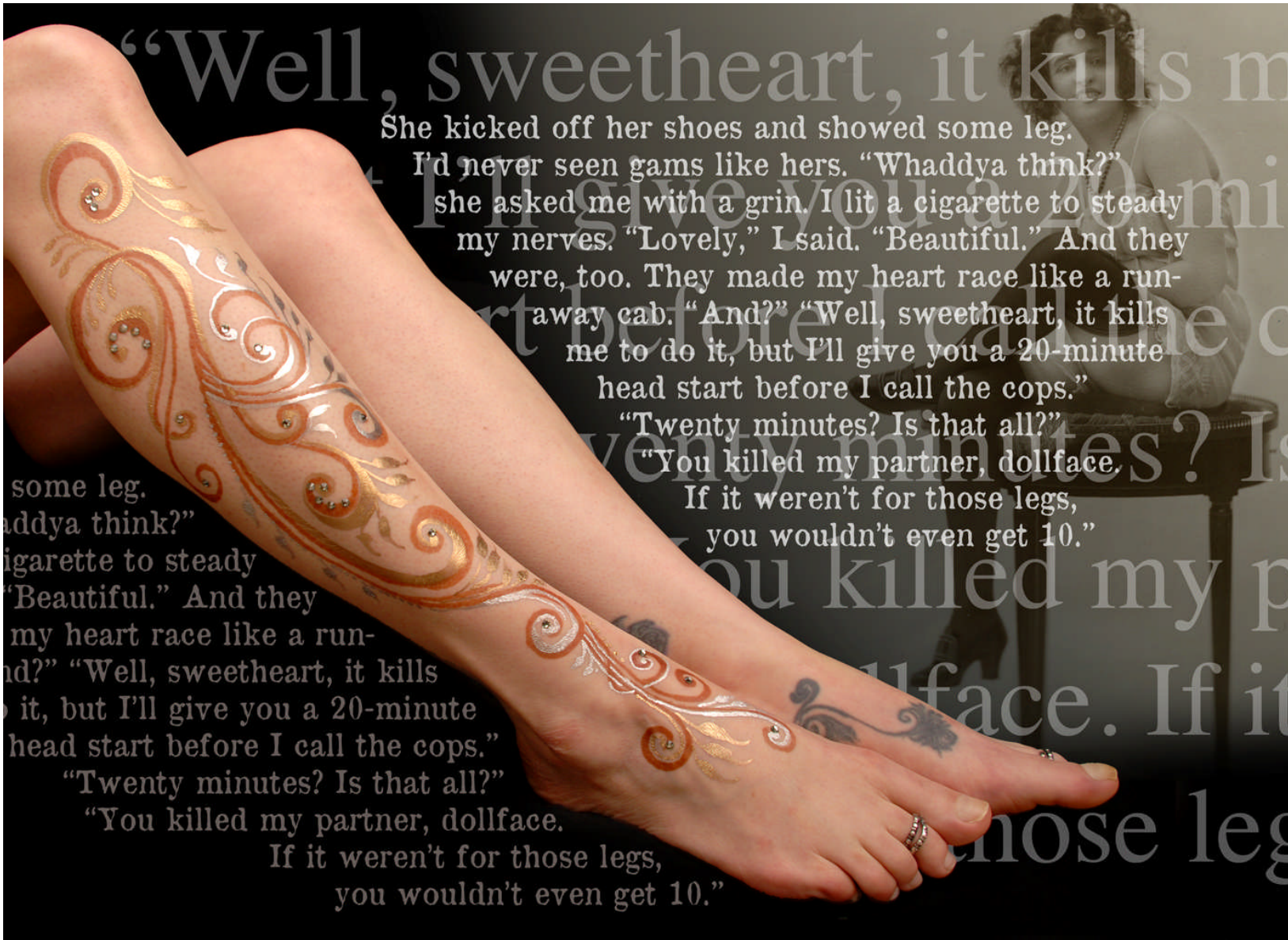
Woman,
 what do you hold
 in your fist so tight?
 Loneliness? Misery?
 Sorrow? Despair?

Woman,
 why do you hide
 your fist so tight?
 Fear? Humility?
 Anger? Pride?

Woman,
 open your heart,
 release your fist.
 Accept amity,
 compassion, pity.
 Be consoled.
 Know you are loved.

October

S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31



Noir

She kicked off her shoes and showed some leg. I'd never seen gams like hers. "Whaddya think?" she asked me with a grin. I lit a cigarette to steady my nerves. "Lovely," I said. "Beautiful." And they were, too. They made my heart race like a run-away cab. "And?" "Well, sweetheart, it kills me to do it, but I'll give you a 20-minute head start before I call the cops." "Twenty minutes? Is that all?" "You killed my partner, dollface. If it weren't for those legs, you wouldn't even get 10."

November

T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1



Sisyphus

After you left,
 I reset the clock
 to the minute before you
 arrived.
 I wanted to relive
 that hour
 I wanted to be with
 you again
 But not quite
 I really wanted to
 unsay what I said
 To not say what I said
 To have never said it
 at all
 Never even have
 thought it
 But as you walked in
 the door
 Again
 And I felt my memory
 of those previous
 moments slip away
 I knew that I would
 say it all again
 And again
 And again
 And again
 Every hour
 For the rest of my life

December

T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

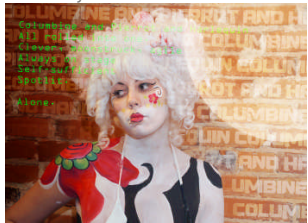
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Photography by Roy Jones
Montage by Alex Morgan
Words by Elizabeth Howard



January Bodyart by Robin Jaeckel
Photography by Roy Jones
Montage by Alex Morgan
Words by Elizabeth Howard



May Bodyart by Deborah Brommer
Photography by Roy Jones
Montage by Alex Morgan
Words by Elizabeth Howard



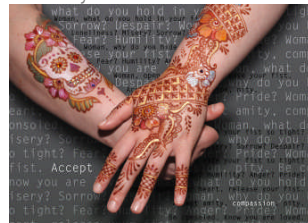
September Bodyart by Wendy Rover
Photography by Roy Jones
Montage by Alex Morgan
Words by Elizabeth Howard



February by Todd Horvath
Photography by Roy Jones
Montage by Alex Morgan
Words by Elizabeth Howard



June by Catherine Cartwright-Jones
Photography by Roy Jones
Montage by Alex Morgan
Words by Elizabeth Howard



October by Robin Jaeckel and Wendy Rover
Photography by Roy Jones
Montage by Alex Morgan
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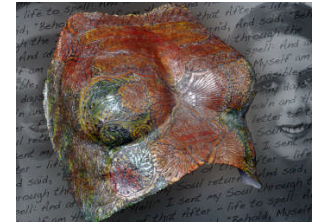
March Bodyart by Catherine Cartwright-Jones
Photography by Roy Jones
Montage by Alex Morgan
Words by Elizabeth Howard



July Bodyart by Wendy Rover
Photography by Roy Jones
Montage by Alex Morgan
Words by Elizabeth Howard



November Bodyart by Jen Schafer
Photography by Roy Jones
Montage by Alex Morgan
Words by Elizabeth Howard



April by Catherine Cartwright-Jones
Photography by Roy Jones
Montage by Alex Morgan
Words by Elizabeth Howard



August Bodyart by Wendy Rover
Photography by Roy Jones
Montage by Alex Morgan
Words by Elizabeth Howard



December Bodyart by Robin Jaeckel
Photography by Roy Jones
Montage by Alex Morgan
Words by Elizabeth Howard

Contributors

Deborah Brommer

Deborah's first exposure to henna was on a visit to Morocco and has been a devotee ever since. She has owned her own Body Art business since 2000, with which she has traveled the world to teach, compete, and exhibit her art. Deborah is the author of two books on designs for henna artists: "Aloha" and "Aegean", and, has competed in many body painting competitions, including three times at the World Bodypainting Festival in Austria. More of Deborah's work can be found at <http://www.OhioBodyArt.com>

Catherine Cartwright-Jones

Catherine Cartwright-Jones has been a professional artist since 1970, and is presently completing her PhD dissertation on henna. Catherine owns and operates <http://www.hennapage.com> and associated site group.

Todd Horvath

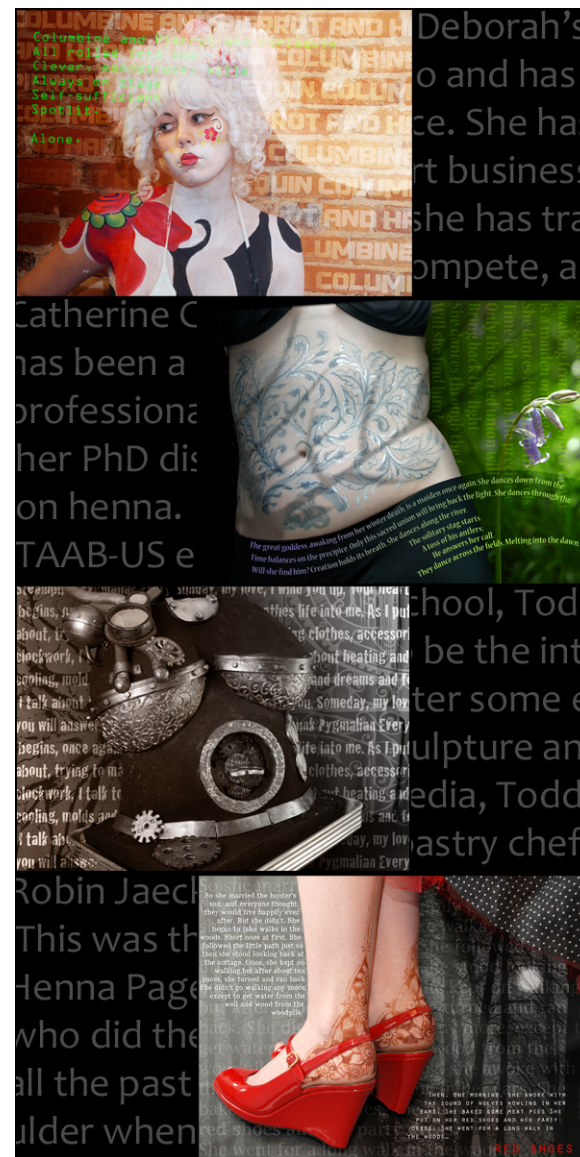
While attending culinary school, Todd Horvath found pastry to be the intersection of art and food. After some experimentation with ice sculpture and other forms of edible media, Todd settled into working as a pastry chef and grew his passion for chocolate into a freestanding Business. <http://bittersweetsstow.com>

Elizabeth Howard

Although she writes tragic and somber poetry involving meat pies, Elizabeth Howard is actually a cheerful vegetarian by nature. An Associate Professor of English and a Fellow at the Institute for Bibliography and Editing at Kent State University, her motto is: There is no grammatical conundrum so impenetrable that it cannot be elucidated by a judicious use of colored chalk.

Robin Jaeckel

Robin Jaeckel holds a degree in Arts Administration and Advocacy. Moving from "painting on herself because no-one could possibly want to live with this", to tagging all that came within reach, Robin combined her knowledge of business and art to form, Henna Rising in Rochester NY in 2007. <http://www.hennarising.com>



Contributors

Roy Jones

Roy became “photographer-in-chief” for the Henna Page in 2005 and does the Henna Page’s special project photography, as well as desktop video for the Henna Page’s YouTube channel. In addition to his full-time job as a data networking specialist, Roy is also the one-man IT department for all the terrestrial and online divisions of TapDancing Lizard LLC.

Alex Morgan

Alex is a UK based freelance designer with a passion for henna and pattern design. She has worked closely with The Henna Page since 2003 working on many projects including the design and production of the annual Henna Page® bodyart Calendar. You can find Alex in her virtual home www.spellstone.com

Wendy Rover

Wendy Rover, founder and principal of Roving Horse Henna, is a lifelong artist and educator. She has been practicing henna for almost 15 years, and has been working with henna as her career; teaching in schools, libraries and festivals and as a working henna artist for the last 5 years. Wendy also specializes in theatrical make-up, body-paint, and extreme makeup. <http://www.rovinghorse.com>

Jen Schaffer

Jen Schaffer has been studying henna and other body arts for nearly 10 years. She began her professional life presenting henna programs to teens at local libraries. This soon spread into private parties, festivals, and weddings. Jen is also a soap maker and mother of two living in Northern Indiana. <http://www.HennaMuse.com>

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