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MADISON PUBLIC LIBRARY  
  
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 **SIXTY  
BOOKS**



702.81  
Si99s  
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**The Sixty Books Project** is a collaborative book arts, writing and journaling project for the people of south central Wisconsin, hosted by the South Central Library System (SCLS), and produced by the Bone Folders' Guild (BFG), a book arts group based in Madison. This project is supported by a Madison CitiARTS grant.

The BFG book artists have created sixty hand made blank books. One of these books will be catalogued into each of the sixty libraries in the South Central Library System. Unlike other library books, patrons are invited to write, draw, paint or collage in the books. Subsequent patrons will add their own stories, drawings, and so forth, creating community-wide collaborative works of art. After the launch of the project these books will be available for checkout by library patrons until August 15, 2006.

At the close of the circulation period, the 60 books will be removed from the SCLS collections and brought together for a traveling exhibit. This exhibit will have its debut in Madison as part of the Fifth Annual Wisconsin Book Festival (October 18-22, 2006).

To contact us: [www.valleyridgeartstudio.com/bone\\_folders/](http://www.valleyridgeartstudio.com/bone_folders/)

### Instructions

- Check out this book as you would any other library book for a two-week period. Be sure to return it in the protective wrapper provided.
- Write a poem. Make a journal entry. Write political thoughts. Compose a short story. Collage. Paint a page. Be creative.
- Be respectful of these books. They are hand bound and bear delicate musings on the pages.
- Be aware of what has been done on the other side of the page that you are working on. For example, don't "sew" onto someone else's work.
- When you are gluing or painting put a piece of wax paper under the page you are working on. This will protect the other pages of created art.
- Before closing the book, be sure your page is dry.
- We encourage you to sign and date your work.
- Please, no perishables on the pages.
- Be advised that SCLS and BFG reserve the right to remove and/or delete any questionable material. Please be nice.
- Warning: You will incur a \$125.00 library fine if this book is not returned!

Be Caught... Being... Reading!

Being

Creati

Being

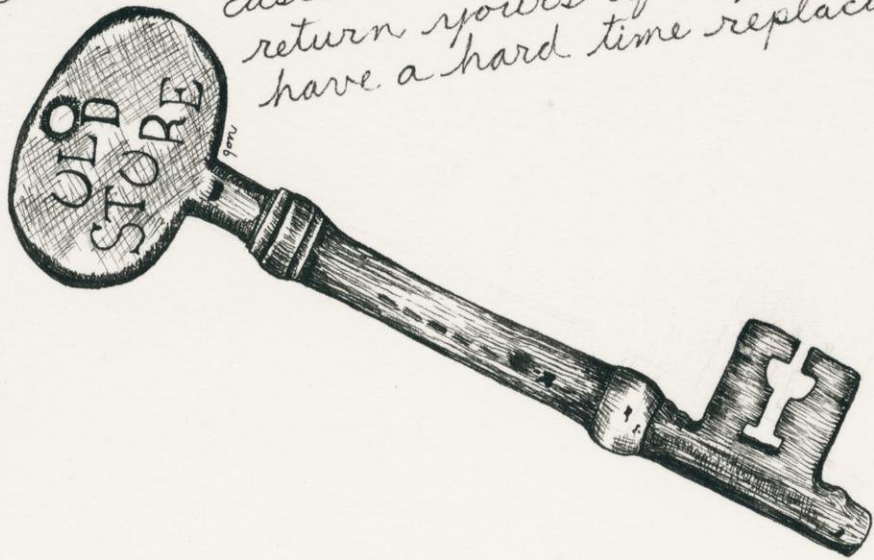
Whole!

You!

Your Best Self!

Olivia Turner 8/16/2006

Welcome to Cahir Castle. Let me show you to your room. Walk up these stone spiral stairs and follow me to the end of the guest hall. These doors use old-fashioned skeleton keys. You'd be surprised how many of them I lose. Guests really love to keep the keys to the castle as souvenirs. Please remember to return yours after your stay. I always have a hard time replacing them.



I wonder what an OLD STOR holds. It could be an Irish store room. I will content myself with a drawing of the key to my room as a souvenir.

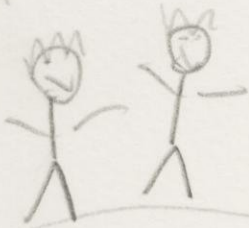
Jon Edwards

November 18, 2005

Cahir Castle 01/16/2006

FIND A STRANGE  
HAVEN  
IN A  
STRANGE  
NEW  
PLACE





## Warren Dunes State Park

When I went to Michigan

I went to Warren Dunes

State Park. We climbed

a 100 foot mountain of

sand it was awesome. We

made a deep pit. We

found cool rocks by the

beach. We were right

by Lake Michigan. We

had a lot of fun.

Michah 2-13-06





## The Wilderness

In the wilderness  
you can find many  
animals. Don't drive  
a car too much ride  
your bike. Don't pollute.  
Recycle. But also the  
wilderness is beautiful.  
Don't go hunting too  
much or animals will  
be scarce. Don't think  
bees are bad because  
they pollinate flowers.

2/9/06

by Seth

# " There Was An Old Man "

There was an old



who went to the



He brought along his



and his little



too

He had on his



with a smile on his face

Until the cat and the dog ran all over the place

The cat went meow as she chased a



The old man said "I should have left her in the



He ran for the cat as the dog let out a bark !!

they frightened the animals so he went to the



He finds an empty





and takes a seat

He needed a break to rest his tired




with the cat by his side, the dog runs in the grass

He nibbles his  as  walk pass

The cat's asleep now, his dog is at play

The birds chirp in the trees on this beautiful day


He sits for awhile and soaks up the 

He smiles at the  as they have fun

"It's time to go home now," he says to his cat

He calls for his dog and then grabs his hat

off they go, to the house they head

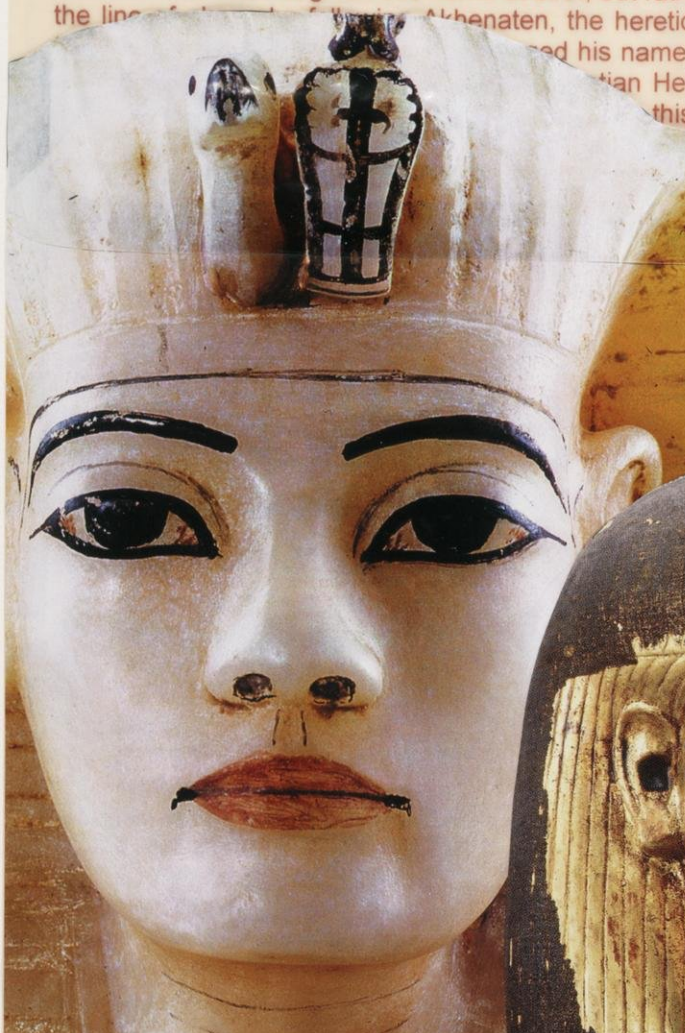
So they can eat dinner and prepare for 

# Good Night

2/13/06

by: Iyanna Snowton

Tutankhamun was not given this name at birth, but rather Tutankhaten (meaning "Living Image of the Aten"), squarely placing him in the line of the heretic pharaohs. Akhenaten, the heretic pharaoh, who was most likely his father. His mother was probably Kiya, and he changed his name in year two of his rule to Tutankhamun (or heqa-iunu-shema, which means "He who lives in the temple of the god Heliopolis", which is actually a reference to Karnak) as he reverted to the old gods. This did not prevent his name from being omitted from the classic kings lists of Egypt, which called him Tutankhamen or Tutankhamon, among other variations. His throne name was Re. We do know that he spent his early years in Amarna, and his tomb was at Amarna. At age nine he was married to Ankhesenpaaten, his wife. Ankhesenpaaten was older than Tutankhamun because she was probably of the same generation as her father, Akhenaten. It is possible also that Ankhesenamun had been intended to succeed Akhenaten directly as ruler of Egypt, but either an older brother or a younger sister (there is much controversy surrounding this king). We believe that at the end of Akhenaten's reign, Ay and Horemheb, both senior officials, realized that the heresy of their king could not continue. Upon the death of Akhenaten, Ay, who was nine years old, was crowned in the old secular capital of Memphis. He was probably under the care of Ay or Horemheb or a number of other officials during the reign of Akhenaten (the royal necropolis). Others included Horemheb and a relative of Ay (perhaps his son) who were sent to Egypt's traditional ancient religion. By the time of Akhenaten's death, he had replaced "aten" with "amun". Again, he had Horemheb's influence had effected the change on the classical king lists is probably due to the work, including the famous Amenemhat Stele that was found in the temple of Amenemhat. The name of the king remains the same as the king's name.



Canopic Stopper of Tutankhamun. Painted calcite. Height 9 in., width 7 in., approx. Reign of Tutankhamun (c.1336-1327B.C.) © Andreas F. Voegelin



Gilded Funerary Mask of Tuya. Gilded cartonnage. Height 17 in., width 12 in., depth 4 in., approx. Reign of Amenhotep III (c.1390-1352 B.C.) © Andreas F. Voegelin



Horemheb and as well as the tomb of Tutankhamun actually took part in the campaign in Nubia appear to have gone much further until very recently. Both forensic analysis and X-ray analysis suggest that he died at the age of 17 or no later than 18. As to how he died, it is also just as likely the result of infection brought on by a snake bite. Tutankhamun's death, Ankhesenpaaten had little interest or love for any of her sons, asking for one of his sons as a husband. However, he got no further than the border before he was murdered. Both had both the opportunity and the motive. So instead, Ankhesenpaaten disappeared from recorded history. It should be remembered that Ay was much older than Horemheb, and was probably the brother of Tiy who was likely Tutankhamun's grandfather. He was also probably the father of Ay, first, as king, followed a short time later by Horemheb. Tutankhamun was buried on the West bank across from modern Luxor (ancient Thebes). It is certainly true that of it, Tutankhamun has remained in our memory for many years, and it is a blessing of all the myths surrounding his tomb's discovery, including the powerful pharaohs believed that if their name was remembered, their soul would live on, so not even the powerful Rameses the Great's soul can be as healthy as King Tut's.

# TUTANKHAMUN

*Ode to King Tutankhamun*

He had the wealth and power of a pharaoh,  
 He had his likeness carved in stone,  
 His name is on the lips of school children,  
 But his favorite song goes unknown.

Lois Jarvis Madison, WI  
 April 18, 2006

PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY  
by Kathleen Allison Johnson 11/16/05

Someday  
everyone who knows us  
will be gone. Everyone  
who called us  
by our nicknames,  
who invited us  
to dinner, who knew  
just what to get us for Xmas  
will be gone. All those  
hysterical girls  
who screamed with us  
through a Beatles' concert  
will be gone. Grandchildren  
who inherit our old scrapbooks  
and photo albums  
and the rocks we stole  
from National Parks  
won't know what to do  
with it all. And their grandchildren  
will feel no connection whatsoever  
to our framed Alice in Wonderland prints,  
the drill bits  
we kept scrupulously sharp,  
the drawerful of articles we tore out  
of Popular Science or our clippings  
about the Apollo moon landings.

Who was your great-great-great-great grandmother's  
best friend? What was her favorite song?  
What plans did she make  
and then abandon?  
Where are the socks she knitted, the tablecloths  
she embroidered? Everyone who knew  
the answers, everyone who heard her voice,  
every pair of eyes that looked into hers  
is gone.

Only one generation lingers ahead of us now,  
milling about near the end of the conveyor belt,  
And when they're gone, it will be us  
teetering at the edge, awaiting the final tumble.

On what day  
will people cease  
to remember us?



## GUITAR & THE PLACES IT WILL TAKE YOU

My brother was fifteen, over six-foot tall, white-skinned, lanky. And in trouble. He was kicked out of the regular high school, which I attended, for poor attendance, low grades and drug use.

My father, a college professor in education, was at his wit's end; to say nothing of humiliated that a child of his would more than likely not graduate from high school.

My mother, a long-time administrative secretary with Unified School District, had access to reports of his misdeeds through other school secretaries. The reports were not good. He was disrespectful and belligerent at school, as well as at home. He frequently erupted in fits of temper, where profanity peppered his tales of injustice and resentment. He did only what he wanted to do, regardless of all attempts at discipline and consequences.

My brother joined my sister at the alternative high school, where several of my dad's friends taught. The setting changed but the behavior did not. The school principal, who knew Jon most of his life, gave Jon an ultimatum: "Get passing grades or leave."

Jon appeared unable to will himself "good," threat of expulsion or not.

This remained true until the day when Jon stood in the threshold of the music room, watching Mr. Clausen play guitar.

Jon approached Mr. Clausen. "Will you teach me to play guitar?," he asked Mr. Clausen.

Mr. Clausen, knowing Jon's status, said, "As long as you get C's in all your classes, I will teach you guitar. You will bring me progress reports from all your teachers. When you stop passing, the lessons stop."

My brother was transformed, with guitar in hand. In order to get C's, he had to attend classes, do special projects to raise his grades, read books, and be civil to teachers and students alike. In order to play the guitar well, he had to practice many hours a day. Jon retreated to his attic bedroom after school, playing the guitar far into the night. He played the guitar many, many hours a day, as many hours per day as everything else combined that he had to do. All the practicing left little time for parties and drugs. Now, his friends showed up to practice their instruments together. The guys who came up the stairs had the same passion and commitment to guitars, drums and horns that Jon had to his electric guitar.



Jon and his friends went to bars to hear the men from Kenosha, Racine and Milwaukee play guitar. Mostly, smoky, little neighborhood dives, the boys were allowed to enter, despite their being in high school. They could sit at a little table, listening to the music, if they didn't cause trouble.

The boys did not limit themselves to the safer areas of town. They went into bars where the men were armed. These were, in fact, the bars that let them enter. The most important thing was that the bar featured a guitar player with a reputation for playing better-than-average music.

Jon met Joe in such a neighborhood bar. Joe was forty-one-years-old, a little over five foot tall, cappuccino-colored, chubby and round, Mexican-born, working-class and lived with his mother. And he played flamenco guitar better than anyone in the tri-city area. Everyone said so.

When Jon heard Joe play, Jon knew he had to learn from Joe. Joe could help Jon's technique. Flamenco guitar is a highly stylized, technically difficult form of guitar playing. If Jon was adept at Flamenco, rock 'n roll would be easy.

Jon approached Joe, with a fire in his belly, in the same way Jon had approached Mr. Clausen. Joe recognized the fire in Jon's eyes and said, "Yes, I will teach you."



Picasso →



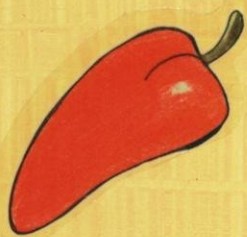
That "yes" is how Joe came to join us at the dinner table sometimes – and begin one of those unusual friendships with my brother. Joe, with his heavy Spanish accent, remained silent at the dinner table, unless directly spoken to. But, once the boy and the man hit the sidewalk outside our house, Joe animatedly talked to Jon. I watched them head in the direction of downtown, their backs to me, silhouettes of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza walking down the street. The tall, white boy attentively listened to his short, brown teacher, as the latter talked and talked, hands punctuating his words.



The friendship between Jon and Joe changed lives. When Holly, my brother's oldest child was born, she had colic. There was no comforting her. She cried continuously, until she completely exhausted herself. Only in sheer exhaustion, would she sleep. My brother and his wife were depleted by Holly's continual need for attention and unrelenting screaming.



Joe's response to the story of Holly's inability to sleep and Jon and Kim's lack of sleep was to show up. After Joe was done with his factory job at 11 p.m., he knocked on Jon's door. He showed up to take a shift of constant pacing and holding the distraught baby. Joe would take the baby in his brown arms and send Jon or Kim off to bed, to sleep. Joe would stay for hours, walking up and down the wooden floors, moving in tiny circles, as limited floor space allowed. Holly wailed and cried, exhausted and uncomfortable. Joe



cradled her in his arms, hour after hour, night after night. If Holly slept, Joe played the guitar quietly or Joe and Jon played the guitar together.

In the early morning, Jon took Holly from Joe. Joe went home, only then, to sleep, replenishing himself for work and another night of walking Holly.

The unusual friendship between the tall, lanky, white-skinned man and his friend, a pudgy, brown-skinned, working-class, Hispanic man continues.

Today, Jon lives in Haiti, working in a bank, while Joe lives where he always has in Racine, Wisconsin. Today, the friendship is 30 years old.

Because there are some connections that even distance cannot disrupt. There are some friendships, which on the surface of differences, appear odd and unfathomable. But, these are the relationships which originate in the heart – where differences are irrelevant. And lives can be changed by playing the guitar.

**By Renee Happel**

2/22/03







Lydia Jarvis

04-11-06



do not  
kech  
(catch)  
ene e  
(any)  
Mouer  
(more)  
Wield  
(wild)  
housis  
(horses)  
bee kas  
(because)  
thar  
(there)  
will  
bee no  
mor  
left!  
by sophia





by Nate age 4, 4/15/2006

at first things seemed easy. I woke up, took my cat to the vet, went to pottery class. I give myself a little vacation everyday - today I sat + looked out at the Lake. Then I went and got a hair cut, stopped off at the library to pay some bills on line and went home and ate some lunch and a date (for digestion). Later I have dinner + a date (for digestion). I go out and work out at the health club + have some coffee + a date (for digestion).

Then still easy:  
The next day I decide to START the day with coffee (and a date for digestion) took my cat to the vet, went to the library for the book club meeting. Then went off to my basket weaving warm water class, I dried my hair, ~~stopped~~ at home I paid the twins next door, Bill + Bill, 50¢ for watching my grass grow and then took my little vacation. Today I twiddled my toes in warm water and ice cubes. Then I ate lunch (and a date) (for digestion) + it was late so then I just ate supper. and another date.

on the third day of the week, I found the Bills out in my yard with magnifying glasses + stop watches, filling out charts about the speed of grass growing in relationship to... well, I paid them 50¢ to go home and relationship their own grass. That was an exhausting way to start the day, so I took my vacation right away. I got some knee pads out, got down on all fours and chased my cat around the house. Then I realized that I was late for meditation class so I rushed out without even taking my tail off. For lunch I went out with a friend. But I didn't eat enough, so I ate supper and a date as soon as I got home. Hair cut, meeting of yarn collectors guild, coffee (I got too wired when I had it at breakfast, trying it later. And of course, went to the vet with my cat. That was all simple enough.

Then I slept very late. got up and had lunch, and a date. had some coffee, and a date. had some dinner, and a date. my cat took me to the doctor, I went to my dominos class, then to my ~~garden~~ gardening club. My vacation of the day was to snuggle my face in a bag of fresh marshmallows. I took my hair to an appointment, went home + paid my credit card bill.

Always another day: I went and got my hair cut. paid for the last bunch of hair cuts. met a friend for lunch. but I couldn't go to my astronomy class because I realized that I'd been to a class at about that time of day not that long ago. so I went to the chess club meets. Then we all went out to eat. My vacation for today was to sit by the wading pool and play a game of sudako. somehow it did not feel like much of a change of pace. Since I hadn't been able to go to class in the morning I decided to sign up for French basket weaving in gym. First class. fun. challenging. I twisted my finger. went to the dr. she + I went out for coffee, things seem to be getting more complicated.

OK OK. Next day, ate dinner for breakfast. went to a meeting of the Alison Bechdel fan club. went and got my hair cut just like hers. except that mine is white. And I wanted a little wispy thing on the front but pretty much.





coffee. ~~to~~ TODAY'S VACATION: I sat with 3 cats on my lap purr purr purr in the sun. with a book that i didnt even open. got allergic. went to dr, she said i was ok. we made plans to have lunch. First i went home + paid the Bills to vacuemy house. then i met her. good lunch. went to my remedial home budget making class, "DONT DRIFT FROM THRIFT" ugh. TIME for Bed.

ok. still doable? mmm lets see.

• ive been late with my credit card so i sit + pay that + rent First thing. My WomenWhoRun with the WOLVES BOOK CLUB was having an end of chapter party. I went. My hair still looked good but my toes were some1 else so i got a PEDICURE. Then the thing is, i decided that the VACATIONS weren't long enough so I'm now calling them "Weekend get aways" I massaged my face with a sliced cucumber while listening to the dixie chicks. it felt very complicated. Im trying to cut out the ~~cafein~~ caffeine so Im doing special exercises to STAY AWAKE + ALERT! i did them. dinner. a date. still hungry. LUNCH. I have decided to dedicate myself to music rather than taking all SORTS of classes so I went to a concert. oh. And then i had a doctors appointment. 😊

• Now 3 days ago I had dinner in the afternoon and 6 days ago I had dinner in the evening so today I had dinner in the morning.

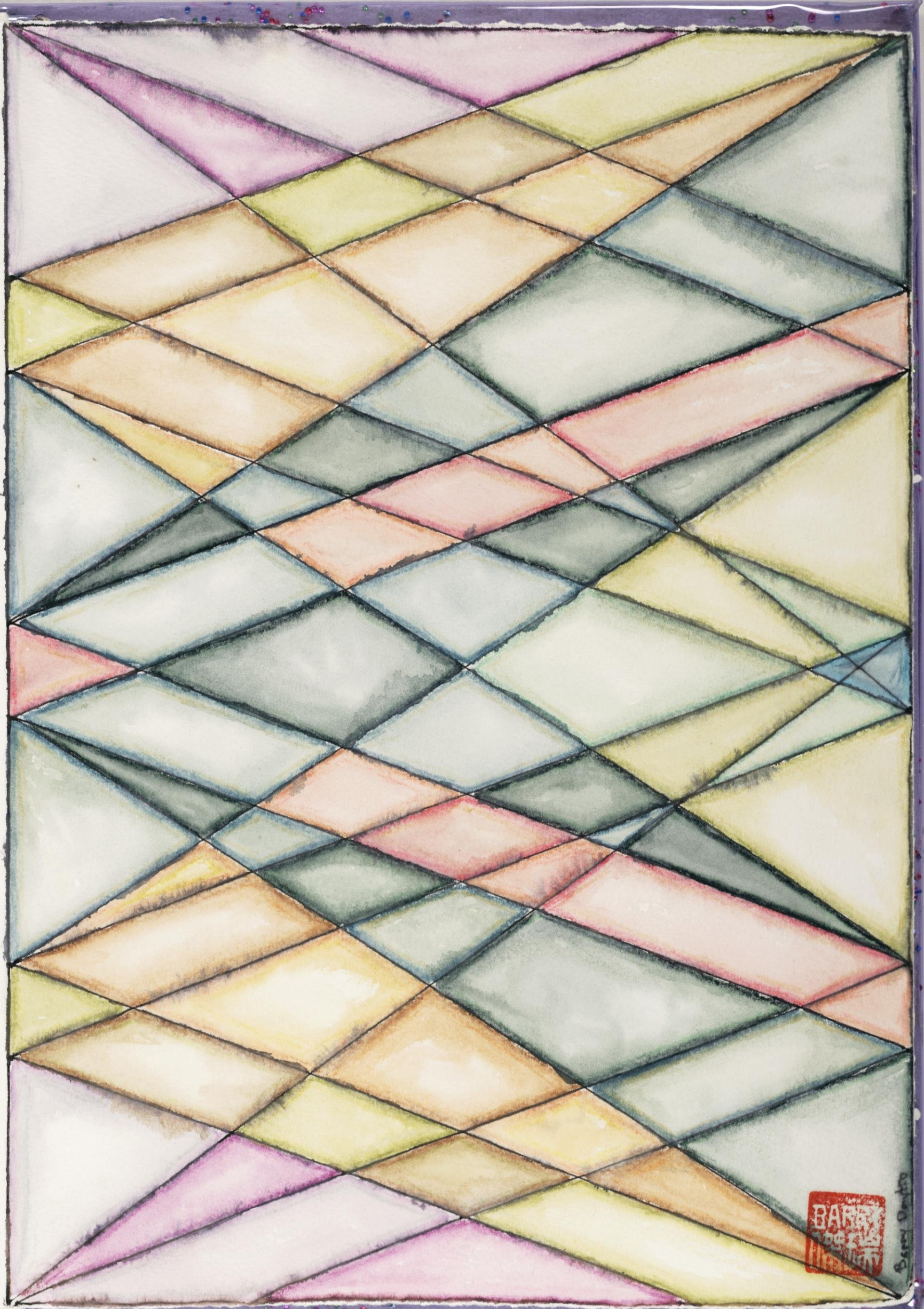
first thing. Then my little tiny all too tiny "weekend get away" I felt pressured. what what can I do? I went to the "SOWs ear" ~~cafe~~ and knit and chatted. I found out that there was going to be a concert over at the Culvers party lot, so in constant seeking of my new special devotional vocational fully rounded self I went and listened to that. I needed to do my alert exercises while I listened. That was OK because 3 days ago I had coffee in the evening and six days ago I had coffee in the morning. well then. Then I went and met my old Dr at the spa.

very nice. we went to a ~~meet~~ oh no we couldn't go to a meet of a club. we had a club sandwich for lunch. Then to The 15<sup>th</sup> anniversary PARTY of my birdwatching CLUB. I had gotten a 2 for 3 deal on pedicures, so off I went again. I paid my pedicure bills right away.

LAST DAY

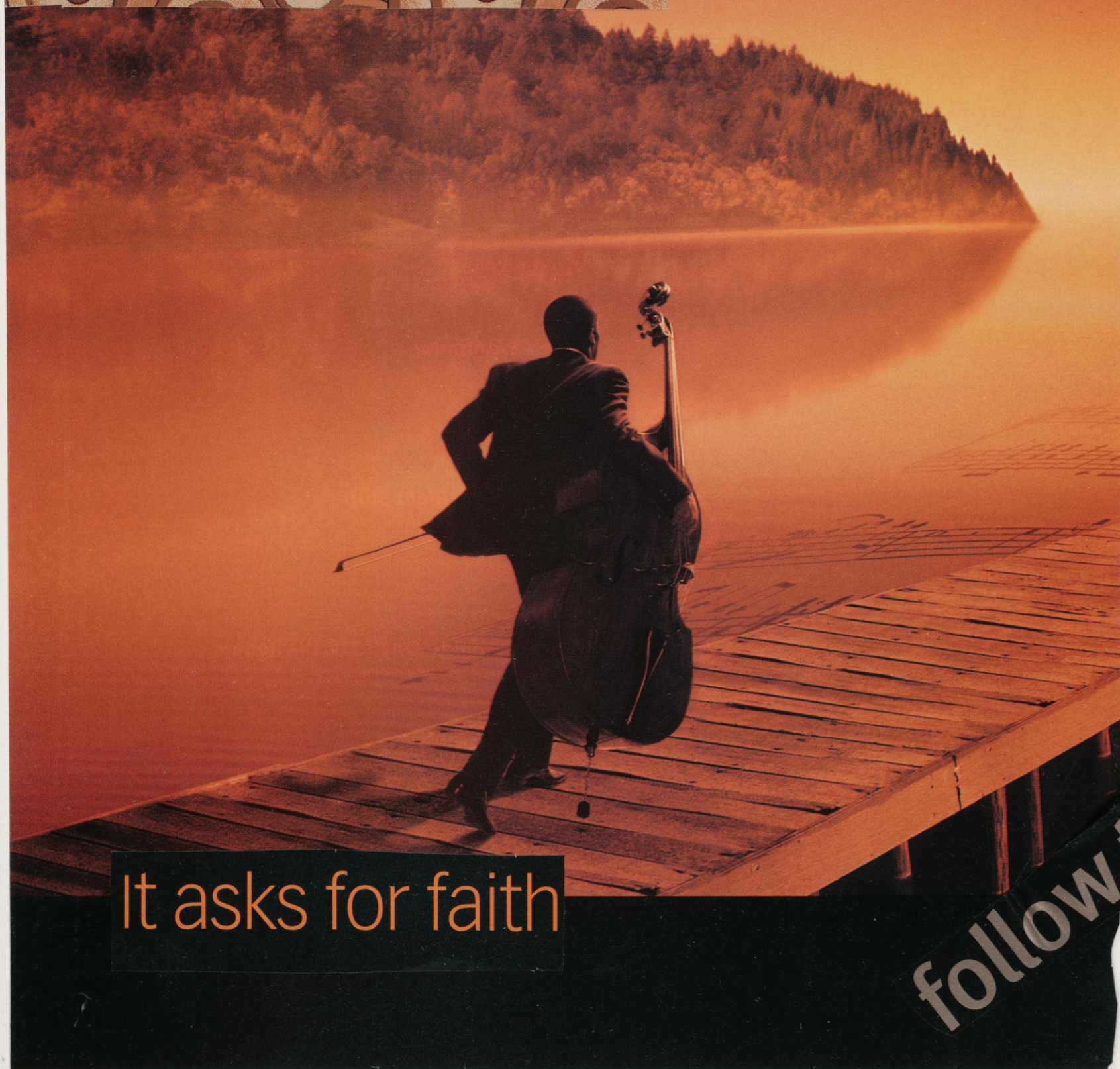
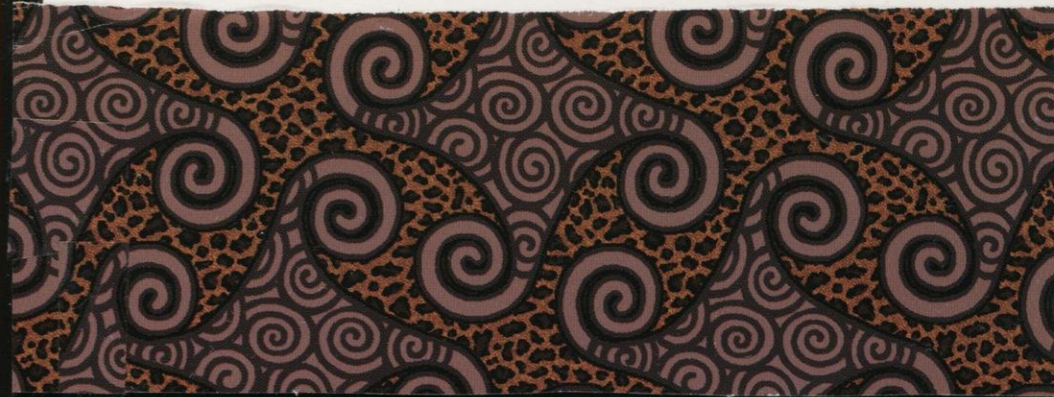
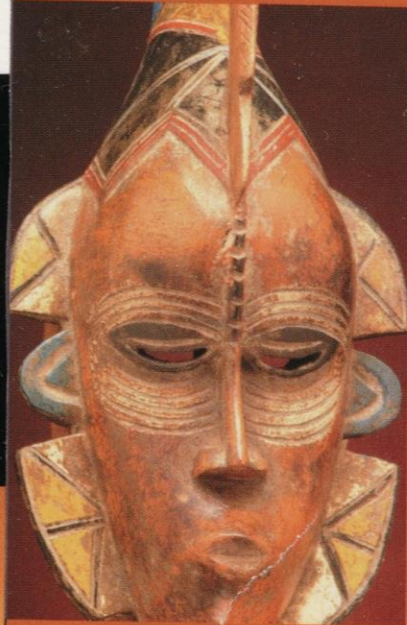
couldn't wait: called that gal RIGHT away and off to the spa we went. Then out for lunch (salad) (and a date) tried the wake up exercises BEFORE The Culvers concert this time. went + got my pay check (so that I can pay the Bills) Big Party of the Cycropia fan CLUB. Broke a nail though. went and got that third pedicure. and then. I went away for the weekend. we went away for the weekend.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~



BARNEY  
1915

Berry Dwyer



It asks for faith

follow the leader





Wish for your deepest desires,  
she said  
& when I asked if  
they'd come true,  
she said they always do,  
so you might as well  
get them out  
in the open  
while you're still young enough  
to correct any serious mistakes.

-Brian Andreas



10/11/06

by Laura Finkler

photo from cemetery in Oakland, CA

# Seventeenth Poem for Alison

By Jim Dantky  
(calligraphy by Kayla Carlson)

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

And ZINES

photo from cemetery in Oakland, CA by Sean at pmotkosh.com 10/11/06

## Colophon

*A bone folder is an essential tool for book makers.  
It creases paper to a nice, crisp fold.*

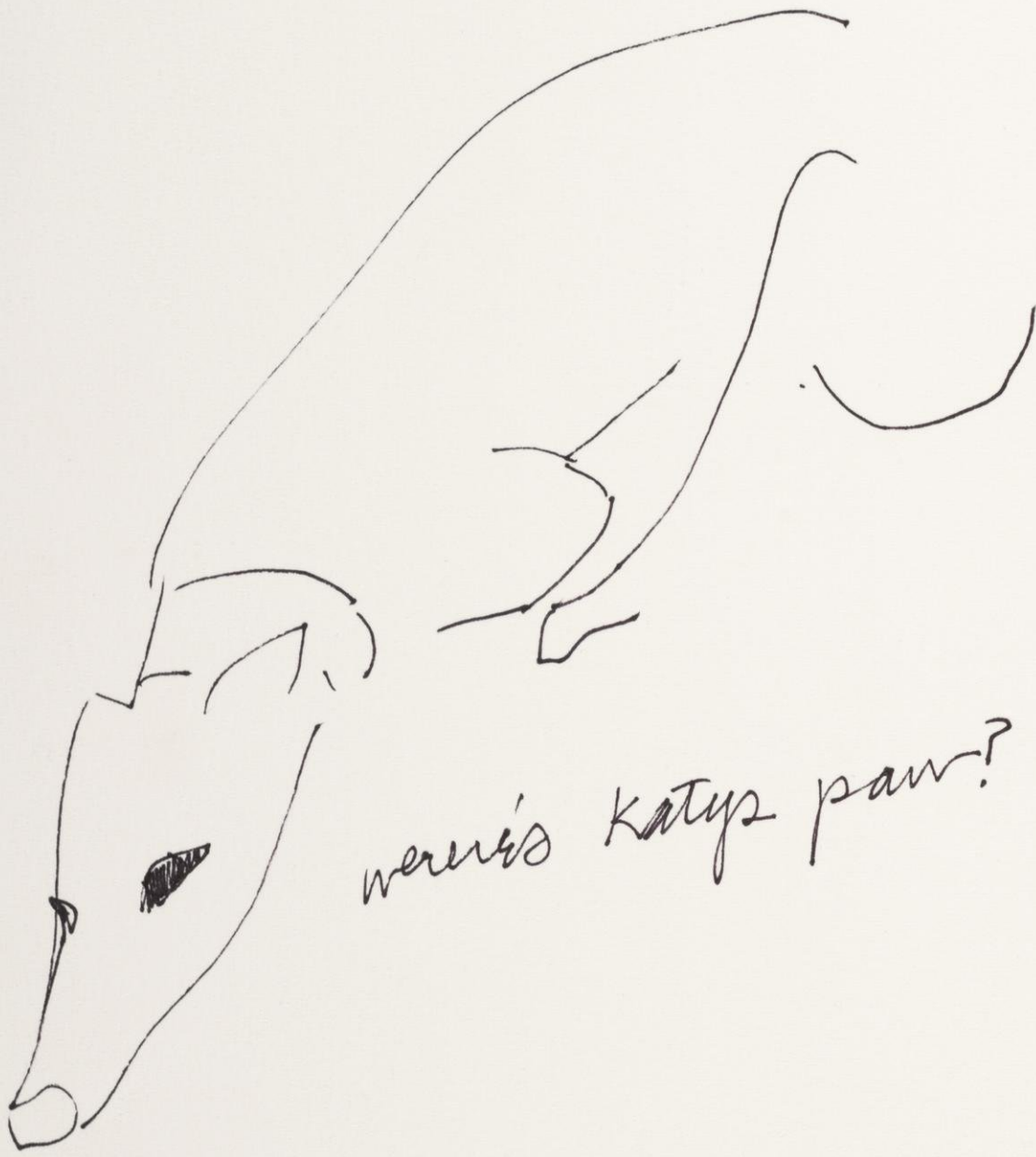
Originating in Madison, Wisconsin, the Bone Folders' Guild is a group of people who share a love for the book as art. The Bone Folders' Guild was founded in February 2001 by a group of artists who desired to meet like-minded book artists to learn, support, and encourage each other artistically. We share a passion for creating books as a form of artistic expression.

Members of the Bone Folders' Guild who created  
the Sixty Books include:

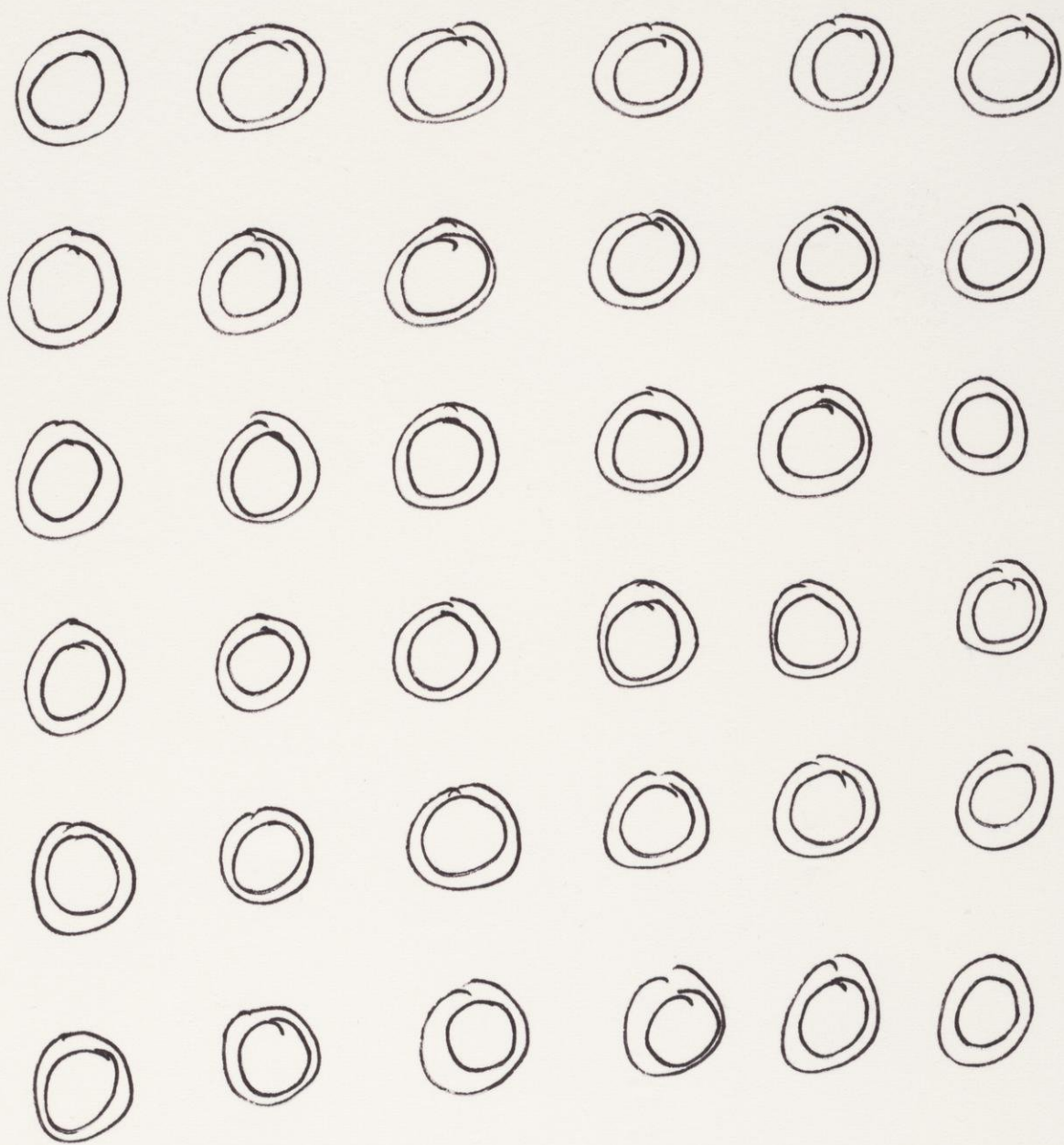
**Suzanne Berland, Susie Carlson, Carol Chase Bjerke,  
Nan Killoran, Laura Komai, Kathy Malkasian,  
Nancy Schoenherr, Tricia Schriefer, Karen Timm,  
Alexis Turner, Marilyn Wedberg,  
Carey Weiler, Kristin Yates.**

The text block paper used in all books is Arches Cover White, 270 gsm., 35.25" x 24.75" 100% cotton, acid free paper. Cover paper, cloth and other original embellishments were chosen by the book artists.

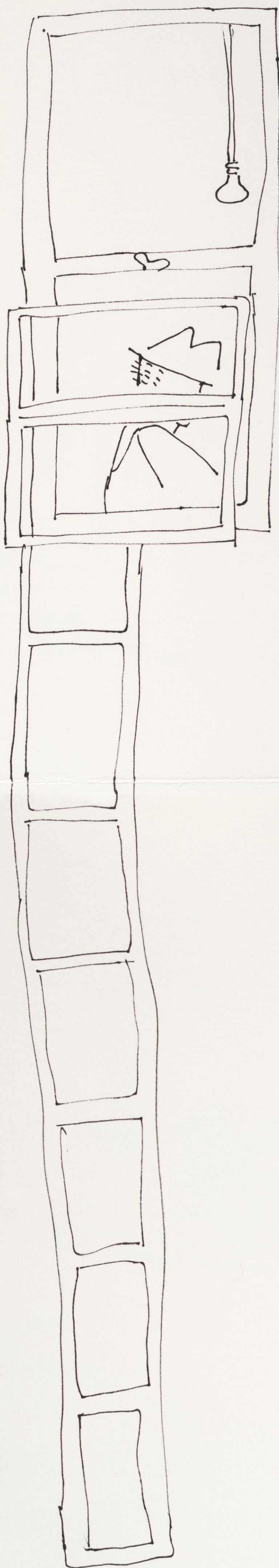
The Bone Folders Guild would like to thank Alison Jones Chaim for her thoughtful guidance through this process. Huge thanks to the South Central Library System for their cooperation with this project. Also, we send a gracious thank you to Madison CitiARTS for its financial support.



were's katy's paw?



"You simply can't find my shade of red lipstick anymore!" My mother bewailed her fate every week or so picking over unsatisfactory tubes of color at Sol's drugstore cosmetic aisle. 1971 was not a good year for China Red lipstick.



He wore a hat  
so of course I  
fell in love  
with him.

A Long fine  
escape led to  
his kitchen  
window where

I climbed in  
and out all  
summer long.

It turns out  
he's a poet now  
and I'm not  
climbing anymore  
finescape ladders.



where do  
all the legs

Go?



ssssh hn  
Katy's  
sleeping

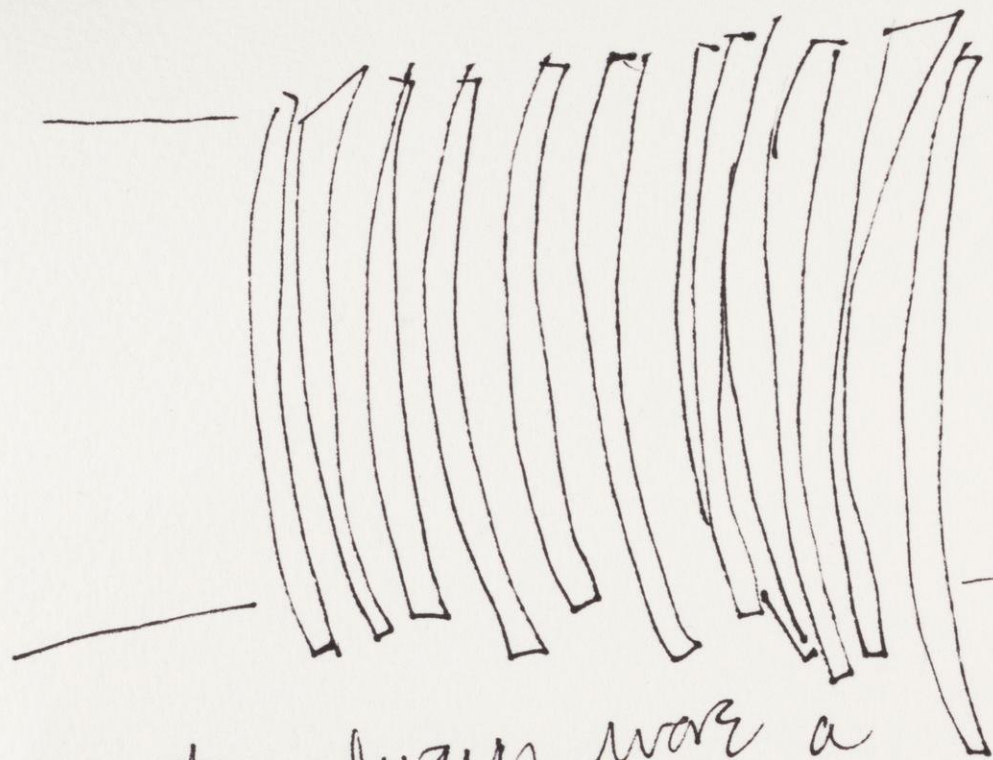




mom worked in the Loop  
at a fancy job in a  
marble encrusted tower.

at 5:15 she'd breeze  
out of the building, tall  
& graceful in her fashionable  
feminine but businessy  
shirt waist dress. I remember  
her wearing gloves, even  
though it was the 1970s.

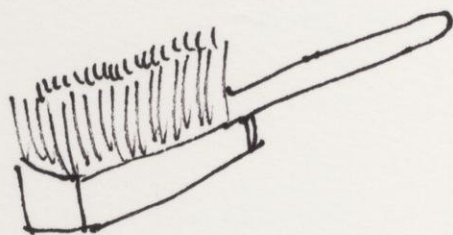
And always always  
black patent leather pumps  
and wide wide belts.  
You always know she was  
special.



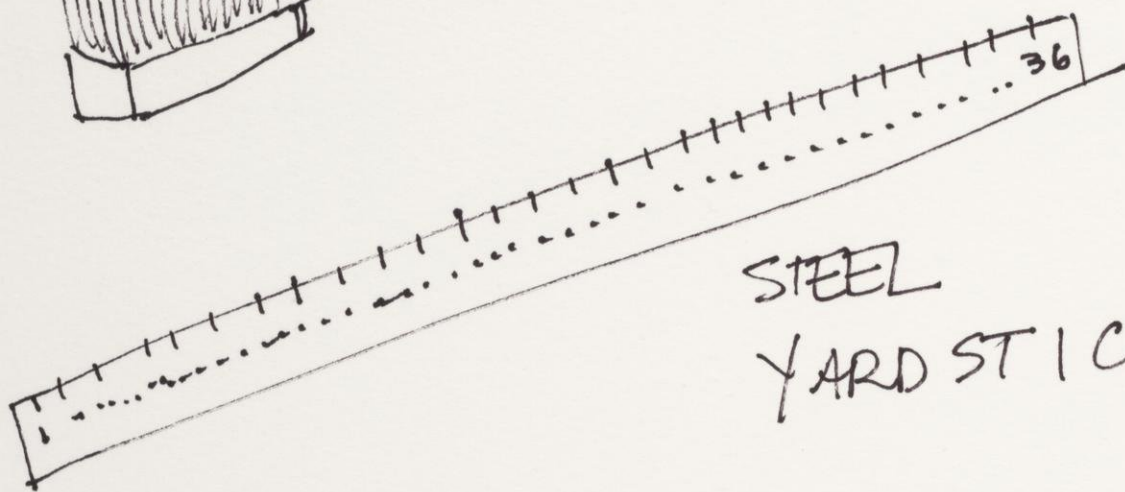
wrist full of

she always wore a silver bangles. It was so hip so ironic so bohemian. "she was a lot of fun" my cousin Dan said and you know, she was. She was a terrible mother, but she knew how to be herself and make people laugh and stand out without making others sorry that she did.

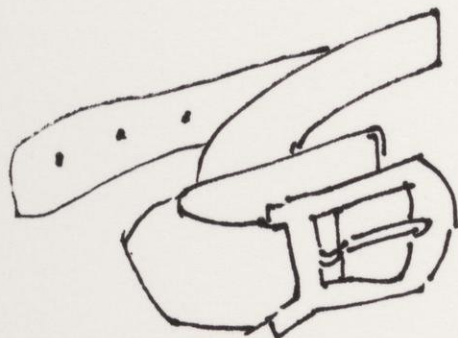




HAIR BRUSH

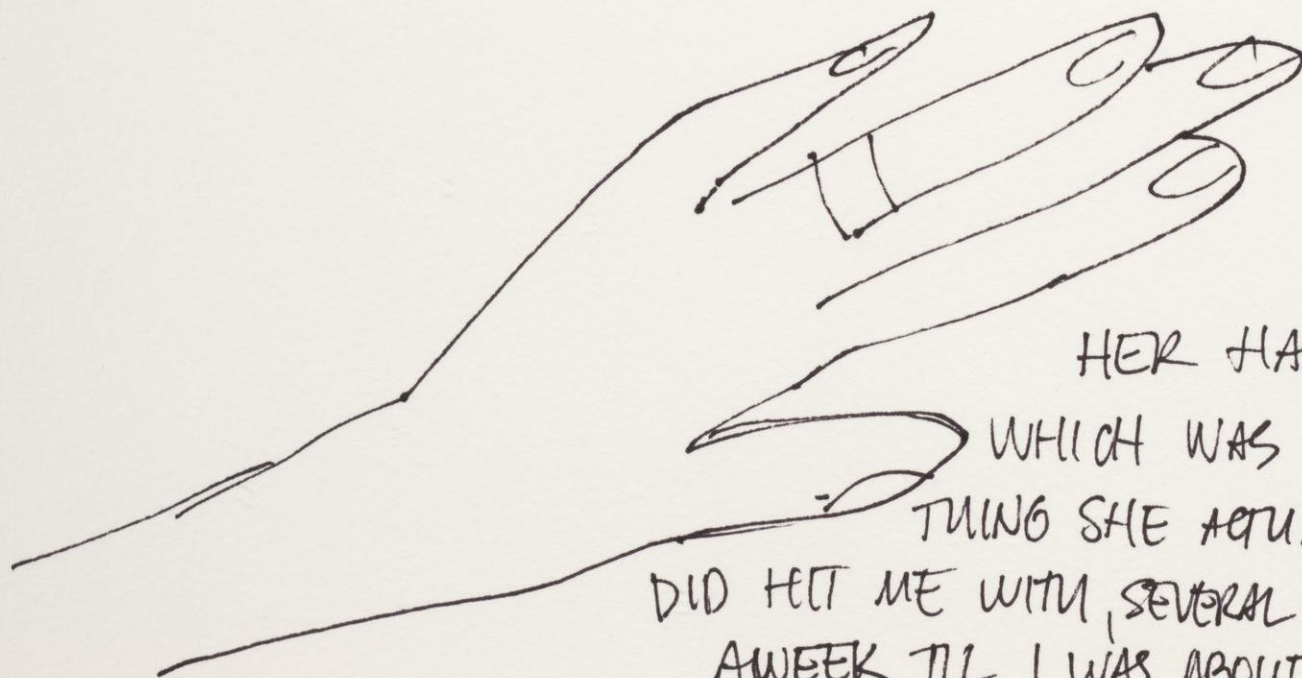


STEEL  
YARD STICK



MY FATHERS BELT

WHICH ARE ALL THINGS MY MOTHER  
THREATENED TO HIT ME WITH WHEN I  
WAS LITTLE ...



HER HAND  
WHICH WAS THE  
THING SHE ACTUALLY  
DID HIT ME WITH, SEVERAL TIMES  
A WEEK TIL I WAS ABOUT 14.

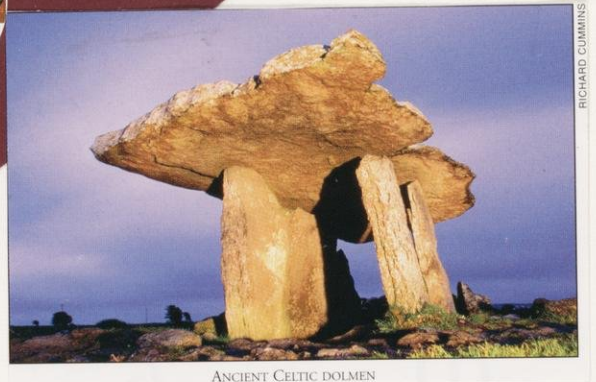
Some things  
I've learned  
from my mother

A red hat won't make you interesting at  
80 if you were a complacent bore at 20.  
There are worse things than being alone,  
old & broke.

You don't always know where the path  
you're on is going when you start down it.  
If you're unhappy, leave.

Perfume matters.

explore



RICHARD CUMMINS

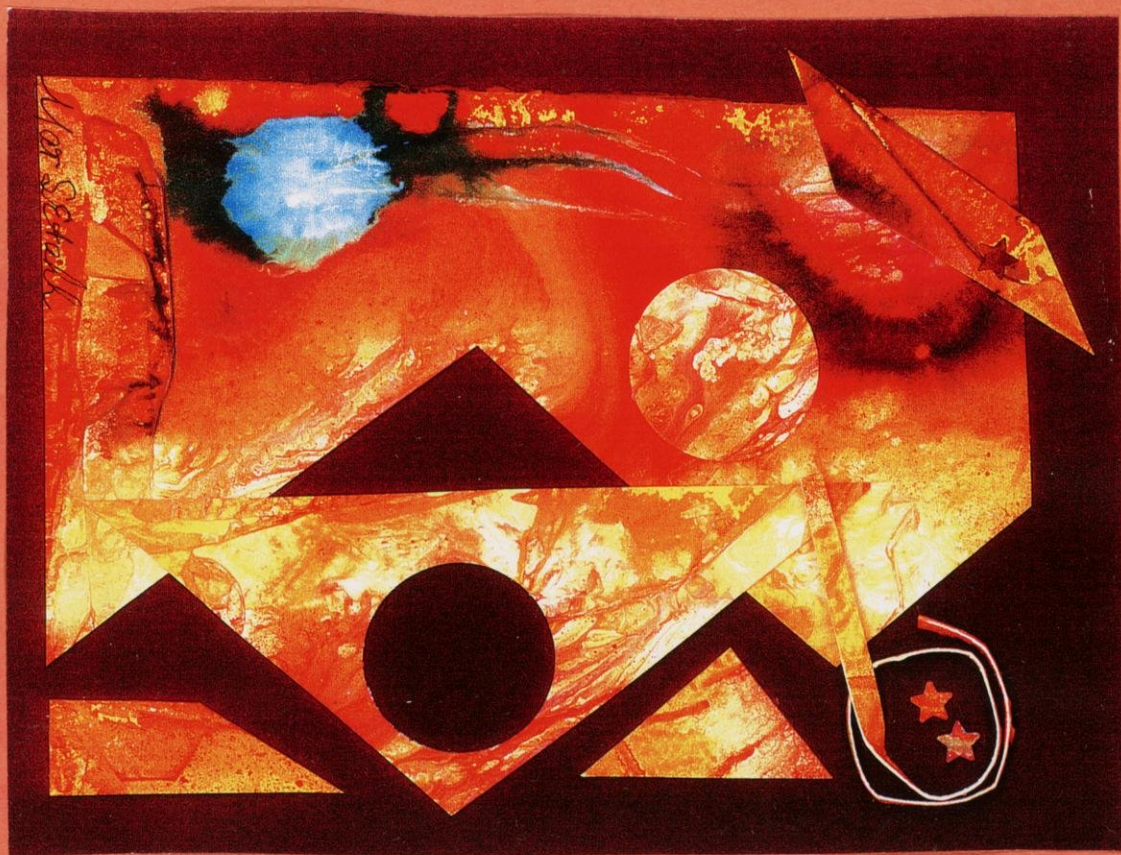
ANCIENT CELTIC DOLMEN

5.27.06 MarSehalk Grayson AKA "Collage Queen"



CREATE

Travel to the  
center of  
yourself.



Creative Journeys  
for Life Healing



Tricia Schriefer

