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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!

Monroe, Wisconsin:

Return to my Roots

by

John J. Waelti

I had never appreciated Monroe until I left in 1955 to join the Marines. It is no doubt common that what you grow up with seems the natural order of things. As Monroe was then, it should be now -- even though that is not reality. My earliest memories of the Square during the 1940's is of Monkey Wards (as we called it) on the northwest corner of the Square, J. L. Pennys on the west side, and F. W. Woolworths on the present site of the public library, where I bought my monthly issue of Lone Ranger comics -- at Woolworths, that is, not the library.

Blumer's Walgreen Agency drug store graced the southeast corner of the Square and the Old Fashioned Ice Cream store was on the west side. It was there that I learned how real malted milks should look and taste.

Although raised on a farm a mile north of town, my parents sent me to town school -- the old North School on the corner of 9<sup>th</sup> St. and 15<sup>th</sup> Avenue -- instead of the one room Shiff school which was further away. I thus had an early exposure to "city life" in addition to the life of a farm kid without the luxury of indoor plumbing. Such luxuries were for city people until post-war prosperity made them commonplace for farmers as well.

Exposure to "city life" afforded some eye opening experiences. I was at classmate Mike Kaubly's house one day when his father, Ray, and one of Ray's friends were out in the yard wearing shorts. I had never seen grown

men wearing shorts. The adult males I knew wore bib overalls, except for City folks, who, of course, but their trousers were long -- not short. I asked Mike what these men were doing wearing shorts. Mike explained that they were going out to play "badmen." Fancy that, I thought -- grown men wearing shorts and playing "badmen." Of course I had never heard of badminton.

As Monroe has changed, so has Farming. If I can be excused for a shopworn cliché, farming ain't what it used to be. That may be a good thing, but perhaps not entirely.

I am among a diminishing few who remember what it is like to shock oats and participate in a threshing ring. The highlight of threshing was the fantastic noon meals. The hungry threshers would wash the dust and chaff off their hands and faces in basins set up on the lawn before going in the house for noon dinner that can never be duplicated. After several hours of hard physical work in the hot sun, we had ravenous appetites and devoured roast beef, mashed potatoes and gravy, cole slaw, garden fresh vegetables and home made pies. During later life, I would be privileged to enjoy gourmet meals in fine restaurants throughout the nation and even the world. But none could ever

Compare to those threshers' meals of my youth.

Threshing has long since been replaced by combining, which combines cutting and threshing into one mechanized operation. It surely is easier and faster than separate operations of cutting, shocking and threshing. But as with all technological change, while something is gained -- usually efficiency of some sort -- something is lost. In this case, it was the neighborly comradery and sense of rural community.

After high school graduation, I had no intention of attending college. Tradition and the University of Wisconsin were intimidating and I surely was not ready for that kind of challenge. I stayed on the farm for a year and became increasingly restless as the months wore on. As I was facing the draft, I saw military service as a way of avoiding decision as to what I wanted to do. For a variety of reasons, I joined the Marines. It was a fateful decision which eventually turned out to be a fortunate one.

After three months of boot camp and several weeks into infantry training, I surely didn't yet know what I wanted for the rest of my life. But I knew one thing for sure -- I wanted to go to college. I had no idea that I would spend nearly the rest of my life in



College. But surely, Frochem and the University of Wisconsin were no longer intimidating as they were a few short months earlier.

I was fortunate to complete my 3 year enlistment during peacetime. One of the lasting ideas I carried away from the Corps is that while it is honorable to serve in combat, it is also honorable, and a high calling, to work for a world in which we can keep young people out of combat.

I started my college career at UW in 1958. I did well - - far better than my lackluster high school record would have indicated. I went on to graduate school, attaining a Ph.D. at the University of California at Berkeley. I have enjoyed a career as an economist at the University of Minnesota, New Mexico State University, and Sultan Qabus University in the Sultanate of Oman. My career has taken me to 13 foreign countries and a year in the Pentagon as Economic Advisor to the Assistant Secretary of the Army & Civil Works.

I have recently returned to Monroe (June 2005) from a four year stint in the middle East (Oman). I am reconnecting to Monroe and am enjoying being part of the local scene.

I have crisscrossed the County many times, and have never seen a town square with the charm of Monroe. It is located on a gentle slope, and has no major highways crossing the square, as is the case with so many others. The buildings are all connected, giving it an architectural advantage. The charm of the square and the courthouse are generally intact. Every effort should be made that it remain so.

As with so many small towns across the country, the center of commerce has moved to the periphery. Again, the gain of "efficiency" at the expense of community cohesion.

But the square remains the heart and soul of Monroe, and the courthouse the seat of county government.

For better or worse, the sociology and economics of small town America has changed -- inevitably and ineluctably.

John J. Walt  
January 4, 2006

## The Legends Of Jade - edited version

### Introduction

Lying far into the future, much later than the apocalypse, the human race, along with many other unearthly species, live in worlds far away called Barona. Barona is one of the many planets inhabited by humans after the all known "Milky Way Apocalypse" occurred over two centuries ago. All that is left of everything in the Milky Way is a few space stations and abt of of bounty hunting shuttles.

### Chapter One: On A Mission

The story begins with a person named Jade Star sleeping soundly in his bed until he is abruptly awakened by a loud crash.

"Er, not again!" Shouts Jade as he dashes to the town hall.

As he arrives, he anticipates a short, chubby little man

with a goatee unneringly awaiting him outside the town hall.

"We're under attack again, why weren't you here sooner? I was almost killed! Would you just let me die like that?! What's wrong with you?! Are you some kind of moron?! Are you even listening to me?! Ahhhh, you're worthless!" Shouted the furious Mayor

"Yah know, calling me all those names could really dim my future. I was sleeping. I'm sorry to be late, sir, but I got out of battle only 3 hour ago, I am human, humans sleep. Anyway, let me get my craft and I'll be right on it.

As Jade left in a space craft after the rebels, the Mayor pondered around in his white suit, nervous of the battle, waiting for Jade's return.

"Damn him, my white suits dirty, and it's brand new!"

Kurt Vonnegut • I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings by Maya Angelou

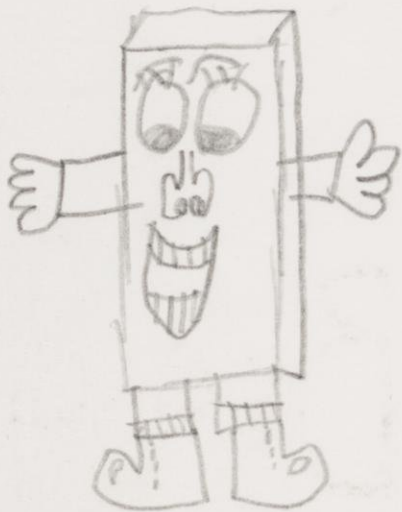
Atwood • The Canterbury Tales by Geoffrey Chaucer • Slaughterhouse-Five by

"Our Nation's understanding and appreciation of the First Amendment is not passed along genetically. It must be reaffirmed and defended, over and over. Keep fighting and keep winning."  
- Paul Steinle

Read Banned Books.

Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman • Fahrenheit 451 by Ray Bradbury • Blubber

by Judy Blume • The Handmaid's Tale by Margaret



Richard  
10.



Shoot for the moon. Even if you miss,  
you'll land among the stars.

*Les Brown*

# Innamorata

Look at the trees...  
they live harmoniously together~  
regardless of species or type.

Listen, then, to the wind,  
for it is the only voice the trees have.

In a very real way,  
i was much younger than She.  
She had spent twenty years  
growing up.  
i had, perhaps all totalled,  
about 8 or 9.

She let me look at Her,  
and into Her...  
but never through Her.

We talked  
Not so much about what was or is,  
but what would be.

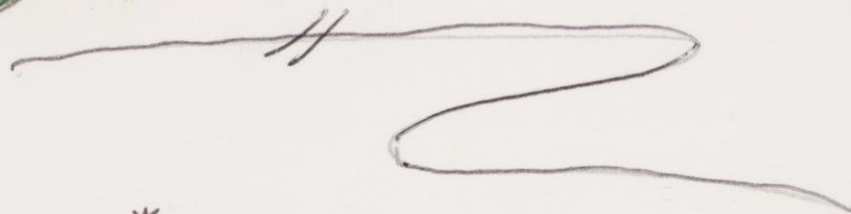
i can't really remember  
what we did together -  
only how She made me feel.

She simply was...  
and did it beautifully.

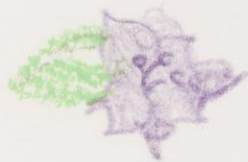
To my loving wife  
Melissa A. DeVoe  
(nee, Theiler)



Llama



Words of wisdom  
Laugh,  
Love.  
Live Always



By Alanna Martinez  
11/11/2017

## The Trout

a flash of silver and red

The trout line and the thrashing head,  
as the trout made a leap to throw the fly,  
The water droplets were like diamonds in the sky.

With a splash it came to net,  
I looked in wonder before I set  
It gently in the swift current,  
A beautiful, panting rainbow.

-- Robert Beinema

To whom I may concern,

I will be forgotten

I am lost in a lonely wood where every  
cycle of breath is a life of its own

I'm made of the moment  
Forged in the Furnace of the Sun and its Father before him  
From the beginning of Time when the dawn crept in  
as slow as the dew **FORMS**

We knew it would end.

But this axiom of existence makes us equal

From this Sublime vantage point on our quest  
We can look onward to the horizon

OR the seas

OR the heavens

OR within

Me and YOU

I am a lone Tree, deserted, but part of it all

If we could only WAKE

By: A confused mirror

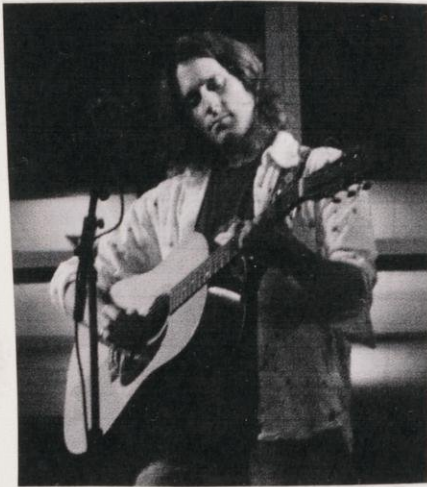
Lifes equation

$$0 < x < \infty$$

Something is coming I can feel it in the coming cold  
and I wait with my face to the wind.  
Something is coming and I wonder what it is  
I'm a child waiting for the first snow.  
And in my dream I can still feel the motion,  
it's moving like young moves to old.  
And what I'm feeling it's impossible to hold,  
It's not what I'm finding out it's what I know.  
(What I Know)



I know the oldest form of running away,  
it's leaving and moving place to place.  
And I left my home to find myself,  
came back and looked in the mirror  
and there was me and me face to face.  
Things I love they have grown on me  
they're the things I have nestled into--  
Your arms in the candlelight,  
this guitar in my room at night  
and an empty road going home.  
(Things I Love)



Before I came here, I was between two worries,  
and wondering what to do with all my time.  
And last night was the same  
I walked the streets of this city  
Nothing but your language in my mind.  
And I have tried to make the illusion last  
To put behind me all the good we've sown.  
To trample the grass where your feet have passed.  
But I cannot deny that it has grown.  
(I Can Believe)

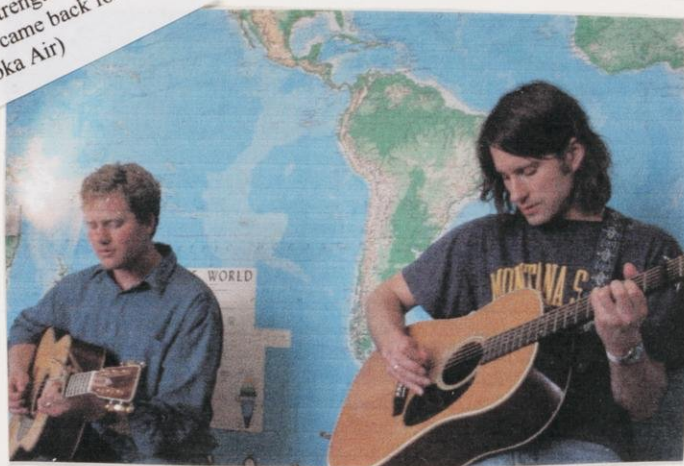
I've gone away from all I have known  
and I'm holding on to freedom so I won't be coming home  
A little inside emotion but it's nothing I can't take  
A little part of me has been sleeping but I think it's now awake  
And I see it in the summer and the way that it's dying  
Life is so much deeper than the feelings I've been fighting  
So I follow my heart now 'cause my mind's been misleading  
And somewhere down the road I think I'll find what I've been missing  
(Inside Emotion)



Created by:  
Stefanie Huber  
3-4-06

# STORYHILL

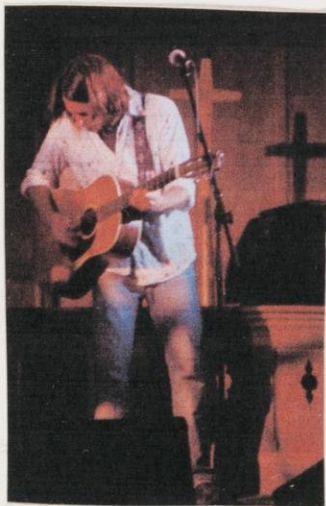
Can you ever go home again and  
find who you were back then?  
Will I find the strength to remember  
all the things I came back for?  
(Absaroka Air)



I was sleeping -- I don't know if we're in Iowa or Missouri  
but it doesn't matter -- it all looks the same  
between the cornfields and the snow flurries  
and I'm just passin' through on the way to somewhere.  
The destination's distant, but I don't care  
I haven't yet arrived, but I'm not just starting.  
(Somewhere in Between)

This is the place where I am most wanted,  
where everything I am comes from.  
I brought you here so that you might notice  
the light in my eyes like the afternoon sun.  
(Boulder River)

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Don't forget to chase the whispers of your dreams.  
(Steady On)

Back home again,  
I guess that's what you call that place I'm in,  
But it doesn't feel familiar anymore.  
Everything has moved from where it was before.  
I lie awake and wait with the trees outside  
Stretching towards the winter.  
They cast their shadows through  
the window on the wall.  
(Back Home)

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## Finally Forgiven

The dreams of the unforgiven  
lie patiently awaiting in the dark.  
An unsuspecting target was he,  
the demons crept in to leave their mark.

The shadows, so dark and so dreary,  
upon the weak man they do prey,  
in joyful attack on his very soul,  
savage sultors, all in play.

One whispers to his mind of madness,  
while another beckons him on,  
unconscious yet knowing, he is beaded with sweat,  
anxiously awaiting the dawn.

The dawn, though, is so slow in coming,  
as they wreak havoc upon his mind and soul.  
The torturous demons have him writhing in pain  
for never do they want him to be whole.

They speak of wicked deeds, of murder.  
Then laugh wildly in their morbid desire,  
another soul to add to their credit,  
if he'd follow they'd show him the fire.

The painful torture continues through the night.  
He is weakened yet not giving in.  
Then a powerful voice interrupts the demon's play  
as a shimmering light fills the din.

The demons, they scramble for the shadows,  
in fearful need they have to get away.  
For the Lord of mercy and light did appear  
and these are the words he did say.

I walked on the water and you saw me.  
Evil men killed me yet I rose again.  
I am here as the Savior for all who believe,  
every woman, every child, and all men.

You now have no power over this soul,  
for he is safe here in my loving care.  
He resisted the temptation of the devil,  
and the immoral ways that you share.

From his hands he shot fire at the demons.  
The man watched as the demons disappeared.  
Then he dropped to his knees and said thank you Lord,  
for he no longer had reason to fear.

The Lord of mercy then touched him,  
and in that moment he then became whole.  
No longer at the mercy of the devil,  
forgiveness freed his imprisoned soul.

Holy Spirit Inspired  
written by Esther Tamling-Seffrood

Jesus

## Finding God's Light

Oh, the light,  
how it touches my soul,  
gently reaching in  
somehow making me whole.

Once there was only darkness,  
no guidance, just pain.  
With a prayer God somehow found me  
and to my side he came.

Where beauty once was not,  
now the flowers, they have grown.  
Where there was only bleakness  
now the bright sunshine is shown.

Now the greatest power of love  
fills the emptiness inside me.  
God granted vision to a weak man  
who had eyes closed, who could not see.

There is goodness in this world,  
hearts that care for others.  
Gentle hands to find a way  
for helping one another.

So if darkness fills your life,  
wandering are you through the night,  
just say a prayer, you'll find the light.  
God will see to your needs,  
his love makes all things right.

Holy Spirit Inspired  
written by Esther Tamling-Seffrood



Hope

Love

Faith

## Heart Connections

### God's Help

How do I find forgiveness  
if I do not find our God?  
How does my soul live beyond death  
if the path of unbelief is where I trod?  
My eyes would be blind to the beauty.  
My heart would not know of true love.  
Forgiveness would be no part of my life,  
if I knew not our Father up above.  
I rely on him for his guidance.  
His gentle hand will always see me through.  
Forgiving me of my imperfections.  
Helping me in all that I do.

Holy Spirit Inspired  
written by Esther Tamling-Seffrood

Life

Truth



Esther Tamling-Seffrood 5-10-2006

## Blogging

by: Gina Raschke

7/11/06

17 yrs. old

Hmm..... how interesting. This is kinda like old-school blogging - write down what's going on in your head, in your life, etc. . . .

Well, there is a lot of stuff going on inside & around me that I don't understand, exactly. One of which is writing a college essay.

Maybe sitting around, waiting for the idea to come to you, isn't the best thing. Maybe you have to go after the idea after all.

## Brainstorming

Okay, really. I'm not as big-brained as I seem. When I can't think of an idea for a story, I just drop into a huge brain-block. As a matter of fact, I've never finished a story that I've started. I don't understand why, but brainstorming for me is very hard. I ~~have~~ need to know the story before I touch pen to paper. I mean,



I'm not thinking out what I'm writing here.  
see what happens?

### College

Ok, I want to be a surgeon. And the obstacle for this is... <sup>what, you ask?</sup> Aside from the fact that I'm BROKE, I have no clue how I'm going to write an essay. Everytime I try I get comments like "nonsensical" or "not personal enough" or "too personal" or "start from scratch". I'm wondering what to do, - maybe I should just say "screw feedback" and send it out. Or maybe I'll rewrite it. Who knows?

### Ideas

Okay, send me prompts! my e-mail is seiko\_maruhana@yahoo.com. Please help me!

Why I hate my Life  
by Gina Raschke 7/11/06

Secret lives are lived by all.  
The lies are read through their actions.  
So what can I do?

This is why I hate my Life!

It's hard to follow your own web  
of delicate lies, much less anyone  
else's.

So what can I do?

This is why I hate my life!



Flash



## Starting Over

Only a few months ago, I was living in a town called West Bend. My stepmom, father, brother, & I all lived in a duplex, which we rented out to others. During the time one of our most prominent renters was living there, I was 16... in my heart, I was merely 12.

The renters' names were Tony and Carrie. Tony was an older man, a marine who had served in Korea & Vietnam. Carrie, his wife, was blind.

The two of them treated me like their own grandchild, but cheated the rest of my family out of rent & what not. It was

Around the third month or so of this that I fell in Love.

Okay, it wasn't exactly love, but it was damned close. So I followed my heart... And got into trouble.

Several years after beginning to date, I had a severe mental breakdown & nearly killed my lover. It was then I realized what a mistake my life had been thus far.

Now I had to start over. But how? I had been in detention twice, County jail once, in a mental hospital three times, and in and out of a shelter/treatment facility, none of which helped.

With the help of my social worker & parents, we came to Orion Group home here in Monroe. This was my chance!

At first, I didn't do so well. I didn't sleep or eat, but I tried hard to do my best. Depression

set in.

Yet now, nearly seven months later, I realize that I'm happier here than I was anywhere else, and I owe it to all my friends, a big, HUGE,

THANK YOU!

-Gina Raschke

7112106

## Quarantined

*Submitted by Miriam A. Babula  
Monroe, WI*

**Q**UARANTINED! Big black letters on a red card nailed to the front door of our house. I was not to see that placard for six weeks, but in the meantime it severely restricted life for the whole family. I was ten in May of 1935 when my younger sister, Harriet, and I came down with scarlet fever. Next to diphtheria, it was probably the most feared of childhood diseases because it often left children with kidney or heart damage. Uncertainty about just how it was spread led to strict isolation measures. George Washington Ison, who was the only doctor in Crandon, WI then, confirmed what Mother had suspected, and Harriet and I were bundled off to the only downstairs bedroom, normally occupied by our parents. It was quickly stripped of all but the necessities to make it easier to disinfect it later. There was a double bed, a dresser with a tall mirror, and a card table pushed up beside the bed. There we were to spend the next six weeks, while spring turned into summer, school ended and vacation began.

The first two weeks we were too sick to care about the passing days, but not so the rest of the family who were enjoined before leaving the premises. My brother, Walter, at eleven, had nearly completed a year of perfect attendance at North School. That would have brought him a prize at the end of the school year. His outrage at missing it was blended with joy at being freed from school two weeks



*Netzel Family*

before his friends. The youngest, six year old twins, Margie and Milly, were undisturbed. They filled each others need for companionship and had little need for other playmates. For the adults, it was another matter. Dad had recently taken a job that kept him on the road for five days a week, grateful to have any job in those depression years. That left Mother alone to manage with five children, two confined to a bedroom, and the others not allowed to leave the yard; nor was anyone to enter the property!

Walter had a sturdy wagon that was a real blessing. Groceries had to be ordered by telephone. The grocer would deliver as far as the edge of the driveway. Walter met him there



with his wagon and loaded them up, pulling them around to the kitchen door. That was simple compared with getting ice into the ice-box. The truck came around and the iceman lifted out a fifty pound block, rinsed off the sawdust and deposited it in a tub on the wagon. Once he got it to the kitchen door, the eleven-year old boy and his mother had to wrestle it up a flight of six stairs and into the upper ice compartment of the ice-box. All this was done without the help of the leather apron and tongs that made the job easy for the sturdy iceman.

At first Walter entertained himself marching around the edges of our large lot, twins single file behind him. There were only two houses on the block, so our half provided plenty of space. After school, he and his friends shouted at each other across the street, keeping up to date on what was happening. The twins were easier



*Walter and Miriam*

the Dresden china pattern quilt which covered the bed. While I slept, for apparently I was much sicker than she, she studied the

to entertain; they had each other. However, they really wanted to learn to jump rope, and that required three people, two to turn while the third one practiced running in, jumping, and running out. Big brother rarely played with his little sisters, but six weeks of isolation was a long time, and he became adept at rope turning while they mastered the skill.

In the meantime, Harriet and I passed the debilitating stage of the illness and began to sit up and take notice of the passing days. We were confined to bed-literally. Mother brought our meals in on trays, often decorated with a dandelion or clover blossom contributed by the twins, "so we would know what was happening outside."

Harriet was fascinated by



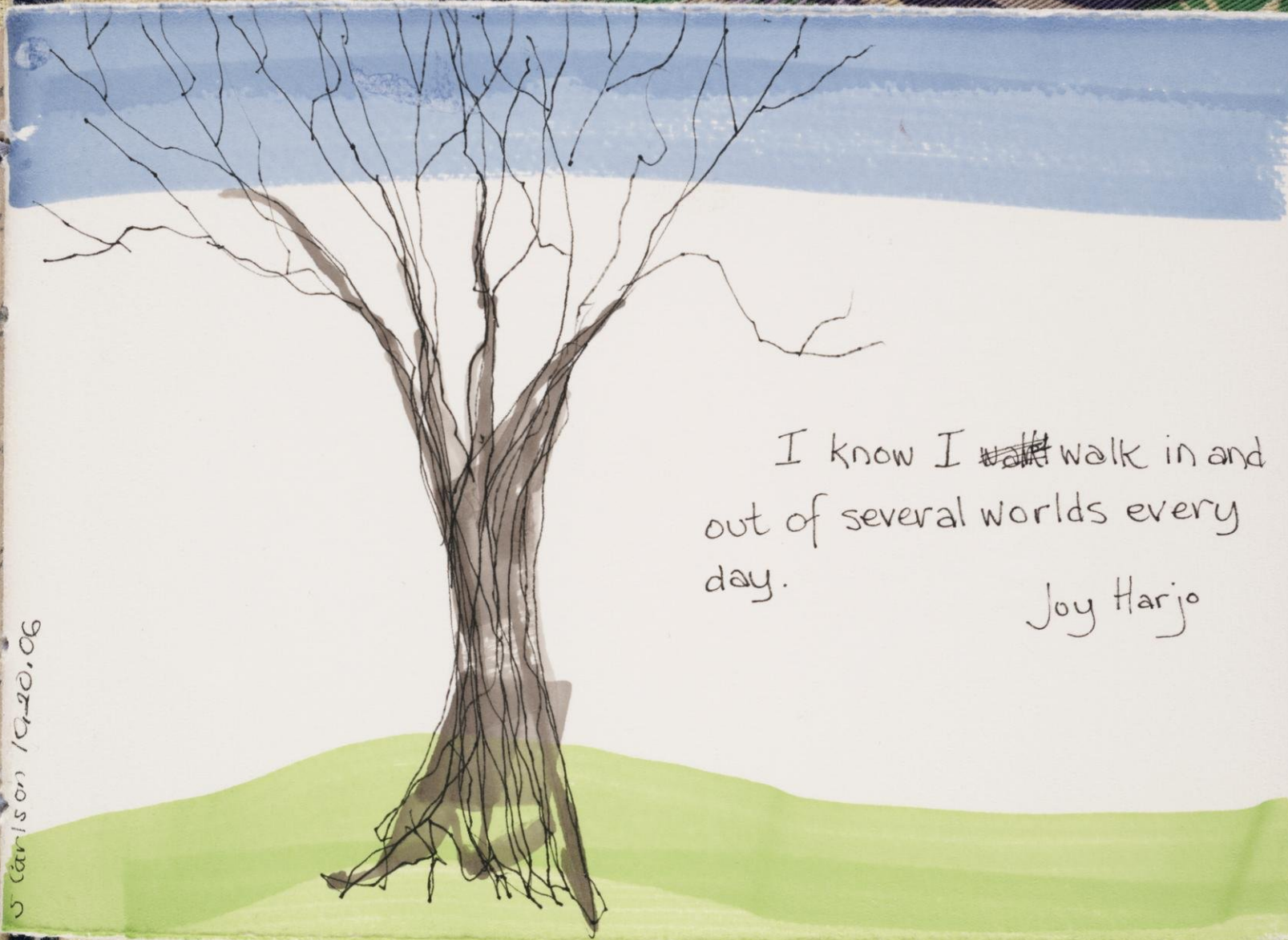
*Five siblings*

shapes and colors and designs much as I would study words printed on a page. We spent endless hours with paper dolls. We each had one set of "real" ones, with clothes, from a paper doll book. We enlarged the families with models cut from the Montgomery Ward catalog. Their clothes couldn't be changed, but they served as characters in the stories we invented. We read too. I remember stacks of "Boys Life," contributed by a sympathetic cousin. Harriet, who was only eight, preferred looking at pictures but was always willing to listen when I retold the stories I had read. One serial, "The Benchwarmer" reduced us to tears as we followed the misadventures of a boy who never quite made it into a baseball game.

Since everything we used would have to be either washed and sterilized or destroyed, our favorite books and toys were not available. Harriet played with a rag doll. I wasn't willing to sacrifice my favorite, an Effanbee with "real" arms and legs fastened to a cloth body. But I did have a bag of marbles that entertained for hours. I lined them up on a pillow on my lap, parade style, and put them through intricate maneuvers. Each of them, some fifty or more, had a name and a personality. Coloring books were a real luxury in those depression days. We each had one, and when it was completely finished, we traced the bold outlines on plain paper and colored them again. One of the simple toys we enjoyed involved threading a length of string

through two holes of a button, then tying the ends so that a long loop was formed. One end was then looped over the middle finger of each hand, and the string twirled so it began to twist. Then moving the hands gently in and out, the button could be kept spinning. Properly done, it produced a very satisfying hum. Carelessly done, it could catch in a sister's hair, causing a painful snarl that would have to be cut out.

At last came the day when Dr. Ison paid a return visit. "Are they through peeling?" he asked? For the past two weeks our skin had been peeling off as though we had survived sunburn. Assured that the process was complete, we were given our freedom. Wobbly kneed from our long confinement, we joined our brother and sisters. Joy reigned, as we ripped the QUARANTINED placard from the door, tore it into bite-sized pieces, and offered them to the summer breezes. As they disappeared into the sky, we raced each other around the yard, celebrating summer and freedom.



I know I ~~walk~~ walk in and  
out of several worlds every  
day.

Joy Harjo

5 Carlson 1920.06

"Amid my list of blessings infinite,  
stands this foremost,

"That my heart has led."

~ Edward Young ~



And ~ what is Drudgery?

Does that equate to

MINDLESSNESS or

Does it mean maintaining & caring  
for the soil ~ the brain matter  
where you plant the seeds?

So how do you harrow & plant your  
mind?

"Drudgery is as necessary ~~as~~ to  
CALL OUT THE TREASURERS OF THE MIND

as

HARROWING AND PLANTING  
those of the earth.

what does this mean?

~ Margaret Fuller

That you have to harrow & plant your  
mind to grow treasures in  
your thoughts?

Harrows what does this word mean?  
does it mean weeding and turning and digging  
the earth in rows where you plant your seed.

FIFTY SEVENTH Poem

for Alison

By Jim Donkey

Books Books Books Books Books  
Books Books Books Books Books  
Books Books Books Books Books  
Books Books Books Books Books

and Lines

Inscribed by Kristin Yates



## 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.



et l'avez tenu par les Dorniers pluyes. —

si ne font pas avancées, le mauvais temps les  
influera sans doute sur les qualités, mais  
pluyes ~~meilleures~~ en lieu d'uro au 15<sup>me</sup> —

à notre compte, le Raifin blanc qui craint  
dans la cave; dans quel que jour au retour

vous nous donnerons plus de détails sur

attendez Newy l'assurance de notre amitié

