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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.valleyridgestudio.com/bone\\_folders/](http://www.valleyridgestudio.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!



45

I'm very excited to be the first person in our community to contribute something to this journal. I would like to thank everyone responsible, from the person who came up with the idea for this project, to the artist who created this journal.

It's a bit daunting to be the first person to make their mark on these pages. There's the fear of making spelling errors and of sounding like a lunatic. However, this is also an opportunity for someone like myself who may otherwise never have their scribbles put in the form of a book to be circulated throughout the community. So I beg your indulgence for any errors & the slightly inflated ego that leads me to believe that anyone would be interested in reading anything written by a middle-aged woman living a simple life in a small town. It's the memory of one of life's simple pleasures that I would like to share with you.



## Blackberries

I just finished canning several pints of blackberries and it only took me two hours. A short amount of time when compared to the time, energy and expense of gathering these berries.

First there is the expense of mosquito/bick spray, an absolute necessity if you are going to spend any time out in the woods of Wisconsin. Then there's the cost of gasoline to get you to where the berries are. Now I realize that there are farms around here where you can pick your own berries and pay for them by the pound or by the ice cream painful, but those berries don't taste as good as the ones found out in the middle of the woods. Since you're going to be out in the middle of nowhere, it's nice to have another person along to keep you company. On this outing, my neighbor, Carol, joins me. Carol makes wine & often picks a variety of berries all summer long. She's always willing to budge along for a fresh supply of juicy berries.

We park the car along the side of the road & hike about a mile into the woods. This is actually a very enjoyable walk. It's very peaceful & quiet. The woods smell wonderful & everything looks so beautiful with the sunlight peeking through the branches & leaves. Carol spots an elderberry shrub along the way & she tells me that those berries will soon be turning black & plans are made to come back when they're ripe.

We see berries here & there and I stop to pick a handful, anxious to start filling my pail but Carol is looking for the "mother lode" & keeps going. While I'm

picking the ones that are on the edges of the bushes, I spy some magnificent black jewels just a little way in. This is when the adventure really begins. The branches are covered with sharp, needle-like thorns that catch your clothing + scratch your skin. I was dressed protectively in an old long-sleeved army surplus shirt + a pair of cotton gloves with the finger tips cut off. But that's really no match for those thorny bushes.

Carol + I call out to each other occasionally to make sure that everything is okay. Poor Carol - in her attempt to reach deeper into the bushes she became entangled in the branches + most of her berries spilled from her pail. Once they fall on the ground, there's nothing to do but leave them for the critters and start over again. With such an abundance of berries though, it doesn't take her long to refill her pail.

I came across a nest in the bushes with one speckled egg in it. I was careful not to disturb it, though there didn't seem to be a mother bird nearby. Nor was there any sign of hatched eggs. I wondered how long the nest had been there + for a moment I even considered taking the nest home with me to show my son. But I changed my mind + left it where it was.

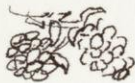
We'd been in the woods for about two hours when a light rain started. I called out to Carol + we headed back to the car. We each carried a pailful-filled to the brim. We were quite pleased with our "free for the picking" bounty.

On the way home we talked about what each of us would do with our berries. Would Carol use all the berries for wine or use some for a pie? I couldn't



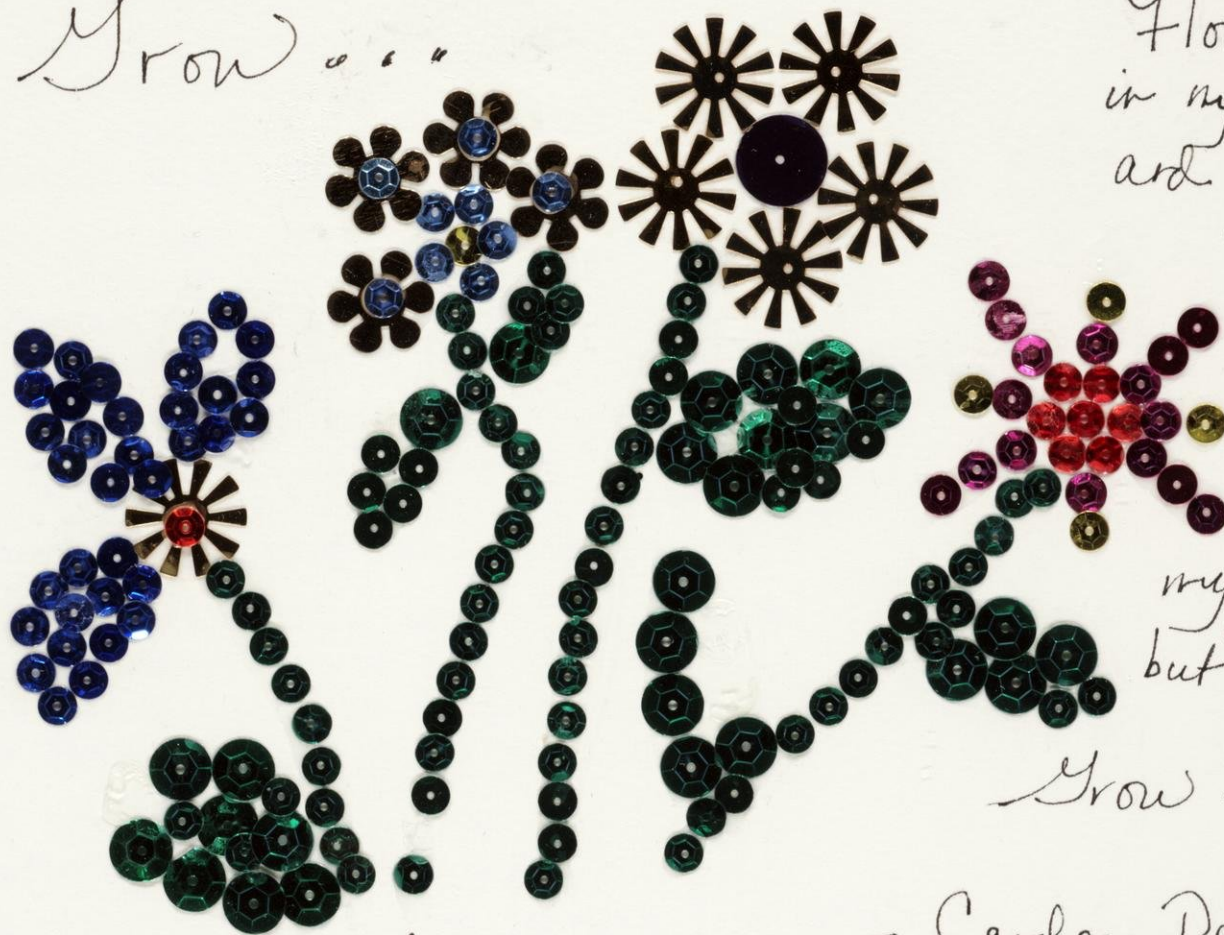
decide if I would make jam from mine or just can the berries whole. We discussed the many possibilities.

You may wonder if spending your time + energy to acquire these berries from the woods is worth it. After all, you could go to the grocery store + purchase them already canned or find them relatively fresh in the produce section. This is my sister's opinion when I talk to her on the phone later in the day. I agree that it may be easier + I could still make pies or jam without all the other trouble, but what I wouldn't get from the grocery store is the memory of a beautiful hot summer day, spent out in the woods, picking berries with a friend.



May Page  
Marshfield, WI  
10/31/05

Grow . . .



Grow . . .

Flowers grow  
in my garden  
and make me  
smile.

It is time  
for rebirth  
each spring,  
not only of  
my garden  
but of myself.

Grow . . .

- Candace Peckler  
Winter 2006

## THIN ICE

The ice of life is thin ahead  
As far as one can see  
And all about I see the rest  
advancing gingerly.

Each footfall carefully mapped out  
Each step a balanced prayer,  
assuming that the gods of Fate  
are reasonable and fair

But since all paths that lie ahead  
are based on pitch and toss,  
cautious souls have no more power  
than those who dance across.

All will someday span the course  
with abandon or with care,  
But only fearless ones will feel  
the free wind in their hair.

The ice of life is thin ahead,  
determined by mere chance.  
The journey far outweighs The goal.  
Come, take my hand, let's dance.



Jeannie Pavlik  
Marshfield, WI  
Feb 2006

a cinquain for spring

a cinquain is a 5-line poem.

Each line has a specific  
syllable count.

Line 1 - 2 syllables

Line 2 - 4 syllables

Line 3 - 6 syllables

Line 4 - 8 syllables

Line 5 - 2 syllables

The final line is sort of a  
punch line or summing up.

A Gardener's Trust

Bend down,  
bean seed in hole.  
Earth, warmed by sun on top,  
deeper damp, bearing winter chill.  
Plant faith.

Kris Rued-Clark  
3/8/06



## The Way of It

That is the way of it—  
Just when you think  
stuff is going fine  
a little bug wiggles in god's ear  
and POW!

You go down  
maybe for the  
count of 9.

## Nobody's Got the Answers

That's what I said.  
Nobody.  
Heck, we aint even  
figured out  
the question yet!

Barb Crawford

It is the  
1st of March,  
I am on my way  
to Jack's wake.  
I see black crows  
birds a foot tall  
each cawing on this  
sunless afternoon,  
a hundred or more.  
They stand on  
crusty snow.  
I stop and breathe  
remembering Jack  
his eyes alight,  
his half-smile.

See Triggs  
3/16/06



The Prairie Prom

C. K. Berg



found

In the moon light when I found choices

whispering ever so softly

I put them in my pocket.

They protect me on golden winter walks.

Each step becomes a conversation

bridged between the first layers of spring

and a squirrel's eye view.

With simple faith crouched

under snowy sleep

I reach and smile once more.

*Gloria  
Feldman, Te*

# Sonnet to the World

O World, why must you force yourself  
on us?

Why must we change our ways to your  
standard?

Why do we think that t'you conform  
we must?

But ev'n when we try our best we  
have err'd.

In striving for this goal, a person will  
succumb to the failures forced on  
oneself,

And these will our creative instincts kill,  
Because the world will always look  
at wealth.

But if a person will look deep inside,  
Then some will find the strength to  
stand alone

Against the world and its conforming tide.  
Then they will see the world and it will have  
known.

These few will find this truth about  
their life,  
And tell it to the world to end some  
strife.

Carissa Hansen  
2006

Hai ku

When I think of you  
My fears and worries are gone  
Then I will have peace.

Carissa Hansen  
2006



Greetings, it is I,  
the Evil Kitten Loki.

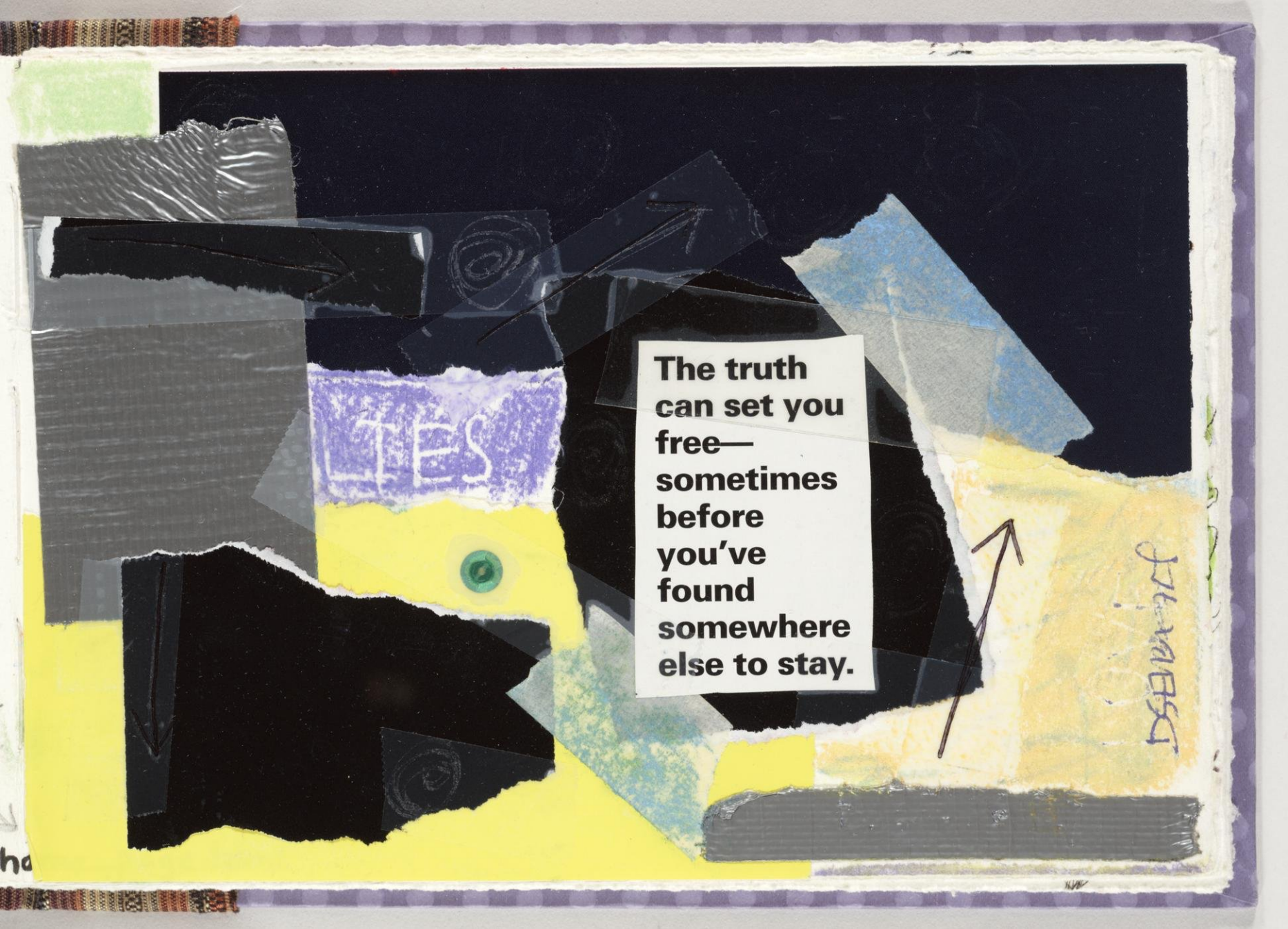
And I shall blackmail  
you into obeying my  
every whim...

Just as soon as you give  
me your name, address,  
and telephone number.

Carissa Hansen © 2006

For more of Loki, visit <http://www.geocities.com/evilkittenloki/h>

LIFT



**The truth  
can set you  
free—  
sometimes  
before  
you've  
found  
somewhere  
else to stay.**

LIES

DREAMS

# THE DEMISE OF THE LITTLE PINK HOUSE ON CLEVELAND STREET

by Doug Seibert (Marshfield)

It was one of those one-and-a-half story-postwar-A-Frame 'jobbies with a detached one-car garage and a white picket fence around the backyard.

The pink slate siding made it an easy target, a geographical marker, a compass point leading the way out of darkened woods to home. We were the family that lived in the little pink house on Cleveland Street, all of us happy, save my father, who "coveted thy neighbor's house" with its white steel siding and manicured lawn, white marble around the bushes trimmed neat, like my father's bourbon in a glass. Early Saturday morning, the sound of rotor-tiller blades scraping cement and tearing flesh drew my mother out to see my father tilling under her flower bed of tulips, day lilies, and black-eyed susans that grew along the side of the house.

He made me an accomplice to murder and an all-day labor of pulling up plants and roots, leveling ground, laying down plastic, and hauling wheelbarrows of white river rock to cover his crime. The next weekend he put an end to the picket fence. Later that summer, a crew of three men came and pried off the pink slate, revealing black tar paper ripped and scarred, covered back over with white steel. Our house became ordinary and blended in with a row of other white steel-sided houses. A few years later, we moved. The house and I never recovered, never healed. And now on nights in early summer I find myself walking familiar ground, down Cleveland street past the little A-frame house, waiting for someone to turn it pink again, to pull up rock and plastic, to let the ground breathe and the flowers grow — and take me home.



Bottle  
Nosed  
Dolphins

DEEDEE KOI BECK  
2006



SHELL

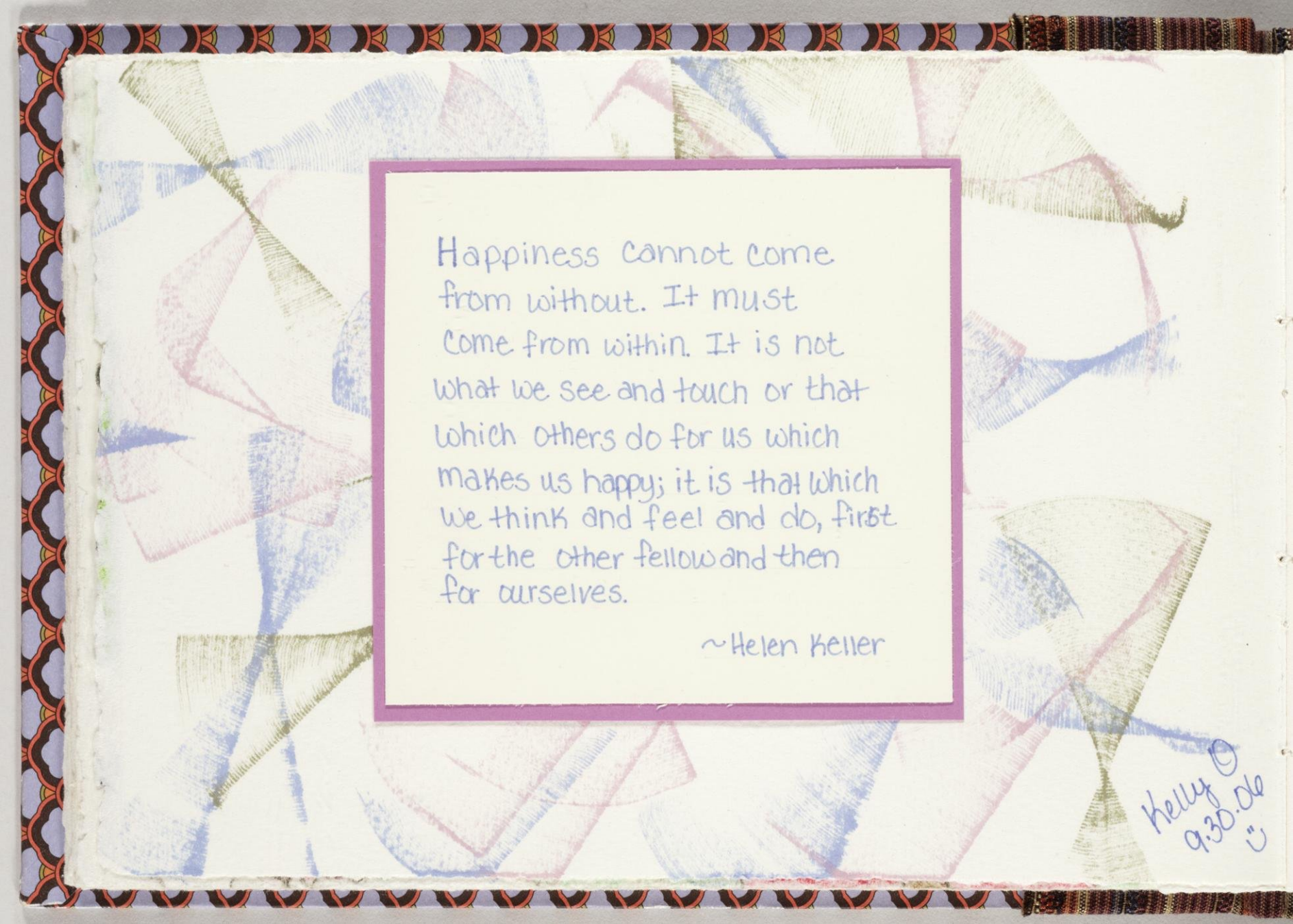






9-15-10/6

Jean  
Tyler



Happiness cannot come  
from without. It must  
come from within. It is not  
what we see and touch or that  
which others do for us which  
makes us happy; it is that which  
we think and feel and do, first  
for the other fellow and then  
for ourselves.

~Helen Keller

Kelly ☺  
9.30.06  
☺

Yesterday I talked to my Dad. He's my best friend. We didn't say much. We didn't need to. Talked about school. Talked about work.

I asked him what it was like when he was 17. Wasn't like it is today. We talked about family. He talked about Grandpa. He cried when he told me he was there when Grandpa died. First and last time I saw that.

Someday my son and daughter and I will have talks like that. I'll tell them what it was like when I was their age. I'll tell them about Grandpa. Probably cry too.

But that's okay. Cause I love my Dad, and I know they love theirs, too. He's my best friend. And so are they.

Mike O.  
9-30-06

A CUP OF TEA  
MY NEW KITTEN - ZOE  
(I LOVE HER!)  
AND THIS BOOK!  
FAVORITE THINGS ALL.



FOR OTHER BOOK LOVERS, I  
SHARE THIS:

"CLERISY" -

THE CLERISY ARE THOSE WHO READ FOR  
PLEASURE, BUT NOT FOR IDLENESS; WHO READ  
FOR PASTIME BUT NOT TO KILL TIME; WHO LOVE  
BOOKS, BUT DO NOT LIVE BY BOOKS.



RUNNING ALL OVER THIS PAGE...



for a long time,  
she F L E W  
only when  
she thought  
no one else  
was watching.

-Brian Andreas

October 2006

polavoid transfer by *Sawaldina*

What I'm grateful for:

being able to hold my beautiful granddaughter

wonderful friends & family

my husband, who is willing to work at our marriage

seeing with an artist's eyes

changing seasons

good health & a mind that sort of works

Jen's help with my project - she saved my bacon!

opportunities to travel

lots of hiking & biking trails

the Union Terrace

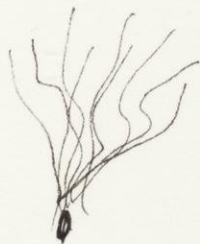
milkweed pods & their seeds

the perspective shift that comes

with late middle age

music music music

freedom - our most precious gift



What I'm grateful for:

- @ being able to hold my beautiful granddaughter
- @ wonderful friends & family
- @ my husband, who is willing to work at our marriage
- @ seeing with an artist's eyes
- @ changing seasons
- @ good health & a mind that sort of works
- @ Jen's help with my project - she saved my bacon!
- @ opportunities to travel
- @ lots of hiking & biking trails
- @ the Union Terrace
- @ milkweed pods & their seeds
- @ the perspective shift that comes  
with late middle age
- @ music music music
- @ freedom - our most precious gift

Sixty Plus Poem  
FOR ALISON  
By JIM DANKY

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

... And ZINES

Calligraphy by LYMAN DRAPER (sic.)



## 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.

Karen Timin '05

