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Poynette. 2005

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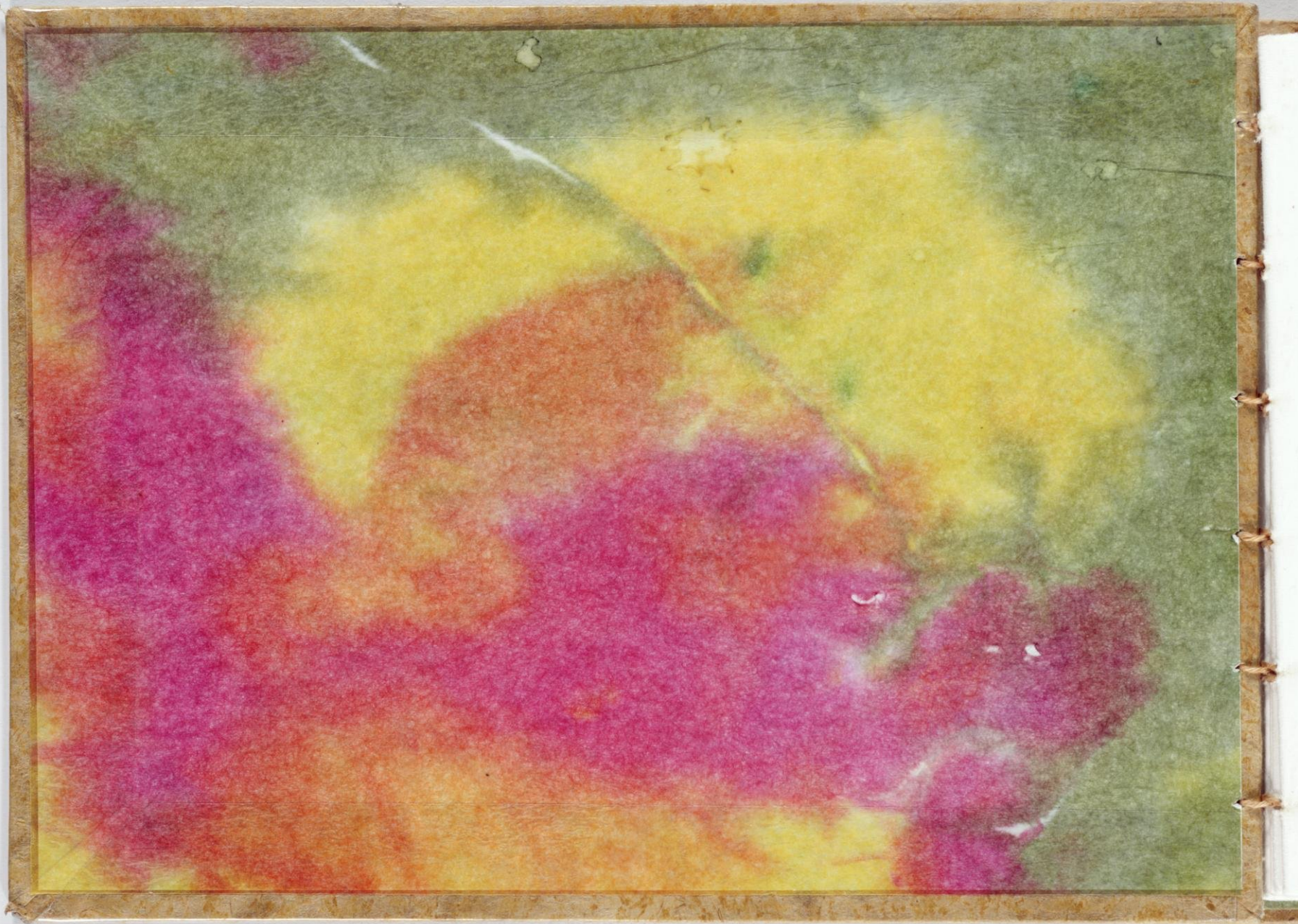
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POYNETTE



...Naturally

702.81
Si99s
bk.34



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/

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!

In my eyes me in your eyes 11/26/98

I feel like a circus bear
in a tutu
on a high wire
riding a unicycle
with a fake rose clenched in my teeth
furry, frilly, silly, stupid
scared

Something 11/22/97

maybe it was something you said
to make me smile
and it made me smile
and you make me smile
and that's something

Brinnan Shaffer Madison, WI ~ ♡ on her sleeve ~

Sweet and salty ?/00

your tears
fell into my crying
eyes
and for one,
brief,
perfect
moment in time
we both saw
twenty - twenty

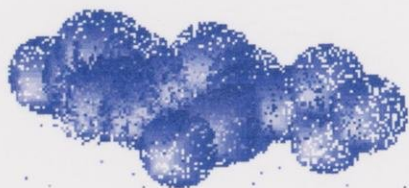
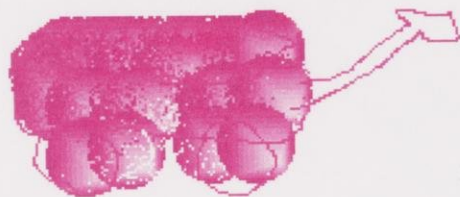
Zealot

I love you
with an intensity
that rivals religious
Zealot...

I just don't go
door to door
proclaiming it.

What if --
Instead of a charriot
All shiny and gold
A little red wagon
All rusty and old
Comes for you?
Will you go?

Louise Ellen Dotter



It will rain tonight.
The smell is in the air
Of some far off ocean
Come to rest inland.

SPRING GREEN, WI

What would the world
be without pets? No
wagging tails, no gentle
purrs. No longer a "heart-
beat at my feet" or a
silly tail around my legs.
A comforting nuzzle on the
couch or fur as soft as
water would be no more.
What would we do without
them?



Giffen



Sam



Hyder



T.C.

Jan
1-2006
Spring Green, WI

SPRING GREEN, WI

Cleaning Dad's Workshop

The workshop was the last to go.

We took most of his clothes to Goodwill.

Mom braided rugs for us from his old shirts.

We sorted through his papers and filed his taxes.

We cleaned out his bathroom and tossed out his pills.

The workshop was the last to go.

Saws, planes, hammers, nails,

Levels, joiners, pliers, vises:

Things he handled,

Things he knew the meaning of.

He built me a toy chest when I was little,

and a birdhouse last year.

When I was almost done,
Was sweeping up The dust and Sawdust,
I felt him with me.
I felt him mourning my mourning.
I felt him pointing out the spots I'd missed.
I felt him say, Don't forget That sand.

In The corner was a plastic bag
of ordinary sand into which a seed
had fallen, and had sprouted.
He was standing right behind me looking
over my shoulder.
Don't forget that, he said.

V.E.



XVII. Meditation

All Mankinde is of one Author
and is one Volume.

When one Man dies, one Chapter is not torne
out of the booke,

but translated into a better language;
and every Chapter must be so translated.

God employes several translators.

Some pieces are translated by age,

Some by sicknesse,

Some by war,

Some by justice

but God's hand is in every translation

and His hand shall binde up all our

scattered leaves againe

for that Librarie

where every booke shall lie open

to one another.

John Donne, Poet & Preacher 1522-1631 A.D.

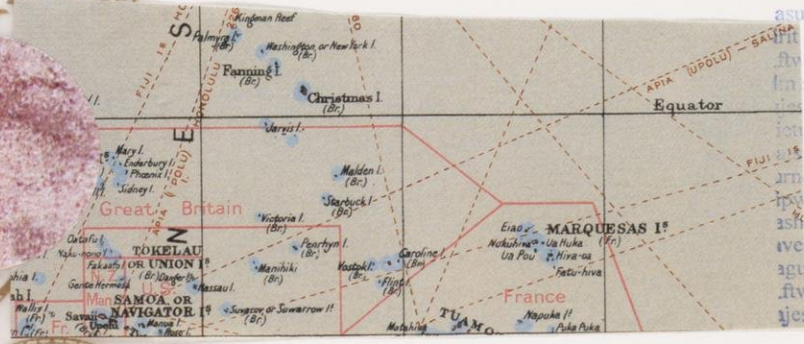
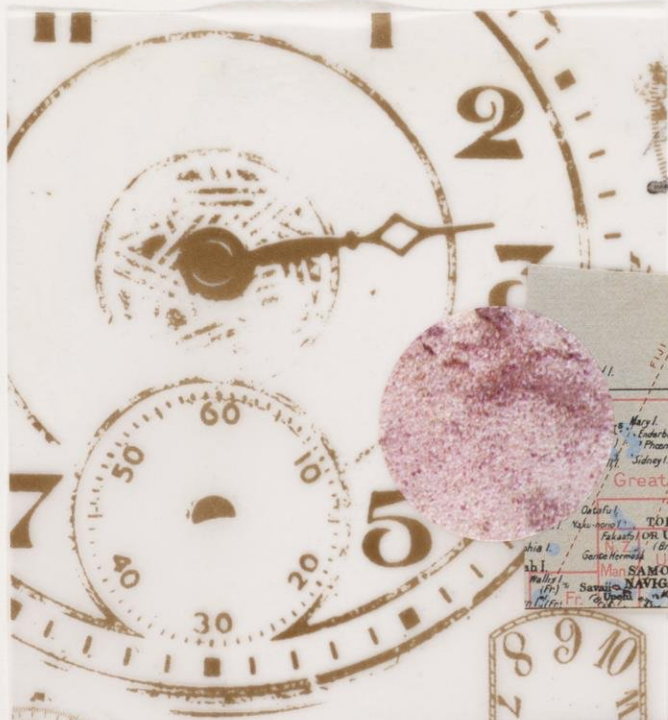
Shared by Patricia Disch



Lake Michigan. Lake Superior.
Barcelona.
Maine.

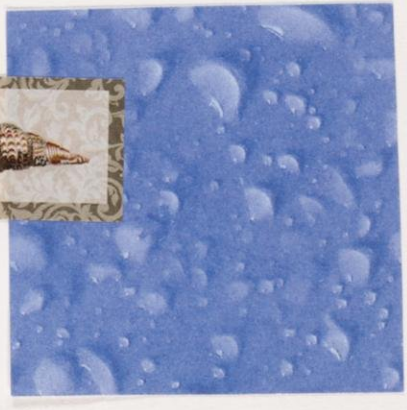


You
Are
Here



enity peace tra.
the beac starfish s.
restl anquil rela.
seahorses coral breez
foam sea creatures shel
asures pearls sand castles s
it soars d... feasting s
By
the
Sea
serenity peace tranquilit
stic shimmering sea bill
ionde res... quil relax
sunsets shoreline salt se
rney wooden piers light
recks... ballads s
shells beacn starfish sand
ives foam sea creatures shel
agulls seahorses coral breez
ftwood weathered natural s
ajestic shimmering sea bill

At the edge of the sea the waves



Point Beach. Oregon. New Zealand.



Australia.
Florida.
Long Beach.
Wisconsin River.



Spring Harbor.
Atlantic.
Pacific.
Mediterranean.



Greece.
Hawaii.
Michigan.
Door County.



i s f o r

lost

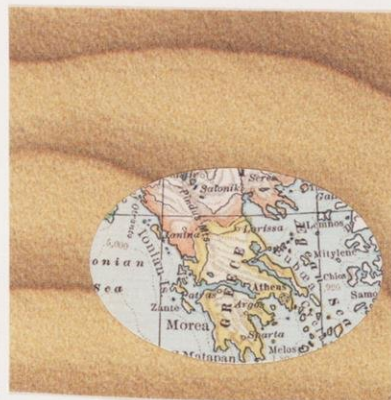
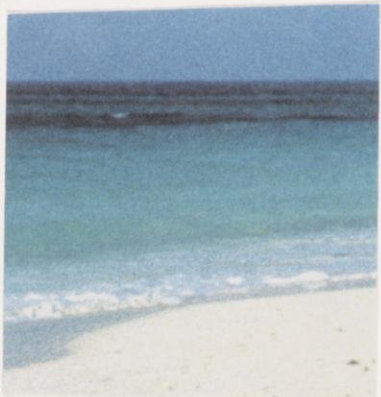


BEACH



North Carolina. South Carolina. Mykonos.
Cassis. Cote d'Azur. California. Nova Scotia.

Keep a certain cadence with my spirit. Maryanne R. Hershby

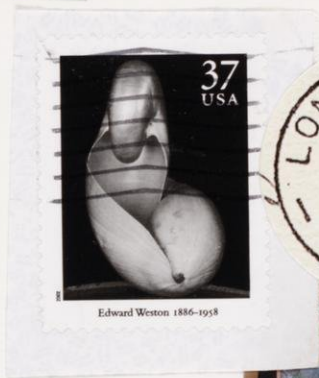




A seashell is
 never empty
 It is filled
 with many
 things.
 It holds the
 sounds of
 crashing waves
 and songs that
 mermaids sing
 building drip sand castles.

Sun

dancing on the sand.



cartwheels.

Surf

under the stars

relax

BEACH



napping on a quilt on a foggy beach.

We do not remember days
We remember moments

CESARE PAVESE

skippy-dippin'

Looking for
shells by
moonlight.



by the shore. Laura T. Komai 9/66

Found

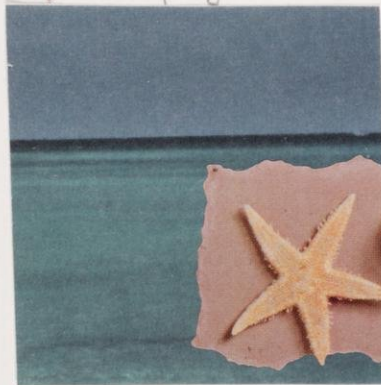
Some people choose the mountains, some choose the desert. For me it is the beach that resonates deep in my soul. It soothes and relaxes, winter or summer.

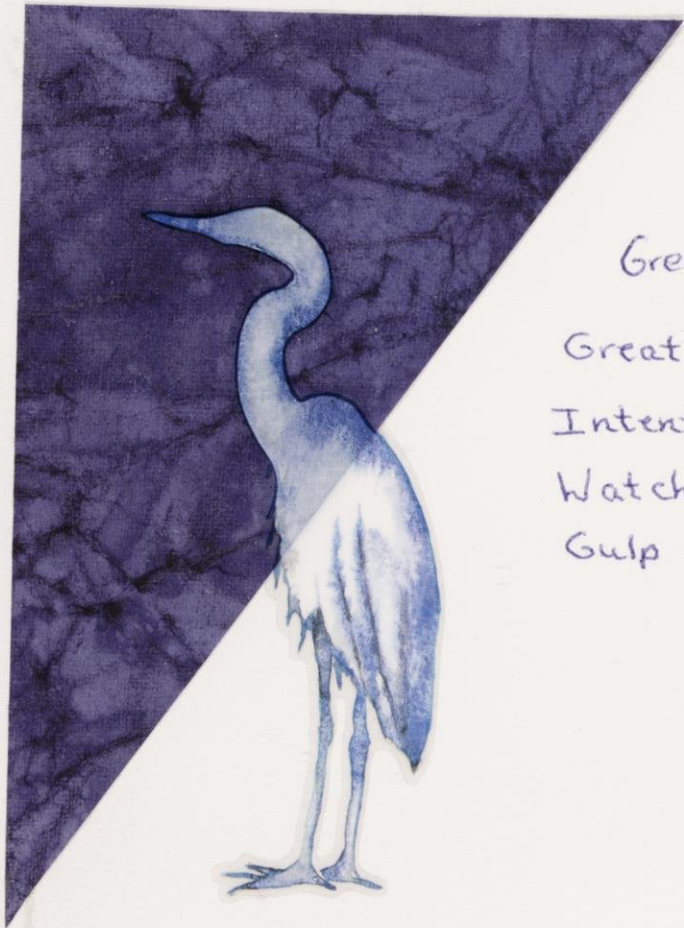


Perhaps it's all those memories of beaches I've been to, the cumulative effect of days and nights, waking, sleeping, walking, swimming. I sigh deeply and everything in me is changed.

sand

WATER

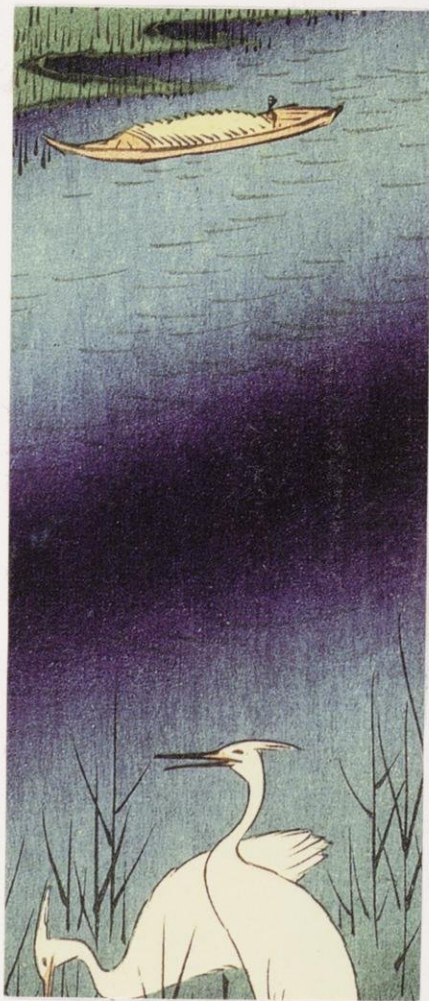




Great Blue Heron

Great blue heron fishing,
Intent and focused.
Watch wait Strike
Gulp life.

Lois Komai
7-30-05



Hirosaka Komai 2005





Christina Turner 3/9/2006

BULL-HEADED
FUN- AND PLAY-
LOVER

LOVER
STRONG

IRREVERENT

TRUSTWORTHY

ROLLER-BLADER
PEACEFUL
MOTORCYCLIST

PRANKSTER
INDEPENDENT

SENTIMENTAL

ADAPTABLE

DAUGHTER

TRAVELLER
CARDMAKER

QUILTER

PATIENT

CURIOUS

LIVING IN THE MOMENT

EASILY
ENTERTAINED!

SISTER

SENSUAL

DREAMER

ARIES

MAGGIE LAMPER

WALKER

OPTIMIST

FRIEND

BICYCLIST

ME
THOUGHTFUL

CRITICAL

READER
STRONG-WILLED

FAITHFUL

QUIET

ADVENTUROUS

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIER

FRUGAL
POLITICALLY
INCORRECT

BACKPACKER

ME

SHY

ME

Maggie F. April 2006

CHEERFUL



Faleasha



scared up mother
deer & baby -
she went up hill, it
went down,
she gave huffing call
deer do, baby gave
squeakier version
oven bird calling on
vista view hill
lots of spreading
dogbane - transplant
some into opening
next yr?
rattle snake plantain
coming up in
same place



Kevin A. Westblom

Maria E. Bode

I'm sorry if it's hard to breath
But there's a knife stuck in my chest.
I'm sorry if it's hard to dream
But I've no energy left to rest.
I'm sorry no matter what I do
I always let you down.
And I'm sorry no matter what I do
I can't wipe away this frown.

I'm sorry I can't carry this weight
On my tiny little shoulders.
Excuse me, but it might help
If you stop piling on those boulders.
I'm sorry I keep falling down
But these rocks are ~~****~~ heavy.
Thanx, but that twig won't hold me up
It won't even keep me steady.

But if it's all your going to offer, I'll take it.
Try to lean on it, I'll break it.
Fall on my dagger again, and take it.
Pick up my boulders again, and fake it.
They're all I've got to make this
Last dream no mistake, and

So I'll take what I am given
And I will steal what I can't take.
And I will go were I feel driven
And I will pretend that I feel great.
And if work is love made visible
Then put your heart into this labor.
Take away your stones and rubble
And turn them into pavers.

Help lay a new trail for me
Help make this journey easier.
Leave behind your legacy
On every single paver.
As proof that you loved me
And that you were my savior.





406
1/10/06



2006
Boymette

(rowan Creek)



The River:

Look at the river with flowing endless thoughts

My thoughts,

My personal thoughts,

are flowing, flowing down that river.

My thoughts are extending at the size.

Look at the river, with flowing, endless, though

Picture and poem by: Charissa J. Archer

Payette Wisconsin

Chapter one: the truth

You've all heard of frosty the snowman. What you haven't heard about is Frosty's off springs. Indeed, because of the all-famous snowman, snow people everywhere became popular and prospered in prominence. By the way, the snow people of today call it the three "P's", set by their wonderful founder, Frosty.

Snow people have been keeping up the reputation of jolly snow creatures that dance and sing for years. However, there was one small snow girl, named Jolene, who truly didn't, and didn't want to, fulfill the stereotype.

It's not that Jolene wasn't happy and friendly, it was just that she had come to realize that snow people were underestimated, and their silly uptake didn't help. In her mind, if you're only going to live for a winter, you shouldn't spend precious moments making snow people look like crazy fools on crack. What Jolene wanted most of all to do in her short life was to become a real girl.

Now Jolene wasn't crazy. She knew it would never happen, but it didn't hurt to hope. And besides, a snow person needs an incentive in life to keep them on whatever sanity they have. Although most snow people's incentive was to keep up the snow person's typecast by the whole jolly act, Jolene's was obviously different. She didn't want to be like Pinocchio and stay possessed by the idea to the point of turning into a donkey and begging a cricket to save him, but the idea was still there. And the more she watched her own people, the stronger the idea became.

Chapter two: short chapter, huh?

Yes, I know, usually chapters take more than half a page, but there isn't much more to say about Jolene's mania other than what has already been said. She didn't have a plan, and she didn't think it was ever possible.

So the truth is out. The snow people have a some what intelligent society. But that's actually supposed to be a secret, so you don't have to go around blabbing by any means. Allow me to rephrase:

DON'T TELL ANYONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Chapter three: this is the next chapter.

If you'll allow me to stay on track, I might get back to the snow people. If you're not amused, just close the book and walk away. Who cares if you don't know all these secrets? For those of you who do, a world of wonder is about to be exposed. So it's your choice. Do what ever you want. Here, I'll even give you time to make your dication.

okay time's up. Hope you decided, because here we go.

Chapter four: Welcome to the snow life.

(Just a reminder, this is you- you know, the one who's talking and thinking all this stuff as a snow person. Come on, use your imagination!)

"Chris! Chris get up!" (that's you... it can be short for Christine if you're a girl, or Christopher for a boy.)

"Chris! Better hurry! Breakfast is getting warm!"

Ya, ya, okay mom. I mean, oh ya, I'm a snow person! I'm always cheerful! "I am coming, dear mother!"

Boy, what a nice day. Plenty of clouds, and at least negative five. Maybe I can get my neighbor to cavort with me today.

"Alright sweetie! I see you are up and about! I would like you to sweep the igloo and keep our home nice and cold while I am gone."

"Okay mom! I just love doing chores for you! Say, where are you going on this fine morning?"

"I am going to the frozen goods market in Cold town. Let us hope that there are no long lines today."

"Well, I will see you upon return!"

"Bye now! Stay cheerful!"

Boy, I sure wish I could frolic like mom does. Just look at those strides. Oh well, I shall never grow as tall as her, but who cares? I shall be utmost happy. I will now start on my beloved chores.

Chapter five: how was it?

If you're anywhere near sane, you'd come up with things like "Odd, weird, okaayyyyy..., crazy, stupid," or "whatever." personally, I come up with the word "different". Didn't it just drive you nuts the way they couldn't use contractions? Well, it drove me pretty much off wall. So, that's that. The life of a snow person has been revealed.

Chapter six: more about Jolene

Jolene had a best friend named Cooled. Cooled was cool in the sense that she put up with Jolene but still stayed cool with the others and cooled any hot water between them till it was cooled to cool again.

Pretty neat friend, eh? Jolene thought so. She still, however, had a certain disliking for Cooled when she did things like skip home to waiting chores or whistle happily while doing homework. Okay, so maybe it wasn't actual *homework* that snow people did, but it came pretty close. See, according to the stereotype, snow people are dumb, remember? So doing math would defeat their purpose. All they had to do for homework was to practice their dances and frolicking. So next time you do math you can have the pleasure of knowing that you're smarter than a snowman.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY



Thank You!



Wesley



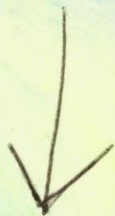
Love You

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

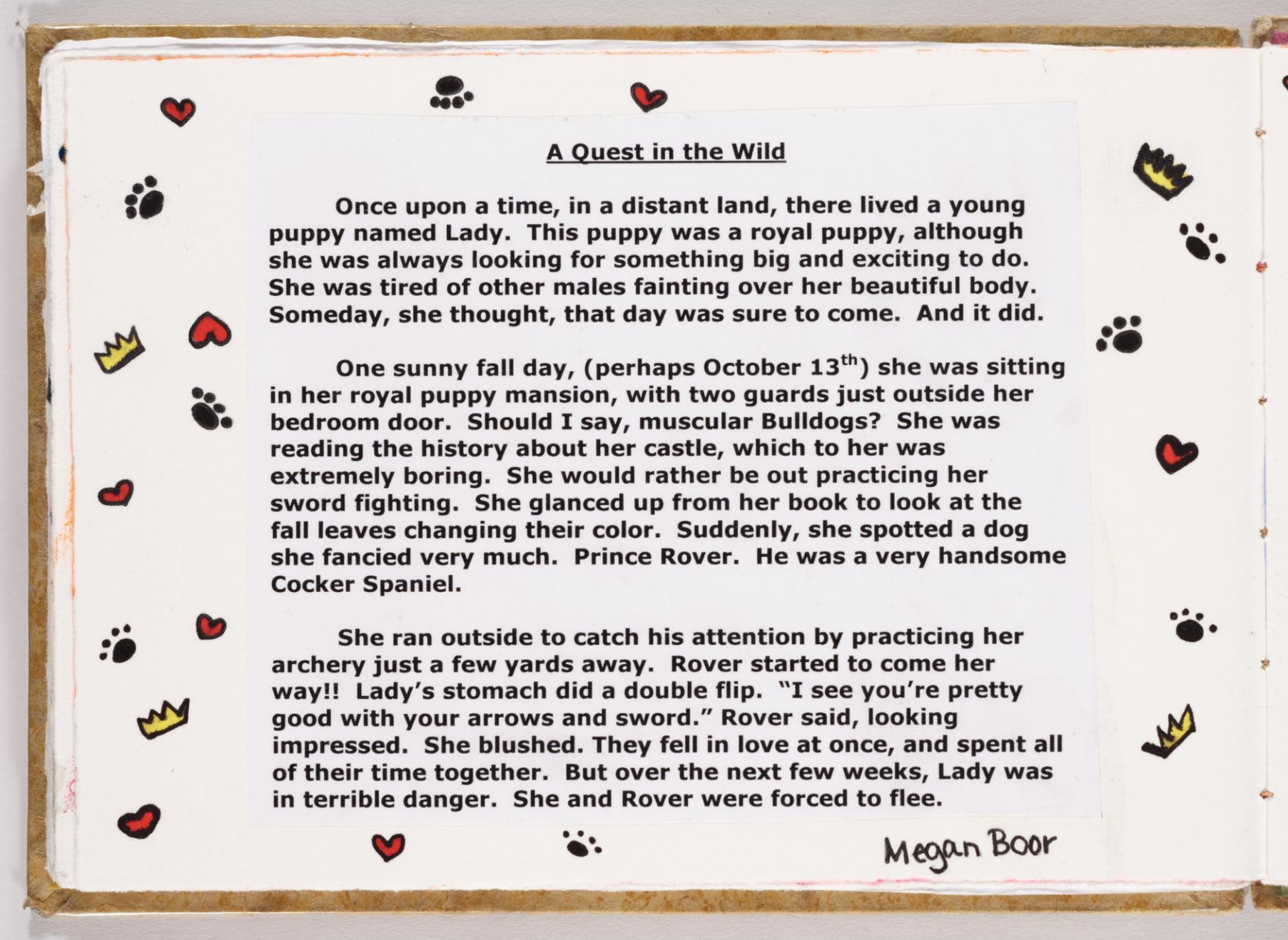
Wesley Braker

← MY thoughts

YOUR thoughts →



Wesley Taylor





A Quest in the Wild

Once upon a time, in a distant land, there lived a young puppy named Lady. This puppy was a royal puppy, although she was always looking for something big and exciting to do. She was tired of other males fainting over her beautiful body. Someday, she thought, that day was sure to come. And it did.


One sunny fall day, (perhaps October 13th) she was sitting in her royal puppy mansion, with two guards just outside her bedroom door. Should I say, muscular Bulldogs? She was reading the history about her castle, which to her was extremely boring. She would rather be out practicing her sword fighting. She glanced up from her book to look at the fall leaves changing their color. Suddenly, she spotted a dog she fancied very much. Prince Rover. He was a very handsome Cocker Spaniel.

She ran outside to catch his attention by practicing her archery just a few yards away. Rover started to come her way!! Lady's stomach did a double flip. "I see you're pretty good with your arrows and sword." Rover said, looking impressed. She blushed. They fell in love at once, and spent all of their time together. But over the next few weeks, Lady was in terrible danger. She and Rover were forced to flee.

Megan Boor






They fought all sorts of mystical creatures such as: trolls, giants, evil wizmuts and pupitches flying on beefsticks, centaurs, dragons, etc. Lady nearly died fighting a wizmut. Luckily, she had fast enough reflexes so that she could block the jinxes with her sword.



After 4 days and nights of fighting, they reached the wilderness. They plopped down in the tall grass and fell asleep at once. When they woke up though, they had a nice surprise waiting for them.

"Let us go, you stupid goblins!!" Lady shouted as the goblins were dragging them off to their caves. They just smirked and kept going. "Not when we have a tasty meal sitting right in front of us," the Head Goblin boomed. And then Lady was silent the rest of the way.



When they arrived at the cave, the goblins threw down the bound dogs and started to laugh. They just laughed and laughed. They were laughing so hard that they didn't even notice Lady and Rover escaping the ropes made out of vines. Lady and Rover sprinted at them, thrashed their swords until all of the goblins were dead. They trotted out of the cave happily, even though they were completely drenched in goblin blood. They didn't even notice.

After that bloody battle, they eloped and built their own castle, had a litter of puppies, and they were the happiest litter anyone could possibly imagine. "What a quest, huh?" Rover asked her one of their feasts. "Yeah, a quest." she replied. Then she grinned.



Megan Boor

The Review



Farewell, So long, You said good-bye, now you're gone
My tears cannot bring you home to my arms
No escape, just the memory of you and you
I'm trapped in a cocoon of this hard truth
No worries, I'm just in a coma of missing you
Don't fret, time will heal this pierced heart of mine
I'll look back to the flutters of my insecurities
And think upon our days with fierce fondness
Back upon the days when you were here with me

Drawing a Poem
By: Anya Havinski
Sept 2nd '06



my Dog
my dog isn't just
a friend,
has a comedian,
a pal,
a daredevil
a sweetheart
a guardian,
and a little fart.
He is my Dublin

My
& Shadow

Photo & Poem By: Bridget Skovron 2006

thirty-first poem for alison, by jim dankey

Books books books books

books BOOKS books books

books BOOKS Books books

and zines.

calligraphy by Dorothea Browder

Colophon

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

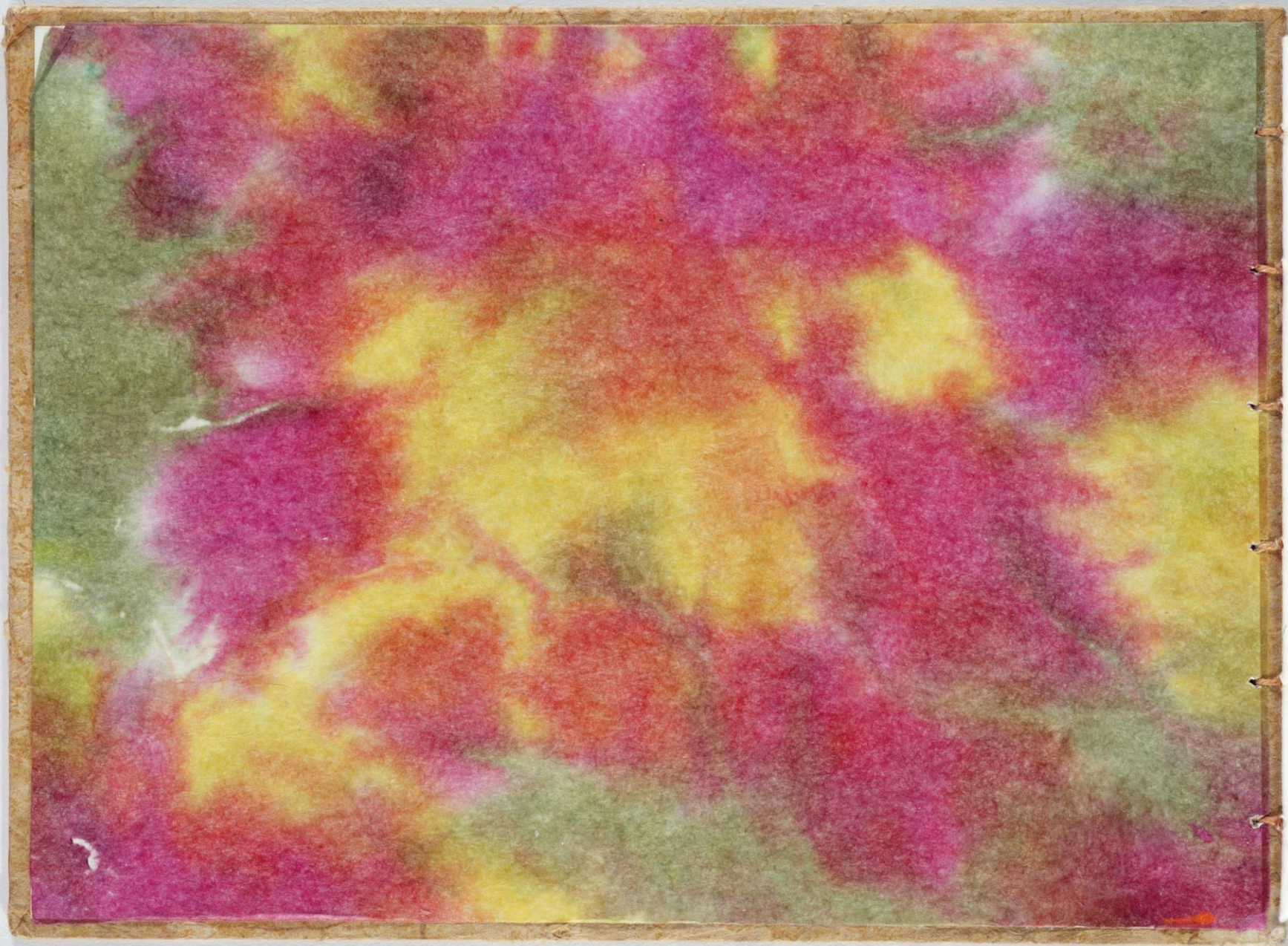
Originating in Madison, Wisconsin, the Bone Folders' Guild is a group of people who share a love for the book as art. The Bone Folders' Guild was founded in February 2001 by a group of artists who desired to meet like-minded book artists to learn, support, and encourage each other artistically. We share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



George Miller '85