

Oregon. 2005

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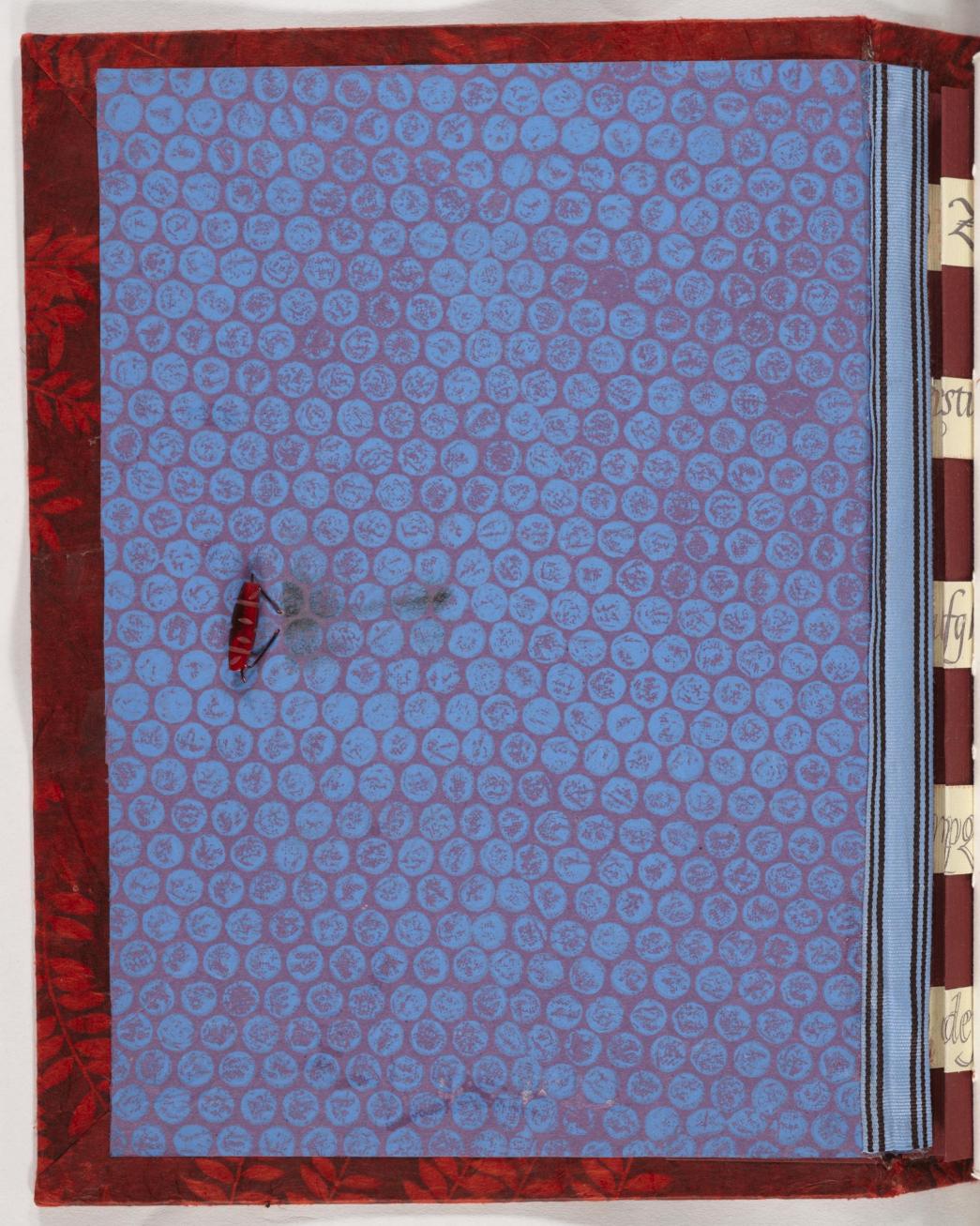
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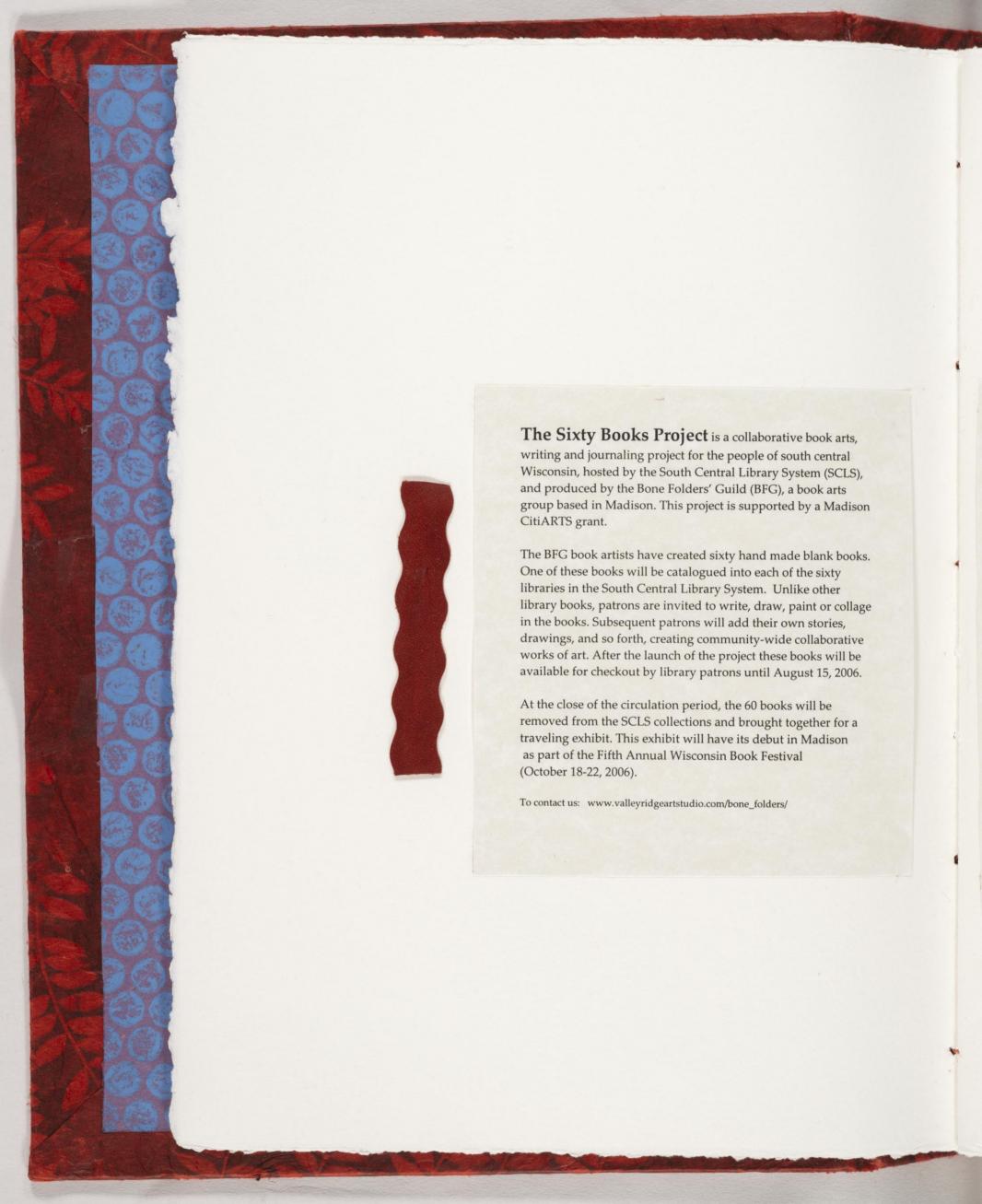
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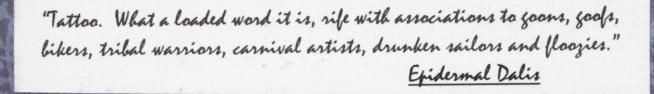




Instructions

- 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!





I have always been fascinated with tattoos. As a child, I would count the ones on my father's arms and chest, looking for the hidden one between his fingers and delighting when he would move his pectoral muscles to make the sparrows "fly".

As an adult, I have collected guite a few of my own and I have found the whole process from conception to application to be a very powerful experience. I have had the good fortune of finding artists who were able to put their egos aside and get excited by the drawings I would bring in. Their input and mastery only heightened the experience. Each one of my tattoos marks a milestone in my life; either physically or emotionally. I wear them much as a girl scout would her badges: they represent accomplishments that I am guite proud of.

For my contribution to this book, I have presented three of my favorites; the ones that speak to me the loudest. You may find yourself repulsed or intrigued, but I guarantee one thing: You will look.



The
JOURNEY

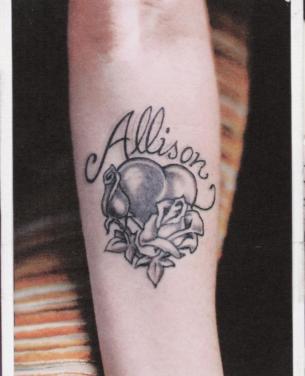


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Sinuous and graceful. It cannot come to my mind a better way to describe this sculpture that, like a lithe and supple couple of dancers, communicates by its twisting movement not the frozen instant of a picture of sand taken in front of the sea, but the flowing of emotions that everyone can imagine and feel watching it, like giving a glance in the depths of himself. And in this way it can be something that changes continuously, according to the mood of who is seeing it, according to the light that hits it, like the waves of the sea that made the grains of sand that make it, nothing one by one, everything together. ~ A. Sobrero, Fossano, Italy

Sinuous and free, I stand amidst the elements, tall and proud, yet vulnerable in equal measure. The sea rages at my feet, the sun at my back, the wind in my face. And for a time, I win the eternal battle, holding my ground against the odds. For a time, I exist on this planet, linked to this earth by the most fragile of bonds. And then, I am gone, reclaimed by the same forces that created me—the wind and the sun and

Smooth curves twist and turn, basking in the sun. Two lovers caught as one, their waxlike features flow and ebb; supple, winding, graceful. Standing proud and tall, wrapped in each other's arms, together they rise united: a testament to eternal beauty and imminent demise.

> Two lovers dance in a vortex of wind and sand created by man's hand. Their elegant embrace defying time and space straining against the bounds that anchor it to this place.

The supple sands of time wrap their lithe fingers in a graceful embrace Like two lovers Flowing together Sensual and complete The hand of fate

Winding around each other Only a wave or a windstorm away

> Sinuous lines shrouded in sand, flowing like the ocean into curves so delicate yet deliberate. Intimacy defined, the coming together of two lovers, held securely for only a moment against the whims of time.

Two lovers. That is what I see every time I look at this sand sculpture. Two lovers wrapped in an embrace, the wind at their side, the sea at their back, lost in a world all their own. The sinuous curves coming together in a carefree existence, lost entirely in the moment. A moment when time stands still and the reality of impermanence is forgotten. Two lovers, intertwined in a dance of art and beauty, intimacy and eloquence; their existence timeless yet fleeting. ~ C. Lacey, Madison, W9

What man calls art, nature calls folly. What one creates, the other destroys. What one builds from the earth, the other returns to it. Timeless yet fleeting. Infinite yet finite. Here and then gone. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, sand to sculpture to sand.

The sea I can watch behind shoulders of sand, twisting themselves like a lithe and supple couple of dancers, it makes everything deep and far in its sight: sinuous and graceful, the eternal embrace of love flowing from cold grains of sand, its waves take me away, making life come where nothing was before. Wrapped in joy's soft womb Two lovers intertwined Uniting spring's full bloom Elegant, refined Their graceful curves portray Two lovers joined as one Joined in an intimate way Rejoicing in the sun

agic Those the season of the season in the south of the season in the season of the season in the season Facilia et the magic of: The Earth The Say And the universe Take you in Fill your sail Keep you whole. 1125106 Hossied & 8 1 12/2. The first time I saw this book I said, We live To Die Beautiful, Worderful, Magical... Hope Silence Flune

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Påddses Robin Gee

What runs but never walks: Often murmers, never talks, Has a bed but never sleeps: Has a mouth but never sieeps,

> This thing all things devours: Birds, beasts, trees, flowers; Gnaws iron, bites steel: Grinds hard stongs to mgal; Slys king, ruins town, And beats high mountain down.



No-legs lay on one-leg, two-legs sat on three-legs, four-legs got

What has roots nobody sees, Is taller than trees, Up, up it goes And yet never grows?

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Voiceless it Cries, Wingless it flutters, Mouthless is bites, mutters.

A box without hinges, key, or lid, Yet golden treasure inside is hid.

> It cannot be seen, cannot be felt, Cannot be heard, cannot be smelt. It lies behind stars and under hills, And empty holes it fills. It comes first and follows after, Ends life, kills laughter.



I just found out

I'm expecting triplets.

Dreams really Do

This book is an amazing idea, and a great oppurtunity!







"Retro Ladies"



"Layerd"



"Simply Lovery"





"Outsider"

Acrylic Paintings on Canvas.

What if...

All the stars were simpley atoms in a higher being?

*Maybe ..

of ourselves, and the earth, we could be reincarnated into a higher being.

*Imagine ...

A seven dimension world

Chare ... Taleas.



"Angelina Jolia"

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" Mystical Moonright"



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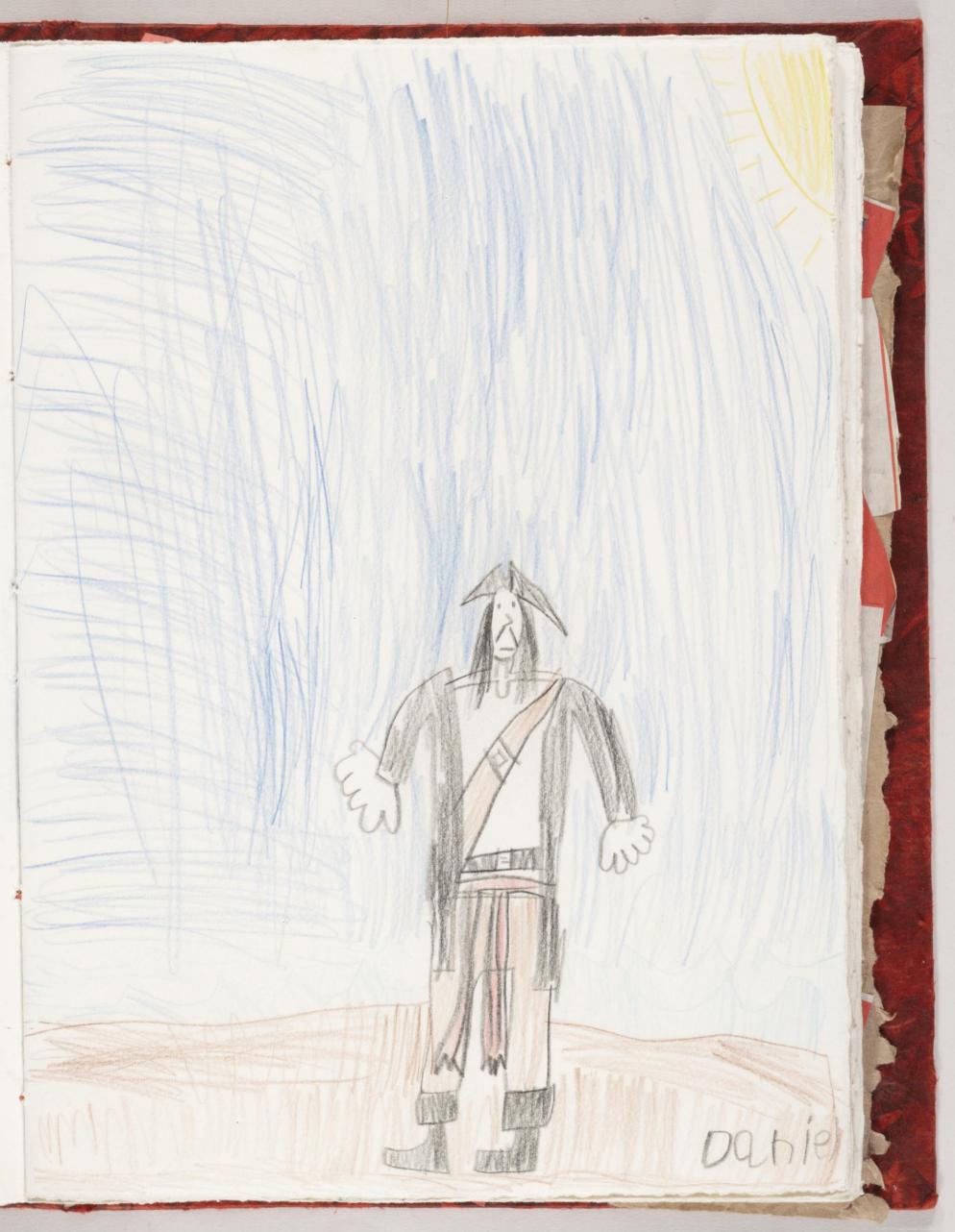
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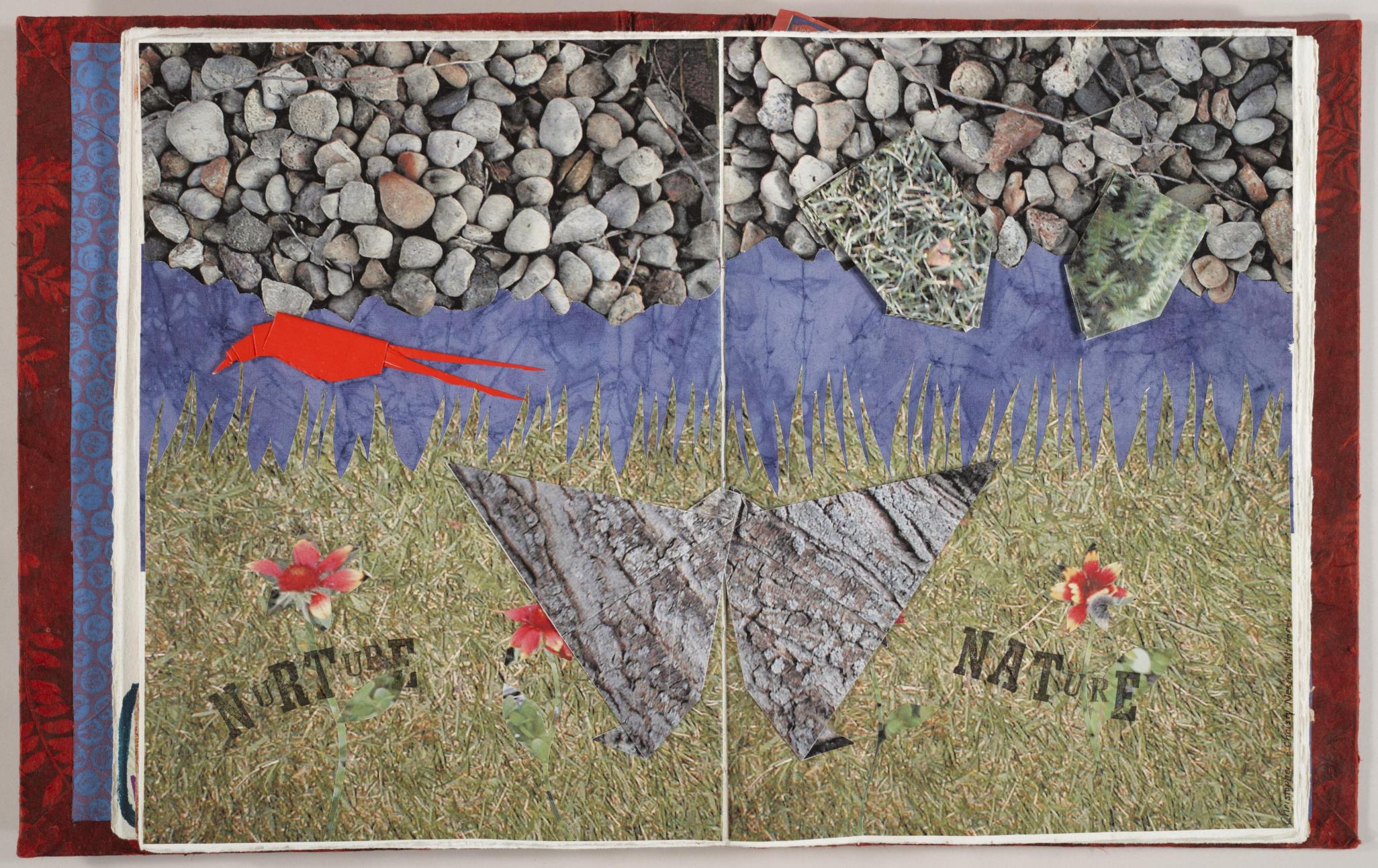
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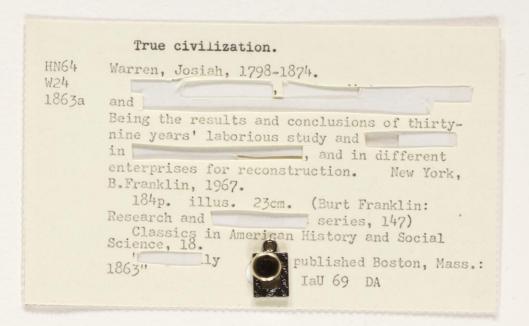
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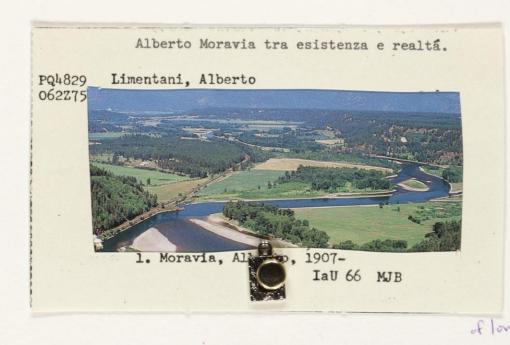








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3) Thirty-Ninth Poem for Alison by Jim Danky books and ZINES

Talligraphy by Erinn Batyke Fer



Colophon

OREGON PUBLIC LIBRARY

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., $35.25'' \times 24.75'' 100\%$ 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.

