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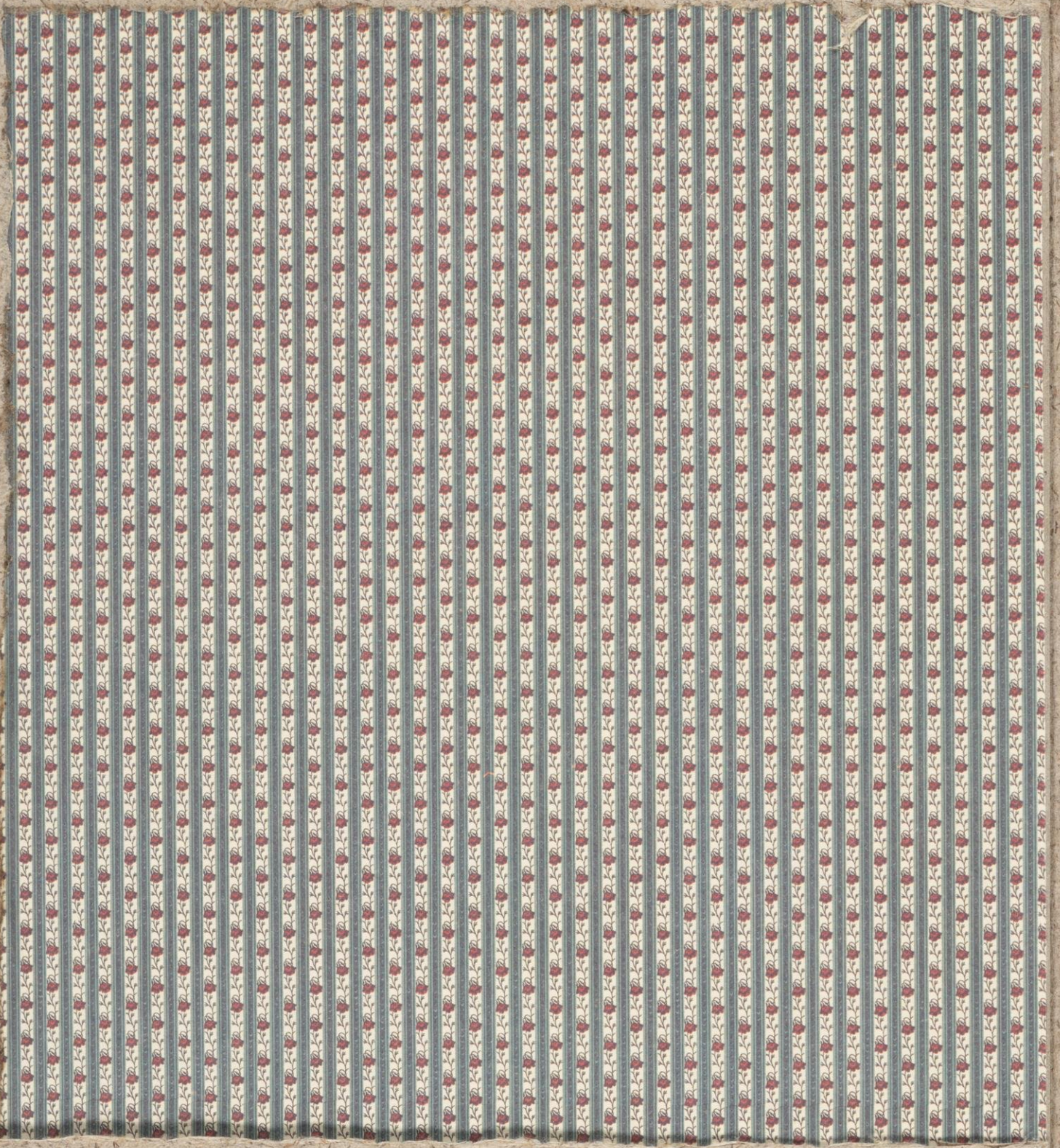
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Prairie du Sac
Public Library

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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/

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 this place I call home

Six houses from the creek

that flows into the lake

who catches the river

that runs through this town

as the red-tailed hawks

fly overhead as I walk

along its dirt trails

intersecting train tracks

every which way

my routes traverse

the terrain of possibility

every step of the way

earth underneath my feet

blue sky and clouds

shadowing me

moonlight and stars

shining down

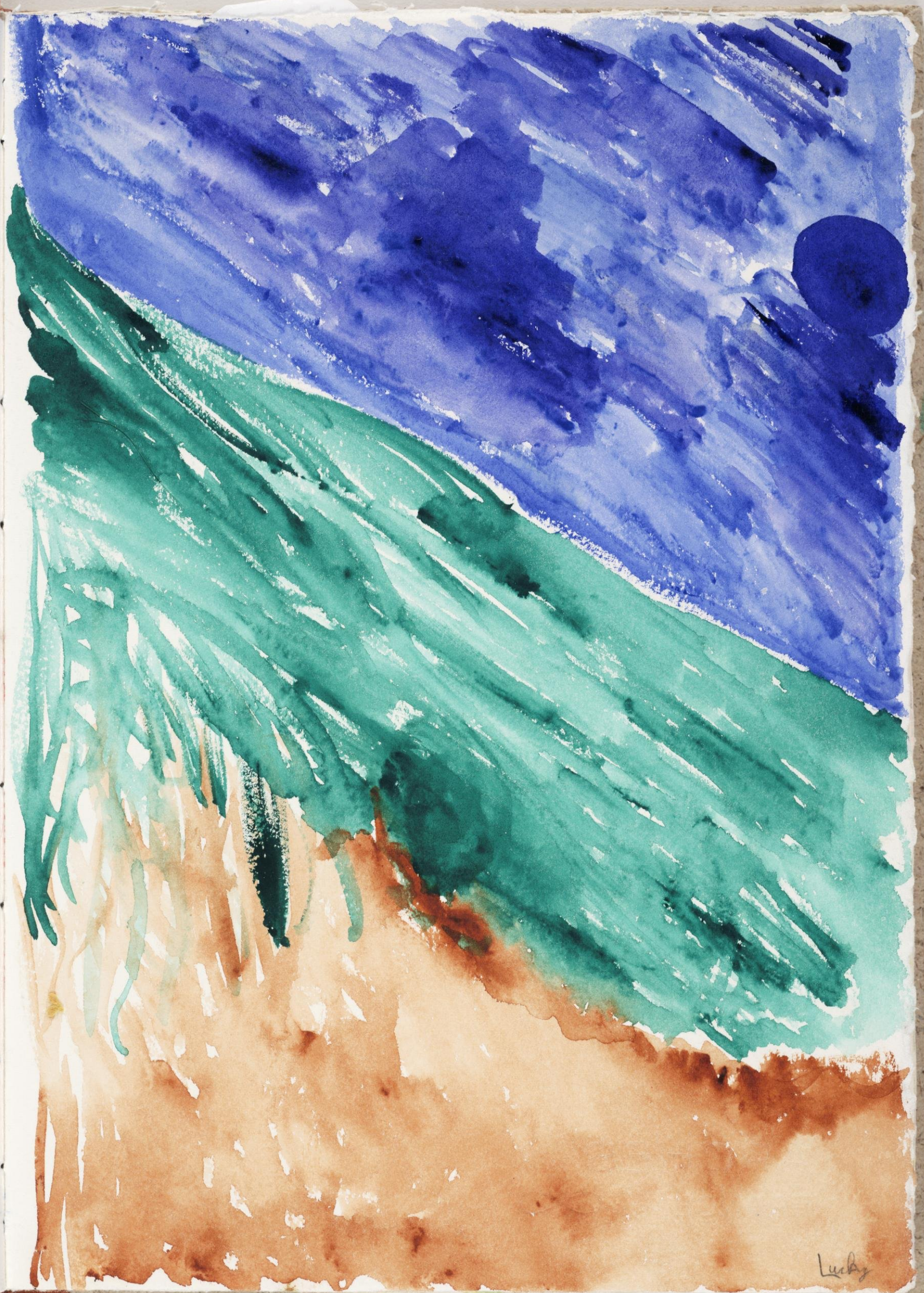
Sunlight + wind

all of it to cherish

in this place I call home.

© Lucky Mc

AUTUMN 05 / MADISON, WI



Lucky

It is Still

Hard to Speak of You, Aunt Ruth

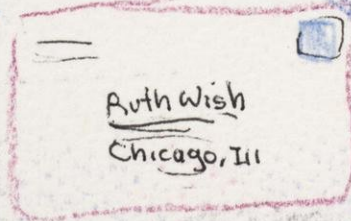
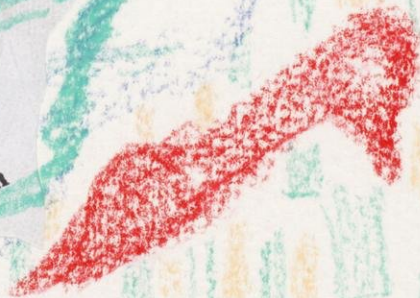
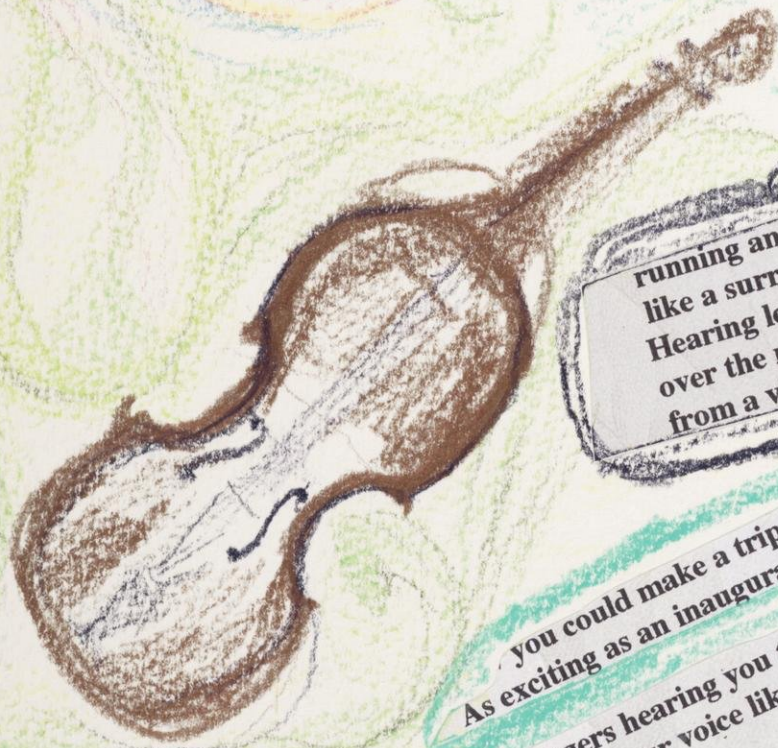
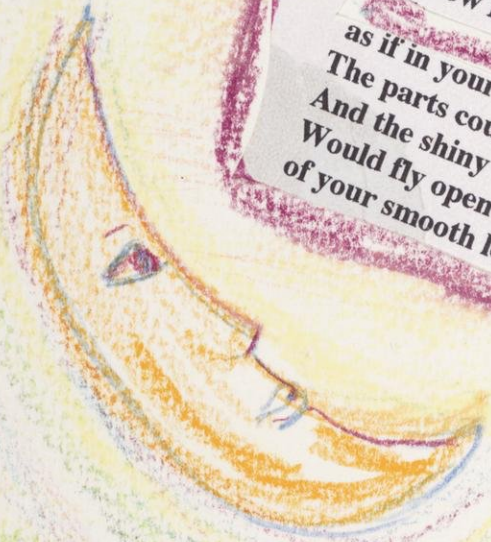
As a child I found
Definitions of you in a gathering of objects
In glamorous orbit about you
Your fat-bellied pearl earrings, netted with halos of glowing stones
The skyline of cut glass perfume bottles on your dresser
(My fingers ran over their swirls as though reading the secret Braille
of how to be a woman); and always the folded white linen napkins
at your table

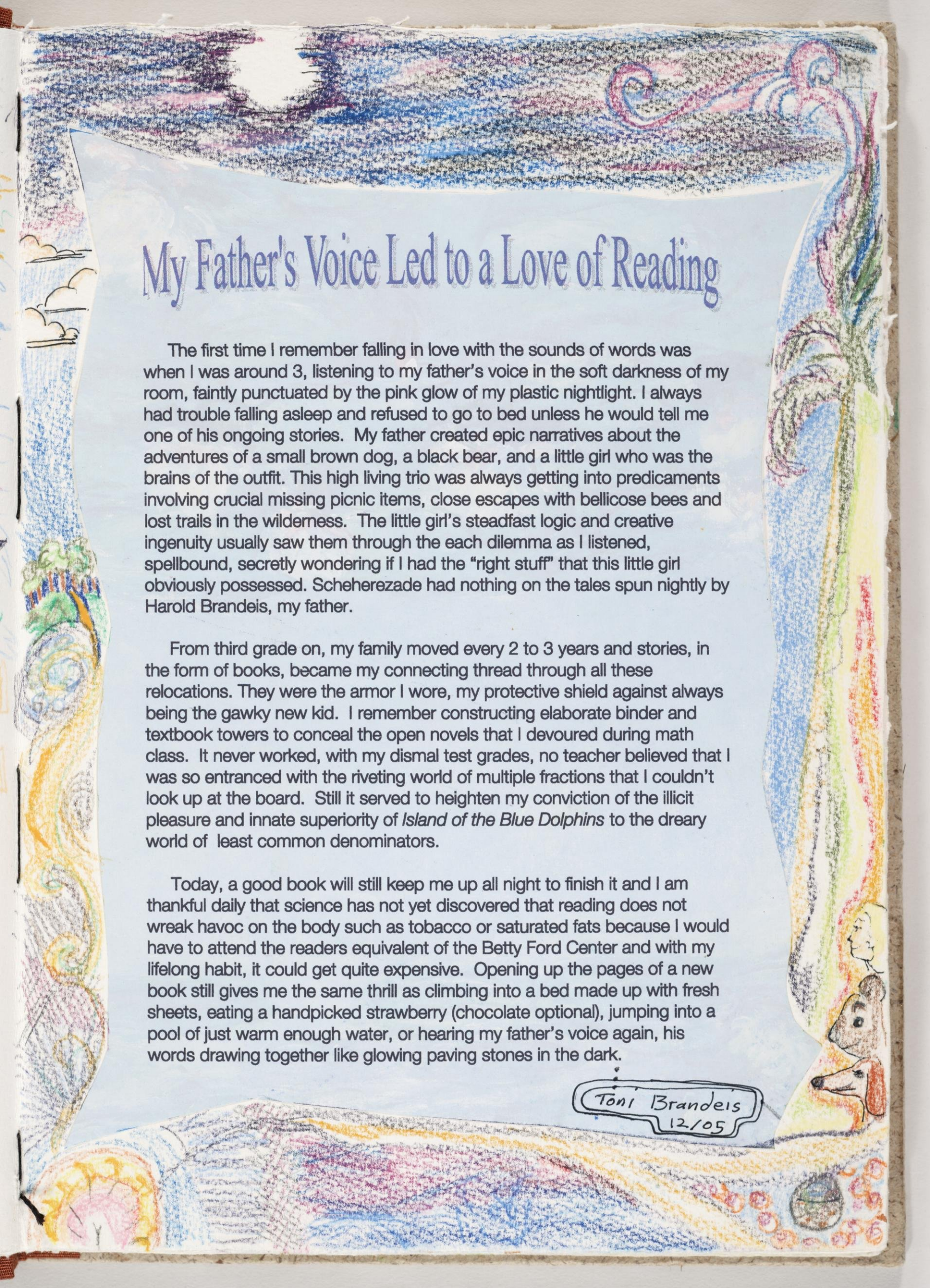
And now I crave these things,
as if in your absence
The parts could stand for the whole.
And the shiny white handbag with the thick golden clasp
Would fly open to show your generous laugh, the stories you pulled from the bottom
of your smooth leather shoes; that took off on their own

running and spinning
like a surreal blue daydream from a Russian painter
Hearing lovers dancing to violins arcing
over the moon and the ululation of feathers
from a village far away and long gone

you could make a trip to the mailbox
As exciting as an inaugural walk to claim a throne
Strangers hearing you talk would circle
Around your voice like dizzy bees
By the radiant ribbon of your speech

Ruth Wish
Chicago, Ill





My Father's Voice Led to a Love of Reading

The first time I remember falling in love with the sounds of words was when I was around 3, listening to my father's voice in the soft darkness of my room, faintly punctuated by the pink glow of my plastic nightlight. I always had trouble falling asleep and refused to go to bed unless he would tell me one of his ongoing stories. My father created epic narratives about the adventures of a small brown dog, a black bear, and a little girl who was the brains of the outfit. This high living trio was always getting into predicaments involving crucial missing picnic items, close escapes with bellicose bees and lost trails in the wilderness. The little girl's steadfast logic and creative ingenuity usually saw them through the each dilemma as I listened, spellbound, secretly wondering if I had the "right stuff" that this little girl obviously possessed. Scheherazade had nothing on the tales spun nightly by Harold Brandeis, my father.

From third grade on, my family moved every 2 to 3 years and stories, in the form of books, became my connecting thread through all these relocations. They were the armor I wore, my protective shield against always being the gawky new kid. I remember constructing elaborate binder and textbook towers to conceal the open novels that I devoured during math class. It never worked, with my dismal test grades, no teacher believed that I was so entranced with the riveting world of multiple fractions that I couldn't look up at the board. Still it served to heighten my conviction of the illicit pleasure and innate superiority of *Island of the Blue Dolphins* to the dreary world of least common denominators.

Today, a good book will still keep me up all night to finish it and I am thankful daily that science has not yet discovered that reading does not wreak havoc on the body such as tobacco or saturated fats because I would have to attend the readers equivalent of the Betty Ford Center and with my lifelong habit, it could get quite expensive. Opening up the pages of a new book still gives me the same thrill as climbing into a bed made up with fresh sheets, eating a handpicked strawberry (chocolate optional), jumping into a pool of just warm enough water, or hearing my father's voice again, his words drawing together like glowing paving stones in the dark.

Toni Brandeis
12/05



"Dancer"

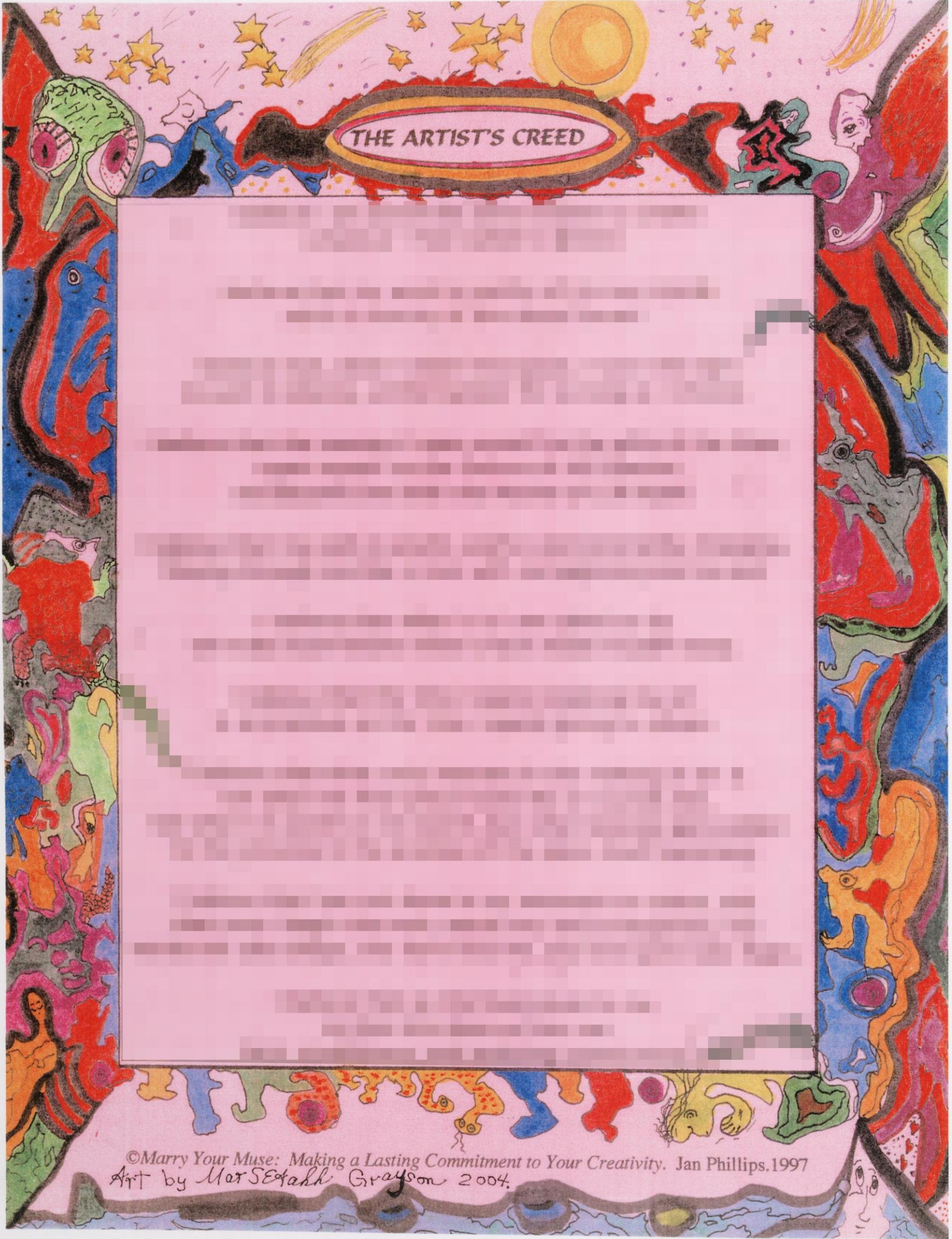
As I danced
I glanced in
The mirror + saw,
A woman who looked
Quite lovely.

As I danced
I glanced in
The mirror + saw
That the woman
Who danced
Was me.

Marsatah Grayson
May 29, 2006

♥ What an interesting
way to spend
Memorial Day --
writing + collaging in
The 60 Books Project. ♥

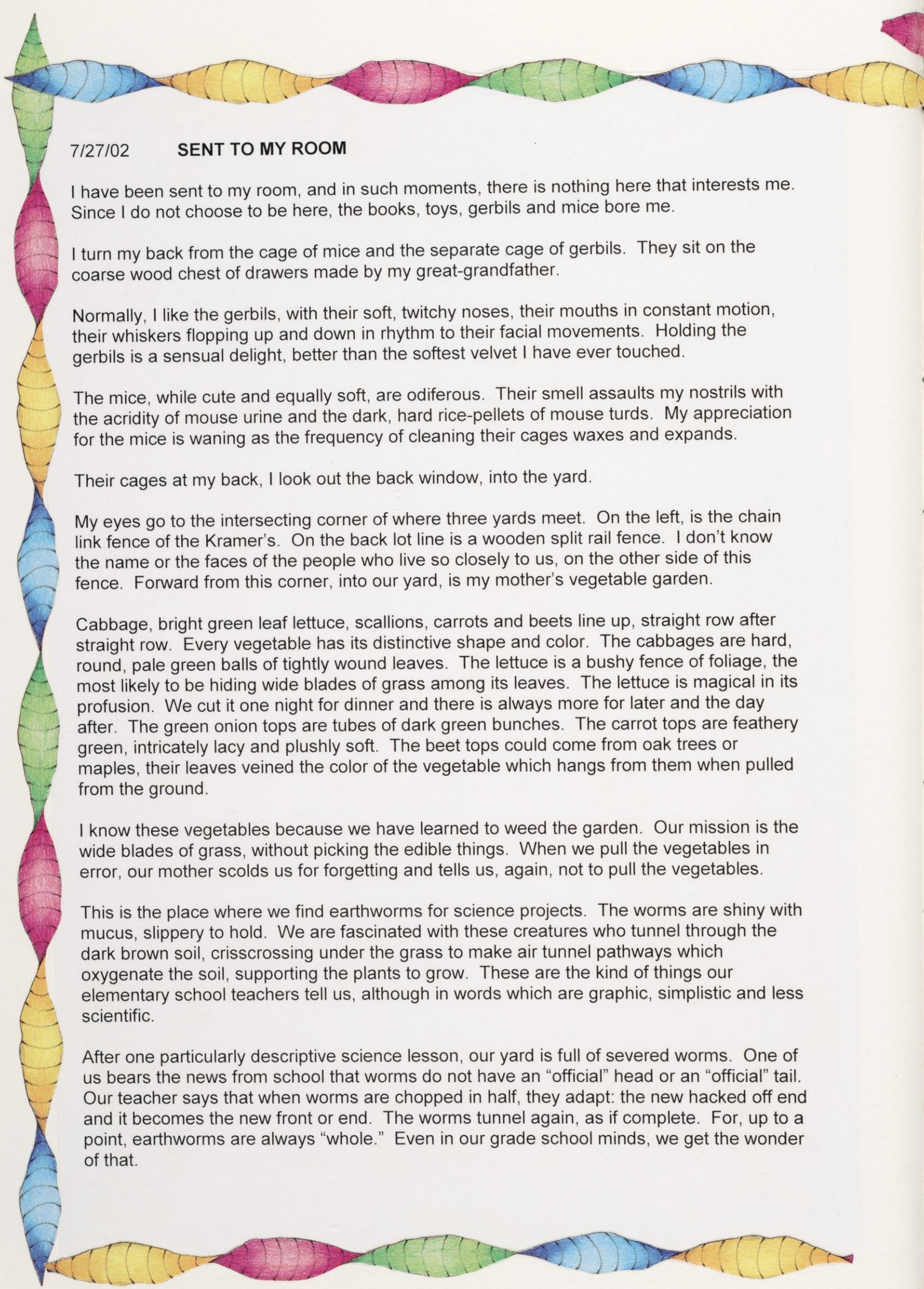




THE ARTIST'S CREED

[The text in this section is heavily pixelated and illegible.]

©Marry Your Muse: Making a Lasting Commitment to Your Creativity. Jan Phillips.1997
Art by MarSethak Grayson 2004.



7/27/02

SENT TO MY ROOM

I have been sent to my room, and in such moments, there is nothing here that interests me. Since I do not choose to be here, the books, toys, gerbils and mice bore me.

I turn my back from the cage of mice and the separate cage of gerbils. They sit on the coarse wood chest of drawers made by my great-grandfather.

Normally, I like the gerbils, with their soft, twitchy noses, their mouths in constant motion, their whiskers flopping up and down in rhythm to their facial movements. Holding the gerbils is a sensual delight, better than the softest velvet I have ever touched.

The mice, while cute and equally soft, are odiferous. Their smell assaults my nostrils with the acidity of mouse urine and the dark, hard rice-pellets of mouse turds. My appreciation for the mice is waning as the frequency of cleaning their cages waxes and expands.

Their cages at my back, I look out the back window, into the yard.

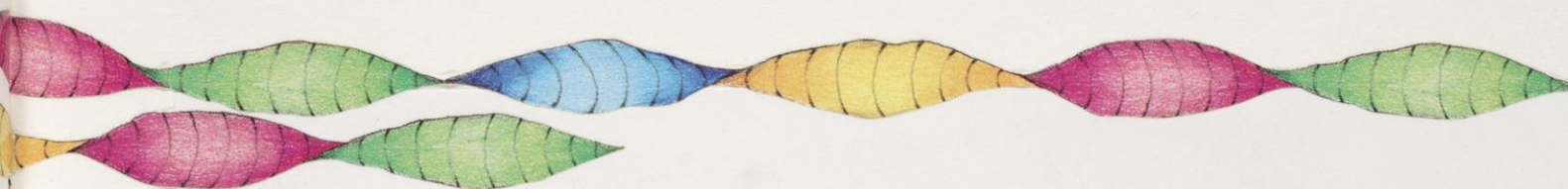
My eyes go to the intersecting corner of where three yards meet. On the left, is the chain link fence of the Kramer's. On the back lot line is a wooden split rail fence. I don't know the name or the faces of the people who live so closely to us, on the other side of this fence. Forward from this corner, into our yard, is my mother's vegetable garden.

Cabbage, bright green leaf lettuce, scallions, carrots and beets line up, straight row after straight row. Every vegetable has its distinctive shape and color. The cabbages are hard, round, pale green balls of tightly wound leaves. The lettuce is a bushy fence of foliage, the most likely to be hiding wide blades of grass among its leaves. The lettuce is magical in its profusion. We cut it one night for dinner and there is always more for later and the day after. The green onion tops are tubes of dark green bunches. The carrot tops are feathery green, intricately lacy and plushly soft. The beet tops could come from oak trees or maples, their leaves veined the color of the vegetable which hangs from them when pulled from the ground.

I know these vegetables because we have learned to weed the garden. Our mission is the wide blades of grass, without picking the edible things. When we pull the vegetables in error, our mother scolds us for forgetting and tells us, again, not to pull the vegetables.

This is the place where we find earthworms for science projects. The worms are shiny with mucus, slippery to hold. We are fascinated with these creatures who tunnel through the dark brown soil, crisscrossing under the grass to make air tunnel pathways which oxygenate the soil, supporting the plants to grow. These are the kind of things our elementary school teachers tell us, although in words which are graphic, simplistic and less scientific.

After one particularly descriptive science lesson, our yard is full of severed worms. One of us bears the news from school that worms do not have an "official" head or an "official" tail. Our teacher says that when worms are chopped in half, they adapt: the new hacked off end and it becomes the new front or end. The worms tunnel again, as if complete. For, up to a point, earthworms are always "whole." Even in our grade school minds, we get the wonder of that.



We cut up worms as we fantasize what it would mean to generate a new head from a severed stump of neck. We imagine what it would be like to put our feet on the end of our necks, flip ourselves over and walk from the part which used to point skyward.

Maybe the house of Mrs. Piggie-Wiggle (one of our favorite characters, in one of our favorite books) isn't so crazy, after all. Mr. Piggie-Wiggle built his house upside-down, with the ceiling on the floor, the chandelier sticking up from the middle of the living room "floor." This is where the neighborhood children roast hotdogs and marshmallows, using the chandelier as a campfire. For worms, the idea of front or back is moot, while in the world of Mrs. Piggie-Wiggle the idea of up and down is equally irrelevant.

As the sky darkens to nighttime, we soak the ground with the garden hose, forcing earthworms to come to the surface, as we do when we gather a soup can's worth when we go fishing. In our minds, with our new-found knowledge, we aren't hurting the worms. We are making more. We will have the most earthworms of any yard on our block because each piece of worm will start over and become a distinct worm, from all these chopped up pieces of worms.

We have counseled each other not to make the pieces too small since we think a minimum length is required for regeneration. One-half or one-third of worm is necessary. We have talked it out, my brother, sister and I, and we are convinced that is the way of it. We scold each other, as we are scolded, when our small fingers err and make the pieces too tiny for new worms. We mean to be humane, albeit scientific. We are as zealous in worm proliferation as past alchemists have been in getting gold from cheaper metals.

Sad to be here, alone and punished, I look out the window and remember other times outside this window with my sister and brother. Ten minutes ago, before I walked through and shut the door, I was arguing for something that was surely mine, more than theirs. I wasn't able to play fairly, quietly or without violence, and I wound up here, staring out the window.

I hear the echoes of our squeals of delight as we played and experimented in the dusky, receding sunlight on other days. In a few short minutes, I am remorseful about my behavior. I just know if I am given another chance, I will be good. I just know I can be. Then, I will be allowed to go into the yard again for weeding, worm collecting or other things with my sister and brother, who I am remembering are really my friends.

Renee Huppel



Me you

1. pl. originally, little-known, entertaining facts of history or biography; hence, 2. a short, entertaining account of some happening, usually personal or biographical. — SYN. see story.
an-ec-dot-ic (an'ik-dot'ik), adj. 1. anecdotal. 2. fond of telling anecdotes.
an-ec-dot-i-cal (an'ik-dot'i-k'l), adj. anecdotic.
an-ec-dot-ist (an'ek-dot'ist), n. a person who collects anecdotes.
a-nele (a-nel'), v.t. [ANELED (-neld')]
anelien < an-, on + ele, oil < a [Archaic], to anoint, especially in
an-e-lec-tric (an'a-lek'trik)

Hebrew alphabet ('), corresponding y; see alphabet, table.
& v.i. [YODELED or YODELLED YODELLING], [G. jodeln], to sing changes between the normal
tto. n. 1. the act or sound of refrain sung in this way to popular among the mountain the Austrian Tyrol.
-er, yō'dlēr), n. a person

Yo-ko-ha-ma (yō'kə-hā'mə; Jap. yō'kō-hā'mā), n. a seaport in Honshu, Japan, near Tokyo: pop., 1,144,000.
Yo-ko-su-ka (yō'kə-sōō'kə; Jap. yō'kō-sōō'kā), n. a seaport in Honshu, Japan, near Yokohama: pop., 279,000.

yolk (yōk; now rarely yōlk), n. [ME. yolke, yelke; AS. geolca, gjeolca, yolk, lit., yellow part < the base of geolu (cf. YELLOW)]. 1. the yellow, principal substance of an egg, as distinguished from the albumen, or white. 2. in biology, the contents of the ovum, including the protoplasm from which the embryo itself develops and, especially, the protoplasm that serves as nourishment for the growing embryo. 3. the oily secretion present in sheep's wool.

yolk-y (yōk'i; now rarely yōlk'i), adj. [YOLKIER (-i-ēr), YOLKIEST (-i-ist)], of, like, or full of yolk.
yom (yom; Heb. yōm), n. [pl. YOMIM (yō'mim)], [Heb. yōm], day: used in names of various Jewish holidays.

Kip-pur (yom' kip'ēr; Heb. yōm' ki-pōōr', [Heb. yōm kipūr, day of atonement], a holiday and day of fasting, the Day of Atonement, 16:29-34: see Jewish holidays.

yonder (yōnd; AS. yond < geon), adv. [ME. yone; AS. geon; akin to IE. base see IR; now regarded as [Archaic or Dial.], yonder, that or those at a distance.
yonder (yōnd; AS. yond < geon), adv. yonder

yonder (yōnd; AS. yond < geon), adv. yonder, extension farther; more distant but within, or as adv. at or in; over there.
yonder (yōnd; AS. yond < geon), adv. yonder

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croak
coast c. 10 us.
squib (skwib, -b), n. 1. a small firecracker that burns with a hissing, spurring explosion. 2. a broken firecracker that explodes, making a hissing noise. 3. a short, usually witty attack in words; lampoon. 4. [British], any firecracker. v.t. & v.i. [SQUIBBED (skwibd), SQUIBBING], 1. to burn or shoot off (a squib). 2. to write or utter a squib or squibs (against). 3. to fire or explode with the sound of a squib.
squid (skwid), n. [pl. SQUIDS (skwidz), SQUID; see PLURAL, II, D, 1], [prob. < squirt, dial. for squirt], a long, slender sea mollusk having ten arms, two being much longer than the others: small squid are used as food and for fish bait.
squid-gee (skwid'jē, skwid'jē), n. & v.t. [squid-gee], a game played with a squid.
squill (skwil), n. [ME. Late OFr. squille; L. squilla; scilla; Gr. skilla], 1. the dried bulb of a plant of the lily family, sliced and used in medicine as an expectorant, diuretic, etc. 2. the plant, found in southern Europe and northern Africa: also called sea onion. 3. any of a number of related plants of the lily family, with purple flowers.

Hebrew alphabet ('), corresponding y; see alphabet, table.
& v.i. [YODELED or YODELLED YODELLING], [G. jodeln], to sing changes between the normal
tto. n. 1. the act or sound of refrain sung in this way to popular among the mountain the Austrian Tyrol.
-er, yō'dlēr), n. a person

ABORIGINE (ə-rij'ə-nēz'), n. pl. [sing. ABORIGINE], the inhabitants < ab-, from + origine, the first or earliest known inhabitants of a region; natives. 2. the native animals or plants of a region.

ab-ort (ə-bōrt'), v.i. [*< L. abortus, pp. of abortiri, to miscarry; ab-, from + oriri, to arise*], 1. to give birth before the fetus is viable; have a miscarriage; hence, 2. to come to nothing. 3. in biology, to fail to develop; stay rudimentary. v.t. 1. to cause to have an abortion. 2. to check (a disease) before fully developed.

ab-or-ti-cide (ə-bōrt'ə-sid'), n. [*< L. abortus (see ABORT) + cidium < caedere, to kill*], 1. destruction of the fetus in the womb. 2. an abortifacient.

ab-or-ti-fa-cient (ə-bōrt'ə-fā'shənt), adj. [*< L. abortio, miscarriage (see ABORT) + ppr. of facere, to make*], causing abortion. n. something that causes abortion.

ab-or-tion (ə-bōrt'shən), n. [*L. abortio; see ABORT*], 1. expulsion of a fetus from the womb before it is viable; miscarriage: called criminal abortion when unlawful. 2. an aborted fetus; hence, 3. anything immature and incomplete, as a deformed creature, a badly developed plan, etc. 4. in biology, a) arrest of development. b) an organ whose development has been arrested.

ab-or-tion-ist (ə-bōrt'shən-ist), n. a person who performs an abortion or abortions, especially a criminal abortion.

ab-or-tive (ə-bōrt'tiv), adj. [ME. abortif; L. abortivus; see ABORT], 1. born too soon. 2. coming to nothing; unsuccessful; fruitless. 3. in biology, arrested in development; rudimentary. 4. in medicine, a) causing abortion. b) halting a disease process. — SYN. see futile.

Ab-uk-ir (ə-bōō'kir', ə-bōō'kēr), n. Abukir.



(4-8 ft across)

goal post, bar, used as a goal in football, the ball must be kicked over the crossbar to score a field goal or an extra point after a touchdown.
Goa powder, [first used in Goa, India, c. 1852], a bitter, yellowish powder extracted from the wood of the Brazilian araroba tree: it is used in medicine.
goat (gōt), n. [pl. GOATS (gōts), GOAT; see PLURAL, II, D, 1], [ME. goat, gote; AS. gal; akin to D. geit, G. geiss, etc.; IE. base *ghaido-, he-goat, seen also in L. haedus, kid goat], 1. a cud-chewing mammal related to the sheep: it has hollow horns that curve backward, straight hair, and a beardlike tuft on the chin: in medieval folklore the goat was used as the animal representation of lechery; hence, 2. a lecherous man. 3. [Slang], a person forced to take the blame or punishment for others; scapegoat. 4. [G-], the constellation Capricorn.
get one's goat, [Slang], to annoy, anger, or irritate one.
goat-ee (gō-tē'), n. [*< goat: from the resemblance to a goat's beard*], a pointed beard on a man's chin.
goat-fish (gōt'fish'), n. [pl. GOATFISH, GOATFISHES (-iz); see FISH], any of several edible tropical fishes of the family, with large scales, one or more long barbels, and bright coloration.

guth, 1. any of the affairs of people and especially a male deity. 2. idol. 3. a person or thing and admired. 4. [G-], (also used in religions, the creator and ruler of as eternal, infinite, all-powerful, a preme Being; Almighty. Often used in good God! God almighty! my God! God willing, if God is willing.
Go-da-va-ri (gō-dā'və-ri), n. a river in southern flowing into the Bay of Bengal: length, 900 mi.
god-child (god'child'), n. [pl. GODCHILDREN (-chil')], the person for whom a godparent is sponsor.
god-damned (god'damd'), adj. strongly damned: used as a curse or strong interjection.
god-d-

slush fund, 1. a fund established aboard ship from the sale of refuse fat, etc. and used to buy small luxuries; hence, 2. money used for bribery, political pressure, or other corrupt purposes.

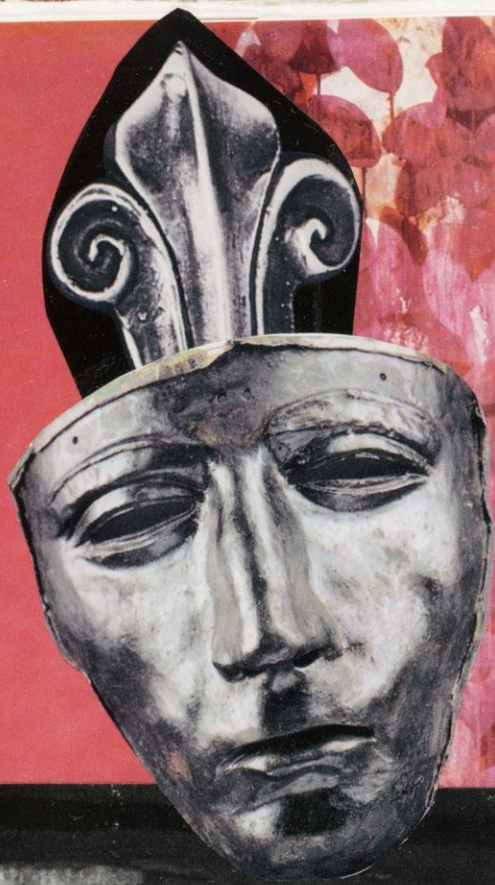
slush-y (slush'i), adj. [SLUSHIER (-i-ēr), SLUSHIEST (-i-est)], 1. full of or covered with slush. 2. of or like slush.

slut (slut), n. [ME. slutte, slotte (akin to G. dial. schlutte, schlutz) < ON. or MLG.; basic sense in cognate MLG. slōt, a puddle (cf. SLUR, n.); for IE. base see SLEET], 1. a woman who is careless of her appearance; dirty, slovenly woman; slattern. 2. a woman of loose character. 3. a bold or impudent girl: a humorous usage. 4. a female dog; bitch.

slut-tish (slut'ish), adj. 1. like a slut; carelessly dirty or untidy. 2. having the morals of a slut.

sly (slī), adj. [SLIER or SLYER (slī'ēr), SLIEST or SLYEST (slī'ist)], [ME. slye, slege; ON. slægr, clever, cunning, lit., able to strike < base of slā & AS. slean, to strike

bite; lot, gō, hōrn, tōol, look; oil, out; up, ūse, fūr; get; joy; yet; chin; she; thin, e in agent, i in sanity, o in comply, u in focus; ' as in able (ā'b'l); Fr. bāi; ē, Fr. duc; H, G. ich; kh, G. doch. See pp. x-xii. † foreign; * hypothetical; < derived from.



Hearth Candle
OW31 2P

OW31

Little Maid
OW2 2P

OW2

Gossamer White
OW37 1P

OW37

OW37

Ivory Yellow
OW37 2P

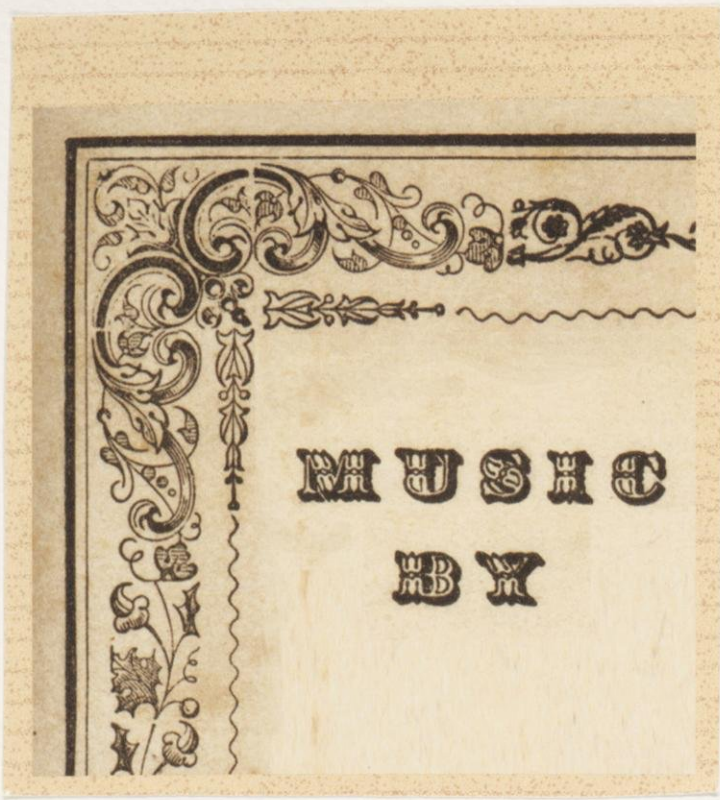
OW37

Light Approach
OW25 1P

OW25

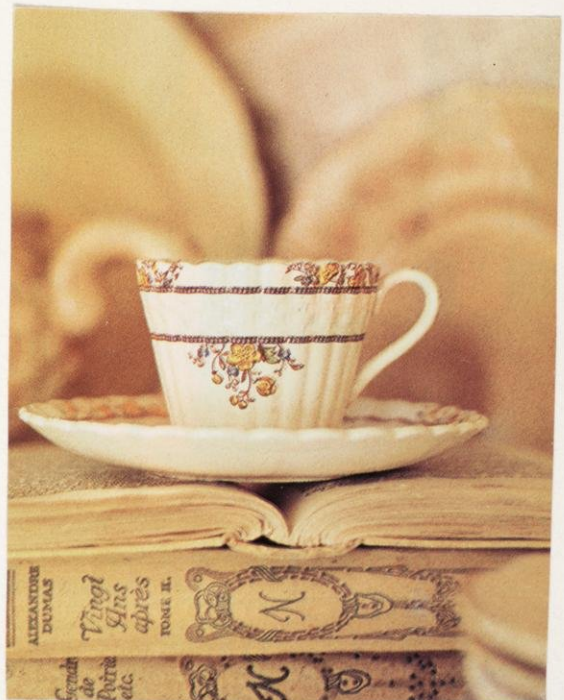
OW25





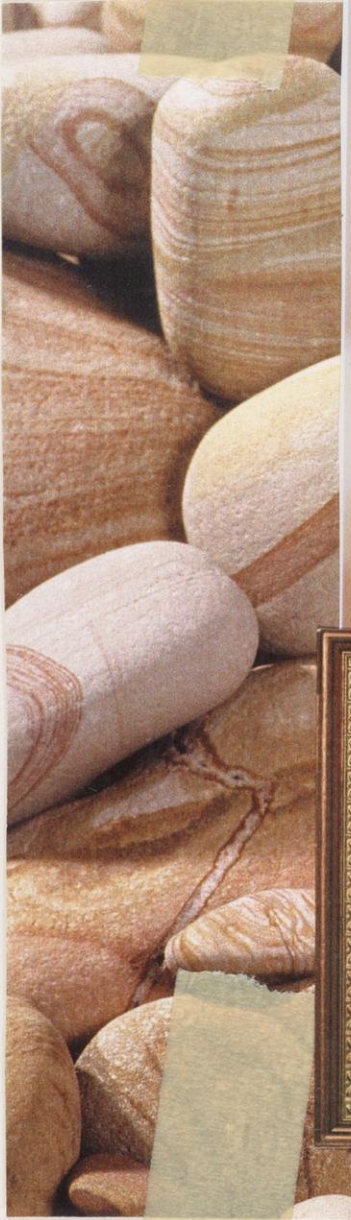
off-whites are a bit more "friendly," especially when skewed to the warm side. Creamy whites are perceived of as delicious - excellent for dining areas and food packaging.

from the Pantone Guide to Communicating with Color by Leatrice Eiseman



Le grand original est
de Saint-Nicolas, et
l'ajout au nom de
d'origine de la dague
donne Augustin
profession, pour
Edouard Louis

shall I care
win
on





Pesto Agnolotti Wild Mushroom Ravioli



I is for ivory *Laura Antonia* May 2006

He's using a Sharpie
for a portrait?
What the hell?

Oh, God, why
is he drawing me?

I bet it'll look bad

What is he
doing?



J. Ford
8/3/06

SUPER QUIZ

By KEN FISHER
North American Syndicate

Take Isaac Asimov's Super Quiz. Score 1 for Freshman, 2 for Graduate and 3 for Ph.D.

Subject: LITERATURE. (e.g., This mountain retreat is described in James Hilton's "Lost Horizon." Shangri-La.)

FRESHMAN LEVEL

1. Identify the fairytale world in "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe."
2. Who was blown by a cyclone from her Uncle Henry's farm in Kansas?
3. Who wrote the best-seller "The Da Vinci Code"?

GRADUATE LEVEL

4. In what play does the character Willy Loman appear?
5. Who wrote "The Invisible Man" and "The Time Machine"?

6. Who created the character named Jay Gatsby?

PH.D. LEVEL

7. Whose queer long coat was "half of yellow and half of red"?
8. This novel, modeled on the "Odyssey," is about a day in Dublin.
9. Who wrote "The Maltese Falcon"?

ANSWERS:

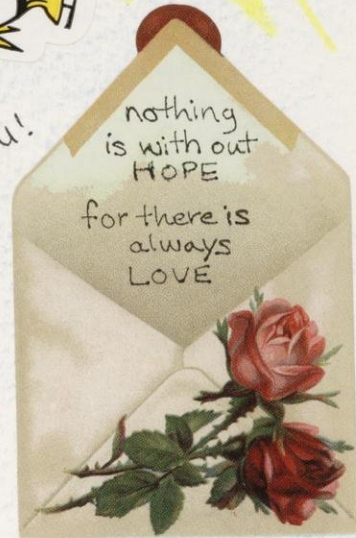
1. Narnia.
2. Dorothy (Gale).
3. Dan Brown.
4. "Death of a Salesman."
5. H.G. Wells.
6. F. Scott Fitzgerald.
7. The Pied Piper's.
8. "Ulysses" (by James Joyce).
9. Dashiell Hammett.

SCORING: 18 — congrats, doctor; 15-17 — honors grad; 10-14 — smart, no grind; 4-9 — hit the books; 1-3 — enroll in remedial courses; 0 — who reads the questions to you?

Normal around here...



When you look through ME
You will see you!



Do you need to look again?



"THERE, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD YOUR GOD, YOU... SHALL REJOICE IN EVERYTHING YOU HAVE PUT YOUR HAND TO, BECAUSE THE LORD YOUR GOD HAS BLESSED YOU."
DEUT. 10:20

AUG '06

MRS.T



Spring Flowers



Anoli

4/30/06

watercolour wash +

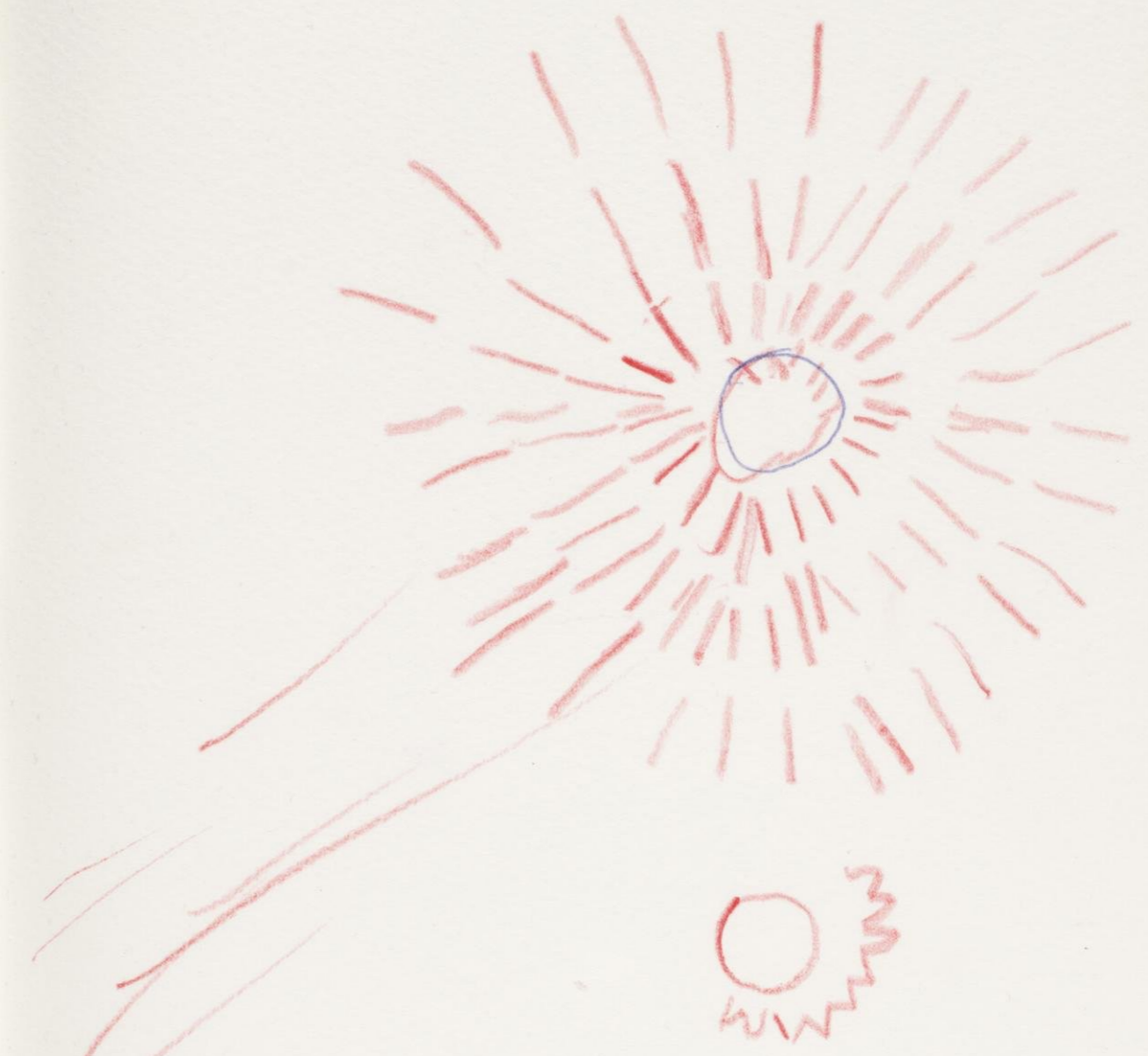
colored pencil

RAK 8/06





BY
ALEX



HOPE'S

WISHES

SECRETS

ADD

YOUR

WISH



Words

I
WISH
Someone
would

LOVE

me
deeply



I want
an
Ainslie
!

I wish I understood
love more deeply

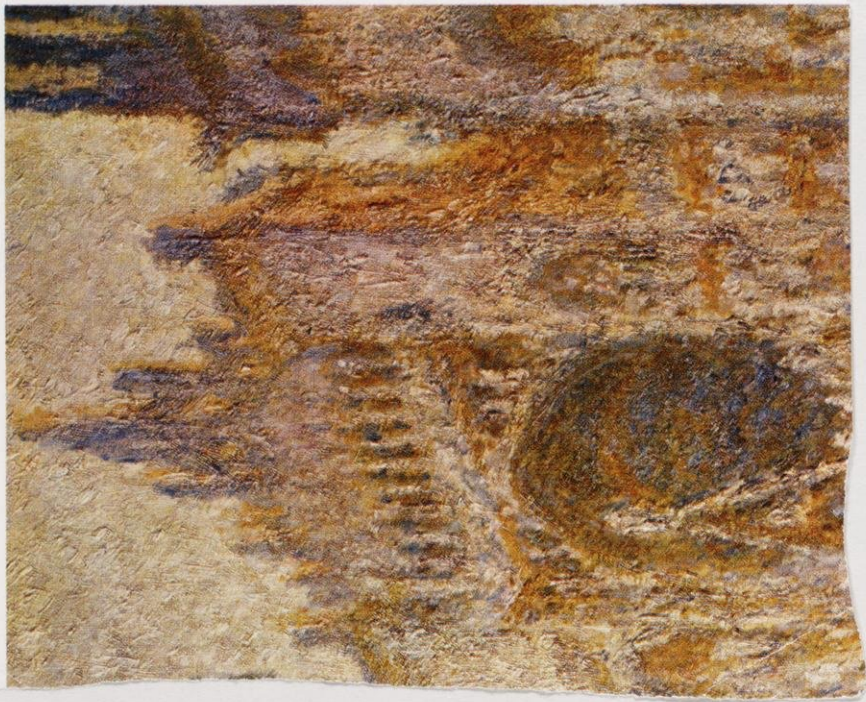


I wish I
wasn't afraid
of death.

I wish I
could live
my life
more
fully.

I wish
I would think
before I
speak.





I wish that the guy on the bus
would stop staring at me

I hope that
my lover finds
joy, pleasure
and happiness
in her life

I wish I could
tear paper neatly

I wish that
my true love and
I could be
together forever.

I wish for this
soon and lasting,

for u love him with all
my heart and he
me with all his heart.

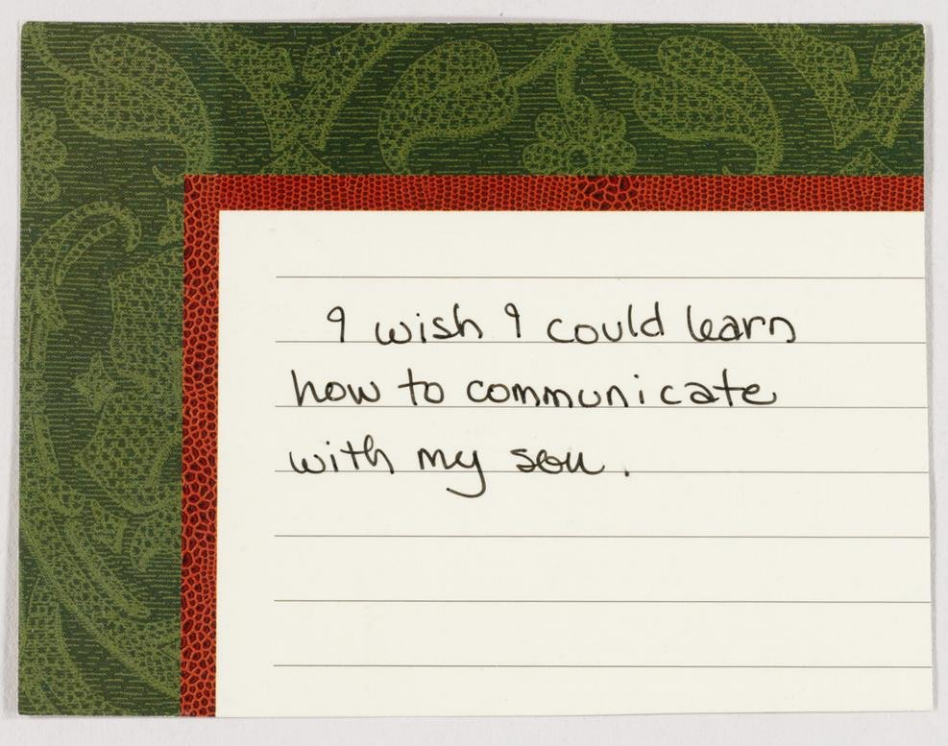
~ Heres to soulmates ~
and
Fate and circumstance

I wish that my
friend would
be at peace with
herself + could face
being alone.

I wish that I would
spend more time
doing art + not
worry about how
it turns out.



I wish I had a
big brother

A decorative card with a green paisley pattern on the left and top, and a red textured border on the right and bottom. The card has a white background with horizontal lines.

I wish I could learn
how to communicate
with my son.

傍晚，公園亮起長

排的聖誕燈泡，就像個

花盆裡，一樣嬌艷動人。

一一號公園裡的兒童遊戲區，放了

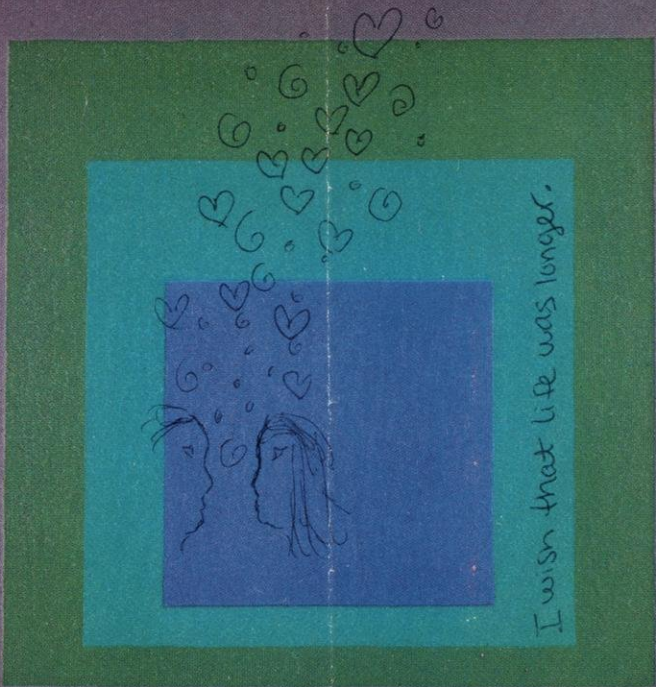
I WISH MY ARM WOULD GET BETTER

My wish is for
a long life.



(with lots of flowers!)

I Wish ...



AG

August 2006

I wish everyone in the world was at peace, that people would forgive and not hate.

I wish parents didn't push us into doing good and we could just learn from our mistakes.

I wish that we ~~were~~ had no enemies

I wish I could spell ☺

I wish I didn't have to keep some people a secret, in fear of torture.

I wish that movies based on books were ~~so~~ exactly like the book.

I wish that life was easy and had a marvel. (I still wish I could spell ☺)

I wish fire didn't burn

I wish that I wished for fewer things.

I don't know how to
talk to people. I
rather be silent
& just listen. I
can't understand life,
especially my own.
But I'm trying. ~~It~~

“Every moment of one’s
existence one is growing into
more or retreating into less.”

—*Norman Mailer*

I wish for
energy in
abundance &
the will to
use it
wisely.

I WISH

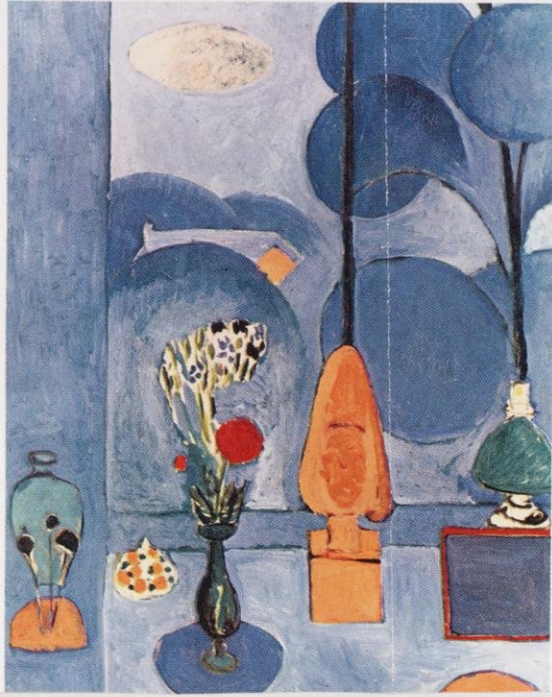
I WOULD GET

GOOD NEWS

@ Di.

waiting
is
hard





I WISH MY SON

RECOVERS

FROM AUTISM

Please
Join our
World and
Share
the
Gospel



I wish for more bats...

Bats to thrill us.

Bats to eat up all the mosquitoes!

I wish for more butterflies.

Butter flies for the flowers.

Butter flies for our souls.

LARN 10.06

The Party



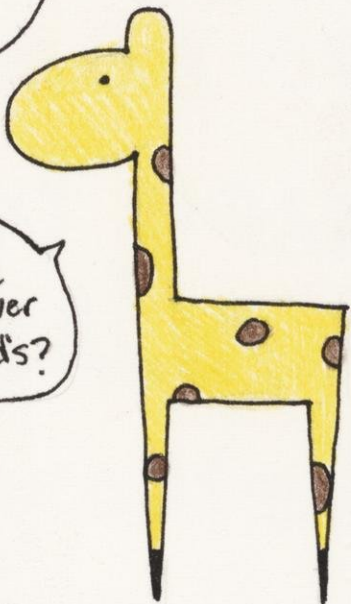
↑↑
Alfred

George ↓↓

So Fred,
how are
you doing?

Oh that's
just spiffy!

Let's visit
Alfred. today's
his birthday
you know.



Shall we
head on over
to Alfred's?

Why,
presents of
course!

Quite dashing!

Excellent!
let's go!

Oh dandy,
George!



I do have
this nifty
polka dot party
hat I could
wear...

What shall
we do today?

Oh please
do! Try it
on. Oh my,
how attractive
you look!

What a
grand idea!
What shall we
bring?

↑↑
Fred



Kathryn Franchino May 2006

The Phoenix Dream

Ascendant pt. 1

(part 2 in another book) by: J.P. Bauer

Whatever we might be

We all can see

The worlds of possibility

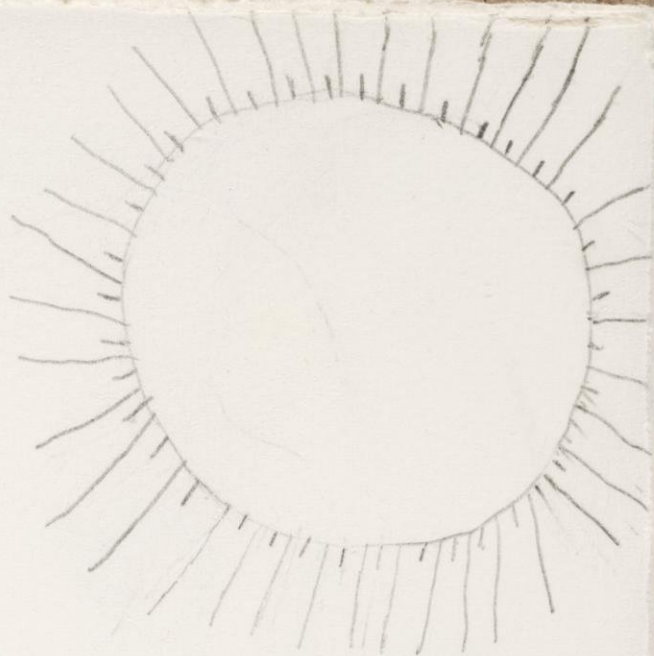
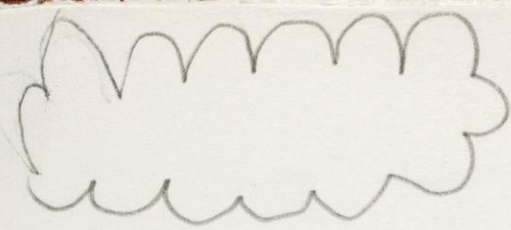
That gilds the halls of life on Earth

Some thing granted us by birth

Not belaboured by the curse
of common man

WE are ^{and woman}

the DREAMERS



July 2, 2006

Rv. Jr

Another "Post Script" like
Entry:

I made a Big
mistake
by getting
married!!

I hate
my
In-laws!

Cracked
Wedding
Bells
hook like
the
"Liberty"
Bell
to me!



-Set me Free-

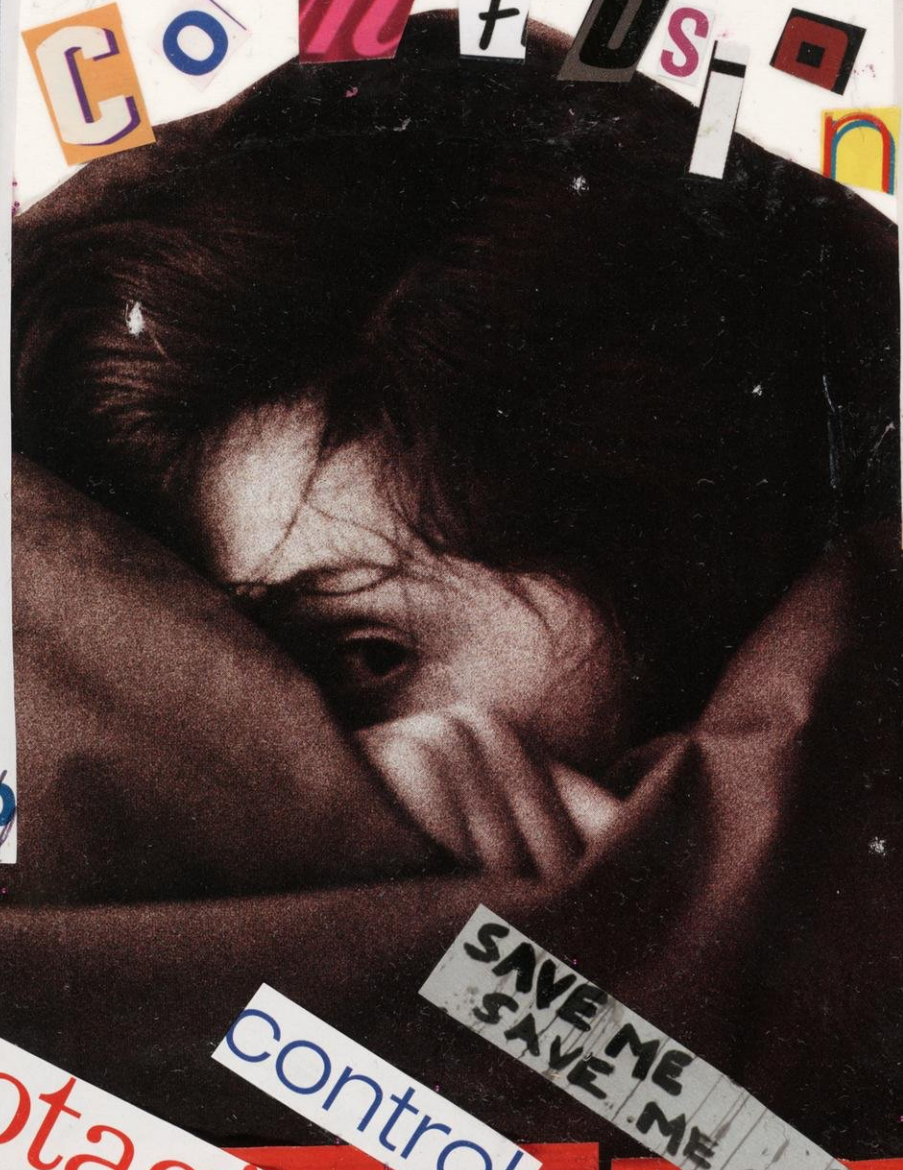
BEAUTY

a new sensation

t E e



C O m F U S



HC 8/10/06

sabotaging

control

SAVE ME SAVE ME SAVE ME SAVE ME SAVE ME

choices

ARE YOU OK?

SECRET

SILENCE
DARKNESS

BETRAYED!

NO ONE

help

NOTHING

I CRIED



I sold my T.V. to buy
more Books...

Don't
Waste
your
Time
with
The
T.V.

Ban the
"Crap" on
T.V.

Enjoy
your
life
OFF
your
Couch!

The Real Game of Life



Life is funny

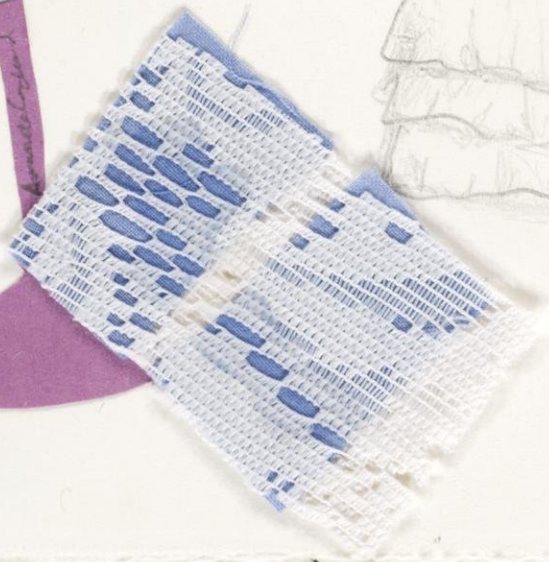


SECRETS ARE EVERYWHERE!

Confusing Questions, NO Answers

Amanda August 2006

STYLE **trend** **fashion** *exclusive!* personality
art and fashion™



August 2006
Amanda Gaylord



Lady
Ice-Bane

P.A.R.

June 14, 2006

Today is Flag Day. Do you choose to display the flag? If so, do you know why you do?

One of my favorite storytellers was my Uncle Roy. He told us one time about how he got into see the Kentucky Derby when he was a soldier in WWII. He may have been ~~on~~ leave or discharged. In any case, he didn't have the money to pay to get in. (Actually, he tried to get in a few times without success. One fellow - watching the gates caught onto what the young man in uniform was trying to do. So the next and last time my uncle tried to go with the flow to get in, this guy yells at my uncle "Get out of here soldier" (or something like it) and shoves my uncle right into the stadium! So

So the young man had a great afternoon, day, a fond memory to share and tell, and the niece a great memory and a story to share and tell.

Uncle Roy told this and other stories like a good joke. His face, and voice and gestures were just as important to the story as the words, making it even more memorable and him more so. The laugh decorating his face and reflecting the joy of his soul are now as much a part of me as they ^{will} be of him.

Abner Turner

21 Twenty-first Poem
for Alison
by James Danky

books books BOOKS Books

books BOOKS Books books

Books books BOOKS books

And Lines

Calligraphy by Erinn Pratykefer

Dear Frances
 Love, Kelly
 I'm bored
 are you?
 I'm on
 anyway I'm
 on vacation
 bye!

Dear Frances
 I hope you
 liked my
 card. May
 I paste
 you well
 bye. Kelly
 Tell me
 face

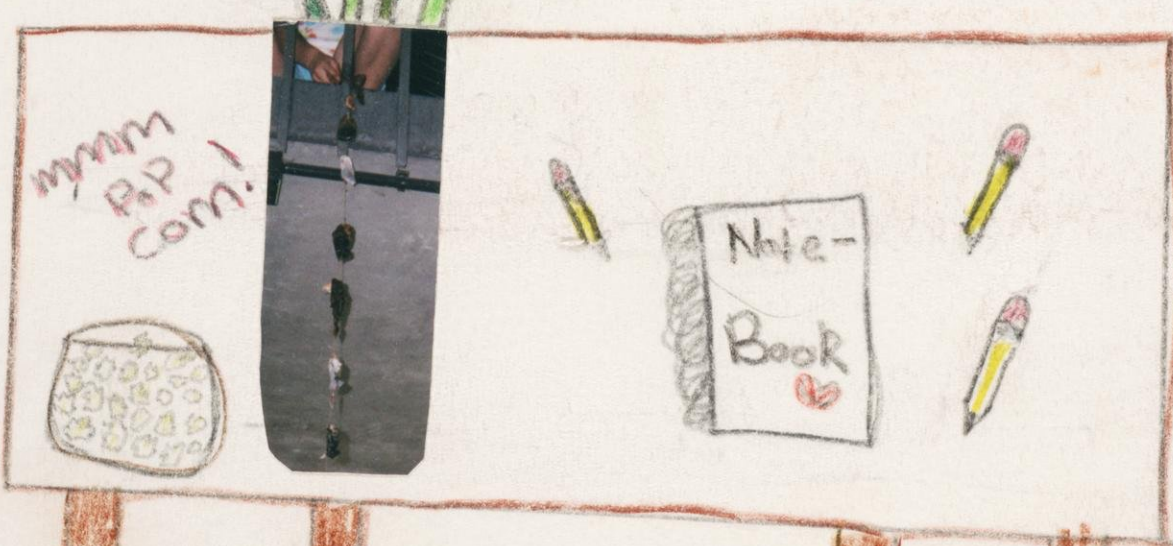
Yes, I'm
 bored too
 but you
 should
 be happy
 because
 Dear Frances
 I hope you
 liked my
 card. May
 I paste
 you well
 bye. Kelly

Dear Frances
 I hope you
 liked my
 card. May
 I paste
 you well
 bye. Kelly

Dear Frances
 I hope you
 liked my
 card. May
 I paste
 you well
 bye. Kelly

Dear Frances
 I hope you
 liked my
 card. May
 I paste
 you well
 bye. Kelly

50-98.70N



by:
 Noah

Mum
 P.P.
 Com!

Note-
 Book

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.

Carol Chase Bjerke

