



# LIBRARIES

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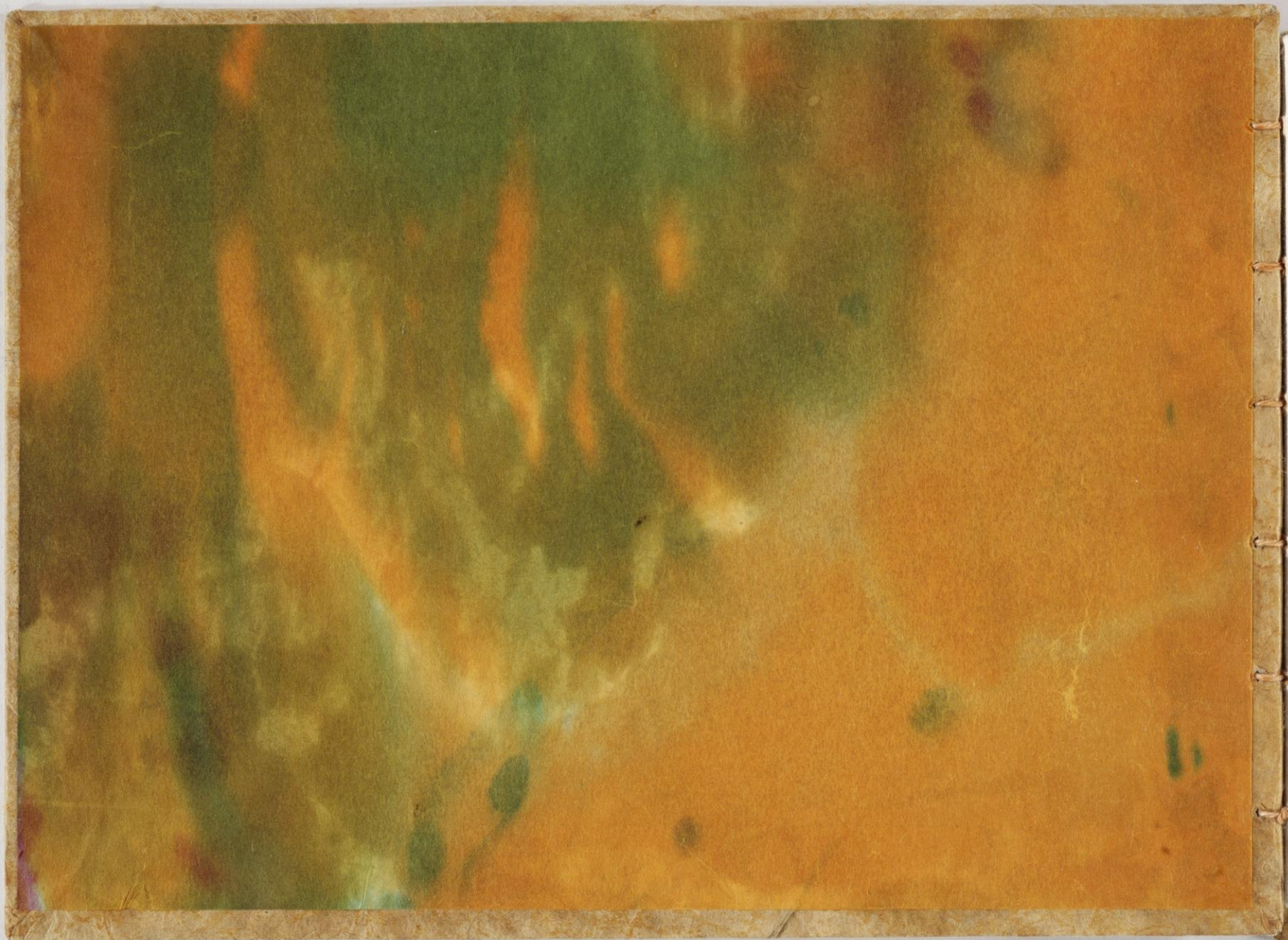
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**The Sixty Books Project** is a collaborative book arts, writing and journaling project for the people of south central Wisconsin, hosted by the South Central Library System (SCLS), and produced by the Bone Folders' Guild (BFG), a book arts group 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!

Does It Pay

As I sit at my desk I wonder  
If I've done all I could today  
Did I make the world any better  
Helping children to work and play!

It used to be quite simple  
To teach children the 3Rs, you know.  
Now we strive for good social adjustment,  
Self-expression, and much furbelo.

We must consider the slow and the brilliant  
When choosing our unit of work.  
Keep the alert quite busy,  
Yet, the slower ones do not shirk.

At times I've become quite discouraged:  
Is it worth all the effort I've spent  
Training the adult of tomorrow  
To cope with each event?

A cheery goodnight is my answer;  
I know at the end of the day,  
I'd not trade my task for another  
A child's future is part of my pay .

*Hazel W. Kendrick*



## A Dragons Roar

Dragons soaring high overhead  
Talons shining bright blood red.  
Snarling fiercely to the sky  
A Roar that echos far and wide.

Dragons roaming over land and see  
never captured, flying free.

Giant Dragons of tooth and claw  
The most fearsome sight,  
Man ever saw.

Fleeing far at the Dragon's Roar,  
A Roar that echos far and wide

Dragons live among us still,  
Forced to hide away.

But listen closely, you might hear  
A Dragon's mighty Roar,  
echoing far and wide.

## Stable Boy

Knights in blood red armor  
riding horses black as night.  
Pale swords are gleaming in the moon light  
I am just a stable boy,  
with a tiny knife.  
Yet I will protect you,  
girl I hardly know.

A Merlin  
a.k.a.  
Annalisa  
Carlino

2/9/06



You slapped me in the face around three days ago,  
I don't know why you said what you did, I thought that we were close,  
I'd have to say I'm surprised, I guess all this time was a total waste,  
Because three days ago, you slapped me in the face,  
Now I know you did not mean what you said, but it still hurt me,  
My hopes were all set too high, I should have known better,  
But this is what happens when you put everything out there,  
I poured my heart out to you and you just stomped all over it,  
You slapped me in the face around three days ago,  
I don't know why you said what you did, I thought that we were close,  
I'd have to say I'm surprised, I guess all this time was a total waste,  
Because three days ago, you slapped me in the face,  
And now I'm just supposed to move right on, but how can I?  
I can't just forgive and forget, I know that will never happen,  
Why'd you have to pull this now? It can never be the same,  
At least now it's out in the open, no more secrets because,  
You slapped me in the face around three days ago,  
I don't know why you said what you did, I thought that we were close,  
I'd have to say I'm surprised, I guess all this time was a total waste,  
Because three days ago, you slapped me in the face.

\* Zorkuld



Trying to erase you  
But remembering who you were  
Didn't do much good  
It's been so hard without you  
But I know it's for the best  
You would've wanted you  
But everything's a mess  
Still trying to forget you  
I've given up on that  
You'd want be to be happy  
But everything's fallen flat  
I've hidden behind a face  
One that you couldn't understand  
Maybe something you could do  
Is lend a friendly hand  
But I'm afraid it's too late now  
Those hands I've shook away  
The only thing you can do  
Is let me fall astray  
There's nothing anyone can try  
To replace your memory  
The thought of that disgusts me  
I'm just so lost that I can't see  
I have to stop thinking of you  
Your thought in my mind makes me cry  
I have to get through my life  
Without you by my side

By: Danielle Rufenacht



I WAS ONCE A  
VERY PRETTY  
YOUNG  
GIRL



Neutrogena  
ly Fir  
crea

Estée Lauder  
pleasures

REVLON

ROMANCE

PAT SELLEN  
SPEL/1/16



## Damaged

Pull me closer still and whisper  
What you hold's not really broken  
But I remember what was spoken  
When they tried and failed to Kill me

You help me back from where I'm hidden  
We crawl together from beneath  
You fight the demons that were ridden  
When I resumed to breathe

You piece these shards together for me  
And never even cut your skin  
They will no longer punish me  
For what was not my sin

They cannot hurt me anymore  
Their piercing words won't find me  
Not like they always did before  
I have someone behind me

-Rachel Holcomb

6-25-06

fingers slipping  
bricks falling  
ground crumbling  
beneath me  
walking on eggshells  
losing my grip  
losing my focus  
so lost

+ caught up  
confused  
+ falling apart  
where do my thoughts  
end?  
where does reality  
begin?

scared  
fearful  
worried

+ trembling

will we be fine?  
will you be alright?  
will I be okay?

what is to come?  
+ what is already happening?  
my fingers ache for yours  
+ then I fall

6-12-06



"Would it be crazy if I said I loved you?"

"I love you too..."  
She played this part of their conversation over continuously in her mind. She had responded without first consulting her brain. It had taken her brain a few seconds to fully comprehend what he had said to her, so her heart took over. It then took her brain a few more seconds to comprehend her reply. She had answered without a second's hesitation + she held no remorse. However, she worried, the speed of response may have appeared as a quick way to get off the phone. Nothing could have been farther from the truth.

---

Maybe she meant it then. Maybe she would feel it again, someday. But she surely didn't now. The more she said the words in her head, the more she knew it was a lie. Those words could have been, would have been, should have been closer to the truth. But they weren't. Nothing could have been farther from the truth.

6-12-06 - you don't know  
me -

A scary place  
to hang out.

And round and round does the merry go...

Someone said  
they saw  
her heart  
hanging  
from the  
gallows.

In the crazy of  
the night.

In a nest and a bush.

Waxing,  
Waning,  
Wasting  
Away

When  
the  
quiet sets  
in.

Time has passed me by  
Grown weary and  
left me for another  
girl.

I didn't know you  
would pull me apart  
and analyze me.  
Don't penalize me  
for not being that deep.

Torching corn

Amnist in incident.

Sweet as  
saccharin in  
my veins

(Are you awake?)

Try  
backing up--  
your mind  
is acting  
up--  
Again

Breaking is  
easier than  
making.

Bring on  
the bullets!

Gene  
with  
the  
sun-

The  
color  
waque.

True love never dies...





I took off about a week ago

I told you I can't wait

Even when I'm here

I'm not all here

(So far gone

Too far to see)

Look in my eyes

The wonderlust you see

Is just the memory of me

The imprint that I left for you

Something to remember me

'Cause that's all I am

A memory

- Rachel Holcomb  
6-20-06

She cries out for attention  
+ all the while  
her arm  
it bleeds  
her secrets lie  
too deep  
to see

but if you look close enough  
you may notice  
her tear-stained cheeks  
her blood-soaked sleeves  
her dry red eyes  
her frail  
limp weak

crumpled body  
begging for attention at your feet  
screaming for your help  
crying out in vain  
short as her life is this poem  
a shame you never knew her

6-12-06

-Anonymous-



## My Passion

Crank up the volume  
just take me away  
tune out everything  
I don't feel like dealing  
with right now

just let me escape  
to the place I love  
give me that sense of  
nirvana and euphoria

just allow me that bliss  
it's the only thing  
that truly calms me and  
distracts me from  
every day problems

just let it always be this sacred  
it swirls, rises and falls  
around me, surrounds me  
anytime, day or night

just let it always be there  
life as well as death  
would be completely  
incomplete and broken  
without my one true love

just don't let me down  
I close my eyes,  
relax and succumb to  
the power it holds over me.

just take me away  
you know I can't  
stand the silence.

\* A Music Fan \*

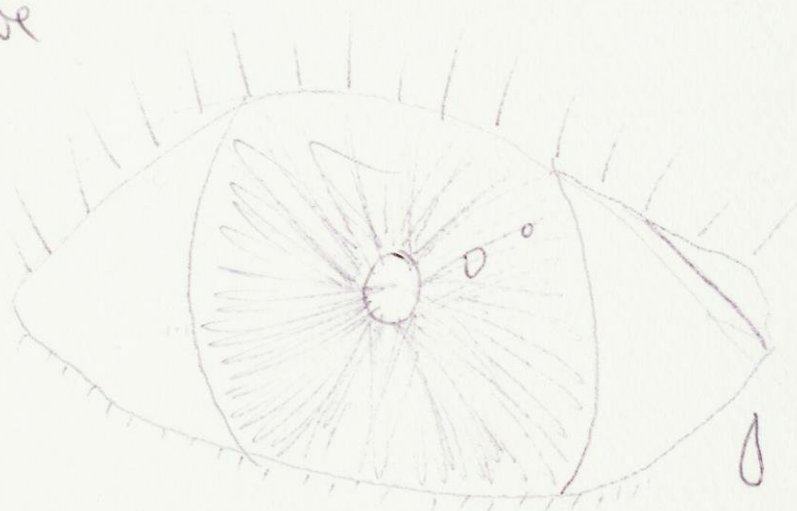
I am just the shadow of a face  
a reflection of a person  
an impression left in clay  
I see what they see  
but I do not know  
who I really am  
I know what they tell me  
but I do not see  
what I am supposed to be

I am camouflaged  
an illusion  
meant to trick the mind  
I am tie-dyed  
+ solid black  
too dark to see through  
I am

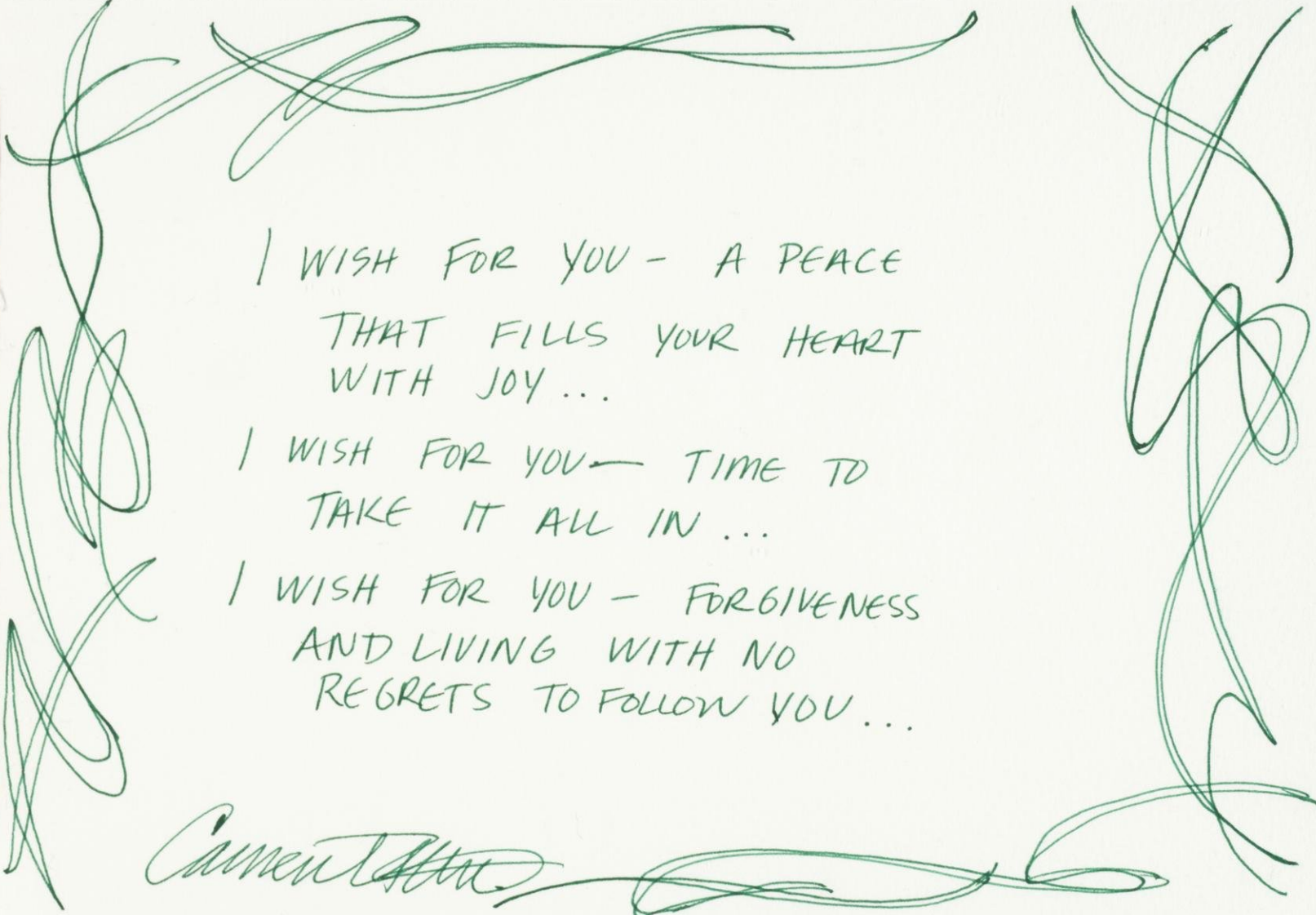
where there is nothing  
you see what isn't there  
I tricked your mind  
I tricked the world  
+ still you do not know

I am the mirage  
the image of what was never really there  
I am transparent  
but only to the naked eye  
for I am only your imagination run wild

- NWK -  
6-12-06







I WISH FOR YOU - A PEACE  
THAT FILLS YOUR HEART  
WITH JOY ...

I WISH FOR YOU - TIME TO  
TAKE IT ALL IN ...

I WISH FOR YOU - FORGIVENESS  
AND LIVING WITH NO  
REGRETS TO FOLLOW YOU ...

Carmen

RAIN ON MY PARADE  
MAKE IT THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE  
TURN THE SKY BLACK  
MAKE THE LIGHTNING PIERCE THE DARKNESS  
ANGELASH THROUGH THE SKY  
TELL THE THUNDER TO YELL AS LOUD AS IT CAN

RAIN ON MY PARADE  
MAKE IT THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE  
WHILE EVERYONE RINGS INSIDE  
LOOKS FOR COVER  
GRABS THEIR UMBRELLAS  
I WILL MERELY TIP MY FACE UPWARDS AT THE SKY  
AND OPEN MY MOUTH

RAIN ON MY PARADE  
MAKE IT THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE  
POUR DOWN ON ME  
SOAK ME TO THE BONE  
DROWN THE TEARS RUNNING DOWN MY CHEEKS  
WASH MY LIFE AWAY

RAIN ON MY PARADE  
MAKE IT THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE  
EVERYBODY  
TILT ME  
HOPES FOR SUNSHINE AND CLEAR SKIES

MYSELF  
NOBODY  
WAIT FOR IT TO  
RAIN ON MY PARADE

MAKING IT THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE

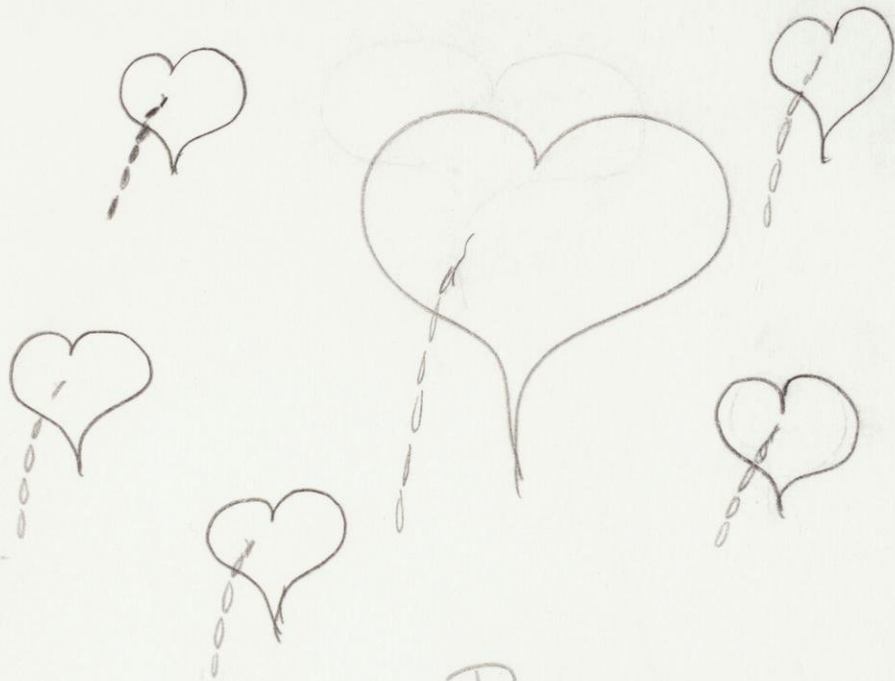
HARLEY EMBERSON  
3-12-06



Anonymous words  
spill my emotions  
all over a blank page  
little more than scribbles  
+ blobs  
these words tell my story  
they tell my private thoughts  
my deepest secrets  
+ my life tale  
they often betray  
my facade  
the person I pretend to be  
so I must often  
hide these scribbles  
from the world  
from the people who know  
+ those who don't  
some that think they do  
+ others that don't have a clue  
these words  
turn my skin transparent  
displaying everything inside  
they leave no secrets hidden  
they see no need to hide  
these words may be faceless  
but I am not.

6-12-06 Nobody

My heart hurts so bad  
like its going to bleed  
away all together  
& never mend itself  
together like it did before  
when my heart & mind  
didn't say different things  
that could make my life  
way more difficult than  
what it should be &  
what I want it to be  
or maybe eventually  
it will mend itself together  
& I just have to get through  
these things by myself  
& let no one in  
or maybe its just a dream & I'll wake up  
& everything will be back to normal  
but deep down I know that it is not a dream  
& I will never wake up from this one  
& that I will just have to live through it  
but if that is so than why am I not ready  
to take on everything that heads my way



Rachael  
Kubly  
3-27-06



"My Biggest Secret"

line after  
jagged red line  
crossing and  
overlapping  
no start  
no finish  
overwhelming the  
palest of white  
representative of  
hate, pain, sorrow  
hopelessness and  
patheticness,  
deep and shallow  
thick and thin  
long and short  
no matter how  
shitty I feel  
I know I will  
always be able  
to seek  
comfort  
in the red

-Anonymous

I curl  
into the fetal position  
so as not to be penetrated by the truths  
that I am just as fake as you  
we all want to be something  
that we aren't  
we will never be  
that picture - perfect people  
we wish so much to be  
we are merely just the hollow people  
that we always have been  
nobody tries to unmask us  
they just believe what they see  
+ listen to all of our lies  
we are the mirror images  
of those people we despise  
those people we hate  
but we should recognize  
those faces looking back at us  
are our own  
just as hollow  
just as fake  
just as nothing  
as we ever were

6/2/06 MK



"Mi Yitneni Of"

Who will give me wings,  
Even wings of the smallest bird,  
Endlessly will I wander  
To find peace for my wounded soul.

Who will give me wings,  
Ere my soul will surely die.

Who will give me wings,  
Wings that I may fly.  
Who will give me wings?

In loving tribute to Dane and Johannah  
Wright, 1986-2005.

Jean Ellen Adler <sup>12-22</sup>  
2005

I look in the mirror

dry

hard

crusty

chunks of skin

are flaking away

you do not know me

Don't pretend you do

The more my synthetic face  
falls away

the more fake I become

I am not real

I am purely imaginary

I am a liar

a porcelain doll

the web you weave

with your words

I am the error

of your ways

your bliss

of ignorance

soon to be forgotten

I am being watched



I can feel it  
they are coming to take me away  
he will know  
that I am not who I say I am  
I am as fake  
as impossible  
he will not love me anymore  
he never loved me  
he thinks that I am plastic  
he doesn't know that I am  
glass

I am clumsy in my ways  
+ I keep making mistakes  
I am flawed  
+ for that I must  
crumble  
+ fall to pieces  
for that  
I must  
disappear

6-12-06 NAK

Sixtieth Poem  
for Alison

by Jim Danky

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

AND  
Lines

lettered by C. Schelshorn



## 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.







Nancy Miller '55