



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## Deerfield Public Library. 2005

[s.l.]: [s.n.], 2005

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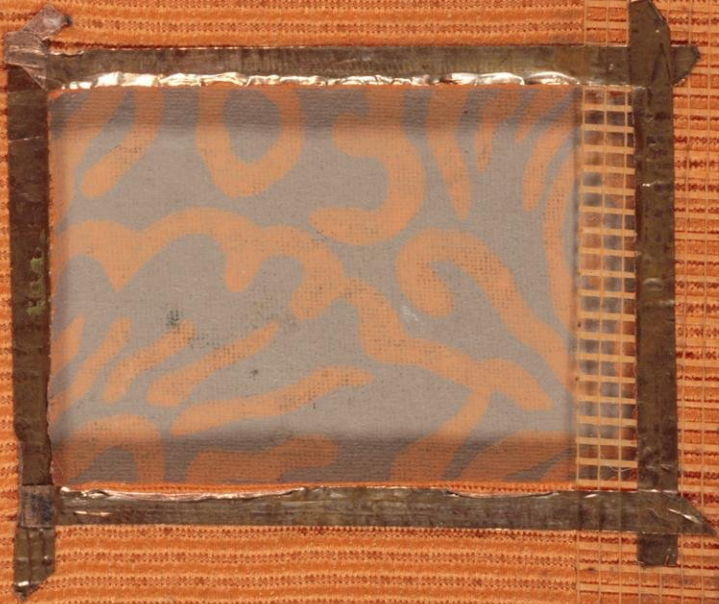
MADISON PUBLIC LIBRARY



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DEERFIELD  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

702.81  
S199s  
bk.20





**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/)

## The Magic Books

The Magic Books from what I have heard are these books of blank pages and there are 60 in all. I tried to get a hold of one them at my local library. "Sorry, we don't have any available, but, we can reserve one for you." Put me down on the list. Now I know I have to get my hands on at least one of the books. I needed to find out how 60 books containing blank pages be so magical. #83 on the waiting list. Two weeks ago, #43, I'm getting closer. The call came. As if there was a fire, I was out the door to the library. I have one of the magic books here in my hand with the pen dancing across the page. It was then I realized that these books, 60 in all, blank pages are magic. My pen wants to keep dancing across this page and more.

January 30, 2KV1

Debra Kay Houston  
Prairie du Sac, WI

## 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!

the





I moved to Deerfield on Aug 30, 2005. Some people would consider me an outsider, but this move back has been a long time coming - 22 years in fact.



I've been traveling with my family & the U.S. Army for 22 years. My children were born in Heidelberg, Germany. They have seen sights that I only dreamed of as a child, including the Eiffel Tower & Big Ben. They've skied in the Alps and walked where Julius Caesar once walked.



However, there is something to be said about settling down in one place, & we're here to stay. I thought this transition out of the military & into a small town would be tough, but it wasn't.





I Knew I was home when I saw the house, & everything has worked out. My children are going to school for the first time. I home-schooled for seven years. The people at the schools couldn't be nicer, or more excited that they were getting students from Germany. My children have found friends and opportunities there.



I'm glad to be living here in Deerfield and I don't plan on ever looking back. It's worth the wait.



Ann Saunders  
Jan. 2006



Don't be satisfied with poems  
and stories of how things  
have gone with others.

Unfold your own myth,  
without complicated explanations,  
so everyone will understand  
the passage.

Rumi



10-23  
A. DUBSON '08

## Greetings:

Read, Creed, feed, head, lead, need, plead,  
read, seed. Choose one -- Read Yes!

Read not to contradict and confute,  
nor to believe and take for granted,  
nor to find talk and discourse, - but  
to weigh and consider. Bacon

To provide you with readable material  
there is the written word. A magic  
pen gathers letters, the letters  
form words and words form sentences.

To write well is at once to think well,  
to feel rightly, and to render properly!  
It is to have, at the same time, mind,  
soul, taste.                      Buffon

What piques your interest?

The subjects are insumerable!

Take advantage of the wealth of information available in our libraries. The librarians are always ready to help you.

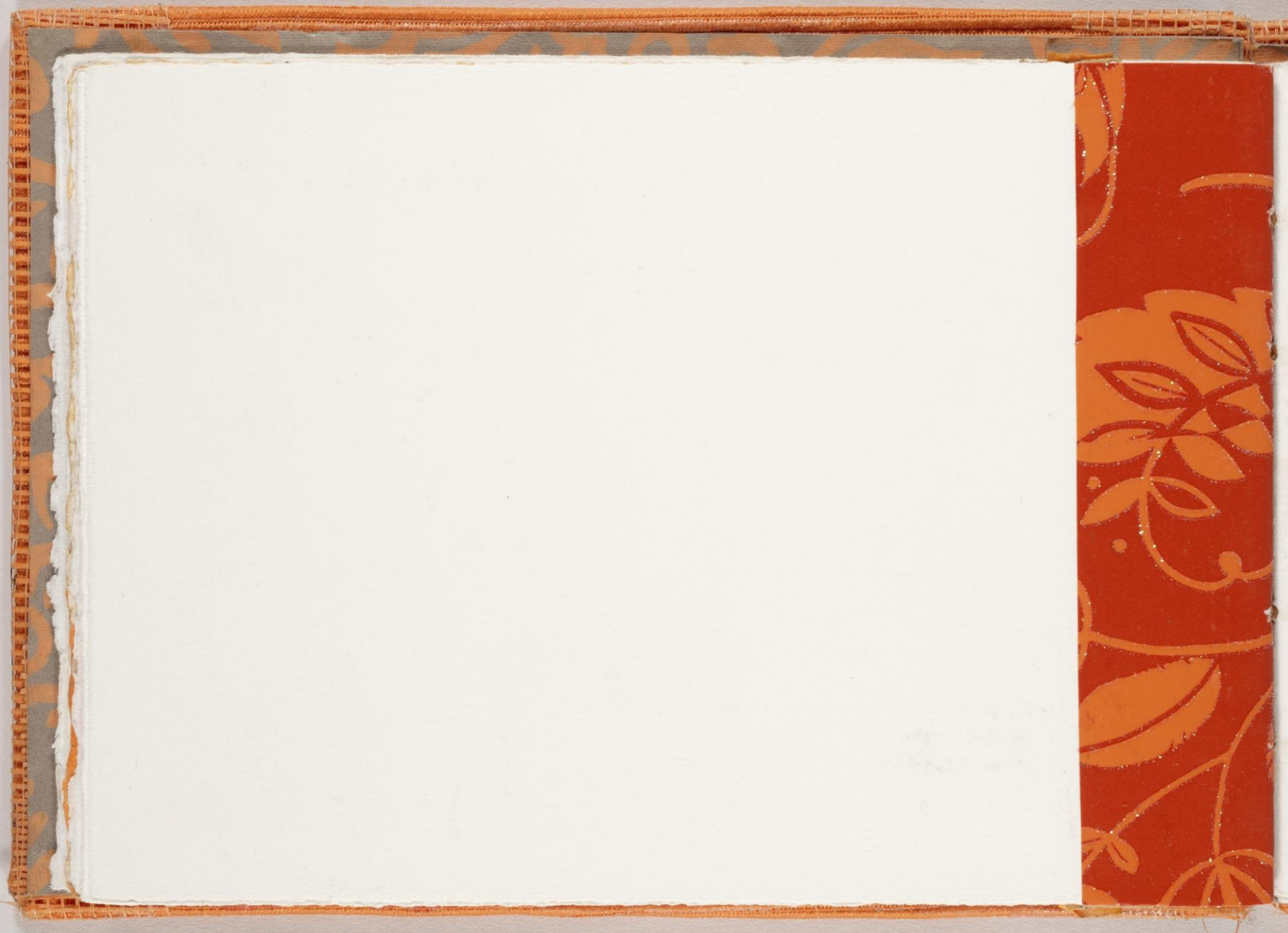
Everyone has a story. Write, record yours - call it your legacy. It is history!

Your mind is valuable. Feed it with valuable information.

Enjoy!

A fellow reader and author's  
Dorothy M. Taylor

Dorothy M. Taylor



## The Lost City

The "city" I live in now was once a prosperous railroad depot. Now, it is little more than a handful of houses sprinkled among farm fields. The railroad has long since been removed and replaced by a bike trail. The school house now stands in for a town hall that is rarely used and a part-time preschool. Across the street is a Moravian church that says "The oldest Moravian church," always prompting me to ask oldest as compared to what? Oldest in this town? In this state? In this country? Down the road from the church is a bar. A little farther down the road is an automotive garage. On a side street is a lumbar yard. That is the extent of the businesses in my town. No general store. No post office. No gas station. I live behind the lumbar yard, the bike trail running through my backyard. Across the street the corn is much higher than "knee high by the fourth of July," a good year for crops despite the lack of rain.

As I walk, I turn onto Main street and follow the highway for the  $\frac{1}{8}$  mile it takes me to reach a side street on my two-mile journey which passes more nature than people, more fields than houses. For the first part there are long forgotten sidewalks that have been mostly taken over by grass and lifted haphazardly by tree routes. Still, the wayward terrain seems safer than the highway it shadows.

It is this stretch of sidewalk, sinking into the earth unnoticed, that reminds me of "The Lost City." When I lived in Madison not so long ago, I lived adjacent to the arboretum in a development still referred to as "The Lost City." The history is but a foggy memory now, but as I recall, the Lake Forest Company proposed that this site be the center of Madison back in 1916. They drew up elaborate plans; streets, shops, sidewalks, houses. And then they started to build. But what they didn't realize was that they were building on a substrata that was much too soft to hold their dreams. Instead, the foundations, the streets, the sidewalks literally disappeared into the ground beneath, leaving behind random remnants of what once was. The company went bankrupt and the partially built city slid back into the earth. While I lived there, you could still see slabs of concrete sidewalks peeking through the green earth, marking a time long past.

As I walk along today and see the sidewalks of my new home slipping into the earth, I am reminded of this other place, this other time. I wonder how long until this shrinking violet of a town I now live in will become the next "lost city."

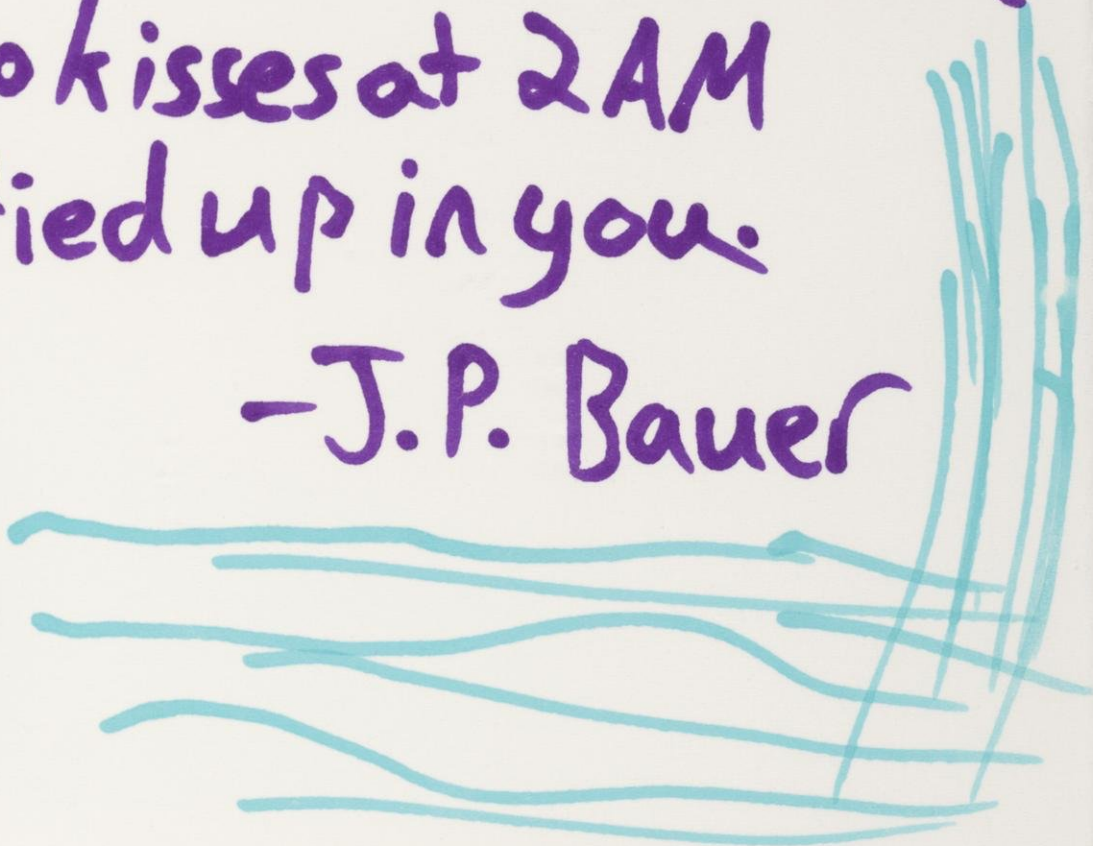
Chant Lacey



Slip your fingers through mine  
Eskimo kisses at 2 AM  
All tied up in you.

-J.P. Bauer

Words are my  
only talent







# E-Mail Snippets

1.  
His tr ...

I don't ...

I recently ...

I had ...

Its best ...

Itself to ...

I had ...

To me ...

He still ...

He wasn't ...

He didn't ...

I resigned ...

I know ...

I'm through.

2.  
You for ...

Your support ...

I'm the ...

I have ...

I see ...

We are ...

You are ...

3.

You have ...

I agree ...

Us true ...

Person gave ...

His point ...

I applaude ...

Your voice.

January 31, 2006

Debra Kay Houston  
Prairie du Sac, WI

## Fallstod The Poet

Fallstod the Poet came and visited me today. Oh what beauty his words shone through from his mind, to pen to paper. I am having some self-doubt about my own musings compared to his. So I dove in and shared my writings. I liked his structured and cleverness of words. Fallstod liked my free flowing style. He presented to me a two pager just for me. I absorbed every word into my heart and soul. Fallstod the Poet, finished with our musing, journeyed onward. I read that poem everyday and each time, I say, you wouldn't believe this, but, another poem emerged. I jotted down the poems that came out of that single poem. I wrote Fallstod the Poet, with all these poems enclosed, and shared with him, what I saw. He responded back, "there are no meanings to any of it. It is just a poem." "Just a poem." (I think I just outsmarted Fallstod the Poet.)

January 30, 2011

Debra Kay Houston, Prairie du Sac, WI

Deerfield Became My Home  
by  
Frederick K. Fry

①

Once upon a time, a small band of immigrants built a cluster of homes near an emerging railroad line. They noted abundant whitetails in the vicinity and aptly named their hamlet, Deerfield. The little community, which was originally settled by early Norwegians and Germans, is nestled in eastern Dane County. It's located a mile off the main highway and too far away from Madison to become a suburb, yet close enough for commuters making the trek to the city. Over the years, Deerfield has experienced steady and slow growth. Even though I've lived within an hour's drive of Deerfield most of my life, I'd never had the occasion to go there until the early 1970's. A job opportunity brought my wife's sister, Ruth, and her family here from a country home near Janesville. Likewise, a teaching position opening steered me here as well. As we drove through the "downtown" portion of Deerfield, I noted that many buildings were deserted-looking and

that only the bars seemed to be doing a thriving (2)  
business). To my amazement and amusement, there was  
an active Blacksmith shop, which predates the modern  
bank that resides there now. My comment to my wife,  
Kia, was, "Who in their right mind would live in  
a place like this?" Ahom indeed, since I now  
have lived out 34 years and counting in Meerfield.

It was true, and still is true, that Meerfield  
offers very little in the way of interesting shops and  
services. There are no fast food restaurants and  
even the lone grocery store is struggling to make it.  
Over the years, many types of small businesses have  
come and gone. The bars, of course, periodically change  
names, but have lived on with gusto. I have not  
been a person who frequented them... perhaps because  
I was a teacher and in the old world of thinking,  
teachers must always set a good example and not  
put themselves in compromising situations. I have learned

over the years that there are delightful people who work and socialize therein. But business aside, it was soon apparent that Deerfield had a steadfast and reliable citizenry... people that truly listened, assisted, and shared with each other. It had dedicated teachers and ministers who worked together for the common good. People here enjoyed the simple things of life... going to school and church events and watching ballgames in the park on Sunday afternoons. A weekly trip with their children to the Bookmobile, and later, partake of their own public library that they collectively provided funding for in the late 1990's. Children grew up feeling loved and safe everywhere they went. The school provided opportunities for children to try their hand at student government, sports, drama and musicals, choral music, band, forensics, and much more.

In other words, it gave them ample chances<sup>④</sup>  
to truly become well-rounded members of  
society. Most have become steadfast citizens).  
While some have chosen to leave for the bright  
lights of the city, many others have opted to  
remain here. They live out their lives and  
raise their families here and the cycle of  
life continues. To use my own children as  
examples, both my daughter and son still live  
nearby in neighboring small towns and fondly  
recall their years in Deerfield. Now it's  
their turn to get involved and help make  
their communities vital and viable... and  
they are.

Deerfield has given back much to me as  
well. I have grown by becoming involved  
with projects that I never dreamed I  
could attempt. In how many places could

a person serve as President of the teacher's union,<sup>5</sup>  
President of a church congregation, write for the local  
newspaper, coach multiple sports, run clocks for sporting  
events, work in cable television for the community,  
stage tennis tournaments, start coin clubs, help  
build parks, judge forensics, work in festival booths  
and tents, organize adult education classes, host  
foreign exchange students, and deliver flowers to  
many of your community friends. All these things  
came to be because I took a risk and settled  
into small-town life and found endless possibilities.  
I have no regrets... I love you, Deerfield!

April 2006



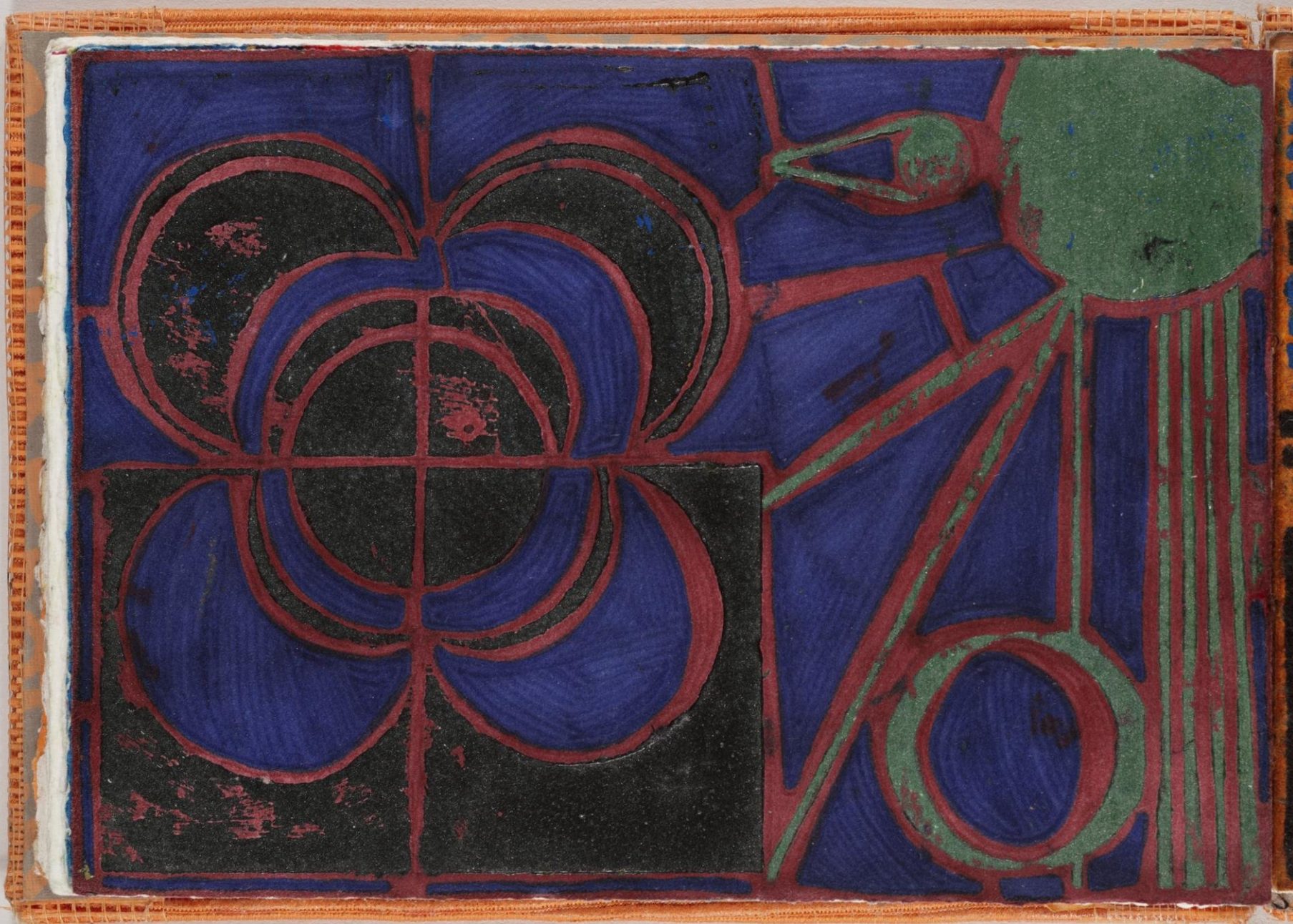


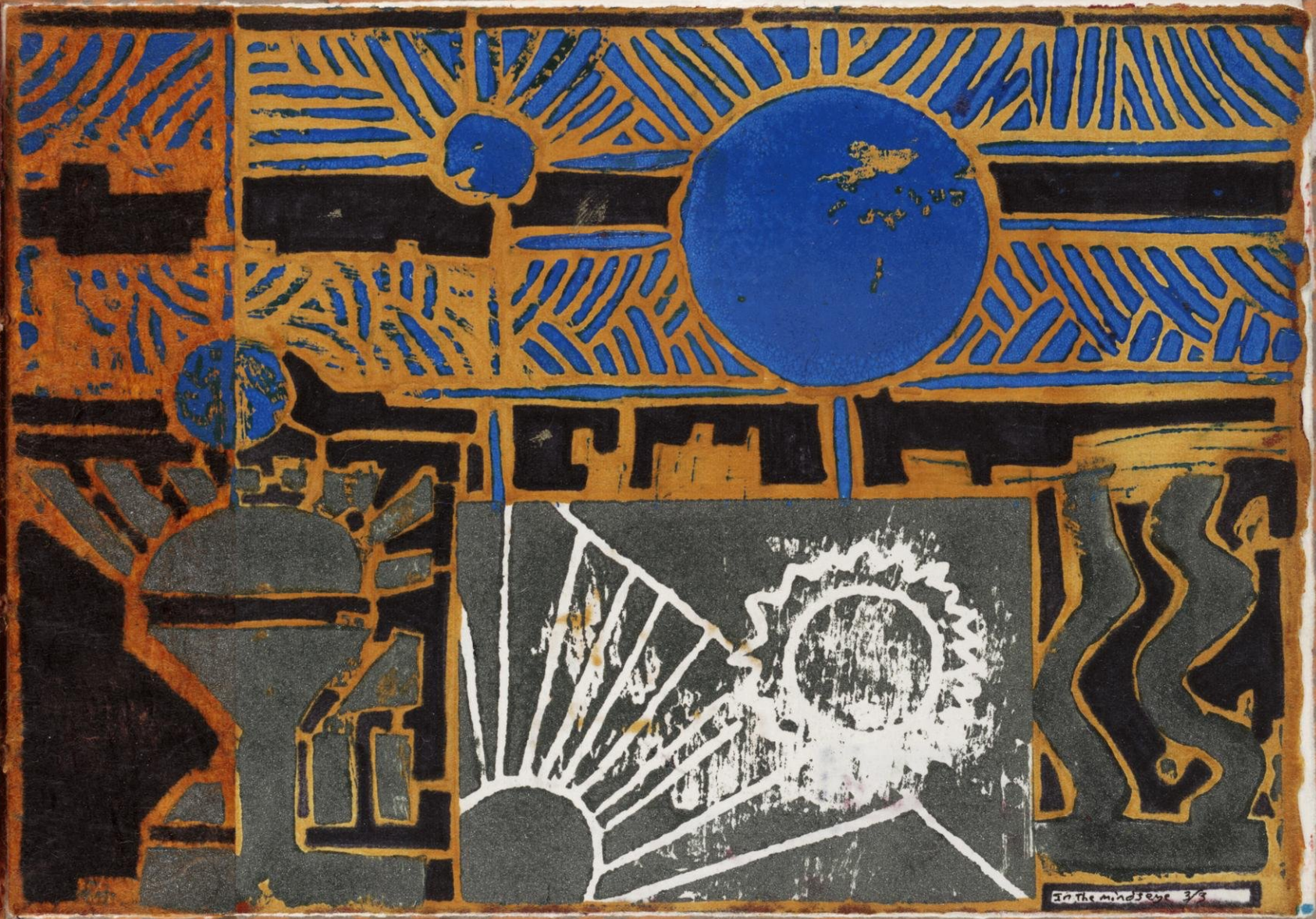




In the mind's eye 1/3







In the mind's eye 3/9



WISH I  
COULD

escape  
MY

INHIBITIONS

RAK 8/06







## The Blessing In Disguise

Some people may not see all this in the same perspective as my son and myself, but, it is true for us. Two years ago my son was in a motor vehicle accident which has left him paralyzed from the ~~wast~~ down. Sure we both went through the adjustments. My son had to rely on me to assist him with some care that I didn't need to do for him since he was a baby. We only have one way to go and that is forward. No he cannot walk yet, but, what he has accomplished to this point has inspired me.

He is a beautiful musician, creating music here at home.

He has moved closer to his dreams. The accident has made him a creative human being with a loving and kind spirit.

By witnessing this growth in him has made me a more compassionate human being. The blessing in disguise can happen to anyone, you just need to look beyond the situation.

February 2, 2011

Debra Kay Houston, Prairie du Sac

Alphabet from 6/14/26

Piano Keys  
Notes on a Musical Score  
Words on a page

Mourning  
Absence of color

PRINT

PRINT

Prints at the wedding were from New York  
little ~~prints~~ were from New York

Sky berries eyes  
Notes Primary color  
Ice Cream

Ireland Notre Dame  
Flag - Stars + Stripes

True  
Mood

U

Alvin Auer 6/14/06

April 2 April 6/14/06

Trees & plants  
bushes  
Christmas trees

Morning

Basik

Envy  
Money  
US currency

Secondary  
color

proceeds  
Shamrock  
IRTS

Skin Hair Sun  
Happens  
Happy



Safeword Caution

School buses



Bananas

Primary Color

Chris Turner 6/14/06

Brown Ultra Fine Point Sharpie Permanent  
Marker.

Cocoa  
TEA

COMPOST

DIRT

Chocolate  
PAINT

EYES

Hair

Clothes

COYOTES

GIRLS

BARK LEAVES

Elephant

LOBLO

Sparrows

BEARS

SPRINKLES

Leather

FABRICS

Brownies

University

UNO #1

Alvin Auer 6/14/26

The fruit  
color

SUNSET

Tree Imports  
L-1000

Heir

SON  
GUIT  
Doesn't Rhyme

Traffic  
Good/Bare

Chips & more 2/14/86

Chips & more 2/14/86



Wynne's ~~arr~~ 4/14/06

Grapes Wine Plums  
Royalty Wimbledon

Rain  
Prinke

Passion

Blackberries

HEART   
Back from Iraq - Nina German

C

Flag Stars & Stripes  
Cherries  
Fast  
Tomatoes  
W Bad  
ppg  
MN

WARBING  
Cars  
Sexy  
Safe word

Apples Lights  
Christmas  
Hot  
Primary  
Color

Alvin Kerner

44 Forty-fourth  
Poem

for Alison  
by Jim Danky

Books books Looks Books  
Looks books books Books  
Books books Books Looks  
books Books books Books

and ZINES

Calligraphy by Erin Patzkefer

## The Last Page

Whenever I would pick up a book I would always go to the last page before anything else. There was always a hidden treasure there. Sometimes there would be a chart, a map, pictures, words about the author, advertisement, more books to read list. But, the best treasure found was the blank page. Here a blank sheet of paper, the canvas where you could roam, freely. A place to write your own thoughts of the story if you wanted, or even personal words of wisdom. The last page of one book moves you to the next story and starts over and over and over. The stories and characters may change as in time, but, will be forever linked by the page one by one.

January 30, 2011

Debra Kay Houston  
Prairie du Sac, WI

## 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.



KA  
H  
4  
AS  
HES

