



LIBRARIES

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Monona Public Library. 2005

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MADISON PUBLIC LIBRARY



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702.81
702.81
Six
BK.15



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 the 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!

Russian Olive shrub

Elaeagnus angustifolia Linnaeus

Russian Olive shrubs probably still grow near my late Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Roy's home on Long Lake in the township of Saxeville, in Waushara county, Wisconsin. As a child in fourth grade, just before we were to leave for our home in northern Illinois on a late Sunday evening, I remembered that I had a leaf identification project due the next day. There were an abundance of trees from which I collected samples. The Russian Olive was one of those. Thanks to the generosity of my aunt and uncle, and my parents' patience, I successfully completed my project – a week in advance. Though it looks like a tree to me, it is considered a shrub.

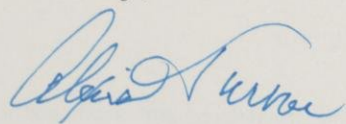
The olive and silver cloth covering the book are representative of the Russian Olive's leaves, the end papers of the bark.

Thanks to Paul Voigts for his generosity and ingenuity in helping this novice bookbinder – from applying glue, to picking colors, to making holes through the spine for binding. Paul's curiosity and desire to learn serves him well as he is an artist in his own right, from jewelry to origami, and various other mediums. Also, thanks Mom!

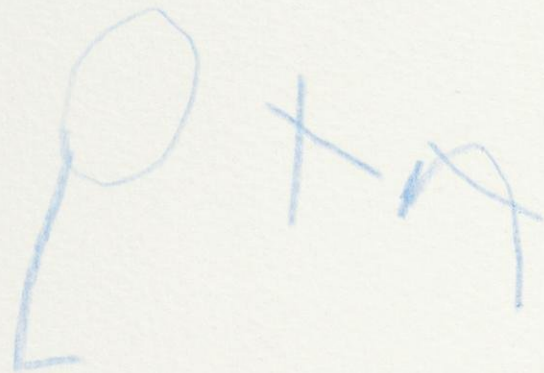
– The First Amendment –

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

Sincerely,



Alexis Turner 9/27/05





The Monona Public Library and the
Wisconsin Center For the Book
present:

Meet the Author!

Kashmira Sheth will read from her novel *Blue Jasmine* and talk about how the language, stories, festivals, and foods of her childhood have shaped her and influenced her writing.

She will talk about why connecting with the readers is an important part of being a writer.

A few copies of *Blue Jasmine* will be available for purchase. Bring your personal copy to be autographed.

Tuesday, November 15
6:30 p.m.
Monona Public Library
Forum Room

This is a free public performance.

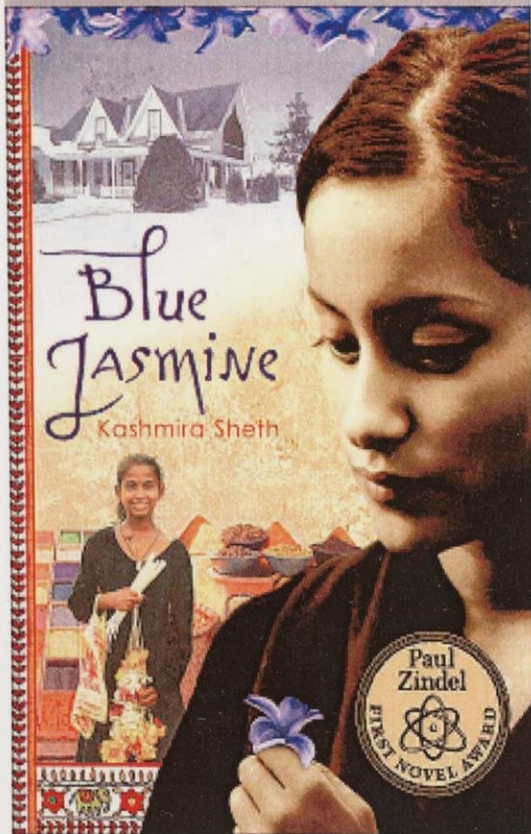
The Monona Public Library, 1000 Nichols Road, welcomes those of all abilities. Call Karen at 222-6127 for more information or to arrange for special accommodations.

This program is supported by a grant from the Wisconsin Center For the Book and the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, with additional support from the Friends of the Monona Public Library, South Central Library System, and the Monona Senior Center.

For more information see

<http://www.wisconsinacademy.org/book/index.html>

Monona Public Library
is a member of the South Central Library System



Thank you for coming! I love your book!

great book thank you

Very interesting and enlightening

Thank you Mat

Thank you so much for sharing your stories and culture!

Thank you for being here!

Juliana

Thank you very much for teaching us about India

Your book was very interesting I can't wait to read your next!!

Emily Hopkins

I wish you the very best in your writings!

Andrew

so great it is so cool I get to learn about different cultures

Helen
Nora
Zoe
Sophie

I think it is cool to learn about different cultures
Catherine Sumi

I think your book is so cool

Thank you for the wonderful evening!

Love, Sara Smith

I wish I knew your language.

Enjoyed your visit, looking forward to the book!

Thank you for sharing your story with us!

Jeannie Ranzu

Wonderful!
My story
Michelle
Hampell

Thank you for sharing your experiences with the children reading every day about other worlds!

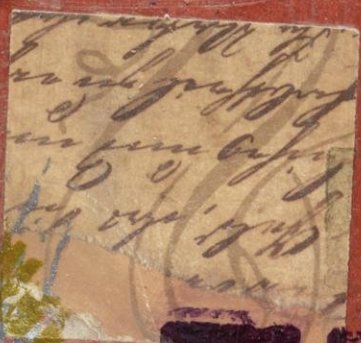
Do you know who you are? Who do you
want to be? Are you who someone
else thinks you should be? Or are
you your true self?

How am I? How are we
connected or are we disconnected? Are we
all one? Or just parts of a whole?

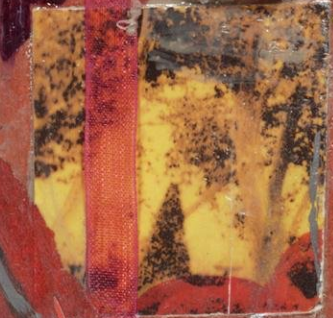
The feeling was like a hot, melty
grilled cheese sandwich with
ketchup. ~~But~~ Kneading the knots
out, like a knot in the wood.

Allyson Turner





Never enough
thyme...



ATTITUDE

The longer I live, the more I realize the impact of attitude on life.

Attitude is more important than the facts.

It is more important than the past, than education, than money,
than circumstances, than failures, than successes,
than what other people think or say or do.

It is more important than appearance, talent or skill.

It will make or break a company ... a church ... a home.

The remarkable thing is, we have a choice everyday regarding the attitude
we will embrace for that day.

We cannot change our past ... we cannot change the inevitable.

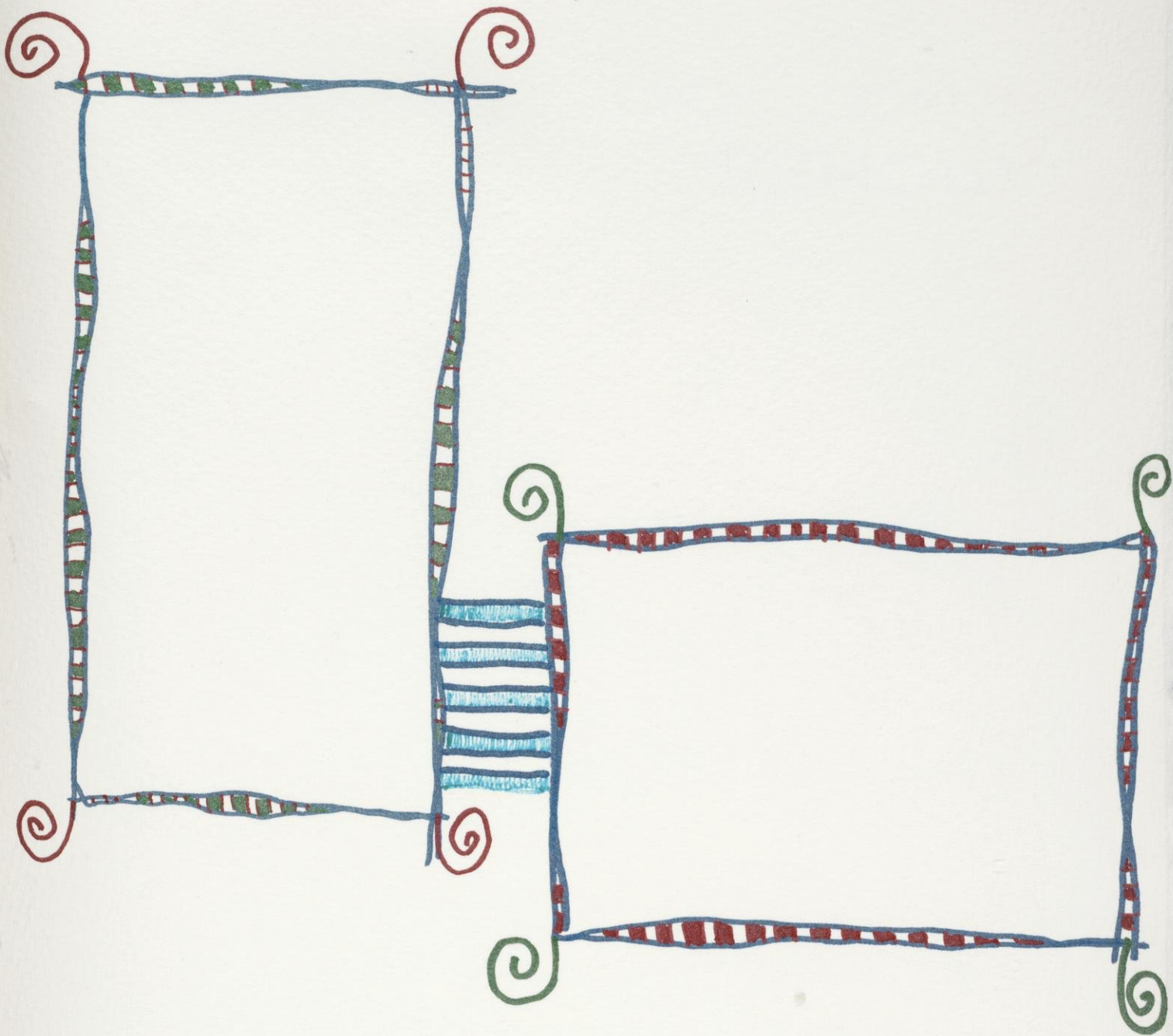
The only thing we can do is play on the one string we have,
and that is our attitude.

I am convinced that life is 10% what happens to me
and 90% how I react to it.

And, so it is with you ...

We are in charge of our attitudes.

Chuck Swindoll



At school
we have to write poetry
for English class.

The teacher gives you
a topic.

The teacher says "Your poem must have
3 rhymes, 1 simile, 2 metaphors
yada yada yada."

I wrote a poem
gave it my all
thought out every single line...

I got a B-

My teacher said my poem was
"unclear"

if she thought my poem was
"unclear"

she should go to a poetry slam.
They don't always use real words.

continued

Portrait of age

Civilian agencies, such as the Department of Homeland Security and the Department of Defense, are using video-game technology to train firefighters, police officers and other emergency responders. The training is done in a virtual world called "DARWARS" (DARwin WARS). The game is designed to simulate the challenges of a real-world emergency response. The training is done in a virtual world called "DARWARS" (DARwin WARS). The game is designed to simulate the challenges of a real-world emergency response.

With Cranberries, Blueberries & Almonds



Wear It Again

One punch per \$10.00 spent!

Fill this card and receive \$10.00 off your next purchase

10	10	10	10	10
10	10	10	10	10
10	10	10	10	10
10	10	10	10	10

4017 Lien Road
Madison, WI 53704
608 249-6901



ART CURSES

COURSE TITLE: Ceramics* (01400)

DESCRIPTION: This course explores a variety of working with clay. The course includes coil and slab hand building, glazing, and firing. The project will be introduced.

PREREQUISIT: visual art for students studied in form.

ADVANCED 3-D art in plaster, ceramic glazing project. history element will be introduced.

Mitby theater
MADISON AREA TECHNICAL COLLEGE

A Step Above Presents
STEPPIN' INTO HISTORY
A Step Above Dance & Music Academy
Saturday May 21, 2005

Row/Seat	Location	Sale Number	at 12:00 PM
0-39	EAST LOBBY MAIN FLOOR	52731	Ticket Price \$ 9.50

MATC's Truax Campus
3550 Anderson Street
Madison, WI 53704-2599
(608) 243-4000



Wow... That was FAST!

- | | | | |
|-----|--------|-----|--------|
| 25 | Free | 25 | Free |
| 50 | Back | 50 | Back |
| 100 | Breast | 100 | Breast |
| 200 | Fly | 200 | Fly |
| | IM | | IM |

My dash...
at ya know about
that LOL! Lylas

LIVESTRONG

1:03.98 PR: _____

Abby Grace
Maple Bluff

Meet: _____





FAMILIES
are like patchwork quilts-
lives pieced together
stitched with smiles and tears,
colored with memories
and
bound with

I+O+V+E

JMS, 2006

Continued

Poetry doesn't have to be "clear".

Poetry is just the same
as talking except
you try especially extra-hard to make it
sound right.

Poetry starts in your head when you think of
what you are trying to say.

Then you have to talk to yourself to make
sure it sounds okay.

(That's why people think poets are crazy)

When you really like it, the words bounce
back into your mouth,

into your heart,

down your arm,

into your writing hand,

and out the pen,

Or pencil.

There are famous poets
who sell millions of books
and live in fancy houses and are all "high class".

Everyone calls them "literary geniuses"
I bet my English teacher loves their poetry.

Nobody cares if their poetry is

"unclear".
So why should my English teacher
care about 1 poem?

Abby
1/29/06

JMS 2006

★ The New Moon Wishing Box
A craft for all ages. ★

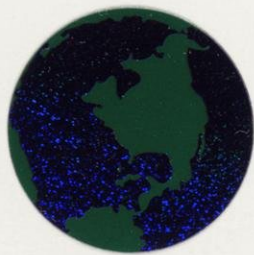
A great place to find a box to transform into your wishing box are those tobacco & cigar stores. They sell the empty boxes fairly cheap. Once you have it you may choose to paint or decoupage the outside to cover the product names & weaving labels, or leave them as is. Once you have the outside done to your satisfaction, it's time to work on the inside. On the lid & bottom inside your box, you'll want to ~~put~~ ^{paste} a wishing chart. Here is mine for inspiration (it is best to create one of your own that you can truly call your own rather than plagiarizing).

★ Wishing box I give to you
A paper folded with a wish enclosed.
I wish I may I wish I might
Have this wish on this new moon night.
I say this spell & wish it well
By three, times three, times three
times more!

May it come to me soon
And by the light of the full moon
I'll set it free by flame & light
Up to the corners it will fly
To hopefully come back to me
By next new moons tide.

When the new moon, comes around (most calendars have the moon phases noted) write one wish down, fold three times & place into your wishing box. Recite your wish chant three times, & knowing it will be done close your box. Upon the coming of the full moon burn your wish in a fire proof container, knowing that it will come to pass. Be careful for what you wish for, & keep it practical.

Author unknown, found on internet
Written in by Rosie R.



I

choose

MAKE

Experience

SAVOR

LIVE

enjoy

express

discover

CELEBRATE

A

R

T

WITH

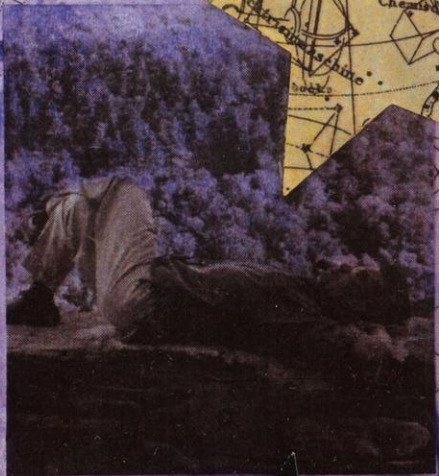
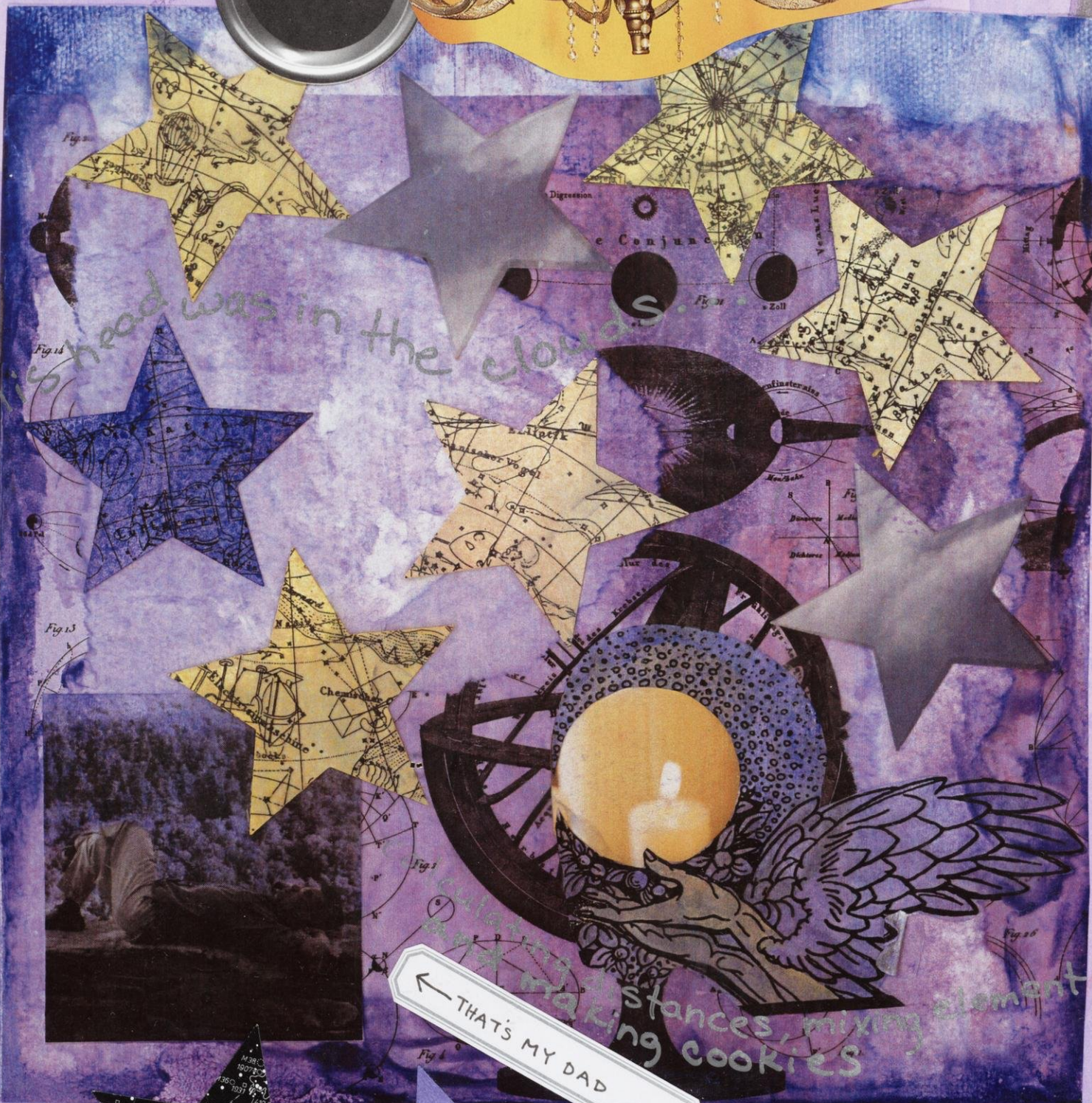
!

passion

!

HERSHEY'S EXTRA DARK with Cranberries, Blueberries & Almonds

JMS 2006



← THAT'S MY DAD



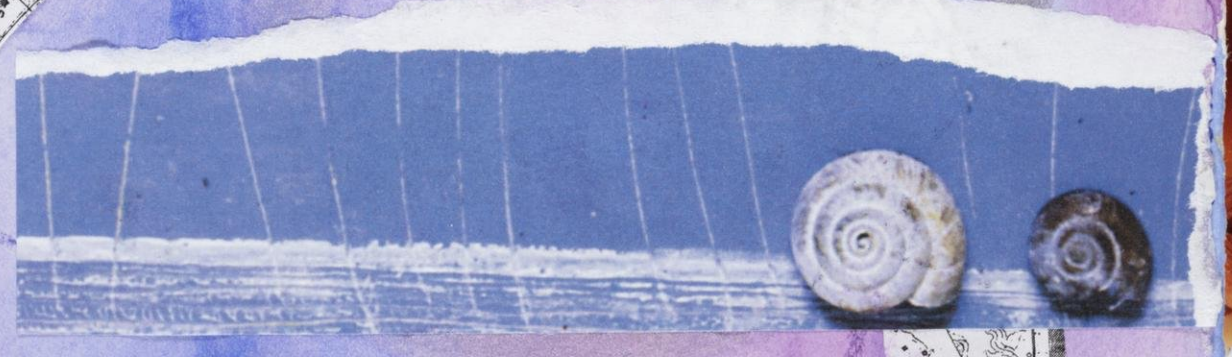
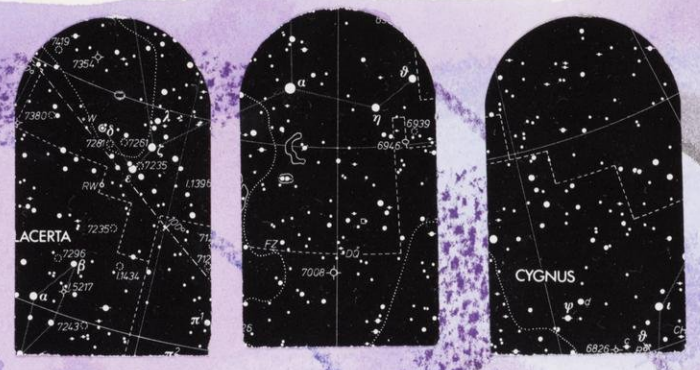
I KNOW NOTHING WITH ANY CERTAINTY,
BUT THE SIGHT OF STARS MAKES ME DREAM.

- van Gogh



IS FOR

ZODIAC



HERSHEY'S EXTRA DARK with Cranberries, Blueberries & Almonds



IS IT

WRITTEN

IN

the

STARS?

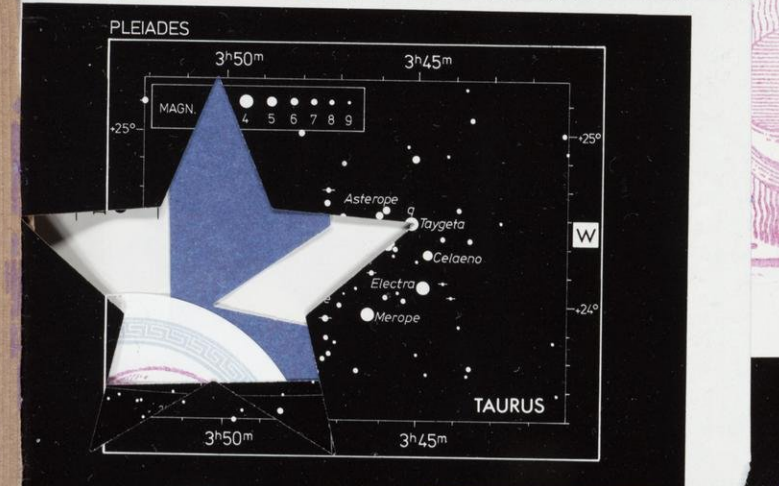
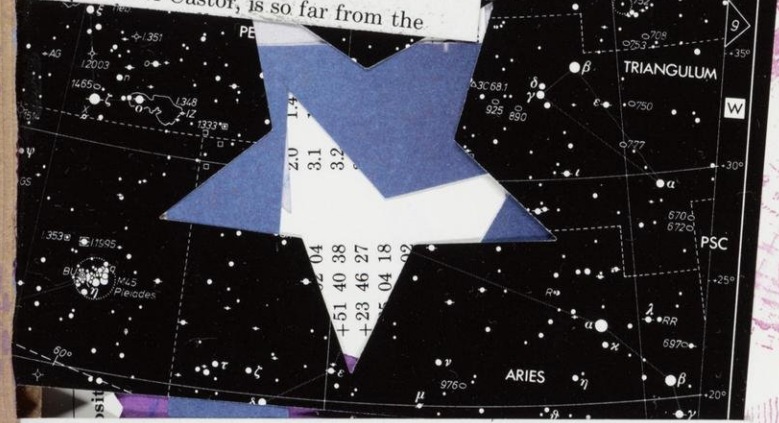
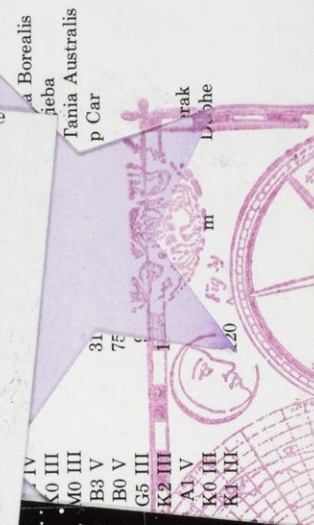


is it really
me? analytical
careful
orderly
serious
discriminating
secretive
perfectionist
precise
modest
controlled
prudent
practical

where is
creative?
cluttered?
happy?!

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Ple

... of this planetary nebula is visible
 ... (zeta) Gem, to the right of the Eskimo
 ... is one of the brightest Cepheid variables. It
 ... by more than 1/2 magnitude during its 10-day
 ... of the chart, near ... +22°, is η (eta)
 ... giant. Slightly above ... is M35 (NGC
 ... cluster, and its com ... M35
 ... diam ... NGC 2158, M35
 ... he naked ... any
 ... ulars will ... it can
 ... epiece with a ...
 ... 620 85 820 85 150 46 310 320 35
 ... 31 75 20
 ... igh power
 ... erving its
 ... 2158 is a
 ... with about 4 ... an area
 ... hough M35 ... close to
 ... 2158 is 16,000 light-year
 ... axy.
 ... out 7° north of Castor, is so far from the



... and most obvious
 ... is in Taurus. Six or seven of its stars,
 ... shape of a little dipper, are visible to the
 ... ightly show numerous faint stars (see Fig.
 ... all telescope show more than 100 stars.
 ... ection nebulae in the group and are
 ... e more luminous than the group. The
 ... otably ...
 ... in Pers ... Californ
 ... large, faint ... difficult to
 ... 48, a bright ... GC 1220, a
 ... appears in b ... patch, is at
 ... t, near γ (g ... 28, a large
 ... e naked eye ... near night ... the top

Pleiades. (Wil Tirion)



HERSHEY'S EXTRA DARK with Cranberries, Blueberries & Almonds

Z is for Zodiac
 Laura Lomieu April 2006



W R I T

S T A R

the

I M

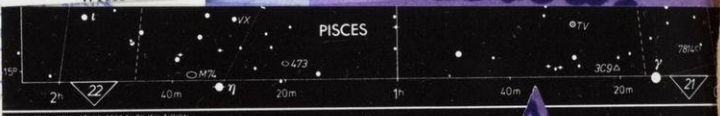


an oval nebulosity; increasing the magnification reveals more shape. Only with a large aperture might you detect some of the filamentary structure that appears in photographs (C.Pl. 1).

A spectacular open cluster, the Hyades outlines the bull's face in Taurus. It appears in the bottom right edge of the chart, near $4^h30^m + 15^\circ$. The Hyades is a much looser cluster than the Pleiades and contains many more stars. It is so large that it is not possible to see this extended cluster with low power or good binoculars. The stars are approximately 140 light-years away and are approximately 140 million years old. Their white color contrasts with the red of Aldebaran, α (alpha) Tau.

Northeast of the Hyades is the open cluster NGC 1647; it includes about 100 stars spread across an area about the size of the moon's diameter.

In Auriga, at about $5^h10^m + 18^\circ$, is Capella, α (alpha) Aur, the sixth brightest star in the sky. Near Capella, ϵ (epsilon) Aur is an eclipsing variable with a period of 27 years, one of the longest periods known. Below ϵ Aur is ζ (zeta) Aur, another eclipsing variable with a fairly long period of 92 years.



MAGNITUDES	OPEN CLUSTERS	GLOBULAR CLUSTERS	PLANETARY NEBULAE	BRIGHT DIFFUSE NEB.	DOUBLE or MULTIPLE	VARIABLE	GALAXIES	QUASAR	PULSAR	BLACK HOLE	GALAXY	ECLIPSE	GREEK ALPHABET
-1 > -0.4	>10', TO SCALE <10'	>10' 5-10'	>1' 0.5-1' <0.5'	>10', TO SCALE <10'	● ●	○ ○	>30' 20'-30' 10'						α Alpha
0 -0.4 -0.5													β Beta
1 0.6-1.5													γ Gamma
2 1.6-2.5													δ Delta
3 2.6-3.5													ϵ Epsilon
4 3.6-4.5													ζ Zeta
5 4.6-5.5													η Eta
6 5.6-6.5													θ Theta
7 6.6-7.5													ι Iota

is it a me? ane

precise modest control

re is creative

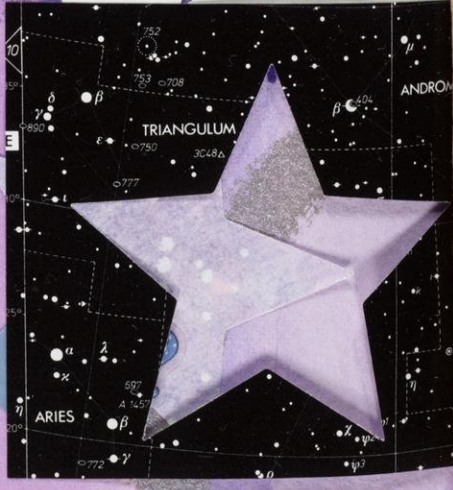
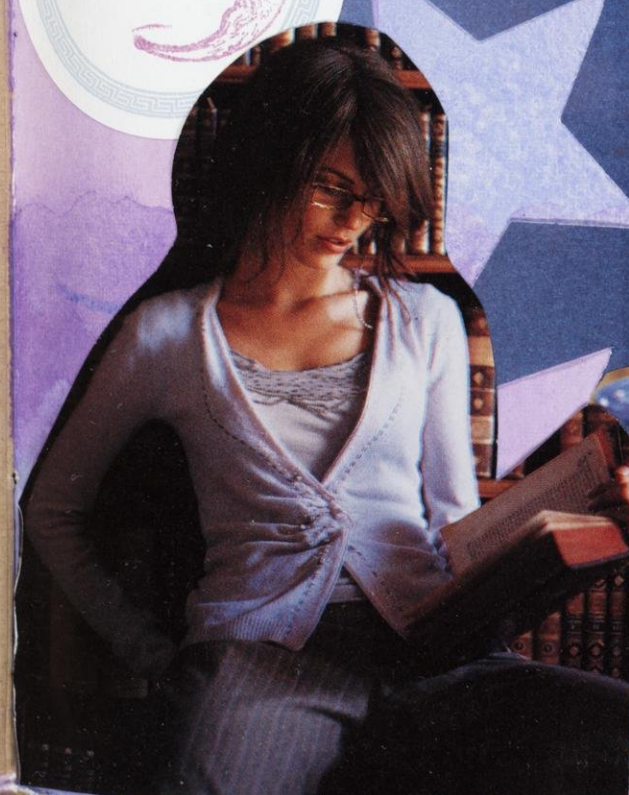


Table A-2 (contd.). The Brightest Stars to Magnitude 3.5

Name and Catalogue Numbers	Position Dec. "	Magnitude V	Spectral Type	Distance (l-y)
25 θ UMa	-8 39 31	2.0	K3	85
17 ε Leo	-57 02 04	3.1	K5	150
32 α Cyg	+51 40 38	3.2	F6 IV	46
36 ζ UMa	+23 46 27	2.0	G0 II	310
25090F	-65 04 18	2.0	A7 II	320
33 λ	+11 58 02	2.6	B7 V	85
	-70 02 16	2.0	B7 IV	230
	+23 25 02	2.6	F0 III	120
		2.4	K5 I	
			A0 III	
			M0 III	
			B3 V	31
			B0 V	75
			G5 III	
			K2 III	
			A1 V	
			K0 III	
			K1 III	20



Z is for Zodiac
 Laura Tomfofomcu
 april 2006

HERSHEY'S EXTRA DARK with Cranberries, Blueberries & Almonds



"The heavens declare the
glory of God;
the skies proclaim the
work of His hands.
Day after day, they pour
forth speech;
night after night they
display knowledge.
There is no speech or
language where their voices
are not heard.
Their voice goes out into
all the earth,
their words to the
ends of the world."

Psalm 19:1-4 NIV



A gentle answer turns
away wrath,
but a harsh word stirs
up anger.

The tongue of the wise
commends knowledge,
but the mouth of the fool
gushes folly.

Proverbs 15: 1-2 NIV



HERSHEY'S EXTRA DARK with Cranberries, Blueberries & Almonds

Le Flic 1: Permits-moi de te dire pourquoi j'ai crains à mon boulot.
Je reste dans ma voiture, attendant ~~le~~ le crime.
(Prends un beignet en son main.)

Le beignet comme ma première arrestation...
quand j'imagine la prochaine arrestation, je
deviens très passionné...
(Deviens plus et plus emotional)

J'adore mon beignet, mon petit beignet...
Tu es mon petit mauvais chou, mon beignet...

Mon petit chou, je te préfère avec du chocolat

Le néant du trou devient encore plus profond

Je recherche au fin fond la mémoire de ma première ^{arrestation} _{création}

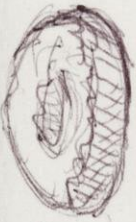
Mais en vain, beignet au chocolat je t'en pris

répond moi, où ^{est} la réponse dans ce trou si doux et _{si chaud}

Après tout, la consistance est vers l'extérieur,

Peut-être je trouverai l'origine du crime

En attendant, il me tarde de te savourer



"Non! Pas des beignets!"

... et puis, je prends mon beignet, et... je vais...
Je le tue! Je tue mon beignet!!

... C'est le moment où ma première arrestation me manque.

ODE TO CHOCOLATE

KISS FOR YOU

milk chocolate
a truffle with
wrapped around
semi-sweet,

Dove, Hershey
Ghirardelli
kisses and
dark chocolate

Fair Trade from the heavenly cacao seeds
that hang from the cacao tree
brought from Paradise by Quetzalcoatl
for the happiness and health and well-being

eat it for breakfast and lunch and for
sip it from a thin china cup
pop tiny color coated morsels at every
but never, ever resolve to give it up

share it generously, lovingly with kin and
hand it out for a Halloween treat
dream of a vat of warm bittersweet chocolate
and diving in up past your feet

unsweetened or German sweet, in chunks
cupped around peanut butter, caramel
mmmmm - even the words are tasty
heavenly liquid in which to dip berries

oh, the varieties are endless -
when we consider what next
CHOCOLATE - a sensually
makes each day of my life

hugs and
kisses

GHIRARDELLI
LIMITED EDITION
CHOCOLATE

GHIRARDELLI
LIMITED EDITION
CHOCOLATE

RÜNGLI
SUISSE DEPUIS 1845

embodies
Lindt's Master
Their selection
quality cocoa
combined with more

GODIVA
Chocolatier

A KISS FOR YOU

ENJOY LIFE'S MOMENTS

Russell Stover



Artificially
Flavored
Strawberry Candy

MOMENTS

HERSHEY'S EXTRA DARK with Cranberries, Blueberries & Almonds



Milk Chocolate

m & m's[®]

CHOCOLATE CANDIES

KING SIZE

NET WT 3.14 OZ 89g



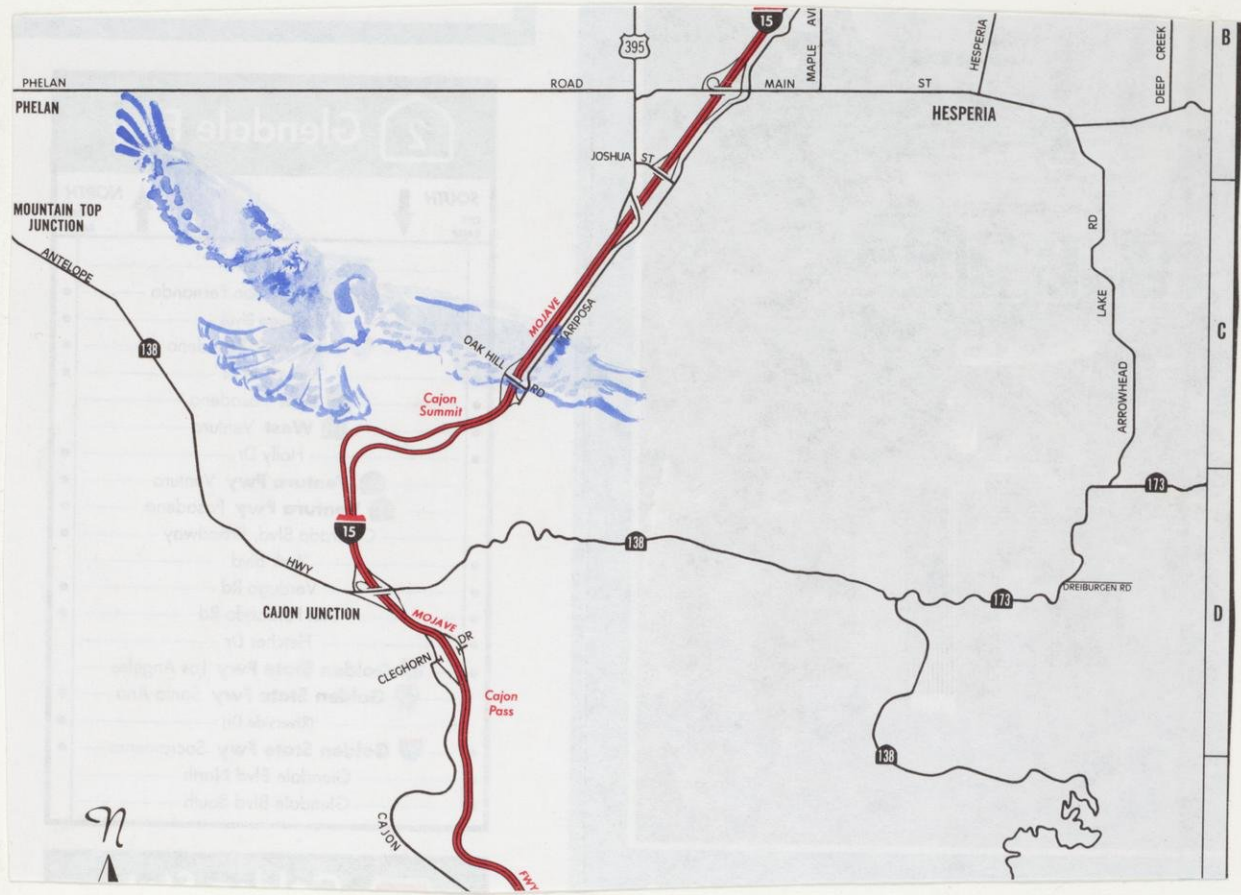
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ODE TO CHOCOLATE
KISS FOR YOU • A
milk chocolate
a truffle with
wrapped around
semi-sweet,
Dove, Hershey's
Ghirardelli
kisses and hearts
dark chocolate enveloping a
Fair Trade from the heavenly cacao seeds
that hang from the cacao tree
brought from Paradise by Quetzalcoatl
for the happiness and health and well
eat it for breakfast and lunch and
sip it from a thin china cup
pop tiny color coated morsels at every
but never, ever resolve to give it up
share it generously, lovingly with kin
hand it out for a Halloween treat
dream of a vat of warm bittersweet chocolate
and diving in up past your feet
unsweetened
GHIRARDELLI
LIMITED EDITION
CHOCOLATE
with Cranberries, Blueberries & Almonds
HERSHEY'S EXTRA DARK
MOMENTS
GODIVA
Chocolatier
A KISS FOR YOU • A KISS FOR YOU
SPRÜNGLI
CHOCOLATE
LIMITED EDITION
TIER SUISSE DEPUIS 1845
ENCE embodies
on of Lindt's Master
tifiers. Their selection
finest quality cocoa
beans, combined with more
than 150 years of



Extra fine dark chocolate with pieces of orange and almonds slivers





~ CATCH THE WIND ~

- Catch The Wind -

by

Greg F Koutnik

Still Waters Run Deep

My name is Melix Koss and I am the nephew and sole heir to the estate of my uncle, Arix Koss, who history would know as the lone survivor of the great tortoise massacre. He had killed over 30,000 souls on the moon. The fact that my uncle could have survived such total devastation without a single wound or injury, save for a temporary blindness, has remained one of the greatest mysteries of our time. For even now, sixty years afterwards, Sharon remains nothing more than a cold rock.

Still Waters Run Deep

It was upon the inheritance of his estate last I came to find an obscure journal and, with it, a small ring that had been safely locked into a strong box which was only to be opened upon my death. So it was, as I read its pages, that I came to learn of his story and the nature of his salvation. I now understand his reluctance to speak of this event over the span of his life, so fantastic is his story that I will leave it to you, the reader, to decide for yourself, if my uncle's writings are those of fiction.

It should be noted that I have taken the liberty to divide my uncle's journal into chapters only for the purpose to aid the reader's comprehension, otherwise, as written, it would have been altered.

- Catch The Wind -

My name is Nelix Kess and I am the nephew and sole heir to the estate of my uncle, Arik Kess, who history would know as the lone survivor of the great cortite mine disaster that had killed over 30,000 souls on the moon Charon. The fact that my uncle could have survived such total devastation without a single wound or injury, save for a temporary blindness, has remained one of the greatest mysteries of our time. For even now, sixty years afterwards, Charon remains nothing more than a dead rock.

It was upon the inheritance of his estate that I came to find an obscure journal and, with it, a small ring that had been safely locked into a strong box which was only to be opened upon his death. So it was, as I read its pages, that I had come to learn of his story and the method of his salvation. I now understand his reluctance to speak of this event over the span of his life, for so fantastic is his story that I will leave it to you, the reader, to decide, for yourself, if my uncle's writings are truth or fiction.

*

It should be noted that I have taken the liberty to divide my uncle's journal into subheadings, only for the purpose to aid the readers comprehension, otherwise, no written word has been altered.

The Journal Of Arik Kess

My name is Arik Kess and the purpose of this journal is to record the events that took place before and on the day of the cortite mine disaster and to establish the truth surrounding my survival. Admittedly, and up front, I want to acknowledge, without reservation, that what I testified before the commission investigating this tragedy was, indeed, false.

Yet, this was not done for any selfish reason or personal gain, but for the fact that if I were to truly state what had taken place on that terrible day, not one soul with any sense of reason, would have, for a moment, believed my story. For, even now, I find it challenging that it all could have happened as it did.

But, let it be known, that I am of sound mind and body and that my memory of this event is fresh and clear, as it is, from the time of this writing, exactly one year to the day when all things would change.

- The Cortite Mine -

To comprehend the truth of my story, it is necessary to understand what it was to live and work in the mines. For this facility lie on the frontier of the empire, where what law did exist was either ineffective or bribed. And so lawlessness had spawned every manner of corruption, to

which, I acknowledge, I did, to some extent, benefit.

The mines, themselves, were located on Charon, which is the largest moon that orbits about the planet Cephied in the Eta Carine system. The moon, itself, was a hot semi-arid place, not unlike any common desert, with a minimal atmosphere to support life. Although it was certainly not pleasant, it was like a paradise compared to the planet below, where all life had been long ago extinguished when a star had gone supernova one hundred thousand years earlier. As for the reason the moon still held a thread of life, scientists have speculated that it had been on the leeward side of the planet when the shock wave of the star had hit. Nevertheless, it still was a forsaken place save for one redeeming value.

The star that had brought such destruction to this solar system had left behind a gas cloud that stretched scarlet and purple for thousands of light years in all directions. To have seen it in its full glory was to believe in God, but as for the mines, themselves, it was as though God had never existed.

For, here, in its dimly lit caverns, filled with the riches of cortite, lie the broken lives of its inhabitants. Of course, there are always those who would benefit from such riches. Those of the cartel, itself, and those corrupt members of upper management

and their willing accomplices who freely lined their pockets with money and other worldly 'perks'.

But for most who were unskilled in their work there would be no such perks for their efforts. As anyone without a knowledgeable skill was considered expendable chattel, for in this part of the quadrant there was an inexhaustable source of cheap labor which consisted of all manner of unfortunates, including children. And so their numbers would swell to over 30,000 as the mines were so extensive that they covered ten square miles of the moons surface.

As, for myself, my job was that of a distributor of basic goods, such as food stuffs and other materials that sustained life. Needless to say, this put me in an advantageous position, for these were scarce materials in high demand and so, in turn, gave me considerable leaverage in any dealings I desired.

- Lin -

Now a job such as this required that I travel extensively throughout the mines and by nature I came into contact with all manner of people and species that had come willingly or by force. Many were unusual to say the least, but there was one, in particular, who clearly stood out from all others.

Her name was Lin and although she certainly



~LIN~

qualified as striking in appearance, with her long brown hair and slender frame, it was her eyes that fascinated me most. For they were of a bright gold color that mimicked the sun's glory in early morning. To have eyes such as these meant solely one thing, for only one race in the known galaxy held this color. It was an ancient people called the Nairiff.

Naturally, myths and legends were common about these people, as it had been established that they once held a great empire over this region, until the supernova had, in one day, destroyed all they had accomplished. As legend then tells, those who survived were scattered, but there would be more, for it was said that they, too, held a veiled power both dark and spiritual.

Still, for all this, I could not help but be taken with her. Yet to approach her was impossible, as there was an unsettling air about Lin that reflected a deep malevolence which seemed to dwell just beyond the light of her eyes. Admittedly, this did not put me off, but I did choose to keep my distance, as this, at the time, seemed the only possible course of action.

- Sen -

Now, here, I must pause a moment, to explain a basic fact of life in the mines. For as I had stated earlier, large numbers of children were

routinely used as slave labor.

The males, of whatever species, were sent into the deep shafts, not for the purpose of handling cortite, for in its raw state it would have been far too unstable for unskilled hands, but rather to help in the removal of waste tailings. Needless to say, the life expectancy of these hapless souls was not lengthy, and mercifully so.

The females, in turn, were kept on the surface where the majority carried out low level tasks throughout all sectors of the complex. Some, though, were condemned to the contamination pits required in the refining of cortite into liquid energy, of these, none would survive. Then, of course, others were used for things I would just soon not think about.

Sadly, and to my own shame, all of these children were without hope or love, for to find joy, here, in this place, would be as to catch the wind.

With this said, it was shortly after a grueling period of dust storms, where the sand seems to penetrate everything, including even the thoughts of my mind, that I had witnessed something unusual. I had been walking across an elevated causeway when, by chance, I looked down to see Lin giving a small girl a portion of her food ration. This, in itself, would not have been considered strange, for



~ SEN ~

it was really no different than feeding a stray dog. What had made this act so striking that it was Lin. In fact, she seemed to go out of her way to comfort this girl.

So out of character was this act, that I chose to stay and watch from above. Then as she bent close to whisper in the girl's ear, it quickly became clear that this relationship had been on going for some time and that it was something Lin greatly desired, for, as the distributor of foodstuffs, I knew how precious rations were. Over the next few weeks I would come to see this same act of compassion repeated and so, thinking that perhaps Lin might finally soften her hardened exterior, I could not help but smile for it. Such hope, though, would soon evaporate upon an act of violence that still haunts my dreams to this day.

I had just finished another gruesome session dealing with a long line of mind numbed bureaucrats and wishing to relieve my pounding head, I escaped my office by losing myself amongst the pipe galleries, not far from where I had seen Lin and her friend. It was here, as I let the soft sound of rushing liquid sooth my aching temples, that I heard a sudden cry as if a soul had been lost.

Stepping from the galleries I saw the section foreman standing over a small crumpled body. As he turned to leave I approached from the opposite

direction to find Lins friend lying motionless in a growing pool of blood. What made it worse, if that were possible, was that he had hit her so hard that her blood had splattered across the wall. Clearly, she had died from the blow and realizing that her death would hold no meaning to the company, I called for Disposal to have her body burned.

But it was only after I placed this call that I saw her. Never had I seen such a look of hatred and never had I seen Lins eyes turn such a dark color, for the gold that made them so beautiful had now turned jet black. For a moment, I expected her to approach, but to my surprise she, instead, turned to follow the foreman.

So, with Lin having left, I again turned my attention to the girl. Kneeling close beside her I gently placed my hand upon her head, when there came from her throat the softest murmur. Astonished that she could still be alive, I quickly checked for a pulse and finding just the faintest beat, I hit the medical alert button on my communicator. Then having done my best to stop the bleeding I waited.

Not surprisingly, I received the berating of my life upon the arrival of the medics, for no slave in this condition was worth their efforts, but having offered them access to certain food stocks, such as one inch thick steaks meant only for the

upper echelon, eventually made their efforts worthwhile. Of course, no amount of bribery could have her brought to the infirmary, so I had her placed in my quarters, where having done all that was medically possible, I simply chose to sit beside her.

Looking back, now, at this moment, I understand how an act of kindness can change the course of a persons life, even to the point where one is reborn. For if I had not attempted to save this one life, I would have certainly perished.

So it was, as I listened to her shallow breathing, that I reflected upon my own life and those around me. For, in a way, how had I been any different from the foreman, not that I had ever physically harmed a child, but I knew well of their treatment at the mines. Of the unspeakable cruelty to the defenseless who were seen as no more than an expendable asset. The proof of this now lie before me, because I knew the reason she had been so savagely struck down. I saw the extra food rations scattered beside her. Clearly it had been Lin who had given her these rations out of kindness and because of this simple act of compassion this helpless child now lay dying before me.

So taking her hand in these final moments I

simply chose to look upon her slight frame and delicate features. For she was a small girl, most likely human, of no more than ten years of age with light brown hair that had been pulled back into a pony tail and as I thought of her I could only imagine what her fragile body must have endured during her short life, as she was not without scars. Shamed by this, I kept my quiet vigil through the night.

*

To my surprise, though, the following morning, she continued to cling tenaciously to life, as if there were some unseen force driving her to live. Although, I knew it to be hopeless, I could not help but be proud of her, for to see such spirit affirmed her right to live.

Then having remembered to notify my assistant that I would not be at work, I thought again of Lin and whether I should let her know that her friend still lived. On the one hand, it seemed the right thing to do, but on the other hand, it would have been cruel to have Lin bear witness to the death of her friend once again. So, upon reflection, I kept my secret to myself.

*

The end would come as the great scarlet gas clouds had unveiled their eternal glory across the night sky. For now the girls breathing had become erratic and wishing to bring a peace, I

dimmed the lights to allow the heavens majesty to radiate softly through the skylights above. But, sometimes, when fate seems to triumph over our will, there comes a sudden dawn, and that dawn could be seen in Lins golden eyes.

Startled, by her sudden presence, I drew back being unsure of her intentions, but it soon became clear that her purpose was only to give comfort. Yet, what would come to follow would change my life. For having moved close to her dying friend, Lin ran her finger tips gently across her wounds, where, in the dimness of the evening, I could detect just the faintest glimmer of light beneath each outstretched finger. With this gentle carress finished, Lin fell back as if her own life were now in peril. Holding tight to her, there appeared before my eyes, from beneath her skin, the same glimmer of silver light which mimicked exactly the pattern of wounds upon the child's body. Then looking to the girl, I saw her own wounds brighten, until both would cry out in agony as the light gradually faded.

For a long while there was only a silence, as, spiritually, Lin and her friend slowly began to separate. With this complete, Lin had regained her senses and, although, still groggy she placed her hand over the girl's heart as if to verify that she was truly well.

As, for myself, I was dazed by what I had seen,

but it was then, as Lin cradled her friend, that I realized that the malevolence I had once thought within her, was, in fact, a deep wound. And so it had been this terrible wound that had hardened her exterior—that made her so cold, but, within, she clearly had not succumbed to its pain. For as she held the girl close, it seemed that Lin was embracing herself, as if, through this one child, she could only be healed.

*

With the girl now resting quietly within a deep sleep, Lin turned her golden eyes to me, so that she might thank me for having rescued what was at the heart of her life. Then pausing a moment, she said, in a small voice, that the child's name was Sen, a name she had given her, for, to the company, she was only known as number 526, which was tattooed on her forearm. The name, she explained, meant 'golden light' in her native tongue.

But, as for me, my questions were of what had just happened and how she knew Sen was even, here, in this place. Lin, though, chose not to answer, save that I not reveal what I had seen, because if these events were to become known, she might lose Sen to those who would exploit her.

In retrospect, by agreeing to this, I had again saved my life, for at the time of this conversation,

the foreman who had struck Sen nearly dead, was, himself, found dead. It was said that he had died of a massive coronary, but if I had been the one to determine the cause of death, I would have listed Lin.

Of course, I allowed Lin to stay through the night as Sen's guardian, since I could not know if Sen might need further attention and, in any event, I knew, instinctively, that Lin would never leave her side in this condition.

Now, some might question as to why I never pursued these events. It must be understood that at the mines, to probe into anyone's personal life was always hazardous and in this case, even more so. Then there was Lin's personality which had never been inviting. To think, now, that this would change was not realistic. Finally, I had seen a lot of strange things at the mines, over the years, from many different species, but nothing like this, and it stood to reason, that if Lin could heal tissue, she certainly could destroy tissue, as I later suspected had already happened.

*

The next morning broke clear with the sun's light gently touching Sen's eyes and as she awoke Lin graced her with a broad smile. To see this was

warming and only added to the mystery that was Lin. I could only wonder what event in her past had been so damaging that she could only relate to this one child, but what ever it was, I was glad she could be apart of Sen.

As for Sen, herself, mercifully, she held no memory of being struck and although hungry, she seemed fine, if not a little curious about her new surroundings.

To be honest, I never paid any attention to people like Sen. She certainly would not have held any importance to me, because, to be blunt, her status was no more than that of a dog. But as I looked at her with new eyes, I saw something worthwhile, for she, among all of us, had the ability to love Lin, to give her purpose and someone to care for. It was these simple things that gave her status, for to Lin there was nothing more valuable.

With Sen now well fed, Lin had explained why she was in my quarters and, although, only some of it was true, Sen seemed to except it at face value. Still, there could be problems, as she had been missing for nearly two days, but Lin was clever and I was confident she could cover for Sen. This confidence would soon be tested, as there sounded from all around us the shrill pitch of the shift whistle. So with its voice forcing Lin to leave,

she, with tears welling up in her eyes, thanked me for all that I had done.

I suppose, in a way, that might not have seemed like much, with all that had happened, but Lin, through Sen, had given me far more than she could know.

- Lights Of Gold -

Over the next few days, I found it increasingly difficult to concentrate on anything but Lin and Sen. But it was mostly Sen that dominated my thoughts, for she was extremely vulnerable without Lin at her side. Dwelling on this, it occurred to me that the head of labor resources owed me a favor for my having gotten him out of a tight spot some months earlier (he gambled). So calling in this favor I had number 526 permanently assigned to Lins department.

Now, it must be understood, that I could not attach Sen directly to Lin, but with Lins department being mostly female, there was a chance that Sen may be adopted, much as a mascot, as this had been done in some cases. Nevertheless, she would now be in close proximity to Lin, where, as before, the two could only manage sporadic contact.

Of course, I made no mention of this to Lin or Sen, just knowing that they were together was reward enough. But, it was still, nonetheless, pleasing to

find a small ring wrapped in an unsigned note of thanks beneath my door. I knew this to be from Lin, because I had seen this same ring upon her little finger when she had healed Sen. Although, how she had come to know that I had been the one to transfer Sen is not clear, I was quite happy she had demonstrated such a good sense of perception.

*

Long months had past from this time and since I had always made it a point to visit Lins department, whenever possible, I gradually had gained the trust of Sen, who I frequently gave small treats. Lin, on the other hand, was still quite reserved, but, in her way, she had become more open in my presence, as now she always smiled upon the sight of me. Of course, some might think that such a small thing as this would hold little meaning, yet for me, it had meant everything, as clearly there was a growing warmth within. And this warmth would soon come to flourish.

It began with Sen knocking on my door. Surprised to see her, I freely invited her into my quarters. Then as I refreshed her with a snack, she asked me, in a rather bold voice, to accompany her to the unused storage facility that stood across from the pipe galleries. Intrigued by this request, I asked her why I should do this. But Sen would only say that she wanted to show me something wonderful

and noting that she could hardly contain her excitement, I gave into her demand.

When we arrived the mystery deepened, as Sen asked that I remain in the shadows behind a far support column. With this, I firmly demanded to know what she was up to. But, holding her ground, Sen only repeated that I remain silent, so Lin would not know that I was here. Needless to say, she now had my complete attention, so as Sen promised to return in about fifteen minutes, I simply stood where I was.

It is important, at this point, to describe what this building was like. For it was an immense structure being three stories tall and at least 150 feet long and 60 feet wide. Then along its walls there were large steel columns that arched gracefully to the roof which held long rows of skylights that allowed the evening light to filter through, as if this place were a cathedral.

It was under these conditions that Lin and Sen had entered. Now, with great interest, I watched in silence as Lin stood directly beneath the soft flow of the evenings last light and with Sen doing the same, about twenty feet in front of her, Lin began, in a gentle voice, to sing. Surprised, I listened to her voice softly grow, until it seemed as if the

heavens, themselves, had opened to her. But, more than this, there had come from all about her, a glittering swarm of white light, much like that of fireflies.

Caught within this spell, I could only watch in reverence, as every space filled with its glory. Yet all of this would pale upon Lin having finished her song. For, at that moment, Sen had run towards her with arms outstretched and upon embracing Lin, the lights coursing about me became a bright gold, not unlike Lins eyes. To have experienced this was as to touch Lins soul, as never had I felt such an unconditional love and it made me wonder what Lin might have been if she could only escape her wound.

*

There would be many more times that I would find myself immersed within the warmth of Lins love and with every experience there came a new sense that something even more wonderful was about to happen, but what it would be, I did not know. As for now, though, I simply took joy in the happiness of Lin and Sen.

- Death And Transfiguration -

Sometimes a deep wound can be healed through cauterization and, for Lin, this is how she would, at last, be set free.

The day had begun as any other, with the desert

sky clear and bright in giving us its warmth and so it would remain throughout the morning, as I had made a series of inspections at each distribution point. Of course, I intentionally diverted my route so as to meet with Lin and Sen. It was good to see them, but especially to see Lin.

She had come to change so much in the past few weeks, for where there had once only been a sullen figure, withdrawn from the world, there now stood a person finding her way back to her heart. To have this happen in a place such as this, with all its hopelessness, truly warmed my spirit and I could not help but think that one small child had made it possible.

Then with a playful wink from Sen (her signal that Lin would again sing in their secret place) I left them to their duties for the last time.

*

The day, then, would pass uneventfully, until I found myself, once again, standing alone in the deepening shadows of Lin and Sen's cathedral.

At this time I want to make it plain, that, although, I had never revealed myself up to this point, my intent was never to intrude on Lin's privacy. It was true, that I did in, somehow, feel a sense of guilt, but to have experienced the love that Lin held for Sen was to be overwhelmed, not

unlike that of an addiction. So I simply kept my silence, although, upon reflection, I think that Lin had always known I was there and that she did not mind sharing her heart from a distance.

It was not long, afterward, that Lin and Sen took their respective positions beneath the evenings scarlet light that drifted softly as a mist from above and as Lin had done before, she would begin her song as the shimmering lights once again embraced us. To be caught up in it was to experience the loneliness Lin had once known, as this song was especially poignant in its lyric. For it told of two lost souls who had found each other, only to be brought apart again. Then upon its finish the lights, as in the past, took the color of Lins eyes.

It saddens me to think that so many lives would end with this song, for it was then that death came. It started as a deep rumbling from far beneath the surface and knowing what it was, I revealed myself to Lin. Then with alarms sounding our coming doom, I looked to Lins eyes, where I found only peace, as if she had known this moment was to be. And this peace would be reflected upon Sen, in Lin holding her close, as all about us turned to vapor in a flash.

But it was in that instant of death that I saw it. For there had come from the center of Lins heart, a light so intense that it consumed all before it, as it took me to a world of shining cities and rolling hills. Here, I found Lin amongst her people with Sen at her side, as all about them bloomed with new life. And it was upon the sight of them, that I realized that Lin had returned to the planet below, to the time before the star had taken its life. Smiling for it, I felt their joy, as they receded into a world of golden light.

As for, myself, I was eventually rescued on the far side of the moon. What had exactly happened to place me there I can not say, but in the few days that I languished on the moons surface I felt an energy about me that kept me well and safe. Of course, over time, after my vision had returned, I learned of the true extent of the disaster and the loss of life.

Still, I think about the mines and Lin and Sen and all that had happened, and sometimes, even to me, it all seems fanciful, save for one truth. I still possess the ring that Lin gave me. Therefore, as God is my witness, I state that all I have written is true, so that one day I should come to be with Lin and Sen in their world of golden light, where I, too, might catch the wind.

-

(88888888)

If don't know me,
but maybe someday
you will.

If you see a hand like this one ↓....



What does this tell you?

... you're on the right track ...

① Hearing The call

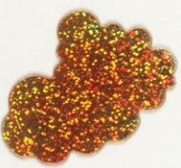
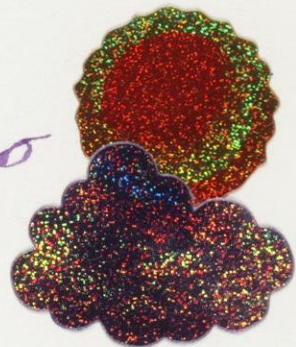


It had been exalted
But now it was benighted
Now nothing but a
Lachadaisical heper of
Rancor.

For shame.

If it had only listened
To that calling long ago

Things would not be
As they are now.
But would it listen?



No.
Undefined & strong in resolution
it did as it willed

And so the call faded
A dusty & misty thought

Now old & almost impossible to hear
I felt jaded, cheated & wronged
And it was all the call's fault... of ~~course~~

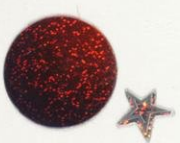
And so it sits as the heper of the door.
Once exalted but now benighted.

A lachadaisical heper of rancor.

To pass it, you must be strong
You must ~~hear~~ the call

Or become like it... Jaded & wronged.

P. epic
2.28.05





5-25-06

flowers - Barry Dmytro

What do you like to do alone?

I love to read, print and paint on paper. I like to create books like this one. I want to make more. This seems like such a gift to create, to share, to learn, to observe, to explore to be.

-READ, LISTEN TO TALK RADIO

SEW; create art; Listen to instrumental music; work on crossword puzzles; read while enjoying a good cup of coffee; daydream; bird watch; arrange flowers

- Lay down next to my cats and talk, tend to my flowers and listen to jazz!

I like to read, to drum, to draw, to listen to music, to do yoga, to walk on the prairie, to take naps, to satisfy my curiosity about all sorts of things via Google, to sing along with gospel & folk & hip hop & rock music, to listen to the radio, to lie in bed & let my mind wander, to sit & meditate or sit & chant, to dance alone in the kitchen, to look at the stars & the moon on clear nights, to walk on beaches when I can get to them - I'm never really alone, never really lonely - the Divine is always with me, though sometimes I forget...

What do you like to do with family?

Make + share meals together. Hear and share stories, learn family history - about myself, to better understand.

Take walks; vacations to the mountains; play boardgames; sit quietly and watch the night sky; enjoy popcorn and a good movie; stroll through shops and art galleries; go to a great restaurant; flip through photo albums and yearbooks; laugh about childhood memories



I do very little w/ them. They like to "scape goat" me and project their problems on me.

I walk with them, cook for & with them, have long check-in conversations, do housework at the same time, share meals, share music I've discovered - sit and draw with the grandchildren - work in the yard & the garden - go to movies or watch them on TV - go out to eat at "ethnic" restaurants, worship with them in silent worship, go on vacation to Door Co., go sledding in winter, play with toys with the grandchildren, walk with or rock or sing to the new granddaughter..

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I DIDN'T KNOW
WAS GETTING IN
APPLIED AT A
LAB @ UW IN
A PRE-MED +
UNDERGRAD
TO GAIN
BY GETTING
AFTER ALL,
RESEARCH
GOOD ON AN APPLICATION TO VET SCHOOL (+ MEDICAL SCHOOL).

WHAT I
TO WHEN I
PRIMATE
1999. I WAS
MED-MICRO
LOOKING
EXPERIENCE
A "LAB" JOB.
ANIMAL
JOBS LOOK

I LEARNED A LOT AT
THE LAB - HOW TO DO BLOOD DRAWS, INJECTIONS, TREAT SICK MONKEYS, COLLECT
BEHAVIORAL + COGNITIVE DATA, UNFORTUNATELY. WE USED A LOT OF STRESSFUL
TECHNIQUES TO GET THE MONKEYS TO COMPLY WITH OUR "RESEARCH DEMANDS".
WE USED POLES, NETS + GLOVES TO GET MONKEYS OUT OF THEIR CAGES (IF THEY WOULDN'T
ENTER ^{TRANSPORTS} WILLINGLY). WE ALSO USED A RESTRAINT APPARATUS TO DRAW BLOOD, EXAMINE THE
MONKEYS OR GIVE SHOTS. I THOUGHT THESE TECHNIQUES I LEARNED WAS THE
WAY THE LAB WORKED - I DID THE PROCEDURES FOR 4.5 YEARS. I WORKED W/ 97 RHEBUS
MONKEYS. I GREW CLOSE TO ALL OF THEM. I SOON DISCOVERED, AFTER READING THE
CURRENT LITERATURE, THAT MONKEYS COULD BE TRAINED TO COOPERATE DURING
PROCEDURES. I STARTED WORKING EXTRA HOURS TO TRAIN THE MONKEYS. SADLY
OTHER MEMBERS OF THE LABORATORY DID NOT SHARE MY ENTHUSIASM + THOUGHT
I WAS BEING TOO SENSITIVE. ADDED TO THAT I STARTED TO NOT BELIEVE IN THE
BEHAVIORAL STUDIES + COGNITIVE TESTS WE WERE PERFORMING, B/C MANY OF
THE MONKEYS DISPLAYED VARIOUS FORMS OF ABNORMAL BEHAVIORS SUCH AS SELF-
BITING, PLUCKING + EATING FUR, ROCKING, BACK-FLIPPING, FINGER-BITING +
PACING. I FELT THEY DISPLAYED THESE BEHAVIORS B/C THEY LIVED IN A
SPECIES-INADEQUATE ENVIRONMENT. I SOON BECAME MORE CONCERNED W/ THEIR

WELFARE. I FINALLY RESIGNED, BECAUSE I NO LONGER BELIEVED IN WHAT I DID - AND

MONKEY

I COULD NO LONGER IMPROVE THE MONKEYS' WELFARE DUE TO HISTORICAL MENTALITY. WHILE IN THE LAB, I NOTICED MONKEYS WERE NOT GETTING RETIRED, EVEN THOUGH THERE WERE ~3000 AT THE UW + 50,000 USED ACROSS THE U.S. I MISS MY MONKEYS EVERY DAY. THEY MOTIVATED ME TO DEVELOP A NONPROFIT SANCTUARY, SO HOPEFULLY WE CAN GIVE BACK TO THE FORGOTTEN MONKEYS SOMEDAY.

DREAMS

DO THE UPRIGHT THING: SUPPORT PRIMATE RETIREMENT.

primates
incorporated

primatesinc.com
Please help us raise funds to help the monkeys by attending this important event.

*If you would like to donate an item (preferably primate-related) for our silent auction or raffle, please contact the president, Amy Kerwin at: amy@primatesinc.com for more details.
a silent auction of artwork and merchandise donated by local artists and businesses.

That's me
Primates Incorporated, a nonprofit organization, is asking the community to help with its mission: To provide lifetime care to primates coming from research facilities, zoos, private ownerships, and the entertainment industry. Primates Incorporated recently acquired land in southern Wisconsin, but needs to raise money for the construction of this much needed sanctuary.

SUGGESTED DONATION: \$5

LADIES MUST SWING AND ONCKEN JAZZ EXPRESSION

LIVE MUSIC BY

(514 East Wilson, Madison, Wisconsin 53703 / Phone: 608.255.4674 / parking in rear)

the **Essen Ennis**

SUNDAY, JULY 23 / 4:30-8PM

PENSIONS\$ FOR PRIMATES.

a silent auction and raffle for primates incorporated

Amy Kerwin

Do the "upright" thing: support primate retirement!

primates
incorporated

World monkeys that are retired from the entertainment industry, research facilities, zoos, and private ownerships.

At least 75% of the funds raised from the events will go toward constructing a naturalistic indoor/outdoor primate sanctuary in southern Wisconsin. It will provide a permanent home to Old and New World monkeys that are retired from the entertainment industry, research facilities, zoos, and private ownerships.

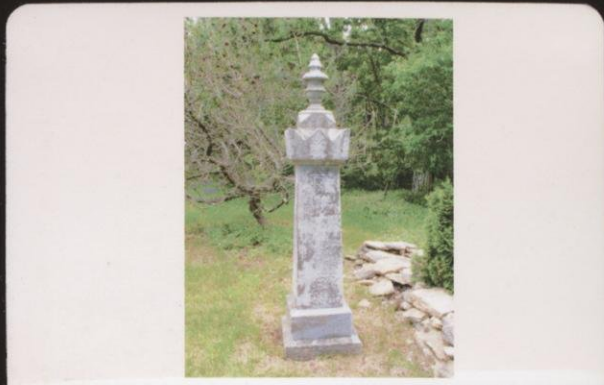
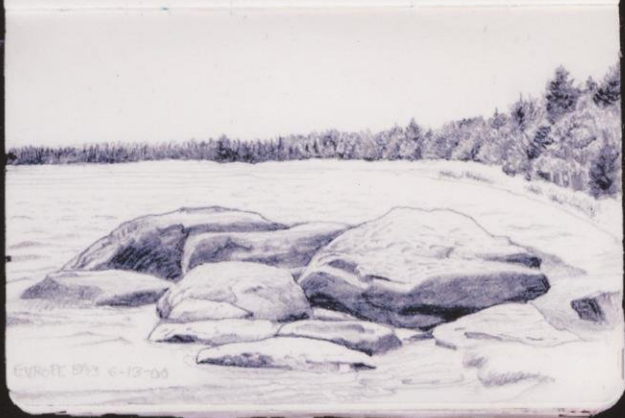
Ladies Must Swing & Oncken Jazz Expression
Appetizers, raffle, and silent auction
\$5 suggested donation

Live entertainment by:
Sunday, July 23rd - 4:30pm-8:00pm
Essen Ennis

Saturday & Sunday, June 24th & 25th
1:00pm & 3:00pm Showings - \$5.50 adults, \$5 kids
"MABAASCAR"
Orpheum Theatre

Support primate retirement by attending these important events!

PENSIONS\$ FOR PRIMATES
primatesinc.com



"Who has not found the heaven below
will fail of it above.
God's residence is next to mine
His furniture is love."
- Emily Dickinson

Lester Doré
www.wanderoo.net
October 18 2006



"Music is prophecy, its style & economic organization are ahead of the rest of society. It makes audible the new world that will gradually become visible." - Jacques Attali

"That ain't sweat. That's holy water." - Little Richard



ORANGE BOY

1998-2006

"The one, the only"

-mg Westerveld

Twenty-Ninth Poem for Alison

By Jim Danky

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

BOOKS

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

And Zines

Calligraphy by Kayla Carlson

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.

9/29/25

Alfred Turner

