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

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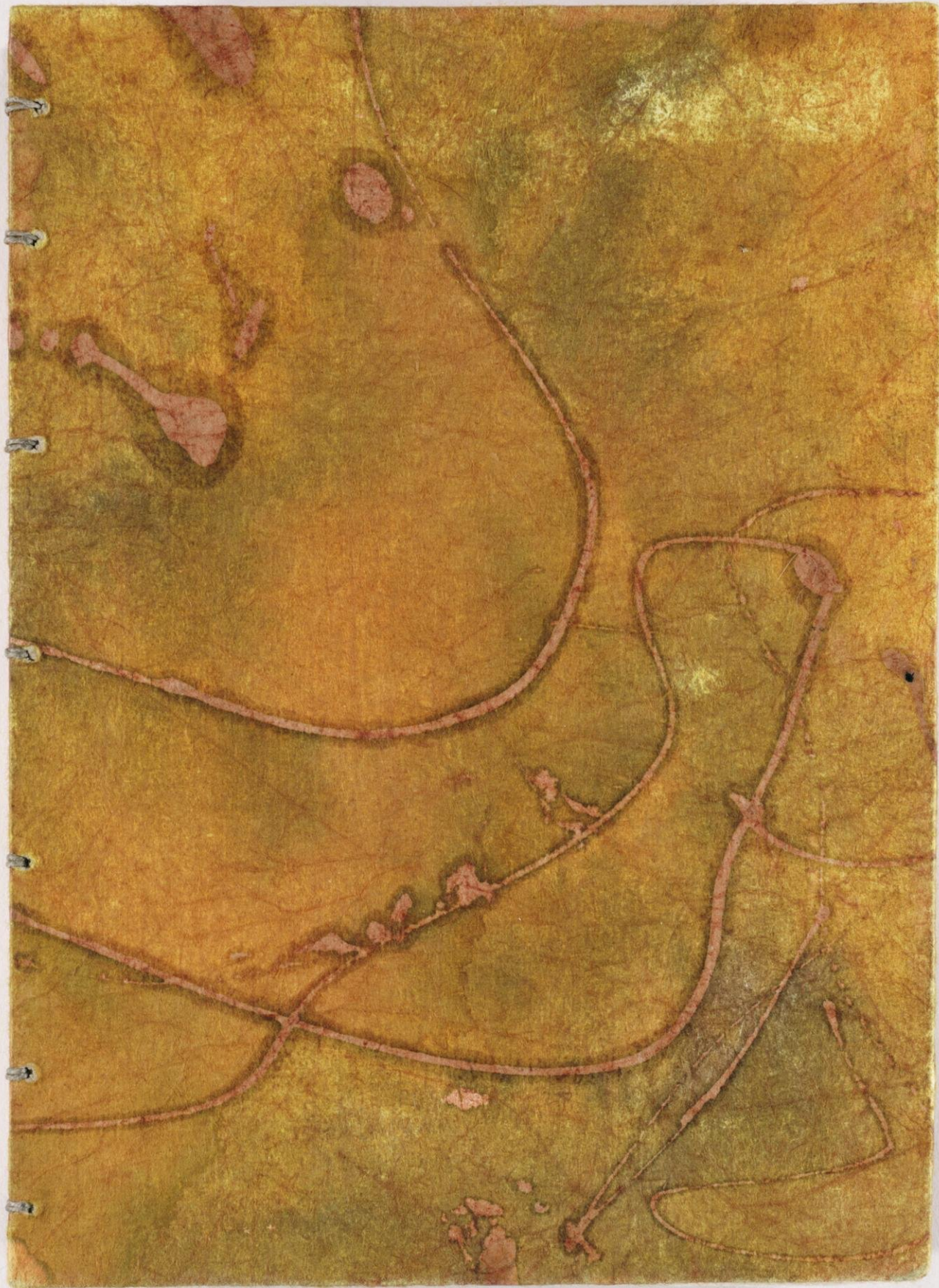
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The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.





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.valleyridgearstudio.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!

The Disaster

By: Hollie
Blum

"No, Mom, I haven't seen them!" yelled 12-year-old Suzy Bucknell. "What are you looking for, dear?" shouted Mr. Bucknell while doing his tie for work. "The twins!" gasped Mrs. Bucknell. "Torie and Tiffanie!" (who were both 3 years) "Weren't they just in bed?" shouted Mr. Bucknell. "They were but I took them out because they were crying!" she shouted back. Well, that's what my house is like every morning. 'Where is this? Where is that?' And I also have 2 very annoying brothers. Dylan, who is younger, is 7, and Matt, who is older, is 14. So what's this all about? Where are the twins? I know! I put them in a closet when I noticed they were sleeping again. Well, reader, that's my life. Better go tell mom and dad now before they freak out. (like they haven't already!). See ya!

"Hey Mom," "Yes, dear?" "Is there any mail for me?" I asked hopefully. A couple weeks ago, I had entered a contest in winning a cruise with your family and 3 friends for writing a song about a brother. "Yes actually. One from LeeAnn and another from.... The Best Song Tower?" she asked curiously. LeeAnn was my best friend in the world. If I won, she would defiantly be my first choice. "Uhh... I'll just take those up to my room..." I said snatching away the letters. I held my breath as my mom shrugged and turned the corner. "Phew!" I sighed a breath of relief. I tore open the letter and looked inside inside. Tucked inside was a golden letter wrapped in silver lining. I had won! "Yes!" I shouted not-so-secretly. But there was a pass for up to 7 family members and... 2 EXTRA FRIEND TICKETS! I had promised 3 friends I would

take them if I won! This was disaster! I would have to decide out of, LeeAnn, Britt, (short for Brittany) and Karen. My 3 best friends in the world. Could a silly cruise ruin one of the friendships with my friends? Could it ruin all of ours?

Meanwhile, my stupid brother Dylan, and his friends were upstairs playing video games. Or so I thought. I was just painting my toenails a shocking shade of red, when my annoying little brother, and 4 of his so called "friends," rushed in. "Hey-Hey-Hey!" he shouted. "It's Fat Albert!" He and his friends laughed hysterically at the joke. And while he was doing a little dance on the rug that held my nailpolish, he bumped the bottle, and it went soaring across the room and landed bottle down on my foot. "Ahh!" I screamed. "Get back here butthead!" I yelled

as he was running out of the room. His friends cleared the way for him, and I bumped into Tyler. "Move over butthead I said. "I got me a pig to catch!" They soon cleared the way. As I was chasing him down the hallway, he shouted over his shoulder, "Remember that day we went to the beach, and a whale came up to you and said, 'We are family! Even though your bigger than me!' Ha-Ha!" He laughed at his own joke. I could hear his friends laughing back in my room. As I finally succeeded in tackling him, he said, "You're so dumb, that you were walking down the street with me when a bus went past, and you said, "Stop that Twinkie! Ha-Ha!" That made me even more mad at him. So I opened my mouth, and in popped a bar of soap. "Ah-Ah-Ah!" said Mrs. Bucknell. I looked over

at Dylan who was laughing uncontrollably. That is, until my mom stuffed a bar of soap in his mouth too. I said, "Now, let's see who has the last laugh." But when it came out, it sounded like, "Ow, et's ee oo as da las gho."

After we had our punishment, I went back into my room, locked the door, and started pacing. Well one thing was for sure: LeeAnn was coming no matter what. What about Britt and Karen though? And this popular girl was bribing me to let her go. Karen is bribing too. But Britt just hangs back and does nothing. Other kids in the hall are ignoring me, and others are bribing. Like for instance, I have gotten invited to 3 parties I don't even know who are hosting them. This girl whose dad works at a toy store and mom who works at a chocolate factory,

is offering me different toys and brands of chocolate every day. I sick of it. I'm thinking, and I'm running out of time. Help me!

A few days later, 3 days before the cruise ship takes off for Hawaii, I still haven't made my decision. The bribing goes on even more now, and even the boys are doing it. I'm feeling peer pressure, and I don't like it. With 3 days left, 1 ticket to give, and many people who want it, makes it a VERY, VERY, VERY hard decision. Come back with me to one of my very depressing classes.

"So, Suzy," said the popular girl named Sara Lefnore. "How are things doing? Did you decide who take with you on the cruise?" She gave me one of her wicked smiles. "Someone like me perhaps?" I looked down at my shoes. Come to

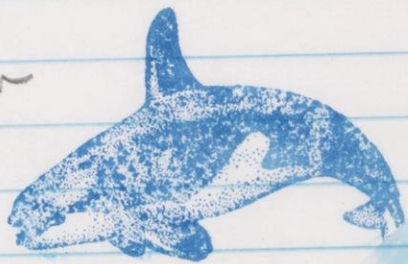
think of it, I hadn't really thought about who to take on the cruise. Anyway, it was the middle of November, and every one wanted to get away from school. I told Sara, "Well, LeeAnn is coming. But I don't know anyone else really." "What about the other ticket?" Carly Samson said. "The other ticket?" I asked. "What about it?" "Well who are you giving it to?" "I bet it's me." said Sara "No, I bet it's me." said Carly "No, it's me." said Karen. I glanced over at Britt who was sitting in a corner, shaking her head. "I have decided." I said confidently. "I choose Britt. Will you, Britt?" I looked over at Britt who had broken into a teasing smile. "Of course!" shouted Britt. "Why would I?" I really didn't know how to answer this question. I looked over at Sara, Carly, and Karen. Sara cursed at me,

and then burst out crying, then ran from the room. Carly gave me a dirty look, tossed her hair and then stormed out of the room. Karen, who had turned on Suzy, said, "That's a lot! Now you made Sara cry! Our friendship is over!" And with a toss of her head, she stalked out of the room. At least that would have happened if Britt wouldn't have stood in the doorway. "What is the matter with you people who 'worship' Sara?" asked Britt. "Nothing is with 'us people' who 'worship' Sara. Now get out of my way." "I don't think so," said LeeAnn suddenly appearing out of nowhere. "LeeAnn, LeeAnn. Don't think I'm still your friend." "Tuh! Even if you still wanted to be friends, I wouldn't be yours." Karen glanced around the room. "You can let her go now, Britt." She rushed out of the room yelling, "Sara!"

Well, the cruise was fun enough. After that Britt, LeAnn, and I have been hanging out without Karen now. I like it better that way.

Thanks for reading, 'The Disaster'. I wrote this story based on what might happen to someone later on in life if it hasn't already. I have always dreamed of writing a children's story. When I wrote this story, I was only 10-11 age. It comes to show if you put all you got into one thing, dreams can come true. I hope you had fun reading 'The Disaster' as much as I had fun writing it. Thanks for reading.

Hollie Blum







WILD
WOOD

COPY



If you believe enough in something you can make it real in the one place it matters, your mind!

CJM



Everyone



Cam

"AUGUSTS"

I been staring at you for awhile now,
waiting for you to look up and smile
or at least just glance my way.

Sorrow behind my sunglasses,
out of secrets again, I lean against the car
and wait for you to share yours.

The silence draws on,
an eternity I never wanted to know again.

Please don't hold my fears against me,
the skeletons in my closet loom behind
and remind me not to flinch or smile.

Fireworks once, now just tears
on concrete, cracked
like I think my heart must be
from all the wear.

I try to find the solace,
but shadows have fallen, too dense to see.

I would reach out my hand except
you wouldn't notice, and then I'd know
for sure
that I am alone.

AJBC
2006



A WARNING ABOUT SUMMER



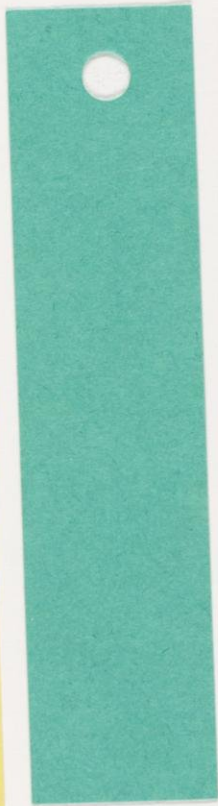
XO/BC '06

I don't know **WHAT** I feel.



All I know is that this disease won't
loosen it's grip. All around me, darkness.

Inside me - hope. And love. Tears. Trapped.



one of
a kind

uncommon

original

authentic

genuine

charming

wild child

non-conformist

I'VE HAD THE SAME GOAL
EVER SINCE I WAS
A LITTLE GIRL. I WANT TO

*Rule the
World*

-Madonna

run proud

WILD CHILD



remember who you are

i am just too much -bette davis

there has never been another YOU

ECCENTRIC IN TRAINING

discriminating

ADVENTURES

out on a *Limb*

Kathryn Mallicks Limb · Nov. 2006

comó explicar a mi querido sobre cosas del pasado comó decirle que un hombre que nunca le ~~ame~~ amé que quería amar pero no podría que nunca me quería la parte más peor es que mi amor conoce este hombre eran amigos pueden ser amigos todavía si no existía... deseo a veces deseo que pueda hablar con el hombre perdido quiero decirle no habla con mi hermanita en restaurantes sobre mi no piensa en mi... él nunca debe esperar a verme no sabe sobre tantas cosas que ocurrieron aunque estaba allí porque quiere hablar conmigo cuando no quiero pensar que vive no es justo que vivamos las mismas vidas por unos años y no vivamos los mismos eventos ahorita quiero decirle sobre mi querido y que estoy alegre y nunca estaba creyendo de esto con él... no sé si es la verdad creo que en el pasado dudaba todos - la importancia de la vida, que el amor ~~exige~~ no se extingue mucho más - ahorita no tengo los juegos dudar amor o la vida o creer en los dios. es más fácil no

Creer sobre los dios. respecto las personas
que pueden dar los mismos a una cosa
que no ~~pu~~ puede tomar en el mano
y torcer mucho. por supuesto ellos
creen que tienen almas. no es una
parte de mi.

hombre perdido debe quedarse perdido
entonces no voy a recordar los millones
de memorias con él. nos ~~stuntamos~~
en un cuadro en la casa de mis madres
y sus ojos oscuros buscan mi alma, o
mi corazón-no sé, no le doy... andamos
juntos en la noche alrededor los cuadros
cerca de mi casa... me quita pero no
dile y él trata hablar con mi otra vez
y otra vez... corro lejos de él entonces
nunca nos encontramos pero necesito
mi familia... duermo bajo de un árbol
y esperame me... siempre espera me y
nunca quiero llegar... más cosas que
puedo o quiero recordar... es mi eno-
jado ~~son~~ mis dolores es mi pasado
negro porque me importa yo porque
quiero matarle yo porque le cae bien
y ~~al~~ ^{la} misma ~~vez~~ ~~vez~~ odio a él.
no puedo retener estos pensamientos
a la casa que mi enamorada y yo

viven en juntos. no puede leer español
y yo no me siento correcto es falso a
el retener las memorias del ~~hombre~~ niño
perdido no le pierdo kdi o alguien quiere
a el. sabe esto entonces no debe hablar
con mi hermanita nunca es demasiado
confundido no me faltan los chicos de
mi pasado solamente me faltan la edad
de estos años no quiero regresar quiero
~~ser tanto~~ tener tanta pasion como
tenia cuando tenia quince años.
Era muy valorosa estos dias. no pienso
que soy la misma chica ahora. deseo

↓

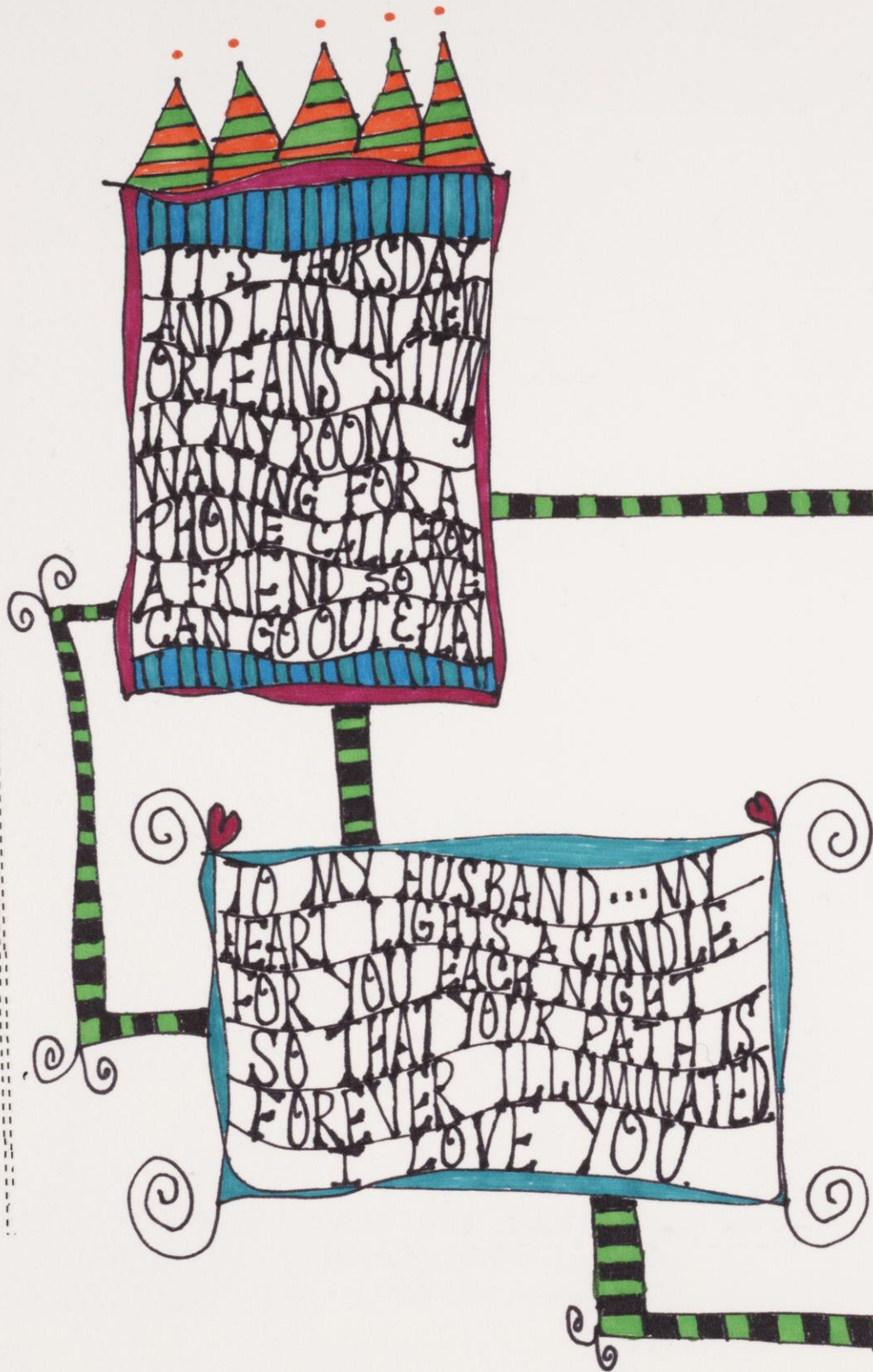
ghtful day in the garden
anical Gardens for lunch
vilion's design is based
protect orange



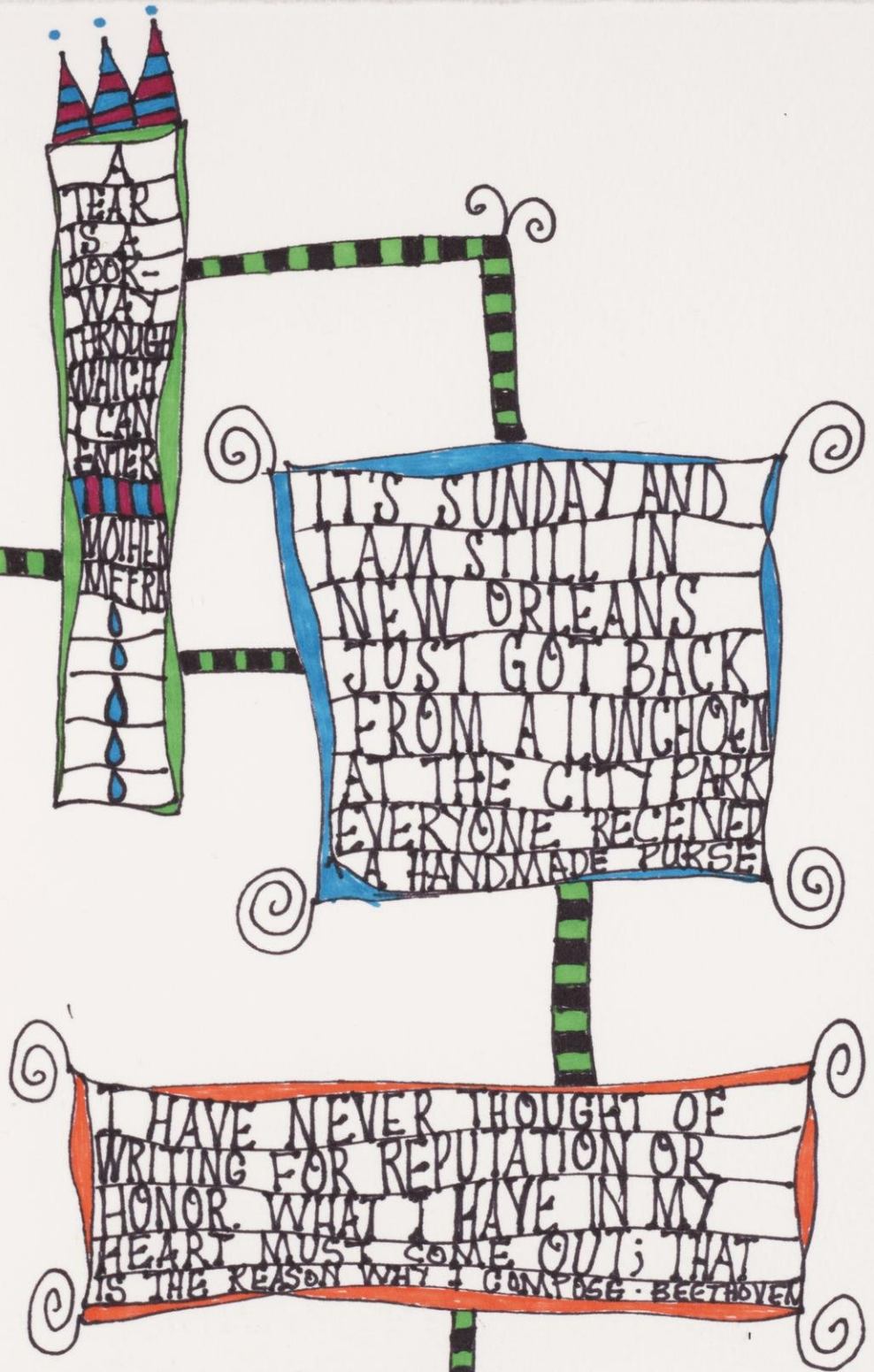
"Undine"

by Rose Marie Huth (1942)
Botanical Garden @ City Park
New Orleans, Louisiana

mem·o·ries \mem-?-tɪz n. 1; things remembered. mem·o·ries remembered.



KATHY MALKASIAN 2006.



joy \jɔɪ n 1; a state of happiness and delight. joy \jɔɪ n 1.

always 'ol-waz\ adv 1 :at all times: FOREVER. always 'ôl-FOREVER.

kiss \kis\ v. 1; salute with the lips. **kiss** \kis\ v. 1; salute with the lips

friend \frend\ n 1 : one who cherishes kind regard for another person.



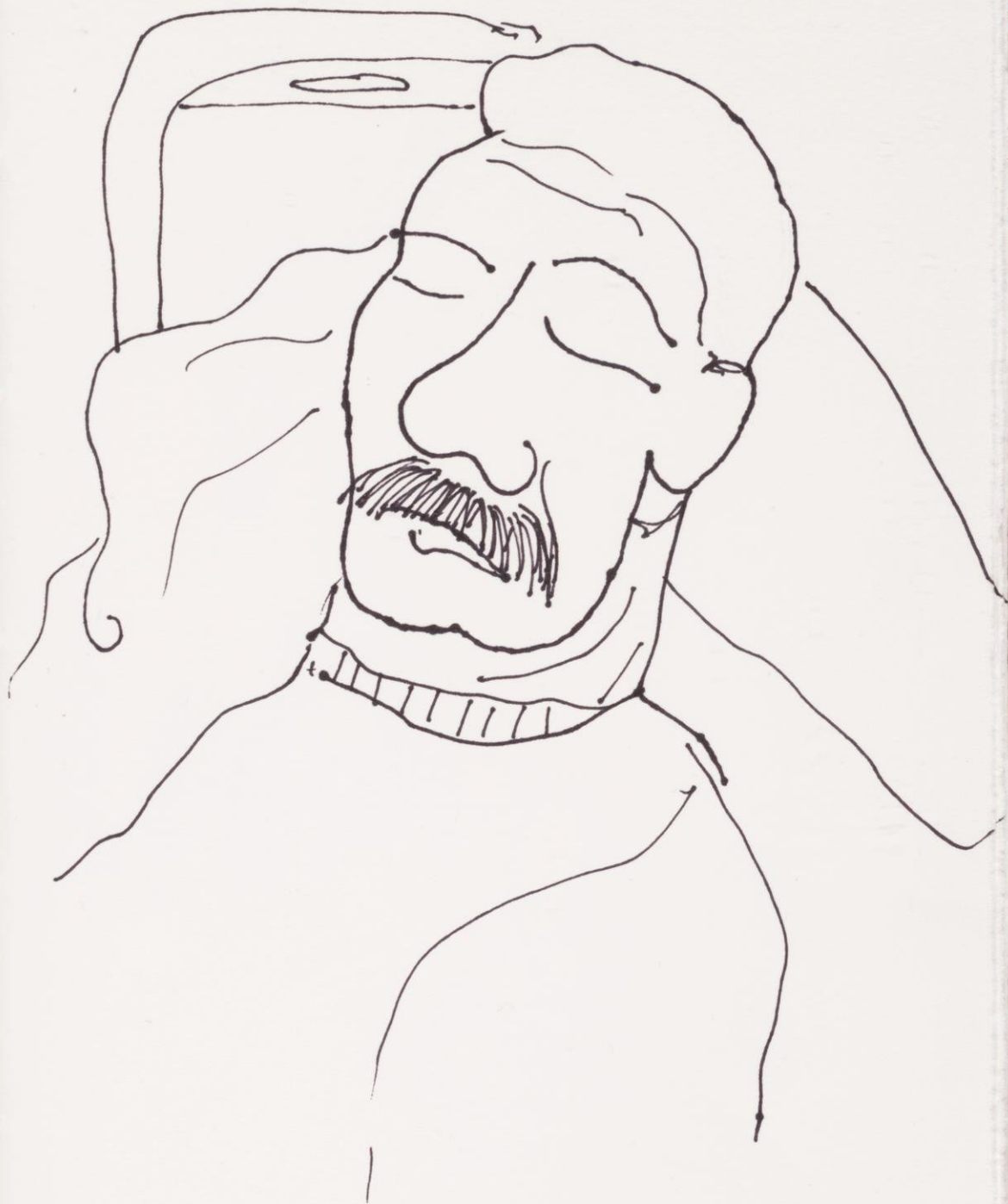
play \ 'pla-ee\ vi 1 a : to engage in sport or recreation : FROLIC.



KATHY MALKIN/AN . 2006

celebrate \sel-ê-bræt\ n 1 : to commemorate joyfully. cel·e·brate.

- BILL SLEEPING ON AIRPLANE -



~~© Kathy Malkasian~~ Kathy Malkasian · 2006

Broccoli Eve



dis·cover \dis-'kuv-r\ vt 1 : to obtain light or knowledge: FIND.



dis·cover \dis-'kuv-r\ vt 1 : to obtain light or knowledge: FIND.



Pastel: White, Cream,
Cherry, Goldenrod, Gray, Lavender,
Pink, Salmon, Tan

bles·ing \ bles'ing \ n 1 : a gift of divine favor. **bles·ing** \ n 1 : a gift.



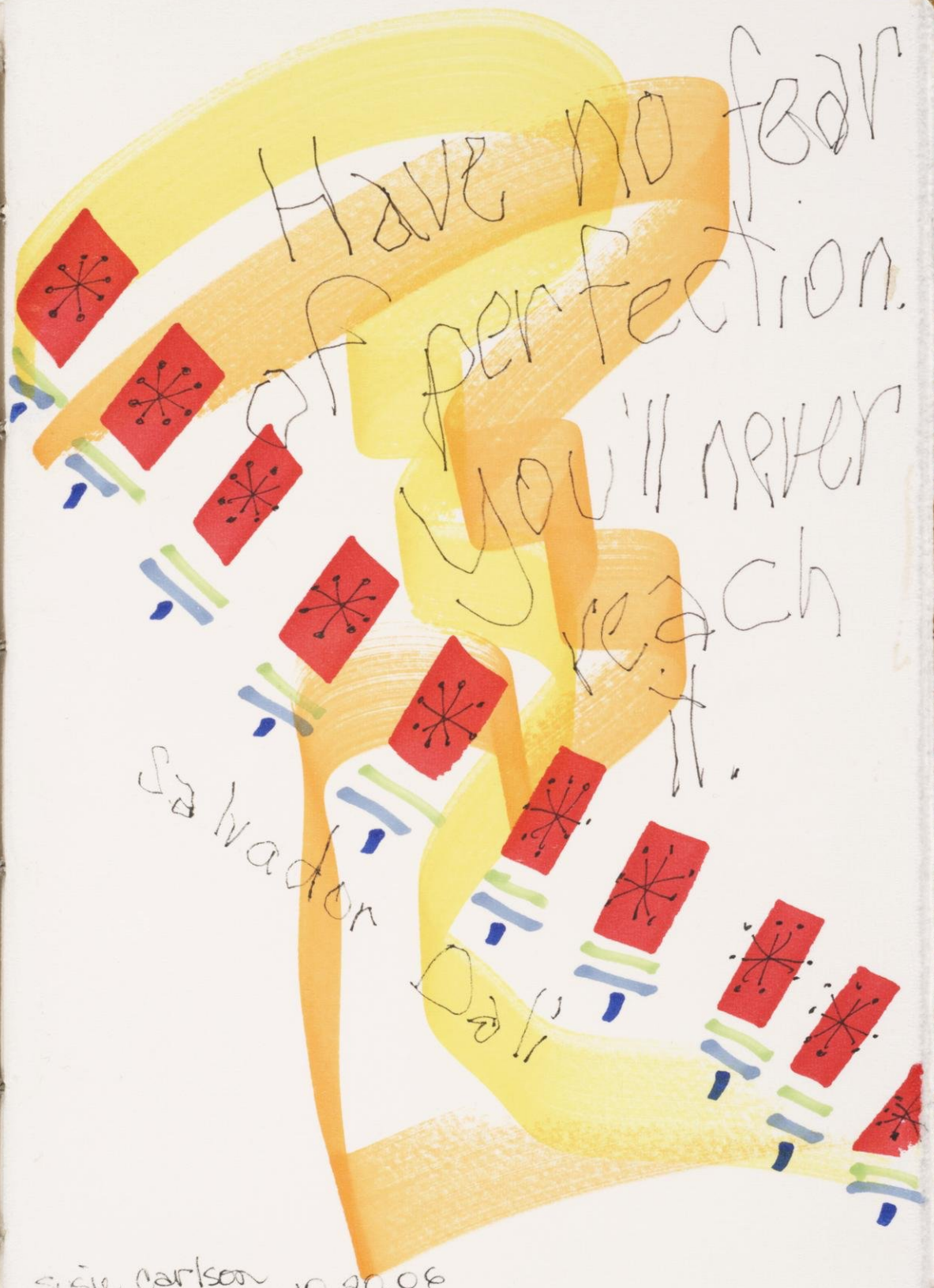
A WOMAN OF VIRTUE.

A MAN OF HONOR.

A JOURNEY OF FAITH.

What Do You See?





Have no fear
of perfection.
You'll never
reach
it.

Salvador

Susie Carlson 10.20.06

Forget not that
the earth delights
to feel your bare feet
and the winds long
to play with your
hair.

Kahlil Gibran

1.1 Hehhy



Hehhy

2006

Sixty Plus Poem
Plus

for Alisen

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.



