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MADISON PUBLIC LIBRARY



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The Sixty Books Project is a collaborative book arts, writing and journaling project for the people of south central Wisconsin, hosted by the South Central Library System (SCLS), and produced by the Bone Folders' Guild (BFG), a book arts group based in Madison. This project is supported by a Madison CitiARTS grant.

The BFG book artists have created sixty hand made blank books. One of these books will be catalogued into each of the sixty libraries in the South Central Library System. Unlike other library books, patrons are invited to write, draw, paint or collage in the books. Subsequent patrons will add their own stories, drawings, and so forth, creating community-wide collaborative works of art. After the launch of the project these books will be available for checkout by library patrons until August 15, 2006.

At the close of the circulation period, the 60 books will be removed from the SCLS collections and brought together for a traveling exhibit. This exhibit will have its debut in Madison as part of the Fifth Annual Wisconsin Book Festival (October 18-22, 2006).

To contact us: www.valleyridgeartstudio.com/bone_folders/

Instructions

- Check out this book as you would any other library book for a two-week period. Be sure to return it in the protective wrapper provided.
- Write a poem. Make a journal entry. Write political thoughts. Compose a short story. Collage. Paint a page. Be creative.
- Be respectful of these books. They are hand bound and bear delicate musings on the pages.
- Be aware of what has been done on the other side of the page that you are working on. For example, don't "sew" onto someone else's work.
- When you are gluing or painting put a piece of wax paper under the page you are working on. This will protect the other pages of created art.
- Before closing the book, be sure your page is dry.
- We encourage you to sign and date your work.
- Please, no perishables on the pages.
- Be advised that SCLS and BFG reserve the right to remove and/or delete any questionable material. Please be nice.
- Warning: You will incur a \$125.00 library fine if this book is not returned!

Sunset On A Lake

The sun sinks slowly behind the stretched horizon,
casting its last rays across the pure, blue water.
Wherever sunlight graces the water,
a tiny topaz of light appears amidst the sea of sapphires.
The western skies, streaked with color, fade quickly.
Where there is, in one moment,
the great orb of the sun itself,
there is now only lines
of a bloody, ruby red,
fiery orange and yellow,
mingled softly with violet and midnight blue
back to the east the next moment.
The clouds, once white at the sun's zenith,
now cast their own shadows through the sky,
creating a black cape behind them.
The air turns cool and stirs the water
into a foreboding mist
that chokes the shores as the waves lap against them,
washing away and replacing the sands
under the decayed light of the moon.
The reflection of the pale moonlight
ripples and curves on the water
as an otter slips gracefully into the water,
oblivious to the bats' wings
slicing through the cold night air
in place of the songbirds.
Crickets chirp on the damp, rippled sands
below softly swaying trees,
stirred by the wind.
The heat of the summer day
evaporates like water in sunlight,
and loons croon tenderly
to the water and the moon.
The last rays of true light
fade on the horizon,
and the moonlight and starlight
becomes the only shield
to prevent the world from collapsing
into a realm of tranquility and darkness.
The surface of the water
becomes as flat as glass,
and nighttime settles itself comfortably
into the landscape,
yet so much of the world is not sleeping....

CRL 05

WHY ANGELS HAVE WINGS AND HEAVEN IS SO FAR AWAY



At one time angels used to walk on Earth just like you and me. At that time people, angels, and God all got along.

But one day some of the people began to think they were just as powerful as God. They thought he was not as great as they had thought he was!

God got angry and said, "Why do you doubt my powers and wisdom?" The people were taken aback by his loudness and replied, "If you are so powerful show us!"

God said back softly, "Why do you not trust me?" The people cried back, "Because you have not done anything magnificent in so long!"

And God said, "After all these years supplying you with food and shelter this is how you repay me? By telling me I am not wise and glorious!?"

God now knew the only way to regain their trust was to do a miracle so he gave the angels wings and God and the angels that earned their wings flew far

away to a place now called heaven.

That is why angels have wings and heaven is so far away. You have to earn your wings on earth to go to heaven, where you will be ever happy!

By Robyn Breunig

Believe



Traveling is so very important... through life,

So many things to feel, to see. Thinking and observing

chew on the things we know, and to alter

*Do not go where the path may lead,
go instead where there is no path,
& leave a trail. Ralph Waldo Emerson*

us look into

from the comfort of our cozy, safe spots.

*I'm not a poet, or a
writer, or an artist. And
yet I yearn to express
myself, to give a "piece"
of me.*

Sometimes we travel alone. Adventures

part of a story. WE ALL HAVE A STORY.

When we are traveling, wherever it may be, it's important

ready for new ideas, new places, new ways of being,

"old" ideas, new ways of seeing other individuals. But,

*We leave traces of ourselves wherever
we go, on whatever we touch. Lewis
Thomas*

through time, through our thoughts, to different places.

*Light tomorrow with
today. Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

gives us perspective.... it lets us

the way we look at something, or someone, or an idea. Travel lets

windows and get a different view. Sometimes we must stray far

Sometimes we don't know

where we are headed.

await each of us.

*Thoughts lead on to purpose,
purpose leads on to actions,
actions form habits,
habits decide character, &
character fixes our destiny
Tryon Edwards*

We are all

to have

our minds open and

*Every instant of time
is a pinprick of eternity.*

new experiences, new ways of looking at

travel we must, to see the world.

*It is not length of life
but depth of life that
matters.*



Mourning For the Chocolate Shoppe^x

No more chunky monkey

No more chubby hubby

No more cherry garcia

No more chocolate chip cookie dough

No more karamel sutra.

I refuse you.

I dream of my neighborhood

peppermint stick

on sunshine days

and apple-filled farmer's market morns

For out-of-towner afternoons

and aprés-dinner delights

No more.

But still I dream of my neighborhood

peppermint stick



WHAT THE POSTMAN READ...

We often lament the demise of letter-writing due to the popularity of e-mail. What we may not remember is that one hundred years ago, America was undergoing a fascinating and similar change in writing habits -- the postcard craze. And it was a craze of epic proportions: in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908 the US Post Office processed 677,777,798 postal cards, at a time when the US population was only 88,700,000. This staggering figure doesn't even include the millions of cards that were collected rather than sent. And many of these post cards were more than pretty pictures: they were used for marriage proposals, death threats, business deals, love letters, and countless other messages. When we read them today (as the postman surely read them back then), they present us with intriguing, mysterious and very short short stories. So turn the page, step back in time, and join me in taking a glimpse into four lives from a century ago.....

Orange Schroeder

SBLY
TE POSTALE

ne s'acceptent pas la Correspondance au recto.
se renseigner à la Poste.



ADRESSE

Madame Foissin
à Condi. Le Libiaire
par Esbly
Seine & Marne



Foissin
Le Libiaire
Esbly
Marne

CARTE POSTALE

Correspondance

Tous les pays étrangers n'acceptent pas la
correspondance au recto, se renseigner à la Poste



Q'avez-vous
immensament
respect - salut
devois je

M. M.
Nabe

CARTE PO

NCE

man
hier
depart
vous
vous
embrasse. Paul et moi
nous vous envoyons nos

20

POST CARD.

For Inland Postage only, this space as well as the Back may now be used for Communication (Post Office Regulation).

THE ADDRESS ONLY TO BE WRITTEN HERE.



Nosy Parker, you
just keep your eyes
off my postcards
Never content
unless you are
prying in my
goods, or some one

Mrs Paul Prye,
Avening Cottage
Victoria Rd
New Barnet.
N

Nosy Parker, you just keep your eyes off my postcards.
Never content unless you are prying in my goods or
some one else's.

Mrs. Paul Prye
Barnet, England
1905

E POSTALE

ADRESSE

M. La Gern
chez M. G. J.
2 rue An
M...

CAR

CORRESPONDANCE

Mes bonnes a...



Jean Varennes

meilleurs barbiers. J'ove
felle toute devance
Alice Foidin

POSTALE

vement réservé à l'au



de Craupenas

omnis

(Droue)

C'est une semaine
dimanche prochain nous
serons en voyage
bon voyage
bonne santé
me saluez
du

Expédition
Demi-à
L'imp...

POST CARD.

THIS SIDE FOR CORRESPONDENCE

Hello Elmer: How do you
feel after the big dance?
Don't you enjoy this fine
weather?
Why weren't you - at church
Sunday night?
I have not seen her since
Sunday.

7 2 3, 4, 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

From "00"

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN
ON THIS SIDE

Mr Elmer Hurst

Latham, Kans

1913



Hello Elmer: How do you feel after the big dance? don't you enjoy this fine weather? Why weren't you at church Sunday night? I have not seen her since Sunday.

The rest is in code, which was sometimes used to conceal secrets on postcards. Can you read it?

Ce côté est exclusivement réservé à l'adresse



A
MERRY
CHRISTMAS

Halle

Paris
St Martin
d
P
718



Chere tante
2 mots seulement pour
avoir fait bon voyage
bien fatiguée. Il y a
Monsieur po Paillot
attendus a la gare
on aurait pu
l'in avant. Nous
changement, il faut
l'abat. d. Quelc
au ~~par~~ et c'est
il doit recevoir ce
cela. Je te parle de

ris et

CARTE P

Tous les Pays étrangers n'acceptent
(Se renseigner à l'office au recto.)

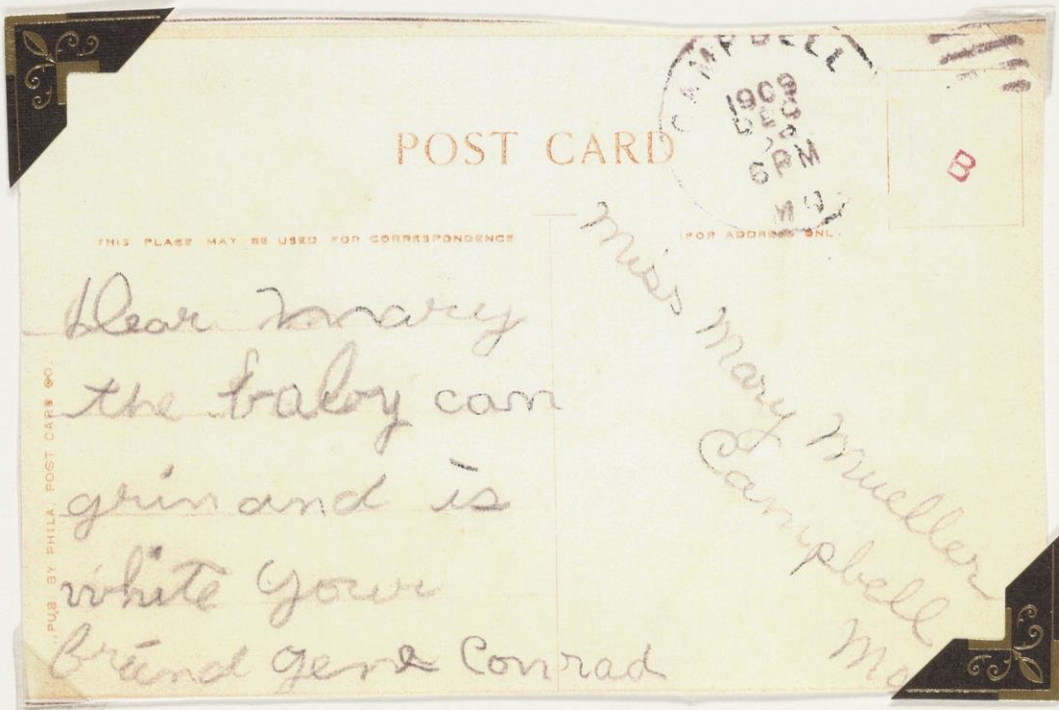


CORRESPONDANCE

ADRESSE

Cher Benoit et Marie
3 jours de permission pour Mardi Gras
alle de fabri vers le cousin et Paul
bien et bien mes leur amitiés.
également de moi
Belle Mairaine

Monsieur A M^{me} Pape
Route de la Valette
Loulou 1/1



POST CARD

CAMPBELL
1909
SEP 20
6PM
MO



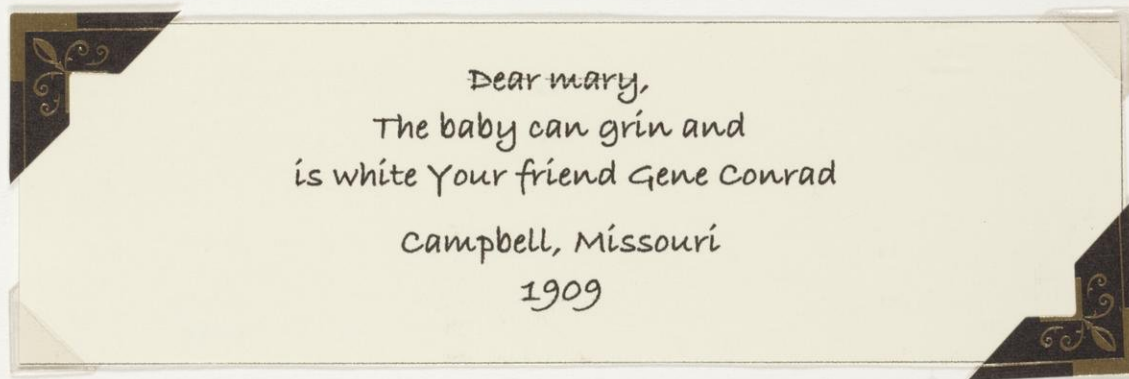
THIS PLACE MAY BE USED FOR CORRESPONDENCE

FOR ADDRESS ONLY

POST BY PHILA. POST CARD CO.

Dear Mary
the baby can
grin and is
white your
friend Gene Conrad

Miss Mary Mueller
Campbell
Mo



Dear Mary,
The baby can grin and
is white Your friend Gene Conrad
Campbell, Missouri
1909



Jean Hauget

39 rue de Strasbourg
Vichy

au quart de
dépense plus après jeudi
à l'inst. - Bonjour à
M.
et Maman

chi
7

Postkarte

Carte postale. -- Cartolina postale.

Nur für die Adresse.



E POST

LE

l'adresse

Côté réservé à l'adresse.

Lato riservato all'indirizzo

M. M. Eben R. Haley
Credit Lyonnais

Grenoble.

Paris

France

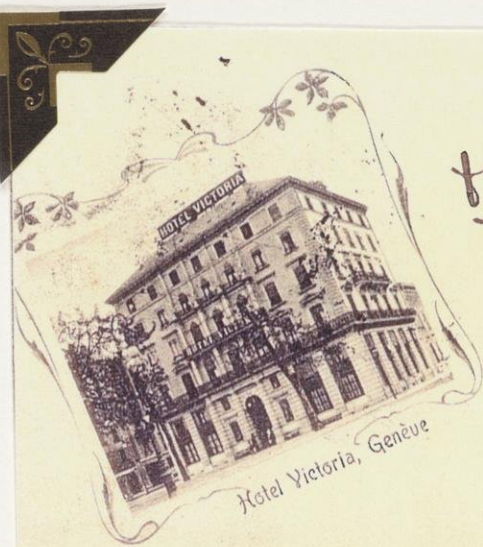
De Mabil
Rasselins
Paris

les
v
3
Haley

CARTE POSTALE



pour que l'ordre soit
à l'adresse car c'est
l'adresse qui est
l'adresse qui est
l'adresse qui est
l'adresse qui est



Safe here. Don't
forget the address of
the American widow
that is due me.
Yours

7/9/03

H. - L.

Safe here. Don't forget the address of the
American widow that is due me.

Yours,

H. - L.

July 9, 1903

Geneva, Switzerland to Grenoble, France



Flying the Red Eye
by Kathleen Allison Johnson

In growing darkness
I press my face to the glass,
craving stars. Steeped
in bleached light,
the gaseous nebula of LA
dissolves, corroding beyond
the horizon. In due course,
huddled Denver flickers on
against the night. Overhead
Orion resolves, intensifies,
close by now, and closer still.
The stars proliferate until
I can barely distinguish

Castor and Pollux. Suspended
between constellational planes,
I watch helplessly as the ground
grows lousy with lights:

Lincoln, Des Moines, Dubuque -
they all look alike to me.

The Pleiades pull
with the strength of seven,
but gravity pulls harder. I feel
the descent in my chest
until Madison swallows me whole.



Grace

G Gifts

R Reach

A Archingly

E Conquering

E Evasions

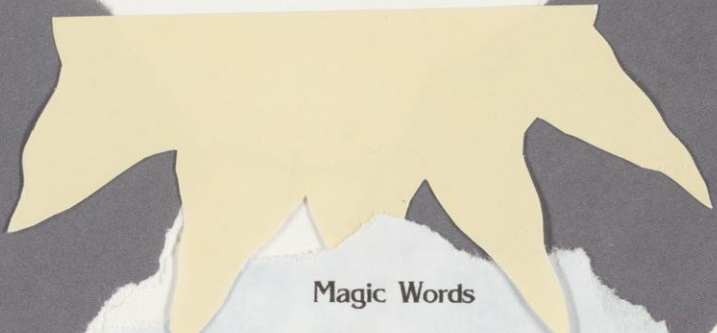
As a young teen-ager,
I spent hours playing with a
neighbor boy on our farm. One day he
brought his bow + arrow to play with. After
practicing + shooting at trees, he told me
to stand still; my feet would be his goal

TWACK! Like a slap the arrow landed at my
feet, only a foot away. It took my breath away.

I was stunned. Innocent, trusting + naive I thought
later of the "what if's."


Grace
is a gift
that flies swiftly,
suddenly as an arrow
that pierces. We feel the
air rush by as it strikes with
power, speed, and suddenness
The gift is given at our feet. It
catches our breath, sends tingling
knowledge in our body. How close we
are at that moment. We could die.

9-06
Luis Komai



Magic Words


The sky is dim as clouds roll in
Snow falls from the sky.
The peaceful eve is shattered by a distant coyote cry.



With icy chills and frozen night
Mist hangs in the air
Eyes aglow, soul aflame, my fingers run through your hair.


And on this night a mere three words
Whispered in your ear
My eyes meet your; I hold you close, as our lips draw near.

The flowers bloom and lovebirds sing
Lovely summer songs,
Butterflies float through the air, the grass is green and long.

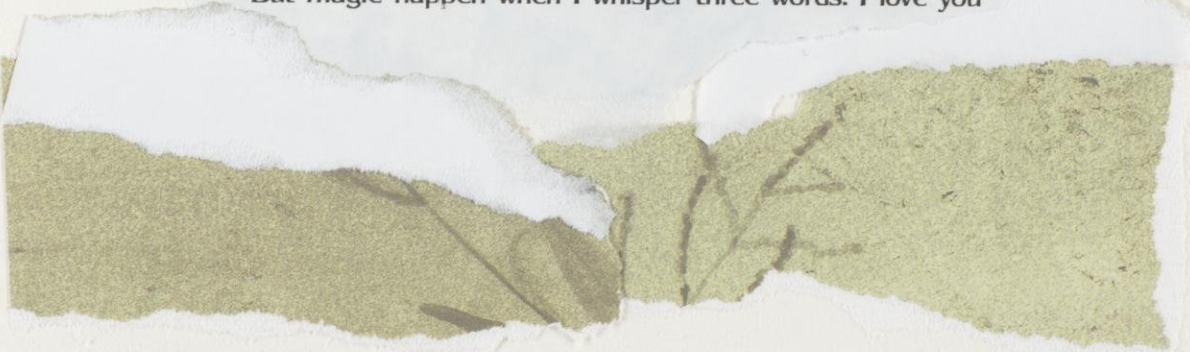


The golden sun climbs through the sky
Perfect royal blue
And in a flash the winter's back our magic kiss is through.

With chilling wind, contented sigh
The moment is no more
Heavy eyes and weary mind, time to head indoors.



No lovebirds sing, no flowers bloom,
Your eyes the only blue
But magic happen when I whisper three words: I love you



SAUK CITY LIBRARY
POETRY CONTEST
2006

KIND WORDS

**It's been brought to my attention on this day
There are many things we don't express or say**

**When things go smoothly and all is bright
Our blessings we have are taken very light**

**Things our family and friends say or do
Are just talk and action for me and you**

**It shouldn't take sorrow or our great needs
To remind us of others kindly deeds**

**Give thanks and love to those who are dear
It will give a good feeling to all who are near**

**God has given us the gift of love
Our actions are seen by Him above**

Oct. 1985
Karren Raschein

KARREN RASCHEIN

A Girl's Best Friend

Gentle giants,
Or small with an attitude,
It doesn't matter to this little girl,
Color or breed doesn't matter either,
This little girl will love any equine,
With trust amongst each other,
This little girl and her equine
Are always going to be the best of friends.

Amanda Hannah

AMANDA HANNAH

Guy's Night Out

It was Saturday Night, the ball game was done
High fives were abundant, the home team had won.

Phone calls had been made, it would be alright
To go to the bar for just one more that night.

Joe, Jimmy, and Patrick were best friends they say
But no one knew it would end up this way.

Cigars and good bourbon were enjoyed by the three.
They shot some eight ball at Kelly McGee's.

Old stories got better and new jokes were shared
Teachers, co-workers, no one was spared.

At 2 the next morning, no surprise to all,
The bartender said "come on guys, last call".

Three wives and five children, three girls and two boys
Were startled at five with a phone ringing noise.

The children were sad when their moms came in crying
Life's hardest task is to learn about dying.

Wounded and cheated, the families survived
But years it has been, since they shared a High Five.

R.H. MERRIMAC, WI

Spring Will Come Again

Spring will come again

No matter how long the winter has been
For nature is that way
And life has hope.

No matter how bitter, how cold, how deep it's been
Flowers will bloom again
Grass will be green again
Birds will sing again

Rivers will flow again
Brooks will trickle again

Trees will sprout their leaves again
The snows and ice will melt and disappear
..and the sun will bring warmth again...again...

For that is what life is about--life and death...death and life.
..winter will die and spring will live again.

Just as sure as day follows night
Paths will be clear again

Children will run and play in the streets again
You and I will laugh again--just as sure as we cried...
Eyes will sparkle and faces will smile again
Hearts will jump with joy again
Lovers will fall in love again

Farmers will plow their fields and sow their seed again
..and the earth will be fertile and sprout its crops again
Just as sure as the days will lengthen and the nights will shorten,
..winter will vanish and spring will appear again.

Indeed, in the midst of winter's coldness and harshness,
It seemed that life had come to an end--at times--
Or perhaps we wished it would have perished.

But then hope sprung forth and reigns throughout the land,
And flowers bloom again

As spring has come again...again
And my heart again knows joy and peace and hope and laughter

And newness and resolution and life
For spring has come again.....
.....Spring has come again....

TOM ARBOGAST

R. Tom Arbo -1980



Bunnies



Y

ou don't know
Where they are,
You don't know
Where they go,
But you know
That they are
There when
You see foot
Prints in the
Snow.

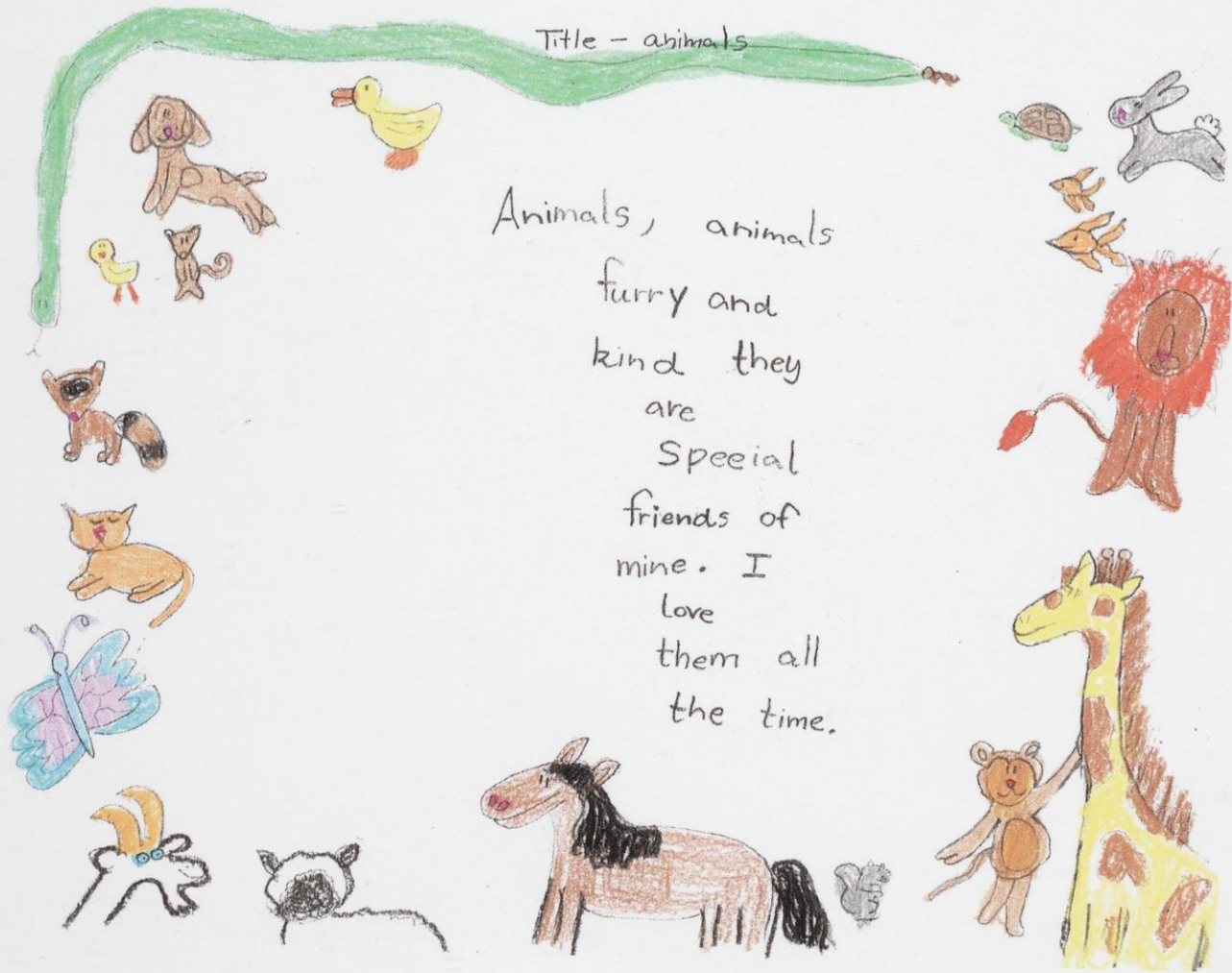


- Grace



GRACE SCHWEGEL

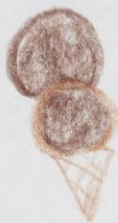
Title - animals



Animals, animals
furry and
kind they
are
Special
friends of
mine. I
love
them all
the time.

CATHRYN SCHWEGEL

Chocolate



Thick and creamy



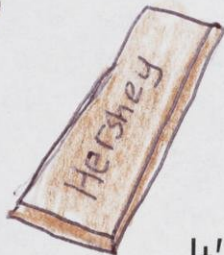
Makes you dreamy



Sometimes light



Makes a sight



I like it for lunch

It's perfect to munch

by
Abby
Liverseed

Sisters



Sometimes fun



Plays and runs



OWW STOP IT NOW!!



Great



Written by: Abby Liverseed

Illustrated by: Emma Liverseed

Wisconsin Book Festival : Event Details



Bone Folders' Guild Presents : Sixty Books Kickoff, and Artists' Reception

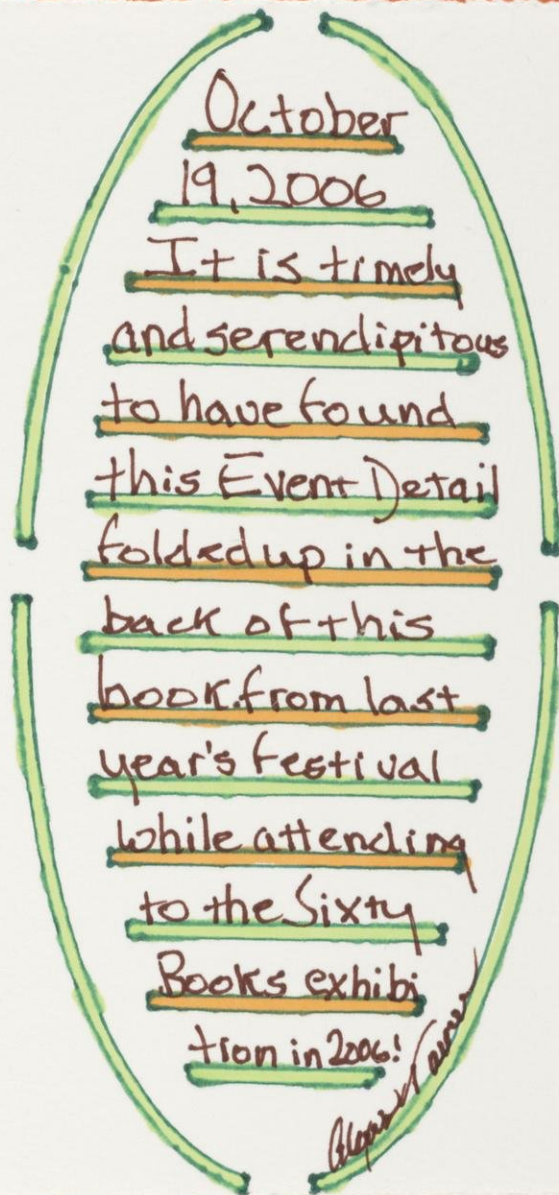
Saturday, October 15 | 1:00 - 2:30 PM | Venue:
Madison Public Library: Central | The Sixty Books project is generously hosted by the South Central Library System

The Bone Folders' Guild, a book arts group based in Madison, exhibit their original artists' journals, and give a gallery talk to launch the "Sixty Books" project. For this unique book project, Guild members have created sixty handmade blank books, one for each of the libraries in the South Central Library System. For the next year, patrons will be able to borrow the books to write, draw, paint, collage, and journal in them, creating a community-wide collaborative work of art that will comprise a unique and evolving conversation between fellow citizens. Selections from the filled journals will be exhibited at the 2006 Wisconsin Book Festival.

Members of the Bone Folders' Guild include: Nancee Wipperfurth Killoran, Laura Komai, Karen Timm, Carey Weiler, Susie Carlson, Nancy Schoenherr, Kathy Malkasian, Suzanne Berland, Marilyn Wedberg, Carol Chase Bjerke, Alexis Turner, and Kristin Yates.

Category(s): Art/Visual, Writing/Publishing

[Print Page](#)



FIFTY-SECOND POEM FOR ALLISON

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.

Karen Timin '05

