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STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN

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 follow on the recto (back) →.

Instructions

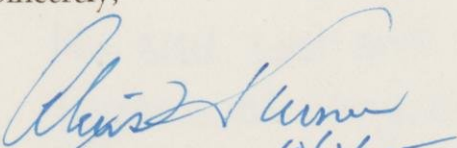
- Check out this book as you would any other library book for a two-week period. Be sure to return it in the protective wrapper provided.
- Write a poem. Make a journal entry. Write political thoughts. Compose a short story. Collage. Paint a page. Be creative.
- Be respectful of these books. They are 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!

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

10/2/05

Lost In Teardrops
Dedicated to my
Lovebug T.R.K 6-21-03

As I sit in the quiet solitude of my room
I think about you.

You've become my focus, goal and ultimate
desire.

I've hunted and searched the great unknown
for one single glimpse of you.

My soul lost and tortured, hurt and lonely. My
heart was longing to be filled with love
although my mind was sure that it didn't exist
in this cruel and hateful world.

My mind gave up hope and settled with that fact,
it just wasn't meant for me.

I was lost in teardrops night after night as I sat there
→

Lost In Teardrops Cont.

waiting for you to come and save me. Pick me up and rescue me, show me that there can be someone that loves me for me. I thank my stars and my withered heart for never giving up hope.

I know you exist. I know there can be love. I know the soft, close feel of another heart beating mine, so very tightly holding mine. Now on this star stricken night I pour my heart out into its new, safe home inside your heart as the river of tears now flows happiness.

Written By:

N. K. Gerou —

I am sitting here on Sunday night watching my 12 yr old sister do her homework. "The endoplasmic reticulum won't do what I want it to." she says. It sounds like the remark of a child genius, but the fact that she is trying to glue a candy necklace to a giant gingerbread cookie somehow lowers the I.Q. level a little. Cookie or no, I am still too embarrassed to ask just what an endoplasmic reticulum does. Once upon a time (7th grade) I must have known, but now the answer eludes me.

The Beatles are blaring over the speakers and my sister is bobbing her head to the beat. A gummy worm is hanging out of her mouth while its bag-mates are posing as Golgi bodies on an animal cell. It's quite amusing, really, as she begins to play an imaginary violin, glaring intensely at her drawing at the same time. She pauses her work only to look up at our dad, who has just entered the room from his workshop. "Don't squeeze the potato peelings," he announces. My sister finds the announcement unimportant, so she bows her head once more and looks with consternation at her cell. "My cytoplasm is leaking into my chromatin!" She desperately tries to fix it as she reprimands the blue sprinkles she is using for cytoplasm.

Though she speaks with what sounds like the wisdom of scientists, she does lower herself down to the level

of the 12-yr-old she actually is once in a while. She notices that she is the subject of this entry and says juvenily, "Oh, you poop!" Then she gallivants around the kitchen singing to the tune of Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds, instead saying, "Cytoplasm in the cell with organelles." For a little sister, she's not so altogether horrible. In fact, she's kind of cute, in her own way, that is.

*Written in December 2000 by 14 yr old Katie Adams for an English class

Entered in this book in honor of her sister, Bridget, a memory of crazy times in the Adams household.

Bridge - do you remember why you shouldn't squeeze the potato peelings?

(Katie 11/7/05 (my 20th birthday))

"The arts are not a way to make a living. They are
a very human way of making life more bearable.

Practicing an art, no matter how well or badly,
is a way to make your soul grow, for heavens
sake. Sing in the shower. Dance to the radio.
Tell stories. Write a poem to a friend, even
a lousy poem. Do it as well as you
possibly can. You will get an enormous
reward. You will have created something."

— Kurt Vonnegut —

from A Man Without A Country

Two Letters I'll never Send

Dear Eliot,

With your roots in Duluth, I'm sure you'll appreciate a reference to Bob Dylan, but instead of a jingle-jangle morning it was more of like a shining-sequin early evening.

I was born on your birthday, July 19th. In 2005 you turned one and I turned twenty seven. They both sound so young.

In July, for various reasons, I thought it would be fitting to celebrate our day of birthing with a sidewalk

parade. And let me tell you my dear friend Eliot,
it was-- as a celebration -- a great success. There were
eight other participants besides myself, including, if you can
believe it, a teenager. More than two households stopped
what they were doing to watch as we passed. The
route was extended to four times the original design.
Behold, Eliot, the power of our birthday.

Now comes the hard part. If the letter stopped here
you might think us friends, and believe me, if you ~~want~~
would like to stop reading here, I would welcome
your resolve. However, I must continue writing
until at least two more facts have been
freed.

Before I decided to have a birthday parade in celebration of our birthday, a friend of mine, Edward Lemar, or the Reverend Eddie Danger, asked me if my tuba and I would like to lead a parade on August 15th at the "Feel Good" music festival in Amherst, Wisconsin. I said yes but I was nervous. So nervous that I thought it a good idea to practice. Only trouble was I was even more nervous about practicing. And so, I used you, Eliot, to make myself more comfortable. I am sorry.

It gets worse.

Also before July, you need to know that I was deep in the throws of woo: A mistress of the skies Eliot, a kite-tress. And was tying fishing line to everything I could pick up and toss in hopes of flight. The parade

was an attempt to catch her breeze.

My dear, sweet Eliot. Will marching tubas ever be the same? Or twins with wings? Or tag-a-long balloons? Will cakes pulled in wagons forever carry the aftertaste of S-E-X?

I used our birthday and our birthday parade as a way to pick up women. Worse still it didn't work. My flight was nothing but a flutter off the ground and only if I ran.

If it would make you feel better, you could burp up on me. Or maybe when you're older, in the transition out of diapers, you could sit on my lap and pee in your pants. Maybe when you're older still and you have a sidewalk parade yourself and you get a significant other from it you can say, "I don't know Erick, worked for me... sucka!"

Is it too much to ask for another chance? Don't
answer until after winter, until after the break of frost.
Answer on a sunny day, well into the melting. Answer
early in the morning when the lakes begin to steam again.
Answer when you're closer to two, and I, twenty eight.
Older. More mature. Answer when it's warm Eliot, and tell
me if you want to hear a tuba call.

Love
Rick

Perhaps Courtship was the Intention
of Flight All Along



To the nun in the area of the Necedah Shrine,
I'm listening to "Life on Mars" on repeat. Just
got back from visiting my family in Mauston. I live
in Stevens Point and the route I most often travel to
visit them takes me around Necedah and near your
land and your Shrine. We saw each other on Hwy
G near the sign that says "Thrift Store." I saw you
again as you drove across the tracks, but you didn't
look that time.

A few days ago I bought a plastic Mary figurine from
a thrift store in Stevens Point for a dollar four. I
bought it for my dashboard in honor of my father
(biological) who loves the movie "Cool Hand Luke". Maybe
~~you never saw it, you've never seen it,~~
you haven't seen that movie.

Mary is a free standing figurine. And though she is a nice addition to my automobile, it is safe to say she was not specifically designed for a mobile dashboard. She moves about sometimes.

I thought you should know something about the trip tonight. As I passed your land, Mary turned and looked in your direction. Earlier she rotated ~~the~~ to see the moonlight spreading across the river.

At the time we passed the shrine "I Want To Be A Lesbian" was on the radio. I didn't know what to do so I just kept driving. Should I have dropped her off or something. I paid for her after all. Even the four pennies.

Anyway, thought you should know. You can send reply to P.O. Box 412 in Stevens Point.

Sincerely, Erick McGinley

~~What is the~~ Speed of Snow

The other night at the trailer
I spun around underneath
the ceiling fan hoping to
make it stop. This morning,

stealing a breakfast of
mandarins
~~mandarins~~ and macaroni salad

I'm watching wind and snow
out the wall of double pane glass.

With eyes still, the snow moves
in a fury, but if I move with
the snow, like spinning with
the fan, its slow and dancy.

Does the snow even know its falling?
What are the speeds of other things:
of water dripping, frost forming,
ice thickening?

How much time passes until the melting
and warming and cooling again if
we move in its time?

And there is honor ~~it~~ in connecting
to seasons. But...

What about me? What's my speed?
How often am I ^{caught} ~~catch~~ in the
pace of the world around me
of the people.

Last night I was slow and deliberate
arranging chips and refried beans
and slicing olives and pementos.

We would have eaten at ten if
you hadn't done the cheese
and salsa and fake sour cream
and that would have been okay.

I'm cautious today but not in a
good way.

On the way home, I think I'll be
a little dancy.

—Catherine,

this was here first aren't you proud?

The mandorins were ~~delicious~~, Just

like William's Plums. Snow is

falling like feathers now, though

maybe feathers don't fall either.

Only Boiling Water

Looked past one more time.

One more time at standing alone.

~~But~~ I kept the little Cinderella ~~Sho~~

Shoe that would've been awkward,

And a smoothed piece of charcoal,

Dark and secret like a universe

From where we should have fallen together.

Alone, not lonely, on this

Blue crow morning.

(I like this pen. found it ~~before~~ after a speaker at
the university ~~and before~~ the finger pointing at the moon night)

December 11th 2005

Sat by the tracks the other day. Sat and thought and sat. It was cold on the concrete and I wasn't very clear in my head, that being the goal of "go sit by the tracks, clear my thoughts." Then a train passed and I found myself sitting in a crush of noise. Uncomfortably loud.

~~And then~~ With passing of the last car, cabooses long being extinct, built a quiet and a calm. So much so that I had no choice but to go along. It seems I need the painful camotion in order to fall, whole body, and mind, and soul into the absense. As if there are two people to satisfy.

Then the question comes: do I want balance or the rocking of duality. Ironic, I suppose, that neither are quite enough.
And like the passing of a train....

Art
Hm!
in what is art
of the eyes

Whom is to put a
name to it is the way it
was started in these books
we read! who wrote them

Awake
is: knowledge
is: thoughts
a.c.:
l.k.:
memory

Art is
the way it
will happen
followers
go ahead

Open on other
person's opinion
the way independence
on flows threw the space that
you hand connected to mind
flows across paper.
for me today at the
moment my artistic mind
stated simplicity.

Simplicity
Happens.

to speech of new
tiredness sweeps one into
his zone, there new its
the one i'm more in emotions
life experiences, thoughts, moments
siglesii relaxation of the dark
the bed of three. Two in speech
of mind, turns in to connect
and simple awareness of each
other.

The other
night I
lay in the
zone of sleep
deprivation, not
the longest time
but it was there.
I lay there in
the company of
two of my older
somewhat not
known friends,
feelings between

Art
Hm!
in what is art
of the eyes





Done 1-22-06
Passineau

Think On These Things...

- * What have you always wanted?
- * What gives you the Most pleasure?
- * What behavior is most appealing in others, yet lacking in yourself?
- * Is there anything you were deprived of as a child that you still yearn for?
- * Is there a difference between the things $\frac{1}{2}$ people you value & the things you think of most?
- * What are your priorities?
- * What are you doing about them?
- * What beliefs would help you experience more

Fun:
Trust:
Joy:

* What beliefs would help you deal with

Anger:

Fear:

Grief:

* What is preventing you from becoming
the person you really want to be?

Danise Weed

I can do anything
Believe in Yourself.

I can be anything
Trust in Yourself.

Goddess above, Earth below,
Power within

Let my light burn brightly
and honour us all.

-Danise Weed 12/9-04

I will accomplish...

1. Be financially secure
2. Own my own house again
3. Be secure with myself
4. Travel to: Scotland
England
Ireland
Alaska

set this on the winds to blow back
to me. - Danise Weed

My first grandson did not live to celebrate his first birthday. His name was/is "Carson William Mills": google his name and you'll find his obituary. My son and his wife wrote and read the following at Carson's funeral: "Carson was our everything. He was so young and so little but he gave us so much strength to get through HIS many challenges and difficult diagnosis. When I would have a tough day and be in tears before I would even arrive at his bedside, as soon as I touched him, saw his beautiful face, or looked into his beautiful blue eyes, I knew I could keep going. Even today, I carry with me his shirt that he wore soon after he left us and it gives me strength.

Never was a child loved more than him. He truly is a part of both of us. When he would hear our voices, you could see he recognized that mom and dad were there. His eyes would light up and he would turn his head to try

to find us. We had 75 days with him which is not nearly enough, but we will always be grateful for each of those days. He had so many reasons to be unhappy, but his incredible spirit lit up the room, our hearts, and many of the nurses and doctors who cared for him.

The nurses who cared for him would often talk about how social he was. If he was crying or upset, he would stop and look around as soon as they began talking to him or gave him a finger to hold. It was all he needed. He loved to suck on his pacifier and at times would suck so hard, he would make a smacking sound. On one occasion, I had to take out his pacifier so the doctor could hear his heartbeat and lungs. On July 3rd (2005) he was given a small American flag by his surgeon, Dr Cavett, + he loved to stare at the contrasting colors for hours. He would fight sleep so he could look at his little flag. He worked and fought so hard to stay alive, but in the end it was just too much for our little boy. We take comfort that he no longer has to struggle and can now rest in peace. He is in heaven now, lighting up the room and hearts with his big beautiful eyes. Goodbye sweet baby Carson." parents Kevin and Sarah Trigg
recorded by Connie Trigg Feb, 2006 Carson
5-6-05 to 7-20-05

When I was a young child I would watch my Grandmother pray. Everyday about 10 AM she would kneel down in the living room leaning on the seat of a chair and say her Rosary. I could join her but 5 decades of a rosary took a long time for a 5-year-old. I never lasted - I always figured I'll be that "holy" when I was a Grandmother, you know; when I was old. Now I'm getting closer to 60 every day and I just don't know!?! I do know my Grandparents (Helex, Tony, Margaret + John) all have met my Grandson Carson. I'll just keep praying that I'll get to heaven to see all of them.

2-17-06 - the snow is beautiful today Connie

Is there anything
more precious?

2/20/06

6



A Buddha Sutra: This is Because That is
a chair is because of the tree
Because of the carpenter

A hot shower is because of the well
Because of the plumber

Bread is because of the wheat
Because of the farmer

A song is because of the notes
Because of the musician

A poem is because of the words
Because of a feeling

Joy Kirsch
Jan '06

Forever and Ever

Soldiers

Grace my family tree

In Revolutionary garb, a Minuteman

A private in Northern Blue at Gettysburg

Army green in '45, their Sepia portraits

Upright on my Grandmother's tables

Uncles never quite the same for having been there

I prayed for the boys in Korea

Loved one in Vietnam

Think daily of those in Iraq.

This endless waste

This ripeness of falling

This breaking of branches

Joy Kusch
March '06

The Truth - by Jenn Lanke, written 8-8-05 for Andrew Raser
(lyrics)

[Chorus]:

I need to tell you this
Because it is the truth
I will never really ever
Stop loving you

Though it's true I have loved others
My love for you will never change

You stole my heart
And then you kept a part
When you gave it back to me

I sometimes sit and wonder
What it could have been like
If we had stayed together
Instead of breaking up that night

Chorus x 1



3

i'll always love him.

son

Handwritten notes in blue ink at the bottom of the page, including a yellow highlight on the word "love".

always

is **DIFFERENCE**

of the

the

Jenn
Lanke
5-30-06

But the past is in the past
It will not change a bit
And though I still do pine for you
I've learned to deal with it

To live with regret and yearning
The pain and guilt I feel
You see I may have loved some other
But my love for you
Is still real

Interlude

Chorus x1

I need to tell you this
Because it is the truth
I may have loved another
But my love for you
Is still real
Oh yes my love for you
Is still real

Romeo & Juliet

always...
forever

LOVE

written 5-15-06 by Jenn Lanke
for Andrew
Roser (poem)



Romeo & Juliet / Two
lovers from a play /
Passionate and hasty; I met
and married in a day /
My love is much more
practical / less zested than
yours

you see I for 3 long years / Before
confessing love / Will you be my
Romeo? / I'll be your Juliet / I doubt
you feel the same as I / though I harbor
no regret for confessing what is in
my heart for you, beloved & friend

always
and
FOREVER

The Boy - By: Kayla Kawlewski written 4-9-06 About Austin Hanson

I look at the boy across from me
I feel so much for him

He knows
But does he feel the same?

I may never know
He says he cares
But as a friend
Could that change?

I know I sound selfish
But I can't help it
Then I see him look at her

With the same longing that I look at him with
Will this ever work out?

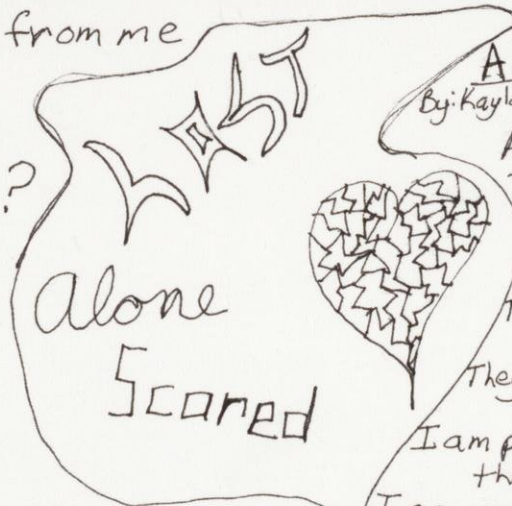
Will love work in my favor?
I don't know

As I look up
I see he's watching me
Why?

Could he love me?
No, of course not

That's crazy
To think someone could love me
But it's a nice dream

As far off and unrealistic as it is
It's nice to imagine



All Alone written
By: Kayla Kawlewski 5-1-06

All alone
This is how I
feel
I have no one to
help me
They all have others
to help
They are too busy for
me

I am pushed off to
the side
I go unnoticed
Until something happens
They see what I've done

Then they care
They watch me constantly
They try to stop me
They think they did
But they didn't

I'm back to it all
Back to being self destructive
And angry
Lost and alone

They all think I'm crazy
But am I?

Or could it be I'm the same one?
They are the crazy ones

It could be
All alone
Happiness

Happy - By: Kayla Kawlewski
written 1-17-06

Confusion
Rushing around
Trying to find happiness
Raging seas storm around me
I'm drowning
I scream for help
No one hears me
I slip under
No one notices
I sink
As I'm sinking I think
I think of you
All of you
You are all happy without me
I think "Now all is good"
"All are happy, now I am gone"
I watch them from above
See them happy together
Think now I am happy to
They are sad for a while
Then go back to the norm
Back to life.

Life - By: Kayla Kawlewski written 5-2-06

Life
It's getting out of control
I can't handle it
Should I hold on?
Stays sane?
Try to keep up?
Or should I let it all go?
Just give up
Let myself slip under
And let life take over
Let myself slowly drift away
Just lose myself
To the cruel world I live in
I've already started to slip
My school work
My love of myself
I no longer think about my grades
I hate myself
I wish I knew what to do
My first instinct is to let go
Give up and give in
Let life take me
But is that right? Should I?
I don't know
These are just my thoughts
Swirling around in my head
Never to reach the outside world
Only showed to my friends
The ones I care for

Toast
& Collage By Zach Lanke



Toast



French
Toast



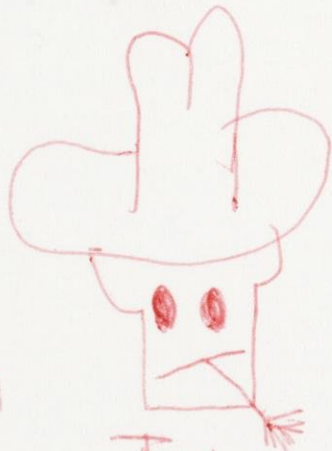
Burnt
Toast



New Toast



Brunch
Toast



Texas
Toast



Dark
Toast



Old Toast

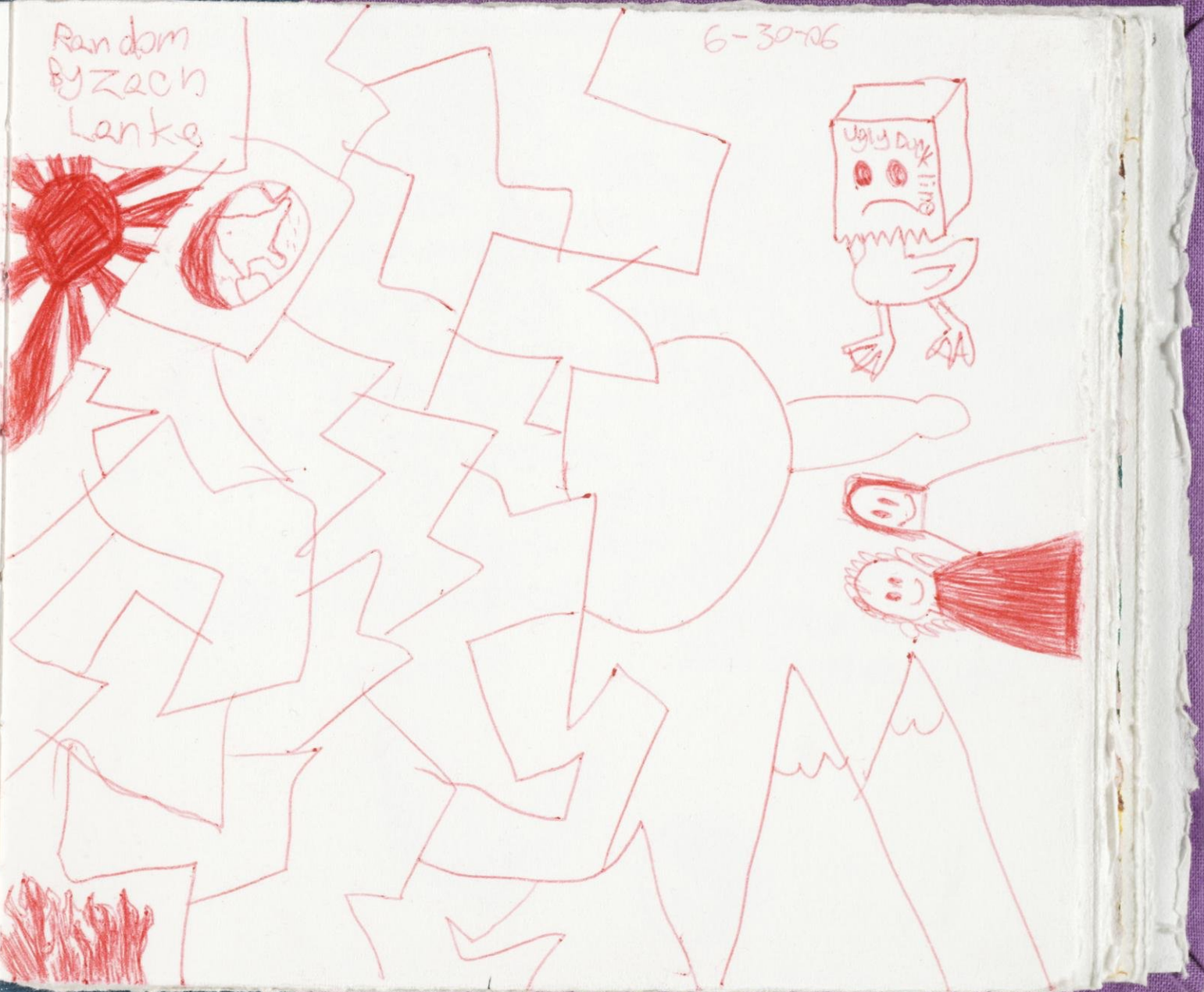
6-28-06

Note: I do not mean to offend anyone with "Dark Toast."

If anyone is offended, I apologize.

Random
By Zach
Lanke

6-30-06



Reflections upon life } page 10

Matt Lanke.

Life is a perpetual hailstorm of disaster. if you look at it, life is just as horrible as death, if not it is worse. it is full of pain and suffering. terrorism, abuse, suicide, murder, and vandalism are just a few horrors in our lives. fear, loathing, and greed are common traits. war is a problem. drugs and pollution. Yet life is still filled with opportunity, hope, and victory. Recreation is good. some things are confusing. love, for instance, is in some ways good and in other ways saddening. Yet I feel as though life is still disastrous. others do not. some feel like life is the very essence of hope and happiness. I do not. good and evil are the very essence of life.



Matt Lanke age 10

curiosity

~~is~~ a curious thing. It is a lust
for knowledge. The truth. Many are curious ~~of~~

what the meaning of life is. I am, at least. I
am also curious about other things like
when will I die; or when will the world end?

I wonder why I am writing this, or about evil and good.

My main question is, as I am sure many others ask,
is it true love? Love, to some, is like a scar. Ugly,
permanent. To others, it is wonderful and like money,
you want it badly. I don't know if I like love or
not. I ~~do~~ find it hard to decide. I feel that is

the ultimate question.

death / Matt Lanke age 10

Some feel death is the end. I feel it is a new beginning. The beginning of the after life. Before I die, A ray of hope shall shine brightly, a graceful second chance! Start over. Happiness and glee will overflow in my shadowy soul. And, I will wonder. Can you die in the afterlife? a third chance!? If so, happiness will ring. Yet, is it not another chance, or another round of torture?! I guess I will find out for myself in a long, long while.

What is life without
dog? I don't aim to
find out. xxx000xxx

to : Grzyby } fond
 Jessie } in memory
 Dewar

 Nikki } the lively
 Ginger } present

all my best
 vabs



Jeanna Lannonomous

as I think of you I weep. True love broken,
I love you with a fiery intensity. A need

for you. Is it that my love hates me, or shall we join
together? Her hair, a flowing orange, full of perfidy and
strength. My weak soul depends on you Jeanna.
Without you I am nothing. Young love is mysterious.
In death, my soul shall rest incomplete, lest we be
together. I mourn for you, oh Jeanna! Please come to
me! You know who I am, and if not hear be a hint,
My sister Jennifer. You, oh Jeanna, I need you!

Jeanna, if you pick this book up, please accept me
forever.



Caution

Arching the dark river
the regal bridge
stirs regret,
brings nostalgia
for seduction and
bright promise
beyond the distant shore.
With resignation
I turn away,
remembering too
the silent padding of paws,
the metallic taste of fear
on the river's breath.

—Barb Cranford
3-15-06

Wisdom

Mellowed into something
and having like it unaware
from a colyte passed to shaman,
we sham of discovery light
which, in truth, is still dim
away.

But the road is running out —
nothing to do now
but improvise!

-Barb Cranford
3-15-06

~~Oh~~ Love Matt Lanke age 10

Oh how I mourn for my love,
whom a poem I have written about,
Her mind does nothing but crush me
Sadness fills my face like a spear,
My eyes swell up many a tear,
Life is incomplete without you!
Oh how I wish to be with you
and we be together forever
but days gone by are nearly the past
and I fear I may see you never!
My soul yearns for you my love!



Good and evil } Matt Lanke age 10

Good and evil brothers they be
a symbol the yin-yang prayer tree

Good is something like peace

Evil is like war

Good is like being full of glee

Evil is like being full of sad

Evil is nothing but very bad

Good is weaker than evil

Evil is for overpowering

Trapped lannonomous

I am trapped in so many ways,
I yearn for freedom through the days.

My lovely Jeanna trapping me,
Binding me with her Beauty.

Brother he is trapping me
causing me pain and him much glee

Trapping myself in a great love

with My great Jeanna ~~all~~ filled with love of me

My brother trapping me near a cliff and to me he shove

Oh, what shall a young boy do?
when all the world traps him too?

Matt Lanke drawings
age 10



I know,
it is all hard
to understand
and
very
amateur,
hahaha!



evil
outways good



hope
never



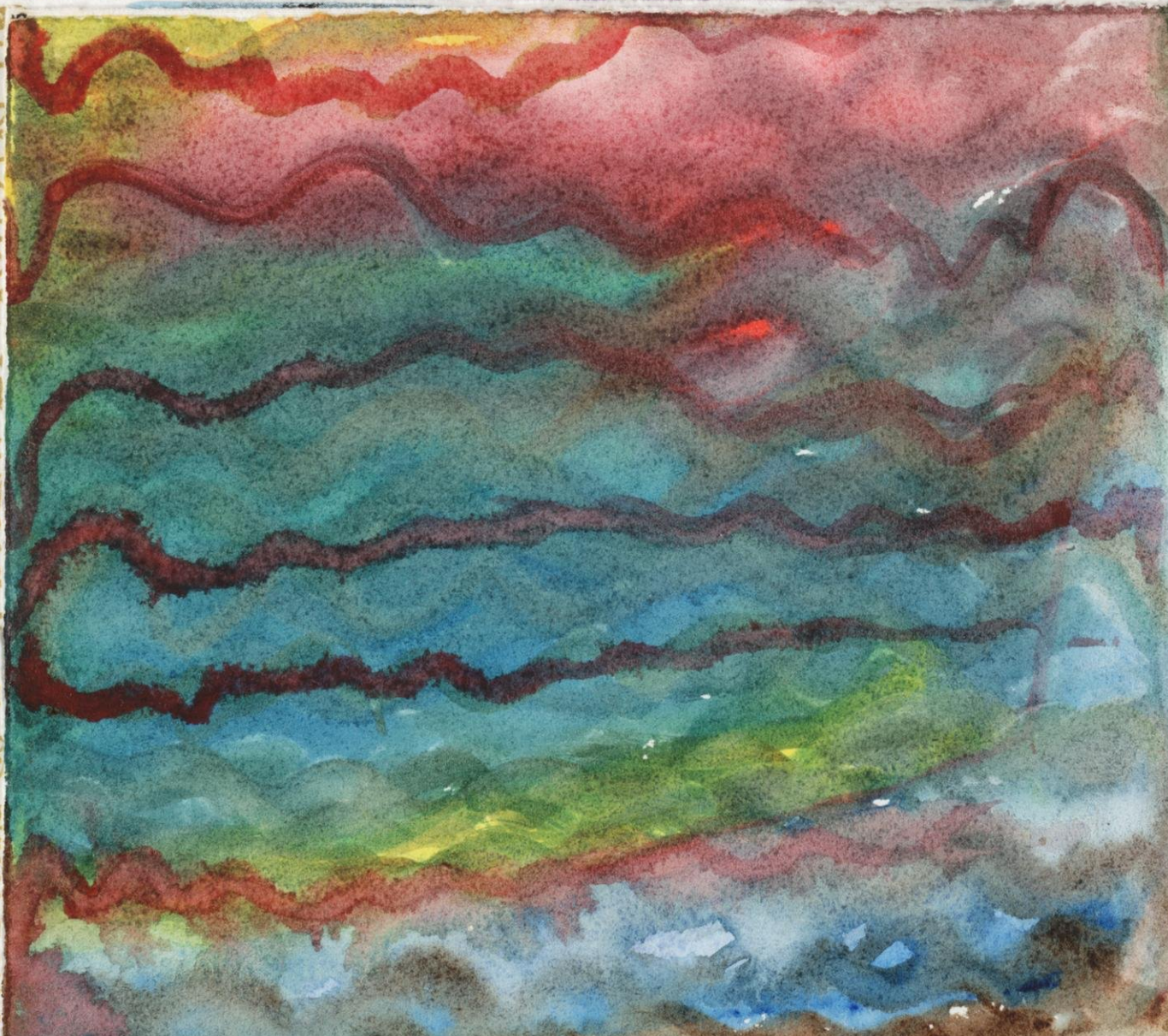
basis

The pen

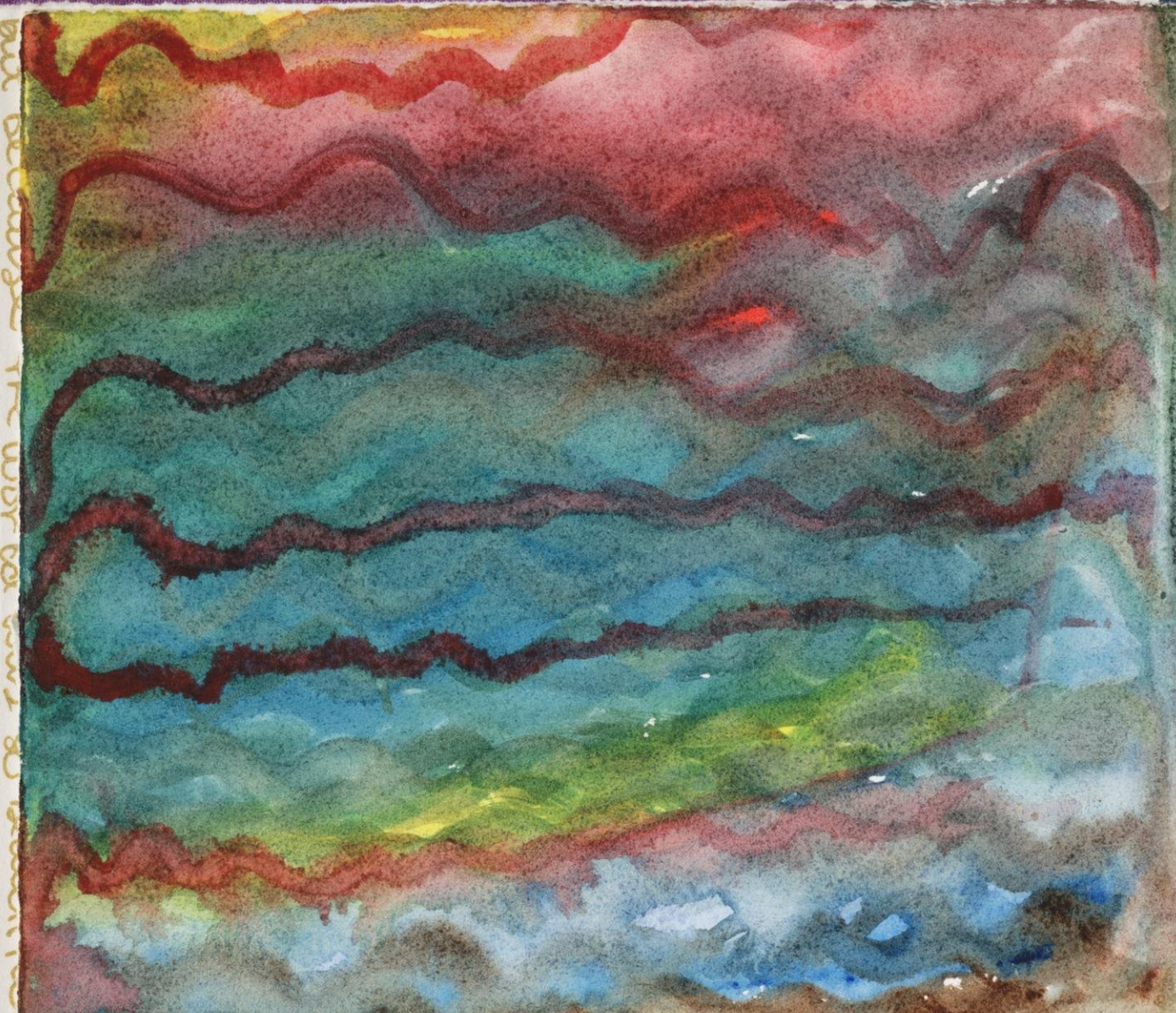


is mightier

one drawing for the word for love & devotion



ANN PHILLIP · FIBER ARTIST · STEVENS POINT · APRIL 2006



ANN PHILLIP · FIBER ARTIST · STEVENS POINT · APRIL · 2006

A Midsummer Night's Dream

"And in the woods"

life on the tail of the wind

she entered slowly and cautiously

filtering all bits of detail in my environment

where often you and I

new person a new challenge

she came into my life on the tail of the wind

upon faint primrose-beds

gan to move and sway

irled about the room

ideas whistled in my ear as they brushed by

were wont to lie..."

ery where and sang like the angels

she came into my life on the tail of the wind

she swept me off my feet with her thoughts and her voice

The Winter's Tale

he was the smell of water after the first rain in spring

as filtered through out the room and floated every where

"Daffodils"

I grabbed at them for fear of loosing only one

she came into my life on the tail of the wind

that come before the swallow dars'

to fall into place

more

the questions of color and space filled my soul again

it was as it should be

and take the winds of March

she came into my life on the tail of the wind

with beauty..."

why had she come, who had sent her?

did I know the answer would she disappear?

no

she was my gift from Him

she was the breeze that had been missing for so long

she was my reminder that the dance should go on

she came into my life on the tail of the wind

a gift so true and cherished

The Flowers of St

A Midsummer Night's Dream

“And in the woods,

where often you and I

upon faint primrose-beds

were wont to lie...”

The Winter's Tale

“Daffodils,

that come before the swallow dares,

and take the winds of March

with beauty...”

The Flowers of Shakespeare

ANN PHILLIP · FIBER ARTIST · STEVENS POINT · APRIL

Right side: Ann Phillip
Oil Pastel with poem on
velum - printed

April \$2006
\$4.5

Left side: Ann Phillip
Watercolor

but because the user had won the prize of \$2006

Left side: Ann Phillip
Watercolor
Right side: Ann Phillip
Oil Pastel with poem on
Velum - printed

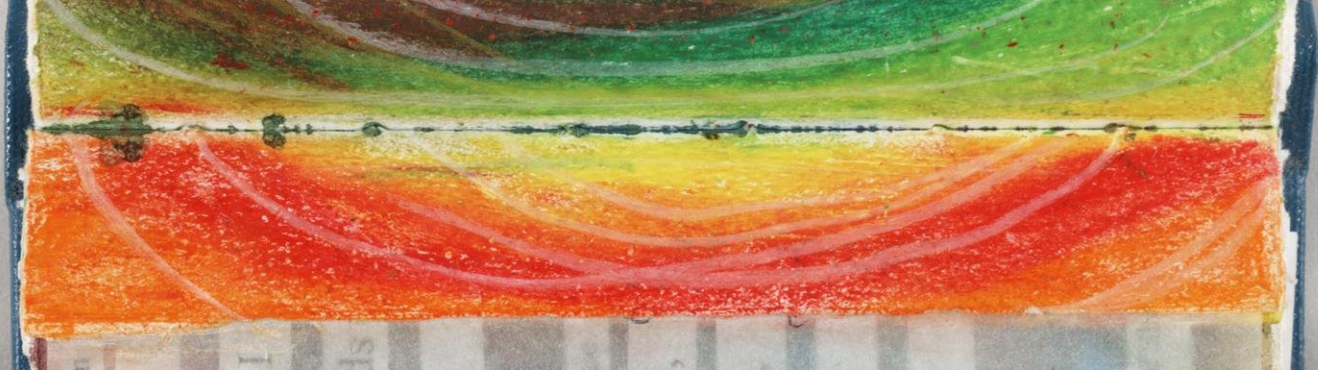
she came into my life on the tail of the wind
she entered slowly and cautiously
filtering all bits of detail in my environment
a new space a new person a new challenge

she came into my life on the tail of the wind
everything began to move and sway
thoughts swirled about the room
ideas whistled in my ear as they brushed by
her voice hung every where and sang like the angels

she came into my life on the tail of the wind
she swept me off my feet with her thoughts and her voice
she was the smell of water after the first rain in spring
her ideas filtered through out the room and floated every where
i grabbed at them for fear of loosing only one

she came into my life on the tail of the wind
ideas and methods began to fall into place
i began to create and ask once more
the questions of color and space filled my soul again
it was as it should be

she came into my life on the tail of the wind
why had she come, who had sent her?
once i knew the answer would she disappear?
no
she was my gift from Him
she was the breeze that had been missing for so long
she was my reminder that the dance should go on
she came into my life on the tail of the wind
a gift so true and cherished





MY FAVORITE POET - WISCONSIN'S

POET OF PLACE

MY LIFE BY WATER

|| LORINE NIEDECKER

MY LIFE

BY WATER -

HEAR

SPRING'S

FIRST FROG

ON BOARD

OUT ON THE COLD

GROUND

GIVING

MUSKRATS

GNAWING

DOORS

TO WILD GREEN

ARTS AND LETTERS

RABBITS

NEWSAWEED

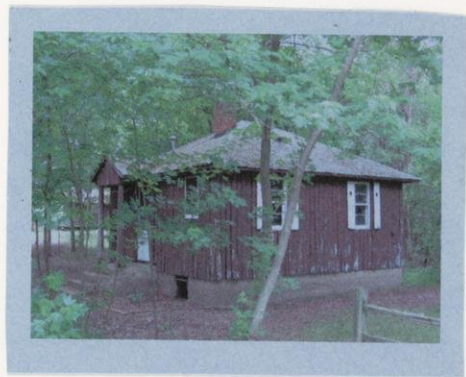
CLEAN-SMELLING HOUSE

SWEET CEDAR PINK

FLESH TENT

I LOVE YOU

ROCK
RIVER →



FINISHED AT WWW.LORINENIEDECKER.ORG

CABIN ON ROCK RIVER

but because the way to me

She said she usually cried at least

once per day

not because she was sad,



but because the world was so beautiful

Life was so short.

text by Brian Andreas
photography by Laura T. Komai October 2006

8-2-06 We have been blessed with a beautiful
Grandson; Andrew Matthew Mitz. He was born
to Kevin & Sarah on May 31st of this year.
He is their second child. Life is good!

My Hands Are Tied

My hands are tied
With rope and chain (and chain)
I cannot get them free
How did they get
In such a state (how how)
Without prevention by me? (oh)

I think what happened
Is simply this: (simply this)
I lost track of my life (I lost..lost
track)
It got away
Out of my grasp (away from me)
And so my hands are tied

My hands are tied
With cloth and twine (oh oh)
They're knotted rather well
Who is it (who had the means)
That had the means
To do this thing to me?

I wish I knew (I knew)
I wish you'd tell
I think you did it to me
You screwed me over
Awful as it seems (so awful
baby)
But you weren't counting on me
Bouncing back

I will get over you
If it takes forever (oh oh)
I will get over you
If it takes my whole life (my
whole life)
You will not win

You won't control me
I am my own destiny (yea yea)

You tied my hands
With love and heartbreak
You hurt me pretty bad (so
bad...so bad)
And now I know
The means and reason
It wasn't stopped by me
I thought I could trust you
But with my heart? (heart)
You played hooky

It ain't no hot potato
You don't pass it around (no no)
If I put it in your hand
Don't put it down

You didn't give it back
You don't care (don't care)
You threw it on the ground
It smashed everywhere

You tied my hands
Behind my back (oh oh)
And twisted both my arms
Till I simply cracked (oh oh)
Till I cracked

in love with him... always and
forever

My Hands Are Tied - by Jenn Lanke, written 5-17-06 for Andre
(lyrics) Roser w

My hands are tied
With rope and chain (and chain)
I cannot get them free
How did they get
In such a state (how how)
Without prevention by me? (oh)

1
2

I think what happened
Is simply this: (simply this)
I lost track of my life (I lost...
lost track)
It got away

Out of my grasp (away from me)
And so my hands are tied

2
3

My hands are tied
With cloth and twine (oh oh)
They're knotted rather well
Who is it (who had...)
That had the means (...the means)
To do this thing to me?

3
4

I wish I knew (yeah)
I wish you'd tell
I think you did it to me
You screwed me over

Awful as it seems (so awful
baby)

But you weren't counting on
me
Bouncing back

I will get ⁴ over you
If it takes forever (oh oh)
I will get over you
If it take my whole life
You will not win
You won't control me (no way)
I am my own destiny (yeah)

You tied my hands
With love and heartbreak

You hurt me pretty bad (so bad... so bad)

And now I know You tied my
The means and reason ^{hands}
It wasn't stopped by me ^{Behind}
I thought I could trust you ^{my back}
But with my heart? (heart) ^(oh oh)
You played hooky ^{And}
^{twisted}

It ain't no hot pants ^{Both my arms}
You don't pass it around (no no) ^{Till I simply}
If I put it in your hand ^{cracked}
Don't put it down ^{(Yeah}
^{Yeah...)}

You didn't give it back ^{Till I cracked}
You don't care (don't care) ^{gerry, it almost}
You threw it on the ground ^{didn't sit... & 3 letters}
It smashed every where ^{went off the page.}

Second Poem for Alison
By
Jim Danky
(calligraphy by Katy Sturino)

BOOKS

BOOKS

BOOKS

BOOKS

BOOKS

BOOKS

BOOKS

BOOKS

BOOKS

BOOKS

BOOKS

BOOKS

AND ZINES

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.

Alexis Turner August 2005

