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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.valleyridgestudio.com/bone\\_folders/](http://www.valleyridgestudio.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!

1/7/06

It's amazing how a little random thing can happen in ones life and totally change that person's life. For me, that random thing was a chance friendship which grew very strong but then faded almost as quickly as it came. It made me very aware of how special a friendship relationship can be, and also how precious and fragile it could be. It made me realize that I had not treated friendships with the priority that needed to be given to it. The following poems are some of my reflections on friendship.

RS

### Hang time

I want to spend more time with you  
But where is the time to spend  
I don't want to dominate your time  
Only a little, if you could lend

I don't want to sneak it here and there  
Just a moment at a time won't do  
We need more time to talk and share  
A little hang time, just us two

### I Lost your Path

I was wandering along  
And then realized  
You've been gone for awhile  
My how time flies

I wasn't watching for you  
For so very long  
That I don't know where  
Your Path has gone

I miss your smile, your laugh  
The way you squeal with glee  
When you pick up the phone  
And realized it's me

I hope someday our paths  
Cross again  
I just can't wait  
To hear how you've been

"The Only way to have a friend is to be one"  
- Ralph Waldo Emerson

## How Close?

How close do you want to be to me?  
How close a friend can I dare to be?  
Two questions I toss and turn in my mind  
And wonder when/if any answers I'll find

The first I can not do much about  
That one's beyond my control, no doubt  
To answer the second more questions I see  
What type of friend do I want to be?

What's important in a friend I could find?  
One that's loyal, trustworthy, faithful and kind  
To be there when you need someone  
To lend support or to just have some fun

When you might need someone to talk to  
To give both ears to listen to you  
As you are, accept all you can be  
And encourage you to stretch your wings and be free

Through thick and thin, happy and sad  
To stand by you always, good times and bad  
To share feelings, inside let you see  
And answer all questions in complete honesty

Then perhaps if I'm a good friend for you  
Just maybe, you'll want to be my friend too  
So, how close a friend can I dare to be?  
Well, how close a friend is all up to me

## The Litter House

We walked through the streets  
Together once  
Rested on a park bench  
Looking at the fountain  
Sharing stories from our lives  
And answered each others questions  
But answers brought more questions  
Littering the ground around us  
Until you fled, not believing  
The garbage could be cleaned up  
The landfill uncovered and stinking

All those unanswered questions  
The walls built by them are still there  
Surrounding you  
Some have windows  
Your smile looks nice  
When you take the time to look out  
I'm left as a homeless arse  
Sitting on the curb  
With an empty cup  
Litter blowing around  
Nobody picking it up  
The house not clean  
And you don't invite me in

- Amelia Sweden, 2006

28:06:42:12

That is when the world will end,

It was Beauty killed the Beast.

-Donnie Darko

100000 marks in 20 minutes.

I crashed my van into Jesus!

Here's looking at you, kid.

May the force be with you.

The Ring must be destroyed.

HAL 9000

ROSEBUD

E.T. Phone home

Wingardium Leviosa!



THE HORROR,  
THE HORROR

Frankly, my dear,  
I don't give a damn.

Life is like a box of chocolates.

Walk down the right back alley in Sin City, and you can find anything.

Let's do the Time Warp again!

VOTE  
for  
PEDRO

With great power comes great responsibility.

I'm gonna make him an offer he can't refuse.

There's no place like home.

I wish I knew how to quit you!

I coulda been a contender!



This is my drawing of the Ewell house from Harper Lee's  
To Kill a Mockingbird. I did it for English class, but I really  
like how it turned out.

- Amelia Sweden, 2006

★ Amelia Sweden



## How MAY I HELP YOU?

WE, the many, the proud, the service workers of America, ask that questions of you, the consumers of America, every day. And now the tables are turned. Here, dear Customer, is how you may help us:

- We are wage slaves, but we are not your wage slaves. Do not do any of the following: Swear at us, Snap your fingers at us, tap your fingers on our counters, talk on your cell phone during our entire interaction, berate us for taking too long because you're late, or ask us to throw away your used Kleenex.
- Think of your mother. Would she be disappointed in your lack of manners? Say please. Say thank you. And don't raise your children to be disrespectful slobs either. If they are on their way to becoming spoiled brats, who do you think is making them that way? When you are rude to your service worker, your kid is watching and learning.  
Corollary to the above: Your children are not precocious, "spirited," cute, or funny. They are spoiled, and bratty. They often address us as "Hey" or "You..." This is unacceptable.
- If you have ~~ways~~ ways to improve my place of business, or want to fight about policy, please just ask for the name of my boss or supervisor, and talk to them. Here's a hint: If I am standing behind a counter or register at 9 p.m., I HAVE NO POWER IN THE ORGANIZATION.
- You are not a bull in a china shop, and hence are responsible for your actions. If you break it, you bought it. No foolin'!

• When did we all become so helpless? Yes, I am here to answer your questions, but, honestly, try to figure it out for yourself first. You know the saying "there are no stupid questions"? A lie, probably made up by second grade teachers in an effort to not hurt dumb kids' feelings. If the store is called Everything's A Dollar, don't ask how much the brush costs. If the sign right in front of you says tax forms are located in aisle 4, don't come ask me if we have tax forms. If you return a video to the video store two days late and the fine is \$1 per day, don't be baffled by the \$2 charge you now owe. Most businesses have signs - and they are there for a reason. Just open your eyes. And know that when you ask a stupid question, you deserve the moronic look you get in return.

- Imagine living on \$2 an hour + the kindness of strangers. Then tip 20%.
- Don't let my nametag (and you now knowing my name) fool you. We're not friends. Or even buddies. Even though I'm standing here nodding and smiling while you tell me your life story, I really don't care. Your waitress doesn't want to know about the best sandwich you've ever had, your bartender really isn't interested in how idiotic you were last time you were drunk, your librarian is secretly yawning while you tell the entire plot of the last book you read, and your car mechanic stopped listening long ago in your tale of the beautiful sunset you saw on your last car trip. I will give the impression of being interested, but I'm telling you now that I just don't care.

• Please don't tell us you're in a hurry. Everyone is. Trust us, we want to complete the transaction as quickly as possible too. Making us nervous with your "I'm in a hurry" opener won't help anyone.

Thanks for listening! - Members of the Retail Revolution

AND NOW... A WORD FROM THE CONSUMER: CTO  
THE SERVICE WORKER When I ask a question or come to the counter don't look like I've interrupted your important conversation  
RESPECT IS A TWO-WAY STREET  
11/9/05

I always thought "do unto others as you'd have done to you" is a good goal. Of course there are days when I am grumpy or in a rush but I try not to take it out on bystanders... because I hope they'll show similar restraint.

Certain people behave towards others in ways I am certain they would not tolerate being treated.

What makes them so exceptional?

But when you are having a bad day, isn't it lovely when someone is nice to you despite your behavior?

As a member of the "Service Community": I am listed on previous pass for 20-30 hours a week with no days off. PLEASE PLEASE JUST respect us and treat us as humans and with dignity. PLEASE JUST because I can do something for you... would you do it for me, day after day after day.

The Establishment may have a policy - but please we are people too you can argue as disagree but we are just a human like you. To have anything to do with you need to talk to one of our really bossless - we are really sell you what we need in the store.

PLEASE BE NICE TO ME

Respect

Politely

me

I DON'T CARE



I LOVE BEING MOM FOR YOU!!

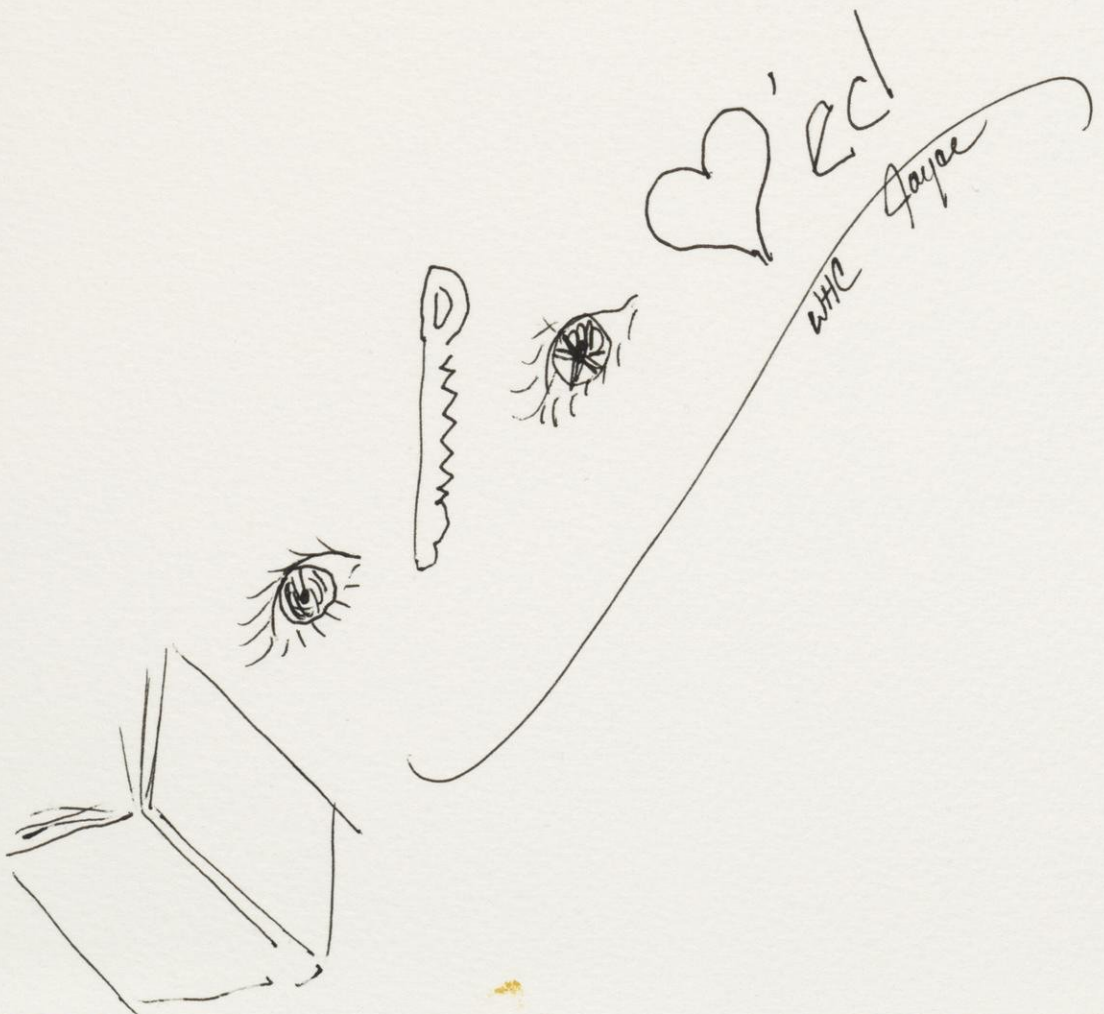
LOVE I LOVE YOU!!

THEY ARE SO BEAUTIFUL! MY PUMPKIN THE MY SUNSHINE

HELENA AND STEPHEN

MAMA

19.09.06





Thirty-Third poem for Alison, by Jim Danby

books books

books books

books books

books books

and zines.

calligraphy by D. Browder

## 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.





December 26, 2005

("Boxing Day")

I had hoped not to be the first person to contribute something to this book but it was not to be.



The book has to be returned tomorrow and I can't send it back a second time (!) without contributing something.

After thinking and thinking about what I wanted to draw, I had many ideas but after years of not drawing, I find that I am quite "rusty".



(no inspiration)

So, I decided to just write and maybe add some small drawings. That, at least, is a start.



(I did crochet and knit dishcloths a lot in the past few weeks!)

If I start at least by writing, maybe next time I will be inspired to try my hand at drawing.

As they say, (whoever "they" is,) the hardest part is the beginning. One can think + think about what you want to do and the time can pass by and then you find out that all the time has passed by and nothing has been accomplished.

I did make the small sketch below of some juncos feeding in the snow. This was based on a photo I took last year.

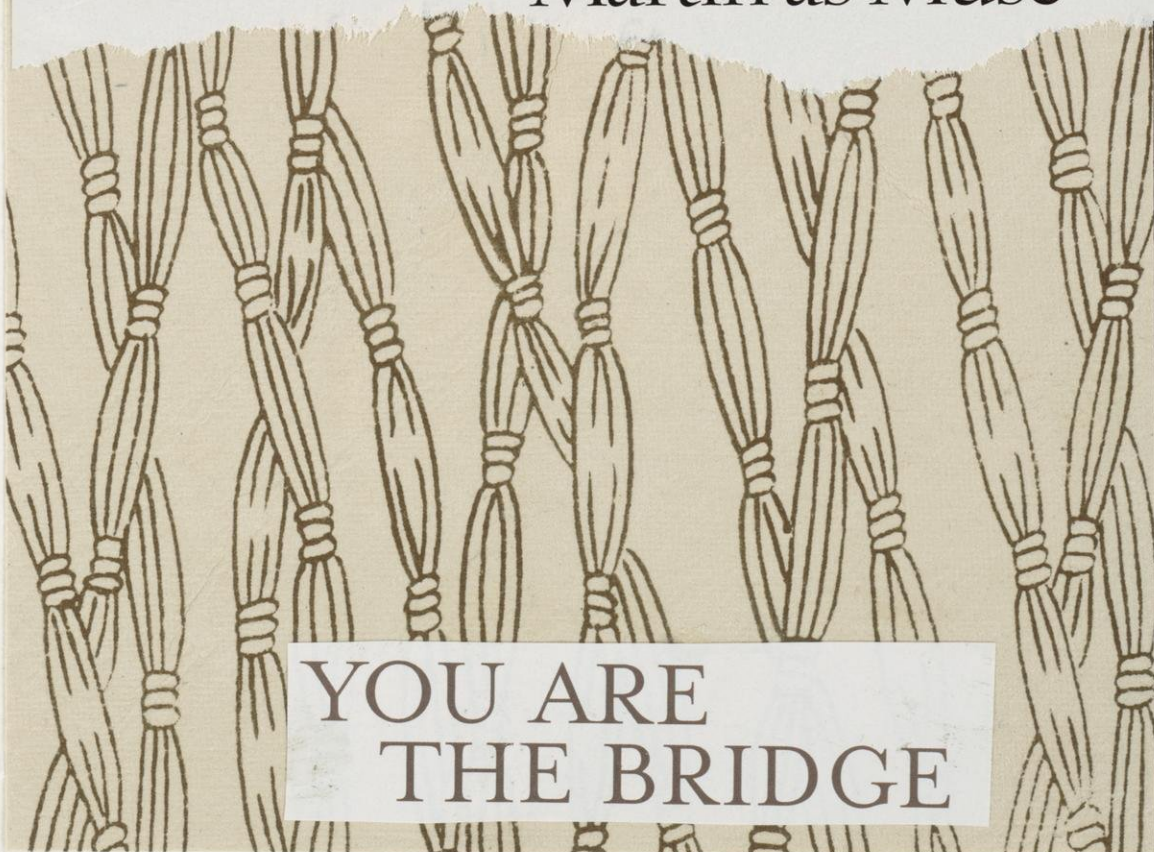


(much cuter on the photo!)

Andie



## Martin as Muse



YOU ARE  
THE BRIDGE



July 05 MEHME BERK

