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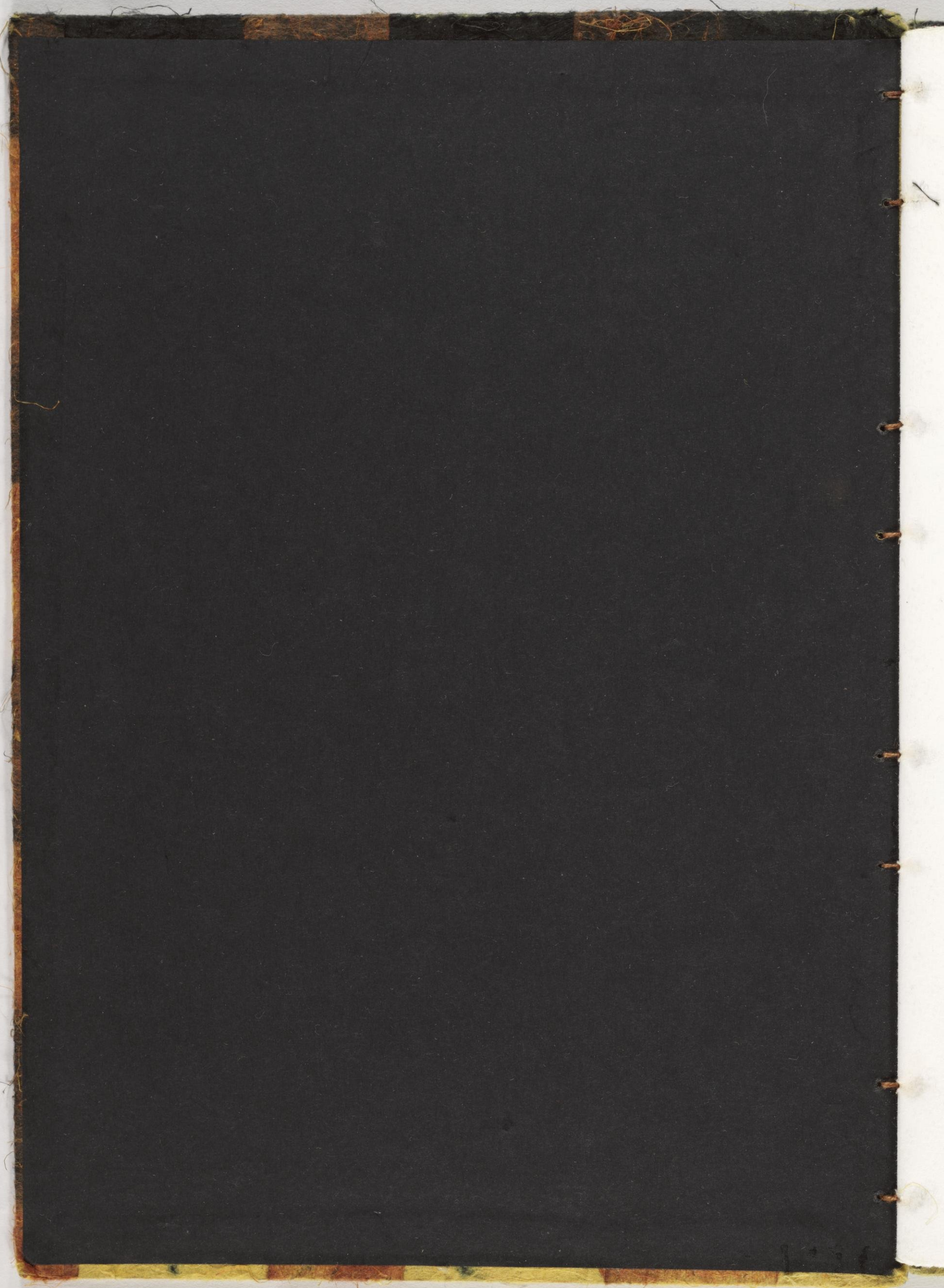
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MEA

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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.

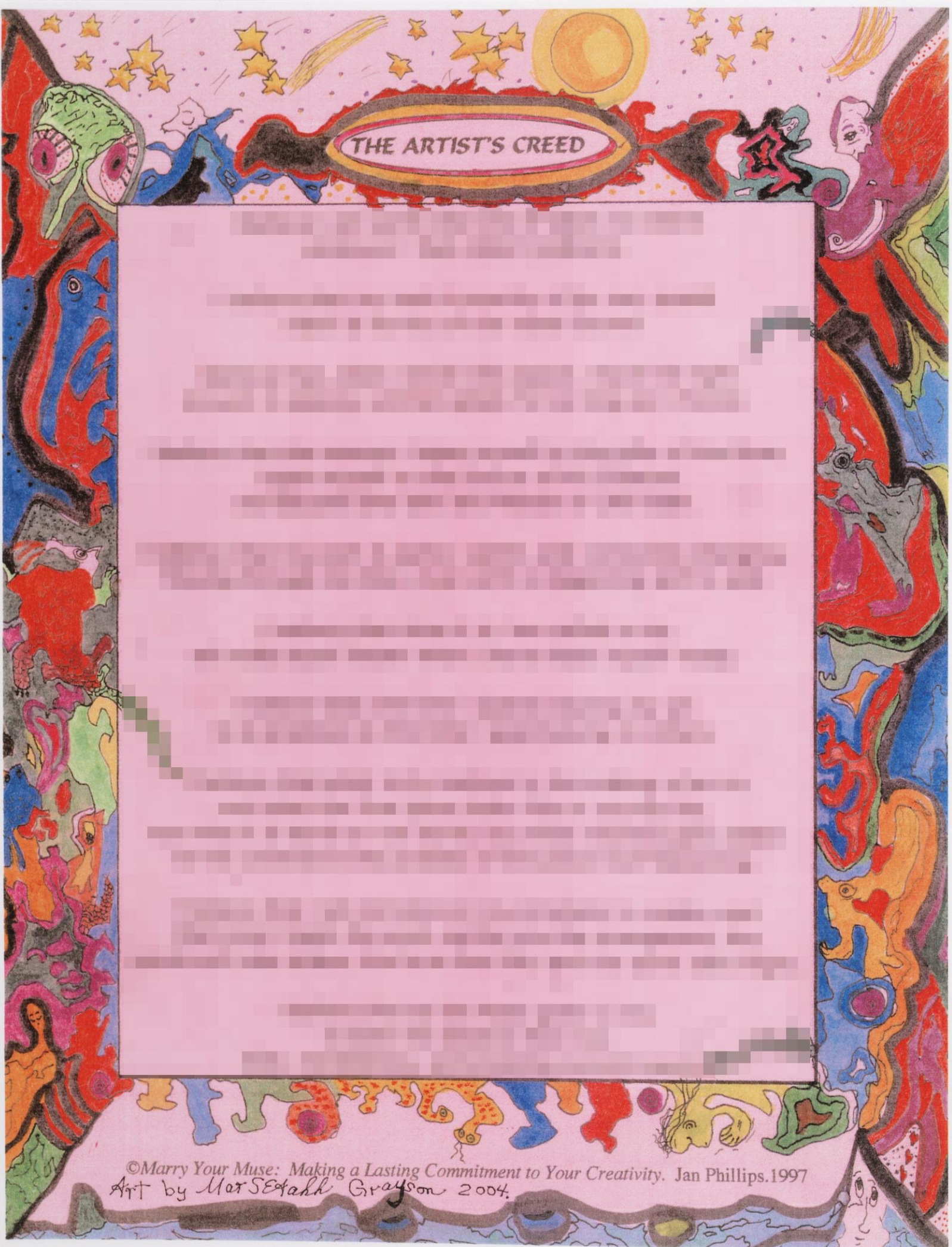
The BFG book artists have created sixty hand made blank books. One of these books will be catalogued into each of the sixty libraries in the South Central Library System. Unlike other library books, patrons are invited to write, draw, paint or collage in the books. Subsequent patrons will add their own 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!



THE ARTIST'S CREED

©Marry Your Muse: Making a Lasting Commitment to Your Creativity. Jan Phillips. 1997
Art by Mar Sotahh Grayson 2004.

When Siddhartha left the palace, his first glimpse of suffering and death was like a punch in the face.

I was stopped in my tracks when I saw the body of a huge, beautiful crow lying still on the capitol lawn.



Poor bodhisattvas, with all their millennia of effort! How long until we stop being surprised by mortality?

25 DECEMBER 2005

Everything happens when, and how, it happens for a reason... of this I am sure. My wife is not a religious person, and neither am I. The holiday season is more about family than anything else, and this year, perhaps, more so than ever. We approached this season in a very new, exciting way: after more than a couple years of most excellent marriage, we had decided to try and start a family in '06. A couple more most excellent months and things were looking good... Wow! This is exciting stuff, trying to start a family! Nerve-wracking and exhilarating, all at the same time (our therapists were both so pleased!). Two days before Christmas day was supposed to be a normal day, a lazy day, a half-day off of work, an afternoon movie with my sweetie. By midnight,

however, everything had changed, and not what most would call for the better. Our doctor had told us that about 15% of pregnancies end in miscarriage; I suspect that reflects women in the United States, or at best, in the Western world. I imagine that if you include all women, across the globe, that number goes way up. The more I think about it, actually, it is a miracle that new life can be made by mere human beings. I don't mean miracle in the religious sense at all, but in the sense that it's really unlikely it will all go well, and that a baby will come along. Everything happens for a reason... here's hoping for one of those little miracles.

Miracles do happen. . . !
Both Job and King David - who was
inspired to write the Psalms in the
Old Testament - use these words -
Oh Lord, Thy hands have made me
and fashioned me. Job 10:18 and Psalm 119:73.

King David writes again: Psalm 100 v. 3.
Know ye that the Lord is God,
He hath made us and not we ourselves.

David continues -
You formed my inward parts,
You knitted me together in my mother's
womb.

I will praise You for I am fearfully
and wonderfully made.

My frame was hidden from you
when I was being made in secret,
intricately woven in the depths of
the earth. Psalm 139: v. 13-15.

With this in mind, I have had
the privilege of being a preschool teacher
to a little girl from age 1 to age 5.
Her birthday is on Christmas Day.
Hopefully she is prepared to go on
into kindergarten and the bigger
world out there in 2006.

This little girl has a good imagination.
Examples:
Last week she revealed that her
little brother was taking a bath. She
popped her head into the bath water
and out again. Her comment was,
"I feel like a dripping mouse."

The week before this she informed me that I am blind. Also, her mother and father are blind and she is thankful she is not blind.

All this because we three all wear glasses.

While in the post office a few weeks ago, we were waiting to purchase stamps.

A line formed behind us.

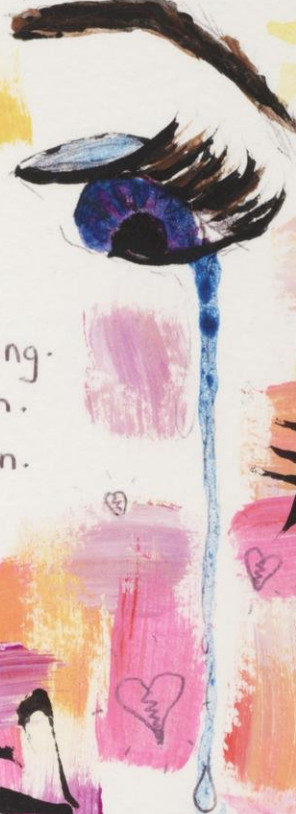
This little girl heard a woman make a comment.

"The child said 'children are never allowed to say that word!' To make the woman feel better she added, 'grownups can say it but children never can.'" I turned and wondered what the word could be. She said, "Natalie you can say it and grown-ups can but children should never say it."

How easily children are molded and influenced. I pray her knowledge and enthusiasm will continue to grow in a positive direction.

Natalie Tieg
March 06

BACK & FORTH & TORN



Days upon days the rose garden had been spied upon.
 I gazed & I gazed & days just appeared to last too long.
 I felt I'd never escape to wonder about the garden.
 I thought I'd dry out & die, and petals would harden.

Yet one day, sooner than thought, I wandered out.
 Like a little girl's first day of Girl Scouts. ☆

☆ I strummed my fingers through the petals,
 And felt the high, then a surprise from the nettles.
 A rash appeared, and thorns tore my palm.
 I tried to ignore it and remain calm. ☆

☆ I ran and left the garden, to seek back to my home,
 but as I got back and relaxed, I soon felt alone.
 So I ran to the bathroom, to bandage up my sores.
 Once again in the garden, uncovered skin sadly tore. ☆

☆ I ran and left the garden, to seek back to my home,
 but as I got back and relaxed, I soon felt alone.
 So I ran to the bathroom, to re-bandage my sores.
 And under the patches, was more awful than before. ☆

☆ Terrified I stayed inside, for nights and for days.
 My head had got to me, and life's brightness hazed.
 My wounds had healed, only leaving scars.
 Conversation pieces for saddened moments at the bars.
 And sitting at that bar edge, was a beautiful rose.
 Soon all my painful memories locked in scars arose.
 But I remembered the silkiness and passion of the flower,
 So once again I reached my hand to feel its awesome power. ☆

☆ I strummed my fingers through the petals,
 and felt the high, then a surprise from the nettles.
 A rash appeared, and thorns tore my palm.
 I tried to ignore it, and remain calm ☆

☆ I ran and left the garden to seek back to my home
 But as I got back and relaxed, I soon felt alone.
 So I ran to the bathroom to bandage up my sores.
 As I returned to the garden, uncovered skin sadly tore. ☆

☆ I ran and left the garden, to seek back to my home,
 But as I got back & relaxed, I soon felt alone.
 So I ran to the bathroom, to re-bandage my sores,
 and under the patches, was more awful than before. ☆



"The best years of our life
are never lost,
If the photographs
can be found."



What would you say
to the world if given the
chance to speak?

☆inspire☆

I GROW PEOPLE

For years of my life I tried to paint a unique picture of myself on this earth. I tried to publish my own fame. I painted pictures, made my own CD, with website, music videos, clothes line, ect...

I sampled lifes sample platter of lifestyles. Gothic to punk to prep to gangster, to raver, to hippie.


After all the lifestyles I've sampled, I find myself in a spot I thought I'd never be, a mother. Out of all the crazy things I've done, this sure does top it. I grew a child inside of me. I grew life, and she loves me more than anyone, my beautiful Willow Eve. Life changes so quick, but you don't understand, until you become a parent.

Everyday we wake up we have our lives in our hands. Where should you go from here? Isn't that exciting. Just do it.

3/15/06

Hannah M. Crandall

The "SIXTY BOOKS PROJECT" - what a great idea! What a generous and creative effort from the Bone Folders' Guild - to put their talents and artistry together to make this donation to the Library, to the Arts Community and to us, the general public of South Central Wisconsin.

When the Project began, I thought, "What a great way to see a widely diverse sampling of local artistic talent!" So, several weeks after the start of the project, I requested a Project Art Journal from the library system. Library files showed a large number of hold requests, so I assumed the Journals were circulating through the area. The first PROJECT Art Journal I received was completely blank! After momentary mild disappointment over not finding any art to explore, I decided I wasn't going to send this book back empty. I fancy myself an artist, though I place myself more accurately in the "wannabe" category. But, if given enough time  and an idea or inspiration, I can do a nice job. So, I blocked in the words, "60 BOOKS", and decorated them. On the background behind the words, I drew an open Art journal on which a drawing had been done and a corresponding written entry was in progress. Next to the journal, I drew a fancy calligraphic ink pen and a decorative inkwell. When it was complete, I considered it one of my best efforts and really wish I had photographed it before returning it to the library.

The next journal I received from the library was also sparsely used. In it, I designed and colored a beautiful and colorful mandala. This time, I remembered to photograph it for my files. In another, I copied the satirical version of "The 12 Days of Christmas" that my children had written. In yet another, my daughter drew a colorful peace sign with various peace words around it. We returned it, waited a week or so to request again, then actually got the same one back again. This time, my son did a bovine Fave in the Cow Parade.

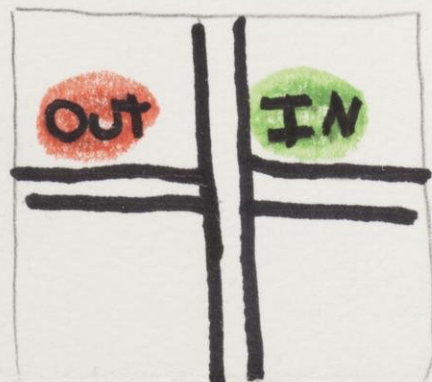
Now we have this very journal - waiting for more input. What will we come up with this time? Will we all do something together? I doubt it, but will see...

So, nothing this time. Between school, soccer, baseball, softball, gardening, etc, nobody had time. What a shame - this journal's pages are twice the size of the others we've seen. Would have loved to fill a page with something other than lament... ^{Ky} ^{24 May 06} until next time...

Mitchelle T.



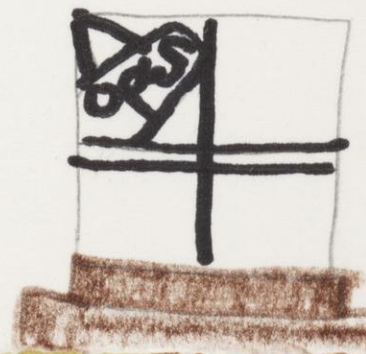
Finish Line



PIZZA
OUTLET

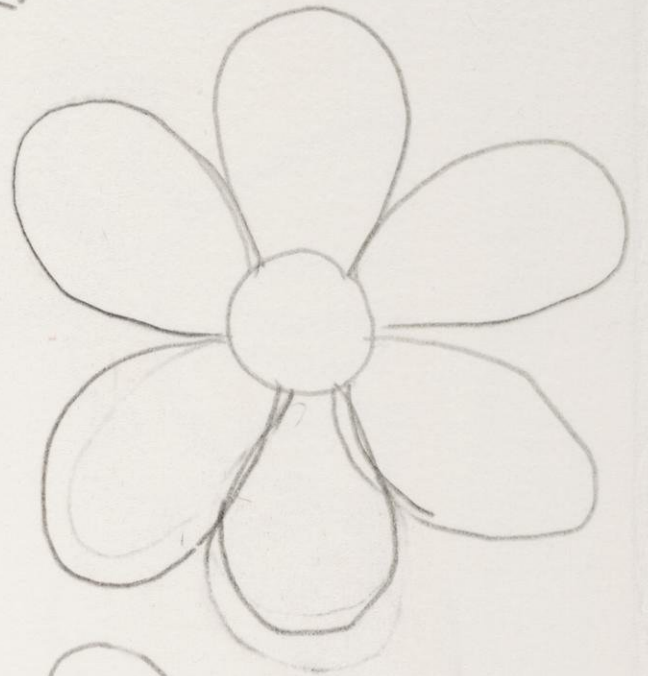


Market



FOLLOW

YOUR



DREAMS!



Mitchelle

Brown!

New York



IT'S NOT
JUST FOR
COOKIE
ANYMORE



CANOE



CREATE

CHA
NGE



cheers!

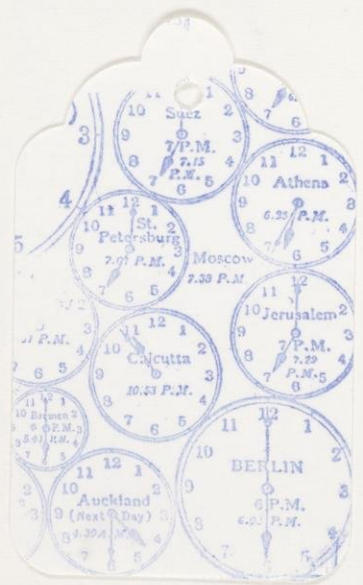
CARDS
solitaire,
rummy,
cabbage,
spit, hearts...
sure played a
lot in college
where did that
"free" time go?

CONGRATULATIONS!

contents



cat a
gor
ize



com pass



do you have
a favorite
letter?
I never
thought
I did.

but of all the
letters of the
alphabet
C
is the start
of the most
words that
make me happy

calendar

IT HELPS TO USE ONE



CALL

candle
light

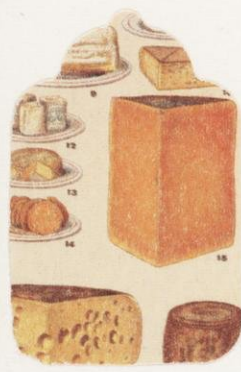


cobalt

COOKIE FORTUNE:

Of all the things you wear, your
expression is the most noticeable

CAM
ERA



cherish



CELEBRATING



OK, maybe you
know the difference,
just pretend
this is a
crocodile



candy



CLOU
D



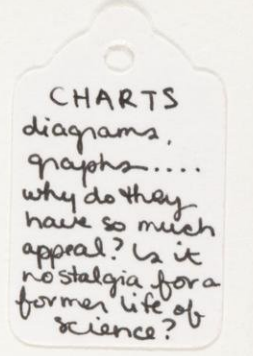
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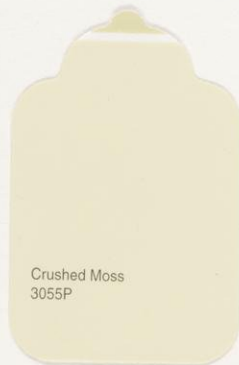
root beer... new... number...
... of...
...



COLLECTING



She ate many chocolate truffles while pondering the BIGGER questions of life. It didn't help her thought process but it did make the whole enterprise more enjoyable.



COOKIE CUTTERS

CULTIVATING

cha
cha
cha



CAROLS
I have known:
piano teacher
pastor
photographer
parent.....
oh, and don't
forget
Joy to the World!



CREATE

cultivating

crayola

Cacti Stem
2211P

CAL
END
AR

Jameo



CORRESPOND
Send a little note,
Keep in touch

割薩應如是生
應住聲香味觸
心須菩提譬如
云何是身為人

CARDS

Gray Cotton
4215P

at least send me
a form letter, at
christmas! signing
your name on a
printed card tells me
NOTHING.



May 2006

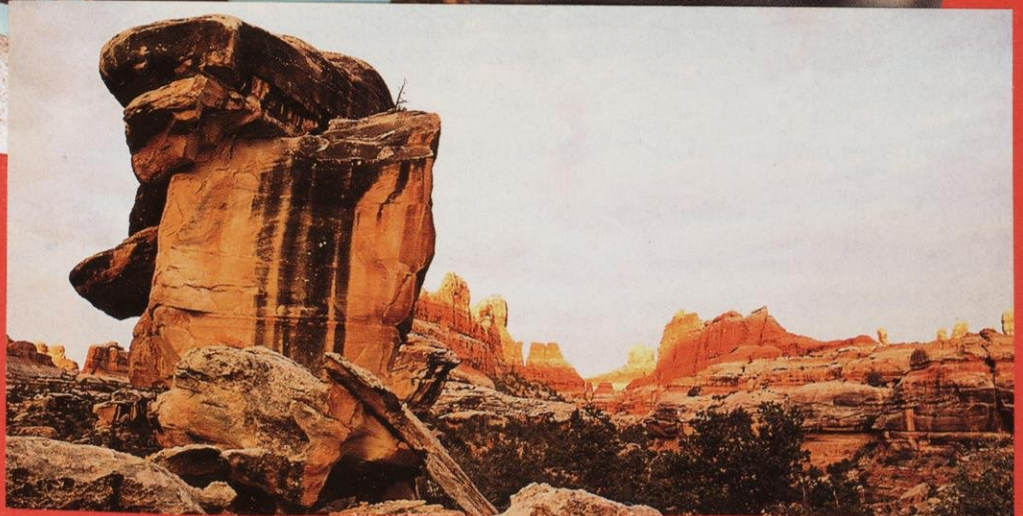
by Laura for the forman

C is for... lots of things



Max Schall

The Answers to Life's Questions
are Closer Than You Think



Marshall Grayson 5.29.06

Rose Window



Kaitlyn Hornik 3/5/06

As
she
sought
to
discover
who & what
she
was,
she
learned
she
was
always & never
a



Plain Woman

Susan Turner Thering
3-28-06
Plain, Wisconsin

I Wish I Could...



fly (flī), *v.i.* [FLEW (flōō), FLOWN (nōn), FLYING], [ME. *flēn*, *flēhen*, *flēien*, etc.; AS. *flēogan*, *flēogan*; akin to G. *flēgan*; IE. **pleu-q-* < **pleu-*, to move forward (by swimming, flying, running, etc.), extension < **pel-*, to flow, pour; hence, akin to *flow*, *fleet*]. 1. to move through the air; specifically, *a*) to move through the air by using wings, as a bird, *b*) to travel through the air in an aircraft, *c*) to be propelled through the air, as a bullet. 2. to operate an aircraft. 3. to wave or float in the air, as a flag or kite. 4. to move swiftly or suddenly: as, the door *flew* open. 5. to appear to pass swiftly: as, time *flies*. 6. to be used up swiftly: said of money, etc. 7. to run away from danger or evil; flee. 8. [FLIED (flīd), FLYING], in *baseball*, to hit a fly. 9. in *hawking*, to hunt with a hawk. *v.t.* 1. to cause to move or float in the air: as, *fly* a kite. 2. to operate (an aircraft). 3. to go over in an aircraft: as, he *flew* the Pacific. 4. to carry or transport in an aircraft. 5. to run away from; flee from; avoid. 6. in *hawking*, to hunt with a hawk. *n.* [pl. FLIES (flīz)], [< the *v.*]. 1. a flap of cloth that conceals buttons or other fasteners in a garment; especially, such a flap in the front of a pair of trousers. 2. *a*) a flap serving as the door of a tent, *b*) a piece of fabric serving as an outer or second top on a tent. 3. *a*) the width of an extended flag, *b*) the part of a flag farthest from the staff. 4. a flywheel. 5. a flyleaf. 6. [British], a hackney carriage. 7. in *baseball*, a ball batted high in the air within the foul lines. 8. *pl.* in the *theater*, the space behind and above the proscenium arch, containing overhead lights, machinery for raising and lowering sets, etc. **fly at**, to attack suddenly by or as by flying or springing toward. **fly in the face of**, to be openly opposed to or defiant of. **fly into**, to have a violent outburst of. **fly off**, to go away quickly or suddenly; hurry off. **fly out**, in *baseball*, to be put out by hitting a fly that is caught by a fielder before it touches the ground. **let fly (at)**. 1. to shoot or throw (at). 2. to direct a verbal attack (at). **on the fly**. 1. while in flight. 2. [Slang], while in a hurry. **SYN.**—*fly* is the general word implying movement through the air on wings (birds, insects, airplanes *fly*); *flit* suggests a series of quick, light flights from place to place (sparrow

10



FA
It's
OK.



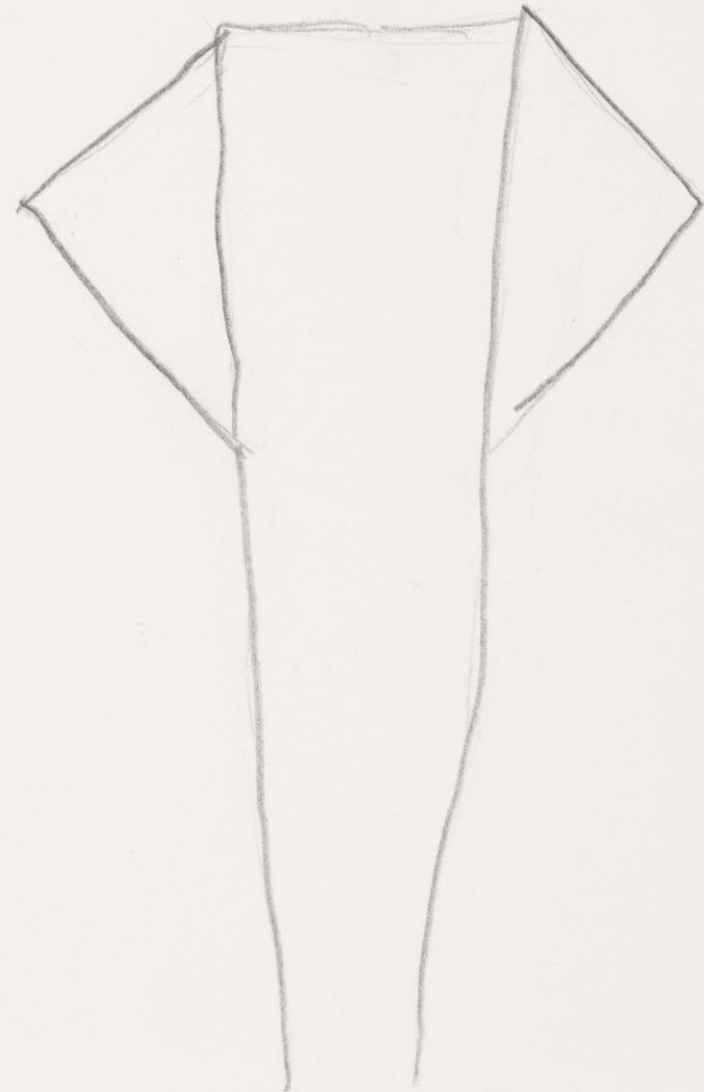


CK Callahan 8/8/06

She didn't think she could do it,
Untill she tried ~~ry~~



D DANIEL KENNEDY
Darienne Keniecc Frank



By:

5th grade
Plain Elementary
April 13, 2006

Mikayla

Jayne

Kersha



Wild Fine

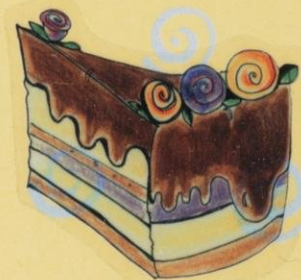
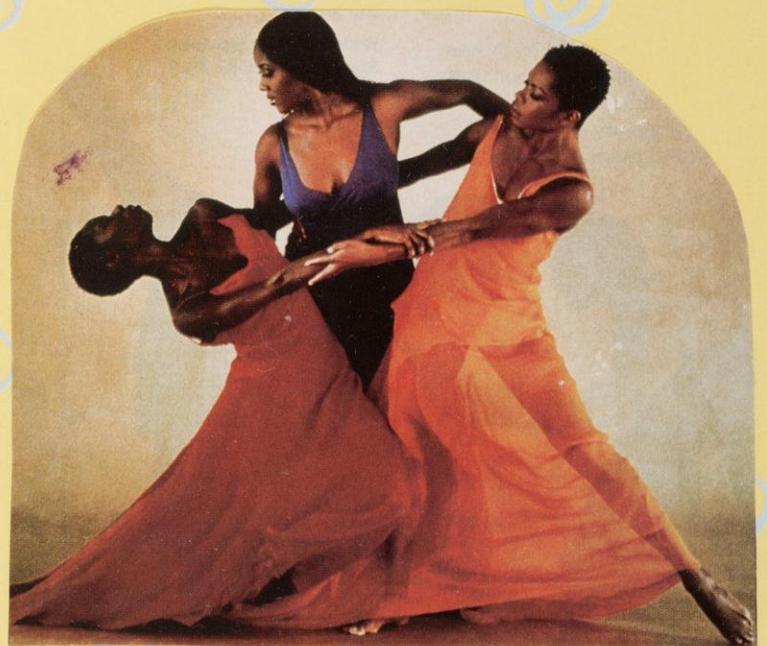




When I feel fattest and flabbiest and most repulsive, I try to remember that gravity speaks; also, that no one needs that plastic-body perfection from women of age and substance. Also, that I do not live in my thighs or in my droopy butt. **I live in joy and motion** and cover ups. I live in the nourishment of food and the sun and **the warmth of the people who love me.**

It is, finally, so wonderful to have learned to eat, to taste and love what slips down my throat, padding me, filling me up, that I'm not uncomfortable calling it a small miracle....Whatever it was, learning to eat was about **learning to live** – and deciding to live; and it is one of the most radical things I've ever done."

Anne Lamott
From Traveling Mercies



At Memorial Day, 2006



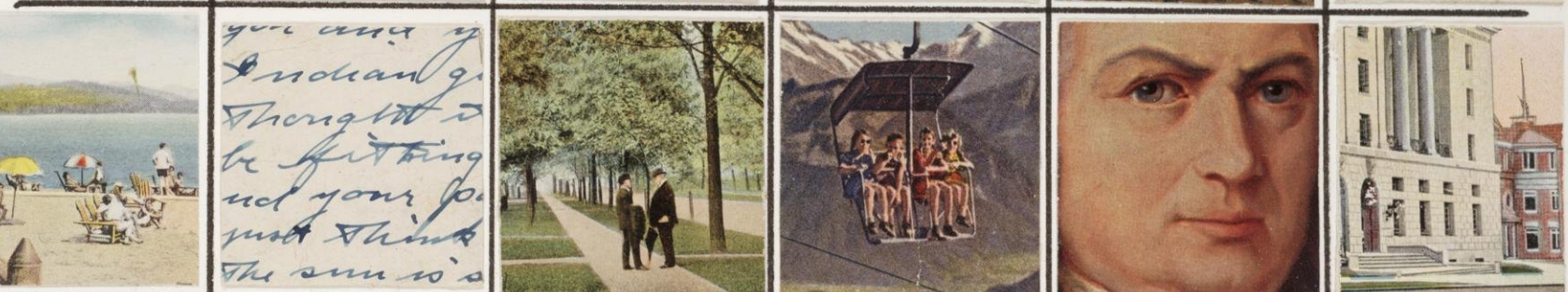
There is nothing is more musical than a sunset. He who feels what he sees will find no more beautiful example of development in all that book which, alas, musicians read but too little - the book of Nature.

Claude Debussy

Clouds come floating into my life, no longer to carry rain or usher storm, but to add color to my sunset sky.

Rabindranath Tagore





Dear Ruth
going to see
farm too
7 fellows

you and
I would go
Thought it
be fitting
not your
just think
The sun is

With kindest
thoughts
all day
And best wishes
always.

U38
D
1 CENT
1
Lillian

Witteland - Gyger & Klopfenstein.
Hirtzlerland - just
up to the top
a other day
after, lots of

Never stay
no thought
try it. of
and was
Thanks for
Found some
west-day

WISH YOU WERE
HERE POSTCARD
PAGE. 2006
ROBIN KINNEY
BAY VIEW
BOOKARTS

POSTAGE
1 1/2¢
WITHOUT
MESSAGE

LET'S GO
POST CARD
CITIZENS MI

Fourth Poem For Allison

By Jim Danky

(calligraphy by Kayla Carlson)

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

Books

AND ZINES

A note to
the guild -
Thank you for
the opportunity to
participate in the creation!
Stherug

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.

Susan Carlson 2005

