



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## McMillan Memorial Library. 2005

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

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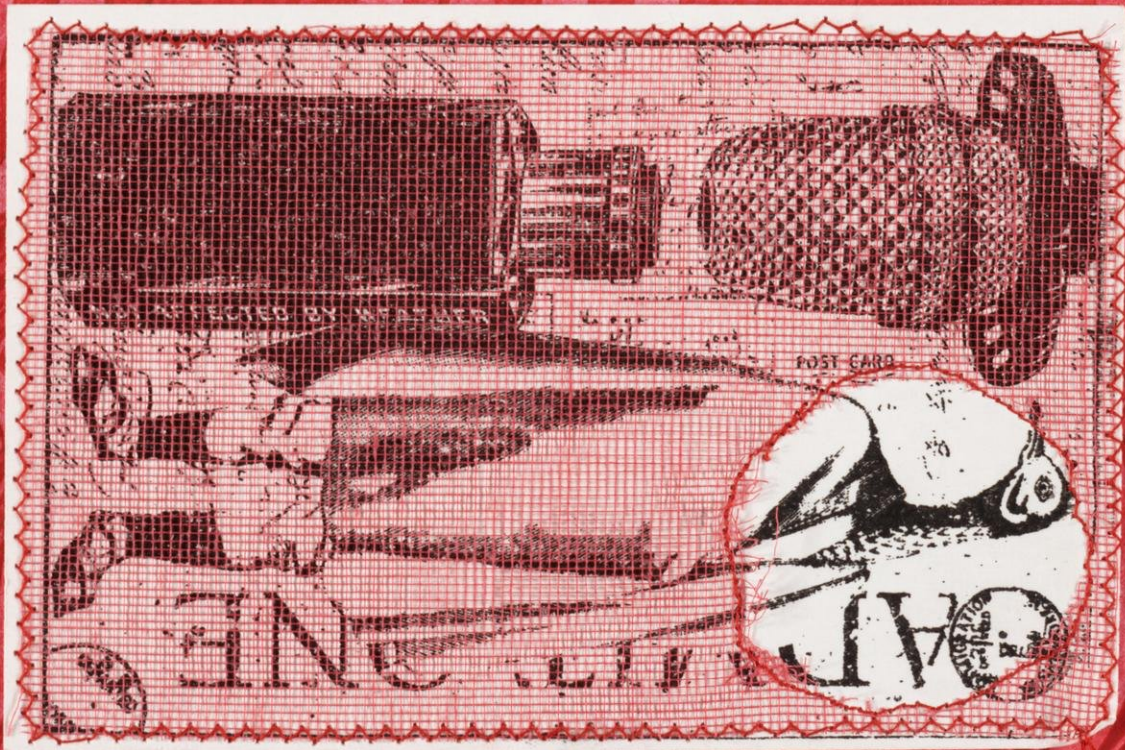


McMillan Memorial Library  
490 E. Grand Avenue  
Wisconsin Rapids, WI 54494-4898

MADISON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9078 05060 5683



702.81  
S199s  
bk.43







**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/](http://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!



AUTUMN PAINTING

LEE STRUEBIG 2005





"My Library"  
McMillan Memorial Library  
WI Rapids, WI

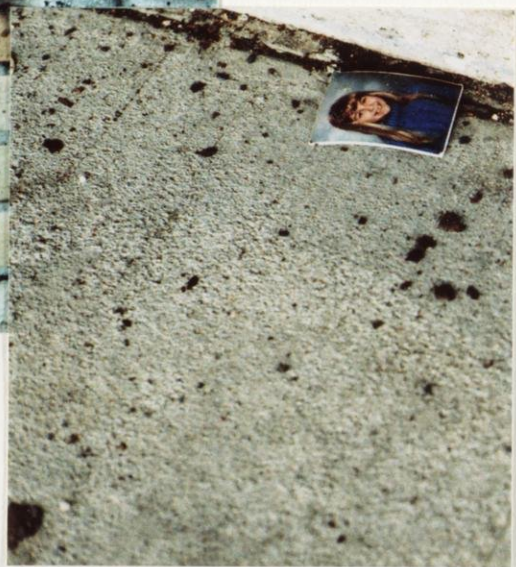
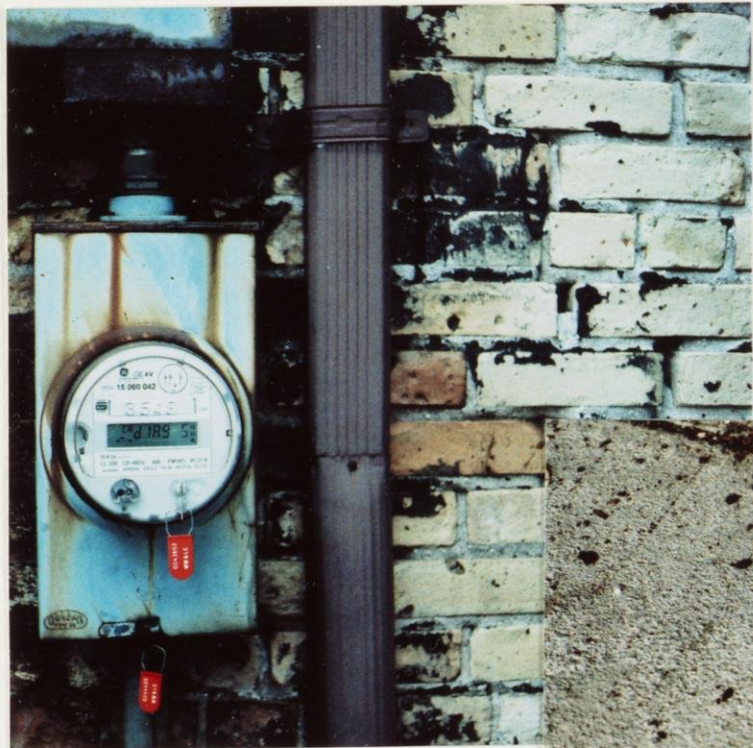
S. Timm  
C. Luedtke  
2005



"See the Light"  
University Library  
UWSP

S. Timm  
2005





"Things  
Forgotten"  
2006, Spyros J. Hefradis  
[www.mafinatime.com](http://www.mafinatime.com)

Waxing Poetic - <sup>for</sup> ~~LIBR~~

Candles a flame  
Reflect my heart...  
Your love's to blame  
Right from our start.  
Rockford Washer  
Dollar bill stuck.  
Rescued for her...  
Love sparks a buck.  
Twenty-eight years  
Have come and gone.  
More laughs than tears  
Prove love is strong.  
Be with me now.  
Be with me then.  
That is so how  
We'll be. The End.

- Steve Raap, 2-28-06



## *The Barn*

*It was a quiet, Sunday afternoon, and my daughter and I were enjoying a drive out in the country. Suddenly, I realized we were at the site of the old farm that my Mom and Dad used to own. However, it looked so different, I couldn't believe it. The house hadn't been changed much, except for a new coat of paint, but the barn had undergone a drastic change.*

*The old weatherbeaten siding of the barn had been sheeted with plywood and was painted a bright aqua. Neon signs replaced the cobwebs in the windows. The sign on the front of the barn no longer read "Lake View Dairy Farm, it now read "Rainbow Bend Resort," and under these words it read "The Barn." The lilacs were gone and in their place stood gas pumps. A boat house was built where the beautiful orchards of apples once grew in the warm summer sunlight. Five little pastel colored cabins were built along the bend of the lake where the old cow path used to lead into a barnyard. A baseball diamond now occupied the land on which the holstein cows used to graze quietly. The huge oak trees and the green lawn had been uprooted and replaced with a gravel parking lot, that was filled to capacity with cars and motorcycles.*



*The loud, hard music of the boisterous teenagers was in sharp contrast to the lowing of the cattle, the crowing of the rooster, and the meowing of the cat--the animals which before filled the same barn with their soft sounds. From the sounds of the wild, off-beat, hard rock music, I knew the dancing that was going on in the hayloft was certainly not the Virginia Reel, or the Circle-Two-Step. Just from looking at the surroundings and listening to the noise, I knew that the slogan "You'll never outgrow your need for milk," had given way to the slogan "Eat, Drink, and be Merry, for Tomorrow--Who Knows!" The children that had once spilled glasses of cold white milk down their throats, had now grown into devilish teenagers and now spilled yellow-gold ice cold beer down their throats from clanging cans.*

*The stillness, the solitude, and the peacefulness of the old farm had been destroyed by the harshness, and wreckless freedom of those happy-go-lucky, beer drinking teen-agers. The wooden rafters of the old barn still tremble.*

*B. Paige  
2006*



www.homebrewpress.com

Casey's Haiku - MARCH 2006

Keep your calendar  
in pencil-- circumstances  
are subject to change.



Egg  
Harbor  
Sand  
Beach

www.wisconsinacademy.org/book

After she strung one  
paper thousand cranes for peace  
her focus shifted.

Photos and text...  
Mary "Casey" Martin 2006

CONCENTRATE  
FOLD, SEW,  
QUILT, WRITE  
A POEM.

WATCH THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE  
THEY HOLD THE BIG STORIES.

OPEN YOUR HEART  
FILL UP A PAGE OR TWO



Anderson's  
Dock  
Ephraim WI

WANDER THROUGH  
You can't judge altered  
books by their inside pages--  
surprises pop up.

IT'S ALL IN THE DETAILS...  
SO SQUINT TO SEE HOW THINGS  
LINE UP...

ROAM UPON  
A PAGE



1,000  
Cranes for Peace  
Public ART  
INSTALLATION  
Nov 05 - JAN 06  
Wisconsin Rapids  
WI.

SUPPORT  
Wisconsin Center for the Book  
2006 - 20th Anniversary



START YOUR OWN JOURNAL OR ALTER YOUR OWN BOOK.



*From the Door Peninsula to the Rivers Edge  
Wisconsin beauty abounds....Keep your eyes open wide.*

Views from EGO HARBOR (HOMETOWN BEACH)



*On the edge of the Wisconsin River - Wisconsin Rapids WI*

*M. "Cozy" Marler*



## *Staying Young at Heart*

*When I first saw them my hair was brown.  
Every year, the Hopa trees looked fresh,  
beautiful, with their pink blossoms.*

*Now my hair is white and the trees are older, too.  
Year after year they carry their fruit,  
display their beauty and strength.*

-Ilse Dietsche 2006

Wisconsin Rapids WI



## Indicted

Late night travel along the four-lane road. An animal, black and small, darts across from the median with incredibly poor timing. The car ahead misses with the left wheel and hits the animal with the right, spinning the small body over to the curb.

Curled in pain, fright and death throes, the creature lies still as I approach. I am upset - fearful that a pet will have to be mourned. As I drive past, the unmistakable aroma of skunk fills my nostrils, the tires, car and neighborhood.

My fear disappears and disgust takes its place. First as rage against being made to smell bad. Then at myself for feeling that way.

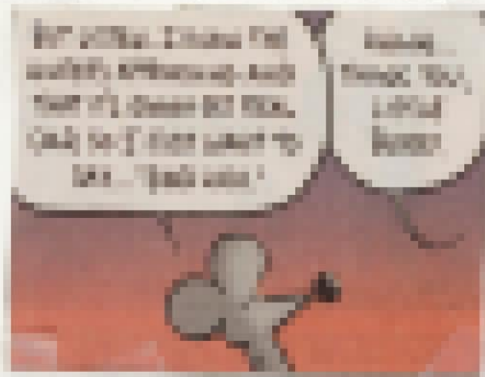
Is that how I feel toward the unloved, the "undesirables" of my own race? Do I only mourn those that were loved? Or those who do not have an aroma of the unwanted or undesirable about them?

What of the homeless (the unwashed), or the drug lords killed anonymously or with no remorse? What of these? Who mourns their loss? Are they not creatures on this planet, too?

Do I drive by, crinkling my nose in disgust - afraid to be involved - afraid I might absorb the scent?

Chris Johnson  
WI Rapids 2006





The Magic Wand

No one knows what it can do,  
Maybe good,  
Maybe evil,  
No one knows,  
Want to find out?

Go ahead,  
Touch it,  
I dare you,  
No one to see,  
Go on,  
Just do it...

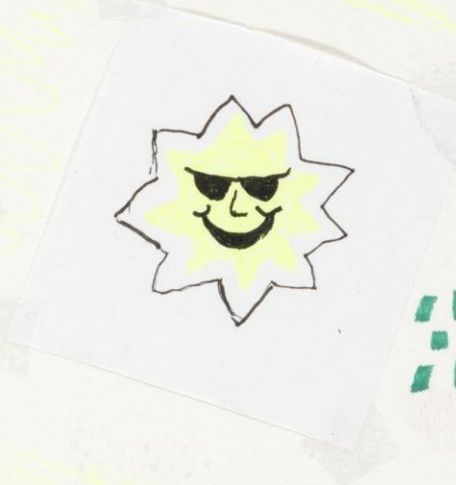
Sarah  
Fons



Dragon Rider



The Dragon Rider  
 She never gets to pursue her dreams  
 The Dragon Rider  
 Always forced to flee upon a steed's back  
 The Dragon Rider  
 Never seen the light of day  
 The Dragon Rider  
 Heart broken, tears flowing  
 The Dragon Rider  
 Windburned, cold, miserable  
 The Dragon Rider  
 Who is she?  
 The Dragon Rider



Sarah Fors  
Stoughton, WI





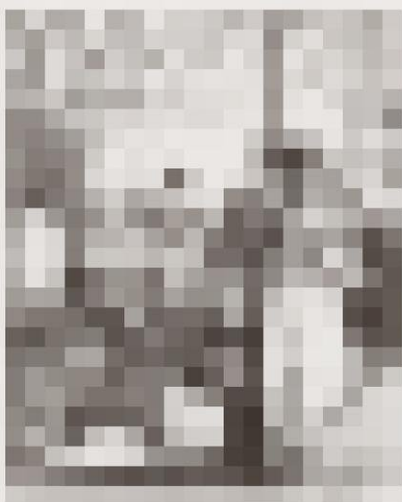
PLEASE OPEN  
GENTLY  
WITH PATIENCE  
TO REMOVE  
CONTENTS.





1910





Person sitting on a bench in a park.



Person standing in a public square.



Person walking in a public square.

Person walking in a public square.

Person walking in a public square.



"IT IS THE THEORY  
ITSELF, THAT ALLOWS US  
TO DISCOVER IT"  
A. EINSTEIN



AM. WINTER. WINTER



PAV WISCONSIN - SUMMER





LOG IN: LEAVE MADISON@

10:10 | 222.2 = TRIPOMETER

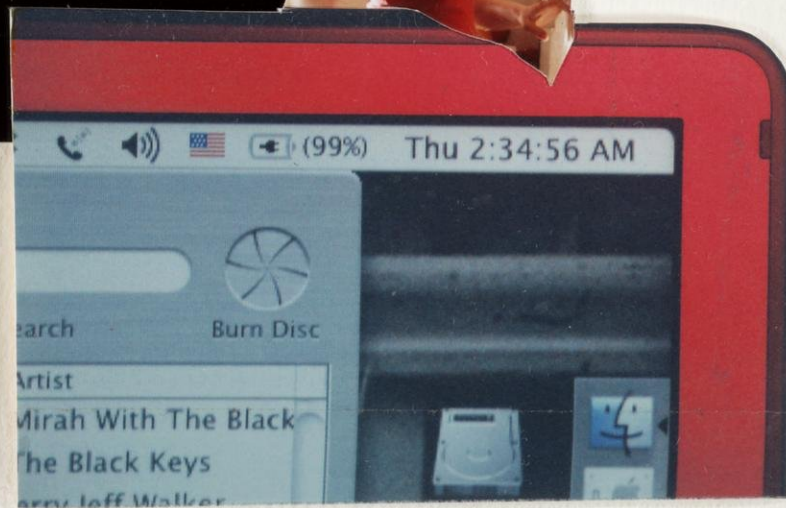
(+ 10:23 | 232.3 = TRIPOMETER)

... gas refill = \$35.79 unloaded...

~reset tripometer~

LOG OUT: ARRIVE @ PARENT'S HOUSE

12:34 | 11.1 = TRIPOMETER





THESE WORDS, INSIDE, MAY JUST BE  
LETTERS FOLDED OVER THEMSELVES -  
BUT IF YOU CONNECT WITH THE  
MESSAGE, THEN YOU KNOW ME ? -

-hello- we Meet Again...





When somebody wants something, the whole Universe conspires in their favor. The Warrior of the Light knows this.

For this reason, he takes great care with his thoughts. Hidden beneath a whole series of good intentions lie feelings that no one dares confess to himself: vengeance, selfdestruction, guilt, fear of winning, a macabre joy at other people's tragedies.

The Universe does not judge; it conspires in favor of what we want. That is why the Warrior of the Light has the courage to look into the dark places of his soul in order to ensure that he is not asking for the wrong things.

And the Warrior is always very careful about what he thinks.

-Paulo Coelho-

I repeat:

You can recognize a Warrior of the Light by the look in his eye. Warriors of the Light are in the world, they form part of the world, and they are sent into the world without saddlebags or sandals. They are often cowardly. They do not always act correctly.

Warriors of the Light are wounded by the most foolish things, they worry about trivialities, they believe themselves incapable of growing. Warriors of the Light sometimes believe themselves unworthy of any blessings or miracle.

Warriors of the Light often ask themselves what they are doing here. Often they find their lives meaningless.

That is why they are Warriors of the Light. Because they fail. Because they ask questions. Because they keep looking for a meaning. And, in the end, they will find it.

-Paulo Coelho-



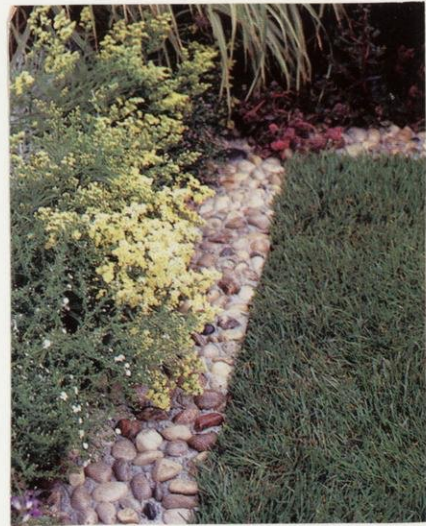
Thoughts on a letter. June 2006. After a few months of one letter per book, I am getting closer to the end of the list. All that is left is u, e, g, h, o...and x. It is clear why certain letters present such a challenge, on the other hand, why is "c" so easy and "h" so difficult? It's not so much for lack of words but for lack of imagery to relate to them, or is it just an alphabetical version of a vitamin deficiency? Hours have been spent looking through two primary reference books, both received as gifts for my high school graduation some 20 years ago: the thesaurus from Willie and Anne Marie Rohan, particularly useful for the list of colors, and the encyclopedic dictionary.





And so we arrive at "x," only two pages in my dictionary, two pages which I have read, re-read, and then read once more. I'm not particularly interested in the usual "x-ray." I toyed around with a play on "ex," an assortment of words such as x-ist, x-amine, x-periment, and so on.

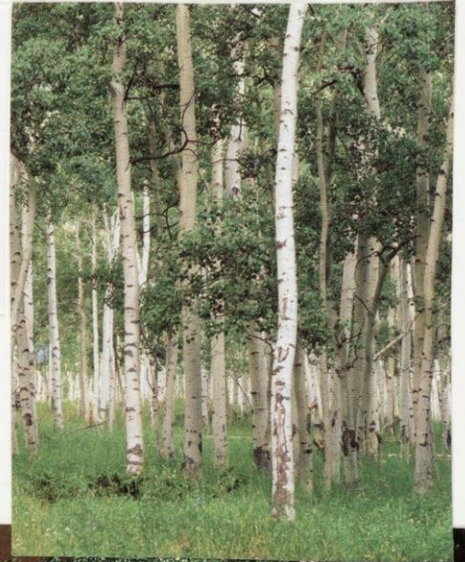
or "xanthous" from the dictionary, meaning yellow, except that's what I did for the "y" page, and I don't even particularly like that color. Who'd have thought that I would even have trouble making up my mind for the letter "x?"



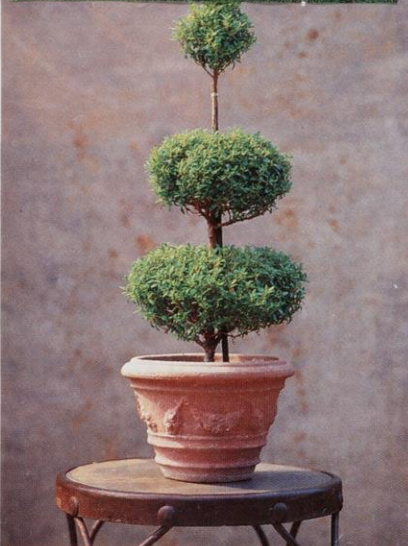
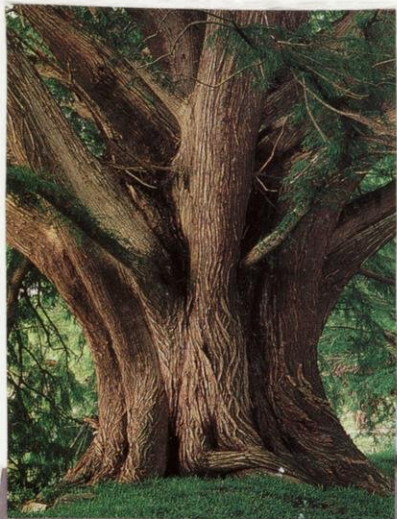
There was also "xeric," "x-ray crystallography" (a nod to a former life in geology), Xerox (there was that cute boy at the copy center for a while, and lots of photocopies made for various jobs and various collages), Xyron, Xmas (the music, the gift-giving, the parties, the letters... what's not to love? & I'm not being sarcastic). But then, one of the last entries in the dictionary, a word that kind of stuck in my mind, in part because of the easy imagery affiliated with it.



So, here it is: **X is for xyst**, from ancient Rome and Greece (whose "x" chapters in the dictionary must have been much longer <sup>than</sup> mine), meaning a covered portico or long tree-lined walk or terrace. I always loved a feature such as that in a garden; it calls to mind places far away in Paris and Florence and nearby at the Minnesota Arboretum. Hope you enjoy a lovely stroll.





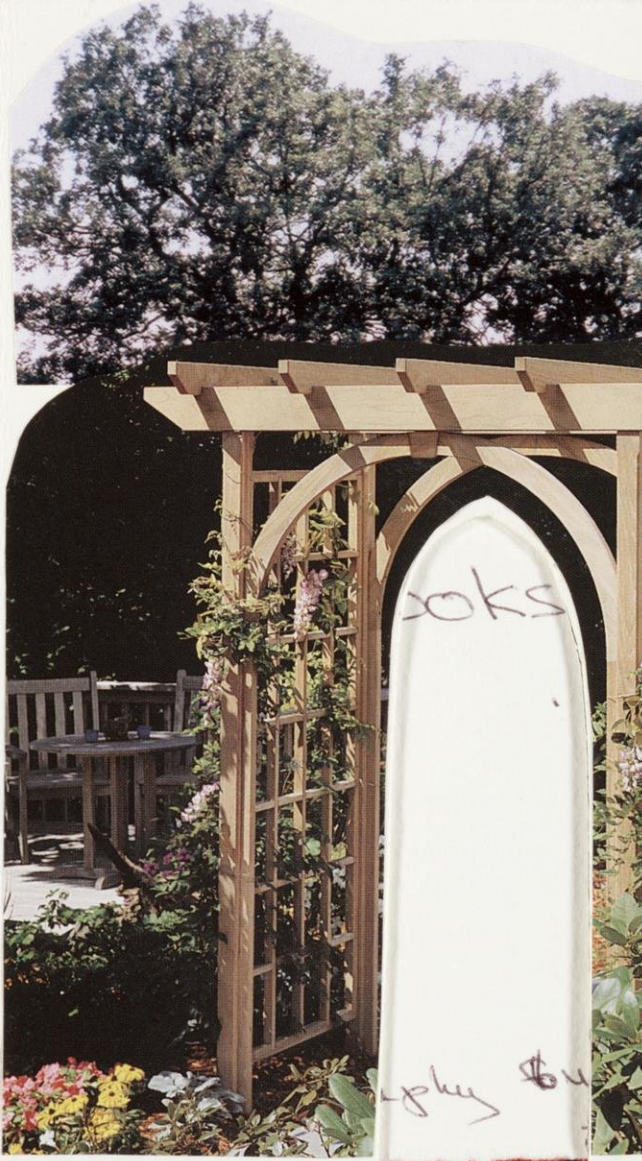


My garden in Bermuda







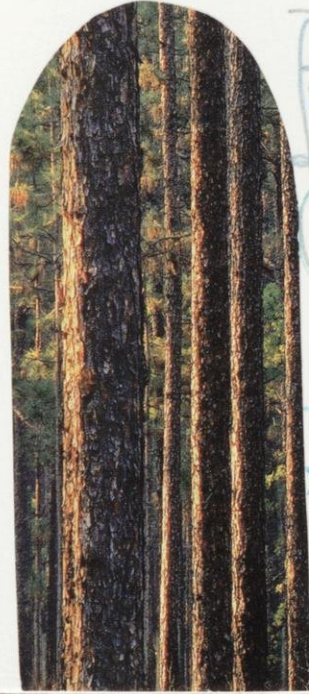


books

phy \$u

July 05 Anne's Garden





X to far Xyst

oano pmeto kema

June 2006

49

Forty-ninth Poem for Alison  
by Jim Danky

Books books books books

Books books books books

Books books books books

Books books books books

... and Zines

Calligraphy by MaryFaith Fox

July 05 Annual Braid



## 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.

A Paper Purest

I am NOT!

Such fine Paper in this book  
It has been USED well. Punched  
Folded, Glued, covered up ... I just thought  
A little drawing--- even if hidden  
Should be in here Somewhere.



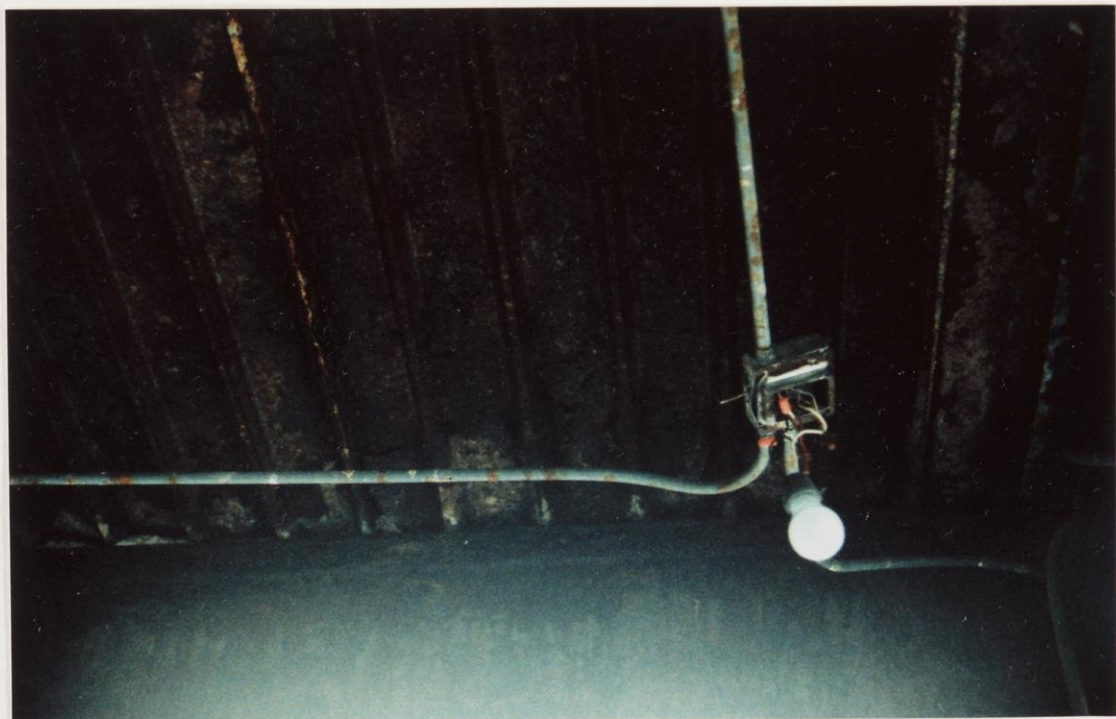
Five Paper makes it Possible  
For the Hardest of Leads to  
make a MARK.

The Softer the lead you  
can actually feel the pull  
of the tooth or direction  
of the papers grain.

Sadly its NOT  
the papers fault  
But the weakness  
of Skill, of the  
Individuals connection  
to the Paper.



This attempt: is the small  
Portrait of a female Ring neck  
Duck. They are Divers and  
So have wet feathers. Their  
Colors are complex and subtle  
Browns and grays. They  
are one of the first to  
migrate through as the  
Ice opens. The male  
is (spring) Black and  
white body with  
elaborate Blues  
and white on  
their bills.



"Dangling bulb"  
2006  
Spyros I. Hewitadis  
[www.marinatingthemind.com](http://www.marinatingthemind.com)



July 05 Arundel Island



