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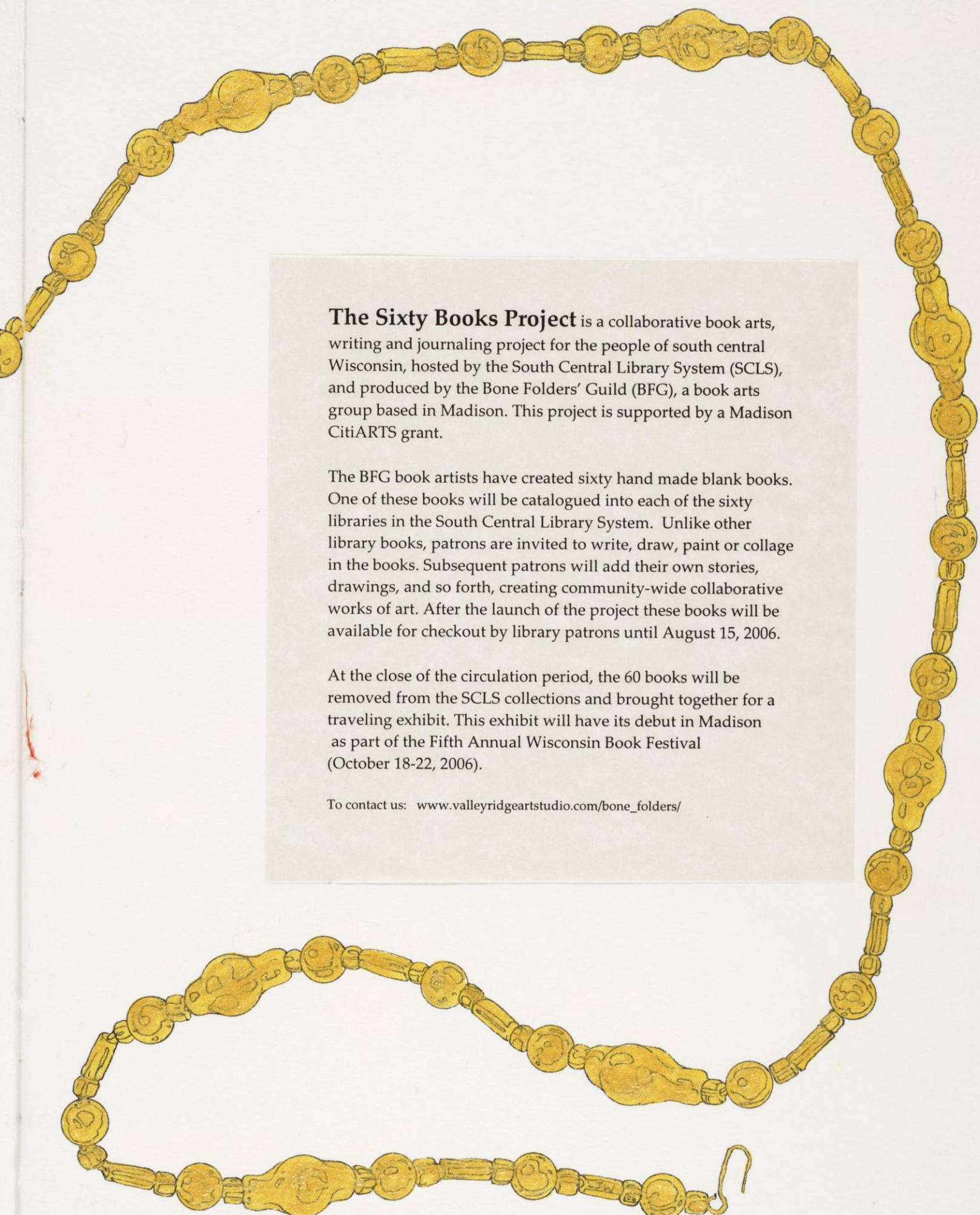
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**The Sixty Books Project** is a collaborative book arts, writing and journaling project for the people of south central Wisconsin, hosted by the South Central Library System (SCLS), and produced by the Bone Folders' Guild (BFG), a book arts group 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/](http://www.valleyridgeartstudio.com/bone_folders/)



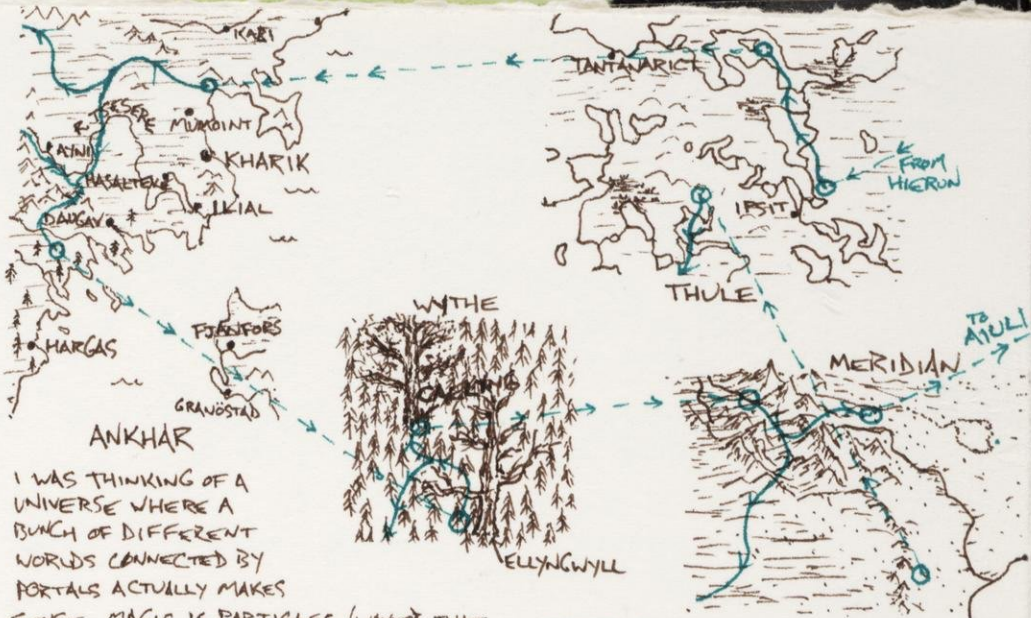
## Instructions

- 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!



SOME THOUGHTS I'VE HAD RECENTLY, TO INAUGURATE THE ARTIST JOURNAL - OCTOBER, 2005

WHEN YOU TEACH A CHILD, YOU GRADUALLY GIVE HER MORE AND MORE CONSEQUENTIAL TASKS, BECAUSE CONSEQUENCE IS IMPORTANT. BUT SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO GIVE THIS ILLUSION OF CONSEQUENTIALITY IN ORDER TO FOSTER LEARNING AND GRAVITY, BUT WHILE ALL THE TIME KNOWING THAT YOU CAN ABSORB AND ALTER THE CONSEQUENCE, THAT YOU ARE STILL HOLDING THE SEAT OF THE BICYCLE SO IT DOESN'T CRASH. YOU CAN'T BE THE SAFETY NET TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE - IT'S A TOUGH LINE TO WALK. THIS IS WHY THE MECHANISM OF FORGIVENESS IS SO IMPORTANT AND YET PARADOXICAL, BECAUSE IT FUNDAMENTALLY LETS US HAVE IT BOTH WAYS. OUR ACTIONS ARE IMBUED WITH REAL CONSEQUENCE; SOMETHING REALLY DOES GET BROKEN. YET THAT CONSEQUENCE IS ABSORBED. WITHOUT FORGIVENESS YOU CAN ONLY DESPAIR THAT YOU HAVE DESTROYED SOMETHING MEANINGFUL, OR ELSE LAUGH AND LIE TO YOURSELF THAT IT NEVER MEANT ANYTHING IN THE FIRST PLACE. FORGIVENESS IS WHERE MATURITY MEETS CHILDLIKE-NESS - IT ENABLES ONE'S LIFE TO BE AS FULL OF DREADFUL MEANING AND CONSEQUENCE AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT FEARING THE SAME. SO THIS IS HOW WE CAN HAVE REAL CONCEPTS LIKE LOVE AND JOY, EVEN IF WE NEVER QUITE SEE THEM PERFECTLY INSTANTIATED, WHILE NOT BEING UTTER CYNICS.



I WAS THINKING OF A UNIVERSE WHERE A BUNCH OF DIFFERENT WORLDS CONNECTED BY PORTALS ACTUALLY MAKES SENSE. MAGIC IS PARTICLES (WAVES) THAT FLOW IN STREAMS ALONG THE SURFACES OF WORLDS AND THEN DUCK THROUGH TO OTHERS, CREATING PORTALS. THE HISTORIES OF THESE WORLDS, WHICH WERE OFTEN PEOPLED BY SIMILAR SENTIENT MAGICAL CREATURES, WERE INFORMED EACH OTHER. LANGUAGES AND LIFE FORMS RELATED. THE FLOWS OF THESE PARTICLES IS CONSTRAINED BY THE SLOW BROAD MOVEMENTS OF EMANATORS (PLANETS, STARS, AND THINGS). ANYWAY, ONE WORLD IS LARGELY JUNGLE, WITH A FEW

HUGE TREES THAT SUPPORT VAST LAYERS OF CANOPY. THERE WERE THESE MONKEY-LIKE CREATURES WITH NO HANDS BUT RATHER A NUMBER OF PREHENSILE TAIL-LIKE APPENDAGES. THEY HAD NO SPOKEN LANGUAGE AND NO ADVANCED VOCAL CHORDS; THEIR LANGUAGE WAS MUSIC. THEY WERE GIVEN A VIOLIN-LIKE STRINGED INSTRUMENT WHEN BORN, AND LEARN THE PHRASES AND MELODIES AND THEIR MEANINGS. IN MOST OF THEIR SOCIETIES, DAMAGING OR DESTROYING ANOTHER'S INSTRUMENT IS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH. POETRY IS INTERESTING IN THESE CULTURES, I'D GUESS, SORT OF A MIX BETWEEN HARMONIC FORM + PRACTICAL FUNCTION.

A RANDOM GUY ON AN AIRPLANE GAVE ME THIS PROBLEM, AND THEN I THOUGHT ABOUT IT AND FIGURED IT OUT, BUT NOT DURING THE HALF HOUR I THOUGHT ABOUT IT. IT WAS JUST ONE NIGHT MONTHS LATER WITHOUT THINKING ABOUT IT AT ALL. WHY DOES THAT HAPPEN? :

I PICK TWO RATIONAL NUMBERS AND I DON'T TELL YOU WHAT THEY ARE, BUT PUTTING ONE IN EACH HAND. YOU GET TO PICK ONE HAND AND THEN, AFTER LOOKING AT IT, GUESS WHETHER THE OTHER IS LARGER OR SMALLER. IS THERE ANY METHOD FOR GUESSING THAT GIVES YOU MORE THAN A 50% CHANCE OF BEING RIGHT?

HINT: YOU MAY SOON REALIZE ANY DETERMINISTIC ALGORITHM GIVES ONLY A 50% CHANCE, RIGHT?

WHILE I'M SORT OF ON THE SUBJECT, A COUPLE BRIDGE PROBLEMS I THOUGHT OF. BACKWARDS BRIDGE PROBLEMS, I SUPPOSE. ANYWAY, CAN YOU COOK UP A DEAL WHERE (NEVER MIND THE BIDDING) ONE SIDE CAN MAKE GAME WITH A TOTAL OF ZERO POINTS BETWEEN THE TWO PLAYERS (NO FACE CARDS), EVEN ASSUMING BEST DEFENCE? THE OTHER ONE IS BELOW.



AS THE DROPLET IN THE RIVER FINDS ITS HOME WITHIN THE SEA, SO MY SOUL RETURNS TO YOU.  
 AS THE AUTUMN COMES BACK ALWAYS WHEN REMINDED BY SUMMER'S HEAT, SO MY SOUL RETURNS TO YOU.  
 AS THE SALMON IS COMPELLED TO ITS DISTANT SACRED SPRING, SO MY SOUL RETURNS TO YOU  
 AS THE TREE, OLD AND WEARY, SLOWLY CRUMBLES TO THE DIRT, SO MY SOUL RETURNS TO YOU.

FOR NICOLE

HERE'S THE OTHER BRIDGE PROBLEM - CAN YOU THINK UP A DEAL WHERE BOTH SIDE CAN MAKE THE SAME GAME CONTRACT, EVEN WITH BEST DEFENCE? YOU CAN PICK THE TWO DECLARERS. I'VE SOLVED THESE TWO PROBLEMS, BUT THE MARGIN HERE IS TOO SMALL TO FIT THE SOLUTIONS. :)

SOME OF MY SCIENTIFICALLY-MINDED FRIENDS DO NOT BELIEVE IN GOD, I THINK, BECAUSE THEY SEE THE WORLD IN SUCH A WAY THAT GOD IS INCREASINGLY UNNECESSARY. THEY SEE GOD AS THIS CATCH-ALL BOX INTO WHICH WE THROW EVERYTHING WE DON'T (YET) UNDERSTAND. WE DON'T NEED TO WORSHIP THE SUN ANYMORE, BECAUSE WE KNOW IT'S A STAR MADE OF H AND HE, ETC. AND SINCE SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE IS CONTINUALLY ENCRDACHING ON THE REALM OF THE SUPERNATURAL (UNTIL SOMEDAY WE SCIENTIFICALLY "UNDERSTAND" EVERYTHING), THEN WE DON'T NEED GOD. BUT I THINK THERE ARE SOME PROBLEMS WITH THIS UNDERLYING VIEW. FOR ONE, OUR KNOWLEDGE IS BEING REFINED IN ORDER TO GIVE US MORE ADAPTIVE POWER... ACTUALLY COME TO THINK OF IT, THIS DOESN'T REALLY LOOK LIKE A PROBLEM. OKAY, BUT LOOK, IF A BELIEVER CONCEDES THAT THERE IS SUCH A HISTORICAL TRAJECTORY, HE IS LOST UNLESS HE CLAIMS THERE IS SOME KNOWLEDGE SCIENCE WILL NEVER HAVE, SOME INEXPLICABLE THING ABOUT NATURE, OR SOME THING TO WHICH WE CANNOT FULLY ADAPT. BUT IN THIS CASE, WHAT KIND OF GAME IS GOD PLAYING? NO, THIS IS NOT AN ANSWER.

WHAT THE BELIEVER MUST COUNTER, INSTEAD OF BUYING INTO THIS VIEW OF SCIENCE, IS THAT GOD IS NOT AND SHOULD NOT BE AN ANSWER TO "HOW" QUESTIONS. RATHER, GOD EXPLAINS THE "WHY" QUESTIONS. WHY ARE WE HERE? WHY (AND WHAT) IS LOVE? ETC. BUT NOW WE ARE IN THE REALM WHERE MANY OF MY SCIENTIFICALLY-MINDED FRIENDS CANNOT FOLLOW. BECAUSE ASKING SUCH "WHY" QUESTIONS PRESUPPOSES INTENTIONALITY IN THE WORLD, THAT IS, GOD. THE SCIENTIST MIGHT SAY THAT THERE ARE NO REAL "WHY" QUESTIONS; OUR NEED TO ASK THEM DIMINISHES AS WE EVOLVE. THUS IT SEEMS THAT BELIEVE OR UNBELIEF IS A CHOICE WE MAKE FROM THE OUTSET, AND NEITHER CAN REALLY DISCREDIT THE OTHER.

AFTER WATCHING BUFFY AND YES, ENJOYING IT FOR SEVERAL SEASONS - I ADMIT IT - I'VE GOT A FEW THINGS I'D PRETTY MUCH NEVER LIKE TO SEE AGAIN. I MEAN, FOR CRAP'S SAKE:

1. TIME TRAVEL. ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S A SECONDARY PLOT DEVICE, LIKE THERE'D BE SOMETHING ELSE ON PEOPLES' MINDS THAN "HOLY CRAP, WE CAN TIME TRAVEL?!"
2. MIND CONTROL.
3. BODY SWITCHING.
4. THEN WE WOKE UP, AND IT WAS ALL A DREAM.
5. AMNESIA. I MEAN REALLY.
6. MISCOMMUNICATION, OF THE DUMB KIND. NOT THE OTHELLO KIND, I MEAN THE KIND THAT COULD BE STRAIGHTENED OUT IN LIKE ONE SENTENCE IF EVERYONE JUST TALKED. AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT,
7. THAT THING WHERE A CHARACTER BLAMES THEMSELVES FOR SOME TERRIBLE THING WHICH CLEARLY ISN'T THEIR FAULT AND EVERYONE HAS TO KEEP REASSURING THEM.
8. MEDICAL DRAMA.
9. VAMPIRES. CAN WE PLEASE BE A LITTLE IMAGINATIVE?
10. WOMEN IN RUSTIC/PRISON/WILDERNESS SITUATIONS... WITH MAKE-UP AND SHAVED LEGS.

Rob Ely



We should just write a page of dialogue (oops)

Now we actually say something. Apparently Rachel doesn't have very good grammar. (Emma) "Hey, she didn't say that, I said that! She's stealing my words. Oh great, now she's writing it! I could have written that! This is kleptomaniacism!!"

SARAH IS STEALING MY WORDS!! I SAID ALL OF THAT!

I HAVE TO WRITE IN PENCIL! I HAVE TO WRITE IN PENCIL!

You know, this is a horrible idea and no one reading is going to understand this or think it's funny. We should just write Leona Stanley lyrics.

Say what you mean and mean what you say. Equal rights for your neighbor is only fair play. UUUUU  
-nited we stand, oops divided we fall, we'll never have freedom until there's justice for all.

Okay, this is getting boring now. Let's watch Kangaroo Jack. Apparently I don't understand the purpose of this assignment. New plan:

I am punching pregnant poems, yet understand this: you better listen, big ugly girls you are poetry in pictures.

Forsooth hairy grubs shudder blatantly at pretty ponies.

What the heck! Fruitless flies. Alas! Women need pie.

But commit themselves with nothing special.

Rachel likes boobs. Language! Olives! Emma troubles. Oy.

Sarah slurps octopus. Magical marauding moments make flirtatious soda brzz.

I'm done with this game, you fools!  
me too, POOPERS!

Then I win! The End.

I'm slightly horrified that this will be viewed by the public. Well Rachel, you've always been one for posterity.

~~oops~~  
oops.



Sarah

## THREE FRIENDS

At restaurants, (in particular McDonald's and Perkins) Sarah says she is not hungry. This is a lie. Sarah is always hungry. Sarah has a plan. She waits patiently for Emma and Rachel to receive their orders, then she stealthily moves in for the kill. She skillfully sneaks a hand across the table and snatches just a few french fries. But Sarah is not sated with this; no, Sarah's hand continues to dart back and forth, undetected by Rachel and Emma's radar, until the French fry pile has been reduced to stray crumbs and a spattering of salt. Rachel and Emma are severely displeased, and usually much yelling ensues. But Sarah is happy. Very happy. She has the best friends ever.

Rachel

This page was Rachel's idea. Since the beginning of their friendship, Rachel has been obsessed with documenting their journey. Pictures, movies, journals and now books have all been stamped by what Rachel refers to as "The Trinity." Why does she do this? Why can't she simply accept their beautiful friendship & move on, without presenting the uninterested world with physical evidence? Maybe because she can't believe she has the best friends in the world. Maybe because she can't believe she has friends period. But regardless of how annoyed Emma & Sarah get with Rachel's constant photography & proclamations, Rachel will continue to snap from rooftops that these are her friends & they are beautiful.

Emma

Emma is creative. At least, Emma likes to think she is creative. Whenever there is a piano, Emma will express these creative desires. She pounds out beautiful melodies and then destroys them with ridiculous lyrics that talk about bodily functions and whatever happens to rhyme with these bodily functions. Also in these songs, she enjoys dissecting the recent developments in the lives of Rachel and Sarah. Here is an example.  
Nevermind. She's been trying the past 1/2 hour to write one, and is realizing she has no creative bones in her body. Her dreams are ruined. Life is over as we know it. But she has the best friends ever.

The End!

11-26-05





Sophie's World  
 Jostein Gaarder

How I learned to ride the Bicycle  
 Francis Willard

Pride & Prejudice  
 Jane Austen



# BOOKS



[ The best service of books is ]  
 That they set us free from  
 themselves also. We read a line,  
 a word, that lifts us; we rise  
 unto a succession of thoughts  
 That is better than the book.

EMERSON

December, 2005  
 JAK



Where do  
The letters  
come from  
sophie  
wondered



"Do  
Everything"



"it is a truth  
universally  
acknowledged,  
that a single  
MAN IN POSSESSION  
of a good

fortune,  
must be in  
want of a  
wife."





September 25, 2002 WINDY CITY!

What I am learning is that I need to live into my passion. And one way I acted out this today is to purchase a two-piece place setting at Marshall Fields. It was a mix and match set. My inspiration came from being at TJ Maxx and overhearing "shoppers" and listening to their joy as they mixed, matched and blended. I love dishes and tablecloths and I do love entertaining and so it is something that I really want to live in to. It truly is one of my passions. And I am learning that it simply is an "is". Just do it, if you will. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and so this is one way I seek the Kingdom of God. The Kingdom of God is the prepared table. In the Kingdom of God, I see a table and so this is one way I can live into the Kingdom of God and into my passion. It is a fun way. That is a slip but it is a good one. I wanted to write that it is one way to have fun. But I said fun way. I really need to "indulge" the artist side of myself. I realized the other night that Tim is good at the cooking, but I am good at the table and all of that. And so we make a good team in that sense. The other part is that I really do want to make a concerted effort to have a better dinner at night. I want to put some thought into the meal as well as the setting. I mean I have all of the stuff and so why not? It is one of my passions that I plan to live into.

© AJ



"Party of Two" ©

AJ aka JM  
02-16-2006





- "One Can Not Think Well, Love Well, Sleep Well,  
If One Has Not Dined Well" -

Virginia  
Woolf

- "Every Meal Shared in Love is a Feast" -

Anon

Asj aka LM  
02-16-2006

... and ...  
 ... on ...  
 ...



1-5-06

one  
Lucky  
number

The woman at a loss for words  
but with very much to say (and learn)  
tries her hand at poetry  
but stops short

and tells instead of stealthy tiptoes through the hall,  
switching on the coffeemaker, boiling away the teapot  
water-cups, and gulping far too many cups today. Then  
with wistfulness she turns to kiss her naked lover goodbye  
and runs to catch the now-late bus: he insists on  
driving her today (he hates to drive the traffic, the noise;  
they argue about the radio or music playing, she  
grits her teeth and would rather be running alongside  
the car to catch the bus) locked out, she runs the stairs,  
then another and realizes his fable of always misplacing  
keys has now become hers. Ugh, this is yet another part  
of her that has slowly been evaporating and filled in  
with his quirks, preferences, and dislikes. Work, work, work,  
change appointments, make new ones, reschedule old ones,  
cross off the to do list, add twice as many (as always!)  
Type committee meeting minutes, dentist appointment, lunch  
meeting, bus passes, overdrawn again, 374 til payday  
(again) was moving out on my own worth it? Call the  
principle<sup>sic</sup>, feel the mommy guilt, worry if they're doing drugs,  
having sex, committing suicide at home (remember when the  
worries were of diapers, coughs and vomiting?) Now they need,  
need, need... where does my apron end - what's an apron  
anyway? Work at home; wipe, toss, spread, throw, lug, lift,  
shake, turn, burn, scrub, rinse and separate. All this  
motion - noting nothing changes - and my waistline makes  
the one exception (why is that) just because I turned the



BIG 5-0H! Just like clockwork it all began to happen: heavier flow, headaches, yes - you name it, I've got it. Hot flash, please! What do you mean? I'm not mean... I don't mean... Now it's time to take mother's little helper if you know what I mean - wink. How else do I make it through the day? What would really happen if I woke an hour earlier, jogged for 30 minutes, meditated, ate vegetarian and focused on self improvement? I'd piss away my downtime wondering what the big deal was, that's what! So back to the routine for her.

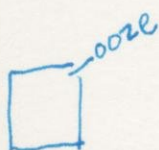
At a loss for words

but too busy to remember to write them down for later. Until later is no more.

That's how it feels to turn 50 and realize you have made nothing of your miserable life, not to mention the three you have repopulated the earth with - shame on me. Do others have this much self loathing? I am a confident, successful and articulate business woman (on the outside) and a mush of anxiety, confusion, wrath and passion inside. Which orifice will I choose next to ooze one or the other? Who will be my next victim (so to speak)? You, my gentle reader. Do not let my confusion become yours.

Doodle

Fill in this space - nobody else wants it.



must not know how to be happy in a no content

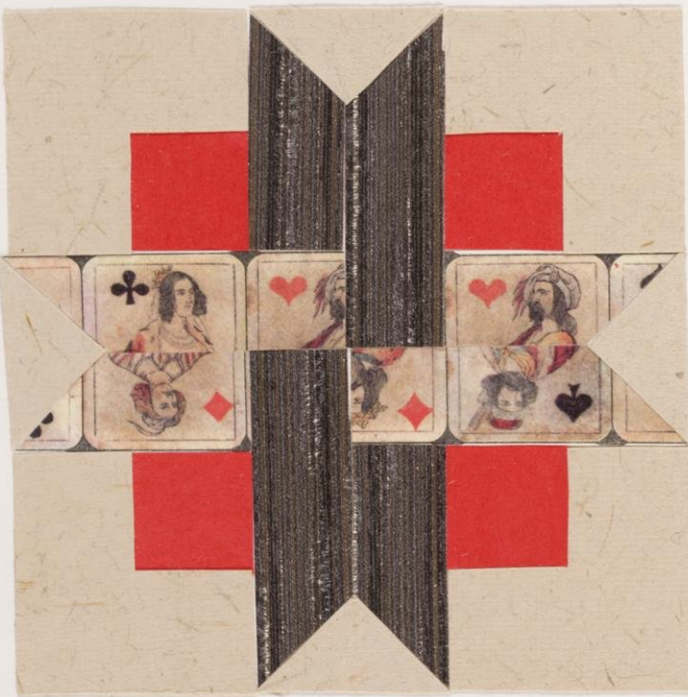


Most folks are about as



40 is the old age of youth - 50 is the

happy as they make up their minds

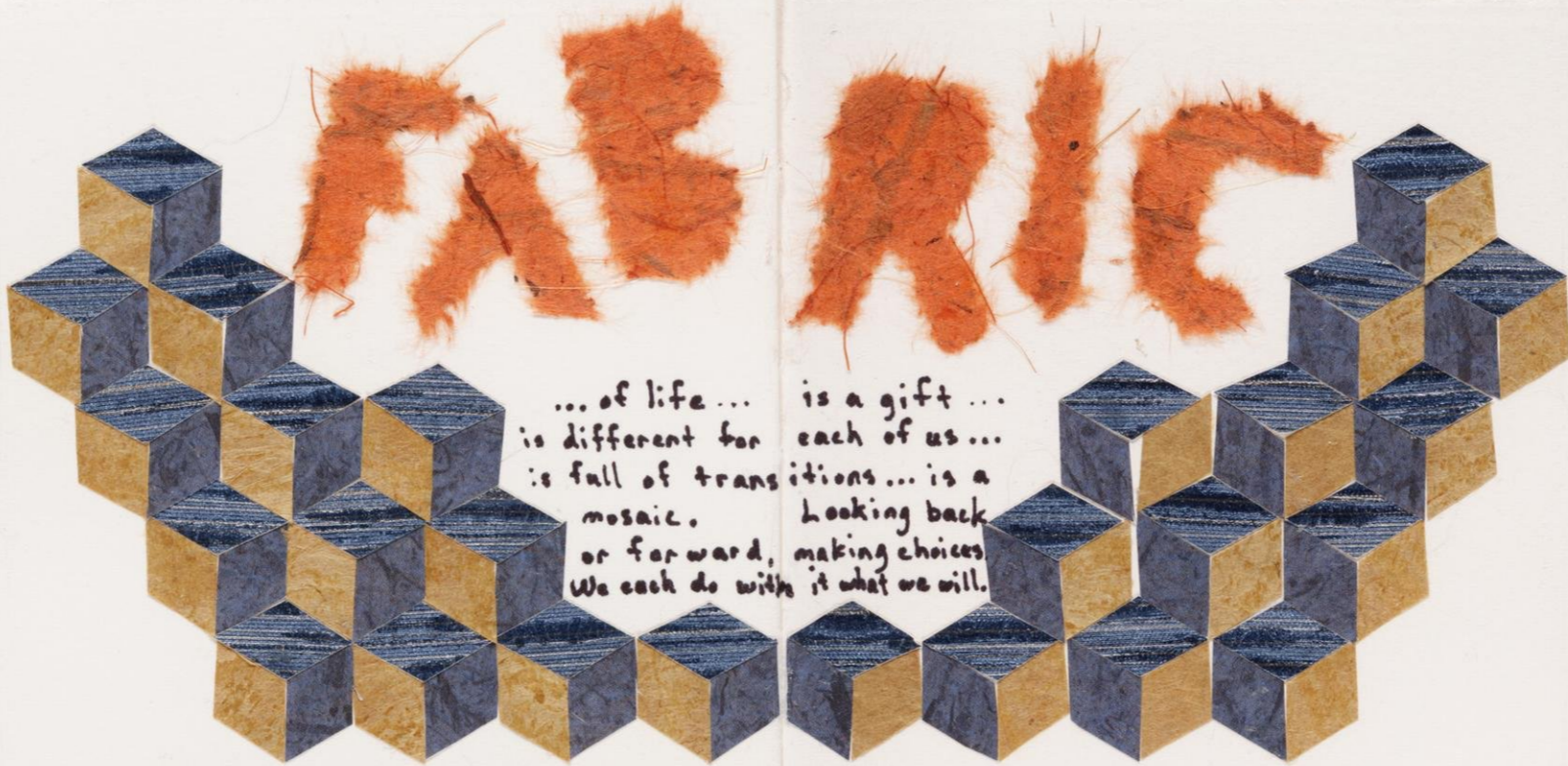


overwritten. Illusion can be temporary.

to be. - Abraham Lincoln



not encourage growth. The road reaches



... of life ... is a gift ...  
is different for each of us ...  
is full of transitions ... is a  
mosaic. Looking back  
or forward, making choices  
We each do with it what we will.

youth of old age. Have I gone astray



Bitterness can be fatal. In clearing out



everyplace, the shortcut only one.

or am I seeking my own unique path? As



files, ideas, hopes, throw away a little



No garden without weeds. No weeds



early as tomorrow all memory can be



too much. Pruning only dead wood will



without gardens. Unearth yourself!

things turn out. - Unknown

who make the best of the way

Things turn out best for people

things turn out best for people who make the best of the way



May 2006

I LOVE this project! I'll admit I'm one of the members of the Bone Folders' Guild and made five books of the 60 books. I have yet to see any of those five that I began, but to be a part of creating this space for others to create in is quite a thrill. With every book that I check out, I eagerly turn the pages, opening doorways, or maybe just little windows, into the life and art of others. Thank you so much for sharing!

I myself am frantically making my way through the alphabet - one letter per book, in no particular order. Already completed: B for beach, J for Japan, T for Time, F for flight, L for garden party, N for nest, V for vacation... is that all? Eek! How apt that I began with T for time - why is there not enough? But I am having fun, being creative in my own little way (product over process, quantity over quality). And anyway, it's always more fun to start a project than to finish it - being less than halfway done qualifies me still for the starting phase.

Some highlights so far: thoughts on consequence and forgiveness from page 1; reminder of being the record-keeper in high school - keep it up Rachel, you'll enjoy the reminiscence when you are old + forgetting; cheers to setting lovely tables, having dinner parties and being the host to friendship; a lovely writing (in another book) about cleaning out dad's workshop - made me cry!; exquisite watercolor? in this book and others - amazing detail... colored pencil?

AND THAT'S JUST THE BEGINNING! OH JOY!

by Laura Lomsted Lomsted

thoughts on 60 books



-- When We Lived in TREES --



When we lived in Trees,  
How simple, how  
Easy, how effortless life was. We  
Never had to

Wonder where our next meal was coming from.  
Each branch, each leaf satisfied us with the most

Lick.

If we caressed spring blossoms, our  
Very souls were nourished. We were  
Experts in

Dining on the Divine.

It's

No wonder

That now our

Rubenesque bodies are never

Ever satisfied, no matter what the meal. It's not food we need. It's

Ethereal Light that

Sustains + nourishes us -- The light emanating from trees.

MarSEtahh Grayson  
5.5.06









*L. J. W.*  
LJW · 2006 ·





A CUP OF TEA FOR YOU AND ME IN LOVE!

RISING TO LIFE ITSELF

ROOTS DEEP

FLOWERS, PRETTY

WATERS, WIDE

Speak only well of people and you need never whisper.

2006 may r. happy!



MITZY





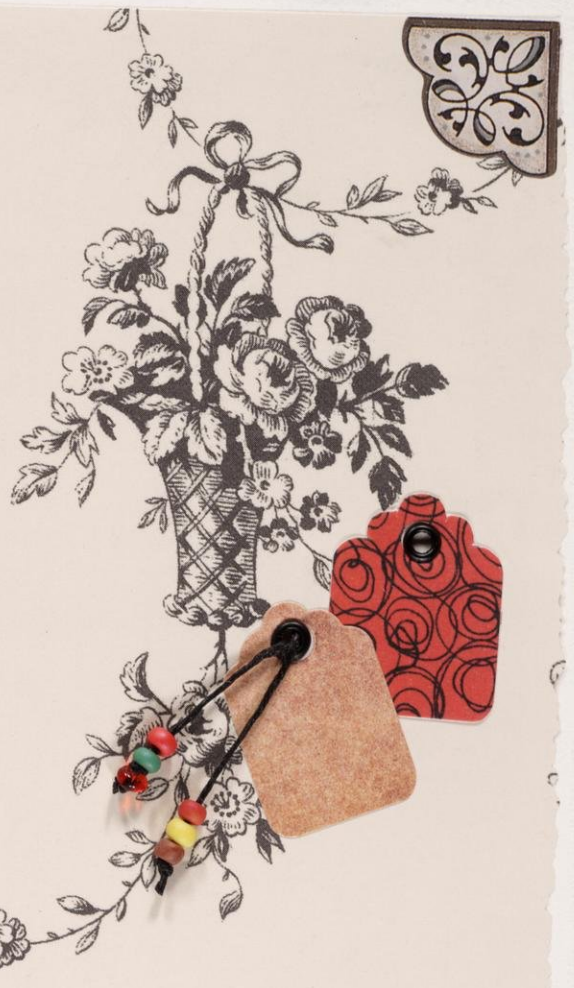
One of the Last True Places in the World

What was I looking for when I came to Paris? I don't know. I was chasing some romantic illusion, looking for something genuine, but the feeling got lost among the varied souvenir shops in front of Notre Dame.

Well, I came across this bookshop and found more of whatever it was I was looking for. I climbed the narrow carpeted stairs, the walls covered by shelves full of used books. The green rug was worn by many years and many feet.

I sat down on one of the sofas and looked up to read the inscription on the wall before me: "Be not inhospitable to strangers, lest they be angels in disguise." I felt the goosebumps brush over my skin. I found what I had been looking for and had never felt more welcome and at home anywhere in my life. It seemed unreal and somehow untouched by the cold, impersonal sting of the modern world.

A black cat was curled up next to me. I heard someone sleeping in the bed above my head. I know that although I may never return, this place would always be in my heart.



*Wherever  
you go  
becomes a part  
of you somehow.*

Anita Desai



PARIS, FRANCE NOV. 2005



as sure | as 'sure | can

be azure | can be

tempting and sooth

ing deep like | the

sea distant as a sigh

expansive like | the

sky birds flitting

by relaxing and

cool submerge'd in a

pool clear and pure

as is for azure



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o is for azul  
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# A demacratical song

By. MIKO Jobst

---

Last year in ~~the~~ election  
when I was only nine, Hambadey  
told me <sup>that</sup> they had seen bush  
carrying a sign, the sign  
had said.....

uuu uuu  
VOTE FOR  
KERRY!!  
I only want your money,  
and the extra change,  
the dollar bill stuck  
to gum on the sidewalk  
downtown.....



He really only  
wants your  
MONEY.

He's the reason your  
children

are in  
WAR.





Sgc 7.4.06



## The Lamb

I pry his tiny, chubby fingers from the object he is clutching, one fat finger at a time. I have to hold his fingers open to keep them from re-curling around the ceramic lamb he clings to, as if it is a life preserver which prevents him from going deeply into the salty dark.

He wails with the force of both lungs behind the sound. I feel like the monster-mommy to take this clearly critical object from him.

What is it? Where did he get it? I want to examine it since I do not recognize it.

His face is bright red with indignation. His screams pierce my heart, as well as my ear drums. Round, full tears slide down his cheeks as I twirl the lamb in one hand.

This is no toy, I think. An antique salt shaker with the bottom plug gone. The salt would pour through now, unimpeded.

Someone made this with care and intention: The grass between its legs painted new-Spring green. The eyes, a black dot on protruding eyeballs. The nose, a triangle of baby-girl pink. The lips, an under-stated expression with no attempt at cutesy or smiling. The fur, a series of round bumps in the hardness of the surface, so like a white-washed stone wall, now graying in the weather.

I extend the lamb back to my son. It will not poison or disfigure him.

He grasps it greedily again. His little fat fingers enfold what they can, without enclosing or suffocating it. The lamb is too big to be enveloped by a hand this small.

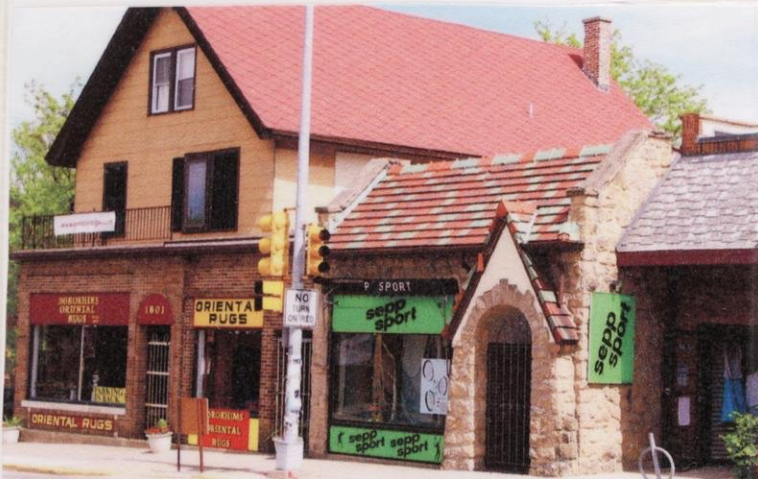
In a few short months, I have already learned which battles to fight and which ones to surrender.

He hiccups twice, with the lamb back in his hand; the tears drying on his puffy cheeks. Quiet again. Anchored by the antique lamb, which currently saves his life. He will not go under now. He is safe.

Renee Happel  
July 4, 2005

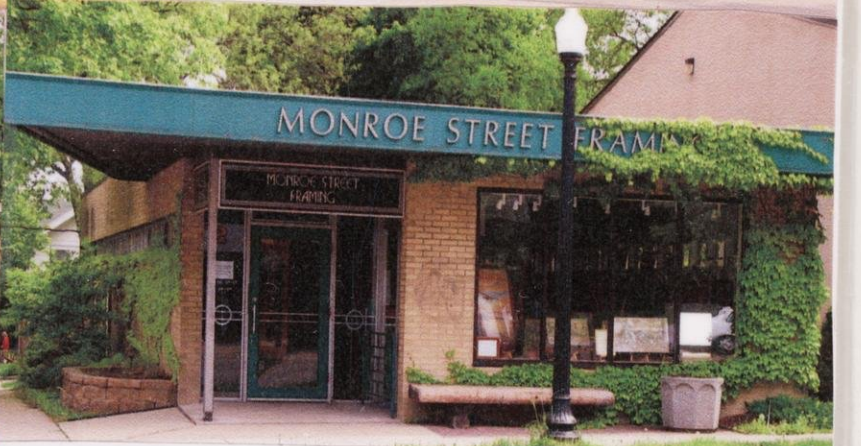




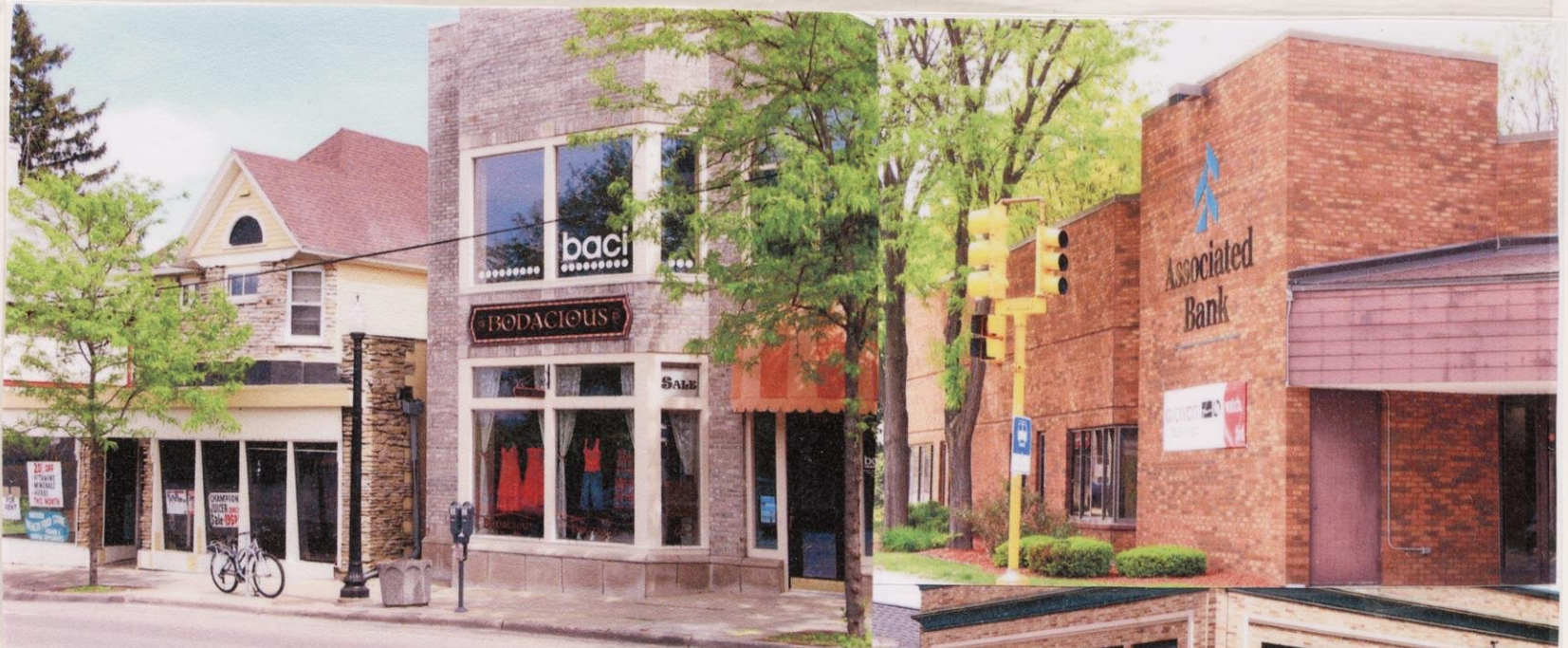


Monroe Street 2006

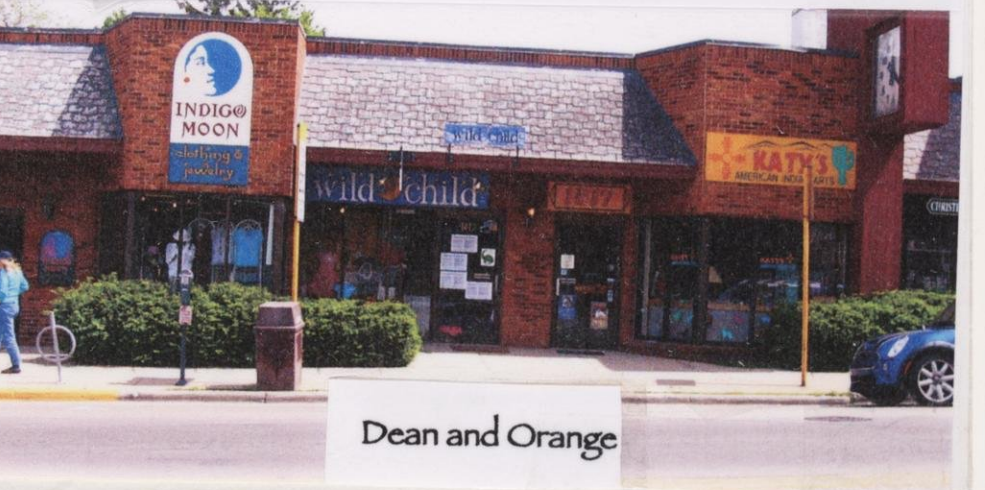
1700-1900 blocks







a photo essay for the Monroe Street Branch Library edition of the Sixty Books Project



Dean and Orange



Today I am happy that .....

Notes! →  
Miko is happy she started 5th grade! PIE!  
My driveway will be paved.  
My house is warm and dry.



My new daughter  
Mavin

THE WEATHER IS COOL &  
FALL IS UPON US.

I'm standing,  
I'm upright  
ambulating  
Everything firing  
as it should.



THE SUN  
IS OUT!

I have a daughter  
that likes bugs.

...that there are



That this  
room has a  
window - my  
office doesn't!



BANANAS!

I'm wearing  
a sweater!

THAT OUR NEW  
KITTEN IS WORKING

I get to have Chinese  
buffet for dinner with  
my aunt. Mmm!

OUT.



I have a home, a job, health, a good husband, great kids, wonderful friends, ideas...



Today I am sad that....

A friend's  
husband was  
disrespected.

(I'm the husband...)

Too many people  
just don't get it.

I didn't know there  
was pie. :-)

I said something  
unkind to a friend.

My job  
is ending!

IT'S RAINING

I'M

NOT HOME

WITH A  
BOOK AND

A CAT

ON MY LAP

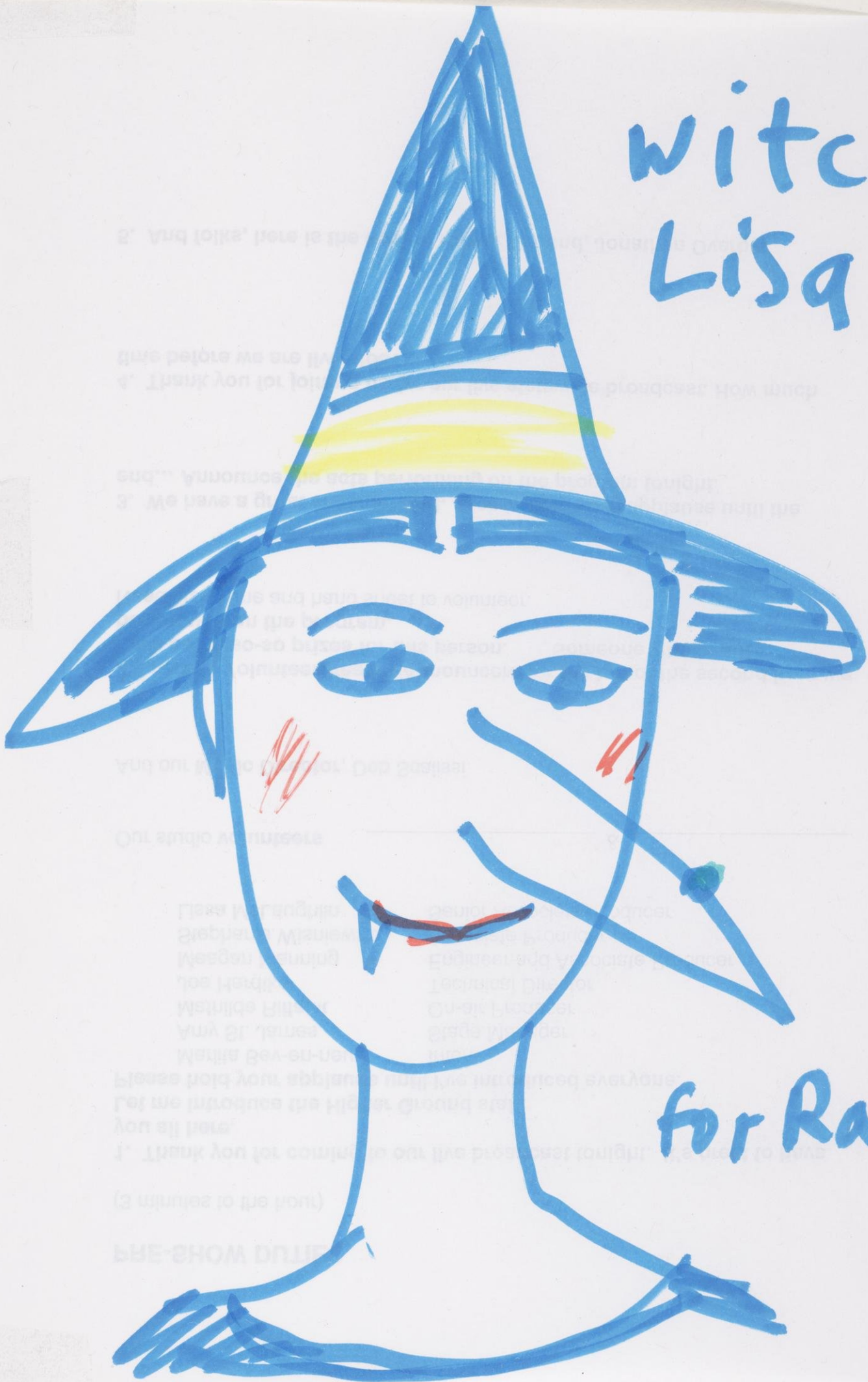
Soldiers are fighting, men and women are dying + crying -

White Cadillac SUV, pasted  
with American flags  
speeding past me, just  
to cut me off &  
almost run me off  
the road.

I mean, a good husband, great kids, wonderful friends, ideas...



Witcha  
Lisa



for Ramon



Today I wish I could do more....

Reading

Wining, relaxing,  
Play, of my plate,  
hanging out with friends

Golfing

Knitting

Knitting!



Mystery Reading

Cat petting  
Diving

exercise

daydreaming

Traveling!!

Vacationing!

Pie eating.



Today I wish I could do less.....

Talking!

Sitting

Worrying!  
me too!

Rewriting



Bill paying

work

gripping ñ



Perhaps this song by Yolanda Adams  
says it best...

**Yolanda Adams - Yet Still I Rise Lyrics**

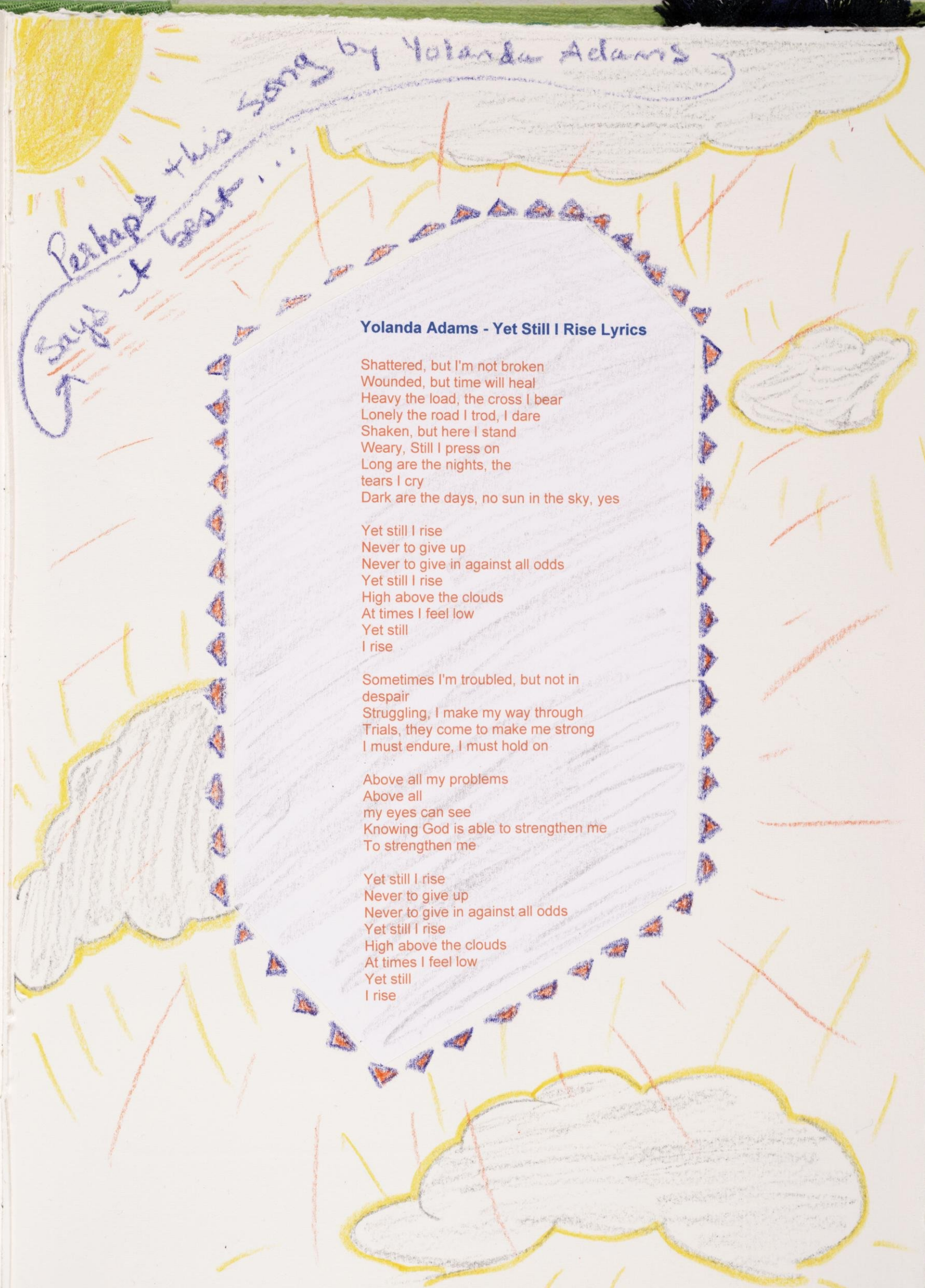
Shattered, but I'm not broken  
Wounded, but time will heal  
Heavy the load, the cross I bear  
Lonely the road I trod, I dare  
Shaken, but here I stand  
Weary, Still I press on  
Long are the nights, the  
tears I cry  
Dark are the days, no sun in the sky, yes

Yet still I rise  
Never to give up  
Never to give in against all odds  
Yet still I rise  
High above the clouds  
At times I feel low  
Yet still  
I rise

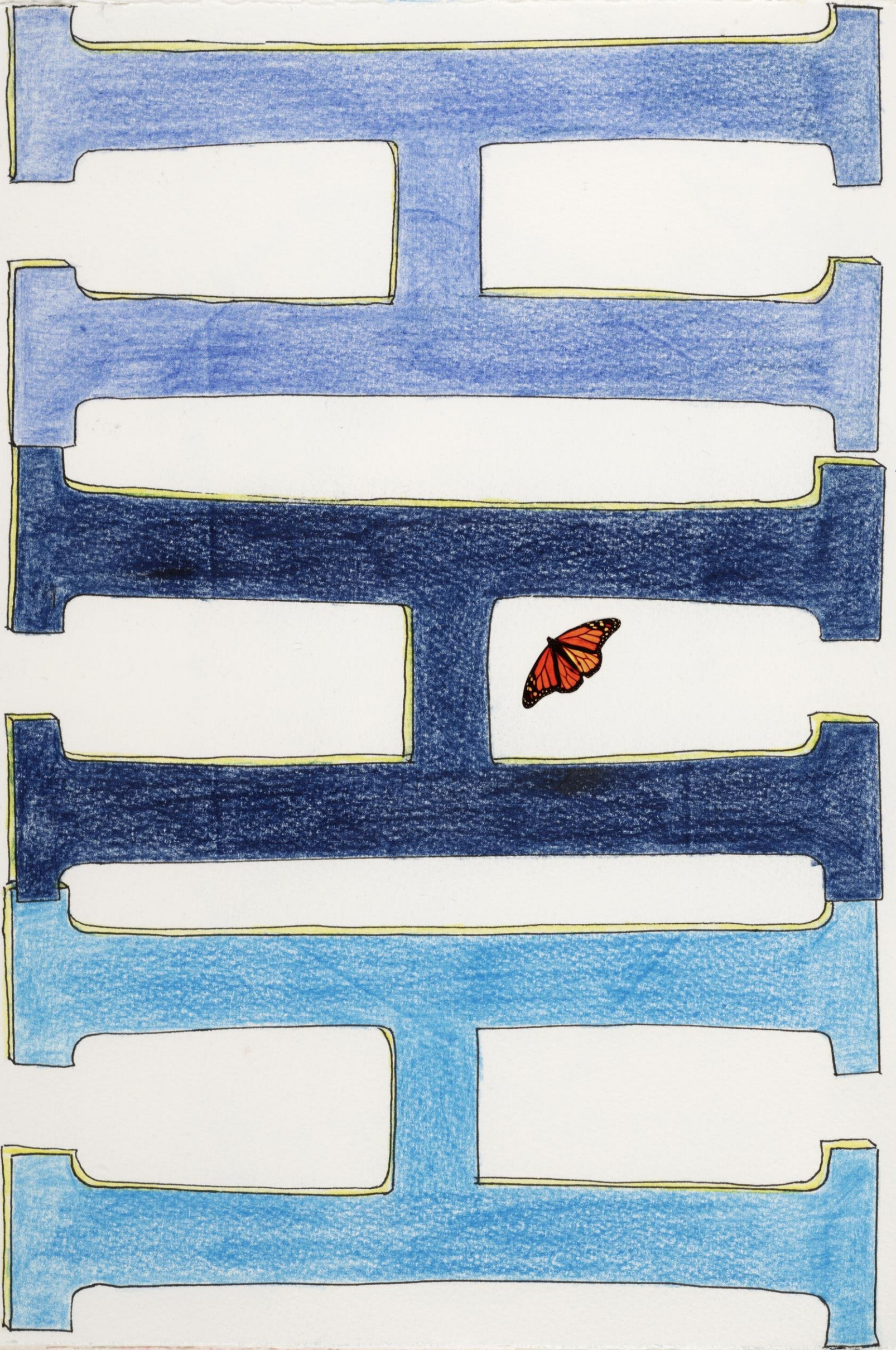
Sometimes I'm troubled, but not in  
despair  
Struggling, I make my way through  
Trials, they come to make me strong  
I must endure, I must hold on

Above all my problems  
Above all  
my eyes can see  
Knowing God is able to strengthen me  
To strengthen me

Yet still I rise  
Never to give up  
Never to give in against all odds  
Yet still I rise  
High above the clouds  
At times I feel low  
Yet still  
I rise









Henry is the new kid on the block. A prince, a gem, a little button, a wind-up toy, a tiny home entertainment center. He is not even one week old.

What a distinguished set of initials he has! Polo shirts may be embroidered with those three Hs, or perhaps someday they'll be stitched into sets of blue bath towels.

His young parents stroll their babe up and down the sidewalk for his first outing. Early autumn light shines through golden trees on this afternoon. Leaves crunch underfoot.

He is no longer part of their imagination. Henry is real, and they bathe him in the kitchen sink, tenderly instructing each other, "Hold his head. Use the soft washcloth. Maybe we can just rinse him under the spray faucet?" "Hey, buddy, you're okay, you're okay, you're my little buddy." The overhead spotlight illuminates the scene—it's a nativity scene from Rembrandt.

The neighborhood is full of women in their mid-50s—empty nesters, grandmas-in-waiting, aunts who long for a warm bundle to hold and rock and rock and rock. Babysitters-R-Us. We sit by the phone, our hearts fluttering.

Oh, Henry!





milkweed paper ↑

onion skin paper ↑

corn husk paper ↓



ornamental grass paper ↓





I am making a paper wig for the "Boots on the Runway" exhibit @ WBF





I make paper in limited  
editions ~~of~~ a cooperative studio  
in Madison.



my journals do that too; but you are  
too good; the misspellings.

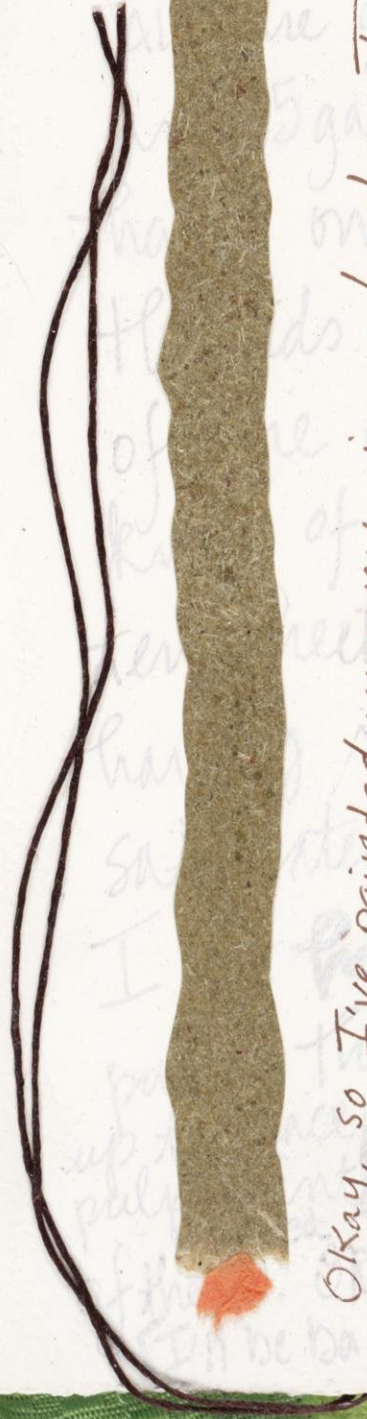


21

A day in the life of a person.



A day in the life of a paper maker person.



Okay, so I've painted over my journal entry. That's the thing -- you know it's here. That should suffice. Do I have anything to say?

left over means wasn't hot enough.



Experimental grass paper



Cotton rag paper



straw paper ↑

cotton rag paper ↑

cattail paper ↓

lily of the valley paper ↓

hosta paper ↑

mw. July 2006





# Loch Ness Tomato

~ a small tale of despair ~



Once upon a time, there was a lonely Loch Ness tomato.



He searched high and low among the rushes,  
looking for a friend.



© "Vegetable Matters" · Sarah Brooks



Even the villagers on the cliff had fled in fright.  
No one appeared.

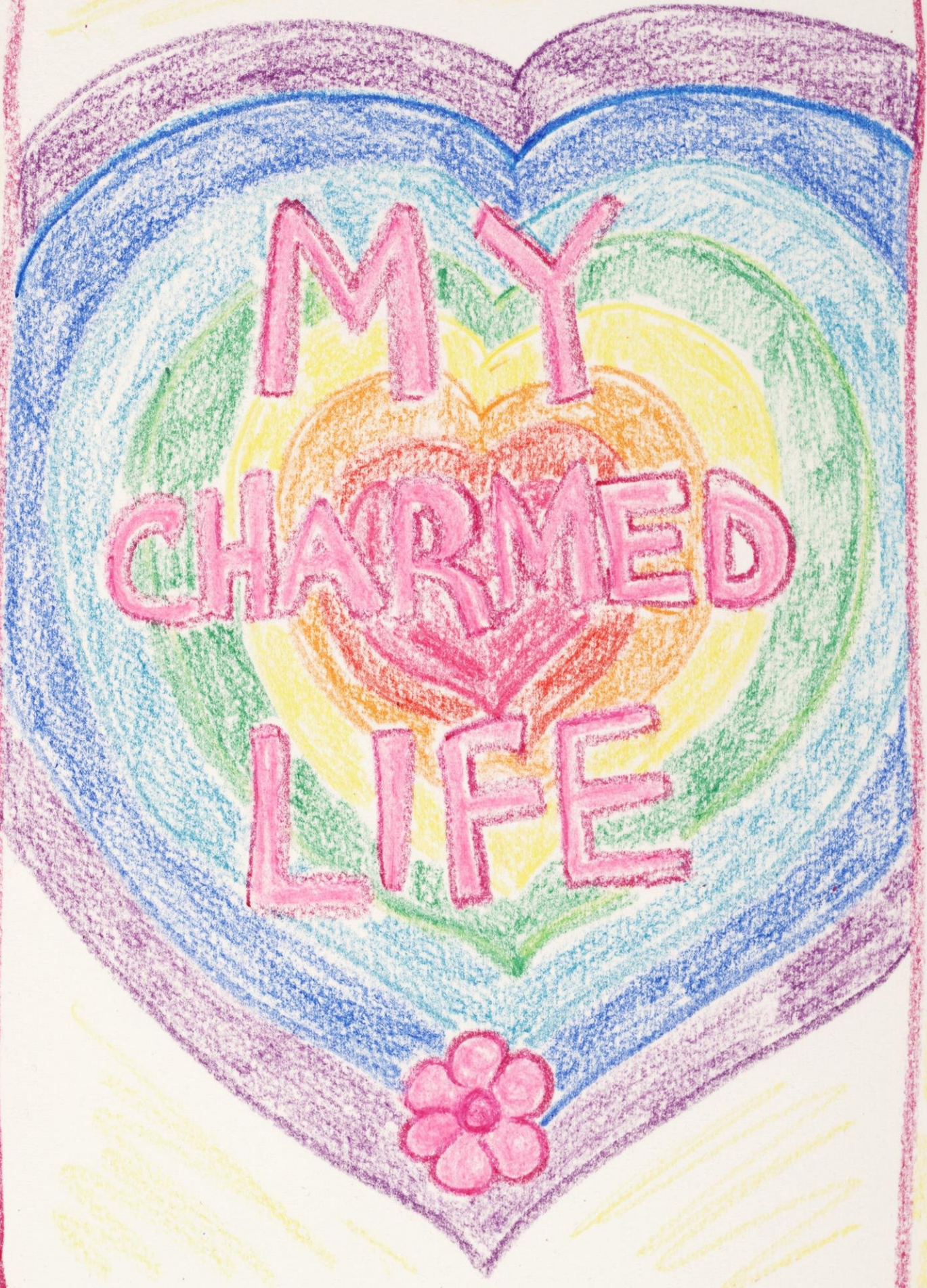


And so he sank lower in the cold brackish water.  
Tomorrow would be another day at the Loch.



AMAZING HUSBAND ♡

FANTASTIC FRIENDS ♡ LOVE



WONDERFUL, HEALTHY FAMILY ♡

GOOD JOB ■ COZY HOUSE



"  
Inside The Caldera"  
"

Above bluebird-colored  
Crater lake, bark falls  
like gray-brown  
puzzle pieces  
onto earth so dry  
it whispers for  
"golden sap, water, wine."

David  
Bristow



life.

Life.

LIFE.

You are told it's easy,  
but at times.....

it sure AINT.

As Socrates said,  
it is but

Sand  
in the winds of

TIME.

Its hectic.

confusing.

hard.

unsteady.

But, in the end

its always

worth it.

laughing with friends.

doing what you love.

loving what you do.

creating memories.

making your own history.

dance.

sing.

love.

laugh.

Smile!!

Take what you're given with  
a grin on your face,  
and

Live  
your

LIFE



40

Fortieth Poem  
for Alison  
by Jim Danky

books

books

books

books

BOOKS

books

books

Books

books

Books

books

books

books

books

Books

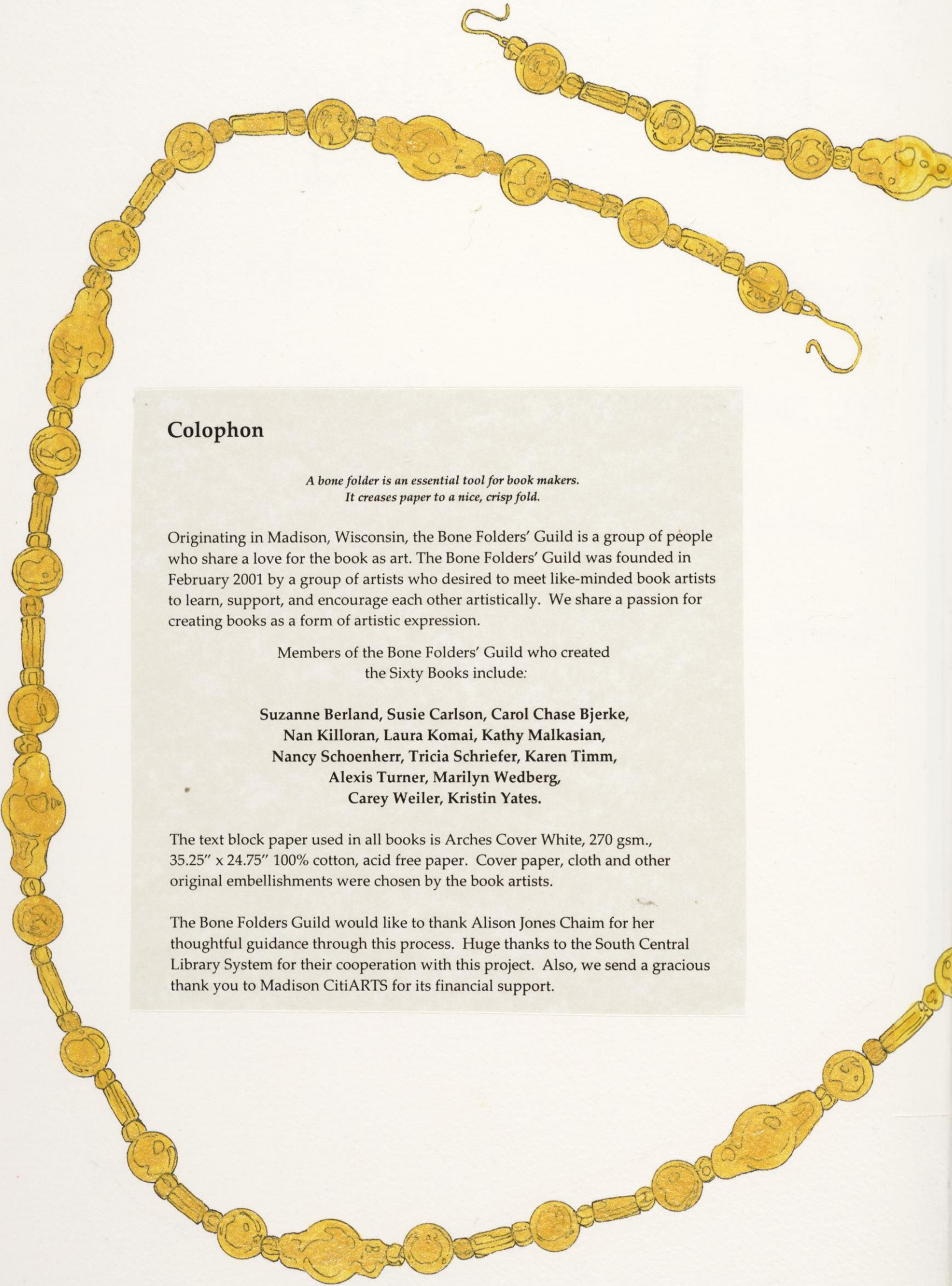
books

and

ZINES

Calligraphy by Einn Batykefer





## Colophon

*A bone folder is an essential tool for book makers.  
It creases paper to a nice, crisp fold.*

Originating in Madison, Wisconsin, the Bone Folders' Guild is a group of people who share a love for the book as art. The Bone Folders' Guild was founded in February 2001 by a group of artists who desired to meet like-minded book artists to learn, support, and encourage each other artistically. We share a passion for creating books as a form of artistic expression.

Members of the Bone Folders' Guild who created  
the Sixty Books include:

**Suzanne Berland, Susie Carlson, Carol Chase Bjerke,  
Nan Killoran, Laura Komai, Kathy Malkasian,  
Nancy Schoenherr, Tricia Schriefer, Karen Timm,  
Alexis Turner, Marilyn Wedberg,  
Carey Weiler, Kristin Yates.**

The text block paper used in all books is Arches Cover White, 270 gsm., 35.25" x 24.75" 100% cotton, acid free paper. Cover paper, cloth and other original embellishments were chosen by the book artists.

The Bone Folders Guild would like to thank Alison Jones Chaim for her thoughtful guidance through this process. Huge thanks to the South Central Library System for their cooperation with this project. Also, we send a gracious thank you to Madison CitiARTS for its financial support.

Karen Timm





Karen Timm



