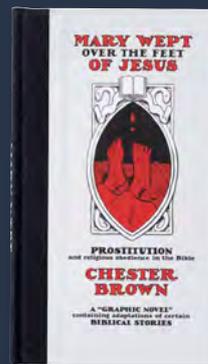
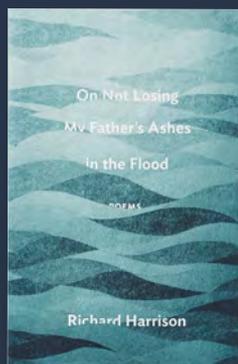
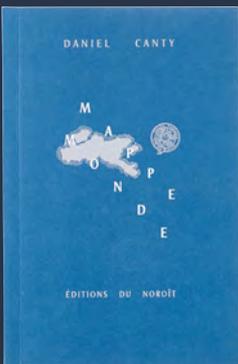
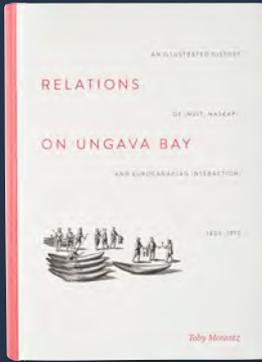
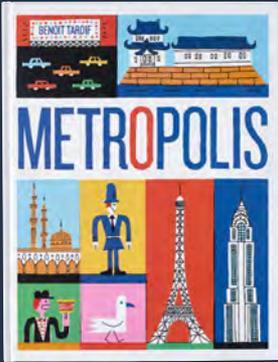
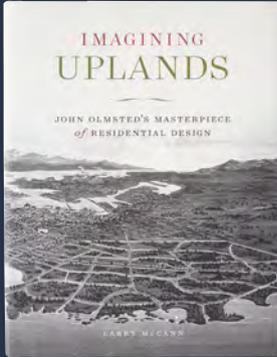


2016

The Alcuin Society Awards  
for Excellence in Book Design  
in Canada

Prix de la Société Alcuin  
pour l'excellence de la conception  
graphique du livre au Canada





**35th Alcuin Society Awards  
for Excellence in Book Design  
in Canada**

FOR BOOKS PUBLISHED IN 2016

**35e Prix de la Société Alcuin  
pour l'excellence de la conception  
graphique du livre au Canada**

POUR LES LIVRES PUBLIÉS EN 2016

VANCOUVER, BC 2017

<b>3</b>	Message from the Governor General Message du Gouverneur général	<b>44</b>	Prose Non-Fiction Études et essais
<b>4</b>	Preface Préface	<b>50</b>	Children's Livres pour enfants
<b>6</b>	Judges Jury	<b>58</b>	Limited Editions Éditions à tirage limité
<b>12</b>	Poetry Poésie	<b>64</b>	Prose Illustrated Prose Illustrée
<b>20</b>	Reference Ouvrages de référence	<b>70</b>	Index
<b>26</b>	Prose Fiction Romans et nouvelles	<b>72</b>	Acknowledgements Remerciements
<b>32</b>	Comics Bandes dessinées	<b>73</b>	Dr. Yosef Wosk
<b>38</b>	Pictorial Beaux livres	<b>74</b>	The Alcuin Society La Société Alcuin
		<b>76</b>	Colophon

**Message from  
the Governor General**

**Message du  
Gouverneur général**



Books have always played a vital role in my life, so much so that they are included in my personal coat of arms to symbolize my love of reading, writing and the transmission of knowledge.

This year, as we celebrate the 150th anniversary of Confederation, I would like to encourage all Canadians to tell the stories that shape our country and to share those stories from coast to coast to coast. The books selected for the 35th Awards for Excellence in Book Design in Canada are the perfect media for this, reaching a broad audience—well beyond our borders—and speaking to the incredible talent that abounds within our great nation.

As patron of the Alcuin Society, I am once again delighted to congratulate the winners of these awards. I would also like to commend the members of the Alcuin Society for their invaluable efforts to bring Canadian culture to the world.

Thank you all for being stewards of the past, present and future of beautiful books!

HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

**David Johnston**

Les livres ont toujours joué un rôle essentiel dans ma vie, ils symbolisent d'ailleurs mon amour de la lecture, de l'écriture et de la transmission du savoir dans mes armoiries.

Cette année, les Canadiennes et les Canadiens célèbrent le 150<sup>e</sup> anniversaire de la Confédération. À cette occasion, j'encourage tous mes concitoyens à raconter les récits qui façonnent notre pays et à les diffuser d'un océan à l'autre. Les livres qui sont au cœur des 35<sup>e</sup> Prix pour l'excellence de la conception graphique du livre au Canada sont de parfaits médiums pour le faire. Ceux-ci rejoignent un vaste public, bien au-delà de nos frontières, et témoignent du remarquable talent qui abonde au sein de notre grande nation.

À titre de président d'honneur de la Société Alcuin, je suis une fois de plus ravi de féliciter les lauréates et lauréats de ces prix. J'applaudis également les membres de la Société Alcuin pour leur contribution remarquable au rayonnement de la culture canadienne.

Merci à vous tous de veiller au passé, au présent et à l'avenir des beaux livres!

SON EXCELLENCE LE TRÈS HONORABLE

**David Johnston**

This catalogue marks the 35th year of the Alcuin Society Awards for Excellence in Book Design in Canada. Since its humble beginnings in 1981, with three winners in three categories (prose, poetry, and pictorial), the Alcuin Society has handed out a total of 1,014 individual awards to Canadian book designers. Over the years, the Awards have grown significantly in scope and impact. Their scope has changed through the refinement and expansion of the prize categories in order to reflect the breadth of publishing in this country. This year, the Society added a new Comics category to include the remarkable design work happening in this field in Canada. The purpose of the Awards is to recognize designers whose vital work contributes to the quality of Canadian book design. However, the awards are only representative of the submissions received; it is therefore necessary that awareness of the Awards be spread to ensure that they can continue their mandate to select the best of the year's design work.

The impact of the Awards is continuously felt at home and abroad. It has been my pleasure to attend Alcuin Awards ceremonies in both Vancouver and Toronto over the past few years, and it has been immensely affirming as a Society volunteer and member to meet the delighted designers, particularly first-time winners whose entry into the field is so greatly encouraged by receiving an award. The winning books will be exhibited in at least nineteen venues during this year. Our exhibitors report to us that the awards book display forms a key part of their yearly programming, and our catalogues are heavily used for teaching and engagement with visitors.

Copies of the winning books are entered into a number of library collections in Canada. A set of winners is donated yearly to the W.A.C. Bennett Library at Simon Fraser University, where the collection supports the University's programs at the Canadian Institute for Studies in Publishing. Internationally, the books will be sent to the collections of the Canadian Embassy in Tokyo and to the German Book and Type Museum in Leipzig. The Society extends its great thanks to the publishers of the winning entries for supplying additional copies of books for exhibition and preservation in these collections. Furthermore, winning books are submitted

to the yearly Leipzig international book design competition held by the Stiftung Buchkunst in Germany. Congratulations to our two shortlisted 2015 winners at the 2017 Leipzig competition: Frank Viva, author and designer of *Outstanding in the Rain* and Cameron McKague, designer of *The Missing Novella*.

The competition for books published in 2016 took place in Vancouver on March 18, 2017. We thank Robin Mitchell Cranfield, Judith Poirier, and Matt Warburton for contributing their time and expertise to an intensive day of judging. They met at Simon Fraser University's Harbour Centre, and selected 35 winning books out of 211 entries. The judges consider each entry as a total entity by examining the book's intellectual content and intended audience in relation to its design concept. Our catalogue this year has attempted to represent the attentive and iterative judging process by presenting the categories in the order in which they were judged.

Finally, I'd like to extend my personal thanks to the individuals named in the credits section who worked to put all the elements of this catalogue into place. It has been a great pleasure working with the catalogue team to manage the project this year and to join the strong sense of community that coalesces around the Awards. And, of course, all my thanks to the Society itself, and its membership, who continues to support the Awards year after year. Thirty-five is an auspicious age, signalling both the confidence that comes with maturity and the potential for greater work to come. Here's to the continued success of the Alcuin Awards, and most of all, to beautiful books!

**Grant Hurley**

APRIL 2017

Ce catalogue marque le 35<sup>e</sup> anniversaire du concours annuel de la Société Alcuin pour l'excellence de la conception graphique du livre au Canada. Depuis ses humbles débuts en 1981, avec trois vainqueurs dans trois catégories (prose, poésie et beaux livres), la Société Alcuin a remis un total de 1014 prix individuels à des concepteurs de livres canadiens. Au fil des années, la portée et l'impact de ces prix ont augmenté considérablement. Sa portée a changé grâce au raffinement et à l'expansion des catégories de prix, afin de refléter l'ampleur de l'édition au pays. Cette année, la Société a ajouté la catégorie « bandes dessinées » pour inclure le remarquable travail en conception canadienne dans ce domaine. Les prix visent à reconnaître les créateurs dont le travail vital contribue à la qualité de la conception du livre au Canada. Toutefois, les prix ne font que représenter les livres soumis à ce concours; il est donc nécessaire de continuer de faire connaître les prix, afin que la Société Alcuin puisse remplir son mandat, celui de choisir les meilleures œuvres de design de l'année.

L'impact des prix Alcuin se fait continuellement sentir au pays et à l'étranger. Ce fut un plaisir pour moi d'assister à la cérémonie des prix Alcuin à Vancouver et à Toronto au cours des dernières années. En tant que bénévole et membre de la Société, le plaisir fut d'autant plus grand de rencontrer des concepteurs ravis, surtout ceux qui ont remporté un prix Alcuin pour la première fois, dont la participation est grandement stimulée en recevant un tel prix. Les livres gagnants seront exposés dans au moins dix-neuf événements au cours de l'année. Nos exposants mentionnent que notre fascicule des prix Alcuin constitue un élément clé de leur programmation annuelle, et nos catalogues sont largement utilisés pour l'enseignement et le contact avec les visiteurs.

Des exemplaires des livres gagnants sont déposés dans un certain nombre de collections dans les bibliothèques du Canada. Un ensemble de livres gagnants est offert chaque année à la bibliothèque W.A.C. Bennett de l'Université Simon Fraser, où la collection contribue aux programmes universitaires du Centre canadien d'études de l'édition. Sur le plan international, les livres seront envoyés aux collections de l'ambassade du Canada à Tokyo et au Musée allemand du livre et de l'écriture à Leipzig. La Société tient à remercier

les maisons d'édition des volumes gagnants d'avoir fourni des copies supplémentaires destinées à des expositions et collections. En outre, les livres gagnants sont soumis au concours annuel international de conception du livre de Leipzig organisé par le *Stiftung Buchkunst* en Allemagne. Félicitations à deux de nos gagnants de 2015, devenus finalistes au concours de Leipzig 2017 : Frank Viva, auteur et concepteur de *Outstanding in the Rain* et Cameron McKague, concepteur graphique de *The Missing Novella*.

Le concours pour les livres publiés en 2016 a eu lieu à Vancouver le 18 mars 2017. Nous remercions Robin Mitchell Cranfield, Judith Poirier et Matt Warburton pour leur expertise et leur temps mis à contribution durant cette journée intensive en tant que juges. Ils se sont réunis au Harbour Centre de l'Université Simon Fraser et ont sélectionné 35 livres gagnants parmi 211 titres soumis. Les juges évaluent chaque livre en tant qu'entité entière en étudiant ce qui relie sa conception graphique avec son contenu intellectuel et son lecteur cible. Cette année, notre catalogue tente de refléter le caractère attentif et itératif du processus de sélection, en présentant les catégories dans l'ordre dans lequel elles ont été jugées.

Enfin, je voudrais remercier personnellement les personnes nommées dans la section remerciements de ce catalogue pour leur travail dans la mise en place de tous ses éléments. Ce fut un grand plaisir de travailler avec cette équipe dans la gestion de ce projet cette année et de rejoindre l'esprit profond de communauté qui gravite autour des prix Alcuin. Évidemment, j'offre mes remerciements à la Société Alcuin et ses membres, qui continuent de soutenir les prix, année après année. Trente-cinq ans est un âge important, indiquant tant la confiance qui vient avec la maturité que le potentiel d'un travail encore meilleur à venir. Santé au succès durable des prix de la Société Alcuin et surtout, aux beaux livres!

**Grant Hurley**

AVRIL 2017



**Robin Mitchell Cranfield**

Robin Mitchell Cranfield is an illustrator and graphic designer. She has been the recipient of numerous Alcuin Society citations for her work, among other awards. Her studio, *hundreds & thousands*, specializes in fine book design for children and contemporary art galleries. She teaches at both Emily Carr University of Art + Design and Simon Fraser University. Her series of children's books, *Windy & friends* (co-created with Judith Steedman) was recently released as a series of stop-motion based story apps and is currently being developed as an animated series. She lives in Vancouver with her husband and son.

Robin Mitchell Cranfield est illustratrice et graphiste. En plus d'avoir reçu de nombreux prix divers, son œuvre a été primée à plusieurs reprises par la Société Alcuin. Son studio, *hundreds & thousands*, se spécialise dans la conception graphique de beaux livres pour les enfants et les galeries d'art contemporain. Elle enseigne à Emily Carr University of Art + Design ainsi qu'à l'Université Simon Fraser. Sa série de livres pour enfants, *Windy & friends* (cocréée avec Judith Steedman) vient de paraître sous forme d'une série d'applications basées sur l'animation image par image. De plus, un dessin animé à partir de cette série est en cours d'élaboration. Elle vit à Vancouver avec son mari et son fils.



YES.

**Matt Warburton** CGD, FGDC

Matt Warburton is the founder and co-principle of Emdoubleyu Communications + Design, a Vancouver-based studio. Building on training in traditional typesetting at Typsettra and identity/communications design at Gottschalk + Ash, he moved west in 1989 where worked with Herrainco Design Associates before forming Emdoubleyu Design in 1997. He is a part-time instructor in the Emily Carr University of Art + Design/British Columbia Institute of Technology Design Essentials program, a member of the Graphic Designers of Canada's British Columbia Chapter (GDC BC) executive, past-chair of the Kwantlen University Graphic Design for Marketing (GDMA) Advisory Committee, and a past member of the Canada Post Stamp Advisory Committee. He was honoured with a GDC Fellowship in 2003. Since becoming a graphic designer in the early 1980s he has won numerous awards for his work.

Since 2012 Matt has worked at the University of British Columbia, first as a senior designer and since 2014 as design manager for the University's Communications and Marketing unit. He continues to service Emdoubleyu clients such as Canada Post, Goldcorp and Obsession: Bikes, working with his wife Lynn who is a communications expert.

An opinionated GDC listserve contributor, Matt is noted for his obsessive use of Cooper Black, as well as an inability to execute an accurate slapshot. In 2009 he took on an Italian mistress whom he keeps locked up in the garage and takes out only when the sun is shining on the Sea-to-Sky Highway. His favourite designer is the late Massimo Tamburini, the creator of his mistress.

Matt became a Professional member (MGDC, now CGD) in 1990, served on the GDCBC executive as Communications Chair from 1993–1997, GDC BC President from 1997–2000, National VP Communications for 2 terms from 1998–2002 and then again from 2010–2014, National President from 2002–2004 and has been serving as GDCBC Ethics Chair since 2011.

Matt Warburton est le fondateur et le codirecteur du studio *Emdoubleyu Communications + Design*, basé à Vancouver. Fort de sa formation en composition traditionnelle chez Typsettra et en conception d'identité/communications chez Gottschalk + Ash, il a déménagé dans l'ouest en 1989 où il a travaillé avec Herrainco Design Associates avant de créer Emdoubleyu Design en 1997. Il enseigne à temps partiel au sein du programme Emily Carr University of Art + Design/ British Columbia Institute of Technology Design Essentials, en plus de siéger à l'exécutif du Designers Graphiques du Canada Colombie-Britannique (GDC BC). Il a aussi été président du comité consultatif du Graphic Design for Marketing de l'Université Kwantlen et a été membre du comité consultatif des timbres-poste du Canada. En 2003, il est honoré par l'agence de certification GDC et depuis ses débuts comme designer graphique à l'aube des années 1980, son oeuvre a remporté de nombreux prix.

Depuis 2012, Matt travaille à l'Université de la Colombie-Britannique, d'abord comme designer principal et depuis 2014 comme gestionnaire de conception pour le département des communications et du marketing de l'université. Il continue d'oeuvrer auprès de clients de *Emdoubleyu* tels que Postes Canada, Goldcorp et Obsession: Bikes, en collaboration avec son épouse, Lynn, experte en communication.

Contributeur opiniâtre de listserve GDC, Matt est bien connu pour son usage obsessionnel de Cooper Black, ainsi que son incapacité à exécuter un slapshot précis. En 2009, il prend comme maîtresse, une Italienne, qu'il garde sous clé dans le garage et sort seulement sur la route Sea-to-Sky quand le soleil brille. Son créateur préféré est le défunt Massimo Tamburini, créateur de sa dite maîtresse.

Matt est devenu membre professionnel de MGDC (maintenant appelé CGD) en 1990, a été président des communications à la direction de la GDC BC de 1993 à 1997, président de la GDCBC de 1997 à 2000, vice-président national des communications pendant 2 mandats de 1998 à 2002, puis à nouveau de 2010 à 2014, président national de 2002 à 2004 et agit comme président de l'éthique GDCBC depuis 2011.



**Judith Poirier**

Judith Poirier is a professor at the École de design, Université du Québec à Montréal (UQAM). Her work focuses on experimental typography through film, book design and printmaking. She has previously won several Alcuin awards for her work.

After graduating with a diploma in Graphic Design from Concordia University (1988), she worked in the cultural industry, creating posters, publications and catalogues of artists for Canadian institutions, galleries and museums. A detour as Artistic Director of advertising introduced her to commercial film production. Her master's degree at the Royal College of Art in London (2001) was an opportunity for her to begin an artistic process combining typography and film. She developed an animation process that generates sound and image by printing directly on film with a letterpress printing machine. Her films have been shown at many international festivals, and *Two Weeks—Two Minutes* won the award for Best Canadian Animated Film in 2013, provided by the Canadian Film Institute at the Ottawa International Animation Festival.

Several projects come from her dedication to teaching, including *Typomondo : la lettre dans tous ses états*, an event that was intended to reflect on the impact of new technologies on typography (1994), as well as *La chose imprimée*, an exploration of the graphic design and physical qualities of printed books in a digital context (2010–2015).

Judith Poirier est professeure à l'École de design de l'Université du Québec à Montréal (UQAM). La typographie expérimentale est au cœur de son travail de recherche et de sa création en animation, design de livre et estampe. Son œuvre a été primée à plusieurs reprises par la Société Alcuin.

Diplômée en design graphique de l'Université Concordia (1988), elle a travaillé dans le domaine culturel en conception graphique d'affiches, de publications et de catalogues d'artistes pour des institutions, galeries et musées canadiens. Un détour comme directrice artistique en publicité l'a initiée à la production de films publicitaires. Sa maîtrise au Royal College of Art à Londres (2001) a été l'occasion d'amorcer une démarche artistique en design et de combiner typographie et cinéma. Elle a développé un procédé aléatoire d'animation qui génère son et image en imprimant directement sur pellicule avec une presse typographique. Ses films ont été présentés à de nombreux festivals internationaux, et *Two Weeks—Two Minutes* a remporté le Prix du meilleur film canadien d'animation 2013, remis par l'Institut canadien du film au Festival international d'animation d'Ottawa.

Plusieurs projets sont nés de son engagement comme professeure, notamment *Typomondo : la lettre dans tous ses états*, un événement qui avait pour but de faire réfléchir à l'impact des nouvelles technologies sur la typographie (1994), ainsi que *La chose imprimée*, une exploration des qualités physiques et conceptuelles du livre imprimé dans un contexte numérique (2010–2015).

A l'heure où les pies  
s'osent plus  
trousser le calme des arènes

Tout devient possible  
dans l'œil du lynx

La vie s'affranchit  
de la mesure du temps

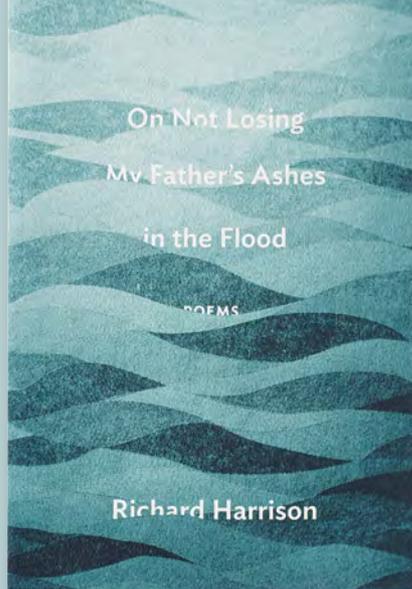
Le lièvre jouit de la trêve  
des ventres pleins

Viens boire mon petit  
le risque peu  
ne t'ai pas  
par gourmandise

Le cycle du lièvre  
dicte l'attente  
impose un rythme hors champs

La résurrection des sous-bois  
aux sept printemps  
le grand don de soi  
pour la suite des choses

S'en tenir à son maillon  
et remonter la chaîne  
jusqu'au ragout du soir  
chaque animal à sa place



Don't ring,  
Switchblade  
of language,  
don't open,  
don't chime,  
don't ring.

Long ago, I broke my vow  
to use you for  
the momentous call alone:  
my wife in labour,  
come home,  
come home,  
or later our first child  
in the hospital.

Long ago, I ordered pizza,  
or forgot our needs  
in the grocery aisle,  
and took your space-age  
digits quite in vain.  
Don't ring.

In your silence is  
my father lodged  
among the demented  
a mountain chain away,  
and word of his dying,  
and the promise that I made.  
Don't ring.

# You can't bury them all

POEMS

PATRICK WOODCOCK

## Skyward Antlers

As I stand at the base  
of the pole, looking skyward, I swear  
I can hear them. A herd of caribou  
crossing the lake near Cobville. Grunting  
and farting and cracking the ice  
with their hooves. They are heading  
westwards  
into the wind and snow.  
Soon their rotting  
pelage will be discarded  
to blanket snowdrifts  
and riffs closer to shore.  
One by one they will fall.  
One by one their antlers will be severed,  
cleaned and fastened upon this pole.

Against  
the joyous swing of the sun, this wondrous  
monstrosity to all that is white  
casts a shadowed staircase upon the snow  
to guide beheaded caribou  
away  
from us all.

## Flame Towers

## Flame Towers

The neon lights  
remain to relish

hanging by their  
of lost and cons

passes flowers to  
Near the break

They were not  
perfumed  
by the rank mi

jog and laugh  
trapeze screams

the depths of the  
mid-scream, tu

the golden spike  
to where his me

with only one V  
the Aztec flag,

## Spring Flowers

Apple blossom rises through  
the news of war

a single branch

I am surrounded by these flowers

lily-of-the-valley in a glass  
stems tangled like Ophelia's hair

and white narcissus, petals  
beaded like a lover's flesh  
or grass at morning

on the battlefields

These flowers  
drink news out of the air

a star falls through the kitchen  
and a mixed bouquet  
of violets and primrose

as if war

the fighting in the desert and the smell  
of oil and cordite, roar  
of tanks, were but a myth

like flowers  
and literature

and mounds of pale forget-me-nots  
and mounds

I am surrounded by the war

## The Essential D.G. Jones

selected by Jim Johnstone



## Winter Comes Hardly

Winter comes hardly  
in this part of the garden, hummingbirds  
in the hibiscus, a great  
cream-coloured cruise-ship sliding  
in under the shadowed peaks  
at dawn, a fisherman  
knocking about in the moonlight  
under volcanic stone, the slow  
surf breaking

the village goes on  
like an eternal childhood, men  
women and children, chickens and dogs  
noisy and easy amid the smells  
of coal-pots, coprs and sulphur

market women with grapefruit  
oranges and pawpaws, watercress  
onions, christophene and callaloo  
early or late avocados or mangoes  
bananas or breadfruit, an endless  
trickle out of the hills

fish  
out of the sea  
goats, sheep, cattle  
tethered at the roadside

a constant  
grinding of small cars, trucks,  
made buses, the wooden benches  
roofs, packed with baskets, bundles  
produce, a pig in a poke, all

rattling over the pocked, serpentine  
mountain roads, the Star of Wonder

For you,  
the perfect measure,  
always know the distance  
bad news needs  
to leap from mouth to ear  
in hiding miles away.  
I can barely think  
when I think of what you bring.  
Don't ring today.  
Don't ring

## Greatness

My father recites "Fern Hill" at the midpoint in his life,  
his favourite of the Dylan Thomas poems that have him by heart,  
fales in the aging machine I can play it in. Listening to it  
is like watching a vase fall to the floor in slow motion.

Listening to it is to learn the immortality that was promised  
by machines that hold our images and speech till we want them again  
is nothing more than the fashion of the day for its technology of record –  
a mirror posing for itself and laughing at the way things used to be.

This is how I remember it: My father's voice is lyric and soft,  
schooled by Dylan but lacking Dylan's church bell grief.

The poet read from his feet as he swathed himself with words whose weight  
he could hardly bear. But Dad read from the column of his torso and the plinth  
of his hip bones as though a child was sleeping next to him whose dreams  
he whispered into but would not dream of waking.

I have heard him recite the poem for years, but when he reached "Fern Hill's"  
conclusion while I recorded, and he spoke that *Time held me green and dying*  
Though I sang in my chains like the sea; his eyes broke and his mouth knew  
no shape but a moon. A line can sum a life. And this was his.

Soon we would all leave the house and the family. A line like that cracks open  
what a man puts all his faith in so he can do the work. And maybe that is art.  
Or vanity. Or pride. Or sacrifice, or secrets, or the belief his children will  
someday be better than himself. Such a line as contains the life and still has  
room left over.

that line sweeps everything into nothing and still declares, Well? a greatness  
my father could not answer.

## With the Dying of the Light

I recited to him.  
Now as I was young and easy,  
and in the cough-afflicted wheeze that was left of my father's voice,  
he answered, under the sky

and so it went between us  
in the days I waited for him to recover –  
the way hope pillows its sails with nothing –  
or father, fade and

You haven't heard  
Time held me green and dying  
Though I sang in my chains like the sea  
until you've heard it from the wisened mouth  
of a man in the not-knowing when before his death

This is the reply to the poet  
who longs for the old man to rage at the night,  
and heed his child's plea

My father's was the soft song of sickened lungs,  
lips that lost the taste for even one more swallow  
while I waited with him in the light that faded as

I saw him from the doorway, silent as a mummy,  
his hands locked into each other like power sheaves  
tipped into the posture of the day's last  
the crew gone home for the night.

ers, flying horses and other photos

of Park Bazaar are mostly out and only a few children  
the chance of winning the scrubby teddy bears

er throats. Alcoholic heads, half hidden in the shadows  
umpston, bob like nodding donkeys. A young man

to his girlfriend; the clever gambit of the insecure,  
wall a father and his daughter pose for a photo.

warned of the whooping cough wave and were

t of Caspian No. 5. Sententious Brits in BP shirts

nd point out to sea. A young girl flying on a miniature  
shown at her grandmother: *uanti me*. And within

e carousel, a cavalcade of rococo horse heads, frozen  
ning and returning, carrying a small boy grasping

er he drove through the horse's barrel, staring beyond me  
other should be waiting. He cannot see the Viking ship

iking, or the hundred-metre men, dancing and waving  
eing consumed by flame over and over and over again.

## A photo of 17 eyes in Yasamal Cemetery

When I slipped through the worker's door seventeen eyes greeted me  
from a world of tombstone lean-tos and lesser creatures. One eye  
peaked over the other eyes. There were Hebrew eyes, Cyrillic eyes  
and others hidden. Still alive within

a woman's eyes, sad, older eyes, was a love for the eyes too young  
to return to her.

There were eyeless sculptures and eyeless portraits. Some marble  
sparkled. Most stars tilted.

## You Were Here

André Naudon



4

My bike was an inheritance from a long  
two brothers and three sisters.  
It came to me like a shirt that didn't fit

I crashed, skidding down the steepest p  
past the basket factory.

It was lunchtime and the workers were  
They applauded.

When I touched my side I touched bloo

I brought my friends there for years,  
pointing to the place where I'd lost my  
imagining a part of me was still there.

Do Them Back, or Kim  
or Indiatry  
easy  
out of the sun to spend a day in the rum shop  
playing cards  
many days  
felling the gommier, bewing and burning  
stretching the new pirogue  
Ch. Anyone, OK OK OK, or  
Why Wonder, finding  
cause for festivity  
Hi, Hi  
going slow, avoiding a mash-up  
Hi, Hi, getting a drop, or walking  
sack on the head, basket  
or coal-pot or bundle of fodder  
amid horns, music, the Morning  
People's Show, the Creole  
music from Martinique, Steel Bands, Rock  
from the local Disco  
sound  
shouts, fishermen paying out net  
hanging the boats, banter  
of market, bark  
of the tipay street-corner wit  
harassing the girls with obscene  
compliments, chronic laughter  
wring from the leaguers  
rain  
rustling plantations, the gusts  
banging the shutters  
cocks crowing  
morning or midnight, suddenly

Nicolas LAUZON

## PRO PELLE CUTEM (PEAU POUR PEAU)

poésie

À l'heure où les pies  
n'osent plus  
frousser le calme des arènes

Tout devient possible  
dans l'œil du lynx

La vie s'affranchit  
de la mesure du temps

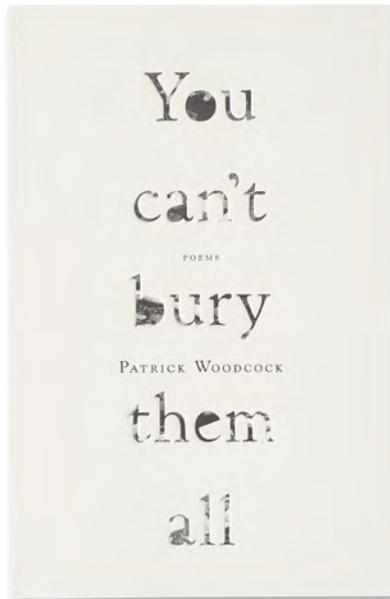
Le lièvre jouit de la trêve  
des ventres pleins

Viens boire mon petit  
tu risques peu  
je ne t'ai pas  
par gourmandise

Le cy  
dicte  
imp

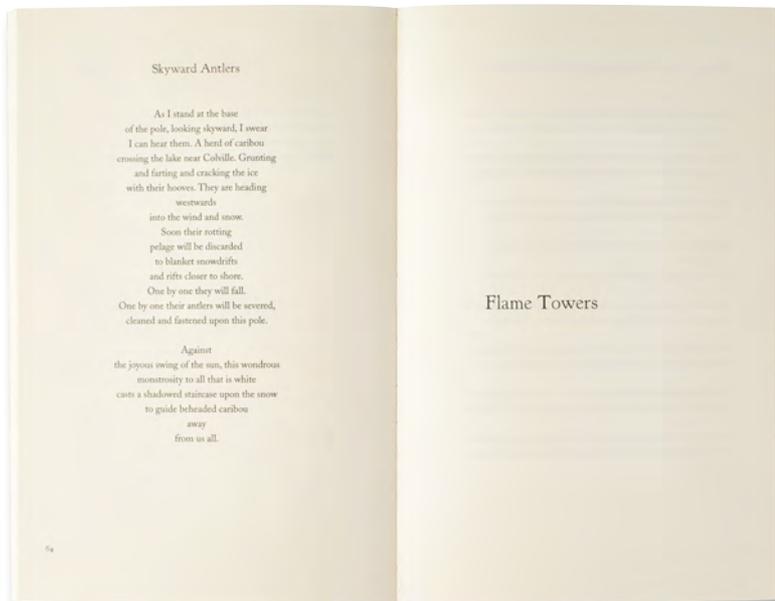
La r  
aux s  
le gr  
pou

S'en  
et re  
jusq  
chaq



This book rose to the top of a field of similarly strong titles with its beautiful cover and elegant typography, which exhibits fine proportions and debossed type, an interesting and appropriate touch. The design is refined but not overly so; it finds the right balance between artistic and commercial approaches.

Ce livre s'est retrouvé en tête de lice avec d'autres titres forts du même genre, grâce à sa magnifique couverture et son élégante typographie, qui présente de bonnes proportions et des caractères dégauffrés. Bref, une touche intéressante et appropriée. La conception est raffinée, mais pas trop; elle trouve un juste équilibre entre une approche artistique et une plus commerciale.



POETRY

**Second prize**

POÉSIE

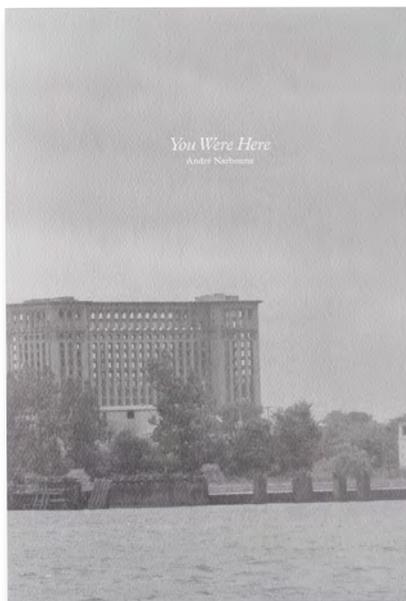
**Deuxième prix**

TITLE | TITRE

**You Were Here**

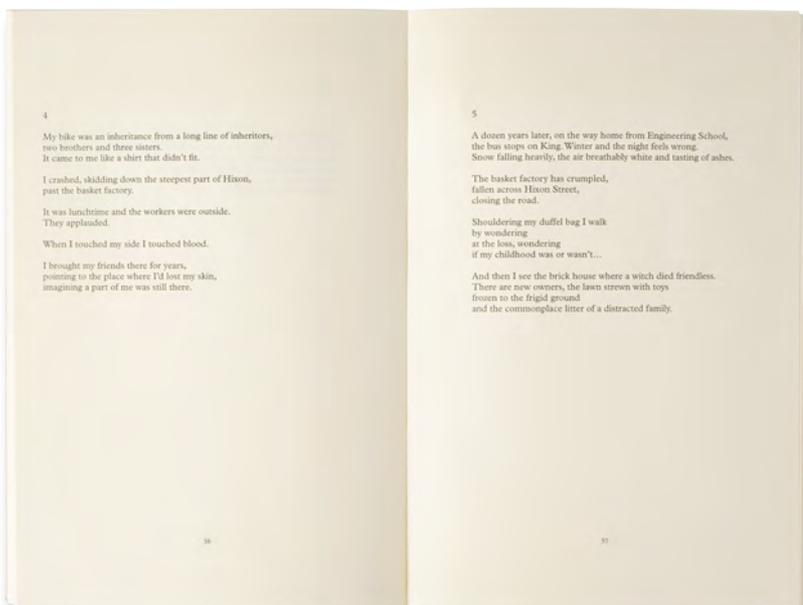
DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

**Tatjana Petkovic**



The serene and immaculately composed cover, both front and back, drew enthusiastic praise from all the judges. The design is classic throughout, with a solid text block, excellent paper choice, and quietly strong typography.

La couverture sereine et parfaitement paisible, autant au recto qu'au verso, a attiré les éloges enthousiastes de tous les juges. Le design est classique d'un couvert à l'autre, avec un bloc de texte uni, un excellent choix de papier et une typographie assez puissante.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Flat Singles Press** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **André Narbonne** PHOTOGRAPHER | PHOTOGRAPHIE

**André Narbonne** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Coach House Printing** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **Plantin Std.**

TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **216 x 146 mm.** ISBN 9780994832825

POETRY

**Third Prize (tie)**

POÉSIE

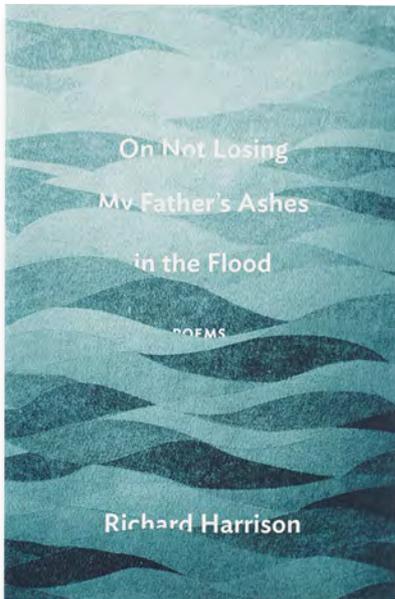
**Troisième prix (ex aequo)**

TITLE | TITRE

**On Not Losing My Father's  
Ashes in the Flood**

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

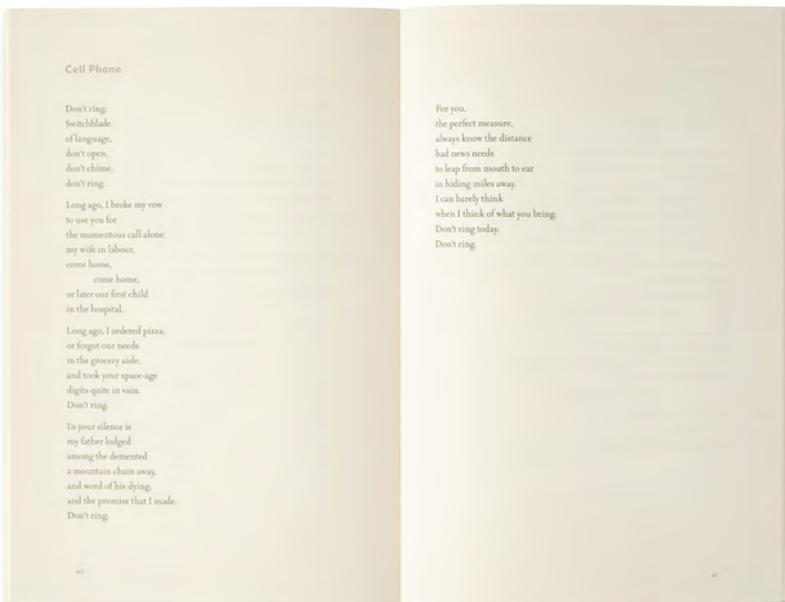
**Natalie Olsen**



The subtle colour choices on this cover establish a distinctive mood that is carried throughout the book with “musical” typography and well-received details like the divider pages. The designer found a comfortable space between the expected styles of independent and mainstream presses.

Le choix de couleurs subtiles sur cette couverture crée immédiatement une ambiance distinctive qui est transportée tout au long du livre avec une typographie « musicale » et des détails bien reçus comme les intercalaires.

Le concepteur a créé un espace confortable entre les styles attendus de presse indépendante et de grand public.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Wolsak and Wynn** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Richard Harrison** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Coach House Printing** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **Mrs. Eaves** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **227 x 151 mm**. ISBN 9781928088226

POETRY

**Third Prize (tie)**

POÉSIE

**Troisième prix (ex aequo)**

TITLE | TITRE

**Pro pelle cutem  
(peau pour peau) : poésie**

DESIGNERS | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

**Studio FEED**



Calmness and warmth prevail here, so much so that the book just “feels right” in the hand—it’s easy to open, easy to read, and has an honest, focused feel, with occasional intriguing details like red stitching.

Calme et chaleur l'emportent dans ce livre, à un point tel que tout semble juste : facile à ouvrir, facile à lire, il dégage intégrité et concentration, avec à l'occasion, des détails intrigants comme des coutures rouges.



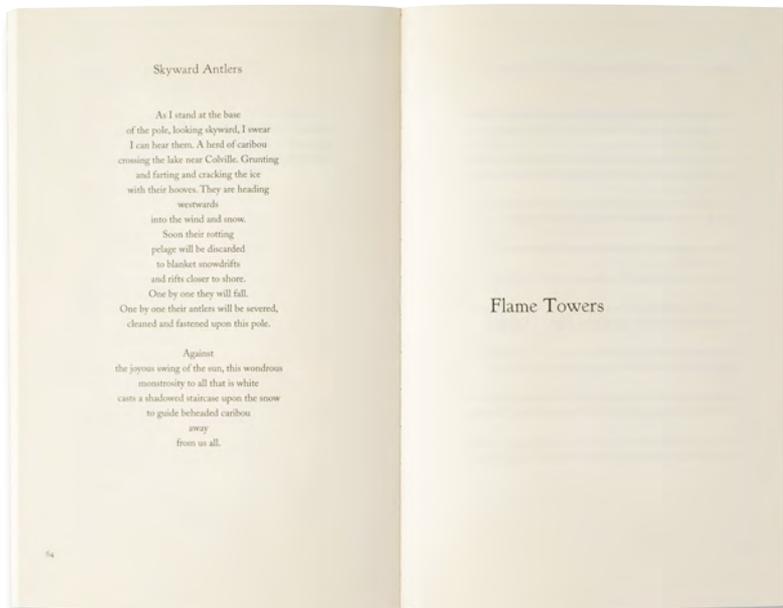
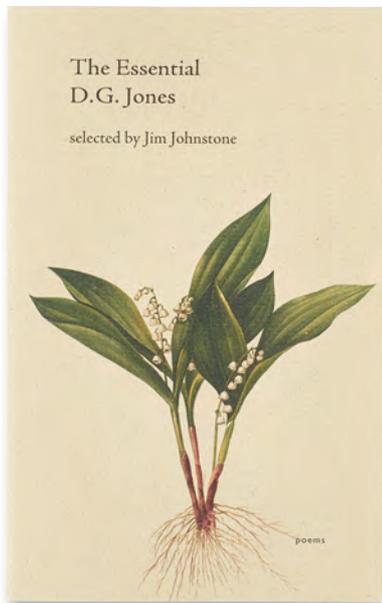
PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **les éditions du passage** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Nicolas Lauzon** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE

**L'empreinte** TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **Seria Text & Ideal Sans** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **197 x 128 mm.**

ISBN 9782924397220

A strong example of the classic, traditional approach, with great touches like textured cover stock and asymmetric folios.

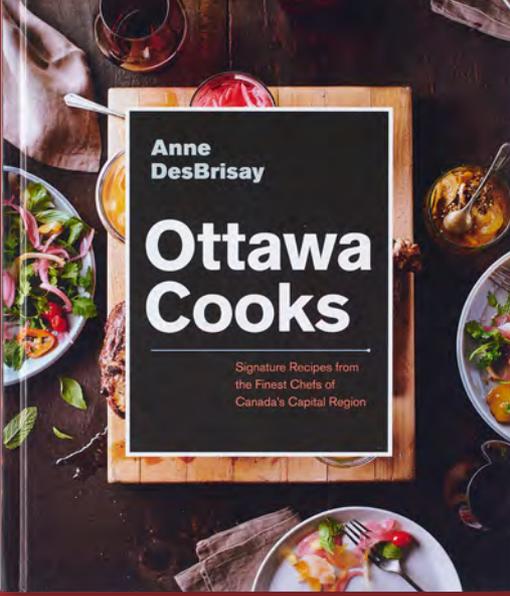
Un bel exemple de l'approche classique et traditionnelle, avec une touche formidable comme le papier couverture texturé et les folios asymétriques.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **The Porcupine's Quill** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **D.G. Jones, selected by/sélection de Jim Johnstone** ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION **Pierre-Joseph Redouté** PRINTERS | IMPRIMERIE **The Porcupine's Quill & Ampersand** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **Adobe Jenson** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **222 x 141 mm.**

ISBN 9780889843981





Anne DesBrisay

# Ottawa Cooks

Signature Recipes from the Finest Chefs of Canada's Capital Region



Nat's Bread Company  
Natali Hanea



**MEET NATALI HANEA** At a coffee shop at 10 in the morning, I was still waking up. She was ready for bed. Her day's work starts as most of us are ending our's, juggling her artisan loaves at 10pm to a dozen retail stores and a dozen more restaurants, before calling it a night. Today, the Vancouver-born, Agropur-trained Hanea's churning CV was lengthy before she decided to focus on bread and let a new course. She opened up Nat's Bread Company in 2013, first working in the basement of getting a District Beehive restaurant in Westboro. For a while, she moved to the basement of Beck's Nepean Street location, arriving as the cooks were leaving, and baking the night through. But when Beck's moved to its new home (page 23), she did too—to the kitchen at St. Paul's University where she's finally about ground. "I can see the house now!" Look but, why bread? "It was always into it. I learned bread baking from my grandmother," she replies. It's the routine of bread baking she loves. How it commences full attention: "You need to know how to knead it, notice how it changes with humidity, temperature, altitude, flour type. Especially the sourdoughs. I love that." Her particular sourdough starter is called Stan. And Stan gets around, spreading the joy of super-trendy restaurant baklava across the city. [www.natsbread.com](http://www.natsbread.com)

Melissa S. Brown

## Four Seed Bread

In the bowl of a stand mixer, combine both flours, yeast and all of the seeds. Using your hand, mix to ensure seeds are evenly dispersed throughout the flour. Add most of the water and the olive oil and, using your hands, mix just to combine (add more water as needed to hold the dough together, ensuring that no dry flour remains). Let dough rest in the bowl of the stand mixer covered with a clean, dry kitchen towel for 20 minutes.

Fit stand mixer with the dough hook. Add salt to the dough and mix at low speed for 10 minutes, until the dough looks smooth and starts to pull away from the sides of the bowl (it will still feel sticky to the touch; if the dough hasn't started pulling away from the sides of the bowl, continue mixing, checking every five minutes, until it has).

Lightly grease a large metal or glass bowl (it should be twice as large as the ball of dough) with olive oil. Place the dough in the bowl, cover with a clean, dry kitchen towel and let rise in a warm, draft-free location until doubled in size, 1 to 1½ hours.

Line a rimless baking sheet with parchment paper. Cut a sheet of plastic wrap slightly larger than the baking sheet and grease it lightly with olive oil; let aside. Lightly dust a clean work surface with flour and turn the dough onto it. Using a bench scraper or a dull knife, cut the dough into 8 equal shapes each portioning the baking sheet as you wrap, greased side draft-free location.

While the dough racks in the middle. Place a clean, dry kitchen towel on the rack in the middle. Place a clean, dry kitchen towel on the rack in the middle.

Once the dough is baked, remove the bread from the oven and let cool on a wire rack for 15 minutes.

While the bread is cooling, preheat the oven to 400°F. Have ready:

Once the dough is baked, remove the bread from the oven and let cool on a wire rack for 15 minutes.

At Araxi, we use oysters, Patrick, our star chef, opens thousands every week, all of them brought directly from our local producers. We like to serve them with several interesting sagnas. The berry sagnas are our most popular and the most classic. Wanda Drouin, a.k.a. The Vinegar Lady, makes fantastic fresh fruit vinegars from local British Columbia berries. Her products are available online and at five grocers.

**Berry sagnas**

- 1 cup Vinegar Lady Raspberry vinegar
- 1 cup Vinegar Lady Blackberry vinegar
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 4 spring onions, stems only

**Vegetable-based sagnas**

- 1 English cucumber, peeled, seeds removed and roughly chopped
- 1/2 cup white wine vinegar
- 1 large shallot, peeled and sliced
- 1/2 cup fresh herbs
- 1/2 cup kosher salt
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup white wine vinegar

**Other sagnas**

- 2 fresh shallots, sliced and roughly chopped
- 1 cup white wine vinegar
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup white wine vinegar

**Other sagnas**

- 1/2 cup fresh herbs, well-chopped
- 1/2 cup white wine vinegar
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar

JAMES WALT

# araxi

roots to shoots | FARM FRESH RECIPES

## gin & tonic

1/2 oz gin (we recommend The Botanist or another natural gin with lots of citrus)

1/2 oz tonic water

2oz of lemon-lime soda (we use San Diego's 7 & 7)

1/2 oz fresh berries

Have ready: 1/2 highball glass

1/2 oz gin (we recommend The Botanist or another natural gin with lots of citrus)

1/2 oz tonic water

2oz of lemon-lime soda (we use San Diego's 7 & 7)

1/2 oz fresh berries

Have ready: 1/2 highball glass

1/2 oz gin (we recommend The Botanist or another natural gin with lots of citrus)

1/2 oz tonic water

2oz of lemon-lime soda (we use San Diego's 7 & 7)

1/2 oz fresh berries

### Slow-Roasted Pork Shoulder Sandwiches with Peach BBQ Sauce

**Spice mix**

- 1 1/2 cups mustard seeds
- 1/2 cup coriander seeds
- 1/2 cup fennel seeds
- 1/2 cup onion seeds
- 1/2 cup celery seeds
- 1/2 cup salt
- 1/2 cup crushed black pepper
- 1/2 cup crushed paprika
- 1/2 cup chili flakes
- 1/2 cup liquid honey
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup warm water

**Slow-roasted pork shoulder sandwiches**

- 4 to 6 pork shoulder or pork loin, trimmed of fat (about 10 lbs)
- 1 cup Spice Mix (see here)
- 1 cup Peach BBQ Sauce (see here)
- 1/2 cup salt, about open and lightly heaped
- 4 fresh pickles, sliced
- 1/2 to 1 cup crushed (or homemade) medium or good-quality blue-cheese croutons
- 1/2 lb of sliced fresh cilantro

**Peach BBQ sauce**

- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 red bell pepper, sliced
- 3 to 4 ripe peaches, sliced
- 1/2 cup tomato paste
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup apple cider vinegar
- 1/2 cup Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 cup apple cider
- 1/2 cup light (or light-medium) ketchup
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2 dried ancho chili peppers
- 1/2 cup Dijon mustard
- Pinch of red chili flakes
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper

**Spice mix** Place all of the ingredients in a large bowl and stir until well combined. (Will keep refrigerated in an airtight container for 1 week.)

**Slow-roasted pork shoulder sandwiches** Place pork in a large bowl. Using your hands, coat pork in spice mix and let sit for 1 to 1½ hours at room temperature, turning it a couple of times.

Preheat the oven to 275°F. Roast the pork uncovered for about 90 minutes, turning it once or twice while it cooks (the organs in the marinade should be nice and brown and the pork cooked through to medium-well). Remove from the oven and let cool to room temperature. Cover and refrigerate for an hour to cool fully. While the pork is cooling, prepare the BBQ sauce.

**Peach BBQ sauce** In a medium saucepan, combine all of the ingredients, simmer over medium-low heat until soft, 20 to 25 minutes. Transfer the mixture to a food processor fitted with the metal blade and process until still slightly chunky. Season with salt and pepper to taste and a squeeze of lime juice. (Will keep refrigerated in an airtight container for up to 7 days.)

**Finish sandwiches** Cut the pork into slices of whatever thickness you prefer. Heat olive oil in a cast-iron frying pan over medium to medium-high heat, add the pork slices and sear both sides until hot and slightly crispy in some places.

Place the warm BBQ sauce in a small bowl. Add the fried pork slices to coat.

**To serve** Arrange a lightly toasted bun on each plate. Top with pork slices, a couple of slices of fresh peach and a little dressed coleslaw. Garnish with sprigs of fresh cilantro.

### Péron

1/2 oz gin (we recommend The Botanist or another natural gin with lots of citrus)

1/2 oz tonic water

2oz of lemon-lime soda (we use San Diego's 7 & 7)

1/2 oz fresh berries

Have ready: 1/2 highball glass

1/2 oz gin (we recommend The Botanist or another natural gin with lots of citrus)

1/2 oz tonic water

2oz of lemon-lime soda (we use San Diego's 7 & 7)

1/2 oz fresh berries

Have ready: 1/2 highball glass

portion. Using your hands, ...  
 into a round bowl, set it on ...  
 and cover loosely with the plastic ...  
 until doubled in size, about 45 ...  
 is rising, position the oven ...  
 and lower third of the oven ...  
 any remaining pan or rimmed ...  
 lower rack. Preheat the oven ...  
 only about half a tray of ice cubes ...  
 has doubled in size, use a ...  
 core an X, about 1 inch deep, ...  
 each loaf. Set the trays with the ...  
 or rack and, working quickly, ...  
 onto the hot tray on the bottom ...  
 instant steam in your oven ...  
 avoid to the formation of a nice ...  
 loaf of bread.) Close the oven ...  
 slowly turn the oven temperature ...  
 like for 15 minutes, rotate the ...  
 for another 15 to 20 minutes, ...  
 golden brown and sounds ...  
 are tapped on the bottom ...  
 from the oven, transfer the ...  
 and let cool completely before ...  
 a hard crust.



- Ingredients:**
- 1 cup yellow mustard
  - 1/2 cup ketchup
  - 1/2 cup brown mustard
  - 1/2 cup apple cider vinegar
  - 1/2 cup peach preserves
  - 1/2 cup soy sauce
  - 1/2 cup Worcestershire sauce
  - 1/2 cup onion
  - 1/2 cup garlic
  - 1/2 cup black pepper
  - 1/2 cup salt
  - 1/2 cup fresh cracked black pepper
  - 1/2 cup brown sugar
  - 1/2 cup red chili flakes
  - 1/2 cup dried onion
  - 1/2 cup brown sugar
  - 1/2 cup warm water

**Slow-Roasted Pork Shoulder Sandwiches with Peach BBQ Sauce**

**Slow-roasted pork shoulder sandwiches:** Place pork in a large bowl. Using your hands, coat pork in spice mix and let sit for 10 to 15 hours at room temperature, turning it a couple of times.

refrigerate for an hour to cool fully. While the pork is cooling, prepare the BBQ sauce.

**Peach BBQ sauce:** In a medium saucepan, combine all of the ingredients. Simmer over medium-low heat until soft, 20 to 25 minutes. Transfer the mixture to a food processor fitted with the metal blade and process until still slightly chunky. Season with salt and pepper to taste and a squeeze of lime juice. (Will keep refrigerated in an airtight container for up to 7 days.)

**Pork sandwiches:** Cut the pork into slices of whatever thickness you prefer. Heat olive oil in a cast-iron frying pan over medium to low flame.

**To serve:** Arrange a lightly toasted bun on each plate. Top with pork slices, a couple of slices of fresh peach and a little dressed coleslaw. Garnish with sprigs of fresh cilantro.

**bramble on**



- Ingredients:**
- 3 oz Simple Syrup (large size)
  - 1 oz dark rum
  - 1 oz fresh lemon juice
  - 1/2 oz fresh lime juice
  - 1/2 oz fresh orange juice
  - 1/2 oz fresh grapefruit juice
  - 1/2 oz fresh pineapple juice
  - 1/2 oz fresh passion fruit juice
  - 1/2 oz fresh blackberry liqueur
  - 1/2 oz fresh blackberry liqueur
  - 1/2 oz fresh blackberry liqueur

**COCKTAIL:** Place 1/2 oz of the blackberry liqueur in a cocktail shaker with 1/2 oz of the blackberry liqueur, 1/2 oz of the blackberry liqueur.



**chilled oysters with three mignonette**

**DELI MIGNONNETTE:** In a small bowl, combine 1/4 cup of the mignonette with 1/4 cup of the mignonette. Refrigerate for 7 to 10 days.

**SWEET AND SOUR PLUM:** In a small saucepan, combine 1/4 cup of the plum sauce with 1/4 cup of the plum sauce. Refrigerate for 7 to 10 days.

**TO SERVE:** Have ready enough of the mignonettes in small containers to serve 20 oysters. Arrange the oysters on the tray and garnish with lemon wedges.

M 13456

**PISCO BITTER**

*J'ai longtemps cherché le cocktail idéal pour accueillir les traditions péruviennes. C'est en pensant au cocktail national du Pérou, le Pisco Sour, que j'ai eu l'idée de le mêler avec la recette du Trinidad Sour.*

**COUPETE AU VERRE À MARTINI REFRIGÉRÉ:**  
 Déco: rondelle de lime  
 1/2 oz (15 ml) de pisco  
 1/2 oz (15 ml) de jus de citron  
 1/2 oz (15 ml) de jus de lime  
 1/2 oz (15 ml) de jus de citron  
 1/2 oz (15 ml) de jus de citron

**Camboje**

Le 5 août, nous avons découvert le Cambodge et nous nous sommes plongés dans sa culture et son histoire.

**PHNOM PENH MARTINI**

Une de mes amies vient du Cambodge et, sans penser que tous les Cambodgiens lui ressemblent, j'imagine que ce sont des personnes pleines d'humanité et de générosité, surtout très délicates, comme ce cocktail.

**Coupette au verre à martini refroidi:**  
 Déco: zeste de citron  
 3 oz (90 ml) de saké  
 1/2 oz (15 ml) de jus de citron  
 1/2 oz (15 ml) de jus de citron

**SAKÉ IMPURÉ**

4 bâtons de citronnelle  
 8 feuilles de lime kaffir séchées  
 21 oz (750 ml) de saké  
 1/2 oz (15 ml) de jus de citron

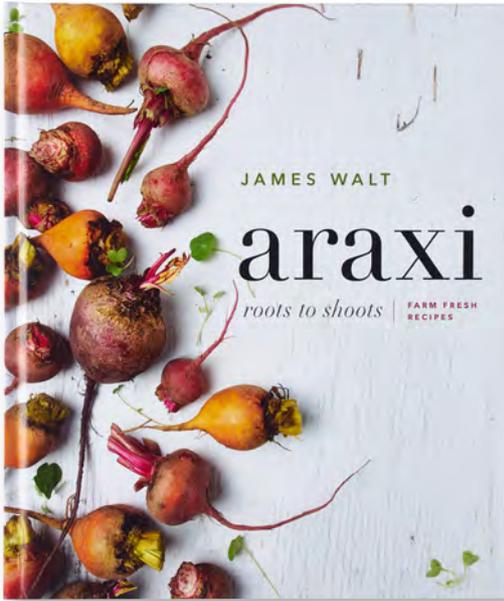
Mettre les bâtons de citronnelle coupés en 4-5 petits morceaux et les feuilles de lime kaffir dans un pot Mason. Remplir de saké et bien fermer le bocal. Laisser infuser 3 semaines. Filtrer.

REFERENCE  
**First Prize**

OUVRAGES DE RÉFÉRENCE  
**Premier prix**

TITLE | TITRE  
**Araxi: Roots to Shoots:  
Farm Fresh Recipes**

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE  
**Jessica Sullivan**



Small details are handled with the same high level of care as the meals depicted in this well-balanced cookbook. The typography is impeccable, the colours are striking, and the endpapers are an appreciated flourish, uniting a very useable design with the beauty of a coffee table book.

Le souci apporté aux petits détails de ce livre reflète celui accordé aux plats présentés dans ce livre de recettes équilibrées. La typographie est impeccable, les couleurs sont frappantes et les pages de garde sont un ornement fort apprécié; cet ouvrage est le fruit de sa vocation utile et de la beauté d'un livre-objet.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Figure 1 Publishing** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **James Walt** PHOTOGRAPHERS | PHOTOGRAPHIE  
**Alison Page & Issha Marie** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **1010 Printing International Ltd.** TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES  
**Linotype Didot, Avenir Next & Sentinel** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **280 x 236 mm.** ISBN 9781927958735

REFERENCE

**Second Prize**

OUVRAGES DE RÉFÉRENCE

**Deuxième prix**

TITLE | TITRE

**Un tour du monde en 75 cocktails**

DESIGNERS | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

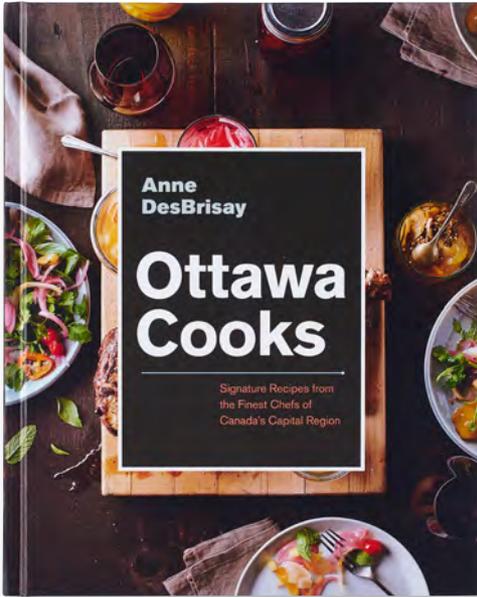
**Compagnie et Cie**

This bold design takes risks with grid use, type choices, and size and placement of text that mostly pay off, resulting in some eye-catching and memorable spreads. In a field of books using similar design approaches, the judges found the new ideas refreshing and necessary.

Cette conception graphique audacieuse prend des risques comme le choix de la grille, des caractères, de la taille et de l'emplacement du texte qui en valent le coût pour la plupart. Ces choix ont donné lieu à de doubles pages accrocheuses et mémorables. Parmi les livres ayant un concept similaire, le jury a noté dans celui-ci de nouvelles idées rafraichissantes et nécessaires.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Guy Saint-Jean Éditeur** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Romain Cavellier** PHOTOGRAPHERS | PHOTOGRAPHIE **Compagnie et cie** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Transcontinental** TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **Courier, Courier New, Courier Prime & Hotel Coral Essex** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **241 x 190 mm**. ISBN 9782897582005



A handsome volume that achieves functionality without sacrificing beauty. The photos are fantastic, particularly those of the chefs, which add an uncommon layer of interest to the recipes.

Un beau volume fonctionnel, sans en sacrifier la beauté. Les photos sont fantastiques, en particulier celles des chefs, qui ajoutent un intérêt inhabituel aux recettes.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Figure 1 Publishing** AUTHOR | AUTEURE **Anne DesBrisay** PHOTOGRAPHER | PHOTOGRAPHIE  
**Christian Lalonde** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **C & C Offset** TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **Akzidenz-Grotesk Pro,**  
**Lyon Text** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **254 x 202 mm.** ISBN 9781927958537



Marcus doesn't move for a second or two, then nods and steps aside.

We find Ricky and Doreen on their knees in the kitchen, cleaning up a spill. From this angle, an all-inclusive look at Doreen's cleavage. "Drip number two," Marcus calls out.

"Hey, how about a pre-dessert smoke?" Doreen says when she sees us. "We're not all out, are we?"

"Sorry, Babe," Marcus answers.

I thank God for small favors. A little cake and we'll excuse ourselves, go home, climb into bed. Forget about everything.

Then Marcus continues, "Well, there is my work table, but I need a designated driver to get there. How about it, Liz?"

Ricky stops wiping but doesn't raise his head. I wonder if he knows about the apprenticeship idea or not. Either way, he isn't trying to stop what's happening now. He isn't sticking up for me. He isn't anything.

"All right," I blurt out. "I'll drive. If that's what everyone wants."

Ricky still doesn't budge. Not even when I walk past him to the door, with Marcus holding my arm. He just sits on the floor with Doreen, both of them silent, both of them fidgeting. A tiny space of air, the only buffer between them.

LIGHT POLLS LINE THE ROAD to the mine, illuminating black circles of asphalt below. They're fewer and fewer as we get closer to the worksite, the old pit they closed off last year. Marcus hasn't said much during the drive but he's been singing to the radio, a classic rock station featuring an all-night *sc/ro* special. When *Have a Drink on Me* ends, he takes a long drag from his cigarette, lighting up the truck cabin. I don't have to look to know his eyes are scanning my body again in the pale orange glow.

We pull up in front of a small trailer with a plastic sign on the door that says, *Northern Recycling*. Marcus reaches over, turns off the engine and puts the keys in his pocket. "Headquarters," he says. "C'mon."

There's an old flatted stacked with pieces of pipe beside the trailer. Next to that, Ricky's forklift, a garbage bin filled with scrap metal, and off to the left a long piece of uncut tailings

pipe curving out between the trees. We go past everything, up the steps and into the building.

"The heart of *Northern Recycling*," Marcus says. He spreads his arms and gestures around the place. "Not much to look at, huh?"

I shake my head. There's a desk in the middle of the room where I picture Ricky eating the lunches I pack him. Then I notice a stack of dirty magazines and hope he eats outside. A tall bookshelf stands against the wall filled with plastic tubing and tools, a pile of twisted chainsaw blades. There's another desk in the corner, some chairs, a mud-staked runner rug, the smell of old mushrooms. Everything about this place is unsettling but what I'm really thinking about is what's going on at the house with Ricky and Doreen. Leaving him three feet like leaving a child in a store that sells only mousetraps.

"Better get the stuff," I say. "Everyone'll be wondering..."

"They're fine. Doreen's a born entrepreneur," Marcus pulls a chair over to the bookshelf and looks up at a small piece of plumber's pipe on the top ledge. "Give me a hand here Liz, I'm a bit tipsy. The pot's inside that pipe."

It's hot in the trailer and I'm feeling a little dizzy myself. But the faster we do this, the faster we'll get back to the house. So I climb up on the chair and hold the edge of the bookshelf for balance.

"Don't worry," Marcus says. He grabs my leg with both hands. "I got you."

I find a plastic bag inside the tube but it's stuck. "I can't get it," I say.

Marcus's hands slide up my thighs. "C'mon baby."

I tug harder. But nothing gives.

"You can do it," he says. His fingers start to pinch, squeezing the flesh through my jeans. I can feel the heat of his breath on my ass. Then I feel his lips, his gazer...

In one quick motion, I grab the entire chunk of pipe and jump down, twisting my ankle as I land on the trailer floor. The pipe spins off under the desk.

"Jeez Liz. You all right?"

My ankle throbs and my hip feels bruised. Also, I want



CRAIG FRANCIS POWER

THE HOPE.



STÉPHANIE BOULAY

## À l'abri des hommes et des choses

Lui en mettre plein la bouche pour Le nourrir à Sa faim.

J'ai apporté une canne de conserve à Caroline pour qu'elle puisse se nourrir avec sur l'heure du midi: des langues de porc, je trouvais que ça lui allait bien comme plat. J'avais eu l'accord à Titi, à qui j'ai dû expliquer ma planification, et elle a eu l'air très contente et bien fière. Peut-être que c'est parce que ça la débarrassera de l'amour que j'ai en trop et qu'elle ne peut plus tout boire ni me redonner en retour, depuis qu'elle a trouvé un autre vase. Je la soupçonne, en tout cas, mais elle ne veut pas me le dire encore, par peur qu'il n'est pas encore partagé, j'imagine. Quand je repense à ma dernière rencontre avec Èlène, je sais qu'elle le savait elle aussi sans vouloir me le dire, et que c'est pour ça qu'elle m'a amitié à Caroline, pour me protéger de la douleur du monde. Je ne lui en veux pas car je sais que son cœur est doux comme un lièvre blanc d'hiver, ou comme ses mains.



SHOP

c'est à cause de nos pollutions. Il paraît qu'on fait tous partie d'un grand tout qui détruit l'Univers pour causer l'apocalypse, mais j'ai trop peur de demander ce que c'est exactement, car ça semble comme du bruit et du bruit, on ne sait pas ce que ça peut nous faire.

Le ferry a retardé sa sortie des eaux, il ne se stationne pas, le navigateur fait des heures supplémentaires pour engraisser son ventre gonflable, selon Titi, et les étrangers peuvent encore se faire des provisions d'hiver au marché commercial. Moi, je ne les vois pas, quand je passe devant, je Le cherche qui serait en train de me garder ma place assise.

Je le savais, que ça n'était pas normal pour la glace, mais j'y ai bien réfléchi et, selon moi, c'est aussi la volométrie du ciel, pas juste celle des hommes, le pense que c'est parce que Dieu, sa Trinité et le Grand Esprit étaient de mon bord dans la prière à Titi. Je pense qu'ils ont vu mon gros cœur plein de larmes dedans que j'avais avalées dans ma gorge, mon gâteau de fête, ma Grande Noireur, et qu'ils ont senti qu'ils devaient faire quelque chose pour mon âme, comme empêcher l'hiver d'arriver. Je les vois dans ma tête, la Sainte-Trinité, prendre la Terre pour l'empêcher de pencher du mauvais bord, la retient avec des chevaux et des buffles attachés à des coutures terrestres, qui courent en sens inverse de sa rotation normale et qui tiennent bon, même s'ils ne réussissent pas bien. Bien sûr, les courroies vont casser, les chevaux et les buffles vont s'enlever dans l'espace, morts, et des gros blocs de glace vont se former tout d'un coup, en emprisonnant en eux la langue des petites bêtes qui seront en train de

boire sur la rive plutôt qu'au milieu. Cette pensée me donne

yeux.

J'ai manqué un mois de que Titi dit, on verrait quelque chose qui aurait à cause de mes faiblesses pas tué une mouche, mais que je suis crochue aussi doux pas revu, je L'ai ma vu d'amoureux romantique l'aime plus. Le ferry L'a ramené à la rivière L'a revu sans moins je pourrais manger s'il m'a laissé un mot, et savoir s'il m'a écrit au hiver. On on se verra à Noël, mais qu'il ne viendra pas à je Le lui ai interditi et qu'il c'est comme ça qu'il est ment pas notre demeure, tout de même mes pillule que Titi dit qu'elles me f... j'ai l'air calme et posée et pêche d'avoir des soucis temps. Je ne me sens pas dans mon corps, mais s'il pourqu'il arrête de... D'autant naissante de ses efforts, il donné à Èlène et qu'elle le pour me satisfaire, et aussi pas aussi qualifiée dans chiale, finalement. C'est b... c'est d'y passer et de

wobbly bits reminded me of grille totally going for the big leap over the falls. The bellies of my old schoolmates a life and an animal intelligence of their very own, beneath the hot lights of the stage, in a last desperate spasm to recapture some teenage glory.

And then later, one of our old classmates asking, "So Catherine tell me—what is it that you do?"

"What do I do?" Catherine says. The vein in her neck pulses with a menacing rhythm.

The thrum of that fucking heartbeat in that fucking vein. We watched it. Right in the middle of things, Catherine throwing her head back, just bam. Like a horse tossing its mane, grinding away on me, that vein bulging out like a rope leading to heaven. Like a rope pulled taut from her heart straight through to her brain. A thread coming down to me, that pulsing artery like a fishing line. And man, Lee, don't I take that bait every time? Don't I just love to see her like that, with her head tossed back, whispering in recstasy, to quote a little Rim-bard on you?

"I'm a servant," Catherine says.

"What?"

"Yeah, I'm a servant."

"He, ho, ho," says Martin, butting in. "She's writing. She's a writer."

"It's just a hobby," Catherine says, brutally. "I work in a restaurant."

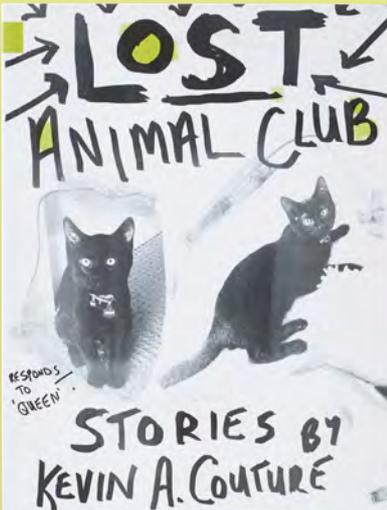
"She's a server. Not a servant, ho ho." Martin's eye shooting around.

"Oh ha ha."

"She's just been picked up by an agent," I say, and Catherine, that vein pumping, giving me the death stare.

"Something wrong with being a server?" Catherine asks.

I recall, suddenly, the wonderful head-butt of years past, and grip my plastic wingless flag of Sprite out of fear or I just know not which, dear Lee. Catherine turns away, takes my and Martin's hands, and the three of us leave the gymnasium before even the Beautiful Losers have found their way off the stage.



Kevin A. Couture's sharp, muscular prose gives off emotional and affectational jolt, sparking the reader into thinking about what it means to be human. —Zaizai GARENSKI, author of *Better Living Through Plastic Explosions*

Marcus doesn't move for a second or two, then nods and steps aside.

We find Ricky and Doreen on their knees in the kitchen, cleaning up a spill. From this angle, an all-inclusive look at Doreen's cleavage. "Drip number two," Marcus calls out.

"Hey, how about a pre-dessert smoke?" Doreen says when she sees us. "We're not all out, are we?"

"Sorry, Babe," Marcus answers.

I thank God for small favors. A little cake and we'll excuse ourselves, go home, climb into bed. Forget about everything.

Then Marcus continues, "Well, there is my work table, but I need a designated driver to get there. How about it, Liz?"

Ricky stops wiping but doesn't raise his head. I wonder if he knows about the apprenticeship idea or not. Either way, he isn't trying to stop what's happening now. He isn't sticking up for me. He isn't anything.

"All right," I blurt out. "I'll drive. If that's what everyone wants."

Ricky still doesn't budge. Not even when I walk past him to the door, with Marcus holding my arm. He just sits on the floor with Doreen, both of them silent, both of them fidgeting. A tiny space of air, the only buffer between them.

LIGHT POLLS LINE THE ROAD to the mine, illuminating black circles of asphalt below. They're fewer and fewer as we get closer to the worksite, the old pit they closed off last year. Marcus hasn't said much during the drive but he's been singing to the classic rock station featuring an all-night *sc/ro* special. When *Have a Drink on Me* ends, he takes a long drag from his cigarette, lighting up the truck cabin. I don't have to look to know his eyes are scanning my body again in the pale orange glow.

We pull up in front of a small trailer with a plastic sign on the door that says, *Northern Recycling*. Marcus reaches over, turns off the engine and puts the keys in his pocket. "Headquarters," he says. "C'mon."

There's an old flatted stacked with pieces of pipe beside the trailer. Next to that, Ricky's forklift, a garbage bin filled with scrap metal, and off to the left a long piece of uncut

Catherine driving with dried blood on her hands.  
Her eyes red-rimmed.  
He'd laid the fox's body on the gravel shoulder.  
"What're we supposed to do?" Catherine had asked me.  
I'd shrugged. Good question.  
She'd gone over and put her hand on its neck one last time.  
"I've little buddy," she'd said. "I'm sorry."  
And as we drive, for some reason—the fox, the Beothack, Goodbye  
Goodbye—I'm thinking of our ten-year high school reunion. All those  
perky boys and girls, now blimps, with weird lumpy bits beneath their  
skins, nudging each other with their elbows as me, Martin and Catherine  
go into that old gymnasium, where the Heart boys basketball team (at  
least one was called, "the Hooters") had a home court  
end of '84 in 1992. The sole defeat coming when star point guard  
Timothy Whatever sat out with a broken nose.  
Soft dim lights of pink and violet to flatter the suspiciously plastic-  
looking faces of what once was thought to be the most promising class of  
graduates the school had ever seen. Catherine's face so sweet and flushed,  
fresh from being picked up by her first literary agent, smiling away at all  
the old chums as though they'd never had a bad word to say to her.  
Our school's most popular (and only) rock band, the Beautiful Losers,  
taking the stage. The sweat on the singer's head already glistening. The  
light catching his glasses, jaws swinging to and fro as the kick drum  
beats. Martin and I standing with our drinks while Catherine dances to  
one eye hit after another.

wobbly bits reminded me of grise total going for the big leap over the  
falls. The bellies of my old schoolmates: a life and an animal intelligence  
of their very own, beneath the hot lights of the stage, in a last desperate  
spurn to recapture some teenage glory.  
And then later, one of our old classmates asking, "So Catherine tell  
me—what is it that you do?"  
"What do I do?" Catherine says. The vein in her neck pulses with a  
menacing rhythm.  
The thrum of that fucking heartbeat in that fucking vein. I've watched  
it. Right in the middle of things. Catherine throwing her head back, just  
bare, like a horse tossing its mane, grinding away on me, that vein bulging  
out like a rope leading to heaven. Like a rope pulled taut from her heart  
straight through to her brain. A thread coming down to me, that pulsing  
artery, like a fishing line. And man, Lee, don't take that bait every time?  
Don't I just love to see her like that, with her head tossed back, whiteering  
in ecstasy, to quote a little Kim-bowd on you?  
"I'm a servant," Catherine says.  
"What?"  
"Yeah, I'm a servant."  
"He, ho, ho," says Martin, butting in. "She's writing. She's a writer."  
"It's just a hobby," Catherine says, brutally. "I work in a restaurant."  
"She's a server. Not a servant, ho, ho." Martin's eye shooting around.  
"Oh la la."  
"She's just been picked up by an agent," I say, and Catherine, that vein  
pumping, giving me the death stare.  
"Something wrong with being a server?" Catherine asks.  
I recall, suddenly, the wonderful head-butt of years past, and grip my  
plastic wineglass full of Sprite out of fear or lust. I know not which, dear Lee.  
Catherine turns away takes my and Martin's hands, and the Rockies, the  
of us leave the gymnasium before even the Beautiful Losers have found  
their way off the stage.

POEM FIVE OF TEN FOR AND ABOUT CATHERINE PRINCE

When it goes right,  
Isadora Duncan shifts herself.  
Apparently, that's what happens  
when you die  
of asphyxiation.  
BOOM!  
A lead like a ten pound  
cinder block. Except in this case,  
it's a ten ounce tenderloin  
you're about to pay fifty bucks for.

But anyway if Renoir were a waiter,  
he'd love this shit.

The straight up poetry of it,  
Because just then

your hands are also the hands  
of the other servers,

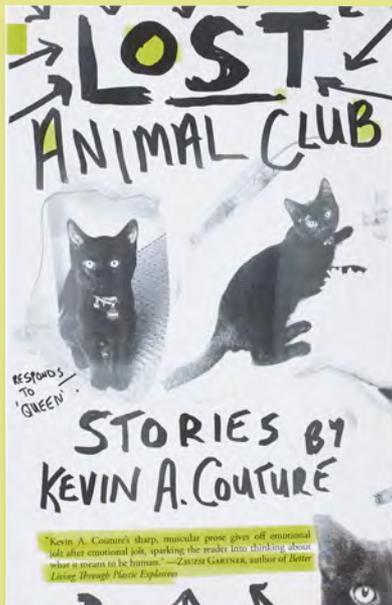
and for an instant, it's not a shit job,  
but a fucking epiphany.

a ceremony, a ritual,  
an epiphany.

It is  
fucking experimen  
but way better than  
It is the history of  
It is Ghandi, and M  
Your hands are the  
and slams and sh  
Your hands are the  
cab drivers. Walma  
who are saying unc  
Fuck You Fuck You

nos pieds doux à Lui et  
me encore des pleurs aux

écôle. Ça n'est pas grave  
plus tard. J'ai attrapé  
ou me tuer et c'est encore  
personnelles. Ça n'aurait  
m's moi ça aurait pu, parce  
de la survie. Je ne L'ai  
riqué pour notre rendez-  
tiques et j'en pense que je ne  
vrais sans moi et c'est tout.  
moi et c'est tout. Si au  
usqu'à quel point savois  
inhiber, une offrande-  
venir la compagnie; mais je  
Noël ni jamais, parce que  
"Il va m'écouter puisque  
et qu'il ne connaît sûre-  
de toute façon. Je mange  
par habitude, et parce  
tout bien finalement, que  
ce ça la repose et l'em-  
et traces la majorité du  
tout à fait moi-même  
ça peut lui faire plaisir,  
ni plus que ce suis recom-  
à. Titi, parce qu'elle a par-  
recommandé à appeler,  
si parce que Dvov n'était  
les choses de la vie spé-  
cienne Éléne qui m'a épi-  
écéder, avec ses bâtons



Marcus doesn't move for a second or two, then nods and  
steps aside.

We find Ricky and Doreen on their knees in the kitchen,  
cleaning up a spill. From this angle, an all-inclusive look at  
Doreen's cleavage. "Drop number two," Marcus calls out.

"Hey, how about a pre-dessert smolder?" Doreen says when  
she sees us. "We're not all out, are we?"

"Sorry, babe," Marcus answers.  
I thank God for small favours. A little cake and we'll excuse  
ourselves, go home, climb into bed. Forget about everything.

Then Marcus continues, "Well, there is my work stall, but  
I need a designated driver to get there. How about it, Liz?"

Ricky stops wiping but doesn't raise his head. I wonder if  
he knows about the apprenticeship idea or not. Either way, he  
isn't trying to stop what's happening now. He isn't sticking up  
for me. He isn't anything.

"All right," I blurt out. "I'll drive. If that's what everyone  
wants."

Ricky still doesn't budge. Not even when I walk past him  
to the door, with Marcus holding my arm. He just sits on the  
floor with Doreen, both of them silent, both of them gazing. A  
tiny space of air, the only buffer between them.

LIGHT POLES LINE THE ROAD to the mine, illuminating black  
circles of asphalt below. They're fewer and fewer as we get closer  
to the worksite, the old pit they closed off last year. Marcus hasn't  
said much during the drive but he's been singing to the radio, a  
classic rock station featuring an all-night AC/DC special. When  
Hava a Drive on Me ends, he takes a long drag from his cigarette,  
lighting up the truck cabin; I don't have to look to know his eyes  
are scanning my body again in the pale orange glow.

We pull up in front of a small trailer with a plastic sign  
on the door that says, *Northern Rejoicing*. Marcus reaches  
over, turns off the engine and puts the keys in his pocket.

"Headquarters," he says. "C'mon."  
There's an old bed stacked with pieces of pipe beside the  
trailer. Next to that, Ricky's forklift, a garbage bin filled with  
scrap metal, and off to the left a long piece of uncut tailings

pipe curving out between the trees. We go past everything, up  
the steps and into the building.

"The heart of *Northern Rejoicing*," Marcus says. He spreads  
his arms and gestures around the place. "Not much to look at,  
huh?"

I shake my head. There's a desk in the middle of the room  
where I picture Ricky eating the lunches I pack him. Then  
notice a stack of dirty magazines and hope he gets outside.  
A tall bookshelf stands against the wall filled with plastic tubs  
and tools, a pile of twisted chainsaw blades. There's another  
desk in the corner, some chairs, a mud-colored runner rug, the  
smell of old mushrooms. Everything about this place is unse-  
tling but what I'm really thinking about is what's going on at  
the house with Ricky and Doreen. Leaving him there feels like  
leaving a child in a store that sells only mousetraps.

"Better get the stuff," I say. "Everyone'll be wondering..."

"They're fine. Doreen's a born entertainer." Marcus pushes  
a chair over to the bookshelf and looks up at a small piece of  
plumber's pipe on the top ledge. "Give me a hand here, Liz. It's  
a bit tricky. The pot's inside that pipe."

It's hot in the trailer and I'm feeling a little dizzy myself.  
But the faster we do this, the faster we'll get back to the house.  
So I climb up on the chair and hold the edge of the bookshelf  
for balance.

"Don't worry," Marcus says. He grabs my legs with both  
hands. "I got you."

I find a plastic bag inside the tube but it's stuck. "I can't  
get it," I say.

Marcus's hands slide up my thighs. "C'mon baby."  
I tug harder. But nothing gives.

"You can do it," he says. His fingers start to pinch, squeezing  
the flesh through my jeans. I can feel the heat of his breath  
on my ass. Then I feel his lips, his goatee...

In one quick motion, I grab the entire chunk of pipe and  
jump down, twisting my ankle as I land on the trailer floor. The  
pipe spins off under the desk.

"Jeez, Liz. You all right?"

My ankle throbs and my hip feels bruised. Also, I want

IN WHISPER ARMS YOU'RE GONNA BE

books and  
kitchen,  
look at  
ut,  
sly when  
I'll excuse  
anything,  
cash, but  
Liz?"  
onder if  
he's king up  
everyone  
nas him  
Adgering.  
ng black  
et closer  
on than  
radio, a  
When  
igarette,  
his eyes  
ric sign  
reaches  
pocket.  
side the  
ed with  
tailings

pipe curving out between the trees. We go past everything, up  
the steps and into the building.

"The heart of *Northern Rejoicing*," Marcus says. He spreads  
his arms and gestures around the place. "Not much to look at,  
huh?"

I shake my head. There's a desk in the middle of the room  
where I picture Ricky eating the lunches I pack him. Then I  
notice a stack of dirty magazines and hope he eats outside. A  
tall bookshelf stands against the wall filled with plastic tubs  
and tools, a pile of twisted chainsaw blades. There's another  
desk in the corner, some chairs, a mud-colored runner rug,  
the smell of old mushrooms. Everything about this place is unse-  
tling but what I'm really thinking about is what's going on at  
the house with Ricky and Doreen. Leaving him there feels like  
leaving a child in a store that sells only mousetraps.

"Better get the stuff," I say. "Everyone'll be wondering..."

"They're fine. Doreen's a born entertainer." Marcus pushes  
a chair over to the bookshelf and looks up at a small piece of  
plumber's pipe on the top ledge. "Give me a hand here, Liz. It's  
a bit tricky. The pot's inside that pipe."

It's hot in the trailer and I'm feeling a little dizzy myself.  
But the faster we do this, the faster we'll get back to the house.  
So I climb up on the chair and hold the edge of the bookshelf  
for balance.

"Don't worry," Marcus says. He grabs my legs with both  
hands. "I got you."

I find a plastic bag inside the tube but it's stuck. "I can't  
get it," I say.

Marcus's hands slide up my thighs. "C'mon baby."  
I tug harder. But nothing gives.

"You can do it," he says. His fingers start to pinch, squeez-  
ing the flesh through my jeans. I can feel the heat of his breath  
on my ass. Then I feel his lips, his goatee...

In one quick motion, I grab the entire chunk of pipe and  
jump down, twisting my ankle as I land on the trailer floor. The  
pipe spins off under the desk.

"Jeez, Liz. You all right?"

My ankle throbs and my hip feels bruised. Also, I want

CRAIG FRANCIS POWER

THE HOPE.



Catherine driving with dried blood on her hands.  
Her eyes red-rimmed.  
He'd laid the fox's body on the gravel shoulder.  
"What're we supposed to do?" Catherine had asked me.  
I'd shrugged. Good question.  
She'd gone over and put her hand on its neck one last time.  
"I've little buddy," she'd said. "I'm sorry."  
And as we drive, for some reason—the fox, the Beothack, Goodbye  
Goodbye—I'm thinking of our ten-year high school reunion. All those  
perky boys and girls, now blimps, with weird lumpy bits beneath their  
skins, nudging each other with their elbows as me, Martin and Catherine  
go into that old gymnasium, where the Heart boys basketball team (at  
least one was called, "the Hooters") had a home court  
end of '84 in 1992. The sole defeat coming when star point guard  
Timothy Whatever sat out with a broken nose.  
Soft dim lights of pink and violet to flatter the suspiciously plastic-  
looking faces of what once was thought to be the most promising class of  
graduates the school had ever seen. Catherine's face so sweet and flushed,  
fresh from being picked up by her first literary agent, smiling away at all  
the old chums as though they'd never had a bad word to say to her.  
Our school's most popular (and only) rock band, the Beautiful Losers,  
taking the stage. The sweat on the singer's head already glistening. The  
light catching his glasses, jaws swinging to and fro as the kick drum  
beats. Martin and I standing with our drinks while Catherine dances to  
one eye hit after another.

Had it really only been ten years since the lawyer's son, the doctor's son,  
the son of the wealthy business man, had stratted those hallways, their  
chests and limbs hard as planks? The popped collars, the hand-me-down  
Boomer, the mushroom coats. The ski trips to the Rockies, the cruises of  
the Caribbean, the weekend shopping excursions to who knows where?

Eventually, it had, and now, little bellies jiggled with abandon just above  
the waistbands of their relaxed fit Levi's. I later told Catherine how those

the

PROSE FICTION

**First Prize**

ROMANS ET NOUVELLES

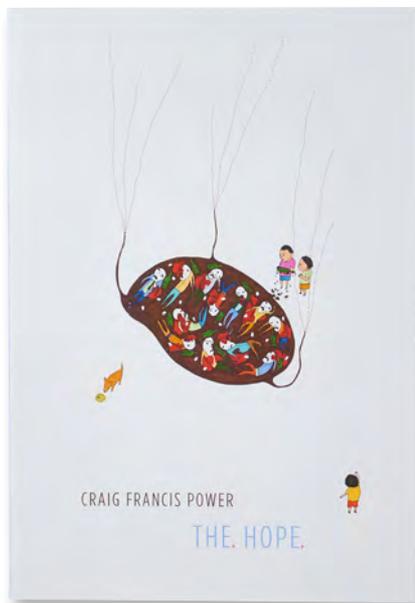
**Premier prix**

TITLE | TITRE

**The. Hope.**

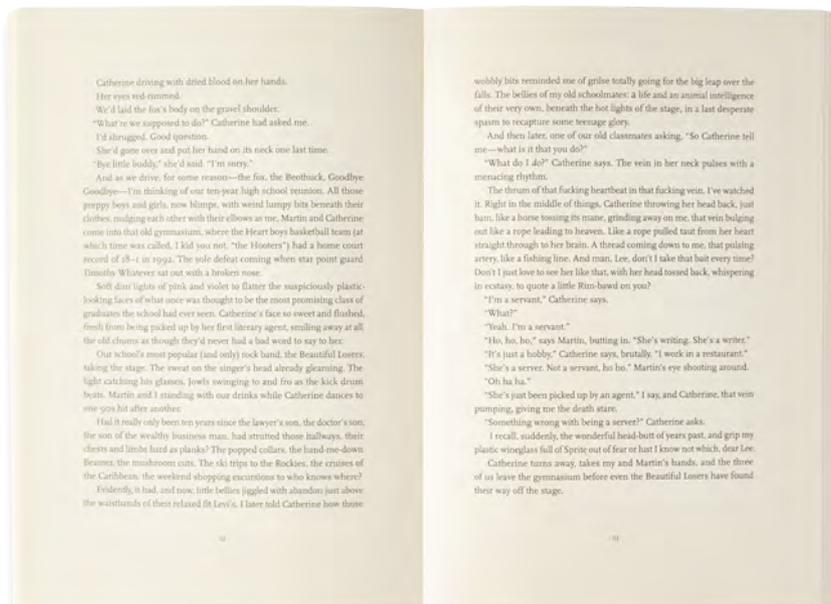
DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

**Beth Oberholtzer**  
**(Oberholtzer Design Inc.)**



The cover illustration has an understated confidence that is immediately appealing; the interior is sophisticated, with good balance and margins, and small details that unite the text with the cover.

L'illustration de la couverture présente une assurance sobre qui attire l'œil immédiatement; l'intérieur est sophistiqué, avec de bonnes marges et un bon équilibre, ainsi que de petits détails qui unissent le texte à la couverture.



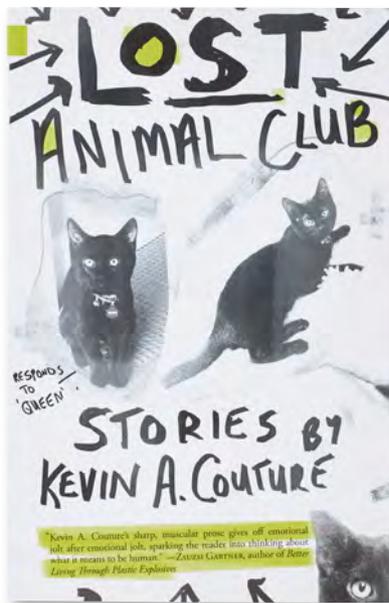
PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Pedlar Press** AUTHORS | AUTEUR **Craig Francis Power** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE  
**Coach House Printing** TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **Gotham & Scala** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ  
**204 x 140 mm.** ISBN 9781897141786

PROSE FICTION  
**Second Prize**

ROMANS ET NOUVELLE  
**Deuxième prix**

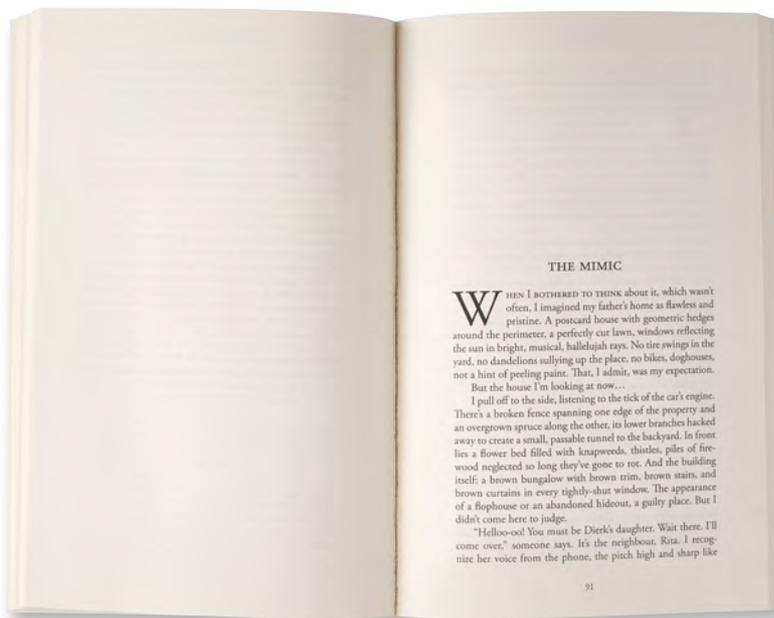
TITLE | TITRE  
**Lost Animal Club: Stories**

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE  
**Kate Hargreaves**



The hand-lettered feel of the cover has a slightly rough but eye-catching beauty, and the secondary colour is a smart, unexpected choice.

L'aspect « écriture à la main » de la couverture a une beauté un peu rude mais accrocheuse et la couleur secondaire dénote un choix intelligent et inattendu.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **NeWest Press** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Kevin A. Couture** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Friesens**  
TYPEFACE | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **Adobe Garamond Pro & hand lettering** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **216 x 140 mm.**  
ISBN 9781926455662

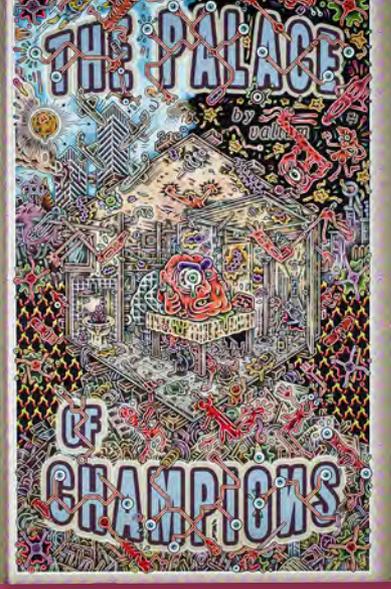
Another very strong cover—the illustration is impossible to ignore, and works effortlessly with the type and colour choices.

Une autre couverture puissante; impossible d'ignorer l'illustration qui s'agence aisément avec les choix de caractères et de couleurs.

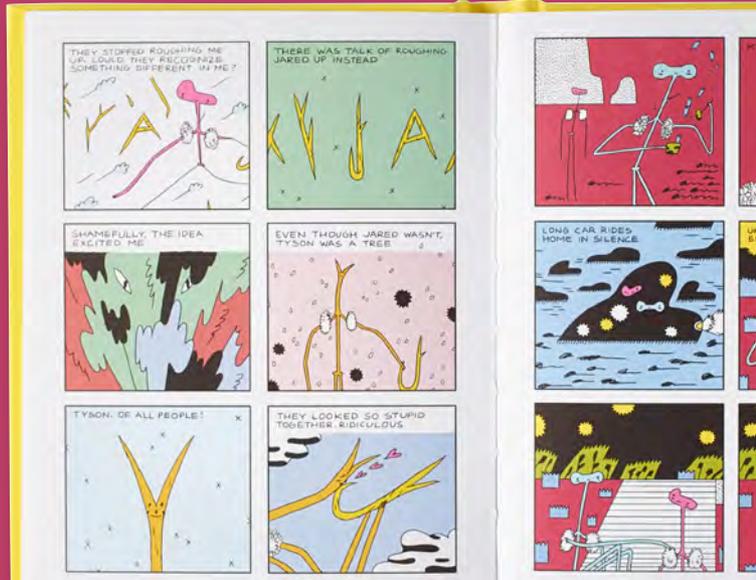
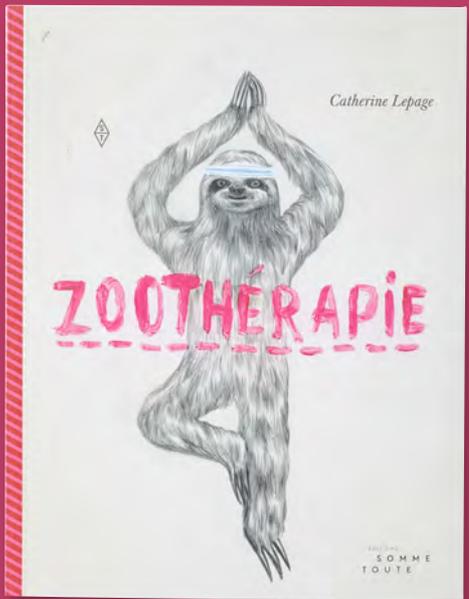


PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Québec Amérique** AUTHOR | AUTEURE **Stéphanie Boulay** ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION **Catherine D'Amours** TYPOGRAPHY | TYPOGRAPHIE **Nouvelle Administration** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Marquis imprimeur** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **Adobe Utopia** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **204 x 114 mm**. ISBN 9782764431894





AL-QATDA:  
AN ARTIFICIAL WAR  
AGAINST A  
SYNTHETIC ENEMY





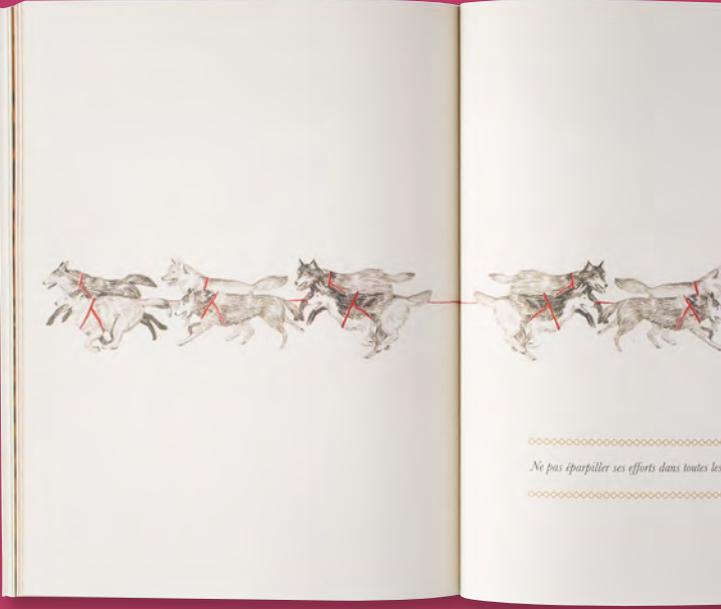
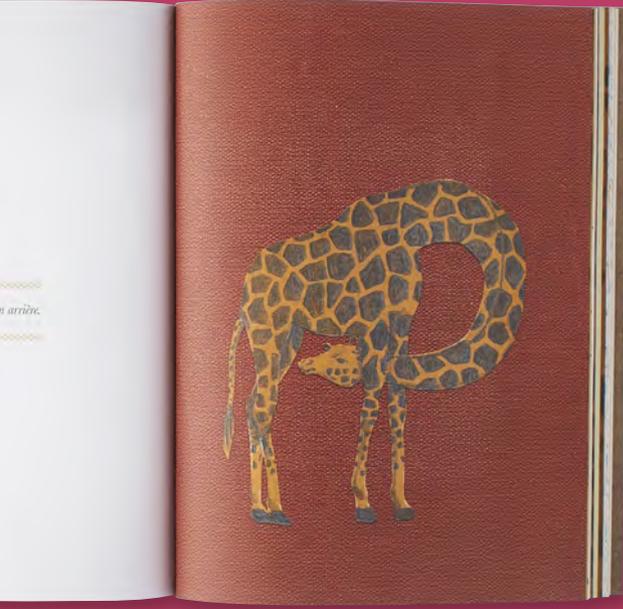
**MARY WEPT OVER THE FEET OF JESUS**



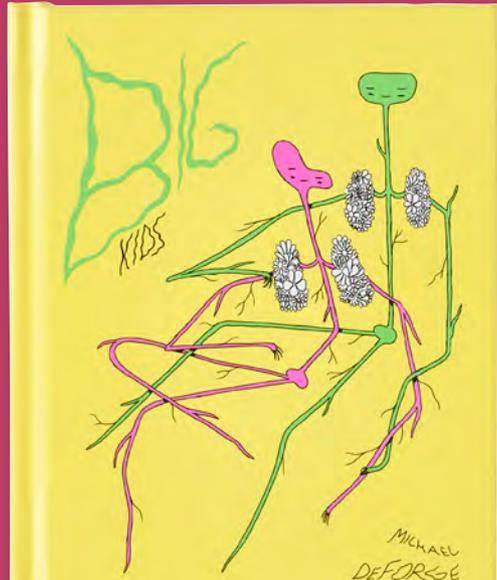
**PROSTITUTION**  
and religious obedience in the Bible

**CHESTER BROWN**

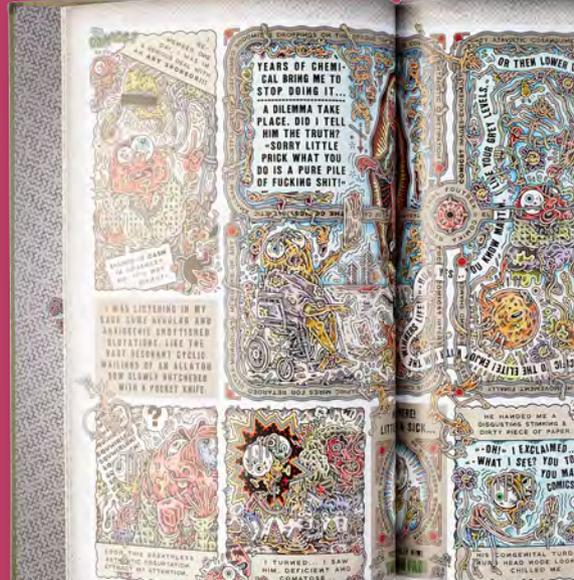
A "GRAPHIC NOVEL"  
containing adaptations of certain  
BIBLICAL STORIES



*Ne pas épargner ses efforts dans toutes les*



MICHAEL  
DEFORSE

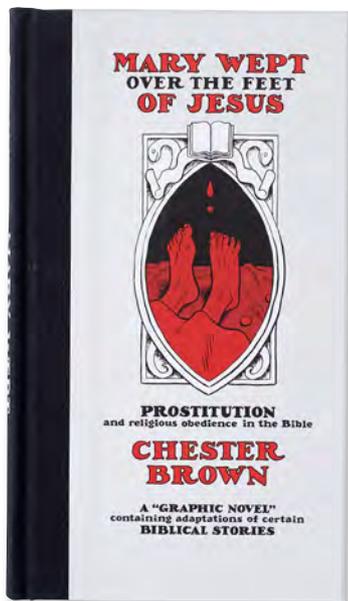


COMICS  
**First Prize**

BANDES DESSINÉES  
**Premier prix**

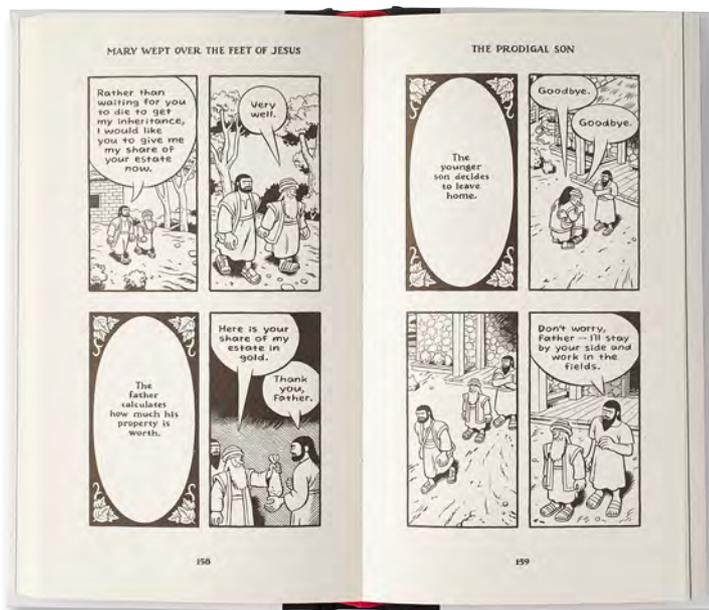
TITLE | TITRE  
**Mary Wept Over the Feet of Jesus**

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE  
**Chester Brown**

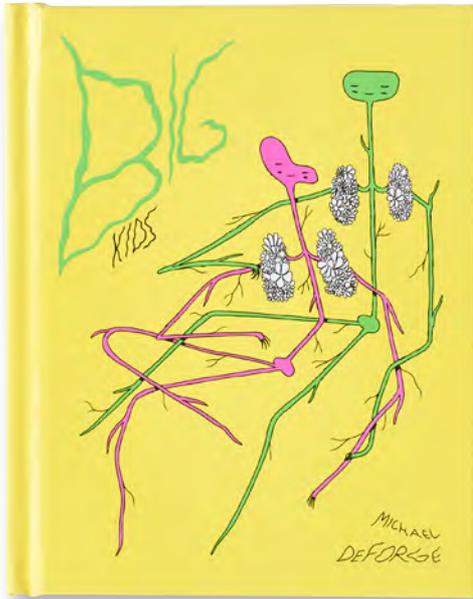


In the words of the judges, this book "nails it." The smaller trim size, traditional cloth hardcover, proportions of the various elements, and the restrained palette of the distinctive illustration style work together to "set the bar" for graphic novels.

D'après les commentaires des juges, cet ouvrage « tape dans le mille ». La taille de coupe réduite, la couverture rigide en tissu traditionnel, les proportions des différents éléments et la palette sobre du style distinctif des illustrations « placent la barre haute » dans le domaine des romans graphiques.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Drawn & Quarterly** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Chester Brown** ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION  
**Chester Brown** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Imago** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **Hand lettering** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT  
MASSICOTÉ **190 x 108 mm**. ISBN 9781770462342

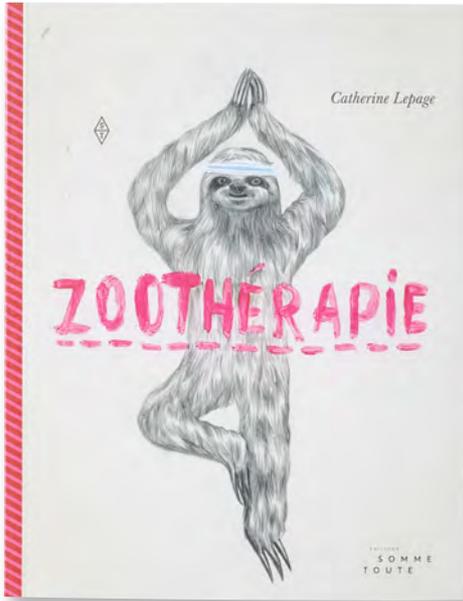


A fun, perfectly paced, and visually interesting design that offers a bright contrast to the at-times dark content matter, creating a captivating tension. With excellent colour choices and an inviting trim size, *Big Kids* works as a beautiful object as well as a book.

Un design amusant, au rythme parfait et visuellement intéressant qui offre un contraste lumineux au contenu parfois sombre, créant une tension captivante. Par son choix de couleurs et sa taille de coupe invitante, le livre *Big Kids* devient aussi un bel objet.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Drawn & Quarterly** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Michael DeForge** ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION **Michael DeForge** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Imago** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **Hand lettering** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **149 x 120 mm.** ISBN 9781770462243

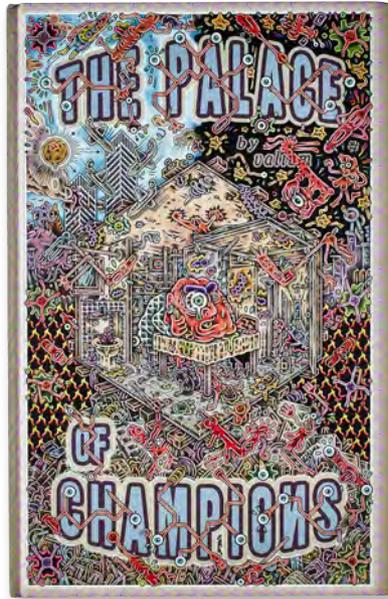


The warm illustrations help create a poetic, personal, do-it-yourself style that almost makes the book feel like a diary. All elements are handled with evident care, particularly the pacing and the typography.

Les illustrations chaleureuses contribuent à créer un style « bricolage » poétique et personnel qui fait presque penser à un journal intime. Tous les éléments, particulièrement le rythme et la typographie sont pris en compte avec un soin évident.

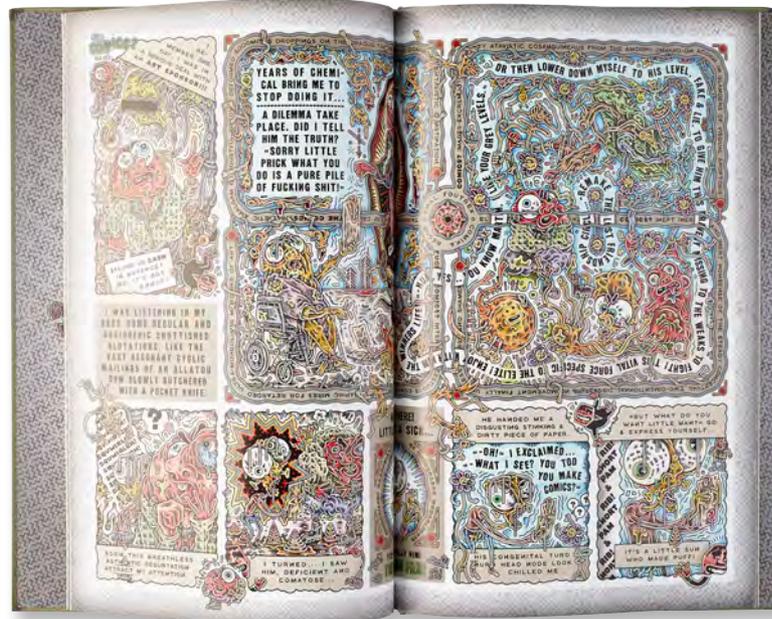


PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Somme toute** AUTHOR | AUTEURE **Catherine Lepage** ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION **Catherine Lepage** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Marquis Imprimeur** TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **Manuscrit, Baskerville & Avenir** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **204 x 157 mm**. ISBN 9782924606223



*Palace* earned a mention—and a “wow” from the judges—for its skillful and intricate illustrations, which lure the eye in and don’t easily let it go.

*Palace* a obtenu une mention honorable et un « Wow! » des juges, pour ses illustrations habiles et complexes qui attirent l’œil et qui ne nous laissent pas nous en détourner facilement.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D’ÉDITION **Conundrum Press** AUTHOR | AUTEURE **Henriette Valium** ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION **Henriette Valium** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **TWP (Korea)** TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **Hand lettering** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **357 x 229 mm**. ISBN 9781772620061

Shayne detects a semblance of the disjunctive self in the Other, which she reads as a "scriptive thing" that broadly structures her performance.<sup>30</sup> But what does Shayne's performance and the art object begin? On, to quote dance scholar Brenda Gottschalk, "Where does the self end and the Other begin?"<sup>31</sup> This question is key to dance theorist and choreographer Susan Foster's conception of "choreographic empathy." As Foster writes, "...any notion of choreography contains, embodied within itself, a designated way of experiencing physicality and movement that, in turn, summons other bodies into a specific way of being towards it."<sup>32</sup> In "choreographic empathy," as Foster has written in *Touch*, "this entails the construction and cultivation of the physicality whose kinesthetic experience guides our perception and connection to what another is feeling."<sup>33</sup> Yet, Shayne's dance does not only guide the "perception" of museum visitors who view it in a particular way. While this no doubt transpires, her performance of *In Touch* is an expression of empathy for the Other. She allows Fernandes's contemporary work and the artifacts from the Agnes Etherington Art Centre's collection to be (re)read out of movement. She treats the works in the gallery as her dance, but rather than strictly following these scores she attempts to connect with their historical-emotional resonance.

Richard Pridgen

photographer David Douglas Duncan captured an intimate joyful scene: Picasso at seventy-six practicing ballet positions in his last love, Jacqueline Roque.<sup>34</sup> The artist, bare-chested, barefoot and shorts stands with knees slightly bent and arms gently lifted in ballet position. The image is a snapshot of Picasso's work with ballet, a dance form with which he was involved as a costume designer for much of his career.

Picasso collaborated with the Ballets Russes on several productions, including the Ballet *Parade* with choreography by Léonide Massine, music by Erik Satie, and concept by Jean Cocteau. The ballet portrayed a series of performances by entertainers at a fictive fairground. It featured two "Manager" characters—one "American" and the other "French"—who addressed the audience with directives. Unlike the other performers who wore conventional costumes, Picasso outfitted the dancers in these roles in over-size geometric cardboard costumes, which made them appear more sculptural than human. Reminiscent of the artist's assemblage constructions, the Manager costumes were formentally layered and disjointed. As art historian Juliet Bellow notes, Picasso's unusual ballet costumes reflected the nineteenth-century "crisis of embodiment" brought about by technological and social change. In other words, modernity incited questions around the limits of the body. Bellow explains that the tensions surrounding the modern body were always already present in ballet, a dance form known for its highly codified technique, enabled by the block slipper, stretched normal anatomical configurations to their breaking point.<sup>35</sup> In order to perform, ballet dancers have to comfort their bodies into object-like poses and move with machine-like precision. All the while the labour of their task is rendered all but invisible.

VI. Fifth Position

Fernandes's video *As One* (black and white, 2013), featuring Pacific Northwest Ballet dancers Ezra Thomson and Sara Pasch, expresses a "crisis of embodiment" to be sure. However, the dancers in *As One*, who perform in a classical French style, do not wear sculptural costumes nor are they involved in portraying a specific narrative. On the contrary, they don simple costumes that reveal their muscular forms while performing formal movements free of story and specific



LOST BODIES



BRENDAN FERNANDES



39



fiction's swing toward reality creates steps in the spectacle. "The question is raised of whether the actors might not have become interpenetrated," says Huyghe, regarding his collaborators or workers or guests who exhibited in other spaces. We must stop interrogating the world, stop grasping onto our parts in a script written by power. We must become its actors or co-writers. The same goes for Huyghe's art when Huyghe reaches a film by Alfred Hitchcock or Pier Paolo Pasolini that by what or juxtaposes a film by Stuart White with a recorded interview with John Gorton. It means that he considers himself responsible for their work. That he restores their dimension as scenes to be viewed, again allowing the comprehension of the current world. [Lara] Parla expresses a similar idea when he states that many things are more interesting than his work, but that his work is "a

and the script form becomes a possibility of reworking the division between illusion and work that the collective scenario upholds. Huyghe works as a member of the editor. And montage, writes Godard, is a "fundamental political notion. An image is never alone. It only exists on a background (ideology) or in relation to those that precede or follow it."<sup>36</sup> By producing images that are readable in our comprehension of the real, Huyghe carries out political work contrary to the sacred film, we are not saturated with images, but subjected to the lack of certain images, which must be produced to fill the blanks of the official image of the community.

François Gros (François Wuyssol, 1935, is a video shot in a Parisian apartment building that reports the action and dialogue of Hitchcock's film shot by shot, superimposed in its entirety by young French actors and set in a Parisian housing project. This "renvoi" affirms the idea of a production of models that can be materialized in any space available for everyday activity.

The other houses that serve as sets for *Enchère*, 1935, a "renvoi" of Pauline Uvalde's accident, represent "a provisional state, a suspended one," since these buildings have been left abandoned in order for their owners to avoid Italian laws. In 1946, Huyghe filmed scenes of the exhibition *Traffic a pari* inside the docks of Bordeaux. Through their negative ship, travelers could view a video that showed the image of the route they were following, what in the daytime. This split between night and day, as well as the night/day due

to light and night, introduced an uncertainty concerning the reality of the experience. The appropriation of real time and the time we were produced a potential narrative. While the image becomes a lens that connects us to reality, a subtitled guide to the lived experience, the meaning of the work has to do with a system of differences: the difference between the direct and the deferred, between a pace by Gordon Matta-Clark or a film by Huyghe and the progression of these works by Huyghe, between these versions of the same film

to film, between the image of the work and the reality of the work (Gordon Matta-Clark), between the meaning of a sentence and its translation (Gorton), between a lost moment and its scripted version (Dog Day Afternoon). It is an artifice that human experience occurs. Act to the product of a sign.

By refuting a movie shot by shot, we represent something other than what was dealt with in the original work. We show the time that has passed, but given as we manifest a capacity to evolve among signs, to inhabit their "background."

Hitchcock's classic *Rear Window* is a Parisian housing project with unknown actors. Huyghe expresses a skeleton of action (in the *Hubert-Robert*), thereby asserting a conception of art as the production of models that may be endlessly repeated: scenarios of everyday activity. Why not use a film that is a look at construction workers erecting a building and consider our workers? That they are not being together the works of Pauline Uvalde and the other work that unfolded buildings in a contemporary Parisian culture? Why not use the work, rather than store safety in the forms it presents?





MashUp:  
The Birth  
of Modern  
Culture



# A MESSAGE FROM BARBARA KRUGER: EMPATHY CAN CHANGE THE WORLD

Marion Meier

In the 1964 essay entitled "From Fabrique to Photography," art historian Benjamin H.D. Buchholz traces the emergence and development of photomontage in the early twentieth century, especially its mobilization among a group of avant-garde artists in post-Revolution Soviet Union. Tracking the work of El Lissitzky and Aleksandr Rodchenko in particular through the 1920s, Buchholz conveys the urgency and optimism with which these and other Soviet artists invested in photomontage as a means not only to produce new images that could adequately address a growing mass audience,

but also to transform existing systems of representation and communication, that is, institutions of production, distribution, and reception. Incorporating earlier modernist aesthetic (or anti-aesthetic) experiments from Cubism and German Dada with the tools of mass communication, such as typography, graphic design, exhibition design, advertising, and propaganda, Soviet artists embraced technology and media as an "attempt to establish an operative aesthetic framework that could focus attention simultaneously on the existing needs of mass audiences (for education and enlightenment) and on the available techniques and standards of the means of artistic production."

According to Buchholz, however, the optimism of the Soviet artists for such a literary and visual medium readily merged society on a mass scale, an optimism famously shared by German cultural theorist Walter Benjamin, was soon proved to have been a "naïve utopianism."



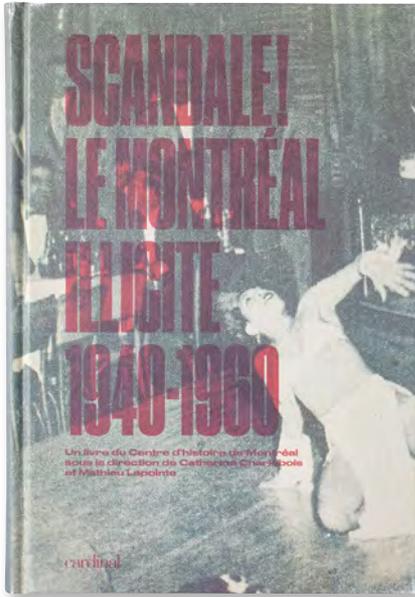
In Buchholz's genealogy of photomontage, its radical possibilities gave way to co-optation in the 1930s by both the Soviet regime and American capitalism.

Lissitzky's and Benjamin's optimism prevented them from recognizing that the attempt to create conditions of a simultaneous aesthetic revolution for the audience of the industrialized state would very soon lose the preparation of an artist's aesthetic. Buchholz proposes the preparation of an artist's aesthetic in the Soviet Union. What is it would deliver the aesthetic technology of propaganda to Italian Futurist and German Bauhaus regimes. And only in 1928 did we see the immediate consequence of Lissitzky's new montage techniques and photomontage (a phenomenon) in their aesthetic adaptation for the ideological needs of American political campaigns for the accelerated capitalist development through consumption. Thus, what in Lissitzky's hands had been a for instruction, political relief and the raising of consciousness was rapidly transformed into an attempt at producing the illusion of equality and idealism.

Despite Buchholz's bleak and pessimistic view of photomontage's fate for instruction, political relief and the raising of consciousness in the 1930s, Barbara Kruger's work since the late 1970s proves otherwise. She fully produced as a new figure in the history of postmodern art, beyond art, the "Pictures Generation" or what art of the 1980s. But beyond categorization, Kruger's photomontages—smart and seductive, like the advertising, bold and like affective propaganda—inherit the legacy of the Soviet experiments 1920s and rubs it in its contemporary, production and after the political education and the consciousness of her present but the nearly 40th century.



Un libro del Centre d'histoire du Montréal  
sous la direction de Catherine Charbonneau  
et Marilou Lapointe



This has a newsprint feel, but in a new and modern way that makes perfect sense for the subject. The pacing and proportions are flawless, as is the fine-tuned typography, which is surely the product of countless hours of meticulous grooming.

Son look papier journal, façon nouvelle et moderne, est un choix tout à fait logique pour le sujet. Le rythme et les proportions sont impeccables, tout comme la typographie peaufinée, qui est sûrement le fruit d'innombrables heures de soins méticuleux.

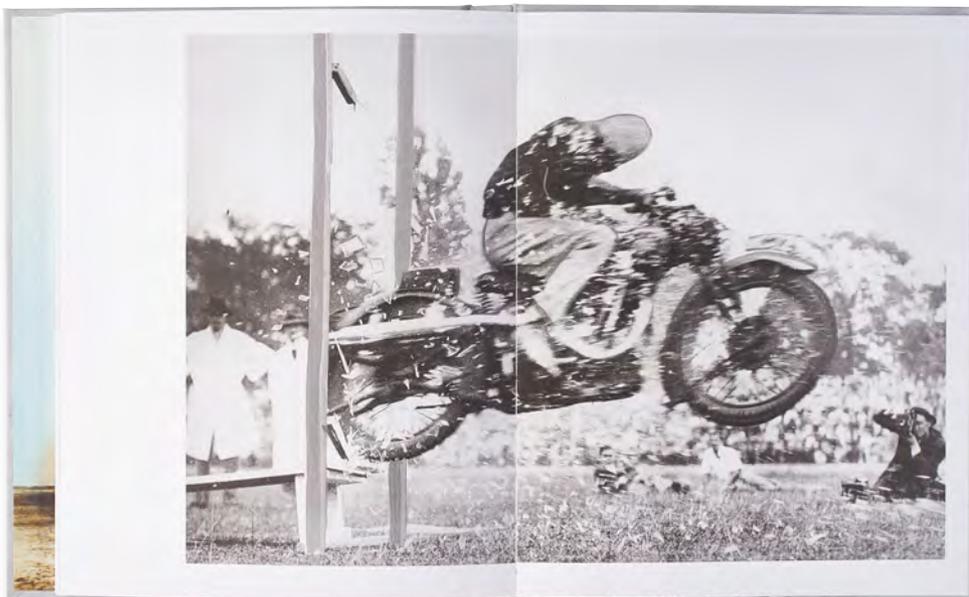


PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Éditions Cardinal** AUTHORS | AUTEURS **Catherine Charlebois, Mathieu Lapointe, Maryse Bédard, Jean-François Leclerc** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Tien Wah Press (Singapore)** TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **Druk, Sentinel & Grotesque** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **241 x 166 mm**. ISBN 9782924155998



Thoughtful pacing, considered production choices, quiet details like the exposed binding, and a warm, engaging grey throughout all serve to please the reader and highlight the photos, which are paired expertly with text.

Un rythme réfléchi, des choix de production recherchés, des détails délicats tels que la reliure exposée de même qu'un gris dominant et chaleureux au fil des pages, contribuent à plaire au lecteur et à mettre en valeur les photos, habilement agencées avec le texte.



PUBLISHERS | MAISONS D'ÉDITION **Figure 1 Publishing & Presentation House Gallery** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Jonah Samson**  
 PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **1010 Printing International Ltd.** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **Sentinel** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT  
 MASSICOTÉ **229 x 180 mm.** ISBN 9781927958865



From the excellent opening pages this exhibition book shows a beautiful new form. The design makes expert use of its simple type and its grid, somehow appearing both disciplined and playful. The black and orange are deployed so effectively it feels like there are more than two colours.

Dès les premières pages, de très haute qualité soit dit en passant, ce livre consacré à une exposition est présenté sous une forme nouvelle et agréable. La conception graphique fait un usage habile des caractères et de la grille, dégageant en quelque sorte discipline et ludisme. Le noir et l'orange sont déployés si efficacement qu'on croirait y voir plus de deux couleurs.





The type stands with strength on the page, often on top of images. The pacing and use of the grid are skilled. It's a bold and busy design, sometimes overwhelming and always impressive.

Les caractères se dressent avec force sur la page, souvent même en prenant le dessus sur les images. Le rythme et l'utilisation de la grille sont habiles. C'est un design audacieux et chargé, parfois débordant et toujours impressionnant.



PUBLISHERS | MAISONS D'ÉDITION **Vancouver Art Gallery & Black Dog Publishing** EDITORS | ÉDITEURS **Daina Augaitis, Bruce Grenville & Stephanie Rebick** PHOTOGRAPHERS | PHOTOGRAPHIE **Various** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Livonia Print (Latvia)** TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **Union & Stanley** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **281 x 228 mm.**  
 ISBN 9781910433393

aujourd'hui en mission humanitaire et juge bon de me le présenter. Sa première question, peut-être parce qu'il porte encore en lui le spectre de Louis, concerne ma vocation.

— Êtes-vous acteur ?

— Non, j'écris.

— Ah ! C'est un métier difficile.

J'aurais dû répondre, comme Jack Spicer, poète mort à San Francisco bien avant que j'aie pu faire sa connaissance, « Que voulez-vous, c'est mon langage qui m'a fait ça. » Après tout, *acteur* n'est qu'à une lettre près d'*auteur*.

## The Idea of Canada

### Letters to a Nation

David Johnston

D that has written and seen Canada shaped, of Canada now as they proceed, true idly, complicit risk in, undery

The soon a Christ! Unkase memb Crawl at Am Labeta simply Hi by a fl severy the di topic concl servit

THE IDEA OF CANADA

Canadians — as you have been doing for many years — on these very actions. Especially men. All men need to play a fundamental role in increasing awareness and taking action. Some men are the criminals who commit violent acts against women. Some men are the bullies who seek to intimidate women. Some men are the predators whose actions and words instill fear in women. Some men are the silent witnesses to acts of violence, intimidation, and harassment against women. All good men must be leaders who, through their words and deeds, spur Canadians of both sexes and every age to reach the high and worthy goal we set.

Canada is a beloved country — one to cherish. We have much to praise, much to celebrate, much to share with the world. Yet our nation has failed far too many women. We should make it our goal never to fail another girl or woman again.

Thank you for being a stalwart in this mission.  
David

Tracy Porteus is a registered clinical counsellor in British Columbia who has spent more than thirty years working to stop violence against women and girls in her home province, across Canada, and around the world. In October 2014, she was one of five women honoured with the Governor General's Award in Commemoration of the Persons Case.

# FIVE



## THE PLAN SHOULD BE an IDEAL ONE

"Uplands Farm has been acquired by J. H. Oldfield and W. H. Gardner of Winnipeg from the HBC, and is being surveyed and eventually subdivided with a view to making the Property an ideal residence not unduly incongruous with the situation."

THE VICTORIA DAILY COLONIST, 7 MARCH 1907

IN A FULL, posthumous tribute to John Oldfield that appeared in *Landscape Architecture*, James Sturges Fry wrote that his colleague always took "painstaking care for the details of his schemes" by working "deliberately, systematically, and effectively." This ingrained habit for work marked John's approach to designing the Uplands landscape. He spent many days on site examining the nuances of terrain, thinking through various design possibilities, checking view corridors, realigning lot boundaries, and a great deal more. All of this effort was intended to improve the subdivision's layout, both practically and artistically. Where should Millfield Circle, a roundabout for streetcar and vehicular traffic, best be positioned? Did its planned location occupy enough level ground? If not, would adjusting it accommodate the smooth curves of roads entering and leaving the roundabout? During the days John spent on the ground at Uplands, the search for effective solutions was a constant presence.

Away from a site, landscape architects, aided by topographical maps, notes made in the field, and vivid recollections, will mull over a possible

park-like environment. What was pleasant to the eye could also have been agreeable. The experience of roads—sweeping sensibly in harmony with the physical landscape—was central to this psychological effect. Other design principles illustrate the degree to which painstaking care was taken in designing Uplands. "At various places at the intersections of roads where convenience of traffic seems to make it desirable, or where there would otherwise be acute angled 'T' junctions, it is proposed to have triangular pieces of land which may be regarded as reservations or small parks and which it is believed will materially improve the interest and beauty of the neighborhood."

The homestead landscape of individual lots was accorded even greater care. As John explained to Gardner, "The boundaries of the plots as indicated on the plan will so double in many cases give you the impression of being unusually and perhaps extraordinarily irregular. In some cases they have been determined by topographical conditions, and in many cases they are run in such a way as to give a lot almost the opportunity to open up views by cutting trees on his own land. And because the views are often more or less diagonal to the street front of the street upon which the lot fronts, the side lines of the lots have been more or less situated in the direction of the view. In some cases the boundaries of lots have been so placed as to prevent the view of an adjoining lot from unduly intruding the view to leaving his house and stable."

What this letter does not mention is the unique set of design principles that governed John Oldfield's approach to shaping the landscape of individual lots.

True, homesteads were laid out to complement the physical. As with the curvature of roads, the boundaries of lots were organized in an orderly, progressive manner, away from the street. A view of the house gave foreground, next, the middle ground, the house's surrounding park and ultimately, the choice lot clear views to the east or west and distant mountains. Oldfield firms called the "landscape" the landscape and view not only to John Oldfield's accuracy of the site's natural

letter that discussed an... matter, William... of writing again... ally done before the... John, sometimes... of an issue was... the letter mentioned a... of confidence in John's... four days later, Gardner... said to say that "We... to our letter of the 24th... emphasize the fact that... judgement we must rely... of this property."

CHRISTMAS, John... for altering the... separating "the reviews... of 24th November into... asked Gardner to "give... to our letter of the 24th... of which was to provide... enough." The second... case they have greater... an experience, John... order for the architect... all lots and plots of an area... and judgment two days... further agreed—it made... on angle." The second... or need to have short... to access the waterfront... materials, this related... "Land Act."... was recognized as... value. The third class of... cal improvements," that is... of a road slightly, which

DANIEL CANTY



ÉDITIONS DU NOROÏT

## UN MÉTIER DIFFICILE

Écrire est un métier difficile.

J'étais un enfant et un adolescent du 20<sup>e</sup> siècle, à mon retour d'Anglophonie. Il y a quelques années de cela, j'ai rencontré un comique de l'Ancien Empire de France, l'estimé collègue glossoalien Valère Novarina qui, mention dressée, le doigt posé sur chacun des mots griffonnés au stylo Bic dans un cahier à spirale, lisait haut et fort son hommage *Pour Louis de Funès à la Maison de la culture Mont-Royal*. J'insiste : la littérature cultive les rapprochements. Je crois d'ailleurs être d'accord avec lui, et un autre écrivain français, bien que Valère ne m'en ait rien dit et que Raymond Queneau soit depuis longtemps décédé, sur le fait qu'« on ne rigole pas assez en littérature ». Je suis en ce soir de 2004 en compagnie d'une amie libraire, qui a eu le plaisir de faire la connaissance de Novarina alors qu'il écumait les bouquinistes à la recherche d'ouvrages anciens. Elle se croit

aujourd'hui en mission humanitaire de me le présenter. Sa première question, peut-être parce qu'il porte encore en lui Louis, concerne ma vocation.

— Êtes-vous acteur ?

— Non, j'écris.

— Ah ! C'est un métier difficile.

J'aurais dû répondre, comme poète mort à San Francisco bien avant que j'aie pu faire sa connaissance, « Que voulez-vous, c'est mon langage qui m'a fait ça. » Après tout, *acteur* n'est qu'à une lettre près d'*auteur*.

## Expecting Excellence

*Pursue excellence as well as equality of opportunity.*

To Paul Davidson and Denise Amyot

Dear Paul and Denise,

Can we have equality of opportunity and excellence, too? That's the question asked famously by John W. Gardner, who was United States secretary of health, education, and welfare at the height of President Lyndon Johnson's efforts to create the Great Society in his country. I've spent a career pondering this question. I've concluded we *must* have both, because we can't truly have one without the other. I'm also persuaded we *can* have both. Excellence flourishes when the fullest number and range of people are able to pursue it and in doing so continually raise all of our aspirations and expectations to a higher standard. On the flip side, equality of opportunity is a devalued

D  
that h  
Written  
and de  
Canada  
shape of  
Cans  
now s  
Es  
prove  
true i  
comp  
risk i  
unde  
Ti  
ions  
Chri  
Unk  
ment  
Cras  
at-A  
Labs  
sim  
I  
by a  
seve  
the  
topi  
con  
serv

THE IDEA OF CANADA

huron, from the local North West Trading Company manager. The manager was married to an Ojibwa princess, who recounted to him the oral history of Hwasatha in Ojibwa, which he translated into English and gave to Longfellow on a chance meeting while Longfellow was voyaging on the Great Lakes. Operated by the United States National Park Service, Longfellow House also served as headquarters for General George Washington during the siege of Boston in 1775-1776.

## Faith in Canada

*Do not take religions as absolute truths.*

To Andrew Bennett

Dear Ambassador Bennett,

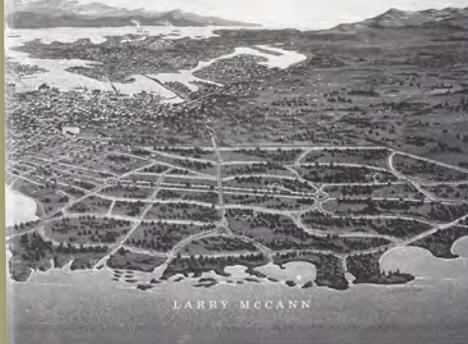
Victor Hugo wrote that "a faith is a necessity to man. Woe to him who believes in nothing." I'm a man of faith and, given our shared concern on matters of faith, I feel compelled to share my thoughts with you. My faith is based in love: some power greater than us put us all here on this earth to serve others and help improve their lives. To love others, we must first understand and respect ourselves. Only by recognizing our own individual worth can we help others realize and fulfill their own.

My faith is the guiding influence of my life and the lives of many Canadians. It's also a powerful force in enabling communities large and small – especially families – to function



## IMAGINING UPLANDS

JOHN OLMSTED'S MASTERPIECE  
*of* RESIDENTIAL DESIGN



LARRY MCCANN

UN MÉ  
Ecrits et u

J'étais un enfant et u  
J'ai été consacré aut  
à mon retour d'Angl  
années de cela, j'ai  
l'Ancien Empire de  
glossolalien Valère N  
sé, le doigt posé sur  
nès au stylo Bic dans  
haut et fort son hom  
à la Maison de la c  
siste : la littérature c  
Je crois d'ailleurs être  
autre écrivain françai  
ait rien dit et que Ra  
puis longtemps déce  
rigole pas assez en  
soir de 2004 en comp  
qui a eu le plaisir de  
Novarina alors qu'il  
à la recherche d'ouv

ire et juge bon  
question, peut-  
il le spectre de

e Jack Spicer,  
avant que j'aie  
e voulez-vous,  
n. » Après tout,  
l'auteur.

## The Idea of Canada

## Letters to a Nation

David Johnston

THE IDEA OF CANADA

D  
that h  
Written  
and de  
Canada  
shape of  
Cans  
now s

306

Canadians – as you have been doing for many years – on these very actions. Especially men. All men need to play a fundamental role in increasing awareness and taking action. Some men are the criminals who commit violent acts against women. Some men are the bullies who seek to intimidate women. Some men are the predators whose actions and words instill fear in women. Some men are the silent witnesses to acts of violence, intimidation, and harassment against women. All good men must be leaders who, through their words and deeds, spur Canadians of both sexes and every age to reach the high and worthy goal we set.

Canada is a beloved country – one to cherish. We have much to praise, much to celebrate, much to share with the world. Yet our nation has failed far too many women. We should make it our goal never to fail another girl or woman again.

Thank you for being a stalwart in this mission.  
David

Tracy Porteous is a registered clinical counsellor in British Columbia who has spent more than thirty years working to stop violence against women and girls in her home province, across Canada, and around the world. In October 2014, she was one of five women honoured with the Governor General's Award in Commemoration of the Persons Case.

## Expecting Ex

*Pursue excellence as well as equal*

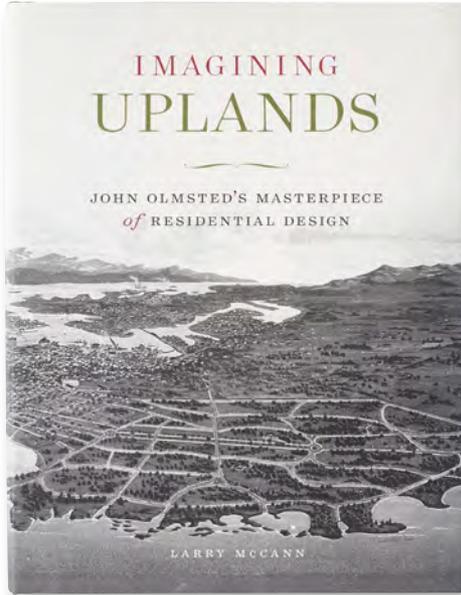
To Paul Davidson and Denise

Dear Paul and Denise,

Can we have equality of opportunity and excellence, too? That's the question asked famously by John W. Gardner, who was United States secretary of health, education, and welfare at the height of President Lyndon Johnson's efforts to create the Great Society in his country. I've spent a career pondering this question. I've concluded we *must* have both, because we can't truly have one without the other. I'm also persuaded we *can* have both. Excellence flourishes when the fullest number and range of people are able to pursue it and in doing so continually raise all of our aspirations and expectations to a higher standard. On the flip side, equality of opportunity is a devalued

**Imagining Uplands:  
John Olmsted's Masterpiece  
of Residential Design**

**Lara Minja**



The colourful striped endbands add a dash of eccentricity to an otherwise calm and comfortable book. The type is handled with skill and care. The overall impression is of an important book, designed with an assurance that allows the reader to relax and engage with the contents.

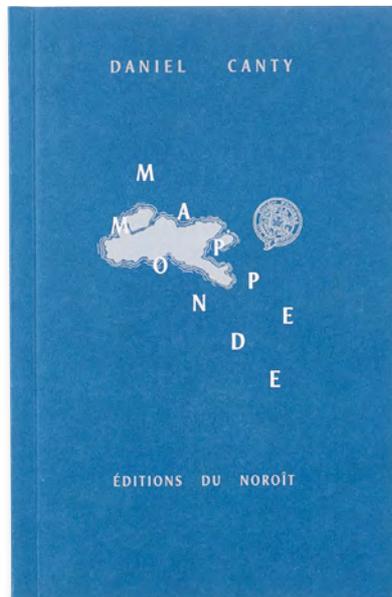
Les tranchefiles à rayures colorées ajoutent une touche d'excentricité à l'esprit de ce livre plutôt apaisant et agréable. Les caractères sont réalisés avec soin et compétence. On ressent la grandeur de l'ouvrage, conçu avec une assurance qui permet au lecteur de se détendre afin d'interagir pleinement avec le contenu.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Brighton Press** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Larry McCann** ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION **Ryan Price**  
 PHOTOGRAPHERS | PHOTOGRAPHIE **Larry McCann & archival photos** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Friesens** TYPEFACES | POLICES DE  
 CARACTÈRES **Surveyor family, Warnock Pro family, Avenir family, Mixage; Bodoni ornaments & Goudy sorts**  
 TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **260 x 195 mm**. ISBN 9780995066304

**Mappemonde: la littérature  
en temps et lieux, Suivi de, René  
Canty de Lachine**

**Julie Espinasse (Atelier Mille Mille)**

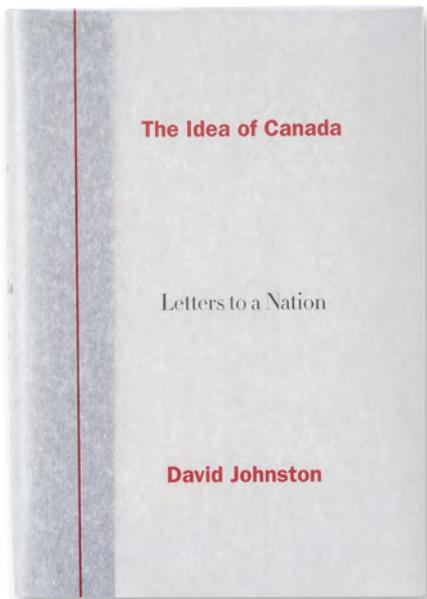


All the elements work well together and evoke just the right tone, making this book an attractive object with a warm, inviting personality.

Tous les éléments sont en harmonie et évoquent un ton juste, ce qui fait de ce livre un objet attrayant à la personnalité chaleureuse et invitante.

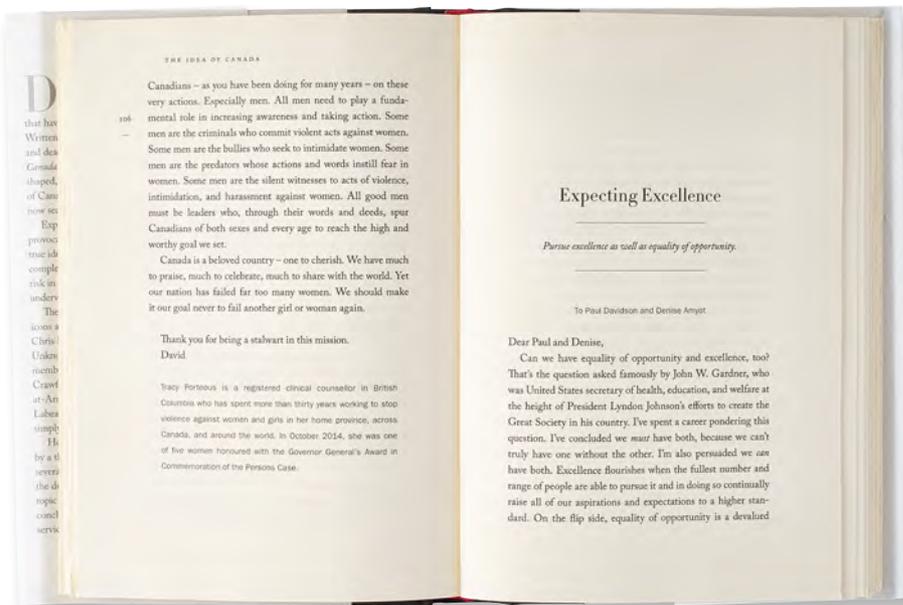


PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Les Éditions du Noroît** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Daniel Canty** ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION  
**Stéphane Poirier** PHOTOGRAPHER | PHOTOGRAPHIE **Daniel Canty** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Gauvin** TYPEFACES | POLICES DE  
CARACTÈRES **Clifford & Odense** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **166 x 109 mm**. ISBN 9782897660048



The classic approach of this handsome book suits the content, and the judges appreciated its deckle edges, elegant folios, and embossed hardcover.

La démarche classique de ce joli livre est bien adaptée au contenu et le jury a apprécié ses bords frangés, ses folios élégants et sa couverture rigide en relief.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Signal (McClelland & Stewart)** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **David Johnston** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Berryville Graphics** TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **ITC Franklin Gothic & Adobe Caslon Pro** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **209 x 144 mm**. ISBN 9780771050770





Frank Viva  
SEA  
CHANGE

"Huh?"  
"Huh in there!" she said.  
"Oh, I'm OK," I said.  
"I nah-know what's wrong with him," said Timmy. "You're going to nah-miss us, right?"  
"Yes, I am." I was surprised at how easily that came out. I would miss them; I would miss this whole crazy place.  
"Mah-one too," said Timmy. "Wuh-will we read mah-more books next summer?" he asked.  
"Yes," I said, "we have a whole library left to read."

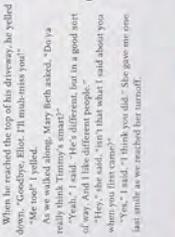


After Jack and Eddie came back, we headed down the

We stopped at What's the Point, and I bought another round of chips for the gang. All the while, I had an awful feeling in my stomach: By then, Old Miss Gifford had probably finished her visit with Mary Beth's mother. I was worried about what might be waiting for Mary Beth when she arrived home. It was a good thing Mister McGilivray had gone into town to drink after fishing, as usual. He wouldn't hear a thing until he came home later that night.

When we finished our chips, I said goodbye to Penny, and the five of us headed for home.

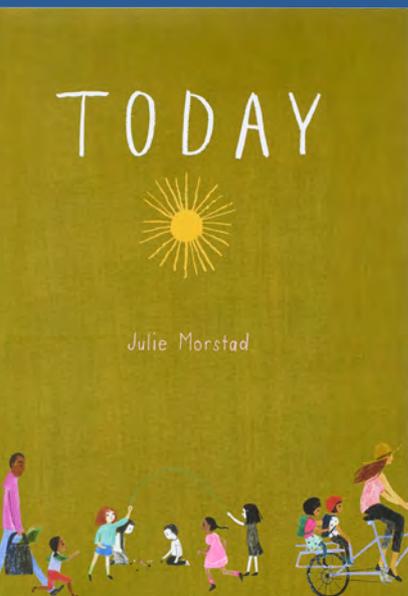
We reached Jack and Eddie's place first. "Well," said Jack, "I guess this is goodbye then. Eddie and me are helping Pa salt cod tonight, so we can't come around. And I s'pose we'll be out on the boat before you leave tomorrow morning, eh?"  
"Yeah, I s'pose," I said. "Thank you, guys. If I make it back next summer, I'll swim over to the Miss Louisa."  
"S'course you will," said Eddie.  
"I will," I said. "I know I can do it."  
"We'll make sure of it, b'ye," said Jack. "Safe travels, then."  
"Goodbye, guys," I said.



A few minutes later, we reached Timmy's place. "Will ya wuh-writ?" he asked.  
"I will," I said. "And, Timmy, don't let anybody get you're slow or dumb or anything like that. You're the smartest guy I know."  
"Yes, b'ye," I said. "I'll be right back."  
"Yes, really," I said. We hugged before he turned and walked away.  
When he reached the top of his driveway, he yelled down. "Goodbye, Eddie. I'll nah-miss you!"  
"Me too!" I yelled.  
"Ah-huh," Mary Beth said. "Do ya really think Timmy's smart?"  
"Yeah," I said. "He's different, but in a good sort of way. And I like different people."  
"He's fray," she said, "but that's what I said about you."  
"Yes," I said. "I think you did." She gave me one last smile as we reached her turnoff.



ESMÉ SHAPIRO



TODAY

Julie Morstad



WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE IN THE MIDDLE OF A BUSY, BUSTLING CITY . . .

# When We Were Alone



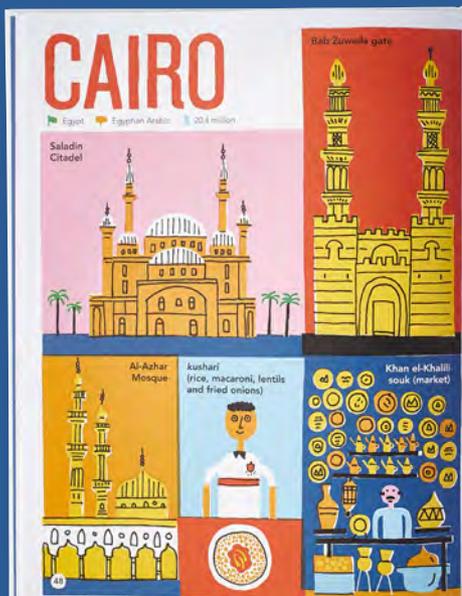
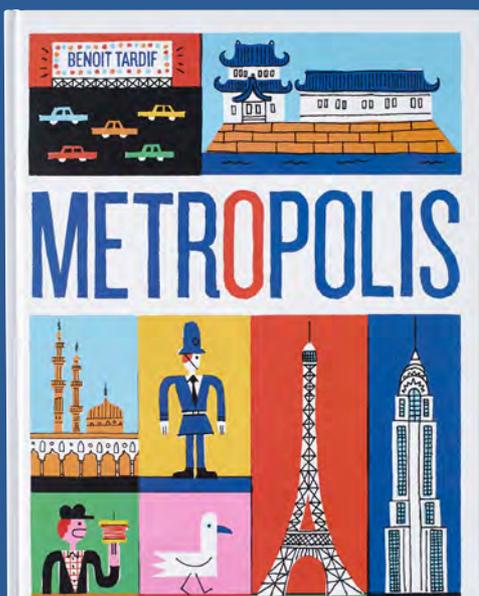
DAVID A. ROBERTSON

JULIE FLETT

When I was your age, at home in my community, my friends and I grew our hair long, just like our people have always done. It made us feel strong and proud. But at the school I went to, far away from home, they cut off all our hair. Our strands of hair mixed together on the ground like blades of dead grass.

عندما كنت في سنك، في مجتمعي، صديقاتي وأنا كنا نربي شعركم الطويل، تماماً كما فعلت شعورنا دائماً. هذا جعلنا نشعر بالقوة والفخر. لكن في المدرسة التي ذهبت إليها، بعيداً عن بيتنا، قصروا كل شعورنا. شعورنا اختلطت على الأرض كالساقط من الأعشاب الميتة.

"Why  
I asked.  
"They  
"They war



CHILDREN'S  
**First Prize (tie)**

LIVRES POUR ENFANTS  
**Premier prix (ex aequo)**

TITLE | TITRE  
**Ooko**

DESIGNERS | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE  
**Esmé Shapiro & Jennifer Lum**



Every detail of this book is deftly handled. The cover is delightful, the hand lettering perfectly complements the illustrations and the savvy use of shifting scale adds a dynamic feel to the page. The judges loved the entire package.

Tous les détails de cet ouvrage sont l'œuvre d'une main de maître. La couverture du livre est charmante, le lettrage à la main vient compléter à merveille les illustrations et l'utilisation astucieuse du décalage ajoute une touche de dynamisme à chaque page. Le jury a tout aimé de ce livre.



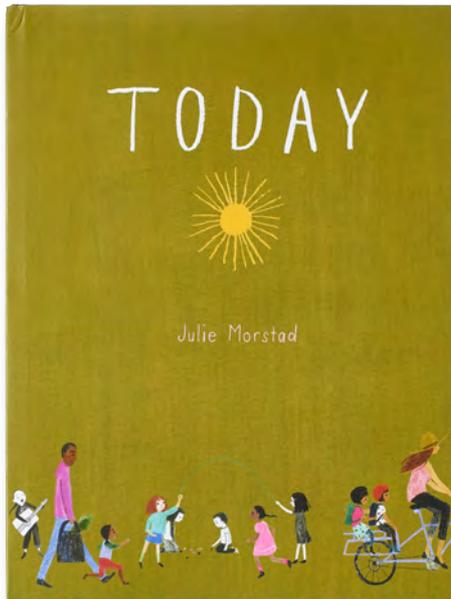
PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Tundra Books** AUTHOR | AUTEURE **Esmé Shapiro** ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION **Esmé Shapiro**  
PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **South China Printing** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **Hand lettering** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ  
**285 x 218 mm.** ISBN 9781101918449

CHILDREN'S  
**First Prize (tie)**

LIVRES POUR ENFANTS  
**Premier prix (ex aequo)**

TITLE | TITRE  
**Today**

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE  
**Sara Gillingham**



Another brilliant design that left the judges enamoured. The endpapers are beautiful, the proportions are strong throughout, and the typography is understated and expertly executed.

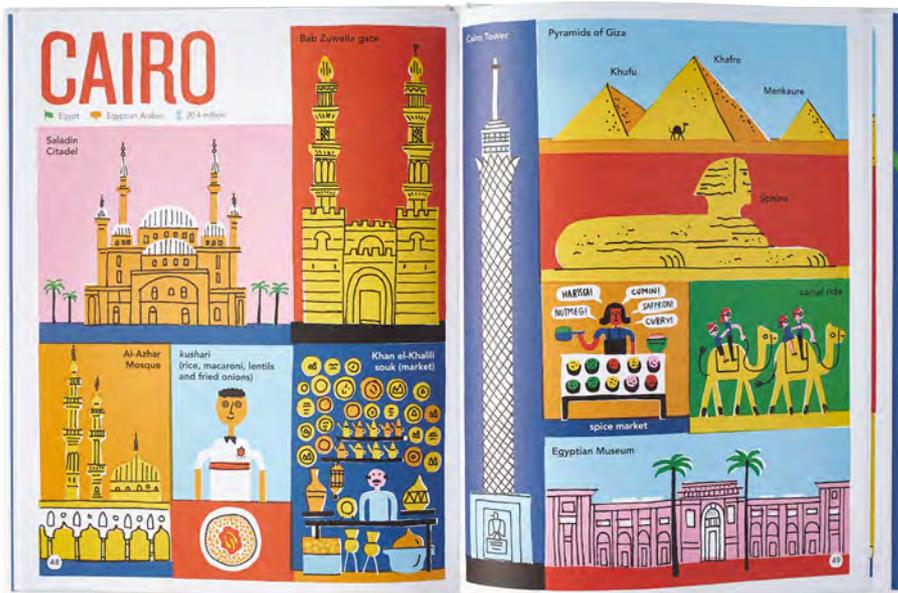
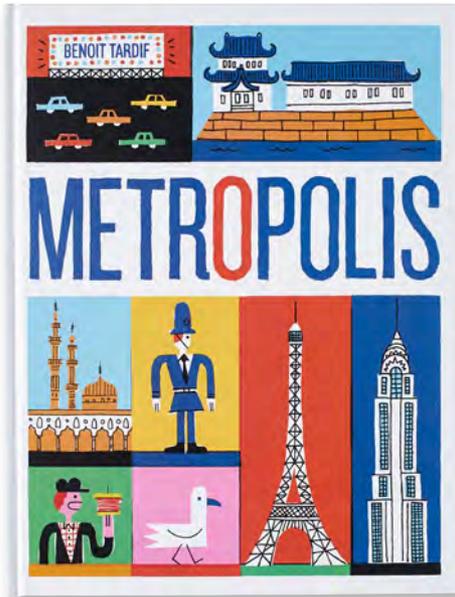
Une autre brillante conception graphique qui a enchanté le jury. Les pages de garde sont magnifiques, la force des proportions est maintenue tout au long du livre et la typographie est sobre et habilement réalisée.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Simply Read Books** AUTHOR | AUTEURE **Julie Morstad** ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION  
**Julie Morstad** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Kumkang Printing** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **Hand lettering**  
TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **305 x 226 mm**. ISBN 9781927018682

The colourful and intriguing cover contributes to this book's fresh look, which helps it stand out on a shelf. The colours are bright and fun, the illustrations are appealing, and myriad well-handled details reward close attention.

La couverture colorée et fascinante contribue au look rafraichissant de ce livre, qui se démarque des autres sur une tablette de librairie. Les couleurs sont vives et amusantes, les illustrations sont attrayantes et le souci accordé à la myriade de détails mérite une attention particulière.



CHILDREN'S  
**Third Prize**

LIVRES POUR ENFANTS  
**Troisième prix**

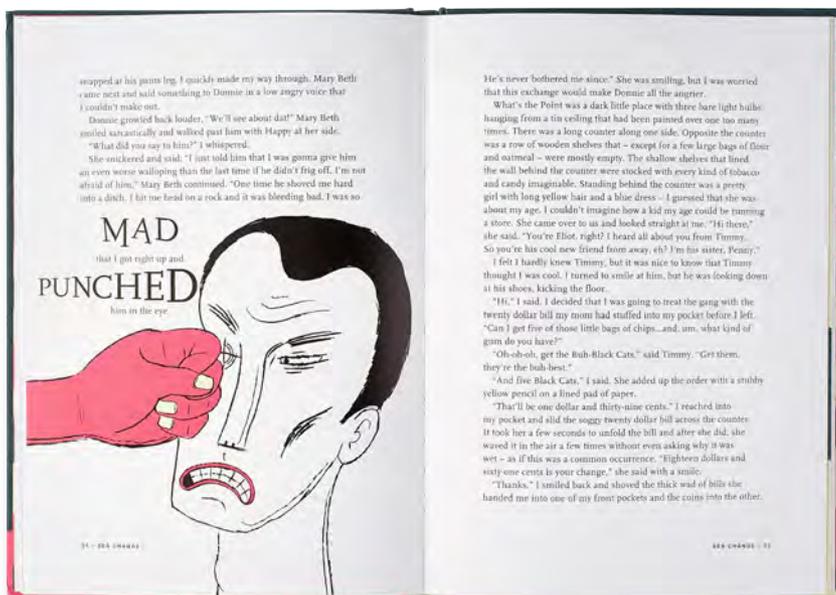
TITLE | TITRE  
**Sea Change**

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE  
**Frank Viva**

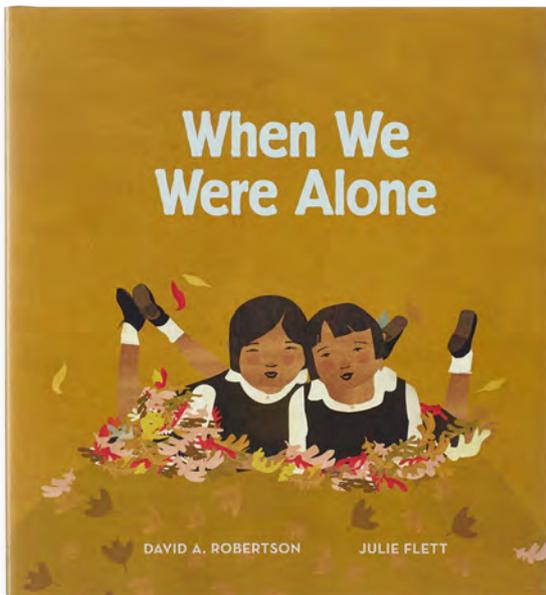


The judges greatly appreciated the boldness and risk-taking that give this book a cool, Warhol-esque feeling. With inventive typography, striking endpapers, and the smartly limited colour palette, it's sophisticated, yet warm.

Le jury a grandement apprécié l'audace et la prise de risque qui rendent cet ouvrage sympa, à la manière de Warhol. Avec sa typographie inventive, ses pages de garde saisissantes et l'intelligence de sa palette de couleurs limitée, il est sophistiqué, mais chaleureux.

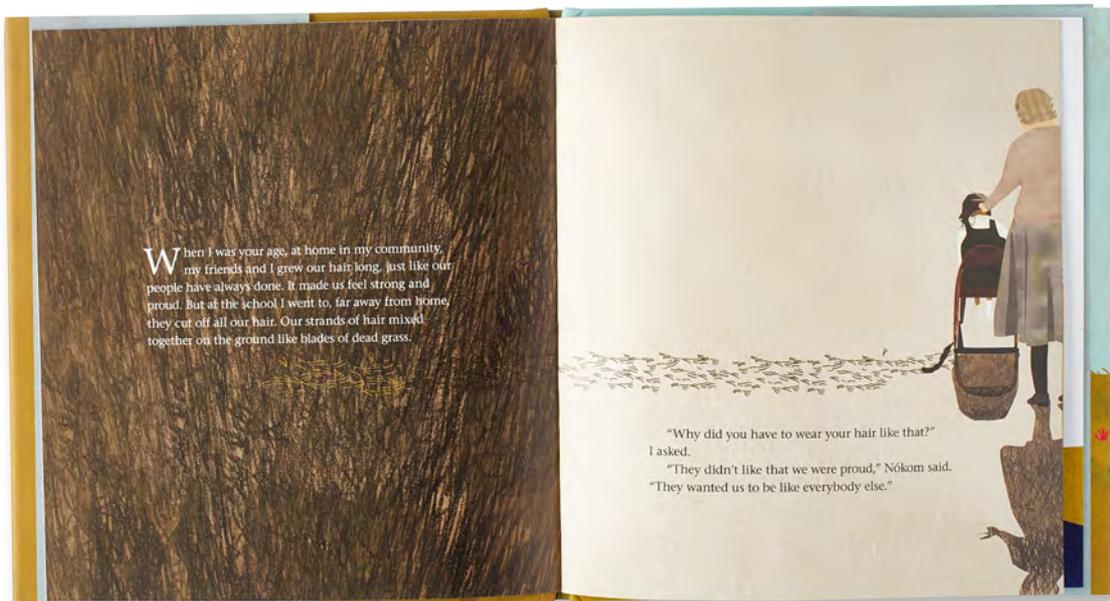


PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Tundra Books** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Frank Viva** ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION **Frank Viva**  
PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Whole Book MFG** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **FF Scala** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ  
**240 x 170 mm.** ISBN 9781101918524



The typography, pacing, and proportions are all expertly done. The illustrations maintain a beautifully consistent tone, and the negative space is well-handled.

La typographie, les proportions et le rythme sont habilement réalisés. Les illustrations donnent un ton magnifiquement cohérent, et l'espace négatif est bien utilisé.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **HighWater Press** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **David Alexander Robertson** ILLUSTRATOR |

ILLUSTRATION **Julie Flett** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Friesens** TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **Berliner Grotesk, Neutra Text & ITC Stone Serif** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **210 x 191 mm**. ISBN 9781553796732



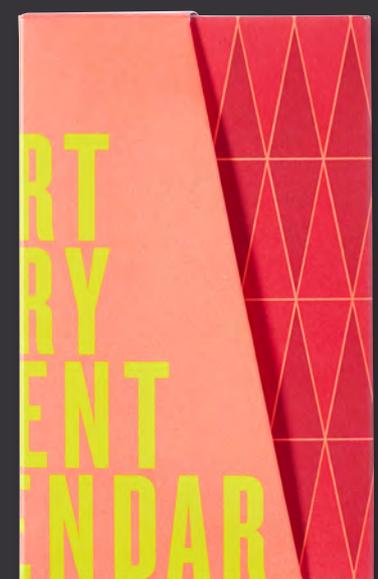


MATTERS  
CONCERN  
TREATED

MATTERS  
CONCERN  
TREATED

Hagikure: The Book of the Samurai

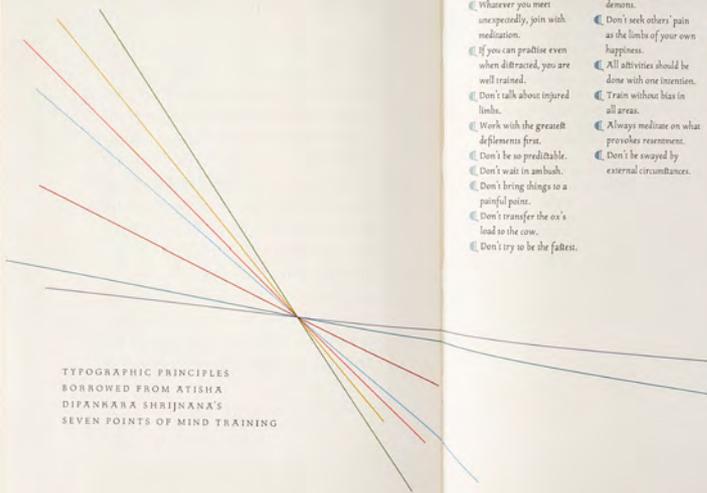
# POST PUNK ART NOW



into prison, and an  
a devastating know  
and into them what  
Miss Sachinmy  
and began writing  
of her book again, b  
what remained of t  
Then she turned an  
belated bar, and lo  
because she didn't  
"You stole it?"  
Janis was appall  
was not allowed to  
tell on him.  
"You stole my eye  
She was smuck  
told her who took h  
to say it all, not eve  
was there, because  
foster, I was afraid  
would hurt, and so  
know that I had tak  
run in her hand of  
eraser, and then m  
eraser, and she we  
liked me, and it is  
people's erasers and  
I'd know was gre  
and date properly  
would be known eve  
the minister, but an



# OF GREAT SHOULD BE LIGHTLY OF SMALL SHOULD BE SERIOUSLY



TYPOGRAPHIC PRINCIPLES  
BORROWED FROM ATISHA  
DIPANKARA SHRJINANA'S  
SEVEN POINTS OF MIND TRAINING

- ☞ First, train in the preliminaries.
- ☞ Whenever you meet unexpectedly, join with meditation.
- ☞ If you can practise even when distracted, you are well trained.
- ☞ Don't talk about injured limbs.
- ☞ Work with the greatest deplements first.
- ☞ Don't be so predictable.
- ☞ Don't wait in ambush.
- ☞ Don't bring things to a painful point.
- ☞ Don't transfer the ox's load to the cow.
- ☞ Don't try to be the fastest.
- ☞ Don't talk with a twist.
- ☞ Don't wash gods into demons.
- ☞ Don't seek others' pain as the limbs of your own happiness.
- ☞ All activities should be done with one intention.
- ☞ Train without bias in all areas.
- ☞ Always meditate on what provokes resentment.
- ☞ Don't be swayed by external circumstances.
- ☞ Don't misinterpret.
- ☞ Don't vacillate.
- ☞ Liberate yourself by examining & analyzing.
- ☞ Don't wallow in self-pity.
- ☞ Don't be frivolous.
- ☞ Don't expect applause.

derneath that subjective thought was  
edge that a person who stole erasers  
told her to look again for her eraser  
in the board. Darlene looked on the top  
it was not there, of course, because  
was in my pocket, and weighed a lot  
hand to the desk. I shared with Jamie.  
looked straight at me, and said quietly:  
want Miss Suddlemeyer to hear her.

ed. He put his flat up to her face, which  
school. But Darlene was too mad to  
er" she said again to me, "and I know it"  
than I'd thought. Probably God had  
er eraser. I couldn't think of anything  
I didn't. It was a good thing Jamie  
he said it for me, and he said it again,  
if he kept saying it. Miss Suddlemeyer  
son as she looked at my shirt, too, would  
in the eraser, and a little while would  
so putting out my hand and taking the  
in the lunch room taking a bite of the  
uld be miserable, because she really  
possible to like someone who takes  
ests them.

ing picture. Something had to be done,  
or disaster would be upon me, and I  
rywhere no longer as the daughter of  
the thief.

"That!" she said. People around us were beginning to  
stare.

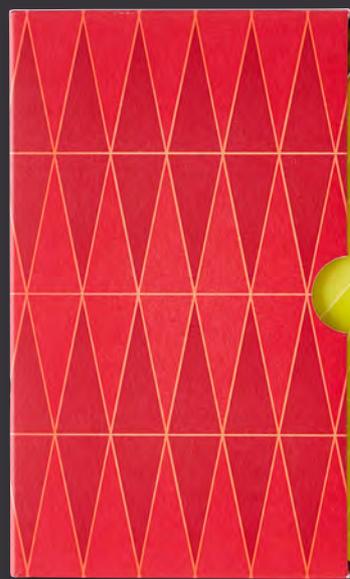
"I looked up at her and said, 'I didn't take your eraser.'  
I said it to shut her up forever, to make it impossible for  
her ever to speak again, to sew her mouth shut, to rob her  
of the gift of language, and to make her believe me. It was  
one of the most important things I'd ever said, and it was a  
lie. I put my hand on the eraser in my pocket and I thought  
about God, and jail, and Miss Suddlemeyer, and I looked at  
Darlene as if she was a scratched bug who was a liar and  
a thief herself. It worked very well.

Then I thought about God some more, and I thought  
that it would be impossible to believe in God if a person  
could lie and make people believe her so easily when she  
had her hand on the eraser in her pocket and the taste and  
smell of it still in her mouth and nose.

Darlene sat down in her seat again and looked for her  
eraser.

Jamie looked at me and twirled his finger around near  
his ear to say she's crazy. I looked at him and thought how  
stupid everyone in the world was, and then I looked up to  
Miss Suddlemeyer's desk and stood there while she fin-  
ished writing on the board.

If I hadn't taken a little out of the eraser I would prob-  
ably have said something. Or I might at least have slipped  
it only the floor so Darlene could find it. But stealing an  
eraser is not it is difficult to confess, and you can't give  
one back casually when it is bitten in half, with tooth  
marks. I thought about telling Miss Suddlemeyer while I  
waited for her, but it seemed to me that that would serve  
no useful purpose, since I was not going to be Mary in the



A collect  
24 stor  
open one b  
on the mor  
leading Chri

## COLOPHON

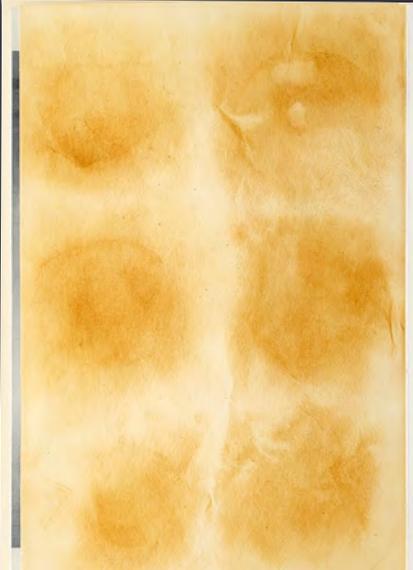
TEA CEREMONIES is a creative collaboration  
that began with Matthew Hollett's text.  
Marlene MacCallum created an image response  
and designed the book.

Matthew's text is set in 12 pt. Cloister Old Style  
and printed in letterpress.  
Marlene's images are polymer gravures.  
The tea stains are actually lithographs.

TEA CEREMONIES was printed and bound  
by Marlene in 2016 in Corner Brook, NL.

Matthew Hollett  
Matthew Hollett

Marlene MacCallum  
Marlene MacCallum  
17/20



Move back to  
peko, that fan  
and move back  
come a connois  
tea sweetly met  
inated. When  
Halifax, your  
tea in her purs  
you're on the  
good tea. He  
boiling water a

As a result of  
four empty cup  
the kitchen. It  
could be a ter  
disaster, it hit  
the tea. I was  
Halifax, you  
but mostly bec  
Says, in the s  
to into those sp  
the sound and  
the overcast  
gas stove. His  
hands, with spi  
buses of a pr  
wong. They' f  
on a rim. Wh  
winning the co  
a knock, with  
seconds later -  
that isn't quite  
a nervous

LIMITED EDITIONS

**First Prize**

ÉDITIONS À TIRAGE LIMITÉ

**Premier prix**

TITLE | TITRE

**Post-Punk Art Now**

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

**Anouk Pennel (Studio FEED)**

This super-large format publication has a very cool and endearingly over-the-top 1980s feel. Flipping through its massive pages is an immersive and memorable experience, "like being around excited yelling people," in the words of the judges. The giant razor blade spread, for example, caused happy laughter among the judges.

Cette publication au format super grand rappelle de façon démesurée l'esprit sympa et attachant des années 80. En feuilletant ses imposantes pages, on se retrouve dans une expérience immersive et mémorable, « comme si on était parmi des gens qui crient leur enthousiasme » d'après les commentaires des juges. L'envergure de la lame de rasoir géante, par exemple, a provoqué des rires joyeux parmi eux.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Pesot, organisme de création** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Sébastien Pesot** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Imprimerie HLM** TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **Times New Roman, Grotesque, Youth Grotesque & Lelu Mono** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **680 x 500 mm**. ISBN 9782981612601

LIMITED EDITIONS  
**Second Prize**

ÉDITIONS À TIRAGE LIMITÉ  
**Deuxième prix**

TITLE | TITRE

**Tea Ceremonies**

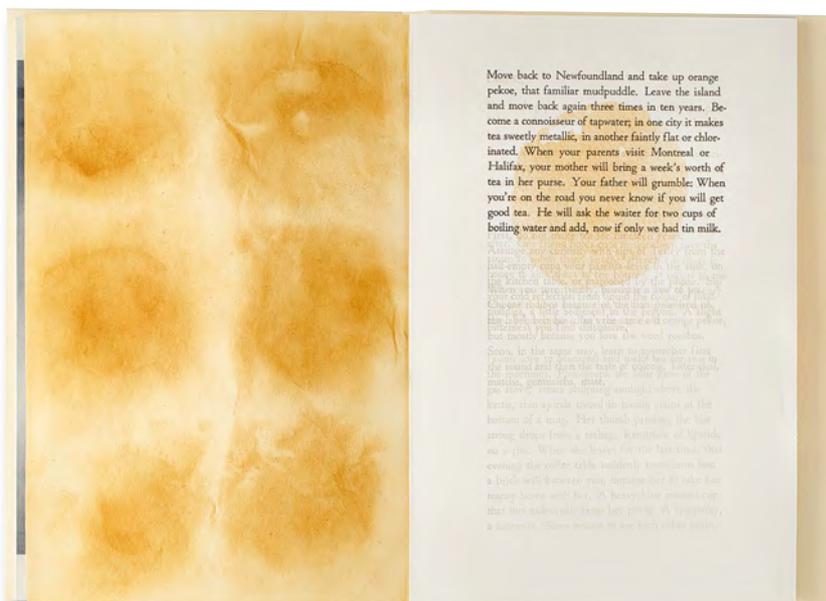
DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

**Marlene MacCallum**



This is a beautifully crafted object, as well as an interesting experiment that embraces its chosen technology and its “shortcomings”—the ghosting effect, most notably—as an intentional design element. The pacing is very well done, and thoughtful details appear throughout the understated framework. An honest design that is generous to its readers.

Il s'agit d'un objet de très belle facture, tout en offrant une expérience intéressante qui embrasse la technologie choisie de même que ses « lacunes » qui y sont associées, dont l'effet fantôme, comme élément de design intentionnel. Le rythme est très bon, et le cadre sobre révèle des détails bien pensés. Une conception honnête et généreuse envers ses lecteurs.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Marlene MacCallum** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Matthew Hollett (text/texte)** ILLUSTRATOR |  
ILLUSTRATION **Marlene MacCallum** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Marlene MacCallum** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES  
**Cloister Old Style** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **195 x 132 mm.**

LIMITED EDITIONS

**Third Prize**

ÉDITIONS À TIRAGE LIMITÉ

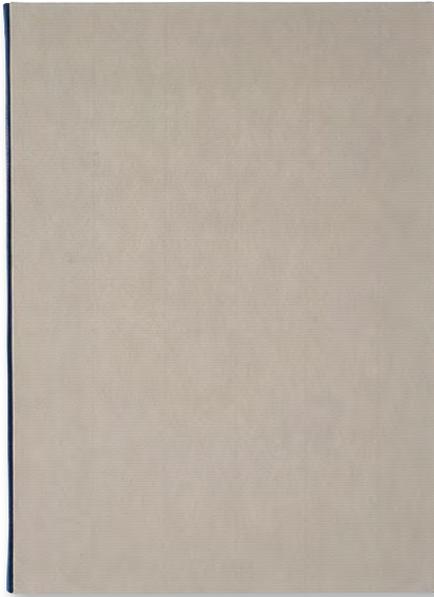
**Troisième prix**

TITLE | TITRE

**Lead, Tin & Antimony: A Specimen of Types Held in Cases or Cast Fresh at the Greenboathouse Press**

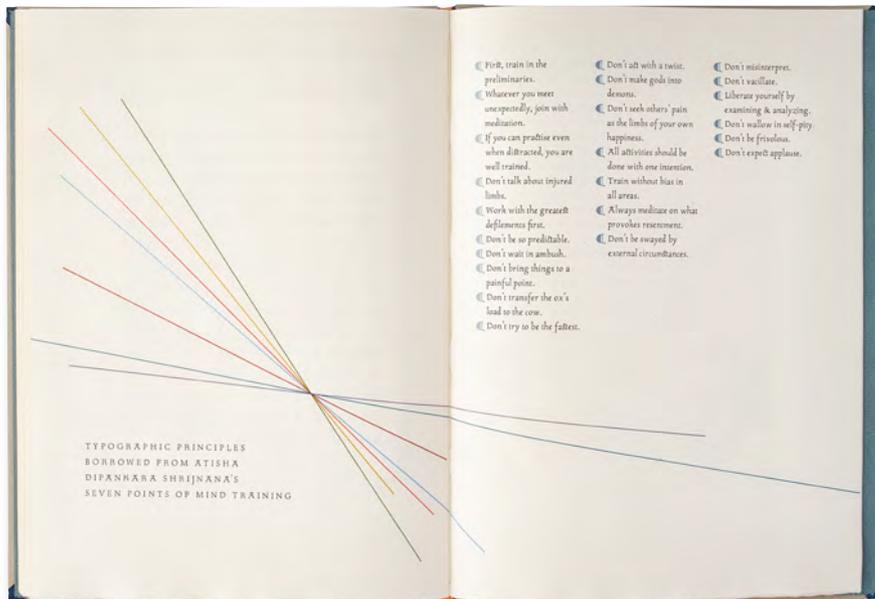
DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

**Jason Dewinetz**



It is a delight to turn each sensuous page of this book and discover a new spread full of exquisite letterpress typography that is clearly the result of so much expert labour. The print quality is superb, the typography exceptional, and the experiments striking, particularly the overprint spreads.

C'est un véritable plaisir de tourner chaque page sensuelle de ce livre et d'y découvrir un déploiement typographique exquis et renouvelé qui est manifestement le résultat d'un travail d'expert. La qualité d'impression est superbe, la typographie exceptionnelle et les expérimentations, particulièrement la superposition, sont remarquables.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Greenboathouse Press** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Jason Dewinetz** ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION

**Wesley Bates** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Jason Dewinetz** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **ATF Cloister Lightface**

TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **293 x 210 mm.** ISBN 9781894744379

LIMITED EDITIONS

Honourable Mention

ÉDITIONS À TIRAGE LIMITÉ

Mention honorable

TITLE | TITRE

The 2016 Short Story Advent Calendar

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

Natalie Olsen

These chapbooks are smartly designed for the unique experience they offer. Together they create a flashy, exciting object, and serve their audience and function perfectly.

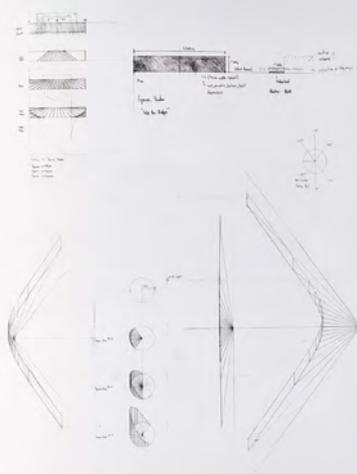
Ces livres de colportage sont conçus avec intelligence vu l'expérience unique qu'ils offrent. Le tout crée un objet tape-à-l'œil captivant et dessert parfaitement bien son auditoire et son rôle.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Hingston & Olsen** EDITOR | ÉDITEUR **Michael Hingston** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Hemlock**  
TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **Sentinel & Knockout** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **193 x 115 mm.**



Construct a 20 cm x 20 cm cube out of solid translucent materials.  
 The cube can come apart in its various parts.  
 Define the luminous parts.  
 Construct shadows within the body of the cube.  
 The shadow must be created with light within the mass of the cube.  
 The shadow cannot be directly drawn or painted.  
 Perform the following actions to the cube:  
 • shadow that cuts  
 • shadow that crosses  
 and a shadow that is heavier than gravity.  
 You have done!



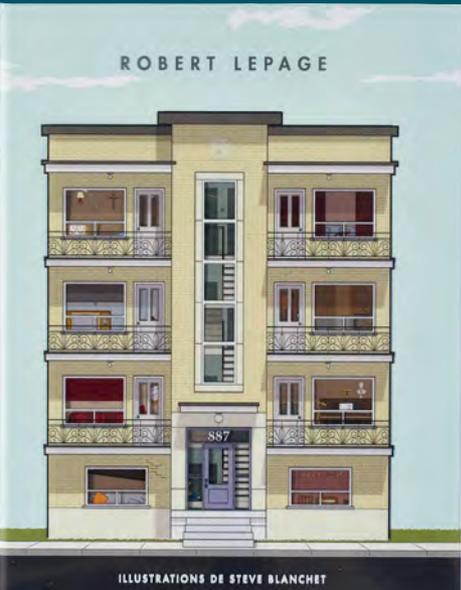
AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY

# RELATIONS

OF INUIT, NASKAPI,  
 ON UNGAVA BAY

AND EUROCANADIAN INTERACTION,  
 1800-1970

*Toby Morantz*



UTOPIE  
 SEPARATISTE  
 CANICHE EN RUT  
 DU MAGHREB  
 ESPRIT  
 EPISCOPAL  
 BRAISE  
 HF

POUTINE  
 PATATES FAITES  
 CHIEN CHAUD  
 HAMBURGER  
 SPRITE  
 PEPSI COLA  
 BIERES

© 2013 The McGraw-Hill Companies

25

...the garden was like a laboratory for him, and it is an amazing story. The water was used in a commercial sense before the springs. The rocks had to be brought in from the mountains. The springs were used for a long time in a commercial sense.

#### Sustainable Performance

The whole garden was like a laboratory for him, and it is an amazing story. The water was used in a commercial sense before the springs. The rocks had to be brought in from the mountains. The springs were used for a long time in a commercial sense.

...the garden was like a laboratory for him, and it is an amazing story. The water was used in a commercial sense before the springs. The rocks had to be brought in from the mountains. The springs were used for a long time in a commercial sense.

...the garden was like a laboratory for him, and it is an amazing story. The water was used in a commercial sense before the springs. The rocks had to be brought in from the mountains. The springs were used for a long time in a commercial sense.

...the garden was like a laboratory for him, and it is an amazing story. The water was used in a commercial sense before the springs. The rocks had to be brought in from the mountains. The springs were used for a long time in a commercial sense.

...the garden was like a laboratory for him, and it is an amazing story. The water was used in a commercial sense before the springs. The rocks had to be brought in from the mountains. The springs were used for a long time in a commercial sense.

...the garden was like a laboratory for him, and it is an amazing story. The water was used in a commercial sense before the springs. The rocks had to be brought in from the mountains. The springs were used for a long time in a commercial sense.

...the garden was like a laboratory for him, and it is an amazing story. The water was used in a commercial sense before the springs. The rocks had to be brought in from the mountains. The springs were used for a long time in a commercial sense.

...the garden was like a laboratory for him, and it is an amazing story. The water was used in a commercial sense before the springs. The rocks had to be brought in from the mountains. The springs were used for a long time in a commercial sense.

...the garden was like a laboratory for him, and it is an amazing story. The water was used in a commercial sense before the springs. The rocks had to be brought in from the mountains. The springs were used for a long time in a commercial sense.



AFTERNOON TEA  
AU CHÂTEAU FRONTENAC

L'Inimitable fait une restitution de 1807, pour présenter le mur de côté, servant d'écran de projection.

Y est projeté un extrait de Henri Châteauneuf, un documentaire en noir et blanc de l'ONF. La scène se déroule au Château Frontenac dans une grande salle aux plafonds hauts, richement décorés, où se servait le thé.

## carnets de montréal

CATHERINE PONT-HUMBERT



- DANY LAFERRIÈRE
- NICHOLAS DALGAR
- PHILIPPE LAMBERT
- MICHEL MARC BOUCHARD
- DENISEVÉE CASBUX
- MICHEL DE BRON
- MICHEL GOULLET
- DENIS MARLEAU
- ALÉXANDRE JASMIN
- ÉVELYNE DE LA CHENILLÈRE
- KIM TRUY
- LUCIE FOMESTIER
- ARLENE ROYFAT
- CAROLÉ LAURE
- NASSIR EL HOUSSINI
- ANNE-MARIE CADREUX
- DENIS CÔTÉ
- CATHERINE MAVERIKAKIS
- RICHARD BONDU
- NICOLAS REEVES
- QUINTON MOLINARI
- MARIE CHOUINARD
- DENISE DESAULNIERS
- DAVID HOMEL
- FRANÇOISE SULLIVAN

Au coin de Duluth Ouest et Saint-Urbain, au pied du parc du Mont-Royal, se trouve le Suroptel, café historique pour les amoureux de la pâtisserie d'un bon petit pain caché, parfait pour prendre un jour l'après-midi. Nassib procède aussi le Suroptel Roulant, un centre alimentaire avec au cœur de ses activités, un service de popote roulante qui prépare et livre chaque jour plus d'une centaine de repas sains et nutritifs à des personnes en perte d'autonomie. Tous les initiatives destinées à briser l'isolement s'appuient sur la nourriture: avec notamment, la création d'une ferme urbaine d'embalonnage d'un jardin sur le toit de l'Inimitable où le roulant a son bureau. Nous descendons en direction du Vieux-Port et passons devant l'ancienne adresse de nos les «gramolas» du Québec, le bio organique le moins cher de la ville. La boutique n'a l'air de rien, et il n'y a même pas de menu au 807 Saint-Antoine, pas de clichés, pas d'emballage, c'est du vrai. Les traces de la présence portugaise dans le quartier sont encore visibles sous beaucoup de restaurants portugais, sandwiches à la portugaise, poulet portugais... En Grosse-Rue, sont sur l'avenue de l'Éplanade (sauf pour les restaurants sur Prince-Arthur), les Haisiis dans le quartier Saint-Michel, les Libanais et Syriens autour du marché Jean-Talon, par ailleurs lieu des Haisiis. Historiquement, chaque communauté avait son quartier.

Peu de restaurants tranquilles Saint-Laurent, l'ambiance est décontractée, les clients, sans le monde se promène au son des fanfares. Au coin de Papillon, un excellent fabricant de crêpe glorieux fait face à Schwartz's, lieu mythique de Montréal. La célèbre charcuterie hébraïque est réputée pour servir de médiane bœuf au lait, accompagné de son gros cornichon, de moutarde et de fines herbes grasses. Désormais, les clients se bouchent à l'entrée et ne vont y manger en bus depuis New York. Schwartz's appartient à trois autres époques. Nous passons devant une adresse montréalaise inoubliable, La Vieille Épicerie, épicerie qui propose des produits venant d'Europe, un classique. C'est la première épicerie de Montréal où on trouvait des produits européens à l'époque où il n'y en avait pas. On pouvait alors goûter tout la ville pour venir y chercher un bon fromage le jour de nos jours, au fait.

Les étudiants excentrés, nous passons devant la librairie Gallimard, une immense, vaste librairie francophone de littérature, de philosophie de littérature humaine... Gallimard est un haut lieu de la vie littéraire

montréalaise, avec aussi la librairie Le Port de tête, avenue qui rappelle que beaucoup de boutiques sont à louer de boulevard Saint-Laurent où le commerce est chaotique. La rue est presque à l'abandon, tandis que d'autres sont ruelles. Nous passons devant des murales géantes, dans le état du cinéma Excentris. Nous entrons, au fond du couloir détail que Nassib se plaît à souligner: un hublot décoré on achète son ticket. Le mur central du cinéma québécois s'ouvre menaçant. Dans les trois salles, popovers et films présents, on y projetait uniquement du cinéma d'auteurs rares endroits où l'on pouvait trouver en continu la production de l'Excentris, lieu important de la culture moderne, délicate, symptomatique. Il a d'ailleurs fermé ses portes à la fin des années 40 réutilisé de ses cadres comme beaucoup l'espèrent.

En dépassant la rue Sherbrooke, Nassib me montre l'habergeon Les 7 doigts de la main à partir du printemps 2012 l'ancien Musée Juste pour rire, une gigantesque bâtisse le ministère attribué à la troupe. Le projet prévoit la création, d'un studio de danse et de deux studios en plus des différents services nécessaires au fonctionnement. Si on descend encore un peu plus bas, entre Ontario et D'Arny au point d'angle de cette tournée des Bonnes Adresses de Nassib Et Haisiis, le Boileau Bill. A ce détail fait pour obtenir que les futurs locaux de son entreprise soit restauré préféré.

Qu'une et confessions, un spectacle des 7 doigts de 2014, s'est inspiré de la place qui la cuisine est en train de Montréal. Le voyage que nous venons d'effectuer de plus en restaurant nous donne pas fermé. Comme l'a l'histoire s'écrit aussi dans les cuisines. Sur le plan culinaire de bon: il y a 30 ans, il était impossible de trouver un bœuf. Bien se nourrir, manger des produits de qualité. Les diverses immigrations ont contribué à changer aujourd'hui, un foisonnement de jeunes artisans crée positive Montréal a percé dans la cuisine contemporaine.

PROSE ILLUSTRATED

**First Prize**

PROSE ILLUSTRÉE

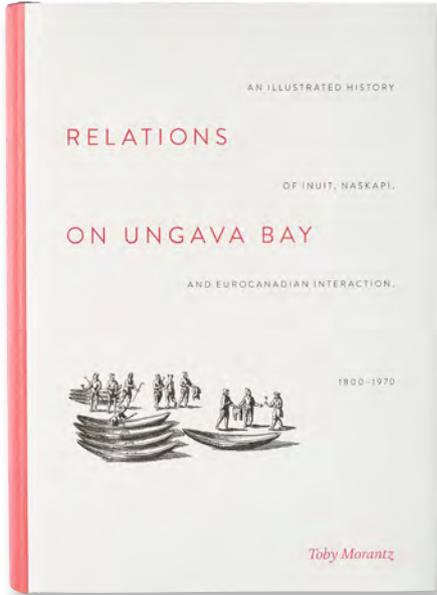
**Premier prix**

TITLE | TITRE

**Relations on Ungava Bay:  
An Illustrated History of Inuit,  
Naskapi and Eurocanadian  
Interaction, 1800-1970**

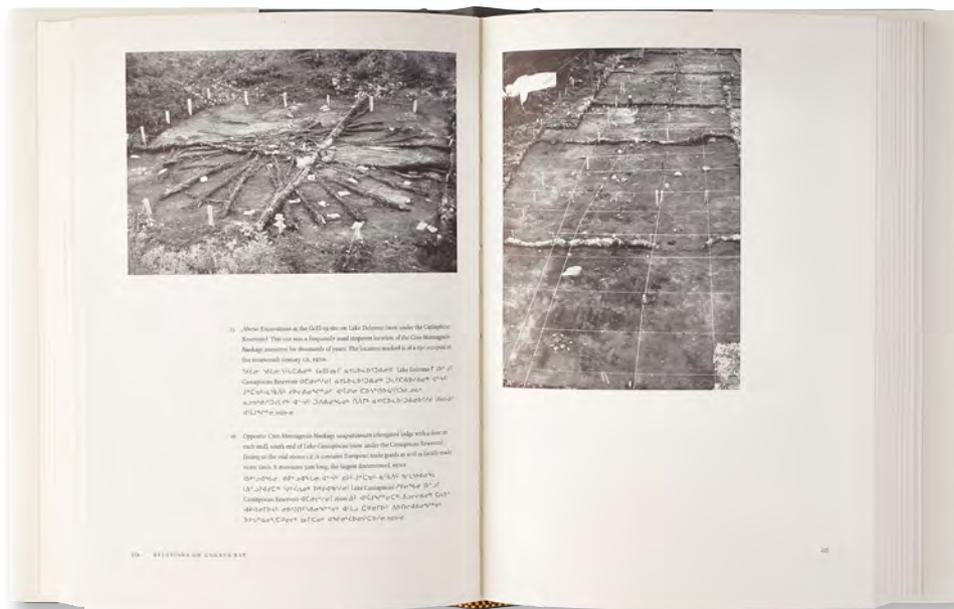
DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

**Marvin Harder**



This exceedingly well-crafted book earned effusive praise for its “perfect” design. A wealth of information is presented in expertly composed type on lush cream paper bracketed by beautiful ochre endpapers. The pages feel effortlessly calm, like the reader is given space to breathe and absorb the content.

Ce livre extrêmement bien réalisé a mérité des éloges fort démonstratifs pour sa conception « parfaite ». Une foule de renseignements y sont présentés grâce aux astucieux caractères apaisants, sur un riche papier crème, supporté par de belles pages de garde ocre. Une quiétude naturelle se dégage à chaque page; on accorde au lecteur de l'espace pour respirer et pour absorber le contenu.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Avataq Cultural Institute** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Toby Morantz** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Friesens** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **Huronia** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **254 x 175 mm**. ISBN 9782921644525

PROSE ILLUSTRATED  
**Second Prize**

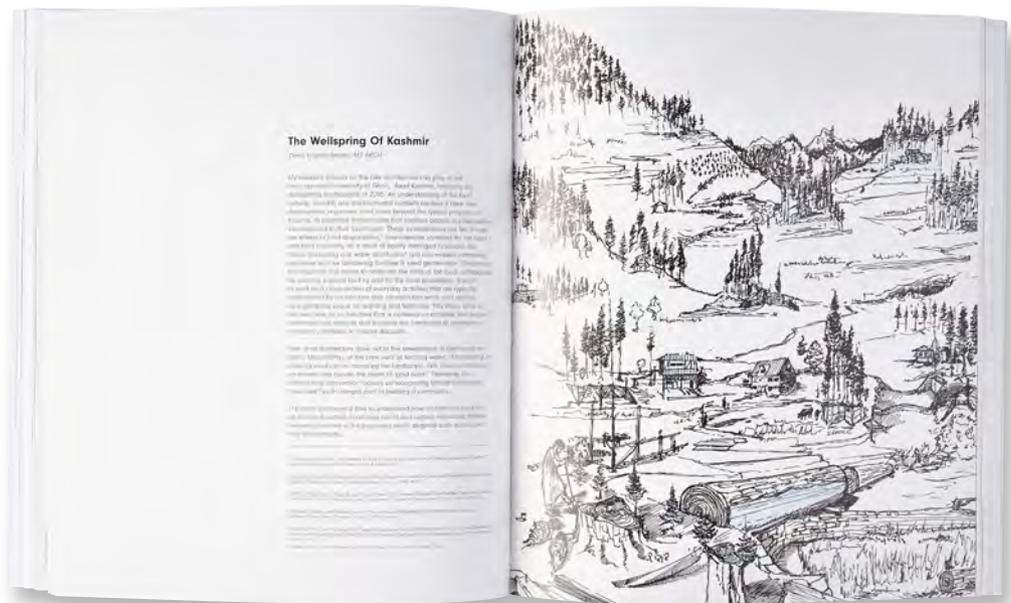
PROSE ILLUSTRÉE  
**Deuxième prix**

TITLE | TITRE  
**Warehouse Journal, Vol. 25**

DESIGNERS | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE  
**Alena Rieger &  
Ally Pereira-Edwards**

There is a plethora of information and elements to discover in these pages, and the great variety is presented with a captivating rhythm.

Il y a une multitude d'informations et d'éléments à découvrir dans ces pages, et leur grande variété y est présentée avec un rythme captivant.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **University of Manitoba, Faculty of Architecture** EDITORS | ÉDITRICES **Alena Rieger & Ally Pereira-Edwards** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Friesens** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **Nuzeit Grotesk** TRIM SIZE |  
FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **247 x 210 mm**. ISSN 1708-5888

PROSE ILLUSTRATED  
**Third Prize**

PROSE ILLUSTRÉE  
**Troisième prix**

TITLE | TITRE  
**Carnets de Montréal**

DESIGNER | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE  
**Léa Berger (DFI Graphik)**

An asymmetrical grid gives this design a fresh and modern look. The pacing and typographical hierarchy are excellent.

Une grille asymétrique donne à cette conception graphique un look moderne et rafraîchissant. Le rythme et la hiérarchie typographique sont excellents.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **les éditions du passage** AUTHOR | AUTEURE **Catherine Pont-Humbert** ILLUSTRATOR  
| ILLUSTRATION **Shrú** PHOTOGRAPHERS | PHOTOGRAPHIE **Alex Tran & Richard-Max Tremblay** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE  
**Graphiscan** TYPEFACES | POLICES DE CARACTÈRES **Ashbury & Akkurat** TRIM SIZE | FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **216 x 152 mm**.  
ISBN 9782924397268

PROSE ILLUSTRATED  
**Honourable Mention**

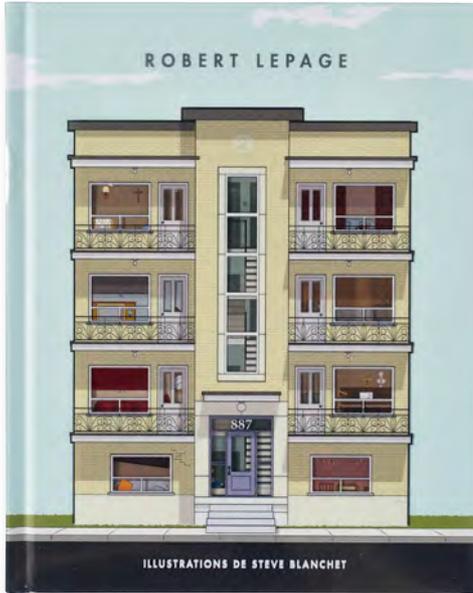
PROSE ILLUSTRÉE  
**Mention honorable**

TITLE | TITRE  
**887**

DESIGNERS | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE  
**Robert Lepage, Steve Blanchet  
& Nathalie Caron**

The judges were happy to encounter this very unusual and visually arresting book. The selection and pacing of the images are a big part of its distinctive appeal.

Le jury a été heureux de découvrir ce livre très inhabituel et visuellement saisissant. La sélection et le rythme des images sont à la base, en grande partie, de son attrait distinctif.



PUBLISHER | MAISON D'ÉDITION **Québec Amérique** AUTHOR | AUTEUR **Robert Lepage** ILLUSTRATOR | ILLUSTRATION  
**Steve Blanchet** PRINTER | IMPRIMERIE **Transcontinental** TYPEFACE | POLICE DE CARACTÈRES **Minion** TRIM SIZE |  
FORMAT MASSICOTÉ **254 x 200 mm**. ISBN 9782764433317

## Index

## Index

### DESIGNERS | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE

Atelier Mille Mille 40  
Barnett, Derek 43  
Berger, Léa 68  
Blanchet, Steve 69  
Brown, Chester 34  
Caron, Nathalie 30, 69  
Compagnie et cie 23  
DeForge, Michael 35  
Dewinetz, Jason 62  
DFI Graphik 68  
Espinasse, Julie 47  
Gillingham, Sara 53  
Harder, Marvin 66  
Hargreaves, Kate 29  
Inkster, Tim 18  
Lepage, Catherine 36  
Lepage, Robert 69  
Lum, Jennifer 52  
MacCallum, Marlene 61  
Minja, Lara 46  
Oberholtzer Design Inc. 28  
Oberholtzer, Beth 28  
Olsen, Natalie 14, 16, 63  
Pennel, Anouk 60  
Pereira-Edwards, Ally 67  
Petkovic, Tatjana 15  
Relish New Brand Experience 56  
Richardson, CS 48  
Rieger, Alena 67  
Samson, Jonah 41  
Shapiro, Esmé 52  
Studio FEED 17, 40, 60  
Sullivan, Jessica 22, 24, 41  
Tardif, Benoit 54  
Valium, Henriette 37  
Viva, Frank 55  
Wickware, Lauren 42  
Woodcock, Robyn 56

### PUBLISHERS | MAISONS D'ÉDITION

Agnes Etherington Art Centre 42  
Avataq Cultural Institute 66  
Black Dog Publishing 43  
Brighton Press 46  
Conundrum Press 37  
Drawn & Quarterly 34, 35  
ECW Press 14  
Éditions Cardinal 40  
Figure 1 Publishing 22, 24, 41  
Flat Singles Press 15  
Greenboathouse Press 62  
Guy Saint-Jean Éditeur 23  
HighWater Press 56  
Hingston & Olsen Publishing 63  
Kids Can Press 54  
Les Éditions du Noroît 47  
les éditions du passage 17, 68  
Marlene MacCallum 61  
NeWest Press 29  
Pedlar Press 28  
Pesot, organisme de création 60  
Presentation House Gallery 41  
Québec Amerique 30, 69  
Signal (McClelland & Stewart) 48  
Simply Read Books 53  
Somme toute 36  
The Porcupine's Quill 18  
Tundra Books 52, 55  
University of Manitoba, Faculty of  
Architecture 67  
Vancouver Art Gallery 43  
Wolsak and Wynn 16

### AUTHORS | AUTEURS

Bédard, Maryse 40  
Boulay, Stéphanie 30  
Brown, Chester 34  
Canty, Daniel 47  
Cavelier, Romain 23  
Charlebois, Catherine 40  
Couture, Kevin A. 29  
DeForge, Michael 35  
DesBrisay, Anne 24  
Dewinetz, Jason 62  
Fernandes, Brendan 42  
Harrison, Richard 16  
Hollett, Matthew 61  
Johnston, David 48  
Jones, D.G. 18  
Lapointe, Mathieu 40  
Lauzon, Nicolas 17  
Leclerc, Jean-François 40  
Lepage, Catherine 36  
Lepage, Robert 69  
McCann, Larry 46  
Morantz, Toby 66  
Morstad, Julie 53  
Narbonne, André 15  
Pesot, Sébastien 60  
Pont-Humbert, Catherine 68  
Power, Craig Francis 28  
Robertson, David Alexander 56  
Samson, Jonah 41  
Shapiro, Esmé 52  
Tardif, Benoit 54  
Valium, Henriette 37  
Viva, Frank 55  
Walt, James 22  
Woodcock, Patrick 14

EDITORS | ÉDITEURS

Augaitis, Daina 43  
Grenville, Bruce 43  
Hingston, Michael 63  
Johnstone, Jim 18  
Pereira-Edwards, Ally 67  
Rebick, Stephanie 43  
Rieger, Alena 67

ILLUSTRATORS | ILLUSTRATION

Bates, Wesley 62  
Blanchet, Steve 69  
Brown, Chester 34  
D'Amours, Catherine 30  
DeForge, Michael 35  
Flett, Julie 56  
Lepage, Catherine 36  
MacCallum, Marlene 36, 61  
Morstad, Julie 53  
Poirier, Stéphane 47  
Price, Ryan 46  
Redouté, Pierre-Joseph 18  
Shapiro, Esmé 52  
Shrÿ 68  
Tardif, Benoit 54  
Valium, Henriette 37  
Viva, Frank 55

PHOTOGRAPHERS | PHOTOGRAPHIE

Canty, Daniel 47  
Compagnie et cie 23  
Lalonde, Christian 24  
Marie, Issha 22  
McCann, Larry 46  
Narbonne, André 15  
Page, Alison 22  
Tran, Alex 68  
Tremblay, Richard-Max 68

PRINTERS | IMPRIMERIE

1010 Printing International Ltd. 22, 41  
Ampersand 18  
Andora Graphics Inc. 42  
Berryville Graphics 48  
C & C Offset 24, 54  
Coach House Printing 14, 15, 16, 28  
Friesens 29, 46, 56, 66, 67  
Gauvin 47  
Graphiscan 68  
Hemlock 63  
Imago 34, 35  
Imprimerie HLM 60  
Jason Dewinetz 62  
Kumkang Printing 53  
L'empreinte 17  
Livonia Print (Latvia) 43  
Marlene MacCallum 61  
Marquis Imprimeur 30, 36  
South China Printing 52  
The Porcupine's Quill 18  
Tien Wah Press (Singapore) 40  
Transcontinental 23, 69  
TWP (Korea) 37  
Whole Book MFG 55

## Acknowledgements

The Book Design Committee would like to extend its sincere thanks to the remarkable group of talented individuals who help make the Alcuin Awards, the display and travel of the winning books, and this catalogue, a reality. Please see the credits section for the contributors to the catalogue.

## Remerciements

Le comité de conception du livre tient à remercier le groupe de personnes talentueuses suivantes qui ont permis la concrétisation des prix Alcuin, la présentation et la circulation des livres primés, de même que ce catalogue. Veuillez également consulter la section des remerciements qui s'adresse spécifiquement aux collaborateurs du catalogue.

### CONTRIBUTORS | COLLABORATEURS

#### **Andrew Chesham**

The Writers' Studio

#### **Jim Curran**

#### **Scott Falkner**

#### **Leah Gordon**

#### **Linda Gustafson**

#### **Martin Jackson**

Calligrapher

Calligraphe

#### **Jacqui Kempton**

Still Creek Press

#### **John Maxwell**

### THE EXHIBITORS | LES EXPOSANTS

#### **David Bindle**

University of Saskatchewan

Université de la Saskatchewan

#### **Blair Brennan & Sue Colberg**

University of Alberta

Université de l'Alberta

#### **Cyndie Campbell**

National Gallery of Canada

Musée des beaux-arts du Canada

#### **Melanie Colosimo**

Anna Leonowens Gallery

#### **Gayle Dempsey & Gary Froude**

Arts in Muskoka

#### **Patricia Doucette**

Holland College

#### **Lyle Ford**

University of Manitoba

Université du Manitoba

#### **John Goddard & Chester Gryski**

Arts & Letters Club of Toronto

#### **Carol Hadjisterkoti**

Acadia University

Université Acadia

#### **Melanie Hardbatt**

Simon Fraser University

Université Simon Fraser

#### **Tanja Harrison & Claire Dykhuis**

Mount St. Vincent University

Université Mount Saint Vincent

#### **Patricia Auld Johnson**

University of New Brunswick

Université du Nouveau-Brunswick

#### **Christopher Lyons, Richard Virr & Jennifer Garland**

McGill University

Université McGill

#### **Ines Paul & Alexandra Sender**

Stiftung Buchkunst

#### **Misako Terauchi & Reiko Shimizu**

Canadian Embassy, Tokyo

Ambassade du Canada à Tokyo

#### **Lara Wilson**

University of Victoria

Université de Victoria

#### **Beau Wuthrich**

UBC Robson Square

## Special Thanks

## Mille fois merci



### **Dr. Yosef Wosk**

Dr. Yosef Wosk and the Wosk family have generously assisted the Alcuin Society to expand the importance of the Alcuin awards for book design. With their financial help we have been able to improve the awards catalogue, bring judges from outside British Columbia, exhibit the awarded books throughout Canada and Europe, and make other enhancements to the programme. Dr. Wosk, with his ongoing financial support, enthusiasm, wisdom, and specific advice, has helped us to increase the awards from the relatively modest undertaking they once were to the internationally recognized national competition they are today. We are grateful to Dr. Wosk and his family for their continued support.

Yosef Wosk et sa famille nous ont beaucoup aidés à accroître l'importance du concours Alcuin pour la conception graphique du livre. Leur générosité nous a permis d'améliorer le catalogue des ouvrages primés, de faire venir des membres du jury d'au-delà de la Colombie-Britannique, d'exposer les livres gagnants dans tout le Canada et en Europe et de continuer à développer notre programme. Monsieur Wosk nous soutient toujours financièrement et contribue à l'expansion de notre entreprise par son enthousiasme, sa sagesse et ses conseils clairs et précis. Le concours de la Société Alcuin, dont la portée était au départ assez modeste, est aujourd'hui reconnu sur le plan national et international grâce à lui. Nous sommes reconnaissants à Monsieur Wosk et à sa famille de leur appui continu.

Geoffrey Spencer conceived the idea of the Alcuin Society, which he founded in Vancouver in 1965, along with Basil Stuart-Stubbs, C.M., Bill Duthie, Sam Black, Bill McConnell, Dale Smith and Sam Fogel. The initial aim of the Society was to promote a wider appreciation of fine books among book lovers around the world. It is the only non-profit organization in Canada dedicated to the entire range of interests related to books and reading. *Amphora*, the Society's journal published three times a year, covers topics that include authorship, publishing, book design and production, the history of the book, libraries, ephemera, bookselling, and book buying and collecting, as well as the book arts of typography, type design, printing, binding, papermaking, marbling, calligraphy and illustration.

The name "Alcuin" honours the memory of Alcuin of York (c. 735 to 804 A.D.), Abbot of St. Martin at Tours, a man who cared deeply about books and literacy. As Charlemagne's "Minister of Culture," and a respected teacher, Alcuin encouraged the study and preservation of ancient texts, helped establish numerous schools and libraries, and contributed to the development of the lowercase alphabet.

To further its aims, the Alcuin Society engages in a wide range of educational activities—lectures, workshops, exhibitions and field visits, many in collaboration with educational institutions such as the Canadian Centre for Studies in Publishing at Simon Fraser University, the University of British Columbia, the Emily Carr University of Art + Design and the University of Victoria. The Alcuin Society Annual Awards for Excellence in Book Design in Canada is the only national competition of its kind that recognizes and celebrates the art of book design in Canada. Winners of this award represent the nation at the international exhibitions and competition at the Frankfurt and Leipzig Book Fairs held annually in Germany. The Society offers the Robert R. Reid Award and Medal to recognize lifetime achievement in, or extraordinary contributions to, the Book Arts in Canada.

Geoffrey Spencer a conçu l'idée de la Société Alcuin qu'il a fondée à Vancouver, en 1965 avec Basil Stuart-Stubbs (C.M.), Bill Duthie, Sam Black, Bill McConnell, Dale Smith et Sam Fogel. Le but initial de la Société était de favoriser l'appréciation du livre de qualité parmi les bibliophiles du monde entier. C'est le seul organisme à but non lucratif au Canada, qui se dévoue à tout ce qui a trait au livre et à la lecture. *Amphora*, la revue de la Société, publiée trois fois par an, offre à ses lecteurs des articles divers sur la profession d'auteur, l'édition, la conception et la production graphiques, l'histoire du livre et de l'imprimé, les bibliothèques, l'éphémère comme un ex-libris, la vente, l'achat et la collection des livres, la typographie, la création de caractères typographiques, l'impression, la reliure, la fabrication et la marbrure du papier, la calligraphie et l'illustration.

Le nom « Alcuin » fait honneur à la mémoire de Alcuin d'York (c. 735 à 804 apr. J.-C.), abbé de Saint-Martin de Tours, un homme qui s'intéressait profondément à la diffusion des livres et reconnaissait l'importance de savoir lire. En tant que « ministre de la Culture » de Charlemagne et professeur distingué, Alcuin encouragea l'étude et la préservation des textes anciens, favorisa l'établissement de nombreuses écoles et bibliothèques dans le royaume et contribua au développement des lettres minuscules de l'alphabet.

Pour promouvoir ses objectifs, la Société Alcuin entreprend un nombre considérable de projets pédagogiques, tels que des conférences, des ateliers, des expositions, des concours, dont plusieurs en collaboration avec le Canadian Centre for Studies in Publishing de l'Université Simon Fraser, l'Université de la Colombie-Britannique, l'Université d'art et de design Emily Carr et l'Université de Victoria. Le concours annuel des prix pour l'excellence de la conception graphique au Canada de la Société Alcuin est le seul concours national de ce genre qui reconnaisse et fasse honneur à la conception graphique au Canada. Les lauréats de ce concours représentent le pays lors des expositions et concours internationaux à la foire annuelle du livre à Francfort et à Leipzig. La Société décerne le Prix et la Médaille Robert R. Reid qui récompensent l'ensemble des réalisations ou les contributions exceptionnelles d'un individu aux arts du livre au Canada.

2016-17 DIRECTORS | MEMBRES DU CONSEIL 2016-17

**Howard Greaves**

Chair  
Président

**Sarah Sutherland**

Vice-Chair  
Vice-présidente

**Merrill Fearon**

Secretary  
Secrétaire

**Bill Haberl & Glenn Woodsworth**

Treasurer  
Trésorier

**Leah Gordon**

Book Design Chair  
Directeur de la conception graphique

**Wendy Massing**

Membership Chair  
Directeur de l'adhésion

**Gina Page**

Program Chair  
Directeur de la programmation

**Ralph Stanton**

Publications Chair  
Directeur des publications

**Richard Hopkins**

**Kim Koch**

**Mary Luebbe**

**John Maxwell**

EX-OFFICIO | MEMBRES DE DROIT

**Marlene Chan**

Montreal Liaison  
Agent de liaison de Montréal

**Chester Gryski**

Toronto Liaison  
Agent de liaison de Toronto

**Heather Dean**

Victoria Liaison  
Agent de liaison de Victoria

**Peter Hay**

Okanagan Liaison  
Agent de liaison de l'Okanagan

**Peter Mitham**

Amphora Editor  
Éditeur de la revue Amphora

**Shelley Gruendler**

**Grant Hurley**

**Robin Mitchell Cranfield**

## Colophon

A CIP catalogue record for this periodical is available from Library and Archives Canada.

ISSN: 1713-0573

This catalogue has been published by the Alcuin Society to support the high standard of book design and publishing in Canada.

The text was set in Classic Grotesque, designed by Rod McDonald, and donated by Monotype.

Printed by Still Creek Press on Flo Dull 100 lb. text and Flo Dull 100 lb. cover.

Pour obtenir les données CIP de cette publication, s'adresser à Bibliothèques et archives Canada.

ISSN : 1713-0573

Ce catalogue a été publié par la Société Alcuin dans le but de soutenir les normes élevées en matière de conception graphique et d'édition au Canada.

Le texte est composé en Classic Grotesque, caractère créé par Rod McDonald et offert par Monotype.

Imprimé sur les presses de l'imprimerie Still Creek Press sur les papiers Flo Dull 100 lb. text et Flo Dull 100 lb. cover.

## Credits | Remerciements

Printed in Canada  
Imprimé au Canada

### **Scott Falkner**

Books Closetooling  
Retouche de photo

### **Bruce Law**

Books Photography  
Photographie des livres

### **Emma Novotny**

Competition Photography  
Photographie des délibérations

### **Emma Novotny**

Design  
Conception graphique

### **Ariel Hudnall**

### **John Maxwell**

### **Aurora van Roon**

English Proofreading  
Révision (anglais)

### **Leah Gordon**

Expert Advisor & Book Data  
Expertise-conseil & Données de livre

### **Chantale Roy**

French Translation & Proofreading  
Traduction et révision (français)

### **Michael Leyne**

Judges' Comments  
Observations du jury

### **Still Creek Press**

Printing  
Imprimeur

### **Grant Hurley**

Project Manager & Compiler  
Gestion de projet et compilation

Telling a story in 1/125 second.



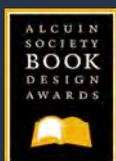
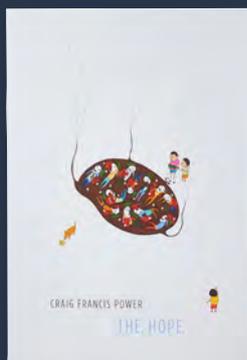
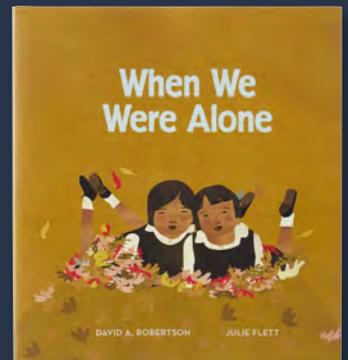
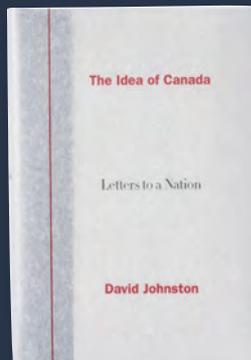
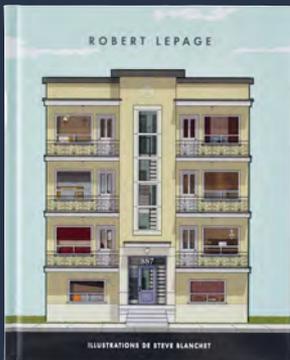
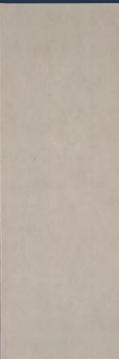
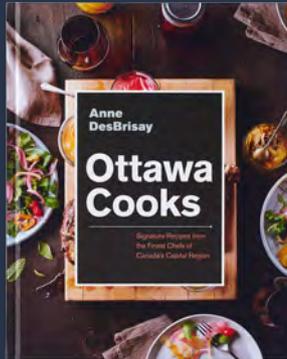
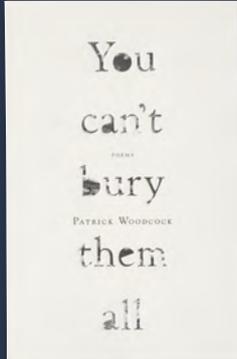
**BruceLaw**  
PHOTOGRAPHY

FoodPhotography.net

BruceLawPhotography.com

info@brucelawphotography.com

604 255 1130



The Alcuin Society | La Société Alcuin  
PO Box 3216 Station Terminal  
Vancouver BC, V6B 3X8

[alcuinsociety.com](http://alcuinsociety.com)

