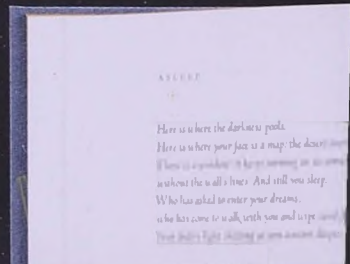
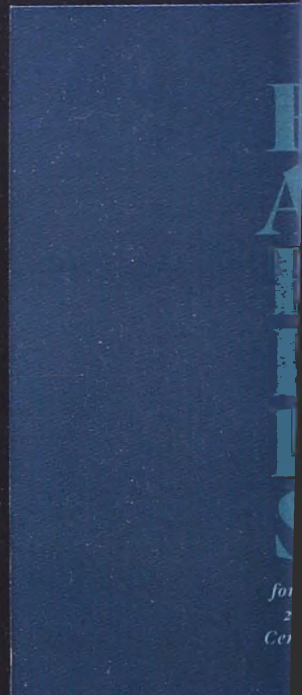
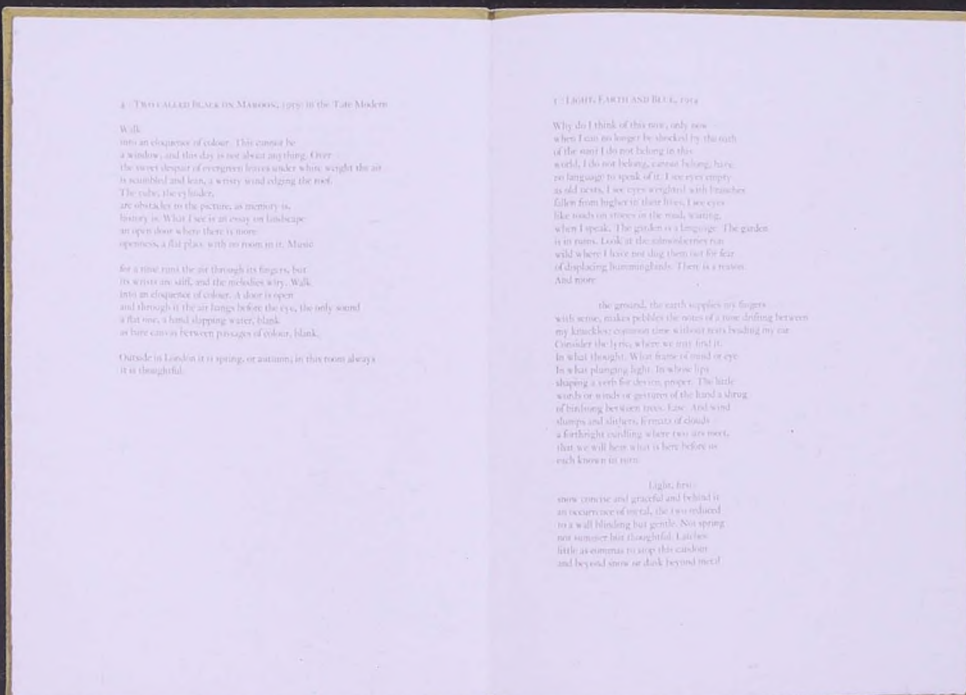
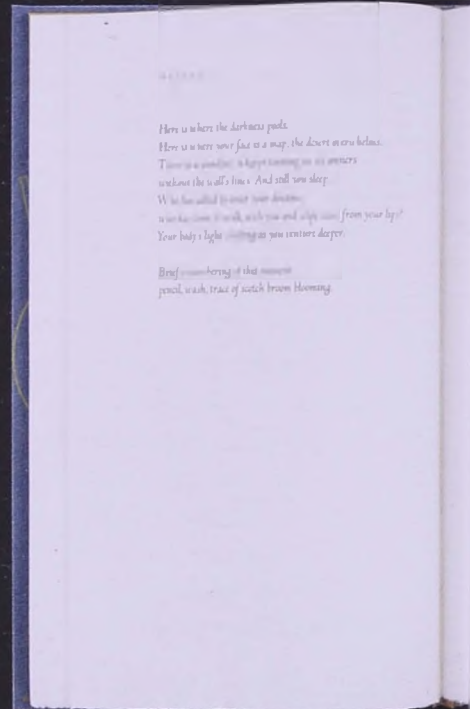
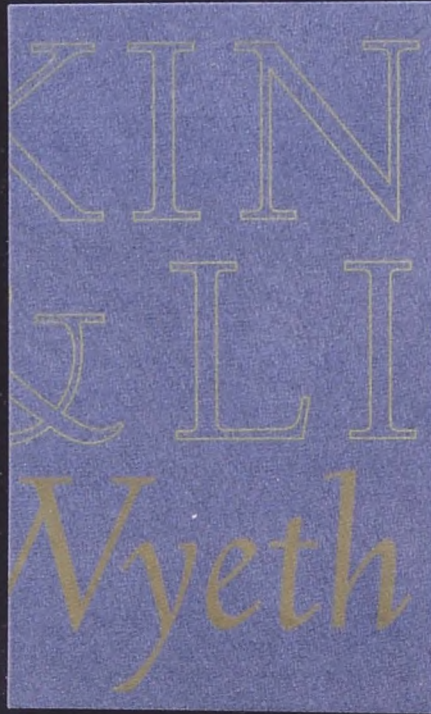
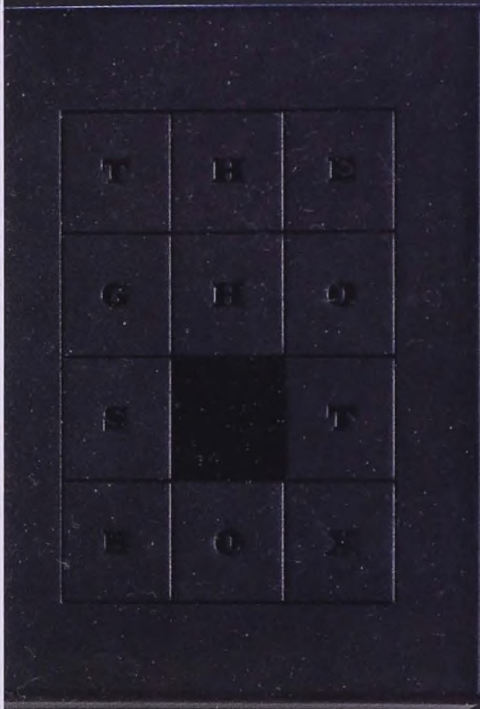


# Limited Editions



# Éditions à tirage limité

... would sound through glass I cannot say  
... the roof there fall breaks before dark comes  
... on the ground, no water the front  
... us slates, a riddle on the round player  
... in the wheat fields, autumn and equinox  
... years after others stopped coming. After  
... the big night too dark, Year for some days  
... but the wind is making like your body.

FACADES FOR  
MARK ROTHKO

4. TWO CALLED BLACK ON MARBLES, 1970, in the Tate Modern

Walk into an easiness of colour. This cannot be a window, and this day is not about anything. Over the water despite of evergreen leaves under white weight the air is scumblin' and has a warty wail edging the road. The cube, the cylinder. An obstacle to the picture, as memory is history in what I see in an essay on landscape on open there a bare there is none. An open, a flat place with no room in it. Music

be a time runs the air through its fingers, but its warts are out, and the maddening city. Walk into an easiness of colour. A door is open and through it, the air hangs below, the eye, the only wound a flat one, a hand slipping water, blank an bare canvas, a bare passage of colour, blank. Outside in London it is spring, or autumn, in this room always it is thoughtful.

1. LIGHT, EARTH AND BLOOD, 1970

Why do I think of this now, only when I can no longer be shocked of the earth I do not belong in this world, I do not belong, cannot be no language to speak of it. I see an old man, I see eyes weighing, I see from higher in the road, I see like words in stones in the road, I see what I speak. The ground is a flat in this. Look at the snow under a world where I have not dug there, of displacing from my hands. I see

the ground, the earth with some, under probably the my knuckles, common time with Consider the fire, when we are in what thought. When I see, I see in what plunging light. In what words or words or gestures of the of binding between trees. I see always and others, beneath a farthing, nothing in here. I see that we will look what is here, but each know in its own.

Light, I see snow comes, and graceful and an occurrence of social, the eye to a wall binding this world. No, not summer last thought. Let little as common to every day, and beyond now or dark beyond.

It's ten below.  
The embers in their  
fireplace keep them  
warm as they drink  
their hot chocolate.

They're just returned from a winter picnic. It's 7 p.m. and already dark. The couple with her seven-year-old son think up about how they'll entertain, in fact invited, their food over the campfire while building a winter picnic. They'll need blackened waders for the nose and eyes. And just as they were wondering what to do for the night, they found a job of red glass beads. It's not a future invention, it's not. They are not to stay up to see the northern Lights, the promise lets an extra hour.

The snow has melted. The ground is bare. The yellow waders are sitting about among the newly opened leaves of the birch trees. She can hear the water. The birds usually rise but not this one. She knows the woman from twenty years hence and has been wondering underground if it were that woman if they should leave. There hasn't been much rain.

The don't leave. It's warmer. The large white. A lake of ash fell on her deck. It's 7 p.m. She could sleep. She squares her hands while passing between the kitchen and the living room to make. It's only four hours of sunlight, and yet she can't see, the path across the street. The smoke has still like a middle house in a darker atmosphere with much of justice were the winter.

It is so well, so open. The street parking. The fire is up in the highway made in her parents. Her hearing without a class together. She hears the story, year-old man in the next chapter looking. His wife's coughing. The old couple is generous, especially with their storytelling. They call themselves Dora and Carlo.

For our waders. They are breakfast looking in the snow. The had seen her been the same for the last one and a half months, just different numbers. Her son asks for an eye. She sees the folds and stars.

She hears. The more electrical wires, just still, bringing the number of fire to see. To date, the fire has taken three million hectares of forest. They're still burning.

She thinks the woman is in it. She can't find any more. Just talk of fire and smoke. The moment is saying. The Department of Transportation has closed the only road out for an underground length of time. The fire passed.

© 1970 by the Tate Gallery, London

4. TWO CALLED BLACK ON MARBLES, 1970, in the Tate Modern

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... but the wind is making like your body.



**Limited Editions**

First Prize

**Éditions à tirage limité**

Premier prix

**Title | Titre**

Kinship &amp; Light: The Wyeth Poems

**Designer | Conception graphique**

Jason Dewinetz



Every element of this book is beautiful, from the colour carried from the cover to the title page, to the complicated binding that was clearly built with precision and skill. Most impressive is the letterpress printing, which was done with a delicate but firm touch, yielding rich blacks without debossing the page.

Chaque élément de ce livre est joli, de la couleur initiée sur la couverture et liée à la page titre, jusqu'à la reliure complexe qui a été nettement construite avec précision et habileté. Le plus impressionnant est l'impression typographique, qui a été réalisée avec une main délicate, mais ferme, produisant des noirs riches sans dégauffer la page.



**Author | Auteure** Samantha Sternberg **Publisher | Maison d'édition** Greenboathouse Press

**Printer | Imprimerie** Jason Dewinetz **Typeface | Police de caractères** Monotype Deepdene cast at the Greenboathouse Press **Trim Size | Format massicoté** 164 x 280 mm **ISBN** 9781894744393

Limited Editions  
Second Prize

Éditions à tirage limité  
Deuxième prix

Title | Titre  
Fables for the 21st Century

Designer | Conception graphique  
Natalie Olsen

Opening the exquisite box to reveal over a dozen individually bound eight-page signatures is an unexpected and fascinating pleasure. The colour palette, choice of typefaces, and hierarchy on the page are all well-chosen, and elements from one signature are reflected in and continued through to the next to unify the package.

Ce fut un plaisir fascinant et inattendu d'ouvrir cette boîte exquise qui révèle plus d'une douzaine de titres de huit pages reliées. La palette de couleurs, les polices et la hiérarchie sur la page sont toutes bien choisies, et les éléments d'un titre sont reflétés et poursuivis dans le suivant afin d'unifier l'ensemble.



Editors | Éditeurs Rawi Hage, Lisa Moore & Madeleine Thien Publisher | Maison d'édition Banff Centre Press  
Illustrator | Illustration Shuvinai Ashoona Printers | Imprimerie Friesens & Dorset Fine Arts (art prints) Typefaces |  
Polices de caractères Mercury & Quarto Trim Size | Format massicoté 254 x 305 mm ISBN 9781988208039

Limited Editions  
Third Prize

Éditions à tirage limité  
Troisième prix

Title | Titre  
The Ghost Box II

Designer | Conception graphique  
Natalie Olsen

The neon green on black makes for a brilliant, striking package that captivates one's attention. The entire design, from the packaging to the interior typography, is clear, coherent, and enticing.

Le vert fluorescent sur le noir crée un effet exceptionnel et frappant qui captive l'attention. L'ensemble du design, de l'emballage à la typographie intérieure, est clair, cohérent et séduisant.



Editor | Éditeur Patton Oswalt Publisher | Maison d'édition Hingston & Olsen Printers | Imprimerie

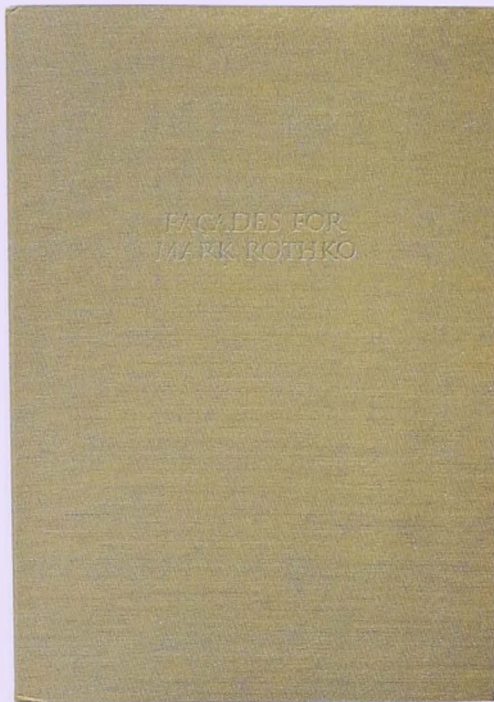
Hemlock & Friesens Typefaces | Polices de caractères Saracen & Carat Trim Size | Format massicoté 114 x 166 mm  
ISBN 9780995298842

Limited Editions  
Honourable Mention

Éditions à tirage limité  
Mention honorable

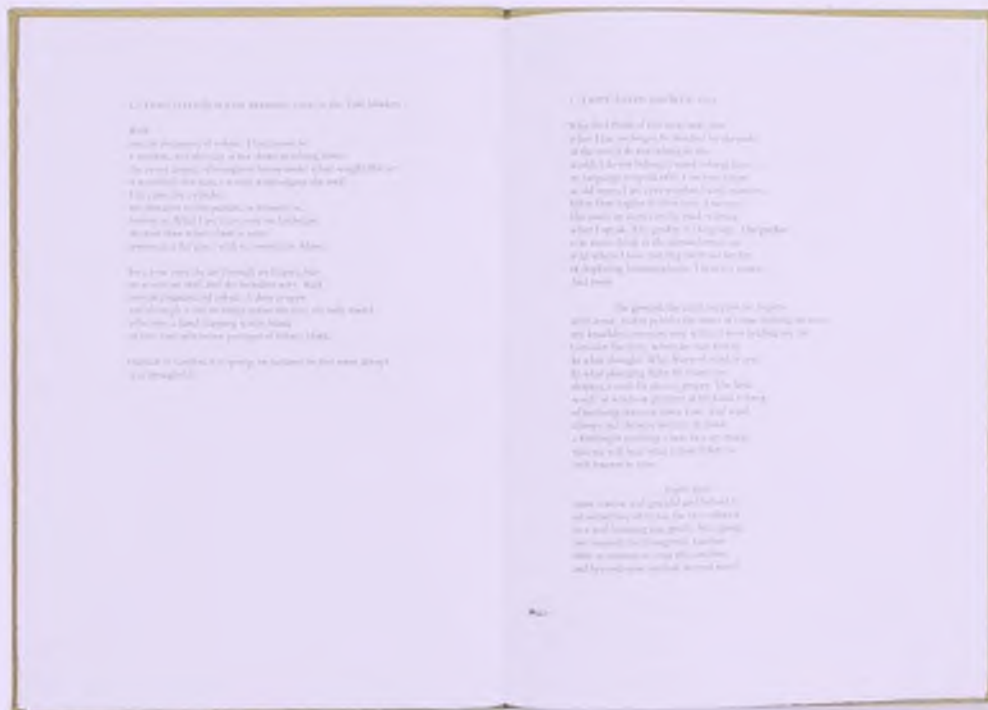
Title | Titre  
Façades for Mark Rothko

Designer | Conception graphique  
Tara Bryan



The judges felt the cover cloth did not connect well to the interior, but inside are some beautiful pages that expertly integrate type and image, and the text-only pages are done very well.

Les juges ont trouvé que la couverture ne s'agençait pas bien avec l'intérieur, mais en ouvrant le livre, on y découvre plusieurs belles pages qui intègrent habilement le caractère et l'image. Par ailleurs, les pages contenant seulement du texte sont très bien réalisées.



Author | Auteur Crispin Elsted Publisher | Maison d'édition walking bird press Illustrator | Illustration Tara Bryan  
Printer | Imprimerie Tara Bryan Typeface | Police de caractères Van Dijk Trim Size | Format massicoté  
215 x 305 mm ISBN 9781894521208