

tween traditional and contemporary design and managed to fall flat between the stools. In most of the books, the typography was bargain basement stuff — bad cuts, badly set, probably by a compositor who was unsure of the difference between typography and typing. We chose no prize winner but gave honorable mention to three.

The McKay is a satisfying, if fussy, piece of traditional typography, disfigured, in my mind, by an unimaginative cover. (Not all the judges share this opinion. One of them at least wanted to give it a prize.) The McFadden, a resolutely ugly book, is so on purpose. It departs for its own reasons from traditional canons of typography, and we acknowledged it not for its beauty (it has none) but for its thoroughness as a piece of rather nostalgic (instead of traditional) design. The Varnai, on the other hand, is thoroughly traditional in its approach. It attempts nothing new, but does succeed in its own way, on its own terms.

Certain features of other books in this category merit attention. Paci's *THE FATHER* (Oberon) has some nice features, but the margins are bad, and there is a humorless woodenness in the execution. Gunnars' *THE AXE'S EDGE* has a splendid cover and title page, designed by Ken Seabrook, but the guts of the book are bland, and have *no relation* to the cover and title page. The book has been built, as many trade books are, in pieces which do not add up to a whole. There is a fine cover also to be found on the Doubleday entry, *GLENN GOULD VARIATIONS*, and inside this book is some fine photography nicely displayed. But the text pages are tired, badly set, characterless things. For all the money that was obviously spent in producing this book, a *much* better text page could have been obtained.

Juvenile

While the illustrations in several of the children's books were exciting to behold, the *typography* of these books was, almost without exception, atrocious. In only one of the books — Tim Wynne-Jones's *ZOOM AT SEA* (Douglas & McIntyre) — was the typography at all appropriate to the subject matter and illustrations in the book, and even in this case the net result was rather tired. Most of the books, including the two Annick Press books, were set thoughtlessly in one of two readily available faces, Helvetica or Palatino, with never a moment's consideration of the appropriateness of the face to the text or to the illustrations. I'd have been happier, myself, giving no prize in the category.

The Larsen wins on the basis of its illustrations, eminently suited to the theme, and well made on a low budget. The Calleja is a more sophisticated piece of bookmaking, but less fun to handle, and the type is even worse than in the Larsen.

Other

This threatened to be a difficult category to judge, because of the disparate nature of the entries. Books ended up here when they fit in no other slot. But in the end, few entries didn't fit somewhere else. None of them seemed to us to merit a prize, but we awarded honorable mention to two.

The first of these is a valiant attempt to handle an almost dadaist theatre script; the second is (like the McFadden book to which we called attention as a work of prose) deliberately obtrusive, threatening, unbeautiful. Both designs seem admirably faithful to their contents.

Robert Bringhurst
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