ALCUIN CITATIONS BOOK DESIGN AWARDS FOR 1990 PUBLICATIONS

The JUDGES MET on May 4, 1991 to examine some two hundred books published during 1990 and submitted in competition. No doubt as a result of recession there were slightly fewer submissions than last year. There were no decreases in the category of children's books which remains the healthiest segment of the Canadian publishing scene. The categories are the same as the last two years, namely:

General Trade Books: Prose (Fiction and Nonfiction)
General Trade Books: Adult Picture and Photography Books
General Trade Books: How-To, Cookery, and Hobby Books
Poetry
Text and Reference Books
Limited Editions
Juvenile Books

Those making submissions suggested one of the above categories for each item, but the Society's Design Award Committee or the judges reassigned the occasional book to a more appropriate category. First, second, and third prizes are awarded in each category, with ties permitted. In addition, honourable mentions are awarded to books which show some excellent characteristic(s) without as a whole meeting the standards demanded of prize winners. Judging is based on the suitability and harmony of type, illustration (if any), layout, and materials used in the text block, binding/covering, and jacket in relation to the intellectual nature and the quantity of the content.

GENERAL TRADE BOOKS: PROSE (Fiction and Nonfiction)

1ST PRIZE

White Knights and Poison Pills: A Cynic's Dictionary of Business Jargon

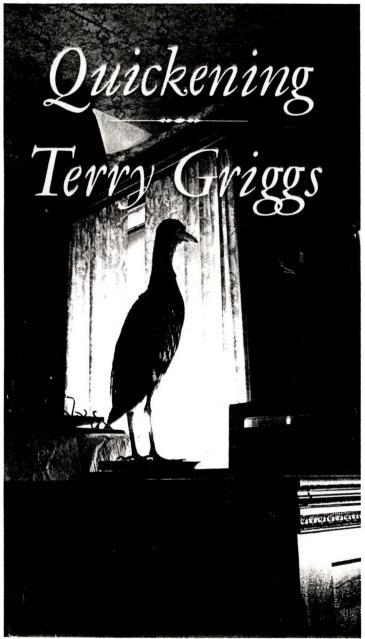
by David Olive, illustrated by Barry Blitt. Toronto: Key Porter ISBN 1-55013-260-1

Design: Scott Richardson

2ND PRIZE

A Fool in Paradise: An Artist's Early Life by Doris McCarthy. Toronto: MacFarlane Walter & Ross ISBN 0-921912-03-x.

Design: Linda Gustafson



Quickening (cover)

3RD PRIZE

Birds of a Feather: Stories by Catholyn K. Jansen. Montreal: Vehicule Press ISBN 1-55065-012-2.

Design: Paul Davies and J.W. Stewart

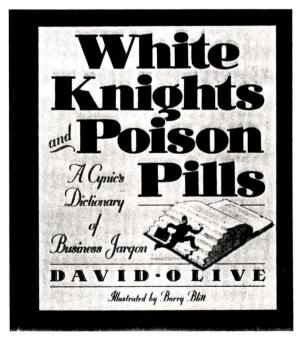
HONOURABLE MENTION

Quickening by Terry Griggs.

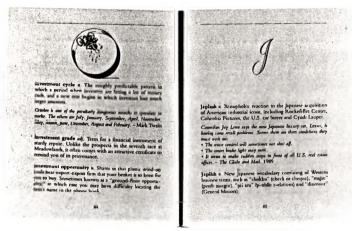
Erin, Ontario: The Porcupine's Quill ISBN 0-88984-111-x.

Design: Tim Inkster

While the other three are the running prose of a memoir and of two books of short stories, the first-prize winner is a book of humorous short definitions. Everything about it supports its content: the small and almost square format, the tiny sly illustrations, the accent letters in script type. The book given honourable mention is one of a group of prose books competently set and produced this year by a perennial design award winner, The Porcupine's Quill; this one with a finer cover than its companions. The second and third prizes go to books with particularly sensitive typesetting.



White Knights and Poison Pills, front cover.



White Knights and Poison Pills, pp. 84 and 85

BIRDS of a FEATHER Catholyn K. Jansen



The Spiked Collar

I ut on a big rock staring at Arlene's open grave, Just me all alune, and her in a rough phywood bras, a very plain box with cheep handles, pine. There should have been an engayed tombotone — Arlene Dolored in Phed in Childlinth, Age 16 — but there want to Nothing to mark the place, just a hole in the ground. I fell like crawling in with her, Jying there dead. Someone would come to dump her box in that hole, someone would come to dump her box in that hole, work in the hole there are a second to the place of the program of the place of the place

Someone would come to dump her box in that hole, work it up, shifterat ber, grow grax all over her grave. To be forgutten by all but me and her mother. I got up from the rock and looked at her final place, which always know that the lay between a glant granter cross, engawed with a leart, and the lig rock, where I had sat. I kicked a little dirt in the hole, and wondered why I was still alive. I could have been me Jying dead in that hos instead of Arlene. Why did I survive? Did I have a mistion in this life?

I was alone in a graveyard full of stones. Shadows of crusses, branches, the moon in full array, glowing silver white Arlene's grave in front of me. I sat again on the big rock and stared at the cruss, waiting for something

Birds of a Feather, cover and p. 9

First Light

I WAS BROUGHT UP on the nursery rhyme about Monday's child and Tuesday's child, and since I was a Thursday's child I took it for received truth that I would have "far to go" and do a lot of travelling in my life. The family had moved about a great deal even before I was born because my father, George Arnold McCarthy, was a civil engineer who was sent by the construction company that employed him to wherever the project was located. He married Mary Jane Colson Moffatt - Jennie for short - in Montreal in 1901, and they went to live in Niagara Falls, where he was assistant chief engineer for the building of its first big hydroelectric plant. My eldest brother, Kenneth, was born there. Mother was hardly more than a bride, inexperienced at housekeeping, ignorant about babies, and with no family or hired girl to help her. She made all her mistakes on Kenneth.

Five years later they were in North Bay, where Dad

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