Prose Fiction Romans et nouvelles

First Prize | Premier prix

Title | Titre

Greenwood

Designer | Conception Jennifer Griffiths

Author | Auteur

Michael Christie

Publisher | Maison d'édition

McClelland & Stewart

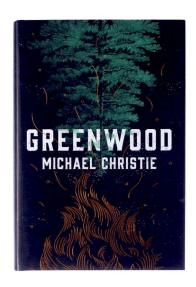
Printer | Imprimerie

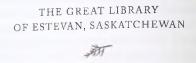
Friesens

Typeface | Police de caractères Adobe Caslon Pro Trim Size | Format massicoté

150 × 225mm

ISBN 99780771024450





ONE COULD CLAIM that it began the way all libraries must: with a single book. But in truth the idea passed to Temple Van Horne from her father, a Calvinist minister who was lured from the Netherlands to the Canadian prairie by a government parcel of land, a man who always kept a table on his porch. Each night after the fieldwork was done, Temple and her father would lay out four place settings—four starched napkins, four forks, four spoons, four plates, four glasses of water—then dish out four helpings of the same meal they were about to enjoy inside. "When you live near the railroad," he'd say, "it's a matter of decency. Nourishment—God distinguishes not the spiritual from the intellectual from the physical. We don't either."

Temple's Austrian mother resented the charitable practice, called it "spraying perfume on manure," and made off with an itinerant water dowser the summer Temple turned ten. That Christmas, her mother wrote a series of letters begging to return home, but her father burned them all.

While strict, her father brimmed with ideas and inventions, and always seemed to be reading every book other than the Bible. At heart he was more farmer than preacher, and spoke blunt and plain to Temple on sexual matters—at the dinner table it was all bull semen and goat rutting and chicken sexing. Nakedness went unremarked in their household, both hers and his. And when she turned sixteen, he looked upon the nervous parade of young suitors—bloodless beanstalks droning lengthily on the subjects of wheat varieties and well-prepared picnics—more with the amusement of a livestock auctioneer than anything like protectiveness.

Prose Fiction Romans et nouvelles

A gorgeously understated package from cover to cover. The campfire of bronze foil on the front is a lovely offset to the dark blue background. The novel's themes take root throughout the book block: tree rings dominate the front matter, trees grace the section openers, and, brilliantly, a strip of wood grain borders every page — a delightful detail in a perfectly crafted design. | Un ouvrage magnifiquement discret d'un couvert à l'autre. Le feu de camp bronze métallique sur le devant crée un joli décalage avec l'arrière-plan bleu foncé. Les

thèmes du roman prennent racine tout au long du livre : les cercles d'arbres dominent les textes préliminaires, des arbres ouvrent les sections et une bande de grain de bois borde brillamment chaque page, constituant un délicieux détail dans un design conçu avec perfection.

1934 261

Then, when Temple was eighteen, her father died of a stroke in their claw-foot tub, a mechanical engineering manual swollen to double its normal size floating barge-like over him. After that, Temple completed her training as a schoolteacher and spent the next three years in a one-room schoolhouse. Though she enjoyed the company of children, she disliked instructing them in anything but literacy. For the younger grades especially, it was mostly giving orders to sit and stand—up, down, up, down. She felt a perpetual sadness for them, showing up in the same rags each day, coughing and quarrelling and skinning their knees, destined to forget her lessons the second they quit school to go plow the same exhausted fields their parents had.

Still, she persisted, and at twenty-one, Temple met a man named Jurgen Kohler, who was himself a wheat farmer as well as a part-time inventor. Humming with schemes and ideas, he was the first man she'd ever met who reminded her of her father. After a brief courtship, they married and moved into the house Temple had inherited. At first things were amiable, until a year passed and Jurgen began applying for patents related to a water pump he'd invented. After repeated denials, he took the habit of belittling Temple, under his breath at first, usually before bed or while preparing for the day's farming-a vocation he'd come to believe was beneath him. He'd bemoan what he called her "schoolteacher's view of the world," as well as her penchant for reading fiction, calling it "soft-headed." At twenty-five, Temple lost a child and her ovaries after an ectopic pregnancy ruptured her Fallopian tubes and nearly killed her. She returned from the hospital in Regina to find her husband had made off for the United States to seek his fortune as an inventor, without even taking the trouble to divorce her.

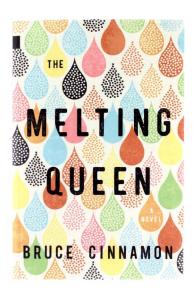
Instead of leaving her devastated, the demise of her marriage taught her the folly of hitching her entire being to the horse of one man. She quit teaching, sold her father's house, and purchased a two-hundred acre farm a hundred miles to the south, near the rail



The Alcuin Society Awards Prix de la Société Alcuin 13

Title | Titre

The Melting Queen



DEDHOMPHOD.

Designer | Conception Michel Vrana

Author | Auteur

Bruce Cinnamon

Publisher | Maison d'édition

NeWest Press

Printer I Imprimerie

Friesens

Typefaces | Polices de caractères

Garamond Premier Pro, Orange County

Trim Size | Format massicoté

150 × 225mm

ISBN 9781988732503

This bold and colourful cover catches the eye immediately - and a sustained gaze meets rewarding details like the drops interacting with the type to suggest melting or crying letters. The cover graphic is repurposed to great effect inside, creating an effective, coherent package. Cette couverture audacieuse et colorée attire immédiatement l'attention et un regard soutenu est récompensé par des détails comme les gouttes qui interagissent avec les caractères suggérant des lettres fondantes ou en pleurs. La conception graphique de la couverture est réinvestie à grand effet à l'intérieur, créant un ensemble efficace et cohérent.

IN THE MELTING QUEEN

"This isn't about Edmonton," I say. "This is about you, just like it's always been You don't care about 'the people' at all. You don't have any empathy.

"Oh come on River," she rolls her eyes. "You know just as well as I do that you shouldn't be the Melting Queen. You didn't even want this job! And when some shows up who actually wants to do this, then you have a change of heart? I'm giving you an out. I'm doing what you've wanted me to do from the start. That's why you came to me first, and not Sander or anyone else. You know that I should do this, that I need this, and that you need to give it up.

A deeply concerned, sympathetic smile replaces the humour on Odessa's face, Her emotions seem so manufactured, just like my mother's always are. Was Odessa always this fake? Was she always putting on an act, trying to manipulate her audience? I don't know how I never saw it before.

"I don't want to humiliate you," she says, knitting her brows in a practised way that makes me want to rip her wig off. "I know it's hard for you to believe, but I am really disgusted by some of the things that I have to say about you as I play Olechka Stepanchuk. It would be better for you to just step gracefully aside and not get in the way. Honestly, I think this is what's best for both of us. We both know I'm going to beat you if we ever get to a vote."

"I don't know how I was ever friends with you," I say. "That's how bad this is. I look at you and I can't even see a trace of that person I used to like.'

Odessa glances at her grandfather, who has rediscovered his butterscotch pudding and is wiping a dab of it off his vest.

'So your plan was to come here and ambush me?" she says. "Which would make me realize the error of my ways?"

Odessa is smiling wide again, as if this is all some big joke. I realize that I'm never going to get through to her by arguing with her. She thrives off confrontation.

I take a deep breath and set my hands down on the tabletop. I look into Odessa's eyes and feel my cheeks heat up as I force myself to say it.

You know I've always envied you. You know that, right?"

It makes me ashamed to admit it. But this is my confession, to this false Melting

I always wanted your life. To be as bold and fearless and shameless as you, to travel the world like you do. But now the tables have finally turned and I'm the one who has something and you're the one who's jealous. I have one good thing, I didn't like it at first. I didn't want it. But now I know that it's what I have to do. For Clodagh, It's important to me. And as soon as you saw that, you decided to take it from me. Because I have to be your little audience and that's all I'm allowed to be."

I look at Sander, whose eyes flick nervously between me and Odessa.

That was always the unspoken agreement between the three of us, wasn't it? Sander and I would be your perfect audience and applaud you, and you would be the dazzling spectacle. You'd do dangerous, impressive things and we would gasp with deliable and delight and save you when you got in trouble. No matter how many other people got

BRUCE CINNAMON | 119

hurt, we would always be safe. We were always exempt from the chaos, shielded from the bomb we helped set off. But not anymore

Hook down at the table, shake my head in frustration.

"You have everything, Odessa. Everything. Why do you have to have this too?" Odessa stares at me for a long time, smile frozen on her face. Then she turns and takes a napkin and wets it with her tongue and wipes at the pudding stain on her grandfather's sweater.

"Alright," she says. "Fine. You're right. I'm being really shitty to you. I'm letting these old conservative people tell me what to do. I'm opportunistic, I'm exploiting the situation to my own ends, and ultimately all I want is publicity and attention. I'm a terrible person. Is that what you want me to say?"

Sander looks back and forth between us, holding his breath, a biscust held forgotten in his fingers. I can tell that he's hoping we're on the cusp of a ceasefire.
"No," I say, "I don't want you to say something just because you think I want to

hear it. I want you to tell the truth. I want some honesty for once."

I look at Ludlow Spetnik, Odessa's only point of vulnerability. He's been picking at the scab on the back of his hand, totally engrossed, ignoring all of us.

"Why don't you tell *him* what you've been telling everyone? About your loving parents and your gorgeous husband. About your sudden lave for Edmonton—a place you never seemed to give a shit about before last week."

Odessa's smile has hardened on her face. She's adopting it as a defensive posture now, clinging to her "I'm-above-all-this" humour. But I can tell I'm finally gerting

"Lie to him," I say. "Lie to his face."

Odessa's rigid smirk remains, but she blinks a few times as she looks at her grandfather.

"But I do lie to him," she says. "I have to lie to him." Her voice cracks and she looks away. She pauses, takes a breath, then forces a smile and looks back at Ludlow

"Gido," she says, placing her hand gently over her grandfather's. "The nurse said you should not scratch at that. Or it will never get well.

"Ah, Alina!" Ludlow looks up and smiles at Odessa, then glances at Sander and I. "These people, they are friends of yours?"

"No, Gido. They used to be but not anymore."

"Why you say 'Gido?'" he asks, grinning bemusedly. "Your Gido, he is not living through the dark time you know. He is still in Ukrayina, beneath the ground.

No, Gido. That was Alina's grandfarher. I am Alina's daughter. So you are my Gido. You are my grandfather.'

Ludlow frowns at Odessa, wets his chapped lips with his tongue, stares at her for several long seconds.

You are not Alina?" he says, his voice laced with doubt

"No, Gido. I am Odessa," she says. "Alina was my mother. You are my Gido."

Prose Fiction Romans et nouvelles

Second Prize (tie) | Deuxième prix (ex aequo)

Title | Titre

Reproduction





Author | Auteur

Ian Williams

Publisher I Maison d'édition

Random House Canada

Printer | Imprimerie

Friesens

Typeface | Police de caractères

Ianson

Trim Size | Format massicoté

152 × 228mm

ISBN 9780735274051

This is an elegant cover that sets an appropriate tone, but it's the interior that really caught the judges' eyes. "A feat of organization", with varied modes of text brilliantly handled in a spare and controlled layout. Il s'agit d'une couverture élégante qui donne le bon ton, mais c'est l'intérieur qui a vraiment capté l'attention des juges. « Un exploit d'organisation », avec des modes de texte diversifiés réalisés avec brio dans une mise en page aérée et contrôlée.

194 IAN WILLIAMS

girls, histories, post-routine analysis, mounted sports TV in the background and two pounds of chicken wings for the price of one on Wednesdays? Come on. What red-blooded man could ask for more? (More of a man than you'd ever be, the ex had said.

Onyxxx approached the steps. There was no backstage adjoining the stage so the women had to walk through the crowd to get to their dressing rooms while someone else scooped up their clothes. The men weren't allowed to touch the girls but they might accept your hand to come down the stairs in those towering heels. They were sweet.

Thank you. Onyxxx took his hand.

They'd accept a few more dollars one-on-one. Maybe he'd get a lap dance later.

Where you from? he asked her.

Windsor, she said.

He meant, Really, where are you from?

Long way from home, aren't you? he said.

Oliver hadn't made anyone laugh in so long Flirting. He still had it. Only here. I wouldn't say no to a ride, she said. All wink without winking. Then she left What day was it? Tuesday. Oliver hoped they kept her on

He walked to his truck. He usually parked at a far end of the lot, under some trees, near the dumpster, because, he was prepared to say, he didn't want anybody dinging his truck, because that spot kept his truck cool, he was prepared to say. He laid an old Entertainment section on his lap. He closed his eyes. For the first fifteen seconds, he was lying on the left side of the bed and his wife was stroking her clavicle. For the remaining forty, he was sitting on the floor of Felicia's bedroom, looking up at her legs. When he opened his eyes Sophie Fortin's backless back was wer.

Felicia Exchange The Sunday she told Army she was going to a church function and felt

Oliver's eyes all over her, she sped to Toronto, hoping she hadn't crossed Edgar on the way, forestalling him from-how did he find out where she lived when she had only been there since June? Weeks. Who did they know in common?

Edgar didn't invite Felicia inside. Instead he kicked his feet into some flattened loafers and walked her around the outside of the house toward the woods.

I wasn't sure where we left off last time, Edgar said. I didn't feel we could speak frankly in my office

Her heels perforated the moist earth as they walked so she took them off and wore his shoes while he walked barefoot and held hers. There was something honeymoon-on-a-beach-in-silhouette about their stroll.

Also, he added, I hadn't heard from you so I was wondering if that was a sign of, he hesitated, a sign of something.

Felicia frowned and looked at his shoes.

Have you had dinner? Edgar asked.

It really didn't suit him, the small talk, the solicitousness. Felicia said, You don't have to be nice.

15

I'm not being nice, he said. I mean, I'm not trying to be nice.

What's the matter now?

Nothing's the matter.

The matter you wanted to discuss.

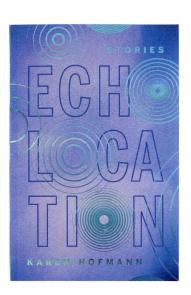
Edgar caught on. Let's walk some more.

Prix de la Société Alcuin The Alcuin Society Awards

Third Prize (tie) | Troisième prix (ex aequo)

Title | Titre

Echolocation



Designers | Conception

Natalie Olsen, Kisscut Design

Author | Autrice

Karen Hofmann

Publisher | Maison d'édition

NeWest Press

Printer | Imprimerie

Friesens

Typefaces | Polices de caractères

Benton Sans, Cala

Trim Size | Format massicoté

138 × 215mm

ISBN 9781988732565

Repetition of cover elements inside the book is a tested and true tactic that is elevated here: the concentric circles replace O's in each chapter, but with clever variations to sustain the impact throughout. La répétition des éléments de la couverture à l'intérieur du livre est une tactique éprouvée qui s'y avère hautement efficace: les cercles concentriques remplacent les O à chaque chapitre, mais avec de sages variations pour maintenir l'impact jusqu'à la fin.

and cars, miniature electronics, small porcelain heads and limbs, leaning into it, finding the toy's sweet spots, making of the crushing and grinding and splintering an art.

The afternoon passes. The others will be home soon. Lewis or Alison and Tess will be back to take over, Matt realizes. There might still be time for a run. Anyway, he'll be free: free to talk to Tess, to open his laptop, to do any number of things. That's not to be underestimated.

The sidewalk is littered with fragments of toys, with a flotsam of crushed plastic and metallic paint dust. He'll have to sweep it up. In his mind's eye, Matt sees the dark stain behind the shed where he dumped the rain barrel. Shit. That too.

But no: A few days in the air will take care of that anaerobic bacterial odour. Wholesome decomposition will ensue. The gloves, he'll bury.

He stands up, stretches, straightens his back. Don't let the bastards grind you down, he says to Sack.

Bastards, Sack says, thoughtfully.

That's right, Sack, he says.

He'll take the boy out here, next weekend, take Sack's clean shining unused real stainless steel miniature gardening tool set, and let the child loose. Out of a half-acre spread of lawn, Lewis can spare a little digging space. Sack can pit his unholy energy against the topsoil.

Matt will watch a video. He'll learn how to break up turf with a spade. He'll set Sack loose against the earth itself. Something interesting might happen. Something will be experienced first-hand. Something will respond the way it's supposed to. Something will be appeased.

NA DESCRIPTION OF THE PARTY OF

THE CAN E

THEY ARE CANGEING THIS YEAR near Blue River, in mountains that are not quite far enough east to be the Rockies, but are, Kirsten says, rocky enough. She is brittle today, full of what Evan calls smart remarks, but what she sees as sticky patches, adhesive bandages, placed all over herself where there are cracks. There has been an argument in the car. She feels battered, as if they've been in a minor accident, and is already composing in her head the amusing and only slightly bitter account of the dispute that she'll tell to Linda later, perhaps when they've gone off into the underbrush to pec. The putting-together of this account calms her, like the rolling of string into balls. Only her surface, her top layer, remains delicate, and she must patch and fill fast enough that it doesn't disintegrate entirely.

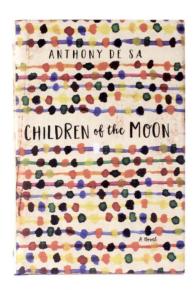
115

16 Prose Fiction Romans et nouvelles

Third Prize (tie) | Troisième prix (ex aequo)

Title | Titre

Children of the Moon



Designer | Conception

Terry Nimmo

Anthony De Sa

Publisher | Maison d'édition

Doubleday Canada

Printers | Imprimerie

Coral Graphic (Jacket);
Berryville Graphics (text)

Typefaces | Polices de caractères

Garden Grown, Scala OT,

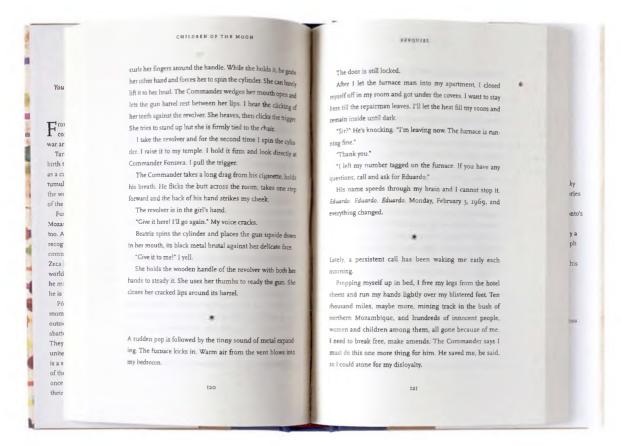
Liebe Ornaments,

Trim Size | Format massicoté

ISBN 9780385685979

A solid, beautifully executed design with some notable details, such as the embossing on the hard cover. Inside, the type is handled with skill and care to create inviting and comfortable pages. Une solide et magnifique conception comportant quelques détails notables, comme le gaufrage sur la couverture rigide. À l'intérieur, les caractères sont réalisés avec habileté et soin, créant des pages invitantes et agréables.

17



The Alcuin Society Awards Prix de la Société Alcuin

Honourable Mention | Mention honorable

Title | Titre

The Student



Designers | Conception

Natalie Olsen, Kisscut Design

Author | Auteur

Cary Fagan

Publisher | Maison d'édition

Freehand Books

Printer | Imprimerie

Marquis

Typefaces | Polices de caractères Chronicle Text, Display

Trim Size | Format massicoté

130 × 202mm

ISBN 9781988298443

The cover is very engaging to the point of irresistibility, and that strong design carries inside, especially the elegant section openers. La couverture est si engageante qu'on ne peut y résister et la robuste conception graphique se poursuit à l'intérieur, particulièrement dans l'élégance des textes préliminaires.

CARY FAGAN

between to old bank buildings. "I miss Chicago," Charlie said, coming up beside her. "It's the next best thing, I guess." She followed him inside, into the dark and with jazz music spilling towards them, and while her eyes were still adjusting he paid the cover charge and reached for her hand. The long room was about half-full. He led her to a table not far from the front and the waiter came and took their order for two beers. Charlie turned his chair and already he was smiling, his shoulders moving to the rhythm. She looked to the stage and saw five Negro musicians. They wore pinstripe suits with white shirts and black ties and they swayed as they played. They had chairs but the two horn players, the trumpet and trombone, along with the clarinet player, were standing up, with the double bass player and drummer behind them. Of course she'd seen jazz before, but they were always big bands playing dance music and the musicians had all been white.

She leaned towards him. "Do you know the song?"
"Uh-huh. 'Savoy Blues.' It's a Louis Armstrong tune.
The drummer's especially good, don't you think?"

The drummer? She hadn't taken much notice. When the song ended the applause was loud and the musicians grinned as if they themselves were having the best time in the world. She began to say, "I was reading *Time*" when they started playing again. She recognized the tune as "I Love Paris" but as an instrumental. The beat was so infectious she expected couples to get up and dance but nobody did.

94

18

THE STUDENT

They played three more songs to the end of the set. Then Charlie got up and walked to the stage and shook hands with each of the musicians in turn. The trumpet player, a lean young man with his hair cut close to his scalp, knelt down and put his hand on Charlie's shoulder for a moment as he smiled brilliantly. Charlie looked excited but also at ease in a way she could never be.

He returned to the table and dropped into his chair.
"Man, I needed that. But we can go now if you want."

She put her hand on his arm. "No," she said. "Let's stay."

5

Her family attended Goel Tzedec on University Avenue, a Moorish-style building with twin domes and a mosaic over the three broad doors. Andrei Unterman came with them but then kept his distance, finding a seat near the back. Her father preferred to sit up close while she and he mother went up to the women's balcony. Brian went with his father until he got bored and came upstairs, whining until their mother agreed to take him home.

Miriam remained in the semi-dark, surrounded by women who whispered to one another more than they followed the service below. By midday the fasting was already making her feel a little light-headed. She halfdozed for a while, opening her eyes with a jerk and turning

95

Prose Fiction Romans et nouvelles

Honourable Mention | Mention honorable

Title | Titre

Zodiaque



Julie Massy & Catherine Charbonneau

Author | Auteurs

Designers | Conception

Collectif

Publisher | Maison d'édition

La Mèche

Printer | Imprimerie

Marquis

Typeface | Police de caractères

Coline

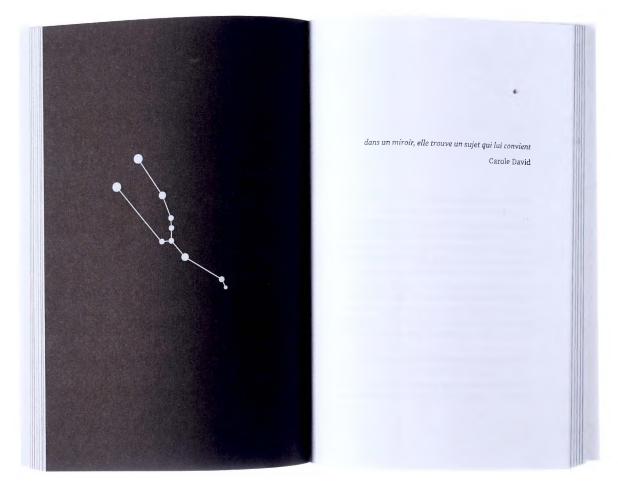
Trim Size | Format massicoté

125 × 194mm

ISBN 9782897070939

This interior was extremely well done, with black pages deployed to excellent effect. Les pages intérieures sont extrêmement bien faites, avec l'effet magnifique des pages noires.

19



Prix de la Société Alcuin The Alcuin Society Awards