Prose Non-Fiction Études et essais nouvelles

First Prize | Premier prix

Title | Titre

A Mind Spread Out on the Ground

Designer | Conception

Lisa Jager
Author | Autrice
Alicia Elliott

Publisher | Maison d'edition Doubleday Canada Printers | Imprimerie
Coral Graphic (jacket);
Berryville Graphics (text)
Typefaces | Polices de caractères

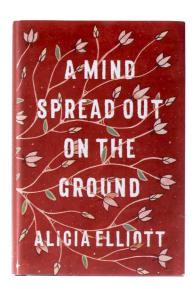
Typefaces | Polices de caractères Canvas 3D, Galliard Pro,

Helvetica

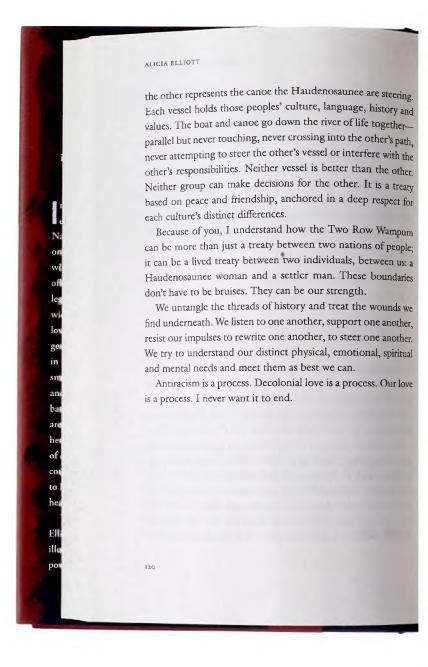
Trim Size | Format massicoté

 138×207 mm

ISBN 9780385692380



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Prose Non-Fiction Études et essais

The strong execution of book-design fundamentals on display here prompted claims of "the perfect package." The beautiful illustration on the soft matte cover carries through into the front matter; embossing adorns the inside of the case; and the interior typography is carefully done. La puissante concrétisation des principes fondamentaux de la conception graphique démontrée dans ce livre a fait en sorte qu'on le qualifie de « combinaison parfaite ». La magnifique illustration sur la couverture souple et mate coule jusque dans l'introduction; l'embossage habille l'intérieur de la reliure; et la typographie intérieure est soigneusement réalisée.

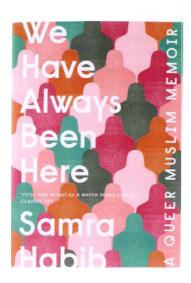


The Alcuin Society Awards Prix de la Société Alcuin

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Title | Titre

We Have Always Been Here: A Queer Muslim Memoir



Designer | Conception Jennifer Griffiths

Author | Autrice

Samra Habib
Publishers | Maison d'édition

Viking Canada/

Penguin Canada
Printer | Imprimerie

Friesens

Typefaces | Polices de caractères

Helvetica, Lyon Text, Raisonne, Beloved Ornaments

Trim Size | Format massicoté $142 \times 208 mm$

ISBN 9780735235007

The clear and urgent message of the title is reinforced with every element of the brilliant cover—its vivid colours, its title that bleeds off the edges, its subtitle that refuses to hide in the leading. The designer seems to have inhaled the spirit of this book, and this moment, and breathed it onto every page. Le message clair et urgent du titre est renforcé à chaque élément de la couverture géniale: ses couleurs vives, ses bordures d'où saigne son titre et son sous-titre qui refuse de se cacher dans l'en-tête. La conceptrice semble s'être imprégnée de l'esprit de ce livre, et du moment présent, pour ensuite les avoir répandus à chaque page.

SAMRA HABIR

After taking a few bites, I started to feel dizzy and nauseated. Nasir and my mom were in the living room watching a Bollywood soap opera. I told them I wasn't feeling well and needed to see a doctor right away. Nasir drove us to the clinic in his Toyota, and I sat in the back seat with my head out the window, feeling the brisk air on my face. As sweat dripped down my back, I promised myself that if I didn't die that night, I would get myself out of the situation any way I could. After an hour in the waiting room, my symptoms started to dissipate. Nervous that I'd have to come clean with the doctor about my actions, I told my mom and Nasir I was feeling well enough to leave.

Back home, I asked everyone to gather in my parents' bedroom. There, I announced that I did not love Nasir. I said I was sure that one day he would make someone very happy, but that someone wasn't going to be me. He threatened to tell my parents about what we did together, implying we'd had sex and knowing that would discourage my parents from letting me end the marriage because it would mean I was no longer pure. I told him I didn't care, that it wasn't true.

My mom suggested that we give Nasir a makeover, as if this would solve everything. To her, his lack of style was his only shortcoming.

I'm not sure how I summoned the courage to say that nothing could change my mind. I did not want to be Nasir's

WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HERE

wife, and that was that. I no longer felt scared to share what I had been feeling for years. In fact, for the first time in my life, I felt brave. I finally knew how it felt to stand by my convictions, unconcerned about the consequences.

The room was silent. No one knew what to say or do.

Nasir left, and I never saw him again. Just like that, he
was extinguished from my life. In the coming weeks, the
mosque annulled our nikah, crystallizing the end of our
brief and rocky union.

I thought life would become bearable once Nasir was gone, but if anything, my parents became more cruel and controlling. Before the annulment, I could at least live peacefully under the guise of the good, obedient Muslim girl. Now my parents saw that I was rebellious and in need of discipline. They reverted to their old ways, monitoring my every move, looking for clues as to why I had ended my matriage.

In desperate need of an outlet for my anger and frustration, I made a rash decision: I cut off all my hair. Inspired by the strong female pop stars of the time—Pink, Toni Braxton, Dolores O'Riordan of the Cranberries—I transformed myself by shedding the long, dark locks I'd once been so proud of.

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Prose Non-Fiction Études et essais

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

Title | Titre

Older Sister. Not Necessarily Related.



Designer | Conception
Terry Nimmo
Author | Autrice

Jenny Heijun Wills
Publisher | Maison d'édition

NeWest Press

Printer | Imprimerie

Friesens

Typeface | Police de caractères

Jenson Pro

Trim Size | Format massicoté

132 × 202mm

ISBN 9780771070891

The interior typography is excellent and highly readable, with ample leading and white space creating a light, spacious feel, but it's the ragged-right text that captivated the judges: the unevenness seems to arise from the content, lending the text a poetic feel that evokes the uncontained, episodic nature of memories. La typographie des pages intérieures est exceptionnelle et rend le livre très agréable à lire, avec des en-têtes amples et des espaces blancs créant une spacieuse sensation de légèreté, mais c'est le texte aligné à droite qui a captivé les juges: l'inégalité semble surgir du contenu, donnant une allure poétique au texte et évoquant la nature imperturbable et épisodique des souvenirs.

55

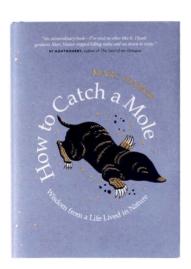
The students in my first-grade French class called her I turned another year older. On paper, that is-because Mademoiselle R., because no one could pronounce her no one really knows how accurate those documents are family name. Now I recognize in her name the world after all. Today, I refuse to believe in any of those things. from where her recent ancestors must have come. I But on my sixth birthday I had a party. At the party, I asked my parents if they believed my Korean mother recognize what must be carved into one of the thicker branches of her family tree. thought of me, at least, when that one day rolled around She was so beautiful and I was in love with her. We each year. Many years later they admitted that, until were what someone, years later, described to me as then, they hadn't realized I ever thought about her. Of kinfolk, yet racial strangers. As a six-year-old, I told a course I did, I told them, emboldened by having finally schoolmate that Mademoiselle R. was my mother. My found the words. By having finally found the people who friend was generous enough to ignore me and my help me practise those words. delusions. Or maybe to them, colour was colour. I knew we weren't the same. I also understood we were together in our difference from everyone else. On very special days, Mademoiselle R. would hold my hand and we'd walk around the schoolyard. Once, I tripped and my mouth and elbow began to bleed. Mademoiselle R. knelt down and held on to me, and then she peered straight into my face. Her eyes, like mine, were black. Maybe the blackest I'd ever seen. I saw myself in her eyes.

The Alcuin Society Awards Prix de la Société Alcuin

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

Title I Titre

How to Catch a Mole: Wisdom from a Life Lived in Nature



Designers | Conception

Naveli Jimenez & Suzanne Dean

Author | Auteur

Marc Hamer

Illustrator | Illustration

Joe McLaren

Publisher | Maison d'édition

Greystone Books

Printer | Imprimerie

Friesens

Typefaces | Polices de caractères

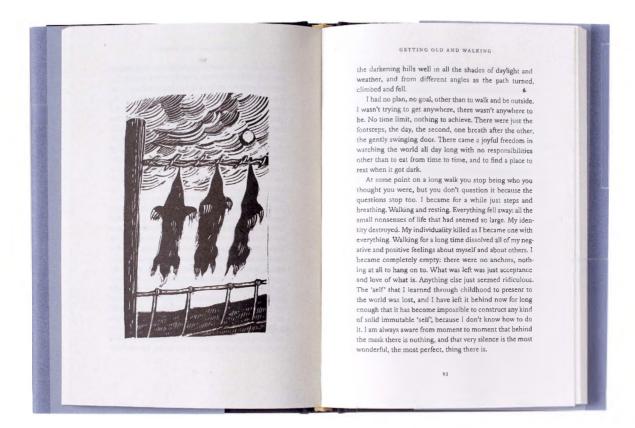
Palatino, Register*, Neutraface 2 Text

Trim Size | Format massicoté

133 × 189mm

ISBN 9781771644792

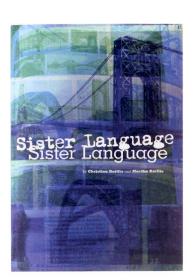
In this cohesive package on sturdy stock, beautiful woodcut illustrations are given space to impress, while their feeling of solidity informs the rest of the design to emphasize the content. | Dans cet ouvrage caractérisé par sa cohérence sur papier robuste, on donne l'espace nécessaire aux impressionnantes illustrations de gravure sur bois, ce qui donne une impression de robustesse au reste de la conception pour mettre en valeur le contenu



Honourable Mention | Mention honorable

Title | Titre

Sister Language



Designer | Conception

 $Zab\ Design\ +\ Typography$

Authors | Autrices

Christina Baillie & Martha Baillie

Publisher | Maison d'édition

Pedlar Press

Printer | Imprimerie

Coach House Press

Typeface | Police de caractères Memphis

Trim Size | Format massicoté
150 × 216mm

ISBN 9781897141984

The interior is excellent: interesting experimentation with typography, varied typefaces, strong pacing and balance, and photography deployed in a manner that heightens its immediacy. L'intérieur est de très haute qualité: expérimentation fort intéressante sur le plan de la typographie, des polices de caractères variées, un rythme soutenu et un bel équilibre, de même qu'une photographie déployée de manière à accentuer son immédiateté.





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Title I Titre

Marcher sur un LEGO et autres raisons d'aimer la vie



Designer | Conception

Nathalie Caron

Author | Auteur

Stéphane Dompierre

Publisher | Maison d'édition

Québec Amérique

Printer | Imprimerie

Imprimerie HLN

Typefaces | Polices de caractères

Helvetica Neue, Chaparral Pro

Trim Size | Format massicoté

102 × 171mm

ISBN 9782764437667

The non-traditional design choices are a perfect fit thematically, and convey a lot of character. Textured backgrounds are interesting, and the pacing and typography are consistently strong. Les choix de design non traditionnels constituent un mariage parfait sur le plan thématique et dégagent beaucoup de caractère. Les arrière-plans texturés sont dignes d'intérêt, alors que le rythme et la typographie présentent beaucoup de force.

62. LES RADIOS COMMERCIALES

Les radios commerciales sont celles où on t'annonce que le groupe Galaxie vient de sortir un nouvel album, que Iggy Pop est en ville, que le Festival international de jazz bat son plein et où l'animateur gâche tout ça d'un coup en annonçant qu'on entendra, tout de suite après la pause, Sensualité d'Axelle Red. Pourquoi font-elles jouer cette chanson trois fois par jour depuis 1993? Si on me prouve que ca chasse les moustiques ou que c'est bon pour la peau, d'accord, je me rends, mais sinon il faut que ça cesse. Parce que la radio commerciale, on n'a pas le choix de l'écouter ou pas; elle est partout. On l'entend dans les voitures qui passent, dans les boutiques, sur les terrasses, dès qu'on sort de chez soi on risque d'être agressé par des refrains incongrus tels que « Ouh stop un instant, j'aimerais que ce moment, fixe pour des tas d'années, ta sensualité». Je ne me suis pas acheté un lecteur de MP3 pour écouter de la musique, mais bien pour couvrir le son des radios commerciales afin de vivre une journée sans Axelle Red une fois de temps en temps.

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63, MON CERVEAU

C'est vers cinq ou six ans que les problèmes ont commencé. Je me suis réveillé au milieu de la nuit parce que j'entendais du bruit, et j'ai vu ma mère déposer un beau gros camion jaune en métal sur ma commode. Le camion que je désirais tant! Elle est repartie sur la pointe des pieds pendant que je faisais semblant de dormir, un grand sourire aux lèvres. J'étais impatient que le matin arrive, que je puisse étrenner mon nouveau jouet dans le coin le plus sale du jardin, rempli de boue, de cailloux, d'insectes grouillants et d'oiseaux morts.

Quand je me suis levé, il n'y avait rien sur ma commode. Ni en dessous. Ni autour. J'avais rêvé. Et je venais d'apprendre qu'on ne peut se fier à rien, et surtout pas à son cerveau.

Tu te souviens sûrement de cette fois où, quand tu étais enfant, tu t'es perdu dans un grand magasin, dans le rayon des vêtements de madame, et que tu t'es mis à pleurer parce que tu ne trouvais plus tes parents? (Aussi un peu parce que tu venais de tomber devant un soutien-gorge double D couleur chair.)

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