

TRACE



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A Chronicle of Living Literature



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JAMES BOYER MAY

TRACE

EDITOR

TRACE

No. 19

Living Literature

Essays & Articles · Poetry · Reviews

October 1956

Edited by James Boyer May

A READING EDITION

ABOUT THIS EDITION

This reading edition preserves the issue's poetry, fiction, essays, correspondence, reviews, and other literary writing in their printed order. Advertising, subscription matter, mastheads, the magazine's own contents pages, annual indexes, address lists, and the running trade directory are omitted as reference apparatus.

The text was checked against newly rendered source pages. Poetry lineation, stanza spacing, shaped indents, and hanging continuations for long lines are retained; prose continuations are joined without false paragraph indents. Conjectural readings are enclosed in square brackets, while original spelling and punctuation are otherwise kept.

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MENTAL RESERVATIONS

by Felix Anselm

Unbelievers and agnostics seldom tolerate disbelievers in their unbelief and agnostics toward their agnosticism. Doubters have no use for doubters of their doubt, skeptics require unskeptical acceptance of their skepticism, the unorthodox demand the most orthodox unorthodoxy from their flock, anarchists want their followers to toe the anarchic line, revolutionaries approve only of comrades dedicated to the conservation of past revolutionary achievements, and who is more religiously irreligious than an atheist?

He is a limited thinker indeed who can see only 'both' sides of an issue!

The less people distinguish between, the more they discriminate against.

One simply has to make a decision as to what one wants more: to think well, or to be well thought of.

The artist is a man who matures earlier than the average person and stays immature longer.

Idle thoughts : cause and effect.

Work : a prophylactic against thought.

He received his training as a newspaper critic of art, literature, and the drama during his early association with a manufacturer of paper towel dispensers which he had to imprint with the trade-marked words, PULL DOWN — TEAR UP.

The journalist writes in order to make a living. The poet lives in order to make a writing.

The average reader sticks to the sense and doesn't understand the letter.

Reading per se is no more a virtue than walking per se. It all depends on where one is walking or reading to. The good

reader is motivated by the wish to let the author's thoughts arouse his own, and has reached his aim when he stops reading to start thinking. The bad reader wishes to let the author's thoughts take over and blot out his own thoughtlessness. Reading, for the first, provides food for thought ; for the second, dope for a void.

A bad book devoured with gusto is more nourishing than a good book consumed without appetite.

Reading : the translation of an author into a reader.

There are two basic types of readers : the recreational and the recreative.

'That is beyond me'—is usually the definition for something worthwhile.

The artist seldom expresses all he feels ; the dilettante always more than he feels.

Good writing : controlled abandon, not abandoned control.

The artist is like a self-winding watch : he creates his life's tensions in order to release them in his work.

The books in a rental library are at your disposal like the women in a public house ; the books in your own library, like the wives of your private harem. Owning a library is practising bibliopolygamy.

The editors of literary anthologies usually play host in order to mingle with the guests.

(Felix Anselm is the pseudonym of a distinguished librarian, whose book of aphorisms probably will first appear in Europe in his native German.)

TOWARDS PRINT

by the Editor of Trace

With this issue, TRACE can look back on five years of appearances; and yet, mainly because both the publisher, Mr John Sankey, and the Editor have habitually over-estimated their capacities for work, the anniversary will not be reached with anything like a satisfactory financial balance-sheet. Neither ever has taken any money for thought, time, and just plain drudgery required for the project. Hours of VILLIERS PUBLICATIONS' employees of course have been compensated at the going scales—but TRACE contributors have been paid little; and a mounting cash deficit has been met from the pocket of this writer. The paid circulation, while shifting considerably from number to number and year to year (in identities of subscribers) has remained about stationary, after a mushrooming back in 1952.

Contradictorily, the letter-files bulge with evidences that the project has been needed and appreciated, and that this disturbing status could be altered overnight, with a very modest promotional campaign. Several earnest supporters have threatened to take it on themselves to undertake such a campaign; but their lives have been crowded (too), and so far none has been able to do this.

Yes, that often-squandered commodity known as Time becomes increasingly difficult to budget, as years advance. Unfortunately, Time cannot be pared and laid by in some hoardingplace; and it can't—like money—be reduced to Arabic symbols in a neat little bank-book, ready for future re-conversion. Even twelve to fourteen hours a day (including night hours too, to be sure) prove utterly inadequate for essential routines, and for the Editor to meet vital

commitments. As to rescuing scattered occasional hours for his own creative work—this long since was abandoned for hopeless. Activity after activity has been reduced, and schedules plotted and re-plotted; and there simply hasn't been time (either) for adequate TRACE sales promotions, nor to set up a plan for paid advertising, which also easily could meet the deficits.

As of now, there is no notion of suspending; but the situation is not healthy, and at any instant, some unforeseen new obstacle could force the issue—unless all reading this will donate, not cash, but a little time. If each TRACE supporter would give a half-hour to convert one new subscriber, the entire problem would dissolve. If each will exert sufficient effort so that an average of one-third of a new subscription per present subscription is obtained, the deficit will be wiped out for an entire year! If just one in 100 TRACE subscribers should obtain one minimum paid advertisement, a year's deficit would be met. Anything beyond would build a reserve.

Since private-subscription renewals scarcely justify the cost of overcoming what usually no doubt is just plain negligent inertia in way over half those whose subscriptions expire each year, stress is placed on subscriptions from libraries, schools, and other institutions, all of which invariably become permanent subscribers, once on the roll. And to get one of these desirable subscriptions appears only a matter of obtaining actual hearing; for once it's understood that TRACE is a reliable guide to an area of contemporary writing otherwise rather inaccessible, any who have need of the data it alone supplies both order at automatically-renewing subscriptions and entire back-files, to the extent available.

Which leads to comment, as in the past, that everyone in the U.S.A. (including librarians) has developed such a tolerance to every type of advertising, that the percentage

effectiveness of the most expert promotion has fallen where endeavours which haven't mass-sales potentials no longer profitably can make themselves known! Partial coverage of libraries with brochures and even with sample copies has been attempted; but not only have results indicated that mail-receiving personnel make no intelligent appraisals of such material, but positive proof of this has been obtained when librarians previously solicited in this fashion have written (after some personal contact) that they never had heard of the project and surely would have long since subscribed, had they been informed. This has proven quite frustrating. And even checking copies of TRACE invariably are 'lost,' unless sent by first-class post to individuals.

This should clarify the contradiction—that although librarians and teachers (too) declare TRACE 'indispensable' (the favorite word), hundreds continue to be without it. You TRACE subscribers could rectify this in short order. A post card either to Mr Sankey or to this writer will bring a recent copy to show and/or give away.

EDITORS WRITE

Ritchie Darling (AMERICAN LETTERS): 'The review is primarily devoted to bringing positive major and minor poets and other writers to the attention of the literary-world reviews, editors, publishers, agents, teachers, libraries — and will contain only what I consider good writing, which omits almost all the new critics, and just about everybody else, unless they have something to say. "Say" doesn't mean necessarily a message, but it does mean good writing in the sense of important writing, going-to-be-important writing, or perhaps beautiful and/or significant writing. In other words, one man's choice. . . . Alpin Murphy is 25 years old, and is currently doing research work at the Menninger Foundation, Topeka, Kans. His writing is satirical, in the tradition of Bierce and Smollett. But it is also optimistic. And it is his optimism, his concrete belief in humanity, that makes him more than a fine satirist. In that way, he is a sort of Conrad (of "The Secret Agent") with a smile. . . . Francis Golffing is considered to be close to a great translator, if not a great one, of German, and a professor at Bennington College (of English). He is going to be teaching American Literature in Berlin this year. His poetry has been passed over time and time again, because it means a little something, because of its excellence, and because of its superb technique. There are few writers alive with his scholarship, and none with his very close affinity with Lewis Carroll. I think Murphy a major writer, and Golffing a minor poet. Perhaps they are the best in the fields . . .'

(With regard to the foregoing — Mr Darling's new magazine will offer, with each issue, the work of some one writer. His two projected 1957 issues are to be devoted to Murphy and Golffing.)

Mel Weisburd (COASTLINES): 'As a result of the practical experience gained so far, our ambitions have enlarged. We

are hoping to develop a magazine that will be even more unique. That is, the dream of every little magazine editor, the development of a popular literary art. Of course, I don't mean by this to water down poetry, to lower standards, to utilise gimmickry, but to design a magazine which is readable in the sense that poetry and short stories and criticism will have added meaning by the context in which they are placed. That by reading each issue of the magazine, the reader will know not only what the poems are driving at, but the necessity and function of poetry in our society. That an article on the social conditions of Tijuana involves perhaps the kinds of pre-materials which go into the making of at least a class of poetry, that poetry rather than being the literary property of the cultural snob, is in reality the highly developed faculty of the emotionally precise mind, and that poetry and literary art in general express an area of experience nowhere else expressed. In this sense, we are not ashamed or disgusted at any kind of literary effort, whether it be pulp, confession, journalism, that we are to be as completely free as possible: that snobbishness and coterie will not enslave us to any literary specialty. In other words, we are aiming towards a general magazine—with articles, poems, correspondence, photographs, etc.... That we will make every attempt to reach a mass audience, that we will employ public relations, advertising, that we will build up as large a functionalised staff as possible, that we will attempt, eventually, to secure investments, and that we will succeed wherever we have a chance to succeed. This we hope to do with only one rule in mind: never to lower the quality that we can possibly attain. If our magazine can become—as we so ambitiously exclaim—the “writer's link with his audience,” then I think it deserves the maximum amount of support.

POETRY AND PROGRESS

by Joseph L. Grucci

The pickle in which the world finds itself today would make it seem that all the hopes man had placed in science have not been fortunations, as Mrs Malaprop might have said. With all the miraculatory progress of the last thirty years or so, man is no happier — indeed look at the increasing numbers in our mental institutions — than he was without television, jet-flying, atomic energy and interplanetary communication (the brink of it, that is). Ironically, perhaps the prestige of science is in decline because of the creation of atomic energy, since scientists do not seem to have the social skills to control it. (How they hope to manage life on other planets beats us.) Consequently the humanities are quietly regaining a prestige which they had lost. This can be seen in the curricula of the better colleges of science and engineering where humanities courses have been introduced to prevent the rigid specialization that obviously cannot deal with problems affecting the whole of society.

With the necessary social changes implicit in this reorientation, the arts may have much to gain. The artist was one of the first victims of technological progress, and the least grieved for. Since the machine had no use for one who still worked by hand, the artist was cut off from a society that put such huge dependence on the machine. His divorce became complete with the fragmentation of skills that the machine required. Fragmented man, not the whole man (who was flesh and spirit of the Renaissance), was the result.

It was only natural that this alienation of the artist from society tended to impersonalise his art, for he no longer shared in a communal life that belonged to the feudal past. And as the gulf between intellect and emotion widened with

his separation from society, the artist became more abstract in his expression, less concerned with reason and reality. Reason, the artist then argued, is the concern of philosophy; art is the life of the imagination. Still, there are those who will answer that great art combines them both. Abstract art and 'pure' poetry are very fine in their own right, they say, but an abstraction is meaningless unless it suggests some relationship to reality. (An exception should of course be made of abstract art whose basic aim is design.) An abstraction is generalization, and what is general can have little meaning without reference, direct or oblique, to the particular. No man thinks in a vacuum, however, for even his most abstract ideas are in some way conditional by the world in which he lives. But the real peril of the poet who has turned his back on reality is that he tends to write with greater skill about less and less, until he becomes the accomplished virtuoso in writing about nothing. His dubious triumph is in sharpening a blade to thrust at shadows.

Although some of the extremes in art have made communication difficult, and at times even impossible, they are not likely to continue forever. For the divorce of the artist from society, a separation which first caused the failure of communication, is not permanent. When art ceases to be associated with only the practical and the useful, the reintegration of the artist will become a very real necessity. The poet will then no longer be content with a language of private meanings but will feel a need to communicate with a more responsive audience. Meantime, though, he cannot force himself and his poetry upon a culture that is more concerned with interplanetary communication than with understanding between fellow-earthlings.

(Reprinted from the Spring, 1956, PIVOT.)

SOME ITEMS RECEIVED by the Editor

THE LITTLE PAGAN, by Eric Ratcliffe: privately printed pamphlet (1/3 or 25c. from the poet at 73 Coleshill Rd.,

Teddington, Middlesex, Engl.). Here's a lyrical romanticist, using modern methods in traditional lines which seem to have evolved so improvisedly that there's never a second's sensation of artificiality. Even the lines that rhyme stream forth unselfconsciously; and one must return and reread, to perceive the craft employed. His poetry beguiles the ears and all the senses, while underlining at the same subtle pauses, exercise for the intellect. Mr Ratcliffe is a pantheist absorbed by myth and ancient ritual; he has described himself as engrossed in Celticism—and this little booklet beautifully illustrates it. Beyond this, he imbues with religious feeling a naturalistic paganism, sure to charm the most unorthodox of believers or the most abstract of metaphysical theorists, if they bring to the poems a minimum of aesthetic appreciation and imagination, plus the acquiescence to relax and establish rapport, to allow the glowing images to convey even fractionally their poignant moods and insights. That this poet provides sensual delight, while stirring sober thought, the implications of which may be darkly foreboding—or that he suggests with winsome lightness profound psychological and historical truths—is, if not unique, rather rare in modern verse, which too often either repels by brutality or displays hodgepodge brilliance that glints slight significance. And beyond all, Mr Ratcliffe demonstrates power to select and concentrate, an essential poetic faculty, all-too-often quite unrevealed in contemporary multiplex-schizophrenic stuff, some of which indicates actual disintegration of the personalities behind it, rather than displaying the realisms of world-disorder its apologists assert.

The publishers (WWHIMS Y) of *THE MELTING CLOCK*, by Miriam Jans (60c.) must take a bow for making available a group of superior illustrations how tricks of modern imagery and the 'natural' free line may be utilized luminously and with adroitly-poised (almost in effects of spontaneity) relaxation, in combinations and expressions of

surface-novelty which yet may not prove too shocking to help re-educate even some traditional-verse addicts. Miriam Jans is—no disputing—a skilled and sensitive and perceptive poetastress with sparkling language-control and the genius to flash and flare and tinkle and harmonise, and sometimes to utilize original dissonances and occasionally roar and thunder; and still, she leaves this reader inquiring wherefore and whereto this admirable command of word and sound and vision. What here is suggested and what portends? Pictures are unveiled, smells and textures conjured . . . but here lingers only an aura of enjoyed diversion. Furthermore, rereading stirs the interspersing triter echoes, which soon vibrate louder than the fresher nuances, which also then begin to look contrived. And finally, a fourth or fifth reading reveals Miss Jans has been moved by no deep-lying oppositions, no deep-felt indignations, no overpowering love, and even no intentions out of milder anguished longings nor of burst frustration. Her analogies and contrasts, her admirable concentrations all finally are lovely posturings, if not perhaps of vanity, at least in nearing damning percentage, with deliberate desire to evoke just such and such an entrancing impression. With this intelligence and talent, she may some day produce significant and moving originalities — but not until she's suffered more, not until she's crawled perhaps through a couple of purgatories. . . . And yet, WWHIMSY is to be thanked for publishing work embodying many values, work which surely is superior to most that finds light in chapbook pamphlets.

After the foregoing, it's electrifying to pick up a collection by one not only possessing talent for expression, but moved by valid earnestness, so that each piece both presents a trial of form and conveys poignancy of purpose. When keen interest and involuntary admiration rise immediately in a reviewer who receives all too many little books of poetry, there should be some grounds for suspecting it worthwhile

and that most who read this will find it worthwhile. They are hereby urged to order from the poet, Felix Singer, 1249 N. LaSalle St., Chicago 10, Ill., one of the limited edition of THEN — NOW — FOREVER. For, although \$3 is a high price for a 48-page booklet, considered physically, the contents mean more than those of almost any half-dozen others, taken at random.

First, the idiom. Mr Singer offers his own unique verbalizations and arrangements. This is not, of course, to allege that no influences are present. These pieces were not created in an unread untutored void by a man unacquainted with his predecessors; but the individuality is marked at once, and pleasingly, and — beyond this — meaningfully. Another outward sign of a possible major poet lies in the variety of presentations, the versatility, the number of quite different vehicles employed in writings within a seven-year span. And not to claim for Mr Singer's unusual expressions any shattering advances in poetic composition, as such — and none such motives obviously could have been foremost in this sincere young man — but to underline that integrity here is re-enforced by pronounced gifts for novel communication.

Mr Singer is involved both with enigmas confronting our entire society and with close personal problems many of which are philosophical and psychological and integral to the development of the self-aware intelligence which is man. To note that these questions have been asked before and that few answers are propounded would be both trite, in itself, and an injustice to one who has fulfilled nevertheless the highest poetic functions by offering (via most these poems) real extensions of experience through renderings from heightened sensibilities both of his own intimate feelings and his conjecturings on problems of Existence.

Working with a deal less freedom, but with more practised touch and indubitably equally intense and genuine

purposes is Gertrude May Lutz (*POINT THE SUN TOMORROW*, from *GOLDEN QUILL PRESS*, \$2.50). This is poetry of top excellence from one sensitively and knowledgefully concerned with some dreadfully pressing conundrums; and her chief fault, if a fault, in the best pieces is perhaps an over-degree of technical selfconsciousness. Mrs Lutz is extremely anxious to manifest her skill and demonstrate that her percepts are by no means trivial nor then revealing her a victim of hackneyed sentiment. Fortunately, she has the quality of succinctness, and her handseled analogies arrive so happily that she surprises and overtakes and out-phrases her own cautions-to-impress; and the stamp of authenticity is deep on all her better poems. She could do better still, if she'd just ignore lingering trepidation she might be misidentified for merely another 'three-deckerhandled' matron struggling to compensate for sacrificed youth — which Mrs Lutz decidedly is not. Had she followed examples of Mary Ann Evans or Amantine Lucile Aureore Dupin and christened herself something like George Eliot or George Sand, she'd not only have had less to overcome, but conceivably could have brought forth less-inhibited and greater poetry. . . . And yes, this is more than a hinted suggestion !

ADDENDA

Attention just has been drawn to an organisation of interest to scores of TRACE subscribers, many of whom already should be aware of it, since it has existed since 1904. However, the Editor wasn't aware of it — so this may be news to some. The organisation is THE FOSSILS, Inc., for all engaged without profit (true amateurs) in printing, writing, editing, or publishing, for over fifteen years. It is a kind of 'senior' society to the many ajay and amateur-printing organisations throughout the world ; but membership in none of these is a prerequisite. Communication should be with the editor of their official quarterly, THE FOSSIL, Edward H. Cole, 54 Oakwood Rd., Newtonville 60, Mass., U.S.A. (dues, \$4 per year, include subscription). Present and past members include many international figures, and among their publications have been numerous journals, brochures, and small books which have won awards both for typography and contents. THE FOSSILS not only encourage and publicise amateur journals and book-publications, but assist libraries throughout the world in acquiring collections of such items, and have purchased and placed with the BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MEMORIAL LIBRARY in Philadelphia the Edwin Hadley Smith Collection. They have built probably the largest collection of amateur journals, at the AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY in Worcester, Mass. Under management of Lachlan MacDonald, former chief editor of THE CHICAGO REVIEW, is the University of Chicago nationwide contest for the Charles H. Sergel Drama Prize (\$1,000). Information may be obtained from him at the University Faculty Exchange (Chicago 37, Ill., U.S.A.). Closing date is the first of March, 1957.

TRACE contributor George Abbe won the Shelley Award of \$800, this summer, for his poetry achievements. The more recent of his many publications have been noted in these

pages. His services, past and present, are aiding in what seems may prove the 'restoration' of poetry.

A new 1956 periodical which does not belong in the Directory, and yet which will be desired by many is *THE DUMASIAN*, organ of The Dumas Association headed by Jean Cocteau. It offers unique and otherwise near-inaccessible material on Alexandre Dumas and his works, comprising new bibliographical data and practical information where to obtain special items, as well as features of related nature. Memberships include subscriptions (20/- or \$3, to Geoffrey Handley-Taylor, Secretary, c/o Arts Theatre Club, 6-7 Great Newport St., London W.C.2).

Among pending books is *UNIVERSE INSIDE ME*, by Lawrence Barth (privately from author at 82 W. 12th St., New York 11, N.Y., U.S.A., \$2)—of special note because extracts have appeared over several past years in the former *MATRIX*, in *SHENANDOAH*, and more recently in *SNOWY EGRET* and *THE MISCELLANEOUS MAN*.

New poetry books include a 'first' from Robert Beloof, *THE ONE-EYED GUNNER* (VILLIERS PUBLICATIONS, 10/- and \$2 in U.S.A.). Cid Corman offers *THE RESPONSES* (ORIGIN PRESS, a limited edition produced in Italy, cover by Stacha Halpern, \$1). Erroneously titled before has been an experimentally-adventurous selection from essayist Jay Pell, *SPECTRE IN THE FANTASTIC LABORATORY* (INFERNO PRESS, \$2). COMET PRESS BOOKS is reported will bring out an American edition of *WHY I CAME* and other poems by Justo P. Tolentino (previously reviewed).

Also of interest is Mr Tolentino's *NOTICES*, a monthly publication devoted to international literary news, and the organ of the International Poetry Day Association of the Philippines. Much poetry is reprinted from worldspread sources (50c. to PACIFICA address). Mr Tolentino, whose already-announced anthology remains open to published contributions, has many activities—for example, a Home

International Library of Poetry and an International Literary Centre, which he narrates is 'a hangout where writers come to drink, eat, and to meet in conference.' He wishes to keep Philippine writers informed of outside literary events and has become affiliated with organisations in other countries, at the same time asking support from those in other countries for his undertakings there. Poets contributing signed poems may become active participants for \$5 P.I. (which by a recent table is about \$2.50 U.S.A.).

Other books in the offing include several from ZERO PRESS. Of special interest here should be the ZERO No. 8 ANTHOLOGY, edited by Themistocles Hoetis, and writings of Kenneth Patchen, Paul Bowles, and many others, and a new collection of Gore Vidal stories: A THIRSTY EVIL. These are advertised for November, at \$3.50 and \$3.00, respectively. ALAN SWALLOW will soon bring out SLOW FIRE OF TIME, by Conrad Pendleton (still unpriced).

FIVE YEARS OF TRACE

Herewith is a long-requested index, by authors, of contributions to TRACE. Because even some briefer statements may prove important for purposes of reference to key ideas, EDITORS WRITE also is largely indexed (by 'EW' and issue numbers only). The same, for some parts of TOWARDS PRINT from other editors ('TP' and nos.), and some of several reactions to an Ellen Edelman article, so tagged. Finally, and separately indexed, are part of the books and magazines noted, indexed by authors or editors. These are either those actually reviewed, or noted with what seems more than passing comment. And with re the magazines, even those reviewed at length are not included, unless under the direction of some one individual—since it's assumed the chief use of the index will be for research in biographical studies.

The numbers-series starts from June, 1952, bi-monthly publication not having begun until June, 1954 :

- Abbe, George — from YOU AND MODERN POETRY (15)
- Alberts, Frank — EW (3)
- Algren, Nelson — EW (5)
- Anselm, Felix — MENTAL RESERVATIONS (19)
- Ashman, Richard — EW (10)
- Barth, Lawrence — LITTLE MAGAZINES AND TYRANNY (4)
- Brigante, Louis — EW (2) (4)
- Brown, Elinor — TP (7)
- Brownjohn, Alan — EW (2) (4) (8)
- Carter, Thomas H. — EW (2)
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- Cummings, Ridgley — POETRY AND OLD AGE (2)

- Darling, Ritchie — EW (19)
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Gulick, Charles — EW (4)
Sankey, John — A SURVEY OF LITTLE MAGAZINE PUBLISHING
(5)
Scarborough, William H. — EW (17)
Schevill, James — A STYLE FOR ACTION : Notes on Verse
Drama (17)
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Woods, Frederick — EW (8) (11)

All comments on books and magazines are by the Editor
of TRACE :

Abse, Dannie — POETRY & POVERTY (8)

Beaudoin, Kenneth L. — POEMS, 1955 (15)

Beecher, John — LAND OF THE FREE (17)

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Borrow, Anthony — THE LONDON BROADSHEET (12)

Bourinot, Arthur S. — CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE (8)

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Burke, Kenneth — BOOK OF MOMENTS (13)

Casimir, Paul — COMPANY OF TWO (13)

Coffield, Glen — NEW AGE ANTHOLOGY (13)

Cogswell, Fred — THE HALOED TREE (16)

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Everts, Lillian — JOURNEY TO THE FUTURE (15)

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence — PICTURES OF THE GONE WORLD (15)

Ferrini, Vincent — FOUR WINDS (2)

Ford, Kenneth — THE CLEAN DYING (15)

Galvin, Patrick — CHANTICLEER (8)

Greenwood, Arthur — TALISMAN (2)

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