



PEGASUS

A Magazine of Verse

VOLUME I, NUMBER 2

March 1923

A NEW DIGITAL READING EDITION

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

The second number looks more fully like a little magazine: Fred Gronberg appears as associate editor, a contents page maps the issue, and the editorial office is fixed at 2372 First Street, San Diego. Its poems range from John Drury's spare urban snow scene to Ruth Clay Price's pounding oil-field rhythms and Beatrice L. Morse's eucalyptus. The issue's geography is correspondingly broad, but its editorial center remains local and handmade.

The key document is 'The Silent Minority,' a defense of poetry's small audience. That manifesto helps explain Pegasus's scale: the magazine does not imagine mass reach so much as a network of attentive readers and contributors. The University of Chicago's archival finding aid preserves this number within a dedicated little-magazine collection, while the 1923 federal copyright catalog confirms Lench's ownership of the San Diego title. The issue can therefore be read both as a gathering of poems and as an argument for the cultural usefulness of small circulation.

SOURCES CONSULTED

- University of Chicago little-magazine finding aid
- U.S. copyright catalog, 1923 periodicals

TEXTUAL AND EDITORIAL NOTE

This edition is newly typeset from the supplied HathiTrust scan. Obvious OCR artifacts, broken words, duplicated drop capitals, and spacing errors have been corrected against the page images. Period spelling, capitalization, and unusual diction have otherwise been retained. Hyphens and em dashes have been checked against the printed pages rather than normalized into a single mark. Each poem begins on a new page, with its printed issue page and scan page identified, and every poet's name is placed immediately beneath the corresponding title.

CONTENTS OF THIS EDITION

Volume I, Number 2 · March 1923

Every poem is listed with its poet and the location of its first appearance in the supplied scan.

SNOW-PIECE

John Drury

Issue p. 1 · Scan p. 3.

INDIFFERENT

Rolfe Humphreys

Issue p. 2 · Scan p. 4.

SUCCESS

Lila Munro Tainter

Issue p. 2 · Scan p. 4.

INTROSPECTION

Lila Munro Tainter

Issue p. 2 · Scan p. 4.

THE WILD-CAT OIL WELL

Ruth Clay Price

Issue p. 3 · Scan p. 5.

SONG

Granger Blanden

Issue p. 4 · Scan p. 6.

SONG

Granger Blanden

Issue p. 4 · Scan p. 6.

EUCALYPTUS TREES

Beatrice L. Morse

Issue p. 5 · Scan p. 7.

THE LITTLE GREY STREET

Hugh Dalzell

Issue p. 5 · Scan p. 7.

ONE DAY

Dorothy Page

Issue p. 6 · Scan p. 8.

RESONANCE

Edna Constance Willard

Issue p. 7 · Scan p. 9.

DEBUSSY

Winifred M. Heath

Issue p. 8 · Scan p. 10.

RED ROSE SONG

H. L. Haywood

Issue p. 8 · Scan p. 10.

INVERSION

Challiss Silvay

Issue p. 9 · Scan p. 11.

DESERT LURE

Annice Calland

Issue p. 9 · Scan p. 11.

CHANGE

J. G. Hansen

Issue p. 10 · Scan p. 12.

THE DREAM IMMORTAL

Ellen Morrill Mills

Issue p. 10 · Scan p. 12.

OLD SONGS

A. Pearle Carter

Issue p. 10 · Scan p. 12.

AUGUST NINTH

Ivan T. Dowell

Issue p. 11 · Scan p. 13.

Issue p. 1 · Scan p. 3.

SNOW-PIECE

John Drury

The snow drifts
Silently
Like tiny petals
From the vast floating
White rose-gardens of clouds
Hidden above in black night.
The snow drifts
Slantingly
Across bland milky faces
Of street-lamps
And lies in sparkling points of light
Upon the dim-lit street.
The snow drifts
Dreamily
While furtive figures in black
Appear in the light and disappear—
Dark notes
That break the silent symphony of white.

Issue p. 2 · Scan p. 4.

INDIFFERENT

Rolfe Humphreys

I toss back chatter in the cheerful faces
Of those whom your departure does not stir,
And desperately I avoid the places
Where you were.
I grin at foolish things they say about me
Oh, I am very gay and very bright,
But—I think I'll let the sunset do without me
Tonight.

Issue p. 2 · Scan p. 4.

SUCCESS

Lila Munro Tainter

The banquet is spread:
The famished crowd surges about it
Uttering wild cries.
I am on the outskirts,
I am strong,
I elbow through,
Snatch from the weak,
Trample them down,
Reach my goal—
And laugh at them.

Issue p. 2 · Scan p. 4.

INTROSPECTION

Lila Munro Tainter

Long it was hidden
Wrapped in rosy illusions:
A storm-wind blew,
Tore away the rainbow hues draperies,
Squat, grotesque,
Small, mean,
My Ego smirked at me.

Issue p. 3 · Scan p. 5.

THE WILD-CAT OIL WELL

Ruth Clay Price

Relentlessly,
Relentlessly,
Pound down, pound, pound;
Pound down, pound, pound:
Relentlessly
The engines sound,
Relentlessly
They pound the ground.
Tormentingly,
Tormentingly,
With tools profound,
The men around,
Tormentingly
Attack the ground,
Tormentingly
For treasure bound.
Resentfully,
Resentfully,
The earth gives ground
Before each wound:
Resentfully
On each rebound,
Resentfully
Its ways confound.
Contentedly,
Contentedly,—
The treasure found,
Tho' earth has frowned;—
Contentedly
The men around,
Contentedly
Their plans expound.
Triumphantly,
Triumphantly,
Earth's laws profound,
By Nature crowned;
Triumphantly
These men have bound,
Triumphantly,
With the wealth they found!

Issue p. 4 · Scan p. 6.

SONG

Granger Blanden

When I was young, I never cried to hold
The moon; but once, when autumn's gold
And haze were come, and day was nearly done,
I cried to own the orange of the sun.
How long ago my childish tears were shed,
I smile to think. How many dreams lie dead
Since that far time the flying leaves unfold—
But lo, the sun of your bright love I hold!

Issue p. 4 · Scan p. 6.

SONG

Granger Blanden

I love the spaces hilly
 And streams that flash and sing;
I love the graceful lily
 Beside a hidden spring;
I love a forest stilly,
 Where grows a fairy ring.
And there you'll find me musing
 At morn and noon and eve,
The runes of leaves perusing,
 Forgetting how to grieve;
Or looms of fancy using,
 Her tapestry to weave.
In triumph, pomp and thunder,
Let mighty kings go by;
They shall not dim the wonder
 That fills a poet's eye;
A dream shall hide them under
 A song that shall not die.

Issue p. 5 · Scan p. 7.

EUCALYPTUS TREES

Beatrice L. Morse

Like some rare print of Japanese design,
Wrought by the master hand of Hokusai,
Reserved in tone, in color delicate,
A maid, whose slender fingers intertwine
Amid grey lengths of wind-blown, drifting silk—
You also stand apart, poised in the breeze
Virginal, graceful, eucalyptus trees.

Issue p. 5 · Scan p. 7.

THE LITTLE GREY STREET

Hugh Dalzell

Where will you take me O little gray street
If I follow your winding with willing feet?
 If you walk my length to the sun-warmed west,
 I will show you a river all yellow-bright,
 Reflecting the sky on its rippling breast
 Where ships lie safe through the dark of night.
If you turn and go to the east with me,
 I'll show you a garden with a cottage white,
 And a table spread... where you will see...
 Love and dark eyes and candlelight...
But if you go east on my grey, grey track,
You will never come back... you will never come back

Issue p. 6 · Scan p. 8.

ONE DAY

Dorothy Page

He garbed his youngster's soul in stately gloom
And said, "The world's a bubble filled with dust."
And wearing sorrow like a purple plume,
He trod a Stygian way... as young souls must.
He scaled philosophies, oh! steep and grim!
And, balanced on a lonely eminence
Of thought, he felt the stars must envy him,
As he stood there, aloof, remote, intense...
Then smiling with the twisted smile of pain
(The thing to do) he took illusion's flower,
Crushed it and from a still hand let it rain
Upon the ground, a broken, golden shower.
Oh tragic youth! Oh time of splendid woe,
What pride was his that he should suffer so!

2

But as he sorrowed, Spring came strolling up,
Her white feet bare and blossoms in her arms,
Her slender hands curved to a gracious cup
Filled to the brim with subtle, healing charms.
Long spikes of yellow broom, three drops of dew,
Gold pollen and a thread of dawn-mist lace,
And as she met the Gloomy One, she threw
A bud that struck him fairly in the face!
He gasped and tumbled from his lonely height,
"Why... why... it's you! Whatever brought you here?"
She answered laughing, poised for instant flight,
"Oh... bless you, Sir, I come this way each year!"
The new moon found him whistling, lost from care
While young Spring tangled broom-flowers through his hair.

Issue p. 7 · Scan p. 9.

RESONANCE

Edna Constance Willard

In the throbbing rhythm
Of the night, we walked in silence.
Beyond the curving line of sand,
A moving cluster of lights
Dumbly marked
The steamer we were to take.
Long-armed waves
Swept in a rush of longing,
Smashed into fragments,
And slowly receded,
Clinging, clinging
To the shore—
Slipping, slipping
To the sea.
From inland the wind,
Combing the hair of iron-wood trees,
Crooned the song of the surf.

What quick surprise
Of falling stars!
What multitudes of silent eyes
Stood aloof in the sky!
Scanning the vast,
We shrank to a point
Infinitesimal.
And something lonely
Came searching thru my eyes,
And met something lonely in yours,
And clung—
Until we grew immense
And mingled with the night,
Becoming notes in its music
That echoes
Apart
Thru all the clamoring years.

Issue p. 8 · Scan p. 10.

DEBUSSY

Winifred M. Heath

Dream music from some far-off mystic world,
The swan song of a long-forgotten land,
A sigh that comes to us from distant years,
The wistful evening wind among the trees.
You send us seeking down untrodden ways
For dim and lovely things we have not known.
Rose petals blown upon a ghostly wind
From out the storehouse of forgotten hours.

Issue p. 8 · Scan p. 10.

RED ROSE SONG

H. L. Haywood

As dew in the rose thy kiss was sweet,
Thy breath was sweet as the breath of the rose:
The blush of thy glance when our eyes did meet
Glowed a deeper red than the red of the rose:
And never a bloom in a garden blows
Could sway as you swayed from head to feet
When I kissed your lips as I drew you close.
As a rose in the night was thy night-like hair
Which brushed like petals my throbbing brow:
As a rose is caught by the moonlight's snare
Our hearts were caught in our love's quick vow:
And never a bird on a wild-rose bough
Sang half so glad as my heart sang there,
As my heart sang then and my heart sings now.

Issue p. 9 · Scan p. 11.

INVERSION

Challiss Silway

Yours was beauty of blue-white clearness
Mothered by eyes cool in innocence
As you faced life's vagaries
Fascination of youth was yours.
You were lovely
As the golden dreams of a child...
Then you realized your loveliness
And—became tragically commonplace.

Issue p. 9 · Scan p. 11.

DESERT LURE

Annice Calland

The lure of the desert is strong in me,
It leads me on and on
Till I yearn for a breath of the desert sage
And sight of a desert town.
But a wild lad opened his heart to me,
And oh, he needed a friend;
And a broken woman leaned on me—
She knew I could comprehend.
The city's sorrow and pain clutch me,
(Through the desert way I would go,)
Till I needs must stay and give to it
The love of the desert I know.

Issue p. 10 · Scan p. 12.

CHANGE

J. G. Hansen

Blow here, you colder winds—gather sharp
Above the wooded hills. And all you hosts
Of little airs, that turn to shrivelled ghosts
The multicolored blooms that are the harps
And singers of the summer, send your darts
Into the voiceless hollows where the most
Of tenderness is hid. For who shall post
The tale when secret tenderness departs?

Issue p. 10 · Scan p. 12.

THE DREAM IMMORTAL

Ellen Morrill Mills

Ages ago, in gardens all a-dream,
I sought you out, and marked you for my own!
Springs fail, and rivers. Monuments of stone
Lie blurred beneath the ages' cruel stress—
But not the dream that shrines your loveliness.

Issue p. 10 · Scan p. 12.

OLD SONGS

A. Pearle Carter

Old songs creep softly, and with stealthy fingers
 Turn rusted keys in doors long locked and barred;
And probe with careless touch where dulled pain lingers,
 Waking to poignant anguish, wounds white-scarred.

Issue p. 11 · Scan p. 13.

AUGUST NINTH

Ivan T. Dowell

My autumn pool of reveries
Is a bowl! of sour milk,
At the bottom lie cow hairs
And bits of filth
From unclean dairymen.
The silver river of my dreams
Is a breathless serpentine vanity,
Disclosing dateless inanition.
My citadel of hope
Is an alms house
Where old men wail
And claw the granite past.

EDITORIAL AND BACK MATTER

THE SILENT MINORITY

Not long ago an American woman perpetrated what was adjudged the best definition of poetry. She received fifty dollars for the following: "Poetry consists of beautiful sentiments expressed in a flowery and lofty language." Five of our well-known American poets sat on the jury that made the award. Don't ask their names, for the shock would unnerve you. The quintessence of asininity and sophomoric belly-wash, that! E. A. Robinson has given a definition sanely and with true understanding. He says that, "poetry is a language which expresses through an emotional reaction something which cannot be said in ordinary speech." He knows, as all poets know, that it requires tremendous experience, much suffering and sacrifice, long processes of cultivation and elimination, to make even an appreciable hit of art. Nietzsche, too, understood. He said that poets "should not see things as they are; they should see them fuller, simpler, stronger; to this end, however, a kind of youthfulness, or vernality, a sort of perpetual elation, must be peculiar to their lives."

America with her miscarried ideals of democracy fosters an army of young artists, who, having no voice in saving the aesthetic ideals of the nation, suffer in silence. This vast and silent minority meets with an unsurmountable, impregnable wall of obsidian indifference. Every lane is a cul-de-sac of ridicule; every flight of hope is made within a cave of disheartenment, dark and unfriendly. What is left? Expression it must and will have. Many turn to poetry as the medium through which they express the things they may not and cannot say in ordinary speech. Are these poets "born"? Balderdash! It takes as much effort, study and perseverance to become a poet as it does to become an engineer, heretical as that may sound, and I may add, a precious sight more.

Inspiration works best on an empty stomach, but a sustained fast or starvation is disastrous to all Art. America stands in the paradoxical and unenviable position of starving, spiritually and aesthetically, yet with a very fat and sleek materialistic paunch. "PEGASUS" is struggling along, welcoming the utterances of our restive minority. We really cannot have too many such organs of expression.

Poetry, of which science and religion are, after all, but by-products, endures. Poetry, music and art is the only triumvirate that outlasts all epochs and civilizations. F. G.

Poetry... makes us inhabitants of a world to which the familiar world is a chaos.

Shelley.