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NO. 10

The
LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

George Brandon Saul | Portia Martin

Gladys Wilmot Graham | Paul Eldridge

Pauline Barrington and others

COMMENT

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The Lyric West

Vol. II, No. 10

A Magazine Of Verse

February, 1923

Edited by Grace Atherton Dennen

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° VOL. II
The Lyric West NO. X

George Brandon Saul

Paeon

Open the doors on the morning!
Let the white splintering shafts of silver pour
Over the crumbled columns of the years
Mildewed with all that's gone;—
Over the tangled webs of hopes and fears
The restless winds have spun!
Fling the hushed casements open to the birds
And the brave words
Of the unwavering sun!
Here is a dream begun,
Stirred by the shy, vague promptings of the trees
Out of old memories
Of proud things sung and passed
Sharp with the glittering youth that cannot last
And the high stroke that flames and flashes free
Out of the dust of known futility!
Here the untimorous sea,
Heavy with time, meets still the stubborn rocks,
The old free anger trembling in its shocks,
The ancient glory lighting its defeat!
Scorn the deliberate sleet
And blown, massed rains flung on the roads of men—
The sheeted flame that pours
Terror along the sky!—Enter the morning!
Open the doors!

George Brandon Saul

A Woman Watches the Sea

Always the trouble of waves,
The fear unknowing,
The terrible fall of the night,
And the mistral blowing.

Always the watch and the wait
And the sharp spray lifting,
And the thoughts of me tossed like birds
In a chartless drifting.

Always the trouble of waves
And a worn heart's aching,
And always the night—the night
And a white dawn breaking!

Bernice Lesbia Kenyon

“There Is No Quiet . . .”

There is no quiet since you left the earth;
But ever runs a sound among the trees,
The wind calls, and the far and level plains
Send back their ceaseless echoes to the sky.
And even shut into my narrow room,
Far from the noise of wind and moaning wave,
And where no voices are, I hear the dark
Murmuring to the shadow, and the light
Send little pointed shafts of silver speech
Along the wall. . . . The blood beats in my ears
And shapes itself to words: “He is not here!”
And calls again: “He is not in this place,
But he is gone . . . Is gone.

When you were here
I used to love the evening silences

I used to love the evening silences,
When words, and even bare unspoken speech
Were not, but only perfect quietness. . . .
There is no quiet since you left the earth,

George Sterling

The Fog-Sea

I

The morning is ten thousand miles away.

The winter night surrounds me, vast and cold,

Without a star. The voiceless fog is rolled

From ocean-levels desolate and grey;

But over all the floods of moonlight lay

A glory on those billows that enfold

The muffled sea and forest. Gaunt and old,

The dripping redwoods wait the distant day.

Unknown, above, what silver-dripping waves

Break slowly on the purple reefs of night!

What radiant foam ascends from shadowy bars,

Or sinks unechoing to soundless caves!

No whisper is upon those tides of light,

Setting in silence toward the risen stars.

II

O phantom sea, pale spirit of unrest!

There is no thunder where your billows break.

Morning shall be your strand; your waters make
An island of the mountain-top, whose crest
Is lonely on the ocean of your breast.

No sail is there save what our visions take

Of mist and moonlight, on whose ghostly wake
Our dreams go forth unuttered to the West.

The splendor on your tides is high and far,

Seen by the mind alone, whose wings can sweep

On wilder glories and a vaster deep.

Chill are your gulfs, O sea without a song!

Hiding the heavens from man, man from the star,

To which your parent sea endures as long

Ellen Coit Elliott

Song of the Waiting Land

I

East wind, blowing,
Blow seed to me;
Here I lie, broad to the sky,
Fain to the rain,
Fallow, fallow from sea to sea.
Come to my sowing, shadowy Sower,
Seed, seed, O east-wind, blowing!

Out to the horizons my jocund prairies run;
Etched in ebony and silver,
My sierras in the moonlight
Lift above the valleys that cup the morning sun;
Splendidly my rivers flow,
Tall and dark my forests grow.

I am that Beauty who wakes
When the pre-destined breaks
Through the thorn thicket and takes
Strongly his own;
The land of heart's desire,
Who wins me frost and fire
And the death of his desire
Must face alone.
Here I lie, broad to the sky;

When shall the seed be sown?

Hard and brown it must be husked,
In winter it must be set.
Cold must bite its yearning root,
Storm must tear its springing shoot
And it must bear, O shadowy Sower,
For I must have, O wind,
Old loves and beauties,
Ancient duties,
Faiths and hopes and memories
From the treasuries of mankind.
Frankincense and beaten gold,
These the seed must hold;
Cinnamon and nard,
These the seed must guard;
Fleet foot, strong hand, white wing,
These from the seed must spring.
Then, O Sower, O wind, O star,
What a bourgeoning!

II

“Hark!” said John Robinson, “Hark”
A call in the dark!”

Only the sea-wind’s roar
Off shore.

“A star in the west! A star
To guide us far!

Only familiar Hesperus
Looks down at us.

The Sower, the Sower went forth to sow.
The ship is ready, the people must go;
The people kneel on the friendly shore
And weep for the homes they’ll see no more.
Sped by the wind,
The Mayflower fled on the track designed.
And the Sower, the Sower went forth to sow.
In a wintry bay of the waiting land
Came to anchor the sorry band;
In a frozen earth the seed lay down,
Wrapped in its coat of bitter brown.
Is this the seed to thrust and break
Through ice and flame!
It dies, O Sower, it cannot wake,
It dies in shame.

III

Hark, a song in the dark!
A vision, O Sower, the western star
Pricked in the night where the Milky Way
Skeins across the blue-black flower,
And the east-wind blew in my eyes
Dust of worlds to make me wise.

The seed was small and brown,
In the frost the seed lay down;
The husk was hard, O Shadowy Sower,—
Gorgeous spread the silken flower.

Tall as pines from the mountain side,
I saw men stride through the wilderness,
And my forests fell to the axe's ring.
My great, free rivers they broke
To the yoke of their mills;
They subdued the wild hills
To pasture; they conquered the plain to grain.
Strongly they broke, sternly they spoke:
Freedom and holiness, there in the wilderness,
Wrested from hardship and pain.

On swept the pine-like men,
Led by the western star
Over the mountains strode,
Over the deserts rode,
Winged far and tireless—

Earth for their taking,
Heaven for their making.
Oh the cities that bloomed on the prairies!
Oh the towers that rose by the sea!
Oh the bridges that leaped o'er the waters,
And the bright threads of lightning for the spirit swung
free!
"Freedom and power and pleasure," they cried,
"Freedom and power and pride!"

The pastured hills they drilled for treasure,
Palaces reared for pride;
Shops they set to bargain in pleasure;
They sold their peace, they sold their leisure,
And bought them feathers and finger rings
And a stew of red lentils beside.
"Freedom and power and self!" they cried.
"And pelf!" they cried.

This I saw in my starry dream,
And then,
Over those jubilant men
Faintness and weariness came.
They slept, and I saw giants bind them
Thrice three times, with hands behind them,
Round and round, while they slept sound,
With webs of silk and gems;
Silver pins caught them in;
Braided ropes of steel and gold,
Padded soft with fold on fold
Of brodered shroud,

Held them bound.

So they lay for a time and a time.
Then, on a day, they woke with a shout;
Stern again, hard, they broke with a shout
The gemmy web, the accurst strands
Of gold and steel they burst;
Hands austere and strong
Rent the broidered shroud;
Loud they shouted a song:
“Holiness, freedom and love!
Holiness, freedom and love!”

This is the song in the dark.
Fainter it grows in the dark, O Sower,
The vision fades that the star showed me.
Yet, hark!
“Holiness, freedom and love—
Holiness, freedom and love!”
And I lie fallow from sea to sea,
Dreaming the dream the star showed me.

Portia Martin

Love Wakens in the Heart of Soaring-Gull

Whose feet are these that in the Victory Dance
With maddened rhythm leap across my trembling
heart?

Whose eyes flash fire into the forest's depths
And sear my naked spirit with their light?

O Woman-of-the-Rifted-Rock,
You are the bearer of undying flame
Whirling with firmly flying feet
Far into life's deep inmost wild recess!

SONG OF CHIEF SOARING-GULL-WHO-KNOWS-NO-REST

O Woman-of-the-Rifted-Rock,
I run where'er your dancing feet may lead!
 Down forest trails,
 Through quicksand,
 Bog,
 Or swamp of tamarack,
I struggle on in eager chase!
By arid desolation
Long forgotten of the stars,
Where'er your magic spell
Impels my feet,
I race!
So breathlessly bewildering
Your firefly eyes,
So irresistibly alluring
Is your wind-flower face!

SONG OF THE-WOMAN-OF-THE-RIFTED-ROCK

I am a leaf, O Soaring-Gull,
That once to sap song
Danced upon the tree,
And you the wind
Whose strength and power I fly.
But follow after,
Follow, follow me!

Annice Calland

On the Pecos

I hate this land
Of sun and sand
And loneliness
The white mesquite clad hills that press
Against the mountains high and cold;
No rapture thrills me here
Where deep arroyas run among
Pinon and chaparral;
Deserted pueblos dun have clung
For years to canyon walls,
The rattler crawls
Through its deserted rooms;
The windy darkness falls
On mesa and on mountain top
And there enfolds the dreaming woods;
The sky
Deep blue and high
Where stars, diamond bright,
I see at night
With soul unthrilled;
The Evening primrose blooms
With fragrance honey-sweet
Where flows the Pecos on and on to meet
The sapphire sea.
But,—
When I have wandered far

Where wondrous cities are
Now set like jeweled, festured spots
On a fair earth,
I yearn for this too lovely land
Its strange wild beauty and
Its haunting charm.

Frank Ernest Hill

Moonlight—Vermillion Valley

Snow, wind, and water carved this peace,
That lies by day
In glades of pine and emerald pools
Under pale bastions high and far away,

Now it is night, and moonlight sifts
Its blue and silver on us, but the place
Still keeps the chastity of its repose,
The moveless beauty of some marble face.

We will remember what we found
Here in the sunlight and the dark,
In the gray years we shall bend down and blow
The radiance of it flaming from a spark.

But there will be no coming back.
Deathless as crag and water seem,
We shall not seek their loveliness again,
Knowing how much is dream.

Gold daytime seemed eternal, black night throbbed
Eternity above; but moon-faint star
And moon-drenched pine will not outlast us here,—
They are too much, my love, of what we are.

Gladys Wilmot Graham

Come, Rain!

Lay wet hands on my fevered face, O Rain,
And tap your moistened fingers 'gainst my brow!
Oh, kiss my eyelids, drooping pale with pain;
Let me forget that life would leave me now!

My thoughts are maddened in my burning brain;
I need the dripping coolness of your touch.
Come, Rain! With grey palms drench me, drown me,
Rain!
I pay the price of living . . . overmuch.

Beulah May

Saint Ann's Wind

Riding the frantic horses of the wind,
The Arab hordes come rushing through the sky,
With blowing robes and plumed spears and blind
Red clouds of stinging sand, they hurtle by.
While through the savage rout one hears the fret
And whining drone of flute and flageolet.

Beulah May

Wind From Sea

The chill wet wind comes stealing in from sea,
And in my sleep I turn myself, and dream
Of ships that leave a harbor quietly,
On dark adventurous quests to some veiled shore
Not on a map. And who return no more.

Lillian Barker Beede

My Desert Cross

Out from the heart of the Andes,
Down in the tropical zone,
Grim as the desert it stands in,
Carved I my cross from its stone;
Rugged and gray and enduring,
Barren of beauty or charms,
Rigidly out to the silence
Stretching its great empty arms.

Sadly my life in its shadow
Kneels here forgotten, alone,
Time, like the drifting dust, blotting
Out the joy-trails I have known;
Draining the cup that I gave them,
Sparkling with love's sacrifice,
Two—in the pleasant green valley,
One thirsty heart pays the price.

Paul Eldridge

Ku Hung Refutes His Friend

To gain Heaven, Po-Yi, is very simple.
Place a bowl of clear water
Upon your threshold,
Some moonlit night,
And Heaven, on tip-toes,
Softer than the foot-fall
Of a wary wolf at dawn,
Shall come
Glittering at your door.

But how shall we gain the Earth,
The mad, the whimsical Earth,
The laughing dancer
Dancing upon the far-flung tips
Of the Sun?
Oh, how shall we gain the Earth,
Po Yi, my ancient friend?

Paul Eldridge

Yan Yi Explains Creation

I closed slowly my eyes—
Over the still lake
A swan was sailing,
His breast cutting the water
Like a prow.

I opened slowly my eyes,
And the lake was still,

Thus, Lung Li,
A god closes slowly his eyes,
And over the still surface
Of Time,
A word is sailing. . .

He opens slowly his eyes,—
And the surface of Time
Is still. . .

Paul Eldridge

Tsi Ouan Wishes to Believe in Resurrection

The leaves of the lotus flower
Fall into the river,
Which flows from the Great Mountain
Into the White Sea.
Some say
The river will change its manner,
Will flow out of the White Sea
Upward,
Over the Great Mountain,
Bringing back
The leaves of the lotus flower.

I drink a thousand cups of wine,
Hoping to understand this.

Paul Eldridge

Emperor T'ang—Skeptic

Closer than my body's shadow
Follows the blind nameless One,
Carrying in his tightened, yellow fist
Time, the thin spluttering candle,
And in his swollen cheeks
Death, the grey wind.
So fill and re-fill my deep, golden horn
With the strongest wine,
O wise men of China,
Before declaiming in magnificent verse
My immortality,
That I may nod,
My eyes, glittering with dreams,
And believe.

Yetta Kay Stoddard

Rich

So overmuch he had, he made glad gifts,
Such lavish, such exquisite things
As necklaces of diamond stars for girls
And gold-meshed dreams of singing wings
For children; and to me, who else had naught,
Gemmed rings of kisses, crowns of laughter brought.

So rich! Untaught in little thrifty ways,
His days were lifted sapphire bowls;
His nights were crystal banquet chambers, where
He poured his heart's wine to the souls
Of empty beggars. And for me he kept
A sacramental chalice bright with tears unwept.

Yetta Kay Stoddard

The Big Show

Spectacularly day took sudden flight,
Winged by this stand of orange trees,
Behind the wide proscenium arch of new-lit night.

Half-interested . . . how one vaguely sees!
I watched, entranced, beside the wall, yet thought
Of blood-red grapes and Boedromion* mysteries.

What are these wistful day shows? Flashings caught
Of scenes, of instants, kinematic, vast,
On this small screen of time now here stretched taut.

Oh mighty days, by little loves harassed!
Our days of strength in youth . . . how they
streamed by
How gleamed with tinsel; wore to wisps of dream, and
passed!

Spectacular its flight and none but I
Seemed mindful of this last day's tragedy
Nor, after curtain, heard the ribald cry
Of music in orchestral wind-swept wood and sea.

The Eleusinian mysteries were celebrated in the month of
Boedromion, corresponding to our September, the time of
grape-gathering.

Susanne Rike MacDonald

At the Hospital

(Two Hours Off Duty)

4:00 P.M

Yes yes, I'll go. You seem to want me to;
And see? I leave the signal-cord just here
Beneath your hand. Miss Peck's the nurse in charge,
And she's about the only one I trust.
What now, more flowers? Well, I must say your friends
Have spent a lot of money sending flowers
To you. This room is like a greenhouse now.
They're apple-blossoms. Touch them if you wish;
And here's the card. I'd like to see the bill!
That florist is the highest one in town.
There, there, I'm off. My patients are not apt
To urge me so to go as you have done.
I'll tell Miss Peck to keep an eye on you."

4:15 P.M

The muffled door shut out the brisk white skirts
And sealed a quiet in the little room.
The woman on the bed smiled at her flowers,
Closed tired eyes, and sighed, content with peace.
One might have said she slept, but presently
She watched from underneath her heavy lids
The unlatched door swing open inch by inch
Until a cautious, white-capped face thrust through,
With wide eyes avid for the flowers. "Come in,"
The woman smiled, "I'm not asleep. And who,"
Still smiling, "who are you?"

"My name is Ross.

I'm head-nurse on this floor. I have been sick
Myself—just back today. I haven't seen
A rose—oh, how these red ones glow! They're warm
All through. I wish—but I will come again.
You've had a rather serious time, I hear."

"Oh, please, what is your wish?"

"Why you are rare,
A patient with her thoughts turned out instead
Of in! And why not tell? Well, then, there's such
A lonely, sick old man upstairs. He can't
Get warm. He talks about a hearth-fire; says
The radiator in his room just makes
Him colder. Your red roses look so warm. . . ."

“’Twas love that sent them, and they hold enough
Of it for two of us. Please tell the old
Man so. Leave me the one that nods toward me.
Yes, that’s the one. Goodbye.”

4:35 P.M

“May I come in?
The head-nurse said I might. But I am not
To say a word or tire you. Oh, see
These apple-blossoms! Who am I? A “probe”—
Probationer. I’m here not quite six months;
Then I can wear the uniform and cap.
These apple-blossoms have such pretty caps,
Before they open out. My mother will
Be glad to hear of them. Tomorrow I
Shall be with her for just a half a day.
She’s homesick for the farm we left last year,
When father died, and we came here to town.
She sews, but oughtn’t to. When I am trained
I’ll earn enough for both. She cries sometimes,
And says if she could only smell an apple-
Blossom, she could fight it through. Oh, I
Have talked! It was your eyes, I think, that made
Me so forget. You mean? The little spray
That bends toward you? And I’m to take the rest?
Mother would be . . . I don’t know what to say!
I hope I haven’t stayed too long. Goodbye!”

5:00 P.M

“It is no wonder that they talk. What flowers!
May I just fill my eyes, and then slip out?
An Easter-lily! Why, tomorrow’s Easter;
I had quite forgot. No, no you must
Not ask what urged me here in haste. For you
These flowers. And yet, somehow, you look beyond
The silly subterfuges we must make
To shield the wincing spirits of our sick.
— This morning half a dozen sailor-boys
Were brought from off some ship.—Exploded gun.
I’m in their ward. There’s one who tears
My heart. . . . But this is most irregular—
Against all rules. Few patients are allowed
To know what may occur beyond their walls.
Death is a word we only whisper here.
—Shall I tell on?—That lad, he’ll die tonight;
He doesn’t say a word; but all the time
His young eyes ask, ask, and ask. Oh me!”

“The easter-lily: what if its white bells
Should ring the very answer that he seeks?”

“I hardly think—but I’m not fit to know;
I’ve dealt with sorry flesh so long. Your face
Looks wise with other things. There’s love in it.
I’ll take the lily with a sort of faith . . .”

5:20 P.M

"Your light flashed on; what can I do for you?"

"You are Miss Peck? I seem to know you are;
My nurse will soon return, and here are still
So many flowers."

"There's been too much of running
In and out!"

"But you could put them all
Outside, beyond the door; and you must know
A need for each. Those little rosebuds and
Forget-me-nots

"But I'm on duty, and

My time—but still, Lame Johnny would be wild

With such a bunch of posies all his own.
Now rest!"

* * *

Twilight, and a dusk within
The room. She turned to catch a glimpse of sky
Framed in a window open to the west,
And open to . . .

"O God," she breathed, "that I
Should be so blest—a channel for Thy love!"
The velvet shadows softly blotted out

The walls, and gathered all within the room
Into the throbbing fullness of the dark.
And all the little loving-kindnesses
That passed from human heart to human heart
Were drawn within the Fullness and flowed back,
As rain-drops mingle with a moving sea.

6:00 P.M

“Well, here I am! Let’s have a light, and then
A look at you. Been moping, I believe.
Don’t try to hide. Bless me, your cheeks are wet!
Crying? Bad as that silly down the hall
Who cries and cries because she can’t go home!
And I had thought you made of different stuff.
Let’s have your pulse. So, it is soft and full.
Where are your flowers? Why, what an empty room!”

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Mary Graham Lund

At My Window

Far listening spaces,
Strange sweet fragrance of dark,
 Pale patches of moonlight
 Like favorite pictures
 Against a restful dark wall.

My eyes rest on the pictures;
I bathe my forehead in the narcotic fragrance
I speak to the listening spaces
What I might not say
All the day.

Comment

Conducted by Pauline Barrington. The Waste Land. T. S. Eliot. Boni and Liveright.

The Dial has awarded its yearly prize of two thousand dollars to T. S. Eliot for his poem The Waste Land, which appeared in the November number of that magazine. To quote Mr. Edmund Wilson, Jr.: "Mr. T. S. Eliot's first meagre volume of twenty-five poems was dropped into the waters of contemporary verse without stirring more than a few ripples. But when two or three years had passed, it was found to stain the whole sea." Also Mr. Eliot is a critic and a creative one, bringing more to his review than is to be found in the thing he is reviewing. Mr. Eliot was born in St. Louis in 1888. He has received respectively the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts at Harvard. He studied at the Sorbonne, the Harvard Graduate School and Merton College, Oxford. He has been a lecturer under both the Oxford and the London University Extension Systems. He was assistant editor of The Egoist and is now editor of The Criterion. The Waste Land is written in four or five different languages, if one can read in only two, naturally there is a good deal one cannot read, must take second hand. However, the bigness of the beautiful verse, and the unconscious self-consciousness of it makes it alive, a poem of a man's soul. The search for the Grail which is going on today, complex and aching and full of boredom and dissatisfaction.

"What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dead stone no sound of water. . . ."

This from the lady of the boudoir:— “My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me.

Speak to me. Why do you never speak? Speak.

What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?

I never know what you are thinking. Think.”

And this bit of Jazz:—

“O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag—

It’s elegant—

So intelligent.”

And this lovely verse:—

“The river’s tent is broken: the last fingers of leaf
Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind
Crosses the brown land unheard. The nymphs are
departed.

Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.”

And this:—

“He who was living is now dead.

We who were living are now dying

With a little patience.

Here is no water but only rock. . . .

Rock and no water and the sandy road. . . .”

And further on:—

“If there were water

And no rock

If there were rock

And also water

And water.

A spring—

A pool among the rock. . . .”

Where is the prophet, who will strike the rock and quench the thirst of The Waste Land? The eternal longing! Longing and for what? This poem is the living modern life of today. The Waste Land takes place half in an imaginary world and half in that of London. Mr. Eliot states that he derived the title and much of the incidental symbolism from a book by Miss Jessie L. Weston called “From Ritual to Romance.” Mr. Eliot writes beautiful verse and as we travel through timeless wastes, a London boudoir, music hall and are hit sharply by vulgarity and jazz, we know it is of today, living, alive, modern. It is so difficult to state just what it is to be modern, but if one is a genius and a poet, as is Mr. Eliot, one’s hand is close on the pulse of his time . . . he is a modern.

—*Pauline Barrington.*

Modern Russian Poetry, Collected and translated by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$1.75. In this year of the Russian invasion of artistic America it is fitting that the European Library under the general editorship of J. E. Spingarn should offer to the American public an anthology of Modern Russian Poetry. This volume comprises Russian lyrics selected, translated, and edited by Babette Deutsch, poet and critic, and her husband,

Avrahm Yarmolinsky, the head of the Slavonic Department in the New York Public Library. As the editors themselves explain: "The one, native to Russian literature, brought to the task all the prejudices and privileges of long intimacy. The other, a stranger, saw it with the fresh vision and untaught caprice of a foreigner, making a less practised and more personal approach." The result is an anthology which bears the marks of the scholar's familiarity with the historical significance of succeeding departures from tradition and the pendulum-like returns to long accepted form and mood, while it shows as well the traces of the poet's sensitive re-giving of delicate image and well-moulded form. It would seem that so far as lyric poetry can hope to be re-born into an alien language and an alien mind this group of Russian poems translated by Russian scholar and American poet may hope to have been re-born into English verse, and may hope to have carried into English poetry something of mood and thought wherewith to enrich the language of their adoption. The translations have sometimes an austerity and a crystal hardness that it would seem must have been imposed from without; yet the reader is inclined to accept the editors' verdict that they have given as much to the originals as they took from them. *Modern Russian Poetry* includes selections from Pushkin to the workman poets of the Revolution and after, together with an excellent introductory account of Russian poetry after its Renaissance, its essentially lyrical Renaissance, in the early nineteenth century. The account is valuable not only to the student of Russian literature but also to the student of contemporary poetry and its vagaries of theory and practice in western Europe and America. However, it is about the work of the latest of the poets of Russia, the peasant and workman poets who are uttering the defiant and exulting cries of the new Russia, that curiosity centers, and in giving us a glimpse of the Russia that is as well as of the

Russia of the past that determined what this Russia was to be the editors of this group of poems have performed an unique service. The last poem in the collection becomes thus particularly interesting, for it is a poem by Anatoly Marienhof celebrating the month when the Soviets assumed power:

OCTOBER

We trample filial obedience,
We have gone and sat down saucily,
Keeping our hats on,
Our feet on the table.

You don't like us, since we guffaw with blood,
Since we don't wash rags washed millions of times,
Since we suddenly dared,
Ear-splittingly, to mark: Wow!

Yes, sir, the spine
Is as straight as a telephone pole,
Not my spine only, but the spines of all Russians,
For centuries hunched.

* * *

Every day of ours is a new chapter in the Bible.
Every page will be great to thousands of generations.
We are those about whom they will say:
The lucky ones lived in 1917.
And you are still shouting: They perish!
You are still whimpering lavishly.
Dunderheads!
Isn't yesterday crushed, like a dove
By a motor
Emerging madly from the garage?

—*Lily B. Campbell.*

Books Received

Orioles and Blackbirds by Hi Simons, from the press of Will Ransom, Chicago.

Corn, Moods from Mid-America, by Harold Norling Swanson. The Malteaser Publishing Co., Grinnell, Iowa.

Children's Songs and Stories of the Wild Flowers, by Norine Connelly. The Harr Wagner Publishing Co., San Francisco, California.

Eight More Harvard Poets, edited by S. Foster Damon and Robert Silliman Hillyer. Here is an interesting collection of verses by eight young graduates of Harvard College. Many of these writers are already becoming known in the world of letters. The selections are well made, and the result is a wide variety of form and subject matter and a beauty of expression. Such young writers as these are the future makers of American poetry. The volume is the second of the series of the work of gifted Harvard graduates, of which the volume, Eight Harvard Poets, published in 1917, was the first.

The corrected address of Rhythmus, whose announcement appeared in The Lyric West for January, is 150 East 34th St., New York City, N. Y.