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MAY 1923

NO. 2

The
LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Marian Couthouy Smith | Margaret Adelaide Wilson

Portia Martin | Richard Warner Borst

Georgia D. Smith and others

TWO AUTHOLOGIES

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The Lyric West

Vol. III, No. 2

A Magazine Of Verse

May, 1923

Edited by Grace Atherton Dennen

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Marian Couthouy Smith

May, the Artist

May lays on her colors with a sweeping, delicate hand;
Framed in the black tree-stems her elfin pictures
stand.

With a swirl of tender leafage she veils her wintry
browns,

And the green scarfs of her saplings are sweet as
children's gowns;

Her waters are wide to the sun; they are silverly gray
and blue;

And all her swift combinings are purely, carelessly
true.

Across the straight clear fretwork of naked branch and
bough

She scatters her bright moist tints, as only she knows
how;

With the rose and white of the blossoms, the dark relief
of the firs.

Oh, May is a magical artist! The air and the dream are
hers,

Marian Couthouy Smith

The Silence of the Pines

The great pines are silent;
Day and night they are still, though the wind is
blowing.

All through the mountain slopes, the hidden pathways,
Sounds the forest symphony. Color and tone,—
Not one note is missed but that basic murmur,
Grave and deep, akin to the endless thunder
Of the eternal spheres, and the old, wise sea.

Every leaf and bough, every blade and blossom,
Sways and rustles, and speaks to the wind that passes,
Till the threads of sound are woven in and out,
And the speech and motion, all in a magic pattern,
Blend in ever-varying shapes of life.

But the dark pines are silent.
They, the undertone—they the background—the spirit
Of all the trees of the world—they are standing mute.
They, the storm-beaten kings of the ancient forest,
Who know the secret talk of the winds and waters,—
They are waiting a voice, a summons, a far-drawn
challenge
They will not speak aloud till the right word bids them;
They muse; and let the chorus of life pass by.

But once, in a stormy twilight, I heard them waken!

I know not whence came the call; but the low, long
thunder
Sounded at last, under all the themes of the wood;
Now sharply pierced by the cry of a single bird-note,
Now blent with the subtle stir of a thousand voices,
Softly, slowly, deeply, out of the silence,
Touched by a strange new wind, the pines awoke.
And answered the distant sea.

And then I knew what we missed from the vast
earth-chorus—
Missed as the world would miss the voice of the
prophets—
Missed as the choir of Heaven would miss the
archangels,—
When the great pines were mute.

Bernard Raymund

The Rain

The mercy of the falling rain
These sheltered people cannot know
Nor can they ever learn again
What they forgot so long ago:

How the lean grasses dance and sing
And how the maple shakes and sighs
When the big drops come spattering
Out of the over-burdened skies;

And how along the garden beds
The toads go trooping one by one
And solemnly with downbent heads
Sit till the miracle is done.

The rain! The rain! They cannot hear
How every pool rings with the cry,
A million voices cool and clear,
Thin bells of silver swinging high.

The rain! The rain! How can they be,
These sheltered city-folk, so dull?
How be so blind as not to see
The rain is merciful?

Genevieve Taggard

Outer Circle

There is an island
In an ebony sea. . . .

Waves blurr and crinkle around it,
Ripping loose at the edges
Where sleep is folded
In fronds of foam;
Lather of vanished storms
Seethes in the reefy cauldrons,
And faded blue dreams
Slide up the island shores.

Every night
My feet touch the far-out fences of coral
As I go on in to shore
With the long arm
Of the mysterious tide behind me.

On the rippled stone floor
My two feet sink and I sway
Between waves.
Then I wade from half-dreams,
Twilight of waters,
Muddy green under drowsy amber,
And walking against the back-grabbing tide
That flattens weeds and water-fruits against me,

I get to this island
Of one round hour.

Pure wakefulness—
Pure terror of the sea that encircles,
Cupping higher and higher
At the brim—
Pure wonder
Walking the immovable marble
Of this one dry peak of sleep.
Then the dark wave
Like watery smoke
Rising, sweeping near, toppling over,
Swings me on to another darkness,
With the same undulations, terrors, foams, sinkings
and upheavals.

This oval hour,
Undyed, undampened by sleep;
White marble island
Hooped with sleep;
As a circle is circled again,
Your image circles me again,
In another sea.

Not only nightly wonder
In one isolated hour,
Not only sleep surrounds you,
Little white island,
Your rim widens and is the fine rim of death.

From empty aridness we drift,
Then suddenly
Clamber and live;
And our life is a little island,
An island and an hour.
So we stand
And peer in many directions,
And we lean
As far as we can
To look for signs,
Dreaming we see a bird
With a leaf in its beak—
It is only a wave fluttering
Like a wing—
Dreaming we see in a cloud
A hand pointing
Or a writing forefinger.

So the hour dissolves
To the least edge,
The long last wave
Moves, and towers,
And crumbles.

Ethel Van Cise

Discovery

I found Beauty once in springtime

When I was very young,

I found her in the apple blooms

And in the songs we sung.

I found her in the meadows where

The sweet wild berries grew:

I found her every place I went

Because I went with you.

But ah! you died,—and spring passed by

And Beauty vanished too;

And nowhere could I find her

Because I hadn't you.

But I've found her now in Autumn

When I'm no longer young;

I've found her in the very pain

With which my heart's been wrung:

For grief may be a precious thing

And crown of loving true:

I've come to understand that now—

Because I once had you.

Virginia Lyne Tunstall

The Char-Woman

It must be so that spring's outside,
For here the air is close and hot,
And on the stairs a lady passed
With yellow daffies in a pot.

The lady smiled. I pushed my pail
Against the wall to let her pass.
Beside the picket fence back home
There once were daffies in the grass.

Daffies,—it's been a long time since—
I'm getting old. Somehow today
The stairs stretch up so steep and long,
And dirty water looks so gray.

Sidney Drake

Now That He Sleep

“Mais non, M’sieu—for me it best to go—
Now that he sleep!
You think, maybe, he wish it so
That I still keep
Ahol’ his hand, M’sieu? Mais non!
When he awake
He will be man, an’ not the leetle boy
Seeck always make.

Two, three year now he stay from me away—
That man—Jean there;
An’ me, I rest alone—because I try
With love an’ prayer
To save his soul from Leezabet’ Auget—
But-just-I tear
His heart from me—the only son, M’sieu,
That I have bear—!

I thought maybe that I could save his soul
Jus’ like to-day,
When that hot breath have try for stop, M’sieu,
I make it stay.
But Leezabet’ with those black eyes have hol’
Him fast, M’sieu—
Pardon? Where is she now, who should
Be there—? Ah, sur,

She nevair stay where is not gay—that one—!
But come she will
When he is well, and make him say—her Man—
He love her still.

For—see, M'sieu—he no' belong to me,
That big Jean-man—
Only the leetle boy whose tears in there
Have burn my han'.
May be—he come again to me, an' stay,
Some day—not yet!
When pretty soon he turn his head, he wan'
Just Leezabet'!

Those eyes so bright with fever, they will burn
With love instead,
When she come back and on that cruel breast
Shall res' his head.
The Good God gave me pain enough to bear
That Jean-bebe,
An' so I think he answer to my prayer
More queek to-day.
He is no' ready yet to die, M'sieu—
He does not dare—
An' so I hol' him here a while; for, sur,
I think, with prayer,
A mother can do that, n'est-ce pas?—when seeck
Make him so scare',—
That leetle boy. But he, the man, nevair
Will understan'
When he was leetle boy in there, how he

Weesh hol' my han'—

An' so, M'sieu, pardon—I best no stay.

The hill is steep;

And that one there no need me more to-day—

Now that he sleep.”

Margaret Adelaide Wilson

When I Was Happy

When I was happy, little things—
A wall leaf-flecked in dying light;
 The sweet hushed sound of homing wings—
 Would thrill my heart with strange delight.

Now wings go home with hush of sorrow;
I turn me from the patterned wall
Where never more on any morrow
Your shadow lies at evenfall.

Ellen Burns Sherman

The Great Imagist—Or Nature-World-Laureate

Beneath a book of trivial verse

 Within the table's grain I found

A poem scrolled in nature's rhyme,

 Whose nobler undulations sound

The slow-writ rhythm of time.

A million forms this poet knows,

 That lilting catch the inward ear,

When singing lines in ash they trace

 Or silent melodies we hear

In oaken-fibred grace.

So runes the sea upon the rocks—

 With ripple-marks upon the sand,

Her canticles of ages far,

 Whose cadences declare the hand

That rhymes a flower and star.

Doris Packard

The Intruder

I hear you prying at the keyhole, Sleep!

The wind will not quite smother

Your cushion-muffled footfalls as you creep

Around my house from one door to another.

You have a cunning hand at wizardry

Between the dark and dawn,—

Trying the latches with your padded key,

Tampering with the bolts, and prowling on.

Your trickery will find a way, no doubt;

But I am clever, too;

You will come in to learn that I am out—

Riding with night—and not at home to you!

Mary Brent Whiteside

The Seeking

I sought your bookshelf and your waiting chair,
Dreaming an essence of you lingered, where
New dust lay silver, or impalpable
In some possessing thought, too beautiful
Or delicately eerie, to have known
The touch of any spirit but your own.
And marvelled how so great a soul had fled,
And left one little room, untenanted.
I sought your bookshelf and your chair,
And there was nothing of you there.

Then I remembered how the cedars stood
At the green gateway of a wood,
And how for you was always beauty; light and sound,
And lovely silences, in which is found
The soul's own language, though no word
Be ever heard.
A dim path led me through inviolate gloom
Of moss clad trees, that once to you,
In immemorial hours we know,
Were gray old women at a tomb,
You stretched the fancy like a glimmering thread,
And called each white magnolia bloom
An unlit candle for the dead.

This was our wood, and still it aches

With beauty! Morning wakes
A thousand Maytime choristers
To their shrill matins. Shreds of song
Whose overtones the moving foliage blurs,
Waver like shaken filaments along
The path we knew.
If you were here again, would you,
A radiant pagan, still confess
There is no sin except unloveliness?

If you were here,—the sun breaks through
A leaf fringed aperture of blue,
And like a sacramental cup,
My heart with beauty is filled up,
And all my spirit overflows with you.
Alas, for other hungry hearts, that must
Seek for their dead in marble and in dust!

Lilian White Spencer

Atonement

The air of morning trembles under bold
Far wooing kisses of the Sabbath bells;
God's heralds, that from lofty citadels
Cry out good will and peace. With sordid gold,
Remembering remorseful kings of old,
I reared this fortress, these loud sentinels
To guard a secret. Here, my sick soul dwells
And listens; shuddering, when lies are told.

Here, men and chimes, each, silver tongued, acclaim
(And women whisper prayerfully) my name. . . .
Not earth's nor heaven's blessing may avail
For such as I, who chanced, last night, to meet—
O Beauty, found so fair and left so frail—
You and your ribald laughter on the street.

Dorothea Myrtle Childs

One Russet-Brown Tree

One Russet-brown tree
That lifts proud limbs
From the green-velvet carpet of Spring,
Knows the secret
Of the Spring's mystery
Far better than we—
Who have tried to fathom it
Year by year.

Portia Martin

The Swing

Jared ran under me,
Jared is tall,
I sped like an arrow that never can fall
Straight out into the light.

Peter ran under me shouting with glee,
I was a child on a frolicsome spree.
Backward I leaned, stretching, toe-tips to crown,
Till hairpins were scattered and locks tangled down.

Philip ran under,
Swift honey-sweet bees,
Dreams drifted far on the fragrant breeze,
Over the pasture brook,
Over the bars,
Over the daisies that twinkled like stars,
Over white thorn-apple trees.

Johnny ran under me, hair like a flame,
Orange and purple and red he came,
Purple and orange and red,
And I—
I was a cloud on a wind-wild sky.
Over,
And under,
And low,

Then high—
High as his long strong arms could fling,
High, high, and higher,
Until the great swing
Seemed tempest, tornado, enveloping might
That whirled cloud and sun into dizzying flight.
Days flared to sunsets,
Sunsets hurled dawns.
Earth was a riot of tree-tops and lawns,
A riot of birdsong and freedom and fun
With Johnny's hair purple and red in the sun.

E. Richard Shipp

Dreamland

Up in the High Hills where Big Trees grow
and wild things live
is a Stone Bowl;
A Stone Bowl brimful of water—
water as clear as diamond crystals,
as cold as a northeast wind,
as blue as the skies.

The rim of the Bowl
is jagged and rough
and shows the Potter's grasp
while it was yet soft.
The bold finger prints,
left by His hands
when He placed it there,
are like skillful carvings.

As the Sun wanders down behind the hills
a breath comes out of the shadows
and gently stirs the waters.
Caressingly, lovingly,
swinging to and fro,
laughing, rippling, happy wavelets
kiss the prints of the Holy Hands.

In black broadcloth, trimmed with white

a Magpie flutters down
and as he drinks
raises his eyes to Heaven.
Wild Things, with furry coats
and ever watchful eyes,
drink and frisk and play
on the rim of the Bowl.
Shyly, out of the deepening shadows,
a soft-eyed Doe,
her tawny coat shining,
her every sense alert,
brings her young.
At the far edge of the Bowl,
with loud crashings of underbrush
and discontented grumblings
a Brown Bear
lumbers awkwardly down a gulch.
Slowly the Sun goes,
shadows lengthen and merge
into solid blackness.
Riding Lights swing out
on the Boats in the Harbor
above the trees.
The Orchestra of the Night
tunes its Instruments—
I am lost in Dreamland.

W. H. Lench

We Are Like Gold-Fish

We are like Gold-fish
That sport and play in a small bowl,—
Run the gamut of life's ways
And sometimes peer beyond the glass
In wonder at the world outside.
We roam majestically through life
Hate——Love——
Know not the things outside our sphere,
Nor taste their magic mysteries.
We are like Gold-Fish
That sport and play in a small bowl.

W. H. Lench

Result

As a river vegetates the banks
Where it has touched,
So Happiness beautifies my life.

Sydney King Russell

Legend

Nausicaa's passion came to this
Long ago, in the full of the moon,
A midnight tryst, a fevered kiss—
But what said the gypsy rune?

“Two shall ride and one shall sleep
Soon as the deed be done!”—
Nausicaa thinks of the word of fate,
Knows the dread hour is run.

Come clattering hoofs, a challenge clear,—
“On guard, son of the dust!”
The play of darting steel on steel,
Death in the silent thrust.

Two who speed in the starless gloam,
A frightened steed astride;
One who sleeps in the wind-swept loam
With none to rest beside.

Jasper Barnett Cowdin

Moods

When the stars, like white Madonnas,
Walk on their stately way
To vespers in the gathering dusk
As the robin ends his lay,

My heart finds a sun-warmed meadow
Asleep in green quietude,
Where, hid by a lowly bush, it sings
In a reverential mood.

But with the first gold of morning
And departure of the night
My heart is up in a tree-top,
And singing with all its might!

Belle Turnbull

The Gallant Warrior

So that is done!

And I can stretch my face in my own house,
Alone.

Must all my kin

Choose May to marry in?

Ah... So!

In this house, too, it seems, is spring—

Three popcorn buds of cherries on a stem

That shows the scars of former blossoming—

Scars . . . Oh,

Can I not manage now,

Even at forty-seven, to endure

One little cherry-bough?

“I love you more,”—he used to murmur it—

“Than all the cherry-blossoms, white

On all the cherry-trees

In all the world.”

I found out after—not from him—that bit

Was taken from a play.

Best have Annette throw them away—

But no—

I'll leave them here for just an hour or two

And lean against my thorn—

Come, this will never do!

A minute yet,
And I'll be feeling sorry for myself—

Annette!

Bring me my walking-stick
The vapors almost had me. Ever sick
With that complaint?
(Of course, she fairly wallows; she's eighteen.)
Going to see that pup Jimps offered me;
Pups dissolve vapors and are death to spleen—

And oh, Annette!

(That girl has wings for feet!)

Look here—

If your young man should have an evening free,
Take him to look at my old cherry-tree;
It must be rather sweet
This year. . . .

Richard Warner Borst

Under the Live Oak Tree

Beneath a live oak's rounded dome
I build my vine-enamored home.

Before my ever-open door
The valley's iridescent floor
Burns with the poppy's fiery hue,
Smokes with the lupine's magic blue.

A freshening wind blows in from sea,
And clouds in lofty pageantry,
Fling mottled shadows o'er the vales
Where showers beat down like silver flails,
Through which the candid sunlight flings
Its jewel-rayed emblazonings.

Here black-bird, sparrow, linnet call
Above the rhythmic rise and fall
Of waving grass and swaying flowers
Throughout the lambent, happy hours.

Here, in my vine and orchard close,
I make acquaintance with the rose;
Secure and free from fear and hate,
I muse beside my garden gate:
These boughs above me tendrils toss,—
Gossamer scarves of emerald moss;

Wind-voices, fugitive and shrill,
Pipe elfin harmonies that fill
My listening ear with joy; till, bound
In lethargy of sight and sound,

I feel a half-reluctant swoon,
Calm as the lucent afternoon,
Fall on my dreams, my senses bind
In perfumed fillets bland and kind.
Beneath a live-oak's rounded dome,
I build my vine-enamored home.

Ruth E. McKee

A Study in Pastels

You are very charming in your orchid-shaded gown,
Reading *Astrophel* and *Stella* in the shadows.
There is no touch of dissonance about you:
Your hands are virginal as lily petals
Clasped beneath the curious leather volume,
Your hair curls softly brown in silken tendrils,
Outlining demurely the pallor of your face,
Even the trembling line of your mouth is coral—
Crimson would jar rudely on such chastity.

Louise Stedman Bostick

Sunset

The sun dips an iridescent oar
Of flaming crimson
In the shimmering, emerald waters,
And paddles himself
Steadily,
Over the rim of sea.

Louise Stedman Bostick

Life

You may enthrone your heart
In the petals
Of a rosebud,
Or form with it the nucleus
Of a snowball;
Inevitably
Both will perish.

The Badger and the “Yaller Dog”

The halcyon days of Cactus Gulch are memories of the
past;
Fond memories of a golden age, alas! too good to last!
When “Roulette Pete” and “Poker Jim” rode on the
floodtide crest,
And every whiskey-joint in town rode with them, close
abreast.
For untold wealth of gold was stored within the hills
around
At least it was reported so by those who sold the
ground,
And sure enough a stream of gold poured in the
booming town,
And kept on pouring till the dupes found out they’d
been “done brown.”
Then one by one the whiskey-joints were closed or
packed away;
But “Roulette Pete” and “Poker Jim” allowed they’d
rather stay,
For there were still a few who hoped good times might
come again,
And others, while the booze was there, would certainly
remain.

But trade was coming awful slow, and profits mighty
slim

“We must plan out some paying scheme,” said “Pete” to
“Poker Jim,”

“Before we’re busted quite, and then strike out for
pastures new.”

Said “Poker Jim” to “Roulette Pete,” “I quite agree with
you.”

Next morn a notice made it known to whom it might
concern,

Each able-bodied dog in town would have a chance to
earn

A thousand dollars for the man who backed him with a
“Five”

To pull a Badger from his den, and draw him out alive.

The Badger owned by Pete and Jim had weathered
many frays,

And ne’er was from his barrel drawn by dog, in former
days;

It was a cinch they’d surely win all cash that was put
up!

The town-folks thought the job a cinch for any desert
pup!

The contest day arrived at last, and never since the
“Boom”

Had Cactus Gulch held such a crowd, there scarce was
standing room.

The barks, and yelps, and canine howls just rent the
desert air,

For every dog the county owned was sure assembled
there.

Through all the noise, excitement, fuss, expressed by
man and beast,
The Badger in his barrel snug, was not concerned the
least;
But when his first opponent came he just crept further
back,
With teeth and claws prepared for war, and waited the
attack.
The first one to attempt the draw, a scarred and
grizzled hound,
The hero of a thousand fights, for grit and might
renowned,
With wisdom from experience gained first tried a
flanking stunt,
But found no access to the foe excepting by the front.
A snarl, a growl, then in he dashed, the doughty deed
to do!
A yelp, a howl, then out he backed, he'd met his
Waterloo.
Dog after dog was put to rout by teeth and whirling
claws;
They might as well have tried to fight a score or two
Buzz-saws.
The hopes of Pete and Jim rose high, all others tumbled
down,
As that old Badger put to flight the last dog in the
town.

Just then, while men and dogs were sore, and feeling
awful mean,
A "Hobo" with a "Yaller dog" appeared upon the scene!

A travel-worn and ragged pair, they made a sorry sight,
Both man and dog the last on earth to put up any fight;
But this was all the better for the boys would have
 some fun,
When the Badger landed on him how that "Yaller dog"
 would run!

They told the wondrous story of the fortune waiting
 there
For any dog that could extract that Badger from his
 lair.
The prospect was attractive, so this relic of "has-beens,"
To enter for the contest, dug a fiver from his jeans.
The dog was promptly brought to face the task he
 should essay,
But with a howl of terror tried his best to break away
The "Hobo" held him there until sent almost mad with
 fright,
Then whirled him round and pushed him in STERN
 FIRST with all his might.

What happened in that barrel was both sudden and
 complete,
For like a flash that "Yaller dog" went howling down
 the street;
But from that crowd of citizens there rose a mournful
 wail,
The Badger, with a bull-dog grip, was hanging to his
 tail!

There was no way to shirk the bet, the Badger sure was
drawn!

The “Hobo” scooped the pot and left all Cactus Gulch
forlorn.

That town is but a memory now, the desert stillness
reigns;

But learn this moral from my yarn, “When muscle fails,
try brains!”

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Eleanor Hammond

Communion

We have drunk together keen wine
Of love and desire and youth,
We have shared with each other the bread
Of the things of every day.
And yet we are not transmuted—
Shyly my soul still gropes in the dusk
For the hand of your soul.

Comment

Conducted by Pauline Barrington.

The Great Dream, by Marguerite Wilkinson.

The Macmillan Company. New York.

“I have dreamed a dream of my own city,
Manhattan of the tall towers, colorful as day,
A giant-striding dream of my own country
Where the three zones meet and the four winds play:
I have dreamed a dream of my own people
Many as stars thronging the Milky Way.”

When *The Great Dream* arrived and I read the above opening to the poem which gives its name to the book, I remembered the first time I saw Mrs. Wilkinson. One rainy morning, in spring, about 1912, she came to a woman's club to talk about poetry. Up to that day, *The Ancient Mariner* was the one and only poem I knew or cared about, it filled me with an awful shuddering delight. That morning while the rain, like gray fringe, tapped against the windows with loaded ends, Marguerite Wilkinson talked, her pale brown hair soft in the half light, her true blue eyes shining with engaging earnestness. Then, another day, in an orange-grove-garden in Pasadena, Eunice Tietjens and Marguerite Wilkinson discussing the young poets and new forms; Mrs. Tietjens pushing wider the horizon, Mrs. Wilkinson more cautious, pulling it back into place. There were orange blossoms in the air and a mocking bird whistling from the top of a nearby chimney. . . . Mrs. Wilkinson had would keep to the straight broad road of conventional poetry. The side paths or the making of new ones never tempted her from the fair course she had chosen. She holds no brief for “Certain Radical Poets,”

the restless ones longing for the new. There are no quivering uncertainties, possibilities, the unknown . . . included in the terms of her art. She has written from a deep knowledge of the traditions of English literature and a thorough understanding of the craft of poetry. She has so great a love of nature, that sometimes she overlooks the fact that nature and art are not one and the same thing. She makes use of many rhythms, free verse, polyphonic prose, prose and regular old fashioned forms and as Mrs. Wilkinson is above all else a lyrist, the last is her best, when her poems have a regular quality of song. There is wholesomeness, sincerity and dignity about her books.

"Our Joys Are Many"

Our joys are many as the stars that quiver
Above us in the evening, many as waters
That underneath the starlight burn and quiver;
Our joys are many as all the shining daughters
Of mothering Heaven, and they shine as far;
Our joys are as many as our sorrows are.
Oh, who has numbered them all from the beginning,
Crying their names aloud, telling the splendor
Of joys that rise on terrible pinions, winning
The enchanted airs, of little joys more tender
That like young clover flourish in the grass
And kiss our feet too humbly while we pass?

Marguerite Wilkinson was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia. Her father, Nathan Kellogg Bigelow, an American citizen, brought her back to the United States when she was a child. She was educated in the public schools of Evanston, Miss Ely's School in New York and at Northwestern University. She wrote editorially for college papers and since has written extensively for magazines. She was leading critic of poetry for

The New York Times. Her first book was called *In Vivid Gardens* this was followed some years later by *Golden Songs of the Golden State*, an anthology of California verse. *New Voices*, her next book, is a remarkable volume of criticism of poetry in general. *The Dingbat of Arcady* is a prose account of an adventurous trip. *Bluestone* and *The Great Dream* are both books of poems. Fundamentally there is something missing. Marguerite Wilkinson knows nothing of the by products of art and misses a keen ecstasy. She knows only the bright and shining side of the shield, keeping it gaily turned to the sun, ignoring the fact of the under side, dark and hidden. Poe, Whitman, Thompson, Verlaine, Villon and other driven ones knew that there is the intolerable, tragic, beautiful, yes, beautiful, mad . . . stabbing a barb to the quick. We write only what we are and Marguerite Wilkinson has given us her sweet wholesomeness, strong gentle poet that she is. She has written honestly and well, bringing poetry to literally thousands of persons who treasure her lyrics and find joy in her narrative poems. In *New Voices* she wrote, "Poetry is like the Pool of Bethesda. Until they have been plunged into the eddies of rhythmical and imaginative beauty, many human intellects are, to a certain extent sick and infirm." And there stands that rainy day, forever in memory; Marguerite Wilkinson with her soft hair and earnest eyes, her poet's voice ringing and clear and the shining rain . . . the rain like gray fringe, swaying in the wind, tapping . . . tapping against the window pane, or was it against my heart.

—*Pauline Barrington.*

Two Anthologies

When I was twenty and thought I should have time to read every poem of every poet, I scorned anthologies. Now, after years of constant reading, I am still so far behind in the pursuit of knowledge that collections and compilations are most welcome. Within two years there are two delightful volumes for lovers of Italian literature. The first is an anthology of Italian poems from the time of St. Francis of Assisi to that of Carducci who died in 1907,—six centuries of lyric poetry tastefully and lovingly shown in translation by Madame Lorna de 'Lucchi, English wife of an Italian scholar. This volume is particularly valuable because the original text is found side by side with the English version, so that a limited acquaintance with the lovely Italian can give great pleasure to the reader by leading him to the source. Madame de 'Lucchi's sincere and charming renderings are as faithful as the extreme dissimilarity of the two languages permits, and many readers will turn from the translation to the originals on the opposite page, and thence to the complete works of some of the great poets here assembled. This, no doubt, is her hope and aim in offering this book, which will be found an excellent addition to any library.

Less important is the second anthology, "Poets of Today." This collection which, despite the title, contains numerous prose excerpts, as well as verse, is made by Giovanni Papini and Pietro Pancrazi of Florence. It includes the work of men of the last twenty years only— from 1900 to 1920, with a very brief biographical notice for each, and a bibliography. There are no famous names except Papini's own. These men are, for the most part, journalists, critics or translators; their work is modern and vital, but not of the highest order or destined to survive. Several of them have made notable translations from English and Irish literature —Carlo Linati, for example, having translated Yeats, Synge and Lady Gregory into Italian.

Much of the prose is extremely poetical, and the verse is often very free, both in form and subject. This volume has no English text and, being of a very upto-date and informal character, requires a good knowledge of Italian.

Several Italian authors are at present very prominent in Europe and even in the United States. Croce is one of the great critics of today, Giovanni Papini's "Life of Christ" is very interesting and important, Panzini's play "Wanted A Wife," and Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author" have been among the recent New York successes.

—*Georgia D. Smith.*

**Statement of Ownership, Management,
Circulation, Etc.,
Required by the Act of Congress of
August 24, 1912**

Of The Lyric West, published monthly at Los Angeles, Calif.,
for April 1st, 1923.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Grace Atherton Dennen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the owner of The Lyric West, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Grace Atherton Dennen, 1139 W. 27th St., Los Angeles.

Editor, Grace Atherton Dennen, 1139 W. 27th St., Los Angeles.

Associate Editor, Esther Yarnell, Redondo Beach, Calif.

Business Manager: Grace Atherton Dennen, Los Angeles.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Grace Atherton Dennen, 1139 W. 27th St., Los Angeles.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there

are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him

Grace Atherton Dennen.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of April, 1923.
(SEAL) HENRY P. CAIN. (My commission expires May 24th, 1924.)