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The LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Sigrid Sittig | Dorothy Hawley Cartwright

Edna Constance Willard | Lucia Clark Markham

James Main Dixon and others

THE FOREMOST AMERICAN POET?

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The Lyric West

Vol. IV, No. 2

A Magazine Of Verse

November, 1924

Edited by Roy Towner Thompson and Grace Atherton Dennen

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The Lyric West for November, 1924

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Sigrid Sittig

Five Poems

A CRY

O day — begone! Though night
I dread,
With loneliness the pillow
For my head.

O night, today I'd have
Thee sped.
Though I eat loneliness
For bread.

O night and day I wish
Me dead,
Who hath a lonely heart
And bed.

RAIN

There is rain
 that sprinkles thirsty flowers,
And rain
 that taps on a lonely roof,
There is rain
 that ripples too placid water,
And rain
 that falls in an open grave.

COLOR

Life is color.
From her palette comes
Black of grim despair,
Red of love, and gray of sorrow,
Golden glare of mind's attainment,
Blue light of a phantom joy.
Too near for sanity have I been to the heart of color.
Fling over me the livid white of death.

TITANIA

You say my idol has feet of clay?
I will keep him shod with golden shoon.
You say his voice is an ass'es bray?
I will cover it up with my true heart's tune.
You say I am blind, I must keep myself free?
I answer: I —I alone, can see.

WIDOW

You are dead, you my master,
And I am free.
Free to be myself,
To think my own thoughts
And try my own desires.
But I find I have no thoughts,
No desires. You,
You my master,
Sucked them out of me.
They are locked in the grave,
And I am that pitiful thing
A slave, masterless.

Lilian White Spencer

The Old Home

On days when maids go laughing through the rooms
To sudsy revels with their whirling brooms,
Behind closed doors in my quaint house I must
Perform one sacred rite. It is to dust
The books. Though I am gentle, the dear ghosts
Haunting their pages wake, and tranquil hosts
Of memory become sad shapes that dart
Shafts of old pain deep in my quiet heart.

“From Edward, happy years to sweetest Kate.”
Oh long the two have had them! This pale date
Was traced before my birth. “To little Fred
From Daddy.” God dares not allow the dead
To know how yellowed leaves make loved eyes’ brim
Or they would dwell less peacefully with Him.
I smile. . . . There will be no one, soon, to look,
Anguished, at faded writing in a book.

Weare Holbrook

Threnody

Mrs. Ike Boehm, *aetat 52, loquitur*:

It's queer, because I seldom get the time
To read the headlines, let alone the stuff
That's underneath, for I've got trouble enough,
God knows, and all this politics and crime
The papers print don't make me any happier.
So, as I say, it's really kind of queer
I happened on it, and before I'd read
A single line, I knew that Gus was dead.
The paper told how people on the pier
Had seen a car plunge off into the river:
*"Joy-riders, drunk. . . A witness testified
'They went down singing.' All of them were drowned.
Three bodies still are missing. One was found;
That of a man not yet identified."*
But it was Gus; I knew before I read it,
And at the morgue they showed me I was right.
They wheeled my little boy in on a rack,
And asked me questions, and I answered back,
Not knowing what I said, — he looked so white!
But I never carried on like some folks would.
You know, him being drowned the way he was —
It's my fault, really. "Go and have some fun,"
I told him, for I saw that he'd begun
To act the very way his father does,
And I was scared to see him like his father.

Ike always goes away without a word,
Works hard all day, and comes back home at night
Still saying nothing. You would think he might
Sometimes, at least, repeat the things he's heard
Down-town, — but no, he doesn't take the trouble.
I didn't want to see Gus get that way,
So, "Go and have a little fun," I said,
The very night it happened. Now he's dead,
And I suppose if people knew, they'd say
I sent him to his death, but I feel different.
You see, I know he wasn't really bad,
Though he did chase around and maybe drink;
And if the neighbors think — why, let them think!
It can't be helped, and I am kind of glad
A witness testified, "They went down singing."

Winifred Davidson

Choice

Love came with the face of a fine Irishman,
Brave tunes to his tremulous chin.
I could have been singing this day with that Dan!
Times I wish I had let him come in!
And I wish I had let him come in.

Love came with such wealth my two hands could not
hold—
Giving much, Ben offered me more.
Bedizened might I be with jewels and gold!
Times I wish I had not shut the door!
But I wish I had not shut the door.

Love came in the guise of poor passionate prince,
With wild plea of tears in his eye.
Tasting the many, the bitter-wept tear ever since,
Times I wish I had let Love go by!
Well, I could wish I had let Love go by.

I could have had singing and laughter with Dan,
Glory and grandeur with Ben,
But what other choosing were left me, my man,
If a choice were before me again?
Now, if choice were before me again?

Dorothy Hawley Cartwright

The Passing

Love comes with misty wings like the early dawn,
As silent as falling petals in early spring,
Unfettered as fledgling birds from their nests late gone,
As swift as a swallow, a childlike, heart-born thing.
Love comes like the evening star, with a steadfast glow,
Or comes with the leaping flame of a living light;
Love comes like a singing rivulet, cool and slow,
Or comes like the little winds in the early night.

Love leaves like the hush of snow in a twilight land,
Like mournings of vagrant winds through caverns
 blown;
Dissolves like a torrent flowing on desert sand,
Abandons the mute heart questioning, alone.
But long after love has fled down the trailing years,
Memory, virgin, smiles from her veil of tears.

Ada Hastings Hedges

If You Had Died

If there had been a sudden silence blown
Upon that hour —I say, if you had died
When Love was at its glorious flowingtide,
Thrilling and terrible —I should have known
The wistful savor of a gentle grief
Haunting my moods —a fragile, silver blight
To stain my landscape like the muted light
Upon a cloud-dimmed day; and yet belief
That you would wait beyond the barrier
Warm at my heart. I could have gone each day
Beneath my standard gallantly the way
Of secret peace, immune from this wide blur
Of sand left on an empty, listless shore
Whose tides have strangely ebbed to come no more.

Wilson O. Clough

Ballad of the Scotty Mine

(A True Incident)

'Member Scotty? Shiftless cuss.

At that a mighty good pard

When it came to trampin' the hills with us

Or hittin' the ol' trail hard.

Them was back in the Ten Mile days,

When gold was gold what was;

When we was makin' the strikes that pays,

Like *real* prospectin' does.

Happened ol' Scotty's lungs give out,

An' him at the timber-line

Up on Sheep Mount as high about

As the last, dead, stunted pine.

An' he died in a one-room cabin there,

A-groanin' till most daylight,

A box fer a chair, and the floor all bare,

On a wild December night.

We chanct along, ol' Pete and me.

We found a miner there

A-mindin' the dead so sorrerfully

We 'greed to do our share.

Out we hiked into the night
 With pick and shovel in tow
An' by the yellow lantern light
 We scooped down under the snow.

'T were a night dim white, with a frosty bite,
 An' snow that was most waist-high;
An' the wind was right from the north that night,
 An' nary a star in the sky.

We were heavin' dirt down the mountain pitch
 When Pete slung his pick and cried,
"We've struck it rich in this dam ditch
 That's seven by three feet wide."

An' shore enough, in ol' Pete's hand
 Was dirt that figgered to pay,
Pete, he whooped to beat the band,
 While I was inclined to pray.

An' we writ a letter that read, "We've found
 A stake a-piece tonight.
It's four feet down, an' we've gone to town
 To see 'er fixed up right.

"Our pard can wait 'till we locate —
 The grave'll be thare still.
We'll call 'er Scotty. Your affectionate
 Pardners, Pete and Bill."

We set our light on a dump o' dirt
An' hiked fer Leadville camp;
An' we fixed 'er right with a law-expert
An' got his legal stamp.

Fer we knowed that Scotty, wherever he were,
Would understan' an' smile;
Fer our pard would sure be happier
To know we'd made our pile.

Martha Davis

Magic

The skies were gray,
The street unkempt and mean;
But once, when the dull crowds
Surging between,
Gave, for a moment, place,
I saw your face —
Quiet, serene.
Then came the grace of parting clouds,
And straight the sun looked through, elate,
Upon the passers by.
Not one of them guessed why!

Jessie Call

Wasted Years

Wasted years! How very strange
That you should call them wasted years;
Within their span,
I learned from man,
The potency of smiles and tears.

Wasted years! What have I missed
That has great value in your eyes?
A lunch, a dance,
A game of chance
With chattering women, worldly wise?

Wasted years! If you but knew
What long, lone hours revealed to me;
The truth I sought
In deed, in thought,
The real from unreality.

Edna Constance Willard

The Missive

Dear Love:

I found you sleeping,
When I came. Not to disturb you
And aware of the radiance of heaven,
I moved a-tip-toe, ever so softly,
Arms all filled with daffodils.

In overflowing masses,
They quivered to the floor;
But hardly had I thought to tend them,
When they lifted, and clustered,
And stood up, growing,
Blissful, content; their golden chalices
Poised receptacles of peace; their petals
Spread in blessing of love.

Did you see the vision,
And step into fields of daffodils,
Daughter of Joy?

Ellinor Lehnherr Norcross

Theft

Somehow you took so many things
That were a part of me,
I cannot yet quite understand
This new passivity.

I hate this strange, quiescent me
Who never more shall run
Across the dusk-nor-dark-nor-dawn
To meet the high, white sun.

You touched this slim, young, flaming soul
Gallant, eager, proud,
And left no thing by which to know
Me from the motley crowd.

John Northern Hilliard

Sestina of the Spieler

The way I size it up, this life's a show;
The world, a ballyhoo outside the Top;
A dinky platform where wo do our stunts;
Some do the shouting — spielers—same as me,
And some are “grinders,” some are bloomin' freaks,
But mostly they are “come-ons” — same as you.

Sure! Some gink's got t' cough up— why not you?
What if you're bunked or short-changed? There's the
show!

You've heard the “haba-habas,” seen the freaks,
And when you've done the outside, there's the Top!
Some show inside the Tent! Take it from me,
The Master Showman's got some big-ring stunts!

Buck up, old sport! Before you lamp His stunts
There's heaps of things outside to glim for you.
The bal-ly-hoo is on, and bee-lieve me
It's worth the big touch, Bo. Some show! Some show!
Well! Well! Well! Well! Before you try the Top,
Come on! Come on! Come on and see the freaks!

This way! This way! This way to see the freaks!
The bal-ly-hoo is on! Come, pipe the stunts!
Step up! Before you go inside the Top
See the free show outside — that goes for *you!*

The time ain't none too long to view the show;
Get all you can, Bo—take the tip from me.

Like it? You're on! The show is nuts to me.
I like it all,—the drums, the pipes, the freaks;
Bunk, graft and all, I like the bloomin' show!
Say, if you think I “ginger-spiel” these stunts
To glom the long green, then forget it — *you!*
I *like* the game. That goes for me, old top!

And when — the big horns blowin' in the Top —
The Master Showman sends out word for me,
I hopes to play the game on — same as you;
I hopes to go on spielin' for His freaks
The same as here, and boostin' up His stunts,
And tunin' up the big noise for His show.

Sure! That's my graft—to “ginger-spiel” His freaks,
Always providin' He approves my stunts . . .
But anyhow, I'll boost the bloomin' show!

Breath of the Honeysuckle

Breath of the honeysuckle,
 Bringing the musk of night,
Whispering wild, sweet madness. . .
 Delirious delight;

Breath of the honeysuckle,
 Bearing ecstatic pain,
Perfume of petalled passion. . . .
 Breathe on me again!

Beulah May

The Mill

Round and round go the fans of the mill, sweeping
across the sky, blue as a plate, brushing the
buttercups on the grass;

Round and round go the fans of the mill.

Within, belts and pulleys revolve, and the hopper
clatters as the yellow grain runs dancing down the
chute;

Bulky sacks, sweating flour, are piled to the ceiling.

Down jumps the gray cat, festooned with cobwebs, and
smelling of mice, to greet the children who stand on
the door-sill, buttercups in their hands.

Lucia Clark Markham

Pigeons Flying

Glints of white across the gray
 Wintry waste of heaven
Wing my somber thoughts away,
 On a dark tide driven,
Where the Swans of Dreaming stray
 Seven times seven.

Where are slanting ships of rain
 With their thin sails flying
Down a dim deserted main
 Far and farther plying,
Seeking some lost isle again
 In the distance lying.

And behind their dipping spars
 Lucent lights are glowing
Like a pearly gleam of stars
 Through the twilight growing,
As a thrust of spring unbars
 Frozen waters' going.

Where the bare brown trees uplift
 Tesselated towers,
Rosy hints reveals a rift
 In the silver hours,
As a tinted moth may drift

Through a cloud of flowers.

What is there beyond the veil
That day is hiding?
Could I fly with soaring sail
Where those barks are riding,
I should find an azure dale
For my heart's abiding.

Then away my sloop should glide,
Dark and tempest scorning,
Where upon a crystal tide —
All her trumpets warning —
Camelot glistens like a bride
Against a scarlet morning.

Agnes M. Miall

Petition

I pray for swift blood, O Gods,
For a leaping joy in life.
Grant me humbly to kneel to beauty in mountain or
music or lovely face;
May I never refrain from loving in dread of anguish to
follow.
Give me each day as a new adventure,
Each night as a dreaming vision of hope.
Move me with all the mighty sorrows and joys
That I may be one with humanity, merged into life.

And when the fire burns low,
And naught but memories warm the blood that danced
Once, long ago,
Kill me swiftly, O Gods.

Alice McCray Walther

The Buddhist's Bell

I

Once, in forgotten days of old Japan,
The goddess, Benten, angered by neglect
Of fisher-folk first fruitage to select
And offer at her shrine, did fiercely fan
Her jealous wrath at sight of scornful man;
With dread typhoon each fisher's craft she wrecked,
Nor could Good Fortune's kindly gods protect.
Swift to the shrine of Buddha, people ran:
"Bring," said the priest, "the things your hearts most
prize."

Mirrors of silver, women brought, and men,
Their wealth. An armourer the sacrifice
Then moulded to a wondrous bell, and when
Its lingering tones to Buddha's ear did rise,
The storm was hushed, and Benten smiled again.

II

An armourer who unregarded wrought
Through patient years in bronze, with subtle care
Had fitted to his use a mixture rare;
And cunning skill the years his hand had taught:
Each lovely line, obedient to his thought,
Became a hymn, each finished shape a prayer
To gods that wait in beauty. Yet, though fair,
And fairer grew each form, perfection brought
Brief joy, then yearning, discontent. One day —
His time had come — within him passion woke:
Vision of human helplessness to sway
His artist-soul and drive him to invoke
High gods! The Armourer, man's need to tell,
Wrought in a moment blessed the Buddhist's bell.

III

The savage sought his gods with clamor rude,
Of drums with loud insistent rat-a-plan —
When life and worship first on earth began;
His music strange, with reverence imbued,
Would heaven assail with sounds of discord crude;
Calling attention of the gods to man,
While high his wild religious fervor ran.
Ah, never one sought Buddha in such mood! —
A worshipper before his mystic shrine,
Lingers, while on a subtly fashioned bell,
With silver tones that equally incline
The thoughts of men to god and god to men,
A hermit-priest with gentle stroke doth tell,
That one sin-weary seeks his god again.

May Williams Ward

Personalities

ROUE

Wind of April
Slips into my boudoir, sure of my favors
Although about him still there cling
Distinctive fragrances
Of former mistresses but lately left —
Hyacinth and stately seeming Iris.

BUSYBODY

Wind of August
Brazen in without knocking,
Clacking heat that sears like gossip.

PSYCHO-ANALYST

November wind,
Persistent, not to be diverted
Persistent,
Drags from subterranean graves
Fears,
Regrets,
Shames,
Primordial fetishes,
Horrid cadavers of loves.

The Foremost American Poet?

Two books that recently came under my notice, neither of them a year old, bring up the question, Who is our greatest, our representative American poet? One of them is by a veteran essayist, poet, and editor, Robert Underwood Johnson, who more than forty years ago took his place in the editorial chair of the *Century Magazine*, and held it for several decades. Then he was called to serve his country as ambassador to Italy, and while there was originator of the plan to erect a memorial in Rome to the poets Keats and Shelley. He also was a founder of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and its first secretary. A great lover of nature, he was associated with John Muir in establishing the Yosemite National Park in this state. His cosmopolitan experiences, his wide national associations — it was he who induced General Grant to write his *Memoirs*, which were incorporated in the “Century War Series” — are told in his rich volume, *Remembered Yesterdays*. And there he states emphatically that “In my mature opinion our greatest man of letters, our foremost poet and one of the most imaginative in English literature is Ralph Waldo Emerson.” Next he would evidently place James Russell Lowell, who had greater influence on his life than any other writer until he met Emerson. He closes a passage devoted to Emerson with these words: “The influence of Emerson’s sane mind and pure spirit will do much to save America from the destructive mania that is threatening the stability of the world.”

Poe he does not mention at all; but the pages he gives to Walt Whitman are of interest. His friendship for John Burroughs led him to pay more attention to “the good grey poet,” whom Burroughs admired ardently, laying great stress on the poetic side — much too great emphasis, in Mr. Johnson’s opinion. “He said once to me that he did not care whether Whitman’s writing was poetry or not; if it was not

poetry, it was something better." On the other hand, James Russell Lowell could see nothing good in Whitman's work, declaring it was not poetry at all. Johnson tells us that he came to occupy a middle ground, while believing that whatever else Whitman was, he was not an artist.

We get into a different world of standards in opening Sherwin Cody's study of Edgar Allen Poe. He calls his book, *Poe,—Man, Poet and Creative Thinker*. There he tells us that Poe's "The Raven," while it made a popular sensation when published in 1845, seemed to be regarded more as something of a curiosity than as a piece of fine poetic art. It was not until three years after the poet's death, in 1852, that Leigh Hunt gave Poe a place among the four poets whom the United States had produced. In forty years, however, his reputation had gone up. Mr. Cody, then a youthful American on a visit to London, was told by Frank Harris, then editor of the *Saturday Review*, that "America had produced one poet and a poet and a half, Poe and Whitman." Since then, remarks Mr. Cody, there has been a shifting of Whitman to the first place and of Poe to the second. As the first writer of our free verse on a large scale, Whitman is the father of our *vers-librists*. "Now, however, there are marked signs of reaction towards use of the older and more traditional forms of verse, and it is possible that Poe will gradually reclaim his position of leadership."

That Poe had a peculiar mastery of all the artifices of sound in verse-writing, can hardly be questioned. He is a deft handler of rhythms, rhymes, alliterations, and balancing of vowels. This very deftness seemed to many to hide limitations of thought and go along with insincerity. But since Mallarmé, in 1872, translated Poe's poetry into wonderful prose, his countrymen have regarded Poe the poet, expressing an ideal of the beautiful, as even greater than Poe the story-teller, although their writers have been profoundly influenced by his tales. And Arthur Ransome, the English critic, tells us that he

came to have a higher idea of Poe after reading his poems in the French translations. "It is, no doubt, for this reason," concludes Mr. Cody, "that our best modern taste prefers such exquisite lyrics as Poe's earlier "To Helen," "To One in Paradise," and "Israfel," and regards them as really far greater poetry than "The Raven," "The Bells," or "Annabel Lee."

It is interesting to note that two of the more valued poems bear Oriental titles, and were evidently written under the spell of Oriental imagery that came into our poetry and imagery at the beginning of last century. The imagination is sensuous rather than spiritual, inasmuch as the spiritual and religious are supposed in Mohammedanism to be summed up for good in the pages of the Koran, and only the sensuous is left for literature of the emotions. And so if we are to take our master English critic, John Ruskin, as a guide, Poe must be placed in the second class of singers —the sensational; and outside of the first rank, the imaginative, of which he takes Dante and Milton as the types. They deal with the Mystery of Life, which hungers after the Perfection that only religious faith gives; and accept the dualism of life which posits a divine Providence in the scheme of things, making for ultimate harmony. But Poe, as he tells us frankly in his "Eureka," was a monist, a disbeliever in any such faith: "Each soul is, in fact, its own God — its own Creator: in a word, God — the natural *and* spiritual God — *now* exists only in the diffused Matter and Spirit of the Universe." Such a creed leaves him at the mercy of an unstable will which hungers after Beauty, and rejoices in the whimsical.

Next after this recognition of Perfection in God, which is needed for the proper balance of our whole spiritual and artistic life, — and is especially needed in our higher poetry —comes a whole-souled regard for Truth. I still follow Ruskin's fundamentals. And here Poe was strangely defective,

as his biographer has to admit. He revised a biography of himself that appeared in *Graham's Magazine* and filled it with misstatements. "Possibly," remarks Mr. Cody, "he regarded this romancing about himself as harmless in itself, and of some value as advertising, but the thoughtful critic cannot refrain from severely blaming him for this habit of personal mendacity." But if a poet, as Milton declares, should be an exemplar of his cherished ideals expressed in verse, what becomes of Poe? He is not a typical American poet in any sense; and here we have Mr. Johnson's reason for preferring Emerson: "In the town library of Concord is a sitting figure of him in his mature middle age. . . . I never look upon these portraits of the gentle philosopher and poet, who by teaching the teachers has had so great an influence upon American life, without thinking of Father Taylor's retort to some unco' orthodox who asserted that Emerson would go to hell. 'Well, if he does he will change the climate and the emigration will turn in that direction.' Again that eloquent Methodist missionary said of his Unitarian colleague: 'I have watched him and can find in him no fault. I have laid my ear close to his heart and I cannot detect any jar in the machinery.'

It must be confessed, however, that Emerson, like Ruskin, did not possess that subtle artifice in constructing verse which gives it immediate vogue and the vitality of a melody. This defect was his, with Whitman. "Some years ago," he tells us, "I took Whitman's complete works and studied every line, classifying the poems, in part or in whole, as (1) deadwood, (2) poor prose, (3) eloquence, (4) poetry. I was astonished to find how great a preponderance lay in the third class — written with the purpose of poetry, but in the form of heightened prose. For the distinction is constantly being lost sight of that writing may be poetic and not be poetry." Could the same be done with Emerson?

So perhaps we must fall back, with Henry Van Dyke, on accepting Longfellow as our most representative American poet, while Emerson remains our greatest literary personality. This would have been the verdict forty years ago, with James Russell Lowell as a close second. And nothing serious has happened to disturb it except the unwholesome, anti-Puritan virus that has entered the veins of so many ambitious writers. We are, and are likely to remain, a Puritan democracy and we need not be ashamed of our traditions.

James Main Dixon

Between Editor and Reader

A page of comment, notes, and news

It is a far cry from Arnaut Daniel, Provençal poet, to the American circus. It might reasonably afford surprise to anyone familiar with the more intricate forms of French verse to find a modern American poem written in one of these forms yet phrased in the argot of the circus. For we usually associate sestinas with Dante and Petrarch and a far away world of romance. But many things can happen in seven hundred years.

French forms, such as the ballade, rondel, rondeau, triolet, and sestina, have had recurring periods of popularity and of corresponding neglect. They have been used, altered, reshaped, and parodied by many writers. The ballade and rondeau(called by him *roundel*) were used by Chaucer, but neglected by his successors. For four hundred years the French forms were little used. Nineteenth century England, however, saw a revival of these forms at the hands of Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse, Algernon Charles Swinburne, and W. E. Henley. In America the first examples of the rondeau, the ballade, and the triolet were contributed by H. C. Bunner and Brander Matthews toward the end of the seventies.

Of the seven or eight better known French forms, the sestina has been used with the least frequency. Swinburne's sestina beginning "I saw my soul at rest upon a day," has been described as "the finest example of this poem existing in English." Because it is more concrete, however, and is also technically perfect, I much prefer James Branch Cabell's "The Conqueror Passes," a sestina full of idealized medieval beauty. Kipling's "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal" is perhaps the best known English sestina. This, by the way, is written in the

language of the typical British tar, and furnishes at least one precedent for the sestina printed in this issue.

The sestina was invented at the end of the thirteenth century by the troubadour, Arnaut Daniel. The recurrence of the number six gives the poem its name. In the normal sestina there are six stanzas of six lines each, and at the end, an envoy of three lines. There may or may not be rhyme, but all the stanzas end with the same six words, and all six are repeated in the envoy. If we designate the arrangement of the final words in the first stanza as 123456, in the next stanza they will occur 615243. In each succeeding stanza the arrangement will be 615243 in relation to the preceding stanza. It will be noted that Mr. Hilliard's sestina varies from the normal in that only three of the six final words are used in the envoy.

The author sends the following explanation of the terminology used in the poem: "In the argot of the saw-dust world a tent is always a top. If the show is reasonably large the tent is a big-top. A ballyhoo is a free show outside the tent, in order to get the 'come-ons' as the late Mr. Barnum's gullibles are called. Often the ballyhoo is nothing more than a lining up of the freaks for public inspection. If that does not arouse sufficient interest, a hanky-panky man will do a trick or two, or the Tattooed Lady will oblige with a song. A 'spieler' is an 'opener' or 'talker.' He is an artist, a creator, who plays on the crowd as a musician on an instrument. A 'ginger-spiel' is a spieler's smart talk plus. A 'grinder' is merely a person of lung capacity who pol-parrots the spieler's silver phrases. If the grinder blackens his face and dons grotesque clothes he is a 'haba-haba.' In any case, the grinder may never go into any details of his own, never add anything to the spieler's talk, and above all he must never alter the lie, if the lie be told. Thus it will be seen that there is as much difference, artistically, between spieler and grinder (or haba-haba) as between the

creative writer and his typist.”

R. T. T.

Among the poems printed last month, Ted Olson’s “We Shall Go Laughing” has received the highest praise. While some condemn the philosophy of the poem, all agree that it is forceful, vigorous, finely-phrased, and that it bears the stamp of genuine poetic inspiration. Hazel Hall’s “Hand in Sunlight,” Beulah May’s “In the Wind,” and Elizabeth J. Coatsworth’s “The Crows of Bayeux” attracted many favorable comments. Several who described themselves as indifferent to free verse admitted a strong liking for “Two French Towns” by William E. Scotten, Jr.

Comments on poems printed are always welcomed by the editors.

If our readers will send us the names of persons who would probably be interested in the magazine, we will mail sample copies.