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The
LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Clinton Scollard | Mary Brent Whiteside

Beatrice Harmon | Paul Eldridge

Don Gordon and others

THE ARTISTRY OF THE STANZA

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Vol. V, No. 1

A Magazine Of American Verse

October, 1925

Edited by Allison Gaw and Ethelean Tyson Gaw

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The Lyric West

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Ecce Homo

“Beloved, if thou shouldst have need of me”—

(So spake ye once. Forgive that I recall!)

“If in some hapless time it should befall
Thou goest down to dark Gethsemane,
Bearing thy goblet brimmed with fearful gall,
I will go with thee through the very gate,
Yea, I will drink with thee,
And watch and wait!

“If thou shouldst come, Beloved, to the Place
Of many sorrows, driven and denied,
And lashed by scorn and scourged and crucified,
I will bring balm for thy poor bleeding face
And wounded feet; yea, I will serve with pride,
And walk with thee, and on my shoulders bear
Thy very cross, and all
Thy passion share!”

And lo! it came to pass as ye did say—
(I ask your pardon, for I mean no blame)
That I at last to the dark garden came
With my full cup to wait and watch and pray.
And as I knelt, thrice did I speak your name.
In the sad cypresses the wind made moan.
Ye were not there; I kept
My watch alone!

And lo! it came to pass that I did stand—
 (I charge ye not. Forgive me and forbear!)
 In bitter contumely at Pilate's chair,
And there were fetters on me, foot and hand,
 And heavy thorns upon my gory hair.
I said: "He will bear witness in my lot."
But thrice the cock crew and
 Ye knew me not!

At San Juan Capistrano

Round San Juan Capistrano the emerald lomas sweep;
Above the ruined Mission the skies are blue and deep;
Year long within its garden the flowers their vigil keep.

I know you will remember, as long as memory dwells
Within your heart, beloved, how near the Padre's cells
We lingered in the sunlight below the ancient bells.

A tawny Mexique ringer upon his punctual round
Tugged at the twisted chime-rope that trailed upon the
ground;
One bell—*Ave Maria*—gave forth a silvern sound.

We saw the rose-wreathed cloisters, the empty altar
where
Of old the patient fathers had knelt in praise and
prayer;
We sensed the consecration descending on them there.

The worn baptismal fountain rough-shapen out of stone
Evoked a clear-limned vision of faded days far flown,
And on the floor before it swart red men bowing prone.

We viewed the antique relics, the books with musty
stain,

The grimed and gilded figures brought over seas from
Spain,
The pestles and the mortars wherein was ground the
grain.

'Tis like a dream, beloved, a dream unvanishing,
The hours we spent together,—a priceless, precious
thing,—
At San Juan Capistrano that golden day in spring.

Edith Mirick

Arachne

*With the frame-work
Of my loom
Strung in tree
Or dusty room,
(Curse of Gods
Upon my head!)
I must weave
My silver thread.*

Shuttles flashing
In the sun,
Weaving figures
One by one—
Shuttles darting
To and fro—
Yesterday
Or long ago?

Shall the hate
Of those I spurn
Still my busy
Loom and turn
Slender threads
To scourging rods?
(Hark, the laughter
Of the Gods!)

See the mad threads
Wrap and float
Stranglingly
About my throat!

*Shuttles weaving
To and fro—
See the eerie
Figures grow—
Skeletons
That leer at me
From my ghostly
Tapestry!*

Harvey Sellers Dye

Romany

I woo'd her in her father's house
(Her father was a man of town),
And when I asked his maid to spouse
He looked me up, he looked me down.
His lips were tight, his eyes were hard,
He clasped his fingers on his knee,
Then saw the ringlets in my ears:
 "You are a man
 Of Romany."

I won her in her father's house
(I would not take her other way),
And gave up boozing ken and bouse,
And hawthorne-hedge at break o' day;
Kept daily tryst now, townfolk-wise,
With four stone walls and lock and key—
The dull roof hid the summer skies!
 Strange, for a rye
 Of Romany.

Ah well! the city used me sad
(*Without, the south wind swept the lea*).
The open door was all I had—
'Twas plenty for the likes of me.
But she was bred to roof and shoon,
Conform'd to custom's strait decree—

My mother lay beneath the moon,
For I was born
Of Romany.

She led me to her father's hall
(The tents of Shem were far away),
Below the salt he gave me stall—
He would not give his heart away!
They talked of market, gold, and name,
Nor ever gave a word to me.
The hot blood mounted like a flame!
They do not so
In Romany.

I bore her from her father's hall
(His palsied hands made out to stay),
Then crowned her with a crimson shawl—
The year was verging on the May.
I hung my ringlets in her ears
And turned her to the open sea;
Its far lanes glimmered thro' her tears—
She was the bride
Of Romany.

The Artist Receives Notice of a Bequest

Her violin? Thank you. I do not want it.
I do not play the violin, you see,
And I should have no use for it.—You'll smoke?
My own particular brand. These Orientals,
Somehow they have a knack—You're welcome.—No,
I do not want it. I admired it once,
But that was when it lay against her chin,
And when her fingers pressed the strings, or moved
The bow across them—when she played to me . . .
What has become of all that music now?
Was it a moment's quivering of the air,
Subsiding into stillness, like the waves
That ripple a sleek pond where a pebble splashes?
Those phrases seemed to be bits of herself
Flung living from her, as from a great sun
Planets are hurled to orbits of their own.
Can they have come from nothingness, and sunk
To nothingness again? And she—and I
Please let me place a cushion at your back,
That's an old monastery chair you're in,
Built for some padded abbot, with no need
Of cushions.—No, I cannot use it now.
Varnish and wood and catgut—lifeless hulks
That linger horridly. Things that endure
Are cold and loveless things: grey stone, the seas,
The pitiless white stars, lilacs and butterflies

And laughter meeting yours from eye to eye —
Whenever now I hear a violin
I feel her eyes upon me through the music . . .
I do not want it!

—Oh, the vase? That too?
Why yes, I think—yes, I will have the vase:
Tall, slim, and white, and delicately curved—
Only a lifeless thing, not dead, you see.
There is a difference—a difference.

Leslie E. Baird

The Pearl of a Summer's Sea

I sang a song
Studded with a thousand diadems.
The notes
Lurched through the blue
Joyfully
Like sapphire meteors.
I sang of you, O love,
Of lips, eyes
Your ruby-studded breasts.
But I could only dream—
A stranger in a far land.

Mary Brennan Clapp

Pro-Cathedral

The choir has gone;
The mullein candles are snuffed out;
And here below the tall green spires
A haze of incense broods.

Down the long nave between the pines
Bright streaks of color cross and flare
As the low sun is held afire
In poplars and memorial red
Of wood-bine maze and sumach brush.

Deacon Magpie alone,
In gown of black with surplice touch of white,
Lingers as if to say
Another last *Amen*.

Soon shall the snow-flake acolytes
Redress the altar for new service,
Their leader, Frost,
Softly touching the tamaracks
To holocaustal flame.

The exarch, Autumn, having counted tithes,
Departs to more auspicious bishoprics.

Mary Brent Whiteside

Old Houses

Their casements are a poetry made with hands,
 Light overtones above a deeper theme;
And in our modern world their beauty stands
 In all the captured magic of a dream.
They are so ancient that none dare to name
 Their hidden years. Below them in the street
Unheeded prophets of old Israel came
 To bear vain warnings of a conqueror's feet.

Here princesses whose very names are dust
 Looked down with streaming eyes on old bazaars,
And veiled their lovely faces from men's lust
 In clouds of silken tissue wrought with stars.
Here there were beauty, passion, love, and sin,—
And this frail lattice work to shut them in.

Read Bain

My City

Portland

I

I will not boast of how they came, hard-eyed,
 Creeping across the mountains thru the night,
 Cruising down streams in slim canoes, leaf-light,
To fell the tall black trees and build beside
These continental rivers clean and wide
 My city, rose-bestrewn and color-bright—
 The makers fled, forgotten in their flight,
And naught remains to tell they lived—and died.
Naught but my city, formed of blood and dreams,
 My city, spread between the circling hills,
My city, drowsing here . . . while human streams
 Surge thru its streets driven by restless wills.
I will not boast . . . they came, and strove, and passed .
 . .
And here my city stands, lovely and vast.

II

And you will love my city. Knowing you,
Your ardent mind, a blue and golden flame,
I know that you will love it, feel the same
Devout delight I feel when walking thru
Its narrow streets; will climb green crests to view
Its spread-out splendid miles whose beauties claim
The heart's hot praise and mock at words to name
Their charms, tho one may try as lovers do.

I see you there beneath the friendly stars,
Your smile-curved lips, your eyes that strangely
shine
Seeing the arc-light garden, firefly cars—
I see your eyes and know your love is mine
For this, my city, built of dreams and blood,
My city, rising out of fecund mud.

Mildred Plew Merryman

Night Ride

Rough was the road that groped the everglade;
I took the sea road polished like a jade.
Down swung the sun like a lantern on a wire;
Flame broke from it and the sea caught fire.
Torn lay the lantern in the dim dusk-fall;
Faint along the water came a wild bird call.
Night blew bigger and the surf song thinned—
On sped the gold car heeling with the wind;
But this was the riddle that the wheels hummed low:
“Where did the funny little rough road go?”

Helen von Kolnitz Hyer

Dragon Flies

Grandmother called them “Devil’s Darning Needles,”
As though their swift, impetuous flight
Hinted at scarcely veiled impieties
To Puritan minds.
Doubtless metallic blue of balancing wings
Sequestered brimstone fires; perilously,
Above the shining surface of hot ponds,
Their vivid, darting bodies tangled threads
Of sunshine into many-patterned webs,
Gleaming and malicious as one which hung
Before the mirrored Lady of Shalott,
While every colorful swerve and scintillant plunge
Reawakened Launcelot’s passion, Elaine’s curse,
And the swift, flaming trail when Lucifer fell
On glinting, sun-sprayed wings
From Heaven to Hell.

Helen von Kolnitz Hyer

African Sunset

Why do you ride so swift, West Wind,
Herding black, buffalo clouds in desperate flight,
Ever looking behind?
The thongs of your lightning whip with terrible speed
Crackle and hiss on their flanks like a striking snake.
Take heed!
They have drunk too deep of the sacred lake
And the mists on Kenia's breast,
So they must rest.

Do you fear Evening, the Sorceress, pursuing?
She has thrown scarfs of gold to blind your sight,
And now, forgetful of your reckless wooing,
In fragrant hollows of the hills she mates with night.

Don Gordon

Moon-Men

Ever the Earth-Men cry
Their darkening scorn
Of those who sing their dreams
And chant their golden incantations
To the Moon.

“Are there not Things enough
Upon Earth,
That you must tell us
Of that old lamp in the sky?”

Ever the Moon-Men hurl again
Their rich and sounding challenge:

“We have drunk
From the silver chalice of the Moon;
Our veins run young
With the white splendor of her wine;

“We have looked upon her
Through the flaming circle
Of her flesh,
And yielded up our souls
For the pale intoxication
Of her mouth.

“Throbbing rise our driven songs
From out our endless need,
Born swiftly in the womb of youth,
Called blindly in their ancient pain,
Past the winged glitter of the stars.”

Ever the Earth-Men cry
Their darkening scorn;
Ever the Moon-Men hurl again
Their rich and sounding challenge.

“Earth to live upon,
Earth to feed upon,
Fetters of earth, rusting darkly
Where they touch the soul;
But ever the pale, warm limbs of the Moon,
Bared to the hand of desire;
Ever the spiced white wine of the Moon,
Poured through veins that run young.”

Ever the Earth-Men cry
Their darkening scorn;
Ever the Moon-Men sing their dreams,
And chant their golden incantations
To the Moon.

Earth-Men and Moon-Men,
Dwelling war-like on their severed spheres,
With the thousand lances of the stars between
Drawn up on a silent front.

Charles Howard Marsh

Perhaps

Perhaps in the lethal dawn of some far-distant day
I shall breathe the dewy air of forgetfulness
And shall then be able to look with unabated breath
Upon a wild plum tree, waving its blossomy branches of
 snow
Over the new-made grave of Winter—
Or behold, unmoved, a moonlit glen brimmed with
 silver mist,—
Or walk unheeding through a field of purple asphodels
 wet with the Spring-soft rain.
Perhaps the fragrance of wild thyme will no longer
 bring a chill of heart
When it rises from evening meadows like memorial
 incense,—
Perhaps in that day my soul will not be swathed in
 robes of memory
Nor haunted by the chime of silver bells in your
 voice,—
Perhaps I shall forget even the subtle song of your
 white flesh
And the mystic fires under your dewy lashes,—
Perhaps

Idella Purnell

Miracles

God stepped out of the sky one night
To walk on forest and tree.
(And now I know what happened
When Christ walked on Galilee.)

He left a wake of gold behind,
The green waves shattered it soon.
I knew it was God had walked there,
Though some people saw a moon.

Natalie Flohr

When Next You Come

When next you come I shall be gone from here—
Gone like a dream on silent, slumber feet,
And swift as swallow-flight, with noiseless beat
Of wings; as scented flowers go, my dear,
I shall have gone when you came back again,
With but a subtle fragrance in the air,
Reminding you of what was sweet and fair,
And bringing sudden loneliness and pain.

Out of the blue I came to you content,
Blown like a leaf from some wind-haunted place;
And back into the blue, without a trace
I go, filled with Love's strange bewilderment.
And though you call me, oh, my dear, my dear—
I shall not come to you—I shall not hear!

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Geraldine Seelemire

Offering

For Otis

Across the dull mosaic of the hills
Autumn has spread a golden rug of prayer,
And loosing the molten copper of her hair,
She kneels and spills
A mist of butterflies like incense on the air.

Joseph Upper

Nude Sleeper

White sculptured curve of naked back and thigh—

Power of delight at rest and power of toil

Forgotten,—lightly on your beauty lie

The creeping hours that like a serpent coil

About the laggard shadows of the night

And crush them with the muscles of the sun.

No marble magic holds within it quite

So keen a spell as this which has begun

To rock my soul upon a tearful sea

Of wordless pleasure. I am all alone

With beauty and with silence. Suddenly

It seems that I have made them half my own,

While you remain unconscious of your worth

In lending glory to so dull an earth.

Joseph Upper

Resurrection

Is love immortal that it will not die

When solemn reason has pronounced it dead?

From an untended grave it rears its head,
And whispers to the moon. The wild birds cry
From neighboring woods, and the sad night winds sigh
To welcome back from her forgotten bed
This mad, dream-fettered sleeper whom we said
We had seen buried. (Can such judgment lie?)

How shall we hope for peace if this be true!

Where shall we look for rest if this be so!

Are we the heirs of pain, the slaves of woe,
That from our anguish nothing shall accrue
Save anguish doubled! Why—What are we then?
The twice-cursed sons of sorrow-haunted men?

Jane Morrill

The Sculptor

Oh Life, I am proud;
Mould me slowly,
Chisel me with fine tools,
And make me ready for mysterious revelations!
Chip away pride;
I have done with love.
And take vanity;
I have little left to me of greed.
Tear away my emotions,
And leave me a mind ready for unborn thoughts,
Eternal with vision,
Gentle with little facts.
Make me a mother of unborn minds fit to grapple with
things we cannot see.

Shape me, Life!
Chisel me with fine tools!

Jane Morrill

A Lady's Way

As my lady bathed in her perfumed pool,
I served her bearing a crimson shawl;
And tossed it about her, dainty and cool,
At the click of a spur on the garden wall.
My lady drooped, full shy and chaste,
While the hidden passing eyes could see.
Ah, grant me favor to serve to her taste!
A lady's ways seem strange to me:
For she tore her shawl and called me fool,
As she angrily tossed the perfumed pool!

Ruth Aughiltree

The Interloper

The house had always seemed to sneer at her,
 With high-arched windows, supercilious door,
Its leaden panes that held some secret fast,
Unfriendly garden sweeping out before,
Flauntingly gorgeous. Even the kitchen seemed,
With its smooth insolent tile, to stare and stare
At her small wistful face, her eager hands
That craved some homely dishes to prepare,
Something without a foreign master's name—
The nursery was so big, so fiercely gay
With hand-blocked chintz—and so expectant too!
It watched her, questioning, on the very day
She entered it, a bride, and leaned against
The casement, looking out into the mist
Of new horsechestnut leaves.

 The house had never
Tried to make her feel at home—some twist
Was in its attitude toward her; but still
She sang her little childlike songs and tried
Peace-offerings of nosegays. But even when
She lay so sick—so sick—it glowered. She cried,
But only a little. Then, rousing late at night,
She looked across to where the moonlit lanes
Stretch up to touch the dawn. Softly she rose,
Slipped by the nurse, stole out to find those plains

Where stars grow thick as cowslip buds in spring.

Triumphant now, the old house leered, and then
Whisperingly sank to its lost peace again.

Paul Eldridge

To Fo — Passé

*To Fo twirls slowly
His long mustaches,
Sharp and thin as two pins,
And muses:*

Today the flower-girl looked at you,
Serenely,
And her breast was still—
Therefore, To Fo, your youth is dead!
Bury it!
Do not carry it about
Roguishly,
Like a blue butterfly
Perched,
Wings clasped,
Upon a mandarin's sword.
It is but a stuffed nightingale
With ragged plumes
And an open beak,
And its music is only the gold
That rattles in your purse.
Your youth is dead, To Fo—
Dig a long perpendicular grave
In the center of your heart,
And bury it!
Smoothen the surface

Tenderly
And scatter upon it
Seeds of white and red roses.
Perhaps the flowers will grow high
And be upon your pale lips
As a soft smile,
And people, nodding, shall say:
“To Fo is a wise and good man—
In his old age To Fo has become good and wise.
Old age is a beautiful thing!”

Ah, To Fo, your youth is dead!

The Artistry of the Stanza

The poets of the age of Romanticism, a century ago, like those of the so-called “younger school” of today, inaugurated a revolt against their predecessors. That revolt was many-sided, but may be comprehensively described as directed against the conventionality in subject matter, in point of view, in expression, and in metrical form, of the poetic production of Pope and his followers. One of the especially interesting phases of the revolt was the attack upon the tendency on the part of the Popeans toward a uniformity of metre.

The classicists had, as to verse, tended toward two extremes. Their standard of poetic expression was of course the end-stopped couplet. Thus:

“A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring,”

said Pope in lines illustrative of the eighteenth century ideal that in general the flow from the Pierian fountain was to be regulated into a series of glittering ripples of uniform verse length. On the other hand, escaping from the bonds of the couplet, the classicists occasionally sought relief in the variously irregular freedom of the “Pindarique ode” of Cowley, a verse instrument in their hands usually unskilfully used, but destined to reach a climax of beauty and power in the “Ode on the Intimations of Immortality” of Wordsworth. As neither of these two forms, the couplet or the irregular ode, easily lends itself to singing, for song or song atmosphere the earlier Popeans permitted themselves a few simple and conventional stanzas, generally of the four- or six-lined type. Through these few and traditionally prescribed channels alone could the classicist poet “correctly” express his mind and soul.

In place of this eighteenth-century Popean orchestra with its highly limited instrumentation the poets of the early

nineteenth century evolved a rich symphonic orchestra of many and vari-colored stanzaic voices. They cultivated the rich Spenserian stanza and explored the possibilities of variant schemes in the Italian sonnet. Coleridge, in the "Ancient Mariner," expanded the four-line ballad stanza into combinations of five, six, and even nine lines without losing the ballad atmosphere and swing, and Keats, in "La Belle Dame sans Merci," gave the same fundamental measure a truncated last line that greatly increased its capacity for pathos. To twelve lines of Italian *terza rima* Shelley added a concluding couplet and thus evolved a stanza expressive of the surging rush and subsidence of his "West Wind." Hood found new and till then unsuspected possibilities of pathos in stanzas of double and triple rhymes. In the middle and later part of the century Tennyson consciously, Browning instinctively, and Rossetti with superb Italianate art, produced a great efflorescence of stanzaic forms for which in general our language has as yet no expressive terminology. The last quarter of the nineteenth century further witnessed the re-discovery of the ballade, the rondeau, the triolet, the villanelle, and other "French forms" and their variations, and added to them the Malaysian pantoum; and the early twentieth century began a similar, but hitherto not very successful, attempt to acclimate those highly exotic forms, the *tanka* and the *hokku* of the Japanese.

But even in the importations of foreign stanza forms from 1880 on, a new tendency had begun to appear. The great stanzaists of the nineteenth century, Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, and Rossetti, and especially the latter three, had in this respect worked freely, seeking only to find for each poem that stanzaic form that should best serve as lyrical vesture to the unique shade of thought and mood that at the moment they were striving to embody in the glory of words. And as the thought and mood were infinitely various, it followed that

Tennyson and Rossetti rarely, and Browning almost never, used the same stanza form in two separate poems. But with the coming-in of the villanelle, rondeau, and other "French forms" the process was reversed. The emphasis was there laid on the graceful repetition of the intricate traditional forms, and instead of trying, as the preceding generation had done, to find the form that would best express the thought, Austin Dobson and his co-versifiers sought themes that would not jar against the form. In this group probably none succeeded better than Dobson himself, who, for instance, in the graceful artificiality of manners and dress of his loved eighteenth century and in the pseudo-simplicity of Arcadian pastoral found pictures that exactly fitted into the gracefully artificial frame that the rondeau supplied. So too, the pantoum, monotonous by nature, sought a content characterized by monotony of detail or mood that would apparently need to be echoed by the form, as in Dobson's "In Town." Thus the normal process of poetic composition was inverted, form serving as the criterion for the selection of subject matter. The complexity of the French forms perhaps reached its height in the sestina, with its intricate, constantly varied, but mathematically ordered repetition of the words terminating the lines—a form in which the rule governing the consecutive sequences was arbitrarily dominant and had in general no relation whatever to the thought or mood of which the poem was the vehicle. The demand of form reaches its extreme in the present imitations of the Japanese *hokku* and *tanka*, where the subtle and penetrating suggestiveness of the original models is usually absent and the preservation of the verse form becomes a mere matter of the curious counting out of seventeen and thirty-one syllables respectively.

As opposed to this wave of verse formalism on the one hand, modern poetry expressed itself also in a contemporary movement of exactly the reverse nature. The school of "free

verse" so-called is, at its best, not a movement toward the "formlessness" of which it has been accused, but toward a medium in which not merely the stanzaic whole, but every individual line shall be infinitely and delicately responsive in structure to the fragment of mooded thought it enshrines. Each line is free to assume the metrical form most appropriate to the specific conception that line expresses, irrespective of the metrical form of its neighbors. Each line therefore disregards all external relations, and is, so to speak, responsible to its own content alone. This is merely carrying to its logical extreme the principle inaugurated in the free ode, such as Wordsworth's famous "Intimations of Immortality." The line of the free ode, figuratively speaking, declared itself independent of its neighbors as to line length; the line of the "vers librist," going further, declares itself independent of its neighbors as to metrical construction. But both the free ode and *vers libre* must, of course, if they are to remain art, keep their respective lines at least in harmonious ratios with the other lines in the passage, or each relapses into the choppiness of mere bald prose. In the poem the various lines live as friendly but self-ruling members of a confederation rather than under a national constitution. But in taking its step forward from the freedom of the free ode, "free verse" exposes itself to peculiar dangers. There is space here to note only the chief of these, namely, that since the poet deliberately deprives himself of all fixed external standards of rhythm, he can rely only upon an ear and a taste peculiarly sensitive by nature and by training to the relations between meter, thought, and mood. Extremely few writers are so endowed. Free verse, therefore, while an instrument susceptible of remarkable effects in the hands of its masters, is not, as it appears at first sight, the easiest, but on the contrary, is one of the most difficult of all metrical forms, and one in which sustained success is most rarely obtained.

It is far from being true that no new and beautifully effective stanza forms are now springing into existence. They appear not infrequently both in general magazine verse and in the volumes of individual poets. Nevertheless the present day tendency toward the two extremes of rigid form and of highly elastic form is strong. For instance, among the several hundred poems a month that reach the editorial desk of THE LYRIC WEST, "free verse" and its direct opposite, the sonnet, one of the strictest of conventional verse formulae, largely predominate. Thus in America we have shown considerable tendency (although in the last two years somewhat checked) toward a relapse into a condition analogous to the two-voiced orchestra of the Popeans, different from the Popean though the modern opposed instruments may be.

It therefore seems worth while today to emphasize the various values of the many multifarious types of stanza form. To this field, a part of the realm of Poetics but little explored, we shall devote future articles in this series, studying the aesthetic values, the connotative values, and the directly interpretive values of various stanzaic moulds.

A. G.

Between Editor and Reader

With this issue THE LYRIC WEST enters its fifth year. The editors wish to express their appreciation of the courage, vision and literary skill which characterized the work of their predecessors, Grace Atherton Dennen and Roy Towner Thompson. Under their able management the little magazine, modestly begun, has grown into a medium for poetic expression national in its scope and ranking among the best in literary standards. To accept this fine tradition and to extend its scope so far as in them lies, that THE LYRIC WEST may be always a fitting medium for the singing voice of a great people, is the pledge of office that the new editors make to the readers of this publication.

By a most regrettable error a line was omitted from the beautiful *Chanson* by Joan Dareth Prosper in the August-September number. The poem will be printed again in the next issue.

The decision of the judges as to the winners of the Sarah Bixby Smith and the Ben Field prizes cannot be announced at this time.

With sincere regret we announce the death of Sarah Louise Ruthrauff, wife of Henry F. Ruthrauff, at Los Gatos, California, on June 13, 1925.

For twenty years Mrs. Ruthrauff has been known as a writer of distinction, her poetry, appearing in *Asia*, *The Sunset Magazine*, *The Woman's Magazine*, and *The Lyric West*, being her best known work. Aside from her literary interests Mrs. Ruthrauff was also well known in humanitarian work. Her love for animals was keen and she devoted much time and energy to the endeavor to wipe out the practice of vivisection.

With the passing of Mrs. Ruthrauff the community has lost a poet of real worth and of fine and beautiful character, and THE LYRIC WEST a warm friend and valued contributor.

In this issue THE LYRIC WEST welcomes ten newcomers to her pages. It is interesting to note that among the twenty authors appearing in this number, ten states, other than California, are represented. Among the files of "Accepted" verse in the editorial office every state in the Union has its representative. Therefore in future THE LYRIC WEST will carry the sub-title "A Magazine of American Verse."