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The
LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Douglass Whitehead | Clinton Scollard

Lucy Hale Sturges | George Maxwell

Lois Burton Moon and others

IN MEMORIAM

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The Lyric West

Vol. V, No. 4

A Magazine Of American Verse

January, 1926

Edited by Allison Gaw and Ethelean Tyson Gaw

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The Lyric West

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Douglass Whitehead

Quest

From ages dim the poet's hands
Have reached into the timeless air
With frail thought-fingers that have groped
For visions there,

And some have clasped and brought to earth,
And some have lost the hidden dream,
And some have trailed an echo thin,
A glint—a gleam.

Out there is laughter of the stars;
There purple mists and singing flowers,
And chants of love and brotherhood,
And truth-fringed hours.

God of this rimless, pulsing space,
Crowded with shadows — filled with wings,
Grant that I capture for my own
Some word that sings.

LeRoy McLeod

Sequoia

Now manzanita's sleek arms, stained with wine,
Beckon in vain — for this is sober ground.
Unawed by arrowed heights of fir and pine,
I faced this round . . . and leaned back,
 upward-peering,
Until my climbing senses hurtled and were drowned
As in a great silence vibrant after cheering. . . .

Such pillared height! — Such age! — Is this a tree?

Wide boughs that sheltered legions over Gaul
Are felled — more slain than Caesar. Mutiny
Of fire and wind and worms has left them all
No more remembered of the moon or sun
Than the last shade on grass that eased their fall,
Than blades' thin shadows on each skeleton.
While cedars Hiram found on Lebanon too small
For architectural uses are more dead
Than temple dust that followed Solomon. . .

Where, save in symbols whence all pulse is fled,
May one today encounter ancient trees?
Three thousand years are layered on the youth
Of this proud wood — and youth five centuries!
Here lives a legend while it yet is truth!

Sequoia, if my tongue could be as bold
As my inquiring thought, I might sit here
A child wide-eyed to live a story told
Of grandsires' own adventures. — But I fear
To ask — I touched you now and found you cold.
Is then your blood-stream shrunk at last
To feeble flow beneath the ice of death —
Hugging the core of your now sheathing past
That dwindles like a coal beneath vain breath?
Are you aware now, even you must die
And be forgotten? — No, this is pride instead!
Complacent in your heritage, you sigh
No pities for these struggling weaker-bred,
Scorning each feeble-seeded generation
That lifts the lost-cause banners of the dead.
And little man, who comes, as now, to wonder
And pay a heart-awe's tribute of libation,
Shivers from your aloofness. Even man —
Who took the livid nerves of thunder
And grafted them on his own voice to span
More sky than yours, and grafted them to move
Muscles of mountains — shivers, though he may
Dismember you and re-create to prove
How great his little godship of a day.

Yet no, I cannot let myself believe
What my rebelling mind would have me see:
That you are arrogant, that you are free
As rock — exempt from passion to achieve
In the vain struggle other life must meet.

My heart is not so mountain-cowed with awe
But it conceives a kindred warmth to thaw
Portals unto your soul through this conceit.

Those arms you lifted through long centuries,
Hoping some day to rear your palms as high
As yonder peak, to feel and heft the sky —
Those arms at last by cruel surgeries
Chastened to stumps — does no deluding ache
Surge through them when a cloud comes near,
Mocking the shortened gestures that you make?

Greatness is never *gratis*; those who take
Are taxed, and the more giant the more dear.
Oh, you have learned! . . . This ugly ebon scar
Where ancient fires have vandalled deep
Into your fluted column, with a mar
Still raw, — does this not burn again to keep
Memory as fresh a wound? . . . Perhaps this sun
Unbanks that terror: shock and jar and flame —
The heat chaotic — and then one by one
Slain comrades crashing red, till each became
A long prone coal beneath an ashing shroud! . . .
And when the stars and moon are blanketed,
And silence is a heart alone and loud,
You may relive your wake beside those dead
Through the long years before they rose again.

The unfit go; the lonely great remain.
And on the path of years there clicks a gate,
Barring from their escape whom Life made strong;

Barring the weak from solitude's estate.
Both win: one, death too soon; one, breath too long.
Both lose, and each is more the fortunate.

Those many valiant hopes you once held high —
Here one by one long buried in this mound —
Does no regret for them exhale a sigh
When winter-bowed you look upon the ground?

Calm, bronzed philosopher! — Oh, you have found
Hopes are but green awhile, till each can grow
Some upward-inching rung for stronger hope.
Then each must fall, as these that long ago
Kept you aspiring. — Thus, expanding scope
Widens the vision toward the final goal.
That goal, O heart, not higher is, for sky
Blunts too much pride with blades of fire —
Shears it, and bares to time a naked bole —
Breaks it and drops it down and lets it lie.
They are the great who, humbly, still aspire,
And in the growing broaden, till their girth,
At last, cannot be hidden in the earth.

Anne Persov

Aphrodite

Aphrodite,
Basking in the sun
Of her beauty —
Aphrodite,
Preening in the mirror
Of the sea —
Thought,
“I am more beautiful
Than strange sea-flowers;
More exquisite than perfume. . .”
She sang, she laughed
Exultingly.

“I am more beautiful
than sea-stained coral.
My body is a music
Rhythmic, sweet. . .
My arms are white and round,
My breasts are gentle;
Like two lilies,
Like white orchids
Are my feet.”

A mortal chancing on her
Fled in terror.
A sorry mortal

Trembling,
White with fear. . .
Lest Aphrodite smile,
And sweetly smiling,
Grow too precious
To his heart. . .
Become too dear. . . too dear. . .

Helen Lockwood Coffin

Another Sunset

Bring me all the words for *red*:
Crimson — scarlet — Jacqueminot —
Shades of rose, and hearts that bled
Where the Flanders Fields lie low.
Bring me yellow poppies, too;
Orange, gold, and copper hue;
Violets, still wet with dew;
I shall want some sapphire blue —
Turquoise — robin's egg and sky —
Pansy purple — Irish eye —
I shall need them, every one,
Ere my written sunset's done.

Shades of gray to veil it all,
Platinum, and breast of dove,
Silver smoke and mists that fall
From the arching dome above.
Quick! The color changes so
In the luscious afterglow!
Is that saffron down below?
Or magenta under snow?
Orchid there? Or apricot?
Peach? Or flame? — Or is it not
Some new color, born to fade
Softly into twilight shade?

There! It's gone! The hands of night,
Shadow hands across the Bay,
Blot the glory out of sight,
Draw the curtains of the day.
Lavishness and beauty wed
Where the brilliant colors spread
From the palette overhead. . . .
Now the brilliant glow has fled.
Just a momentary flush
Like a maiden's conscious blush. . . .
Then it vanished in a mist,
Dew and fog, all sunset-kissed.

There will be another one,
And another, every day;
Splendor trailing, as the sun
Dips his colors, sunset-way.
But not this one! Never more
Will it flame upon the shore!
Just a memory to adore!
Ne'er again! And ne'er before!
"Why?" we wonder. Why? — and why? —
Ask the question of the sky!
All this splendid artistry
For a fleeting ecstasy?

Bessie Pryor Palmer

Pampas-Bloom

Wherever did you come from,
Pampas-Bloom?
Just yesterday naught but a mass
Of slender, tapering blades of grass
Bend and nod me as I pass.
Today before my awed eyes loom
Your supple splendors of white plume.

How ever could you grow and naught disclose?
Or, Pegasus-like, did you leap
Full-formed to perfect flowering, keep
Tryst with the Dawn at one straight sweep?

There's mystery and magic in it! —
I'll ask yon ruddy linnet
If he knows!

Clinton Scollard

A Day Went By

The dawn came up and brimmed the cup
Of the Santa Lucia hills;
It dotted the way by Carmel bay
With poppies and daffodils.

The pines in their patriarchal lines
Seemed greener than before,
And the sweep of sand on the sickle strand
Shimmered like burnished ore.

The meadow-lark flung a golden arc
Of song across the sky,
And like a theme of song in a dream
The day went by.

Issue p. 102 · Scan p. 12

Margaret Tod Ritter

Hymn to the Rockies

A Fragment

The great hills rise majestic,
Loving the ways of silence,
The purple of deep shadows caught in a veil of blue;
They know the peace of solitary meditation
And the glamour of communing with their own souls. . .

.

Ethel Romig Fuller

A Silver World, This —

A silver world, this —
With wild clematis

Feathered for flight
By alchemist Night;

With pale dahlias bent
Like altar candles spent;

With cobweb filigrees
Arabesquing trees;

With paths where snails
Have netted tinsel trails;

With summer's hands crossed
Beneath a shroud of frost.

Issue p. 103 · Scan p. 13

Sigrid Sittig

January

Turquoise sky
And sun of gold,
Copper oak leaves
On iron trees —
Hard, cold, cruel,
Beautiful world!

Chi-Hwang Chu and Edna Worthley Underwood

The Orient Visits New York

I

Night Scene

Stealing leisure in the silent night I follow my feet.

New York floats upon electricity.

Under the moon I find my two shadows near a street
lamp.

One is long, one is short; one clear, one indistinct.
I am such an old-fashioned figure in this new electric
glow.

I am such a quaint figure in the brightness. —
But still my heart knows how to mirror sorrow.

In my home Heaven and Earth are shrouded in night.
I admire America, of course — cars, automobiles
darting lightning;
But pitiful to me are men and women become horses,
cows.

Continents sink — Civilizations decay.
It is not alone my old Cathay
I watch drown in the deep.

II

Chasing Butterflies in Bronx Park

They meet — Little East Road, Little West Road.
Two wings ride the evening wind.

O for the heart — take one drop of honey!
For honey — take head face and make a grave of the
flowers!

Even on such a little road
Two wings are light for the evening wind.

Qui! — that dark spot I see into — that is you!
Just for honey — heart, life, you gave.

III

In the Subway

i

Because I am an oriental, I dream.
Even in New York — the nightless — I, of the Orient,
dream.

Out of the station I am pushed into a dungeon
With men, women, children,
Head to waist, shoulder to breast,
Sitting, standing, racing with Time,
Chasing Space.

Nature is quickened — Thunder God cheers the race —
Goddess of Lightning waves her handkerchief through
rows of little windows.

I turn my head — I try to look.
No heaven, no earth; only night
Where dragons ride
With speed that snuffs the wind.
Behind my ears I feel wind-arrows.

A monster flies at us in front —
 Big angry eyes — one blue, one red!
 He is fiercer than the jungle tiger when night is black.
 I wait to be devoured.
 But his roaring dies.
 I open my eyes — I see the monster's iron net-work
 cage.

In front, beside —
 Strange beings in human form:
 Ghosts of all peoples,
 Ghosts of beauty, ghosts of ugliness.
 Some have black faces, goat-curly hair;
 Their eye-brows do not shine, but only eye-white.
 These are grandmother's stories of night goblins.
 Women with blue-fountain eyes,
 Apple cheeks, and willow waists;
 Upon their shoes lacquer,
 Little arches under their feet;
 Hair-coiled, gold sun-cloud.

A little bag,
 A bead bag with a tassel.
 Ting-a-ling-a-ling!
 It opens.
 Out comes its heart — a mirror.
 She looks into it,
 With right hand she holds a soft, sweet cake — all
 white.
 She does not put it in her mouth —
 She dusts her tiny nose-end with powdered sugar!
 I smile.
 I am so delighted!
 This is Hades become Heaven.
 I watch.
 I am so afraid my dream is brief.
 I forget the dungeon-road returns.

The dragon stops.
 Daylight!
 The ghosts vanish.
 A flash, a clap of thunder — the dragon disappears.
 I am alone.
 I am sad.
 I cannot find Time again!

(English verse-form by Edna Worthley Underwood)

Lucy Hale Sturges

Incantation

Two Spanish coins and a crystal,
Silk from over the sea,
The wind blows rain against my face. . . .
You will come to me.

I climbed a white mountain,
And far below
In a steep canyon
Cedars grew.

In an old orchard
Where swallows nest
The apricot blossoms
Were magenta mist,

The apricot blossoms
Hid the crumbling wall,
And one by one
I saw the petals fall.

Two Spanish coins, silk from Japan,
When bats fly,
When owls cry,
You will come again.

In Memoriam

Issue p. 108 · Scan p. 18

Alice Harriman

A Stranger in Judea

I met riff-raff; a man on dull-eyed ass —
(*Long, long ago I left Jerusalem*).

I scowled, and reined aside;
Those motley mimes — I was not like to them.

Rabble and rout — strange talk, and palm leaves
strewn —
(*Why did I see gnarled olives on a hill?*).

“Who is this man?” I fleered;
And at my words the donkey stood quite still.

And then his rider looked at me — but looked —
(*Why did I see three wise men from the East?*).

That gaze! Self-glory gone,
I joined the throng which followed Man and beast.

In Pace Requiescat

Molly Anderson Haley

Plant Salvia for Me!

Plant salvia for me, when I am dead.

Withhold those pallid blossoms that proclaim
Earth's fragileness, and put our faith to shame:
The plumes that wave above me must be red,
To laugh at what the marble-cutter said
On that gray stone, when he inscribed my name;
Gray for the dust, but for the living, flame —
Proud and triumphant let it mark my bed!

Plant salvia for me, who knew me best!

When under mist-blue skies it dares to fling
Its challenge to the frost with every breath,
Remember that I carried on my quest
One shining hope to which I chose to cling,
That only life abundant follows death!

Robert Haven Schauffler

Remonstrance

Strange thing! Whenever we two meet,
My thoughts begin a metric beat.

Before we've talked and laughed an hour
I tingle with poetic power;

And if I had you for a day
I think my head would sprout with bay.

(Imagine all I'd have to bear, —
A bard with vegetable hair!)

Young person, don't you think it's wrong
To touch my prose and make it song

When by the bankers I am told
Of an account devoid of gold? —

Though well you know that verse can not
Fill up the bin or boil the pot,

But is a reckless dissipation
Like yachts, roulette, or aviation.

Now, comrade, is it playing cricket
To make of me a songbird thicket

As vocal as the beechen aisle
Whene once we strayed a lovely while

With the far city in the plain
Glinting like shocks of ripened grain,

And heard that thrush exuberantly
Pour on the world his inner glee?

Sincerely, is it just the thing
To make me want to sing and sing

When the condition of my cupboard
Resembles that of Mother Hubbard,

And these contortions of the throat
May never bring me in a groat?

Comrade, be kind! Redress the harm;
Cut off the radio of your charm;

Shear off this bay and clip these wings
And thrust me back to common things.

Then, flee — or I may find them, too,
Changed by the troubling hand of you.

Issue p. 111 · Scan p. 21

George Maxwell

Misgiving

The Bible says that God made man.

I believe it.

It explains why He blushes every night

When the sun goes down.

James Lloyd Woodruff

At The Tambourine

The lights were dimmed.
A single violin sang as the darkness
Gathered around the careless pleasure-seekers
At THE TAMBOURINE, where nightly
Carmelita danced.
A pulsing undertone of tense expectancy
Awaited the slow silver of her laugh
As out of nowhere somehow she evolved,
A vital scintillating ray
That clutched imagination and desire;
Awakening in the soul a multicolored gamut,
Varied as the hearts of those
Who knelt in adoration at her feet.

Far, as if daughter of some primal dawn,
A faint aurora ebbed and flowed;
And as the pleading violin,
Low, sweet, and yet withal menacing,
Offered love and passion,
From out the mists she answered to his call.
It seemed not sound nor motion,
But a symphony combining both;
And which was really sound,
Which only motion? Few could say.
Her dancing brought her on and on. . . .
And as she danced the radiance grew,

As if within that slender form,
Lighting the eye and haunting face,
An iridescent glory flamed
Like glinting sunlight on the gorgeous wing
Of some celestial butterfly
Floating from sphere to sphere.

The banal many
Saw in her but a super-dancing-girl
And in the shadow of her art
A fellow with a violin whose touch
Was rather better than the crowd's;
But keener insight groped in doubt.
Who was the master?
He who conjured with his bow
The pictures which her body realized?
Or she whose spirit, daring, unrestrained,
Carried him on to realms
Where harmony and loveliness,
Twin sisters reigned?
It mattered little,
This they all agreed, who led or followed:
Art wed to art
Begot a flower or surpassing grace,
Whose alchemy envisioned paradise,
With dusky houris and perfumed
And languid airs.

A crash! The orchestra awoke
Applauding, as with lights ablaze
She bowed and dimpled at the crowd.

A handsome youth
Sprang from a near-by table to his feet,
Intoxicated with champagne and love,
And hurried to her side.
She laughed at him and waved him back, —
“Señor, Señor, pero, segusta, segusta!”
And laughing still avoided him
As he advanced.
Hazy with drink,
Evasion only spurred him on;
And brave with heady wine
He took her in his arms and started for the door.
Before her startled cry rang through the hall
The violinist, springing to his feet,
Leaped to her aid.
No other weapon than his priceless violin
At hand, he brought it crashing down
Upon the drunkard’s head.
Turning with savage oath the fellow struck,
And struck again.
Once was indeed enough — the player,
White and still, lay dead.
Sobered, the youth looked down with horror
At the figure on the floor —
With anguish at the dancer
Holding the limp head
Close to her heaving breast.
He brushed his forehead with his hand
As if to clear the cobwebs from his brain.
’Twas but a moment — no one moved —
The audience, half stunned,

Sat hypnotized with dread.
Raising her tear-dimmed eyes,
She saw the slayer, mute and woeful,
Shaken by the tragic deed.
Quicker than thought she sprang,
A flash of sinister light following her hand,
As deep within his heart
A slender blade found rest.
A cry — and she had followed them,
Sinking across the player's form,
His love-name on her lips.

Gasping terror swept the room.
Strong men grew weak and women screamed.
A rush of pattering feet —
The crowd surged round.
And then three actors,
Lightly springing from the floor,
Smiled, bowing low, and vanished from the room.

Our Younger Singers

Issue p. 115 · Scan p. 25

Helen Adele Rogers

Needlewomen

The sun is a stitchwoman who embroiders,
And the earth is her tapestry, the product of her
needles.

The colors change, the pattern constantly changes,
And the needles ply on, but the work is never
completed.

Still, when a weariness comes upon her,
She can draw a mist across her face and rest for an
instant.

But the ocean, the lace maker — and also the maker of
mists —

Is never done with her needles.

Weaving and ripping, ripping and weaving,
She fashions an edging of lace on the tapestry of the
sun,

Tears it away and re-fashions,
And works without ceasing.

(Venice Union Polytechnic High School, Venice, California)

Harrison Giddings

The Oil Field

I sat in tall grass on a hillside
And watched a thousand giants
Toiling in the valley;
Great, skeletal forms, toiling in the dusk,
Talking, talking, in hushed voices;
Not as old men talk,
Nor yet as old women gossip,
But like soldiers, after a great battle,
Stealing the shelter of darkness
To bury comrades, —
Talking and toiling.

(Fullerton Junior College, Fullerton, California)

The Artistry of the Stanza

IV

AN EXCURSUS ON THE THEORY of CONNOTATION

In past articles we have been concerned with cases of adaptedness of stanza to subject-matter through the use, either onomatopoetically or symbolically, of stanzaic form to re-inforce the poet's thought. We next turn to the relation between a given stanza and certain types of subject-matter by reason of associations based upon the reader's acquaintance with that stanza's origin or history. This plunges us into the general problem of the emotional power of associations or connotations in art—a vast and involved subject. It is not too much to say that all questions of poetic technique are divisible into two great classes. These are: first, questions of architectonics, of the grouping of the material into masses properly ordered and proportioned; and second, questions of connotations, of such treatment of the details in these masses as to evoke, through the associations aroused by their exquisitely chosen phrasing and allied details, the utmost emotional reaction from the reader that that subject-matter is justly entitled to. I repeat, the emotional reaction that it is entitled to. To fall short of this is to display inadequate artistry; to exceed it is to pass over into sentimentalism. To attain the just medium between these extremes requires high intellectual sanity, absolute emotional sincerity, wide acquaintance with the gamut and instrumentation of the orchestra of literary form, and the God-given tact that leads the artist instinctively to select the right instrument from the possibilities of that orchestra and to use it with the exact musical phrasing needed to arouse in the reader the precisely adequate emotional effect. Given this intellectual sanity, this

emotional sincerity, this acquaintance with linguistic and literary forms, and this tact for selection, all present in an artist who also has architectonic power and imagination, give him a theme of lofty significance, and the result, under proper conditions of health and environment, will be a work of world literature of the first rank.

The nature of connotation may best be illustrated in connection with the choice of the word. Try a psychological experiment.* Ask each of a group of persons to note immediately on paper the first word that comes into his or her mind in connection with each of a group of words that you pronounce. Below is the result of one such test given to a group of twelve persons in connection with four phrases rich in emotional associations.

"Christmas."		"Easter."		"Thanksgiving	
Day."		"Fourth of July."			
A.	tree	spring	dinner	firecrackers	
B.	child	egg	turkey	independence	
C.	tree	egg	home	friends (who	
				bought fireworks)	
D.	hearthfire	bell	festivity	firecrackers	
		(unpleasant noise)			
E.	green	egg	turkey	firecracker	
F.	tree	cross	turkey	parade	
G.	gifts	Resurrection	turkey	reddish color	
				(as a child the person was frightened by fire of	
				celebration)	
H.	snow	holy	gratitude	noise	
		(unpleasant)			
I.	tree	egg	turkey	firecrackers	
J.	tree	lilies	turkey	firecrackers	

K. snow	eggs	turkey	firecrackers
L. candle	lilies	turkey	Edgar (brother whose birthday came July 4th)

At sight this table demonstrates the fundamental fact that, although the denotation(s) or dictionary meaning(s) of a given word remain constant in a given group for a given period, the primary connotations or associative meanings differ widely with various individuals. Thus, Christmas has the denotative meaning, the celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ, occurring throughout the English-speaking world on December 25. But the primary associations of the group of twelve at the time of the experiment showed eight cases of mere externalities of the celebration (five of "tree," one of the "green" prominent in decorations, one of "gifts," one of "candles"), three cases of externalities of temperature (two of "snow," one of "hearthfire"), and one "child" (possibly the Christ-child, but from other experiments probably not). Thus only one of the twelve reactions is possibly religious. In contrast with this, out of twelve reactions to "Easter" three are certainly religious ("cross," "resurrection," and "holy") and another three probably deal with religious externalities ("bell" and the two "lilies"), while only five deal with secular externalities (all "eggs") and only one deals with the season ("spring"). This difference in reaction is significant of the unquestionable fact that the celebration of Easter has remained primarily religious to a greater extent than has that of Christmas. How largely the celebration of Thanksgiving Day centers about the pleasures of the table is indicated by the eight cases of "turkey" and the one of "dinner," in connection with the one "festivity," one "home," and one "gratitude" in the twelve reactions. The phrase "Fourth of July" produces striking results. There are nine associations with the mere externalities, fireworks, four being statedly

unpleasant and one reaching fright. Of the remaining cases one is "parade," another mere externality; one concerns the real point of the celebration, "independence"; and one bases upon the accident of a birthday in the family circle that wholly interferes with the supposedly primary meaning of the phrase.

*This is the first time, to my knowledge, that this psychological test by "free association" has ever been suggested in such a connection. Anyone experimenting with the method should be warned that it must be employed with great discretion. Such probing among the most deeply seated associations is fairly certain, in a group of any size, to arouse in someone, for some word, feelings of embarrassment or even of distress. An amusing and quotable instance occurred in one such test made by the writer when the stoutest lady in the room discovered to her chagrin that she had given words connected with the pleasures of eating for *all* of the holidays. Especially should the investigator be carefully oblivious when no reaction comes. This is usually the result of involuntary inhibition produced by emotional strain in the individual.

How complex, then, is the task confronting the writer who would play through the instrument of language upon the hearts of his readers! Using the word "Christmas," by denotation religious, he reaches in our group of twelve only one in whom the primary connotation is possibly religious, although all of the associations are apparently agreeable. He writes "Easter," denotatively religious, and reaches six who have primarily religious associations with the word, although again all of the associations are apparently agreeable. He refers to "Thanksgiving Day," by the President's proclamation a religious celebration, and finds nine of our twelve primarily interested in the pleasures of the palate, although at least the general atmosphere appears to be mainly that of the joys of the home circle. He writes "Fourth of July," which, so capitalized, denotes a patriotic celebration; and the phrase

primarily connotes national independence to only one of our dozen, while the emotional reactions are extremely varied, in at least four cases the predominant emotion being one of annoyance, once even of fear, at externalities that have grown up about the occasion. And these are quite typical reactions, as the writer can testify from repeated trials. Of course, under these primary responses there will be secondary and tertiary reactions that the technique of our experiment has not enabled us to secure, many of which would probably to a subordinate degree give the desired emotional echo to the appeal. It is true, too, that these words, embedded in the earliest recollections of the typical American, produce both more powerful and more varied effects than do the great majority of English words. The experiment is highly significant nevertheless. The writer's task is evidently difficult even in addressing a small group; and the more heterogeneous the audience the more perplexing it becomes. The picture of Santa Claus driving reindeer over snow-covered house-tops means little, if anything, emotionally to a Southern Californian child who has never seen a snow-covered landscape and is not familiar with the long rows of adjacent houses of the Eastern city; and when in a mission school in Japan a number of Japanese children surprised the faculty by presenting a Christmas play representing their conceptions of the Nativity, Joseph, the Virgin, and the Child were all Japanese in typically Japanese costumes, and the shepherds wore Japanese circular pointed peasant hats and bore typically Japanese gifts. The artist in words broadcasts his picture, but it is recreated by the reader in terms of the reader's own knowledge and his own previous experiences in his own environment.

In our next issue we shall discuss the matter of connotation in relation to various details of literary expression and with especial emphasis upon the use of the stanza.

A. G.

Review

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Lois Burton Moon

“Slow Smoke”

*By Lew Sarett**

Particularly will LYRIC WEST readers be glad to know of this latest volume by Professor Sarett, which contains *Angelique*, the Ben Field Prize Poem for this past year, and others of the same masterly quality of sympathy with wild animate life, both animal and human. The author has an omniscient understanding of wild geese, deer, little foxes, untamed young ponies, birches, alders, firs, and the lives his people live.

To the wild goose he says,
Beware this weedy counterfeit of peace! —
Oh, I was once a passing bird like you.

And of his “dubious madonna of the pines,” Tamarack Blue,
that

on her face was the look
That glorifies a partridge once in life.

And of Rattling Claw that she is
like a lily, a crimson lily,
Wafted as a seedling from a lowland swamp
To chilling solitude of timber-line,
A crimson lily ripe for seed, and waiting, ——
Waiting for pollen-bearing winds to come
From out a far low country, a humming-bird,
A butterfly, a roving bumblebee.

*Published by Henry Holt and Company, New York.

One could quote at length electric and crystalline phrases from the poems, — “sun washed air,” “regiments of lancing pine,” “fragile-pinioned foam,” “cantering rain and nickering waterfalls,” the “quivering silver cry of a lost lone loon,” the “bowl of desert night,”

the utter peace

That settles on a stream when logs go out
And flood tides find release.

Or one could point out the sweet, unexpected Blakeian ring of *The Shepherd*, the plummet-falling climax of a character poem, the tender whimsies of an Indian lullaby, of *The Miscreant*, of *Angel*, of *To a Grove of Silver Beeches*, of the *Colloquy with a Coyote*; perhaps even quote in full that most delicate and lovely one, *Blacktail Deer*, in which
The blacktail held his tawny marble pose

until the “tainted air” brought “his smouldering eyes”
burning over his foe and
His heart ticked off each moment

until a friendly gesture sent him rippling, snapping,
catapulting, whistling through the wind in the alders.
Flirting his tail in exclamation marks
To punctuate his vast astonishment.

But no such isolated quotation can miniature the spirit and content of the book, or be an adequate index to the fine harmony of mood and thought and rhythm in this rarely competent poet. Professor Sarett’s work is beautiful and fine and good as the world of its imagining; it sounds a “cosmic melody” and a “gusty overture” to the natural world.

In Memoriam

Alice Harriman, lovingly called “The Lady of the Bells” by her friends in California, died on December 24 in her home in Hollywood.

Mrs. Harriman was nationally known as an author, publisher, and critic. Her first volume of poems, *Wilt Thou Not Sing?* appeared in Seattle when she began her career as a publisher. This volume was followed by seven others, her novel, *The Man of Two Countries*, being her best known work.

Since coming to California, Mrs. Harriman had been at work on a history of the mission bells, and years of research made her an authority on this subject. Her book was to have been the crowning achievement of her career, and is completed but for the last chapter.

A Stranger in Judea, which appears in this issue, is in all probability the last poem from the pen of this interesting and lovable writer, and THE LYRIC WEST is happy to have had the privilege of printing it.

Our Younger Singers

THE LYRIC WEST with this (January) number inaugurates a new department under the above caption. A single page, so headed, will be devoted monthly to the best work of high school and junior college students. The department is opened at the request of a number of public school teachers, and is the contribution of the editors to the encouragement of the effective study of modern poetry in the high schools. It will be operated under the following conditions:

1. Every poem submitted must be forwarded by a teacher of English in a stated school, and must bear his or her endorsement, indicating that it is of a quality officially approved.

2. The page will contain the best work so sent in during the thirty days preceding the tenth day of the month prior to the month of issue.

3. For poems so appearing the name of the school will be published in connection with the name of the pupil.

4. It will in general best serve the interests of a school to send in no more than one piece of work in a given month.

5. No work will be published unless it possesses some distinctive merit.

6. All material submitted for consideration should be plainly addressed, "Our Younger Singers Department," THE LYRIC WEST, 3551 University Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Some Contributors in the Present Issue

Robert Haven Schauffler is internationally known as a many-sided artist. Aside from his distinguished work as a poet and essayist he has won recognition as musician, as sculptor, as athlete, and as editor. A volume of essays, *Peter Pantheism*, containing the cream of Mr. Schauffler's work in the familiar essay during the last five years, has just come from the Macmillan press.

Dr. Chi-Hwang Chu, Chinese scholar-poet, contributes articles on oriental life and art to the leading reviews of England, America, and India. He is now traveling around the world as a student of international affairs sent out by his government.

Edna Worthley Underwood is an author of international reputation. She is also a linguist of distinction, reading eleven modern languages and one ancient one. She was among the first American authors to translate into English stories from the Russian and the verse of Spanish and Portuguese poets of South America. The list of her published work is long, some of the most interesting being *A Book of Dear Dead Women*, *Love Sonnets to a Spanish Monk*, *The Whirlwind*, a novel of Russia in the 18th Century, and *White Peacocks* (original verse). Some of her interesting volumes of translations are *Moons of Nippon*, *Short Stories from the Balkans*, and *Famous Stories from Foreign Countries*. She is a member of The Royal Society of Arts of England.

Of our eighteen contributors of verse in this issue California claims eight, New York three, Oregon two, Colorado one, New Mexico one, Illinois one, Connecticut one, and Michigan one.

Error

The Editors deeply regret that in the poem, *An Artist Receives Notice of a Bequest*, by Patterson Greene in the October issue two half lines were accidentally dropped in the composing room. The passage should read as follows:

Things that endure
Are cold and loveless things: grey stone, the seas,
The pitiless white stars, *and nodding time*.
The precious things, 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.

Wanted

The Editors of THE LYRIC WEST have had many calls from University and Public Libraries for back issues of the magazine to complete their library files. If you have numbers issued prior to October, 1924, and care to communicate with the Editors at your earliest convenience, they will be glad to put you in touch with the libraries desiring such copies.