



ETHAN TANE

The Wine Press

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

Extremes and Moderations is a Text-Tech Papers project devoted to recovering poetry written, published, and circulated in Los Angeles and Southern California. Each volume brings neglected books and poems back into view through carefully prepared texts, archival images, biographical context, and a clear record of the surviving sources.

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

The Text-Tech Papers | Los Angeles, 2026

The Wine Press

Ethan Tane

A Critical Reading Edition

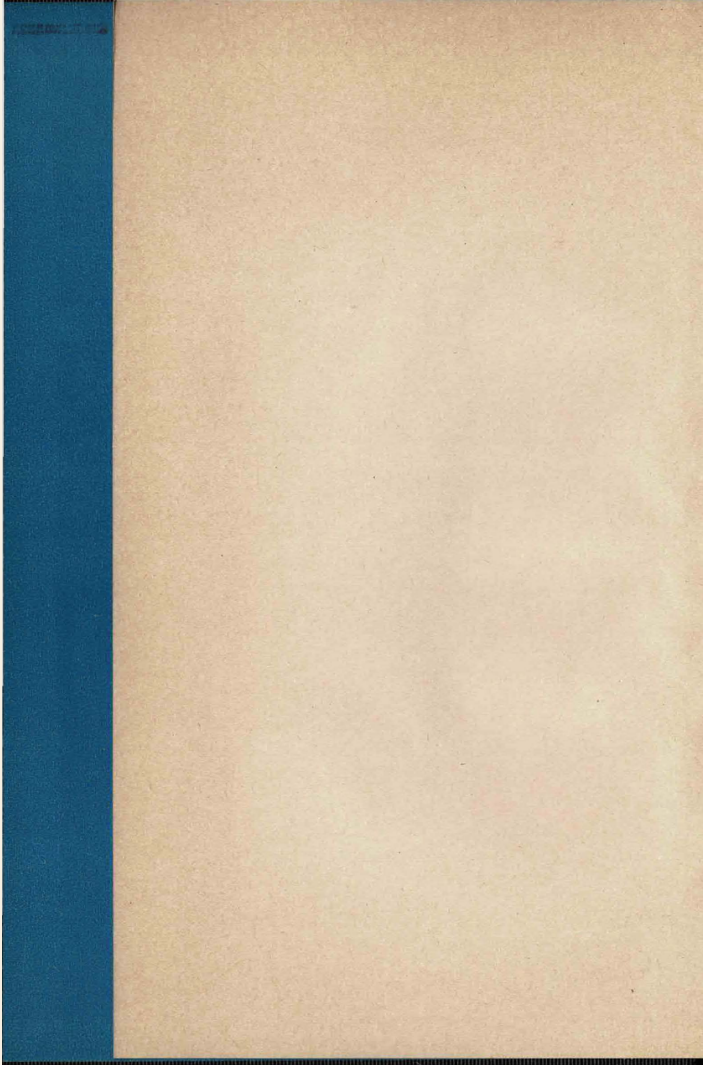
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Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry

Archival Images

A short selection from the source record



Title page of The Wine Press (1936).

Editorial Note

This is a reset reading edition, not a facsimile. The text was transcribed from the source page images in the local archive and collated against available embedded text. Source-page wraps were rejoined only when the page image showed that they were typographic continuations; stanza breaks, meaningful indentation, epigraphs, subtitles, and section headings were retained. Obvious scanning debris was removed without silently modernizing diction, spelling, or punctuation. Each poem ends with a source note in the established Green-volume form.

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Introduction

Ethan Tane's *The Wine Press* alternates poems with short prose meditations, letting lyric and aphorism answer one another across the page. Mountains, desert, trees, autumn, music, loneliness, love, suicide, laughter, resignation, and death gather around the book's controlling image: experience pressed until it yields memory. Beethoven and Wagner appear beside desert silence and the private monastery of the self. Almost nothing secure has yet surfaced about the person behind the name, and the dedication offers only the initials E.H.W. This edition resets the complete poem sequence from the 1936 source, leaves the interleaved prose meditations documented in the scan, and preserves the long lines and continuations that its old text layer repeatedly broke.

Biography

The verified record for Ethan Tane currently consists of a single book. *The Wine Press: A Collection of Poems and Epigrams* was published by Wetzel Publishing Company in Los Angeles in 1936. The author's name may be legal or pseudonymous; no matching civil identity has yet been established.

The volume is dedicated "As a Toast" to E.H.W. Its table of contents lists twenty-one poems. Between them appear prose epigrams on memory, confidence, conscience, tolerance, friendship, generosity, death, and self-respect. The design makes alternation between verse and aphorism part of the reading experience.

The poems range from compact landscape lyrics to longer meditations. "The Mountains and Desert," "Trees," "Sunset," and "The Desert" place the book unmistakably in Southern California's environmental imagination. Poems on Beethoven and Richard Wagner join music to metaphysical struggle.

Wetzel published a wide variety of regional and vanity titles, so publication by the firm does not by itself establish a literary circle. The book's typography and recurring philosophical diction suggest careful authorial planning even where proofreading is uneven.

Future research should search copyright deposits, Wetzel company files, Los Angeles directories, newspapers, and records keyed to the initials E.H.W. It should also test whether "Ethan Tane" is an anagram, family-derived name, or established byline in magazines. Until then, the limits of the archive are part

of the dossier rather than a gap to be filled by conjecture.

The Wine Press

Stage 1 | 1936

The complete recoverable poetry text of the 1936 collection, reset from the source page images.

The Mountains and Desert

Your rugged walls are stepping-stones
To heights celestial and sublime;
Your cloistered silence a prayer—a song—
And your mute confidence—a shrine.
Your clean-swept sands and burnished growth
Are like a far-flung tapestry,
Where man might go to weave his thoughts
Into your soothing immensity.

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. II.

Trees

While you worship before a templed altar,
And build your hopes upon some creed—
While you pray for the wisdom and power of men—
I will linger alone, amid lofty trees,
And pray that I might be as wise
As one of them.

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936, p. 12.

Autumn Leaves

The sound of falling leaves
Through branches gnarled and beaten by the rain;
Whose many gaunt-like fingers
Stretch forth in supplication to the warmth
Of summer, as it lingers.
Oh, hark, I hear the sound of falling leaves.
When winter comes, I'll miss you, Autumn Trees.
The scent of smouldering leaves
Along the roadside, heaped in musty mounds;
And a coaxing spiral of smoke
Which labors to free itself from the choking damp-
ness,
Fumes forth with a crackling note. —
Ah, yes, I love the scent of smouldering leaves.
When winter comes, I'll miss you, Autumn Trees.

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 14.

Sunset

Dip your burning embers
Into the pensive twilight,
And mingle your azure hues
With the solitude of night.
Whisper your evensong
Into the creeping shadows,
And bind your lovely ribbons
Of purples, reds and yellows.
So, I'll come to meet you,
Spanning Life's abyss,
And pluck from your burning lips
Eternity—with a kiss.

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 17.

Night

The chant of your lullabies;
The mingling of your breath
With the sighing of the trees;
3 The echo of your silences
In answer to the lovers
Who have heard your symphonies;
The folding of your hands
In holy reverence,
When all the powers of earth
Have failed to understand:
These, oh, lovely Night
Do you ever give to me—
Yet nothing do you demand!
Bly

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936, p. 18.

The Desert

Softly and with stealthy mien,
The dusty-hooded mist creeps
Monk-like 'twixt a world unseen
Beyond the distant peace of
Sinewed mountains, as they lean
Against the sky,
And the voiceless elegies
Of the melancholy desert
With its contented sigh.

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 20.

To a Tear

Long have you slept in the soul of man,
Gathering together the fragments
Of an unforgotten Sorrow
That only you could understand.
Softly you come to kiss the eyes,
In remembrance of a lovely dream
Long laid to sleep
By the ruthless touch of Life.
Sleep forever on in the soul of man,
For only you could understand!

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 22.

Ecstasy

Sometimes I wonder
If I should stretch
And let my fingertips
From breadth to breadth
Rest upon some fond distance—
Or, if my body should suddenly rise
Some place half way
'Twixt earth and sky—

Sometimes I wonder
If I should live
Or I should die!

id

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 23.

To Melancholy

Oh, Melancholy, if always I to thee
In my long hours of loneliness must flee,
Spread wide the gloom of thy ethereal wings,
And with thy pensive sweetness waft me low
Into thy solitary depths, where I
May languish in thy ruthless tenderness.
Stilled are my lips and sweet my burning tears,
When the perfume of thy languor drifts so near;
And all the heavy vapors from thy breath
Forever sleep like still-born kisses, lost
In the souls of those who drift into thy depths.
Not even Joy could make me love thee less.

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936, p. 25.

Love Long Past

A light, and then a light no more!
A laughing and a weeping, dear,
Together slept within our souls;
A veil of tears; a sad low laugh;
But these were the things that could not last,
Ah, Love Long Past!
A voice, and then a voice no more!
Pale lips, oh, speak to me but once,
To wake forever the terrible calm
Asleep in the cradle of my soul;
And this alone of thee, I ask,
Ah, Love Long Past!

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 27.

Suicide

Now that I have talked with you,
I will go back to my chamber alone.
But when you knock, I will not answer,
Because your forgiveness came too late,
And my forgetfulness too soon. i
Now, it is your turn to weep,;!
For there will be no forgiving y
Or forgetting,
If you'll remember why:
I chose this way to sleep!

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 30.

Laughter

I have heard the cold and calculating laugh
Of those who must place love and friendship upon the
scales,
In order to determine their intrinsic worth.
And just as oft,
I have heard the vicious and insidious laugh
Which comes from the deceitful and worm-eaten heart.:
And not a day passes but that I must listen i
To the loathesome and sordid laughter
Of the foul-mouthed, (
Who breed the germ of disgust
In the hearts of those who have stood
In the presence of a child's laughter,
From all other laughing—apart.

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 32.

Let Me Be

Let me always be the song
Lingering upon your lips—
Fragrant roses kissed with dawn,
Clust'ring round your finger tips.
Let me be a captive lone!
Prisoned in your heart secure,
Gazing on love's holy throne,
Which forever shall endure.
Let me be the knowing look
In the clear blue of your eyes,
Mirrored in the dimpled brook
Crooning soft its lullabies.
Let me be the ray of light
Dancing on your shining hair; i
When the shadows close in night,
I shall turn and find you there.

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 35.

In the Heart of Me

The fragile bits of broken time
Enshrined within my memory,
. Leave only thoughts of thee, sublime,
So deep and still in the heart of me.
No other things shall enter in
My glorious symphony of thee,
But just a sweet remembering
So deep and still in the heart of me.
And when the twilight hour draws nigh,
I'll ask the world to smile on thee,
And ever shall thine image lie
So deep and still in the heart of me.

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 37.

Memories

The lanes are steeped in beds of blushing leaves;
The aftermath of summer everywhere
Brings memories of unforgotten years,
Though time-has smoothed away each pulsing
care.

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Because I never speak of things endured,
It may be said that I have long forgot
The poignant sting of ruthless destinies,
Which I behold in one forget-me-not.

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 38.

Solitude

My soul is a lonely monastery,
And I its only cloistered monk;
No friend need I with me to tarry
Within the grandeur of its silence.
Within its depths are sacred vaults,
Where only I dare enter in,
For there it is I bear the taunts,
Which many times my vision dim.
Upon its walls I carve my dreams,
- In every nook an altar fashion;
And when I from its casements lean,
I look beyond the gray horizon.
[38].

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 39.

Beethoven

A Titan's wrath; a volcanic whisper from his soul;
The tempests of many ages
Surging behind the terrible beauty of his countenance;
The thund'rous crumbling of a mountain,
When, demon-like, one-time shackled eternities
Begin to unfold;
And with a ruthless movement
He stills all past remembrance....
Then comes the lull that can but follow the storm—
A quietude and peace
Rocked in the cradle of the once-raging sea;
The pouring of sweetened oil
Where once the soul with melancholy was torn;
And a fearless glimpse into Eternity.
From my dreams I awake, seeming to have known
This colossal figure silhouetted against his piano.

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 41.

Resignation

Time drifts into heartache and song,
As the years must come and go;
And life's refrain goes on,
Just why... we never know.

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 42.

Richard Wagner

Ascending with unfaltering tread
The celestial steeps of unquested realms;
Passing beyond the crest of the hill,
To meet the echo of his soul;
Leaving behind on the Seas of Life,
The mystic ship of melodies,
Where he stands immortal at its helm....
Then with the unveiling of time, his longing
returns,
To fulfill the unrequited hopes of those
Who cling to Life with desperate hold.
So now in graceful mood,
His rhythmic soul awakes from its slumber,
Adrift beneath the inevitable Cross,
Which was death for him and hope for another.
And when his Life closed,
An Immortal Song was lost.

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 44.

Life and Death

As the dipping sails
Curtsy into the laughing sea,
So was my soul dipped into life
When all was innocence—to me.
But as the terrible calm
That sleeps o'er the measureless Deep,
So it was my Soul
Came back to me—asleep!

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 46.

Loss

Now that you have gone,
And I am left to weave
The tapestry of love
Into eternity—
i I know how exact I must be,
That not one thread
Might slip between my fingers,
And leave me shuddering to think
That you would frown on me!
?)

Publication. First published in *The Wine Press*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936,
p. 47.

Bibliography

Selected primary and secondary sources

Book and periodical titles are italicized throughout.

Works by the Author

The Wine Press: A Collection of Poems and Epigrams. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Company, 1936.

Works About the Author

No substantial biographical study located; further copyright and directory research required.

Colophon

Publication and production notes

This critical reading edition was edited by Brian Kim Stefans for The Text-Tech Papers, Los Angeles, in 2026, as part of *Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry*. The poems were reset from the source pages identified in the publication notes and datasheet. The book was composed in EB Garamond on a cream field at 6 × 9 inches. The cover uses original abstract artwork prepared for this edition.