

A flash over the horizon—shifting gears—
And we have laughter, or more sudden tears.
Dream cancels dream in this new realm of fact
From which we wake into the dream of act;
Seeing himself an atom in a shroud—
Man hears himself an engine in a cloud!
“—Recorders ages hence”—ah, syllables of faith!
Walt, tell me, Walt Whitman, if infinity
Be still the same as when you walked the beach
Near Paumanok—your lone patrol—and heard the
wraith
Through surf, its bird note there a long time fall-
ing . . .
For you, the panoramas and this breed of towers,
Of you—the theme that’s statured in the cliff,
O Saunterer on free ways still ahead!
Not this our empire yet, but labyrinth
Wherein your eyes, like the Great Navigator’s with-
out ship,
Glow from the great stones of the prison crypt
That is each canyoned street. Your eyes, confront-
ing the Exchange,
Surviving in a world of stocks, also keep range
Across the hills where second timber strays
Back over Connecticut farms, abandoned pastures,—
Sea eyes and tidal, undenyng, bright with myth!

The nasal whine of power whips a new universe . . .
Where spouting pillars spoor the evening sky,
Under the looming stacks of the gigantic power
house
Stars prick the eyes with sharp ammoniac proverbs,
New verities, new inkings in the velvet hummed
Of dynamos where hearing’s leash is strummed . . .
Power’s script,—wound, bobbin-bound, refined—
Is stropped to the slap of belts on booming spools,
spurred
Into the bulging bouillon, harnessed jelly of the
stars.
Towards what? The forked crash of split thunder
parts
Our hearing momentwise; but fast in whirling ar-
matures,
As bright as frogs’ eyes, giggling in the girth
Of steely gizzards—axle-bound, confined
In coiled precision, bunched in mutual glee
The bearings glint—O murmurless and shined
In oilrinsed circles of blind ecstasy!

Stars scribble on our eyes the frosty sagas,
The gleaming cantos of unvanquished space . . .
O sinewy silver biplane, nudging the wind’s withers!
There, from Kill Devils Hill at Kitty Hawk
Two brothers in their twinship left the dune;
Warping the gale, the Wright windwrestlers veered
Capeward, then blading the wind’s flank, banked and
spun
What ciphers risen from prophetic script,
What marathons new-set between the stars!
The soul, by naptha fledged into new reaches
Already knows the closer clasp of Mars,—
New latitudes, unknotting, soon give place
To what fierce schedules, rife of doom apace!
Behold the dragon’s covey—amphibian, ubiquitous
To hedge the seaboard, wrap the headland, ride
The blue’s unfeathered districts unto aether . . .
While Iliads glimmer through eyes raised in pride
Hell’s belt springs wider—into heaven’s plumed side.
O bright circumferences, heights employed to fly
War’s fiery kennel masked in downy offings,—
This tournament of space, the threshed and chiselled
height,
Is baited by marauding circles, bludgeon flail
Of rancorous grenades whose screaming petals carve
us
The wounds we wrap with theorems sharp as hail!

Wheeled swiftly, wings emerge from larval-silver
hangars.
Taut motors surge, space-gnawing, into flight;
Through sparkling visibility, outspread, unsleeping
Wings clip the last peripheries of light . . .
Tellurian wind-sleuths on dawn patrol,
Each plane a hurtling javelin of winged ordnance,
Bristle the heights above a screeching gale to hover;
Surely no eye that Sunward Esquadrielle can cover!
There, meaningful, fledged as the Pleiades
With razor sheen they zoom each rapid helix!
Up-chartered choristers of their own speeding
They, cavalcade on escapade, shear Cumulus—
Lay siege and hurdle Cirrus down the skies!
While Cetus-like, O thou Dirigible, enormous
Lounger
Of pendulous auroral beaches,—satellited wide
By convoy planes, moonferrets that rejoin thee

On fleeing balconies as thou dost glide,
—Hast splintered space!
Low, shadowed of the Cape,
Regard the moving turrets! From grey decks
New scouting griffons rise through gaseous crepe
Hung low . . . until a conch of thunder answers
Cloud-belfries, banging, while searchlights, like
fencers,
Slit the sky’s pancreas of foaming anthracite
Toward thee, O corsair of the typhoon,—pilot, hear!
Thine eyes bicarbonated white by speed, O Skygak,
see
How from thy path above the levin’s lance
Thou sowest doom thou hast nor time nor chance
To reckon—as thy stilly eyes partake
What alcohol of space . . . ! Remember, Falcon-
Ace,
Thou hast there in thy wrist a Sanscrit charge
To conjugate infinity’s dim marge
Anew . . . !

But first, here at this height receive
The benediction of the shell’s deep, sure reprieve!
Lead-perforated fuselage, escutcheoned wings
Lift agonized quittance, tilt from the invisible brink
Now eagle-bright, now
quarry-hid, twist-
ing, sink with
Enormous repercussive list-
-ings down
Giddily spiralled
gauntlets, upturned, unlooping
In guerilla sleights, trapped in combustion, gyr-
ing, dance the curdled depth
down whizzing
Zodiacs, dashed
(now nearing fast the Cape!)
down gravitation’s
vortex into crashed
. . . dispersion . . . into mashed and shapeless
débris . . .
By Hatteras bunched the beached heap of high brav-
ery!

The stars have grooved our eyes with old persuasions
Of love and hatred, birth,—surcease of nations . . .
But who has held the heights more sure than thou,
O Walt —Ascensions of thee hover in me now
As thou at junctions elegiac, there, of speed
With vast eternity, dost wield the rebound seed!
The competent loam, the probable grass,—travail
Of tides awash the pedestal of Everest, fail
Not less than thou in pure impulse inbred
To answer deepest soundings! O, upward from the
dead
Thou bringest tally, and a pact, new bound
Of living brotherhood!

Thou, there beyond—
Glacial sierras and the flight of ravens,
Hermetically past condor zones, through zenith
havens
Past where the albatross has offered up
His last wing-pulse, and downcast as a cup
That’s drained, is shivered back to earth—thy wand
Has beat a song, O Walt,—there and beyond!
And this, thine other hand, upon my heart
Is plummet ushered of those tears that start
What memories of vigils bloody by that Cape,—
Ghoul-mound of man’s inventiveness at baulk
And fraternal massacre! Thou, pallid there as
chalk
Hast kept of wounds, O Mourner, all that sum
That then from Appomattox stretched to Somme!

Cowslip and shad-blow, flaked like tethered foam
Around bared teeth of stallions, bloomed that spring
When first I read thy lines, rife as the loam
Of prairies, yet like breakers cliffward leaping!
O, early following thee, I searched the hill
Blue-writ and odor-firm with violets, ’til
With June the mountain laurel broke through
green
And filled the forest with what clustrous sheen!
Potomac lilies, then the Pontiac rose
And Klondike edelweiss of occult snows!
White banks of moonlight came descending val-
leys—
How speechful on oak vizored palisades
As vibrantly, I following down Sequoia alleys
Heard thunder’s eloquence through green arcades
Set trumpets breathing in each clump and grass tuft
—’til
Gold autumn, captured, crowned the trembling hill!

Panís Angelicus! Eyes tranquil with the blaze
Of love’s own diametric gaze, of love’s amaze!
Not greatest, thou,—not first, nor last,—but near
And onward yielding past my utmost year.
Familiar, thou, as mendicants in public places,
Evasive—too—as dayspring’s spreading arc to trace
is,—

Our Meistersinger, thou set breath in steel;
And it was thou who on the boldest heel
Stood up and flung the span on even wing
Of that great Bridge, our Myth, whereof I sing!
Years of the Modern! Propulsions toward what
capas?
But thou, *Panís Angelicus*, hast thout not seen
And passed that Barrier that none escapes—
But knows it leastwise as death-strife?—O, some-
thing green,
Beyond all sesames of science was thy choice
Wherewith to bind us throbbing with one voice,
New integers of Roman, Viking, Celt—
Thou, Vedic Caesar, to the greensward knelt!

And now, as launched in abysmal cupolas of space,
Toward endless terminals, Easters of speeding
light—

Vast engines outward veering with seraphic grace
On clarion cylinders pass out of sight
To course that span of consciousness thou’st named
The Open Road—thy vision is reclaimed!
What heritage thou’st signalled to our hands!
And see! the rainbow’s arch—how shimmeringly
stands

Above the Cape’s ghoul-mound, O joyous seer!
Recorders ages hence, ah, they shall hear
In their own veins uncanceled thy sure tread
And read thee by the aureole ’round thy head
Of pasture-shine, *Panís Angelicus!*

yes, Walt,
Afoot again, and onward without halt,—
Not soon, nor suddenly,—no, never to let go
My hand

in yours,
Walt Whitman—
so—

A Dramatic Record

THE STABILIZATION OF THE MARK. By
DR. HJALMAR SCHACHT. London: Allen & Un-
win. 1929.

Reviewed by WILLIAM LEON SMYSER

PERHAPS this book, the German first edition of which appeared two years ago, is the most dramatic to have come out of Central Europe since the war. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, the President of the Reichsbank, is a dynamic figure, and the large part which he has himself actually played in the stabilization of the mark makes his account of financial crises and economic victories read like some vivid autobiography. In Schacht’s initial skirmishes with Hugo Stinnes and the other Rhineland industrial magnates over immediate withdrawal of the local *Notgeld* currency, one may read the whole tragedy of the 1923 inflation and threatened separatism in the occupied territory. Like a skilful playwright the author only relinquishes the suspense of his story when he can come to a full stop, picturing a Reich with currency once more established upon the gold basis, a Foreign Exchange with German papers quoted at par, and a Reichsbank completely in control of the situation.

Even more than a sound history of German currency and business policy since the war, “The Stabilization of the Mark” is especially interesting for the light it throws upon the man who has effectually established himself as the financial dictator of the country. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht is seen through his own phrases as a man who willingly abandons economic theory if the facts demand unusual energy and Draconian firmness. Among other of his policies which he defends is the Reichsbank’s “rationing of credits” to industry at a time when the usual practice of raising its discount rate might not have been effective in restricting speculation and borrowing. Political and diplomatic expediency leaves Dr. Schacht unimpressed. Convinced upon mere economic facts that Germany should have direct access to some portion of the earth’s surface producing raw materials, he is ready to advance this contention in season and out, in a committee of experts or a meeting of statesmen. In his book he lays down the principles which made him an *enfant terrible* in the deliberations of the Young Committee, and which inspired his recent Memorandum leading to the resignation of Hilferding. Schacht is a strong man.

The BOWLING GREEN

J. L. Q. writes from Great Neck, N. Y.:—
We have a little group of depraved kinspirits who like to get together in the evenings now and then to play charades, 10-minute sketches and impromptu jenesaisquais. A touch of ribaldry is not disrelished. There were two skits in your recent lamented Shoestring Revue which I have prated about and which our gang wants to repeat at a private merriment on April Fool's Day. One was a takeoff on the old sawmill drama, the other about a Sun Lamp. Do you dare print them so we can have the text? I know it's taking a chance. . . .

It is taking a chance, but if our subscribers will bear in mind that these skits were not intended to be considered as text but to be visualized, we are willing to oblige. They may not be performed, however, without the perpetrator's express permission.

THE SAW MILL

SCENE: The old saw-mill (with apologies to *Blue Jeans*.)

Workmen are feeding saw. Whistle blows. Enter Hero from office carrying newspaper. Machinery stops.

HERO: Men, you can shut down now for a couple of hours. I'm letting you all off to attend the political meeting.

MEN: Hurray!

Yes sir.

Good luck, sir.

You'll win.

Honesty always comes out ahead, etc. ad lib.

Three cheers for the Boss. (*they exit*)

VILLAIN: Shall I keep the power on?

HERO: Yes, we'll go back to work after the meeting. Lock up and we'll all go down to the hall. My last speech, I must make a go of it.

VILLAIN: Right. (*Locks door at back*) (*Aside*) His last speech. He always tells the truth. Ha, ha, ha. (*exit through office*)

HERO: And if I'm elected, I shall owe it all to my blessed Fanny. How her dear face will shine if she comes back to find me successful. Success! ah tempting vision, I inhale its sweetness. The third mortgage lifted, the creditors appeased, the rootabaga crop more nourishing than ever, and my dear good simple sweet beneficent wife who has forgiven the errors of my past—yes, success in all save political ambition—and tomorrow's sun may shine on that—let's see the weather forecast. (*Looks at newspaper*) Yes, fair and warmer. Nothing can defeat me now. (*Knock—enter Vamp from office L. to C.*) You!

VAMP: Accurate.

HERO: I wrote you never to see me again. I returned your letters unopened. You didn't put enough postage on them.

VAMP: You'll break the postman's heart.

HERO: Enough. You are a page of my life that has been blotted out.

VAMP: You'll find that I'm still legible. I heard that Fanny is away—

HERO: Don't call her Fanny. That sweet brace of syllables is not for your poison tongue.

VAMP: I should think it quite natural for your first wife to call your second wife by her first name. They at least have one bond, they both know how worthless YOU are.

HERO: You were never my wife. It was a black-mail trick.

VAMP: Trick or not, I've got things the voters of this county would like to see—perhaps in tomorrow morning's papers—Election day.

HERO: What do you mean?

VAMP: Your photograph, signed "From your adoring husband."

HERO: You got that? You stole it!

VAMP: I bought it.

HERO: You fiend. Give it up. (*struggles with her*)

VAMP: You think I've got it here? Not such a fool. Let go, I'll scream. You always were hot-blooded. That's one thing I liked about you.

HERO: Trollop! Get out.

VAMP: Very well then, I'll tell my story to the papers.

HERO: It's a lie!

VAMP: It'll hold water for one day, long enough for people to read it on the way to the polls.

HERO: Oh my God. (*aside*) She's devil enough to do it. Poor Fannie.

VAMP: (*Seductively*) Don't worry about your poor Fannie, Oliver. You and I were very close once. Leave that baby face and come with me. (*Knocking at door at back*)

FANNY: (*Outside*) Oliver!

HERO: My wife!

VAMP: This is fine. This is TOO good. Leave that country simp for a woman with steam in her.

FANNY: Oliver, are you there?

VAMP: Sure he's here.

HERO: Keep quiet. If she sees or hears you I'll kill you. Get out.

VAMP: (*Struggles with him*) You brute. Not till I get your answer.

FANNY: Open this door. Oliver, where are you?

HERO: For God's sake—get out of sight—go in there till I get rid of her—then we'll talk.

VAMP: Ah, coming to your senses eh? Ha, ha, ha. (*exit into the office*)

FANNY: Oliver, Oliver! (*He opens the door at back*)

HERO: Frances—what does this mean—I thought you went to Louisville.

FANNY: I decided it wasn't right to go shopping the day of your big meeting. I wanted to help you, I'm your little wife. Why isn't the mill milling?

HERO: I let the men off for the meeting.

FANNY: You look sick.

HERO: Do I? I was just thinking up a speech.

FANNY: You look sicker than that. Where is that woman?

HERO: Why, what woman?

FANNY: You know who I mean. I won't soil my lips with her name.

HERO: Frances, you're crazy, dear—

FANNY: I saw her come in. Open that door.

HERO: It's all over. (*Enter Vamp from office door, stands smiling*)

FANNY: The men gone, the doors locked, steam in the boiler, and you two alone together—(*collapses, weeping*)

HERO: Frances, I swear there is no guilt.

FANNY: Wherever there's a husband, there's always guilt.

VAMP: Right. And he was *MINE* first.

FANNY: How dare you?

VAMP: Here's the proof. (*takes photo from her bosom*) Our baby.

FANNY: It's false. It might be anyone's.

HERO: It *WAS* anyone's.

VAMP: And you to him are childless.

FANNY: I have no answer to such a vulgar taunt.

VAMP: All right; wait for the morning papers. (*starts to go*)

FANNY: Stop. You shan't destroy his name on the eve of triumph. You're my prisoner here until after the election. (*Goes to door L. bars Vamp's exit*) Oliver, go to your meeting and win. I'll keep her here. Wait, I'll lock the outer door. (*Exit L.*)

VAMP: You think you're clever. I'll show you. (*Enter Villain R*) (*Vamp locks office door, shutting Fanny out*) Now if you've any speeches to make you'd better do it quick.

HERO: I'd rather lose the election than leave you alone with that pure woman. (*Door at back opens, villain creeps in*) (*Hero struggles with Vamp*)

VAMP: Ed, he's going to injure me.

(*Villain strikes hero from behind*)

(*Hero staggers, falls on saw table*)

(*Fanny begins pounding on office door*)

VILLAIN: He's all that stands between you and me.

VAMP: My story to the papers! (*Exit at back*)

VILLAIN: (*Starts machinery*) Now saw, damn you, saw! (*Hero's body moves gradually toward the saw*)

FANNY: Oliver, Oliver! Oh my God, the Saw! (*She rushes to the saw just as the body is cut in two*) (*Yells*) Too late!

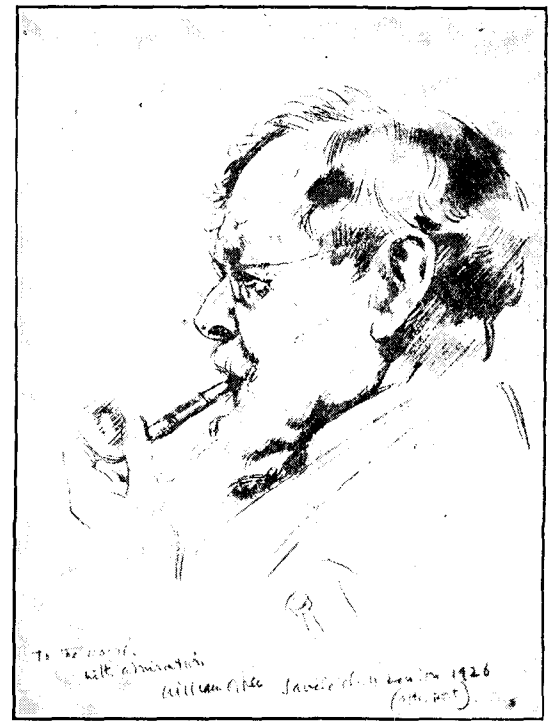
* * *

. . . I was all ready to print here the other quodlibet, an infradig called *SUN CURED*; then arrived a sudden infusion of caution. Some irresponsibilities so innocent in themselves look a trifle unseemly in cold print; and still, in a censorious world, there are many who do not easily forgive a casual buffoonery. I will send a copy of it under plain sealed wrapper to J. L. Q.

* * *

I have learned that the writer of those very beautiful prefaces in the catalogues of the Argosy Bookstore (N. Y. City) is Samuel Loveman. I sincerely recommend your getting yourself on his mailing list.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



The Major

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

MAJOR PUTNAM was my introduction to the publishing profession. When I think of him it is always in the same way—as he sat in his office surrounded by the pictures and books of writers, some who were on the crest of the wave at the moment, some who had begun to slip from popularity and esteem, some who had been already dead for a generation or more. There were a great many souvenirs of Edgar Allan Poe. His office was the most bitter comment on the transience of literary fashions. And in the midst of the photographs and souvenirs sat the little man known as G. H. P. or The Major, of a personality so positive and decided that you knew at once what sort of man he was. He had a quick, brisk voice, a friendly smile, a very straight back, bright, humorous blue eyes, and the springy step of a boy. I remember noticing the Major surrounded by his authors and thinking, "They come and they go, but he goes on forever." And at last he has gone to join the

There was a great deal of New England in Major. He was justly proud of his ancestry, and came of a really distinguished American family. There was nothing mongrel about it and its tradition was firm and straightforward with no sentimental vaporings. The Major knew what he wanted. He knew what he thought was right or wrong, distinguished or shoddy. There was no shilly-shallying about him. He had that vague, mysterious thing called Character which was the heritage of a generation which had fought to preserve its government and of a civilization which was struggling to be born. There are no more like him.

I don't think he ever really understood the young men of our day, especially the somewhat muddled generation which was struggling with the hopeless question of existence. The great Why did not trouble him. There was a rule for everything.

Yet he was a reformer and a fierce idealist. You could not talk to him for long without discovering his passionate interest in causes. It was that, I think, which always kept him amazingly young and gave him the energy to whisk back and forth across the Atlantic year after year keeping an eye on the London house and finding out what was going on in Europe. He was never old in spirit. He was old only in the sense that he belonged to the older and purer American tradition.

Both authors and publishers owe him a great debt, for he fought for them to the very end, and it is chiefly due to him that their rights are protected all over the world save in Russia where no rights are protected. I don't think he ever understood the buccaneering spirit which began to creep into the publishing profession a dozen years ago. His tradition was a more gentlemanly one. And all the side show bally-hoo of modern publishing rather upset him, although he tried, I think, to understand its necessity and to approve of it.

There are not many of his tradition left, and I, for one, think it a pity that we have not more Tories who know their principles and stick by them. It would give backbone to this rather vapouring modern world. I used to work for him and the perpetual disorder of my desk upset him. He could not understand these young people. Something has gone from New York which I shall miss whenever I return.