

behavior she has rather bettered their instruction. Most of Mr. Chung's book is concerned with the political and judicial oppression by which the Japanese illustrate the doctrine of their racial superiority; the economic exploitation in consequence of which the public debt of Korea has increased from nothing to \$52,461,827, and taxes from \$3,561,907 in 1905 to \$19,849,128 in 1919; the penetration of Japanese immigration fostered by ruthless expropriation of the native inhabitants, who are forced into Manchuria and Mongolia; the personal tyranny which the Japanese exercise in placing stewards in control of the private property of rich Koreans; the intellectual sterilization which results from the exclusion of the Korean language, literature and history from the schools in favor of Japanese propaganda; and the systematic attempt to destroy the people by moral corruption, through the introduction of opium and prostitution. Special interest, however, should be directed to the vivid and documented accounts of the independence movement of 1919, and its ferocious suppression.

After the armistice of 1918 Japan forced the signatures of prominent Koreans to a petition to the Peace Conference, expressing gratitude to Japan for her benevolent rule. The Emperor refused to sign and died January 20, 1919. On the day of his funeral the leaders issued a proclamation of independence, which was accepted by the people with shouts of Mansei. It was perforce a peaceful demonstration, an organization of passive resistance. As the declaration pathetically says: "Our part is to influence the Japanese Government dominated as it is by the old idea of brute force which thinks to run counter to reason and universal law, so that it will change and act honestly and in accord with the principles of right and truth." The movement was not met in anything like this pacifist spirit: on the contrary it was suppressed by a merciless campaign of terror. Korean boys who had shouted Mansei were whipped on successive days until their flesh gangrened and dropped from their bodies. Girls for the same offence were handed over to torture and outrage. The statements which Mr. Chung gives in regard to these cases, supported by the testimony of missionaries, journalists and travellers, will scarcely be controverted. And now the nation lies helpless—bound and gagged; that is the case of Korea.

But the case of Korea becomes the case of Japan. To say that the yellow men are not men but brutes, fiends and devils helps not in the least. The imperial job done by Japan in Korea is not essentially different from that of her teachers. The methods of imperialism, racial domination, economic exploitation, intellectual strangulation can be paralleled in English rule in India. We may think the attack through systematic moral corruption peculiarly Oriental and insidious. But England for the sake of the private fortunes of her citizens has waged war to force a corrupting drug on China; and the United States for the same reason has allowed its wards, the Indians, to be sacrificed to the liquor traffic. It is true, the long drawn out catalogue of tortures on civilians seems impressive, but no Japanese terrorist has shot down hundreds of unarmed Koreans in cold blood, as did Dyer of Amritsar, or was specially rewarded by his appreciative countrymen with a gift of \$100,000. The record of flogging is perhaps no worse than the suppressed story of atrocities committed by United States soldiers in the Philippines, of which we have had recently a reminder in the behavior of the marines in Haiti, or by the French in Madagascar.

Thus the case of Japan becomes the case of England, of France, of the United States. The lesson to be drawn from this complete manual of imperial conquest and behavior is that no nation is good enough or great enough to rule another.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Dirge for a Georgian

The Pier Glass, by Robert Graves. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.

ALMOST ten years ago, there appeared the first of the biennial anthologies of Georgian Poetry. It promised to quicken the sluggish blood of contemporary English verse, to bring a rich and even raw vigor to the thinning stream drained by such still-existing Victorians as William Watson, Alfred Noyes, Henry Newbolt, Richard Le Gallienne. It included poets as individualized and varied as John Masefield, Rupert Brooke, Lascelles Abercrombie, Ralph Hodgson, Walter de la Mare. Later J. C. Squire and Siegfried Sassoon were added. Then the war settled down to the grim business of stifling those singers it had not already killed. The anthologies continued. But, though less than a decade had intervened since their inception, by 1919 the quickening impulse was as dead as Brooke and Sorley and Flecker; Georgian Poetry began to assume the flat, academic and merely pretty-colored quality which "distinguishes" it at present. Today there is missing from its prim pages whatever is undeviating or analytic or passionate or, in a word, relentlessly original.

In the 1918-1919 collection, for example, are the facile, polished and gracefully correct sentiments of platitudinarians like Thomas Moulton, J. D. C. Pellow, Francis Brett Young, Edward Shanks, Fredegond Shove. All of these contributors are so true to their minor type that the poems of one might be substituted for the other—so similar are the lines in temper, subject matter, attitude and tone of voice. But what makes the later Georgian anthologies so misleading and actually misrepresentative is not the vapidness of their inclusions, but the number—and quality—of their damning omissions. One looks vainly in this urbane assembly for the burning penetrations of Charlotte Mew, the never exaggerated and authoritative simplicity of Edward Thomas, the imperative questions of Anna Wickham, the restless irony of the Sitwells, the chiselled images of Richard Aldington, the courageous fervor of Wilfred Owen, the fluent and strongly personal rhythms of Ford Madox Hueffer. Even D. H. Lawrence is grudgingly given space for only one short poem as against nine by the innocuous John Freeman.

But an even greater criticism of the Georgian group is the rapidity with which many of its most promising members have lost their individuality, their power, their public—everything, in short, but the habit of writing. Robert Graves, one of the youngest and most gifted of the lot, is an especially sharp example. Graves was a youngster when the war swept him with something of the angry fire that blazed in Owen and Sassoon. Like Owen, he cried out at the insane horror of youth destroying youth; like Sassoon, he defended his spirit with the weapons of satire and pity. But, unlike either of his comrades, Graves possessed a whimsicality, a lightness of touch which he communicated with no little intensity in



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his Fairies and Fusiliers. Beneath the grim records of A Dead Boche, The Assault Heroic, Goliath and David or the tragic irony of Dead Cow Farm, one caught a lurking ghost of a grin; an irrepressible and quaintly individualized banter shone through poems entitled I Wonder What It Feels Like To Be Drowned?, A Pinch of Salt, The Bough of Nonsense.

In Country Sentiment, published early last year, this light heartiness, this unaffected and (in spite of certain imitations of twitching dramatic ballads) usually smiling simplicity maintained itself. But dilution is already discernible. Graves is beginning to force his note. And in The Pier Glass (1921) the third stage is evident; the poet conforms to type. He becomes the true Georgian writing fluently and fairly well about nothing in particular; writing chiefly since there is nothing to stop his stanza-making, writing, it seems, because of obedience to no law stronger than the law of inertia. Of his first passion there is little left but an afterglow of emotion; instead of a headstrong or fantastic imagination we have a mild fancy. This, a leaf from de la Mare, is one of the most representative and, in many ways, one of the best selections from The Pier Glass:

FOX'S DINGLE

Take now a country mood,
Resolve, distil it:—
Nine Acre swaying alive,
June flowers that fill it,

Spicy sweet-biar bush,
The uneasy wren
Fluttering from ash to birch
And back again,

Milkwort on its low stem,
Spread hawthorn tree,
Sunlight patching the wood,
A hive-bound bee. . . .

Girls riding nim-nim-nim,
Ladies, trot-trot,
Gentlemen hard at gallop,
Shouting, steam-hot.

Now over the rough turf
Bridles go jingle,
And there's a well loved pool,
By Fox's Dingle,

Where Sweetheart, my brown mare,
Old Glory's daughter,
May loll her leathern tongue
In snow-cool water.

Though there are two or three poems contrived to pique the memory, Graves spins his threads so thin that they are continually breaking. Unlike Hodgson or de la Mare, his whimsy is neither deep nor dexterous enough to fulfill the demands he puts upon it. His country ballads are both tenuous and artificial; his love-songs no longer fresh nor fervent. In common with his confrères, he whips up his overworked material and digs frantic spurs in the sides of a tired Pegasus. The procession is moving—no matter how slowly, no matter if it is possibly moving backward—he must join it. And so another Georgian loses his early spontaneity. Remembering all the others, he forgets to be himself.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

Late Spring

If Winter Comes, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00.

THERE is enough whimsical charm in *If Winter Comes* to make one read on, in spite of an occasional cloying sweetness and several simple rhapsodies on the mysteries of life and conventions and England my England. And the hero is curiously likable, even though Mr. Hutchinson is a little fatuous about him. An imaginative man married to a woman who has only her five senses is a theme which always gives some release to those who are, or think they are, in a similar plight. And while Mark Sabre is almost too good and true to be entirely probable, we all know his wife, Mabel. She is the woman who lives in a garden suburb; who isn't quite rich enough to have the nonchalance of wealth, but who is comfortable enough to talk about the waning race of civil tradesmen.

Her life was living among people of her own class. Her measure of a man or a woman was, Were they of her class? If they were she gladly accepted them and appeared to find considerable pleasure in their society. Whether they had attractive qualities or no qualities at all did not affect her. The only quality that mattered was the quality of being well bred. She called the classes beneath her own standard of breeding 'the lower classes' . . . The only fact she knew about them was that they were disgustingly extravagant and spent every penny they earned.

With Mark Sabre who can see everybody's point of view and still be on the right side, she is naturally not very happy. He won't do any of the things that nice people do, and if he does do them to please her, she suspects him of unspoken sarcasm. Like most dull, selfish people, she labels as sarcasm humor that flits over her head. She really hates her husband because she can't follow him into his mind. "Things, in her expression 'went on' in his mind . . . and it exasperated her to know they were going on and that she could not understand them . . . 'It's like,' she had once complained to her father, 'it's like having a foreigner in the house.'"

And so, when Mark out of his pure heart takes a young woman with a war baby into their house, Mabel is convinced of the worst. She leaves him and starts divorce proceedings. The young woman feels so badly that she kills herself and her child. Mark's colleague and worst enemy gets the blame fixed on him. Mark is overcome and has a hemorrhage of the brain, when in walks the woman whom he has really loved all the time. The war has widowed her; Mabel has divorced him; the tardy spring is not so far behind.

In spite of the soft places in *If Winter Comes*, real life is in it. The chapter on the pious and genteel firm of Fortune, East and Sabre is a complete and perfect picture of business disguised as a sacrament; and home life with Mabel is so well done as to hint at experience. When Mr. Hutchinson has his feet on the ground he is fine, but he doesn't seem quite able to manage his ecstasies.

SIGNE TOKSVIG.

Contributors

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