

statement and the maximum of suggestion is the creed that most poets, or other artists, would come nearest agreeing on, I believe. At any rate it is astonishing to discover what long flights the imagination can take with no more than the clipped wings of the tanka or hokku.

Professor Page, seeking an English verse form comparable in its effect with the standard Japanese form, has resorted often to the rhymed quatrain, but frequently also to three-line and five-line stanzas with various rhyme schemes. He has in this way preserved the brevity of the originals, and at the same time has suggested their formality and symmetry. In many instances he has achieved undeniably charming results; in others it seems he has sacrificed delicacy of expression for the sake of forced rhyme. It is rather a pity to subject an oriental poet to occidental artificialities. This criticism does not hold so well in the case of poems which are witty and sharp, but I believe it is justified in the case of those which are tender and atmospheric. Rhyme drives home the point, and that is sometimes the desired effect, but certainly it is more often undesirable from the standpoint of the Japanese, who love so well the unfinished sketch, the half-realized mood, the suspended thought, the stimulating suggestion.

I presume no one can read far in Japanese poetry without becoming aware of its relation to our own Imagist poetry. It is impossible to trace the exact influence exerted by the tanka and hokku upon the work of Amy Lowell, John Gould Fletcher and other American and British poets who have put to such good use the fundamental tenets of Japanese poetry, but it is pertinent to note that the majority of them, when they set out to achieve a poetic effect similar to the effect produced in them by Japanese poems, do not compose quatrains and do not use rhyme. Generally they create irregular patterns of lightly cadenced verse. Miss Lowell, for example, imitates a hokku as follows:

EPHEMERA

Silver-green lanterns tossing among windy branches:
So an old man thinks
Of the loves of his youth.

This is not a translation, of course, but it has the flavor of a Japanese poem. Its exoticism is convincing because its content is true to the oriental mind, and because its form is free from occidental convention. If we take, on the other hand, one of Professor Page's translations, we shall receive a quite different impression:

SNOW IN SPRING

Day after day still fall the late Spring Snows
And yet the nightingale doth sing
Upon the plum-tree bough. . . . Somehow she knows
'Tis time for love, and Spring.

There is no question here that the content is oriental, but the exoticism is lacking because of the superimposed occidental meter and rhyme.

While I am discussing this point I should like to add that the closest approach to a typical Japanese poem made by any recent writer in English is to be found among the cinquains of Adelaide Crapsey. I choose the following:

THE WARNING

Just now,
Out of the strange
Still dusk . . . as strange, as still . . .
A white moth flew. Why am I grown
So cold?

Here, if ever expressed in our poetry, is the spirit of the tanka, and to a considerable degree the form. It has the right number of lines; it ignores rhyme, and minimizes stress; it gives to each line a fixed number of syllables. The fact that Miss Crapsey chose to limit her lines to syllabic quantities of two, four, six, eight, two, does not materially lessen the resemblance between her form and the tanka, with its lines of five, seven, five, seven, seven syllables. Her problem was almost identical with that of the Japanese poet, and so is her result.

But we may quarrel over such technical matters until we tire the reader who is not concerned with mechanics, and so prejudice him against Japanese poetry. That would be a pity. These vivid poetic miniatures, countless as the cherry-blossoms, as fragile and as fragrant, are delicacies not to be scorned by anyone.

GLENN HUGHES.

Mahatma Gandhi

Young India, 1919-1922, by Mahatma Gandhi. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$4.00.

A CENTURY hence, when Gandhi is the Benjamin Franklin or the Thomas Jefferson of a long-free India, what will make this man tower above the years? Not his opposition to railways and doctors and lawyers or his bonfires of foreign cloth; not his setting up of the spinning wheel and insisting on his followers wearing homespun; not his declaring, "It is our duty at the present moment to suspend bringing forth heirs to our slavery;" not his "political non-coöperation" which he expected might bring India Swaraj, or home rule, within the year 1921, and which has since been abandoned in favor of other tactics. No, his title to greatness is not the soundness of his policies but the loftiness of his character. Statesmen there are wiser in economics and government, but in saintliness no national leader or public man living is to be compared to Gandhi. All over the world today Indians are more respected because this shining figure has come forth from their midst. With the long-famed gentleness, humility and asceticism of the Indian holy man, he combines the courage, candor and truthfulness which English of the noblest type exhibit.

Young India was Gandhi's organ and in this book are reprinted hundreds of editorials and contributions which enable us to follow the workings of his mind during the fateful three years, March, 1919, to March, 1922, when he passed behind the prison doors which opened only the other day. In these 1100 pages you can see how he met the difficulties and parried criticism, how he applied to concrete situations his philosophy of non-violence.

As you see him solving riddles and drawing fine distinctions you sense a sinewy and subtle intellect. No wonder that at one time in South Africa he commanded \$35,000 a year as barrister. Testifying before the hostile Hunter Committee, he outmatches the strongest wits that come against him. Yet he wins not by skill in fencing, but by sheer depth of insight and power to think straight across beaten thought-paths.

He meets trying situations with the originality of genius. For instance, how about secrecy? He says:

Think everything aloud, have no privileged conversation with any soul on earth and cease to fear the spy. . . . I have never lost a minute's peace by having detectives

by my side. I have been shadowed throughout my stay in India. That has not only not worried me but I have even taken friendly services from these gentlemen; many have apologized for having to shadow me.

After the riots which marred the demonstration of non-coöperation when the Prince of Wales visited Bombay, Gandhi announced:

Non-coöperators cannot escape liability. It is true that Non-coöperators were ceaselessly remonstrating everywhere with the people, at considerable risk to themselves, to arrest or stop the mischief. . . . But that is not enough . . . to discharge us from liability for the violence that has taken place. We claimed to have established a peaceful atmosphere, i. e., to have attained by our non-violence sufficient control over the people to keep their violence under check. We have failed when we ought to have succeeded.

Nor can I shirk my own responsibility. I am more instrumental than any other for bringing into being the spirit of revolt. I find myself not fully capable of controlling and disciplining that spirit. I must do penance for it.

He proposed to observe every Monday a twenty-four hours' fast.

On trial he wishes:

To endorse all the blame that the learned Advocate General has thrown on my shoulders in connection with the Bombay occurrences, the Madras occurrences, and the Chauri Chaura occurrences. Thinking over these deeply and sleeping over them night after night, it is impossible for me to dissociate myself from the diabolical crimes of Chauri Chaura or the mad outrages of Bombay. He is quite right when he says that. . . . I should have known the consequences of every one of my acts. I knew that I was playing with fire. I ran the risk and if I were set free, I would still do the same.

In his comments on British rule in India there is no consuming blaze of denunciation. He praises individual English officials, he is slow to impute evil intent, he never tries to make the English odious. It is the *system* he attacks. It was only after twenty-six years of loyal public service that he wished to have done with the British raj. In his apologia at his trial he says:

The British connection has made India more helpless than she ever was before, politically and economically. A disarmed India has no power of resistance against any aggressor if she wanted to engage in an armed conflict with him. So much is this the case that some of our best men consider that India must take generations before she can achieve the Dominion status. She has become so poor that she has little power of resisting famines. Before the British advent, India spun and wove in her millions of cottages just the supplement she needed for adding to her meagre agricultural resources. This cottage industry, so vital for India's existence, has been ruined by incredibly heartless and inhuman processes as described by English witnesses. Little do town-dwellers know how the semi-starved masses of India are slowly sinking to lifelessness. Little do they know that their miserable comforts represent the brokerage they get for the work they do for the foreign exploiter, that the profits and brokerage are sucked from the masses. Little do they realize that the Government established by law in British India is carried on for this exploitation of the masses. . . . The law itself in this country has been used to serve the

foreign exploiter. My unbiased examination of the Punjab Martial Law cases has led me to believe that at least ninety-five percent of convictions were wholly bad. My experience of political cases in India leads me to the conclusion that in nine out of every ten the condemned men were totally innocent. Their crime consisted in the love of country. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred justice has been denied the Indians as against Europeans in the Courts of India. This is not an exaggerated picture. It is the experience of almost every Indian who has had anything to do with such cases. In my opinion, the administration of the law is thus prostituted consciously or unconsciously for the benefit of the exploiter.

The great and lasting achievement of Gandhi is that he has kindled in the hearts of millions of subjugated the first spark of self-respect. He has taught poor, unarmed peasants to stand up with a quiet assertion "*We, too, are men.*" Against brute force he pits "soul force." He stirs not the fighting spirit, as revolutionary leaders have always done, but the calm assertion of will. "I am ready to bear more suffering than you are ready to inflict." Whether or not India wins her freedom by this method, Gandhi's place in history is secure.

EDWARD A. ROSS.

Buddenbrooks

Buddenbrooks, by Thomas Mann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.00.

FOR some twenty years *Buddenbrooks*, now adequately translated into English by H. T. Lowe-Porter, has been recognized as a masterpiece of German realism. It is a study of German life through the last two-thirds of the nineteenth century, reflected in the fortunes of the Buddenbrook family, merchants of Lübeck. When the story opens, Johann Buddenbrook is warming his new house in Meng street, with offices on the ground floor to accommodate his business with its capital of 900,000 marks. His memories run back to the days when he had driven over Germany in a coach and four, purchasing supplies for the Prussian army mobilized against Napoleon. "Never in all his life had he worn a pair of trousers." Through the reigns of his two successors we follow the fortunes of the house until the death of Thomas Buddenbrook leaves only his sickly little son Hanno as witness to the liquidation of the business and the bankruptcy of the blood. We have the complicated pattern of family life—births, celebrations, marriages, scandals, deaths—in the stuff of friendships and kinships, business connections and the social life of the merchant aristocracy of Lübeck, woven on the loom of the advancing Germany of the nineteenth century.

Buddenbrooks is thus a family novel. It is a more complete example of the genre than even Couperus's *Small Souls* series with its succession of leading parts. In Thomas Mann's novel the family is the protagonist throughout. The characters are but cells in the organism, through which flows the stream of their race. The persisting figures of the book, however, are two of the third generation, Thomas Buddenbrook and his sister Antonie—Tony—who appear as children at the warming of the new house in Meng street. Tony has a glimpse of a life of her own through the love of a radical student of medicine, whom she meets at Travemünde, whither she has been sent to learn to accommodate her inclinations to those of her parents. On