

that our minds are empty; we have snatched our morsel from the delicate banquet of nature like a slave rather than a guest, and devoured without taste and without enjoyment. Desperately we seek to repair our ill breeding, and we go again to nature in order that we may prove ourselves more humble; temperate, and attentive. We solicit the pure esthetic experience such as is expressed in romantic art. We are like Lord Byron, who expiated his grievous personal sins in pictures of true romantic love.

In more exact language, I would denote by the term romantic, as a quality in art, just that rare and simple attitude which we call the love of nature. And that means the love of anything for itself. Science is pragmatic, and bent only on using nature. Scientific knowledge is no more than the knowledge of the uses of nature; it does not credit nature with having any life of its own, and it cannot afford to see in nature any content further than what the scientific terms permit. As a way of knowledge it is possible to us only on condition that we anesthetize ourselves and become comparatively insensible. But it is immediately exposed to scorn when we consent again to free our senses and contemplate those infinities of particularity which are the objects in our world; the landscapes, the people, the flora, the merest things. This is the purest esthetic experience.

Hence the images, the representations by imitation, or romantic art. They aim at being representations which, short of the actual objects themselves, are the fullest possible, and are indeed of infinite fulness. To make them is no matter of practical interest but a labor of love.

Classical art is the criticism of science by science's own standards, witnessing to its failure or success in attaining the purposes at which it aims. But romantic art goes rather deeper, and suspends the whole purpose-and-attainment process.

This general distinction produces some of the famous differences between classical and romantic art. Classical art pursues a thread of history with classical severity, like a scientific experiment with a hypothesis and a demonstration, but romantic art is essentially diffuse. Classical art gives us emotionally either the shallow self-confidence of comedy, or the bitter resignation of tragedy; but the romantic equivalent for the latter is that nostalgic melancholy with which we survey the estrangement wrought by our practice between ourselves and nature, and for the former the pure joy of knowing the world in its fulness, and without desire. Classical art induces religion in a masculine, stoical, and compulsory phase, but romantic art is religious in a feminine, spontaneous, and loving phase. On the whole, classical is perhaps to a large degree the art of antiquity, crystallized in literature in such forms as the heroic epic, the grim ballad, and the tragic drama; romantic art gives us the performance which is characteristically modern, with heroes who are particular rather than typical, lyrics that are scientifically without point, informal essays, and formless novels.

Romantic features often hide, of course, in works that are classical by intention. The modes come generally mixed. I will mention two romantic features that are almost universal in literature.

Any lyrical passage, even from the most classical context, reveals the romantic spirit if we care to construe it as follows:—it escapes the bounds of the argument. It invites excursions of the mind into many directions. It indicates vast territories, not for conquest and use, but for exploration and delight. More technically, the lyric passage forgets the essential logic of the artist's thesis and releases his sensibility to write its diffuse record of the moment while the scientific record must wait, or at least be obscured under the other.

A second such feature, found commonly in classical art, is a simile, or metaphor. A simile looks like a logical feature meant to illustrate the logic of the account. Scientific texts themselves abound in similes. For instance, in stereo-chemistry a molecule might conceivably be described as cruciform in the arrangement of its component atoms; but no reference would be intended to the massive legendary mysteries of the cross. Literary similes, on the other hand, have precisely such excursions in view; for instance, the wine-dark sea of Homer, and the ox-eyed Hera, and the silver-footed Thetis. These epithets have no necessary relevance to Homer's narrative logic where they occur, and so far as we attend to them we plunge into a pure un-

motivated image. Some other poet will elect to know the beloved's lips as cherry-red, not to secure definition of their hue, but to provide a second field of observation for us to enter, and to make definition actually impossible. From the same motive her eyes are like stars, and her throat is a swan's. Nothing is more ridiculous than to take these figures literally as scientific or descriptive terms. On principle they are not clarifying but obfuscatory, they bring a nimbus and not a light.

Perhaps no works of art are pure romances. Even a brief, non-philosophical lyric, or a novel without topical unity, offers necessarily a minimum of logical sequence; the pedagogical mind may be trusted to find it there. Most works of art are doubtless compromises whereby we indulge science and sensibility, or pursue thesis and romance, in alternating moments. That element in them is romantic which is diffuse and particularistic and dwelt upon in love, and they are on the whole romantic if that element is the more favored.

It is idle to speculate on whether Shakespeare is more romantic or classical; it is enough to see that he is both. He surrenders the excellence of a cold, classical precision whenever, for instance, his quick imagination leads him to enter the puppets that

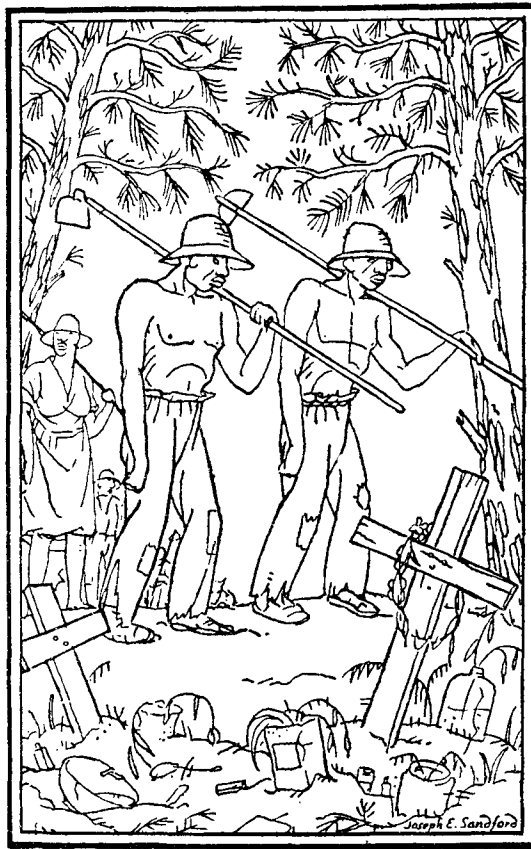


Illustration from "The Half-Pint Flask," by DuBose Heyward (Farrar & Rinehart).

might have been the perfect carriers of his tragic thesis. For then they become alive, and live; that is, they depart from the finitude that classical theory intended for them and become particulars, persons, intractables, and infinities. The insubordination of the chief character in Hamlet does not improve the work as a classical tragedy, while it furnishes an excellence that a pure classic could not possess. Furthermore, Shakespeare devotes a vast attention to the presentation of a fairly unclassical thing: romantic love. He conceives romantic love at least as grandly as did the neo-Platonists, and is one of the chief of those who have made the literary term romantic almost impossible to dissociate from the popular term by which we denote true love; even comedy is saved at his hands by being bathed in romantic love. But romantic love in this special sense is only one aspect of the romantic love of nature which we find everywhere indulged in his plays. All these romantic features constitute in Shakespeare a deformity upon the body of the classical Aristotelian drama.

We entertain by reason of our constitution very ardent practical desires, and it is well that classical art should try them and speculate upon their practicality. But romantic art is not at all concerned with this issue. In romantic art we revel in the particularity of things, and feel the joy of restoration after an estrangement from nature. The experience is vain and aimless for practical purposes. But it answers to a deep need within us. It exercises that impulse of natural piety which requires of us that our life should be in loving rapport with environment.

## Gossip About Rockefeller

JOHN D., A PORTRAIT IN OILS. By JOHN K. WINKLER. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1929. \$2.25.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

TWENTY years and more ago, when Miss Tarbell published her classic work on the Standard Oil Company, at a time when the trust movement was rising to its height, and before Roosevelt and the panic of 1907 had partly tamed big business, Rockefeller's name was one which possessed unpleasant connotations. Most Americans pictured him as a rapacious and cruel monopolist, who had built up his vast fortune on the ruin of hundreds of men and at the expense of the public. He had unquestionably used force, duplicity, special privilege, and hard dealing to attain his wealth; he had been a debasing influence on the business ethics of the country and most right-minded men condemned him. Mr. Rockefeller has since, in the Scotch phrase, been making his soul. Vast benefactions, planned with intelligence and imagination by Frederick T. Gates and others; the shrewd publicity work of Ivy Lee; and interest, creditably courageous, in liberal religion, and the mellowing effects of time, have softened the harsh lines of the old picture. Like Chauncey Depew, whose past had equally discreditable passages, Rockefeller grew out of ill-repute into national tolerance and even a measure of national liking. His pride in his ninety years, his dimes, his golf, his careful dieting, a hundred other facts constantly emphasized in the press, have made him a picturesque figure. This volume is one evidence of the new and milder public attitude toward Mr. Rockefeller.

Mr. Winkler has not attacked or exposed the elder Rockefeller, or made him the subject of our modern "irony;" he has given us a volume of gossip, good-natured and shrewd if not urbane or dignified, about the man, and his family. It is never of much importance, and the taste is not always impeccable, but the author at least cannot be accused of unkindness or unfairness. The only malicious touches are in the sketches of the elder Rockefeller's father, an amusing and likable quack who posed brated cancer specialist" and whose rather career has been kept as obscure as possible. Mr. Winkler regards the elder Rockefeller's business achievements, as he should, with respect for their size and importance. Not only does he regard the earnest and virtuous John D. Rockefeller Jr. with respect, but he speaks in terms of praise of the Rockefeller policy in the Colorado mines. Of the business history of the Standard Oil Company he gives us a lively and amusing but not penetrating or thorough account; and anyone who wishes to know how our first great monopoly was formed and grew will learn far more about it in Mr. Gilbert Montague's little book than in these pages. But Mr. Winkler does sketch for us in fairly vivid fashion the personality and chief traits of Rockefeller. He shows us his insatiable passion for money, his zeal for efficiency, his Machiavellian talent for intrigue, his ability to select aides almost as shrewd and efficient as himself—Harkness, Flagler, Payne, Archbold, and the others. He has found anecdotes to illustrate Rockefeller's peculiarities which chime aptly with the few personal anecdotes to be found in Miss Tarbell's book. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the story told of the early years by a literary-minded neighbor of Rockefeller's in Cleveland:

In the half darkness he would talk—talk of money, always of money. The single time he referred to books was characteristic. The visited bookworm sat with his finger keeping the place in a volume of Moore's "Life of Byron." Rockefeller noticed it.

"You get pleasure out of your books, judge?" he said musingly.

"Yes," responded the bookworm.

"Do you know the only thing that gives me pleasure?" asked Rockefeller, looking up with a fashion of guilelessness, at once sly and bland. "It's to see my dividends coming in," he whispered; "just to see my dividends coming in!" And as he said it he made a drawing, scraping motion across the table with his scooped hand, as though raking in imaginary riches.

It is in the later chapters that the triviality of a great deal of the gossip becomes annoying. The number of horses at Pocantico Hills; the routine of the estate work; when Mr. Rockefeller Sr. rises, what he eats, what he wears, when he retires; his interest in turkeys, in fast-driving chauffeurs, in trees, in golf-sticks; the kinds of exercise taken by John D. Rockefeller Jr.; the Bible class, and so on and



so on—it grows irritating, and as we have said, some of it is in poor taste. The almost Spartan discipline to which the children and grandchildren have been subjected is recounted. We are not even spared the story (told with popularly 3,000 variations) of how one of the younger Rockefellers, asked by a playmate why the family did not buy some luxury or other, demanded: "Great Scott! What do you think we are—Vanderbilts?" Not all the details are accurate. But it is on the trivial gossip that this hastily-made book will sell.

## Islam at Its Best

A BAGHDAD CHRONICLE. By R. LEVY. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. (The Macmillan Co.) 1929.

Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS

"IF this is the Garden of Eden it's no wonder the disciples 'looked it,'" said the British Tommy as the transport (lately a Thames Penny Steamer) shouldered its way up the shallow winding stream of the Tigris towards Bagdad.

And his officers, only a little more sophisticated, said that if the glories of Harun al Rashid were departed the "Forty Thieves" remained and prospered.

A few, like our author, studied and pondered the fascinating story of "The Land of The Two Rivers," and there were notable experts like Gertrude Bell among the "politicals," ready with encyclopædic and intimate information.

These four groups—the vast uneducated mass, the dimly enlightened, the studious, and the profound, represented humanity at large in its ignorance and its knowledge—the latter a microscopic island in the vast ocean of the former. Since the War Bagdad has become a centre of interest, and Mr. Levy's learned yet popular work is very timely.

It is a history of Bagdad under the Abbasid Caliphate—which lasted from Mansur who founded this "City of Peace" with due ceremony in the eighth century A. D. to its conquest after many sieges by the Mongol, Hulagu, five centuries later. To tell this story, to illuminate its battles with tales of its high culture and notable persons, to give a background to the vivid life of the "Arabian Nights"—this is a difficult and complex task. Mr. Levy lectures in Persian in the great School of Browne and Nicholson at Cambridge, is well qualified to do it, and he has given us another valuable chapter in the history of the Orient.

Lit up as by a flare in the Great War the city of Harun al Rashid was revealed as a rather squalid and pathetic huddle of mud houses and narrow streets which the pedestrian shared with camels, mules, and coolies as heavily laden and as patient. These Mr. Levy makes vivid to us—and the shrouded women crowding the lines to the river-side, and the mixed crowds of the bazaars. The pageant of the "Arabian Nights" passes before our eyes.

And to understand it all one must go with the author back beyond even the past of the Caliph's to Sargon, to Babylon, to Ctesiphon, and then realize that this little city had outlived them all. Its site by the Two Rivers is one explanation—another is its high civilization under a series of strong rulers. Some of these—with their social as well as their political history—Mr. Levy paints for us: the great Harun notable amongst them, and Shapur who made it a famous centre of scholarship and the arts. Poets and princes, merchants and scholars, eunuchs and slaves throng these pages, which are illuminated by many a good story and by new bits of biography. We read of adventures in law and in learning as well as of harems and banqueting-halls.

The "City of Peace," in a word, was at its zenith a great centre that attracted the learned from all over the Moslem Empire, and beyond. Here Christian, Jew, and Moslem were free at times to make their own contribution to learning—the ubiquitous Nestorian doctors, who were busy also in China, in India, and in Japan, among them. And her poets and singers, like Ibn Jami and Prince Ishaq and Ibrahim al Mausali, were honored figures. Here the great Barmecide family rose and fell, rivalling for a moment the Caliphs in opulence. Here a few women attained eminence—but it is for the most part as the playthings of men that we see them. Bagdad is, in a word, a fair sample of Islamic culture at its best, with all its weaknesses, its contrasted wealth and poverty, its slavery and concubinage. Its caliphs, scholars, and poets must be seen against a background for the most part of beggars and slaves, for like the Great Moguls in India they grew rich upon an impoverished people.

## The Gypsies of Europe

DAYS IN THE SUN. By MARTIN NEXÖ. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. \$3.

DEEP SONG. By IRVING BROWN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. \$3.50.

Reviewed by WALTER STARKIE

THIS summer in company with other pilgrims I wended my way across the salty desert of the Camargue to the fortified church of Les Saintes Maries de la Mer to take part in the pilgrimage of the 25th of May. It was not for Saints Marie Jacoby or Marie Salomé that I came but for Sara, the Egyptian servant—patron saint of the Gypsies. In the two days of the pilgrimage I had many opportunities of studying the wandering folk who crowd the little village of Les Saintes Maries with their "roulottes" and camp around their fires. As a type they contrasted very definitely with the type of gypsy I had known in Hungary or Bohemia. Whereas the latter were sturdy, tall, thickset with round faces and flat noses, the latter impressed me by their slender grace, their sculpted features, their raven black hair, and their copper brown color. In a conversation I had with the celebrated poet and horseman, the Marquis of Broncelli, who has frequented these gypsies of Provence and Languedoc for many years, he put forward his favorite theory concerning the gypsies of Southern Europe. According to him gypsies are divided into two distinct races—distinct in features, bones, complexion, character, and traditions. The gypsies who deal in horses will never have anything to do with the gypsies who make bears dance or who work in copper: so far from trying to understand they hate one another. But the horse tamer gypsy will always recognize as his brother another "magnignon" from anywhere whom he meets at the Pilgrimage of "Les Saintes Maries."

The gypsies we met this year had come mostly from Languedoc and Toulouse, but there were some from Italy and Spain, and as I watched some of them walk gravely through the narrow streets with their heads high and that fierce look, I was reminded of those days in Granada when a visit to the gypsy caves in the mountains would be an excuse for a Bacchanalian entertainment with castanets and mad dancing to boot. It is curious to notice how the gypsies have had a romantic fascination for people even since Bonow wrote his "Zuicali or the Gypsies of Spain." It is as though people who live well-ordered lives in towns were ever trying to project their personalities out to the wandering vagabonds who know no law and whose only joys come from the sensation of the moment. Many books have painted the gypsy in romantic colors with no attempt to delve down to the reality.

This year a book has appeared by Martin Nexö, the well-known Danish author, entitled "Days in the Sun," in which he devotes one chapter to the gypsies of Spain. Mr. Nexö, coming from Scandinavia where winter hangs like a pall and all is gray and misty over stormy seas, when he gets to the south revels in its color. Every street in Tangiers or Cádiz light up his mind which had brooded on the snows of the North. His descriptions of the Andalusian basking in his sunlit country are very beautiful because they do not exaggerate. When he comes to the gypsies, however, he adopts the point of view of the respectable citizen who will have none of those loafers and parasites on society. He looks on them as unclean and so spares no details to point out their scabs and sores. I feel as if he were manfully struggling to destroy the romantic sense that as a good Northerner he must feel in his breast when he visits the South. "The insignificant gypsy girls whose lives are limited to the most rudimentary forms of animal existence, were transformed under the idealizing bomb of poetry into cold, soulless, but entrancing beauties who served as tools for government intrigues and whose embraces lured the secrets of diplomats from their breasts and made princes forget their duties." When he visits the caves and sees the gypsy dancing he does not describe it in the enthusiastic terms of Havelock Ellis, but calls it a crude expression of a crude conception of the erotic. According to him the dancer raises her legs a little and moves her hands indolently over her head, while all her temperament seems domiciled in her hips and pelvis.

I am afraid Mr. Nexö was unlucky; the gypsies must have been content to foist off upon him the international "cancan" which may be seen in the

Café Chantant of any continental capital. It is extremely difficult to see the real gypsy dancing in South Spain and one has to wander far and wide in search of it. It is not to be found in the big cafés in Seville where the international clientèle prefer to be stirred by the elumbrations of the pelvis. When we do happen to see the real gypsy dancing in some tiny café in Cádiz or Ronda there is no doubt that there is the essence of the Spanish dance which has all the seriousness of a national rite. The gypsy has not invented his own dances, but has presented the old Andalusian measures which the Spaniard in modern days has forgotten.

For those who are interested in the life and folklore of the gypsies of South Spain, I should recommend the reading of "Deep Song" by Irving Brown. Mr. Brown is a foremost authority on gypsies whom we remember from his former books, "Nights and Days on the Gypsy Trail," and "Gypsy Fires in America." He has lived with gypsies, collected their songs and poems, and studied their habits, and thus his latest book should make a great appeal to all those interested in the subject. Like Mr. Nexö he is attracted by the color and rhythm of Andalusia, but being less of a word painter he goes off in search of the folk-lore and traditions of the people. The title of his book "Deep Song" is a translation of the word "Cante Jondo" which means the song of the gypsy. As Mr. Brown shows, the difference musically between the songs and dances of the Andalusians and those of the gypsies is that the latter are much freer, just as in Hindu music there is a luxuriance of cross rhythms, a freedom, richness, fluidity, and multiplicity of rhythms that we should envy. Mr. Brown in his book gives a few musical examples of Sevillanas, Saetas, malagueñas, and a soleá which are interesting as genuine examples of gypsy music. His translations of the gypsy poems are graceful and preserve the flavor of the original.

The South of Spain is the country of improvisation and as Lopez de Vega once said: "at every corner there are a hundred poets." During Holy Week at Seville as the "pasos" or groups of sacred statues pass down the streets between the close, serried rows of people, suddenly we hear a girl's voice sing out in passionate song. In the inspiration of the moment she improvises a poem and music expressing her emotion as she sees the statue. Such improvised songs are called "saetas" or anows. The love poems are among the most interesting of the manifestations of the genius of the gypsy and Mr. Brown devotes one chapter to "Romany love."

In connection with the history of "Cante Jondo" it is important to notice what work has been done lately by Manuel de Falla, Spain's greatest composer. According to Falla, "Cante Jondo" is a study that will repay the closest investigation for he believes that in it we can discover traces of the Byzantine liturgical music. The theme of "Cante Jondo" has fascinated Falla, for we find traces of it through many of his works, such as "El Amor Brujo" and "El Sombrero de tres Picos" (The Three-Cornered Hat). I well remember a certain evening in 1921 in Falla's house in the shadow of the Alhambra where he had invited up from the sacro monte a quartet of gypsy players and singers. They played one after another those strange melodies and dances that seem to echo down countless centuries from days when the gypsy parias were roaming through Hindustan. Outside the moonlight lit up the ghostly cypress trees along the path leading to the Generalife whilst amid the myrtles of the Sultana's garden we heard the riffing of a thousand waterfalls. In that instant those gypsies became "minions of the moon," creatures of Diana, the goddess of the vagabonds with her daughter Acadia.

## The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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