

THE WEEKLY CRITICAL REVIEW

Telephone 225.38

... DEVOTED TO ...

Literature, Music and the Fine Arts

EDITED BY

ARTHUR BLES. O

JOURNAL
HEBDOMADAIRE

Price: Threepence

VOLUME II. No. 43

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12th, 1903

Price: 30 centimes

CONTENTS

<p>"As You Was" (conclusion), by John F. Runciman. Un Poète de la Nature: Maurice Rollinat, par <i>J.-H. Caruchet.</i> Chips Caught Flying. London Notes, by <i>Alfred Berlyn.</i> Paris-Mondain. Danse Macabre, by <i>John Gurdon.</i> L'Influence Littéraire de Jean-Jacques Rousseau, par <i>Max Buffenoire.</i></p>	<p>The Painters of Brescia: Romanino. by Arthur Symons. Book Notes, by <i>M. E. P. and G. O. Anderson.</i> Concerts Colonne. Chevillard Concert, by <i>A. B.</i> La Femme naturelle, par <i>Rémy de Gourmont.</i></p>	<p>Les Netsoukés (Netakés) au Japon. par le Dr. Mène. Music in London, by <i>Alfred Kalisch.</i> Sargent Pictures, by <i>M. E. Pountney.</i> Le Salon d'Automne, par <i>Harlow.</i> Rodin: a poem, by <i>Aleister Crowley.</i> A la Scuola Cantorum, par <i>M.-D. Calrococrest.</i></p>
---	---	--

CONTRIBUTORS

French

Membres de l'Institut

MM. JULES CLARETIE
 JULES LEFÈVRE
 HENRI ROUJON
Directeur des Beaux-Arts
 VICOMTE MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ
 M^{rs} D. CALVOCORESSI
 ALFRED CAPUS
 CAMILLE CHEVILLARD
 LÉO CLARETIE
 JÉRÔME DOUGET
 LOUIS DE FOURCAUD
 RÉMY DE GOURMONT
 J.-K. HUYSMANS
 HUGUES IMBERT
 VINCENT D'INDY
 CHARLES MALHERRE
 CATULLE MENDÈS
 DR. E. MÈNE
 GEORGES DE PEYREBRUNE
 J.-G. PROD'HOMME
 TONY ROBERT-FLEURY
 AUGUSTE RODIN
 J. H. ROSNY

English

Mme la COMTESSE R. DE COURSON
 FRANK BULLEN
 THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON
 HAVELOCK ELLIS
 JOHN GURDON
 LAURENCE HOUSHAK
 JAMES HUNEKER
 ALFRED KALISCH
 PRINCE B. KARAGEORGEVITCH
 ARTHUR LAWRENCE
 ERNEST NEWMAN
 JOHN F. RUNCIMAN
 ARTHUR SYMONS
 FRANCIS THOMPSON
 W. B. YEATS

"As You Was."

BY
 JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

II

Allow me to pause here a moment to consider the art of the great masters. For convenience's sake let us take the vocal music—the oratorios and operas—of Händel, Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven: the music of which the meaning cannot be mistaken, for the words are there to check us at every step. Apart from its varying splendour and expressiveness, one quality is always there: its quality of precise utterance. Händel used formulas more than the rest did, but think of such a song as "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—with what a triumphant phrase it opens, and what a strange, remote atmosphere he gets with the sobbing bass at "the first fruits of them that sleep." Again, take the recitative where the people shake their heads at Christ—note the dubious murmuring figures on the strings. The thing to be expressed is exactly expressed. Turn to any phrase of Bach, examine it carefully, and you will find the same precision of musical language. The phrase may be ever so lovely, but there is no sacrifice of the thing said to the manner of saying it. When we come to the operas of Mozart we find the same exactness but in a degree that might almost be called startling. There is, in the first place, the highest, most perfect beauty; every phrase is stamped with the character of the man or woman to whom it is given; the emotion of the moment is justly rendered; and, finally, each movement, each gesture, has its appropriate accompaniment. He had the most astonishing dramatic instinct and an equally marvellous power of expression; and the result is that one can take the score of "Don Giovanni" or of "Figaro" and in the mind's eye see through the music what the characters are doing on the stage. Beethoven had not this dramatic instinct, but he translated the emotions into tone more completely and more exactly than any of his mighty brethren. The song of the prisoners in