

THE WEEKLY CRITICAL REVIEW

Telephone 225.38

Literature, Music and the Fine Arts

EDITED BY

ARTHUR BLES. ©

JOURNAL
HEBDOMADAIRE

Price: Threepence

VOLUME II. No. 29.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6th, 1903.

PRICE 30 centimes

CONTENTS

Five Arts: page 43.

Whistler, by **Arthur Symons**

Prix de Rome, par *Harlor*

Dutch Pictures at the Guildhall, by
M. E. Pountney

L'Art du Fer au Japon, par le *Docteur*
Mène

Rodin: a poem, by *Aleister Crowley*

Literature: page 57

The Emoluments of Authorship,
by **Horace Wyndham**

La Pensée Russe Contemporaine, par
Mme. Leopold-Lacour

Le Mécanisme des Images, par *Charles*
Théophile Feret

French Books, by *Alys Hallard*

Music: page 61

The Critic's Frailty, by **Ernest**
Newman.

Les Représentations d'Orange, par
J.-G. Prod'homme.

Chopin: l'Humme et sa musique (suite),
par *James Huncker*

A Spy of the Empire: a novel, by
Charles Laurent

CONTRIBUTORS

French

MM. PAUL BOURGET

JULES CLARETIE

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

GUSTAVE LARROUQUET

JULES LÉFÈVRE

HENRI ROUJON

Directeur des Beaux-Arts.

VICOMTE MELCHIOR DE VOÛÛÉ

M.-D. CALVOGROSSI

ALFRED CAPUS

CAMILLE CHEVILLARD

LOUIS DE FOURCAUD

RÉMY DE GOURMONT

J.-K. HUYSMANS

HUGUES IMBERT

VINCENT D'INDY

CHARLES MALHERBE

CATULLE MENDÈS

Dr. E. MÈNE

GEORGES DE PEYREBRUNE

TONY ROBERT-FLEURY

AUGUSTE RODIN

J. H. ROSNY

English

Mme la COMTESSE R. DE COURSON

LADY THEODORA DAVIDSON

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

HAVELOCK ELLIS

JAMES HUNCKER

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

ALFRED KALISCH

PRINCE B. KARAGEORGEVITCH

ARTHUR LAWRENCE

ERNEST NEWMAN

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN

ARTHUR SYMONS

FRANCIS THOMPSON

W. B. YEATS

Membres
de
l'Institut

FINE-ARTS

Whistler

BY

ARTHUR SYMONS

II.

Taste in Whistler was carried to the point of genius, and became creative. He touched nothing, possessed nothing, that he did not re-make or assimilate, in some faultless and always personal way; the frames of his pictures, the forms of the books which were printed for him, the shapes of the old silver which he collected, the arrangement of that silver when it was exhibited among other collections. The monogram which he designed for a friend who was a publisher is the simplest and the most decorative monogram that I can remember. He drew the lettering for the books of another friend, and this lettering, which seems the most obvious thing in the world, makes the lettering on every other modern book look clumsy or far-fetched. And in none of these things does he try to follow a fine model, or try to avoid following a model. He sees each thing in its own way, within its own limits.

No one ever had a more exact and reverent sense of limits, a narrower and more variable standard of perfection. He mastered, in his own art, medium after medium, and his work, in each medium, is conspicuous for its natural sense of the canvas or the paper, for its precise knowledge of exactly what can be done with all the substances and materials of art. He never sought novelty by confusing two methods, but made the most of each with a tender and rigid economy. When he paints, you distinguish the thread of his canvas; in his etchings and lithographs the meaning of the design extends to the rim of the margin.