

THE WEEKLY CRITICAL REVIEW

Telephone 107.39

... DEVOTED TO ...

Literature, Music, and the Fine Arts.

EDITED BY

ARTHUR BLES. O

JOURNAL
HEBDOMADAIRE

PRICE Threepence

VOLUME-I. No. 20.

THURSDAY, JUNE 4th, 1903.

PRICE 30 centimes

CONTENTS.

Literature :—page 1
 "Joyzelle", by James Huneker.
 Book Reviews, by the Lady Theodora Davidson.
 Chips Caught Flying.
 The Happy Towland: a poem, by W. B. Yeats.
 Le Sentimentalisme de M. Barrés, par Rémy de Gourmont.
 Le Théâtre, par G. Timmory.
 Pissy in Olden Times, by the Countess R. de Courson.

Fine Arts :—page 10
 On Some Greek Marbles, by Arthur Symons.
 Rodin (III): A poem, by Aleister Crowley.
 A Piano and an Omnibus (Cont.), by Stephen Reynolds.
 A Spy of the Empire: a novel, by Charles Laurent.

Music :—page 13
 "Booms" in Musicians, by John F. Runciman.
 Berlioz and the Young Romantics (I), by Ernest Newman.
 Chopin: l'homme et sa musique (suite), par James Huneker.
 Music in London, by A. Kalisch.
 Alexis de Castillon (suite et fin), par Hugues Imbert.
 Au Trocadero (suite), par Alfred Herlé.

CONTRIBUTORS

French

Membres
de
l'Institut

MM. PAUL BOURGET
 JULES CLARETIE
 FRANÇOIS COPPÉE
 GUSTAVE LARROUQUET
 JULES LEFEBVRE
 HENRI ROUJON
Directeur des Beaux-Arts
 VICOMTE MELCHIOR DE VOÛÉ
 M.-D. CALVOCORESSI
 ALFRED CAPUS
 CAMILLE CHEVILLARD
 LOUIS DE FOURCAUD
 RÉMY DE GOURMONT
 J. K. HUYSMANS
 HUGUES IMBERT
 VINCENT D'INDY
 CHARLES MALHERRE
 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 HUNEKER
 LAURENCE HOUSMAN
 ALFRED KALISCH
 PRINCE B. KARAGEORGEVITCH
 ARTHUR LAWRENCE
 ERNEST NEWMAN
 JOHN F. RUNCIMAN
 ARTHUR SYMONS
 W. B. YEATS

LITERATURE

Joyzelle

BY
 JAMES HUNEKER

"Joyzelle," by M. Maurice Maeterlinck!

In his admirably designed *cabinet de travail* in the Rue Raynouard, M. Maeterlinck gave us an amiable welcome. Thanks to a preparatory letter of Mr. Arthur Symons, and thanks to the guidance of Mr. Arthur Bles, my pilgrimage was paved for me to this most charming of modern *penseurs* and dramatic poets: I had expected to find the Belgian mystic a younger man, forgetting that Time, as he flies, slays. He is midway in his mortal life, a powerfully-built man, attired in cycling costume. The head is a thinker's, the eyes those of a dreamer—dream-drugged, Yeats would call them. And they are of that indefinable tint, grey and blue with modulations into green that proclaimed the poet who wrote: *Les hommes ont je ne sais quelle peur étrange de la beauté.* Maeterlinck has never feared his visions, strange and beautiful as they are, for he has the true courage of genius. We spoke of "Joyzelle," the third representation of which I had viewed from a *loge* at the Gymnase—now the Théâtre Maeterlinck. [Maeterlinck on the Boulevards—I see you smile!] As this new play, rightly called *Conte d'Amour*, carries its message unafraid, I did not speak of its aesthetic side, preferring to hear the news that it would be published in book form, thanks to an arrangement with a Russian translator. Like other playwrights, M. Maeterlinck fears Russia's easy absorption of his property without adequate pecuniary acknowledge-