

**THE MORNING LEADER  
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**PAGES IN WAITING.**

**RHYMES AND REASON.**

"The Triumph of Pan." By Victor B. Neuburg. London: The Equinox. 5s. net.

Poets who have any originality deserve to be judged by their own standard. Mr. Neuburg has apparently two standards, one esoteric, neither of general application.

Because the fulfillment of dreams is itself but a dream,  
There is no end save the song, and song is the end.

That is his own point of view, presumably; and, in accordance with it, if the poems in "The Triumph of Pan" have satisfied himself, it is not for the critic or the public to murmur—though they must not be expected to show much interest. On the other hand, Mr. Neuburg writes also, apparently, as a follower of a cult, a Neo-mystic, or semi-astrological pantheist. He interprets Pan in something like the original meaning of the word—"everything." He is a competent master of words and rhythms, and has some good phrases, like "the dumb and eloquent dead": he is rather too fond of sunset and shadow effects. On the whole, however, his esoteric style is unreasonably obscure from an intelligent plain poetry-lover's standpoint.