m. Camforth. Silverdale The Sheiling 20th. June 1923. Dear Frederick Cartery, How scandalous and altogether graceless of me. I can only assure you that I appear so because I thought I had acknowledged your primts. Let me thank you again — to make quite sure — for the large pleasure they give me, and for the honour you do me in making me a depository of them: I trust they will find many admirers in my house. It is an especial delight to me that such a fine attempt to remetate ideal art among us should be made by a fellow Yorkshireman — a fact which is another strength to my thesis that the artistic impulse of Southern England, the cradle of our original civilisation, is exchausted and withering; and that the centre of gravity has shifted in all things to the. industrial north, where aesthetics are still nascent and everywhere a deep blind instruct for the arts is storing which night break into a marvellous secundity if our tremendous Northern human force could be forusted in that direction: I like to think that such fellows as you and I are forerunners and sign-hosts. and perhaps I am most & delighted of all to think that these protents of yours have come out of

that old Bradford which was once the very City of Dreadful Night to me -I "It is full strange to him who hears and feels While wandering in some deserted street The booming and the jar of ponderous wheels..." You know the lines. They always make me think of Hall Figs at To'clock of a November night. I believe that most of our modern art has gone wrong because it has not a sufficient subject-watter and thes to judge it out by proclaiming that it does not need one; Jano that some great belief or ideal to be expressed is the only source of great out. But at the Dame time I believe equally that when a work of art is achieved it is not at all valuable for the belief it expresses, but only by the significant beauty which it achieves. So that I have to confess to you that I feel sure the exposition of your mystical doctrine will not help you art to acceptance, and that you would serve your but better & if you were to left it stand by itself without explanation. I ought to confess to you too that astrology and the other things that are so dear to you do not mean anything to me, and that I disbelieve in some of them ardently; but then I do not believe in the Greek religion which impelled Abschylus to produce the dramad which sweep over me in august majesty and seem to me still the greatest broductions of the human spirit; nor in

Blake's unstical doctrine which impelled him to 2. - produce masterpieces of graphic art and of poetry which are entirely satisfying to me and seem to me ; some of the greatest glories of our country: so I shall not question your beliefs payley when they 3 & furnish you with Datisfying and significant symbols Fof our life and experience to turn to the purposes of fartistic creation. The only reservation and criticism I have secretty 3 made to myself on your work is that your faith has is 3 not so far given you such power to over the rest of nature as it has over the human formit: you have not found such a noble interpretation of the life of the pocks in Lamentation is you have of that of the woman in front of them. But at all other points I feel great sympathy with the intention of these engravings; and Balance, The Greamers, and Dronysia still stir my admiration as they did it first, and maintain my their power over my imagination You must not think I want to argue and confute. I don't: "à chacun son "passions and - beliefs: but I thought I owed it to you to be caudid about my own beliefs and not to mislead you by a polite gliding lover the things in which I cannot follow. I hope your Iplans for american publithe opportunity you seek. My wife joins me in very kind regards to you and we should be happy if you would remember us to the Clements. Believe me most gratefully Your well-Twisher Gordon Bottomley. 4006-1-1-6

BOTTOMLEY

nr. Carnforth [Lancashire] Silverdale The Sheiling 20th. June 1923.

Dear Frederick Carter,

How scandalous and altogether graceless of me. I can only assure you that I appear so because I thought I had acknowledged your prints. Let me thank you again - to make quite sure - for the large pleasure they give me, and for the honour you do me in making me a depository of them: I trust they will fine many admirers in

my house.

It is an especial delight to me that such a fine attempt to reinstate ideal art among us should be made by a fellow Yorkshireman - a fact which is another strength to my thesis that the artistic impulse of Southern England, the cradle of our original civilisation, is exhausted and withering; and that the centre of gravity has shifted in all things to the industrial North, where aesthetics are still nascent and everywhere a deep blind instinct for the arts is stirring which might break into a marvellous fecundity if our tremendous Northern force could be focussed in that direction: I like to think that such fellows as you and I are forerunners and signposts.

And perhaps I am most delighted of all to think that these potents of yours have come out of that old Bradford which was once the very

City fo Dreadful Night to me --

"It is full strange to him who hears and feels

While wandering in some deserted street
The booming and the jar of ponderous wheels. . "

You know the lines. They always make me think of Hall Ings at 7 o'-

clock of a November night.

I believe that most of our modern art has gone wrong because it has not a sufficient subject-matter and tries to fudge it out by proclaiming that it does not need one; and that some great belief or ideal to be expressed is the only source of great art. But at the same time I believe equally that when a work of art is achieved it is not at all valuable for the belief it expresses, but only by the significant beau-

ty which it achieves.

So that I have to confess to you that I feel sure that the exposition of your mystical doctrine will not help your art to acceptance, and that you would serve your art better if you were to let it stand by itself, without explanation. I ought to confess to you too that astrology and the other things that are so dear to you do not mean anything to me, and that I disbelieve in some of them ardently; but then I do not believe in the Greek religion which impelled Aeschylus to produce the dramas which sweep over me in august majesty and seem to me still the greatest productions of the human spirit; nor in Blake's mystical doctrine which impelled him to produce masterpieces of graphic art and of poetry which are entirely satisfying to me and seem to me some of the greatest glories of our country; so I shall not question your beliefs when they furnish you with satisfying and significan symbols of our life and experience to turn to the purposes of artistic creation.

The only reservation and criticism I have secretly made to myself on your work is that your faith has not so far given you such power over the rest of nature as it has over the human form; (#) you have not found such a noble interpretation of the rocks in Lamentations as you have of that of the woman in front of them. But at all other points I feel great sympathy with the intention of these engravings; and Balance, The Dreamers, and Dionysia still stir my admiration as they did it [at] first and

maintain their power over my imagination.

You must not think I want to argue and confute. I don't: "a chacun son" passions and beliefs; but I thought I owed it to you to be candid about my own beliefs and not to mislead you by a polite gliding over the things in which I cannot follow.

I hope your plans for American publication will fructify and bring

you the audience and the opportunity you seek.

My wife joins me in very kind regards to you, and we should be happy if you would remember us to the Clements. Believe me most gratefully

Your well-wisher

(#) and I feel that mystical Gordon Bottomley doctrines can only find full expression in complete terms of external nature.

Gordon Bottomley (1874-1950), author, poetry and prose; born at Keithley; educated in the Keithley Grammar School. In 1926 he received F. R. S. L.; in 1944 the degrees of LL. D. and D. Litt. from Leeds; in 1940 D. Litt. from Durham. His name is in the 1949 issue of Who's Who, but not in that of 1950.

Frederick Carter, painter-etcher, was born near Bradford, York-shire. He studied in Paris at the Academy Royal of the Beaux Arts, and at Antwerp. He started to be an engineer and surveyor, but became interested in art work, and has won three medals for his work in book illustration.

The quotation from James Thomson's ["B.V."] "The City of the Dreadful Night" is from Section IX of that poem, the first three lines. [Poems of James Thomson "B. V." Selected and edited by Gordon Hall Gerould. Henry Holt, N. Y. page 157.]