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#### OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

For beneath all their bravado and all their bombast I could not help seeing the very impotence, effete-ness and slavishness which are the greatest evils of the age—not, however, reformed, not convalescent, not hoping for a cure, or coming forward with modest, repentant shame, as it were, begging to be strangled and buried; but unabashed, arrogant, self-conscious and self-exalting, thrusting all their withered limbs with insolence from out their garish garments, and crying deceptive street-cries of youth and innovation (like the Fairy in *The Blue Bird*) in their hoarse, raucous and discordant voices.

Instead of a beginning, therefore—and I challenge them to prove the contrary—I say that they are an *end*, a perfectly logical and inevitable end of all the art tendencies of the last hundred years. And all their predecessors are their lineal progenitors. Instead of being "*the primitives of a completely renovated sensitive-ness*"<sup>1</sup> they are the last offspring of a senile race of artists who are utterly bankrupt and devoid of all love, ideas, vigour or promise of life. They are prophetic of the absolute chaos to which democracy will inevitably lead, and the very fact that such a body of men can gain a hearing to-day, and can, unmolested, flaunt their repulsive impudence, as a certain well-known baboon is said to flaunt his vivid hindquarters, in our midst, is only one proof the more, if such were needed, of the lack of order, of sound criteria, and of all notion of a reliable basis for criticism, which nowadays is the disgrace, and will be the doom of Western civilisation.

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

<sup>1</sup> Catalogue referred to above, p. 16.