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#### OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

new in their reality, and if it is to be ascribed to any sort of love I do not hesitate to declare that I know what that love must be. For the realism depicted in "The Dancers at the Monaco" (No. 27), "The Train at full Speed" (No. 24), "The Funeral of the Anarchist Galli" (No. 11) and "The Police Raid" (No. 10), spoke eloquently of no love that distinguishes these painters from any vulgar realists of the past, save the love of movement *as movement*. What, however, is the precise value of such a love? Why exalt movement *per se*? Is movement, *as movement*, necessarily inspiring? But our perplexity on this point is soon dispelled if we think of the age in which we live. This age idolises movement. The word "Progress" is on everybody's lips. Change and movement are in everybody's mind. Mere change and mere movement are called "progress" without any further ado.

If, however, you ask "progress whither?" every one remains inarticulate. If you inquire "change to what?" "movement in what direction?" no one can vouchsafe an answer.

It is admitted that nothing is for two instants the same, it is granted that change is the only thing that is constant. But, hitherto, it has been the pride and noble endeavour of mankind to be master of change, to *direct* movement to the best of his ability, and to give it a goal. Progress, hitherto, has implied the idea of a definite direction, a half-realised bourne. Mere unguided movement, or so-called modern progress, means absolutely nothing, and to love it is to love nothing, unless it be progress for progress' sake! Or is it, perhaps, "Gadarene Progress," as a friend of mine, Dr. Wrench, has it? Is its love of movement *per se*, then, Futurism, far from being original, merely reflects the most absurd phenomenon of the age. What extra virtue did it add to these pictures?