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THE ITALIAN FUTURISTS

realists of the past, also bestowed a gift upon mankind and constituted the higher idea which connected their work and themselves with the content of their pictures. They might say there was a deeper love in their work than could concern itself with cabs jolting and railway stations, as ends in themselves. What was this love then, or higher idea? Was it a love that mattered? Was it a clear, definite, exalted love, inspired by a clear, definite idea which was greater than either themselves or their art? Was it a love so great, so masterful that it rescued its object from the thralldom of accident? Lastly, was it a new love—a new deep love that would inspire millions, who are now desperately adrift for want of some co-ordinating idea or desire, to live for something greater than that mere turn of the kaleidoscope which is their so-called "life of enjoyment?" It was none of these things. As I have adumbrated above, if it was anything at all it was a vague love of the modern age of chaos;¹ of petty individualism;² of the subjection of man, not by a single grandeur, but by a complex and multiplied littleness³—not by the obelisk, but by chimney-pots. It was a love of that which says "Nay" to man—the machine;⁴ it was a love of that which says "Nay" to society—the anarchist;⁵ and withal it was a poor, weak love which wrapped itself in fiery words in order to seem fierce and ardent, but which had not even the power to rise above petty technical controversies and studio jargon; *which had not even the power to break with the past save in manifestoes—in words!*

For, suppose that the Futurists told me to turn my eyes from their words, and again to appeal to their work, what was it I saw? I did indeed observe something

¹ Catalogue of works at the Sackville Gallery (March 1912), p. 15.
² *Ibid.*, p. 15. ³ *Ibid.*, p. 4. ⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 3. ⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 4.