

*Of no interest whatever save for cranks
and such who have some reason of their own for abetting
purposeless individualism.*

Thus Tony Ludovici in a *New Age*
review, paid, of Epstein's latest exhibit
seven months before the Austrian archduke

in newly-annexed Sarajevo went down
to the shot fired by one of the Black Hands
thus kicking off the mutual massacre.

A charlatan wrote Hulme in the next issue
a little bantam his criticism *disgusting*
his writing on Nietzsche that of a child of four

watching a play about adultery,
the most appropriate means of dealing with him
a little personal violence

(and that just a year before his own translation
of *Reflexions on Violence* came out
three before his own violent end).

To which said reviewer replied the following week
that art is always prophetic; that this
anarchy in painting and sculpture is only

a forecast of what the disintegrating
influences of modern times are doing
and will do in every department of life

if not stopped at their every incursion
phenolized at each irruption;
that it behooves all who see the danger

to do all in their power to resist the attack
that one day will be general upon all the most
valued institutions of orderly life

and to be prepared to survive the attack
not only with strength but with the kind of health
that naturally wards off disease and infection.

Art wars Poetry wars Sculpture
Painting Music Dance Theatre wars.
A cowardly shifting individual

wrote Lewis the following week. *A fool. His dismal
shoddy rubbish not even amusingly
ridiculous.* While just round the bend of the vortex

Br'er Rabbit was shouting in boldface and loud colors
that *an impersonal hatred is or may be
an artistic merit but personal hatreds*

are of no value whatever
and that *the war between artist and public is
a war without truce.* Seven months and counting.