

‘An Ode to a Babouin’

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Art is now just a faded memory,
A wasteland, like Alexander’s library,
the books burned by Julius,
Pages disintegrating into dust as each day passes,
Mummified in its manmade casket,
Alas, no intellectuals visit this land anymore, it is no longer fertile,
As it has been purchased by the fascists on the left and the right,
This soil will witness no more spring blossom,
Bluebells are no longer present in this contemporary desert,
The bulbs have no more tears to shed, as dry onions cannot cry,
Starved of nourishment, nothing can survive,
Snowflakes cover the canvas, obliterating its rich weave,
The darkness has finally arrived,
Charon requires no more payment,
He has taken his last muse across the lake.

Babouins everywhere why have you not put up a fight,
Where have the mighty pugilists disappeared to?
Have you been put to sleep by the WOKES,
Is your arse not red with anger?
Have you lost your bark?
Have you lost your bite?
Have you been tamed and castrated, your soul imprisoned?
I call to all Babouin’s everywhere.....
BARK LOUDLY.....
AND DON’T STOP BARKING.....
Bite these charlatans until they disappear,
May your angry Babouin arse be inflamed with the deepest vermillion.

Remember your visual genetic history,
Our tribe of ethereal geniuses,
Babouin Michelangelo, Babouin Titian, Babouin Rembrandt, Babouin Velasquez,
Babouin Van Gogh, Babouin Picasso, Babouin Sickert, Babouin Soutine and alike,
Don’t forget your Babouin figurative ancestors, they are looking down on you,
The great Dutchman of Starry Night is now a Sindy doll,
What next, Bertrand Russell by Barbie?
These marketeers have no shame, anything goes for a fast ‘Buck’!
Our family tree may have been cut down brutally with chainsaw,
But the roots are still there, for the moment.

Don't accept time slots in museums,
Bark at pusillanimous Margo and Jerry creeps at private views,
Reject and Bark at the flock, become a Blacksheep.....who wants to be a sheep anyway?
If Picasso has the brutality of fact, Contemporary art has the brutality of an illustration.
Their awesome mediocrity trumpeted out like a fascist anthem,
Creativity has been entombed in its mausoleum,
The iron doors closed shut,
No light will reach this prison of death,
Inscribed here lies mankind's intellect, dreams, and knowledge,
The journey extinguished by celebrity.

Sybaritic pygmies are the rulers,
Big brother has won the contest,
Museums have become light entertainment T. V shows,
Academics have mutated into chat show hosts,
Gilbert & George are the new Morecambe & Wise.
In their updated dictionary genius is now under 'P' for pariah.
Woke has put man's intellect & spirit to sleep.
The muddy slime of mediocrity has enveloped and overpowered the muse,
Suffocating her into submission,
Not with a pillow, but with a liquid cosh.

The majesty of Troy is lost,
The wooden horse of dilettante opens its bowels,
Excreting it's bland brown soup like Noah's flood,
Smothering the Muse once and for all,
In a sea of brown, bland colonic soup,
But this time nothing of value is saved by the Ark.
This sea of burnt sienna covers the earth,
Captained by a spectre with no integrity,
The cries of his crew can be heard from all the four corners,
Long live Conceptual Art,
Down with Artistic purity and visionaries,
Long Live hubris and the tattooed eyebrow,
Fragile Narcissus has become the ruler of this mawkish tribe.
Blandness and illusion are the tools of this particular beast,
They inhabit the globe like evangelical missionaries.
This false prophet has seduced the flock, Baa....
The sheep murmured insipidly,
Blindly walking into the bloody abattoir,
Curatorial Brutus has stabbed his last back,
Everyone is an artist he cries,
Guernica was a fairy tale,
Cezanne a mere myth,
Hephaestus has no followers,
There are no more Feynmen left.

All the Black sheep artists have been slaughtered,
Flayed like a Rembrandt carcass,
Replaced by homogenised mediocrity sold in a carton,
Purchased in the supermarket or given away as a free sample,
Fascists from the left and right have finally won the war,
Not by force, but by subtle suffocation and subjugation of our freedoms,
Submissive like an over fed indulgent poodle,
We were an easy prey, instead of fighting like a Babouinists,
We threw the bloodied towel in,
And left the ring in obedient shame.
While we focused on our mawkish fragility and neurosis,
This fifth column collectively rallied around in dark corners,
Exploring new ways of sabotage and deceit.
Art History and culture passed us by, replaced by grandiose inarticulate daubs,
Tailored like the emperor's new clothes.

Where is Socrates when we need him?
Alas, our saviour is nowhere to be found,
Man is indeed a wretched creature,
The art of the poet will not rise again,
Homer's casket is nailed closed, there are no claw hammers to be found,
These mercenaries are expert assassins,
This cochineal cocktail has been spilled but is now dried,
Watering alone will not bring back to life this clotted vermillion,
The hacks have succeeded,
As Eric foretold, $2+2$ now equals 5,
It is now not just a bright cold day in April, but all year,
As the clocks were striking thirteen,
The ice age has returned, the artist is now just a frozen mammoth,
This dystopian circus has won, we have paid a high price for their usury and tales.