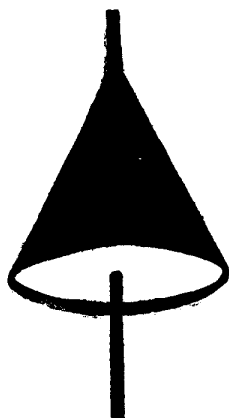


MANIFESTO.



1

BLAST First (from politeness) **ENGLAND**

CURSE ITS CLIMATE FOR ITS SINS AND INFECTIONS

**DISMAL SYMBOL, SET round our bodies,
of effeminate lout within.**

**VICTORIAN VAMPIRE, the LONDON cloud sucks
the TOWN'S heart.**

A 1000 MILE LONG, 2 KILOMETER Deep

**BODY OF WATER even, is pushed against us
from the Floridas, TO MAKE US MILD.**

OFFICIOUS MOUNTAINS keep back DRASTIC WINDS

SO MUCH VAST MACHINERY TO PRODUCE

THE CURATE of "Eltham"

BRITANNIC ÆSTHETE

WILD NATURE CRANK

DOMESTICATED

POLICEMAN

LONDON COLISEUM

SOCIALIST-PLAYWRIGHT

DALY'S MUSICAL COMEDY

GAIETY CHORUS GIRL

TONKS

CURSE

**the flabby sky that can manufacture no snow, but
can only drop the sea on us in a drizzle like a poem
by Mr. Robert Bridges.**

CURSE

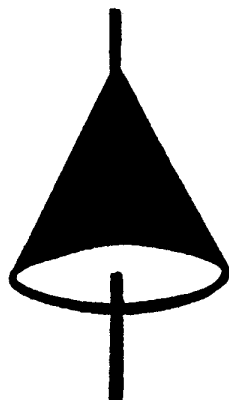
**the lazy air that cannot stiffen the back of the SERPENTINE,
or put Aquatic steel half way down the MANCHESTER CANAL.**

**But ten years ago we saw distinctly both snow and
ice here.**

**May some vulgarly inventive, but useful person, arise,
and restore to us the necessary BLIZZARDS.**

**LET US ONCE MORE WEAR THE ERMINE
OF THE NORTH.**

**WE BELIEVE IN THE EXISTENCE OF
THIS USEFUL LITTLE CHEMIST
IN OUR MIDST!**



2

OH BLAST FRANCE

pig plagiarism

BELLY

SLIPPERS

POODLE TEMPER

BAD MUSIC

SENTIMENTAL GALLIC GUSH

SENSATIONALISM

FUSSINESS.

PARISIAN PAROCHIALISM.

Complacent young man,
so much respect for Papa
and his son!—Oh!—Papa
is wonderful: but all papas
are!

BLAST

APERITIFS (Pernots, Amers picon)

Bad change

**Naively seductive Houris salon-
picture Cocottes**

**Slouching blue porters (can
carry a pantehnicon)**

**Stupidly rapacious people at
every step**

Economy maniacs

**Bouillon Kub (for being a bad
nun)**

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PARIS. Clap-trap Heaven of amative German professor.

Ubiquitous lines of silly little trees.

Arcs de Triomphe.

Imperturbable, endless prettiness.

Large empty cliques, higher up.

Bad air for the individual.

BLAST

MECCA OF THE AMERICAN

because it is not other side of Suez Canal, instead of an afternoon's ride from London.

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II

CURSE**3**

**WITH EXPLETIVE OF WHIRLWIND
THE BRITANNIC ÆSTHETE
CREAM OF THE SNOBBISH EARTH
ROSE OF SHARON OF GOD-PRIG
OF SIMIAN VANITY
SNEAK AND SWOT OF THE SCHOOL-
ROOM**

IMBERB (or Berbed when in Belsize)-**PEDANT**

**PRACTICAL JOKER
DANDY
CURATE**

BLAST all products of phlegmatic cold
Life of **LOOKER-ON.**

CURSE

SNOBBERY
(disease of femininity)
FEAR OF RIDIGULE
(arch vice of inactive, sleepy)
PLAY
STYLISM
SINS AND PLAGUES
of this **LYMPHATIC** finished
(we admit in every sense
finished)
VEGETABLE HUMANITY.

4

BLAST

THE SPECIALIST
“ PROFESSIONAL ”
“ GOOD WORKMAN ”
“ GROVE-MAN ”
ONE ORGAN MAN

BLAST **THE**

AMATEUR
SCIOLAST
ART-PIMP
JOURNALIST
SELF MAN
NO-ORGAN MAN

5

BLAST HUMOUR

Quack **ENGLISH** drug for stupidity and sleepiness.

Arch enemy of **REAL**, conventionalizing like

gunshot, freezing supple

REAL in ferocious chemistry
of laughter.

BLAST SPORT

HUMOUR'S FIRST COUSIN AND ACCOMPLICE.

Impossibility for Englishman to be
grave and keep his end up,
psychologically.

Impossible for him to use Humour
as well and be persistently
grave.

Alas! necessity for big doll's show
in front of mouth.

Visitation of Heaven on
English Miss

gums, canines of **FIXED GRIN**

Death's Head symbol of Anti-Life.

CURSE those who will hang over this
Manifesto with **SILLY CANINES** exposed.

6

BLAST

years **1837** to **1900**

Curse abysmal inexcusable middle-class
(also Aristocracy and Proletariat).

BLAST

pasty shadow cast by gigantic **Boehm**

(imagined at Introduction of **BOURGEOIS VICTORIAN VISTAS**).

WRING THE NECK OF all sick inventions born in
that progressive white wake.

BLAST their weeping whiskers—hirsute
RHETORIC of **EUNUCH** and **STYLIST**—
SENTIMENTAL HYGIENICS
ROUSSEAUISMS (wild Nature cranks)
FRATERNIZING WITH MONKEYS
DIABOLICS—raptures and roses
of the erotic bookshelves
culminating in
PURGATORY OF
PUTNEY.

CHAOS OF ENOCH ARDENS

laughing Jennys
Ladies with Pains
good-for-nothing Guineveres.

SNOBBISH BORROVIAN running after
GIPSY KINGS and **ESPADAS**

bowing the knee to
wild Mother Nature,
her feminine contours,
Unimaginative insult to
MAN.

DAMN

all those to-day who have taken on that Rotten Menagerie,
and still crack their whips and tumble in Piccadilly Circus,
as though London were a provincial town.

**WE WHISPER IN YOUR EAR A GREAT
SECRET.**

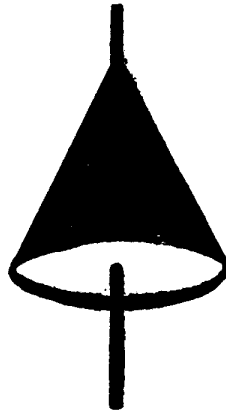
**LONDON IS NOT A PROVINCIAL
TOWN.**

We will allow Wonder Zoos. But we do not want the
GLOOMY VICTORIAN CIRCUS in
Piccadilly Circus.

IT IS PICCADILLY'S CIRCUS !

NOT MEANT FOR MENAGERIES trundling

out of Sixties **DICKENSIAN CLOWNS,**
CORELLI LADY RIDERS,
TROUPS OF PERFORMING
GIPSIES (who complain
besides that 1/6 a night
does not pay fare back to
Clapham).



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BLAST

The Post Office **Frank Brangwyn** **Robertson Nicol**
Rev. Pennyfeather **Galloway Kyle**
(Bells) (Cluster of Grapes)
Bishop of London and all his posterity
Galsworthy **Dean Inge** **Croce** **Matthews**
Rev. Meyer **Seymour Hicks**
Lionel Cust **C. B. Fry** **Bergson** **Abdul Bahai**
Hawtrey **Edward Elgar** **Sardlea**
Filson Young **Marie Corelli** **Geddes**
Codliver Oil **St. Loe Strachey** **Lyceum Club**
Rhabindraneth Tagore **Lord Glenconner of Glen**
Weiniger **Norman Angel** **Ad. Mahon**
Mr. and Mrs. Dearmer **Beecham** **Ella**
A. C. Benson (Pills, Opera, Thomas) **Sydney Webb**
British Academy **Messrs. Chapell**
Countess of Warwick **George Edwards**
Willie Ferraro **Captain Cook** **R. J. Campbell**
Clan Thesiger **Martin Harvey** **William Archer**
George Grossmith **R. H. Benson**
Annie Besant **Chenil** **Clan Meynell**
Father Vaughan **Joseph Holbrooke** **Clan Strachey**

1

BLESS ENGLAND !

BLESS ENGLAND

FOR ITS SHIPS

which switchback on **Blue, Green and Red SEAS** all around the **PINK EARTH-BALL,**

BIG BETS ON EACH.

BLESS ALL SEAFARERS.

THEY exchange not one **LAND** for another, but one **ELEMENT** for **ANOTHER.** The **MORE** against the **LESS ABSTRACT.**

BLESS the vast planetary abstraction of the **OCEAN.**

BLESS THE ARABS OF THE **ATLANTIC.**

THIS ISLAND MUST BE CONTRASTED WITH THE BLEAK WAVES.

BLESS ALL PORTS.

PORTS, RESTLESS MACHINES of

scooped out basins
heavy insect dredgers
monotonous cranes
stations
lighthouses, blazing
through the frosty
starlight, cutting the
storm like a cake
beaks of infant boats,
side by side,
heavy chaos of
wharves,
steep walls of
factories
womanly town

BLESS these **MACHINES** that work the little boats across
clean liquid space, in beelines.

BLESS the great **PORTS**

HULL
LIVERPOOL
LONDON
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE
BRISTOL
GLASGOW

BLESS ENGLAND,

Industrial Island machine, pyramidal

IT
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b.

workshop, its apex at Shetland, discharging itself on the sea.

BLESS

**cold
magnanimous
delicate
gauche
fanciful
stupid**

ENGLISHMEN.

BLESS the **HAIRDRESSER.**

He attacks Mother Nature for a small fee.
Hourly he ploughs heads for sixpence,
Scours chins and lips for threepence.
He makes systematic mercenary war on this
WILDNESS.

He trims aimless and retrograde growths
into **CLEAN ARCHED SHAPES** and
ANGULAR PLOTS.

BLESS this **HESSIAN** (or **SILESIA**N) **EXPERT**

correcting the grotesque anachronisms
of our physique.

3

BLESS ENGLISH HUMOUR

It is the great barbarous weapon of
the genius among races.

The wild **MOUNTAIN RAILWAY** from **IDEA**
to **IDEA**, in the ancient Fair of **LIFE**.

BLESS SWIFT for his solemn bleak
wisdom of laughter.

SHAKESPEARE for his bitter Northern
Rhetoric of humour.

BLESS ALL ENGLISH EYES
that grow crows-feet with their
FANCY and **ENERGY**.

BLESS this hysterical **WALL** built round
the **EGO**.

BLESS the solitude of **LAUGHTER**.

BLESS the separating, ungregarious
BRITISH GRIN.

4

BLESS FRANCE

for its **BUSHELS** of **VITALITY**

to the square inch.

HOME OF MANNERS (the Best, the **WORST** and interesting mixtures).

MASTERLY PORNOGRAPHY (great enemy of progress).

COMBATIVENESS

GREAT HUMAN SCEPTICS

DEPTHS OF ELEGANCE

FEMALE QUALITIES

FEMALES

BALLADS of its **PREHISTORIC APACHE**

Superb hardness and hardiesse of its

Voyou type, rebellious adolescent.

Modesty and humanity of many there.

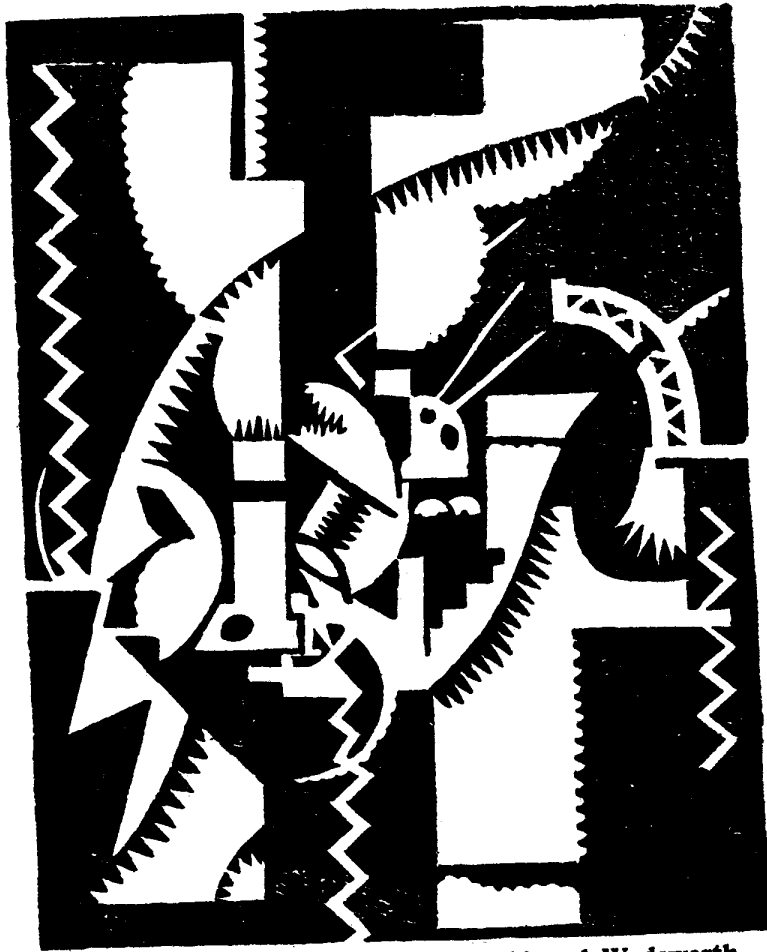
GREAT FLOOD OF LIFE pouring out
of wound of **1797**.

Also bitterer stream from **1870**.

STAYING POWER, like a cat.

BLESS

Bridget Berrwolf Bearline Cranmer Byng
Frieder Graham The Pope Maria de Tomaso
Captain Kemp Munroe Gaby Jenkins
R. B. Cuninghame Grahame Barker
(not his brother) (John and Granville)
Mrs. Wil Finnimore Madame Strindberg Carson
Salvation Army Lord Howard de Walden
Capt. Craig Charlotte Corday Cromwell
Mrs. Duval Mary Robertson Lillie Lenton
Frank Rutter Castor Oil James Joyce
Leveridge Lydia Yavorska Preb. Carlyle Jenny
Mon. le compte de Gabulis Smithers Dick Burge
33 Church Street Sievier Gertie Millar
Norman Wallis Miss Fowler Sir Joseph Lyons
Martin Wolff Watt Mrs. Hepburn
Alfree Tommy Captain Kendell Young Ahearn
Wilfred Walter Kate Lechmere Henry Newbolt
Lady Aberconway Frank Harris Hamel
Gilbert Canaan Sir James Mathew Barry
Mrs. Belloc Lowdnes W. L. George Rayner
George Robey George Mozart Harry Weldon
Chaliapine George Hirst Graham White
Hucks Salmat Shirley Kellogg Bandsman Rice
Petty Officer Curran Applegarth Konody
Colin Bell Lewis Hind LEFRANC
Hubert Commercial Process Co.



Newcastle.

Edward Wadsworth.

MANIFESTO.

I.

- 1 Beyond Action and Reaction we would establish ourselves.**
- 2 We start from opposite statements of a chosen world. Set up violent structure of adolescent clearness between two extremes.**
- 3 We discharge ourselves on both sides.**
- 4 We fight first on one side, then on the other, but always for the SAME cause, which is neither side or both sides and ours.**
- 5 Mercenaries were always the best troops.**
- 6 We are Primitive Mercenaries in the Modern World.**

7 Our Cause is NO-MAN'S.

8 We set Humour at Humour's throat.
Stir up Civil War among peaceful apes.

9 We only want Humour if it has fought like
Tragedy.

10 We only want Tragedy if it can clench its side-
muscles like hands on it's belly, and bring to
the surface a laugh like a bomb.

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II.

- 1** We hear from America and the Continent all sorts of disagreeable things about England: "the unmusical, anti-artistic, unphilosophic country."
- 2** We quite agree.
- 3** Luxury, sport, the famous English "Humour," the thrilling ascendancy and *idée fixe* of Class, producing the most intense snobbery in the World; heavy stagnant pools of Saxon blood, incapable of anything but the song of a frog, in home-counties:—these phenomena give England a peculiar distinction in the wrong sense, among the nations.
- 4** This is why England produces such good artists from time to time.
- 5** This is also the reason why a movement towards art and imagination could burst up here, from this lump of compressed life, with more force than anywhere else.

6 To believe that it is necessary for or conducive to art, to "improve" life, for instance—make architecture, dress, ornament, in "better taste," is absurd.

7 The Art-instinct is permanently primitive.

8 In a chaos of imperfection, discord, etc., it finds the same stimulus as in Nature.

9 The artist of the modern movement is a savage (in no sense an "advanced," perfected, democratic, Futurist individual of Mr. Marinetti's limited imagination): this enormous, jangling, journalistic, fairy desert of modern life serves him as Nature did more technically primitive man.

10 As the steppes and the rigours of the Russian winter, when the peasant has to lie for weeks in his hut, produces that extraordinary acuity of feeling and intelligence we associate with the Slav; so England is just now the most favourable country for the appearance of a great art.

III.

1 We have made it quite clear that there is nothing
Chauvinistic or picturesquely patriotic about
our contentions.

6

7

2 But there is violent boredom with that feeble
Europeanism, abasement of the miserable
“intellectual” before anything coming from
Paris, Cosmopolitan sentimentality, which pre-
vails in so many quarters.

8

3 Just as we believe that an Art must be organic
with its Time,

So we insist that what is actual and vital for
the South, is ineffectual and unactual in the
North.

4 Fairies have disappeared from Ireland (despite
foolish attempts to revive them) and the
bull-ring languishes in Spain.

5 But mysticism on the one hand, gladiatorial
instincts, blood and asceticism on the other,

will be always actual, and springs of Creation for these two peoples.

6 The English Character is based on the Sea.

7 The particular qualities and characteristics that the sea always engenders in men are those that are, among the many diagnostics of our race, the most fundamentally English.

8 That unexpected universality as well, found in the completest English artists, is due to this.

IV.

- 1** We assert that the art for these climates, then, must be a northern flower.
- 2** And we have implied what we believe should be the specific nature of the art destined to grow up in this country, and models of whose flue decorate the pages of this magazine.
- 3** It is not a question of the characterless material climate around us.

Were that so the complication of the Jungle, dramatic Tropic growth, the vastness of American trees, would not be for us.

- 4** But our industries, and the Will that determined, face to face with its needs, the direction of the modern world, has reared up steel trees where the green ones were lacking; has exploded in useful growths, and found wilder intricacies than those of Nature.

V.

- 1** We bring clearly forward the following points, before further defining the character of this necessary native art.
- 2** At the freest and most vigorous period of ENGLAND'S history, her literature, then chief Art, was in many ways identical with that of France.
- 3** Chaucer was very much cousin of Villon as an artist.
- 4** Shakespeare and Montaigne formed one literature.
- 5** But Shakespeare reflected in his imagination a mysticism, madness and delicacy peculiar to the North, and brought equal quantities of Comic and Tragic together.
- 6** Humour is a phenomenon caused by sudden pouring of culture into Barbarv.

- 7** It is intelligence electrified by flood of Naivety.
- 8** It is Chaos invading Concept and bursting it like nitrogen. **1**
- 9** It is the Individual masquerading as Humanity like a child in clothes too big for him. **2**
- 10** Tragic Humour is the birthright of the North.
- 11** Any great Northern Art will partake of this insidious and volcanic chaos. **3**
- 12** No great ENGLISH Art need be ashamed to share some glory with France, to-morrow it may be with Germany, where the Elizabethans did before it. **4**
- 13** But it will never be French, any more than Shakespeare was, the most catholic and subtle Englishman. **5**
- 6**

VI.

1 The Modern World is due almost entirely to Anglo-Saxon genius,—its appearance and its spirit.

2 Machinery, trains, steam-ships, all that distinguishes externally our time, came far more from here than anywhere else.

3 In dress, manners, mechanical inventions, LIFE, that is, ENGLAND, has influenced Europe in the same way that France has in Art.

4 But busy with this LIFE-EFFORT, she has been the last to become conscious of the Art that is an organism of this new Order and Will of Man.

5 Machinery is the greatest Earth-medium: incidentally it sweeps away the doctrines of a narrow and pedantic Realism at one stroke.

6 By mechanical inventiveness, too, just as Englishmen have spread themselves all over the

Earth, they have brought all the hemispheres about them in their original island.

7 It cannot be said that the complication of the Jungle, dramatic tropic growths, the vastness of American trees, is not for us.

8 For, in the forms of machinery, Factories, new and vaster buildings, bridges and works, we have all that, naturally, around us.

VII.

- 1** Once this consciousness towards the new possibilities of expression in present life has come, however, it will be more the legitimate property of Englishmen than of any other people in Europe.
- 2** It should also, as it is by origin theirs, inspire them more forcibly and directly.
- 3** They are the inventors of this bareness and hardness, and should be the great enemies of Romance.
- 4** The Romance peoples will always be, at bottom, its defenders.
- 5** The Latins are at present, for instance, in their "discovery" of sport, their Futuristic gush over machines, aeroplanes, etc., the most romantic and sentimental "moderns" to be found.
- 6** It is only the second-rate people in France or Italy who are thorough revolutionaries.

- 7** In England, on the other hand, there is no vulgarity in revolt.
- 8** Or, rather, there is no revolt, it is the normal state.
- 9** So often rebels of the North and the South are diametrically opposed species.
- 10** The nearest thing in England to a great traditional French artist, is a great revolutionary English one.

Signatures for Manifesto

R. Aldington

Arbuthnot

L. Atkinson

Gaudier Brzeska

J. Dismorr

C. Hamilton

E. Pound

W. Roberts

H. Sanders

E. Wadsworth

Wyndham Lewis