MANIFESTO.
BLAST First (from politeness) ENGLAND
CURSE ITS CLIMATE FOR ITS SINS AND INFECTIONS
DISMAL SYMBOL, SET round our bedles,
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 AESTHETE
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!
BLAST

PARISIAN PAROCHIALISM.

SENTIMENTAL GALLIC GUSH

FUSINESS.

Sensationalism

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

Naively seductive Houri salon.

Bad change

Bouillon Kub (for being a bad

slouching blue porters (can

carry a panetchnicon)

Stupidly rapacious people at

every step
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.
CURSE 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 RIDICULE
(arch vice of inactive, sleepy)
PLAY
STYLISM
SINS AND PLAGUES
of this LYMPHATIC finished
(we admit in every sense
finished)
VEGETABLE HUMANITY
THE SPECIALIST
"PROFESSIONAL"
"GOOD WORKMAN"
"GROVE-MAN"
ONE ORGAN MAN

BLAST THE

AMATEUR
SCIOLAST
ART-PIMP
JOURNALIST
SELF MAN
NO-ORGAN MAN
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.
BLAST years 1837 to 1900
Curse abysmal inexcusable middle-class (also Aristocracy and Proletariat).

BLAST pasty shadow cast by gigantic Boehm
(Imagine as 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,
er 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).
BLAST

The Post Office  Frank Brangwyn  Robertson Nicoll
Rev. Pennyfeather  Galloway Kyle  (Cluster of Grapes)
(Bells)

Bishop of London and all his posterity
Galsworthy  Dean Inge  Croce  Matthews
Rev. Meyer  Seymour Hicks

Lionel Cust  C. B. Fry  Bergson  Abdul Bahal
Hawtrey  Edward Elgar  Sardleia
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
(Pills, Opera, Thomas)  Sydney Webb
A. C. Benson

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
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.

HULL
LIVERPOOL
LONDON
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE
BRISTOL
GLASGOW

BLESS the great PORTS

BLESS ENGLAND,

Industrial Island machine, pyramidal
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 WILDERNESS.

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

BLESS this HESSIAN (or SILESIAN) EXPERT correcting the grotesque anachronisms of our physique.
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.
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. Cuningham Grahame Barker
(not his brother) (John and Granville)

Mrs. Wil Finimore 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 Salmet Shirley Kellogg Bandsman Rice

Petty Officer Curran Applegarth Konody
Colin Bell Lewis Hind LEFRANC

Hubert Commercial Process Co.
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.
Our Cause is NO-MAN’S.

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

We only want Humour if it has fought like Tragedy.

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.
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.
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.

The Art-instinct is permanently primitive.

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

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.

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.

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

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.

The English Character is based on the Sea.

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.

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 wider intricacies than those of Nature.
We bring clearly forward the following points, before further defining the character of this necessary native art.

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.

Chaucer was very much cousin of Villon as an artist.

Shakespeare and Montaigne formed one literature.

But Shakespeare reflected in his imagination a mysticism, madness and delicacy peculiar to the North, and brought equal quantities of Comic and Tragic together.

Humour is a phenomenon caused by sudden pouring of culture into Barbarv.
It is intelligence electrified by flood of Naivety.

It is Chaos invading Concept and bursting it like nitrogen.

It is the Individual masquerading as Humanity like a child in clothes too big for him.

Tragic Humour is the birthright of the North.

Any great Northern Art will partake of this insidious and volcanic chaos.

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.

But it will never be French, any more than Shakespeare was, the most catholic and subtle Englishman.
VI.

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

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

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

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.

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

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.
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.

It should also, as it is by origin theirs, inspire them more forcibly and directly.

They are the inventors of this bareness and hardness, and should be the great enemies of Romance.

The Romance peoples will always be, at bottom, its defenders.

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.

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