BLAST

No. 1. June 20th, 1914.

BLAST

Edited by WYNDHAM LEWIS.

REVIEW OF THE GREAT ENGLISH VORTEX.

2/6 Published Quarterly.

10/6 Yearly Subscription.

London:
JOHN LANE,
The Bodley Head.
New York: John Lane Company.
Toronto: Bell & Cockburn.

Copies may also be obtained from—

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS,

Rebel Art Centre,

38, Great Ormond Street,

Queen's Square, W.C.

(Hours, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.)

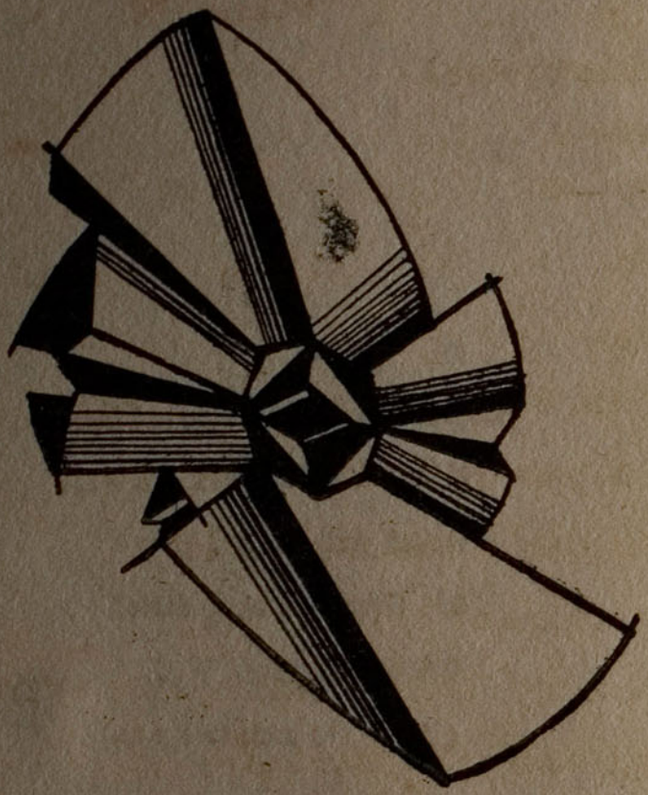
and at

5, Holland Place Chambers,

Church Street,

Kensington.

Printed by Leveridge and Co. (T.U.), St. Thomas' Road, Harlesden.



ERRATA.

(Mistakes in "ENEMY OF STARS," etc.)

Page 60.—MIMES (instead of mines).

Page 62.—EVENING (instead of coming).

Page 80.—ASCETICISM (instead of aseticism).

Also note the wrong placing of Page "The Play," which should come between Pages 60 and 61.

Page 61.—MAD BLASTS OF SUNLIGHT (instead of blasts sunlight).

CONTENTS.

Great Preliminary Vortex—

Manifesto—I. 11

Manifesto—II. 30

Manifesto—I. 11

Manifesto—II. 30

Poems, by Ezra Pound. 45

Enemy of the Stars, by Wyndham Lewis. 51

The Saddest Story, by Ford Maddox Hueffer. 87

Indissoluble Matrimony, by Rebecca West. 98

"Inner Necessity": Review of Kandinsky's book, by Edward Wadsworth. 119

Vortices and Notes, by Wyndham Lewis— .....

1. "Life is the Important Thing." 129
2. Futurism, Magic and Life. 132
3. Notes on some German Woodcuts. 136
4. Policeman and Artist. 137
5. Feng Shui and Contemporary Form. 138
6. Relativism and Picasso's Latest Work. 139
7. The New Egos. 141
8. Orchestra of Media. 142
9. The Melodrama of Modernity. 143
10. Exploitation of Vulgarity. 145
11. The Improvement of Life. 146
12. Our Vortex. 147

Frederick Spencer Gore, by Wyndham Lewis. 150

To Suffragettes. 151

Vortex, Pound. 153

Vortex, Gaudier Brzeska. 156

ILLUSTRATIONS.

By EDWARD WADSWORTH—

Newcastle-on-Tyne (Woodcut) 29
Cape of Good Hope ... ... i.
A Short Flight ... ... ii.
March ... ... iii.
Radiation ... ... iv.

By WYNDHAM LEWIS—

Plan of War ... ... v*a*.
Timon of Athens ... ... v.
Slow Attack ... ... vi.
Decoration for the Countess of Droghead's House ... ... vii.
Portrait of an Englishwoman ... ... viii.
Enemy of the Stars ... ... viii*a*.

By FREDERICK ETCHELLS—

Head ... ... ix.
Head ... ... x.
Patchopolis ... ... xi.
Dieppe ... ... xii.

By W. ROBERTS—

Dancers ... ... xiii.
Religion ... ... xiv.

By JACOB EPSTEIN—

Drawing ... ... xv.
Drawing ... ... xvi.

By GAUDIER BRZESKA—

Stags ... ... xvii.

By CUTHBERT HAMILTON—

Group ... ... xviii.

By SPENCER GORE—

Brighton Pier ... ... xix.
Richmond Houses ... ... xx.

Long Live the Vortex!

Long live the great art vortex sprung up in the centre of this town !

We stand for the Reality of the Present—not for the sentimental Future, or the sacripant Past.

We want to leave Nature and Men alone.

We do not want to make people wear Futurist Patches, or fuss men to take to pink and sky-blue trousers.

We are not their wives or tailors.

The only way Humanity can help artists is to remain independent and work unconsciously.

WE NEED THE UNCONSCIOUSNESS OF HUMANITY—their stupidity, animalism and dreams.

We believe in no perfectibility except our own.

Intrinsic beauty is in the Interpreter and Seer, not in the object or content.

We do not want to change the appearance of the world, because we are not Naturalists, Impressionists or Futurists (the latest form of Impressionism), and do not depend on the appearance of the world for our art.

WE ONLY WANT THE WORLD TO LIVE, and to feel it's crude energy flowing through us.

It may be said that great artists in England are always revolutionary, just as in France any really fine artist had a strong traditional vein.

Blast sets out to be an avenue for all those vivid and violent ideas that could reach the Public in no other way.

Blast will be popular, essentially. It will not appeal to any particular class, but to the fundamental and popular instincts in every class and description of people, TO THE INDIVIDUAL. The moment a man feels or realizes himself as an artist, he ceases to belong to any milieu or time. Blast is created for this timeless, fundamental Artist that exists in everybody.

The Man in the Street and the Gentleman are equally ignored.

Popular art does not mean the art of the poor people, as it is usually supposed to. It means the art of the individuals.

Education (art education and general education) tends to destroy the creative instinct. Therefore it is in times when education has been non-existant that art chiefly flourished.

But it is nothing to do with " the People."

It is a mere accident that that is the most favourable time for the individual to appear.

To make the rich of the community shed their education skin, to destroy politeness, standardization and academic, that is civilized, vision, is the task we have set ourselves.

We want to make in England not a popular art, not a revival of lost folk art, or a romantic fostering of such unactual conditions, but to make individuals, wherever found.

We will convert the King if possible.

A VORTICIST KING! WHY NOT?

DO YOU THINK LLOYD GEORGE HAS THE VORTEX IN HIM?

MAY WE HOPE FOR ART FROM LADY MOND?

We are against the glorification of "the People," as we are against snobbery. It is not necessary to be an outcast bohemian, to be unkempt or poor, any more than it is necessary to be rich or handsome, to be an artist. Art is nothing to do with the coat you wear. A top-hat can well hold the Sixtine. A cheap cap could hide the image of Kephren.

AUTOMOBILISM (Marinetteism) bores us. We don't want to go about making a hullo-bulloo about motor cars, anymore than about knives and forks, elephants or gas-pipes.

Elephants are VERY BIG. Motor cars go quickly.

Wilde gushed twenty years ago about the beauty of machinery. Gissing, in his romantic delight with modern lodging houses was futurist in this sense.

The futurist is a sensational and sentimental mixture of the aesthete of 1890 and the realist of 1870.

The "Poor" are detestable animals! They are only picturesque and amusing for the sentimentalist or the romantic! The "Rich" are bores without a single exception, *en tant que riches!*

We want those simple and great people found everywhere.

Blast presents an art of Individuals.

MANIFESTO.

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 Houri salon-picture Cocottes
Slouching blue porters (can carry a pantechnicon)
Stupidly rapacious people at every step
Economy maniacs
Bouillon Kub (for being a bad pun)

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 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 RIDICULE
(arch vice of inactive, sleepy)
PLAY
STYLISM
SINS AND PLAGUES
of this **LYMPHATIC** finished
(we admit in every sense finished)
VEGETABLE HUMANITY.

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 <u>persistently</u>
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).

BLAST

The Post Office Frank Brangwyn Robertson Nicol

Rev. Pennyfeather (Bells) Galloway Kyle (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 (Pills, Opera, Thomas) Ella

A. C. Benson 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