

**BR
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ST**



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.

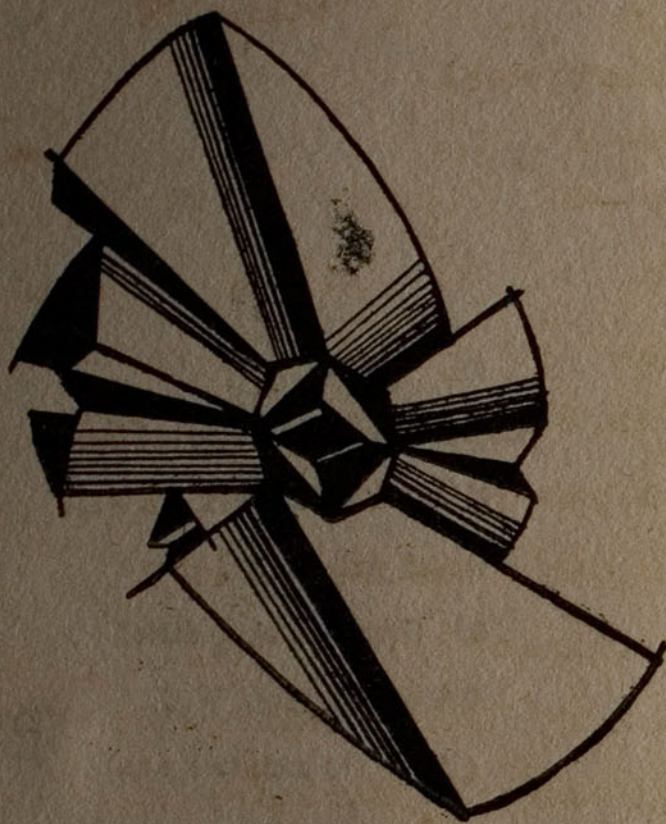
(Hours, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.)

and at

5, Holland Place Chambers,

Church Street,

Kensington.



ERRATA.

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

Page 60.—MIMES (instead of mines).

Page 62.—EVENING (instead of coming).

Page 80.—ASCETICISM (instead of asecicism).

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).

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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-existent 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 (Marinettism) 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 dellight 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 pantehnicon)

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.

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).



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

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

BLESS

cold
magnanimous
delicate
gauche
fanciful
stupid

ENGLISHMEN.

2

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.

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.

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.
- 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.

- 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 Barbary.

- 7** It is intelligence electrified by flood of Naivety.
- 8** It is Chaos invading Concept and bursting it like nitrogen.
- 9** It is the Individual masquerading as Humanity like a child in clothes too big for him.
- 10** Tragic Humour is the birthright of the North.
- 11** Any great Northern Art will partake of this insidious and volcanic chaos.
- 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.
- 13** But it will never be French, any more than Shakespeare was, the most catholic and subtle Englishman.

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

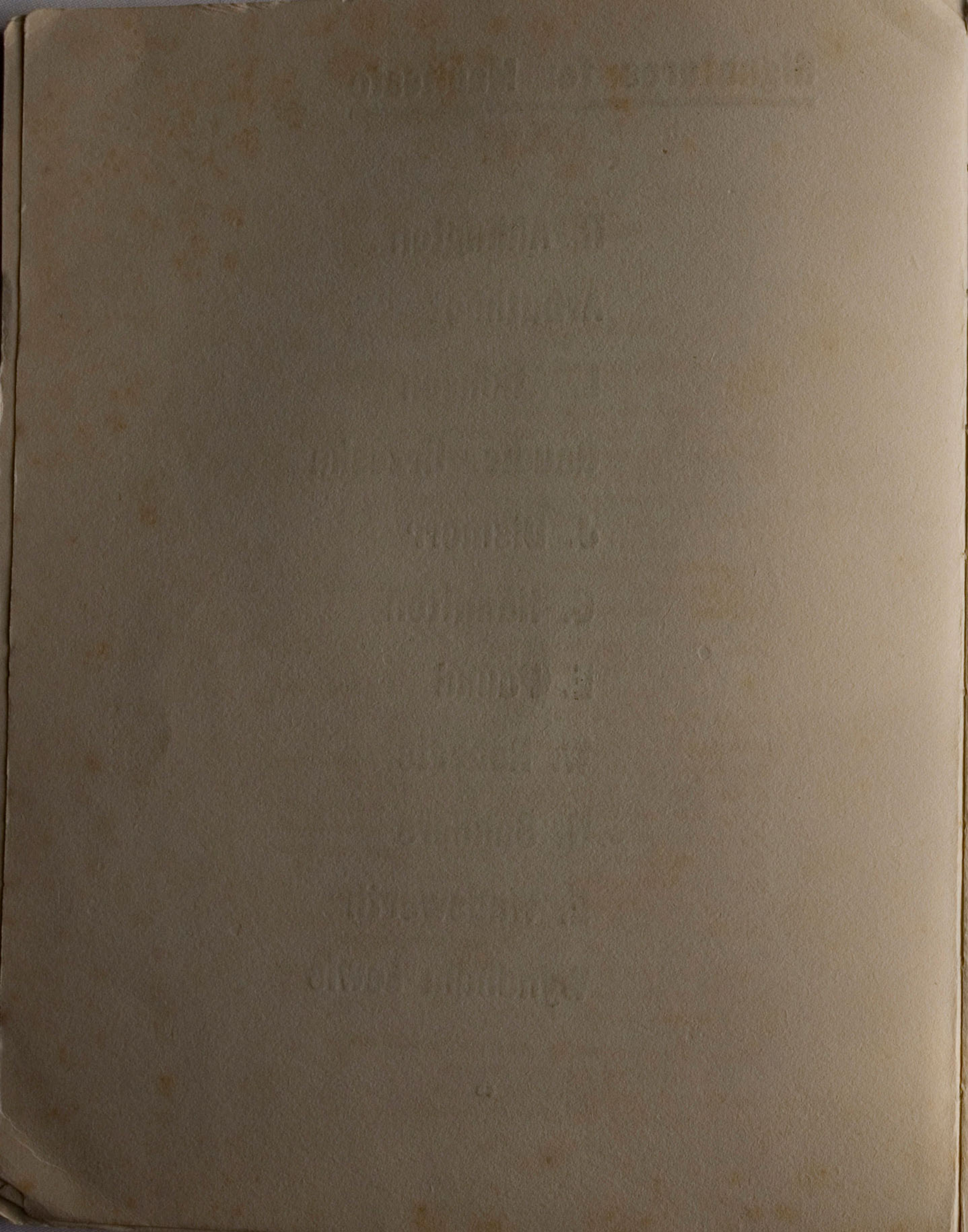
E. Pound

W. Roberts

H. Sanders

E. Wadsworth

Wyndham Lewis



POEMS

BY

EZRA POUND.

SALUTATION THE THIRD.

Let us deride the smugness of "The Times":
GUFFAW!

So much the gagged reviewers,
It will pay them when the worms are wriggling in their vitals;
These were they who objected to newness,
HERE are their **TOMB-STONES**.

They supported the gag and the ring:
A little black **BOX** contains them.

SO shall you be also,
You slut-bellied obstructionist,
You sworn foe to free speech and good letters,
You fungus, you continuous gangrene.

Come, let us on with the new deal,
Let us be done with Jews and Jobbery,
Let us **SPIT** upon those who fawn on the **JEWS** for their money,
Let us out to the pastures.

PERHAPS I will die at thirty,
Perhaps you will have the pleasure of defiling my pauper's grave,
I wish you **JOY**, I proffer you **ALL** my assistance.
It has been your **HABIT** for long to do away with true poets,
You either drive them mad, or else you blink at their suicides,
Or else you condone their drugs, and talk of insanity and genius,
BUT I will not go mad to please you.

I will not **FLATTER** you with an early death.
OH, NO! I will stick it out,
I will feel your hates wriggling about my feet,
And I will laugh at you and mock you,
And I will offer you consolations in irony,
O fools, detesters of Beauty.

I have seen many who go about with supplications,
'Afraid to say how they hate you.
HERE is the taste of my **BOOT**,
CARESS it, lick off the **BLACKING**.

MONUMENTUM AERE, Etc.

You say that I take a good deal upon myself ;
That I strut in the robes of assumption.

In a few years no one will remember the "buffo,"
No one will remember the trival parts of me,
The comic detail will not be present.
As for you, you will lie in the earth,
And it is doubtful if even your manure will be rich enough
To keep grass
Over your grave

COME MY CANTILATIONS.

Come my cantilations,
Let us dump our hatreds into one bunch and be done with them,
Hot sun, clear water, fresh wind,
Let me be free of pavements,
Let me be free of the printers.
Let come beautiful people
Wearing raw silk of good colour,
Let come the graceful speakers,
Let come the ready of wit,
Let come the gay of manner, the insolent and the exulting.
We speak of burnished lakes,
And of dry air, as clear as metal.

BEFORE SLEEP.

I.

The lateral vibrations caress me,
They leap and caress me,
They work pathetically in my favour,
They seek my financial good.

She of the spear, stands present.
The gods of the underworld attend me, O Annuis.
To these are they of thy company.
With a pathetic solicitude, they attend me.
Undulent,
Their realm is the lateral courses.

II.

Light!

I am up to follow thee, Pallas.
Up and out of their caresses.
You were gone up as rocket,
Bending your passages from right to left and from left to right,
In the flat projection of a spiral.
The gods of drugged sleep attend me,
Wishing me well.
I am up to follow thee, Pallas.

HIS VISION OF A CERTAIN LADY POST MORTEM.

A brown, fat babe sitting in the lotus,
And you were glad and laughing,
 With a laughter not of this world.
It is good to splash in the water
And laughter is the end of all things.

EPITAPHS.

FU I.*

“Fu I loved the green hills and the white clouds,
Alas, he died of drink.”

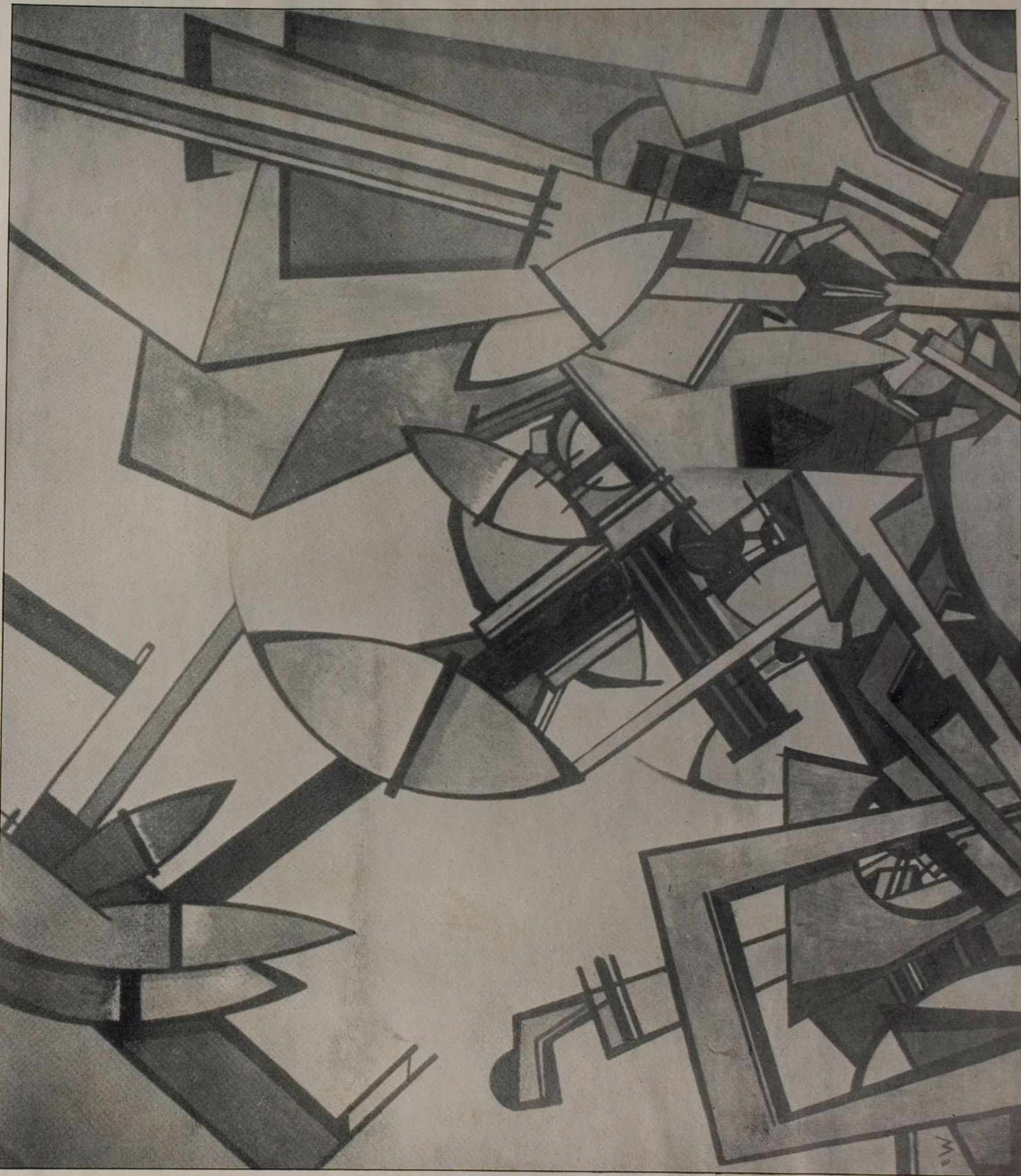
LI PO.

And Li Po also died drunk.
He tried to embrace a moon
In the yellow river.

FRATRES MINORES.

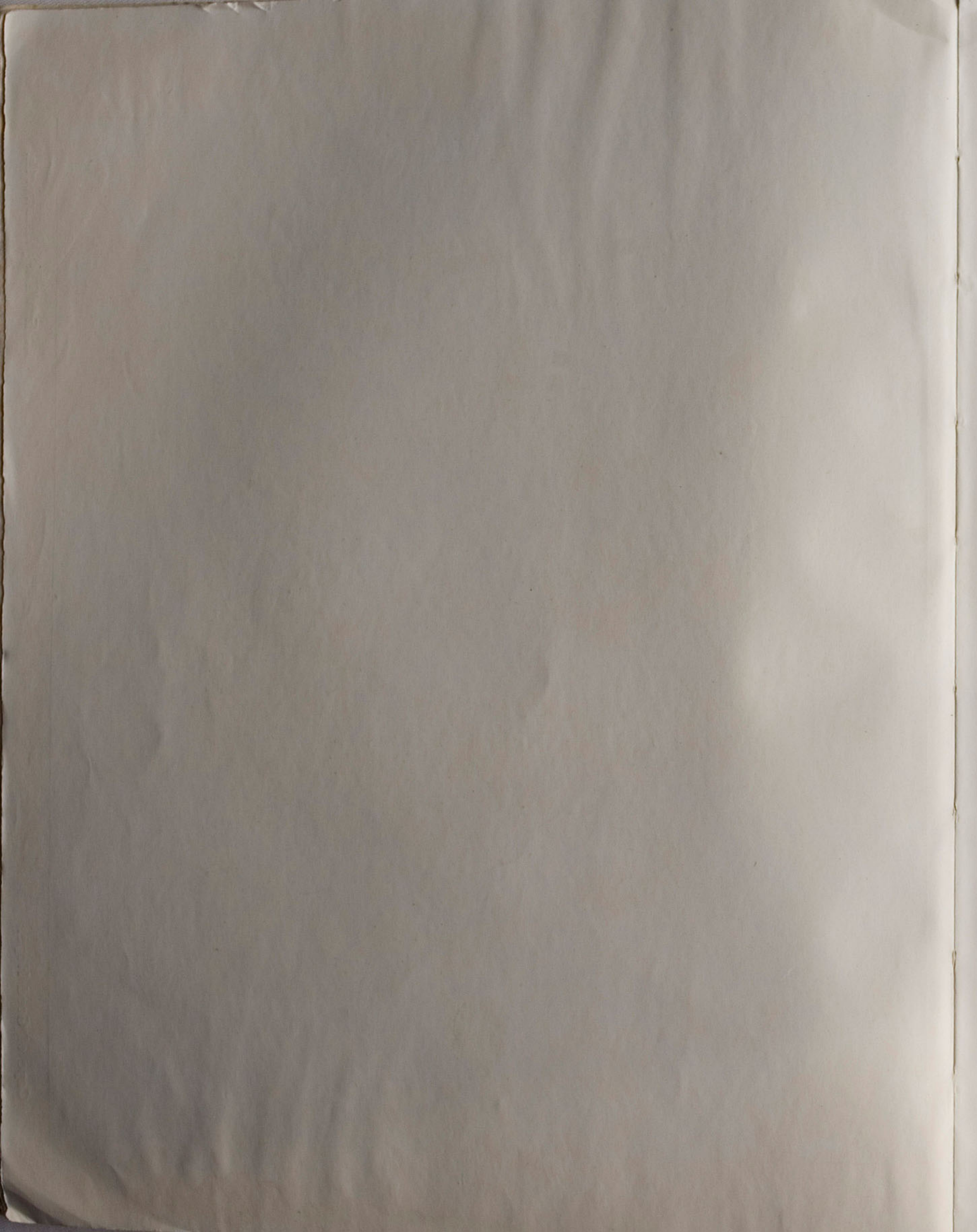
~~_____~~
Certain poets here and in France
Still sigh over established and natural fact
Long since fully discussed by Ovid.
They howl. They complain in delicate and exhausted metres
~~_____~~
~~_____~~

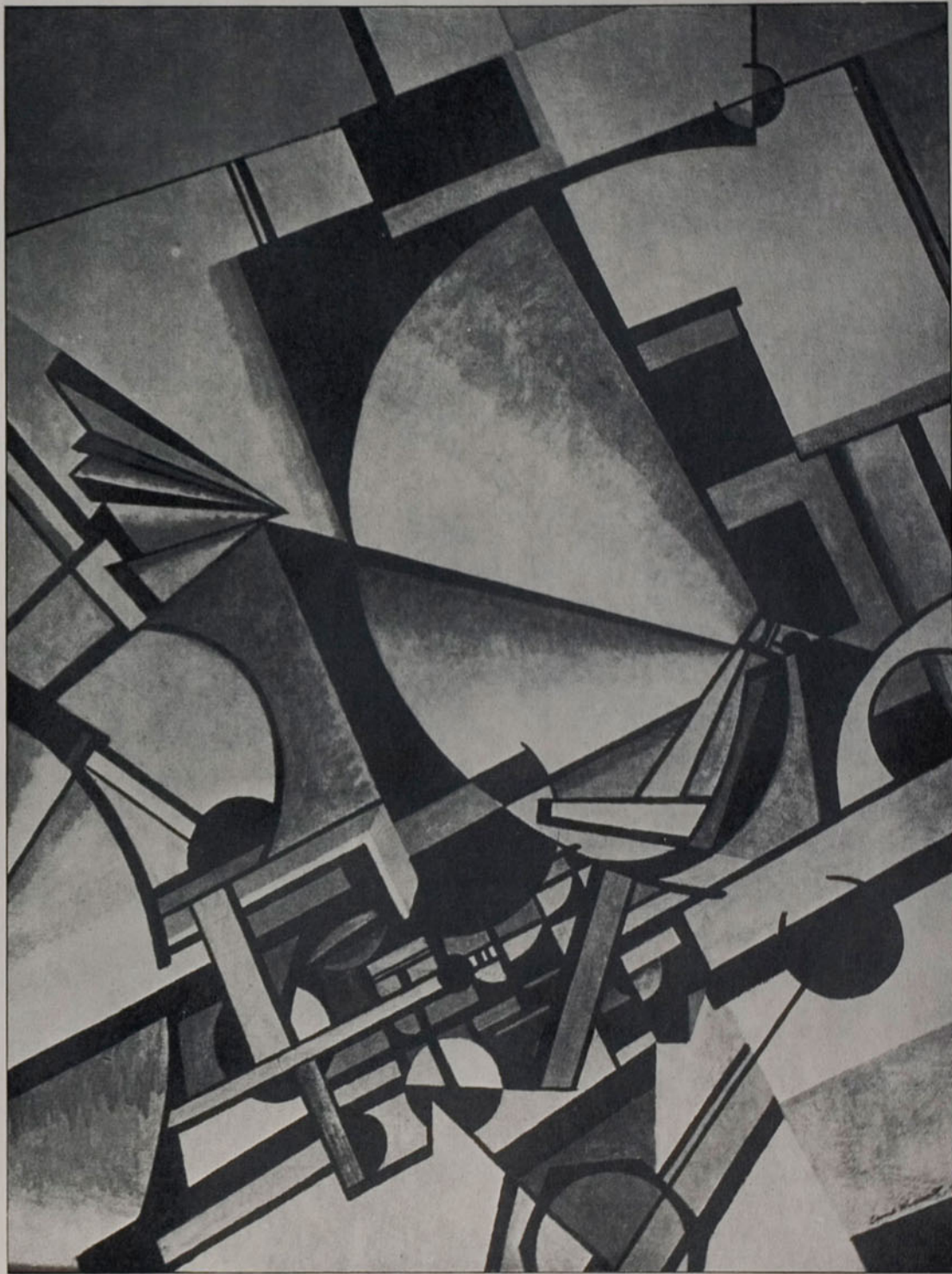
*Fu I was born in 554 A.D. and died in 639. This is his epitaph very much as he wrote it.



Edward Wadsworth.

Cape of Good Hope.





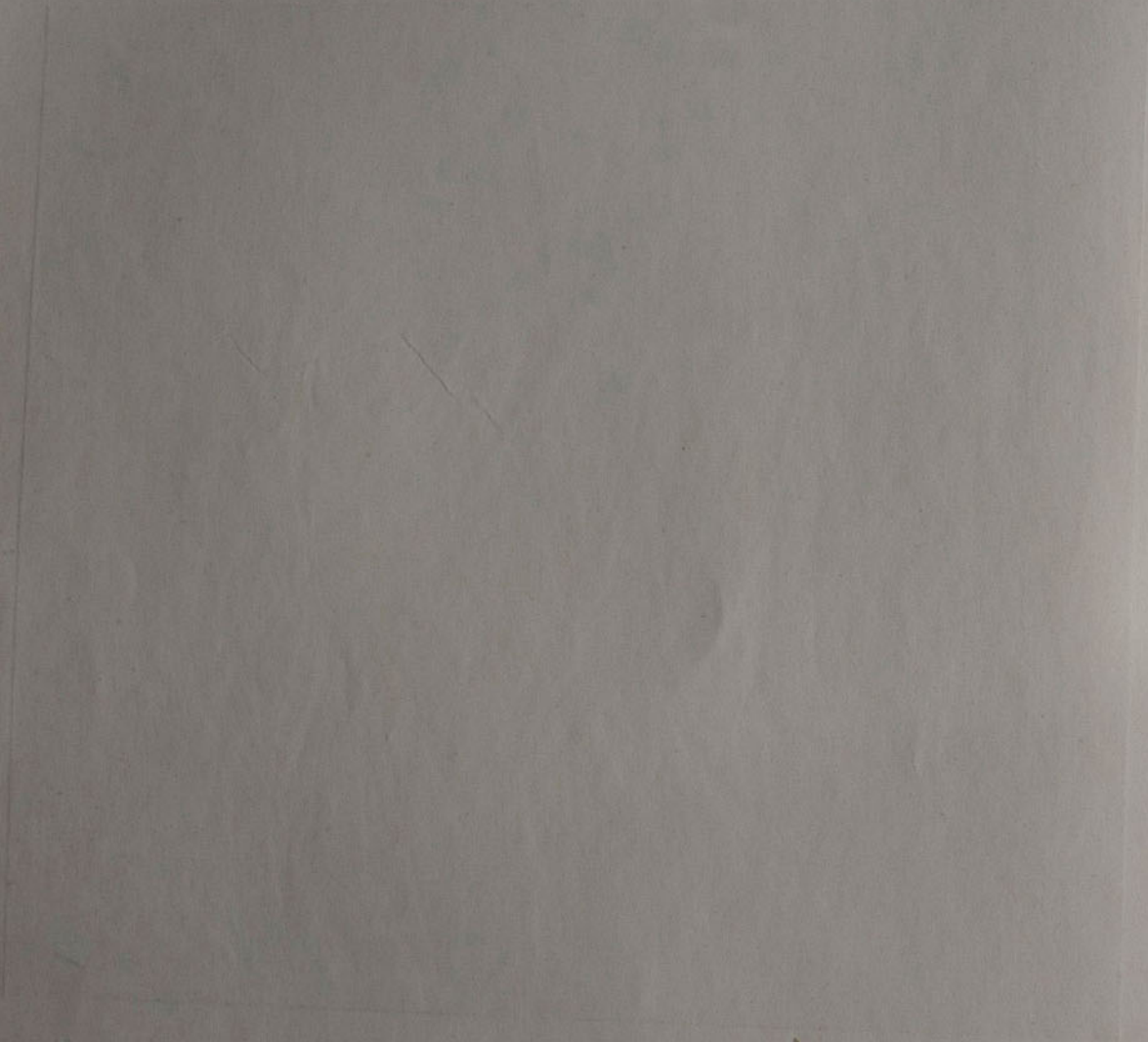
A Short Flight.

Edward Wadsworth.



March.

Edward Wadsworth.



Edward W. Lyman

1850



Edward Wadsworth.

Radiation.

WOMEN BEFORE A SHOP.

The gew-gaws of false amber and false turquoise attract them.
"Like to like nature." These agglutinous yellows!

L'ART.

Green arsenic smeared on an egg-white cloth,
Crushed strawberries! Come let us feast our eyes.

THE NEW CAKE OF SOAP.

Lo, how it gleams and glistens in the sun
Like the cheek of a Chesterton.

MEDITATIO.

When I carefully consider the curious habits of dogs,
I am compelled to admit
That man is the superior animal.

When I consider the curious habits of man,
I confess, my friend, I am puzzled.

PASTORAL.

"The Greenest Growth of Maytime."—A. C. S.

The young lady opposite
Has such beautiful hands
That I sit enchanted

While she combs her hair in décolleté.

I have no shame whatever
In watching the performance,
The bareness of her delicate

Hands and fingers does not

In the least embarrass me,

BUT God forbid that I should gain further acquaintance,
For her laughter frightens even the street hawker
And the alley cat dies of a migraine.

ENEMY OF THE STARS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

ENEMY OF THE STARS

SYNOPSIS IN PROGRAMME.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE SCENE.

SOME BLEAK CIRCUS, UNCOVERED,
CAREFULLY-CHOSEN, VIVID NIGHT.
IT IS PACKED WITH POSTERITY,
SILENT AND EXPECTANT.
POSTERITY IS SILENT, LIKE THE
DEAD, AND MORE PATHETIC.

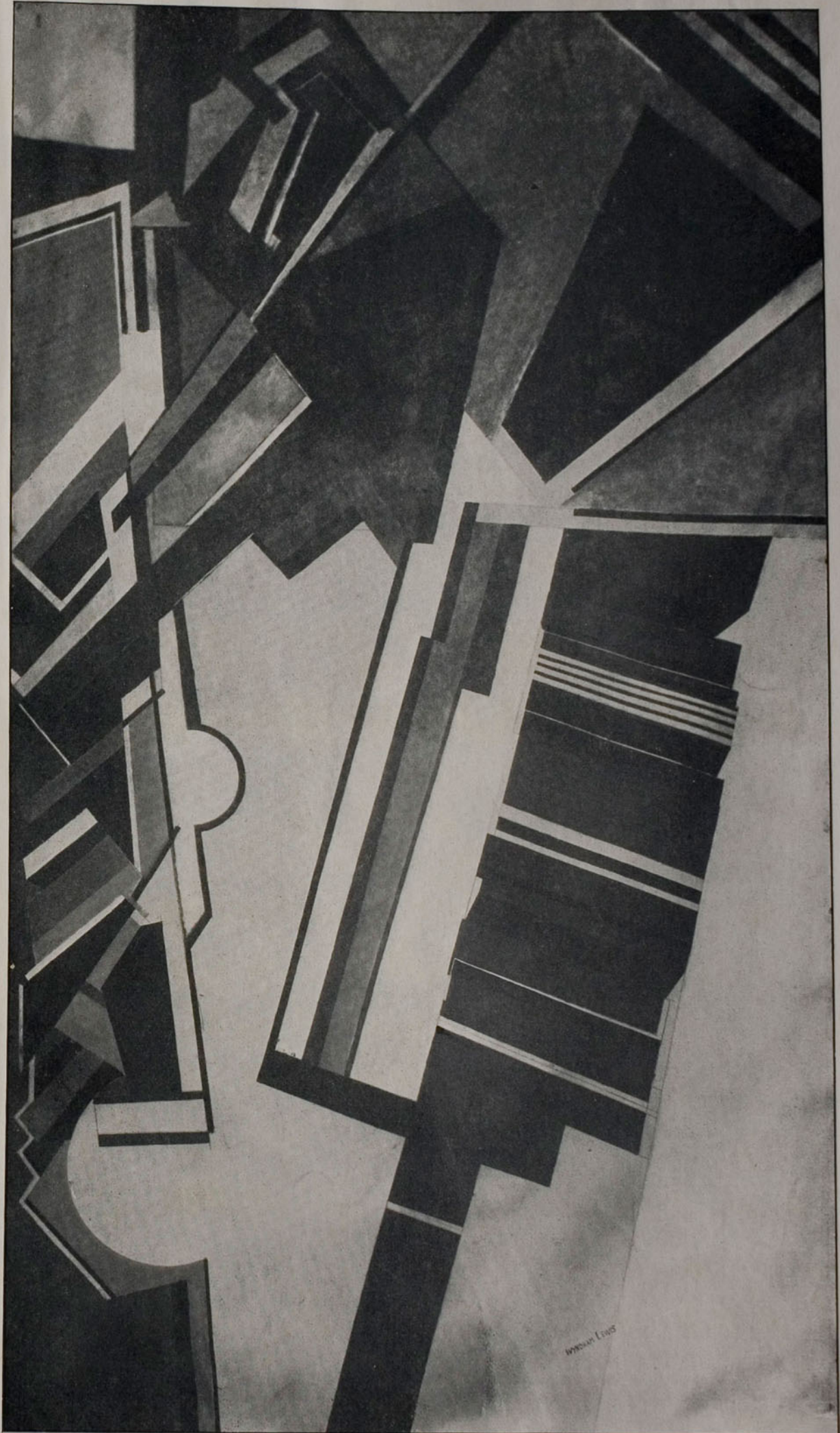
CHARACTERS.

TWO HEATHEN CLOWNS, GRAVE BOOTH ANIMALS
CYNICAL ATHLETES.

DRESS.

ENORMOUS YOUNGSTERS, BURSTING EVERY-
WHERE THROUGH HEAVY TIGHT CLOTHES,
LABOURED IN BY DULL EXPLOSIVE MUSCLES,
full of fiery dust and sinewy energetic air,
not sap. BLACK CLOTH CUT SOMEWHERE,
NOWADAYS, ON THE UPPER BALTIC.

VERY WELL ACTED BY YOU AND ME.



Plan of War.

Wyndham Lewis.



Timon of Athens.

Wyndham Lewis.

Wynham, J. 1872

Timon of Athens



Slow Attack.

Wyndham Lewis.

Wynham Lewis

John Atkin



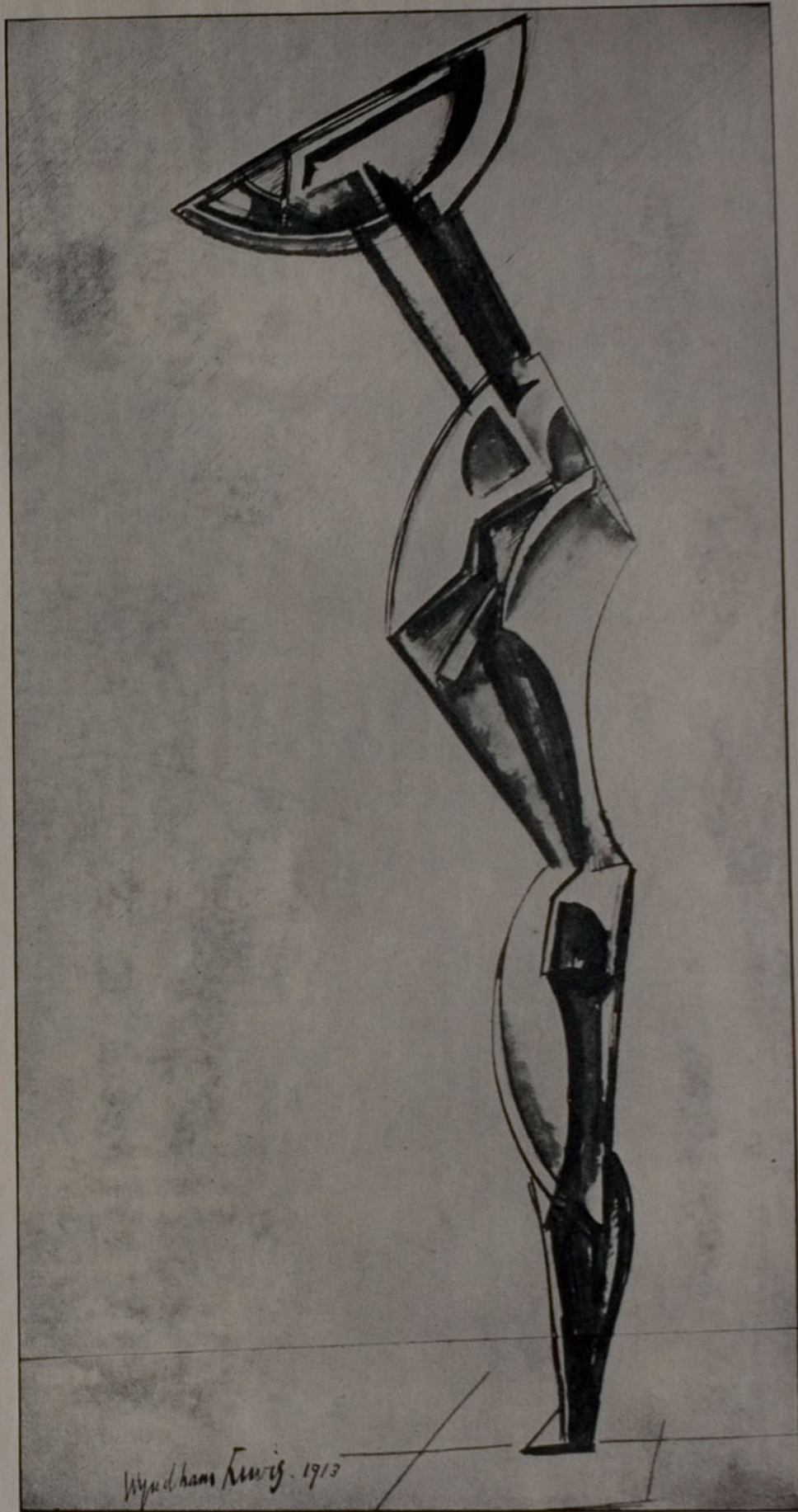
Decoration for the Countess
of Drogheda's House.

Wyndham Lewis.



Portrait of an Englishwoman.

Wyndham Lewis.



The Enemy of the Stars.

Wyndham Lewis.



THE PLAY.

ENEMY OF THE STARS.

ONE IS IN IMMENSE COLLAPSE OF CHRONIC PHILOSOPHY. YET HE BULGES ALL OVER, COMPLEX FRUIT, WITH SIMPLE FIRE OF LIFE. GREAT MASK, VENUSTIC AND VERIDIC, TYPE OF FEMININE BEAUTY CALLED "MANISH."

FIRST HE IS ALONE. A HUMAN BULL RUSHES INTO THE CIRCUS. THIS SUPER IS NO MORE IMPORTANT THAN LOUNGING STAR OVERHEAD. HE IS NOT EVEN A "STAR." HE RUSHES OFF, INTO THE EARTH.

CHARACTERS AND PROPERTIES BOTH EMERGE FROM GANGWAY INTO GROUND AT ONE SIDE.

THEN AGAIN THE PROTAGONIST REMAINS NEGLECTED, AS THOUGH HIS TWO FELLOW ACTORS HAD FORGOTTEN HIM, CAROUSING IN THEIR PROFESSIONAL CAVERN.

SECOND CHARACTER, APPALLING "GAMIN," BLACK BOURGEOIS ASPIRATIONS UNDERMINGING BLATANT VIRTUOSITY OF SELF.

His criminal instinct of intemperate bilious heart, put at service of unknown Humanity, our King, to express its violent royal aversion to Protagonist, statue-mirage of Liberty in the great desert.

Mask of discontent, anxious to explode, restrained by qualms of vanity, and professional coyness. Eyes grown venturesome in native temperatures of Pole—indulgent and familiar, blessing with white nights.

Type of characters taken from broad faces where Europe grows arctic, intense, human and universal.

"Yet you and me : why not from the English metropolis?"—Listen: it is our honeymoon. We go abroad for first scene of our drama. Such a strange thing as our coming together requires a strange place for initial stages of our intimate ceremonious acquaintance.

THERE ARE TWO SCENES.

STAGE ARRANGEMENTS.

RED OF STAINED COPPER PREDOMINANT COLOUR. OVERTURNED CASES AND OTHER IMPEDIMENTA HAVE BEEN COVERED, THROUGHOUT ARENA, WITH OLD SAIL-CANVAS.

HUT OF SECOND SCENE IS SUGGESTED BY CHARACTERS TAKING UP THEIR POSITION AT OPENING OF SHAFT LEADING DOWN INTO MINES QUARTERS.

A GUST, SUCH AS IS MET IN THE CORRIDORS OF THE TUBE, MAKES THEIR CLOTHES SHIVER OR FLAP, AND BLARES UP THEIR VOICES. MASKS FITTED WITH TRUMPETS OF ANTIQUE THEATRE, WITH EFFECT OF TWO CHILDREN BLOWING AT EACH OTHER WITH TIN TRUMPETS.

AUDIENCE LOOKS DOWN INTO SCENE, AS THOUGH IT WERE A HUT ROLLED HALF ON ITS BACK, DOOR UPWARDS, CHARACTERS GIDDILY MOUNTING IN ITS OPENING.

ARGOL.

INVESTMENT OF RED UNIVERSE.

EACH FORCE ATTEMPTS TO SHAKE HIM.

CENTRAL AS STONE. POISED MAGNET OF SUBTLE,
VAST, SELFISH THINGS.

HE LIES LIKE HUMAN STRATA OF INFERNAL BIOLOGIES.
WALKS LIKE WARY SHIFTING OF BODIES IN DISTANT
EQUIPOISE. SITS LIKE A GOD BUILT BY AN ARCHITECTURAL
STREAM, FECUNDED BY MAD BLASTS SUNLIGHT.

The first stars appear and Argol comes out of the hut. This is his cue. The stars are his cast. He is rather late and snips into it's place a test button. A noise falls on the cream of Posterity, assembled in silent banks. One hears the gnats' song of the Thirtieth centuries.

They strain to see him, a gladiator who has come to fight a ghost, Humanity—the great Sport of Future Mankind.

He is the prime athlete exponent of this sport in it's palmy days. Posterity slowly sinks into the hypnotic trance of Art, and the Arena is transformed into the necessary scene.

THE RED WALLS OF THE UNIVERSE NOW SHUT THEM
IN, WITH THIS CONDEMNED PROTAGONIST.

THEY BREATHE IN CLOSE ATMOSPHERE OF TERROR
AND NECESSITY TILL THE EXECUTION IS OVER, THE RED
WALLS RECEDE, THE UNIVERSE SATISFIED.

THE BOX OFFICE RECEIPTS HAVE BEEN ENORMOUS.

THE ACTION OPENS.

THE YARD.

The Earth has burst, a granite flower, and disclosed the scene.

A wheelwright's yard.

Full of dry, white volcanic light.

Full of emblems of one trade: stacks of pine, iron, wheels stranded.

Rough Eden of one soul, to whom another man, and not EVE, would be mated.

A canal at one side, the night pouring into it like blood from a butcher's pail.

Rouge mask in alluminum mirror, sunset's grimace through the night.

A leaden gob, slipped at zenith, first drop of violent night, spreads cataclysmically in harsh water of coming. Caustic Reckett's stain.

Three trees, above canal, sentimental, black and conventional in number, drive leaf flocks, with jeering cry.

Or they slightly bend their joints, impassible acrobats ; step rapidly forward, faintly incline their heads.

Across the mud in pod of the canal their shadows are gauky toy crocodiles, sawed up and down by infant giant?

Gollywog of Arabian symmetry, several tons, Arghol drags them in blank nervous hatred.