

## Sculpting the vortex

“We believe in no perfectability except our own.” – From the Vorticist Manifesto, BLAST no. 1

Jacob's Rock Drill pierces through the brain  
and splits apart Edwardian disdain.  
Man and drill are two, and now are one:  
no perfectability except our own.

But Henri's pieces rattle too and shake  
our sense of part and whole, netsuke-like.  
Bird and fish are two, and now are one:  
no perfectability except our own.

In Pompidou relief is on the wall,  
wrestling figures, clinched before a fall;  
Lutteurs -- they are two, and now are one:  
no perfectability except our own.

In hard cast bronze all hardness now replaced,  
the soft and sensuous flesh joins love's embrace.  
Mother and child are two, and now are one:  
no perfectability except our own.

His senseless trenches death at twenty three  
reminds us of so much we'll never see.  
Life and death are two, and now are one:  
no perfectability except our own.

Jacob Epstein, 1880-1959, Rock Drill (reconstruction)

Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, 1891-1915, Bird Swallowing Fish; Lutteurs (Wrestlers); Maternity

