



# Wild Vs Man

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**CITY OF  
MELBOURNE**

image credit: Valentina Palonen.

*One could only watch the extraordinary efforts made by those tiny legs against an oncoming doom which could, had it chosen, have submerged an entire city, not merely a city, but masses of human beings; nothing, I knew, had any chance against death.*

*Nevertheless after a pause of exhaustion the legs  
fluttered again. It was superb this last protest...*

*Virginia Woolf, 'The Death of The Moth'*

Write yourself: your body must make itself heard.  
Then the huge resources of the unconscious will burst out.  
Finally the inexhaustible feminine Imaginary is going to be deployed.  
Hélène Cixous, 'Sorties'

O rose, thou art sick!  
The invisible worm,  
That flies in the night,  
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed  
Of crimson joy,  
And his dark secret love  
Does thy life destroy.

William Blake, 'The Sick Rose'

And if tonight my soul may find her peace  
in sleep, and sink in good oblivion,  
and in the morning wake like a new-opened flower  
then I have been dipped again in God, and new-created.  
And if, as weeks go round, in the dark of the moon  
my spirit darkens and goes out, and soft strange gloom  
pervades my movements and my thoughts and words  
then I shall know that I am walking still  
with God, we are close together now the moon's in shadow.  
And if, as autumn deepens and darkens  
I feel the pain of falling leaves, and stems that break in storms  
and trouble and dissolution and distress  
and then the softness of deep shadows folding,  
folding around my soul and spirit, around my lips  
so sweet, like a swoon, or more like the drowse of a low, sad song  
singing darker than the nightingale, on, on to the solstice  
and the silence of short days, the silence of the year, the shadow,  
then I shall know that my life is moving still  
with the dark earth, and drenched  
with the deep oblivion of earth's lapse and renewal.  
And if, in the changing phases of man's life  
I fall in sickness and in misery  
my wrists seem broken and my heart seems dead  
and strength is gone, and my life  
is only the leavings of a life:  
and still, among it all, snatches of lovely oblivion, and snatches of renewal  
odd, wintry flowers upon the withered stem, yet new, strange flowers  
such as my life has not brought forth before, new blossoms of me  
then I must know that still  
I am in the hands of the unknown God,  
he is breaking me down to his own oblivion  
to send me forth on a new morning, a new man.

D.H.Lawrence, 'Shadows'