



Wild Vs Man

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Catherine Evans, Helen Nodding,
Valentina Palonen, Anna Parry,
Caroline Phillips, Samantha Scott

Curated by Caroline Phillips

Goodtime Studios
Basement, 746 Swanston street, Carlton
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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'