

time (y)



(y) emit

We hold this space on the unceded
land of the Kaurna people.

We acknowledge them as the
custodians of this wonderful place and
will always try to do our work in solidarity
with the anti-colonial struggle.

ALWAYS WAS, ALWAYS WILL BE.

We would like to thank Gilbert, Josie, Steph and Tayer
for their contributions to this months MUD

If you would like to contribute to the newsletter and
the MUD community, email **mudmusicart@gmail.com**

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I can't believe the audacity of marketing companies, trying to sell their wheat flour products to someone who truly cannot stomach them in any way! It's fine, I don't want them anyway!! (I do)



goodbye old!





This chickpea bread is made with my two

little hands though,



and I can surely now stomach my own love!



I've been thinking lots about a slow revolution

Or rather, a revolution of slowness

I've been trying to take my time with most things, and to keep localness in mind

This seems at odds with my year so far though. Given how many k's my car, Tracy, my cat, Toes, and I have gone. (lots)

I've been talking to lots of people. Some local, but many, as on the Sunny Coast, are not.

The pace of change, aka gentrification, that results, impacts the locals immensely

The tireless work of colonisation, it seems?

I don't want to lay, ignorant, in another's open wounds anymore. I don't know the answers though

For now, I'm traveling back to the land from which I grew. I wanna take my time, be that fast or slow. And to be with friends!

I wanted to make corn bread with as many local ingredients as I could. I couldn't find corn flour though, so this besan (chickpea) flour it was!

That felt nice though, because chickpeas are like their own little worlds. And I'd like to travel down each of their valleys and dive mouth first into their meaty cores!

I'd like to watch as my chickpea

friends and I roll slowly, slowly,
but very sillily down a grassy hill, all
the while chuffed at how far we go.

I'm so grateful to roll with you all!
And it seems an act of revolution; being
with friends, rolling down hills and
taking things slow

I don't really know what a revolution
would look like, but I'm sure slowness
and compassion have something to
do with it.



• It also felt like tapping into my
Indian roots, even though I
often feel imposter syndrome
when I do.

IN THE MUD BELOW

In the mud below where creatures mangle
And wrangle the orchestral hum.
We cannot see the glistening dew of each day anew,
Adorning the web that lay beneath it all.
And so, all we can do is feel the erotic static of the cosmos,
Busy providing aeons of endless nourishment.
The cycles of birth and decay dissolve and are distilled.
Poured for you in this ecstatic moment.
And as you read this little booky-wook
Notice fertility breeding fertility,
Divinity intervening divinity.
And you, enraptured by the pleasures of this sweet nectar.
Watch it drip and spread,
Consuming this precious little moment of yours,
A sweetness which cannot be laid to waste,
With the viscosity of an eternity's unfurling
Savour this and other flavours which speak...
Is that a touch of salt?
Evoking memories of mineral origins,
Of the dust which we will return to.
And that, there... umami?
Yup, it's savoury. So shut up and savour it.
Mop up every last drop of the dance between desire and surrender.
And listen to the Eros, that which holds it all together.

CLAY PLAY DAY (YAY)

It is a mythological phenomenon that tales of creation speak of human life being moulded from clay. It makes sense. We are of the earth and we fall back into it. We've been playing with clay since before thumbs and baking it since we learnt to wield fire. It is said that the Wheel™ was initially invented to spin clay on. So our love of mud is warranted: birthing homes, rivers, plants, tea cups, pies, squelchy barefoot moments and (apparently) human life itself. Clay and its many forms tend to make one think of "objects" as moments, rather than static or immortalised things. In this way clay really mimics life, myth likes to claim it truly is the stuff. Improvisation acts similarly. It shows us that art doesn't have to be a fixed item, but that it can be a moment and, at best, one shared.

In curating for this month's Mud space I felt the need to pay our respects to its namesake- bringing clay and improv together. In true Mud fashion, I really wanted us to nestle in, feeling into what holds us together. A short pilgrimage of phone calls toward Lena Martin, a hills-based artist and wheel thrower, led me into a beautiful sharing of clay and the wheel. Sitting in tea with her and Anders, the mind behind Wellness Centre, a solo electronic music project, we found the space open up. Mesmerised by bowls she had made from termite clay, a waterfall behind us trickles onto the earth and, in stillness, we catch glimmers of what connects it all.

In collaboration with Wellness Centre, we began to spiral on the world-building process. We saw significance in the whirring of the pottery wheel, the cadence of phrases, the inflection of words and the hums in nature. Sound has the tendency of filling holes in space with its presence. In seeing sound as what adheres to the space, as well as what influences it, we would find ourselves savouring the sound waves and their divine importance. We would follow flows and gently build an atmosphere

with emotional narrative, listening to the energy created by the space.

I like to write and have been carving fragments of phrases in all sorts of places; journals, phone notes, bits of used tissue and in my own skin. I knew I wasn't the only one, so it felt fitting to invite the audience to contribute theirs to feed it all back into the soundscape. The development of this world has borne all kinds of fruit, all nourishing to the core. The revision of my entire journal collection proved to be a soul-shaking process, affording a version of a nervous breakthrough. The deep sense of connection with those who've donated their vulnerable mind-fragments to this project, along with the time spent deepening intimacy with myself, introspecting on these clay-inspired concepts has made for some delicious creative fuel...

It's been fun playing with the idea that I'm made of clay. Some days I'm drier, harder, more weathered. When things are quite rough, I can feel fragmented, unable to be understood, illegible. It's then a process of glueing myself back together with a glistening conductive substance akin to gold: connection. The days spent as fluid clay, flowing and dynamic are easier. It's a kind act to think of yourself in "clay terms", I've found. Right now, I'm a digressing sort of clay.

The truest beauty I've witnessed in improv spaces has been in its power in creating a positive feedback loop- everything feeds its energy back into the space in reaction to itself. Creation via amplification ensues. Come Thursday, the soundscape created will influence the clay, the clay will influence the environment, and in turn, the soundscape. Play tripping on itself. In the end, we'll have an experience to digest and a clay-made moment to place on the mantelpiece as a symbol of the blessing that is Mud...

Steph Antolis





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Common side effects:

- head ache
- nausea
- diarrhea
- dry mouth
- sweating
- nervousness
- restlessness
- fatigue
- insomnia
- increased blood pressure
- inability to orgasm

Not/serious side effects:

- irregular menstrual cycle
- increased urination
- low sodium
- teeth grinding
- acute glucose intolerance
- serotonin syndrome
- increased heart rate

end date: TBC

Common side effects:

- acne
- changes in menstrual cycle
- low libido
- depression
- mood changes
- migraines
- nausea
- breast pain
- pelvic pain
- weight gain
- increased appetite
- hot flush
- bloating
- sweating
- hair loss
- itching
- dry skin
- oily skin
- breast growth
- breast lump
- milk production
- BMS
- pain during sex
- vaginal dryness
- uterine spasms
- irritability
- increase of liver enzymes

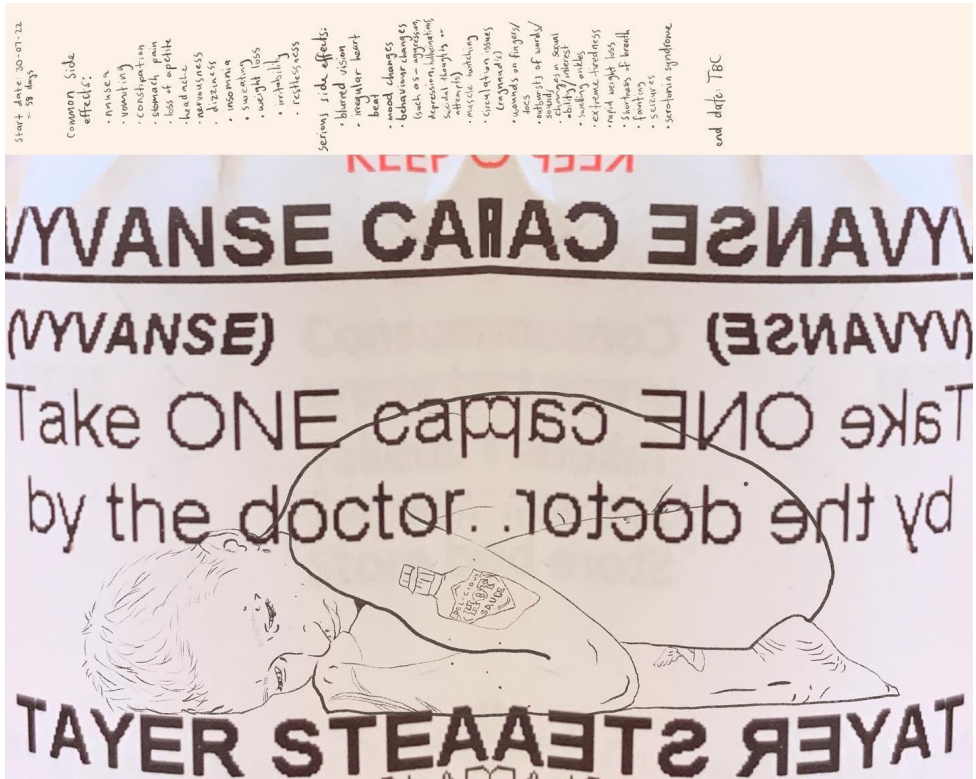
Serious/rare side effects:

- breast cancer
- liver tumours
- cervical cancer (other factors)
- high blood pressure
- stroke
- heart attack
- deep venous thrombosis

end date: TBC



Tayer Ann Stead (they/them) is a multi-disciplinary visual artist living and working on Kurna land. Their practice generally explores their social experience with disability, sexuality and gender, and spans across many mediums. Access and advocacy is a prominent consideration in Tayer's practice influenced by their work in the disability sector and familial and personal experience with disability. Overall, their art acts as a lens to articulate their experiences, passions and interests. You can find them on instagram @tayerannstead



Carved, carved terrain,
Filled in by the rain.

Revolt against me,
Carve skin from my nose,
Take light from my eyes,
Music from my ears,
Mutilate to shred and to burn.
Your fumes malnourish me.
We douse dirt in burning oil and call it mud.
Do you know what melting skin smells like?

Beauty in pain.

Gilbert garden (they/them) is a person held together by wonder and ideas and adventure, by dramatic pauses and rushing winds. Be watchful along bike paths, ant hills and dance floors, their path crosses many others. Maybe you will find them along yours at some point.

They can also be emailed at GilbertGarden@pm.me or observed at a distance from their website <https://nook.quest>



Start date: 30-07-22
= 58 days

Common Side effects:

- nausea
- vomiting
- constipation
- stomach pain
- loss of appetite
- headache
- nervousness
- dizziness
- insomnia
- sweating
- weight loss
- irritability
- restlessness

Serious side effects:

- blurred vision
- irregular heart beat
- mood changes
- behaviour changes (such as - aggression, depression, hallucinations, suicidal thoughts or attempts)
- muscle twitching
- circulation issues (Raynaud's)
- wounds on fingers/toes
- outbursts of words/sounds
- changes in sexual ability/interest
- swelling ankles
- extreme tiredness
- rapid weight loss
- shortness of breath
- fainting
- seizures
- serotonin syndrome