

COLLAPSE

END OF DAYS PARTY
& MUD's 3rd BIRTHDAY



JUN.21.2024

8

COLLAPSE / MUD's Third Trip

Articles by

Eleen Deprez
Harriet Hurley
Jazmine Deng
David Moran
Tina Stefanou

We hold this space on the unceded
land of the Kurna 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.

Cover &
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Editor's Note

Welcome to the first edition of the MUD Zine for 2024 - a companion to the MUD : Collapse Party "Improvising Utopia", our third birthday.

I put together this event, and zine because I don't know what else to bloody talk, write, sing, or think about any more, other than collapse; social, ecological, psychological, relational... Collapse! All around us, visible and invisible varieties of apocalypse.

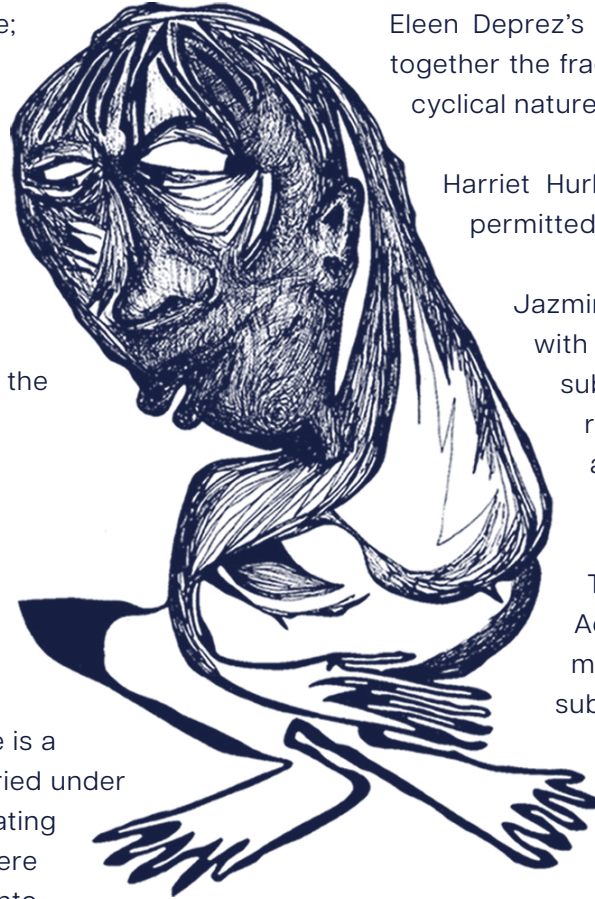
For the event and the zine, I sent around the following creative prompt:

Collapse, collapse, collapse

What is a collapse?

What is collapsing if civilisation never existed?

A collapse is an ending, is a beginning, is a tower falling? Foretold, I told you so. Collapse is a wage slave, a drunk CEO, a million bones buried under rubble, a doomed pillow, a 10-minute emancipating poo, a new lover, a quiet masturbation. There is too much history being made to be put into books. And somehow, this is all too ordinary. Collapse is the never ending, the mundane and the declarative. The meditation of nuclear warheads stored. A collapse is the mis-used, the self-cared, the slowly approaching rage.



A collapse is the MUD unofficial third birthday.

June 21st @ the Queens Theatre

I am so very fortunate to be in the company of such compassionate and determined artists, writers, performers, and friends, who generously take on the cynical impulses that spring out of me. Thank you all.

Eleen Deprez's personal account of physical and familial collapse, tying together the fragility of bodies, memories, and empire, reminding us of the cyclical nature of collapse, in the world and in our wounds.

Harriet Hurley's lamentation of the very basic right to at least be permitted to see the stars while the world collapses!

Jazmine Deng's weave on collaboration, joining forces not only with David Moran for their MUD performance, but with iron gates, suburbs, and immigration; how history, and place permits or resists ones hope to connect. David Moran shares with us as well a short reflection on weirding the cello and joyous encounters in collaboration.

Tina Stefanou and Co's reflections on their work in the 18th Adelaide Biennale, where simple warming, arrangements of multi-generational bodies and vocalities gather and inevitably subvert late-stage capital-cosmologies.

Thanks for your attention.
May your collapse be delicious.

Much love.

Constantine (Kosta) Stefanou
MUD: Improvisation and Extended Domains

Eleen Deprez

15 June 2024

About a year ago I fell off a ladder. Rather, the ladder collapsed under me and I landed face forward on the ladder. The ladder splayed open. An imprint of the rungs was left on my chin, thigh and stomach.

The year before that, my adopted father Paul fell off a ladder. Rather, the ladder slipped away underneath him. Some roof tiles had become dislodged during a storm and despite a professional roofer being on the roof to make repairs he insisted on leaning his own shoddy ladder to have a look.

He broke his pelvis, and ended up staying two months in hospital after unfortunate complications that almost killed him. There was a tube that went through his nose into his stomach for food. Because he was in Belgium and I was in Australia he could call me during his sleepless nights.

He was often very scared, and mostly very worried about my mother who was alone at home, driving to the hospital every day.

I would get his calls around 2pm my time. We'd talk about the news (the violent invasion by Russia of Ukraine had just begun), the staff that were looking after him, and whether he had been able to eat or shit that day. Sometimes he would nod off, the phone slipping from his hand. I would keep watch.

Two years before that, my uncle Marc fell off a ladder. We don't know what happened. He slipped. The ladder was set up to reach the roof of their high three-storey house.

He was cleaning the solar panels, some snow had fallen during the night and he was worried about their impacted energy yield. I imagine he climbed all the way to the top and then let go. Not really smacking down but floating gently. His body ultimately landing hard onto the red brick-paved courtyard. "Hersensbloeding, naar ziekenhuis, in een kunstmatige coma gehouden !" is the message I received: "Brain haemorrhage, taken to hospital, kept

COLLA

PSE



in an induced coma !” The space before the exclamation mark irked me. Two days later he was dead. I could not see him before that. I imagine his face was all swollen and red.

A friend of mine, when I was studying at The Free University of Brussels, explained once how he had developed a system to remember historical dates.

“You only need to memorise three dates: the fall of the Western Roman Empire, the life of Isaac Newton, and the invention of photography”. That is 476, 1643-1727AD, and 1826. Any historical event or people, he said, I can locate and visualise in relation to either of these.

The French Revolution (1789): Isaac Newton was already dead. My friend replaced in his mind’s eye the French flag held aloft in the famous Eugène Delacroix painting with the thin floppy bony skeleton of Newton. There’s no photograph of that, he gained, so it happened after Newton’s death but not before the invention of photography.

The birth of English painter Thomas Gainsborough (1727): Newton died that very moment. My friend pictured Gainsborough

crowning from the vagina of his mother as Newton breathes out his last breath. The invention of the first mercury thermometer happened near the end of Newton’s life: he pictured old Newton peering at this thin tube, marvelling at its ingenuity. His system worked surprisingly well.

When tested, he could say if things happened before or after the fall of The Roman Empire, before, during, or after Newton, or before or after the invention of photography. Thus often bringing it within a hundred years or so.

It was astonishing how vividly his imagination worked as a foundation for the retention of historical dates: his image of a young Benjamin Franklin weeping by the grave of Newton meant he knew Franklin was still alive when Newton was dead and that he still had some of his life to come. There are no pictures of Napoleon, but there could have been one of his not entirely decayed corpse.

One afternoon we started teasing him. Conjuring up historically ‘inaccurate’ crossovers: Susan B. Anthony (1820-1906) drinking a milk shake with Newton. Jane Austen writing her *Pride and Prejudice* (1813) by a light bulb (1870). Immanuel Kant (1724 - 1804) driving around

Königsberg in a Mercedes Benz Patent Motor Car, model 1 (1886). The game upset him greatly, his system of memorisation was collapsing. Our vivid images were materialising and lodging themselves firmly into his mind and - like an earthquake-dislodging the foundations of a building.

I have some details wrong. I misremember, or forgot. It might not have been the solar panels on the main house Marc was cleaning, but rather the ones on the shed. The shed only being 2 meters 50, his fall would have been a lot shorter, less dramatic. Less Icarus plummeting like a swan, more ripe fig dropping from a branch.

I don’t remember my own fall, or what happened before or after. I didn’t black out and wasn’t unconscious - I was talking to people, but I was stuck in a 30 second loop of short term memory. A conversation repeated itself again and again, with me asking the same questions.

***What happened?
Was Shirley there?
She must have been frightened.
Where am I?
Have I been mean to people?***

After receiving answers to these questions I would invariably say “This is the worst jet lag I have ever had” and the loop would repeat. I would change the wording slightly.

***What happened?
Was Shirley there?
She must be scared.
Where am I?
Have I been nice to people?***

I don’t remember any of this.

Thomas Cole was an artist. (There are photographs of him, but not as a baby or adolescent, only as an older man so he must have lived whilst photography was being invented, so probably lived 1780-1840). Thomas Cole was a romantic landscape painter who moved from England to America. His “The Course of Empire” is a series of five paintings, depicting the rise and fall of an empire. The first two paintings show the slow growth of a small agrarian settlement. The third painting “The Consummation of Empire” shows the same village transformed into a classical city: marbled columns, fountains, a court parading down the bridge. The fourth panel “Destruction” shows the city aflame. In the foreground:



a woman trying to escape the grasp of an armed man by jumping off a balustrade. An archer shooting at fleeing citizens down the stairs. The bridge now collapsed atop an overloaded boat with refugees. The sky, tempestuous. The last painting "Desolation", shows the ruins of the city a century or two later. A broken column overgrown with ivy. The still water in the river reflecting the moon, a heron stands in its shore waiting patiently for a fish to swim by. From the nest atop the broken column, the black head of a small chick peeks out.

***If you don't remember the fall,
how can you mourn the collapse?***

If darkness collapses,
The light we aspired for will fade like burning
pages of the Bible.
Our 'advancement', a bleeding signifier of so-
called 'development'.
Moving out of the 'Dark Ages',
a path towards unattainable lightness into an
urbanised fanatic light show that we sprawl
ourselves among.
We become blinded by the artificial beams.
No longer needing our eyes,
Satellites exist to 'assist'.
The skies burn with the glow of the last LED.
Not the last, as more will come,
but the last stars may be seen.
As we stare into the light,
A godly guide.
Darkness collapses, by all our sides.
Trapped on what we decided to ignite.
Yet we continue to orbit, rotating each day.
Ka tō he rā, ka whiti he rā.
The sun will set, and the sun will rise again.
A reminder of the system we exist within.
Yet our iris' shrink as we continue to gape,
Unable to see beyond the lighted way.

DARKNESS COLLAPSES

Last night, I got close
to creating darkness.
But as soon as I was
ready to look up,
flames stung the sky.
Distant but distinct.
And the alarms
began to sing.

Sometimes I think I catch a glimpse of a faint
twinkle in the night sky. I am told over and over
that it is no use to stare at the sky so much. But
I can't seem to shake the wonder, knowing that
people used to be able to see the stars. Little
lights in all directions, big bodies looking down.
And we got to see their significant smiles.
That's how I imagine it. I've been told that's not
quite it, but the stars didn't tell me that, so how
can I really know?

Sometimes I try to create my own
darkness to see them smile. I haven't quite
managed it yet, but people used to live in
darkness so it must be possible. My mother
looks at me with desperation when she sees me
trying to block-out the endless evening twilight
glow. Maybe she wishes it was dark too, like
it used to be. There are times she has told me
stories of constellations she once got to see.
Te Waka O Rangi, the great cosmic canoe that
guides the souls of the dead. Matariki, the Seven
Sisters on this Land, leading the waka, and with
its winterley rise, the dead are remembered and
Māori new year is revered.

I see glimmers of Matariki as I close my
eyes, a chance to see my ancestors in the skies.

I don't know if this is happening more often or if I am being more affected now. But it is something this regional, I suppose you could call it a town, has become accustomed to. Alarms ring, beckoning the fall of the metal debris all around. "What goes up must come down" has left my mother's mouth many times. And it is relevant, with so many rockets going up these days, many of their remains do come straight back down. Their landing isn't subtle. But this is apparently the price to pay, living away from the dense cities that radiate like an almost continuous day. But the cities do have protector shields for rocket remains. We can't afford that out here.

So when the alarms sound, I move back inside the walls. Waiting to see what will become of the unknown trajectory of the next half a rocket to fall. Sometimes, you

can see the metal pieces fall from afar. Space junk returning to where it came from. A blaze soaring in some direction, guided by gravity to its next destination. A ball of fire lighting the sky. A human made meteor. How a thing so small can make such an impression amazes me. I'm not totally sure what the impression is... amusement, wonder, fear, hypnotised by the glow, a fiery sign? My tipuna, and mobs of this Land, saw meteors as warning signs, bad omens. Maybe as a sign of the destruction to come.

Ingenuity in manufacturing, colonisers branding their stake in this never ending space race. Yet without the Land there is no Sky and without the Sky there is no Land.

It makes me wonder, will the rockets, in all their glory, bring the final blow to what remains above and below and all that exists within.

Fires that fly,
lighting the already lit skies.
Darkness is gone.
With each rocket in a blaze, another tree degrades.
Will space fall too?
Space of all places.
Space was meant to be the place,
Where the unimaginative could be imagined.
A chance for a new creation,
Unbound in our imagination.
Beyond human force,
Where we can finally justify our planetary remorse.
Yet I cannot see it at all,
The stars, the planets, are already gone.
The collapse of space may have already begun.

Harriet Hurley

*Written on the Land of the
Wurundjeri Woi-Wurrung
Peoples of the Kulin.*



Thank you for joining us for the performance presentation in which I have collaborated with the cellist David Moran. I am very pleased to have collaborated with a creative in a divergent artistic field to my own, in which we share and contradict in skills, compulsions and identity. These are the uncertainties that will shape the performance today.

I was inspired by suburbia to present this performance. What a pretty front yard and a pretty garden. What a pretty gate, to keep everybody out and myself in. Gates can be violent. Gates can hold a weight, and a volume. Gates separate space between me and you. Gates are ornate, pretty and are a symbol of wealth, class and ownership. How the story still never ends!

When I bang on this thing I wonder what rings? I am sorry to all the people who are hurting. The gates, the wind, and the trees, subjected to

our ideals. The people, just people. Not allowed to be.

'We are living in a time of total aestheticization.'
Boris Groys

"If we look at the avant-garde writings, their programs and manifestoes, they tell you all the same: we have the museums, filled with ancient Apollos and so on, and outside of the museums and around us we have tanks, trains, airplanes, explosions and killings, industrial machines, and mathematics and geometry. Some kind of new order; these things are not precisely the things of the future, they are already around."
Boris Groys

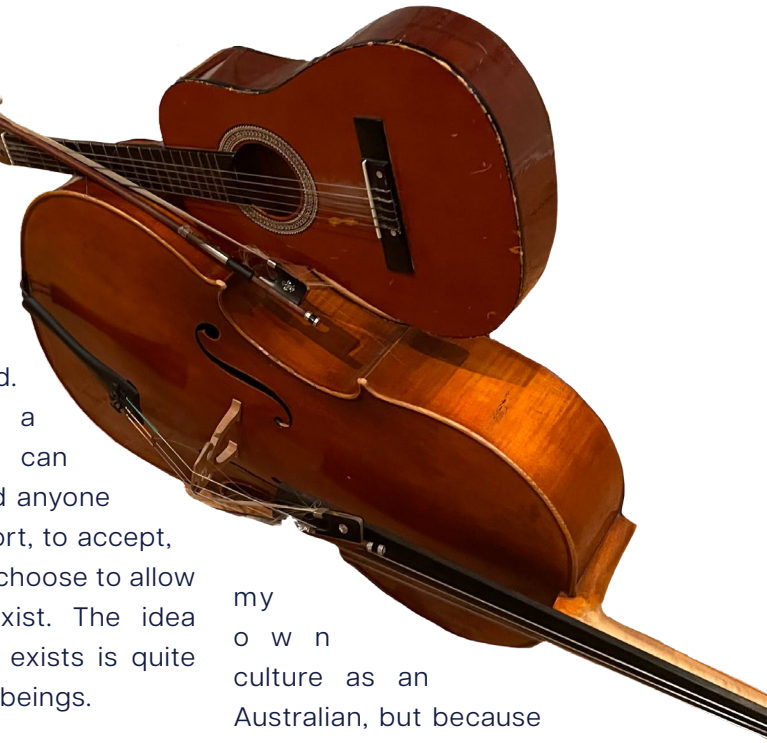
I am pointing at something that already seems to exist.

The cello is quite a beautiful instrument. I have never actively been

trained, up until now. Anyone can hold an instrument. Anyone can pick up a bow. Anyone can make a sound. Anyone can make a movement. Anyone can choose to listen. And anyone can choose to comfort, to accept, or choose to allow. I choose to allow the intangible to exist. The idea that land ownership exists is quite egotistical of human beings.

So many lives have been lived here, and so many stories continue to write themselves on these murky muddy waters (metaphorically and literally). My parents' stories have been written here. New young peoples' stories are being written here. What do we choose to allow? What do we accept?

I don't know what is collapsing, but I am happy to watch it fall. So much to learn, such little time it seems. I wish to return to Cambodia one day. I wish to return to China too. This is not because I want to appropriate



my
own
culture as an
Australian, but because

I want to write and create a new story which may accept and blend the many together. We cannot escape our diversification, or our incomprehensibility. This is the future I would like. Collapse to all preconceived notions of our existence, and liberty for all, in whatever domain you would like to choose.

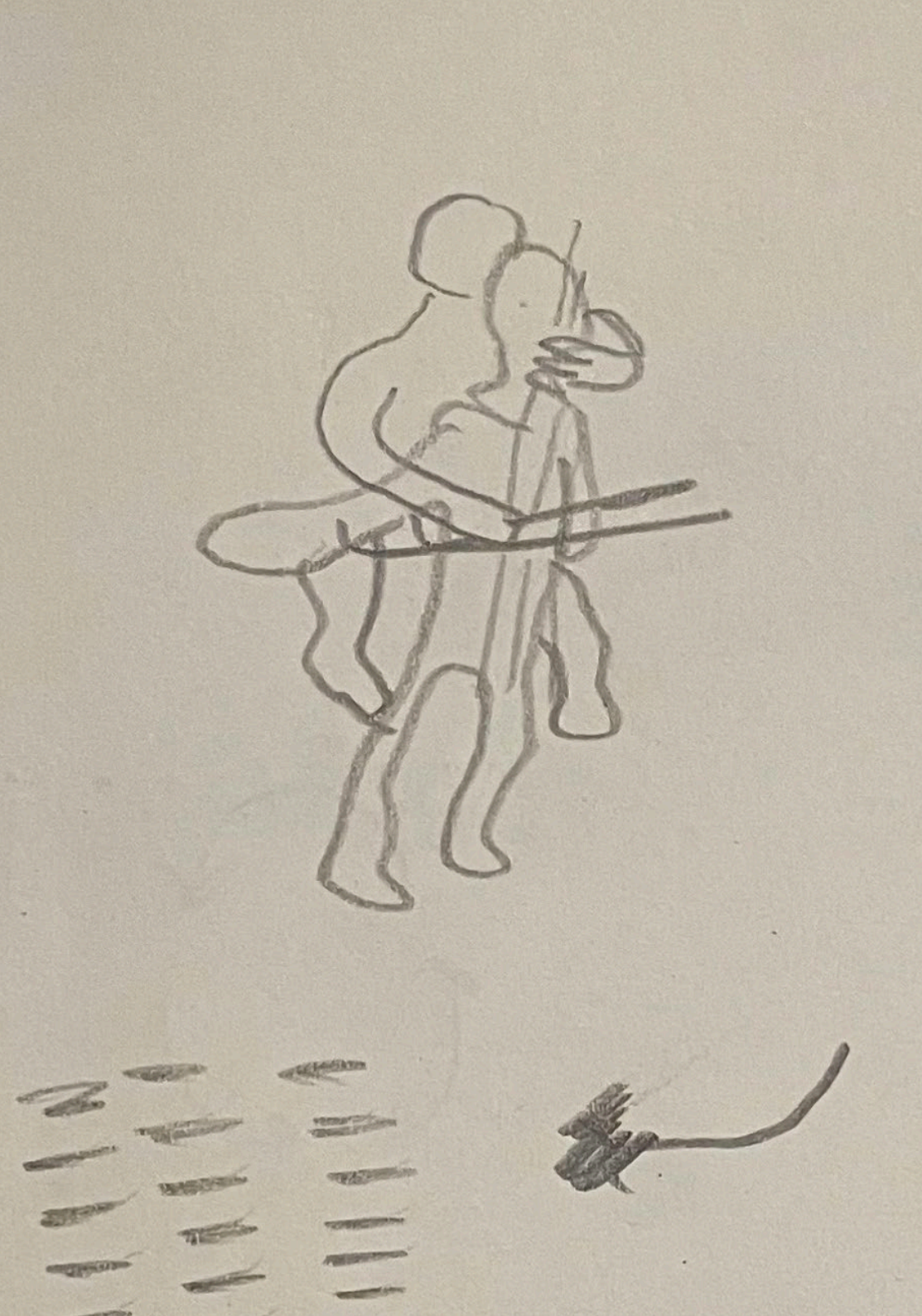
Jazmine Deng

David Moran

Playing an instrument your whole life is an incredible joy. The rigorous discipline of practice in contradistinction with the cathartic release of performance creates an endless feedback cycle for both improvement and fulfilment. However, the instrument can also pose problems. Creative problems. As an improviser, I often feel desperate to avoid repeating myself, trapped, both by patterns of previous playing and a brain that is wired to think through the cello as a cello. Collaborations, especially

cross-disciplinary ones, help me to forge new ways forward. They can bring about a collapse of the instrument as it previously existed, both mentally and in its relationship with the body. Working with Jazmine Deng has been one such example. Jazmine's approach is marked by curiosity.

She has interrogated the cello from the outside in, examining the physicalities of its play and sonic capacities with the intensity of a highly skilled artist and the playfulness of someone handling the instrument for the first time. By bringing outside objects into our field of play, Jazmine has expanded both the sonic resources of our performance and helped extrapolate the gestures of cello play onto a broader canvas of performative movement. It has been a pleasure and an inspiration to work with her. Helmut Lachenmann, one of the most important modernist composers of the latter part of the twentieth century, describes composing as building a new instrument. In our MUD:Collapse performance, this ideal is realised both in its most literal sense, and in the creative attitude that pervades throughout.





Dance the War of Proximity

Polyvocal making and the performative power of young bodies in the face of the adult gaze.

by Tina Stefanou

Dance the War of Proximity was a performative and site-specific action that took place on Kaurna Country, April 24-28th for the 18th Adelaide Biennial of Australian Art: Inner Sanctum.

I'll begin this writing from the present, in the afterglow and collapse of the work. When it folds and splatters across the frontal lobes like a foggy dream, what remains is a confused discourse around public collection, the function of the late-stage State Museum, and the physical, economical, and emotional exhaustion of making this type of action that is both generative and depleting. But what glows amidst the fogginess is the tenderness and fierce bravery of young performers who took on complex sites, created worlds within worlds, and, most importantly, formed friendships. This evades the adult gaze, it even hypnotises it, permutating a new coming-of-age politic through the remixing and recoding of signs, symbols, and beliefs. They sing to us: "I Wanna be the One that Walks in the Sun" a gentle demand to be heard not told.

The cultural (un)commons are full of managerial clowning—smiles, greetings, and tight jaws. There is a politically correct struggle to keep the wheels of acquisition, presentation, and public engagement lubricated long enough to avoid a total fall into neoliberal totalitarianism. In this populist wasteland, right-wing MPs currently threaten what is acceptable to show in the museum to young people and how art functions in public spaces.

Art acquisition is not a democratic process, and the opaque ways in which public museums fund and make choices around the cultural commons

should be scrutinised by the public. However, with the current attack on important long-time inhabitants of the AGSA collection, such as Marc Quinn's "Buck with Cigar" (2009) and Patricia Piccinini's "Big Mother" (2005), we can foresee a spiralling trend towards paranoid Abrahamic values and the unravelling of the function of the public museum. Dare I say, collapse.

"Dance the War Proximity" was a work with twelve performers, some under the age of 18, with the youngest being 12 years old. These performers moved through iconic sites: a summit, a zoo, a garden, and finally a room at AGSA entitled "Being Human." They surrounded the problematic sculptures, humming, grunting, and wailing around "We are All Flesh," a taxidermy work featuring two intertwined horses by Berlinde de Bruyckere. This piece

receives daily complaints from the public. During the rehearsal period, I encountered an older man visiting from Greece who yelled at me: "Aftó einai téchni?" (This is art?). "We are All Flesh" challenges public perceptions of art and how it should make people feel, prompting them to confront their own ethics around animals, death, and the archive.

The four-day action was a success, and by success, I mean the success of feeling the feels. Performers, producers, the institution, the public, cinematographers, sound engineers, parents, artists, and collaborators all felt a sense of connection and elevation—a collapse into each other's fields that comes only from collectively crossing a threshold.

I don't have enough time to detail how the work was made: the unpaid labour, the in-kind kin, the repetitive

strain injuries from failed grants, the 50+ phone calls, texts, and emails to schools, parents, and locations. The countless hours of thinking, chewing, and sweating through the institutional context of the work. The magical time getting to know the young performers and creating a fluid and safe space with Lily Potger, Celina Hage, Alice Hayward, and Jennifer Greer Holmes was joyful, sidling the suffocating and anxiety-ridden feelings of making it in the so-called scarcity of the Australian art market. Through this process, I discovered a truth now at the forefront of my practice—my drive and purpose for making beyond the new aesthetics of careerism inspired by middle-class+ Boomer+ neoliberal logics.

All this is for another time.
Back to the collapse and the glow.



One Nation MLC Sarah Game has launched a petition calling on the Art Gallery to “relocate inappropriate statues to protect children.” This happened a couple of weeks after the finale of “Dance the War of Proximity.” AGSA requested a snippet of the documented performance to post on social media, as nothing looks better than a bit of high-end social practice. Without any pay, I asked my long-time collaborator and cinematographer Wil Normyle to edit a minute of that finale. We sent it off, and upon posting it, the gallery quickly took it down due to the “perverse” sculptures featured within the performance and the possible blowback from the Christian right-wing. However, they have told me they will repost it and have asked for a quote from me to

accompany it. This is what I gave them:

“In the process of making and presenting the work, I witnessed the young performers delicately intertwine their bodies and voices within spaces marked by complex histories of collection, acquisition, and surveillance. The public museum remains a crucial arena for these conversations. The performers exhibited exceptional sensitivity towards each other’s diverse perspectives, experiences, abilities, and sensory orientations, nurturing an environment where differences weren’t just acknowledged but celebrated as choreographic and vocal material. They engaged in a poetic discourse that didn’t privilege any singular voice.”

Across history, art has consistently challenged norms and sparked dialogue, exemplified by the global scrutiny of public art collections from various political spectrums. As artists and custodians of cultural heritage, how do we confront the hostility towards symbols, objects, and ideas? In our performance, Adelaide’s youth leaders navigate these tensions by partaking in a dance of proximity, disrupting conventional notions of acceptability and prompting contemplation on whose perspectives are regarded as universal. Through humming, singing, and movement, the ensemble embraced discomfort not as a barrier but as an opportunity to collectively shape-shift their identities and narratives. The decision to centre this exploration around “We are All

Flesh” and the room entitled “Being Human” was a deliberate embrace of the museum and its inhabitants as a poignant stage—an agora, a cross-generational meeting place transformed into something softer, more porous, and relational through the embodied experiences and voices of those most affected by presumptions about what is best for them.”

Stay tuned to see how the gallery and the public respond.

Now, let’s turn to something from within and without the noise of paranoid adult gazes.

The performers and collaborators.



Lily Potger

Collaborator and
Performer, 24

Reflection on day 1 of the process:

Arrive softly into this place
Somewhere here is a sludging landscape crossing sky...
Rippled hillsides slide by one another in a chorus of wicked sounds
Sliding into captured wastelands, foul to the eye of a careless being (free?)
Dreamers of lands lush with fertile grounds.
Here is where we begin to breathe.
Here is the stillness.
Let us stay here.
Standing firm.
Firm feet in soft dissolving ribbons of earth and silver.
As they rise across sky, bodies of youth birth new dawns.
Wailing and screaming...waiting.
The violent nature of birth.
Growth.
My teeth are sliding through my flesh.

What are they looking for?

What are these bones looking for, bone troubled by growth, their bones
cracking into this world.

Stretching through flesh and blood, their endless and ferocious call a song
of ageing.

Bones call to skin, "come closer, I need you"
Youth is a pace we never get to savour.
It's already ending.

A virtue of growth until, finally, blood...

In my final attempt to savour the softly terrifying experience of youth.
Blood.

The essence of child departing from my own body, blood.
Free at last to care for the thigh it rests on.

Pulling below me, an ending of youth and a twisted invitation to grow up.
Yet instead we lay here together intertwined with the violence of our
existence, carrying it, caring for it. Floating into captured lands between this
place and other. Cracking open portals of longing for the careless to see
through, mothering those lost to this world.

We the children that fly.

What is it's to view youth?
Vitality, soft, smoothness...

Warm blooded, wandering planets in instinctive curious states.
Is this what they fear?

Are the envious of our light footedness, our abilities.

Emotional and physical in comparison to our mobility.

Are they worried for us, or truly for themselves?



Kaz Rodgers

Performer, 19

The program started out as a small workshop for like-minded performers wanting to try something new. The workshop centred around the performers getting to know each other, developing different ways to use our body and voice to express ourselves and to develop our confidence in improvisation work. I found this workshop to be really freeing as I didn't know that my body could move in so many different ways or that there were endless ways for me to express myself through movement, it was really wonderful to explore that in a safe and nonjudgmental environment.

The workshop went on for a few weeks every Saturday and then after that we started rehearsing at four different locations, The Adelaide Zoo, Adelaide Botanical Gardens, Mount Lofty Summit, and

the Adelaide Art Gallery. During the rehearsals it was really exciting to go to all these places and show our work to the public but also a bit daunting not knowing how the public would react to this form of performance. Eventually the anxiety of performing went away because we were all together in a big group and it truly felt like a safe space where even if the audience judged us and didn't appreciate the art form, we still had each other.

Something that I felt really showed this was in the solos that each performer took, in my solo for example it was a call and response technique where I would sing a phrase and the group would repeat or respond to that phrase, so even in the solos, we still felt part of this group that we could trust and fall back on if we needed.

Sahara Solimon

Performer, 13

Everyone had the chance to have their moment in the spotlight but didn't feel pressured too, there was no such thing as a bad solo or bad performance because it was all improvisation, and it was up to the soloist what they did with the space and how they constructed their solo.

Overall, the program was really successful and incredibly welcoming to performers of all ages and abilities. I remember being concerned about whether I was going to be a valuable performer for the program, but Tina made sure that everything was safe and accessible for everyone, and it made me realize that this is the way it should be especially in the performance industry. I'm truly thankful and glad to have been apart of something so wonderful and to have met such amazing and lovely people along the way.

Working with Tina Stefanou and rest the incredibly talented youth ensemble and workshop leaders was such a memorable and amazing experience. From the humming to the abstract movement, to the positive atmosphere, it was such a beautiful thing to be a part of. At first, I had no idea what I was getting into, but I soon started to get connected with the artwork and the amazing community that was created over the weeks. It was quite an incredible project to be involved in and it made me realise that the public aren't so scary.



Scarlett Jankowiak

Collaborator and Performer, 13

Two or three months ago I would have never imagined myself performing with a wonderful group of people and artist Tina Stefanou. When I walked in on the first day of this beautiful project, I had no idea of what I was getting into. I was nervous, scared and stepped out of my comfort zone. But with Tina and the amazing group after the first lesson I felt comfortable and connected to everyone. Throughout the week I would get excited to go back to see everyone and to have a different experience. Finally, as it came to the rehearsals, I was thrilled

to start and extremely excited for the performances. Throughout the rehearsals strong relationships were made with everyone, as we had spent two days together and all became closer to each other. As the performances arrived, I pushed myself to create new sounds that I had never made before and moved in a way that I never thought I would, and this was as a solo and with the group. I absolutely loved this experience and working with such a wonderful group of dancers and people and would love to do it again.



Cooper Faull

Performer, 19

Can anyone hear me? Anyone there? I need to talk to you. If someone's there, give me a sign. Tell me that you're listening!

Oh good, there's someone who does care. Look, this is really serious. This so called "competition" is not fun for me.

It's not fun for us.

That game that you all played with us has taken my brother and my sisters from me, my parents, my grandparents, my friends, they're all gone because of your silly competitions. The game has to stop now!!!

You value the feelings of yourself. But where are your values for the environment around you? Where were those values when we were suffering from your games. I'm just as valuable!!!

Me and my tree community are the last of our kind, the last of this generation. Yet, we must be controlled and monitored instead of free. This isn't what we want!

This isn't what we want!

We are telling you; this is not what we want!

What we want is a life of freedom. A life of ease. A life where we aren't constantly being watched. We want to be free!

Don't take us for granted. Treat everything and everyone with kindness and respect. Don't end up like them...there's still time!

There is no time to waste. There is no time to waste. There is no time to waste.

Dance the War of Proximity

Credits

Tina Stefanou, Dance the War of Proximity, 2024, performative action and live filmic event, Mount Lofty Summit, Adelaide Botanic Gardens, Adelaide Zoo, Art Gallery of South Australia, 24th-28th of April, six hours.

Creative producer

Jennifer Greer Holmes

Co-choreography and performers

Lily Potger, Alice Heyward and Celina Hage

Youth ensemble and co-choreography

Victoria Mackay, Kaz Rogers, Cooper Faull, Scarlett Jankowiak, Jade Porter, Maree Fong, Sahara Soliman, Jazmine Deng and Indigo Fossey

Live film documentation

Andrew Kaineder and Wil Normyle

Live sound documentation

Nick Steele

This work was made and witnessed on Kurna Country.

MUD ZINE
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