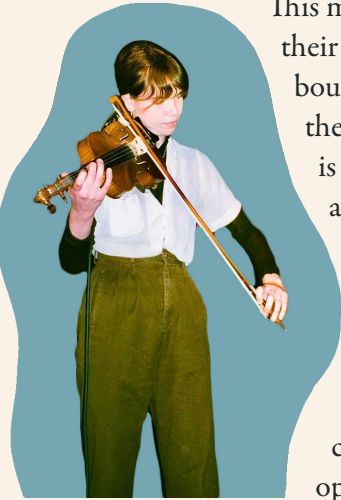


THIS MONTH



This month's guest curator is Thea Martin, who extends their MUD set as an invitation to all. Straddling the boundaries between workshop and performance, they strive to create a space where everyone's voice is essential and heard through sonic meditations and spacious sound worlds. The boundaries between audience and the band will be dissolved as together, all explore a series of text scores (musical scores made solely out of language, like cookbook instructions or poetry) that allow for the relationship of audience, to performer, to composer, to space - to be flexible, entwined and open. Thea will be joined by an exciting group of

emerging musicians; Maria Zhdanovich (flute), Clara Gillam Grant (cello), Brandon Bartholomeusz (saxophone), Miles Farnan (percussion) and Sam Wilson (electric bass).



ARTIST
INTERVIEW

Q. What motivates your work and what's inspiring you at the moment?

A. I've had to work really hard to understand who I am authentically.

Falling outside of normative culture meant being a part of it, realising it didn't make sense for me then finding the freedom in myself to navigate outside of that. At 30 years old I feel like I finally understand all the ins and outs of myself and this has helped me fall into my confidence. This all ties in with the



CURATORS
PICK

~
In Praise of Blandness
(Chapter IX)

Crys Cole

~
Violin Phase

Steve Reich with
choreography
by Anne Teresa de
Keersmaecker (video)

~
Honeyed Words

Anna Meredith

~
This Must Be The Place
(Naive Melody)

Talking Heads

~
Storm

Godspeed! You Black
Emperor

performance and passion I have alongside current music projects and DJing. It's about letting go and being free which is super liberating compared to hiding the beautiful parts of myself because they felt too weird compared to what was accepted by greater society.

ARTIST INTERVIEW

an insight into Daria H Kolijanin's practice

I hope to inspire others to let their inner beast out and be free in your own world. The more we do it the easier it is for other people.



Q. How do you conceive of beginnings and endings in your work?

A. My work is super free flow, driven by anxious energy and a chaotic mind. I'm still learning a lot about music gear so when I get up and play in front of people it is terrifying and exhilarating. The start is a trickle of water, sowing seeds for the new world. We journey, all of us, as a single consciousness into the unknown and enter the void. Life explodes around us, heart beating faster, nobody really knows what is going on but it's a shared euphoric energy that intoxicates us all. I gently bring us back from the clouds, touching down. The after-care and nurture after a new experience together. We're still not sure where we went but we all felt something and it was real and beautiful. Intrinsicly human.

Q. How do you contend with the challenges of living on a damaged planet?

A. I cry a lot. I listen to music with sweeping harps that help me feel like I am entering a new utopian landscape untouched by capitalism. I climb on top of buildings to watch sunsets and disengage from the worlds below me. I speak to my chickens and say "hey you are very cute today and all days". I create my own spaces to feel safe in. I feel sorrow and pledge my allegiance to this planet and treat her as gently as I can.

Q. Do you have rituals that help you create?

A. Making a creative womb is important so I can fall into my body and not get distracted by my environment. Atmospheric lighting, candles and incense. My special lamp always gets turned on for heightened creative flow. It's a fibre optic flower bouquet inside a box case and it harnesses grand power beyond human comprehension. Watching Thunderdome videos from the 90's and parasitically absorbing the collective energy of their gacked nation right into the back of my brain stem.

Q. What advice do you have for fellow humans and non-humans making stuff?

A. I was always so scared about baring my creative soul and parts of me still are. I thought I had to be perfect and refined before showing others because it can feel vulnerable showing a half baked idea. BUT the more I do it the more real it feels, showing the process, showing growth, being a human. I am a huge dork that is clumsy with big emotions and feelings and that comes through in my practice. I've always learnt the most from throwing myself in the deep end, saying yes to things I don't feel particularly capable of but it pushes me to get into gear and produce something. In Adelaide, I feel particularly lucky to be surrounded by super supportive communities. People uplift and share skills which is such a privilege. Ask for help if you want to learn something, watch tutorial videos, get amongst gigs that you feel suit you, surround yourself with like minded crew. EXPERIMENT, JUST DO IT, BARE YOUR SOUL, SHARE, UNLEASH THE BEAST.



SKORPION KING FT. ZAMINKAND
THE BAIT FRIDGE X SLOWMANGO
@ THE LAB, ADL

Sand Steps

For Percussion, Flute, Saxophone, Violin, Cello and Voice (Ideally cello and voice should be performed by the same player)

This score contains elements intended for collaborative rehearsal prior to performing.

I: THE STEPS

A drum beats the frequently regular sound of the footsteps of one upon the sand.

The drum beats alone.

II: SOUNDS OF THE SAND

Once all have had time to feel this motion as a part of the space, the Sand Sounds begin to be heard *underneath the footsteps*. Each instrument can be added gradually or simultaneously. Allow the Sand Sounds to gradually come into the collective awareness, shifting the focus away from *the footsteps*. Allow the drum to gradually die away. *The soles of the feet are microphones for the sand.*

Each sound is to be rhythmically linked to the drum. Alternate between the sounds and silence as desired.

The texture is sparse. Allow for dialogue between the instruments. Explore dynamics (from the extremities of softness to a speaking voice), colour and register as desired.

The Sand Sounds are as follows :

Voice (Cellist)

Vocalise: Shhhm shhhm - phrasing sharply off the 'm'

Vocalise: Sink sea sink sea - elongate the 's' sound and experiment with accents

Flute

Send a delicate spray of sound upwards. The sand grains kick up off the foot.

Saxophone

Find a leaning, pressing sound, followed by a sinking. The sand shifts under the foot.

As desired, allow the sinking to descend further. The foot sinks further into the grey-blue shadows of the rippled surface.

Violin

Tease out a gentle grating and scratching. The surface of the sand gives way.

III: TO LOOK OUT TO THE SEA

In rehearsal, together seek a state of quiet contemplation. Each player is to take one sound imagining to consider. How vivid can your sonic image become in your mind?

Can you imagine the sound of two grains of sand rubbing against each other?

Can you imagine the sound of sand running through your hands?

Can you imagine the sound of the sand being moved across the dune by wind?

Can you imagine the sound of sand becoming concrete?

Can you imagine the sound of sand becoming glass?

When you are ready, use your instrument as a vessel through which you respond to the sound imagining.

In performance, each instrument is to begin sounding in the order of the sound imaginings listed above. When the final instrument enters, sustain the collective texture. At a predetermined cue of choice, all players will abruptly resolve into silence.

IV: TO DANCE IN THE SAND (is to draw with toe tips and heels)

Draw melodic or textural arcs across the space. Allow the sounds to move freely and openly, with fluidity and perhaps a sense of searching. Draw your sounds across the ground and through the air. Throw them up, down, forwards and backwards. Offer them to all.

To continue (in any order, as many times as desired):

1. Weave your melodic/textural shapes with others.
2. Play independently
3. Imitate the shape of another
4. Resolve into silence

When your legs, your feet (voices, minds, sounds) start to become weary or heavy, its time to come home.

The drum beats again. The melodies gradually resolve to silence.

The footsteps walk alone, home.

“Take a walk at night. Walk so silently that the bottoms of your feet become ears.”

Pauline Oliveros

Text scores are a site of balance for language and sound.

Scores allow us to transfer ideas. They can be both a template or a starting point. Also called verbal notation, event scores, or instructional scores, text scores developed out of the experimental music scene of the 1950s, particularly in America. Text scores not only transfer ideas, but invite us to ‘realise’ the ideas through increased elements of indeterminacy, calls for improvisation, collaboration and creativity. They use only words to instruct, describe, prompt or guide a sound-making (or imagining) process. Some are instructional and direct - like a cookbook full of instructions for creating specific sounds. Some are allusive and abstract, poetic even - opening up an increased breadth of potential sonic experience that notes on a stave cannot access.

Sand Steps is a piece scored in text for a small ensemble (percussion, cello/voice, flute, violin and saxophone), written during August of this year after I took a walk on the beach. I tried to walk so silently that the bottom of my feet could become ears. I listened and listened and listened. I found so many delicate, scratching and sinking sounds. I tried my best to write them down.

The score functions as a guided improvisation within a narrative structure, and is an exploration of the sonic associations of sand as we interact with it – both imagined and real. The process of scoring draws upon my own pedagogical values, the Sound Imaginings of Pauline Oliveros and La Monte Young’s score: “this piece is a little whirlpool out in the middle of the ocean”.

- Thea Martin

a very muddy story

Writing, like anything else, takes work. And self-loathing. Or that's what I'm finding so far, in my three seconds as a 'writer' on this page.

Some writers are really good at telling stories, but I'll warn you now that I'm not sure how they do it. Some writers are just really clever with words. And as far I'm concerned, that takes toil and pain and at the risk of repeating myself – self-loathing.

So, I'm going to throw caution to the wind and do neither. This isn't a story, and this isn't clever. (Oh, I forgot about the category of writers who are 'raw', or 'searingly honest' as critics like to say. That's also not me, and it's not what you're going to get).

Stories are just various subjectivities packaged up in interesting ways, and you're not going to see all sides of the wrapping until you unwrap something.

For instance, there're characters. Central to every tale, apparently. I could say to you, well this character suddenly notices the trees outside her house have pink, mottled skin. The kind of pink that is shocking on a tree. How is it possible that the same trees that have cut up the sky outside the front porch for over three years are now suddenly burnt skin pink?

Is it because she's less depressed this spring? But if we follow the character around, we know this is probably not the case. She often says, "I feel shit," (or "I don't feel that good," when she's feeling less emphatic) even when no one has asked – especially when no one has asked.

The moral of this story is: futures are fragile, and they peel and peel and change colour. And characters are malleable. One time, I wrote a story and the editors said sometimes they were confused by which of the two characters the story was about. That story was about never seeing crows. It didn't matter about the characters.

Now, let's just go back to the moment I said 'for instance' as if I was going to give you an example of how stories are packaged subjectivities. But instead, I went off on a pink-treed tangent that didn't really have an end.

Back to stories – they’re also wrapped up in plots. And, we’re taught, plot and story are not the same. For instance (yep, don’t expect a coherent example), the character who suddenly noticed pink trees. Let’s say she decided to stay on a bus to the end of the line, just so she could finish editing some audio (another character quirk! ha! try getting her mixed up with another character!). And on her way home, she noticed a galah’s pink crest blooming from the grey of the sidewalk. And of course, the rest of the galah, but she only noticed that second. Why? Why did she notice that second? That is the plot. The story is simply that she was walking down the street in a faraway suburb after spending far too long on a bus and she noticed a galah’s pink crest on the sidewalk. And then she got home to those damn pink trees. See, I get it – I get the difference between story and plot at some fundamental level. But I don’t really believe in it.

Just like I don’t believe in setting and conflict and resolution. Of course, this isn’t revolutionary. I mean, postmodernism has been and gone. I could, if I wanted, have started this story at the point when the character’s dad burnt his arm when checking the oil in their van. His arm was peeling, like the trees, and the comical pink was encased in brown pigment, like the trees.

And the plot would be – why does the character remember this? And the conflict would be, when does the character remember this? And the setting would be where the character remembers, and the resolution – well, I haven’t figured that out yet.

But after the resolution, we forget about the character, and the pink trees, and the burnt skin.

And so, back to stories. Their function is to hold things in a way that fits in our shelves (read also: palms, hearts, wherever you store stories). So we can finish a story and forget. So we don’t have to carry things, creaking under the weight of remembering everything.

In summary, or as writing manuals would call it, the resolution:

There is none, ever. And sometimes, characters are all the same and the setting is a blank page on InDesign. Go find conflict somewhere else.

Anisha Pillarisetty is a journalist and writer living and working on unceded Kaurna Yerta. You can keep track of her haphazard online presence via your favourite search engine.

But What of Waste?

One-Pot Bin Beauties

by Kat Keane (Master of MUD GRUB)



Waste of time, waste of resources, waste of energy, waste of effort...What could be worse than waste? And while this obviously presents an excellent segue into unpacking the dull details of my last relationship, there is actually another waste faaar more challenging for me to get over food waste.

Surely this a topic far more deserving of the countless songs dedicated to wasted love? Particularly when you consider that the health of the planet is irrevocably compromised in the pursuit of production, while a quarter of its human inhabitants' struggle with food security... and yet, still a third of all the food we have is WASTED! So, in the absence of any top 40 hit which manages to capture my feelings about food waste (however, definitely still worth an exploratory journey on YouTube), I want to use this little soapbox here – one finally given to me without any coercion on my part – to suggest some simple, delicious ways to upcycle the food waste that we may encounter. Every month I bring you recipes which are inspired by the rewards of recent expeditions to my local supermarket bin, with some “hot tips” woven in throughout cringey attempts at humour.

This week the IGA bins gifted me a box of mushrooms, and the Bridgewater community garden supplied a massive bunch of thyme. So here's the recipe for the gluten free, vegan mushroom gravy that I'll be serving at MUD this week :)

GET TO IT:

1. Chop 1-2 onions, a bunch of sage and thyme, and a shit tonne of garlic.

1.1 Keep all the garlic and onion skins & herb stalks in a container in your freezer with all your other vegie scraps until it's full, and, or you've got something important task you need to procrastinate. Then, chuck it all in a slow cooker, cover it with water, overnight on low.

2. Drain in a colander, compost the scraps, and jar the liquid. Hey voila- you have vegie stock!

3. Heat olive oil in a big pot with a lid over low-medium heat. Add the onion, garlic & herbs. Cook about 8-10 mins, lid-on, until really soft & translucent.

4. Meanwhile, slice the mushies (im using +/- 1kg here) and then add them to the pot. Let em sit a minute, then stir them in with the onions.

5. Add some pepper. Sit, stir, sit, and then when they're glistening like the forehead of some gorgeous athlete exerting themselves, add salt and let them soften and darken.

6. To your mushies add a few tablespoons of tamari, balsamic vinegar, and miso paste. If there's brown sticky bits at the bottom of your pot- great! (as long as it is not smoking/on fire).

7. Add a dash of vegie stock to lift and scrape all the flavour up with its flavour-enhancing bubbling. Scrape and stir everything. Then add about 1L of vegie stock and bring to the boil.

TO THICKEN THE GRAVY:

1. Cut one potato into quarters, and submerge it with a cup of raw cashew in the mushroom mix for about 25 mins.

2. Take it out and blend on high until completely smooth. Pour this blended mixture back in with the mushrooms. Stir, stir, stir (it will look weird at first) until the combined mix is boiling.

3. Turn down the heat, and simmer for five minutes until the gravy is thick (should coat your wooden spoon).

4. Check seasoning - *ALWAYS TASTE YOUR FOOD* - does it need salt/pepper?

5. Serve with mash potatoes or pureed cauliflower with nutritional yeast & crunchy fried shallots!

MUD



DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

Making, creating, and co-directing under FLESHSOUP, Lily Potger takes dance into a warped realm that stretches the absurd, dark and silly and ridiculous.

This UK Australian hybrid returned from London and crash landed into Adelaide in 2021, since then, alongside Andrew Barnes, FLESHSOUP has delivered strange and peculiar performances for club nights and festivals across Australia, focused on creating new spaces and experiences for dance.

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.

*We would like to thank
Daria, Anisha, Thea & co, Kat and Lily for
their contributions to this months MUD*

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

*Emrah designs these publications.
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