

then do you
treasure life.

Once I picked a petal and it
became the most beautiful
ever if only for a second.

one nightmares dreamed
eternal shame.

late but a dark prince
really rests.

shows in a state of
anxiety... but for how long?

we may because what we
create is a world we are
discover.

lose resistance which
notically denies across

February 2005



ESSE 16
MUDLIFTER

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, Nicolas, Daria, John, Claude
and Dominic for their contributions to this months
publication.

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

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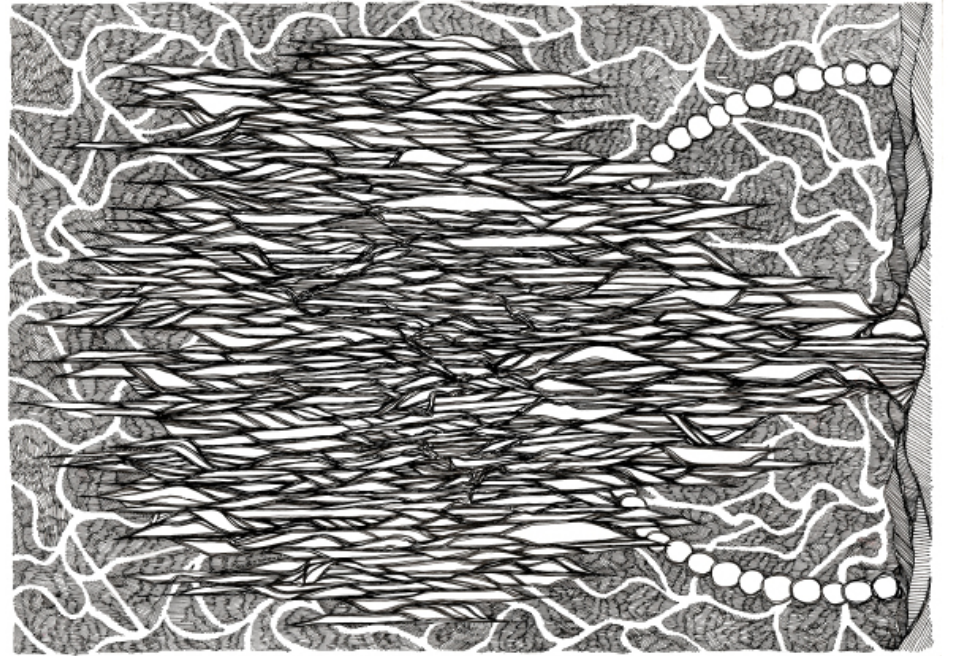
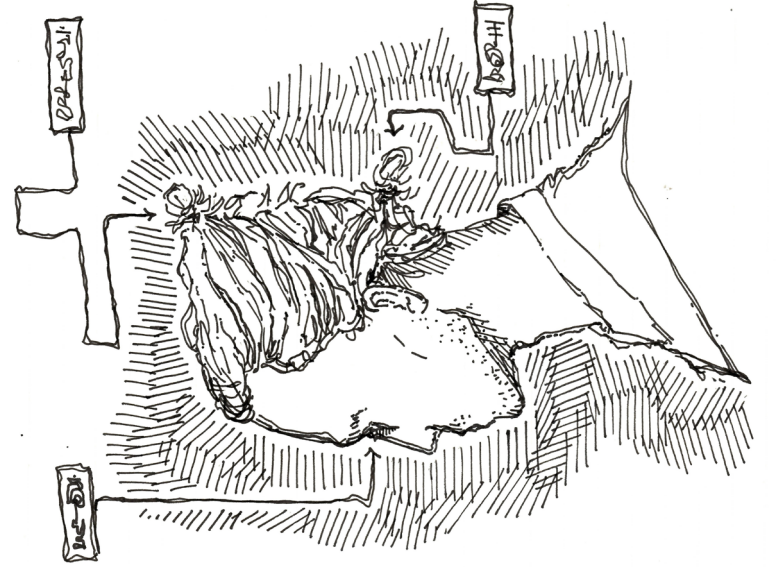
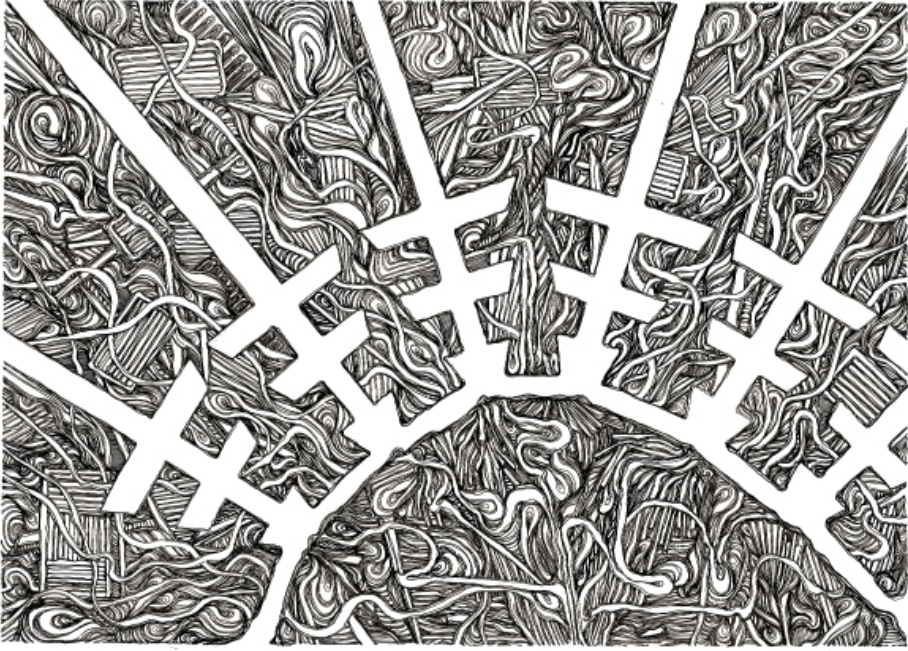
Our minds are constantly overwhelmed by the stimuli of our surroundings. Lights, shapes, forms, people; all of these interconnected things require endless attention. Once stripped from context, however, they have the potential to operate with their own independent agency. They can be liberated from preconceptions about what they could mean, and simply exist just to be, leaving us to view them in isolation from everything else.

This dynamic of abstraction is the main focus of these works, as they take elements of familiarity and elevate them into something entirely strange and new.

OBSERVATIONAL ABSTRACTIONS

Nicolas Saccardo is an emerging artist practising on unceded Kaurna Land (Adelaide) and is currently undertaking a BVA at the Adelaide Central School of Art. Working predominantly in the fields of painting and ink illustration, Saccardo explores the abstraction of familiar scenes, shapes, and patterns, influenced by observations from everyday life, as well as the unconscious mind.







@sharpening

Self-compassion and understanding
that we slip up and just dust
ourselves... dusting that off and
persevering instead of Doting
and Stagnating...
to stay in Stasis
of self-victimisation
ultimately weakens your will, nurturing
and loving yourself will stoke ur lil
Belly Fire and the glow will ripple
and tickle behind your eyelids and stars just pour
out and the world just becomes so beautiful.
Such a process and resilience
and we fockin' hate that word 'cause that word
aint aint a choice but to be alive after
witnessing such extended periods of
darkness is deserving of a
high five.

Daria AKA SKORPION KING. World builder. Disciple of the cosmos. Draws pictures most nights. Sunshine heart. Has a chicken that sounds like a screaming child.

My pieces are a reflection of some of my night time rituals. As soon as night hits, jazz, metal or classical gets turned on along with our red and yellow lights. A glowing womb of creativity holds me, my bud Dom and our 3rd housemate, Slam-ham (cat). While one of us sleeps the other two create. Through music, drawing, food, games or stretching. Silence can be held for hours straight deep in a focus zone, often breaking out to share a fleeting thought, a giggle, work progress or appreciation of our nighttime ritual. My pieces are reflective of my personal meditation. Stream of consciousness writing through black letter or a reclamation of my childhood font type. Thought flows out and a new world is built. It's always interesting to meet them after.

Find more:
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Claude Creighton

(they/them) is a multidisciplinary artist currently residing in Tandanya (Adelaide Plains). Through illustration, body marking and installation they try to navigate identity through storytelling. Attempting to melt a pot of camp, histrionics, terror and humour.

★ Seashell Music 🐚

Envision yourself in a warm, cozy, friendly light.

It spreads from your heart and reaches everything around you.

Your truest self exists not within this world, but as an oscillating aspect of it with indefinable borders.

Brains blossom and channels of healing arush with surging spectral brilliance, harmoniously in tune with souls who choose to perceive and receive.



Sounds of wonder spread influence in their whispers, spreading mind and self into a conglomerated astral network.

Such blissful murmurs glow from within.

A humble clam polished through a wash of grit and time can yearn and learn to shine with the brightest pearl.

Three silly speeders ramble through a sensible scape with innate sense and sensitivity as their guide.

Join us, we can help you...

With Seashell Music. ★





Dominic Sargent

