

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.

This months MUD LETTER
was curated and compiled by
Blake Broggi-Edhouse

You can find their work
@roarkij on instagram

Thanks Blake!



Benen's developing art practice varies between the mediums of painting, drawing and sculpture to engage with the subject matter of his local surrounding suburbs and living environment. Benen is currently studying a BVA at Adelaide central school of art, and is active in the community through collaborating with other local artists and participating in local community events with his large scale mobile paint wall.



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CUT ME A SLICE OF YOU I AM DYING FOR MORE OF WHO YOU ARE

Jazmine Deng's MUD: HUMUS performance art residency.
Written reflection #001



A performance artwork series in which I navigated my own experiences of familial turmoil, living as a second generation migrant child, within a backdrop of post-capitalism where I am lived to be sold, lived to be bought, lived to be used and lived to be contemplated over... how in our right mind can we reverse these effects of consumer culture? Can we enjoy ourselves and enjoy one another .. Power to the people.

Topic of first performance (6th of September): a sense of destruction, destruction of self, destruction of words, i am fading, fading fading. My sense of self is completely fading.

In September I embarked on what I thought would literally end my life (I talk in very melodramatic ways so just bare with me), but lo and behold, it did not. In fact this act of performing performance art every week for a month elevated my sense of self that much more. I think what I gained the most out of what I do is that performance art carved a place for me to indulge in the utter foolishness of what I am and who I am. To stand, sit, roll, sing

and crawl in front of an audience, is to relish in the mockery of myself and my loved ones and all of what we are. As much as I adore and love this world I feel a DEEP sense of abstraction and bizarity from anything and everything I do, and the more that I jump head first into this bizarity (through sharing that with an audience and consuming myself) the more I can paint a picture of clarity in my own mind. I have tried being 'polished', and it doesn't work for me. To me, everything is connected, and the ways that contradictory things can sit alongside one another is the most powerful thing of all because it means that we can live in a world where we are DIFFERENT and get along splendidly. The way I talk to my mum is connected to the moments I have alone in my bed, laying.

The feeling of eternal peace when I look out of the window and the energy and excitement I get from being able to eat a fucking banana, make a fucking mistake or hear something delightful and profound in which I am moved to sing about it or fuck about it.



Essentially, I want to destroy everything and I want to destroy everyone and this violence I carry with me births out of a sense of care and desire to connect and merge with other people, other objects and my environment (the universe, the world, the cosmos, my mum, my dad, my sister) and I explore these boundaries and these spaces of intimacy and voyeurism because of my own childhood in which exploring emotions was fraught. I want to feel like we are all physically close. I want to have no barriers between me and you but that is not how the world works. We live with barriers and structures and uniform and formalities. To be able to let go and release myself is the ability to be free, and isn't freedom, liberation, the most important thing that we need?

I had titled the entire month's performance work 'cut me a slice of you I am dying for more of who you are'. The way that I talk about dying, killing myself, death and violence is something that I hope you don't take too seriously. I hope to view death and dying as yet another pathway for being present, and not in the suicidal and sadistic sense...

These are fast words written in a pressured time frame. Chew them slowly and decide what you would like to spit out or swallow.

Thank you to all of the delicious souls behind MUD: Kosta, Mungo, Kat, Liza, Madi, Zander and anybody who was able to make it to see the shows and anybody who has given me any support. I think I speak for all of us when I say that we are eternally grateful that we've been able to foster yet another space for radical and experimental performance to take place.

I'll be writing a handful more of these (hopefully a bit more precise) in the MUD newsletters to come. Keep your eyes peeled.



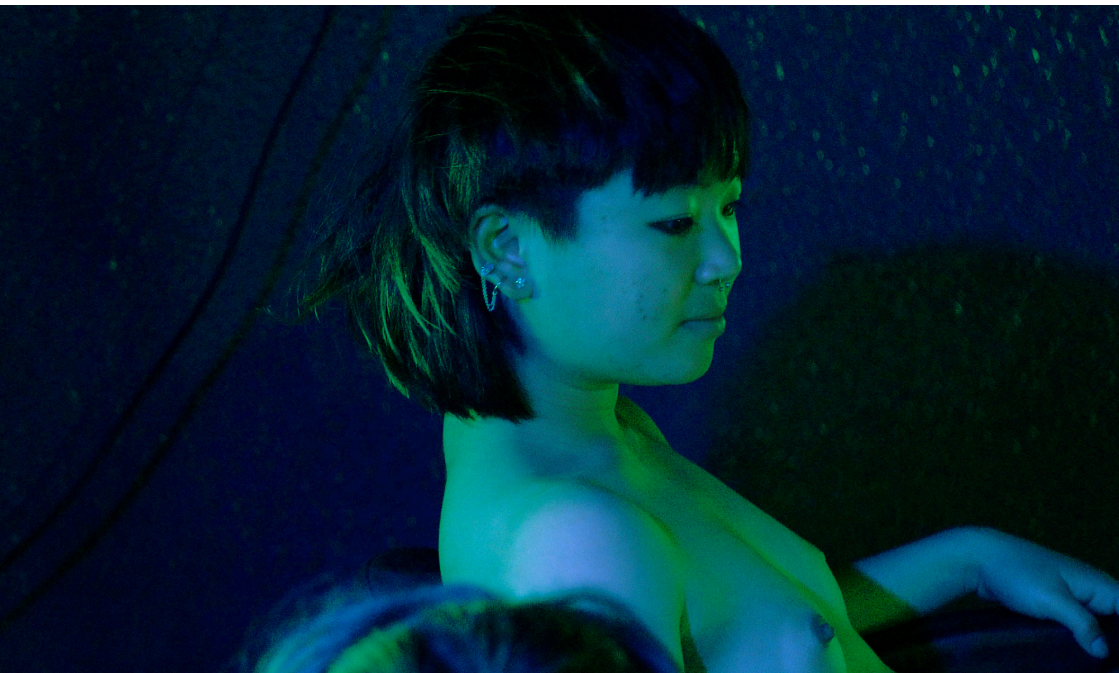
Find more of Jazmine's work here

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Jazmine Deng is an artist who grew up on Kaurna Yerta. Their practice spans video, sculptural assemblages, paint, text, installation, performance and dance to critique notions of intellect and value. They prefer not to make anything new, but rather listen and respond to what is hidden within the mundane. Cultural, familial and emotional dissonance provokes much of their work.

They graduated from Adelaide Central School of Art in 2021. They currently have work showing for a group show, Pendulum at Nexus Arts as part of OzAsia. In November there is so much (.. play, eat, sleep, rest) I can finally see you now will be presented at FELTspace ARI.

All photo and video documentation by [Liza Savchuk](#)







We would like to thank Jazmine and Benen 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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