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2023

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MUD

ISSUE # 17

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, Aleda, Morgan, Chiara, Gilbert  
and Blake for their contributions to this month's  
publication.

If you would like to contribute to the newsletter and  
the MUD community, email [mudmusicart@gmail.com](mailto:mudmusicart@gmail.com)

Zine cover and zine curation by Blake Broggi-Edhouse  
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well your hands will Walk

would the spirit MAGNIFICENT and alive

fiddle around expanding stakes

as POLITE passengers come

the accelerating world dreams

But We must never quiet away

Burning more personal tongues

Chance demands another one.



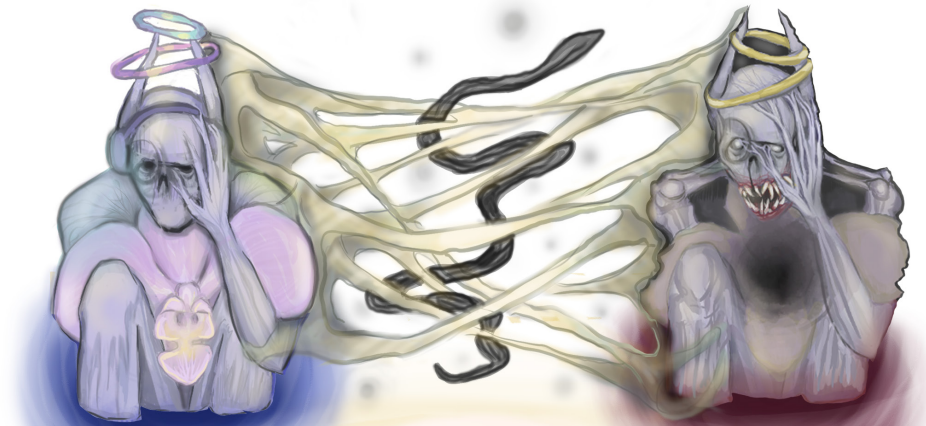
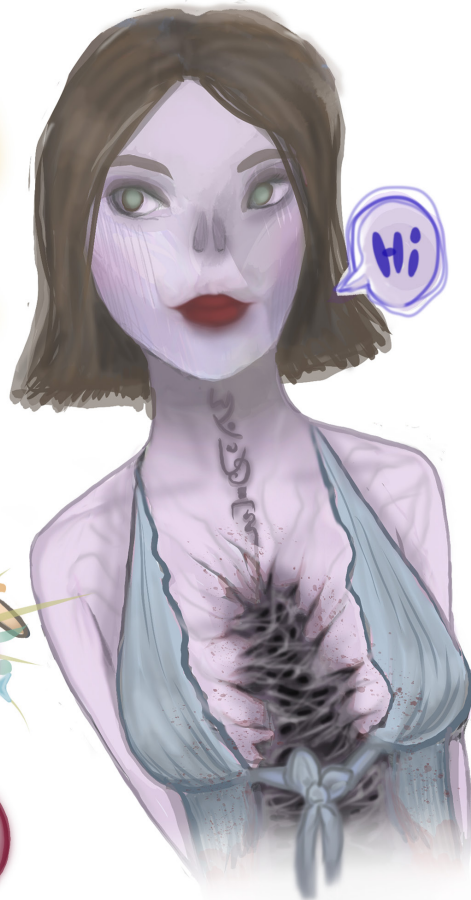
Aleda Laszczuk Morgan Barry



@whimsi.world

Instagram

Digital artist and painter Whimsi, blends the cute with the creepy in the liminal space between dream and nightmare. Imagining a world blended by her inspirations: from the wholesome animations of Studio Ghibli, to the dystopian surrealist paintings of Zdzisław Beksiński. The heaviness and ugliness of the human condition are visualised in elements of horror. Yet, a playful innocence and curiosity of her childhood self seeps through, creating a pastel whimsical wonderland.



Angels can also be frightening





Suburban window into the soul  
 Watching, waiting.  
 The couch buckles,  
 And never seems interested in "what's on."  
 Ever so faintly whispering,  
 I am alive.  
 Watching, waiting,  
 Static excites.

Piece by Gilbert Garden

Below you, in the sleep of matter as if in a womb  
creatures, feed your blood with a binding substance,  
This is the dwelling, of the mighty shape, shimmering, in animal skin.

It most likely arose as a wispy vapour; implanted in the human soul  
A presence that has no specific center and is not confined within one single body,  
It sometimes appears in the quivering form of a sustained breath in flux.  
through which the word itself behaves like the living air, floating and boundless

Powerfully tumbling, like no other force.  
The present leaps into a vast multitude of different bodies.  
carved out of dormant sunlight  
You feel the spirit of this embodied invisible phenomenon  
as the inescapable, crisscrossed webworks, of wandering, endless change.

Whose dwelling was nowhere  
in the depths of his cavern, adding tears to his waters,  
he was drowning his cosmic remains

and death smiled.

he was buried away in the ocean

so far away.

Piece by Blake Broggi-Edhouse

# MY TIME AS THE CURATOR OF THE MUDLETTER

**September 2022 - April 2023**

What led me to my current role as primary curator of the MUDletter began in August of last year when I was revisiting my fascination with the comic book medium and wanting to create my own and find ways to share them. Pondering a community-driven publication that would allow my art to drift among the warm currents of the local subculture, I realised MUD to be a perfect fit.

After my first foray into comics for the MUDletter of August, I was asked if I wanted to bring people together for the following issue as curator. I gladly accepted the opportunity as I am forever excited by the possibilities of collaborating in the creative community. Something so intrinsic to the world of MUD.

I began to reach out to people who I'm grateful to know as friends and whose work and practices I admire. I enjoyed bringing their pieces together as part of a medium that many hadn't been involved in before, and there were a bunch of other little globs of satisfaction across these months from working with people who I knew or got to know more through this process.

I didn't end up including any more comics over the months that followed, but being in control of most of the production meant that my contributions could exist as the front cover of each issue. Stylistically, I travelled back to my roots and gravitated to doing detailed hand-drawn illustrations, similar to how I used to do when I got more serious about art in high school.

Extensive time was given to coming up with and producing the final artwork. Each month I brainstormed potential themes that would either run alongside what was occurring in the MUD realm for that month, or pluck something from realms beyond that could perhaps shine a different flavour of light to the happenings in the bog.

This is my final month as curator for the MUDletter (for now?), and I feel privileged to have been a part of MUDdyshpere, creating wholesome collaborative art pieces in the form of monthly zines. A big thank you is in order to all who have contributed your wonderful and diverse array of visual and text-based pieces that become snippets of various local creative scenes and practices. I'm sure in the future I'd like to return and expand on what this beautiful little publication could be.

Thank you again to all who have contributed and to all those who have shared their time within the pages of these issues. Again I will say, if you have anything you want to say or share with others, the MUDletter is a fitting space for just that! Anything that fits in with the ethos of improvisation, collaboration and community is very much welcome! (or anything else, really...)

**MUD loves you!**

**Blake Broggi-Edhouse**



