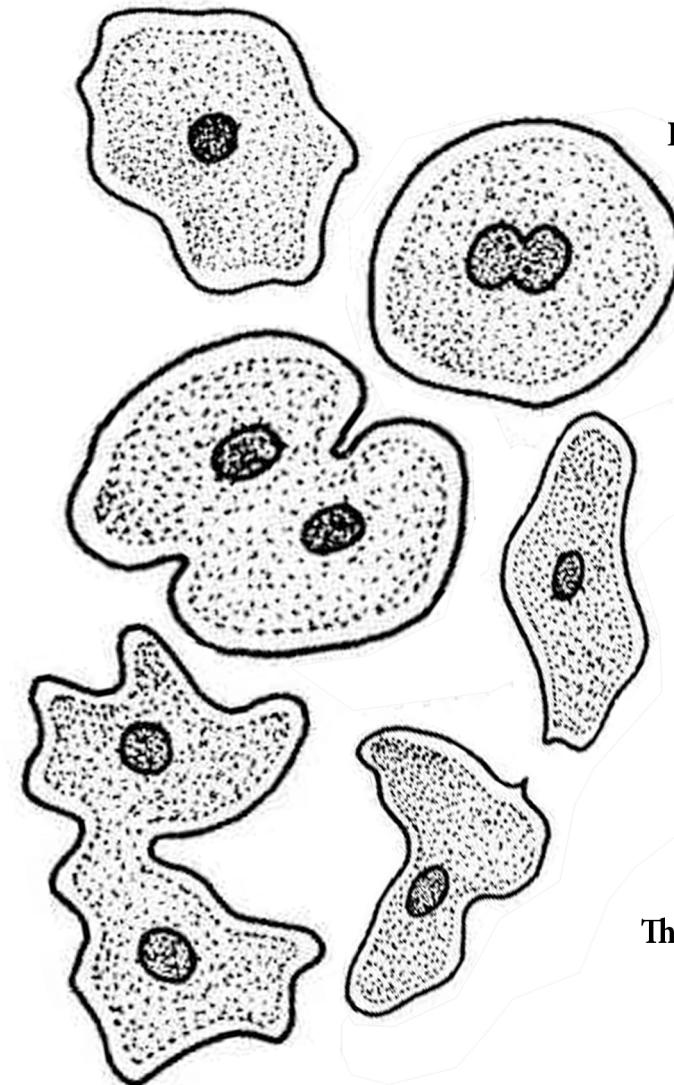


Yuck 'n Yum

Autumn 09



Dylan Drummond
Edward Shallow
Catherine Weir
Ben Robinson
Ger O'Brien
Barry Scott
Nero Acrilico
Sarah Laing
Gayle Meikle
Rob Birchall
Neil McIntee
Ewan Manson
Paul Milne
Steven Crichton
The Unknown Artist

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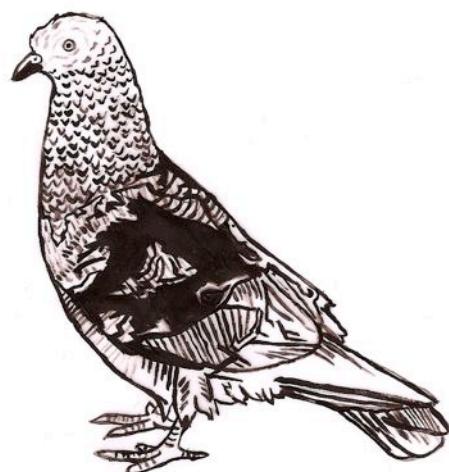
Say hello to our hot cover stars... the 6 shapely amoebas of the quarter!

We think you'll agree with us, they really put the PHWOAR! into single-celled organisms.

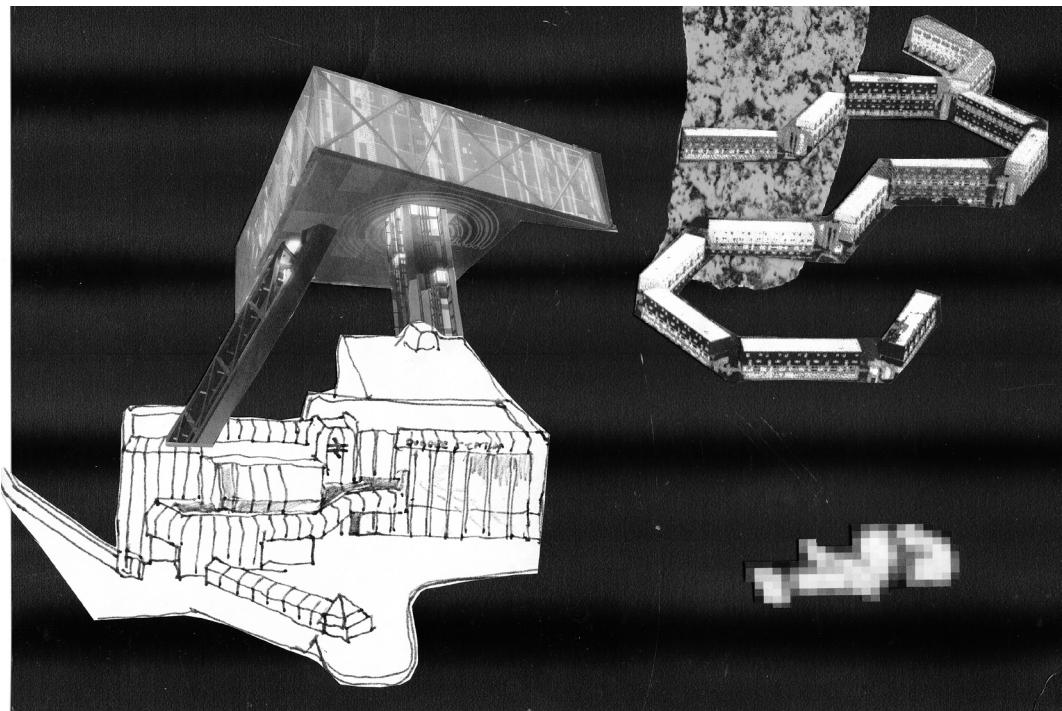
They may be of indeterminate gender, but their curvaceous forms ought to get any red-blooded guys and gals out there hot under the collar. It's enough to get our microscope lenses all steamed up!

Yuck 'n Yum

CONTENTS



- 4 Ger O'Brien : Fig.1 Great Buildings of Our Time
- 5 Neil McIntee (aka Box) : flyerandposter040909drawingandsound
- 6 Rob Birchall : Alignment
- 7 Dylan Drummond : Time Regained
- 8 Gayle Meikle : What Keeps Mankind Alive?
- 10 Barry Scott : Immolation
- 11 Sarah Laing : Hollow Pursuits
- 12 Steven Crichton : A Sudden Sinking Feeling
- 14 Paul Milne : Inspiration
- 15 The Unknown Artist : The Adverntures of Toby Turdo
- 16 Ben Robinson : Poison-Soaked Pages: Les Chants de Maldoror
- 18 Edward Shallow : Broken Horses
- 19 Catherine Weir : A Conversation in Potion Cafe, Brooklyn NYC 14/08/09
- 20 Nero Acrilico : I Wanna Fly Away
- 22 Ewan Manson : I Used to Have Money and You Used to Call Me Honey



With you love a ...
And I see more than I
If you were really south of me
I would reached it for you

I wanna fly away
I wanna fly away
Over.. Lover..

I wanna fly away
I wanna fly away
Over.. Lover..

What is a Dream?
A man put us in cry
What is a Dream?

The song put us in satisfy

When I'm so alone
I cannot believe to my heart
Let we nothing to do
I can't forget about you

When you love dance alone
I am dancing for my life
If you were the sound of me
Our wishing cry for you

I wanna fly away
I wanna fly away
Over Lover
(on the)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LXEftVipf4M>



Nero Acrilico, *I Wanna Fly Away*

(Transcript from Italian TV interview with Blue Russell, 1984)

“...with Blue Russell, I Wanna Fly Away. Blue Russell, what is the name of the song?”

“I Wanna Fly Away.”

“You are very beautiful, all made up with candy-pink lipstick and your emerald eyes and your hair is blonde corkscrew curls.”

“I am here to perform a song, I will wear a metallic vest cut to odd angles with a big voluminous skirt to let me strike a series of vogue-like poses as I mime. The lyrics are hard to decipher but their meaning is clear. I will sing of escape and fantasy, and the shimmering dramas of the song will work their spell with the stage set’s drab functionality. The rapture is hidden in all those places between. It’s buried in moments when the sync between live performance and playback tape doesn’t correspond, when the dancing is led by a choreography of the bedroom mirror, when the clothes aren’t co-ordinated, when the whole presentation totters on the edge of ruin. I seek to embody the essence of amateur spectacular showbusiness, of Artforum Readers’ Wives, of living through the lipstick and glitter smeared cigarette end last days of disco.”

“When you talk about the lyrics, are they important to you?”

“Not as a platform to actually say what might be meaningful, but more as an artfully crafted set of syllables enunciated in a just-so sort of way to trigger many poignant emotions. They have an inherent truth. This will trigger speculations spanning the whole world some twenty-five years into the future.”

What is a Dream?

..., Does de Devil cry?

What is a Dream?

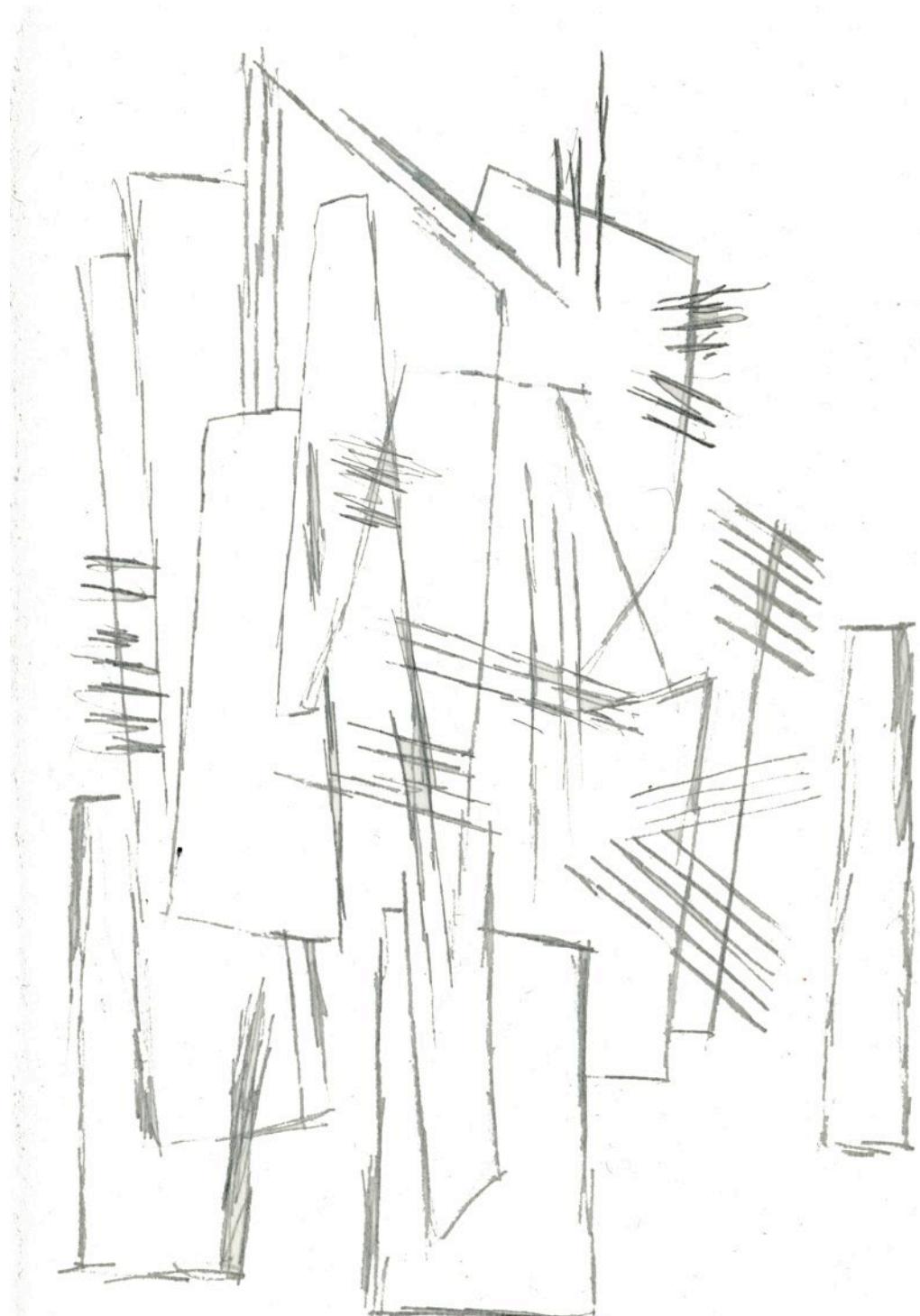
Listen good, does it sound the sky?

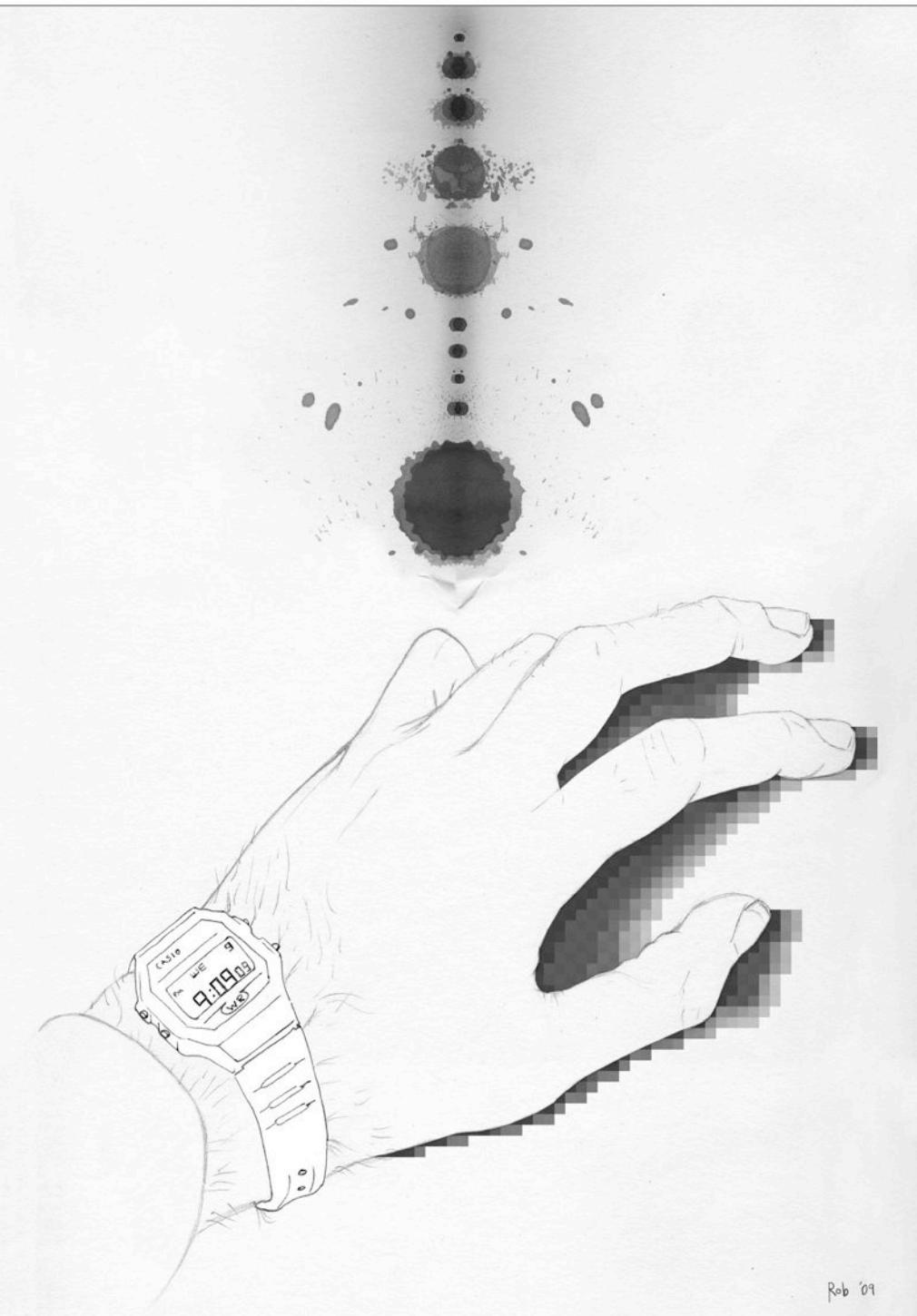
When I’m so alone

I cannot believe with my heart

Let we nothing to do

I can’t forget about you





a conversation in potion cafe, brooklyn nyc 14/08/09

1 - i found him outside on the ground. do you mind if i leave him here for five minutes? i want to find out what to do with him.

2 - yeah, no problem. where did you say you found him?

1 - just outside, down the street a little bit on the pavement.

2 - and what are you going to do with him?

1 - i don't know. he looks kind of sick. so i'm going to go upstairs to my flat and see on google if there's a number i can call or...

2 - you know, i don't mean to sound pessimistic, but they're notoriously hard to save once they... i mean it's really unlikely that...

1 - i know, i know that. it's just.... he looked so scared and alone sitting there, i couldn't leave him. i at least want to try.

2 - i know, i understand.

1 - so can i leave him here with you for ten minutes while i run upstairs?

2 - no problem.

1 - thanks.

the end

(translation by catherine weir)



*with our faces in the dust
we are invincible*





Gayle Meikle : What Keeps Mankind Alive?

An overview of the 11th International Istanbul Biennial

The title of this year's Istanbul Biennial is 'What Keeps Mankind Alive?', taken from Bertolt Brecht's seminal work 'The Threepenny Opera'. It seeks to examine the Brechtian theology that art should reflect politics whilst denouncing the bourgeois classes.

According to What, How & for Whom [WHW] (the curatorial team behind this year's biennial), the modern bourgeois are those who prescribe to the economic model of Global Neoliberal Capitalism that has led to the current world economic crisis.

WHW is a non-profit organisation housed in Zagreb, Croatia. Their mission is to create platforms on which social issues can be discussed through art. They achieve this through exhibitions, events and symposia.

The 11th biennial is focused towards the increasing miniaturisation of global culture, theology and bio-politics. WHW's choice to feature 72% of artists who originate outwith the Western world, coupled with Istanbul's geographical placement and new-found global strength, make this year's biennial an undoubtedly politically-charged arena.

The biennial spans across three sites: Antrepo 3, Feriköy and Tütün Deposu. The sites were dominated by video work, many of which thematically overlapped.

Artur Zmijewski [Warsaw] has two works featured at the Antrepo site: 'Democracies' [2009] and 'Two Monuments' [2009]. 'Democracies' is a multiple-screen installation depicting public political events. These range from the funeral of an Austrian right-wing politician to a Loyalist walk in Belfast. His observational style illuminates the strong religious incursion within these public demonstrations, but ultimately does not judge these acts of democracy. However, it is Zmijewski's other work, 'Two Monuments', that I find to be more successful. In light of the recent Polish immigration explosion in Ireland, Zmijewski leads and documents a community arts project involving Irish and Polish unemployed. The aim of the project is to explore national identity, commonality and diversity. However, in doing so, social misconceptions and prejudices are revealed. It becomes clear that it is not what the subjects are making that is the piece of work, instead it is a device which the filmmaker has used to explore how these two 'opposing' groups interact, thus examining human interaction, collaboration and relationships.

Ruti Sela & Maayan Amir's [Tel Aviv] 'Beyond Guilt' [2004] further emphasises this notion. The female artists registered on an online dating website and invited men to come to a hotel room in Tel Aviv. It is unclear whether the men were misled about the girls' intentions, however this is quickly overlooked as a party ensues and conversation flows. 'Beyond Guilt' challenges the viewer's comfort zone, addressing gender role, power and

Odilon Redon, another by Salvador Dalí whose delicate black etchings describe the story's central characters made ambiguous through their abstraction and formal disintegration. A 1920 sculpture by Man Ray, *The Enigma of Isidore Ducasse*, is based on a celebrated line from *Les Chants* describing the character Manfred being "as handsome as the chance juxtaposition of a sewing machine and an umbrella on a dissecting table". The artist wrapped a sewing machine up in wool and tied it with rope in tribute to the titular simile. The underground filmmaker Kenneth Anger began his attempt at an ambitious two-hour adaptation in 1951 but soon ran into problems. "The people who called themselves 'surrealists' were furious – this group of punks threatened me – they didn't want a Yank messing around with their sacred text. I just told them to go to hell!" The few completed sections of the film are held in the Cinémathèque Française archive with their exact whereabouts unknown, and the project was eventually abandoned due to lack of funds. Since the 1980s the book has been referenced by experimental musicians such as Nurse With Wound, Current 93 and Coil, and has inspired lyrics for the goth bands Bauhaus and Skinny Puppy, while the noise act Maldoror comprises the Japanese musician Merzbow and the ex-Faith No More vocalist Mike Patton.

What unites all these disparate Lautréamont-affiliated projects is a willingness to go beyond conventional structure, combined with an acceptance of dissonance and noise, of the readymade and of chance as integral parts of the creative process. What must also act as a significant source of inspiration is the mystique surrounding the book's elusive creator. As Ducasse himself wrote in the epigrammatic companion volume *Poésies*, "I will leave no memoirs", and in *Maldoror*, "I know my annihilation will be complete." To this day a plaque at the site of Ducasse's death quotes from *Maldoror*: "Who is opening the door of my funeral chamber? I had said no one was to enter. Whoever you are, go away."



Poison-Soaked Pages: *Les Chants de Maldoror*
by Ben Robinson

May it please God that the reader comes equipped with patience to forgive the following shortcomings. It's customary when appraising a writer and their work to sketch out a few biographical details, to explain their personality and to mention a few friends and contemporaries. Well let me tell you right now that in the two extant photos of Isidore Ducasse we see a dark, slightly haunted-looking young man of fastidious appearance, neatly bow-tied and sporting the merest hint of a moustache. Born in the Uruguayan city of Montevideo and schooled in Paris, he wrote *Les Chants de Maldoror* between 1868 and 1869 pseudonymously as the Comte de Lautréamont, a handle he took from a popular gothic novel of the time. He would die in his domicile in 1870 aged 24 and on his death certificate "no further information" was given. That's really all. His translator Paul Knight notes, "His life and his death are utterly consistent in their mysteriousness and impenetrability."

After its first publication in the original 1868 edition, *Les Chants de Maldoror* had lain unread and neglected for many years. A chance discovery by the surrealists in the 1920s led the movement's founder André Breton to describe the book as "the expression of a total revelation that seems to exceed human possibility", and its influence has run like a black thread through culture's tapestry ever since. The book has been described as unreadable, with numerous scenes of sadistic violence and with its central character Maldoror appearing as an unrepentant child murderer, a master of disguise and the sadistic shapeshifting incarnation of pure evil. There's no plot in the conventional sense, as the book is an extended prose poem written in a variety of literary registers that contain all sorts of digressions, asides and provocations. The cast includes hermaphrodites, whores, children and gravediggers as the book rages vehemently against God, the human race, the novel and the reader.

Despite all this, over the years it has inspired artists, writers, filmmakers and musicians alike. One early reprint was illustrated by the French Symbolist painter



social taboo. As the film develops, references to war and the atrocities the men have committed [all have a military background] begin to consume the conversation. The film's intimate setting, focused on human relationship, means Ruti and Maayan successfully depict a society overshadowed by an omnipresent war.

Nevin Aladağ's [Van, Turkey] work 'City Language I, II and III' provides a welcome break from the constant repetition of conflict, protest and mock-militarism evident within the biennial. Aladağ creates poetic vignettes of Istanbul: 'City III' is a single screen shot of hands clapping – with each clap the hand changes to different citizens of Istanbul whilst the sound of the claps resonates throughout the space. This is a simple yet effective work as it visually depicts diversity within the city, leaving behind an overt political agenda which I felt many of the works had.

Overall there was a feeling of claustrophobia, particularly at Antrepo. Many of the works were crammed together, not leaving enough space between artists. The constant repetition of politically abrasive and overt works disengaged the viewer, with the understated often lost within the rabble.

Yet what makes 'What Makes Mankind Alive' successful is its delivery of a tightly-curated theme evident through meticulous attention to detail. The collective assumes the role of militant-cum-Neoliberal Capitalist: from the delivery of their opening speech, carefully choreographed in a militaristic style – all four on stage standing to attention, projecting their voices, clearing their throats in unison; to the dominance of red and black in the publications that are saturated with statistics and graphs. They poke fun at traits associated with the military, capitalism and activism, thus reinforcing their theme that art should reflect politics.

11th International Istanbul Biennial 12-09-09 'til 08-11-09

<http://www.iksv.org/bienal11/>
http://www.culture.pl/en/culture/artykuly/os_zmijewski_artur
<http://www.infocusdialogue.com/artists/ruti-sela-maayan-amir/>
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