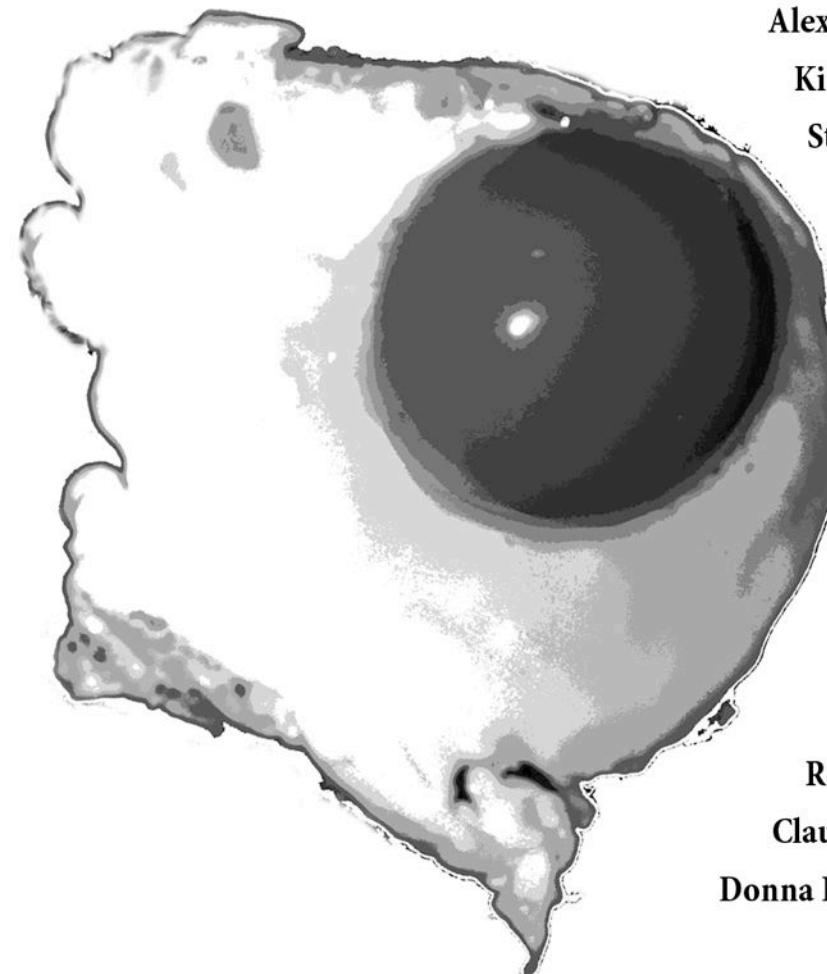


# Yuck 'n Yum

Spring 09



**Eykah Badu**

**Alex Hetherington**

**Kirsty Buchanan**

**Stuart McAdam**

**Eileen Towns**

**Lauren Gault**

**hellojenuine**

**Anna Orton**

**Nadia Rossi**

**Paul Milne**

**Ufuk Gueray**

**Simon Reekie**

**Ben Robinson**

**Kyle McKelvie**

**Robin Thomson**

**Claudia de la Pena**

**Donna Holford-Lovell**

[www.yucknyum.com](http://www.yucknyum.com)

Supported by the Dundee Visual Arts Award scheme.





## Not in this issue:

Showbiz

Recipes

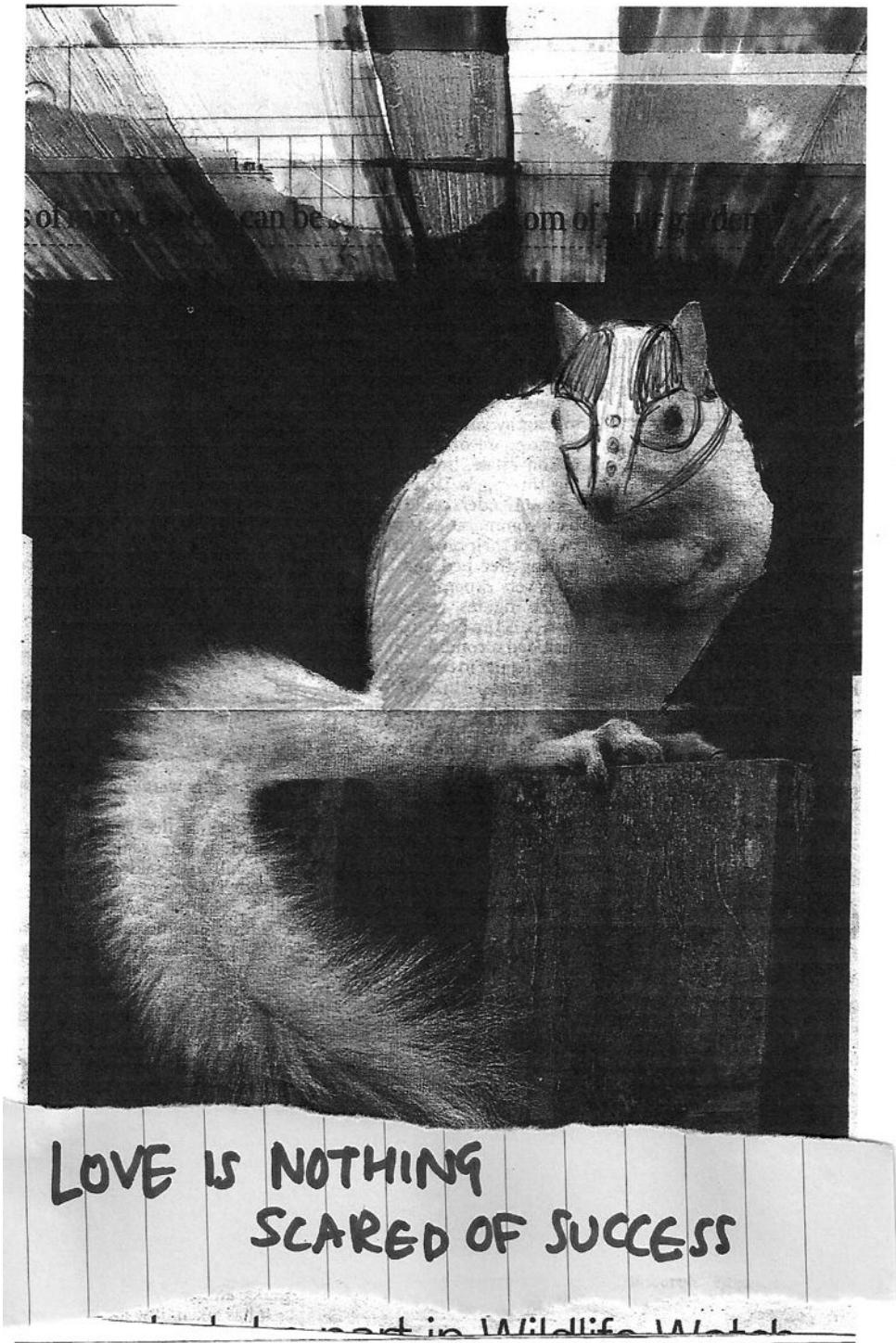
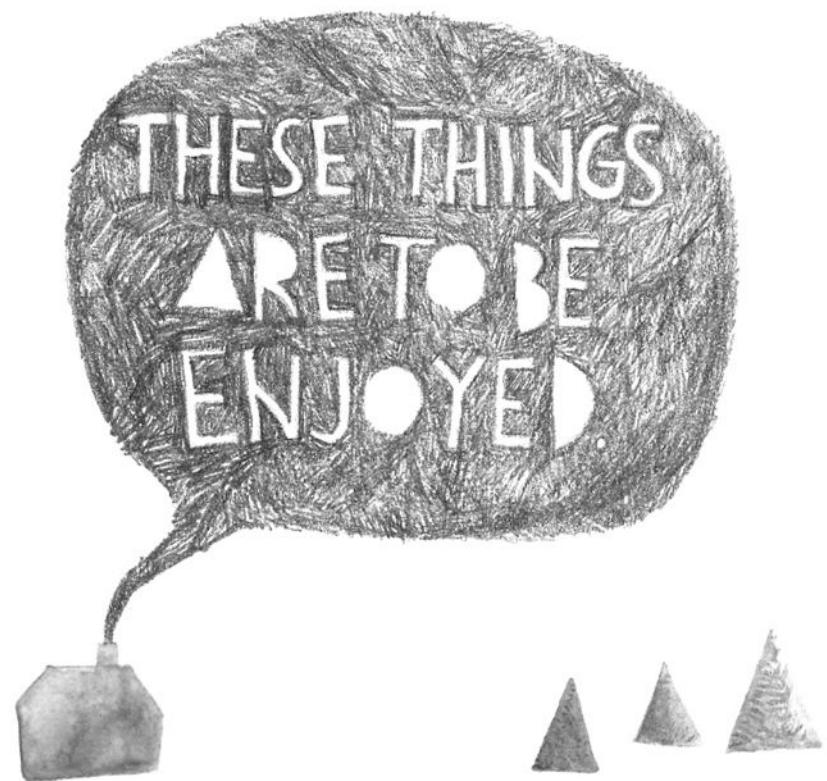
Horoscopes

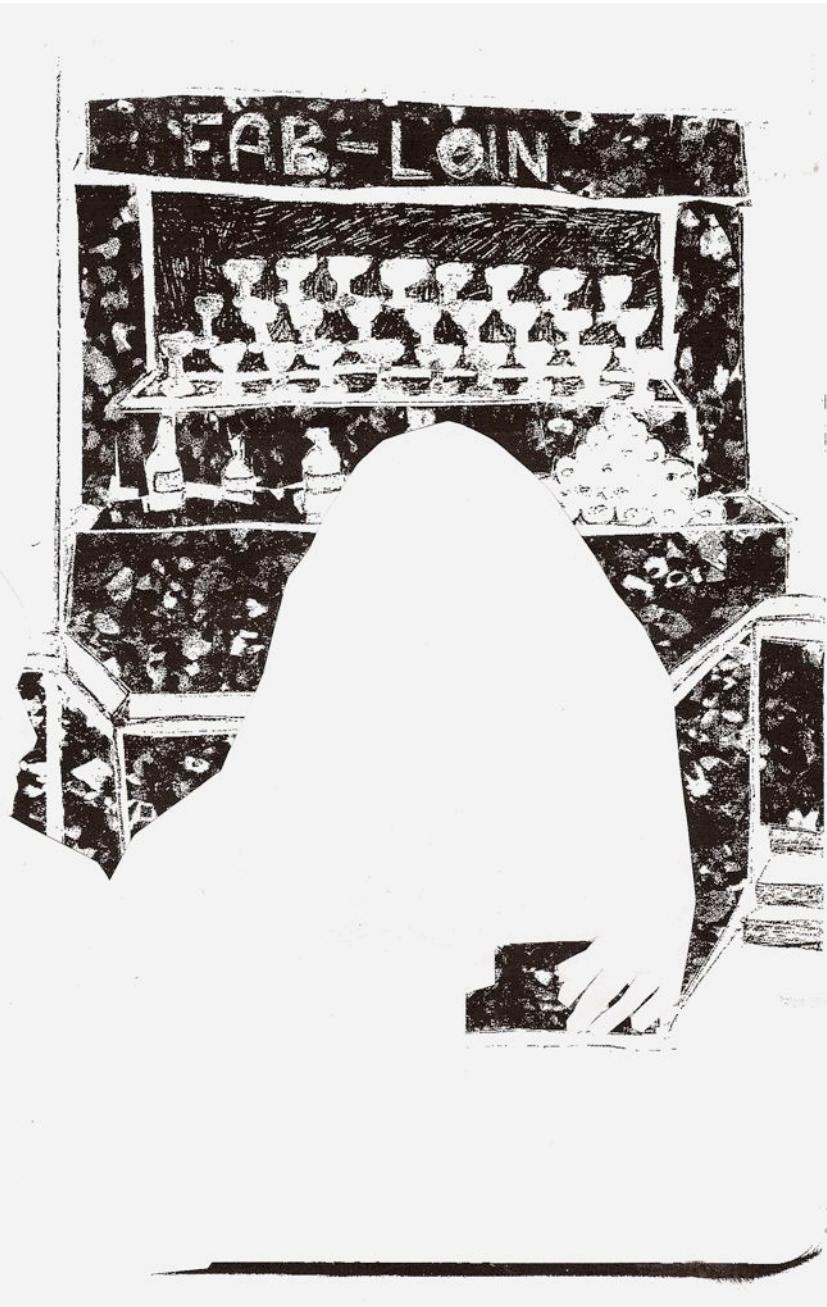
Sport

# Yuck 'n' Yum

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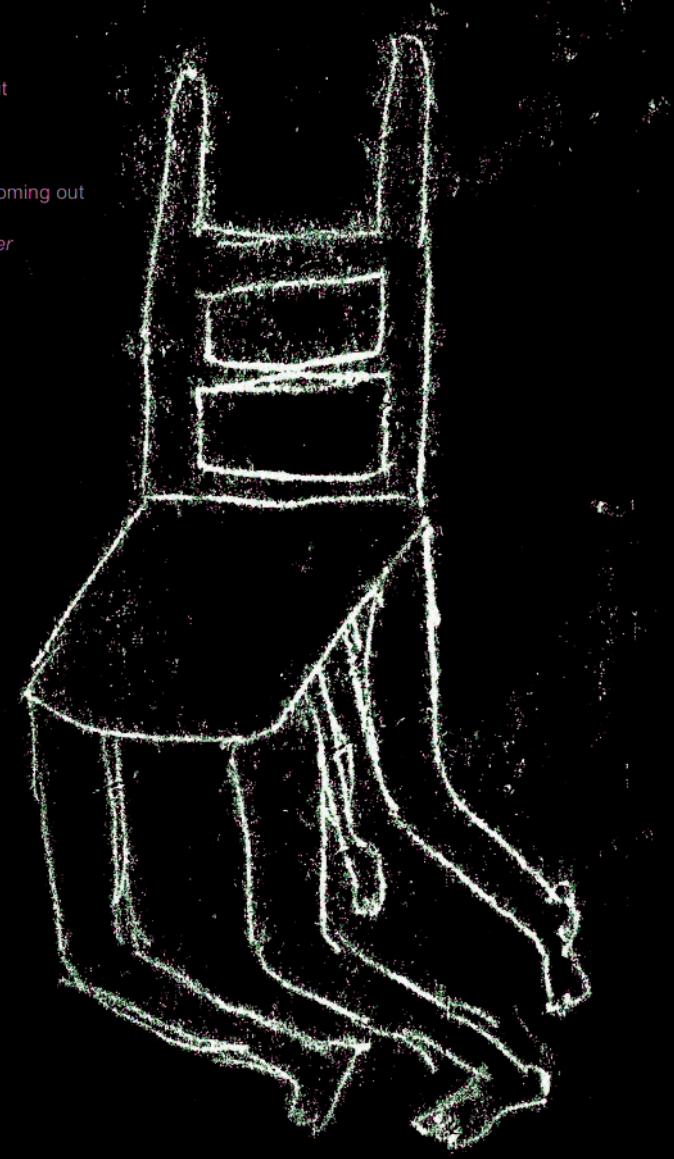
Push Harder

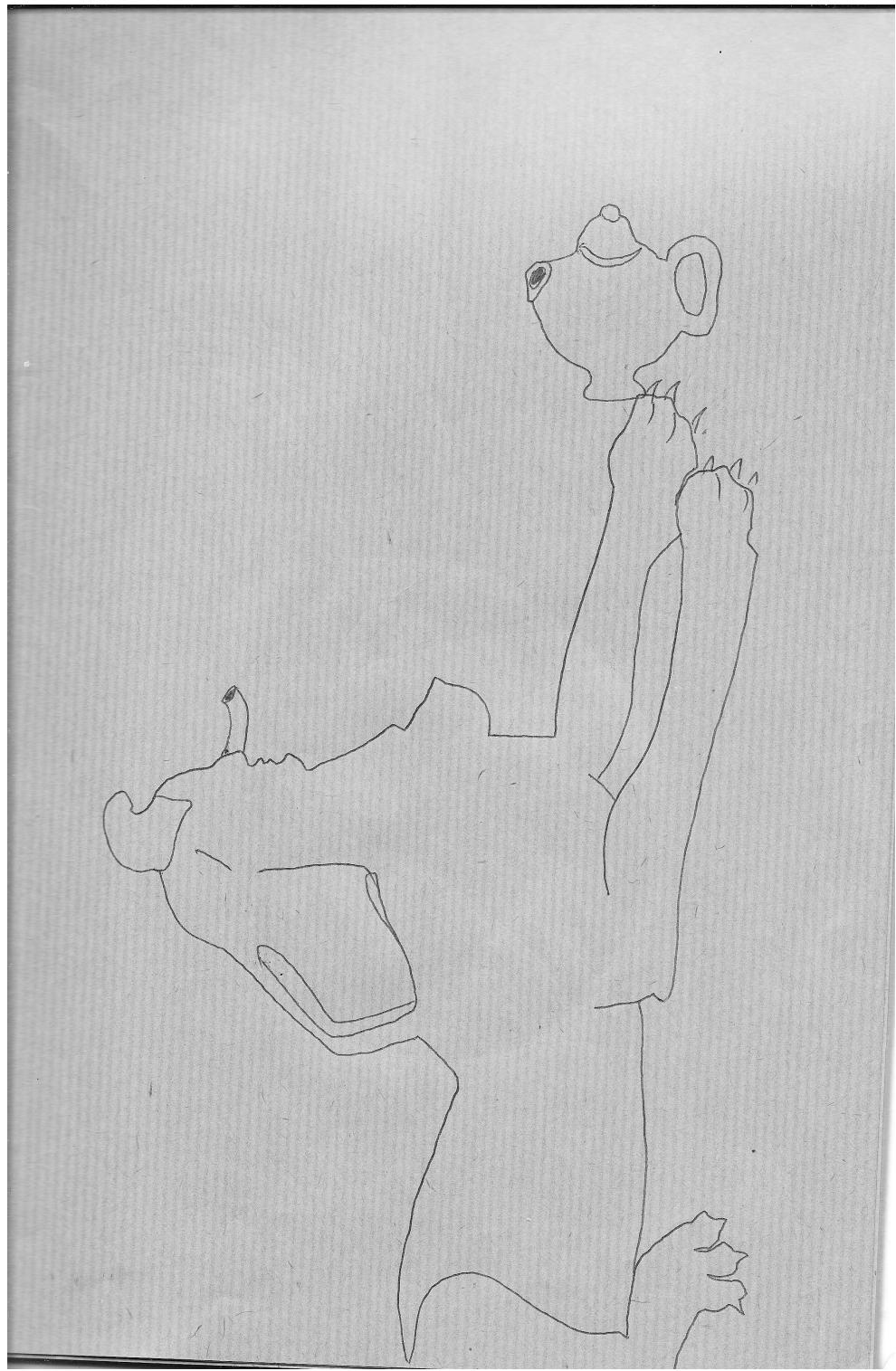
It's not coming out

*Keep pushing*

I am, but it's not coming out

*Well, push harder*







## GANGHUT Utopia

In a cold empty space a watchtower stands on duty. The experiment control parameters are in place. The simulation study begins.

*G4CE August 2004*

It was never clear where this would lead or how it would pan out but the question that needed to be answered was “will humanity win, or does evil always prevail?”

The gang formed quite early on, a sense of ‘prison camaraderie’ was very identifiable and it was this that elevated production. The gatekeeper was also identified at a very early stage and it was not long before a number of volunteers had been ‘recruited’. Each agreeing to a period of incarceration.

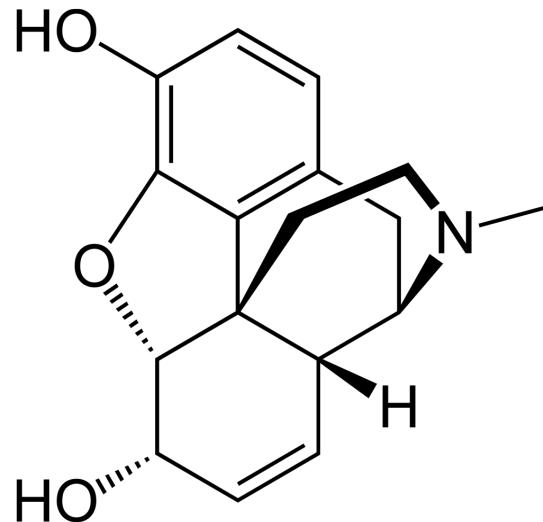
Specific branding started to appear, for example the introduction of the uniform – green overalls. A very masculine choice. The name GANGHUT was adopted. Usable modular structures were constructed around the watchtower, each volunteer playing a particular role. GANGHUT had a home, a community, a common purpose.

Certain fictions or ideologies were used to stabilise social order, ideas of socialist work ethics, unification and utopia. The recruited volunteers became faceless and nameless using only the GANGHUT pseudonym. This technique within a group is commonly used to suppress egos, any past experiences or reputation of a member is eliminated in fear of disturbing the ethos.

That unveiling of the real might well be an illusion brought on by the sudden relief from agony but still. In his 1821 Confessions of an English Opium Eater, Thomas De Quincey would describe this rush of lucidity:

“The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived... placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I RECOGNISED them instantaneously.”

Such access to secret knowledge may well be a phantasm but the prospect is surely a seductive one, an alluring spectre all set to leave so many seekers of truth as ravaged victims in its wake. By the 1920s the drug’s well-known pernicious side effects would eventually lead Picabia to seek help in a Swiss addiction clinic, a refuge admissible only to the moneyed few. The situation is replicated today when access to even a medicinal drop is restricted to the world’s richest 10%, that elite group so fortuitously destined never to know pain for very long, reliant on the refuge of Edgar Allan Poe’s opium-dream Lady Ligeia – “an airy and spirit-lifting vision more wildly divine than the phantasies which hovered about the slumbering souls of the daughters of Delos.” The nightmares of the global lumpenproletariat will just have to go on in the meantime, their source a dread synthesis of failed social policy and the trauma of hard economic fact. The insights afforded to a poetic clique will serve to light a way out. Any would-be visionaries take heed, this sleep produces monsters.



### In the Arms of Morpheus

Towards the end of a long and iconoclastic career, the archetypal playboy aristocrat Francis Picabia was to create a series of paintings that would baffle most of his contemporaries as surely as they would chime with the glossy new post-modern critical consensus some 60-odd years later. These canvases of cheesecake nudes, overlapping transparencies of mythical figures and obscure awkward abstract arrangements were destined for the walls of North African brothels long before finding their way into the blue-chip galleries and museums of the 21<sup>st</sup> century. Picabia's art would seem to simulate his own opium-induced visions, the work's all-pervasive dreamlike aura, the Buddhas and sphinxes sat beneath a soft varnished glaze all serving to play out the blissful synaesthesia of the opiate high.

It's an unexpected feeling of clarity that arrives with the hit of euphoria. I'd always imagined the perfect moment for a dose of the opium-derived alkaloid morphine to be a quiet night in sat safely snuggled up on a cosy sofa with Nico's *Marble Index* on the stereo, ready and waiting for the warm embrace of the Greek god who so kindly lent the drug his name. Lying strapped down in the back of an ambulance in some considerable degree of discomfort, rattling along down Union Street having a leg straightened that was locked bent back double by a fractured hip, well beggars can't be choosers after all.



The next stage was to take the group out of this controlled environment and impose some restrictions, testing the group's adaptability. Out of the country and with limited members they were still capable of producing substantial behavioural change through the use of coercive tactics and persuasion. Seemingly ordinary unconnected members of the public were overcome with the urge to follow, if only temporarily, having remnants of a 'cult'. The brotherhood was extended.

This latest manifestation has seen a change in the life of GANGHUT. A base has been built and some roots have been laid. This space is to be opened to external groups and individuals where GANGHUT play more of a facilitating role. Some of the original members have committed to more permanent branding and some are questioning this level of commitment. Utopia seems to have been contained within the chipboard, the maintenance of which now lies with its new landlord – is this a period of reflection or is this another failed attempt at Sir Thomas More's Utopia?

*G4CE December 2008*

CONTACT \_Con-3C31DF4D7A4 \c \s \l Donna Holford-Lovell, Experiment Researcher

## Fax Transmission

Date: 25-1-06

Our Ref: .....

To: Big Jim

From: Ross

My love she had a big red nose

It ran aw day in class

A couldnae stand it anymore

So a kicked her oan the bum.

Across the law an doon a bit

That is where she sits

An the twa things that attracted me

Were her great big eyes.

A took her oon the dinner hall

Where aw the boys drank lager

A only had wan thng oan ma mind

An that was tae kiss her.

Her mother didnae like me a taw

She came fae Sankar (Sanquhar).

She asked the bairn every day

Are ye still gaun wi that wee - - -

guy Burns fae Alloway

## SCIENCE Vs RELIGION



It had been a strange and exhilarating couple of months, but at last Jeff's divorce had been finalised

