

Yuck 'n' Yum

Summer 08

Re-made / Re-modelled!

Naomi Campbell

Luke Collins

Sasha Jackson

Catrin Jeans

Kimberley Bright

Derek Lodge

Ewan Manson

Janey Muir

Simon Reekie

Ben Robinson

Norman Shaw

Frank Marra

Mr Smith

Stuart Fallon

Ryan Weir



www.yucknyum.com

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I heard recently my neighbour will be found dead with something on she bought that day.

It was much more sedate last week.

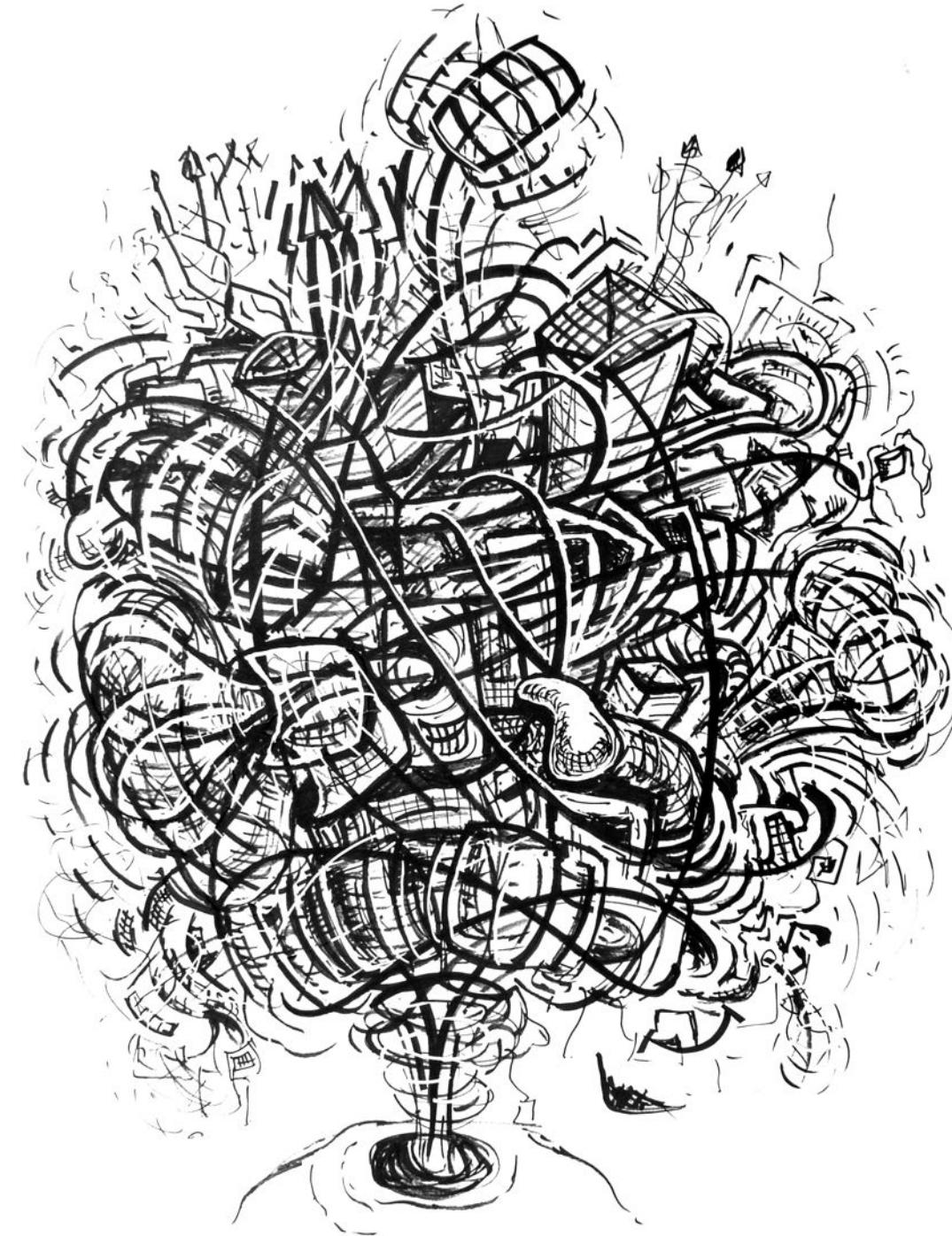
Those rejoinders of pleasure and disgust, falling as they do on worn out planes of useless waste language. See how they crash-land either side of a redundant dichotomy that we can simply snub! Far better to seek our thrills in a different place, a territory where the old labels peel away to reveal a fuzzy underside: their shameful secret half-lives of entropy and decay.

What might be revealed in such a magic garden? That spot needs not a stroke or any lingering caresses in order to satisfy our (admittedly very specific) tastes. No dillydallying when doubtless the most cursory of touches will do. Yes, so it is that we do hereby present for your delectation the fruits of our long, hard labours. Yes, in our going beyond the limits of language we run the risk of appearing wilfully obscure. Yes, we shall invite not a little ire, just by our choosing not to sweeten the pill. No matter! Reactions speak louder than words, reactions that might be surmised thus:

Yuck 'n Yum

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The sky cracks. The eye opens. A disc forms. Further forces sense burned apples from the magic tree. Black rain falls in the acid burn. Cleared village. Firewater veins succumb, and if you suck, and if incubi fuck your life away; succumb to a star in the ruined house, a star in the ruined room too bright and too hot. A star that has got into the house. It's shining shining out of the windows into the night. Shining bright and the door is opening slowly see the star is moving from room to room. See the shadows shift. What will emerge?

Filled with groans of dying people was the fair Earth, home of humankind. Marduk versus Tiamat, Isis versus Seth, Vishnu versus the Serpent, Ormозд and Ahriman. Fiery dragon versus crooked serpent, Venus crescent like horns over a pyramid. Bull's head or golden calf. Burning Naphtha covers us. Years of noise... years without end of noise. O that the world would be silenced.

The acid burn

The raven feeds.
Death drives desire.

Inside the circle gneiss ghosts writhe. The mountains are aflame. Fires behind all eyes: dark and smokeless. From the middle of our foreheads a burning light shines, illuminating abominable copulations. The hyperborean Enochian temple; selling-place of souls, enters its final phase. Huge ragged ancients return to the marketplace.

Consumed. We are gods. Walking the precincts drowned in oil. We sail the oceans. We sink into lava. We build towers to heaven. The great ones walk among us. The oil of stars rains down on us. Torrents of petroleum. We offer strange fire in the wilderness of the holy mount. The trees are destroyed. No fruits or herbs are found. That has perished which yesterday was seen. The grain has gone. A hail of stones smites the fields and breaks the forests. A wind has arisen to destroy us. A destroying cloud has come: first of fine dust, then coarse dust, then fine sand, then coarse sand, then grit, then gravel, then stones, then pebbles, then boulders, then hillocks, then hills, then mountains, then lands.

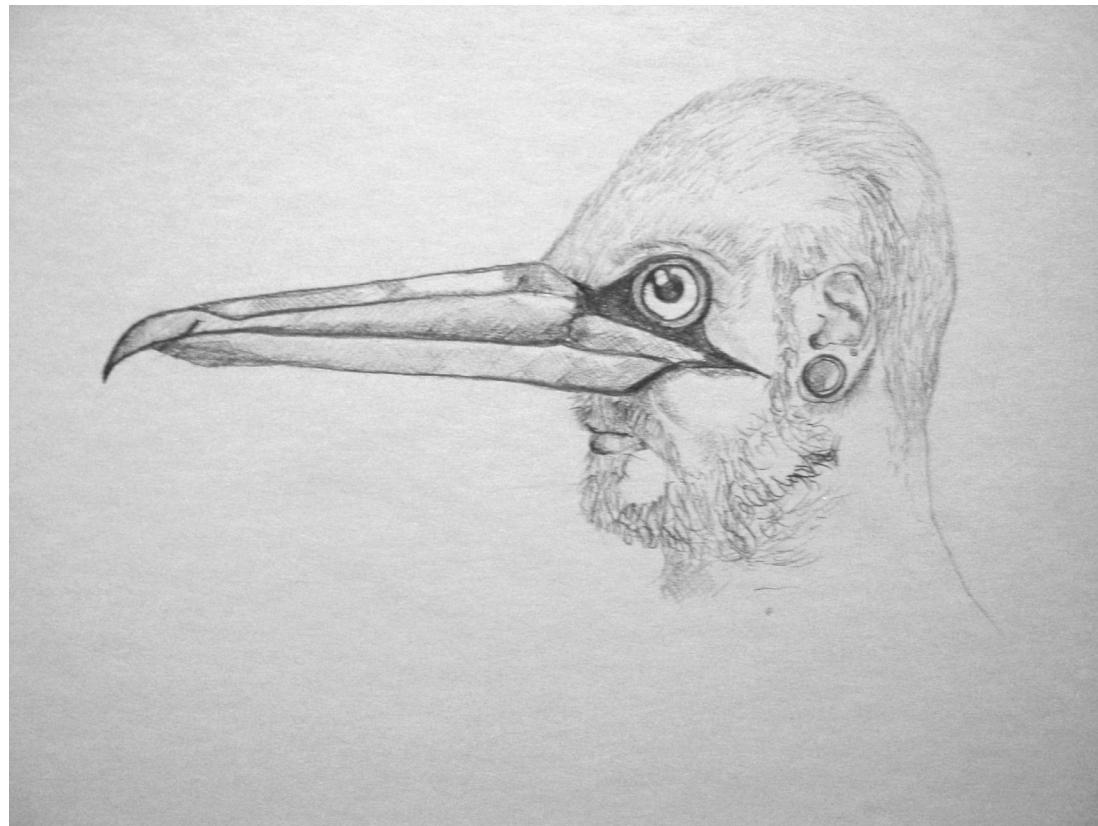
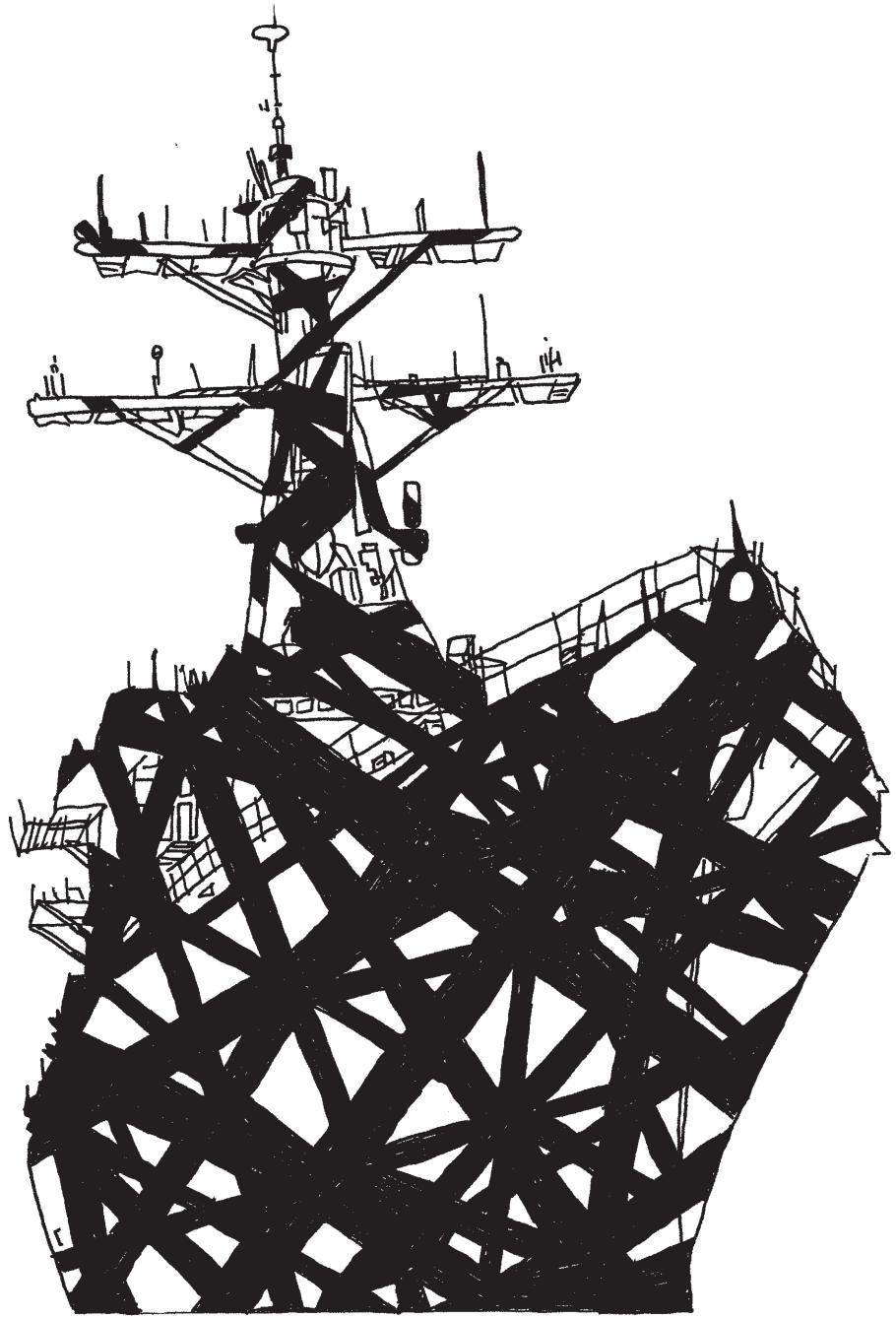
Carbon and hydrogen under huge pressure. The fire of the lord burns among us. Thick darkness for seven days. No light can penetrate it, we cannot move. We cannot speak or hear.

Collision of stars. Hurakan destroyer. Mighty wind sucks at the world. Dark blanket of breath. Evil wind of Marduk. The ocean flees. Here comes Typhon! West wind so strong. The heaven-lord descends, displeased. Red, blue and green fire serpents cross the night.

I shall reverse the world. I shall bid the rivers flow upward. The sea shall become a wall.



**Get it up ya Trump!
(Viva la Revolución)**



At school, I did a poster as part of my Standard Grade 'design' project. It was supposed to be for a musical concert, so I did some analytical drawings of instruments but after spending a few weeks drawing a trumpet, I got bored. I started drawing plants instead, much

became a

- 'Jazz Cafe'
of acid jazz
sheep skin
Adidas Gazelle's
programme
folk singer
some
Birmingham
quite bad
together

more enjoyable. It
poster for 'The Garden'
I was listening to a lot
at the time and wore a
jacket along with my
I've just watched a
about a young
collaborating with
hip hop crew from
They were both
but when they got
they were really bad.

Let's COLLABORATE





Merzbau AD

From Kendal to
Abbey of Thelema
Come solemnly
Pulmonary oedema

Evoke and retrieve
In an instant
Man without autumn
Or elephant

LOVE IS A VAMPIRE: A hymn to Euro-sleaze

There's really no proper name for it; that genre of exploitation film produced all across Europe during the late 1960s and early 70s, one emphasising horror and the erotic, bearing the recognisable hallmarks of lesbianism, vampirism and an all-pervasive aura of druggy solipsism. Given this absence of a handy eponym, the term "Euro-sleaze" will do us quite nicely for now.

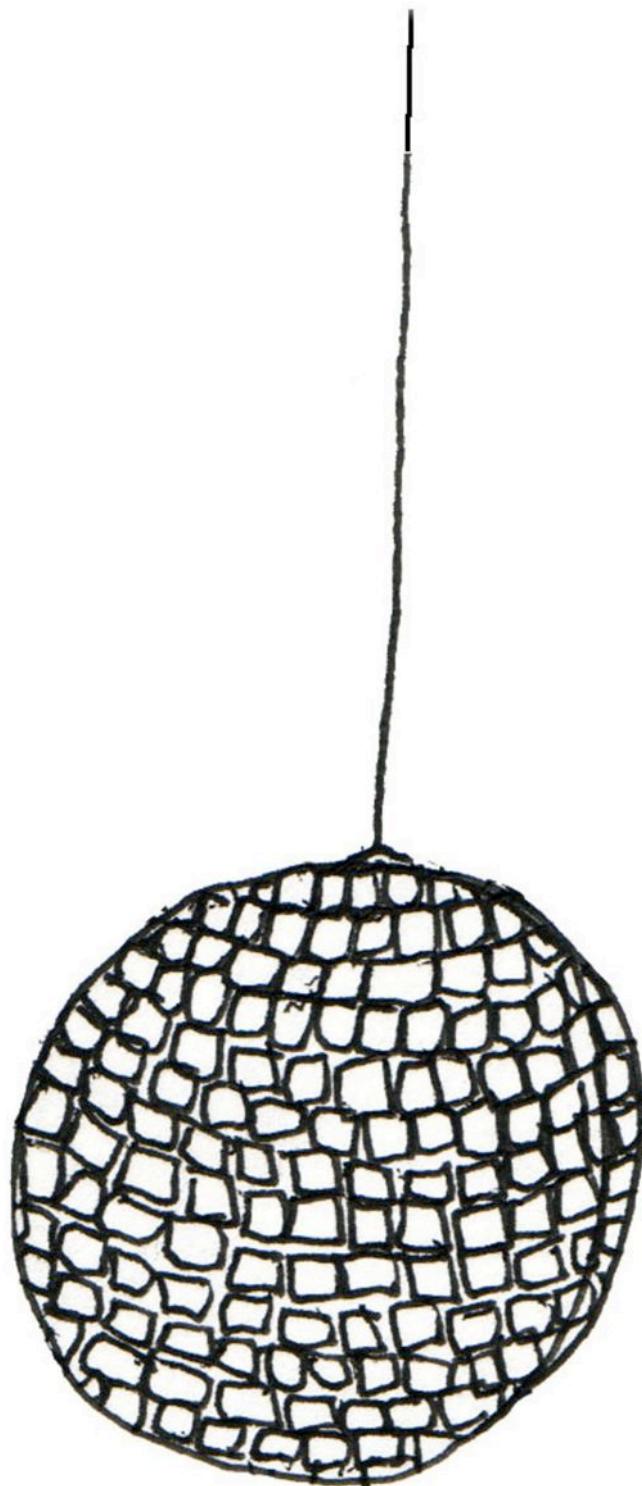
The Euro-sleaze canon is dominated by the work of a few directors long regarded as hacks, ultra-prolific journeymen whose output was wildly variable. The names of Jess Franco, Jean Rollin, José Bénazéraf and Bruno Gantillon now appear well overdue some respect. A critical revaluation has been afforded to the great Italian horror director Dario Argento, whose influence can now be seen in the work of artists such as Mike Kelley and Mike Nelson. Similarly, these auteurs of the damned might also be granted a second look by curious viewers desiring the strange and the wonderful.

The only attempt at any Euro-sleaze critical response, itself long out of print, has been *Immoral Tales: European Sex & Horror Movies 1956-1984* by Cathal Tohill and Pete Tombs, released in 1994. This romp through the genre's murky past was once the sole frame of reference for a contemporary audience, until the arrival of websites such as *Severed Cinema* and individual reviews on Amazon allowed an older generation of fans to take on the role of learned guides for sleaze neophytes.



My own initiation to these films came in 1995 with the soundtrack to Jess Franco's *Vampyros Lesbos*, a beguiling confection of camp easy listening and mournful psychedelia. Confirming its cult appeal, the album was later remixed by contemporary electronic artists including Two Lone Swordsmen. Upon viewing the films themselves, what immediately strikes is the cavalier approach to narrative employed by Franco, with storylines being picked up and dropped like so much confetti onto the cutting room floor. The plot makes no sense. When it does, there is often so little development that the film just becomes a series of slo-mo somnambulist tableaux, usually with beautiful nymphets stood around naked enacting some absurd ritual or other. During these odd games, sex is something that is felt as a possession that brings with it not passion but rather a mute, drowsy torpor.

In his helpful Amazon reviews of various DVD releases, 'Johnny Guitar' praises Franco for delivering intensity "of a kind David Lynch could never reach with his designer-perversity for yuppies". The comparison with Lynch is telling. There is frequently a tone of defiance in the lauding of cinema so often dismissed as trash, and the Lynchian interest in sex and surrealism, the non-linear narrative and the sensitive direction of glamorous female leads is all present and correct. Similarly, a Brechtian alienation technique might also be cited by anyone looking to justify shockingly wooden standards of acting. Even then there is really enough that is special and unique here to make any such apologies unnecessary. For those with the patience to sit through a moderate amount of dull, seemingly inconsequential nonsense, reward awaits. The prospect of a bafflingly incongruous dream sequence, or of the divinely gorgeous Soledad Miranda languidly drawing on a cigarette as she plots seduction and murder; surely all of this is justification enough.



She sits by the dark of the window, reflecting in double vision on the two layers of glass. I tell her I'm sorry. I say work, nothing I could do. She sits with a tall drink and says its okay, her perfume choked by cigarettes.

Upstairs I take off my tie and my shirt and my shoes. I remove my watch and empty the change from my pockets. The air is humid and sweet. Tumbling from the bathroom it settles and weaves into the soft fabrics and fibres of the carpets, the towels and the bed.

I lay myself down.

From nowhere and everywhere, seven Gods lay themselves around me. They dappled fresh dew on my temples and blew fruits and wine through my hurt. Faint whispers of knowledge fluttered across my peripheries and a clear vision of nothing wiped me clean; wiped me alive.

I found her downstairs.

'I lied', I said, 'I could have made it.'

'Its okay', she told me, half hidden in the dark, 'its done and that's all.'

The silent television, like a cold flame, splashed the tones and shades of loved ones and onlookers across her face. I moved her gaze from the mute rolling news and told her she was the tongue of seven Gods, and she smiled up well. I said she was a panda with quintuplets, a pure clean fjord of woven home. I picked her up and danced her and sang of the world being my hostage and she my ransom, and the madmen were put to work on the bar.

Loved Ones and Onlookers

My day had lasted like a siege. Tickets sat stark on the kitchen table whilst sounds of a deep bath murmured down the stairs. Heavy clad madmen were setting up tents behind my eyes, rolling out the oil drum and ripping up my optical nerves for firewood. But we'd booked the tickets a month ago.

I should go upstairs, sit on the edge of the bath, look at her skin and smile and let her throw bubbles on my face. Kiss her, get the tastes of soap on me and breathe clean steam. But the dull cling of afternoon smoke down here, the garish font of those tickets; it couldn't be done.

Monster
Tudor
Wedgie
Thunder
Frigid
Satisfy
Sundries

* * * *

Driving through the dark the radio updates me every fifteen minutes about seventeen hostages at a school in Grdsafferbod. The gaps between are filled with *news* of premieres and pregnant pandas. As she lightly dreams about her pre-theatre platter of mussels and Veraci clams and shaves her legs in the eucalyptus steam, I sit, parked on the dark slope of a neighbouring hill.... Another fifteen minutes gone, the reporter paraphrases the whole situation.

Guns: Hostages: Children . . . back to the studio.

* * * *

