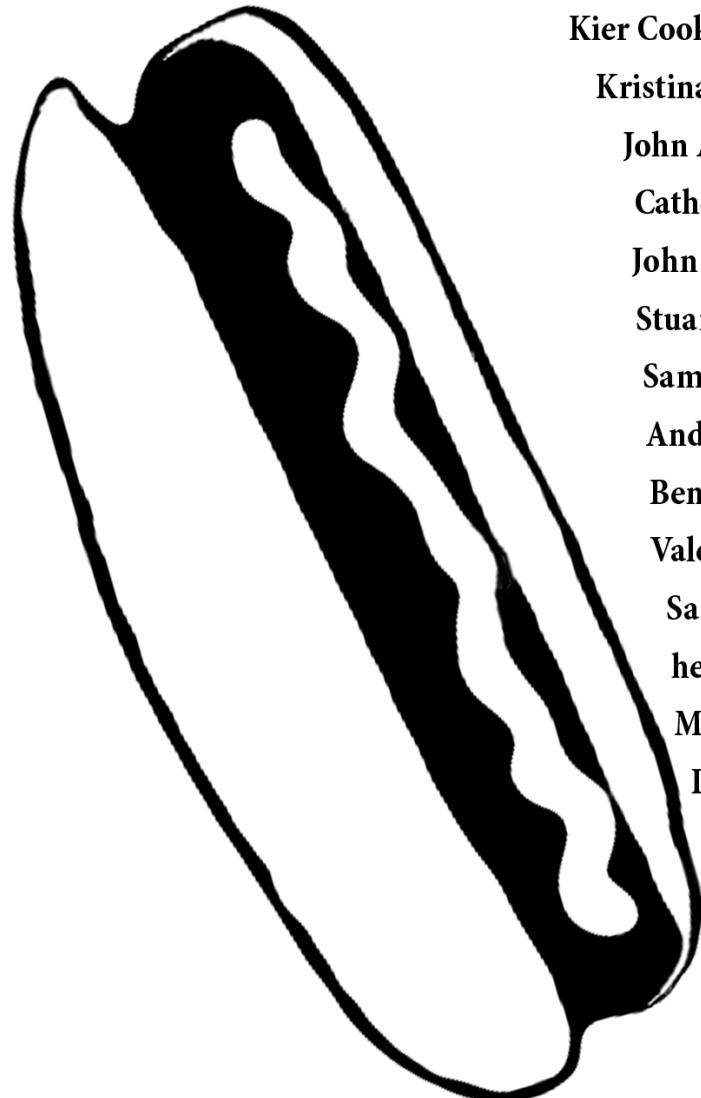


Yuck 'n Yum

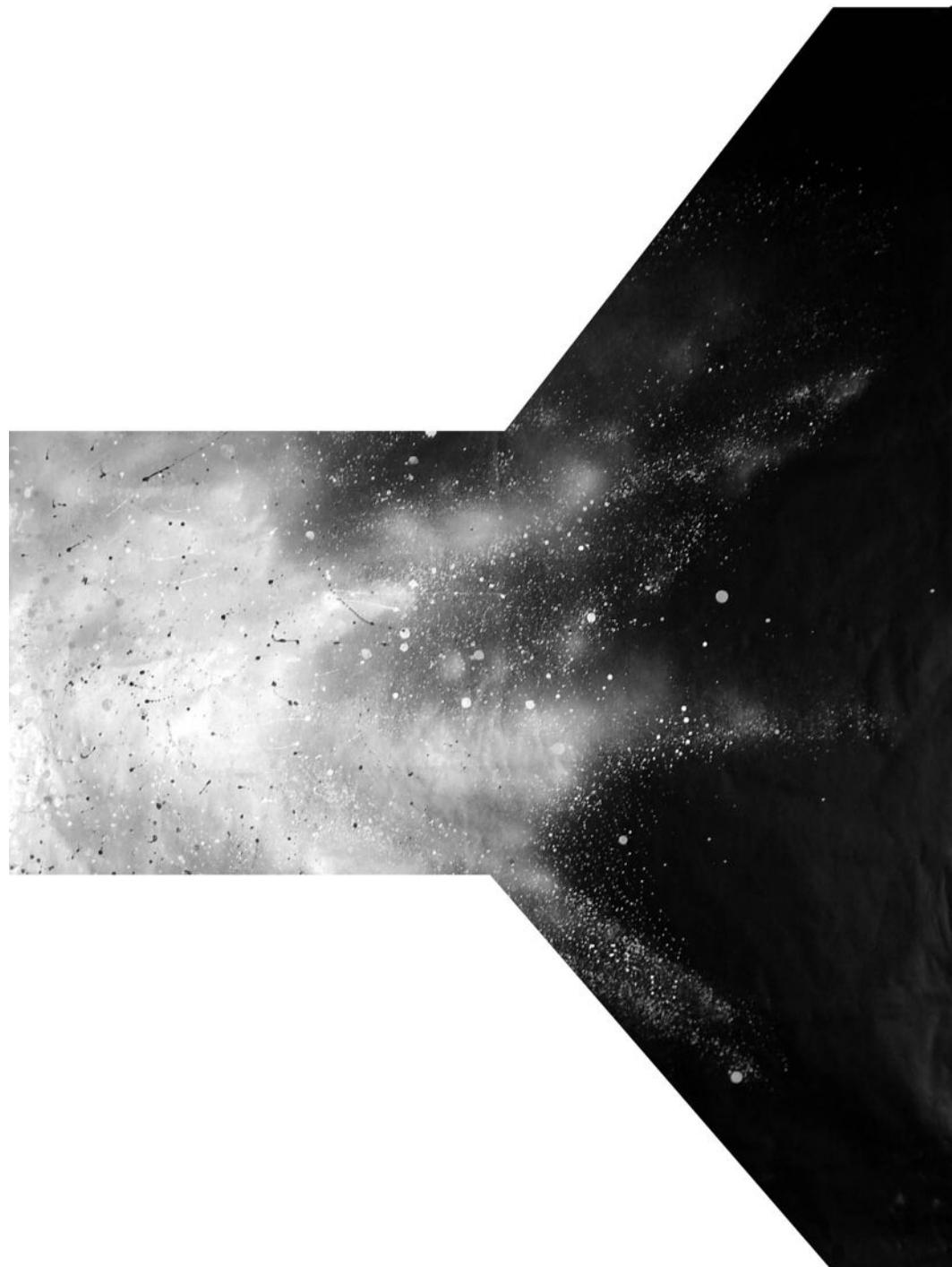
Summer 09

Kier Cooke Sandvik
Kristina Johansen
John Alan Birch
Catherine Weir
John Heffernan
Stuart Lorimer
Sam Spreckley
Andrea Sayers
Ben Robinson
Valerie Norris
Sanna Dyker
hellojenuine
Me and Him
David Reid



www.yucknyum.com





What they said about **Yuck 'n Yum!**

“I can't believe it's not a real art magazine!”

“**Yuck 'n Yum** is better than sex! But not as good as drugs.”

“I found myself turning the page to see what was on the next one!”

“I don't have a computer but if I did I would look at the website!”

“I once slept with an artist who had something in it. They were amazing in bed!”

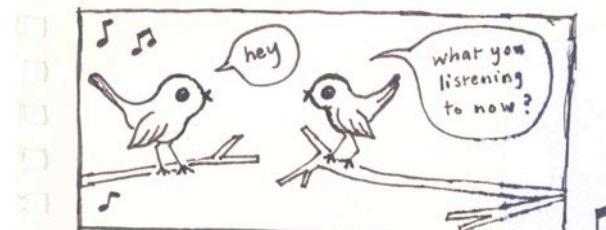
“nummy nim nims!”

“I get **Yuck 'n Yum** every three months!”

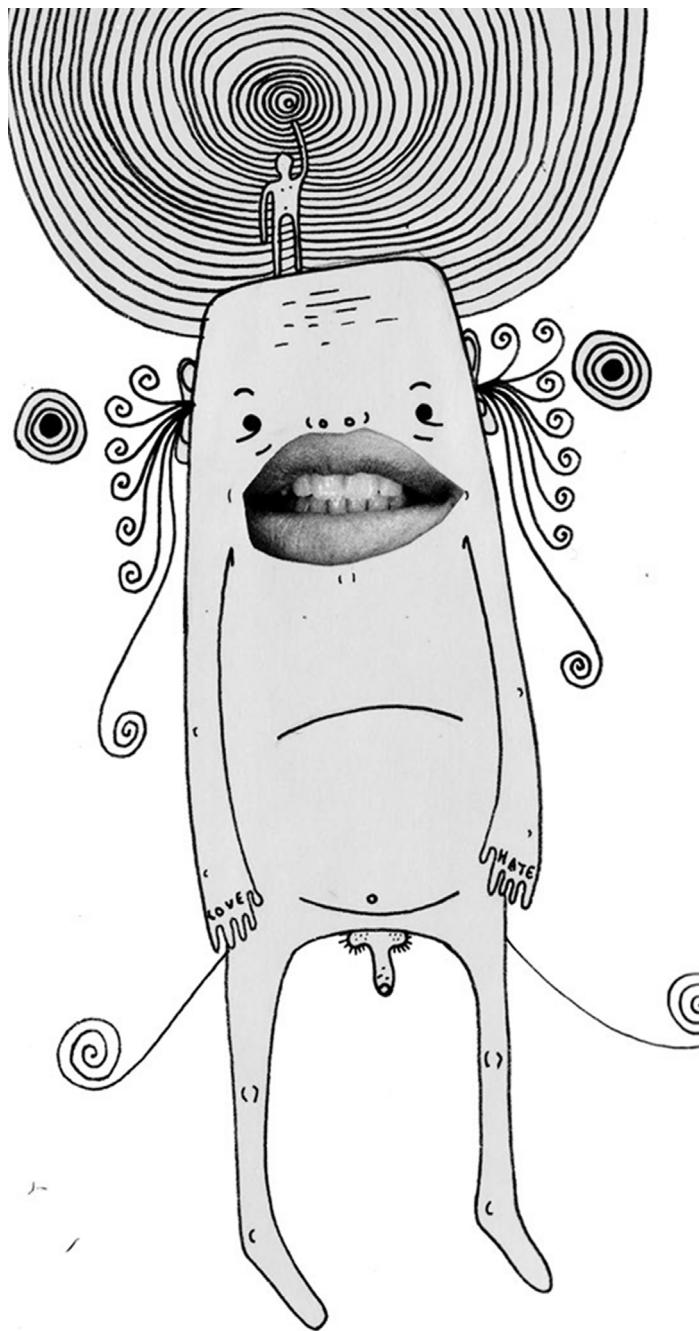
Yuck 'n Yum

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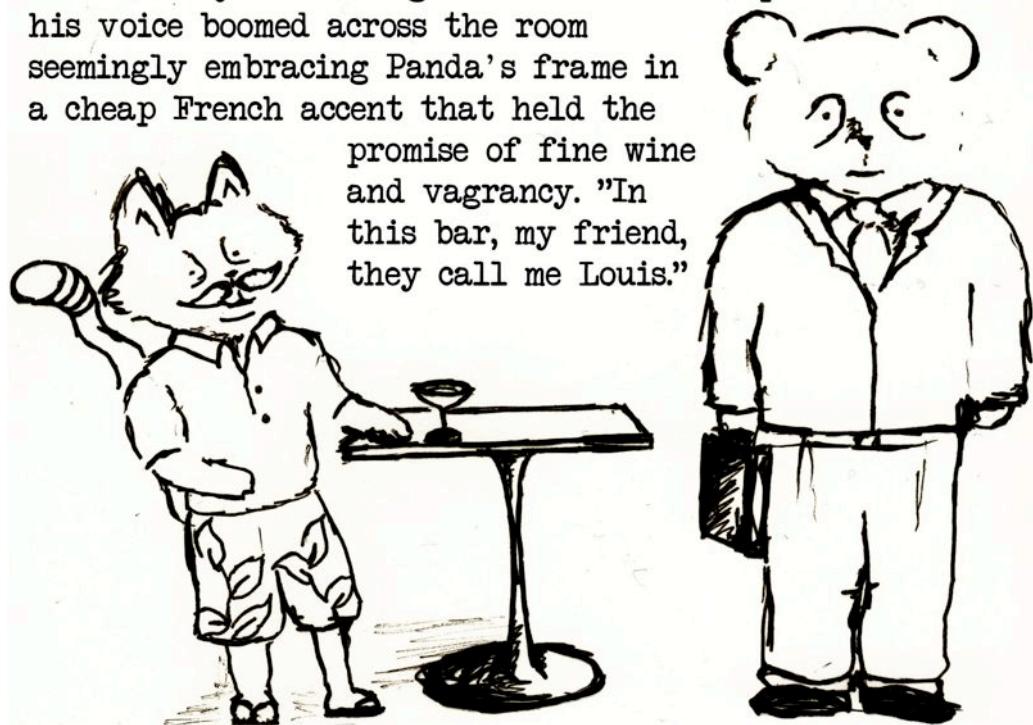
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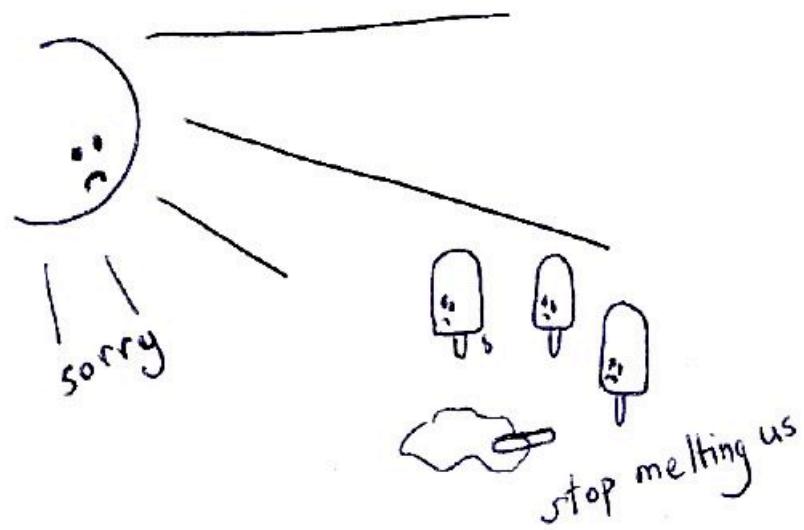
Chapter 1 : A meeting in a bar

He passed through the murky doorway. It was a tight fit, and the shoulders of his coat grazed the door frame as he tried to move his huge body into the bar. The room itself had a low ceiling and the air was tinged with cigarette smoke and high sugar alcohol drinks. At first it seemed to be deserted but the stillness was shattered by exuberant laugh bouncing off the walls and coming back dripping with sweat and grime. The sound came from a small figure who sat hunched, his back to the entrance.

Panda nervously approached, and tapped him on the shoulder. "Are you Red Panda?" he asked in a low whisper...the stranger turned and faced him. His red fur twitched with amusement causing the bushy false moustache perched on the tip of his nose to glint luxuriantly in the light. Then in an eruption of sound his voice boomed across the room seemingly embracing Panda's frame in a cheap French accent that held the

promise of fine wine and vagrancy. "In this bar, my friend, they call me Louis."





Are these wings made out of BEETROOT?



Me and Him

Me- I would like to start, if I may, with an attempt to pin down your practice.
OK! Let's go. Is the sense of subjectivity highlighted in your work in a dialectical relationship with the objectively inhumane world?

Him- No.

Me- Do you use your art as a narcissistic vehicle, as an objectification and symbolization of your imagined perfection?

Him- No.

Me- Do you want your work to be perceived as a cultural artefact?

Him- No.

Me- It is in part, surely? It's a visual response to a particular social circumstance.

Him- No, it's not.

Me- Do you think your creative imagination articulates unconscious irrationality through self-conscious work aiming at rationality?

Him- Not at all.

Me- OK, then answer me this. Is it nihilistic, voyeuristic and hostile?

Him- No.

Me- Do you possess an undeserved reputation for psychological acumen?

Him- No.

Me- Is it in fact commonsensically trivial, mere secondary elaborations of a

Although details are sketchy, the 92-minute Triggers Compilation DVD credits one Eric Fournier as writer and director. In a 2005 interview with Bizarre magazine Shaye described him as being "among the few people that I truly trust" and claimed that he "lives in my guesthouse and is at the ready with his camera when I have a little notion." The film's distributors, the Los Angeles-based Indican Pictures, were unavailable for comment. Shaye's last MySpace login was back in 2008, leaving her fans posting various "where's Shaye?" messages, and really the best source of information is the anonymous postings left on blogs and messageboards where the devoted can meet up and exchange rumour and hearsay. Shaye is a group of four Chicago art school alumni. Shaye is a performer at the California Institute of Abnormal Arts. Shaye is Fournier in a dress, wig and mangled mask. No commentary or insight from her creators is forthcoming, so for now Shaye exists entirely in her own self-generated funbubble, her audience communicating mostly via the comments pages on her YouTube channel:

almadora (1 month ago)

you terrify me... i love it... i cant stop thinking about your stuff... who are you??
scary as hell... brilliant. i've already caught myself doing 'the hand thing...! (!!) " help me...!

Shaye's website: <http://www.shayesaintjohn.net/>

Shaye's MySpace page: <http://www.myspace.com/shayesaintjohn>

Shaye on YouTube: <http://www.youtube.com/user/ShayeSaintJohn>



Cracked Actress: The Enigma of Shaye Saint John

Shaye Saint John describes herself, with the caps-lock key forever on, as THE WORLDS RECORD HOLDER FOR HAVING THE MOST PROBLEMS! Her star shines brightly even among the attention-deficit-disordered parade of freaks and curiosities that makes up Web 2.0, and in such company there's no denying she's got the OMG WTF factor in spades. Based in California, Shaye appears in a series of 2 and 3-minute short films (or "triggers") on her own YouTube channel and on her maddeningly labyrinth, impenetrably HTML-botched website. She documents her life spent on a compound for physically challenged people, a self-portrait in a state of perpetual confusion and conflict, sometimes in a wheelchair, sometimes walking, floating or dancing, sometimes whatever else she feels like doing. These videos show her fractured face and prosthetic limbs, the quadriplegia the legacy of an unspecified accident, all fed through a digital FX shredder and edited with a clinical just-so comic precision. Shaye talks non-stop in a speeded-up panicky monologue, the voice of Porky Pig speaking in tongues, an amphetamine Alvin Chipmunk addressing all her split personalities in turn. I first became aware of the phenomenon through the writer Dennis Cooper's blog, which in May hosted a special Shaye Saint John Day suggested by the young Norwegian artist Kier Cooke Sandvik. Says he, "One of the best things about Shaye is how varied the reactions to her are, and how that seems to say something about people. I, like Dennis, don't feel very creeped out by the videos, while others seem to think they're nightmare inducing. I think they're hilarious. Shaye's constant enthusiasm, even in the face of horrors like her face being burnt to a crisp, is the funniest and scariest thing, I guess."

psychologically primary narrative code?

Him- No.

Me- Within a wounding economic logic, do you think cultural provision seeks to engender entrepreneurs through projects of the self?

Him- No.

Me- I would like to talk around the corporeality of your work vis-à-vis the technological ontological gap between the citizens of the dystopian now and the rest of the world.

Him- Who?

Me- The people, the peasants, small traders, folk who have access to parts, fractions, not the whole, the excessive whole.

Him- Is this relating to my pigeon piece?

Me- Indirectly, yes.

Him- No, I would rather not comment on that.

Me- It's not exactly a Socratic dialogue, is it? Anyway how did it actually feel being penetrated by a collective of sex workers while chanting "Big up Perry Anderson, if he can't do it no-one can"?

Him- Painful.

Me- But ultimately illuminating?

Him- No.

Me- You were sectioned for a short period of time after repeatedly headbutting a wall built by starving indentured child labourers, can you tell us what underlay that piece of work? Were you attempting to highlight the inherent exploitation involved in being a member of the first world with all that concomitant guilt?

Him- No, it was a piece about angst.

Me- It was ideologically naive.

Him- No, it was not.

Me- "Lancashire Sandpit", a piece of yours, a monumental piece, involved: Marsh Arabs, a Humvee, some cotton, a holographic projection of Preston circa 1776 and some dancing girls. It was seen by many as actually shocking. Did you intend to shock?

Him- No, it was a deferred form of adolescent projection.

Me- I can feel you opening up a little now.

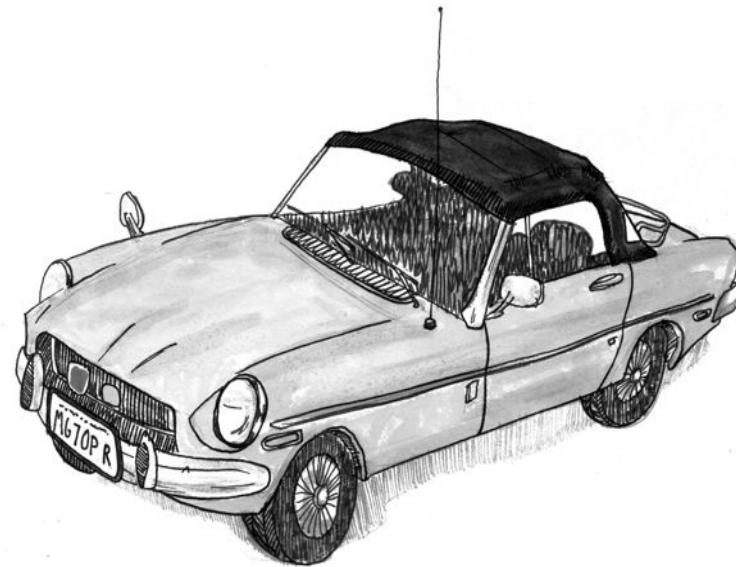
Him- No you can't.

Me- Could you tell us about a couple of projects that you have been unable to bring about.

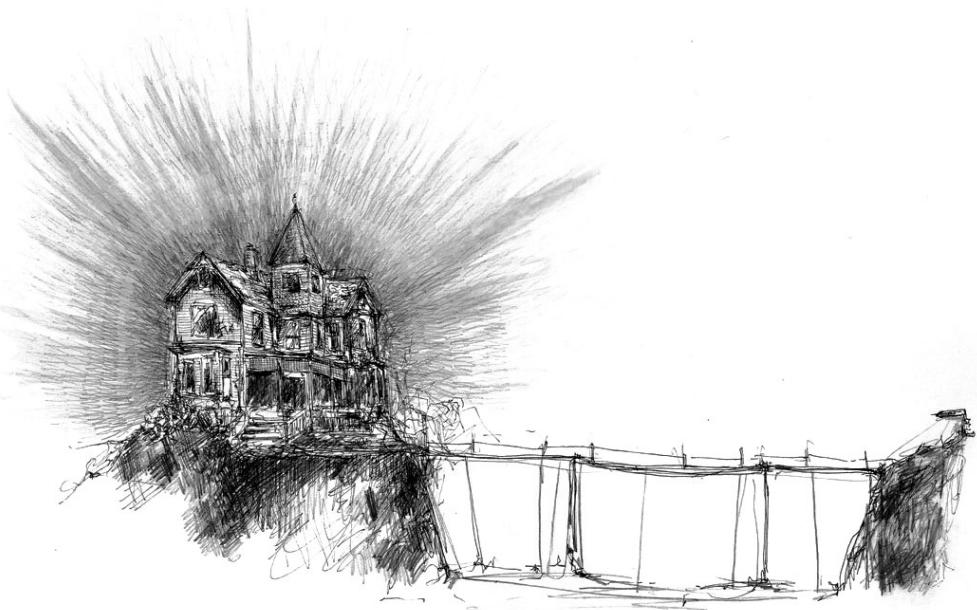
Him- I would like to steal a monkey from a European zoo, skin it, buy a deaf child, cover it in a monkey suit and replace it into the zoo, in the dead of night.

Me- Another

Him- There's this bloke I can't stand. With some "intelligence" people I know, I would like to create a false trail of withdrawals from the company he works for, he's an accountant. Anyway, I'd get him sent down and then



YEAH.. IT'S NICE LIKE.
BUT WHY DOES IT SMELL OF CAT PISS?



spread rumours and create photos documenting his constant infidelities. I'd enable these to reach the eyes of his partner, I'd then become a shoulder to cry on and seduce and impregnate her. Hopefully I'd be able to bring our son to visit the former accountant in jail. Conceptually that's quite tight.

Me- Another

Him- I'd like to facilitate an intergender performance space. I'd invite women and men's camp attendees. There's a complex of buildings in some woodland that I own in Cornwall that I have in mind.. Anyway, I'll have the widest variety of hallucinogenic, psychotropic and ecstatic substances disguised in their evening meal and then secretly record their experiences.

Me- Just before you go, what do you think of heroin?

Him- I think it's a lot cooler than crack cocaine.

Me- By a lot?

Him- Not a lot, no.

POSTSCRIPT

“Irony is a precarious way of clinging to an ego that has become cut off from instinct, from the animality of the psyche and making a virtue out of it, indeed irony announces the isolation of the ego from its instinctive roots.”

Him- No it's not.

