

Yuck 'n Yum

Winter 08



Jason Nelson

Paul Milne

Ben Robinson

Andrew Dodds

hellojenuine

Sanna Dyker

Ink & Mess

Ross Mclean

Clare Brennan

Aaron McClosky

Fraser Macdonald

John Alan Birch

Celiemas Seasonal Band

plus

Laura Simpson

interviews

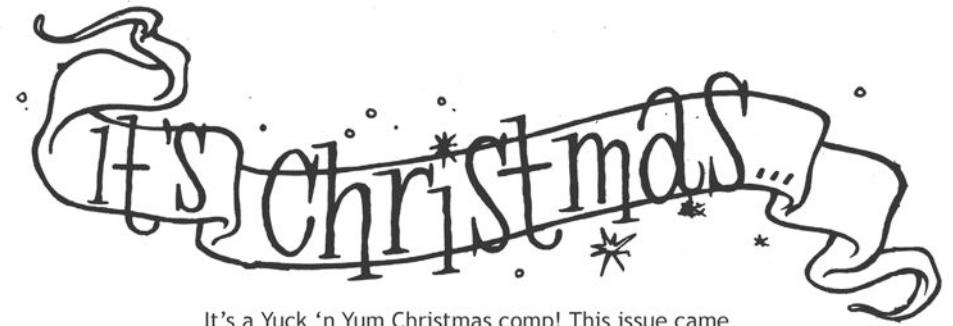
Aileen Campbell

FREE
Xmas Decoration
by Luke Drozds!

WIN
a Subscription
to Map Magazine!

www.yucknyum.com

Supported by the Dundee Visual Arts Award scheme.



It's a Yuck 'n Yum Christmas comp! This issue came with a winter gift; artist Luke Drozds make your own beheaded Rudolph decoration. We are asking you to post pics of your endeavours it can be a pic of your completed decoration or maybe an action shot of the assembly.

The best pic will win a year's subscription to Map magazine and a copy of the book 'On Ideology' by Lois Althusser, published by verso!

We are looking for the most creative pictures; maybe you managed to convince the whole family to get together and make some Rudolph heads, maybe you have decorated your tree entirely in the Rudolph heads, or maybe you are simply proud of the top class colouring in job you have done.

To be entered in the comp post the pic as a new topic on our forum marked Rudolph Competition. We will contact the winner via the forum before the end of January. Don't worry if you are not already registered you can register instantly! Make sure you post your pic before the 6th of January to be in with a chance of winning this excellent prize.

www.yucknyum.com/forum



"A Lament to Max From 'Hollyoaks' (A Lamax)"
Lyrics by Celiemas Seasonal Band

He died on his wedding day in a suit,
OB was with him it was sad but cute,
That scene must have been quite hard to shoot.
Max Cunningham is gone.

It was their very special wedding day,
Max looked quite smart; he was dressed all in grey,
The whole thing ended in disarray.
Max Cunningham is gone.

Poor Tom was crawling on his chest
His whole family's been laid to rest.

He collapsed like cheese soufflé,
As his wife threw the floral bouquet,
And little Tom had a little play,
Max Cunningham is gone.

On the street was where Max did lay,
Having been hit by a Chevrolet,
Somebody call 999 without delay.
Max Cunningham is gone.

Tom drew a picture of his new family,
Before he faced Max's mortality.
Steph must get a food hygiene degree,
For the cafe owned my Max and OB
Where they sold many a fruit smoothie.
Max Cunningham is gone.

Killed by Niall who won't go on trial.
Manslaughter is his preferred killing style,
Because his heart is filled with green bile.
But Max is dead in a gravy bed.

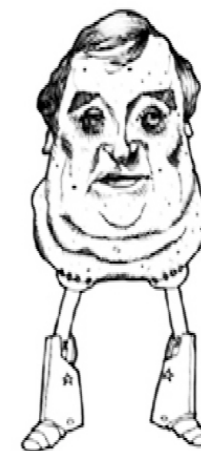
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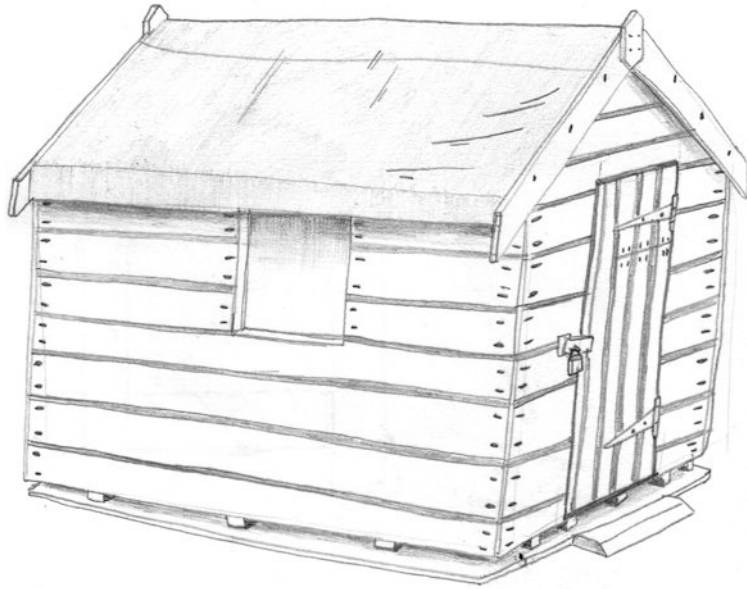
Yuck 'n Yum

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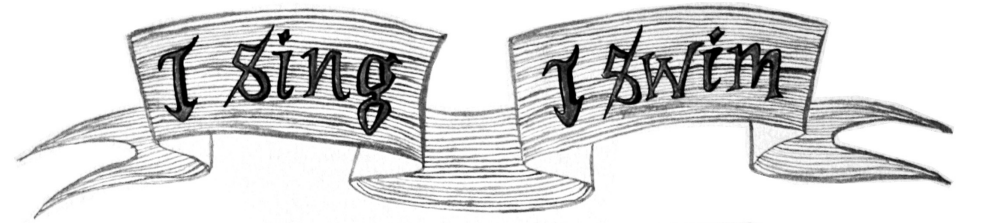
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Its Christmas Time Insert By Luke Drozd





THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SHED I EVER DID SEE.









AILEEN CAMPBELL

The organisers of Kill Your Timid Notion, Arika, describe their event as 'A step across the border between sound & vision. It's all about exploring the many different ways we navigate the borders, disparities and similarities between what we hear and what we see.' Reading this I can see why Aileen Campbell fits the bill as her own practice links directly with these statements. Campbell's performance stood out for me as bringing something uniquely human and visceral to the programme.

Interview with Aileen Campbell, 12 Oct 2008 at Kill Your Timid Notion, DCA, after her performance 'as jane edwards and geoffrey rush'. Laura Simpson – LS, Aileen Campbell – AC.

LS - You seemed to be able to reinvigorate your performance at different points.

AC – Apart from being tired, being out of breath and the dry mouth there is something inherent in music performance that means that I have to keep going. From training as a little kid you had to keep singing even if someone tripped over or fainted. With being a soprano you can make some decisions, like take a breath on that low E but not on the high G, to maintain the most character of your voice. I worked with the time signature to make it easier to time the higher notes.

LS - How many times have you done this performance before? What does the title relate to?

AC - I did it once before in America, mainly just as a test run. I was still finding my way in terms of what I would make. The piece and the title relate to an epiphany moment I had while hearing Jane Edwards singing the Vivaldi aria 'Nulla in Mundo Pax Sincera' in the film 'Shine' (1996). I was really conscious of her being in a recording studio while Geoffrey Rush is jumping on a trampoline on the screen.

I wanted to put them both in the same proximity, asking myself 'Could she maintain that beautiful sound were she on the trampoline?' In the film they use her voice as the ethereal, the lamenter. I wanted to see the female voice differently and put the action and the soundtrack together. I was both of these so the performance is entitled 'as jane edwards and geoffrey rush'.

When I came back to Scotland I made it again as a recording. I wanted it to be embedded in a cinema format rather than live, partially because I am a reluctant performer but I have to be there with my voice. I wanted it to survive beyond the present as something in its own right and started looking at viewpoints which would privilege an audience looking at the film. Today is probably the most accurate way I would want it to be presented with the live audience and the cinema. The three cameras meant I could choose three different ways to frame the work giving something that wasn't available to the live audience.

LS - And could you see the other musicians? Was there interaction between you?

daunting landscape of scattered glitter, all decked out in the latest finery from the likes of Gucci, Fendi and Roberto Cavalli, seeking out a transient identity to be adorned then discarded with the changing of the seasons. Any cosmetics counter moisturising lotions would only slip off her synthetic skin, while any instore Forth floor café snacks will leave no taste on her lifeless frigid lips. Her mute companions recline impassive before a palette of neutral greys to better accentuate the vividness of those huge hanging plastic treasures. The scene resembles the wake of an especially elegant send-off, its walls dotted with reflections cast by slowly revolving mirrorballs, each illuminating the marionettes' inhuman discotheque, each providing an illusion of motion where once was only a deathly stillness. How much more alive these figures appear now, bathed in the light of a thousand spangled squares, bodies held in a trance as they contemplate an eternal present that will gratify their incessant desire for shiny distractions. The speckled patterns go endlessly round and round the glass cabinets that will double as the tragic dummies' mausoleum, condemned to an eternity spent silently contemplating their own reflections, trapped in a reverie haunted by dreams of miracle serum and terracotta air stockings. Eventually this season's sparkle will fade and so the cycle will begin again anew, spring/summer 09 will follow autumn/winter 08 and so on and on forever and ever until the sales start and then surely everything must go...



Everything Must Go:
Harvey Nichols Christmas 2008

Stood at the eastern end of St. Andrews Square, the mannequins pause frozen beneath fluorescent lamps, limbs locked in postures of defiance against news of market meltdown. For the “international luxury lifestyle store” Harvey Nichols, tabloid headlines telling of global crises must be dismissed as so much tomorrow’s fish and chips papers. The brand has been pushing its aspirational wares for nigh on 200 years and today accommodates franchises as far afield as Indonesia and Saudi Arabia. Scotland’s own appetite for ostentatious displays of wealth and good taste is still to be sated, and given the new worldwide capital fiasco the silvery window displays seem to communicate a steely determination rather than mere glitz and razzmatazz. Of course the world presented here has never been about “need” and it’s nothing to do with “enough”. The place still operates a rung or two above your common-or-garden high-street chain, its racks packed full of diffusion lines from haute couture labels, its shelves piled high with elaborately bottled fragrances from the jet-set guest-list of most wanted names to drop. The face it presents to the world striding purposefully by outside has to sell an aesthetic of aspiration, an aura to transmit an advanced economic and social standing. To this end the immobile models pose before a backdrop of kaleidoscopically coloured Perspex diamonds, their deadpan gaze staring out far beyond the passing hordes of weekend shoppers into a distant future that seems suddenly harder to fathom. One inanimate beauty crawls across a

AC - I could see them quite clearly, that’s something that you would always want. I asked them to keep a really steady pace because I did not want to let myself slow down.

LS - Have you done performances where you are alone?

AC - Yes, but I like working with musicians. Music has structures that are very much social structures, it is set up to be communal, quite different to being an artist. You are all on the same team. Music performance has a formal set of rules, for example, it’s fascinating how an audience will hush when you start singing. Those kind of things that music has inbuilt are useful tools to an artist as well.

LS - How important is it for you to have an audience for your performances?

AC - I have done some that are purely to camera. ‘What if I do it like this?’ is four videos of me exploring a small room using my voice. I saw those as sketches for me so didn’t need the audience there. I also did one that was just me and one person. I was trying to invent, compose and remember all at once. The person was very impassive and I felt like I was being examined, it has got to be my most uncomfortable moment. I will probably do it again, maybe now I would be more comfortable with it.

LS - Have you done physical training as well for this performance?

AC - Not really, I don’t want it to be a perfectly rehearsed thing. But, I do feel myself reinvigorating when I should be tiring. I think it is something to do with the breathing becoming regular then it kind of complements the physical singing process.

LS - I was surprised that there wasn’t more wavering and that you could hit some of the longer notes

AC - It breaks down in different ways, to sustain things is harder. But you don’t hear thuds either, like bumping an instrument downstairs. Also, I should say I am not really a singer! I had to choose art or music and I chose art and just continued to sing a bit.

LS - What are the exterior influences to your practice as a whole?

AC - Probably for me it is most strongly music. When I went back to do my masters I wanted to straddle myself between art and music. I took a long time to go back and study, waiting until it was going to be ok to mix and match. I had no idea how it would work, I just said I would make things with my voice. When I went to do my masters I left the place where I used to sing. I was kind of freaked out by the fact that so much of my singing voice was controlled by someone else at their will. That piece I was talking about earlier is about being allowed to do more than one thing at once.



The first piece I sang alone in public I sang with a popcorn machine from home which kind of masked my voice. The experience of doing that performance suggested other things that my voice should or could do and suddenly I felt I could do whatever I wanted. I realised that was what it was about, getting ownership for the other things that my voice could do. It meant that some of what I did after that was making noises that were not beautiful. If something is simply beautiful it makes it very difficult to discuss it in other ways.

LS - It struck me that during your performance today you had very different aural and visual perception because of the jumping.

AC - I was thinking of being in the same place as the sound. There is writing that talks about the male voice as the grounded thing and the female voice as other, the hysterical and separated from earth. As a soprano, you are visually at the top of the stage. You visualise music like that as well, high things being up, and all that angelic stuff like paintings of angels and birdsong.

LS - Is there a special way that you find to articulate your understanding of your body in performance? The caption for this piece says 'a voice' and earlier you said that 'you had to be with your voice while you are singing' so does that tie in with you not wanting to be in the limelight?

AC - Yes it probably does, although I say I want the voice to be attached to the body its not because I think the body is worthy to be seen and I have made things where I was hidden. The thing for me is that I am a plausible body. When I was younger, people were surprised because when I sang the voice was more attractive than my spoken voice or indeed my physical presence.

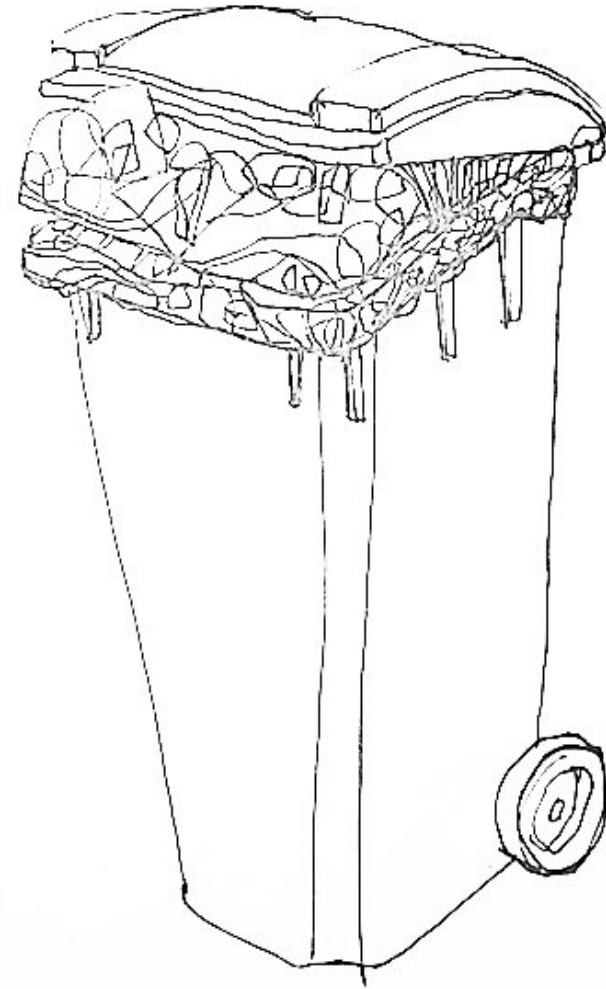
LS - It is interesting that you want to present a plausible body, some other performance artists must be seeing themselves as athletes.

AC - That's dead important, although my biggest influence comes from music obviously performance comes into that as well. It's not about going until I keel over or being naked. Those are other kinds of questions. I wanted to simply keep doing two things that are opposing each other.

LS - If you had been part of the audience would you have gone to the live space or the cinema?

AC - The musician in me would want to be at the live thing and the visual artist would have been curious about the other space. Unlike a normal film, with this set up as part of the audience you would have knowledge of the space in which the action and sound were made.

With thanks to Aileen Campbell and Arika.



"Bernard Langer"

