

Yuck 'n Yum

WINTER 2013 FREE



Yuck 'n Yum is: Andrew Maclean, Gayle Meikle, Ben Robinson,
Alexandra Ross, Alex Tobin, Becca Clark and Morgan Cahn.

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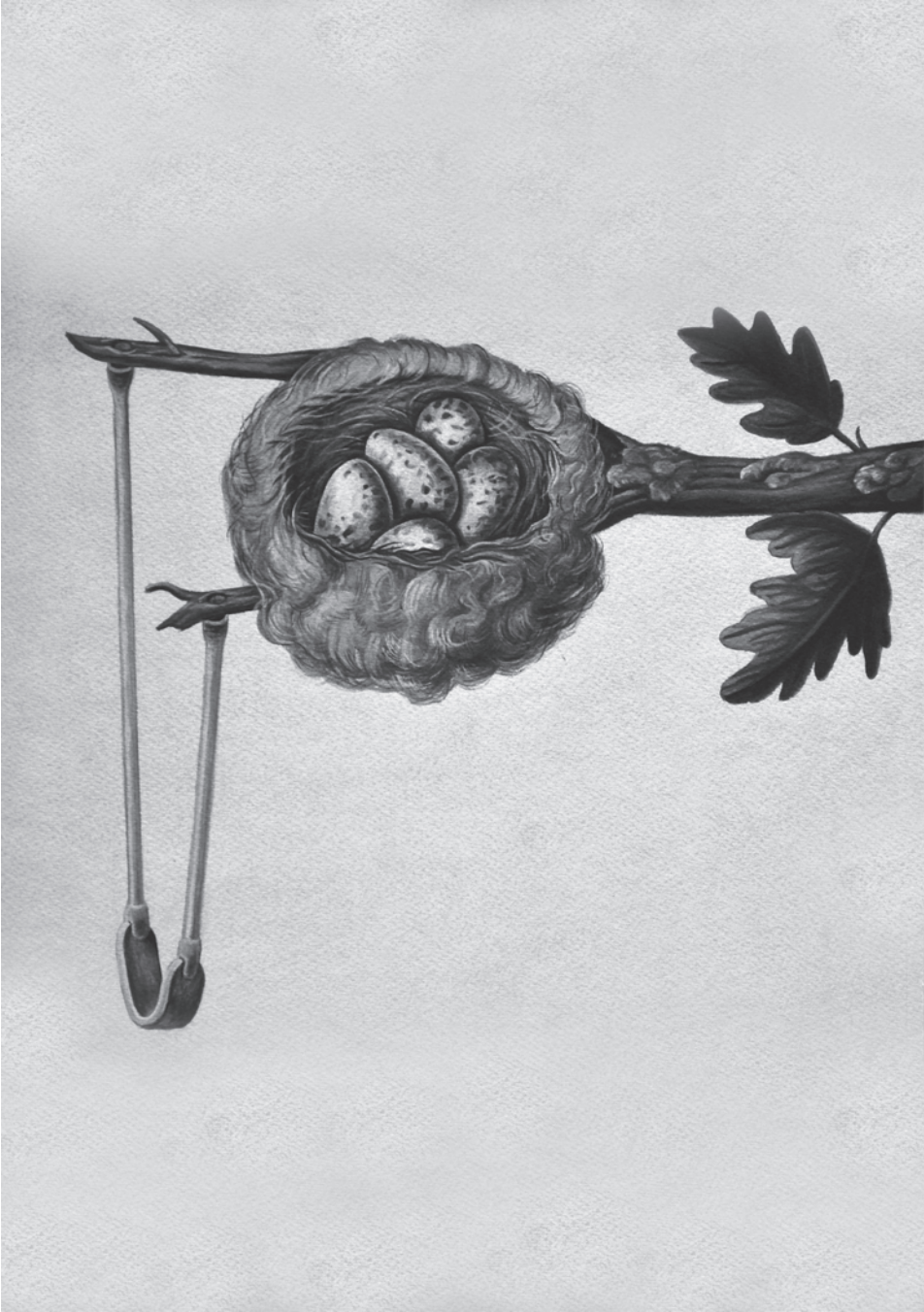
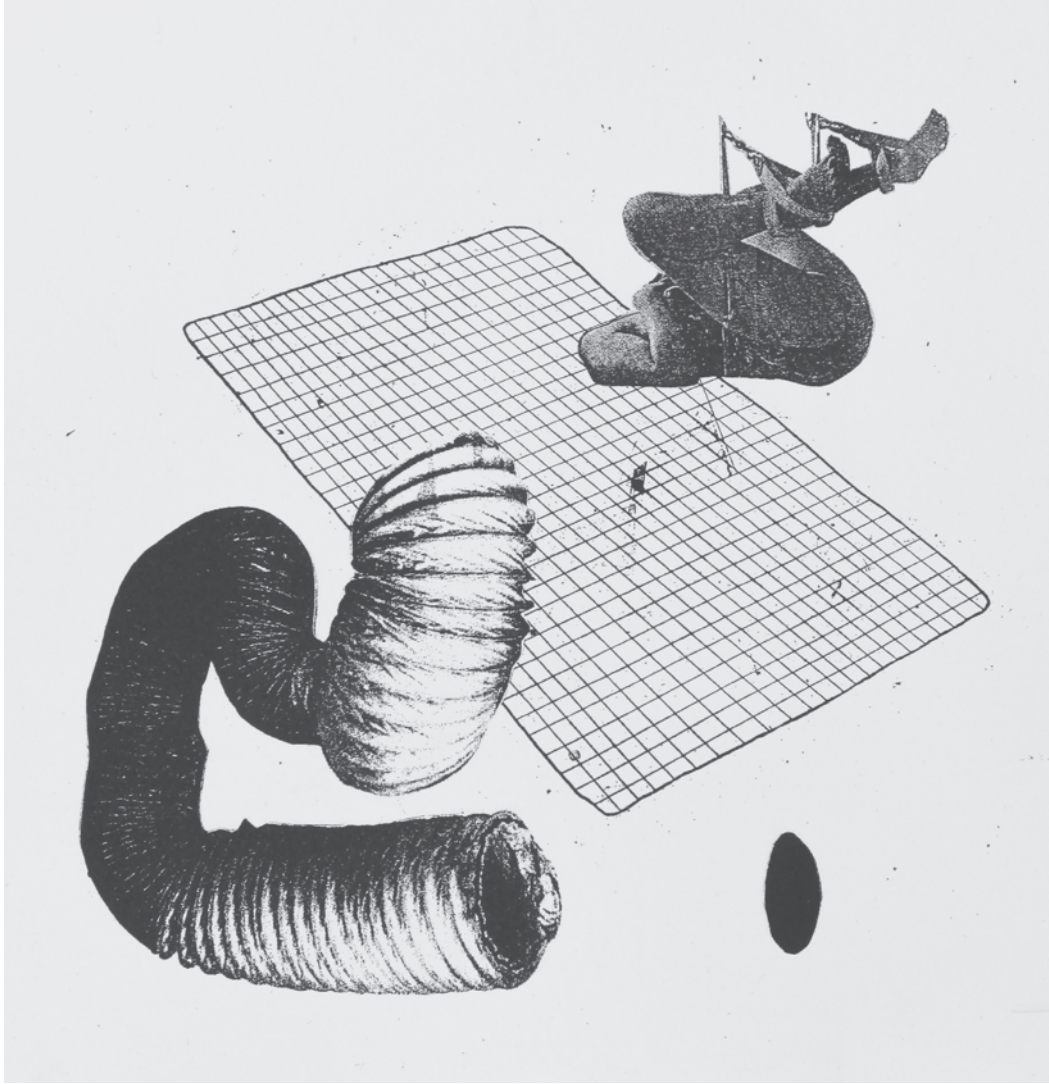
CORRECTIONS

- “Yuck ’n Yum” is spelled “Yuck ’n Yum”, not “the Grauniad”.
- The 2013 Autumn issue is in full colour. This was a printing error.
- The rumoured “cursed extra page” in some copies of Yuck ’n Yum is just that: a rumour. If your copy has an extra page, DO NOT READ THE EXTRA PAGE. Return your copy for liquidation.

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And that's my point. Culture grows like yoghurt. I feel Dundee has a lot going on, building solid foundations from an already active cultural sector. The bid only exemplified this. These things are all mostly grass-roots, sustainable and progressive. They're things that are done by people who have just loved something into existence. The way we're doing it is right already, so please keep ploughing away at your zines, your music, your temporary exhibitions, your speakeasies, whatever it is you consider your creative passion.

Having an influx of artists or activities or a falsified interest in the arts just for one year is not necessarily beneficial, long-term. When the rug of funding gets pulled from under a city at the end of that year, well, is that entirely helpful? That opera house no one goes to anymore becomes a chain pub, the artists here to work on various projects fuck off back to London or Glasgow and that's the end of that.

It's like cheating at The Sims; a quick fix but ultimately unsatisfying and unsustainable. We don't need any 'fix', quick or otherwise, because nothing's broken. The only thing that was maybe in need of a bit of encouragement, or to be put in a cast for the world to sign, was our civic pride. This Dundonian self-deprecation and apathy that at times went all the way to being brutal self-flagellation.

In my opinion the WeDundee bid was incredibly encouraging, and did go a long way to uniting, well, everyone rather than a privileged few in a zealous fervour of Dundonian pride. Asking of us, what do we love about Dundee? I find that, along with the V&A and our continually improving waterfront as well as countless others, utterly inspiring and these things truly are legacies that we can get behind and then shoot beyond. The bid did such a good job that I won't waste any more of my ever-dwindling word count on "what makes Dundee great". It really did feel like the end of Ghostbusters 2 where sheer civic pride and rallying together gets shit done.

So c'mon, let's still get shit done. Hire free venues, make enquiries, put on events. Let's do as much as what we said we would do anyway. Let our asses cash the cheques we already wrote. Let us brim with that civic pride instead of looking at ourselves like a half-empty glass.

Are we there yet? Well, we've always been there. When we get there though, promise me I'll get the cushy monorail driving job.

2017 Hull

TELL THE WORLD

David McLeish - This Must Be The Place

"I've sold monorails to Brockway, Ogdenville, and North Haverbrook, and by gum it put them on the map!"

Maybe your moral compass hasn't been set by the CRT glow and magnetic tape of popular culture that mine has, but this Simpsons quote by a traveling con-artist who sells Springfield a dangerous lie is what first sprung to my mind as an opener for this article.

Don't get me wrong (That's The Pretenders), of course it would have been great to get the City of Culture 2017 title, be brimming with civic pride and to have all this cool stuff happening around the city, and I of course appreciate the amount of effort that people put in for our bid, and in the run up to it.

However, and there isn't the trace of a single sour grape on my breath as I say this, I don't think we need it and I can actually see the benefit in not having it.

I have no experience of Hull, whatsoever, my only knowledge of the place is as a Reeves & Mortimer punchline of a place: chosen for its bleakness, it's middle-English nowhere-ness. To that end, and from what I have heard about it, CoC may be the temporary economic and cultural injection it needs. The shot in the arm that hopefully it can build on, and I genuinely hope it does.

I have visited the Olympic village in Barcelona, and the winter Olympic village in Calgary and these places feel like forgotten white elephants, derelict or at least run down, "all alone at the '54 world's fair" kind of places.





The Hits of Lady Dada: Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven

Whether in art, politics, love or warfare, history is said to be written by the victors. The importance of Marcel Duchamp's 1917 *Fountain* is surely beyond any doubt, having changed the entire art historical narrative irrevocably. In 2004, to no-one's great surprise, it was voted the most influential artwork of the 20th century by 500 selected art world professionals. This article is not about to argue any different. But what if *Fountain*, that most influential artwork, was maybe the idea of someone else entirely, someone whose place in art history was largely forgotten and has only recently come to light?

In a 1917 letter from Duchamp to his sister Suzanne, he informed her that his submission to the Society of Independent Artists was in fact conceived by a friend:

"One of my female friends who had adopted the pseudonym Richard Mutt sent me a porcelain urinal as a sculpture; since there was nothing indecent about it, there was no reason to reject it."

So could this mysterious friend have been Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven, and who was she anyway?

The Baroness was born in 1874 in Pomerania, Germany, and spent much of her early life as an actress and vaudeville performer. She had numerous affairs with artists in Berlin, Munich and Italy, studied art in Dachau, and married an architect in Berlin in 1901. This marriage became a *ménage à trois* with the poet and translator Felix Paul Greve, and in 1910 she emigrated to America with him. On moving to New York in 1913 she





married the German Baron Leopold von Freytag-Loringhoven, got a job in a cigarette factory, and fell in with the city's nascent Dada scene. Baron von Loringhoven hurried back to Germany at the outbreak of war, where he shot himself – an act which his wife characterized as the “bravest of his life”.

Freytag-Loringhoven cut an eccentric figure on the New York streets with her shaved head, black lipstick and riotous outfits of found-object ensembles, among them a tomato-can bra, a birdcage hat with live canary, and postage stamps pasted to her cheeks. She modeled for artists including Man Ray, and appeared in a short film by Ray and Duchamp titled *The Baroness Shaves Her Pubic Hair*. She wrote poetry that was published in *the Little Review* and inspired Ezra Pound, who wrote in his *Cantos* that the Baroness lived by a “principle of non-acquiescence.” While pursuing a thorough dismantling of the boundaries between art and everyday life, she created artworks whose existence has survived through many years of obscurity. The irreligious Dada object *God* is a 10½ inches high cast iron plumbing trap turned upside down and mounted on a wooden mitre box, a 1917 readymade that's contemporaneous with *Fountain* and is now exhibited alongside it in the Arensberg Collection at the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

After her flowering with New York Dada, Freytag-Loringhoven was cut adrift when many of her fellow artists and poets returned home to Europe after the war. By the time she'd inherited enough money to travel to Paris in 1926, she was in declining health and dismayed by the many rejections of her English-language poetry in her resolutely Francophone new home. A disastrous stay in post-war Berlin came to nothing, though a return to Paris the following year seemed to promise some improved mental stability. However, she was to die alone of gas suffocation in her flat, either by suicide or fatal accident. She is buried at Paris's Père Lachaise Cemetery.

The Baroness's place in history might have been condemned to a mere footnote but for a sudden resurgence of interest in this unique Dada trailblazer. In 2003, Irene Gammel's *Baroness Elsa: Gender, Dada, and Everyday Modernity* told her extraordinary story in the context of feminist body art and performance art, while *Body Sweats: The Uncensored Writings of Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven* was listed by *The New York Times* as one of the notable art books of 2011. Even her unique and inflammatory fashions have appeared on the catwalks: for spring 2009, Maison Martin Margiela paraded models wearing a collection made entirely of refuse, and in winter 2009 Agatha Ruiz de la Prada took Elsa's signature birdcage as the design cue for a skirt. The Baroness's life and work had always defied specific categories, and she foresees junk art, performance art, body art, collage, found sculptures and assemblage by decades. It's been a long time coming, but Baroness Elsa can finally claim a kind of victory.

