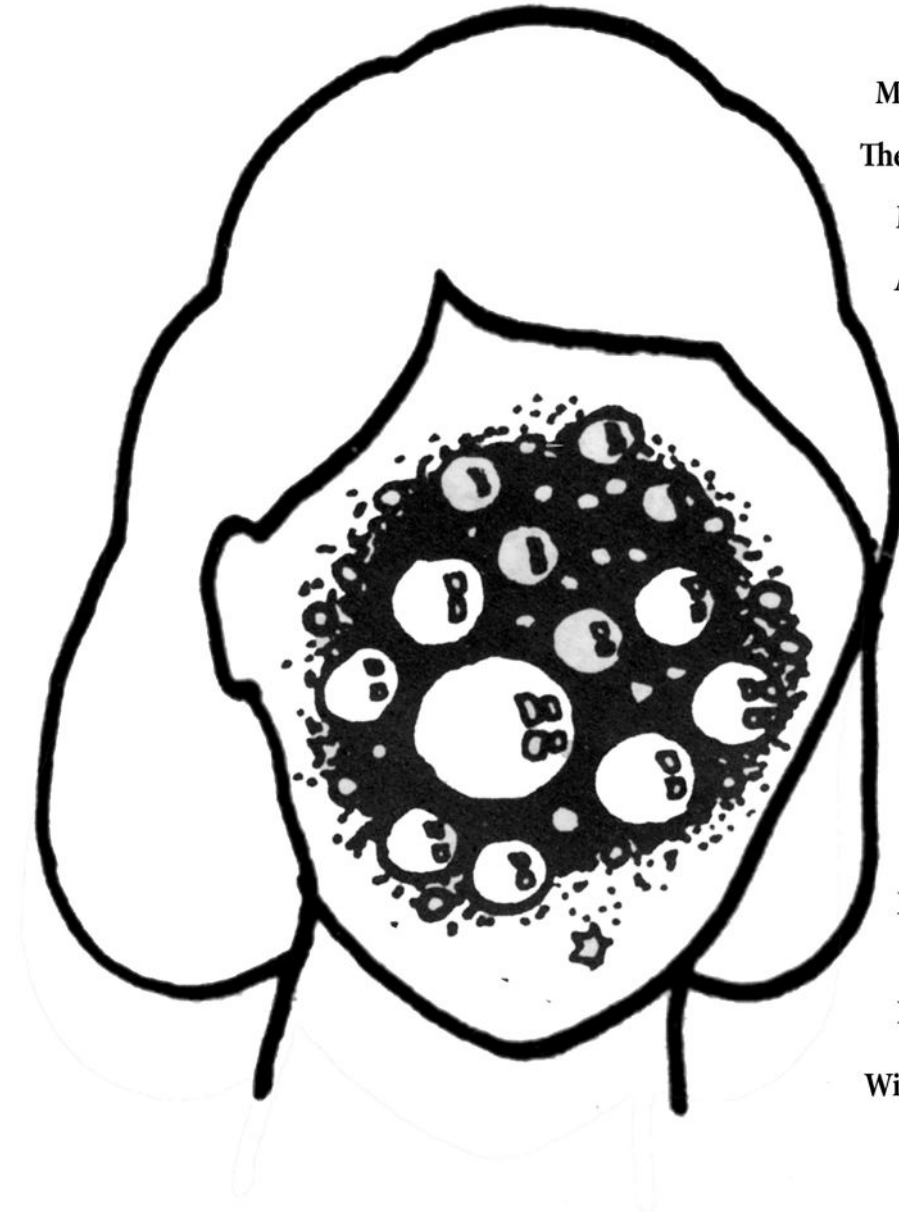


Yuck 'n Yum

Autumn 08



Michelle Souter

The Lonely Piper

Mickey Mallet

Andrea Sayers

Jonny Reding

Jen Collins

Andy Sim

Val Norris

Villagestar

Jill Skulina

Rob Hunter

John Loudon

Neil McIntee

Eilidh McNair

plus
Ben Robinson
interviews
William Bennett

www.yucknyum.com

Supported by the Dundee Visual Arts Award scheme.

the black is the night,
the white is the coke,
the colour is the light,
the glitter is the disco.

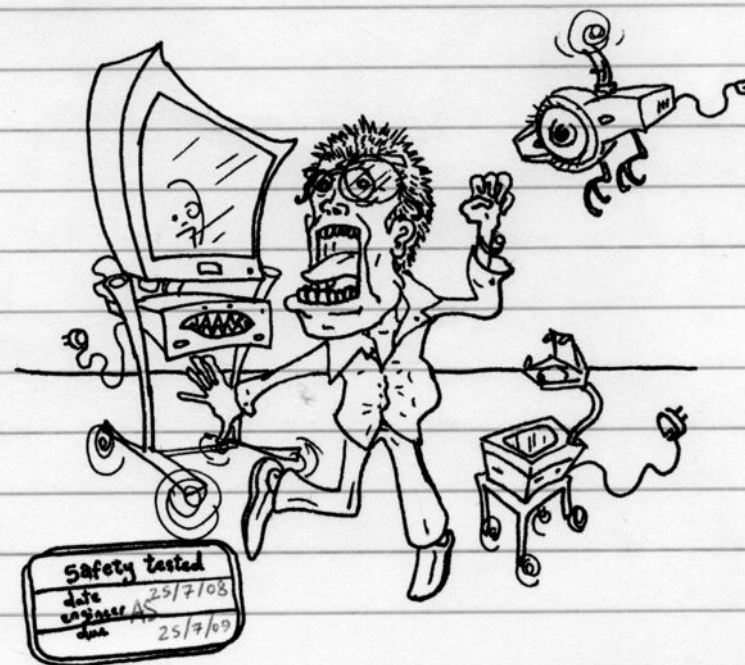
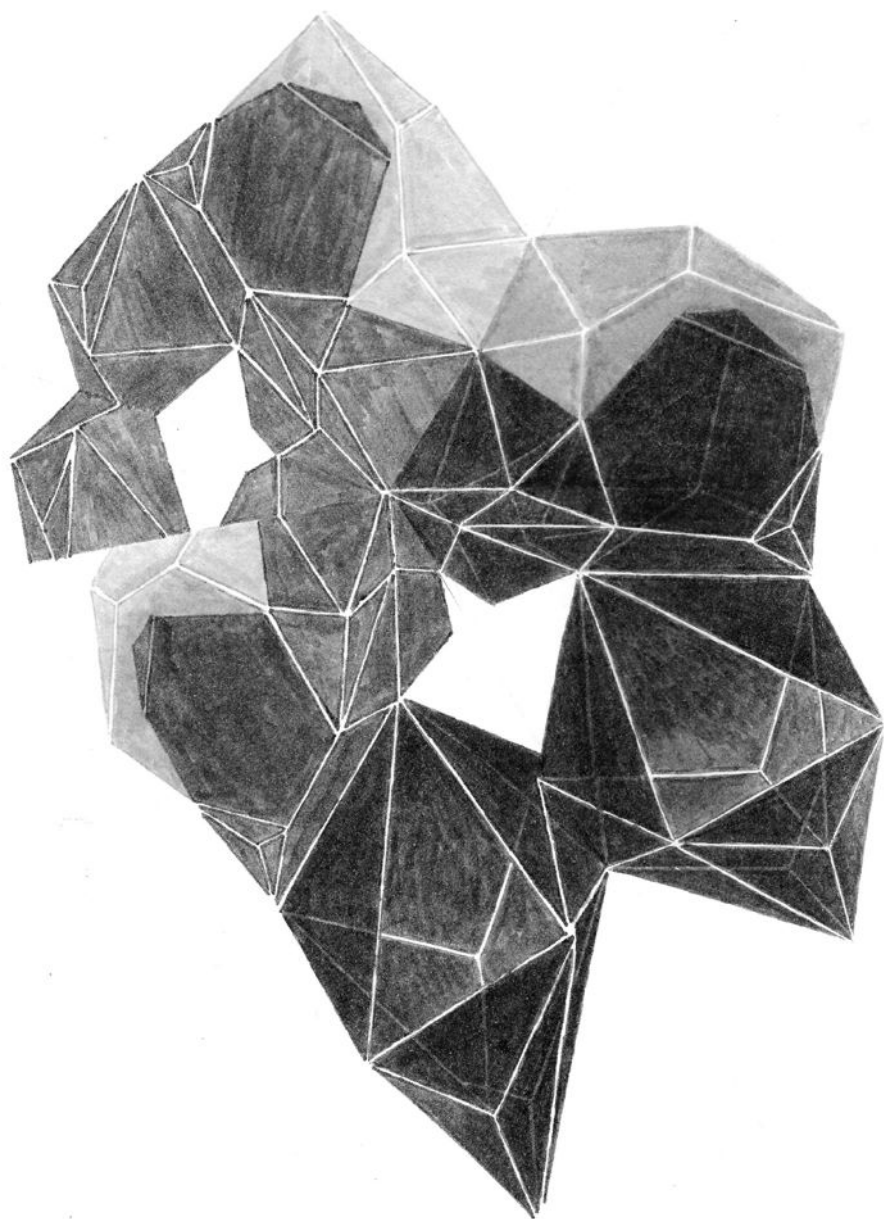
disco beards (2008)

omg yny is well
book innit lol

Yuck 'n Yum

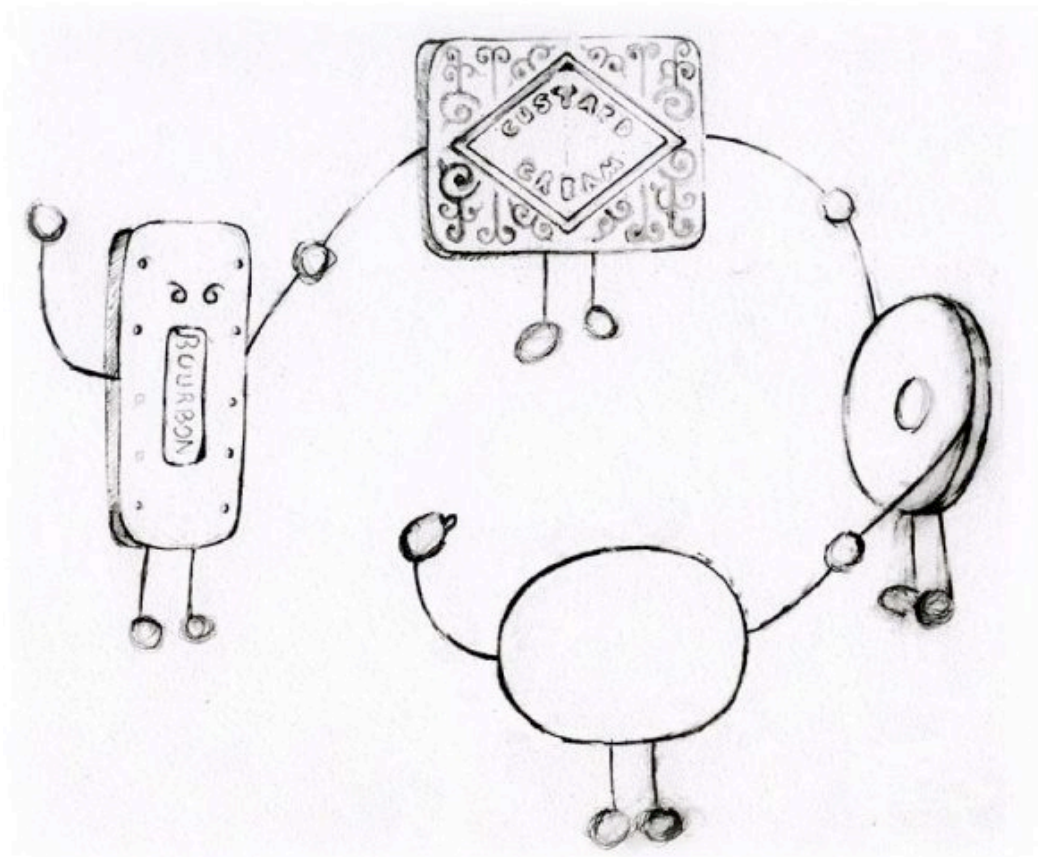
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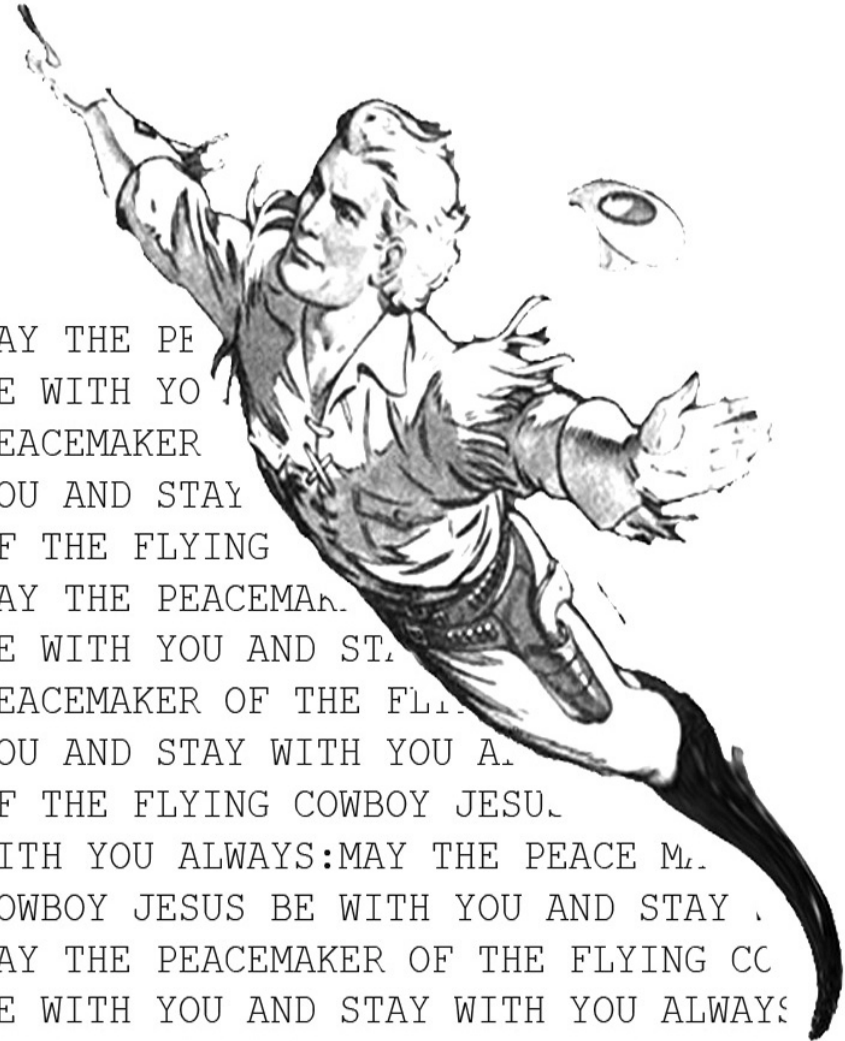
"Bless" - Villagestar

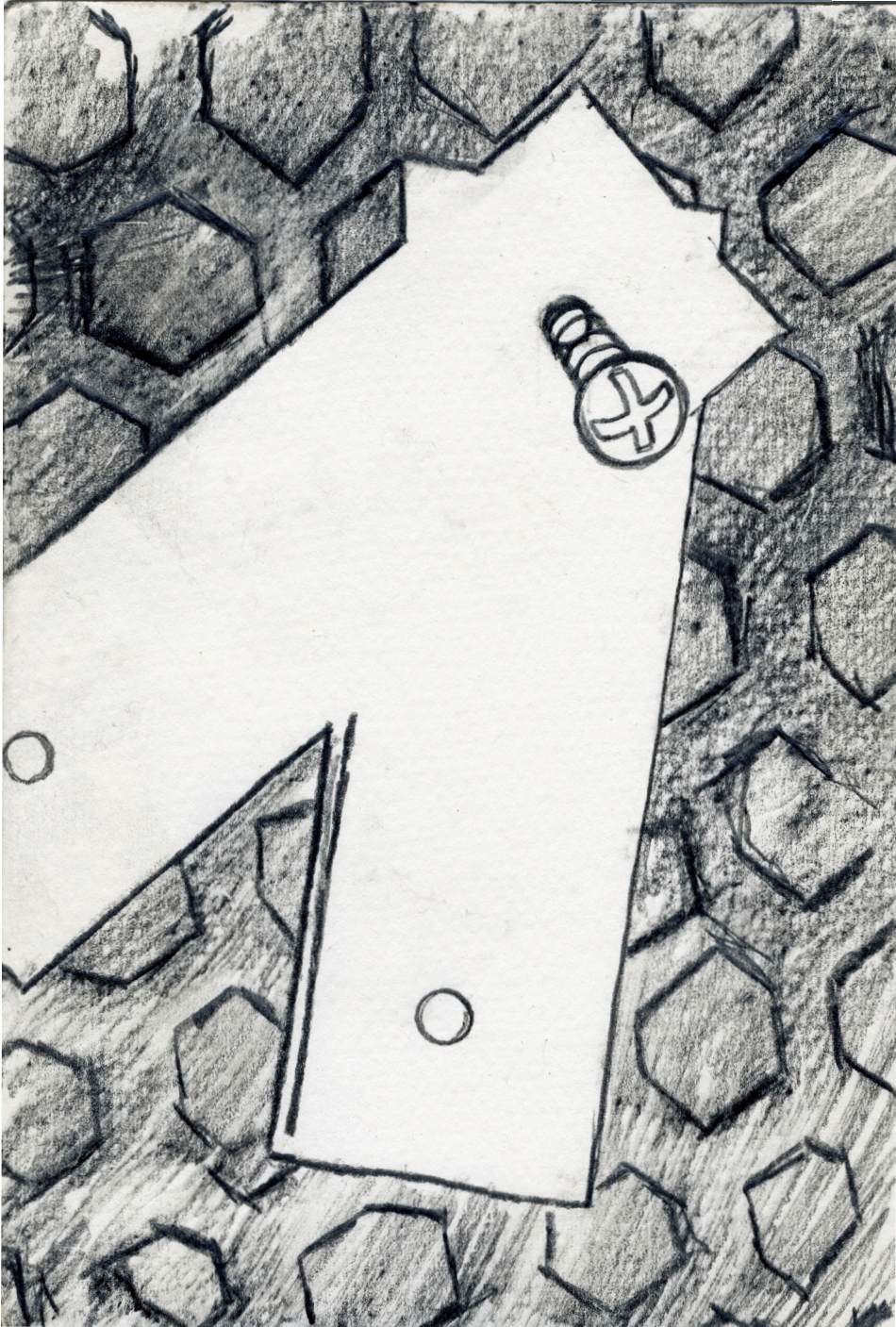


united biscuits of europe

(sandwich division)

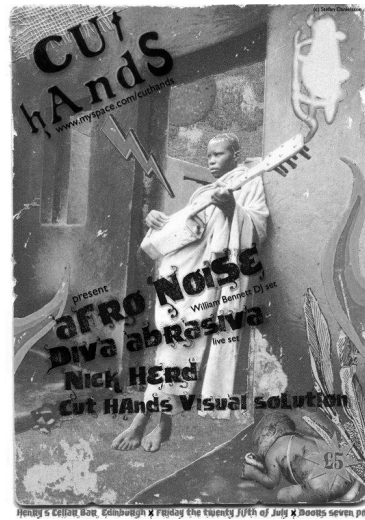
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WITH YOU ALWAYS:MAY THE PEACE
COWBOY JESUS BE WITH YOU AND STAY
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BE WITH YOU AND STAY WITH YOU ALWAYS
PEACEMAKER OF THE FLYING COWBOY JESUS
YOU AND STAY WITH YOU ALWAYS:MAY TH





Miniature number 3





CUT HANDS HAS THE SOLUTION

William Bennett and afro noise

There are around 30 or so of us gathered quietly in the gloom of a subterranean bar, namely Henry's Cellar Bar in Edinburgh, making small talk while we wait for the inaugural Cut Hands event to begin. Our host, the self-described "animal response technician" William Bennett, comes with quite a reputation. The founding member and sole constant of the notorious 'power electronics' act Whitehouse, since 1980 he's helped produce a unique body of work that has polarised audiences even among the supposedly inclusive 'experimental' music crowd. Whitehouse specialise in extreme noise, in transgressive themes and lyrics, tackling areas of experience most would prefer to see swept away not just under the carpet but better yet under the floorboards as well. Over the course of 25 years Bennett himself has always refused to provide the comfort of any fixed meaning, either by explaining himself away or by justifying any of his motives. Now, having announced the demise and subsequent rebirth of the Whitehouse project, the new direction has come about under Bennett's own moniker and is labelled afro noise.

Cut Hands is its flagship, described as being "a new night for music like no other: where the rules of the West no longer apply, where the sound of voodoo and santería is mixed with raw electricity." The whole of one wall serves as the screen for a DVD projection; the display is mostly from the archives of the French anthropologist and filmmaker Jean Rouch. African villagers enact a variety of arcane rites, the dusty desert floor the backdrop for a series of uncanny rituals. Eventually our host politely introduces himself and passes round an old wood and straw tribal mask, which we're invited to try on. Retiring to a darkened corner at the back of the room, our host lets the music play.

its very own Factory catalogue no', FAC 501 to be precise; just not at all turned up at the bottoms, blue or machine washable (like my Levi's). Peter Hook described Tony's passing as an experience akin to losing his father all over again; he was a much loved dandy with foppish tendencies who was always dressed up to the (Pen)nines, a grand and eloquent manager, inspired mogul, cognoscente and generous friend, whose loss to many was nothing short of devastating. He really did put the (big) Man in Manchester.

Pre-Piper and during my musical youth, I had Bezzed it about with the best of them to the inspired narcotic noise of Happy Mondays' 'Wrote for Luck', 'Hallelujah' and 'Loosefit,' to name but just three of Factory's immediate classics. You see, through Tony's 'through speakers' presence, he had been astutely orchestrating the soundtrack to my life for many years, and will undoubtedly continue to do so for decades to come (hearing permitted of course). An impresario's impresario come potent force of northern nature, whose texted words (by sad coincidence) Star Trekged their way from Manchester to Dundee and beamed their (always optimistic) way into my living room at about 11 o'clock during the morning of the 30th of March 2007: to beep beep onto my occupied couch with a startling Nokian timbre, whilst digitally manifesting in my friend and biographers inbox.

"Who's That Neil?"

"It's Tony."

"Wilson?"

"Aye."

"How's he doing?"

"He says he's on the mend."

And so it goes; Anthony Howard Wilson, forever the consummate optimist, to whom that cheeky bugger called Death, was just another of life's little and unknown pleasures.

The Lonely Piper 2008

FAC 358 Perth Road, Dundee

The following account relays my sadly tenuous, yet ultimately thrilling, dalliance with the late (never early) Tony Wilson, a man whom I never met, but wish I had. A one off alpha gentleman that many accredit with the placing of Manchester on the starmacadam'd road to its cultural resurgence; the lion's share of which was mostly achieved through the highly entertaining conceptual insurgence employed by one Factory Records (1978-1992). The oft regaled tales of which, needless to say, have become the ever so finely embellished stuff of bona-fide legend. A label which has since emitted decades of impudent influence with its eccentric and honest logic, initiating its ethos grandly with the unique generosity of Wilson's blood scribbled non-contract, which stipulated that 'The musicians own everything. We own nothing. All our bands have the freedom to fuck off.' The label's visionary and genre refining design ethics, came courtesy of Peter Saville, Central Station Design and 8vo; graphically defining an era with effortless panache.

My friend Neil was up from Edinburgh to take part in a panel discussion entitled 'Drawing: A Clearer Picture' at the College of Art: a discussion in which he proceeded to intellectually expound on the theoretical merit of drawing freestyle with handheld lasers, and the establishing of colleges on the moon which would specialise in such progressive mark-making techniques. The Piper was safely ensconced at the back of the gallery, shielded by seated students; because owing to the lingering dregs of an evening out I happened to be suffering from a severe bout of muteness. I was also having a 'Blue Thursday' (the 29th of March 2007), because I'd just read in 'The Guardian' that Tony had been diagnosed with cancer of the kidney, and being one of my heroes, this delivered an underhand and emotive sucker punch to my spirits. It had much the same effect on Neil when I relayed the bad news; he texted him immediately, gravely concerned as to his wellbeing, and bummed out to boot. With typical inspired foresight, Neil had invited Tony up to Edinburgh College of Art a few years prior, to deliver an inspirational and no doubt comedic 'fuck peppered' talk to his students; some of whom may have taken this one off opportunity for granted, missed it even, un-blissfully ignorant as to Tony's provenance. Latterly Wilson fought the petty bureaucracy of the NHS like a true socialist, and tackled his illness with gutsy resilience (his Local Health Board refused to pay for the life extending Sutent he urgently required, his Factory friends instead had to set up a Wilson drug fund). Yet despite the extensive and expensive treatment, which included invasive surgery, his renal cancer ultimately transpired to be his terminal curtain call, he passed away on the 10th August in hospital from a massive heart attack. He was afforded a true funerary Factory send-off, suited up in a stunning silver and black Savillesque casket, which bore a numerical resemblance to my Levi's, as it possessed

It plays. The African influence on the Whitehouse sound has become increasingly pronounced in recent years, culminating in last year's Racket album, a riot of djembe drums working in chorus with the more familiar electronic assault. Writing in *The Wire*, David Keenan described it thus: "Racket posits a more dystopian form of exotica, with 'darkest Africa' as the night-side of the psyche, a lawless, violent place of natural and manmade disaster, of scarification ritual, death squads, starvation and the breakdown of everything that the Western social contract barely keeps in place."

The footage on the screen suddenly starts to reflect this 'night-side' as the villagers flail around speaking in tongues, foaming at the mouth, lost in all manner of altered states. The film is now edited by Nick Herd to provide the "Cut Hands visual solution", cut and looped in time with the pounding rhythm as iridescent hues of bright yellow and green break out in piercing flashes. All the while during the performance a barrage of percussion and electronic distortion is beating away at the synapses, chiselling relentlessly, as the crowd give in and submit to what might be called a trance. There's pleasure to be had in going under, in plugging in to something primal, and the audience is pinned back rapt. After an hour (maybe more?) of being lost in the void, a brief shell-shocked silence, before a smattering of applause. As we retire to the bar, the small talk begins again, this time a monosyllabic exchange along the lines of "you like it?" "yeah, really intense." Then it's a short wait for the next Dundee train from Haymarket station, my brain still rattling around the insides of my skull, my eyes seared with images transmitted from the heart of darkness: "The horror! The horror!"

A few days before the event I had emailed Bennett with a few questions about Whitehouse, Cut Hands, art and extreme noise:

The 'Afro Noise' project seems very participatory, especially the idea of workshops where the audience can get involved. Will Cut Hands incorporate this idea at all?

Yes, quite possibly, in fact 'Cut Hands' will be the umbrella for afro noise - not just for the club nights but for any of its manifestations and guises (including the records), another idea we are planning is to have an art exhibition under this umbrella

As announced in February, Whitehouse will no longer have Philip Best in the line-up, while you are no longer performing live vocal duties. Will Cut Hands give any clues as to the direction future Live Actions might take?

To be honest, with regards to Whitehouse, nothing has really been thought through yet, almost inevitably, the relationship will be symbiotic; as indeed, much of the afro noise sound is borne from the recent evolution of Whitehouse recordings

Whitehouse has always polarised audiences, and after so many years of ploughing this furrow do you feel vindicated at all?

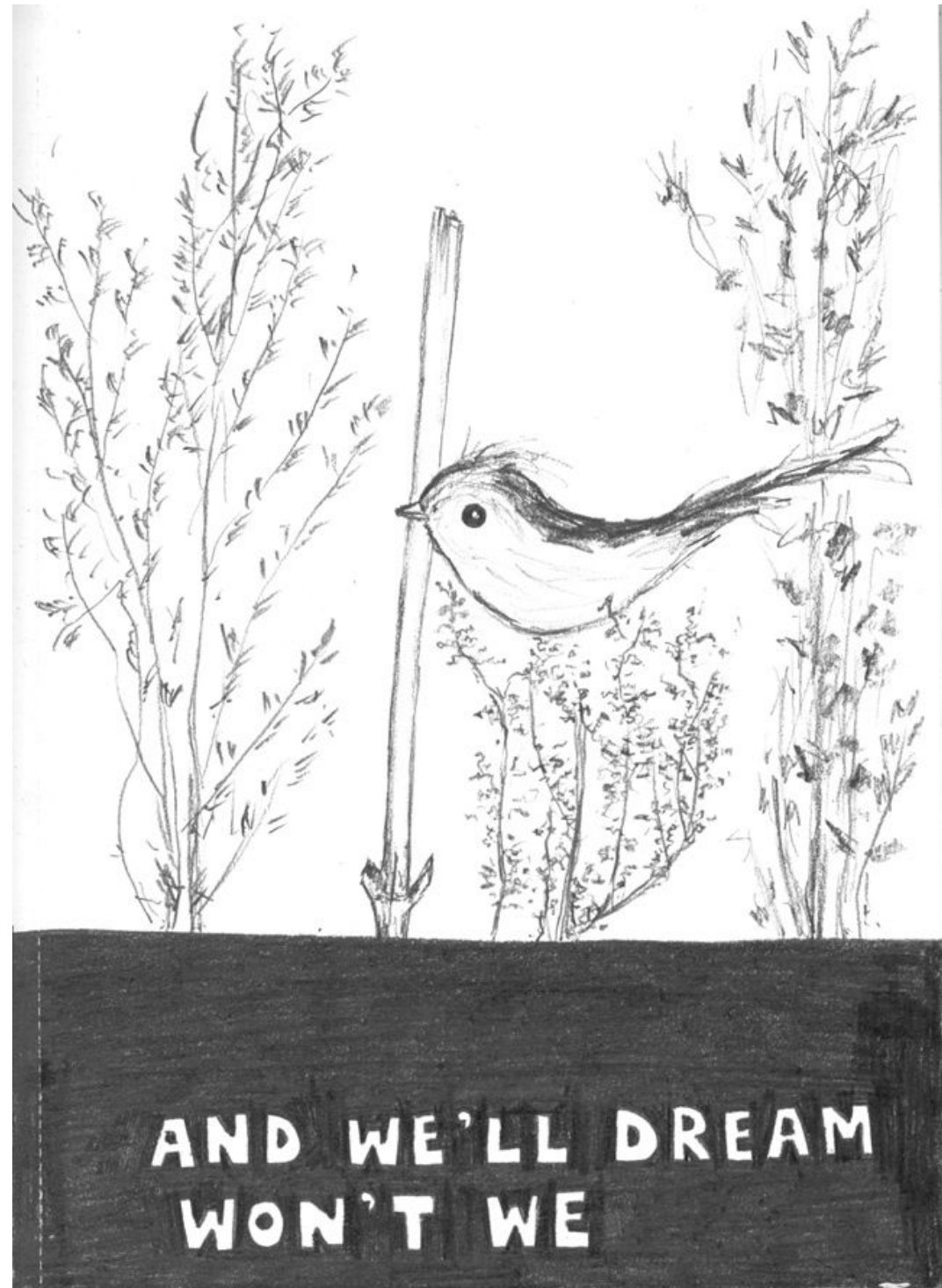
Vindication seems to imply that one is seeking some kind of justice, and that was never the intent – artistically, I see polarisation as a symptom of that which is challenging to beliefs, so seen as a measure it can't be a bad thing

Do you have any advice for Whitehouse neophytes? How should they approach this awesome, for many people quite intimidating, body of work?

As a member of the Let's See What Happens Society, in other words, with an open mind

I took my younger brother along to see you and Philip perform in Leeds last year. He's normally into rock music, but he really enjoyed it. He told me afterwards, "It was more like performance art!" Has there been any performance art that influenced the Whitehouse 'act'?

Not directly – it's taken a life of its own from the very outset all these years ago, from a domain of disenfranchisement and what your brother is seeing is really 28 years of that process



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Who are your favourite visual artists? Has any artist had a direct influence on the Whitehouse sound?

Rather than name specific artists I find the museums in Vienna the most gratifying, I also love the Museum of Art Brut in Lausanne - no real direct influence on the sound itself, but certainly conceptually and not perhaps in the traditional sense (e.g. 'Why You Never Became A Dancer')

There have been quite a few noise/experimental artists such as Throbbing Gristle and Sun O))) performing in art galleries of late. Would you consider doing this?

Much art is assessed according to the context in which it's placed, so it becomes a potent tool for marketing - beyond that perception, I see the aforementioned bands as belonging to the mainstream model

For me there is something Modernist about the Whitehouse approach; the desire to create something completely new and free of conventional structure, and now looking to Africa as a source of inspiration like the Cubists did a century ago. I'm not asking you to compare yourself with Picasso(!), but is this a valid observation?

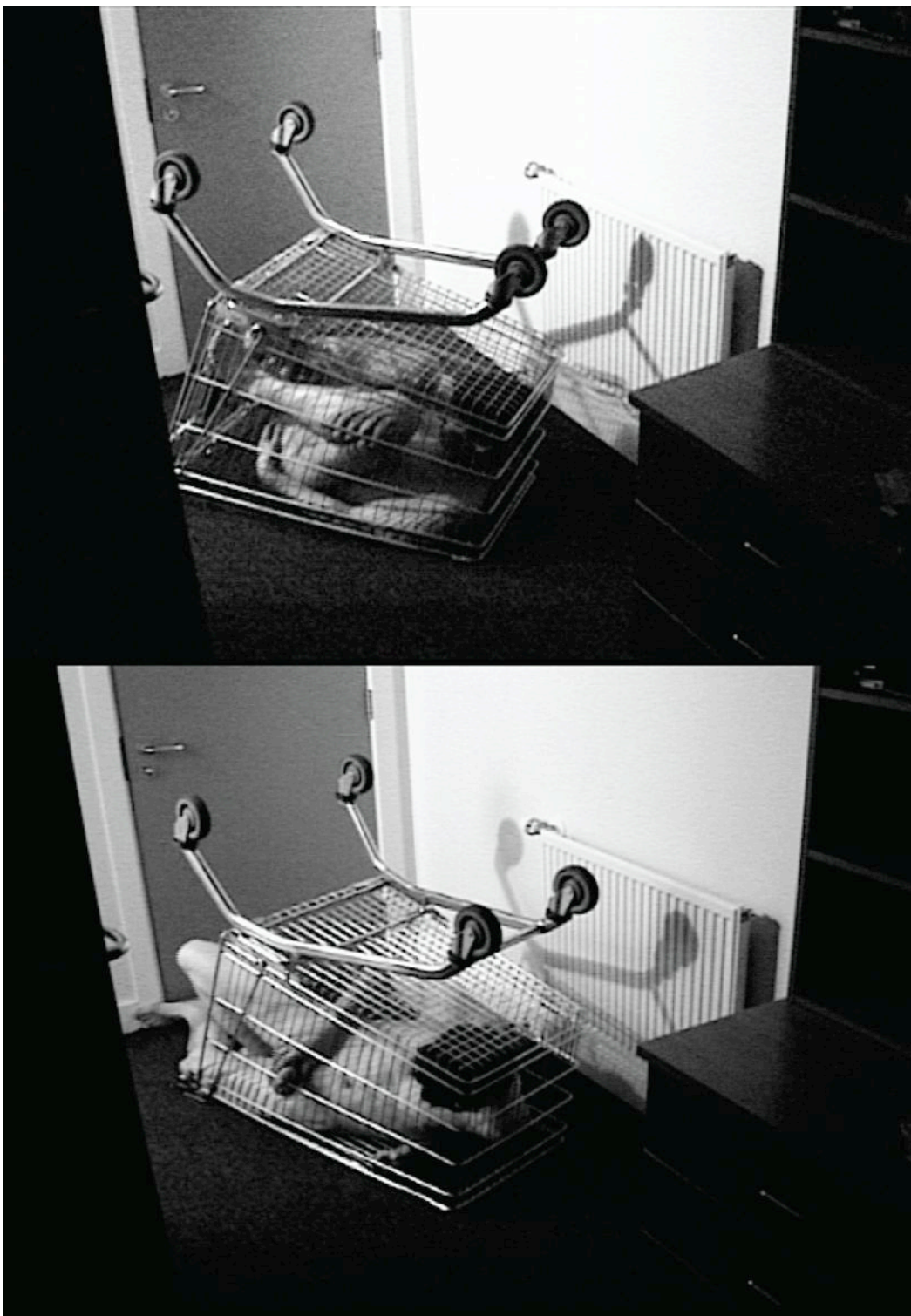
Personally, I do relate to Picasso's lifetime extraordinarily restless desire to discover sources of potential inspiration free of conventional structure (just as you describe); the secret to me is to remain committed to one's intent

Are there any contemporary artists you would recommend to our readers? Whose work should they check out?

Definitely Stefan Danielsson, the Swedish artist, who did the cover for 'Racket' and will be heavily involved with art for the various Cut Hands projects - beyond that, I'd only suggest that art is to be experienced live and not merely in books, as music is much more than something you hear, art is much more than what you see

William Bennett afro noise set:
www.cyrk.org/activecancellation200708.html

Whitehouse online:
www.susanlawly.com



CHICKEN 2008 © JonnyReding

Chicken is from the unconscious; I use my body as a weapon.

It is an attack on my comfort zone.

I enter my steely glory hole with a struggle.

It is a portraiture of incompetence.

Chicken is fully loaded.

I am trapped in domestic dramas; I am invisible,

I am not getting any.

There is no spirit here, it is a helpless action; an object, with no function other than to ridicule my dignity, baiting the spirit into obscurity.

I hide in my romantic fantasies.

I lurk and wallow in desires of petty circumstances of Binary make believe.

Appetite will transform and stimulate my discontent and false piety.

I will plod, dull tasks will colour and persevere.

Emptiness will fill the obstacles of bloody pride, with emotional conflicts that bleed the gut from wounds of immaturity and the supernatural.

Impulses will hold fast, while I sleep the uncharted Moment of thoughts and dreams.