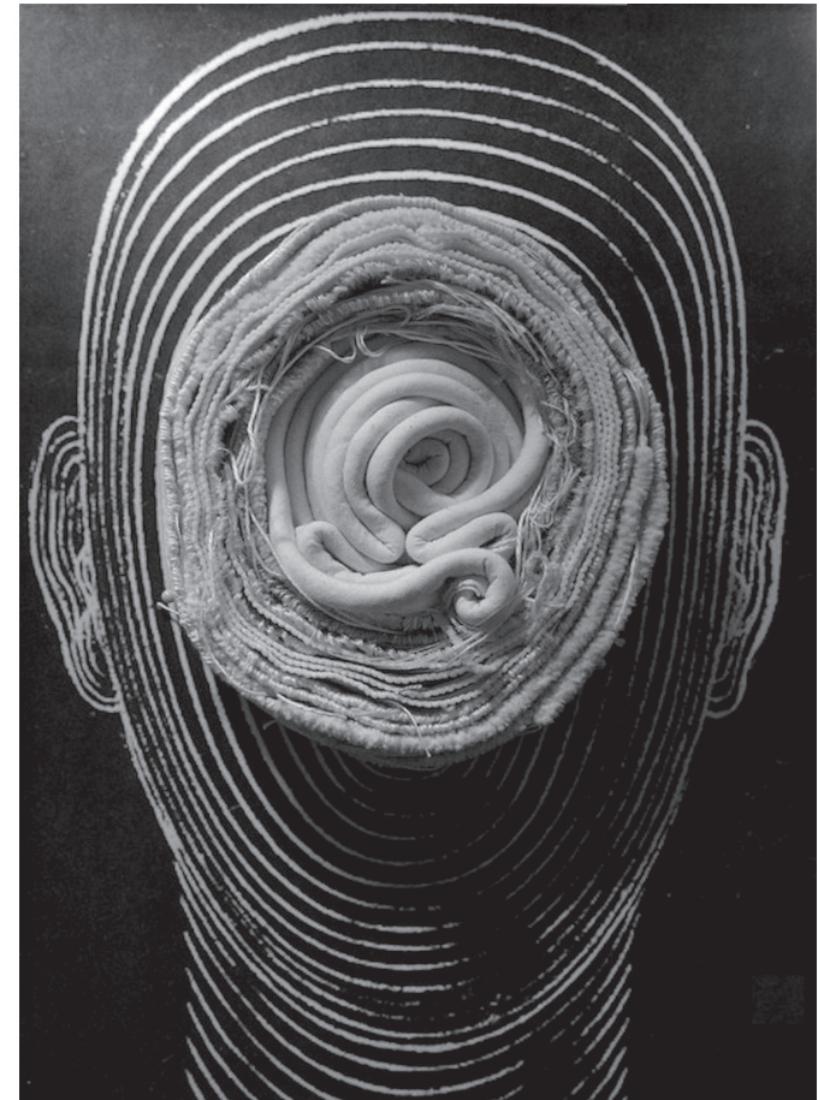


Yuck 'n Yum

AUTUMN 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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LEGS BENEDICT

He's always running his mouth

AW NAWWWW

On the move!

Exposed to the element "Pronuncium" while perusing a leg-themed pornographic website at work, local scientist Benedict Piñn was transformed into

Sinew City's most perambulatory superhero!

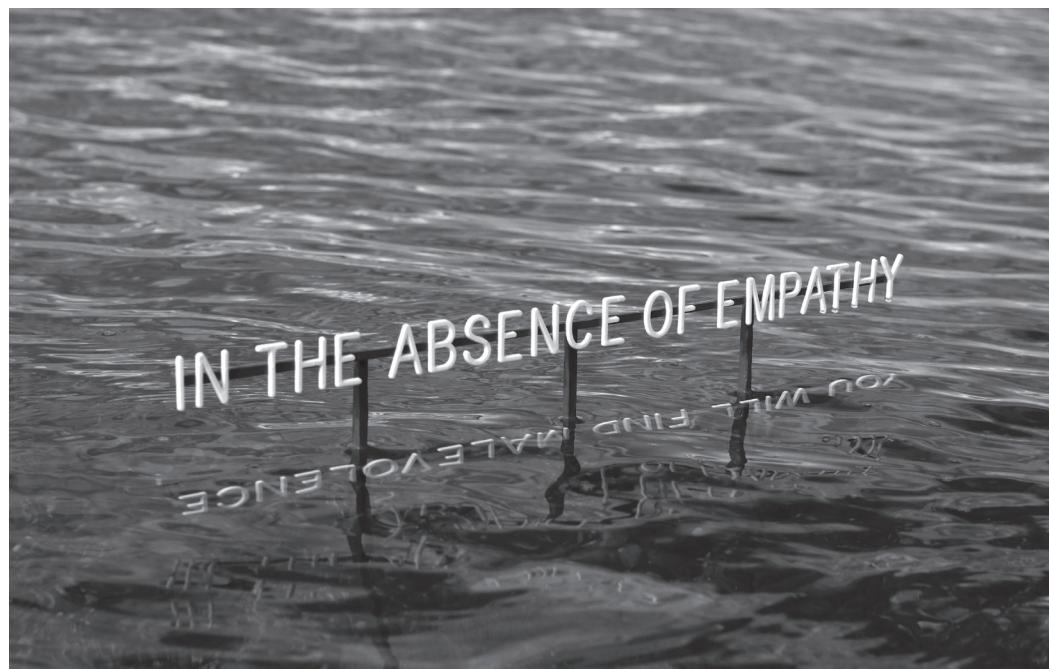
Year of Sexy Scotland

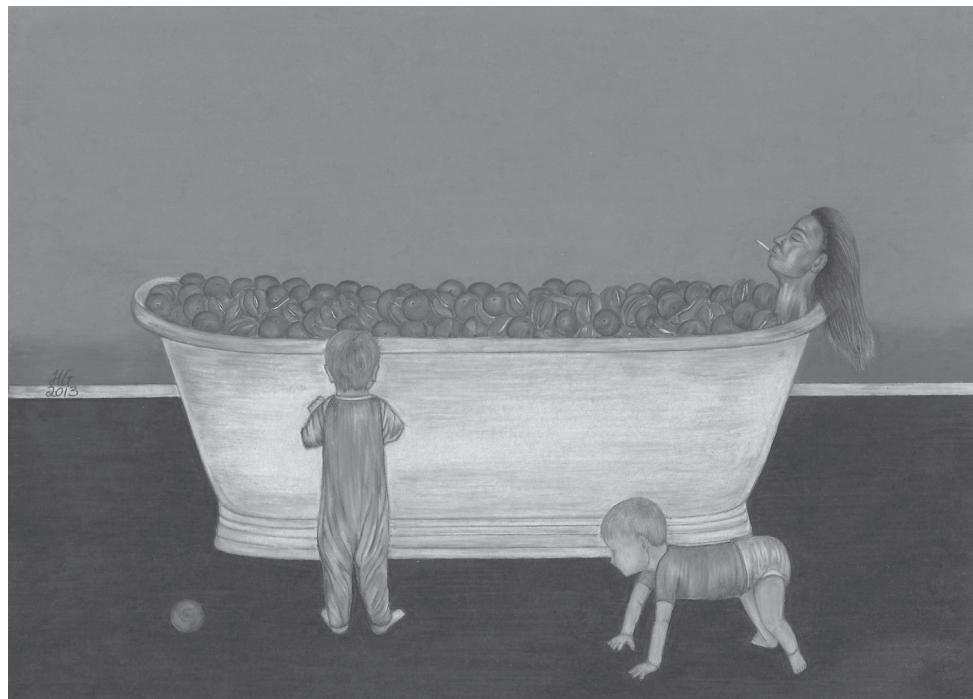
Yuck 'n Yum

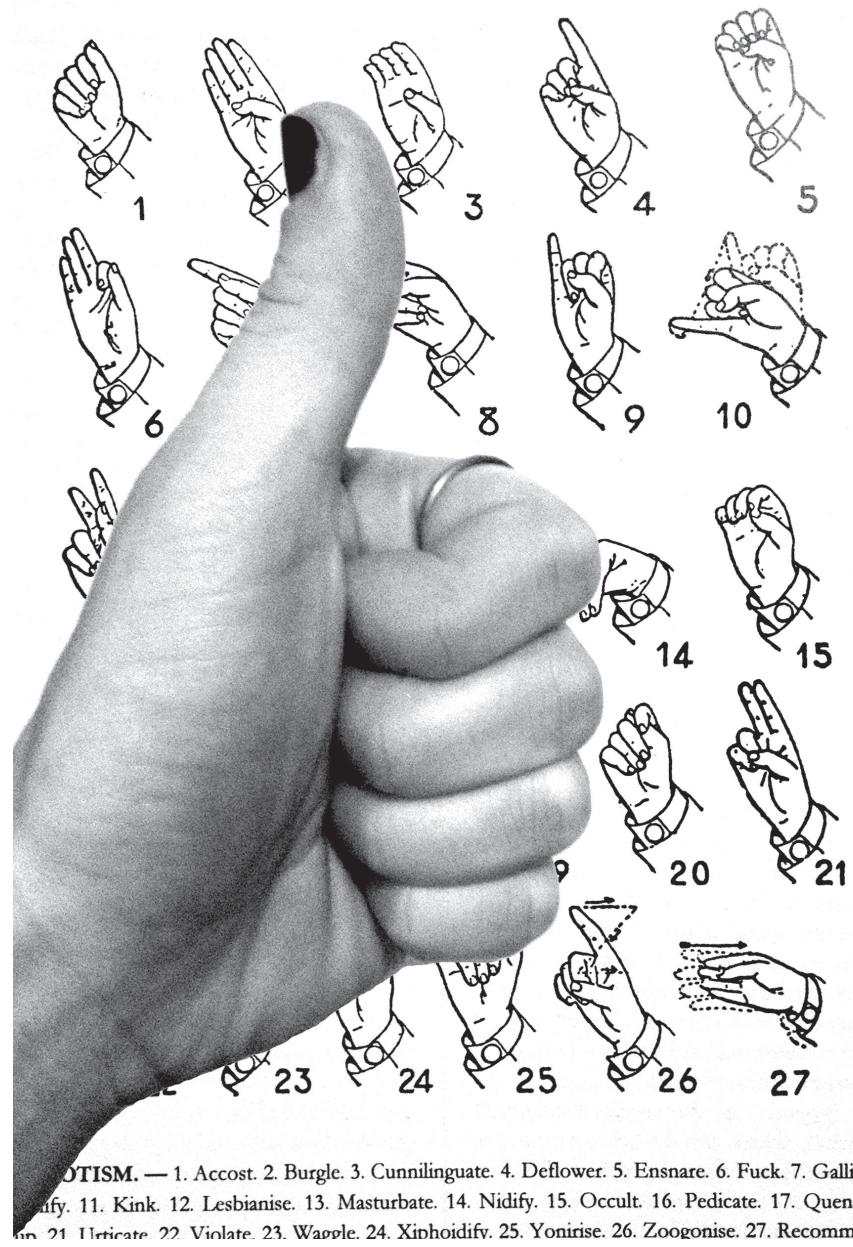
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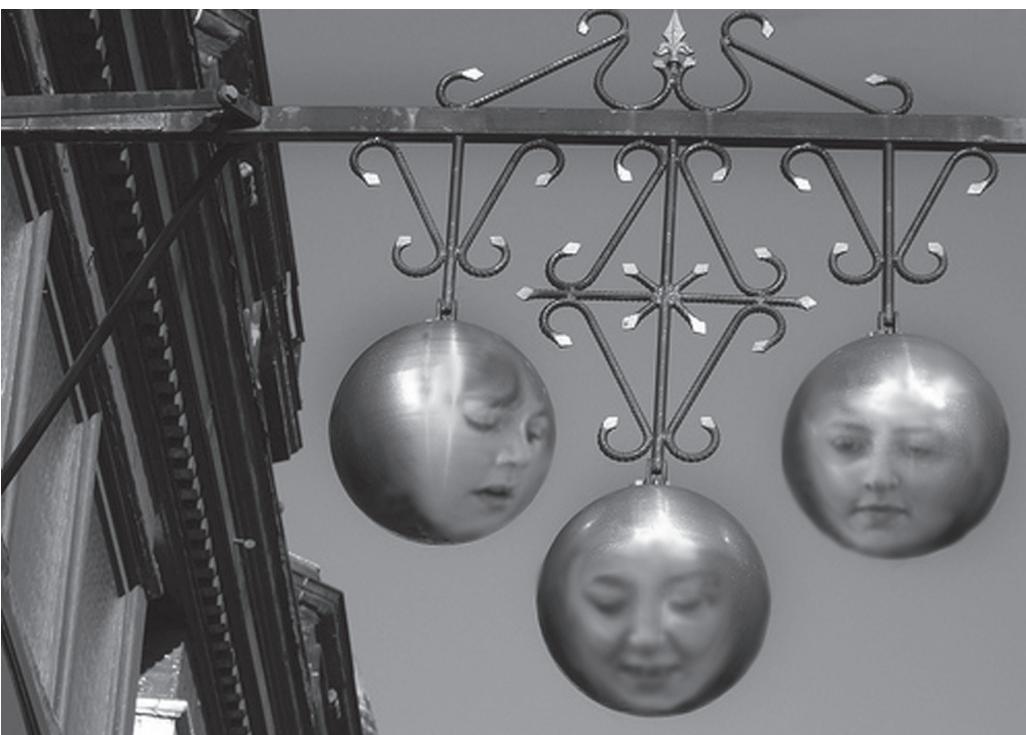
Cover: 'The Alignment' by Cos Ahmet







OTISM. — 1. Accost. 2. Burgle. 3. Cunnilinguate. 4. Deflower. 5. Ensnare. 6. Fuck. 7. Gallivant. 8. Givify. 9. Kink. 10. Lesbianise. 11. Masturbate. 12. Nidify. 13. Occult. 14. Pedicate. 15. Quench. 16. Urticate. 17. Violate. 23. Wipple. 24. Xiphoidify. 25. Yonirise. 26. Zoogonise. 27. Recommend.





Black Atlantis: The Art of the Drexciya Mythos

“Everything that is unknown is part of the myth, and I’m sure that the myth could do more for humanity than anything they ever dreamed possible.” – Sun Ra

From deep within the dystopian underground of 90s Detroit, the enigmatic electro act Drexciya released a series of limited EPs whose harsh, uncompromising sounds held a generation of electronic music fans in their thrall. Each transmission of “aquatic assault programming” came shrouded in an air of mystery, with the Drexciyan project fitting firmly to the faceless techno archetype: no photos, no interviews, anonymous artwork. And what to make of this consistent aquatic theme? *Wavejumper*, *Hydro Theory*, *Digital Tsunami*... tracks all based around the Roland TR-808 drum machine with syncopated kick drum patterns and electronic emulations of breakbeats. All were reputedly played live, and every record evoked an underwater army laying siege to the world’s dancefloors. 1994’s *Aquatic Invasion* carried the following text on the inlay:

“The dreaded Drexciya stingray and barracuda battalions were dispatched from the Bermuda Triangle. Their search and destroy mission to be carried out during the Winter Equinox of 1995 against the programmer strongholds. During their return journey home to the invisible city one final mighty blow will be dealt to the programmers. Aquatic knowledge for those who know.”

With little other communication save the sounds and the song titles, Drexciya’s mystique looked to have achieved a perfect impenetrability. Their 1997 concept album *The Quest*, released on the Detroit techno label Submerge, then duly arrived with some remarkable sleeve notes:

“During the greatest Holocaust the world has ever known, pregnant

lost it. Tore through some handouts... screamed bile at wine glasses, smoke from his eyes and oil gushing, teeth clamped around the frame, a golf club through the window... and hung these poor bastards out over the pier... Took their bones home for the wall... Got V&.

Psycho. Consistent though... rigour.

Tweaked all night about ambient feedback systems, modular control, Liberals, sanctioned critique and adaptation. Took another hit and chattered about loving alienation, loving it so much that it loves you back – can’t let that noise in... that noise gets in and that noise dismantles you. The virulent rehabilitation of criticality in a moment of banality, he rapped.

It’s four hours in and we have to keep up policing this interzone all night... partyvan’s coming down on those artisans... those sorcerers and scandalous fictioneers. Shake a few more down tonight. Just got to drive, and we have the speed of cultural circuitry... We’re communication... hyperstition... thought objects... This partyvan’s the abject re-use of the pervasive dynamics of free-market feedback cycles... for the ends of contingent maladaptation. Jambient lulz.

Me an’ Ped’s on it... Wee bit overdone on his pipe but we’re wired to curate this thing... be memechanics of control... be mobile manager-machine... they’ll want to participate... exhibition’s gonna be a vulgar mytheme/mysteme inception.

All welcome.

Private view: Fri 13 September 2013, 7-9
Open: Sat 14 September - Sun 6 October 2013

Summerhall
1 Summerhall Place
Edinburgh
EH9 1PL



PARTY VAN!

curated by dane sutherland

*a b& exhibition on the palsied theme of hope, featuring:
 the louche curmudgeonry of deborah jackson
 the rare hits of one of the beagles and ramses (the healthier one)
 the asinine pronunciations of finton ryan
 the three-dimensional objects and events of james clegg
 the high frequency network noir of michelle hannah
 the long now of lewis den hertog
 the distributed pedo-objects of john russell
 and many, many more...
 including a one page pop-up publication with a text by angela mcclanahan
 eulogising the last breaths of context, and high-def screengrabs of the sun.*

The exhibition... is a black storm gathering overhead, spitting flecks of itself onto the windshield and forming a mesh of rivulets... blacken thought... through which flickering street lights drill at my piss-hole eyes. I drive slowly through this rotten, lumpen lattice-work so we can keep an eye out for them bringing out their dead. But our vigilance is damped by a cocktail of distractions. Least of all I have to keep one eye on Pedobear filling his pipe in the passenger seat... jerking and twitching... piercing all he mentions with his twisted, vitriol breath. A shift with this guy's a good night, but I can't trust the baroque fucker.

He's a bent cop avatar to his bones, got a grain of hell in his voice and rasps a braying data-stream of consonants when he's got the itch. Saw him lose it one time, out in Granton. We'd found some fresh meat... he'd shake 'em down like normal but these guys gave him some lip about criticality. Fuckin'

America-bound African slaves were thrown overboard by the thousands during labour for being sick and disruptive cargo. Is it possible that they could have given birth at sea to babies that never needed air?"

This origin story would have provided a way in for any listeners daunted by the music's hostility. By creating a narrative around the traumas of history, Drexciya turned social reality into science fiction, adding another layer of meaning to what may just have been considered purely functional sounds.

In 2002 the Drexciyan project came to an abrupt close when the group's James Stinson died suddenly aged 32 of a heart condition. That same year, the British-Ghanaian writer and theorist Kodwo Eshun formed The Otolith Group with the filmmaker Anjalika Sagar, their film *Hydra Decapita* eventually being nominated for the 2010 Turner Prize. *Hydra Decapita* took as its point of departure the Drexciyan fabulation, turning this into a meditation on dehumanisation in capitalist systems. Visually, the film depicts hypnotic high-contrast close-ups of flickering water as a mysterious narrator imagines pan-galactic stretches of water-space. *Hydra Decapita* also references JMW Turner's 1840 painting *The Slave Ship* and John Ruskin's 1845 defence of that painting, which the Otolith Group sees as "an inaugural moment for art criticism in England."

Also attempting to bring this mythos to a contemporary art audience is the American painter Ellen Gallagher, whose *Watery Ecstatic* series, begun in 1997, uses a variation on scrimshaw by carving images into the surface of thick sheets of watercolor paper and drawing with ink, watercolor, and pencil. Speaking to the website Art21, Gallagher explained her method:

"In 2001 I started making a sequence of films called *Murmur*, from the *Watery Ecstatic* drawings. The first film—also titled *Watery Ecstatic*—refers most literally to the drawings, in terms of the way the paper is cut and the drawing done over it. It's this moment of being submerged; there's a marine mountain and these heads bobbing up and down in the waves. It's very crudely done. It's real and mythological at the same time, this underwater black Atlantis—Drexciya."

Throughout all these diverse projects, artists and filmmakers have worked to connect a tragic historical narrative with the radical discontinuities of the present. The Drexciya sound is defiantly uncommercial and often willfully alienating, but then this was never about entertainment. As The Unknown Writer of *The Quest* sleeve notes originally proclaimed: "Do they walk among us? Are they more advanced than us? How and why do they make their strange music? These are many of the questions that you don't know and never will."





