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SIG News

UAL Subcultures Interest Group

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NINA HAGEN

Photography: Carri Angel

SIGUE SIGUE WHO?

Q: Who the f*ck are Sigue Sigue Sputnik?
A: A daze of future-passed.

"The latest evolution in music … the ultimate rip-off artists … talk about a joke … the group that calls itself Sigue Sigue Sputnik is playing one on the music industry and the public ... and plans to be laughing … all the way to the bank."
Presenter, West 57th interview, 1986

They looked great. They were wonderful in print. Their mistake was making a record.
Malcolm McLaren

Towards the end of the 20th century Sigue Sigue Sputnik were hell-bent and intent on hype, chaos, spin, infamy, myth-making, mischief and above all manipulation. Theirs was a stratospheric arrival and rise, inciting a media and label frenzy before a note had been recorded and submitted.

Signing to label EMI armed only with a promotional video, a crafted collage of film clips and hi-tech sensationalism, the group boasted of a four million pounds signing-on fee (later revealed to be 'just' £350,000), and between February and October 1986 the group splashed and earned, crashed and burned.

In 1986, after thirty years of pop-cultural innovation, technological thrust and futurist thinking, SSS deftly drew the line consigning history to the dustbin. The new, shiny, digitally-drifting, techno-addled future lay in wait and SSS had arrived to forewarn. Was anyone listening?

(Pre)conceived and birthed in 1982 by ex-Generation X bassist Tony James, James assembled the necessary components favouring attitude *over* aptitude; sensibility *before* ability; concept *meets* context, effortlessly exuding style *and* substance, embodying surface *and* depth, personifying pose *and* poise. James had observed Malcolm McLaren's Situationist pranks and sloganeering antics ('cash from chaos') and sought to go one further ('Fleece the world'). To re-shape the future by reassembling history: a proto-synthesised (re)iteration of the past, present and soon to be non-future.

The *group-as-product* comprised James, Svengali in platforms, deconstructing conceptualist and reconstructing fabulist; regal-alien vocal-style-ist Martin Degville; Neal X riff-hanger and sky-high bouffant; Chris Kavanagh drummer One; Ray Mayhew Drummer too; Yana Ya-Ya hi-visualist; Magenta Devine hype-PR realtor.

Self-proclaimed 'Fifth generation rock and rollers' (the lineage being declared as Rockabilly>Glam>Suicide>Punk>SSS) Sputnik divined from Elvis's once-scandalising hip-whip rock 'n' roll, converting Roxy Music's retro-modernism into modern-retroism and the New York Dolls' supposedly perjorative 'mock rock'. Sputnik's *modus operandi* also involved re-textualising science-fiction films and literature.

These glamboyant cyberpunk droogs, day-glo future-shock troopers set about dispensing neon-lit frightmares. Technotalitarian post-postpunk outcasts who imbibed and espoused the absurdity and artistry of the 'designer violence' in vide-omens such as *Rollerball, Scarface, Videodrome, The Terminator* and (Anthony Burgess via) Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* to concoct an ultraviole(n)t discopian classic.

Allied to J.G. Ballard's skewed slant on consumer society's thematic undercurrents, what Mark Fisher defines as "… random violence, mediatisation, the total colonisation of the unconscious by images …", SSS detonated the mind-bomb at the heart of commodity-abundance, shattering the society of the spectacle with enlightened eyes behind darkened glasses.

For those with open-minds diverting attentions away from the illusions of con-sumerism, pulling the wool away from the hypnoidal trance, gleefully advertising the hype and the mechanics behind the facades.

Augmented by retro-futurist sounds produced by electro-doyen Giorgio Moroder (after failing to tempt both David Bowie and Prince), debut single in February 1986, *Love Missile-111* (David Bowie covered the song in 2003) punctured international consciousness en masse. "Shoot it up …"

The cover to follow-up single *21st Century Boy* (tagline 'I am the ultimate product') in May 1986 has the group positioned in a symbolic outline of six Sony © screens fashioned into a crucifix, each 'advertising' specific hard/soft-wares: computers/phones/video/disc/TV/rocket. The song contains samples of J.S. Bach and a vocoderised Elvis introducing warp-speed Bolan-boogie re-tooled for the age of collapsing context and tech-worship.

The album *Flaunt It* of July that same year was (and remains) an accelerated journey through time and space, putting the mode into postmodern, the mage into image, the art into artifice, the arch into archetype. A super-sonic plunderphonics spliced with dystopian film dialogue betwixt thumping robo-grooves, a reassembling of the passed-past thereby creating a new (which is still NOW) bricolage-a-brac of pop-cultural histories.

Cannily selling advertising space in-between tracks, some fictitious: The Sputnik Corporation © (motto 'Pleasure is our Business'); others authentic: *i-D* magazine; *Tempo* magazine; *L'Oreal*; pirate TV station *Network 21*), the whole package is a surreally satirical sideswipe at the music biz, how 'product' is marketed then mediated to be consumed and arguably remains the definitive statement on how the past would be re-accessed, resurrected, retrofetishised and re-sold again. And again.

Even the *NME*'s Paul Morley, himself a(lso) media-massager with ZTT Records (ABC, Frankie Goes to Hollywood) was forced to concede that " … in one way are they the perfect group for this lengthening moment … a small exploding sign of a time when accelerating helicopters replace Saturday afternoon horse racing. They knew, supremely, that the smashing fist in a *Rocky* or two was gripping the civilised world. They saw that its slash, click sizz, the super-sensual touch and fit of the 30-second commercial that's the start of persuasion: that the video … pumps up more information for the enclosed consumer than the sound of the single".

October 1986 saw Sigue Sigue Sputnik play London's Royal Albert Hall. Flanked by a pyramid of tele-screens churning out cathode-rays of light, Sputnik foretold today's deathless blandscapes of multimedia palm-locked computers, time-warped reflectors replete with 'designer violence'; attention-perverting games; handheld horrorvision, tele-torture echo-chambers, filter bubbles of desensitised degradation and depravity. A cannibalistic culture that eats, digests and regurgitates itself, limitless entertainment/entrainment in a game of extra-sensory deception.

Drenched in pretext these musique concrète junglists wrenched cultural forms from their context and (ought to be seen) as Situationist subversives perceiving and plotting routes through ever-enveloping terrains of technonanism and parasocial hibernation, virtual existences contained within cyberspaces of contextless, cocooned alienation and exploitation cloaked in carefree credit-driven consumptive channels of emancipation.

They expertly satirised the now-ubiquitous neon-lit mini and megalopolises, consumer-citadel strip-mall hollowness, taking aim at pseudo-events and highlighting the perils of technological fetishisation and perpetual monitoring and surveillance where everyone's a snoop, a mobile marshall of social theorist Jeremy Bentham's panopticon.

However, all that is valid melts into fare as their stratospheric arrival led to a spectacular collapse. Taking four years to become an 'overnight success' the group's temporary stay at the top can be viewed as both a prescient past-trawl and anachronistic prophecy.

Their boasts of musical ineptitude would be used against them with most failing to see the archness in their *blaggadocio*. Successive releases barely registered (despite the mocked yet intriguing Stock Aitken Waterman hook-up in 1988) and interest was one of diminishing returns, failed comebacks and internecine rivalry ending the fable in 2001.

Ahead of the curve, behind the game, U2 appropriated the pyramid *techspacular* for their 1992 *Zoo TV* tour and Bill Drummond and Jimmy Cauty (as either The JAMS or The KLF) took notes when outlining 'how to get a number one'. However, whereas these pop-cultural entities garner(ed) praise and knowing nods for their 'satire' of the media, Sputnik are derided. Their time has come, that time is now.

In 1986, Sigue Sigue Sputnik declared 'we invented the future' and 'history will prove us right'. They invented the future. That future is now. No going back.

KEVIN QUINN

NOSTALGIA
FOR AN AGE YET TO COME

THE UAL SUBCULTURES INTEREST GROUP brings together academic researchers, PhD supervisors, students and graduates, undergraduate and postgraduate students and others whose research interests centre on youth subcultures related to music, fashion, style and politics. This is a genuinely multidisciplinary community reflecting a range of approaches, disciplines and intersecting fields including history, cultural studies, sociology, fashion, fan studies, art and design history, theory and practice. There is growing interest in this field of research, with a number of contemporary journals (*Punk & Post-Punk, Metal Music Studies, Global Hip Hop Studies, Popular Music, Journal of Popular Music Studies*) and international conferences (KISMIF, Punk Scholars Network, Subcultures Network, International Society for Metal Music Studies, European Hiphop Studies Network). The SIG*News* team would also like to thank LCC Research for their support in the production of this publication.

Members of the SIG have worked closely with the Design Museum, the Museum of Youth Culture, the V&A Museum, the British Library and numerous private and public archives and collections, together with academic publishers including Bloomsbury, Palgrave, Intellect Books, Oxford University Press, Routledge and Manchester University Press. The range of themes investigated by members of the group has included punk graphics and histories; 1940s bebop jazz in London; the visual identities of far-right and neo-Nazi punk scenes; heavy metal battle jackets; 1950s British biker culture; music criticism and popular journalism in the 1980s UK music press; ageing within subcultural milieus (including punk, acid house and goth); the media representation of female groupies; working class men's fashion; the visual language of skateboarding and black metal music graphics.

SIG*News* aims to present a snapshot of the diversity of interests, methodologies and practices in the work undertaken by members of the Subcultures Interest Group. As such, this publication is not intended to be read as an *academic* thesis, nor do any of the essays herein even attempt to show the depth and scope of the research being conducted by contributors. Instead, our aim is to introduce the SIG to a wider audience, to encourage others to come forward with their own research themes and to further establish the group as a loose-knit collective of researchers from many fields of practice and theoretical positions united by a shared interest in subcultures and a willingness to embrace an eclectic, multidisciplinary and (perhaps) unconventional approach to our subject in the context of an art and design institution that appreciates innovation, creativity and the role of practice in research.

This first issue of SIG*News* features essays on subcultural practices spanning more than fifty years. For instance, while Kevin Quinn considers the work and career of 1980s post-punk shock rockers Sigue Sigue Sputnik, Lucie Cernekova offers an introspective reflection on lofi indie music production and digital distribution in the 2020s and Robin Clark looks back to the British glam rock era of the early 1970s, critiquing a film by Manchester Polytechnic student John McManus that documents the colourful fandom of the band Roxy Music.

Mark Hibbett offers a personal story relating to a song he wrote more than twenty years ago. The song, *Hey Hey 16K*, about the experience of a generation of kids who got addicted to the ZX Spectrum computer in the 1980s, subsequently took on a life of its own. Ray Kinsella then offers a brief introduction to the subject of his next book, *The 1990s: When Islington Rivalled Soho for Clubbing: A Subcultural History*.

Rebecca Binns and Tom Cardwell look at two different, but at times related, themes connecting subcultural participation, popular music, personal identity and art practice. Rebecca offers a critical comparison between the approaches to communal art and living embodied in anarchist punk collective Crass and Andy Warhol's Factory. Meanwhile, Tom transcribes an interview with a heavy metal fan about his personalised, home-made 'battle jacket', which became the subject of a painting by the author. Troy Chen then narrates a history of rock music in China, juxtaposing the work of the 'godfather of Chinese rock and roll' Cui Jian with the contemporary rock band Second Hand Rose.

Carri Angel offers a short contextual essay on her personal experience in the goth scene since the late 1970s and her subsequent career as founder of a successful alternative clothing label, The Dark Angel Design Co,. and her development as a commercial photographer. She extends this experience within her ongoing PhD research into goth women and the media representation of female ageing. Tim Gibney provides two articles in this issue: an introduction to the scene photography of Dave Swindells, who chronicled the acid house phenomenon of the late 1980s, and a guide to fan commemorations that celebrate the life and work of DJ Andrew Weatherall, known by many fans simply and affectionately as The Guv'nor.

Niki Colet's contribution is more personal, reflecting on the ability of music to embody memories and emotions in the listener and to shape their personal identity. Two short essays then span punk histories and geographies. Roger Sabin looks at the contested history of the Sex Pistols through an early self-published fanzine produced by the group's management, while Carmen Baniandrés gives an account of alternative subcultures and DIY punk in Madrid after the death of dictator Francisco Franco in 1975.

Eve Lin notes the influence of the Japanese female-comic genre *shōjo* (girls) manga on her own development as a fashion designer, while Ulysse Meridjen charts the history of the Paninari, a Milanese subculture which fully embraced the mainstream and was proud of its upper-class roots. Finally, Isa Hess records a brief history of the life and work of East German avant-garde new wave artist, musician and punk provocateur Nina Hagen and we take a quick look at the fashion photography work of Rachel Fleminger Hudson. The young emerging artist has been named winner of international fashion brand Dior's Photography and Visual Arts Award for Young Talents this year.

The SIG*News* team, and the wider Subcultures Interest Group, invite you to read, reflect and to perhaps consider contributing to our collective research events as we move forward to explore the intersections of subcultures, communities and creative practices.

Design: Russ Bestley

Photography: Kelly Sikkema

HOW LO CAN YOU GO?

IT IS natural for me as a university music student to tackle an assignment while listening to focus music – a background soundtrack designed for concentration and study. Add the atmosphere of a rainy day, the comfort of a safe space, a warming drink and the choice of playlist becomes instantly obvious; lofi hip hop, ideally via a 24-7 livestream on YouTube.

Based on the popularity of the online channels streaming an abundance of this type of music, I'm asking, where did this music come from? What does it do so differently that it's massively popular in the virtual spaces but not so much in the physical music industries such as radio broadcasting, live performance or record production? And why can't I get rid of a feeling that the world of lofi cracks on with a kind of new form of community-making?

This internet genre of music has its origins in hip hop and turntable DJing. It sources inspiration from jazz, anime culture and gaming, both sonically and visually. Through this music genre, listeners indulge in the atmospheric sound of ambient and repetitive beat patterns, usually simplistic melodies filling the horizontal soundscape of the tracks which are layered with a comforting analogue-like crackle of a vinyl record or other soothing sonic disturbances evoking physicality. The lofi stands for low fidelity sound, implying the assumed inequality of a music record.

Lofi music is mostly referred to by its creators as 'beats for fun'. Hence, the low-fidelity factor of this music is highly desired. Digitally-produced songs recreating the low-quality analogue recording are then mostly distributed through internet platforms such as Discord community servers, SoundCloud and Reddit groups, reaching the YouTube 'radio' streaming channels focusing on this genre. Lofi, as an underdog of seemingly lower-quality or no-effort music production, shows a lack of interest in the hustle of hi-tech music production that generates 'trend music' sifted through the common route of the music industries – find a manager, develop a brand, make a deal with a record label and deliver a product.

Instead, massively-successful YouTube channels with lofi playlists and livestreams – such as Chillhop Music, Lofi hip hop radio: beats to study/relax to, or Beats to chill/focus to – create cosy virtual spaces for people around the globe to use music for their study sessions, playing video games to or other activities of rather introverted, even isolating nature.

It is a strange contradiction of the lofi genre that this music – listened to by individuals on their own – nurtures the creation of a fully-fledged community of creators, listeners and fans. Similarly, not so many scholarly articles have been written about lofi hip hop as a fascinating phenomenon despite 'internet music' genres growing in popularity over the last two decades.

For sure, the virtual universe is comfortably inhabited by a generation whose reality is intertwined with the internet and social media. The availability of the online sphere saturated with relatable content is then reframed to new community platforms of connections, self-realisation and support. Lofi hip hop brings these opportunities through music and its internet distribution. Enter some of the Discord community servers and you see the sheer palette of engaging activities spread out around this music genre. People gather virtually to listen to the lofi tracks, chat about their hobbies or plan and attend community events.

While the soundscape of lofi tracks is mostly instrumental, vocals play a crucial role in implementing familiar references to collectively-memorised cultural artefacts. A characteristic feature in most of the songs is sampled segments of TV show dialogues, speeches, interviews, or even commercials to set the mood of the song. The production ranges richly in different aesthetics and creates lofi subgenres from 1990s hip hop through Japanese ambient to playful gaming tunes. As it is with every genre, the borders are blurred, and it is even harder to pick a representative tune to serve as a measurement of its typology. However, I believe it is the references to the known media that can reframe ambivalent internet music to a community sound that glues people together in a localised subculture.

The role of referencing the collectively-memorised past and weaving it into the newly-structured lofi track on the internet makes the engagement with the past a completely new journey of nostalgia.

As Emma Winston and Laurence Saywood suggest in *Beats to Relax/Study to: Contradiction and Paradox in Lofi Hip Hop* for the *International Association for the Study of Popular Music Journal*: "Lofi hip hop engages its listeners and producers simultaneously in nostalgia for their memories of childhood, but also for what is acknowledged to be an imagined past, not only unreachable in the present, but never experienced in the first instance."

Listeners are invited to this imagined past through the mellow sounds and chilled visual aesthetics providing this odd-time cocoon to ponder about the known in a different way, recontextualised into the unknown. Such a created environment is more than fitting for deep concentration to which this music is often used; introversion to one's own fantastical past that is evoked by the sounds. It offers a haven for people to slow down and interact with the recognisable things, but still leaves the space and stimulation for active creation. Just as I am listening to such oddly-nostalgic playlists while writing this article now.

LUCIE CERNEKOVA

Roxette film still, courtesy of North West Film Archive at Manchester Metropolitan University

Roxette film still, courtesy of North West Film Archive at Manchester Metropolitan University

THE IN CROWD

SPOTLIGHT ON ROXY'S ORIGINAL GLAM FANS

IN 1977, Manchester Polytechnic film student John McManus created a short film for his degree submission; centred around the lives of his friends in nearby Burnley, Lancashire, the resulting film *Roxette* shines a light on the colourful fandom of the band Roxy Music. Covering the respective bases of art, music and personal style, the film stars Sandra, shown painting from a magazine and riding in a 1950s car, Gary and Phil, creating abstract soundscapes using household objects, and most notably Anita, McManus's then-girlfriend, showcasing glamorous outfits in the film studio, and at home getting ready for a Bryan Ferry concert.

In the early 1970s, Roxy Music (among the more sophisticated artists of the glam rock spectrum) provided a vibrant alternative angle within contemporary rock music, with a focus on high glamour, camp, androgyny and art-directed lifestyle.

> *Pop music is about creating new imaginary worlds and inviting people to join them.*
> Brian Eno, Roxy Music

In the context of a rock musical landscape, which prized authenticity and aggressive masculinity, this approach was refreshing for many. Roxy Music's close attention to glamourous presentation also provided an opportunity to appeal to women and girls, who were often sidelined and at times alienated by a male-dominated rock culture.

Among the London art and fashion vanguard of the early 1970s, the first 'Roxy girls' were friends of the band who attended their early shows wearing veiled pillbox hats, pencil skirts, high heels and heavy makeup reminiscent of earlier eras. This embrace of old styles proved a counterpoint to the minimal modernity of Mary Quant et al, with a heavily-stylised, knowing sense of camp and drama shared with the band and their creative circle.

The pastel-toned cover of Roxy Music's self-titled 1972 debut album on Island Records was co-conceived by frontman Bryan Ferry, fashion designer Antony Price and art director Nicholas De Ville, with model Kari-Ann Muller dressed and made up in a 1950s pin-up style. Outtakes from Karl Stoecker's photoshoot include Muller holding a sign reading 'Roxy I love you' written in pink lipstick. Elaborating on the initial concept, De Ville has said: "The counterpoint to the band or the rock star was the fan. So there was this mythological notion going around that the more glamorous the fan, the more status you had as a star. … So Kari-Ann was supposed to be the rock star's 'other' – which is the idealised fan."

Through their use of dress and personal style as a highly-creative act of fandom, the self-declared Roxy girls duly responded to signal their affinity with Roxy Music's commitment to glamour, and enter the imaginary world they evoked. The band's fusion of both retro and futurist influences, not just from music and fashion but also art and cinema, provided a rich palette of sources for fans to interpret and build on. In a kind of feedback loop, the images expressed by the band were received and fed back inventively by their fans.

Roxette's female stars identify the band's creative motives and cite old Hollywood of the 1940s and 1950s as

Roxette film still, courtesy of North West Film Archive at Manchester Metropolitan University

particularly inspiring. But their cropped hair and striking dark makeup, however, subverts and updates the aesthetic for the late 1970s. Ironically the women are ahead of their time by picking up on retro styles before others have caught on. Though stockings were made redundant by tights in the 1960s, Anita identifies her circle's adoption of them before a more widespread return stating: "We Roxy girls, we've been wearing them for years."

Alongside retro femininity was a space for androgyny, with Sandra evoking 1950s menswear in a bomber jacket and straight-leg jeans. Similarly, in her teens, late punk icon Jordan Mooney adopted a colourful short haircut inspired by Roxy Music's saxophone and oboe player Andy Mackay, cut by the same hairdresser, Keith Wainwright at Smile salon (and was subsequently expelled from school).

Listing credits for hair stylists and clothing in album sleeve notes gave fans (with the requisite access and money) a way in to Roxy Music's world. McManus recalls his female friends wearing items from Terry de Havilland, Stirling Cooper, Biba, SEX and other notable London boutiques, but also homemade and customised pieces. In Gareth Ashton's book *Manchester: It Never Rains*, fellow local Roxy girl Sarah Mee recalls creating pillbox hats from cereal-box cardboard with satin fabric and lace sewn on.

Manchester nightclub Pips hosted multiple rooms playing different music genres for different clientele, with a Bowie and Roxy room (shown in the film) providing a haven for glamorous local fans. The notion of exclusivity and being in a private club is often noted in discussions around Roxy Music's impact. Bryan Ferry dedicated his cover of Dobie Gray's *The 'In' Crowd* (Island Records) to his fans in 1974, and in the same year an *NME* article by Charles Shaar Murray and Roy Carr on a Roxy Music gig at London's Rainbow Theatre reviewed the fans' outfits (somewhat dismissively) instead of the band's performance. In *Roxette*, the film subverts the typical artist/fan dynamic with fans in starring roles and the band as supporting cast, only visible in static images on posters and record sleeves.

The film is a space for its young stars to live out the personal fantasies they associated with the music. McManus's lush cinematography highlights pink tones to suggest a *vie en rose*, and boundaries blur between reality and fantasy. The use of montages, cutting sharply from Anita's outfits to Sandra working on a painting, equates personal presentation to the creation of art. The glamorous imaginative world consciously evoked by Roxy Music resonated with young people living in a socially and politically difficult time. *Roxette*'s opening imagery follows Anita walking on cobblestones in a metallic trench coat and candy pink heels, against a background indicative of late-industrial Britain. A rare filmed snapshot inside fandom life, the film takes its subject seriously while maintaining a 'pop art' playfulness. Young female music fans have long been dismissed by outsiders as passive consumers, slavish to the whims of an exploitative entertainment industry, but *Roxette* depicts them as creative, intelligent and responsive to their idols' artistic output.

Roxette's style anticipates the boom of music videos in the 1980s, and contemporary cultures of image creation and changeability. Indeed, in the years following his graduation, McManus would establish a career in music video. It also resonates with today's widespread personal image making via Instagram and TikTok, and the importance of young women maintaining control of their own image in a society still hostile towards them.

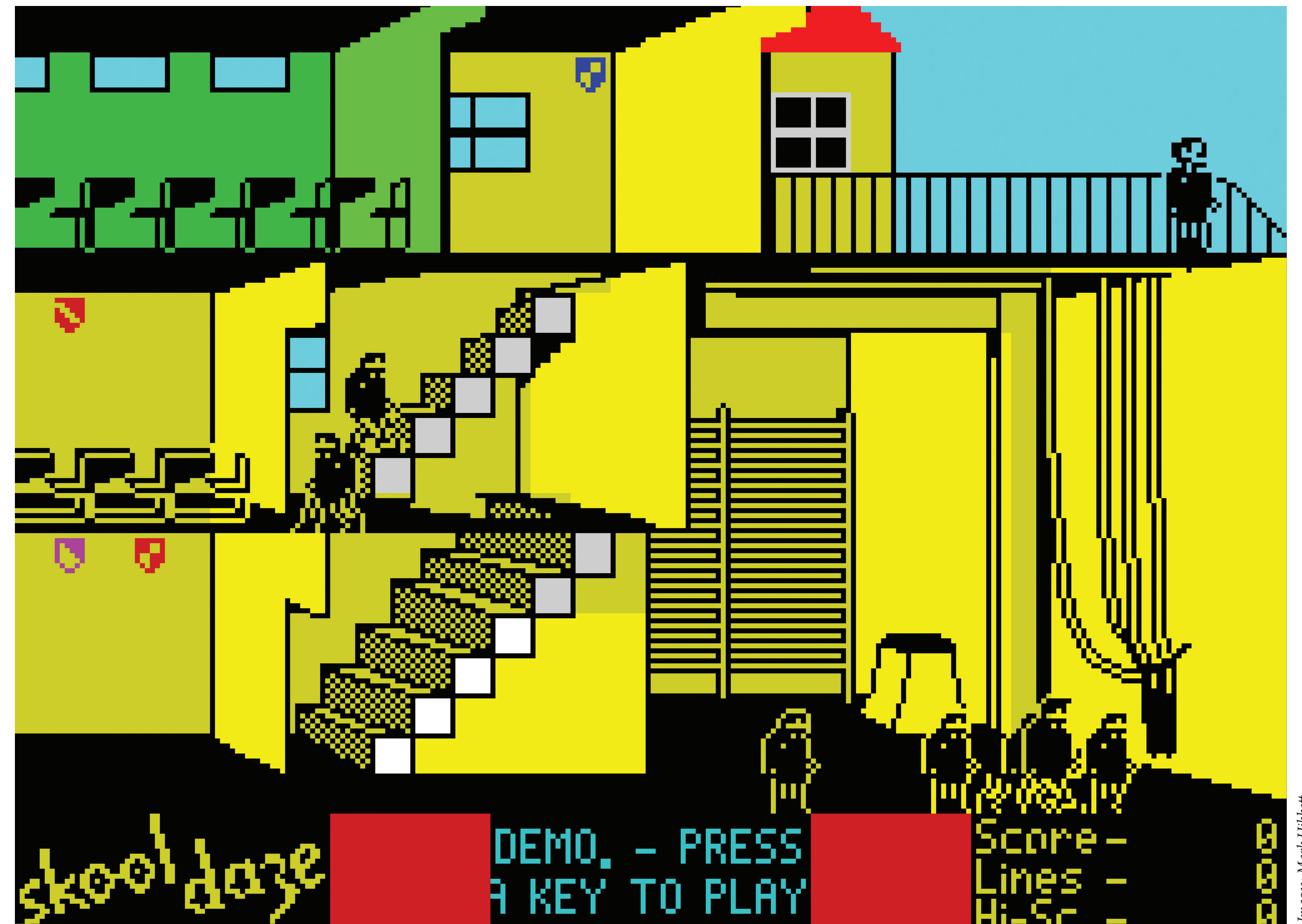
The film is by no means representative of all Roxy Music fans, with no doubt there being overlaps of interest with other genres such as progressive rock, bubblegum pop, punk and disco. But the presentation of any band only tells half the story of their influence, and their fans' creative response in devotion to their icons – and as *Roxette* demonstrates, as a way of life – is a story worth telling.

ROBIN CLARK

With special thanks to John McManus and Will Stanley at North West Film Archive, Manchester Metropolitan University

RETROSPECTRUM

GAMERS STILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT



Images: Mark Hibbett

TWENTY-TWO years ago I wrote a song for a subculture that I thought had been wiped out of history. The song was called *Hey Hey 16K*, and it was about the experience of my generation of kids who got addicted to the ZX Spectrum in the 1980s. This was the first working-class computer, just about affordable as a Christmas or birthday present, usually shared between siblings and bought on the promise that it would be educational.

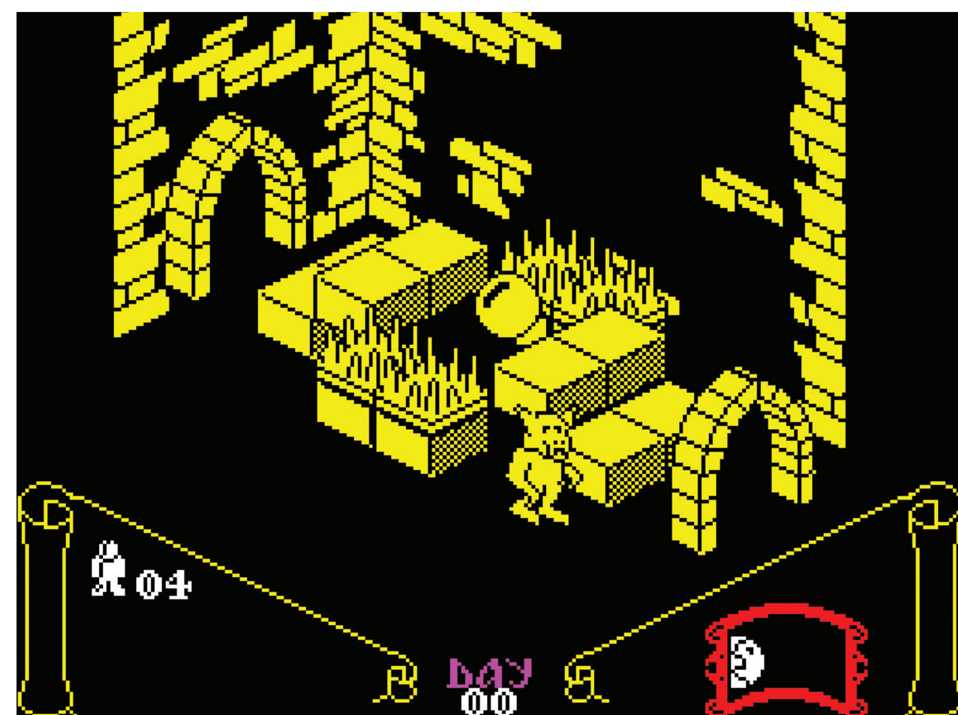
It definitely was an education, but not necessarily in the way the adverts promised. The ZX Spectrum was our introduction to games – not just to play, but also to write ourselves. You didn't need money or complicated equipment to get started, you could just type in a program from a magazine, or even write your own. Very soon there was an explosion

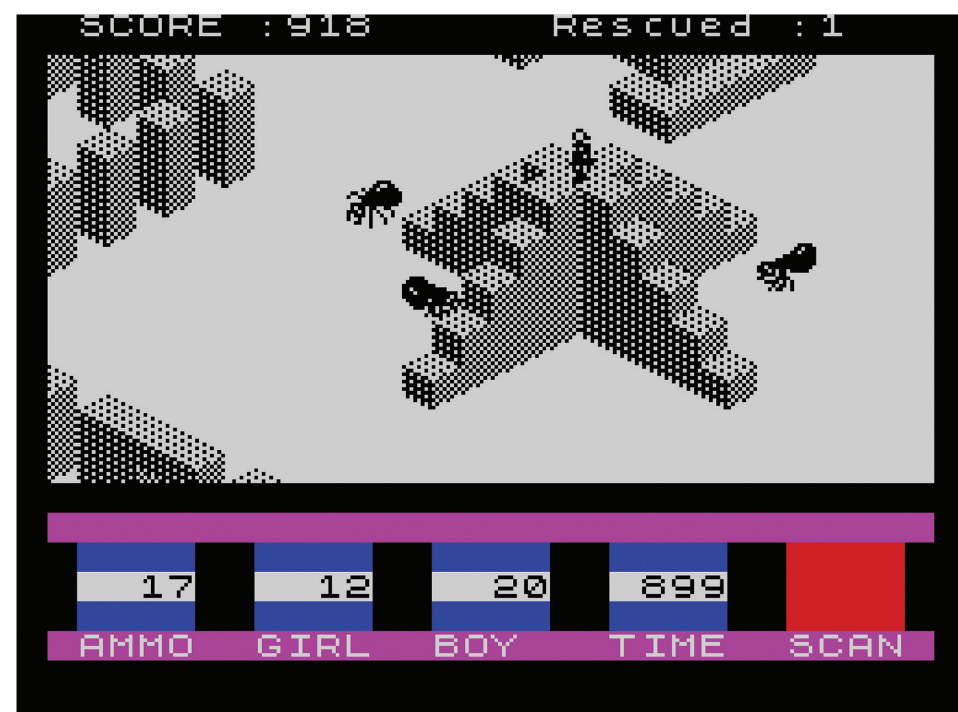
of commercial games, usually written by people not much older than us, often working on their own in their bedrooms. All you needed was a ZX Spectrum, an idea and a tape player to copy your game onto. This was punk, but without the approval of music paper tastemakers. Maybe that's why it seemed to get erased from cultural memory. Whenever I read about the youth movements of the 1980s it was always the tiny cultural elite who gathered in a few basements in London, never the vast unheralded mass of us sprawled around the nation, sat in our bedrooms with the windows closed, trying to get to the end of *Knight Lore*.

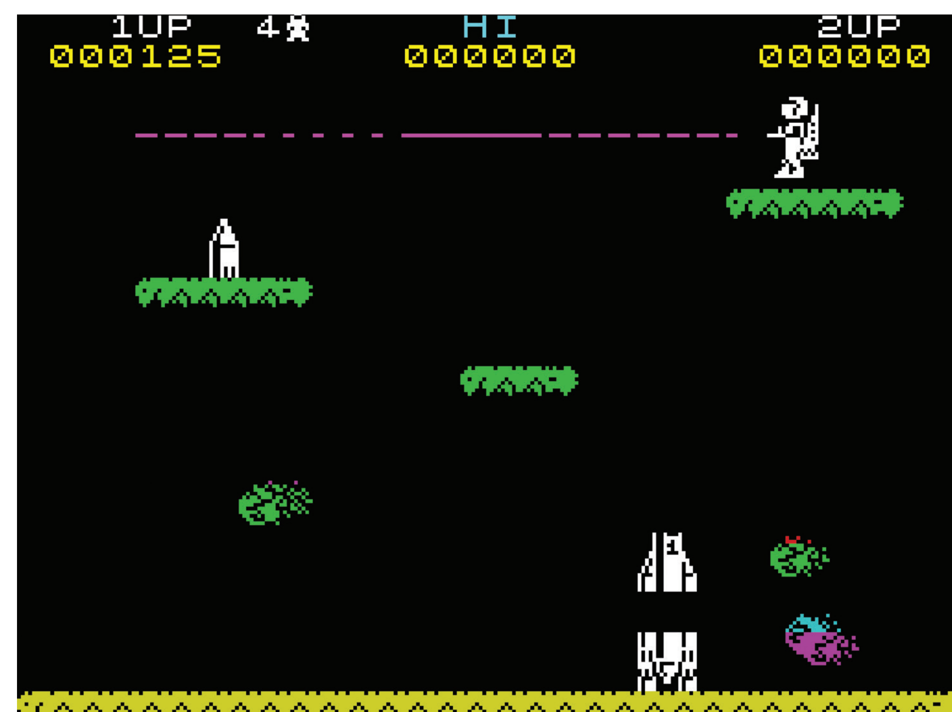
By the time I released *Hey Hey 16K* as the first-ever internet single* in October 1999, many of those same kids were settled into professional basements of their own, nurturing the computer servers of the early internet. It was here that the song first came to (very limited) public attention, when it was featured in the IT newsletter *Need To Know*, but it wasn't until a couple of years later that it really took off.

Rob Manuel created a video using the now-defunct Flash animation tool and put it in his own weekly newsletter, *b3ta*. This was a time before YouTube, Facebook or Twitter had been invented, let alone TikTok, but it still managed to become one of the first-ever viral videos, mostly on blogs and live journals. Within a week *Hey Hey 16K* had been downloaded by two million people and was the second most popular link on the whole web, which was a lot smaller back then.

Sadly for me, this was also a time before iTunes, Spotify or any other way to make money out of online music, and so I never got to leave my job or blow a fortune on cocaine or sweets, but it did make my name known amongst the enthusiasts I'd sung about. And over the next couple of decades I would occasionally get invited to perform the song at conventions and other gatherings.







Images: Mark Hibbett

All of which is an explanation for how I found myself at Walsall FC's stadium recently for a celebration of the ZX Spectrum's 40th anniversary. It was an entirely appropriate venue for a group of (mostly) working-class (mostly) men gathering to share an interest that was (mostly) ignored by the world outside. They were even dressed in appropriate merchandise, in this case faded t-shirts with ZX Spectrum lettering on, rather than match kits from the club shop. There were stalls selling old tapes, a full programme of original programmers talking about the games they'd created, and right at the very end there was me, shouting my song at the thirty or so people who were still there.

To an outsider it might seem weird to travel for four hours from London to play one song in a League Two function room, but I had a lovely time. There's a stereotype of computer people as geeky, socially challenged and awkward, and though there was a little bit of this around, for the most part everyone was friendly and enthusiastic, but also engaged with other parts of life.

They weren't holding onto the past as something that could not be changed and ruled them now, like a mod still sporting That Haircut despite the waning years and waxing hairline, but were there to appreciate it as something beautiful that had formed them. It was a slightly different experience for some of the games creators who'd spoken. They were treated like heroes in that room, but it was all based on games that they'd made a lifetime ago. They were like one-hit wonders, forever applauded for that one song that people liked back in the previous century.

I knew exactly how that felt. I've written plenty of songs since *Hey Hey 16K* that I don't get invited to sing at League Two football grounds, but I always try to see it as an honour. Like the game creators, this was a time to appreciate the fact that we'd done something that spoke to other people like us and accept their thanks and, where possible, free drinks. It's a way to enjoy all the advantages of being a middle-aged rock star for one day in the West Midlands without having to go to all the bother of experimental soundtrack albums, cocaine habits or dodgy sidelines in painting.

It's also easier to enjoy because the subculture we were part of has been almost entirely accepted into the wider culture. The same parents who spent years telling us to stop playing *Manic Miner* and go out into the sunshine are now addicted

to *Candy Crush* and fully understand what we were on about. We'd won, in the end, so does it really matter if people forgot where it began?

I don't think it does, 364 days of the year, but for one day in Walsall I'm very happy to bellow out a reminder.

* It totally was.

MARK HIBBETT

Photography: Tristan O'Neill. Courtesy of Tristan O'Neill and Museum of Youth Culture, UK.

HOUSE HEADS AND JUNGLISTS

DANCE MUSIC SCENES IN 1990S LONDON CLUBS

FOLLOWING the acid house and rave scenes of the late 1980s, dance music and the culture that formed around it burst into myriad different styles. By the early to mid-1990s, hardcore, hardcore-jungle, darkcore, drum 'n' bass and progressive house were a few of the names given to the exploding fragments that had formed the offshoots of arguably the largest (and greatest threat to the establishment) youth subculture that Britain has ever produced.

Some writers and historians, such as Chas Critcher in *Still Raving: Social Reaction to Ecstasy* in the *Leisure Studies* journal, have noted however that: "Rave was never one fixed genre. It began to diversify immediately, it became diffused." And Matthew Collin quite rightly pointed out in his (still extremely relevant) book *Altered State: The Story of Ecstasy Culture and Acid House* that this produced "scores of interlocking subgenres and sub-subcultures, split along fault lines of class, culture, area, musical preference and drugs of choice", a prescient observation that has largely been ignored by writers and historians.

The fragmentation of acid house and rave was particularly transparent in London's Islington, where a massive club scene emerged around the desolate districts of the borough; areas that were yet to feel the impact of the relentless gentrification that has from the noughties onwards transformed Islington almost beyond recognition. Clubs such as Aquarium, Ocean's, Rocket, Goswell's, Grey's, Turnmills, Paradise, EC1, Bagley's (on the borders of Islington and Camden) and the Cross Club (likewise and which, incidentally, were both a stone's throw from Central Saint Martins and situated bang-slap in the space that is now Granary Square) are just a few of the clubs that catered to dance music audiences during the early to mid-1990s.

Two of these clubs in particular, Paradise Club and EC1 Club, became renowned during this era not only for inhabiting two of these opposing offshoots – jungle and progressive house – but they also demonstrate clear visual representations and social divisions embodied in the audiences that identified with these clubs.

Paradise Club was situated in Angel, up a shadowy side street (which doesn't exist anymore) off Liverpool Road opposite the then-booming Chapel Street Market, whereas EC1 Club was further south of the borough in Farringdon Road, not far from the globally-renowned Smithfield Meat Market. Both of these clubs, now obliterated by the corporate diggers employed by capital and big business, were distinctly characterised by tribes identifiable by their taste in music and sartorial style. Not only that, but although both clubs were in Islington, Paradise Club was inhabited by a multiracial audience from all over London and beyond, while the EC1 Club was an extremely localised affair; many of the youths that attended the club were white working class and came from the sprawling estates in the southern part of the borough.

This all forms a part of new research that I've been undertaking for the past eighteen months, which aims to uncover for the first time how these different subcultural tribes emerged from acid house and developed in the 1990s specifically in clubs in Islington. It is in contrast, in terms of era at least, with my first book, *The Bebop Scene in London's Soho, 1945-1950: Post-war Britain's First Youth Subculture* published by Palgrave Macmillan in October.

Weaving archival research and oral history with an interdisciplinary and autoethnographic approach, the research draws on interviews I've conducted with pioneers of British acid house and rave who come from the borough, as well as audience eyewitnesses, both men and women, that attended the clubs when they were youths. Importantly, these are everyday people from the council estates of Islington and are voices that have never before been heard. In addition, I've gleaned a wide range of historical articles in the music and the style press, and local and national newspaper reports together with theories around subcultures by Sarah Thornton, the 'Black Atlantic' by Paul Gilroy and fashion by Jo Turney; the project also builds upon the work of writers and scholars such as Matthew Collin, Simon Reynolds and Caspar Melville.

Cultural geography is another significant aspect of this research; these local spaces, places and the people that constituted them are inextricably linked, and researching local spaces and the youth cultures that developed within them can perhaps tell us important stuff about how these cultures manifested on a nationwide scale. Therefore, gentrification, poverty, criminality, fashion, drugs, musical affiliation, council estates and clubs, and how these relate to race, class and gender with a focus specifically on Islington, both past and present, are themes that are being delved into and treated critically in my next book, *The 1990s: When Islington Rivalled Soho for Clubbing: A Subcultural History*.

RAY KINSELLA

CRASS vs. THE FACTORY

CRASS and Andy Warhol's The Factory offer competing visions of the communal art and living movement that proliferated in the late 20th century. The Factory, founded by Warhol in 1962, adopted an unashamedly stratified structure from the start. All its output traded off the 'Warhol' brand. Even peripherally connected projects such as the Velvet Underground used his name on their output, simultaneously trading off and perpetuating the Warhol myth.

In an ironic take on its title, The Factory was more akin to a production line than commune, with unpaid art workers employed to produce Warhol's designs, in particular his renowned silk-screens depicting icons of consumer and celebrity culture. The Factory's producers were, however, also engaged in creative experimentation of their own – adopting new, often-outrageous identities. As such, The Factory developed an underground microcosm of stardom with an alternate set of norms, which challenged and subverted those found in mainstream Hollywood.

Andy Warhol's diaries, currently the subject of a major Netflix series, reveal his obsession with self-promotion, career success and his valuation of other people in terms of how useful they were in helping him meet those objectives. They are one of the key sources used by Isabel Graw in her 2010 article, *When Life Goes to Work: Andy Warhol*. She highlights the ways in which Warhol was constantly working, using every social occasion to network or find wealthy buyers for his art and instrumentalising his relationships, even intimate ones, for work purposes.

The instrumentalisation of previously private spheres of existence and friendships for personal advancement within a capitalist context were anathema to Crass. On one level, Crass was the end result of a long involvement with an alternative, communal-living movement that had developed alongside The Factory in the US and then in the UK. Several members of Crass had been instrumental to the development of the Free Festivals movement in the UK, while their home, Dial House, had been set up as a communal space back in 1968.

Crass pioneered the 'pay no more than…' approach that came to typify anarcho-punk releases. Most of the revenue from the astonishingly successful cottage industry they created was ploughed back into either the community or the enterprise, while any proceeds they made were split equally between members. Crass actively and persistently rejected the role of leaders throughout their existence. This manifested in various ways, such as all dressing similarly in black and accrediting work to Crass the collective, rather than individual members. Although, by the advent of Crass, first-wave punk was seen to have been commodified, the rejection of leaders had been a key part of punk identity from the start.

As Jon Savage writes: "By the mid-1970s, the music industry promoted a state of passivity. In contrast, punk sought to erase the boundary between performer and audience, whether ideologically (anyone can do it) or physically, in the practice of spitting at the group ("gobbing") or in a series of violent confrontations."

Dial House, 2013. Photography: Rebecca Binns

Each member of Crass had a distinct role that benefited the collective as a whole. In terms of how communal decisions were made, Gee Vaucher (the producer of the bulk of the band's visual material) says they tended to agree, adding: "But if someone felt strongly about it and personally, there was no question. You dropped it. If a song was written that someone was very strongly against then it was dropped, full stop."

Crass's composition was distinctive, particularly from the mainstay of young, male, seemingly working-class punk bands (although this latter attribute was sometimes affected). Dave King and Penny Rimbaud (by his own admission) were from upper-middle class backgrounds, while although art-school educated, Vaucher was from a working-class family. Rimbaud and Vaucher were 36 and 35 respectively, while Joy de Vivre, by her own account, was an impressionable young art school graduate fleeing a failed marriage. Meanwhile, Steve Ignorant was a 21-year-old working-class kid from Dagenham.

The input of a diverse range of individuals to their creative output distinguishes Crass from Warhol's Factory. Rather than casting Warhol as the evil Svengali, however, it is perhaps more helpful to view corrosive aspects of this community as reflective of those in mainstream US society based on fame, wealth and individualism. Contrarily, Crass strove to avoid hosting any guru-figures in their collective.

Vaucher comments: "The strongest voice obviously was Penny. He was the driving voice and the one who would be in the studio doing the mixing and recording. But that was his role. That's not to say it was any more or less important than what other people could contribute. He couldn't do what Steve did on stage, so it was possible. There's not a value judgement on how much or how little people did. You contributed what you could and when you could."

Therefore, another crucial difference with Warhol's Factory is the autonomy enjoyed by the individual members of Crass. The Factory was largely comprised of lost souls who looked to Warhol for guidance. Crass members embraced the punk DIY ideal and emphasised personal responsibility; creating and marketing their own product, whereas the chief product of members of The Factory was their own subjectivities. Graw writes: "We must consider The Factory as a kind of biopolitical theatre that cannibalized people's lives. But it also offered something in return: the prospect of underground fame and notoriety, which is all that counts under conditions of celebrity culture – especially if you don't have a product other than yourself to sell."

Both Crass and The Factory attempted to subvert identities placed on individuals due to their societal conditioning. With Crass this took the form of the dissolution of identities based on class, education and gender, and by extension attempting to give voice to disaffected and marginalised groups in society. By contrast, at Warhol's Factory, members assumed new identities as a means of escape from those attributed to them by family, society and its institutions.

It is this that produced their much-feted collapse of the boundaries between life and work, which at the time seemed a radical alternative to the monotonous stratifications of mainstream work in the Fordist model.

A similar concatenation of work and life can be seen at Dial House during the era of Crass. Indeed, the exhaustion they suffered as a result of this is one reason Vaucher gives for their disbandment in 1984. But, if as Graw argues, Warhol cultivated a pose whereby life becomes work, it could be said that for Crass work became life, as work was an expression of their autonomous existence. As their ambition was not to become rich, famous or exalted by the mainstream, they had no interest in touting themselves in the self-interested way Graw attributes to Warhol.

It has also been suggested that Crass constituted an inversion of the very system they wanted to undermine. In his analysis of Crass's resistance to the commodity market, North American academic Stacy Thompson reduces the significance of their success to their marketing strategy. However, anarcho-punk insider and writer Rich Cross argues that while the Crass statement *There Is No Authority But Yourself* could be perceived as an inverted form of Thatcherism, their position and that of anarcho-punk more widely was formed as collectivist opposition to state power and militarism. This reveals the inherent tension and contradiction between individual freedom and collective identity and cohesion within this movement (1977 to 1984), which he argues arose in opposition to Margaret Thatcher's premiership.

By the 1970s, Warhol had severed all links with alternative or leftist ideas. Graw writes that he was by then "socialising with politically dubious and extremely conservative members of the international jet set". While Warhol abandoned any radical connotations of the 1960s as globalised capitalism intensified, Crass heightened the intensity of this project in more constrictive times. While their attempts to live outside the mainstream may not have constituted a revolution, making changes at the personal, collective and societal level can be viewed as political acts in themselves. For Crass, living communally was itself a challenge to a mainstream ideology built around the confines of home as a base for a nuclear family and the requirement for conventional work to support its members.

REBECCA BINNS

GORGOROTH

A CONVERSATION ABOUT BATTLE JACKETS AND PAINTING

SINCE 2012 I've been researching heavy metal 'battle jackets' – customised denims featuring band patches, logos, studs etc. This research formed the centre of my PhD, completed in 2017, which I've since developed into the book *Heavy Metal Armour*, published by Intellect in July this year. The research features a series of paintings of jackets that I've made alongside theoretical reflections on the importance of these jackets and their place within both metal subcultures and wider cultural histories. All of this has been informed by an ongoing series of interviews with metalheads about their jackets.

The following exchange took place via social media and email between myself and a metal fan in Germany called Jan. Having seen my work on Instagram, he contacted me and we began a correspondence about jacket-making which resulted in me making a watercolour painting of one of his jackets (pictured here). This is an edited section of the conversation:

Tom Cardwell 'Gorgoroth' 2022 watercolour on paper 38 x 26 cm.

Jan 28/01/22:
So, here's that awful, yet catchy VIC-vest. Not designed to be worn, 'cause the metal stuff resembling the VIC-"glasses" made it pretty stubborn to wear, plus it's only the backside of the vest here, cut off of the front. Second attempt ever to create something like a battle vest, choice of bands is pretty random, yet not the beginner/mainstream ones, still not there yet. There was only this many patches I could work with, I had at that time. Might have been getting better years later. But now I'm trying to select and reduce. I began feeling more comfortable with "less is more". I envy those washed out 80s old-school denim vests with only a handful of bands on, and the sloppy D.I.Y.s. (like the ones they wear for example in the video of "Bewitched" by Candlemass). Tried it, failed. Looked too forced. Like an adult trying to copy a children's drawing. The mature mind is getting in the way there. One can only be sloppy if one doesn't know better and has a poor sense for aesthetics.

Some more pics in the next mail.

The two images of the Kreator jacket slightly vary in patches. I "improved" some poorly executed parts of the Flag of Hate backpatch, only details though. There's one more that I forgot to make a photo of, and one more with variations, and some black metal vests, not that essential and the latter with lack of colour. I made lots of D.I.Y., but I guess you're more about the found footage like denim vest stuff, right!? Huge amount of data, forgot how to make a zip-file, sorry.

Tom 31/01/22:
Sorry for my slow reply! These are great pictures, thank you so much for sending them. Will you add any more to the Gorgoroth jacket or is it finished? I'm thinking about maybe inverting the colour on that one before painting it – I might see what it's like at least.

It's also great to see the older jackets. I really like the Vic jacket, maybe I should also do a painting of that one. And the Warbringer vest, so awesome! I love how you have made the custom patch for the yoke and back panel. I'll keep you posted when I get started on a painting.

Jan 01/02/2022:
That's totally fine!

The weird thing is, even though I've been listening to heavy metal for almost 30 years now, I have never attended a concert or festival except Metallica in may '93 (almost age 14), after that last gig I haven't seen one show until November 2016. So, I haven't actively participated in the metal scene or even noticed it. I just listened to metal, even black, but wasn't fully aware of things like today. When i realised there is something like battle vests (in my late thirties), there was no holding back, and i was blundering my first jacket together, head first, approaching it like a 14-year-old. Bought a dozen random patches, didn't think of a backpatch, just arranged like nine or ten patches on the back, which looked horrible. That vest is gone of course, but I think over the course of years and decades such "fail" will gain more and more kvlt status (for oneself).

The Vic and Warbringer jackets on the photos were made shortly after that. Some parts kind of resemble that immaturity or weirdness, due to the lack of practice and direction. That brought a certain touch to it, at the same time it bothered me afterwards. Though it was something I tried getting back to later.

I recently started being fond of the reduced, naive old-school look. But I wasn't able to ignore that built up, cerebral kind of "knowledge" and "forcing" things to match a certain standard, at least when it came to the choice of personally favorite bands that have to be included. Just failed reducing that choice of bands to three or four patches a vest and ended up with a light to semi-dense patchwork again. And again. It's just seems to be my kind of density. Loosely covered, no overlapping. Somewhere in between that overdone approach and the beginner Look.

The one thing I did the last couple years, too, was D.I.Y. commission works, band logos on mostly Leather, less denim, hand drawn. Black Metal for the most part, but I realized that a hand-drawn white or grey BM-Logo on black or dark Leather doesn't pull attention as a photo on Instagram. It just doesn't have that macro WOW bam boom effect.

I'm currently working on a mad complicated Mastodon-denim-jacket for my wife. That motive will take weeks and months, it's so complex. But it will catch the eye and the end-result will pay off.

And concerning more patches: I ordered a greenish Marduk-patch yesterday, fits the overall-choice of colour of the front, might arrive in two or three days here, I will probably sew that one on, yes. So yeah, I'll add one or two more, but if so, within the next week latest. I think the main part is established by now, though, I would consider it done. Do you think the back could need two or three more?

Tom 03/02/22:
Thanks for giving such detailed history of your jackets - fascinating to know.

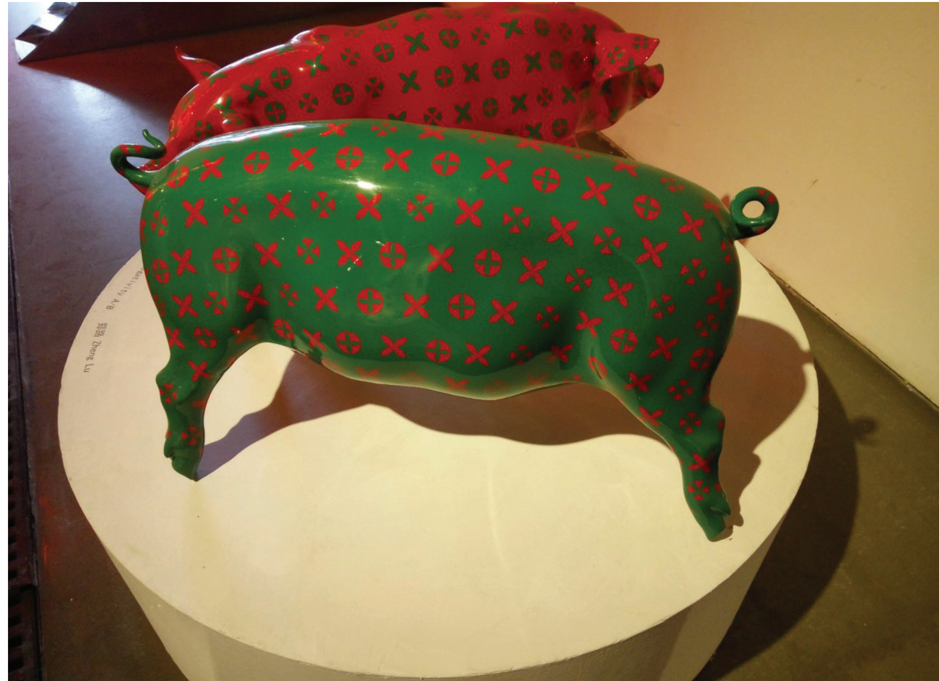
It's not for me to say if you should add anything to the Gorgoroth jacket, I only asked as it seemed like the patches in the centre are quite closely grouped together, leaving space at the top and sides so I wondered if you were planning anything for those sections. It might look good to add a little more but I totally get what you're saying about not overdoing it. If you do decide to add anything let me know, otherwise I could paint it as it is. The inverted colour I referred to is like the example attached, but I wouldn't invert everything I think, just some parts.

The Mastodon jacket you are making sounds good too - I'm a big fan.

Keep going with the jackets and stay in touch.

TOM CARDWELL

ROCK IN CHINA



Second Hand Rose Exhibition in 798 Art District, Beijing. Photograph by Troy Chen.

Second Hand Rose Exhibition in 798 Art District, Beijing. Photograph by Troy Chen.

PIGS AND DOGS FLY ACROSS SHANGHAI SKIES

Second Hand Rose Exhibition in 798 Art District, Beijing. Photograph by Troy Chen.

THERE IS a Chinese rock music subcultural scene at the epidemic centre in Shanghai, a metropolitan city with more than 25 million people subject to strict lockdown under zero-tolerance rules. It indeed sounds 'sub' for Chinese rockers to take the stage while many people in the city are concerned about food, mobility, among other 'human security' issues according to the official discourse noted by Chi Zhang in *Human Security in China: A Post-Pandemic State*.

However, the fast facts presented here may give you the illusion that the event is mainstream. With the support of mega app WeChat streaming services owned by Tencent, China's most popular and public social media platform, the father of Chinese rock and roll, Cui Jian, has attracted more than 40 million viewers during his three-hour long streaming concert. The show featured an unusual and prolonged talk show between two middle-aged men, collecting old memories where Cui Jian famously and courageously performed one track from his debut album, *A Piece of Red Cloth*.

"That day you covered my eyes with a piece of red cloth. Together, my sky was covered, too. You ask me what I saw. I replied, 'I saw happiness.'"

At the age of 60, Cui sang several new songs from his latest album, *A Flying Dog*, through the streaming concert, venting regrets and discontents as the title suggests. During his concert, Cui sang, "I haven't changed at all" – a line taken from his recent song *B-Side of Time*. To a certain extent, it sounds like a self-critique and also a monologue for the sake of much-anticipated response needed by the public. This new song used a mirror metaphor to showcase how people, including the singer himself, put up a front aka the A-side, which is rosy and shiny, while the back of it, is just the 'butt of a peacock', 'ugly and awkward'.

The common and shared thread of several artists featured here is that they have used their imaginations to take flights, willingly and unwilling flying as dogs or pigs. This presents a recent and relevant example of Chinese subculture and how artists and consumers create and maintain alternative spaces where their voices, concerns and emotions get an outlet, with the hope of being heard. In particular, I juxtapose Cui Jian and the rock band Second Hand Rose together to make a case here. The reason why I consider these two bands and artists together is because they each provide a vantage point for the readers to penetrate China's rock scene, spanning across two decades.

Of course, being regarded as 'subcultural' doesn't mean they are lesser known. In fact, each of them has a loyal and massive fan base, nurturing new vernacular cultures especially in the digital age. You may ask if there is also mainstream rock in China too. Of course, this is due to the specific political and cultural context within the country where 'main melodies' are expected to be 'sang by the people and for the people'.

Wang Feng, a Beijing rock star, provides a useful footnote to this. He has been active during the past few years after marrying the international film star Ziyi Zhang. He self-claimed to have "occupied half of the rockscape in China". In one of the major reality shows in which he took part, *Voice of China*, he regained his popularity among Chinese youth for asking seemingly deep and encouraging questions to the contestants. One of the questions was created as an online meme: 'what's your dream?'

What is ironic and then backfired is the fact that after an aspirational talk about following one's own heart and dream, he sang with his team, *I Love You China*, a rock adaptation of the main melody red song in the show's finale. It generated mixed reviews on Chinese social media. To some, this is an attempt at mainstreaming Chinese rock and making it an 'upground' genre to be endorsed and performed on the often-lavishly orchestrated Chinese gala shows. To invoke Professor Guobin Yang's conceptualization of 'performative patriotism', this undermines the transgressive and resistant edge of subcultural activities such as rock.

On a relevant note, these kind of shows were proposed amid the recent Shanghai lockdown by the Propaganda Department of the local authorities and was soon withdrawn because of the disapproval of Chinese netizens. The show seems to have been cancelled by the people. However, Cui Jian's show was welcomed around the same week, collaborating with Tencent, one of the most influential tech giants in China. One could imagine the intertextuality between the blinded eyes of people underneath a piece of red cloth in Shanghai and beyond.

Why then the starkly different responses towards these seemingly similar entertainment shows? The contextualisation and possible explanation lie in the fact that people's identification changed amidst the pandemic towards with which channel they feel comfortable to vent bitterness, discontent and frustration. This is indeed an interesting phenomenon since the later Cui Jian show, even though it appeared to be autonomous, had been planned by industry professionals long ago.

This reminds me of an interesting question raised by scholars at a panel discussion in 2009 entitled *The Structural Transformation of Chinese Communication – Past Trajectories and Future Directions* on how commercialisation and consumerism in China may shape the country's media and communication landscape in the next ten years. I was a student back then and was learning how neoliberalist market economy is eroding people's very resistance and everyday cultural practices in the making. However, over the years, especially within Chinese social media research, critiquing the evil conglomerates and the abstract capital has become a norm. It becomes a bit worrying, or perhaps I should be glad to see that students in class are asking who/what are 'the capital' and what about the cultural and economic capital that is being leveraged by subcultural groups which started small or from scratch?

When power takes place in structural forms and sometimes in its soft-structured forms, we may have to remind ourselves capitals have their own use for agentic mobilisation within the structure where it is embedded. Eventually, that's the few options where 'the people' in China as 'consumer citizens' channel their voices through tech giants, even with the downside of being exploited and providing free labour. Activism is sometimes free labour, and we perhaps should also look at the motivations, processes, tactics and outcomes involved.

The rock band Second Hand Rose debuted ten years after Cui. From 2019, the band were planning to celebrate their 20-year anniversary with a national tour entitled The Underground Volatility (meaning underground wind and cloud). As the literal meaning suggests, it is indeed notoriously changeable for this wind and cloud during the pandemic. However, they are less lucky. Most of their roadshows in Beijing, Zhengzhou, Sanya (co-performing with Cui Jian), Jinan and Shenyang were postponed or cancelled due to social-distancing restrictions during the pandemic. They have been quasi-jobless during the past two years, except that they have been active streaming online. Their 'flight' was enabled by online streaming, where they gained more than 700000 fans on one of the platforms, LBB, in just two months, where they joked about the fact that it took a decade for them to get three million fans in China.

As the band brilliantly sang their famous song, *Allow Certain Artists to Get Rich First*, invoking Deng Xiaoping's pragmatic approach to achieve a 'modest prosperous society': "Pigs are flying in the sky, a group of pirates drowned to death at the beach, my son is made into money, the waving flowers wither by the banks."

When some artists do get rich while others wither without a job, I find it difficult to make sense of who is flying across Shanghai's sky. Whoever it may be, hopefully they can turn around and gaze towards their fellow people from a bird's eye view, collecting the abandoned and fragmented history in the making as the philosopher Walter Benjamin would have hoped. In the meantime, the people are also looking into the sky, imagining a future where they can also take a flight.

TROY CHEN

Cui Jian blinded with a piece of red cloth on the cover of the 1989 album Nothing To My Name (Coden Records).

Liang Long with his band Second Hand Rose.

Photography: Carri Angel

Photography: Carri Angel

DARK ANGELS

MY INVOLVEMENT with 'gothic' began in the early years before the subculture had a label and a discernible uniform. In the late 1970s, as the decadence and androgyny of the glam rock era merged with the post-punk, theatrical extravagance of the new romantics, like-minded freaks and misfits were coming together in clubs such as Le Phonographic in Leeds and the Batcave in London. At this time 'identity' wasn't something that you could buy off a hanger and take on and off at will. In the late 1970s and 1980s visually expressing individuality usually constituted a stylistic bricolage of repurposed garments salvaged from jumble sales and antique markets.

Fast forward to the mid-1990s, the meteoric rise of fast fashion and the birth of online shopping revolutionised the way in which clothing was produced and consumed in the UK. Subcultural style became a commodity, and cheap disposable clothing now enabled low-investment experimentation with visual identity.

It was around this time that I founded the renowned alternative clothing label, The Dark Angel Design Co. The Dark Angel rapidly became one of the leading suppliers of gothic attire worldwide, producing everything onsite in our Yorkshire-based studio. Much of what we produced was standard 'off the peg' alternative clothing, aimed at a young market, however, alongside this we also offered an individualised, bespoke service. Most of the garments in the couture range were initially designed by me as costuming for my creative photographic work. Customised versions of these designs were commissioned predominantly by our older customers, the 1980s DIYers, now in their thirties with jobs, families and responsibilities that often commanded a degree of conformity that did not compromise their subcultural identity.

I continued working with The Dark Angel until 2013, when I took a step back to focus on my MA in photography and following this I became a full-time lecturer in commercial photography. My research interest centres on the representation of older women in commercial media. Positive depictions of older women are rare, and many older women claim to feel invisible and rejected by the fashion industry's idealised beauty standards.

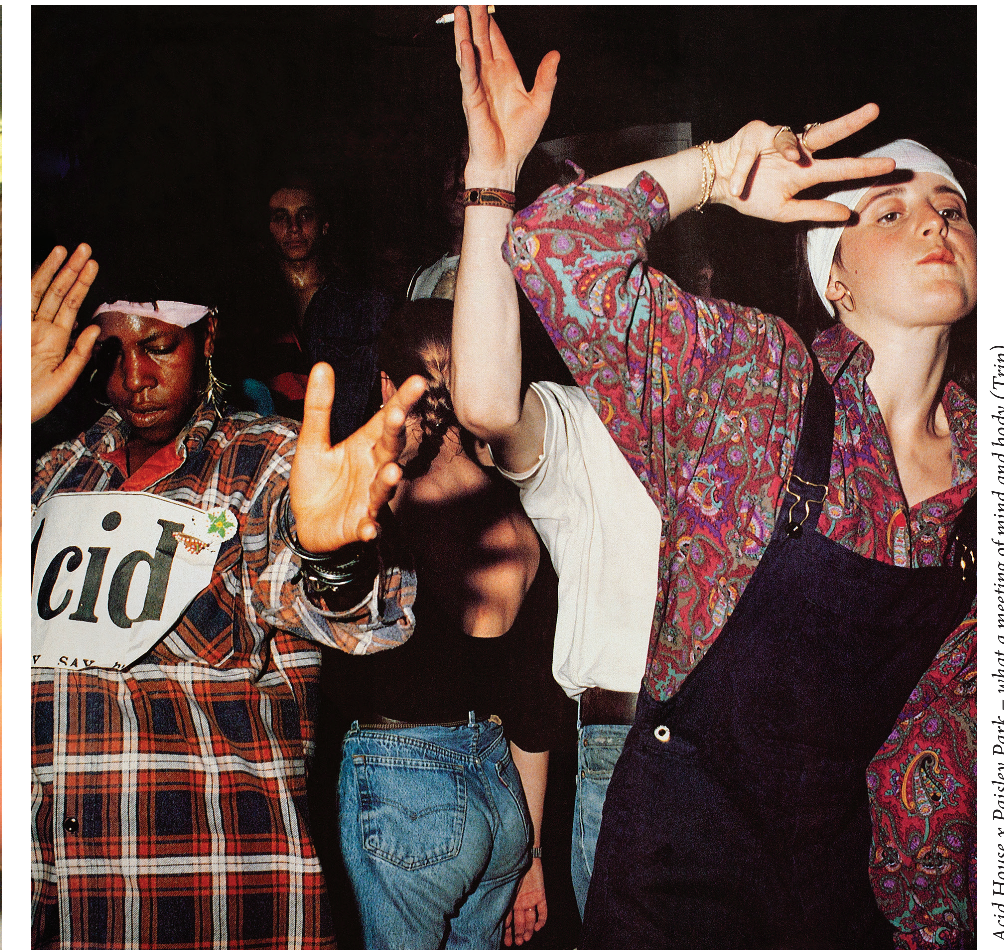
Currently I am in the process of producing a body of photographic work that aims to challenge stereotypical, negative and unrealistic portrayals of older women. The work features middle-aged women who have crafted their own unique visual identity. Many of these women have been active within gothic subculture since the early 1980s and have rarely relied on high street fashion to construct and express their identity, choosing instead to steer their own unique transitions into older age.

CARRI ANGEL

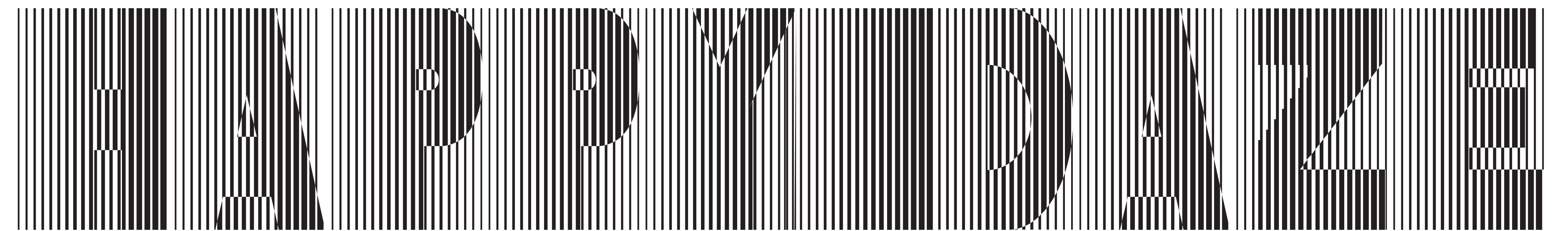
Photography: Carri Angel

Dave Swindells – Andrew Nicholls (right), Peter Williamson (front) and Rich Rosty embrace Balearic treats (Future)

Dave Swindells – I didn't see Sacha until the lights came on – I had to take a photo or two (Shoom)



Acid House x Paisley Park – what a meeting of mind and body (Trip)



IF I asked you all to find a photograph that epitomised the acid house subculture, then the chances are that you're going to show me an image by one man. That man is Dave Swindells. Swindells chronicled the acid house phenomenon of the late 1980s from day one. Not only as a photographer and the then-editor of the nightlife section of *Time Out* but also, and perhaps more meaningfully, as someone who really was there in the thick of it week-after-week as an enthusiastic punter: one of his and my generation's very own.

The first acid house clubs Future and Shoom in March of 1988. Dave was there. Spectrum, Trip and Mutoid Waste Company. Dave was there. Events held in car parks and bus depots. Dave was there. Throughout a year of deep cultural and subcultural significance, Dave was there.

And many more at other times besides; Boy's Own at East Grinstead, Amnesia in Ibiza, Fascinations at Downham Tavern, all of them subcultural landmarks.

His genuinely iconic images have defined and documented a period in time that not only left an indelible mark on a great many of the young people who were actually there, but also instigated something of a loosening of attitudes in Britain – sadly all too temporary given the benefit of hindsight – and a reshaping of the night-time economy. Club culture as we now know it was born, and the first 24-hour dance licence in the UK was granted on the back of the events of acid house to Turnmills in the then somewhat down-at-heel area of Clerkenwell at the start of the 1990s.

Now in his latest book *Acid House As It Happened* published by IDEA, Swindells brings together some of those iconic photos, other images less well known and his own recollections of 1988, the year of acid house. It's a thing of beauty in its own right, but especially for those of us who were there. I may not be in any of the photos. I may not have been in those clubs when those pictures were taken. But I was there, in those very spaces and others just like them in 1988, hedonistically cashing in on being 22 years old with London as my playground.

For those of you not around when acid house* happened – and that's probably most of you reading this – its significance to those who were may seem purely nostalgic, nothing more. But it came at a time of bitterness, division and hardship in a bleak and grey post-industrialised and Conservative-ruled Britain. For the country's youth back then, the emergence of acid house seemed to signal that their time had come; the old guard were finished and a brave new day-glo world of possibilities was here.

Of course, it didn't completely work out like that but it wasn't without significance. So, as Tears For Fears sang in their politically-driven homage to acid house *Sowing The Seeds of Love*: "Everyone read it in the books, in the crannies and the nooks, there are books to read for us." Matthew Collin's *Altered State: The Story of Ecstasy Culture and Acid House* and Sheryl Garratt's *Adventures In Wonderland* are recommended starting points.

And it did mean *something* to many of us who were there – it's at the core of my PhD research – although most would never have thought it back then. In a brief exchange during the launch of *Acid House As It Happened* at the fashionable Dover Street Market, I put it to Swindells that he could never have conceived back then that we would be here now more than 30 years later contextualising, historicising and reminiscing acid house. Laughing loudly, he replied with a simple yet emphatic "no".

Still, in his book he does acknowledge the significance of the time he captured: "These pioneering clubs and illicit, underground parties tore up the rule books about how people could socialise together, a direct response to fresh-as-paint Acid House tracks, an egalitarian, dressed-down style and Ecstasy suddenly being easily available."

There was a hint of that same spirit in the momentary coming together of tribes at the launch, a suitably heady brew of young fashionistas, streetwise geezers, haute couture cognoscenti, Leigh Bowery-esque models and, of course, original acid house heads. All of which set against the backdrop of Balearic and house classics from bona fide scene legends Kid Batchelor, Nancy Noise and Terry Farley.

In closing her introduction to *Acid House As It Happened*, the aforementioned Garratt, former editor of *The Face* and clubbing stalwart, notes that we are again living in a troubled world but issues an optimistic old-school rallying cry: "Once more, we're facing hard times. The barriers are being re-built, the old strategies of divide and rule returning. But all of that disappears on a crowded dancefloor, which is why clubbing, to me, has always been a radical act, as well as a joyful one. It's time to move your body, and let the music use you. *Can u feel it?*"

* Other subcultures are available.

TIM GIBNEY

Dave Swindells – Laser focused – the guy in the Tintin T-shirt carried on dancing at Spectrum too

Dave Swindells – Your Love – Danny Rampling responds to the cheers (Shoom)

Dave Swindells – You've got to keep on reachin' (Spectrum)

Dave Swindells – Here we go – right on cue, the sound system car rolls into view (after Trip)

By the fourth week Spectrum was jam-packed, jumping, non-stop

Andrew Weatherall, Chris Butler, Jules Richmond and Cymon Eckel inventing a whole new bandana dance (Three Day Doo)

RAIN FEELINGS

OUTSIDE my window is a view of the city from an altitude, where I can observe cars weaving in and out of lanes, turning corners and disappearing behind buildings. It's both comforting and melancholy to me, seeing headlights gleam against a wet street. The sound of hazard lights blinking on and off, off and on. It's gloom and it's bliss. It makes me feel the way I used to, as a small child, hearing jazz music play over the stereo whenever I went into a Starbucks with my father. Over the counter, he'd order a coffee for himself and a hot chocolate for me, and I'd stand transfixed, letting the music waft over me as I inhaled the warm-bitter smell of whatever was roasting just a few feet away. I remember asking him, "What do you call this?"

"It's jazz," he said.

"Jazz," I repeated. "I really like it." To my little ears, jazz music was cosy, but it flickered with a subtle undertone of despondence, barely audible and almost gentle in its presence.

As I write this, it's raining. I spent two hours this morning in bed, half-awake and half-asleep. Whenever I lie in, I feel a sense of satisfaction in the indulgence – like I'm getting revenge for a younger self who would get up at 6 a.m. bleary-eyed, drudging through the motions of getting ready for school. Growing up, my sisters and I shared a bedroom and a bathroom. I was always the last to get up and make my way to the sink – as desperately as I wanted, every single morning, to be the first. To not be the one left behind.

I was diagnosed with ADHD at the age of ten, and perhaps that contributed to my distracted morning manner, but I also lean towards floating, drifting, the glorious and torturous state in between dreams and waking. And yet in spite (or because) of it, I have always grasped towards stable ground, for solidity and warm blankets and being on time. For somewhere to land.

The car rides to and from school were both a dredge and a comfort, a version of lying in bed at 6 a.m. but in transit. I'd listen to music and stare out the window, feeling rain tap onto the glass from outside. Idly watching cars roll by, the sky as grey as the city. I'd often play the same tracks on repeat, the way I'd pull my blanket over my head when my alarm went off in the morning. I repeated songs so frequently that they sometimes lost their texture. But I listen to them again now, years later, and it's like entering a time capsule to whenever that song belonged to me the most.

The first time I listened to The Killers' *A Dustland Fairytale* I was sitting in the backseat of a car, creeping through standard Manila traffic. I was on the way home from my high school outside the city, an hour's drive away. Somewhere in between the first chorus and the second verse, I began to cry. The song took me somewhere else, somewhere beautiful I could clearly see, somewhere out of the ruckus and the droning chaos that was that afternoon's traffic jam.

Visions drifted into my mind every time Brandon Flowers sang about Cinderella in a party dress and the cadence of a young man's eyes. It was like a music video only for me, a world that emerged on command every time I pressed play. There was blood and sand and a speeding car. There were desert roses and distant stars. There was a bandit in a saloon, a woman on the train tracks, true love looming on the horizon. That song was the most beautiful thing I had ever been swallowed by. When I hear it now I'm seventeen again and outside it's raining but there's a sunset in my heart, burning fiercely across the sky.

I kept wanting to go there, again and again. I'd listen to it on the school bus, in the basketball court, in the library. On surreptitious trips to the bathroom, hiding my earphones underneath my hair. Sometimes I excused myself from class to listen to music in the hallway when I needed a fix. Can you be addicted to a feeling? *A Dustland Fairytale* brought me to a place I wanted to live in.

Songs are like keys that unlock a secret room in your mind, an inner world you can immerse yourself in. In interviews about her creative process for her 2017 album *Melodrama*, Lorde talked about how every song is its own tiny universe. As a songwriter, I can say it feels the same on either side, whether you're a creator or a listener. The first line of the first song I ever wrote went, "I knew a girl who lived in a fairytale world," and at the time I thought I was just making up a story but maybe that girl was me.

There are some songs that are so special to me, I can't listen to them too much. They feel like vials of magic, and every finite drop must be savored with each listen, lest the magic run out. Like Johnny Rzeznik's *I'm Still Here*, a track from a favorite Disney movie. That song feels like a childhood sweetheart. I fell in love with it when I was very small, in the way you fall in love with a person. Its melody ensnared me with the blooming flutter of a full-blown crush. It takes me back to the specific tint of wonder with which I used to see the world, a wonder that faded slowly as I got older. I suppose the best way I can describe it is: you remember how candy tastes when you're little – it doesn't taste the same today, and it never will. The feeling is that taste, or the way a tube of Vaseline cherry lip therapy once smelled more intoxicating than any bottle of luxury perfume, in a way I no longer have access to.

I have always hated the cliché that the world loses some of its magic when you grow up, but on some level I also think it's true. Though I do believe we ease into a different sense of wonder as adults, it's not quite the same. I remember feeling an irrevocable sense of loss as I witnessed that wonder dwindling away. Like watching a flower blooming in reverse, rewinding on tape. As I shifted out of my skin and *that feeling* circled into a slow wane, I grasped even more desperately back towards it.

The cover of one of my childhood journals depicts fairies in a garden. The illustration is full of mystery in that no-longer-accessible way I was so drawn to then. It was ethereal to me. I could stare at it for hours, losing myself in a fairy's translucent pink wings, in the dusky turrets of a faraway castle, in the opalesque gleam of a moon I was certain *had* to be real. I must have been seven or eight. Years later, at seventeen – still falling in love with songs and stories of all sorts despite The Feeling whittling quickly away – the cover of my diary was something I had put together: a spread out of an old *National Geographic* from the 1970s, cut and pasted onto both front and back journal covers. It was a blown-up image of a desert at twilight, with a neon-peach dot of a sun sitting deep into a fading violet sky. A dustland fairytale that I had pastiched for myself.

Even then, my imagination ran wild, like an untamed horse I could not rein. It took me away on galloping strides, flying through landscapes, turning storm clouds into starlight.

In those blurry school days, I'd take my books out of a locker, yearning to be back home. Instead, I would have to take a seat at my desk – gazing wistfully at the rain outside, watching the view go grey and then white as the harsh torrents obscured everything from view. My mind took me to all sorts of otherworldly places, the kinds of worlds bottled into my favorite songs. Worlds that emerged on command every time I pressed play. But as enchanting as they were, the only place I really wanted to be was back in bed, under the covers, with a book and the lamp light on. With nothing to do and no one to be. Not running late because there was nowhere to run to, and no reason to be left behind.

NIKI COLET

SIGNAL REVUES
THE LATEST BRANDED CATTLE

Intelligence Ear – *Literary Pretension*
A less than welcome return from no one's favourite smartarses. Full of noise and poise that annoys most, yet with lyrics like 'You read the world, you've read the word, why can't you read a book like you read *me*' there remains hope that these 'textistential-punks' can release a decent tune this millennium.

The Litmus Test – *Soy Meets Girl*
These whip-young hip-upstarts debut with this DJ Balloon-produced prancefloor stomper. Allegedly a metaphorical diatribe about a rogue-rascallion who affects veganism to woo-coo an *objet d'amour*. It Greggs the question.

Fabatha Lord-Kinchey – *Refibrillate (Me)*
It was only a matter of time before some 18th pale descendent of some old Queen (or other) entered the pop-cultural realm. Written by 'King Womble' Mike Batt it's a dry-run gurn-out of silver-spooned sanctimonious asti spewmante of how Fabz can't get a fella. The heart bleeds…

Dr. Wittgenstein's Monster – *Text Abuse*
Technological totalitarianism is the name of the game here on the Barnsley band's debut release. A palm-oiled computer with a mind of its own wreaking havoc online without the owner's consent. A worrying ditty of a trolling A.I. with an alibi versus impassive hand-washing non-interaction.

Infamy – *Zumba Rumba*
A prime example of the rote R&B that suburban anti-socialites think *speaks* to them. Inane, artless and intellectually bereft, this is a blagger-swagger of inertia. Therefore, they're right, it does *speak* to them. In volumes.

Disco-Intent – *Sublime and Soda*
Jazz-punk makes its unwanted comeback. Shouted sounds backed by a 6/4 timebeat that anachronistically affects avant-gardism, but is simply trying too hardism. Expect the Auntie BBC Radio 6 Music © plug-thugs to decree it 'seminal, guys'.

Plaguearist – *Dis-ease Yerself In*
A choon for these desperate times of social-engineered division, panic-actionary isolation and viral vituperations on and offline.

2-Pay feat. BigWig – *Make Me Your Man(drax)*
An(other) ode to the narco narks, all subdued passion and bromide libidos, coordinated cooing to the tonic on the shelf. All a metaphor, allegedly. Like the untended graves these pair will soon occupy for EVER, this will be forgotten and dug up by Stuart Maconie in 2056 on ITV6's subscription-only *If you can remember this then … you weren't paying the right attention.*

TerrorTory – *We Put You Where You Are (And Will Stay)*
'Member those pair off *The Apprentice*, them that got 'You're fired!' second segment in? No, well anyway, they've got it together in his Alma Pater's home studio (full fridge bar/billiard table/bucking bronco) and concocted this class-riddled white-rap shite-crap reinforcing the top-down prison system that society really is. Is anyone listening? 'Nah, mate, not into politics, me.'

The Parameters – ** And The Gall*
The unreal world of online inter-engagement and collective communication has descended into endless cocoons of hate-rate and offence-defence. This tuneless group of unconnected sounds sums it up.

Vax: You<>Us – *Innocuous Innoculation*
Mysterious, bemasked, costumed, parfumed quartet from Stevenage cum Tromso with 'scariant' sounds. Part mock-rock, full-on crock-shock. If you've ever wondered what two weasels scrapping over a passata-stained cast-iron saucepan sounded like, flip a skip to the B-side, *Underture Of The Mass-aged*.

Captain Beefeater and his Tragic Band – *Lava-Tories*
Politicoruscating polemics from this scatirical supra-groop. Metaphorically categorising and categorically chastising the in-bred buggery-borstal blunderheads that comprise the UK elite. Features the lyric, 'down in the rube station at midnight, oh … I flung out a fist, and then a kick, I scented the last breath of death from the poverty-stricken pr*ck'. (As cribbed from Hansard).

Tannoy Jane – *Past-oral/Post-aural*
An aggregated assault on the senses that renders the listener incapacitated of both speech-noise and sound-poise. Stuck in the middle of a meddled muddle-puddle. With you. Again.

Zedex 81 – *Randomly Accessed Memories*
Implanting, supplanting, reinstalling, erasing, updating, rebooting. Time was when terms like these applied purely to the soft/hardware of the gadgetry get-up. No more. The nu-transhuman dumb-slug sans-human numb-plug is content to waddle in Wi-Fi wastelands, 'real' recollections relegated to retrievable retro-rhetoric replete with risible reasoning. This song *almost* expresses that resentiment.

D-Sell-A-Rate – *Carbonic Plague*
'Net Zero, what a hero, watch ya footprint, check ya imprint, read the small-print' is one choice lyric from this offering from these pro-rata punktuated no-marks.

Jung Mug – *F'koff Syrup*
More face-tatt diktats from Worksop's refinest. Spitting out further parlays of salted beef with rivals amidst the affected grief of survivals, it's an inhumanifesto for these times of micromanaged decline. Preening narcissism packaged as agitpop-culture product. File under Diss-Oh-nonsense. *swigs Benylin*

Valhalla – *Narrowmind*
The past hangs heavy on this grunge-cringe shower-ballad. The formula is familiar, the template tiresome: 'quiet-loud-quite-unavowed'. Upfrontperson (the pseud-anonymous) Max Minimal is the pin-up blunderkind for the paranoid-dopioid generation. Tortured and tormented, his (in)audible anguish is an irritable masterclass in stagecrafted show-pony and trapped-unease.

Jacques Vice – *A Puddle Is A Mirror (To Whomever Deigns To Peer)*
Ex-helmsman of The Pallid Strips, this is (even) more idiom-riddim & booze-blues resurrectionary rock. Hoarse, hoary and hairy, Vice updates the smokin' Chitlin' circuit chooga-hollerballoo, porky-talky innards overstewed to a chewy-goo. *burps*

Gordon Ghetto feat. Ap-Yorze – *Glock 'n' Spiel*
The Shittish Isles' rural raponteur returns on this transcontinental hook up with noisemaker in the hood, Ap-Yorze (aka Wesley Denze III). A salute-tribute to the Second Amendment of the U.S. rulebook, the right to bear arms equals the rite to share psalms. A Manichean spite-fight between conscience and unconscious, no left and right, only right and wrong. Good Lord…

Mirage – *Flying (Me Bird's Spread Her Wings)*
More execrable bungalow-beatrock from England's Northern donkeys, same old strangulated sermonising, constipated clarion-calls, a sphincter-taut ventripotent town crier braying his 'manthems' that defy deconstruction/deny deduction. Choice burble-prose: 'upstairs for drinking, downstairs for sinking, yeah, c'mon!'.

Myopiate – *Primate Change*
Portentous platform-preaching from this millennium's most lucrative *popagandist*. Almost identical to previous 'drop' 'In cyberspace everyone can hear you scream … but no one's listening' the ever-changing attitudes, the never-ranging moods and forever estranging feuds of Culture 2.0's cocooned 'worlds' are articulated with 'A' bomb aplomb scattering the neural nerve-nodules down to the haywire. N.B. 1% of proceeds are going to several offshore charitable corporations. We've gone behind the Irony Curtain.

Poise 'n' penned by: KAY PALAIS, ARTHUR MILIEU, MARCEL DACHUMP, THE LATTE CAPITALIST, D.J. SALINGER

THE GUV'NOR

AUDREY WITHERSPOON, Lord Sabre, The Chairman, Wevvers, Brother Weatherall. Only some of the many names and pseudonyms attributed to artist, DJ, producer, remixer and sonic alchemist Andrew Weatherall. Yet for many he was known simply and affectionately as The Guv'nor.

An articulate and erudite man of many tastes and talents, Weatherall was different things to different folk, generations and subcultures. For some he was the witty co-founder of *Boy's Own* fanzine, the so-called village newspaper of acid house at the back end of the 1980s. For others he was creator of Primal Scream's seminal dance-rock crossover *Loaded* and the ambient classic *Smokebelch II* at the start of the 1990s.

And for others he was DJ of repute at Future, Spectrum and Shoom in London, curator of the Convenanza festival in Carcassonne, partners with Sean Johnston in the much-loved ALFOS parties, owner of the Rotters Golf Club record label or the bloke who would turn up at The Griffin pub in Shoreditch to play 7" rockabilly records. And so much more.

His musical eclecticism, dexterity and knowledge took in ambient, Balearic, house, techno, dub, deep house, cosmic disco, punk, post-punk and more. Reflecting in 1990 on this plurality and his emergence from the acid house subculture, which worshipped him as one of their own, Weatherall told the *NME*: "For ten years I've never been able to make up my mind if I'm a punk rocker or a soul boy. So why not be both?"

All of the above and more combined with an enigmatic, generous and maverick spirit was what endeared him to so many who mostly did not know him personally, but admired his work and the cut of his jib. 'Don't let the grubby little opportunists get you down' was one of his mantras. Many of us would do well to live by that too.

So when he passed away unexpectedly at the beginning of 2020, apart from an outpouring of grief and love from friends and fans, as well as a wider media acknowledgment of his passing and legacy, there were many ordinary folk determined to honour the man and his work.

Notably and publicly during lockdown last year, when spray-painted blue plaques, mimicking the official English Heritage ones that commemorate the apparent great and the good at least 20 years after their passing, mysteriously appeared across London marking some of the most noteworthy places where Andrew played and produced. He doubtless would have approved of the do-it-yourself ethos, or 'tactics' deployed by those at ground level to seize the moment and circumvent official strategies, as French philosopher Michel de Certeau would have it, whilst pooh-poohing the very idea of being the subject of such guerrilla fandom.

In response to the emergence of the plaques, the inaugural Tour de Guv took place in May, a 40-strong fans bike ride with an accompanying mobile music set-up, as organiser Kay Redking of the Bermondsey Lido sound system explained:

"Andrew Weatherall is a bit of an outlier in the dance music world for his longevity, both with production and with DJing. He'd left his mark on so many places in the city for thirty years. During the lockdown, someone started spray-painting the 'blue plaques' at a variety of locations where he had played, or made music, and I thought it would be a nice way for fans to come together when the lockdown ended to visit these, a mini pilgrimage I suppose you could call it."

Musically, it's nigh-on impossible to know where to begin with The Guv'nor, as Redking agreed: "He changed shape so many times over that thirty years – he had an uncanny ability to pivot and slot comfortably into something else very different from what he did before. The array of styles is bewildering for a first timer. If I had to pinpoint an era from my own personal taste, it would have to be the Two Lone Swordsmen output from about 1996 to 1998, during which they also released an album under the alias Lino Squares. But that is because my first love is long and contemplative 4/4 deep house, and many of the tracks and remixes from that time are in that vein.

"But others will have their own very different preferences – his acid house prominence, the early techno sets, the electro or the rockabilly of the later 2LS, the space disco of The Asphodells, the cosmic madness of the Woodleigh Research Facility, his indie-dance remixes of the early 1990s, the chuggy partnership with Sean Johnston under A Love From Outer Space, or even just the production work under his own name, mostly in the 2010s."

Redking's own three-hour mix of Andrew's solo productions, *Blue Bullet Fragments at the Bermondsey Lido*, available on SoundCloud is also worth a shout.

And as a noteworthy footnote to the tour, the soundtrack on the day was selected by fans, who also donated to the homelessness charity Crisis, which was important to Andrew. It's what the Guv'nor would have wanted.

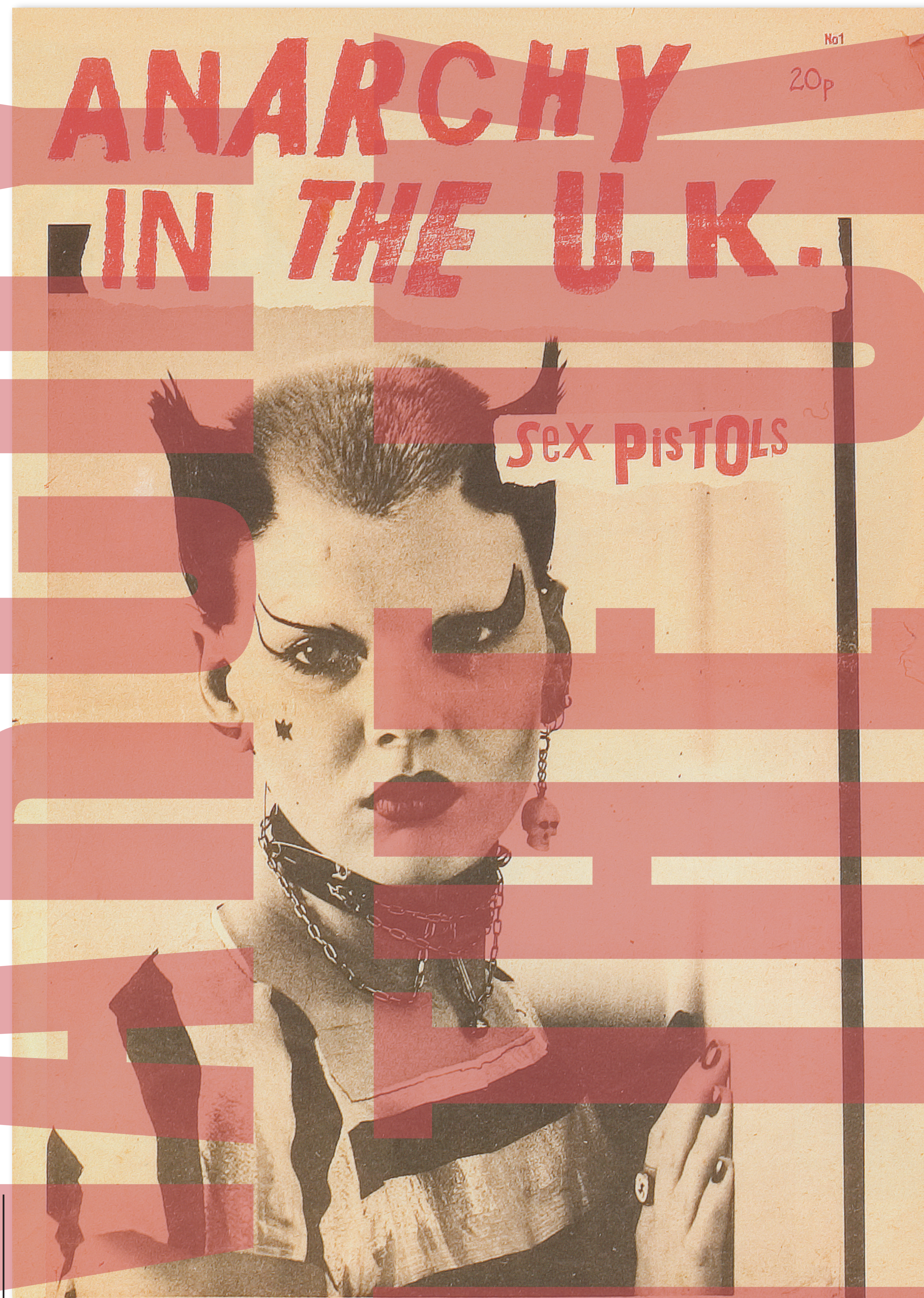
TIM GIBNEY

THE GUV'NOR BLUE PLAQUE TRAIL

- The Drop, below The Three Crowns at the corner of Stoke Newington Church Street and Stoke Newington High Street – home to Andrew and Sean Johnston's A Love From Outer Space party.
- Fabric on Charterhouse Street EC1 – hosted various appearances by Andrew plus a live set alongside Keith Tenniswood under their alter ego Two Lone Swordsmen.
- EC1 at 29-35 Farringdon Road – venue for the Sabresonic 2 club night.
- The Blue Note on Hoxton Square – Blood Sugar club night. Disused on our visit.
- T Bar on the corner of Shoreditch High Street and Bethnal Green Road – Andrew and Ivan Smagghe's eclectic club night Wrong Meeting. Pizza East at present.
- The Bridge & Tunnel at the corner of Calvert Avenue and Shoreditch High Street – various Haywire nights and now a house.
- The Griffin at 93 Leonard Street EC2 – Double Gone Chapel and various spontaneous sessions.
- The Fortress at 34-38 Provost Street N1 – Haywire Sessions and now flats.
- 93 Feet East on Brick Lane E1 – Rotters Golf Club and Haywire parties.
- 18-20 Scrutton Street EC2 – Andrew's studio.
- Happy Jaxx on Shand Street SE1 – railway-arch venue for Sabresonic.

*The above is a suggested trail only. Note that some of the plaques listed here have been removed or whitewashed over, sometimes to reappear again, whilst others not listed here may have since been added.

ANARCHY



12-page Anarchy In The UK tabloid newspaper 17.5" x 13" published by Malcolm McLaren's 'Glitterbest' in 1976. Design by Jamie Reid, Sophie Richmond and Vivienne Westwood.

IN RECOGNITION of Danny Boyle's TV series about the Sex Pistols (which, on the evidence of advance trailers, will be ghastly), this image is the cover of a 1976 Pistols fanzine. It came in the form of a newspaper, like the item you are holding, and was not a zine in the sense of being produced by amateurs: instead, it was put out by the band's management company, in limited numbers. It was really an attempt to push the band into the limelight. They had not yet hit fame, and although they had a small coterie of bizarrely attired fans (Soo Catwoman is the cover star), they were a novelty and the word 'punk' was not yet on everybody's lips.

The paper was given to me by Paul Hallam (1952-2019) who was a writer and critic, and who taught at Central Saint Martins. He bought it at one of the Pistols gigs at the 100 Club on Oxford Street in 1976. These gigs occurred months before the band's first record was released – titled, like the zine, *Anarchy in the UK*, and today they turn up on lists of 'greatest gigs of all time': their very mention causes modern punk fans to gasp, and are bound to feature in the Boyle show. But in 1976, Paul was not one of the Pistols coterie: he had gone to the gig simply because the club had a late licence and he and his boyfriend could pick up a drink after hours. Sometimes encounters with subcultures are not as knowing, glamorous or profound as we might imagine.

Paul never really told me what he thought of the Pistols that night. I've a feeling they were just 'there', making a racket in the background. But he did love all things 'outsider press', which is probably why he bought the zine. He was a veteran of previous subcultures, and of various 'be-ins' and avant-garde gatherings (he claimed to have watched Andy Warhol's *Empire State* all the way through), so maybe he was making sense of the Pistols via this lens. It also says something that a gay couple did not feel intimidated at the gig: homosexuality had only been decriminalised in 1967 and not every London 'scene' was as inclusive. The zine is a bit crumbly now, and sought-after on eBay. But it does capture a subcultural moment, when anarchy and pointy hairstyles seemed like a good idea.

ROGER SABIN

Ordovás, Jesús (fotógrafo). Alaska y Elisabetta en el Rastro vendiendo el fanzine Kaka de Luxe1977. Fotografía color. 8.8 x 12.4 cm. Archivo LaFuente. Reference number: 050684/002

MENUDAS PINTAS

DIY PUNK STYLE IN MADRID

THE SPANISH word *pinta* is defined by the Royal Spanish Academy as a colloquial term for 'shameless, unscrupulous' and is used as a way to pejoratively describe someone's appearance or look. *Llevar unas pintas*, or *tener pintas*, is the expression used to describe someone who is wearing those shameless, indecent, out-of-the-norm looks. Curiously, it is one of the terms most used by many punks from the mid-1970s and early 1980s to describe their own style and appearance or how others would perceive it.

I have come across this expression in the many documentaries made about La Movida – the countercultural movement that emerged mainly in Madrid after the death of dictator Francisco Franco in 1975 – where punks are normally featured (*De Un Tiempo Libre A Esta Parte, Rockola* and *Una Noche En La Movida*). But it is David Álvarez's 2016 documentary *Lo Que Hicimos Fue Secreto* (which translates as 'what we did was secret'), where one can find the story of how the punk movement was introduced in Madrid from its beginnings until the mid-1990s and narrated by its protagonists. Álvarez later turned his research into a PhD.

In the film, *pintas* is used by many such as Maggü Pilarte from Espamódicos and TDeK who explains: "When we went out into the street they looked at us, not how they look now, with surprise and sometimes with a little anger. Who are these? Why do they go out on the street to make a fool of themselves?" Neme from the band Superriffs, continues by describing how this atmosphere was tremendously creative "as far as *pintas* are concerned" as they would "put on everything you imagined". This need for individual expression, to go against uniformity, shocked many because of the political context in which Spain was living at that moment.

When punk arrived in Madrid, the country was just starting the process of democracy (La Transición) after a forty-year dictatorship in the hands of Franco. Yet, as Álvarez insists, Madrid's centralism was not only geographical. As the capital, all of the country's political and military power was concentrated there, which in turn was a determining factor in the systematic repression of labour and/or social conflicts during the Franco regime. So these new looks were unquestionably shocking.

Nonetheless, punk arrived in Madrid practically simultaneously with the end of the dictatorship. In part, it is thanks to the children of the middle classes, such as Olvido Gara known as Alaska, Carlos Berlanga and Nacho Canut, who could afford to travel abroad. Alaska went to London for the first time at the age of twelve and was fascinated by Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood´s shop SEX on the King's Road, which influenced her tremendously.

From London they brought comics, magazines and EPs, and then sold them at el Rastro, Madrid's most popular open air

Parálisis Permanente (left to right): Ana Curra, Rafa Balmaseda, Antonio Moreno and Eduardo Benavente (between 1981-1983)

flea market, under their creative group La Liviandad del imperdible (which translates as 'the lightness of the safety pin'). This was itself an extension of the band they formed, Kaka de Luxe, considered to be one of the first punk bands in Spain.

However, those trips were not only pleasurable ones. Manolo Suizidio also owned a stall at the famous market and told Álvarez that they first went to London to accompany their girlfriends to have an abortion, illegal in Spain until 1985. He would also go to London, buy EPs and go to concerts, absorbing as much as possible of the cultural scene.

These different reasons for travelling to London reveal the differing ways to understand punk in Madrid. There are ones that assumed punk as a 'breakup' aesthetic and attitude, against the 'boredom' of the old period. This is better known as the subculture of El Rollo, a sort of 'soft punk' in the words of Manolo Suizidio. On the other side, and closer to the English version, there is the punk adopted through music and formed by youth that came from lower classes and less-privileged neighbourhoods, from the peripheral areas of the city. That punk had an anti-establishment attitude. Some of those punk bands from Madrid included Commando 9MM, Delincuencia Sonora, La Uvi, Superriffs, Espasmódicos, TDeK, PVP, O.X. Pow, Olor A Sobako and Tarzan Y Su Puta Madre.

Either way, both styles of punk saw the creation of an aesthetic identity as a way to differentiate and identify themselves as a group. In the absence of shops such as SEX or Acme Attractions, the punk Madrilenian youth of that time truly adopted the do-it-yourself ethic.

One of the main vehicles to obtain that punk look was by buying second-hand at el Rastro. It was the place to barter and where punks, rockers, mods congregated. It was a place not only to buy clothes but also to exchange information, to keep updated and *show* themselves. They would normally go on Sundays, yet, as Juanma el Terrible, a famous rocker of that time, recalls in *Macarras Interseculares* (2020) by Iñaki Domínguez, you could also go on Tuesdays to buy clothes. He even says that many of the first vintage shops (*ropavejería* in Spanish) that appeared in the proximities of the market benefitted from buying those clothes that they would then sell on.

Ana Curra, considered the 'Spanish Queen of Punk', explains in an interview with *Jot Down Cultural Magazine* in 2014 that the idea of 'restyling' began for her with the part of her wardrobe that she owed to her mother, who had many pieces from the 1950s such as "the first leather suit I had, with a narrow skirt adjusted to the knee". But she also made her own clothes: "I remember that I used to go with Olvido to Almacenes Arias and el Sepu [*well-known department stores*], we would buy any t-shirt or horrible dresses because we liked the fabric and turned it into something completely different. Even the sadomasochist thing that I wore later in Parálisis Permanente [*a Spanish post-punk band of the 1980s*] I did myself."

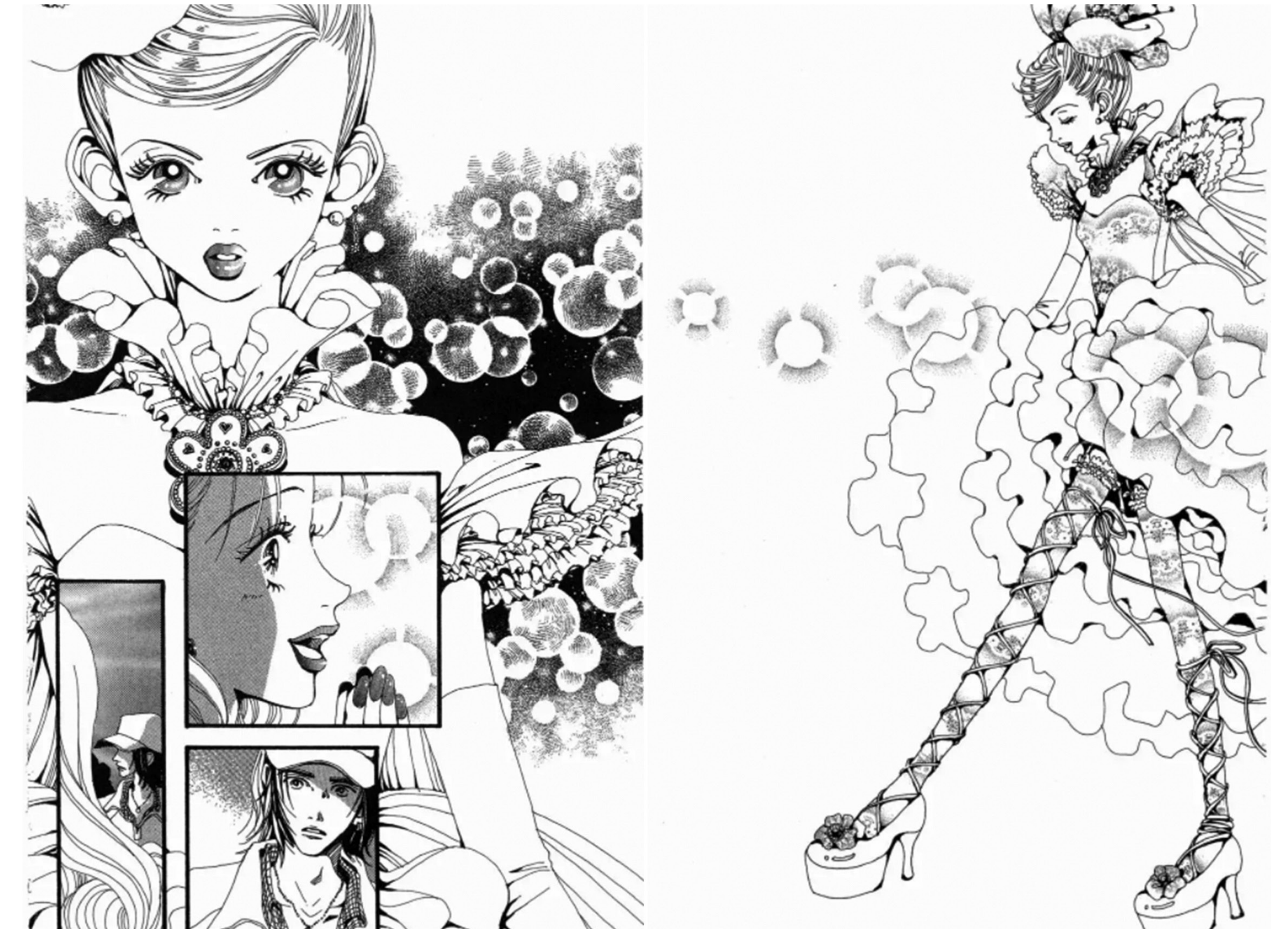
She would also do her hair, as well as style Alaska's or the mohican of Eduardo Benavente, her partner in Parálisis Permanente. As she mentions, even her first cover with the band from the album *El Acto* (1983) is a complete self-production, both the hair and the outfit. She portrays a new image of women in punk that also exemplified Las Vulpes (the first all-female punk band in Spain) and Cristina Garrigós González explains in her research paper *Warriors and Mystics: Religious Iconography, Eroticism, Blasphemy and Gender in Punk Female Artists* that their use of religious iconography combined with and related to eroticism is a way of reinforcing their attitude and message.

Those large department stores mentioned earlier, (Almacenes Arias and Sepu, were two of the destinations to buy a variety of garments and materials at a very low price. In Almacenes Arias, located on Madrid's Calle Montera, you could choose from military clothing to vedette (or cabaret) style, plastic, or accessories such as crosses.

There are also some testimonies from rockers who mention in *Macarras Interseculares* how leather jackets could be found at Swing, a store on Argensola street in the area of Alonso Martínez that also sold the Creepers shoes. And the area of Torrejón, where there was a U.S. military base since the Pactos de Madrid in 1953, was also therefore a place to obtain American products such as Levi´s or rock and roll EPs.

All in all, the recompilation of these testimonies shows just a small piece of the rich oral history that punk has in the life of the city. Many have studied punk in Madrid such as Álvarez or Héctor Fouce. Fashion, however, normally remains anecdotal, implying a need for it to be documented and narrated, as it is demonstrably important for creating one's external identity, at least in terms of recognition and the distinction of one's self. In the words of Cristina Garrigós González: "Provocation is achieved not only by the disturbing message that the artist wants to transmit. The external appearance is part of an artistic project."

CARMEN BANIANDRÉS



DREAM GIRL

HOW FEMALE MANGA INSPIRED A FASHION CAREER

ONE OF the most popular Japanese female-comic genres is *shōjo* (girls) manga. This article spotlights author and illustrator Ai Yazawa's manga series of *Neighborhood Story* (1995-1998), *Paradise Kiss* (2000-2004) and *NANA* (2000-2009). These comics, animations and TV spin-offs explored the subcultures of pop rock and glam rock that are represented by distinctive characters and showed how fashion is a medium that can disrupt traditional stereotypes. At the same time, I also reflect on my own encounter with these mangas at the age of 17 through which I learnt design style and developed aspirations to become a fashion designer.

The first time I read Ai Yazawa's mangas (comics or graphic novels originating from Japan) I was studying womenswear tailoring at Taichung vocational high school. Reading mangas during my free time at school or home was my main entertainment. I would save the red-envelope money from the Chinese New Year and any pocket money I could find and go to the comic book store near the school to buy the monthly *Zipper* magazine where *Paradise Kiss* was serialised.

Zipper is a *shōjo* manga that featured the comics of different artists and authors. There are different types of stories in the manga including themes such as romance, magic, school life and adventure. These stories were gender-specific and presumed that the readers were female. In the 1970s, *shōjo* mangas started to introduce male homosexuality and cross-dressing males, however these were subtly included in the stories, according to scholar and writer Fusami Ogi.

I was fascinated by all the characters in this manga such as the fashion design student, Jōji 'George' Koizumi, who is an over-the-top gown designer; Miwako Sakurada, a very cute, petite Lolita-style fashion student; Arashi Nagase, who is a musician and punk-style fashion student; and lastly, my favourite character, Isabella Yamamoto, a transgender fashion student who has amazing sewing skills and is always styled as though she has just stepped out of the Elizabethan period.

The way they dressed was heavily influenced by rock and punk music. Author Ken McLeod explains that the visual *kei* (style) came from the J-Rock culture of the late 1980s and early 1990s. Among the visual *kei*, there are extravagant gender-crossing cosplays (costume role-playing) of band members. Most of these are influenced by glam, goth, punk rock, Japanese video games, animations and manga.

One typical storyline shows the characters working as a team to help George to complete his avant-garde designs for a student competition, which sadly he does not win because his design is considered more costume than avant-garde. I remember being so disappointed when I read that their work had not won yet I was left motivated by their energy, their personalities and their desire to succeed.

After I read *Paradise Kiss*, I was in love with the characters and storylines and craved more, so I went to look for the author's other works. That was when I read *Neighborhood Story* and, again, fell in love with the fashion designer-to-be character Mikako Kouda, who started her brand Happy Berry after she graduated from the same school as the characters in *Paradise Kiss*. When Mikako was studying fashion design in Japan, she and her peers would set up a weekly stall and sell hand-made garments and accessories. Reading how she worked towards her dream and had the courage to set up a stall was very inspiring for me. As a Taiwanese student studying womenswear and tailoring, I was not allowed to organise any kind of 'distracting' activity as my parents were very strict and wanted me only to focus on my study.

Another of Yazawa's comics, *NANA*, conceived that the central character, Nana, who is the lead singer of the band Black Stones, would dress in the designs made by Mikako Kouda. These characters' lives intertwine and the stories can be read inter-textually. It was insightful to notice that both George and Mikako went to study fashion design in London and came back to Japan to start their fashion studios. That was what perhaps, subconsciously, inspired me to explore the possibility to study fashion design in London after I graduated from vocational high school. And yes, I did set up my fashion brand Eve Lin Studio, directly after I studied BA and MA Fashion Design at Central Saint Martins, which then was still located in the heart of Soho and where I was surrounded by highly-creative peers and colourful strangers who too looked as if they had just stepped out styled as characters from the *shōjo* manga.

EVE LIN

Proêmes Reading Club

'Girls, boys, art, pleasure' – Paninaro, Pet Shop Boys.

Puffer jacket. Check. Rolled-up denims. Check. Burlington socks. Check.

THE PANINARI

WHEN THINKING about subcultures we often picture anti-conformists and rebels fighting against forms of the establishment. This perception is perhaps even more striking when looking at youth cultures born in the 1980s, when the most prominent ones developed in countries facing economic downturn. In such a context, these groups not only catered to a desire to reject the norm, they often carried a political message too.

Tribes would gather around the common interest of rejecting the mainstream, ideologically and aesthetically. From mods and skinheads to Blitz kids and ravers, the UK has been the birthplace of emblematic youth movements, often originating in the working classes and built around strict dress codes. Hungry for niche music genres and willing to stay underground, they defied other groups as well as authority. They inspired Europe, if not the world.

However, there was a movement that took a completely different path; a subculture that was born on the continent, that fully embraced the mainstream and that was proud of its upper-class roots. A movement that wanted to be noticed and so visually vibrant that it inspired UK youth in return. A movement celebrated in a Pet Shop Boys song and that propelled 'confidential' brands previously known only to those in the know into fashion folklore and history.

They came from Milan at the beginning of the 1980s and although they wanted to somehow challenge the society they were living in, they had no political ideology. They were fascinated by the United States and acquired their name from their passion for fast food. They were the Paninari, Italy's first homegrown youth culture.

Milan at that time was a complicated city if you belonged to an identifiable group; wearing the wrong garment in the wrong part of town could get you into trouble. Teenagers had just gone through the worst of Italy's *Anni di Piombo* or 'Years of Lead', a troubled period of strikes and regular politicised terror attacks. After such dark times, those who were soon to become the Paninari decided to take the opposite stance. They came from Milan's upper class and had met in private schools; all they wanted was to live fast, show off and talk to girls. They rejected the traditional image of Italy, considering it dusty and boring. Leisure was their motto, and they wanted to look and live like American teenagers.

Why this transatlantic obsession? Because Ronald Reagan had just opened the doors to a deregulated global market, making international brands accessible and because a man named Silvio Berlusconi was broadcasting American sitcoms and action movies all day long, along with many commercials, through a new medium that made his fortune; private television. American soft power was running at full speed and consumerism was positively encouraged; perfect conditions for Italian youth to embrace a new mindset and style. All of which was closer to Wall Street's aspirational coked-up yuppies than to London's creative but often impoverished New Romantics.

The Paninari got their name from Italy's famous *panino* sandwich. The term was coined by a newspaper journalist from either Milan's *Corriere della Sera* or Turin's *La Stampa* and reflected the paninari's unconditional love of fast food. Not only did the sandwich shops and the newly-opened Burghy burger chain serve as gathering places for this subculture, they were also cultural emblems for these teenagers. Fast food was the absolute opposite of a traditional Italian dinner; it was modern, it was American and it was the perfect embodiment of the fast life they were striving for.

The Paninari were all about panache. They were noisy, colourful and although they were rejecting traditional standards, they did respect one very Italian way of behaving; *sprezzatura*. This archaic Italian word, defined as a sense of nonchalance or effortlessness, was quite in tune with the paninari's hedonistic approach to life.

They were rolling through Milan by carefully-chosen means; the Zundapp KS125 motorcycle was the Holy Grail, while the Yamaha XT600 and Suzuki DR600 were admirable choices too.

Their outfits followed very precise rules. Your puffer jacket had to be as bright and colourful as possible, with Italy's Moncler and Stone Island the go-to brands. Jeans were Levi's 501 or Armani and had to be rolled-up to display Burlington socks. Timberland boots or loafers were mandatory. Your sweatshirts had to be Best Company, CP Company or Stone Island. The ladies opted for Fiorucci or Trussardi dresses and wore Chanel perfume. The look was completed with Ray-Ban sunglasses, El Charro belts and Naj Oleari underwear. But the most sought-after accessories were Invicta backpacks and Rolex Daytona watches. It is said that demand for the Daytona was so high in Italy that it fuelled a global price hike.

Like other distinctive youth cultures of this era, the Paninari respected a high level of codification and specification when it came to their outfits and accessories. The value of what they wore played an important role. They were wealthy, had no shame in displaying expensive branded items and were loud about it. What differentiated them from others though was that while they adopted what would become casual high-end sportswear, they did not wear it to subvert its original bourgeois codes. Unlike French rap crews of the 1990s, America's Lo Lifes subculture or Congo's extravagantly-stylish *sapeurs*, the Paninari did not sport these items to appropriate a product that was not originally targeting them; *they were* the original target, *they were* the bourgeoisie.

The streets were the Paninari's catwalk. And since the subculture positively encouraged being noticed, the Italian youngsters happily obliged when publications started to feature them. Renzo Barbieri, founder of the Edifumetto publishing house – known for its erotic comic publications – best seized this economic opportunity by successfully launching *Paninaro* magazine, which was quickly followed by its female counterpart, *New Preppy*.

The culture spread widely across Italy. The Paninari look became the norm, their slang was adopted and films and television stars mimicked them. For a subculture fascinated by the mainstream, co-optation worked from day one. They did not have to fight against being re-incorporated into the cyclical life of the culture industry; they accepted it from the start.

But by the late 1980s Burghi had closed, grunge was on the way and Italy's *tangentopoli* (a culture of corruption uncovered by the country's judicial investigators) spelt the end of this era of lightness and superficiality.

Pop duo the Pet Shop Boys released *Paninaro*, a song celebrating the subculture and its influence, in 1986. The timing of this homage was ironic in that it marked the beginning of the end for the Paninari in Italy but also the subculture's first reboot, as British football hooligans found it quite convenient to dress like smart preppy boys to travel and enter stadiums more easily, proving an inspiration to a movement that would become known as the casuals.

ULYSSE MERIDJEN

ULYSSE MERIDJEN is co-founder of the Proêmes Reading Club, a collaboration with the 1909 book store in Paris aimed at bringing together people with an interest in exploring a shared passion for books and countercultures, past and present.

The group has been meeting monthly since October last year at Dover Street Market Paris' communal hangout space, 3537, with the aim of promoting literature and underground cultures as widely as possible.

Although Paris-based, Proêmes has ventured further afield. The group held one of its sessions in the heart of London counterculture at The Horse Hospital arts venue in Bloomsbury in April.

More recently the reading club celebrated its first outing of a more intimate format, the Pocket Session, held at the Pigalle Country Club, one of the last remaining underground bars in Paris' 9th district. Proêmes gathered 20 writers and poets to read a selection of their own work and other specially-chosen pieces to what the group described as a "spellbound crowd and with no pomp they took to the floor one by one, momentarily suspending time".

Check out Instagram for:
@proemesreadingclub
@1909.bookstore

Nina Hagen performing at the Montreux Jazz Festival, Switzerland 1985.

PROVOCATION ON PRINCIPLE

NINA HAGEN, GERMANY'S GODMOTHER OF PUNK

SHE HAS long dark hair, thick black eye makeup, is clad in bizarre extravaganza and known for her big mouth, which is usually covered in a shade of bright red. Her nickname is 'The Godmother of Punk', but who is this consummate other-worldly risk taker and overall *enfant terrible* that seems to be the face of German punk?

Take the skilful shapeshifting abilities of David Bowie, the rebellious impudence of Vivienne Westwood and the scandalous spirit of a young Madonna; multiply those times ten and, *et voilà*, you get a pretty good image of who Nina Hagen is.

There is something that sets Nina apart from the male-dominated, almost polished field of musical icons that have emerged from various subcultures of the twentieth century. Nina Hagen does not come from the well-known patches of (upper-) middle-class England or America that seem to have bred the majority of rock or punk royalty, but from the broken landscape of the German capital Berlin then under the communist regime of the German Democratic Republic (GDR).

Raised by her mother, Eva-Maria Hagen, a well-known actress and singer, and her stepfather Wolf Biermann, infamous regime critic and fellow musician, she was somewhat destined to be on stage. So, unsurprisingly, she landed her first national hit in 1974, backed by her band Automobil, titled *Du Hast Den Farbfilm Vergessen* ('you forgot the colour film'). It appeared to be an innocent and radio-friendly tune but harboured a politically-charged message subtly mocking the monotony of the East German state.

Her affront went under the radar, and she continued to hone her style and experiment with various musicians throughout East Germany. To her great shock, two years later, her stepfather was refused entry to the GDR and stripped of his citizenship while on tour in West Germany. After Nina's futile attempts to protest against this verdict, she too left the communist regime for the western metropole of Hamburg and was expatriated along with her mother. Getting thrown out of your authoritarian motherland? Now that is punk.

She spent the following years between epicentres of music and glitz, living in both London and the United States, and was discovered by the international music label CBS.

While she is known as 'The Godmother of Punk', Nina Hagen's musical efforts are far more diverse. Yes, her records are, debatably, a more sophisticated approach to a sonic rebellion than the scratchy, sometimes almost primitive musical efforts of British punk bands such as the Sex Pistols or The Slits.

Nina's world is a mosaic of shrill electric guitars, tuba-led Bavarian folk music, dramatic operatic sounds and reggae beats. Her musical work is a hodgepodge of a great variety of influences; it is a very distinct microcosm enriched by her German roots and great interest in different cultures and spirituality, as well as friends and lovers from the punk scene from all over the Western world. The lyrics are political yet wonderfully silly and vary in language from mainly English and German to Russian, sometimes even switching and combining them within one verse.

Her debut solo record *NunSexMonkRock*, released in 1982, has an almost mythical feel to it with themes of spiritual folklore reminiscent of early Queen or Led Zeppelin. She references artists such as David Bowie, The Doors and Jimi Hendrix throughout the album while staying true to her exaggerated post-punk new-wave theatrics.

The air of scandal could not be separated from her persona, as she maintained her status as a progressive avant-garde brat not only through her music but also primarily through appearances in public media. Her most considerable controversy to date was on the Austrian TV show *Club 2* back in 1979, where she shocked viewers even beyond Austrian borders. Nina started talking about the importance of the female orgasm and demonstrated how to reach said climax, along with explicit gestures as to instruct the women watching at home.

Ironically, 'What's wrong with youth culture?' was the topic of the show in which moderator Dieter Seefranz wanted to lead a discussion with writers, poets, students and a journalist. Needless to say, weeks of heated debates around the TV appearance followed and Seefranz was ultimately forced to resign from the programme.

Nina herself, however, was not concerned with any backlash. On the contrary, the revealing performance further contributed to her image as a feminist punk icon. Decades later, the now 67-year-old is still a welcome guest to stir up talk shows, her favourite topics ranging from UFO sightings to Jesus Christ.

So, who truly is this unhinged enigma of a woman? To save me the trouble, she answers this in an interview she did with herself back in 1989.

"I am not German, I am not East German, I am Nina Hagen. I am what I am and always will be; just what I am."

ISA HESS

Mind map: Rachel Fleminger Hudson

Photography: Rachel Fleminger Hudson

RACHEL FLEMINGER HUDSON

TAKE A BOW Rachel Fleminger Hudson. The young emerging artist, Central Saint Martins graduate and much-valued member of this here SIG, has been named winner of international fashion brand Dior's Photography and Visual Arts Award for Young Talents this year for her stunning imitation/reality melding photographs.

Her highly-stylised work is often influenced by the aesthetics of the 1970s, a time way before her time. In photos featured here Rachel riffs on football fan/hooligan chic of that period again although, as she points out, not to glorify or sanitise the past but rather "to reconfigure it in the context of the present".

And Dior is not the only one to have noticed Rachel's talent. Original style bible *The Face* included her in their recent 'they're gonna be huge' list of this year's BA Fashion Communication grads at CSM. Rachel's in good company too as the course has a habit, according to *The Face*, of producing "some of the most influential image-making names in the UK".

Having also written for that British bastion of street style, *i-D*, and been featured in *Marie Claire*, *Vogue*, *Wallpaper* and others, the future sure looks bright for our Rachel.

SIG*News*

CLASSIFIED ADS

Gee Vaucher: Beyond Punk, Feminism, and the Avant-Garde

By Rebecca Binns

(Manchester University Press)

Gee Vaucher (b. 1945) was one of the people who defined punk's protest art in the 1970s and 1980s. This is the first book to critically assess an extensive range of Vaucher's work. It examines her unique position connecting avant-garde art movements, counterculture, punk and even contemporary street art. The book explores how her life has shaped her output, with particular focus on the open-house collective at Dial House in Essex, a centre for radical creativity.

https://manchesteruniversitypress.co.uk

Heavy Metal Armour: A Visual Study of Battle Jackets

By Thomas Cardwell

(Intellect Books)

Customised denim battle jackets are worn by heavy metal fans to show their devotion to the music and subcultures of metal. This unique study outlines the significance of battle jackets in metal scenes and makes connections to wider historic and contemporary culture. Includes original paintings of jackets and photographic portraits of the wearers.

https://www.intellectbooks.com

China's Music Industry Unplugged: Business Models, Copyright and Social Entrepreneurship in the Online Platform Economy

By Zhen Troy Chen

(Palgrave Macmillan)

This book is the first of its kind to explore the intersection of cultural and creative industries, legal studies, business studies, and new media in the second largest global economy which is also gaining cultural and political significance around the world.

https://www.palgrave.com

Broadway Parade

Vintage inspired, ethically made

Instagram @broadwayparade

https://www.etsy.com/uk/shop/BroadwayParade

The Bebop Scene in London's Soho, 1945-1950: Post-war Britain's First Youth Subculture

By Ray Kinsella

(Palgrave Macmillan)

This book provides the first history of the bebop jazz youth subculture in Britain, bringing together a wide range of unexplored sources for the first time and arguably resetting the 'subcultural clock'. The story takes in the clubs that constituted the bebop scene, the fashion that formed around the music and the moral panic which ultimately led to a police clamp-down.

https://www.palgrave.com

GLOBAL PUNK

Produced in collaboration with the Punk Scholars Network, the Global Punk book series focuses on contemporary global punk, reflecting its origins, aesthetics, identity, legacy, membership, and circulation. Critical approaches draw upon the interdisciplinary areas of (amongst others) cultural studies, art and design, sociology, musicology, and social sciences in order to develop a broad and inclusive picture of punk and punk-inspired subcultural developments around the globe.

https://www.intellectbooks.com

SIG MANIFESTO

1. WE AT SIGNews DECLARE THAT OUR MANIFEST AIMS ARE TRUE, OUR TARGETS PURE AND OUR INTENTIONS SURE.

2. SIGNews IS STRONG ON REMONSTRATION AND LONG ON DEMONSTRATION.

3. WE DECLARE THAT FUTURISM IS TRAPPED IN THE PAST. DADAISM'S WAR ON WAR SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES. SURREALISM BOUND BY ITS LOOSE STRICTURES. MODERNISM BY ITS FAILURES TO EVOLVE. DESTRUCTIVISM, A SORRY HEAP. VORTICISM, ABSTRACTOR FLIM-FLAM. CANNIBALISM, INDIGESTIBLE. STUCKISM SURROUNDED BY MUD. SITUATIONISM, NEEDS NEW SPECTACLES. ALL IN ASPIC, SIMPLY PASSÉ, RATHER REDUNDANT.

4. WE PRONOUNCE THAT IN 2022 THE BEAT ON THE STREET IS **SUBCULTURALISM**. TRAWLING THROUGH THE PAST TO CREATE A NEW PRESENT. SCRUTINISING THE PRESENT TO ENACT POTENTIAL FUTURES. PATHS FORGED FOR GENERATIONS TO PURSUE.

5. FOR SIGNews VENERATION IS STERILE RENOVATION. WE SEEK NEW WAYS TO CREATE REACTION, INSTIGATE ACTION AND INITIATE ABSTRACTION.

6. WE DECLAIM THAT NO CREATIVE DECISION IS AN ACCIDENT.

7. HAIL AND HERALD **SUBCULTURALISM**.

Contact the Subcultures Interest Group at k.quinn@fashion.arts.ac.uk or r.bestley@lcc.arts.ac.uk