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99p

SIG News

UAE Subculture Interest Group

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SKATEBOARD CULTURE
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESSION
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SCOTTISH INDEPENDENTS
WEST HAM SKINHEADS
THE FOUR ACES
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HYPERPOP
IBIZA '89
ASIAN PUNK
PUB ROCK**

A LOVE LETTER TO BUILDINGS



IN THE AUTUMN of 2022, Tamsin Ace, Head of Cultural Programming at London College of Fashion, invited me to create an exhibition that responded to the relocation of the college to East Bank, Stratford. The idea evolved into A Love Letter to the Buildings; a psycho-geographic and archival art show across the five LCF campuses. Buildings invisible to the public, blending in with the street furniture and everyday architecture. Buildings where we wanted to reveal beyond the façade.

From the imagined musings of decades of fashion students and staff in the east, central and west schools came a series of films and site-responsive exhibitions to celebrate and commemorate the physical and liminal spaces that were home for three years for some, 20 years for others, 30 for others.

Via interviews conducted over the last six months, I tracked down some old friends from working at London College of Fashion. No formality, the point was to extract memories fleeting or embedded; an overriding sense of home, empathy and protection was consistently present in the interviews. I was looking for a cross-role section, from technical staff to academic staff, library staff, alumni and estates staff to

examine the multiple layers that comprise this vast school.

Among the many interviewees were Claire Swift, now Director of Social Responsibility, and Kiran Gobin, lecturer in 3D Design and Development for Fashion Sportswear. I knew Claire would have the treasure; she lived in Old Street at the end of the 20th century before Shoreditch became a theme park for the wealthy. I also spoke to Kiran, who had been a student in the early 2000s. The transformation of the space was equally evocative for both of them. Claire spoke of the pace, the continuous, relentless pace of Old Street. She lived in Hoxton and hung out with Mutoid Waste Company, who had warehouses opposite the university campus. There was no end of the road, walking alone then. You walked in company. Found the light. Found your crowd. All boroughs had sharp edges then.

Kiran speaks of Dream Bags Jaguar Shoes, which began in 2001. (We used to make films in there in the early noughties.) It still survives. He speaks of Liliana's (ex-course leader on womenswear) pub, The George and Dragon. It should have been listed. It closed in 2015.

The sites are littered with similar, familiar murmurs and stories exchanging. Protean city. On cakewalk rollers. From the west, the old Hammersmith School of Building and Arts and Crafts, to the east at Mare Street, which housed a leather-trade college becoming the legendary Cordwainers. The schools are rooted in London history, London trade history, fashion history, social history, psycho-geography and a home to students from all social classes until the turn of the century.

So before we are integrated, we are lifting a lid on each building and looking inside.

BUILDING. *outside. inside. tactile.*

where. when?

building, interior, exterior architecture, ghosts, psycho-geography, structural.

SKILLS. *human. mechanical. analogue.*

digital. what. how?

mastery, machinery, learning, physical, mental.

SELF. *staff. student. alumni. who. why?*

identity, place, self, each other, personalised, memory, oral history.

Layers of archive, through to present-day prototyping, translucency flows

throughout the show as echoes, suggesting the ephemeral nature of time spent as a student juxtaposed with the permanence of staff.

This marks a transition from the original four trade schools to a 13-storey purpose-built edifice in Stratford via five distinct buildings. The enormous shift in the industry from the analogue, artisanal 100 years ago, to the moveable modular digital space that will create a new archive, a renewed story.

What is your own story? What was your habitual place? Your secret space?

SAL PITTMAN

Sal Pittman is Associate Lecturer at LCF and a multi-disciplinary artist working primarily with deconstructing buildings. She is also co-founder of KlangHaus, a multi-disciplinary continuous collaboration between sound, art and buildings, which explores unique promenade performance via cinematic installations in unsung spaces.

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LCF AND SIG HEAD EAST



IN 2019, a group of UAL PhD students and research staff established the Subcultures Interest Group. Their interests span a wide range of subcultural practices, from early be-bop jazz to glam rock, punk, post-punk, the music press, club cultures, acid house, black metal, skateboarding, contemporary pop and digital online communities. This is a genuinely multi-disciplinary group, reflecting a range of intersecting fields including history, cultural studies, sociology, fashion, musicology and the creative arts. The range of methodologies utilised within the group includes ethnography, subcultural theory, semiotics and discourse theory along with practice-based and practice-led research employing painting, photography, graphic design, journalism, sound arts, film, creative writing and illustration.

SIG News aims to present a snapshot of the diversity of interests, methods 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 second issue of SIG News is loosely centred on the theme of 'East', reflecting London College of Fashion's move from its original four buildings to a new campus at East Bank, Queen Elizabeth Olympic Park in Stratford, East London.

To open this issue, Deborah Carnegie recounts of a very personal story: her grandmother ran an illegal nightclub in the basement of her home in Battersea from the late 1960s right through to the early 1990s. Following this, Ray Kinsella tells the story of The Four Aces club in Dalston, a nightclub famed for pioneering soul, reggae and ska performances in the 1970s and '80s, before it emerged as a centre for the acid house club scene a decade later under the name Labrynth. Now demolished to make way for upmarket flats, the story of the club reveals a wider history of local community, culture and heritage largely erased by the scourge of gentrification. Tim Gibney then offers a history of a burgeoning pub-disco scene in East London in the late 1970s, where young people would dance to jazz-funk and soul grooves at exotic-sounding venues dotted

across Hackney, Leyton, Walthamstow, Stepney and Stratford.

Nael Ali delves into the dark, Satanic world of black metal, focusing on the iconography and graphics used by four Swedish black metal bands: Ondskapt, Grafvitnir, Mephorash and Watain. Russ Bestley brings us closer to home, with a brief history of the rise and fall of East London punk group the Leyton Buzzards, charting their journey from teenage punk wannabes to *Top of the Pops*, followed by a failed attempt to rebrand under a new name in order to jump the Latin-American disco bandwagon in the early 1980s.

Hannah Kemp-Welch narrates a brief history of the commercial exploitation of underground and pop culture in Poland, as the country emerged from the fragmentation of the USSR in the early 1990s, while Kevin Quinn charts the momentous changes that impacted music journalism and the *N.M.E.* during the 'cultural turn' of the early 1980s.

Ginette Chittick recounts a highly personal story of the 'mallrats of Singapore'; local punks who chose to hang out at the luxury Forum Galleria Mall, a shopping centre housing high-end fashion labels such as Emporio Armani, Issey Miyake and Byblos, an act of deliberate punk provocation in an authoritarian city-state.

Roger Sabin looks back on a 2006 interview with post-punk illustrator Andy Dog (1959-2016), before Tim Gibney draws on the extensive archive of club photographer Dave Swindells to highlight the early acid house scene in Ibiza just prior to its popular explosion and commercial exploitation. Yu Lun (Eve) Lin then applies a critical lens to the Japanese animated series *Chibi Maruko Chan*, noting the ways in which a close reading of such material can offer insights into the intersections of culture, creativity and identity formation.

Mia Rai's essay is very personal, introducing the author's father, James, a lifelong punk fan and one of the first non-white punks to emerge out of Leicester in the late 1970s. Mike Wyeld then reflects on the production of an art installation that centres on the moral panic in the United States in the early 1980s surrounding heavy metal bands accused of inserting Satanic messages into their recordings.

Following this, Russ Bestley steps backwards in time once more to chart the journey of pub rock from the Thames estuary to North London and, via punk and new wave, eventually to a bid for inclusion in the Eurovision Song Contest.

Ed Stammers discusses the intersection of fashion, style and football in the East End of London, focussing on West Ham football club, its leading players and the emerging terrace fashions that led to the first skinhead subculture of the late 1960s. Helen Montgomery then reflects on 'The Sound of Young Scotland' – the boom in independent, post-punk Scottish groups in the early 1980s centred on the fledgling Postcard record label. Nathaniel Weiner explores the crossover between subculture, fashion and dress, focussing on the 1970 film *Bronco Bullfrog* and its depiction of the contemporary skinhead scene in East London, which was subsequently referred to as 'suedehead' because it coincided with the growing out of skinhead haircuts. Finally in this issue, Joel Lardner looks at *Read and Destroy*, or *R.a.D.*, a glossy skateboard magazine that embodied punk and hip-hop subcultural styles while asserting a kind of radical DIY approach to street skating and the utilisation of urban space in the late 1980s, and Stevie-Rae Kilby brings things up to date with a brief history of hyperpop, which, she argues, presents a contemporary subculture born of the digital era.

RUSS BESTLEY

THE SUBCULTURES INTEREST GROUP is a creative, diverse and informal collective and forum open to anyone with an interest in subcultures, especially music, style and youth cultures. We hold regular meetings, host film screenings and produce this newspaper. More plans are on the agenda. If you'd like to know more about SIG or want to get involved then contact us at k.quinn@fashion.arts.ac.uk or r.bestley@lcc.arts.ac.uk

Editorial team: Russ Bestley, Tim Gibney, Ray Kinsella, Kevin Quinn and Roger Sabin.

Design: Russ Bestley.

MY GRAN ran an illegal nightclub in the cellar of her house. It was every Friday to Sunday from the late 1960s until the early 1990s behind the unremarkable door in the photo. Growing up, I thought this was the normal way of life, to have party time in your house just as my grandparents did. It was only later as a young adult that I understood the concept of what was happening.

This was a place where the local Caribbean community could go to dance, sing and have party time. Immigrating to England from sunny Jamaica in the early 1960s, my gran wanted better life prospects. Though Jamaica was such a beautiful place at that time, it also had limited opportunities. My gran Junita Graham worked at Clapham Junction railway station with such pride. This was where she met most of her friends and associates.

The nightclub came about by chance. My gran bought her house in Battersea after sharing it with a sitting tenant and the mortgage at that time was £19 per week. My gran's wages at British Railways were £8 per week. She found creative solutions to gain the extra money needed, including renting the rooms upstairs to lodgers, which brought in just an extra £2. Alongside this, my gran was a fabulous cook of Caribbean cuisine and would sell cooked meals to her work colleagues, although the money gained from this was inconsistent.

The cellar was unused and uninviting. It was cold and damp, piled with junk and there was a dripping pipe from the upstairs condensation. One of the lodgers wanted to practise playing his guitar. So he offered to clear and renovate the cellar to make way for him and his band to practise. They would pay the extra money earned from their gigs to support the mortgage. However, this proved irregular and eventually my gran became fed up and threw out the band.

One night after a long stint at the pub – oh yes, my gran loved to be in the pub having a good old-fashioned drink and singsong – it was last call and my gran being the life and soul of the party invited everyone back to her house. This is where the cellar came alive. Everyone was buzzing and asked when this would happen again. It quickly became an opportunity for my gran, who started charging a fee to her friends to gather for a few drinks, play dominoes, drink and dance to the latest ska tunes.

The cellar was then reconstructed with all the fixtures and fittings to resemble a pub and my gran hustled a builder to soundproof the cellar to avoid disturbing the neighbours. The bar area was built at the back under the stairs where my gran could watch the punters and serve the drinks. A toilet was shoved in the corner at the back of the dance



BEHIND THE DOOR HIDDEN HISTORY OF A LONDON SHEBEEN



floor, which was darkly lit with a blue light where you could just about see your dancing partner's silhouette. This new hotspot became the place to be, word of mouth attracted more revellers and the venture became profitable enough that the mortgage was later paid with ease.

The doors opened on Friday from 7pm to 2am, Saturday from 7pm to 7am and Sunday 2pm to midnight. My gran had an over-30s only rule and you had to be well dressed to gain entry. This was where the community wowed with their latest fashion styles. The women's hair would be straightened, pimped and crimped for the occasion, and their dressmaker or tailor would knock up a one-away outfit made from chiffon or sequins, the outfit topped off with a fur coat. The men wore tailored suits. The common style was pinstripe and a trilby hat; the bigger the hat rim the more fancy you were. My grandad was the security, doorman and DJ.

There was little trouble at the nightclub as everyone just wanted to have fun. My grandad had his connections to get his hands on the latest tunes; Studio One, Trojan Records, ska, reggae and dancehall music. My gran made lots of money and I remember that she would stuff the money in an additional compartment of her bra. She was a larger-than-life character, loud and compassionate. Everyone called her Auntie. No one dared to cross her because she had another side to her personality too that would cuss you out in her Jamaican patois. She became a big part of the community, organising trips and other events.

The cellar is part of the hidden history of the Black community. My mother, Beverley Punancey, lived in the house in the early years and contributed to this story by sharing her memories of the cellar. Over the years, I later found out that there had been other underground nightclubs in other pockets of London. Eventually, these places died out and proper nightclubs were established within the Black community, and East London became the hub for my generation's party revellers. These places are long gone, but never forgotten.

DEBORAH CARNEGIE

David Como – The New Four Aces Club entrance (1980).



Labrynth Tower, Dalston 2023.

♥♦ THE FOUR ACES ♠♣ FROM BACKSTREET CLUB TO GENTRIFIED CULTURAL HUB

I CAN STILL remember that sound. It was always after dark when we'd jump in a minicab from the Marquess Estate and make the seven- or eight-minute journey to "The Aces. We'd cruise along Balls Pond Road, past the ramshackle townhouses and Fergie's disco-pub and head towards the lights at Dalston Junction. Those lights are the gateway to the east; they're at the intersection where N1 and E8 collide. We'd cross the shabby yet charismatic Kingsland Road, the factories lurking in the background and the grey tower blocks of Holly Street Estate looming overhead, and then pull up 200 yards down Dalston Lane. The club was on the right-hand side. There would usually be a line of Rasta men and ragamuffin youths outside on the pavement milling around. The bass kicking against the steel door of that club would rattle the cab; its windows would vibrate.

That was around '85, '86 when The Four Aces was a renowned reggae club. Anyone and everyone that was on that scene played there. From dub wizard Jah Shaka to the rough and ready Saxon Sound System, all the reggae royalty graced that club. Steeped in black social and cultural history, The Four Aces was owned by the Jamaican-born Newton Dunbar, who opened the club in 1967. Initially based in Highbury Grove, Islington, he moved east to Hackney after buying out his other three partners and setting up the Dalston club on his own.

From the very beginning, international stars as well as bands from the backstreets performed there. As Dunbar has explained: "The following year Desmond Dekker's single the 'Israelites' became the first reggae record to go to number one in the UK.

Luckily, I had booked him six weeks prior to his chart success for a performance at the club on 29th August." Percy Sledge, Jimmy Ruffin, U-Roy, Ann Peebles, Jackie Edwards, Ben E. King and Jimmy Cliff, "as well as local bands" all rocked The Four Aces at one time or another, "establishing it as the place to hear pioneering soul, reggae and ska". And, as Stratford-based filmmaker Winstan Whitter recalled, "post-war waves of immigration buoyed up The Four Aces through the 1960s, '70s [and '80s], and filled it till the early hours".

In the late 1980s, acid house swept through Britain in a psychedelic swirl of music, fashion and ecstasy pills, and a man with a business proposition approached Dunbar. "In 1988 we ushered in the acid house era," he recalls, "with a promoter called Tears." I remember going to The Four Aces during this time with my brother (RIP John), a couple of pals and the outrageously overlooked pioneering house DJ Frankie Valentine, who played a set there on that particular night. It was during the week and the club was almost empty, except for a few of us lot from Islington and some local youths from Hackney. I'll always remember walking through that strobe-lit smoke-filled room, down the narrow stairs to that dark basement (there was another gritty basement room in there as well called The Hideaway) where I found John and our mate Teeth playing 'up the wall'. Not long after, Labrynth [sic] approached Dunbar and a new era in the club's history was born.

Labrynth was founded by Joe Wiecezorek, better known as 'Labrynth Joe', a Londoner who was adopted by Polish immigrants. Having stumbled into the murky venue Clink

Street in 1988 where Boy George was holding a party, Wiecezorek became hooked on the new acid house vibe. He then "started to put roving illegal raves on under the banner Labrynth, having forged a fire certificate, which he stole from under the officer's nose". But after a few warehouse parties the police cottoned on, and following some stern words and finger wagging from the boys in blue, Labrynth moved into the (semi) legit Four Aces and the rest of the story is history.

This was a celebrated underground club-night filled to the brim every weekend, "packed with dark tunnels, gangsters, pills, and a generation that just wanted to dance, Labrynth maintained the legendary status achieved by The Four Aces". For this was the club where the anarchic, punkish dance band The Prodigy first took to the stage and stormed onto the dance music scene. "For their first ever gig in 1990, at the Labrynth night at The Four Aces in Dalston in East London," said *DJ Mag*, "the band recruited MC Maxim Reality from the Peterborough reggae scene." This was seemingly a reflection of the social and cultural hybridity that the club fostered. Not only The Prodigy's racial and musical mixture of punk, techno, hip-hop and reggae, but Jamaican-born owner Newton Dunbar and the cockney Wiecezorek's partnership also paved the way for the uniquely British multiracial 'happy hardcore' and 'jungle' sounds that started being cultivated at the club. I spoke to a mate of mine, the producer and DJ Eamon 'Liquid' Downs, who made the hugely-successful hardcore record 'Sweet Harmony' in the early 1990s. I asked him where the hardcore rave sound first developed, and his reply was short and sweet: "Labrynth. End of."

The final curtain came down in 1998 when "the club fell victim to a compulsory purchase order from Hackney to build a new cinema. The cinema was never built; now locals have a block of fancy flats to enjoy instead". The Four Aces was demolished in 2007.

This story doesn't exist in isolation; it echoes so many others. The local factories behind Dalston Lane have long gone, replaced by the hipsters' haven Café Oto and other swanky restaurants and bars. And much of Holly Street Estate was levelled in 2001. Although Dalston still has an array of small intimate clubs, since the late 1990s and well into the 21st century, many of London's most iconic music venues have vanished beneath the bulldozers and diggers of property developers.

One of the ironies of The Four Aces story is that two of these plush penthouse apartment blocks were named Labrynth Tower and Dunbar Tower (after club owner Newton). Not that any of the history makers – the locals when it was a reggae club or ravers when it was Labrynth – would ever be able to afford one of these flats. There is also a library on this complex named after the great Trinidadian intellectual and writer C.L.R. James – but that was only after a hard-won battle and petition from locals to "prevent the eradication of monuments which hold the memory of black history and the story of multi-racial solidarity in the borough". At least some acknowledgment has been made to the people that made this area trendy in the first place.

RAY KINSELLA

JAZZ-FUNK, SOUL AND THE PUB-DISCO BOOM

EASTERN

PROMISE



Ewan Munro – Ye Olde Black Bull in Stratford formerly Mooros.



The now-redeveloped Swan in Stratford in 1985.



Flanagan's Tower in Walthamstow during the early 1980s. Now The Goose.



The site of The Royal Standard in Walthamstow is set to be redeveloped as a dedicated musical and cultural venue.



Ewan Munro – Site of The Old Globe in Stepney.



The Chequers in Walthamstow.

IT'S HARD to imagine now, but just a bop, pop and a strut from the bright and shiny new London College of Fashion building in Stratford was once an essential pub-disco scene. Caught in the cultural crossfire between the commercial popularity of disco music and a booming underground interest in jazz-funk and soul among a younger crowd, and at a time when the pub was a more important focus for socialising than it is today, many venues across the East End were jam-packed seven nights a week during the late 1970s and early 1980s.

Traditional and exotic-sounding venues such as Flamingos and The Arabian Arms in Hackney, The Lion and Key and the Oliver Twist in Leyton, The Brewery Tap, The Chequers, Flanagan's Tower and The Royal Standard in Walthamstow, the Green Man and the Charleston in Leytonstone, the

Deuragon Arms in Homerton, Old Globe in Stepney, and Mooros and The Swan in Stratford, were filled with young people and the electrified sounds of Herbie Hancock, Rahni Harris, Wilton Felder and Earth, Wind & Fire. The Bee Gees and *Saturday Night Fever* it wasn't.

Venues that are long gone, repurposed or retain little if any evidence of their subcultural heritage yet were integral to the lives of many local young people thirsty for up-tempo black American music. Low or no entry fees and bar prices unimaginable now – 50p for a pint of lager and 40p for a shot of whisky – provided a cheaper alternative to the West End and an affordable escape at a time when money was again too tight to mention.

"It's easy to see why this place is always full during the week," said Steve

Martin, disc-jockey at The Arabian Arms in Cambridge Heath Road, Hackney, in a special pub-disco feature in the now-defunct *Disco International* and *Club News* magazine in March 1979. "This is perhaps one of the poorest areas in the East End and The Arabian Arms is the place where it all happens without charging high admission charges."

Bob Mead, DJ four nights a week at Flamingos, in the same article added: "It'll help them [the punters] get through the week faster and onto the weekend."

Central to all of it, of course, was the music and the attachment to it of the young dancers (although dancing was not all that possible or practical in some venues due to limited space). "Music is their world. I like to think I have the latest sounds because that's what the requirement is in the East

End," said Tony Gerrish, DJ at the Old Globe in Stepney Green, which still stands on the corner of Mile End Road and Globe Road. It is a bookmakers now.

The pub-discos of the East End were, in fact, part of a wider more inclusive and multicultural music and youth scene developing notably along the East London and Essex corridor, as well as other outposts around London and the south-east, where American soul and jazz-funk, and later the home-grown version Brit funk, formed the vibrant soundtrack.

Hotspots such as Lacy Lady in Ilford, The Goldmine on Canvey Island, Crackers on Dean Street, the 100 Club on Oxford Street, Global Village in Charing Cross, the Royalty in Southgate, Frenchies in Camberley, Tiffany's in Purley and Atlantis in Margate. And many others too; clubs,

pubs, weekenders, all-dayers, all-niters and all part of a thriving music and youth culture.

It was a genre and scene described later by Andy Polaris, lead singer of Animal Nightlife, a jazz and soul-inspired pop group from the 1980s, as "an important slice of British social culture that has been overlooked despite its role as a building block of a global DJ industry, club culture and social integration".

Jazz-funk and soul were championed in the north of England too alongside electro, hugely popular with the region's competitive dance crews, by DJs such as Jonathan Woodliffe and Colin Curtis, described by author and musician Mark 'Snowboy' Cotgrove as "one of the most important black music tastemakers there has ever been in the UK". But all of this is another story.

Back in the East End and five years after *Disco International* had surveyed the scene, style magazine *The Face* (No. 55, November 1984) was reporting on the death of the traditional British pub in the area, these same venues now reimagined, revamped and with their guts ripped out to "cater to young people's need for loud soul music, flashing lights, ritzy furnishings, plush carpets, mirrored walls and attractive, under-dressed bar staff". Hybrids of discotheques and cocktail bars, and now with names such as Lipstick, Good Sam's, Strawberrys (sic), Tipples, Queens and 5th Avenue.

Steve Martin was still DJ at The Arabian Arms except now it was called Martin's, and had even had time to be The Beachcomber too since *Disco International* had visited. Today it is called Metropolis, doubling as

a strip club during the week and clubbing venue at weekends.

Hackney Road had become the new Oxford Street, bustling with young punters at the weekend, and in only a few years 15 'pubs' had opened in a square mile-or-so area bounded by Commercial Road to the south, Hackney Road to the north, Old Street to the west and Bethnal Green to the east.

Savvy to the popularity of the pub-discos and the jazz-funk scene among the younger dancers and drinkers, the breweries, enterprising landlords and entrepreneurs had invested in disco-pubs (note the transposition of the name); West End-style makeovers that were more *Miami Vice* meets Club 18-30. Casual was now the look *du jour*, the fun-pub formula replicated around the Old Kent Road and other spots south of the river and around the country,

the bar prices rocketed, the music went west (well, mainstream), commercialism reigned and another youth culture had been chewed up and spat out.

But it wasn't quite the end of the story. "Hackney, that little corner of England that will be forever Ibiza," Paul Ramball wrote in *The Face*. He wasn't far wrong.

Pub-discos, disco-pubs and jazz-funk had confirmed the taste for up-tempo black American music and a more cosmopolitan, inclusive and open-minded approach to going out amongst British youth, acting as a breeding ground and conduit to the explosive acid house scene which would emerge just a few years later and in turn informing the development of East London as the party central that it is today.

TIM GIBNEY



Artwork for Watain single 'Reaping Death' (2016).



Logos for the Swedish black metal bands Ondskapt, Grafvitnir, Mephorash and Watain.

SWEDISH BLACK METAL DRAGONS CHAOS, DEATH AND MISANTHROPY INCARNATE

THE NORWEGIAN black metal scene of the early 1990s is credited with codifying the modern black metal genre as it is today, and yet the subculture's development was not contained within those borders but developed by new groups globally. And this includes Sweden, where the use of occult and esoteric symbolism became more popular, with many bands using the symbol of the draconic serpent in their visuals.

The theme of this article then focuses on the iconography and graphics used by four Swedish black metal bands: Ondskapt, Grafvitnir, Mephorash and Watain, and the similarities therein. Each of these Swedish bands employ different artists and visual motifs to represent their music and ideology, but there are common themes.

An inverted cross or pentagram on an album cover was no longer enough to capture the attention of an ever-growing global audience.

Ondskapt and Grafvitnir are from Stockholm. Both Mephorash, formed in 2010, and Watain, undoubtedly one of the most successful and well-known active black metal bands, are from the Swedish city of Uppsala.

Each band has used the motif of the serpentine dragon, and broadly the bands share an interest in misanthropy and near-eastern mythology funnelled through a

satanic ideology. Notably, these bands are less interested in Norse mythology.

These black metal dragons are akin to serpentine monsters of the ancient world. They are embodiments of chaos and destruction. Christian symbolism also equates the dragon and serpent to the Devil himself. According to David E. Jones, the mythological phenomenon of the dragon is a composite of three predators: the snake,

the lion and bird of prey, that hunted the ancestors of humans, and thus, a sort of cognitive bogeyman that represents the ultimate man-eating monster. This would make the dragon an ideal symbol for death, misanthropy and power.

All the images use strong contrasts, often using only black and white. If any colour is used then the most common colour is red. The depictions of skulls, skeletons and bones draw on the artistic traditions of the Danse Macabre and are visual representations of the theme of death worship and embrace of fatality. Then there are various symbolic depictions of chaos, sometimes through the motif of a swirling vortex or through the multiple heads of great monstrous serpentine dragons.

Artwork for Grefgirim's 'Keys to the Mysteries Beyond' (2017).



Cover art for the Ondskapt album 'Grimoire Ordo Deus' (2020).

The mythological phenomenon of the dragon is a composite of three predators: the snake, the lion and bird of prey, that hunted the ancestors of humans, and thus, a sort of cognitive bogeyman that represents the ultimate man-eating monster.

The images are also very detailed, made to look as if they're engravings or etchings featuring heavy ornamental and decorative aspects. Hebrew and Latin text is sometimes used as decoration. The images are all clearly modern but are designed to look 'old'. Worn, cracked, grainy or scratched, the imagery evokes the idea of the medieval.

Lastly, notice that the human figure is never untouched by some form of violence or change. It appears either as a skeleton, or merged with monstrous qualities such as demon wings, animalistic limbs, or a combination thereof, such as the artwork on Watain's 'Reaping Death'. Aside from eschewing human forms as artistic subject matter, replacing it with the chaotic nemesis of humans, the serpent dragon, this is another strategy for visually representing the theme of misanthropy.

With all these similarities noted, what explanation could there be for such shared qualities? My theory on the subject is entwined with the history of the subgenre from the early 2000s onwards.

Bands like Dissection, Gorgoroth and Watain, coming after the notorious second wave of black metal from Norway, had pushed the transgressive boundaries of the subgenre to their breaking point in the early 2000s. As pointed out by black metal musicians such as Haela Ravenna Hunt-Hendrix, in terms of transgressive behaviour, very little else could be done that wouldn't result in more death or more jail time for scene members. This would be impractical (if nothing else) for musicians if they wanted to keep making music.

The visual realm is a safer space for displaying transgression, but it had also seen a plateau. An inverted cross or pentagram on an album cover was no longer enough to capture the attention of an ever-growing global audience.

To spread this music, deliberately obscure artwork was one strategy implemented. Black metal has been accused of elitism, and this deliberate secrecy worked well with this new design strategy. Highly-detailed, eye-catching and



The artwork for Mephorashir's 'Slem Ha Mephorashir' (2019).

mysterious artwork grabs attention, and black metal mystery and mysticism became its own sort of branding, drawing in new listeners. It isn't just the logotypes that are hard to read, the images are as well. They require deciphering and closer inspection. Their meanings are not immediately obvious, let alone the representations within the images.

As stated earlier, the serpentine dragon itself is a flexible symbol that can stand for death or the powerful forces of chaos, and rejection of the cosmic material world,

or even the Devil. It is adaptable, visually striking, and evocative of many different themes that esoteric satanic black metal bands wish to convey through their visual marketing.

Contemporary black metal bands, and even black metal music events such as concerts and festivals, are using the image of the dragon more and more, and I suspect the visual motif will persist for some time to come.

NAEL ALI

Leyton Buzzards, '19 & Mad' (1978).



Jellied Eels to Record Deals

FORMED in Leyton, East London, the Leyton Buzzards chose their moniker as a pun on the town of Leighton Buzzard in Bedfordshire. Geoff Deane (a.k.a. Nick Nayme), David Jaymes (a.k.a. Dave DePrave), Vernon Austin (a.k.a. Chip Monk) and Kevin Steptoe (a.k.a. Gray Mare) were obviously not averse to employing humour as a key element of their punk rock armoury, gigging regularly with a mixture of their own original

compositions along with some rather unusual (for a punk band) pop cover versions including Smokey Robinson's 'Can't Get Used To Losing You'. Their brilliant debut single, '19 and Mad', was released in 1978 by Small Wonder Records, an independent label established by Pete Stennett, owner of the record store of the same name at 162 Hoe Street, Walthamstow. '19 and Mad' is a furious rush of punk rock energy, somewhat typical

of the second wave of UK punk bands inspired to follow in the footsteps of the much-publicised scene-leaders who were occupying the front covers of the music press. Much like the debut singles from Suburban Studs (Birmingham), Satan's Rats (Evesham), The Jerks (Mirfield), Neon Hearts (Wolverhampton), The Depressions (Brighton) and The Drones (Manchester), the Leyton Buzzards crafted an almost perfect piece of four-to-the-floor punk rock

vinyl that they would find it hard to surpass: *I am 19, out of my head / I am 19, getting on for dead / I am 19, don't know what to do / I won't reach 20 and I don't want to!* Later that year, the Leyton Buzzards won the high-profile *Band of Hope and Glory* competition organised by BBC Radio One and *The Sun* newspaper, resulting in a major-label deal with Chrysalis Records. The first fruits of this deal, the single 'Saturday Night (Beneath the Plastic Palm Trees)', reached



Leyton Buzzards, 'Saturday Night (Beneath the Plastic Palm Trees)' (1979).

Number 53 in the UK chart in March 1979, spending five weeks in the chart, and led to an appearance on *Top of the Pops*. With a cod new wave/white reggae backing track, the song's lyrics recount the journey of a young man from the boredom of the local youth club to the tense glamour of the Mecca Ballroom in the early 1970s: *Saturday night beneath the plastic palm trees / Dancing to the rhythm of the Guns of Navarone / Found my Mecca near Tottenham Hale Station / I discovered heaven in the Seven Sisters Road.*

The follow-up, the much more power-pop 'I'm Hanging Around', failed to chart, despite being pressed on punky green vinyl with two tracks on the b-side – the first of which, 'I Don't Want to Go to Art School' offered a brilliant, though thinly-veiled, critique of new wave's art school poseurs. The band shortened their name to The Buzzards for their third single 'We Make a Noise', before reverting to The Leyton Buzzards for their final release, that Smokey Robinson cover once again, 'Can't Get Used to Losing You'. Maybe they had just run out of ideas. A posthumous album, *Jellied Eels to Record Deals*, includes several John Peel session recordings alongside most of the already released single tracks.

The band split up in 1980, though Geoff Deane and David Jaymes continued working together, embracing the burgeoning electronic dance music that was becoming popular in London clubs at the time with their newly-named group, Modern Romance. After two unsuccessful single releases, the band opted to pursue a Latin-American dance style, releasing a new single, 'Everybody Salsa' in summer 1981, which reached the UK Top 20. They followed this

later in the year with similarly themed 'Ay Ay Ay Moosey', which reached the UK Top 10. Despite these two hits, the band's debut album, *Adventures in Clubland*, bombed and Deane left to pursue a solo career while Jaymes carried on with Modern Romance for several years to moderate success. Deane went on to write the hit single 'You Think You're a Man' for Divine, then became a scriptwriter and producer for television programmes including *Birds of a Feather* and *Tonight with Jonathan Ross*. In 2005, he wrote the film *Kinky Boots*.

The Leyton Buzzards story is perhaps emblematic of the journey taken by dozens of other British new wave groups in the late 1970s. Jumping the punk bandwagon, they shone brightly for one single, were picked up and rebranded by a major label without any clear sense of identity or direction, then chewed up and spat out as soon as it became clear that they weren't going to achieve a level of commercial success commensurate with the label's investment. It's a familiar story, and the Leyton Buzzards perhaps deserve to fade into the mists of time, but I would argue that '19 and Mad' and, to an extent, 'Saturday Night (Beneath the Plastic Palm Trees)' are important markers of a time, a place and a youth culture that, along with the work of many of their peers, merit greater attention in contemporary histories of the late twentieth century.

I have a personal anecdote to add here. Late in 1981 I was working as local crew for gigs by major touring artists coming through my then hometown of Portsmouth, ranging from The Clash, Motörhead, Iron Maiden and Thin Lizzy



Leyton Buzzards, 'I'm Hanging Around' (1979).



The Buzzards, 'We Make a Noise' (1979).

to The Nolans, Elkie Brooks, Dr Hook and David Essex. It was a routine job to unload the articulated lorry and help set up for Modern Romance, who were touring to promote their debut album. As it turned out, the group performed to a near-empty Portsmouth Guildhall auditorium (capacity 2000+) and, as might be expected, they were dreadful. After the show, as the crew set about packing up, we were informed by the promoter that since the event had lost so much money, he would be unable to pay us for our work. This led to something of a Mexican stand-off, with the band's equipment kept in the venue until the promoter returned

from being frog-marched to the nearest cashpoint to retrieve the day's wages.

RUSS BESTLEY



Leyton Buzzards, 'Can't Get Used to Losing You' (1980).

POLISH PIRATES

TALE OF THE BOOTLEG TAPE MARKET

Bootleg tape of Slayer No Mercy by Slayer.



SOME TIME in the 1990s, a stall selling youth-culture goods popped up in the market outside the Palace of Culture, a controversial Soviet-built tower in the centre of Warsaw. You could buy German army shirts, long Rizla, band T-shirts and patches with subculture slogans. Aged twelve, I bought some knock-off Dr. Martens from the severe-looking owner, and asked if he sold tapes. He directed me to Stadion Dziesięciolecia.

The year socialism crumbled in Poland, Warsaw's main sports stadium, Stadion Dziesięciolecia (meaning 10th Anniversary Stadium), was turned into a giant open-air market. Originally built from the rubble of houses toppled during the Warsaw Uprising in 1944, the stadium had been erected to commemorate the Manifesto of the Polish Committee of National Liberation (amended by Stalin himself). By the early 1980s, the stadium had fallen into disrepair and renovations were deemed unprofitable, so within the new climate of socialism-light it was leased for use as a trading venue.

Dubbed 'Jarmark Europa', the stadium was at one point the largest market in Europe, yet far from any vision of shopping centres in the West. As a visitor you'd likely assume the market was taking place informally, rather than vendors paying subs to a management company. A longish walk east from the centre of town down a dual carriageway, across the river and past the

zoo, the huge stadium loomed over the Praga neighbourhood. Entering through a tunnel at street level, you walked directly onto the pitch and looked up at rows of partially destroyed seats, the top tiers occupied by sellers all the way round the circle.

There was a different vibe here to other Warsaw markets. Unlike the bazaars with rows of nighties, fresh fruit and pickled cabbage dispensed from a bucket, this was not the market that grandmothers frequented for daily supplies. My own grandmother warned me against visiting; it had the seedy feel of the not-long-gone black market. It was a market of diverse entrepreneurs from all over Poland and its ex-Soviet neighbours, displaying wares on fold-out tables: cigarettes (a pound a pack), crystal bowls from Belarus, vodka in every flavour, children's toys from Russia.

YouTuber Tomasz Dzięciol claims you could buy a driving licence there (800 zloty) or even a bachelor's degree (2,800 zloty). Later, vendors from around the world appeared – journalist Ngô Văn Tường describes how doctoral students from Vietnam on Polish government studentships became wholesalers rather than returning East after qualifying. My friend remembers eating phở (a Vietnamese soup dish) for the first time there, long before Asian food was in vogue. Pirate tapes, and later CDs, were one of the more popular types of goods on offer at Jarmark Europa, and as an early teen

in the millennium, my weekends were spent scouring these stalls.

Duplicated tapes were legal in Poland before the introduction of the Copyright and Related Rights Act in 1994. Friends a few years older than me remember pirate tapes were available in mainstream shops and legal versions were almost non-existent. Stores commonly offered to copy CDs onto take-home cassettes for a price.

After the introduction of the act, trade moved to the bazaars and Stadion Dziesięciolecia became the hotspot for music lovers. Tapes, CDs and computer games often came in poorly photocopied covers, or self-produced sleeves with titles in Russian. Takt Music, a Polish cassette firm which between 1991 and 1994 acted as a label for pirate tapes, was the exception, producing quality copies with their own sleeve designs in bright colours. As their main point of sale became markets of dubious legality, counterfeit Takt tapes started appearing, with distorted or adjusted logos.

Such was the scale of Jarmark Europa, that you could easily spend a day just browsing the music stalls. Vendors didn't specialise in particular genres, rather, disinterested sellers supervised teenagers rifling through disorganised heaps. The market was raided regularly, so organising items by title or genre was not worth the time; Slayer would appear next to NOW 48 and Chopin a row across from

Disco Polo (Polish popular dance music). Where you'd expect this set-up to prioritise chart-topping records, in an oversaturated market of counterfeits, variety was a key selling point. One Reddit user claims to have found tapes by Brazilian metal band Sarcófago. My own taste was easily satisfied by British post-punk.

For subculture heads, the record store Hej Joe appeared in central Warsaw as a haven for alternative music. Opening in 1991, it wasn't long before counterfeit tapes stopped appearing on the shelves, replaced by CDs imported from Germany and elsewhere, at Western European prices. The well-informed owner made music recommendations (on which I bought my first and now treasured riot grrrl tapes) and this proximity to information (in the days before home internet access) along with slightly more money and increasingly niche taste, gradually made trips to the stadium less appealing to me.

The stadium was pulled down in 2008, to be replaced four years later by another for the 2012 UEFA European Football Championship. I expect markets like this still exist around Poland, but the sheer scale and variety of Jarmark Europa made it remarkable as a city within a city. It holds a special place in history for alternative locals who turned teen just before the millennium.

HANNAH KEMP-WELCH

EVOLUTIONS

IN (CON)TEXT:

FROM THE

COUNTERCULTURE

TO NEW MUSICAL

EXPRESSION

THE 1960s counterculture's residual effects arguably didn't resonate on a mass scale in the UK until the arrival of punk in 1976. The underground press (e.g. *International Times*, *Oz*, *Friends/Frendz*) had covered aspects of popular culture (music, film, fashion) and politics in an intellectual manner, but its reach had rarely permeated the post-industrial North or the Southern suburban membranes; it was a London-centric concern.

Punk's 'Year Zero' and its 'anyone can do it' mantra resonated across the lands and awoke latent desires in dormant minds. With antipathy towards the present and a renewed and angry sense of the past (and its remnants) this new irruption in society's fabric required new forms of mediation and mediators, but who was going to explain it all?

This happened through the mediation of popular music via the weekly music press; at one point four papers (the *New Musical*

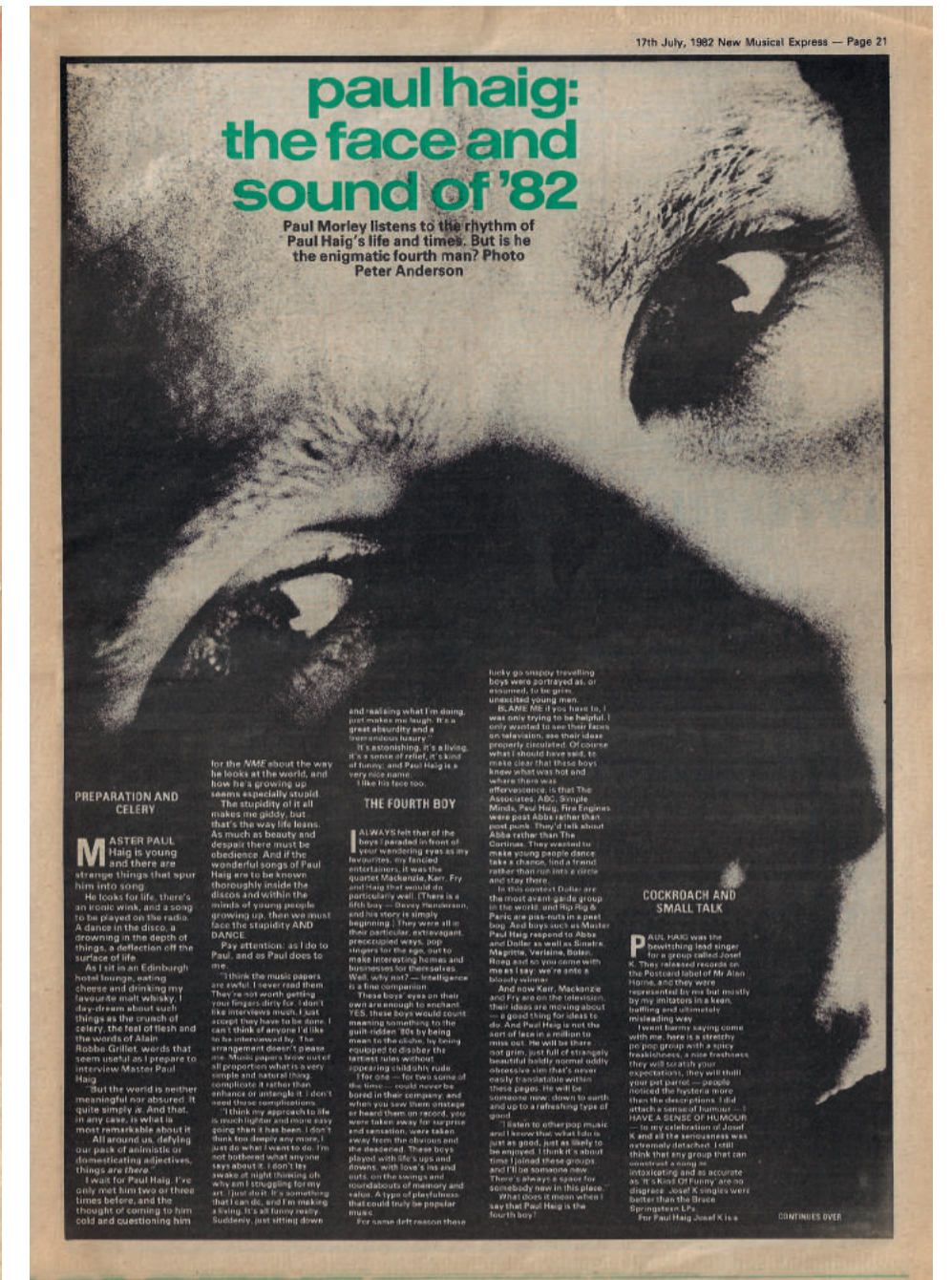
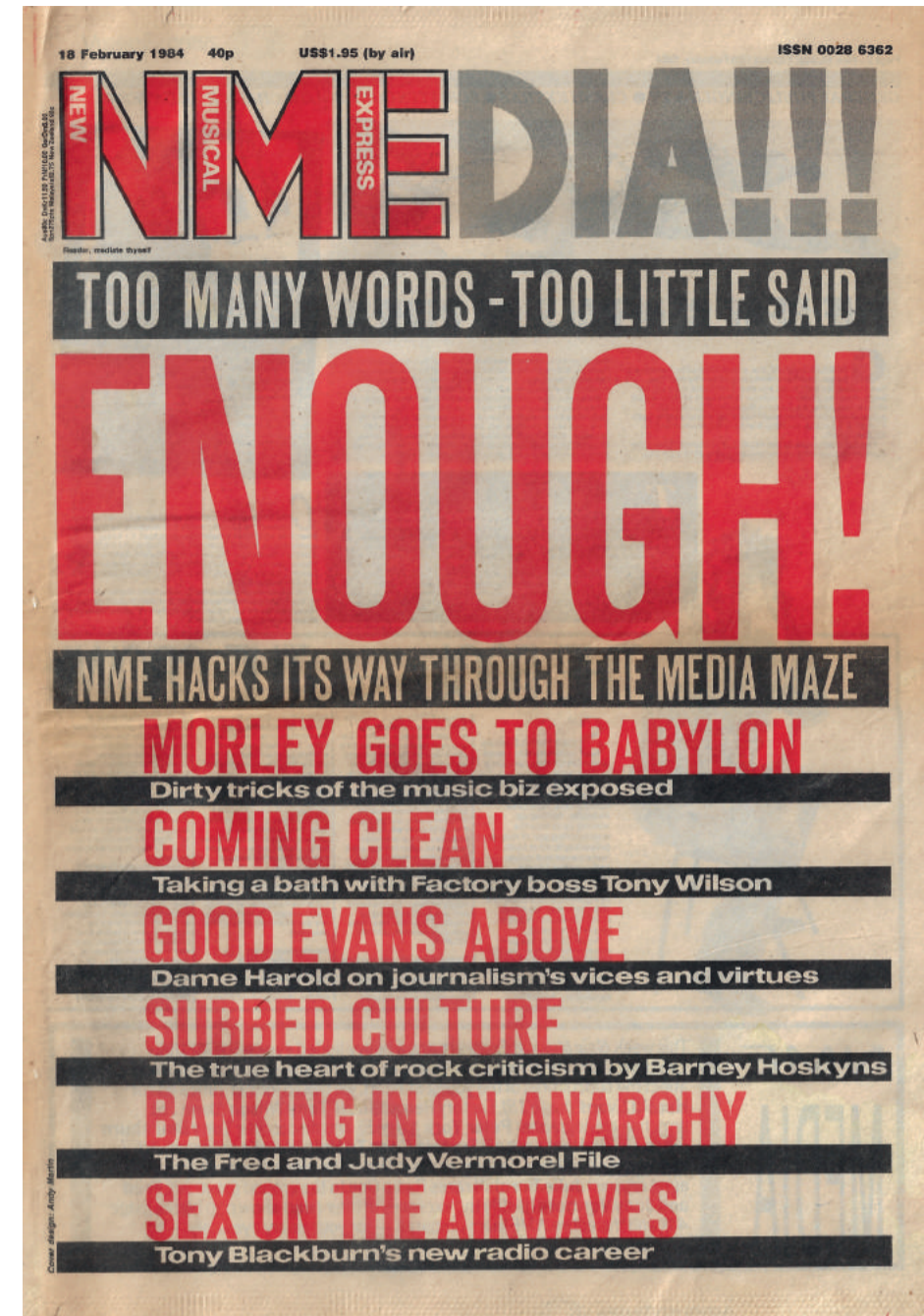
Express (N.M.E.), *Sounds*, *Melody Maker* and *Record Mirror*) sold nearly a million copies a week, exposing readers to other forms of culture, politics and information otherwise denied to them, resulting in enhanced educative experiences.

In the UK, since 1973 the N.M.E. through numerous writers and critics (some from the depleted underground scene) had sought to articulate the deeper meanings inherent in cultural production, working on the

assumption/presumption that surely there were further ideas with(in) the simple pop song and that there must be more meaning and value, and crucially that context is key.

A process was effected where writers were engaging with a much broader readership. As reviewing gave way to

long-form criticism, the writing signposted exits and avenues out and away from their predefined classifications and tastes. For the dreamer who'd been rendered stupid by



education, this said 'there's more out there if you want it enough'.

This arguably reached its pinnacle in the late 1970s with the advent of what has since come to be known as 'post-punk' (timeline loosely defined as beginning in 1978 with the demise of the Sex Pistols and ending in 1985 with the defeat of the miners).

Where punk had initially ruptured the fabric of society through its stance of defiance and autonomy through DIY practices and a refusal to 'play the game', its rudimentary angry rock 'n' roll sound and ripped and torn aesthetic had ceased to shock and had seemingly been assimilated and co-opted by the same industries it railed against.

If punk had been about modernist destruction then post-punk's exploration of new scapes and scopes aimed more for a postmodernist deconstruction (or what Mark Fisher saw as a 'popular modernism') and a belief that the forward thrust latent in these new ways of creation could signal better, brighter ways ahead.

From 1978 onwards two writers in particular at the N.M.E. – Paul Morley and Ian Penman – notoriously not only interpreted the culture at large, but actively created it,

their infused theoretical critical musings (similar in effect to earlier critical approaches) helping construct a broader sense of understanding and meaning surrounding these developments and impacting directly upon the culture being created.

For Gavin Butt, "[p]ost-punk could be accessed as a heady initiation into culture ... [it] vigorously affirmed the possibility that culture could be at once popular, experimental and intellectually-driven". This fanatical endeavour oversaw another evolution into broader, more experimental domains through the use of emerging technologies, a constant orientation towards the new and hostility towards the outmoded, already existent and known.

Deriving inspiration from 'high art', sources such as experimental film and theatre, poetry, avant-garde texts and literature, and applying 'continental' theories (Roland Barthes, Jacques Derrida), these writers (themselves autodidacts who bypassed higher education) sought to invent new ways of thinking, listening and articulating these new forms of cultural production and in the process saying to readers 'this stuff is not beyond your capacity, just entertain it'.

For Mark Fisher, a self-acknowledged devotee of this playful practice "[p]art of what made this culture popular-modernist rather than populist was its embrace of difficulty. It didn't immediately make sense, references weren't explained to you and you had to rise to that challenge if you wanted to engage with it".

These two critics in particular symbolised Aldous Huxley's idea of a 'pontifex maximus', as a bridge-builder of ideas. For Huxley, "the function of the literary man is to precisely build bridges between art and science, between objectively observed facts and immediate experience, between morals and scientific appraisal".

These critics, through these novel ways of reviewing, interviewing ('sparring match' technique) and feature writing, sought to build bridges and forge connections between popular culture and theory.

As Simon Reynolds (another influenced by their approaches) wrote, "[t]he appeal of theory is precisely its power to intoxicate". This addictive toxin subsequently filtered down to aspiring artists and writers, with their postmodern 'pretentious posturing' arguably changing the way popular culture was scrutinised;

their styles being adopted by Sunday lifestyle magazines and also academia, as 'thinking' about popular culture in this manner had barely been considered.

For many (if not all), Morley and Penman played an (in)valuable role in disseminating and circulating forms of culture/ways of thinking/notions of taste usually deprived or denied to readers of a certain strata (predominantly working class) and exposing readers to previously 'boxed off' cultural forms.

Eugene Brennan argues "the use of theory in British popular music writing, understood as an instance of 'popular modernism', shows us the extent to which popular culture can be intellectually challenging and still concerned with reaching a mass audience".

What these two writers did was self-reflexively highlight the role of the 'mediator', speaking up to the receiver, drawing attention to the intermediary role and also helping to construct textual formats that persist today.

KEVIN QUINN



Photograph by Simon Tong (Courtesy of Vincent Yap).



Photograph by Simon Tong (Courtesy of Vincent Yap).



Photograph by Simon Tong (Courtesy of Vincent Yap).



Photograph courtesy of Keiji.

WINDOW DRESSING

THE MALLRAT PUNKS OF SINGAPORE

IT WAS the eternal summer of 1993 in humid Singapore. We'd just left a gig where one of us had taken a beer bottle full of piss and lobbed it at the singer of a grunge cover band. A fight ensued and we all scamped out of there.

I was feeling frustrated that we were kicked out of yet another underground gig, as we made our way to home base. My friends and I in leather Perfecto jackets, white Hanes tees, off-brand pipe jeans and steel-toed Doc Marts parked ourselves in front of the Emporio Armani store at the Forum Galleria Mall and started raising a ruckus. We were the punks of Singapore, and we were mallrats.

The population of Singapore in 1990 stood at a dense 3.3 million in a small space of 728.6 km². Somehow, in that crowd, everyone tried not to stand out and make eye contact. Yet at the far end of the shopping strip, Orchard Road, loud punks congregated on the glitzy steps of the

luxury Forum Galleria Mall, aggressively challenging anyone who gazed at them in shock. 'Forum', as the punks affectionately called it, was (and still is) a mall housing high-end fashion labels such as Emporio Armani, Issey Miyake, Byblos and the like. The police came often to do spot checks, and security guards would shoo us away, but like repellent flies, we came back time and again.

In a city-state as small as Singapore, there sure are a hell of a lot of malls – 207 to be exact – all to feed the materialism and consumerism characteristic of Singaporean society. This no doubt sprang from the bosom of our split from the Malayan Federation in 1965, as our government emphasised economic growth and development for survival. Fuelled perhaps by boredom and growing affluence, shopping became the national pastime and, honestly, our air-conditioned malls are a great way to escape the heat.

The phenomenon of the 1990s mallrat punks of Singapore wasn't just a marker for the space constraints in general subculture contentions, but calls into question Singapore's ability to allow space for its citizens who don't fit the mould.

I imagine we were quite the visceral vision, a whole load of punks squatting, drinking, smoking, spitting, and generally causing a nuisance in stoic and authoritarian Singapore. We were a shocking contrast to the luxe and glamour of Forum Galleria. It's almost as if we were the dregs of progress as Singapore of the 1990s moved with such pace towards a cultured and prosperous future, as intended by the then Prime Minister Goh Chok Tong. We were the absolute antithesis of the PM's call for a more gracious and gentle society.

Unlike other local youth cultures centred around malls, Forum Galleria provided nothing in terms of retail options related to the punk lifestyle. No



Mallrat Punks of Singapore.

underground music store, nor retail shop selling punk garb, no rehearsal studios, and no musical instrument store. I often wonder if it was a deliberate choice we made to defiantly plant our tattered flag here at this mall where capitalism and consumerism were conspicuously on show. We defaced it just by simply being there – that was our political act and Forum Galleria unwittingly found itself to be a critical site for this confrontation.

GINETTE CHITTICK

DRAWING 1980S SUBCULTURES



Portrait of a skinhead (from DOG magazine, 1981).



Cover of DOG magazine (1981).



Collage indirectly about the Goth subculture – that's Nick Cave in the middle. (1981).



Sleeve for the album Soul Mining by The The (1983). The model was one of Nigerian musician Fela Kuti's many wives.

THE FOLLOWING is a short interview with Andy Dog (1959-2016), one-time Camberwell (UAL) student and then an important post-punk illustrator. The interview first appeared in *Eye* magazine in 2006. The images here that accompany the piece are mostly from DOG magazine, produced when he was a student, which was notable for the way it engaged with contemporary subcultures. It was a kind of illustration zine with an eye on London street style (to quote the subtitle: 'The Graphic of Youth'). It was oversized, experimental, and completely unique.

Context: the *Eye* piece was part of a longer feature which included a discussion of Dog's great inspirers, the Bazooka collective, who hailed from France.

For more on them, please see: <https://www.eyemagazine.com/feature/article/shock-tactics>

Andy Dog, real name Andy Johnson, first saw Bazooka's work in 1977. Before that, he'd been a safety-pins-and-shouting kind of punk, having seen the Pistols at the 100 Club in 1976. He was also a comics fanatic. Now he saw how his two enthusiasms could be combined: how punk offered a new paradigm for comics, an opportunity to create an aesthetic that would reflect the subculture in the way that Robert Crumb, Rick Griffin and others had captured and defined the hippie era.

Dog chanced upon the Bazooka material at a London comics mart. 'The art was very busy, and I liked the way it was ironic and kitsch, as well as political and sexual. Here was a bunch of artists, working on one another's drawings, collaborating more like a music group than as individual illustrators... it looked completely fresh.'

The Englishman started to absorb the French influence: 'I took elements from

all the Bazookas, plus their associate artists – people like Bruno Richard. For a while I experimented... painting over photocopies and photographs. But I was more interested in drawing.' He even went to Paris to meet his heroes: 'I remember having a very pleasant time wandering through town with Olivia Clavel.'

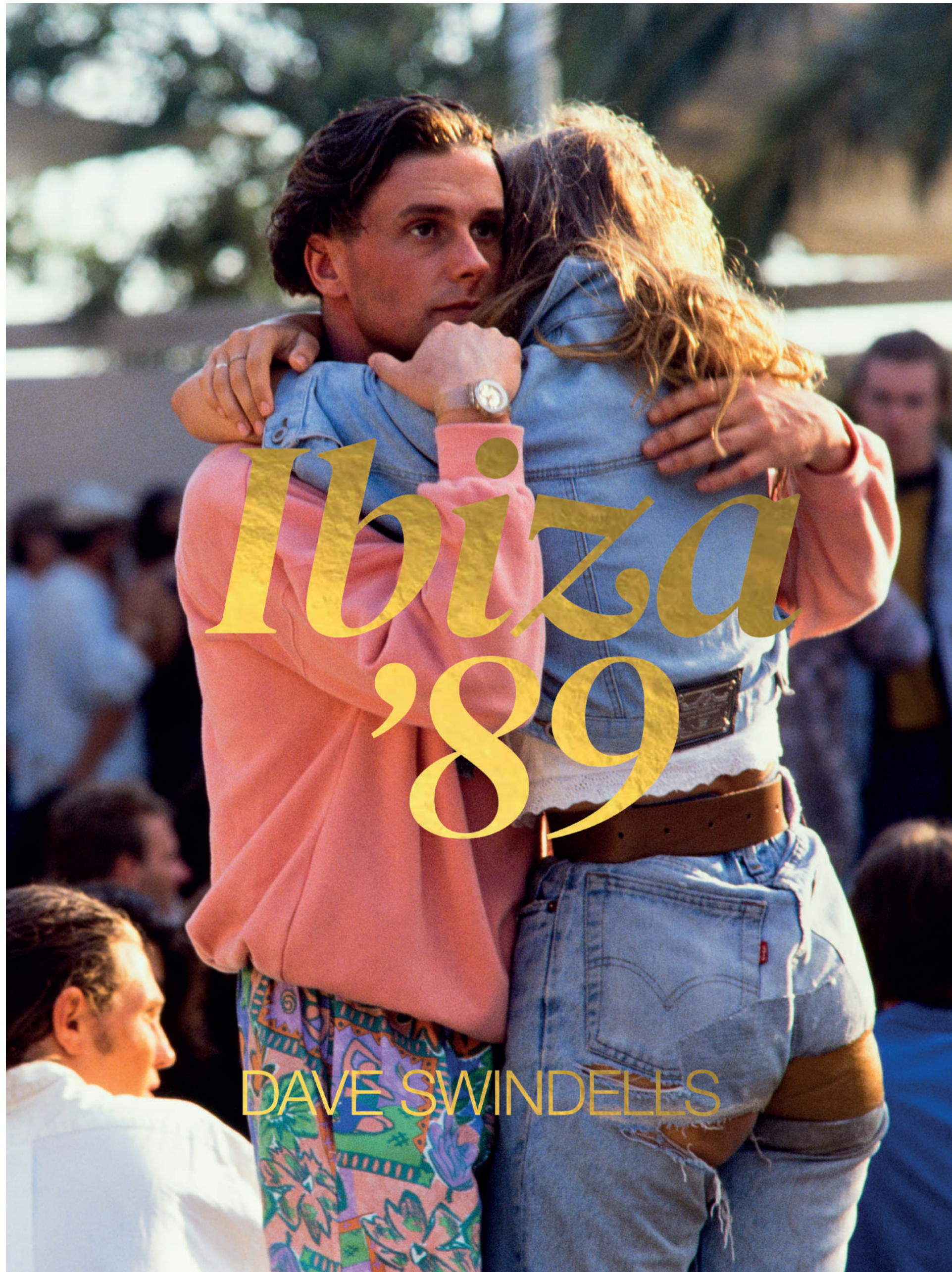
Having applied to Camberwell School of Art and Crafts to study illustration, Dog joined two other students to form the Dog Collective. Here was another anti-auteurist collaboration dedicated to new ways of thinking about graphics, and when the first DOG magazine appeared in 1981, it included overt references to the French group.

By now a regular cartoonist for the *Melody Maker*, Dog expanded his repertoire by helping out his brother Matt with artwork for the band The The. 'The trend in the 1980s was for Peter Saville-style sleeve art – which I saw as

being very cold. In contrast, I wanted my art to be HOT.' His colourful, jagged style constituted a different kind of post-punk aesthetic.

Today, Dog is Andy Johnson once more, and lives in rural Suffolk. The only thing that bothers him about the 1970s–80s graphic revolution, insofar as he thinks about it at all, is the way that designers like Bazooka have been forgotten in favour of the litany of Jamie Reid/Malcolm Garrett/Peter Saville. 'History is always written by the victors', he says, 'but believe me, there was MUCH more going on.'

ROGER SABIN



Dave Swindells - Front cover Ibiza '89.



Dave Swindells - Boy George on the dance floor at Amnesia.

Ibiza '89

THIS TIME the publicity machine isn't all hype. Dave Swindells really has spent his life in clubs. Or at least it sure seems that way.

It all began in earnest for the Bath-raised photographer at his brother Steve's pioneering polysexual club night The Lift at Stallions in London in 1983 when he took his first nightclub photos. Doing street fashion portraits for *i-D* magazine in the early 1980s led to the role of nightlife editor at London listings mag *Time Out* in 1986 (where he stayed until 2009), a move that would prove pivotal.

Pivotal because it meant he was perfectly positioned for the coming of acid house in 1988, a subculture that he was immersed in and that he is now celebrated for capturing and documenting. His images have become famous and the go-to for anyone wanting to know about acid house culture and what it looked like in London at the end of the 1980s. Many of them were published last year in a fine-looking book, *Acid House As It Happened*.

Dave was also the right man to head to Ibiza, the spiritual home of acid house

culture, for *20/20* magazine in 1989. The images he captured there during his first visit to the island have become iconic too and are displayed in all their glory in the recently-published third edition of his handsome and much-coveted book *Ibiza '89*.

That week-long assignment was especially significant as it was a last chance to capture the spirit of the island before key clubs Ku and Amnesia were forced to put roofs on their al fresco dance floors and waves of British clubbers began arriving as part of the club culture boom of the 1990s, changing Ibiza forever.

Popular legend and myth claim Ibiza to be magical; magnetic fields, ley lines and all that. Dave's photos, however, really are magical, documenting a special time and place in the island's history.

As Dave explains in his own introduction to the book published by IDEA: "It was easy to believe that almost anything was possible in Ibiza in 1989; that many of the big clubs put MDMA powder into their cocktails; that the music could jump across genres and not only be exciting,

but better than the sum of its parts; that there was always another club or bar to carry on as long as you wanted to carry on; that it didn't really matter about your age or sexual preference or how much money you had if you came for the fiesta and the music (although it helped to dress up to get into Pacha, and only the wealthy could buy tables overlooking the dance floors there); that there was always a secret cove or beach where you could create your own party ... And all of that was pretty much true."

Ibiza '89 not only catches and documents a moment in cultural history brilliantly, at a time before mobile phones and when it was rare to see a camera in a club, it also chimes with my own backstory.

That same year was my third visit to the White Isle (so-called because of the stand-out whiteness of the lime-covered façades of the island's traditional country houses) and my first since acid house and ecstasy culture had captured the hearts, minds and dancing feet of British youth. It was a memorable three weeks of dancing in the open-air at Amnesia, of pea-green disco biscuits, girls

from North London in floaty dresses, a tall English lad with locks known as Rob Dread, cramming too many bods into a Ford Fiesta, running out of money and swapping your shirt for a tin of tuna.

It was the after party at Angels and its slide down onto the dance floor, it was Belgian New Beat, DJ Alfredo, chocolate milk and brandy, José Padilla and Café del Mar. It was the police raiding your caravan, loved up football chaps, Toni Scott's 'That's How I'm Living', Miss Black and Miss White and a fella called Sweaty. It was picking up hitchhikers, conversations in broken English, conversations in broken Spanish, the Rock Bar, hustling for club tickets, Nick (RIP) and Ibiza Sid playing backgammon, the beautiful people, buying records you'd heard the night before and missing the flight home. It was being young.

TIM GIBNEY



Dave Swindells - Arms aloft at Amnesia.

Dave Swindells - Adamski and friends at Kiu.



Dave Swindells - Fun fun at Pacha.



Dave Swindells - The pyramid mirror at Amnesia.



Dave Swindells - Think big at Pacha.



Dave Swindells - Enrico at Amnesia.



Dave Swindells - Daytime at Cafe del Mar.



Dave Swindells - On the floor at Es Paradis.

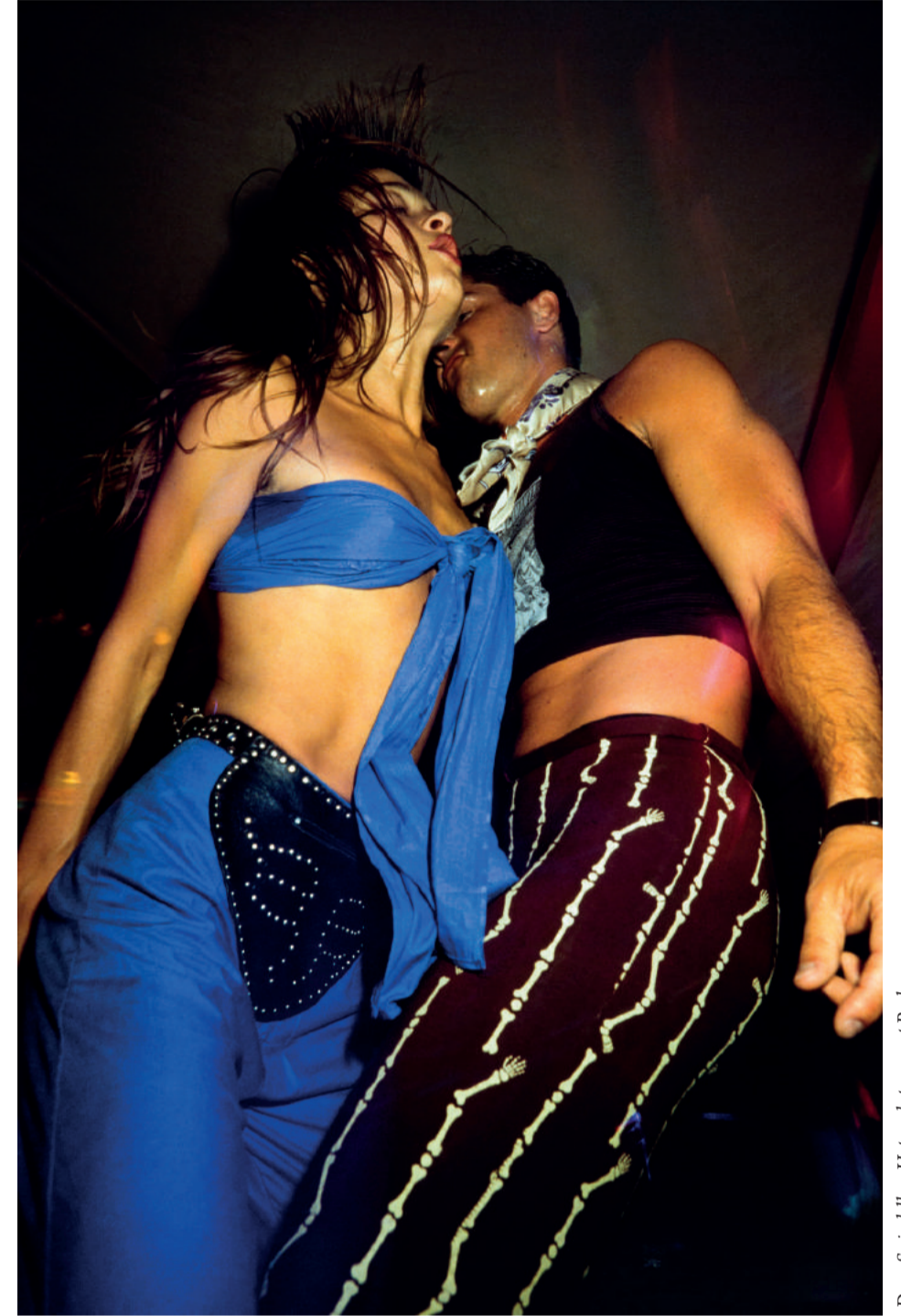
Dave Swindells - Podium dancers at Kiu.



Dave Swindells - Catching up on The Sun at Cafe del Mar.



Dave Swindells - Hot and steamy at Pacha.





FROM FAMILY VALUES TO NOSTALGIA

UNDERSTANDING *CHIBI MARUKO CHAN* IN A CULTURAL CONTEXT

POPULAR Japanese anime *Chibi Maruko Chan* revolves around the daily life of a young girl named Momoko Sakura, commonly known as Maruko among her friends and family. The series has been running since 1986, is set in the 1970s and focuses on Maruko's interactions with her family, classmates, and other people in her community. The series is known for its heartwarming and humorous portrayal of everyday life and has become a beloved cultural icon in Japan.

My analytic approach involves examining cultural artefacts such as media, literature and art to understand the cultural values and norms that they represent, as well as the ways in which they may reinforce or challenge those values and norms. The critical approach involves questioning and challenging established beliefs and practices, while the cultural analysis approach involves examining the cultural context in which the artefact was created and the ways in which it reflects and shapes cultural values and beliefs.

By combining these two approaches, we can gain a deeper understanding of the themes and insights presented in *Chibi Maruko Chan* and how they reflect broader cultural and societal trends in Japan.

From an academic and critical perspective, *Chibi Maruko Chan* provides valuable insights into Japanese culture and society. This piece explores the themes of family values, community dynamics and nostalgia.

Family values – *Chibi Maruko Chan* portrays the importance of family relationships and traditional Japanese

values, such as respect for elders, hard work and perseverance. The storylines highlight the struggles and triumphs of a working-class family, emphasising the bonds that exist between family members. However, the traditional gender roles in Japanese families, with the mother responsible for the domestic sphere and the father as the breadwinner, can limit opportunities for career advancement for women.

Community dynamics – *Chibi Maruko Chan* provides insight into the social dynamics of Japanese communities in the 1970s. Community dynamics in Japan are often based on the principles of collectivism and group harmony, where the needs of the group take precedence over individual desires. However, this collectivist mindset can also lead to the exclusion of those who do not conform to social norms or who do not fit into established social hierarchies. Maruko's interactions with her neighbours and classmates reveal the various cliques and social hierarchies that exist within a typical Japanese community.

Nostalgia – *Chibi Maruko Chan* portrays a nostalgic glimpse into a 1970s Japanese *mis-en-scène*, a period viewed as a simpler and more innocent time. The show's attention to detail in recreating the fashion, music and cultural trends of the 1970s adds to its nostalgic appeal. However, nostalgia can create a romanticised and idealised view of the past, which may not accurately reflect the realities of the time. Furthermore, nostalgia can perpetuate cultural

stereotypes and exclude the experiences of specific social groups.

Overall, *Chibi Maruko Chan* presents a nuanced picture of Japanese culture and society, underscoring both its positive aspects and areas requiring critical examination. As a postdoctoral autoethnographer, I have often found myself reflecting on my journey as a student, and I remember distinctly how Japanese comic books, cartoons and animations influenced my life. Growing up, I was fascinated with cartoons such as *Doraemon*, *Sailor Moon* and *Chibi Maruko Chan*, which were not only entertaining and playful but also richly imaginative.

My experience with *Chibi Maruko Chan* was particularly relatable. Maruko, who aspires to become a comic book illustrator, is an example of playful, fun ideas enacted in the meta-narrative. Like most children, she dislikes schoolwork, preferring to spend time playing, daydreaming and socialising with her friends. I found these sentiments mirroring my own childhood aspirations, while the daydream reinforces an imaginary life if I (a viewer) were a comic book illustrator.

As a Taiwanese national, the journey towards developing a professional creative identity was challenging. This was a career path not typically encouraged by parents. Furthermore, I frequently felt misunderstood due to the passion of my imagination. East Asian role models are traditionally more aligned with respectable jobs such as civil servants, medical

professionals and education professionals. Interestingly though, I now find myself in the educational sector.

Reflecting on the significant influence of Japanese comics, cartoons and animations, particularly *Chibi Maruko Chan*, on my childhood and professional journey illuminates fascinating insights into the intersections of culture, creativity and identity formation. The nuanced portrayal of family values, community dynamics and nostalgia in the series provided a window into societal norms, values and dynamics inherent in Japanese society.

These cartoons are not merely sources of entertainment, but rich cultural artefacts that informed my perspective and understanding of creativity. My early fascination with characters such as Maruko led me to question societal norms and allowed me to foster an identity that acknowledged my own creative ambitions.

My journey underscores the potential of animation and media as influential tools in personal and societal understanding. They serve as catalysts, prompting individuals to challenge societal notions of creativity, whilst indulging in the pleasure of visual media. Whilst each person's journey is unique, this reflection underlines the complex interplay of media, culture and personal aspirations in shaping actual identities, irrespective of societal expectations and cultural contexts.

YU LUN (EVE) LIN / 林鈺倫



ASIAN AND PUNK

WHAT'S ETHNICITY GOT TO DO WITH IT?

AS AN AVID researcher into punk, it has been obvious to spot the anomalies and lack of diversity within the punk community. I would like you to meet my dad, James, the only person of colour I have interviewed in the last five years of researching the punk subculture. So, what does ethnicity have to say when it comes to punk?

For my dad, punk was his suit of armour and a way to 'release' feelings of being brown. For many people of colour that may have been interested in punk at the time, this lifestyle would have been just too risky. There are complexities involved in punk that are often overlooked by the majority out of pure lack of knowledge. I have grown up with a punk parent, but what makes my dad different is the colour of his skin. This adds another layer to the complex relational dynamics that make up punk. I would like to argue (until proven wrong) that my dad was one of the first

non-white punks to emerge out of Leicester in the late 1970s. He has been able to explore punk in a multifaceted way, by attending gigs, owning punk memorabilia and being a father, involving the punk ethos in his approach to parenting.

Amongst punk's complicated relationship with ethnicity, sits the lack of academic research, especially when it comes to the British punk scene. Amy McDowell published an article in 2017 looking at Taqwacore punks (taqwa means "God consciousness" in Arabic and *core* comes from *hardcore punk*) from Pakistan. It carved out this idea that those who do not fit the typical subculture have to adopt the ethos and build a new version of that culture in order to participate.

There has not yet been any research into Asian punks in the UK, but this may be purely because they are extremely hard to locate. But what is obvious with both punk

and ethnicity as they collide, is the existence of an outsider complex. Punks became outsiders; that is interesting in itself. But with the added layer of my dad's ethnicity, there is another aspect for investigation. With my work over the years, I have tried to investigate these overlapping factors, using my dad as a key example. There is so much sociological significance in the relationship that punk and ethnicity have, and I am in a privileged position to be able to observe it.

My dad could not physically hide the fact that he had a different ethnicity compared to his counterparts, but it helped him accept who he was. Racism was a constant battle for my dad, being born in England in 1963 and growing up during a hostile time for anyone who was not white skinned. But punk gave my dad a shield, a way that made him stand out for the wrong reasons. One thing that has always been apparent for my dad is that he doesn't feel

that his skin colour is right for him. Instead, he feels white on the inside, which is one of the reasons I believe he was able to immerse himself within punk.

When I asked him about his ethnicity, he relayed to me that he feels like a coconut, white inside with a brown exterior. This statement represents just a small snippet of how we can begin to understand and unpick identity when it comes to ethnicity. Punk has inevitably splintered off into different cultures, allowing for the punk way of life to be experienced by all, something that was not always possible when the scene first emerged.

This is why I believe so strongly that my dad's case needs to be shared with punk academics. It's not only unique, but it's also important to truly understand punk and what it can do for its members.

MIA RAI

EAST

The Cor Blimeys with Poppa Irie – Pub-Grub Dub (Bow-Bells Recordings)
A right royal Cockernee's up round the ol' Joanna celebrating the wonders of London's East Endclave Beffnal Green's transnational delicacies and intricacies. Blending the oompah of the music hall with the thud of the Jamaican dub-plate, Paul Gilroy's 'Black Atlantic' *cross-creed-poll-in-nation* in full hale and hearty swing. Dance with delight as street-punk hawkers collide with raucous reggaeti. You only swig when you're singing *hic*

LEAST

Nubuck – Prophecy (Warehouse)
PoMo in d'éternité. Cocking a snook at continental cult-chatter. Philosophical preconstruction before the critical collapse. The Gaul of 'em.

Gnamma – Northodoxy (Recreation)
Hey, hey, it's the Donkeys, back with more braying and knockabout chauvinism and barely-hidden misogyny. After almost two decades apart and orchestrated PR animosity, the boys are 'double-well-up-fer-it' and eager to atone for what they've decreed "20 years of shit music, shit clothes and shit shit, yeah, maaan?!" This will *not* change a thing.

YEAST

Jon & Luke Godard – Anorak (All I Need is You) (Inertia)

Yet more fey-fop sop-pop from these Twee-dull-dumb twosome. Following last year's C86 ersatz echo, the shit-lit-wittering 'A walk and a talk in the park in the dark', this sonic wet-wipe epitomises the cultural regress that plagues the collective palate. Like their pallid contemporaries, Canterbury's Depressed Flowers and Exeter's Doctor Snuggles, they dabble in the shitegeist phenomena *jauntology*, the predatory practice of trawling blithely through the past's peaks and picking and positioning them amongst contemporary contexts in the name of *curation*.

BEAST

The Rocktaves – Aisle Of The Braindead (Divoid)

Snap, Crackle and Pop. Huey, Louis and Dewey. Curly, Larry and Mo. Here we have Dumb, Glum and Plum reciting a tone-deaf poem that brings to mind a H.L. Mencken apothegm: "An idealist is one who, on noting that a rose smells better than cabbage, concludes that it will also make a better soup."

Primark Dream – Storm The Narrowcades (Lawless)

Shoutrock. Jerry-mandering. Boche-slosh. Quota-rik. All a Messerschmitt © of Neu-Can Dü. More wet flannel than a wet flannel.



SIGNAL REVUES FULL OF EASTERN PREMISE

FEAST

Ornamental Discoveries of Daylight – Freudian Lisp (Tatterdemalion Trax)

According to renowned lookback-pages narrative-bore, historian Spencer St. Smithers, the last time a culture was ransacked as malevolently and violently as this offering was Hernan Cortes's bloodbath butchery-spreed during the 'Age of Discovery' in the 16th century. And he'd *know*.

Rick Clifton – An Innocent Man (Paralysis)

Fresh from the trials and tribulations of allegations that just wouldn't stick, the Teflon One comes out fighting with this *even*

more tepid rendition of Billy Joel's blue-wop bone-cold classic. An unbrained melody replete with Rick's copyrighted catch-throat staccato stutter. We never did find out about Rick's 'close' friendship with the DPP, did we? [*Careful*. Ed]

CINEASTE

Tranq Sonata – 'Systematic Breakdown' (Electric Chair)

It's the happenstance hip-hopper you hate to love. The reprobate rapper you live to hate. Now this is more like it. Noise and sound that instigate giddy-vision, propagate body-shock abscission, promulgate heady precision. Throw in his actions as mediological manipulator and infant 'orrible

and Tranq is THE antidote to impassive toxicity. Every spat-rasp and spewed-gasp the jump-lead to aggressive publicity. Long-player the exquisitely titled *Naissance* - [birth] / *Connaissance* - [knowledge] / *Reconnaissance* - [recognition] / *Renaissance* - [rebirth] is out next month. Seek it, buy it, imbibe it.

LEASTWAYS

Tuba Collosis – While Dry Qatar Gently Sweeps (Din of Equity Discs)

A late angry tirade on last year's foot-soccer corrupt-a-ball knockout extravaganza. Not since the phoney anarchy of 1980s Auntie Beeb-sanctioned playground panto-clowns 'The Young Ones' has performative rebellion appeared so lacklustre, devoid of *real* potency and crucially bereft of hard-hitting humour. About as subversive as Michael McIntyre *commentating* on Crufts.

The Scamps – Stripped 'n' Worn (Pastiche)

NYC, Lower East Side, downtown upmarketees, be-leathered penthouse poseurs, estate agent hyper-realtors personifying the c*nitritification of former inner-city enclaves of resistance and rejection now bland-designed into urban glam-pads. This 'gang' all grew up together in the grimy dormitories of College Du Leman in Switzerland*, that renowned hotbed of anti-establishment fervour. They demean it, maaan. We have Yacht on vox; Mallet on skin-bang; Foil on underbeat; Sabre on FX and Épée on errands and tea-making.

There was a club in London called Pretence, where all the well-to-do patrons would dress like the cast of *The Warriors* if designed by Yves Saint Laurent. These'd have fit right in with that crowd.

*From 27930.00 CHF / year

Poison Dwarf – Poisoned Wharf (Deadened Berried)

Finland's premier eco-freako-psycho sudden death cult molten metallers return with a(nother) green-screed shellacking the usual suspects. Pollution ablutions abound, (in)effective invective astounds ... no one. Putting the 'calpol' into pyrotechnical polemics, this brain-syrup gives off an aural-aure of think-glue, incapacitated inkings, a false-starting bricked-up motor rusting on the drive.

FLEECEd

Suffolk8 – 'Poppelganger' (Ave it!)

Low-rent bubblepap, cheap-date crapitude, tinfoil claptrapping. Another bout of indie-gestion looms large. *burps*

Critiqued by: ORNATE COLEMAN, GUY DEBORED, JIMMY BRAGGART, D.J. SALINGER



Satanic Panic installation by Mike Wyeld.

SATANIC PANIC
BY MIKE WYELD



SATANIC PANIC

DURING the Covid global lockdowns, conspiracy theories became the free-trade commodity no one expected, crossing borders and infecting minds with myriad untruths and falsehoods, lies and hate. The paranoia and panic reminded me of a similar phenomenon that happened in the 1980s.

Accusations were made against some strange bedfellows, from primary school teachers to filmmakers to heavy metal music artists; all were accused of being Satanists. Musicians were said to have used editing and mixing techniques sometimes known as 'backward masking' to deliver messages encouraging listeners to harm themselves. It was part of a phenomenon called 'satanic panic'.

Backward masking, also known as reverse masking, is a psychoacoustic phenomenon that involves the presentation of an auditory stimulus followed by a second stimulus that occurs in the opposite temporal order. In other words, it refers to the practice of playing a sound or music snippet in reverse beneath the original forward playback.

The Christian culture wars in America and in other places during the 1980s were a series of ideological and political conflicts centred around moral and social issues that were fuelled by religious conservatives, particularly evangelical Christians.

These culture wars were characterised by intense debates and activism surrounding topics such as abortion, homosexuality, pornography and the role of religion in public life. It continues today, and in some

ways has grown, these days attacking trans people and drag performers. It has created allies between major politicians, police forces and fringe right-wing organisations and individuals. 'Drag panic' today is really just satanic panic mark 2. The question is always, "what about the influence on the young?"

In December 1985, two young American men, 18-year-old Raymond Belknap and 20-year-old James Vance attempted suicide by shooting themselves after a night getting drunk and high. Belknap died from his injuries, while Vance survived but was left severely disfigured and died a few years later. Prior to their suicide attempt, both had been listening to music, especially heavy metal icons Judas Priest.

The families of the men filed a lawsuit against CBS Records (Judas Priest's record label), the band members themselves and the band's management in 1986. The case went to court in Reno, Nevada in 1990. The families alleged that the band's music, specifically a song called 'Better By You, Better Than Me' from the 1978 album *Stained Class* contained subliminal messages created allegedly through backward masking that influenced the two young men to attempt suicide.

Scientific evidence regarding the effectiveness of backward masking is clear that it doesn't work. Most studies suggest that backward masking has no influence on listeners, as the messages are often difficult to perceive consciously. Even when the messages are discernible, the extent to which they can affect behaviour or thoughts

remains uncertain. From a sound-tech perspective, backward masking can be achieved by reversing the original audio signal or by including intentional reversed segments during the recording process. With advancements in audio technology, it has become relatively simple to reverse sound files using digital editing software.

As a sound designer using Avid Pro Tools, this was easy for me to create, particularly as the message Judas Priest were said in the trial to have created was so banal, simply, "do it". I wanted to recreate the suggestions, but have it sound like my work.

For my *Satanic Panic* exhibit at Arts Etobicoke in Toronto in October/November last year, I endeavoured to recreate the original suggestion that Judas Priest were accused of recording. I started to think about the ways in which such suggestions might be buried. And obviously I wondered about the ethics of ACTUALLY doing such a thing.

The installation I created is music I composed myself with recorded spoken suggestions buried underneath. The installation consists of a single cassette stereo Sony Walkman and headphones and a stack recorded cassette(s). Visitors were asked to pick up the player and put on the headphones. Press play. The sounds they heard are real suggestions hidden in a score I composed.

Aside from Judas Priest, Black Sabbath were also accused of influencing listeners. It has been argued that they were targeted deliberately by Christian organisations

aligning themselves with right-wing policies and law-enforcement agencies; Black Sabbath because of the Richard Nixon era anti-war anthem 'War Pigs' that featured the lyric, "generals gathered in their masses, just like witches at black masses", and Judas Priest because they brought the use of gay SM fetish fashion, leather and studs, from the gay bars of London and Berlin to every corner of America, the band's lead singer now openly gay.

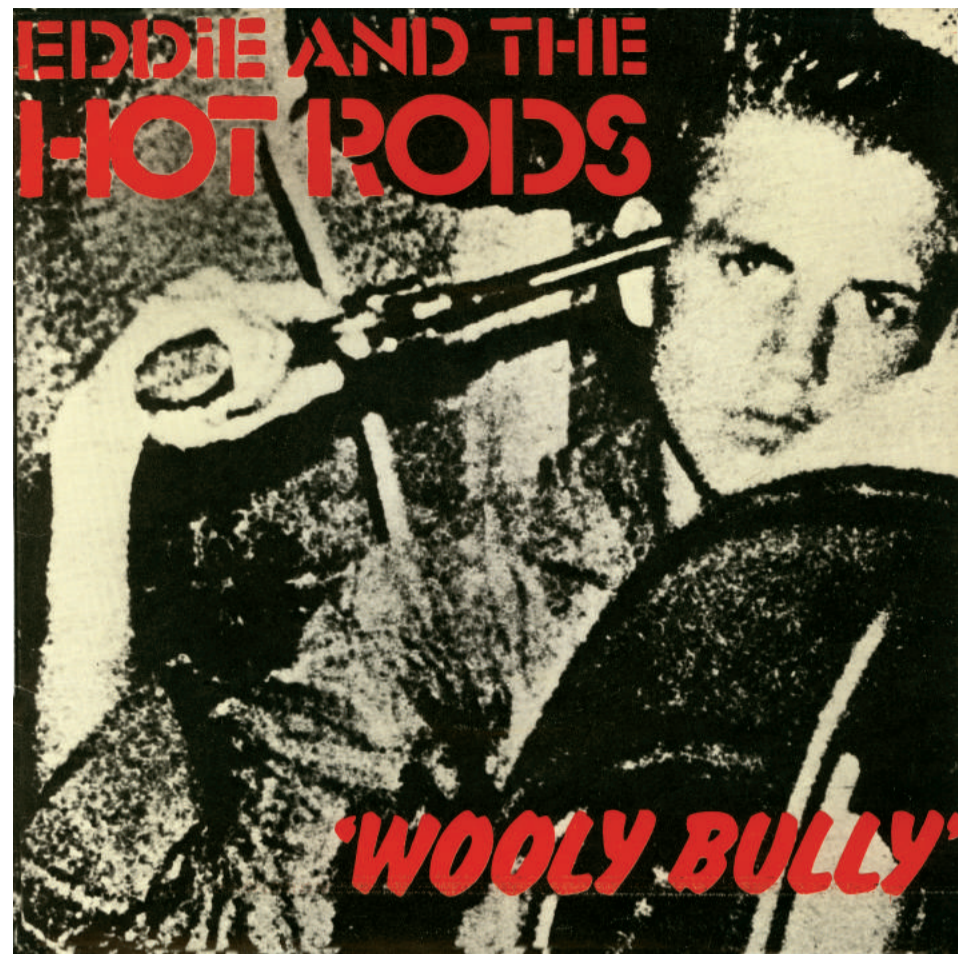
At a time when gay men were considered dirty and evil, the link between these accusations and open homophobia now seem... churlish... obvious... and dangerous.

As I worked and played the piece for friends and accomplices (thank you!) I began to get an uneasy feeling, for obvious reasons, what if it worked? So, I changed the suggestions at the 11th hour. I changed the backwards suggestion to simply, "be good to yourself, it's the only way".

Use the QR code to take a listen to a version with the masked audio played forwards and unmasked.

Ultimately, in August 1990, the court ruled in favour of Judas Priest and the other defendants, stating that they were not responsible for the suicides or the injuries. The judge concluded that the alleged subliminal messages were either non-existent or so inaudible and indistinct that they could not have influenced the actions of the two individuals. As for my installation, I hope listeners went on to be very good to themselves.

MIKE WYELD



Dr. Feelgood, Stupidity (1976).

Eddie & The Hot Rods, 'Woolly Bully' (1976).

GENTLE CREATURES DESPITE THEIR FIERCE APPEARANCE

PUB ROCK, PUNK AND EUROVISION COLLIDE

*It starts down in Wapping
There ain't no stopping
By-pass Barking
And straight through Dagenham
Down to Grays Thurrock
And rather near Basildon
Pitsea, Thundersley, Hadleigh, Leigh-On-Sea
Chalkwell, Prittlewell
Southend's the end
(Billy Bragg, 'A13 Trunk Road to the Sea')*

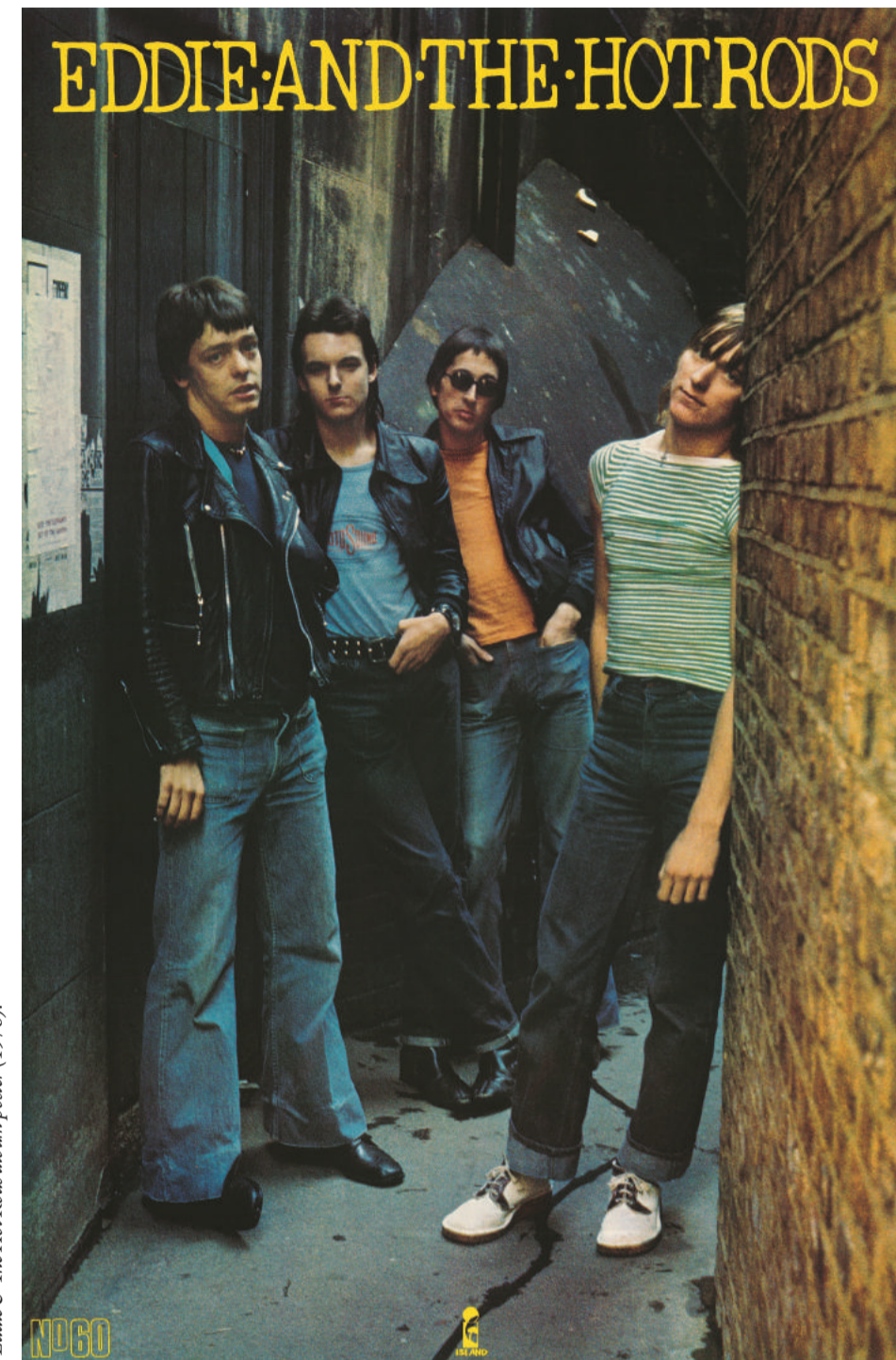
BEFORE there was punk, there was pub rock. Legend may have it that Robert Johnson met the devil at the crossroads, but pub rock met punk rock somewhere between the East End of London and the Kursaal Ballroom in Southend-on-Sea.

While pub rock had a base in the dingy drinking establishments of North and West London, from the Red Cow in Hammersmith to the Hope & Anchor in Islington and the Nashville in West

Kensington, its spiritual home lay further east, out along the Thames Estuary and all the way to the Essex coast. Its most successful proponents, Dr Feelgood – purveyors of the finest British R&B – hailed from Canvey Island, soon followed by another local outfit, Eddie & The Hot Rods – a key group in the evolution of punk rock in the United Kingdom. Alongside Brinsley Schwarz, Ducks Deluxe and other leading lights of the pub rock scene, newer groups were adopting retro styles that combined early rock 'n' roll and 'back to mono' 1960s rhythm and blues with the energy and attitude of the emerging punk rock scene: The Stranglers, The 101ers (featuring Joe Strummer, soon to quit to form The Clash) and Kilburn & The High Roads (featuring Ian Dury and Nick Cash, subsequently of The Blockheads and 999 respectively) led the way, but a sense of common

purpose influenced a host of other groups, particularly those with an eye on developing scenes and commercial opportunities. Ted Carroll and Roger Armstrong established Chiswick Records in 1975 as an extension of their Rock On record stall on the Portobello Road. Seizing the opportunity to release records by up-and-coming artists in the pub rock and nascent punk scene, the label issued early singles by The Count Bishops, The Gorillas, The 101ers and Radio Stars, further cementing a pub-rock-meets-punk aesthetic. As the punk explosion overtook the media spotlight from the autumn of 1976 and through 1977 – the 'Year of Punk' – pub rock began to fall out of favour, though not without putting up a fight. Dr Feelgood's classic live album, *Stupidity*, hit the number one spot in the UK charts in October 1976 (and was earmarked as the template for the debut album by The

Stranglers two months later, though that project was eventually shelved in favour of a studio recording). Meanwhile, The Hope & Anchor Front Row Festival in the autumn of 1977 featured a line-up that combined established pub rock acts (Wilko Johnson, Sean Tyla, The Pirates) with punk and new wave groups (The Stranglers, X-Ray Spex, 999, XTC, The Only Ones), alongside Birmingham reggae outfit Steel Pulse and future rock supergroup Dire Straits. Emerging into this subcultural context early in 1977, The Fruit Eating Bears were a three-piece group featuring Neville Crozier (vocals/guitar), Gary Croudace (bass/vocals) and Chris Crash (drums). Hailing from Croydon, the group were perhaps archetypal pub-rock-meets-punk bandwagon-jumpers, all leather jackets, skinny jeans and choppy guitars, playing a style of rhythm and blues that owed a debt



Eddie & The Hot Rods album poster (1976).

to the 1950s and '60s rather than the more recent past. The group's debut single, 'Chevy Heavy' (Lightning, 1978), was produced by the legendary Vic Maile, and captures something of the spirit of late pub rock – in many ways a hi-energy re-writing of Chuck Berry's 'Maybellene' for modern times.

But it was the Bears' follow-up that gave the group their three minutes of fame. 'Door in My Face' was released by DJM Records in March 1978. DJM had been established by British music publisher Dick James in the early 1960s and had released most of Elton John's records prior to him founding his own Rocket Record Company in 1976. DJM's other ventures into punk had been equally low-key: posh new wave bandwagon jumpers Rikki & The Last Days of Earth and the brilliant Satan's Rats from Evesham, Worcestershire, who released three singles before splitting to re-emerge with a new vocalist as The Photos, the United Kingdom's answer to Blondie. The Fruit Eating Bears may have suffered the same fate as their forebears, were it not for a bizarre decision by their publishers Jackson Music to enter 'Door in My Face' in *A Song For Europe*, the

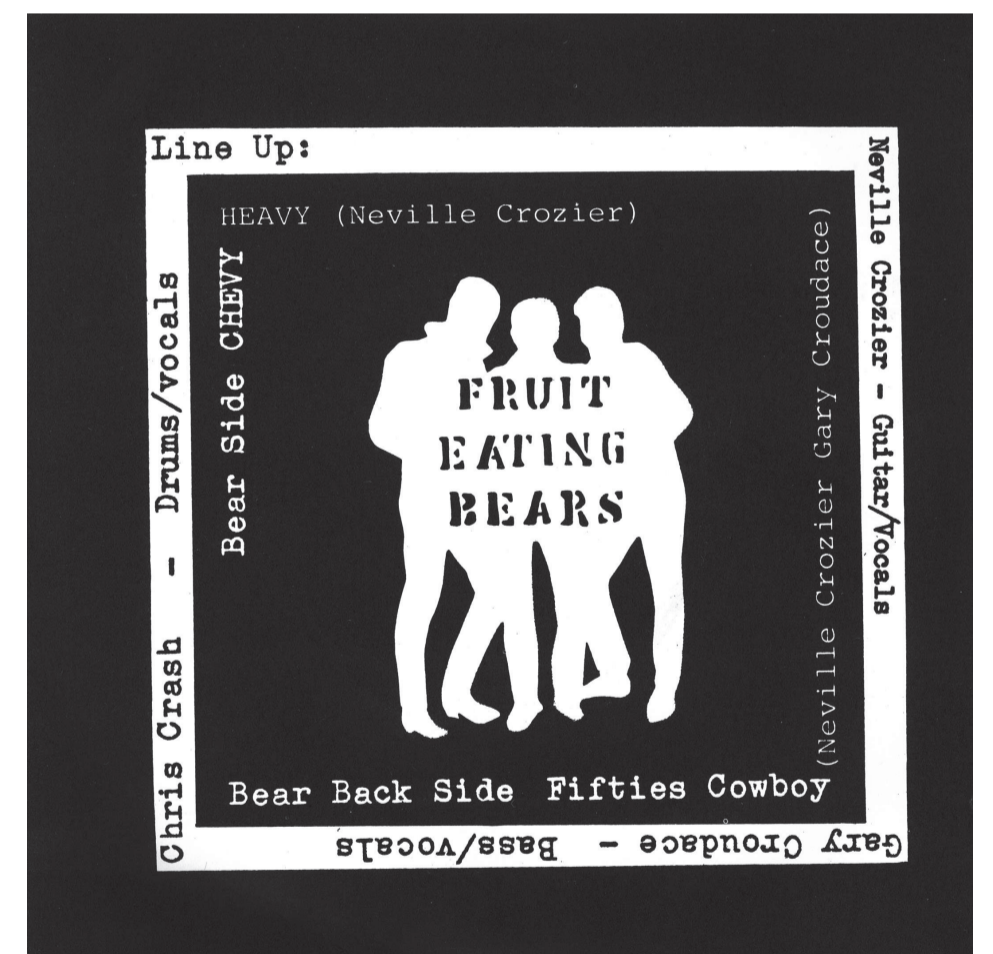
televised UK heats to choose a national entry for The Eurovision Song Contest.

As a result, on 31 March 1978 the Fruit Eating Bears performed the track on national TV, introduced by loveable Irish DJ and longstanding Eurovision host, Terry Wogan. Wogan, in this first encroachment of punk into Eurovision, described the band as "gentle creatures despite their fierce appearance", before the trio launched into a mimed performance of their song, accompanied by Crozier and Croudace's frenetic pogoing. Sadly, though they were awarded 49 points, they finished joint 11th from 12 entrants. In the end, 'The Bad Old Days', written by Stephanie de Sykes and Stuart Slater and performed by execrable soft rockers Co-Co, was selected to represent the United Kingdom on the international stage in Paris. They finished 11th from 20 entrants, and the competition was won by Israel's Izhac Cohen and the Alphabeta with a song entitled 'A-Ba-Ni-Bi'. We can only wonder what might have happened if The Fruit Eating Bears hadn't had the door shut, quite literally, in their faces.

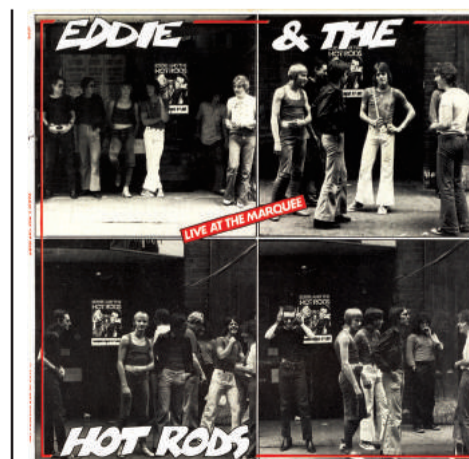
RUSS BESTLEY



Various Artists. The Hope & Anchor Front Row Festival (1978).



The Fruit Eating Bears, 'Chevy Heavy' (1978).



Eddie & The Hot Rods, Live At The Marquee (1976).



The Fruit Eating Bears, 'Door in My Face' (1978).

Jorono - West Ham United flag.



National Media Museum - Queen Elizabeth II presents the 1966 World Cup to England captain, Bobby Moore.

London Skinheads banner at West Ham.



Boothboys, skinheads, suedeheads at football.

SPIRIT OF '69

FASHION, MUSIC, SKINHEADS AND WEST HAM



Logo of Trojan Records, the key music label for the original skinhead movement.

THE LONDON College of Fashion has more in common with its new east bank neighbour West Ham United than just their Stratford location and East London geography. Although the Hammers may not have had the greatest of success on the pitch in terms of their league position, members of the claret and blue faithful have been regarded as consistent title contenders in the football terrace fashion league tables since the 1968/69 season.

This was the memorable season when the original skinhead cult first emerged on the terraces at West Ham and football grounds around the country, presenting their unique identity and starting a fascinating subculture that has continued to evolve and unite football with fashion for the past 55 years.

West Ham United Football Club was originally founded in 1895 as Thames Ironworks FC and reformed as West Ham United in 1900. The club played at the Boleyn Ground near Upton Park from 1904

before moving to the London Stadium in 2016. The three years preceding the 1968/69 season were particularly successful for the club and its national profile, winning the FA Cup in 1964 and the European Cup Winners' Cup in 1965. This winning team consisted of three England heroes that would go on to successfully lift the World Cup in the summer of 1966: Geoff Hurst, Martin Peters and the legendary captain Bobby Moore.

Following the success of the England team, these three West Ham players were regular faces on national television and the covers of magazines, especially the 'beautiful' global superstar Bobby Moore, who also featured in *Vogue* with his wife Tina. This high level of sustained national exposure of the often Savile Row-suited superstars elevated West Ham to being regarded as the 'best dressed team' in the country.

In the 1960s and 1970s, it was common for the team heroes and superstars to regularly socialise with the community

and fans in the local pubs, clubs, cafés and restaurants on and around the Barking Road, where this smart-suited attire was also the common 1960s dress code for many male West Ham supporters, even when attending matches. By the end of the decade, attendances at football matches in all four divisions had increased dramatically in response to the World Cup success of 1966. The sport transitioned quickly from the traditional working-man's game attended by sons, dads and uncles, to a Saturday afternoon opportunity for like-minded fashion-conscious youths to meet with their mates in large numbers at both home and away games.

As the skinhead youth cult began to rise in popularity across London, West Ham United provided a positive localised identity for the young working-class East End community at the start of the 1968/69 season. The ethos of the skinhead spirit of '69 was a belief in self-pride, passion, rebellion and a sense of belonging. Young

skinheads combined their love of football with a deep passion for the reggae, rocksteady and ska music introduced by the West Indian communities that settled in local neighbourhoods.

The mutual affection for this new style of music and associated fashion achieved racial harmony with the youths from East End communities and the area around the Boleyn Ground. Inspired by the rude boy gangs of Kingston, Jamaica, the distinctive 1969 style of cropped hair, turned-up jeans, braces, buttoned shirt and obligatory laced boots became the staple West Ham uniform and terrace fashion identity for the next ten years, forging the connection between football and fashion that would deliver the future casuals and numerous terrace tribes of the 1980s and 1990s.

ED STAMMERS



Postcard Records logo.



Edwyn Collins, Bluetit (2010).



A selection of early 1980s Scottish independent singles.

SCOTTISH INDEPENDENT GROOVES

HEADY DAYS OF POST-PUNK NORTH OF THE BORDER

THE YEAR 1980 saw the 'Sound of Young Scotland' burst onto the UK music scene in a new wave of post-punk attitude and DIY ethic. As Edwyn Collins, lead singer and musical maverick of Orange Juice trilled, "we leapt on stage though we couldn't play". With floppy fringes and choppy guitars, the band presented a polar opposite of the traditional rock music scene in Glasgow at the time, bringing a playful energy and large dose of self-deprecation and wit to the musical landscape.

Heavily influenced by bands such as The Velvet Underground, The Magic Band and Television, as well as disco, the roll call included Josef K and Fire Engines, as well as Orange Juice and others on the Postcard, Fast Product and Pop Aural record labels. Fire Engines in particular, with their 15-minute sets and frenetic energy, presented an original sound unlike anything else around at the time or since.

Just as important as the musicians to the emerging scene were the independent record label managers, the 'legendary' Alan Horne (Postcard Records) and Bob Last (Fast Product and Pop Aural). Horne reportedly kept the business paperwork in his sock drawer in his Glasgow bedroom. Last started Fast Product in his Edinburgh bedroom, with conceptual packaging as important to the label as the music.

Horne liked to boast that he was the first punk rocker to start up a label.

Pre-Postcard all the influential independents were run by people already part of the music industry or media. Horne desperately wanted his record label to succeed and to achieve chart success. The Postcard motto, "The Sound of Young Scotland", was a parody/tribute to the Motown motto, "The Sound of Young America".

One of the key elements of the Postcard approach was its symbolism and subversive attitude; its symbol was a kitten banging a drum, based on an early twentieth-century Louis Wain illustration. It was playful – kittenish – and at the same time went against the macho rock stereotype and traditional corporate rock imagery of established record labels.

The initial lack of funds and DIY ethic resulted in hand-coloured, hand-folded record sleeves, as opposed to mass-produced records and sleeves. The 7" singles were intended to be objects of desire, not just for the music alone. Fast Product and Postcard challenged pop's musical conventions, showing that recording and marketing music was not just the preserve of the major labels.

Echoed in the title of the Fire Engines track, 'Get Up and Use Me', was the concept of useful music; art and music were about being immersed in the moment, not 'musical'. The legacy of Orange Juice, Josef K, Fire Engines and their stablemates paved the way for bands such as Franz Ferdinand, Teenage Fanclub and Primal Scream. They still have

a loyal fanbase even though none of the original Postcard, Fast Product and Pop Aural bands still exist.

So, where are they now?

Edwyn Collins made a mint with his solo single, 'A Girl Like You' in 1995, a worldwide hit. I remember one bright, sunny Saturday walking up Kingsland Road, Dalston, with a spring in my step as it blasted out from a succession of shop doorways – clearly all tuned in to the same radio station. Collins now lives in a remote village in Sutherland, in the far north-west of Scotland. In 2010 he received an honorary Master's degree from the Buckinghamshire New University in recognition of his "strong influences and contribution to the national and international music industry over the last three decades". Collins released his first book of illustrations, *Some British Birds*, in 2009 and Liberty of London printed his bird illustrations on fabric as part of a series created in collaboration with musicians; his print is named 'Ornithology'.

After the demise of Josef K, guitarist Malcolm Ross's roster of bands included Orange Juice, Aztec Camera and The Nectarine No.9, as well as solo albums and collaborations with Barry Adamson (ex Magazine and The Bad Seeds).

Davy Henderson split Fire Engines in 1981 and went on to form more bands: Win, The Nectarine No.9 and The Sexual Objects. Win achieved a degree of success with

'You've Got the Power' and the album *Uh! Tears Baby (A Trash Icon)* in 1987. His album *Marshmallow* challenged the idea of record collecting by being released as a solitary vinyl pressing, sold to the highest bidder.

Alan Horne created the Swamplands label and resurrected Postcard Records – twice – once in the 1990s and again in 2021.

After setting up and running Fast Product, Bob Last (punk name, Bo Blast) managed Gang of Four and the Human League. Fast Product once sold plastic bags of rotting orange peel to show that everything could have a value. That was a microcosm of creative leader Last's theory that things that appear musically rudimentary or simplistic could have merit.

There has been a recent resurgence of interest in the music and personalities that forged the creative Scottish independent music scene in the late 1970s and early 1980s, thanks to the publication of *Hungry Beat* by Douglas MacIntyre, a definitive history of the Scottish post-punk period, largely drawn from interviews for the film *Big Gold Dream*. The 'rip it up and start again' attitude defined a brief but important time in Scottish cultural output and brought together like-minded individuals from across the UK.

HELEN MONTGOMERY

Fig.1 The East End Gang, The Paint House (1972).



Fig.2 East London's industrial heritage (filmed in South-East London). Bronco Bullfrog.

Fig.3 1970 illustration from Jim Ferguson's Fashion Notebook, Skinhead (1982).

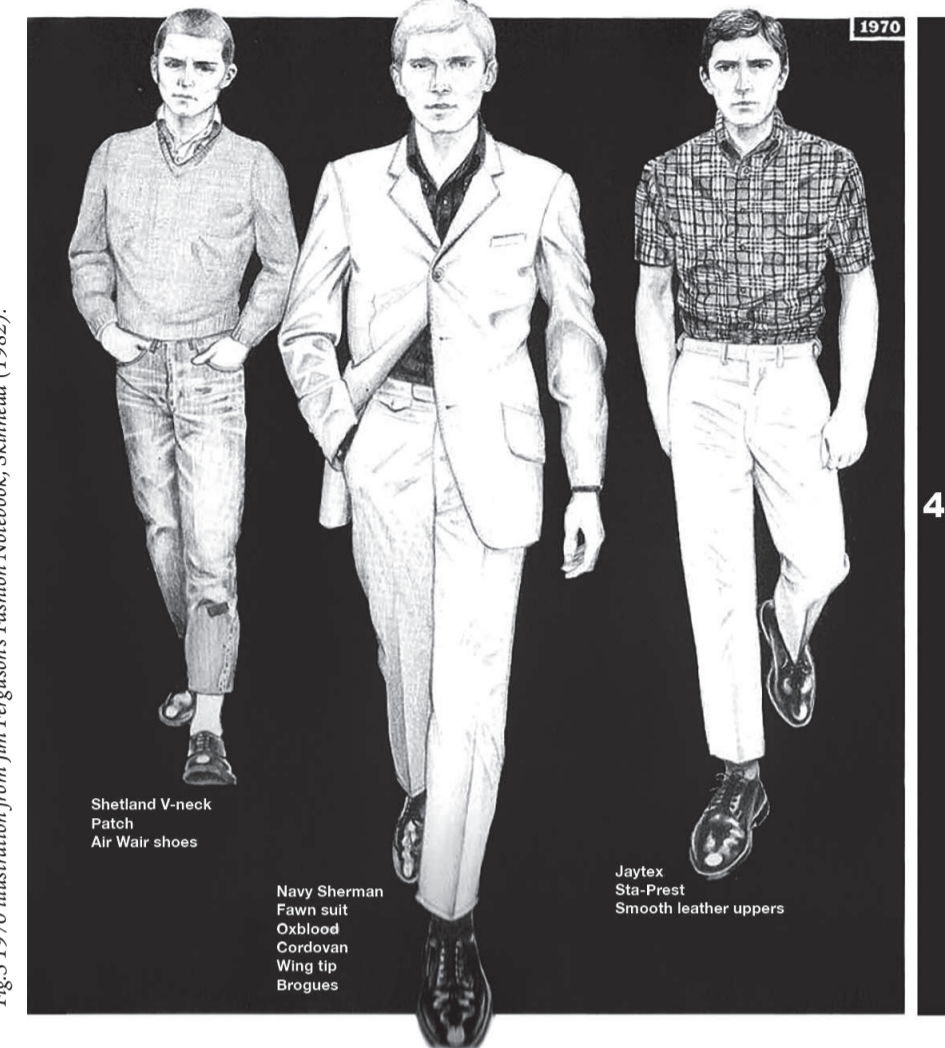


Fig.4 Where have all the skinheads gone? Bronco Bullfrog.

SUEDEHEADS

IN STRATFORD

LONDON'S East End holds a special space in subcultural lore. While the East End did have hip and prosperous sections long before this century's rapid gentrification, its density and mythically working-class character made the area fertile ground for youth subcultures and - by extension - subcultural studies.

In a 1972 working paper that is one of the earliest studies of youth subcultures, sociologist Phil Cohen referred to the "mods, parkers, skinheads [and] crombies" who had emerged in the East End as a response to the loss of community cohesion caused by post-war redevelopment. In another important step in the development of subculture studies, the Centre for Contemporary Cultural Studies (CCCS) editors of 1976's *Resistance Through Rituals* built upon Cohen's work as they again focused on changes in the class structure of the East End in their discussion of the emergence of the skinhead subculture.

A key primary source for these early subculture theorists was *The Paint House; Words from an East End Gang* (figure 1), in which two amateur sociologists gave voice to an East End skinhead gang based in

Stepney and Bethnal Green, the members of which co-authored the book. These 1970s texts capture a heady time in which critical criminology, sociology and the nascent 'un-discipline of cultural studies were all suddenly interested in what East End teenagers with unusual outfits and haircuts were up to. As the dominant working-class subcultural style during the time in which subcultures were entering the academic consciousness, skinhead (and various permutations thereof such as suedehead and boot boy) thusly loomed large in early subculture studies. And it was the East End skinhead (subject of much media reportage at the time), in particular.

Barney Platts-Mills' 1970 feature film *Bronco Bullfrog* provides a filmic companion to this otherwise somewhat dry scholarly canon. Sharing the same democratising, radical ethos that gave working-class teenagers a voice in telling their own story in *The Paint House Gang*, Platts-Mills cast real skinhead teenagers to play themselves in his movie, which is the earliest feature film about youth subcultures, done in a style that combines French New Wave and British Social Realism. The fact that the

costumes in this film are the actors' own clothes means that it provides an excellent document of late 1960s subcultural fashion. For this reason alone, readers are encouraged to seek it out.

But more importantly from the perspective of this publication, it is not just skinhead fashion, but East London skinhead fashion, for it was filmed on location in a Stratford almost unrecognisable from the area to which the London College of Fashion is currently relocating (there is an excellent feature on the BFI website about how the filming locations have changed in the intervening decades).

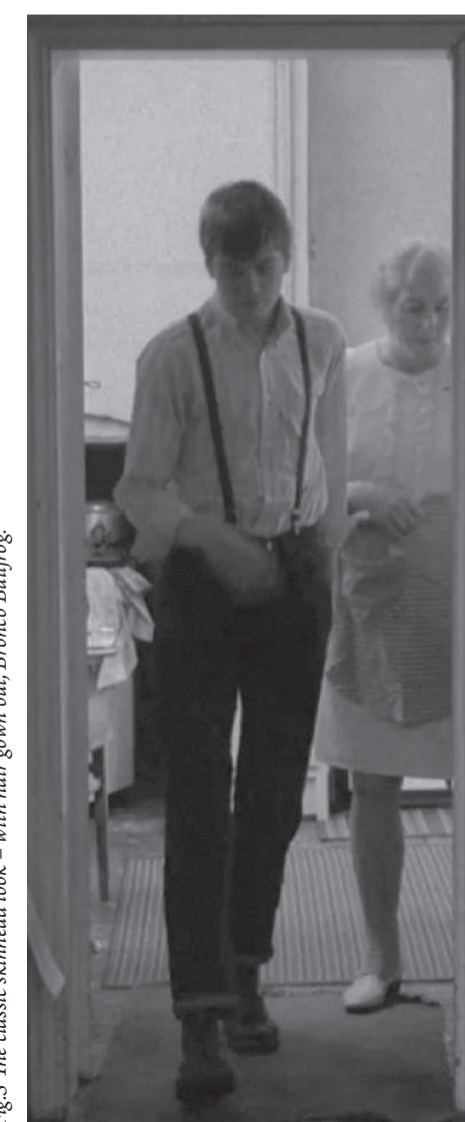
Bronco Bullfrog is a film about teenage criminality and gang violence in East London, but this 'deviance' (as the criminologists of the day would have called it) is presented as a backdrop to everyday life, the ordinary rather than the extraordinary. This depiction of the skinhead subculture as a place of alternative norms bridges earlier criminological understandings of subculture with the more stylistic definition we're familiar with today. Set against the backdrop of juxtaposed modern tower blocks and the old East London of Victorian backstreets

and industrial labour (see figure 2), the characters' palpable feelings of alienation from the traditional East End culture of industrial work and early marriage, and the bourgeois culture of middle-class England, echoes what 1970s CCCS scholars' description of subculture members double-alienation from both the 'parent' culture and the 'dominant' culture.

Returning to the subject of style, *Bronco Bullfrog* shows the tailhead end of skinhead, already over by the 1970s and now something sometimes referred to as 'suedehead' because it coincided with the growing out of skinhead haircuts. The term was in use at the time, but its revisionist ubiquity is likely a result of its codification in Jim Ferguson's *Fashion Notebook*, which appeared in fashion photographer Nick Knight's 1982 book of photographs of the skinhead revival, *Skinhead* (figure 3). Sought after by skinhead revivalists and later circulated online, the style guide represents just one ex-skinhead's memory of the fashions of the era, but its descriptions have become totemic.

That said, there is a remarkable accuracy to Ferguson's illustrations and depictions

Fig.5 The classic skinhead look - with hair grown out, Bronco Bullfrog.



when compared against the clothes worn in *Bronco Bullfrog*. Consistent with Jim Ferguson's descriptions, we see ordinary work boots, not Doc Martens (figure 4), blazers not flight jackets, ordinary dress shirts not gingham Ben Shermans. The absence of those clothes now codified as skinhead, whether in the form of cheap reproductions made by subcultural-oriented online retailers or the looks recycled by big brands like Doc Martens, Fred Perry and Ben Sherman, is telling. This shows us how much the image of the skinhead is a product of its revival rather than the original look. And that original look evolved then vanished rapidly.

Contrary to revival skinhead notions that 'if you're not now, you never were' and 'it's not a fashion, it's a way of life', *Bronco Bullfrog* shows us male skinhead precisely as fashion; something fleeting and mutable. The authors of *The Paint House*, like many others at the time, describe it as a 'craze'. By the time *Bronco Bullfrog* was filmed in late 1969, the year remembered as the height of the skinhead era, the style matches more closely the 1970 and 1971 'suedehead' sections of Jim Ferguson's fashion notebook.

Short hair was already out, as can be seen in the range from medium to long hair seen on the gang that stars (figure 4). There is a range of clothing seen on the gang: suede bomber jackets, blazers, suits, wool overcoats, button-down shirts, pointed-collar shirts, cardigans, chisel-toed shoes, long-sleeve knit polos. Some of these items are canonical, but the fits are much looser than the look codified in the revival, and only in one scene do we see a stereotypically skinhead outfit of button-down shirt, braces, rolled-up denim and boots (figure 5). Most of the outfits feature blazers worn with dress trousers or jeans, as in figure 4.

By the end of the film, the titular Bronco Bullfrog, having spent some ill-gotten gains on a new outfit, is dressed in a gaudy matching emblematic shirt and tie that's the height of mainstream late 1960s/early 1970s fashion, skinhead a distance memory of only a few months prior. *Bronco Bullfrog* reminds us that like East London, fashion is always in motion.

NATHANIEL WEINER



Fig.6 The Peacock Revolution comes to Bronco Bullfrog.



Paul Sturman - Steve Caballero captured in Stevenage, 1988. All images courtesy of The Read and Destroy Archive.



Tim Leighton-Boyce - R.a.D. front cover, August 1988.



Tim Leighton-Boyce - R.a.D. front cover, September 1987.

THIS MAGAZINE IS READ AND DESTROY

Read it, then go out to shred, rip, tear, kick, kill, blaze, schralp, and generally destroy preconceptions about what can or cannot, should or should not, be done on alternative wheels. R.a.D. Manifesto

READ AND DESTROY, or R.a.D., was a nationally-distributed UK colour-print magazine published between 1987 and 1995. It was also an incendiary meteorite that in the guise of a commercially-viable mag inspired all of the eager skateboard fanatics lucky enough to grab a copy, and its reverberations are still felt in the territory UK skateboarding owns and inhabits right now. Its lurid graphic appeal evoked the visceral sensation of the practice, cemented loyalty to skateboarding's irresistible mythology and motivated a generation of creative teenagers intent on the pursuit of 'Radness'.

Lush photographs showcased bewildering manoeuvres in the deep, seamless pools and ramps of Southern

California, and also Harrow, Livingston and Romford. But the true incendiary aspect of the magazine was always at odds with the glossy superhuman feats of the signature model pros. Rather, it was an editorial provocation; the seizure of the streets.

During the 1980s, skateboarding outgrew the sanitised confines of the parks and was looking to lay claim to any shreddable surface that presented itself. The magazine's infectious enthusiasm for skate culture and 'what if?' approach to graphic design captured skaters' imaginations and hotwired a street-skating revolution across the UK. Staffed by the very same skaters, riders and vandals the magazine celebrated, R.a.D. adopted a partisan DIY

skate zine aesthetic in a bid to replicate the exhilaration of a grinding truck or bike frame along a concrete edge.

This adrenalin-infused title asserted the disharmonic sounds of punk and hip-hop. Its raw visual appeal stood apart from conventional magazine production methods. R.a.D.'s art team had a scalpel, a Xerox machine and an irreverent notion of what looked good; its haphazard approach to industrial printing protocols reflecting the same impudent approach to street furniture. Ply drags, metal grinds, graphics tear and this magazine could break too, often appearing as if it was.

R.a.D. germinated within BMX Action Bike magazine (B.A.B), bursting from its host over three issues during 1987, the glorious R.a.D. logo finally emerging from this graphic soup in #52. This was graphic design as virus, corroding the conventional sanitised templates of the mags and comics its readers had grown to understand. The jagged staccato page designs forged an

amalgam of West Coast aesthetics, graffiti art, hip-hop and UK punk sensibilities, transforming UK street style in the process. For those who had missed Jamie Reid's exciting pronouncements or Barney Bubble's conceptual puzzles, R.a.D. unlocked the printed magazine format as THE site for visual innovation and creative thrills.

Skateboarders have to conquer a palpable sense of fear to perform manoeuvres that are perceived as *not normal* in a risk-averse climate. R.a.D. articulated this sense of alienation by adopting the graphic language of revolt and subversion. R.a.D. was the jagged solitaire in the crown that still is UK skateboarding culture. It withstood this white heat for longer than anybody could have expected (most of all the publishers), before shattering, spitting white-hot splinters into the imaginations of subsequent trailblazing riders, artists, designers and filmmakers.

Radical in every sense of the word.
JOEL LARDNER
www.read-and-destroy-archive.com



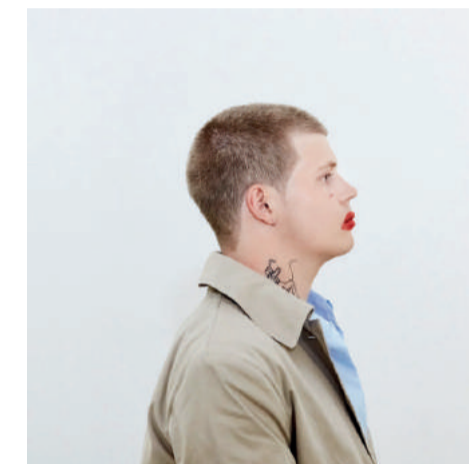
Tim Leighton-Boyer - Outtake, from summer session with Femi Bakanola in Manchester, 1988.



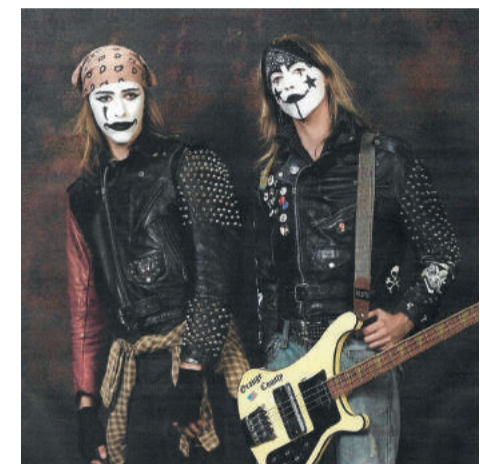
100 Gees, 1000 Gees and the Tree of Clues (2020).



Laura Les of 100 Gees. Photo - Stefan Brending.



Yung Lean, 'Metallic Intuition' (2017).



The Garden, Horseshit On Route 66 (2022).

HYPERPOP

THE REBIRTH OF SUBCULTURES IN A DIGITAL AGE

THERE'S OFTEN an argument that subcultures have slowly died since the introduction of the internet. Others, however, argue that the web allows lost teenagers to sit and explore the depths of punk, goth and acid house easier than ever before. A tool that can be used to discover and blend references, create digital collages and mood boards from which they can pull their next identity.

It fulfils cultural theorist and commentator Angela McRobbie's claim that all subcultures are now "born into" the media, an unavoidable and self-fulfilling prophecy that any subculture actively tries to avoid, and may be the only thing the mods and rockers ever agreed on. Since the introduction of instantaneous knowledge, the speed at which rare b-sides can be found, Seditionaries can be bought and archive footage can be watched, the concept of subcultures being enigmatic appears to be an all too forgotten feeling, or one that the likes of Gen Z has never known.

Now, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't envious of those who got to experience Coal Drops Yard when it was Bagley's nightclub, or even live in London during a time of reasonable rent. But as someone who has grown up only knowing King's Cross as a

train station and not a hub for warehouse raves, often being told how modernity has killed any type of counterculture, and at some points believing it, it's exciting to see a new wave of subcultures using the digital realms to their advantage.

Enter hyperpop, a subculture cultivated from years of internet use, influenced by Nintendo, SEGA and sounds reminiscent of any Gen Z childhood. The internet that graced us with Tumblr and the ability to feel sentimental for an era we weren't born in, to re-blog photos of Soo Catwoman next to Madonna followed by screencaps from Green Day's iconic 'Jesus Of Suburbia' music video. An overwhelming and magical cacophony of images to mould our young brains.

Alongside vaporwave visuals, think Yung Lean and his AriZona drink cans in front of Tron-esque grids. Followed by the over-exaggerated pop championed by Charli XCX, the chaotic punk-meets-computer sounds created by American duo The Garden. This is to name but a few who have helped to create the diverse nature and styles within the subculture.

Hyperpop is a bricolage of all the aforementioned inspirations paired with a futuristic and playful edge. A result of the

world wide web constantly in our pocket. But this isn't necessarily a bad thing. This saturation of information and inspiration has stimulated a new wave of subcultures, ones that can be seen as being in a state of flux rather than a strict sartorial uniform of tight denim, Harrington jackets and Doc Martens. Hyperpop, and the more niche subcultures that have followed in its wake such as digicore (a form of hip-hop characterised by frantic, bombastic and glamorous production) and the revival of witch house (a micro-genre of electronic music characterised by dark occult themes and visual aesthetics), have allowed us to see into the creativity that digital landscapes have opened in contemporary society.

Digital landscapes such as Tumblr, TikTok and Instagram have allowed us to build ourselves as sartorial bricoleurs and encouraged the youth to pull inspiration from a variety of sources; an idea that may have been deemed poseur-like previously, due to the lack of commitment to one subculture. This newfound freedom through variety can be seen in the recent Boiler Room set by music duo 100 Gees, their set list remixing the Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Ke\$ha and System Of A Down, with the 100 Gees remix of 'Toxicity' being one of

the best things I've ever heard in a Boiler Room set.

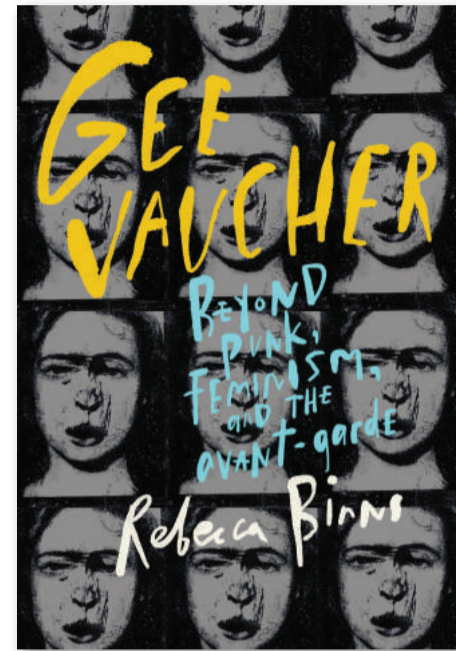
The subculture appeared to peak in counterculture validity around 2020-21. Come 2023 and hyperpop artists seem to be steering clear of the term due to it becoming capitalised by the upper echelons of the music world. Hyperpop has become more of an umbrella term to name any style of music featuring abrasive and glitchy computer sounds, sped up lyrics and anything that sounds like it's mimicking early 2000s music.

It resulted in hyperpop following the same fate as most subcultures before it, with those core to the scene moving away from the culture they started. I could even argue that its fate solidifies it even more as a subculture, following in the footsteps of punk.

As I write this piece, however, the point I am more trying to make is that subcultures haven't died at all. They are still incredibly alive and evolving, they've learnt to fuse the digital and physical worlds to create a unity between each generation, allowing for new means of expression for a digital generation.

STEVIE-RAE KILBY

CLASSIFIED ADS



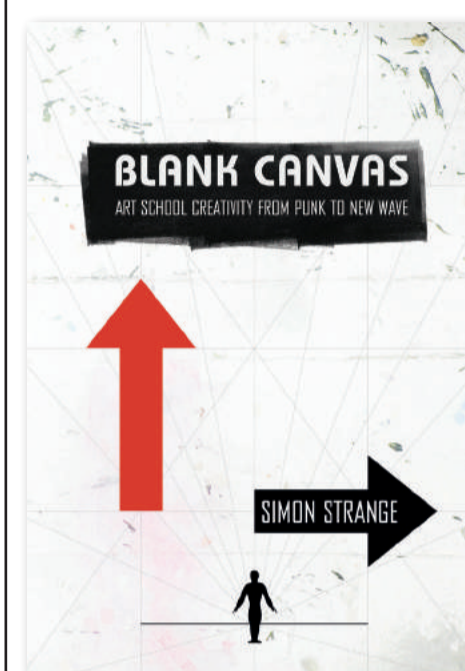
Gee Vaucher: Beyond Punk, Feminism, and the Avant-Garde

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 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>



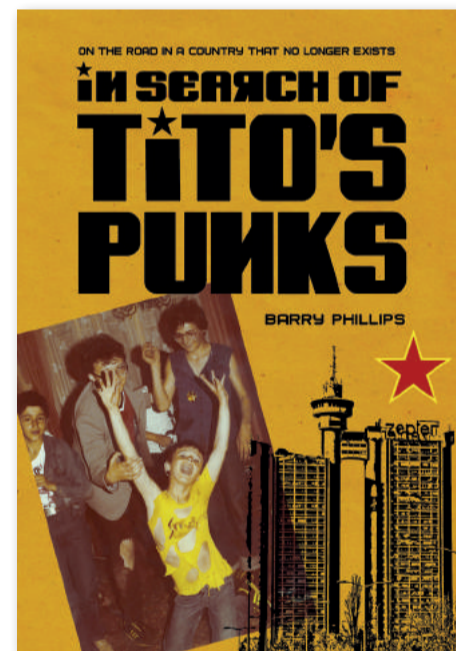
Blank Canvas: Art School Creativity From Punk to New Wave

By Simon Strange

(Intellect Books)

Blank Canvas is a four-point theory of twentieth century UK Art School creativity, highlighting the philosophies and practices that have influenced the development of punk, post punk, and new wave musicians. A framework for creativity emerges for artists and musicians, aiming to define the future.

<https://www.intellectbooks.com>



In Search of Tito's Punks: On the Road in a Country That No Longer Exists

By Barry Phillips

(Intellect Books)

An unvarnished but also affectionate portrait of Yugoslavia in the years before its demise through to the present, seen through the unlikely lens of punk and punk rockers. Part travelogue, part history the book is both, and neither, of those things. A mural and soundtrack of a journey through a time and place which no longer exists.

<https://www.intellectbooks.com>

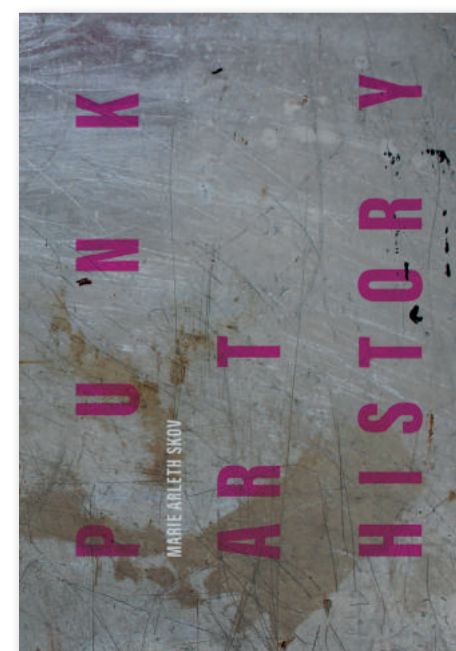


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Punk Art History: Artworks from the European No Future Generation

By Marie Arleth Skov

(Intellect Books)

The punk movement of the 1970s to early 1980s is examined as an art movement through archive research, interviews, and art historical analysis. It is about pop, pain, poetry, presence, and about a 'no future' generation refusing to be the next artworld avant-garde, instead choosing to be the 'rear-guard'.

<https://www.intellectbooks.com>



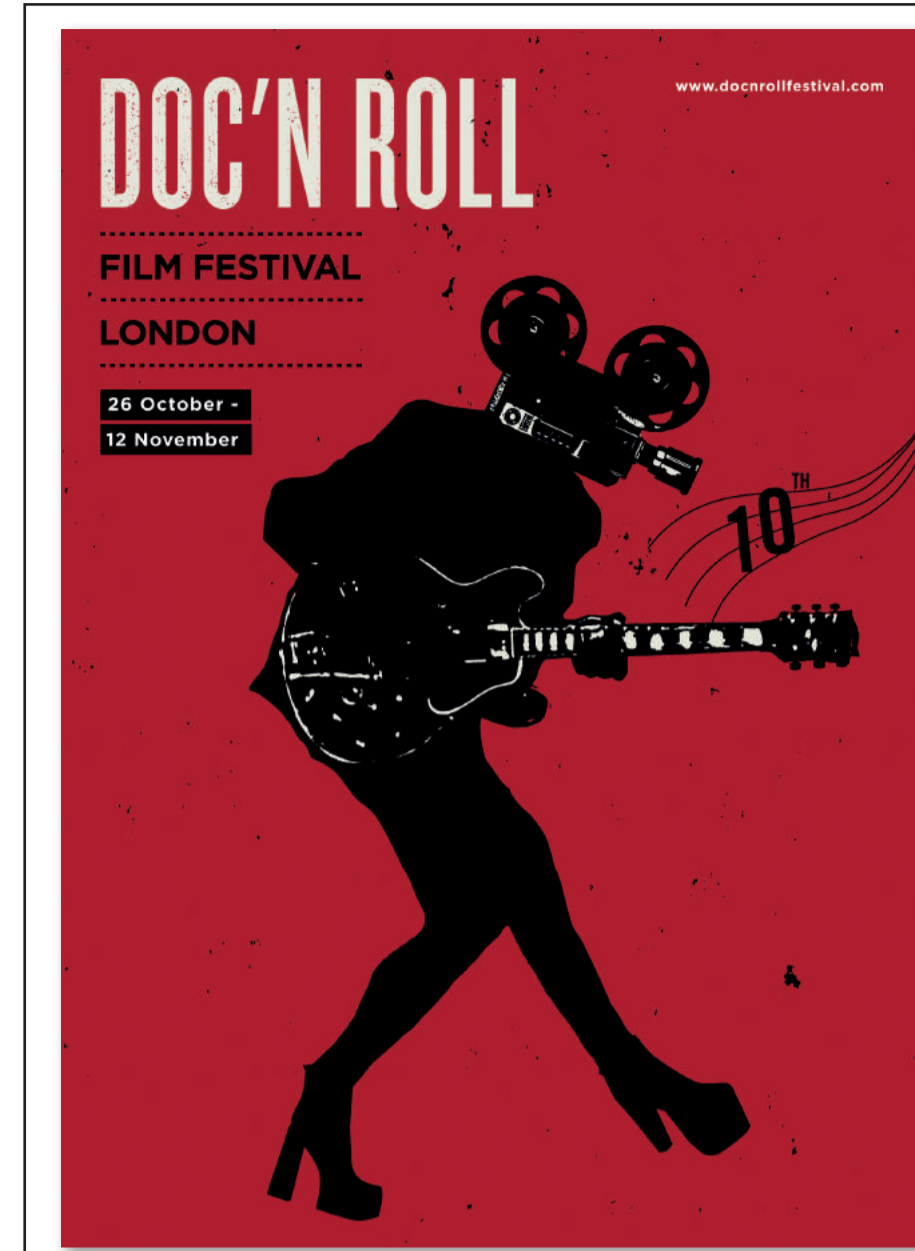
The Bebop Scene in London's Soho, 1945-1950: Post-war Britain's First Youth Subculture

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>



Doc'n Roll Film Festivals

Doc'n Roll began life in 2013, when Vanesa Lobon Garcia and Colm Forde launched the UK's Music Documentary Film Festival as a music discovery film fest, convinced it was time to show some love to under-the-radar indie music documentaries and subcultures that were all too often ignored by risk-averse film programmers.

Our mission is to celebrate music subcultures by providing a unique platform to support creative, compelling and unforgettable documentaries that celebrate the performers, labels, scenes and stories.

We champion marginal voices in the music industry; we are passionate about independent film and music of all genres.

Nine years on, via our now UK-wide annual festival, one-off events and special screenings, we provide our audience with the opportunity to watch these killer documentaries in ace cinemas, as they were designed to be watched: LOUD.

An experience-led festival, Doc'n Roll brings its events to life with live Q&As with directors and musicians, special DJ sets, after parties and post-screening gigs.

In 2019, we launched another UK first, Doc'n Roll TV, our worldwide on-demand streaming platform that allows us to present a host of new and classic music documentaries to viewers at home.

We are thrilled to announce the much-anticipated dates for the 10th edition of Doc'n Roll Film Festival! Mark your calendars from October 26th to November 12th as we embark on a remarkable celebration of music documentaries in London and across the UK. This special milestone edition promises to be a true testament to the vibrant music and film culture that has defined our festival, spanning genres from electronic, rock, metal, folk, lo-fi, and krautrock to dance and house music.

www.docnrollfestival.com



SIG MANIFESTWO

1. AT SIG NEWS OUR CORE CLARION CALL REMAINS: "BE IMPOSSIBLE, DEMAND THE REALISTIC. OVER THE RAVING ZONES WE REACH."
 2. WE DENOUNCE ALL THEMATIC PRETENCE AND INSTEAD ANNOUNCE THE PREMONITORY PRESENCE OF SCHEMATIC PRETENSION. **PERFORMANCE** IS THE ULTIMATE ART FORM.
 3. IN A CONSUMER SOCIETY OF DISSOLVED REALITIES RAPIDLY DEFORMED INTO MEDIA-OPERATED ARTIFICE THE DE RIGUEUR TRIGGER MUST BE PULLED BEFORE THE EMANCIPATING PROPERTIES CAN BE TRULY PERCEIVED. SEEING IS RELIEVING/CLOSE READING IS BELIEVING.
 4. IN 2023 AN -ISM IS AN ANAGRAM OF MIS-. NEW FUNDAMENTAL AFFIXES ARE SOUGHT. WE STRIVE TO BURROW, FURROW AND HARROW FOR YOUR BENEFIT. SUCCESS IS IMMINENT.
 5. FUTURE-AMNESIA CAN ONLY BE PREVENTED BY **SUBCULTURAL** EXPLORATION.
 6. OUR MISSION IS TO ROUSE THE OUTNUMBERED, AROUSE THE ENCUMBERED AND GROUSE THE SLUMBERED. COMPLACENCY IS A SOCIAL DIS-EASE. THE REMEDY LIES WITHIN.
 7. THE ERA OF HUMDRUMOGENISED CULTURE IS OVER.
 8. MEMBERSHIP IS ENCOURAGED. COLLABORATION AND PARTICIPATION EMBRACED. **ENLIST.**
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