

THE PERSISTENCE OF TYPE

VOL.III

GLASGOW 20 APRIL-07 MAY 2018

FREE

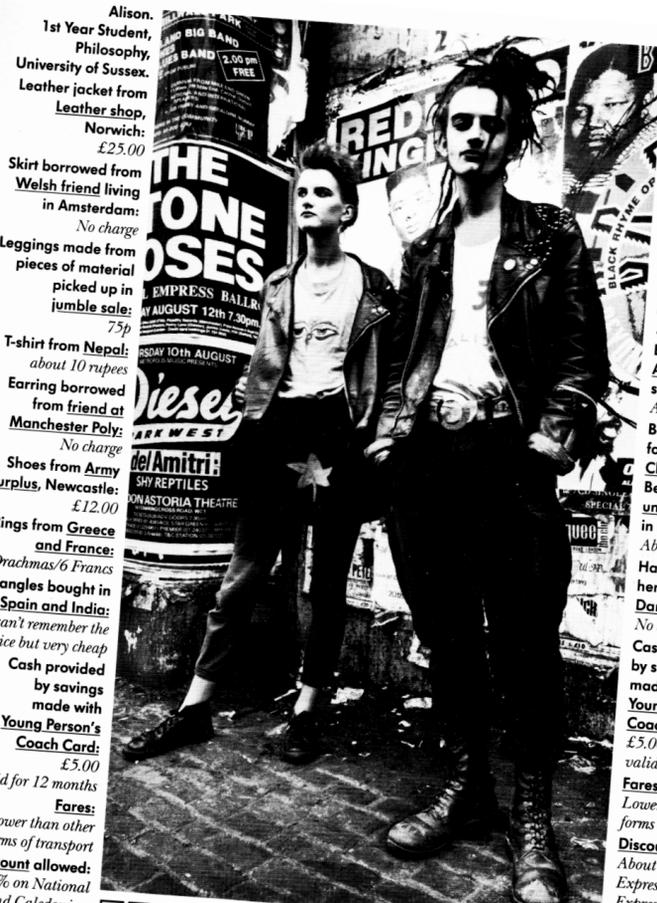
DO YOU LOOK LIKE OLIVE OYL ON PURPOSE?

by FIONA JARDINE

INCIPIENT CRUSTIES, Alison and Daniel, study philosophy and anthropology at the University of Sussex. None of what they wear has been bought in a High Street store: the provenance of their leather jackets is indeterminate; their footwear is Army Surplus; their bangles and belts acquired travelling in France, Spain, India, Greece, Thailand, China and Nepal. Amsterdam, Newcastle, Norwich and Manchester Poly get mentioned. A photograph of them standing in front of a wall pasted with gig posters has been used to advertise a discount card for the National Express, the inter-regional gig-goers battle bus. The cost of their looks, approximated and relayed in various currencies, conveys the impression that they are inhabiting a provisional, globally fluid economy in which barter abroad equates to borrowing at home. Hard cash is spent on travel itself (the National Express does it more cheaply) and on the determined construction of staple looks that express their cultural affinities. If it is suggested that Alison and Daniel operate on the fringes of consumerism, that is a message delivered through the mediation of what they are wearing – they are posited very much as fans or followers of bands rather than as members of them. Even so, the fact that they are Arts & Humanities undergraduates rather than studying for a vocational degree in Law, Medicine or Engineering is telling. Alison and Daniel are implicitly lifestyle students for whom higher education is a rite of passage.

The National Express advert was published in the October 1990 edition of *Blitz*, a left-leaning style magazine that petered out in 1991. Carey Labovitch founded *Blitz* as a student in 1979 because she found herself excluded from the bantering discourse of *Sounds*, *Melody Maker* and *NME*. These music papers were produced by and for 'boys', and a particular blend of sixth form hyperbole, fawning and sneering frequently marks reviews and features trading on in-jokes and the cyclical creation of micro-elites. Labovitch wanted to publish a magazine she wanted to read, and alongside *The Face* and *i-D*, *Blitz* mixed commentary on film, tv and music with inventive fashion editorials and features. *Blitz's* approach to fashion contrasts with that of *Sounds*, *Melody Maker* & *NME*, for whom too much (obvious) attention to habits of dress is regarded as evidence of diletantism ("I'm well into New Age Rap, like De La Soul – people who are taking rap in new directions. But someone wearing flares in the Hacienda isn't really the same thing...") and naive manipulation of dress codes is embarrassing. 'Fashion' is seen to be the antithesis of authenticity because it presupposes popularity and off-the-peg convenience. It is not a subject for direct consideration, but for tacit appreciation and appropriation by sophisticated initiates, by 'scensters'.

This is something that is made clear in Sam Knee's historical studies of underground and indie style, *The Bag I'm In: Underground Music and Fashion 1960 – 1990* and *A Scene In Between: Tripping Through the Fashions of UK Indie Music 1980 – 1988*, in which he presents photographic surveys of niche bands and their fans. For *The Scene in Between*, Knee takes 'A sartorial ramble with bohemian style icon Stephen Pastel' who remarks that he "...liked new clothes that were intrinsically good but unfashionable; Marks & Spencer's V-neck sweaters, Clarks shoes, brown cords" and "old stock in slightly off-the-beaten track oddball shops...Oxfam shops in posh areas, Paddy's Market."¹ Style is not invested in single garments – therefore it cannot be an intrinsic feature of their design or manufacture – but rather in the individual wearing them, who



Alison, 1st Year Student, Philosophy, University of Sussex. Leather jacket from Leather shop, Norwich: £25.00
Skirt borrowed from Welsh friend living in Amsterdam: No charge
Leggings made from pieces of material picked up in jumble sale: 75p
T-shirt from Nepal: about 10 rupees
Earring borrowed from friend at Manchester Poly: No charge
Shoes from Army Surplus, Newcastle: £12.00
Rings from Greece and France: 10 Drachmas/6 Francs
Bangles bought in Spain and India: can't remember the price but very cheap
Cash provided by savings made with Young Person's Coach Card: £5.00 valid for 12 months
Fares: Lower than other forms of transport
Discount allowed: About 30% on National Express and Caledonian Express services
Availability: Any National Express agent, Student Travel Office or send off coupon.

Daniel, 3rd Year Student Anthropology, Sussex University. Leather jacket from unknown shop in Colchester: £40.00
T-shirt bought in China: 12 Yuan
Trousers from unknown shop in Chelmsford: £15.00
Boots from Army Surplus store Norwich: About £10.00
Bangles bartered for in Thailand China and Nepal.
Belt from unknown shop in Norwich: About £10.00
Hair set and hennaed by Daniel himself: No charge
Cash provided by savings made with Young Person's Coach Card: £5.00 valid for 12 months
Fares: Lower than other forms of transport
Discount allowed: About 30% on National Express and Caledonian Express services
Availability: Any National Express agent, Student Travel Office or send off coupon.

Send to National Express, FREEPOST, Box 145, Birmingham B11 2AF. Make cheque or P.O. payable to National Express Ltd. Please allow 14 days for delivery. You will need a passport sized photo to fix to the card on receipt. (No postage stamp required.)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
DATE OF BIRTH _____ POSTCODE _____
SIGNATURE _____ I certify that I am between 16 and 21

3. BL. 13. 9

DISCOUNT COACH CARD

Lower fares • The Cheapest Travel Card • 30% discount

has a Duchampian-like power to reframe ordinary, banal clothing through a process of seamless bricolage. Dick Hebdige applies the concept of bricolage to understand the oppositional properties of dress in *Subcultures: The Meaning of Style*, introducing his ideas through the hot, dry, English summer of 1976 and the subversive strength of Jean Genet. Whereas in punk, the détournement of everyday objects and semiotically loaded materials is obvious and meant to be obvious, in the visual economy of scensters, it is covert: the more ordinary and banal the garment, the greater the charisma and more arcane the intangible codes that transform it. Deep ruptures with conventional market logic occur in second-hand and appropriate modes of dress that build exception through assembly and encoding.

For *The Bag I'm In*, Knee categorises 36 UK guitar-based scenes. These are predominantly male, heterosexual and largely tangential to mainstream pop culture. From the Leather-boy/Rocker in 1960 to the Baggy in 1990, he describes key elements of dress: 'tough, close-fitting, streamlined, black leather jackets with masculine brand names such as Thunderbolt, Whirlwind, Comet...' (Leatherboy) and 'Old flares...stripy t-shirts, polos or paisley shirts and beads...bucket hats and dungarees' (Baggy) – alongside specific musical affinities – Gene Vincent, Johnny Kidd & the Pirates, The Stone Roses, Happy Mondays. The longevity of each named scene is usually a couple of years – this is barely longer than the cyclical seasonality of design-led fashion itself.

Back in 1984, Ted Polhemus and Lynn Procter explored the correlation between music and anti-fashion style in *Pop Styles*. Taking an anthropological approach to street style, Polhemus and Procter construct a lexicon of signifiers ranging from 'bullet belts' (which started as part of the

'singing cowboy look' as worn by Gene Autry before making the transition to the wardrobe of stars like Lemmy and Grandmaster Flash), through 'feathers' (traditionally associated with power and prestige and worn by Todd Rundgren as eyebrows, by Brian Eno, Aretha Franklin and The Supremes), to 'quiffs', 'suits' and 'ties' (exemplified in the attire of Bobby Rydell, Louis Jordan, Klaus Nomi and Melba Moore, amongst others). *Pop Styles* ends with 'zips' and an advert for the wares of Kahn & Bell of 72 Hurst Street, Birmingham strap-lined 'Quality Bondage'. Polhemus and Procter are interested in the materiality of the garments themselves, as well as the low-level commercial trade in ready-to-wear style, 'replica' and wholesale clothing. They derive their interest and information from record sleeves, publicity shots and a plethora of small ads:

Every week...[small ads] offer the opportunity to buy jewellery, t-shirts, trousers, badges, scarves, suits and shades which link us with chosen heroes and heroines in ways that can be recognized by other fans. Thus pop styles provide, for those in tune, a common language of signs and symbols – bondage trousers, afghan coats, tight leather jeans, mini skirts, studded belts – which communicate tastes and philosophies, desires and dreams more effectively than any lonely hearts advert or computer dating questionnaire.²

The conjunction of lonely hearts and unbranded, 'specialist' pop-styles is one that persists in the classified sections of newspapers like *Sounds*, *Melody Maker* and *NME* in the indie era of Alison and Daniel. Personal ads document people looking for love through the medium of shared interests in music – 'Groovy Green Violent Femme seeks Sisters Stooges Angels Violets Pixies Muses Sonics

Flower to come down fast. London Leeds LA Anywhere. Contact Jipp Box no.740' – while 'Musician Wanted' columns illustrate attempts to connect in similar ways – 'Drummer needed by guitarists who have heard Hüsker Du, Neil Young, Wire, Minor Threat, Skiffle, Big Star. Phone Matt.' These sit alongside hand-drawn ads for 'Beatle boots' and 'Breton shirts', satirical t-shirts and band merchandise, staples of the classifieds for years. Shelly of London are regular advertisers. Generic mohair jumpers, leather biker jackets and 'alternative clothing' are listed as general items for sale from a range of provincial suppliers – 'Poison Street' in Perth, 'The Interior' in Ayr, 'Mr Muff' in Bedford, and 'Disorderly Fashion (Dept. S20)' of 4 Alma Court, Upholland, Lancashire. The locations themselves describe hinterlands where production and point of sale converge behind closed doors, and dispersed fans might find accoutrements for their 'alternative' lifestyles on small town high streets.

The NME 'Glastified' pages of the issue published on 26 June 1993 mixes fractally decorated ads for 'American and English Tye Dyes' and 'Hippy Chic: The Best in Colourful Rave Clothing. Original and Inexpensive. Get it!' with those for 'Senka's Crafts', 'Easy-Grow Ltd', 'CaraVeggio' and 'Gusto' gurana-based lemonade. These days, 'Festival Fashion' – indebted to the appearances of Kate Moss at Glastonbury over the years – is a recognisable genre which functions as a quasi-season for global retailers and fast fashion outlets such as Topshop and ASOS. Targeted at women, Festival Fashion, with a blithe genericism derived from imagined hippie forbears that is expressed in 'ethnic' leitmotifs, may be the hypercapitalized conclusion of the representations made by Alison and Daniel for National Express. O

[1] Sam Knee, *A Scene In Between: Tripping Through the Fashions of UK Indie Music 1980 – 1988* (London: Cicada, 2013) pp38-39
[2] Ted Polhemus & Lynn Procter, *Pop Styles* (London: Vermilion, 1984) p5

Rhythm Section Want Ad They Might Be Giants, 1986

*In a world we call our home there's lots of room to roam
Plenty of time to turn mistakes into rhyme
There's a place for those who love their poetry
It's just across from the sign that says,
"Pros only"*

*So if you like a band with a chick singer,
Say your cup of tea is a wall of trombones
If you dig Menuedo, or M-D-C we salute
you the way we know
For every one with dollar signs in his eyes
There must be hundreds who look at you
as if you're some kind of
Rhythm section want ad
No others need apply to the rhythm section
want ad
I'll tell you why*

*Hats off to the new age hairstyle made
of bones
Hats off to the use of hats as megaphones
Speak softly, drive a Sherman tank
Laugh hard, it's a long way to the bank*

*Do you sing like Olive Oyl on purpose
You guys must be into the Eurythmics
For every one with dollar signs in his eyes
There must be hundreds who look at you
as if you're some kind of
Rhythm section want ad
No others need apply to the rhythm section
want ad
And here's the reason why*

Features: *Do You Look Like Olive Oyl On Purpose?* Fiona Jardine • *Just My Typo*, Catalina Barroso-Luque • *Perfume Was My Hobby*, Mairi MacKenzie • *Theresa, Shiny Latex in the Dark* • *From Boutique Plea to City of Style*, Jade Halbert • *Glasgow Life '81-'01*, Alan Dimmick
Columns: *Beauty Column*, Claire Biddles • *On The Deck*, Sam Bellacosa • *A Polish Classic*, Soulfood Sisters • *At The Drive In*, Maeve Redmond
Classifieds: M.McMullan • Good Press From Glasgow Women's Library • Old Hair • Atelier E.B • O.Piper for The Maris Piper Press • M.Peter • M.MacKenzie • A.Barratt, J.Browning & E.McLuskey • S.Bellacosa & F.James • Communal Leisure

The Persistence of Type is an on-going project produced collectively by Catriona Duffy, Sophie Dyer, Fiona Jardine, Lucy McEachan and Maeve Redmond. Two previous editions of *The Persistence of Type* newspaper ran in 2015 and 2016. Both explored connections across graphic design, art and fiction, drawing attention to historical advertising that conflated 'type' as lettering with 'type' as standard in relation to female roles. Alongside the first edition, an exhibition at Tramway worked with a set of motifs that evolved in the context of brand promotion in Scotland during the 1960s and 70s. At this time, British Caledonian Airlines – a glamorous destination/employer for young ladies – promised that the Caledonian Girls staffing Gatwick were 'the cutest girls in the world', and the era-defining, much-loved 'Lager Lovelies' radiated soft-focus charm from the back of Tennent's cans. Borrowing from broader print advertising forms within genre newspapers, magazines and zines, the content of this third edition dwells upon personals, classified advertisements and readers letters as pre-internet methods of distributing alternative ideas relating to fashion, style and identity. In type, design, image and text, invited contributors review ideas of conformity, gender, British provinciality and locality within popular culture and our perceived subcultures.

Design and additional content
Sophie Dyer & Maeve Redmond
Printing Newspaper Club
Commissioned by Panel and Glasgow International 2018. Download volumes I, II and III from wearepanel.co.uk



Just my typo

1 of 5

I stare at the screen and think of you:

Taut off-white skin. A speckle of perky punctuation. Exclamations that complement the bright electron sheen. A throbbing imagination, another rubbing of skins.

Slowly. Softly. Words brush against tender digit strokes.

A little quicker, a little faster. Fingers rising, falling, pushing hard into the keys. Up, down, up, down, up, down. And again. Words, letters, ascenders, descenders, a swash, and a stroke!

Touching. Pausing.

Inserting a coma, breathing in a space.

Returning. Bowls beating. Caps rising. Legs falling, spines thrusting, shoulders slapping, up, down, up, down, up, down and curving around **bzzzz bzzzz bzzzz**. Pause. Halt. We come to a full stop. ★

CLAIRE BIDDLES' BEAUTY COLUMN

IT'S OVERSIZED, glossy, heavy in your two hands, tipped either way to catch the light above you as you lean back onto a dozen pillows, lick your right forefinger to catch the front page, flip it open and begin.

It starts with this; David Bowie in 1972 back-to-back with Jonathan Rhys Meyers aping him in a kick-flare jumpsuit, their powder blue-bracketed eyes matching perfectly somehow, their lips relating shades of rust – is that Rimmel? You think you recognise it from being sixteen years old. You turn the page and see the same kohled eyes repeated seven, eight, nine times, a collage of the same image over and over again and at first you think it must be a Hollywood version of an ancient creature – Elizabeth Taylor as Cleopatra but it's not, it's suburban Wales in 1992 and it's not the same eyes every time either, it's two boys cheek-to-cheek, Richey Edwards and Nicky Wire, matching perfectly too. You turn the page and they're painted head-to-toe in gold; you turn it again and they're not matching anymore – Richey with khaki-coloured eyeshadow and Nicky with a matte nude lip, beautiful.

Next it's Michael Stipe in tracksuit bottoms, no shirt, shaved head, fat turquoise stripe across his face. Then it's Gerard Way, red Stargazer eyeshadow faded out on his cheeks. Then it's Patrick Wolf, a glob of Collection 2000 glitter underneath his right eye, starbursting the shot as it catches the heavy studio lights. Then it's Matty Healy, two words written on his stomach in eyeliner but blotted off and indistinguishable, the same eyeliner (cheap, you can tell by the way it smudges) on his eyes, maybe applied by a girlfriend, a little more expert. It's a ten-page spread, an advertorial for a budget makeup range, and he's draped coquettishly across page after page, greasy lipstick stains smeared across the dusky pink backdrop.

Loose papers flutter onto your chest – subscription deals and back issues, endless jewel-lidded cover stars – Leonardo, River, Timothée, Troye. In the centrefold, Prince dusts his cheeks with dark pink Barry M powder, blush like a man in ancient Rome.

You turn the page, a heavy card stock with a Gucci perfume sample tacked to it, Brendon Urie in a red tux and eyeliner underneath the sweating glue marks. Next it's Frank Ocean – white shirt, black shorts just grazing the top of his calves, thumbed-on pink shimmer on his eyelids, as matter-of-fact as his blank, cold stare. It's Mac, it must be, you think you've seen him in the advertisements. Then it's the finale – Harry Styles in baby pink tulle and chunky black leather, thirty-six pages, a step-by-step nail polish tutorial with costume changes between each coat of Chanel Le Vernis, black and thick and glistening, his heavily-hooded eyes reflected in its sheen, the most erotic thing you've ever seen. You bring it to your face and breathe it in, wish that someone had already bottled this scent so you could rub your whole body in it – and you lick it and catch it on your teeth, chew it and swallow it – the whole thing – and you hold it inside you forever and ever and ever, delicious, perfect, beautiful forever. ○



Color your lips with Rimmel. Your eyes. Your face. Your nails. You're even more beautiful than you know.

2 of 5

I look down.

In standby.

A cold vibration brings you into flickering existence, your chunky character melting into fluid Bézier curves.

I cling to the screen. Frozen.

I type a cool, compressed phrase.

I wait.

...

You reciprocate. A blindingly pixelated response. Muddled thoughts spat out into a reply. Juice poured onto the container of a page. ★

PERFUME WAS MY HOBBY

by MAIRI MACKENZIE

PEOPLE HAVE NEVER been the object of my fandom. Certain musicians, authors, film stars, sportspeople and politicians have inspired my admiration but never my fanaticism. Instead, my obsessions have always focused upon a particular sphere – the tools of adornment. More specifically, I have, at various points of my life, to varying degrees and to a number of distinct ends, been consumed with thoughts and rituals related to clothing, hairstyles and perfume.

My teenage obsession with clothing and hairstyles was realised only in the abstract via films, magazines, album covers and The Clothes Show. I come from a small, fairly isolated port town called Stranraer in South West Scotland. The nearest city is Belfast, 42 miles across the Irish Sea and the number of clothing retailers – which included June's Fashions, Woolworths and latterly McKay's – was limited. My love of hairstyles found expression in scrapbooks, of which I had three dedicated to my favourite hairdos. One was reserved for miscellaneous flicked styles – Dee Hepburn, Sheena Easton, Jay Aston from Bucks Fizz and the like; another for Lady Diana; and the third for Kenny Dalglish.

Perfume is the teenage obsession I was able to partake in fully. This was something I could get actually my hands on. I was able to try perfumes on, experience them first hand without relying on their representations to imagine how they might smell. I could gather samples, sniff them in magazines, pinch them from my mum's dressing table or go to one of the local chemists to consider my favourites. I spent an inordinate amount of time in Semichem and Boots testing body sprays by squirting them into their lids and deciding which 'real' perfume they most closely resembled.

I wanted to understand their context and took my time to memorise the olfactory profile and the scent family to which each perfume belonged. I researched the great perfumiers and was soon able to distinguish between the house styles of Geurlain and Chanel. I familiarised myself with the latest releases and best sellers as well as those that had been discontinued, taking my time to imagine how they would smell.

I traced pictures of perfume adverts – which I then put on my wall next to the actual adverts – and collected empty bottles to decorate my bedroom. I went to Semichem with my mum to try and get her to include my favourite smelling shampoo (Flex), washing powder (Radion) and soap (Pears) in her weekly shop. I was fanatical.

Perfume was also how I entertained myself. My wee sister, with whom I shared a bedroom and who had no major interest in perfume, was regularly coerced into taking part in one of my 'perfume games'. The exact format of these was subject to change but they were all variations on two themes. The first involved my sister holding a perfume to my nose whilst my eyes were closed and I had to guess what it was. The second was us making a list of our favourite perfumes or placing the empty perfume bottles on my shelf in order of favourite to least favourite. You then had to state your reasons why they were in that order, defending your choices against questions from the audience (i.e. me) and also consider where you might wear that perfume. We also played a game called, 'pick a page' with the Avon catalogue – picking one thing we would hypothetically purchase off each page. In a pre-digital age this is what qualified as having fun.

I am aware that my love of perfume was not a niche concern, particular to me. Everything I wore was freely available, if not on the high street then in a specialist chemist or a department store. And mention of perfume in the 80s, sends many of my peers into a reverie, each of them able to vividly recall what they used to wear, what was popular at their school and which smells they associate with their teenage milestones: trips to town with friends, school discos, first love and heartbreak.

I am also aware that aspects of my relationship to perfume moved beyond the phenomenological; that my tastes were somewhat culturally constructed and socially governed; and that I was (and still am) a consumer, both as a subject, in thrall to the commercial structures of perfume as industry and as a fanatic, negotiating my identity within the cultures of modernity.



"Never met a Scoundrel I didn't like."

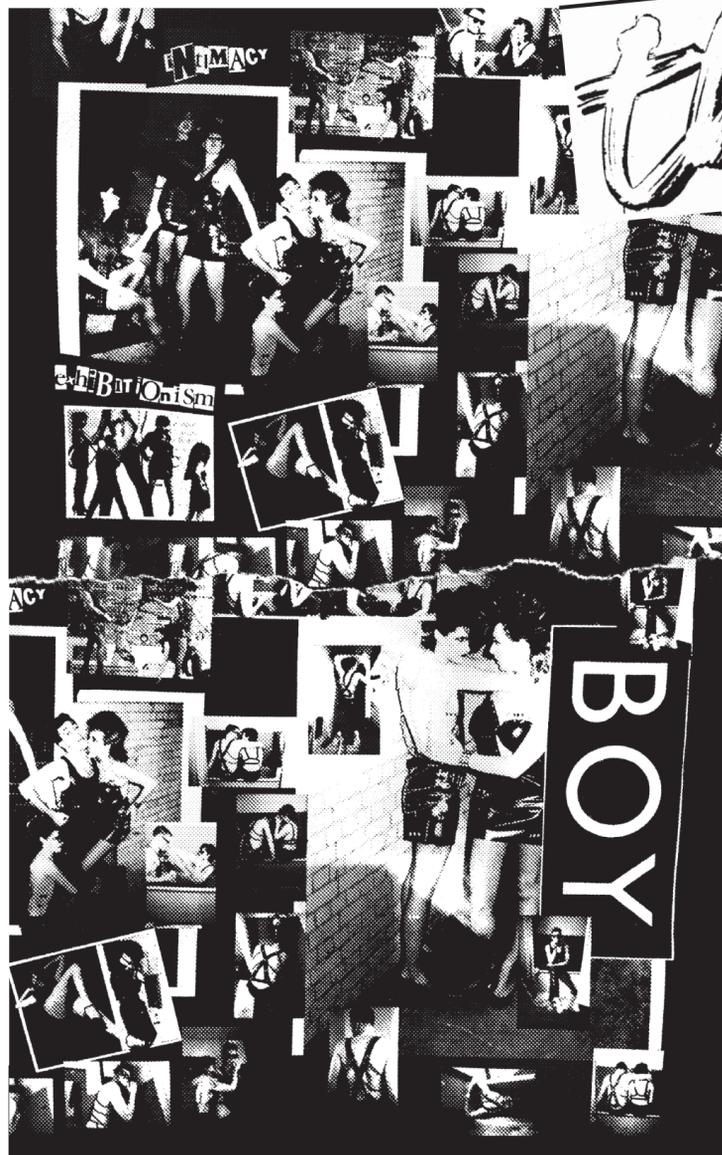
However, my love of perfume moved beyond simple commodity fetishism, or passive, objective and ultimately futile contemplation. Even though the excesses of my fanaticism tested and subverted the boundaries of what might be considered a socially acceptable level of enthusiasm for a man-made object – a frivolous thing created for the purpose of adornment – it forms a part of my cultural biography. Perfume and the practices I surrounded it with, were strongly bound up with my sense of identity, not simply in the way that I smelled but in how I related to the world.

Elizabeth Wilson in her book, *Cultural Passions: Fans Aesthetes and Tarot Readers* recognises the prejudices and suspicions levelled at fanatics and aesthetes within Western Culture, and provides a considered and compelling case for their importance. She notes;

It is the point at which the aesthetic becomes emotional, and the emotional, the very desire to worship, emerges at the very opposite of Kierkegaard's idea of the aesthetic as surface and novelty: in deep commitment and loyalty.¹

And, as she later states;

There is more than 'comfort' in things. The value system that finds manliness in stoicism, but only frivolity and 'feminine' weak mindedness in fashion, beauty and fandom is flawed, unbalanced and one-sided. Yet this suspicion of the aesthetic remains embedded in popular culture.²



theresa

SHINY LATEX IN THE DARK

IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES, Theresa Coburn sold her latex garments through the legendary stores BOY, London and Trash & Vaudeville, New York. At the time, BOY was a determinedly intimidating experience for casual shoppers, with an entirely black interior and staff intimately connected with the city's post-punk club nights, including the original campy Goth night, Batcave. Coburn worked collaboratively with Johnny Slut of Specimen, Batcave's house band, to design extreme performance costumes underwritten with her irreverent aesthetic and his expressive personal style.

The segue between performance and the everyday was close and Coburn's designs in BOY were conceived as daywear: 'Everything from vests with chains for sleeves, to rubber trousers held together with suitcase buckles. However, the simplest garments have proved the bestsellers. Plain black rubber vests and these suitcase buckle skirts...' She sold a range of related furnishings to Tommy Roberts, who was then running 'Practical Styling' from a unit on St Giles High Street, close to the iconic London landmark, Centre Point.

In *The Fashion Year Vol. 2* (1984), Ted Polhemus & Lynn Procter commented '...the school of high-tech design made rubber acceptable. Together with rough steel scaffolding, metal grids and all-purpose trolleys, chunky industrial rubber floor coverings were recognised as acceptable materials for home and office...As architecture, interior design and clothing are

I am always reluctant to analyse my own pleasures, fearful that I may rob them of the joy I find in them. However, this has not been a life-long obsession. Since turning 23 I have worn the same perfume every day – not because I buy into the idea of a 'signature scent' but my promiscuous approach to smells exhausted my tolerance for multiple strong scents – and I am now happy to take the time to consider the importance that this obsession has played in my life.

Once my interest in perfume – or at least my interest in wearing as many perfumes as possible – waned, I devoted my time to wine. Professionally, I became a sommelier at the Ubiquitous Chip restaurant in Glasgow, and began my wine exams, in order to exercise my sense of smell – up to that point I had been teetotal. In much the same way that I reckoned I could match any person to their ideal perfume, so I fancied I had the same skills with wine. Once I had undertaken my wine diploma I secured a post within the buying department of Oddbins the Wine Merchant. Whenever I tell people this they invariably say that it sounds amazing and ask if I got to travel to the wineries. No I did not – or at least not for the purposes of buying. We were based on an industrial estate in Wimbledon and the wines were sent to us. Being a buyer is not dissimilar to being an accountant, once the product is chosen you are there to ensure that the books are balanced and maximum margin is achieved. However, getting to taste wine all day does have its perks and one of my responsibilities, whilst a junior in the department, was to look after the tasting room, opening the bottles and, using my sense of smell, and sometimes taste, to check for cork taint or oxidation.

Even though my career no longer depends upon my sense of smell – I have worked within the fashion industry and academia for 16 years – I still draw upon my olfactory memory in most situations. The desk I am currently typing at – in Glasgow's Mitchell Library – has been cleaned with a polish that is reminiscent of Shalimar and the city, because it is a Saturday morning, has a very particular smell, one which I am almost certain is square sausage. ○

[1] Elizabeth Wilson, *Cultural Passions: Fans, Aesthetes and Tarot Readers* (London: I.B.Tauris, 2013) p. 170

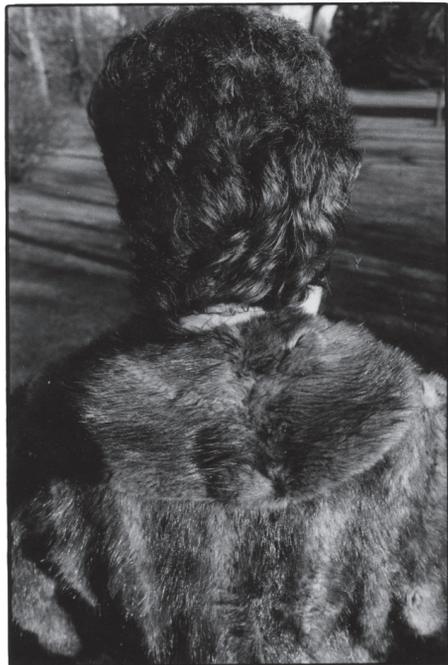
[2] *Ibid* p. 204

This text is an extract from Mairi Mackenzie's publication *Perfume and Fantasy: Scent in Popular Culture and Everyday Life*. (London: I.B.Tauris, forthcoming)

GO ON!



GIVE IT A PLUG IN NME CLASSIFIEDS. It's only 30p per word



GLASGOW LIFE

'81 _____ '01

by ALAN DIMMICK



3 of 5

A peppering of follicles lure my digits in. The index sticks onto vowels and invites the thumb to join in.

Testing the waters, they dip just below the baseline. They lick the lobe of P and the ear of g.

Piqued by running electricity they bolt up the pace. Soon they're nibbling off letters, gnawing at caps and swiping of T.

Squashing fingers increase the connection. Thick strokes join two graphemes into one glyph.

Too much spark. Too much exhilaration. Yet another typo triggered by my elation. ★

A POLISH CLASSIC KOPYTKA THE HOOFS RECIPE BY SOUL FOOD SISTERS

Ingredients

- 1 kg of boiled potatoes
- 3 cups of flour
- 3 spoons of potato starch (corn starch will do)
- 2 eggs
- a pinch of salt

- 1 Cook, peel and mash the potatoes with the ricer.
- 2 Add in flour and starch, eggs, pinch of salt form the dough.
- 3 Roll into ropes – Roll each piece by gently pushing with fingers spread. The goal is to make an evenly distributed rope. Cut into 1 inch pieces
- 4 Cook in the boiling water for 1 minute after they have risen to the surface.
- 5 Drain.
- 6 Serve with diced onion fried with lardons.

SOUL FOOD SISTERS is a female-led social enterprise based in Glasgow which uses catering as a means of raising the aspirations, attainment, confidence and self-esteem of migrant women.

FROM BOUTIQUE PLEA TO CITY OF STYLE

by JADE HALBERT

IF I SAY THE WORDS 'Carnaby Street', what comes to mind? The 1960s, 'Swinging London', boutiques, mini-skirts, mods on scooters? Yes, probably all these things and a few others besides. What about 'Gibson Street'? Has your mind gone blank? Or Lambhill Street? Blank again? From a distance of more than 50 years it is perhaps difficult to resurrect the semiotics of these now largely-faceless streets (and their importance to Glasgow's contemporary reputation as a city of style) but to the fashion-conscious Glaswegian teenager of the late 1960s myriad exciting images would have clamoured for attention at the forefront of their minds: In Gear, Modrock, mini-skirts, hipster bellbottoms, Marion Donaldson, André Courrèges, the Beatstalkers...boutiques.

While Carnaby Street heaved with teenage shoppers, in Glasgow the choice was limited to expensive department stores, traditional tailors, and the kind of stuffy so-called 'Madame' shops that were owned and patronised by – as The Guardian put it – 'bridge-playing matrons with fat Pekineses'.¹ The city's teenagers expressed their exasperation. Among them, the sartorially frustrated Miss McLean lamented the lack of places to buy the kind of clothes she knew could be bought in Carnaby Street, but not in Glasgow, in a letter to the Evening Citizen's 'Scene 66':

Boutique plea
I am sure many teenagers will agree that the introduction of the 'boutique' system is needed. The success of this system in London is surely an excellent pointer to our shopkeepers. Take, for example the famed Carnaby Street where London teenagers and pop stars shop side by side.

Miss C. McLean
76 Locksley Avenue
Glasgow W.3.

At the same time Miss McLean was making her complaint, the tide was turning in Glasgow from stuffy to swinging: the city's first 'boutique', Modrock, was opening in Lambhill Street in Kinning Park. Modrock sold a particularly Glaswegian rendition of swinging sixties style: Bruce McClure – presenter of BBC's Stramash! music show – designed Modrock clothes. He considered himself a connoisseur at the cutting-edge of fashion; his responsibilities at Stramash! included dressing the show's troupe of dancing girls, and in an interview with the Evening Times he waxed lyrical on his superior fashion sense:

"We don't follow London. When London gets a new dress style, it's already dead for us," said Bruce. "We create not only our own clothes, but our own fashions. They're made up for us right in the BBC wardrobe department. We used plastic dresses in the first shows. Now they're gone forever. We're always on the lookout for something new."²

Modrock was the immediate predecessor of In Gear, another pioneering boutique owned by Anne and Gerald Hirst, which opened on Gibson Street in the west end in April 1966. In Gear stocked designs by new and exciting Paris- and London-based fashion designers such as André Courrèges, Ossie Clarke, Adrian Mann, and of course, the local designer 'Marion

Donaldson' who was being promoted in the press as 'Scotland's Mary Quant'.³ The opening of In Gear attracted considerable press attention, especially from 'Scene 66':

Here in Glasgow there is a lot of uninformed talk about boutiques. A boutique is a little shop that sells clothes and the kit to go with them. There is pop music and there are pop girls and you try on everything, and there is a certain ambience you can't explain. Soon a real live boutique is to open in Glasgow's west end. Just like a Carnaby Street-King's Road boutique. [...] The brains, money, and hammers and nails are Anne and Gerald Hirst's. On April 4 they are launching In Gear in Gibson Street, in the heart of what they hope will flower into Glasgow's Chelsea. Anne Hirst – she's the brains – is 23, an ex-drama student, a mother and a housewife. She's pretty and shy and nice. "I want the shop to be fun. I want shopping to be fun. Like going through someone else's wardrobe. You can try on all the clothes, and you don't have to buy anything unless you want to. I should hate anyone to buy anything they didn't want."⁴



This article, as well as emulating the hyperbolic turn in journalism that had characterised coverage of 'Swinging London' also offered readers a clear definition of what a boutique should be: a fun place run for young people by young people, where they could try on all the latest fashionable clothes without the intrusion of sales women or the pressure to purchase. The Hirsts, it seems, cared about the kind of clothes they were selling and were at pains to be sure that their customers could shop in peace, undisturbed by kind of intrusive saleswomen who traditionally stalked unsuspecting shoppers elsewhere.



McCullough's Modrock and the Hirsts' In Gear set a new standard in fashion retail in Glasgow and caught the ascendant youth market just as its spending power began to flourish. Their success inspired many other enthusiastic would-be boutique owners and in doing so changed the face of Glasgow's retail scene forever. Quickly, In Gear was joined on Gibson Street by Campus, and on Byres Road Aquarius opened. Togs for Togs was a sensation in Edinburgh, opening a first, second, then third branch in quick succession. Further afield, Aberdeen had the wittily-named Gone to Chapel Street, while in Falkirk Go Gal sold everything the fashionable provincial teen could want. Shotts had Angie's Boutique and within months Glasgow's department stores had invested heavily in boutique-style retailing – The Underground at Henderson's and Just In at Latter's being among the most prominent.⁵ Miss McLean must have been spoiled for choice. O

[1] F. MacCarthy, 'Boutique Sans Mystique', The Guardian, 20 Aug. 1965, p. 8.

[2] 'Scene 66', Evening Citizen, 02 Feb. 1966, p. 4.

[3] D. Gibson, 'The Big Three Who Put on the Big Noise', Evening Times, 28 Dec. 1965, p. 5.

[4] There are several un-dated press clippings in the 'Marion Donaldson' Collection that refer to Marion as such. One slightly later dated example is R. Turberville, 'Marion is Going to be Scotland's Mary Quant', Evening Express, 13 Mar. 1967, p. 6.

[5] E. Lyon, 'Scene 66', Evening Citizen, 23 Mar. 1966, p. 5.

[6] M. Donaldson in interview, 09 Mar. 2015.

[image 1] © 'Marion Donaldson' Collection

[image 2] Courtesy Margaret and Frankie Oates' Collection

