

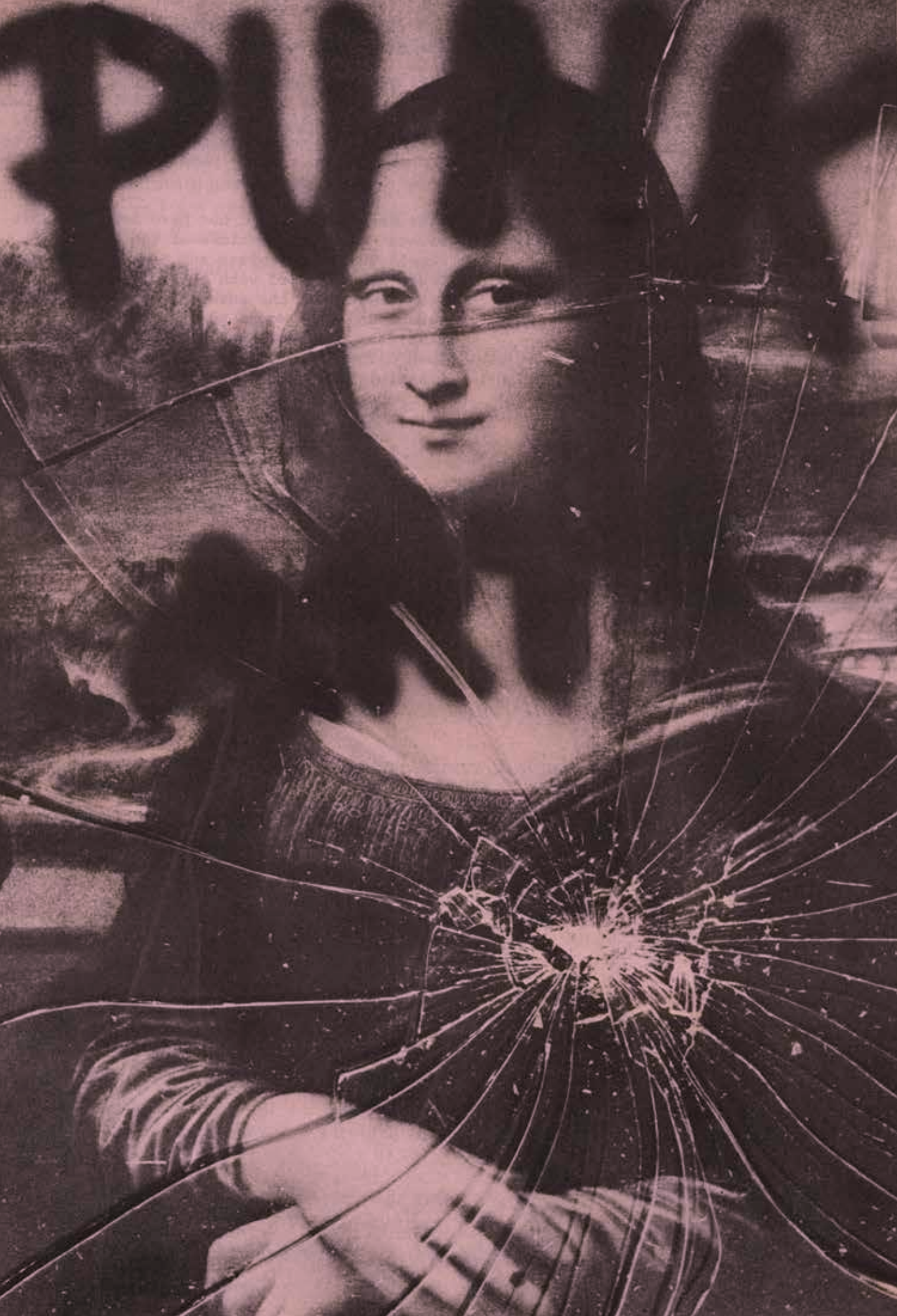


TORN APART:

1976-86

Punk +
New Wave
Graphics,
Fashion &
Culture

February 8 – May 10, 2024



Torn Apart:

**Punk +
New Wave
Graphics,
Fashion
& Culture**

you

ain't

no

punk

Punk Art Exhibition Program, Washington Project for the Arts (in DC), 1978

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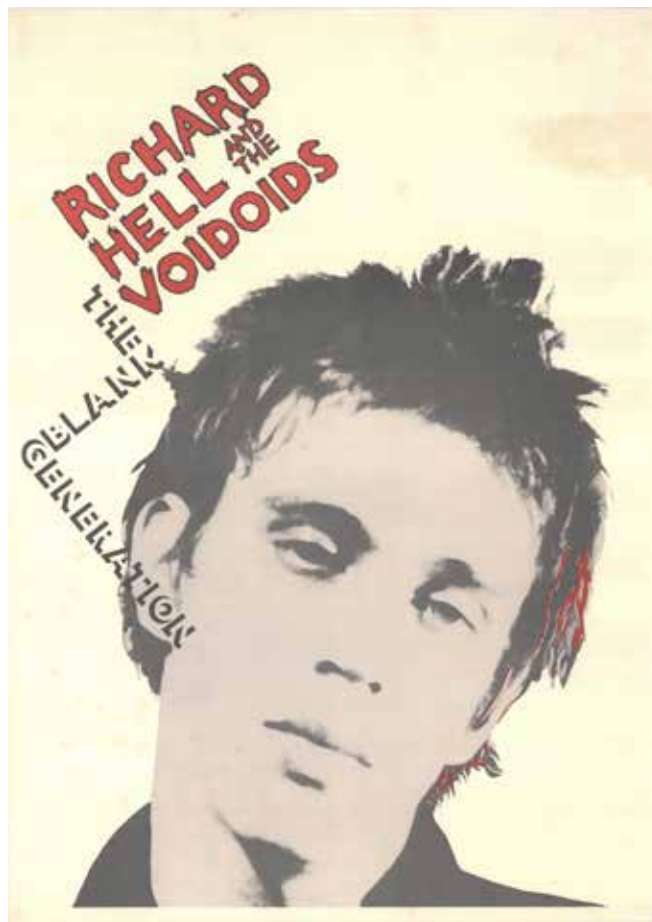
punk

1976-86



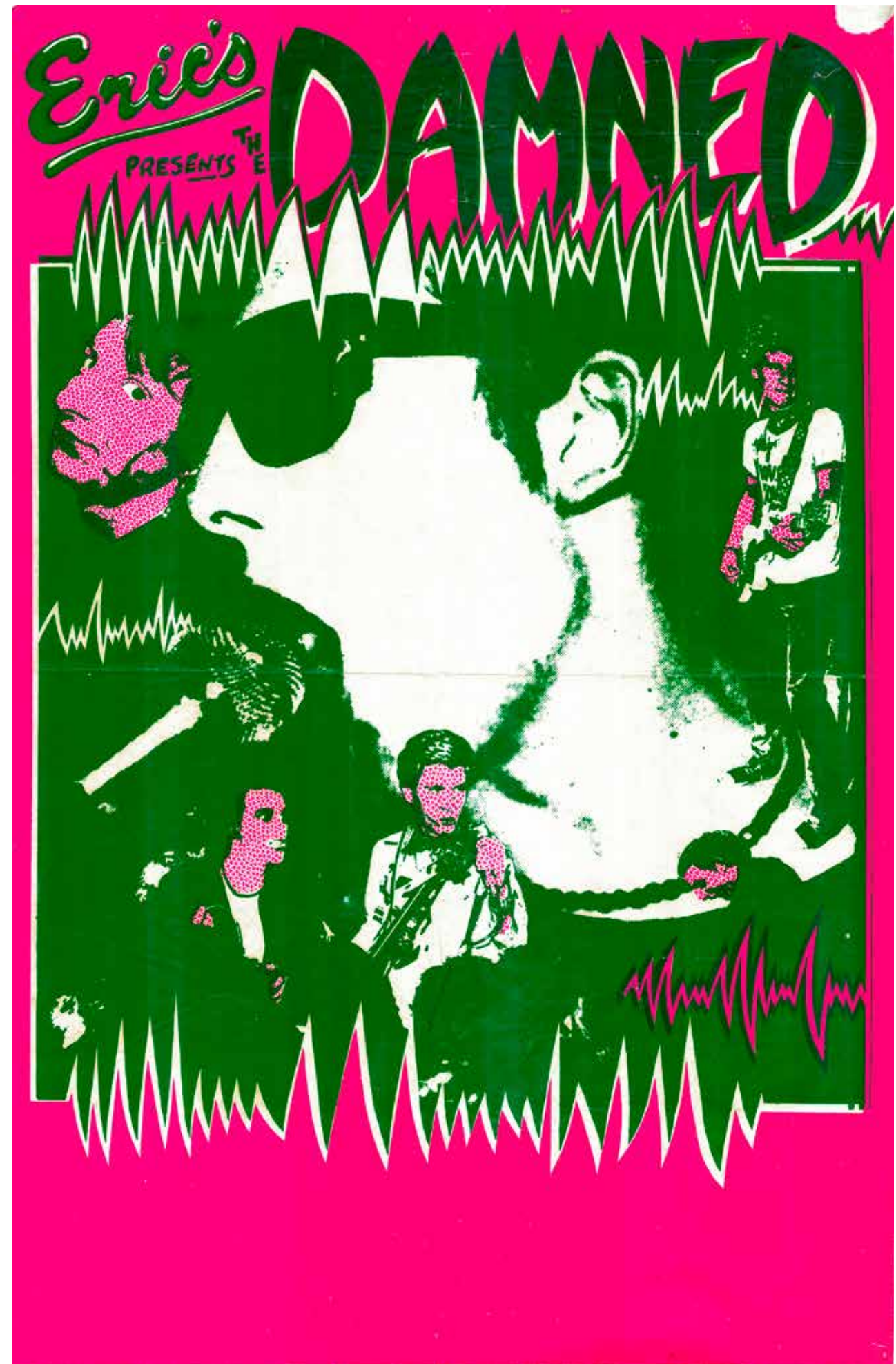
↑ Design by Helen Wellington-Lloyd, 1976

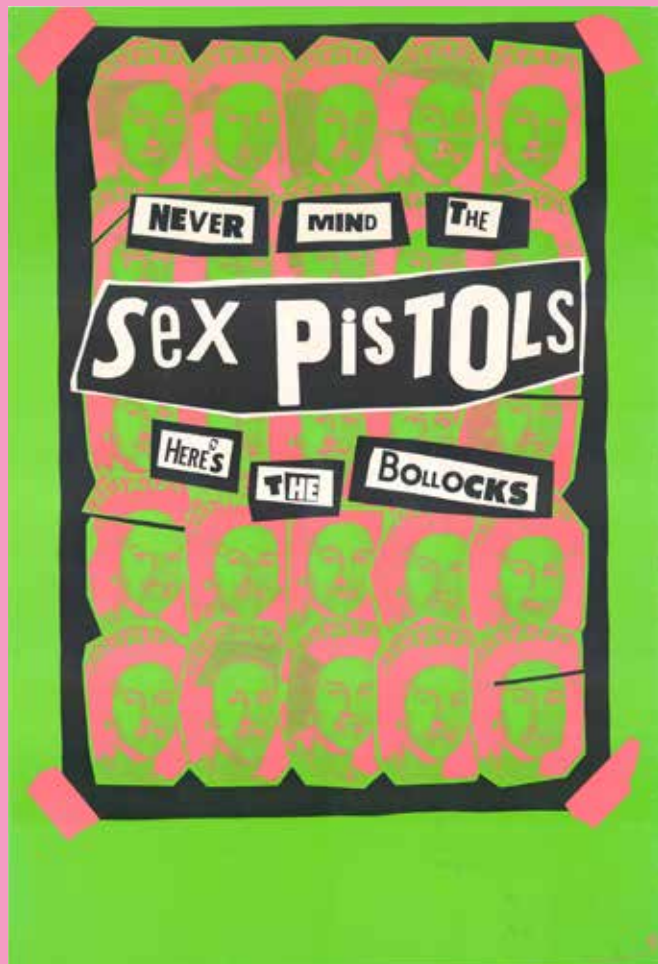
↓ Photo by Roberta Bayley, 1977



↑ Richard Hell, 1977

↓ Ramones, 1980





Designs by Jamie Reid ↕

↑ 1976

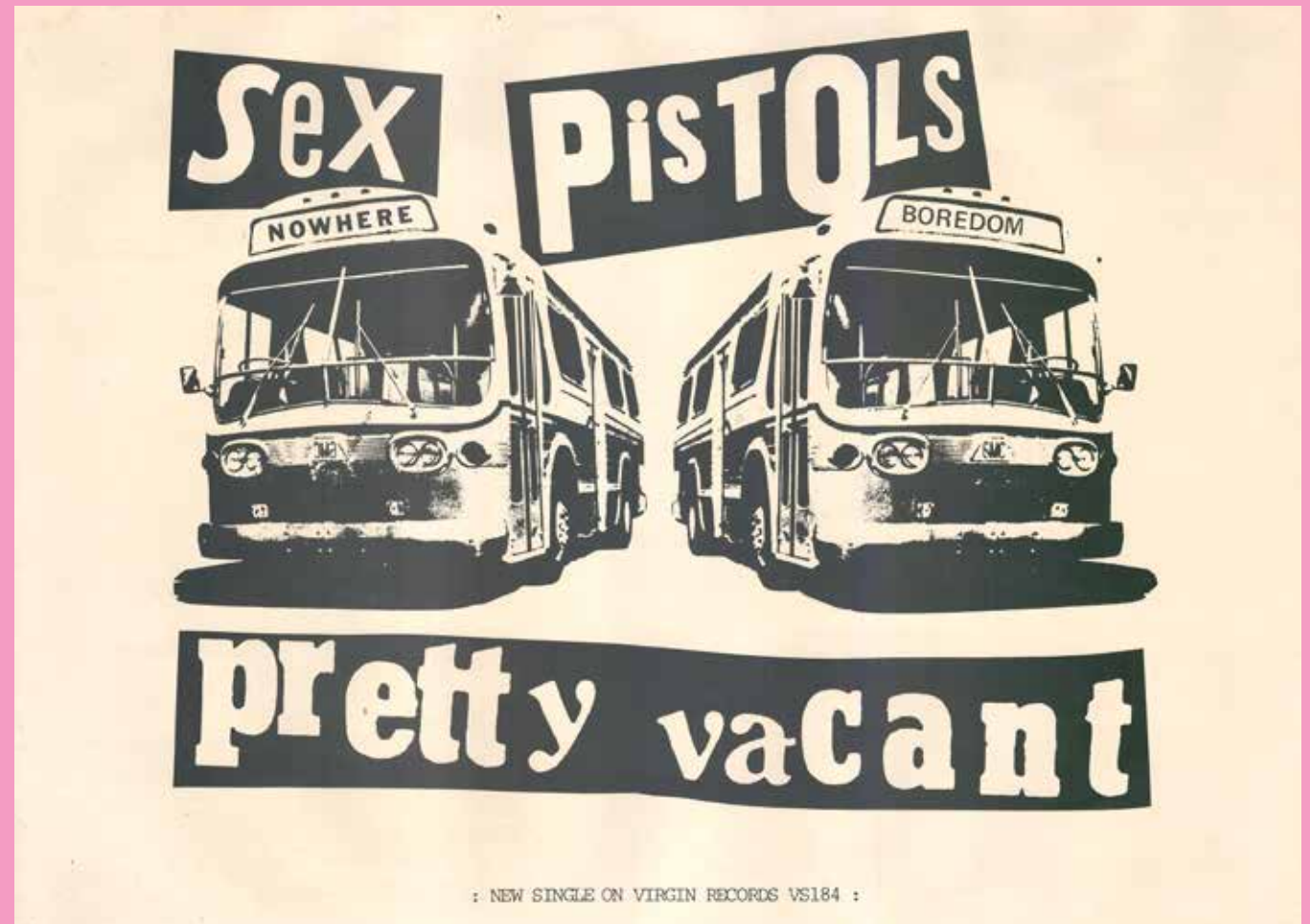
↓ 1979

↑ 1977

↓ 1977

↓ 1977

↑ 1977





↘ BOY of London, black parachute shirt, c. 1980



↘ BOY of London, custom made Wemblex shirt, 1977



BOY bondage trousers with belt and skirt, reissue c.1988 ↘



↗ Leather biker jacket owned by Malcolm Garrett, 1980



↗ "Anarchist Punk Gang" Seditious shirt by Vivienne Westwood, 1979



TIMES UP!

RAJ

B
CKHEAD

ASS
MURPHY'S PENIC

Shovels from
the Basement



love bites

I'M
IGNORING
ELVIS
COSTELLO

BUZZCOCKS

NEVER MIND
THE BOLLOCKS
HERE'S THE
SEX PISTOLS



BUZZCOCKS

GENERATION X

PIL



Another
music in a
different
kitchen



BUZZCOCKS

the
B-52's



KILLING JOKE

the
Grubbies

the
CLASH

NAZIS
are
No
FUN



STIFF RECORDS



I want
COMPLETE
CONTROL

20/20



BOOMTOWN
RATS

WAAAA



THE
RAMONES

cult
figure



THE
ELECTRIC
CHAIRS
IF YOU DON'T WANNA
FUCK ME -
FUCK OFF!

modern
WORLD



BUZZCOCKS

I'M SO BORED WITH THE U.S.A.
CLASH



GENERATION X
VALLEY OF
THE
DOLLS

GANG OF
FOUR



i believe

Blondie



BLONDIE
IS A
GROUP!

love



PUNKS
OFF
NAZI
FUCK



FABULOUS
POODLES
BOODIES
EV'RYONE

PIL

BUZZCOCKS



BUZZCOCKS



Designs by X3 ↕

↑ 1978
↓ 1978



↑ Original design by Hipgnosis, 1977
↓ Jimmy Pursey (Sham 69), photo by Jill Furmanovsky, 1979



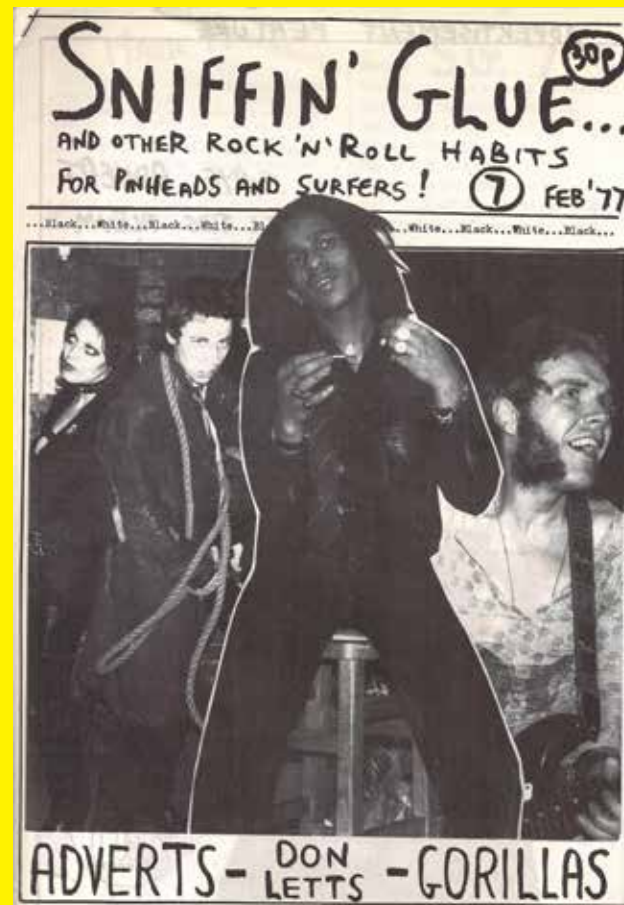
↑ Joe Strummer, photo by Jill Furmanovsky, 1979



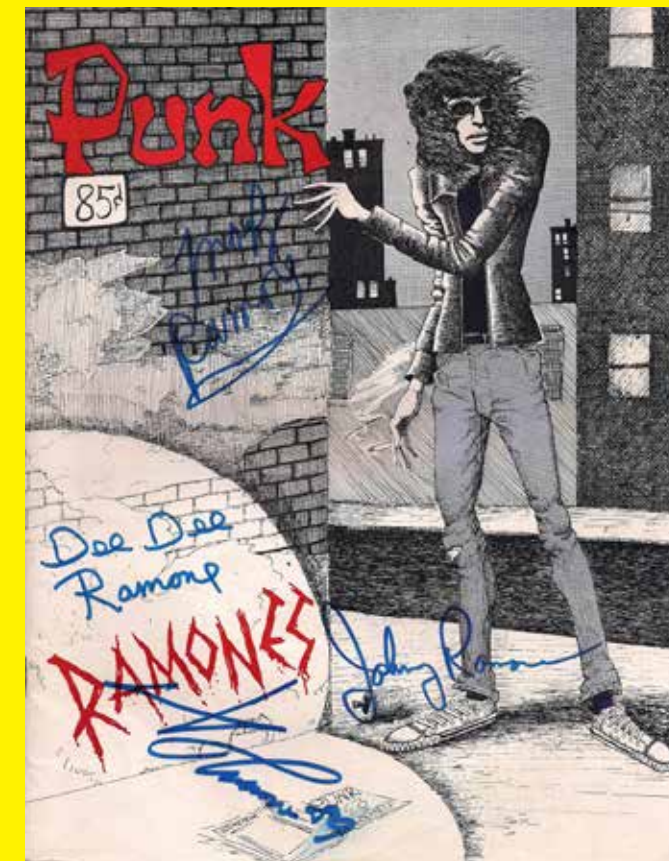
↑ Kill Your Pet Puppy No. 3, 1980



↑ Ripped & Torn No. 13, 1978



↑ Sniffin' Glue No. 7, 1977



↑ Punk No. 3, illustration by John Holmstrom, 1977

↓ New York Rocker, 1980

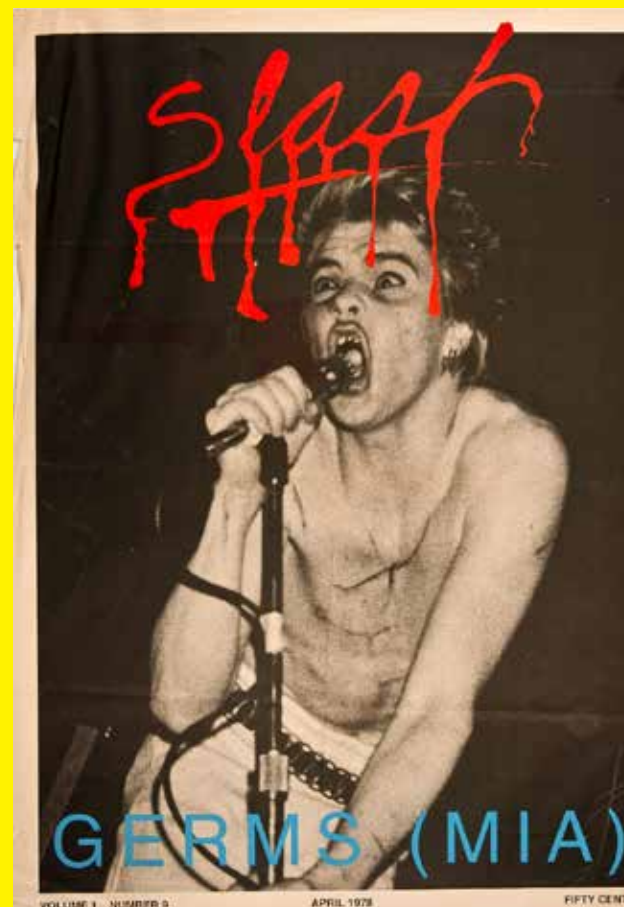


↓ New York Rocker, 1980



↓ New Order No. 1, 1977

↓ Slash No. 9, 1978

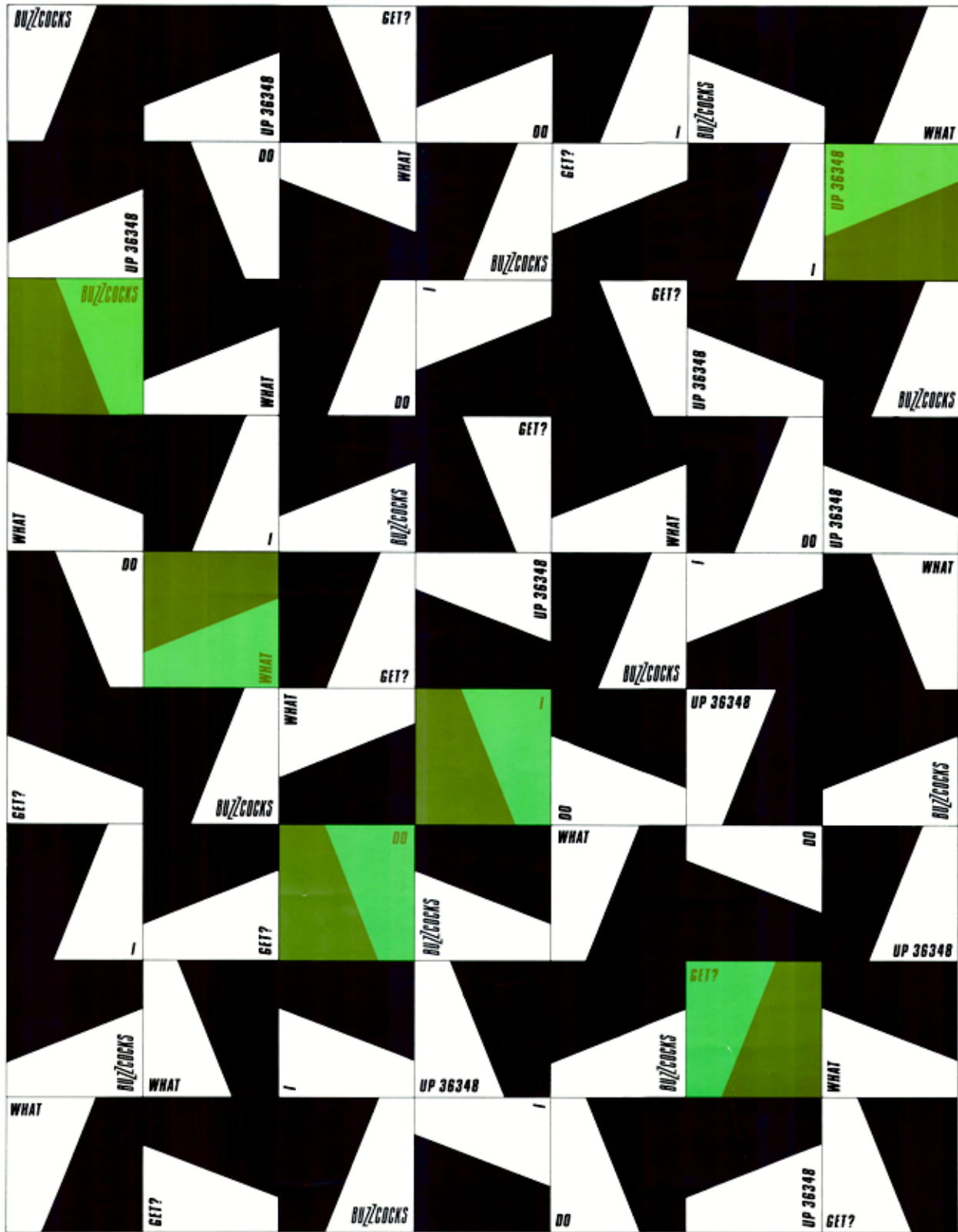


↓ Slash No. 9, 1978

↓ Strangled No. 3, 1977



↓ Strangled No. 3, 1977



BUZZCOCKS - NEW PRODUCT - SINGLE ITEM - UP 36348 - WHAT DO I GET?



↑ Design by Malcolm Garrett, 1978

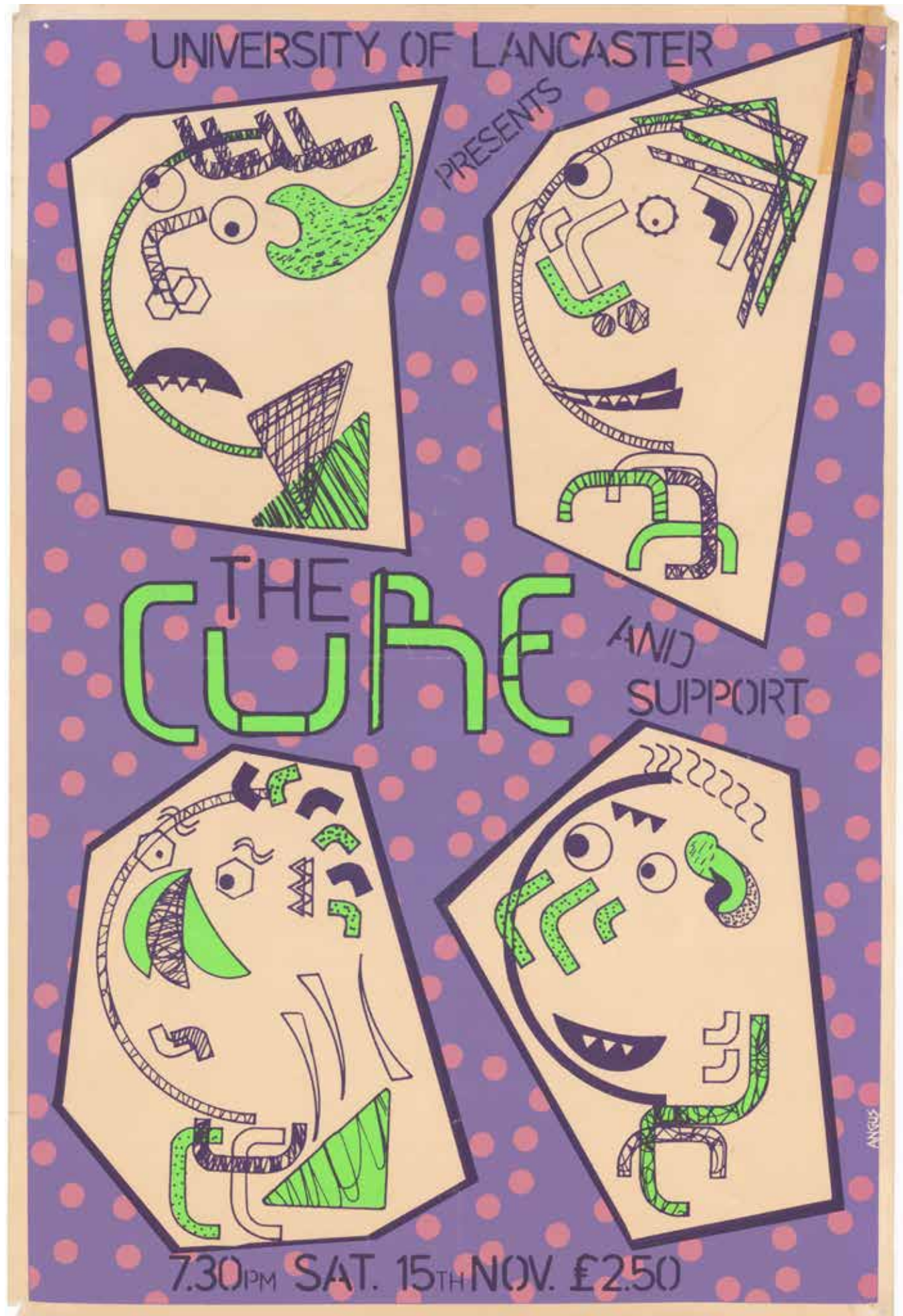
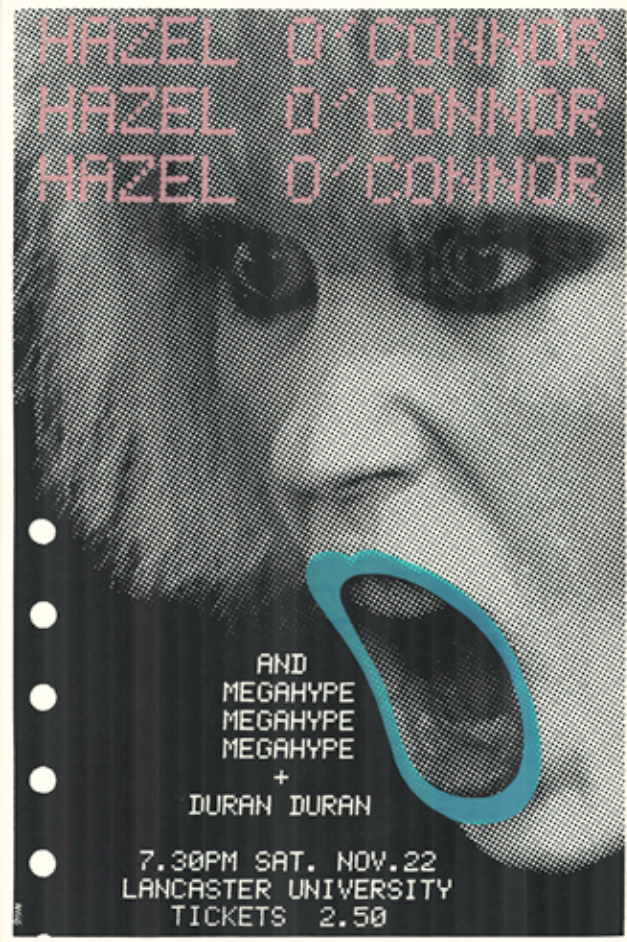
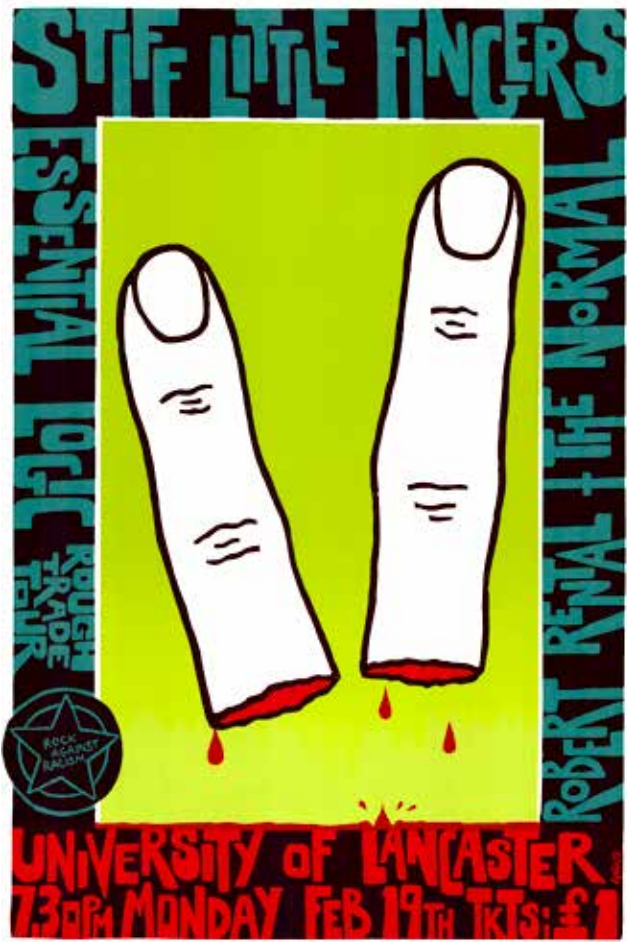


↑ Original design by Malcolm Garrett & Linder Sterling, 1977

↓ Design by Malcolm Garrett, 1980

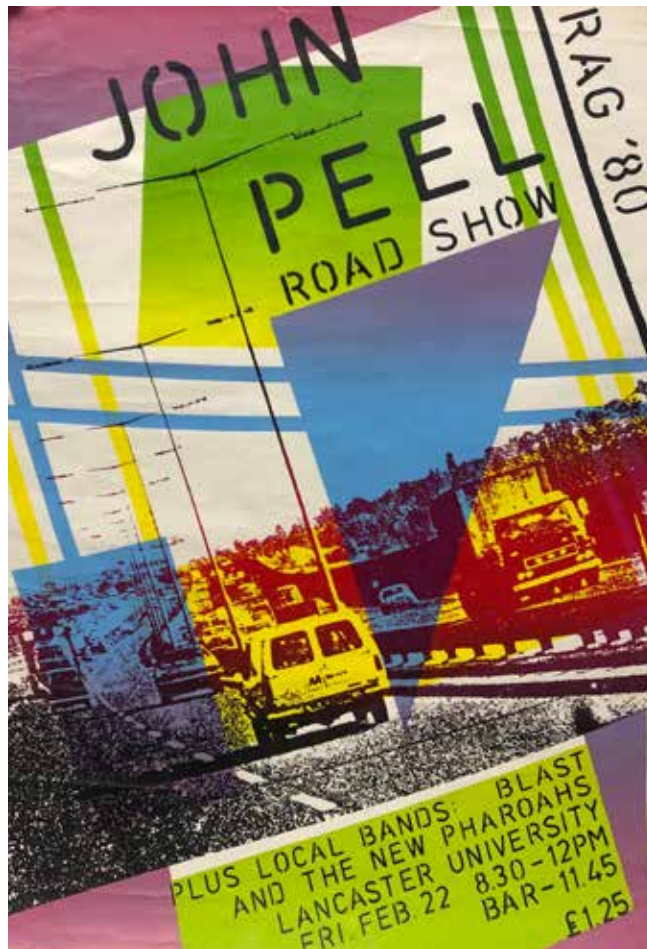
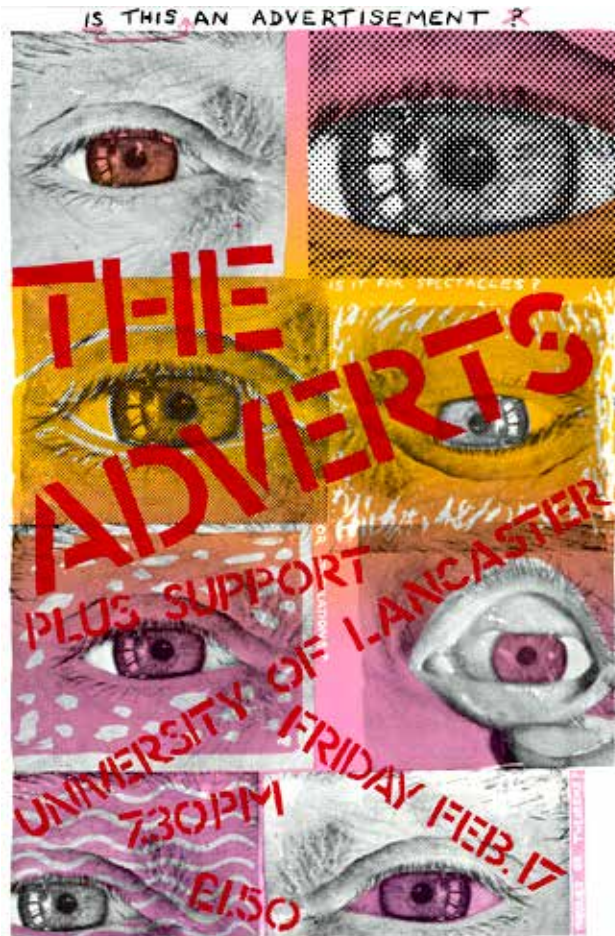


↑ Original design by Malcolm Garrett, photo by Jill Furmanovsky, 1979



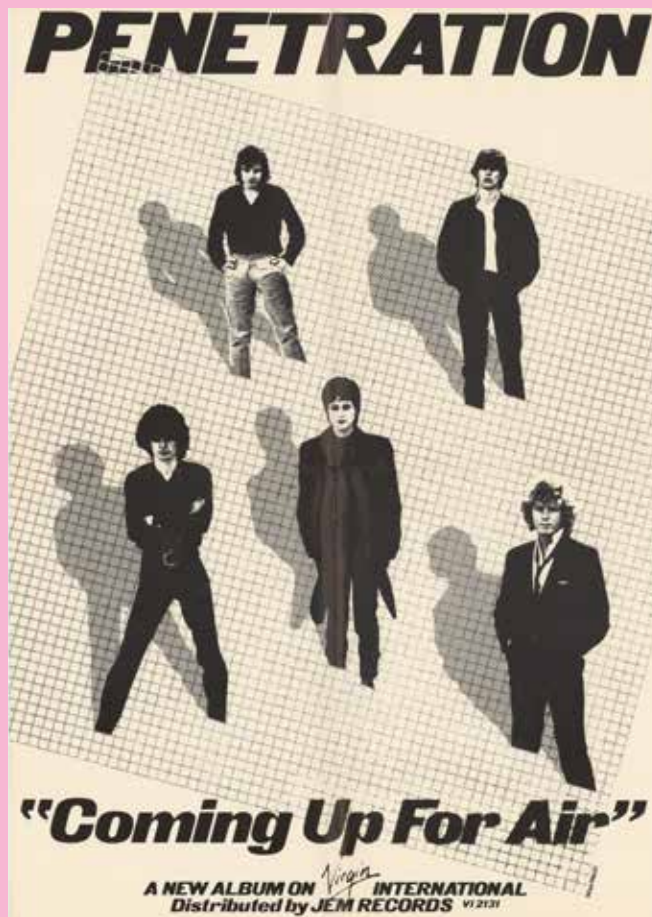
Designs by John Angus ↕ → 1979 ↑ ↓ 1978

1980 ↑ ↓ 1980 1980 →



STATE CONTROL
AND
ROCK AND ROLL
ARE RUN BY
GREEDY MEN
IT'S ALL GOOD
FOR BUSINESS
WE'RE IN THE
CHARTS AGAIN

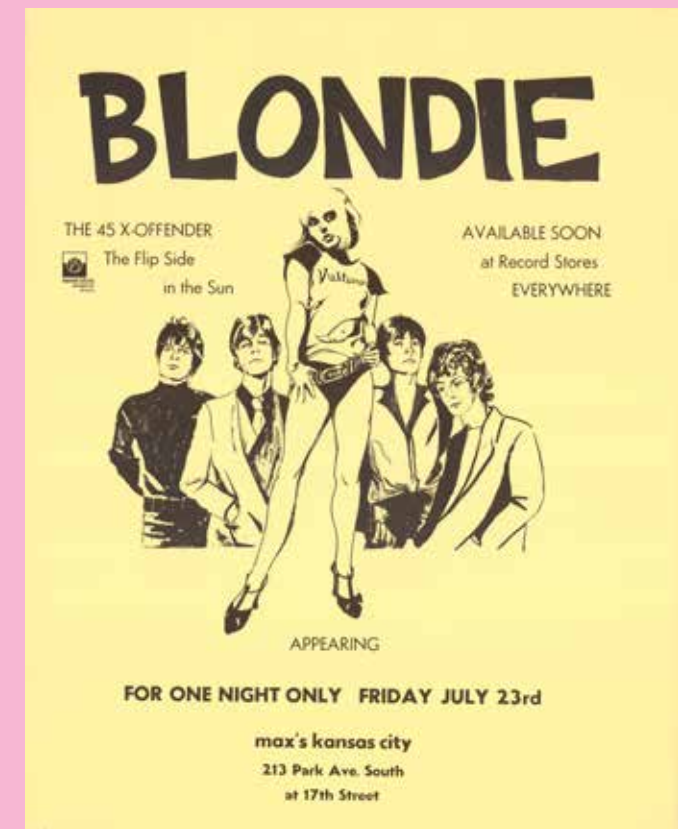
↑ Design by Lance d'Boyle, 1980



↑ Design by MacNeill, 1979



↑ X-Ray Spex, Black Slate, 1978



↑ Blondie at Max's, 1976

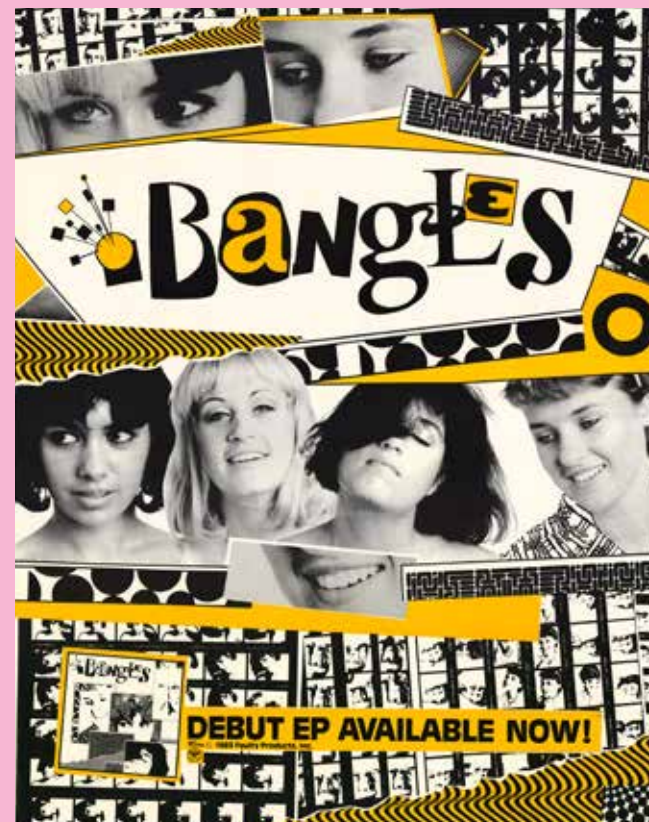
↓ Spellbound, Siouxsie and the Banshees, 1981



↓ The Avengers, 1978



↓ Design by Ewa Wojciak, photo by Bob Seideman, 1983



↓ Design by Greg Porto and Jean-Paul Goude, 1985



TALKING HEADS



MORE SONGS ABOUT BUILDINGS AND FOOD

ON SIRE RECORDS



ZOUNDS FIRST ALBUM ~ OUT NOW ~
THE CURSE OF ZOUNDS Catalogue Number: Rough 31
 Manufactured by **Rough Trade** 137 Blenheim Crescent, London W11 Telephone 01-221 1100
 Available From: *BACKS 0603 25658 GRADUATE (WEST MIDLANDS) 0384 59048 FAST PRODUCT 031 661 5811 FRESH 01 258 0572
 LIGHTNING 01 969 5255 PROBE 031 237 5646 REVOLVER 0272 291105 RED RHINO 0904 36499 ROUGH TRADE 01 221 1100



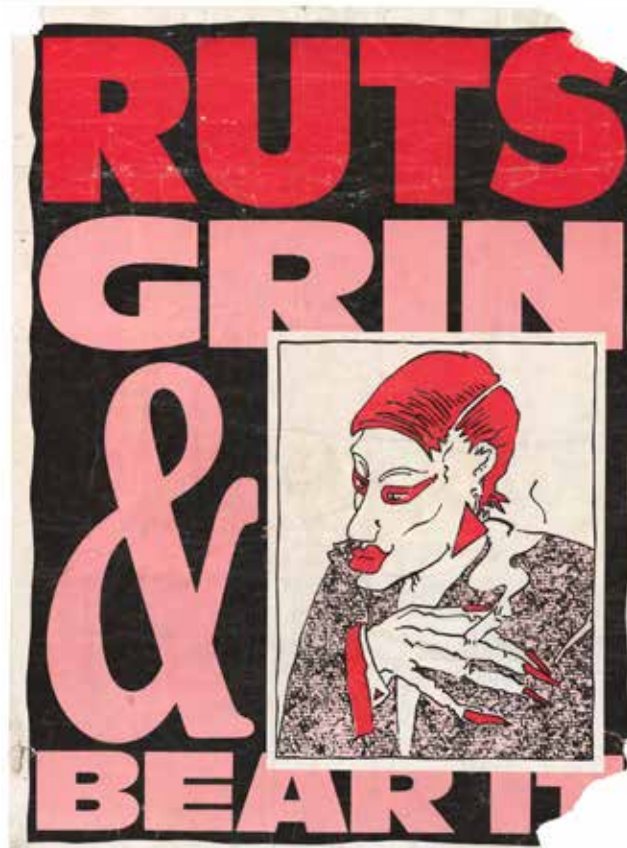
POSTER BY CLIFF HARPER 01 701 3090

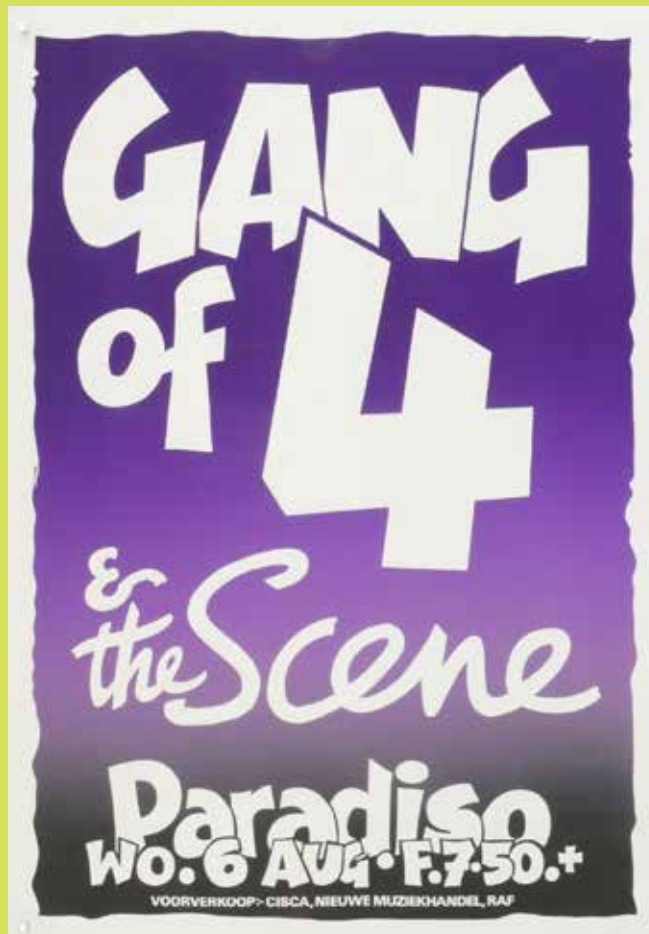
↑ Illustration by Cliff Harper, 1981

← Design by Jimmy De Sana, 1978

↓ Design by Bernard, Green and Tom, 1982

↓ Design by Oliver Howard, 1980





Designs by Martin Kaye ↕→

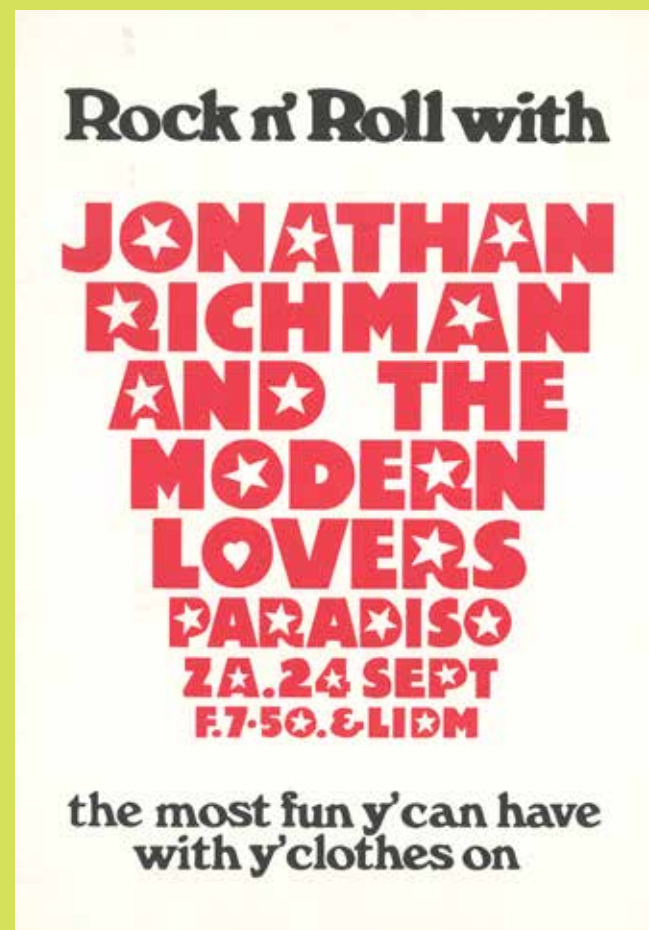
1982 ↕

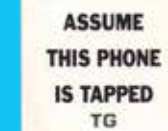
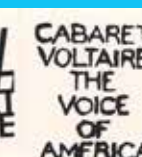
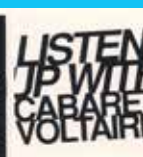
↑ 1980

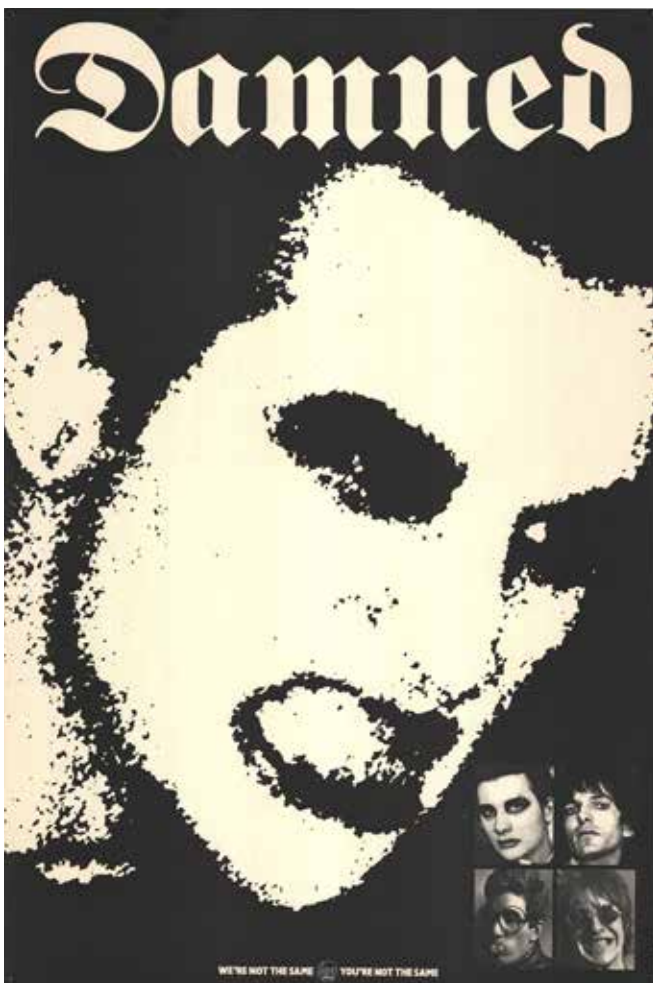
↑ 1982

↓ 1978 ↓ 1982

↕ Designs by Martin Kaye







↑ 1977

↓ 1977



↑ 1979

↓ 1981

↕ Designs by Barney Bubbles



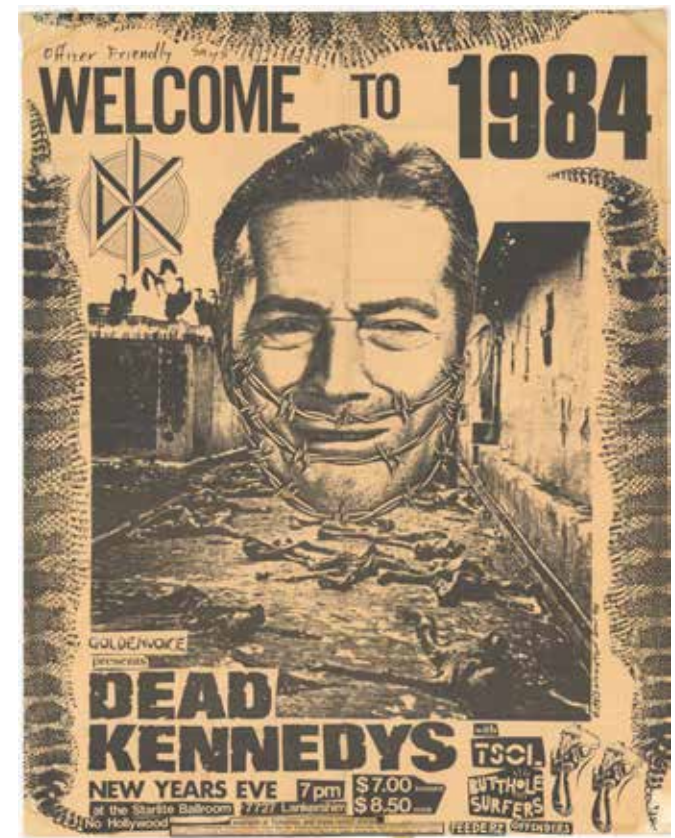
↑ The Punk Rock Movie, 1978

↓ Wah Heat, 1980



↑ Design by JK (possibly John Keenan), 1979

↓ Design by Winston Smith, 1983



↑ 1977



↑ 1983



↑ 1985



↓ Design by Raymond Pettibon, 1981



↑ 1976



↑ 1981



↑ 1981



↑ 1977



↓ Design by Shawn Kerrl, 1983

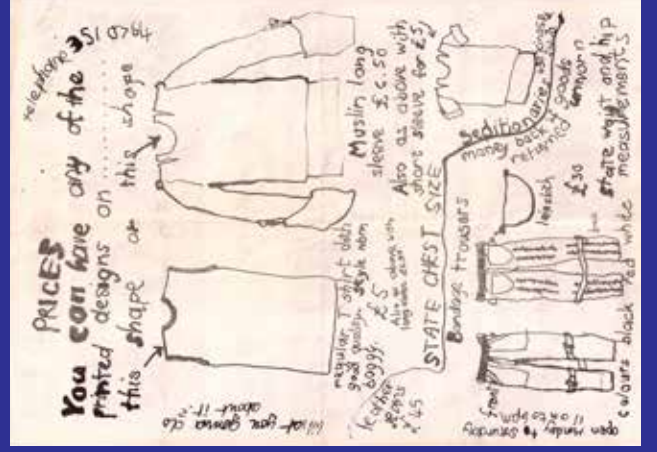


↑ 1984



↓ 1979

↑ 1977



↓ Design by Adam Ant, 1979

↑ Designed by Vivienne Westwood + Malcolm McLaren, 1977



↑ Design by John Sims, 1979



↑ The Clash, 1984

↓ Design by Left-hand Luke, 1982



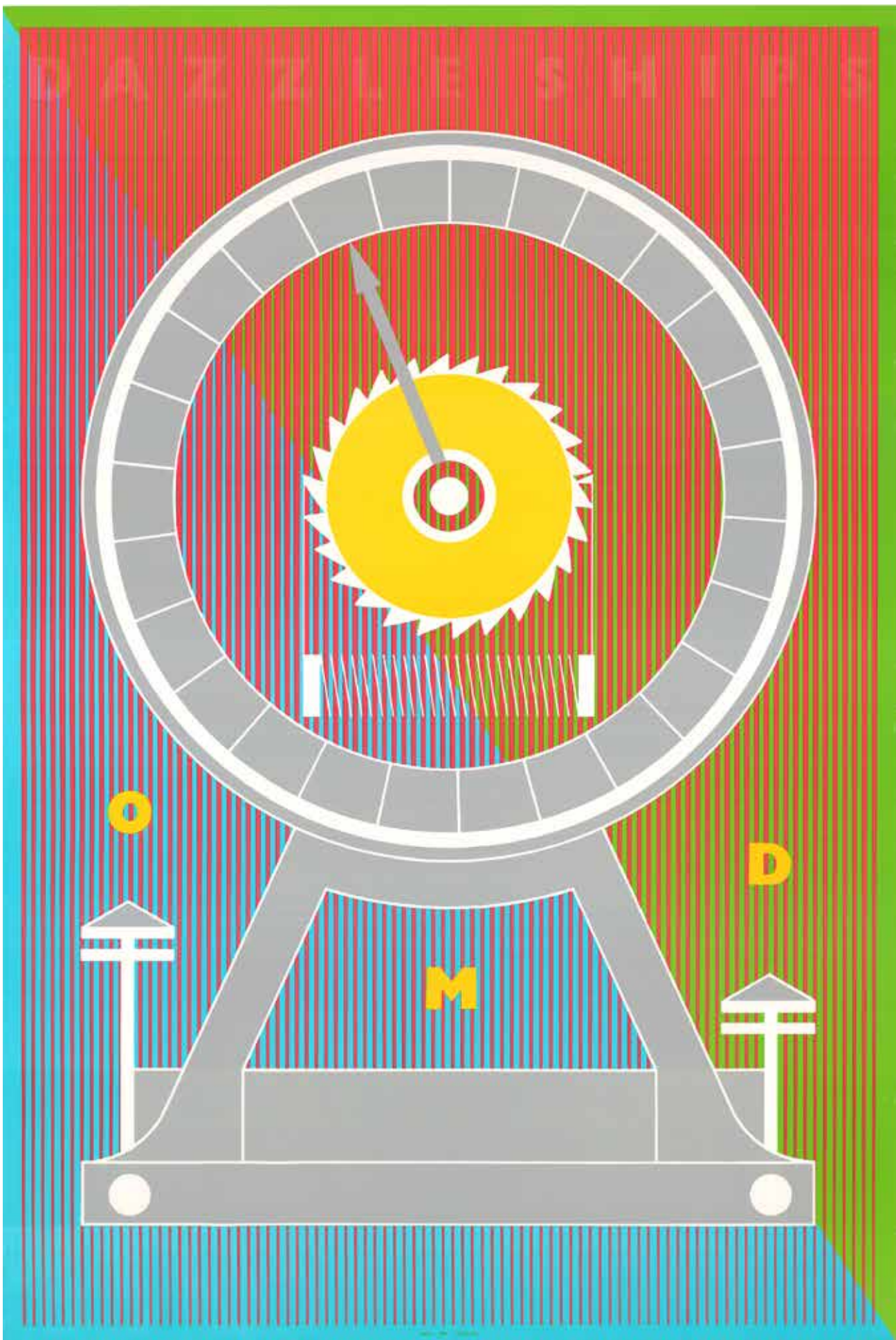
↑ The Clash, 1980

↓ Design by Sebastian Conran (reprint), 1978



↓ Design by George Lawrence, 1980

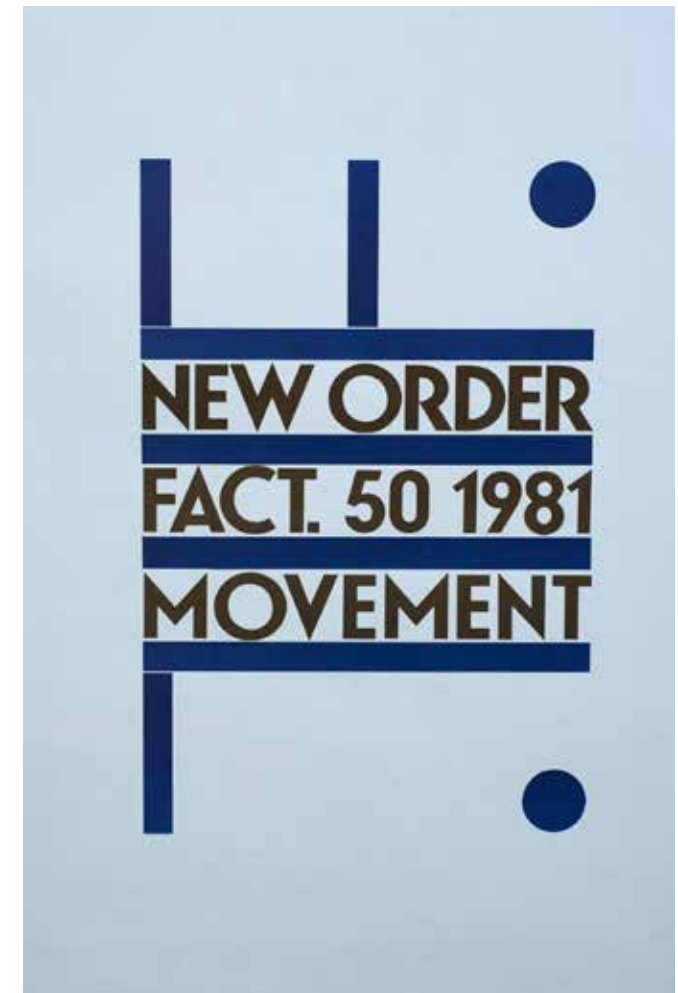




↑ Design by Peter Saville Associates, 1983

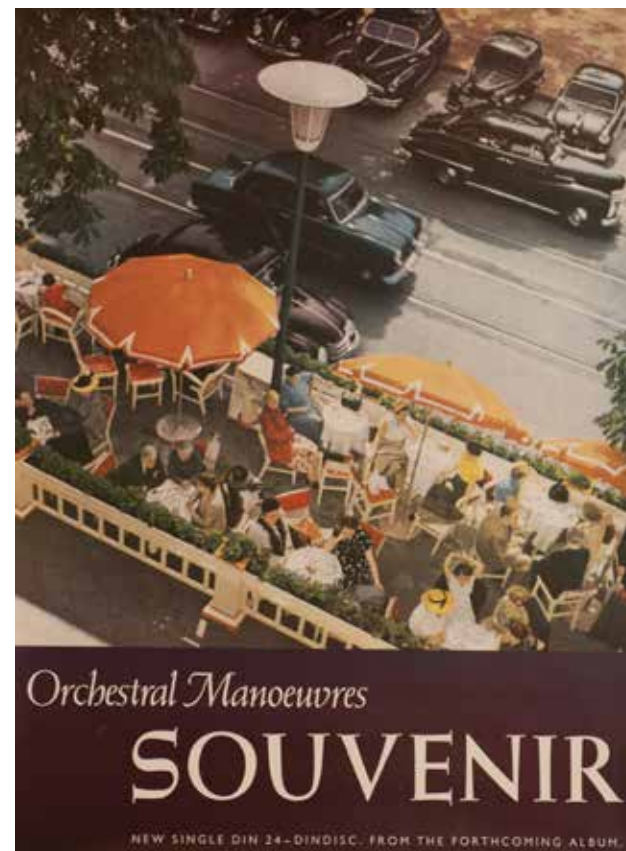


↑ Design by Peter Saville (after Hervé Morvan), 1981

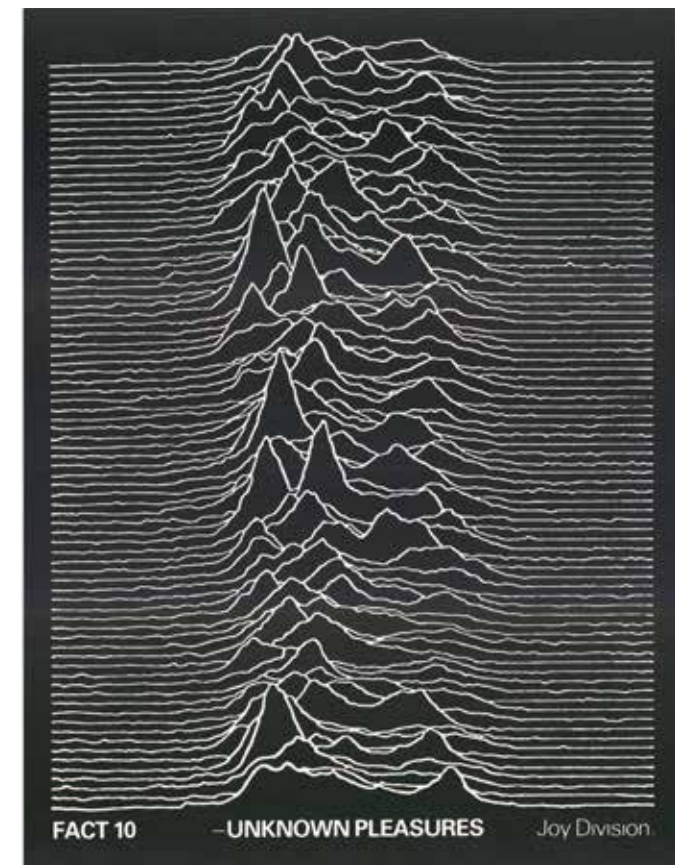


↑ Design by Peter Saville (after Fortunato Depero), 1981

↓ Design by Peter Saville and Brett Wickens, 1981



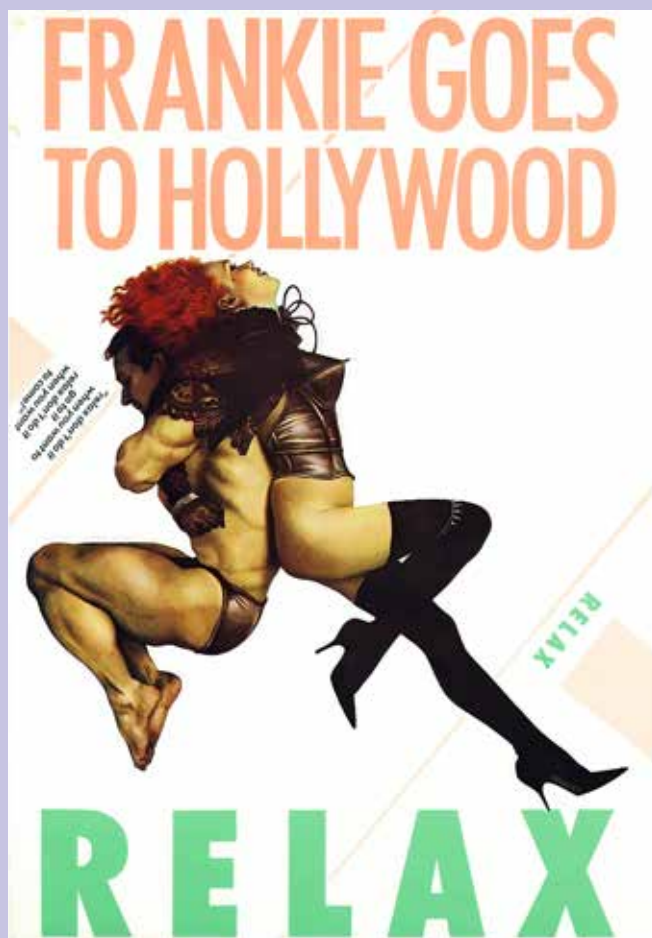
↓ Design by Peter Saville, 1979





↑ Design by Malcolm Garrett, illustration by Patrick Nagel, 1982

↓ Design by Mick Haggerty, 1980



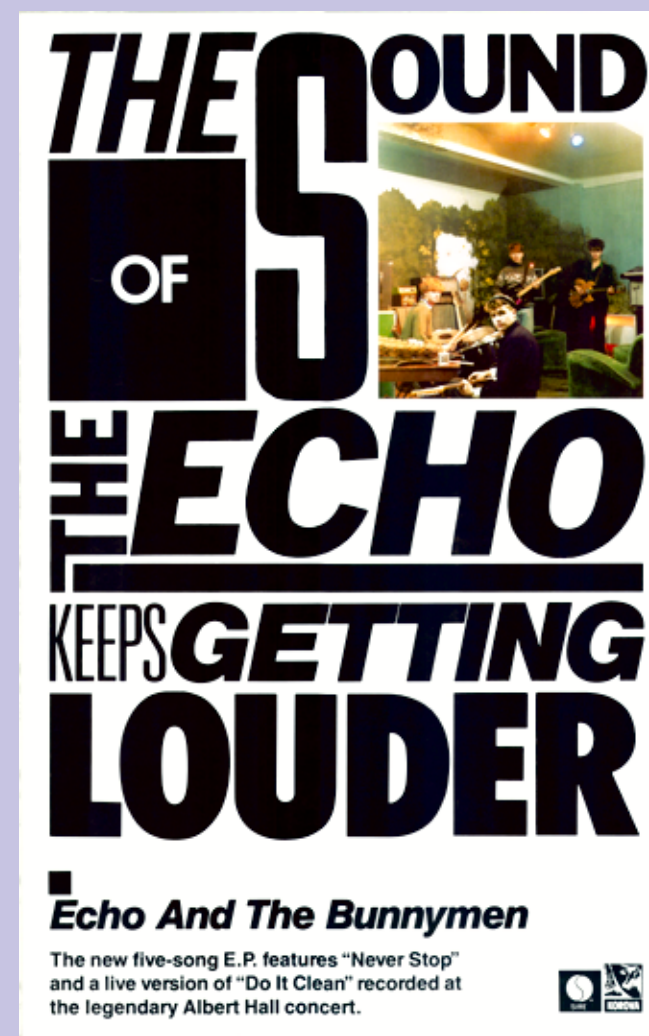
↑ Design by XL, illustration by Anne Yvonne Gilbert, 1983

↓ Design by Philip Adrian Wright and Ken Ansell, 1981



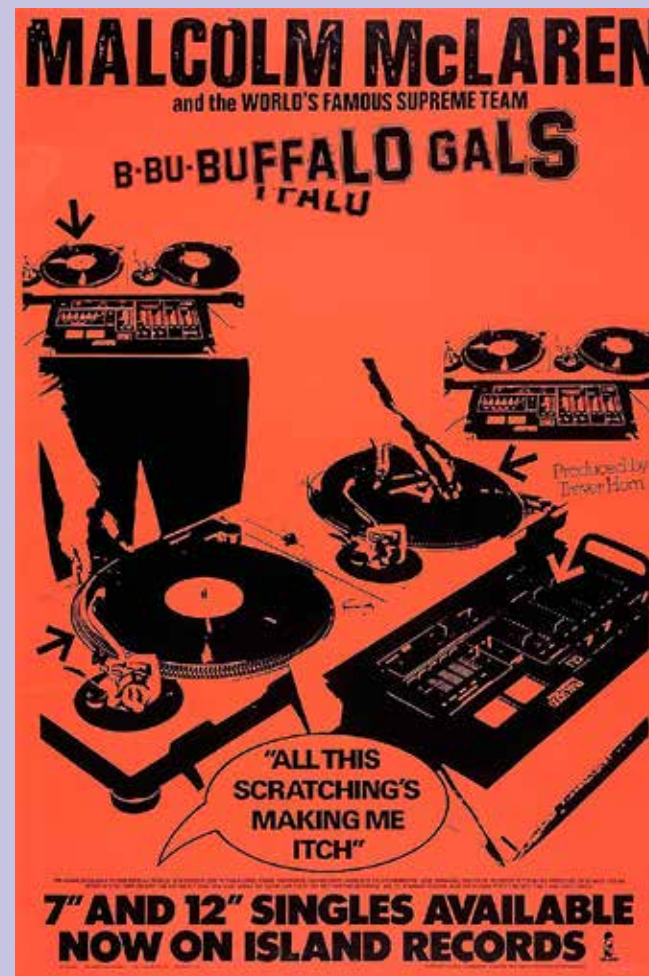
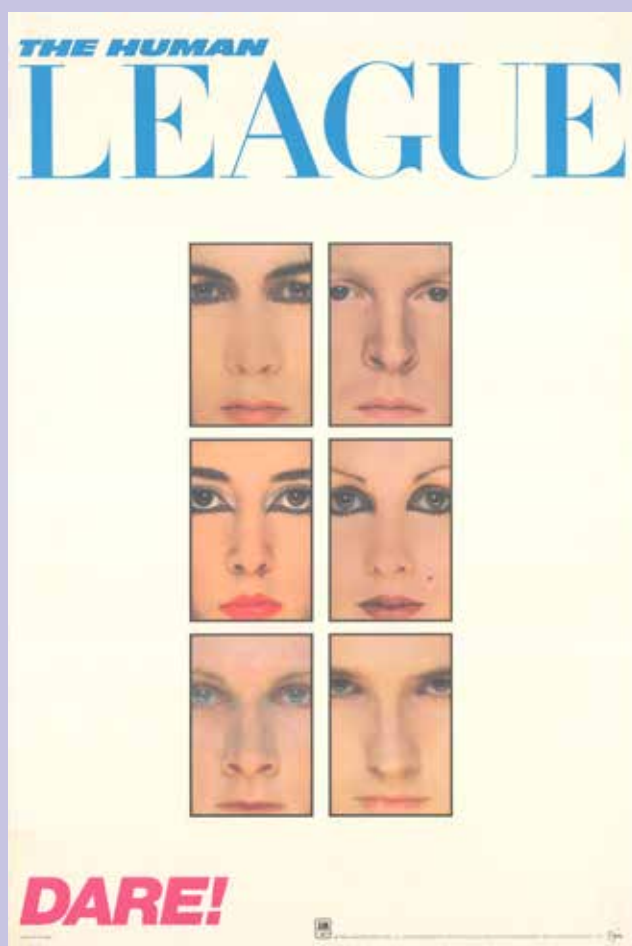
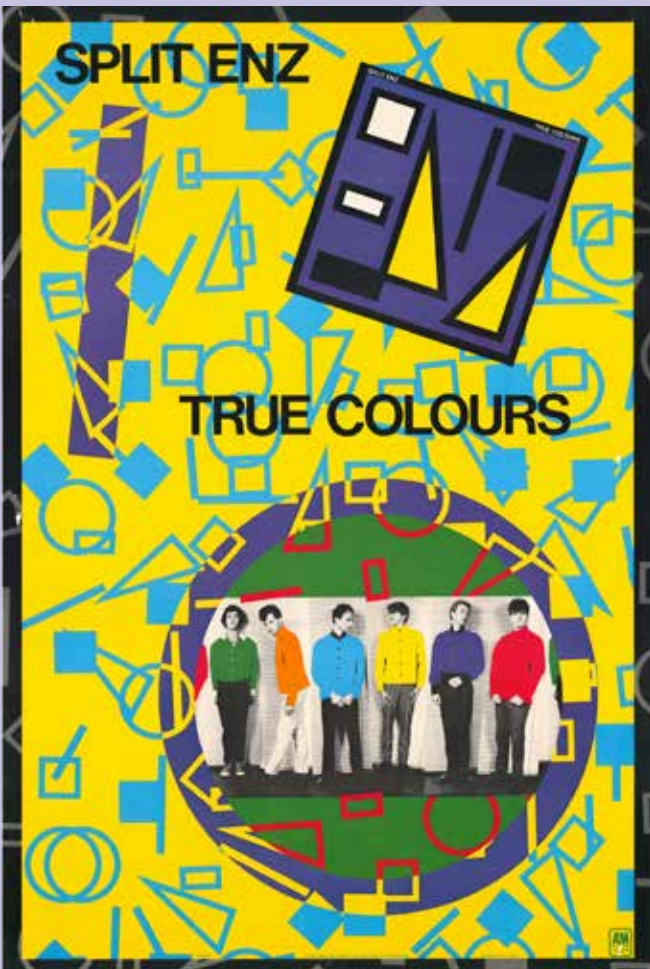
↑ The Icicle Works, 1984

↓ Design by Nick Egan, 1982



↑ Echo and the Bunnymen, 1983

↓ Visage, 1982



A Shadow at the Start

The King's Road was my introduction to the punk scene. Specifically, the shop Acme Attractions and meeting Don Letts, his then partner Jeannette Lee, and John Krivine who owned the shop. Don was a dynamic force with great style. Everyone was drawn to this shop, particularly musicians and fashionistas. I met Billy Idol and Siouxsie Sioux there before they were in any bands, back then they called themselves the Bromley Contingent. Later Billy Idol formed Generation X with the help of John Krivine who was their early manager, and Siouxsie of course became the singer in Siouxsie and the Banshees.

At that time, it really felt like something exciting was happening in Chelsea. There was a different way of thinking and being. It was provocative. It felt courageous.

I became friends with Don Letts and Jeannette Lee, and John Krivine. I remember meeting Peter Christopherson from Throbbing Gristle and the artist John Harwood who

↓ John Lydon, 1980

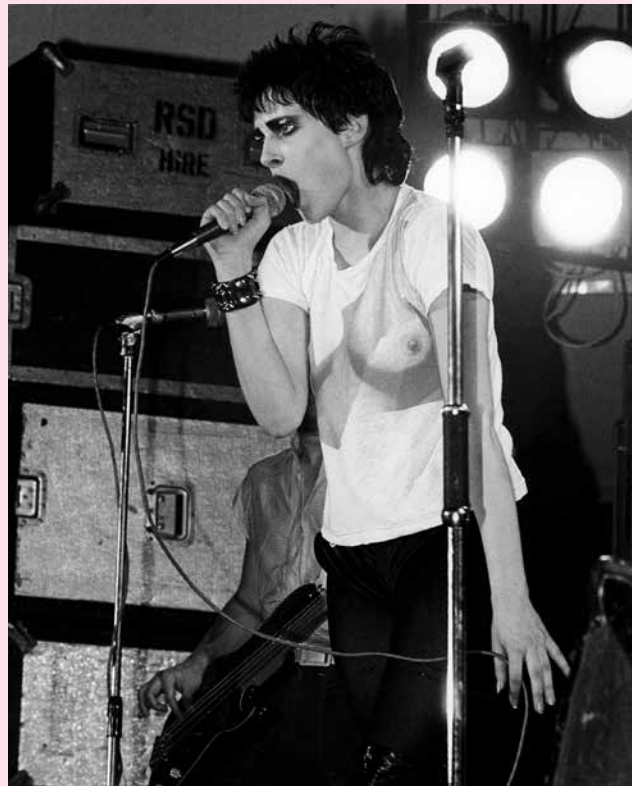


Sheila Rock

together created the visual concept for BOY. At the time BOY was the alternative shop to SEX, which was owned by Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood. I remember enjoying the camaraderie of the writer Jon Savage, who later went on to write the definitive punk book *England's Dreaming*. We were experiencing the evolution of punk at the same time. Not particularly thinking we were special, but we were involved in a transformative movement.

I was never consciously in a "scene" and moved seamlessly through punk at the time, just as I did with other areas that interested me, areas that had no relation to music or subculture. I was a young person interested in photography, but I had no real expertise, I just photographed what was around me. I was like a shadow at venues, somehow recording a seminal period in British social and musical history. I had no agenda or career aspirations; I just thought something different was happening and I felt compelled to

↓ Siouxsie and the Banshees, 1976



document it. There was no commercial motivation or even a magazine assignment. I was drifting, but not in a mindless way; the mid Seventies were a bit like the Wild West, I was one of many young people finding their way.

The early years of punk were about individuality and self-expression. It was a time of experimentation and creative energy. Girls and boys looked cool but with no resources. They found clothes in secondhand shops and put together their unique outfits. They went to gigs looking great and affiliated themselves with bands struggling to express a new sound. I was basically self-taught, and this resonates with the early punk bands struggling to play instruments and creating new music. We were all trying to find our voice.

It was hard not to create friendships during this time. The few people I got to know were special; we encouraged each other. It was a small clique, a

↓ The Moors Murderers featuring Chrissie Hynde, 1977

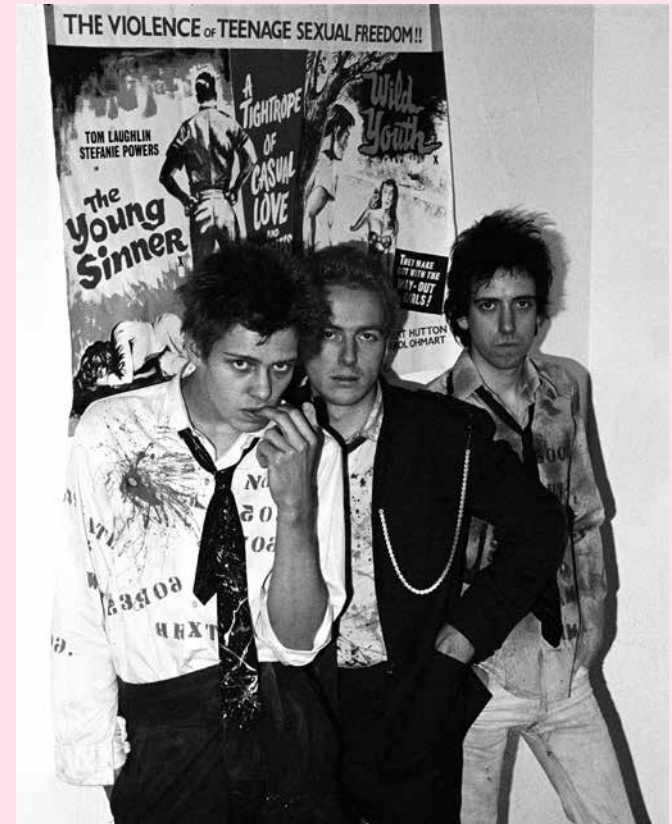


supportive family. Punk in London resembled a tiny village, it was nothing like the global force it is today. It's extraordinary to think that punk's influence has lasted for so long. Punk clearly had power. After punk, the New Romantics movement I photographed was the same. Fundamentally I think it was young people striving to become something extraordinary. Taking risks and being outrageous, changing fashion and music forever.

////////////////////////////////////

↓ All photos by Sheila Rock

↓ The Clash, 1976



No Elvis, Beatles or the Rolling Stones: A Collector’s Journey

The summer of 1977 was one of the most formative periods of my life. From the first encounter with punk rock, the music, posters and fashion immediately struck me. The broader popular culture of the mid-1970s held zero interest for me. I detested the pretensions of prog rock, whose often shapeless, indulgent music dominated the airwaves then. With the exception of The Who, I had no music to call my own. Hearing the first Clash record in June 1977 flipped a switch in my brain and my musical world was transformed.

My father’s family lived in London, and every summer during my teens I would visit relatives for several weeks. My cousin, John Krivine, was immersed in punk fashion, having founded the King’s Road shop Acme Attractions with Steph Raynor in the early 1970s, followed by BOY in 1977. I spent several days in the shop that July, and while John conducted BOY business I would observe the exotic (in some instances, rather scary) punk patrons in the shop. Many afternoons I would walk up and down the King’s Road, going to record shops and, with trepidation, step through the entrance of Seditonaries, the ground zero for punk fashion. For a 16-year-old lacking self-confidence and an ocean away from his suburban home, Seditonaries was an awesome and menacing place.

By the time I returned to Briarcliff Manor (my hometown within New York City’s commuter belt) in early September 1977, I had become a devout proselytizer for punk. Kitted out with oxblood DMs, blue suede brothel creepers, several BOY and Seditonaries shirts and bondage zipper trousers, I was convinced that within weeks, punk was going to sweep America and I would be credited for being the cool “first mover” in Briarcliff. How much more deluded could I have been? My classmates were bemused and made a few sarcastic comments but basically tolerated my obsession with punk.

A few years later, I spent my junior year at the University of East Anglia in Norwich, England. UEA was part of the university touring circuit and nearly every exciting British band that passed through Norwich performed there or at local clubs. A wealth of “new wave” musical creativity, the Cure, a very young U2, Altered Images, the Au Pairs, Echo & the Bunnymen, the Jam, Madness, and the Skids.

After university I continued to add to my collection, for both a love for the music and an appreciation of the artistry of countless punk, new wave and post-punk

Andrew Krivine

poster designs. I was compelled to devote as much time and effort as possible to my collection. The fashion, graphic designs, the intense irritation punk provoked in the older generation and, of course, the music itself, all fueled my passion. Punk sonically pulsates; it has velocity, aggression and humor. Punk rejects hypocrisy and pretense. There are no entry requirements, no barriers to prevent you from joining a band and making a racket. A rudimentary command of guitar, drumming, or even singing is all you need (as I can well attest: a dreadful guitarist, that didn’t stop me playing in Bloody Hell).

Graphic design and music in the punk era were closely fused, particularly in Britain. Musicians such as Viv Albertine, Adam Ant, Ian Dury, John Foxx, Mick Jones, Glen Matlock and Paul Simonon all studied at art schools before forming bands. The widely accepted narrative of punk’s spontaneous, untutored DIY impulse—while true for the music—is largely inaccurate regarding the designs. Many of the young Britons who would become designers or join bands came up through art colleges being exposed to art, graphic design and fashion. The T-shirts and trousers stocked by BOY and Seditonaries—as well as the gear created by the bands themselves—were embossed with slogans, patches, typography and symbols, Vivienne Westwood created several hand-made t-shirts which fused Sex Pistols lyrics with provocative imagery. From the very start, the music and graphics of punk were merged in a symbiotic dance.

In Julien Temple’s film *The Clash: New Year’s Day ’77*, we see The Clash customizing their own boiler suits and shirts in a dank London taxi repair garage, using stencils and spray-paint guns. The resulting clothes can be seen worn by the band on the cover photo of the single “White Riot.” The Clash epitomize the idea of *Gesamtkunstwerk*—a creation that synthesizes the musical, theatrical and visual arts—we see how the band’s music (the inaugural gig at the Roxy), graphic art (Paul Simonon’s mural on the wall of their Rehearsal Rehearsals practice studio), and their self-made clothing all fused seamlessly.

During the first wave of punk, the fashion had vitality and immediacy from multiple, cross-pollinating sources: clothing designers, the bands and the DIY inspired punks going to the clubs. Many distinct looks

came from individuals on the scene Poly Styrene, Jordan, Siouxsie Sioux, as well as bands mining art historical movements in a search to invent a new look for themselves such as Generation X (Constructivism), The Sex Pistols (the Situationists), the Buzzcocks (Mondrian), and The Jam (Pop Art).

In a time before social media, designs in print were the public face of the music, the design often as iconic as the music itself. Many punk, new wave and post-punk musicians forged enduring partnerships with individual graphic designers and photographers: Barney Bubbles and Elvis Costello; Mike Coles and Killing Joke; Raymond Pettibon and Black Flag; Malcolm Garrett and Buzzcocks; Jamie Reid and the Sex Pistols; Peter Saville and Joy Division/New Order; Gee Vaucher /Dave King and Crass.

The music represented in *Torn Apart* created a platform for some of the most exuberant and visually arresting postmodern graphic designs of the twentieth century. If visitors to the exhibition experience even a fraction of the excitement and exhilaration these posters and artifacts have given me, I will be thrilled!

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A version of this text first appeared in *Too Fast To Live, Too Young To Die: Punk & Post Punk Graphics 1976–1986*, Pavillion, 2020

Thanks

After *Torn Apart*’s run at the Pacific Design Center in 2022, both Michael Worthington and I hoped that we soon find other venues for this unique exhibition. Reality set in very quickly—based on 12+ years of experience, my rejection rate has been over 90%—but by the middle of this year two ‘green shoots’ emerged. Once again, my brother Jonathan identified an institution that was receptive to presenting *Torn Apart*: the Mildred Hawn Gallery at SMU. In short order he arranged a conference call with Beverly Mitchell and Jolene de Verges. Not only did they instantly embrace the proposal, but at the end of the call they informed us that a slot was available at the beginning of 2024.

Beverly and Jolene could not have been more proactive and supportive, especially during the planning process with Michael. Each exhibition is an opportunity to introduce the graphical legacy of punk and new wave to a new audience. This exposure keeps this work alive in the minds of a new generation which, for a collector like myself, is a great source of joy. And what better venue than a renowned university with thousands of students?

I would also like to thank our collaborators and friends, Malcolm Garrett and Sheila Rock. SMU will be the third time that Sheila’s extraordinary photography has been an essential element to one of my exhibitions, and Malcolm’s remarkable clothing collection will hugely fortify *Torn Apart*. Packing, dealing with customs, insuring and the flying these outfits from Manchester to Dallas is a mammoth undertaking—and these thankless tasks fell to Malcolm, Beverly and Jolene. The financial support of SMU and the cooperation of Special Collections Museum MMU (repository of Malcolm’s archive) made this possible.

I have no doubt that *Torn Apart* will have wonderful run in Dallas, and look forward to the exhibition’s transfer to the next venue later in the year —two shoots transformed into towering Punk Redwoods!

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An Evolution Of Style

For as far back as I can recall I've been concerned with my appearance, from my choice of jacket or shirt, my trousers, my shoes, and perhaps especially to my haircut; all the time instinctively recognizing what my choice of clothes could say subliminally in representing who I was or would like to be seen as. Above all I cared about being seen as an individual, making individual statements with my attire.

Either consciously or sub-consciously, however, I recognize that there has always been some independent reference point that I've related to as a way of distinguishing myself from my immediate peers, instead presenting my version of a wider aesthetic which I could emulate. This remained true as I progressed from Primary School to High School and eventually through to University, when having left home I was totally free to look the way I wanted, without any parental influence or criticism. Not that much was forthcoming as my parents were never dismissive, and tentatively supportive of the young rebel they had raised.

My earliest memories from school days are of wanting to be like one of The Beatles, who were just emerging into the mainstream in 1964 and '65 and whom I immediately adored. It helped that they were from Liverpool, my parents' hometown, an already familiar and romantic city which was exploding across the whole entertainment scene at that time. I could immediately relate to The Beatles on any level—their music, their looks, their language, their humor, their irreverent attitude to life. All appealed. I wanted to wear their winkle-picker boots and most importantly for my hair to have a 'Beatle cut'. I recall being in tears at the tender age of 8 or 9 when my local barber ignored my plea and gave me a standard 'short back and sides'. This was an important lesson, and I came to understand that the single most distinguishing feature a person can have to identify with others is the way they wear their hair.

The point is that I had never wanted to associate myself in a conventional way with anyone else in my immediate circle of classmates or school friends. I instinctively wanted to stand out. I was conscious of wanting to demonstrate a sense of difference from everyone else and what I chose to wear would reflect that.

Discovering Punk late in 1976, I found what was arguably the ultimate and ideal canvas upon which to make my personal, considered, mature and finally adult statement. I was never able to play any kind of instrument but was

Malcolm Garrett



↑ MG wearing fake leopard skin fur jacket, doorway of 69 King Street, Manchester, during his first year at art college, 1976. Photo by Linder Sterling.

inspired by music both to create visuals and to emulate previous generations of music-led street-style. Having up until that point been a rebellious longhair, alert and attuned to the concerns of the UK counterculture, Punk 'style' was to become the apogee of the arc that I had been travelling since those early days at school.

The aesthetic I adopted was not 'fashion' in the conventional sense. It was not expensive, tending to steal visual elements from elsewhere, and was primitively 'DIY', leaning heavily on what would now be known as thrift store or vintage acquisitions. Anything that was one-off, and distinctive, but naturally fitting within a set of understandable, but not easily definable guidelines. It satisfied a particular desire to be simultaneously outrageous and yet grudgingly admired in some perverse way, my attire suggesting that I possess some arcane or superior knowledge, that was readily displayable, if not actually comprehensible to others.

The Punk aesthetic has numerous, well-documented, and much-debated, origins and precedents. Punks came from many backgrounds, each with their own sense of independence, but all drawn to this creative flashpoint which appeared to make sense of everything and gave the creative impetus back to the individual. Up until the Punk 'year zero', critically my own



↑ MG (left) wearing white loose-knit jumper knitted by fellow student Susie Freeman, 1978. Judy Blame (right) wearing black loose-knit jumper on display in *Torn Apart*. Photo by Susie Freeman.

influences had been the 'hippies' and counter-cultural rebels such as Hawkwind (whose alternative, community-oriented mindset had helped in establishing the still running Glastonbury Festival) rather than the perhaps more obvious style leaders of the day such as Roxy Music or David Bowie, who in turn evolved from the Mods of the '60s. Neither was I drawn to the glam of T. Rex, nor the buttoned-down uniform of the skinheads, nor the tartan of the Bay City Rollers, nor the no-nonsense, down-played look of Rod Stewart or Status Quo. Although all played their part in the UK in establishing a platform in which an almost tribal music- and clothing-led culture could flourish. I would always want to challenge any uniform, even if I had chosen to adopt it.

In my early teens I can recall at various times seeking out brushed denim flares, a debonair neck scarf, tie-dyed T-shirts, a denim or corduroy jacket, and bright colored loon pants. I added contrasting patterned triangles of fabric in the seams of my flared jeans to make them wider. I hand embroidered my denim dungarees with colored, patterned stitching. I wore a black velvet embroidered kaftan, slinky 'sealskin' trousers, a long Afghan coat, and getting older and 'more refined' I bought a women's fake leopard skin fur coat. I would paint my own badges with pop art motifs.



↑ MG with Jakki Hancock, 1978. MG wearing black patent PVC trousers and jumper both made for him by Susie Freeman. Jakki is wearing the loose-knit jumper on display in *Torn Apart*. Photo by Susie Freeman.

I grew my hair long, my mother knitted me some fingerless gloves, to show off the black (or silver) nail polish, I wore mascara, as my vaguely effeminate look attracted the girls. In a moment of transition, immediately before Punk really took hold, and with some kind of premonition of the Sex Pistols anthem, I went in pursuit of a black 'anarchist' raincoat. At the end of 1976 the time seemed right to get even more serious about my look.

Most of the above garments were sadly lost along the way. It was only later I began to hang on to my old clothes. Almost all the clothes on display in this collection were my own personal garments, worn by me, or are those of girlfriends at the time. I eventually learned to hang on to the clothes, if not the girlfriends.

There are many T-shirts with colorful 'art' imagery. The idea of the T-shirt emblazoned with a band name, now recognized as a major way for musicians to promote themselves (and make some money), and eventually replacing the LP sleeve as a prime visual vehicle, was (remarkably) yet to appear. My own first T-shirt designs were for Buzzcocks, for their second album 'Love Bites' in 1978. Before then I might stencil my own lettering onto plain colored T-shirts, which now only exist in photos. Or I painted fluorescent stripes and other embellishments onto shop-bought imagery (seen in *Torn Apart* on the



↑ MG at his Degree Show in Manchester, July 1978, featuring posters for Buzzcocks, and screenprints for Judy Blame's imaginary band The Blind. MG wearing black painted denim trousers, cap-sleeve T-shirt with hand painted 'HIDE' lettering, and white cricket boots with fluorescent orange laces.

'two cowboys' shirt from Malcolm McLaren & Vivienne Westwood's shop Seditonaries). I attached colorful electrical components as badges to jacket lapels and skinny ties. Clearly, I would always want my garments to feel customized to my taste.

The black loose-knit jumper came from a thrift shop, along with a blue funfur jacket, and a pair of white canvas cricket boots, which I laced with fluorescent orange thread. I asked my friend, Susie Freeman on the textiles course, to knit me another jumper in white, which she did. She also made trousers for me out of various furniture fabrics. Anything but denim! Although I did paint a pair of blue denim jeans with black household paint, which held up rather well and began to 'weather' with a kind of worn leathery look. I painted my dull brown Dr Marten boots with silver and red diagonal stripes, to match the posters I'd designed for the first Buzzcocks album 'Another Music in a Different Kitchen'. Stupidly I later painted over them with camouflage patterns.

In 1977 my flatmate and co-conspirator was John McGeoch, who would later go on to become celebrated guitarist in Magazine and then Siouxsie and the Banshees. He wore a beautifully worn-in, and much-coveted, leather biker's jacket from Lewis Leathers in London. With my first paycheck after designing the sleeve for Buzzcocks' 'Orgasm Addict' single I decided I wanted my own similar jacket, but bought one in red leather, not wanting to copy and of course with a need to distinguish myself once again. To my eternal regret I've no idea where it eventually disappeared to, but I

wore it daily for the whole time I spent in Manchester before moving to London late in 1978. I have since owned several black leather jackets, one of which, with a beautiful painting of roses by Sarah Gregory on the back, is displayed here.

It was not until the move to London before I was able to buy a black bondage jacket from Seditonaries having admired both Johnny Rotten and Adam Ant wearing theirs. But curiously I can't recall seeing anyone else. It thus satisfied both the uniform and the individuality aspects as the epitome of Punk clothing. I only bought a pair of the (otherwise ubiquitous) bondage trousers later, to complete the outfit. In the late '80s I worked with the King's Road shop BOY, when they acquired rights to some of Westwood's designs and sold bondage trousers and other garments in numerous fabrics and color ways, such as the red and white pairs displayed here. Later still I bought pairs in tartan, leather, denim, and pinstripe fabric direct from Vivienne Westwood's own store, when she herself was encouraged to re-introduce this timeless classic.

This glazed-cotton bondage jacket was always my prized Punk possession, but with multiple straps around the shoulders and connecting elbows and wrists it was quite demanding to wear, so most Punks preferred the 'parachute' top—a much more 'wearable' but equally outrageous, and similarly gender-neutral, garment. My shirt, on display here, is the rarer 'Anarchy' version, with hand-painted appliquéd panels, and stenciled epithet 'only anarchists are pretty'. I bought this a few years later from Wendy James when we were working with her post-Punk band Transvision Vamp. I'd realized by this time that these were important garments that should be kept for posterity.

Also treasured is the Sid Vicious 'She's Dead. I'm Alive. I'm Yours' shirt in the archetypal Seditonaries muslin fabric with long sleeves that could be hooked back to D-rings to shorten them or worn over the hands in a kind of strait-jacket style. This shirt was produced just after Sid Vicious was accused of killing his girlfriend Nancy Spungen but withdrawn when he himself died of a heroin overdose just a few weeks later.

There's a story attached to every garment. This has been some of them.

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Torn Apart Again

I missed "real" punk—I was 10 in 1976—but not its aftermath. The bands I loved were either strongly connected to punk (The Clash, SLF, Buzzcocks, The Jam), or definitely NOT punk, but they had grown out of it (The Specials, The Cure, Joy Division, Bauhaus). By the time 1980 rolled around, anything was up for grabs: it was the start of post-modern pluralism with its diverse cornucopia of musical styles. In the '80s you could belong to several tribes all at once, the monotheism of Punk long gone. In truth the singularity of Punk was nothing more than a marketing ploy, its rebellious originality deliberately disconnected from its eclectic musical lineage.

As a 'too-late-for-punk' teen, I gravitated towards the term New Wave. It could mean anything new or experimental that spewed from the Pandora's box that Punk had smashed open. Ska, synth-pop, rockabilly, goth... you could put them all under that umbrella, comforting yet meaningless, eventually replaced with the equally vague term "indie".

I wanted to be a photographer because of Pennie Smith, Brian Griffin and Sheila Rock, and then later on, a designer because of Peter Saville, Vaughan Oliver and Barney Bubbles. All my visual inspiration came from music, all my cultural knowledge, all my socio-political knowledge too. Punk and New Wave shaped my life in every imaginable way.

As a graphic design faculty at CalArts, in the early 2000s I would mount small exhibitions of my Punk/New Wave 45s I had brought with me from England, or give the odd lecture on Punk design. But I was never sure who would be interested in this material. I helped create the CalArts poster archive and curated a poster exhibition at REDCAT, Los Angeles, in 2020 and this led to a connection with Andrew Krivine, owner of the collection that had formed the basis of *Too Fast To Live*.

With a DIY punk attitude, Andrew and I decided the two of us could make a large-scale show of his collection happen in Los Angeles at the Pacific Design Center. Over the span of a frantic four days in a storage unit in New Jersey, the pair of us pulled the best and rarest works from Andrew's collection. For those four days I was a 14-year-old again. Each gem that Andrew presented was a time capsule, an object imbued with the extraordinary power to conjure up the past and to revive long lost memories.

Michael Worthington



↑ *Torn Apart* LA publicity image featuring a mash-up of designs by Jamie Reid and Peter Saville

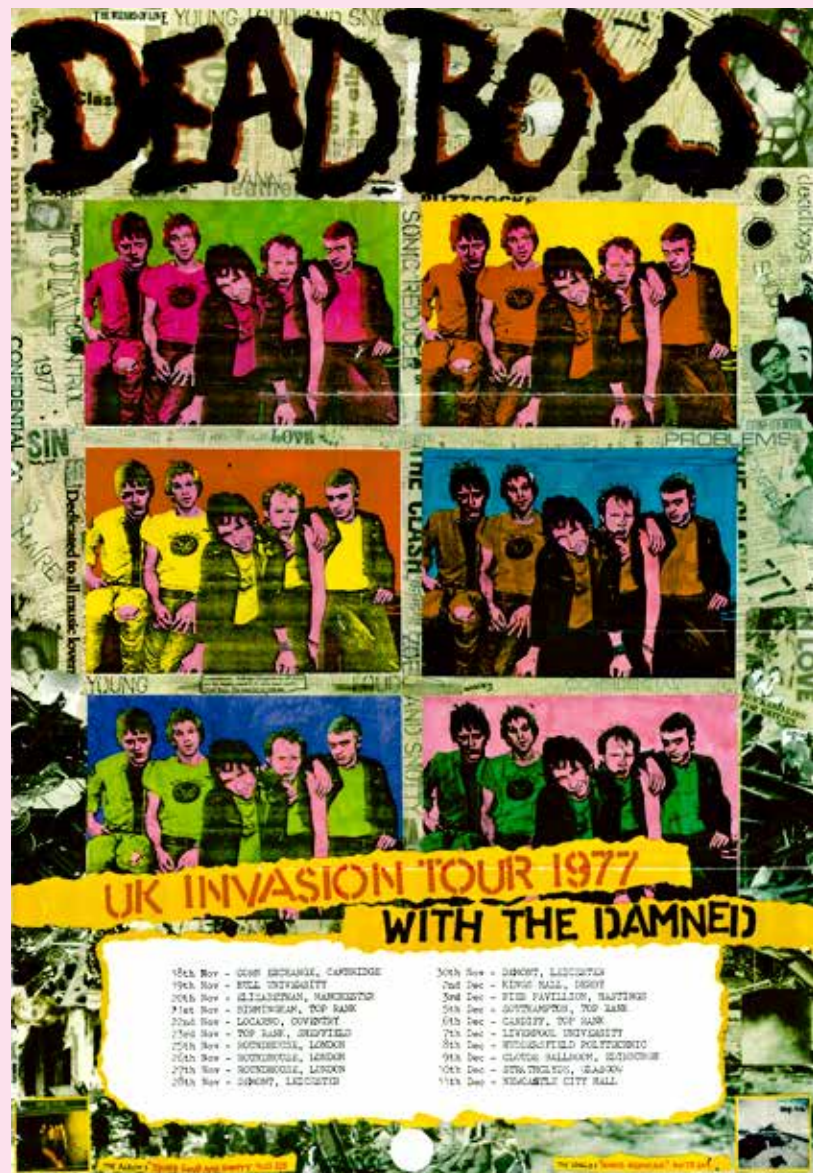
After the PDC version of *Torn Apart*, Andrew secured other venues for the exhibition starting with SMU in Dallas. The exhibition mutated to fit the venue and SMU saw a significant addition of clothing from the collection of graphic designer Malcolm Garrett.

In each iteration *Torn Apart* is concerned with music history but more than anything else it is very deliberately and unapologetically a design exhibition. This exhibition taps into the duality of graphic ephemera: simultaneously worthless yet priceless, ubiquitous yet treasured. What would any of us give to own the lost treasures of our youth? These graphic works, made by trained and untrained designers, are the visual representations of subculture at the height of its power. These objects become indexical markers of our lost past, emotional tokens/totems that act as vehicles for time travel.

A hippie once told me that Punk isn't about the music, its a state of mind. New Wave embraced that state of mind, extended and expanded it, musically and graphically. I hope this exhibition inspires designers to continue that way of thinking and working, whatever that might look like.

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Torn Apart: Punk, New Wave + the Graphic Aftermath 1976–86, was at the Pacific Design Center Gallery, Los Angeles from 25th of June to 8th September, 2022.



↑ Dead Boys, 1977

Credits

Curation + Exhibition Design: Michael Worthington
 Project Management: Jolene de Verges, Director, Hamon Arts Library and Beverly Mitchell, Assistant Director, Hamon Arts Library
 Installation Team: Sam Esquivel, Tom McKerrow, Michele Nordahl, Brian Peterman
 Graphic Design: Michael Worthington

Special Thanks

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Torn Apart: Punk + New Wave Graphics, Fashion & Culture, 1976–86

Hawn Gallery, Hamon Arts Library
 Southern Methodist University
 February 8–May 10, 2024

This exhibition is free. This publication is free. First printing 2024.

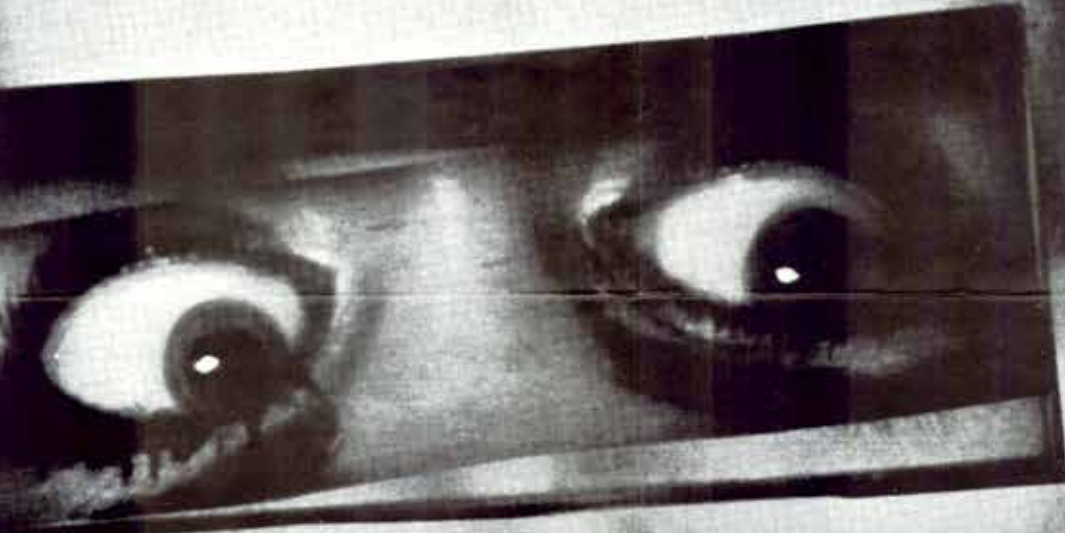
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Wherever possible we have attempted to identify and credit designers and photographers.

↓ The Clash, 1979



Live



ARBEN

