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PURPLE FASHION *magazine*

FEATURING **Virginie Despentes** ¹⁴⁶, **Salem** ¹⁶⁴, **David Lynch** ¹⁸⁴,
Kenneth Anger ¹⁵⁶, **Kaneto Shindo** ¹⁷⁰, **Mick Fleetwood** ²⁰⁴,
Collier Schorr ¹⁹², **Carlo Mollino** ⁴⁴⁹, *fashion portraits of eleven*
talented women ²¹³, *and a book by* **Katja Rahlwes**...



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place. It was on the corner of Sunset and Hyperion, which now hosts a collection of trendy eateries and hip shops, but back then it was a pretty rough neighborhood. If I remember correctly the store had no sign. Inside there were books about bomb-making, counterintelligence, civil disobedience, drugs, sex, devil-worship, and just about every conspiracy theory known to man. It became my own City Lights, another hub where my personal understanding of subculture was born. Every time I went to Amok I would come home with a stack of books, which I would then devour in my bedroom when I was supposed to be asleep. The information I was receiving became as important to me as the countercultural fashions that defined my look. The style and substance were inseparable. One could credit this store with educating an entire generation of young Southern Californian outsiders.

Why did almost all of the most significant cultural movements of the last hundred years end up developing in such squalid locations? Each and every subculture has developed in a place free from the prying eyes of the general populace. There was most certainly always an audience, but it was comprised of a small group of like-minded peers who were perpetrating the same crimes. In today's climate, however, small communities that spawn influential subcultures would be impossibly difficult to cultivate. The world is simply too connected. It is virtually impossible to remain obscure in today's constant information exchange. The incubator is broken, the audience is too big, and even if the baby is premature, it is quickly paraded in front of the cameras. But perhaps it's not that the audience has grown that's the problem — maybe it's that the audience is *missing*. As consumers of cyber culture, we are continually dealing with what I would describe as an "invisible audience." Meaning that while there may be thousands and thousands of people contributing to and viewing our collective history through their computers, nobody is actually present in that encounter. You can google your way to information, but you cannot google an experience — at least not yet. And perhaps this is where the *real* death of subculture takes place.

AN EXCERPT FROM THE FORTHCOMING BOOK *COLLAGE CULTURE: EXAMINING THE 21ST CENTURY'S IDENTITY CRISIS* BY AARON ROSE AND MANDY KAHN WITH DESIGN BY BRIAN ROETTINGER. PUBLISHED FALL 2011 BY JRP/RINGIER.



MARK FLOOD *MURK FLUID*, 2011
 INSTALLATION VIEW, ZACH FEUER GALLERY, NEW YORK
 TEXT BY JULIANA BALESTIN

Murk Fluid, 2011, shown at Zach Feuer Gallery, was Mark Flood's second exhibition in New York. Flood hails from Houston, Texas. His show featured a series of colorful floral paintings with intricate lacelike surfaces and shimmering light, and a room-sized photocollage made up of hundreds of images of Lindsay Lohan, outlining her successes and tribulations. In the middle of the pictures was one of Flood's text paintings, with the words "call me" and a phone number. The detailing is complicated and well thought-out in the paintings and in the installation, while the subject matter of the images seems to suggest that there's artificiality in nature as well as in celebrity.