Magazine Pioneers: form and content in 1960s and 1970s radicalism

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> "At first I couldn't even write the essay. I came back to East London and just sat around worrying over the things. I had a lot of trouble analysing exactly what I had on my hands. By this time the *Routledge Companion* practically had a gun at my head because they had space for the essay locked into the printing presses and no essay. Finally, I told Martin Conboy, co-editor of the *Companion,* that I couldn't pull the thing together. OK, he tells me, just type out my notes and send them over and he will get somebody else to write it. So about eight o'clock that night I started typing the notes out in the form of a memorandum that began, 'Dear Martin.'
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> ……..
>
> "About 4pm I got a call from Martin Conboy. He told me that they were striking out the 'Dear Martin' at the top of the memorandum and running the rest of it in the *Companion.* That was the essay, 'Magazine Pioneers: form and content in 1960s and 1970s radicalism'."

Writing this essay did not actually happen that way. The two paragraphs above are intended as an affectionate pastiche of Tom Wolfe's mid-1960s account (Wolfe 1968: 11) of how he found the form of writing that was to become New Journalism. Thus:

> But at first I couldn't even write the story. I came back to New York and just sat around worrying over the things. I had a lot of trouble analysing exactly what I had on my hands. By this time *Esquire* practically had a gun at my head because they had a two-page-wide colour picture for the story locked into the printing presses and no story. Finally I told Byron Dobell, the managing editor of *Esquire*, that I couldn't pull the thing together. OK, he tells me, just type out my notes and send them over and he will get someone else to write it. So about eight o'clock that night I started typing the notes out in the form of a memorandum that began 'Dear Byron'. I started typing away, starting right with the first time I saw any custom cars in California. I just started recording it all, and inside a couple of hours, typing along like a madman, I could tell that something was beginning to happen. By midnight this memorandum to Byron was twenty pages long and I was still typing like a maniac. About 2am, or something like that I turned on WABC, a radio station that plays rock and roll music all night long, and got a little more manic. I wrapped up the memorandum about 6.15 am, and by this time it was 49 pages long. I took it over to *Esquire* as soon as they opened up, about 9.30am. About 4pm I got a call from Byron Dobell. He told me they were striking out the 'Dear Byron' at the top of the memorandum and running the rest of it in the magazine. That was the story, 'The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby' (Wolfe 1968: 11).

Wolfe does not claim to have been the sole inventor of New Journalism, but by his account it was he who came to realise both the necessity and the full possibility of doing journalism differently. This he did, first, under pressure of deadlines and, second, in reaction to the established formats – prescribed and prescriptive – of mainstream print journalism. Dissatisfied with 'somnambulistic totem newspapers' (Wolfe 1968: 9), Wolfe took the novel-like aspects of some feature writing, especially sports features, and featured these in a new motto for journalism itself: write it like a novel.

Wolfe was adamant that new times – especially the emerging youth culture of the 1960s – demanded a new form of representation; hence his clarion call for the New Journalism. This essay presumes to play about with the seminal account of what made New Journalism because its author shares Wolfe's interest in new forms of publication capable of accommodating new experiences. Whereas Wolfe set himself the task of telling the story of a new generation in a characteristically new way, this essay seeks to narrate how Wolfe's British contemporaries and younger siblings followed suit. Furthermore, it will explore how some met with considerable success, while others went on to lose the plot. It would become their lot to represent the gradual demise of the political counterpart to New Journalism's formal innovation, namely, the genuinely popular form of social democracy initiated during the Second World War (1939-45) and further constructed throughout 'the Long Boom' thereafter. Accordingly, when this form of social democracy eventually lost momentum in Britain in the 1970s, its weakening was complemented by the relative decline of formal innovation in UK magazines.

In art and culture, formal development does not always correspond with progressive social content but in the pioneering magazines produced in Britain in the 1960s, these two trajectories appear well-matched. In the way the printed page was furnished, there seemed to be a new openness which was emblematic of a new configuration of power which had been opened up, at least in part, to the wider population. Conversely, in the straitened circumstances of the 1970s the wider population tended to close ranks, dividing into opposing subgroups – some radical, some radically conservative. Meanwhile in the editorial process, the stylistic adventure of the 1960s, i.e. new styles in association with newly extended social democracy, was similarly stymied. Formal regression followed a new climate of economic restraint and increasing insularity, even among young radicals.

But this is not to suggest that relations between form and content can ever be simple and direct. Even when they happen to be in broad correspondence, as here, there are further, mediating factors which qualify the relationship and complicate the picture. Accordingly, this essay starts from the premise that the pioneering work of British magazines in the 1960s and 1970s, was undertaken in response to equally novel experiences. Writers, photographers, designers and editors – all had to run with the pace of change. But as it turned out, some of them were well placed to keep up with the curve, while others were less well equipped to stay the course. Why? Partly as a result of different factors intrinsic to writing and design, respectively but also partly resulting from wider social factors which had a differential impact on design compared to writing.

British magazine writers could follow the lead offered by Americans such as Tom Wolfe. Moreover American-led New Journalism was still sufficiently new – it was far enough way from traditional forms of established journalism – for it to retain credibility as a radical alternative to the

mainstream. Therefore, as an ostensibly new way of telling the story, this kind of journalism could run and run. So it did, and for a considerable length of time. Similarly, at the beginning of the 1960s many magazine designers took their cue from modernist design and its progressive political connotations. But by the beginning of the 1970s, the look of the modern was as discredited as the generation of post-Second World War politicians, including Labour Prime Minister Harold Wilson and Minister of Technology Anthony Wedgwood Benn, who had adopted it as their uniform.

In the early 1970s, McKie and Cook first documented the damage done to popular political aspirations during 'the decade of disillusion', i.e. the 1960s (McKie and Cook 1972). By the early 1970s modern social policy, much of it Labour-led, had been found wanting and the UK electorate turned reluctantly towards the Conservative Party. Moreover, as the policies of social democracy fell into disrepute, so the style in which such policies had first entered the public domain, i.e. modernism, was found guilty by association. From then on, it became increasingly difficult to keep faith with modernist design. Many magazines, including those which had been confident pioneers only a few years earlier, no longer knew where to look or *how* to look.

Thus the onset of political uncertainty was most keenly felt in the art department while, in the reporters' room, the incoming form of magazine reporting – New Journalism – retained a reputation for capturing the onset of economic and social crisis.

Wartime Origins of Design Innovation

More than 30 years earlier, in the wartime pages of the magazine *Picture Post,* three key elements had been brought closer together than ever before: (1) representation of full scale popular participation in the historic events of the day, i.e. total war, including 'the home front'; (2) the deliberate use of modernist typefaces to encode every kind of experience, thereby emphasising that 'we're all in this together' and confirming 'anti-fascism' as the great leveller; (3) photographs which not only depicted the details of everyday life but also endowed the everyday with historic significance.

In the configuration of these three elements, *Picture Post* declared World War Two 'the people's war'. Conversely, 'the people's war' found popular expression in the modernism of *Picture Post;* its explicitly modern style implied recognition of people – everyday people – making history.

After the war ended in 1945, winning the peace became the order of the day and the new order was issued in much the same style. With fascism fashioned as Gothic, the design code for anti-fascism was carried over into the era of social reconstruction, carrying with it the expectation of progressive popular participation in all aspects of the public sphere, from politics and journalism to architecture and urban spaces. In typography, reconstruction was formatted in the Swiss Style of high modernism, as distilled in the typeface Helvetica, which Poynor (2007) associates with a whole set of social democratic ambitions.

Throughout the 1950s, in the continuing pursuit of these ambitions, modernity was seen as virtuous; while gerontocracy and its antiquated effects, i.e. 'the stagnant society' resulting from the rule of old men, were construed as the enemy. In the general elections of the 1960s Britain turned to a new power generation which, with their manifestos printed in appropriately modernist type, promised to modernise Britain 'in the white heat of the technological revolution' (Wilson 1963: 139). Similarly,

the period before and after the 1964 general election was remarkable for the launch of a raft of magazines predicated on the *Picture Post* package of modernism and progressive popular participation. But the new magazines of the 1960s not only adopted this style as their starting point, they also sought to extend it as far as the people's eye could see.

Modernism, Psychedelia and the Deformation of Design

In UK magazines at the beginning of the 1960s, graphic design was streets ahead of reporting. Designers such as Tom Wolsey at *Town,* Mark Boxer at *Queen* and latterly Harri Peccinotti at *Nova*, all used modernist traits to capture the contemporary sense of social change. Apart from the predictable preference for *sans serif* type – always a strong indicator of modernism (Spencer 1982) and *de rigueur* in the mid-twentieth century iteration known as the Swiss Style, their magazine design is notable for being simultaneously figurative and abstract. On the printed page, human figures dissolve into abstract shapes but shapes can also resolve into the human form. The dual effect is to provide definition and suggest movement: people on the move; society in motion.

The work of these designers seems to revel in the difficult task of integrating the grain of particular experience with universal abstractions without doing either of these an injustice. This is a rare achievement, realised by unusually adventurous designers enjoying an exceptional social setting which tended to support innovation.

The influence of their magazines was far in excess of their commercial viability. Titles such as *Town* and *Queen* served mainstream periodical publishing as a *de facto* R&D department. They provided fresh blood, e.g. Mark Boxer went from *Queen* to the *Sunday Times,* where in 1962 he became founding editor of the 'colour supplement' (designated the *Sunday Times Magazine* in 1963). Boxer *et al* took succour from the European tradition of innovative magazine graphics – as seen in pre-Second World War titles such as *Vu* and *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung* (Taylor 2006: 72). This tradition was imported into the UK along with refugees from fascism, e.g. *Town*'s own Tom Wolsey had been born in Aachen, moving to Britain as a schoolboy. In Wolsey's London, the European tradition converged with the influence of imaginative Americans as George Lois (Lois 2003) who was already established as an art director at *Esquire* when Wolfe wrote his ground-breaking memorandum to Byron Dobell while Wolsey himself also built on the domestic precedent set by *Picture Post* – each issue a pictorial vindication of social democracy.

But this alignment of factors – aesthetic and economic, social and political – did not last for long. It is well nigh impossible to pinpoint exactly when the mood changed but by the beginning of the 1970s modernist magazine design already seemed tainted rather than starred. Even the social milieu which top designers moved in, became something of a liability.

Town (previously entitled *Man About Town,* then *About Town*) was purchased in 1958 by Michael Heseltine's publishing company, Cornmarket (subsequently Haymarket). Heseltine, who went on to become a cabinet minister, is said to have used it as a personal status symbol. *The Queen* was subtitled 'the ladies' newspaper and court chronicle' until Jocelyn Stevens, scion of the Hulton media dynasty, bought it for himself on the occasion of his twenty-fifth birthday in 1957. Stevens shortened the title and extended its subject matter. But *Queen* continued to carry a vein of blue blood. Its resident photographer was Anthony Armstrong-Jones, soon to be ennobled as Lord Snowden, husband of Princess Margaret. Not even *Nova* – perhaps the most adventurous magazine of them all

– stood entirely outside this charmed circle. Its launch editor, Dennis Hackett, had previously made his name as editor of *Queen* (Magforum 2012).

In short, as magazine modernism became closely associated with an increasingly discredited form of social democracy, so many of the personnel associated with magazine design were too close to the British elite for the emerging counterculture to feel comfortable with them. Instead of titles to be read by the likes of John Stead and Emma Peel in *The Avengers*, this new cohort wanted a new style of publication to accompany their own appreciation of Jimi Hendrix and Pink Floyd.

On the rebound from modernism, the magazines of the late 1960s counterculture developed a new aesthetic – the psychedelic. This new aesthetic claimed to be even more progressive than its modernist predecessor and the music associated with it – no longer simply 'pop' – even dubbed itself 'progressive'. But with hindsight, psychedelia can be seen as an elaborate process of contraction. It was the stylistic complement to widespread withdrawal from the expanded horizons of post-war social democracy.

On the surface, the psychedelic style was characterised by inflation rather than contraction. In men's clothes, the smart, neat lines of 'mod' flared out – ballooned – into bell bottoms and, eventually, 'loon pants'. Meanwhile on record sleeves and magazine pages alike, inflated letters loomed out at the reader – ordinary things made extraordinary in a small scale imitation of the effect of psychotropic drugs.

The entire look said 'mind expanding' but focussing on the *Revolution In My Head* (McDonald 2008) could only mean withdrawing from the wider plane of political and social engagement. This revolution was mainly restricted to perception and largely confined to a minority albeit a minority which defined itself by disdain for the majority – the millions who were not hip enough to be in on it. Mind expansion, and the style concomitant with it, turned out to mean retreat not only from modernist associations but also from social democracy and its association with the majority population. Inflated type came to represent the deflation of democratic ambitions.

The regressive aspects of psychedelia were not immediately apparent. Indeed the positive side of the prospectus looms large in the London editions of *Oz,* the magazine of satirical dissent which editor Richard Neville brought with him to London after falling foul of obscenity law in Australia – though he soon found himself up against the British equivalent. For example, the 'Magic Theatre' issue of *Oz* (No 16, November 1968)*,* put together by Australian artist Martin Sharp and filmmaker Philippe Mora, uses pop-art and cut-up to present an arresting panorama of the contemporary capitalist regime. The graphic juxtaposition of ordinary and extraordinary life is as intriguing and challenging as its literary counterparts, such as Hunter Thompson's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* (2005)*.* In their respective formats, they both offer apocalyptic visions of everyday life charged with political and sexual violence. On the other hand, though there is no denying its quirky intelligence, the wraparound colour cover of *Oz* No 16 (Ozit 2013) is quiescent rather than challenging, as if the cover artists who produced it had already stopped trying to grapple with contradictory reality. In a visual style which anticipates the animated sequences in *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, there is plenty of contradiction, e.g. in the slogan, 'this should be the end but I feel it is just the beginning'. However contradiction appears inevitable – part of a fantastic show (the eponymous 'magic theatre'), rather than something to be deliberately addressed and actively resolved. In a scene

where ‘all men are madmen’, magic is a necessary part of the scene but the scene can only be a dream – or nightmare, beyond our ken.

In this presentation of reality in which reality cannot be rationally appropriated, type – representing in letter-form the objects which go to make up our experience – is suitably large and luscious; whereas people are depicted either as cut-up clichés or as stunted little figures. Consistent with the idea of the world as a trip we cannot control, inflated type complements a deflated vision of the human subject. *Oz*’s ‘magic theatre’ is really a stage set for ‘the minimal self’ (Lasch 1984).

While psychedelic style remained overtly expansive and superficially progressive, it proved even less sustainable than its predecessors. It was soon superseded by the minimalist modernism associated with skinheads – both relentless and resentful; also by the anti-style of early feminism. Thus in their reaction against the erstwhile coupling of modernism and social democracy, working class men took the former and used it to attack the open society ethos of the latter while mainly middle class feminists developed a kind of non-style, on the basis that style itself, whether modernist or psychedelic, had previously served as packaging for patriarchal oppression.

Although they gravitated towards different ends of the political spectrum, both these developments were similarly insular. As right-wing skinheads were almost exclusive to white working class neighbourhoods, so the women’s movement found itself ‘in sisterhood’. In each instance, the ‘-hood’ entailed an enclosed space and a select population. Moreover, to the extent that insiders were no longer required to engage with outsiders (except perhaps to ridicule or intimidate them), they felt less of an obligation to present themselves in ways designed to connect with the general population, i.e. the ways in which modernism and even ‘mod’ style had been associated with social democracy. In design terms, therefore, the skinhead’s working class roots entitled him to reject fashion in favour of a supposedly classic uniform. Similarly, those rooted in sisterhood need not – indeed, they should not – be overly concerned with matters of style.

Consequently, the pioneering feminist magazine, *Spare Rib* (founded in 1972) cultivated a non-style. In early issues such as No 26 (undated), editorial presentation is as miscellaneous as the regular feature entitled ‘Info Odds and Sods’ (p33). The writing is more essay-ish than journalistic, as in this pre-amble to an interview with singer-songwriter Bridget St John, which appeared in issue No 28:

> The development of her music, from simply accompanying herself on guitar to her recent, more adventurous album ‘Jumblequeen’ released through her new record company, Chrysalis, shows growth, over which she is in control (Fudger undated: 43).

This was the issue (No 28) in which the editorial collective first invited ‘readers to interview themselves’, leading to a long-running series of first-person narratives, e.g. ‘Trapped in Marriage’ (pp9-10), ‘Learning About Sex’ (p11), and ‘Exercise In Trust’ (pp12-15) – all from issue No 38. These pieces point towards the subsequent rise of women’s ‘real life’ magazines in the 1990s. However, in the latter period, ‘real life’ was being copy-fitted into an exact prose form which was carefully dressed down by skilled sub-editors; whereas in the *Spare Rib* originals the presentation of readers’ experience really was as shapeless as a pair of (stereotypical) dungarees.

The non-style of *Spare Rib’s* pioneering days may have been partly pragmatic. At the outset, a group of women who came together partly to protest about being excluded from the professions, can

hardly be expected to produce the most professional-looking package. But *Spare Rib*'s non-style lasted longer than it takes to learn graphic design, so the practicalities of non-professionals getting the paper out, cannot fully account for it. Instead the title's non-style should be seen as a conscious form of non-assent to the magazines business and the patriarchy perceived to be inherent in it.

Meanwhile British music journalists – most of them men – were giving birth to a new style of reporting, with King's Reach Tower, high-point of professionally produced magazine patriarchy, serving as their delivery room.

The Reporter as Composer: striving for a new modernism

Music journalist Nick Kent was one of the pioneers of long form reporting in the UK. Having come up from the 'underground' magazine *Friendz*, in 1972 Kent was recruited to the *New Musical Express* by assistant editor Nick Logan (the Ilford Mod who went on to edit and publish *The Face*). Kent, alongside Charles Shaar Murray who had graduated from the infamous *Oz Schoolkids Issue*, and Ian MacDonald, a recent graduate of Cambridge University, was part of a radical shake-up at the paper. Instead of adult easy listening (the focus of the 1950s) or teen beat groups (1960s), in the early 1970s the *NME* sought to capture the new seriousness in 'progressive' music; but without being as po-faced as its rival weekly, *Melody Maker.*

Both titles were owned by the same publishing company, IPC. According to Kent, having 'thrown its full editorial weight' (Kent 2010: 81) behind 'progressive rock', *Melody Maker*'s circulation had risen to 200,000, whereas the *NME* – with circulation figures down to 60,000 – was on notice from management that 'it had only twelve issues left to turn around its dwindling demographic' (Kent 2010: 81).

The *NME*'s radical departure – in terms of its subject-matter, entailed complementary changes in presentation. Away went the bright, airy tone of news and features, the latter often consisting of 'exclusive chats' with the stars (Kent 2007: xv). These were replaced by longer, critical articles offering cinematic close-ups of damaged gods, in which the real-life contradiction between god-like status and damaged human beings was represented in highly modulated sentences and the kind of complex editing – cutting from past to present, jumping between fantasy and reality – which would re-appear a decade later in music videos. As a result of these changes, although it continued to appear in newsprint, the *NME* became much more of a magazine and far less like a traditional newspaper.

When he compiled the extended version of his 'The Last Beach Movie Revisited' in 1993, Nick Kent modified and reprised the 30,000 word text which first appeared in 1975 in three successive editions of the *NME* (21st June, 28th June and 12th July 1975). It opens with a scene from 'late '74' in which Paul and Linda McCartney pay a house-call on 'reclusive mastermind' Brian Wilson, late of the Beach Boys:

> But Brian wasn't coming out. He stayed in there, petrified, all his guts clenched up, eyes shut tight, praying with all his might that all the tiny atoms of his body would somehow break down, so that he could simply evaporate into the thin smog-strained air surrounding him. It was all to do with something his brother Carl had told him not long before, something about Paul McCartney once claiming that

> Brian's song 'God Only Knows' was the greatest pop song ever-written. And, in his mind, it had all become hopelessly twisted: 'Like, if "God Only Knows" is the greatest song ever written, then I'll never write anything as good again! And if I never write anything as good, then I'm finished. I'm a has-been and a wash-up, just like everyone keeps saying.'…..He never came out until long after they'd all left. Someone said afterwards that you could just make out the sound of him inside that claustrophobic room, weeping softly to himself, like an unloved little boy who had recently experienced a particularly savage beating (Kent 2007: 3).

Kent builds his paragraph like a guitar solo, repeating key words as key notes ('all', 'something', 'never'), mounting clauses one on top of another, appearing to end the sentence before adding another lick: 'And, in his mind, it had all become hopelessly twisted…. And if I never write anything as good, then I'm finished.' Thus Kent's prose composition was aligned to the musical compositions favoured by his readers: his writing was very much in the moment of music-led 1970s counterculture. But in order to chime in with this moment, he drew heavily on both American New Journalism and European modernist literature.

In *Apathy For The Devil,* his 'seventies memoir', Kent acknowledges his debt to Truman Capote and Tom Wolfe (Kent 2010: 23-24). In the Preface to *The Dark Stuff,* a retrospective collection of his music journalism, he recalls flying to Detroit in 1973 to be taken under the wing of Lester Bangs and Dave Marsh, resident writers at *Creem,* 'the best rock mag in the world at the time' (Kent 2007: xiv). 'With Lester', Kent recalls, 'it was all about penetration, breaking on through to the other side… What does this music say to your soul? Do these guys even sound like they have souls to you? What's really going on here….behind the masks?'

Like Tom Wolfe before him, Lester Bangs (Bangs 1996) had struggled to find a form of writing that would enable reporters to get to the essence of their subject and when Kent flew back to London in the spring of 1973 he was equally determined that his writing about music would appear in a form that was true to the music itself. In rejecting the established versions of reporting, Tom Wolfe, Lester Bangs and now their British apprentice, Nick Kent, were not abandoning form *per se*. Rather, they sought to re-establish it; to find the new form that could capture more content, over and above the capacity of older formats.

For these reporters, modernist writing was not uniformly problematic. Instead they entered into a complex relationship with it, as contradictory as the modern world which modernism itself had attempted to encapsulate. On the one hand they rejected the streamlined simplification typically entailed in modern reporting formats such as the inverted pyramid (the characteristic shape of news stories in the 'totem' titles bemoaned by Wolfe), or the 'background feature'. On the other hand, Kent cites *Ulysses,* James Joyce's modernist masterpiece (1922/2010), as the biggest literary influence of his final year at school – even more so than Capote's 'flawless insight' (Kent 2010: 23), or Wolfe's 'dandified upper echelon hipspeak prose style' (Kent 2010: 24). But he singles out Joyce for pursuing precisely what Capote and Wolfe were also aiming at: 'a way to penetrate the complex innermost workings of the human imagination and evoke them sublimely in the printed word' (Kent 2010: 24).

Kent also identified the role of the reporter with that of the detective – a truly modern *persona* – as in this aside on his own motivation for investigating Brian Wilson's predicament:

> It was a dirty job but someone had to do it. Looking back, I remember how the darker it got, the more my eyes lit up and the more I fantasised that I was Lou Harper, the private eye in Ross McDonald's 'The Moving Target', swimming through the murky human debris of weird-ass LA to arrive ultimately at a deeper truth (Kent 2007: 5).

Kent had no interest in the mainstream version of being modern as characterized in standardised journalism. For him the inverted pyramid was not modern enough; it did not do enough to embody the complexity of modern life. Meanwhile he identified with modernist writers who sought to extend the descriptive capacity of their writing, in keeping with the growing complexity of the modern world itself. Also, he kept faith with the modern idea of solving the conundrum of form and content; cracking this recurring case like a hardboiled private eye.

It is notable that the music writers who came up behind Kent *et al*, snapping hungrily at their heels, felt obliged to continue with this way of working rather than break away from it. Thus 'young gunslinger' Tony Parsons writing in the *NME* about The Clash (Parsons 1995: 6-15), is formally indistinguishable from Nick Kent on The Rolling Stones a few years earlier (Kent 2007: 137-167). Furthermore, if you swap ostentatious wealth for histrionic poverty, and substitute one illegal drug for another, the content is not so different, either. That the next generation of reporters could not come up with anything better to do, or a better way of doing it, suggests that Kent and his contemporaries had developed a form of reporting sufficient to the demands of its time.

Conclusion: the significance of form

Does form matter? In the 1970s, activists argued that the urgency of the political situation must take precedence over stylistic considerations. In the contemporary era of immediate communication, labouring long and hard over formal composition seems almost absurd. But there is surely a relationship between the permitted formlessness of today's instant communication, and the assumption that we are communicating only to people we already know. Thus instant communication defaults to interpersonal communication. It tends to confine what is being said to the interpersonal level and insofar as it defines our existence, it persistently privatises us. Whereas in the examples above, most of those who focussed on form, who devoted their energies to finding new forms of composition, were intent on relaying human experience to the widest possible public**.** This is not to say that in today's circumstances the public could or should be reconstituted in the form of social democracy and/or modernism. Nor is it to imply that the public can be reconstituted by form alone. But it is to suggest that attention to form is not only the sign of a particular mode of address to a specific, historical cohort; it plays an important part in calling the wider public into existence.

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