

Lloyd Johnson: The Modern Outfitter

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Some names transcend generations and mean different things to different people. To me it was that cool, somewhat intimidating shop selling amazing Hawaiian and fifties shirts, pleated trousers in candy and pop colours, biker boots and leather jackets at the far end of the Kings Road - that open air catwalk of unscripted style. I'd walk its length - from Sloan Square Tube towards Worlds End - passing the Chelsea Barracks, the punks on the park bench, then looking into the antique market, R Soles, Woodhouse, Boy and Flip and American Classics as I made my journey down what was to me an unmatched fashion parade. These mannequins would occupy the windows of the my final destination, Johnson's.

But going to this new exhibition featuring Lloyd Johnson's archive isn't (just) a nostalgia trip, it's a celebration of taste and a kind of creative resistance which provided an antidote to the various mainstream attitudes of the seventies, eighties and beyond.



An unsung hero of British style culture this is both timely and way over due. Few people can claim to connect the dots between Britain's dirty bikers (no offence Dave C.) and America's best dressed man, Fred Astaire, or between a young Siouxsie Sioux and Liza Minnelli (of indeterminate age), or between the maverick Tom Waits and sharp dressed modernists like Phil (Stedy) Stedman and Harry the Pencil. From Billy Fury to The Clash, Lloyd Johnson has a story to tell and the pictures to prove it.



Curated by Mr Paul Gorman, it's no surprise that this is a complete and comprehensive show. Itself an exercise in style, *Lloyd Johnson: The Modern Outfitter* is relevant not just to folks wishing to stroll down memory lane, but to anyone with an interest in one of Britain's most important style visionaries.

