

postcard from brighton

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This month, DJ Wanker amazes you all by doing an impression of a proper journalist. So he's written a column about a subject that he knows absolutely nothing about - fashion.

Me and fashion have never really got on. In fact, we've never even been on speaking terms. It was hate at first sight. I think he thinks I fucked his boyfriend or something. Sorry, but I just cannot do that whole wearing clothes well thing. If I was in a fashion police line-up with Jimmy Savill, Chris Eubank, the ugly one from The Klaxons and Mark from Peep Show, it'd be me who ended up having to stay the night at the fashion police station for further questioning. Whatever clothes I wear, I end up looking worse than a blind man who'd had a row with his care worker that morning.

Part of my problem is that I'm seriously badly colour blind. When they made us do those tests at school, I genuinely couldn't even make out the fake ones they threw in just to check the bad boys weren't taking the piss.

This means that whatever I think my clothes may look like is often extremely different to how the rest of the world sees them. I'll look in the mirror and see a man dressed as soberly as Gilbert or George, everyone else will see a migraine-inducing Patrick Wolf on acid in Oz.

George Michael also suffers from this problem, apparently. He says that's why he always dresses in black. It might also explain why George never realised his face was bright orange for much of the 80s.

There's another reason why I look like a dogs' breakfast, and not his bollocks - grinding poverty. After I've spent my meager wages on the basic essentials, like rent and fags and booze, there's hardly any left for life's little luxuries, like clothes and food.

Now I know Yr Mum Ya Dad (RIP) made an art form out of that whole twisted Green Party/Blue Peter "And here's one I made earlier out of some stuff I found in a skip" shtick, but when I tried going out wearing nothing but a few old copies of Camden New Journal, people just laughed at me at the bus stop.

And yes, I also know that while money can buy you lots of things - booze, fags, sex with people you actually fancy, money can't buy you style, which is obviously a good thing. It means we all get a chance to poke fun at those people who are more - and yet less - fortunate than ourselves. This syndrome, where your taste is in inverse proportion to your wealth, even has a medical name: Eltonitis.

I also know there's a school of gay journalism which involves slagging off queens for doing something that gay men are stereotypically seen as being good at - like looking good, shagging loads, having fun - but which the sad journo is hopelessly crap at. But I think that's as dull and obvious as rain. Me? I'm not bitter. Well, actually,

I am really bitter about loads of things, but that's not important right now. Even though I find American Football only slightly less baffling, like Chicks On Speed, I think Fashion Rules.

I think it's great when I see another gay man who dresses well and has scrubbed himself up nicely. People making themselves look good is not a bad thing, especially if they looked pretty good in the first place. But then I fancy boys that friends tell me look like they nick mobile phones for a living*. And I often walk into gay clubs and think to myself; "This is like a fancy dress party - and everyone's come dressed as an idiot!" So what do I know?

Admittedly, all this fear of fashion does put you at a bit of a disadvantage when you play out on the Electro/New Rave scenes. But, in those worlds, me looking more rubbish than a council tip is making a statement. That's right, through the medium of my crap dress sense I'm actually striking a blow for freedom! And the statement I'm making is: It doesn't matter if you dress up or dress down, look good or look bad, just so long as you don't look down your nose at other people. Beep beep! ★

* By the way, could anyone reading this who knows me, please email me their number? Only I lost my mobile at the weekend. Thanks.

