

LONDON TRIBES: LEADING THE PACK

THE INTELLECTUALS

Centre of ops Mainly east London

Crede Feed your head

Who Thinking anarchists with a feel for the surreal
What Salons; supper clubs; openings and talks at Museum 52 and Riflemaker, small art galleries on Beak Street; tea parties thrown by the Last Tuesday Society, featuring talks on subjects such as sex in Regency times; experimental music "happenings"; impromptu puppet shows; swing dancing classes; and, er, rickety hospital wheelchair ghost locomotives called Bum Bum trains

Hangouts Rakehell's Revels at the Cafe Royale; the B Club book group at the Great Eastern Hotel; the cafe at the NFT; the bar at the ICA; the Wapping Project; Port Eliot lit fest

Look Flamboyant — 1940s suits and hats for the men; netted hats, skirt suits, flouncy blouses and red lipstick for the girls

Soundtrack Bing Crosby, Noël Coward, Louis Armstrong, with the occasional burst of vaudeville

Wouldn't be seen dead In jeans

Vices Spirit shots and/or cups of tea

THE INDIES

Centre of ops North London

Crede We're holding out for a hero

Who Whichever hot, new unsigned band is the most underground, and their adoring fans. If you don't want to be a groupie, then be one of a pair of beautiful girl DJs

Hangouts Anywhere with a decent bar at the front and a sound rig out back. Nambucca in Holloway; the Boogaloo in Highgate; the Dublin Castle in Camden; Vice's Old Blue Last on Old Street. Also, the University of London Union. And MySpace

What Dancin', drinkin', chattin'. It's all about the band

Wouldn't be seen dead In on a Saturday night

Soundtrack Nothing but indie. The Holloways, Vince Vincent and the Villains and garage goths the Horrors

Look Skinny jeans, brocs and tousled hair for the boys; minis with fishnets, handbags and porcelain skin for the girls

Vices Cheap lager in plastic cups for the boys; whisky and Coke drunk through a straw for the girls

THE HEDONISTS

Centre of ops The West End

Crede No-questions-asked hedonism

Who A raggle-taggle family of Soho misfits, desperadoes and show-offs — actors, writers, singers, market traders, jewellery designers, stylists, rock stars

What Long boozing sessions at the Endurance or the Coach and Horses, followed by after-hours fun at Cuts on Frith Street. Daytime pastries at Maison Bertaux

Wouldn't be seen dead In Soho House

Look Anything to blend in with the theatre people, media types, prosies, drug dealers, pickpockets and muscle Marys

Soundtrack Hip-hop and R&B, but basically anything you can shuffle around to

Vices Lager, champagne, white russians

THE EXHIBITIONISTS

Centre of ops East London — the more remote, the better. Or, for irony value, Sketch

Crede The show must go on

Who The gay, fashion and art scenes, including the bisexual club star K-Tron, Bistrotque's fashion frannies, door bitches and Matthew of Wowowl (role model: Leigh Bowery)

What Standing out from the crowd, including competitive dress-up, podium appropriation, modelling, Dling and putting on club nights

Hangouts The new pretenders to the legendary night Family; BoomBox; Namoleelovespop; Gauche Chic at Sketch; Bethnal Green Working Men's Club; Showstudio.com's forum, for bitching

Photographs and styling: William Baker for Never Trust a Stylist. Digital, lighting and post-production: Jenan Pekusac. Lindsay Armstrong and Paul Scola for Provision. Assistant stylists: Lisa King and Emma Bull. Hair and make-up: Caroline Barnes of Frank Agency, Eugene Souleiman for Tigi S-Factor and Alice Gendhri at Jed Route Paris



Soundtrack Punk, 1990s rave, reggaeton, grime, happy hardcore, rock'n'rave, crunk (ie drunk and crazy), noisecore

Wouldn't be seen dead In the middle of the road

Look: To make others stare, especially absurd DIY involving foil, cellophane, Astraturf and paint

Vice Ego

THE NEW-WAVE RAVERS

Centre of ops Vauxhall and Peckham, suburbia, forests, beaches and derelict buildings

Crede Nothing gets in the way of the music, man — not work, not bodily needs

Who Seen-it-all urbanites; teens back from Thailand

What Rave's third coming is just as messy, seedy and illegal as its 1990s counterpart, but now with added internet forums and mobiles

Hangouts Nobody knows until it's happening

Soundtrack Mad electronica fused with ragga; UK garage; grime; partycore; anything fast, hard, with a banging bass

Wouldn't be seen dead In Chinawhite

Look Revival rave gear, minus the white gloves — hoodies, trackies, parkas, trainers, lairy gold chains, Run-DMC sunnies

Vices Laughing gas; whatever numbs the pain of the party

THE DUBSTEPPERS

Centre of ops Saar London

Crede Heavy up the sub-boss

Who Hike on Y chromosomes: urban musos and DJs such as the Bug, Roni Size and Pinch; dubstep blogger Blackdown

What Stoners swaying to dubstep. If that's too energetic, lean on a wall, mumbling: "Positive vibes, bruv, One love"

Hangouts DMZ at Moss in Brixton; FWD at Plastic People in Shoreditch; Black Market Records in Soho

Soundtrack Burial and Dubstep Allstars mix CDs for the diehards; pirate station Rinse FM for a proper "deep" listen

Wouldn't be seen dead In stilettos

Look Skater/chav/off-duty hip-hop star: dreads, tracksuits, visors; limited-edition super-trainers; camo-anything. Also, earplugs — but don't let the brethren see

Vices Weed, Red Stripe, rum and Coke □