

Published by

Time Out Guides Limited
Universal House
251 Tottenham Court Road
London W1P 0AB
Tel + 44 (0)171 813 3000
Fax + 44 (0)171 813 6001
Email guides@timeout.com
http://www.timeout.com

Editorial

Editorial Director Peter Fienness
Editor Will Fulford-Jones
Deputy Editors Kate Miller, Georgina Stewart
Listings Editor Zoë Sanders
Proofreader Rhonda Carrier

Design

Art Director John Oakey
Art Editor Mandy Martin
Designers Benjamin de Lotz, Lucy Grant,
Scott Moore
Scanning/Imaging Chris Quinn
Advertisement Make-up Paul Mansfield
Picture Editor Kern Miles
Picture Researcher Olivia Duncan-Jones
Picture Admin Kit Burnett

Advertising

Group Advertisement Director Lesley Gill
Sales Director & Sponsorship Mark Phillips
Sales Manager Alison Gray
Advertisement Sales Laurent Ezekiel,
Dominic Mensah, Rhidian Thomas
Display Production Manager Sally Webb
Copy Controller Sam Furniss
Advertising Assistant Ingrid Sigerson

Administration

Publisher Tony Elliott
Managing Director Mike Hardwick
Financial Director Kevin Ellis
General Manager Nicholas Coulthard
Production Manager Mark Lamond
Marketing Director Gillian Auld
Marketing Manager Christine Cort
Direct Marketing Manager Melanie Welsh
Marketing Executives Mandy Martinez,
Jo Tomlin
Marketing Secretary Beki Morris
Marketing Designer Colin Cooper
Accountant Catherine Bowen

Cover photography Tony Gibson
Model Miriam Kovo at IMG Models
Hair & make-up Taylor for Mascoto PR
Clothes Red Or Dead
Landscape photography Hayes
Davidson/Nick Wood
Imaging Chris Quinn

Maps JS Graphics, 17 Beadles Lane, Old
Oxley, Surrey RH8 9JG. Street maps based
on material supplied by Alan Collinson and
Julie Snook through Copyright Exchange.

Distribution

Time Out Distribution Limited
(address as above)
Tel + 44 (0)171 813 6060
Fax + 44 (0)171 813 6039

Reprographics Precise Litho, 34-35 Sutton
Street, London EC1V 0DX.
Printers Cooper Clegg Ltd, Shannon Way,
Tewkesbury Industrial Centre, Tewkesbury,
Gloucestershire GL20 8HB.

We would like to thank our sponsor, **Evian**,
for their involvement in this guide.

Credit cards The following abbreviations are
used throughout: *AmEx* American Express;
DC Diner's Club; *JCB* Japanese Credit Bank;
MC Mastercard; *TC* travellers' cheques in
any currency (*£*, *£* denotes currency);
V Visa.

Thanks

Paul Bartholomew, Frank Broughton,
Jonathan Cox, Kevin Hudson, Lesley
McCave, Rebekah McVitie, Peter Paphides,
Alex Poots, Zoë Sanders, Curt Schilling.

© Copyright Time Out Group Ltd

All rights reserved throughout the world. No
part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted,
in any form or by any means, mechanical,
photocopying, recording or otherwise,
without the prior permission of Time Out
Group Ltd.

ISSN 0954-0938

Contributors

Sections in this guide were written and
researched by the following people:

Sidelines Daniel Fryer, Andrew White.
Pre-Millennial Attention John
O'Connell (Back to the future Andrew
White). **Agenda** Kate Miller, Georgina
Stewart. **Sightseeing** Jonathan Cox,
Ian Cunningham, Louise Gray, Patrick
Marmion (Foot soldiers Daniel Fryer;
The time is now, Our honourable
friends Andrew White; Cemetery
gates Andrew Williams). **Museums**
Jonathan Cox, Lesley McCave (Add to
taste Christina Patrick; Doctors and
nurses Andrew White). **Shopping &
Services** Andrew White

Shopping & Services Guide (I'll give
you a fiver for it Daniel Fryer;
Factory records, Seek and ye shall
find NJ Stevenson; Supermarket
sweep Andrew Williams). **Restaurants** Adapted from *Time Out
Eating & Drinking Guide* (The cult of
the celebrity chef Will Hodgkinson;
Currying flavour Andrew Williams). **Cafés**
Will Fulford-Jones, Georgina
Stewart (Naughty but nice Christina
Patrick). **Pubs & Bars** Jonathan Cox
(Your name's not down: you're not
coming in Daniel Fryer). **Art**
Galleries Andrew White (Money for
God's sake Will Hodgkinson). **Children & Parents** Jonathan Cox,
Lesley McCave (Toy stories Andrew

Williams). **Clubs** Daniel Fryer (Fear
of flying Frank Broughton; The Dog's
bollocks Kate Miller). **Comedy**
Daniel Fryer, Malcolm Hay, Andrew
White. **Dance** Donald Hutera. **Film**
Lesley McCave (Extra, extra Daniel
Fryer). **Gay & Lesbian** Paul Burston,
Jonathan Cox, Zoë Ridden (Let's go
shopping! Andrew Williams). **Media**
Will Fulford-Jones. **Music: Classical**
& **Opera** Theydon Bois. **Music:**
Rock, Roots & Jazz Lily Dunn, Will
Fulford-Jones, Chris Salmon (A
crash course in gig etiquette Peter
Paphides). **Sport & Fitness** Zoë
Sanders, Andrew White (The other
World Cup Kevin Ebbutt). **Student &
Budget** Kate Miller (The three

tenners Daniel Fryer). **Theatre**
Patrick Marmion (Play for yesterday
Christina Patrick). **Trips Out of
Town** Jonathan Cox, Mary Stevens
(Blood on the tracks Daniel Fryer;
Kings of the castles Will Fulford-
Jones). **Getting Here, Getting
Around, Essentials & Emergencies**
Isaac Davis, Lily Dunn, Will Fulford-
Jones, Kate Miller, Zoë Sanders,
Georgina Stewart. **Accommodation**
Zoë Ridden, Michael Schipper. **The
Back Page** Passport control Peter
Paphides. **Agendas** Dance, Music:
C&O, Music: RR&J, Sport Kate
Miller. **Guided tours** interviews by
Will Fulford-Jones, Kate Miller. **Index**
Daniel Fryer, Kate Miller.

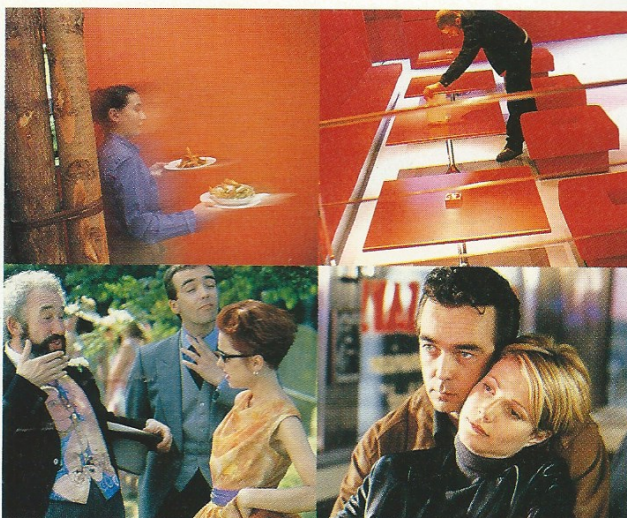


http://www.timeout.com

London Visitors' Guide

Sidelines

- 4 Daniel Fryer on the Dome, sweet Dome,
and other 21st century follies.



Features

- 6 **Pre-Millennial Attention**
John O'Connell takes the pulse of a city
ready to party like it's 1999, while
Andrew White looks into his crystal ball
and predicts what life will be like in 2100.
- 10 **Agenda**
The whos, the wheres, the whats and the
whens of the upcoming year in London.
- 130 **The Back Page**
Harrods? Nope. Trafalgar Square?
Forget it. The Rock Circus? No way.
Peter Paphides looks for some real
Britishness in London.



Listings

Sightseeing

- 13 Sightseeing
31 Museums

Consumer

- 39 Shopping
53 Restaurants
65 Cafés
67 Pubs & Bars

Arts & Entertainment

- 71 Art Galleries
75 Children
77 Clubs
83 Comedy
85 Dance
87 Film
88 Gay & Lesbian
90 Media
91 Music: Classical
94 Music: Rock
98 Sport
101 Student & Budget
103 Theatre
107 Trips Out of Town

Essentials

- 111 Getting Here
112 Getting Around
114 Essential Information
116 Emergencies
117 Accommodation
123 Advertisers' Index
124 Index
126 City map
129 Underground map



Offers

2 for 1 at the Victoria and
Albert Museum, see p21.



Wheel of fortune

Although we can't imagine there's much competition, those behind the British Airways London Eye (*née* Millennium Wheel) stress that it will be the 'biggest observational wheel in the world'. The wheel will stretch 450 feet (137 metres) in the air and offer spectacular views across the city. London has badly needed a public observation point. With the Eye, it's got one.

The Eye is a pan-European construction. The materials are from British Steel, and the engineering is Dutch. The hub and spindle are from the Czech Republic, the passenger pods from France. The cables are Italian, and the main bearings are German.

Capable of holding 25 people in each of its 32 passenger capsules, the wheel will take around 30 minutes to rotate: a half-hour

that will offer unrivalled views of the capital. Riders will even be able to see Windsor and Tunbridge Wells, both over 30 miles away. Situated on the river opposite the Palace of Westminster, the wheel will come complete with its own pier, the Waterloo Pier, and is expected to attract two million punters in the first year. ● *British Airways London Eye, South Bank, SE1. Opens January 2000.*

Sidelines

Daniel Fryer takes a look at some of London's millennial attractions.

Dome look now

To be fair to the Millennium Dome, the most ambitious building project the UK and perhaps the world has seen this century, it has had a run of bad luck. Transport links that may not be ready in time (if at all), a sceptical media, and a Church ready to boycott the festivities have hardly helped the build-up to what the government hope will be the world's biggest millennial attraction.

But ultimately, the Dome will live or die by what's actually in the thing. And once inside, a combination of theatrical performers, virtual reality

gimmickry and genuinely special effects should take us through 14 themed areas such as the Body Zone, which will contain the world's largest representation of the human form. Punters will walk through a massive body, the form of which is believed to be vaguely female. Just don't ask where the entrance and exit are.

Other zones include the National Identity Zone, a 'celebration of all things British' sponsored by Marks and Spencer (ironically, a British company currently going through an identity crisis); the Work Zone, which hopes to reveal personal work potential through a series of special skill games (like how much office stationery you can get into your pockets in 30 seconds); and the Living Island

Zone, which will incorporate that most quintessential of British jaunts, a trip to the seaside (with or without a rain machine).

God only knows what it'll be like. But since it cost £758 million, it ought to be worth a look. Our advice? Don't knock it 'til you've tried it. ●

Millennium Dome, Greenwich Peninsula, SE10. Opens 1 January 2000.



● The year 2000 will be a leap year, a concept first introduced by Julius Caesar. ● We also have 'leap seconds', which are added

occasionally to keep atomic time synchronised with the natural relationship between the earth and the Sun. ● Atomic clocks came

into use in the 1950s, and now a series of such clocks around the globe are the basis for our time signals. ● Dutchman Christiaan

Huygens built the first pendulum clock in 1656. ● The speaking clock was first introduced in 1905, with a staffer at the Paris

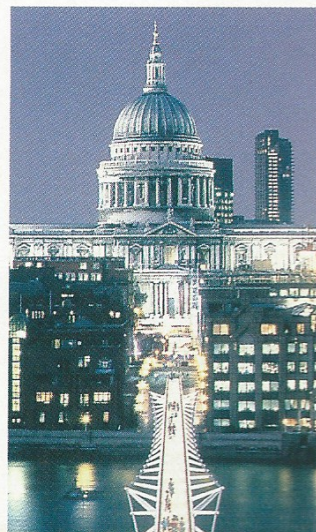


Walk this way

More than 360 tonnes of structural steel. Some 1,620 square metres of teak decking. A budget of £10.5 million. The net result? A 370-metre-long, four-metre-wide bridge across the Thames. Like there aren't enough bridges across the Thames already.

Then again, it is the Millennium Bridge and it is important. For one thing, it'll be London's first new bridge for over a century (the last was Tower Bridge in 1894). For another, it will be the capital's only dedicated pedestrian bridge. And for another, it will link two previously separated parts of central London: St Paul's Cathedral to the north and the new Tate Gallery of Modern Art at Bankside to the south.

The bridge's gorgeous design – a ground-breaking silver sliver of a construction that would've been nigh on impossible a decade ago – has been realised by architects Foster and Partners, sculptor Sir Anthony Caro (responsible for the horrible term 'sculptecture') and engineers Ove Arup and Partners. The group claim to be 'pushing tried and tested techniques and materials further than ever before'. But while that may be lost on the average crossing pedestrian, what will hit home is that it will be toll-free and open 24 hours a day, with the arc of the bridge gentle enough for easy wheelchair access. Faint hearts should take care, though: 5mm gaps between the teak boards will mean that the filthy, freezing Thames will be clearly visible to all who dare to look down. ●
Millennium Bridge. Opens April 2000.



The end is nigh (maybe)

Not everyone is planning to celebrate the millennium in a forward-looking, here's-to-a-bright-and-shiny-future kind of way. Take the British Museum: it's staging *The Apocalypse and The Shape of Things to Come*, an evaluation of the legacy of all that hellfire and damnation, tempered by the hints of redemption found in the book of Revelation.

Books, prints, drawings and film will trace the development of ideas concerning the Devil and the apocalypse from the eleventh century up to World War II. The exhibition will focus on particular episodes or apocalyptic phrases popular with doomsayers at the ends of centuries, and will include Albrecht Durer woodcuts from 1498, satire from eighteenth-century artist James Gilray, and books and watercolours from William Blake.

Visions of the world's end, however, are not only rooted in history: apocalyptic imagery is just as prevalent today. Aside from screenings of Rudolph Valentino in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, the threat of Nazism and life in the shadow of the bomb will also be examined.

What's not examined, though, is what might happen come December 31 1999. However, given that the exhibition is booking

until April 2000, it's safe to assume the organisers are fairly confident of there being a future in which to live. ●

The Apocalypse and The Shape of Things to Come, British Museum, Great Russell Street, WC1. Opens 18 December 1999.



observatory manning the microphone. In 1933, Paris began using an automated speaking clock. ● **Twelve o'clock is neither**

am nor pm. It is either noon or midnight. ● The Babylonians were probably the first to divide hours into equal periods. ● **The Ancient**

Egyptians introduced the 24-hour day. ● In about 180 million years time we will have a 25-hour day, while in a mere 60 million years, the

year will be a day shorter. ● **Julius and Augustus Caesar added July and August respectively to create a 12-month year.**

Andrew White

Clubs

Clubs

Jungle, house, garage, lounge, indie, disco, retro...
Can you keep it up seven nights a week?

The young are growing up faster and the thirtysomething generation are holding on to their youth for as long as possible. This is good news for London nightlife, as witnessed by the number of big London clubs (**The Aquarium**, **Bagleys** and **The Fridge**) that describe the age range of their clubbers as '18-30'. And while the likes of **Bar Rumba** and the **Ministry of Sound** reckon they get anyone between 18 and 35, **Camden Palace** – bless 'em – pull in punters from the 16- to 22-year-old age bracket. The **Electric Ballroom**, Camden institution that she is, attracts people as young as 18 and as old as 40. What this means is that an increasing part of clubland is moaning on about how young everyone is, while, conversely, an equally burgeoning part is wondering how all those creakies can keep it up on the dancefloor without the aid of some heavy pharmaceuticals and a Zimmer frame.

Thankfully, London's club culture is as diverse as the age groups it attracts, so whatever you're into, there is something to suit. To many, clubbing means house, garage, house, techno and, er, house. But you can break this fascist groove monopoly by subscribing to any number of other styles: Russian sounds, Latin rhythms, '70s jazz, funk, soul and disco, psychedelia, Sitaradelia, tablatronica, electronica, Brazilian funk, punk, junk and P-funk. You can go glam or hardcore, get down to hip hop, Britpop or northern soul, get all retro with '80s pop, rock and industrial, or sample some sounds from the Asian underground.

Dress codes, thankfully, are not as dizzying: most venues, if they operate a dress code at all, will extend it only as far as no trainers or scruffy jeans. Basically, if you know what you're into, you know what to wear.

Club nights

Although the events listed here are long-runners, clubs generally come and go in the blink of an eye. For up-to-the-minute information, call the venue in advance, but for the latest lowdown, consult the

weekly Clubs section in *Time Out*, which also offers a card for discounted entry to dozens of nights. Unless specified, the following events happen every week.

Mondays

Mad Monday

at **Equinox**, Leicester Square, WC2 (0171 437 1446). Leicester Square tube. Open 9pm-3am. Admission £3.
The loud 'n' lairy Equinox, much to everyone's surprise, still draws the crowds with a menu of commercial dance, commercial dance and... well, you get the picture. Bemused tourists and without-taste students are a speciality.

That's How It Is

at **Bar Rumba**, 36 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171 287 2715). Piccadilly Circus tube. Open 10pm-3am. Admission £4.
A young, wonderfully mixed crowd, drawn in by Gilles Peterson, Ben Wilcox and guests' wild mix of jazz, drum 'n' bass, hip hop, Latin licks and whatever else they can lay their hands on, ensure that Mondays here are always heaving.

Trash

at **Plastic People**, 37-39 Oxford Street, W1 (0171 439 0464). Tottenham Court Road tube. Open 11pm-3am. Admission £4.
A groovy crowd ride the groovy train through Retroworld and Indieland, stopping at Britpop, punk, funk, garage and northern soul. James and Errol are your drivers.

Tuesdays

Da Phix

at **The Wag**, 35 Wardour Street, W1 (0171 437 5534). Piccadilly Circus tube. Open 10pm-3am. Admission free before 11pm, then £5.
Maura Miller and Julius Jones offer a mix of R&B grinders, hip hop, soul and boogie, while DJ Reaper serves up the speed garage and house.

Feet First

at **Camden Palace**, 1A Camden High Street, NW1 (0171 387 0428). Mornington Crescent tube. Open 10pm-2am. Admission £5.
Students, tourists and avid midweek clubbers check out indie rock and a bit of Prodigy-ish dance stuff. Live bands play every week.

Forgery

at **The Dogstar**, 389 Coldharbour Lane, SW9 (0171 733 7515). Brixton tube/rail. Open 9pm-2am. Admission free.
Patrick Forge and pals serve up a weekly session of 'jazz-tinged business' that takes in just about anything from deep, funky twisted & jazzy drum 'n' bass to soulful house.



Clubbers at **Carwash** tend to dress down for their evenings out.

Indigo

at **Madame Jo Jo's**, 8-10 Brewer Street, W1 (0171 734 2473). Piccadilly Circus tube. Open 9pm-2am. Admission £5 before 10.30pm, then £7.
An exotic easy-listening and loungecore hideaway. Expect film themes and mood music in this red red kitschpalast.

Rumba Pa'Ti

at **Bar Rumba**, 36 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171 287 2715). Piccadilly Circus tube. Open 8.30pm-2.30am. Admission £3.
A two-hour dance class, followed by resident DJs mixing salsa rap, techno merengue and Latin grooves for a young and up-for-it crowd.

Wednesdays

Camouflage & Club Wild

at **The Wag**, 35 Wardour Street, W1 (0171 437 5534). Piccadilly Circus tube. Open 10pm-3am. Admission £6.
An innovative mix of alternative tunes from Blur to the Beasties on the main floor, with heavier stuff dominating upstairs.

Deep Disco

at **Madame Jo Jo's**, 8-10 Brewer St, W1 (0171 734 2473). Piccadilly Circus tube. Open 9pm-2am. Admission £3 before 11pm, then £5.
Deep funk fans Keb Darge and Raw Deal turn their attentions to '70s sounds, but don't ask them for the Bee Gees: they operate a 'Strictly No Shite' policy, instead offering more soulful and funky grooves.

The Double Six Club

at **The Office**, 3-5 Rathbone Place, W1 (0171 636 1598). Tottenham Court Road tube. Open 6pm-2am. Admission £5.
The original board games club keeps on rolling with a menu of silly and serious games. Expect a fun-filled, friendly night interspersed with silly competitions and a sleazy listening soundtrack.

Fresh 'n' Funky

at **Hanover Grand**, 6 Hanover Street, W1 (0171 499 7977). Oxford Circus tube. Open 10.30pm-3.30am. Admission £3 before 11pm, then £5.
Dress up and get down early if you want to catch the mix of G-funk, hip-hop and UK garage on the balconied main floor, or get on down to some disco grooves in the Funky Room below.

The Loft

at **HQs**, West Yard, Camden Lock, NW1 (0171 485 6044). Camden Town tube. Open 9pm-2am. Admission £5.
One of the most respected old school garage DJs, Paul 'Trouble' Anderson hosts and plays at this long-standing night. The Loft delivers the best vocal garage, funky faves and uplifting house.

Planet Earth

at **The Lighthouse**, 136 Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (0171 434 0572). Leicester Square tube. Open 10pm-3am. Admission £5.
A packed and raucous '80s revival night: Duran Duran and Blondie, Madonna and Wham! every damn week. Arrive before 11.30pm or you won't get in at all.

Sol Y Sombra

at **Cuba**, 11-13 Kensington High Street, W8 (0171 938 4137). Kensington High Street tube. Open 9pm-2am. Admission £3.
Dave Hucker and Martin Morales send a friendly 21-thirtysomething crowd on a musical cruise around the Caribbean, stopping at all their fave islands for bursts of soca, salsa, Latin, reggae, merengue and calypso.

Space

at **Bar Rumba**, 36 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171 287 2715). Piccadilly Circus tube. Open 10pm-3am. Admission £3 before 11pm, then £5.
Kenny Hawkes, Luke Solomon and guests blast a friendly crowd of regulars into a deepest cosmic disco house dimension.

The Dog's bollocks



After just one visit to Brixton's Dogstar you'll understand why, since its opening in December 1995, it has taken on almost legendary status in south London. The bar's fun, friendly atmosphere mean it's the kind of place people

actually return to time and again, while it's at least partly responsible for the turnaround that now means Brixton is finally, indisputably, cool.

The Dogstar is located on Coldharbour Lane, in a large, old building that used to house the

Atlantic pub. After the Atlantic closed, the building stood empty for a couple of years before two locals, Lawrence Merrett and Robert Harrison, took it over. The interior is furnished with a variety of mismatched wooden chairs and tables, while the walls are decorated with art and sculpture created by locals. 'The idea was to create a new place that wasn't an old man's pub but that wasn't overly styled, either – somewhere that was quite minimalist where people could listen to good music in a pub setting,' says Merrett.

By day, the place is chilled, with many a Brixtonite to be found enjoying a cup of coffee (or a few pints) and even food with their mates. On Sundays there's a traditional roast on the menu, the perfect antidote to the excesses of Saturday night. But by night (particularly at weekends, when it's open until 4am), the Dogstar is transformed into a hectic mass of people drawn in by competitive drinks prices, the music – deep

house, hip hop, drum 'n' bass and jazz on various nights of the week – and the atmosphere, halfway between bar and club. Oh, and there's even comedy upstairs on Thursdays and Sundays.

Plans for the future involve setting up an Internet café next door, and, according to an enthusiastic Merrett, 'To open up the top two floors at the weekend so there'll be three music styles for people to choose from.' And if the success of new venue Mass – opened by the Dogstar team in nearby St Matthew's Church in September 1998 – is anything to go by, Merrett and Harrison won't stop there, either. *Kate Miller*

The Dogstar

389 Coldharbour Lane, SW9 (0171 733 7515). Brixton tube/rail. Open noon-2.30am Mon-Thur; noon-4am Fri, Sat; noon-12am Sun. Admission free-£5.

Mass

The Brix, St Matthews Church, Brixton Hill, SW2 (0171 738 5255). Brixton tube/rail. Open 10pm-6am Fri, Sat; 6pm-2am Sun. Admission £7-£10.

Swerve

at Velvet Room, 143 Charing Cross Road, WC2 (0171 439 4655). Tottenham Court Road tube. Open 9pm-2.30am. Admission £6.

Regular guests join host drum 'n' bass pioneer Fabio at this stylish and vixen club bar. Expect tracks from his Creative Source label, as well as the best new drum 'n' bass and liquid funk grooves.

Thursdays**Bliss**

at The End, 16A West Central Street, WC1 (0171 419 9199). Holborn or Tottenham Court Road tube. Open 10pm-3am.

Admission £2 before 11pm, then £6. The fired-up UK garage and bumpin' house at this fine night comes courtesy of Rudeboy Rupert, Jazzy D and guests, while Shortee Blitz and gang slip on the soul, classic funk and hip hop in the lounge.

Cigarettes & Alcohol

at The Wag, 35 Wardour Street, W1 (0171 437 5534). Piccadilly Circus tube. Open 10pm-3am. Admission £5.

Classic guitar grooves from the '60s to the '90s dominate the main floor, so expect tunes by the likes of The Beatles, Rolling Stones, The Doors, The Smiths and Oasis. Upstairs goes all groovy and psychedelic courtesy of the Time Tunnel gang.

Glamma

at The Project, 12 Sutton Row (opposite the Astoria), W1 (0171 494 1169). Tottenham Court Road tube. Open 10pm-3am.

Admission £5. The Club Formerly Known as Mars (nee Milk) throws open its doors to Soul II Soul's Jazzie B, Aitch and Q for an old style mix 'n' match Funki Dred shakedown on a R&B, hip hop, soul and ragga tip.

Groovy Bizness

at Legends, 29 Old Burlington Street, W1 (0171 437 9933). Green Park/Oxford Circus tube. Open 10.30pm-3am. Admission free before midnight, then £7 (£5 members).

House pioneers and underground leading lights spin old school classics and upfront house and garage at this beautifully styled if quite stupidly poncey Mayfair club.

Movement

at Bar Rumba, 36 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (0171 287 2715). Piccadilly Circus tube. Open 9pm-3am. Admission £3 before 10.30pm, then £6.

An internal organ-throbbing drum 'n' bass excursion with ace residents Bryan Gee (V Recordings), Ray Keith, DJ Marky and regular guests mixing the best breaks and beats for a very vixen and most mixed crowd.

Shimmy

fortnightly at The Clinic, 13 Gerrard Street, W1 (0171 734 9836). Leicester Square/Piccadilly Circus tube. Open 10pm-3am. Admission £5.

Fortnightly shindig at this intimate and incredibly compact Chinatown club. Expect anything from Bowie to B*Witched and the Supremes to Slade.

The Next Big Thing

at Hanover Grand, 6 Hanover Street, W1 (0171 499 7977). Oxford Circus tube. Open 10.30pm-4am. Admission £12.

There are house party anthems for young, gorgeous and glamorous dancers on the main dance floor, while west London fly girls and boys head downstairs for a dose of R&B and hip hop in the bar. Arrive early and dress to impress.

Ultimate BASE

at Velvet Room, 143 Charing Cross Road, W1 (0171 439 4655). Tottenham Court Road tube. Open 9.30pm-3am. Admission £4.

Deep and funky spatial house and underground techno in an intimate environment. Music is provided by residents Jim Masters, Trevor Rockliffe and the frankly legendary Carl Cox. Cheap drink prices until midnight mean you should arrive early.

Fridays**Dolly Mixture**

at Gardening Club and Rock Garden, 4 The Piazza, WC2 (0171 497 3154). Covent Garden tube. Open 10pm-4am. Admission £10.

An all-female DJ line-up take over both dance floors with the London's Most Wanted crew mixing UK garage and house in the Gardening Club, and Miss Jo Lively and Jasmine offering funky house and rare groove in the Rock Garden.

Escape from Samsara

at The Fridge, Town Hall Parade, Brixton Hill, SW2 (0171 326 5100). Brixton tube/rail. Open 10pm-6am. Admission £12.

If you like bumpy psychedelic techno and uplifting Goa trance – and let's face it, someone has to – you're in luck: the Samsaras fill the Fridge with full-on fluoro freaks for one of the biggest nights in London. UVed-up alien performers and smiley clubbers bemuse the unwary.

Fridays R Firin'

at Plastic People, 37-39 Oxford Street, W1 (0171 439 0464). Tottenham Court Road tube. Open 11pm-5am. Admission £7.

An intimate, tastily-styled club providing the punters with a mix of excellent deep US and UK disco house, all played and relayed via a superb sound system. Resident DJs Harri and Kenny Hawkes are joined by guests most weeks.

Full Tilt

at Electric Ballroom, 184 Camden High Street, NW1 (0171 485 9006). Camden Town tube. Open 10.30pm-3.00am. Admission £5.

Long-running night-creature bash, where down-stairs stabs you with an industrial/techno/punk/goth steely blade, tempered with everything from Marilyn Manson to Prodigy to Misery Loves Company. Upstairs runs a gauntlet of rock and metal from 1967 to 1997.

Funk

at Sound Republic, 10 Wardour Street, W1 (0171 287 1010). Leicester Square tube. Open 10pm-4.30am. Admission £10 before 11pm, £12 until 3am, then £5.

DJs Trevor Nelson, Dodge and Ronnie Herel preside over the main room with a dazzling selection of the finest modern soul, mid-tempo R&B and phat hip hop jams. The threesome break out the old school classics for the final hour.

The Gallery

at Turnmills, 63 Clerkenwell Road, EC1 (0171 250 3409). Farringdon tube/rail. Open 10pm-7.30am. Admission £8 before 11pm, then £10.

Tuff housey hedonism is the order du jour on the unfeasibly packed and totally up-for-it dancefloor. Deep and chilled dance beats are served up in the Electronica bar for those after a quieter life. There's a 'dress smart' policy, so keep those trainers at home.

Peach

at Camden Palace, 1A Camden High Street, NW1 (0171 387 0428). Mornington Crescent tube. Open 10pm-6am. Admission £7 before 11pm, then £10.

Graham Gold, Darren Pearce's mix of hard and tuff house fires up the huge main floor, while garage anthems are spun all night up on the balcony. Trainers and scruffy jeans are a no-no. For more information, call 0956 850 524.

Planet Earth's Big Night Out

at The Wag, 35 Wardour Street, W1 (0171 437 5534). Piccadilly Circus tube. Open 10pm-4am. Admission £9 (£5 NUS/ISIC).

A madly popular '80s session: there's golden oldie pop-rock on the main floor, with pop trash and kitsch disco down below.

Popscone

at LA2, 157 Charing Cross Road, WC2 (0171 434 0403). Tottenham Court Road tube. Open 11pm-6am. Admission £7 before 2.30am, then £3.

Big, brash and busy alt-rock knees-up. The beers are cheap and there's no door policy, though they do say no to suits, slappers, drunks, retro bores and rock monsters.

Rogues Gallery

at Smithfields, 334-338 Farringdon Street, EC1 (0171 236 4266). Farringdon tube/rail. Open 9.30pm-3am. Admission £5 before 10.30pm, then £8.

Nu Edge, Kontraband Records and Botchit & Scarper continue to provide nubile breaks and bazookoid beats with a liberal dose of funky disco at this nook and cranny joint.

Rotation

at Subterania, 12 Acklam Road, W10 (0181 960 4590). Ladbroke Grove tube. Open 10pm-3am. Admission £5 before 11pm, then £8. Rotation keeps on doin' it funky block party-style for a west London crowd. DJs T-Money, Dodge and Femi Fem and guests mix the phat funk, jazz, reggae and hip hop nation anthems.

Satellite

at The Garage, 22 Highbury Corner, N5 (0171 607 1818). Highbury & Islington tube/rail. Open 11pm-3am. Admission £5. Rock and indie sounds from the '60s through to the '90s: the Stones, The Clash, The Smiths, Supergrass, Placebo, Prodigy, Pulp and so on.

Guided Tour

Mr C – real name Richard West – has come a long way since his early days as a DJ on the 1980s London club scene, and even further since he appeared on *Top Of The Pops* exhorting that 'Es are good' with the Shamen in 1989. Aside from DJ-ing all over the UK and abroad throughout the year, recording both under his own name and as part of a duo called Killer Loop, running his own studios in north London and starting his own record label, he is perhaps best known for starting The End nightclub in central London. After four years of packing 'em in night after night, it's established itself as one of the finest and most consistently surprising mainstream club venues in London. And if you turn up on the right night, you may even find Mr C himself on the decks.

Where in London do you/have you lived?

I was born and bred in Holloway, and still live in north London.

Where in London do you work?

The Watershed Studio in Holloway, and The End nightclub in WC2.

Could you do what you do outside of London and still be as successful?

No. London is the music capital of the world. Why be a big fish in a small pond when you can be a bigger fish in a big pond?

What's the best thing about living and working here?

The best thing about living here is the easy access to everything. For working, it's the opportunity.

And the worst?

The traffic on the roads and the pollution.

What's your favourite 'secret' London thing?

Banners Restaurant in Crouch End (21 Park Road, N8; 0181 348 2930). It's a Caribbean and Latin American hybrid.

What would you change if you were elected Mayor of London?

I'd open coffeeshops, Amsterdam stylee.

Any advice for visitors to London?

Save plenty of dosh before you come. And stay out of Peckham.

Favourite London club?

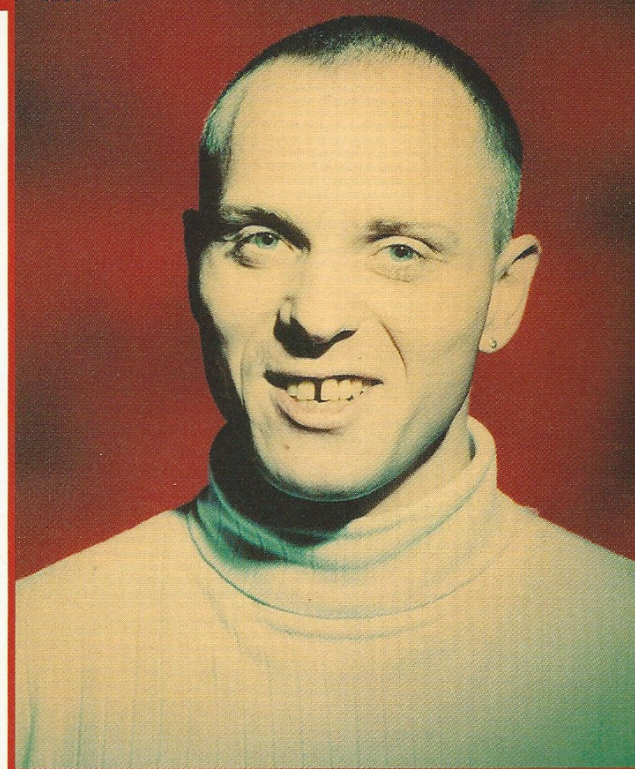
The End. It is the best club in the known universe.

Least favourite London pub?

EC1: it's devoid of atmosphere and there's a strange vibe.

Three tips for club-goers in London.

1. Go to Heart & Soul

Mr C

[underground party night: check record shops for flyers] 2. Go to Wiggle [another underground party night]. 3. Go to Subterranean [monthly at The End].

What are you doing for the Millennium?

Sunbathing in Australia, hopefully.

Will you be going to the Dome?

No: there's no sun there.

Foot soldiers

The Monument was built to commemorate the Great Fire of London in 1666. The fire raged for four days and destroyed over 13,200 houses. Much later, due to its height, the Monument became a notorious suicide spot. Nowadays, it marks the starting point of the Haunted London tour through the city's more nefarious areas.

The walk wends its morbid way through Leadenhall and Pudding Lane and onto the Bank of England. Mysteriously, the Bank holds not only tons of cash, but also the body of one of its former employees, William Dan Jenkins. An exceptionally tall man – over seven feet – he was paranoid that his body was going to be stolen for research after his death, and so asked to be buried within the confines of the Bank. His request was honoured, and his ghost has been seen on several occasions since.

At the Lloyd's building at Leadenhall, for instance. Legend has it that the Lutine Bell – which is used to ring in news, one ring for bad and two for good – once rang out at 3am. It was heard only by a security guard, who was bemused as there was no one else around. It later transpired that at the precise moment the bell rang, a ship off the Alaskan coast, underwritten by Lloyds, had sunk.

Tonight's guide, Shaughan, billowing of cloak and booming of voice, stops. 'But how did it know? And, more importantly, who rang the bell?', he asks, a theatrical twinkle in his eye. Shaughan is possessed of an encyclopaedic knowledge of

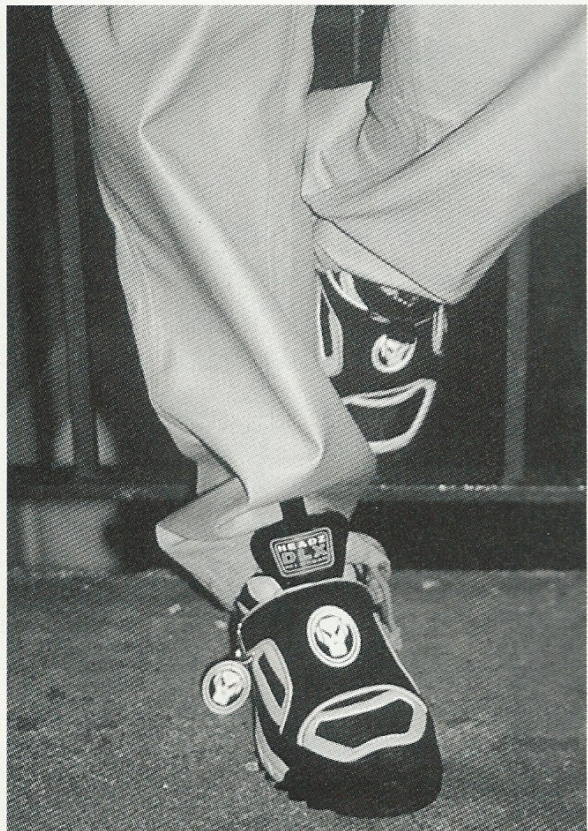
London. He is also an actor and has, in his time, played Sherlock Holmes and Frank N Furter in *The Rock Horror Show*.

He leads his group alongside a misty Thames, then inwards and across roads, through tunnels, down dark alleys and narrow corridors, some with little or no lighting. Gavin and Eileen are from Florida and here on holiday. I can't see a thing. Eileen hisses. And someone else, a small, gothic-looking girl, lights a candle. 'Who the hell brings candles out on a night like this?' asks Gavin. Ed, from Plumstead, points to the gothic girl. 'Someone like that,' he whispers.

The walk finishes at the ruins of a church near Barbican, where the body of Judge Jeffries, the infamous Hanging Judge, is found. If you want to know the origins of the term 'pulling my leg,' look no further than those who've swung from the gallows. It wasn't uncommon, at least for those hanged without the aid of a drop gate to provide the neck-breaking jerk, to swing in asphyxiating agony. Concerned friends and relatives would speed the process up by giving the victim a sharp tug on the leg.

'Is that true?' asks Gavin. 'Maybe, but then again...'

Shaughan lets his words hang in the air before inviting all to a nearby hostelry. 'The staff will be more than happy to pull you a pint there,' he says. *Daniel Fryer Haunted London (0171 720 0807) is just one of dozens of organised guided walks around London. For walk companies, see the Tours box on page 27.*



Blood on the tracks

The allure of visiting London is tempered by the desire to get out of it, grab some fresh air and go see somewhere nice. At least, it used to be. Nowadays, the attraction of staying in town is all about avoidance: it's better to stay put than to have to rely on trains prone to overcrowding, delays and cancellations. Often, the only available way to view Britain's countryside is through a carriage window when stuck somewhere between London and East Anglia for five hours, without hope of explanation or reprieve.

When the novelist EM Forster wrote that railway termini were 'our gates to the glorious and the unknown... through them we pass out into adventure and sunshine,' he had no idea that we'd end up stuck in them. And things are getting worse. Last year, the recently privatised train companies attracted a cool million complaints. The papers regularly ran stories of trains held up by poor signalling, staff shortages and bad weather; of trains leaving several hours late; and, on one unintentionally comic occasion, of a train that pulled away from the station without letting any of the intended passengers on board.

Richard Branson's Virgin trains have taken the worst hammering, due to poor performance

between London, Manchester and Glasgow. Virgin West Coast takes enough of the biscuit to warrant a massive 796 complaints per 100,000 journeys, nearly seven times the national average. But then it is new to the game. The other rail operators, who've been doing this train thing for a while, aren't much better.

Each season brings its own 'troubles'. The summer sees the wrong kind of sun play havoc with train and track, the autumn brings leaves and the winter offers snow. The leaves fall every autumn from trees that have been there longer than the track, yet the problem persists. And while some countries can bury themselves under an entire winter of snow and still manage to keep going, a few flakes fall over here and it's total rail chaos.

Profit margins for the various networks, however, continue to rise. After a pasting from Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott – a man so outraged by their poor performance that he owns not one but two luxury cars – rail bosses have promised that things will improve. But seeing is believing. For now, the light at the end of the tunnel is most likely to be a train stuck somewhere within. *Daniel Fryer*



Extra, extra

Some people will do just about anything to have their mug immortalised on tape, whether it be for the big screen or for a TV show. And although not every budding thesp ends up making it big, resourceful types can get their 15 minutes on screen without any acting experience whatsoever. You just have to be in the right place at the right time.

Films, soaps and TV dramas are always being filmed in and around the nation's capital. If you're lucky enough to be around when one is shooting, there's nothing to stop you spending a few hours as a member of the crowd checking out the action on both sides of the camera. And if you're really fortunate (or just extra pushy), you could even get a spot as part of the ubiquitous crowd scenes.

As Louise Tutt of the film industry magazine, *Screen International*, explains: 'Just as Londoners are becoming more used to film-makers out on the street, so film-makers are becoming more used to London's

media-wise population. They don't mind the crowds if the crowds don't mind them. It's possible, providing a particular scene calls for it, for a member of the public to get a moment on camera.'

If you've a bigger film thirst to slake, or if you're simply in London for longer and in need of some extra cash, you can always try the life of an extra (or, poncily, 'background artiste'). The money's quite good: around £65 a day plus overtime, and more if you have to do something like groan, for example. However, be warned: the working day is long – often 12 hours or more – and involves lots of sitting around, both in and out of the cold, while you're waiting for your call. Expect long periods of tiredness and tedium, peppered with brief bursts of excitement. For details of London location shoots taking place during your stay and agencies specialising in cast extras, pick up a copy of *Screen International* from most large newsagents or newspaper stands. *Daniel Fryer*

Your name's not down: you're not coming in

Nightlife. You want it, you want it bad. And not just the run-of-the-mill clubs, either. Oh no. You want to hang with the *hoi polloi* and get down with the exclusive set at the Groucho, Browns, the Café de Paris, Emporium, the Met Bar... But such ambitions are costly and your name will not, as they say, be on the list. You are going to have to blag your way in.

This isn't actually as tough as it sounds. First of all, find out the club's fax number and send in an advance request. Say it's for the purposes of a review in a made-up magazine of your choice. Headed paper, too, will get you a long way. It's amazing what you can do with a PC graphics package and a couple of funky-looking fonts.

Then, do some more detective work and obtain the name of the club owner, manager or promoter, or even the name of the person controlling the door on the evening you want to visit. Asking for any of these specifically by name will lend you added authority. Again, headed paper, claiming that you are visiting the premises on official business and signed by a fictitious corporate head, will add yet another veneer of credibility.

If it looks like both politeness and fakery are getting you nowhere, go for the belligerent approach. This works on doormen, as long as they're not too big. Point out that they do not have the authority to reject your request

and demand to see someone in charge. When they appear, adopt a mellow tone, but be insistent. Sometimes you can be let in just in case you are exactly who you claim to be. Looking like a TV, film or pop star – or even a former *EastEnders* actor or a washed-up soccer star – can work if you have the front to just breeze in with the right amount of celebrity arrogance or cheeky cockney charm. But you have to look like them. Look like them a lot.

Wear the right clothes. It's no good trying to blag your way into a club with a strict shirt and tie policy when you're clad in Nike trainers and combats. This works the other way, too: some clubs won't let you in without just the right amount of scruffy chic. One Soho bar once turned away Quentin Tarantino for wearing a suit. Har har.

Finally, do not UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES pogo up and down, spit, stick your fingers in the air and yell 'Fuck you! Fuck you all!', before going on to drop your trousers and shout: 'See this? This is my arse. Kiss my arse! KISS IT!!!' This is what one Italian tourist did after he was turned away from the Café de Paris. At best, you will have failed in your mission. At worst, you will have the living crap kicked out of you by some heavy-set bouncer who has just taken understandable exception to your actions. *Daniel Fryer*

The three tenners

Like most capital cities, London is an expensive place in which to live, work and, above all, play. It often seems impossible to even cross town without haemorrhaging money all the way. But while it's true that much of the capital's entertainment will bleed your wallet dry, you can have a cheap day out for under £10 providing you're prepared to show a little invention. Well, we are, and we don't mind sharing a trio of top days out.

Start with: a trip to the flicks. Many central cinemas offer cheap seats at various times. The **ABC Shaftsbury Avenue**, for instance, sells tickets for £4 all day Monday and before 5pm Tuesday to Friday.

Followed by: a cheap scoff. **Pollo** in Soho is infamous for great food at great prices, with pasta and risotto dishes starting at a tempting £3.20.

Ending with: a beer. Providing you hit a bar at happy hour, you'll have enough money for a swift pint. **Downstairs at the Phoenix** operates one from 5pm to 10pm from Monday to Friday, with selected bottled beers for £1.75.

Start with: a trip to the park. Grab some fresh air 100 feet above street level by taking a walk around **Kensington Roof Gardens**. There are three woodland areas, a stream and a small lake that's home to ducks and flamingos. The gardens are open seven days a week and admission is free.

Followed by: a budget blowout. For £4.50 per person, tuck into an all-you-can-eat ten-course meal between noon and 11pm at Chinese restaurant **Mr Wu** on Queensway.

Ending with: boogie nights. Many London clubs hold at least one

midweek *soirée* where entry and drinks are dirt cheap. **Equinox**, a commercial dance hangout in Leicester Square, have passes offering £1 admission Monday to Thursday before 10.30pm that you can pick up from the door. On Mondays, drinks are £1.50.

Start with: a cruise. **Catamaran Cruises** run 25-minute rides from Charing Cross to the Tower of London or vice versa that begin around 10.30am and set sail every 45 minutes or so. An adult single ticket costs £4.35.

Followed by: the museums, as there are plenty around to suit any budget. Some, such as the **British Museum**, are free all day, while others, such as the **Natural History Museum**, though reasonably cheap by day, are free after 4.30pm.

Ending with: a nocturnal excursion. Join one of London's numerous walks: around a half-dozen or so are in operation on any night and usually begin outside a tube station. **Alleyways and Shadows: The Old City Ghost Walk**, for those of you with a taste for the macabre, departs from Blackfriars at 8pm on Saturdays and costs a mere £4.50. *Daniel Fryer*

ABC Shaftsbury Avenue Shaftsbury Avenue, W1 (0171 836 6279). **Pollo** 20 Old Compton Street, W1 (0171 734 5917).

Downstairs at the Phoenix 1 Phoenix Street, WC2 (0171 836 1077).

Kensington Roof Gardens 99 Derry Street, W8 (0171 937 7994).

Mr Wu 54 Queensway, W2 (0171 229 0675).

Equinox Leicester Square, WC1 (0171 437 1446).

Catamaran Cruises (0171 987 1185).

British Museum Great Russell Street, WC1 (0171 636 1555).

Natural History Museum Cromwell Road, SW7 (0171 938 9123).

Alleyways and Shadows: The Old City Ghost Walk (0181 530 8443).

I'll give you a fiver for it

While it may be practically *de rigueur* to haggle for your goods in some countries, bargaining and bartering are hardly a mainstay of the British shopping experience. That's not to say that it doesn't go on, mind: if you know where to head, then with a little attitude and a little nous, you'll be able to save yourself a whole lot of money.

Take the car boot sale, for example, a strange and possibly Anglocentric phenomenon in itself. Basically, several dozen people drive into a field, open up the backs of their cars, lay out trestle tables, clothes racks and God only knows what else, and then proceed to sell wares garnered from their homes, from other people's homes, or even from other car boot sales. It's simple, really: just gaze at your desired item until the stallholder spots you and states the price. No matter how much they quote, remember: *it's too much*. Using a range of facial expressions nicked from episodes of

Only Fools and Horses and chirrupy conversational gambits, you should win the stallholder's friendship and/or sympathy. Saying that the item is for an orphan in Romania is a long-shot, but it might just work.

Although not as maniacal as the haggling in, say, the markets of Marrakesh – where bartering over a crap rug can take a whole afternoon and several cups of mint tea – you can get a bargain of sorts at any one of a number of London markets. The thing is not to go on the offensive. If you see something you like at a price you don't, fondle it with longing and a slightly weary sadness. Put the object down. Pick it up again. Put it down again (this requires patience), then make as if to walk off. The stallholder will have noticed – or, at least, they will if they are doing their job properly – and may offer you a discount. If that fails, waggle the object under their nose, knock a fiver or even a tenner off the price and offer them cash. Bingo!

You can usually bring prices down on coats, boots and leather goods at Camden and Kensington markets and on Carnaby Street. Your best bet is to go into one shop and pick an item you like. Again, put on your best hand-dog expression, and mutter: 'I really like this jacket/coat/whatever but I haven't quite got enough money.' The shop owner will usually knock a fiver off. This is where the fun starts.

Say you'll be back in a moment and pop into a nearby shop, one selling an identical item. Let the staff name their price, then inform them that the previous shop will let you have it for a fiver less. They'll better that offer, so then you can return to the original shop and prompt the staff here to match or better the price you got from next door. Repeat this between the two shops until you get to a price you like or are told to leave in the sort of language perhaps best avoided in a family publication such as this. *Daniel Fryer*