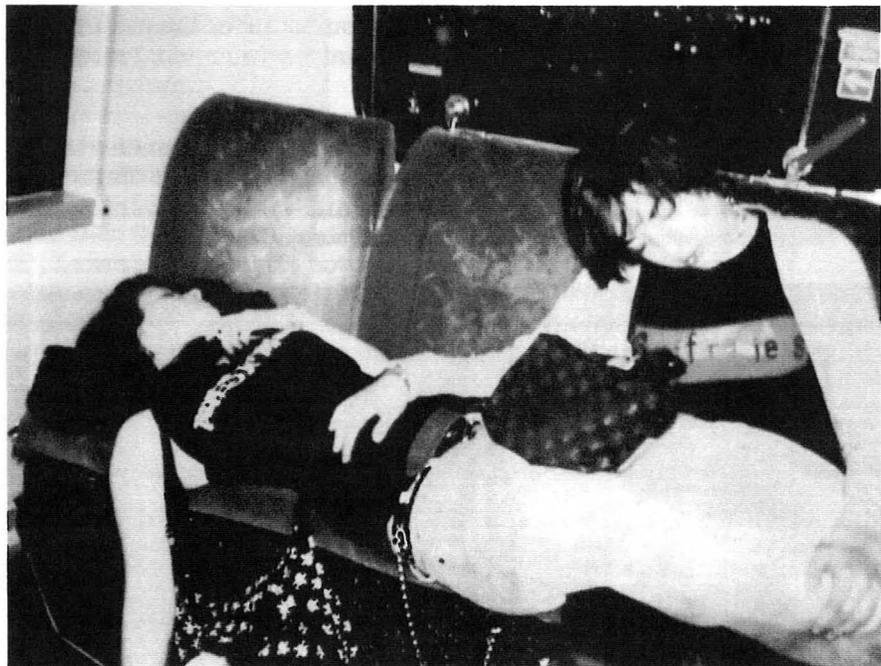


WASTED



A fanzine for the vanished London haunts of our alt queer youth

This is a fanzine about the queer haunts of our youth. It's a love letter to the lost heart of London, one that's been obliterated by Cross Rail expansion, ConDem-led recession and the exodus of queer culture from central to east London. This is a map of the places where we found love, community and home. This is for all the places that existed before Facebook was a thing, before the smoking ban came into force, places in and around Soho, Tottenham Court Road and Leicester Square, a paean to once-thriving queer venues that are no more.

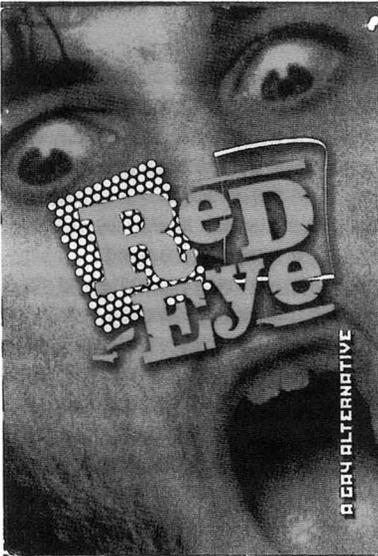
The Ghetto (formerly The Tube)
5-6 Falconberg Court, W1D 3AB

The place where we first met, in 2005, and fell in love! We were introduced by a mutual friend we hadn't realized we shared (thanks Char!). She had no idea that we'd been enjoying an online flirtation/courtship for the preceding few months, but had failed to meet up IRL until that very moment (mostly because I was playing hard-to-get).

I loved this dark, sweaty basement club with all my heart. I made friends there that I still have in my life now. A lot of my pals worked behind the bar there at some point. It was a mecca for queers, freaks and wonderful weirdos, hidden away behind the Astoria in a piss-stained alleyway.



(From left to right: Michelle, me, Louise, Julie)



Ghetto was home to Red Eye, the only London-based alt music club night for queers, and a night that'll always be very close to my heart. Cheap cans of Red Stripe, headbanging to RATM and guaranteed to always hear Hole and X-Ray Spex. The crew behind Ghetto were also responsible for F@*K mag, which I wrote for from time to time. This was waaaay back, when penning interviews/articles with indie pop stars in return for beer tokens was a totally acceptable exchange.

Favourite DJs: Gang (Bearded, terminal grouch), Lawrence (brunette hottie), Sanda D (queen bee of Misshapes and purveyor of excellent, queertastic pop)

The Daughters of the Kaos (aka Beck Rosoman and Zena Blackwell of Club Motherfucker fame) also ran a night at Ghetto, the radical girldance Pottymouth. Riot grrrl tunes, MySpace crush hook-ups and wall to wall dykes! Heaven <3 <3 <3

Every Monday @ The Ghetto
 Enter a world where the King of Rock never happened!

Potty Mouth

Lady Vox
 PunkRiotRapBitch!ektro
 PopKitschRockNRoll!



www.pottymouthinfo
 sounds and a good fun time made by
 Daughters of the Kaos (Club Motherfucker)
 featuring Residents
 special guest DJs and Live PA's

The Ghetto, Falconberg Court, W1
 Live PA's 11.15pm £1 NMS 04 11pm
 10.30pm-3am £2 flyer 04 11pm
 drinks deals all night £4 others

RIP Boy. RIP Simon



RIP: Simon Hobart 1964-2005

A message from Simon's Family

"We would like to thank all of Simon's friends and everyone who has sent messages of love and support. Simon was a wonderful, unique person who will be sadly missed. With his clubs and events he has touched and changed many lives, and made thousands of people happy. It was Simon's wish, and it is also the wish of his family, that Simon's legacy continue after his death. Therefore **Popstarz, Ghetto and Trash Palace** will continue to operate and bring joy to all the people that Simon cared about so much. Simon's clubs will be run in the manner and style that Simon wanted and continue to raise money for Simon's favourite charity, MacMillan Cancer Relief. Dearest Simon, you live on in our hearts forever."

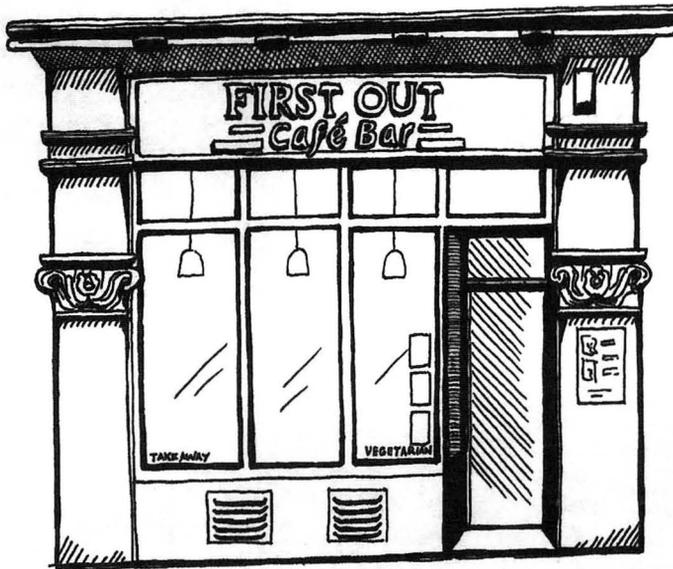
Metros

19-23 Oxford St, W1D 2DN

Not an LGBT club but home, once a week every Tuesday night, to Beautiful People - a rad alt music night that was queer-friendly and boasted a dyke-inclusive DJ crew fronted by Zoe Urchin. Metros was a mall, dark basement venue with a small stage for live sets and a sunken mosh pit. It was home to metal heads, goths, punks, skaters and the odd hip hop type. No suits allowed! This was around the time of the emo wars, when all the macho metal types terrorized the effeminate, MCR-loving boyz for diluting metal's rugged, heteronormative values. There was a vague air of hostility on some nights, but mostly, everyone was united in their disenfranchised love of alt music, and managed - at least on the surface - to get along. I had many a hot, messy make-out session in this club, mostly with bearded, longhaired rocker dudes, but what I remember most was mashing up the pit all night with my then bestie, wasted on Red Stripe and thrashing around to SOAD, Manson and Pantera till the lights went on at 2.00 am and they kicked everyone out onto the high road to wait for the night bus home.

First Out Café/Bar

52 Saint Giles High Street, WC2H 8LH



Queer-owned veggie spot, and London's oldest queer café. Closed down last year, citing Cross Rail expansion and lease negotiation issues. It was a light, airy, unpretentious hangout for queers young and old, and a safe place to quaff coffee, yam falafel, plot with friends, pick up gig flyers and free mags and meet up with friends, Gaydar dates and women's groups. Very much missed.

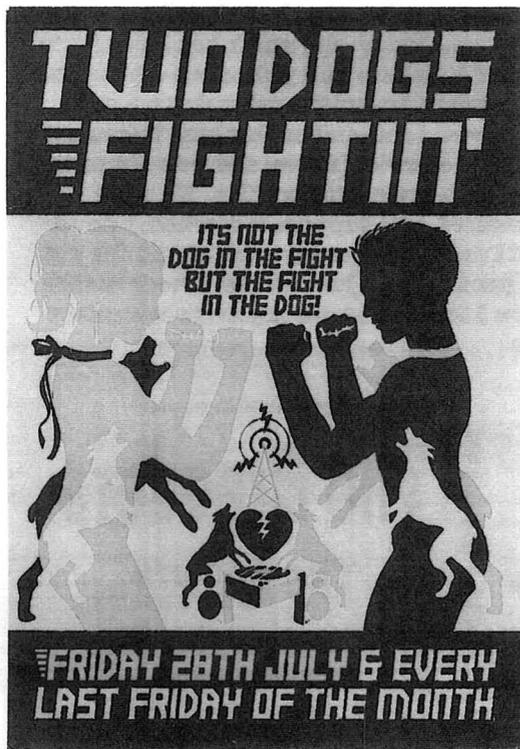
Vespa Lounge

15 Saint Giles High Street, WC2H

Now home to the metal pub The Intrepid Fox (which moved there from its original home on 97-99 Wardour Street), Vespa used to be the best dyke bar in the central London, just across the road from First Out. A little bit run down, no flashy drinks or plush décor, just comfy seats, cheap shots and a really lovely atmosphere. There was a purple, faded beer-stained sofa at the back that I'd always make a beeline for. One night, me and my friend Leng wrote our name on the back of the cushions so that we could tell everyone it was "our" sofa. Generally considered to the down-to-earth dyke's alternative to Candy Bar's pretentious, bitchy, fashion-conscious Carlisle Street digs. I went on some of my earliest babydyke dates here.

Trash Palace

11 Wardour Street, W1D 6PG

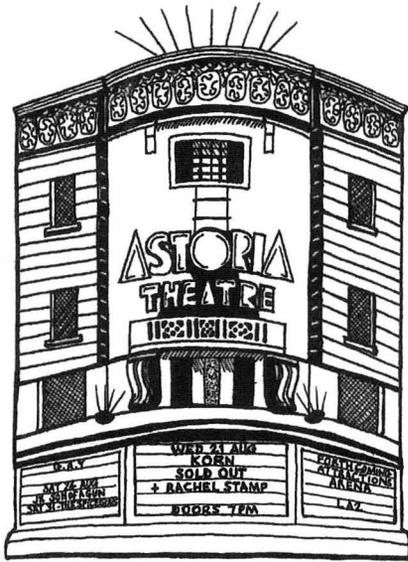


set for Erin Murphy-Muscatelli's 2 Dogs Fightin' night (my set list included Kelis's Bossy, Elastica's Love Like Ours [live version] and Julie Ruin's The Punk Singer). Michelle DJing at Scottee's night (she can't remember what it was called!)

A blink-and-you'll-miss-it entrance on Soho's Wardour Street. I was at the tail end of my tea-leaf phase when TP opened up its doors. I went to the opening night with a bunch of friends, and wanted a souvenir, so I picked an audaciously tricky item and stole the a1-sized poster from the ladies' loos, prizing the frame open with a penknife. I didn't think they'd mind the empty picture frame, since they were all about trashiness! I preferred the upstairs level to the noisier, cramped downstairs level; the lighting was low, and the seats were decked out in red velvet; it had a seedy/opulent boudoir look and atmosphere that I loved. They had a wanky butch bouncer on the door who could be a bit of a bully, and some of the bar staff tended towards snootiness, but it was open 7 days a week, was always full of queer hotties and was strategically situated for pre-club hangouts. Notable events: my DJ

G-A-Y/The Astoria

165 Charing Cross Road, SW1P 3BU



The Astoria was home to G-A-Y nightclub until 2008, a victim of the Cross Rail expansion. Of all the Astoria shows I went to, the most memorable one was The Breeders, on 01/06/2002. It was a sticky, overcast summer day, and we got down to the venue super early to make sure we'd secure a sweet spot front and centre to the stage, all the better to adore the Deal sisters and their glorious garage jams. We were total babydykes at the time, and some of the older lesbians we'd made friends with on the club scene were also queuing. One of them needed to visit the loo, but didn't wanna risk losing her place in the queue. Shamelessly, she stuck her hands into her knickers and pulled out a bloodied tampon, tossing it away down a side street. I remember thinking it was a total show-off move; she was out to wow

us young'uns with her radical Jennifer Finch-style cunt politics. We were grossed out and impressed in equal measures, so I suppose it worked. I never saw the tampon-missile dyke again, but I remember everything about the gig: how my friend dropped an E and had a panic attack just as The Breeders tore into the opening chords of No Aloha; how I learned to use my arms to protect my ribs from being crushed against the metal barrier when the chorus on Cannon Ball kicked in and the huge, sweaty, heaving crowd behind me surged forward; how I basked in the thrill of pretending I was strong enough to single-handedly withstand that sea of moshing, pogo-ing bodies like some mini Hulk; how I knew all the lyrics, sung (screamed) the loudest and won the coveted set list prize at the end of the show when Kelley Deal instructed the security guard manning the barrier to pass me that magical sheet of crumpled white paper.

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Metropolis Music presents

METROPOLIS MUSIC

The Breeders

The Astoria

157 Charing Cross Road, London WC2

Saturday 1st June 2002

Doors 7:00pm

Tickets £10.00 Adv.

(S.T.B.F.)

00279

ASTORIA 1/6/2002

NO ALOHA

TIPP CITY

HUFFER

SAINTS

LITTLE FURY

FLIPSIDE

HEAD TO TOE

IJWTGA

OFF YOU

CANNONBALL

SAFARI

TOO ALIVE

DOE

SON OF THREE

FULL ON IDLE

PACER

THE SHE

BUFFY

FORTUNATELY GONE

DIVINE HAMMER

IRIS/FORCED TO DRIVE ???

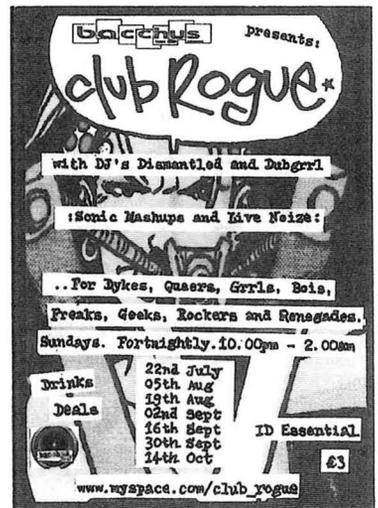
Club Rogue

2 Union Street, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey, KT1 1RP



Unlike all the above mentioned venues, Club Rogue wasn't held in central London, and the venue, Bacchus, is definitely not queer-owned, but it's still going strong, providing an all-week service to the drunken, merry students of Kingston. Our tiny, fortnightly Sunday night alt queer club deserves an honorary mention since Rogue (named after the X-Men character) was inspired by most of the above venues/nights/DIYers (with a mighty big tip o' the hat to Daughters of the Kaos). After years of screaming requests to DJs over 1000 db music, we could finally play whatever the fuck we wanted! We were successful in the way that most, non-profit making diy events are: we

were'n't always packed out, we didn't always make enough £ to cover the venue charge, the crowds that populated our dance floor mainly consisted of friends and drunk strangers who were out questing for post-pub shenanigans and had stumbled in to Bacchus with no idea that Rogue was a queer night. But still, we ruled! Our flyer ad appeared in both g3 and the short-lived GRRRL mag, a small but delicious kinda fame in our babydyke world. In our tiny world, we were queer DJ deck heroes, reppin' for the small, outta London weirdos and geeks and we were PROUD.



Art: Michelle Mendonça

<https://www.facebook.com/Michelle.R.Mendonca>
raisingrrrl@hotmail.com

Words: Charlotte Richardson Andrews

<http://charlotterichardsonandrews.blogspot.co.uk/>
charlotte.richardson.andrews@gmail.com