

Righteous indignation!

Sarah Hall

What a strange society we live in. It is OK to cycle through the streets, congregate in a public park, shower in the fountain and wander among the general populace completely naked; but print it and suddenly it becomes "obscene".

Strange too, that we have had many emails congratulating us for the picture on the front page of the last issue yet only one of

complaint. I was witness to the nude cyclists as they rode up St. James Street and on to St. George's Road. What I noticed from the many men, women and children who were also watching this spectacle was the cheers of support and smiling faces; not just for the cause but for having the guts to campaign unclad. The atmosphere far from being one of outrage was positively jovial. Why wouldn't be? Nudity has been celebrated throughout history in fact some of the worlds greatest works of art depict with pride the human form in all it's glory.

The Kemptown community, as I have said before, is one of the most open-minded in the world; a diversity of people, businesses and support groups such as our own local PCSO's, who, for the most part all work together. It is harmony on a scale which is rare to find and peculiar to Kemptown.

The Kemptown Rag is a forum for this community and is written by the people who live here and anyone is welcome use it. Those who contribute occasionally or regularly are as diverse as the area; and acknowledge that as individuals they can never reflect the opinions of the entire

community. They welcome criticism and debate as much as praise. So if anyone has been offended, then tell us.

For this issue we have increased our distribution, for one reason only and that is due to popular request.

Speak to us: kemptownrag.co.uk/forums



Kemptown Characters

Dora Bryan, Actress

Stephanie Clark

On being welcomed into the home of Dora Bryan, I was offered a comfy chair and tea and cake before I began my interview. Dora's son Danny was there as the photographer and I also met her husband Bill and the pets: 'Kitty Puss' the cat and a Tibetan Terrier 'George' who made the whole experience very cosy by lying stretched right out by my feet.

Dora is one of the most endearing people I have ever met and I was taken by her hospitality, natural charm and down to earth manner. I decided to ask Dora what she wanted to talk about and she replied 'I don't want to talk about politics'. However, she did want to tell me how dreadful she thought the Argus Newspaper was for not considering publishing her thank you letter to the Royal Sussex County Hospital. Dora has quite recently undergone a serious operation for a 'strangulated hernia' and praised the hospital staff for their care and attention toward her while she was recovering post-operatively. She is upset by the often negative reports The Argus gives of the hospital.

I myself cannot do justice from my interview with Dora to the anecdotes she told me and the stories about her life as an actress and I would certainly advise anyone to

read one of her books 'According to Dora' published first as a hardback and then as a paper back edition later on. For anyone also interested in tapestry, Dora has written a book called 'Tapestry... continued on page 6 ▶



Talented and aDORable

1%

CELEBRATE WITH US
THIS SUMMER!

We are offering **1% Commission** for all new sales instructions
(Excluding VAT)

LIMITED PERIOD OFFER

brandvaughan
BRIGHTON

*If you market your home before 1st June 2007 you will not need to spend this money as long as the sale goes through before 1st March 2008.

110 St George's Road, Kemp Town, Brighton BN2 1EA
T 01273 683 111 F 01273 682 899
E info@brandvaughan.co.uk W www.brandvaughan.co.uk

Back Pain

Free ChiroCheck

Discover if chiropractic can help you

- Discussion of your medical history
- Chiropractic spinal check-up
- Assessment of your posture
- Written report of your findings

Chiropractic has proven effective in the management of back pain

Sundial Chiropractic Clinic
52 St James's St
Brighton
BN2 1QG
01273 696414

Members of the British Chiropractic Association

Inside

14 Forbidden kiss
Can a kiss between lovers be offensive?

13 Carnival photos
The tangled webs love weaves

12 No smoking
The ban. Democratic or draconian?

Professional Plasterer
No job too small
01273 321412 or 07921 996456

Guitar Lessons

Learn to play acoustic guitar or improve your skills with an experienced tutor
Phone Chris: 01273 673501

THE KEMPTOWN RAG TEAM

General Editor

Sarah Hall
sarah@kemptownrag.co.uk 07875 769423
Advertising agent, writer of random articles, distribution person, general dog's body, chief nagger, the one who takes the flak; always a pain in the butt.

Writer/Queer Corner

Kemptown Charlie
charlie@kemptownrag.co.uk 07949 267946
Regular contributor to Queer corner. An absolute gem.

Advertising

Susie Turner
adverts@kemptownrag.co.uk 07872 309313

Kemptown Bobby

PCSO James Conway
bobby@kemptownrag.co.uk

Food

Sian Locke
sian@kemptownrag.co.uk 07852 267133

Horror-Scopes

Donna Benton
horror.scopes@kemptownrag.co.uk
Writer of random articles, occasional photographer, distribution person; never a pain in the butt.

Cartoons

Alan Wickhan
cartoons@kemptownrag.co.uk 01273 693701

Distribution Coordinator

Mark Ridley
distribution@kemptownrag.co.uk
General gopher; less said the better.

Computer Geek

Conny Dittmann
conny@kemptownrag.co.uk 07895 639228

Arts and Music

Sean Creed
sean@kemptownrag.co.uk

Health & Fitness

PT Pete
ptpete@kemptownrag.co.uk 07900 521345

Chief Counsellor

Butch
butch@kemptownrag.co.uk
An absolute delight.

Kemptown Tiddlers

Lara Bodger
lara@kemptownrag.co.uk

Design and Layout

Noah Hearle
design@kemptownrag.co.uk 07090 741234

Frequent contributors

Sandra Burgum	sandra@kemptownrag.co.uk
Stephanie Clark	stephanie@kemptownrag.co.uk
Phil Gardner	phil@kemptownrag.co.uk
Gary Ginger	gary@kemptownrag.co.uk
Gino Graziano	gino@kemptownrag.co.uk
Michael Howarth	michael@kemptownrag.co.uk
Henry John	henry@kemptownrag.co.uk
Daniel Lawton	daniel@kemptownrag.co.uk
Letitcia	letitcia@kemptownrag.co.uk
Fiona Locke	fiona@kemptownrag.co.uk
Judith Manson	judith@kemptownrag.co.uk
Damian McHugh	damian@kemptownrag.co.uk
Alan Meadows	alan@kemptownrag.co.uk
Angela Moore	angela@kemptownrag.co.uk
Justine Newby	justine@kemptownrag.co.uk
Matthew Rambout	matthew@kemptownrag.co.uk
Alana Sinnen	alana@kemptownrag.co.uk
Simon Young	simon@kemptownrag.co.uk
Greg Zenhausern	greg@kemptownrag.co.uk

General enquires

Phone: 07875 769423; Email: editor@kemptownrag.co.uk;
Post: The Kemptown Rag, PO Box 5056, Brighton.
BN50 9NT.

Who's to blame?

Ed Sibley

Suppose for a moment you are baking a cake. Suppose you are attempting to decide whether or not to bake a wholesome, dark, intense chocolate fudge cake, or a more refined, conservative Victoria sponge.

You are split between the rich, gloopy goodness of the fudge number, and the simple elegance of the sponge contestant. You weigh up the respective pros and cons of each baked delight, considering their respective health values, when you last had each, the quality of ingredients available, your mood, the weather, the time of year, and frankly how attractive the person the cakes intended consumer is, and eventually decide that (as the lady you will be entertaining this evening is of a more ethereal disposition) you shall bake the fudge cake (good choice, by the way).

Now suppose that one billion miles away on the planet Pogue, someone who is very similar to you in terms of circumstances, who, for the sake of argument, has exactly the same history as you, the same ingredients on offer, the same health foibles, and is in fact, by freakish coincidence, exactly the same as you in every possible way. He doesn't even call his planet Pogue, he calls it Earth. Even on an atomic and personal level, every detail of this person's life is and has been exactly the same as yours. Unsurprisingly, he goes for the fudge too.

What does this tell us? It seems that, given exactly the same circumstances, a person will always make the same decision. This isn't a difficult idea to accept: Whenever you make a decision, you don't just randomly pluck your solution out of the air. You decide based on the criteria available to you, such as your mood, your health, your gender, your genes (if you're a molecular biologist), your parents (if you're a more Freudian disposition), your hormones (if you're a woman), and any other factors that might be at work at that moment. So, if you are in the same circumstances, you will make the same decision. Your decision is entirely determined by your circumstances.

But hold on a minute there Francis (for that,

best beloved, shall be your name), surely your circumstances are determined to an extent by your previous decisions? And surely anything that isn't determined by your previous decisions is surely completely out of your hands? So could we not argue that we can follow a chain of cause and effect backwards from any given moment and eventually arrive back at a person's birth?

Now think about blame. To blame someone properly, you have to prove that their actions are their own fault. You don't blame a tree for falling on you in the forest, you blame the careless lumberjack. You don't blame the horde of Zombies, you blame the misguided scientist who left the bottle uncorked.

Now look at this idea in the context of our cause-and-effect principle. If someone makes

“ You don't blame the horde of Zombies, you blame the misguided scientist who left the bottle uncorked. ”

a bad decision, it is not their fault: their decision is simply the product of their present circumstances, moods, emotions, feelings and so on. And you could argue that these circumstances are the result of previous decisions, but these

decisions are themselves out of their hands. With this in mind, you could argue that a person can only do what they can do, or that a person's actions are never ever their own responsibility. A person is simply stuck in a relentless chain of cause and effect. How then can you blame anyone for anything?

Of course without blame much of modern society would cease to properly function. No-one would have any incentive to act in a proper way, or indeed to do anything they didn't want to do. In this sense, blaming people for their failure in their actions is useful as it ensures they won't repeat their mistakes. However, to harbour blame quietly, and never make it known, and never to do anything about it, can be shown to be something of a logical fallacy.

With that in mind, I am now off to bake a cake. I know it doesn't matter if I bake it badly: it won't be my fault anyway.

amp
angela moore photography



Informal, natural contemporary photography in your own surroundings or a location of your choice

Wedding & Civil Partnership photography

Please call for an informal chat or to arrange a complimentary consultation

t: 01403 822873

info@angelamoorephotography.com
www.angelamoorephotography.com

Live music at The Ranelagh

JULY 2007

Sun 8th .Kent DuChaine [Blues from the USA]

Thurs 12thThe Caretakers

[Blues from Sussex]

Sun 15th ...Simon & Sleeze [Blues & Country]

Thurs 19th Boffo [Blues Jazz Rock & Roll]

Sun 22ndNigel Bagge & Eddie Armer

[Cool Blues]

Thurs 26thThe Diablos [Country]

Sun 29thGoofer Dust [Blues/Rock]

The Ranelagh, Home of the Blues and other

fine music for nearly 20 years. 2/3 High

Street, Brighton. **01273 681634**,

bluesattheranelagh@fsmail.net or

www.theranelagh.co.uk.

Sian's Kitchen

Quick Tom Yum

Sian Locke

I have become crazy about tom yum soup of late. I find that the mixture of fresh and piquant flavours is just perfect, especially for a light summer meal. I have created this quick version to make it even easier to put together. The great thing about this, as with many Thai favourites, is that you can really add anything you like. (Thais traditionally serve tom yum with a bowl of steamed jasmine rice, but it is just as nice on its own):

Serves 2-3

Basic soup

- 1 ½ pints chicken, vegetable or fish stock
- Fresh juice of 1-2 limes (to taste)
- 1 tablespoon red curry paste
- Splash Thai fish sauce
- 2 tbsp coconut milk
- 1 stalk lemon grass
- Good handful torn fresh coriander leaves

Suggestions for additions

Baby corn; mushrooms (field, straw or oyster); sliced bamboo shoots; king prawns (cooked and peeled); tofu

1. Place the stock in a medium-sized heavy-bottomed saucepan. Stir in the fish sauce, red curry paste and coconut milk. Bruise the stalk of lemon grass (use only the first 5 or 6 inches from the bulbous end upwards). Cut into two pieces. Slice one piece very finely and add to the stock; add the other piece whole.

2. Heat gently over a low heat. When almost boiling, add the juice of one lime. Taste the stock. If you prefer a sourer tom yum, add the juice of another half a lime or extra, until you get the desired taste.

3. Simmer gently with the lid on the pan for a couple of minutes only. Add your chosen vegetables. (I would suggest if you are using mushrooms, you fry them off quickly in a little oil before adding to the stock pan). Simmer for 3-5 minutes, then add prawns and/or tofu as desired, and simmer for a further minute or so. Check once more to



Tom yum soup

make sure it tastes good (of course it will).

4. Serve in deep bowls with torn coriander leaves on top.

5. Note: this is a meal in itself, so make sure you add plenty of veg and prawns/tofu; oh, and don't forget to remove the piece of lemongrass before serving.

Enjoy!

Spiced shortbread with rosewater glaze

This is a special little invention of mine which is a real treat. Perfect with an Earl Grey or a nice latte...

Makes 6 large biscuits

- 125g plain flour
- 80g butter (unsalted if possible), cut into cubes
- 45g caster sugar
- 1 level tsp mixed spice
- ½ tsp good vanilla essence
- 1 tbsp cold milk (to bind), if necessary
- Good pinch salt
- Extra caster sugar for sprinkling
- 20g icing sugar

Splash of good quality rosewater
1. Preheat oven to 160°. Combine the flour, salt and butter in a large bowl. Rub the butter into the flour with fingertips until the mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs.

2. Stir in the sugar and mixed spice. Make a well in the centre and add the vanilla essence. If the mixture is too dry to bind, add a very small amount of milk. Mix to a stiff dough and knead it in the bowl until smooth and all

ingredients are well-combined.

3. Press into a lightly buttered 7" round shallow sandwich tin. Make three scores evenly across the round with a heavy knife to divide it into 6 triangles, but do not allow the knife to go all the way through. Crimp all around the edge with a thumb and prick all over with a fork. Sprinkle evenly with a dusting of caster sugar.

4. Bake for 25-30 minutes in the centre of the preheated oven until the round begins to turn golden in colour. Remove from the oven and score all the way through each knife mark (otherwise the biscuits will be difficult to separate). Carefully turn out and transfer onto a lightly greased baking sheet. Finish off with another 5-10 minutes in the oven until crumbly to the touch, but not over-browned. Allow to cool completely.

5. Combine the icing sugar in a small bowl with enough rosewater to create a fairly thick glaze icing. Drizzle the glaze from a spoon in zigzag patterns over the cooled biscuits. Allow the glaze to set, then transfer the shortbread

to an airtight container or, even better, eat them immediately!

The Kemptown Rag

07875 769423
OR:
editor
@kemptown
rag.co.uk

We need:
▶ writers
▶ distributors
▶ advertisers

Need a clever
website for
your business?

Call 01273 711117 for a
FREE consultation today.

Fixed fees not **fat** fees.

We're spanking-new and keen-as-mustard and love helping people buy and sell family homes.



01273 689087

www.ourfamilyhome.co.uk

94 North Road (a few doors up from Bill's)

Brighton
& Hove
family
homes

family-
friendly
estate
agents

Letters

Please write to us at: letters@kemptownrag.co.uk or by post to: The Kemptown Rag, PO Box 5056, Brighton BN50 9NT.



Dear Editor;

Kemptown was the scene of a brutal and largely unprovoked attack this week. The victim of this aggravated assault was none other than The Kemptown Rag. For those who missed it, The Argus of Monday 2nd July carried a story in which it claimed that certain people are offended by the Rag's content and want the magazine closed down.

Of course, if someone contacts the Argus with their concerns, the paper has every right to report the story. But they also have a responsibility to put both sides, and not to sensationalise.

Despite the fact that a 15-year-old boy had been stabbed to death over the weekend, The Argus somehow managed to find space on the front page for a picture of local resident Barbara Aston tearing up the Kemptown Rag like Geoff Capes with a phone book. This visual teaser led readers to page 9, where the headline branded the Rag as "obscene", and quotes Barbara as saying "it offends people's sensibilities and is incredibly seedy".

Having claimed that the magazine has sparked an "outcry", the reporter only manages to find two people with a bad word to say about it, and admits that our editor, Sarah Hall, has received no complaints herself.

The article is one thing; however, the editorial on page 8 is quite another. In the 'Comment' section opposite, presumably written by Argus editor Michael Beard, he calls for the Kemptown Rag to be ripped up, referring to the magazine as an "odious freesheet" and stating that "the people of Kemptown should not be subjected to its filth". His views on the murder of a teenage boy in Lancing are not stated.

Let's get this into perspective. These complaints (and let's not forget, our editor has so far received NONE) were sparked by two items in the previous issue: to quote the Argus, "free paper has nudity and sex words".

First the nudity. This refers to a single photo of the World Naked Bike Ride, a legitimate event which took place with the full blessing of both the council and the police, and as it directly involved Kemptown, the Rag would have been remiss not to feature it to some extent. In the published photo, the private parts on display barely stretch to two millimetres each. Not to put too finer point on it, the penises aren't in your face. In fact they can barely be seen without a magnifying glass, and in reality the bodies on display look more like Ken & Barbie dolls.

The individuals who have complained about one photo seem to be ignoring the fact that two hundred naked people cycled past their houses in the flesh! If that is deemed inoffensive and allowable by the authorities, how can a single photo of it be so irredeemably bad?

Now the 'sex words'. This refers to an article by Letitia in which a small number (I counted no more than two or three) of sexual swear words are used in a humorous way to make a point about our use of language. As I say, let's get this into perspective:

There have been twenty-two issues of The

Kemptown Rag. This one edition featured in excess of twenty-five articles totalling many thousands of words. A small number of readers have a problem with a small number of words in just one of those articles from one of those issues. And for that the entire magazine is publicly branded as odious, seedy and deserving of immediate closure.

What about the hundreds of articles which have been enjoyed by thousands of people over the past eleven months without attracting a single complaint? Do they count for nothing? Are the large numbers of people who love Letitia's articles not also entitled to their view? And what about the dozens of people who work hard to produce the magazine every fortnight. Is it fair to accuse them all of peddling filth?

The Argus editorial states that with the right to free speech comes responsibility. I agree. They have a responsibility to report a story fairly and not abuse their power by launching an entirely inappropriate personal attack on another publication under the guise of legitimate 'Comment'. Disagree with an editorial decision by all means, but keep your response in proportion to the so-called 'crime' committed.

Phil Gardner

Dear Editor;

So, is Brighton's leading newspaper exposing our children to poor-quality journalism and sloppy editing? An occasional columnist has been provoked into replying to an attack on the Kemptown Rag's (admittedly fairly shaky) morals.

Oh, I always swore that I'd never get all Daily Mail and write to a publication, but here I am. Having read a story – you know the one – in a paid-for newspaper, I feel I have to.

As the moderately (no, scrub that, put VERY) proud owner of an occasionally naked penis, I'm aware that other men have them too. I'd imagine that children were probably aware that men had penises before you published your picture.

Perhaps the editor of Brighton's soapbox for the morally confused might reconsider the use of the byline 'free paper has nudity...' a few pages after their own picture of naked people. The Rag's picture had context. It was about the nude bike ride. But naked people and the smoking ban? I don't get it.

You might also question the wisdom of showing, on the same page, the (ahem) performers of Brighton's premier family entertainment centre, the Top Totty Club, slouching around, semi-naked, smoking cigarettes? So, no double standards there, then.

The outraged interviewee also rails against the 'seedy' content. She must, however, spend quite a lot of time reading this seedy content, otherwise she wouldn't know what to rail against. She could, you know, just not do it? Same as I generally do with the paper in question? Just a thought.

I did wonder if seedy was, in this case, being used as a synonym for gay? Luckily, Brighton's leading daily newspaper is here to make sure that there's no platform for homophobia here in Brighton. Hurrah! I'm not gay, so I don't bother reading about what gay people get up to. It's not rocket science, is it?

The story is titled obscene rag sparks outcry without using quote marks. Without them the paper seems to be presenting an opinion as fact. Additionally, no capitalised 'R' for rag, reduces a proper noun to a pejorative one. Perhaps you could call my article crap newspaper annoys bloke in response?

Why does 'Outraged' get so vexed about the 'c' word when, right at the end of her road, the very same obscenity is written in four-foot high letters? That's right. Brighton's biggest hospital has the word 'County' plastered at the top of their building. And if you look closely enough...

And, now I think about it, that very same word (not 'County'. The other one) appears in the dictionary – go on, check it for yourself – and Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. My God! Children could be exposed to dictionaries, and plays in Middle English. Come on, Brighton's Moral Guardian! Protect your readers!

Now I've got that off my chest, my cheeks are slightly less red (yes, the ones attached to my face, before you start going through my bins) and I feel I've spent all my spunk (again, a figure of speech rather than anything to do with reproductive mucus). Which is a good thing, right?

Knowing the current climate of moral outrage, I know that I have to be really careful about how this story appears. I wouldn't want anyone reading any non-existent subliminal messages by, oh I don't know, forming a phrase or saying from all the capitalised letters of my article and coming to the wrong conclusion. You know what some people are like. They see obscenity everywhere.

Steve Moore

Dear Editor;

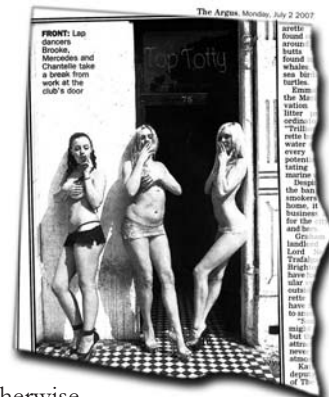
"Obscene Rag Sparks Outcry!" Cried the block capitals on the black and white Argus poster outside my local shop today. "What

Rag could this be?" I puzzled. When I thought of offensive publications, nothing local sprang to mind. I walked in and opened the Argus to see for myself what all the fuss was about.

There, on page 3, I saw what they must have been referring to. Three young naked ladies, in nothing but heels and tiny panties! Obscene! And above,

another picture lined up on the beach! Oh, I thought, obviously, they mean the Argus.

Fiona, Kemptown



ADVERTISEMENT PROMOTION

malarkey

Another load of malarkey is now available in the heart of Kempton at 14 St. George's Road, Brighton BN2 1EB

10 % discount with this ad
Valid until 31st August

Offer also available at our Bond Street shop

cards, wrap, gifts and a bit of smut

Greetings galore

Lara Humphries

Earlier this year Malarkey, that well known card shop in Bond Street, decided that it was time to expand. So, after some research they decided that there couldn't be a better place than the heart of Kempton and opened on 13th June at 14 St Georges Road. Although the new premises is smaller than Bond Street they have managed to include the best cards that are currently around (and that includes a bit of smut!). Also on offer are their usual colourful giftwrap, giftbags, social stationery and gifty things, Edward Monkton being a speciality.

This year Malarkey was nominated for a Retas award. This is an industry award and Malarkey is one of the finalists in The Best Greeting Card Retailer - Home Counties and East Anglia section. In order to qualify it had to show excellence in all areas across the retail spectrum including range of greeting cards stocked, product knowledge, customer service offered, shop environment created, marketing, display and competitive edge. The winner will be announced on July 11 at the Savoy Hotel, London. So good luck Malarkey and welcome to Kempton.



For every occasion



Brighton Bright

Advanced Teeth Whitening

Shiny white smile in less than one hour?

When we see someone with a great white smile we tend to react positively and we see it as evidence of good health and freshness.



Power Teeth Whitening

Your teeth can be whitened in one session. We use state of the art systems and we do not use laser or UV lights. A gel is applied to your teeth and a gentle light source is used to accelerate the whitening process.

Benefits

- **Completely Safe Method**
No UV-light, Ph neutral treatment. There is no change or damage to the structure of the teeth. The method merely makes your teeth appear whiter and brighter.
- **Instant Results**
No need to wear trays at home for weeks. One visit will usually remove years of stains from coffee, tea, smoking, hereditary factors, and even discolouration from tetracycline and fluoride.
- **Pain Free**
Compared to other systems we use a milder light source which does not heat your teeth. We don't use Zoom.
- **Long Lasting**
Depends on life style but the effect could last for 2 years or more

Visit us in Kempton in our professional treatment rooms. Easy parking. Call To arrange FREE consultation

July Special!
normally 395
Now only **249***
offer expires July 31 -07
*silver level - 3 cycles

www.brightonteethwhitening.co.uk info@brightonbright.co.uk
72b St Georges Road, kempton, Brighton, BN2 1EF 01273 623 461

'Ello, 'ello, 'ello

PCSO James Conway

I keep banging on about people leaving windows and doors open as the weather is so nice. It's worth considering that Kempton is a bit of a hotspot for distraction burglaries at the moment.

My colleague informed me that while patrolling the Kempton area he spotted fifteen open front doors! That's a shocking number; this is all within the period of a couple of hours.

Please remember to keep your doors closed, only leave windows open if you are in the room (especially ground floor windows).

The Kempton Carnival went as planned, with the clean up and closing down process afterwards far quicker and more efficient than in previous years.

I really enjoyed the day, perhaps you saw me walking back and forth alone and looking rather hungry with all the wonderful smells.

There seems to be far fewer incidents involving youth disorder in Sussex Square. I

hope our increased patrols have resolved the problem to a certain degree.

We are aware that there is an issue with youths getting alcohol from certain premises in the area; rest assured we are looking in to this.

Cyclists! After conversations with the council street sign department and police signage department it has become apparent that the desperately needed "No Cycling On The Footpath" sign for St. James Street, doesn't

actually exist, so instead of giving up, we are likely to design one of our own and get it made and up in St. James Street any day now.

Please feel free to email me James.Conway@sussex.pnn.police.uk or Snail Mail PCSO James Conway, NST, Police Station, John Street, Brighton, BN2 0LA.



Painting and Decorating and general handyman service
Tel: 01273 240913
- 07962 930707

Local female plumber

Friendly and reliable. No call out charge. No job too small.
Call Toni on 01273 325642 or 07791 375970



Kemptown Characters

Continued from the front page ... Tales' as tapestry is one of Dora's hobbies. She is a very talented lady and has starred in a myriad of theatrical roles and films from the very first carry on film 'Carry on Sergeant' (1958) to the acclaimed 'A Taste of Honey' (1961) and on to the recent American musical 'The Full Monty' (2004).

Dora's acting career started at the tender age of 12 in Oldham, Lancashire. Her mother owned a dress shop and Dora would borrow garments her mother made to wear for her shows. Her mother actively encouraged her daughter to follow a career on the stage and told the local high school Dora was to attend that she wanted her daughter to go on stage instead of continuing her education. Fortuitously, at that time, a repertory theatre was opening up in Oldham. Dora was not given a formal wage but she says she was 'given the best training'. She did, at least, have an allowance of half a crown for her bus fare. Dora's tentative steps toward the limelight took place during World War II and if there was an air raid that went on after a performance had finished; the audience were not allowed to leave. Dora would entertain them with tap dancing and acting. She also performed for the troops with 'ENSA' (Entertainment's National Service Association) which she said performers in the know re-named 'Every Night Something Awful'.

It is well known that Dora has made Brighton her home. Having moved to Brighton after enjoying what she calls 'holidays' on her trips to star in pre-London shows, she says Kemptown is 'unusual'. She told me a tale about the actor Tom Bell, who, she said, must have known he was 'on the way out' when he walked in to the Kemptown Deli bistro and offered her £40 to give to whomever she wanted. Dora gave something to the staff and decided to give £20 toward repairs to her local church. She is always interested in what is happening in Kemptown and keeps up with the local goings on. Dora will even advise the young school girls of Brighton on their fashion sense when she is out shopping in Primark. She told me she will tell it to them straight 'You look too old in that' or 'I don't like that colour on you'. When I asked if they were at all offended Dora replied that, on the contrary, they appreciated her opinion.

Having spent her early career racing from filming movies at the Pinewood Studios often through thick fog or rain to get to her performance in a West End Show by evening, Dora thrived on her work. According to Dora, starring in a black and white film in the 50s was only considered something you would do if you had time to fit it in. Her husband Bill, who I learned was not only a well known cricketer but had played football for Oldham as well, was coaching cricket at the renowned Alf Gover's cricket school. They did not see much of each other but it does seem as though Dora has managed over the years to juggle the responsibilities of her personal life and professional life pretty well.

After enduring several miscarriages and the prospect of never being able to have children of their own, Dora and Bill had adopted two children, Daniel and Georgina, before what

seems to be a miraculous event of another pregnancy when Dora was well into her forties. Thanks to the care of a skilled gynaecologist Dora was able to carry the child full term and she gave birth to William. Sadly, the family have seen their share of tragedy as her daughter Georgina died from an alcohol related illness eight years ago. Dora told me that she always says 'Goodnight Gina' to her every new moon when she sees a bright star in the sky over toward West Sussex. There is no mourning, just a poignant remembrance in the ritual.

Perhaps having a particularly mischievous sense of humour is what gets Dora through hardships. When I asked her if there was anyone she preferred working with over the years, Dora reminisced about her times on stage with actor Richard Watis. She said they shared a powerful chemistry, which on one occasion nearly got them into trouble on stage during a performance of 'Six of One' at the Adelphi Theatre. They were both giggling so much that they were threatened with the curtain coming down on them. He was playing an officer in the French Army and Dora was the French Madame trussed up in an elaborate gown. Somehow, while they were dancing 'Cosette', his military braid bedecked with frogs got caught in the hooks of her dress and set them both off laughing again. They were threatened that if they didn't stop laughing, the curtain would definitely come down. Dora told me that this is

considered a very big insult to actors on stage and luckily they both finally managed to control themselves to finish the show.

I found it hard to keep from laughing myself to finish the interview as Dora went on to tell me more about her experiences. I particularly found it amusing that while Dora was starring in 'Pygmalion' ten years ago on Broadway, the American audiences were complaining about the show because there were no songs in it! That's Broadway for you I suppose. She also went on to describe her co-star in Pygmalion, Amanda Plummer, who she hardly saw because one night she lost her voice, which Dora attributes to her fondness for drinking 'too much Southern Comfort and chain smoking Galoise cigarettes'. Amanda Plummer's part was taken over by her understudy.

It is her genuine interest in people of all walks of life that impressed me about Dora Bryan. She is the godmother to Laurence Olivier and Joan Plowright's child Tamsin and she has fooled around on stage with my own heroes of cinema Peter O'Toole and Richard Harris but is just as eager and gives as much importance to talking about her chats with a young bulimic girl who lay in the bed next to her while she was in hospital for her hernia.

Once our formal interview was finished, I found it difficult to leave Dora as she was truly such a fascinating and accommodating Kemptown resident to talk to.

10 Songs to... get ready for Saturday Night!

Greg Zenhausern

It's always the same – and I know for sure, I'm not alone with this, but some Saturdays I need a little kick to get in mood to go pubbing or clubbing with my friends. To get myself ready for these nights I'm quite glad if I have my Saturday Night Playlist ready on my computer, to just pull it into a Media Player and play them along while getting ready. I thought this week, I'll share my latest ten favourite Clubhits to shake myself into the mood for drinks and social life!

1. Spektrum – Don't Be Shy (Radio Edit) (Elektro/Pop)
Naughty Vocals with a groovin' Beat to shake away!
2. Beyoncé – Déjà-Vu (Freemasons Radio Mix) (Vocal House)
Repeating the Saturday Night Ritual again? Call it Déjà-Vu, Dear!
3. Michael Gray – The Weekend (Club Mix) (Vocal House)
The absolute hymn for every single weekend!
4. Bodyrockers – I Like The Way You Move (Junior Jack Club Mix) (Elektro/House)
Get in front of your mirror – Let's have a look at some sex on legs!
5. Masters @ Work – Work 2007 (Extended Mix) (Vocal Elektro)
Bumpin' Beats and dominant Vocals – what

a way to get ready for the favourite night of the week!

6. New Young Pony Club – Ice Cream (Radio Edit) (Elektropop)
You might remember this one from a TV Spot! "I can give you what you want!"
7. Houzecrushers – Touch Me (Vocal Club Mix) (Vocal House)
Warning: This is going to pull you on the nearest dancefloor to dance the night away!
8. Jennifer John – Saturday (Can't Wait) (Stonebridge Club Mix) (Vocal House)
Simply a classic for each and everyone who can't wait 'til Saturday!
9. Inaya Day – Nasty Girl (Radio Edit) (Vocal House)
One more classic house tune to get ready for another sparklin' party night!
10. Calvin Harris – Acceptable In The 80's (Elektropop)
Definitely NOT only Acceptable In The 80's. Pump It Up!
Ready for the nightlife? The party? The people? Well with these 10 songs you should be facing at least the right direction! In the next Kemptown Rag, I'll have 10 tunes for you, with which you can lay back and relax as soon as you're back from your party night, or just enjoying a big lie in, on a Sunday morning with a smile on your face... in 10 songs... to recharge your batteries.
Until then, have fun on your Saturday Nights!

Don't fence me in

Letitia

It is the Olympics, and the competitors are registering their entry. The first carries a spear, so naturally he is entering the Javelin, the second carries a very heavy lead ball, and there fore is shot putting, the third man carries 100 yards of barbed wire, and 20 wooden stakes. This puzzles the administrators and they ask what sport he could possibly be representing: "Seamus O'Toole - FENCING" he replied.

Oh, I love that joke, though I should, according to the P.C brigade, be offended by it, since it takes the rise out of Oirish people, and I am a Colleen who has kissed the Blarney Stone on many occasions; yet, it offends me not a jot.

Apparently, it requires more energy to take offence than to give it. I read that somewhere, along with the fact that it uses more muscles to frown than to smile. So, dear readers what in the name of Zeus's butt is happening to this country?

Political correctness has gone mental.

Several media issues have reared their Politically IN correct head, and I am spontaneously combusting to the point of spillage out of my DD cup.

It started with a programme about how gobby trollops and their idiot male counterparts act on 'an evening out'. The women were flashing their giblets and chicken fillets with wild abandon and the blokes were almost as crass. All they wanted was to find 'celebrity' and they collectively thought that binging out their genitalia at high profile Night clubs was the way forward. This is common, and dare I say almost acceptable behaviour in our present society. I found it rather depressing to watch.

There then followed a profile on the comedian Roy Chubby Brown. He was taken to task by another comedian, Frank Skinner, for replacing 'being funny' with racist remarks and a liberal sprinkling of the 'c' word. Roy's remark that: "I'M NOT SAYING ALL

MUSLIMS ARE TERRORISTS, BUT HOW COME ALL THE TERRORIST C****S ARE MUSLIM?" was wildly (in a good way) received by the audience, since he was only telling it like it is. I happen to love his humour.

Then another programme showed the number of people who had been arrested for having the temerity to wear t-shirts proclaiming: BOLLOCKS TO BLAIR yet they were unchallenged when wearing different ones bearing the legend: TESTICLES TO TONY. You honestly could not make it up.

As for shouting the word "nonsense" at a political party conference, this transgression found an O.A.P manhandled by governmental goons in an utterly disgraceful display of thug-rama right here in Brighton.

The very next day I saw a M.O.D report on the fact that 'Saucy Sal' type artwork on the nose cone of aircraft was to be banned, on the

risible grounds that it could offend the womenfolk of the countries they were bombing! It's not the artwork you blathering buffoons. Its being torn limb from limb, the resulting 'collateral damage' and utter misery that your bloomin' weapons cause, that the ladies find hard to take.

Finally, we have the whole Big Brother debacle over the 'n' word being spoken. Get real, and get back jack. The dopey bint was clearly using the term in a pathetic attempt to ingratiate herself with her fellow housemates. End of story. That channel 4/Endemol milked it to buggery, just shows that it was not so much a knee jerk reaction and more a full blooded 'fosberry flop'

One of my favourite songs is called: ROCK AND ROLL NIGGER by Patti Smith, so when I'm invited to name my Top Ten on Desert Island Discs, am I supposed to say 'Rock and roll pigmented person'? No.

And I fail to see why one of my favourite movies: The Damn Busters has had the name of Commander Guy Gibson's dog: NIGGER edited from recent TV screenings. It's sheer lunacy I tell you.

As for the police breaking into a car, which housed (in their minds), an offensive article: A GOLLY WOG, I truly despair of this country getting back on track with a dollop of (not so) common sense.

Black people regularly use the word in conversation and jive speak to each other (I have heard them countless times) and yet even Daman Wayans (American Actor) had his application to use the word NIGGA on merchandise rejected by the US patenting office on the grounds of: "using a mark which is immoral or scandalous" And HE'S BLACK!

Blair's 'Nanny State' has morphed into a 'jackboot on your spine' state. They do not trust us to use a word where applicable, so they simply ban it (or try to) instead, and it simply will not do. It's all semantics, subjective and a passing glance at solipsism to boot.

Plus, I am rather bored with the extra attention that Muslims, Black people and ****pick a minority group religion or ethnicity**** receive in the way of protecting their faux shocked sensibilities. They are not stupid and the silly regulations make them seem all the more ostracised. After all, 'those that mind don't matter, and those that matter, don't mind' is one of my favourite truisms.

BUT, I will tell you something that offends me so much, I am thinking of using the 'diminished responsibility' rule where GBH to a minor is concerned.

It's the Asian kid in the air freshener advert, who takes a dump and, shock horror, discovers



Bursting with indignation

that his excrement smells.

'It's all gone it's all gone' he wails to his mummy.

I just want to flush the brat down the porcelain faster than you can scream 'u bend' Someone doing number twos' on prime time TV is not acceptable to me.

Firstly, he's a shite actor, secondly, his mum is not Asian in appearance and therefore I spend all my time wondering if he was adopted, and lastly, how dare he moan!

In my day, it was a frantic call from the outside privy for more 'torn up copies of the Daily Mail' (I come from poor stock). The cosseted child doesn't know he's born.

The legislators are trying to sanitise words in the same way that Master 'Who-flung-dung' is trying to cover up the smell of waste matter. It simply will not wash.

The Bee Gees sang:

'You think that I don't even mean a single word I say.

Its only words and words are all I have, to take your heart away'

Yes, so, I reserve the right to use them as and when to whom I feel fit.

TRUST ME, I'M A GROWN UP.
www.brightonbodyworship.com/book

COURS DE FRANCAIS French lessons

To retrieve, maintain and improve your knowledge of the language.

75 intensive minutes in a café in Kemptown
daytime or pm.

Focus on conversation - colloquial French, slang - homework if you want some.

Catherine Sauvage:
01273 673269
A bientot!

Coastway broadcasting

Mark Johnson

ARE you fed up with airports? Are you tired of the endless queues at 'Check-in' and 'Immigration Control' and of being made to feel like a potential terrorist? Well then, why not let the train take the strain?

My friend Sheila and I decided to do just that. This was not a mere trip to Scotland or a voyage to France. Not the easy stuff for us - we decided to go to the Algarve in southern Portugal. The experience involved us in a steep learning curve so here are some tips in case you are tempted to follow our example.

First of all, travel light. Secondly, unless you know your way about the intricate structure of European fares, visit a good travel agent. Sadly, most travel agents are geared to selling you package holidays culled from brochures off the shelf and know little about travel other than by air. You can, if you are sufficiently confident, do it yourself on-line or by contacting Rail Europe. The travel agent will charge you a fee on top of the fare as the main railway companies do not pay commission. There is also a very informative website called The Man in Seat 61. Try www.seat61.com/. Thirdly, be prepared to pay more than you would by air. Finally, be prepared to love your fellow man. You will meet all sorts of people of various nationalities most of whom will be kind and helpful.

The check-in procedure at Waterloo was simplicity itself and you only needed to be there 30 minutes before departure. I have no memory of having shown my passport but must have done as we just walked off the train at the Gare du Nord in Paris. The process was so swift there was time for a cup of coffee while we eyed up our fellow passengers.

If you have never been on the Eurostar you must try it. One moment you are sitting there waiting for the train to start and then you notice that the platform is going past the window! It is so smooth and fast and there is no sensation of movement. On the downside



ELECTRIC ALL THE WAY

By Peter Bailey

**ARE you fed up with airports?
Are you tired of the endless queues at 'Check-in'
and 'Immigration Control' and of being made to
feel like a potential terrorist? Well then, why not
let the train take the strain?**

A more sociable form of travel

the choice of food is limited and you have to fetch it yourself from the buffet as there is no trolley service or dining car; so be prepared and either take a packed meal or eat at one of the several cafés at Waterloo International.

Someone had written to The Man in Seat 61 advising travellers not to use the Metro to cross Paris as it took a long time. With this in mind we decided to take a taxi and were discussing this when a head popped over the back of my seat and a very Welsh voice asked

if we were going to Gare Montparnasse and if he and his wife could share a taxi with us. It turned out that he was a former train driver now working at a Welsh station as a result of which he received very cheap continental travel and so they were on their way to Biarritz. The four of us waited in the taxi queue for about half an hour. When we got to the front of the queue we found that no driver would take four passengers and their luggage. This is where the London-style cab has the advantage.

Ignore the advice of The Man in Seat 61 and take the Metro never take a taxi across central Paris: the traffic is in permanent gridlock.

The TGV trains are enormously long so we had to trundle our cases several hundred yards down the platform to find our pre-booked seats. However, the journey was smooth, fast, comfortable and uneventful. There are several stops towards the end of the journey including the beautiful city of Bordeaux. At Dax and Biarritz most of the passengers alighted, no doubt on their way to holiday destinations.

The French pride themselves on their gastronomy so you might have expected there to be a restaurant car with the very best cuisine. No such luck! There was a buffet car which

provided fare little better than you might find on a long-distance British train.

The train stops at Hendaye on the French side of the border where we thought we had to change. However, there were no signs directing us to the Lisbon train which was a bit worrying. Fortunately a Portuguese gentleman explained that, on the way out we change at Irun on the Spanish side. The change at Hendaye is only made in the return direction - so be warned.

“ we had to trundle our cases several hundred yards down the platform to find our pre-booked seats ”

The night sleeper, the Sud Express, was waiting for us at Irun. We had not been able to book a two-berth sleeping compartment so had had to settle for a "couchette". The travel agent was unable to give us much information about

this other than that the compartment contained six berths. I shall let Sheila take up the story of that night, (see separate feature, Night Manoeuvres).

My favourite part of the whole journey was the following morning having a leisurely breakfast in the dining car while the train ran through the mountains and hills of northern Portugal. The early morning mist lay heavily in the valleys making the countryside look like a fairyland. This was an artist's dream.

The Sud Express terminates at Lisbon Apolonia but we got off at Lisbon Oriente, a magnificent modern station. We had plenty of time for an excellent lunch at a station restaurant before continuing our journey south on the Faro train. We alighted at Albufeira in the Algarve and there was the smiling face of our friend Zé who was waiting to whisk us away to our luxurious hillside villa. We spent the next fortnight stuffing ourselves with the wonderful Portuguese food and wine and even did a little swimming in the villa's pool.

A to B Removals

Free storage and estimates.

**Competitive prices.
Friendly service.**

For all enquiries call:
**01273 273773
07816 033457**

**11 Ship Street Gardens
Brighton**

■ Philosophy Café

Against Generation X

Simon Young

Q. I went to Firlle House as you recommended, to be 'inspired by art and nature' (June 9, Ed.) – it was full of boring old portraits of dead, posh people. What's that got to do with now? Today's indie bands speak more to me about the modern world. Stig, The Dump

Simon Says: Thanks for your question, Stig. The Philosophy Café column is all about exchanging philosophical points of view. Personally, I like pop music, too (Sussex locals Keane, for instance, write/sing an extremely classy song – the composer-pianist behind them should and – I predict -will be writing musicals before long)... but not that much of it.

If 'indie' pop music is so meaningful, why aren't the depressives from Coldplay and co. camping out at Number 10 to protest about the obscenity of daily massacres in Iraq, reported casually on TV before the latest exciting news from 'the Big Brother house'? Answer – because it would harm their sales in America.

The indie popsters may be watching America – but they're not doing anything except making money from her.

And please spare me the 'We're Saving the Planet' crap. How much easier it is (i.e. less harming to record sales), to say 'I'm for Saving The Planet' (who could argue with that!) than to stand outside Number 10 shouting 'Bring Our Soldiers Home' (oooh, too controversial).

Doubtful? O.k. eco-trendies, listen, for here is the truth (as opposed to the political propaganda you fall for): there is absolutely no scientific consensus that climate change is caused by 'man' as opposed to the sun (you know, that big thing in the sky, remember?). Just for once, stop believing what the media tells you and try Googling about a bit for 'the viewpoints the media forgot'.

'Tiswas-famed biologist David Bellamy and Sky-At-Night uber-boffin Patrick Moore are amongst the brave 'climate change deniers' (wait for the prosecutions) who tell the truth; the climate change lobby is 'political'. Today, the very word 'man' has been hijacked to become a politicized euphemism for 'evil capitalist scum whose materialistic greed is destroying the planet'. To which there is only one succinct reply.

Bollocks. Go and live in a tree.

Sorry, but today's young pop stars are predominantly dumb, hypocritical, alfalfa sprout-eating wimps, possessed of nothing but a desperate desire to be famous while pretending to be socially conscious.

If making a charity record for homeless hedgehogs will increase their market profile, they'll do it.

Eco is trendy – Eco makes money. How many are aware of the elderly lady who can barely walk, living alone next door, who hasn't spoken to anyone for weeks? Ah, but helping

your elderly neighbour doesn't make the news, does it. Not like 'Saving the Planet.'

The transformation of pop stars from sincere radicals to businessmen started with George Michael, who was endlessly praised by the music papers in the 80s for his 'consummate skill' in producing slick, ultra-commercial pastiche pop – imitation, plastic (not Rubber) Soul. Since then, everyone's been at it – the marketing strategy now comes before the music, even for indie bands (no, especially for indie bands – that's why one now goes to college to study how to be a pop star. Kooky!).

Just sit through an hour of the latest installment of Big Brother for a dreadful wake-up call as to what youth culture has become – the ideal young person is a loud mouth wannabee seeking fame and fortune without any ability other than that of shameless self-promotion.

"Hey hey we're the wanabees. We've got something to say."

Er, say what, exactly? 'I wanna be an anorexic stick insect like Posh'?

The trendy media follows suit, lemming-like. The models in the (leftist, supposedly feminist) Observer magazine look like refugees from Belsen. Are these young, plainly ill girls attractive? Only to a sick society. Certainly no to any heterosexual male – but perhaps that's the idea.

The importance of the Firlle Houses of this world is their ability to remind us of our past – our tradition. They show a society self-governed by good manners, honour, decency, and above all, self-respect.

Oh, they show human failings, too. Human failings haven't changed – but how we react to them has. Today, we shamelessly display our flaws in all their brutish ugliness, in the skewed belief that it somehow represents 'authenticity' instead of vulgarity; the voice of 'The Common People'. The triumph of ASBOs over aesthetics.

Go see the paintings at Firlle House, and compare the society you see there with that you see reflected on Big Brother – your own world, in all its hideous crudity. Society is descending into nihilistic hedonism because it has lost touch with its past, and therefore with its future.

But then, what kind of a modern world could we expect, when Year Zero in this Brave New World of the senses (but not the intellect) began with the 'Sensation' show at the Tate Gallery – the sarky voice of the Brit Pop artists in all their nihilistic, dumbed down despair.

Worst of all from my perspective – this is my generation – now in their early forties, and without a clue how or why they're alive. It includes Quentin Tarantino (the film, 'Pulp Fiction'); Brett Easton Ellis (the novel, 'American Psycho'); Patrick Marber (the play, 'Closer'); Damien Hirst and Tracey Emin (the art; a dead shark and an unmade bed); and George Michael (slumped stoned at the wheel of his car): All – like me – 43 years old. All dazed and confused.

What a terrifying thought that this is the post-

baby boom Generation X now coming to power in our country.

Those currently in political power would like us to believe that we've entered a sort of Pol Pottian Year Zero, in which all that came before 1997 should be eradicated in a blitz of pseudo-egalitarian idealism. The result is plain for all to see – Big Brother on TV, Big Brother in Government; a dumbed down Anti-Culture of nihilism, and a populace too dazed with semi-legalized dope to notice the hundred or so human beings blown up every day on the other side of the world In Their Name.

Welcome to the Post Modern Anti-Culture of Nihilism.

Pass the soma on the Left hand side.

And wake me up before I go go to sleep.

Simon Young's new popular philosophy book Designer Evolution: A Transhumanist Manifesto (Prometheus Books) is published in New York, and available online at amazonbooks.co.uk and www.designerevolution.net. For more irreverent insights in to the Meaning of Life, the Universe and Everything, send your questions to Simon at designerevolution@btinternet.com

Need an interactive website?

Call 01273 711117 for a FREE consultation.

Professional Language teacher with

many years experience. French, Spanish, Italian to all levels. Telephone : 01273 719304

Learn or improve your Spanish

with a friendly native tutor.

Joaquin 07970 485319

Professional cleaning
by experienced cleaner
from £12 an hour.
07875 769423



Prospero

Tarot reader

Teacher

Author

07847 938561

Would you like Sudoku or Killer Sudoku in your magazine or newspaper? Just call 08709 770077 for details on current offers.

Glastonburied 2007



Sean interviewing Looper Mal Webb

Sean Creed

Genevieve Bateman and I left Kemptown at 10:30 am and arrived at Glastonbury at 8:30 pm. We were looking forward to pitching the tents, eating comfort food and finally getting down to some well deserved rest...little did we know what was in store for us. After a frantic detour through mud ridden fields, we finally arrived at our pitch. We had barely got out of the car when we were directed to the Leftfield stage where Rodney Branigan the ambidextrous guitar player from Texas was due to perform.

Armed with a camera each we mounted the stage and began filming Rodney with his two Hofner guitars doing what he does best. Crowds began rushing to the front of the stage with jaws dropped, and cheering like it was a football match. Despite our exhausted state, both Gen and I started to come alive on pure adrenalin. We finally got to rest, Gen in her tent, and myself...oh yes I got to sleep in the car, no time to pitch my tent.

We were greeted early Friday Morning by glorious sunshine, what a beautiful day; this was going to be even better now that the rain

had held off! I decided to go and investigate the pyramid stage; I'd seen it many times on television. The second act of the day, The View, were about to perform. At first the crowd was loosely packed, but soon started to fill out. As I waited for The View to launch into their first song it started to spit small drops of rain which soon became heavier. I didn't mind, I could feel the warmth of the crowd, which bizarrely created the illusion that it wasn't raining. I

decided to make a quick exit as The View weren't my thing, and I didn't want to get wet, I had work to do at The Tadpole stage in the Green Fields.

By the time I had arrived at Tadpole I was soaked and covered in mud, I had no wellies, just deck shoes, which incidentally, were very good at aqua gliding. I set up my recording equipment by the sound desk and began interviewing the acts. As the days went on the once damp paths turned into streams and lakes of mud. It was an effort to walk

anywhere, even to visit the giant steel cesspit to spend a penny, so I stayed put most of the time.

I was damp and muddy, but hey that's the ethos of the festival so I'm happy, all I need now is some hunger busting food. Shock Horror!! Nasty starchy chips £2.00; weird burgers £3.50; soft drink £2.00; that's nearly a 'tenner' for a meal! Thank goodness I was getting expenses; otherwise I would not be able to afford to eat. That's almost £30 a day for three meals; I was told by an insider that a monopoly controls all the food at festivals, no one else can get in... contradiction? Or

“ The once damp paths turned into streams and lakes of mud ”

am I missing something here? After getting the car out of a “stuck in the mud” situation, we finally left the festival at

2am Monday morning. I cannot begin to tell you how satisfying it was to dry my feet and put on some clean socks; after four days of my shoes being submerged in mud it was out of this world; a new experience! We arrived back in Brighton at 7:30 am it was good to be back.

On reflection I enjoyed Glastonbury 2007, next time I will be taking my own supplies and of course some Wellington boots!

“Oakstock”

Alan Meadows

I'd like to pass on my heartfelt thanks and congratulations to all the wonderful men and women who helped in making Oakstock 2007 such a resounding success.

Cheekily scheduled on the same weekend as Glastonbury, this charitable fund raiser at The Oak pub gloriously epitomized the anarchic and quirky spirit of our town.

The concept was simple. Set up a stage with live music, throw down a few patio tables and chairs in the street and employ a great bunch of good natured and speedy bartenders to keep the punters lubricated.

I'd never seen a tribute band before, because I'm a music snob. What I witnessed that afternoon had me admitting I was wrong. Working the crowd into a frenzy were The Railing Stains. An awesome version of 'Gimme Shelter' kicked off proceedings and I was impressed that the band had the bollocks to play some lesser known album tracks instead of just churning out the more obvious songs. Had a chat with some of the band afterwards, nice fellas.

The crowd's numbers were now being swollen by curious passers-by. A rather glamorous Hen Party entered into the spirit of the occasion by posing for photos in various states of undress. The Railing Stains lead singer showed his class by exploiting a possible 'groupie' opportunity. It was reminiscent of Jagger and Faithful.



© rowingeye photography.co.uk

In true Woodstock style

Collection buckets were enthusiastically filled, children were playing amongst the crushed plastic glasses whilst their parents embraced. The sense that we were all part of a community was infectious.

The camaraderie extended to the toilets. To alleviate the queue, ladies had the dubious privilege of sharing the seated facility in the gents. From nowhere a toilet inspector emerged. The men were asked if they required a “number one or a number two” and shown to the appropriate door.

By the time the last act hit the stage strangers were bear hugging, kids were taking crafty slurps from unattended glasses and we all punched the air like the lead singer told us to. Even the rain could not dampen our spirits. We were as one, omnipotent; a seething mass of love, a credit to ourselves and to our town.

It was an eclectic set list. We were treated to covers of Michael Jackson, Eurythmics, White Stripes and Beyonce. At the end it felt as good as Hendrix at the Isle of Wight.

Oakstock 2008, bring it on!

MEB GARDENING SERVICES

- Garden maintenance and clearance
- Gravel garden
- House selling emergency makeover
- Patio/roof gardens
- Ironwork
- Low maintenance gardening and gardening for drought
- Garden landscaping advice

01273 386684

07837 925962

meb.gardening@ntlworld.com



Dog walker - Experienced
Phone 07970 485319

hudson & bridges



Always here... so that you can shop without worry on the internet.

We promised you more news about our Concierge Club for busy people in Kemptown and the Marina and the big news is that the Porters Lodge is open at 237 Eastern Road in Kemptown (on the corner of Church Place), AND that the website is open on www.hudsonandbridges.co.uk where you can find out details and benefits of membership, and join online.

Level 2 membership (£20 a month or £220 a year) includes unlimited use of our Porters Lodge as a delivery address. Order anything on line, and have it delivered to us without having to worry about rushing home for the delivery, or having to queue at the Post Office to collect a parcel with you and your "we were unable to deliver ..." slip getting soggy in the rain.

We'll take delivery for you, and store your goods in an appropriate way (chilled or frozen foods will be kept chilled or frozen). We'll text, e-mail or call you to say that we've got your delivery, and you let us know when you're home and we'll deliver it when you are ready – anytime, and at no further cost.

If you have larger goods (furniture, cooker, carpet – that kind of thing) arriving, and want delivery direct to your property, leave us the key for the day, and get the driver to call when they arrive, or better still 15 minutes before, and we'll be there to see them in, and lock up afterwards. This can be arranged for all levels of membership, and we will charge at our PA rate of £30 an hour – probably £10 for 20 minutes. Better than taking a day off work and being a prisoner in your own flat!

Tel: 01273 606138

All That Jazz

Damian McHugh

I've heard it said before that music can take you to places where you have never been before, and on Friday 15th June that's exactly what happened. From the comfort of Brighton Dome, I journeyed to a place I've only heard of, and borne witness to through Hollywood's portrayal of deep Southern America.

In order to prepare me for what I was about to experience, the user could have announced:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, please take your seats, for you are about to be transported to New Orleans – for one night only. You are privileged to be here tonight to experience the truly amazing talent of the legendary composer, singer, pianist, lyricist, arranger and record producer – Mr Allen Toussaint. Not only will you hear Allen Toussaint grandly play the piano, with the utmost ease and precision, you will also be hypnotised by his unique blend of lyrics, which he will sing in his unmistakable deep, gravely textured voice.

For those of you in the auditorium tonight who have not heard him before, you will certainly not forget him or his music in a hurry. So sit back, relax and enjoy the charm of each song, from the tongue & cheek lyrics of 'Mother-in-law', to the sensual feelings expressed in 'Southern Nights'. Accompanying Mr Toussaint for one of the numbers will be the beautiful and talented cellist from Hove, Jo Silverston – as together they will delight you with a haunting sound that adds majesty to the lyrics of this splendid love song.

You will be transfixed with Allen's story of his childhood, particularly the recollection of one night in the deep South, which inspired him to write 'Southern Nights'.

Poetically he will tell his story, marrying his descriptive words to the tune of his piano accompaniment. And as you listen while he leads your imagination, you will become a privileged visitor to his relatives porch, on a warm summers evening, when the moon is high and bright in the sky, and the leaves are glistening by the light of the moon, as it shines down on those relatives, whom he describes as having lived a simply but happy existence – and how for him as a boy, everything that he ever needed or wanted in the world was there on that porch. And apart from a hurrying of the wind, before calming again, and the rocking of a chair that suddenly stops, before taking up movement again – there is no dramatic climax to this story.... but just like the storyteller, it is something that will touch you, as repeatedly you will hear it told that everything that was worth anything to him, was there on that porch, on that moonlight evening".

But the user who had directed me to my seat hadn't informed me of the greatness to follow, she left me to experience it for myself; as piece after piece I was captivated. And on

completion of his solo set for the evening, a standing ovation duly erupted. In return Allen collected a white rose from the lid of the piano, and presented it to a lady in the audience. He left the stage and the lights came up for the interval, but the audience continued to stand and applaud. Allen returned, and humbly thanked his audience. He appeared to be genuinely moved by the appreciation being given. And so he repaid with another tune as looked out over the brightly light sea of onlookers.

The second half of this evening of Jazz was delivered with great expertise and wisdom, by the Preservation Hall Jazz Band of New Orleans. It began with a short film made by one of the members of the band, and son of the founders of the Preservation Hall, Ben Jaffe. The film provided a brief history of Preservation Hall's opening in 1961 to the closure just over two years ago, as a result of the devastating affect of Hurricane Katrina.

The short film allowed us to witness the characters from the past, and hear them play their unique style of music – that was to become the foundation of what would make the historical venue so famous.

Ben introduced each member of the band, giving the audience an overview of their experience and relationship to Preservation Hall – Ben held all the veterans in high regard, as he spoke of their influence on the growth

(and preservation) of Jazz music in New Orleans. Although currently occupied as Director for the NOMHRF, as well as trying to rebuild Preservation Hall, Ben had flown in from USA, to join the band for the last few performances of their tour. His own amazing talent had been unannounced, but it was with music in his soul that he accompanied the band, selecting a different

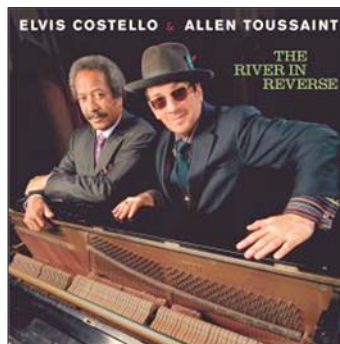
instrument for almost every song.

There was a combination of piano, banjo, trumpet, trombone, drums, tuba and string-base, and individual members took their turn at singing and performing. Songs such as, 'Just Over In The Glory Lane', 'Shimmy Like My Sister Kate', 'Louisiana', and 'Shake That Thing', provided a platter to satisfy any taste.

For the finale, Ben Jaffe led some of the members of the band from the stage and through the audience, who in turn took up and followed in a procession of hand-clapping and dancing, whilst singing, 'Walk With Thee'.

Upon returning to the stage, the band completed their finale in an aptly and timely performance of, 'When The Saints Go Marching In'. There wasn't a bum left on a seat, as everyone took to swaying in chorus. I was proud to be part of such a glorious spectacle of appreciation, even more poignant as it was the bands last night in England. If they didn't know Brighton before – they certainly do now!

The evening was in aid of the New Orleans Musicians Hurricane Relief Fund (NOMHRF),... **continued on page 17** ▶



A great album

Extinguishing the freedom of choice

Suze Burns

The smoking ban is here and I, for one, can't imagine sitting in a pub sipping a drink and not enjoying a cigarette. But then, to be honest, 20 years ago I couldn't imagine sitting on a bus or train and having to refrain.

I'll get used to it, as will almost every other smoker in the country, not because we want to but because we have to. We'll all (or most of us will) sit in beer gardens in the summer and leave our beverages to nip out into the freezing cold of winter to puff away. And it isn't only pubs, of course, where smoking will be banned. Any enclosed public place will have a ban placed on it; so that means cafes, restaurants and the workplace. Smokers will be forced to stand outside and puff away. And as we do so we'll all discuss how appalling the nanny state is, until the days when we were allowed to smoke in enclosed public places become but a dim and distant memory.

But those days shouldn't fade away from our minds. I believe we should be

protesting against this draconian measure, as members of Forest - the pro smoking lobby - are doing at a 400 guest dinner hosted by Anthony Worrall Thompson. Because this isn't a matter of public health, it's a matter of personal choice and freedom.

There are many very impressive statistics that seem to show that smoking bans in other countries have successfully reduced admissions to hospital for heart attacks. In the Piedmont region of Italy researchers found that admissions dropped by 11% in the five months after the ban was introduced there. And in Helena, Mon-

tana in the six months following the introduction of the ban there were 24 admissions, as opposed to 40 in the previous six months. But this is surely not the point. Every single smoker knows the dangers of smoking, there cannot be one person who puffs away on a fag who does not know the risk they are taking. Continuing to smoke at the same time as knowing what you are doing to your body is a decision people take. And furthermore, people who smoke are not doing anything illegal - for the most part they buy their cigarettes legally and pay the hugely over-inflated taxation on every packet and surely, if we live in a democ-

“ There cannot be any-
one who doesn't know the
risk they are taking ”

racy, the opinions of the roughly 25% of people who smoke should be taken into consideration.

With rights come responsibilities. If I exercise my right to smoke I have to

do so responsibly. Those who choose not to smoke should not, then, be subjected to smoky atmospheres which not only make them smell disgusting, and make their eyes and noses run, but also endanger their health. Patently the option of pubs carrying on in the way they have been doing since time in memoriam is not one which can, in all conscience, be taken. However, the option of allowing the landlord or landlady, or the proprietor of a restaurant or cafe, to make the decision as to whether his or her customers should be allowed to smoke in his or her establishment, and of having smoking and non-



Going up in smoke

smoking areas is one that should have been given more credence. Proper air conditioning can ensure that smoke isn't allowed to enter non-smoking areas, and I'm sure that many landlords and landladies in particular would be willing to pay for this to avoid the obvious fall in income which follows a ban. I am not asking for the right to smoke as and where I please, simply the right to have areas where I can smoke if I choose to. As an adult I have a right to decide what I do and don't do to my body, and this is not a decision which should be made for me.

But all this is now academic as the smoking ban has now come into place. I expect some people will make a stand and smoke anyway, for which they will be fined £50 - unless they are taken to court for which they can expect a £200 fine. Most of us will moan about it to anybody who will listen until we gradually get used to it. Some of us will give up smoking, some of us won't. But we've all missed a chance to stand up against the interference of the state into our private lives and personal decisions. And that, considering we live in a democracy, is worrying indeed.

Art of hope

Sharron Rosa Giles

Almost three years ago, I discovered I was an artist! It happened kind of overnight.

It was all down to a very special person who was an artist - her work very much inspired me - her name Isabel Albiol. I was living in Brighton many years ago and got into the wrong company. I started to drink heavily. Thanks to first Base Day Centre, I got away from the wrong crowd and stopped drinking. I also feel that God has His hand on my life too. I left Brighton in 2003 and moved to Kent.

I am a self taught artist and am told by art experts that my work is of a professional standard. I displayed three pieces of work in the Brighton Fringe Festival and now currently two other pieces of my work on



Creating Dreams

display in St Paul's Church. (I have enclosed them in this article).

This is an exhibition featuring the artwork of people who have accessed drug and alcohol services in Brighton and Hove.

Recently I came back to Brighton as an artist and with a passion to help the homeless. I established an art4charity group called "Creative Dreams" as I couldn't find any organisations dealing with this issue. This is

a group dealing with the homeless, the vulnerable and those of ethnic back grounds who have creative talents. I went around Brighton talking to people who were selling the Big Issue and found out that their feeling was if they had the chance of using their artistic talents to make money - then they would take it. So I went about organising and sought out some friends who were artists, got a little group together and planned a structure of how it should be run.

We decided that we would be responsible to find venues and to hold weekly meetings. I felt that although I was the founder, I wouldn't want to tell people what to do, instead it would be run by everybody and that everyone would have a voice. There was another issue about the charitable status. We all decided that we wouldn't look at a possibility of becoming a charity, but just remain a fund raising group.

I put forward that as we have not much funding or finances, with what the artists sells, Creative Dreams takes a percentage of 30% and the artist has the rest, 70%.

Since then I have set up a network and work closely with other groups who have since emerged, having the same principles and convictions as myself. I hope to raise public awareness, that there is talent on our streets but it is not recognised - WHY? My hope is to show off that talent and also to help the Artist be comfortable in getting re-instated back into the community! I believe passionately in this project and am looking to do more work with artists who have had problems in the past.

www.freewebs.com/sharronrosa7, creativdreams2007@yahoo.co.uk.

Serial Dater diary

Henry John

Just read back my last four serial dater stories and it seems you've had my best! Well, the best of the worst so to speak. Anyway, my next dating fiasco is probably not in that league of nastiness but you decide...

Devon was the scene of my date this time round as I cast my net further a field in my determination to find miss perfect. There were vast amounts of fresh dating materials outside of Sussex! It wasn't long then before I had a couple of interesting conversations going and one in particular was making me salivate with sheer excitement.

Once I had checked her number of cats, her desire to wear pink, her tendencies to flop over a strangers couch and all seemed normal – happy days! I called her and she had that kind of very sexy gravel ridden voice box, very well spoken and with her petite olive skinned frame, long curly black hair I was picturing a passionate gypsy type!

I arrived in a hotel for the weekend allowing me Friday night date, followed by Saturday night date – in the chance of a second date with this lovely girl. I took my new freshly ironed shirts in showered only to get a bizarre text from the gypsy “meet me for a quick drink

now then I will come back later” and so it was! She arrived and was just perfect petite, passionate and just lovely (why do big / tall guys like petite girls hmmm?). Within an hour she was rubbing my hands twiddling her hair and just being very intimate – wonderful! She checked her watch and in a flash was gone!

Within the hour she had texted me back “lets go for a late supper, never mind dessert – I will bring that when we go for coffee to your room” so I was pleased she liked me and the thought of eating her dessert was going to be wonderful! 9.30 came and went and she never showed so I texted a second time at 10ish and she called to say sorry I am late, I will bring

fish and chips to you in the room so all would be OK! She arrived and I showed her in carrying her two fish suppers and a bottle of champers.

She removed her coat, to reveal a nighty (a fuckin pink nighty!) OK this was forward I thought til she said babysitter messed her about and then she appeared after I had dressed for bed, so this is how I sneaked out. She kind of created an amazing sexy pose while she ate and sipped the bubbles – I was hooked she was damn fine! We canoodled for a while on my bed and I was planning my next move and just staring into those Latin features when the door knocked at about 11.30. On opening who do you think I met? Well, the

family! Yes, the husband, their 9 year old daughter, their 6 year old daughter and ah bless the little sleepy 2 year old! So she was married it would seem, he was at home sitting the kids and she sneaked out the bedroom French doors to feed her ‘sex addiction’. Rather than a right hook he apologised for her actions to which I could only say “eh come in – chips anybody?” with the six of us watching BBC news 24, sharing fish and chips and the 2 year old sitting on my knee all was very odd in my search for romance.

It got even odder as hubby broke down in tears and asked her to take kids home, which left me, my dates husband, half a bottle of champers and an illusive fishy smell at midnight in my hotel room, he suggested we hit the nearest club for a late drink to drown our sorrows – I agreed – we went and we arrived at this seedy club. I ordered us some drinks as we laughed at the whole evenings events only to hear “hey, you're a bit late babe” from a man behind me I looked round at him then at the person he was kissing and eh it was my dates husband – seems his gay playmate was expecting the hubby anyway! I was amazed at the web and returned to my empty hotel room for my Dorset weekend – Any petite Latin girls liking big guys in Kemptown?

“...which left me, my date's husband and half a bottle of champers”

Builder All work undertaken. Extensions, renovation, loft conversion, tiling etc. Free estimates. **07739 170470**

Kemp Town in Bloom 2007

Judging day is Thursday July 12th 2007

the Kemp Town 'Planter' is an old boot or shoe on your window sill so the judges can respect our 'sole'. Come & collect a free flower & compost at Fishmarket Square on Saturday July 7th 2007 between 10am and noon.

Do you agree that we should all practice eco-sustainability?

Phone 01273-267917.

Leave your name & call back number you will be advised of the date of the first meeting.





Queer Corner

Pride column

Gaze with Pride: celebrate diversity through the visual arts!

Pride is rightly famous for its exuberance, its colour, its parade and its music. This year it will also become known for its visual art.

"I have attended Pride for a number of years now," says Robyn Dillon, "and was keenly aware that visual arts didn't seem to get a good showing."

American born Robyn, who studied Art History at Sussex University is the organiser of the show, Gaze with Pride, which will display the talent of thirteen artists in three venues in the North Laine.

"Because it is Pride, I have obviously selected to showcase the work of gay artists. But, in a sense, that is not the most important aspect of the show. The work of gay artists has been known and respected from the days Leonardo da Vinci, if not before, down to the present day, with artists like Claude Cahun, Francis Bacon, Annie Leibovitz, and David Hockney."


"Gaze with Pride is a show of contemporary artwork created by unique individuals who share a queer identity. But further, the show places the visual arts on the agenda for Brighton Pride."

Gaze with Pride opens July 27th to August 19th. The venues are Pokeno Pies, Sejuice, and The Brighton Tavern. Public opening event at the Brighton Tavern July 27th, 8pm – late (free entry).

Gaze with Pride

Three individual shows. Thirteen Artists. Three different venues.

This event is funded by Pride.



THE AMSTERDAM
HOTEL RESTAURANT BAR & CAFE

**THE AMSTERDAM
HOTEL CAFE BAR**

LARGE SUN TERRACE
ALL FOOD FRESHLY PREPARED ON THE PREMISES
GOOD WINES & CHAMPAGNES
FRIENDLY MIXED CROWD
FREE WI-FI

11 / 12 MARINE PARADE BRIGHTON BN2 1TL
WWW.AMSTERDAM.UK.COM 01273 688825

This lesbian's got issues with... homophobia!

Dear Queer Corner;

I would like to inform you of my experience in The Bristol Bar in Paston Place, Kemptown. I was in there with my girlfriend having a drink. We had a kiss and were shocked to be approached by the bar man to be told the "although the Bristol bar is a mixed bar we do not allow that in here." There were several heterosexual couples in the bar who had been kissing. I am dismayed that a bar in Kemptown

has this policy! During Pride they are quick to display the pride flag, encouraging people from the gay community to drink in there. As a resident of Kemptown I would like to inform the gay community of Brighton and Hove that apparently it is not acceptable to display any affection towards a same sex partner in this pub. I can't believe this happens in 'the gay capital of Europe'! Especially in Kemptown!

Ali Strowman

Justine Newby

Prejudice can be the hardest social problem to fight as it's not always obvious to the eye where such a trait may be found. More often than not, what people don't know can't hurt them. As everyone has a right to their own opinion, provided said opinions are kept private and no one's being openly offended, an anti-gay thought wouldn't be so harmful.

It's when that prejudice becomes discrimination that the problem becomes a reality, and that is when action must be taken.

And so it was when Queer Corner received the above letter from Ali Strowman in regards to her visit to the Bristol Bar in the Bristol Hotel with her girlfriend, Lou Gregory.

I have to say I'd found this very surprising, homophobia in this area, in this city, in this day and age. But such an attitude was found to be alive and well in the Bristol Bar when Ali, Lou, myself, my girlfriend Becca and Sarah, the editor, returned for an evening to uncover the people behind the experience that Ali and Lou were subjected to on their last visit.

That Monday evening Ali and Lou were approached by a barman – the only name given was "John Boy" – after kissing. 'John Boy' hereby informed them that the Bristol Bar has a policy against 'that sort of thing' and they'd asked a male gay couple to leave on those grounds earlier in the week.

This really doesn't sound like something that will sit well with the gay community, the makers of the pink pound that the Bristol is so quick to cash in on come Pride when they fly the rainbow flag high and proud!

It only seemed right to investigate the situation thoroughly and fairly, so we returned on a Friday night to recreate the scenario.

Starting off naturally, we were a small group of friends enjoying a drink... and once the crowd had cleared and we were in full view of John Boy, we were two lesbian couples kissing in his bar! And what did he do...? Absolutely nothing!

Wondering if he was feeling shy and didn't wish to approach a group, Becca and I went up to the bar and ordered the next round of drinks... in between kisses. At first he looked tremendously pissed off, however once we'd resurfaced, he smiled very deliberately and asked through gritted teeth if we wanted anything else – but still he said nothing.

Having not been put off yet, Becca and I pushed the boat out as far as we could without completely overstepping our point and being



A kiss is just a kiss

publicly indecent, I sat on her lap and we made out for all to see. Though that didn't seem to push him far enough even though he couldn't take his increasingly agitated gaze away from us all!

Safely presuming John Boy wasn't going to make his move, I made mine and went to speak with him and he acknowledged the Monday night events and stood by his actions adamantly. He informed me that public displays of affection cause offence to other clientele and its not acceptable in the Bristol Bar and that applies to "gay people, gay women and in general"... interesting he chooses to specify some. When I queried why his 'policy' hadn't seemed too relevant that evening, he said he'd let us get away with it as we'd only been hugging. For someone who'd been watching our group like a hawk all evening, he had an incredible knack for selective sight!

He assured me when I asked for his managers contact details that his view would be completely supported and I was welcome to contact her, when I tried however, she wasn't available. She did, however, contact Sarah later to confirm their policy of no kissing over the tables.

To say the least I'm not impressed. Everyone is entitled to their own opinions and if John Boy finds public displays of affection so provocative, he may have the right to create a 'policy' as his manager does support his views, but this policy would have to apply to everyone without any regard to sexuality and that just does not seem to have been the case as the straight couples in the bar, when Ali and Lou were there, were not approached when they behaved the same way.

And why oh why would it be necessary to have such a ridiculous and restrictive policy in operation in the first place?! Why is a kiss between lovers offensive? It would be different if maybe people were giving each

The meanderings of a gay old man!

Kemptown Charlie

Well dears Wimbledon has finally arrived as with those lovely red fruits the strawberries. But have you noticed that every time Wimbledon arrive and the tennis get into full swing the weather changes to rain.

Yes m'dears be prepared for lots of heavy rain, god only knows we need it but oh! Dear why could it not rain during the night and allow us to have at least dry day's and maybe a little sunshine. Although even in the rain there is no where better to be than in Brighton and in particular in Kemptown. Home of the brave, the free and the GAY we can be so proud of our cosmopolitan outlook here in Kemptown. We seem to be the happiest people throughout the Brighton area and what is more we are prepared to go out of our way to assist those who need our help. It is so good to see the old fashion way that we can chat to and assist our neighbours, in particular the extremely happy helpers we have here. Thank goodness! As you may have guessed I am a firm supporter of Kemptown and its people. When I first arrived here I was so warmly greeted and instantly made to feel welcome and that has continued, so thank you Kemptown for being so warm and friendly.

Did you enjoy last week-ends Kemptown

Brighton Pride Women's Performance Tent 2007 invites volunteers

Brighton Women's Centre warmly invites women volunteers to help co-ordinate Brighton Pride Women's Performance Tent at Preston Park on Saturday 4th August 2007.

Women are welcome to volunteer singly or in pairs to help decorate or co-ordinate activities in the tent for up to two hours between the hours of 10am and 8pm. Local travel expenses are paid. The tent offers a showcase for lesbian and bisexual performers and is always a major attraction at Brighton Pride. If you are able to spare an hour or two supporting Brighton Women's Centre volunteers at Pride, please email Sheila McWattie on sheilamcwattie@hotmail.com, giving times when you are available to help in the tent and letting us know whether you would like to help with decoration, security, distributing publicity or stage management.

carnival; I certainly did and was surprised on the way everyone seemed to enjoy the day out. I saw a good impression of Max Miller, I am old enough (just) to remember the man himself with his innuendos and near the mark jokes (well they were in those days unlike today) There were several good bands and a pleasant choir performing plenty of stall to buy things from and the French Market was superb. Did you see our stall with our Sarah and have a good chat to her. It was your opportunity to tell her what you think of the rag and if any thing we miss from our little publication. All suggestions were welcome and still are.

In just over a month from now we will again be celebrating Brighton Pride and I for one will be going to the bottom of St. James Street and cheering on the parade. Hopefully our lift here will allow me to go to the possession this year as I missed it last year and hopefully the sun will shine on our fair city. I know it's early but please give it your full support it is for a good cause... I love the way St James Street is decorated and that the whole theme is for the benefit for us "gays" again it also shows how friendly we all are, the atmosphere is always electric and the carnival atmosphere can and does compare with some of the best Pride marches throughout England.

Brighton Pride Women's Performance Tent 2007

Brighton Women's Centre is delighted to present Brighton Pride Women's Performance Tent at Preston Park on **Saturday 4th August 2007**, supported by Brighton Pride, Brighton & Hove City Council, the Marlborough and Barber Black Sheep. A vibrant line-up of local and nationally-known women artists, including bands, singer/songwriters and comedians will perform throughout the day from 2pm.

This year's performances are dedicated to the memory of Shirley West, co-ordinator of Pride Women's Performance Tent and co-founder and treasurer of Brighton Women's Centre, who died suddenly in October last year. Shirley's strong commitment to Pride Women's Performance Tent helped the tent become an enormously popular feature of Brighton Pride, and she remains close to our hearts as we prepare for another brilliantly eclectic event.

Brighton Women's Centre, 72 High Street, Brighton BN2 1RP. 01273 698036, info@womenscentre.org.uk, www.womenscentre.org.uk

other lap dances (which believe me I was so close to doing, just to see if that would bring John Boy over to insist upon his precious policy!) because that can be too much and people wouldn't want to see that if they were just going out for a quick drink. The funny thing was, the people John Boy was that desperate to prevent from offending didn't even notice when either Becca and I nor Ali and Lou just leaned in for a quick kiss. No head turned when I sat on her lap in a tremendously attention attracting way.

So I've got to say, this 'policy' is bollocks and so far it has caused more offence to clientele than prevented. It's interesting that the other staff working had no knowledge of said 'policy' when I enquired. And I'll bet

wandering around the bar telling gay couples to leave each other alone will not be a high priority for any member of staff come Pride as that would be one of their most profitable events of the year, and the Pink Pound customers would probably be allowed to pretty much do whatever they like!

So drop the double-standards and have a little tolerance would be my advice, as I've never heard of a venue that disallows their customers from being affectionate within reason. It certainly wouldn't be a popular ruling in any place for any orientation of person. So be aware that the Bristol Bar is not the place for that romantic date you were planning, next time your mum's down however, the Bristol Bar would be perfect!

Pride Dates

Make sure you don't miss these Pride fundraising events in July...

Every Sunday (8th, 15th and 22nd) Gay Popidol 2007 at The Bulldog

Every Wednesday (11th, 18th and 25th) - Pride's Got Talent at the Queens Arms
Sunday 8th - Showie Bowie at the Joogberry Playhouse, donations to Pride from the matinee at 2pm

Sunday 8th - Pride Companion Dog Show at Hove Rugby Club

Monday 23rd - Jeremy @ NUA, Ship Street will once again be doing his one-man 24 hour static cycle ride, by far the maddest Pride fundraising event ever

Thursday 26th - Art exhibition launch party at The New Steine Hotel

Friday 27th - Gaze with Pride art exhibition launch at the Brighton Tavern

Saturday 28th - The Summer festival week begins, there are over 80 unique events, far too many to list here. For a full list of events pick up a copy of the Official Guide or logo onto the Pride site: www.brightonpride.org.

More Pride column

This weekend (Sunday 8th July, 1pm) tons of dogs and their owners will descend on Hove Rugby Club for the annual Pride Companion Dog Show. In association with Coastway Veterinary Group and Denes, the Dog Show is a great day out and includes a BBQ, bar, trade stands and a prize draw; one lucky person (not dog!) will win an overnight stay in a deluxe suite in at The Thistle Hotel Brighton to include breakfast and two spa treatments.

In addition to all the usual Pedigree classes, there will be a number of novelty classes including: Prettiest Bitch, Waggiest Tail' and Fancy Dress' all judged by Glen Dimock and Sara Mendes da Costa. This is the UK's campest Dog Show and is a Kennel Club registered event, prizes will be awarded to all Best in Class with awards for Best in Show.

Special thanks to Hove Rugby Club who are kindly donating their facilities free of charge, entry to the dog show is free although donations will be greatly received. Class entries will be £2 per class with all proceeds going to the charity.

Also from this weekend you can pick up your copy of the official Summer Pride Guide, the 60 page full colour magazine has everything you need to know about Pride 2007. Packed full of information it has Pride news, details of our sponsors, funding and what it costs, tips for the day, including how to get to Pride and a helpful map of Preston Park, information on the St James's Street celebrations as well as all the other events over the festival week, plus lots of interesting facts; did you know over 80,000 cans are recycled at Pride each year or more than 162 wigs have performed on the Cabaret stage! There is also a list of the businesses that support Pride all year round, many of which are on your doorstep. Distributed free across Brighton and Hove you can pick up a copy in most venues around Kemptown.

Remember there are only 22 days to the start of the summer festival week - The count down is on!

From the Pride team x

Middle Eastern dance with new vision

Lara Humphries

Originally from Belgium, Hilde Cannoodt came to Brighton to study dance and visual arts at the University of Brighton. To support her studies she started teaching belly dance classes, and started to perform in various Middle Eastern restaurants in Brighton & Hove but it didn't take long for her to figure out that the more traditional dance style didn't suit her.

"10 years ago I started taking up street dance classes. I was particularly interested in body-popping and boogaloo, two different aspects of old school break dance where different body parts are locked to visualise the beat and where the body moves in one snake-like fluid movement. 2 years later I discovered belly dance and was mainly intrigued by how the dancers used their body to visualise the music they danced to. A body isolation such as hip-

and shoulder-locks would represent a rhythm and a fluid movement such as undulations and arm waves would represent a melody.

Having danced Egyptian dance for 5 years, I wanted to start as a professional dancer. I decided to keep my own name (many dancers choose a Middle Eastern name as a stage name) as I wanted to stay true to my identity. I wasn't from the Middle East and I didn't like the idea of having a different name, and the connotations to the Oriental fantasy that is very much present in the West.

Until 2 years ago I saw the two disciplines I studied as different dances completely and since I was a professional belly dancer and teacher, I started to neglect my street dance roots. However, dancing in restaurants and private parties made me feel fake, as if I didn't belong there. I started more and more to incorporate



Hilde at the Joogleberry

my street dance into my performances and my music choice changed drastically. I believe that you can belly dance to any kind of music, really, as long as you stick to the basic principle of visualising the music.

My costume choice has changed as well and I have over the years created fusion costumes where Afghan, Moroccan, Egyptian, Central African culture is fused together with punk, burlesque, flamenco,

I believe fusion is the way forwards! I believe that in such a multi-cultural society such as Brighton, fusion works well as many cultures can relate to it and it brings Middle Eastern culture to the mainstream audience that would have

never been in contact with this otherwise!"
You can find out more about classes, performances and workshops at www.hildebellydance.co.uk.

The Kemptown Rag

Start discussions
and join other
discussions
online:

**kemptown
rag.co.uk
/forums**

ADVERTISEMENT PROMOTION

The Black Horse

Lara Humphries

You may already know the Black horse as a sporting pub with live coverage of many sporting events. Joe, the Landlord's racing history

goes back several generations; both here and in Ireland. And in conjunction with The Sporting bookmakers at the top of St. James's Street, he organises regular

trips to Brighton race course; with trips to Plumpton in the planning.

There are two very distinct bars; the more contemporary Strangers bar and the locals bar where most of the customers seem to congregate. Sitting in this bar I almost felt as if I had been transported to one of the many such bars in Ireland, as typically welcoming as only the Irish know how.

What you not

know is that the Black Horse also offers bed and breakfast accommodation. This is not the Ritz, but then it doesn't pretend to be. But it is a great little bolt-hole in the middle of Kemptown. What you will get here is a clean and perfectly adequate room with bathroom on suite, a great breakfast and friendly service, at a very competitive price and with a bar on tap. What more could you need?

The Black horse provides the perfect solution for those family and friend gatherings when more beds are needed to accommodate them; also for hen/stag parties or groups of friends out for a weekend on the town.

The Black Horse, 16, Montague Street, BN2 1EJ. Tel: 01273 698195.



much more of your money goes straight back to the artists

**FAIR
TRADE
GALLERY**

Friday pm, all day Saturday & Sunday
or by appointment. 26 Montague Pl,
off St Georges Rd. 07990 511576

COSMIC CANDY'S HORROR-SCOPES

Aries March 21 – April 20

Just like Paris Hilton, recently you have been forced to curb your party animal nature and adopt a quieter, more reflective approach to life. This sober spell has made you realise that you need to take better care of yourself if you want to reach the age of 30. One particularly persistent problem won't go away if you just sit on it. Phone the doctor's first thing Monday morning.



Taurus April 21 – May 21

Whether you're hoping to send Kylie and Jason to Whitehawk Primary, or Tarquin and Jemima to Brighton College, financial demands are giving you a real headache at the moment. It's time to put the kids on the back burner and be kind to yourself. Borrow a good porn video from Gary, steal some scented candles and silk cushions from Habitat and lock the door.



Gemini May 22 – June 21

Being a rational and logical sign by nature, you don't normally like to make decisions based purely on your hunches. If you want to be unhappy for the rest of your life, then carry on listening to what your head is telling you. If you don't want a life of eternal misery, then listen to me and go with your heart. Of course, there is a very slim possibility I'm wrong about this one.



Cancer June 22 – July 22

So, you think you can read your loved ones mind and predict their next move? Hold onto your mule a minute! Before you start throwing the crockery at them, at least hear them out first. And if they appear to be having a problem expressing themselves (obviously not a Piscean, then?), a swift kick in the goolies should help things along. Now you can hurl the first plate!



Leo July 23 – August 23

On the surface, you come across as a boastful, cocky, heartless know-it-all. Underneath, if there is sensitive side to your nature, it's as deeply hidden as Osama Bin Laden. Whether rumours about Tony circulating at work are true or not, it's none of your damn business! So, keep your interfering nose out and get on with your own life! Are you turning into a Piscean?



Virgo August 24 – September 22

You feel you may have dropped a bollock, but are refusing to retract what you've said. (My God, not you as well?) Believing that such important, intelligent, insightful



brought to you by:
donna benton

opinions need to be voiced if you are going to help sort out other people's problems for them, you just end up digging yourself deeper and deeper into the hole of obscurity, where all the Pisceans live.

Libra September 23 – October 23

It's time to put your thinking cap on as you finally run out of feasible excuses for parking illegally. Do you honestly think NCP are going to believe you were abducted by aliens as you walked your dog in Queen's Park and having no money to buy a ticket to park the UFO, they located your vehicle, stole your disabled badge, photo-copied it and put it back in the wrong car?



Scorpio October 24 – November 22

Someone close is playing with your emotions and you need to think seriously about the future of your relationship. Have it out with them, and if you end up being forced to eat humble pie, this isn't a bad thing. You need to eat more pies of any description, as your speaking scales stop talking to you and you start to look like Kate Moss after swallowing a whole box of Senokot.



Sagittarius November 23 – December 21

Somewhere over the rainbow, there's a pot of gold and a frog with your name on them. The thing is, should

you claim the whole prize at once, or kiss the amphibian now and spend some quality time making babies with your Prince Charming before going back to grab the cash later? I know what I'd do given half the chance to have it all! Are you an idiot or something?



Capricorn December 22 – January 20

When you come home from work unexpectedly and discover hubby in your favourite frock, I'd keep quiet about it, unless you want everyone at your bridge club to find out. Don't, whatever you do, tell any Piscean friends, as they couldn't keep their mouths shut if their lives depended on it! Why do you think they never employed any of them at Bletchley Park during the war?



Aquarius January 21 – February 18

Beware this week if your partner drags you down to the solicitor's and blindfolds you, before putting a pen in your hand and helping you scribble a signature on several sheets of paper. This could be a sign that something underhand is being staged. Then again, it could just be a huge, lovely surprise. Well, I don't know! You're a better judge of their character than I am!



Pisces February 19 – March 20

If life's shit, it's your own fault!



If It's Your Birthday This Week...

Another year, another wrinkle. Thank God for Botox, eh?

All That Jazz

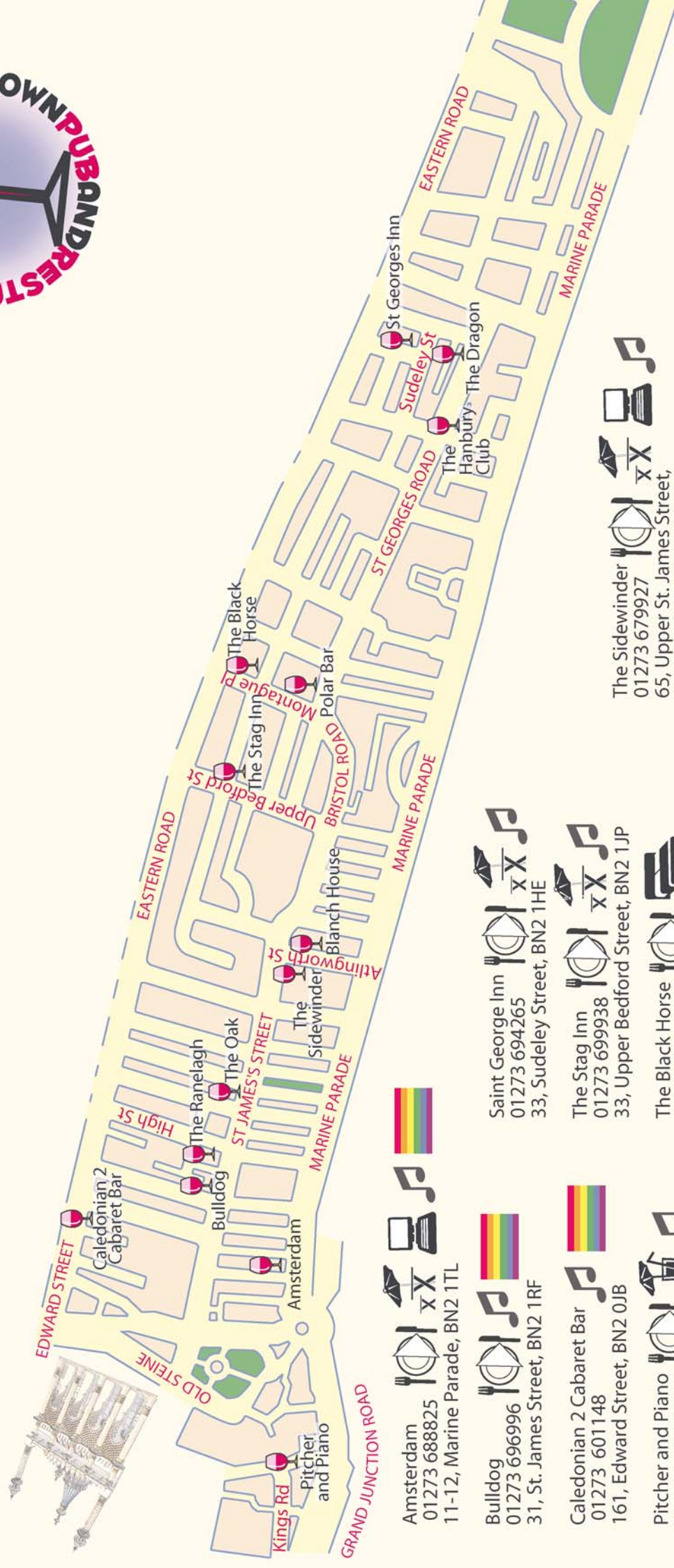
Continued from page 11 ...an independent organisation dedicated to aiding New Orleans musicians affected by Hurricane Katrina, and reviving the city's unique musical culture.

(Allen Toussaint has produced artists such as Etta James, Albert King, Chocolate Milk, and The Meters, and has been covered by and/or performed with the Pointer Sisters, Bonnie Raitt, The Judds, Robert Palmer, Otis Redding, The O'Jays, Boz Scaggs, Johnny Winter, Ringo Starr, Paul Simon, Chet Atkins, Lenny Kravitz and Elvis Costello (who he will be touring with in July). He has produced many songs, probably the most surprising of all, 'Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir'.

Preservation Hall was sited on 726 St. Peter Street, New Orleans, before being destroyed by Hurricane Katrina. The building dated from 1750, and had a number of tenants, ranging from a doctor's office, a butchers shop, an artists studio, before in 1961 becoming the Jazz central that it was renowned for, not just in New Orleans, but throughout the world – thanks to the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, who began taking the music around the world in 1963.

But no mater where the band travel to, their true genius and skill is the way in which they are able to draw their listeners back to that storefront at 726 St. Peter Street, New Orleans).





Amsterdam
01273 688825
11-12, Marine Parade, BN2 1TL

Bulldog
01273 696996
31, St. James Street, BN2 1RF

Caledonian 2 Cabaret Bar
01273 601148
161, Edward Street, BN2 0JB

Pitcher and Piano
01273 749780
1-5, Kings Road, BN1 1NS

Polar Bar
01273 683334
8, St. Georges Road, BN2 1EB

Blanch House
01273 603504
17 Athlingworth Street



EASTERN ROAD

Upper Bedford St

Montague Pl

Bristol Road

St Georges Road

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

EDWARD STREET

High St

ST JAMES'S STREET

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Caledonian 2 Cabaret Bar

Bulldog

The Ranelagh

The Oak

The Stag Inn

The Black Horse

The Sidewinder

Blanch House

Polar Bar

The Hanbury Club

The Dragon

The Hanbury Club

The Ranelagh

The Stag Inn

The Black Horse

The Sidewinder

Blanch House

Polar Bar

Pitcher and Piano

Polar Bar

The Ranelagh

The Oak

The Stag Inn

The Black Horse

The Sidewinder

Blanch House

Polar Bar

The Hanbury Club

The Dragon

The Hanbury Club

The Ranelagh

The Stag Inn

The Black Horse

The Sidewinder

Blanch House

Polar Bar

EDWARD STREET

High St

ST JAMES'S STREET

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

Marine Parade

The Kemptown Rag

The Sidewinder
01273 679927
65, Upper St. James Street,

The Ranelagh
01273 681634
2-3, High Street

The Hanbury Club
01273 605789
38 St. Georges Road

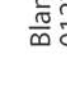
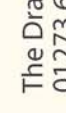
Saint George Inn
01273 694265
33, Sudeley Street, BN2 1HE

The Stag Inn
01273 699938
33, Upper Bedford Street, BN2 1JP

The Black Horse
01273 698195
16, Montague Street, BN2 1EJ

The Dragon
01273 690144
58, St. Georges Road, BN2 1EF

The Oak
01273 699248
46, St. James Street, BN2 1RG



Are you fit for it?

PT Pete

Dear PT PETE;
I just can't find the time to exercise, what do you suggest?
C Potato Kemptown;

If there is one excuse for not exercising that's guaranteed to wind me up its this one; "I just can't seem to find the time". What a load of c**p. What do you mean you can't find it? What have you done with it? Are you some mad scientist who has been playing silly buggers with the laws of physics, time and space in your laboratory? If this is you Charlie, we already dealt with this next August!!!

If not Charlie and you were talking figuratively then this excuse is just saying, "I cannot really be bothered".

It such a poor excuse to use these days as there are so many ways which we can save time. I shall give you some pointers;

Time saving No.1- Food Shopping We don't have to trudge through the isles anymore with a trolley with wheels that defy the laws of physics. We can order off the net and wait for the delivery. And considering most people buy the same food week in week out, just put it all onto a spreadsheet and just click and send each week, you don't even need to type it out every time!!! Genius! Time saved per week, total round trip 1hour 30min

Time saving No.2 - Cleaning and laundry. There is a growing army of little time savers out there willing to enter your life and make it easier. Cleaners for a start; How long do you spend cleaning, 2 hours a week? Get someone in, no excuse; you don't have to do it. And before you pipe up and say cleaning is exercise then yes and no. Yes performed vigorously it will raise your heart a bit but there isn't really much room for progression unless of course you make it harder each time...

- A/ do it all balancing on a ball
- B/ attach weights to your arms
- C/ wear some wellies and pour lots of pebbles in
- D/ attach yourself to a fixed position with some elastic or better still some bungee cord and see how far you get (could be dangerous so wear a crash helmet)

E/ find a huge dog that's in season to "stick" to your leg, great for the stairs!!

Ironing, hate it? Get someone to do it. They will come and pick up your crumpled pile and deliver it back all crease free!!!

Total time saved with ironing and cleaning 3 hours per week!!

I have just saved you 4 and a half hours a week!!! This is ample time to embark on an exercise regime of your choice. Ok it may cost you a bit in financial terms but if NOT exercising is bothering you then this will be money well spent.

If of course "not finding the time" really means you are a lazy b****d and don't really like exercising then I suggest you turn off the TV, start cleaning and buy yourself some elastic!

2nd yr Shiatsu student
looking for women to practice on for a £10 donation fee. 07791 107952.
lucy.duquenoy@ntlworld.com

Grumpy old git

Gary (Ginger whinger)

Recently, I had a bit of a fall-out with a very good friend of mine. OK, a bloody big fall-out, but it's sorted now. But it did make me wonder, for the 984th time, aren't women strange?

In the event of a dispute, we men marshal all the facts, consider them calmly and rationally, arrive at a conclusion and deliver it in a considered, logical manner. Women, however, seem to have a switch, possibly marked 'Instant Banshee' that you push at your peril. Except you never know you've pushed it until the shrieking starts.

Now, as all men know, every 28 days or so that lovable creature that you chat and laugh with suddenly turns into an uncontrollable, snarling, slaving harpy. (Incidentally, I hope that's the case with this friend of mine. Otherwise it means she's really like that. A fearful thing to contemplate.)

If men had this sort of thing, they'd carry charts and things, with dates clearly marked, so you'd know when not to say, "My God, your bum looks huge in that!" Not women though. Oh, no. We're supposed to realise that at some indeterminate date every month, yesterday's witty or harmless comment now earns you the sort of bile and venom you'd normally expect from a spitting cobra. If women were more like men, they'd get together on this and agree on a set date where they're all like it at the same time so we know where we stand and can spend 5 days in special establishments put aside for this purpose. (Possibly called 'The Pub'). See? A simple solution to an age-old problem.

By the way, I won't say who this friend of mine is, but I'm bloody dreading Pisces in this issue!

Small plumbing jobs
Restricted to private households of no more than 4 storeys high
NO CALL OUT CHARGE
01273 881537

Crosby & Moore Solicitors
Where excellence & service are standard, not just an aim.

- Personal injury - accident claims
- Criminal injury - assault claims
- Family and children issues
- Contractual and other civil disputes
- Debt recovery
- Hospital negligence claims
- Gay & lesbian partnership issues

To speak to a local friendly firm with unrivalled personal service, contact us on
01273 863295
Dolphin House • 2-5 Manchester Street
Brighton BN2 1TF
Tel 01273 863295 • Fax 01273 863296
email: david@crosbymooresolicitors.co.uk
www.crosbymooresolicitors.co.uk

Dear Butch...

Dear Butch

My partner wants to get a couple of ferrets as pets. I do not feel very happy about this as I have always thought of them as being vicious little animals that are unsuitable to be pets. In fact my Granddad used to use them when hunting rabbits and I can remember him pulling one out of his pocket with its teeth firmly attached to his finger and the blood dripping down. What do you think?

Emma

Dear Emma

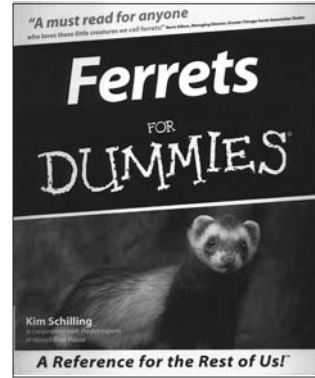
I can understand why you think of ferrets as you do; they have for some reason gained themselves a bad image. I think this is largely due to the fact they were and still are in places used for hunting rabbits. Like all animals ferrets are not the ideal pet for everybody. But there are many reasons why they can make good pets to the right owners.

They are cute, sociable and affectionate, craving lots of attention; which is why it is good to have two of them. Yes, they have sharp teeth; but this is part of their survival heritage, being largely carnivorous, it is how they have survived as a species and I suspect your Grand father did not treat them gently. They are also surprisingly intelligent and playful with distinctive personalities and may show you a trick or two. Ferrets exercise themselves, are quiet and can be litter trained. They are also very easy to feed. Your kindness and attention to them would be well rewarded.

One word of warning; being small and very curious creatures, you would need to ferret proof your home as they can get through the smallest gaps or holes and are agile climbers, which can be dangerous for them and a nuisance to you. And it would be unkind to keep them caged permanently. But this problem, I believe is outweighed by the joy and affection they can bring.

Having said that, I may not invite them to my beloved Welsh hills for I would surely lose them down a rabbit hole.

Love Butch



The easy guide to Ferret's

BRIGHTON MASONRY
"Your local builder"

Transform your house, flat or garden this summer.

Revamp your kitchen or bathroom.

All new or repair brickwork, stone, block & tiling.

Specialist in historical restoration.

Free design service & estimate

01273 675517 07896 230027

Sudoku

Complete the grid so that every row, column and every 3x3 box contains the digits 1 to 9. Have fun!

Rated: Hard

As seen in *The Times* and *Sunday Times*

4		6	9	8				3
	2		5					
		5				8		
		3		1				
7			6	5	3			9
				2		6		
		9				3		
					5		7	
8				3	6	1		2

© Provided by: sudokusolver.com

The Rag quiz

Bottle of wine to the first person to get 10 correct answers!

1. In heraldry what colour is gules?
2. What is the meaning of the Latin phrase ad hoc?
3. Which British queen is buried in Peterborough Cathedral?
4. Where is the battle of flowers held in August each year?
5. To convert degrees Celsius to Fahrenheit Multiply by 9, divide by 5 then add what?
6. In which sport does the Lady Paramount act as an official?
7. What former Arab

port is now part of Tel Aviv in Israel?

8. What is a poem written in memory of someone who has died called?
 9. Catch-as-catch-can is a particular style in what sport?
 10. What is a more scientific name for the shell of a tortoise?
- All answers to Quiz 23: quiz@kemptownrag.co.uk before Friday 13th June 2007.

Answers

Last issue's quiz:

1. The Comet 2. An apple 3. £25.00 4. Virgin 5. Gerd Muller 6. Suffolk 7. Six 8. Bactrian 9. Rembrandt 10. Thursday.
- Winner of quiz 22: **Amy at City Lets (again) tying with Stuart Garnet.**

Last issue's Sudoku:

7	2	6	8	4	3	5	9	1
3	8	5	1	9	2	6	4	7
4	9	1	7	6	5	3	2	8
6	1	9	4	2	7	8	5	3
8	4	2	3	5	1	7	6	9
5	7	3	6	8	9	2	1	4
2	3	7	9	1	6	4	8	5
1	6	8	5	7	4	9	3	2
9	5	4	2	3	8	1	7	6

Last issue's Killer Sudoku:

9	3	1	2	7	4	6	8	5
8	7	6	9	5	1	4	3	2
2	5	4	6	3	8	7	1	9
4	8	3	5	6	9	1	2	7
1	9	5	7	4	2	3	6	8
6	2	7	1	8	3	5	9	4
3	6	8	4	9	5	2	7	1
5	1	9	3	2	7	8	4	6
7	4	2	8	1	6	9	5	3

Killer Sudoku

Complete the grid so that every row, column, 3x3 box contain just the digits 1 to 9. The small numbers are the sum of the numbers in each of the dotted "cages". The cages may only contain unique numbers.

Rated: Easy

As seen in *The Times*

7			12		9			13			12		
	12				15		3			11		8	
	5			17				16			12		
16		3			18				4			7	
			9		4			9			13		
	12				16		3		17			19	
		14											
11		19			15		8		10		5		10
										11			

© Provided by: sudokusolver.com



Win prizes and create, solve and print your Sudoku, Super Sudoku and Samurai Sudoku at: sudokusolver.com.

Free web hosting

Try out our hosting for free for 1 month. No obligation. Just call **711117** and we will offer free hosting and free advice.

DESIGN EXTREME
designextreme.com

*yes, completely free, no fees, no obligation!

KENDRICK 01273 699600
Property Services

Sales . Lettings . Financial Services
152 Edward Street . Brighton

LANDLORDS

We are one of the only local independent agents in Kemp Town who will advertise your property every week in Latest Homes & the Argus Property news until your property is let

Your property will be advertised on local websites and www.rightmove.co.uk

We have many applicants, both professional and students looking to rent in the Kemp Town area

SERVICES

Full management - 10%+VAT
Let only - 2 weeks rent +VAT

NO HIDDEN EXTRAS!

Play Samurai Sudoku and win the new "The Times Sudoku Book 7" with 150 rated puzzles.
sudokusolver.com