

# THE CrouchEnder

Issue no. 1

July 1993



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INSIDE YOUR SOARAWAY CROUCHENDER:

page 3  
THE CLOCK  
TOWER  
IS LEANING

Cheap  
Digs

page 4  
CHICKENS  
RUNNING  
SCARED

Eat in  
Eat out

page 5  
CURRY  
FLURRY  
WORRY

Reviews,  
comment  
& more

## STONES STAR IN SQUAT SHOCK!

*Exclusive by Richard Littlework*

**R**olling Stone Keith Richard is secretly squatting in a seedy Ferme Park Road basement flat, the CrouchEnder can reveal.

The ageing rocker moved into the two-bedroom property in March and is believed to have signed on the dole in Archway.

Richard, 51, who once owned a chateau in the South of France and a luxury apartment in New York, has been spotted at the Wash House Launderette and the Meghna Tandoori, where it is alleged he left without paying for a chicken Korma.

### Bottom

Through the window of his new home can be seen a tell-tale Mars Bar wrapper and fake fur rug.

We have obtained a photocopy of a Giro cheque sent to the squat for £52.34 - covering two weeks unemployment benefit - made out to a K. Richard.

The flat's former occupant Gladys Marshall, 83, from her retirement bungalow in Cleethorpes, recalled: "It was a lovely old place. Me

and Bill (Gladys' husband) moved in there just after the war. I'm sure he'll love it. We're not big fans of his but I love that Living Doll. I've rheumatism you know."

### Meringue

Neighbours on the tree-lined road reacted in horror when we broke the news of their rock star squatting neighbour.

"I don't care if it was bleedin' Frank Sinatra - squatting's illegal in my book," stormed Reg Finlay, honorary treasurer of the Ferme Park Road White Middle Aged Residents' Association. "I'm planning a petition - he won't know what's hit him. I blame all these foreigners, myself."

### Sausage

Another concerned resident Sarah Marchant added: "Look, will you just go away and leave me alone".

Last night we approached the former heroin addict, who was deceptively



Keith yesterday

disguised in a blue Kagoul anorak and thick corduroy trousers. He said: "For the last time my name is Kevin - Kevin Richard. I'm 28 and can't even play the guitar. I took classes in the recorder at school but I was no good."

Mick Jagger was unavailable for comment as the CrouchEnder went to press.

**Have you got a superstar squatting in your basement? Is Rod Stewart sneaking into your cellar at night? Could Annie Lennox be in your attic? Perhaps you are worried a celebrity has duplicated your set of house keys? Don't despair, contact Hornsey police on 081 340 8055.**

## Fury as Muswell Hill vicar bans christenings

**A** Muswell Hill vicar last night banned christenings at his church until the practice of giving children pretentious and "arty farty" names is stopped.

### Mustard and Cressida

Walter Wood said "enough is enough" following the christening of local twins Tamarind and Sebastian-Montessori on Saturday. "I am well and truly pissed off" he told the congregation at St Margaret-le-Thatch in Telher-down. "What the f\*\*k is wrong with Bill, Betty, Mary or James - what kind of shagging name is Cressida, eh?"

*continued on p. 2*



# WELCOME!

**H**aving moved into Crouch End with Astral Starlight, my partner, at the tail end of 1971 it has always been an ambition of mine to set up a local newspaper.

Being something of a Pink Floyd fan at the time I found the spiritual harmony and cosmic vibes conducive to my long-haired disposition.

However my ambitions were thwarted following a nervous breakdown in 1973. A combination of Astra leaving our home with a Malaysian surfer called Kurt and a difficult acid trip in the summer of 1972 left me feeling in a way not



unadjacent to down.

Despite this, or perhaps because of this - I give you the CrouchEnd.

An odyssey - a flight of fancy, a waste of a good forest, call it what you will

(Crouch End is not a Stalinist state, after all) this is my egg, my child, in a word it is my karmic happening.

So let's do it, let us, if you will, get it on. Enjoy the CrouchEnd - it is part of my

rehabilitation. I love you all like my brother and, of course, my sister.

**Malcolm Mellow**  
Malcolm Mellow, Editor

## Christening ban (cont. from p1)

Trembling with rage, the 64 year-old cleric pointed a finger at Mary Ward - mother of Louis-Frognal, Tasmin-Benedict, Lentil and Filbre (Taiwanese for dove). "What planet are you from?" he asked her. "You fat eco-friendly lump of s\*\*t - just because you are possessed with a name as dull as your character it does not give you the right to call your kids after some painter on the friggin' Late Show. Do you think they will thank you for it? Will they f\*\*k."

### Righteous indignation

He added "This is not Hampstead, you know."

Gillian Mohr, madame chairman of the Muesli Hill Mothers Against Unpleasant People, said, "We have started a petition."

## Tribes of Crouch End No. 1: Stapleton Frank

**Name:** Stapleton Frank or Gooner Rothwieleum.

**Habitat:** The Stapleton Pub, Stroud Green; Highbury, every home game.

**Appearance:** Arsenal top with grease and beer stains at belly; tracksuit bottoms with saggy rear displaying hideous builders cleavage; tatty trainers, no socks; cheap gold neck chain; tattoos; fake Cartier watch; receding hair; double chin and permanent scowl.

**Age:** 36.

**Education:** Rampton, Wormwood Scrubs.

**Pets:** Tyson a savage Pit Bull Terrier; Ron and Reg two over fed goldfish.

**Heroes:** Charlie George, Mussolini and the Kray Twins.



**Things he says:** Oi did you spill my pint? Fawk off out of 'ere. Arrrsenawill!!! Do yer see 'er - she does! I'm not racist but... I seen this piece

in The Sun right... She does.  
**Hates:** Spurs fans, coppers, "the missus" and gays.  
**Least likely to say:** Has anyone here read Ulysses?



# ARE YOU TAKING THE PISA?

EXPERTS WARN: THE CLOCK TOWER IS LEANING

by Wino Gumme

**L**ocal traders are set for a lucrative Summer following the discovery of a new tourist attraction - The Leaning Tower of Crouch End! Experts are convinced the famous landmark is slipping into the ground and could reach a 45 degree angle by Christmas.

However, some sceptical residents have asked: "Are you taking the pisa?"

Dr Hans Gruber, of Imperial College a specialist in structures that lean, said: "Compare the two pictures. One is taken in 1972 and as you can see the Clock Tower is ram rod straight and stiff as a horny rhino. Now gaze at the pic-



The Clock Tower and Topsfield Parade in 1972

ture taken last Tuesday and you notice the tower is drooping like a man who has just seen his wife in pantyhose. There is no doubt in my mind that the Clock Tower is leaning."

Bob Flaherty, a regular at the Queens bar in Topsfield Parade, confirmed Dr Gruber's leaning theory. He said: "I have seen it lean twice. Once on Christmas eve 1979 when I swear it was going to fall on me and way back in the early seventies when there was some particularly bad mushrooms doing the rounds."

A spokeswoman for Imperial College said: "Professor Gruber was sacked by the college in 1978 for sexually harassing some laboratory mice. He does not speak for this university."



The Clock Tower in 1993

## QUIZ: SO YOU THINK YOU'RE A CROUCHENDER!

**What is the saddest sight in Crouch End?**

- a) Divorced dads taking their kids for a meal at Pizza Bella on a Friday night.
- b) Green Party members trying to sell badges outside Budgens in January.

**Is the Hornsey Carnival**

- a) The most vibrant fiesta outside of New Orleans and Rio de Janeiro with scantily clad women going wild.
- b) Perhaps the most pathetic attempt at a carnival you are likely to ever witness with all the colour of John Major.

**Is the Mountview Theatre School**

**full of...**

- a) Aspiring thespians.
- b) A pretentious loud mouthed bunch of middle class drop outs whose acting career will begin at a Birdseye commercial and end in a bit part in the Bill.

**Is Crouch End**

- a) The centre of the hippy universe which makes Woodstock seem like Surbiton and if Jimi Hendrix were alive today he would be sipping herbal tea in The Wisteria and discussing his new album with Andy Kershaw.
- b) The centre of the yuppie universe which makes Soho seem like Aberdeen and if Asil Nadir were around today he would be telling

his broker to sell from a mobile phone in Florians.

Answer: both.

**Is the CrouchEnd**

- a) A reckless attempt at humour by a wasted twenty something, thirty something and forty something.
- b) A dynamic publication which will break the mould in local newspaper journalism.

**If you answered mostly a's:**

The W7 will take you directly to Finsbury Park where you should find your way home.

**If you answered mostly b's::**

See you in Le Bouzy Rouge on Wednesday.

# CHICKENS RUNNING SCARED!

IT'S HEN-BELIEVABLE SAYS BERYL

by Starsky Hutch

**A** mass evacuation of the chicken population of Crouch End was underway this week in anticipation of the arrival of Colonel Sanders.

Petrified Poultry were being bundled out in trucks while some left on foot as stormtroopers from the notorious KFC brigade set up their headquarters in the old Barclays Bank building in the Broadway.

**Och the noo, hen**

"It's finger licking awful for chickens at the moment," said Fred Giles who owns the largest gaggle (Ok, you tell me what the

collective noun for chickens is) in Crouch End. "There has been an upsurge of anti-chicken literature and graffiti lately and then Kentucky Fried Chicken were given planning permission to set up shop - well, it was just the last straw."

**Purge**

Even non-chicken poultry such as hens and capon are not safe from the



**Heartbreak:** Miriam being comforted yesterday

KFC purge. Miriam Gayle, of Mountview Road, said tearfully: "We had to kill Beryl our pet hen last week before they got to her. It's no fun eating somebody you love but it's better than seeing it lying there in a carton box."

A spokesman for KFC said "It is supply and demand. People want to eat chickens and we want to kill them."

## How many Songs Must a Man Endure? The Answer is P\*\*sing in the Wind Dylan's Rain is Over!

### FLEADH '93

**B**ob Dylan convinced 35,000 people at Finsbury Park what the rest of the world has known for years - that he cannot sing a note.



The one-time genius rambled incoherently through a selection of once great songs with the sincerity of a Tory politician and the conviction of a Labour one.

With rain pelting down, Dylan took Maggie's Farm, It Ain't Me Babe and Tangled Up In Blue and gave them the vocal equivalent of a good shit kicking.

It was shambolic, pathetic and ultimately futile performance which had soaked thousands streaming out of the park before the last number could be whined out.

Its only redeeming feature was Irish Rover a soaring duet with Van Morrison, who had earlier thrilled the crowd with a rousing support slot.

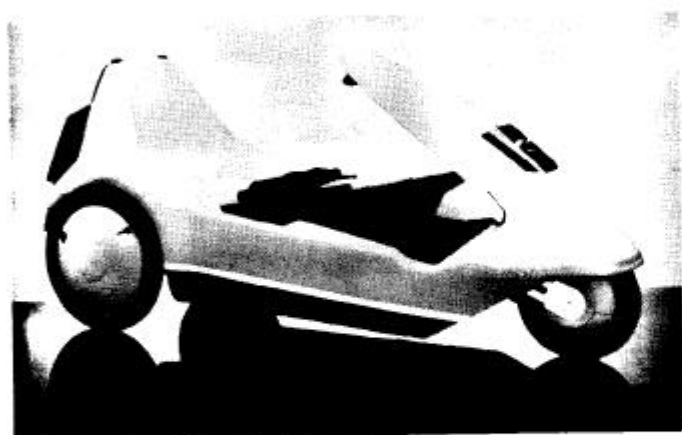
To fork out £25 (£30 on the day) for an elaborate game of Name That Tune in the pouring rain with a has-been singer is not my idea of good value. In fact it is a rip off.

For the ageing hippies who waited patiently all day - even sitting through pogo 'n' gob merchants Stiff Little Fingers - Dylan's woeful show must have had them crying into their beads.

Dylan apart, though the Fleadh '93 provided some lighter moments with a strong performance by the Hot House Flowers, Irish chanteuse Mary Black and, of course, Van the Man.

But, I fear, it will be remembered in North London folklore as the day when Dylan's reign came to a sad and painful end.

# Eclair in a Sinclair: Carnival Shocker



**T**his year's Hornsey Carnival which, due to lack of demand, has been restricted to one float is going to be "really exciting", organisers promised this week.

The carnival parade through Crouch End which has on occasion been watched by more than six people, will be led by a Sinclair C5 covered in tinsel.

Carnival Queen grandmother Edna Wallace, known affectionately as

"The Eclair" to her friends, and her Princess, Fido, a three-year-old Labrador will squeeze into the three-wheeler.

Former queen Bert Boswell said "One float is better than none - after all it is for charity."

## It's Delhi Serious!

**CROUCH END CURRY FLURRY  
BIGGER THAN INDIAN  
CAPITAL: SHOCK SURVEY**

**T**here are now more Indian restaurants in Crouch End than the entire city of Delhi, according to a shock new survey.

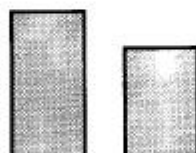
The Tandoori Guild of Great Britain this week revealed that Crouch End has more curry houses than the Indian capital.

The North London hamlet contains no fewer than 6,313 restaurants selling Indian food while Delhi has to make do on less than 5,000.

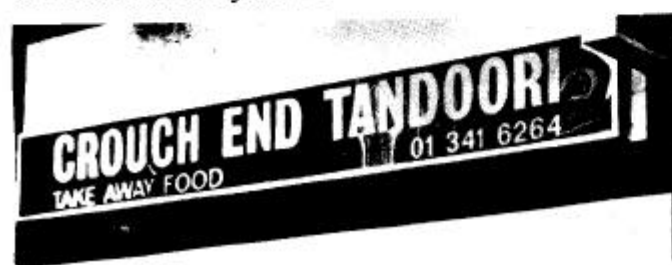
"There is something like four and a half Curry houses

for every resident in Crouch End," disclosed Pravin Patel of the TGGB. "Our members find the disparity with India worrying. Where are they putting it away for instance?"

Haringey Council sanitary department was unavailable for comment as the CrouchEnd went to press.



Crouch End Delhi



## THE CrouchEnd



A NEW monthly periodical available at selected news-agents, restaurants, pubs and wine bars from Finsbury Park, Hornsey, Crouch End through to Muswell Hill.

Ring us with stories and views on  
**081 340 7214**



## The Manorist

**A**lthough this is a local periodical, we feel that it is very important that we let our readers know about just what is happening outside the manor. This is the first of a series that tells about just what goes on 'OVER THE HILL'.

This month's account is about getting around the Elephant and Castle.

The Elephant is famous for one thing in the Guide Books (local History and Film buffs take note) Mr. Charles Chaplin was born near the Elephant just off the Kennington Road. On a bleak bit of concrete attached to the E and C shopping centre, a plaque marked 'Historical Southwark' is where the Scientist Michael Faraday was born (1791-1867).

Those of us who know (and love) London, state that the Elephant is famous because you need a map to find your way about the place. The Gynormous road system (or roundabout) is the first stumbling block, for if you take the wrong turn off it can take up to 30 minutes to get back to your starting place. The subway next (map also needed). Watch out for buskers and muggers, although they seem to be around more during the afternoon than evenings. The tube is also famous for muggers, flashers and other exotic individuals. (A note to those who don't know the area - for exotic read dangerous).

Yes, the Elephant has it all. A great shopping centre, The London College of Printing, South Bank Poly (now university), and an excellent dole office. The Elephant certainly has it all.

I wouldn't like to live in that Manor.

*The Manorist*

# CROUCH END GOES DOWN THE TUBE

**A**fter nearly a century of isolation Crouch End is to have its own Tube station. London Underground bosses have given the green light to make our humble village part of the capital's transport network.

However, the brand new station will be on the unpopular Metropolitan line with Shepherd's Bush as its next stop.

Alison McHugh, of the "For God's Sake Give Crouch End A Bloody Tube Station Association", stormed: "We have been asking them for years to build a station but what line do they stick us on - the Metropolitan. What's wrong with the Picadilly. It'll be

great for people who live in West London and ideal for those who work in Shep-



herd's Bush, but what about the rest of us?"

Ray Davies, Crouch End-based lead singer of top six-

ties combo The Kinks, who is putting £5 million of his own cash behind the venture said: "For years I have been writing about tube stations that are nowhere near where I live - you probably remember Waterloo Sunset. Now at last I have a local one and I am ready to pen my life's work, Crouch End Tube Station - The Album. I'm having some difficulty finding what rhymes with Crouch End but I'll get there."

### Off the rails

Environmentalists are furious that the station will be developed at the site of Hornsey Town Hall.

"There are particularly fine cherry trees close to where this station is being planned," said Hugh Sieve, treasurer of Trees Are Sacred Co-Op.

"We will be left with no alternative but to start a petition. They have been warned."

## Tribes of Crouch End No. 2: Le Bouzy Reg

**Name:** Le Bouzy Reg or Arseholus Winebarium.

**Habitat:** Crouch End wine bars.

**Appearance:** Double breasted shiny suit; lurid tie; white socks; sunbed tan and permanent wink.

**Age:** 27 for the past 15 years

**Pets:** None, but owns a blow-up doll called Doris.

**Heroes:** Peter Stringfellow, Christopher Quinten.

**Things he says:** "How about you and me get together and make a baby." "I knew she was a lesbian all along." "I am actually very pally with some of the lads on The Bill." "Fancy playing with my mobile phone, dahling." "so, have you got a boyfriend then." "I AM 27, honest."

**Least likely to say:** "Not tonight love, I've got a headache."



# LETTERS

Dear Sir,

On reading an article in today's *Evening Standard* (21/06/93) relating to the new parking laws, I see that local Borough Councils will have the power to impose parking and clamping laws. The revenue from fines going straight to the appropriate Boroughs and not to the Treasury to be lost forever. Great idea! It will help local Boroughs to have a tighter control on parking problems.

Looking at our own area with roads such as Park Road, Middle Lane, Haringey Park and Tottenham Lane to name but a few, we can suppose that the Council will take action to enforce tighter parking laws with a posse of ever-ready Traffic Wardens and patrolling clampers. That's fine! but where can people park?

We have a highly populated area with many large houses now into flat conversions with at least one car per household, add to that

our restaurants, pubs, shops, health centres etc. My hope is that someone at the Council realises that before you send forth the yellow peril and clampers that someone, somewhere might just think of building a BLOODY CAR PARK.

**M Spencer,  
Ferme Park Road**

Dear Sir,

I am writing in disgust at the flagrant use of "Personal Ads" for the use of so called "Massage Services". Now, as I see it, if these local weekly papers are family journals, that you would let your children or granny read with impunity, then why have they been reduced to little more than soft porn adverts?

On reading last week's *Hornsey Journal* I was flabbergasted to read adverts such as, "Convincing transsexual offers unhurried massage" or "Stunning blonde showgirl". Cripes! whatever next? Surely these are not services aimed at the

health and body conscious individual? I don't think so. On the contrary I believe these columns are being used as seedy channels for hidden sex. Good grief Sir, what is happening to our society, when a chap cannot read his local journal without being accosted by these charlatans? Well I know what I would do to them.

They need a good thrashing with a cat-o-nine-tails or similar. Bring back some social values - some social conscience. No wonder we lost the empire.

**Col. Blackshod  
Blythe.**

P.S. And they don't print the phone numbers in big enough type.

## CUT THE crap A PERSONAL VIEWPOINT

**B**rowsing through the local *Blah*, I came across the heading "Warning over Ally Pally Management". Apparently in the financial year 1992-93 the Ally Pally lost £1,734,000. Yes, that's ONE MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY FOUR THOUSAND POUNDS! And not only that, but it will continue to swallow millions until 1998, according to the General Manager.

Apparently he told the board that if the Management are given more power they can break even in four years! Well, you might wonder what master plan THE MANAGEMENT have hatched to bring about this financial miracle.

Evidently their Piece de Resistance is the construction of an ariel cableway from Wood Green to be finished by 1995.

AN ARIEL CABLE WAY. "ARE YOU SURE!" Oh! a great idea, many of you might say. But I just wonder if spending a few zillion pounds on a cableway, among other things, plus

all the other already lost millions, that this Miracle Management team will break even in four years! And who will pay for all this new strategy? What with all the cutbacks and Council strapped for cash, it means outside investment, which in turn usually means some consortium of investors and leisure groups putting the cash up for profit. BIG PROFITS. They will no doubt call the tune and in no time put together some pseudo Micky Mouse land or worse.

Isn't it about time the trustees of the Ally Pally and THE MANAGEMENT (read Hale and Pace) stop bitching, passing the buck and the general bullshit that has gone on, and sit down once and for all and really utilise the grounds and buildings of the Ally Pally to their full use. Why not ask the public? Why not a Cinema, Theatre and Restaurant complex with a panoramic view of London? Why not ask the people. Let's face it, it can't cost as much in time or money as a bloody ariel cableway.

GOD HELP US.

**Dear CrouchEnders,**

This is our monthly letters page. We will publish your views, your gripes, your moans and groans, either serious or funny.

We look forward to receiving your letters and will publish at our discretion.

Please write to:

**The CrouchEnders, P.O. Box 3415  
London N4 4EN**

# Tribes of Crouch End No. 3: Andy Bannerdy

**Name:** Andy Bannerdy or ethnicus pretentium.

**Habitat:** The World Cafe, Banners, The Haelen Centre and Wisteria.

**Appearance:** The Student from Hell. Lennon specs; black denim jeans; Doc Martin shoes etc.

**Age:** 29, will always look like a spotty 17-year-old.

**Pets:** "It is politically unsound to imprison animals in an unnatural do-

mestic environment."

**Heroes:** Andy Kershaw, John Peel, Morrissey.

**Things he says:** "The Bundhu Boys are a little passe for my taste. Are you familiar with Zambian acid rare groove?" "Excuse me, do you sell Cajun beer?"

**Least likely to say:** "Jesus, I really fancy a cheeseburger and a good shag."



## PUB SPY



### The Queens: Nice beer, shame about the bogs

**I**t's Saturday, Karaoke night at the Queens in Crouch End. The pub on Tottenham Lane throws open its doors to a wide assortment of local characters. Old mix with young and everyone is determined to have a "great time".

Standing quietly at the bar, observing covertly, I wonder that they may be trying a little too hard. The music is loud, and friendly, mirroring the atmosphere and a considerable number of the clientele.

Several drama students with stars in their eyes warble "fame - I'm gonna live forever" to the wrinkled who look confused. No doubt reminiscing about the songs that nobody seems to write anymore.

A burly red haired Irishman remonstrates with the trendy compere about the lack of Foster & Allen in the repertoire. Waving his shovel sized fist in the poor boys face and threatening a verse of "I'll take you home again Kathleen".

Sipping my Carlsburg, which has been served in the manner of the best claret, at room temperature, I promise myself not to make an evening of it..

Beside me an elderly, world weary ex-choirboy whose fingernails have seen better days cries into his pint. I finish the dregs of my drink, and join him.

#### Black with spots

Later I come across the West Indian DOMINO CONVENTION. A game which I had always supposed to be soporific, indulged by pipe smoking, flatcapped pensioners from oop North, proves to be quite the opposite.

Played in a frenzy as though their lives depended on it,

each tile is smashed down on the table amidst incomprehensible screams of abuse. At the laying of a sure fire match winner I am lifted off my feet for an out of body experience. Not a spectator sport for the overly sensitive or those on prescribed sedatives.

#### Dishy

A row breaks out in the public bar, a long running feud over channel selection for the satellite T.V. Two combatants square up but an ugly scene is avoided as they stumble unconsciously into each others arms.

I enter the toilets in trepidation, uncertain as to what fate may await. Four urinals separate the men from the boys and being severely challenged in the height department I find relief on tiptoe.

#### White with blobs

A couple of "LADS" boastful of their sexual prowess shake no more than is necessary and exit neglecting to wash their hands. Obviously an error of judgement on their part which could easily be rectified with a tactful word in their shell-like.

The evening is really hotting up, foot stomping, man sobbing, dog howling, proclaimers in drag harmonising but it's all too much for my wine bar personality.

I step out into the cooling night air where sanity is swiftly restored. Phew!

But let's face it, Crouch End wouldn't be Crouch End without the Queens. The best pub in North London ...probably.

Sean Arberry



# I WAS MUGGED FIVE TIMES IN ONE DAY

**"On a glorious spring day in the heart of Crouch End I was subjected to a very traumatic experience. In short, I was mugged ....five times ....in succession.**

Only now, due to caring sensitive counselling, can I relate the gory tale.

Twas a Saturday morning and all was well in my world as I ambled up Park Road to the Broadway, heading for Budgens. My mind was filled with little more than fish fingers and whether I could hoodwink the eight items or less checkout with excess baggage.

## Crew-cut blonde

As I rounded Woolworths, the nightmare began. From seemingly nowhere I was viciously pounced upon and with such speed that I had no time to react. My assailant, a peroxide crew-cut blonde femme fatale in combat clothing violently thrust a copy of 'Living Marxism' in my face and proceeded to assault me with rapid fire questions. Shocked and confused I was in no position to defend myself, any attempts to parry failed miserably.

My initial thoughts were, this can't be happening to me, this happens to other people. The barrage continued for a full fifteen minutes and culminated in my being propositioned with a free copy of her magazine. I nodded weakly in acceptance and donated £1.50 to her cause; merely to cover printing costs you understand.

Nearing Budgens, a

looked imploringly into their eyes and saw nothing but the hammer and sickle. My ears rang to the strains of their militant tendencies and the screams of the need to purge the country of blue blooded Tories unnerved me. Didn't I agree that the cabinet should be hung, drawn, quartered and burnt at the stake? I answered that it was a trifle over the top and would

cialist Workers who, like a pack of wolves were tearing to shreds some other poor unfortunate soul.

A blurred vision of Jesus in corduroys demanded his pound of environmentally friendly flesh as saving the world was just as much my responsibility as anyone else's. For my pains I was rewarded with several pamphlets on Minke whales and the like.

## Medallion Man

My journey home was interrupted once more when a charity tin rattled my conscience. I dropped the last of my coins in the blind man's box and was honoured in majestic style with a sticky medallion.

In the safe confines of my humble abode I relieved myself of my load and immediately phoned the Samaritans.

Thanks to therapy from victim support and an intensive course in assertiveness, I am able to venture out into the jungle that is Crouch End on a weekend. Also the Jujitsu lessons are a great help.

By the way if there is anyone out there interested in a sculptured papier mache bust of Lenin, I can make to order."

## SHORT Story

by Sean Arberry

dozen or so Socialist Workers lined the pavement. I approached head down, in inconspicuous fashion, determined to run the gauntlet. Espying my copy of 'Living Marxism', they saw in me a kindred spirit and I was swiftly rounded upon. Papers flashed before my eyes like a ticker tape parade and I was prodded and jostled by my offenders. Their hysterical efforts to make a sale smacked of capitalism. Bruised and beaten I

John Smith approve of such radical measures. 'Who's he?' they replied.

## One large waffer

A homeless waff, all of six feet and fourteen stone, politely persuaded me to assist him in funding his mortgage repayments. Frightened for my physical well being and not wanting to make a Big Issue out of it, I obliged with 50p, turned on my heels and headed for home. I eased past the So-

## The Kings Head (downstairs)

2 Crouch End Hill, N8  
Entertainment every  
night.

Phone **081 340 1028** for  
details or see their  
in-house features guide  
available in the pub.

## The World's End

21-23 Stroud Green Road,



Finsbury Park, N4  
FREE entertainment every  
night. Country music,  
blues and soul.

**Tel: 071 272 8968**

Traditional beers.

## The Queens Head

26 Broadway Parade, N8  
Karaoke every Thursday  
and Saturday.

## The Stapleton Hall Tavern

2 Crouch Hill, N4  
Wednesdays: Gothic Rock,  
Thursdays: Ragga Reggae,  
Fridays: Disco,  
Saturdays: Karaoke,  
Sundays: 60's disco.



### **Crouch End Tandoori**

33 Broadway Parade, N8  
Specialising in Tandoori and authentic  
curry dishes

**081 341 6264**

### **Golden Fry Fish Bar**

41 Crouch Hill, N4  
Fish & Chips and Chinese

**071 272 9705**

### **Hong Kong Catering Co.**

54 Topsfield Parade, N8

**081 340 6346**

### **Pizza Bella**

30 Crouch Hill, N4

**081 348 7050**

### **Pizza Casa**

7 Ferme Park Road, N4

**081 348 2959**

### **Sunny Vegetarian Indian cuisine**

19 Crouch Hill, N4

**071 263 2841**



### **Banners**

21 Park Road, N8  
Variety or house specialities,  
pleasant ambience

**081 292 0001**

**081 348 2930**

### **Barbella American & Mexican Bar**

1 Park Road, N8  
Burgers, Tex-Mex etc.

**081 348 5609**

### **The Belash India Tandoori**

53 Topsfield Parade, N8

**081 340 9513**

### **Bianco**

298 Park Road, N8  
Italian.

**081 348 0470**

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Friendly ambience.

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Fish specialities.

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# CHECK IT OUT

## Family Day Out Ethiopian Music Village

*Saturday 10th July*

Free Admission 3pm to 6.30pm  
(weather permitting)

at

**Clissold Park, N16**

*Featuring*

**Music, Dance, Pottery, Jewellery,  
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The Music Village in Clissold Park  
is presented in association with  
**BASCO** (Black Arts Sports and  
Cultural Organisation)

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books, games, cakes, face painting  
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running efficiently.



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Live at Finsbury Park

**Neil Young**

Sunday 11th July  
at 12.00 noon

also featuring

**Booker T and the MG's**



**Hornsey Carnival**

**Saturday July 3rd**

*Parade starts at 2pm at Ally Pally  
Park gates and journeys through  
Crouch End Broadway.*

The Children will love it! Don't  
forget the Carnival Disco at  
St. Georges Church Hall,  
Park Road, 7.30pm.





# Caption Competition

WIN A  
TENNER



How would you like to win a crisp tenner for doing little more than exercising your grey matter?

This unusual snap (left) is not a representation of Tariq Ali by Henry Moore, but a rude phallic message to Margaret Thatcher by supporters of the GLC in 1985.

If you can think of something remotely witty to compliment the pic, the brown beer voucher can be yours.

Otherwise, we shall donate it to the Conservative Party.

So, as David Mellor would say, get hold of your manly thing and make that lead swing!

Name .....

Address (inc. postcode) .....

Home tel. No. ....

Caption (not more than 12 words) .....



# GRAHAM TO TAKE OVER SPURS!

by Harry Harassed,  
Number One for Soccer

**George Graham this week made an astonishing offer to Alan Sugar - let me take over Spurs. The Gunners supremo is prepared to tell the Highbury faithful to "stick it up your Arsenal."**

He told the Crouch-ender: "Look, this is football. Terry Venables has gone and I am ready and willing to take over the team."

It is understood that Graham will amalgamate the two sides for next season under a new name.

Over 'ere son, on me 'ead

"Obviously my first choice is Arsenal Hotspur but I am open to offers. Of course, I will have to sell some players like Ian Wright and Paul Merson but I'm sure the Gunners fans will take it well."

Alan Sugar was believed to be ecstatic with Graham's offer and has put White Hart Lane on the market.

Sweet as a nut

A spokesman said: "What Alan Sugar knows about football you could put on the back of a second class stamp, fair enough. But boy does he know how to make money - he can shift computers like nobody's

business. In fact his dream is to merge all the premier league teams and have them play each other on Amstrad software."

Over the moon

Spurs fans were said this week to be incandescent with rage following our revelations.

Sammy Goldberger, of Hampstead Garden Suburb said: "I'm going to start a petition."

George Graham, who has worked part-time in B&Q in Borehamwood, Hertfordshire since leaving school two years ago, said: "I'm actually a Leyton Orient fan and until you suggested it I had no idea they were looking for somebody like me to manage the side. Of course I'd love to but I do Saturdays here



Terry and George: torn apart

and I have to babysit on Wednesdays for my cousin's little one, but I could make most of the trainings."

His girlfriend Debbie,

who is holidaying in the millionaires' paradise of Corfu, added: "Is this some sort of wind up? How did you get my number - piss off."

# THE Crouch Ender

Issue no. 2

YES - IT'S FREE!!

August 1993



INSIDE YOUR SOARAWAY CROUCHENDER:

Budgens - you're bootiful: p3 • Bob's your uncle: p5 • Sit-in: p11

# GOTCHA!

## What a cheek! Streaking Freak legs it down the Broadway

by Jack Scrumpy

**T**he seventies craze of streaking in public places has hit Crouch End - in a big way!

The popular pursuit which shocked the public 20 years ago is back... and proud.

A naked man, allegedly hung like a horse, has been spotted jogging in his birthday suit by dozens of local

residents.

### Off colour

"He seems to be here there and everywhere like the Scarlet Pimpernel," said Rita Benson, of Weston Park. "Except it's pink."

Rita's sister Doris added: "I made sure I didn't look too close, but he had blue eyes, sort of feminine features and a small scar which could have been a butterfly tattoo on his left buttock."

The streaker was snapped by Crouch Ender reader, Milkman Bert Pluck, on Tuesday as he let his limbs loose on Crouch End Broadway.

### Bill sticker

Said Bert: "I've been doing this round, man and boy, for 42 years and not once have I seen a man without his underpants on the Broadway. Talk about Gold Top, I nearly dropped me yoghurts." Sergeant Arnold Evidence promised to probe the bare-cheeked sprinter. "I can't wait to get my cuffs on him" he said.

Dr Desmond Baker, lecturer in Seventies Studies at Nottingham Polytechnic, commented: "After Abba it was bound to happen. Has he got a feather cut, by any chance?"

**Have you seen the exposed flesh of the Crouch End streaker? Does his unclothed organ bother you? We believe this men-**

**ace should be slapped into police custody and his shivering bottom stuck behind bars.**

**Call Hornsey police Streak Stoppers on 081 340 8055.**

## Councillors Blow the Whistle

**T**he leadership of Haringey Council this week admitted: "We couldn't run a bath."

After 18 years in power Labour councillors have blown the whistle - on themselves.

"We're not exactly the donkey's bollocks are we?" laughed councillor Ian Harris. "I mean who are we trying to kid? We couldn't organise a piss-up in a brewery or, if you will, a pretentious conversation in the World Cafe."

### Red Bean

His wife councillor Liz Bean, chairperson of the Single Malaysian Fathers cont. on page 2



"What a lotta bottle!" gasps Bert





## MALCOLM

### The Voice of Crouch End

**I** come to you muddy and muddled. My trip to that seething mass of spiritual bonding and crushed velvet pants, namely Glastonbury, proved to be something of a bummer.

All was going well up to the third night, when sitting peacefully in the Peace Tent, I suffered what is known in the trade as a flashback.

I re-lived a decidedly dodgy acid trip I had on New Year's Day 1975. The sheer terror of believing I was an orange for the second time in less than 20 years gave me an emotional experience which could only be filed under "Freakish

Happenings". Where is Astra when you need her? Smoking weed under the Caribbean sun no doubt... the cow.

However, drawing blood (as you do when you peel yourself with a pen knife) I arrived back in Crouch End on the W5 Hoppa and was met with a wave of love and happiness. No, not Astra but the vibe-inducing correspondence from those kind enough to pick up my first offering last month. Not to get too cosmic, your words gave me the same shimmering feeling I had when Emerson Lake and Palmer played the Rainbow.



I am often asked: "Mal, what inspires you to write to the people?" (I am also often asked: "Do you have any grass?" but that's another story).

My answer is simple: "Because the people are listening." A satchel crammed with your letters proves this to be an honest reply.

I hope this month's expe-

rience will make you feel the need to light a joss stick, kick off the moccasins, put on the Floyd, and pour your love to me.

After all there are only three things in Crouch End that are free - peace, love and the CrouchEnder.

*Malcolm*

Malcolm Mellow, Editor

### Councillors (cont from p1)

Committee added: "We've had to struggle to keep from laughing all these years. The more mediocre we became the more votes we got. When I think of all the things we got away with and all the cash we spent, well you've got to laugh haven't you?"

#### Blue Bore

Tory spokesman councillor Andrew Biff stormed: "We have been saying this for years - that Haringey Council is riddled with loony, left, Stalinist, Scargillian, Andropovian, Castroesque, Pol Potian, Bennite, Davrovian, Cannon and Ballesque yobs whose (cont. p73).

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## Tribes of Crouch End No. 4: The Beardie

**Name:** Bernard Beardie or Corduroy Sapiens Harius.

**Habitat:** The bottle bank; anywhere where they sell real ale; the Haelan Centre; Dunns the Baker; The Clocktower Store (with Mrs Beardie) and The Elbow Room.

**Appearance:** Disturbing pipe tobacco stain on upper part of beard; ridiculously thick corduroy pants; Nature Trekkers (Winter) Jesus Sandals with socks (Summer); smelly woolly and even smellier wax jacket.

**Age:** 38

**Education:** Grammer School; third rate sociology degree from fourth rate Midlands polytechnic.

**Occupation:** Teacher



/social worker/house husband.

**Fave hobbies:** Pub quizzes; rambling (on and on); saving the whale/dolphin/badger/woodmouse etc.

**Things he says:** "Are they leather shoes?" "A pint of

Findlaters Old Rusty Spanner, George." "No Josh, computer games warp the mind - we've got you an original Indian wood carving for your birthday."

**Least likely to say:** "F\*ck the ozone, gissa lager."

# Budgens

# YOU'RE BOOTIFUL!

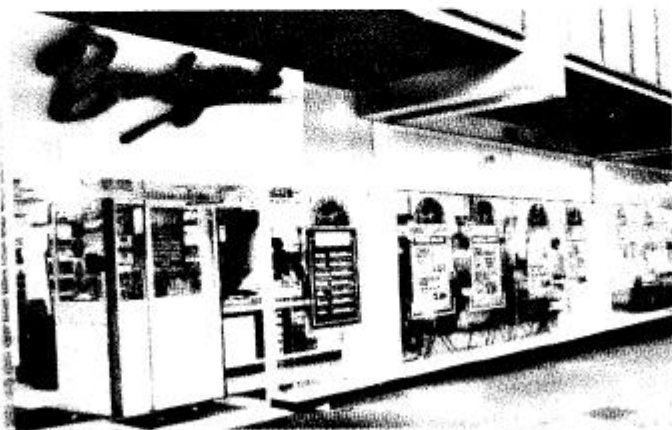
By Ben Hedges - Consumer Correspondent

**J**ubilant staff at Budgens were cracking open the sparkling wine (£7.99) this week after their store was voted Crouch End's second favourite supermarket.

## Off your trolley

The food and drink emporium clinched the "Silver Trolley" in the 1993 London Shopping Academy Awards at a star-studded ceremony in the Elbow Room on Monday.

Budgens was pipped to the 'Golden Trolley' by Waitrose, which strangely enough has no branch in



Crouch End and was denied planning permission for one in 1991.

## Surly Valentine

"We feel totally vindi-

cated," said a Budgens spokesman. "For years people have said we had a monopoly in the area, the store was crap, our staff were surly and our

prices were too high, but this will have them laughing on the other side of their faces, no mistake."

## Cold Turkey

Turkey maestro Bernard Matthews, one of the judges, commented: "Technically Budgens is the only supermarket in Crouch End, but we felt we had to give it to Waitrose."

"Although they have no store here the one they don't have is a shade better than the one Budgens have. You could say Budgens are bootiful, but I'd rather you didn't."

# GAMBIT'S A HAS-BEAN



By Kevin Kernel

**C**offee King Gareth Hunt is a telly cheat, The Crouch-ender can reveal.

The man whose beans-clutched-in-palm-shaking routine has entranced viewers since the late seventies is, in fact, a tea drinker. But not just any tea will suit the former New Avengers tough guy. Oh no.

The curly-headed hunk is more than a little partial to a mug of nettle and broccoli tea at The Wisteria in Middle Lane.

## Mourning stubble

Nescafé commercial co-star Una Stubbs said: "If what you say is true it is very disappointing. There is no hard and fast rule that our team of actors should drink coffee but it

is definitely frowned upon if they hit the tea in a big way. I feel sorry for him but he must have known what he was getting himself into."

## Teasy-weasy

Sally Coulson, a life-long Gambit fan, added: "He's got his tea but he doesn't have my sympathy."

The brawny star is believed to have been paid up to £17,000 for the series of eight ads, including 1981's unforgettable "Fancy a game of tennis Gareth?"

## Wistful

A spokeswoman for The Wisteria commented: "Would you mind putting that cigarette out please."

Gareth was this week unavailable for comment but fellow screen hard man Lewis Collins, of The Professionals, said "Do you want your f\*\*king nose broken?"

# COUCH END!

## "YOU ARE COMPLETELY HATSTAND", SAY THERAPISTS



Tub of lard - Claire

**'Y**ou're bats!" That was the damning verdict on CrouchEnders this week from the world's top therapists.

At a high-level convention in Edinburgh, Crouch End was denounced as the most self-analytical village in Northern Europe.

### Pack of three

One in three people are on the couch while an incredible 90% are on tranquillisers, or other substances.

"It's like a town full of Woody Allens," professor Felix Nash told the seminar.

"Paranoid, obsessive, a tendency to talk too fast and eat late at night. Perhaps it is the transport problems Crouch End suffers."

The "You are two coupons short of a toaster" verdict was greeted with dismay by residents. Mother-of-four Sheila Walsh, of Middle Lane, said: "I smoke 60 Silk Cut a day, slap my children in supermarkets, eat Valium washed down with gin but

I haven't lost my grip on reality. Bloody cheek - who does he think he is?"

### Funny Fellows

Robert Fellows, who has been in therapy since the late sixties, said: "To know that we are among people here who can lay bare the psychological scars of their childhood to strangers can only be a good thing. Frigging expensive though."

Popular fat person Claire Rayner was unavailable for comment.

*Remember Then*

(Formerly Mr Dip)

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# Kershaw shock: Bob's Your Uncle!

By our Arts correspondent Joclyn Forpromotion



Bob and his sickly smile down!"

**C**rouch End broadcaster Andy Kershaw broke down last night as he revealed the dark secret he has hidden from his fans - "Bob is my uncle!"

The man known to dozens as the 'Bedsit Buddha' is related by marriage to oily telly quiz host Bob Monkhouse.

## Cornered

Andy, 29, speaking from a corner seat in Banner's, Park Road (which he stressed, he has no connection with, financial or otherwise) told of his shame.

"Yes, he is a relation. Not a close one but close enough" wept Andy. "It's not something you go around boasting about -

but there it is. He's one of the family."

## Luvvies

Bob, 64, met Ethel Kershaw, Andy's aunt, backstage at the Monkhouse Summer Special in Blackpool four years ago.

She recalled: "He was everything you want in a man: suspicious tan; silvery suit; sincerity and perfectly capped teeth. I'd been a mug to turn down his advances."

The smooth star of Bob's Full House, Bob

Says Opportunity Knocks and, spookily, Bob's Your Uncle added: "I saw Ethel and knew she was the one. I just said 'Ethel Kershaw - Come on

The popular disc jockey, who once made a documentary about Crouch End, sighed: "Yes, he's a complete plonker."



Kershaw meets Nigerian Roots band

## Tribes of Crouch End No. 5: Glenville Winston Brown

**Name:** Glenville Winston Brown or Dominoium Gambledrinkus.

**Habitat:** William Hill; Dick's Bar; Ladbrokes, Dick's Bar; Corals and Dick's Bar.

**Appearance:** Brown suit, grey shoes, roll-up ciggie that looks like it's been in

gob for at least three days, Copy of The Racing Post in back pocket.

**Age:** Sixties.

**Education:** Mountbatten High, Kingston, and London Transport.

**Pets:** "Mah wife."

**Heroes:** Sir Gary Sobers,



Red Rum, can of Red Stripe, Prince Monolulu.

**Hates:** Mike Gatting, Graham Gooch, last race of the day.

**Things he says:** "Each-

way on Unstable Lad at the 3.15 at Haydock," "Tennent's Superplease."

**Least likely to say:** "Fancy a jog in Priory Park?"

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## The Manorist

**T**his month's manor is a good 1½ hours walk to the South, down the Cally Road to King's Cross. Yes, we do know some of London's more exotic manors. (NB: for those who don't know, 'exotic' means DANGEROUS).

King's Cross is famous as a main line railway station, and is the place that it is aimed to terminate the Channel Tunnel trains at. It is also well known as an important tube interchange.

King's Cross is also known as Exotic (see above) for muggers, dope-dealers, knives, prostitutes etc. You may have read the newspapers, and might recall some of the stories which are coming out of the area.

King's Cross also has a very bad road system - one which is danger of gridlocking (pedestrian liberationists take note - heel! heel!). It is an area where you take your life in your hands while crossing the street, while on the street, and on the tube.

I shall not here go into an account of the police actions, fires or fights for which the streets of King's Cross have become famous. Likewise, this column says nothing about the strippers in the local pubs, or bouncers in the shop. Nice area!

Yet down the road, the new British Library is being built. A new cultural centre for the nation? The area has at the moment very few good bars, restaurants or second-hand bookshops - the kind of facilities that punters will need as the area changes. King's Cross may once again become a respectable area - up-market, even.

In the meantime, I'll stay away from that manor.

*The Manorist*

# 10 THINGS

## YOU PROBABLY ALREADY KNEW ABOUT CROUCH END, BUT WERE TOO STONED TO REMEMBER



Soon after the **Notting Hill riots of 1958**, fascist leader Oswald Mosley made an application to use Hornsey Town Hall for a political rally. Members of the local council, in their wisdom, told him to stick it up his swastika.



**In the 1950's** the snobbish residents of Coolhurst Avenue won a long-running battle to have their road removed from Crouch End. They believed the area was "going down" (how deliciously right they were). In 1961, the council renamed it Hurst Avenue and transferred it from the "Hornsey N8" to the "Highgate N6" postal area.



**Colin Chapman** began his Lotus Car business in the industrial estate next to the Fiddlers Elbow in Tottenham Lane during the Forties. Chapman, who was educated at Stationers Company School, actually lived above the Fiddler's (then known as the Railway Hotel) which his dad owned.



**Bob Dylan** ate barefoot in the Shamrat Indian Restaurant, Topsfield Parade, in June 1987 after recording some tracks at Dave Stewart's Church Recording Studios in Crouch Hill. If you want proof, he signed their guest book. He ate Chicken Tikka Masalla, if you must know.



Speaking of **Dave Stewart**, in 1979 when his first band the Tourists were starting off, he and Annie Lennox approached a loans officer - called Peter - at Barclays Bank, Crouch End (he's still there) for an overdraft of £5,000. He turned them down. Did someone say The Beatles and Decca?



**Ray and Dave Davis** of popular Sixties and Seventies combo The Kinks run their own recording label called Konk close to Hornsey Police Station in Tottenham Lane.



**Topsfield Parade** was constructed by James Edmondson who copied the style from his greatest architectural triumph Westcliff-on-Sea. Go visit and shudder at the similarities.



Acting giant **Brian Cant**, star of seminal children's prog Play School and it's Saturday cousin Play Away, studied his craft at the Mountview Theatre School, as did Sylvester McCoy of Dr Who, Glynis Barber of Dempsey and Makepiece, Sally Whittaker of Coronation Street and Oscar James ex of EastEnders (phew!).



In 1984 the **average property** in Crouch End cost £50,000. In 1988 it was £200,000 and 13 estate agents had sprung up within one mile of each other in Crouch End.



**The CrouchEnd** is available at all good newsagents, bars, taverns, sweet shops and massage parlours in and around our beautiful village. It has been hailed as "not bad" by a number of people not connected with the publication.

### Crouch End Strippers let loose in Austria

**One Sunday in Crouch End, I came across three male strippers.**

A glistening trio called, in order of size Jess, Clive, and Jason were fresh from a tour of Austria. They let me into the secret of stripping and in particular how to strip the pine they had just dragged across Europe.

In fact they have some



excellent examples of old Austrian pine furniture at 22 Park Road (formally Mr Dip) along with some rather sturdy pieces of English old and reproduction pine.

The boys tell me that all

the stripping and restoration is carried out on site.

Their regular trips to Austria and the North countries enable Crouch Enders to reap the benefits of their long distance hauls.

# LETTERS

Dear Sir,

One of the things I like best about Crouch End is the village atmosphere. You can sometimes see squirrels in people's gardens and even the occasional fox. Last night I was lucky enough to witness a giant penguin walking down Hornsey Rise. Unfortunately I was unable to return home and get my camera before it turned into a vacuum cleaner and chased me down the street, so I have no photographic evidence of it. I have, however, enclosed a picture drawn in wax crayon because I am not allowed anything sharp. Yours faithfully,

**Vic Baines**

Ward 2 Rehab. Unit  
Whittington Hospital

*Keep taking the pills Vic.  
(Ed)*

Dear Mr Mellow,

Will the occupier of Flat  
13 Hazelville Road, N4  
kindly return the

cheese and tomato pizza delivered to him/her by mistake by Pizza Bella of Crouch Hill on the evening of March 8th. I have called round to the address to collect it several times but could not get an answer. Yours,

**Doris Nutter**

Flat 11, Hazelville Rd.

*Go get 'em Doris (Ed)*

Dear Sir,

I don't think Crouch End is all it is cracked up to be.

Three weeks after visiting the area, I contacted a painful urinary infection which has still not cleared properly. What sort of an advert for the place is that?

Yours faithfully,

**M Saunders**

Beckenham

*Well, at least you also  
picked up The*

*CrouchEnd! (Ed)*

Dear Mr Mellow,

It suddenly dawned on me whilst sitting by the river Cam,

contemplating the antics of New Age water travellers on a houseboat called "Michael's Dilemma", that you are Donovan in disguise.

Even with your face blanked out you can't fool me. With your witty ultra 60's editorial you are a dead ringer for the faded astral singer. Go on, admit it, you're really Mellow Yellow

aren't you?

Your Groovy Cambridge  
Correspondent

**T Clutterbuck**

*You're quite an astute  
fellow aren't you Mr  
Clutterbuck. And what a  
name! (Ed)*



**Wow, man,  
what a far out  
postbag! Keep  
'em coming!**

*Malcolm*

## CUT THE crap

### A PERSONAL VIEWPOINT

**D**ear Readers.

Last month, July 1993, the Publishers hoped to throw a party for the launch of the *CrouchEnd*. The natural choice for the venue was the Hornsey Town Hall. One of our team then spent a good few hours, plus mega phone calls, to find the appropriate department (it's not listed, you see). After finally speaking to the department we were informed that they cannot hire out the halls as, and I quote, "the reception halls are structurally unsafe". Apparently the roof is about to cave in, and although the council have tried to sell it over the last five years, they have not been successful. Now I suppose that might be down to the fact that nobody out there in the real world (sic) is interested in a structurally unsafe building, needing mega bread to put it right before it can be used for even a tea party.

But it appears to us that nobody in the "Republic of Haringey" has given much thought to Hornsey Town Hall. Why?

'Cos let's face it, we don't exist really, do we? We are a small island of Ze Republic. Perhaps the Grand Council do not think we deserve our own town hall. Perhaps they do not need the revenue from the hire of such halls, or perhaps they would rather spend lots of money on new tarmac and pretty paving stones for the front of the hall as recently completed. Of course the offices are in use on a daily basis. Perhaps all the work and expense were for the staff? Who knows? We don't. DOES ANYBODY?

Well, the *CrouchEnd* believes and feels very strongly that we deserve our own town hall, and we want it back. It would be great for the community and we feel sure it would be used to a great extent by the people.

So come on Council of the Republic - spend some dosh and give us a town hall we can use.

If you, the citizens of Crouch End, feel as strongly as we do, then let us know. **Send your letters to P.O. Box 3415, London N4 4EN.**

#### Dear CrouchEnders,

This is our monthly letters page. We will publish your views, your gripes, your moans and groans, either serious or funny.

We look forward to receiving your letters and will publish at our discretion.

Please write to:

**The CrouchEnd, P.O. Box 3415  
London N4 4EN**

# FAITH

**T**he price of eggs is not the issue", he screamed, "It's the quality of life that matters!". Breathing deep to retain his sense of karma, he looked me menacingly in the eye, "or don't you care whether hens suffer needlessly?"

I put down my toasted soldier and reached for the cornflakes. Having cousin Lewis to stay was a living hell. But he was family and one always feels obligated when relative turn up on the doorstep, rucksack in hand and nowhere to stay.

His "just a couple of nights" had stretched to three weeks and my genial hospitality was wearing mightily thin.

Not a day would pass without my being accused of some minor eco-misdeemeanour. His passion for the environment was polluting the atmosphere.

If he'd found God, then that I could handle, but the Jolly Green Giant was proving too much to contend with.

## Fruit cake

The irony of it all was, up until eight months ago, he'd been a meat eating, drug

crazed punk rocker with a string of convictions behind him that suggested something pathological. Yet now he unnerved me more as a

"Most of the day", I lied. Oky doky, dinner will be about eight, I'm doing something darling with lentils", he enthused.

## SHORT Story

By Sean Arberry

Friend of the Earth and splinter group terrorist than he ever did as a razor wielding mohican. Gone were the Doc Martens, replaced by floppy moccasins, bomber jacket discarded in favour of an Oxfam cardigan, though the raging bull expression remained.

I was at my wits end. I couldn't endure another nut roast and the thought of tofu casserole almost had me heaving. I was doing cold turkey from cholesterol, body trembles were swiftly followed by hallucinations of fried fantasies.

## Porky pies

Desperation had taken grip, and with this, dishonesty came to the fore. "Err, I've got to go out today", I lied.

"Where?" Lewis asked.

"Oh erm, an editorial, dull, boring", I lied.

"Will you be long Tosh?"

"Cant wait", shamefaced lie.

Within twenty minutes I was ensconced in the Oval Platter tucking into a hearty helping of eggs, bacon, sausage, tomatoes, and toast with lashings of butter.

Revived and feeling chipper I took a tour of Crouch End, stopping off at the occasional pub en-route for an odd hour or so.

Time was getting on and I dreaded the thought of returning home to Lewis and his pulses.

## Plum duff

Pausing outside the Holy Innocents church I offered up a silent prayer to be liberated from my high fibre house guest. Taking into account my track record with religion I didn't hold much hope.

The flat was unusually silent, no clatter of pots or pans, no billowing steam

clouds from the kitchen. Perhaps Lewis was meditating again?

An envelope on the mantelpiece caught my eye.

Hallelujah!

"An urgent hunt sabotage in Kent? A trip to Sellafield? A Jethro Tull gig in Scotland? No: "Gone to Haelan Centre to..."

I dropped to my knees and screamed "CROUCH END IS THE VILLAGE FROM HELL."

## LATE NEWS

Due to a slight mix-up, at our news desk, we seem to have omitted any information regarding "The Great Plague" of 1665.

In a long piece by Daniel Defoe entitled "A Journal of the Plague Year" he reports that some 58 people died within Hornsey.

We apologise for the delay in reporting this news story and we are now reviewing how our newsroom operates.

### The Queens Hotel

26 Broadway Parade, N8

Phone 081 340 2031

#### August Listings

Karaoke: (plus take your pick cash prizes) Every Saturday, plus Thursday 5th & 19th.

The Queens Quiz: (cash prizes) Every Tuesday.

#### Live Music

Thurs 12th Dream Circle  
Fri 13th Dublin Impact  
Thurs 26th Fabulous Feedback Band  
Fri 27th Jon & Cath

THE BOGS ARE BETTER!



### The Kings Head

(downstairs)

2 Crouch End Hill, N8

Entertainment every night.

Phone 081 340 1028 for details or see their in-house features guide available in the pub.

### The Maynard Arms

Park Road, N8

Live music every Friday & Sunday evening.  
Plus darts, pool, Sky TV.

**Cheapest Jukebox  
in Crouch End  
5 plays £1**

Lager £1.25 pint  
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The Time: July 1993    The Place: The Elbow Room  
**Steven Spielberg is back - with a movie more terrifying,  
 more awe-inspiring than Jurassic Park**

# Durrastic Pub

Scientists use DNA to bring back to life the fossils of crusty men in  
 brown suits to create  
**THE DINOBORES**

**GASP** at the sheer tedium of Horry T Rex,  
 former dessert rat turned alcoholic!

**YAWN** at the blinding stupidity of Brian A Saurus,  
 the stalking IQ-less train spotter!

**SNORE** at the Liberal Democrat-voting council clerk Terry Calcypsus...

**SLEEP SOUNDLY** as David Moronaus explains why his wife doesn't understand him!

**THEY'RE ALL HERE!** Just when you thought it was safe to pop in for a quick one...  
 Topsfield Parade will never be the same!



18

At a local near you

## PUB SPY



### The Harringay Arms

**P**ossibly it is my imagination but as I step through the doors of the Harringay Arms the general clamour of the place takes on an eerie silence. All eyes focused on my entrance with an air of 'there's a stranger in town'. Though in all probability I am perhaps being a little paranoid.

An old man, pipe smoking, dog at his feet, nods politely. I raise an eyebrow in exchange. The dog remains aloof.

This is the archetypal village pub where time it seems has stood still, and though it contends to be one of the smallest pubs in the area, it is certainly the narrowest.

My presence is soon accepted and I carve out a place for myself at the bar. A familiar chorus of "Usual please, Maureen", and "Same again Mo" can be heard. Maureen serves me up a pint of 'best', though I had hoped for lager. I make no fuss. Wise not to offend before the honeymoon is over.

It's DARTS night and the dull thud of tungsten upon bristle is greeted with cries of "good shot" and "you lucky sod". Big Alex is winning, which I attribute to his overpowering height advantage. Apparently he always does. Somebody, somewhere in the crowd shouts out something about performance enhancing drugs. At this the entire place convulses in hysterical laughter.

An emaciated Reggie Kray lookalike sidles up, glances at me out of the corner of his one good eye and remarks "Do you know I've been coming to this pub for the last 25 years?" "Well that's marvellous" I reply, "and have you been served yet?" He heaves a chuckle and sprays me with spittle.

#### Noddy

In need of distraction, I turn to the pipe smoker who nods. I nod back and he keeps on nodding. Overdoing it a bit with the pleasantries, I think. Later I am informed that the nodder suffers

from a nervous disposition and can't stop nodding.

My God, I can't believe what I'm seeing! In has walked Dave Stewart, famous rock star and bloody good guitarist, goatee beard glinting in the fluorescent. "Usual please Maureen and put one by for Annie, she'll be here in a minute." Of course he's referring to Annie Lennox another famous rock star with a cracking voice. Sure enough in she comes looking every inch like her album cover. I am completely awe struck and do little to disguise it. They've had an exhausting day in the studio next door and are in dire need of refreshment. A small percentage of Bananarama join them which causes me to splutter in my ale.

#### Bigears

Eavesdropping. I think I hear that Bob (Dylan) wanted to make up the numbers but rumour has it he's barred.

The excitement is all too much and a trip to the loo necessitates. Preoccupied with thoughts of megastars I inadvertently stand in a wet patch and curse the hole in my shoe. The door swings open and due to the logistics of the urinals I am exposed to the rest of the pub. I feign nonchalance but my scarlet face betrays me.

The locals have taken to me and I to them. Amidst a sea of strange but comforting faces I note that this is my kind of pub, my kind of people. In an alcoholic induced haze I bid my farewells, "until we meet again."

#### Mr Plod

Outside lingers an unkempt, wild-haired hippie, resembling Bob Dylan. He scuffs his shoes on the pavement, sulkily looks at his watch and then plods off up Crouch Hill. "Goodnight Bob" I call out but hear no reply.

Sean Arberry

# LEY LINES

**S**omewhere, inside us all, lies a deep, quite other self. A side that for the most part of our lives we leave dormant, rarely wishing to converse about it or investigate further.

Maybe this is because of our fear of other peoples' reaction - they may laugh or tease us. But believe me, most of us know and feel exactly the same.

And what is this other side I speak of? How about the SPIRITUAL side!

NOW DON'T STOP READING just because this sounds like some religious mumbo jumbo. This isn't some laborious lecture about Jesus Christ, Buddha or Mohammed. This is about US - YOU & ME. All of us, black and white, rich or poor. We all feel from time to time that there is more to life than this hectic rat-race - this living up to other peoples' expectations. How beneficial will all those things be when the inevitable happens, when whoever you believe in, or if you like, your God or Life, decides your time is up? Death comes to each of us, death holds no time, some achieve their dreams and never have time to enjoy them.

So the purpose of this page is to serve as a guide to those people or organisations who specialise in looking after the mind and soul. Maybe your local vicar or priest would like to write something helpful and relevant to these times. Or would you like to organize small groups in your home, your local pub or church hall for friendly discussion nights?

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Please write to us with any of these and remember:  
"THE MORE FAITHFULLY YOU LISTEN TO THE VOICE  
WITHIN YOU, THE BETTER YOU WILL HEAR WHAT IS  
SOUNDING OUTSIDE".

Have you any special sayings that have helped you  
through times of difficulty?

Before I judge my neighbour, let  
me walk a mile in his moccasins.

**Sioux proverb**

No servant can be the slave of two  
masters, for either he will hate the  
first and love the second, or he will be  
devoted to the first and think nothing  
of the second.

You cannot serve God and money.

**Luke ch. 16 v13**

Thoughts if grasped and held onto  
quickly grow into ideas, opinions

and views, and the mind filled  
with ideas is a mind closed off  
to reality. While views occupy  
us, the truth is passing by.  
Awareness and views cannot  
co-exist; there is either one or  
the other.

**Buddha**

He is the richest who is content  
with the least, for contentment  
is the wealth of nature.

**Socrates**

# It was 25 years ago today...

**Whatever happens in the future to Crouch End, one event will keep hippies chuckling into the night.**

If they close Dunn's the bakers, turn the Haelen Centre into a McDonalds, and make the Queens a theme pub we will still have the great sit-in of 1968 to brag about.

Yes, it was 25 years ago this morning when 600 students downed their painting brushes and took over the Hornsey College of Art.

Aaah, those were the days. Against the background of the Paris revolts, Crouch End's finest seized control of the main building, evicted the principal, and began conducting their

own classes with the help of sympathetic staff (not so much a sit-in as a teach-in).

For six weeks the college in Crouch End Hill became the focus of the first and most influential student protests in the history of British education.

A string of eminent celebrities from the world of art, including sculptor Henry Moore, attended Hornsey's improvised seminars while delegations of students travelled the length and breadth of the country to impress on fellow students the need for change. Similar outbreaks occurred in Guildford, Bristol and Birmingham. Fleet Street encamped outside the college and coverage varied from a serious discussion in *The*

*Times* on the direction of higher education to descriptions of sex romps and sleep-ins in the *Daily Express*.

Haringey Council, run by the Tories, sent in the heavy boys to clear the buildings with Alsatian dogs.

But, hilariously, the students pacified the handlers with cups of tea and the dogs with pet food and corned beef sandwiches

Order was finally restored as the students began to drift home for the summer. The sit-in prompted a complete change in the way art was taught in Britain, and forced administrators to change the direction of teaching at the college to the way the students had demanded.

In 1981 the college left and the building became a teacher training centre. Today it holds major conventions for workers' organisations from all over the world - an appropriate function for a building which achieved notoriety in such a novel fashion.

Power to the people!



freedom to create



Take these chains: sit-in logo

**£54,950 Muswell Hill, N10.** Offered for sale by eccentric ex-convict is this very 'Trendy', two bed garden flat. Own garden, original features, stripped floors, long lease. Very livable, very cheap. Wrong end of Muswell Hill.

**£69,950 Muswell Hill, N10.** Set in a road renowned for subsidence is this charming one bed garden flat possibly moving to Crouch End slightly slower than a W7. Stripped floors, original features, picturesque garden. Bedroom unsuitable for cat swingers.

**£49,950 Muswell Hill, N10.** Literally within sight of comparatively right wing and restaurant-starved Muswell Hill Broadway is this bright three bedroom first floor flat whose architecture is bound to be in fashion early in the next century. Nonetheless big, cheap and open to offers.

**£66,950 Priory Park, N8.** Set in the regal shadow of aesthetically pleasing Alexandra Palace is this two bedroom Victorian, ground floor maisonette with own entrance, two reception rooms and own gardens. Not for giants, close park.



## KEATS

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**£99,950 Crouch End, N8.** Some might call this a picturesque four bedroom family house ideal for the DIY enthu-

siasts, others might say it's an utter shit hole. See it and decide for yourself. Undoubted potential. Ideal marriage

breaker. Lots of work needed.

### Rentals

**£350 p/w Highgate Borders, N8.** Set on the posh side of Crouch End Broadway. A stunning 3/4 bedroom family home for the style conscious/fashion victim. Interesting layout, lots of original features. Joking apart, the best house on our books for rent.

**£210 p/w Fortis Green N2.** Looking like the apartments the star from Gerry Andersons 'UFO' TV series used to live in. A very bright three bedroom, split level apartment with own garden and parking. Set within an award winning late 1960's block.

**£235 p/w Central Muswell Hill, N10.** Huzzah! Big enough to please the most demanding of size queens and other Jeff Stryker fans. A three double bedroom, two bathrooms, split level conversion with satisfyingly proportioned reception room and a sunny west facing garden not only long but wide too. Prestige road around the corner from Muswell Hill Broadway.



# THE MUSWELL HILL COLUMN

By  
*"The Muswell Hillbilly"*

A monthly review of the exciting  
happenings and events, and the  
interesting people of Muswell Hill

*That's enough about Muswell  
Hill - Ed*

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# SEX, DRUGS AND BACON ROLLS

By Dickie Deluxe

**M**uswell Hill sandwich bar owner Tad Reverb rocked the showbiz world this week after he threatened to reveal all about his life with the stars.

Tad, known as Sad by his customers, lifted the lid off the seedy swingers of the sixties.

## Choked

"I was there!" proclaimed Tad, 43, a former reporter with Melody Maker. "Listen man - when the Mars Bars wrappers were falling to the floor Tad was there with his Afghan coat and his notebook. When Jimi was choking on his vomit, who phoned 999 eh? Yeah, **Tad f\*\*king Reverb**, that's who"

The former heroin ad-

dict, who opened the bar after being kicked out of the NME for groping Suzi Quatro during an interview, added: "Why should I be serving these middle class losers when I was the f\*\*king man!"

## Dope plant

Tad continued: "I'm selling you my story not because I need the bread, but because I want to set the record straight. Look, Robert Plant was my best man, but do you see the long-haired f\*\*ker coming



The man Rock 'n' Roll forgot; Tad yesterday. Pic: NME

in here ordering a bacon roll? You'd sooner see Harold Wilson, the bastard."

"No more prawn sandwiches, no more street cred croissants - I'm back. And you can read it - warts and

all - in the number one rocking mag *The CrouchEnder*. Cos remember - **I WAS THERE**."

**Next month: Marianne and me, the truth!**

## LAST MONTH'S COMPETITION WINNER



Due to the terrific response to last month's caption competition, all entries were placed in a 'Budgens' carrier bag and the following two made us emit loud guffawing noises:

"Crutch End Cock Tower"

(Steven Howlett)

"No, I said look at that CLOCK"

(Pip George)

However, this one produced large and difficult-to-remove wet stains on the on the carpet:

"For a shock by the clock, crouch on this end."

(Very tacky - Ed.)

## The Winner:

**Sam Lock of Crouch End Hill.**

A tanner is in the post Sam

# Crouch Ender



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Issue no. 3

YES IT'S **FREE** - BEAT THAT SUN!!

September 1993

**INSIDE YOUR SOARAWAY CROUCHENDER:**

**Muesli menace: p3 • Stardust scallions: p5 • Muswell Hill column: p7**

## BONJOUR "LES BOGS"



By Piers Moron  
Showbiz Correspondent

**N**otorious French nightclub owner Pierre Sleazeboule was the toast of Crouch End last night as he opened his newest venture 'LES BOGS' Cabaret and Dance Club.

### Garlic

The Gallic entrepreneur, who claims to own venues in Paris and New York, declared the club the jewel in his world-wide entertainment crown. Superstars Christopher Quinten, former Crackerjack presenter Ed 'Stewpot' Stewart, the cast from Rainbow and several lads from The Bill flocked to the gala opening last night.

### Onions

Pierre, who was accompanied by Romford-born hostess Candy Smith, boasted: "Everyone who is anyone is here tonight. To put a club on the map you need the right faces and I have the connections in the showbiz world to get them in here. 'LES BOGS' meaning The Toilets in English, is located in former conveniences by the Clocktower.

*cont. on page 2*

Ooh la la: Pierre and Candy at last night's opening (photo D Bailey)





# MALCOLM

## The Voice of Crouch End

**MELLOW HERE**, soaking up the rays by Alexandra Palace and pondering things cosmic and beautiful. Soon we will be pulling out our old afghan coats for the season known as winter.

This year I won't need my afghan, metaphorically speaking. I have all the

warmth I need from the orb-like loving you have shown me and my humble periodical.

Sadly, love is in short supply where Astra is concerned. The flowerchild has wilted. Not content with leaving me some years ago at a vulnerable stage of my growth, she returned recently only to take my priceless boxed collection of Jethro Tull LP's. I later learned she sold them to pay for a trip to Tibet with an Open University lecturer called Patrick.

But enough of Astra, the Tull, and my trials.

Your strangely karmic response to my monthly segments of mirth, myth



and legend has given me strength - as has a certain Jamaican friend of mine called Karl (I'll have the tenner with you by Friday, man).

All I can say apart from, "Don't Bogart that joint my friends," is keep the tributes flowing. Don't be afraid to speak your mind. As an old philosopher once said, "We

have nothing to fear but Hampstead... itself."

And never forget the only three things worth searching for in life are PEACE, LOVE AND THE CROUCH-ENDER.

P.S. Bob, you're welcome.

Malcolm Mellow

Malcolm Mellow, Editor

## Bonjour "Le Bogs" (continued from p1)



Omar: did not attend

The 48-year-old, self-styled, international play-boy alleged "LESBOGS" was modelled on the legendary Moulin Rouge.

### Beret

However, disgruntled first-nighter Kevin Brookes stormed; "It's not a nightclub at all - he's just opened up the old toilets and put a ghettoblaster on top of one of the cisterns. It f\*\*king pongs down there. I paid a fiver to get in - it's a rip off".

Haringey Council Planning person Brenda Botswana said: "Mr. Sleazeboule has provided us with no paperwork but we have turned a blind eye so as not to upset the French Community in Haringey. They have the vote as well, you know. Crouch End Kebab shop owner and nightclub regular Andreas Acropolis enthused: "Ere mate, you taking piss, innit?"

## Tribes of Crouch End No. 6: Araballa Montague-Mountview

**Name:** Arabella Montague-Mountview or Thespia Unbearabus.

**Habitat:** The Kings Head ("Oh yes please, a Sol, if you're buying") The World Cafe ("just a cafe au lait, I'm waiting for my agent")

**Appearance:** Neither ugly nor pretty. Large mouth, no make-up, no bra, no fashion sense.

**Education:** Expelled from two schools ("they couldn't handle my artistic temperament"). Daddy put up the cash for Mountview Theatre School.

**Things she says:** Anything followed by "I", "I've", "I'm" or "I'll". e.g. "I was born for the stage." "Oh me, I'm resting".

**Things she does:** Bitches about fellow actresses, smokes Marlboro Lights, cries after two pints.

**Pets:** A burmese cat called Cleo and a wet boyfriend called Rupert ("he's great in bed and works for Channel 4")



**Heroines:** Vanessa Redgrave, Emma Thompson and herself.

**Hates:** Basically anyone who doesn't understand her banal pretensions and gains

the centre of attention. **Least likely to say:** "Hey, you look great!" "How are things?" "When?" "Been busy lately?"

# FREDDIE STARR ATE MY ALPEN!

## He's a muesli menace, says mum

**A Muswell Hill mother this week relived the moment she caught a top British comic munching her muesli.**

Emma Parr-Williams, of St. James Avenue, has reported Freddie Starr to police for purloining two bowls of a top selling Swiss breakfast cereal.

### Willie

Emma, former secretary of the Muswell Hill Nicara-

guan Solidarity Campaign, recalled: "I was just taking Tamarind and Chrysanthemum to the After-School Ozone-Friendly Club when I went back to the house to get my car keys."

### Fallen Starr

"There, sitting in my husband Derek's seat, was that Starr fellow eating my Alpen." She added: "As a family we have always taught our children to give to others less well off but I understand he does panto-

mimes and stuff. It's not like he's a Somalian."

### Cornered

It's not the first time Starr's unusual eating habits have landed him in trouble. Bosses of the Haelan Centre secured a conviction in 1979 against the funnyman after they caught him skulking in a dark corner slurping skimmed goat's yoghurt.

Sergeant Arnold Evidence said: "We have to make an example of Mr



**Comic: "I'm innocent"**

Starr. The public of Muswell Hill will not tolerate comedians, no matter how famous, taking liberties with their breakfast cereals, be it Alpen, Rice Crispies or whatever."

# BARMAN SEES RED OVER SLIPPERY SPURS SNEAK

*By Herbert Chapman*

**Allegations that a Spurs supporter was served a drink at the Stapleton Hall Tavern were angrily denied by the pub's bosses last night.**

A member of the Tottenham Hotspur Supporters Club has claimed he infiltrated the Stroud Green bar's security system after the Spurs-Arsenal derby on August 16.

But the barman at the centre of the row, known only as Bradley, has insisted the claims are unfounded.

"In all my time here I have never knowingly served a non-Gooner" said Bradley, 46. "The whole

thing has been cooked up to damage the reputation of the boozer."

The CrouchEnder however, has obtained a Polaroid of the fan with what looks exactly like the interior of the Stapleton in the background.

Most distressing of all, if the picture is authentic, the supporter aged about 50-60, appears to be covered in tattoos depicting cockerels and the names "Greaves" and "Coates".

The most famous case of an outside supporter getting a drink at the pub, let alone leaving with his life, was West Ham fan Paul McKean. The 38-year old

who has been in hiding since the outrage in 1981 drank a half-pint of pale ale before shouting "The 'Ammers" and leaving by a side exit.

Two barmen and the manageress at the time were sacked for their role in the incident.

Stapleton regular Frank Belly stormed: "I was here when he said he done what he did but he didn't - he's a f\*\*king liar".

"No scum gets in that door without my say so. Got that? Well stick it in your shagging notebook then."

## THE HARLEQUIN

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# "MUMMY I THINK I'M A CROUCHENDER"

By Dr. Siggy Fraud

**CrouchEnders do not become Crouch Enders - they are born that way, scientists claimed this week.**

Professors at Michigan University say they have discovered a Crouch End 'gene'.

They allege the find will disprove the century-old theory that CrouchEnders choose to be the way they are.

"I have always believed Crouch Enders had very little influence in the matter" remarked Professor Benedict Klein. "Nobody would be that way on pur-

pose - the beard, the clothes - it's too perverse."

## In and out

Mrs Rebecca Zimmerman, whose musician son Robert 'came out' last month said: "We were born in New York, but I have always suspected he was a CrouchEnders. Even when he was 10 he would wear my beads and practise Tai Chi in the playground."

Crouch End activists fear the discovery will allow parents to decide whether or not to have a child aborted.

Grizzly

Eddie Grizzle, coordinator of End Up - a militant Crouch End protest group, blasted: "People must not be allowed to terminate because they suspect their children will become a CrouchEnders. We should not be treated like lepers, like facial hair we must be allowed to grow."



Klein: Gene Genie

## Five who 'came out':

Peter Purves ('Blue Peter')  
Carl Palmer (Emerson, Lake and Palmer)  
Hugh Scully ('Antiques Roadshow')  
Janis Joplin (Washington cemetery)  
Noddy Holder (Slade)

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## MADRAS WAS A GAS, MAN

Restaurant review by Bob Dylan

**H**ow many curries must a man get down before they can call him an Indian food expert?

In my experience only one and that is a delicious Chicken Madras at the Shamrat.

When my pal Dave Stewart said "Fancy a Ruby, Bob?" I thought, ho hum, we're off to the jewellers again. But no! I found myself knock, knock, knocking on Shamrat's door and

was soon tucking into the Ravi Shanka of Indian Cuisine. Talk about Highway 61 revisited. Somehow, mid-meal, I knew I would be *Blowing In The Wind*. And how right I was. We're talking Hurricanes.

It hasn't done much for my singing, but it's made people leave me alone.

### Bob rating

**Food:** excellent  
**Service:** very helpful  
**Post-meal smell:** extraordinary



# WEED YOU BELIEVE IT - ALVIN GOES TO PLOT

By Gilbert O'Sullivan

**S**uperstar Alvin Stardust has been allotment hunting in Hornsey! The Crouch-Enders can exclusively reveal the Rock giant has got his eyes on a council-owned plot of land near Alexandra Palace.

Alvin plans to grow spuds, carrots and cauliflowers at the space and aims to market his own brand of Stardust scallians.

**Who he?**

Allotment owner

George Cuffley said: He's seems a very nice lad. I didn't recognise him at first, he was surrounded by his minders. I'm not sure if he's a sprouts man at heart, those platform wellies will have to go for a start". The million selling singer of hits such as 'My Coo Ca Choo' and ...erm, well, loads more, is tending the patch to get over the break-up of his marriage to sex queen Liza Goddard.

He will take over allotment duties from previ-



**Leo: vegetable**

ous tenants. The New Seekers, who, it is said, were keen on turnips.

Alvin was unavailable for comment, as was Leo Sayer.

## Mysteries of Crouch End

- 1 Where's the Car Park?
- 2 What the f\*\*k is that old bloke singing?
- 3 Who nicked the cinema?
- 4 Does anyone shop in the Camping Shop, Park Rd?
- 5 Who's writing this crap?
- 6 Which way to the beach?
- 7 Which way to the Town Hall?
- 8 What Town Hall?
- 9 Is there life in Muswell Hill?
- 10 Where are those Leylines?
- 11 What's a Leyline?
- 12 Where have they hidden the Tube?

### Stroud Green N4

A quite capacious 2 bed, architect designed, duplex maisonette nestled in this quiet backwater with close proximity of local amenities. Delightful accommodation with own 50ft south facing rear gdn. £106,000 Sole agents.

Tel: 081 342 9000

### Crouch End Heights N8

Forming the grd. floor of this older style double fronted character house, is this well proportioned and spacious 2 bed apartment with own section of rear gdn and equal share of freehold. Some updating req'd reflected in asking price. Sole agents. £79,950.

Tel: 081 347 9000

### Finsbury Park N4.

Large home for the growing

family. A 3 storey, Victorian terraced house ideally situated close by local shops and transport. The house has retained some of it's original features and charm, & also boasts 60ft rear garden. £136,000.

Tel: 081 342 9000

### Crouch End N8

A deceptively spacious 2/3 bed, split-level, converted flat, hewn from a character-filled, late Victorian detached Vicarage. The flat offers such enticing features like luxury light oak kitchen, quality carpets, gas c/h, many period features including oak beams and own parking bay. £112,000.

Tel: 081 347 9000

### Stroud Green N4

A newly converted and re-

furbished split-level gdn maisonette modernised to a high standard. Newly fitted kit/modern bath/w.c. gas c/h own entrance & own 80ft gdn. An attractive layout which offers 2 double beds, recep. with small dining area & also benefits new lease. £79,950

Tel: 081 342 9000

### Central Crouch End N8

Only a few minutes away from the Broadway is this sumptuous 4 bedroom family abode with an array of character features. The house enjoys benefits such as impressive hand made oak fitted kit/breakfast room, generous recep. area, family bathroom & en-suite shower room/w.c. and picturesque patio gdn. Must be seen. Sole agents. £165,000.

Tel: 081 347 9000

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13 Ferme Park Road

Stroud Green, N4

Tel: 081 342 9000

# The Manorist

**This month's little account of what goes on within other manors around London is about Dalston.**

Dalston boasts its very own mainline station - Dalston Kingsland BR. YEAH, BIG DEAL! Well anyway, it's on the North London Line, which it shares with the NUKE TRAINS merrily chuffing their way to Wandsale.

Dalston has a somewhat grim persona due to the high rate of muggings, drug dealing and general street crime, but I will not dwell on this subject as Dalston is no worse than than any other over-crowded multi-racial society.

Walk up Stoke Newington High St going north to Stamford Hill and you can feel the BUZZ of the place - lots of shops, people and noise. STROLL down the Ridley Road Market, GASP at the piles of rub-

bish, SMILE at the leering muggers, SIGH HEAVILY as you approach the end of the market relieved to know your wallet/purse/hanbag/life is still intact. PHEW!

If you happen to be visiting the area on a Saturday, then walk from the junction along the Kingsland Road towards Shoreditch and you will come upon the colourful Kingsland Waste street market, a great place to scour for that elusive bargain whether it be an old spanner, a new dress, a secondhand bike or a tee-shirt, its here - a great place full of life and people - well worth a visit.

I hope I haven't painted too grim a picture of Dalston, its a place like many others in today's world - worse than some, better than others. Places are about people, and Dalston is a mixed bag of every nationality on the planet - a cornucopia of street life, and the streetwise tough, gritty London.

*The Manorist*

## ART BOOT SALE

SUNDAY, 12th SEPTEMBER 1993

12 Noon to 5pm

**Haringey Arts Council have come up with an innovative idea which will not only benefit the arts community but aims to integrate Tottenham into Haringey and Haringey back into London in a way seldom seen before.**

Haringey Arts Council Art Boot Sale at the Selby Centre, Selby Road, Tottenham, London N17 intends to build on and develop a positive and exciting opportunity to sell their work.

The traders at the Art Boot Sale will be selling quality arts and crafts, ranging from paintings, ceramics, and textiles and much more. The organisers have stipulated that at least seventy five per cent of goods sold must be hand crafted.

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**£69,950** Hillfield Park, N10 just off the Broadway. A modern 2 bed with gdn and garage.

**£75,950** Alexandra Park, N22. Picturesque two dble bed cottage in a quiet road, spiral staircase.

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**£365,000** f/h. Magnificent semi-det. Edw. house in Crouch End. Substantial home of excep. orig. character with a wealth of unique features. 5 dble beds, 2 recps, kit/diner, study, conserv, 2 baths, cellar, util. room, gge, 100ft southerly gdn.

**£245,000** f/h. Crouch Hill N8. Late Vic. terr. house of impressive proportions, orig. features. Leafy S/W rear aspect. 6 beds, (1 as kit) 3 recps, bath, shower, cloakroom, (3 W.C.s) 80ft s/w patio & gdn.

**£199,000** f/h. Restored Victoriana in Crouch End centre. Orig. features. 5 beds, 2 bath, 3 recps, fit. kit, cellar, workshop, w. facing gdn.

**£165,000** f/h. Priory Pk N8. Edw. 4 bed end/ terr. (halls adjoining) house. 23ft long pine fit. kit. S. facing gdn. Over 27ft of dble recp. room, sanded floor & marble fireplace.

**£148,000** f/h. Tastefully fitted Edw. res. Priory Pk. 23ft rear recp, opening to 60ft of mature gdn. Good size kit. & sep. front recp, 4 beds, bath, period features & stripped pine.



## THE MUSWELL HILL COLUMN

By

By "The Muswell Hillbilly"

(Please, for God's sake  
no more Muswell Hill  
happenings, ed)

# ARE YOU HAVANA US ON? CUBAN CAPERS

**H**aringey Council is  
to implement a  
policy whereby only  
Cuban-born residents  
will be employed by the  
authority.

Only those whose par-  
ents were Cuban or have  
lived for more than three  
years in the South Ameri-  
can Republic will be consid-  
ered for posts. "We have dis-  
covered that less than one

per cent of the workforce is  
Cuban", Councillor Toby  
Bland, told members this  
week. "Although there are  
only eight Cuban residents  
in Haringey we must take  
them on as caretakers,  
teachers, socialworkers or  
whatever, and bugger their  
qualifications".

A Havana cigar work-  
shop has been set up in  
Green Lanes thanks to a  
\$225,000 Council grant.

## BUDGENS - AN APOLOGY

In last month's edition  
our article headlined  
'BUDGEN'S YOU'RE  
BOOTIFUL' we reported  
that Budgens had been  
awarded The 'Silver  
Trolley' in the London  
Shopping Academy  
Awards as Crouch End's  
second favourite super-  
market.

We have been asked to  
point out that in fact  
Budgens came fifth behind  
Waitrose, Tesco, Safeway  
and Asda, none of which  
have stores in Crouch End.

We apologise for any  
inconvenience this may have  
caused.

**CrouchEnd**

Ad Line

081 340 7214

## Tribes of Crouch End No. 7: Florida Phil

**Name:** Phillip 'Phil' Phillips  
or Floridaphilus Tottyspur.

**Habitat:** Spurs matches  
(home only), Ally Pally pitch  
and putt, Green Man and  
John Baird pubs, Muswell  
Hill, any DIY store,  
Broxbourne for fishing.

**Appearance:** Hummel ten-  
nis shirt, sunglasses (even  
when it's dark), monstrous  
hum of Old Spice, chunky  
initials ring, cockerel neck-  
lace, Spurs bum-bag, Sevv  
Ballesteros slacks and a  
bottle of Holsten (but he  
prefers Beck's), Toyota that's  
trying very hard to look like  
a Porsche parked outside.

**Age:** Early thirties.

**Education:** Everything his  
Dad (a cabbie) told him while  
standing on The Shelf at  
Spurs.

**Pets:** "Yeah", Rover the dog.

**Heroes:** Ossie Ardiles, Phil  
Collins, Chas 'n' Dave, and



Jonathan Woss.

**Things he says:** "Off to  
Orlando for a fly-drive this  
summer", "There's a suuu-  
perrrrr restaurant called the  
Phoenix Apollo in Stratford,  
if you're lucky you'll have  
Nigel Benn at one table and  
Suzanne Mizzi at the other,

real class"

**Hates:** "The Arsenal", cul-  
tural cities like Dublin, Vi-  
enna or Bruges ("no golf  
clubs there, are there?") Any  
food other than steak and  
chips or pizza.

**Least likely to say:** "The  
Arsenal aren't boring."

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**L**ast week I suffered a loss. My pet gerbil (KILLER) of four years passed away leaving a huge gap in my life.

Ironically, days earlier, we'd travelled to Church Lane Police station where Killer had been registered on the Dangerous Gerbils list, a muzzle fitting was soon planned. Sure, he wasn't a furry thing one could cuddle and although ferocious he did possess a certain charm.

I was alerted that something was amiss when the squeak, squeak, squeak of his wheel ceased squeaking. To my horror there in the cage lay Killer, collapsed and fighting for breath.

Sheltered Budgens carrier bag I rushed him to the vets on Park Rd. Explaining the urgency of my case I begged that we be admitted to Crash or fail-

ing this, someone to administer mouth to mouth.

The rotund receptionist seemingly preoccupied with a nasal disorder of her own making, dismissed me with a noncha-

lant wave of a Kleenex to wait with the other assortment of casualties.

Surrounded by scabby cats, a rabbit with halitosis and others that Doolittle would have remained aloof with, I listened to the haunting song of a Pit Bull Terrier emanating from the surgery.

That wasted hour probably cost Killer his life.

## Pet Cemetary

With not more than a cursory look into my bag, Dr Hill, ATM announced in no nonsense fashion, "Dead on Arrival!".

Taken aback by his abruptness I asked

## SHORT Story

By Sean Arberry

whether perhaps he could have broken the news gently.

"Oh erm", he confided in hushed tones, "he's as dead as the proverbial DoDo, you know."

"And what's that?" I replied.

"D.E.A.D" he spelt out callously.

Heartbroken I carried my bereaved home.

Now I was faced with the dilemma of burial or cremation. I ruled out the latter recalling the travesty of my mangy Red setter who endured his final days with severe flatulence. He literally went off with a bang, producing a white hot fireball that soared across neighbouring gardens wreaking havoc amongst the washing.

After a consolatory six pack I opted for the traditional method of disposal. Having been a Sea Scout in my earlier days I was well versed in the ceremony. After four flushes and skilful manipulation with the toilet brush, Killer disappeared down the U-bend and a solitary tear ran down my cheek.

By the way if there is anyone out there interested in a Gerbil cage, with squeaky wheel, £5.00 ono.

## Remember Then

(Formerly Mr Dip)

### Specialists in Austrian Antique Pine

Reproduction and Antique Furniture  
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# PLANET MOUNTVIEW

Forget Planet Hollywood  
and the Hard Rock...

Has arrived!

Crouch End's favourite theatre school has opened the best  
burger joint since the Paris Texas closed down

Eat the finest American food while viewing the sad momentoes  
of British television

- ★ *Benny's hat from Crossroads*
- ★ *Hughie Green's Clapometer*
- ★ *Marcus 'Eldorado' Tandy's hair gel*
- ★ *The tea urn from the memorable soap Albion Market*
- ★ *Gareth Hunt's flared pinstripe suit (the one he wore in The New Avengers)*
- ★ *And on the ceiling, the elephant who crapped in the Blue Peter Studio (stuffed, of course)*

## PUB SPY

### The Kings Head

The Kings Head, situated at the bottom of Crouch End Hill, has long been regarded by locals as something of a pick-up joint. A singles bar but without that certain *je ne sais quoi*. So, sure in this knowledge and in need of a pick-me-up, I sauntered along at the weekend.

Once through the doors my nostrils were immediately assaulted by a heady mixture of Saturday night scents. A marriage between Christian Dior and Imperial Leather indicates intentions. Something from the Top 20 blares out of the jukebox at such force that it's rendered indistinguishable. My ears bleed and bass notes cause glasses to tremble. Fighting through a multitude of bleached blondes, fake tans, designer stubble, and a strangely smelling biker, I pause every now and then for air and to get my bearings.

A party of girls from Boots, clad to the nines, identical blusher and tipsyish are making lewd comments about Daz and Trev. D & T, plumbers by trade and sporting wispy sideburns, are holding court at the central pillar, eyeing up 'the skirt'. Only excessive drooling takes the edge off their lager lout appearance. Kev, their 'matey' returns from the toilet with an embarrassing stain on his crotch. Sadly he's gone a XXXX too far and is greeted with chants of 'Plonker!' On first appearances I would agree. A cast of Mountview students have taken the high ground (important to be seen) and are heatedly discussing the 'method'. The odd 'darling' perfectly pronounced punctures the air. Arguably a case for making a crisis out of drama. The future of the British theatre is in their hands... a disturbing and terrifying thought.

At the bar I try in vain to attract attention but amid the hustle and bustle everyone under 5ft 4ins is overlooked.

Eventually Billy, the extrovert barman, takes pity and serves me up a perfect pint of Guinness, then confides, with wicked twinkle, that he gives the best head in North London. I don't dispute this, heeding the words of the infamous Quentin Crisp. 'Some queers are rough and some roughs are queer'.

Duty insists that I check out the sanitary arrangements. On the stairs I pass a tear stained, distressed maiden who bemoans to her comforting friend that all men are 'bastards'. At this I receive a killing look. Feeling guilty, though free from sin, I find sanctuary in the gents. Can't help noticing that the dreadful leaking cistern above the urinals has been masterly repaired with sticky tape. The words 'woeful', 'inadequate' and 'potentially wet' are the thoughts that spring to mind. Also the absence of soap leads me to despair at the standards of hygiene amongst Hornsey men.

Once more in the smoky chaos of the pub a sombre queue is forming for the Comedy Club downstairs, and Ron the dashing 'Main Man' is holding forth that 'yes it is indeed his bottom that graces the second edition of the CrouchEnder.' Meanwhile The Boots quartet at the rear seem set to start a conga, which is my cue to beat a hasty retreat.

The evening is drawing to a close but for others it's just the beginning. I depart, resigning myself to another night, home alone.

The Kings Head is a great pub if you're into U2, are prepared to shout, of medium height, blessed with a decent haircut, strong eardrums and what they call an attitude. However if you're a claustrophobic, forget it.

Sean Arberry

# The Little Shaky Man



On the road to ruination  
he's not even an also ran  
a flaw in gods creation  
is the little shaky man.

A stuttering bag of skin and bones  
with a trembling in his hand  
and a thirst that will never leave him alone  
the little shaky man.

For porter he will seldom pay  
but he'd drink it when ever he can  
from dawn to dusk and every day  
the little shaky man.

In the travelers rest they joke and jest  
someone says ere comes Charlie Chan  
and tottering in from god knows where  
the little shaky man.

His face you couldn't call you descript  
it would give misery a good name  
his teeth are a rack of burnt chips  
he'd put the pougods to shame.

His tiny little toes are pinched  
by shoes that are too small  
the hair on his head is under his hat  
if there's any hair there at all.

The seat of his pants have a bit of a drape  
to circulate the air  
I've often heard, a stranger state  
it must be hell in there.



Now the lads are playing music  
the real stuff of old Ireland  
when there comes an unmelodious drone  
from the little shaky man.

The piper stopped his pipping  
and the fiddler gave a roar  
I've heard many a bum note in my time  
but they never smelt like that before.

Another bout of flatulence  
made the piper promptly say  
"the wind that shakes the barley lads  
that's the order of the day."

"Ireland's secret weapon boys"  
the fiddler he began  
"we could have threatened Ian Paisley  
with the little shaky man."

"Now leave the bloody men alone"  
a hulk with whiskers said  
a bottle sailed across the room  
and landed on his head.

He turned on his assailant  
with a bug John silver leer  
slowly drew his hand across his mouth  
his intentions were quite clear.

Fists and feet were flying  
who hit who was hard to tell  
heads were pounded, bones were crushed,  
"and drink was spilt as well."

The nuns who had been playing pool  
came in to join the crack  
a cue came down with a thunderous sound  
and father morphy hit the deck.

Two lovers in the back room  
abare bum in the air  
and a blind man with a bicycle says  
I think I'll park up there.

And in amongst the ruckus  
and as happy as bedam  
sat the shaky little fellow  
with a pint in either hand.

And another at each elbow  
and a couple in the cey  
"life is how you take it"  
smiled the little shaky man.



## Welcome Back Alisha!



**Would you pay £100 for a Margie Carpet L.P?**

But that's the going rate for the 1972 album by a band whose singer is currently chilling out in Crouch End.

Alisha Suft is a singer/songwriter and artist who joined our strange community in 1977.

The Magic Carpet (or Crappit as Alisha called them) were a 70's band who sold few singles but made

enough waves to have collectors excited today. After an absence of 21 years, Alisha, has decided to re-enter the world of popular music. Her new record, 'Alisha Through the Looking Glass' (Suzanne Vega meets Joan Baez and bumps into Joni Mitchell) is a collection of songs no new-ager can do with-

out: Gentle, wistful, a trifle sentimental but decent, genuine and sincerely honest. If you need a soundtrack to your dreams, this maybe your album of the year.

It is available at the Terrapin Truckin' Co. for substantially less than £100.

Forthcoming Gigs: Sept. 3rd - The Raj Tearooms, 67 Highgate High Street and Sept. 13th - The George Robey, Finsbury Park.

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# LETTERS

**Dear Demus Roussos,**

I object to your 'ribbing' of Muswell Hill's level of 'goings-on'

One only need take a walk along the famous 'Broadway' to discover a whole host of interesting shops. There's a sort-of jam and dry crackers shop, an art gallery, an off-licence and a 7-Eleven. Hardly the boring, leaden nothing-to-do place you'd have us believe.

Yours sincerely,

**A. Nob**

Pages Lane, Muswell Hill  
See page 7

**Dear Malcolm,**

Your publication first came to my attention whilst parking my breakfast one morning. Naturally one did not expect such a shock before one's first glass of port, but there it was - The CrouchEnd, sandwiched between Harper and Queens and The Field - indicating unauthorised use of my commode by one of the servants. But worse, would you believe, brazenly displayed on the very front page was My Coat of Arms.

This outrage will be dealt with by my solicitors, who are that will known Crouch End firm,

Gobshitt Burrier and Ne'erdowell.

However, one's constitution is not what it was, don't you know, and so I had plenty of time to scour the pages (before finding a better use for them) so I considered it my duty to point out the gross oversight, on your part, being the total absence of a single article of interest to my particular tier of society, i.e. the aristocracy.

As a corrective measure I shall be submitting articles on a number of subjects commencing with hunting which as you must have heard is a particular favourite sport of mine being master of the Crouch End hounds.

I shall be in touch but must dash now, having drinks with Lady Di.

Yours sincerely,  
**H.R.H THE DUKE OF CROUCH END, The Manor**

P.S. Please arrange for publication on soft paper please.

*Sad, very sad. (Ed)*

**Dear Sir,**

Why, oh why, does Crouch End have to have an 081 phone number when there

are people living in Finsbury Park and other low lying areas with 071 numbers? It is hard enough for us property owners to preserve our house prices as it is without being classed with the suburbs.

Yours faithfully,

**Mrs Phyllida Twat**

Priory Road, N8

*Stuck up Twat. (Ed)*

**Dear Malcolm**

I am pleased last month's issue exposed the disgust-

ing perv who's been defiling our streets.

I have on a number of occasions prowled our neighbourhood hoping to catch a glimpse of that cheeky rear, but to no avail! So please pass on any information as to where he is likely to streak next. Failing that, an enlarged frontal photograph will do.

Stamped addressed envelope enclosed.

**C. Looker**

*How large. (Ed)*

## CUT THE *crap* A PERSONAL VIEWPOINT

**H**oles, little holes, big holes, square holes and not so square holes, they are every, bloody, where.

It all started about two years ago when we were told, in a blaze of publicity, that Cable T.V. was here. 'HURRAY', the cry went up. Then, suddenly, they attacked! First it was McNicholas, boring ruddy great chunks out of the road. Followed by armies of Cable T.V. engineers. They were quick alright, going around the Borough like manical moles, then all quiet, but not for long. Oh no - you see in their haste the tarmac never really settled, so pavements and thoroughfares were like the pot holes from Hell.

Next came the Murphy tribe with thundering drills and hairy bum cleavage to smooth the way. Filling holes, meeting goals, more holdups, more noise, more tarmac. Oh! Yes. They were very quick. So quick, that by the time they bundled into the transit at the end of the day, the tarmac was still warm and soft. Cars, vans,

lorries speeding over the new hole fillings. Yes, you've guessed it! - another hole, plus the dreaded Tarmac Shoe. You know the one. You have just gone to buy some fags and a paper, returning home seemed somehow more strenuous due to the 5lb of warm tarmac stuck to your trainers, which you only discover after you see the sickly, black trail over the new hall carpet. But Oh No! - we are not finished yet. As I write this the latest hole fillers are making their presence felt. I can hear the subtle tones of a couple of pneumatics doing their thing, more 40 ton rollers, more sticky stuff.

Now just a note from a mere ratepayer to the Council: Please give us a break, get your act together. But wait - I've got it - it's all a conspiracy, isn't it? It's all to do with work creation.

If the holes were filled in properly in the first place, what would happen to the untold thousands of hole fillers waiting patiently at 7.30 am, every morning, to fill the little gaps in our Tarmac World?

**Dear CrouchEnders,**

This is our monthly letters page. We will publish your views, your gripes, your moans and groans, either serious or funny.

We look forward to receiving your letters and will publish at our discretion.

Please write to:

**The CrouchEnd, P.O. Box 3415  
London N4 4EN**



## PAT AND MICK



**Pat.** Ah! Good evening Mick.

**Mick.** It's yourself Pat. Wipe the dust off that pint, sup up and we'll see what we can do.

**Pat.** Thank you very much Mick, I think I could suffer another. Am I to take it, or would I be right in assuming, that Mr William Hill was good to you this afternoon, although I don't recall your presence in his office today, and what about that scarf you're wearing and the rosette?

**Mick.** Colour Pat, colours are important. Colours are more important than truth and the truth is I was not chucking my money away on horses. That's a mugs game. No, indeed, I took myself, by myself, down to the Arsenal to watch a civilised game.

**Pat.** And what would that be, now, Mick?

**Mick.** The common man's game Pat. SOCCER! That's what they call it, but by God, there's nothing common about that new striker Ian Wright.

**Pat.** It that's a civilised game I would hate to watch an uncivilised game. Soccer! Mick, have you lost what's left of your bloody mind. That Ian Wright couldn't strike a match.

**Mick.** Oh! he's a great little sweeper, Pat.

**Pat.** Well, may the Lord save us, Mick. Ian Wright couldn't sweep the streets.

**Mick.** Ah! but he can really bend the ball, now can't he eh? He can bend the ball beautifully, now can't he Pat?

**Pat.** He couldn't bend his elbow.

**Mick.** And the head, Pat. Have you seen him head the ball?

**Pat.** He is a head the ball.

**Mick.** I'm telling you this, Pat, by this time next year 500,000 wouldn't buy him.

**Pat.** You're dead right there, Mick, and I'm one of them. Good night, Mick. McClusky is about due.

**Mick.** Good night, Pat.



*Words: George Hutchinson, Artwork: Chris Thompson*

## THE COUPLE WHO COULDN'T GET A COPY OF THE CROUCHENDER



**Don't be the one left silently supping a half-pint while all your friends laugh inanely at the Crouchender.**

You can get your trembling hands on a copy from Paul's newstand (opposite the clocktower) and all good pubs, newsagents, restaurants, cake shops, police stations and wherever men and women dress in rubber.



# LEY LINES

## LIFE JUST SEEMS TO BE ONE BIG PROBLEM; DOESN'T IT?...

But really, you know, every problem contains, within itself, the factors of its own solution. We spend far too much time moaning about our so called bad luck. Things go wrong and we blame everybody and everything except ourselves. Yet nine times out of ten any particular piece of bad luck can be traced back to some contra-idealistic thought of our own.

Recently, watching news reports and reading newspapers it occurs to me just how many of us really have any real problems at all. Sure, we have to pay our mortgages, rent, council taxes, V.A.T. etc., we have to deal with illness and death in our own families, but how many of us, in this country, have to deal with death and destruction on a daily basis.

At the moment, in former Yugoslavia, (not a million miles away) those people are facing daily life with these things. They have no hope of a future either for themselves or for their children.

Can many of us really know what it must be like, after the joy of bringing children into the world, to watch them suffer from shrapnel wounds, diseases and slow and painful death? Can we even imagine what it must be like to know that something could be done if only there was electricity to work equipment, heating and medical supplies available? All of which we take for granted. Can we possibly know what is going on in the minds of those poor children who have seen members of their families

being killed? And what on earth for? Human Beings greed for a piece of land to call their own? A territory all to themselves? The undivided rights to a piece of the Planet? The Planet that was here long before any of us.

IS THERE ANYTHING THAT IS IMPORTANT, WHETHER IT BE RACE, RELIGION, LAND OR RICHES?

So next time you find yourself moaning about some minor problem in your own life give a thought for those who have REAL problems. AND REMEMBER: This is our Planet - All of ours. And there is enough room for everyone. Life sees to that. There are enough natural disasters, diseases, and old age that we have to cope with together. We do not need man to help nature along.

### The Seven Deadly Sins

Seven politicians sitting in a row of gluttony  
Third World famine, basic human right,  
Butter mountains, wine lakes and wasted resources,  
One chair taken away.

...  
Six politicians sitting in a row of anger,  
Racial repression, rape of culture and nation,  
One chair is taken away.

...  
Five politicians sitting in a row of lust,  
Promiscuity, prostitution, back-street abortion,  
The spread of aids, need for hospices, plight of the gays,  
One chair is taken away.

...  
Four politicians sitting in a row of envy,  
Unemployment, frustration, selfish rich, struggling poor,  
North-South gap, prejudice, class discrimination,  
One chair is taken away.

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## Poets Corner

1970

I'll never understand  
this Earth.

Said a child of three to  
me.

They kill us off,  
with bombs and gas.

They live and love their  
lives for cash.

And still, they talk of  
peace.

No, I'll never under-  
stand this Earth.

Or the tin head bullet  
proof men.

No.

I'll never understand  
this place.

Not even.

If I live to... ten.  
Stephen Pavlou

Three politicians sitting in a  
row of sloth.

Environmental destruction,  
Chenobyl radiation,  
Industrial pollution, indif-  
ference to wild-life preser-  
vation.

One chair is taken away.

...  
Two politicians sitting in a  
row of pride.

Starwars, cruise missiles,  
and mutual mistrust,  
Fear of looking weak  
through reduction of nu-  
clear arms.

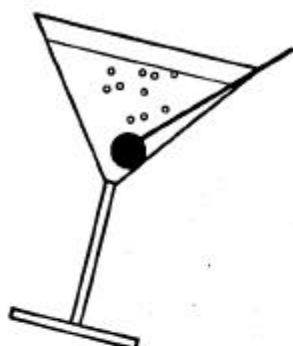
Another chair is taken away.

...  
One politician sitting alone  
in covetousness.

Power, propaganda, Media-  
hype, personal gain.  
These are the policies that  
always remain.

'What fools these mortals  
are' said Prometheus,  
But Pandora still gives us  
Hope...

Elizabeth Charlotte Cook.



# THE DRUNKEN DERBY



**STARTER:** George Hutchinson  
**TIME:** 11.00am  
**PLACE:** The Queens, Elbow Room, Haringey Arms, Maynard etc.  
**PRIZE:** At least a pint



## RUNNERS

## RIDERS

First In The Door .....	A.T. Last
You're Working I'll Pay .....	A. Giro
Down In One .....	B.G. Gulp
The Cure .....	O.H. Dear
Can You Buy Me A Pint .....	I.M. Scrounger
Night Out With The Lads .....	B.I.G. Deal
You're Barred .....	Lester Stickit
Rotten drunk .....	A. Gain
Tipsy .....	Pat Edderiot
Can Hardly Stand Up .....	I.M. Bent
Staggering .....	U.N. Steady
Double Vision .....	C.U. Later
Punch Up .....	R.U. Kuss
What Time Does The Row Start .....	I.M. Ready
Rightly .....	J. So
Steaming .....	P.S. Pot
Who The F**k Took My Pint .....	B. Higerent
Completely Pissed .....	S. What
Falling Over .....	W.H. Oops
Last Orders .....	B. Locks
Time Gentlemen Please .....	B.A. Stard

**And they're off...** **First In The Door** takes the lead followed closely by **You're Working, I'll Pay**. **Down In One** is making good ground with **The Cure** and **Can You Buy Me A Pint** close behind. **Night Out With**

**The Lads** is in there somewhere. **You're Barred** is nowhere to be seen. **Rotten Drunk**, strongly fancied, is still at the back of the field with **Tipsy** and **Can Hardly Stand Up**. **Staggering** is taking it easy.

There's **Double Vision** making a little headway alongside **Punch Up** and **What Time Does The Row Start**. **Rightly** and **Steaming** are doing nicely. There's still no sign of the two outsiders **Last Orders** and **Time Gentlemen Please**.

So here we are at the half-way mark and it's still **First In The Door**. **You're Working I'll Pay** is losing ground to **Double Vision**. Coming up quickly now is **Completely Pissed**. **Double Vision** has been nudged by **Staggering** and **Falling Over** has fallen. **Punch Up** is using the whip but it's still **First In The Door**.

The pace is quickening now and there's **Who The F\*\*k Took My Pint** - out of nowhere comes **Last Orders** and **Time Gentlemen Please**. **Who The F\*\*k Took My Pint** is really putting up a fight but **Last Orders** and **Time Gentlemen Please** are coming on strong. **Last Orders** has taken the lead from **First In The Door** and **Who The F\*\*k Took My Pint**. **Time Gentlemen Please** is making a tremendous effort.

They're at the last hurdle and it's **Last Orders** and **Time Gentlemen Please**. Racing up to the line they are neck and neck. Over the line and it's **Time Gentlemen Please**.

**Time Gentlemen Please** is the winner with **Last Orders** second and **Who The F\*\*k Took My Pint** coming a poor third.

Who would have believed it?

George Hutchinson



# Crouch Ender

Issue no.4

Now, more **FREE** than ever!

October 1993



Crouch Ender Publishing Ltd

*Haven't they done well...*

# IT'S FOUR!



**INSIDE OUR  
SPECIAL  
BIRTHDAY  
ISSUE**

↓ July-October 1993 ↓

**NOPEKING!**

Crouch End Olympic bid: p3

My mother-in-law is so fat  
**LES DAWSON LIVES!**

Page 4

**In bed with Tobias  
Oliver tells all**

Page 10

**HACK ON THE RACK**

Scoop Cooper

Page 15

● **The Gooner** ●

Back page

**Nice to read you, to read you, NICE!**

**JOIN BRUCIE AND FRIENDS INSIDE OUR BUMPER BIRTHDAY EDITION!**



## MALCOLM

### The Voice of Crouch End

**PROBLEMS?** I've had a few. But then again, too few too mention. Sorry to drift into a Sinatra thing, but you wouldn't believe the very un-cosmic month I've had.

A Brazilian friend of mine used to call it the September Shitter. That annual 30-day period when disaster seems to lurk behind every dusty Donovan album. Women leave you, your dealer rips you off, Frank Zappa announces his retirement — always in September.

I always think the Greeks should have called it Downtember. Yet let's not dwell on these uncontrolled calendar conundrums (excuse the alliteration). There are those problems that inhabit each waking day.

### Confusing

Why don't they make vinyl any more? Where is Peter Green? where's my dope...the mundane and sadly confusing things. My modest mission is to help you, my, dare I say it, loyal readers rise above the



domestic and attain the karmic.

In truly sandal-clad sincerity I lay at your feet an illustrated feast. A tender sirloin of artistic happiness. A rich sugary meringue of pencilled-in mirth.

Those of you with strong appetites will enjoy

it one go. Others will happily chew for days on its wholesome worthiness.

But at the end of day you know and I know it's the only free lunch in town.

*Malcolm Mellow*  
Malcolm Mellow,  
Editor

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## Tribes of Crouch End No.8 Roger Runningshoes

**Name:** Roger Runningshoes, or Adamapplus Giganticus.

**Habitat:** Seen pounding the pavements near Christ Church, Coolhurst Road and Crouch Hall Road environs on miserably damp Wednesday mornings; very occasionally in 7-Eleven late at night buying a copy of Athletics Weekly and a packet of Rowntree's Fruit Pastilles. He lives in an attic flat somewhere near Crouch End Motors in Coleridge Road.

**Appearance:** Extremely tall and thin, long pointed nose and vast adam's apple, nylon Stan Bowles tracksuit (QPR blue, circa 1976), worn out Reeboks.

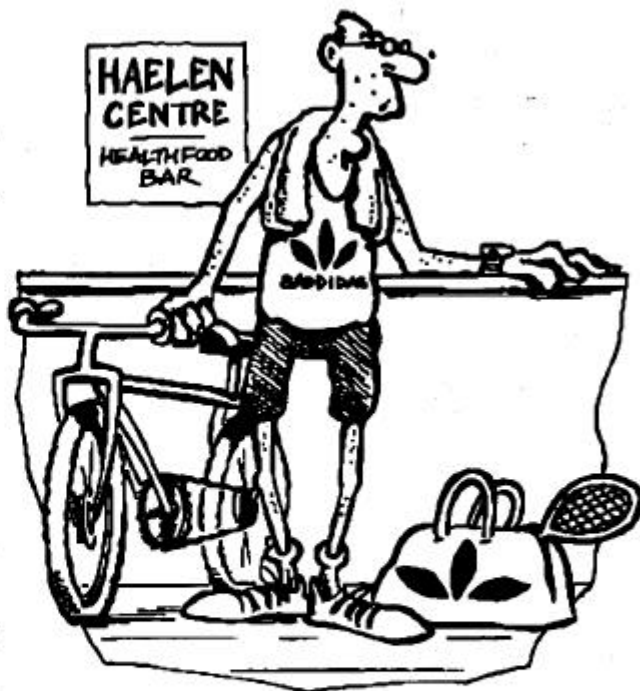
**Pets:** An old squash racquet called Jeremy.

**Things he says:** "Golly, that was a good run! Gosh! My Word! Good grief!"

**Likes:** Being on his own, Gatorade, Lucozade, his local free newspaper (to put my wet Reeboks in), running, athletics and running.

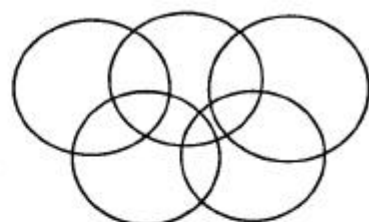
**Hates:** Smokers, drinkers, women, children.

**Least likely to say:** "Double egg, bacon, sausage, chips and a fried slice, please."



# 2004!

## CROUCH END MAKES OLYMPIC BID



**CROUCH END** is making a dramatic bid to host the Olympics in 2004! Athletics bosses have earmarked the village as the perfect location for the greatest sporting event in the world. And a special Crouch End Olympic Committee has already been formed to oversee the bid.

They hope its unique location, "unusual vibes" and unlimited access to illegal substances will put rival venues in the shade.

An Olympic mascot "The Beardie" - to be used on T-shirts, posters and keyrings -

has been chosen by the committee's artistic department while high-ranking IOC members and their wives have been treated to all-expenses paid nights out in Crouch End.

"We got them pissed in the Elbow Room, went across the road for a kebab and then hopped on a 41 bus down to the Gresham," recalled Finnbar Hagan, committee chairman and former shot putter with the 1958 Irish Olympic team.

"Apart from one of our

lads getting sick over a Japanese lady I think it went off all right."

Athletics events will be held in Priory Park and the car park at the back of Woolworths, while the Ally Pally lake will host the swimming. If successful, the committee hope to introduce a number of new events.

The Karakathon will challenge competitors to sit through a gruelling evening of amateur singing at the Queens pub, culminating in individual renditions of My Way and I Will Survive.

Also planned is the YMCA 1500 metres - a sprint from Hornsey police station to the YMCA.

Each athlete must

### EXCLUSIVE REPORT BY SPORTS WRITER WILLIE WESTWOOD

carry a stolen video recorder and car radio with the winner being the first to hide all items under a bed in one of the hostel's rooms.

The Budgens medley - a desperate search through the supermarket's aisles to find a helpful staff member.

A number of sponsors including Rizla - "The official cigarette paper of the 2004 Olympics" - and Dave Stewart - "the official ageing rocker" - are keen to jump on the Crouch End Olympic bandwagon.

Said Finnbar: "Jeez it'll be great. I'm slightly worried about accommodation, though, what with all them athletes. "Ah, f\*\*k it! They can all crash at my place."



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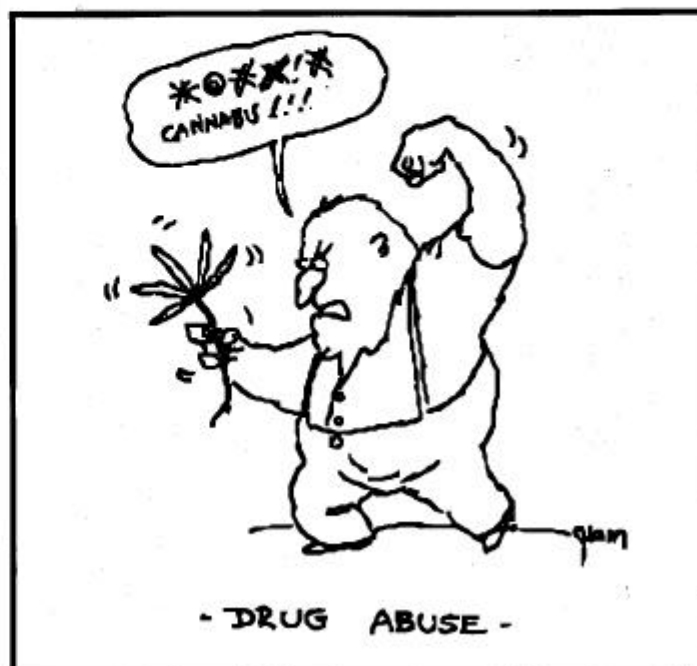
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# TERROR TWINS FREE!

## Cockahoop police iron out 'Wrinklies with Attitude'

**THE TEN-YEAR reign of terror by the notorious Duke's Avenue Posse is over.**

Jubilant police officers believe the infamous 'Wrinklies With Attitude' have fled Muswell Hill.

But they now fear a new gang of pensioners have taken over the manor after a bitter gangland feud.

The Morgan Twins, Beryl and Queenie, who have ruled Muswell Hill and Crouch End with an iron fist since the fifties, are believed to be in hiding after the disappearance of Meals-on-wheels lady Mary 'The Hat' McDonagh.

Now 80-year-old Fred Savage, known for some unexplained reason as Maltese Mick, is understood to have "taken over the business."

Sergeant Arnold Evidence said:

"The twins have gone but now we are faced with a new menace.

"No longer is it crooked whist drives, bogus away-day trips to Bournemouth and the notorious bingo rackets.

### Phyllosan

"What we have now is a younger man ready to go to any lengths to have power.

"He even beats up on teenagers."

Police are certain Savage, who insists he is just a mere zimmer frame importer, played a key role in the £50 million fake Sanatogen scam of 1988.



New threat: 'Maltese Mick' with deadly weapon

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AND DRIVING  
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# Secrets rubbed out

**STARTLING** revelations have come to light regarding the massage parlour on Crouch End Hill.

Freelance reporter and reformed alcoholic Buzz Cameron, 46, told a packed press conference at the Bird in Hand public house that the parlour in fact is an elaborate front for the MI5.

He went on to expose Stella Rimington, code name Trixie, as Mrs Big, who is "running the shop."

This remarkable piece of investigative journalism is the culmination of months of

research. Cameron explained that he had resorted to undercover tactics in order to penetrate the network.

This entailed several visits to the boudoir under the guise of a local bank manager.

He recounted: "It was bloody hard work and at time quite risky. During one vigorous body rub I nearly gave the game away."

## Chocolate chip

He described Stella as "a real cookie - she almost had me fooled with her 44 double D." During heated exchanges

with fellow reporters Cameron refuted accusations that he had concocted the story for purely financial gain. "It's the gospel truth," he blurted.

Whitehall intelligence sources declined to comment this week but an employee from the parlour said: "I don't know anything about destabilising third world economies, so if you're not here to do business, sod off."

Nearby resident John Thomas told the CrouchEnd: "Everyone knows it's something to do



**CAMERON: undercover tactics**

with MI5. God - you don't think Timothy Dalton would be there every other week if it wasn't, do you?"

## PUB



## SPY

### THE RAILWAY TAVERN

ONCE UPON A TIME I regarded the Railway Tavern on Crouch End Hill as the mortuary of pubs. A place where landlords and livers came to die, a void inhabited by Benedictine monks faithful to their vows of silence. Do I make myself clear? It was quiet, bloody quiet.

So imagine my surprise when I noticed their colourful chalkboard boasting a Monday night spectacular, "Premier League Football & Carling Black Label for a pint." Tempted, but more so subdued, I carried myself along. There are enough, in the public bar, Wimbledon FC were viciously tearing apart their opposition. But I came for the faint-hearted. The adequate entertainment for the collection of middle-aged men with tired tattoos gathered around the box.

On parting with my pound I was informed by the blushing barmaid of the small print in their special offer. "There's a 10p charge," I asked. "Only you must stay and watch the game," she replied in a hushed Gaelic lilt. "If you wander off we have to charge you the full price."

Amused, I questioned the barmaid behind this odd request. "They're the rules," she

insisted. "Why?" I asked, still none the wiser. "Jaysus, I only work here." Her lilt took on a more cutting tone.

Nonplussed, I took my bargain beer to a cosy corner and wondered that perhaps the landlord was a fanatical Wimbledon supporter and this was his way of spreading the Gospel according to Vinny Jones.

My view of the match is obscured by a young couple cavorting about the pinball machine, ripped jeans and designer stubble, hers more impressive than his. At every boing, ching ching and lightning flash a congratulatory slap on the buttocks is administered, at which she chuckles naughtily.

I wince at each smack and only hope that they are aware of the benefits of E45 cream.

At the table opposite a contingent of university types are quaffing their student grants. One in whiskers and woolly is demonstrating the cubic capacity of his mouth by gorging on a beer towel while downing his pint in one. The general consensus of the onlookers is he's a real wacky character and yet I can't help thinking he's graduating as

a prat with honours.

The atmosphere is verging on bawdy and a new slant is introduced with the appearance of John, infamous inebriate of the Crouch End nightlife. Toothless and with a face that has been squatted in, evicted, repossessed with a demolition order hanging over it, he casts desperate looks for a likely recipient of a sob story. With none in sight he sits dejected and consoles himself by sucking on a pork scratching.

At the screech of the final whistle (Wimbledon won) the Black Label reverts to its usual price. Deciding to take a wander (being fully paid up) I sneak a peek into the snug where I stumble across a faction of the Darby & Joan militia who are busily organising another campaign of jumble sales and other terrorist activities.

Murmurings of grey voices, bitter and twisted, decry "the youth of today" and "you'd still have change out of a farthing." One sinister looking spinster eyes me suspiciously, then reaches for a hatpin. Having seen enough Hammer House of Horrors, I exit hastily into the lounge.

I am approached by an Irish

acquaintance who is aware of my covert identity. "Sean, d'you think you could mention me in the next issue?" I nod profusely and ensure him that I will, but I won't. An inspection of the toilets is always an unenviable task but it has to be said that I was greatly encouraged by the sanitary arrangements.

On the discovery of soap I am close to falling to my knees and praising the Almighty. Though there is one serious failing which for personal reasons I have to deplore. Who is the towering genius who supervised the strategic placement of the mirrors? Straining on tiptoe, I just about caught a glimpse of the top of my head. I know I'm short but that is taking the proverbial Black Label.

Once more in the public bar John of little teeth has scored an unpalatable hit with a lady of similar appearance. Her flowing locks are testament to the fact that she takes two bottles into the shower but sadly, it would seem, she drinks them.

My journey home is preoccupied with disconcerting thoughts of whether they are past procreational age.

*Sean Arberry*

# LETTERS

Dear Malcolm,

Here are three questions which I feel the CrouchEnd needs to answer:

1) Is it not the case that the opening of a Kentucky Fried Chicken shop in the Broadway will, at a stroke, improve the quality of eating out in Crouch End by 500%?

2) It is obvious that there is a working class in Crouch End because toilets are cleaned, roads swept and rubbish collected. But where are they hiding? Is there, for example, a workpersons entrance around the back of Dunns?

3) Why are the pubs in Crouch End so awful? Is it because everybody in the area only drinks lager?

Yours sincerely  
**Keith Flett**  
**Tottenham**  
(Too many questions, not enough answers! - Ed)

Dear Sir

I shop at the Camping Shop in Park Road. I buy little pocket torches and give them to my friends on special occasions. They cost £10. You can buy bigger ones in John Lewis' for £6.79 but £10 is such a nice neat amount.

Yours sincerely  
**Mrs. Smith.**  
Will you just go away! - Ed)

DEAR SIR,

WHY DON'T YOU PRINT ANY LETTERS FROM PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THE AREA. I THOUGHT THE CROUCHENDER WAS A LOCAL MAGAZINE.

J. SPENDER,  
TYNE-ON-WEAR,  
SUNDERLAND.  
Didn't I meet you in Farn Barnet? - Ed.

DEAR MALCOLM,

HAVE YOU NOTICED WHEN YOU

PLAY SIDE TWO OF FAIRPORT CONVENTION'S ALBUM LIVE AT GLASTONBURY backwards you can just about make out the word "flearpy". What does it all mean?

Eddie Grizzle,  
Muswell Hill.

What? You've never dropped a Flearpy? Where have you been man - Ed

Dear Sir,

I have just read this month's Cut The Crap and felt I must write to object.

Firstly we do not kill chickens (there are people we pay to do that.)

Secondly old buildings were meant to be knocked down. In a few years' time you'll be moaning when they try to knock down our takeaway.

You cannot fight progress. Kentucky Fried Chicken is here to stay!  
Dr Goebbels,  
KFC spokesman.

Cluck off - Ed.

Dear Mal,

You may not remember me, but we met at the Isle of Wight festival in '69. I was the one in the purple waistcoat.

Can I please have my liver back?

Jimmy "Joss stick" Chambers,  
Hare Krishna Centre,  
Hertfordshire.

Jimmy, what is this? You had your flearpys. It was a good deal. - Ed.

Dear Sir

I sent you a postal order for copies of Fiesta and Knave at least two months ago and have yet to receive my magazines. Any funny business and I'll be on to Esther Rantzen.

Yours  
Percy Palpitante (Rev)

**Deliver your scribbles to:  
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PO Box 3415,  
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## THE CUTcrap A PERSONAL VIEWPOINT

SACRILEGE! That's what I call it, how can anybody do it to a fine building that's as much a landmark in this community as The Clocktower.

The property in question is the lovely old Bank building opposite the Clocktower, you know the one, that at this moment is being completely butchered by an army of builders and what is the reason for this disfigurement on a fine piece of local architecture? 'CHICKENS' DEAD CHICKENS' Yes - a deep fried dead chicken emporium is what's in store for all dead chicken enthusiasts in the Village.

I suppose the powers that be in the Haringey Council's Planning Dept. feel so strongly that we need another fast food takeaway, ney MEGA TAKEAWAY, in Crouch End, that they gave the thumbs up to the rape of a fine old building.

After all it will generate rateable income for Ze Republic of Haringey to squander at will

So who do we blame then? The landlords? Well, No, the building was empty for some time, so they could have been des-

perate especially in a recession. Then it must be the Chicken Killers. Well errr! No, not really. They are just another business wanting to expand. No - the finger of suspicion is definitely pointed at the planning dept. What body of people in their RIGHT MIND gave the O.K. for this one?

With no consideration for public opinion or affected businesses and has anybody in the afore-said dept taken a walk around Crouch End just to see if we really need another takeaway food establishment or if it would be sympathetic to the chosen building, I doubt it. An empty building generates no rates - a full building does, or perhaps someone, somewhere in the Republic has a secret dead chicken fetish, so great a fetish, that shadows all vision of what is right and what isn't.

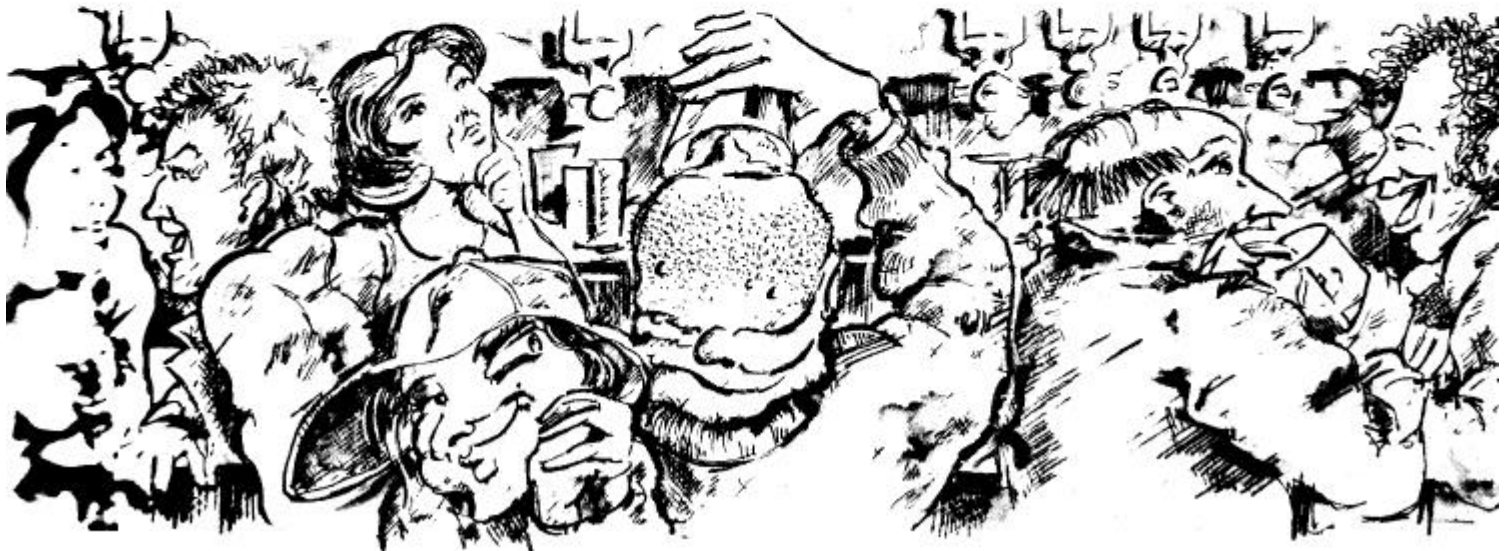
So let's cut the crap! If OUR council think they can ride roughshod over public opinion and bow so easily to the finger lickin' filthy lucre there is one way for one and all to really give them the bird.

It's called a vote....USE IT!





**W**ell a double chin is fair enough,  
And it's what you ought expect  
But it's a bloody different story  
When there's one on the back of your neck  
There's stubble round the corner too  
And a set of ears to match  
A fisherman's daughter could fail for it  
And think she'd landed a catch.  
Invite a rake of pimples in  
To complete the face, by heck!  
You look just like your daddy  
Said the old woman to the back of the neck  
You could take it to the altar then  
And make everything correct  
God bless and keep the both of you  
Said the priest to the back of the neck  
And in the public house one day  
Says a man who wasn't drunk  
Excuse me Sir but I'm bound to declare  
By God! You're back to front  
You would be drinking pints of course  
And smoking a cigarette  
While the wife is giving out orders  
To the very soles back of the neck  
In the office or the factory  
You would keep your self-respect  
Demand the double wages  
For yourself and the back of the neck  
But when you die and meet your Maker  
It ought come as a bit of a blow  
You there, get up the stair  
The other fellow goes down below.



# LEY LINES

**FRIENDSHIP can't be intellectualised. It's not something about which we can learn rules.**

Friendship and loving are arts, but not some kind of commercial art so we can impress people. Friends are free individuals who risk being themselves with each other – people who share their uniqueness and delight in seeing each other grow as a result of their shared relationship. The minute they slip and the art becomes manipulation like commercial art, friendship is gone.

The right things must happen when friends are together – not enjoyment, although they do enjoy each other: not measurable growth, although they learn from each other and grow; not pleas-

ant strokes, although they affirm and support each other – it's just that between them right things happen. The clues about the rightness – and about the love that goes with it – are in their eyes, in the tone of their voices, in their laughter, in the way they take leave of each other, in the warm feelings which linger on when they are apart.

**In place of a lusting or desiring there is a knowing that it is good when they are together – that's enough.**

Many of us wish we had a magic formula for making friendship happen. We don't. We've got to take the risk of fumbling our way into friendships. We've got to be open to them and willing to

reveal ourselves in them, with all that involves.

It's an awesome responsibility to have someone as your friend. Never again can you not care what becomes of them or forget the feelings you now have for each other.

It's an awesome responsibility but it is one about which you should feel good – one which helps you feel more complete, more of a person than you would be without that friendship. You're more because of your relationship.

*Without friends, we cannot be fully human. We have to be, and to have, friends. Friendship is the risk of living on the edge, but not alone.*

## Mother to be

Alone in her world,  
She cursed herself.

So young,  
Yet no one to turn to.

Trapped in the quickly drawing  
curtain,  
Yet slowly she loved her burden.

She loathed the thoughts of her baby.  
She hated it, but strongly loved it.

She cried like a twisted virgin  
Yet, gently she nursed her burden.

So young,  
Yet a mother to be.

So trapped,  
And yet so free...

Stephen Pavlou

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# SHERGAR FOUND!

## MISSING MARE MYSTERY SOLVED

By JOE CORAL

**KIDNAPPED** racehorse Shergar has been grazing in the beer garden of the Hope and Anchor pub for the past 10 years, a regular claimed this week.

Unemployed Jamie Fitzpatrick made the stunning allegation to his ex-girlfriend on Monday night.

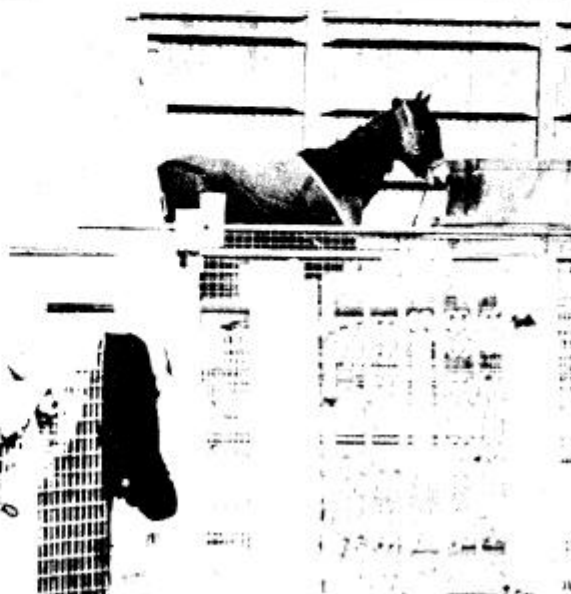
He told her that in 1983 when the prizewinning stallion was snatched in Ireland he "and a couple of mates" found the horse dumped on the hard shoulder of the Dublin-Limerick motorway.

"We put him in the back of our truck and took the ferry to Holyhead. We didn't stop till we hit Park Road."

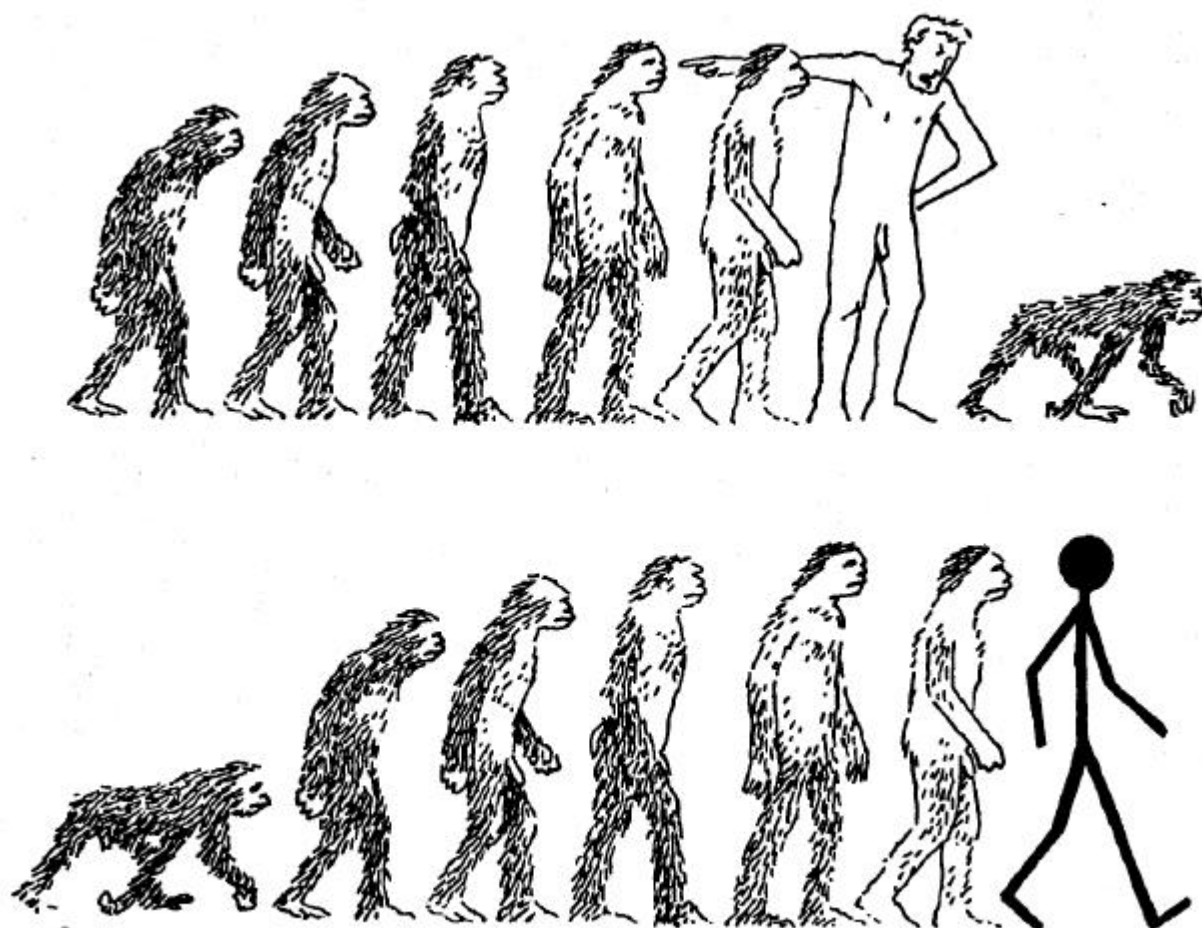
For five long years Jamie kept Shergar in his council flat in Chettle Court before a kind-hearted barman allowed him the use of the outside toilets in the Hope and Anchor — under the nose of officers at Hornsey police station next door.

A spokesman for Ladbrokes commented: "This is amazing. Only yesterday we had a fellow in here who put £500 on the chances that Shergar would be found at the back of a Hornsey pub. A Mr Fitzpatrick I think it was."

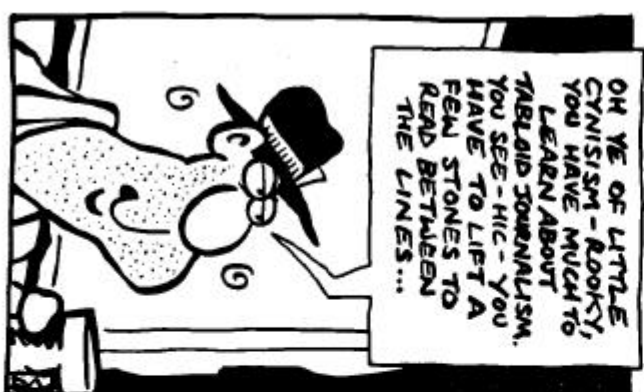
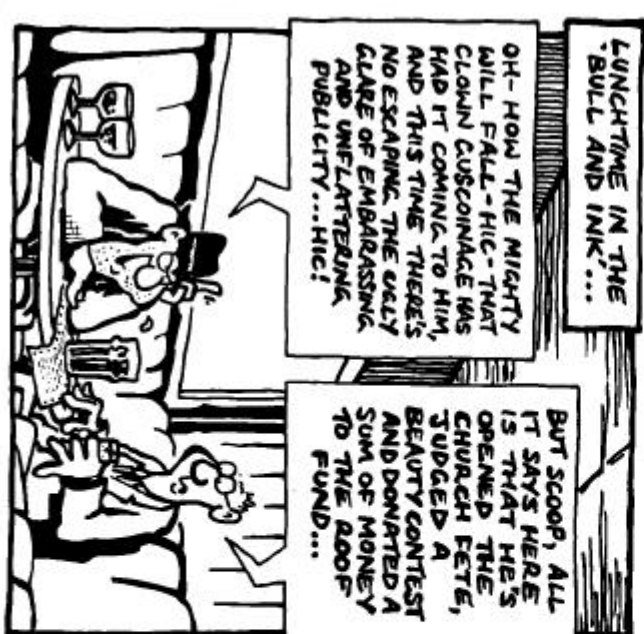
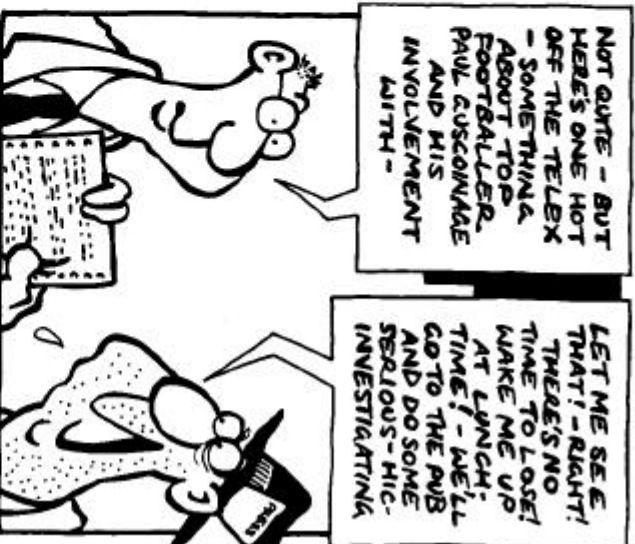
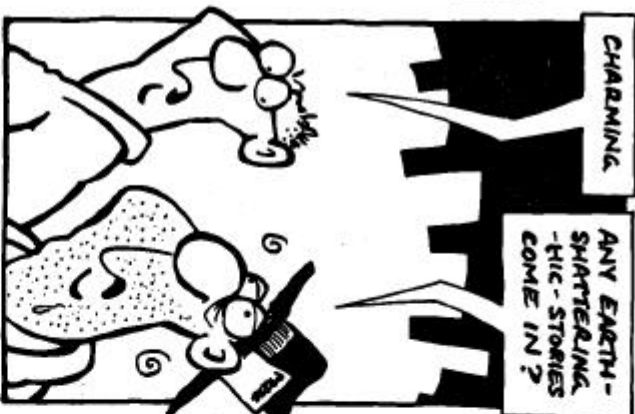
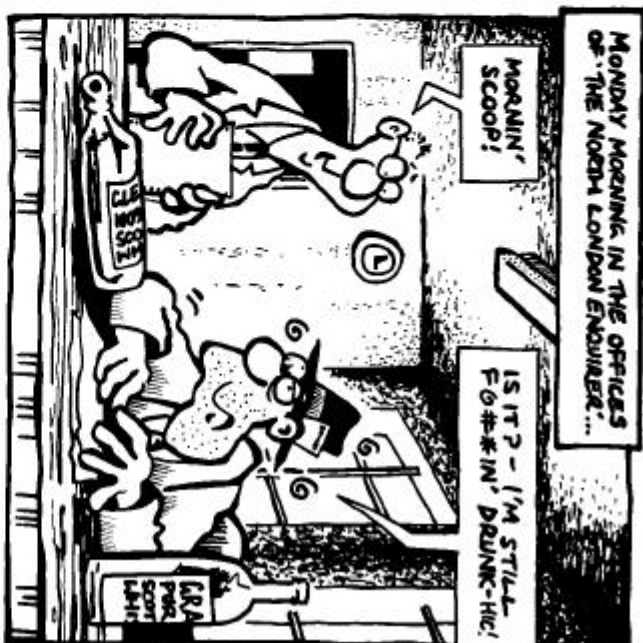
**CrouchEnder Picture Exclusive!**



**The Nag's head: Could this be Shergar?**







## THE VISITATION

**Mick.** How is it hanging Pat? You look a bit pale.

**Pat.** I need a drink, Mick, now! My nerves are rattling like a box of smarties. Jesus Christ came to see me last night.

**Mick.** Is that a fact Pat?

**Pat.** As sure as God's in Heaven Mick, J.C. Himself

**Mick.** What did he say to you, Pat?

**Pat.** "Pat", he said, "where am I going wrong, what am I doing wrong?" Says I. "Well since you are asking I will endeavour to enlighten you, sit yourself down and listen for once." Then I told him.

**Mick.** You did?

**Pat.** "Those stunts you pull- walking on water for example. that was just showing off, turning water into wine - well I'll to for that one, that was a good one and fair play to yourself, for as you know I like a drink myself, you deserve the credit for that one and a few more like it wouldn't go amiss in this area, But come here and listen carefully to me. The way you have been running around lately, well Lord save us! waking up dead people and calling them fourth and all of that, feeding rakes of people on bread and fish, all the conjuring tricks, all the bloody miracled man - that's where you're going wrong".

**Mick.** And what did he say to that, Pat?

**Pat.** He said, "So What". "So what?" said I. "You could be bloody crucified, that's what!" Oh! Not here comes that bloody heathen, McClusky, I'll be off up to Saint Mary's for the 7o'clock mass.

**Mick.** Good Night, Pat.

**Pat.** God Bless, Mick.

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# Ralph: The Bald Truth!

**Spurs ace Ralph Coates lifted the lid on soccer's best kept secret this week: "I'm hairy as a monkey's arse!"**

The England international has had to wear a surgical skull cap for the past two decades to hide his long flowing tresses.

Ralph was first forced to conceal his hirsute head as an apprentice with Chester.

He told CrouchEnder Sport: "I met up with this



Ralph last week

bloke in a pub who became my agent. He said what I needed was a trademark, George Best was known for the hair, Martin Chivers for his beard, Steve Heighway for his moustache and Jimmy Greaves for his drinking habit.

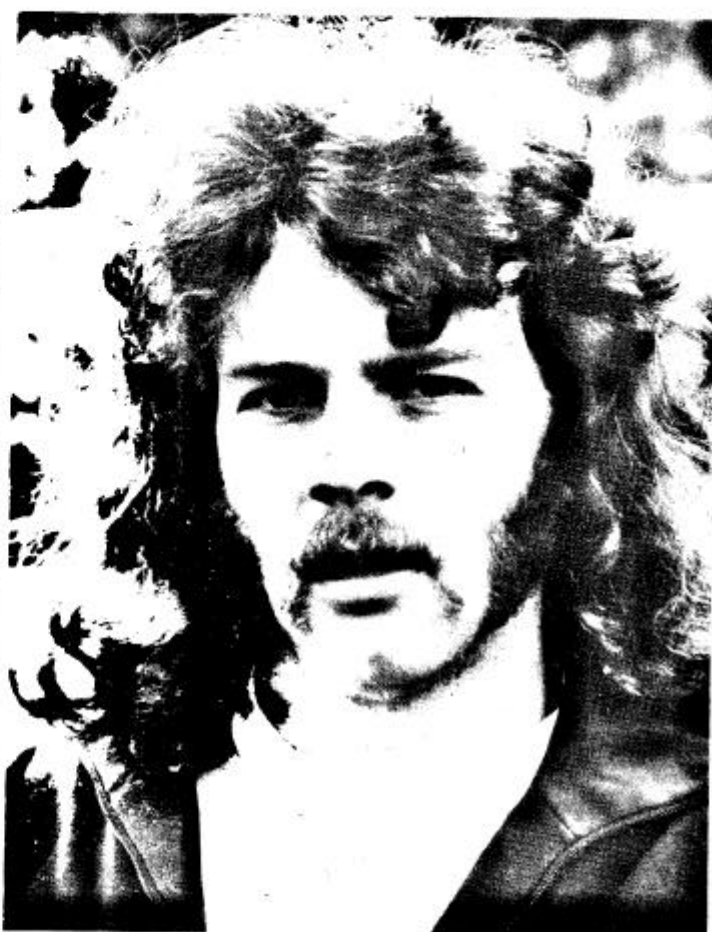
"He convinced me that I should become a slap-head."

Ralph has been the victim of cruel chants from the terraces ever since. "Where's Your Long Hair Coates" was just one of a number of vicious attacks on the midfield maestro.

"I was young, naive," added Ralph. "I have lived a lie for too long. But now I have realised that to be a truly great player you must be honest with the fans. I have hair and I'm proud."

Fans will see the new look Ralph when he returns to the first team.

He has been out of the side for 26 years following a hamstring injury.



The real Ralph: as his fans will see him on Saturday...probably.

## SANSOM SENSATION

By Harry Harassed

**ARSENAL fans were in mourning this week following the shock decision by Kenny Sansom to leave the club.**

The Gunners hero put in a transfer request to boss George Graham on Monday.

"I don't think me and George have hit it off, said Kenny. "He hasn't picked me once since we won the Littlewoods Cup in 1987 — not even for the reserves."

The full-back added: "I got so desperate I told him I'd go into the ladies' team if he paid for the operation. But no."

Arsenal supremo Graham countered: "Kenny? Is he still with us? No I think you've got it wrong. He left years ago. It was about the time I joined. Yes that's it, he went to join some team a few divisions below."

Kenny's mum Edna Sansom said: "Don't mind Kenny. He's got his O-levels next year and he's just got into this lying thing. Just because his name is Kenny Sansom he tells all his friends he used to play for England and all that."

"He doesn't even like football."



Kenny: a player with real flares.

# THE HARLEQUIN

071-281-8-281



# THE Crouch Ender



Crouchender Publishing Ltd.

Issue no. 5

FREE FOR ALL

November 1993

## INSIDE THIS CRACKAJACK ISSUE:

p12 Grub Spy ★ p3 Barmy Bernie ★ p10 & 11 Village Choice ★ p17 Scoop Cooper

# FAWKE OFF!

**"Penny for the Gonzalez": flaming row blazes over bonfire balls-up!**

By Robin Nedwell

**H**aringey Council has banned schoolchildren in the borough from celebrating Guy Fawkes Night.

Instead they have asked kids to remember obscure Chilean revolutionary Marquez Lopez Gonzales.

### Bangers and mash

Authority members defended the decision to give Guy the elbow. Councillor Harry Listless, chairman of the *'I'm Sorry You Must Have Mistaken Us For An Authority That Actually Cares About People'* joint sub-committee said: "Yes it's going to be great. There'll be no more bonfires and fireworks. We're going to get youngsters to

dress up in traditional Chilean dress and march down Wood Green High Road shouting 'Tories Out.' The banning has caused the biggest row since Xmas was called off in 1987.

### Halry

Then, militants from the League of Women Against Immac persuaded councillors to pass a motion that Santa was a "dangerous white bearded symbol of male aggression".

The annual fireworks display at Ally Pally will be replaced by a "lengthy yet worthy" speech about the life of Gonzalez by Tariq Ali.

### Ecstasy

Firework fan Darren Dead-head commented: "Yo, techno, techno, safe, wot, innit. Later."



## STARS SNUB CROUCH END - "I'm out" says top singer

**S**uperstar Vince Hill is leaving Crouch End — and taking loads of celebrities with him!

The blue-eyed heartthrob has had enough of the "Beverly Hills of North London".

"Me, Bernie Flint and Mick Roberston from Magpie — we've had

enough!" Said Vince, who sang lots of good songs.

"This place is too showbizzy. I need somewhere I can unwind after a hard night on the cabaret circuit.

"I don't want Raymond Baxter from Tomorrow's World knocking at all times of

the night. The days of women and late nights are over."

Vince's decision to quit comes hot on the heels of the departure of Bobby Crush last month.

Bobby quit his council flat in Hornsey to move to his mum's in Clapton.

Vince added: "Like Bobby — who is a personal friend of mine — I'm not a young man.

This place is like a pressure cooker"

Vince's aunt Sheila, will be putting up the singer in her home in Corby "until he can find a nice cosy flat of his own".



# MALCOLM

## THE VOICE OF CROUCH END

You find me mildly stoned, gently stroking my beard to the soothing strains of Emerson Lake and Palmer.

I am also in a state of near undress. Pulling on my loons about an hour or three ago a strange rainbow-coloured thought struck me.

It pierced me as hard and as sudden as a Townsend riff. A wild thought. It whispered: "Mal my man, could you possibly share with us the geographical position of your head at this juncture? Or put simply - where are you at, brother?"

Now if my mystic Barry had come on with a similar number I would have happily launched forth and described the shape of Astra's hips (thin, rounded

and particularly happening in crushed velvet). But alone, barefooted, I lifted a mouthful of bran and mused "Where indeed?"

In a time I like to call BC - Before CrouchEnd - my mind was on life's M25 - busy, polluted and full of mean bastards in trucks. Today, glowing with the embers of your affectionate response to my last four offerings (OK the first three) I can easily pinpoint my location head-wise.

I am in a quiet country lane just north of Vibesville on the planet Haze. In other words you are reading the thoughts of a happy cat. An old toothless dude from Galway shared a secret with me in 1972: "Take it from me," he said, "All sanity ends at Park Road." He is now in a



Turkish prison and I am entering my fifth month AC. If this is insanity I want it king-sized and well rolled.

Crouch End and the CrouchEnd is a state of mind. So go ahead, crum-

ble them up, lick the paper and take a deep draw.

It's the best and, in the nicest sense, the cheapest gear in town.

*Malcolm Mallow*  
Editor

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A sad, lonely childhood,  
psychiatric help and regular use of substances  
(see above)

## Tribes of Crouch End No.9 Bruce 'The Bruce' Bartender

**Name:** Bruce 'The Bruce'

Bruceman Bartender or

Antipodeus Inevitibus

**Habitat:** Behind most bars, but more than likely Dicks Bar.

**Appearance:** Unshaven younger version of Paul Hogan. Vest and shorts (even when it's cold), unshaven, farts a lot, travelcard in back pocket.

**Pets:** "Yeesh! Got a roo back in Oz".

**Things he says:** Anything starting with "Yeesh! On my ranch back in Oz"; "Yeesh! A can o' VB"; "Yeesh! Yeesh! and, sometimes, Yeesh! Aba--aa--rbie back in Oz is great!", and the old favourite to waiting bar customers: Aaaaaaaah wait your turn and stop whingein'!"

**Likes:** Fizzy beer, stuffing socks down his Y fronts, INXS, and men (yes, our old friend Bruce is serving



in the closet, as they say).

**Hates:** Pommies, designer wear, shaving, feminists and being called the descendent of a convict.

**Least likely to say:** "I'm only here because Australia's a S\*\*thouse, really" "May I help you, please?"

# I found my thrill on MUSWELL HILL!

By Slim Domino, Our man at the roundabout

**A**retired school teacher has been telling pals: "I got my end away on Muswell Hill."

Bald bachelor Reg Barley claimed the hill-top village was "not a bad place to meet single like-minded people"

## Pastilles

Reg, 61, who taught maths and geography, said: "Although there is very little to do in Muswell Hill it can provide some entertainment for those who are prepared to look for it."

"The churches, for instance, are very pretty and then you have that nice roundabout."

Reg has criticised the recent flood of Muswell Hill Jokes circulating around Crouch End.

## Mints

Gags have included "How many Muswell Hill-ites does it take to change a lightbulb? Two one to change it the other to take Annabel to piano lessons!" and the unreasonably cruel "why did the chicken go to Muswell Hill? 'Cos he was Fxxking lost."

Reg stormed: "These so-called jokes are a slur on the good name of Muswell Hill, I had a brilliant time, I even got shagged."

But the shiny domed

egg head later confessed: "Shag is perhaps too strong a word for it. More of a snog really."

**Have you have a good night out in the Hill? Did your evening in Muswell go well?**

**Well, we want to hear from you. Tell us in no more than 15 words why you went to Muswell Hill and what the f\*\*k you did there and we'll the give the best one a free seven-day bus pass.**

Entries to: I Found My Thrill, THE CROUCHENDER PO Box 3415, N4 4EN.



Shag: Reg, last night

## BALMY BERNIE

By Geoffery Dickens (Con).

**T**ottenham was this week rocked after Bernie Grant said **NOTHING controversial!**

The firebrand MP kept schtum for a staggering 24 hours!

## Pardon

He **BLASTED** nobody, **ACCUSED** not a soul and **UPSET** absolutely no-one!

He **DID NOT** slag off the Government/police etc, **TOOK A REST** from banging on about racism and **STOPPED HIMSELF** from blaming the press for every problem on the planet.

## Come again

"I cannot believe it," remarked one constituent.

"What's going on? He must be up to something."

The bearded barrel-shaped barnstormer has recently upset just about everyone this side of sanity.

## Just Once More

A source close to the burly and, let's face it, occasionally barny parliamentarian, revealed: "he's actually on holiday but Ken Livingstone's here if you want him."

**HAVE YOU GOT A SCANDAL? THEN CALL RORY SANDAL, THE CROUCHENDER'S CHIEF REPORTER ON 081 340 7214**



# CrapEnder!



## Wayne: "It sent me to Sleep"

**D**ance star Wayne Sleep last night launched a blistering attack on our fourth issue.

In an astonishing letter to editor Malcolm Mellow, the ballet and tap genius labelled our bumper birthday edition last month as "puerile", and "not very funny at all".

"I am astonished after three very good issues that you saw fit to bring out an edition lacking in style grace

and wit," he wrote. "Frankly I was disappointed."

In particular, the fleet-footed dancer continued, "I found the Les Dawson is alive story distasteful. I worked with Les on a Red Hot Shoe special and I know he wouldn't have liked it."

Editor Mr Mellow made a weak attempt last night to defend the edition already nicknamed "the one you wouldn't put at the bot-

tom of your parrot's cage".

"What can I say," he mused. "It was one of those months."

### What the stars said:

"It was a not inconsiderable failure, oh yes."

**John Major**

"They let themselves down."

**Yootha Joyce**

"String 'em up."

**Judge Pickles**

**Marcel Marceau**

"I blame the parents."

**Claire Rayner**



Number 4: the offending issue

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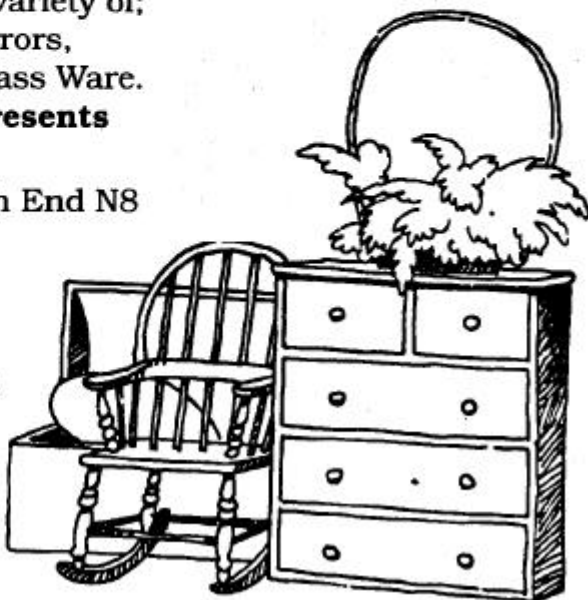
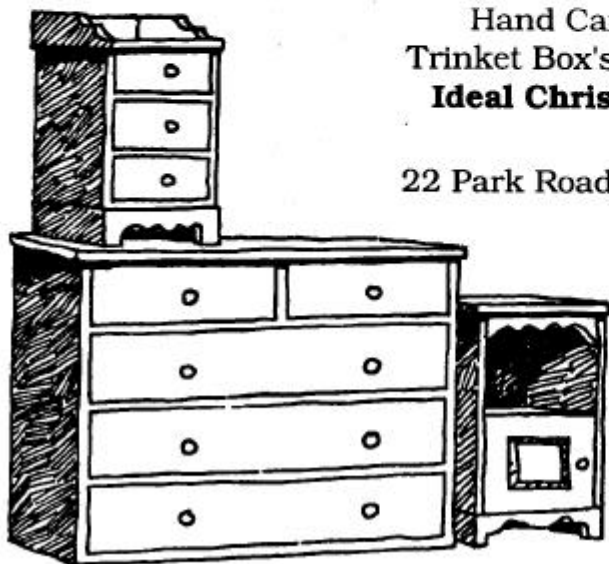
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# BEGORRAH!

♣ Kelly Sham-rocked by accent arrest ♣

By Sean Sheep

**H**enry Kelly was under arrest last night charged with being in possession of an irritating Irish accent.

The quiz show maestro was stopped leaving the Gresham nightclub in Archway and immediately detained under the 1983 Offences Against the Ear Act.

## Blarney

He faces charges of acting in an 'overtly charmless manner' and making Irish people cringe uncontrollably during his Euro-game

show *Going For Gold*.

Kelly, 49, has been under suspicion of saying cod Irish phrases such as "ahhh now git away with you" "a pint of the black stuff I'm dy'n of the thirst" and, during a trip to Cork in 1978, "shure you can't beat an old Foster and Allen ballad".

## Guinness

Members of the Gardai Shiochana in Dublin praised their British counterparts for nabbing the Classic FM "Plastic Paddy".

When confronted last night he is alleged to have asked officers: "Would ye be having me on at all with them there cuffs, what".

Commander Bamber Felsham, who heads the Yard's linguistic squad, believes he has enough evidence to put the well-groomed star away "for a considerable amount of time".

## Shovel

"It's not an Irish thing" said Cmdr Felsham. "But come on - nobody in Ireland speaks like that and well he knows it. Kelly has had it coming to him."

Finnbarr Furey, a member of folk group The Furey Brothers and Davey Arthur, said: "That man's been making love to the Blarney Stone for years....to be sure."



**Kelly: Whale oil beef hooked.**

Est. 25 years

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# KEITH FLETT

A MONTHLY MESSAGE FROM THE BUNKER



## Crouch End - From Little Moscow to Little Minds?

**W**hen my father moved south from Scotland he lived in Crouch End. That was in the 1940's. Even now you don't need to prompt him much before he comes out with memories of Crouch End fifty years ago. So I can reasonably claim that as someone who was born and bred in Bounds Green, Crouch End has been a subject dear to my heart for most of my youth and all my adult life.

✂ ✂ ✂ ✂

In the late 1960's and early 1970's as a bearded youth my visits to Crouch End gradually became more frequent not least because it was at the time one of the few areas of the borough where you could get a decent pint of beer. The, as now The Queens, sold Directors and The Railway was one of the very few pubs in the area never to take the handpumps out. In the early 70's this pub was packed with students and lefties and a potman who had strong physical if not political resemblance to Eric Heffer. Later, just as the 1980's arrived and I started working for BT at what was then the North Area telephone office the Railway was a good source of Union gossip.

I write the above to underline to my many detractors that I do not hate Crouch End but rather have had a love

affair with place stretching back over 25 years. I am critical of what Crouch End has become in the 90's but before we get on to that I propose to dwell on the happier days of the past.

✂ ✂ ✂ ✂

In the mid 1920's, many years before I was born, Hornsey Borough Council had in its midst Henry Sarah one of the founders of British Trotskyism. In the 1920's and 1930's and perhaps up to the 70's Crouch End was considerably more working class, by whatever definition you use, than it is now. Indeed the area had a strong Communist Party which up to the 1960's got respectable votes in Parliamentary elections. My feeling is that as recently as the 1970's CP membership in the area was amongst the highest in the country. What made Crouch End a Little Moscow still puzzles me and the many ex-CPers in the area have been remarkably silent on the subject.

Going forward in time to the 60's and 70's we have recently celebrated the 25th Anniversary of the Hornsey College of Art occupation which sparked off the British student movement as we know it now. While in the 1970's both CND and the Anti-Nazi League had hundreds of members in the area.

✂ ✂ ✂ ✂

And now? What has happened to the spirit of

rebellion in Crouch End? Indeed where are the politics at all? Gone are the days when the Tories had a regular stall on the Broadway. I am not complaining. Indeed one Saturday when I was feeling particularly energetic I chased them down the Broadway, megaphone in hand. But where have they gone? To the bankruptcy courts everyone, victims of the very Tory policies they used to espouse maybe? Labour too, although it held out longer, has departed leaving only CND and the perennial Socialist Worker sellers.

Have you noticed though that even here those who shout "Socialist Worker, 40p" are not the earnest youths one sees elsewhere but middle aged gents who look as if they might be professionals carrying out a study as to what has happened to socialism in Crouch End?

✂ ✂ ✂ ✂

And my final piece of evidence. The march in early August to protest at the circumstances of the death of Jay Gardner which, in case you have forgotten as you study your house price index, took place not five minutes walk from the Clock Tower. The march was big and peaceful and yours truly shouldered the Haringey Trades Council banner. Some Crouch Enders were there it is true. But the overwhelming majority seemed to come from elsewhere in the Borough. Noticeable too that some of the shops were boarded up. It was almost as if Crouch End was saying, No thank you, we do not wish to be reminded of our radical past. Am I right? I hope not as I will explain further another time. But I am having increasing doubts.

I remain, yours sincerely

*Keith Flett*

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# LETTERS

Dear Sir,

I am writing to express my concern and to alert fellow CrouchEnders to the activities of a colleague of mine, who has been posing as a tramp in the Crouch End area. Most frequently he can be seen in a cardboard box outside the Haelan Centre and Budgens. He is a public nuisance, pestering passers-by for organic crusts and money. He needs to be exposed as he works full time as a library assistant, is doing a PHD in stock management and is not the illiterate he makes out to be.

He suffers from delusions of grandeur, goes by the name of Baron Thomas, and gives his postal address as Crouch Hall Rd, N8. The Baron is easily identifiable - he is of unkempt appearance - wild locks and flowing beard, dressed in garments from the Cancer Research shop.

I would like to ask readers not to encourage him. I intend to start a campaign to have him evicted to Muswell Hill.

Yours public spiritedly  
A. Librarian.

**The scoundrel - I gave him 50p last Friday - Ed**

Dear CrouchEnders,

You disgust me. If you think your readers have missed the fact that 'The CrouchEnders' is an anagram of 'Nude Crotch Here' you are mistaken.

There's nothing worse than pornography masquerading as a respectable publication.

Steve Wright  
Hornsey

**Can anyone else out there dream up some witty anagrams of The CrouchEnders? Then again, don't bother - Ed**

Dear CrouchEnders

You make me smile,  
You make me stop and think a while,  
What am I doing? Why am I here?

Will I still be doing this next year?  
Give me a life and give me a job

Or in my beer I'll cry and sob.

I sense your cosmic healing rays -

Our ley lines crossed in olden days,  
Our collective conscious feels it too.

The only problem is, Do You?

Yours sincerely from start to end

And may your mind-sets always bend.

C.G.

**Cosmic Mega-space aka Highgate**

**Mum - I told you not to write to me at work - Ed**

Dear Sirs,

Contrary to popular belief the old bank building soon to become a Kentucky Fried Chicken was not empty prior to its new identity. The vaults were used as a recording/rehearsal studio by local band, 'The Laughing Stock'. Having the protection of a tenancy agreement they naturally presumed that any dispute over occupancy would be fought via the normal legal procedures. Very unwise. The vaults were forcibly opened and this poor, struggling but wonderfully talented band was relieved of £8-9,000 worth of equipment. The police made a note of the robbery then stuck their collective helmets back in the sand. Six months later legal aid is still anxiously awaited.

Some hairy-arsed builder is now paving over delicate recording equipment as well as a range of expensive customised

instrumentation.

Don't count your chickens just yet, hairy arse, because you'll be up before the beak soon.

**S. Donaghue  
on behalf of  
The Laughing Stock.**

**Thanks Steve keep us in touch - Ed**

Dear Sir,

I do not know who the old man with the halo is in the photo on page 17 of the October issue. But I

am the girl standing on the road on the left, in front of Ryders, dressed in Crouch End gear of flat shoes, leggings, big sweater and beret - all in black - in Crouch End stance of folded arms and head on one side, waiting to stop a W5 bus in an awkward place! (What do you mean there were no W5's in 1893?) For my prize can I have a year's free subscription to the CrouchEnders?

Polly Anna

**Get a life - Ed**

## CUT THE crap

A PERSONAL VIEWPOINT

**SUPERMARKETS - SI BLOODY HATE 'EM. Bloody great barns filled with aisles upon aisles of mass produced own label crap, robotic type shelf fillers grim faced check out persons, and to make the picture complete a steady procession of androids pushing gigantic baskets on wheels.**

Yes, that's us the so called customers, following each other like some human snake, petrified to stop or pause in case we cause a snarl up equal to a M25 special!

**STRESS** - you better believe it. When you eventually fill your cart the next obstacle is the checkout which on a bad day can be compared to the Krypton Factor assault course.

What a great feeling to see your purchases hurtling toward you on a turbo-charged conveyor belt, trying your hardest to stop a messy head-on collision between your baked beans and the yogurts, and all this to the distant chants of

PHEW and TUT TUT as you fail miserably to pack 100 quid's worth of groceries into cheap plastic carrier bags in 30 seconds flat!

Now just hang on a minute - what ever happened to service? Can you remember the days when it was service with a smile? When shop assistants and the like used to know what they were selling and made you special - only too glad for your custom? What happened then, you may well ask.

**PROFITS** - big profits, billion pound type profits, that's the sort of money they earn out of you and me.

But they haven't got the time to serve us, **SERVE YOURSELF** is their motto, help yourself, pack yourself, give us yer money and piss off, because behind you is the never ending queue.

**IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT A BAR CODE YOU DON'T EXIST.**

Oh, for those halcyon days of civility and service and, dare I say it, **VALUE FOR MONEY!**

Gone, but definitely not forgotten.



# THE VILLAGE CHOICE

A selection from our mailbag : All your own work

## An Open Letter to The Enemies Of Stationer's Park

**O**n behalf of the residents of Hornsey Vale I would like to thank you Young People for the sterling work you have done to the playground in Stationers Park.

Who would have believed you could have got so much graffiti on such a small amount of equipment. You are to be congratulated on your artistry. It is obvious that some of you have spent sometime with the Boy Scouts. How else could you have managed to set fires with only a few matches and some flameproof wood? It is next to miraculous that some of the park is still standing. I would have thought that with a little scouting ingenuity and more kerosene you could have set the whole park ablaze by now.

As for the younger children who might not see the missing planks of wood, (how can they see them if they are not there you may well ask) they must learn

the hard way, I know, and a few broken limbs amongst the sturdy three and four year olds will teach them to look first and cry after. Those young limbs heal so quickly, don't they?

And the gate! How did you young people manage that? Of course it was

that they can discover and play with broken pieces of wood thereby learning what you must have learned by now, namely never to rub two broken planks of wood together without gardening gloves. Oh, how those splinters can hurt, can't they.

Thank you for the bro-

Thank God the council have not found the money to put gates on the upper section of the park. For once their excuses have not fallen on deaf ears. Dead maybe, but never deaf.

I for one, plan on visiting the park more often now although I prefer the night time. That way I can play some of the same games those young people have been playing. Can you imagine their faces when I sneak up behind them with a baseball bat and a mask over my face? What fun we'll have! Unless of course those nasty council members actually get off their bottoms and put some gates on the entrances to the park. Then maybe I won't hear what the policeman said to me when I called up to ask why there was so much noise in the park around midnight one night last week. He said, rather profoundly, I thought: "Well, there are no gates on that part of the park", DON'T YOU JUST LOVE 'EM?

By V.G. Lantle



ridiculous to keep that gate on the young children's play area. They must have felt terribly claustrophobic being cooped up in there, supposedly for their own protection. How lucky they are that you were able to dismantle and break up the gate as well as several sections of the fence so

ken bottles you leave behind at night. The poor children who cannot bring toys to the park appreciate your consideration in also leaving behind open spray cans, soft drink cans, fast food wrappers and all those lovely sharp objects small children just love to put in their mouths.

## PARFITTER'S PEOPLE - Out and about with Hugo Parfitter

Friday saw me ensconced on Diane Keene's velveteen sofa, munching Budgen's ginger creams. Di's joined forces with lovely Linda Bellingham, between jobs but in fine fettle. They've been dashing round like mad things trying to save a tree from developers in Crescent Road. It's panic stations! They plan to link hands around the trunk. More Anon. All donations to the biscuit box went to the cause. Hearts of gold both.

Still smarting from an exchange with Eddie Large when he turned up unan-

nounced at the Queens last week. Genius can have it's dark side. Sorry Eddie, my mistake! Full marks to little Tina Botha though for saving the day and giving up her pint.

Many congrats to newlyweds Bill and Kaye Seaman. Saw dear old Dicky Drake at the church, drinking heavily but keeping everyone rolling in the aisles. Nice reception followed, despite a drunken Dicky insisting on a minute's silence for the anniversary of the death of Tommy Cooper. God rest his dotty soul.

All round to Melanie Shand's last Wednesday for a meeting of the Friends of University Challenge (FUC). Piping hot tea and cakes from Brian Craig helped to rally the troops. Printing leaflets as I write. Our slogan is "Bring Back Bamber Gascoigne for FUC's sake!" Maybe those telly people will listen now that Joe Public's on our side.

This week's famous face in an unlikely place is popstar Berni Flint, now working in Fads. "You could say I'm working on Broadway", chuckles the

singer, 47. So is he content to sit on his laurels? "Not on your nelly," says Berni, currently recording with busy actress turned singer, Nerys Hughes. "1974 was a good year for me but I'm no fad!" he says with a twinkle in his eye.

Sad to hear this week of the passing of Mr Gambit, Gareth Hunt's much-loved pooch. The feisty fido was killed instantly in a freak bottle bank accident last Tuesday. Apologies to all at the library but Gareth was at his wit's end, Heigh ho. *Hugo*

# THE VILLAGE CHOICE

## CROUCH END LANDMARKS: PAVING SLAB. TOPSFIELD PARADE

**This unsteady municipal facility has links with Prince Charles. How? Here's how, (Cheers! Bottoms up! Down the hatch!) (Oh, shut up! - Ed.)**

One day it fell beneath the foot of an unwary pedestrian, rocked violently, and cast him to the ground with a broken leg. An ambulance arrived in the world record time of 42 hrs 25 mins and took him straight to the local hospital's Maternity Wing, where he was delivered of a bouncing bundle of oaths.

Owing to a shortage of porters and equipment he was carried piggy-back to Casualty by a man who had come to deliver a truckload of Pampers,

and did the job on a promise from several of the nurses. In accordance with standard practice he was then left to mature for six or seven hours before they strapped on a splint, gave him a vasectomy (FREE with any Major fracture this week only !!!) and called a minicab to get him back to his flat, just around the corner.

When he got home by the quickest Minicab Knowledge route some three days later he was more than ready for a leak, which by a happy chance he found in the ceiling of his living room, directly above his brand new computer. He also found on the mat a letter from his employer sacking him, a final demand for £17,579,621.68p from Eastern Electricity and a

note from his wife saying that she had left him.

When he turned on the TV all he could get was Bobby Davro, The Civil Service Association's Chess Championships, Beadle's About and Go Fishing, The Coroner returned a verdict of sui-

cide while the balance of the mind was disturbed, and accidental death in the case of the Skye terrier he fell on.

Prince Charles? Well, his wife left him too. Small world, eh?

By Mark Land

## Trainee Luvvies hit back!

### A "Typical" Mountview Students' Night In The King's Head!

#### Dear Ed

With reference to the article written by Martin McGreevy in your last edition.

7.30pm A decision is made that money isn't everything, and we could die tomorrow, and a night's drinking is in order.

7.45 It is decided that the King's Head is the only option.

8.00 Someone reminds the other that it's best to get there early because there won't be a table or chair in sight and we'll be forced to the back of the pub to sit on the stairs, slightly too close to the dodgy smelling gents loos.

9.00 After deciding that 'Brookside' held many more attractions than the prospect of a pint of Cider, a bottle or two of Bulgarian wine is consumed.

9.45 Enter the King's Head

10.15 Get served.

10.30 Sat on the stairs getting kicked and knocked as we desper-

ately try to have a good time

10.45 Approached by two rather nice looking chaps and we chat busily about this and that, and then it happens....

"What do you do?" they ask

"We're ..emm..ex-students"

"Of what?" they ask.

"Of college" we joke.

"Which College?" they reply.

"Mountview" we gulp

"Oh"

They sidewalk away.

10.50 We skulk to the bar, order a Sol, and draw heavily on a shared Malboro Light and then we cry into our beer.

11.01 The bar staff turn from relatively friendly beings into eagle-eyed vultures, pouncing on half-finished drinks. Ashtrays are whipped and tables wiped.

11.02 We leave the pub.....ALONE.

Love from Dame Cruella Lovely & Miss Mi-Mi Dazzle (Both available for work)

The CrouchEnd

P.O. Box 3415  
London N4 4EN





# GRUB



# SPY

## PIZZA BELLA

On arrival at Pizza Bella I am received with the kind of welcome one would perhaps associate with visiting Popes. The manager embraces, clutches me to his bosom and shakes me warmly by the hand. "It's a table for one yes?" Having not yet sufficiently recovered to command the use of speech I nod and in my disorientated state am led to a quiet table smack bang in the centre of the bustling canteen. This is as busy a restaurant as you could hope to find north of the river and not the place for anybody planning a quiet candle-light affair.

Once seated I become painfully aware of the stigma attached to dining solo and I promise myself a letter to Delia Smith, discrediting her theory that 'one is fun'.

Hiding my embarrassment behind the menu I scan the selection of goodies on offer. Soup of the day entices followed by 'Americana Hot', just to show any interested onlookers, though I may be a lonely soul I do possess a certain wild cavalier trait. The manager returns with a green balloon on a piece of string which he ties to the back of my chair, hugs me once more then hurries off to pounce upon some other unsuspecting newcomers. At the salad bar an obese looking business man is devouring

what was intended to be healthy eating for fifty. With his plate piled skyscraper high and mouth bursting at the seams with coleslaw, he unashamedly negotiates a path back to his table. Obviously he's not quite grasped the rudiments of a calorie controlled diet. I am attended to by a raven haired beauty, a face that could easily adorn the cover of Cosmopolitan, dark brown eyes that cause me to melt and my stomach to churn. Indeed sensations not unlike indigestion. "Would you care to order, sir?" her voice soft as an angels sigh. "Yes, erm err, scchloop of the day".

"I beg your pardon?" "Scchloop, I mean soup err, soup of the day". As ever when confronted by a pretty face I had begun to babble incoherently. With more than a modicum of self control I completed my order.

"And to drink?" she enquired lustily. "I can recommend the Peroni".

I had wanted to answer, "I love it when you talk dirty" but a simple "errm great" came out.

The staff at Pizza Bella are young, vibrant and downright too good looking

and before my starter I had fallen head over heels in love with three waitresses. The minestrone did nothing to dampen my ardour. At various tables by the window fathers are entertaining their estranged children doing their damndest to weedle out any gossip about the absent mother. Chocolate fudge cake is a great one for loosening tongues and soon the orders come fast and furious. With little or no thought for tooth decay the offspring are readily spilling the beans bad style. I can't help thinking that the Child Support Agency would have a field day if they were to swoop on this place.

My Americana hot is hot and I might just as well be chewing on a small incendiary device, plentiful swigs of my Peroni douse the flames to a degree. Another bottle is called for, then another swiftly followed by another and with an inferno scorching my innards and bladder weighing heavy I stagger pissed like to the gents. The toilets from what I can recall were most impressive, the cold water tap most refreshing.

I decline the offer of

dessert and due to the fact that a green balloon is bobbing up and down on the back of my head I realise that a migraine is imminent. Having settled my account and donating a generous tip, phone number included, I prepare to depart. Sadly leg co-ordination when intoxicated is a major failing and I find myself reeling into an adjoining table. The birthday party of a dozen are not impressed with their uninvited guest and a sea of angry faces with green balloons sprouting from their heads make their feelings known. The manager ushers me to the door and neglects the customary embrace, probably because I am now that 'sozzled old fart' (there's always one) who makes a pratt of himself in restaurants.

Though I'm certain I don't rate high in Pizza Bella's esteem, they however, do with me.

The service is second to none, prices very competitive and atmosphere more than friendly. The food, Fantastic but think before you order anything with chillies.

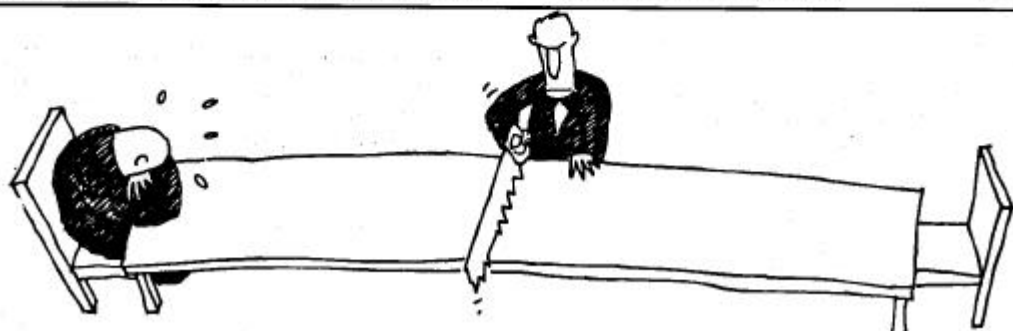
**Grub Spy Rating:** ■ ■ ■

**Grub Spy Ratings:**

■ ■ ■ Sublime

■ ■ Medium to well done

■ Which way to the Chippy



LADY PONTY SMYTHE-BARTON DIES.



## The Bird in Hand

**I was mourning the sad demise of the England squad in war torn Holland.**

According to the clique of pimply youths at the bar, the team and its manager were 'a bunch of tossers who couldn't play their way out of a Budgens carrier bag'. A strange but parochial metaphor.

Sadly the average English footballer had lost the ability to cheat whereas the Dutch were past masters in the art. 'Nuffin but clog dancing pushers' remarked a lad of questionable complexion. Their parentage? 'Dubious' came the cry. A few more cynical retorts followed along the lines of 'Daffodils' and 'Van der Valk' but soon the Summer Madness Special of Skol £1.40 a pint, was taking its toll. Nothing more than intoxicated, disenchanted murmurs spilled onto the floor and the once vocal band of warriors spent the rest of the evening studying their bile in their pints.

To be honest I wasn't feeling comfortable in their company. Perhaps a healthy smattering of Biactol would have eased my discomfort but somehow I doubt it.

Skulking off, as is my want, I chanced upon the pool table where a tense match was in full swing.



## PUB SPY

The two combatants, a slickly dressed Asian lad and a fair haired gangly youngster of Mr. Byrite leanings, eyed each other nervously. Cues were chalked, brows were mopped and a heavy smoke cloud hung over the green baize. Unable to contain my excitement I

shot! but was greeted with a stony silence. Apparently the blonde kid had neglected to pot his six yellows and so consequently lost the game. This I considered to be a minor niggle but to the assembled connoisseurs my outburst had been a disgraceful exhibition of ignorance. I

## THE BIRD IN HAND

asked a fellow spectator whether this was a big money affair. 'Ssschh!' he replied holding a finger to his lips to emphasise the point. A slurping of Guinness was distracting the players and the offending pensioner with stick, who fought for everybody in the war, was made to vacate the room.

Suddenly a crash of balls and a shot like I'd never seen - the black was sunk. Off three cushions and into the baulk corner pocket! I let out an emphatic cheer of 'Great

joined the Dunkirk veteran in the other room.

Two leather clad men about town, walrus whiskered, shaven heads entered. Dawdling at the bar, one says to the other, "Y' know this used to be a gay pub". "It's hardly that now" hissed his double. Then with a flourish, any catwalk diva would've been proud of, they minced out into the night. The puss filled features of a Yobbish type invades my space which startles me greatly though I assume his mother must

be accustomed to such a sight. "Gotta light mate" he heaves, halitosis abounding. I clumsily flick open my zippo and with hands a tremble spark up his Bensons at the fourth attempt. "Cheers pal" comes out on a rancid breath which causes my eyes to water torrentially and the dread that acne is contagious disturbs the rest of my evening.

A fearful trip to the Gents is now on the agenda, an uninviting obstacle that has to be hurdled. As ever the overpowering odour of pine and other bitter residue almost has me gagging. I wonder that a sprinkling of pot pourri would be a better served distraction. The toilets are clean enough though I wouldn't eat my dinner off the floor and the fact there are some tell tale remains of soap being once in employment, leads me to believe that the hygiene lark isn't too far gone.

The bell for last orders rings but I've had more than my fill and I depart unnoticed. Outside a cutting wind cleanses my lungs and I hurry home to unearth that bottle of clearasil from my teenage years.

The Bird in Hand has its attractions, of that I'm certain, but sadly not for me.

*Sean Arberry*

## PAT AND MICK

**MICK.** ho! Ho! Look at yourself.

**PAT.** I've just come from the hospital.

**MICK.** I thought you looked a bit pale, a slight over indulgence in the Black Beauty perhaps and your performance on the top shelf last night, well it's a wonder they didn't keep you there in the interest of Medical Research. Lord save us man you made an awful disgrace of yourself, Pat.

**PAT.** Yes, I know Mick and I'm feeling sorry for it now. But that is not the point at all, Mick.

**MICK.** So what is the point, Pat.

**PAT.** It's the sister - she has just given birth.

**MICK.** Well that calls for a celebration, what will it be?

**PAT.** 3 large Jamesons Mick, and one for myself please.

**MICK.** That's what I would call a tall order, Pat. Are you trying to tell me something here?

**PAT.** Triplets Mick, three in one can you imagine that? 27 months pregnant - 9 months for each. I think the first one out was wearing a bow tie and dancing. The nurses were delighted with him. The other two are already down for nursery school. I'm telling you she has her hands full. Three breadsnappers to feed and as you know, God only endowed a women with two milk machines, if you get my drift?

**MICK.** Amazing, Pat, simply amazing.

**PAT.** Cancel those drinks, Mick, here comes that old fornicator McClusky. I'll be off to the Whittington for a further visit.

**MICK.** Give her my best.

**PAT.** Good day, Mick, I will.



# THE (UNLIKELY) ADVENTURES OF **SCOOP COOPER** IN **'MUCK RAKER'**

SCOOP WAS WORKING  
OVERTIME DOWN AT  
THE 'BULL AND INK'...

RIGHT, NOW WHERE  
WAS I? ... OH YEAH,  
TOMORROW'S HEADLINE  
"NAUGHTY NIGHTIE  
NYMPHO IN FURRY  
LOVE TRIANGLE -  
SAYS DOCTOR SPANK"  
MMMM - I LIKE THAT...



O.K. RON! - THAT  
WILL BE MY - HIC -  
GOVERNOR - DAVE  
SCUMIVAN, THE  
SLEAZE-BALL  
PUBLISHER...



'ERE SCOOP -  
PHONE CALL  
FOR YOU...

DAVE SCUMIVAN - PUBLISHER OF  
THE NORTH LONDON ENQUIRER

'AVE YOU GOT THAT  
HEADLINE YET COOPER?!

YEAH DAVE - HIC - IT'S  
ALL UNDER CONTROL...



BUT

I CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER  
DAY LIKE TODAY! THOSE  
KIDS WEAR ME OUT! -  
I NEED A DRINK, PHEN!

RELAX MICHAEL... JACKSON  
IS JOINING US ON MONDAY -  
HE'LL BE TAKING THE JOB  
AS THE NEW P.E. TEACHER



SCOOP, SCOOP? - ARE YOU THERE?

DAVE! DAVE! - YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO BELIEVE THIS!  
- I'VE JUST GOT OURSELVES  
THE STORY OF THE CENTURY!  
- LOOK, THERE'S NO TIME TO  
EXPLAIN, I JUST TRUST ME 'COS  
THIS IS BIG TIME DAVEYBOY!  
- REAL MAJOR LEAGUE STUFF!!



... ALRIGHT COOPER,  
GO AHEAD WITH IT,  
BUT DON'T FORGET  
I'M STILL PAYING  
FOR THAT LIBEL  
ACTION TAKEN  
OVER YOUR "FERGIE  
ATE MY PANTS"  
ARTICLE...



DON'T WORRY DAVE!  
- HIC - JUST READ  
TOMORROW'S HEADLINE  
AND YOU CAN THANK  
ME FOR IT LATER...  
I'M OFF BACK TO THE  
OFFICE NOW TO DO  
SOME SERIOUS THINKING!



'SCUSE ME!  
SUCKERS!!

WHAT A RUDE MAN!



IGNORE HIM MICHAEL - JUST THINK  
ABOUT MONDAY, WHEN FRED JACKSON  
STARTS WORK AND YOU CAN GO BACK  
TO TEACHING MATS... IT'S MY ROUND!

THE NEXT MORNING...



THE NORTH LONDON ENQUIRER  
WAS SWED FOR £2.4 MILLION  
- MR. SCUMIVAN SENT THE  
BOYS 'ROUND - AND NOW  
SCOOP WALKS WITH A LIMP.

# THE CrouchEnder

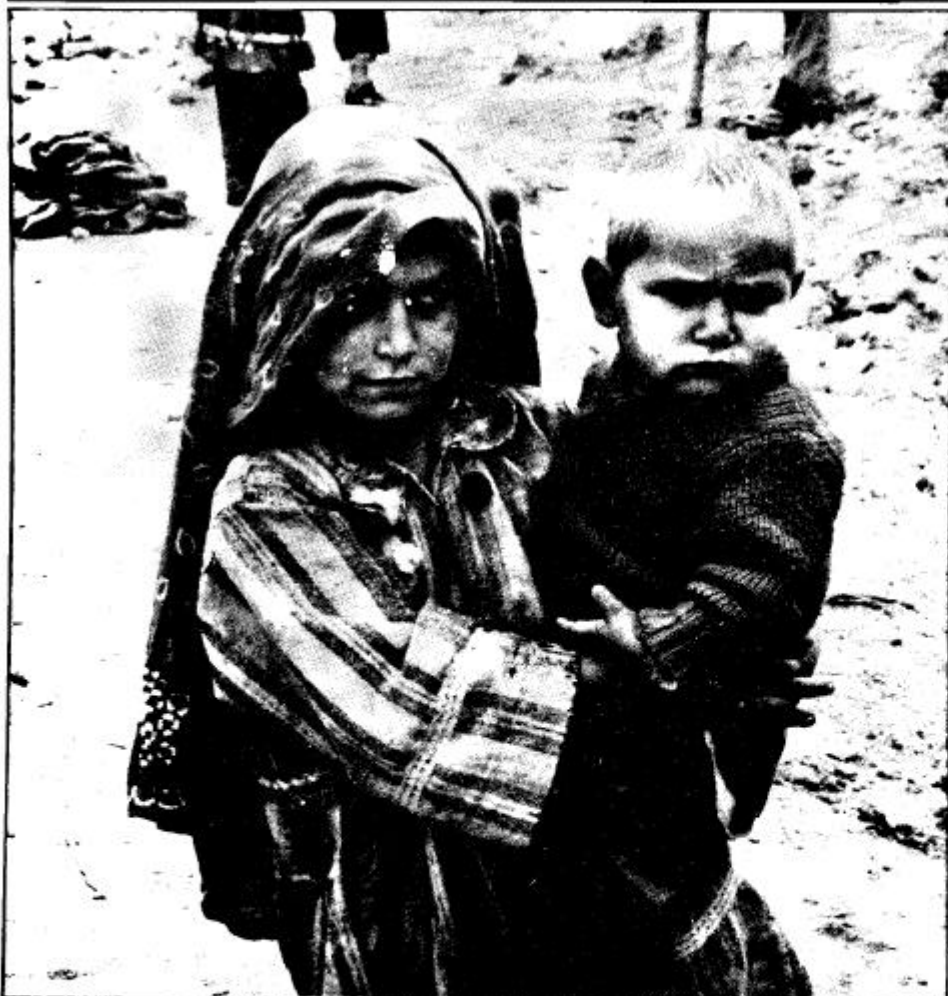
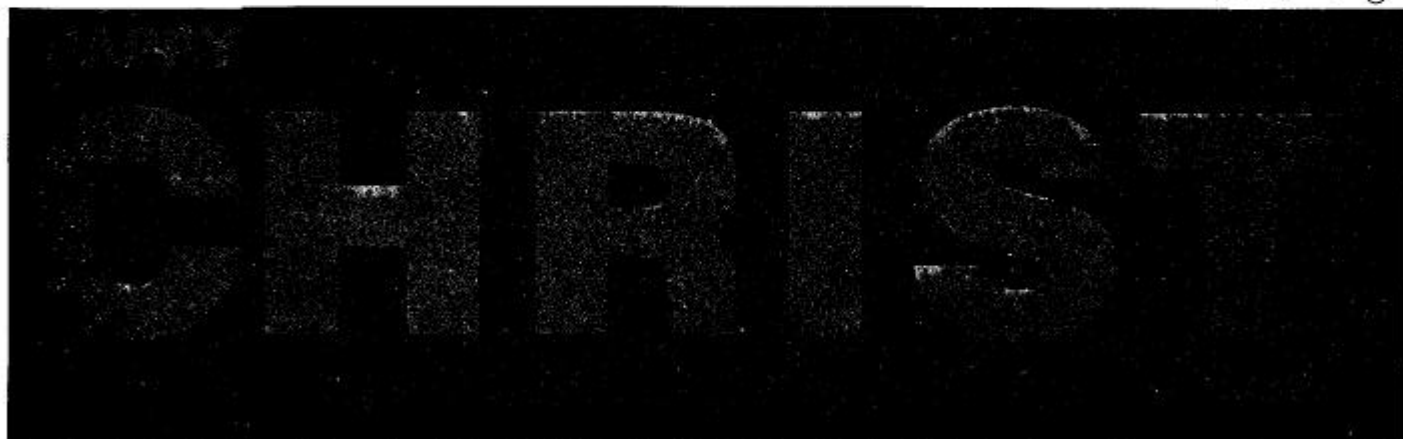
Issue no. 6

WE FREE KINGS

December 1993



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**"Many people  
have been  
capable of  
doing a wise  
thing; more a  
cunning thing;  
but very few a  
generous  
thing."**

**If you have any cash  
left over this  
Christmas, please send to:**

**Oxfam's ColdFront Appeal  
274, Banbury Road  
Oxford OX2 7DZ.**



# KEITH FLETT

A MONTHLY MESSAGE FROM THE BUNKER



## Crouch End: What ever happened to the working class?

**T**he Middle class can protest and frequently do. As promised I will return to the question of what is happening to this form of protest in Crouch End before too long.

Or more to the point where are the working class in Crouch End?

In the late 1970's I lived in Worcester a City I still love. For many years now Worcester has had a Labour Council. But one question is sharply posed by a quick walk around the centre of Worcester. Where are all the people who vote Labour? To discover the answer it is necessary to take a bus to the City limits where one finds huge working class housing estates with, of course, few pubs or shops and absolutely no other amenities at all.

A similar process has taken place in Crouch End. There are huge working class housing estates in the area. Not just the middle sized ones of Hornsey High St or at the Priory Park end of Middle Lane. No, we are talking about the monster sized Estates at Chettle Court and Hornsey Rise, A-Z at the ready, why not take a walk up there one Sunday morning rather than popping along to Church?

Anyway the central point here is that the average person alighting off the 41 bus from the proletarian heartland of Tottenham at the Clock Tower would have no clue that such places existed. This is of course no accident.

Now we know where the workers are in Crouch End the question arises as to who they might be. Clearly not miners, dockers or shipyard workers.

But rather Council clerks, Telecom, Gas and Water workers, bus and train drivers and so on. Many are unemployed. Many more in my experience are health workers, often at the Whittington Hospital.

Who speaks for these people, hidden safely out of view of central Crouch End? Certainly not the official parties. Indeed in an interesting double act the Tories bash the tenants from the safety of Whitehall while Labour kicks them where it hurts locally and both then blame the other for the result. What the Liberal Democrats are up to, given their activities elsewhere in London, I dread to think. Hopefully, in the circumstances, nothing. The answer of course is tenants groups, and there are some. Indeed one such group recently won a famous, and little report-

ed, victory at Garton House on Hornsey Rise. The Council had tried to evict them on highly dubious grounds and had to back off after a highly successful campaign including a Saturday morning march through Crouch End.

This victory should have been the talk and celebration of Crouch End. But instead as the march made its way past the Clock Tower one could see a look of angst ridden horror coming across the faces of Saturday morning shoppers at the Haelan Centre. Was this the feared workers uprising where, as at Peterloo in 1819, the workers come from the outlying areas to bring their demands to the notice of their betters? Unfortunately it was not. But I live in hope, as ever.

*Keith Flett*



**Bodie:** You look down. Still haven't decided what to do now the series is over.

**Doyle:** "Yeah, it looks like it's the old panto season again."

**Bodie:** "Have you tried writing for The Crouch Ender?"

**Doyle:** "No how does one do that then?"

**Bodie:** "It's simple partner, just pen your thoughts to:

**PO Box 3415  
London N4 4EN**

**Doyle:** Thanks mate. I love you. Seriously, not just as a tv cop.

Dear Sir

I find it childish and offensive that such a fine organ as yours has to continually poke fun at Muswell Hill.

I had a lovely meal there the other week and found it to be a very pleasant area. Its close proximity to Edgware is ideal. For homebuyers the closeness to Totteridge is very desirable.

Hang on, that's Mill Hill. Muswell Hill, now that is a S\*\*thole. Sorry to have bothered you.

Yours sincerely

Steven Howlett

Park Rd

Hornsey

**We'll do the slagging off around here Steve, if you don't mind - Ed**

Dear Malcolm,

Between 1980 and 1985 I lived in the Crouch End area, but after entering into connubial bliss I was persuaded to abandon my former haunts for the cultural desert of East Barnet. But Crouch End will always remain close to my heart, indeed, tears well up in my eyes if I, even now, bring to mind such places as "Dick's Bar" or "The Palace", ale-houses where much of my hard-earned cash vanished down the centre of my neck. Your paper reminds me a little of those Elysian Days, so I can only wish you the best of luck with your venture, and hope that we see many more issues in the months to come.

Yours faithfully

Mike Hoban

Ferney Road

East Barnet

**Come back Mike all is forgiven. Screw suburbia -Ed**

Dear Malcolm,

I am compelled to write to you about the continual name dropping and gossip of certain rock legends being seen in the area. There are many other rock legends who have been living here quietly for so long that you probably don't know who

# LETTERS

they are, however, to encourage this shy and endangered species to move into Crouch End, it would be better not to have their names bantered around the local hosteries and then exposed in the CrouchEnd, Horny Journal, Homegrabbers Weekly and Sunday Slag.

As for the Town Hall, I did get official access to it a couple of years ago, when it still had a roof. A subsequent report was sent to the "Arts Officer" at Haringey Council reminding him that the borough had no municipal theatre and that Hornsey Town Hall could easily be turned into one. The pantomime season is almost here and there is nowhere for the kids to go except to send them down to the Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Us CrouchEnders must stick together, Viva La republic!!!

A.N. Othermusician

Monaco, (near France)

P.S. Say Hello to Maureen and thank Billy for the flowers.

Guess who- ED

Dear Mr. Mellow,

The surge of joy and exhilaration I felt reading your last issue can only be compared to that orgasmic moment when the Saturday morning Dunn's doughnut, at the point of consumption, ejaculates warm strawberry jam on to the shoulder of another customer.

The depth and variety of reporting in the CrouchEnd is stunning; a malange of witty insight and inspiring intellectual discussion tempered by a real understanding of CrouchEnders. I must congratulate you all on your achievement.

Stephen Baker,  
Albany Road,

Stroud Green.

**I want your children - Ed.**

Dear Mr Mellow,

On page 17 of your October issue you printed a photograph of Crouch End Broadway. I would be interested to know how you obtained the print from which the photo was reproduced, and while I don't propose to take legal action I think it only fair that you credit this society by indicating the print.

Ruth Phillips (Mrs)

Sales Manager,  
Hornsey Historical Society.

**The game's up Ruth. It's a fair cop. We bought it off Jimmy "The Print" Wilson. Apologies - Ed**

**The CrouchEnd reserves the right to invent letters and make up names if we haven't received enough correspondence. The Editor's decision is final.**

**PO Box 3415,  
London N4 4EN**

## CUT THE *crap* A PERSONAL VIEWPOINT

**H**UMBBUG or so the saying goes, can you remember when Christmas was really Christmas, when this time of year really meant something. A time of giving and receiving and not just for expensive presents but of friendship and warmth. When on Christmas Eve one would greet total strangers with a warm Yuletide greeting, a time of thinking of those not as fortunate as ourselves? All a bit nostalgic and dream-like, I hear you say.

I feel privileged to have such memories, it helps me gauge the selfish and sometimes thoughtless greed of society today. When we are reminded from early November what presents we should be buying for whoever. Our kids are bombarded with media nonsense on what new toy or computer game they should ask Santa for. **Spend, spend, spend, give**

us your money the message spouting from every media machine in the land.

Let's face it Xmas has become nothing more than a sales statistic, a glorified tinsel draped profit and loss sheet. In this media hyped society you have to be a strong soul, not to be sucked into the vacuum of the "Sod you Jack I'm all right" philosophy! Let's just remember that to some people out there Xmas is nothing but a pain in the rear. To a one parent family on zero income with children who want the overpriced toys like the other kids, like pensioners, who find it a struggle to survive most days - to them Christmas is a time of extreme stress and strife, and to them Santa Claus is about as popular as a short sighted dentist.

So if you feel that you might just like to spread some good old-fashioned Christmas cheer then please return to the front page of this magazine.

*Merry Christmas*



## PUB



## SPY

**If you're Irish step into this parlour. Ah yes, the Elbow Room on Tottenham Lane is a veritable haven for my friends from across the water.**

So on a stormy night, clad top to toe in my best Donegal tweed, I jiggled a jaunty path in search of the 'crack'.

With no more space to swing a leprechaun in the bar, the regulars arrive early so as to be certain of a table or place near the mahogany. On being presented with a pint of Dublin's finest I offer up a silent prayer and promise myself an evening of debauchery. A double act from County Cork are monopolising the fruit machine.

"How yer doing lads?" I enquire politely.

"Won four quid", one replies jangling his bounty before me.

"Ah well that's grand" I remark, adding, "pleased for you so I am".

"Put over a friggin tenner in", snarls the other and relieves his partner of their tokens.

"So we're nearly in profit" the first declares with

unbounded enthusiasm. A shaky economic philosophy perhaps but a naivety that can only be applauded. I wish them good fortune and good health then step away in discreet fashion.

Three stooges sit at the table by the door contemplating their dregs, swilling them around occasionally and wondering whose

## THE ELBOW ROOM

round it is. Nothing is spoken but they belch in harmony, striking a chord that the Beverley Sisters would be proud of. Eventually a tired, "I got the last lot", stirs the other two into action, momentarily. "Bollocks" and "Shyster" does little to resolve the disagreement and they return to their dregs.

I am tapped on the shoulder and turn to see a beetroot, bulbish, pumpkin of a face bearing down on me, "It's yourself I see", he spouts, Guinness all of a dribble.

"Quite right", I answer.

"Have yer seen what-shisname?" he asks, blood-shot eyes betraying his sobriety. I make no answer but strike a thoughtful pose.

"You know whatchamacallit?" he screams and punches the counter. I'm having a completely nonsensical conversation with something out of Samuel Beckett. Realising I'm out of my depth and not a strong swimmer, I summon up the excuse that I'm in need of a pee. At this he

grips me roughly by the lapels (which can be painful) and growls, "Well if you see him tell him I'll fight now whilst I'm in a temper!" At this point the probability of wetting myself is becoming clear favourite. Still in the embrace of the titan I reply, "If I see him I'll mention that thingy-mebob is looking for him". I am released and fairly crumble to the floor, from which I crawl on all fours through a crowd of hobnailed trainers to the toilets.

Relieving my bladder I wonder that this pub spy mullarkey is becoming more than a trifle dangerous. *Oh but what's this?* In this tavern, peopled by the slightly unhinged, the conveniences are by far the

best I've come across. Spotless, soap, hot water and sweetly scented. I decided to indulge and wash my hands, which are still all of tremble, twice! Cutting my way through a curtain of smoke and bleary glazed faces I stumble across a party of exiles from the 'Queens'. It's Karaoke night there and they aren't the karaoke type. Instead they'd rather conjure up songs from the auld country, sentimental and tuneless. By the twelfth verse of wishing they were back home where the grass is greener, I am close to subbing them the price of a ferry ticket. Several Jamesons are quaffed and many tears shed as the reminiscing accelerates to near hysteria. In a fit of intoxicated depression I bid farewell to the wailing mob.

At home, high on overdosed on valium, I consult my thumb-torn copy of Waiting for Godot and weep buckets.

The Elbow Room is, I conclude, a microcism of Irish Man; heady, merry, a little bit threatening but utterly charming.

*Sean Arberry*

### The Queens Hotel

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**Karaoke every Thurs & Sat**  
(plus take your pick cash prizes)

**Every Tuesday:**

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(Cash Prizes)

**Xmas Eve - Karaoke**

**New Years Eve - Karaoke**

**Merry Christmas to all our customers**

Condom machine now disappeared



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AT

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Brandy £1.60 double

Carlsberg and Websters .99p pt  
Guinness £1.29 pt

Bar Snacks available all day





GRUB



SPY



Escaping from the rain was the only reason for my sheltering in Jenny's Hamburger bar in the Broadway. Drenched from top to toe & in danger of double pneumonia I entered a shivering wreck. Being vaguely peckish enticed me to sample more than just the tea & to consult the menu, a plastic sort of creation that a Blue Peter presenter would die to recycle.

A limited selection of cholesterol fried platters made decision making somewhat elementary and pointed me to the area of something in a bun. Also french fries would help create a balanced meal. I am attended to by a sad looking Medditeranean fellow sporting a sad looking perm who receives my order with the vigour of one who has been recently bereaved. Everything I utter he repeats under his breath. "And to Drink?" he asks with tired doe like eyes. "Ooh a cup of char", I reply trying to inject some lighthearted banter into

the proceedings. This unfortunately falls on his deaf ears and he stands before me dumbfounded. "Tea", I tell him and watch while he slithers away. Can't help thinking he's Lenny Bennet moonlighting now that the pantos have dried up. Some meaty concoction sizzles on the griddle & I await considering the chances of heart disease in the near future.

The decor takes the appearance of a trip to Toyland whilst in the clutches of a bad acid experience. Primary colours abound. A cocktail of reds & yellows that scream at you 'MIGRAINE'. Shielding my eyes I gaze intermittently upon my fellow diners, who for the majority are Sun readers. However one lanky anorak is doing battle with a copy of the Guardian, a contest that looks certain to go the distance. Two truant playing schoolchildren are hyperventilating over their milkshakes, snorting & wheezing through straws for very little reward. Boredom soon takes hold & they begin to blowpipe the creamy confection at each other, soiling their

blazers & splattering the immediate vicinity. Eventually Lenny asks them to leave & they skulk off into the wet. At a table by the window a young fertile mum, brow beaten & post natal struggles with her many offspring, her youngest tucked into her bosom can be heard quite audibly sucking for all he's worth. I presume it will be chips with everything on that score, vinegar too no doubt.

My tea makes an appearance, weak, warm & watery, having been fleetingly acquainted with the bag. I make an attempt to drink but unfortunately cannot swallow as the phrase 'Cats Pee' springs to mind. Outside the rain Lashes down & drums against the window & a quartet of sodden, bedraggled labourers enter. Remarkably they order the greasiest of the greasiest with an extra dollop of grease on the side & neglect to consider the benefits of a wholesome salad. An assortment of Benson & Hedges & rolling tobacco are distributed, matches struck & a mushroom cloud of smoke hov-

ers above their heads. I imagine their BUPA premiums are verging on the exorbitant. A large lady at the table opposite, triple chinned & asthmatic coughs chestily. The intruding phlegm is expelled with the velocity of a pump action riot gun. My burger arrives as my appetite departs. The next few minutes I spend constructing miniature erections with my fries & elaborate surgery on my beef pattie.

The rain having slowed to a spit I pay my bill & prepare to depart. Lenny clumsily makes me aware of the Festively adorned shoe box on which is written "The Staff at Jennys wish all Their Customers a Merry Xmas". I fumble in my pocket & produce a note on which is written, "And a Happy New Year to you too" Lenny doesn't laugh & neither do I.

So if you're ever caught in a thunderstorm & are only a stones throw from this gaff, walk in the opposite direction as there is a quaint little tea shop on Middle Lane

*Sean Arberry*

## THE CROUCHENDER

*WISH ALL THEIR READERS*

*AND ADVERTISERS*

*A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS*

*AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR*

Deadline for January Issue  
December 22nd



## ON A CHICKEN WING AND A PRAYER. KFC and the "F\*\*K Them" theory.

Anyone out there unaware that Colonel Sanders is in town is either on day release from Broadmoor or Michael Jackson's bodyguard.

The home of poultry dipped in breadcrumbs and screaming hot fat has settled down in the old — and listed — Barclays Bank building across from the Clock Tower.

Now none of us have anything against Kentucky (well nothing a few scud missiles wouldn't fix) and we shall resist resorting to the Hampstead v McDonald's snobbery, but is there a man, woman, social worker, estate agent

or solicitor out there who in their heart of hearts believe that KFC has improved Crouch End? Strange though it sounds the basic aim of a planning committee is to approve plans that actually enhance an area, to rubber stamp proposals that benefit the people who live around the the designated site.

So why against vehement and sometimes irritating local opposition did our blessed councillors give KFC the nod?

Was it incompetence? Possibly. Ignorance? Maybe.

We, however, like to believe in the "Fuck Them" theory. It goes something

like this. The majority of Haringey's ruling elected members reside in the architecturally-challenged east of the borough. From their high-rise flats in Wood Green and Tottenham they look down on us as middle class reprobates.

They meet in the council chamber and moan: Why have all the green spaces? Why are we living in shit?

It is a shameful envy that haunts their every waking hour. And the fact that we sometimes elect Conservative Councillors sprinkles more salt on their jealous wounds.

Put simply their priorities lie in the poorer areas

of the borough. And quite right too.

But does that mean we have to be treated like dirt, our views ignored and our communities cheapened?

Do you realise that Instead of a KFC we could have had a jazz wine bar and recording studio — a plan which Eurythmic Dave Stewart asked them to consider.

Of course they turned him down flat. "Fuck Them!" was the rallying cry, they're going get a taste of tacky Tottenham life."

The Colonel is here to stay and believe us, it is just the start.

Bring on the dead chickens.

WINDOW



ON DREAMS

SHELLY VICKERS-PERTZ  
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## PAT and MICK

**Mick:** Hello Pat, a new set of togs I see. Suit and tie, what is the world coming to? I mean what's the occasion?

**Pat:** Dining out Mick by myself, no-one else involved, a simple sit in meal for one at the K.F.C.

**Mick:** Is that the cricket club?

**Pat:** Not at all Mick. Are you blind or what? Haven't you seen it?

**Mick:** Seen what?

**Pat:** The new Kentucky Fried Chicken Shop up the street, well actually it is more of a restaurant now. Napkins, tables, and bogs in the back. You can have a dinner in peace for under a fiver not like this bloody K.I.P.

**Mick:** So what did you have?

**Pat:** I started with a C.O.C.

**Mick:** And what would that be Pat?

**Pat:** A cup of coffee of course, it's easy Mick and then I had a C.D.F.O. followed by an L.C. and then an A.T. to finish. The full monty Mick. I'm telling you it's the business it beats the sister's grub any day, none of the carry out caper there. Do you fancy a P.O.G.

**Mick:** A pint of guinness?

**Pat:** You've got it now Mick.

**Mick:** No I'm getting out of here, my mind has gone fluffy

**Pat:** Where are you going?

**Mick:** To the B.O.G. for a C.R.A.P. Mr McLusky jhas just come in and can you hear what he's singing?

**McLusky:** I'm a savage for bacon and cabbage.

**Pat:** Good night Mick enjoy your supper.

**Mick:** I'll see you soon.



## GOONER'S CHRISTMAS CAROLS

**AWAY TO THE TOTTENHAM** **VIOLENT NIGHT**  
(TO THE TUNE OF: AWAY IN A MANGER) (TO THE TUNE OF: SILENT NIGHT)

AWAY TO THE TOTTENHAM  
NO GOALS FOR THE 'YIDS'  
THE LITTLE ARDILES  
IS UNDER THE SKIDS  
THE STARS IN THE ARSENAL  
SCORED THREE GOALS THAT DAY  
AND SHOWED THE POOR TOTTENHAM  
HOW THE GAME SHOULD BE PLAYED

VIOLENT NIGHT  
BOOZY NIGHT  
ALL'S NOT CALM  
HEAD IS LIGHT  
I AM VERGING ON DRUNKEN STUPOR  
CHRIST MY HEAD FEELS ALL  
TENDER AND SORE  
SLEEP AND HOPE I WAKE U-UP  
SLEEP AND HOPE I WAKE UP



## SCOOP'S CHRISTMAS CAROLS

**JINGLE BELLS** **GOOD KING MAXWELL**  
(TO THE TUNE OF: JINGLE BELLS) (TO THE TUNE OF: GOOD KING WENCESLAS)

JINGLE BELLS  
CHRISTMAS SELLS  
CASH-IN ALL THE WAY  
OH WHAT FUN, TO SEE BIG-'UNS  
ON A BIRD ON CHRISTMAS DAY  
OH-  
TEACHERS, BELLS  
FARTY SMELLS  
A MUST ON CHRISTMAS DAY  
OH WHAT FUN, IT IS TO HAVE  
A WHISKEY BINGE THAT DAY

GOOD KING MAXWELL LAST STEPPED OUT  
FROM A BOAT TO WATER  
MISSED A RUNG AND HE DID SHOUT  
'WHO'S MADE THIS LADDER SHORTER?'  
THE FAT BASTARD IS NO MORE  
BUT DID HE CAUSE A SPLA-ASH?  
JUST ASK MIRROR PENSIONERS  
WHERE IS ALL YOUR CA-A-ASH?



G.M.SMALL

**S**o here I am. I've finally made the move from rural old Norfolk, from a village no one's ever heard of - to London, Crouch End, which no one's ever heard of either, but there aren't any tractors or chickens in the area (well not since KFC) so I can't complain, I suppose.

Took in the sights of Crouch End today, well I went into Budgens, but there didn't seem to be any food on the shelves, only the most expensive brands. I was quite impressed with the automatic doors, though so I think I might go back again and play on the metal in and out thing at the entrance and laugh at myself on the TV screen.

The only thing that really bothers me about Crouch End, apart from the serious lack of goodlooking men, is the amount of dog crap on the pavement. Only this morning I inspected my shoes after wafting that dreaded smell, to find I hadn't been stomping through piles of beautiful autumn leaves, but huge lumps of fresh crap which had stuck to my tights and were refusing to come off.

I've already mentioned men, and I'm going to mention them again, there aren't any. I'm not a happy bunny.

The one half-decent man I spotted on the W7 spent the entire journey with his finger up his nose,

I've even tried the Kings Head which people tell me is a notorious pick-up joint, saying it's the best place to go if you're desperate, I went in desperate, and left suicidal. I avoided eye contact with one bearded Atillia the Hun lookalike for most of the evening, until I realised he was cross-eyed and was actually eyeing up the girl behind me who had a helium-induced giggle, and hair which defied all laws of gravity.

To console myself I bought a packet of crumpets for only 33p at Budgens, so at least I can say I've had some!

*Girl about Town*



# THE Crouch Ender



Crouchender Publishing Ltd.

Issue no.7

*I want to be free*

February 1994

## It's a..... Rip Off!



### The Offending Coin

Broadly speaking the most expensive magazine in the Crouch End area but cheaper than:

- \* A bag of chips
- \* Ten Player's No. Six
- \* A night at the YMCA.
- \* Three copies of The Sun
- \* One piece of naan bread from the Shamrat.
- \* A pair of brown shoes from Oxfam.

Stroud Green, Crouch End, Muswell Hill and Highgate

# HAM & HARD-ON SEXPRESS!

**It's a horny journal for Hampstit shocker**

**By Dame Barbara Jay**  
Our lady who lunches.

**Gorb Blimey! North London's chattering classes are in for a shock this week with the launch of a spanking new newspaper - The Ham and Hard-on Sexpress!**

## **Carter-Ruck**

Yes folks, no more mindless drivell about Camden parking zones and McDonald's, the great and the good are in for a weekly diet of tits, bums, legs, shoulder blades and tits.

Editor Generally Isolated hopes the paper

will put the ham back into Hampstead. "Let's face it" he said, "No-one wants to read book reviews by Michael Foot or hear about the rebuilding of poor Judi Dench's frigging mansion. They want breasts, breasts and more breasts."

## **Carmen get it**

Mr. Isolated known affectionately and allegedly as the most pompous and snobbish individual ever to drive up Bishop's Avenue, believes the paper will change his image too. He added, "For years I took myself so seriously, I even wrote letters to newspapers saying what an experienced and talented man I was, but not anymore. Our

mammary gland count alone should change people's perceptions"

## **Putting on the Writs**

The first edition, which hits the newstands on Friday, is set to be a best-seller, according to the almost-bald editor. "We've got two great stories about Glenda Jackson fathering a love-child and Iran issuing a Fatwa on Melvyn Bragg for no other reason than him being a complete dick. How can we fail?"

## **Hi, Court**

"As an old colleague said to me last night, 'So Gen, are you going to sue?'"

## **HAM & HARD ON SEXPRESS**



**Film File Film File Film File Film File Film File Film File Film File Film File Film File Film**



Now showing at the  
Muswell Hill Roxy.....

## **George and Mildred — The Movie. (PG)**

The Ropers are back and they're funnier than ever. Mildred (Yootha Joyce) is determined that the anniversary of her wedding to George (Brian Murphy) should be celebrated in style. She confides her surprise plan to Ann Fourmile (Shiela Fearn) wife of Jeffrey (Norman Eshley) and mother of the lovely Tristram (Nicky Bond-Owen) their uppercrust neighbours. Residents will love this madcap comedy — a savage swipe at the British class system. **Let's face it, there's sod all else to do in Muswell Hill**

# BANKER!

## DOZY MAYOR CAN'T CHEQUE IT OUT

By John Bloke,  
Political editor  
**Haringey mayor Roy Race has put a stop on receiving oversized cheques during his year as first citizen**

The furious VIP was in a rage after a bank refused to lodge an unfeasibly large cardboard order into his charity account.

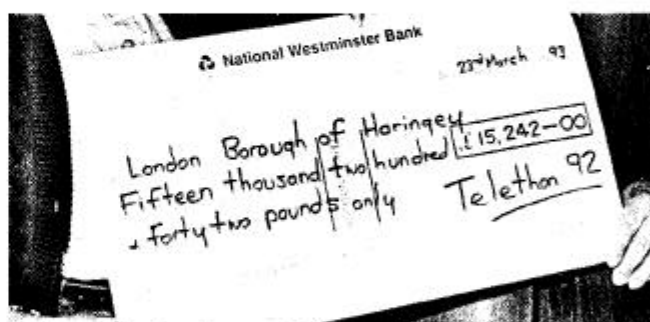
He stormed, "I've been given about 50 of these bugging things since I was made Mayor, and I haven't been able to deposit one. The bank staff just laugh at me. They told me to go away and come back with a proper one. I was called saggy

bottom as well"

Councillor Race, whose position entitles him to wear a heavy chain in public recalled an attempt last week when he tried to put a cheque - measuring at least 15 times the normal size - into his bank's cash machine.

The thing is," he added, "They look really like a cheque, except they're much bigger and made of tougher material than paper".

A banker told the CrouchEnd this week: "Mr Race is missing the point. These cheques are designed purely for local newspaper photographers who other-



An example of one of those troublesome cheques.

wise would be taking pictures of people presenting tiny scraps of paper

"I think you'll agree that the presentation of what we call in the trade, a "fun" cheque makes a most interesting and amusing photo in your

local paper.

Defender Eddie Gray, who played alongside Roy in the Melchester Rovers double winning side in 1976, asked, "How's Penny and the twins?"

### Malcolm Mellow's poetry corner

To be Frank....

Frank Zappa I'm out of my head,  
My friends say that you are dead,  
to me you were the father of invention  
and children whose names are too  
weird to mention,

Justin said you changed the face of  
rock 'n' roll,  
but had more recently spent some time  
on the dole.

But I was there when you really made  
your mark.  
by falling off the stage of the Rainbow,  
Finsbury Park.  
(M. Mellow, Jan '94)

Established 27 years

# AIRWAYS

CROUCH END'S CAR SERVICE

# REQUIRES

SMART OWNER DRIVERS

# URGENTLY

INSURANCE ARRANGED

LOW CIRCUIT FEE

RADIO CONTROLLED

PLENTY OF CASH WORK

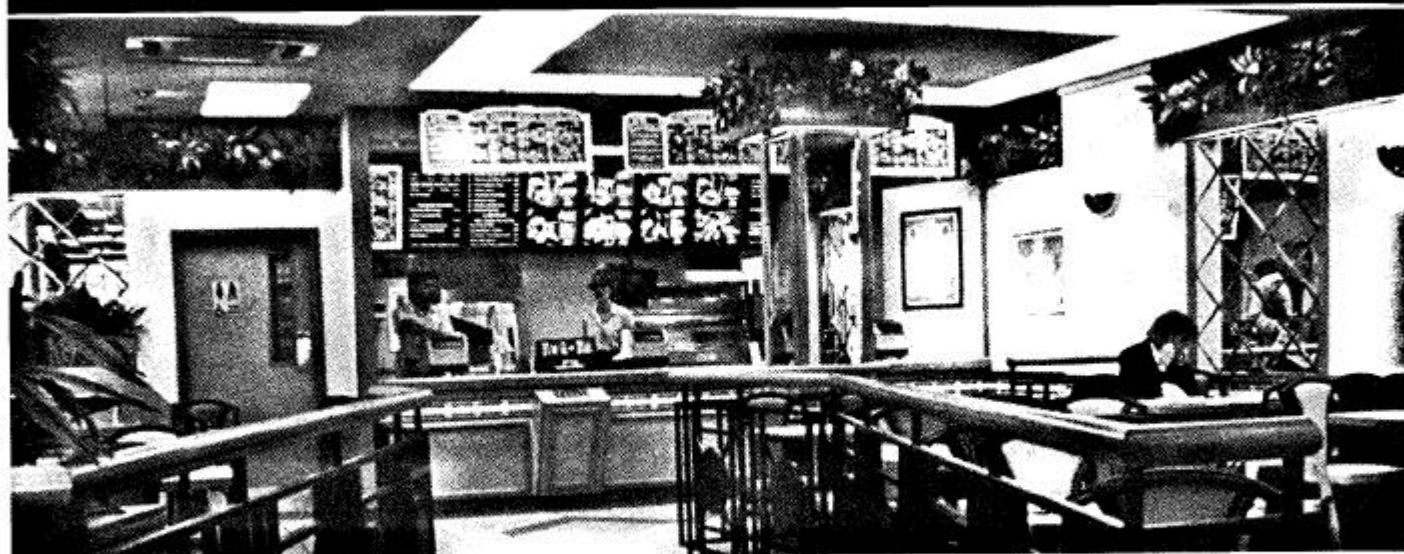
NO WAITING AROUND

# 340 8484



IT'S FINGER LICKIN' FUN WITH ANOTHER GREAT CROUCHENDER GIVEAWAY

# SPOT THE CUSTOMER



**Colonel Sanders invites CrouchEnd readers to take up the challenge of the month.**

If you can find anyone who has been tempted by the deep-fried delights of the Crouch End Kentucky we'll treat you to a slap-up meal at the marginally better Dixy down the road.

The restaurant and take-away was opened late last year bringing a much needed breath of chicken flavoured air to our village.

It's really large and spacious and clean/

To enter, just fill in the form and send it to us at **The CrouchEnd, P.O. Box 3415, London N4 4EN.**

I saw.....of  
.....dining at  
the Crouch End  
Kentucky Fried Chicken.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Tel.....

So that's it. All we're  
asking is one person.

Just the one. Une, Solo,

*Ein. Une.*

C'mon we're not looking for a family. A single individual that's all. For Gol's sake they've spent a bloody fortune.

Right, don't bother. Be like that. You think you're so funny, don't you?

Well, See if we care.  
**BASTARDS.**

## Girl about Town

**A**ll I seem to be doing since I got here is moan, moan, moan. It's so cold my lipstick's frosted and we put our food in the fridge to defrost. Talking of food, I went into what I thought was the library and came out with a chicken burger and chips, nobody told me there was going to be a KFC in Crouch End. Maybe Budgens could be knocked down and replaced by a massive Macdonalds, that way we could get

value for money. I came home from work the other day to find my flat mate, Lucy, studying two jars of sandwich paste from Big B, both with different prices, and bought at different times. Apparently she was trying to find out why one was 10p cheaper than the other in the course of two hours. If anyone knows could they tell us so we can do our shopping at that time every day.

A plea from our household, where oh where has the Big Issue man gone?

You were the only good reason to go to Budgens. Maybe you should move about more so people don't think you're one of those plastic children collecting money for the blind, or you could even pretend you're selling Crouch End's guide to spotting celebrities, you'd sell out in an hour.

Christmas has left me a bit skint, I applied for the job advertised by the council for a red headed representative. Unfortunately they found out my hair colour comes from a bottle and claimed I wasn't red enough, and would never be able to sympathise with the carrot tops of the community. I could try the

Maynard Arms, I hear they're always looking for staff.

There's nothing going on in Muswell Hill surprisingly, especially any nice men, but I had a drink in a nice pub, The Bogeyman, I think.

Just a quick final note to the girl in Pizza Bella, who on discovering we didn't leave a tip (for waiting 20 minutes for a table, soggy pasta, hard pizza, and the fact we couldn't afford to), slammed the door with such force the draft blew my skirt over my head - **Smile, you're in the CrouchEnd**

Dear Ed,

What a load of bunkum Keith Flett produces in his bunker.

It made a neat story — the idea of real workers mysteriously jettisoned off to the outer limits of Crouch End, while the rest dither over non-essential items in the Haclan Centre.

Trouble is, it's not true.

If he climbed out of his virtual reality bunker and knocked on a few doors at random, Mr Flett would discover that Crouch End, all of it, is made up of workers.

There is no class war, no them and us, so I suppose he just made the whole thing up.

yours sincerely,

**Politically incorrect of (Central, if you must know) Crouch End.**

*There may not be an Us but wasn't there a Them in the late sixties. Van Morrison, I think, was the lead singer. Ed.*

Dear Editor,

I have just read your review of Jenny's Burger, and have to say that your so called grub spy must have been eating in another cafe

Jenny's is one of the best burger bars in North London. It is clean, friendly and efficient. The

reviewer is probably used to eating in too many posh restaurants to know the difference between good down-to-earth food and overpriced rubbish.

Yours,

**Janet Henry.**

**Chettle Court Estate,  
Hornsey.**

**Point taken. But if you want it your way you can't have it your way at the CrouchEnd**

**Dear Mellow Mal,**

The CrouchEnd. What can I say, Crouch End deserves it! Possibly the best publication since 'It Can't Be' which hailed from, dare I say it, Muswell Hill about 20 years ago.

I just moved to this crutch of the woods and perceive through my spiritual connectedness, Man, that you are quite near

I originally come from the Muzz, N10 — the higher community, even if the vibe is suffering from altitude sickness and have been an honorary member of the tribes of N8 (inate).

Keep up the good work, keep up the scandal, keep up the inate humour, even keep up the derision of Muswell Hill (man, that

piece was cheap)

**Good luck,**

**Malcolm Chapman,  
Ferme Park Road,  
N4.**

Dear Sir,

I wonder if others living in Crouch End have noticed the appalling practices of certain local businesses such as Dewhurst the Butchers in the Broadway and others of openly displaying meat for sale to the public. As a vegetarian I find this practice highly offensive and will be starting a petition to get it stopped. Surely they can find something else to sell.

**Merdith (Community artist), Crouch End.**

**Fancy a Jenny Burger? Ed.**

Dear Editor,

May I just say that I love the CrouchEnd and on my last journey from London to this wasteland where I now live, it was only your magazine which kept away the tears.

**Sherifa Rashidally (another artistic North Londoner), Sutton-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire.**

**May I just say that I love you and your family. Ed.**

**The Editor — Malcolm to regular readers — reserves the right to butcher letters which verge on the tedious or even when particularly desperate to make-up ones with false names and addresses at the bottom.**

## THE CUT *crap* A PERSONAL VIEWPOINT

**P.C. or Political Correctness, to you, Yes I know you must have heard of it, that phrase really sticks in my throat.**

**For the plain reason that it has got every fruit cake with half a brain proclaiming such absurdities like "You musn't call a blackboard a blackboard" it must be "a chalkboard". What a load of nonsense. A blackboard is the colour of that board. OK! Next the lunacy of that headmistress, not allowing her pupils to see Romeo & Juliet, the reason being it was too 'Hetero.' It just had to come from a loony lesbian headmistress with obvious-**

**ly some far out, far left warp of mind.**

On investigation of the term 'Political Correctness' (I promise not to mention it again) the findings were that it sprang from across the pond, that land of 'Have a nice day', yes, the USA. It just had to be some neurotic New Yorker and general pain in the arse, for it has spurned a whole legion of PC sprouters going on about golly wogs, ballcocks, black bin bags, chairman, dustmen, postman etc, etc, anything for a headline.

What must go through the minds of the young when they see and listen to all this nonsense. God only knows. One thing's for sure it's confusing for us all and just a teeny bit tiresome. So belt up you loony PC's and give us all a break.

# £25

## LETTER OF THE MONTH

Each month we will hand over a ruddy cheeked pony (that's £25 in non-equine cockernee cash-speak) to the letter writer who demonstrates not just raffish use of pen and mind, but a searing ability to

convey thoughts and ideas to Joe and Josephine Public — the couple blissfully reclining in the back of the Crouch End Omnibus. Words to: The Editor, CrouchEnd, PO Box 3415.



## PUB SPY



### The Maynard Arms, Park Road.



**W**hen I last stepped through the doors of the Maynard Arms, a pool ball rather than a comely barmaid greeted me, and crushed the softest part of my temple (the part that watches Countdown and supports QPR). I spent a month in the Whittington cursing my luck and took up base ball as a hobby. But that was then and this is now.

Rumours abounded that all had changed, "Has a bowling alley now you know" I was told. This once proud den of iniquity where pit bulls were barred for being too passive had, my contacts noted, transformed itself into Crouch End's happening hostelry. Not only that but behind the mahogany was a swarthy new landlord who although christened with the unfortunate name of Wally, possessed the looks and charm of Omar Sharif but Could it be true? I mused to a nurse as she removed my stitches I decided to don my armoured plated trilby and investigate

To my horror the two green baize tables, remained, and still attracted the slightly unsavoury, curiously crusty and could do with a wash brigade.

Long equine faces

neighed, slurped, sniffed and chewed on expletives out of habit.

Standing at the bar nose to armpit with a fellow of infinite odours, I decided against treating myself to a packet of dry roasted nuts and opted for a pint of the amber to help wash away the tears.

It was a cool pint warmly served So good so fra, as my dislexic Uncle Charlie would say

I was encouraged to note that Wally had laid on live music to entertain. However it was a band with cross channel ferry aspirations, whose lead singer accounts for 50% of the group. I supped as they launched into a less than fab tribute to the Beatles

A flock of middle-aged Herberts, propped up for fear of falling, looked on, seemingly drinking in their sixties idols. Then inevitably one asked, "I wonder if he does requests?"

"Really, what do you want him to do?" his chum replied

"To shut the f\*\*k up!" he bellowed back. This was greeted with unbridled laughter, lots of red faces and inadvertent belly dancing. Who said alternative comedy is dead? Flashing lights and sci-fi sirens from the pinball machine pebbled dashed the walls and had me enquiring of the barmaid whether there is a volume control for the said contraption. She threw me a

smile which I ricocheted back and we remained like that, playing visual pinball, unable to communicate with the deafening racket of a ball bearing on a mission. With the amp up loud

John, Paul or was it Fred struck up the opening chords of 'Penny Lane'

It made one pray for a visit by Mark Chapman

I looked around and sized up the clientele. I don't know what Wally has done, but the Maynard is beginning to attract not just the Crouch End Branch of the Sharif fan club but an encouraging number of people you would happily share an ale with.

In fact I will go so far as to predict the beer garden in Summer will be hipper than a Saturday night window table in Banners

Later, in the reasonably clean toilets, I relieved myself under the watchful gaze of a carefully drawn hom erectus, my bladder downed tools temporarily.

"What are four sevens?" asked a crispy sage like voice. I turned startled and looked up at my assailant, an angular figure in tweeds "Don't you know?" he continued, blissfully unaware of toilet etiquette. "Of course" I replied with a no nonsense, "Twenty eight"

"How about nine sixes" he probed even further. It became apparent that I was holding (apart from the obvious) an audience

with a lonely retired maths tutor who was in need of some serious community care. Irritated with this strange fellow I spat out "fifty four!", to which my waters broke, heralding immediate relief "Never fails" he chuckled leaving me confused, abused and a little cheap.

Behind the bar is a security monitor which allows a peek at the newly introduced bowling alley. Hardly compulsive viewing but worth a shot, or a even a roll. I was soon in the lanes and hooked. I felt like a groovy extra from Happy Days despite being labelled the Budgens of bowling by a giggling Mountview student.

I strolled into the street to the strains of 'Ticket to Ride' (British Rail by the sound of it) feeling pleasantly light-headed as opposed to bloody-headed. I had been at the beginning of a revolution; good beer, friendly folk (away from the pool table) and a smattering of Crouch End eccentrics....and this was the Maynard!

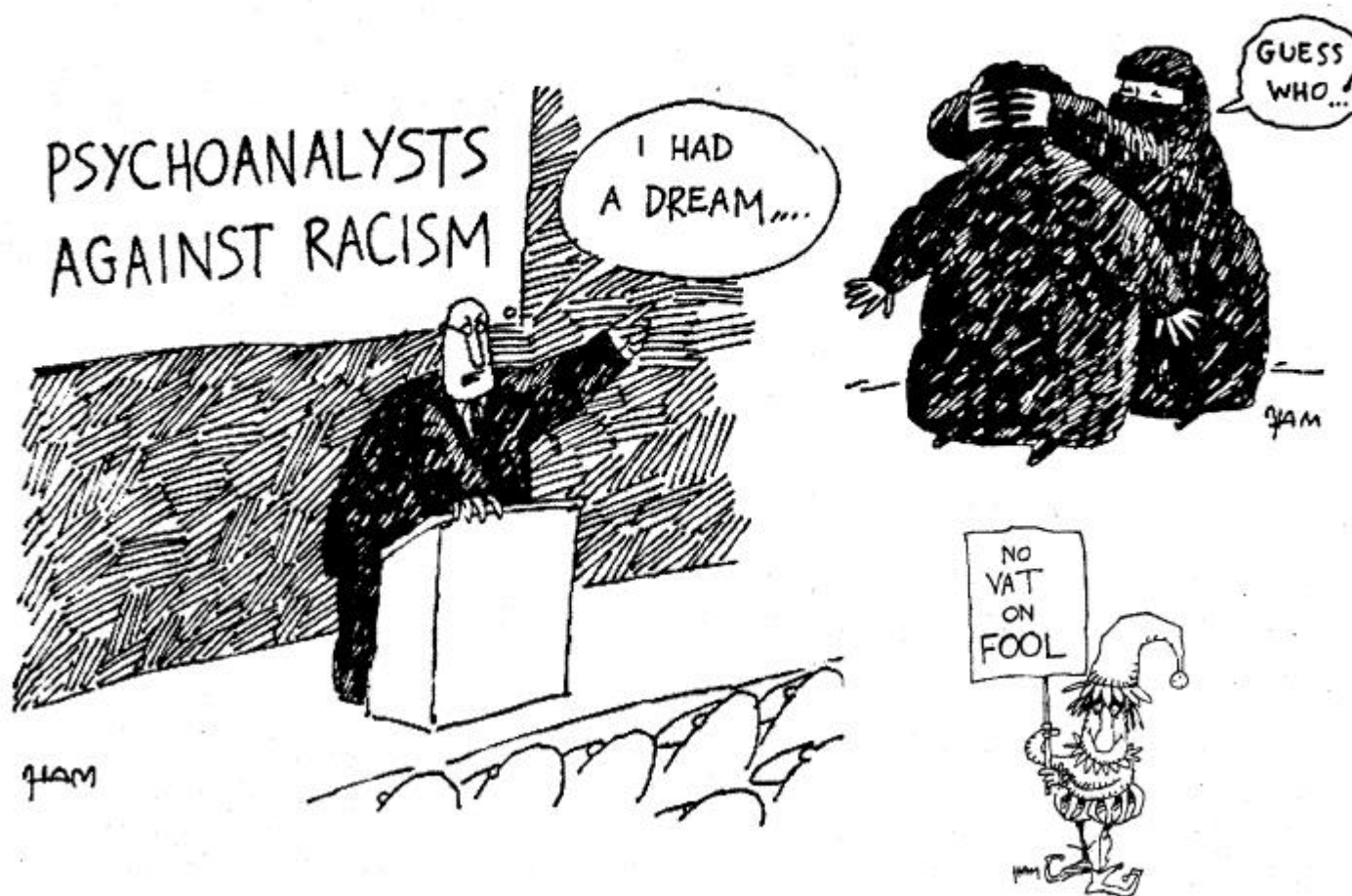
Once a shady pub with hard balls, it is now a decent pub with large bowls.

And it's all down to a Wally.

**Sean Arberry**



# A slice of Ham with life...



Copyright Hornsey Historical Society 1985

## Down memory Lane With Arthur Dingleberry



This picture was taken on July 18 1972 during Gilbert O'Sullivan's last open-air concert in Crouch End.

The singer songwriter's third single had just gone straight to number one and Gilbertmania was taking grip all over the country.

A crowd of 2,000 paid seven shillings and six to see the soulful balladeer perform what many regard as his finest-ever performance.

Little did they know it would be the last time they would see Gilbert strap an acoustic guitar around his girlish shoulders.

Five months later he entered his destructive electric period which alien-

ated fans and critics alike.

If you look closely you will see most of the men in the audience wearing straw boaters. This was a look pioneered by Gilbert in the video for his hit single 'Claire'.

In an interview with Rolling Stone last year Gilbert, recalling that period of his life, said: "It was all a blur really. Things were happening so fast — the girls, the booze — everybody seemed to want something from me. I was in a daze and can't remember a shagging thing."

But few who were there during that hot summer in the Broadway are likely to forget the day Gilbert came to Crouch End.

# BACK TO GAY SEX!

## TRIAL OF MAJOR FIGURE FOUND UP HEATH!

**A Tory councillor has claimed he misinterpreted John Major's Back to Basics policy after he was caught performing indecent acts on Hampstead Heath.**

Andrew Thornproof-Barbour was arrested after cops swooped on an infamous part of the Heath nicknamed "Gobblers' Gulch". The 38 year old Councillor, married with six council house mortgages, was found hanging upside down from a sycamore tree wearing noth-

ing more than a swimming cap, a Garfield hand puppet tied to his genitals, and a smile

Police say a florist, named in court as Billy, was seen nearby coaxing the councillor with shouts of "Gooh that's a big majority"

Thornproof-Barbour, told Highgate Magistrates on Tuesday: "I'm frightfully sorry, I got it all wrong. I thought the Prime Minister said *back to gay sex*. It's all been a terrible mistake."

The trial continues



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# ANORAK CITY!

**Quick, on with your plimsolls. It's Kevin Kagol's interesting guide to alternative Crouch End life.**

If it is diversity of road patterns you are looking for then Crouch End should be at the top of your list. Many of my most pleasurable hours have been spent with an A-Z on my lap in contemplation of the teasing configurations we call streets. Even the most cursory glance at a map of Crouch End will reveal that its two main

thoroughfares resemble nothing less than a supple young boy spreadeagled on a newly mown lawn.

Living, as I do, on page 29 of the A-Z, courtesy of the Hornsey Young Men's Christian Association I feel more than qualified to offer my humble guide to the delights held within these streets. Every day from the nerve centre that is my room, I plan a fresh journey, making it my my

business to leave no passage unexplored. Here are some of those pleasures.

To begin with we are extremely lucky to have three very good railway stations in the vicinity. These stations can be visited in any order and will repay repeated visits. One of the stations is Harringay, which not only boasts an unrivalled view of Jewsons, the builders merchants, but also offers a stimulating foot-bridge.

There are many fine sights to be seen on the way to Harringay. Once while making a southeasterly ascent towards Ridge Road, I suddenly noticed the proliferation of stained glass in the surrounding houses. Such wild and sensuous colourings I had only ever seen in dreams. I looked away only to double my pleasure by noting the fine paintwork of the street-lamps.

Although Hornsey station is at the top of its

league with several memorable platforms, Crouch Hill station is probably my favourite.

Quite often when visiting the station, I will stop at the KFC on the way. Here I find that a purchase of regular baked beans gives me the fillip needed to assist me in my journey.

At the end of the day I like to look in at the Camping Shop in Park Road. I have a credit account there and have recently bought a plastic poncho, perfect for all seasons. Not only can it hide any number of hand movements that may be considered ambiguous if taken out of context, but it can also be used as a picnic blanket similar to the one described by Billie Jo Spears in her famous record 'Blanket on the Ground', though not entirely so....

Signing off for now.

KK



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# BUDGEN'S: THE END OF THE LINE

## Just what is it about Budgens?

I know, I know, we've been down this aisle many times before. It's been given the CrouchEnd treatment more times than Andy Kershaw and The World Cafe put together.

What more can be said about an establishment that has entered comedy folklore as much as David Mellor and Essex girls.

But there's the rub. Budgens is starting to be viewed with affection.

Entire dinner parties are surviving on the Budgen's experience.

Phonecalls to mum from a thousand bedsits crackle with tales of misery from the checkout

In the Wisteria a whole morning can disappear by just eavesdropping on the daily Budgen's banter

In short if it wasn't

there we would have to invent it. But what does this say about us. Are we complete masochists? Do we enjoy being abused by men in polyester ties who smell of clearasil. What pleasure do we derive from shopping in a supermarket which regularly runs out of life's essentials such as milk? A store whose sole aim in life it seems is to cause anger and pain?

This is not normal let nobody try and tell you. This is Frank Bough territory.

Generations in the future will tell their children: "Ah yes Crouch Enders. They were the people who shopped in Budgens, funny lot. As mad as Ovaltine if I rightly remember"

Did it ever occur to you that all those people who



wander around arguing with lampposts began their long dark route into madness by trying to find bin bag in Budgens.

We need to do something now, otherwise we will soon find ourselves restrained by tight fitting waistcoats having electrodes pushed through us.

But what, other than organising away-day trips

to Sainsbury's can we blinking well do I hear you cry.

Don't worry, I have it all in hand. There is a wise old sign post in Ferme Park Road who has all the answers. So if you'll excuse me I shall go and ask it....

**Happy shopping.**



**NEWLY OPENED**

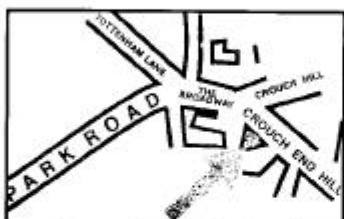
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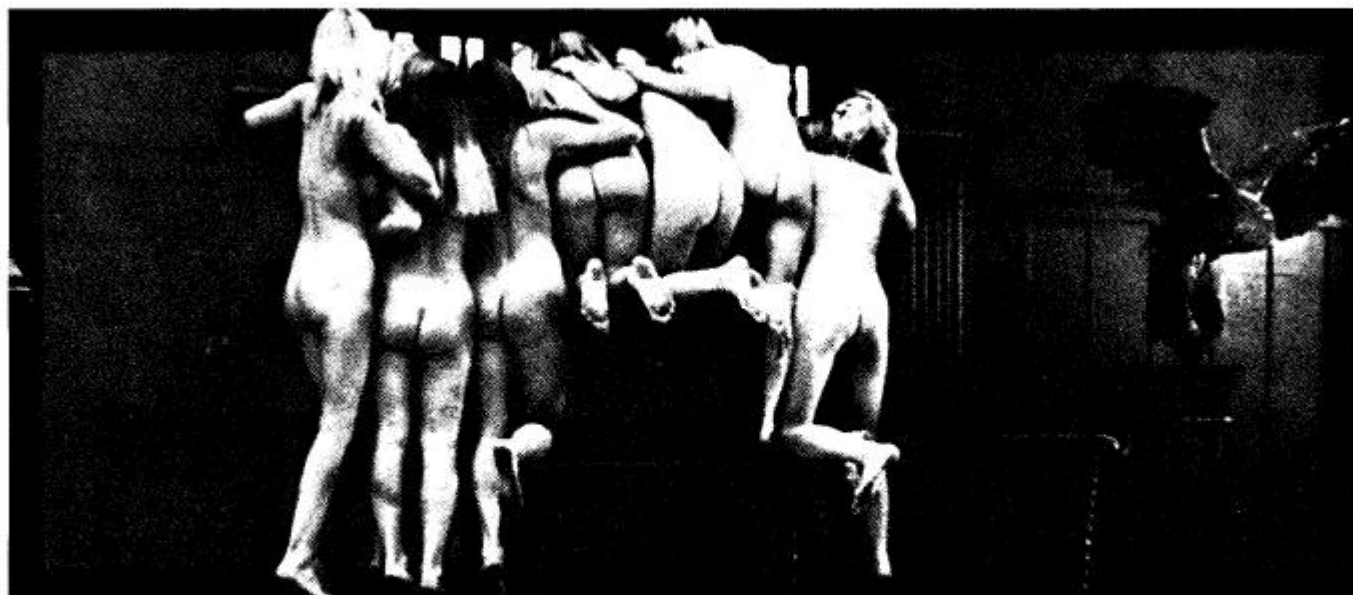
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# Cheeky CrouchEnder Caption Competition



Bottoms up, what oh. This was the nubile scene at a massage parlour during a police raid last Christmas. Can you dream up a caption to compliment the chilly little scene. There's £25 for the best one!. Just send you witticisms to CrouchEnder Caption Comp, PO Box 3415, London N4 4EN. Closing date: February 15.

## PAT and MICK THE WORKER

**MICK.** It's yourself Pat. I hear you've got the start?

**PAT** I have and more's the pity too.

**MICK.** How come Pat, doesn't the class of the work suit you?

**PAT.** The work in itself is easy, a monkey could do it in his sleep. But by god I'll tell you there's no monkey business about this job and no sleeping either. It's 'move this, fetch that, more of this, more of that, label this, price that, the prices are wrong they went up again last week, do them again ' Well Lord save us, it would give a man wrinkles and all for peanuts plus the added bonus of NO DRINKING ON THE PREMISES

Can you believe that? I thought the slave trade had ended.

**MICK.** Well you know the old saying, Pat? Employ monkeys etc.

**PAT.** Very good Mick you could be on TV. AM with stuff like that.

**MICK.** I gather we are talking about a Pub here?

**PAT** Not at all man I'm talking about hard labour at fat Sam's awfulness You know the DIY shop in Weston Park where you

can get the hame improvement plan kit at inflated prices.

**MICK.** A homely little shop and I hear they have a good clientele and the staff are a civil lot.

**PAT.** The clientele, if that's

what youcall them, range from the dregs of society to the froth at the top Poncing in all puffed up with their red faces fresh from the city overcoat' brolly, brief case and cheque book and all for a bottle of white wine to pasify the wife after drinking half the night with their cronies. Some of them make me froth at the mouth, Mick.

**MICK.** What's fat Sam like?

**PAT.** He's got a belly like a barrel of tripe on the move - if he did move that is. He guards the till like it was the crown jewels. The face on him when he pats me would make misery mark time and as for the other staff they are as dim as a two watt light bulb.

**MICK.** Here comes one of your best customers Mr. McClusky.

**PAT.** I'm off for some more shelving. Good night Mick.

**MICK.** Don't forget to pull the shutters down.



# MOVE ON UP!

**Daniel Newman, a new, and possibly temporary, resident of Crouch End explores the addictive habit of moving house**

**W**e love moving. We'd do it every day, even Christmas Day, if we could afford the transit van hire. It's that adrenaline rush that does it, that, lets get these boxes in/out of the van so quickly it's like you're not actually doing it type buzz. Whilst trying not to rip the new place's wallpaper or drop the family crockery cast-offs, you can't help carrying as much as possible at a time just to get the damn ordeal over and done with. Who needs skin on their knuckles anyway?

During a move you're in a limbo daze, a kind of purgatory. Dashing backwards and forward smacking vans' wing mirrors with yours, it's a back-breaking yo-yo rollercoaster. When the van is full the ride is smooth and slow, coming back for more it's rip-that-rented-rubber time. All of a sudden you're Mr. Macho. Now you realise why lorry drivers are so hard. It's because they sit so high up. You're in your transit, up there looking down on plebs in intensely crushable family saloons, and you're wild, indestructible and liable to dent anyone who doesn't give you right of way. Yorkie never tasted so good and that old mini will never feel the same again.

Before the move of course, there's the unique educational experiences of packing and cleaning the haggard old place. You become an expert on the strengths and cubic capacities of various cardboard

boxes. You find yourself surreptitiously sneaking to the supermarket, greedily grabbing the thick and taut banana boxes. Sloping down dark allies you rummage around moist refuse trying to dig out that choice carrier. Purchasing a bargain lot of Jif you can marvel at the viscous nicotine, dust and furry fat

you. To chuck it out would be to lose a part of yourself, part of your past, one of your memories. One flick through your English composition book and you're away, back to brighter and sunnier days. An hour whizzes past whilst you re-read delicious old love letters or that diary you'd really like to burn but

and Grease records, Dr. Seuss books and old photographs are trying to hide up there. The records still sound so good and can't be chucked because they'll probably come back in fashion one day. Vinyl is almost antique anyway. My mother threatens to get rid of it all when I go, but when I start chucking out my cub scout jumper (I was a sixer!) she goes all dewy eyed and says "You've got to keep that!" The hoarding gene runs in the family.

So you've utilised all your best friends and any bod who'll lend a hand and eventually you have done it. You have officially moved. Boxes are bursting out of the place but at least you can relax. You are now no longer halfway homeless and the van has gone back almost on time with only a cracked wing mirror to your discredit. The stress of maybe having to throw away some precious oddity from childhood or adolescence has passed. It's now time to start acquiring yet more bulky tutt while wandering down Crouch End Broadway. Did you not know that the more possessions one owns is a direct link to how wise, prosperous and interesting you are?

It's the honest truth. Just call me King Tutt.



mixture on every surface and wall. That lovely lilac loo bowl must be lickable to ensure you get that heart-stopping deposit back. You can discover how many baths you've had whilst staying there by counting the rings. A satisfying glob of cream cleaner and you'd never have known you'd wallowed there.

During the packing process you realise just how much junk you own. Do we really need all this baggage? Of course not. Can you manage to throw any of this crap away? No, no don't do it. Every possession has a story to tell and says something about

couldn't if you tried.

We want to live in a nice controllable home, everything spacious and bare, easy to keep in order. However, we must have enough room for the complete volumes of TinTin and Asterix the Gaul and that beer bottle collection that means so much. Even that little vest from the South of France which was really hip in 1984 must have it's rightful place in our new home. It goes straight to the bottom of the lump of clothes in my wardrobe and there it stays. My mother is always trying to get rid of my stuff from her attic. Three boxes of Human League, ELO



# Scoop Cooper

IN  
"KEEPING  
ABREAST"

MONDAY AFTERNOON -  
SCOOP WAS ATTENDING  
A MEETING WITH  
CAYLES BLAUBERRY  
- EDITOR OF 'THE  
NORTH LONDON  
ENQUIRER'...

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THIS PAGE OYLES!  
WHAT DO YOU SEE? - YOU SEE TITS  
DON'T YOU? - AND THAT'S WHAT SELLS  
THIS RAG BY THE MILLIONS - GOOD  
QUALITY PHOTOS OF WOMEN'S CHESTS!  
YOU WANT 'THE ENQUIRER' TO SELL  
BY THE MILLIONS, DON'T YOU OYLES?!



OF C-COURSE I DO  
SCOOP-B-BUT-

NO 'BUTS' SUNSHINE!  
GIVE ME EIGHTY QUID  
AND I'LL SPLASH A  
GIANT SET OF 'MAMMS'  
ACROSS OUR PAGE 3!



EM... OH ALRIGHT THEN,  
I'LL GET THE PETTY-  
CASH TW...

SCOOP KNEW EXACTLY  
WHERE TO FIND A  
NEW 'SUPERMODEL'  
- IN HIS LOCAL 'THE  
BULL AND INK'...



THERE'S BOUND TO  
BE A BIT OF SPACE  
IN 'ERE WHO'S  
WILLING TO FLASH  
'EM FOR A PONY...

MOMENTS LATER...

HELLO LOVE!  
WANNA BE  
FAMOUS?!

YEAM

THEN THIS IS  
YOUR LUCKY  
DAY! - HEHE



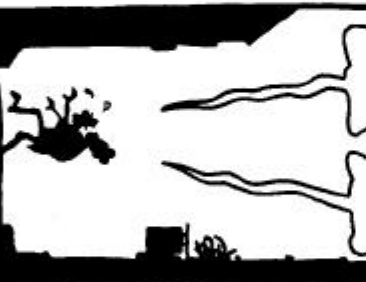
TEN PANTS, EIGHT WHISKEY  
CHASERS AND NINE VODKA  
AND SLIM-LINE TONICS LATER

RIGHT, - HIC - I  
THINK YOU'RE  
SUFFICIENTLY  
TANKED-UP  
ENOUGH TO  
POSE FOR THE  
'ACT' PICTURES  
... HIC!

YOU'LL HAVE  
TO GIVE ME  
A PIGGY-  
BACK RIDE  
TO YOUR  
STUDIO - HIC-  
HA HA HIC!  
HA HA HIC!



HIC! HIC!



THE 'STUDIO' TURNED  
OUT TO BE THE  
PHOTOGRAPHING ROOM  
AT THE NORTH  
LONDON ENQUIRER...

NEXT MORNING, SCOOP SHOWED THE 'NEW  
LOOK PAGE 3 TO 'ENQUIRER' PUBLISHER -  
DAVE 'SLEAZEBALL' SCUMIVAN...

DAVE! DAVE! - WE'VE DONE IT! - WE'VE  
COMPLETELY SOLD OUT!! - AND IT'S  
ALL THANKS TO ME!! - IT WAS MY  
IDEA TO GET SOME KNOCKERS INTO  
THE PAPER! - GO ON! WE'VE A BUTCHER'S  
AT THESE, GOOD AREN'T THEY?!



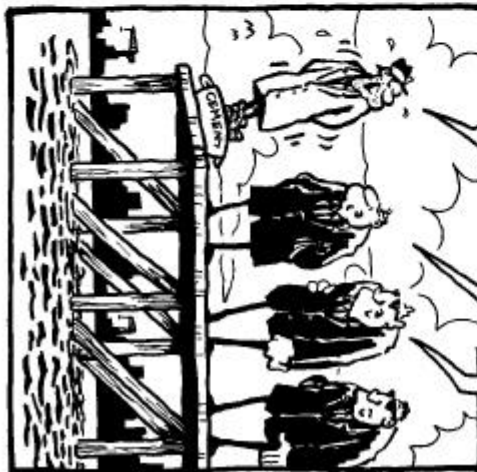
COOPER!  
YOU'RE A  
DEAD MAN...



HONEST DAVE! - I  
DIDN'T KNOW SHE  
WAS YOUR NIECE!  
COME ON DAVE - MATE  
- SHOW SOME MERCY!

O.K. KNUCKLES  
- PUSH HIM IN

RIGHT  
BOSS...



# KEITH

## A MONTHLY MESSAGE

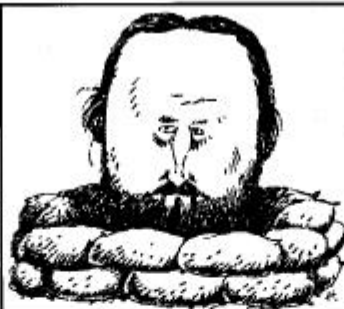
**This issue of The CrouchEnd is the first to hit the streets since the festive season. What we had to celebrate may perhaps be a little obscure but I am never averse to celebration for whatever reason. Indeed in my socialist utopia life will be a permanent festival, although I am mindful that Oliver Cromwell, a precursor of the modern left, banned Xmas altogether. He also forced shops to stay open on Xmas day, although these days I doubt they would need much forcing if they thought there was money in it.**

Anyway, so to the issue of pubs in Crouch End. As I noted in an earlier edition, time was the mid 1970's when Crouch End was a haven of real ale in Haringey. The Queens and the Railway were two of the last pubs in the Borough to serve the real stuff until the tide turned with the introduction of Allied's Burton Ale on handpump

in 1976.

At this point, if not perhaps from the first sentence, I suspect that the reader may be asking why the bearded buffoon Flett immediately associates good pubs with cask ale. The answer is simple. Cask ale is not fizzy weak British brewed lager with a foreign sounding name. It is living beer and if it is to be in good condition it must be looked after by the landlord or lady. If mine host can go to the trouble of serving a good pint of ale then it is highly likely that they will also take trouble over the rest of the pub too from toilets to food.

Let me say straight away in memory of Stan Cole, whose Ale Trail in the old style Hornsey Journal was a source of the real ale revival in Haringey, that I cannot think of any pub toilets in Crouch End which are so disgusting as to be worthy of holding out until you get home. I am only talking of the gents mind you. Female toilets are often worse since they should have rather more in the way of facilities. (tam-pax disposal bins, baby



# FLETT

## FROM THE BUNKER

changing area), and

often don't.)

Anyway to the point. In the mid 70's Crouch End really was a haven for the drinker in search of a decent drink. But not, alas, in the mid 90's to which, as it is now 1994, we have ascended. When drinking with residents of Crouch End I have long taken to retreating to the Tollgate at Turnpike Lane. One wouldn't say the beer in there was superb, (never a Good Beer Guide entry) but it is still vastly more drinkable than most of what is available in Crouch End. Indeed there is not one pub in Crouch End in the GBG unless you count the Tap and Spile which in my book, (if not CAMRAs), is really in Stroud Green.

I do not of course avoid the hostelrys of Crouch End entirely. The Queens is a fine old gin palace but Karaoke is not for me even if I am allowed to sing the Red Flag. The Railway is still much as it was but much much quieter, I wonder why? The Maynard is pleasant enough but why turn the kids room into a meeting room and now a

pool venue? Where does the person with kids go for a drink in Crouch End now? In neither The Bird in Hand or the Princess Alexandra I'm afraid do I find the beer, and this is purely a matter of personal taste, really to my liking, (alright then, not strong enough) The Harringay Arms, I'm just too well built to get through the door which leaves the Kings Head, (which I've done many times) and the Elbow Room.

Ah now, the Elbow Room. This is the sister pub of the renowned Elbow Room in Tottenham High Rd which has been my local for many years. The problem with the Crouch End Elbow is that there is not enough elbow room. In addition since it has no proper cellar, keeping the beer in good nick must be a nightmare.

Beyond this there is the question of the clientele. Here, after many years of empirical observation, I have worked out a theory. More of this next time. But for now it is more than time for a drink.

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# GRUB SPY

**A**s we are shown to our table the waiter taps out a rhythm on his notepad to accompany the sitar ballad that crackles from unseen speakers. Choreographed superbly, he turns on the upbeat and with an Eastern flourish, gestures for us to be seated, which leaves me wondering whether he does a floor show on request. We're a party of four making a night of it in celebration of Darren's bit part in 'The Bill'. He played the part of a milkman and only had one line, something about yoghurts curdling if left unattended, an integral to the plot. Sadly though, this damning declaration will remain unheard to the viewing public, as even now it wallows on some cutting room floor. Apparently the director decided, a meaningful look expressing 'the inner turmoil of a milkies lot not being a happy one', would suffice. Still we all agreed that he was very photogenic.

And no better place to celebrate than the Palace Tandoori on Tottenham Lane who face stiff competition from their neighbours, the other dozen or so curry houses. Rising to the challenge they have introduced a bargain buffet at £5.40 a head to lure in any passing trade.

The selection being primarily meat orientated did

not appeal to the glib herbivores amongst us and as we were determined to push the boat out for our Thespian (the sight of meat makes me vomit) luvvy, we sampled from the main menu.

Four pints of statutory lager, abnormally priced and poppodoms with spicy chutnies, acquainted us to the evenings fayre. The

meat and Darren has.....Acne....with boils on, which goes some way to explaining why his career hasn't taken off in the way he would have liked. Well I think he's a must for radio.

The doors of the restaurant swing open and a fellow of great girth appears as if by osmosis

Our food arrives to a chorus of 'ahh' and 'ooh lovely', which only goes to prove that the voice lessons weren't in vain. My partner tucks into her dahl and I remind myself that the bathroom needs re-grouting. Sophie fingers her plate saucily and before a disapproving Darren is a meal that mirrors his face. And so I can't help typing sad irony. My veggie biriani is very appetising but catch myself absent minded searching for the meat.

Over coffee and exorbitant liqueurs we toast Darren's success and voice heartfelt wishes of 'good luck' for his recall audition. We all agree that the Mr Men Tour would certainly benefit his C.V. Going our separate ways, we part the best of friends. On my journey home I alight at the K.F.C. and ravage a fowl or two.

But what the heck, The Palace Tandoori is as good as any other Indian restaurant on Tottenham Lane.

Sean Arberry

## The Palace Tandoori

night being young the restaurant played host to few diners and the extraordinary hush was only chequered by our occasional little tattle chatter.

The staff who seem to be employed on a piece work basis, file past our table to and fro, like boarder guards ready to pounce at the mere incline of an eyebrow. As we dipped and munched at our niblets, Darren confessed to 'corpsing three times on set'. "What d'you mean, corpsing?", I asked confused. "He giggled when he's not supposed to, the naughty," chuckled Sophie. "I can be naughtier" whispered Darren, very loudly and twinkled lustily at Sophie. This I noted, added another dimension to his character, which until then I'd completely overlooked. "Oh Naughty" shrieked Sophie and hollered louder than Lear in a storm, then heaved throatily which credited her with resembling an allergic rhinoceros. This I noted, added nothing to her character, apart from a cleavage wider than a railway cutting.

Ordering our main course, I spinelessly opt for a veggie biriani, my partner (female) has some dahl, Sophie ????? with no

through a shield of rain. As the waiter approaches, the shadowy figure in the doorway gripping a thick black staff, raises it threateningly above his head. At this the waiter in fear of his life, dives for cover behind the bar. The broolly screams down with a thrash and the canvas billows forth water. With no more ado, our intruder returns once more to the night.

None of us comment on this strange intrusion but no doubt secretly promised ourselves to lay off the waccybaccy.





# The Crouchender

Crouchender Publishing Ltd.

## HORN

**David Yallop Tom Watt  
Bruce Kent & Oliver Tobias**

**50p**



**April 1994**

Better dead than

RED



**C**hris Evans' admission that his red hair made him the target of bullies and a failure with women is something thousands of men with similarly coloured locks can easily identify with.

The fact that he has overcome this hirsute handicap and become a sex symbol is both unbelievable and inspirational.

For those with the hair-colour that dare not speak its name, who have endured taunts of "Ginge", "Duracell" and "Redser" for most of their lives, Chris Evans is nothing short of a hero.

If you had told me a few years ago that a red-haired man could date AND dump the beautifully blonde pop star Kim Wilde I would have rocked with helpless laughter.

As a redser myself, with the requisite milky-white complexion, I have stood on the sidelines of life; laughed at by men, shunned by women. I have watched my attractive-coloured contemporaries turn brown in the sun as I applied Factor 20 and prayed for my freckles to join up. I knew my place.

Women do not want to toyfully play with red hair. They want tight black curls and and flaxen blonde tendrils.

I once saw a woman on a bus literally shudder when her friend told her she was seeing a redhead. Red hair will always be equated with a vague feeling of ugly mediocrity.

Nicholas Wichell lacks the authority of Dimbleby. Not because he is any less a newsman. But because he has sickly red hair crowning an irredeemably pale face which no amount of panstick can enhance. During interviews politicians see in him the pathetic child they used to sneer at sitting alone at the back of the classroom.

Neil Kinnock did not lose two General Elections on lack of policy alone. He blew them because what hair he has left is red. In my lifetime I doubt if I will see a red-haired Prime Minister. And did you notice any redhair in the recent revival of the musical *Hair*? A cruel dinner party game is currently doing the rounds: name five handsome red-headed males. Is it any wonder we are known for our violent tempers.

Red-haired women — apart from Fergie — have it easy.

Heavy eye make-up and blusher can distract one's attention from the redness and can, in some cases, make it look sexy.

When I was younger, in an attempt to look like Sting I tried dying my hair with peroxide. The result: for two months I frightened children and old people. My hair looked like the yoke of a newly-laid free-range egg. A hairdresser has since told me certain shades of red just cannot be dyed. "Try a wig," he helpfully suggested. The

*'I have stood on the sidelines of life; laughed at by men, shunned by women'*

only person who has ever cooed over my barnet was a short-sighted great-aunt with a fine line in sarcasm.

A friend (black-haired with flecks of grey) once suggested that politically correct authorities such as Hackney and Lambeth should lead the way by appointing red-haired social workers to look after the needs of their borough's oppressed gin-

ger-headed minority.

But there is now evidence that things are looking up for redsers.

Before *The Big Breakfast*, all we had was Charles Dance. But even he didn't count. His was more an aristocratic auburn than true unbrushable, vibrant traffic light red.

Now we have the clipped redness of Major James Hewitt being dressed head to foot by Princess Di; the not simply, but defiantly, red Mick Hucknall wooing all manner of Supermodel; Arsenal's Ray Parlour receiving wolf whistles from the female fans at Highbury ("Come on you red!"); and Mr Evans becoming the first redser in living memory to be given a prime-time tv spot. Is the worm turning? Are red-headed boys being viewed with envy rather than pity? Will henna soon be on sale beside the after-shave? If so there is one man we should thank.

On behalf of all those with the hair from hell, Mr Evans, you are heaven sent.

**John Ryan is a former barman turned journalist and has not been laid since May 1991.**



# Twenty Crouch End dinner party conversation stoppers

*(or what not to say in the World Cafe)*

1. "Actually I thought The Piano was crap."
2. "Ladies and gentlemen, a toast: Margaret Thatcher."
3. "I'm sorry I don't watch the Late Show."
4. "This bird, right, she's got tits the size of St Paul's..."
5. "I'm a bit of a Constable man myself."
6. "String 'em up that's what I say."
7. George Eliot? No never heard of him."
8. "Why do we need all these bloody trees anyway?"
9. "I've brought some Liebfraumilch, if anybody fancies it."
10. "Haven't you got any meat?"
11. Everybody, meet my good friend Peter Lilley."
12. "You know when you've run out of toilet paper and have to use an old t-shirt. It's just not the same."
13. "Derek Jarman? I wouldn't have let him direct my sister's wedding."
14. Oh not f\*\*king REM again."
15. Age of consent? They should castrate the bloody lot of them."
16. "You'll love this one. Paddy walks into a bar and says to Sambo..."
17. "What Emma Thompson needs is a chesseburger and a good shag."
18. "Are you aware that Jesus Christ is your saviour?"
19. "You know that bit in *Debbie Does Dallas*..."
20. "As Richard Littlejohn once said..."



"You know that bit in *Debbie Does Dallas*...?"

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## PUB SPY



### The Great Northern Railway High Street, Hornsey N8

Often referred to in a nostalgic context as the 'Tophouse' by those locals who can still remember the war, the 'Great Northern Railway Tavern' on the High St in Hornsey is definitely my kind of pub.

Once the busiest ale house in North London, it fell, for some unfathomable reason into a slump. A brief spell as a Fringe theatre did little to lift its spirits and the luvvies and labourers alike abandoned the sinking ship. Numerous would be landlords drowned in an ocean of unpaid bills, ruining the day they boarded this leaky vessel.

The resident pool team also suffered greatly as visiting sides inflicted humiliating defeats upon them. Sadly the Taverns star player wasn't always available for selection as she had to work occasionally behind the bar and on those important cup matches she wasn't always guaranteed a baby sitter either. Cues drooped, flagons faltered and a black ball resounded hollow in the corner pocket. The regulars shared a cab home as the doors closed behind them, it seemed, for good.

But, from across the water they came, a dynamic duo in the guise of Martin & Marina, armed with nothing other than good intentions and a peculiar gift of the blarney. They saw, they conquered!

After a brisk ten minute

walk from Crouch End Broadway through a blizzard of Alistair Maclean proportions, I arrived frozen from finger to foot. Circumnavigating a pack of ravenous second hand car salesman at the bar, I succeed in catching Marina's eye. "Can I help you?" she asks, "My usual" I reply in matey fashion. "And what's that?" she enquires seemingly non-plussed. Always one for the crack I decide to play along with her. "My usual, good lady and make it snappy". At this Marina takes a long hard look at me and concludes with, "Do I know you?" Crestfallen, I answer sulkily, "perhaps not but I'll have a pint of Guinness anyway".

The BLACK stuff is renowned for not travelling well and yet here in the Great Northern they welcome it, weave their Gaelic magic and present the connoisseur with a finer pint one could hope for outside the Emerald Isle. I am joined at the bar by Jim, otherwise known as the crossword King, although this evening he's struggling with a severe mental teaser. "Can't get 9 down"

he moans, "Oh dear", I reply sympathetically. "Or 12 across, or 14 down, 7 across and 2 across is a real bastard!" As lost for words as he obviously is I ask what answers he does have. "Nuffin" he cries and drops his head dejectedly to the counter. "TITS"

an unseen voice screams. Lying prostrate with the nub ends is Julian, a Welsh pit pony of a fellow, staring bleary eyed to the heavens. "2 across is tits" he sniggers, then with a great deal of effort he lurches to his feet, staggers to the bar and proceeds to scrawl crudities across the puzzle. "That isn't cryptic" remonstrates Jim. "Cl...it...or...is", cackles the Taff before stumbling back into stupefied unconsciousness.

Young Mario enters, dressed to impress, dark coiffured hair gelled for a purpose, looking every inch a Sasha Distel clone. With the air of a hit man on a mission, he whips out a pool cue and sets about demolishing all comers on the green baize. From the jukebox a heady rhythm of hard rock ambiguously followed up with heart rending Irish ballads has me wondering whether to tap my feet or to swoon patriotically, however not being blessed with the minstrels ear I decide against neither. Sanitary etiquette being an obsession of mine I investigate the condition of the conveniences. What can I say? They're above average. Cubes of bleach in the urinals, soap to be shared for those among us that bother with that sort of perversion, tepid water so as not to shock the inebriated, condom machine vandalised by some roaming papal ambassador. I am amazed at how many celebrities the Tavern attracts. Wherever I turn there is some familiar face from the box revelling in the charged atmosphere.

The uninitiated could be forgiven for mistaking this as a Planet Hollywood franchise. Tony O'Callaghan of 'Bill' fame is fending off unwanted attention from an hysterical housewife who is attempting to frisk him for his handcuffs, whereas movie idol Adrian Dunbar resigned to being unrecognised, selects an eyebrow, raises it and skulks off to a corner.

Martin our genial host mingles with the customers and a bewildering array of characters they are. Students from what were once polytechnics, divorcees from what were once happy marriages and drunkards that were once from the Three Compasses.

Last orders called, I don my duffle coat, balaclava and brave the arctic weather.

Slumped over a summer table outside is the pickled Welshman, face submerged inside a pitta bread, shivering icy, features bespattered with kebab, he spies my approach. "Richard Burton was a piss head you know!" he rails. "But sadly he's dead now" I reply casually. "Oh God, when did that happen?" he asks mortified. I continue homeward bound ignoring the pleas of the sodden pit pony, who by now overdosed with chilli sauce, is sneezing horselike. The Great Northern is a helluva pub, that also does great meals and well worth the short excursion from Crouch End and it's not often I can say that!

*Sean Arberry*





## The Lion Tottenham Lane, Crouch End N8

**T**here is a recurring question that begs to be asked of the landlord of *The Lion* on Tottenham Lane; **WHY?** Why the grindingly irritating pinball machine? Why the mind-numbing video games and the sluggish little pool table that mars the approach to the gents. **WHY?** When I am in need of amusement, I go to an arcade. When I'm in need of a tippie, I go to ....an amusement arcade obviously. However, duty bound I was assigned to sit it out and endure the evenings folly. But first the hurdle of getting served. Not being endowed with a basketball player's physique was a major blem. No amount of frantic leaping up and down like a demented pedee, waving my crisp as though it was the beckered flag at Silverstone, was doing lit-

tle to attract attention, apart from curious glances from a party of Swedish exchange students who were under the impression that the circus had come to town. This split level decor was beyond a joke and I was receiving nothing for my pains save the possibility of cerebral haemorrhaging.

I decided to reposition myself on the upper deck and it was from this vantage point that I surveyed the pumps and their offerings.

The Liffey water fails to endear as a pair of somberly-dressed pints are ramrodded to a customer, heads all in a spin. The woeful selection of beers would favour paltry acclaim from that once great man of letters and real ale enthusiast, Keith Flett.

Making do with a G&T, ice and a slice. 'Oh no lemon'. Splashed not stirred, I carry myself off to a quiet alcove and some covert scribbling. From behind the wooden partition an argument ensued and I listened in to their saucy bickering.

*'It was a mistake', she said. 'What coming here?' he said. 'The operation', she said. A pause, a graveyard hush. My ears twitched, pen suspended in mid vowel, I stared intensely at the divide. 'I want kids as well some day' his voice crackled and waivered like a badly tuned transistor.*

*'I'm not convinced' she said, stating the obvious. 'Oh Lord, don't remind me of the rights and wrongs'. He was squirming about with all the frenzy of an MP before a select committee. She went for the jugular. 'And why not in a private clinic' she said. 'I do have some morals' he replied indignantly. 'Anyway' he said, 'I can always get it reversed'. What was this? 'But Hugo, the snip!' she snorted disapprovingly. Hugo? Snip? Unable to contain myself I strained a peek around the frame. I should have guessed, and the leotards and roll necks confirmed my suspicions. Two f\*\*king drama proteges indulging in extracurricular rehearsing. And I didn't think they came this far down the hill! On walkabout I nosy in corners. Passing by a Bulldog-built caucasian in shell suit more dazzling than the neon lights of the pin ball machine that he's thumping, I am thrown back by an almighty explosion. Palmwaving the odious cloud into my face, he eyes me psychotically and screams 'Eh!' Gobsmacked and gagging from the assault I make no reply. 'Eh!' he snarls, salivating wildly. Desperate to avoid an ugly scene, I throw him my 'not looking for trouble' look and endeavouring to humour, comment 'Great game', His brows knit and cheeks purple. 'Ooz Gay?' he*

rages and on threatening a club foot, I vanish swift-style. Reappearing in a cubicle, relieving myself substantially, I hum Norwegian Wood. Having excreted, because let's face it we all do, I am greeted with the no soap saga. Fortunately I always carry a cake with me, I wouldn't leave home without it. No hot water, no kidding. At the pool table a lone figure practises for the big time. His genteel swagger is checked occasionally whilst he sips his half of lager coupled with keeping an eye out for his mates, sadly no friends gather. Returning to my nook I am accosted by my Irish acquaintance who steps out from the shadows and confides, 'I'm barred you know'. No sooner had I registered this apparition then he slunk back into the dim light of obscurity. Spirited to my alcove on another G&T, having tired of the mediocre bar room chatter, I try to construct some witty phrases. Submerged in this Richard Whitely pose, I am unaware of the approach by Bulldog and followers. BOOM! Apparently I put up a good fight for one who had shat himself which was high praise indeed in boverboy folklore. The Lion? To be honest it's all right, just needs a few characters.

*Sean Arberry*

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