



Second car for the kids, 1906

to do with the emergence of the "second driver." More than half the people taking driving tests today are women. In a study of mobility in London's outer metropolitan area, Mayer Hillman and his colleagues found that 80 per cent of the men in two-car households had driving licenses; double the percentage in one-car households.

The egalitarian notion that both husband and wife should have their own cars dispels Ernst Dichter's theory that a man needs a saloon car as a wife and a sports car as a mistress. Today's couple sees the saloon as the husband's, and the hatchback as the wife's. Breadwinner and bread collector. (A favorite setting for hatchback advertising is the supermarket car park.)

For those who dislike the idea of the car for the little woman, power steering puts women behind the wheel of some-what less sexist. An advertisement showing a man collecting her children from a

plummy private school puts her in the driving seat of a virile Volvo estate.

Safeways or St Trinians, the settings all belong to a second-car lifestyle—a country style. For the rise of the second car is linked strongly with the movement which this year's census confirmed: a flight from the town into the country.

The country sets its own rules of car use. Hillman's study found the highest levels of two-car ownership (23 per cent) in rural areas. Indeed, there were as many people with two cars as there were people without cars at all. Demographic factors don't explain this high rate. But a country lifestyle does.

Here, cars function like horses in a stable. A stable may house a thoroughbred racehorse, a hack and a pony. The husband's BMW, used for sprints up the motorway (the racehorse), the wife's Peugeot hatchback, used for pottering about between school and shops (the hack), and the son or daughter's Mini (the pony).

This typology is over-simple. It ignores the effect of company cars, which displace the family's principal car (racehorse put out to pasture). It doesn't take account of secondhand cars; a slightly larger proportion of secondhand cars than new cars become second cars. But it does suggest what second cars are for.

And the sales of "runabout" cars seem to confirm this. Over 40 per cent of people who buy new Ford Fiestas have another car in the household; 7 per cent have another two.

Car manufacturers don't like to think of their models as second cars. But their customers do. Nearly half of the Volkswagen Polos sold last year went to "multi-car" households. And 13 per cent—an increase of 5 per cent on the year before—went to households with three or four cars.

Market research carried out by Volkswagen suggests that the Polo customer has many of the characteristics of the second-car buyer. The customer is likely to be female (55 per cent are women) white-collar (threequarters are classed ABC1—the top socio-economic grouping) and young (a third, the largest group, are between 25 and 34).

Volkswagen also provided a glimpse into the stable when they asked buyers what other makes of car they owned. The largest group—almost 30 per cent—already owned cars from the Volkswagen and Audi group. This customer loyalty suggests that, when people are looking for a second car, they often choose a junior version of their principal car. British Leyland's customers behave in the same way. The Metro is the obvious stablemate for a bigger BL car.

A high proportion of second-car buyers—far higher than the share of car buyers generally—own real thoroughbreds. The Volkswagen survey turned up Jaguars, Daimlers and even Maseratis. Yet the single most popular make of other car seems to be the Mini. Volkswagen's marketing men suspect that this is because it's the favourite car of the 17 to 19 year olds. The pony in the stable.

Yet even though second-car owners are an important segment of the runabout market, runabouts are not aimed exclusively at them. Although wives are important customers, the advertising makes no particular appeal to them. The car manufacturers believe that men and women look for the same thing in cars—and often the husband takes an important part in the choice of a second car for the wife.

Second-car ownership is implied, rather than stated in the advertising. One car manufacturer recently ran an ad which asked, "Would you ask your wife to drive a car that wasn't safe as the car you drive?" Second car, maybe; but not second best.

No one, in fact, wants to pin cars down to particular uses. After all, the Renault 5 may be a housewife's runabout. But it's also a career girl's getabout: "How the girl about town gets about town," as the advertising puts it. So that leaves the car sticker: "My other car's a Maserati." Well, according to the research, it could be.

### Britain observed: 3

## In ethnic England

Bottomley's lime fruits, sugary Indian sweets, murder posters. Paul Barker reports on Bradford.

A man sits on the imitation marble kerb of the pool in the Arndale Centre. An artificial plastic rain glitters behind him, and a small fountain sprays genuine water. It is not yet ten o'clock this Saturday morning in Bradford, but already there are two Benson and Hedges packets in the pool, and three matchsticks floating.

The man is wearing a good John Collier suit, and a flat cap. He has a square Bradford face, self-assured but a bit sad. He has put down his tartan holdall, and leans his chin forward onto the top of his walking stick, to rest it. It is a white stick.

Bradford is where the Arndale company began, before it went on to conquer every city north of the Trent. But it's now part of a London property business. As you come from the railway station, the middle of Bradford is a desert of ring roads and municipal grass. Only the police station and the new black-glass building for the *Telegraph and Argus* have any boldness to them.

The Gothic town hall, with its tall campanile, has survived civic improvement, and it Westminster-chimes on the hour and every quarter. Here in the centre, there is a Galts for toys, a Lilley & Skinners for shoes, a branch of Rackhams for polite teas, and a Cinecenta for pornography (today: *Hollywood Blue* and *The Life of Xavier Hollander*). Most of the banks have held on to Victorian premises, each more glamorous than the last. An extraordinary semi-ecclesiastical structure at the end of Hustlergate has been spraypainted YE OLDE GLUESNIFFING HALL.

Given the birthrate, a fifth of the population of Bradford will soon be Asian. Three young Asian boys pedal past on smart new bikes as I walk up to the Arndale Centre; but most of the faces here today, so far, are white. Outside the Arndale, a huckster sells Rubik's cube puzzles cheap: "Known all over the world. As used by fifty different nations." On the other side of the doorway, a woman is selling underpants and bras out of a suitcase.

There is a cautious little garden by the Arndale's indoor pool: 17 plants potted out into peat. Mother-in-law's tongue, philodendron, a small yucca.

A plump man in a brass-buttoned blazer waits by a set of stands. He is a salesman for Barratt Developments. There are chrysanthemums below the stands, and on them the layouts of Barratt estates and pictures of Barratt house-styles. The prices go from £12,000 to £130,000. The dearest version is called the Harewood, but you can take your choice from a whole clutch of dream-names. The Windermere, the Alderney, the Barden (a bungalow), the Gainsborough, the Padstow, the Eskdale, the Redwood, the Elm.

Trade is brisker at the booth for the Bradford lottery. The saleswoman has a purple cash box and a yellow hair-do. She is like an electronic Gypsy Rose Lee: her booth is wired to the roof for light. It is barely a yard square, but it has gold curtains inside. "LOTTERY. In prizes, every week, £3,000 guaranteed."

An Asian teenager buys a ticket, and takes it over to his family. There seem to

be husband, wife, son and two daughters. The husband has a silky shirt and a very prosperous air. He has just been buying another shirt. The family discuss the lottery ticket. The son looks certain to be doing well at school.

The crowd of shoppers is beginning to thicken. You realise that bags and baskets have now become a major means of self-expression. A woman carries a big round willow basket: it looks so new she must have just bought it. An elderly husband and wife have brought enough bags to try to hold everything they mean to buy. A determined-looking young woman has a bag labelled "Darjeeling. Florida. Rome." No one worries any more about taking a rivals' trade-bag into another shop. Two boys go past with plastic Saxone bags. One speaks. It's a girl.

By Brentford Nylons, the three men sitting on a bench, who look like old photographs of farm labourers, are immigrants. Flat caps, cheap trousers, cheap shoes. They are sitting, with shrewd eyes, watching and talking. There is a smell of chips.

Children, or rather their parents, pay 15p a time to go on a plastic roundabout, with the big face of a laughing policeman above it. The Arndale security men walk by, in dark-blue uniforms but hatless: looking more like laundrymen than police. The children smile or cry as the machine goes round.

Up the escalator, things become more basic. Four women sitting on a bench couldn't be anywhere but West Yorkshire.

*Rubik's cubes outside the Arndale*



Photos: Ian Berry

r faces are clamped tight like a Gam-e cartoon. They are eating ice cream. This part of the Arndale, there is kgate Market," with its rows of bargain. Many of them are run by Asian lies—smiling and pressing bargains on like Petticoat Lane. Cheap skirts, cheap es, cheap jackets. The hard sell.

Pakistani girl in pigtails is shopping her mother in a skirt shop. Her sweater REBEL. She is carrying a nylon tote-bag; mother has a mock-leather holdall. She ye inches taller than her mother. They look preoccupied, as if they have just row. She sees me looking at them, and nakes sheep's eyes at me in a very old-oned way, like a dance-hall.

## Order

archetypal Yorkshire shop has a front-solid with sweets to weigh out from Dairy fudge, strawberry sherbet, pare-tablets. Bottomley's lime fruits, Don-butterscotch.

the household stall, there are cheap ays with imitation Dutch seascapes on. For £1.32 you can get a stainless "pickle set" (where but Bradford com-such gastronomy with such cutlery?): mall dish with six two-pronged forks ne onions.

tside the Victoria Wine Company, a Yorkshire police poster is headed ER. It is nothing to do with the York-Ripper—though Bradford was the of his territory:

rs Gertrude Gray (72) was savagely ted in the doorway of her home at 53 Hall Avenue, Bierley, shortly after ight on the morning of Sunday 24 Feb-y 1980."

is was stabbed, and died in hospital. is a blurred photograph—perhaps a senior citizen's outing or a daugh-wedding. She looks both cheerful and

She must have lived long enough to the description herself. The attacker, s, was in his early twenties or thirties. (which, in Bradford, means "5 foot it turns out), slim build, broad shoul-neck-length hair, dark knee-length dark trousers and shoes.

eel helplessly angry that such things n, and cross the road into yet another et. This is the old, covered kind. In rndale, air-conditioning whirred. Here is an overpowering smell of meat. on Market is fruit and veg, fishmon-and butchers. I see my first West In-of the day: three or four black wives uying steak. At counter after counter g men in bloodied white coats have the ssive stare of all butcher boys.

the Arndale, you are conscious of s and displays; here, of people and s and food.

s fish stalls offer peeled prawns, ck, kippers, "fish bits," rabbit por-coley, conger eel, salmon steaks; all arble slabs. One shop sells "sausage, and onion gravy," ready in a dish u filmy cover, for 50p. Pie Tom tells us s been "established over a century."

ere is even a tripe shop. A Yorkshire-

man, who must have acquired the taste as a child about 60 years ago, eats a mixture of titbits from a plate with a small plastic fork. Tripe 54p a pound. Udder 24p a quarter. Bottles of neat's foot oil, for sprains, bruises, rheumatism. A rather defensive sign says: "It might be TRIPE to you, but it's BREAD AND BUTTER to us!"

Here, you might think Bradford had stood still since 1881. But if you walk out and up towards Manningham Lane, you will soon see you couldn't be more wrong. Bradford 1981 is a strange new world. Perhaps both brown and white Bradford people (there are few blacks) are foreigners in it.

Manningham Lane begins with a big hole. A sign tells you to make inquiries from another London property company. There are two large night clubs, Gatsbys and Tiffanys, but what used to be a theatre (and later the Royal Cinema) is shut. Fly-posting by the big hole advertises a roller disco at Tiffanys, a meeting of Bradford claimants' union, Pudsey agricultural show, and Rock against Racism. There is barbed wire on top of the hoarding. The sun comes out and makes the wire sparkle.

Motorbikes continuously buzz along the road, and a few heavy lorries. Past the Connaught Rooms, Eldon Place, Victoria Street: a once-respectable inner suburb, now down on its luck. The industrialists named their streets after aristocrats or the Queen. It turned out that, solid though they thought they were, the industrialists were the transient ones. In these streets with the aristocratic names, the pop world has taken over. Young men in bright gear cluster with their bikes outside a store that sells gleaming Hondas, Suzukis, Yamahas. They are all white. On the opposite side of Manningham Lane, a Pakistani stares at some equally shiny second-hand cars.

## Sex shops and banks

In this stretch, the road has become like an American "strip." All the take-away services are here. Next to the Saree Centre, there are two sex shops; near Tiffanys, a pizzeria and a tandoori house. Branches of the Lombard Bank, the National Bank of Pakistan and the Sonali (Bangladeshi) Bank.

Being on a succession of low hills, Bradford never seems as big as it is. You can often see the green of field or moor beyond, or there are empty strips between different neighbourhoods. Behind Tiffanys (which is, behind its garish front, only a kind of brick shed), the ground slopes down to the railway. A diesel to Keighley clicks by. Here is sheer slum. It is like walking into turn-of-the-century Whitechapel. It has the same grubby vigour, too.

Cornwall Place (did this street once belong to the Duchy?) is paved with unkempt setts. The gantry lights of Bradford City football stadium rear up at the end of the street. There must be unpleasant confrontations here sometimes after a match: these streets are almost entirely Asian.

All the backyards have rows of washing, much of it children's clothes. Windows are dusty, curtains half-drawn. It is dinnertime and a stream of children go up to the fish

and chip shop on the corner. Another shop seems to sell nothing much apart from batteries. A handbill advertises Kung Fu films. A building with a stone cross and bell above it (a Catholic mission once?) is now the Edwardian Club.

Peter and Iona Opie should be here. The back alleys between the houses are marvelous for children to play in. Hopscotch is chalked out on the york-stone pavement. A small boy tries to organise his brothers and sisters. In an empty tract where houses have been demolished, two girls watch while three boys fight each other with sticks among the tall cowdocks. The weeds come up to their shoulders. "You bastard," one boy shouts. The rest of what he says isn't English. A mother comes out and tries to get the children to come inside. The girls go in. The boys don't.

A West Indian learner-driver does a three-point turn by a board that advertises the Tawakkulia Mosque. Below the board, a boy is playing with a scrap of brightly coloured rug. He keeps falling onto his knees on it. Is he practising to be a mullah?

From the yard behind Tiffanys, a lorry sets out: it is going to drive through the streets to let Bradford know that tonight

there is a special American Night at the club. It is festooned with streamers and balloons. A group on the back are playing heavily amplified country and western. Some are dressed as Puritans, some as cowboys, one or two are made up as Indians.

When they hear this extraordinary noise in the drab streets, the children's faces light up, and they scramble off after the din. They follow the lorry right up onto Manningham Lane. It pauses there, and the children all stand and stare in wonder. To these five, six and seven year olds it is the Pied Piper. As the lorry moves off, down into the town centre, the children reluctantly go back into their own territory. One small white girl in a silk dress is so grubby that I mistake her for brown: but that is the colour of her young sister, clutching her hand, dummy in mouth.

There is a playground in the middle of the streets. It is full of children. I cannot remember when I last saw so many children playing out—being children. They are a very attractive sight.

Mothers and aunts stand at street doors in the sun. Adolescents sometimes appear, trying hard to look nonchalant and uninterested in anyone apart from themselves.

By one doorway, four extremely rough-looking white men stand talking in a desultory way with a white woman who looks like a tart. Unfinished "slum clearance" has left all these houses surrounded by heaps of litter and old mattresses. Before clearance began, it must have been a respectable working class and lower middle class district. One back garden has a flurry of roses. There is a white man, in his seventies, sitting under the roses, reading a newspaper. Keeping himself to himself. Such a man must feel that his own country has been taken away from him.

The proudest building hereabouts is up on Manningham Lane itself. This is the neo-Jacobean stone pile of Belle Vue Higher Boys' School, put up by Bradford school board in 1895. This information is carved into the stone, with Bradford's city motto: LABOR VINCIT OMNIA. Now there is a painted wooden sign nearer ground level: "Manningham Middle School." It looks like a cutprice sticker.

As you go along Manningham Lane, the streets start to spruce up. Dentists' and doctors' plates appear. Down one street there is a large house that turns out to be *The world of the children*



the Hungarian Cultural and Social Centre. Saturday is wedding day. A group is gathering on the front steps and in the garden for a photograph. This is (just) the right side of the tracks. Everyone smiles. As well as the official photographer, they all seem to have their own Instamatic. The bridesmaids are in royal blue. The bride's sister is heavily handsome in the Hungarian manner, with dark glossy hair. I can't hear anyone speaking other than Yorkshire.

Back on the main road, an estate agent advertises a "superb barn conversion down on the Wirral" for £100,000. A typewritten notice on the house next door tells us that Mr Mohammed Zabir wants to change it into nine bedsitters. (Write to the Director of Development Services if you object.) The next door-but-one house already has nine doorbells; then there are three; then eight. I wonder how long the doctors, dentists, and even the estate agent, will last.

Every Victorian city has this same structure. If you walk through the ex-bourgeois swathes of Toxteth, you come to Princes Park. At the end of Manningham Lane, there is Lister Park.

As you go in, the park feels like the oasis it was meant to be—despite the noise of the traffic going along Manningham Lane. You can smell the grass and the trees, feel a breeze on your face, hear birds. The statue of old Sam Lister faces you, bold and proud—even if across rather too much tarmac.

But in the postwar gents by the gateway, all the divides between the urinals have been smashed. The walls are spraypainted in black: BULLITT, GAY IS BEAUTIFUL and NF. This and the park are like three-dimensional models of Ego and Id. And even in much of the park, Id is winning.

Across the tarmac from the gents, on a bench in front of Samuel Cunliffe-Lister's statue, two winos—a man and a woman—drink cider from a bottle. A man in a flat cap walks his white dog on a lead, and lets it shit on the mown grass. Of the two huge litterbins, one has been overturned, and all the debris has been spilled out. A young man in a black jacket, Hells Angel style, goes into the gents. I wonder if he's adding to the spraypaint.

Those who're using the park as Lister intended are Asian. Two young men sit on a bench across from the winos, and look at them distastefully, as the respectable have always looked at the roughs. A group of Pakistani boys are playing cricket under the trees. Families, brown and cheerful, are promenading in the formal gardens in front of an Edwardian-baroque museum. Some are photographing each other.

## Diana among the begonias

A rather intellectual-looking group is being photographed against the bright white statue of Diana, reaching for her quiver among the begonias. Another, noisier family is being snapped right up against the grand entrance of the museum. The mother claps with pure pleasure.

The foundation stone of the museum—Cartwright Hall—was laid in 1900 by Lord Masham (ie, Cunliffe-Lister). It was opened

04 by the Prince of Wales, the future  
ge v. The high summer of empire.  
rough the doors, they have put back into  
ram display the white marble Victorian  
as that originally stood there. They are  
a plasticine version of the classics. But  
are comforting, and somehow impres-  
An Asian family, who've come inside,  
and admire them greatly; and take  
snaps of themselves standing by them.

### walls of the mill

at to walk back into Bradford along  
Lane, the other great ethnic high-  
But I walk first towards the enor-  
bulk of the Listers' source of wealth:  
ingham Mills, walled round like a  
and topped with a 250 foot Italianate  
ey. This on the hill, and the town  
n the valley, were what Bradford once  
about. Now Bradford is a district of  
Yorkshire metropolitan county; and  
unliffe-Listers having finally, in 1955,  
last gasp of hereditary peerages, made  
in earldom (of Swinton), sit tight in the  
er county of rural North Yorkshire.

the way to the Mills I pass some of  
ouses where better-off immigrant fami-  
ive, around St Luke's church. The  
h is very overgrown and deserted.  
seem to be Asian children on bicy-  
everywhere, bright and well-scrubbed,  
ck and span as their bikes.

ere is a huge coat of arms over the  
of "No. 1 Lodge" at the Mills. FIDEM  
INTEGRITAS: Integrity confirms trust.  
e there is an angle in the outer walls,  
-iron "modesty plate" has been slotted  
stop drunks peeing there. The Mills,  
urse, are why the Asians came. They  
I work the night shift, when the ethnic  
s had mostly decided to make their  
version of Earl Swinton's switch. They  
ed the white-collar jobs of the Mac-  
-Wilson boom—for their children es-  
ly—and they moved into further-flung  
il houses, or took out mortgages rather  
pay rent.

: man from whom I asked the way  
anningham Lane, in the town centre,  
ed Hungarian. The man by the Mills  
tells me the way to Lumb Lane, has  
gh cheekbones of a Slav. The displaced  
war and a failed revolution bridged  
ne-gap between the Yorkshireman's  
e for mill work and the Pakistani's  
gness to take it on.

art down the hill, past an outcrop of  
shops. In the pet shop, a tabby dozes  
p of a fish tank. Outside a second-  
shop is an array of fridges and veneer  
; the window says, "Deceased Homes  
d Immediately." There's an Indian  
rant and a halal butcher. The window  
f. Rafiq Furnitures" is smashed, and  
hole place looks very dusty and closed.  
antique shop, two very large Pakistani  
ns bargain over two silver fruit dishes  
e the white woman in charge.

ee black teenagers in Rasta hats hang  
outside an Indian corner shop. Their  
is much tougher than that of any  
I have seen here today. One of them  
s the action of a catapult towards the



A bite at Pie Tom's in Rawson Market

window, while another goes into the shop.

A middle-aged Asian walks down an alley  
between the backs of two rows of houses.  
He is holding a broken alarm clock, and  
goes into yet another corner shop, where  
they repair things like this. (How many  
whites now get alarm clocks mended?)  
Children are playing in this alley, too—in  
and out of the garden gates. Some boys use  
a stick as a cricket bat. Others play with  
some old plastic lorries. They speak their  
own language, but some English words  
stick out—the language of the school yard:  
"C'mon" and "I don't care." Two girls sit on  
a homemade go-cart while another pulls it.  
The older children are in charge of the  
younger ones.

Behind one house, beyond a tidy gate,  
there is another rose garden, with another  
white man in it, tending the flowers. It is  
the whites who seem displaced around here.  
Their world has gone. You can see why  
some might vote for fascist candidates.  
But most, I imagine, are conservative  
Labour or working class Tories. They grew  
up among the short time and deprivations  
of the thirties, probably had the best time  
of their lives in the army during the war,  
came back to raise a family in Attlee's aus-  
terity years. Then, after that, their world be-  
gan to change, unstoppably, around them.  
They were stranded. It is impossible not to  
sympathise.

On Lumb Lane itself, there is a Conserva-  
tive Club. It is the first building I see there.  
There is dereliction all around. Houses  
boarded up; streets half pulled down. At  
Southfield Square, there is a board saying  
that it is to be made good again by the

council and the Department of the Environ-  
ment. But how long has it been how it is?  
Two little girls, very self-possessed, in bright  
blouses and trousers, walk through the long  
grass of the square. They are talking in what  
sounds like Urdu-with-a-Yorkshire-accent.

The one building on the square that  
seems to be functioning is the house labelled  
TABLIGH AL ISLAM and CENTRAL JAMIA  
MOSQUE. Men in white caps go in at the  
rate of about one a minute. (They all seem  
to come out on the other side: as if it were  
a conveyor belt.)

A bit further down the lane, there is a  
site for a new mosque. But, rather suddenly,  
I find myself among blacks. I see the reason.  
There is a club here. The door is open. A  
man walks into it, cigarette in one hand,  
beer can in the other. Through the door and  
the haze of smoke, you can see a pool table;  
a man leans elegantly with a cue. A teen-  
ager stares out from the dimness into the  
sunny street. The men are wearing what  
Damon Runyon would have called fedoras.  
It is very different from the Central Jamia  
Mosque.

Some of these streets are like the worst  
of America—or Toxteth. The pubs are  
emptying, but only whites are coming out  
of them. Blacks are walking up from the  
town centre, past row after row of Indian  
and Pakistani shops. The Muslim Com-  
mercial Bank, Pakistan Airlines, Mirza  
Electronics, Z. & N. (Moh'd) Patel, news-  
agents, Saddique Hosier and Footwear.  
These are all next to one another. A little  
way along is the Sweet Centre, its window  
piled high with sugary coloured tit-bits.

Peel Square is more of a terrace than a  
square. It has the date 1851 and a loyal  
crown. It is now Asian: the empire has  
come home. The house doors are all  
painted in bright colours—though the  
panels and the frames often present odd  
mixtures. They remind me of the Sweet  
Centre. There's green with puce, and peach  
with crimson. At one door, a mother  
watches her children, with her dark head-  
gear drawn half across her face. At one  
end of the terrace there is a Pakistani store;  
at the other, a clothing works. An Asian  
woman watches from an upper window as  
two white teenagers, and then a West In-  
dian jump onto the wall on their way down  
into town.

Manningham Mills are now big and  
heavy on the hill behind.

The white teenagers stop by the window  
of Roots, which sells West Indian music  
and clothes. There's an "African hair stylist"  
alongside.

### The wilderness within

From the street you can see out across  
the other hills of Bradford again, to the  
moors beyond. In the museum there was  
an exhibition of painting by local Royal  
Academician, Bertram Priestman. In the  
early years of this century, he painted  
Bradford from the moors—a smoky core  
of industry against the wilderness. Now the  
wilderness is in Bradford, and you look out.

Lumb Lane has now brought me back to  
the edge of the centre. At a picture framers

there is another murder poster. This time  
the police have put out a drawing of the  
man they want. The victim was stabbed to  
death at a quarter past midnight on 26  
May. The drawing looks very much like the  
description on the other poster.

Back in Rawson market, it is the time  
of day when things are being sold off  
cheap. The butchers are starting to wash  
down their green artificial parsley. One  
butcher shouts: "Anyone now for pork  
steaks. Let's have a crowd round at these  
prices. One pound 15." He has a large  
crowd already. At the next stall, a very  
smart black woman is buying sirloin.

The Arndale Centre has also got that  
end-of-afternoon feeling. A small child  
howls with tiredness. A black boy and a  
white girl chat each other up. They drink  
Pepsi, and push cigarette ends down among  
the potted plants. The girl selling peaches at  
Littlewoods yawns unashamedly.

The hands of the woman selling the  
newspapers are grey from handling coins.  
On the front page of the *Telegraph and  
Argus* there is a protest by the mother of  
Peter Sutcliffe's last victim about a waxwork  
of him being put on display in Bridlington.  
"dressed in a velvet jacket and standing in a  
model of the Old Bailey dock, with an array  
of screwdrivers, hammers, chisels, a saw and  
a piece of rope."

### Future imperfect

The railway station and the bus station  
are now a single unit: a Travel Centre. The  
futuristic roof makes it look like part of  
Cape Canaveral. The EHR letter box, in  
traditional red, looks very out of place (or,  
rather, out of its time) in the lobby.

There are several Asians here. But far  
more blacks. Bright-looking black girls are  
catching trains out, and arriving.

There is a set of public lavatories down  
below, by the bus section. A group of black  
boys are hanging around outside them.  
Some elderly whites, waiting for their buses,  
watch them with apprehension. It has the  
feel of bus stations in America. I wonder  
what has been created here that is better  
than before. Not even "efficient centralisa-  
tion": there is still a long list of buses that  
don't use the centre.

As I go into the lobby, two well-dressed  
black girls come out. Several boys fol-  
low them out. They have studded leather  
jackets, with the names of rock heroes  
sprayed on the backs. They are carrying  
small plastic water pistols, and they're  
squirting one another with them. It's like  
Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*.

I think there may be trouble between  
these whites and the black girls. But then I  
see that one of the boys is black. I hadn't  
been looking forward to having to decide to  
act with civic courage.

I go to catch my train into a part of the  
Pennines where, as a child, I never saw a  
Jew and now will not see a Pakistani or a  
West Indian. On the train, a young white  
girl soldier and a young RAF policeman in  
civvies talk interminably about saluting.  
They hate their officers, especially when  
they don't return a salute properly.

### New directions in social policy: 1

# Towards a healthier population

Brian Abel-Smith

Our social policy series opens with a look at the NHS.

It is now more than 30 years since the  
National Health Service started. Its aim was  
ambitiously stated in the first clause of the  
act establishing it—to improve the health  
of the people. The underlying assumption  
was that making health care both free and  
readily available throughout the country  
would go far to achieve this. In this sense,  
the NHS was made responsible for the  
nation's health.

The creation of the NHS in 1948 was the  
most durable of the reforms of the post-  
war Labour government. The shape of sec-  
ondary education has been hotly contested,  
public sector housing has become a political  
football, and our social security programme  
has been subject to ever more complex  
amendment, but the essence of the NHS has  
remained unchanged by successive govern-  
ments. Even the 1974 reorganisation was  
largely agreed between the political parties.

The NHS has survived because it is popu-  
lar. Most people are satisfied with it (des-  
pite the counter-evidence of the growth in  
private health insurance). It has real  
achievements to its credit. The distribution  
of health services is more even over the  
country than in North America or most of  
western Europe. The existence of a national  
service made it easier to launch compre-  
hensive assaults on diseases like polio and TB.

But how far has the NHS improved  
health? People are absent from work more  
than they used to be, but this may be be-  
cause improved sick pay has enabled more  
people to afford to take time off work. On  
the other hand, people see their general  
practitioners less than in the past, but a high  
proportion of health problems have always  
been handled without medical help.

The most reliable, if incomplete, measure  
of health is mortality rates. These have con-  
tinued to improve but not as fast as they  
should. Infant mortality is often regarded  
as a particularly sensitive indicator. Seen  
against other comparable countries, our per-  
formance has been dismal.

The clearest evidence of our relative  
failure lies in the social class differences out-  
lined in the Black report, *Inequalities in  
Health*, published last year. Over the past  
30 years we have roughly doubled our  
spending on health care (in real terms),  
greatly improved our standards of housing,  
and enormously increased our spending on  
education and social security; but the rela-  
tive differences in health standards between  
the highest and lowest social classes have  
shown no signs of narrowing. In some ways,  
the gap appears to have widened.

What we provide under the NHS is largely  
a "come and get it" service. The people  
who need health care most, use it much  
less than they should. So the assumption  
that all that is needed to improve health  
is to make health care free and accessible is  
not valid.

The cost of health care is not the only  
barrier to use. There are other financial  
barriers, like transport costs and time off  
work. But the main barriers are lack of  
knowledge, attitudes, and the structure of  
the institutions. The general practitioner is  
not paid for finding and treating the under-  
users on his list. And in some parts of our  
inner cities, up to 30 per cent of the popu-  
lation are not registered with a local doctor.

The way the media, in Britain and else-  
where, have presented the remarkable tech-  
nical developments in medicine over the past  
30 years, has encouraged people to see the  
health care system as a body repair work-  
shop. But what can be done for hips, kid-  
neys, and to some extent for hearts, ob-  
scures the vast area where damage is largely  
irreparable.

### We harm ourselves

The chief causes of ill health lie in the  
way we live our lives, and in our social and  
economic environment. We harm our health  
by our own actions, and by those of the  
society we live in. This was the message of  
the best-selling official publication, *Preven-  
tion and Health: Everybody's Business*, five  
years ago. But apart from a somewhat more  
generous budget for the Health Education  
Council, there has been little follow-up  
action to give prevention the priority it  
deserves.

It is true that seat-belt legislation has  
finally got through parliament in spite of the  
lack of support by either the present gov-  
ernment or its Labour predecessor. But no  
legislation has been passed to hurry on the  
fluoridisation of water supplies, to ban cig-  
arette advertising outside the place of sale,  
or to prohibit sport sponsorship.

The aim of the World Health Organisa-  
tion, in its strategy for Europe for the year  
2000, is "to get people to take greater re-  
sponsibility for their own health." This is a  
catchphrase which gets a wide consensus of  
agreement, because it means so many differ-  
ent things to different groups. It can be  
used by right-wing governments to justify  
cutting public expenditure on health care. It  
can be used by traditionally minded doctors  
to justify limiting their practice to prob-  
lems for which a clear medical solution can