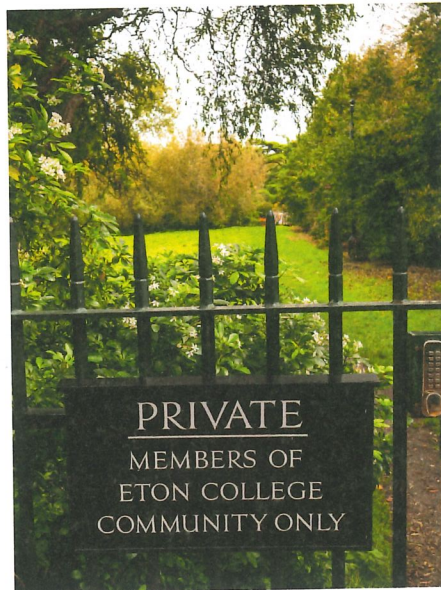


WRITTEN ASSIGNMENT: CLASS IN BRITAIN

Write an analytical essay (900-1200 words) about the article "Closed shop at the top in deeply elitist Britain", says study by Andrew Sparrow, published in *The Guardian*, 28 August 2014 (find it on the internet).

In your essay you must:

1. Give an outline of the facts and views presented.
2. Comment on the claim that it is harmful to democracy and unfair when all schools are not open to everybody.
3. **ADVANCED:** Compare to the situation in Denmark regarding the proportion of private-school educated members of the elite.



Members only!

Doris Lessing: DHSS (1991)



Single mother with pram at Alexandra Road estate, London

Doris Lessing (1919 – 2013) was a Zimbabwean-British writer born in Persia (Iran). In 1949 she moved to London and started observing the inhabitants there with her sensitive eye focused on the social issues. Her book *London Observed* contains our text "DHSS*" and 17 other portraits of Londoners and their city. Lessing wrote about feminism, communism, terrorism and Sufism. She also wrote science fiction. In 2007, Lessing won the Nobel Prize in Literature.

PRE-READING: DHSS

1. Find information about the following topics and make presentations in class.
 - The British welfare system
 - The social conditions* in the UK in the 1980s
 - Thatcherism and politics in the 1980s
 - Doris Lessing
2. "DHSS*" is from a collection of short stories called *London Observed*. As you will see in "DHSS*", the narrator* is an observer, watching and listening to people. In small groups, experiment with ways of speaking the lines* below and observe the speaker. What differences in meaning is it possible to convey* just by changing the tone? Does 'thanks' always mean thanks?
 - Please give me some money. I've got to have it.
 - I'm only interested in my point of view*.
 - I didn't ask you to care. I made you an offer.
 - Thanks.
 - Don't mention it.

Doris Lessing: DHSS (1991)

The young woman on the pavement's edge was facing in, not out to the street, and she moved about there indecisively*, but with a stubborn* look. Several times she seemed about to approach* somebody who had just come out of the Underground* to walk up the street, but then she stopped and retreated*. At last she moved in to block the advance of a smartly dressed matron* with a toy dog* on a leash* that came to sniff around her legs as she said hurriedly, "Please give me some money. I've got to have it. The Social Security's on strike and I've got to feed my kids." Resentment* made her stumble over her words. The woman examined her, nodded, took a five pound note from her handbag, then put it back and chose a ten pound note. She handed it over.

DHSS = Department of Health and Social Security • **condition** sb forhold • **narrator** sb fortæller • **line** sb republik • **convey** vb skildre, gengive • **point of view** sb synsvinkel • **indecisive** adj ubeslutsom • **stubborn** adj stædig • **approach** vb nærme sig, gå hen til • **the Underground** metroen i London • **retreat** vb gå tilbage • **matron** sb kraftig kvinde • **toy dog** sb skødehund • **leash** sb snor • **resentment** sb vrede, bitterhed

The young woman stood with it in her hand, looking at it disbelievingly. She muttered* a reluctant* "Thanks", and at once turned and crossed the street in a blind, determined* way, holding up one hand to halt* the traffic. She was going to the supermarket opposite the Underground* station, but at the entrance stopped to glance back
 5 at the woman who had given her the money. She was standing there watching her, the little dog yapping* and bouncing* at the end of its leash*. "Fucking cheek*. Checking to see if I was lying," muttered* the young woman. But she was a girl, really. "I'll kill her. I'll kill them ...". And she went in, took a basket, and began selecting bread, margarine, peanut butter, cans of soup.

10 This incident had been observed by a man sitting in a shabby* blue Datsun at the kerb*. He had got out of the car and crossed the street just behind her, holding up his hand against the traffic to support her. He followed her in to the supermarket. He was a few paces* behind her during her progress through the shop. At the check-out desk, when she took out the ten pound note, her face tense* with the anxiety* of wondering
 15 if it would be enough, he interposed* his own ten pound note, forcing it into the check-out girl's hand. By the time the girl he had been following understood what he was doing it was too late. "OK," he said, "let's fight it out outside." She looked angrily at him, and at the check-out girl, who was already busy with the next customer. Then she went out on to the pavement, following him. She was not looking at him to find
 20 out what he was like, but how to quarrel* with him. In fact he was a man of perhaps forty, with nothing particular about him, and dressed as casually* as she was. But he had all the carelessness of confidence. Her clothes were ordinary, that is to say jeans and a sweater, but she had a drab* appearance, not so much dirty as stale*. Her hands were nicotine stained. She was probably not much more than twenty-two or twenty-
 25 three.

"Look," he said, taking all this in, "I know what you want to say, but why don't we have a cup of coffee?"

She just stood there. She was frozen ... it was with suspicion. She looked trapped. A few yards away a couple of tables with chairs around them stood outside a café.

30 "Come on," said he, with a jerk* of his head towards the tables. He sat down at one, and she did too, in a helpless, lethargic* way, but as if she was about to leap up again. At once she started peering* into the carrier bags for the just-bought cigarettes. She lit a cigarette and sat with her eyes closed, and smoked as if trying to drown in smoke, drawing deep breaths of it into her lungs. He said, "I'm going to order. Coffee?" No

mutter vb mumle • **reluctant** adj modstræbende • **determined** adj beslutsom • **halt** vb standse • **the Underground** metroen i London • **yap** vb bjæffe • **bounce** vb hoppe op og ned • **leash** sb snor • **cheek** sb her: frækhed • **shabby** adj nedslidt • **kerb** sb kantsten • **pace** sb skridt • **tense** adj anspændt • **anxiety** sb ængstelse • **interpose** vb række frem • **quarrel** vb skændes • **casual** adj afslappet, uformel • **drab** adj trist, kedelig • **stale** adj gammel • **jerk** sb hurtig bevægelse, kast • **lethargic** adj apatisk, sløv • **peer** vb kigge

movement from her. "I'll get coffee then. And I know you are hungry. What do you want to eat?" No response. She went on drawing in smoke from the cigarette held to her lips in a childish grubby* hand.

He went into the café. His quick glance back showed he was afraid she would be off.
 5 But when he came back with two cups of coffee she had not moved. He sat down, putting the two cups on the table, and she at once pulled a cup towards her, piled* in sugar and drank it in big gulps, though it was too hot. Before she had finished it, he went back in and returned with another cup which he put down before her.

"Don't think you're going to get something out of this because you won't," she said
 10 angrily.

"I know that," he said, in a voice kept reasonable. He was sorry for her and could not keep this out of his face and eyes. But she had not looked at him properly, not once.

There arrived before them a large plate of sandwiches.

15 "Go on, eat," he said.

She took up a sandwich without enthusiasm, sat with it in her hand, and at last did look at him. This was a rapid once-over, expecting the worst: her face seemed forever set in sarcastic rage*.

"Well, then, what's all this for?" she asked, cold.

20 "I used to work in a DHSS* office," he said, as if this were an explanation. Her face – if this was possible – got even harder and angrier. Her eyes narrowed and shot out beams of hate.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I know what you want to say."

"No you don't. You don't know anything about me."

25 "I'm making a fair old guess," he said, with deliberate* humour, but she wasn't going to have that.

"You don't know a bloody thing about me and you're not going to."

"I know you haven't got the money to feed your kids."

"How do you know I've got kids?"

30 He smiled, mildly impatient. "I wouldn't have to be Sherlock Holmes. And I'm sure you wouldn't be begging if you didn't need it for your kids."

This froze her up. She had not known, it seemed, that she had been observed begging. Then she decided not to care. She crammed in a big bite of the sandwich, holding her cigarette at the ready in the other hand. "I suppose you're full of remorse*
 35 about being on strike," she jeered*, as soon as her mouth was empty.

"I told you, I used to work there. I don't now. I left a year ago. I left because I couldn't stand it."

grubby adj beskidt • **pile** vb bunke, dyne op • **rage** sb vrede • **DHSS** = Department of Health and Social Security • **deliberate** adj velovervejet, tilsigtet • **remorse** sb dårlig samvittighed • **jeer** vb vrænge, snerre

It was evident* he needed to go on telling her, but she shook her head to say she wasn't interested.

"I'd like to kill them," she said, meaning it. "I would if I could. What do they think ... they don't think. I haven't been able to collect any money for three weeks and it was
5 their mistake in the first place, not mine. And now they're on strike. They owe me a full month. I haven't paid my rent. I borrowed money from someone who doesn't have any either. Then they go on strike for a rise* ... they don't care about us, they never think about what is happening to us. I could kill them."

He said uncomfortably, his eyes bright with sympathy for her, "Look at it from their
10 point of view* ..."

"What point of view*?" she cut in. "I'm only interested in my point of view*. I had a friend downstairs, she killed herself last time they decided to treat themselves going on strike. She had two kids. They're in care now. I got myself a job a couple of months
15 ago. It wasn't much of a job but it was a job. But hanging around Social Security day after day to try and get my money out of them, I lost it. Now I haven't even got that. I'm going to try for another job, what's the point? If I did get one, the shitting DHSS* would decide to go on strike again." She delivered all this in a cold level* tone, her eyes – the vulnerable* eyes of a girl – staring off at nothing. She was probably seeing visions
20 of herself killing enemies.

He said, sounding discouraged*, "Not everyone in the Social Security agrees with the strike, I'm sure of that."

"I don't care. Well, I've come to begging. I did it last time they went on strike. I shoplifted too. If I hadn't, the kids'd've starved."

25 "How many have you got?"

"What's it to you? I'm not telling you anything."

He leaned forward, peering* into the cloud of smoke she sat in, and said, speaking slowly and deliberately, to make her listen to him, "When I started working there it was all different. Fifteen years ago ... I really liked it then, I liked ..." Here he censored
30 "helping people", but she heard it and gave him a sour and derisive* smile.

"But then everything slowly went to pot*. In those days there was a good atmosphere, not like it is now. We were understaffed* suddenly. Then the cuts ... suddenly they put up partitions* and glass panels and bars* in the windows. We were shut off from the customers, so to speak. It was like being in a cage. Not that I wasn't some-
35 times glad of the protection." He laughed: it sounded like grudging* admiration. He

evident adj tydelig • **rise** sb lønforhøjelse • **point of view** sb synsvinkel • **DHSS** = Department of Health and Social Security • **level** adj jævn, enstonig • **vulnerable** adj sårbar • **discouraged** adj nedslået, modløs • **peer** vb kigge • **derisive** adj hånlig • **go to pot** id gå ned ad bakke • **understaffed** adj som har for få ansatte • **partition** sb skillevæg • **bar** sb tremme • **grudging** adj modvillig

held out his arm and pulled back the sleeve of his jacket, showing a reddened lump just above his wrist. "See that? That's where a girl bit me. She went berserk* ..."

"Probably me," she said, not looking at him.

Her pose* said she didn't want to listen to all this. His attitude said that he had to
5 say it: he was full of the need to tell her.

"No, it wasn't you. I'll never forget that girl."

"Could have been, though."

"Then you'd have been in the wrong of it. That time it wasn't our fault. She got her-
self in a muddle and blamed us."

10 "If you say so. If you say something then it has to be true. No appeal. Going berserk, is that what you call it?" She was stubbing out a cigarette and wondering whether to light another. She looked at her watch: yes, she had a bit more time.

He said, "Ten quid's worth of food isn't going to get you very far."

"I've got the ten that rich cow gave me."

15 He took out his wallet, extracted a ten pound note, then a five pound note, and handed them to her. "Go into the shop again. Stock up* a bit."

She looked at the money in her hand, her mouth ugly, bitter. She got up, then remembered the carrier bags on the chair beside her, and was about to take them into the shop with her.

20 "Do you think I'm going to steal them?" He sounded hurt, but she only shrugged*, and went into the supermarket. While she was gone he allowed his face to show what he was feeling: anger, but it was different from hers, and he did not seem able to believe what he was remembering, what he was thinking. Pity, but it was a reminis- cent* pity, and he was full of frustration.

25 When she came back laden* he was smiling. She could hardly walk as she returned to the table so as to heave up the bags she had left there. He said, "Sit down, finish your sandwiches."

She considered this on its merits*. She sat. And ate up the sandwiches slowly, methodically, without appetite.

30 He watched her. He said, "I've been driving a minicab for a year now. I don't earn what I did, but we manage."

No response. She had lit another cigarette.

"I've got a wife and two kids," he said.

"Good for them."

35 "If you want to put that stuff in my car I'll run you home."

"What sort of a fool do you take me for? For twenty-five quid and some coffee and sandwiches you'd know where I live."

Now he sat silenced.

go berserk id gå amok • **pose** sb holdning, attitude • **stock up** vb lave et lager • **shrug** vb trække på skul- drene • **reminiscent** adj som husker noget • **laden** adj belæsset • **merit** sb fordel

She glanced up because he had not replied, saw his face, and said, "No, I don't trust anyone. And I never will again."

"You're going to stagger* home with all this stuff rather than trust me?"

"That's right." She stood, and hoisted* up the bags. One held twenty pounds of potatoes.

He got up too. "If you put that stuff in my car I'll run you somewhere near where you live. You can tell me where to stop. It'll cut down the distance a bit."

"I don't know why you're doing this. And I don't care. I don't give a fuck."

"All right," he said patiently, though he sounded fed up. "I didn't ask you to care. I made you an offer. Anyway, don't be so bloody stupid. If I wanted to find out where you live all I'd have to do is hang around the schools in the area. It's probably Fortescue, isn't it?" He was going on, but stopped, because of her face. She looked helpless, dragged down by the heavy carriers.

"All right," she said, not looking at him.

He took a couple of the carriers from her, and went across the road in front of her, holding up his hand to slow a car. She followed. She got into the back seat. He put the carriers in beside her. He got into the front seat and said, "Where to?"

"Just drive down this street."

After about a mile, near Kentish Town, she said, "This'll do."

He stopped the car. She got out. He was gazing in front of him, not at her.

She said, and it killed her to say it, "Thanks."

"Don't mention it," he said.

He sat on there, watching her go slowly along the pavement, her shoulders pulled down with the weight of the bags. She turned into a street he knew she did not live in.

He was waiting to see if she would turn and wave or smile or even just look at him, but she did not.

Doris Lessing: DHSS. Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers Ltd © 1991.

stagger vb vakle • hoist vb hejse, løfte



The wealthy woman that is allegedly pinching the young mother's purse in this collage is Margaret Thatcher, Conservative Prime Minister in the UK 1979-1990.

COMPREHENSION: DHSS

1. Close-read the first 20 lines of the short story – the opening.
 - What is the young woman doing?
 - How does she feel about that? Find evidence in the text.
2. Who is the man in the Datsun, and what does he do?
 - Why does he follow the young woman into the supermarket, buy her coffee, etc.?
 - What is the story he "needs" to tell her?
3. How does the young woman get home with all her groceries*?

ANALYSIS AND INTERPRETATION: DHSS

1. "She muttered* a reluctant* 'Thanks' ... 'it killed her to say it, 'thanks'." These lines* show the young woman's reaction when people help her. What has brought her into the situation she is in? Try to explain why it is so difficult for her to receive something from other people.
2. Discuss how you would feel if you were in *her* shoes.
3. "I don't know why you're doing this. And I don't care. I don't give a fuck," says the young woman to the man. Why does he still insist on helping her?
4. Find other examples that show that he is intent* on "helping people", as he puts it.
5. Discuss how you would feel if you were in *his* shoes.
6. Sum up on your findings, and taking your pre-reading work into consideration, discuss whether this story might still be relevant.

POST-READING: ACT IT OUT

1. Rewrite the short story into a play.
2. Divide the action into scenes, write stage directions* and lines*, etc.
3. Act it out.

POST-READING: X-VILLE OBSERVED

Make your own field studies* where you live (or where you go to school) in the way that Doris Lessing has done it. Write a short story in which you tell the story about people you have observed.

groceries sb plur købmandsvarer • **mutter** vb mumle • **reluctant** adj modstræbende • **line** sb replik • **intent** adj opsat • **stage direction** sb regibemærkning • **field study** sb feltstudie

Harris and Domokos: A tale of two Kensingtons: London and Liverpool (2015)



Kensington, London



Kensington, Liverpool

PRE-WATCHING: A TALE OF TWO KENSINGTONS

1. Divide the class into two groups.
2. Each half must find out what the Labour Party and the Conservative Party respectively say about the following political issues: taxes, social benefits, minimum wages, the NHS and privatisation.
3. Write it all on the blackboard or on a virtual board.

Find and watch the video: *A tale of two Kensingtons: London and Liverpool ... and the election's inequality gap.*

In 2015 Britain held a general election* in which the Conservative Party, the Tories, won the majority of the seats in the House of Commons, and they formed a majority government. The other big party in Britain is the Labour Party. Prior to the election, *The Guardian* ran a series called "Britain's in trouble". You are now going to watch this 10-minute news video and find out *how* Britain is in trouble, according to John Harris and John Domokos.

general election sb parlamentsvalg (i UK til House of Commons)

WHILE WATCHING: A TALE OF TWO KENSINGTONS

Divide the class and the board into "two cities": Kensington, Liverpool, and Kensington, London. Take notes while watching the film so that you can make a portrait of your Kensingtons on the board afterwards. Meet your group at the board, compare and put your notes up there.

1. Make sure you cover issues and numbers regarding:
 - work benefits
 - the unemployment rate
 - average* salary
 - child poverty
 - house prices
2. What news media are present in the area? (Find out more about them.)
3. What is the general attitude to the election?
4. What changes has the area seen in the past 20-40 years in terms of work, housing, inhabitants and ethnicity?

SUM UP IN CLASS: A TALE OF TWO KENSINGTONS

1. What are the main issues that are on people's minds in the two Kensingtons?
2. How do Harris and Domokos tell and show the tale?
3. Do you find it a balanced or a biased picture?

POST-READING: A TALE OF TWO KENSINGTONS

In 1859 Charles Dickens wrote *A Tale of Two Cities* about inequality and the horrible, demoralizing conditions of the poor. The novel begins in this way: "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times ..." Find out what this novel is about more specifically, and compare and comment on why Harris and Domokos chose to call their news video "A tale of two Kensingtons".

average adj gennemsnitlig

Darren McGarvey: Poverty Safari (2017)



Glasgow skyline, Scotland

Darren McGarvey (1984 –), who goes by the stage name Loki, is a Scottish rapper and social commentator. Born and raised in Pollok, a poverty-stricken social housing area in Glasgow, McGarvey chronicled* what he saw and experienced in his widely acclaimed* book *Poverty Safari – Understanding the anger of Britain's underclass* (2017). His quest* is to make people in Britain understand the true nature and implications* of living in poverty.

Using his many talents as a rapper, performer and eloquent* wordsmith, McGarvey throws his verbal punches in spoken-word performances live and on YouTube as well as in numerous* broadcast debates on social inequality. The combination of his anger, personal experiences and rhetorical skills gives him a voice that many recognize and want to listen to while others find it frightening.

PRE-READING: POVERTY SAFARI IN GLASGOW

1. What is a safari? What do you normally see on a safari – and where and why? What sort of expectations does the title "Poverty Safari" give?
2. Spend 10 minutes researching for information on Glasgow. Write down 5-7 interesting facts and share these in class.
3. Find and watch the video *Poverty Safari: About The Author (2017)* in which McGarvey introduces his book and his intentions with it. You'll need to prick up your ears, though; McGarvey's Glaswegian accent is quite strong. Write down 3-5 keywords while listening and then share them in class.

chronicle vb fortælle detaljeret og med fokus på fakta • acclaimed adj hyldet • quest sb mission • implication sb følge, konsekvens • eloquent adj veltalende • numerous adj adskillige, mange

Darren McGarvey: Poverty Safari (Part 1) (2017)

My mum left the family home when I was about ten years old. I remember coming home one day to find her standing outside the house with my sister, having been gone for a couple of weeks. They came into the house for a while and I recall an argument between her and my dad. Then she went away with my sister and never came back. It wasn't the first time they had broken up. It's funny how you blame yourself for these things even at this young age. It's probably a mixture of wishful thinking and childlike egotism* to think that if only you were somehow better, your parents would be able to work out their differences. From then on, we didn't see my mum with any reliability. When we did, the quality of our time with her was patchy*. This was mainly due to her drunkenness or preoccupation* with obtaining booze. But things quickly brush over you at this age, either because you are too aloof* or because it makes it easier to cope. I remember a brief honeymoon period after she left when life felt much more peaceful. My relationship with my little brother, thanks to football and wrestling, really began to blossom. It wasn't until I started attending secondary school* a few years later that I began to feel the impact of the abandonment*. It led to a deep insecurity.

This manifested itself in many ways and, at its worst, was physically unbearable to experience. It began with fear that people did not like me or that I was in imminent* danger. I also longed for a connection, because it seemed to soothe* the symptoms of the insecurity, and I would form deep emotional attachments to people – especially girls – who paid me the slightest bit of attention. But because I was so used to being let down and rejected by my mother, I was always on high alert that the people I felt attached to were going to hurt, betray or leave me. Abandonment* was such a strong theme at this point in my life that I actively sought this pattern out in all my relationships, without even realising it, and began to confuse deep feelings of emotional insecurity with being in love.

These niggling* psychological difficulties, coupled with the generally aggressive social environment, made it hard for me to concentrate on schoolwork. My head was always racing with internal dialogue about the various fears and anxieties I had. I was always rehearsing conversations I might have or replaying old ones over again. It seemed fear was the only thing capable of concentrating my mind. This made learning difficult, especially when it came to subjects I struggled with. Another thing that made this school such a challenging place to learn was that so many other pupils had similar problems.

Crookston Castle Secondary School* was built in the early 1950s. It was designed to be repurposed* into a military hospital, should the need arise. Back then, at the

egotism sb egoisme • **patchy** adj ustabil • **preoccupation** sb optagethed • **aloof** adj som føler sig hævet over andre • **secondary school** sb Skotland: skole for 12–16-årige • **abandonment** sb det at forlade nogen, især børn • **imminent** adj umiddelbart forestående • **soothe** vb mildne • **niggling** adj nagende • **repurposed** adj omdannet til andet formål

dawn of the Cold War, who'd have thought it would be the school itself that turned into a war zone? The school took its name from the medieval* castle grounds in which it was set. Crookston Castle stood 500 yards from the edge of the playground, encircled by a deep moat* at the highest point in Pollok. However, despite being a very well preserved historical monument, nobody seemed to go there very much: I always felt this was a shame because the summit* offered a stunning panoramic view of the area which, despite its glaring* flaws*, was quite a sight to behold* – provided*, of course, that it was viewed from a safe enough distance.

Right in the centre of Pollok stood a modest* shopping precinct*, opened in 1979, called the Pollok Centre. It was about half a mile in length and home to a variety of high street stores and supermarket chains. The centrepiece of the Pollok Centre was a large cuckoo clock, which transfixed successive* generations of children with a display of music and robotics every quarter of an hour. Beneath the clock, there was a seating area for people to catch their breath, have something to eat or smoke.

The Pollok Centre stood about half a mile from another place of interest, on the outskirts* of the scheme* called Pollok Park. This was a sprawling* country pile, gifted* to the people of Glasgow by the Maxwell family in the early 20th century. From the top of the castle, it was evident that the area had, essentially, been carved out of the countryside. Over the decades, the urban areas of Glasgow expanded and joined up, but Pollok existed on the edge of this and was still very much connected to its more rural past – at least aesthetically. Despite having lots of trees, football fields and leisure* spaces, the disparity* in the quality of housing on either side of the river was obvious: one side was far more run-down than the other. But this was not, as you might assume, a mark of class, but rather, luck of the draw* in terms of what sort of home you were given by the council*. New homes were always being built and old ones were always being modernized while other parts were being 'regenerated'.

Most of the people living in Pollok had a council* house but this didn't stop us from acting like we had more money than we did. I suspect the deep sense of shame many of us felt about our poverty – and an overwhelming desire to conceal it – was why the Pollok Centre was so popular. Here you could acquire everything you needed to appear better off than you really were: new trainers, tracksuits, chains, rings, football strips and boots. Such sought-after items and accessories were expensive but the price of looking poor was always far higher. Catalogues, like Littlewoods and Kay's, and Provident agents or 'provy-men' (money lenders) came to the rescue of many a single parent throughout the course of the school term. Then there was always the shifty*

medieval adj fra middelalderen • **moat** sb voldgrav • **summit** sb top (på bakke el. bjerg) • **glaring** adj åbenlys • **flaw** sb fejl • **behold** vb betragte • **provided** konj forudsat • **modest** adj beskeden • **precinct** sb gågade • **successive** adj som følger efter hinanden • **outskirts** sb pl udkant • **scheme** sb skotsk, uformelt socialt boligbyggeri • **sprawl** vb brede sig • **gift** vb forære • **leisure** sb fritid • **disparity** sb (uretfærdig)

looking guy on the corner who had a few bob* – as long as you paid him back on time.

There were pockets of affluence*, but they existed in 'outposts' which usually adopted (or retained) a different name. In Pollok, for example, there is an area called 'Old Pollok' which is closer to Pollok Park and is a noticeably nicer place to live. People aren't shy to remind you of the difference and make a social distinction between themselves and the area regarded as 'deprived'.

Darren McGarvey: *Poverty safari – Understanding the Anger of Britain's Underclass*. Luath Press Ltd, 2017.

PART 1: COMPREHENSION QUESTIONS

- Describe when McGarvey's mother left him and the family.
 - What is suggested about the reason why she left them?
 - What was his relationship with her like after that?
- McGarvey has conflicting emotions about his mother:
 - What does he blame himself for, and how does he explain that?
 - What was a positive outcome of his mother not being around?
- How did his mother's abandonment* of him affect McGarvey's personality and his ability to form emotional relations?
- And how did it affect his schooling?
- Crookston Castle Secondary School*: How does McGarvey describe it?
- Describe the Pollok Centre: What is it, and why is it so popular among people living in Pollok, according to McGarvey?
- Pollok Park is a so-called scheme*, an informal Scottish word for an area of social housing. What is the history of the place, and how does McGarvey describe it?

forskel • **luck of the draw** id held i lodtrækning • **council** sb kommune • **shifty** adj lunefuld, ikke til at stole på • **bob** sb slang knaster, klejner • **affluence** sb velstand • **abandonment** sb det at forlade nogen, især børn • **secondary school** sb Skotland: skole for 12-16-årige • **scheme** sb skotsk, uformelt socialt boligbyggeri

Darren McGarvey: *Poverty Safari (Part 2)* (2017)

Near the end of my school career, I was venturing* beyond the borders of Pollok and across the Clyde to the fabled*, almost mythical, West End, where I attended a weekly session with a child-psychologist. The appointment was something to look forward to and, apart from breaking up the monotony of a regular school day, it also gave me a couple of hours off the leash* to explore the city unsupervised. At lunchtime on Thursday I would leave school and take a short bus trip to Govan before jumping the Underground to Hillhead.

The first thing I remember upon stepping off the escalator* and onto the busy street was an odd feeling of relaxation. People here looked and sounded different in a way that was immediately apparent*. Where I grew up it was unusual to see people of colour, unless they were behind a shop counter, but here it was very multi-cultural, like the world described in my modern studies* class. Where I grew up it was unusual to see clean pavements, but here the streets were in pristine* condition and nothing like the turd gauntlet I was accustomed to running every day. Here dogs were attached to leads and walked by their owners, as opposed to the collarless, feral* hounds running around outside the shopfront along the road from my house.

Having taken a few moments to catch my breath, adjusting my eyes to the world in wonderful technicolour, I remember my first thought being, 'So, this is how people dress when they aren't afraid of being stabbed?'

The Notre Dame Centre, where I attended my counselling, was five minutes from the affluent strip of town, known as Byres Road. You know when you and your friends attempt to impersonate a stereotypically 'posh' person? Well, the people on Byres Road are what that impersonation is based on. On Byres Road it is not unusual to find a small, fashionable dog waiting in the retro wicker* basket of an up-cycled penny-farthing* while its owner proceeds into a cafe to politely complain to a barista named Felix about being undercharged for artisan* sausage. Byres Road is where I learned that there was more than one type of coffee and that you could drink it in a glass. It's where I discovered that fruit was a pleasure in its own right and not merely* a cheap alternative to Haribo. But more importantly, this part of the city was where I was first confronted by the strange idea that living in fear of violence was not, as I had been led to believe, an immaculate* fact. Bizarre as this place seemed to me, I was also captivated* by it because I would never have thought such an easygoing place could exist –

venture vb vove • **fabled** adj sagnomspundet • **leash** sb (hunde-)snor • **escalator** sb rulletrappe • **apparent** adj synlig, tydelig • **modern studies** sb samfundsfag - i det skotske skolesystem • **pristine** adj fuldstændig ren el. ubrugt • **feral** adj glubsk • **wicker** sb pileflet • **penny-farthing** sb svarer til bedstemorcykel • **artisan** adj håndlavet • **merely** adv bare, kun • **immaculate** adj ulastelig, uplettet • **captivated** adj fascineret

especially in Glasgow. Ironic that I only found myself in this serene* part of town because I had to attend anger management.

Using the only thing culturally familiar to me as a means of navigation (the famous Greggs bakery chain), I waded deeper into this unknown territory. Though not before
5 purchasing an obligatory sausage roll, bottle of Coke and a fudge* doughnut. Then, up the leafy* road I went, feeling very pleased with myself as I charged past local kids nibbling on rabbit food.

Despite this being a densely populated residential area, mature trees flanked slanted* tenement flats*, leering* clumsily over the pavements like lanky* security
10 guards. This wasn't the first time I had seen tenement housing of this type but never had I witnessed it in such a grand scale. It was the attention to detail that distinguished the buildings here. It seemed like things gained more value the older they got, as opposed to falling into dereliction*. Here things were built to last and the architecture seemed to project* that quality outwards. The planners had not foreseen a time when
15 every family here would own at least two cars, but this cramped* feeling, rather than a source of stress, merely* accentuated* the exclusivity and prestige of the area and, by extension*, the social status of all therein.

The oddest thing, however, was that you never saw anybody coming or going from those tenements and you never saw neighbours talking to each other. It was almost as
20 if people never grew up here, but instead bought their way in and that their houses were all lying empty because everyone was out at work.

Mind-boggling.

As I continued upwards to the Notre Dame Centre, children from a local school were walking down towards me, on the other side of the road. I immediately sensed they
25 were non-threatening and as they drew closer I overheard them talking. I couldn't quite follow the thread but I could hear enough to know they were using the kind of words that I always had in my head but felt too inhibited* to speak. They were expressive and uninhibited with one another. A part of me wanted so much to walk over and join the conversation, as it seemed like we would probably have had a lot of things in common,
30 but as I passed them they suddenly went quiet. Instantly I knew why: that's what you did when you were walking past something that made you anxious.

Falling silent, and perhaps a head bow, was a way of showing deference* to a potential threat; a signal you weren't looking for trouble and wished to pass without incident. So often I had executed this exact manoeuvre on my own turf* to avoid
35 confrontation. The signal was always a gamble because, once a potential attacker knew for

serene adj rolig og fredfyldt • **fudge** sb karamel • **leafy** adj 'grøn'; egl. med blade (på træerne) • **slanted** adj skrånende • **tenement flat** sb, Skotland leje-lejlighed • **leer** vb se på med et sjofelt blik • **lanky** adj ranglet • **dereliction** sb forfald • **project** vb udsende, udstråle • **cramped** adj indeklemmt • **merely** adv bare, kun • **accentuate** vb fremhæve • **extension** sb forlængelse • **inhibited** adj hæmmet • **deference** sb respekt • **turf** sb her: banehalvdel

certain that you didn't want to fight, they often took it as a green light to get more aggressive. In this inversion* of my usual experience, these kids seemed to perceive*
me as the threat. It was a jarring* role reversal and I experienced a mix of pride at being feared and resentment* at feeling misunderstood as I continued up the hill,
5 short of breath, to my destination. As I approached the building, I replayed the collision of our worlds in my head, imagining alternative scenarios in which I gave the perfect account of myself, before sauntering* on, casting a lifelong shadow in the memories of my foolish detractors*. An intoxicating* bravado* took hold as I agonised about why the group fell silent as they passed me. I reasoned that I had been harshly judged by snobs who could do with a clip around the ears as an introduction to the 'real world'. A real world where I lived and of which they knew little. And then the vengeful* thought occurred to me that should I ever be confronted by this flock of straight-laced* mummy's boys again, I would not hesitate to call them all gay.

Darren McGarvey: *Poverty safari – Understanding the Anger of Britain's Underclass*. Luath Press Ltd, 2017.

PART 2: COMPREHENSION QUESTIONS

1. McGarvey makes detailed observations of a completely different part of Glasgow when he goes for his weekly sessions with the child psychologist in the trendy West End. Write a list of his observations from the two places: Pollok and the West End.
2. Read the rest of the passage aloud in English and discuss how it is possible to live in two worlds in the same city and know nothing about each other. Conclude on your findings in the quiz above: What does McGarvey find most striking about this "unknown territory", the West End of Glasgow?
3. Translate the passage "As I continued upward ... something that made you anxious." into Danish. Comment on McGarvey's immediate reaction to the other children – and theirs to him.

Daren McGarvey: Poverty Safari (Part 3) (2017)

Now let's conduct* a little experiment. Up until now you've been enduring anecdotal* ranting* or shameless personal testimony* from me that's designed to elicit* a strong emotional response. By now, you are hopefully deeply involved in this story about my family and me. Which is why now would be a perfect time to turn it all on its head.

inversion sb omvendt situation • **perceive** vb opfatte • **jar** vb skurre • **resentment** sb vrede • **saunter** vb slentre • **detractor** sb modstander • **intoxicating** adj berusende • **bravado** sb mod • **vengeful** adj hævngerig • **straight-laced** adj forstokket • **conduct** vb udføre • **anecdotal** adj anekdotisk, som bygger på enkeltstående tilfælde eller kun lidt viden • **ranting** sb udgydelser • **testimony** sb vidnesbyrd • **elicit** vb udløse

Instead of me testifying my experience, for it to be dissected by academics and professionals before being fed into a bank of exclusive knowledge, how about I take a wee* shot of being the expert? I mean, I know I'm not an expert and I know you know I'm not an expert but, well, this is my book. There's no way someone like me would have been given the opportunity to write a book like this had I not draped it, at least partially, in the veil* of a misery* memoir*. Okay then, first, we need to create the illusion of objectivity. It seems the most effective way to do this would be to completely dehumanise my family and me, to look at our experience through a statistical lens. Having heard so much personal testimony*, let's now turn my four siblings and me into quantifiable data for your rational consideration. This process should facilitate the sort of objectivity that is necessary to scientifically assess the issue. Here we go:

Four out of five have experienced alcohol or substance misuse problems at some point.

Three have a criminal record.

Five have experienced long term financial problems which involve debilitating* debt or defaults and poor credit history.

Three were suspended or excluded from school for disruptive* or violent behaviour.

Two have attempted suicide on one or more occasions.

One has served a prison sentence for drug-related offences.

Three have never voted in a general election.

Five have experienced abuse and neglect* at the hands of a caregiver.

Five took up full-time smoking at a young age.

Five have received state benefits.

Five have been in a dysfunctional relationship.

Five have experienced health problems associated with poor nutrition* and lifestyle such as: being over- or under-weight, difficulty making positive choices in relation to nutrition* or using high calorie, nutrient-void* food to self-soothe*.

Five have poor concentration that has impacted on their education.

Five suffer from social anxiety.

Five have experienced emotional and mental health problems that predispose them to stress.

Zero have gone to university.

Zero are on the housing ladder*.

Zero have any savings.

Zero have access to a bank of Mum and Dad.

Zero are involved with an activist group.

Zero are active members of a political party.

wee adj skotsk lille • **veil** sb slør • **misery** sb elendighed • **memoir** sb erindrings • **testimony** sb vidnesbyrd • **debilitating** adj ødelæggende • **disruptive** adj forstyrrende • **neglect** sb vanrøgt • **nutrition** sb ernæring • **nutrient-void** adj helt uden næringsstoffer • **self-soothe** vb selvforkæle • **housing ladder** sb boligmarked

Zero regularly visit libraries or places of cultural interest.

Zero go on foreign holidays at least once a year.

And none of us care for Radio 2, yoga or Quorn-based food products either.

It's a lot more striking when you think about it like that, isn't it? When it hits you that, beneath the specificity and uniqueness of our subjectively experienced individual lives, runs a road of pure inevitability from which we rarely* diverge*. This wouldn't be so startling* if it applied to everyone, but poverty appears to be the definitive factor that dictates the direction of a person's life from the very day that they are born. Studies conducted found it was possible to predict the odds that a child will ascend* to the middle class, simply by measuring their birthweight. Babies born of parents who live in areas of high deprivation are more likely* to be of low birthweight compared to babies born of parents who live in areas of average and low deprivation: 8 per cent compared to 5-6 per cent.

[...]

Being sentimental, sensationalist or melodramatic about it doesn't help either. Moral outrage* creates as much confusion as it attempts to solve. And just because you identify yourself as someone who is poor or someone who is 'fighting' poverty, that should not absolve* you from examining your own beliefs and assumptions about the matter as well. It's far more complex than many of us would like to believe. In fact, it often suits us to ignore this complexity in favour of clinging on to dogmas which align* conveniently with our self-interest.

Sometimes we need a dramatic example to cut through the white noise and get directly to the heart of the issue. It's often the case that when confronted by the ugly truth of an issue that has been overcomplicated, simplified or sanitised for our consumption, the shock or anger at what we see can propel* us into some form of action to confront it as a society. This action might involve organising to exert* political pressure or pooling resources to alleviate* suffering. But it might also inspire the sort of humility required to drop our defences and attempt to build a consensus around an issue that has, so far, been the source of dispute*. It may help, therefore, to remain mindful of the fact that while poverty is relative, meaning it's not as bad in the UK as it is in Bolivia, one area where this relativity does not so easily apply is in the risk it presents to children.

Darren McGarvey: *Poverty safari – Understanding the Anger of Britain's Underclass*. Luath Press Ltd, 2017.

rarely adv sjældent • **diverge** vb afvige • **startling** adj meget overraskende • **ascend** vb stige op • **likely** adj sandsynlig • **outrage** sb vrede • **absolve** vb frikende • **align** vb passe med • **propel** vb sætte i gang • **exert** vb udøve • **alleviate** vb mildne • **dispute** sb debat, uenighed

ANALYSIS AND INTERPRETATION: POVERTY SAFARI

McGarvey takes us on a safari to look at the poor – with himself as our tour guide. What sights does he want us to visit? And how are they presented to us? In Part 3 (see page 113) he reflects on these questions, and in the tasks you will analyse and discuss how he wants us to understand the anger of Britain's underclass.

Forms of appeal

In the first paragraph, McGarvey reveals his intentional use of his personal experiences as a way to "elicit" a strong emotional response". In rhetorics, appealing to the receiver's feelings is called pathos and is seen as a valid* rhetorical device.

1. How does McGarvey use pathos? Give examples.
2. How does McGarvey feel about using pathos like this?
3. What other forms of appeal can you find in the text? Give examples.

Methods

In his book, McGarvey writes about his own experiences – thus using what is termed the qualitative method in social studies. In the following passage he tries another approach, the quantitative method, expressing the same content in numbers – or "quantifiable data" as he calls it.

1. Use the data and create a graphical presentation - a graph, diagram, etc.
2. "It's a lot more striking when you look at it like that, isn't it?", McGarvey writes. Do you agree?
3. Discuss the strengths and weaknesses of qualitative and quantitative methods.

Source criticism

We are studying McGarvey's book as a first-hand source to what it is like living in poverty. To evaluate whether *Poverty Safari* expresses a general and representative picture of this or if it is simply McGarvey's own personal story, we need to ask critical questions such as:

- Who wrote the text?
- What is his relation to the topic?
- When was the text written?
- To whom?

elicit vb udløse • valid adj gyldig

- For what purpose?
- What kind of source is it (genre)?
- Is the text objective – or is it biased?

1. To find the answers, study what McGarvey says about it himself in the opening of Part 3, as well as observations made in the entire text.
2. Finally, you must discuss whether you find McGarvey successful in his communication.

POST-READING: WRITE YOUR OWN SPOKEN-WORD POEM OR RAP

Think of an issue that you feel strongly about and write your own spoken-word poem or rap about it. If possible, include some Scottish words and slang (e.g. isnae, could-nae, braw, bowfin, canny, blether, glaikit, bahookie – the list is almost endless).

POST-READING: WORKING-CLASS HEROES AND CELEBRITY ENDORSEMENT

McGarvey is using his talents and success in one field, rap and spoken-word performance, in combination with his own lower-class background to advocate for improving conditions for people from Britain's lower classes. In this way, McGarvey can be compared to footballer Marcus Rashford.

Study the concept of celebrity endorsement (see page 119) and Rashford's contribution (see page 122) in particular here. Would McGarvey call himself a celebrity endorser?

Power and politics in Britain

The United Kingdom of England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland is a constitutional monarchy and a parliamentary democracy with institutions that are responsible for each their area. There is the monarch (queen or king), Parliament (the House of Lords and the House of Commons), the cabinet, the judiciary (courts), the police, the civil service (government administration) and the local governments (regional and city councils).

These are the basics of who "rule Britannia". Study the Westminster Model and then do then do the research task to learn more