

Shine Bright LLCE Cycle Terminal

File 9 Movers and shakers

« Search Party » p. 109

I gave you the manifesto of my Search Party
Please read the pages
My policies focus on social enterprise
Better education and decent wages¹
And as long as you wanna be courageous
Promise you we're gonna see some changes
I said I promise you we're gonna see some changes
I'm a natural born leader with the skills of a poet
You can feel that it's real 'cause you know it
I speak for the people 'cause that's what a poet's born to do
So when you think about it, I owe this all to you
I'm making money for the industry off the things you taught me
And that's never gonna feel right to me, unless you rise with me
Ride with me, since you brought me
To a place where I don't have to write for free
I paint a portrait of Ends² at these corporate events
And you know me, I'm never scared of causing offence
But they respect it 'cause they know, what I'm talking is sense
Trust me they'll pay you more than £1.50
So there must be a way you all can come with me

George The Poet, "Search Party", 2015

1. salary 2. neighbourhoods (slang)

« I want some more » p. 111

The room in which the boys were fed was a large stone hall, with a copper¹ at one end, out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel² at mealtimes; of which composition each boy had one porringer³, and no more — except on festive occasions, and then he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides. [...]

Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation⁴ for three months; at last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing (for his father had kept a small cook's shop,) hinted darkly to his companions, that unless he had another basin of gruel per diem⁵, he was afraid he should some night eat the boy who slept next him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye, and they implicitly believed him. A council was held; lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived: the boys took their places; the master in his cook's uniform stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out, and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared, and the boys whispered each other, and winked⁶ at Oliver, while his next neighbours nudged⁷ him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger and reckless with misery. He rose from the table, and advancing, basin and spoon in hand, to the master, said, somewhat alarmed at his own temerity—

“Please, sir, I want some more.”

The master was a fat, healthy man, but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder, and the boys with fear.

“What!” said the master at length, in a faint voice.

“Please, sir,” replied Oliver, “I want some more.”

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle, pinioned⁸ him in his arm, and shrieked aloud for the beadle⁹.

Charles Dickens, *Oliver Twist*, 1838

1. *chaudron* 2. porridge 3. bowl 4. famine 5. per day 6. *faire un clin d'œil* 7. *donner un coup de coude* 8. immobilise 9. *bedeau*

An impactful play p. 112

On a Sunday afternoon in a London flat, Jimmy is getting into an argument with both his wife Alison and his friend Cliff.

Cliff: Stop yelling. I'm trying to read.

Jimmy: Why do you bother? You can't understand a word of it.

Cliff: Uh huh.

Jimmy: You're too ignorant.

Cliff: Yes, and uneducated. Now shut up, will you?

Jimmy: Why don't you get my wife to explain it to you? She's educated. (To her.) That's right, isn't it?

Cliff: (Kicking out at him from behind his paper) Leave her alone, I said. [...]

Jimmy: (Alison gives Cliff a cigarette. They both light up, and she goes on with her ironing.) Nobody thinks, nobody cares. No beliefs, no convictions and no enthusiasm. Just another Sunday evening. [...] Perhaps there's a concert on.

(Picks up Radio Times.) Ah.

(Nudges Cliff with his foot.) Make some more tea.

(Cliff grunts. He is reading again.) Oh, yes. There's a Vaughan Williams¹. Well, that's something, anyway. Something strong, something simple, something English. I suppose people like me aren't supposed to be very patriotic. Somebody said—what was it—we get our cooking from Paris (that's a laugh), our politics from Moscow, and our morals from Port Said. Something like that, anyway. Who was it? (Pause.) Well, you wouldn't know anyway. I hate to admit it, but I think I can understand how her Daddy must have felt when he came back from India, after all those years away. The old Edwardian² brigade do make their brief little world look pretty tempting. All homemade cakes and croquet, bright ideas, bright uniforms. Always the same picture: high summer, the long days in the sun, slim volumes of verse³, crisp linen, the smell of starch⁴. What a romantic picture. Phoney⁵ too, of course. It must have

rained sometimes. Still, even I regret it somehow, phoney or not. If you've no world of your own, it's rather pleasant to regret the passing⁶ of someone else's. I must be getting sentimental. But I must say it's pretty dreary living in the American Age— unless you're an American of course. Perhaps all our children will be Americans. That's a thought isn't it?

(He gives Cliff a kick, and shouts at him.) I said that's a thought!

John Osborne, *Look Back in Anger*, Act I, 1956

1. British classical music composer 2. 1901-1910, the reign of King Edward VII
3. poetry books 4. *amidon* 5. fake 6. disappearance

Reviews

I doubt I could love anyone who did not want to see *Look Back in Anger*. It is the best young play of its decade.

Kenneth Tynan, *The Observer*, May 13, 1956

I can also testify to the play's impact. I was a 16-year-old Midlands schoolboy when the play first appeared but I became obsessed both by the work itself and the whole Angry Young Men phenomenon it supposedly represented. [...] But why did *Look Back in Anger* make the impact it did? The first, and most obvious point, is that it put so much of 1950s England on stage. Through the eloquent arias¹ – “not ‘tirades’,” insists Osborne – of Jimmy Porter, it tackles sex, class, religion, politics, the press and the sense of a country stifled² by an official, establishment culture.

Michael Billington, *The Guardian*, May 30, 2015

1. opera music 2. repressed

A miner's fight p. 113

Jackie Elliot has been a miner all his life. His elder son Tony is now working with him.

Look at the fight we're in now. It's a fight for our future, for our community. It's a fight for my job and for Tony's job. [...]

Well, I'll tell you what. If Thatcher came here today and said to me, Look, we're going to close down the mines and we're going to open up a whole bloody great town full of shiny new factories... I don't know rightly if I'd say yea or nay, but at least it'd be some sort of hope. Not like this. Not like, you lot aren't cost-effective¹, so sod off. That's Thatcher. She must have a fist² where her heart is. The whole bloody community is going to be left to rot³. She just doesn't care. She just doesn't care about us – that goes without saying – but she doesn't care about anything else either. She doesn't care if the whole bloody country gets closed down, so long as she runs it her way. She's already shut down half of it. The mills⁴ all gone, half our industry closed down or sold off abroad. Now it's our turn. At first I thought we could do it. I thought we could teach her a lesson the other workers couldn't. Now I'm not sure.

Well. Maybe Tony's right. Maybe I'm just going soft. I've seen it before – old blokes like me with too much to lose who've lost too much already. And me, I've already lost just about everything.

Melvin Burgess, *Billy Elliot*, Chapter 4 "Jackie's story", 2001

1. rentable 2. poing 3. go to waste 4. textile factories

Another wrenching tale p. 114

Film Review - Ken Loach's 'Sorry We Missed You'

Ken Loach, in his first film since the Palme d'Or winner 'I, Daniel Blake', tells another wrenching¹ tale of the way we live now: a family drama about how the gig economy² screws over the people it promises to save.

His new film, *Sorry We Missed You*, is another intimate and powerful drama about what's going on in people's everyday lives — not just in England, but all over the world. This one, also set in Newcastle, is about a stressed-out family trying to make a go of it in the gig economy. [...]

Ricky is a day laborer who has done plumbing, construction, gardening, you name it; he takes pride in the fact that he's never been on the dole³. But he needs more money than he has (his family is mired⁴ in debt), and in the opening scene of *Sorry We Missed You*, he sits in an office being interviewed for the position of delivery van driver for PDF (Parcels Delivered Fast!), a 21st century company that uses nothing but independent contractors. [...]

But the heart of the film is how the high-stress compulsiveness of Ricky's job begins to eat away at his family's well-being. [...]

Loach stages all of this with supreme confidence and flow. [...] Yet it's his big-picture vision of the precarious economic forces that are holding our world together — and, increasingly, tearing it apart — that make *Sorry We Missed You* a fraught, touching, and galvanizing movie. We watch it longing for a catharsis, and Loach provides one: it's Abby's wrenching conversation, over the phone, with Ricky's boss, in which she castigates⁵ the company for the obscene indifference of its policies. Yet Loach is too good a filmmaker to wrap everything up with a righteous feel-good bow. The message of *Sorry We Missed You* is: Life goes on, and so does work.

Owen Gleiberman, *variety.com*, May 16, 2019

1. painful 2. *économie des petits boulots* 3. unemployment benefit 4. *embourber*
5. *invectiver*

At the warehouse p. 115

In a warehouse¹ the way it works is that you spend the morning loading up the wagons, and then when the wagons go out, you spend the rest of the morning putting stock away. In the afternoon you start picking and packing the new orders, and then in the morning you do it all over again. That was pretty much the routine at Manchester Fittings.

At first they started me off in Goods In. They gave me training on the stacker truck² and then I was able to take pallets off delivery wagons all day. I'd put the pallets in the loading bay and then use a pump truck to wheel the pallets around the warehouse putting the stock away. Whenever the bell rang on the shutter doors³ I had to stop what I was doing and go and answer it, and I'd stand there with my finger on the button watching as the shutter door started rising and curling up on itself and the legs of the delivery driver and then the rest of him appeared below it. He'd give me an invoice⁴ to sign and tear off my copy and then we'd start unloading the wagon. Sometimes it was just a few boxes, not pallets, and so we'd carry them off and drop them down in the loading bay or put them on a flatbed truck. The drivers always wanted to talk and I'd join in with them. I remembered that one of them was a Rugby League linesman⁵. I'd recognised him once on the telly. Another one always used to tell me about his fishing trips to Denmark and how much the beer cost over there. [...]

The trouble is when you've been out of work for ages they make you take a job you wouldn't normally want to do. After college I never thought of working in a warehouse but they told me I had to go for the interview. The rock and roll⁶ was fine apart from the depressing part where you had to go to Fallowfield and sign on⁷ once a fortnight. They interrogated you more and more each time and offered you all kinds of crap. But they said the job would be better for my self-esteem and I fell for that bullshit. So I took it and I got stuck there, was too tired to think when I got home, and all I wanted to do at weekend was get absolutely shitfaced⁸.

Neil Campbell, *Sky Hooks (Manchester Trilogy)*, 2016

1. *entrepôt* 2. *chariot élévateur* 3. *stores roulants* 4. *facture* 5. touch judge 6. Cockney rhyming slang for dole (unemployment benefit) 7. register 8. get drunk (slang)