

### All in a Day's Work

hobby horses about certain things, and Brian Moore, he's a very, very good author, but he's little known, and it's a wonderful moment when somebody agrees with you.

The bad moments come, as they do in life generally, from rudeness. It happens very rarely, but it sticks out because I get hurt. I can think of one man particularly. I cannot stand the man, I find him a bully, and a bore, and he's rude, and I'm uneasy the whole time he's in the shop. We have little postcards of authors on the wall from the National Portrait Gallery, and my greatest joy came to me when he was showing off in front of his two sons, and as he walked out of the shop he said, 'Look, George Orwell,' pointing to a portrait of T.E. Lawrence, and somehow I thought, 'All right, good, that's the measure of you, sir.'

If I've made a mistake, of course I get worried about that. We get quite a lot of school orders, you know, sixty-five copies of *Practical Technology*, Book 2, Teacher's Notes only sort of thing, and occasionally it happens that I order the wrong book. But this is all very mundane stuff, on the whole it is pleasant, people are pleasant, people are interesting, they like chatting, I like chatting to them, I just get annoyed with the rude ones.

*ambitious  
excited* I get very het up at busy times, the lead-up to Christmas, for example, which is very busy indeed. At Christmas you get a queue of people who come round, and it's book-grabbing time, desperation sets in and there is something almost animal-like about that, and I feel we are not functioning properly then, because our job, as I see it, is to talk about books as well as just sell them.

Well, I was thinking as I was walking in this morning, 'I wonder what he is going to ask me... is work important?' I could in truth give it up tomorrow quite happily because I'd still carry on reading, I'd still be in touch with books. But I suppose, if the truth be known, I'd have liked to have been a writer, but I tell myself, and it's true, if I really had been a writer I would have done that rather than sell books. I can't think of anything else I would prefer to do - I'm not saying I wouldn't have preferred to have been something else - but I can't think of anything else I would prefer to do.

## Car Salesman Rob Shellard

Originally I worked for my father who sold the family business, foundry engineering, and made me redundant so he could get the capital and retire. I'd worked for him for nine years and I considered it my birthright to take over the business. Anyway, that wasn't to be.

After that I just needed a job and I went to Volvo's in St John's Wood who had advertised in the evening paper for a service receptionist - the people who you go and see when you take your car in for a service. So that's how I got involved with Volvo, I just needed a job. I didn't last very long there, about eighteen months, I couldn't stand the aggravation. Then I went off and did other things, played tennis and what have you, came back five years later and needed a job again, so I went back to the original place in St John's Wood just so I could start earning some money. A position came open selling, so I came along for an interview, they were very short of staff, and although I had no selling experience, they took me on.

I started about six years ago when business was very buoyant. In my first week I sold ten cars, there were more customers for Volvos than there were cars. It was a question of if you had the cars you could do the deal. So I stormed away, no problems at all, and from earning a very meagre salary as a service receptionist I was earning very good money indeed. I'd only actually planned to stay a short time because I was thinking of going to Canada, but with the sort of money I was earning I decided to keep going. And now, although the market has changed and it's far more competitive to sell cars, I'm still earning very good money, and while I'm earning good money I'll stay. How long that will be I don't know.

I think I'm suited to selling something a bit more up-market than, say, Fords. I think Volvo is a very good product and I'm happy selling it. I don't think I'd be happy selling something like Renault or Citroën because I don't actually believe they're a very good car.

My accent goes down very well, but I think you've got to be able to deal with anybody. I mean, we get people in here from Kashtarians to Royals, so you have to be able to adapt to whoever. Most of the time you try and be as up-market as you can, but there are times when you have to change the accent and come right down to dealing with market traders or whatever. Any good car salesman has to be an actor because you've got to get on with the person you're dealing with. I quite enjoy dealing with Joe Blow from down the road, but I probably find it easier to deal with the up-market people.

All the salesmen that have been successful here seem to fit into a certain image. You've got Mark out there who's a university graduate in economics, and we've got two other ex-university guys. They're all mid-twenties to mid-thirties - I'm probably getting a bit too old now, I'm forty. All very smartly dressed, all really the same sort of characters, prepared to work hard, but also to play hard as well. I mean we do have a laugh selling cars, with the different people we deal with, you can set them into categories, and that's funny. You know, you've got your Mr Petels and the Wally Brigade and the Hoorary Henriets we deal with. There's probably a dozen different categories if you actually worked it out.

There are basically two techniques in selling cars. There's the soft sell, which is to get to know the chap you're dealing with and try and be as he wants you to be - friendly, helpful, and on a par with him. That works a lot of the time, but then you have to go to the other end of the scale when somebody is actually wasting your time or hagglng over twenty-five pounds.

You have to get very tough, you have to become a hard salesman and close the deal. You give them an ultimatum and actually force them into signing a deal because otherwise with certain people you can go on too long playing the nice guy.

It's difficult to tell who's a time-waster, because you get a lot of people just wandering around the West End and they see a Volvo showroom and think, 'Well I wonder in here and have a look.' But I would say that anybody you actually start talking prices to, they're 75 per cent of the way there. The next 25 per cent is getting them to like you, because if they like you they'll buy the car - and not necessarily at the cheapest price.

All I've ever read about car salesmen is that they're a fairly shabby

crew, and I think it's a pleasant surprise for anybody who comes in here bad for me working up here in the West End because it is the most up-market you can get in the car-selling game, but yes, you're still a car salesman. It doesn't really worry me, because the money's there at the end of the day. Looking back on it I wish that I'd gone into something else, but at the time I needed a job and needed the money. Sometimes I wish I could go back into engineering and pursue that, but having been out of it for fifteen years I'm probably terribly out of date anyway.

Being married with two children and running a very high mortgage, I'm certainly under pressure. Providing business is good, and providing you're performing and acting well, then you can earn the money and pay the bills. But if I slip, or the product slips, or there could be a strike in Sweden or a strike at the docks this end, any number of things could cause your money to be cut by half or more in one month, so there's a lot of pressure on actually keeping up with your commitments. But we're not a sour-faced serious lot.

Basically there are three levels of commission and they vary according to what level you are on. I'm on the top level which means I get paid a higher basic rate of commission on the profit of the car. If you keep performing at your targets, which for me is about 245 cars a year, then you're OK. It's done on a quarterly basis throughout the year. If you don't make a quarter's target then you receive a warning from the sales manager, and if you fail to make your target the next quarter, you're then down-graded. Then if you fail to make the next target you're down-graded again, so you're down on the bottom rung of the ladder. If you then fail to make that, you're out. Anybody coming in and starting has got three months to make their mark; if not, out. So because of my commitments I have to perform well over my target a lot of the time, and it's a lot of pressure to keep performing regularly and continually at those numbers.

You've got to keep an air of confidence and that it doesn't really matter, you're not going to suffer if you don't do the deal. I think grovelling is the worst way of selling. You've got to exude the fact that you are successful, and that in the customer's eyes will make you look good, and he must have confidence in you. But if you're down on your bended knees he's not going to have a lot of confidence.

You've got to be good at gauging people. That's the secret of success.

I think I'm good. I don't know whether it's huck or not, but I can usually tell as somebody's coming through the showroom door whether they're a time-waster or not. They may ask for one particular model of car, and then perhaps they might drift on after a minute to another car, or 'What is that car over there?' If they're being very non-specific then it's time to try and ease them out the door or say, 'Right, that's that one, and that's this one, that's so much - do you want to buy it?' You get tough then. But if you have someone who is after one particular model then you know you are on the right track.

Also, you can tell just by the various types that come in. If they come in loaded with brochures under their arms it means that they are actually shopping around all the different dealers. All you can do with them is to be polite, give them the brochures to add to their collection and send them on their way. Time is quite an important thing. Lunchtime is not a good time, you get a lot of time-wasters. If you were to have somebody come in about now, 11 o'clockish in the morning, smartly dressed in a suit, then he's obviously come out of his office specially. So it's a number of things.

Then there's the chap who buys a car once every seven or eight years and, no matter how good you are, he will not trust you - you're still 'the car salesman'. And he would be a civil servant, or something along those lines, and when he comes into the showroom, he's got everything organized, a list of questions he's going to ask you two pages long. They're hard work to deal with.

I tend to enjoy the country crowd with the Volvo Estates and the nice houses, and you make an excuse for going down there to hand it over, because they are always very appreciative, and they are just generally very nice to deal with. Like the Chelseas who have a house in Chelsea during the week and use the car for the country estate at the weekend. And City people are normally nice to deal with: they're too busy to haggle over the last few pounds. If you give them a good deal you can do the deal very quickly.

As a franchise we get 17 1/2% discount. We can give up to 15-16 per cent which leaves you 1 1/2-2 1/2 per cent profit in the car, of which you get 10 per cent. So basically you're on 10 per cent of fuck all. But with accessories, we get 10 per cent of the invoice price. So if you came to me and we agreed a deal of 15 per cent on an estate car that would leave about £250 profit for the company, of which I would get 10 per cent.

which is £25. You may then say to me, 'Well, I want a sunroof, I want a stereo, a tow-bar and I want a dog guard, spoights, I might invoice you for accessories for up to £1300 or £1400, so at the end of the day you end up making a total of about £150 on the car for your commission. Because of the commission structure we work under, we're not really interested in what money we make on the car, it's more whether we can make it on the accessories or on finance - if you're buying a car on HP, we have finance commission where you can earn again £100, £200 a car. Most members of the public go about buying a car all wrong. You should get the price of the car from a book, and you work out roughly 12 1/2 or 15 per cent off that price and keep that figure in your head. You do all your research first so you know exactly what you want. You might want to test drive two or three cars. Now a lot of people will come in and be afraid to ask for a discount and they will duck and dive and phone three or four dealers and get comparative prices, but it's all a waste of time, because if you're totally straight with the salesman and say, 'I will buy that car if you give me 15 per cent discount,' the salesman will sell it to you for that money, because that's the market we're in today.

There's an overproduction of cars in Europe and they've got to be moved. There's only a couple of franchises of the mass-produced cars you can't do that with, people like BMW and Mercedes. But any other car, virtually, providing you're not being silly and asking 17 1/2 per cent - the salesman would throw you out then - but at 15 per cent, yes, the salesman will do a deal.

In twenty years' time I'll be coming up to retirement age. I would hope by then that I would have some sort of small business of my own. This present house-move I'm going through though hopefully will be the last one, and then gradually with time I shall have some capital over, but I would like to get into some aspect of the car business on my own somehow, probably buying and selling.

this week alone, and we haven't done a great deal of running around this week. My father put five pounds in on the weekend and if he had to put some more in before the weekend, he'd had a bad week.

I'd like to think he would be proud of me. I think he would, yes, I feel sure that he would.

## Criminal Jack Maxwell

It's just a job. It's what I was brought up for. I was brought up as a criminal. I don't like harping on about people being hungry and all that carry-on, but my first conviction was when I was arrested at nine years of age at 5 o'clock in the morning, stealing bread out of the baker's. I was stealing the bread because I was hungry, and we used to eat the bread, no butter or nothing, just lumps of bread. That was fifty years ago - I'm celebrating my anniversary, fifty years a criminal.

My father wasn't a criminal but all my family but my father were engaged in criminal activities. Back where I came from it was just a natural way of life, it was a way of stopping being hungry, a way of being the best-dressed guy in the district or something like that. None of my acquaintances that I know ever thought of taking a straight job, because straight jobs, what do they pay today? Say a nutter, people just can't live on these things. My expenses before I can have a cup of tea or a packet of cigarettes is £500 a week at the least, because if a person has got any principle, any character at all, he looks after his family, which is my job, being that I'm considered the best money earner, and it's a large family, and somebody's got to feed them, and if I went out and took a job at £200 a week, there's no fucking way in the world I could feed crippled brothers, cancer-ridden mother. I'm the one considered responsible. ...

All through my fifty years as a criminal I've enjoyed it. I've spent a lot of time in prison, I've looked at it as part of the game, no complaints, get your bird over and get back out, get on the phone and get a bit of action going. After an eight-year sentence which I finished five years ago, I just walked out the prison gate to the nearest telephone and I was criminally active within three minutes, at the most, of coming out of prison.

I'm not clever or anything like that, I've got no O-levels or A-levels or any of that rubbish, but I am ambitious, I would like to line everyone in my family up and give them a lump of money for their start in life, because if you don't have any money, you don't have any start in life.

The street knowledge that I have gained through being fifty years a criminal, it even leaves the fucking police surprised. I'm proud of that, of course I'm proud of it, it's my job.

There's crime being committed in this country which is bringing too much heat on the likes of us as quiet people, we like our crimes to be committed and no trace of them left behind, non-violent crimes. We used to charge into a bank and people were nearly fucking dying or fight and all that carry-on, then the big sentences came and supergrasses and all that, and most people have moved out of violent crime. Most of them doing violence now is kids; we've all moved into a nice little business where there's no crime being committed unless you're actually caught doing it, and we're getting a pound out of it. We're getting a living and not causing any harm that we can see, and we intend keeping it going.

My type of criminal, I leave here at the same time every afternoon. Just like an office worker, people know not to phone me at certain times because I won't be in the house, I'll be engaged in my work. I'm abroad a lot now, I'm just back, had a nice little trip to Germany, got myself a pound note there. I was over on a little bit of criminal business; it was the best crime, it left no trace, the thing was done, I came back here with my share of the money and nobody was hurt, somebody was short of a few pounds, that's all.

I can't afford to have a conscience. Well, take for instance shopping, which I've done, and I'll give you an instance. I had an order for a couple of suede coats. I went in and I took twelve suede coats, it was at a C&A which was just opening up; the place is jam-packed with people, and I went and wiped out one rail. Unfortunately the girl in charge of the rail, she got the sack, but the girl, she was unknown to me, how could I have a conscience about her getting the sack? I mean the likes of that wouldn't keep me awake for one second and it wouldn't stop me going into another shop and stealing again and for someone else to get the sack. I mean, if you have a conscience like that you're just not a criminal, you don't do these things if you have a conscience about it.

Prison is part of the job. You don't go out committing a crime with the full expectation of getting completely away with it. Everybody would be committing crime then, there would be too many fucking people in the game then, we don't want that, in fact the less people in the game the more we like it. We'd rather the whole police concentration was on us, providing the game was left to us, because we know how to handle police. You don't go out fucking shooting policemen and all that, you put a policeman on the back - that is a saying for you don't fight with policemen.

Being a professional criminal, when you are planning a crime you're also weighing up your sentence for each crime. Just yesterday I was offered a part in a nice little caper and I would have got a few thousand pound out of it, but I didn't think the risk justified the chance that I would have to take on it, so I didn't get involved. When I was going over the pros and cons of the caper with the little firm, I asked, 'What if this or that happens, is the security man going to get it?' Well, if he gets it we're going for a ten- or twelve-year sentence for a couple of grand, it's not worth it. You can get a couple of grand out of any shop if you want to go shopping and get three months for it, why go after ten or twelve, there's just no sense in it.

I wouldn't say I was a hard man, I've got a bit of a reputation, I mean nobody will fuck with me, especially as I've got the family. I've got fourteen children, thirteen boys, I've been married three times, I've got a daughter of forty. I don't mind my sons being involved in criminal activity if they listen to me and they don't go out with guns and all that fucking rubbish. I don't mind because being a criminal, it's not a bad life. I think a non-criminal who is hungry and wouldn't resort to crime to fill their belly has got to be a fucking imbecile as far as I'm concerned. If my sons are going to be criminals, there's clean criminals and dirty criminals, same as there are clean businessmen and dirty businessmen. I've always drummed it into their heads, violence is never a part of your crime, violence should never be part of any crime.

You read about the bullion robbery, 25 million pounds' worth of gold. Now to be prepared to set people alight, even for 25 million fucking pounds, it just wouldn't be in my book. If it were 100 million pounds I could never do it. Maybe I could set fire to an enemy, somebody who had done real damage to me, maybe I could do that, but to go and do

violence for money, I just don't see any fucking sense in it because I can get people's money without committing any violence.

But if anybody insulted me or any of my family, or if somebody spoke

bad of my friends, then I'm a different person altogether, I revert back

to animal stages where I was brought up and what you've got to do with

cunts like that. It's only temporary, I revert back and go fucking mad.

Six weeks ago I made a meet at the pub, two friends had flown over from

Spain to see me and I ordered a bottle of champagne and everybody

started laughing. And I said, 'What's the matter?' They said, 'Cham-

pagne in here...,' and they were all laughing, and I didn't like one of the

guys that laughed and I just went over and said, 'You, you cunt, I'll cut

your tongue out if I fucking hear you laugh again,' and he shut up

immediately. I would have done, too, soon as look at him.

I was violent at one time, but if I hadn't been violent, then I couldn't

have survived. It's as simple as that. People talk about the Gordals in

Glasgow, I used to go to the Gordals on holiday. I'm telling you, I used

to go to a man of mine for a week's holidays every year. The Gordals ar

its worst was Anderson as it's best, for violence, hard drinking, cheap

women and all that stuff, my district had to be the number one in the

whole world. You just didn't exist in the district if you weren't violent,

you'd be jumped upon. You had to be an animal. It was only when I

moved to England that I realized that other people didn't fucking want

to cut me up or stab me in the back, whereas in my home town, twenty-

four hours a day you had to be alert. If you were a Protestant the

Catholics were out to get you; a Celtic supporter, you had to watch for

Rangers supporters...

I work a lot harder than nine-to-five workers. These people have got

easy fucking jobs, that's why they don't get any money for it. I want to

get more money than them because I work a lot harder than them; if my

job requires me to spend eighteen hours a day on it and just six hours

skipping, then I will do my job. I went three days once without food,

staked out on a caper, no sleep, no fuck all; you know, you're getting into

a heavy one, and your bottle's going and you want to go to the toilet and

you're nearly pissing yourself, and you can't move, now that's what you

call work.

When I was in the army all I was was a thief in uniform. I just wanted

to rob dead bodies and go into jewellers' shops with guns. I had a licence

to do what I wanted in Germany. That was the kind of action I liked.

where you could commit a crime, commit whatever crime you wanted,

you had a licence for it because you were working for the government.

I could go and shoot fucking people and rob them, I could do what I

wanted. I shot one guy in the back. I don't know if I killed him, well, he

shouldn't have died, he was hit high in the shoulder. It's funny. It comes

back in my mind. You ask if I have a conscience, it's come back into my

mind for forty years, I keep bringing it back into my mind. I shot a guy,

and the only reason I fucking shot him was because he was running - if

he wouldn't have been running I wouldn't have been interested, but I

saw him running, and he was prey to me, I was the hunter, he was prey.

It was instinct made me shoot him, out came the gun and bang. I wasn't

a great shot or any fucking thing like that, but the guy went down and

I ran up, and when I'm spinning him, going through his gear and that,

and took his ring and his watch, I take his wallet out and it fucking hit

me, his little kids, two little kids, beautiful blonde wife, and I fucking

went and shot him. What for? For nothing, just instinct made me do it

and that has come back. More than anything in my whole life was that

regret. There's no way in the world I could bring the guy back to life and

fucking say that was a stupid thing I done and I shouldn't have done it.

That is the only crime that ever comes back. Crimes where I've

robbed people and fucking stripped people of all their wealth, burgled

people's houses and got in among people's private possessions and all

that carry-on, I didn't have no conscience about anything like that, but

a needless crime, there was absolutely no need.

I don't give one monkey's fuck about the people's feelings. But I

wouldn't go out in the street and take money off old women or anything

like that. That's not crime, that's fucking vandalism on a person. Sex

offenders, we don't think of them as criminals, they're all fucking head

cases, something's wrong with their minds.

I am getting the urge, now I'm nearly sixty, I want to make sure a bit

of money is left here when I die. No tax or anything gets paid, I don't

believe in any fucking tax. Tax! How can you possibly go out and work

for a hundred pounds a week and have some invisible cunt take thirty or

forty pounds out of the hundred you've knocked your brains out getting.

They'd have to take a gun to me before they get my money.

I'll be a criminal right to the day I die. I like it, I enjoy my life. I go

into prison now and again - what is prison? I enjoy my own company,

so a prison cell holds no fears for me.

strong wish need

victim

strong wish need

strong wish need

strong wish need

I've been around the world about ten times, and that's another thing, if you're a criminal you can go anywhere. You're not restricted. I can and I have gone to Heathrow Airport, and just looked up at the board to find out where I was going shopping. I love nothing better than going to an airport and getting on a plane to another country.

What is a successful criminal? Is Biggie a successful criminal? He's

on the run, can't come back to his homeland - I'd be heartbroken. He's a successful fucking prison escaper, yes, but no way in the world can he

be classed as a successful criminal. Am I a successful criminal? I'm not

rich so I can't be very successful. I've got a pound note, I've got enough

to get by on and I'm still working. I've got potential, my potential is

better than anyone I know, including big businessmen. My potential at

sixty years of age is better than my sons, even at their young age.

I've got to work till I die, haven't I? The dream, what is a dream? The

dream was always money in my life, always after money, but that seems

to have faded now. I'd still be involved in the crimes for the crime's sake

because it gives me a fucking boost, keeps me going, keeps me alive,

keeps my mind young, keeps me thinking. I want a bit of the action.

There's no fucking action going into your Ford's down the road and

putting nuts and bolts on cars and all that carry-on.

There's no danger I won't make the money, for a very simple reason

that I've got credit in Morocco for two hundred kilos of dope. I've

hundred kilos of dope over here, you're talking about a million and a half

street price, how can I lose? At least I know I've got that coming, my

final act, take the money, and that's it, and be satisfied with the little bit

that I've got. I don't want to retire, but forces of circumstances may be

getting me in a corner, I may have to retire, this may be a fucking

compulsory retirement I'll have if they get hold of me.

How can I retire? A human body is just not fucking built for

retirement. If you're ill and you've got to retire, that's a different matter

altogether. But why should a man retire when he's sixty-five? People

just don't want to retire because what can you do? You can go to Spain

or Italy for six months of the year, but you get bored to fucking death.

In my opinion people should be left with a bit of the action when it

comes to retirement age, they should be shoved into something

constructive where their minds can still work. Their minds still do work,

you know.

Once you start getting up into the big five-figure bracket, money loses

all its value, so what do you call the big one? The big one wouldn't stop me, I'd carry on. If I get busted, when I come out I'll carry on. Until I die I'll keep going, I'll keep going for the rainbow, for the pot of gold, it's my job. You're trying to write a good book, I'm trying to commit a good crime, that's all.

Show over, make a little some room for me to do it down

## Dentist Peter Carey

My father was a doctor, a general practitioner, and so all my life it was automatic that I was going to be a doctor. We went along, my father and I, to see the dean of the medical school and he said to my father, 'I presume that your son can articulate,' and that was all the formalities required then to get into medical school.

And then after about a year, my hearing began to deteriorate, and it was thought that I might not be able to hear through a stethoscope, and the suggestion was that I should change to dentistry. My father said, 'There is money in it, and you won't have to get up at night,' and so that's how I became a dentist, and one might think that I could have regretted that but in fact I haven't. I've thoroughly enjoyed being a dentist for forty-five years now.

The training hasn't changed a lot in this country since I trained, I'm afraid, because I think the training of dentists in this country is appalling. It's a little better now than it was, but all dentistry I know now I've learned since I left dental school.

I'm very disappointed when I see new patients and I tell them what they ought to know about care of their mouths, expectations for their mouths, and it's all news to them. They say to me, 'Not bad at my age' - say a man of forty-five with rather a broken-down ruin - and in fact everybody should have all their teeth all their life, ninety per cent anyway could have. The public have too low an expectation. It comes as a surprise to people to learn they can keep their teeth all their lives.

It is something I've always dreaded at parties when they ask what I do because it's rather a conversation-stopper being a dentist, and you get very facile replies. 'Oh, my God, I don't want to talk to you,' or 'Whenever I go to the dentist it hurts.' Somebody asked, 'Where do you practise?' and I said, 'In Sloane Street.' 'Oh,' he said, 'my dentist is in Harley Street,' and walked off, so I didn't have a chance to say that I thought Sloane Street was just as good an address. A lot of people think

## Dentist

to practise in Harley Street you have to have special qualifications, that the address in some way endows you with knowledge or expertise. But in America, where I worked for a few years, it's quite different. To be a dentist in America is to be quite a social lion, and to be a dentist with an English accent, you were very much sought-after - 'Come and sit next to me and tell me all about yourself,' sort of thing. I think it was the regard Americans hold for their dentists, dentists seemed to enjoy a higher status even than doctors, and certainly lawyers. It's difficult to know which comes first, the standard of dentistry offered, or the esteem with which the public holds their dentist. They seem to go to their dentist for dental care rather than with toothache, because they are so good at preventative dentistry.

It's more than just a job, it's very much a social service. I think I'm an educator, a guide, philosopher and friend. A lot of people talk to me of things other than their teeth after a period. I don't make friends of my patients outside the surgery, but within the surgery they are my friends. I don't have many friends, and my wife offered an explanation, she said, 'You do all the work of making friends at the practice and you're tired of socializing by the end of the day, and you don't really need friends,' and I think maybe she has a point. She doesn't mind I don't have friends, I mean we have friends, but I only really have a couple of chaps that I would go out for a beer with. I have a friend who was a student with me, he lives in South Wales, practised all his life down there, he's now retired, and I do his teeth, and when he comes up to London to have them cleaned, we have a day together.

When I am here I put everything I've got into it, but I don't work the way some dentists do. My friend in South Wales worked in a mining area, he worked a twelve-hour day, and when he first started his practice in the Health Service he might see sixty patients in a day. He has never seen a private patient in his life, and I have never seen a Health Service patient in my life. My friend has earned much more money than I have, but he's worked a great deal harder and he's hated every minute of it. It's been an absolute treadmill for him, because the kind of work you have to do on the Health Service, you don't have time to get to know anything about your patient.

When I asked him whether he's enjoyed being a dentist, he said, 'No,' but he is proud of the service he has provided over the years to his



community, I mean he sees a very big difference in the health of the  
miners and their children from when he started.

I see much greater expectation of life in teeth than he does, because  
he doesn't have my facilities. He can't deploy the skills I deploy, not  
because he hasn't got them, but that the state won't pay. It's not his

fault, it's the fault of the Health Service that they won't pay for  
preventative service. In the Health Service you get paid for a filling or  
an extraction or some false teeth, piece work, but you don't get paid for

advice. Now if a child comes to me they book an appointment for half  
an hour and I may not do any work on that child's teeth because I'd be

talking to it, reasoning with it, chatting it up, making it amenable to  
dentistry. The parents will get a bill for half an hour's treatment

although they won't have had any actual physical treatment. Now in the  
Health Service you'd get nothing for that and of course you should get

something.

When I came here as an assistant, the chap who employed me was the  
smartest, most fashionable dentist in London, he was the Duke of

Windor's dentist. I still have a patient who was sent to the practice by  
Wallis Simpson - she's getting on a bit now. My patients are mostly

educated, and they have to be willing to spend some money on their  
teeth. But I fondly believe that being my patient is no more expensive

than being a Health Service patient in the very long run, because I think  
my patients have less wrong with them so they have to pay less. It's very

expensive for them to have their teeth cleaned by me, but on the other  
hand if they only have to come once a year that's not very expensive.

I talk about the people the way one would about one's friends. If  
you're a general practitioner for the length of time that I've been, you

come across the most dreadful tragic stories, and it makes you feel very  
lucky that you've got through life with so little trauma. I look frequently

at that photograph over there which is of a girl who has been a patient  
since she was four years old; we took nine years to straighten her teeth,

and then she had a dreadful road accident when she was thirty in which  
her husband was killed, and she was paralysed from the waist down. And

she's so brave and marvellous, which is why I have her photograph  
there. So if anybody starts moaning about their lot, I point over to that

desk and say, 'How about this ...'

It impresses me how well my children patients do, I can't think of any  
who have gone on the drug scene and taken to drink and made a bloody

nuisance of themselves, and they all seem to have done well at university  
and their careers after that. I can't explain that.

I should think I've been generously rewarded for the work I've done,  
although I haven't charged enough. All my life I've charged much less

than I could have done and I don't feel deprived by that, I've always had  
enough and I've not got expensive tastes. I've never done what a lot of

poor dentists do, they fall into the trap of trying to emulate their  
patients, living like they do, and if you do that then you're in trouble,

because you don't earn the kind of money that they earn, you don't have  
the kind of money to spend that they have, or I don't have at any rate.

But I've been amply rewarded really, I quite often think that I ought to  
pay my patients I so much enjoy seeing them.

I have one family that has forty-five members and I know more about  
that family than any one of them does, and they will ask me about

someone who they may have not seen since the last family wedding.  
They have referred each other to me; they all have the same dentist, but

that's all they do have in common.

If I meet one of my patients in Sloane Street, I might not remember  
their names because I'm not very good at remembering names, but I'll

still know what their teeth look like. Because they are dear to me, I worry  
about them a bit more than I should, I think, because doctors and nurses

are not supposed to get personally involved with people and I do, I mind  
very much when they've got a pain and I mind very much when I hurt

them.

It's a bit like being on stage, because my patients have a lot of time to  
look at me and one is very aware that one is on view, and you can't be

cross or careless. I think I am more equable now, but I think it's been  
very trying for the girls who work for me, because 'There's Mr Carey all

charm and grinning and cheerful as the day is long, and he comes back  
here in the office and all he can do is bawl us out.' I see their point, and

I'm not so inascible now. I put on a performance for the patients and the  
girls now, where I used not to bother to perform for the girls.

I may have a pain or rheumatism or stomach ache or headache, or  
there might be a frightful noise going on outside the window, but once

the patients come in, I'm completely oblivious to the noise outside.  
There was a chap working the other side of the wall with a hammer drill,

the noise was absolutely deafening, I didn't think I would be able to  
work, but when I started work I didn't even hear the noise, one is so

feel in off being  
angry for being  
off work

unlike because  
I don't think them

concentrating. I think that makes it a bit weird, you really do have to pay attention to what you're doing.

Modern equipment has been a tremendous boon. I mean, I wouldn't be practising now if I was doing it standing up, I'm sure of that. I keep reasonably fit in that I ride a bicycle in the summer and I ski. Last bus strike I cycled all the way from Kew and I wondered why I don't do it more often. But I get a free ticket now, and so the railways cost me nothing.

I think the dentist? I most enjoy doing is scales and cleans, funnily

enough, which bores most dentists to distraction. But I enjoy doing it because I think it does more good than anything else I do. I like doing extensive restoration work, bridges and crowns, because that is a kind of test of skill and patients are usually pleased with the results, and I'm pleased with the result in that I feel I have saved them having to wear false teeth. I don't much enjoy taking teeth out, in fact that is the least enjoyable part, it's sort of like going to a funeral.

By now, I don't have any patients that I don't like, so it's all fun, and that's why I don't want to stop doing it; I'd miss them all terribly, I mean, what could I do? I could find something to do because I always do find something to do. There are so many things I have never had time for. I've never been to an auction sale and I would like to go, but I'd much rather come here than go to an auction sale, because I feel so well when I'm here. I'm doing four days a week, I'm not planning to do any less than I'm doing now, although I might have to go down to three. I don't want to have to give it up altogether but there are some nasty tricks up the sleeve of Providence, you know, like Parkinson's and multiple sclerosis. One never knows, you could have a stroke.

Sometimes during the weekend one does feel one's age, but I don't feel my age here because everyone says I don't, which is a great boost. You haven't changed a bit since I've been coming here, they say, and I say, 'Well, I hope to God I didn't look like this forty years ago!'

## Diver

Dave Moore

I originally started out wanting to be a mechanic, but girls didn't like the fifth under my fingernails, and diving seemed the second best job. But as soon as I got into diving, there was no other job for me. I started diving commercially for the excitement, for the travel; I mean, I've done three years in Angola, I've worked in Nigeria, I've been all over the world, Japan, China, Russia, all through diving. I've been doing it now fifteen years. Every dive's exciting, it's as simple as that, it's an exciting job.

Money has never been important to me, it isn't important to my generation of divers. When I first started going offshore it was £13 a day, stay on for as long as you could, dodge the taxman. But the money is quite good now.

Every single body of water is different. We did two years on the Thames barrier, and there you were working in absolute zero visibility, and everything was done by touch. It was so dark, you could be burning under water with a massive arc welder, six inches in front of your face, and you couldn't tell whether it was on or off, it was that black.

Every single dive is different. No matter if you are doing the same job every day, there's always something different down in the sea, the currents are different, you've got tide, temperature, you've got visibility, you've got whatever's in the water, fish, wave action, all these things are different every single day, you never get two days the same.

Your mind does do very strange things; if you have got a vivid imagination a bit like myself, you can imagine if you're diving in an area with no visibility that everything you touch has got something on it that could hurt you, and so it's a question of going in the water and controlling the fear, and getting the job done.

Of course, it's dangerous because you are working in an alien environment, but I should think it's safer down there, in that you have more safety checks and you are more aware of danger, than you are in an

ordinary job where it's repetitive and nothing happens until there's an accident.

I started my own company three years ago; this is my fourth year now. Started off with a very small trailer and we've built up to quite a large trailer. We're a marine maintenance company, we do underwater cutting, inspections and surveys. The unfortunate thing about it is you don't get the chance to travel in the job. Brighton is as far as I go nowadays, company headquarters.

But I don't want to go abroad too much now simply because I've got a girl aged four, another aged one. I suppose I didn't want to be away as they were growing up and saying, 'Who's that strange man?' when you come home. I even tried a couple of other jobs to get out of diving completely, but that didn't work out. I sold insurance policies for a while and then - a great one for a diver - I sold fire extinguishers. Then I started in kitchen fitting. I did that for three or four months and I couldn't stand it, it was too boring, so I just went back diving again.

I suppose I'm very selfish in that I do what I want to do workwise, but I'm very lucky that I have the perfect wife, because she never moans, never grumbles, she accepts it. I was diving when I met her and I'm still diving now. She has never said stop, so really, I'm luckier than most, because divers have probably got the highest divorce rate there is going to have to work. If I don't go to work I get ratty. If I haven't got anything to do then I get bored, and once I get bored I get in a bad mood. I wasn't doing anything today, so I worked on the car all morning just to give me something to do.

I've been brought up to accept the fact that you go to work to earn your money, it's the way you live. When we leave here to go to Brighton to work, there'd be myself and one or two of the other divers who help. We get to Brighton. If the weather is bad and we're weathered off, we get half a day's pay and we come home. We don't work. So you end up down the pub. But it's not a very nice pint, it's just a pint of beer. Now if you've gone down there and done a real day's collar, a real day's work, then you think to yourself, 'Well, I deserve a pint now,' and you go in the pub and have the same pint - and it's a good pint, you know, because you've earned your money for the day, and deserve a pint, sort of thing. Everyone knows me as Dave the Diver, that's it, I mean I'm not Dave Moore, I'm Dave the Diver, and I accept it because I've only ever really had any great success at one job, and that's diving.

Diving gives you a bit of pride in yourself, doesn't it? I mean you're good at what you do, you're a specialist, also there's not a lot of divers about, so it's a bit of an individualist's sort of thing. People ask, 'What do you do?' and when you say you're a diver, they think that sounds interesting, so then you have to go through the whole performance of telling them everything about your job, because it's interesting for people to talk to you. It's a bit of an ego trip, I suppose.

There's always the same two questions, 'How long can you stay down with those oxygen tanks?' which is stupid, really, because you don't breathe oxygen, and, 'Have you ever seen a shark?' It's the same two questions, I don't know why.

As it happens, sharks are absolutely superb. There's nothing to worry about with sharks. Jellyfish are the worst. In the Gulf, there's a jellyfish called a sea wasp that will kill you, it's very small and if it catches you on your throat or your mouth, you convulse in about fifty seconds and you're dead.

I'm an old sweat, as they call you, I really am an old diver: thirty-nine. The only thing that defines whether you can carry on diving is a medical, and you have one medical a year. There are only six registered doctors in the country that can do it; if they pass you fit you can dive for another year, if they pass you unfit, that's you finished. So your medical is the most important thing that you could possibly do once a year.

They started collating these medicals eighteen years ago with every commercial diver in the country, so they're now getting a picture of what this is doing to divers *en masse*.

There are some real problems emerging. For instance, because they decompress you with oxygen on the surface, it tends to cause a problem with your memory. It's very bad in a lot of older divers which they're only now starting to discover. I've got short-term memory loss; if you told me a telephone number, I'd forget it immediately. You've told me your name twice now, but I had to ask Jenny my wife to remind me again before you walked in; it's not being disrespectful to you, I just can't remember it. Funny thing is, I can remember every dive I've made.

I always look at the sea life, never take my eyes off it. It's fascinating. I mean, at Brighton at the moment we've got lobsters and crabs, as per normal, spider crab, shrimps, prawns, all floating around the water, we've got conger eels, lots of bass. And the thing about sea life is it's not

blood tests and forms and things like this. It just means you get

bombarded from all directions, and you've only got one brain and one pair of hands, and when everyone throws things on you in a big heap, you just have to try and put things in order of priority, and when the thing you are trying to put first in order of priority is impossible to

organize, like getting the girl to theatre, it's a nightmare. She's on the wards now. I mean she's quite well, she's got everything she needs at the moment, she's got pain relief and fluids going into her veins and she's got somebody looking closely at her in case she becomes iller, but what we really need to do is stop the bowel contents leaking into the peritoneum - which you can only do by sewing up the hole. She's only going to get worse, she won't get better if she's got a hole in her bowel.

I don't think she will pop off, I mean it would take her a couple of days to go, but the point is it's the weekend coming up and over the weekend there's just on-call people; there's two house surgeons and a registrar and a few medics as well, but that's it. I mean, the whole of the hospital winds down over the weekend and if anything bad happens your facilities and your ability to cope is considerably reduced, so you want to get things sorted out before the weekend, and that's why today there's such a rush on. I was going to go out this evening but it doesn't look like I'm going to now ...

I get hassled, everyone gets hassled occasionally, but all it is really is the limit at which you can pretend you're not hassled, if you see what I mean. You see I'm not hassled at the moment even though there is quite a lot going on, but if you put a little bit more on to me, heap me with a little more work, I would be hassled, yes. But everybody's got their own limit and some people's are quite low and some people's are very very high. I'm about in the middle.

I've been in the job three months. As it turns out, all I do is very minimal sort of easy things which isn't how the general public think of a doctor. Really all I do is clerk people when they come in, do routine tests, and occasionally do very simple techniques to help people, nothing which you would consider to be particularly glorious or clever, nothing sort of prestigious, but I enjoy it anyway because they're just little things that make people more comfortable.

I'm a houseman. It's a beginning. I'm twenty-three and it's the first step on the ladder. In the medical field you can either just drift and try

# Doctor Richard Warner

You've come at a bad time. Well, you see we admitted somebody yesterday, somebody who was poorly, and we didn't know what was wrong so we left her on the ward to see if things got better, but it became obvious she'd got an appendicitis which had perforated, so the bowel contents were leaking into the belly. Once we decided what to do, we went straight ahead and booked the theatre, booked the anaesthetist, and

at half past two I rang the ward to see whether the patient had been seen by the anaesthetist, and she hadn't, so I had to find out why. And we've had a huge bunch of people in Casualty, two of whom had stopped breathing. One was a road accident. I went down there to try and find my anaesthetist and it was like bedlam, people throwing things through the doors and running around the department, just awful, so I decided eventually that the best thing to do was to sleep the second on-call anaesthetist. He was delivering a baby, and, can you believe it, the third on-call anaesthetist was also delivering another baby, so we were stuck, we didn't have an anaesthetist. So I had to sort one out, and eventually I met my registrar in the corridor - he's like the guy next up from me - and we went down to Casualty and we actually went into the scrum and winkled out the first anaesthetist and said, 'Come on, you must operate on our girl because she's going off quickly,' and he said, 'Yeah, sure,'

and as we were going out we rang the theatre who told us they had put another case where we were supposed to be because it was busy! It's just like juggling, and it basically means you spend ages on the phone, and because they have always got so much going on in Casualty and bleeding so many doctors, we call them with a special code on the phone, but every time I used the code it was engaged, so I was literally taking about ten minutes to make a call.

And even then there were things going on in the ward, because I cover the wards during the day, and at the moment I happen to have got about three or four ill people and have to do everyday things for them like

and end up in something good, or you can go hell for leather for a certain career. Some people have just got it in their heads right from the beginning they are going to be brain surgeons and they attack that idea, you know, very aggressive about it: they have to get the right job for the next stage in their career ladder. I'm going to be one of the people that just drifts and I might even end outside medicine, I'm not really sure yet. I'd quite like to be a physician, but at the moment my heart's not really in it.

I love doing the job, but my heart's not in the sacrifices you have to make in order to go for the one particular career. For instance, having to do one and twos in hospitals for the rest of your life. One and twos is when every other night you're on call and they are supposed to be made illegal but people still have to do them if they want to get on.

It's a very self-destructive process. People who are quite senior surgeons and physicians have said, 'For goodness sake don't do it, you know my kids are strangers to me, I don't enjoy my job because I'm still not doing what I want to do, I'm still scraping and bowing to senior people at the age of forty-four.'

I had a choice between music or medicine and I'd have preferred to do music in some ways because it's aesthetically more pleasing, but it wasn't secure enough, especially in Coventry where I'm from. I just wanted to do something where I went to work every day, and I happened to be good at the sciences, and also I quite like the glamorous idea of being a doctor. I'm not like some people for whom medicine is all-consuming, you know, it's just a job really. I felt I had a choice, and because I actually enjoy doing it, it means that it was the right thing to do, but if at some point I decide I'm not enjoying it, I'll go off and do something else. And if I don't become a consultant, it's not going to be the end of the world.

I really don't believe that I'm a doctor, it's all come as a big surprise. I was a student and now suddenly I'm a doctor. It takes a lot out of you, you give too much and you end up being drained emotionally and physically. Giving all the time can destroy you and people become embittered by the fact that they always have to be reasonable and rational when things happen which aren't reasonable and rational. Things like, somebody who has a small little lump in their bowel, and you say, 'Oh, well, we should be able to cure you,' and then the house report is something horrendous... a horrendous! You can't really

say, 'That's tough, I'm sorry,' you have to talk to them and be nice to them. It's the same situation as if you have just finished with your girlfriend and she wants to keep seeing you and you have to keep going along and saying hello and being nice, but really it's just making you feel sick inside 'cause you've really been nasty to that person. You feel, 'If I hadn't given you that horrible disease... if I hadn't discovered it for you...' It would have been discovered anyway, but in some way you feel you're to blame. And also the fact that every time you don't actually cure someone, no matter how you deal with it, you always think, 'Well, maybe if I had done so and so...'

Well, I still feel totally young and stupid, I don't feel the least bit grown-up yet, because every single time somebody talks to you, either a nurse or a physio or a pharmacist or a senior member of the medical staff, every single comment is tailored to someone who is still a schoolboy. I really do feel like a new boy at school. An experienced nurse, for instance, knows a lot more than a newly qualified doctor does on a ward. The best people to work with are the people who are able to tell you what you are doing wrong without destroying your confidence. I feel terribly embarrassed all the time saying, 'Look, I really haven't over their faces and they think, 'Surely, haven't you got any idea at all? My wife thinks it might be so and so...'

I personally don't worry about things nearly as much as I used to because this job alters your perspective on what's serious and what isn't, and I think that in terms of personal trials and tribulations it certainly gives you good experience in actually coping with life. Sometimes you just feel so sick about the whole thing you just sit there and have a quiet think about things, or you go and talk to somebody. I mean there is a tremendous spirit amongst the junior staff, you know, everybody supports each other, every time anything bad happens everyone knows about it, and things can be done within the sort of infrastructure of the hospital. But it still doesn't alter the fact that some things that happen are just appalling.

Youngsters come in, kiddies, and die in Casualty, you know, and I haven't actually had to do it yet, but I can't imagine going out there and saying, 'Listen, sorry, but your five-year-old is dead...' What then? You really haven't got anything to offer, all you can say is, 'We did our best.' The way I could cope with it is to actually say to myself, 'Well,

there wasn't anything I could do, I didn't do anything wrong, so it's just tough.

I always used to think you have to come up with something brilliant to put everyone at their ease, and I now know all you have to do is sit there and not get too embarrassed when people are telling you things which are upsetting them, or when people are going to die and you've got all the sort of high-tension emotional scenarios. They are actually not as critical as I thought they were. I've always thought maybe I couldn't produce the goods but really I don't have to produce any goods, I just have to sit there and I don't say anything concrete, I just have to be there and as long as they feel that somebody has actually bothered and is doing something about it, it's enough.

I like Casualty, Casualty is fun because you don't know what's coming in, it's a challenge. You often don't know what's wrong with the person, so it's up to you to find out. What I don't like is covering other people's patients in the middle of the night. We do two sorts of on-call work: we do the Casualty call work, and then we do the second on-call work, as it's called, where you cover the patients whose doctors have gone home. So you get called in the middle of the night to someone you don't know from Adam who is 'going off' (these are the phrases the nurses use: 'I don't like the look of Mrs So and So, she looks a bit peaky'), and you go down there and her blood pressure is in the boots and it's just a nightmare then because you don't know the background to the patient and you've got to go to notes which sometimes haven't been filled in for a few days, and then you are faced with a difficult problem which you've got no idea about, and I don't like that, it's a bit unfair really. You haven't got the benefit of people to look over your shoulder to see you're doing everything right, and although the X-ray machines and the ECG machines work at night, you've got to wake up people to get them working, and although they are on emergency call, that takes time, and you have to transfer the patient across to the main X-ray block, so the time involved in getting things done at night is just a bit too long and it's frightening from that aspect.

Drunks are the bane of my life because they very rarely have anything wrong when they come in, but you have got to keep an eye on them for a certain length of time to make sure they don't bleed inside their brains, and the police are always around because they've perhaps got into a brawl or something, and they're abusive and smelly and you've got to

put them into bed and look after them, and in the middle of the night, it's the last thing you want if you've had a busy day.

Well, I like to think I work very hard. Sometimes I'm sitting having a coffee about half past three in the afternoon and there's absolutely nothing going on. The job comes in fits and starts. Some weeks you can be really quiet and you've got a bit of time to sit and think and have a lunch hour, and some weeks you can be up with the lark and go to bed half past one, two in the morning, be up two or three times in the night, and start work again at seven. That can go on for a good week's stretch, and it's after that that you really need your time off.

I make valiant efforts to meet people outside medicine because you do find you become totally blinkered and inverted. I can only go out every other weekend and every two nights in three during the week, so of course it cuts into my social life. But the thing is, I have a philosophy of making the nights off harder work than the nights on because otherwise if you let it stop you doing things, like having a beer in the evenings, if it stopped you doing that then it's interfering too much. So some people go home and at nine o'clock they're in bed because they are tired. But even if I'm tired I get on the tube and go into London and come back even more tired, but at least I've done something, I've gone out, I haven't sat in the hospital, because that can be a really negative, destructive process.

I have got nurse girlfriends, but it's because they are forced on you, because they are the people who are around. I'd like to marry an opera singer or something, that would be fun, it would be an escape when you got home from the hospital.

There are some things I would rather didn't happen to me until I'm experienced enough to cope with it. I really hated it when one of the guys on the wards had this big belly wound that went from the umbilicus to the super pubis region and had a great hole there with what looked like just a little bit of infection, and the registrar smuck his probe up and into it, and it went into a big cavity at the top and a big cavity at the bottom, and he took a knife then and there in the ward, because there are no nerve endings in a scar, and he opened up the scar with his knife and it fell apart and all this stuff came out, green muck, pus, and pieces of nylon which is the stuff they use to sew it with. I'd had too much to drink the night before and I just sort of had to go out of the curtain and

have a breath of fresh air, because of the smell basically, but I mean even the sister who had been there for twenty-five years found it a bit much. I'm less upset about death now. Some people should die, I mean I'm not going to make them die, but they are sitting there, they're blind, diabetic, demented, they've got pneumonia, they have a colostomy bag, they've got nothing going for them, they don't understand what's happening to them, they just plead all night and all day to die, and they get a chest infection and you give them a course of antibiotics; and in some ways you feel you're being immoral doing that, but it's not really for you to judge, it's just for you to help. And when they die I'm positively glad sometimes and it's only humane to feel that really.

I've only had to tell one person so far that they were going to go, it's Good Night Vienna, it upset me a lot. Well, I just felt really unhappy, a bit depressed for a few hours, I mean I didn't cry my eyes out, but I really thought it was a bit off.

My personal beliefs are unchanged, I believe there is a God, but I haven't experienced anything tangible. It's quite nice in some ways for patients to think, 'Oh, it's the will of God.' It takes the responsibility off me.

It's made me more appreciative of health and happiness, you know, seeing so much going on around you really makes you enjoy being happy and well, and it's also given me a strong feeling of fate, you know, sometimes somebody has got it in for a certain patient and no matter how good you are, no matter what you do, things keep going wrong, and you just get this feeling that it's a bit beyond your control really.

I feel like I've aged about ten years in the past three months. I feel like I've got grey hair, lines. I feel like all the sort of carter student existence has just evaporated. One minute you don't have to get up in the morning and you don't have to take your work too seriously, you can enjoy yourself if and when you want; next minute you're being screamed out of theatre for doing something. The whole world changes as soon as you qualify and they expect you to just cope.

I was not prepared for the onslaught. I had my expectations of what the job was when I was a clinical student, I thought I knew what was going to happen, but I didn't quite realize the ferocity of such responsibility. I mean everything really comes on to your shoulders in a big way, like making decisions instead of in a theoretical context in front of the consultant. Well, we could make a laparotomy...

Suddenly it's you that's doing it, and it makes things totally different, it sharpens up your wits and your instincts no end. Immediately you become a lot more astute, not because you become cleverer, but because you have to put what few bits of knowledge you've got into some sort of semblance of a rational decision. I hated it at first because it was so foreign to me, but now I quite enjoy it, especially when you get it right, it gives you a nice feeling afterwards.

about the situation. The office is supposed to book pupils in for you as well as you getting them yourself, because it's difficult a lot of the time to make any headway in getting pupils if you are out on the road all the time. So you need the office to give you the bulk of your work.

I've only got something like three lessons today, one that starts at eight-thirty in the morning, one at lunchtime and one in the afternoon and really it's just the same as working the whole day through. It actually feels worse sometimes just sitting around, I mean you get more tired. You definitely cannot judge people from what you see, without a doubt. The thing about the job, you get to be a sort of social worker cum psychologist, because a lot of pupils will tell you things that they won't tell their husbands or wives - I don't know why. Some people have driving lessons just to get out and talk to somebody, particularly older people. Maybe it helps them, and when they tell you personal things, it's best you just listen and don't actually make any comments.

I remember a young lady telling me that she was leaving her husband. I mean he didn't know, but I knew, which I thought was totally wrong, and I just felt sorry for the guy. But it wasn't my business to say anything. I suppose my reaction inside was, what are you telling me for? It is quite an intimate relationship, I mean they're trusting you with their lives, for a start. The majority of people taking lessons haven't driven before, so they are leaving it totally up to you.

Women are easier to teach because they are much more concerned with safety, which is one of the main things you've got to get across to any learner. Blakes tend, once they can move the car and change up and down the gears - right that's it, they can drive - and it takes a lot to make them concentrate on the actual rules they need to pass the test.

You've got to feel that you are in control. I have a set of dual controls which consist of a brake and a clutch pedal, and the only thing we can't control is if a pupil stops suddenly. In general you are going to grab the steering wheel or hit the brakes or use the clutch a few times a day. People tend to think the better the driver is, the less the instructor has to worry. That's not true. Usually, the better they are, the more you tend to relax, but there's always the chance of something happening, because after all, they're still learning, and they can do something totally out of the blue. Also, you mustn't hit the brake or grab the steering wheel until the last moment, because you've got to give the pupil the chance to do it. No pupil likes an instructor taking the controls. But it does make it

I was doing music before. I wanted to buy a house, but I couldn't get a mortgage, being a musician. So I needed to get a job where I could have a trade and be qualified fairly quickly, and driving instructor seemed to be the best idea, so I went into it. All you need is to have a current driving licence which has been clean for four years, then you've got to take some exams. Six months after qualifying, I got my mortgage. Sometimes I'll start at eight in the morning and I'll finish at eight in the evening. You've got to be on the ball because it doesn't matter how many pupils you had or how long you've been working that day, they'll expect you to be like they are the first pupil of the day. Mentally it is very tiring because you have got to be alert all the time, you can't afford not to be, because it's a life-and-death situation really.

Because it is so demanding you'll find that most driving instructors' marriages don't last, because of the hours they do, and the problems it can cause. We are working Saturday and Sunday sometimes as well. So the social life is not very good. It can cause a lot of problems. It really best suits the person who is single and hasn't got any other commitments. I've seen people working seventy hours a week and from the strain I know it puts on me doing fifty-odd hours a week, it's just not worth the exhaustion. You may not actually feel wound up while you are doing it, it's when you stop and you get home and you try to unwind and get rid of all the tension which builds up, because not everybody gives you a beautiful, perfect drive.

I put my home life first and it's affecting that, I will cut down the hours I do at work, but it's easy to neglect the home life. My wife works, so she's not too bothered, but I've just got to make sure that I take notice of her and not take her for granted when I am around. I've got a house I'm working on now, so if I have the time I shoot home and try and do some work there, otherwise I'll just clean the car or sit around the office and look at how many pupils I've got, morn



difficult for the instructor, because he's got to wait until the last possible moment before he can do anything. I had a lady hit me because I stopped her from going into a car. She said she was just about to stop, but I actually made her get out of the car and have a look at how close she was to the vehicle. There was no way she could have done it in the time, because I'd only just done it in time. But she still told me not to do it again. You've got to keep your sense of humour.

It does count whether you like your pupils or not. For example, you can have a pupil that smells. Now they're paying their money and they expect you to give 100 per cent, but if you don't like the way they smell, or if you don't like them, you don't want to have them in your car. You're better off telling them to go to someone else rather than trying to give the lesson because you won't teach them properly.

There might be personality clashes, race might be an issue. I've only ever had one pupil who didn't want me because I'm black, and she was an Indian lady. In actual fact, age is more of a concern than colour, because a lot of people prefer an older instructor, at least older than themselves, to take instructions from.

Many times I've told a pupil, I will just make a tape and play it because you are not listening to what I'm telling you. It can get on your nerves if you are repeating the same thing for the whole lesson and they are still not taking any notice.

The only thing you can do is know if your pupil is ready to take the test or not, that's as far as you can go. You cannot predict how a pupil will do. I mean you can have a diabolical pupil and think that there is no way they will pass, they might as well cancel it, and they'll go up there the next day and pass it.

I suppose the main thing that the pupil will fail his test on is driving too slow, because most people try to be too careful, and that's the one thing that the examiners really hate, because it is very difficult to judge somebody's driving ability if they are only pooling along at 15 mph, waiting too long to turn and being overcautious.

We don't feel as if we are regarded as a qualified profession should be regarded for what we have to do, and the amount of strain the job puts on you mentally and socially. I mean it's a qualified profession, we've got to take exams and go through all the rigmarole you need to get qualified, we are putting our lives on the line every day of the week, and I think we should be held in higher regard than we actually are. In

European countries like Germany and places, a driving instructor has the same social standing as maybe a doctor or lawyer, and they do nine-to-five kind of hours. You'll do your job much better if you feel more appreciated.

I'd like to see a different situation completely for driving instructors and for pupils. I think it would be much better if it were government-controlled and there was a set fee across the board for driving lessons, and it was a nine-to-five situation.

There are good times. I know I've said quite a lot that doesn't make it sound good, but you have nice times as well. I mean when the pupils say things like, 'It's all because of you,' and that sort of thing, it's ego, I suppose, but it's also self-satisfaction, and that is the biggest bonus the job has got.

Because I've got a wife and mortgage to think about, I cannot afford to do the music and not have money coming in on a regular basis, so I'm bidding my time sort of thing. In actual fact I'm doing a record at the moment, and once it's finished I'll try and sell the song. If I can get a deal off that, then I'll quit, but I need to have something concrete, in writing, for me to stop driving-instruction.

It's definitely something I won't be doing for the rest of my life, because first and foremost I'm into music. I know music is unpredictable, but the thing is, I can always do the driving as well, just to tide me over sort of thing. I could do a couple of lessons here and there if I had my own car. You remain qualified as long as you renew your papers every four years, so I've got that trade to fall back on.

I'm not the type of person to be sitting around and working all the hours God sends and just having a terraced house at the end of it and a gold watch. I'm not into that. I think there is a lot more I can do with my life.

excuse

Confrontation

a day. I'm not kidding. The time-and-motion man came round with our gang a couple of weeks back and he clocked twenty-two miles on his chart, and that's as well as humping bins.

... Because you're walking so much and carrying so much, your legs and your hips feel the strain. A few weeks back I hadn't done any dustbins, I'd just been driving for about a month, and when they put me on bins again, I had to go and sit in the cab after about an hour, I felt dizzy and I was out of breath. They took me home, actually, I was that bad.

A lot of people who I talk to, they say, 'Well, dustbin men never speak to you nowadays, they're right surly, they just come and empty your bin and they're off,' but it's because we're so busy.

I'm on the perimeter round at the moment, and there's three of us. We do all the farms way out, little hamlets, Hade Edge, Farley Tyas, there's Tinker's Monument - that's not official that, everyone knows it as Tinker's Monument - Victoria, Hepworth, there's loads of little places. I'm driver loader which means if there's a driver or loader off, I'll take their place, so I move around from gang to gang. I like moving around although it's not always top money because you usually go where there's trouble, where they're lagging behind or something like that.

Today it was me and Barty and Frank. Frank's a mate of mine and Barty's a bit of a character, he's well known in this area, Barty Lee, ask anybody and they'll know Barty. So I've been talking to him, but we're behind on this round and I got stuck in the snow and we didn't get finished on time, so we're still behind for tomorrow. What else happened today... the dog tried to bite me, that's a constant problem, the women'll come out and say, 'It's all right, he won't bite you,' and you're trying to shake him off your leg.

I try and enjoy myself while I'm at work, you have to make the most of it. So I look around at all the beautiful things that are going on around me, and I like talking to people. I think about how long it's going to take us to do such a street and how long it's going to take me to get down to the bottom and all this, and then I think about my life, and I have a couple of mates, and we talk, we swap yarns about women and booze, you know.

They're fine lads. There are some characters. We're shouting and bawling at each other during the day because the pressure's on to get the work done, so we get a bit ratty sometimes, but then when the work's over we'll have a pint together, so it's nothing serious. It's the hardest

SB

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I enjoy it, but like any other job it gets a bit of a routine after a bit, you know. But I get up in the morning and pull myself up and say, 'OK, you know it's a good job this really.' I mean it's handy for me, it's only five minutes down the road, and I get up on the hills and it's gorgeous, especially in the summer.

The area around here is lovely. It's turning into a town now, but it used to be a tiny village, the sort of place you stopped on your way to somewhere else, a journey's resting place. It's just a nice little town with a few of the old Yorkshire cotton mills.

A lot of people have said, 'You don't look like a dustman,' so I usually say, 'What does a dustman look like?' When I go out I dress in right with-it stuff, I suppose that's it, I've always been very smart in my appearance. I get a perverted sort of pleasure out of saying I'm a dustman. I'm proud to be a dustman, any road.

I don't put a lot of mental activity into it. I work hard physically, but I wouldn't like to say, 'I'm Philip Rigden the great dustman.' I try and be a good dustman, I'm conscientious, but it doesn't take a lot up here to be a good dustman. It's not the most important thing to me. A job is a job. I need to pay the mortgage and pay my other bills. I wouldn't say I sweep roads therefore I must be this sort of person, I'd say I sweep roads to earn a living to make some money so I can pay bills, full stop.

It's all go, from as soon as you get there. You get the wagon ready, go pick the lads up, and you're out, and there's not a minute to spare. Sometimes to keep up to your bonus, you're running, there just isn't enough time. You've got to empty so many bins in your allotted time for the week, you get so many hours for each round and you're timed for one minute, forty-five seconds for each bin, and you have to keep up to that all the time. Management says if you get your full bonus, you should be absolutely shattered at the end of the week. To achieve top bonus regular is very hard work. The average dustman walks twenty-two miles

job physically I've ever done. It keeps you fit, but if you're getting on a bit it doesn't do you any good.

If people all worked together I think it would be a lot nicer. They could help by putting the dustbin neat instead of overflowing it, and making it easier access. I had a syringe in my leg today! I picked a bag up and it swung, and this hypodermic syringe was sticking through, and I don't know what they used it for, it could be anything, could be AIDS, stuck right in, I'll have to put it in the Accident Book. I forgot all about it. But I'd say most people are considerate. If there's broken glass in the rubbish, they'll wait for you and say, 'There's some glass in there but I wrapped it up in paper,' and you say, 'Fair enough.' Most people give you a tip at Christmas time. You can make a nice bonus out of that. I'd say on the whole people do consider the dustbin men, it's just that when you're rushing about you don't want to get one that's overflowing.

I'll get shot for saying this, but there is one big perk. It's called tarring, it's like junk, what people throw out; all sorts of stuff, televisions, crockery, I got that clock there, that pewee mug, the coal scuttle, anything, books - I've got quite a lot of interesting books out of that. You get to know when you pick a bag up, you can feel if it's rubbish, or if there might be something in it. It does slow you down a little.

I go to night school. I'm studying art. Just passed my O-levels. I'm studying A-levels now. I really like Leonardo da Vinci. I think he had a brilliant mind, a beautiful mind, he was so intelligent. Not just an artist, inventor as well. He had style, didn't he?

I do a lot of portraits of the boys, and I do a lot of buildings, old buildings. Well, my line of work is excellent for having a look and seeing what'll make a good picture while I'm out on the job. The lads will say, 'There you are, Phil, there's a good one there.' It's great. And on the weekends or at night I'll go sketching. I look around the beautiful valley with the sun setting and that inspires me, and first thing in the morning, if we get up and stop for breakfast and it's a nice clear, crisp morning, and the sun's just coming out, that inspires me, plus we always see lots of squirrels, rabbits, foxes, hares, sheep, you know, things like that inspire me.

The lads do tend to tease me. They'll say, 'Hello, Picasso,' or they call me a piss artist. I get my leg pulled all the time - 'Do a drawing of this, and it's an old dustbin or something like that. They're always taking the

Mickey. But they are interested, they ask me a lot of questions, and if I get them on my own, we'll have a serious conversation about art.

I'd rather paint. I'd rather be an artist full time, it's what I want to do, I'd be more content if I was an artist. I could put in eight hours a day quite easily instead of putting in eight hours a day emptying dustbins. I'm frustrated I haven't got the time to study. I mean an ordinary artist, he gets more practice in one day than I get in a couple of weeks. I know I could do better in my art if I had more time to study, but because I work hard physically, I get home, I don't feel like doing it sort of thing, so I do get frustrated.

I've done a lot of pen and ink sketching, I've done so many of them and sold so many, it's boring me now. So I'm starting on to colours, coloured pencils, oil paints, what I can afford. Coloured pencils are the cheapest so I'm into that now. I'm trying to improve my application of colour.

I can see myself being a fairly good artist after about another five years. Whether I'll make a living at it, I don't think I will, I think I'll remain a dustman. Or maybe try and work my way up in the dustbins, I wouldn't be able to concentrate on my art then. I'm being realistic. I know what I want to be in the next five years, I want to be a full-time artist - but being realistic, I think I'll spend the next five years on the bins. Maybe I am more optimistic than I'm letting on, it's funny, you don't want to reveal all your dreams to a stranger. You know, you dream about being famous - it just seems absolutely ridiculous, but it's not actually fame that I want to achieve, I want to give people a message. I can't communicate in words, as you can see, but I can do it through art. Peace, love, beauty, truth, that's what it's all about.

## Employment Advisor Amanda Maddock

Basically the main emphasis in this job is to get people into work or into rehabilitation schemes, depending on what they need. The people I deal with, many of them have been unemployed for at least six months, most of them a good deal more. It might be a simple retraining need, and as I am also training officer here I'm well placed to know about those - you know, adult training, further education, or whatever. Sometimes they have other problems as well. Usually their unemployment causes them to have depression, their previous job might have made them unhappy, they may have had an accident, or been in prison, there are myrads of reasons why people become unemployed, and then why they find it difficult to get back. Sometimes there just isn't the will to get back to work, after you have had so many rejections, you can't cope with any more.

You're always going to get your residue of lazy people who don't want to work. I quickly fathom them out and I don't bother with them, to be honest, because I haven't time. You get people who have had the sort of job that they then have to stop doing and they can't readjust to another form of work, and because they can't readjust they lose the will to try, they just can't imagine another life. The biggest problem with losing will are your middle-aged men who get made redundant and they can't understand why it happened to them. It's a funny thing, work, isn't it? It's the sort of central pivot that most of us that are in work live around, and we then make social pariahs out of people who don't work.

I wouldn't go so far as to say that it is morally wrong to be out of work, because there is an awful lot of people who are out of work through no fault of their own, but it is morally wrong to expect someone else to support you.

I always wanted to do this job, ever since I left school. But I was told that I would never get into it because of my eyesight and lots of other reasons that were never really clear to me. I went into an employment

office in Kent when I left college and became unemployed. And the woman there would never speak to me directly, she spoke to my mother. You see I'm blind, and blindness is a problem that a lot of people seem to tie up and think, 'Well, if you're blind you've also got something wrong with your head.' So they scream at you in monosyllables and carry you off the bus, that kind of thing. Anyway, I had had a gutful of this one day and I said to her, 'Listen, why the hell can't you speak to me?' and she said, 'Well, all right, what do you want?' And I said, 'You job, love, because I'm sure I could do it ten times better.' And from then on I decided that that was what I wanted to do. When I saw how incompetent this lady was, I decided that was the very job I wanted because I wanted to do it better than she did. It was the competitive instinct, you see.

I can't imagine me without a job. I live through my job, I'm sure I do. I work as hard as I can, not all the time, mind, nobody does. I mean I can be a right lazy pig, but I like to think that I'm a galler, like my father always taught me I should be. I think work was bred into me through my family. I'm from a large family: there are eight of us, and I'm the last of eight. My father was a farmer, never had a day out of work until he was sick, then he had five weeks out of work and died. He taught me an awful lot about work, how important it was to be working. I always remember one instance when he and I fell out about me being out of work, and he said, 'I haven't been out of work in my whole life for as long as you have at the minute, and that struck me hard.' I have about five appointments a day, that's five forty-five-minute appointments. Then there is paper work to do, which takes a while, and there are people coming in off the street, although it's difficult really to say how many you'll get. Probably fourteen, fifteen a day. Sometimes they are terribly distressed, and then there goes your lunch break, or your tea break, or there goes five o'clock for the bus. I've know me for example when one particular young woman I had been dealing with and I wasn't aware of some problems in the family that there were, and I ended up saying to her, 'Look, here's thirty pence, come on the bus with me, and we'll talk about it,' and I took her as far as where she lived on the bus and then went home myself, because you can't say to someone, 'Look, turn your distress off, please, I can't leave my work at work. I went home last night and felt as

though I had been wrong out, you know, because when you put emotional effort into somebody, a lot of emotional effort, it becomes a physical thing as well and you actually feel drained by the time you have finished. A lot of the time you've got to motivate them, and that's really tiring, you've got to get them going. I mean if I've got someone going to an interview I like to see them in the morning before they are interviewed so I get them psych'd up and relaxed. That's a contradiction in terms, I know, but it's not only to get them ready, but also to get them to feel, I can do it. It's the reassurance that people need.

When you're sending someone along to something, you could change the pattern of their lives just by selecting a job, and that's a very onerous feeling. That's why I also insist that my people have got to come in and see me, so we can go through the vacancies together. There are boards with vacancies in the entrance and I tell them to arrive ten minutes early and to go round the boards and get an idea what there is, because basically it's got to be your choice, I tell them. I can push, but you have to actually jump.

Being blind, I have to have somebody work with me all the time which is a nuisance, because I'm a bit of a loner when it comes to work. I like being shut in this office, I don't take kindly to teamwork, because I like to take responsibility for what I do, and not what anybody else does. I work at a different speed and in a different way, and I find it difficult to have to cope with the way other people work.

I would be more fulfilled if I was allowed to do more. I still don't feel I'm allowed to do enough. I still don't feel that I can stretch my own net wide enough, but the sort of work I do really turns me on. Because when the people that I'm dealing with come in and they've actually got what you were trying to get for them, or better still, if you have encouraged them and they have got it themselves, it is fantastic.

I talk to my husband about my people, he listens and then we talk about something else, but he's interested because he knows it worries me so much. I try not to talk too much. I mean we have our half hour after supper when we both talk about our work, and that's the end of it. My husband is blind too. He's a civil servant, he works for Health and Safety, he's a very good typist. His blindness has affected him in the way that he hasn't pushed for promotion, he's just sat back and let things happen which he wouldn't have done if he had been sighted. He wouldn't have ended up in an office at all if he had been sighted, I don't

think. I tried pushing him but... well, I suppose one of us has to be sensible.

In the end, I think everyone will only be working half weeks, so we've got to get ourselves sorted out leisurewise. And that's where the jobs are going to come, in the leisure industries. I wish we would spend more money on the construction side because there are so many construction workers out of work, and they are not, a lot of them, the sort of fellows you could train to work computers or do video presentations or run leisure centres, and it's the construction workers who are my biggest problem. Anyway it would help us all, because look at the state we are in at the minute, look at the state of the roads, the state of housing, the state of the sewers, and now with our unemployment we have the ideal chance - why spend the money on unemployment when we could spend it on getting the unemployed to revitalize things, you know, giving people a purpose again, because that's what it is, you know, everybody has got to have a purpose of some sort.

I wouldn't like to earn less than I earn now, but the salary is not the first thing I look at in a job. It's important, because we like to go on our holidays. I like to go abroad once or twice a year and that's one of the reasons it's important. Also I have a large family, not children of my own, but I've a large family who I like to buy presents for, and that kind of thing. And it's important because I don't like to depend on anybody else for anything. But it's not important for its own sake, and I've never been in a family that's been living in the lap of luxury, and I think what you haven't had, you don't miss.

The best part of this job, apart from Christmas dinner, is the people, it's when you have a success, or when somebody is pleased with what you have done for them. A while ago I had a chap who hadn't worked for four years, and he had been addicted to tranquilizers, Valium I think it was, and he finally decided he'd got to pull himself together, and I got him on a community programme. He was like a dog with two tails because they gave him a jacket and a free pair of boots.

Hardly any of them bother to say thank you, that's why it's so good when the ones that do, do. Just occasionally you get a surprise, I mean I had a card and a bunch of flowers a while ago. It doesn't hurt me that people don't say thank you, I've got used to it. It hurts me when they don't turn up for interviews I've sent them on, or when they turn up and they make a mess of it, that hurts.

It's difficult to explain, but you get certain messages from the way people say things to you. You can tell, for a start, whether they are lying much more by the voice than you can by looking at someone, I think. And you can tell whether they are enthusiastic or whether they are unsure, and it's like vibrations, you get ideas about people from the voice and the whole way they behave, whether they are at ease or not, because you can't really hide it in a voice. There is only so long you can wear a facade, and if I think they are hiding something from me and I don't crack it the first time, I'll see them again, and I'll crack it the second time usually. You see it's not a game of them hiding something from me, and me having to find it, it's essential that I find it. Because usually if they are hiding something from me, it's a big something. Somebody who's been in hospital, who's been mentally ill or something like that, they don't want to tell you, but you can always tell. I had a chap once who had been a soldier in the Royal Engineers, and he'd been in an IRA bombing in a pub, and I knew there was something wrong and he wouldn't tell me what it was, that he'd been very seriously injured, and he kept going after training courses and not getting on the course he went for, and he really needed training. He told me eventually, it came out, and I said to him, if he had told me before we could have saved each other an awful lot of difficulty. But I got him sorted out, I mean he's running his own business now and that's fantastic. But people hide things from you because they think it's going to make their life more difficult, they think that every time you ask them something you are trying to catch them out, they are very suspicious.

It's not how they treat me as a blind person I'm getting at now, it's their whole manner, it's how they behave towards us as employment advisors. Some regard us as people in authority which I hate, because I'm not in authority, I'm there to help. Some are very obsequious towards us which embarrasses me, to see a muddle-aged man tugging his forelock to me. And some are absolutely indifferent, and I know then that I can't do anything with them, because I can't get through to them. The most difficult ones are the people who just sit and won't answer, or just give yes and no answers.

It's the whole way people approach us, whether they take us seriously. Some of them come and regard it like a job interview, which is great, because that's really what it is in a way. But it is this whole business of how people sit, how they behave, what they say, how they say it.

whether they sit and yawn, the same things that anybody sees but doesn't catalogue, things that may go unnoticed. But with me they go noticed because I haven't got the visual thing, I'm listening all the time, and when I shake hands with someone at the end of an interview I know then if it's gone well. It's the different handshakes. If I'm going to see someone again, I make a point of always saying goodbye and offering my hand at the end of an interview, and you gradually feel the confidence build in the handshake. And I always think, if someone comes in really distressed and unhappy, if I can make them laugh before they go, or at least make them feel a bit happier, then I've made the first tentative steps, because you've got to win their confidence before you start showing them into jobs.

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