

# Room for work

Craig Newnes

**SUMMARY:** This article examines social context and power via an autobiographical account of work-space.

**KEY WORDS:** Work, reflection, class, reading, writing, power

‘Rooms?’ For ‘work?’ Ha! First note to self – don’t trust words in inverted commas. Work? Aged nine I shunted holiday makers’ luggage on a home-made cart to various holiday camps around Hopton on the Norfolk/Suffolk border. Recompense was anything from a pound (a fortune – paid by American tourists – in 1963) down to sixpence (for the same trip) paid by relatively poor British holiday-makers. A couple of years on I was picking tomatoes at a nursery in Burgh Castle. The greenhouses were vast – but not rooms as such (or *per se* as I would later write).

The biggest work-room was probably Bird’s Eye aircraft hangar sized cold store in Eastbourne – if you call half freezing for twelve hours a night and driving a Lancing Bagnall laden with boxed peas, frozen trifle and beans work. It’s surprising how far you can skid on a concrete floor manoeuvring a two-ton truck at minus 24 degrees. Less fun was witnessing men losing their entire pay packets playing *blind* brag in the rest room at three in the morning.

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