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My Education -> My education hasn't evolved, for me, through the traditional expectations, i.e. through formal lessons, with 1 teacher + 30 young people. Although I learnt some 'facts' that way (e.g. how coffee is produced, what an owl pellet is, what amino acids are) most of my education has taken place outside the classroom, which at worst was an insidious prison, a boredom that stole precious time from me, at best, a place to cite anarchy, to break rule + be a bitch.

Formal State Education:- devalued my experiences

limited my relevance

tried to shut me up/shut me out

wasted my time

was myopic

- control

- order

- stifling

- systems

- lines

- uniform

- assembly

- lines

- uniform

- assembly

- prayers

- lessons

- hymns

- times

- timetables

- routine

- grey

- grey knickers

- lacrosse

- establishment

- To establish

- choke

- claustrophobic

- phobias

- stifle

- regress

- steal - theft -> stole from me -> unquestioned expropriation of my time - my life -> bitterness/vengeance

- obedience -> punishment for disobedience -> detention/legalised, subtle imprisonment

- boredom

- dull, grey

Good bits of formal Education for me:-

1. Reading Wilfred Owen

Effect on my world view -> shut me up -> opened me out?

-> stunted my growth

-> limited me/expanded me?

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grey depression

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suicide attempts ->

| RITUALS -> My friend and I,  
pathos -> both stifled and very depressed by the girls' grammar school, went through various rituals, centred on selfdestruct. We self-motivated -> with glass, or various clean objects at 1st. Or through taking drugs - we were taken from school to hospital for this once, thought we'd come back heroes, but we were sent to Coventry for letting the school down. Later, the rituals became more complex. We twisted coca-cola cans in half, + stuck the torn edges into the earth - often into the neatly trimmed cricket pitch of the boys' Grammar School. Days later, we'd unearth the torn cans, + slowly, painfully self mutilate - often our arms. Then we would rub dirt, chewed acorns + other things into the torn skin. I remember also that we powdered glass, each took the glass home, made it into cheese sandwiches, + at school, next day, we ate the powdered glass + cheese sandwiches.

Survival mechanisms:- skiving  
personalising uniform (not wearing grey knickers, no tie, make-up, high heels,  
etc.)  
smoking - done often in ritual,  
drugs - gathering around a certain tree  
drink - in the back of the school  
sex - grounds  
disruptions  
self abuse  
self mutilation