when I replied “George Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde” I was gently told that perhaps I ought to consider going to Ireland. I had a number of misconceptions about England (as well as the use of umbrellas): I expected people to be distant, I found them friendly and kind. I had been warned that the food would be inedible and the coffee undrinkable; I was pleasantly surprised that these preconceptions were wrong and that it was even

possible to purchase Hungarian salami. Even before the communist regime in Hungary you had had to register wherever you went. To be able to travel all over Britain without hindrance was a magnificent privilege. I was taken to Canterbury, where Dr Hewlett-Johnson, the “Red Dean,” displayed a notice “Proletarians of the world unite.” I realised then that freedom of speech in this country was not illusory.

The honour—not the honorarium

JUDY BAUM

It can't all be bad being married to a professor. You see, I'm writing this article while sunning myself on a boat, drinking champagne, somewhere in the middle of Lake Geneva in late September. Let me explain; my problem is I'm married to someone who can't say “no.” After 20 years he is still flattered by the invitation to lecture in Bangkok or Blackpool, Dunedin or Dundee, Singapore or Southend, and whether it be for a breakfast meeting or an after dinner talk he just can't say “no.” I seem to spend half my life sitting outside tube stations late at night waiting for my better half to return. I've run into race riots, been picked up for loitering in dark alleyways, watched the newspapers being loaded on to the night train, and have even managed to compile a “good centre guide” of postgraduate centres for visiting lecturers while slumped half asleep in the front seat of the car (table).

absence, and his gastronomical delights, which are often part of these lecture trips, certainly don't pay the bills. No one seems to suffer but me. The children gave up long ago and can only calculate how long he has been away by the value of the gifts that are distributed on his return. Each week away entails seven days of frantic preparation which is followed by seven days' clearing the backlog which has accumulated on his return, which surely must be the equivalent to three weeks of a part time Dad!

Of course he is dedicated to postgraduate education but is it fair that his good will is exploited to such an extent that he is actually subsidising the postgraduate education movement in Britain? Why is there such minimal reward with not even a railway fare to show at the end of the day? Surely our postgraduate tutors should be spending a little more of the drug

“Good centre guide” of postgraduate centres

	Wife invited	Honorarium (£)	Accommodation	Gifts	Prestige	Expenses
Drug house	Yes. Invitation accepted	100-200	+	+	+	First class†
America	Yes. Invitation refused*	200	+	+	+	First class†
Antipodes	Yes. Invitation refused*	100	+	+	+	Club class
South east Asia	No	100	+	+	+	Club class
Europe	No	0-50	+	+	+	Economy
General practice postgraduate centres	No	25-40	+	+	+	Second class rail
British universities	No	—	—	—	+	Second class rail
University of Rome	No	—	—	—	+	Still waiting six months later

*Because of O levels or acute infections.
†First class air fare or second class with wife (with children third class).

How nice it would be at the end of this long day to have some worthwhile reward on the table. And what about weekends? Having suffered the absence of a husband and father at weekends during his junior days when he lived in hospital accommodation why must we now suffer his absence when he talks to general practitioners and postgraduates on Saturdays? It is not as if there is anything in it for me; there's no money to show for his

companies' money on the visiting lecturer rather than on wine for the audience. To compensate he can always try to fit in an international rugby match, or if he plays his cards right there is always the opportunity to languish in some exotic hotel leaving behind all thoughts of blocked loos at home and O and A level problems. Meanwhile, I've finally got my own act together, disposed of all three children with no acute infections and no examinations in sight, and have been able to take up the kind invitation of a certain drug company to accompany my husband to a conference in Geneva. So perhaps I shouldn't grumble too much; though it won't pay the bills, it will certainly keep me quiet for at least the next six months while I am sitting outside the tube station.

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