

Letter from Madrid

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Tuesday, 16th January

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Having arrived yesterday afternoon and settled into a Hall of Residence in which Lorca once lived, I prepare myself for a 'dry run' of the journey to the campus of Somosaguas. Salvador, a Complutense student who spent a year at Leicester Polytechnic, is my guide and mentor and we meet at 8.15 for a journey which is due to take one hour. We walk to the nearest Metro station, catch a metro to Ciudad Universitaria and then cross the main university campus to catch a bus for a journey of some thirty minutes to the (seemingly distant) campus of Somosaguas. I spend the morning in the Computing Laboratory getting to grips with an operating system (DOS 4.1) which I do not know and a menu system which is idiosyncratic, limited and unhelpful. Sigh! Eventually, I find a way of getting through to the operating system by exploiting some of the facilities in Word Perfect but it is hardly ideal for completely inexperienced students. I retrace my steps and feel pleased that I caught the right combination of buses, metros etc. unaided and now busy myself preparing material for the morning. This hadn't been done before because I needed to know the exact configuration of hardware and software before knowing exactly the material to prepare. Salvador and I had previously discussed the shape of the program so I am to start off with elementary introductions to MS-DOS, a crash course in Word Perfect, which I do not know (yet!) to be followed by more advanced courses in Graphics, Databases and perhaps some statistical analysis for the keener ones. In the late afternoon, I meet Ross, the Leicester Polytechnic student who is at the Complutense on exchange and we swap notes whilst having a beer. I buy myself a clock radio which I have suddenly decided is essential to wake me up in the morning and remind me of the time when I wake up at strange times in the night. I have dinner with an English post-doctoral neuroscientist and two Dutch-American theoretical physicists. We trade jokes about the Americans, the British and Margaret Thatcher.

Wednesday, 17th January

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My first day of teaching in Spanish - and I'm terrified at the thought of it. I leave the Residencia at 7.15 in the pitch darkness and have my first 'bad moment' when I take the wrong exit from the Metro in the dark and cannot see any of the buildings because everywhere is so black! I carefully retrace my steps and eventually get to the Somosaguas campus in plenty of time. First we have to negotiate getting the laboratory opened

up and then, even worse, negotiate for the use of THE overhead projector without which I would be absolutely stuck. After an effusive introduction from my host Professor and a warning from him that all students must attend PROMPTLY at 9.00 sharp, I start to teach. My strategy was to have simple definitions of elementary concepts on a transparency which I would then 'talk over' and then get on with some practical work after a half hour. As I start to teach in Spanish, a strange air of authority seems to come over me and I scarcely recognize my own voice. After a couple of hours of teaching in which exposition was followed by practical work, I feel pleased with the results. I repeat the long journey home and have lunch, after which I attempt to find my bearings by walking in every direction around the Residencia. Eventually, I discover a supermarket in the last direction that I tried. Tired by now, I buy some breakfast cereal and basic provisions as I have to leave the Residencia before breakfast is served but have the bonus of finding a textbook on Word Perfect 5.0 which is amazingly good and cheap at #5-50 for 300 pages. I also buy a dBASEIII+ in Spanish which, although expensive, is useful as it is a translation of a book which I know well and, incidentally, helps to translate many terms which are also useful in terms of the operating system.

Thursday, 18th January

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"There appears to be an overload on the power circuits" is not the kind of expression that one learns in a night-class in Spanish. However, I needed to know how to say it because as I was preparing my laboratory by turning all of the machines on, machine number 15 or so out of the 25 in the laboratory caused all of the circuits to blow. After a period of time we put it right and the first class proceeded satisfactorily. My next class was constantly interrupted with power failures and after several abortive attempts I abandoned the class, having first run through my (small) repertoire of repeatable (and not so repeatable) jokes in Spanish. Through the use of an idiomatic expression, I learned that three of the students were Mexicans and having recently spent Christmas in Mexico (to improve my Spanish) we joined the rest of the university who seem to have a universal coffee/breakfast break from 11 until 12. I ask them if they had experienced any racism in Madrid and they describe some of the feelings of ambivalence that they have identified whilst here. We draw each other maps of our respective countries explaining where we come from and engaging in discussions of the geographical/economic/social structure of our respective societies, a task facilitated by the fact that we are all students of public administration. After lunch, a much needed nap as I seem to have been burning the candle at both ends and then I awake with a growing feeling of dismay when I realise that there is a power failure in the Residencia! Feeling slightly panicked that I would not be able to prepare any material for the following day, not to mention being able to find

anything I needed in my room, I run out to the only accessible supermarket where I buy a torch and spare batteries at a most inflated price! My spirits revive when I discover that Sod's law occasionally works in one's favour ( the lights were on when I returned) and I receive both a call from home and a few minutes later from a colleague for whom I am acting as 'contact man' to arrange further exchanges and, hopefully, joint programmes.

Friday, 19th January

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How remarkable - a day's teaching with no mishaps! The climate here in Madrid has been practically the same all week and today is no exception. There is not a cloud in the clear blue sky and the day starts off cold and remains cool at about 5C. all day. However the coolness is due to the clear mountain air rolling down from the sierras and the result is a beautiful 'dry' cold which I personally find quite refreshing. I hear students and others complaining about the cold and surprise them all by saying how much I enjoy it! When I explain about the differences between the 'dry' cold of Madrid and the 'wet' cold of England, people are inclined to agree with me that Madrid's climate is preferable. In the afternoon, I receive a long telephone call from Salvador who is concerned that I am settling in all right. I attempt to reward him by explaining about the marvellously priced book that I have discovered and try to buy it for him only to discover that one of my students to whom I had previously recommended it seems to have purchased the one remaining copy. Tomorrow, Saturday, is the weekend and I am longing for a 'lie-in' as never before. I have come to the conclusion that two hours travelling a day is both solitary and wasteful and resolve to avoid situations where I cannot be in the office within 15 minutes of home if humanly possible. As I review the end of the first few days here, I contemplate how differently the day is 'cut' into pieces. Typically rising at six I get myself going with Coke whilst putting the finishing touches to my transparencies. I generally leave the University campus at Somosaguas around midday knowing that there is an hour's journey ahead of me but I will have lunch starting at 2.30 typically followed by a walk in various directions in search of such things as kiosks that sell the tickets in tens for the buses. (Incidentally, whilst many goods e.g. my bottles of Coke are very expensive here, transport is actually quite cheap. Tickets are bought in tens for both the Metro and the buses and a ticket of ten costs 410 pesetas - around 23 pence for each journey which will take you as far on the Underground or the buses as you wish to travel) Then the hard and frustrating part of the day starts at about 5.00pm as I start to prepare my material for the following day and it tends to be a laborious process. Firstly the material is difficult to prepare in another language and then there is the problem of how to translate the technical terminology. A few students know some English words but I am here to teach them in their native language and that is what they

have a right to expect. The process of preparation continues with occasional frantic tunings of the radio dial to find any non-popular music. I have come to the conclusion that the Spanish talk a lot! I can typically find at least 6-8 radio channels containing spoken Spanish which seems a lot to me. Eventually, we start to have dinner (starting at 9.30 in the evening) and another day draws to a close. I suspect that I am working reasonably hard when I count up my hours of teaching, preparation, travelling and generally meeting people (Thank goodness for the visiting cards which help to break the ice)

Saturday, 20th January

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Today, I have a proper breakfast for the second time so far and a bit of a lie-in. I ponder the events of the night before when, for a reason which seems to defy all of the predicates of ecological theory it appears that the street immediately outside the Residencia is the 'pick-up' point for all the transvestites in Madrid. The police move them on, occasionally, but not with a heavy hand as in their opinion the transvestites are 'providing a necessary social service!' Mariano Baena, the Head of the Department and his son, Pablo, are taking me to Avila for the day as I had already seen Toledo and Segovia on my previous visit and Avila was next on the list. If Madrid is cold, then walking around in Avila is like walking in a fridge and for the first time I was pleased to have on my anorak. Avila is claimed to be the finest example of a walled city of its type and the walls were certainly very impressive. Another claim to fame is obviously the various resting places of Saint Teresa and I am shown two convents/museums in which she had lived. Also included in the tour was the principal Cathedral in Avila which impresses because of the subtlety of the stonework within and I also see the Basilica de San Vicente. The day was punctuated by a most excellent lunch of local specialities (for example a thick beans and bacon soup which was delicious in the cold weather) As we eat and drink a glass of wine, I start to relax for the first time in days and I notice that my Spanish suddenly seems a lot more fluent. I wonder to myself whether you have to have the right conditions before you can really start to flow! Pablo and Mariano are very good to me by speaking slowly and distinctly and this is a great aid to my comprehension. We talk mainly of politics in various places, of student life and student interests both here in Spain and so on. Finally, we make the return of 112 km. to Madrid to be greeted by a tremendous traffic jam - well, it is Saturday night and the Madrileños evidently aim to pack as much into their weekend as they can.

Sunday, 21st January 1990

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I actually get some much needed sleep until about 8.30 and then have a leisurely and extended breakfast talking mainly to a Catalan literature specialist who had spent several years in

Manchester, Salford and then Sheffield. We talk about life in England compared with Spain and then I get down to work. I know that I have to grips with teaching the fundamentals of WordPerfect tomorrow or the day after and it is a package that I do not know well. Rather than writing an OHP, I set myself the task of writing all that is necessary on one side of A4.

Immediately I run into difficulties as there appears to be some slight inconsistencies between the Spanish and the English versions of the books which describe WordPerfect and I soon discover that obviously I need to redefine the keyboard in order to accept Spanish characters. After consulting one of my encyclopaedic English texts, I find a way in which this can be done - moreover, the software is so good that whatever you have done becomes the 'default' with no further ado which I find excellent. Progress is painfully slow and by lunchtime, I had written only a paragraph or so. At lunchtime, Gary the English neuroscientist and I groan when we are served fish for the fourth meal in succession - it is not a complaint against fish in itself but its frequency. As the fish have ranged from huge to miniscule, we speculate whether a trawler with a dragnet has sold its entire catch to the Residencia who are now working their way through different varieties. Progress on my work is a little better in the late afternoon and starts to accelerate as some of the more difficult bits fall into place. I decide to prepare some OHP's to make up for some of the deficiencies of the last day or so when things got disrupted in the laboratory with power cuts. After dinner in the evening, I have a conversation with a most erudite professor of History, a Chilean, with the most perfect Oxford English. When I enquire about the current political situation in Chile and the subject of Allende comes up for discussion, I am informed that his downfall was due to a total feeling of revulsion by all sections of Chilean society from the industrial workers to the intelligentsia and had nothing whatsoever to do with the CIA. I say 'Very interesting!' on several occasions and hope that my exceptionally well-informed professor does not detect any hint of disbelief in my face. We talk of the various economic/political/social characteristics of various Latin American societies ( e.g. the police in Mexico are totally corrupt, those in Peru even more so, whilst, for some strange reason, the police in Chile are totally unblemished and would send you to gaol for even being offered a bribe)

Monday, 22nd January 1990

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This is the last 'day' in my letter as by late this afternoon, I will have been in Spain for exactly a week. I get to the university in plenty of time and think to myself how quickly one gets into a routine. Whereas for the first day or so of last week I was checking signs, directions, exits from stations etc. now I do it with my eyes shut practically. Having installed my software on the machines and then worked out that 7 out of 24 are not working for a variety of reasons, I proceed with the OHP and

the practical work starts well. Then - a power cut in the laboratory! This totally ruins the rest of that session and the following one and I spend the time either showing students the software on the portable which I have taken with me to the university or else, since my visit to Avila, explaining to the Spanish students about the recent British film which offered an erotic interpretation of the life of Saint Teresa and asking them to comment. We have some interesting conversations and I sense that the Spanish students are bored with Avila and its connotations. Upon my return to the Residencia my first attempt to open a bank account in a type of 'campus style' bank is a total failure and I am advised to try in a large 'Avenida' which is at least a mile or so away on foot. I decide to extend my journey by tube tomorrow and see if that brings me any more success. There are also posters calling upon all 'Investigators, technicians, auxillary staff, administrators, general workers, short-term contract workers and scholarship holders' to take part in a huge strike and demonstration for two days this week 'for increased salaries for all' When I enquired over lunch what the effects were likely to be, I was informed 'Nothing - this is Spain!' but I thought it might be a good opportunity to take some photos if nothing else. The day ends with about four hours of 'solid graft' preparing material for the morning - what WOULD I have done without this marvellous Toshiba portable. Apart from anything else, it can be used as a demonstration tool in the laboratory when the power fails!

Tuesday, 23rd January, 1990

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My teaching goes without a hitch which is quite unusual! After I finish at 11.15 I have a good coffee break with the students, although the cafeteria area is always incredibly crowded and noisy and there is never anywhere to sit. We laugh and joke a lot about the characteristics of various teachers and, like students the world over, they are exceptionally good mimics. We amuse each other with these and similar jokes, for example the different accents in both Spain and England. I give them a dose of broad Yorkshire and they fall about laughing which is good for the soul. I am introduced by Salvador to the man who 'runs' the computing laboratory. At first, I thought that this might be rather a delicate or difficult meeting because I would like to put some of my software on the system and there is a great problem of proper access to DOS and the like. However, it seems that he is affable enough and we talk for a few minutes before we both have to dash off and do other things. I have arranged to meet with him next week when I am going to take in the portable and we can discuss if there is any software that we would like to exchange. My major venture of the day was to organise the opening of a bank account. When I had previously asked about the locations of the nearest bank, I was directed towards a very broad highway [Paseo de la Castellano] which contained the headquarters of various banks and would not have had the

facilities to open a short term account for some eight weeks or so. However, I had noticed in the corridor leading to my room in the Residencia several defunct telephone books so I 'liberated' one of these on a short term basis and found a branch of Barclays within walking distance (actually some 15 minutes) Upon my return from the Complutense, I find the bank and eventually get seen and treated with a great deal of efficiency. All I have to do is to sit and wait for my cheque book to arrive, which is promised in about a week. I also decide to get a roll of film developed because on it there are many pictures of the family in Mexico and a few of my immediate locations that I have taken to finish off the film and which I intend to send home. After lunch, I go to pick up the films which are of excellent quality but nearly die when I see the price (nearly 14-00 English pounds) The rest of the afternoon is taken up with some very solid preparation, because I am now in a pattern of preparing material which is actually for the next three days ahead. After writing the material, the following day it has to be printed out so that the technician can photocopy it (incidentally, I must be costing their department a small fortune in photocopying bills!) When this is prepared (generally by the end of the morning) I can then pick it up and give it to the students at the end of the following day so that they can work on it the following day, yet again. I don't know where I would be without this marvellous little Spanish book which is the 'Push this button and then push that button' variety. Actually, it is exactly what is needed under the circumstances as I am relieved from doing any lecturing (which is not appropriate now that I have finished MS-DOS). Instead I devote my time going round to individual problems. Most of the time the students gabble away extraordinarily fast - for my part, I answer the questions that I feel they 'might' be asking rather than actually are.

Wednesday, 24th January, 1990

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I meet a female colleague in the department who has a computer at home. She is extraordinarily friendly and we chat for half an hour or so in which I am growing increasingly faint for lack of something! Mariano and Pedro (the technician) are going mad looking for me but I am eventually 'retrieved' and there are frantic attempts to try to reach Narciso Pizarro at his company to arrange a lunch but to no avail. I chat to Gustavo (Doctorate student, of whom there seem to be quite a few in my classes) and another lecturer whose name I did not catch and they eventually give me a lift into town (Cuatro Caminos) to a point only two metro stops away from the Residencia. I attempt to get to the Correo branch office which is just round the corner from the Residencia and am two minutes too late. My guide to Madrid tells me that all of the Correos typically shut at 2.00 and my pattern of working is such that it will be a very hit-and-miss affair whether I ever manage to get to a Correo at all. I decide to go the main Direccion General de Correos in order to post several letters to family both in England and also in Mexico - surprisingly, I dashed off a one page letter in Spanish to the Mexican family in about two minutes by not bothering too much with grammar but only by writing as

I speak. The guide to Madrid describes the principal Correo as a building which looks like a Cathedral and they are not wrong. Of course, no one there would actually sell me any stamps so I am directed to a 'buzon' which appeared, from the instructions that I was given, to be the kiosk that sells stamps, not the post boxes themselves. I purchase the stamps, post the letters and say a silent prayer that they will not go by sea-mail or the equivalent. Returning via VIPS, I buy three more cheap but reasonably written books in DBASE III (two copies) and LOTUS, feeling they might be very useful for the more specialised options I am to take in a week or so. I receive two telephone calls, one from Salvador and another from my mother who tells me some of the news about the weather in England i.e. it is snowing. I then continue with a fairly gruelling work-schedule, not finishing until after mid-night. This does sound all too familiar! I feel that I need to keep up the pace of preparation because otherwise all of the good work of the last few days in getting a little ahead of myself will disappear. It looks as though I will immediately repeat the 'Basic course' for another cohort of 2 x 20 students (which should be very easy now that all of the basic preparation is done) I have dinner, as usual, with Gary (the Mancunian neuroscientist) and the Dutch physicists.

Thursday, 25th January, 1990

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Today was a most interesting day. I ought to explain first that yesterday I had bought two books in dBASEIII+ - one for myself and one as a present. Besides being cheap,(less than 6 pounds), these books are exceptionally useful in that they gave the commands in both languages which thus aids the transition from one version to another. I made a present of the book to Pedro, together with some other software. This was very highly appreciated and suddenly Pedro cannot do too much for me, which seems to be a very useful exchange of services. After I had finished my work session, I see Mariano Baena concerning the documentation that is required to attempt to secure some kind of salary. I spend a good half hour with the Mexican doctoral student (Arturo?) and then, because Mariano is busy until 2.00pm, I busy myself in the laboratory studying the possibilities of MS-DOS version 4.01. This was certainly very useful to me because it was the first time that I had the opportunity of sitting down without immediate work pressures to try to get more information. I discovered how to format some of the students' rogue disks which was a step forward. At 2pm, Mariano and I drive to Narciso's software company which is very impressive i.e. 10-20 programmers. We have a most interesting and businesslike lunch in which we discuss the forthcoming visit of Simon Rogerson and examine the possibilities of collaboration. A consensus appears to be that the concept of the degree is very sound but there are many practical problems relating more to entrenched interests rather than the logic of the proposals. Lunch consists of beer and tapas starters, soup and veal with a magnificent rioja and then most tasty little sweetmeats. Mariano, unfortunately, has to catch a flight to Barcelona and then on to his flat where there has been a burglary - he was going for a long week-

end to assess the extent of the damage. In the meanwhile, Narciso and I drink several Scotches and have extremely interesting discussions over a whole range of subjects. Narciso gives me details of the specific skills that he is looking for (programmers in C, Unix communications, 80286 machine-code graphic applications) and he is willing to pay high salaries for the right people. He has already a girl from Bristol Polytechnic coming for a six month placement in February but I indicate that we may have the people he needs in Leicester. Narciso and I agree to meet in over a week's time when I can show him the TurboStats suite (which he may be interested in marketing for me in Spain) In the meanwhile, he is going to Milan and London and could see students then. I phone Meg excitedly and ask her to phone me back for a longer discussion which she does at 9.00. We talk in Spanish for a little and then lapse back into English. Meg is going to speak with Trevor Rushton because if we have interested people then I need to act as a 'middleman' which, after all, is one of my roles whilst here. I write most of my last remaining 'big' worksheet having had a most excellent afternoon - but I have left my file in Narciso's office. I suppose it will be safe. Meg tells me that the flight is confirmed out here and now I shall have to busy myself with the preparations for her visit in three weeks time. The weather here is on the change - for the worse. The brilliant blue skies have gone to be replaced by a lot of heavy cloud and the air feels damp and cold - just like England, in fact! I have a sinking feeling that the weather system like this will probably stay around for a week or so.

Friday, 26th January, 1990

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Today is quite a gruelling day. Firstly, I work solidly for an hour putting the finishing touches to the last of the big lectures and then I am in the lab. without a break from 9-12. Fortunately, I had the presence of mind to keep a spare bar of chocolate by me for emergencies (which I surreptitiously ate) as otherwise I would have keeled over at about 12.00. I am button-holed by a girl who was sought me out who APPEARS to need some help in the theory of the design of surveys etc. We attempt to discuss it over a coffee but I am afraid that I scarcely understood a word of what she said (although my comprehension of some of the girls' language is increasing slowly) I take her off to the departmental staffroom where, fortunately, we meet again with Gustavo to whom I explain the problem and who is able to recommend appropriate references to read and people to see. I have lunch with the Chilean professor of history and he tells me that he has acquired a computer and is interested in building up a historical database of power relationships in Chile. I sketch out the outlines of Mariano's research and say that I will act a go-between between himself and Mariano in case they are interested in any academic collaboration. I then decide to go in search of a 'proper' supermarket in search of certain essentials such as soap! Eventually, I find the kind of supermarket for which I have been searching for the best part of two weeks and it is almost impossible to describe the feelings of seeing 'normal' domestic food and the necessities of life

as what you might term 'normal prices' I resist the temptation to go wild but do buy myself a little fruit to help to bridge the gap between 2.00 ( when we have lunch) and 9.30 or later ( often 10.00) when we eat dinner. The weather here is definitely taking a turn for the worse and it all reminds me somewhat of England. In my excursions out this afternoon, I was musing about the state of the traffic systems in Madrid. They tend to have one-way systems with four or five lanes of traffic across extremely broad highways. The Madrid motorist regards this as Spain's answer to Monte Carlo and the desire to get up 120 km an hour and stay at that speed seems immense. From the point of view of the pedestrian, of course, one has to have recourse to the traffic light controlled crossings but even these are interesting. Theoretically, and largely in practice, one has right of way but the traditional Madrildeno driver would be regarded as chicken if he/she didn't approach the crossing at about 100 kph and break at the very last moment with the bonnet of the car a few feet over the edge of the (admittedly wide) crossings. It does tend to test one's nerve rather! I am looking forward intensely tomorrow to firstly a lie-in (naturally) and then a cup of tea which I will be in a position to ask for when I have a proper 'sit-down' breakfast. As the dining room opens at about 7.30 and I have to leave at 7.30, then my strategy is usually to sneak into the dining room, steal some breads etc. which I wrap in napkins and eat on my way to the Metro. If I'm lucky, of course, I manage to drink a quick cup of coffee but I have occasional altercations with a 'little ray of sunshine' who regards me as abnormal for not starting work at 10.00 as everyone else appears to do. I have no plans for tomorrow and there is an 'engagement' in my diary to spend the whole of Sunday with Ross.

Saturday, 27th January, 1990

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In the morning, despite a 'lie-in' for an hour I feel incredibly tired and 'knocked-out' and come to the conclusion that all of the work of the last two weeks is beginning to take its toll. After a leisurely breakfast with Sir Edward Carr (eminent British historian) I decide to explore the parts of old Madrid, near to the Plaza Mayor. The weather is wet and gloomy and my spirits sink when I trudge around streets getting a little lost and then the heavens opened! I was very thankful for an anorak with a hood! I navigate my way back to Sol only to discover that all I needed to do was to cut down a sidestreet and then made my way into a department store near to El Corte Inglés where I buy some Tipp-ex (to correct some of my masters) and a screw for the wall upon which to hang my washing over the radiator ( it only sounds a trivial thing but it is amazing what a difference it can make to one's daily life) I also decide that I need to buy needles and thread for running repairs to my leather jacket but cannot remember the appropriate words/verbs so decide to make it home to the Residencia for lunch. Afterwards I resolve to go back and try to buy the things that I need and actually succeed in locating the right department and the right sections within them to effect my purchases. I buy a thimble, needle and thread, browse in the 'Informatica' section of the book department ( which, in 'El Corte Inglés' is very

extensive) and then return home to do my sewing. I have decided that Saturday is a good day to do all of these normal 'domestic' things that normally one doesn't have time for in the rest of the week. I get a phone call from Meg which I wasn't expecting which is always good news and then after dinner, Gary and I decide to have some beers as it is Gary's last Saturday night in Madrid. We go by bus to an area near Plaza de Colon which is teeming with bars and mainly young people are spilling out of them they are so busy. We progress from bar to bar, sampling a Guinness in the first (delicious!) and other types of beer in others. Gary's Spanish is practically non-existent but he did ask for 'Dos cervezas!' Gary has bought some tickets for the Real Madrid tomorrow but the time of the match is not printed on the tickets so our opening line of conversation with young people goes like this "Excuse me, but are you a football fan and if so, can you tell me when the Real Madrid match starts tomorrow?" It might not be the most startling line in conversation but is a little bit better than "Do you come here often?" Gary and I find the young people friendly and likeable. We are slightly embarrassed when a young couple in the bar in front of us seem to spend the whole night caressing each others genitals in public ( they were clothed!) It might be the same in London, for all I know, and as I do not go to young people's pubs in London on a Saturday evening I don't know whether that type of behaviour is normal or not. We are slightly disoriented when we come out of the bar and ask the way and find the young people very willing to be friendly and speak to us in English, although naturally we always start off conversations in Spanish. It is twenty to two and POURING DOWN! Gary thinks there is an all night bus but I am sceptical and we decide eventually to walk home as it is only just over a mile. We have a 'meal' of Cruesli ( my emergency breakfast supplies) back in my room in the Residencia and we get to bed at 2.30am.

Sunday, 28th January, 1990

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I meet Ross, (Leicester Poly Public Administration student) just after 10.00 at Metropolitano metro and we find a breakfast bar where we have a long chat about all of the events of the last week or so over a drink of Coke. Then we decide to go and see the Velasquez exhibition at the Prado but when we get there (a) it is raining and (b) the queue is 400 yards long at least. We decide to go at another time in the week rather than at the weekend and then wander back back to Sol where we have a really long and leisurely lunch (Ross of fried eggs and bacon, myself a pizza) and we swap stories of our respective injuries in the past (Ross and his arm, me and my knees in the accident at the Polytechnic in 1973) After lunch we come to my Residencia and Ross reads these 'Cartas de Madrid', looks at my photographs and then calls up Salvador by 'phone. We meet Salvador in a cafe near to Bilbao (Metro!) and have another drink before going in search of bars that might sell Guinness. On route, Salvador introduces us to a strange Spanish? Madrileño? way of drinking cider. First we buy a bottle which is cheap enough ( about one pound) Then the barman gives us a bowl which we put on the floor. Salvador

attempts to pour about three inches of cider into a glass which he holds at an acute angle below his waist whilst pouring from the bottle at about head height. I think that the theory behind all this is that pouring the cider through the air like this and then hitting the glass gives it an extra flavour and froth! Salvador does not pour very well and a third of the bottle ends up in the bucket, another third on the floor and we actually manage to drink the remaining third (between us) We then find yet another bar, empty at this time as it is only about 6.00pm in the evening in which we drink and chat about films, the meaning of life etc. Salvador has work to do in the evening and Ross and I are feeling pretty tired, me in particular (I suspect the late night of last night is finally catching up with me) We make our way back to our respective Residencias to have an early night. Tomorrow is a feast-day (actually, Saint Thomas of Aquinas who is the patron saint of academics) Whilst the feast-day is actually today, Sunday, the Spanish very sensibly transfer the holiday to the following day, and I, for one, am heartily glad that they do. Dinner is a rare occasion when the English outnumber others - it consists of Sir Edward Carr, Gary (neuroscientist) and myself and then Tiny (Dutch-American physicist) and Victor, a charming Soviet mathematician. We talk about the storms in England and the devastation that they have caused. Gary and I explain that we have decided that to measure the prevalence of fish meals that are provided in the Residencia (which we estimate to be about 70% of the total meals provided) we are going to construct a 'coef-fish-hunt' as from tonight. Sir Edwards indicates that he has been coming to the Residencia for the last twenty years and absolutely nothing has changed here, including the staff. We groan, silently. However, tonight was certainly an interesting meal. The first course consisted of a mountain of peas (with a few miniscule pieces of bacon) whilst the second consisted of fried eggs, chips and a specialised tomato sauce. If I tell you that we considered that one of the best meals that we have had in the last two weeks, then you guess at the quality of the rest!

Monday, 29th January, 1990

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Never have I been so glad to have a holiday! I actually slept until 8.30 which is something of a record and feel a lot better for it. I have a most interesting breakfast with a lady from Argentina who is a specialist in Latin American literature. I find her quite easy to understand and we chat about Martin (my son's) experiences in Mexico and then moan to each other about the terrible legacies of colonism in various parts (e.g. the Malvinas) and its modern day equivalents in the way that the banks exercise an insidious control. She tells me that Menem is making a mess of things in Argentina at the moment and they are getting another bout of hyper-inflation. After breakfast I do some writing and then decide to sally forth to my newly found supermarket to buy things that I do not desperately need in order to split a 5,000 peseta note (It is not the kind of thing that I like to do in bars. A few nights ago when Gary and I went out for a drink, I was short-changed. After protesting I got some money back but not

enough and so feel a little wary after that. Gary tells me subsequently that he has heard that some bars in the area charge a premium on all of their drinks because of the easy proximity of call girls, although I must say that I didn't notice anyway, not that I was looking!) I buy some stamps for England and Mexico and then, because the Correo is open on the campus, post a letter to my mother in England for which I was charged 195 pesetas (but it was Urgente) Knowing that previously a similar letter to England only has 45 peseta stamps on it, I decide to post yet another letter to England, identical with the first two in weight for which I now get charged 95 pesetas. This is all a little confusing! I get a telephone message from Narciso which I return (my Spanish on the 'phone is not too bad!) and we discuss arrangements for Narciso's trip to England on Friday. After lunch, I decide almost on the spur of the moment to investigate the possibilities of intermediate Spanish classes for myself on the strength of an advertisement that I have seen on the Metro. Gary and I locate the organisation, very near Sol, and I find the course costs about □ 40-00 for daily lessons of an hour for a month. I think that is probably good value and after some prompting from Gary and a coffee to think it over I decide and pay my fees. Upon my return to the Residencia I work on some graphics and database problems which I need to get the shape of the more advanced 'Informatica' course clear in my mind and then after dinner the cultural highlight of the evening. This is the first public showing of a film entitled "Simultaneous version with original translation" and a lot of the cultural elite of Madrid seem to have crowded into a salon in the Residencia to witness the event. There is much applause before the film itself, then the film (which is a film within a film about a film!) and even more applause after! Gary and I exchange comments! Then another brief telephone call from Meg to try to tie up details of the Leicester Polytechnic students who might be offered a placement with Alpha-Beta - these things are always messy to arrange and this is no exception.

Tuesday, 30th January, 1990

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Today was one of those 'hard slogs' of a day, as I supposed it would be, battling with the dark and the rush-hour traffic after a three-day week-end. I was thinking to myself as I walked along to the Metro this morning that I am on my own an incredible amount. This is NOT the same as being lonely but just an empirical statement about how the day is spent. Getting up at six and getting to bed finally at about midnight, I have an 18-hour day in which, typically, I am completely alone for at least 12 hours of that every day i.e. my journey to work, shopping trips to post letters or buy tickets for buses, the time I spend in preparation etc. I find myself talking to myself quite a lot, first in Spanish and then in English. I don't mean talking 'out loud' but just having conversations with oneself the whole time. When I talked to Ross at the weekend, his experiences were nearly identical so it must be a case of common responses to similar sets of circumstances. After my teaching was completed, it was suggested

that I might like to sit in on a post-graduate seminar at 1.30 when the organisation of work and so on in the department was discussed. After a break, I worked in the lab until 1.30 and the meeting went on until 2.30, but I must confess that I understood hardly a word of it! I have arranged to meet a doctoral student tomorrow to discuss the sharing software and that might be quite interesting. Mariano gave me a lift back to the Residencia but, of course, by that time I had completely missed the meal so had to go out to buy milk etc. to give myself a bit of nourishment until 9.00pm. I take the opportunity to post some letters, guessing on the basis of my experiences yesterday what they are likely to cost and also get in a double supply of 'BONOBUS' tickets, to ensure that I do not run out. Then a session of work in which I work out the overall shape of the more advanced course and the distribution of topics from Lotus 1-2-3 and dBASE III+. The Lotus program here at the Complutense is in Spanish whilst the dBASE is in English - I am not sure which will be more difficult to teach. After dinner I go out for a drink with Gary to our local where we get greeted like long lost friends and certainly not overcharged! Gary is very frustrated in his work at this moment because he is desperately trying to get written the paper incorporating his results and his Spanish colleagues do not appear to have the same timescale/level of urgency and one of them does not appear to agree with the rest of the team what should even go in the paper. We all have our problems, I suppose! Meg 'phones very late for news of the students and I give her the address where Narciso Pizarro is staying in London - we have four (male) students for him to see and I hope that they come up to his requirements, after the selling job that I have done for the Poly!

Wednesday, 31st January, 1990

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My teaching of the final day of Word perfect ends with a power cut when the second class of the day still had twenty minutes to run. Nobody makes much effort to resolve it so we decide to call it a day. I go in search of Rocío (doctoral student) who wishes to have discussions regarding the software/materials that are needed for the completion of her thesis. We have a long discussion about how/where we are going to meet to organise our software exchanges and meanwhile I have a discussion with Laura (Complutense student who spent a year at Leicester Poly.) to give me some advice on how to organise week-end accommodation for Meg when she comes in a couple of weeks time. Rocío gives me a lift into Madrid in her most antiquated little Seat, a journey which combined with the tube journey actually takes me a lot longer than if I had done it under my own steam. After lunch with an English biochemist, I go down to the centre of town attempting to solve several problems simultaneously. Firstly, I want to get used to using the buses as well as the Metros because the buses down to Sol (symbolic centre of Madrid) are actually more convenient than the tube. The navigation proves easy and I make my way to Sol and then navigate my way to the place where my night classes in Spanish are due to commence the following Monday evening. I am not particularly looking forward to it and wonder if I am putting myself under too much

pressure. However, we shall see. I also buy a screwdriver (to help me reconfigure apparatus in the laboratory!) and find some coloured floppies that actually work out cheaper than in England. I had intended to attempt to book tickets for the Opera ("La Traviata") but the weather looks threatening and I catch the bus. The heavens open with a mixture of sleet and the volume of water one expects in June showers in England - I have never seen anything like it! In the six minutes walk from the bus-stop to the Residencia, I get absolutely soaked to the skin and immediately strip everything off and have a hot shower to ward off the flu or worse! I then doze a little and start preparing work on my LOTUS 1-2-3 lectures which form the start of my more advanced course in ten days time. Meg phones very quickly for one or two minutes to check dates because the people at Seville are VERY interested in me going there for a few days at the end of my stay here if it is possible to organise (and does not offend anyone!) After dinner, there are obscure conversations between Teeny (Dutch physicist), Victor (Russian mathematician), a newly arrived drunken and fairly aggressive Chilean (some type of neuroscientist), Gary, myself and the English biochemist. I set the assembly the task of showing the correct mathematical proof for the fact that on a 'normal' bus route, where there should be, say, one bus every ten minutes in both directions why there should apparently always be one in the opposite direction before there is one in one's direction. Teeny gets half way there and I promise him one half of a bottle of wine. He attempts to convince us that half a full bottle is the same as half an empty but the equivocation in the argument is self-evident. The Residencia is a little like that - we are say to ourselves that we have nice homes, nice families, nice kids so what are we all doing here?

Thursday, 1st February, 1990

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This is the first day of the new course and I dust off my introduction from ten days ago and repeat it, this time feeling a little more self confident and with a few more jokes in Spanish. I tell them (in Spanish!) that computing is like sex - the theory is essential but that they only really learn with much practice! (They all seem to know what I mean!) After the teaching, Salvador sees me and is worried that the right students have not signed up at the right times and this may be creating problems. I ask for THE overhead projector for the next five days and this is going to create problems .. tomorrow is all right but Monday to Wednesday look unsure. I tell them if it's not available, then we are going to do lots of photocopies for the students in lieu of the transparencies. It's available, but there are forms for Pedro to fill in and some negotiations to take place. I also need to have my Word Perfect lectures reprographed and I think that this is going to be organised, but in such a way that the students PAY for their copies. I suppose it makes them appreciate them so much more, rather than taken for granted as in England. On my way home, I actually manage to get to the Correo before it closes (earlier than the official time of 2.00 in any case) and post a complete copy of 'Letters from Madrid I & II' to the Director (of

Leicester Polytechnic) and also spare copies of the first letter to various relatives ( on the basis of the fact that the first one had incorrect postage and will almost certainly fail to arrive!) I am charged 90 pesetas rather than 95 pesetas this time and again hope that the letters will actually arrive. Yesterday, I received a letter from Martin (my son at Sheffield University) which only took five days to arrive but it does appear that mail from Spain to England takes considerably longer. After lunch, I decide to go to the Teatro Lirico Nacional la Zarzuela in order to book tickets for 'La Traviata' in two weeks time. Like England, all of the tickets were sold a long time ago, but again, like England, why do they continue to advertise it in the newspapers? I walk to Sol, buy myself a screwdriver ( necessary to reconfigure the hardware in the laboratory e.g. to make sure that a printer that works is connected to a computer that works!)and then browse in the 'Informatica' Section in 'El Corte Inglés' Upon my return to the Residencia, I work on Lotus for an hour or so and then receive THE vital letter with salary details from the Polytechnic which Mariano needs to process further my application for funds here. Whilst in the bath, I get a call from Narciso's secretary to say that he has arrived in London and wants to know about out students. As it is 8.00pm London time, I explain that the students should be contacting him about now ( four of them) to arrange their interviews with him in the morning. Teeny, Gary and Daniel, the newly arrived Chilean, go out to our local bar where we discuss science, politics, geography etc. until the 'madrugada' - this is because Gary leaves on Saturday and there is a strong possibility that his very last night here will be spent in an office party at his laboratory so we decide to have our farewell drink this evening.

Friday, 2nd February, 1990

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I get into the Complutense very early this morning and prepare some software for Rocío. The classes go well with lots of jokes etc. and the class ends with a traditional power cut ( of a minute only) which fortunately took place just after the class officially finished. Then I chat with Laura in Mariano's office and I give him the letter from England, explaining all the circumstances. Mariano has invited me to see a Cathedral in a small town near to Madrid and then for a tour of ancient Madrid. I explain that I am going to the airport with Gary as a dry-run for both Meg and for Simon (Rogerson) and we agree a time and a place to meet at the airport. After lunch, there is a rendez-vous with Rocío (doctoral student) as arranged so that we can exchange software. She takes me to her house and introduces me to her parents. After that we spend most of the afternoon/early evening on her computer ( an IBM clone with both 5 1/4 " and 3 1/2 " diskdrives) and I show her how to use Word Perfect, dBASE III+ and Lotus. Explaining that I haven't had a cup of tea in weeks, Rocío takes pity on me and makes me pot after pot of tea - I have about seven cups and far too many biscuits for my own good. The flat of her parents is exquisitely furnished but the overall effect is extremely dark and claustrophobic. I know now why the Spanish like to live their lives in streets and bars - they must go out of their minds living in houses so small and with

so little light, but I suppose that I shouldn't impose my own cultural preferences! We have a quick beer and then Rocío drives me back to Plaza Argentina and I have my evening meal. Teeny, Daniel and I go out for a drink via Vips and our usual bar is frequented by teeming hordes as it is Friday night. I am propositioned by a local 'girl' with the following gems (i) "Would you like to smell my rose?" (awfully tatty and odourless) and then (ii) "I am a failed psychology student from Somosaguas who needs with her statistics - can you help?" [How did she know?] Naturally this is an offer which is all too easy to refuse, particularly as her pimp is standing a few feet away but the others have a good laugh at my expense! It all adds to life's rich pattern. I am informed (reliably?) that Madrid is the most over-whored city in Europe and whilst I cannot check on the accuracy of this even 'El Pais' (The Times' of Spain) carries columns of advertisements for various services and sexes under the heading of RELAX (!) and all of the 'contactos' indicate that will accept credit cards. In a way, I suppose that I find this candour refreshing but with the number of male, female, transvestite and probably addicted individuals in this game, I can think of no offer on earth which is easier to refuse.

Saturday, 3rd February, 1990

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After a proper breakfast, I bid my farewell to Gary who is leaving today and then make my way to the airport. This involves catching a bus to Plaza Colon and then catching a special service ( costing just over 1-00! ) to the airport. I leave the Residencia at 9.25 and am amazed to be actually at the airport by exactly 10.00am - what an efficient service! There were only three or four people on a luxury coach so it was actually a better and cheaper ( and probably quicker) service than a taxi. Amazing! Mariano and Pablo pick me up from the meeting point at the airport, as previously arranged, and we journey to Sigüenza, an ancient medieval city with a most magnificent cathedral built in the Gothic-Plateresque style which we tour round most of the morning. We finish off the morning with a tour around the museum attached to the cathedral in which there is a fine collection of 15th C. Spanish-Flamenco style paintings. Then we lunch in some style in the Parador, which is naturally the ancient 'alcazar' (castle) in a commanding position in the town. Having returned at about 4.30 or so, I decide to go out shopping, largely to secure some change to phone home in the evening but also laying in a supply of fruit and skin-cream ( the extreme dryness of the atmosphere here seems to be taking its toll on me at last) Then there is an interesting conversation with home where I discover that all of my letters have arrived and there appear to extremely good possibilities of collaboration between ourselves and Sevilla in the Information Technology field. It looks as though a visit to the University of Sevilla would be extremely useful, if it could be arranged and I resolve to speak with Mariano about it on Monday morning. Feeling a little tired, I lie on my bed ( well it is about 7.00 pm by now) and find that Radio 2 is the classical music channel, and the quality and purity of the Spanish is a joy to listen to ( and I am starting to

comprehend a little more) There is an interesting programme with such things as 'Peter and the Wolf', a Mozart horn concerto, some Offenbach, etc. During and after dinner, there are extended and at times heated discussions over such topics as whether it is possible, or likely, that we could synthesise life-forms, whether there is the possibility/probability of 'other' kinds of physics in other civilisations, whether our current technologically-based civilisation is the 'point of an arrow' or what. We say that we are to continue with these discussions tomorrow, with perhaps a seminar on fundamental particles with which to start off.

Sunday, 4th February, 1990

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Although not a person for lying in bed, the ability to stay in bed until 8.30 when I normally get up at about 6.00am is one of the luxuries of life that I have learnt to appreciate. So I have another leisurely breakfast and then go down to meet Ross, as arranged, at Sol. It is a pleasant day and we drink coffee and coke and stroll around the environs of the Palacio Real and the Plaza Mayor where, on a Sunday, there are interesting markets of stamps and coins. Seeing 20p pieces being sold for 4-5 times their value, we strike up a conversation with a very friendly old coin-seller who seems very well disposed towards England. We telephone Salvador who is still troubled by his foot and so decide to go to a very small little restaurant next door to his flat which is cheap but good food. There we have a Sunday 'dinner' at about 2.30 and then drift off to other places where we spend the time chatting about nothing in particular, although I do discuss with Salvador the approaches that are being made by Sevilla University. Ross and I return to our respective Residencias and I get down to work in earnest from about 5.00 pm onwards. It does seem to be a rather strange pattern to be working hardest between 5.00 and 8.30 every day, but that is the way that it is. Whilst I am undressed and prepared to go into my daily bath before dinner, Laura (Complutense student who had spent a year at Leicester) phones and we agree to meet at 8.00 the following evening after my Spanish class so that we can talk over arrangements for Meg's visit in less than two weeks time over a beer. Just after my bath, there is another quick call from home (again whilst I am naked) and I think to myself that it must be the first time in my life that I have spoken to two different women naked within the space of half an hour. During dinner, we have interesting conversations with a Japanese cell-biologist living in Paris and we talk over issues such as how many people were killed on both sides in the 2nd World War. I hazard a guess that Britain lost 300-400,000 soldiers whilst Victor believes that the Soviet Union lost 7-10 millions and the Japanese surprises us (genuinely) by telling us that the Japanese only lost about 40,000 soldiers in World War II. He also tells us that it was probable that the Americans had broken the Japanese military code and were aware of the impending attack upon Pearl Harbour but deliberately did nothing because it provided the perfect excuse to enter the War. We are all a bit stunned because I do not think that this had ever been considered before. After pondering this, we all decide to go to bed

because tomorrow is the start of the week (to which nobody is looking forward with any great relish)

Monday, 5th February, 1990

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The day started off all right and then rapidly deteriorated into a 'bad, bad, bad' day. I think the rot started after I had coffee with Maria Lopez and then I saw Pedro to make an appointment with Mariano regarding my trip to Sevilla. Pedro informed that that Mariano would be arrive in his office at 'doce y media' ( or so, I thought) but actually, it was at 'dos y media' which IS rather different! As the laboratory was occupied and I have no office, I had to cadge a spare bit of desk from Maria so that I had somewhere to stay for three-quarters of an hour (until 12.30) before discovering my mistake. I return to the Residencia and have a miserable lunch ( as my Spanish is not up to the standard of the rest) and then work for a bit before meeting Ross, as arranged, in order to discuss his interim report. Two minor problems then occurred in which I paid more for my beer and tapas than I had originally intended and then I got liquid soap all over my jacket in the toilet ( but I don't know how). Whilst in the Sol area, I then went to the evening class which passes through one of the most over-whoring streets in Madrid to a dark dingy rabbit warren of a tutorial college which I suppose is the equivalent of a crammer. There are courses in five levels and I really felt that I was too good for the first level and really wished to do the second level. As the second level was available only in the mornings ( and therefore unavailable to me) I chose level 2.5 which is really an intermediate level. Having sat in a classroom with a failed "A"-level English student (living with his Spanish grandmother) and an obstreperous Iranian, it is decided that we are in the wrong classroom and we are then ushered into the back of another classrom with about a dozen students in it and we occupy the last few seats. This is a big mistake. The level is far too advanced for me as everyone is jabbering away in Spanish and talking it like natives - I am disconcerted when the Iranian sitting next to me starts a massive argument with the teacher over the distribution of traffic lights on 'carreteras' in Spain, after which the discussion proceeds with a discussion of the 'Preterito pluscuamperfecte' tense on page 147 of the book ( This is meant to be lesson 1!) I try to keep my head down and my concentration up when we are asked for synonyms of words that I have never heard of (e.g. 'atracó' = 'holdup' e.g. of a bank) The young Spanish teacher says 'Agreed' at regular intervals and I am in a dilemma - if I murmur dissent, I still do not understand her explanation and if I say nothing then it is assumed that I understand, which I don't! There is a lot of scribbling on the board which we are supposed to take down but I cannot see the board without my glasses and anyway the light shines on it making it difficult to read. I almost decide to abandon the □ 40-00 for the course there and then but I sweat it out and have a word with the girl at the end that I really think the course is too advanced. 'Didn't they give you a test to test your level' she enquires and I grimace, knowing that the private sector is all about taking your money and not asking too many

questions. I am given a 'Level Test' sheet which I do not know if I am supposed to complete at home or what and there is talk of me returning the following day at 5.0 but for what, I do not know. The only sensible strategy appears to enrol in the most basic course available, assuming that that will be pretty advanced for my standards. I feel terrible, churned up and glad to get out of the rabbit warren of a 'college' However, I do go out for a pre-arranged drink with Laura, as agreed, and we talk things over and she helps me to get things in perspective (a little) We talk over problems that we each have (me and my Spanish, Laura and her doctorate) and then I return for a meal and thankfully, bed. Perhaps tomorrow will be better - I feel it couldn't have been worse! I get a message from Salvador and I 'phone him back. It appears that the arrangement that I thought I had made with the Residencia regarding Meg's stay I hadn't (although I thought that I made myself absolutely plain) and Salvador is trying to sort it out for me. In some ways, the fact that I hadn't been able to do this for myself and that Salvador is having to 'bale me out' only deepens my depression. I say to myself that in other countries/languages, everyone has an occasional 'bad day' but I also tell myself that this is only a platitude which will not actually help to solve problems. Tomorrow is another day.

Tuesday, 6th February, 1990

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Well, if yesterday was bad then today was infinitely better. After my teaching had finished, Mariano sees me with several pieces of good news, each one of them good enough to lighten up one's day. Firstly, my stay in the Residencia is confirmed and it looks as though the fees are to be paid. Secondly, it is confirmed that Meg can stay in the Residencia with me for a 'fin de semana' in about ten days time. Thirdly, my application has been finally lodged with the Ministry of Education (for funds) and we are now awaiting results. Fourthly, I now have the use of an office (in the mornings) which is very spacious and well-furnished. After yesterday when I was wandering around with my bag like an academic gypsy, I really do appreciate the facility. I also met one of the occupants of the office who was dashing off to teach (but was very friendly!) The major engagement of the day is to have lunch with Rafael Bañón and this is most interesting and exciting. We have a magnificent lunch (a whole leg of lamb in my case) for a very reasonable price and talk over many academic issues to do with teaching, research and future developments. I explain in detail the orientation of our courses in Leicester and Rafael is excited by the possibilities of an active future collaboration. In particular, there are possibilities to come over to Madrid for a week or weekend to contribute to specialist courses that are being organised. The other great news of interest is that Rafael has invited me to participate in session(s) on the MA/Doctoral programme in any way that I wish within the broad rubric of 'Public Policy' I describe the research that I am doing for the Health Service and we decide that this might form an interesting case study. It also seems that there is the possibility of more collaboration, specifically in the field of health service administration. After I

got home ( late i.e. 5.30) I phoned Ramon in Sevilla and got Conchita ( his wife) and I explained that I would like to make contact. We arranged to phone at 3.00 the following day and another little transaction ( by phone, this time) seems to have worked satisfactorily. By pure coincidence, this is the first time in three weeks that there have been no English speakers in the Residencia and so not intruding upon other people's conversations ( because there seem to be groups of two or three scholars on each project here, in the main) I have dinner and then a fairly early night ( 10.30 which is very early for Madrid)

Wednesday, 7th February, 1990

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Today, I have finished off my second course in MS-DOS and am due to start the second round of Word Perfect. Pedro (the technician) has given me 40 copies of the complete 5 day course so this should make life a little easier, instead of a hand-to-mouth existence with photocopies having to be organised every day. I see Rocio to let her have a software manual for her computer and she gives me a lift into town - I just miss the Correo (again!) despite being there before the 'official' closing time of 2.00 pm. After lunch, I phone Ramon in Sevilla - or rather I was expecting him to phone me as I had given Conchita ( his wife) my telephone number. Anyway, after waiting half an hour I telephone and give him my news and he seems very pleased and is going to make arrangements both for the Residencia in Sevilla for five nights and also to see various people in the Informatica department and also in their Rectorado (Directorate). Then, I think it is a good idea to go down to C.E.E. Idiomas in order to attempt to exchange my class for another level. They are very confused by my form (several sections were filled in with the aid of my grammar book) and agree with me that Level I is too basic whilst level 2.5 is probably too advanced. The arrangement is that that I try one more session, and if I find that I cannot cope then they will give me my money back, less the registration fee. I walk the streets for half an hour noticing that the area around Gran Via is littered with whores, playing their trade at 5.0 in the afternoon. I did attend the next class and to be honest, found it easier than the first although there is still a problem reading the board (faint chalk on a green board in handwriting in a dimly lit room.. This does remind how absolutely essential certain things are to the educative process!) Nonetheless, I take my money and return to the Residencia, vowing to undertake a hours grammatica every day religiously. The trouble with the class every day is that it takes TWO HOURS out of every day (i.e. an hours class and an hours travelling) and when I am travelling for another two hours, teaching for three then there are not many hours left in the day. In addition, I am getting seriously behind in my preparation for dBASE III in which I need seven lectures prepared in the next week so I am going to have put myself on another tight schedule to get all of this done before Meg and then Simon arrive. I decide I am better off with my money intact, but at least I made the effort. After another non-communicative dinner, I go to our local bar (Brummel's!) with Daniel and Victor and we talk about literature and poetry amongst

other things.

Thursday, 8th February, 1990

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Today was plagued by power-cuts - I had two in each of my sessions and so had at least four but it may have been five. I try to entertain the students by telling them jokes whilst we are sitting in the semi-darkness, but my repertoire of jokes in Spanish is limited to three or four and I get through those fairly quickly. I try to encourage the boys to tell jokes but they claim (in public) not to know any, although in private I am sure that they know a lot which they are not willing to divulge. Eventually, I go off for a coffee and then come back and do two 'good turns' for people in the lab, by rescuing the Mexican doctoral students' critical bibliographies for him and then showing another student how to exploit the 'shell' facilities in Word Perfect in order to run his version of WordStar IV. I was told the other day by Salvador that absolutely NONE of the software in the laboratory is legal i.e. that there is not even one legal copy of anything but things like SPSS, Word Perfect 5.0 have just 'appeared' (I do find this a little hard to believe). The other day when I was with Rafael Bañon, he insisted I talk with Claudia Vartez who is a Puerto Rico/American lady over here in Madrid for nine months or so and who is organising some teaching, some research at the Fundacion Ortega y Gasset (?) somewhere in the centre of town. Claudia had given directions how to find the Fundacion and we meet over lunch. The meal is good enough but communication is a little hard at times because of the chatter of other voices and, in addition, Claudia finds my English accent difficult to understand! She tells me of her fairly lonely experiences trying to find a flat, arrange for a school for her 13 year old daughter and things like that - however, she IS only 5 minutes away from her office and there seem to be lots of visiting academics around who can and do help (I am introduced to one or two of them) I make my way back to the Residencia to start work on dBASE, having got the Lotus component of the more advanced course out of the way. This session proves rather difficult and for reasons that I cannot quite work out the 'screen grab' programs don't seem to be working too effectively on the portable - the only program that will 'cure' the problem is back in England! After dinner, I phone Meg to give her the news that I have made contact with Ramon in Sevilla and also about the possibilities of further work here at the Complutense with Rafael Bañon. I also give a list of essentials to bring from England (comfortable shoes and sticking plasters for sore heels!) We have a very interesting conversation with the Chileans, Victor, Teeny and myself concerning Columbus' discovery of America. The consensus view is that Columbus and the rest of the world know perfectly well that the earth was round and that they were attempting (for commercial reasons) to find a new route to the Indies - America having rather got in the way. There is a lot of speculation as to the degree of error that Columbus must have made (of the order of one third) in his assumptions about how long/far it would take to reach the other side of the globe. It is obviously very interesting to listen to people who are so very well informed about the historical

details, which do tend to be 'glossed over' somewhat in British history books. The significance of the several events of 1492, which were of course connected (the victories of the 'Catholic Kings' in defeating the Moors and the 'discovery' of the Americas) is obviously going to make 1992 a most momentous year (as well as the adoption of the completely open market in the European community)

Friday, February 9th, 1990

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Every few days you get a day which is unremarkable and so it turned out to be today. At the end of my class, I turned round to find Ross in the computing laboratory - he had come to see Mariano Baena and thought he would meet me as well. We had a 'descanso' and then worked on the computer a bit together before coming home. Ross explains to me that he would some help with his option choices and would also like help with his option choices so we make a firm date to meet at 4.00 every Tuesday afternoon for some special sessions so that Ross can get the benefit of special tuition as well as the Spanish students. The rest of the day seemed fairly unremarkable, filled as it was with a fairly hefty section of preparation on dBASE and then a trip down to town to a place where I know that I can good detergent with which to wash clothes. In the absence of a washing machine, I am in the routine of washing my clothes every day ( if there are not other pressing engagements in the late evening) Because my room at the Residencia has some very old fashioned large iron radiators, then I find that socks, underpamnts and the like will dry out overnight whilst shirts are obviously left to drip-dry in the bath. The habits of washing one's own clothes do rather remind me of the days when I was a civil servant in London ( on my own) and again as a student. Salvador phones with details of where we are meet to meet tomorrow for the weekend excursion to Mariano's. After dinner, there are long conversations with Victor, the Russian mathematician who is due to 'escape' i.e. leave tomorrow morning so we all exchange addresses and telephone numbers in case any of us turn up in Moscow. Victor tells me of a computer club in Moscow which is most willing to correspond and he is going to send me details when he gets home. Victor also tells us details of his salary (the average for professors in Moscow is about 500-700 roubles per month, which at an (official) exchange of 7 roubles to the dollar works out at not something over  $\square$  55 per month (i.e. for a professor) Mind you, a good meal costs about 60 kopeks but nonetheless, it is a bit difficult to visualise how very different the prices are compared with the rest of Europe.

Saturday, 10 February, 1990

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This is the weekend of the 'trip' to Mariano's so I meet Salvador, as arranged, and then Laura and we have a long conversation about what should go into the more advanced course that I am to prepare in my last week and a half in Madrid. I very much want to give a quick course in Social Investigation techniques in which students collect some data by questionnaire ( e.g. on voting intentions) and then conduct an analysis of it with lots of charts, diagrams etc.

However, Laura and Salvador think that such a course would not go down well with the Public Administration ( as compared to the Sociology students) and so we try to discover the kind of course that students would like. We are picked up by Mariano and have a long drive to outside Burgos to a small community called Covarrubias in which we visit a spectacular monastery after which we have a 'local meal' which is enjoyable. We then go to Santo Domingo to visit another spectacular monastery - there are so many here with such magnificent cloisters, typically dating back to the 12th century, that it comes as a bit of shock to realise that we have hardly any that would compare in England. The party consists of Mariano and his son, Pablo, Laura , Salvador and myself and as Pablo is a student of history I try to explain how many such monasteries were destroyed by Henry VIII if that is not a ridiuclously over-simplistic interpretation of English history. We make our way to Mariano's house in the country which has many rooms on three floors but is primitive in that there is no central heating or source of hot water. We chop up firewood to get a fire going and then an ancient wood-burning stove and put on radiators to get some heat into the rooms because it really is quite cold here. After that we repair to the cellar where we make light work of several bottles of local rioja whilst having an intense political discussion over the demands of the Basques and other regional minorities in Spain. After that we have another simple meal of eggs,ham and bread and I attempt to justify my view that Britain's social structure has been radically altered by Thatcherism e.g. the politicisation of the civil service. And so we get to our beds at some hour in the morning and as we all have duvets, the beds are actually quite warm ( well mine is, but I do take the precaution of sleeping with socks on in case it turns out to be incredibly cold in the night!)

Sunday, 11th February, 1990

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I am not sure what time we got to bed but I sleep very soundly until 9.0 when we got up to have a simple breakfast. I had a long conversation with Laura and Salvador ( in English, I'm afraid!) about the good and the bad features of the English educational and examination system and, in general, they like the way that things get done in England ( whilst being a little bit scathing about the lack of theoretical knowledge in English students which I can well understand) I reflect upon the fact that when you are attempting to explain complex ideas in another language, you lose all of the subtlety of the argument i.e. things are 'good' or 'not good' because you do not have the specialised vocabulary to indicate the nuances of meaning which is so much part of the English language, for example. We then depart for Burgos but not before having seen a classic 'plaza' in a local pueblito which Mariano explains was to become the model for much of the rest of Spain, and of course, Latin America. We then get to Burgos which is a magnificent city but it is EXTREMELY cold and a little windy as well. For the rest of the morning, we tour round the monastery of Las Huelgas and here again the magnificence of the art and sculpture that dates from the 12th century completely overwhelms. However, we are all so cold after this trip that we go to have a

coffee ( or in my case, a very thick hot chocolate) before going on to a magnificent restaurant. Laura, Salvador and I have decided to pay the bill for this Mariano as Mariano has paid for our meal yesterday, not to mention the food and hospitality that he has provided. There is a long and sometimes heated discussion between Laura and Pablo on the nature and conceptualisation of the nature of ideology ( with particular reference to Thatcherism!) I develop my own ideas of a three-tiered structure in which ideology can be conceptualised as (i) an integrated and locally coherent set of assumptions about the world which then provides for (ii) a set of programmes and policies capable of integration into political programmes e.g. manifestos which may then be supported, or at least not opposed by (iii) a public opinion which captures the 'mood of the times' ( even if such an opinion is heavily moulded by sectional interests e.g. the press) We then go on to tour the magnificent cathedral of Burgos which has some of the most incredible sculptures ( in stone) within and a fine tracery of stone which decorates the outside. We then start the long journey home at 5.30 but find that there is an absolutely HUGE traffic jam two thirds of the way down the motorway and we crawl along at a walking pace for about an hour. Eventually, we get to Madrid just after ten ( a journey that has taken nearly five hours) and I am relieved to have a quick meal and then get to bed, after a phone call home.

Monday, 12th February, 1990

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After my classes, I managed to see Narciso Pizarro and he tells me that he saw five Leicester Polytechnic students in England and would like to many of them as possible, provided they can get scholarships from COMETT to come to Madrid. Whether this is possible or not, I obviously cannot say. I tell him that Meg is arriving at the weekend and there is a strong possibility that we may well go out with him and his wife/children on Friday evening. I then worked on dBASE for a while before seeing Reyes [Complutense student who was at Leicester for the year] who would like Leicester Polytechnic to supply a reference for a job with a bank for which she is thinking of applying. I am also due to see her on Thursday to help with a letter of application for the same position. Being as late as this meant that I missed getting to the Bank but there is always tomorrow. Mariano has made an arrangement with me to go round to his flat this evening to discuss his research project and so I work fairly solidly on dBASE most of the afternoon until 6.0 when Mariano calls round. At his flat he explains to me slowly and carefully but in great detail the nature and structure of his investigation which has been going on now for fifteen years. He has systematic data going back for fifty years on the interrelationships between politicians, top civil servants, large scale business and the military ( in Franco's time) This is obviously a 'gold mine' of information for anyone interested in elite theory - it may well be the only systematic example of its type in Western Europe. However, the difficulties of analysis are evidently immense for one needs to develop a model to measure the degree of 'interlocking' present in the system and to measure how it has been changing over time. We discuss the theoretical problems involved and

try to get to grips with some of the potentialities of the analysis. I have a look at the computer files with the aid of Mariano's 'Informatica' secretary who seems to spend her time getting the data on the computer and keeping it updated. There seem to be hundreds of files, all quite long and at the moment they are integrated by means of 'Open Access' (at which I utter a silent groan, because it is not one of my favourite packages) We drink some good Scotch (I know it is, because I bought it for Mariano!) and then I am driven back to the Residencia. here I meet Teeny's wife who has just flown in from Holland, and she seems to be enormous fun - rather like Teeny himself, actually. We have a pleasant meal and then go out to Brummels via VIPS in which I am challenged to exchange a book without its receipt. I ought to explain that the previous evening, Teeny had bought several Dick Francis novels in Vips and I had joked with him and asked if he had ever bought the same book twice, because he had failed to recognise it in under a new cover. Teeny retorted that no fool would ever do such a thing and.. yes, he had! So I organised an exchange because if I hadn't it would have been difficult to explain to the guard on the door what I was doing with a book in my hand and without a bag or receipt on which they seem to be particularly keen in this particular store. Typically, the receipt is actually stapled over the opening of the bag as proof of a legitimate purchase and one then passes a guard who scrutinises everyone with a great deal of care. After this little incident, we go off to our favourite bar where we meet Daniel (by accident) and we have a couple of beers to round off the day. I show Daniel my portable and he is very impressed by it and cannot wait to get his hands on one. He was also very impressed by the demonstration package of PC-Globe (rather like a computerised gazeteer) which I had brought with me.

Tuesday, 13th February, 1990

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Because I had a got few days behind in writing up these letters, I work on these for about an hour and then dash out in a hurry without my box of floppy disks which turns out be a nuisance - however, I borrow one from Pedro and reconstruct a dBASE file in order to check on my instructions. I am keen to make a quick 'get-away' which I do at about 11.30 in order to get to the bank. I wonder if they will give me my own money, without demur, but they do so an that is another transaction sorted out. On the way back I bought what I thought was a demonstration version of dBASE IV, only to find that it is the first of EIGHT separate disks that one needs to buy for the evaluation version alone (which, incidentally, takes 3.6 MByte and a FULL 640 K just to get onto the machine. I heard that Ashton-Tate were struggling with the size of the code for dBASE IV but this is ridiculous. I then buy some replenishment supplies of Coke and Apples, have lunch with Teeny's wife and then do a bit more writing after lunch. At 4.00pm, Ross calls out as arranged and we go out for a coffee to discuss options and subjects for his Project. It is a most glorious afternoon, a little like a fine day in April or May in

England and we cannot work out whether this is not unusual for February in Madrid or a completely freak occurrence. Ross has made his option choices but is still unsure over his project choice so we talk over two possibilities (i) an examination of the different organisations and functions of the higher education system in the U.K. and Spain (as Ross has experienced both systems and knows first hand the cultural differences) (ii) a discussion of the extent to which environmental issues are reflected in the programmes of the different political parties across the two societies and how they get translated into working policies. Then I return to the Residencia because I am getting behind with my preparation. With the impending visits of Meg and then Roger, there will be no time for preparation when they come and so evidently I have to keep on a tight schedule of getting five more lectures prepared in five days. One lecture a day does not sound much but each lecture has to be tested on the machines in the laboratory before the handout is finally run-off and there tends to be a process of constant revision and refinement. To my horror, I discover that the extremely complicated worksheet that I had prepared the previous day (multiple file handling) had been overwritten somehow and the only thing to do was to sit down and write it all over again whilst it was fresh in my mind. This I do but it still takes nearly an hour and a half of intense effort. Then I start on the next, which is screen design and this is short but complicated - it is so much easier to see done than to describe in words (in any language!) Then I start on the 'programming' section in which I am going to give sample programs to type in and then get students to amend them, hoping that certain principles adhere in the process. I work until 11.30 and then have an early night (for me! Madrid!)

Wednesday, 14th February, 1990

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Today is St. Valentine's day and also the end of the second round of the 'Basic Course'. I tease the students that they are unromantic because they are not sending each other Valentine's day cards - they reply that they wait until the summer and then just go wild! After coffee, I have a brief discussion with Mariano to discuss arrangements for the weekend and then see Rocío who gives me back some manuals and then helps me to correct some of my Spanish. I also bump into Laura, Reyes AND Salvador which must be a record for one day. Rocío gives me a lift back into town and is explaining to me her dilemma of whether to accept the offer of an associate Professor at the University which sounds attractive on the one hand but may divert her from her Doctorate on the other. Today (and yesterday) the weather is absolutely glorious here in Madrid - it is about 18 degrees C (64 F) and has the ambience of a beautiful day in May with clear skies and not a trace of cloud. I cannot work out whether this is 'normal' or 'exceptional' weather for February but the Madrileños do not seem to find it very unusual. With a winter like this, who needs summer? (Incidentally, it is now easy to work out why Madrid is so stifling hot in summer because the same absence of cloud must make it unbearably) After lunch, I start work on revising my existing drafts of the lectures that I have already written for dBASE and start work

on the remaining two. The lecture on programming goes easily enough and I offer a bottle of wine to the first student who manages to solve a little problem that I have given them at the end. With this flush of success I start on the last lecture of all which turns out to be full of little difficulties as it is concerned with file transfers. I speculate to myself that working with a Lotus 'clone' in a different language on a tricky subject is bound to try the patience of a saint but there are several aspects of this final lecture that cannot be completed until I have checked the instructions on the Spanish versions of Lotus and Word Perfect in the lab. tomorrow morning. I have calculated that when today is over, I will spent exactly half of my time here in Madrid and it seems to have flown - of course, the next half will go even faster as I have Meg's visit and Simon's visit in the next week and then two more weeks here in Madrid and a final week (hopefully!) in Sevilla. Dinner takes its usual form with Teeny and his (newly arrived) wife and Daniel and we decide to make our usual excursion to a bar via VIPS (large American stationery store with 'sky high' prices) Upon our return, I find a very friendly letter from David Wilson who tells me some of the news back in the Department in England.

Thursday, 15th February, 1990

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Today is the first day of the more 'advanced' course and my teaching strategy was to have the material prepared on a work-sheet but also to divide the laboratory into two groups and then give a demonstration to both groups. I find the students of very mixed ability, some getting the principles very quickly whilst others seem to spend a lot of time getting nowhere. I am confirmed in my conclusions that (i) students are not dissimilar the world over (ii) that 'Informatica', principally in a new area, helps you determine those students who have a measure of intelligence from those who have not! After my sessions, I see Mariano who enquires about the Erasmus funds for his students and we make arrangements concerning the weekend. The Sevilla trip is also confirmed as all right which is a weight off my mind. Pedro, the secretary to the department, is due to join my course this morning so I am confident that he can now appreciate the urgency of the photocopies I have been doing. On the strength of this, I run off good copies of the first six dBASE lectures for him to copy and a draft of the last one, upon which I work after the break. The trouble with working with the 'real' Lotus rather than 'AsEasyAs'- the Lotus 'clone' that I have in my machine- is that there are subtle differences in file-handling and for this last lecture on file transferencies between different types of software packages, I have to get this absolutely right. I show the Mexican doctoral student whose name I have forgotten my photos of Mexico and we talk over the kinds of good Mexican food that we both miss! After lunch, I put finishing touches to the last dBASE lecture and then decide to go shopping for various things as I need some more floppy disks and am also running short of some toiletries. Whilst travelling, I make some idle calculations as to the minimum amount of money that a student needs to survive in Madrid and come to the conclusion that one needs

as a very minimum □ 30-00 per week 'day-do-day' living expenses as well as the Residencia which is □ 250-00 a month or □ 60-00 per week. All in all, a student will need approx. □ 100-00 a week which evidently works out at the best part of □ 5000 for the total year, once the cost of flights is added in. I resolve to make a breakdown of all of the costs to help people to budget etc. Then I spend a certain amount of time making sure my room is neat and tidy in anticipation of Meg's visit, make a phone call to Narciso Pizarro's company and then have dinner with Daniel. He tells me that he would like to go to Sol and the Plaza Mayor and, to my surprise, I find that he has never travelled on the Metro. From little things that he says, I gain the impression that he is actually quite nervous about using the Metro having hardly ever used one before ( the one in Santiago appears to have lines only in a cross running North-South and East-West, so I suppose it is difficult to have problems with that!) He seems pleasantly surprised at the speed of it and is delighted by the appearance of Sol and even more by the appearance of the Plaza Mayor by night. We spend a few minutes gazing in a hat-shop which is world famous and in which you can buy a hat (for men) in ANY style available throughout the world (e.g. pith helmets, German flying helmet, traditional sombreros etc.) To see so many different styles from so many different parts of the world is a revelation. We have some beers and then return ( at about 2.00am !) to the Residencia.

Friday, 16th February, 1990

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This is the day that Meg arrives for a week-end so it entails extra teaching for me today in order that we can leave for the airport at 10.00 on Monday. Consequently, I teach for three hours from 9.00 until 12.00 and am glad that I brought a little bit of chocolate with me to stop me collapsing in front of the students! Everything goes quite well and as you might expect the demonstration of the Lotus graphics elements interests the students greatly. Mariano is to cut short one of his lectures by a quarter of an hour in order to give us time to get from the extreme west of Madrid (Somosaguas) right across Madrid to the extreme east (the airport) in about one hour and a quarter. We leave a little late, with Reyes and get stuck in a HUGE traffic jam in Madrid. The combination of road improvement works and the fact that so many leave Madrid at about this time on a Friday for their country houses makes travelling in the city at this time a nightmare. We get to the airport at just after three and are relieved to discover that Meg's flight has arrived but was a quarter of an hour late like ourselves and therefore Meg is not left stranded at the barrier. Meg arrives at about 3.30 and we drive to the Residencia, obviously chatting about all kinds of things. At the Residencia, we have a rather tight schedule because I have an arrangement for Ross to 'phone me so that Meg, Ross and I can meet to discuss aspects of the placement. We meet at the 'Bear' (Traditional symbol of Madrid) and then find a bar where we spend an hour, considering Ross's Interim Report and other matters concerned with placement (about which, incidentally, we are all quite happy) We then leave Ross having made an arrangement for a 'social event' with all of

the students the following day. Then after the briefest of baths, Mariano arrives for us to take us round to his flat for an evening meal. On our way of the Residencia, Meg fills in the registration forms for her stay at the Residencia so obviously everything is now quite 'legal' ( because we were not quite sure whether the arrangements that we had made were, in fact, understood) At Marianos, we have a delicious traditional meal of pimientos rellenos (stuffed peppers) whilst enjoying good conversation with Mariano, Concha and the two sons Pablo and Pedro. Then we return to the Residencia, resolving to get up reasonably early in the morning in order to secure a place in the queue to see the Velasquez exhibition which opened two weeks ago (and which the AVERAGE length of queue is about 1 kilometre.) We heard a statistic that 60,000 people a day are going to the exhibition which is evidently enormously popular.

Saturday, 17th February, 1990

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We didn't quite up as early as planned and so we both took the opportunity of the first decent breakfast in days, chatting to Teeny and his wife before wandering down to the Velasquez exhibition where the queues are as long as could be predicted. We have an arrangement to meet Mariano at 11.0 at the 'estatua amarillo' (the yellow statue) which actually turns out to be the 'estatua Murillo' (The statue of Murillo) - another example of possible linguistic confusion ( in which I am relieved to discover that Meg and I are suffering under the same misapprehension) We have half an hour to spare and so we walk in the Botanical Gardens, meeting a Japanese gentleman who wished us to take a photo of him ( of course!) It turns out that he spent three years in Mexico where he had learnt his Spanish and so we spend a few minutes in conversation with him about this before meeting with Mariano as planned. Mariano takes us past the building which houses the Congreso de los Diputados (with extensions being planned by the Socialists) and into a most interesting 'olde-worlde' type of coffee shop where we drink 'Caldo' ( a type of thin clear soup, dispensed from an urn, but with a serving of Fino sherry in it) Then we make our way to Monasterio de las Descalzas Reales (literally, the Monastery of the Royal Barefoot ( and knickerless!) Carmelites) which is now turned into an art gallery. We then go off to a tapas bar with Mariano and discuss work-related issues before we make our way to the Residencia for lunch. After this, we are both pretty tired and take the opportunity of a siesta, knowing that we are to meet the young people later on. This we do at the prearranged place and we then go from bar to bar ( as all of the other young people seem to do, drinking weak fizzy beer and discussing issues mainly concerned with the problems that students seem to find when they engage in their Doctorates, such as conflicting pressures and expectations) We then go for a type of 'Crepe' meal which takes hours to serve because Saturday night is so exceptionally busy ( and I nearly get picked in the corridor leading to the toilets by a young Madrileña, anxious to improve her English) After this, we are all pretty tired, so we make our way back by tube at about 1.00 in the morning (the Metro is just about running but the streets around all of the bars are jammed solid with cars - we

calculate it is probably faster to take the Metro rather than try to find a taxi.)

Sunday, 18th February, 1990

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After our late night last night, Meg and I have a leisurely breakfast with the literature specialist from Chile (living in Buenos Aires) and a Brazilian lecturer in Mathematics. We have an interesting conversation and then spend quite a lot of the morning going through various pieces of papers and briefing documents, principally concerned with Simon Rogerson's visit next Wednesday. This takes an hour or so of quite sustained work and then we make our way to a bar for which we have been given directions in order to meet with Mariano and Narciso. We find the bar which is quite near Narciso's house but we have a certain amount of walking to do because it doesn't appear to be a near a tube station ( I found it later that it is quite near Moncloa but this wasn't shown on the map that we have) We meet Narciso's wife and four year old son whilst two teenagers drift in and out and have a delightful traditional Spanish meal with lamb and two bottles of good rioja. Then over several large whiskies, we have a long after-dinner discussion over all kinds of topics ranging over economics, politics, the role of the Spanish monarchy etc. We are told some interesting stories (e.g. some members of the Spanish royal family do not believe that Filipe Gonzales is being sufficiently socialist!) and exchange information over the kinds of things that the chattering classes generally do e.g. the price of mortgages, levels of house prices etc. We then return to the Residencia for an hour before we meet by appointment with Laura and Reyes who wanted to see us for a discussion over some applications that they may be making. We end up giving quite a tutorial in interview techniques - after all, we do spend a lot with our own students on matters like this but the Spanish students have no ideas at all how to approach a potential interview. I have come to the view that there is very little articulation between the Spanish educational system and the economy ( 'Go out and play until you're old enough to go out hunting' type of philosophy) but I suppose that working in a Polytechnic that tries to be responsive to the market makes you appreciate the very real qualities that the English Polytechnics do have in comparison with the traditional universities in Spain (and in England, too, for that matter) By this time, we have missed our evening meal in the Polytechnic but this does not upset us too greatly for we seem to have imbibing or feeding most of the weekend. Then we start the miserable process of packing - the weekend has been all too short. Whilst Meg packs up her weekend case, I get up to date with some of these 'letters' and read the news from England about the probable settlement of our pay-dispute. For once, I feel we have got something fairly sensible out of the negotiations and am relieved that for the time being, at least, we are not going to be screwed down into the conditions of service that make a mockery of the notion of higher education.

Monday, 19th February, 1990

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Well, this is the day for Meg's return but first we have to do the 'Somosaguas run' so that Meg can see the campus and appreciate at first hand some of the logistical problems involved in transport as well as gaining an impression of the ambience of the place. By being only five minutes later than normal, the metro is crowded beyond belief (none of which is helped by our suitcase) but we finally make it to the Somosaguas campus at about 8.45. I give Meg the briefest of brief tours but my class starts at nine and some of the students are already there before 9.00 claiming my attention on bits of the previous day's work that they have not come to grips with. I finish the class promptly at 9.55 and then Meg and I quite fortunately bump into Reyes and we catch the bus back to Ciudad Universitaria and then the metro to Avenida de las Americas from where it is possible to pick up the airport bus. We catch this with no difficulty and get to the airport at about 11.15 which is ideal for the flight at 1.00. Meg and I have a coffee and we then part, feeling pretty miserable for the most obvious of reasons - still less than one month to go, we say to ourselves and it is bound to fly. Actually, after Simon's visit, I have only two clear weeks here in Madrid because after that I go to Sevilla for the week and then return home. On the way home, I do some shopping (a bottle of whisky for Narciso, some coke and mineral water for myself) and then have lunch with Teeny's wife. After lunch, I catch up with several days of washing that had accumulated and then Rocío phones with a tale of woe about her computer system that friend had practically wrecked whilst another friend was putting right and I think to myself that letting lots of people crawl over the same machine is generally bad news for all concerned. Then I have a nap (which is highly unusual, but I must have been very tired) and afterwards I take a walk to wake myself up and think over some ideas for the 'Public Policy' material for Rafael Banon that I really ought to write up in the next day. I find a small electrical shop which advertises one of those gadgets which enables you to heat up water in a cup and realise that this is a way of making myself cups of tea, So I fall for the temptation as it was cheap enough (700 pesetas) and then buy some tea and milk on the way home and work on a few ideas. I have dinner with a Spanish literature specialist and the Brazilian woman mathematician before making an excursion to Vips for coffee with Teeny. On my return I bump into Laura and it seems that we are going to go Sevilla on the same day (Monday, March 12th) which seems an amazing coincidence after we have both been weeks in the Residencia.

Tuesday, 20th February, 1990

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Today, I am starting dBASE III+ with the students and it goes reasonably well. Afterwards, I spend half an hour with Mariano a sociologist who has gained a Fulbright scholarship and is going to the United States for a year. I show him, as promised, a copy of TurboStats (of which Meg brought me a copy of quite a glowing review incidentally!) and also AsEasyAs and then we talk over several aspects of his work over a coffee, promising to exchange software with one

another. At lunch, I am joined by the Spanish literature specialist with whom I was conversing last night in Spanish. It turns out that he has been living in Canada for several years and consequently speaks excellent English! (However what a difference it makes to the 'psychological community' that is created with fellow members of the Residencia when you speak their own language) We talk over the differences in the educational systems of the countries with which we are familiar and he tells me about the narrow conservatism and restricted curriculum he has found in his experience in the Canadian universities. It rather appals me but does reinforce the stories that I have heard from Teeny concerning the absence of a genuinely 'free' intellectual culture in North America. I then start work on my lecture/seminar paper for Rafael Bañon's students and work on this for most of the afternoon. In this, I am developing two or three simple models of the ways in which hospitals in the British Health Service aim to achieve 'efficiency' and then invite students to construct another model which both minimises unit-costs and also works within a fixed budget. The only way to do this, which MAY or may not occur to the Spanish students when I try this out on them, is to keep the hospital deliberately empty some of the time ( which, of course, does approximate to the situation of 'ward closures' in the U.K.) From this, I then go on to elaborate concepts of 'efficiency', 'value for money', 'performance indicators' and the like before concluding with a brief examination of some of the issues that came out of my own research for Oxford RHA. Altogether, the lecture is some 4 pages/2000 words long and I feel reasonably pleased with this but of course do not know if its what is required. I write a brief note to Rafael, not having reached him by phone and then hope to get it to him tomorrow. Meg phones with some more details of the Leicester Poly. students for Narciso and we talk over the offer that Meg has received from the Catedratico (Head of Department) of Economics at Sevilla to present a paper to a local government conference in late March/early April. Naturally, I am absolutely delighted on Meg's behalf and am sure that it will do her/the Polytechnic's reputation no harm at all. Then after my last dinner with Teeny, Daniel and I go for a few beers where we talk over the kind of work in cell biology in which Daniel is engaged and which, he hopes, will bring him nearer towards a solution for cancer.

Wednesday, 21st February, 1990

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This is the second day of dBASE and most students seem to be taking to it quite well, some even having managed the next day's lessons as well. (I always put out three day's lessons - yesterday's, today's and tomorrow's so that the slow ones can do yesterday's and the fast one's can do tomorrow's!) Mariano, with whom I was speaking yesterday, brings in some software for us to exchange and after that I spend about an hour with the post-graduate students. Salvador tells me that I will finish off my teaching in Madrid with another introductory course ( although I was rather hoping that there would be the demand for more dBASE or Lotus but I trust Salvador's judgement on this) Then I show the lecture outline of my 'Public Policy' lecture (entitled

"Efficiency in the Delivery of Public Services - an examination using data from the British Health Service") to Rocío who is going to have a word with Rafael Bañón to see if it is what is required and then is going to help me translate it. Then I chat with Gustavo for several minutes about nothing in particular before making my way back to the Residencia. After lunch, I spend an hour tidying up my handouts (there seem to be masses with courses in WordPerfect, Lotus, dBASE and, of course, these 'Cartas') and then set off for the airport to meet Simon Rogerson, a Principal Lecturer at Leicester Polytechnic who is responsible for overseeing developments in this new venture of a joint Degree in Information Systems (as well as being Course Leader for the new Business Information Systems Degree) Simon's plane arrives five minutes early from Birmingham, having called in at Barcelona en route and Simon has cleared all of the airport formalities in less than ten minutes! This seems incredible after the hassles of Heathrow and Gatwick! We walk outside and immediately catch the airport bus and then I persuade the driver to let us off near to the Residencia so that we only have a ten-minute walk and do not have to manipulate Simon's case by more metros/buses. After Simon had settled in, we went for a few beers to talk over strategy and plans for the morning and then have dinner, after which I phone Mariano for more details of the morning. Then Simon shows me some of the material he has brought from the Poly. for demonstration purposes which includes some very well designed brochures and a video, although I doubt the Complutense can get a video machine organised in time. I am very impressed and round off the evening by showing Simon my own programs (TurboStats) and the review of it which has just appeared (at the right time!) We talk 'shop' for about an hour and Simon has agreed to sit in my sessions tomorrow morning to pick up the 'flavour' of the Complutense after which we hope to see Mariano, Narciso and perhaps some others for refreshments and some serious work after 11.00 in the morning.

Thursday, 22nd February, 1990

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Simon comes with me on the 'Somosaguas' run and whilst I am teaching in the laboratory, Simon busies himself with attempting to see how the files work which make up the menu system. He succeeds in working them out quite quickly but the setup problems of one of the other machines is a more tricky problem. We meet Mariano at 11.00 and spend an hour or so explaining our proposals for a joint course to us in great detail and also showing him the Leicester Polytechnic video selling the Information Technology courses. Mariano explains to us that he feels that there is a second market for existing civil graduate civil servants who need their IT skills upgrading and therefore Simon and I work out some ideas for such a one year intensive course. We sketch out the ideas and enlist the idea of Gustavo to help to translate some of the trickier words into good castellano. Then we return to the Residencia, not having quite finished our work and have a late lunch, feeling quite satisfied with progress. Simon and I take a stroll after lunch to buy stamps, post letters etc. and as it is a fine afternoon and everyong else seems to

be at lunch we have a beer and discuss some of the differences in educational philosophy between Leicester Polytechnic and the Complutense. The major business of the day is going to be a rendez-vous at Narciso's company at 8.00 in the evening to be followed by a dinner with some very important civil servants. Simon and I travel to Aravacas, the village two-thirds of the way to Somosaguas by metro and bus to get to Narciso's company. We alight in the centre of the village and then ask a variety of children and old ladies the way, who all prove to be exceptionally helpful. We actually arrive at Narciso's firm ten minutes early and I make Mariano a present of a bottle of scotch which we then proceed to attack with gusto and ice! Narciso explains to us the strategy for the meal this evening in which we are to enlist the support of the civil service by promising them that a senior civil servant will (nominally) take charge of the whole project. This then leaves the civil service feeling important, whilst at the same time, all the real academic decisions remain with us. We drive to the restaurant where we are joined, eventually, by Mariano and then by one senior civil servant, Pedro Maestre, who has responsibility for information technology in the whole of the Spanish civil service. He is obviously a very intelligent man, used to lobbying by all kinds of big business and the conversation starts off in Spanish with an intense discussion of some of the commercial problems with which he and Narciso are currently involved. Eventually, Simon and I are given about two minutes to say 'our piece' so we have to sell ourselves as hard as we can in a very short space of time to a very professional civil servant. It is explained that I speak some Spanish and whilst Simon has none at present and so we explain in English and are heard politely but without interventions. The conversation proceeds in Spanish and as I am sitting next to Pedro, I intervene at what I perceive to be suitable junctures explaining key points in Spanish to Pedro. The particular points that I emphasise are these: the fact that in both Public Administration and in Computing we are the 'market leaders' and it is a fortunate accident that the two market leaders are in the same polytechnic. I also explain the good relationship that exists between our two institutions, our experience at providing Master's courses for similar people in England, the particular ways in which we are keen to follow the market without at the same time being hardware dependent etc. I slowly get the impression that he has started to be convinced, and the fact that we speak the WHOLE time in Spanish confirms this - paradoxically, if we had spoken in English it might have had elements of 'going through the motions'. The meal finishes and Pedro departs at about 12.30 and Simon and I anxiously enquire of Narciso and Mariano whether we have 'sold ourselves' as well as possible. Narciso is absolutely delighted and believes that things have gone even better than expected, whilst Mariano is a little more cautious. We have indicated to Pedro that the next stage forward should be an invitation to Leicester to meet with our Directorate and Simon resolves to speak to the Director about the issues involved directly upon our return. Simon and I have a coffee in my bedroom to talk over what we think we have achieved and then we get to bed at about 1.30 in the morning.

Friday, 23rd February, 1990

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I must confess that after last night's 'work', I found the teaching was quite hard work this morning. I explained to my students that my brain and the rest of my body were only connected in a tenuous way after the exertions of last night and they seemed to understand. Nonetheless, I taught without a break from 8.45 until 11.20 before I was 'rescued' by a combination of Mariano and Simon. Simon had been working in my office writing letters and documents, including a thankyou letter to Mariano which was very thoughtful of him. Mariano, Simon and I discuss the next steps forward and we agree that we at the Polytechnic should draw up a formal document for the one year intensive course as soon as practicable and submit it to the Complutense within a matter of weeks. We agree that one calendar year is ideal and we also consider it a possibility to extend it slightly e.g. a course that may last as long as fourteen months to encompass the various things that we want ( some elements taught at the Complutense, some language tuition/orientation at Leicester, and then the more formal systems and information systems analysis.) We agree that a title such as 'European Diploma in Informatics' would be interesting! We discuss a few more details with Mariano and then return to the Residencia with a wonderful 'Friday afternoon' feeling, enhanced by the fact that the trees are starting to come into bloom here. After lunch, we go to Sol and I show Gary the Plaza Mayor and then we tour 'El Corte Ingles' looking for possible presents for Simon to return home with for his family. We tire of this after a while and repair to a local bar for a well-earned drink and long discussions over the possible collaboration that should be possible between our two schools. After all, if we can organise joint courses for the civil service IN SPAIN why not do the same in England ! Last night when I got back to the Residencia, there was a note in my pigeon-hole to the effect that 'The Faculty of Economics at Sevilla' had telephoned me in my absence. I did rather debate the philosophical reification involved on being telephoned not by an individual but by a Faculty and assumed it was Ramon. I was just on the very point of phoning Ramon when the telephone rang and it was Paula Luna, the Informatica specialist from Sevilla on the phone! She was enquiring whether or not I had booked accomodation and I told her that I thought that Ramon was organising it (another slip up of communication) Paula says she will phone me on Monday evening to give me details of any arrangements and compliments me on my Spanish ( to which I reply that it is always better after a few beers) I indicate that I was looking forward to four things in Sevilla - A talk with Ramon and colleagues over his research, a talk with Paula and colleagues over any possible links, a talk with their Rectorado concerning institutional links and finally an opportunity to renew my acquaintanceship with Sevilla ( I am promised the last). After dinner, Gary and I go to our 'local' with the Chilean professor of History who has returned to the Residencia for one or two nights and we have a drink before getting to bed at about 1.30 in the morning.

Saturday, 24th February, 1990

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Simon and I have resolved to go to Segovia for the day and we make our way after a leisurely breakfast to Charmatin, the main line terminal in the north of Madrid. Then we find out how to manipulate the queing system in which one takes ticket and then waits for the 'window' to be announced. Having done this and worked our way up the queue, we were informed that we could have queued at another window for 'cercanias' or local trains that would have saved us quarter of an hour and enabled us to catch an earlier train. We have a coffee and catch the train for a journey which lasts one hour and fifty minutes, which costs us about □ 4-25 each, RETURN! It is a beautiful day and when we arrive in Segovia we walk the kilometre or so into town and then make our way to the Aqueduct which runs right through the centre of the town.. Simon is enthralled by this and I am just as impressed as the first time that I saw it, on a rainy day about two years ago. We climb the steps at the side of the wall and go to the top to savour the atmosphere and then go and have a very traditional Spanish lunch in a nearby restaurant. This was heavily populated by local Spanish families ( a good sign!) and we ate a menu of beans in a soup, asparagus, a huge pork loin and then fruit to finish off. Then we make our way slowly through the old mediaeval city to the alcazar (fortress) taking in beautiful squares and churches on the route. We have half an hour in the alcazar which is enough to appreciate it without getting over-tired and Simon, on my recommendation, buys some damascino (?) (=traditional Toledo jewelry) for his wife. Then we walk back to the station and have a slightly quicker journey home of about one hour and a half after a most relaxing and delightful day. If anything, I believe that I enjoyed Segovia more on this particular trip than I did on our first trip, probably because the weather was so much better. Simon and I have dinner with Julio, the Chilean professor of history, who has just returned to Madrid for a few days after visiting Sevilla and we talk over issues of race and cultural differences. Simon and I then decide to have a 'last night in Madrid' and after a phone call from home we go to the Arg□ elles area which according to the Madrid guide book is full of 'interesting bars and young people enjoying themselves' Well.. the guide book was wrong! It was one of the most boring, nondescript parts of Madrid in which I have ever found myself and Madrid does not have the reputation of being the liveliest of cities! After a drink in a traditional 'down-market' bar, we poke our nose into another claiming to be 'Scottish!' and end up in a a third with a lot of young people but it really was very pedestrian. Simon and I have to keep a watch on the metro times because connections cannot be guaranteed after 1.30 and it is now nearly one. Through inavertence we end up on the wrong tube line and have to do some navigation to get ourselves to a tube station which is within striking distance of the Residencia at which we arrive at about 2.00. The metros trains are packed to the brim with young people who have obviously had a certain amount to drink but everybody seems very happy with lots of singing and joking and no hint of violence. Why on earth do British youth turn violent when they have had something to drink ? There are obviously cultural overlays to the purely physiological effects of alcohol and I, for

one, unequivocally prefer the Spanish pattern.

Sunday, February 25th, 1990

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Today is the day that Simon departs for England and after breakfast with the female biologist from the Pays Vasco (whom I haven't mentioned before) and a systems analyst from Peru, I spend half an hour with Simon giving him some software including VDE so that he can write Spanish letters when the mood takes him. We walk to the street where the bus leaves for the airport and it arrives within five minutes and in another twenty minutes or so, there we are at the airport. After some refreshment, I leave Simon and make my way back into town, hoping to find somewhere open that sells stamps but not succeeding. I make my way back to the Residencia and do some washing before lunch. So far, I realise that I have not really described the structure of a typical meal here in Spain so I might as well as start with the lunch that I had today. The first course is often a serving of vegetables or a very thick soup containing a lot of vegetables and perhaps some meat. For example, today in the Residencia, the first course was a fish soup and imagine my surprise when ladled out of a huge tureen I ended up with a soup bowl containing three entire small crabs, some 3" or so in diameter and lots of other diverse bits of fish and seafood. After this, there is generally a course which consists of meat only, perhaps with a small portion of vegetables and today we had spare ribs with a baked potato. The final course is very often a piece of fruit (which is always eaten peeled with the aid of a knife and fork) or it may be a small flan (egg custard) which is probably the most popular desert in Spain. After lunch, I walked for a little and then felt rather tired so lay down on the bed listening to a rendition of the 'New World' symphony by the Israel Philharmonic on Radio Two. (Naturally, I enjoy the music but the Spanish spoken in introducing items is the most beautifully clear and correct Spanish, the analogue of course of Radio Three in England) Then I write a long letter to David Wilson in England explaining the developments of the last few days so that he is informed as to what is going on. Simon will no doubt tell his own Head of School of the developments but because of the impact upon Public Administration, I am anxious that David is fully informed "from the horse's mouth" as it were. Then I meet Rocío as arranged and we work on the translation of the paper to Rafael Bañón's students into Spanish. There is only two weeks left in Madrid and without a little bit of organisation, we will end up in a situation where it actually never gets delivered! This takes a couple of hours and I miss the evening meal but this is generally no great loss and I feel I have been eating far too much in the last few weeks anyway.

Monday, February 26th, 1990

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Today is the day when we start the first of two little sessions in dBASE III when I attempt to teach some programming. This consists of people typing in a program and then modifying it once they have studied the principles underlying its construction. Normally, dBASE III uses

its own internal word-processor for the construction of program files but it is possible to 'customise' dBASE to feed in a processor of your own choice. Somebody has decided to do this in all of the installation here and so you get the 'Norton text editor' loaded instead of the normal dBASE word-processor. This is actually doubly frustrating because firstly my instruction sheets are now inaccurate and secondly students have to cope with a new text editor which is more complicated than the resident text editor. Moreover, if they start to read books on dBASE they are going to get very confused! For this reason, I have never been tempted to 'fiddle' with incorporating other text editors at Leicester Polytechnic because students have enough to learn with dBASE without coping with a new editor as well. Sigh! One of my female students who appears very competent speaks to me in English about the possibilities of a scholarship in England and so I take her for a coffee and we talk in a mixture of castellano and English over the possibilities of this. I am very impressed by her command of English as she has not visited England and so I give her the names of the three Spanish students who were in Leicester so that she can meet and consult with them. Whilst looking for them, I bump into Mariano and explain about the student's desire to get a scholarship to England if she possibly can. I then introduce the two of them to each other and what Mariano says to the girl (Elena) raises her hopes considerably for next year. I certainly think she would be an admirable exchange student so far as I can judge by the contact that I have had with her over the weeks. I leave for the Residencia, having run off a letter for David Wilson which I hope to post and also having prepared some TurboStats disks for Meg to despatch. Whilst on the metro, I carry on down to Sol to buy some padded envelopes for the despatch of disks and then get back to the Residencia ready to get them into the Correo before 2.0 pm, which is a critical time here. Then, I have lunch with a girl and I find that I can understand 90% of her Spanish, which is not surprising when I discover that she is Italian and not Spanish! This I find exceptionally curious - I can generally understand most of what people say if Spanish is not their first language but hardly anything if it is. I can't quite work out why this is unless it is a combination of slightly less vocabulary and speaking slightly more slowly. However the Italian girl seems to gabble quite happily with the Spanish (and then I didn't understand her) so perhaps she recognised me as being English and adjusted her vocabulary accordingly. After a brief nap, I worked all afternoon and evening on typing up the translation of the lecture for Rafael Bañon's students that Rocío had prepared for me. I must confess that I do not like working from hand-written text at the best of times and this really does take a lot of deciphering. I reckon that a thousand words have taken me 4 hours to prepare and at this rate there is least another couple of hours work before bed this evening. Then the draft will have to be shown to Rocío on Wednesday to correct and so on. At about 9.10 Paula rings from Sevilla and she seems to be saying that it is very difficult to find any places in the Residencia in Sevilla. I THINK that she tells me that she is going to try to book me into a hotel but I am not sure! Anyway, she is to ring tomorrow evening at the same time with more news. I am finding that my comprehension of

Spanish appears to be abysmal today - I suppose that the visit of Meg and then of Simon in which I have been talking a lot of English for about nine days has really set back whatever progress I may have been making. At dinner this evening (the first, incidentally, in which my fellow diners have nearly all been Spanish speakers) I rather shock them all by explaining how I am having to contribute to my own expenses out of my own pocket in order to be here. People shake their heads and say 'Poor British !' as nearly everyone else is supported by their governments or from 'Acciones Integradas' The French biologist explains to me how often articles appear in 'Nature' explaining the dire straits of British science because it is so under-funded and how many scientists are going abroad. I do not know how the subject came up but I really did feel the 'poor relation at the feast' and I wish that the subject had never been broached. I work until about midnight and say to myself that 'Tomorrow is another day!'

Tuesday, February 27th, 1990

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The teaching went reasonably well today, now that the intricacies of the editor were mastered. I got in as usual at about 8.25 and ran off copies of the latest 'Letter from Madrid' and a copy of a letter to David Wilson for Meg. Then I asked Pedro to photocopy all of the Word-Perfect notes for the 'Cursillo' which is due to start on Thursday and evidently he was not very pleased! I also asked him for six copies, as usual, of the latest 'Letter' and this he didn't do so feeling that I wanted to get these letters off in time I spent an extremely frustrating time queueing up with other students to try to get them photocopied. The copies are cheap enough here (less than 3p each) and so students tend to copy vast amounts with money no object! Eventually, I got these done but with lines 'chopped off' so I had a really frantic time on the metro busily writing in missing lines by hand in order that I could get to the Correo by 2.00. I think I have mentioned before that the Correo near to the Residencia closes at 2.0 (but actually at about 1.45) and does not re-open so timing is critical. I make it at about 1.40 and the office is being closed up so I frantically stuff papers into envelopes and get them despatched. Then I have a most interesting lunch and after-dinner conversation with the Spanish-Canadian literature specialist (whose name I do not know) who was telling me about his father's political affiliations and the traumas that his family suffered at the end of the war, when they were effectively 'stateless' but not recognised as such because they were Spanish. Eventually, he acquired Canadian citizenship but it was a struggle. I then go for a walk to post my Mexican letter (which didn't make it in time for the 2.00 post) and then work solidly on refining the Spanish translation of my lecture. If this doesn't get delivered, and I have a strange feeling that he won't be, then it will not be for lack of trying! I was expecting a phone call from Paula Luna, as promised, to confirm arrangements for Sevilla but she never called. I hope that there are not going to be problems over accomodation but we will just have to wait and see. Ross phoned to reestablish contact and we agreed to meet in our usual place at 4.00 on

Thursday. The 'highlights' of this week are a lunch with the Dean on Wednesday and a cocktail party on Friday and hence the date with Ross on Thursday. I round off the evening by talking philosophy with Arancha, the French/Vasco biologist, with whom I was discussing Popper, Kuhn and diverse other things ( e.g. discussing the intellectual progress of our respective sons)

Wednesday, 28th February, 1990

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Today, I have a luncheon 'date' with the Dean of the Faculty so I decide to dress up a little in my best suit and then get busy with teaching. From 8.30 until 9.00 I run off the castellano versions of my lecture for Rafael Bañon's students and then, at 11.00, I am informed that the lunch with the Dean is not to be today but has been postponed until next Tuesday! As this is the last day of the more advanced course, many of the students come up to thank me - they remind me somewhat of the more earnest and polite students that we can get in later years of the course and they do seem extremely eager to learn! I go in search of the 'post-graduate' students and find Laura, to whom I tell the good news about our potential courses here. Laura is trying to fix up a social 'do' at the weekend and I explain about the cocktail party at Rafael's house to which I am invited. Laura asks if I can get an invitation for her as well and I promise to try! After this I see Rocío for a few moments and we agree to meet later today to make final revisions to our draft. Then I telephone Rafael and explain that I am leaving Madrid in twelve days time - does he want my paper or not? After a few frantic consultations with diaries, we decide that next Tuesday ( the same day as the dinner with the Dean) is the best day but it might be a rush to get the details circulated to students. I promise to let Pedro have everything by 11.00 tomorrow and I also get an invitation for Laura whom I describe as 'a friend' Upon my return to the Residencia there is a friendly letter from the Director in reponse to the first two weeks of my 'Letters from Madrid'. HOWEVER, the letter was addressed to 'Mrs. M. C. Hart' so I wonder if the Director knows who is in Spain and who is holding the fort back at home! I assume that it is a simple error, like other things in the Poly. After lunch, I have a little nap ( for which I must admit I feel a little guilty but after all, when in Spain do as the Spanish!) and then work for a little on discovering the intricacies of the editors with PC-TOOLS, a task I have never really had time for before now. At 7.00 I meet Rocío as arranged for an hour and we go over the 'final' version of the castellano version of my lecture/seminar paper which I am to run off on the computer tomorrow ready to give to Rafael for distribution to the students. Then I have dinner with Arancha (French biologist), Daniel and the Spanish literature specialist and after dinner Arancha and I talk over some of the problems that have afflicted mining communities and other traditional communities in Britain.

Thursday, 1st March, 1990

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Today, I am back to my 'basic' courses again, but for the last time.

Actually, the 'basic' courses are harder work, it appears to me, than the more advanced courses because in those, the worksheets are prepared and students just have to follow them whereas in the 'basic' courses there is half to three quarters of an hour lecturing in Spanish before the 'practica' and this uses up a lot of nervous energy, although I sense that the student's comprehension is better. Before the lecture, I have run off the final versions (in English and castellano) of the lecture with the title 'Efficiency in the Delivery of Public Services') and gave them to Pedro saying that Rafael Bañon needed them urgently. Halfway through my second session, Mariano comes into the laboratory and indicates that he would like to see me about something later that morning and then, after a coffee and a chat with Gustavo about different grading schemes, I coincide with Mariano at about 12.30. What had started as a small informal 'chat' to a few doctoral students has suddenly become quite a formally organised event and apparently invitations have gone to all of the doctoral students and all of the staff to attend at the Fondacion Ortega y Gasset (an independent Research Institute in Public Administration) Mariano asks why he had not been told about this beforehand and I am very uncomfortable for a few minutes. I feel as though I have been caught up in departmental politics of a type that I wished to avoid and the last thing that I wish to do is to offend Mariano. With hindsight, it might have been sensible to have mentioned the fact to Mariano that I had been preparing this paper but on the other hand I HAD only been asked for a draft which, in all honesty, I did not know was acceptable. I reply to Mariano that this started off as a draft proposal and 'grew' into something bigger, but I sense that he was a little aggrieved. I get back to the Residencia, thinking things over, and after lunch Laura phones as agreed to get the arrangements for tomorrow. I explain my predicament to her and she gives me words of comfort saying 'Not to worry' etc.,etc. but nonetheless after Mariano has been so good to me in so many different ways I do not wish to feel that I have betrayed his trust in any way. Laura and I agree to meet at 8.0 the following evening for a beer and a 'natter' before going off to the party and then I meet Ross by arrangement in Sol. Ross has been feeling pretty ill for the last few days with a stomach bug and so I give parently type advice about avoiding food and simple rehydration therapy to get the bugs clear of his system. It must be rotten to feel ill in another country but Ross has great 'inner strength' that helps to get him through these things. We talk over lots of issues concerned with cultural differences between here and England, focussing in particular on the attitudes of the young people. We come to the conclusion that there are a lot of 'rich brats' in Ross's Residencia, which may bias his sample, but on balance it appears to us both that Madrid is a little less sexist than England but a lot more racist. The socialist ideologies do not seem to extend very far in that particular direction! As Ross is so short of money and has seen so little of the country, I have invited him to come to Toledo with me at the weekend - if we do not grab these opportunities whilst we can, time will slip away. After I return to the Residencia, Meg phones with diverse bits of domestic news e.g. some storm damage to both our house and Martin's in Sheffield as well as other things

and I return the call after dinner talking over issues to be discussed with David for the proposed 'European Diploma'.

Friday, 2nd March, 1990

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I arrived at the Somosaguas campus at the usual time (about 8.25) and made some photocopies of the review of 'TurboStats' before giving a copy to Narciso. After my teaching session, which went well I thought, I ran off a copy of my C.V. after a few corrections in case it come in useful in Sevilla ( or even here because my two copies have 'gone' off in different directions) Then I bump into Narciso quite by accident and he tells me that we must meet again for another meal before I go! I keep impressing on people that I have 'x days left' in Madrid because there is a possibility that they are going to assume that I am here for ever whereas I have in effect, one teaching week more. It is very hard to meet with staff at Somosaguas because people seem to 'come in', do their 8-10 hours teaching or whatever and then immediately disappear ( I am told to other businesses etc.) - for example, in eight weeks I have never seen Blanca Olias de Lima with whom we corresponded and even sent a book on Personnel Management. I return to the Residencia, via VIPS, and find the book that I was looking for on 'Programmers in Action' which is to be a gift for Narciso the next time that we meet. I also discover, in another section of VIPS, a whole series of popular 'shareware' computer programs ( e.g. Galaxy, AsEasyAs) which are packaged and sold for 1500 pesetas ( about  $\square$  8-45) which although expensive by British standards does obviate the need for postage etc. On the strength of this, I buy a copy of the 'LOTUS 1-2-3 Trainer' which comes with two disks and which I am to donate to the laboratory so that other people can learn after I am gone! I have lunch with Franciso, the Spanish-Canadian literature specialist, and the tales that he tells me about Canadian universities with the narrow conservatism and the pressure to pass people (who have paid their own fees) make it sound a most unattractive proposition. After lunch, I tidy up all my papers and handouts which does not sound a major task but is and then phone Meg as Martin is at home so that I can have brief words with both of them. I then meet Laura as arranged on a cold and draughty street near the 'Lista' metro - having been fine and sunny, the weather is now decidedly windy, cold and 'winterish' again although nothing to compare with the gales in England. I glance at a newspaper headline (in English!) that tells me that the Labour Party are 18.5 percentage points ahead in the opinion polls which seems incredible. It is, of course, the poll-tax with which the Tories are shooting themselves in the foot - this is what happens if you make up policy on the back of an envelope instead of trusting to traditional British institutions like a Royal Commission which would have rejected the concept of a poll-tax within five minutes. Laura and I meet and have a coffee to warm ourselves up and then go onto the cocktail party with a mixture of Spanish and Americans (although I manage to avoid the Americans) Laura and I spend a lot of time talking to each other, to Rafael and to Ernesto and his wife who is a psychologist at the Complutense. Then we leave at about 11.30 and go off to an English style 'pub' ( which,

actually, is very like the real thing) and Laura have a LONG, long talk about her career plans, the doctorate, cultural differences between England and Spain etc. Laura does give me the impression that she and the other doctorate students are 'locked into' a system of patronage with the 'Cathedratico' and I must admit that I would personally find a system in which I was dependent upon my parents for financial support and dependent upon my Professor for any kind of intellectual 'advancement' deeply depressing. Both Laura and I have come to the view, independently, that the database of Mariano Baena's can only give an incomplete picture of the locus of power in Spain because structure might facilitate interactions between power-holders but does not guarantee it. I briefly give Laura an insight into interactionist models in Sociology and we agree that it is going to be difficult, if not impossible, to indicate to Mariano that we both think that there is a fundamental flaw in the underpinnings of this research. Laura and I leave at about 2.0 and I catch a taxi home to get to bed by about 2.30 in the morning.

Saturday, 3rd March, 1990

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The last time I spoke with Ross, he told me that he had not the opportunity to see any of the towns around Madrid so today Ross had planned to go to Toledo. I had arranged to meet Ross at 10.30 at my local metro but he didn't show up. The weather was quite cold (only about 3-4 degrees) and a little windy and I waited an hour and a quarter before giving him up altogether. (The reason for waiting this long was in case he had been mistaken by an hour and then a few minutes extra waiting time) Deciding to make the best of a bad job, I then decide to go see the famous painting of 'Guernica' which is housed in a special annex to the Pardo called the Cas<sup>o</sup>n del Buen Retiro. Wondering if it would be open or shut when I got there, I found that it was open but the queue was several hundred yards long and would take an hour or so. I decided to abandon this and return home for lunch which I did feeling that the whole morning had been a bit of a disaster! I phoned Ross who had been to a party/disco until 8.30 in the morning and he had then overslept. I suppose I should have been angry but was actually a little relieved that he was not ill and had, at least, been enjoying himself with other young people. We decide to meet after lunch and go the 'Guernica' exhibition which we do this time with no trouble. The museum is devoted to a series of sketches of the whole project and then the painting itself is in a large salon protected by all kinds of security devices. Ross asks me what it is worth which is an interesting question because, due to its symbolic importance, the painting will never be sold on the open market. We both need to buy some cards - Ross for the birthdays of his grandparents and me as a 'Thankyou' for the party - so we walk down to Sol and buy some cards in a department store. Then we vaguely look for Joan Baez tapes ( for me!) without finding any and then go off for a beer. This then leads to another beer in yet another bar, but this second one more lively where they evidently have live music later in the evening and it is full of young people. By now it is about 8.00pm so we both decide to make it back to our respective Residencias as

Ross, in particular, does not want another late night. I have dinner with a British archeologist and his wife who jointly run the British School for Archeology in Rome, a venture funded mainly by the British Council. After a bottle of wine, I invite them to Brummels and we talk about many subjects e.g. the husband had been a lecturer at Sheffield University. They did appear desperate to get back to England if they could and Rome did not appear quite so attractive a city in which to live. They spoke about the corruption in Italy which siphoned off so many funds before it actually reached the hands of the archeologists - all in all, the picture they painted seemed somewhat bleak. They obviously had some Italian but hardly any Spanish so I made myself marginally useful by ordering a bottle of wine for them and afterwards a taxi which they needed to get to the airport by 8.30 the following morning. This was a 'freebie' for them - nice work if you can get it!

Sunday, 4th March, 1990

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Today, the weather is cold, grey, windy and miserable - a little like England, I suppose. The temperature is about 3-4 degrees and after the beautiful, almost summery weather of the last few days this is all a bit of a shock to the system. The big question today is 'What to do?' as I know I am going to be alone all day. I decide to walk down to the National Museum of Archeology which is about a mile and a half away - this is principally to give myself some exercise, which I feel that I need. I spend about an hour and half going round the museum, copying down a diagram as I do which I found pretty interesting. This was a diagram indicating the gradual expulsion of the Moors from Spain and I, for one, did not realise that this was a gradual process from 711 onwards. For example, by 1100, the Moors were only present in about 6 of the 12 regions of Spain and only in 2 (Andalucia and Murcia) by about 1250 so this put into perspective the efforts of the 'Catholic Kings' in 1492! I walk back along Serrano looking at shops and architecture but actually feeling a little fed up with my own company by this time. After lunch, I decided to go to the cinema and went to see 'Dead Poet's Society', a film which Ross had told me about and which had made a deep impact upon him. The story is of a newly arrived English teacher in a conventional boys boarding school in the fairly repressive climate of the 1950's in the USA. The teacher awakens the boys interest in poetry by teaching in completely novel and unconventional ways but principally encouraging the boys to be their 'own persons'. This has all kinds of impact upon the school but I won't give away the essential details of the rest of the plot. Having felt pretty miserable before the film, which did have an emotional impact upon me as well, I felt in considerably better spirits as I left the cinema for reasons that I cannot explain. Perhaps the film was cathartic! I had dinner with Francisco and then an exceptionally erudite Oxford-educated Italian Professor of Physics - in fact the way that he spoke of University government and the discussions that he had with the VC of the Complutense made me wonder if he was a VC himself. We chatted over many issues, mainly concerning the direction of research in postgraduate students and the quality of life in different European societies. Interestingly, when

I posed the question 'Which society would he most like to live in for the quality of life' he chose Germany (evidently fluent in all of the European languages) We go to bed at about 12.30 but first I make a quick telephone call home, not having had the opportunity before now.

Monday, 5th March, 1990

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The start of my last teaching week and all goes well with fairly simple explanations of 'Sorts' in MS-DOS. After I had finished, I bumped into Pedro who gave me a nice note from Isabel apologising for the fact that she couldn't attend my lecture tomorrow night but wishing me well - how thoughtful! Then I see Laura and we go off for a coffee and immediately launch into a big discussion of the future shape of her research. We have so little time to discuss this before the end of the week that I persuade Lorna to meet this evening so we can discuss further and she has invited me to a type of "intellectual's cafe" which is meant to be typical of a certain section of Madrileño society, so I am looking forward to that. After leaving Somosaguas, I go to the bank and withdraw ALL my money, giving up my chequebook in the process. This transaction was very simple and there are NO commission charges - Barclays would never have got my business under normal circumstances because of their South African connections but I am VERY impressed by how efficiently they have handled everything here in Madrid (mind you, all they had to do was to look after my money for me!) I have lunch with Francisco and we then have a long chat about the shape of his research and travel arrangements for the next few days. Then I make a telephone call to Sevilla to work out what is happening with accommodation and speak with Ramon - we make an arrangement for me to 'phone him on Friday at 3.30 when, no doubt, we will put the final details into place. I also 'phone Mariano and get Pablo and tell him that I would like to invite the family for a meal on Friday or Saturday night and he is to speak to his father when he returns from Paris later on this evening. Eventually, I get through to Narciso's company as well and this evokes an invitation to go for a meal on Wednesday which, as it happens, fits in perfectly with all my other plans. Laura and I meet at 7.30 as arranged and we have a 'brain-storming session' for two and a half hours in which I get her to react to some of my ideas for the shape and direction of her Ph.D. - as it happens, we are both working in the same direction albeit from different theoretical traditions. What we are both trying to achieve is a Ph.D. which build upon Mariano Baena's work but which does so in such a way so as to capture the dynamics of the decision-making process rather than the rather static and structuralist 'interlocking' model which Mariano seems to see as the organising principle. Laura reads through my conference paper for tomorrow and gives me words of advice and encouragement by way of reciprocity. This will be the last 'posted' letter from Madrid because as from 8.0 a.m. next Monday morning I shall be in Sevilla and out of a range of a printer. In any case, I shall arrive home before the next instalment of the letters but I am obviously going to continue my 15 or so minutes a day to complete the series of letters

'for the record' as it were.

Tuesday, 6th March, 1990

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I always thought that this was going to turn out to be a full and interesting day but I never thought it was going to be QUITE like this! It started off with my usual trip to the Metro where my way was barred by a closed exit. A check at the other entrance confirmed my worst fears - a Metro strike! Knowing that anybody who was organised would have got a taxi I walk for quarter of an hour in the direction of Calle Velasquez where I know that there is a taxi rank and am incredibly lucky because a taxi is just dropping its fare and so I manage to jump in quickly. The taxi drops me at Ciudad Universitaria although the driver had to fish about a bit for the Medical Faculty (near the Metro) where I pick up a bus for Somosaguas and arrive with two minutes to spare. The teaching goes reasonably well but is a little hard work (subject of batch files) not helped by a printer in the background. Reyes was in the laboratory and by the time I had printed out the latest version of my 'Carta' and helped Reyes with a problem of hers, it was 11.45. I have a quick coffee and then see Reyes for nearly an hour talking a lot of the same material that I was discussing with Laura the previous night. Pedro had informed me that the meal with the Dean was 3.00 but this was changed to 2.15 and we eventually set off at about 2.30. On the way, I discussed with Mariano the best night for a meal with him and his family and it is probably Thursday which now means a change of plan with Rocío. We have long drive round Madrid because Sol is blocked off with roadworks and arrive at the restaurant at about 3.45. There we have an excellent meal but it was a little rushed because Mariano has to be back by 5.0 and we leave at about 5 minutes to the hour. Mariano drops me close to the Residencia and I walk to Metro at Plaza Argentina - a walk of some 15 minutes and then the trouble really starts. There had been another strike which had started about 2 minutes before I got there so the booking clerk alerted me and sent me back. On Plaza Argentina, I hail a taxi but as I do another couple sweep past me and grab it and they are off before I can protest. I then wait for about 35 minutes for a taxi, growing more and more despondent because the paper that I had worked so hard to prepare is now vanishing before my very eyes. The taxis come thick and fast at the rate of about 5 a minute but of course they are ALL occupied as the strike has only just started. Eventually, I get a taxi at 6.05 (five minutes after my starting time and approximately 180 taxis later) and get to the Fundacion Ortega y Gasset at about 6.20 which is not too bad considering the circumstances. There I meet Ross and Pedro who is going frantic trying to reach me and telephoning in every direction possible - I should be at Somosaguas and not here! What a nightmare! (Nobody had told me where to go and I had assumed that the postgraduate classes were at the Fundacion, wrongly as it turned out) Ross and I dash out and fortunately get a taxi quite soon which takes us to Ciudad Universitaria from whence we catch a bus to Somosaguas and arrive there at about 7.10 - an hour and ten minutes late. Rafael Bañon introduces me and then I start off reading from the transparencies in

Spanish with occasional interpolations in English. This proceeds with occasional bits of translations from Rafael when there are questions in Spanish that I do not understand and we proceed in this mixture of Spanish and English until about 8.30. The questions were intelligently phrased and I felt that things had gone as well as could be expected, considering that they were waiting for me for an hour beforehand. Then Rafael and I have a chat over how things had gone and we carry on whilst we are given a lift back to town. Rafael drops me at Velasquez after which I have a late dinner, write this letter, and am heartily relieved to get to bed after a day like today!

Wednesday, 7th March, 1990

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Today I start 'WordPerfect' for the last cycle and the teaching becomes a little easier, as everything is prepared on worksheets and all students have to do is to follow the instructions. I prepare some extra copies of the dBASE III+ Sample pack so that the department can arrange to have this put onto the computers if they so want. When my teaching has finished, I go in search of the postgraduates and find Laura, evidently upset because she has just heard that her application for a scholarship (to support herself whilst she is doing a Ph.D.) has been unsuccessful. I make new arrangements to meet Rocío at a new time the next day, explaining that I am taking Mariano and his family out for a meal later on Thursday evening. Then after helping Reyes get her Leicester project into a readable form (converting from WordStar to ASCII) I go along to Alfa-Beta, Narciso Pizarro's company at Aravaca. There we have a most excellent meal and conversation and I tell him my worries concerning Mariano i.e. that I may unwittingly have offended him by giving the paper to Rafael Bañón's students but he tells me again not to worry! We finish by exchanging books - I gave him a copy (in castellano) of 'Programmers in Action' whilst in return he gives me a copy of his own book on 'Sociological Method and Linguistic Theory' and we consult diaries to see if it is possible to meet again soon in England. After I return to Residencia, I get a letter from my mother which is a pleasant surprise and shortly afterwards a telephone call from Laura, who wished to 'apologise' because she thought she had been rude to me earlier in the day. I tell her that I recognised that she was upset by her bad news and try to give her words of advice and comfort, so far as one is capable over the 'phone but it is always a little difficult not to sound trite under these circumstances. Then I made a quick call to Reyes and we arrange to have a little 'conference' tomorrow to settle a time and a place for our final drink together before I leave Madrid. I worked on Reyes' files a little to try to get them right before the morning and then have dinner with the Italian physicist. We swap travellers tales and then have an after-dinner brandy after which we have more conversation over a whole range of topics until about 11.30. Then I work on Reyes' files for another hour before going to bed at 12.30. Tomorrow is going to be another strike on the Metro and therefore it is necessary to do as much as I can on these files tonight as I know that in the morning I am going to have to leave even earlier and in a

new direction in search of a taxi to take me to Ciudad Universitaria.

Thursday, 8th March, 1990

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Well, this was certainly a different type of day! Knowing that there was another strike of the Metro early in the morning, I set off from the Residencia half an hour early and, as it happens, caught a taxi within a couple of minutes. At Ciudad Universitaria I boarded a bus for Somosaguas in which I was one of the two passengers aboard and arrived there at ten to eight, before the doors had even opened. This meant waiting until the laboratory opened up, but at least I managed to print out Reyes' project which I gave to her at about 11.30. The morning's teaching actually seemed quite hard and I think I am relieved that there is only one session yet to go! Mariano saw me at about 11.30 and informed me that I should really go and see a notary and get a sworn statement from him that the university can handle any monies on my behalf, if I get any, so there were frantic consultations with Salvador, Reyes and then Laura as to who was to accompany me to a

'notario' for this sworn statement and when I saw Rocío and cancelled our arrangement and when it transpired that I was to go the following evening, waited until Rocío had finished with Mariano and then 'uncancelled' our arrangement. The end result of all this was that lunch consisted of a 'bocadillo' and I got back to the Residencia at about 3.0. Then a quick wash and a walk to Plaza Argentina where Rocío picks me up to take me to her flat to organise her software. After an hour of trying, I manage to get a copy of 'Statgraphics' installed and then copies of other programs but time intervenes and we both dash off, Rocío to her French lessons and me to my dinner date with Mariano and his family. It is decided that we should meet again tomorrow for about an hour or so to finish off what we haven't succeeded in doing today and we then frantically chase after a bus which I then catch and get to Sol at about 7.45. I try to navigate to the restaurant and eventually ask a local woman who takes me on a most circuitous route imaginable, asking lots of other people who all give contradictory instructions. I get to the restaurant about 15 minutes late and Mariano and his family arrive thirty seconds after me. We then have a most delightful meal which I pay for, in recompense for all the hospitality that the family have shown me in my stay in Madrid and there is a lot of banter and interesting talk over changing sex roles and the like. Mariano then gives me a lift home and I phone Meg, as arranged, before getting to bed just after midnight.

Friday, 9th March, 1990

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My last day of teaching at Somosaguas! I do an inventory of how many machines are not functioning correctly and I arrive at a total of 12 out of 23, which is pretty bad. I say goodbye to the various groups of students, have a final chat with Isabel and then have a long academic discussion with Mariano, some in Spanish and some in English, over my perceptions of, and reaction to, his research. I do think that his approach is more subtle than I originally realised and I

THINK that he knows some of the concepts of interactionist sociology. However, I am still not completely convinced by his central thesis that there may be a 'stability of interlocking elites' over time which allows for social change just by virtue of its stability. Mariano gives me a lift back to the Residencia and we give each other fond farewells. Then I phone Ramon in Sevilla at 3.30, as arranged, to confirm arrangements for Monday morning and Laura phones at 4.00, again as arranged, so that we know where to meet to look for a notary. I meet Rocío at 4.30 and make sure most of her software is all right but we are still having problems installing Statgraphics - a problem compounded by the fact that Rocío is not absolutely sure of the commands necessary to generate graphs and the like so that we can test it fully. Rocío drops me near to the Residencia and then Laura, Reyes and I start a 'mad-cap' chase trying to find a notary who can take a sworn statement from me (apparently, a signed letter from me is not good enough - to the Spanish bureaucratic mind, there is a possibility it could have been forged!) As you might expect, trying to find a notary at 7.00 in the evening, even in Madrid, is a farce! We check out three addresses but one has died and his replacement isn't in, one has obviously gone away and the third doesn't have his offices there any more. We decide to go my local bar and I give the girls a long and detailed exposition of what I believe is Mariano's model of political structure and my reactions to it. Then we talk about politics, in England and Spain, looking at the interrelationship of social class and political power which interests them greatly. We also talk about voting systems and I explain to them how the British system

traditionally magnifies a small shift in public opinion into a big shift in seats, which they did not know, and they attempt to explain to me the complexities of the Spanish system of proportional representation. They tell me that they are going to give me a special night tomorrow night as it is my last night in Madrid so I must be sure to have a siesta in the afternoon. I do not think that is very likely, somehow. Then Meg phones and we talk over a lot of issues concerned with my forthcoming trip to Sevilla.

Saturday, 10th March, 1990

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Today, I decide to be virtuous and get up at my usual time of 6.00 (instead of giving myself a lie-in) in order to see the Velasquez exhibition. I get there at about 7.30 and the queue is already about 800 yards long! I join it and then queue for 4½ hours, until 12.00 and I am still only half-way to the entrance. I calculate that at this rate I will need to queue for AT LEAST another 4 hours and then take an hour to go the exhibition. This suddenly seems to sound like a bad idea, although I badly wanted to see the exhibition if I could. Still, it means I would miss lunch, which having missed breakfast this morning and tea this evening sounds like bad news! In addition, I wouldn't have time to go to the station to get my ticket for Sevilla so I decide, with a heavy heart, to call it a day. However, I do 'jump' another queue for the catalog ONLY which appears to be about 400 yards long and acquire a copy of the catalog which is a work of

art in itself and huge (12" x 9" x 1 1/2 "). People were buying them up in threes and sixes, no doubt for friends and as presents. I wondered about this as well but they are so big and heavy that it is going to take me all of my time to bring one home. After lunch, I journeyed to Chamartin station to buy my tickets for Sevilla. The tickets are computer printed with full details of departure and arrival times, prices, seat numbers and the like and make the whole thing look very professional. I obviously checked and double checked that everything was in order and so it appeared, so whilst in the Charmatin complex I buy some stamps and then journey to the principal post-office (whilst I am on the Metro anyway) to post letters, one to the Poly. and one to Mexico. Then I start to prepare for the evening that I am going to spend with the students but get a telephone call when I am in the bath (again!) telling me the plans are now changed and we are to meet at 10.00 and not 8.00. I got to Cafe Commercial outside the metro station at Bilbao at 9.45 and the place is absolutely teeming with young people, obviously meeting and starting to drink in earnest. I meet with Laura and Reyes and Salvador comes along after 1/2 hour and Ross comes along after 1/2 hour and then we start to drink in bar after bar after bar. The intention was to get me drunk (I don't know why!) but we then go in search of bars with music and some dancing of which there are several. The style of music here is very strange - lots of revamped American 40's stuff with Glen Miller and other bits and pieces thrown in, obviously played ridiculously loud making it difficult to communicate in any language. After the experience of two bars with exceptionally loud music I am starting to crack. I explain to the students that this is all rather like Chinese water torture to me and I promise to take them all out for a meal, so long as the place is quiet! It is now 2.00 and after some twenty minutes of searching, there appears to be NOWHERE where it is possible to have a meal. The bars are devoted to lots of beer and lots of loud music and absolutely nothing else. Eventually, we end up in a place with the possibility of food but there is none. Whether by accident or design, we find ourselves in the place where Gustavo, the doctoral student at

Somosaguas, works and instead of finishing up with a meal, I finish up drinking two concoctions which I think are milk heavily laced with rum. (You can imagine the effect of all of this after drinking beer all night) We then go to a place where there is some dancing but the atmosphere is not like discos in England because the dancing 'area' is as brightly illuminated as the 'drinking' area and I find it slightly disconcerting to be dancing/drinking in a place where the predominant style of deco is a lot of stainless steel, bare concrete walls and very bright lights (as well as music). At 5.00 we make our way to a dancing/drinking establishment that only starts to OPEN at 5.00 in the morning, to cater for all-night revellers and stay there for an hour. By this time, I am very, very tired and very, very drunk so at 6.00 we all decide to call it a day. The girls get a taxi, and I travel back on the Metro which has just reopened to crawl into my bed at 6.30 in the morning. What a day/night/day!

Sunday, 11 March, 1990

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Having got to bed at 6.30 I am awakened at 11.00 by a telephone call from Meg needing Narciso Pizarro's address so that we can send him an invitation to visit England. Normally, I welcome telephone calls from home but my head is splitting so my feelings are a little ambiguous, as I had only had 4 and half hours sleep. I get up at 12.00 and have a bath and take an aspirin for my headache/hangover and then go and do some shopping in which I actually overcome my feelings of revulsion for all things alcoholic sufficiently for me to buy a bottle of whisky as a present for Ramon and his family. I also get some orange juice and fruit and then return to lunch at the Residencia. Is this my last meal, here, I ask myself? If so, then it runs true to form being as large fish, cut into slices, which is called 'Emperador' - this is as much a mystery to the Latin Americans with whom I share my table as it is to me. At 3.00 Ross calls round, as arranged, and I let him some supplies of needle and thread for he has run into some of the same difficulties that I did at the start of my stay here. Ross stays for about an hour and consumes some of my orange juice and fruit with great relish before we go outside and take photos of each other 'for the record' outside the Residencia. By this stage, I am starting to feel a little fragile again so I read the luxury which I allowed myself this morning (A copy of the 'Observer') relishing all of the speculation that things are going so badly for the Conservatives that Margaret Thatcher might be asked to 'step aside' in a month or so. After years of suffering under the impact of her policies, I am taking an obvious delight in watching the start of her downfall. Then I have a little nap before starting to make the preparations for Sevilla. Yesterday, I had thoroughly cleaned out my bag so at least I am starting from scratch, as it were. I phone home for one minute to tell Meg where in Sheffield, Martin can buy the computer paper that he needs to finish printing off his final year project. Then I pack my Antler bag slowly and carefully with all the things that I need for Sevilla and it is still bulging at the seams, mainly with documents and only a few clothes. I arrive at the station of Charmartin in plenty of time and then board the train for Sevilla, due to depart at 11.00pm at 10.30, and hope to have the compartment to myself. At one minute to 11.00, my carriage is "invaded" by two (smoking) youths who evidently, to their dismay, have found themselves in a strictly no-smoking department. Their reactions are the kind of panic that I have observed elsewhere when smokers realise that they are to be deprived, but in this case the journey is nine hours long! They depart, hurriedly, but then I am joined by an older man and we make

ourselves comfortable by extending both our own seat and the one opposite. In this fashion, you have, in effect, a bed and we take our shoes off and make ourselves comfortable, both armed identically with a bottle of water and an orange! We are joined in the middle of the night by a third man and I spent the whole night in a mixture of sleeping and dozing which was not unpleasant and arrive in Sevilla about 8.10 the following morning.

Monday, 12th March, 1990

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Having met me off the train, Ramon takes me to his flat where I quickly unpack and then I head off, with Ramon, to the university which is fortunately only a few minutes walk away. Having been to the university only about a year ago, I knew what to expect - a large modern building but with a huge arch not unlike a railway station! However, the atmosphere is totally different from Madrid with no political sloganising and generally a more efficient and 'business-like' feel to the place. This may, of course, reflect the nature of the disciplines here. At the university, I meet Paula Luna and explain all of the ideas to her of a possible joint degree in Information Systems and she seems keen enough. I then discover that Paula is one of a team of three 'Informatica' specialists and after showing Paula my software the three of us go off to a local restaurant where we have a very enjoyable lunch with lots of conversation in which I seemed to be talking all of the time. I don't think that I have ever talked so much Spanish in all of my life! I also get introduced (quickly) to a Professor of Statistics and I agree to meet with him again on Wednesday, if that is convenient. The lunch does not end until 5.0 and we realise that we should have met Ramon at 4.15! I accompany Ramon back to his flat and then whilst Ramon works for a couple of hours, I read quietly. The whole family which consists of Pablo (5), Rocío (12?), Concha and Ramon and myself sit down to an evening meal to the accompaniment of the television. The complex in which Ramon lives is, I suppose, typical of large Spanish cities. In the basement, there is 'underground' parking for cars whilst on the ground floor there are open spaces with children's playground facilities and even a swimming pool and tennis courts. The flats themselves seem to be a little larger than by Madrileño standards but there are three bedrooms and a living room, bathroom, study and bathroom. I feel rather privileged to be living life just like a 'normal' Spanish family. As I am very tired, the family suggest that I might go to bed and, wishing to leave them a little of space and time to themselves, I am happy to agree and go to bed at the incredibly early time (for me!) of 10.30.

Tuesday, 13th March, 1990

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This is the day when I have an appointment to meet with the Vice-Rector (Juan Ramón Medina) and Ramon and I turn up at 9.55 for the appointment at 10.00. The Vicerrector is about 10-15 minutes late but receives us courteously and then I explain, totally in Spanish, the nature of our collaboration with Madrid and the links that we would like to have to with the Faculty of Economics and Business here. It seems from an early stage that there may be problems with the 'Informatica' link as their Informatica is obviously undeveloped compared with ours and all of the indications were that this may not be opportune. However, the other links with the Faculty of Economics and Business seem a lot more promising and I give the Vicerrector a copy of the Madrid agreement, the Leicester Polytechnic prospectus,

the glossy brochure containing details of the Public Administration degree and, of course, the proposals for the new venture in Information Systems. The Vicerrector seemed to know little of the distinctions between universities and Polytechnics in the U.K. and he did not impress me as much as his counterpart in Madrid. We leave it that negotiations over an institutional agreement should be conducted via Ramon and then make our way back to the department. After I had shown one of Ramon's colleagues a full demonstration of both TurboStats and MicroStats and VDE, I come home with Ramon and we have a traditional lunch lasting from about 2.00 until 3.30. Ramon has to do some preparation in the afternoon and I do not wish to get in the way so suggest that I might do some shopping in Sevilla. Ramon gives me directions how to reach 'El Corte Ingles' and I spend from 3.0 until nearly 7.0 in the store buying presents. These have to fulfill certain criteria in the English case being transportable, non-breakable, distinctive of Spain and not so valuable that it would matter greatly if they are broken or lost in transit. I have decided to buy Ramon and Concha a traditional 'carriage clock' which I spy on the way in and then concentrate on buying presents for the children. This is a little difficult but I end up buying a little Lego toy for the little boy and a book about the development of musical instruments for the girl, as well as the clock for parents. To take back to England, I buy some traditional 'Damasquinado' jewellery and assorted pieces of pottery for the older folk. Then I retrace my steps back past Sevilla's football stadium and past Ramon's flat to the Faculty where Ramon is still working. We come home via a place where we have a swift 'Fino' sherry and then I install Word Perfect version 4.2 on the computer that they have at home. Then follows another traditional meal, lighter than at lunch time, and I retire to my room, relatively early, to write up these letters and have another night which is relatively early. Although it doesn't sound a hectic day, I am certainly quite tired out - perhaps its the concentration of talking and thinking in Spanish absolutely all of the day and walking round department stores is tiring in whatever society!

Wednesday, 14th March, 1990

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This morning, I have a most interesting time, talking with all kinds of people which is obviously my function here. In case that sounds easy, it takes a lot of concentration to talk to lots of different people in Castellano all morning but I felt that I was generally understood and, in turn, understood a lot of what was said back to me! First, I spoke with Joaquina Laffarga who is an expert in public sector accounting - in fact she had more books in Public Sector Accounting in Britain than I have (e.g. one by Jones in the University of Birmingham) Then I speak to a colleague of hers, a young man interested in 'expert systems' in public sector accounting and his name is Patricio Terry Esquivias. I gave him details of the Masters courses in Information Technology at the Poly. which interest him greatly - he seems very interested in the possibilities of a doctorate at Leicester if possible. Then I have a LONG, long talk with Jesus Basulto Santos who is the Director del Departamento de Economia

Aplicada. He is an applied statistician and is very interested in viewing the types of developments that we have in Leicester. We exchange ideas about teaching and courses and then I show him a copy of TurboStats and he is suitably impressed, of course! I give him a copy of the manual also. Jesus is very interested in coming to Leicester and so I am to arrange a letter of invitation for him from

the appropriate person (Tim Wilson? Derek Teather?) back at the ranch. I then finish off the morning by having ANOTHER extremely long and interesting conversation with Manuel Alcaide Castro who is the 'Catedratico de Organizacion de Empresas' and extremely interested in meeting his opposite number in Leicester. I give him the name of Professor Ian Beardwell (but not John Coyne at this stage) and say that I will arrange for an invitation for him, too, to visit the Polytechnic in late September. It appears that the system here is as follows: once there is a formal letter of invitation that has come from another institution, the Spanish regard it as very easy to arrange for Erasmus funds in order to establish a visit. Manuel Alcaide is extremely interesting for two reasons. Firstly, he speaks good English (although we actually spoke for 95% of the time in Spanish) and HAD been the Vicerrector in charge of International Relations. As such, in my opinion, he is infinitely more impressive than the present occupant and therefore a 'good person to know' Moreover, he knows the ERASMUS scheme like the back of his hand, which can only be useful. Secondly, he has also arranged for me to visit the Centre for Information Technology for the whole of the province of Andalucia and the visit is scheduled for 7.00 pm tomorrow evening. It is interesting to see what an influential telephone call can do. After this round of talks (lasting from 9.0 until 2.0) I feel as though I have done a day's work. I return home with Ramon and have lunch after which Ramon goes back to the University because he has five hours of classes until 9.0 at night, to which I gather that he not looking forward (typically, he has eight hours of teaching in the whole week) I work in the office at Ramon's house installing some software utilities on his hard-disk and writing letters to various people including, of course, this one and a note to the Director about my various contacts.

Thursday, 15th March, 1990

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My last day in Sevilla! I get up relatively early and have breakfast with Ramon in a local bar, as is usual. Then I work quietly preparing various memos e.g. to the Director and refining various notes before I see Francisco Serrano, the professor of International Marketing at about 11.30. I am surprised that his English is actually worse than my Spanish and when we start to discuss arrangements for a visit to Leicester, I am relieved to discover that he actually has a letter from Peter Baron on the top of his file. I had prepared a one-side of A4 screed for him in English and Spanish setting out the outline details of the M.A. in International Business for which he seemed duly grateful and I am sure that all will be well for the eventual integration of Sevilla into the overall pattern. Then after a little

more work, I see Cristine Campayo who Mike Coyne and Peter Riach hope to liaise with later in the summer term regarding the Economics degree - she actually seemed less communicative than the other professors with whom I have spoken. Then Ramon and I go home for lunch after which my big moment has arrived when I can give presents to all of the family (as things turned out later on, this was the best possible moment) I give the presents to the children i.e. a Lego toy to Pablo (aged five), a book on the history of music to Rocío (11) and finally a traditional French carriage clock to Ramon and Concha - I think that the presents were appreciated by all. After lunch we go back to the Faculty and I am immediately button-holed by a doctoral student (Rosario) who has an Erasmus grant to visit the London Business School and then Notting Polytechnic to discuss International Marketing. I think that I can arrange for her to visit Leicester and promise to see

Peter Baron on her behalf. Then I work quietly until Manuel Alcaide comes to pick me up at 7.00 and we go to see the C.I.C.A. (Centro de Informaticas Cientificas de Andalucia) - a huge data processing organisation. After a lot of security checks, we are given a very detailed tour with a lot of technical explanation which, it is assumed, that I understand (which I don't, being spoken very fast with a lot of technical terminology by young technicians in an Andalusian accent!) We then all go and sit in a circle and whilst I was expecting a drinks bottle, everybody pulls out a packet of cigarettes and starts smoking!(Very Spanish!) Then Manuel and I return to the Faculty and Ramon and Concha pick me up and take me to a Ceramics exhibition miles out in the country where Concha's sister is exhibiting pottery. Then we repair to the local 'bar' with a lot of artists and their friends and get served delicious meals of delicious lamb joints, pieces of venison and snails! After an initial silence I get talking to a social worker sitting next to me and then to an affable white-haired gentleman who I subsequently discovered was one of the foremost (and very progressive) judges in Andalucia! (An interesting indication of the absence of class rigidities in Spain) Then we return home, late and a little tired and get to bed at 1.0 am.

Friday, 16th March, 1990

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My last full day in Spain! I get up very early and make sure that everything is packed and with nothing left behind me. Ramon drives me to the station but Concha and the children are asleep so I do not have the chance to say goodbye before leaving. Ramon and I have a swift breakfast of coffee and toast in the station bar and then I board the train which leaves the train at just after 8.30. My companion in the adjacent seat turns out to be an Italian doctor whose abiding passion is playing baroque organs in different parts of Europe. His Spanish is better than mine but not a lot and therefore communication is quite easy as we both search for words. We spend a very pleasant hour and a half discussing music, organ works (e.g. the different interpretations of 'Wachet Auf' ['Sleepers Awake'] which we both know and love as well as various operas and then the conversation turns to medicine and other topics. We exchange addresses and my companion

leaves the train at Cordoba and then the train sits there for ten minutes before a (beautifully clear) announcement over the intercom that owing to difficulties of a technical nature, we are to be delayed for □ hour. I take the opportunity to pop out and buy a newspaper and a can of coke and then we wait for half an hour more before it is announced (again, very clearly) that we have to abandon that train and take all of our luggage with us. We all descend and wait and I get into conversation with a Spanish student ( another Roc□ o) who is also a student at Thames Polytechnic on an option in International Marketing. After ten nminutes or so, we jump into another train and Roc□ o and I talk a lot about her course. As she is preparing for an interview that night in Madrid to enter the examinations for an MBA entrance program, I give her lots of what I hope is practical advice and we talk for at least two or three hours. Then we both fall asleep and when we awake after an hour have a lunch 'thrown' at us in a plastic bag (two bocadillos, an orange and a soft drink) after which we are only about three quarters of an hour away from Madrid. We pull into into Madrid-Atocha and ten minutes later into Madrid-Charmartin almost exactly two hours late ( the journey having lasted eight hours and not six) I get back to the Residencia and immediately make a phone call to Laura and we fix up a date for a meal later that night. Then I get busy doing lots of

washing, having a bath and finally packing insofar as I can. I am dismayed to discover that the suitcase fails to close by at least three or four inches so I have to abandon various plastic coathangers and take out some towels before, by a miracle, it closes. However, I still have a lot of last minute packing to do. At 8.30 I meet Salvador, Laura, Reyes and Ross for a last meal and after a quick beer we find a place that serves Italian type meals (pizzas etc) which is quite tolerable. At the end of the meal, I offload various bits and pieces to Salvador e.g. WordPerfect notes, my unfinished bottle of brandy, milk powder and the like, coat hangers) Then we decide it best to part and after a quick 'photo' of us all, Reyes dashes off in a taxi and then Laura. It is difficult to be upset when people are whisked off so quickly by taxi like that! Salvador and I say a fond farewell but I do persuade Ross to come to the Residencia in the morning as I really do not know how I am going to get all of my stuff to the bus-stop by myself. Ross agrees willingly and then I come back to the Residencia for the last time, write up two pages of these 'letters' and then get to bed by about 1.55 - about par for the course for a night in Madrid!

Saturday, 17th March, 1990

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This is the day of my departure and ,obviously, the last of these letters from Madrid/Sevilla. I get up at my usual time (6.00 am - why break the habits of the last two months) and make sure that everything is packed. This is not as easy as it sounds because space is so critical that even the smallest article has to be thought about very carefully to see if I have room for it. Altogether, I have my large

Antler case which is so heavy it is difficult to lift it off the ground, principally because half of the luggage consists of books! Then I have my another all-purpose bag which is bulging to the seams and finally the computer. As everything is now packed, I decide to go for a walk before breakfast but notice that VIPS is closed. I walk to the next 'glorieta' (circular road-junction) and find a bank with a cambio offering good rates of exchange which says that it opens at 8.30 on Saturdays. Of course, it doesn't but about 10 minutes later I communicate with a man through a glass window who tells me to come back on Monday! Then I return to the Residencia and have breakfast with an American statistician ( who within 5 minutes was telling me what packages I OUGHT to be using, which I resent greatly!) We are joined by the English biochemist from the Royal College of Surgeons and a colleague. The biochemist had been at the Residencia earlier for a few days and I was surprised to see him again. I gathered that he, too, disliked the American's style and we have an amusing ten minutes giving the American subtle English 'put-downs' the significance of which he failed to appreciate! (Well after all, he assumed that he could tell me how and what to teach and then he started doing the same thing with the biochemist so perhaps he deserved all he got! I then pay up my bills, buy some postcards and wait for Ross. By 10.15, he had not arrived so I start the long, slow and painful journey to the bus-stop loaded up with, I would estimate, some 120 lbs of luggage. When I get to the entrance of the Residencia, Ross runs up in a great sweat explaining that there had been delays on the metro. We both struggle to the bus-stop and then discover, empirically, there is obviously a strike of the buses in Madrid which also includes the airport buses. As it turns out, there is another young English man standing at the bus-stop ( a software specialist!) so we decide to share the taxi and split the cost. My

case has to be strapped onto the roof it is so big and heavy! At the airport, one only has to push it 20 yards to the check-in desk where I discover that it is 38kg [84lb or 6 stones!] -the weight allowance is 20kg! I explain to the clerk that I have been teaching in Spain and it is full of books and after a quick telephone call she lets it go through without extra payment. The flight was uneventful but I found myself sitting next to a young Spanish couple who had never been to London before. Knowing that Heathrow can be confusing after Madrid, I chat with them in Spanish and say 'Follow me' and I guide them through customs and baggage reclaim. In return, they carry the computer for me which is actually a great help. Then the nightmare of the underground which I have been dreading with the volume of luggage. I could take a trolley as far as the entrance to the underground but then, of course, there was an escalator to negotiate! This really was difficult and at one point I got in a tangle with one bag stuck on the pull-handle of the large case ( which, by this time, was nearly pulled off!) I somehow get on the underground and wonder how I am going to manage at St. Pancras! A young man sits opposite me with his personal stereo so loud, I could hear the rhythm all the way to Leicester Square. At St. Pancras, I have to jump off the metro, take off two bags, dive in again for the third, but as it turns out I offloaded all

right. Now for the terrible bit. However, a very kindly elderly man helped me with my luggage all the way to St. Pancras (although he himself was going to Kings Cross.) It takes two of us to carry my 'monster' case up the stairs whilst we leave the other two pieces at the bottom!) I make my way painfully to the indicator board and discover first a trolley, which I commandeer, and then that the next train to Leicester is in 15 minutes. I get aboard and have a very fast journey (an hour and ten minutes only), punctuated only by a decent tin of Newcastle Brown ale which I felt I deserved at this stage. Then the final crawl to the taxi-rank and a swift journey home. I was back after nearly nine weeks, feeling (just slightly) pleased with myself! Where and when next, I wonder?