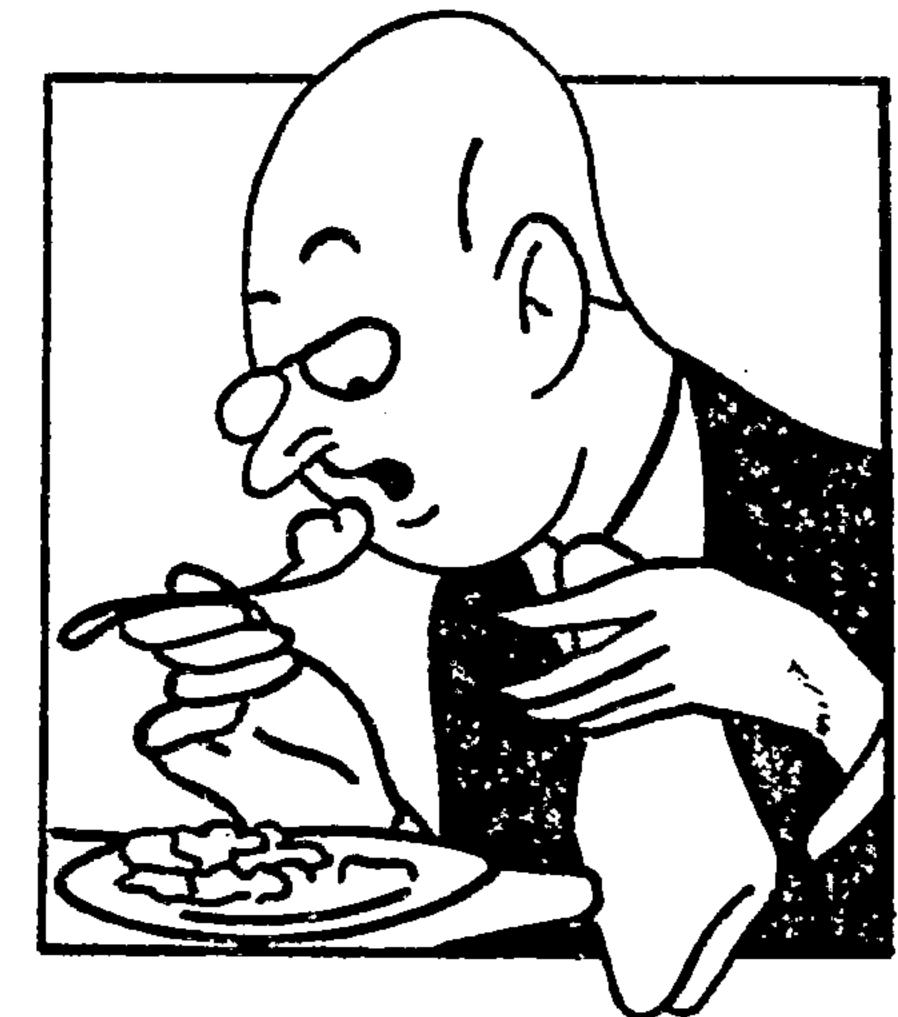
JOANNA LUMLEY'S DIARY

For the face cream we are about to receive

The toastmaster collared me as I entered the Hilton Ballroom and asked me if I would say grace before the Pye Colour Television ascended the platform and, standing like ventriloquist's dummy behind the dignitaries at the top table, I said into a microphone "For what we

are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful", and went back to my humble position at table 27. I am, in fact, always inordinately grateful for any food; it's something that seems rather hard to come by in the hurly-burly of life today. I can eat before the show and risk going to sleep or being sick on stage, or wait until midnight,

Since my trip to Hunza, in the Himalayas, I have eaten apricots every day, and because I can't get the kernels I eat almonds instead. This is, I believe, the cure for most known ills). At school, we had to be truly thankful for some very desperate fare. I have an undimmed memory of a vivid pink blancmange which we called Face cream because it tasted of Nivea, and Sunday Special, which came in a glass bowl and consisted of layers of the week's left-over puddings looking like a section showing antediluvial strata of the earth. Face cream, Boiled Baby, Toenail Sludge, Auntie's Leg: sweet remembered carillon of youth.



Posting some letters in the late afternoon, I encountered a duck and drake who came waddling unexpectedly out of one of the grander driveways and began to cross the road. Cars were hurtling down upon them so I sprang out to do traffic duty. Eventually I shooed them back on to the pavement. I waited till the coast was clear and then tried to usher them over. They had found a good puddle, however, and were dibbling about with their beaks, and wouldn't move. I couldn't leave them there: They were obviously aiming for Holland Park, two streets away. "Yah, ducks", I shouted, clapping my hands. With pained expressions, they took off and sailed out of sight. A schoolboy was wathching me, Lumley, sworn friend of all living things, making an unprovoked attack on a pair of dumb beasts. "I couldn't leave them to cross on their own", I explained. He looked at me gravely. "I think you behaved very sensibly", he said, and I declare I



blushed with pride.

With the injured neck back in position, we set off to film the commercial. An idyllic scene: two of us cycling on a tandem through the May countryside, a picnic strapped behind in a wicker basket, sun hats and bare arms. The first lane we chose wound narrowly through white nettles and cow parsley, with thick hawthorn hedges on either side. It was also the only route to the

foundly deaf child's first

two terms in comprehen-

sive school alongside 850

hearing children. In 20

years' time, or maybe

more, it might be usual

still denied access to her local

and harrowing fight she was allowed

to attend her local Catholic primary

in only maths. She had been denied

access to the school on the ground

ordinary school could not.

school.

local dung-heap, and we spent several anxious moments leaping nimbly mountains steamed by at regular intervals. I suppose it was about three degrees above zero; and when we got to the picnic scene, the sky had turned a wintry black

> fluttering from him like confetti after his acclaimed work Brideshead Revisited, directed us loudhailer like an eccentric ringmaster. "I shall be the church bells. Look at the church when I strike. Bong! Bong!" This is the stuff you never see on your screens; when the tiny film is shown, we shall be the envy of the viewing public as we lounge effortlessly under a tranquil English heaven, scoffing food and laughing in the sunlight. The camera will never show the broken bicycle chain, mauve shuddering arms and boggy ground, but that is part of the attraction of the game. I like filming as much as anything I can think of. I was waiting for my final appointment with my genius osteopath when the door opened and in walked Gareth Hunt. Two thirds of the New Avengers had finally cracked under the strain and become Old Avengers. It is slightly irritating to think that Patrick Macnee, the third and oldest, is leaping about like a two-year-old in Palm Springs, fit and bronzed, while his two younger assistants drag their decaying bodies round the medical centres of London. I see with interest that the programmes are to be shown again soon. As I have seen five of the 26 episodes, I shall record

and thin icy rain began to fall on the

windy hill. Charles Sturridge, talent



them on my machine and watch my

is the strangest feeling after working your hardest on something for a month to be denounced publicly. Thousands who have never heard of you or your show immediately conclude that you are a spectacularly dull menace, plodding through an evening of unredeemed boredom. Thousands more, reading | melons, peppers and aubergines a different paper, rush to see your | were beamed into our homes last smash hit before it sells out. It is week from Chelsea. In the pro-Kiplings triumph and disaster on a smaller scale and has nothing to do with the six performers who play nightly to normal audiences which laugh and cry and clap, and occasionally shout "Bravo" or nod off to sleep.

In the intimacy of the King's Head theatre, we can study the punters as keenly as they study us. We have had people who feel sick and can't get out, someone doing up their shoes on the edge of the stage sticky cake, and a full-scale drama of was enough for two people. a wretched woman who was carried Technically, aubergines, like out past the piano while we said peppers and tomatoes, are fruit. In "Very big, China" on the *Private* the eastern Mediterranean and Black Lives balcony. Rain fell through on | Sea areas they are combined with to people who made paper hats out | lemons, spices and sugar to make of napkins, and, in a moving jam. And in Armenia, thumb-sized moment from Brief Encounter, there | aubergines are preserved in heavy was a muffled shout of "Frank, pass | syrup spiced with cinnamon and me the screwdriver". Sometimes the | cloves and scented with rosewater. stage has to be repainted and our handkerchiefs flutter out like doves after the sad bits. It is, at once, all important and quite unimportant. Let us savour the delights of the moment, Diesen Kuss der ganzen

A suicide in the family

After his son died, Pete Murray took to non-stop work to overcome his grief. into the ditch as precarious | Liz Hodgkinson hears how he coped

> How does a parent come to terms with the suicide of a child? The simple answer is that you don't, said Pete Murray, the disc jockey, whose son Michael killed himself nearly two years ago.

Today Murray gives the first of a series of lunchtime talks held at the Lawrence Jewry Church in Covent Garden, where celebrities tell how they coped with tragic and traumatic events in their lives.

Outwardly, Pete Murray appears composed. He is fit, lean and tanned and, at first, doesn't seem weighed down by grief. He was back on the air two days after hearing of his son's death, and has been hard at work ever since.

He lives with his second wife, Tricia, a barrister, in Wimbledon. When you talk to him, the showbusiness facade fades as he tell how his life has been affected by this most harrowing of parental experi-

'There is not a day goes by when I don't think of Michael", he said. "Even now, I try to avoid being in places where he and I used to go together. It can't be avoided completely, but I find that places have the power to bring back the most agonizing grief. Some people were surprised when I went back to work so quickly. I didn't feel like work and, at the time, I never wanted to work again. But I knew J had to get on with the rest of my life and, in fact, working hard really

"There was also surprise that I past life flashing before my eyes as was able to talk about Michael quite easily and calmly. I realize now, though, that I was in a state of profound shock for about six months. put myself on to automatic pilot, and went through the motions of carrying on as normal." He broke down only once and that was in public, on Tyne Tees Television.

"I think that was when the reality of his death at last sank in," he said. "It came home to me finally that a young man with a good future before him had died, and that no amount of talking, heartsearching or grieving would ever bring him back. I feel that over the past 18 months I have been through a very abnormal and unusual experience, and it has affected my view of everything. "After Michael's death, I felt a



The happy times: Pete Murray with Michael. 'A fantastic relationship'.

great need to remain responsible and death, not to crack up myself. So not let myself go. But I have asked didn't turn to drugs of drink." myself over and over again: why did he have to die? I have spent a lot of time in churches, I've been to see mediums, but I've found no answer. do envy those who can find comfort in religion, but for me there had been weak enough to try to find was none."

was during one of these that he took his own life. He had been drinking at the time. He only drank when he was in this state.

"The very hardest thing for me has been not to blame myself for what happened. Of course, I've tortured myself by wondering where whether his death could have been just drags you and everyone else death comes close." down, and achieves nothing.

matter, compared with a young

Murray has never drunk and has strong views about avoiding alcohol at times of stress.

"I know I would have been completely disgusted with myself if I solace in mind-altering drink or Michael Murray, known pro- drugs. Drink is a common way of fessionally as James, was 28 when he dealing with deep problems, but i died, an actor, and outwardly doesn't make them go away, and extrovert and happy. "Nobody causes tensions rather than releasing would ever have guessed that he them. It doesn't help the grief to suffered from the most terrible black dissolve, and all that happens is that depressions," his father said. "It your health and mental state suffer." After the tragedy, Murray found

that all last year he was far more emotional than usual. "For instance, was very badly affected by the Falklands war. While others were praising heroic actions, I just saw all these healthy young men dying so pointlessly. What was it all for? I went wrong, and asking myself realise now that there is nothing more important than life, but most prevented by more vigilance, better of the time we are so casual about it. treatment. But that line of thinking We all think we are immortal, until

Murray was divorced from his "I am sure that through Michael's first wife 20 years ago, and Michael death I have become a stronger and was brought up mainly by his better person. Nothing worries me mother. From the age of 17 to 21, he any more, as nothing can possibly lived with his father. "We had a fantastic relationship," Murray reman's life. It seemed supremely calls. "After he died, I had letters important to me, after Michael's from people who had known us

both, saying how they envied our relationship. But nothing could stop Michael from succumbing to these overwhelming depressions.

"As a father, I don't see what more I could have done to save him. He was what he was, and I just cannot feel responsible. He was having treatment which I think did him some good, but I have a conviction that even if I had been with him 24 hours a day, I couldn't have prevented the tragedy.

"For a long time, I found it easier to talk to strangers, people who hadn't known Michael, than those who were close to me. Michael died in August and it wasn't until October that Tricia and I felt able to go away together, and face each other. We just buried ourselves in work until then". As a long-standing household

name, Murray has had to live out out. his private grief in full public glare. For some, this might have proved too great a strain, but he felt that being a well-known name actually made life easier. "I had literally thousands of letters from the public", he said. "Everybody was very kind. In showbiz, you find that very many people have had appalling tragedies in their lives, and it's partly this that gives them the strength to perform, and carry on. "I was bombarded by the press

after the event, of course, and had to read the story in every paper, but nobody was nasty. Complete strangers have come up to me in all sorts of funny places, and offered words of consolation. I prefer this to embarrassed silence. Some people, of course, have avoided me because they thought I would be emotional about it, and break down, and make life unpleasant for them.

"And there have been those who have actually walked away from me, as if they didn't want to come so close to death. But for me, it has always been a safety valve to talk. I knew that attempting to bottle it up would be the worst thing, as it would then all seethe away underneath. Grief has to be expressed, but in one's own way". Murray feels his sanity has been preserved through his involvement in sport. "I play a lot of tennis, golf and cricket", he

"It is a wonderful way of taking your mind off worries. I did try jogging, but that didn't work at all, as I kept churning over thoughts about Michael as I ran. My advice now to anybody trying to deal with bereavement is to involve yourself as much as possible, to be really active, and feel you are still useful. But you must take part only in things which are really you. I didn't read lots of philosophical books that wouldn't have been right for me. I had to be doing things all the time.

Murray promotes the work of the Mental Health Foundation. "Six weeks before Michael died, he came with me to a charity function organised by the MHF", he said. "Afterwards, I felt I wanted to keep in touch, as I admired the work they were doing". His talk today is in aid of their funds.

"I like the MHF because it tries to help ordinary people and not just the mentally handicapped. If we could only get to grips with depression, we wouldn't need to spend so much money on researching other illnesses. People become ill mainly as a result of stress. I felt it was vital that I didn't allow undue stress to build up in me. Talking about my son's death does, in a strange way, allow the stress to flow

"I have had a very rare experience and I feel I must now put it to use. It has been a learning experience for me, and has shaken up all my previous values. Eventually I might be able to answer that question that still haunts me: why did Michael have to die? Was he doomed, or could his depression have been helped? The answers won't help Michael now, but they could perhaps save another young person in his position."

I he aubergine is a versatile beast

Pictures of perfect gramme I saw on the flower show, television gardener Peter Seabrook had plenty to say about the size and colour of the varieties being grown but not a word about their taste. The only indication that all this glossy produce was even edible was his observation that some green peppers, which were well on the way to being tea chests, were just right for stuffing with mince.

The aubergines were huge, too, good only for chopping up or during a love song, a noisy child | puréeing; quite useless for stuffing. which we bribed into silence with | Even a half of one of these monsters

Everywhere they are grown - from feet go "squack Squack" as we try to | Portugal westwards across the whole glide to and fro. But oh! those happy of southern Europe and the Middle moments when you can hear a pin | East to Asia, whence they came, drop, or the roars of laughter hold aubergines are made into fritters up your next line, or when the fried in olive oil. In most of these places they are also stuffed to be eaten cold, and in the South of France, they are baked with cheese to be eaten hot as a dish on their own, or as a vegetable with meat. The salting, rinsing and drying of

aubergines called for in most recipes is intended to draw out bitterness. By attracting liquid from the spongy flesh its capacity to absorb oil is usefully reduced, too. To reduce still further the quantity of oil required in dishes incorporating slices of fried aubergine, they can be brushed with oil and browned under a very hot

Fragrant olive oil, and plenty of it, is called for in the preparation of imam bayildi which means "the priest, or holy man, fainted." Much has been written about why he swooned. Whether he was overcome by the extravagance of the recipe, or by its flavour, is anyone's guess.

Imam bayildi Serves six

3 small aubergines, about 225g (8 oz)

120 ml (4 fl oz) olive oil 225g (8 oz) onion, coarsely chopped

2 cloves garlic, finely chopped 225 g (8 oz) tomatoes, peeled and 1 small green or red pepper, diced

2 tablespoons raisins 2 tablespoons pine nuts or slivered

1 teaspoon ground allspice Salt and cayenne pepper to taste 2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice

Cut the aubergines in halves, lengthwise, keeping the stalk. WithTHE TIMES COOK



Shona Crawford Poole

out puncturing the skin, scoop out the flesh leaving a shell approximately 7 mm (1/4 in) thick. Salt the shells and turn them upside down to drain. Chop and salt the flesh taken from the aubergines and leave in a colander to drain. After an hour or more, rinse the shells and pulp thoroughly and dry both with a clean cloth or kitchen paper.

Heat half the oil in a frying pan and fry the onion until it is tender. Add the garlic and try for a moment two before stirring in the aubergine pulp, chopped tomatoes and pepper. Cook the mixture on a medium heat until the peppers are tender and most of the liquid has evaporated. Off the heat stir in the

the allspice, salt and cayenne. Put the remaining oil in an oven dish which will hold the aubergine shells in one close-fitting layer. Arrange the shells in the dish and divide the stuffing between them.

Sprinkle the shells with lemon juice, and pour boiling water into the dish to come no more than half way up the sides of the aubergines. Do not pour it into them. Cover the dish and bake in a preheated moderately hot oven

(190°C/375°F, gas mark 5) for about I hour, or until the aubergine shells are 'tender. Cool in the cooking liquid, and when they are quite cold, drain the stuffed aubergines and serve them with a little fresh oil trickled over them. Eat bayildi as a first course or serve them as a choice in cold buffet.

Gratin of aubergines

Serves four 680g (11/2lb) aubergines

4 tablespoons olive oil 225g (8oz) onions, finely chopped

2 cloves garlic, finely chopped 225g (8oz) tomatoes, peeled and

Salt and freshly ground black pepper 225g (8oz) Ricotta or sieved cottage

4 tablespoons freshly grated Parmesan or strong Cheddar cheese 1 large egg

raisins, pine nuts or almonds, and 150ml (1/4pint) single cream Freshly grated nutmeg

Fresh basil, oregano marjoram leaves

Peel the aubergines and cut them in thick slices. Salt liberally and leave to stand for at least an hour before rinsing them thoroughly and drying them. Brush them with ou and grill them on a high heat until they are golden and tender. Turn

Heat the remaining oil in a frying pan, cook the onions until they are tender without allowing them to colour. Stir in the garlic and tomatoes and cook until the mixture is fairly dry. Season it well.

Beat together the cheeses, egg and cream, and season the mixture to taste with salt, pepper and nutmeg.

Arrange half the grilled aubergine slices over the base of a shallow ovenproof dish and top with the onion and tomato mixture. Scatter basil, oregano or marjoram leaves over the tomato layer and cover it with the remaining aubergine slices. Pour the cheese custard over the vegetables and bake the dish in a preheated moderately hot oven (190°C/375°F, gas mark 5) for about 40 minutes, or until the cheese topping is puffed, firm and golden.

Serve the gratin of aubergines very hot with a rice pilaf or grilled meat as a main course, or on its own to begin a meal.

Helping hands for deaf ears

normality. For a deaf child they are

Sarah began her formal education for such children to go to at four and a half at a school for the their local school; but now it is not. deaf; at six she travelled to an infant, When we first recognized that our and then junior partially hearing. daughter, Sarah, would benefit from unit (both of which were largely being taught alongside hearing responsible for making a transition children, resistance to the move to an ordinary school possible) until from the special education system her move to the local school at ten. was enormous. Even when Sarah At 11 we had the choice of applying was up to the academic standard of for her to go to the only grammar hearing children of her age she was school for the deaf (boarding), the school for the deaf again, or we could pay for her to go to a private school with fewer pupils. Alternati-At the age of 10 and after a long vely there was a comprehensive with a unit 11 miles away.

school. She was slightly above After considerable thought we average in most subjects, and below chose the comprehensive because Sarah was deaf. We chose it despite the fact that she would have only that the partially hearing unit she half an hour a week with a visiting attended 12 miles away from home teacher of the deaf, and even though could offer her an education the the other options meant more individual and specialist attention. This is where the special system We chose it because hearing children was and is fundamentally wrong. in the community were a reflection Since being in local schools, Sarah of life. In the hearing children's has achieved in all ways, far quicker acceptance of Sarah - and therefore and far more than was ever possible her acceptance of herself in their for her alongside deaf children. She midst - Sarah would be prepared for

is also happier than ever before, that life. because she "belongs". The staff's attitude and willingness to teach Sarah were vital for her So why did we choose a local integration and happiness. When comprehensive with ostensibly no we approached the headmaster he awareness or experience of deafness, seemed surprised that we feared he no training, and no specialist might not be prepared to accept

teachers or equipment? We chose it because of what it offered other children: its ordinariness and its

FIRST

By Kathy Robinson

Sarah's entrance to the comprehensive we were still unsure whether she could cope. A primary school with one class teacher to lipread is infinitely different to a school with many teachers, a tight schedule, a varied curriculum, and hundreds of other pupils to consider.

This is when Sarah took hold of the situation herself. She wanted to continue with her many primary school friends into the comprehen-

Because she was so determined to stay with her friends she was motivated academically. She pulled herself up in areas of weakness until she was competing equally with her bright friends in all subjects. The presence of hearing children, then provided the necessary competition which stimulated Sarah into reaching goals previously thought imposs-

So what does it mean to be profoundly deaf in a comprehensive school? Few will comprehend the extent of the handicap (mainly because it is well hidden) nor understand the depths to which it However, six months before has taken the sufferer in the past. It

is lonely to be among people who are unaware of the implications of deatness. Without an aid, Sarah would not hear the sound of a pneumatic road drill

With an aid Sarah hears words in a distorted fashion, the teachers had no objection to wearing a microphone which was radio-linked to a hearing aid she wears on her belt (which in turn is linked to two ear level hearing aids) but often thought not to be working when Sarah didn't respond. She relies mainly upon lipreading - a face turned to the blackboard makes her more cut off than if someone had switched off

Friends proved indispensable to Sarah, and her circle has widened at the school and she has never felt left out. Her friends automatically repeat jokes and without protecting her in a smothering way they ensure she is as informed as they are.

Deafness demands patience, tolerance, understanding, generosity and thoughfulness. Such caring qualities as these, practised by Sarah's friends each day are those which any school or parent must desire. The acceptance of Sarah by all in her class as "normal" and as such unworthy of comment has already achieved our

Of course there were difficulties. At first Sarah was exceptionally tired: the concentration needed for listening, guessing, searching for the source of a question and again the teatures hairdressers

answer, lipreading a host of new faces, was immense. She complained regularly of not understanding teachers, of them mumbling, talking too fast or turning away from her. Yet she seemed to be tackling increasingly complex work with a reasonable understanding. Sarah was extremely happy and as

the weeks went by the times when she did not understand grew rarer until they did not occur at all. The teachers, to whom we are eternally grateful, faced her, spoke clearly, checked that she was understanding, repeated instructions and placed her near the front of the class.

The 1981 Education Act makes it a duty of local education authorities to educate children with "special" educational needs in ordinary: schools providing that he or she receives the special educational provision that he or she requires; that it is compatible with providing efficient education for the children with whom he or she is being educated; and that is compatible with the efficient use of resources.

based on the intention not offer the same education to all but the same educational opportunities to all. Sarah was given this opportunity and with the help of constructive and caring staff and pupils, has grasped it with both hands. After

Modern Times on Friday

two terms there will be a

third for Sarah.



Sarah: understanding the sound of silence