

Ill-met in Torry

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*Ill-met in Torry*: is a thing that started life there forty years ago reflecting on the flautist Steiner Carlsen who turned down a job with the Oslo Philharmonic to study medicine at Aberdeen, and with whom I was in student digs in Torry, the old industrial fishing quarter of Aberdeen, loud with seagulls. He came from Voss in the mountains and first introduced me to Norwegian traditional music. He urged me to visit the hardanger fiddlers of his acquaintance, but I couldn't afford to go—a lifelong regret. This is mixed with memories of an old acquaintance who pulled up her jumper on the 17 Bus (the Aberdonian equivalent of the Streetcar named Desire) as we passed the Victoria Gospel Hall, to show me where her latest boyfriend had beaten her up.



*Victoria Road, Torry*