

RES MEDICA

Journal of the Royal Medical Society



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RES MEDICA



*In Memory of
Patricia Strong 1920 - 2000*

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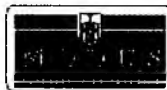
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EDITORIAL

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In the Royal Medical Society's long and illustrious history there have been many eras. Last year the RMS saw the curtain fall on one such era. Patricia Strong was a stalwart and a guardian of the RMS for some thirty years in her role as permanent secretary.

Mrs Strong, or AP as she was affectionately known, was a friend and mentor to all who passed through the RMS in her years here. It comes as no surprise then that the Royal Medical Society has tried to find ways in which to express its debt of gratitude for her many years of service. Perhaps the only person who would have been surprised would have been AP herself. The main meeting hall in the RMS rooms in Edinburgh has been renamed the Strong room, the connotations of which will not be missed by those who have witnessed her fortitude.

In addition, Res Medica has once again been resurrected. This edition is, in part, a way for the RMS to say "Thank you", to AP. Inside, you will find much, dedicated to her memory.

As with the end of any era one wonders what the future will hold, and whilst those of us who were honoured enough to have known AP reflect on her life, we also contemplate the next era of the RMS and what it will hold. After all, it's what AP would have wanted.



Ian Baxter, editor.

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The Dragon's Den



*In it'a noisome fog it fumes
And sitting, pots of tea consumes,
Beware the beckoning glance, for ye
Now enter the den of Auntie P.*

8 Milton Road East,
Edinburgh 15.

669-3274

1st July 1970

The President,
Royal Medical Society,
Hill Square,
Edinburgh 8.

Stat med-society
10/12/70

Dear Sir,

With reference to your advertisement in today's "Scotsman", I am writing to apply for an interview for the post of part-time secretary.

I have been working as an administrative assistant in the Royal Blind Asylum until recently, and prior to that in the Central Microbiological Laboratory at the Western General Hospital; both there and at the Equine Research Station at Newmarket I gained considerable experience of medical and veterinary work and terminology. At the Royal Blind Asylum Appeals Department I worked closely with committees and helped to organise various functions for charity, and at the Royal Veterinary College in London before my marriage I thoroughly enjoyed working with students and student organisations.

If you are interested in my application I should be glad if you would kindly grant me an interview.

Yours faithfully,

Alison Young (Mrs)

APPLICATION FOR SECRETARIAL OR CLERICAL POST

DATE: 6 July 1970

NAME FULLY: Mrs. ~~Miss~~ PATRICIA ELIZABETH STRENG

Age: 50 Date of birth: 2.5.1920

If married: ~~Widowed, Divorced, Separated~~ (delete category not applicable)

Children: AGE: 1) 15 SEX: F (state whether at nursery school, school, college or working)
2) 16 F 1 at college.
3) 2 at school.

Who supervises children during day: Relative/Friend/other?

HOME ADDRESS: 8 MILTON ROAD EAST, EDINBURGH 15

TELEPHONE NUMBER: 669-3274

SCHOOL ATTENDED: Twickenham County High School for Girls, TWICKENHAM, Middlesex
Certificates obtained: Matriculation

COMMERCIAL TRAINING OBTAINED: (Name of school, college, evening class, etc.)

Certificates obtained: (state title of shorthand and typing certificates, i.e. P.S.A., Pitman's etc. and speeds)

PRESENT SPEEDS: Shorthand Typing

OTHER QUALIFICATIONS: (Audio typing, Book-keeping; other professional qualifications, degrees, etc.)

Have had experience of all types of secretarial work.

PREVIOUS POSTS (Give name of employer and length of service with type of employment):

Research assistant - Central Microbiological Laboratory
Western General Hospital, Edinburgh 4. (5 years)

Secretary to Prof. Wm C. Hooad who was conducting research into urinary infections in paraplegics Edenhall Hospital

DATE AVAILABLE FOR INTERVIEW: DATE WHEN FREE (notice required): Mid-August

REASON FOR SEEKING CHANGE: Wish to do part-time, rather than full time, work.

REASON FOR MOVING TO EDINBURGH (if applicable):

PRESENT SALARY: £965 p.a. in last post.

ANY MAJOR ILLNESSES?: None

NAME OF GENERAL PRACTITIONER: Dr. R.J. Cameron
50 Hayfield Road
Edinburgh 9.

REFEREES (Names and addresses of previous employers preferred):

Pat Strong 1920-2000



Pat was an institution - widely admired and respected. Pat was a guide, philosopher and friend, confidante and counsellor to generations of medical students and young doctors. Above all Pat was a remarkable warm and vibrant person loved not only by her own family but by a huge and ever-increasing circle of friends.

Life did not deal Pat an easy hand - the aces were often hidden, but she was tough and resilient and resourceful - and totally lacking in self pity. Born not an Essex girl, but a middlesex maiden, she worked for a time in a veterinary laboratory, and then during the war, in the War Office. The happiness of marrying Robin Russell rapidly turned to tragedy when within just three weeks of the wedding she was widowed when her RAF pilot husband was killed on active service. From this devastating blow she slowly recovered and in time she fell in love with and eventually married Tom Strong, who was a civil servant, and moved with him to his native city here in Edinburgh.

She refused to consider herself a naturalised Scot and remained admirably and defiantly English - tolerantly amused by the Edinburgh obsessions with where one went to school and observing Edinburgh's development in the post-war years from the city of the warmly welcoming greeting of 'you'll have had your tea' to the cosmopolitan centre of culture, finance and government - though one was well advised to keep clear of the subject of devolution and the Scottish Parliament

in her company - advice I frequently failed to heed, precipitating disagreements which were never (and never going to be) resolved.

Together Pat and Tom brought up their three daughters - Rosie and the Twins Flick and Lynn, and as Flick took up athletics Pat revived her own interest in the sport - she had been a high jumper, with county honours, and she trained and qualified as an athletics coach and was for many years associated with Edinburgh Southern Harriers.

In the mid 1960's Pat was appointed to the part-time post of Permanent Secretary to the Royal Medical Society, the oldest student medical society in the world, and after a very few years had become something of a legend in her own lifetime. Tom died suddenly in 1975, and with her own family grown up - though still very close and very much part of her life, the RMS became in a very real sense Pat's extended family.

As Permanent Secretary Pat always very properly maintained the polite fiction that in the Society she was simply the administrator who did the bidding of Council. But by her influence, her manipulation of affairs, and her orders (thinly disguised as advice) she contributed in a unique and entirely beneficent way to the life and work of the Royal Medical Society for a third of a century. Part-time in theory she made her job virtually full time in practice. It is an achievement which is unlikely to be equalled and which will certainly never be

surpassed.

But there was more to it - much more - than simply doing superbly well the job to which she had been appointed. I do not know when it was, or who it was who first dubbed her 'Auntie Pat' - soon to be contracted to 'AP', by which designation she was almost universally known, but those two letters summed up so neatly the relationship which existed with generations of medical students; one of mutual affection, occasional exasperation, but always respect, deepening to love in many instances. She could have written a book, but perhaps it is as well that she did not, as her knowledge of the complexities of the emotional affairs of countless students might embarrass some if expressed on paper, but the good which she did by sympathetic listening, giving unsentimentally practical advice and providing a shoulder to cry on is quite incalculable.

The members of the Royal Medical Society appreciated the enormous contribution which AP made over the years; they bestowed on her Honorary Membership, year after year at Annual Dinners the Presidents acknowledged the central role she played in the life of the RMS, and it is perhaps no longer a secret that the student members recently set in train the process for recommending AP for a national honour - and there is no doubt that appointment to the Order of the British Empire would have been a highly appropriate and richly deserved recognition.

Pat believed in tradition, in decency and good manners, and she quietly and unobtrusively inculcated these beliefs. She had firm views and was not afraid to articulate them but there were only two things, I believe, that she simply could not tolerate, and these were hypocrisy and pomposity. Despite, or perhaps because of her close proximity to medical students she had a healthy scepticism about the general uselessness of doctors, especially in the current climate of neo-puritanism. I am not sure that she would have agreed with T S Eliot when he wrote 'There are no doctors in hell - at least not in a professional capacity'.

Pat derived much pleasure from bridge - and indeed taught many students that game. She

derived satisfaction from her garden and she was an astonishingly sharp solver of crossword clues, right up to her last days. She loved France, especially Provence; at the age of 70 she canoed 20 miles down the Dordogne with Lynn, at 80 she flew in a helicopter. She remained in control practically to the end. It was also typical that when I visited her just days after her stroke her main concern was to ask me to ensure that the arrangements were all in hand for the RMS Annual Dinner. It was also typical that when a dearly loved visitor asked her, as she was drifting in and out of consciousness in her last hours if there was anything he could get for her, she murmured 'a packet of Benson and Hedges'.

I do not know - no one of us knows - what happens after death. I do not know if there are Pearly Gates - I somehow doubt it, but if there are I can visualise some guardian angels currently getting a very hard time of it trying to explain their no-smoking policy to Pat.

Pat, more than most, filled 'the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run'. It is hard for us to grasp that she is gone, and yet, while she is no longer physically with us, in important ways she is not gone.

Death takes much away, but it cannot take away memories. Rosie, Flick, Lynn and the grandchildren, to whom our hearts go out in sincere and loving sympathy, must have many precious memories, and they will remain. For many of us the memory of Pats' genuine astonishment and delight just a few months ago, when all unsuspecting she walked innocently by an emerging crowd of relatives and friends singing "Happy Birthday to You", is one which time will not blot out.



Death takes much away, but it cannot take away achievements. Pats' achievements were remarkable, not least the achievement of working till the age of 80 and dying, as I believe she would have wished, 'in harness'. she had (and this is a significant achievement) the wonderful gift of making the young feel mature and the mature feel young. Her contribution to the RMS was such that she surely earned the description of the society itself written by a member in the nineteenth century as 'that noble, old and yet young institution, one of the chief glories of the Edinburgh School of Medicine'.

Death takes much away, but it cannot take away relationships. We shall see her no more, but our love for her, and her love for us without doubt endures. We properly mourn today a real loss, but we must set in the other side of the balance an even greater gain - gain we have had, and continue to have from knowing loving such a remarkable and such a wonderful woman. And for that we can thank god



The main meeting hall of The Royal Medical Societys' rooms in Edinburgh has been renamed the Pat Strong Room in recognition of her years of dedicated service to the society

The Cigarette in the Office

Patricia Strong, Auntie Pat or simply AP, was an institution within an institution. To many of us she was a surrogate mother, very protective towards her little brood of medical students but with qualities that ran much deeper than this. I believe she cared for her RMS students and had a soft spot for the underdog. She was, to a large extent, unshockable. Whatever scheme or plan we had, she had seen it all before.

But she had been around students long enough to know that no matter what we did, or how badly we thought that we had fared in exams, we would all get through in the end. She was ever the optimist on our behalf.

The RMS office was her domain and in it you could always be sure of two things. The kettle was always primed. The cigarette was always lit and in AP's hand.

Countless medical students had carefully explained the pros and cons of smoking to AP, but in the end they were always helped to reach the same conclusion. If AP wanted to smoke, then AP was going to smoke. As a medical student in the RMS you soon learnt that that was the way it was, like it or lump it!

AP and cigarettes were inseparable, like Tom and Jerry, like fish and chips, like Obstetrics and Gynaecology - you can't have one without the other.

During the summer recess in 1982, it was decided to redecorate the Main Meeting Hall for the first time since the RMS had moved into the premises. AP was away in France; it seemed the ideal time. Not only was it to be re-decorated but a picture rail was to be put up to hold the oil paintings of past presidents and associates. The job of decorator fell mainly on the then Entertainment Convenor, later to become a junior president and later still to hold an honorary post in the RMS. He was one of the few RMS members who was not in the medical faculty but in the science faculty.

Perhaps he had more time during the summer vacation, perhaps he liked decorating, perhaps we persuaded him it was his job or perhaps he was just less apathetic than the rest of the students, who knows? But he spent the best part of the summer in overalls up a ladder in the RMS. It was wonderful to watch.

With a few days to go before AP's return, the job finished and the clearing up in progress, an idea began to germinate. No-one is now willing to remember just who had the idea, when or indeed why, but there it was.

In AP's office there was a single support column that ran from floor to ceiling (and vice versa). It was cylindrical and about 40cm in diameter. The temptation was strong. "Why not paint it to look like a cigarette?"

The paint was barely dry when AP returned. We hid in the small meeting room next to the office, holding our breath, pondering our fate. The light clicked on and then: silence - for about ten seconds. Then came howls of laughter and we knew we were safe.

We offered to paint over the cigarette so that it matched the rest of the decor, but AP insisted that it stayed.

David K Whyler

Olim Praeses

Condolences

Dear A.P.

I'm sure everyone will try their very best to keep RMS running as you would wish. It will need about 5 people to replace you. We all miss you.

Pam & Nigel (Harper).

To AP,

With deepest appreciation of your friendship and understanding over several years, from my student days to my time as (hopefully) a respected member of the community!

Stuart J. Blake

To AP.

We are behind you, the fingers of victory in adversity in that infamous poster behind your desk will inspire us to follow your example.

Love and Best Wishes. Andrew Norton.

To AP, without whom a generation of medical students would not have passed exams with so many laughs

Kirsty Moreland

To AP, the RMS will never be the same again.

Ted Duvall

We will remember + love you always.

Alex Baker

The fags got you in the end!

Beverley + Andrew Norton

Dear A.P.,

It's not often you meet someone who instantly makes you feel so good and at ease. Thank you for all the time spent with both our sons and the R.M.S.

RJ Mills

AP,

Like so many others I don't know where I would be without your advice, help and most of all friendship.

Jacob

Dearest Pat,

Wherever you are, I can never look at the staircase that you quipped was "between us" without seeing you bounding down it!

Bonnie Dudley Edwards (pp also Owen)

AP,

You made the RMS a home away from home and a refuge in any storm. Friendship and advice, Telegraph crosswords and cups of tea: thanks for everything - we love you!

Katie

AP,

You will be sorely missed.

David

JHO interview:

"Mr Finch, *how* did you manage to pass medical school?"

"A.P. shouted at me for three years."

I don't know what I'll do next time I need told to study. We all love you A.P.

Simon

Dearest A.P.

Thank you for a wonderful friendship. I'll miss you very much.

Much love, Fanny

Dearest A.P.

I don't know where I would be if I hadn't met you. We will all miss you dearly. The office is becoming a smoke-free, bridge-free room - what a tragedy! Missing you always,

Sarah Miller

Dear A.P.

Over 223 years the Society has continued to flourish but no-one in its long history has done more for it than you. We salute your memory with deep gratitude.

Iain MacLaren
Chairman RMS Trust

My dear A.P.

I will always count it one of the privileges of my career to have been able to know you and admire your work for and devotion to the members of the RMS.

Andrew Calder, RMS

The whole purpose of physiotherapy was to enable AP to stick two fingers up at Prof Douglas on the ward rounds.

Anon

AP was the one who introduced me to the wonderful game of bridge, who helped me out with my first few games. The office won't be the same without her and one of her regular games of bridge every lunchtime, plus the obligatory Telegraph crossword for everyone to try out. She was always keeping me right while I was library convener, in particular nagging about how untidy the library always seemed to be! I'll also remember how she, among others, helped empty the library during the Millennium Refurbishment™. I won't forget you AP.

Hajirin Ahamat

I remember on her 80th birthday, the look of sheer surprise and delight on her face - we all laughed heartily and had a great (sunny) afternoon.

Tim Andrews

RMS Council, 265th session, 2001-02

Senior President: Katherine Paramore

1st Junior President: Timothy Andrews

2nd Junior President: Kirsteen Moreland

3rd Junior President: David Cavanagh

Senior Secretary: Joanne Sells

Junior Secretary: Christopher Cartlidge

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Library Convener: Lucy Khan

Museum Convener: Simon Finch

Entertainments Convener: Stewart Pattman

Computer Convener: Jacob Grinfeld

Editor, Res Medica: Ian Baxter

Annual Dinner Convener: Susan Sherry

Treasurer: Dr Christopher Thompson

Permanent Secretary: Mrs Elizabeth Singh

Res Medica

Many of you will be aware that this is the first Res Medica for sometime. We hope to make this the first of many, indeed we have already begun work on the next edition. It is our hope that members past and present will be willing to contribute to the future of Res Medica.

This journal hopes to provide a forum to discuss medically related issues that perhaps fall-out with traditional departmental lines. The next edition will be focussing upon medical aspects of events surrounding the war on terrorism.

If you wish to contribute to future editions then please get in touch.

email: resmedica@royalmedical.co.uk or write to the RMS office



Firbush 2001

An intrepid band of members gathered in the society rooms on Friday 27th April. They were to venture far from the bright lights of the city, away from civilisation. Their destination was a place noted for its isolation, scenic beauty and the fact the bar closes at 11pm. Let me enlighten you about this epic adventure.

Firbush, situated on the south bank of Loch Tay, has been home to the University's Centre for Sport and Exercise outdoor centre for around 30 years. The outward, moderate log cabin appearance masks a well furnished and equipped interior (no telly - but you can see a satellite picture of weather in Africa though!). It primarily caters for weekday reading parties and weekend clubs and societies. This weekend the RMS were joined by the windsurfing club.

After negotiating the Friday evening rush hour traffic jams we headed for the rolling hills of the Trossachs and with the directions from Firbush-veteran Iain Lindsay we arrived at our weekend base. On arrival we made our way to the sleeping quarters. Each room has two bunkbeds and our first activity allowed us to demonstrate our domestic skills by make up the beds. Junior President Andy Vale had staked a claim on an upper bunk and we were joined in the room by Iain Lindsay and a tardy Simon Finch. His late arrival in the Finch-mobile had been attributed to a stop-off for chips, a last taste of carry-out for 2 days (!), rather than the fact he had become hopelessly lost in the Scottish countryside.

All the travelling was thirsty work and the proximity of the bar (out the door, 5 yards ahead, turn right down the steps) made this a natural first stopping point. Once suitably refreshed dinner was served featuring an incredibly rich scotch broth followed by some cold meat. Following dinner it was back to the basement bar where any excess energy was burnt off in various games. This involved novel use of cornflakes packets and various strains of "yeah-hah" were audible echoing around the south bank of the loch into the early hours.

I have heard Firbush being described as a 'boot-camp' and the persistence of the individual ringing the bell at 8.30am was beginning to make me empathise with this view. If I had any doubt where I was the snow capped mountains and the loch were definitely not reminiscent of Edinburgh. A hearty breakfast awaited and I noted the irony of the centre for sport and exercise serving and cholesterol rich fry-up, however it was quite likely that we would need every calorie we took. True to the boot camp analogy we were rounded up at 0915 hours to be given our 'orders' for the morning. Unfortunately the foot and mouth situation prevented any munro-bagging this weekend and the group split themselves between windsurfing, sailing and kayaking.

The kayakers were led to the aladdin's cave, know as the stores where we were issued with lurid coloured waterproof tops and dungaree like wetsuits.

Don't they look a
right pair



Even if you were a complete novice you couldn't help but feel the part. Following a land based demonstration of some basic techniques by Jez (master of the drinking games) we hit the water, some of the group literally. Navy-boy Andy Vale mastered the kayak instantly and he headed off for the high seas almost completing a couple of laps of the loch before the novices had left the harbour area.. The bracing fresh winds aided our voyage to the foreign territory of 'Fir-tree Point' were we docked a stretched our legs. Perhaps it was a combination of the fresh country air and the after effects of a couple of shandys the previous night that cause Simon to take a dip in the loch. In a show of fearless bravado he dived Baywatch-style into the freezing waters and show off a few of his synchronised swimming moves. He quickly left the water and despite his proclamations that other people should have a go, the prospect of lying on the bank and soaking up a few morning rays was far more appealing. We were soon back aboard our vessels speeding through the choppy waters back to the harbour. Ali took Simon's recommendation too literally and he decided to take a swim in the middle of the loch. Perhaps he thought it would be quicker to swim back! To be fair, I don't think it was a pre-meditated dip. After a display of considerable dexterity, ably assisted by Jez he managed to climb back aboard his vessel and the flotilla headed back for the safety of the harbour.

"those with energy to burn"...all of them!

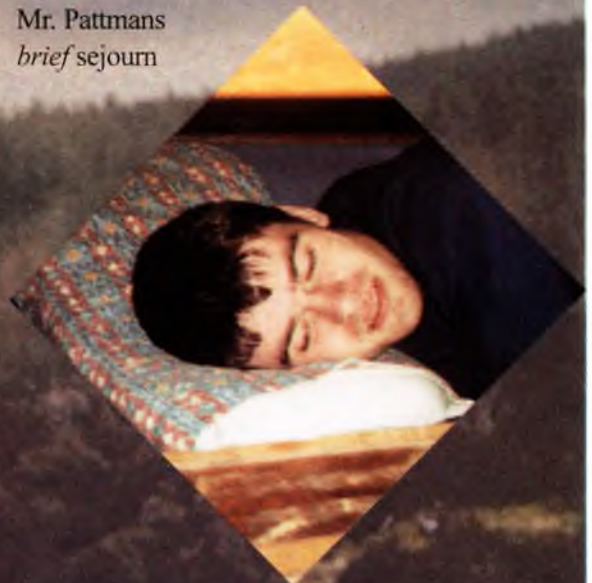


The inevitable rafting-up manoever was performed and Jez demonstrated how (easy it was) to walk on kayaks. Somehow I managed to find a hole between the kayaks to fall through and plunged into the freezing waters. The rest of the group successfully negotiated the task and careful placement of feet avoiding both limbs, hands and water was the key.

After a brief sejourm for lunch to allow the circulation to return to frozen limbs we were again offered a diverse range of activities, both water and land based. I plumped for a land based challenge and dragged myself off for a popular student activity - sleeping. Mountain biking, kayaking, canoeing, sailing and windsurfing occupied those with energy to burn.

I emerged from my quarters to discover some rare rays of sunshine present. Various vets, perhaps long-ing for some work to do (or animals to abuse) were attempting to diagnose the problem with a lame duck. Despite being lame it was incredibly well-fed, benefiting from the crumbs of cake dropped. Another hearty meal awaited us that evening. The discovery of a slightly date Blockbusters quiz game provided an amusing diversion. The classic line, "Can I have a 'P' please, Bob?" never loses any of it's comedy value. Mr (and Mrs !?) Cavannagh provided worthy competition although the consistency in the level of questions asked was slightly suspect.

Mr. Pattmans
brief sejourm



Perhaps not content with the absence of climbing from the weekend activities several of the residents displayed their agility with a show of table mountaineering. Meanwhile Simon was determined that Andy enjoy a nocturnal swim in the lake. His lack of subtlety, approaching Andy brandishing a luggage strap perhaps gave him away and another Finch masterplan was foiled. As the windsurfers devised some masochistic game involving using newspaper clubs to beat each other I retired to my quarters.

Again I awoke to the dulcet chimes of the breakfast bell. After the fry-up we gathered to chose the activities. The lack of wind dissuaded people from windsurfing, but I thought I would give it a shot and joined Simon in donning the heavy duty wetsuit and the caps which looked like surplus from a circus. I think clowns would perhaps have made a better effort of windsurfing. The lack of breeze reduced it to an exercise in standing up and balancing on a board. The best option in the end was simply to lie down on the board and gently drift along the loch. The reassuring presence of the speedboat meant that even the most useless of surfers would be safe on the water. Before long it was time to head back in for lunch, and just then the wind arrived and I appreciated that windsurfing requires considerably more skill than simply standing up.

The afternoon provided an opportunity to have a go at mountain biking. Using the centres multi-gear bikes meant that steep gradients no longer presented a challenge and the greatest difficulty was stopping on the heavily gravelled tracks. The highlight of the ride was the 'Terror run'. Basically it is a steep descent down a path designed for walkers, which is strewn with large rocks, quagmires of mud and the small matter of a deer fence straddling the path halfway down, round a blind bend. It was a real test of reaction, nerve and sanity. By the time I reached the road my arms felt like masses of jelly. Fortunately all riders and bikes escaped injury from this extreme activity.

Back at HQ the bikes were given first class treatment after their pounding. Hosed and oiled they would be spared any more abuse for a few days at least. A final carbo-loading meal of mounds of pasta was provided before we headed back to the big smoke. A weekend break? I felt like I deserved a couple of days rest after such an intensive 48 hours. It has to be said this annual event is not one to be missed - so look out for it next year and sign up early!

Finally a big thank you to the staff at the centre for providing and supervising such a diverse programme of activities, Simon for organising the weekend and to the folks who went making it such a memorable trip.

The beautiful but cold Loch Tay



LEIDEN EXCHANGE

After last year's extremely successful visit by the lovely Dutch Medical students, we were keen to make the exchange a regular reciprocal visit. Our erstwhile President Paul Mills had been in touch with Monique, his Dutch counter-part for sometime and eventually a date was agreed on. Despite the logistical nightmare involved in :

(1) persuading people they want a cheap holiday???

(2) getting 18 medical students on a plane to Holland???

(both surely very trying tasks Ed.)

we seemed to succeed without many hitches. The fact that I had paid for the whole trip before we had received any money from Trust was of no concern to me or my Bank manager. Though unaware that such a time existed we left according to plan at 5 in the morning, leaving Paul behind to argue our cause.

We were a little worried that Paul might not be able to cope flying out on his own, so we arranged an escort for him in the form of our favourite faculty member Fanny K. Which proved to be one of our greatest decisions.

The Leiden group were a motley band of ruffians and pirates which we had scraped together by searching through dodgy bars, bear pits and bare knuckle fighting dens. They seemed perfect to represent the society abroad. They included four first years who must be very brave (though one must never be mentioned in polite company), we also had some of the finest examples of British men and woman in existence to show these Dutch what we were made of... unfortunately we took an arts student but we kept him well hidden!

After a slight delay in Edinburgh, we arrived in Schipol airport late afternoon. We were met by the famous Monique and her lovely companion Charlotte. As a suitable introduction to Dutch Culture, they whisked us straight to the Heineken brewery where we were informed, not for the last time, about how good the Dutch are at everything. I don't know much about the technical aspects of brewing the end result certainly tasted lovely and the fact that it was all free and served by a man with a fantastic moustache just made it seem all the better.

We headed back to Lieden to discover what our accommodation was like. The students in Lieden



Leiden on a winter's day



Harlem, a district in Amsterdam

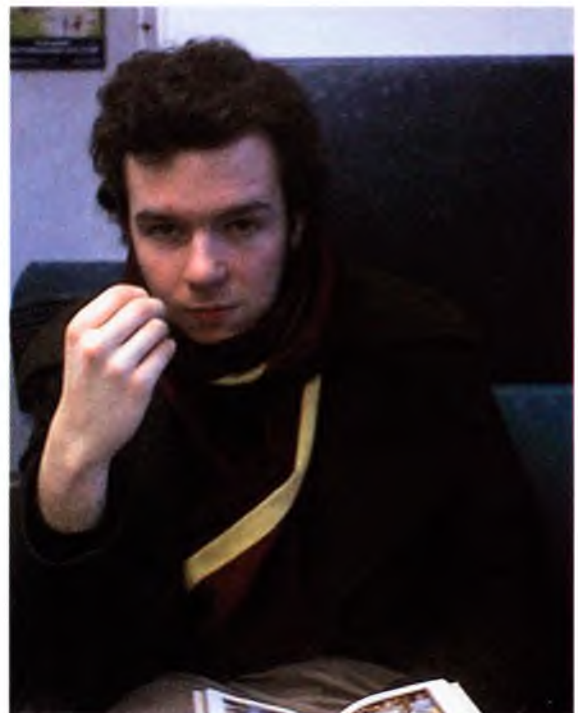
live in fraternity houses, which are bizarre to say the least. Our house was furnished with a huge TV, a fridge devoted to beer and an official ban on women in the common room. Other people's contained randy dogs, holes in the floor and random men coming and going day and night.

That evening we were given a tour of the largest fraternity house, called Minerva, possibly comparable to our Students' Union. This included a fantastic wine cellar and the infamous naked room (Twister, football and chess; apparently, we were the first group of foreign students to stop and chat to the naked men). They then kindly provided us with free food and drink, and when the bar got too busy they just gave us a keg and trays of Jenever, a lovely drink we got to know far too well.

The next morning they had arranged an early morning talk on the history of Leiden Medical School. This was very interesting and we learned much about the historical links between the faculties of Edinburgh and Leiden. Next we were treated to a tour of the massive Leiden University Medical Centre, a huge hospital with the medical school

integrated into it. It also includes an extensive art collection and an entire shopping arcade. During the tour our entire party unfortunately became trapped in a lift for fifteen minutes, which was fun in so many ways. Our tour guide, who had waxed lyrical about the technological marvels of the new hospital, became strangely quiet at this point. We also became trapped in a very hot neonatology room by a very bizarre doctor. After dinner, we were given a talk by the famous Dr Helmerhorst on Factor V Leiden, surprisingly enough.

On the Friday we visited the Den Haag, the political centre of the Netherlands. We were given a tour of the First chamber of the Dutch parliament by one of the Senators, who looked on bemusedly as we called for a speech from the Honourable member for Iceland East. Outside, we experienced the environmentally friendly side of Dutch politics, as Paul was nearly run over by a politician on a bike (who, despite his insulting demeanour and language, possessed yet another splendid moustache). The party then split, some to shop in Den Haag and some to boldly sally forth to Gouda (for the cheese). We reconvened in Leiden that evening for a jolly meal (with raw steak) and much social fraternising with our Dutch counterparts.



Our intrepid reporter

On Saturday was the fabled visit to Amsterdam. The city was covered in snow and was also extremely cold (this was becoming a recurring feature of our journeys). Despite the weather, we had a very cultural experience, travelling the city's extensive tram system, visiting the Van Gogh museum and attempting to visit Anne Frank's house (unfortunately, everyone else in the city had the same idea). We also have unconfirmed rumours that Mr Mills was able to find one or two shops he quite liked. Afterwards, Dr Helmerhorst (or at least his faculty) treated all of us and some of the Dutch students to dinner in a great restaurant converted from an old warehouse. The cultural exchange was completed by a display of traditional Scottish singing from some of the male members of our party, with improvised lyrics which left certain people bemused (and not just the Dutch).

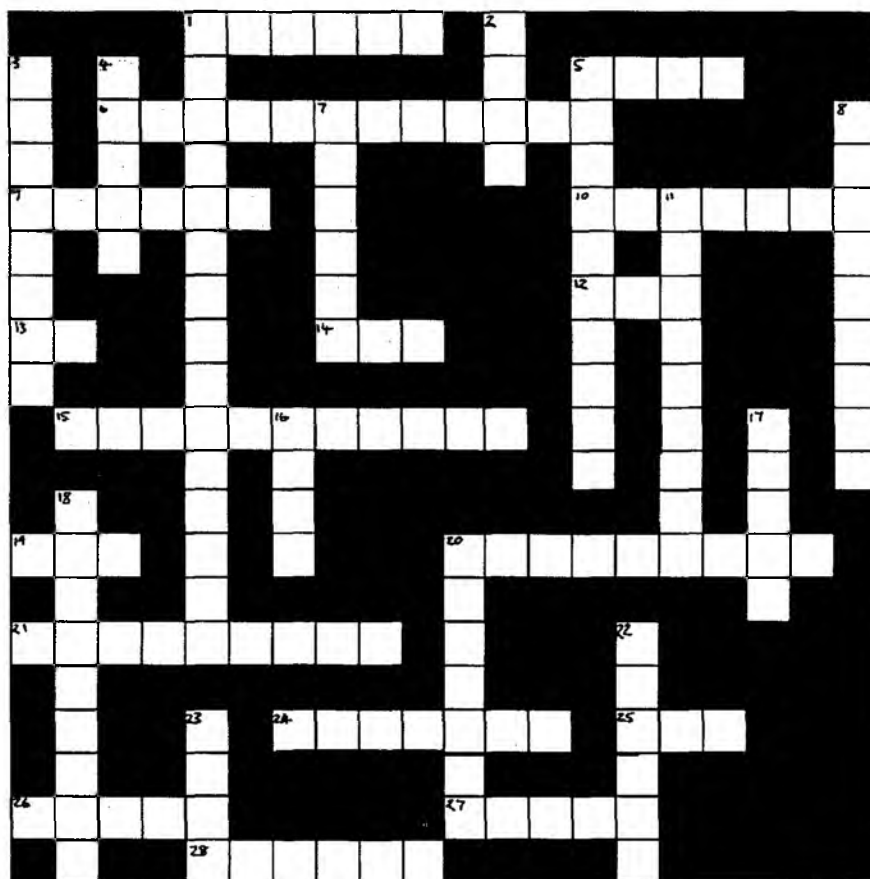
On Sunday we were left to our own devices. Many people revisited Amsterdam, and some took in various other towns, including Amhem, where British troops bravely held a bridge against the German forces in World War II. The evening passed quietly and we all retired early before flying home the next day. Some of us went straight to the wards, while the less dedicated amongst us slept for the next three days.

On our trip we learned many things. The students of Leiden have many strange and curious traditions (although some would say the same of the RMS), pride comes before a fall (our poor tour guide), Dutch neonatologists are a strange bunch, and there are many things which Edinburgh and Leiden share in their past. A good time was had by all and we await with anticipation the next visit of the Dutch students.



Gouda

AP's Corner



ACROSS

- 1 Cross card game (6)
- 5 A saintly man, our shopping guru (4)
- 6 Anorexic eating for a special occasion? (6,6)
- 9 Life member collapsed and expressed pain (6)
- 10 Compliments, we hear, to our leaders (7)
- 12 Garibaldi in Naples originally drank this (3)
- 13 Back to front, back to front for this person (1,1)
- 14 Bothersome person upside-down in gantry (3)
- 15 Scared of dance music? No, just computers (11)
- 19 Confusingly ate this drink (3)
- 20 Lithe cats perform these sports (9)
- 21 Financial type who holds things dear (9)
- 24 Suit men rearrange details of a meeting (7)
- 25 Make like a cow in this room (3)
- 26 Erode after time, and have faith in this body (5)
- 27 This woman sounds colourful (5)
- 28 See 16 down

DOWN

- 1 Anne bends Hodges around for a smoke (6,3,6)
- 2 Accountant over the poles gives machine's contents (4)
- 3 Clear throat, sir, sounds like a professor (8)
- 4 Sounds like a seabird, our Ernie (5)
- 5 Support a male goose, we hear, to publicise falsely (10)
- 7 Dutch town in a bundle identified (6)
- 8 Cream side order for a mighty organ (3,6)
- 11 Permanent fixture from a taunt, ie patronising (6,3)
- 16 (& 28 across) Crab oils I'm preparing for permanent secretary (4,6)
- 17 Fellow plays guitar riff for AP's daughter (5)
- 18 Bird in the office (9)
- 20 German car on hill - call in the taxman (7)
- 22 Controlled slaughter in French in this room (6)
- 23 They shoot horses, don't they? (4)

(Answers on inside back cover)

Bridge Problem

Your cards are :

S A,K,5 **H** A,Q,J,7,2 **D** A C J,10,6,4

You are South, and open bidding with one heart.
West passes, North bids three hearts, East passes,
you bid six hearts and the bidding closes.

Dummy has:

S 7,3 **H** K,8,6,5 **D** K,Q,8,3 **C** K,7,2

West leads with the jack of spades, you play the 3
from dummy, east plays the queen and you win
with the ace.

You draw trumps for the next two rounds. Then you
play the ace of diamonds (throwing the 3 from
dummy) and then the king of spades (throwing the
7 from dummy).

On this last hand East discards the 3 of clubs,
instead of a spade.

In the next two hands you play the king and queen
of diamonds from dummy, discarding two clubs
from South.

You play the last diamond from dummy and east
discards the 5 of clubs.

(Answers on inside back cover)

Q1: How many bidding points (4 for an ace, 3 for a king, etc...) do you and your dummy have?

How many do east and west have?

How will this affect play?

Q2: To play back to the dummy, what card do you play?

Q3: How many trumps are left in play and how many do you possess?

Q4: What cards did East begin the game with, and what does he have left?

Q5: So what did West have and what does he have remaining?

Q6: Why do you now NOT trump it, but play a club and let West win?

Society Events. 265th session.

AUTUMN TERM

27/11/01 - Dissertation

Dr Malcolm Bruce

04/12/01 - Mulled wine and mince pies

SPRING TERM

15/01/02 - New advances in surgery

Mr Steve Nixon

22/01/02 - Burns Supper

05/02/02 - Diabetic eye

Dr Ken Swa

12/02/02 - Cardiology Tutorial

Speaker to be announced

19/02/02 - Surgical anatomy

Mr Tim White

26/02/02 - Dissertation

Speaker to be announced

05/03/02 - Mountain rescue

Speaker to be announced

SUMMER TERM

23/04/02 - Hospital chaplain

Rev Ewan Kelly

30/04/02 - Annual debate

Vs the Diagnostic Society

07/05/02 - JHO survival guide

Dr Alex Baker

14/05/02 - RMS history

Professor M Kaufman

15/05/02 - Annual extraordinary general meeting

17/05/02 - President's valedictory address

Miss Katherine Paramore

21/05/02 - Anatomy tutorial

Dr Gordon Findlater

28/05/02 - Neuroanatomy tutorial

Speaker to be announced

04/06/02 - Medicine tutorial

Speaker to be announced

11/06/02 - Surgery tutorial

Speaker to be announced

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Consciousness Altering Drugs:- Man's Search For Unreality.

A.R.W. Forrest BSc.

“Religion is the opium of the people.” K Marx

Marx described religion as the “opium of the masses” and of course drugs to alter consciousness and hence our perceptions of reality have long been associated with religion. Indeed one wonders whether drugs and religion are fundamental to man, man having been defined both as “an animal who wonders about his origin” and as a “drug using animal.”

Alcohol must have been one of the first drugs to be discovered. Certainly it was known to all the ancient Mediterranean cultures. One legend says that the Persians discovered wine when a princess tried to store grapes in a grain bin and drank the fermented juice left in the bottom after the grapes had been removed.

In a primitive agricultural economy most resources have to be devoted to food production and any diversion of grain for alcohol production has to be very strictly controlled. Alcohol consumption under these conditions is not an individual vice or an everyday occurrence, but is reserved for special occasions to celebrate events such as harvest, birth, death, winter solstice or marriage. On these occasions the individuals indulge in the group experience of intoxication and the temporary lowering of social conventions allows the acting out of repressed behaviour, often in a ritualised form. This acts as a psychic safety valve, relieving tensions within the group and reinforcing its cohesiveness. This is obviously biologically advantageous to the group.

Horton, in a study of primitive cultures, found that group drunkardness increased in response to two types of stress:- threats to the stability of the culture by the encroachment of western “civilisation”, and anxiety engendered by threats to food supplies. The latter can lead to a positive feedback situation where an increasing proportion of the food supply is diverted to alcohol production, thus aggravating the original situation.

Even when the economy of the community becomes advanced enough to make it an everyday occurrence, group alcohol consumption to enhance

cohesiveness still occurs. The Greeks had their Bacchanalian revels and the Romans had Saturnalia. In our culture the whisky bottle comes out to celebrate family events and the new year. Businessmen cement agreements with alcohol, and so on ad nauseam. A peculiarly Scottish group experience pickled in alcohol is the football match.

The religious use of alcohol is worthy of a dissertation in itself. The group experiences described above all have a religious substrate. Not only is alcohol used to establish de facto communion with one's fellow men, but also a symbolic communion with one's god.

When alcohol is available on a day to day basis many people use it, as I have suggested above, to blunt the crude reality of life in which they are immersed. To illustrate this point I cannot do better than to quote from Aldous Huxley's novel “Point Counterpoint,”:- “The working day was over; the bar began to fill up with men in quest of spiritual relaxation. Beer flowed, spirits were measured out in little noggins, preciously. In stout, in bitter, in whisky they bought the equivalent of foreign travel and mystical ecstasy, of poetry and a weekend with within the group and reinforcing its cohesiveness. This is obviously biologically advantageous to the group.

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Catholics and some anglicans believe that wine becomes the blood of their god when the appropriate incantations are muttered over it. This has an interesting parallel in the pre-columbian Latin American cultures. At least 24 different hallucinogen cacti and mushrooms have been identified as having been used by the Aztecs and all of them were called by the generic term "teonanocatl" meaning "gods flesh". The best known of these in the west is probably Peyotl which has been identified as the cactus *Lophora Williamsi*. When dried it forms the mescal buttons that are the sacrament of the "native American church" today. The main active ingredient is of course mescaline. The fungus *Psilocybe mexicana* is the source of psilocybin and was also used by the Aztecs. Another natural hallucinogen they used was the seeds of *Rivea corymbosa*, the pretty blue variety of morning glory. Each seed contains about a microgram of lysergic acid ethylamide. They were used to make a drink which according to the writings of a Jesuit Father in 1615 "provokes lavisousness...the priests would drink of this plant when they wished to deal with the devil and to have answers to their doubts, they became mad and a thousand devils danced before their eyes." Not unnaturally, the church tried to suppress such a direct line to the almighty, without much success.

Other plants used by the Aztecs included tobacco which they called *pizietl*. It was used both in sorcery and as a drug. They were also familiar with the

properties of the various species of *datura* which they called *tolatazini*. Further north *Datura Stramonium* is known as Jimson weed, or Locoweed, and is well known for its property of causing stampedes in cattle who browse on it. During the War of Independence, a platoon of English soldiers used Jimson weed roots as a substitute for potatoes in an Irish stew; as a result they were delirious for 3 days. The active components of Jimson weed are atropine like compounds which are of course hallucinogenic. The common deadly nightshade in this country can produce poisoning presenting as florid hallucinations, from its atropine content. The Jimson weed has also attracted the attention of geneticists as triploidy often occurs in it.

It seems that the use of hallucinogens among the Aztecs was not an everyday experience. The mescal buttons might be taken by the whole congregation in a religious ceremony to produce a transcendental experience uniting the people with each other and their gods. The more potent *Ololuitiqui* was apparently reserved for the priests when they wished to divine the future.

To move from the west to the east, cannabis does not seem to have been used as a sacramental drug to the same extent as alcohol and the Mexican drugs. Rather it has been used as a recreational drug in much the same way as the "soma" used in Aldous Huxley's utopia. Soma was used by Huxley's characters to escape from reality, and indeed a modern American psychiatrist, Dr Sheldon Chilst, has described it as a "poisoner of reality." The Hindus rather more poetically have called it such names as "the soother of sin" and "the poor man's heaven," both names suggesting they used it to avoid facing painful reality.

Cannabis is of course the same plant that produces hemp, although the climatic conditions best for hemp production are not those best for resin production. Hemp is favoured by wet weather, while hot weather causes the leaves to secrete the resin so beloved of the youth of today, presumably as a protective measure.

Hemp was of course one of the raw materials of shipbuilding and hence was of great strategic importance to Britain until the middle of the 19th century. At one time all the British supply came from the Dutch East Indies, and when this was cut off in the early 17th century, the North American colonies started to grow it, and by 1630 it was an important

item in their economy. It seems that the colonies were not unaware of the pharmacological properties of the plant and it has even been suggested that George Washington liked to have a quiet puff at a pipefull.

With the decline in sail the need for ropes decreased, and as cotton developed so the use of hemp for weaving declined, and the colonists returned to other crops. However, in WWII hemp was again a strategic material, and the Dutch East Indies were then part of the South-East Asia co-prosperity sphere. Thus the US government again encouraged its growth in particular in the mid-west. As a result, after the war it spread prolifically as a weed. Ironically, it is often found on the so-called government land that the government pays the farmers to lie fallow and so keep food prices high. There it grows, and its there for the taking. However, its potency is not high.

It is only during the last century that cannabis has become widely used in the west. Better documented than its alleged use by the early Americans is the "club de Haschinistes." Flourishing in Paris during the decadence of the second empire, it catered to the tastes of the literary gentlemen of the time. However, until recently it has, in the main, been the solace of the poor and deprived in us as it has been for generations in the East and Africa.

Since the early fifties its use has spread widely throughout western society, being in particular the symbol of rebellion of the so-called "Youth Revolution."

It has not always been used by young men who wish to rebel from the mores of their society. Hashish, which is of course cannabis resin, is supposed to be the origin of the word assassin. Jebel Tarik, the muslim warrior had a particularly ingenious method of training assassins. He would render selected young men semiconscious with a large dose of hashish and transport them to a large valley equipped with houris and all the other appearances of a muslim paradise. After a few days they would again be rendered semiconscious and removed from the paradise. They would then be told that this few days of heaven was merely a foretaste of what would be theirs for all eternity if they were to die in the line of duty. Thus fortified they would be sent on their missions.

Certain African tribes used to send their warriors into battle under the influence of cannabis, and this they may have learned from the Moors whom they fought against. Modern armies may also suppress

their collective fears of imminent death by pharmacological means. In WWI the French used wine, the British rum and the Germans schnapps. Today, the Mozambique freedom fighters and American bomber pilots go into battle with reality altered if not dimmed by cannabis.

Cannabis has long been used as a medical drug. In 2737 BC, the Chinese emperor Shen Nung described its use for a variety of problems from malaria to "female weakness". It was only deleted from the B.P.C. in 1954, having been used for a number of applications from corn plasters to tranquilisers. Indeed there is nothing to stop you prescribing it today if you wish, although the oral preparations taste absolutely revolting. Recent interest in its pharmacology may produce useful new synthetics.

Opium is also a natural product with a long and chequered history. It is popularly assumed to have been smoked in the east since antiquity. In fact in China it was eaten rather than smoked and its use was never widespread. However, its smoking did become widespread after the American tobacco companies and the British East India Company started to open up China in the late 18th century. Narcotics, as William Burroughs has remarked, are the perfect consumer commodity; once the customer has got hooked the price can be raised as high as you like. It is not so much that reality with the drug is so pleasant, although this must be a factor as anyone who has had a narcotic pre-med will know, as that reality without it is so unpleasant.

It is perhaps poetic justice that the opium boot is now on the other foot, the young and virile Chinese culture undermining the decadent American empire by subverting its youth with drugs. Over the last 4 years there has been a swing away from cannabis towards heroin use by the American troops in Vietnam. Up to 25% of the troops below the rank of sergeant abuse heroin regularly. Mainly it is smoked, not injected as this is more convenient in a combat situation and it may obviate the unpleasant process of habituation. While cannabis enables one to selectively perceive more acutely certain aspects of reality, heroin, or opium is a depressant of perception of reality. As such, its use by troops would seem to be not conducive to survival.

Opium was widely used in Britain, especially after the industrial revolution. The intelligentsia used it to quieten reality and the working class to quieten their children. Various proprietary compounds were

produced which had this latter as their sole purpose.

One such was "Gregory's powder." In Compton MacKenzie's novel, *Sinister Street*, published in 1913, a child is threatened with Gregory's powder unless it behaved itself, showing that we are not so far removed in time from such barbarities as we might like to think.

Many other natural products have received attention from man in his attempts to escape from the painful realities of life. In the west snorting cocaine has recently undergone a resurgence in popularity, despite its price. Its main effect is to provide a quick orgasmic sensation when sniffed, similar in some ways to the pleasant "hit" obtained by some addicts when heroin is injected. It is absorbed through any mucosal surface, and it has thus been put to some novel uses.

A plant that has received scant recent attention is the "sweet flat," *Acorus calamus*. It has a long pencil like root, growing the world over in marshy soil. The Chinese called it *Chang Pu* and used it as a hangover cure and an anti-fatigue agent. Larger doses - about ten inches of root - are hallucinogenic. Like Jimson weed and belladonna its active component is an atropine like agent, which is interesting in view of the classical Greeks' use of it as an ingredient for an eyewash.

The use of mushrooms to alter the perception of reality has not been confined to central America. The Koryak tribesmen of central Siberia made use of the fly agaric mushroom *Amanita muscaria*; as the name implies its active ingredients include muscarine. They would harvest and dry the mushroom, and prepare an infusion of it in their beer. This process may remove the hepatotoxic components. The psychoactive components are excreted by the kidneys and recycled by the economically minded tribesmen, a situation analogous to the early days of penicillin. They would use small doses for recreational purposes and larger doses to communicate with their gods.

About 5000 years ago the north of India was invaded by tribes of aryan ethnic origin. They may also have had contacts with the Siberian tribes and almost certainly some of them reached Israel. The tribes who reached India spoke Vedic, an archaic form of Sanskrit. With them they brought their scriptures in the form of vedas or psalms. One of the gods described was Soma (see Huxley's *Brave New World*). This god would manifest himself in a plant

or its juice, and would reveal himself to those who ate or drank of the plant. The interesting thing is that some scholars have identified soma with one of the *amanita* mushrooms.

The Vikings also used *amanita*, mainly before going into battle. Of course, they may have had contacts with Siberia.

Some men use pharmacological means to give themselves the feeling that there is more to life than is dreamt of by the natural philosophies. Pharmacologically the same effect can be achieved with perfect legality with alcohol, and with tranquilisers and hypnotics. Animal products have not figured so prominently as vegetable products in the quest for unreality. Toads figure in witches brews and indeed toad skin and salivary glands contain various pharmacologically active substances including bufotenine which is also found in *amanita* mushrooms in the *cohoba* snuff used by South American indians to obtain pleasant release from reality during siesta time.

It has been suggested that the rise in interest in black magic that cumulated in the Mansonite murders in California may include the mistaken idea that human pineal and adrenal glands contain hallucinogens. Incidentally, Alistair Crowley, the great beast, and doyen of 20th century witches and warlocks used mescaline back in the 20s long before Huxley wrote "The Doors of Perception."

Colin Wilson, the ex angry young man and existentialist "philosopher" makes an interesting observation in his recent book on witchcraft and the occult. The fig tree, known in the east as the Bo tree, contains various tryptophan derivatives, some of which may cross the blood-brain barrier and have central effects. Would you believe that the Buddha had his enlightenment under a Bo tree? Also bananas and their skins contain similar compounds which may explain the effect allegedly obtained by smoking banana skins.

The biggest boost to mankind's quest for unreality came in 1828 when Wokler synthesised urea externally and started organic chemistry on its juggernaut path. If I tried to categorise all the synthetic compounds with which man has battered his central nervous system we would be here until midnight. I will therefore deal with only one or two of the more interesting compounds making the passing comment that the commonest synthetic drugs misused must be barbiturates - "mothers little

helper” as the stones sing with a great deal of truth. If the suburban housewife doesn’t like her existence the pleasant numbness of barbiturates provides an acceptable substitute.

Lysergic acid diethylamide is the best known of the synthetic hallucinogens. It was synthesised by Hoffman in 1938 but he discovered its hallucinogenic effects only on April 16th 1943. It has been suggested by one of Tim Leary’s confreres that on the discovery of nuclear energy, Fermis atomic pile in Chicago being run for the first time in December 1942, the almighty decided to make LSD psychoactive so that by taking it the human race could rediscover its place in nature and refrain from throwing nuclear weapons around. This is typical of the dreary drivel talked by the Learyites.

What effect does LSD in fact have? The best account I have come across is in the Canadian report on the non-medical use of drugs, an excellent book I unreservedly recommend.

The authors describe six types of experience; the psychotic adverse reaction characterised by terror, fearful hallucinations and ideas of reference. The non psychotic adverse reaction, characterised by fear, unpleasant illusions and disorder of affect and mood, differing from the psychotic reaction only in intensity. The psychodynamic and psychedelic experience is characterised by the emergence into the ego of suppressed material often with the release of powerful emotions. The cognitive psychedelic experience when one has the impression of enhanced intellect and insight into the nature of things. The aetheric psychedelic experience is associated with changes in sensory perception. Synaesthesia may occur with music being “seen” and “felt”, precepts of all kinds are charged with preternatural vitality, and beautiful and significant visions may be seen. The sixth type of experience is the transcendental experience of the “great white light”, of feeling at one with the universe that is the goal of most intellectual LSD takers, including Leary. There is a world of difference between the teeny bopper who drops acid to see the pretty lights and someone of the intellectual calibre of Huxley who takes it, as he believes, to gain an insight into the deeper workings of the universe. I suspect that this may be a rationalism of what is a form of escapism from the true unpleasantness of human existence that he caught so well in his earlier novels. Leary and his collaborator Alpert published a book called “The Psychedelic Experience” which

guides the tripper through the various stages of such until he sees the “great white light.” This book is based on the Tibetan “Book of the Dead” which is a set of instructions read by priests to the dying to guide them through death and the afterlife to their next reincarnation.

Many drugs are hallucinogens, but not all have the same effects. Some are especially good at producing visual hallucinations, often associated with delirium, and this includes many of the anticholinergic drugs. These include such agents as dirvan, methylpiperidyl benzilate (LBJ) and serenyl. Serenyl in particular is interesting; it was developed and marketed by Parke-Davis as an anaesthetic before its abuse liability was realised. It has been suggested that its mode of action is to block thalamocortical projection fibres, and the cortex, thereby deprived of its sensory input invents its own. Its approved name is phencyclidine and hence it is popularly known as PCP. Parke-Davis withdrew it for human use and developed from it tetramine which is quite a useful anaesthetic, although interestingly enough it has as a major side effect the production of unpleasant dreams and disturbed behaviour as well as, in one reported case, possibly inducing a long term psychosis. Serenyl is still on the market in the US as an animal tranquiliser, and hence can get onto the black market.

Some agents, particularly the substituted amphetamines such as STP, MDA and MDMA appear to be particularly good at producing adverse psychotic states.

It is interesting to speculate on the prospects of tailoring molecules to produce a particular reality altering effect. Imagine the religious revival that would result if the host were impregnated with a drug that induced a brief mystical state of ecstasy and revelation. But remember the Aztecs were doing this 1000 years ago, and the Native American Church is doing it today.

Some men use pharmacological means to give themselves the feeling that there is more to life than is dreamt of by the natural philosophies. Pharmacologically the same effect can be achieved with perfect legality with alcohol, and with tranquilisers and hypnotics.

Ladies and gentlemen, if I have in the course of this dissertation raised the slightest flicker of interest in any of you in the nature of our existence, I will be well content.

Answers to AP's corner

CROSSWORD

Across

- 1) Bridge
- 5) Paul
- 6) Annual Dinner
- 9) Fellow
- 10) Praises
- 12) Gin
- 13) AP
- 14) Nag
- 15) Technophobe
- 19) Tea
- 20) Athletics
- 21) Treasurer
- 24) Minutes
- 25) Low
- 26) Trust
- 27) Rosie
- 28) See 16D

Down

- 1) Benson and Hedges
- 2) Cans
- 3) Kauffman
- 4) Eagle
- 5) Propaganda
- 7) Leiden
- 8) Res Medica
- 11) Auntie Pat
- 16) & 28) A Olim Scriba
- 17) Flick
- 18) Secretary
- 20) Auditor
- 22) Cullen
- 23) Vets

BRIDGE PROBLEM

Q1: You and dummy have 30 points in total, leaving 10 for the opposition.

Q2: The 5 of spades and ruff from the dummy with a heart.

Q3: 4 trumps are left: you have 3 and the dummy has 1.

Q4: East had 2 spades, 2 hearts, 3 diamonds and 6 clubs. Therefore he has 4 clubs remaining.

Q5: By elimination, 6 spades, 2 hearts, 5 diamonds and no clubs. He has 3 spades and 1 diamond left.

Q6: You need 4 tricks to make your contract and you need your 4 trumps to win those tricks. If you trump it from South, you will have to enter the next hand with either a trump or a club. If you play a trump you will have to return one, leaving only 2 trumps in South and losing the contract. If you play a club you will have to return a club, losing to East. Since East has only clubs remaining, he will play that suit and you will lose the contract.

Your only solution is to play a club from South and let West win with a diamond. He can then only enter with a spade, allowing you to ruff from dummy and discard from South. This leaves South with three trumps to make the contract!

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