

SOHO FAIR.

London's Soho, where you'll find more nationalities than there are loose ends on a plate of spaghetti, stages its annual shindig - the Soho Fair. The procession is true to form; a minimum of covering to a maximum of natural ability.

And, of course, us - but we live here anyway. Whether cine or still, Soho is positively the home of the negative; and everyone in Soho who isn't developing something is cooking something up or serving something up. That's why the Waiters' Race is always a highlight of the Fair - with the Fair's Beauty Queen to start it.

Your place on the grid is decided by your practice time - and take it from me, these boys get plenty of practice.

The winner - Mario Assoni from Northern Italy; hence the French champagne. Add to that the usual mixture of beatniks, crackniks, not-downy birds and pseudo-jailbirds, and you have Soho Fair, in all its a-la-carte glory. The only safe thing to bet on, is that you'll come again.

Soho Fair, so good. (Ouch!)