

INTERIOR DESECRATION  
 .....

INTERIOR DESECRATORS  
 .....

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 THE COOLIG INHERITANCE  
 DAY  
 DIALOG FOR ONE PERSON  
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 TO WILLIAM BURROUGHS, A DAY  
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 YAWN

RICHARD BARYCZ  
 PETER BURROUGHS  
 JAMES FINCH  
 EDWIN HALL  
 JIM HUGGETT  
 LEROY KETTLE  
 GREG PICKERSGILL  
 MERFYN ROBERTS  
 PETER ROBERTS  
 ROBERT SMITH  
 TOM SWIFT  
 IAN WILLIAMS

.....

THIS PUBLICATION IS F O U L E R NUMBER TWO, PRODUCED AND  
 EDITED BY GREG PICKERSGILL AND LEROY KETTLE  
 THE EDITORIAL ADDRESS, TO WHICH ALL COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE SENT, IS:  
 "THE PINES", HAYLETT LANE, MERLINS BRIDGE, HAVERFORDWEST, PEMBROKESHIRE.

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 POSSIBLE), OR SHOW OF INTEREST.

THE OPINIONS STATED HEREIN ARE NOT NECESSARILY ANYBODYS.

THE NEXT ISSUE WILL APPEAR AS SOON AS SUFFICIENT MATERIAL IS AVAILIABLE.

THE PRIZE OFFERED TO THE WINNER OF THE FIRST COMPETITION WAS NOT  
 AWARDED DUE TO THE LACK OF COMPETITORS..



## I S L I T E R A C Y   D E A D

FOULER Number One, whilst being a serious attempt to produce a literate fanzine without leaving the confines of fandom, recieved negligible support fandom-at-large. One hundred and sixteen copies were distributed, and one 'commnet' was recieved. This is a serious condemnation of contemporary British fandom. It is inconcievable that Issue One was so appallingly bad as to rate such a pitiful response, and the only alternate reason must be that British fandom has sunk so low into the slough of despond that it has virtually disappeared. Several recent fanzines have bemoaned this, notably those produced by Peter Roberts (the only British fan - and I hesitate to use that word to describe such an exceptiona~~XL~~ person - capable of meeting the American giants on their own ground), but no-one seems to be sufficiently concerned to do anything about it. Admittedly, FOULER and its associate magazines are not even a feeble-minded attempt to rectify all of this. Our crusading spirit disappeared when we realised that most fans are not worthy of any especial consideration or aid, incapabe of helping themselves to an inordinate degree, and unwilling to make even the slightest gesture of assistance to any potential fan who has the misfortune (or maybe fortune, depending) not to be a member of their immediate tight little clique. The response to several advertisements in the B.S.F.A. BULLETIN was sufficent to confirm this suspicion. The same people who complained vociferously about lack of interest in their fanzines were notably inconspicuous when requested to send fanzines to interested parties. These same people did not bother to comment on FOULER One. Only one comment was recieved, and is printed in its nauseating entirety in HEAP.

As stated above, FOULER is absolutely not an attempt to raise the sinking standards of British fandom by one millimetre. Like the first issue, this one was planned and produced all within a space of about eight hours, and has no pretensions as far as production and layout are concerned. However, we do feel a certain amount of joy due to the fact that this particular issue, snotty though it may be, is a great deal better than any one of a dozen incompetent fanzines over which much 'care', 'attention' and 'intellect' have been slavered. This editorial, carrying the message it does, will probably enrage a significant number of the people who are reading it. And doubtless they will attack it with all the measly weapons at their disposal. The pathetic literacy of this editorial will recieve a just quantity of abuse, but it would be as well to remember that each of us is typing a sentence in turn, without any real idea as to what is to be said, this curious arrangement being due to the fact that niether of us has sufficient interest in the whole stupid concept of fans and fandom to put any real thought into it. However, that last sentence notwithstanding, its a tragedy that the same brand of person that



produced the superb British fanzines of only a few years ago now squander  
time and energy on almost archetypal crudzines.

One of us had something of real importance and interest to write here,  
but we can't remember which of us it was.

.....

YAWN  
.....

COMPETITION NUMBER TWO

A PRIZE OF AN EXTENDED SUBSCRIPTION TO F O U L E R WILL BE  
AWARDED TO THE BEST DETAILED EXPLANATION OF THE STORY

ROOG BY PHILIP K. DICK.

SOURCES.....MAG. OF FANTASY AND S.F. FEBRUARY 1953

THE PRESERVING MACHINE ACE ANTHOLOGY.

))))))))))))))))))

VAST NUMBERS OF SUPERB SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS ARE FOR SALE AT  
LUDICROUS PRICES ..... S.A.E. EDITORIAL ADDRESS.

((((((((((((((((((((((((((((((((

A REMARKABLY FORTUNATE FEW WILL FIND A COPY OF  
FANTHOLOGY

ENCASED WITHIN THIS ISSUE. THIS IS GIVEN AWAY ENTIRELY FREE  
AND WHILST IT ISN'T QUITE WHAT IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THIS IS  
SOMEONE ELSE'S FAULT AND NOTHING AT ALL TO DO WITH US.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

POTTAGE WILL APPEAR  
NEW PEMBROKESHIRE REVIEW WON'T.

DESPITE ALL THE NASTY DESPICABLE COWARDLY THINGS SAID ABOUT FANZINES  
IN GOB WE FIND THEY HAVE A CURIOUS FASCINATION ALL THEIR OWN,  
AND WE WELCOME TRADES WITH OPEN ARMS. WE'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU  
BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE COULD SEND TWO COPIES OF EACH PUBLICATION, AS  
THERE ARE TWO OF US RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS.

.....

TO WILLIAM BURROUGHS, A DAY.  
.....

Mother's Birthday is coming up soon.  
We went to the shops for Mother today.  
"Tomato sandwiches tomorrow!" Mother says.  
Yesterday Mother died.



IS ANYBODY RIGHT  
.....

Wake up and realise reality!  
Before it flicks its tail and stings.  
Is this your banner?

Youth against age, but what am I to do  
When I'm an Elder?  
Condemn myself?

After Russias Revolution  
Newton's laws were still Newton's laws.  
But false culture was indoctrinated.

Could there be another Nuremberg in Washington?  
Paradox layered upon paradox,  
A deadlier Pandora's Box.

THE WHINE OF MURDERED NEGROES.  
.....:

Papa Doc is not a good guy,  
He whips the niggers until they cry.  
He whips them till their backs are red,  
O Papa Doc I wish you were dead!

A NOTE FROM THE HIGH MARTIAN.

In the distant yellow orbit where the cracked glass spaceships fly,  
a humble Martian madrigal was whistled three keys high.

I'm left-handed, said the Martian Sinisterly.

HIBBLE SPUNDIDGE CRUGS AGAIN  
.....

Hairy minded old Hibble he was. Rusty-rusty s napse person with  
crackly bones under lump-veined parchment. Crinpy-toeing behind humblump  
lassies, cheeky skirts high and tight as old Hibble mostly, but not liking  
old Hibble. Roving eye and finger, catch as catch can. Like a twig between  
their legs. Scream, to scream again on turning. No soft touch there and cops ho  
hop in rescue fashion but creaking into the crowd old Hibble leaves flesh behin  
behind looking for more fleshly behind.

And at nights black wanderings, pickpoxing, fingerlingering dirty streets where  
monies neednt be. Not bestbreast but choicelless Hibble knows where its at.  
Then, empty and full, he crawls to a wall and lets it rock him to sleep as  
final sucked bottle sliprips to the gutter.

Kickkickkickkick goes blue alarm with its heavy boots. Old Hibble uprises,  
apologises, babbles down the street in sudden pusherrush. No National  
Wealthservice this, but genuinebloodsuckint profession. Whence come pence

CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE



\*\*\*\*\*

## fouler credits

richard barycz	spin
james huggett	is anybody right?
leroy kettle	the cosmic inheritance of scrogler hannister in his own imago the smallest dragon
greg pickersgill	the man with the technicolor eyes
merf roberts	seagulls scream thinking of church days view the whine of murdered negroes
robert smith	some other day

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FOULER information

next issue will appear as soon as enough material of quality is available. It will include several more conventional fanzine features, and may even adopt a more conventional format. Any contributions are welcomed, anything published as long as it has sufficient intrinsic merit. We have no taboos whatsoever. There are, however, no plans for the inclusion of illustrations in the foreseeable future.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

## CONT.FROM OVER.

.....

Press Baron with no thought to the consequences. Its the class contributors who are really at fault. By sending their stuff to crudzine people out of some erroneous motive they are participating in the downfall of British fandom. All forward looking fans should band together in a nationwide confederacy dedicated to the obliteration, by ostasism if necessary, of the dozens of foul, nauseating, and completely superfluous fanzines, and the perpetuation of the cream. There's the word.

: : : : : :

On a lighter plane, I admit to having all the hatred possessed by the outsider for those firmly ensconced inside, and that its only my foul personality, or lack of any personality at all that is the dividing line between the Have and Have-not.

: : : : : :

Its curious that there is no rock/folk/blues orientated fanzine in Britain. I know of several in the U.S., and apart from a few notably crappy articles theres little mention over here. It seems that fanzines prefer digests of Britannica articles on Unicorns, or Vikings, and reviews of the latest cruddy issue of VISION OF TOMORROW to anything that even hints of the broad horizons that fans vociferously claim to have.

THESE 'SCORIA' NOTES ARE RANDOM WORDS ON THINGS THAT OUGHT TO BE EXPANDED & LATER. PERPETRATED DISGUSTINGLY BY GREG PICKERSGILL +



been, with few notable exceptions, for years, and shows no real sign of improving in any measurable fashion. Its about bloody time someone did something about it, as its a queer situation when even Australian fandom is stronger than British.

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DESPITE its curious aspect, FOULER is a minor attempt to get something done. If sufficient support is forthcoming it could become something more than a rum-blurred vision. Though, god help us, we have to depend on You for that.

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Those of you who suspect FOULER is a fart in the collective face of fandom are well on the scent.

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NO doubt there are certain readers who are either sitting quietly shaking their heads in sorrow or dancing with fury at some of the things contained herein, especially those concerning the B.S.F.A. I remember one occasion on which I was especially critical of that organization, and was roundly chastised and had several B.S.F.A. projects explained to me in painstaking detail. All very well, but why in hell did I have to wait until I had complained before I found out any of this. The members should be kept well informed of all the doings of the Association. Of course, this takes time and cash, which is unavailable until more members arrive, but the members won't come unless they're offered something worthwhile, so the money isn't there. Remember, its only young children who join clubs for the sake of a membership badge. B.S.F.A. members deserve more than they seem to be getting. Admittedly, its the only easily available source of information, however vague, on the s f world but is it worth thirty bob a year?

::::::::::

THE way I see it one of the major reasons for the dismal aspect of most British fanzines is that there are too many publishers chasing too little quality material. There is comparatively little genuine talent within the confines of British fandom (and overseas fans appear with significant irregularity in British publications) and it is inevitable that fanzines must go for several issues (and sometimes their whole existence) without publishing anything of genuine worth. Slightly more often a really good piece of material will find its way into some hideous crudzine, and be ignored or missed by the bulk of fandom. I contend that most fanzine editors now operating are themselves tearing down the standards of fanzines whilst at the same time complaining about the deterioration. A recent count showed about forty fanzines of various types in the U.K. (not all of them currently in production). Careful examination and a few minutes thought should demonstrate that there is no possibility of each of these magazines attaining anything near decency. There is simply insufficient ability and talent for more than a dozen fanzines at the absolute outside. You can't really blame the publishers, of course, they're just happily playing



AND what's the good old B.S.F.A. Ltd. doing these days? Somebody tell me please, I'm too idle to find out for myself. Last I remember hearing of it was that the Secretaryship had passed from Beryl Mercer's warmly capable hands and gone to some unknown from the South. Oh, yes there has been a curious new VECTOR falling through the letterbox about once every three months. Well at least they seem to be back on a more or less quarterly schedule once again, and by jove, now that I think of it the magazine has had some startlingly good material in it too. More power to BOB PARKINSON in the future, and I genuinely hope he doesn't get discouraged by the apathy of the membership as quickly as some other highly competent editors have been. That's the great fault of the BSTA really, of course. It depends so much on the members to make it a worthwhile organisation. It's virtually penniless (or so I believe) and thus can't afford a slick and varied output of material, even if it did get enough good material to present well. In contrast to recent advances in VECTOR the BULLETIN has become a rather shabby pamphlet of late, and the appearance, together with its frequent tone of what I feel is false bonhomie, could decide several new members against placing another 30/- on the line for next year. I'm probably entirely wrong, of course, but I shall be interested to see what transpires. And whilst on the subject, lets note ~~XXX~~ one of the services offered by the B.S.F.A., the Fanzine Distribution Service. An admirable idea, to collect samples of recent fanzines for distribution to newly joined B.S.F.A. members who claim to have an interest in them. A very greatly needed one too, as when in the latter days an announcement (pathetically hopeful) in the Bulletin was supposed to send fanzines flooding through the ~~new~~ new members door things very rarely worked that way. The situation has barely changed, it seems. Philip Spencer, currently in charge of the F.D.S. constantly complains that ~~KK~~ fanzine editors rarely bother to send even one or two copies to him. I can vouch for this from personal experience. I was for a short time in charge of this unit. (a spectacularly disastrous cock-up which I shall not explain or excuse myself for here) and on only one occasion (Peter Roberts, with several issues of MORFARCH) did an editor contribute material. Most of the stuff I had was given by Beryl Mercer out of her own fanzine collection. (A slight digression for a moment. It seems that editors are as reluctant to sell their magazines as to give them away. I have several times advertised that I wished to subscribe to fanzines, and only one magazine, CYPHER was ever sent. Its this kind of thing that can turn you against fandom.....)

Anyway, although there has been a good bit of suggestion-throwing in recent B.S.F.A. Bulletins (almost all by the same person, I believe) the vast mass of the membership is content to remain either tightly ensconced in its clique-ridden fortresses, or sit meekly on the outside staring in at the colored lights - dim as they are.

The simple fact of the matter is that British fandom is a dead loss, has



SCORIA SCORIA  
SCORIA

A COLUMN OF WORDS.  
.....

WHEN the first issue of this magazine came out some time ago there was a certain amount of penny-pinching commentless postcard enquiry as to where copies could be obtained. Let it here be known that copies of FOULER ONE are available from the editorial address for the sum of 1/- plus a good reason. There aren't all that many left, so those of you desirous to see just what prompted 'Hammond' to make his invidious pseudonymous assault should be quick.

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

WE'VE just noticed that this issue is much better produced than was the first. We're sorry about this.

|||||

FOULER was born out of CRAPPER and NEW PEMBROKESHIRE REVIEW in a curious fashion prompted by consumption of vast quantities of Alcohol. I (me that is) am in a way sorry about this., because had N.P.R. ever had an opportunity to reach publication I am fairly positive that it would have instantly reached the same level as such epic magazines as MORFARCH, PHILE, BEYOND, and HYPHEN. Alas, basic poverty and the usual hurricane of apathy from the mass of fandom has dragged it to its grave stillborn.

CRAPPER, now, was a very different thing. It was born of a profound distaste for the bulk of fandom and their curious ways, and would have been in the main an organ of personal attack and retribution on and from many of them. This could, conceivably, have been interesting, but really, when you've said "I hate, despise, loathe, distrust -----!" once there isn't much else. I don't feel sufficient interest in most of them to waste any time in dredging up foul facts to smear over costly duper paper. And one other small thing. Most of what I said (or would have said) about these people would probably have been libellous, and the cost of damages alone would have been fantastic.

Never mind, anyway. It would only have brought me hatred from fandom, though from what I hear about the number of fans that detest me already I don't think it would have made that much difference. I won't carry on here, as you've probably read much the same from any one of a dozen other neurosis-ridden adolescents, but if enough people request it, I shall expand upon these random words in the next issue.

+++++

THE first two issues have exhausted our supply of superb material, and its contribution request time now. The third issue should be even more of a breakthrough in new wave intellectualism than this one is, so please send in suitable material or we shall have to start publishing second rate crap.

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Those of you puzzled by the reference to R.L. STEVENSON in 'VIEW' should consult that person's Collected Works and all should be revealed.



DIALOG FOR ONE PERSON

I've been getting these headaches lately, and the doctor dont do nuffin except take my wife into the back room and say I'll just give your wife something for your headache, and when they comes out theyre both smiling and it does me so much good to see the missus happy me head all clears up. And I say Doctor what do you do when you gets a headache cos you aint married. And he he says Dont worry Ive got my own problems. And he goes off through the door what says V.D. which must mean Visual Deficiency cos he wears glasses poor feller and must be very short sighted because the missus says hes a funny feller he cant tell when IM coming. But I admit he seems to recognise me all right. I fact he rubs his hands whenever I visit him. Hes a bloody good doctor and Ive been going to him for years and I want my kids to be doctors like him. I must be wanting it pretty hard cos they look like him.

O god I'm scared. (Hold camera on face for three seconds then zoom in on large wart and out to office of hairologist.)

Wot are the causes of premature baldness Mister Hairologist whose name we are not allowed to mention.

Wull, mainly hair falling out at an early age. In fact I I cannot honestly think of another cause.

Ahem, Mister Hairologist, what causes hair to fall out at an early age.

Wull, several things. Masturbation. Fingering dead toads. Thinking naughty thoughts about your mummy. Not paying enought money to interviewees. And premature baldness. The last is thought to be the main cause, although masturbation does of course dominate in pubic baldness, a disease whose first sign is dandruff on the boots. This is particularly noticeable in woman and Scots.

CONTINUED FROM ELSEWHERE

A shilling had been a lot, but obviously it would buy twice as much good fortune. Scrogler had paid willingly. She had mumbled for a few minutes and Scrogler had become tired of the uncertain things she had to say, but suddenly he became the only person in the world and he saw a gleam enter her eye as she looked at him. You have a Cosmic Inheritance she had said. Her face did more than the words. She was jealous. She didn't have a Cosmic Inheritance. Scrogler did. He was still searching for it. He would recognise it amongst the dirt when he saw it. It would be a clean thing, a different thing. Something that would enable him to claim his Cosmic Inheritance and tower over his fellow men left down there in the rubbish, still rubbish themselves.

CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE.



#### VIEW

.....

little green train going faster faster  
up the hill down the hill faster faster  
watch out here it comes  
faster faster  
up the dale down the vale faster faster  
never stopping always going  
push off Robert Louis Stevenson.

.

#### THINKING OF CHURCH DAYS

.....

Bracken paths and cobble stones are me,  
No wonder I keep thinking.  
Ivy bushes growing tall,  
Reminding me of snakes,  
And those things called churches.  
  
Green weeds pierce the walls  
Of grey stones that lie in shapes,  
And the moving grass cradles the wind  
Into a sound of peace  
Which reminds me of churches.

.

#### THE SMALLEST DRAGON

The smallest dragon from out of the forest high-kicked sand, splattered along the seas shallows, breathed his warning at the sun, played snort-tunes in his huge rubbery nostrils as only the smallest dragon can on a self indulgence day. Pleasure was a warm interior. He boiled a small crabby pool, laughed a dragons laugh and lay, tender stomach glinting back the sun, in a hot spot he had chosen for todays dream-of dreams. A ritual image appeared in his mind detailed with food and warmth, terms and sex. It trickled through him whispering "Sleep now we shall start a dream together." It hummed a birthing tune. The smallest dragon passed into the sea of makebelieve, and slowly, as the tip of his tail showed, to the island of happy-life..

.

#### SOME OTHER DAY

.....

Mother's birthday is coming up soon.  
WE went to the shops for Mother today.  
"Tomato sandwiches fomorrow !" Mother says.  
Yesterday Mother died.

.



ANOTHER DAY

.....  
Mothers birthday is coming up soon.  
We went to the shops for Mother today.  
"Tomato sandwiches tomorrow!" Mother says.  
Yesterday Mother died.

SEAGULLS SCREAM

.....  
seagulls scream  
while the sand has no color  
and a courting couple make love  
under the watchful eye of a stranded crab.  
black shapes  
appear in the sunset  
while the love continues to grow  
under the watchful eyes of the  
collecting animals.  
unfamiliar happenings  
seem to echo through the cliffs  
while love is in progress  
under the gleaning eyes of the  
strange beasts.  
engulfing darkness  
stops to wait for the kill  
while the lovers arise  
under the devouring eyes of the  
horrific monsters.

IN HIS OWN IMAGO .

.....  
The bilingual bastard was squeezing away his creators life when I dropped from the sky. The grass stain on his knee stood out like a rash on an albino, and I knew what he had been up to. As I landed I giggled, thinking about it, and he turned my way. He saw my grin, and screamed, but stayed where he was, not relaxing his grip a bit.

"There is no death, Kilroy." I walked towards him, grinning the grin. He gasped, and his knuckled whitened. "God is with you, suicide is beyond your capabilities."

He let go and stepped back, shaking. The green patches on his knees started to spread.

"Agrin ne, parlen!" he screamed, and tried to rush me, leaving God lying on the sand. I struck him down, and, as I knew he would, God withered away.

I just had to laugh



H E A P

.....  
A LETTER FROM  
GEORGE HAMMOND, MALVERN, BUCKS.

Dear Person ..... I read your first issue of ~~HEEK~~ FOULER with some interest and not a little difficulty. It eventually reached me only because a relative who is a postoffice sorter recognised a vague similarity between the sub-literate scribble on the envelope and my address. However... the one poem I managed to decipher in its entirety was GATHER BLACK NIGHTS, by Barycz which was probably the best thing I have ever seen in fifteen years of fanzine-reading, and I was quite honestly nauseated by the fact that it had to appear within the absurd confines of your snotty little pamphlet. I'd probably say much the same about THAT FUTURE AGES if I had had the patience and superb eyesight necessary to finish reading it. Your strange idea of printing unconnected lists of contents and contributors each in alphabetical order is rather puerile, and this is one thing that leads me to suspect you're a rather young fan with new wave inclinations and a desperate urge to be the Graham Hall or Platt of the next decade. In actual fact I seem to remember seeing one or other of your names mentioned in fanzines before, but it's too much effort to find out just where. Anyway, if by any chance you get a second issue out and it contains anything as good as the random sample I read I honestly hope you'll make an effort to produce the zine better. You won't get anywhere in fandom with a cruddy looking thing like that. Remember RUTFCUT?

.....

~~COMMENT~~

COMMENT

This imbecilic missive was the only 'serious' and 'constructive' comment on FOULER ONE. It is obviously the work of an established fan, but the ridiculous address and the fact that no-one has ever heard of 'Hammond' makes us wonder which cowardly character in fandom is lurking shiftily behind this plastic facade. The picture painted by 'hammond' is totally exaggerated apart from the allusion to the material which was indeed as superb as he postulated. However, despite his falsity he at least overcame the prevalent apathy of British fandom sufficiently to scribble the preceding crap. See GOB for more on this.

ALL PSEUDONYMOUS 'COMMENTS' WILL BE DISREGARDED IN FUTURE.

DAY

.....  
Mother's birthday is coming up soon.  
We went to the shops for Mother today.  
"Tomato sandwiches tomorrow!" Mother says.  
Yesterday Mother died.



REQUISCAT

.....

In vaults of time and space there rests  
A tranquil soul  
Of Denmark's Royal House and patronymic, Hamlet:  
Released of earth and all its noisome dross  
Through recoiled death and filial vow fulfilled.  
A father's foul dispatch avenged and severed love renewed  
And all self-doubt and frenzied anguish banished  
Divine requital wreaked supreme  
In ceding surcease, success  
For death's crescent shadow, venomous poised,  
Eclipsed corporeal life to state sublime, the sooner.

JIM THORNTON 1969.

MAGGOT FOUND IN A CHINESE FORTUNE COOKIE

.....

if i were a maggot  
as all powers be  
id find it hard  
to climb a tree

THE COSMIC INHERITANCE OF SCROGLER HANNISTER

.....

Along a street. Dust is the cleanest part. Living dust spreads! wind  
water, feet, litter. A mingling of human detritus with human surrounds.  
Unwanted, unnecessary, unimportant. Only people are important and people  
are most likely to forget. The presence of something like garbage can have  
greater meaning, hit with harder impact, than the sight of a man, looking  
like but treated lower than the dirt. He carries dirt encrusted on his  
old, baring trenchcoat, color long leaked into the atmosphere, dirt streaked  
on his skin, crawling in his pores, dirt on and in the flapsoled shoes with  
no heels to be worn out, dirt inside the dirt. Look at this mess says  
Councillor Hoofbinder but he doesn't mean Scrogler. He is thinking of  
national appearances. But Scrogler is not even thinking of his own  
appearance. He is thinking of his Cosmic Inheritance. Scrogler saw a fortune  
teller once. A slack-bloused woman with greasy face and hair and heavy cheeks  
that pulled red into the bottoms of her eyes. He'd been young in those  
days, when a few pence could go onto an ice cream for a girl or a comic  
for himself. When the world perhaps had really been clean. He had liked  
the sign outside promising good fortune. He needed that. Madame Clarry  
had swept her tumbled hair around with fingers that cracked as she flexed  
them afterwards over a discolored crystal ball. Tanner or a bob she said

CONTINUED ELSEWHERE



## SPIN

.....

Spin once and see three sunsets  
In a day of silence outside.  
The twenty-one centimeter  
Dialling tone of the stars.

Spin twice and have Earth  
Warm and frail in your palm,  
To gravity and light's rippled tug  
From the firenest of the sun.

Spin thrice and feel the mind,  
Tumble amongst the starsmoke,  
Breath of the starwhirl, and  
Burning sunflower eyes of Andromeda.

Spin four times and catch  
The hem of joined light and shade  
Partnered in a lovely dance  
Of Moon and death and winter tide.

Spin five, withdraw and dive,  
In a metal skin and ioned air,  
To meet your soul, a hundred miles  
And half eternity below.

.

## THE MAN WITH THE TECHNICOLOR EYES

.....

The man with the technicolor eyes came softly, picking his steps with all the care of a heron. His particolored orbs sought their strange fulfilment in the pallid towers above, and where they rested orange, green and yellow flowed, flying and dipping amongst the clouds. The sun stood still. The man with the technicolored eyes stood quietly, sweeping sweeping the towers above, splinters of lights dancing and scurrying in the cracks and hollows of the ages old concrete, vibrating through the miasma of time and space, sending a call into the depths of the universe. He twisted mistily, grinning, and as the spaces between the towers grew closer and clashed soundlessly, he disappeared.

.

## SOMEDAY

.....

Mother's birthday is coming up soon.  
We went to the shops for Mother today.  
"Tomato sandwiches tomorrow!" Mother says.  
Yesterday Mother died.

.