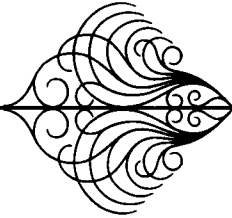


The Prawn

*Today I saw upon the stair
Of London Transport lying there
a prawn : woeful look upon his face
looking very out of place
half way up and half way down
the deepest spiral stairs in town.
As I looked a funny thought came over me
Of me of him aswimming in the sea,
dillying at this and that
in his natural habitat,
and how he never dreamed to be
found in such preposterity.
And how we, none of us, can know
Where the hell we're gonna go.*

Pauline Saiz



M. SARCANS

THE CHANGELING

The psycho-surgical operation was a very brief affair. I awoke to find myself lying on an operating table. I could not move my arms, my legs, nor my head. It was rigidly clamped in a stereotaxic frame.

‘Just a few adjustments, Mr. Nimitz. Close your eyes, open your eyes. Once more. Yes, now open. Good’.

Something snapped.

‘Close your eyes Mr. Nimitz. Good. Yes, that’s very good. You can go to sleep now, Mr. Nimitz’.

I awoke in a general ward. My head in bandages. I noted the ease with which I made conversation with my ward-mates, and an unfamiliar, ready laughter. I smiled often and received smiles in return. I was changed.

It was three months more before I