

213 - 'Saturday Matinee' by Edith Little is

When Science was a Fortune (Group:)

(Heated and Paris, 1978)

(37) Decayed, and falling down
Marble steps which used to gleam
Chromium handles on the door
A man with silver buttons
Paced up and down the floor
He glanced out at our faces
Huddled in the cold
"Oh mister, gony let us in?"
The big ones yelled and barked,
He checks his watch against the hour
Five minutes more to go,
Those eyes begin to glower,
He'll stand soon in a corner
Protected from our feet
As everyone goes pushing by
To get a good front seat.

Shouting, red shouting, tips to the jms 92-815

Warnings to stop our carry on.

The lights (are dimmed, and silence reigned,
Our world and all its colour change,

Every shade in the rainbow's hue
& ultimate orange to a deepening blue.

Curtains of satin slide along,
Whore ^[in] first?, Pop-Eye, or Anne-Mary-Log?

Halt say that we suffer the news
Not interested in adults, or their news,
Except the ship, just launched in the sky

U: a picture house, a swimmer's pool.

Pete Love the Range

Five minutes to go
There's a sign to please
Hell stand now in a corner

Protected from our feet

To get a good front seat
As everyone goes forward by