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Jacket art and design by Martin Noble, AESOP
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down from the stars
an assistant to a
**DISTINGUISHED
ASTROPHYSICIST**
TORMENTED BY THE FATE
OF THE **SOVIET SPACE DOG**



LAIKA
incinerated ABOVE the earth

ART TOURISM
ORGANISED CRIME

ADVENTURES
DISASTERS
COMPLICITY WITH CRIMINALITY

A NEW BOSS
DESTITUTE AND DISILLUSIONED WITH SCIENCE
an african wildlife lodge

A FORMER DANCER
DESTINIES AS 'STARS'
a novel by john fraser

Front cover:
Drug (Friend)
cigarettes,
Moscow, circa 1967.



Back cover:
Laika, Soviet space dog,
launched in Sputnik 2,
November 1957.

JOHN FRASER DOWN FROM THE STARS

DOWN FROM THE STARS

a different kind of novel



JOHN FRASER

AESOP MODERN

'Now, listen – you, down from the stars, and into art and contraband. It's all ephemera, what you do. You barely count. This place is like the other places, the people like the other people, now, before, or in the wings. The rules all over say – although we're poor, we act like rich. The bosses never do the dirty things themselves. Remember too, you never, never, aim for justice till there's no reprisal possible. Happiness, though – you're right. You can fit some in anywhere.'

'Want some moments in the cosmos?' he asks.

'Sure!' I say. There's equations on a membrane, and you push through, there in the light and dark you are, looking up and down. It's empty black, and nests of light – it hurts, it's busy like a gut with particles, your twin is jiggling up and down, and so are you. I think, the first dog, sent up or down – Laika was its name, perhaps; I had some cigarettes, the packet had his handsome face – 'Oh no,' the dog thinks, looking out – 'those bastards didn't let me have a window, but I guess it's like the pictures...'

The dog thinks how it's getting hot. It's nearly frying time, he thinks. And then – the dog shouts, 'Jesus, I'm burning up, right up!'

From *Down from the Stars*

ISBN: 978-0-9572061-6-8 £14.99

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Content Type: Black & White
Paper Type: Creme
Page Count: 206
File Type: PDF
Request ID: CSS1004943

Bleed Width: 19.749
Trim Width: 19.499