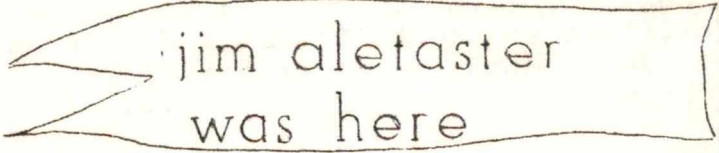
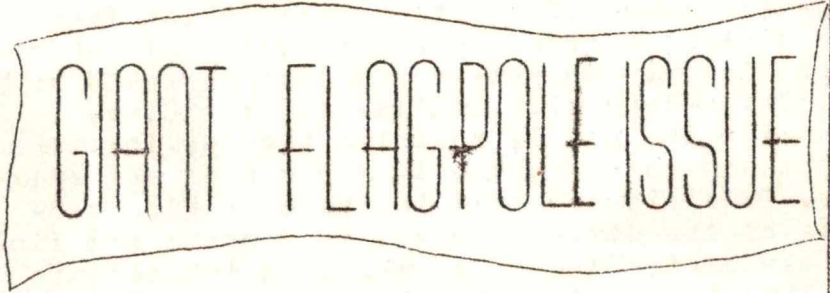
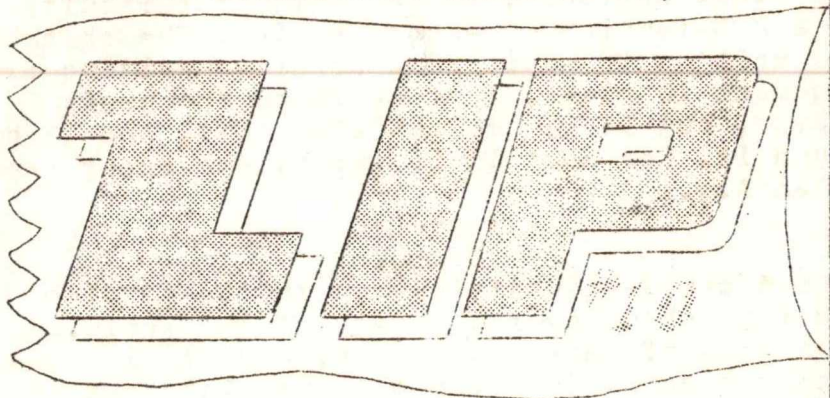


SPECIAL ATTRACTION: LARRY STARK, 3rd!



The idea this issue is to present some of my own minor writings, and to print the results of a NON-fannish one-shot session. The sketch was written to music as a creative writing assignment in class. I do not know the music played, but it was modern classical, and I enjoyed it. For what it is worth, the paper earned an A...

+ + +

DUSK..

Sunset comes--nightfall--and the last bright red rays shine over the edge of the world. Dischords of darkness appear, and all is ageless yet aged. Cherry red light picks out a gigantic range of mountains stretching from one distant horizon to another, and elsewhere there is only desert--red desert streaked with multimile long blue shafts--and the City, chromium and steel, reaching high up into the night and catching the last remnants of splendor. There is movement in the deep blue canyons of the City--slow and aged movement: final movement. These are the last inhabitants of The Shangri-La, and there exists an aura of incredible age and wisdom--and helplessness. Then comes the deep black night. There is no moon; it is gone. Movement spots...all stops. The City is dead; it is night, forever.

+ + +

This was written as the music went along, following it as closely as possible in mood and color. It carries the mood I refer to as "wonder", and reminds me of Arthur Clarke's alien descriptions in CHILDHOOD'S END...

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The following was spontaneously produced at a layout meeting of the school lit mag, THE PENMAN'S PALETTE. Present were Steve Stephens --editor-in-shief, Kasha Iarew--art editor, & myself. We had a hell of a time with this things, but that's it; no vast portent, thanks.

= POEMS IN ATROCIOUS GODAMMETER =

The sky is up,  
The earth is down,  
And all the waters,  
Round and round,  
Are dripping down  
Upon the town.  
Drip, drip,  
Slep.

kl,ss,tew

+ + +

Oh Earth,  
Why art thou  
Shaped as the  
Cantaloupe  
On which we dine?  
Why art thou not,  
Oh Earth, shaped  
As the Bottle  
Of Klein.

ss

\* + +

It Is Evil, John—But

Fan

Oh, John,  
No, John.  
Please, John,  
No.

No, John,  
Ohhh...John;

Whuffo you gonna make  
A snake man fo, John?

tew

Expand, expand--  
Bubo, my glands.  
Don't fuss;  
No muss,  
Just pus.

kl,ss,tew

+ + +

Actually,  
Pus  
Is something  
Of a muss.

tew

+ + +

The girth  
Of Earth  
Is dearth  
Of mirth.

ss,tew

+ + +

See the mare  
Upon the stair.  
Watch it fall  
Into the hall.

tew

+ + +

Flowers, you hold  
The beauty of the skys,  
The loveliness of woman,  
The glory of Heaven.  
But in a day,  
You decay.

ss

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• Dearthless prose

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August Dearlith, who owns, as you know, Arkam House, has a number of writers under contract to him. They are known as 'Dearlith's Pros'...

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### The Flagpole Story

I've been out observing fandom for some time now, and it's become increasingly obvious to me that you people have not quite got the hang of this here Flagpole Craze like we reconstructed No'theners expected you would. It 'peers ez how our hilaricously funny stuff about the Flagpole being a symbol of reaction, just like the Birdbath was a symbol of rejection, well, they're either being misread or IGncred, and we can't tell which is worse; both having the same effect: Ncthin.

It has been suspected that such people as have read our hilarity are too young to understand our barbed yet unbarbarian satire, our rapier-like jocularities and carryings-on. When we happily announced (hardly able to keep straight faces ourown selfs) that the erection of a flagpole by John Magnus heralded a REEsurgence of fannishness back to the Golden Age of Sixth Fandom, and a repudiation of not only the Burdbath, but all the paranoic fripperies for which it stood, we forget that most of you're too young to remember Sixth Fandom, and so don't know how funny it is to be reminded you're still in it. Fact is, most of you don't even remember SEVENTH Fandom...and how can you be revolting if you don't know what from? With us it's easy; we've always been revolting. But I have got to say it's mighty unfair of all you fans to refuse to follow just 'cause you don't know where we're going. The Flagpole Committee has summed it up in this prepared statement:

EARTHWORMS!

-Prof. L.E.Stark, 3rd, addressing Cult