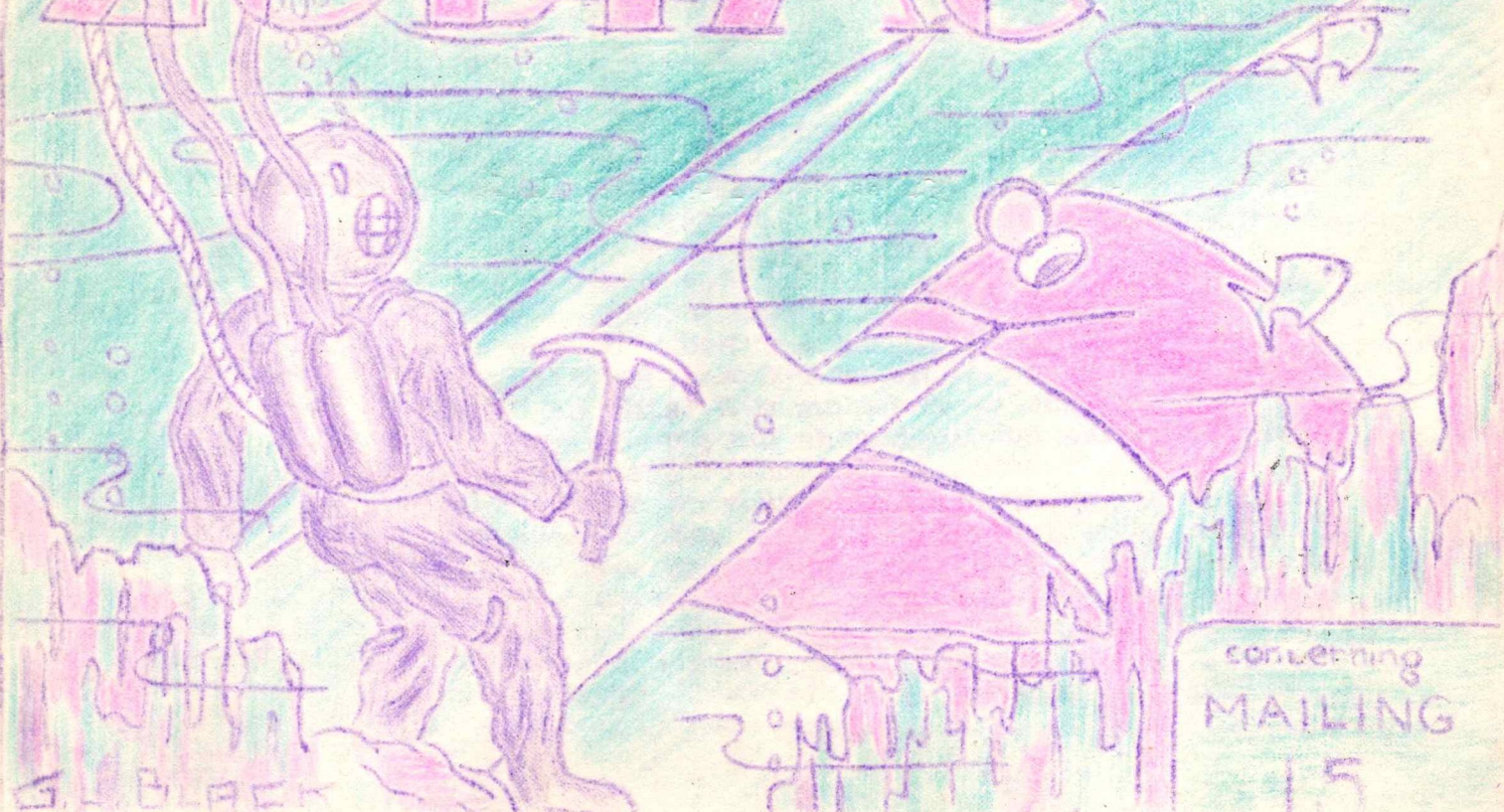


# ZODIAC

A REVIEW ZINE



G. B. ACK

concerning  
MAILING

15

Someday an undersea diver may step from behind a coral reef and be confronted by an object with the potential power to revolutionize the destiny of the human race...an alien spaceship.

Picture in your minds such a ship about to make a landing on our planet, three fourths of which surface is water. It is jockeying for position before beginning its downward swoop through the atmosphere. Then, perhaps the fuel gives out, or the pilot makes a miscalculation. Perhaps one of the many accidents which might happen to such a ship does occur. It begins to plummet to the surface.

Now, the odds are three to one that the ship will crash in the water, instead of on land. But odds are great that it will settle on an inaccessible part of the ocean floor. And even though these odds are overcome, a diver may never stumble upon the ship.

But let us think of the results of such a discovery, should one occur. Mankind could glean much technical information from an advanced piece of machinery such as this, possibly giving us a short cut to the stars. On the other hand, the sudden jump to such a perfected space vehicle would rob us of vital experience, and throw our civilization topsy turvy. Give the Zulus the automobile and what have you? It depends upon the power of the race to assimilate a science and technology maybe centuries ahead of ours all at one sitting.

Also, the knowledge that there are more advanced races than ours may unite the warring nations of Earth against a possible enemy, an enemy that may not reappear at all, or, if it does, might turn out to be friendly.

You probably realize what implications such a discovery would have. I have lightly run over some of them. Don't think that an idea of this sort is absurd. I have convinced myself that such a spaceship actually exists somewhere on this planet. Think about it awhile yourself.

For someday an undersea diver may step from behind a coral reef...

COVER EDITORIAL



# OPERATION CRAZYQUILT...

% 5:20 P.M., Wednesday, the 17th of October.....

It's not that I have no interest in SAPS; believe me, I do. But I've had hardly a minute of spare time for myself in the past few months. Do you remember when my excuse (and a legitimate one, too) was that my hektograph had failed me? Well now it's time. Yeh. But in exactly ~~11~~ days I am quitting my job in order to devote more of the fourth dimension to putting myself through two schools without failing any courses. Whatever time I have left will probably be devoted to women, sleep, and fandom. Of course, I'll have to eat once in a while...

However, the immediate problem is to fill up pages (6 of 'em) for SAPS. O.K., O.K., no preaching, please. Afterwards I'll have prepared this beforehand. ((what?)) I mean I won't be rushing to get something in under the wire.

Anyway, in order to fill up the six, I'm using parts of old SAP-mags which I'd never published due to either their crudeness, or the meanness of my hektograph. Some are in their original duplicated form, some have been recopied. (correction; only the ZODIACover is in its original form) Hence the title. (By the way, Cos, this hektocov is part of the mag you asked me for "just for the record.")

Do any of you know if "Hesperus" has been used as a fanzine title? How about "Jabberwock Publications"? I am seriously thinking of taking a plunge into the cesspool of subzine pubbing, but I don't know whether these have been used before or not... If not, then they are fancopyrighted by me. How about mailing me some suggestions? What do you think of "Infinity", "Darkside", or "Bandersnatch"? (all fancopyrighted by G. Black, so don't use 'em yourself, should you feel the urge to do so)

Maybe you're wondering why I'm not filling this up with reviews. The truth is, I haven't read the whole mailing yet.

Friend of mine goes to Assumption college in Windsor, and was present when Princess Liz and Philip came through. As the Prince Consort was walking down one of the halls, looking the place over, Rich waved and said "Hi, Phil!" The Duke turned and smiled. Something for him to tell his grandchildren and me to fill space...

While I was in New York City last August, I dropped in to see Campbell. One of the things I asked was "How is the...should I mention the word...GALAXY situation?" With a slightly overdone gesture of indifference, he said "Galaxy is just another magazine in the science-fiction field, just as there are many magazines in other fields." He spoke as though he were totally indifferent to the situation. But I had previously asked the circulation manager's secretary the same question, and she said, "GALAXY? I don't know anything about it, but I hear that name flying back and forth a lot in Mr. Campbell's office...." She also said that she had seen the name on a good deal of ASF's reports and such. More about Campbell and my vacation escapades next mailing.

Interesting fact: the N.Y. phone book lists AMAZING in capital letters while ASF is not even listed, justp Street & Smith. Maybe the New York phone company likes AMZ better...?

Did any of you see Milton Berle a couple of weeks ago? Vaughn Monroe, dressed in a steyf get-up, stepped out of a huge cover of AMAZING to sing "Racing with the Moon."

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.....with apologies from GORDON L. BLACK, 12095 ROSEMARY, DETROIT 5 MICHIGAN.....DETROIT'S 250th ANNIVERSARY.....





# HOW TO DRAW FOR THE PROS

*im ashamed  
to sign the  
damn thing -  
but it falls  
anyway*

It is a known fact that just as different science-fiction magazines cling generally to certain types of stf stories, they also present distinctly separate styles of artwork, which styles are readily associated with that certain magazine. It is the purpose of this article to acquaint those who (1) have artistic ability, (2) are willing to have their work torn down or praised by fans who know absolutely nothing about art, and (3) are so desperate for a job that they are even willing to become stf artists, with these various styles, and the magazines that promote them.

Seventy percent or more of GALAXY'S covers are just what one would expect a magazine cover to be---nicely laid out, pleasing to the eye, etc. But judging from recent issues of that magazine, art director Van Der Poel seems partial to canvases upon which have been splashed great dripping gobs of color in nauseating combinations and arranged in garish designs. ( the only way I can bring myself to look at the "Bedlam" cover is Perseus style, with a mirror, lest I have my brains fried ) The interiors are somewhat similarly done, quarts of ink being gleefully splashed about by the artists for a single issue.

ASTOUNDING'S art director has a psychological fondness for disembodied heads. (rumor has it that he is a descendant of a zealous French revolutionary) Hardly an issue goes by without floating heads---sometimes split down the middle and pierced by slide rules, space ships, and whatnot---decorating the cover. This is definitely an indication of mental unbalance in the offices of aSF. I strongly urge that JWC and his staff be audited as soon as possible. The majority of this magazine's illustrations are symbolic, but what they symbolize, Campbell and the Almighty only know. It's a fact that half the time Campbell doesn't know, and even the Creator must ponder awhile before He gets the solution. They look nice, anyway.

THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION likes to have covers featuring all sorts of warped men, and comely girls in negligees holding candles, etc. Occasionally, when George Salter becomes too violent to do a cover, Chesley Bonestell graciously stands in for him.

Sometimes, when I have nothing else to do, I think of what psychiatrist's heavens the above magazines' art departments would be, with their assemblage of mad artists and art directors.

The rest of the stfzines depend upon one thing to carry over their covers: sex. There are the usual bom-hero-girlie combinations, with the hero fighting to rescue the maiden (?) from the clutches of the monster. But this interesting part must wait till another installment.



# A CHALLENGE TO SAPS

On the right here you see a tracing of a foot. It doesn't belong to any dinosaur, it's mine. Anybody in this here organization got one bigger? Let's find out the average SAP foot size! To the SAP with the largest foot I will send a coupon which, when presented to your local AB Dick man, will entitle you to a cold stare and a lifted eyebrow.

Har! Har! I bet I know at least two members of this esteemed group who won't publish their foot sizes: Gert Carr and Es Cole!

I think an explanation is in order if this mimeoing isn't too clear. I had something typed on here before, but I didn't like the way it read, so I gave this thing a correction fluid treatment, since I didn't think I could get such a good foot-tracing again. I had to apply two coats,

across---

SHOE SIZE  
11&1 HALF E

DETROIT'S 250TH  
ANNIVERSARY

11½" length  
4" width  
for the benefit of  
the mutants among us, this is  
a tracing of my right foot...GB

and am now trying to type through what seems to be a half inch of the stuff. The ether pretty damn near knocked me out while I was splashing it on.

You don't know how close I came to resigning from life this afternoon. (maybe it would have been better for you guys if I had) While crossing one of the local avenues, somebody in a Ford decided to hit me. Being lithe and springy, I managed to sail in a graceful arc before landing on my face. Luckily, the guy wasn't going too fast, so I wasn't hurt. Say, I wonder if some SAP was trying to bump

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composed on stencil (that's an excuse) and published by Gordon L. Black, 12095 Rosemary, Detroit 5, Michigan, planet Earth, system Sol, sector six, and all that sort of crap...  
-----

me off before I could get a mag in the mng....?



am, if I must say so myself, quite an expert at putting off monetary demands from landladies, having had a great deal of practice. In this case, I was glad that the other boarders were gathered around so I could show off by explaining how I would soon become a millionaire. I told them some of my more honest schemes involving the little men in my bedroom.

There was a loud clatter as knives, forks, etcetera, dropped to the table.

That afternoon they came and took me away to a better boarding house.

It's nice here. Nobody ever complains about the rent, and the walls are real comfortable to beat your head against since they are all nice and padded. This is a convenience, since my old landlady used to complain about the holes I would make in the plaster.

The fellow next door asked me to write this for him. He says he is planning a break and needs this to help make his "mailing requirements."

By the way, I am no longer bothered by little footsteps in the night. I realize now that those were merely figments of my imagination.

Now it's galloping hooves.

This morning I looked into the mirror and there were hoofprints on my face.

Life-size, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

WORLD'S LARGEST BOOKSTORE

## "PATTER OF LITTLE FEET..."

As I lay in bed, half asleep, I suddenly became aware of certain noises, as of little men running about on the floor beneath me. I paid no attention to them, thinking them to be merely figments of my imagination.

But the next day, I began to wonder, especially when I looked into the mirror and noticed footprints all over my face. I resolved to stay awake that night and investigate.

Sure enough, I heard the footsteps again. And when I looked over the side, there they were!

They averaged only about five inches in height and as soon as they saw me, they all scattered and hid. But I could feel their little eyes upon me, so I indicated by gestures that I was their friend. They slowly gained confidence enough to resume their activities, and some of them even trustingly ventured onto my lap.

Heh! Heh! If they only knew what schemes were popping into my evil mind! In one of them, I pictured myself lowering a little man by means of a string through a bank night deposit slot.

Then I noticed some sort of activity going on in my lap. Upon close examination, I found that the men were playing poker! Leaning over carefully, I noticed that all had fair hands except one, whose combination of cards was hopeless. I put my mouth close to his ear and whispered as softly as possible, "bluff."

But the little fellow gave me a sly wink and raked in the chips with a Royal Flush which he had produced from his sleeve! Truly, this was a man after my own heart. We became great friends before the night was over.

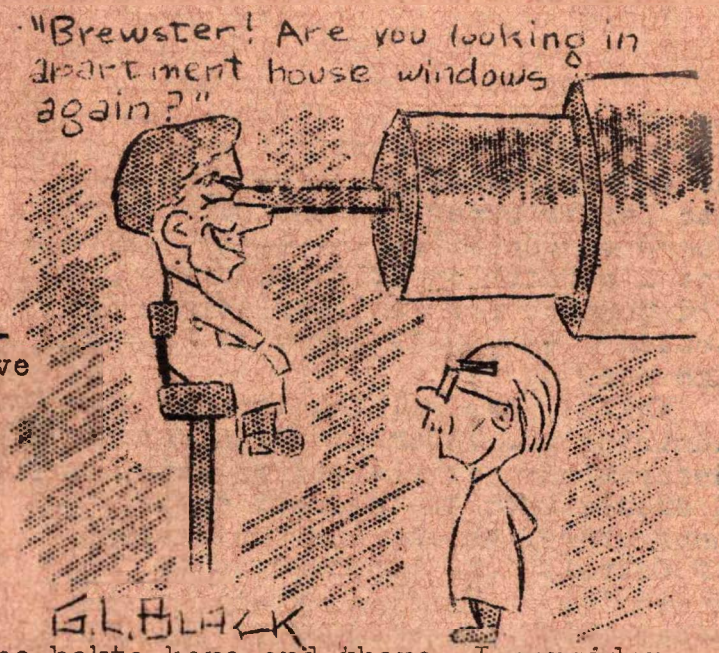
The next morning, at breakfast, the landlady tried to shame me into paying my rent by asking me for it in front of the rest of the boarders. I didn't have it at the moment, and to tell the truth, I hadn't had any for a long time. But I



THE THRILLING EXPLOITS OF ONE GORDON L. BLACK WHILE JOURNEYING THROUGH THE UNTAMED WILDS OF DETROIT.....

foreword

'Tis said that Roscoe has a special place in his beaverish heart for fen whose means of duplication is the hektograph. Well, I've earned that spot, and more. I have always been considered a staunch hekto man, but enough is enough. Three or four of my magazines have been ruined when the masters slipped on the jellypad. (the last INTERGALACTIC published in SAPS was lacking five pages because of that) Though I'll still be using the hekto here and there, I consider it too unreliable for constant use. Since all my mags are put together uncomfortably near the deadline, (all of them had to be airmailed) the master must be duplicated perfectly, I having no time to retype them. So I decided to get ahold of a good used mimeo, and to what end? Roscoe's going after death with the hekto. Below is the story of how I procured one. I hope this doesn't reproduce as poorly as I know it will. (this is my first effort at cutting stencil).....



After stating my mission to the salesman, he led me down an incredibly long basement stairway into the bowels of the building, and, pointing at a wall where the mimeos were stacked, told me to take my pick. As I rummaged through them, he asked curiously what I intended to use it for. Remembering the stare I got from a certain office supply store clerk once after attempting to answer the same question (while buying a hekto) I answered prudently, "bowling scores." "Oh," he said, and began to talk about his difficulties in mastering the game. Just as he had gotten to the point where he was bragging about his latest two-hundred plus game, I interrupted him by dragging out a Speed-o-Print and asking him to quote me a price on it. With a hurt look on his face, he told me I could take it away for \$25. This was a nice model, but after examining it, I found that the counter was out of order. "That's easily fixed," he said with an efficient, confident grin on his face, turning the machine over on its side and groping for a screwdriver. For the next 45 minutes that basement rang with more "ghodamnits" and similar syllables than I had ever heard at one time in my life, except when my dad tries to hang wallpaper. "Jussaminnit" he finally mumbled, and disappeared upstairs. After a while he reappeared with what appeared to be the whole office staff, including a colored stockboy. (the stockboy, I learned, was actually running an errand for someone else) This whole group stood around the machine like doctors in a gallery watching an operation. If they had had beards to stroke, they would have stroked them. At last, all but one hardy salesman left. He continued to tinker with the gadget, and at approximately 1:30 o'clock he paused to reassure me with "confidenshally, yer gettin' a real bargain on this thing. I'll have this counter fixed in a jiffy, and then ya'll have a machine ya can be proud of." At about 1:40 he told me grimly, "either I get this thing woikin' poifect, or not at all." At 2:00 he said "(restrained from publication by U.S. Postal Authorities. While he was working, I spotted a machine of the same make and model, and in better condition. "If you don't mind, I'll take this instead" I told him. His face turned gray and his hands started to tremble, but



of course, he had to sell it to me. It looks to me like I got a good deal on it, though what I know about mimeos rivals my knowledge of the mating habits of the African tsetse fly for briefness. It seems to be in good condition, even though its former owner was the Detroit Board of Education. At least, there's not a scratch on it. I told the guy I'd be back for it later, since I couldn't very well carry it home on the bus.

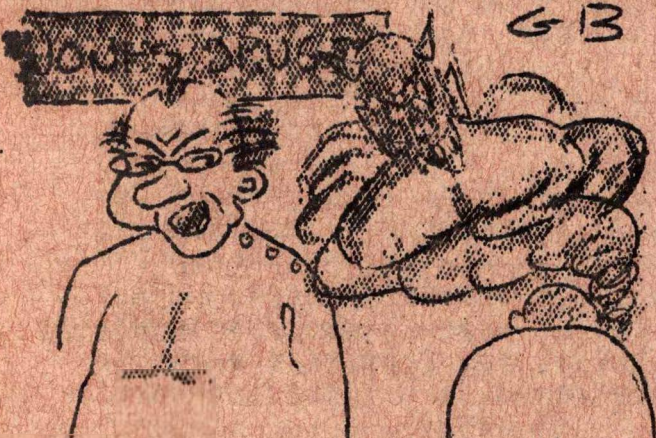
While I was walking through town admiring the 250th city anniversary decorations, it started to rain, so I ducked into the nearest department store. (which, for the benefit of Detroit fan, happened to be Hudson's)

Finding my way to the escalators, I accidentally heard a woman tell her companion in a horrified shriek, "eek! My girdle!" I didn't stop to see what happened, but continued on to the mezzanine where I hoped to pick up some mimeo ink, stencils, etc. After asking a salesgirl where to purchase same, she pointed wordlessly to a counter, where I went, and was referred to yet another counter. This happened at least twice more, when I was told to go to the 11th floor. Upon arriving, I found myself surrounded by office furniture, with nary a stencil, etc. to be found. I was sent again to the mezzanine. The ratrace continued. A floorwalker recommended that I try the 12th floor art dept. This was a little closer to the mark, since I now had to walk only about 75 feet to the typewriter dept., where I had to wait 20 minutes for a salesgirl to appear.

I have a weakness for frozen custard, so I bought a cone and proceeded at a leisurely pace toward the bus stop. The leisurely pace turned into a frantic run as I saw that the bus was about to pull out. I made it, but I realized that I had not finished the custard, I drew a lot of stares as I walked down the aisle lapping on that thing. On top of it all, The typewriter dept. had apparently run out of bags, and, being in the middle of the toy dept., appropriated a large, baby blue bag with pink teddy bears and rocking horses in which to wrap my merchandise. The only sound that could be heard on that bus was my conc-crunching. Very embarrassing.....



"I can let you have this snappy model for only 30¢ plus your old dinosaur."



"Brown! Are you fooling with store chemicals again?"

\*notes\*

Jerry Pavlik writes me from Indiana complaining about the shortage of fan. He says he's been haunting the bookstores and has met only one other stfaddict. I am tempted to give him Racy Higgs' address, if he doesn't already have it.....He also writes that he has found a manuscript in a lending library book which threatened to burn the pages! You'll probably be seeing it soon.....Am wondering who put the lip imprints in an old copy of SUPER SCIENCE I found in a bookstor

both from a literary and printing standpoint. It was composed on stencil with lavish use of correction fluid to give me practice in mimeo work.....GB