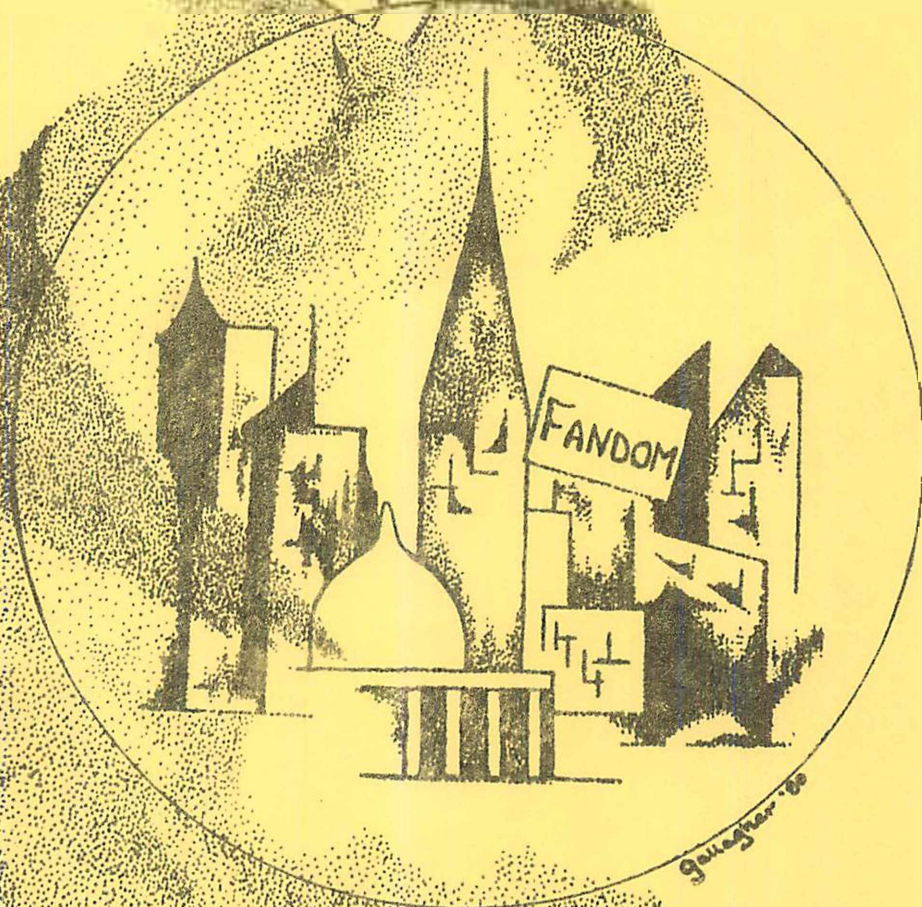
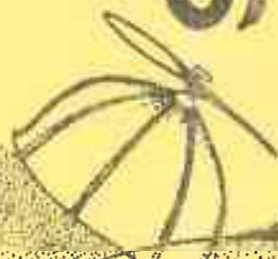


Shadow of a Fan



Gougeon '06

SHADOW OF A FAN #1

SHADOW is brought to you by JoeD Siclari, 4599 NW 5 Ave., Boca Raton, FL 33431, USA. Published for FAPA 174 and for friends, this February, 1981. Contributions of art and written material are welcomed, nay, cajoled from you.

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MY SIDE

Getting into FAPA is a long held and delayed goal of mine. I didn't want to get in and drop out so I waited until I felt my time and efforts could be organized to do more than minac. Hopefully, I'll be able to fulfill this aspiration.

It is important to me because being a fan in the swamps of Florida is a lonely avocation. Especially being a fanzine fan since Tom Perry became a hermit; there is no other fan down here who has the background and is interested in the same sort of fanac that has kept me involved for 15 years. The feedback and interaction which I first got from fanzines and then from personal interaction at cons and by living in NYC with likeminded fan hasn't been overabundant. Things are improving, though, and likely will continue to do so because of a variety of people.

When I think about it, I always find it strange that fanac can be such a soothing mechanism to absorb one during trying times and also can be an interesting, sometimes exciting, medium for the most outrageous, often offensive, ideas. Perhaps the latter is actually the cause of the former.

Anyway, I was speaking about people. When I moved back to South Florida in 1977, it was after a gap of ten years, since high school. The area had changed dramatically; I had changed more. I was no longer satisfied with the area. Becoming more than just a casually involved fan was only a minor aspect of the change. College had done its job of broadening my interests and liberalizing me (my parents claim too well). I had lost younger mania for stamps, coins and football and had developed others for travel, Mark Twain, and a certain kind of person.

My notion of an 'ideal' person has only a little to do with looks (a woman or a man has too look acceptable to me though not necessarily to others), self-confident without being too self-assured, have a wide range of interests, considerate, honest, and compassionate, and be able to handle (and return) my sometimes pointed comments. (I don't ask for much.)

Although socially acceptable in my youth, I seemed to have a knack for disconcerting my friends by pointing out foibles or fallacies they seemed to take for granted. My dates were particularly sensitive to this so, perforce, I never developed a mania for women and had to be selective in my friends (they had to put up with me). I went to a conservative Catholic high school so there was a lot to point at. I have since learned that this failing of mine is not aimed only at the right. I enjoy sticking pins in any unrational bias, even when I'm wrong. The reactions are so entertaining and my willpower and good intentions so weak. It goes so far that my favorite midway game is the Dart and Balloon pitch.

Probably needless to say, within or without fandom, I have only met a few "ideals", but a higher percentage within. So I have stayed interested.

When Karina and I moved here, we were heavily involved in SunCon but local fans just did not appear to exist. This was her first experience with a fannish wasteland. After a year and a half, we had met enough people to hold regular gatherings at our house for the Coral Springs Science Fiction League and Social Drinking Society, later enlarged by adding "and Traveling Fanvariety Show In Exile" when I moved to Boca Raton. The people were what kept my interest in the group going. But people ebb and flow, sometimes interesting, sometimes not. It all became a burden when Karina and I split up and my interest in the club has never fully revived. Perhaps because I no longer control its destiny (pompous, isn't it), I've developed an antipathy to what seems to be a superficial group without a characteristic core or personality. At the same time, I have found an added interest in some of the people.

Change is what it is - mine. It is too much effort to even break balloons, not to mention lead a group. I think it about time to meld some new interests with the old. Either that or I'm becoming old and staid at 31.

A part cause for this introspection is the responsibility for a son. Looking after him is one rut I'm enjoying - and one I hadn't really anticipated. I really think a change is on me.

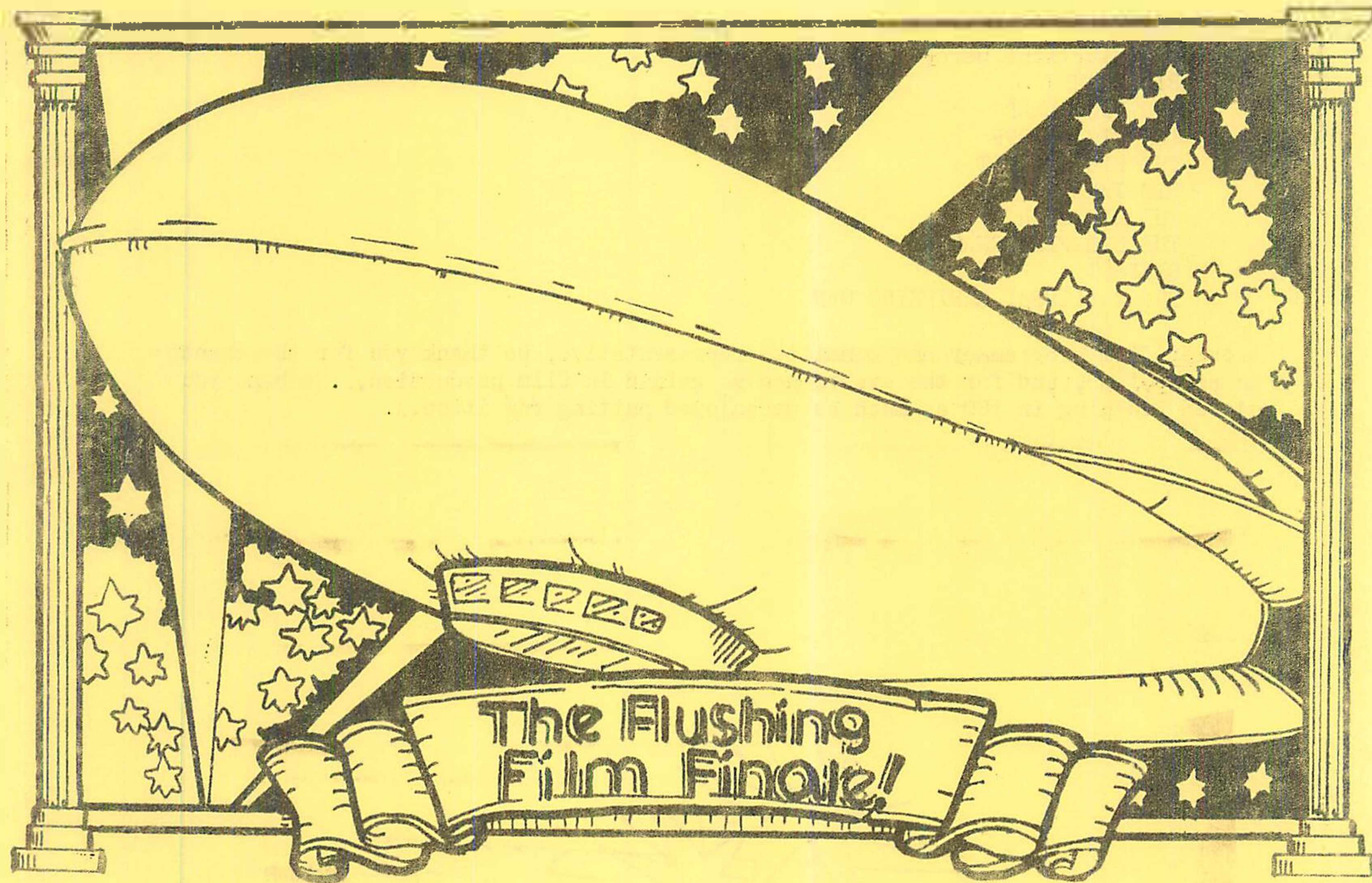
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Recently I found out about a new publisher which may interest some of you. Books For Libraries Press, of Freeport New York, a division of Arno Books, has been reprinting numerous old collections of stories. I found some in the local library and my local bookseller is now getting their catalog. My interest was quickened by this company when I saw Cabell's Chivalry and two Lunsany collections in new editions. These books are not listed in Books In Print so they may go unnoticed if you are looking there.

Another publisher who is doing a great job for my interests is the University of California Press. They are compiling a series of 15 books from the Mark Twain papers, expensive but a marvelous look at the works that were never published, many because they were considered too cynical, blasphemous or obscure. The Fables of Man consists of pieces which were too controversial for publications like Letters From The Earth. They are mostly theological or philosophical fantasies and unfortunately some are incomplete. I think they should get wider notice.

WANTED! - The artwork in this issue was stencilled on a Gestetner Junior Model 454 Mark II, which I recently purchased from a secretarial service that was closing. I need help, suggestions on how to operate and maintain it. If anyone has service and repair manual they could loan me, I would appreciate it greatly and return quickly. This zine was run off on a Gestetner 360 - suggestions on how to get the printing quality more uniform on the artwork would also be helpful. Again a manual or info on where I can get one would be just what I need.





In the tru-tradition of the Flushing in '80 worldcon, the Flushing film program was a big, sky-high presentation.

The use of Shea Stadium for our program gave us a special opportunity that we wouldn't have had in any other large facility, be it the Astrodome or NASA's Vehicle Assembly Building. Special arrangements were made with the Goodrich Tire Company (the other one) to get their new dirigible which flew above the stadium 24 hours a day. With special equipment designed especially for the convention, the film program was projected on the side of the blimp so that every member of the con was able to see every film. No elitest fascist ticket handling for us!

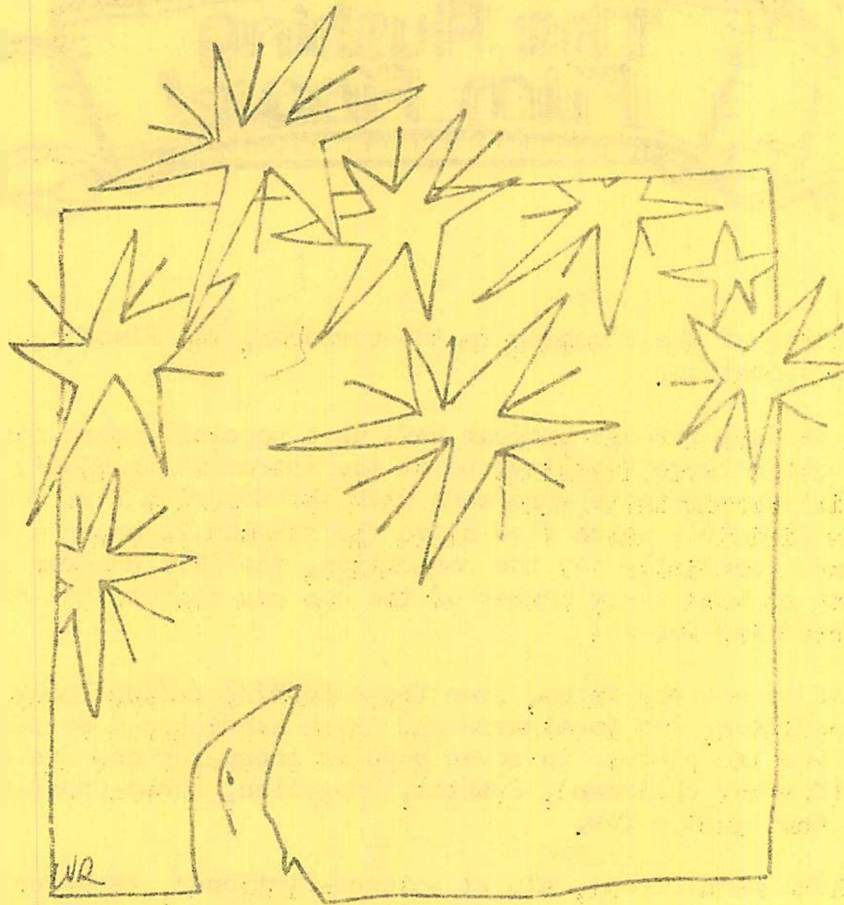
Everyone was able to see the films, even those ~~staying behind~~ lying in the aisles or on the field. In addition, for foreigners and those handicapped by deafness, the dialogue was presented below the picture in seven popular languages and dialects: Esperanto (for Forry), Hebrew (for our chairman), Swahili, Mongolian, Serbo-Croatian, Basque, and Brooklynese, to name just a few.

To complement these magnificent, almost science-fictional, technical achievements, it was only appropriate that we run a big film program. We therefore spared no expense and screened every single fantasy, science fiction, horror, and all other types of films ever made to select only the biggies. Also, with the money ~~xxxxxx~~ donated from you, our glorious attendees, we financed several special productions.

Among our selections were:

BIG PLANET .  
THE BIG SLEEP  
THE BIG RIPOFF  
THE BIG JACKPOT  
BIG JAKE  
THE BIG STAR  
THE BIG FISHERMAN  
BIGFOOT  
THE COLLOSSAL SHRINKING MAN

As chief film programmer and committee representative, we thank you for the chance "to serve fen", and for the experience we gained in film production. We hope you enjoyed Flushing in '80 as much as we enjoyed putting ~~it~~ it on.





# the forked tongue

FROM EDIE STERN

I don't want to write. I have no urge at all to write. I do, however, have the urge to have an urge to write.

I am surrounded by "writers". One friend wants to write a science newspaper. I have another who's working on her second book. A third whose historical potboiler has just been rejected. I live with a man who writes for fanzines and whose short history of fandom is to be published any day now.

It was inevitable, I suppose, that the day would come when, silent and forlorn, I felt the urge to have the urge to write. Around me were voices speaking of first drafts and agents, bad editors and paperback rights, punctuation and speed typing. At every convention I went to there were panel discussions on writing, workshops on writing, bull sessions on writing. Every elevator had its author. I felt a little left out.

Slowly the urge to join the crowd grew within me. No more to be silent when Sarah talked of her history of fantastic art or when Diana spoke of the prehistory of her new species. I, too, would write.

I would write . . . a Harlequin-type romance. How hard could it be? There were two, maybe three, plots between all of them. A quick 500 bucks. There would even be time available. At that point, I was sufficiently pregnant to worry about being bored after the kid was born. This would fill the long, quiet stretch between birthing and returning to work three months later. Five hundred dollars and a conversational gambit to boot.

Then came the first big step - reading one of them. I knew I had to do it. How else would I find out whether the fashion was Latin lovers or stalwart WASPS? But to actually spend good time reading a trashy romance was more than my gravid body could bear. There was always after the baby was born for that kind of stuff.

At the next science fiction club meeting I mentioned my new project. We spent half an hour coming up with a vaguely British, potentially virginal penname. You know, of course, that all the writers in the genre have names like their characters - euphonious, Anglo-Saxon and clear-complected. It was fun.

Around the fourth of July Joe and I threw a party. Everyone was sitting on the floor. Since a couple of people had brought manuscripts, a group claimed a quiet corner and traded pages to read. The rest of us talked plotting and style and whether it was possible to sell a schlock romance that had a lead character that was assertive, competent, intelligent and female. I began to have a sneaking suspicion that some of my "writing" friends would rather talk about writing than actually do it.

On July 14, Bastille Day, Daniel Nicholas Siclari made his early (and for my part rather difficult) appearance. After a week in the hospital I went home with babe in arms.

Recovering from surgery was an unexpected necessity (I had a Caesarian, which seems to be getting more and more common). For a while, nothing at all was interesting except learning to cough without pain and trying not to faint or fall down in the shower. But soon enough, being of strong will and sound constitution, I was mobile, alert and trying to decide which end of the baby to diaper. The only things I had time to read were parenting books and fanzines.

It soon became even more difficult to find time to read. The house was filled with screaming (sometimes Dan's, sometimes mine) and my hands became permanently saturated with essence of baby turd. I persevered.

Having accomplished nothing in the way of actual writing, I was somewhat apprehensive about the next gathering of the club. After two months at home, the only thing I had to show for it was a squirming rug rat. But at the meeting I noticed that though the same group was trading paper in a corner, the rest of the folk were once again talking about writing. It began to dawn on me that there might be a great truth hidden nearby.

So I watched. And I listened. And it was so. Everyone talked about writing, but hardly anyone ever did any of it. I had discovered a truth - the great fannish truth of REAL SOON NOW. And I was satisfied. This then was the explanation. All those people at conventions that attend writing workshops and go to writing panels and never see print know the secret. All the faneds that never pub their zine - they know the secret. In fact, everyone in the entire universe except me probably knew it all the time.

I'm still working on my trashy novel. I can bandy plots and dialogue with the best of them. I'm going to read a couple of samples before I get too far though. I'm going to get started real soon now.

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WANTED! As many of you know, I am interested in fanhistory. If you have any old fanzines, pictures, tape recordings, etc., that you don't want or would be willing to loan to me, I will make copies for my files and return them. I am interested in just about all types of zines from all periods. Even duplicates of what I have are helpful. I either trade them or give them away to inculcate the proper feelings in neos. I am especially interested in material before 1960. Please write if you have any material. Thanks.

\*\*\*\*\*

Editorial comment on "The Forked Tongue": Not everyone learns the truth of Real Soon Now. Some just keep plugging along like Asimov and Silverberg.

I can comment like that because recently I have become elevated to equality with those elite personages. Well, at least I'm on the same flyer with Silverberg. I have been asked to be Fan Goll at the ASFICON 2, at which Bob is Pro Goll. It will be held at the Northlake Hilton in Atlanta, Oct. 23-25, 1981. Registration: \$8 to 4/1; \$10 to 10/1; \$12 at con. Address: ASFICON 2, 6045 Summit Wood Dr., Kennesaw, Georgia 30144. I'm not sure that I've done enough to be a Goll, but it sure is nice to be appreciated.

I have gotten stuck on Craig Rice novels, probably because of Stu Shiffman, Hank Davis and Francis Tower Laney. None of the used book stores around here have any and I am not familiar with mystery book dealers. Can any of you direct me to a good source? I have a list of titles though I am not sure how complete it is. I have less than half a dozen of her books.



# THE HILLS ARE ALIVE

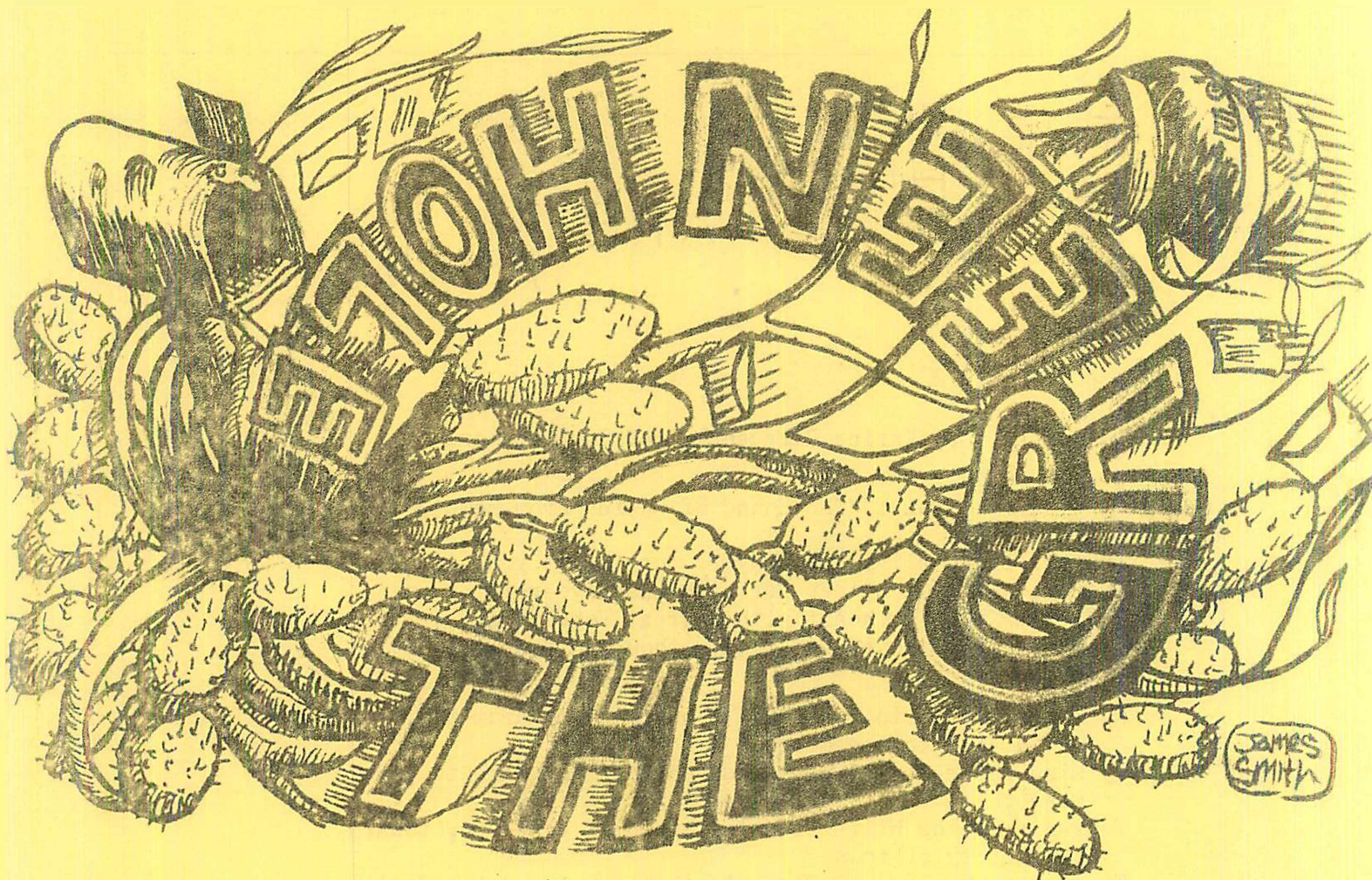
By Karina Girsdansky and JoeD Siclari

Tune: "The Sound Of Music" from same

The hills are alive and they're out to get you;  
They've all been asleep for a thousand years;  
The hills fill my heart with a great foreboding;  
My heart longs to scream with a thousand fears.

My heart starts to beat like a quick snare drum that rolls  
out a call to the dead;  
My mind wants to fly from the fear and the pain to a safer  
place;  
To run from the hills with the speed of gazelles, toward  
the safety of town;  
To spread the word of fear, to those who are willing to  
hear.

I go to the hills where my master 'waits me;  
I know I will hear what I've heard before;  
My soul has been damned and I'll live forever;  
Then I'll die once more.



If my response to your letters and fanzines has been erratic of late, I disclaim all responsibility. I admit I am a lazy letterhack but some things are out of my control, like (shudder) The Green Hole.

Eddie and I have a normal house - at least normal for fen in Florida: two bedrooms, a room or two filled with books, a cluttered garage, too much grass and a metal mailbox down near the road.

A couple of years ago (before we were married so you know I had nothing to do with it), Eddie planted a small cactus and a plant around the mailbox to keep the mailman from driving on the grass (around here mailmen don't walk, each one has his own truck just big enough for him, his lunch, and twelve letters.) Little did she realize... After a few months, the Florida climate allowed this plant-cactus combination to mutate and mature.

Unusual things occur in the steamy swamps of the Everglades but it is rare for a mutated plant to grow in the developed suburbia of Boca Raton. At first, strange happenings were occasional, mundane and seemingly unrelated. The mailman drove by the house and got a flat tire. The lawn mower jammed near the road. A local prankster putting rotten tomatoes in all the mailboxes ran away screaming. The mailman got another flat. But this was over two or three months.

When I moved in everything seemed normal enough. Perhaps the tile roof needed painting and the strange hedge near the mailbox needed trimming but I could handle those household chores.



One Saturday while I was working on the roof, the mailman got another flat. He complained that the hedge was overgrowing into the road. Reasonably, I showed him that there was a good two foot clearance but I also assured him that I would be trimming the hedge soon. He still drove away muttering.

A few weeks later, some local kids were having a soapbox race down our street. One little fat kid, far behind the others, lost his balance going around our corner and fell off his car. When I heard him yell, I went out to help. While he was only stunned and scratched, his car was gone. Someone had stolen it while he was crying. Or so we thought.

About the same time we started having problems with the mail, getting second and third notices of bills when we hadn't gotten the first. Mail thieves, we thought, but the postmaster assured us that no one else on the street was having any problems. We were nonplussed.

Then Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins restarted publishing fanzines with MAINSTREAM, and I didn't get a copy. They're good friends; Jerry and I shared the Cinemansion in New York City. I called them and asked for a copy. Jerry was certain that they had sent me one - probably eaten in the mail. He didn't know how true that comment was. He promised to send another. I promptly put it out of my mind.

A couple of months later a new MAINSTREAM came out and I hadn't received either one. I wondered what I'd done to get them mad at me.

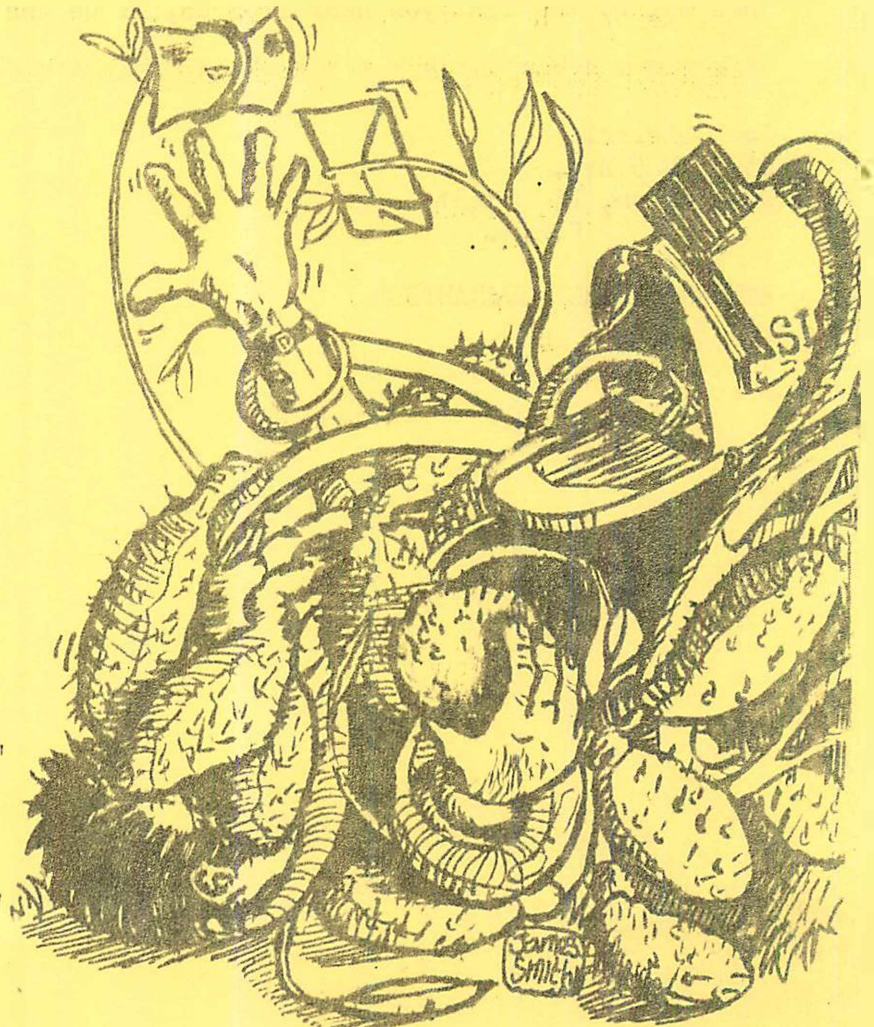
Meanwhile, our regular mail carrier turned up missing, mail truck and all. His sunhat was found about a block away from our house in an empty lot. And the hedge seemed to be growing faster.

The box was getting hard to reach over the hedge. After procrastinating as long as possible, I decided to cut it back. That's when I found (shudder) The Green Hole!

As I started to cut the top, I got stuck by the cactus and dropped the clippers. They disappeared! No, they weren't wedged in. They were gone.

"Edie," I yelled, hoping she would contradict my eyes, tell me I had been in the sun too long. "The clippers," I stammered, "gone."

She looked into the hedge herself and staggered back, fear on her face. (And wonderment, after all she is a fan.) Gathering my courage, I looked again. I saw a swirling green circle amidst the hedge, almost alive. I threw



a rock and it vanished. I swore.

I got a pair of large electric clippers from my neighbor to destroy this abomination. I ignored the cactus needles it seemed to fire at me. But when I touched that green circle with the blades, the clippers were forcefully pulled from my hands into that swirling verdant maw.

That thing must have consumed our mail. And even, my god, the mailman. I had to destroy it.

I tried to dig it out but the roots were too deep. Fire, I figured, but it just ate ~~my~~ small torch. When I tried to throw gasoline on it, a cloud of cactus needles kept me too far away. And now there was no way to the mailbox.

Our mail! It was our very lifeline to the world, to fandom. What could we do?

Once discovered, the hedge grew faster and began to spread towards the house, filled with our books and fanzines. It seemed almost intelligent, malignant. The growth slowed when it hit the asphalt driveway but it didn't stop completely. Then it started to circle the house, too. We stood there totally dispirited and shocked. Before we realized it we were cut off. Our only retreat was into the house.

It's blocked the doors now. I'm writing this by candlelight, the electricity's out. I'm writing this so you'll maybe know what happened. I'll try to toss it over the hedge.

This may be the last you hear from us, if we can't stop (shudder) The Green Hole!

JoeD Siclari  
4599 NW 5 Ave.  
Boca Raton, FL 33431  
U.S.A.

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

To: