



The pdf dragon

Edited by John Thiel

Here it's come time for another PDF Dragon and I'm wondering what contents I should load. I'm seeing a monthly publishing schedule, irregular as to exact dates, as perhaps may be the case with an ezine. I'd like to thank Bill Burns for running the zine so nicely, he does a great job! The Dragon's a special for efanazines. I want to have an efanazine of my own, to add to my paper zine Pablo Lennis and my netzine Surprising Stories, and with the

Dragon, I now have it! I'd like to dedicate the zine to Sandra Cox, my friend away from here...easy to find if you do a little looking: The Wearer of the Broadcloth.

I'd describe this as a 9th Fandom zine. As an earlier 8th Fandomite, I'm pleased to feel released from its strictures and progress in fandom for the first time in x number of years. Ninth Fandom is the Liberated Fandom.

No sense passing into the New Year without mentioning it. 2016 looks good from this perspective, and I hope it's a riding and moving good year, rather than The Year We Just Sat And Watched, which might characterize 2015. Kind of stagnant, maybe, in its own unique way, with the proof of Global Warming gaining and finally making its appearance this December. Anyway, I start the year wondering what the events will be.

So that should introduce the second issue, and now for a look at the other zines as of December 28, 2015:

Comments on the Zines

My! What an array of good zines there is here! I can't loc all of them, but here are some comments where comments arise:

BEAM. Very intriguing cover. I guess that's where science may get people. I suppose with the bottle pictured Tucker may indeed be smiling. Looks smooth.

THE ART OF GARTHNESS. Very up-to-date and stimulating to fanac.

THE RAY X X-RAYER. This hits the spot. Ray has an attitude not unlike my own.

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN. They're doing a good job of carrying on the sf tradition.

PLANETARY STORIES. Good to see Gerd in there, and Matthew Senkowski. They've both had stories in SURPRISING. In fact, Matthew has one in this issue of the Dragon.

BREAKING IT ALL DOWN. A very memorable cover, and I liked the photos within.

LOCS

Yes, I did get a loc on the first issue:

DAVE HAREN: Needs a dragon picture. The beebleberry bush was a nice touch but the lurking Dragon came out invisible.

Comments on zines about zines have the needed balance to oppose the fan fuss over who gets the chromeplated dildo of Worldcon though many deserve to receive one in an appropriate orifice.

Now that I've lowered the tone and the bar enough you should get much better LOCS.

Welcome to Cyberspace.

Thanks, Dave. And to you and the readers, that's your dragon on the top. Now the bush isn't visible.

If others would care to join Dave
and LoC this zine as well, the email is
kinethiel@comcast.net

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DRAGON by Nyonna Michelle Sickels

Darling, darling, draw me near

All silver locks and pointed ears

Ruby eyes and velvet lips

Slender to your fingertips

Warrior-sage of noble birth

Summon lords of air and earth

A life consumed by rage and pain

The price you pay for a weapon's gain.

Sailing on a violent sea

When all seems lost

Just think of me.

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Dragonswan 25 by Peter Layton

pretty spin spool

satellite unraveling

its bind spider thread by star

light speaks in chips computer

ized notes, half notes, travels

on, swirling tight centrifugal cir

cuit balanced, beams of digital

bar cold twilight needle-thin

eyes roam, the banked quiescent

empty bloom of stars harkens
planet door open black-mouthed
dungeon,

*

Superheroes

Those who have seen comic books of the superhero, action kind know that there is a lot of fighting in them. Superman was killed in one such encounter, and then painstakingly resurrected in a somewhat mutated form after being impersonated by various stand-ins. Most of the action is wildly improbable and one might wonder where the inspiration comes from. They seem to be works of the imagination going to the outer limits. They are, I think, utterly incompatible with the social order. Superman used to deal with ordinary things like airline hijackings, but since then he's been after nebbishes carrying atomics and X-men from other planets, something different in each new adventure.

I thought I'd like to do further interpretation of this imaginary warfare (not that it doesn't resemble "An airstrike near the Syrian capitol of Damascus killed one of

the most powerful rebel commanders attempting to oust the Syrian president”, from USA Today). It’s close by to sf and really requires some sort of discussion. Or if it doesn’t, I’d like to look it over anyway. Doing so is creating an imaginary superheroes conflict, which I have not done as yet, and doing a little this and that with it, progressing it, perhaps, and analyzing it.

As an opening riff, I’d use “True battles are conducted in the Eye of the Tiger—the tiger being a symbol of warfare, but upon emerging the tiger finds the battle too intense, and what’s more, the tiger is being sought. For its own safety, it finds a place to hide overlooking the battlefield. The battle is thus fought under the regard of the tiger. I thought this an imaginative enough *milieu* or *scenario* for the plotting of some superheroes action, and will continue with it in the next issue.



Dream Quest by Neal Wilgus

I.

This stretch of Dream Territory
I've always found rather drab,
the forest out of focus,

the sky an ugly brown,
a mild odor of rotting cactus
like a heavy blanket over all.

A fragment of song comes to mind:

“He’ll be coming to Carcosa when he comes,
He’ll be drumming out a message
on his drums...”

Something in the forest moves
and I feel the muscles tense
on the six-legged camelion
I’m forced to ride
on this wearisome trip.

The clouds become fog
and the forest is unseen now
but there is movement near.

The camelion reacts mindless,

and I'm unable to keep control
and we lunge forward
into the welcoming unknown.

The drums are no longer inside,
they are pounding in my ears
and the camelion is charging
and the air is cold and thick
and we no longer touch ground
but fly up into the open space
between the pulsing drums
and the path to Yuggoth
is open again at last!

II.

The Scatterburs aren't like
anything else in Dreamdom—
they move through everything,

monadroids that are each all,
and stick together
and move all apart.

In this state I can see them
but I know it's illusion
and I ride the camelion
through the glowing canyon
on the long trip down
that is over too soon
but not for Scatterburs
which are live
but not plant nor animal
but living rock and steam
making up stars
we'll never see.

On we go over sands of time,

speed of thought
or dream or light
whenever we turn the bend.

There is some mission
I'm supposed to know of
but Scatterburs expand
whenever they want—
that changes everything.

We swim across Ocean
and reach the same side,
knowing the break is over
and now we must
get down to Dream.



III.

No Batterscurs allowed
the sign tells us
but here the Crawling Chaos
marches over strong
and we fly through the Gate,
the camelion charging forth,
I the passenger beneath.
Now we are approaching
the fabled Dreamirror
and all is told in time reversed,
through a wall blankly,
listening to old Atal babbling
about the wonders of Kadath
in the realm of the Old Ones
beyond Yuggoth to the stars.

We pass the turnoff to Leng
and whirlpool
the Randolph Carter Freeway
on to surface roads
and alleys and trail
starward and doomed,
the camelion gone,
forgotten in monadicules
of everythingness
and I see the claws
of the Batterscurs
writ large across the canyon
glowing green in fireworks
of Crawling Chaos again still
and for all time space
in one tiny place

beyond Place and forever.

IV.

But this is only a beg in—
the glowgreen expands expo
and I stumble on
and hear a zoo of Zoogs
and taste a glut of Gugs,
smell the scent of Jenkin Brown,
a mirror image of sffile xyno.
Here is the vault of War Zin,
Snake Denizen of inner caves—
Lo! Igor returns, singing:
“The Great Old Ones
will have to get used to me
living here beneath the sea
waiting for eternity.

The Great Old Ones
ain't what they used to be
many aeons ago.”

Then forth comes the Guide
that I had known before
as my lowly camelion steed,
now resplendent in armor
of chaos crawling endless.

And now the news
with all the heargathered
Burscatters and Scurbatters
marching round and square
to locate in the monadoscope
the mighe-he Nyarlathotep
in the chambers of Cthulhu
where all stretch sleep beyond.

There the bones of our sorrow.
Mort to come, tune in to marrow.

-Atlantean Publishing

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Gasoline Charlie

By Matthew Senkowski

Far out on the oil slick prairies of Autopia.

There were a few survivors of the automated apocalypse. Some of these fellows were a bit light in the head you understand, so consequently they only had a few, seldom, things to call their own.

From deep out of the Juniper bushes which would stretch for nigh on a legion, a thin shadowy figure slipped out of a wheat field amidst the skinny blowing thistles.

Propping a full red gasoline container on his shoulder. Gasoline Charlie looked like he had walked through a long dark mess of machine-drenched oil grime.

Right on target, with only the merest hint of illness, Gasoline Charlie knelt down by a little reservoir and drank some freshly clean rain water, wiping the shine from his lips.

He would walk for hours with that lone gas can. There was little or nothing else to do, really. Most everyone else had gone their own tragic route in life. Charlie had no call to complain about it. He just had his gas can.

Gasoline Charlie was something of an enigma. Any time anybody would see him anywhere, Charlie always had that gas can on him, and filled to the brim with that fine upstream economy juice.

There was this pasture yonder along the tenderest plain of sunflowers weaving and bobbing with the bees.

Gasoline Charlie came upon what his eyes could mightily assume to be an old lady on the porch of a cottage.

Way out in the middle of nowhere. The old lady seemed to be a mite younger than was earlier assumed. Then real close by, Charlie saw that it was an eleven year old girl.

“What do you want, mister?” she said.

Gasoline Charlie didn't want no trouble. He just kept his lips shut and jiggled on off the property. The little girl surmised he must have been looking for an automobile someplace.

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Deeply low beyond the gleams of white beaming light, he blinked the dust out of his eyes and thought about showery streams of running water. Gasoline Charlie had a long and lonely road ahead of him.

Plains and aircraft would still fly through the sky. Plenty of air guzzlers up there, and some guys had all the luck in life.

Gasoline Charlie looked up into the branches of a tree. Shady glimmers entrancing, and the gas can heavier with each passing moment. He laid down upon the thin wooden stretches. Gently, in the most soft-spoken of ways, he would hum himself to sleep while dreams of valleys and canyons would shimmer into the whims of darkness.

Pitch perfect amidst silent screams. His heart skipped a beat and he found himself awake before supper time. There was some nice licorice smoke on the air while his belly felt a warm tidy avoidance beckoning.

Over yonder past the high buffalo ascent, paths of shallow trodden steps lay underfoot, while Gasoline Charlie balanced himself throughout an encircling tornado of mechanical bladder-acid.

He found the lovely sight of three women and two men sitting by a fire. One of the men had a guitar playing, while two ladies attended to a roast vegetable supper.

An iron prong grill yanks out of the fire.

“Mmmm, they’re almost ready,” the fetching blond cook said, and her right-hand auburn-haired assistant confides,

“These turnip sprouts look delicious.”

Gasoline Charlie thought the scene looked beautiful, although from their nice young folksy attitudes, they seemed to be utterly bereft of any fuel-consuming technologies.

“Good greetings to you all,” said Gasoline Charlie.

They seemed less caught off guard than one might suspect. The leader type beckoned him to sit down, gas can settling with a mighty disposition.

“Howdy, stranger, how can we help you?” said the leader.

The six of them confided easily over their mild snacks of fire-roasted pumpkin seeds. Brenda, the lead cook, gave a nice little blessing before each course.

They all found the fire light to be warmly imaginative through the dark penetrating night-time, in course with

the human condition. The auburn-haired woman inquired, "Why do you carry that gas can around?"

Charlie just sat there dumbstruck. It would have been nice to have given them a reason, or any kind of answer at all, yet his mind felt calmly determined to remain unknowing.

The next morning he heard some more guitar playing. The younger girl of the three had long dark hair, her lips curled around the mouthpiece of a steel flute. She sat upon a large solid rock, and played beautifully.

After a quick breakfast of dried nuts, Gasoline Charlie said his good-byes and strode into the morning stretch of sunlight, just in time to bend with the wind.

In many successions along the veritable pathways of human enlightenment, he heard a bird calling, and decided to follow its distant reply.

There was a rotting car resting upon the rolling acreage. Soon some more vehicles came alongside his nimble striding form. It must have been an old highway from the busier times.

Presently machines all looked alike, just dirty old coffins of rusty filth-ridden dust...though Charlie was one to hope for a nice flea-bitten jalopy. Just one decent shot of joyriding throughout humanity's inevitable decline. All Charlie needed was a nice carriage with a workable motor. Alas, it might be too much to hope for during this hollowly emptiest of decades.

Charlie came upon the sight of an oil field, reflective in the stillness of daytime. He sought along the great depth of sludge until it funneled into a narrow river. The ebony tide soon guided him to a tantamount ledge. A pitch black waterfall ran down some red rocky plateaus, dripping with the seething nature of decay. Gasoline Charlie stepped down.

Cheerful in the presence of his gas can, he left the river behind, and came to an even greater amazement. There was a family of geese walking between puddles of oil...just minding their own business, parading around like a family, not a speck of grim on them. Charlie almost laughed.

Coming to the sight of an enormous automaton. The creature looked to be larger than a bulldozer, though it

crawled only with its arms and fingers. There were no legs left to mention.

Gasoline Charlie kept walking further and further away while arriving into the company of three young boys. They seemed nice enough, although one of them had a hunter's bow across his back. Struck by a sense of curiosity, he said "Hey" and put down his gas can. "Do any of you know where I can find a nice working automobile?"

Yet none of the boys said a word, just stared at him while his gas can jiggled. There was little more to say or ask so he went on his separate way and left the kids behind.

One of the boys brought a zippo lighter out from under his belt strap, sliding his bow into a tense handling. The third boy tied a white cloth around an arrow's head. They stood still while a blazing hot arrow streamed through their line of sight, firing at point blank range through the burning radiance.

The arrow pierced into the gas can. There was an explosion of such immediate force, and debris. Gasoline Charlie was no more.

The boys walked out of their firing range, treading off into the distance, with little more to ever say among them other than their own silent unspoken sense of purity.

There was a new justice brewing in this ultra-modern world of machine and men. Laws had been left by the wayside. People kept becoming savage, and now youth would only seem to contend with its own sense of united dominance before the day when civilized man would arise again.



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Masked Men by Kim L. Neidigh

Growing up in the first TV generation means I got to see all the cool shows. NAKED CITY, PLAYHOUSE 90, PERSON TO PERSON, YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS...but as a little boy it was the action heroes who captured my imagination. So return with me now to those thrilling days of yesteryear.

I don't think I'd ever heard of Zorro until Walt Disney brought him to television in 1957. To me the sets looked exotic, and handsome Guy Williams really made the character believable. Zorro wore a mask, a cool cape, and fought one sword after another. And the wonderful thing was, unlike nearly all other TV heroes, Zorro laughed and had a great time doing it all. A kid could relate to that.

Now, on the other hand, the Lone Ranger was all business. The precise English, the serious attitude, the perfect posture, all told you this was someone who didn't mess around. The Lone Ranger traveled in the West with Tonto, bringing law and order to isolated towns. Unlike Zorro, he had no other identity. He gave up all personal life to be a living symbol of righteousness and hope. Actor Clayton Moore took it all so seriously that after the show ended he gave up acting to make personal appearances promoting fair play and

morality. So identified is he with the role that no actor since has managed to carry it off. Clayton Moore is the Lone Ranger.

Two masked men with two different styles but the same purpose—protecting the weak and innocent from the corrupt and evil. We could sure use men like that today.

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TRUST by John Polselli

The city is an organ

trilling

Her face

a world unfolding

from dawn to sunset

in a single utterance

Her eyes

impassioned jewels of lightning

enkindled

by her supple hand

dallying in air

.

Near her

I am drawn to the nectar

of her movements

in her

I am released

from the stingray

of unsatisfied desire

.

I speak with a raindrop

lengthened

to an ocean

a tear
that is a rivulet
I follow home.

*

NO COUNT by Joanne Tolson

He's no count cause he didn't
Make the grade as a vampire;
He failed to thrive.
Every time he tried to bite
A neck,
He would go into a dead faint;
Daylight come, poof!

He was gone. End of history.