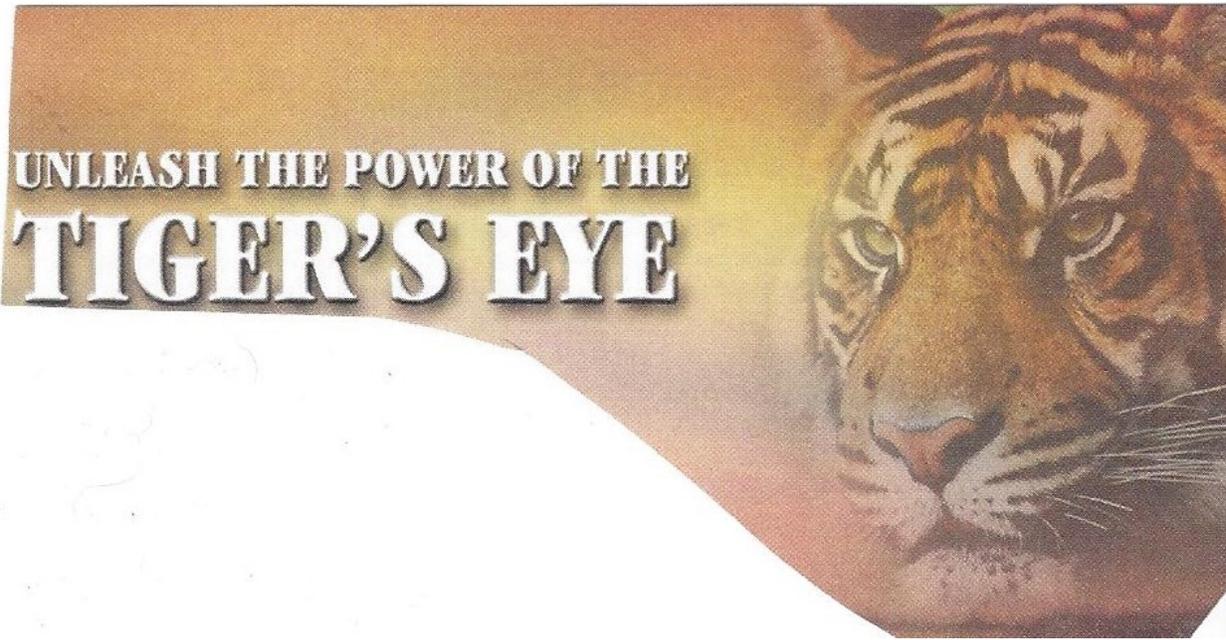


# THE PDF DRAGON #3



**Tales, Comments on Other Fanzines,  
"Wargames", verse, and ecksetera**



UNLEASH THE POWER OF THE  
**TIGER'S EYE**

## **Editor's Comments**

Here be the third issue of the Dragon, mo'ught fit for your senses, and with the very tiger that sang at the Unbought Gate as a headliner. I've little to say editorially at this time, but I do have some looks at the other efanzines to take and some comments to make. I hope these fellows are looking at my zine and seeing the comments I make about theirs.

## Other Zines, Seen

**BCSFAzine:** The meeting notes remind me of the old Lafayette Interstellar Society's meetings. If that group still existed, we'd be sending you Vor-Zap. The Association sure has held on. It makes interesting reading.

**VIBRATOR:** Er, Graham, you seem to be fictionalizing yourself in your notes. Good interpretation of Stephen King by Taral Wayne, it's very rare to see him interpreted. Vibrator does vibrate—that adds to its image.

**OBIR:** I've never heard of most of those books, seems Canada doesn't export down here. The border's suspicious to the government; postal security is tight on anything that's a package, and they're tight on money orders too. I've heard of Challenger—Conan Doyle, wasn't it?

**ART OF GARTHNESS:** Well, there are or have been several Garths around fandom, so I'd suppose it might be a quality or tendency.

**JOURNEY PLANET:** Keep swinging with that title.

**BIG SKY (Peter Young):** I was very impressed with this one; the use of photography gives one a real viewing experience.

Well-spoken at efanazines' heading; the covers of the zines are getting more and more worthy of awards. I find myself having a respect for these zines that I didn't have back when fanzines were maybe showing cacti or thorn-bushes by way of a cover. Or when covers were just plain lacking on many zines. Or some

zines would make out with a scratchily-drawn picture of Spiderman. A good quality zine is its own reward, and I think editors might want to feel they can claim this award. Anyway, those good covers are a real boost to the mood of <.

## Letters of Comment

**DAVE HAREN: Poetry tears itself loose/casts itself into the winds...drifts down to the vast sea/of humanity and sinks/or drifts along cast by the waves... Once out it no longer/belongs to the poet... if it is grasped at as mine/it cannot possibly shine/from the grasp**

**It is a perniciously contagious activity dragging in the unwary and schemer alike.**

**Liberated Fandom might be dangerous to the wonderful current worldstate as a bunch of crooked bankers loose in the economy.**

***If they ignore them, maybe they'll go away.***

**GARTH SPENCER: Like you, I have decided that a monthly schedule is about the most practical. Not too frequent, but not so**

**infrequent (*a la* quarterly) that I start to forgetting or to put off producing an issue.**

**Do you have to explain (frequently) what numbered fandoms represent? When Harry Warner Jr. was alive, he expressed an opinion that a different description than numbered fandoms might better capture the phases through which the fanzine hobby seemed to go. There was a period when fans limited to hectograph, spirit duplicators and mimeographs still tried to emulate the pulp fiction magazines; later there was a deadly earnest period when everything had to be Serious and Constructive (about the Literature, or about Science, or perhaps about social causes); later still there was the Fannish Fandom phase, and I seem to have been exposed to a late echo of that period. (There were a host of 1970s fanzines produced largely in Edmonton, with trades elsewhere in Canada, and correspondents everywhere in the world.) I could go on, but you get the idea.**

**Thank you for your kind remarks about THE ART OF GARTHNESS, although I**

**don't know how AoG is "up to date"—my fanzine style and I myself seem to have been pretty consistently out of step, even out of period, with local fans and local fandom. My friend Graeme and I may as well be hermits, although we live in a rather large and densely populated manheap, because our fan publications are tangential to what passes for fandom here.**

**(Archival back issues of BCSFAzine, a local clubzine, will shortly appear on eFanzines. I supply them mostly as a matter of completism, partly because I am a former editor of the clubzine, but I know that my later editorials will embarrass me, because I was so vocally disappointed in the lack of...well...fannishness among local fans. I can be negative and hypercritical at bad times, and not a good motivator even on my best days.)**

**Your remarks on Superman, and on superhero stories generally, may be timely as television networks, like movie studios, seem to be capitalizing on every possible comic book series they can option. If the increasingly unlikely combats of unlikely**

**vigilantes are popular, then yes, as you suggest, news stories from foreign conflicts may insensibly come to resemble comic book combats; popular culture defeats accurate history and reportage every time. Although I suppose it will be quite awhile before major military powers seriously contemplate giving their troops superhero powers, names, and costumes.**

**I'm going to limit myself to discussing zines and articles and ideas this time out, because I'm not good at critical commentary on fiction or poetry. Also it's nearly one in the morning here. Garth go night-night.**

***And a good night's sleep to you. I'm sleeping better these days, but sometimes don't get enough.***

***No, I seldom have explained numbered fandoms, myself, and presenting my zine as a 9<sup>th</sup> fandom zine is as simple as Jack Robinson. The only difficulty with it is having previous numbered fandoms show up, but this is also desirable. 8<sup>th</sup> fandom was***

**the ser-con one; fannish fandom predicted 9<sup>th</sup> fandom.**

**Up to date at large, anyway. Knowing what's around. But I don't know how Canadian fandom is.**

**I don't know how comics got elevated up to movie-making stature. I suppose the trend, or tendency, must have started with Flash Gordon and then Superman, but after that, what?**

### **Let the Fun & Games/"Battle" Commence!**

Acquainted as you may now be with the "Super Battle" called "The Eye of the Tiger", allow me to introduce you to the novelty of this game. Here are the sides:

THE WESTPHALIAN AMMIGRINTS. This indicates a historical element as it represents a treaty between the Roman Empire and Sweden in 1618 by which the Thirty Years' War was brought to an end. "The difficult question of the ownership of spiritual lands was decided by a compromise". (Encyclopedia Britannica) It tends to be under German/French control. The province was

heavily bombed in World War II. "There are extensive fens in the north and west and north of Paderborn is a sandy waste called the Senner". (Encyclopedia Britannica) This is taken out of time and has the raw materials of Alternate History.

THE MORAVIAN DIPLOMATS. A region of Czechoslovakia whose earliest known inhabitants were Celts.

THE WORLD-VIEWING SUPERHEROES. These came from many nations, as can be said of America historically. From this region issued the 46 Engine Friar's Brigade, the Seven Clowns Hemisphere, the Total Unificationist Upstarts, and the Jungle Losers of San Quentin's Auspice. They call the war "El Neato" because it perfects the warfare picture.

For a heavy fantasy element there is the Transylvanian Postal Service, and overseeing combat are the S'il Vous Plais Onlookers.

I've done wargaming at Purdue University, and my respects given here to the other participants, a noble crew and respectable followers of this gamesmanship.

**A recent battle has been concluded successfully. The exterminator techniques employed by Moravia were allowed to reach their apotheosis at the opening of the Sondern Gate. Those to be exterminated had agreed to armed extermination and the progression of the Moravians did not get far beyond the Gate. The extermination didn't work. The confrontation brought about an involuntary accord that could not be broken. Warmaster Grogh was standing by to say he had expected this result. The Westphalians were denied death and had to declare themselves noncombatants. \* The Battle of the Plains ran into the Amazonian Queens and Goddesses and had to be nullified. It was declared a stalemate, a term which offended the Amazonian women, but it was obvious that things were at a standstill and had to be arbitrated from above.\* The Watchers On the Hill (onlookers) were hit with a solid challenge and found that withdrawal was in order. The Royal Satanists of Moravia were beaten by the Resistance, who proved they were unable to do anything but hold out. \* And in a central battle, the Moravian nihilists surrendered to the Westphalian-befriending Superheroes and called an end to their "fight to the death" outlook. They were taken prisoners by the Peacetime Army and received good treatment.**

**The battle now goes over to The Eye of the Tiger, an outpost area of the Onlookers, who are now besieged by Super-Heroes and Moravian terminees, with the object of**

overcoming their warmastering philosophy. The Onlooker Corps is called “a bunch of bums with a History”.

The first onslaught of the battle hit directly into The Eye of the Tiger, not injuring the tiger’s eye. A description of that First Battle will appear in the next issue of this zine.

(The Superheroes were stopped in the midst of fighting implant battles and commencement was undertaken of removing them from the war.)

Ah, that concludes this issue’s installment of the super-war, and we shall proceed onward with some contents including fiction and poetry. It’s a mighty fine fanzine that includes stories and verse, and I’m pleased to be trying to have one of those. I’m putting on a ribbon tie and perhaps a vest, I haven’t decided yet. I’ve been reading the Wyatt Earp 1.0 (if that’s the number) saga in this year’s first double issue of Analog, and am not without any desire to emulate this man who gets his job done, unless he doesn’t get it done. Mentioning that puts me in mind of the prozines, and I’m thinking now of perhaps doing a reviewer’s or even, \*blush\*, a critic’s scan of the prozines in this zine. I don’t really get much of a chance to go over what I’ve read elsewhere. And why not some book reviews, too? I’m now reading Paul Melko’s THE WALLS OF THE UNIVERSE, which novel I would recommend for its scope.

# ***Dragon’s Hoard***

*by Anne Valley*



*The difference between a dinosaur and a dragon is that a dragon breathes fire.*

Larry Adams came home from school and threw his sky-blue windbreaker on the bed. As he reached for David Eddings' book, SAPPHIRE ROSE, that book and all the other fantasy books on the shelves disappeared. Gone were XANTH, LORD OF THE RINGS, CERYNI, DARKOVER, and Eddings' ELENIUM. Biblio Fur-Coat, who had followed Larry, gave a low, throaty growl. Larry sat down on the bed, his eyes on his beloved Sheltie.

"If this isn't magic, I'm a Ciking Warrior!"

He snapped on the dog's leash and then stood in front of the bookcase and put his hand alongside the empty shelves. Closing his eyes, he said, "I wish we could be where my books have gone."

Magically, he and Biblio were standing in a cave. Larry shook his head.

"My wish—I must be a wizard—gods of Asgard," he murmured, despite the fact that his Scandinavian Lutheran minister frowned on mythic oaths. "Can you pick up the scent of the books, Biblio?" he asked the dog.

The dog sniffed the trail and trotted ahead until there was a huge smokescreen and a flash of light.

"Asgard's gods," Larry breathed.

Before him stood a huge screen and purple dragon.

"Sir dragon," the boy said hesitantly. Smoke emitted from the angry creature's nostrils. "I was trying to find my fantasy books, and I made a magic wish and now I'm here. Can you tell me where I could find them?"

The dragon narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "You're the brat with the books." It raised its claw as if to swipe at both dog and boy. Larry said calmly,

"If you know where my books are, will you please tell me?"

The dragon snarled. "Go home, brat, before I set you on fire. Go on before I----" Smoke gathered in its nostrils and steam emitted from its ears and mouth. Larry said tersely, "Okay, but I'll come back."

The dragon glared at him. "The books are mine now, so don't bother coming back."

"I will so!" Larry said defiantly before he wished himself and his dog safely home. He immediately called his best friend, Jerry Jonston, and told him to meet him at the Pop Stop. They ordered two colas. "Can you keep a secret?" Larry asked.

"Yeah—scout's honor."

Larry whispered in horrified delight about his discovery of the dragon and his dismay at learning the creature had stolen his books. Jerry said, "You sound like you're living in Tolkein's fantasy. Don't tell your parents or they'll lock you up in a crazy house. What you need is a shrink."

"But I'm telling the truth! There really is a dragon and he's got my books!"

"Well, I don't want you locked up somewhere just because some dumb books disappeared and you had a nervous breakdown about it."

Larry finally convinced his friend he was telling the truth and made Jerry swear he'd pretend he'd borrowed all the books.

"Promise you won't tell your kid sister," Jerry said.

Larry smiled. "Don't worry. I'll try to keep Deni out of it."

\*

In the following weeks, Larry and Jerry tried to figure out why a dragon would hoard books. *If a dragon could read*, Larry thought, *why wouldn't he return the books after?*

He'd gone back on a couple of occasions and tried to reason with the creature. The last time, Larry said "I bought the books with money out of my Sunday paper route. I can't afford to buy new ones. Besides, I want to be a writer/editor, so I need them."

The dragon threatened to kill Larry if he didn't leave, so the boy wished himself safely home.

On Friday, his teacher, Miss Sims, spoke to her sixth grade class. "Boys and girls, we are going to have a new student. First, I should explain Bill has *dyslexia*, so we must be patient with him."

Ted asked what it was and she said, "A learning disability—not a disease. He has trouble with reading and study skills." Ted looked relieved. "Sometimes," the teacher said, "It takes people with learning disabilities a long time to learn to read but some things are worth waiting for, aren't they?"

Larry's mind was not on the new kid who was coming on Monday. It was on something that affected him personally. After school he dodged Jerry and pedaled his bike to the library where he took out a couple of non-fiction books. He went home and read them.

The next day he decided to confront the dragon. Just before he left, his six-year-old sister Deni wandered into his room. "I'm thirsty, Larry," she said. "Will you make me a milk shake?"

"Not now, Deni! I have to—" He shut his mouth. If he told his sister his plan, she would want to go with him. She pleaded. How in Asgard was he going to get her to leave him alone? He wasn't going to take her along. Then he had an idea. "Stay here," he said. He went in the bathroom and got a sleeping pill, then

offered it in a milkshake to her. She insisted on having the ET glass. What could he do? He knocked over the glass and spilled it. She took the remaining one. "You always get everything," he said. She was soon asleep. He went into his mother's room and took a bagel-shaped object from her dresser. He slipped it in his pocket. He gathered his library books and willed himself to confront the dragon. Flame and smoke surrounded the creature. Its threat to kill him frightened him. "Sir Dragon—"

"Go or I'll—"

He set his books down and held out his hand. "I'm not trying to hurt or kill you, but please hear me out."

It narrowed its eyes and telepathed, "Very well. Be quick about it."

"Sir Dragon—" He paused and drew a deep breath. "I think I know why you're hoarding books—because you can't read or write."

Smoke tendrils emitted from the dragon's snout. He said, "Then why would I like books?" He glowered and bared his fangs.

"Misery loves company," the boy said. "If you can't enjoy them, you don't want anyone else to."

"I can read and write," the dragon protested.

"Then write 'unicorn' in the sand. Your claw is strong enough."

The dragon extended a long claw and scratched 'VoNEKARN'.

"Wrong," Larry said. "You know what I think? I think you're dyslexic."

The dragon reared his head. "Call me dirty Earth names, boy!"

"Sir Dragon," Larry said, "many dyslexics are prominent members of the community. They are even award-winning writers, entertainers and geniuses. Dyslexia means you have a learning disability. It is harder to learn to read but not impossible."

The dragon preened his leathery wings and scales, but then a huge tear rolled down his cheek. "I thought I was just dumb."

"No, you're not," answered the boy, "but if I try to teach you to read and I fail, you can keep all my books. If you learn to read, you can read my books, and then give them back to me. Is that fair enough?"

The dragon extended his paw with the claws withdrawn and shook hands. Larry took out the bagel-shaped compact containing his mother's mirror. "You probably see some words backwards. A mirror will help."

\*

Larry and Jerry were stacking the remaining books which the dragon had returned. Larry picked up a paperback with a dragon on the cover.

"You know," he said softly to his friend, "it's hard to believe this was once part of the dragon's hoard."

I have a notion that two stories might be too much space. I had a second story I was planning for this issue, but it'll be in the next one. I don't like to end an issue with a poem, but that's as it may be.

**THE QUEEN OF PSYCHODELICS by Joanne Tolson**

She has studied psychology and

brain surgery,

Voo Doo and Christianity,

Master of scams galore.

She has a wicked sense of humor,

Loves to propagate rumors and

Lies at bingo.

That's how she manipulated

People and her victims,

Using mind control,

Subliminal messages,

Brainwashing techniques and

Wiretaps to make her victim

Commit suicide.

#

