

The **PDF** DRAGON 7



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I don't know about this being my print fanzine, that being as I assume my fanzine done on paper, but this is published exclusively on the net. My paper fanzine is Pablo Lennis.

You fold and tuck this fanzine when you print it out.

Yes, this is the October issue, and that is the fat month of gloom and poetry. However, the Dragon pays little attention to the significance of a date. Or you know I would be printing gross pumpkins and be-sheeted figures from Nar. I say that it is the October issue only to distinguish it from the other ishes.

Someone told me that the Year of the Dragon is a rarity in the Orient. I told him, "Every year is the year of the dragon. You see, I print the Pdf Dragon for the net, it will go on and on, and not just be one year." (This is, of course, the first year of the Dragon.) I sez, "Just you be looking out for the Hour of the Dragon."

Well, they come back at me with Ozymandias, as it may be. "Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair." Not many people know it, but Ozymandias was an artist. He painted worse things than Warhol, Kline, George Gross, Jasper Johns—his art was the worst art ever. The art patrons and connoisseurs would come in full of self esteem, and see that.

Letter of Comment

Yes, yes, we get letters, we get stacks and stacks of letters. It would be hubris to claim something like that. Instead of saying that, allow me to point out that our letter of comment this issue is a singularity.

Joe Napolitano: I didn't know you were in to war games. Are you making anything off it? Some of those war game creators make hundreds of millions.

My guess is people are adding an S to your name because of the link to SS. Well, at least it works. Maybe one of these days you'll upload all 344 PLs to efanazines. Now that would be a project.

Re "Door to Elsewhere": the main character is basically a bad guy who dies in the end. I just wasn't able to connect with the character. But maybe as a *noir* it would work. But it lacks the feel of a *noir*?

Re "Wormwood": I would rate this on a par with professional sf. Pretty good story here.

Re "Dragons on My Mind": Oddly enough, I felt the story wasn't long enough. But I like the characters and the way it was presented. Maybe the boy found a dragon after all? It was in his imagination? Seems a bit familiar. I keep thinking Ray Bradbury? You'll have to straighten me out on this one.

Sure, fine, Joe, set you in order. It was PUFF if he found any dragon. For you see, only a magic dragon will come unto a child. Ray Bradbury I think is more at home with some huge creature that stands up against a lighthouse, as in the story of that name, or one that gets gunned down by madmen, as with the butterfly on the foot story. In other words, I think his preferences lean to dinosaurs, but it may be that you have read some Bradbury that I haven't, for instance, I haven't read DANDELION WINE. A dandy lion WHINE would be produced by the drinker of any wine concocted from something like that.

I think, yes, it's important for a Noir to have that feel. What you've got in that story is an antihero, an antagonist rather than a protagonist. It is up to the reader to decide whether he got what was coming to him justly, or not.

Sure, those wargame creators and writers get into big bucks, they just shout as they toss around the c-notes coming across the board at them. You'll hear one say he got a new Ferrari with his proceeds, another will say that he wrote off a lot of it to worthy charities and felt better. Unfortunately for the wargame creators, no matter how much money you have, it's not enough. Go visit one. It's a pretty hard go to visit one of those wargame creators. No, I don't make any profit off it myself.

An Open Letter to Analog

ANALOG WRITES: “Dear John W. Thiel III. don’t muss out on the hours of reading enjoyment every issue of Analog Science Fiction and Fact brings you. Unless you renew right away, your subscription will expire! Return the Instant Action Renewal Voucher and we’ll set the wheels in motion immediately to continue your subscription without interruption. What’s more, you’ll continue to save off the newsstand price. Take a moment to drop the voucher in the mail right now. You’ll be glad you did every time you read Analog Science Fiction and Fact. Sincerely Sandy Marlowe, Subscriptions.”

Yes, Yes, Sandy Marlowe, and you too, Trevor Quachri, I’ll renew my subscription when things are BULL enough for me to manage it, which will occur when the Windfall Prophet brings me my supplementary income. Till that time it’s goodbye to you, Charles Coleman Finlay, and Sheila Williams, except, of course, on the Facebook pages and at the F&SF Forum. For you see, I’m at bare subsistence living, and I’ll have to pass up your magazines. Oh, when the guest editor is some writer I really like, maybe my favorite writer, I’ll borrow a copy or, as a worst case scenario, go down to the library and read the copy they have on their magazine section racks, which was one time proof to me that you were getting an establishment circulation. I don’t want to bum you out, but the mailman will no longer be carrying my issues through the ombushes, cree-wah, cree-wah, and it’ll put him on shorter duty where he won’t get footsore not to have to deliver those issues, which he and his brethren sometimes manage to do a sorry, bunged-up job of anyway. Maybe, if I can find the patience to do it, I’ll go to those review sites and read a precis of it, which is about what some of those reviews are anyway. But I’m not letting sf down!—I think you already know that. I’m not ceasing to think of sf any more than there’s a boll weevil on my window screen.

So, here’s my open letter about the matter, writ as close as I can get it to the editorial ear. I’m sure you’ll be able to see how it is.

Fanzines in View

Read my fanzine commentaries, they're full of fannish wit.

CYBERCOZEN shows a true enjoyment of science fiction, viewing it perhaps as good reading matter. I like also the fealty to discussing it. It seems highly with what's timely. A cover for it would perhaps be beneficial to its worth as a zine. Something I dislike about a lot of fanzines is not much present here, that's local notes on bicycling, eating pizza, and watching politics and world news. That last might be better reading in Cybercozen than it is in those other zines.

FILE 770 (166)—Very nice looking girl on the cover, one can imagine her in terms of capabilities, but there is no description of how she is or why she is there. Methinks this is somewhat of a lack. Noting it's by Taral, he keeps a lot to himself.

Seems to me Bickford's was also a noted beatnik hangout; it doesn't seem much adapted to fame, but perhaps the talk about it was complaint. We've got a place just two blocks up and two over from my house called GLM live, which on the 15th is featuring a punk rap singer from Indianapolis who will perform a bit of Metal. I should mention a small place in the metropolis but not mention anything out here on the home front, it's compensation.

Jose Sanchez sent me some art for the Pdf Dragon which I was going to use, but it disappeared from my files. Since the reply I sent him on the same form had not disappeared as it was supposed to when sent, but was still on the form which had once contained the art, I suspected a virus and did not try to trace anything. However, since Jose must read the Dragon since he sent it art,

perhaps this will communicate the loss to him. Too bad I lost it, it was good art.

X-RAYER (125)—are there any photos of Hugo Gernsback as a child or teenager? I think SF has lost sight of what he did to have the award named after him.

Didn't care for the doll cover on 122.

ANKEN—First time I've viewed it, and I noticed it was Australian by the fourth line. Very acute and perceptive of me, and nobody can take away from me the prize I've won by noticing this.

VIBRATOR, August—I've seen Jack Johnson's name mentioned in one place before this, where he said he was booked to sail with the Titanic and then left behind because of his race, and there was a folk song that said when there was news that it sang, you could see him doing the Eagle Rock. I read a story by Jack London that said how boxing was in that day, what with world championships surrounded by poverty and dishonor.

Faren and Trash's **BEAM** has some good whiskey. Don't know why Las Vegas would have a Cape Cod Drive. Of Guy Lillian's view of the street sign, I hear a fellow standing under it was busted by the New Orleans police, and said, "I'm standing under the Rue St. Pierre". One of the cops said, "Oh, that's all right. I thought you didn't know your way around."

FORMAX (12): Kind of rare not to see the editor's name at the top, perhaps Mr. Rector can't see having a colophon. Somewhat of a delight, though, to scroll a bit and see Tom Sadler's article, which really dramatized space research. I've always hoped SETI would get a result sometime; here's one that occurred in advance of SETI being formed. Not

Sadler's idea of a good followup to his article, but I also liked seeing Robin Bright's article, it's nice to see him getting around. The title tells the story. Some people viewed his writings about women's seed as extraneous to the topics he chooses, but here he's all out at going after that theme, which he finds latent in STAR TREK. I've been reducing this in his writings for Surprising Stories, preferring the other aspects of his writing. So I'm glad to see him let it all out here.

I appreciated the editor's discussion of the Wow! Signal too.

SWILL—I looked at this under the misapprehension that it was a religious publication, having interpreted "S'will" as a reference to the Will of God, but upon reading it I found such things as Fascism being discussed.

e-apa—I certainly hope this apa gets up the new members it's seeking—only three zines in the mailing. That's a small apa; one of the zines is the official matter. The other apas have shrunk too; I hope they will all get back on their feet. The members all put in good appearances—but, as this is the only issue this year open to others than the membership, then apparently their zines have only three readers.

One of the zines I was looking at this time had an authentic Asimov quip in it...don't recall which one it was.

TNFF and **TIGHTBEAM**—I don't think anybody with a serious interest in fandom will not be reading these publications of the National Fantasy Fan Federation.

Wargames



Formyle Road Battle, Eastonia

presided over by James Tarot-see and Geoff 'Nuncle.

No, I did not misspell anything in the caption; this wargame takes place in conjunctions of parallel worlds and involves alternate realities.

Wargames are FUN. They allow a wide use of the

imagination used over an established situation and named players. Each participant identifies with a player and certain players over troops, others will even be masterminds of war, those being players with experience and knowledge of the game in its entirety. The photo gives the viewer a look at the battle of extermination described in an earlier issue, an aid to imaginative involvement in the game. Players will want a description of the situation, which is a head-on confrontation of the exterminators with those to be exterminated. This would be a segment of the game set aside for players who want to participate in this particular situation. They will have been supplied with backgrounds of both sides and the motivations of the confrontation. The main action for the player is whether his soldier will survive. The actions of the people who are being exterminated is handled by game masters, so those playing the game are both on the same side and their adversaries are only representations.

Some names of players (not in the above scenario, where the soldiers are only named “soldier”, though the player may fight for an individual identity), as examples, are Grymalkin (he fights with soul), Buck (can anything stop him?), Captain America (how’d he get in here?) and Myshkin (a cryptic performer). In an Atlantis vs. Lemuria game, Grymalkin is a Lemurian, Myshkin is a Lemurian traitor playing outside the scope of the war, and Buck is an Atlantean. In modern warfare they have reincarnated roles in a modernized society where the enemies might not be the same ones, and Captain America is

trying to deal with ancient wars from a modern perspective, and the game is “The Apocalypse”.

People taking part in these games are certain to be considered fighters, and need not listen to anyone say they would be cowards if presented with war. It’s fun to interchange games where this can logically be done when the players have become seasoned warriors. But onlookers are generally encouraged, and it may be more to a person’s liking to take an onlooker role, or even be an onlooker without a role. Where does the gaming take place? It’s up to you.

But now it’s time to cool you out with a story or two, the creative section is coming up.



Atomic Soldiers by Celine Rose Mariotti

A slice of supercelestial life.

It was five am Earth time as in Central Time back in Houston, Texas. There were about fifteen people manning the controls and the computers of the Houston Space Center. They were the evening shift and Lieutenant Frederick Katzmann was tracking the path of the Capricorn-29 spaceship. So far they were on the track for their journey to Saturn.

The Capricorn-29 hovered along in the total blackness of outer space.

The crew were all fast asleep. Even the robot was in rest mode. But outside in the blackness of outer space, the ruler of Saturn, Hotchee, also known as Zekos/Azalia, or also known in the form of a German Shepherd, was floating back to the ship, floating through space with his magic rod. He pulled it open and a rope shot out of it. And the rope pulled Hotchee right into their spaceship. Then he just appeared inside the ship.

Astronaut Jimmy Lee couldn't sleep so he got up to check everything on the ship. But somewhere in the recesses of his mind, he had a fear that there was something wrong. So he ventured outside his cabin and took a look around. He put the robot into active mode. The robot lit up and extended his arms. "Jimmy Lee, my sensors detect the alien from Saturn. He's aboard our ship! Warning! Do not confront him! Let's wake the Captain."

"Okay, Robot, let's go do that."

Together the robot and astronaut went to awaken the captain. Jimmy Lee knocked on the cabin door. "Captain Feldman, this is Jimmy Lee. The Robot said the alien from Saturn is aboard the ship! Wake up, Captain!"

"I hear you, Jimmy Lee. I'll be right there. Wake up Zach and Matthias!"

"Right away, Sir!"

Jimmy Lee and the Robot hurried over to wake Zach and Matthias. The two shared a cabin. Most of the time while one was sleeping the other was awake, checking out information on the computer. Jimmy Lee knocked on the cabin door and Matthias opened it slowly. "Hey, guys, is there a problem?"

"Yes, the alien from Saturn is back on the ship. The Captain told me to call you and Zach."

Hotchee, *aka* Zekos/Azalia, was manning the ship when the captain entered the Mission Control Room.

"Mr. Zekos, please remove yourself from my chair and step away from

the controls. If you don't, I'll shoot you with my laser gun," ordered Captain Feldman in a very authoritative tone of voice.

"I am the ruler of Saturn! No one tells me what to do! And your laser gun will have no effect upon me whatsoever! I am immortal!" shouted the purple creature Hotchee.

"I don't care if you're immortal! It matters little for me. I'm the captain of this ship and as such I'm responsible for my crew and our mission. Now step away from the controls!"

Zach and Matthias entered the control room with an atomic light gun and sprayed it on Hotchee. He lit up like a light bulb and froze in place.

Meanwhile Hotchee's army from Saturn surrounded the ship with their titanium spaceship which was double the size of the Capricorn-29. At this time the atomic soldiers Apollo, Marius and Serena had arrived in their Taurus-13 spaceship to save the Capricorn and its crew.

An intergalactic war began. The Saturn ship fired on the Capricorn, lasers and titanium bullets flying. The Taurus fired long laser beams and atomic bullets at them. Feldman, Zach and Matthias manned the guns and fired. An intergalactic war was ablaze in the darkness of outer space.



Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust by Herbert Jerry Baker

One day WAR will come—

It is man's dark destiny

To kill and destroy.

Age-old tensions rush

Past the point of no return—

The Earth shudders, then dies

Dust to dust to dust.

The Earth, barren and still
Yet serves a purpose. It shows
The folly of Man.

Time Bubble by Joanne Tolson

The earth's hemisphere is a time capsule
Like a crystal globe encapsulating the Earth.
Like a zoo which we cannot completely escape.
We live out our fate hoping God
does not shake the globe and turn us inside out.

The universe may be doomed. But if so, that's a jackass fate to have.

And One Night I Dreamed of the Moon by Will Mayo

And early this morning I dreamed that my mother was back in my life and knowing me again as the man that I am. We were seated in a car which our family had possessed some forty years ago and she was driving it towards an enormous blood-red moon just above the edge of the horizon. "That's the lanar eclipse, the last of the year," I told her.

"Yes, I know, darling," she replied.

Onward our car drove forwards into the moon. A cloudy dawn awaited me as always.

The Ruins of Lost Time by Dr. Mel Waldman

Just before slipping into a deep sleep, I whisper to my ideal self, who does not exist, "I dream of going home again, returning to Old Brooklyn, and the little house I lived in, on the block of innocence, a mirror of my perceptions, around the corner from Ocean Parkway, the long boulevard rolling south to Coney Island, and the Atlantic Ocean, and a distant future as unfathomable as my fugitive soul; I long to go home."

Yet when I return to the old house, and gaze at its façade, an antediluvian structure of another era, I see the ruins of lost time, and through apocalyptic eyes I watch my moribund past implode and pass away, like mortal flesh, breathless and soulless, dissolving in the earth, and returning to the nothingness I fear.

I tremble. The barren truth racks my brain. I've come back. But my home and soul aren't love, only phantom remains.

Apocalyptic eyes watch. A mustang gallops into the past, chases the chimera, and vanishes with the ancient sun, a red sphere that burns the wasteland of ice and snow and dies at night.

And now, I do not exist.

Presence by Will Mayo

Once I thought of time as being an endless journey, a road from place to place. Then I saw it as a series of moments, of photographs even, run through a projector beaming its light onto a screen of non being. But now at last I see it clearly. It is one photograph, not several, and we are all there, all of whom we call our pasts, our presents, our futures. Together. Only there's the frame, you see. It's terribly broken beyond repair. Yet we pretend and keep on pretending. Keep on trying.

Blues Blahs by Ron Emolo

Romancers not dancers. All the seeds we cast away, every day..Yes, God is still trying to figure out black holes....

The Dream Room by Dr. Mel Waldman

I sit inside my dream room, inhale the celestial scent of creamy white gardens, and stroll along the boulevard of time, a ring of imagination, the circular promenade of my life.

In the swirling distance, I notice an exit, a detour with a sinister sign that says **Dead End Street.**

With my 3rd Eye, I gaze into the *cul-de-sac* and discover an eerie array of ghosts, gathered beneath an ancient lamp post, familiar phantoms waving at me from the ruins of my past.

Tomorrow, until the last tomorrow, Chimera will beckon me, and inevitably, I'll leave the boulevard of time, exhale the sweet scent of Eros, the perfumed Life Force, and trudge across the exit to nowhere.

Perhaps, after the day of final breaths, I'll stand with my beloved ghosts in Eternity's Row, beneath the lamp post, in the *cul-de-sac*, gazing at you, whoever you are, and pondering what I am and am not.

Boomerang by Will Mayo

"What you do unto others you do unto yourself," the holy man said.

"How is that?" I said. "Some sort of 'boomerang' effect?"

"Yes, exactly," he said. "For you are they and they are you."

"Ah, I see," I said.

"Yes," he said, "you do."

Enjoy the Ride by G.A. Scheinoha

It's a dark philosophy which twists to roller coaster highs and plunges through bottom out love, barrel rolls towards a future you couldn't knowingly contort yourself into or eagerly embrace. This isn't space opera. Reality bites down hard. You aren't a plucky loner, haven't an Obi Wan to guide you, might be sucked into the vortex without anyone around to even hear you scream.

Somewhere in the World It's 00 O'clock by Ron Emolo

Thousand times lighter than air. Shuddup and blues, already!!!

Think head ahead...pump bone the pipe poe. Blue Harp Po'.

