

# The Pdf **Dragon** numero nine



**March 2017**

**The “We get cake today because we’ve been good” issue**

An algebra at heaven

*“If man could SEE...it would be wondrous”*

*\*perhaps Meher Baba will teach man to see\**

**A Ninth Fandom Fanzine**

Exclusive for efanzines

Be you not certain that Ghu does not see us.

And now, open to see the first page.



**Fandom of the future, behold!**

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Other zines by the same editor are

**Paper: Pablo Lennis**

**Netzine: Surprising Stories**

**N'Apa: Synergy**

**NFFF Fan-Pro Bureau Ionisphere**

# *This is a colophon*

## Editorial

The cover this issue makes it look like this should be known as "The Pdf Drag-In" but it signified a time of chains. We are all in a time of chains, as I understand it. 2017 is a year of chains. (To quote the poet Dylan Thomas, "I have heard many years of telling, and many years should see some chains.")

Having a fanzine gives the editor a chance to say anything he pleases in his editorial, and the only drawback to this is that as he considers this and his mind becomes infinite, he finds himself without a material topic. Then when he expresses the thoughts he does have, he gets no feedback, because his readers have no matter to work with. This is about someone who notices that he has that liberty, of course. I think a lot of fanzine editors, at least, look at the paper or whatever they have before them and consider themselves bound by so many literary constraints that it is enough to make them weep, which is something they are not ordinarily apt to do, as weeping is for women. (I disagree with this, as do many sf authors writing in the mags today. When we look at the world of woe that we are presently inhabiting, or when it is being called to our attention, there is cause aplenty for weeping, for the current state of affairs in the world at large, as the news describes it to us, is enough to make a grown man weep. There you have it.) It is as if they do not really own their magazines when they begin writing and follow the grotesque standards that are imposed on them from somewhere. They think the world at large has an iron hold on them, though they are apt to be imagining this; it is more likely that that is someone ironing clothes that is giving them this impression. I think if you are going to enjoy freedom of the press you want to free your mind from these engrams that are causing you to write far away from your own topics. For instance of that, look at all the ground-dwelling writing that is being done in science fiction fanzines in displacement of topics even of science, let alone science fiction. In some cases it may even be that they don't know that a fanzine is supposed to be devoted to fantasy and science fiction. If they have a clue, they may be saying "All that's being done in the magazines, it doesn't need to be in fan magazines as well." I'd ask them, "Which magazines are those, would you list them?" If they are going in the right direction, they'll find only three and see that sf is limping, just like a vet. But their list is apt to be of Star Trek fan cult zines, Action heroes, and exotic indulgence zines that although they meet some of the specifications for science fiction, do not meet all of them; a comic strip is not something that qualifies as literary work, no matter how much joy it brings to the reader, and the Star Trek miscellany is more about the movies than the sf field. Besides, it seems like they should be more objective when writing editorials—I say

editorials, but these seem to be going on through the whole of their zines. But did I say zines? It's time to look over what we have on efanzines.



## Fanzines in View

Yes, yes, comments on the other zines here, I wouldn't feel like I was really here if I did not have things to say about what else is to be found at the site. My, a lot of water has passed under the bridge since number 8 of this one, there are a whole lot of fanzines to be commented upon. I get no replies, usually, to these comments, and it's been a year or so of semi-silence, that's my experience, anyway, and really, it could be that most people don't read the Dragon.

I've heard something back from the X-Rayer anyway, and here's another issue of that which has more in it than some of the previous issues I've seen. Interesting to see a full portrait of Steve Stiles, and especially to find that he was influenced by Wallace Wood. I have a few comments to make there; when I saw the name "Flesh Gordon" I had no reason to believe that the people who made it hadn't gotten the idea from MAD. Wood was an artist you couldn't put down; find anything by him, wherever it may have appeared, and it'll come through as art. No wonder Stiles went for it. The Lin Carter rabbit incident lends to an idea for a story: how would a rabbit who had this for a life come out, would it mutate and be different from other rabbits? A good fantasist could write what went on in its mind as the days passed. To make a more complex story, suppose the users of the bathroom were being watched by experimenters who wanted to see how this would affect them? I'm interested too in Dan Adkins being Steve Stiles' friend. Adkins did some art for my fanzine and I was interested in seeing him going pro, but I guess he got diverted from that by the Marvel group. It's an insight into the time when so many sf fans were going over to the action hero comics. A very well-written article.

The Boskone issue of Journey Planet sure has a respectable cover, as did Trapdoor. Effective art really makes a fanzine reputable. Interesting Times has a timely title; particularly worth reading was "The Case Against the World Government" by The Pobble Who Has No Toes. Pleased to see Robin Bright in Fornax, he's really getting around. I was afraid he would have trouble making it when I first saw him. I wonder if anyone has missed this story. No talking about that here.

Looking at the 130<sup>th</sup> X-Rayer, "The Marching Morons" may be what got Jerry Sohl to write COSTIGAN'S NEEDLE, a story I'm more familiar with. In Sohl's tale, life on Earth, or at least that one part of it he considers, is so bad that people are gulled into going into an other-dimensional world, but it's bad there too because it's incomplete and not fully adapted for life.

Stiles again in his own zine: I used to get SATA; I talked more to Pearson than to

Adkins. Pearson told me the story of how his zine was created (which I won't repeat here because it wasn't a brief one). No letters thisyew, eh Steve? There's splendid irony in his opening cartoon, the sterility problem can be solved in a few generations. It's the most impacted paradox of this sort yet. And here's a grand cartoon on the cover of the Famulus, the best cartoon portrayal of Trump I've seen yet. Nice art in Breaking It All Down, if seen as camp. Saw him over at the NFFF too. I wonder if he knows Art Bebe. Fadeaway was miles ahead with its article on Lovecraft, but I don't believe HPL was a fascist. For one thing, he wouldn't have been very able to adapt to that system.

Don't forget to use the Zoom In button on the Dragon if you're getting the same original image as I am. I ran into one other fanzine here of which that might also be admonished.

## War Games

These are fun because they are manly. They share a spirit with Conan and John Carter, that is if they are fantasy and sf wargames. Carter always hearkened back to Pappy Amos Carter, because he kept his ancestry in mind; nothing contributes better to manhood, or at least, nothing that resembles the consideration of ancestry, more or less a biological by way of being an anthropological consideration. I wonder how the action mob would fare with Conan, but I don't have to wonder, there's a Conan comic book, although it doesn't deliver the goods in showing what happened to Conan's enemies. As portrayed by Howard and the other people who wrote Conan stories, or went over his manuscripts, the man could have tromped a lot of them, but the supernatural ones, no matter that a lot of them were scientifically made so, would have a much better chance against him as he didn't claim to want a fight with the supernatural.



**Conan**



**The Hulk**

Noted in battle preparedness, smelling one's arms is found among warriors going into

battle—they get off in a private place and smell their arms to make sure they are manly and are thereafter on the ready for battle with full knowledge of their capacity for conflict.

They are allowed to prepare in this way and at a certain time, during the course of doing this, they are released and run forth from their private protective cubicles and sent directly against the enemy, who has been waiting for them, of course. It's best if they leap directly from this onto the battle path, coming up from a panther-like crouch. Reassuring themselves of their manliness is what is responsible for their feeling that they are invincible.

Whether this is recommendable to wargamers or not is a matter for conjecture, but they should know the attributes of their pieces as they play.

Modern-day Conans? What about Clyde Barrow? Those who have seen the film "Bonnie and Clyde" will recall that one fellow said that nothing could defeat Clyde—nothing at all. And he picked up a woman to accompany him on his adventures, just as Conan sometimes did. Of course he is well within the range that Howard called "civilized", of which he was disparaging, but a civilized Conan is what we are trying to get in mind. In the light of this, one may think that being too civilized may have been what led to his downfall, when he had more bullets to pull out of his hide than he could endure, and so turned his face to the horizon, and passed away, which did not ever happen to Conan, but often pretty nearly did.

I'm not sure I like Conan being in comic book form. The makers of the comic seem not to understand him. Not that he's very well understood by the readers of Conan stories, as he isn't made very understandable, but the comic book seems to portray him as being in a stupor and somewhat on the level of a chicken thief. I also wonder why they had the urge to do a comic book. There's a lot of discussion of these action comic books, but no one seems to have gotten into the mysteries of the publishing details. The writers all get carried away by enthusiasm for the comics and get into gossip about the lives of the people who do them. Mainly what I'd like to know is how these comics came about at all; public demand for such comics seems not to have existed before they were produced, though there was a great demand for them once they got started. Originally a lot of them had comics code seals of

approval on them, but any seal of approval they now carry is something on the order of an emblem of some kind.



## **THE BRIGHT CAGE**

by **Neal Wilgus**

When the moon was locked safely away the people at last emerged from the underground dwellings to begin the work they so loved they hated it at times. Out in the fields or woods or swimming to the barrier they gave thanks to the brightly lit cage circulating overhead. Some one or thing has to keep track, they hope, but few knew how or why.

There will come a time, they were told, when there would be no wind and the calm air drove many mad, so they must be prepared for long nights in the canyon dwellings without food and with little water. But they were assured that when it was over those remaining would at last be free to go back to the old ways of hiding from the blizzard. And they had belief in this.

And there was one among them who walked on air and told stories of hope and despair, even though all were aware it was an elaborate joke and that soon the animals would be released. They came prepared with iron rods and sharp blades, knowing

that the survivors of the night would be expected to be in time for the ceremonies in the morning. Thus it had been for as long as any could remember and no one would take it away from them.

And yet the people somehow knew that something also was in store for them and that they had little time to prepare. So they gathered in the desert under a hostile moon and the bright cage, knowing they must once again endure the Hard Times. One must, after all, be prepared for every opportunity that opened. How else could they go on? Or should they?



## **Wide-Awake Dreamer**

*by Charles Lovecraft*

**Whilst dreaming in a tree-house**

**Mural of plasmatic stars**

**I dwelt in fragrant dreams and fancies**

**Of those beckoning afars.**

**I knelt upon the strange branches**

**That stirred their rustling hair**

**With the gilt of quivering lances**

**From out the glimmering lair.**

**And then I thought I strangely woke**

**When I awake was all along;**



Vast thoughts the size of galaxies spoke

In my constellations of song!



## **The Apparition**

by Herbert Jerry Baker

O Phantom: Thou which haunts  
my dreams,

Tell me of thy frightful plight,

Specter--

Pray do release me from thy grip  
of fear,

O Ghost—I now be afraid for my  
very soul;

Closer does thy vaporous form  
come

To haunt me with dark fears of  
despair.

O frightful Poltergeist, I pray  
thee leave  
Ere I succumb to the fatal  
charms of Death--  
Yet on does thee come, ye evil  
Spirit  
and I know now why thy form has  
visited--  
Now I shall travel upon the dim  
grey path  
Which leads below to the fiery  
Pits!

**Music** by Apocohipster

While listening to Yoko Ono  
troops o' howlin' naked banshees in heat  
stampeded through m'skull...

m'eyeballs felt as if turning into ice they were  
m'lips seemed t'be metamorphosed  
into a huge Mount o' Venus pulsatin'--  
would I give birth  
t' poetic children o' hysteria?  
abruptly I felt as if I'd been  
transported t' a Gothic ruin on Venus  
a high priestess stood on a pedestal  
o' lethargy body seemed t've disintegrated  
leavin' a consciousness o' being finally  
severe—was this death? Gently winds  
o' lament caressed hyenas o' desire  
Mount o' Venus dilated, a goddess  
o' cacophony invoked elemental alligators  
o' sewers, tribal drums o' cyberspace  
invade veins, spears o' creature frenzy  
pierced one's temples 'n' huge red ants  
stood upright dancin'...

an elongated scream echoed forth  
from steel corridor—one was incarcerated  
wi'-in cogs 'n' gears o' a vast machine  
o' postindustrial formification...

dodo birds o' avant garde  
'n' mosquitoes o' public opinion  
gathered feedin'

chants o' a DADAPINK slot  
induced frenzied lust—universe became  
a fragile Japanese pagoda where Zen  
synthesizers attached mysogonist business  
man who consequently volunteered  
for hermaphrodite experiments  
in laboratories o' samuri cartoons...

Face o' Yoko  
became icon o' m' Muse  
which resulted in m' immediate realization  
o' perfect ecstatic artistic oblivion...

I was on a journey in nether realms  
female aspect o' m' ANDOUGYN-X persons  
was shrinkin' in unspeakable emotions  
mysteries o' Rimbaud's poetic science  
came forth

delicate imbalance between sanity & lunacy  
all dualisms shattered, frogs o' madness  
sang choruses o' impossible frequencies...

“Reality” fled—Door was finally open  
long suppressed “self” entered....

