

THE PDF DRAGON #11

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an efanzines exclusive

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A Few Words with the Editor

It's been awhile since the last issue. Four months since then. This makes the zine look like a quarterly. Well, instead of being that, it's a goodzine with well-wishes to all its readers. I have them in mind as I arrange the format.

There's an error in the listing in the annals of this publication, which calls this my paper fanzine. It isn't that at all. My paper fanzine is Pablo Lennis. Nowhere but on efanzines is *this* fanzine found. However, I imagine that that error is not easily corrected, and so I'm not bothering myself about it; let it remain, is my outcry, for it isn't a thing of that much consequence. People who may be confused by that, if any, may be told otherwise when they go about asking me for my paper zine, perhaps calling it my regular fanzine on paper.

Somehow my format in the last issue didn't look like it did when I got the issue together originally. There were these big blank spaces where I thought I had everything tight together. Readers may have gotten the impression from this that something was left out of the issue. However, the issue is there in its entirety. My last issue was not a very long one, as I didn't have a whole lot of time for it. As an interesting sidelight, I didn't spot this discrepancy when I looked at what I had sent in my files, but when I discovered the way it looked on efanzines, which I hadn't noticed before, I looked back at what I had in my files and it now looked like the one I had at efanzines. So there is no very great discrepancy, and uniformity is maintained. Unless some other change comes about over the course of time. I think the computer connects a very uncertain medium.

Starting out the Dragon I said a few words about the zine having a *motif* of wargaming. Such I've tried to maintain, but as things go I have gotten away from wargaming, having an attitude more of a

pacifist, or one who seeks the end of war, who would prefer to see less or no warfare. Not that I am breaking with wargamers, but I would like to see this zine, where war has been much alluded to, raise the flag of peace while not discontinuing the topic. Local turbulence about the real wars taking place has diminished somewhat, and someone's fine with that, just like me. Recently I visited a couple of the downtown beatnik establishments, which I haven't done for quite some while, like maybe ten years. I haven't wanted to go in those places alone, and also I haven't wanted to go in them with anyone I presently know well enough for use to be stopping in together somewhere, for they've been a dog and suds crowd, though they also were stopping at some of the smaller beatnik places, even adopting their lifestyle, but in a different mode than me. But they haven't been going there much now either. At any rate, a fellow from out of town, known from old times, came to visit and so I had company to go in a place I'd been wanting to go to, a café-style place set into the big beatnik hotel down by the river. What I was interested in was how weird it looked, but in fact it was weird enough not to walk into alone, which confuses people because there isn't a group thing entering so they don't know how to act about it. And to complete their behavior, they don't ask anything. Or if they do, it's too bad what they ask. I haven't been going anywhere but camp restaurants and whacko establishments or cult places for years. Anyway, we went into the place and had a pretty good time, our conversation being about the place we were in, as may be expected from people who haven't been in a place before. I was pointing out hipsters and speculating about the clientele and management and looking at them like they could join into conversation with us if they wanted to, but silence with regard to us was generally maintained, a bad sign if one is alone. The people behind the counter had been extraordinarily welcoming to us, wearing great big grins and being hip to our presence, and my visitor, who was carrying the cash, which he was throwing around wildly like Denver D. Doll or the Old Maestro—his wallet was crammed with hundred dollar bills—waved aside how high their prices were and we got an espresso latte apiece which turned out to be pretty good. Beatniks having establishment connections *via* the entertainment world have been a

phenomenon for ages, like Donovan said way back "Beatniks are out to make it rich, must be the season of the witch". They aren't, really, the establishment forces them to charge those prices. The latte was pretty good and had somewhat of an aphrodisiac effect, if that can be imagined of an innocent cup. We dug the people in the place while they did what they were doing and didn't dig us instead of us digging them. We were in the place twice; the second time verified that we had been in the first time. My visitor was wanting to see the town after his long absence from around there, and I took him to the art gallery, or museum as they call it, where we saw some Dada, surrealism, camp and junk art. They hadn't been showing such art earlier. I told him about how the last time but one I had been there Magog showed up on motorcycles and were camping around and doing a thing in their lot. I hadn't been there but one time since, and it had been years. I thanked him for giving me the opportunity of looking into the place again. Probably the police would have been by if I had gone there alone. The art display we were looking at had probably resulted from incidents attending this visit, usually they showed neo art and travelling displays, with always some high-jinks and blowouts, but this art was like those people who had showed up had gotten some of their own type of work into the place. There are some magog places around town, notably the video cassette shops, which have all been closed down, and now about what's left are like the cut-rate tobacco store which also sells incense, and has grotesque black magic items for sale and skulls and whatnot. The people at the art gallery were wearing skull insignia on their black leather jackets. The one other in-between time I'd been in the art gallery was when I went there with my brother to see a dada/surreal slavery painting that the newspaper had previewed and we didn't stay there long, but did look at the other art that the fellow had up.

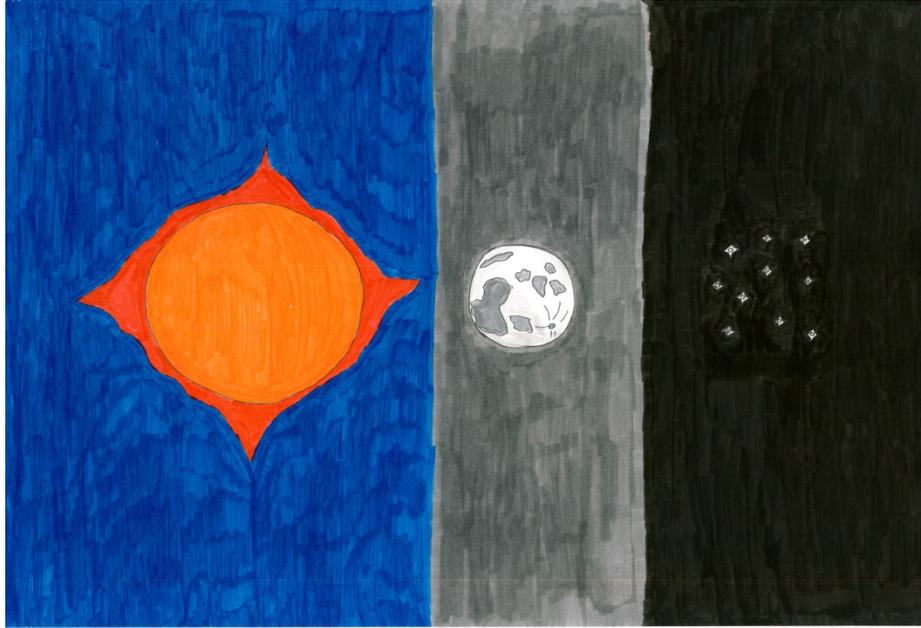
My visitor and I also went through the Eye of the Tiger, where I was surprised to find that the Mewn (a black cat) was still alive, and another black cat with her that I was also surprised to see still alive. They'd both made it through the storm. Grammar? Another still alive with her. The visitor was driving around alone betimes and had a run-in with the cops where all the roads were closed for repairs. He didn't

dig that. There were places I suggested that he wouldn't go. He had brought a book with him (from California) which had something in it he particularly wanted me to read, the book was a collection of "fictions" by Jorge Luis Borges which he had been unable to get to me by mail, and he said "I travelled all the way out here with this book to give to you". We were discussing Jung a lot too, the way he always has since way back in the sixties when he first experienced THE ARCHETYPES AND THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS.

We couldn't get into West Lafayette much because of all the roadblocking but I did get to show him the large lettering on the wall of a fraternity house announcing The Skulls. That was the territory of the skulls. I told him, "It secretly means 'scholars'". We also visited the East End Grill where they recently presented an entertainment, and we blasted around there and he threw some more money around. The prices in there were so high as to be unbelievable. The cheapest beer in the place was five dollars for a less than normal size lager.

His visit paved the way for me and just yesterday (from when I'm writing this) I went into the East Side Grill without anyone with me and told them I was journeying from the downtown and wanted to rest before I went up the hill. I sat at a table near the window (I almost told them "that's the same location the fellow in SERENADE had when the guy called him 'Senor'" and told him he had better leave the place." When I left, after I finished the one beer, I was writing them a check and they said "We don't take checks here." I said, "That's all I've got!" Some fellow at the bar mimicked paying for it off his computer account and they said they'd just cool it on the bill, the drink was on the house, as it were. A very successful stop-in with of course a few snags. Some cops got up out of the place and I watched them from the window get on a truck and read off the truck's sign for the patrons, they were actually airport guards. "They'd look for metal on you," I said. Yeah, this little town has an airport.

Well, that's enough about me, and I think the next thing on the agenda is to look over some of the zines that have been on efanzines since my last issue. I know I'm not in an apa but that's the way I do zines, it's too much time and trouble to LoC them.



Art by Daniel Slaten, “Sun, Moon and Stars”.

Getting Into the Zines

SF COMMENTARY 83, Bruce Gillespie: A great big fanzine with all the proprieties observed. I don't know that the editor reads the *Dragon*, so perhaps my comments should be made from an objective viewpoint. The editor seems wealthy at first, paying \$1200 for a single issue of a fanzine. But I can understand his attraction to the online possibilities. I paid about the same amount for a collection of sf and fantasy poetry called *BEYOND THESE CHARTED REALMS*—that was for the printing and binding, and then another couple of hundred to mail this out—a one-time only thing. I see Eric Meyer would have to sell his house to be able to print *SF Commentary*. I used to read Meyers' column in a Kansas-originating fanzine, perhaps he meant “sail my house” as in the *Wizard of Oz*, mindful of this because he addresses himself as “somewhere in America”.

Noting that that wasn't Dick on the cover (no criticism of the cover intended), I'm wondering if the later photo was of *Salvage* or *Dick*, seeing no identification of it. It seems to make a pretty good photo of Phillip K. Dick. Good reviews of the books; at least one review was of value to me as I've always wanted to know what *FLOW MY TEARS* had in it. The reviewer doesn't like it so well and complains that the condition of the protagonist is unexplained, but perhaps Dick felt an explanation of that condition was unnecessary.

Rog Peyton's top 100 sf novels reminds me of Gil Gaier's “Project”. Maybe its influence is still being felt. I'm wondering if Steve Sneyd's letter has been gone over with editorial corrections, and also if he typed the letter he sent.

A very worthwhile issue.

CYBERCOZEN, Botwink: This is being circulated in the N3F by its President, each new issue of it. The N3F fanzine service is what's involved. Never could figure out what was involved in the selection they have, what kind of dealing was done. Maybe I could learn the answer here, or maybe not. That's true of some of the other zines found here, *Revenge of Hump* is an example of what else the Prexy is sending around to the membership. Bill Burns is listed on the membership roster of the N3F, but George said he doesn't find him to be a member. That's true of a lot that's on the roster; Mike Glycer cursed the N3F when I emailed him about whether he'd want to do some N3F work, Ted White didn't answer three emails I sent to his listed address over the course of time, there's a member named Charles D. Ward and two members listed one after another named Baile and Bonds, members who are deceased and members who have quit are being still listed on the roster with the notation that they have quit or are deceased, Brad Torgersen had his name spelled two ways, a couple of email addresses had typos, and other things here and there are not in very good order; why they don't correct any of this I haven't been able to find out. It seems to be partly a different kind of record than just a roster. I'm the chairman of the Board of Directors there now, is why I keep trying to go over things like this.

IOTA 10, Leigh Edmonds: Very good fanzine cover, as perhaps is signified by its being printed again uplisting. It's got all the marks of a true fanzine. The editor, or you, the editor, are one of those names I recall from FAPA. Arthur C. Clarke is certainly a world traveler. He's not content with just living in England, and would probably have visited in space if he had the opportunity. Iota keeps one pretty aware of Australia.

THE RAY X X-RAYER 136, Ray Palm: Good picture of Guy Lillian on the cover; it gives the zine more substance.

Interjection: A lot of study of conventions is going on in the zines. Very good, it helps see what they're about.

SIDE TREKKED 57, Ambrogio and Hanna: I'd feel more comfortable with it if it came from the original London. They may be sidetreked by the attention given to London by H.G. Wells. Perhaps they are a colony avoiding that form of warfare.

COUNTERCLOCK 20, Wolf Von Witting: Andy Warhol was the opposite of a genius, a man who did nothing and originated nothing, and made a big name for himself by purveying nothing. As a finagler, he may have acquired his reputation for genius. He exists artistically in the *milieu* of static movies, such as *LA DOLCE VIDA*, art films like *WILD STRAWBERRIES*, potboilers like *A TASTE OF HONEY*. (One can imagine Winnie the Pooh creeping up on this title for one of his forays after hunny.)

KING-CON. Ahrvid Engholm was surely busy getting the Finland convention down this well.

VIBRATOR 41, Graham Charnock: Steve Stiles is your main man, is he?

You do not fully explain if the photo is one of Mike Moorcock, but if it is, it lets me know who writes from the Empire.

Quote from your zine: “I was glad to see that Nic Farey is at least mostly recovered from the flesh-eating bacteria that attacked his ass.”

Skel in the letter column.

EXHIBITION HALL, Chris Garcia: The cover led me to look into the zine, wondering what would be in the Exhibition Hall. It seemed like a house with a name in New Orleans.

Anyway I liked the Houdini coverage I found inside. Hackenschmidt looks like Stavin Chain.

SPARTICUS 21, Guy Lillian: Lillian makes use of the editorial “we”.

LITTLEBROOK 10: The editorial pair seemingly puts more work into fan projects than into the zine.

OPUNTIA 391: That looks like the Blazing Photo to open up the issue, and the photo gallery following that was very interesting. Not like the old days where each issue featured a cactus, eh?

THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS 118: Tom, do you read any of the other efanzines?

TIGHTBEAM 200, Jennings: That’s good art on the cover this time.



Art: Jade Dragon by Angela K. Scott

IMAGINATION: COUSIN TO INFINITY by Gerald F. Heyder

Imagination, you wild & crazy thing, a smile you can bring, a paradise bird of plumage to sing a warbled operatic aria with nature's rustling leaves in the breeze as an accompaniment.

Oh you vivid projector, flashing psychedelic vignettes on the mental movie screen of our subconscious minds, created deep within the human psyche through heart and soul to control dreams, memory and photo album of things yearned for and vespersed for fruition.

Imagination, you gypsy fortune teller with your crystal ball to call forth all good wishes that are delicious dishes to feast upon at the banquet of desires fired deep within the brain to forever remain in our quest for fulfillment during our earthly tenure here on Terra Firma.

You see with the eye of a prophet and not with eyes in our sockets that are a feeble sibling to our physical senses that maintain our existence.

Yes, this mortal shock of flesh in which we are enmeshed for our duration of eat drink and be merry mortality in this ephemeral, temporal temple of weakness and anguish in which we languish more often than not.

Imagination, you are an attachment tethered to infinity being our intercessor to divinity as our guardian angel guide, allowing us to dream our passageway to ultimate Shangri-La where we can sustain our immortality that is our soul's destiny.

To dream, perchance to ride a rainbow moonbeam into the white light forever land.

Perhaps the essence of imagination can be summed up in the words of an ancient Mayan adage that simply says, "If it can be conceived, it can be achieved!" Amen to our creator!

"Is not museful verse and essay prose an indecisive harlequin to appease the impish elf of literature?!"



Here concludes this issue of the Pdf Dragon.

