

# *The PDF Dragon*



An Efanines exclusive publication

**Written in the mode of science and fiction  
and being a fanzine of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century, this issue writ in  
the second month of the year 2018**

Details presented for people of 8<sup>th</sup> fandom in the 50s of the last century who possessed  
time machines which could view and scan the future

**Gog & Magog Appreciation Issue**

**The editor of this pilaf, or goodzine, is one ycleped John Thiel, of the 34st Thiels, residing at 30 N. 19<sup>th</sup> Street, Lafayette, Indiana 47904, and emailable at [kinethiel@comcast.net](mailto:kinethiel@comcast.net) .**

*editor has sought and received the assistance of Ghu in the production of this zine*

This zine has been listed as eligible for a FAAn award in the book of names.



**"I'd like to get my hands on the guy who said 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty'."**

**A 9<sup>th</sup> fandom creation honoring The Cult**

## **EDITORIAL**



Going through my files I found an edition of the Pdf Dragon #10 dated 2010. That certainly is a glaring error to have made, and I am wondering why I didn't notice it before while going over past issues and also why nobody informed me of the error. Usually people are rapid at informing me that I have made an error even when they don't have anything else to say. Perhaps there was a magic spell on the issue, cast by warlocks of the Clark Ashton Smith make and mode.

There has been quite a lapse between the last issue of the Dragon and this one, which may have led some to believe that I had stopped doing the zine, but here it is back. All such problems are time problems, I suppose, and time plays tricks on us from it to it. Or

if it doesn't on you, it does on me. One of them I thought "Yesterday was Thursday and here it says today is Thursday." Then I noted it was yesterday's email. Of course, that was simply my own mistake, not time playing a trick on me. But that leaves me wide open if time ever does play a trick on me, and it's kind of a tricky thing, so abstract that you can't really get ahold of it. Really, time only gets tricky in science fiction, where you see all sorts of anomalies regarding time. That's what thinking of the future before it's here does for you. It makes time dance to the perceptions. In the end you get what might be called a Tempus Tantrum, when all your notes get fouled up. Well, what's got me off on time? It's the way a lot of popular music concerns time, and then there's one science fiction popular song which takes us into the future in progressive spans of years. Add to that the rush things get into, and time becomes a problem that it's basically too silent and ineffable really to be causing. Perhaps I'm confusing it with events. Yet a lot of people speak of the speed-up in the 20<sup>th</sup> century and in this one power numbers appear to have been added to the speed-up, that's what I'm getting at. A real time machine, other than a clock, would be an automobile, because it puts its driver into a different time frame. But now everyone's got one. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=izQB2-Kmiic> for the time song.

Does anyone remember the 1940s-1950s sf story about a super computer system that was misused and in the end destroyed everyone who was involved in the system? Probably everyone who read it will remember it, but who knows, maybe not all that many people who are still around read it. Well, if you did, I say let's hope nothing like that happens to the computer system we use. As I recall the story, too many people were using it for their own ends. For our part, let's keep this thing together. Why not? Here on efanzines, for instance, we got a good thing going.

More thought in this issue, a contemplative editorial. That's called "building one's zine", in polite reference, anyway. When you get a zine all together, it gives you a good feeling. I learned that in the N3F. As I was a mere lad when I got this advice, you might, if you're thinking such things over, think that I have matured and regard this early advice as silly. No such thing. I haven't matured at all.

Except to have developed some capacity with a quip. In earlier days in fandom, a quip was all in all. If you couldn't contend with Bloch, Tucker, and Grinnell, then you might as well not try to advance from your particular rank in fandom. But you know what? Those masters all gave up quipping. Seems they achieved a superior, BNF maturity. They became stoically ser-con, as if they were regretting their mis-spent youth, but doing better now. But it wasn't better for those who had enjoyed their quipping, and thought they were looking into some kind of fannish Eden when they saw all the adept language happening. "But soft! What pocsacrd-quote through yonder mail-slot falls? It is from Bloch. Methinks it is a pun!" their followers could say. Then they'd pick up a zine and read some stolid discourse on this and that by the same names they'd been accustomed to receiving joy from. And now here am I, after all these many years, having finally mastered the style of thought and outlook that leads to the ability to make a quip, trying to do something that is no longer honored, among people who are as far away from quipping as your traveler is from the true path who has crossed from it to a woodland path made by other hands. ("No such thing...etc." is a quip.)

Well, that's enough editorial for the trufan's zine, and now to show everybody how I've learned in that course of time to make a fanzine by showing them one without crud in it, so no one can call it a crudzine. Some called my early zine that, but they don't now.

# Mailing Comments

So much time has passed that most of the zines appearing here after my last issue did have rolled away into the obscurity that happens after the board fills up. Evoke them now that they are out of sight? Do the whole board as it now exists? Well, I don't even know if my mailing comments get read, this not being an apa. What I really mean is what's on the board, not in the distribution of a mailing. One fellow even tried to correct me about that.

Scarcely had I finished writing the above when I found issue #11 still on the listings, exactly at the bottom. So, although I'll not have a backlog on the issue, I'll be looking over what came after it.

THE INCOMPLETE REGISTER 2017, Nick Farey. I was surprised and pleased to find myself listed in the register and my fanzines with me. I've not been much noticed by fandom at large over the years, so it's good to be recognized.

OPUNTIA, Dale Speirs. Have you abandoned the cactus *motif*, or is it hidden somewhere in the covers of 392 and 393? I still recall meeting you at the Autoclave and getting issues of Opuntia thereby.

ASKEW 22, John Purcell. Magnificent piece of art in the issue. Is it what's called computer art? Definitely classifiable as a work of Futurism.

THE RELUCTANT FAMULUS, Thomas Sadler. Tom, are you computer conscious now that you're on the net?

JOURNEY PLANET, Bacon and Garcia. What does the title mean? From whence derived?

BCSFAZINE 525, Felicity Walker. This shows great consciousness of being Canadian but hasn't explained why British Columbia is Canada. Is that Mark Trade down there with the pipe?

RAT SASS, Taral. Nifty little zine if one can get over one's objections to rats.

VIBRATOR 45, Graham Charnock. Nice Trump cover by Stiles.

CHALLENGER 41, Guy Lillian. An unusually interesting issue and a lot of fun to read.

BEAM 13, Farey and O'Brien, Old Witch from ECs by Steve Stiles. Did you know that Jim Beam was Bob Tucker's favorite whiskey, but Jack Daniels was Lynn Hickman's favorite?

THE REVENGE OF HUMP DAY, Tim Bolgeo, keeps every day the same day. I don't know if you've ever mentioned in this fanzine the fact that the N3F is distributing it.

SF COMMENTARY, Bruce Gillespie. Looks like a different format for your zine here.

TIGHTBEAM 281, Robert Jennings. An unusually good issue—hope it continues so.

OPUNTIA 402. There again the familiar cacti.

SPORADIC, Bill Plott. Very interesting and intimate fannish history. Makes me feel like I almost know

you. I had a subscription to Quandary for a couple of years.

FLAG, Andy Hooper. A lot of fannish tradition in this one.

ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK, Chuck Connor. Seen you in awhile, Chuck. Surrealism for #6, eh?

There we go, mailing comments complete, or as complete as I want to make them. Doing these “mailing comments” here makes it unnecessary for me to do LoCs on the various fanzines, and it also makes it unnecessary for the editors to read those LoCs, so it has a split function.

Mailing comments, as I said above, is an APA term, and this isn't an apa. So I rationalize doing them, as I have done in the above paragraph. Yes, it puts me out of sync to comment thusly, but it isn't that much in sync anyway. This is a fine point that it's presumably unnecessary to make, but the matter does come to mind when one is trying to put a fanzine together. And a lot of our activity as fans on the internet is based upon these fine points, and even dependent on some of them. One can do one's best and still be wanting when rules and traditional procedures are involved.

I do want to at least make token comments on the other fanzines here, to show that I have been perusing them. It's more companionable. Also, it's sort of inactive not to be attempting some communication with people so near at hand. As you see, the Pdf Dragon is not distributed elsewhere, unlike most of the zines here, and so I am not aware of other readers or potential readers of it than the ones on efanzines, and like to attempt therefore to get a little interchange going with them, so that's why I make the comments about other efanzines, which no one else at efanzines is doing. And I have had some interchange, though there is nothing this time, somewhat predictably. More definition of the Dragon, which, as it may be, has had some people wondering. My original thought was to do this zine in *lieu* of putting Pablo Lennis, my paper zine, here on the net at efanzines. Nic Farey has this listed as a perzine, and so it is, but I was thinking of developing it into a credible substitute for Pablo Lennis. I haven't done so as yet. PL is a genzine, and I

might start trying to make this into one. My own zine, your zines *ref.*

Now on to more material.

## **The Eye of the Tiger**



### **Wargames, Replete**

I suppose it could be asked whether wargames are a healthful science fiction recreational activity. My answer is, that's about like asking if virtual reality is psychologically improving or if filksinging is contributory to the evolution of music. The answer is there, there would not be so many fans indulging in these things if they considered it otherwise than beneficial. Just as role-playing games are helpful to the development of the personality, wargames build manhood until the wargamer is wargame strong. You've seen people playing wargames and you know they are people on the go to a better life. And of course they are so much better than actual war that they are a good method of sublimation, of building a knowledge of warfare without actually engaging in it. The flameouts one sees on the net are not wargames going wrong, instead they are a good view of people who do not have the discipline that wargaming affords.

I remember discovering wargames as far back as a man should wish to remember, that's back in 1976 when I was younger than your aunt and I was looking into an eccentric bookstore near Purdue University where I found game equipment being sold relating to the Edgar Rice Burroughs' Martian series of books. You'd find cardboard cutouts of Woola, Carter's Martian Hound, and the four-armed Tars Tarkas in these kits. There were swords that could be punched out of cardboard. Wargaming may have advanced since that time, but it had then the solid basis of some basic SF works. I asked the proprietor if he had any germ warfare kits, and he said no, the games were strictly above the board. I told him that he may have needed something like that before his store was open and relocated, back when it was located in a house two blocks behind the storefronts; he used to sleep on the floor of the developing store. He said that would be anti-germ warfare, which was clean, but he required still cleaner warfare than that. (It was considered by some that the move into the new shop had been gained from people who wanted him not to be in those parts with the store he had. He wouldn't give the project up so they evolved him into a small vacant store on the main drag which he held onto just as tightly, and eventually he ran a side interest in computers and a gift shop also. He should have had a Horatio Alger doll in the

gift shop, or wait, I said that myself back when we were looking at the new gift shop adjunctive. I also asked him if he had given a cut in that gift shop to the fellow across the river in the downtown area there who had opened a hippie knick-knacks store in a bank building where the bank had closed down. He said he'd given him no interest, but he did have his attention, and some of what had supplied him was in fact supplying the new gift shop. I told him that he should make the Horatio Alger doll look like that guy, but he barked that he wasn't having a Horatio Alger doll in his gift shop. I asked about the fellow with the bookstore just recently and heard that he had moved from his town apartment and was somewhere else, possibly operating his store by remote.

I could tell stories about the wargames I played at Purdue and my contact with the Purdue Wargaming Society, but I haven't decided to do so and people think this should be done over a keg of beer anyway. I tried to tell them that beer had an "h" in it, but they weren't like the old time fans at all and seemed to get "lathered up" over the concept that this was a thing to say. They were in the Riverside apartments at one time with a Robert E. Howard fanzine they had acquired that seemed to be more about Howard himself than what he wrote. What was my quip? "Say 'Oh Mary' to them in your letter of response to the issue." They took me up on it!

I was at a Medieval conflict where clubs were weapons, but were not to be used up side of the head or on the hands or wrists or arms. Everybody was dressed in flimsy medieval costumes because it was the Society of Creative Anachronism behind the conflicts. Not everybody seemed acquainted with the proper terms, jousts and tourneys, and they talked about how they didn't know which was which, or even what either of them was. Those were the good old days? Reverse the first two words. They had sorcerers who could make themselves look like "pansies", but they didn't do it very often.

So that's my background with wargames, and there was a big boom where everything was games, wargames and other sorts of games, but mostly they had some war to them or other form of combat action, and it seems as if now this has all kind of died down, maybe just gotten assimilated into things in general more than it was at first.

I actually knew more about fantasy and science fiction than these people, but it didn't pay to bear much reference to this fact, just let them see it if and when they did. They would ask me questions sometimes and pay whatever amount of attention they did to the answers. Nothing was paying off for them anyway, was their attitude, and they gave the impression of people who had been sold some goods. There was this thing where, if I knew a lot about science fiction and fantasy, it didn't matter, because they didn't like science fiction and fantasy, it was just part of what they were doing. They didn't have a real science fiction spirit.

One time the chief of the maintenance department at Purdue came and kicked the SS Voyager Society out of a meeting they were having saying some other people were scheduled to use the room. The voyagers began bleating like sheep, saying it was tough to have to comply with something like that, and there was some paperwork at the other end of the building saying they were supposed to be using the room that night, in fact the scheduled meeting was on it. The maintenance man said that was tough for them, because this group had priority. He was sorry that error had been made, if it was an error. If you want to know, that society never got off the ground, or not very much, but one time I went to

a meeting and they had acquired the right to work with computers. Darned if the maintenance man didn't come walking into that meeting too, not convinced they had earned the right to have all those computers. That was real repression—these groups were put down low.

Maybe that sort of thing was not as popular as everything else. It's the old story of the public putting down science fiction. But a lot of the people in these societies *were* the public, not liking science fiction all that much as to be actual trufans. It was maybe a new fandom, one that was part mundane or something like that. Lafayette is mundania, and it never has been that easy to get good science fiction here.

At any rate, at the whatever one is at, I don't think wargaming, Star Wars and Trek are as good as science fiction might be. So I'm wondering if I should give up the wargaming perspective. As I said at first, in my "mailing comments" section, this zine was one I thought of having be a genzine after I had built it up into being one, and maybe put wargaming a bit in the background. Earlier issues of it had some fiction in them, which some people said they liked, and that shows that I did have that in mind and gives a picture of what I had in mind. I had some LoCs then, and if you don't mind, I'd like to get some more of those, and put it in my letter column, which this issue has not got.

Still in line with wargaming, though, I'd present here a blitzkreiging wargaming concept involving the battle between good and evil. One side would be all out evil, because that's the evil that goes to war. The other side would be good, though not the best of good, because the best are not the kind who go to war. Okay, this takes place in the world, and the world is apt to totally side with good, smurching evil down to nothing except what they can accomplish with their extreme evil. So the battle leaves them much worse than they were before, and good is also a lot less good than it was before, and when the situation is maintained, evil begins to infuse good, just as anything that is totally oppressed begins to infuse a culture, not being able to enter into things any other way, and not being able to remain absolutely dormant either, nor are the oppressors able to keep them that way, not having enough initiative to be absolute about the matter, even if they are absolute, but their initiative determines otherwise. So you have the most oppressed, the "suffering innocents", being the evil side, and no one can rescue them from their suffering, because they have not stopped being totally evil due to it. What is required to solve this problem has been left far behind. What you get eventually is evil starting to win some of the conflicts they have been losing over and over. They won't quit because they can't, and they are not given the option of surrender, their worst oppressors being the ones up front. Their winning is not desirable, it just happens. It's a situation where they're going to die anyway, so they might as well do anything they can manage to do, or even things they can't manage to do, and they won't stop and even can't stop. The only solution to this desirable to their good opponents is the grim reaper. But the grim reaper is one of them, the oppressed. The real solution to this is to give up war and back up slowly. The mass graves in Europe were not good people. But it is agreed that their fate was not a proper one.

**To continue in the manner of a genzine, I have appended creative writings to this issue, a flasher by Will Mayo and a poem by Laura Steeb.**

**FROM ONE GOOD SINNER TO ANOTHER by Will Mayo**



Yeah, once again, I met the fellow in passing in the diner.

“How are you?” he asked. “Still on the Ten Commandments?”

“No,” I said, looking down at my meal. “Now I’m on the Seven Deadly Sins. I believe it’s gluttony now.”

“Well, good luck,” he said.

“Same to you,” I replied, and took another bite out of my hamburger. All was right in the world.

### *GREEK GODS LIGHT THE TORCH* by Laura A. Steeb



*Some most respected,  
by others intimidated.  
Who can overthrow the other?  
Possibly one's brother.*

*Switching things around,  
flying above a mound.  
An infamous legend,  
found in heaven.*

*To be good or evil?  
Stopping the devil.  
Preventing trouble,  
ability to fumble.*

*Victim to be power crazed,  
and at the same time amazed.*

*Who has more power?  
Who controls a flower?*

*A never ending existence,  
hard to accept resistance.  
The gift to stay immortal,  
flying through a portal.*

*Who this seducer or nurturer?  
being a lover and fighter.  
Passion to rule,  
not cursed to look like a mule.*

*The first acknowledgement of a superhero,  
whose gift can make things feel below zero.  
Throw together a tempest,  
does need armor to protect his/her chest.*

*This being in the present day is still a force of nature,  
feared by many and considered an outsider.  
Very sad, but it's true,  
more things that he/she wants to do.*

*Modest or arrogant?  
Quick on the feet and brilliant.  
Has good intentions at heart,  
modest ones will dart.*

*The arrogant ones,  
lose their thumbs.  
Is it humorous?  
Should be furious.*

*Aims to save the day,  
but will never say.  
Some want to be revealed,  
or use a mask as a shield.*

*All things should be protected,  
not a consequence that is infected.*



**End of issue 12 of the Pdf Dragon**