

The PDF Dragon #14

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“An idle mind that dreams not of the pre-Atlantean kings”—Robert E. Howard

“An idle brain is the Devil’s playground.”—The Music Man

YOH! This is THE PDF DRAGON, the goodzine of John Thiel, who resides in a house located at 30 N. 19th Street, Lafayette, Indiana 47904, and whose email address is kinethiel@mymetronet.net . An efanzines exclusive representing 9th Fandom.



Can this man run a country? Or can he just buy out his beliefs at a stricken nation?

The Pdf Dragon is chiefly intended to be a net fanzine signifying my appearance on the net, although I prefer a paper fanzine and have that in Pablo Lennis, which is still maintaining good fannish traditions and showing respect and fealty to sf and fantasy, the subject of fanzines. My other net fanzines, all of them National Fantasy Fan Federation publications (the N3F has gone over almost entirely to the net), are no longer being made available here, because the N3F is no longer being displayed here, for reasons not made known to me, although I am on the Directorial staff of the N3F. So Ionisphere, Origin and Synergy have disappeared from here and, if anyone really cares to read them, can be found only at <http://n3f.org> ; you go to that and in the upper right corner there is a decal to click and then you click for NFFF publications and the annals will be there, theoretically including the most recent issues of my zines, Tightbeam, TNFF, Eldritch Science and a couple of other bureau fanzines with which I have not as yet familiarized myself, so I'm not bandying their names about. They are, of course, distributed to all the NFFF's two hundred up membership, so my zines do continue to have a circulation, but I could wish they were more available to fandom in general. (By the way, it might up your presence in fandom to join the N3F, and entry forms will be found at the URL posted above, I assume in blue. I'm also a member of the recruitment team.) Yes, I wish Ionisphere had a general fandom distribution, but I'm not able to distribute it that way myself. I can send individuals a copy if they want one. I wish my paper fanzine had a wider distribution, too, but I can't afford it (each issue costs \$1.42 to mail and a dollar to print) so I have to limit copies to those who request copies, and thereafter do the usual, and those have not been amounting to too many.

In spite of those limitations, all of my fanzines except Synergy, which is a NAPA only fanzine, did pretty well in the Egoboo polls last year, which inflated my ego somewhat. This year who knows, they don't seem to know when they'll have them or if Corflu, where the awards are given, will be held this coming year. No telling what will be the votes if they do get it all together and have the egoboo awards. I suppose that's the way a poll should be, nobody knows the results until they're in, but I don't think anybody's guesses would be likely to be right—same way with the Hugos. I'm not sure if anyone would be able to have guessed that Banana Wings would be up for a Hugo. As I recall the Hugos, you used to have to read Fantasy/SF Times to find out who the winners were, now that no longer exists and most people are hunting all over creation to find out the winners. Probably most people who get the results get them out of Locus.

To get back to the Dragon, it's supposed to just be a fanzine and not to have any particular purpose, but I've named wargaming.

EDITORIAL



How Goes It In This World of Fandom?

The Dragon was first conceived of as a genzine, or general interest fanzine, with science fiction and fantasy stressed over local affairs, coffee shops, train schedules and other matter that I think detracts from a fanzine, from its integrity if nothing else. In other words, I had in mind an online version of Pablo Lennis, which I intend to have remain a "paper" fanzine, that is, a fanzine done by a regular printing process and sent by US mail; but I did want the wider distribution of such contents as Pablo Lennis has which the internet affords. There is, however, not much call for such a fanzine here, with its fiction, poetry, sf-related articles, and speculative contents befitting an editor. So instead you have (if you read it) the Dragon, which discusses state of the arts and the infrastructure, thereby being somewhat in place.

That "cheap and widespread distribution" is the biggest come-on for transferring to the net, but it's a tricky inducement; the distribution runs into all kinds of difficulties and the editor is not certain what kind of distribution he's getting; thereby there is estrangement. Among other net difficulties is that one only has so much individual say-so about what one puts on the net. Technical expertise is difficult to acquire and one does not get very much help, and contacts made are very tenuous and not usually very rewarding. Nor does the net have a very strong intention of purveying fanzines, if indeed that is what one has got. The net sounded very ahead, but it is not so ahead for the individual user and his needs are not usually taken seriously at all, and as for establishment usage, it causes cutthroat business proceedings to be even more so because people are not very good at coming across on the net (which is in its infancy anyway and still looking for its identity) and problems are even more difficult to work out. It only looks like it would be good because it's new.

So it isn't very promotional of fandom, but everybody went for it so big that it's all we have.

Mailing Comments

Or rather, like mailing comments, having that similitude. When I started out with the Dragon I had a section of mailing comments, and people suggested it was not a very good thing to have, insofar as efanazines is not an APA and does not have mailings, so the term would be a misnomer, which I knew, that's why I was saying they were not precisely mailing comments.

Anyway, it has not worked out for me to make mailing comments, because almost no one has responded to my mailing comments, in spite of the fact that they are comments that would elicit responses if people were playing the fandom game. That suggests that the other fanzine editors are not reading my fanzine. I suppose they are in vortexes surrounding their own fanzines and are attentive only to the locs they receive. I was trying to be otherwise by proving that I was reading the other zines at efanazines, which seems to me an essential for the site if not for the zines upon it.

At any rate, I am giving up my mailing comments, for if nobody ever reads them, there is no point in making them. Alan White's fanzine is the only one I feel like saying anything about, which seems to me like a slick bonanza with eye-catching interest which has not forgotten about the entertainment aspect of fanzines. I also find Bruce Gillespie's fanzine to be worthy of attention, with its serious-constructive attention given to science fiction (give attention, receive attention), found also in Tangent, which is not displayed here, possibly because its editor has some monetary concerns in the making of his fanzine, but its contents keep up with science fiction and show a serious concern with it; I'd only criticize its being too concentric. Then there's John Purcell's zines, which show active interest in fan activities. Also there's the zines in N'APA, which are always interesting reading for me, though they're mostly concerned with the activities involved in fandom, though that's been considerably true of APAs heretofore.

In the N3F I am the head of a new bureau called the History and Research Bureau, which is active in going over fandom's past as well as the past of science fiction, as we find many people wondering about what has gone before and few people responding to this curiosity, though there is the Fan History Project, about which Joe Siclari may be contacted, and there is the construction of the Fancyclopedia. The N3F has always tried to consolidate fannish interests, and we hope that, working from the N3F, we can get more of a united fandom. I am also the head of the N3F's Fan-Pro Coordinating Bureau, where we try to unite fans and motivate fan activity. Why let fandom languish? It's so much more interesting when it is vibrant with life. We'd like to have a going thing with science fiction fandom. It was conceived in that spirit and should continue in that spirit.

So let's continue to build and rebuild science fiction, with the motto "In the future as in the

past, a going fandom and a fannish community." Certainly it's better than not doing anything at all.



VANISHING POINT by Gerald F. Heyder

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, just like metal, we tend to rust!"

How many times have we heard "They vanish into thin air?!"

How many cases through human history (many well documented) just simply disappeared, without a trace, without any rhyme or reason as to why people apparently are no more?

It seems impossible for any living thing to vanish into thin air, but what about the state of deceased, we are buried, or cremated, our remains exist, our skeletal or ashes remain, that is, but flesh decomposes eventually and essentially where does it go?

Even through the process of embalment our body can last for a long time, but nothing is permanent or physically eternal. Through science, therefore through compliance, everything in existence is molecular in substance, whether organic or not, molecules comprise the entire universe, is the claim scientists tersely say. Perhaps "ashes to ashes and dust to dust" extends farther into nothingness through our disintegration by returning from whence we came, namely from molecules back to molecules, our building blocks saturated into the realm of invisibility, the seamless womb beyond the tomb.

I cannot prove what I say, but who can definitely prove the opposite is the case?

Perhaps there is a vanishing point into thin air where everyone and everything originated from

to begin with, is that a possibility if not a probability, dare I say?!

*"We know not the Alpha, but the Omega may regenerate as the Alpha again,
who is God to say not?!"*

THE EYE OF THE TIGER



I haven't described the few sf and fantasy games in which I have participated. I mentioned playing a Dungeons and Dragons game with the SS Voyager Club of Purdue University, which was way back when. Here's how it went:

The game master didn't tell us what plot the game had and what moves it consisted of, so we went into it cold. I got one piece, representing a person of no rank. I was third to make a move, and I said I would move to the far end of the route I was beginning on, before it turned in another direction. He announced that I was therefore dead, so I said I would step out of the game. He asked if I wanted to know what killed me. I said he could tell me if he liked. He said there had been a dragon there. "Certain death, I'm sure," I said. He told me I could restore my piece to life if I could figure out what to do about the dragon. I did have a sword as a weapon. I said as it was a woodland, I would fade back into the woods where it was thickest, on the principle that a dragon could not move between the trees. He pondered it and decided I was still alive. Since I had survived, I could make another move. I said I would follow the forest around the dragon's lair. He said it did indeed have a lair, and that a forest would go around it, so I did that, and he said I was entitled to another move. I said I would follow the road on its far side, a little way off the road. He said that would move me on and that it was a good thing I didn't proceed further in the forest, because the forest there was inhabited by various forms of predatory life. The road took me to where warriors were stationed, performing maneuvers. He asked if I would wait or decide on a way of proceeding. I said I would wait until they finished

their maneuvers. Other players took their turns. When it returned to me I went around the side of the soldiers toward my start since they were interested in the other direction. They decided my man was a scout, which was satisfactory to me. I found another road and was told it was headed toward where I was to go. One of the other players was told she had run into a fearsome dog and she was asked what she would do and she said she would skewer it. She then waited for the others using the same route. I left signs for them and proceeded. Finally I ended up at a castle and was asked what I would do and I said I would wait for the others in the equivalent of a woodshed. We learned what we were to do there and eventually successfully overcame those who were attacking the castle, with the advent of the troops we were preceding. We all had a big discussion of the war involved.

My only science fiction wargame was fought at Planet SF, a site which no longer exists. I was asked eight questions about my space flight and encounter on it, and answered them all satisfactorily. The other players took their flights and all of them went to faraway places. I was asked what I would do next and I said I would land on a certain planet and hold fast. The next player came in and blasted me to extinction. I asked if he had a warp drive. The other players all declared me dead and the fellow who made the game agreed with them. So I dropped out. That left the game master with the three other ships and he wasn't able to keep control of them. When they finally ended the game I asked who had won. There was no answer given. Finally they said I had won because the others hadn't been following game rules and I was the only survivor. It wasn't long after that that the site was closed down, and I think it was because of the failure of that war game.



Vampires by Will Mayo

No one knows the silence of the three o'clock hour
like I do.

I have walked these halls of darkness,
strolled arm in arm with the Beast,
who climbs unencumbered
upon my back.

Together, we invite thousands into our lair,
Each to know the tenfold spell,
the fountain of untold Nil.
At last, leaving for another
and another.

Till we grow old with Oblivion.
Alone, we die a death never lived.
Except by gods and the hourglass.
Our prey, the once forgotten innocence
of virgin flesh.

It's ignorance that dies young.

Devil All Day Lunch by Betty Streeter

People lies

Devil confuses

people confuses

People with no understanding

People confuses when they laugh at others

Devil All Day Lunch.

