

ENGLISH EDITION

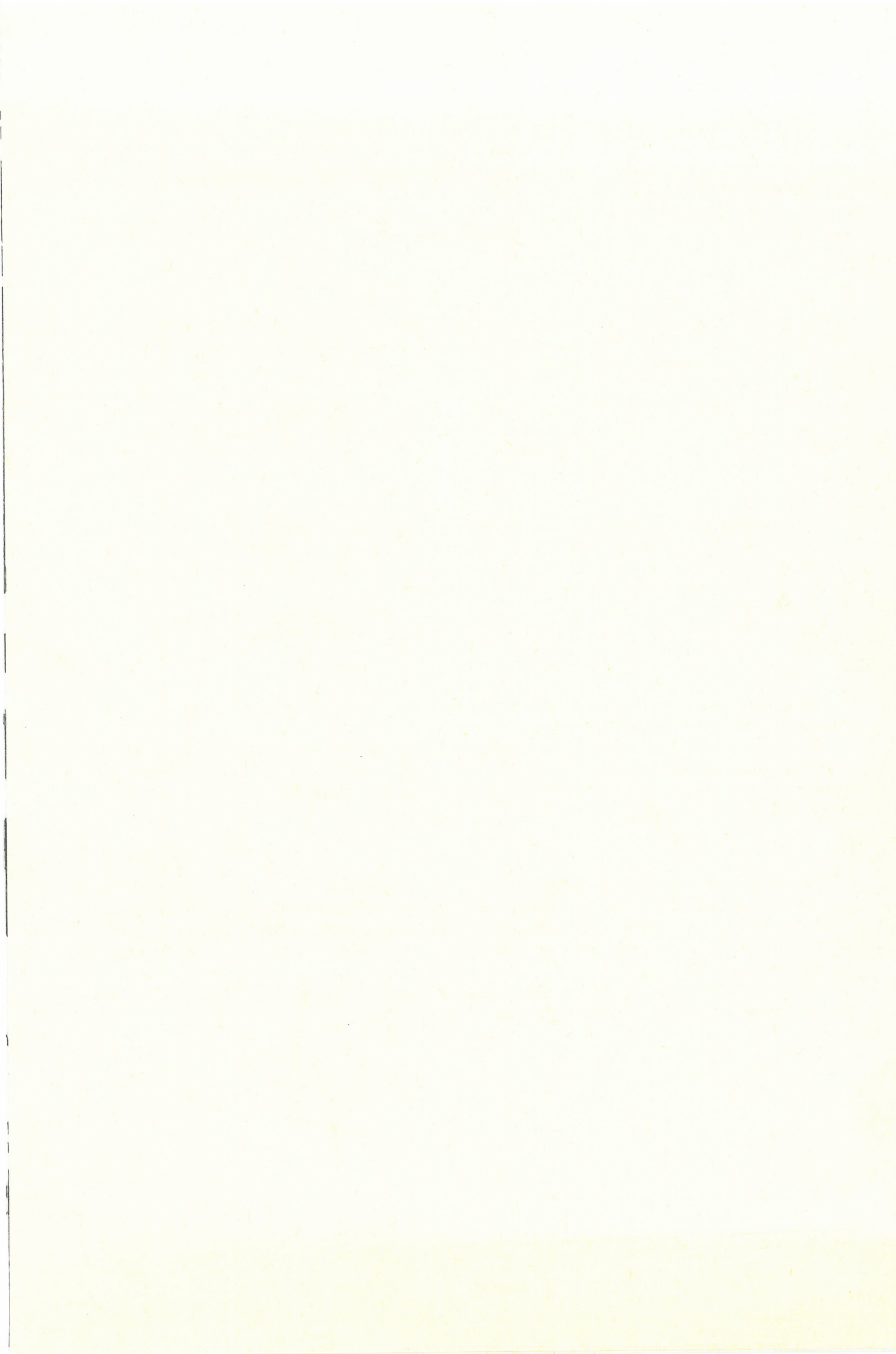
AD INFINITUM

CIENCIA - FICCIÓN, FANTASÍA Y COMIC

FANZINE DEL
CIRCULO DE LECTORES DE ANTICIPACION
BARCELONA

OCTUBRE 1969 EPOCA PRIMERA NUMERO 10





Editorial

Already in our first editorial we established the direction along which our editorials must proceed. It was stated that the Editorial was to be the "word" of the C.L.A. All its enterprises, events and history would be told to you in the Gazette. This is why, when the moment is come to convey to you a message from the C.L.A., the writer fulfilling this task must choose the most appropriate one. What is the most important, necessary and pertinent message this month? What shall we talk about, after ten months? With what words shall we address our members, whose number is already close to two hundred?

Doubtlessly, there are many important and pertinent matters. Perhaps it is a "negative" attitude, trying to underline the dangers menacing us. But ignoring them is surely not the way to avoid them.

When our strength is developing at the rhythm of the last few months, it is urgent to try to lead, to guide it towards our determinate goals. These goals we have repeatedly commented, and more important still, we are keeping them constantly before us. What else is needed, then? Without any grandiloquence, simplifying it, we shall say: To maintain the flame of our enthusiasm consistently alive.

How can we do it, without falling into the trap of absolutism, introversions and apathy? Our brief, but useful, experience has demonstrated to us that, with very few exceptions, all SF fans have a surprising resemblance of characters and affinities in common.

The C.L.A. offers us the wonderful opportunity of integrating ourselves into active groups of persons sharing our own tastes.

In Barcelona, since the birth of our Circle, several meetings among members have been celebrated (and here "celebrate" is supposed to mean much more than it usually does), during which many concrete agreements have been reached and in which we have come closer to each other and many fast and wonderful friendships have begun.

Madrid and Zaragoza have followed this line, and the fruits they are gathering you can read about in the Gazette.

What is preventing the formation of such groups in other cities where there is more than one member of the C.L.A.? Surely the nomination of our Coordinator will help.

Thus the C.L.A. will have a human warmth, the warmth differentiating alive from dead institutions.

It is three years since the Event.

I work as a general information journalist in the last Earth periodical.

I entrust you with the article I have written about the Event's first manifestations.

"12 May 2564 - Professor Jansien has summoned his colleagues at the Research Centre. He proposed to them a method of solution by the absurd of the biological equations of the thirty seventh degree. Nine men listened to his report around the triangular table. Professor Jansien was developing a pathological polynome on the electronic board when, suddenly, he staggered. On raising his head and turning round, his eyes were empty. To his bewildered listeners he declared, kicking his belly:

"Gentlemen, the solution is in my intestines; I will demonstrate it to you."

The room attendants interrupted just in time his excremental purposes.

An excess of work was invoked; but the dizziness and the delirium recurred at increasingly shorter intervals.

In one of his lucid moments the professor explained to the psychiatrist that, with no reason at all he felt sometimes his own control escaping him; then he was aware of acting against his will. He clearly realized that his conduct was dictated to him by an extraneous personality.

His condition bewildered the specialists.

He complained of violent neuralgias, of "whirlpools" and "tumults" in his brain. Then he fell in a kind of catalepsy.

Giving up trying to find the causes, a surgeon decided to operate.

Then, for the first time, THAT started to move; as soon as the saw had perforated the cranium a whitish mass burst out of it, spreading itself on the operating table. The mass shrunk then into compactness, glided in an undulating movement down to the floor, crossed the room and disappeared in the corridors.

It became apparent that Jansien's nervous system had vanished; what remained was an anarchic conglomerate of live neurines.

At the time, professor Vaubert-Raniof affirmed to his amphitheatre students that the Aloes were some antipodean insects feeding exclusively on lard omelettes. Cousin, in his inaugural speech, proclaimed: "If the vaccine against carbuncle had been inoculated not only to the sheep she was keeping but also to Jeanne d'Arc, she would have been spared the fate we all know..." Riolun began a thesis on "Phimosi, a progressive and generous Pharaoh"...etc.

All over France, and soon all over the world, similar cases were discovered; the victims were always the kind of persons one would call intellectual.

The nervous substance emanated from the nose or from the fissures its pressure provoked. Its life was short, since every cell had few cytoplasmic reserves.

The causes? You will remember that after many experiments a physician discovered a relation between the ever increasing dramatic occurrences and the work by this German biologist, dead ten years previously in identical circumstances. His hypothesis was that, in its origin, the earth must have been populated by protozoa, that is to say, by unicellular animal cells. Innate qualities, characteristic of environment, had determined the specialization of the cells. After millions of years, these specializations had become so specific that their function had acquired, in morphology, a monstrous importance in relation to the others; it was

no longer possible for colony members to live independently. Thus, those endowed with developed digestive organs cooperated with the breathing and the excretion specialists, all reciprocally indispensable, since the determination of a group with a particular function exacted a consequent work from its neighbour. A system of such reciprocity and balance that the initial individual had melted down to a complex individual, autonomous only in front of societies with an equivalent organization. One function undertook the principal rôle of coordination and direction: the nervous protozoa. These cells, by reason of their privilege and authority, will keep beyond the ultimate constitution of man a tendency towards autonomy. On reaching a certain level of ripeness, of plenitude, they will have the ability to liberate themselves, forewarned of it by the lines you are reading now.

There being nobody else who understood -- apart from their author -- nobody else died.

But, since then, many wise men have pondered over it, and spread it around them...

Panic broke loose in the whole world; cultivated people, intelligent enough to understand this theory, were doomed. It was necessary to abolish all things susceptible of instructing the imbeciles: magazines and books were destroyed. (Except our paper, considered as doorkeeper's trash).

As a result of insurrections and manifestations, faculties and schools were evacuated. Investigators were hurled out of laboratory windows. Philosophers, engineers and physicians were besieged and burned alive. Parents took their offspring out of school; to possess the least spark of intelligence amounted to sign one's own death, or to be more exact, the death of one's brain.

Communist leaders had nothing to fear from this movement and went on with their governing tasks; in the other countries the reins of the government were automatically confided to policemen and a part of the clergy. The hunt had begun; a prize per unity was agreed upon for each student's corpse presented at the townhall.

BLESSED BE THE SIMPLE OF SPIRIT

I hope these pages will be kept for posterity and explain to a new, more solid race how we became simple, brutal and frustrated beings, walking about with a club in our hands and gradually losing, - it is at most a matter of forty years - the use of an effective language."

M. A.

This article was published this morning.

The doorbell rings.

Two men appear. The first is clothed in rags, the second wears a leather loin-cloth.

- What do you want?
- It's good, your article!
- It's not dumb at all!
- What do you mean?
- ...

A shot.

(This story has appeared in LUNATIQUE)



VIII

Not even after midnight did the wind give the faintest sign of blowing. Professor Daniels turned on the light of the bedside lamp and sat up, trying not to look at Glynis' coppery hair lying tousled on the pillow. The temperature was still oppressive, and the same fateful breath floated over the city.

The shrill voices of drunkards and policemen were heard in the street. Jarring brakes, blatant horns and the scream of some alcoholic woman.

It was two o'clock in the morning of the most maddening week-end the city had known for many years.

A furious stamping, followed by some enraged cries and the viscous stammering of the toads resounded in the street down below. The tumult was going toward the principal city artery, followed by the hooting sirens of several patrol cars.

-Scoundrels!

- Murderers!

- Chompf schass chorp schloff...

- Stop!

- Halt!

- Scharff!

- Then you die, man...

Professor Daniels sighed and hid his face behind his hands. In the semi-darkness of the room a large mirror perturbed the shadows with its diffuse images; a confusing mixture of bottles and glasses, with liqueur dregs in them, was fixed in a sticking immobility, transcending dampness and decay.

Silently, Daniels got up and began dressing. He preferred leaving like this, while Glynis was still sleeping heavily. Otherwise she would insist on her absurd pretension of a week-end at the seashore. It didn't occur to him that it clearly implied how much she cared for him, and how little he cared for her.

He heard her stirring under the sheets. "A pity... - he thought - I shouldn't have called her..."

She was looking at him with an indefinable expression in her blue eyes...For a moment Daniels thought he detected a slight trace of dread in her face.

- Are you going?

- I'm sorry...I forgot about some urgent matters...

He finished knotting his tie. She was there, not quite sitting up, the diffuse lamp light playing with her bright hair.

- It's perhaps for the better...Neighbours, you know...

Glynis had never bothered about neighbours. Daniels wanted to soften the parting moment; he said upon the bed and kissed her lightly.

This time there had really been an unmistakable gesture of reluctance in the girl's body, soon repressed by something like a powerful effort of the will.

- This week-end...- Daniels said - you know that...

- Never mind - Glynis answered - Another time!

Deeply embarrassed, Daniels took her hand. She was a fine girl. He had known her for five years and had always found in her something like a force of nature; Glynis did not care for lies or any kind of pretending, did not want unnecessary ties...

He noticed once more that her hand trembled imperceptibly in his...Glynis' eyes were slightly dilated and her breath was quicker.

Softly, professor Daniels dropped the girl's hand and got up. He had not forgotten

Stewart's last words when too much alcohol had slackened his control. "Green... green like toads." What would he be like now, he, himself? Green, or perhaps yellow? Or an orange-black, like Susan Talbot? The two fleshy protuberances and the shapeless hands surely would not be missing...Would he be dripping a slimy secretion?

Poor Glynis!

She was still, her gaze fixed, while he closed the door softly behind him.

IX

From his window, feeling very much afraid, professor Daniels watched the ever-renewed miracle of the dawn. Far away, there was a fire's thick smoke, emphasized by the dull bell of the fire brigade cars.

He was sitting in his favourite armchair, surrounded by the inalterable objects in his possession: books, pipes, plans, pictures...He thought: "I see certain..." A growing pain was throbbing in his temples; something like a white fire explosion invaded his mind.

He found himself sweating all over, weakened. He pronounced aloud:

- It is not imagination. I am clearly seeing..."

It was worse this time. It was as if pain were exploding in his head. "I give up, I give up", he thought in haste. The pain disappeared, his vision was clear again.

- Green, - he said, - green like toads.

There were some red clouds floating around the room; they got together, then they parted. An extravagant blue-sanded desert appeared behind them; in the background some white buildings stood out...He was running, trying to reach them. In his desperate quest he hardly gave a look at the important document in his right hand. He had to get there...

The dust from the sand was caked upon his face, smothering him, filling his nose. A voice echoed from above: "It is the final decision."

The white buildings were deserted. He ran from one room to the next, looking curiously at the shapeless, useless furniture occupying them. At last, in one of them, he found an old man. He tried to show him the document...

- It is late, - said the old man, moving his head - We have closed the offices... for ever, for ever..."

His head was empty...while his hands scratched the leather arm of his seat. He felt dead tired; he could hardly get up to pour himself a little coffee. He was still obsessed by his dream...the race in the wild, blue-sanded desert.

The sun was high in the sky; it shone with fury, burning the empty city streets.

Sweating and weak, professor Daniels tried again. Carefully he took some of the cards he used to file his data; he cut three of them in long rectangles and placed them before him on the table. On one of them he wrote the word: "CREATURES". A slight pain, and a kind of nausea assailed him: he stood still for a moment. With trembling fingers he took another rectangle and wrote on it: "GREEN", in a tremulous hand, like an old man's. The pain was increasing, though it was not yet unbearable.

Quickly he took a whole card and began writing: "The central empires or powers were in a compromised situation when..." For several seconds he went on writing historical nonsense, at random, until the pain in his temples vanished altogether.

All of a sudden, quickly and disorderly he wrote on another card rectangle the words "I SEE CLEARLY". The pain returned, just as suddenly, but before it reached unbearable proportions professor Daniels had succeeded in composing with the three cards:

I SEE CLEARLY GREEN CREATURES

The pain in his temples grew deeper and deeper...while a sudden spurt of red fire blinded him.

When he woke up, tired and with a beating heart, it was already night. The three card pieces were still on the table. He gathered them, trying to control the spasmodic trembling of his right hand, and thrust them into his pocket.

X

In the scorching mellowness of the following days, he was visited by an old acquaintance. He remembered his name no longer, nor his face, but he did remember his strange way of talking...

- Yes, Daniels, yes. Things are what they are and it is apparently useless to make them known...all attempts at it seem useless, at least in principle.

They drank some lemonade from tall tinkling glasses. The coldness of the glass was a comfort in the heat waves coming from the half-open windows. Daniels wished they would come soon to have that air-conditioner fixed...

- Because I said to myself: I am an intelligent man, and Daniels is an intelligent man, and the good thing about two intelligent men is that they can understand each other without words...

What was his face like? Who was he? How was it possible that he remembered the visit now, when he had hardly "noticed" it, or "lived" it when it was really taking place?

- Dunhill tobacco? Very appropriate! What happens is that most people ignore indirect methods when speaking about something without really speaking about it...and sometimes it's better to warn them.

The endless chatter of the visitor who spoke in riddles lost itself in an endless cloud, in a silent promise to meet again, or in a hopeless goodbye.

XI

When he was hurriedly explaining the first World War, Daniels felt himself wanting, without quite knowing why, to go into the next office building to see Dumbarton. He was the president and first executive of the Dumbarton Toys Ltd. He was not a friend of his, but he was somebody firm and solid, like real steel, on whom to rely.

= When his class was over he went out, and in the street Daniels realised that he was thinking clearly. He had come out of a long tunnel of mental torpidity in which, as the outstanding incidents, the visit of his acquaintance, a traffic penalty and some disagreement with the university Board seemed hardly worth of notice.

And the green creatures walked about in public. Among them you could rarely see a human shape. The viscous stammering and the hateful shuffling of fins were heard everywhere.

Feeling suddenly stronger, Daniels touched with his fingers the three card pieces he kept in his pocket. And the pain started at once. But it was a moral pain: his just awakened memory was quickly selecting past events. He took out his note-book: it was ten days since he had seen Glynis last, ten days spent in muddy waters, unfeeling, unafraid, and with almost no memories.

And why Dumbarton's father was or had been Sherman's fervent admirer? Of course, his son had been baptized William Tecumseh Dumbarton. On his office door stood only: "Wm. T. Dumbarton".

Discarding these useless thoughts with a conscious effort, Daniels entered the office and sat down in an armchair of real leather. They crossed the usual words of welcome and reminiscence.

Daniels shook his head violently. It was imperative that he remember the reason of his visit. With an effort he took out the three cards.

He said:

- William, hear me. If I had a problem, a serious problem, and were unable to talk about it...

Dumbarton knitted his granitic brows.

- You need help?

- I think we all do...

The slight pain, the fainting fit was there. Dumbarton's secretary, an iridescent cone, jet-black, dripping, with moving optical spots, left a letter-case on the table.

The small threads of viscous material withdrew at once, after dropping the case, into an oscillating ball.

- I think we all do...But if this problem were of a kind I could not comment, and if you knew I could not...and you had to guess...

- I don't get you.

The slight nausea was increasing.

- There are some things, William, that cannot be said...they must be guessed by others...they have to guess, for we all are...

He could not finish. The words "seeing these creatures" remained fixed, hammered into his brain. The piercing pain went down to his chest, reached his legs, tortured his whole body. With a final effort he took out the cards and placed them, in good order, in front of Dumbarton.

He saw his friend take his hands to his head, as if he too were feeling that same piercing pain. Half unconscious, he saw Dumbarton's hand sweep the cards away, in violence.

Everything was oscillating; everything was a mass from which shapes and colours could hardly be distinguished.

He never knew how he had left the building, how he found himself in the middle of the street, walking ahead without a goal, surrounded by a mass of toads stammering, slipping, making suction noises.

- Schuaps sdross sssch drasp chumpff...

XII

Some days later, submerged in a hallucinating dusk in which horror, nausea and dazzling memories of Amanda intermingled confusedly, professor Daniels was walking like a martyr in the midst of an indiscriminate mass of toads among which he was the only human being.

During all those days Amanda's telephone and that of Ezra Daniels in Peoria (Illinois) had stubbornly refused to answer.

And the classes had continued. The armistice, the postwar, the new art of the twenties, the decade of the thirties, the League of Nations, the Italo-Abisinian conflict.. Lessons given to a group of bright multicoloured cones, with filaments and strings seizing books, rulers and note-books. A group speaking a hateful stammering language...

And they were everywhere. In television, in theatres, in shows, in the movies. He had seen a retake of "The Maltese hawk" with Humphrey Bogart, in which all the characters were the same serious, inconsistent cones.

He had got the Colt Cobra and a box of bright bullets. He carried them with him. What for?

His car, a last year's model, was there. He got into it, sat before the wheel. He still derived from it a certain feeling of security. He turned the key...the engine started moving. He connected the button "city", stepped on the pedal...the car turned away from the pavement and started running. He grasped the wheel and the car obeyed softly, all the engine's impulses fulfilling their master's unquestionable orders.

It worked well. Slowly the car glided along the main arteries of the city. Through the car windows he could see the mass of cones moving along...Other vehicles, driven by toads, passed him by...one of the toads, stretching a protuberance from his arm, gave him right of way in the crossing between Park Avenue and Thirty-Sixth Street...

Perhaps this was the last night for all the human beings that remained...the night in which they were so terribly alone...

Suddenly, almost in the outskirts of the city, he passed by a sordid café. A human feminine shape was moving in the midst of gree-yellow bodies. He stopped brusquely.

The place was hardly better than a harbour tavern. On the counter were free mushroom soup plates and a pair of toads were noisily drinking it. The host, a gigantic green-black long-armed cone, was throwing bloody beefsteak trays and beer mugs to both ends of the counter. Thick smoke and a whiff of badly digested and worse drunk spirits

filled the premises. Some stained bulbs hardly succeeded in penetrating the nearly organic mist.

Daniels sat down at a table occupied by a greasy cone. The ovoid head with the two long, fleshy trunks was lying on the dirty wooden board. The arms hung alongside with the long filaments sweeping the floor. It was the first time that Daniels saw a drunken toad.

- What'll you have, sir?

She was a black-eyed blonde. She was wearing long eyelashes, evidently false, and a thick layer of paint on her lips, red and shocking like a shot. Her mini-skirted dress was passable. She had pretty legs, enhanced by high heels and net stockings. But the size of her...chest was incredible.

She smiled again, pleasantly.

- Will you have something?

- Yes...of course. A rare beefsteak, with onions and artichokes. And one Guinness. Apple pie and coffee.

He couldn't help looking at her as she went away. She was really very young. It was apparent in her voice and the lines of her body, in spite of the eyelashes and the paint. But she couldn't really have such big...breasts (Daniels blushed violently at the word).

There was an awful noise in the café. The green-black cone behind the counter, after shouting several furious "scharffs...!" had two swaying cones thrown out of his café, on which floor lay dozens of thin filaments. The other toads started a fight in a lone corner, whistling like snakes, under the yells of the public.

- Druorp schass!

The blows had a viscous sound, as if delivered on a heap of jelly.

- Your beefsteak...rare.

He began eating. It was tasty, covered by a pleasant sauce made with meat extract. Both onions and artichokes were well-cooked, adding a pungent taste to the meat. He drank a long gulp of Guinness, realising at the same time that he had been too hungry to remember the girl.

She was standing there, near him, looking at him intently. He couldn't help smiling at her...after all, she was the only creature with human forms in that tavern!

- Is it to your taste?

- Yes, it's all right.

He didn't know what to say to her, although he wanted to start a conversation.

- I'm glad you like it...

There was a hesitation in the girl's voice and gestures.

- You...don't remember me, professor?

Surprised, he looked up at her, thinking that under that layer of paint...

- I'm Mary Jane Russell...two years ago. "An analysis of civilization". Remember?

No. He did not remember. Had he really given a lesson under that name?

- Yes...yes, of course. I'm glad, Mary Jane. I didn't know...

- That I was here.

- No. I came in because...

A kind of sudden chill ran down his spine. He could not go on.

- Do you mind if I sit down, professor? They allow us to.

- Oh, I'm sorry!

Hastily, professor Daniels got up, remembering a little of what used to be called good manners. Unobtrusively she sat down facing him, far away from the ill-smelling toad sitting hunched at the other end of the table.

- Go on eating, professor. I...like to see you eat.

He went on with his beefsteak, staring at her all the time, fixing his gaze upon that solitary human shape in the sea of horror surrounding them.

- It surprised you finding me here, didn't it?

She looked attractive after all. Her voice was young, deep, with a slightly hoarse

undertone. "Speak, please - Daniels was thinking - Don't stop speaking, Mary Jane", And, just as if she had heard him, she continued talking, slowly, watching him. "I had to give up my studies...The truth is I didn't earn enough money to pay for them..." "Daddy's shop was a failure..." "When he died I had to accept any job..." "I've been here for eight months only, but the tips are worth it..." "You remember Eddie Packman, don't you? He left me too..." "He didn't like seeing me here..." "I thought of going back to Superior, only, what for?..."

He was finishing his apple pie. The coffee was black, strong, served in a tall cylindrical mug of white porcelain.

- I'm so happy to see the face of someone I know...

In short: a sad story of failures, frustrated dreams, humiliations and tears.

- And now, - she went on with her deep voice - You and me are the...

She looked around her, at the horrid mass surrounding them, while the words that could not be pronounced were left floating in the air.

- I'm afraid, professor...

Professor Daniels said, in a very low voice:

- Me too, Mary Jane...I'm very much afraid.

(To be continued)

YSEULT WITH THE WHITE HANDS

by

Michel Feron

My hand...how it burns...my fingers...I don't feel them any longer, I even feel their absence...a painful absence, proving their presence...the presence of what once were fingers...my fingers...I close my eyes...and see her again...as I saw her that first time, from afar, on the field of Moon-City-Lambda astroport...She was getting off her cosmoyacht, without a glance - not even a disdainful one - at the mob coming out of the big cosmocargo which had brought me from the Earth. The sun, low over the horizon, looked as if it were suspended over the highest peak of the Apenines, and kindled golden reflections her iridescent hair...She was beautiful, very beautiful, even more than beauty itself...something like a visual symphony by Klaris, something not to be described, or even hinted at...And me, poor madman, a simple cyberneticist who, with the money saved during five years of an austere life, was paying my first voyage into space -- visit to the Moon, tourist class F -- I have loved her, from afar, loved her for what she was, her hair, her face like that of a Goddess, her hands, above all her hands, of a dazzling whiteness rending pale all the seas of chalk... Her name was Hi-zeu -- I learned it by asking at the Cosmships International Register -- ...Hi-Zeu...or rather Yseult...Yseult with the white hands -- I am one of the few placid dreamers who are still interested in old poetry...Yseult, how many times have I pronounced your name to myself...how many times have I seen you, closing my eyes...I wondered where you might come from. Would you be a Venusian? Possibly... But you could just as well be a South Proximian, or a Sirian...Then I saw you again, in the Crazy Moon -- "...the best-known night club in the Moon (the first drink included in the cruising ticket, the following ones on the traveller)..." You, my Yseult with the white hands, were sitting at a table, alone; you smiled at me and while I was still hesitating, under the shock of emotion, you beckoned to me...I was living a dream, a wonderful dream...then you held out your hand to me, in an inviting gesture. Our fingers touched...and I realized - too late - that you were a Frigorian, and that Frigorians are different from Venusians, Proximians and Sirians because of their cold cruelty...and their bodies at the absolute zero...

For ever and ever
shall a lower mind exceed
a higher one, on account
of its diminished sensi-
bility. (From an anony-
mous philosopher)

The High Priest (a system of religious hierarchies having been adopted in the planet Plexion since the beginning of the Fifth Era, dealing with all matters related to phenomena of universe supernatural) allowed for the luminous curtain barring pass to the Great Abode to let him through, and having entranced his mind up to a state fitting his progress across the particular area, stepped at last into the corridor, which was ample and long and had on either side tall windows permitting in light of a peculiar shine.

He was seven hundred paces away from the Great Chamber and, as he strode the stretch up, he kept on thinking, in a mood of magnificent awareness -- his heart no longer afflicted by the burden of fear, anguish and bewilderment which made her heavy up to the moment he went through the threshold --; was the planet approaching its end? Should all the accomplishments and the wonderful deeds of the seven past Eras be dispelled under the dust of destruction?

The planet Plexion - a gem in the cosmoses - was a heavenly body of such particular nature that it could fairly be assumed that no other resembling it had been created ever before or would ever be. No bigger than any big planet, it must be remarked, though, that Plexion held in the so-called Milky Way a fix detached enough from all routes commonly sailed by spaceships, and its mass, a container for many a perfection was, behold, concealed from unwanted glances by a thick molecular mist (dejections, it had been said, of unfortunate planet Almazor, which had vanished thousands of years before and whose refuse would probably float in space for some other similar period) for various happy reasons which concern volume and attraction clinging in ingravity to Plexion, as a veil often clings to the body of a dancer excelling in beauty. And no more frequently than at every quart of Plexion's full revolution around its master star, generous Cordia, would the planet be faintly discernible towards the galaxy's outer rim, where planetary density was moderately low (a few, unimportant stars, either half extinguished or already disappearing, some of them with an unelaborated planet system - as was true of the so-called Helios - and still some other, so heavy and awkward that they could not manage to control their overgrown bodies, and then...hardly anything else worth the trouble of perquisition. All the above implying that Plexion and the plexionites could enjoy their living with barely a thing to fear and with no other trouble or worries than the pursuit of their already lengthy and successful task of self-improvement, which so pleased those connected with the Affair.

So far, thus, nothing to taint the glory of present or future, except for the news given at dawn by the Observing Brethren (a community of wise men, sparse in the Planet, who had made the movement of heavenly bodies their particular concern). This was, however, unpleasant news. Really unpleasant....

The High Priest had already attained the middle section of the corridor, and his mind was now at perfect rest, although he endeavoured to find the best way of breaking the news to the One whose power was above all things in Plexion and to whom he was coming for audience after convenient application.

As he approached this section of the corridor the High Priest would have willingly

halter before the tall windows which projected such beautiful reflections of light flooding in, and at the same time displaying glimpses on both Kingdoms; - for there were two Kingdoms in Plexion: the one lying on the right side of the planet with regard to Cordia, and which was the natural dwelling-place of those who had attained a certain level of evolution; and that existing on the left side, on which lower castes, still far removed from the Beneficial State, devoted themselves joyfully to achieve, with the help of their right-side Brothers, what had to be achieved.

At that moment of Watchtime (Plexion's day -- a stretch flowing so slowly that it would often bore the lower races, but was a blessed elongation of time for the evolved ones), the glorious Cordiashine enhanced all the environing charms of both Kingdoms, but the High Priest could not halt, neither could he modify the rhythm of his pace or change in direction, for there were rites to be adhered to in connection with the affair, as his at the moment, important enough to grant him immediate acceptance in the Great Abode.

He felt no frustration however -- as the case could not be with a High one among his equals, as he was -- but through an easy association he began to think of all the horror entrained for Plexion and the creatures living on her in what seemed the likely end of that world of happiness and gratification.

And so he squinted towards the tall windows, never altering one trifle neither gait nor trend of progress, as he cherished with his eyes every detail in the views which appeared right and left of him, increasingly more discernible and fascinating.

There were no built dwellings in Plexion (the climate having become so beneficial in Plexion since the early fifth Era that it would have been sheer folly to seek other shelter than Nature's) and only a bare dozen palaces dating as far back as late third Era (among these, the Royal, the Palace of the Clergy, that of Science, that of Enterprises and a few more, as for instance the Great Temple), still stood in their original sites and were inhabited and looked after for mere conservative reasons. But as for all the remaining buildings, it must be said that they had been abandoned to decay so as to give them back to their original condition -- nothingness.

Planet Plexion was, thus, a natural territory on which people led natural lives too, since all their notions of a technologic civilization (second and third Eras) had receded into oblivion, and all previous pursuit in material creation (fourth and early fifth Eras) was now completely obsolete, there having even vanished the mere idea of the use for tools. It would have certainly been to no purpose, for instance, to try to locate throughout Plexion something as simple as a knife (the lost samples of this tool to be found, however, in the vaults of the Palace of Science, where an immense museum of the Past stored such paraphernalia). Consequently, it is no exaggeration to say that any Plexionite mother would have smacked a child inquiring after any one of the so-called "retroviewing oculi", the question implying no less than sin, of course. Oh, yes, those Plexionites enjoyed a peculiar state of living! All their comprehension of evolutive processes was closely linked with Truth and Beauty and this by itself will illustrate the kindness of their hearts.

The High Priest stopped before the entrance to the Great Chamber, where the Most Evolved One (and, consequently, the-one-ruling-over-all-things) was to be found during watchtime and, upon intonation of a given formula generating a given flow of vibrating energy, he was accepted through a second irradiating curtain with barricaded the sanctum.

Merciless glare dazzled him for one second before the Most Evolved One could be seen right in front of him, clad in the robe which fitted that particular day of the year. The High Priest knelt before the most Evolved One and soon translated the terms of his enunciation into the language of the High among the High, which was a tongue of unutterable beauty, unknown to all except those who had the right to use it, and which included, together with notions of colour, sensation and cosmic equivalences, the properties of music, rhyme and synthetic expression.

"We are facing an invasion from the outer ring of planets, be it either in the form of a peaceful approach or of an attack", (all the preceding coined up in one single word: "Infectio!")

Having allowed for a seven-second pause (no High one could address another High one under any circumstances if such a "break" had not previously been introduced), the Most Evolved One let a doubt be known:

"Will it not be perchance a mere...visit?"

Seven seconds later the High Priest sang:

"Whatever the case, danger is immeasurable. Neither the Planet nor the Gender (he was referring to the creatures living on Plexion) are in a condition to fight or provide defense."

"Who is arriving?" mellifluously inquired the Most Evolved One.

"Barbarians. From Persephone."

Persephone - in the language of the High among the High meaning: "The watery, distant, polichrome planet" - was the only inhabited one among those adjoint to Helios - a star of meagre magnitude which was located as well towards the outer rim of the galaxy.

The indispensable pause having been fulfilled, the Most Evolved One intonated:

"Those people were already here at the beginning of the Fifth Era, when de-mechanization was enforced."

"It is not the same people", replied the High Priest. "Now it is a different race, not red as that one was, but white, most of it."

"How many of them are we expecting?"

"Seven ships."

"What kind of ships?"

"Fluid-moved."

"That is -- prehistoric!", cried the Most Evolved One, who was familiar with most of the possible procedures in space sailing, in spite of all space journeys having been discontinued in Plexion many, many thousands of years before. "And how dare they make such distances in those ships?"

"They halt at intermediate planets, refuel and start again."

"Oh, bless me! Exactly like grasshoppers?"

"Exactly like them. That is a further reason for concern", the High Priest exclaimed. "For, their techniques being at such a lower stage, what may be expected from their intellect, their emotions, their minds?"

"When are they bound to arrive?"

"We have three watchtimes ahead of us, if they keep their bearings."

The Most Evolved One was silent for quite a while. His face was now endowed with traces of such serenity and wisdom that it was fascinating to look at it. It was a countenance in which neither Time nor Beauty could have been of any significance. And when you stared consciously at it, you realized that it was the only possible face for an intelligent creature.

"Whatever can be done in three watchtimes?", he queried.

"The experts have checked every possibility and those they have submitted to me, there is only one I can vouch for."

"Speak."

"It is a procedure in the nature of...concealment."

"Shall we conceal? Where?"

"Ask not where, but how. Everybody will stand where he is."

"Not to be seen?"

"Oh, nay, that would require many more watchtimes. It is something far easier, quickly feasible."

"So?"

"We shall disguise. As plants."

"Everybody to the vegetable kingdom?"

"That is it. We shall have everybody disguised according to merit, after patterns

of growth. There will be lichens and mosses; some will become grass and lawn; some other shall incarnate bushes; those who excel will change into trees and palms, and a very few are going to be flowers."

"Oh, what a beautiful, beautiful outlet! Everything to resemble a huge garden..." The Most Evolved One was exalted by the idea. "And how will this wonder be possible? Through which means?"

"To believe the experts, through a particular photosynthetic procedure. The Gender will have to be vaccinated within two watchtimes and, by the third, every man to the last will be capable of mimicry."

"And for how long will this enchantment last?"

"For as long as it is called for. That is, everything will remain growth as long as any heavy metallic object -- say "ships" -- still touches the planet surface. And as soon as contact is lost the effects of vaccination will vanish entirely. It has been thus worked out."

"What about buildings?", asked the Most Evolved One. "They can betray us..."

The High Priest smiled meaningfully and sang:

"Mosses and ivies will have covered those by the last dawn."

"Let it all be", the Most Evolved One readily answered. "I must speak to my counsellors. Time is pressing."

And having knelt down again, the High Priest left the Great Chamber in joy. This happy world of theirs would, beyond doubt, be saved, not through destruction or annihilation of hostile races, as it had been the practice in past eras, but through witty foreseeing.

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Along two full watchtimes and their subsequent "sleep" counterparts, frantic activity-- over and above whatever this blissful Seventh Era of planet Plexion's remembered -- kept the Gender constantly busy, in their attempt to disguise and thus mixtify the arriving barbarians.

How plentiful were then lichens and lilies, what wonderful growth of trees and flowers! And, behold, the third watchtime by daybreak, just as the base bodies of the intruding ships pierced thunderously Plexion's perfumed atmosphere, poisoning the air with their fetid fumes, the planet's whole surface became a marvelous garden. Never had the eye been offered such fine cherry-trees or genistas so pulchre...

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"Jimmy contacting Earth --- Jimmy contacting Earth..."

The call was repeated by the ship's pilot, an overfed, fair-haired big kid.

The answer came, sounding cold and afar.

"This is Earth speaking. We hear you loud and distinctly", the monotonous voice slurred. "Please report; please do report."

"Jimmy's pilot reporting", echoed the fair-haired lad. "All ships on target and OK. Date and hour as foreseen."

"Hurrah, boys," replied the unstressed voice. "Let's know mission's outcome."

The ship's pilot laughed absurdly. Or maybe he was happy. But this would be no less absurd.

"Mission fully accomplished. We're dead-tired, though. It was a forty hours' trail, boy!"

"Inhabitants on planet?"

"Not the slightest trace. Only the bloody growth", said the human ox before the loudspeaker. "Had never seen anything like it. You'd think it was the Amazonas jungle, man! We flew four times around the planet and spread all the planticides but then we had to round it up with our flame-throwers."

"Never mind, men", the voice said in what could be thought of as a "kind" tone, "You'll be able to take a good rest back home."

"Well, we've earned it. We have been working like...hell! We didn't leave one blade of grass behind!"

"Good work, boys. Gold-prospecting can be started any moment now."

"It was dreadful, though."

"Why dreadful? What's dreadful in the idea of colonization?"

"Well..." muttered Jimmy's pilot, "would you believe that down there? Those plants...they screamed..."

"Screamed? Plants?" , incredulously repeated the distant voice.

"Yeah; I could hear them screaming when we flamed them."

"Nonsense!"

And a distant "click" made it clear that Earth considered the call over.

INFINITE

by

José del Castillo

One day he would leave the city for ever. He had resolved it. He would go far, very far, to a place where everything would be different. This was why, that very morning, with no word of farewell to his family and friends, he had ventured upon the twisting road. Then, abandoning it, he had taken a path climbing up to the summit of the mountain, that same mountain he had so often watched from the windows of his house. The city was far away, lost in the distance.

Now everything looked different. Even silence, even solitude. Now everything was different, because never again would he see those thousands of windows along the streets of what had once been his city, the graveyard of his life. A deep silence reigned over the place. He looked at the infinite before him. For a moment he fancied hearing a voice coming from the distance, reaching him as the whispering of the wind, a fresh, pure wind. Then he looked once more into the distance. Yes, there, in this infinite he was watching, diffuse gray silhouettes from the world he was abandoning kept coming up. But he breathed serenely, for now everything was different. He stopped to think of all the people he was leaving in that gray, vague mass built as a defiance to God.

He heard a voice. Yes, it was a voice. He couldn't be mistaken. A deep, clear voice. Then he understood that what had previously sounded like the wind whispering his name was now a reality. He turned round. He saw a man sitting on a rock. There was silence. They looked at each other. The man spoke to him and said he had been waiting for him for a long time. He got up and took some steps towards the newcomer.

They both took the same way: a long, deep way, silent as themselves. He gazed for the last time at the infinite below their feet, while another infinite opened up before him, far away into the blueness of the sky.

...the following day somebody said that a brilliant object was shining in the sky.

Bonnus, Bonna, Bonnum

Bonni, Bonnae, Bonni

Annoyed, he threw the copybook aside. The damned examinations would be the end of him. He was trying hard, but it was useless. Yes, he would leave the house. Some fresh air was just what he needed.

He found it by the horse-pond and one of the horses' hooves did not crush it by an inch. Abel picked it up before the quadruped crushed it to pieces.

The young man was startled by his find, since that was no place to leave an egg. Moreover, its size corresponded to none of the eggs laid by the animals belonging to the farm, and he knew of no animal in the region to which an egg of such dimensions could be attributed.

The shape was no different from other eggs. It was the colour that attracted the boy's attention most of all. He had been working with his father ever since he was a child and he had never seen a blue egg before.

After observing it for some moments, he decided to break it. Perhaps there was a strange animal inside. But he found no animal from prehistoric times. There was just a whitish, viscous substance, very much like the white of a vulgar hen's egg. Disappointed, he dropped it where he had found it. He did not even care when the horses, after drinking, trod on what remained of his discovery.

On the following day, very early, as was his daily routine, Abel went to the stables to saddle the mare. Jet-black, she was his favourite, and before turning to his daily duties he used to ride it for a while.

On passing by the horse-pond he noticed the huge water pool covering the distance from there to the stables. But it was not a water pool. That cursed egg had more white in it than he had imagined.

He went into the stables. The mare was lying on the ground. She was motionless. Like a shroud, that substance was all over the body of the beautiful animal. She was dead.

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- Yes, I have arrived. Everything's all right. May I...must I wait? For how long? Okay, I activate the mass. It gets clear. High luminosity. Several hues. Yes, more than just two. Everything's so strange...yes, more than two. Oh, wait. One, two, three...no, what?...I don't know. Attention! something is moving, getting near. It is of uniform size, rather big. It is over me. It will crush everything! I go up. No, I have activated nothing. Is it you? It moves, and it moves me. I fall. Are you listening? The ship is shattered, but I don't suffer. I can move about...I believe they are creatures from this world. Now others are coming. They trespass me. They transmit a high temperature. It doesn't affect me. I can't explain, everything is different. Now many are trespassing me. They are of smaller dimensions than the first ones. They transmit a low temperature. I suppose their size accounts for it...I relax...yes, I shall follow the first ones. I think they are more interesting. I relax...many creatures come my way. Some of them remain with me. I get rid of them and they stop moving. I go on relaxing...Now the luminosity has decreased. A great many creatures continue trespassing me which then remain quiet. I can't understand it. I stop and make sure that they stir no longer. Yes, don't worry, I follow the big ones. I get near one of them. I see it somewhat different, it looks smaller. I will fill it. It is moving a lot!... I fill it...now it moves less and less. It is over. Just like the others, this one has too become paralyzed. But it is made of several smaller creatures. Really marvellous. Creatures made of other smaller ones. Yes, I go on...

The heavy pneumatic door closed itself after the last of the VIP 's, who had been urgently summoned to a secret conference in the Military Institute for Parapsychologic Research.

Generals, admirals, senators and scientists took their seats in the great conference room.

Beside the projection screen a table had been placed at which sat the director of the Institute and two young doctors.

When silence finally reigned the director spoke:

- Gentlemen, none of you knows yet why he has been summoned to this conference. I suppose I shall have to answer for defying the Institute's rules and permitting my colleagues, doctors Tremayne and Suárez, to conduct some secret researches. It is such an ambitious and complicated project that I should have met with many difficulties before obtaining the Council's approval. We have called this project "Operation Vardogr".

Now my colleagues will explain it to you.

Dr. Tremayne is a well-known biochemist devoted to the study of hallucinatory drugs. Dr. Suárez is an eminent psychiatrist distinguished for his studies and discoveries in the field of schizophrenia, and who has been collaborating with us for some years in our telepathic studies.

But let us hear what Dr. Suárez has to say.

(The silence in the room was broken by a series of whispers and throat noises indicating the great curiosity felt by the audience.)

Dr. Suárez, a tall and thin Spaniard, went to the conference desk.

- Gentlemen, you are all acquainted with the studies and wonderful results obtained by this Institute in the field of the "psi" phenomena. Telepathy has ceased to be a mystery, even though we have not yet succeeded in reaching an absolute control of its employment. We can already keep in contact with our astronauts by means of simple codes. We have thus been able to dispose of the barriers raised by space and masses and interfering with our radios. But there are other kinds of phenomena which have never been officially studied. Let us say they are the pariahs of parapsychology. I am referring to psychokinetics, astral projection, etc. However, they are verified phenomena.

Just think for a moment that we can propel a ship with nothing but the secret power of the brain, or displace ourselves to the stars without mechanical procedures. It is precisely in this latter field that we have worked during the last two years.

I will explain the reason for the name of the operation, although some of you will have guessed it by now.

In Sweden they call "vardogr" the phenomenon which consists in the announcement by means of noises or invisible presences of an event going to take place in the immediate future. For instance, somebody hears footsteps before his door, the keylock being turned, the front door opening and closing, familiar footsteps about the rooms, and he thinks his family has come home. He is amazed at not seeing anybody. A short while later he hears the same noises all over again, and this time it is really his family coming home.

According to this fact we can say that the unconscious desire of their coming has projected the reality of impending events.

All right then, gentlemen: let us imagine that we can project our minds or our brain waves to the planet we are planning to visit. Without the least danger to our bodies we could observe the future landing spot for our ships. And then come back and transmit our observations to our technicians.

To make a long story short: what we have achieved is the astral projection and back, in full consciousness.

(Silence was again broken by passionate discourses and discussions all over the room).

The deafening voice of General Brigadier Lowell was heard above the pandemonium.

- Has that much been achieved?

- No, not quite, - Dr. Suárez answered - Today is D-day, and that is why we summoned you here. We are going to project a man to the moon. But first I would like to explain to you how we reached this stage.

One of the most widespread illnesses against humanity is not cancer, as many believe, but schizophrenia.

The numbers are continually on the increase. Everybody knows that schizophrenia is based upon the unfolding of personality. Luckily not all cases reach an extreme or dangerous stage.

The alarming progress of this illness is due to the considerable stress to which man is submitted by modern civilization.

The advanced schizophrenic, once completed the unfolding of his personality, lives a normal life with each of them. But when confronted by a clash of personalities, overtaken by his dread of a foreseen terror, he may seek refuge in catatony. You have seen many instances of catatonics in our military hospitals. Men who have been unable to bear the horrors of war and have projected their minds out of the hated and dreaded scenes. The question has always been: what happens in the brain of a catatonic man, the living statue into which he has turned? Dr. Tremayne and myself, employing some derivatives of the mescaline drug, have succeeded in bringing three catatonics back to their real consciousness. Two of them died a few minutes later, without uttering a word, although they had recovered their psychomotor and reasoning properties. The third case has been the most important in our research. He is an American soldier who fought in Viet-nam. He belonged to a commando which was left isolated in the jungle, where he watched the death of all his comrades; he was the only survivor. When they found him he had no physical wound anywhere, but he had turned into an automaton, remaining in the position they put him, his gaze fixed and his mind a vacuum. In short, a catatonic.

And now Dr. Tremayne will tell you about the method we employed to bring him back to life.

Dr. Tremayne, a young man with very old eyes, began his explanation.

- You are all acquainted with the drug experiments led by medical and biological Institutes. Drugs turning a man into a hero or a coward. Enabling the human body to bear experiments which, in normal conditions, would be impossible to outlive. You must also know about those drugs capable of making people "travel", so exhaustively studied and prepagated by Dr. Leary, the apostle of LSD.

Departing from this "travel" we commenced our experiments.

Is this "travel" a mere subjective projection or a real jump of the mind out of the body containing it? We do not know. But we have certainly succeeded in taking this "travel" along a guided path with the help of a drug increasing man's conscious will to direct his dreams or his projection in the desired trajectory.

We have treated case n° 3, the soldier, with a mescaline derivative. We have sent him to an unconscious state again, hypnotized him and made him remember where he was during his catatonic dream.

This soldier used to dream awake when real conditions were terrible. This was his means of evasion when adverse conditions could hardly be borne. His mind invariably

wandered to a forest by a Canadian lake where, as a child, he had spent some happy days fishing with his parents.

After the brutal shock which provoked his catatonic state, he returned to that forest and lived there for some happy hours completely alone. He remembered walks and landscapes but not persons, nor having eaten or drunk during that period.

He accepted to collaborate with us in these experiments, so we projected him into an artificial catatony, and induced him to go to that forest, since we considered it easier to send him to a place he knew.

Dr. Suárez travelled to Canada and visited the place. On the chosen date, and from this laboratory, the projection was made.

Dr. Suárez witnessed, during the given time, the appearance of the man. They could not speak, but could communicate by signs. The man was "returned", and he was perfectly able to describe in detail the suit and tie Dr. Suárez was wearing, and also a note he had shown him as he wrote it.

(Whispers grew so loud that the speaker had to stop. When silence was again restored, Dr. Suárez got up.)

"And now, after this explanation, we are going to perform Operation Vardogr before your eyes, sending without our machines an observer to the moon.

He pushed a button and two nurses brought a stretcher on which lay a young man completely awake.

- Although the "travel" - Dr. Suárez went on - can be very well carried through with the man in a standing position, we prefer to have him lie to prevent a fall and to help drugs spread evenly all along his body.

General Ronald of the Air Force asked:

- Won't there be a danger in going to a place of such different conditions from those on the earth?

- No, - Dr. Tremayne answered - since what is going there is only the mind, or the brain waves, and not the physical body.

The nurses, one on each arm, thrust a needle, while Dr. Suárez held before the man a picture of the place on the moon where he must go, to make his concentration easier.

Nothing was heard but the nervous breathing of the observers.

Suddenly something happened to the man, something which made all of them realize that the travel had been made.

A stay of three minutes of projection on the moon had been calculated.

But something happened. Everybody got up.

Blood was oozing out from the soldier's eyes, nose, ears and mouth, and his features were convulsed.

In the room a pandemonium broke out. The doctors rushed towards the stretcher. When after considerable effort the commotion was subdued, Dr. Rinaldi, from the Special Medical Corps, made the following report:

- This man has died from a strong decompression.

He presents the same symptoms of a man abandoned on the moon without a helmet and a protective suit.

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"Socialist pleasure has yet to be born."

CELINE

(Letters to Elie Faure)

- I -

When the men from Venus come back to the Earth, the world will understand why Jesus has never laughed.

A lovely June morning in 1972, Maria Teresa Ucellini, a field hand, will be keeping her master's goats, her master being a peasant called Giorgio Munari, from the village of Mano, in Sicily. Seated on a rock, swinging her naked legs in the air, she will be singing for herself, without a trace of malice, one of the most disreputable songs which, out of wickedness, a French tourist will have taught her:

"Baciam baciam
e il piacer dei Numi..."

In the meantime, one of her goats will go astray towards the edge of the cliff, where a single false step may prove fatal. Impelled by duty, the young girl will jump down from her rock and climb to the edge of the cliff, intent on preventing the imprudent animal from going ahead.

The path being very steep, she will have to negotiate the few last metres on all fours. When she tries to get up she will find herself before a blond androgyne, wearing a blue overall and a short white cape, with long straw-coloured hair and thoughtful blue eyes.

Young Maria Teresa will ignore doubt and indecision. For her, this Venusian androgyne, no matter how strange his clothes, can be no other than Jesus Christ. Consequently she will fall on her knees, transported by joy, her arms stretched toward him, her white teeth displayed in an open smile.

But Jesus Christ will then extract from his belt a lamp of supra-green rays, and with a well-directed flash will decapitate the unfortunate girl.

Three weeks later, the chief of the Venusian expedition will offer his excuses to the Italian government. "Venusian people," - he will explain - "use their teeth exclusively to bite, and his countryman, not yet acquainted with the habits prevailing on this earth, must have mistaken the shepherdess' smile for a gesture of threat..."

- II -

When the men from Venus come back to the Earth, the world will understand why Jesus wore his hair long.

The Venusians' mane is not really hair: it is a nutritive organ. Thanks to its blond pigment (called venusine, or pseudo-keratine) it fixes water steam and carbonic gas in the air, as well as the necessary nitrogen for albumin synthesis. In short, it plays the same rôle as the tree leaves. Through their mouth Venusians absorb only stones, into which they bite effortlessly with their formidable teeth, in order to provide their organism with the indispensable silex and mineral salts. This constitutes all their food. I expect to be forgiven if I insist on this particular point, since some not very squeamish journalists will boast afterwards of having assisted to androgynes' meals, which according to them consist of boiled Venus apples, served on baked Venus plates...These statements will be pure phantasy.

As a matter of fact, Venusians eat only stones. They produce their own albumin and their own glucose through this pseudo-hair, by means of which they also breathe. A Venusian with his head shaved dies quickly from asphyxia. Moreover, their mane is abundantly irrigated by red blood and richly provided with nerves, so that the extraction of a single hair is as painful to them as is to us the extraction of a tooth.

As for their nose, shaped like an oil drop and cleft by a single slit, it is no breathing organ. Venusians will be questioned about the use of this appendix; however, oddly enough, they will for a long time refuse to answer.

The Germanic god Wotan (or Woden, or Odin) was a Venusian. From him comes the custom among the Frank kings of keeping their hair uncut. The institution of the Nazarites, among the ancient Hebrews, was also an imitation of the Venusian pseudo-hair. Yaveh and Moses were Venusians. Samson was one too. And Jesus.

At the end of the Tertiary period the Venusians already enjoyed an advanced civilization. It was them, and only them who, employing an appropriate treatment succeeded in humanizing a kind of carnivorous primate, a close relative of the Australopithecoid, thus creating, to their image and semblance, the human species. Then they left things follow their course, after the laws of terrestrial ecology. When they returned a great deal later they took the Hebrew people under their protection, intending to transmit their science to them and with their help to control the Earth. Unfortunately, the chosen people, just like the rest of humanity, was not ripe for such a mission. The last Venusian delegate, the same man we call Jesus, was on the point of suffering martyrdom, and it was the criminal Bar-Abbas who was in the end hanged in his place. Embittered, disappointed and furious, he appeared for a last time before his terrestrial disciples, announced the planet's destruction, climbed into his personal jet and vanished from their sight.

The Earth, however, was not destroyed. While the trembling disciples waited for the end of the promised world and spent their time founding various contradictory churches, the Venusian government once more decided to leave our globe to its natural evolution, in accordance with its own laws, and to come back later when things had changed for the better. They will come back, as I said, a lovely June morning in 1972, to a spot by the seashore, near the village of Mano, in Sicily.

- III -

That same summer, the bureaucratic Russian Empire (capital Moscow) will be on the point of engaging in a war against the capitalist Jewish Empire (capital New York). Even though this war will not concern them, the slaver Chinese Empire (capital Pekin) will post troops along the Siberian frontier, availing itself of this opportunity to broaden their vital space.

As for Europe, it will be neutral, resigned beforehand to become the colony of the victor.

Thanks to Venusian intervention this war will be avoided. In order to maintain a state of peace, the Venusians will not hesitate in threatening with a total destruction by means of their launching ramps installed only recently on the moon.

Also on the moon, the peace conference will be held during which the Tychopolis treaty will be signed in September 23, 1972. According to this treaty, the Earth will be governed by a planetary federal government, and socialism will become the official compulsory universal philosophy.

The terrestrial federation will be divided into eight federal republics, determined by reason of their ethnical characteristics and cultural traditions. They will be the following:

- Jewish America
- Spanish America
- Small Europe
- Russian Eurasia

- The Islam Republic
- Black Africa
- White Asia
- Yellow Asia

Each republic will be free to achieve its own linguistic and ethnic unification. As a consequence, Jewish America will deport its entire black population towards Africa, murdering the representatives of this minority who will not sail with the required promptness. Spanish America will dispose of the remaining rests of pre-Colombian populations. Accordingly, the Islam republic will get rid of the Jewish colonizers in Palestine, and Black Africa of white populations in the South.

Our planet will be governed by an octarchy, comprising a chosen representative from each republic. This octarchy will reside on the moon. It will govern in close association with the Venusian delegation. In short, our world will be no more than a Venusian colony...In compensation it will find at last balance and peace.

- IV -

When the Venusians come back to the Earth, the world will understand at last why Jesus never made love.

The androgynes destined to our world will be subject to rules of Draconian severity. They will be forbidden to spit, to pass water, to relieve nature's other needs, to emit, in short, any matter whatever from their body. As a matter of fact, any live germ of Venusian origin could unbalance the terrestrial ecology. Their every ejection will be carefully taken care of, sterilized, distilled, and then converted into water or into gas - and the residuum into ashes.

In the afternoon of August 14, 1983, that is, a little over ten years after the establishment of the planetary federal government, one or two hours before sunset, the comrade prostitute Madeleine Piéplat will be walking alone along the Arcachon beach.

The water of the bay will be motionless, there will be no air, no waves, as in a tranquil lake. As she walks by the shore, rather far from the town, comrade Piéplat will admire the landscape. At some distance, coming towards her, she will see a Venusian.

Like most prostitutes, she will be frigid. However, at the sight of the lonely androgyne she will be assailed by the irresistible desire to make love with him. Later, confronted by the questions of the world police, she will be unable to explain her motives. She will also be unable to know her Venusian from among his fellows. The reason for this is, that for a native of the Earth, the Venusians are all alike; they are all like the living portrait of Jesus Christ. It is perhaps due to this resemblance, and also the auspicious hour, the accomplice loneliness and the friendly atmosphere which provoked this rush of passion in a woman normally indifferent. A taste for blasphemy, for profanation, some will say. On the contrary, a mystical impulse, will say others, a religious perversion...More simply, others will add, just a poignant curiosity, a blind devouring desire to know, at all costs, how these people are made, what they may be like, what they do when they love...

"Komm mit mir, figue-figue, amour toujours?", the prostitute will say, in the Franco-German jargon which will become the national language of the Small Europe.

The Venusian will understand nothing. He will think at first that the woman wants to bathe with him. He will accept at once, because Venusians love water. He will undress, will go into the sea and begin to swim, followed by the comrade.

The latter, swimming about, will touch her partner, will press against him, will gradually become more daring in her caresses...Her disappointment will be great on verifying, by sight and touch, that the Venusian androgyne has nothing, nothing at all, resembling the terrestrial men's virile organs - at least not in the place where it is expected to find itself.

The man from Venus, however, will give signs of excitement. At first he will try

to escape from the woman's caresses...but he will gradually respond to them, he will play with her, caress her in his turn, take her in his arms, and press his nose against hers, as do the natives of the South Islands in White Asia...

It is then that the prostitute will grow afraid. Against the sunset's glow she will watch Jesus' face transform itself, his eyes get bloody, his mane swell, undulate, move, and at last his nose, that inexplicable nose, get bigger, thicker, blacker and longer. In half a minute, the Christ's face becomes adorned with a kind of ovoid trunk, having the thickness, colour and aspect of a medium-sized aubergine.

Madeleine Piéplat, panic-stricken, will try to disengage herself but it will be too late. The Venusian will open her mouth by force, will introduce between her teeth his hypertrophied nose, filling with it her whole mouth cavity, and will finally project into the depth of her throat a light quantity of a slimy, tepid, viscous and sweet liquid.

The prostitute will cough, spit, choke, and at last succeed in disengaging herself. The Venusian semen will flow into the sea. At the sight the androgyne will seem horrified, bewildered and despaired. He will begin crying: "Nein! Nein! Nein!", gesticulating wildly, while his nasal appendix returns quickly to its normal dimension. And then he will flee, as quickly as he can, towards the town, while the woman of pleasure, regaining her breath, will follow him with sonorous insults, calling him a pig, a rascal, a brute and a paederast.

This story will be known through Madeleine Piéplat's testimony during the subsequent trial; a comrade prostitute of the Arcachon municipality, department of Les Landes, state of France, Europe, terrestrial Federation.

The imprudent courtesan will be condemned to penal servitude for life. As for the gallant Venusian, in spite of all attempts to capture him, will never be identified - happily for him!

- V -

Two years later, in 1985, towards the end of summer, the government of the federal republic of Yellow Asia, having gotten rid in the meantime of the populations in Vietnam, Corea and Japan, populating these territories with colonizers of the purest Chinese stock, this government, I say, will raise territorial revindications over Russian Siberia, Insulindia and the Pacific islands, the last two named sectors belonging to the federal government of White Asia (capital New-Bombay).

Before the threat of a new planetary conflict, the Venusians will proceed to a new division of the terrestrial globe. Yellow Asia will be asked to surrender Siberia, but will receive in exchange the gift of India and Australia. On the other hand, Pakistan and Iran will be annexed to the Islam republic, which will put an end to the problem of White Asia. Also, this same Islam republic will be permitted to recolonize Black Africa, while Europe and Eurasia will form a coalition, and Jewish America will annex Spanish America purely and simply. After the said arrangements, sanctioned by the Copernic Treaty, the terrestrial federation will consist of only four republics:

- America
- the Pacific Union
- the Great Eurasia
- the Great Islam

The octarchy, therefore, will be replaced by a tetrarchy, likewise submitted to Venusian control.

At this time, the consequences of having adopted socialism as the world religion begin to be acutely felt. The workers' alienation has become total, the proletarianization of all society classes, the functionalism of the governing devices, all will lead to a progressive imbecillity, inevitable and almost total, in the human animal; workers in their factory-cities, peasants in their rural barracks, bureaucrats in

their air-conditioned dwellings, and even the itinerant inspectors of the Economic Police will cease being interested in their respective tasks. Workers will adopt the attitude of a mercenary, or a school truant; everybody's aim will be doing the least possible work. Production will be lowered, literature and the arts will cease to exist. Even the great works of the past will leave everybody indifferent. The new man will come forth, ignorant, lazy, sensual and boring, exclusively concerned with the pleasures of the belly and lower belly.

Though even the latter will be rather morose! There will be no love any more. Demystified, cut and ready-made to her male partner's size, woman will become, as her male counterpart, a tool of production for the benefit of the State. One compensation, an only one: man will be no longer his own enemy; the degenerated sons of Adam will "love one another", in the sense that they will envisage with the same indifference any distinction in language, race or opinion - though, in fact, there will be no opinions to speak of.

- VI -

Towards 1987, the Arcachon bay will change colour. Its waters will gradually become rosy, gouache-like, opaque, and at the same time slightly viscous. When examined under the microcoscope, it will appear literally saturated of an incredible quantity of bacteria belonging to a new species, in which scientists will recognize a mutant form of Venusian spermatozoa, adapted to marine life. It is then that, during a judicial examination, Madeleine Piéplat's evidence will be heard.

The new bacterium having been recognized and baptized (scientists will call it Venus Maritima, unaware of their own accurateness) the tetrarchical police will at once wonder whether to let it live or not. Finally it will decide in the affirmative, and for two reasons:

1st) Venus Maritima will remain confined in the Arcachon Bay, and will prove incapable to cope with the open sea's turbulence.

2nd) It will be a new sort of highly nutritive plancton for sea fish and above all for oysters. The latter will flourish in the Arcachon bay, threefold as numerous after the appearance of the pink microbe (popular name of the Venus).

In 1988, free prostitution, already severely regulated, will be definitely abolished on the Earth. Daddy's whores will be substituted by slot-machines available in every public place: stations, undergrounds, cafés, cinema lobbies, etc.... These machines, reminiscent of chocolate machines, weighing platforms and urinaries, all at once, will be there for the client who, wishing to relieve himself, will step on the machine, start the mechanism, introduce his sexual organ into an opening "ad hoc", slip a federal dollar into a likewise "ad hoc" slot, and watch projected on a screen some erotic images in relief. The advantages of this system will be manifold: suppression of venereal diseases; moderate prizes, entirely perceived by the State; possibility to make good use of the clientèle's semen for the manufacturing of babies "in vitro"; and last, total disappearance of passional crimes, adolescent anarchism and work truancy due to sexual excitement. To speak the truth, the touch of the paregoric machine (its true name) will be considerably harder than that of a feminine organ. But it will be so easy to use, it will save so much time, bother and money, that its use will quickly become popular. In a few months, the Automacon (its popular name) will have conquered the whole planet.

In 1995, a new invention, the Automaquette (a paregoric machine for women) will make possible what will be called the Great Sexual Revolution: first of all, marriage will be abolished; then free sexual intercourse will in its turn also be abolished; finally planification will also be concerned about the sexual relationships between private individuals and, in 1999, all form of copulation between individuals of different sexes will be punished with penal servitude for life for both partners.

It will be noticed, in the meantime, that the holiday resorts around the Arcachon

bay will enjoy an ever increasing popularity. Workers from all Eurasia, including Vladivostock, will ask to be permitted a stay in Les Landes. At the same time, a spectacularly lower revenue from the Automacons in the region will become apparent. But nobody will think of these two facts together, and they will be considered separately by different experts, living in different administrations.

- VII -

Considering the matter at a certain distance in time - it is immaterial whether this distance is taken from the past or from the future -- one must be amazed at the thoroughness with which it was kept a secret. During fifteen years, from 1990 to 2005, the males from Eurasia will come to bathe, as often as they can, in the tepid creamy Arcachon bay, in order to enjoy the benefits derived from the pink microbe, and this without any scandal being raised, without the obscene words being pronounced, without even a single hint. The fact implies such a connivance, a complicity among the male eurasians, a faculty to conceal not only from the government but also from the feminine population, that amount to a kind of prodigy. Adolescents, adults and old men, everybody will be silent. Such a discretion would be unthinkable but in a socialist regime...

It will simply be noted that, after the age of puberty, young men will stay in the water a much shorter time than girls, men a shorter time than women. It will also be noted that certain individuals will fall into the habit of bathing in groups, and at dusk. Things will go so far as to cause the birth of a kind of religious sect: the worshippers of the sea. This sect will, of course, be dissolved, in execution of the law against non-marxist ideologies. And however, even during the proceedings, the worshippers of the sea will not speak. The judges themselves will avoid asking them too precise questions... In short, both sides will do everything to keep the irreparable words from being pronounced.

This will last until July 22, 2005, in which date a Russian tourist, Vera Liubovievna Zadossossova, known as the Lady with the little dog, will take a walk along the Arcachon beach, towards nine in the morning, accompanied by Polkan, her black caniche.

Polkan will not like water. Vera Liubovievna will always be obliged to force him into the sea. Also this time she will have to pull him, then push him, and finally throw him into the water. But the dog, once in it, contradicting all his habits, will refuse to come out. His owner will call him, will even threaten him with voice and gesture; but he will not obey; he will remain squat, the lower part of his body in the water, moving spasmodically, legs tense, back arched, head projected to the front, expressionless eyes, mouth open and tongue hanging out.

Surprised and slightly shocked, Vera Liubovievna will take off her shoes and will go into the sea herself to fetch her dog; but then he will growl, baring his teeth...

The Lady with the little dog will write on that same day to one of her great friends, the known Russian writer Ivan Nadiéjdovitch Larbine-Sovietsky, Trotzky Prize 2003. Ivan Nadiéjdovitch will come from Moscow, and on July 29 will bathe in the Arcachon bay with the lady Zadossossova.

The latter, going into the water, will not feel anything out of the ordinary. Her companion, on the contrary, as soon as he gets wet, will blush violently and remain motionless for five minutes, as if in ecstasy.

"Chto s vami, Ivan Nadiéjdovitch?" Vera Liubovievna will ask in an anxious voice.

"Minutochku, minutochku" the writer will reply in altered tones.

Five minutes later he will emit a deep moan, and will then come out of the water very excited and furious, and cursing profusely.

- VIII -

Fifteen days later, the Eurasian Red Army will occupy the whole shore of the Arcachon bay, evacuating the population without ceremony, while at the same time the Larbin-Sovietsky report will be published and proclaimed in all the

languages of the world.

We regret not to be able to give our readers the text of this report, since it has not yet been written...To believe those who will read it, it will be a minor work of art in obscenity, bourgeoisie, bigoted and prude obscenity. The Russian writer will analyze in it, using terms both precise, vague and condemning, all the different sensations he has experienced during the historic bath. These sensations will not only concern the sexual organs, but all the erotic zones, including even the last section of the intestine...His statements will shortly be confirmed by all terrestrial scientists. Venus Maritima, or the pink microbe, will feed exclusively on the sperm from mammiferous creatures. Wonderfully adapted to its new environment, endowed, it seems, with an ability to divine masculine sensuality, this mutant of Venusian sperm will excel in making male humans or quadrupeds feel the most appropriate sensations to ejaculate copiously and passionately. In this respect it will be a thousand times better than, not only the Automacon, but woman herself.

Once the words are written, the scandal will be great. The more so since the State will have lost money in the process. Let us remember - or rather, foresee -- that the article 127 of the Charter of the World Socialism says:

"All desire whose satisfaction does not bring money to the State is nothing but a vice."

The great difference between the Automacon and the pink microbe will reside in the fact that the Automacon will not work without a coin and the microbe will be free. The Arcachon bathers will therefore be vicious, while all Moscow drunkards (among which comrade Larbin-Sovietsky himself) will be good citizens, bearing in mind that the sale of spirits will be monopolized by the State...

This is why the Party will try, with all the means at its disposal, to excite disdain, mockery and disapproval towards those fortunate rascals who will have dared to profit of clandestine voluptuousness. The pink microbe will be drowned under a shower of mocking, insulting and funny names. The British will call it sea-whore; the Germans, Wasserhure, and the Russians: Vodobliad. In France a competition will be opened to baptize it, the winner being the singer Yves Cuchaud, author of a song with the title: The hydrocourtesan.

At this time the scientific world will study the possibilities of destruction of the pink microbe. When the proper antibiotic will be discovered, massive quantities of it will be poured into the Arcachon bay. After Venus Maritima has disappeared forever, the disinfected shores will be reopened to the public.

- IX -

This interval being over, humanity will go to sleep once more, for long millenniums, in the profound boredom of the socialist era.

A group of diplomed mediums will have foreseen this story, which will come to pass without fail when our children are grown ups, when the Venusians come back to the Earth.

(This story has appeared in the September issue
of LUNATIQUE)

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THE MAN OF TOMORROW

BY PILAR GIRALT

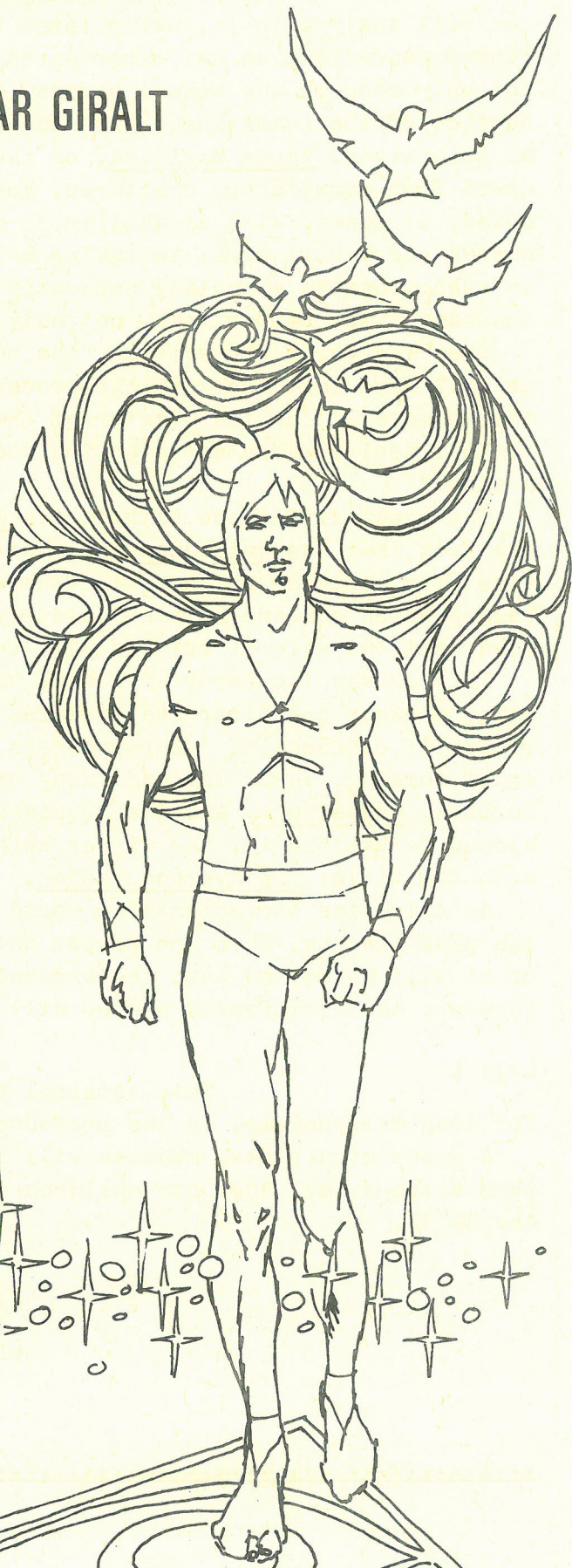
The dawn outlines his proud silhouette:
who is he?
a god or a man?
A thousand dawns are to him
worth less than a single human work.

He walks erect, resolute, confident;
he has a goal; he does not need God;
he is his own god,
his intellect,
his creative faculty.

He considers evil childish
and kindness unnecessary;
he forgives an insult
but not inefficiency.

He despises conformity,
fatalism, resigned virtue;
he respects all conviction,
all assertion, all defiance,

but with a look he anathematizes
all cowardice; he is the man of tomorrow.



ILLUSTRATED BY CARLOS GIMENEZ

DOS POEMAS

POR ROGER WADDINGTON

FOR SUSAN

In summer's end lay all my dreams
for you; I saw the beauty that must
pass, lie stricken with the years
like the last leaves falling in
the autumn of your life. So ever
dear, before time passes over in
forgetful night, all these sweet
memories I would gather to hold
away the winter, like sunlight
in your hair.

PARA SUSAN

Al final del verano habian mis sueños
para tí; ví la belleza que ha de
pasar, yacer fulminada por los años
como las últimas hojas cayendo
en el otoño de tu vida. Así, querida
mía, antes de que el tiempo desaparezca
en la noche del olvido, todos estos dulces
recuerdos, querría asir para dejar
fuera el invierno, como la luz del sol
en tus cabellos.

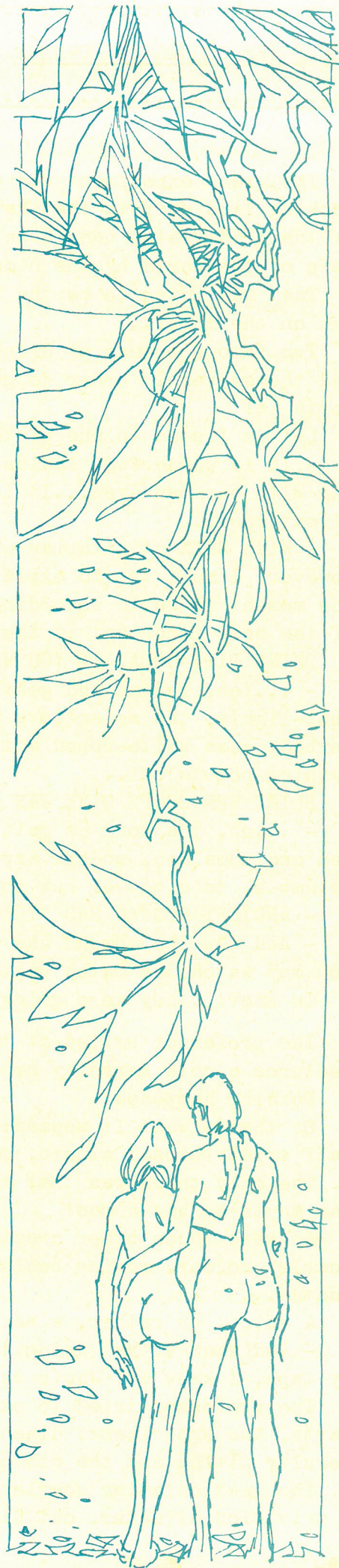
ELEGY

We sought the stars; and Earth itself
was only a hindrance in our search
to find the four corners of the
Galaxies; to leave our broken bodies
on farther planets than we could
ever see; to learn beyond the realms
of knowledge;
to find that peace we never gave to Earth.

ELEGIA

Buscamos las estrellas; y la propia Tierra
era sólo un estorbo en nuestro intento
de hallar los cuatro ángulos de las
Galaxias; de abandonar nuestros cuerpos exhaustos
en planetas tan lejanos que nunca
podríamos ver; de aprender más allá de las fronteras
del saber;
de encontrar la paz que jamás dimos a la Tierra.

ILUSTRADO POR CARLOS GIMENEZ



The great experiment was about to begin. Up there, shut into their glass booths, looking like parrots that have been punished for talking too much, the announcers of the tridivision canals kept commenting on the images transmitted to all the corners of the world by the numerous cameras located in the most precarious places.

That was going to be the most remarkable emission since the landing of the first men on the moon...

Two famous brands of drinks, one of soups and an automobile factory had mortgaged themselves in order to get the publicity rights for the programme. But it was worth it!

Let us listen to one of the announcers:

- It is wonderful, ladies and gentlemen! No words can describe what we are seeing with our own eyes...It is frightfully beautiful, awful and thrilling in its implications...

- With SETA utilitarian minicars you will travel happily, happily, happily...and however, I must try to explain it to you since, besides being paid for it (laughter) the moment is worth recording. Men's future history will present this event as one of the most important in the development of a race...

DRINK PIPI-COLA, IF YOU WANT TO DIG SOMEONE, AND THEY WILL GET HUNG UP ON YOU

- ...Yes, ladies and gentlemen, it is all amazing, the house glimmering under the spot-lights, the scientists moving about like ants (white-robed laboratory ants)... anybody seen white-robed ants? (recorded laughter); the huge machines, in short, everything points out...

BLIND HEN SOUPS GIVE THE STRENGTH OF A LION (bellows) LION, LION...

- ...oh, the hour is getting near, the glorious moment when a button will be pressed and some men, modern explorers of the infinite, will sail, like our illustrious Columbus, to discover new horizons, to conquer new visions of the future...

- ANCIENT COGNAC HAS "THAT" - A DIGGING TASTE...

- And now the moment has come to give back the connection to our studio, so that you may watch the match valid for the Final Cup...

In short, they were going to try the crossing of the interdimensional barrier.

The professor smiled at the cameras, showing his best profile, reflecting in his features a cold serenity he was far from feeling, and pressed the button.

Nothing happened.

Or that's what it seemed: the same cameras, cables, machines, the same ambiance, half tridivisional studio, half scientific laboratory...

The only thing was that the creature now running toward the tridimensional machine was anything but human!

As were those other creatures, looking like antropomorphic lizards, of a bright scarlet colour, moving behind the cameras, the engines, the controls, the recording booths...

A voice, or rather, a mental impulse, echoed in his brain:

- And what's that doing there, if it wasn't in the plot? Somebody wants to ruin my tape, I knew it! Who's sending you?

The professor tried to explain what was happening mentally; he spoke about the Earth, the experiment, dimensions, Blind Hen's soups and SETA utilitarians, his university titles and the historic moment...

The gesticulating scarlet lizard, probably amounting in that other dimension to a trivision director, cut him with a mental emission more powerful than his:

- Fabulous! Not the original ending of the script but unexpected, it suits me. We'll finish the recording with that contraption's arrival. Perfect! It will be a great deal better than the usual atomic war at the end...Is that recorded? Okay, you can dismantle the stage...

The professor started running after the lizard, until he grabbed it by one of its arm-legs.

- But listen...the historic moment...I am a delegate from the planet Earth, from another dimension!

The director stopped and for a while stood looking at the professor. When at last he emitted, he did it with a certain condescending pity:

- You understood nothing, did you? Then note that this is a recording studio, where I direct the series "The histories of the Planets". As for you, your race, your Earth, and your whole dimension, you are just a setting we have used for one of the programmes. A setting that once used must be thrown away...

MEMORIES II

by

Jaime Rosal del Castillo

To my friend Avelí

The position is not exactly comfortable. Blood accumulates where one is supposed to have a head. This, I presume, must be due to a slight inclination of the plane forming the floor of the room. And then, this awkward situation will change, it is a question of time, and in some years I'll have grown used to it.

Sometimes I am startled, and in my strange lethargy I perceive unfamiliar vibrations. They can be the footsteps of somebody walking about in the room. These noises are a proof that perhaps I should not be condemned to this uncomfortable position, but it seems circumstances have brought me to this, and regrets are useless. Nobody would listen to my protests, so it is better to wait in silence. I am persuaded that everything will soon be all right.

I remember now. They had warned me repeatedly, but we, young people, hardly ever listen to our elders' advice. We hold experience as negligible and ignore it because, to justify our conduct, we must deceive ourselves saying that experience is but the sum total of the "oldsters'" mistakes. Yes, I was warned hundreds of times, and I was convinced that I shouldn't do it, but I did it. In short, I refused to follow their advice to pander to that stupid conceit characterizing all of us who believe we know everything. But now, I insist, regrets are useless...

My situation is not altogether precise, as some mysterious being or thing has suggested to me. I find myself in what we could call...I cannot succeed in choosing the right word: a period of transition? A temporary lapse? I do not know. The only thing I know is that I must wait. That all is a question of time. Everything will be explained at the right moment.

I cannot find, where my hands are supposed to be, nothing resembling these extremities. However, when I want to scratch myself, I do it without any difficulty. But of course, to scratch myself I need no hands. My brain can, in a reflected form, give the order to a determinate itching to cease; but since I am not sure whether I have a head, I cannot say I have a brain ordering the itching to disappear...Hands I must have. And something else. I can still notice light, although I cannot guess where it comes from, and whether it is artificial or natural sun light; my sight is dim, as if a veil covered my eyes. But if I can perceive light, it seems unquestionable that the grave-diggers have not yet come to put the lid of the grave where I'm lying.

DEPARTING POINT

Freud found in man a tragic constant: his perpetual unhappiness in all levels of civilization. And something even more paradoxical: the higher the degree of civilization (in search of freedom and satisfaction of all needs) the stronger the repression in order to protect precisely the newly acquired freedom and pleasure.

What could ever happen to the first human group to keep in men's subconsciousness for thousands and thousands of years this boundless dread of freedom?

In "Moses and monotheism", the following fantastic hypothesis was established, later developed by H. Marcuse:

Primitive instincts required immediate and total satisfaction of their needs. But this was an anti-civilization, an anti-progress, since instincts' energetic forces were diluted in a moment's pleasure, destructive and precarious. And this very doubt, man's fear that pleasure ends some day, leads the first men to repression. Their goal: delayed and restricted satisfaction, but sure.

But instincts, by nature, refuse repression; it is unpleasant. And in order to exact it, there is

DOMINATION

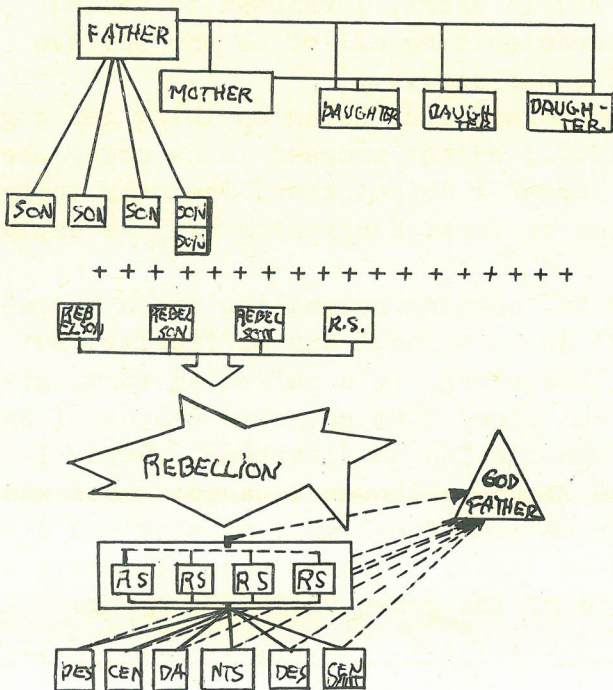
exercised by some authoritarian man with some predominance over the rest of the group. It is the Father who, in the end, possesses and monopolizes women (the supreme pleasure).

Thus, being free, and the instinctive energy can be canalized towards other activities lacking pleasure but necessary for the progress of the group: work, its accomplishment affording a compensation: a part of the pleasure. Thus, gradually, instincts shape themselves, accepting the hard and unpleasant reality, and paving the way for mental preconditions to assure the continual functioning of domination.

The instincts' displeasure and repulsion are annulled by success: the order helping the group to subsist, and security in the acquisition of pleasure.

One of the sons, maybe the youngest, could reach, with his mother's help, a similar situation to that of his father's. Thus, taking his place after his death, the system's continuity was assured.

However, the group's order and functioning would not really be so perfect. Some children, more ambitious than the rest, would reach a higher position, earning for themselves a double hate current: the children's hate for the father's tyrannical possession and absolute enjoyment of pleasure, and the father's jealousy of his children's possibility to overthrow him. Since force is in the father, it is him who punishes and ostracizes the children. And this determines the exiled children's



REBELLION

The Father has been murdered. Follows an epoch of civil war among brethren, who all want the absolute power left vacant after their father's death.

Beside these bloody quarrels a sort of climax is reached: the liberation of pleasure, which the father had smothered. The women, conscious of their importance, exert a great influence in the direction of the group: it is the matriarchy.

However, the murderer-brothers realized then that quarrels were futile and dangerous. The erotic level of the matriarchy paralyses progress. The group splits and totters. As a result comes a general union, preceded by the acceptance of mutual rights and duties. Thus the Law is born, as are institutions and sacred norms, which cannot be sacrificed for the sake of the community.

Now, as a governing group, they stand before two alternatives:

- 1° - Autoannihilation of the social group after the disappearance of the order represented by the father.
- 2° - Organization of a new society without the father, that is, without repression or domination.

The rebels, terrified, think only of avoiding the first issue. The order totters, discipline is undermined by erotism.

And they deal a daring blow:

COUNTER-REVOLUTION

They implant a new type of domination. They continue looking for a secure attainment of pleasure. They already know the method: repression. But a repetition of the crime should be avoided at all costs. And not only does repression concern non-rebels now, it also concerns the governing group.

From the other hand they realize where they have erred: murdering the Father. So they make up for it raising his status to "god the creator": religion is born.

This act redeems them from the crime of their father's murder. None the less there lurks in them another feeling of guilt: the murder of freedom, for whose sake they rebelled.

The trauma produced by this feeling marks the subconsciousness for ever, so as to prevent a future repetition of the crime.

However, how is the feeling of guilt transmitted from generation to generation? Freud maintains that it is done through "an impression from the past on the unconscious imprints of memory". The mother's brain would impress upon the fetus the danger signal of the first crime. This represents the formation and existence of a memory apart from each individual's other memories: it is a generation memory, common to the whole human species, of facts and events men did not know or share.

Can it be possible?

From these pages I ask all those friends studying medicine who can enlighten us, be it in corroboration of Freud's theory or not.

We shall be waiting for your opinion on the matter.

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In one of the Hotel Meliá's conference rooms, on Sunday 20th October, at five p.m., took place the C.L.A. meeting in Madrid.

Those who attended it were:

The president: Luis Giralt.

Several married couples: Juan & Marifé Giralt; Ramón & Angeles Cordón; Avelino & M^a Luisa Flores; Antonio & Estrella Martín, from BANG!

Another couple: Pacho Fernández Larrondo and his fiancée M^a Luisa. A poker of Juanes: Juan Giralt Jr., Juan Fábregas, Juan Obrador and the already mentioned Juan Giralt Sr., our president's brother.

Some new faces: Paco Bernal, Humberto Martín and José Luis Sanz.

The veteran Monti (José Luis Martínez Montalbán.

and an undesirable stranger: Carlo Frabetti.

After an initial conversation, which we might call a monologue, with Luis talking (and talking, and talking...) about the C.L.A., its present situation, its most immediate projects, its imminent ascent to power, etc., the dialogue was centred around two concrete points: the HISPACON '69, and the organization of the C.L.A. in Madrid. The former was long and exhaustively discussed, and the immediate collaboration of those present and absent was demanded and obtained. The second point was divided into its most important subpoints: weekly meetings, looking for the C.L.A. official premises -- with Pacho as the propitiatory victim, offering to share his flat with the C.L.A. --, activities at provincial level (maybe some ardent Madridist would say at capital level), contacts and collaboration with the Barcelona seat, etc.

Once the date for the next Madrid meeting was agreed upon -- Saturday 1st in the morning, and the place: University college San Juan Evangelista -- the conference was dissolved at about 8 p.m.

Useless to say, in the meeting prevailed a climate of cordiality and high spirits, emphasized by the caressing melodies of "Musical Ambiance Inc." in which the Hotel Meliá is constantly wrapped for the benefit of his clients and a more efficient absent-mindedness of its employees.

On the agreed day, but not at the agreed hour, we met at the agreed place fewer people than had agreed to come. Pacho & M^a Luisa, Humberto, J.L.Sanz, Paco Bernal, the faithful Monti and this same undesirable stranger. Moreover, and in accordance with the saying "grow and multiply yourselves", there were several new friends: Antonio Cerezo and his fiancée, Rodrigo Indolfo Paramio (R.I.P. to his friends), and some others I cannot recall, not since I ran out of my neuronic reserves in the supreme effort of remembering my friend Indolfo's whole name, the owner of which, by the way, struck me as being an able and highly prepared individual. We discussed the problem of our massive transfer to Barcelona to attend the HISPACON, and some interesting alternatives were proffered, including the possibility of travelling disguised as football fans to avail ourselves of the special trips at reduced rates being organized on occasion of the best football matches (which would somehow amount to "party politics").

One busybody (viz. the undesirable stranger) suggested celebrating our next meeting in a public place, in order to favour the osmosis with the outer space - and those three millions of latent C.L.A. members swarming about in Madrid - for which purpose we shall meet next Sunday, November 9th, in the bar Soria, situated in the Plaza de Roma, where matters of the utmost interest will be discussed, like the choosing of a provisional meeting place more convenient than the bar Soria, which is not precisely cosy or accessible, and does not offer the required environmental conditions.

In short, we got the thing going, and now there's no stopping it!

I shall only add, in the name of the Madrid fans, a tight, telekinetic hug to fandom in general. See you soon in Barcelona!

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT SITGES

by

José Luis Martínez Montalbán

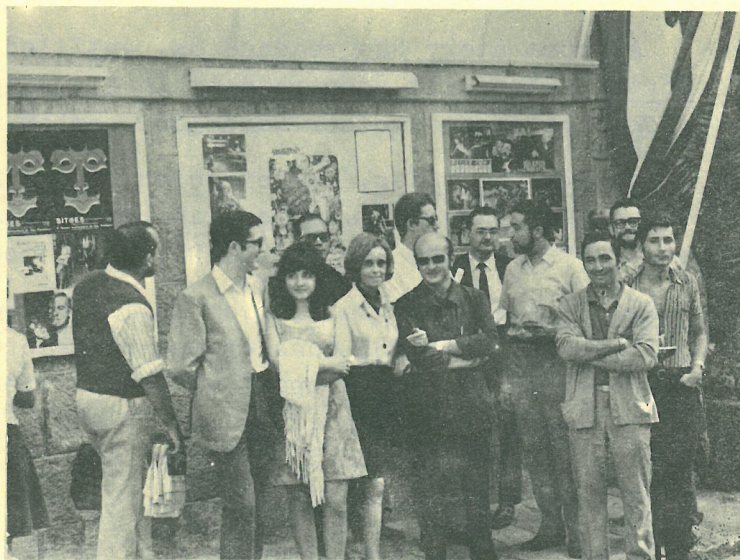
I consider it interesting to make a compendium of what the Sitges Week could have been and was not, of what could have been done and was not.

- 1) Summon a commission of experts in the matter, as a consulting and assessing committee. (There was no commission, just Gasca's and my personal help; I don't know if there were others, but I'm afraid not.)
- 2) Ask for determinate films from the different countries and not just accept whatever they sent; the films chosen by the commission of experts should have been asked for. As many films were unknown to us, we naturally had to accept some about which we knew nothing. (But we asked for no film whatever, they sent what they had available.)
- 3) The assessing committee should have seen the films received, their acceptation or rejection of them being unquestionable. This was not done for lack of a commission. Alternatively, the two or three persons "closer" to the Festival were not even consulted
- 4) The mere suspicion of low-quality films should have advised the committee to offer social gatherings of some kind, in order to help raise the Festival's level. (Both aspects failed.)
- 5) Seek the originality of "different" things, the Festival's thematic rendering it quite appropriate to do so; SF and fantastic themes lend themselves to some different ideas in decoration, ambiance, etc. The Festival thematic and organization were in opposite poles: the former being fanciful and imaginative, the latter should not have been, as it most certainly was, conventional and vulgar.

The consideration of these points will help us understand why things turned out as they did. If all of them are important, number three is fundamental, since of it depends the Festival's success or collapse.



At the theatre door in Sitges. From left to right: Ramón & Angeles Cordón, Pilar Giralt, Jaime Rosal, Sebastián Martínez Carlos Buiza, Domingo Santos and Luis Vigil.



From left to right: Ramón & Angeles Cordón, Pilar & Luis Giralt, Domingo Santos, Carlos Buiza, Luis Vigil and Carlo Frabetti.

correspondence



BY
PILAR GIRALT

Many new members also this month! First of all we want to announce that we have agreed to accept into the C.L.A. all fans under the age of fifteen, since it served no purpose at all to ignore future astronauts and colonizers of the far-off planets we talk about at such length. After the agreement, in a throng, and assisted by their full right to be the first, the following fans have been presented with their first membership card:

Luis & Francisco Flores Bravo

Raúl Giménez Fuentes

Silvia & Laura Sánchez Gomis

And now let us turn to new grownup members:

Emilio Salat Montoya, from Barcelona

Xavier Pujol i Batlle, also from Barcelona

Carlos Cerdón Jiménez, who lives in Premiá de Mar

Juan Fábregas Beltrán, from Madrid

Enrique Sánchez Pascual, SF-writer (how AD INFINITUM is going to improve!)

Enrique Montserrat Foj, SF-comic strip artist (same as above!)

José Ortega, the agent in Germany for many Spanish artists

Manuel Yáñez Solana, comic strip writer. The last four are the friends of our dear comrade and wonderful artist, Carlos Giménez.

Francisco Bernal Mármol, from Madrid

Fernando Díez Palacios, from Zaragoza.

Welcome all of you to your new home!

A short story has reached us, entitled THE LAST SOGURN, and signed by Federico Fortuny. You will soon read it in AI, since it was labelled "very good" by our selection committee. Another Barcelona member who turns out a good writer!

Gabriel Bermúdez, our efficient coordinator in Zaragoza, who works so well for the expansion of the CLA and collaborates in AI with stories of the quality of THE OCTOPUS and THE PROFESSOR AND THE TOADS, sends today a new Zaragoza fan's test.

Jaime Palañá, our member from Molins de Rey, sends his own fanzine, a first issue, called HOMO SAPIENS, consecrated to general literature and to which all writers are welcome. We want to support with our friendship this team of enthusiastic editors, whose names are: Founder, Jaime Palañá; Coordinator, Francisco Aranda; secretary, Jorge Gimeno; artist, Norberto Blasco. Jaime offers himself as our coordinator in his region, a good idea we hasten to accept.

Eduardo Miller writes: "Bravo for the HISPACON! You can count on me and the GONZALEZ & BYASS jerez!" It goes without saying that we shall count on both! Eduardo sends a story: OPERATION VARDOGR, and several amusing mini-stories. Collaborations are showering on us these days!

Fabián Rodríguez-Pozo is on a ship, fulfilling his military duty. But he still has the leisure to send stories, articles, etc., which you will read soon.

Mark Owings, a brave fan living in Bronx, N.Y., dedicates his time to the imposing task of cataloguing all books being published in the world on SF: bibliographies, indexes, reviews, etc. He asks our help for the chapter on Spanish works. We shall do our best!

Michel Feron, proving once more he is a real friend, sends several MSS for AI, which will be published in the next issues. Our collection of stories waiting to be published is increasing fast of late, a fact making our selection task more difficult, but ensuring a better-quality fiction.

From France, a very nice letter from Jean-Pierre Turmel, who has just founded in Rouen a new SF club, which already has its own premises and lots of plans. Congratulations!

News from Patrick Noel, editor of LA CLEF D'ARGENT, an excellent fanzine with fiction (modern, good!), poetry and articles. Like all our friends from abroad, he offers his collaboration.

Dr. Denise A. Vautrin is kind enough to allow us to publish her very good story LA LIBERTE DES POISSONS in AI. It appeared recently in LUNATIQUE.

Jean-Paul Flament sends two stories written by his wife, Anita Nardon. The titles are LA GABELLE and FAIMA. For us it is a constant source of pleasure, getting these tokens of friendship from our foreign colleagues.

A long and expressive letter from Hector R. Pessina, the editor and director of the important Argentine magazine THE ARGENTINE SF REVIEW and of TLA (THE LONELY ALIEN). After several gratifying words of praise for our fanzine (fantazine in Argentine). Hector agrees on trading with us and asks us to send him some copies of our admission test for Argentine SF fans; he gives us some addresses of people who wish to be in touch with the CLA.

Gianfranco Battisti sends the fanzine he stopped editing in 1967 for diverse unhappy causes. A real pity, for it was very well done and had good stories. Let us hope this true fan may find the way to active fandom once more.

Cesare Falessi, a great SF fan, who until two years ago directed the magazine OLTRE IL CIELO, promises to send stories and articles. As owing to his work in the ALITALIA CO. he travels around a lot, he announces his visit for the first months of the new year. We are impatiently waiting to meet our new friend.

Ned Brooks writes again. He comments the happy circumstance that in fandom exist no barriers of sex, age or social position. This is of course one of the factors contributing to make of our hobby something unique and wonderful.

Roger Waddington praises n^{os} 7 and 8 of AI and adds he is preparing his article for n^o 11, which from now on he will entitle: LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

And now I shall refer to our German friends, who are many: Alfred Beha gives us the good news, already known by all, that Heidelberg won the 1970 WorldCon competition. He hopes to meet us all there and promises to work for the CLA in his country.

Waldemar Kunning, editor of the stupendous Munich fanzine MRU, congratulates us on our English edition, which he has enjoyed reading.

Walter Ernsting, the founder in 1955 of the SF Club Deutschland, that most important German club, sends two issues of his popular comic series PERRY RHODAN.

A letter from Horst Christiani, editor of the awarded Berlin fanzine ANABIS. He sends it to us in exchange for AI, and promises to send some stories.

Until next month, which I hope will still be November!

INTERNATIONAL FANDOM

BY

PILAR GIRALT

We have received the following fanzines:

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES, (its title being the only English thing about it, since it is written in German) edited by Hans Joachim Alpers; information on fantastic and speculative literature. An excellent newszine, very well informed and competent.

ANDROMEDA, the fanzine of the SF Club Deutschland, full of good articles, very interesting; also

STREIFLICHTER, the club's news bulletin, very informative. And yet another newszine, KONTAKT, also edited by the SF Club Deutschland. I have found in it a list of some German SF clubs, which are no less than 29, but probably more, and another list of German fanzine going up to 80! Really, fandom in Germany is widespread and well organized.

QUARBER MERKUR, Franz Rottensteiner's literature magazine, with high-quality and interesting articles.

SLAN-NACHRICHTEN, edited by Peter Skodzik in Berlin; an excellent newszine, well turned-out, full of late news and articles. In the issue of June 30th there is a report on the foundation of the CLA, noting that during the inaugural ceremony everybody present was wearing the JOK badges, and adding that Spanish fans will go in great numbers to the HEICON '70. In October SLAN mentioned the CLA again, including the name and address of the SF Club Deutschland member who will from now on correspond with the Spanish fandom, Richard Huwig. Through me - who will translate your letters- you can write him.

MOEBIUS TRIP, from Edward C. Connor; an American fanzine, varied and fun: we get it on a trade basis and also because Edward likes to appear in AI; but read the other reasons why he sends his fanzine:

- You are a cat lover
- we owe you a favour
- we are aware of your secret vice
- you are our Mission Impossible
- you need a replacement for Star Trek
- you deserve a break
- we owe you an insult
- for blood
- you wear filmy negligées

BEABOHEMA, another American fanzine, edited by Frank Lunney; 102 pages of articles and fiction; I don't know how often it comes out, though to judge by its imposing bulk, not very often I should say! Very good.

MIZAR, Michel Feron's excellent newszine, indispensable for the European fan wishing to know all kinds of events in fandom. In it we read about the CLA. Under the caption: "An SF club in Spain!", the report includes a list of our activities, even commenting on the first Spanish SF Con we are currently organizing!

METALUNA &

L'ECRAN FANTASTIQUE, two fanzines dedicated to the cinema; Alain Schlokoff is the editor. Exceedingly good, an information mine for the SF, fantasy and terror cinema fan. Recommended.

And now several fanzines we have not yet received but have heard talk about:

ANIARA, edited in Oslo University, which also helps with costs. One of the editors is Tom Irgens. In English.

FORUM INTERNATIONAL, a Swedish fanzine published by the Scandinavian SF Society to

maintain contacts with the international fandom and to advertise their plan to propose the celebration in Stockholm of the World SF Congress in 1980.

There is also a Japanese fanzine (in Japanese, a pity for those of us who do not understand the language) edited by Takumi Shibano; a beautiful, practically professional fanzine, with numerous illustrations.

Two useful addresses: a shop specialising in paperbacks, new and old, English and American: PLUS BOOKS LTD., 19, Abbey Parade, Merton High Street, London SW 19, England.

Another house specialising in even older and rarer books, European agents for Arkham House, Sauk City, Wisconsin. They send a thick catalogue of SF books on request: Ken Chapman Ltd. Booksellers, 2 Ross Road, London SE 25, England.

TOLKIEN FAN. For those of you who still have not read much SF: Tolkien fans have been a major part of US and British fandom for over ten years. The British writer J.R.R. Tolkien was little known before the mid-fifties, though the first volume of his epic fantasy series THE HOBBIT first appeared in 1936. In 1955-57 he published the LORD OF THE RINGS. The trilogy runs well over a thousand pages, and the US paperback edition alone has sold over a million sets. Though based on Celtic and Nordic mythology, it is really quite unlike anything previously written. Tolkien is a philologist, and the thing apparently started with his invention of a language and alphabet -- he then invented a place and a number of races and a history, since a language does not exist in a vacuum. Having built this framework, he used it for stories he told his children, then, after he retired from Oxford, he finally let friends talk him into having it published. The final result has been seen as a Christian allegory, an allegory on the East-West conflict and a mythical retelling of the Second World War -- all of which Tolkien denies.

MORE NEWS FROM HEIDELBERG. Here is a list, without chronological order of what will be done in Heidelberg from the 21st to the 24th August 1970:

-the following themes will be discussed: "Towards an international fandom"

"sword-and-sorcery"

"science fiction and communism"

- a boat trip along the Neckar
- a big SF and fantasy costume ball
- SF and fantasy objects for sale
- meetings with the press
- exhibition of fantastic art (professional and amateur artists)
- projection of the film awarded the first prize in the Trieste Festival 1970
- a boutique where the Vurgusz will be sold; this is the famous wine made from the Tau Ceti six-legged frogs' fermented blood
- A Bavarian night
- A banquet in Heidelberg castle
- an international exhibition of fantasy and SF press (amateur and professional)
- a conducted visit to the famous students' inns
- ceremony of the Fellowship of the Land of Wonder (Follow)
- a meeting with authors and editors
- auction of collection pieces
- visit to a cellar, with drinks

We shall be happy to publish in AI all requests from fans planning to drive in their own car to Heidelberg and wishing to find other fans willing to accompany them and share expenses. Write telling about your plans.

THE TRANSDOR GAZETTE

BY
RAMON CORDON

As I already announced to you in the last Gazette, we have nominated our Coordinator in the Canary Islands:

FERNANDO SAENZ FERNANDEZ - San Francisco 121 - STA CRUZ DE TENERIFE.

I am sure we shall soon detect signs of his activity.

.....

Another Coordinator, and that makes the fifth, is JAIME PALAÑA - Avda. Ejército Navarra 47 - Molins de Rey (Barcelona). Jaime has already begun fighting his battle in the whole region. He is enterprising to the point of editing his own fanzine: HOMO SAPIENS.

.....

You will remember my commenting that we had summoned all Barcelona members to a general gathering. So on the afternoon of September 18th (a rainy one) we met in the premises of the historic Bar Velódromo. It was a crowded, noisy meeting. With the HISPACON as the main theme, we got to know each other and started getting enthusiastic about the whole idea. It was a good occasion to prove the necessity of meeting in the congenial atmosphere of our common goals.

.....

A week later, anxious to repeat the successful event, we flew to Madrid, exactly on the 26th, in order to encourage our members in the capital. They are getting to be numerous, but did not yet know one another. Even though not all of them could be present, the gathering was crowded and, above all, "substantial".

In one of the conference rooms of the Hotel Meliá, sitting round a huge table and many water jugs, we talked the whole afternoon. Among the many subjects of our conversation the following were the most important:

a) Immediate search for the CIA premises.

(They have been given priority over the other cities because we consider that, being so many, they must have somewhere to meet and get closer together under the Circle's blessings.)

b) Weekly gatherings will be organized by both Coordinators, Pacho and José Luis, in order to maintain their enthusiasm and activity intact.

c) As a first step, a SF cinema forum will be organized shortly.

d) They promised their support, collaboration and, of course, their assistance at the HISPACON.

We came back in a happy mood for we had seen that the CLA is not the utopia of a handful of fanatics, centred in Barcelona, but a wonderful reality spreading with identical force everywhere in Spain.

.....

In this issue you have seen that the subject "Sitges Week" is still at stake, with Montalbán, who was a member of the committee, signing the article this time.

It's possible that you are wondering what happened with the much-announced special issue dedicated to that Festival, and which AI and BANG! were going to do in collaboration. You may have guessed its logical fate: inexistence. The Week being what it was, the effort served no purpose.

.....

We are repeatedly reminded, either with a discreet hint or with an outspoken reproach that our fanzine lacks a very important column.

As a matter of fact, we have been worrying ourselves about lacking sufficient material for a monthly reviewing of books, magazines, cinema, TV, etc. We believe it is indispensable, but it cannot be done by one person alone.

At last we have come to the conclusion that it is a section about which we should all feel responsible.

So now you know. All members or friends may send reviews. Thus we shall doubtless have a well-documented review column.

.....

Our book-keeping assistants are beginning to get a little nervous. It seems there are some "morose" people in what concerns monthly subscriptions.

In order to make things easy for them I shall specify here the three different ways in which he can make his payment:

- By postal order to the APARTADO DE CORREOS 1573 - Barcelona
- By transference to the bank account nº 4-4121 - Banco de Santander - Barcelona.
- By writing a cheque payable to the C.L.A. (with money in the drawer's account, please)
- Oh, I almost forgot to add that disinterested donations will always be welcome.

.....

It is a fact that some people will not get AD INFINITUM 9. Some of them were returned to us without the label, which had detached itself, so we have no way of knowing to whom they had been addressed. Send a note to us and we shall make amends.

.....

The solution of our problems, or most of them, is near at hand. No more problems for the C.L.A., its members, its friends, and their relatives! You will have by now received a circular letter which may prove the key to happiness.

It is a lottery. Yes, but this one is sure. Guaranteed!

(Be careful there, you suspicious ones, I get no commission whatever.)

.....

The HISPACON is under way. Together with AD INFINITUM you will receive the first Bulletin. It will explain to you the importance of this event. We must simply attend, every one of us fans, and even those of our friends who have not yet completed our test.

.....

The indefatigable Jaime Rosal has launched SEPTIMA FUNDACION. It is acquiring more and more quality, and a captivating personality enjoyed by every fan. He has announced the appearance of the next issue, which will be an extraordinary one.

If you wish to receive it you can write him a note asking for it to our post office number.

.....

Included with the fanzine you will find two different admission tests. The longer one is intended for those fans who wish to collaborate actively with the Circle.

The short one is for those members who may perhaps find the "interrogatory" excessive.

HALLO ISAAC!

BARCELONA-OCTOBER-

GUESS WHAT'S COOKING IN BARCELONA: FANCY THOSE CRAZY CLA PEOPLE ORGANIZING A CON.

WHAT, WHEN? THEY CHOSE THE LONG WEEK END IN DECEMBER. 6, 7, AND 8. THEY ARE EXPECTING US ALL THERE. WRITE ME IF YOU FEEL LIKE GOING, AND I'LL KEEP YOU A SEAT!

ROBERT H

P.S. AS IT IS THE FIRST CON IN SPAIN, THEY'RE CALLING IT HISPACON "69". YOU'RE WELCOME!

CONTINUACION ESA SANGRE EN EL CALLEJON DEMUESTRA QUE NO FUE UN SUEÑO. ALGUIEN FUE MUERTO ALLI. AHORA DEBEMOS AVERIGUAR SI SE TRATA DEL SENADOR O DE OTRA PERSONA.

OFICINA DE CLARK. ¿EL GLOBE? PONGAME CON SAM.

¿SAM? SOY ROD. NECESITO UN FAVOR. TODA LA INFORMACION QUE PUEDAS SOBRE EL SENADOR BROWN.

SAM LLAMARA MAS TARDE. ¿HAY POR AQUI ALGUN PLANO DE LA CIUDAD?

CREO QUE SI. VOY A VER.

DE MOMENTO SOLO PUEDO DECIRTE QUE ES SOLTERO Y VIVE EN ROVER ST. CUANDO CONSULTE EL ARCHIVO TE LLAMARE.

AQUI VIVE EL SENADOR. VESTE ES EL CALLEJON. SEGURAMENTE EL SENADOR SIGUIO ESTE CAMINO PARA EVITAR EL TRAFICO DEL BULEVAR.

EL SENADOR SE DIRIGIA AL AEROPUERTO. EN ALGUN LUGAR DEL TRAYECTO DEBIERON DESEMBARAZARSE DEL CADAVER.

¿PERO DONDE? ES UN TRAYECTO DE SIETE MILLAS.

CERCA DEL AEROPUERTO HAY UNA FABRICA EN CONSTRUCCION. MEDIO METRO DE CEMENTO ES UN BUEN ESCONDIRTE PARA UN CADAVER.

SOY DETECTIVE PRIVADO. ¿PUEDE HABLAR CON EL CAPATAZ?

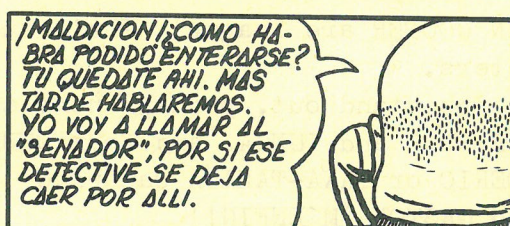
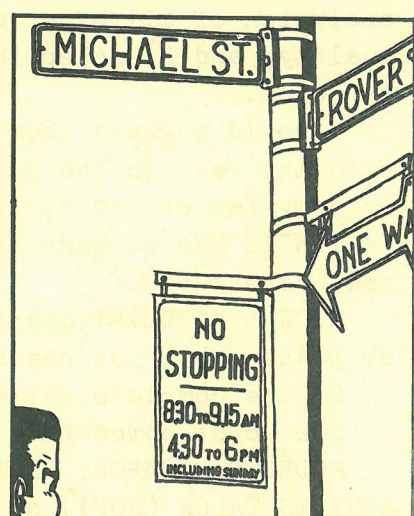
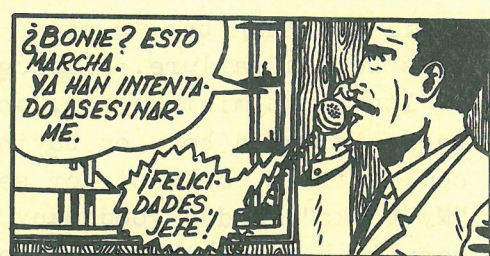
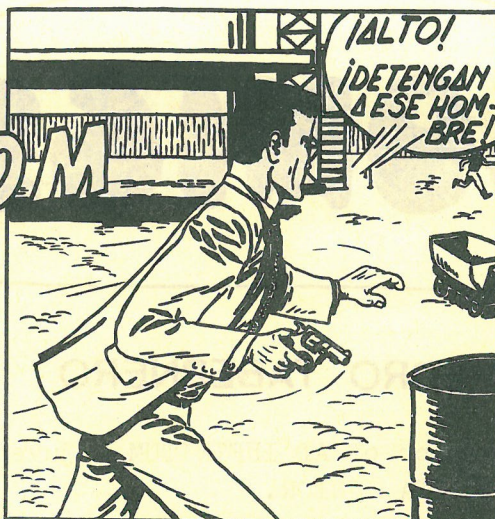
SOY YO. ¿QUE ES LO QUE DESEA?

ESTOY INVESTIGANDO UNA SERIE DE ROBOS EN EDIFICIOS EN CONSTRUCCION ¿PUEDE VD. DECIRME SI ULTIMAMENTE HA OCURRIDO ALGO FUERA DE LO COMUN?

NO RECUERDO NADA ANORMAL... ESPERE ESTA MAÑANA ROBERT Dijo QUE ALGUIEN HABIA TOCADO LA MEZCLADORA DE CEMENTO... PERO EL VIGILANTE NO HABIA OIDO NADA...

MUY INTERESANTE. EL VIGILANTE, ¿ERA EL MISMO DE SIEMPRE?

NO. TUVO UN ACCIDENTE. HAMMER SE OFRECIO PARA SUPLIRLO.



COMICS

BY PEDRO TABERNERO

To Antonio Martín and
José M^e Echevarría

Today I bring to this section of AD INFINITUM a juvenile magazine which was only recently a year old: GACETA JUNIOR.

GACETA JUNIOR is a magazine which ought to be valued less by the task fulfilled until now than by its plans for the future. We must confess that the first few issues were a failure, although it grew gradually better during the year.

Its first mistake was, and is still, the exaggerated number of sections in its pages, since a boy, on buying a magazine of this kind, is generally looking for comic strips, and not for sections like "My handwriting", "Science & Technique", "My books", and a good many more which simply fill up empty space; and I said generally because these sections interest about a 5% of the readers. Why, then, persist with them? As it happens, it is precisely this 5%, which we could put in the "intellectual" category, the only sector bothering to give their opinion on the magazine to the redaction. And thus the editors can be misled into thinking that this opinion is the general one. The truth being that the readers (always speaking in general terms) want comic strips, and care little about their quality. Who is to them JOHNNY HAZARD compared to EL CAPITAN TRUENO, or FOSTER to GAGO? Nobody.

Then what GACETA JUNIOR ought to aim at should be: 1) reproducing, to the near exclusion of all other sections, the comic strips the public wants, irrespective of quality, and 2) selecting these comic strips for the readers who appreciate the better ones.

I would suggest them to reduce the present sections to about two pages, and dedicate the rest to the strips.

Very few of the strips being currently published are worth it.

TINTIN has already appeared in book form. One should wait for further, unpublished, adventures.

MICHEL VAILLIANT and DAN COOPER are imagist. Their authors can just draw bolides or planes, but not characters.

Of the complete series few stand out, perhaps none at all except BATTAGLIA's. The worst comes from FRANVAL and TUNGA, and from CUBERO's 90%.

MODESTO, POMPON, DESIDERIO or TAKA-TAKATA can never be favourably compared to AQUILES TALON (HOP!) or to GASTON (M'ENFIN!)

ÑAME DE PERERA is passable, considering that the artist is just beginning.

The new format and more pages from issue 52 onwards have been two real assets.

Good the covers and the colour print, but the pink hues in some of the strips should be changed into black and white. In short: as is already the plan, the editorial line should be given a totally new trend, publishing almost exclusively Spanish material by the artists already working for the magazine, like CARLOS GIMENEZ, BIELSA, MARTIN SALVADOR, ABELLAN...and the rest devoted to two or three foreign characters like TINTIN (when there is unpublished material in Spanish), the complete BATTAGLIA series, Blasco's LOS GUERRILLEROS, RIC HOCHET (RIC BARRY), BERNARD PRINCE, some character from WILLIAM VANCE, CIMPELLIN and JACOVITTI, bearing in mind where the material comes from (SPIROU, TINTIN and CORRIERE DEI PICCOLI), and that some of the characters have been already acquired by other magazines, like GASTON and LUCKY LUKE.

A few weeks ago appeared the new juvenile magazine STRONG. Since only three issues have come out, I can hardly judge about it, and before I have formed an opinion I shall only comment that it could have been better, with such material at its disposal (SPIROU).

.. ..

Another new appearance these last days is the life of FRANCISCO FRANCO, edited by ROLLAN. The drawings are almost photographic and remind of FRANK BELLAMY. 56 pages, 25 ptas.

.. ..

EDITORIAL FERMA (Avda. José Antonio 800 - Barcelona), in the series AVENTURAS ILUSTRADAS, EXTRA, has published another volume with three adventures from DAVY CROCKET; rather good in colour and drawings. 50 ptas. - 64 pages.

.. ..

When the March issue of CREEPY came out in France, it was planned to make it bi-monthly, alternating with its twin, EERIE; the former was censored after the first two issues; the latter has continued appearing.

This censorship was deftly hinted at in CREEPY nº 1, where it reads:

"You met my uncle CREEPY last month, on my account. It seems sunlight has proved so unhealthy for him that he has been quickly advised not to leave his crypt."

EERIE - 30, rue Le Peletier; Paris 9^e - 3,50 Francs per issue.

.. ..

In Santa Cruz de Tenerife a new fanzine is being prepared: EPSILON EMIDANE; devoted to comics and SF.

The editors will be: FERNANDO SAENZ, JOAQUÍN SABATE and JOSE LUIS LÓPEZ

Besides these names, there will be two more editors: M^a VICTORIA MATEOS and MANUEL E. DARIAS.

The first issue will appear at the end of this year. It will be free, and those who are interested in it, please write to: JOSÉ LUIS LÓPEZ, San Sebastián 68, 2^o - Santa Cruz de Tenerife.

.. ..

In a series of the chewing gum BUBBLE BUBBLE, entitled YEAR 2001, the chromos show pictures from the film:2001, a space Odyssey. A good idea, but the reproductions are faulty.

.. ..

Issue nº 5 of SUPER POCKET PILOTE (12, rue Blaise Pascal - 92 Neuilly-sur-Seine) is a bit worse than the others because of some inferior material having been included, like TRACASSIN, NORBERT and CARI, TONY LA FLAMME, BUCK GALLO, BOMBAX, L'ESPION CAMALEON, PAN... Luckily there are the faithful BLUEBERRY, VALERIAN, AQUILITO TALON, IAN MACDONALD and others. 3.00 francs.

Speaking about PILOTE. The extraordinary nº 520 has come out, in celebration of its tenth anniversary. In it begin the new adventures of LUCKY LUKE, VALERIAN, PHILEMON and SUBMERMAN.

.. ..

EDITORIAL DOLAR is preparing the launching of new horizontal material from '63.

Let us hope that the comic-book MISS TARANTEL, edited in German by DOLAR and illustrated by JESUS BLASCO, will soon be translated into Spanish.

.. ..

In the 58th issue of LES HEROS DE L'AVENTURE, (Editions des Remparts, 38, rue des Remparts d'Ainay, Lyon - '69) appear 25 pages with FLASH GORDON by AL WILLIAMSON; it is the first adventure done by this artist for the comic-books; KING: OPERATION RADIUM. The price is 1,5 francs.

One of Williamson's few flaws, also noticeable in x-9 (published in the newspaper MADRID, in three daily strips) is that the 80% of his characters come out squint-eyed.

.. ..

LA MOSCA (THE FLY), an information supplement to the editions: 62 LUMEN and SEIX BARRAL, is devoted to everything related to the world of images.

In nº 0 has appeared "The religion of art and narcissism", a commentary on the PEANUTS by Enric Sió.

In nº 3, SAM Y PEPITO, a comic by Sió, and in nº 4 "Valentina-Crepax in the Sixtine Chapel", an article on Crepax' work, by Sió. Beatriz de Moura, Secretaria. Hospital Militar, 52 - 3ª 1ª Barcelona.

.. ..

The French magazine devoted to the comic, POCO, has changed its title and disposed of the character WALT KELLY, it seems because of some difficulties with publication rights. A new character has been created by CLAUDE MOLITERNE and CLAUDE LE GALLO, whose name has been given to the magazine.

The new character is mediocre. Happily they reproduce just one page.

POCO, 7 rue des Filles du Calvaire, Paris 3^e. 3 francs a copy.

.. ..

The long-awaited essay on EPOXY by Gabriel Bermúdez del Castillo (c/ Almagro 7, Zaragoza) has made its appearance.

It is too extensive for such a character, and the only article standing out from the rest is "The characters in EPOXY and the classic mythology" by Eugenio Moros, for Bermúdez goes no further than to give a summary of the work, and some data, and dares not utter an opinion of his own.

.. ..

Two errors in the section COMICS of AI 7: I mentioned Verli as a beginner, when in fact he has collaborated for some years now in Italian and French magazines.

And I forgot to include LA RUBRIQUE DE BRAC and the GOTTLIEB's DINGODOSSIERS (MARCEL GOTTLIEB's) in the list of characters that ought to be introduced in Spain by GRAN PULGARCITO.

And two copy mistakes: the first concerns only the Spanish edition; in the September issue it ought to read RAF, and not ROS.

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