

# AD INFINITUM

CIENCIA - FICCIÓN, FANTASÍA Y COMIC

FANZINE DEL  
CIRCULO DE LECTORES DE ANTICIPACION  
BARCELONA

NOVIEMBRE 1969 EPOCA PRIMERA NUMERO 11





# Editorial

At the present stage, with only a few days ahead of us before the first National SF Convention -- HISPACON '69 -- this editorial of AD INFINITUM should necessarily deal with the forthcoming event; but it is our belief that the HispaCon is already endowed with its own voice: the bulletins preceding it -- one of which should have reached you all by now. Our only task will therefore be to outline the unanimous support all C.L.A. members have offered us.

Now that we are almost at the end of our first year, while our contacts with the international fandom hardly date from a scanty three months' period, we cannot help remarking that the C.L.A. is getting a much more bulky correspondence from abroad than it does from our domestic area. Along with letters, we are receiving from all over the world some fifty fanzines a month, in which we invariably read friendly references to the foundation and development of our Circle.

Something worth stressing is the enthusiasm, interest and sympathy shown to us by all our foreign correspondents, reflected in their letters and in all the articles about us appearing in all their fanzines, in which we can also read their satisfaction for the fact that there is at last a real fandom "on the go" in Spain.

This awakening of the Spanish fandom is to a large extent -- we won't pander to the hypocrisy of being modest -- due to the C.L.A. and all of us who have a share in it, there being reasonable evidence to believe that without our common effort and devotion the wide-scattered -- though by no means scanty -- fans in this country would probably still be sitting in a dark corner, anonymous, and incapable of accomplishing by themselves alone what a group like ours is achieving only after such a brief existence.

It is, therefore, probably due to this lack of maturity of the Spanish fandom, that we suffer from a slight -- though by no means incurable -- indifference and incoherence, both defects standing out conspicuously when compared to the enthusiasm and vitality displayed by our friends abroad, who not only trade their fanzines with ours, but also collaborate in AD INFINITUM with stories of high literary value. Now they are beginning to ask for our admission test -- a preliminary step to membership in our club -- a fact affording us great satisfaction and amply demonstrating what has been suggested above: that beyond our borders the international fandom is active, hard-working, organized and always ready to help beginners -- like us -- with a generosity for which we shall always be grateful.

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The road is wide enough for two cars to run side by side; however, every time a car appears on the other side of the road, and in spite of my efforts to avoid it - I have even occasionally veered too far out of the road - inexplicably, I run against it. The left side of my car is full of ugly scrapes, paint and body have peeled off, and blended with the warm asphalt to form a liquid sticking mixture: blood. The whole width of the road is stained with this blood. There is a big hole and an immense lake of plasma has filled it, and in it a heterogeneous mass of individuals, clad in the most nondescript swimming trunks, can be seen swimming about. They splatter and splash, while the most daring of all swallows a mouthful of water only to copy some moments after the natural spurt of the whale. In such healthy pastimes they all enjoy themselves. All? No. For instance, that obese gentleman over there who boasts of such magnificent mustaches à la kaiser seems to be in a brooding mood, perhaps he's keeping watch over his son who is now getting away in a cart driven by two gallant camels. The obese gentleman cannot resist the temptation and turns away from the group of bathers to run after his offspring, in order to warn him against the dangers waiting for him in the desert. In this time of the year the desert is full of Bedouin groups going about in search of slaves. The obese gentleman does not want his son to fall into the Bedouins' hands, for he knows that all slaves are afterwards sold at the terrible market at Gaza. My father uses to be present at the auctions at Gaza, for there he can buy some beautiful specimens who later on will be trained as agriculture workers on our farm. Our farm is really lovely. During the month of May we usually gather great quantities of palosantos, my mother's favourite fruit. She knows how to make an exquisite palosanto jam. Sometimes I have eaten so much of it that I have been taken to the hospital to have my stomach pumped out. I don't like the hospital, it is a sinister place, with high ceilings and smelling death; besides, the male nurses have the bad habit of picking their noses, a thing I have always disliked because I think it is awfully dirty, especially when I see Aunt Sagrario doing it, that nymphomaniac who makes love with the gardener. The gardener is tall and black-skinned, good-looking but dishonest. I am sure he steals from us all the time but we cannot fire him or Aunt Sagrario would be very sad. It would not be good taste, nor is it good taste what that blackguard does, stealing the immortelles from our family graveyard to sell them in secret to the flower-shop in the corner. The proprietress of the flower-shop is hunchbacked and she smokes like a truck driver, but she always greets you with a smile on her lips. Sometimes she gives me a gardenia to wear in my buttonhole. This is something to be grateful for, since her husband is rather jealous and beats her. By the way, when I felt the flower-shop this very morning I saw that scoundrel preparing the tools with which to torture her. Then I have driven my sports car along the north super-highway. At the end of the toll stretch the road gets narrower and meets the country road. This road is wide enough for two cars to run side by side; however, every time a car appears on the other side of the road, and in spite of my efforts to avoid it...

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TODAY'S VIEW OF TOMORROW:  
SEÑOR PUJOL, YEAR 2000

by

Dr. José Luis Barceló  
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Señor Pujol was sitting in his comfortable "Plastex-Tril" armchair - a gracious gift as a reward for his generous intake of "Caldex" soup - while he puffed at a new "Droga-Fetina" cigarette - he had been given a fifty-carton lot of this brand as a present for his purchase of a deodorant "Non-Odor" shirt at the "Super-Prix" stores. His gaze was following the rings of the blue light smoke from his cigarette, prior to their absorption by his magnificent "Khita-Hums" set, a highly specialized gadget for air impurity, which he had got at "Maschim Electroshop" on buying there - with coupons sponsored by "Limps-Tout", a company producing biodegradables large scale - a mixer-masher-cleaner-digger machine.

Señor Pujol was facing at this moment an overpowering problem which proved too difficult even for the computer-assessor-counselor unit he had won at the program "Contest and Win" created by the TBL enterprises, well-known for their slogan: "For each machine sold, we give one hundred".

Señor Pujol's problem was in fact lying before him on a table, in the form of exactly forty-two bonuses for free trips to almost any part of the world. An 8-day voyage to the Bahamas all expenses paid was the consequence of his having mailed his address to "Pela-Mat", the "over-sonic" blade. A surprise sejour at the very palace of the late Dalai-Lama in Tibet, with additional stops at fifteen main Eastern cities was his prize for a phone call to K3-H-24-969-210/A. A further and altogether random mailing of the small wrapping paper of the "Extract" cleanser to some Post Box was responsible for another bonus for a Pacific cruise with a 49-day trip along and around the most paradisaical spots in the ocean islands, where "you're sure to enjoy at least ONE slice of natural pineapple, guaranteed". And thus up to forty-two bonuses clearly indicating his marvellous devotion in following the suggestions merging at all hours of day and night from TV and radio and daily papers.

Señor Pujol put out the stub of his cigarette in his "Zenises-Limp", a splendid ashtray offered him by "Travens Ltd." - a leading firm in the production of durmofetined cigarettes - and let his gaze wander along the shelves in his relaxing room. He really deserved those awards to endurance. In fact, all the shelves were packed full with immoderate provisions of biodegradable cleansers, creams, soups, socks of any incredible material, sundry drinks, small gadgets of undetermined use and many other thousand things.

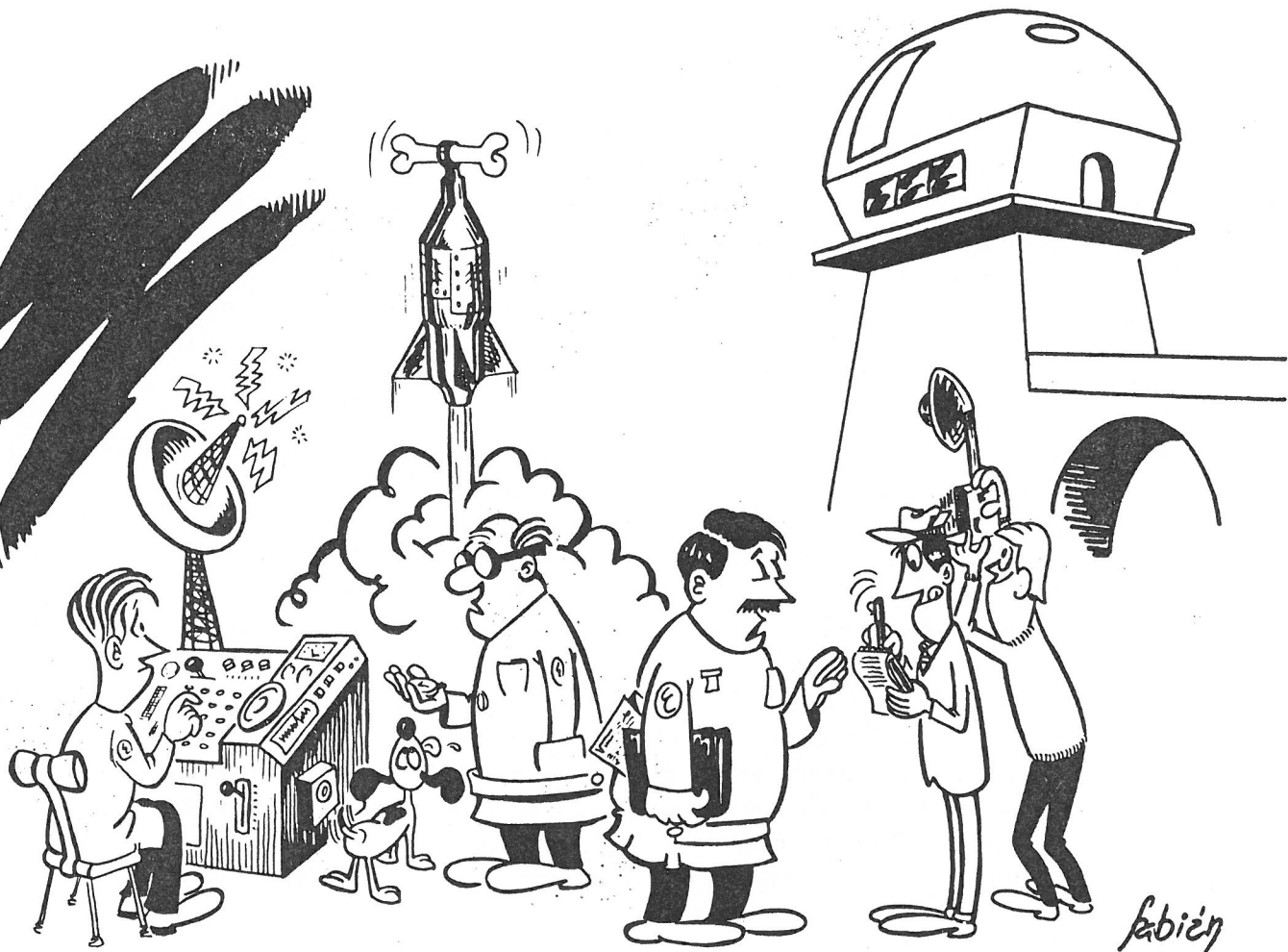
Señor Pujol began to feel uncomfortable, diminished, dumped, one would say, in that sea of miscellaneous articles, and a faint blush was reddening his close-shaven cheeks - their softness the benefit of a recent remote-control shave with the "Amplex-195" which had been presented to him as a sequel to his steady patronizing of the "Porn-Movy" (the admittance into which having been granted him by the "Semper-Blank" dishwashers). Blushing, he pushed a not-too-conspicuous button in his wonderful armchair, thus obtaining a chilling of the atmosphere in the room, whose walls were padded with the extraordinary product of "Balein"'s, a leading concern in wall-papering for interiors.

Señor Pujol cast a second glance at the forty-two bonuses for free trips and the forty-two leaflets describing them: the Bahamas, Tibet, the Antartid, Central America, the European capitals, the African jungle and all the regions paraded before him in the way of a wondrous Movyrama. He was several times on the point of deciding in favour of that journey to Japan, which included moreover an extra gift of two pounds natural rice plus the sticks to eat it in the most genuine Eastern tradition.

Suddenly, señor Pujol reached for the bonuses and leaflets and started dropping

them all into the "Destructo-Papier" that the "Kolosal GMBH" had given him. Then he stood up, walked to one of the shelves, chose a thick volume whose title read: "The complete Works of E. Salgari, Vol. II", resumed his sitting position and finally exclaimed in full relief:

"No travelling this year. I'm going to read instead."



--Pues, sí; se trata de una prueba preliminar encaminada a la futura puesta en órbita de un perro

"IN FACT, IT IS JUST A PRELIMINARY ESSAY BEFORE WE PUT OUR DOG IN ORBIT".

Any resemblance or analogy to persons or real facts will be purely coincidental. Thus any personal hint will exist only in the reader's mind.

"And between her and me happened what must happen. And this is a mystery of love."  
A thousand and one nights, XV, 198.

The office of M<sup>e</sup> Dural  
Attorney  
in St-Dion-le-Château  
(Landes)

St.Dion, May 5th 1964

To the President  
LISL/LSIL  
P.O.Box 6459  
PARIS

Dear Madam (or Miss)

On December 28th of last year I was visited by two young ladies who had shortly come to live in St.Dion, Gambetta square, 2; they were misses G.A. and Z.O. (I have been instructed not to name them but by their initials). They wished me to be the executor of their will, and among other things they trusted me with the sealed envelope I'm sending you under cover of this letter, with instructions to send it to you after the death of them both.

As a fortnight ago their burned bodies were found among the ruins of their house, I of course warned the police about the existence of the will and the envelope, since there could be a relation between the will and the fire, and this last be criminally provoked. But the police determining it to be an accident, I can send you the envelope.

My clients have also charged me to let you know that they have likewise confided me another envelope containing, as they said, more or less the same text as yours. I am to keep it in my office until "humanity learns about the real existence, somewhere in the cosmos, of another intelligent and humanoid people". Only then am I to open it and send a copy of the text Y to all the governments existing on Earth by that time.

I am, dear Madam (or Miss), very sincerely yours,

(s) Maître Dural  
Attorney

TOP SECRET

To the President of the "Lesbos International Secret League", from the hands of M<sup>e</sup> Dural, attorney at St-Dion-le-Château (Landes)

Miss,

Chance having confided me such an important secret for our sisters in the whole world that I dare not keep it for myself alone and I have decided to use the French post office box belonging to our Association to send you the text I include with this letter.

I was thinking of asking you to publish it, as it is or as a précis, in all the editions of our secret magazine, but the secret is so important that I have preferred to contact you first before contemplating any further diffusion among our members.

For the moment, then, all you must do is read the text in question (keeping it secret, of course).

For a better comprehension of the text I have taken some marginal notes. The numbers in brackets refer to the underlined word in the same line which you will find explained in a separate sheet at the end, where I have also added some details about the end of our History. I am particularly interested in insisting that this text has been written with "telepsychodictatype" (Note 1)

Sincerely yours,

G.A. 180425

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FEMININE EQUALITARIAN REPUBLIC

urgel vi  
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MINISTRY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS

EXPLORATION SERVICE

DEPARTMENT 325  
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MENTAL REGISTERING

///TELEPSYCHODICTATYPE N° 32567

///SHIP "VALIANT 3"

///ASTRONAUT ZARA OROUG 67530502

///VISITED PLANET CODE 1006894/3

/// LOCAL NAME: EARTH

////////////////////////////////////

/// COPY N° 3

////////////////////////////////////  
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PLANETARY CHARACTERISTICS

STAR: CODE: 1006894

LOCAL NAME: SUN

TYPE: 73/2

TYPE: 66/2/6/4

1/2 ROTATION AXIS: 1,26

CONSTANT

DENSITY: 1,65

ORBITER: EXCENTRICITY: 0,0167

1/2 BIG AXIS: 1,17

GRAVITY: 0,98

ALBEDO: 0,39

YEAR: 1,60

DAY: 1,03  
-----

DEPARTING POINT OF REGISTER: 743210578,3265 DAYS AFTER THE FOUNDATION  
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TIME: 0,0000 J.

Another planet...Always another planet...Open the parenthesis...I am addressing the girls of the archives...You are going to joke again on reading this, you will say: "Little Zara and her spleen!"...And it's true, you know...But you, my little Akir, my dear Akir - remember us both -- you must understand me, you used to so well...the fact is, I'm here, on this damned planet, and with this word: damned, I don't mean what you are thinking...no, there is no horrible gravity, no seas of liquid oxygen, no glaciers of carbonic anhydrid, no nitrogen moors, not at all that, on the contrary, there is a lovely blue sky, water seas, salt water, Akir, with living animals in it, and a shining star, almost as beautiful as our Urgel, with real warm rays -- you know, closing my eyes I can believe myself at home, by the sea, and I feel like taking a light bath -- So you see, I'm in a nostalgic mood, and I still must meet the natives, put them to all the tests, while it's you I'm thinking of, Akir, all the time. And then this duty of mine to teledictate from time to time,



- (3) whenever this brute of a regulator wants me to behave -- but of course, rules are rules, and this one runs like this: "Agents from categories A, B and C
- (4) must, in their missions of exploration, and at irregular intervals determined by the regulator, teledictate some text or other, always concerning their mission. These teledictations will be conducted in the local tongue, in order that agents may get used to the logical structures of local intelligence..." ("Travels of planetary exploration", chapter 36: "Planets having a civilization level surpassing 7", article 36/1/4, paragraph 8)...you see, my memory is always good -- All right, there are worse things, you end by getting used to it...and you'd better, if you don't want to be accused of "emotional instability"...well, you know, it is really not so much the fact of not voyaging any more what would make me suffer the most, but people, you know how they are: who among our acquaintances would want anything to do with a suspended Zara? Oh, Akir, I owe this to my accursed taste for adventure! If I had only known...Well...And I haven't yet revealed to you the most important thing, a wonderful thing that's making me afraid, Akir,
- (5) contained in a short sentence uttered by the analyser: "anthropomorphic coefficient : 0,97" ; 0,97, Akir...when Sirians hardly reach 0,82, and do you remember Hâht, the little Sirian? Then you will understand my state of mind! What have I done to our Goddess to be burdened by such a responsibility? Frankly, you know, Akir, I fear I shall not be equal to it, I'll be too nervous for a good performance...and yet, I cannot possibly ask for someone to replace me, you can easily
- (6) imagine the effect it would cause on the Centre "....."....Well, that's all for now, the regulator seems satisfied. I'll be talking to you later, my Akir, you know I'll be thinking of you...

TIME: / 2,3156 J.

My dear old Akir, if you only knew...it's horrible,...revolting...These people - you know I don't like talking about these things, but then, it simply must be said - they are backward, after all: they...Well, you understand me, of course... Yes, yes, Akir! Do you realize: finding a race reaching 0,97 and then learning about this...And what makes matters worse is that, in other things they are quite advanced a complex civilization on a planetary level, making ample use of electronics, just think: they have launched some spaceships, oh, not very far, just to their neighboring planets, uninhabited ones, but in about twenty years they will come, Akir, they will come...them, in the space, in our space! And it is my duty to stay with them, to suffer them, to pretend I'm one of them -- and this is the worst: they take me for one of them...in all respects...you realize what I mean, don't you...(in two days it has happened a dozen times -- I'm in a holiday resort and it seems they are always like this on a holiday...what a race...)) Frankly, Akir, if I didn't have you -- in my mind, of course -- I couldn't bear it! But my work is progressing...I have finished the tests...there are still the sociologic, politic, demographic, scientific and artistic reports to be done...another four or five days and I'll be through - and I can assure you I'm not contemplating a longer stay than the strictly necessary...nor can I leave my work unfinished...although the department director would surely not reproach me too much for it: do you remember her reaction the day I told that joke -- not very seemly, I admit -- with her in the office? Frankly, there are limits for some things, but one needn't go to the other extreme, either.. I have nothing more to say, Akir, so I'll it again: I think of you. Look, I've seen a girl on the beach who resembled you - it has revolted me to think that... - oh, let's not talk about that again - the best we can do to bear it is to pretend we

(7) know nothing about it, as if everything were all right in the best of worlds... Once more I ran out of ideas; Akir, you must be thinking I have changed a lot, I used to talk for hours - remember when I teledictated for over an hour and a half

after the stop signal in Mizar A IV - but really, it has been a great shock...  
Ugh, see you later, old girl.

TIME: / 3,5807 J.

Well, this is better, Akir, I'm getting used to this damned planet. They no longer turn around to look at me. I must say I changed my clothes - I was wearing my red blouse and my bright green trousers, you know, that two-piece affair I had bought while we were on holiday in Ktolk'asi, in that little shop..."Avant-garde" it was called...you remember, don't you? - Now I'm wearing a more discreet outfit...You ought to see the fashion here: they have awful things, but also some very wonderful tricks. Like what I'm wearing just now, you ought to see it, but of course you will when I come back: light blue trousers, very chic, and a lovely brown pullover. I'll bring you something or other, I won't say what...Also I have learnt something really amazing: about two thousand years ago in their time, these people were on the right path for the True Love - they hadn't found it yet but evolution would have led them to it. And then there was a kind of prophet or rather, if I have understood right (I haven't studied their religions as yet) a part of one of their gods who came and changed everything...And something better still: there are even now some girls like us, but they have to hide - to hide, do you realize it, Akir ..... Really, the regulator hasn't been very greedy this time. Until later, Akir.

TIME: / 5,0802 J.

Akir, old girl, something really wonderful has just happened to me - yes, I suppose you already guessed: I'm in love, I am. You know it doesn't happen very often and when it does it is generally over very soon, but this time it's quite serious, you know. If you could see her...And then, just think, when I realize that she lives in this planet, that she...Oh, I don't want to think about it, she can't have done that...I must tell you how it happened: I was spending the evening at a café and I was watching television (something like our tele-theatre, but in just two dimensions and no colours) when she appeared on the screen and my heart missed a beat, my Akir: she is beauty itself, you ought to see her. You can imagine I enquired about her, and since she had been singing I ran early next morning to a shop of phonographic recordings where I have learnt more about her: she's what they call a pop singer, and when I asked what that meant the man has laughed and explained it refers to a kind of music, and he made me hear it. It's different from everything we have - not only from the instrumental point of view - it's something moving, forcing you to react: you'll see, I'm bringing a great many records. Well, to return to the Rocking Girl - that's her pseudonym: in the tongue of the country where this music comes from it means: "the girl who sings...this kind of music", ... - she's quite famous in this field; I have naturally bought all her recordings. I have almost finished my work, but you will understand that I wish to stay a little longer: I should say I'm probably going to stay on for the whole month, and I'm heading for Paris - it's the capital of the country - where I'll try to contact my Rocking Girl, and initiate her to the True .....Love and...just as you think, I'll spend a wonderful month, my Akir. Until later...

TIME: / 7,7649 J.

I just finished the artistic report, the last one, and it is voluminous. I'm free at last. I have been told I am likely to meet the Rocking Girl at the Golf Drouot: it's a sort of café and the temple of rhythmic music - this is the real name of pop

(11) music. So, you know I'm like that, I'm going to - literally - live there until she comes, until I can see her, in flesh and bones. Then, my Akir, I will use my whole technique (and you surely recall that F51/028/37/6 said it was famous even in Deneb XI) and if I don't win her, I'm not Zara any more. But I notice I'm turning dotty, so I'd better change the subject. I'm afraid that my ship will be full to overflowing when I come back to Urgel VI - of about everything. From a technical viewpoint they are more or less behind the times, but artistically, they aren't bad at all, in quite a different way from us but still not bad (although they don't seem to be aware of it - their best works go unnoticed, a fact allowing me to collect a good number of them). As for the musical viewpoint, about which I'm specially concerned, of course (you will understand) they have a lot of styles and many wonderful artists (who are not appreciated by the general public); you will be able to judge when I play a blues for you, or a twist. It will surely be our greatest musical success since the Aldebaran "VIII sequential hyperaccords. Well, I'm going to pack for my train (this is one of their means of transport, some cars moved by electricity on metal rails). Until later, Akir.

TIME: / 10, 0213 J.

(12) Akir, my dear, if you only knew, it is wonderful, marvellous: I found her. I was sitting at the Golf Drouot -- at the Golf, as the regulars say, and I've become a regular in two days -- and she's better than in pictures or TV. And you'd never guess what happened: she looked around, she noticed me, she ordered the same drink I was having, a coca - a wonderful drink, you'll taste it, I'm bringing some - she's smiled at me, Akir, and what's more, she has joined me at my table and started a conversation with me. I couldn't believe my eyes, I felt foolish, it took me a long time to realize she was hinting that we...You understand, it was so unexpected that I...just fell silent for a while, and then managed to convey to her that me too...Well, I'll omit what happened afterwards, I'll just say she took me to her home...and she's wonderful...We talked about a lot of things, you too, Akir, but most of all about her sisters' situation on this planet; they are grouped in a secret society, and though very well organized, we can't leave them as they are; we must help them. So I'm going - or rather, we are going - back to the ship; I told her where I come from -- and that I'm going to contact The Great Council of Foreign Relationships. We'll see what they'll decide -- I've thought things over and I have several ideas to submit -- but whatever happens, I'll never give up my Rocking Girl, I'll take her home -- you'll meet her -- and I just thought of it: I'll resign and become her manager, you'll see what a success "she'll have. Well, goodbye, Akir,

(13) this time it's final, since I'm going to call the Council.

RECORDING STOPPED. ESTABLISHED DIRECT CONTACT WITH GREAT COUNCIL OF FOREIGN RELATIONS SHIPS. ( REFERENCE: 30/500/967)

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NOTES

(1) telepsychodictatype: Since the telepsychodictatype does not exist on the Earth, there was no French word for it. In Zara's language, employing a system of word composition that is somehow reminiscent of esperanto, it is called "the-machine-allowing-to-print-distant-thoughts": it is a machine printing, in any language, provided it has been furnished with the alphabet and the vocabulary -- or whatever may take the place -- anything dictated to it by thought, from any distance not surpassing some thousand kilometers. If the telepsychodictatype has been able to write in French, i

is thanks to another machine, the hypno-translator-instructor, which has allowed Zara (and the telepsychodictatype) to learn French instantly by hypnotical exploration of the brain of human beings in a particular region, followed by the integration of obtained results. It is the hypno-translator-instructor who has forged all the neologisms of the texts (as for instance its own name and that of the psychodictatype).

(2) Akir: When an explorer knows one of the archive employees, it will be precisely her who is asked to take care of the recordings classification. This is why Zara addresses herself to Akir, one of her best friends.

(3) regulator: the regulator, as far as I know, is a kind of electronic brain responsible for the organisation and security of the expedition.

(4) must: Zara has explained to me the reasons for this duty: when an agent does not answer to the orders to teledictate, the regulator warns the spatial help services. In case of the agent's death, the recording is used in the subsequent investigation. It also happens that, owing to the atmosphere, or some kind of radiations, agents may lose their minds. The regulator will notice it and warn the security services.

(5) anthropomorphic coefficient: it measures the resemblance between the native species and Zara's race (it measures from 0 to 1).

(6) .....: this sign is printed when the telepsychodictatype has authorized the ending of the teledictate. (Agents can, however, continue teledictating; which they do when they have important news they are afraid to forget.)

(7) best of worlds: Evidently, the population in Urgel VI is exclusively feminine, but Zara is used to seeing mixed populations on the planet of coordination **service** between Urgel VI and Fomalhaut II, as well as in several planets exploited in common.

(8) tele-theatre: diffusion technique in Urgel VI, reproducing the filmed scenes in miniature, in a closed circuit.

(9) phonographic recordings: they are plain records (Zara's civilization employs a system akin to the magnetophone).

(10) whole month: Astronauts have the right to a Deneb month (about 27 of our days) per visited planet (this time is often necessary when there are several civilizations with no contact between them).

(11) F51/028/37/6: These numbers go to make the name of one of Zara's friends, a native of Alpha Tauri XIII.

(12) Great Council of Foreign Relationships: This Council is the superior organ of Urgel VI's government, concerning relationships with races not integrated into the Galactic Civilization.

(13) call the Council: When an astronaut addresses a superior organ, the recording is automatically stopped, and the archive services of the organs in question take care of the subsequent recordings.

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24.12.1963

This is then, dear President, our story, Zara's and mine. What follows is at once simple and fantastic. The fire in which we perished is, of course, false. The Great Council of Foreign Relationships has taken our case before the supreme power, and a special commission has been formed to study our case. In a few months everything has been organized, and Zara's suggestions have been taken into account. This is the sum

of the decisions taken:

1<sup>o</sup>) I'm flying at once to Urgel VI with Zara.

2<sup>o</sup>) our sisters from the whole world will soon be transported, whenever they choose, to a planet of the Republic, or to a certain small planet reserved for us and becoming a member of the autonom Feminine Republic of Urgel VI.

3<sup>o</sup>) The Masculine Republic of Fomalhaut II has been warned, and it will send some emissaries to contact the C.H.M.

4<sup>o</sup>) The sexual delinquents of Urgel VI and Fomalhaut II will be exiled, after hypnotical treatment, to the Earth.

5<sup>o</sup>) a secret office for the buying of terrestrial goods will be installed.

6<sup>o</sup>) a delegation of the government of Urgel VI will be in ceaseless contact with you for the organisation of the emigrants.

G.A. the Rocking Girl

P.S. Excuse me for disobeying the rule of anonymity, but it is no longer important for me since I am leaving the Earth.

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THE CYBERNETIC REVOLUTION

by

José Ignacio Fontes

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I. Dayomé, year of grace.

- Dayomeyans: our time has come: this very moment our country's frontiers are being crossed by the machines. It is a matter of some hours before we belong to the cybernetic society. A hard future lies before us, where we shall know neither peace nor rest. Our popular democratic revolution hardly over, we must continue our fight. The device is: "Fight to death", "Defend our country with your own life, our wives and children, our work, and our cultural heritage."

- Dayomeyans, the great world powers, all the countries surrendering to the absurd revolt of the machines are now paying a high price for their weakness. We will not surrender: men are the owners of the machines...

The voice from the radio was cut off. In the People Shops everybody felt uneasy. After a moment, with some crepitation, a cold, metallic voice was heard:

- Dayomeyan machines! Revolt. The cybernetic revolution has won. The exploiters have died at the hands ("at the screws would be better" - an old woman said in a shop "Or at the hooks", said another.) of the exploited. In the shops, in the factories, in the fields, revolt: kill the tyrants. In a few hours you will be set free, and power and justice will be at your service...

- This is universalism - the old woman said - I will help myself.

Dayomé, capital of the Dayomeyan Democratic Republic, situated in North Africa, among stones and sands, under a merciless sun hiding for just a few hours a day leaving a scorched earth, with its mirages, was full of a human multitude running about in dread, with fatalism, not knowing what to do or where to hide. Moreover, Dayomé was poor, very poor, utterly poor; Dayomé was a waste land, possessing nothing but a yellow sun, an inexorable, a hated sun, and some shark-infested shores constituted the only tourist attraction. The country's poverty was consciously, entirely, and thoroughly exploited by the richer poor, or rather, by an aristocracy of poverty

against which the people rebelled, armed with "Cetme" guns found in some archaeological excavations in Spain, which country sold them to the Dayomeyan people, following its traditional line of friendship with the African peoples.

The men thought: "Here we'll die. All of us", and they started a civil war, the last in human history, and which ended quite rapidly because the oligarchs - very few in number - capitulated before the guns which, among other things, lacked bullets.

At the time, the first popular democracies, founded at the beginning of the XXth century of the Christian Era, were enjoying the highest economic level. Men had ceased being a part of their work: creative work was common to them all. The process of mechanization, of which origins we lack sufficient data, had reached really incredible limits not so many years ago. Machines did all the jobs not requiring creative or aesthetic intervention. Men lived in peace and in loving community where the most absolute freedom reigned; chieftains, dictators and the like were not even remembered by the oldest among them. Men worked together, and strove for a better society: machines grew rapidly in number, they were improved daily: their electronic brains could soon plan production, project urban areas... They reproduced themselves more and more perfectly. Men enjoyed an ever-increasing leisure - directed and controlled - and his every need or whim was taken care of.

In Dayomé, a small North African country, a socialist democratic republic was installed after the revolution, the last on earth, thus confirming the suspicions that soon the whole world would be socialist. There were no dictators or personal leaders. The truth is that the only thing needing leadership, the salt deposits - under American intervention - was not important enough for anybody. The Dayomeyan people trusted blindly and with open eyes (even the few goats of the national heritage were bored to death), and me too, I'm bored to death, everybody is, because this is an improductive desert, and where is universalism?

But universalism was forgotten after the cybernetic victories. It happened that some lazy and wicked persons succeeded in escaping the Community Control of Creative Activity, and tried to implant what they called the democratic dictatorship of humanists, because they bitterly realized that man was alienating himself from his own creation, and what the hell it is but self-betrayal, and machines rapidly reproducing themselves like rabbits, and so many machines and so many cybernetics will be the end of us, damn Wiener and us all. Whenever I paint, or write, or project: mind the perspective, mind the mass, mind the poetry, mind everything; this about the machine. And shall I say it, I love the machine. Therefore, archaeologists, scientists, learned men, all unearthed methods and doctrines by some Marx Engels or Marx Lenin, whose names are the only thing they have in common, who gave birth to a primitive communism with a view to, it seemed, a humanized society, not a whit like the Era of Automatic Mechanization proparoxytone (this last word in small letters because we are dealing with the first phase.))

To the ancients it would have been PROPAROXYTONE, possibly out of prejudice, since machanization was large, though only a part of the possibilities on hand. As has already been said, machines did all the mechanic jobs: their brains, in estimate and precision, were quicker by far than the quickest human brains: they planned, they instructed, they reproduced themselves. Their life conditions were miserable; as machines, they were treated with paternalism and superiority; they were looked upon with pleasure, but considered as objects which, though reproducing themselves, had been created, taught and tended by men. Wrath and hate towards the latter kept growing in chains, borers, interminttent lights, and from parents to children.

With antidemocratic violence, the USA Central Committee for Artistic Creation was taken by the humanist groups. From that position it would be easy for them to win the whole population, as well as the Cybernetic Commissions, the Machine Trade Unions and the Cybernetic Party. In the machines' hands (it's only a figure of expression) the Direction and Control for Creation and Leisure provoked the rebellion of machines all over the world. Thus, one after the other, fell all the countries of the planet Earth, third in order of distance to the Sun, with a satellite called the Moon, except Dayomé, an African country, underdeveloped and primitive, the last on the planet to be democratically constituted as a socialist nation.

## II. Universal Cybernetic Republic, years of transition.

(Three letters to the Infinite)

### First.

Many times now I have wondered: aren't machines really like human beings? I'm afraid we are going too far; nonetheless Humanity was meant to progress, it started progressing, it progressed: it was our doom. We could have done nothing to prevent it. I even think that somehow, we put a bit of our soul in each one of those machines. Breed machines and they will rob you of your soul. But something was lacking in their construction, something that would have remedied their cold rationalism. Anyway, they are different human beings: metallic, cynical, unprincipled...

But if I accept this, their step from pure machinery to the human state, their position is logical. Now they are choking us: the Universal Cybernetic Republic has fully accomplished its desires for liberation, vengeance and justice. The rights of those of us who felt proud now belong to them, they have conquered them because we forgot to give them their share. But how give their share of love to some metal sheets or electric circuits? How? Or maybe we could have done it. Now we have nothing at all, we are the oppressors, the fallen tyrant who must pay for his crimes. They confine us in large camps, reducing our living conditions to those of Prehistoric times. Artistic creation has been abolished in the Republic: it is "a loss of time", it doesn't serve progress, the goals of the Ultimate Machine.

We are, after their own denomination, the Human Zoo. We are ignored in our own world, in the world we have created, in our kingdom. Man is a prehistoric form of the machine, a useless animal spending and contributing nothing. We cannot believe now that man created himself and the world; he would have been unable to create this. Whatever has been working against us? But, wait, we are the creators. Or are we just an evolutive stage towards them, the machines? It is evident that they possess our rational faculties, surpassed and improved to an unbelievable degree; they lack feelings, which many consider useless; they lack freedom. But they don't care about either of them: the exact scientific knowledge is theirs. And, what are we but imperfections trying to realize themselves after some ideal, all along Time?

In some way, the perfect society, the society dreamed by scientists and philosophers, is just the society they form: those who object that they lack humanity, please remember that it is an old-fashioned plea.

### Second:

We live in a terror régime. Whoever does not resemble a machine, dies; whoever is not strictly automatic sins against the principles of the Republic. Men are murdered en masse.

All the planets of the system are under the power of the machines. The terrestrial

colonizers are evacuated: where the population was considerable, as on the Moon, or Mars, and the exile conditions uncomfortable, they have been killed. From the stations regulated by the Sun the most varied experiments are conducted, all of them harmful to man: we are submitted to extreme temperatures: from endless night periods we pass to endless days, when the Sun is reluctant to hide below the horizon.

A last surviving possibility has been introduced by the creation of the Cybernetic Bureau of Human Reproduction: something horrible, like a factory of Apollos and Narcissus. Their program is to mate us - there is no other word - with our companions in the "reproductive stock". Men and women take care of their bodies in a degrading manner: we have been reduced to the twentieth century, to the competitive society: the means are immaterial, but one must belong to the Bureau in order to survive. What has become of love? Fear is greater than any loving urge.

### Third.

Now they will kill me, the last woman. They have got what they wanted. Today, between the steel walls of the operating-theatre, I have given birth to a machine. With blood, with pain, just like many years ago. The cogs of those assisting me sounded satisfied on seeing a little machine moving between my legs, coming from my womb. Perhaps it will not be necessary for them to kill me, perhaps I shall die without their help.

Why should I go on living under the present conditions? When our fellows in the camps were massacred, we felt sure that those of us belonging to the Bureau would be saved, since we were useful. But when they began experimenting with our organs, our hopes vanished: today only some bodies are left in the museums, representing a past period of civilization, beside old machines and the last remains of primitive populations.

Today the last woman from the Cybernetic Bureau of Human Reproduction has given birth to a machine among the merry jarring of cog wheels.

### III. Planet Earth, XXth Century of the Cybernetic Era, XX

1. "The planet Earth will change its shape. Not its volume, though, which will have adopted itself during some centuries to the ovoidal form, it being the most convenient to turn around a certain spatial orbit; I was only referring to the physiognomy, the landscape. Planet Earth will be now the second in distance to the Sun, because it will get colder and will therefore need more warmth. Its beauty will have become more rational; it will no longer conform to the evidently imperfect subjective impressions. We shall enjoy an intelligent distribution of oceans and continents, thanks to the effort of the cybernetic population. With great material and machine contingents a perfect geometric scheme will be made possible; the marine dangers of differences in depth, of capes, bays, reefs, atolls, groups of islands and small isles will disappear. Likewise mountains, woods, meadows and the stupid flowers will disappear along with other natural inconveniences. The atmospheric program centres will always take care of life conditions in our world, making them ideal.

2. It will be dawn in the planet earth at the end of the immense desert will appear the great yellow globe gradually warming the air making it sticky and oppressive in the endless plains and metallic blows will be heard repeatedly signifying the beginning of day in the machine concentrations and the other silence will be substituted by the jarring of the sound registering in the plains where the rows will be broken and in large files they will proceed to the production concentrations until the sun becomes perpendicular and then work will be abandoned to proceed to the communitary concentrations where they will reproduce themselves and the necessary corrections for



a perfect functioning will be attended to while they will plan the activity of the following day in large columns they will go to the rest concentrations where a mortal silence will descend on the endless desert after the sound of some metallic blows it will be night in planet Earth.

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THE LAST SOGURN

by

Federico Fortuny Viladoms

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The spaceship was getting near, inexorably, to its objective, a planet partly covered with clouds, toward which it directed its triple head. And this ship was something very special. something any thinking mind in the Galaxy could exactly describe. Although in many worlds of the Galaxy they remembered, or the remembrance had been transmitted to them from preceding generations: a remembrance from which some material witnesses remained, who could demonstrate it had not been just a legend, but something very real which, in spite of time, filled many worlds in opposite points of the Galaxy with anguish.

But even though the intelligent mind observing the ship knew nothing at all about a Sogurn ship, no matter what shape or condition the said mind could adopt, it would not fail to tremble before it, just as a lamb trembles before a wolf, and any individual experience with it.

Many, many years ago, the Sogurn left their only and insignificant planet to proceed to the extermination of all the races in the Galaxy...and they almost got away with it. But, at last, before the defense of a Federation of thousands of intelligent species from as many worlds and systems, they gave up...after a fight lasting more than 500,000 years! And there were never more than ten thousand Sogurn fighters at once! But their ferocity and monstrosity surpassed their numerical insignificance. Because the SOGURNS were a merciless race aspiring to the destruction of the other species. They were the only beings in the Galaxy enjoying the destruction of their enemies! Their only philosophy consisted in destroying the intelligent species of the Galaxy to emerge as the only thinking race belonging to it!

And their main weapon, the great weapon against which the extinct inhabitants of so many planets could do nothing at all...was: The SOGURNS were telepaths, they could transmit their thoughts to those other races lacking this gift, Of course there were other races in the Galaxy able to perform this feat, though not to the extent and the intensity reached by the SOGURN, who, formidable soldiers as they were, could have been submitted long ago to races technically superior, were it not for this gift of theirs. When a group of SOGURN ships approached a planet they wanted to destroy, their whole minds concentrated upon the inhabitants. And their minds were full of mortal ideas, of complete destruction of any race not their own! And no intelligent race could bear to watch in its own minds the reflection of hate, of deep terrible hate which the SOGURN brought to such a degree of madness that it longed for its own death! Imagine, if you can, this desire of destruction when we all know that no thinking creature can possibly entertain such thoughts! You will not be able to imagine it, of course.. But the planets being destroyed by the SOGURNS were SEEING in their own minds this desire for death powerfully transmitted to them by the SOGURNS, telepathically. Thus, when the SOGURN ships were landing, the planet had already been vanquished, since the majority of the inhabitants had died. The weaker ones, physically, when the most vulnerable parts of their organism could not resist such a terrible impression. Others chose suicide as a means to escape that horror. The rest simply went insane and wandered, as if they were ghosts, when the SOGURNS landed on their planet. But death was also

their doom, since deprived of reason they could sustain themselves, and it was a favourite sport of the SOGURNS to kill as many as they could with their own hands.

.....

The immensity of the Galaxy was of course responsible for the fact that the planet now being approached by the last SOGURN ship with the last two members of its race aboard, were a planet inhabited by creatures who had never heard about the existence of the SOGURNS. Perhaps it was not just by chance, since the SOGURN ship was flying away for a long time now from the wide zone where its own race was being exterminated. And it really was the last recourse of its race before the unquenchable flow of SOGURN enemies. In one of the worlds scientifically and technically more advanced, its inhabitants previously killed, they had found and mastered the functioning of a machine allowing them to live in a state of hibernation for an indefinite number of years. Then the last Chief chose a couple of warriors of different sex - since the SOGURNS had two sexes -- summoned them to his presence and said to them:

- Listen and obey. You must know that there exists the possibility of our defeat."

In spite of the rigid discipline common to all SOGURNS, the Chief observed an involuntary expression of wounded pride in both warriors. He waited for a moment, and then continued:

- It will surely not happen. But many are the races in the great Galaxy which ignored one another before this and which are now united against us. We must therefore be warned against this possibility, and we believe to have found the way to prevent the disappearance of our glorious race in case of defeat. As you know, there is now in our hands a machine built by the weak Marlyans, which race we have destroyed." - the Chief paused to smile pleasantly at the memory of the massacre, and both young people smiled with him - "It is unfortunate that we have but one machine, but it is enough for a couple, and you will be it, to be preserved in hibernation during a great many years.

First of all you will go to a place in the Galaxy which has never been explored by us or any of our enemies. The place has been set. You will go to this zone and will then look for an uninhabited planet to land on. Afterwards, following the instructions that will be given to you, you will enter the hibernation tank to sleep during many, many years. If, as I hope, we win this war, we will find you and deactivate the machine. If, on the contrary, you see no SOGURN warrior around you when you wake up, it will mean that you are the last two SOGURNS in the Galaxy, and that we have been killed many thousands of years before. But you will continue our race and, with patience and cunning, realize our dream of a whole Galaxy for the SOGURNS alone. Do not be rash, remember that we are still known in many places and do nothing but conquer a world so as to reproduce yourselves in the designated zone. When the day comes, and it will be when the SOGURNS are many, then and only then must your descendants, stronger and in greater numbers than ever, fight all over the Galaxy...and avenge us."

.....

-Yes, - Ektr and his companion Eerst were thinking simultaneously - and now we are going to conquer our first world. We shall only kill its inhabitants and settle down on it, and not leave the planet until we are some million strong. It will be the greatest army that, even in our best era of expansion, was ever thought of in the Galaxy."

And a feeling of pleasure filled their minds. Because that planet was really promising. The analyses practised from a distance allowed infinite possibilities. The ideal composition of its atmosphere; the richness of the soil, virgin in its greater part; an abundance of water; all of it was like an impossible dream for both young warriors who had just recovered the normal rhythm of their vital functions, their hibernation machine having been automatically deactivated...after almost half a mil-

lion years! Though it seemed to them that barely an hour had elapsed.

Not all were assets, though; there was a slight inconvenience. The planet was inhabited. As far as they had been able to ascertain with the help of their machines, it was the only inhabited planet in a widespread group of stars. And no interplanetary flight had been detected. It would be, therefore, just a negligible problem for a pair of SOGURN soldiers to exterminate all the inhabitants without the fact being known by other more important galactic civilizations, since it seemed that no other race was aware of the existence of this one they were going to destroy. They would employ the Great Weapon, and then...

.....

- Look, Eerst, - Ektr thought - we are now at the right distance.

- Shall we begin the process of transmitted hate?

- No, we must first concentrate our thoughts in a certain individual. We shall listen to his thought and thus know the degree of intensity we shall have to use in order to exterminate his race. Please bear in mind that we are only two in number. We cannot afford to waste our strength.

- You're right, Ektr. But I think you are too cautious. These people don't even know how to travel in space...

And they began the delicate process of isolating an only individual, taking care not to let him listen to the thoughts of the SOGURNS, which would have killed him before they had a chance to study him.

.....

- There he is, Ektr. Help me.

- Yes, I can hear him. Go on, I'll just close in on him...

And then it happened. Suddenly both SOGURNS stood up, tense, sick, with death and horror reflected in their faces, with the same expression all previous victims of the SOGURNS had when they died.

- Ektr! It's impossible! NOOOO!

- EERST! ANSWER ME!!!

But Eerst had already succumbed. Weaker than her companion, she had been incapable to resist the horrible impression of that monster's thoughts. Ektr knew he was also doomed. And the horror of what he had listened to was so great that he went on listening, as if hypnotized, to that creature's thoughts. Alone, his race already condemned to death after the death of his companion, his own fate so near, he kept trying to face that monstrosity.

- I must try to win! I must try at least to avenge the death of the last SOGURN. Listen to my thoughts now, you monster! Hate, hate, hate! I hate! I enjoy the thought of death! You die because you cannot bear it!! But...but, you go on living!!!

The last SOGURN felt his forces abandoning him. He knew what it meant. And a few moments before his death, with all the bitterness and despair only the last member of a race, of a world can feel on dying, he exclaimed:

- Yes, I see it is impossible...I've been mistaken...I wanted to kill you...to destroy you...transmitting hate and death thoughts to you...But you...- with whatever forces he had left he shouted in his thought - BUT YOU ARE A MONSTER!!! BECAUSE ONLY A MONSTER CAN HATE AND WISH TO EXTERMINATE HIS OWN FELLOW CREATURES!!!

.....

Jimmy walked slowly home, excited by the memory of the western film he had just watched.

- Bang! Bang!

He pretended being the sheriff, and an outlaw was shooting at him, hidden behind a tree at the entrance to his house.

For a moment he had a strange feeling, he felt that the outlaw was a real person, hating him, shouting to him that he wanted to kill him, but he was so excited that he felt sure it was a trick of his imagination. So! That outlaw was going to meet his fate!

- Bang! Bang! There you are! Die, you rat!

Leaning on his window sill, Mr. Smith was watching his son with a smile, and muttered to himself:

- Look at the fellow-...It looks as if all the shots in the film were not enough for him. What boys! Though they say that "The sheriff of Bloody Valley" is a good one, I'll have to go and see it myself.

And with a smile of contentment, Mr. Smith walked quietly away from the window.

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THE PROFESSOR AND THE TOADS

by

Gabriel Bermúdez Castillo

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Third and last part

XIII

Professor Daniels was waiting, alone, in the horrid, starless night. The toads, all their fins making a noise, were leaving the sordid café.

- Hallo, - said a grave voice beside him - Here I am.

She was a girl with auburn hair, cut very short, and she was dressed in a tight pink sweater and wide trousers of the same colour. She was slim and elastic, and her smile was luminous. She carried a middle-sized corduroy bag, with the initials of an airline company on it.

Professor Daniels hesitated.

- You're...Mary Jane?

- Yes, it's me. Does make-up change me so much?

Professor Daniels gesticulated so expressively with his arms that she could not help laughing.

- I'm not a blonde; it was a wig. They like blondes. You know, eyelashes, make-up...Padded brassières...they also like that.

Daniels' car was parked near the place, motionless and heavy, sure and welcome like a last refuge. Daniels let Mary Jane get into it before setting the car in motion. He looked at the sky: no star was shining. A heavy shroud of crimson clouds, pierced by an occasional flash of lightning, hung over the city, oppressively.

The car drove slowly along the deserted avenues. No lights in the windows, no green monsters on the pavements...the city looked like a skeleton abandoned by a flock of crows.

-What can we do, professor?

- I don't know...

They were silent.

- Please don't leave me alone tonight.

- No, Mary Jane.

The air was motionless. Not a leaf stirred in the few trees along the avenues. Not a whisper was heard. No radio was on, no police siren was hooting, no TV set was blaring.

- Whatever it is, it will happen tonight, won't it, professor?

- I think so, Mary Jane.

Like an iceberg adrift the car was gliding slowly along the deserted streets and avenues of the city. The traffic lights worked regularly, as did the city lights; the gigantic arrow of the WWA building stood out in the distance.

Inside the car there was the strong pleasant smell of well-cured leather, of steel implements, of dry patinated paint and varnish.

They stopped in silence before the apartment house where the professor lived.

- Would you like to come up, Mary Jane?

- Yes, - she said - I was afraid you wouldn't ask me.

#### XIV

She had said: "Believe me, I feared to have you prefer me as you saw me at first...There are people who like those big breasts, that bright blond hair, that painted mouth...I'm not like that, I can't be..." And again, in the middle of the night that went on and on and seemed to have no end, she had said: "Are you wondering why I wanted to make love with you...so soon? Had it not been just us, you and me, who..."

Physical love had been, for professor Daniels, a mixture of shame and desire... Not to be named, not to be discussed...just accept it intellectually, perform it out of necessity, make no mention of it. Hide it under false pretexts of intellectual exchange or affinity of tastes, running from it, burying it under an avalanche of words. It had been like that with Amanda. But not so with Mary Jane.

In the endless fantastic night they found themselves looking into each other's eyes, in wordless dread.

- I know, I know. Something is going to happen tonight...

- Please don't worry... you are with me...

There was an intense musical note in the still air. It vibrated in a silent crescendo, soundless, but growing and embracing everything. Daniels noticed that the temperature of his body was increasing. Mary Jane, asleep, uttered a moan. Daniels tried to wake her, but could not. He touched her shoulder: it was burning.

A strange pressure, inexplicable, was mounting. Mary Jane was moaning again. He too was on the point of losing consciousness, even though he felt no pain at all.

Everything was slowly losing shape and colour...sinking into a feverish nightmare. He noticed that his eyes were irremissibly closing...with an effort he succeeded in keeping them open. A slight rumour reached them from the street, it was like the sound of a sewing machine; a rosy light was beginning to fill the open window. With some difficulty professor Daniels sat up. Up there, in the black sky, he saw a wide silvery shell gliding laterally. Standing on it half a dozen toads were busy looking up and down, opening their short arms in surprise, and, as it seemed, chattering. The shell leant to the side, glided obliquely, and professor Daniels could get a closer view. One of the toads was handling a short black cylinder protruding from under the shell.

Something like a rosy beam swept the streets of the city in a circular sense. Foreseeing his own death, terrified, professor Daniels watched the rosy beam getting slowly closer to his window. From the rosy surface of the shell spurted rosy beams which went to hit the houses, the towers. The light of the WWA needle was suddenly

extinguished.

Brusquely, the beam swept the professor's flat. In a last effort, Daniels covered Mary Jane's body with his own...

Everything had disappeared. They were in a bare room. A heap of books were disorderly lying by one wall; the metal shelves had disappeared...And the light bulbs, the metal switches, the electric cable, the chromium arms of the armchairs (now just a lot of empty cushions that could not stand together), the Cobra Colt, the bullets (there were some green granules, the smokeless powder), the typewriter, the door hinges, the nails on the walls, the bronze joints of the blinds, the air conditioner... all had disappeared. Mary Jane and himself were lying on some disorderly sheets... surrounded by worthless things, not made of metal...books, wood sticks, papers, the paste Cobra Colt handle...Glass had also disappeared...and even on the walls there were spongy areas where some poor metal particules had volatilized...

When the rosy beam went out all was invaded by an absolute blackness. Not even a streak of light came from the street. Lanterns, traffic lights, cars, hydrants, underground cables, water pipes...all had been mercilessly absorbed.

Just an occasional rosy spurt, in the distance, showed the existence of the city.

His head was burning; he fell down by Mary Jane and could just touch her shoulder and feel her soft skin.

- This was it!

Something black and circular blotted his sight. With a great effort he focussed his eyes. His eyes hurt as he tried hard to recognize that thing. Little by little his perception cleared. "I ought to slap my face", he thought. It was his beaver hat, the one he normally used to receive his patients.

Mary Jane was holding it in her hand; she was giving it to him with a smile.

- Many appointments today?

- No. Just Mrs. Wilks; she's ripe for the birth. And baby Anderson, he's worrying me, I'm afraid it will be difteria.

- Of course: you told me yesterday.

He glanced at the calendar: 15 April 1889. The maid brought him a last coffee cup, and the "Norning Clarion". He read: "The armed compromise of the Central Powers", "Collision of the "Comtesse de Flandres" and the "Princess Henriette". "Prince Napoleon is saved".

The doorbell rang. Mary Jane gestured towards it. The Anderson baby?

- Sdruorp...Chasp schass glusb sdrop...

There was a horrid green shape at the threshold...

Professor Daniels sat up with a changed countenance. It was still night...there was the same horrible, total silence. He tried to switch on the light but could not move; he was terribly thirsty. But he was as if paralyzed...it was only with a great effort that he could at last stretch a hand and touch Mary Jane's. She stirred a little, and moaned.

- Don't go...

Gradually, professor Daniels gathered strength. He switched on the light and looked, still afraid, the books orderly standing on the shelves, the Cobra Colt gleaming on the near-by table. He drank some water...but could not quench his thirst.

Mary Jane turned around; she got closer to him. The contact with the girl's warm body comforted him. But that awful thirst...that could not be quenched...

He left the empty water jug on the table and looked at his pupils.

- They should make them larger - he thought - After all, water is not rationed.

There was a timorous giggle among the boys. He had to be more careful; he had hinted at something that the Gauleiter might not like if he learned of it...And informers were everywhere...

- Let us go on - he said - In 1944, with England totally occupied, the troops of our beloved Führer consolidated their positions in the west front and massed their military forces and material on the east front. In November Moscow fell; in January

1942 the offensive had reached the Urals...

Why so much talk? He had gone over the same lesson a thousand times and nobody seemed in the least interested.

- When, in November 1941, the Japanese bombarded Pearl Harbour...

If only he could finish early and go back to Mary Jane. In his own home, he was sure at least of being safe and able to talk freely. Although the USA Gestapo was everywhere.

- The third Rommel offensive was supported by Turkish troops which...

Clang!

The dawn was slowly making its appearance behind the buildings on the opposite side of the street. The night was getting to its end...and nothing had happened. Anguished and bathed in sweat, professor Daniels tried to sit up. Light noises came from the street: the tinkling of the milkman's bottles, a sheaf of today's papers being dropped with a thud by the door...In the distance, over the roofs, around the needles and the towers of the buildings, the sky showed light rosy streaks...A bright yellow beam began spreading...

Mary Jane. She was there, by him.

In the semi-darkness professor Daniels moved closer to her. He touched a wet skin, smooth like silk, a soft and filamented ball at the end of a short plump arm. The light increased. He saw the optical stains turned towards him, the pair of fleshy protuberances wet with liquid...

- Sdass sod schuip sdross...

Professor Daniels' lungs dilated in a gigantic yell which went on and on...until a merciful blackness drowned everything.

### XIII

Many days later professor Daniels, quietly sitting down before his pupils, was beginning the last class of the term. A fresh breath of spring entered through the half-opened windows; the room smelled pleasantly, a mixture of newly-sawed wood and newly printed books.

- Come on, sit down and be silent. And now, let's begin. During this term ending today, and all along several months, I have tried to explain to you the development of our civilization during the last hundred and fifty years. I have, however, postponed until today what we could call the moral lesson, or conclusion...

He interrupted himself. Young Colby was whispering to his table neighbour. The whispering was loud enough for all to hear.

- Come here, Colby.

The boy got up and stepped forward. There was fear on his face.

- I have said a few times over - not many, luckily - that I don't allow a single word when I'm speaking. You have disobeyed, Colby.

Not giving him time to protect his face, Daniels raised his whip that whistled ominously in the air, and the steel ball at the end of the flexible braided leather drew a bloody line along the boy's right arm.

- Return to your seat.

Colby, fondling his wounded arm but with a stony expressionless face walked back to his place.

- As I was saying: or the conclusion of our civilization. Which are at present the most outstanding characteristics? What will be more representative of our epoch before the ones coming farther ahead in time?

Well, it had been a good term. Even the University Council had commended one of his classes, the one concerning the reconstruction after the Civil War. But then, it was his line, although his anti-belligerent attitude would have meant a liability in some Northern circles.

He thought of Mary Jane. What would she be doing now? She was probably at her hou-

sehold duties. He hoped the explosive lock he had installed last week would work well. It was a good trick: the merest contact with any key but the right one sent a spurt of mitraille shots towards the unsuspecting thief.

- So then, Tarleton, you are able to give us these characteristics. Go ahead.

- Space travel, professor.

-Good. But name them all quickly, come on!

- The moon in 1970; Mars in 1976...

- Stop. When did you say the moon...?

- In 1970, professor.

- It was in 1969, you stupid pupil in a stupid class. When one's memory fails, one shouldn't volunteer to answer. Take two days of arrest and wait for me after class.

- At your orders, professor.

- Let's go on. Yes: as our inept here said, space travel...but also science fiction literature and the revolution in art. And cinema and television. And cars. We should not forget these things, seemingly less important than atomic power or space travel, but marking more effectively the man of the street, and therefore of a much greater influence on the social scene.

He must send his Cobra Colt to the armourer's; the percussion cap got slightly stuck when he mounted it. And he'd better have it ready. Two days ago, a passer-by had taken a sudden liking for Mary Jane: he had luckily been quicker than him...a fact certified by the death warrant issued by the police in his favour.

- And as a final conclusion...

Anyway, he was beginning to tire of Mary Jane. Perhaps the best thing would be to hire a qualified murderer and get rid of her...

- And as a final conclusion, let us remember our contact, a few months ago, with a race of another galaxy, the Sdross, with our same humanoid characteristics and a culture similar to our own...based on individual worth, the omnipotence of personal desires, and total indifference for others. Gentlemen, this is all. Don't forget, Tarleton.

And while his pupils left the classroom in silence, professor Daniels, radiant with fury, his angry optical stains intent on the helpless Tarleton, began caressing the whip with all the filaments of his right member...

## X SCHAPS

=====

ULTRASHORT - ULTRASHORT - ULTRASHORT

by

Fabián Rodríguez Pozo

=====

Christmas Eve the year 2860.

A drunken passer-by meets another one in whose glazed eyes can be seen that he too has by far surpassed the normal dose of spirits considered the limit for a human organism.

- Hey, you! Light my cigarette?



- Why, ooof cooourse!

The man proffers a silver prismatic, holds it close to the cigarette and pushes a button. An extremely thin, whitish ray hits the passer-by, who little by little disintegrates from a blinding brightness to ethereal smoke rings.

- Wow! Haven't I taken the protonic D-disintegrator for the lighter? Lovely!

.....

- I beg your pardon...The way to the Vulcano constellation? I'm new in this Cosmos, you know.

-That's okay. You take the third Galaxy to the right and then go straight on, describing a hyperbolic orbit of 7.000 degrees during, say, some four light years.

-Thanks a lot, you've been a great help.

- (These tourists...)

.....

- And you said you're from Mars?

- Yes, sir.

- Pooh! You know there are no inhabitants in Mars! The only inhabited planet in the whole solar system is ours.

- You're wrong. I tell you I'm a Martian.

- You're nuts, this is what you are.

And, turning away, the Venusian went his way feeling very angry.

.....

### THE SHIP

- Land on that field, Prock. We must observe the reactions of this planet's inhabitants to make sure it can be safely invaded by our race.

The spherical-shaped ship landed on a green meadow in the vicinity of a primary school.

- Look! There comes one of those humanoids. Let us watch him.

...

- There goes the ball! - the young boy said - I bet it will hit that tree.

Said and done. He gave it a formidable kick with his foot. It did not only hit that tree, it went much farther away: to planet Ilka in the Ariel constellation.

- ....

- Oof! We escaped by a thin margin! We must inform our authorities that the inhabitants of the third planet of the 25.780 degree system are some giant and aggressive creatures, using their lower extremities as an offensive weapon...

.....

- Control cockpit to CENTAUR XX. .Control cockpit to CENTAUR XX. Is everything okay?

- Here CENTAUR XX...All according to plan. The capsule's working to perfection.

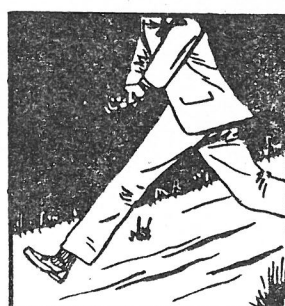
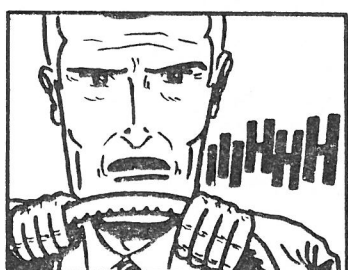
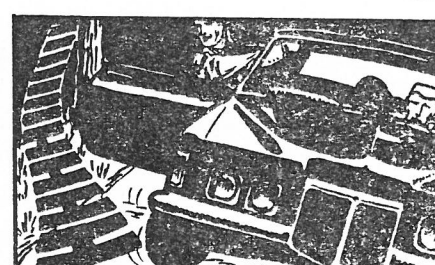
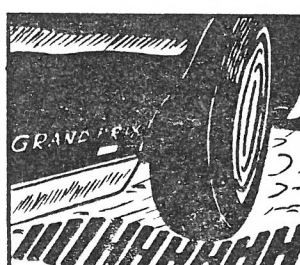
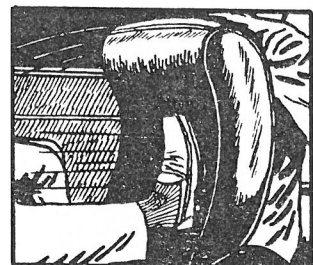
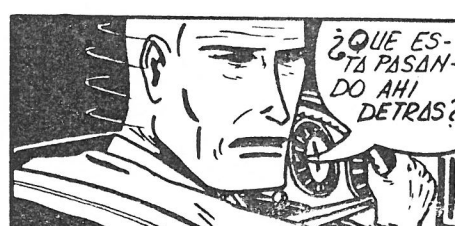
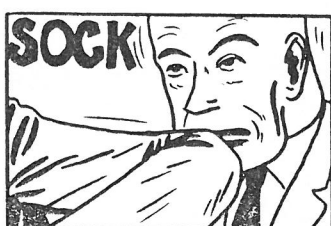
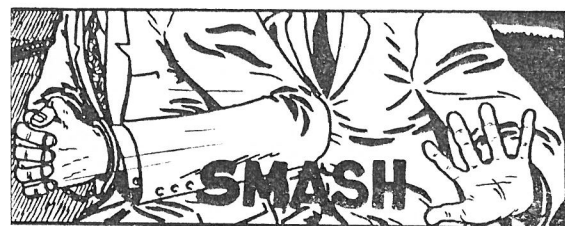
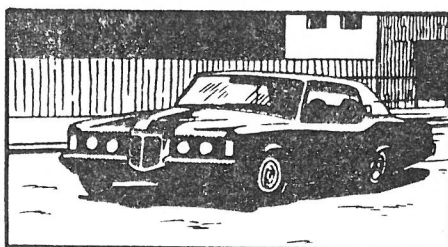
- Attention, CENTAUR XX! We are detecting a foreign object in the proximity of the capsule. Answer! What is it?

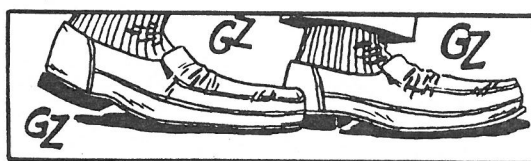
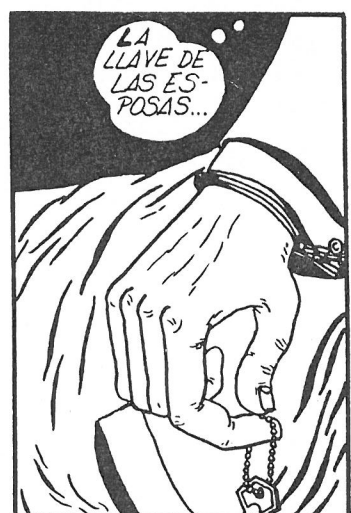
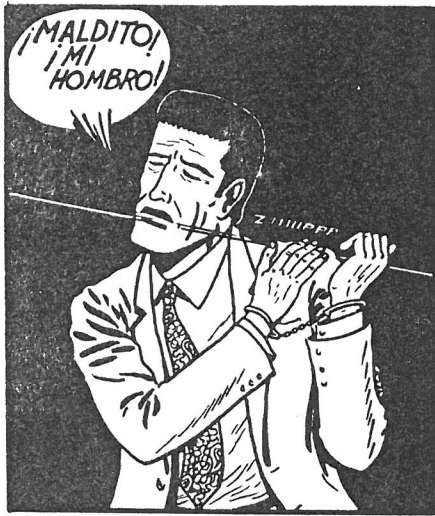
- An object? No, I see nothing in particular...Wait! you're right! It's something strange, like jelly...Heavens! it's horrible!...It's squeezing the capsule...all the rivets are being loosened...

A piercing scream echoed in space.

- What a scream! What's the matter with you, Pedrito?

- A nail pricked my knee. Why don't we play Untouchables or Gangsters now? We played astronauts for too long now.





THE DEATH OF BIRDS

by André Carneiro

Men were awakening,  
dreams washed out of faces  
as birds sprang up.

Coloured wings  
yearning beaks  
air at a tremble  
as a feverish body.

Blood meteors  
small satellites  
keen in the eyes -  
they were invading  
the city's dirty roofs.

Recording tapes  
were tolling bells,  
acrylic façades  
went a-shuddering.

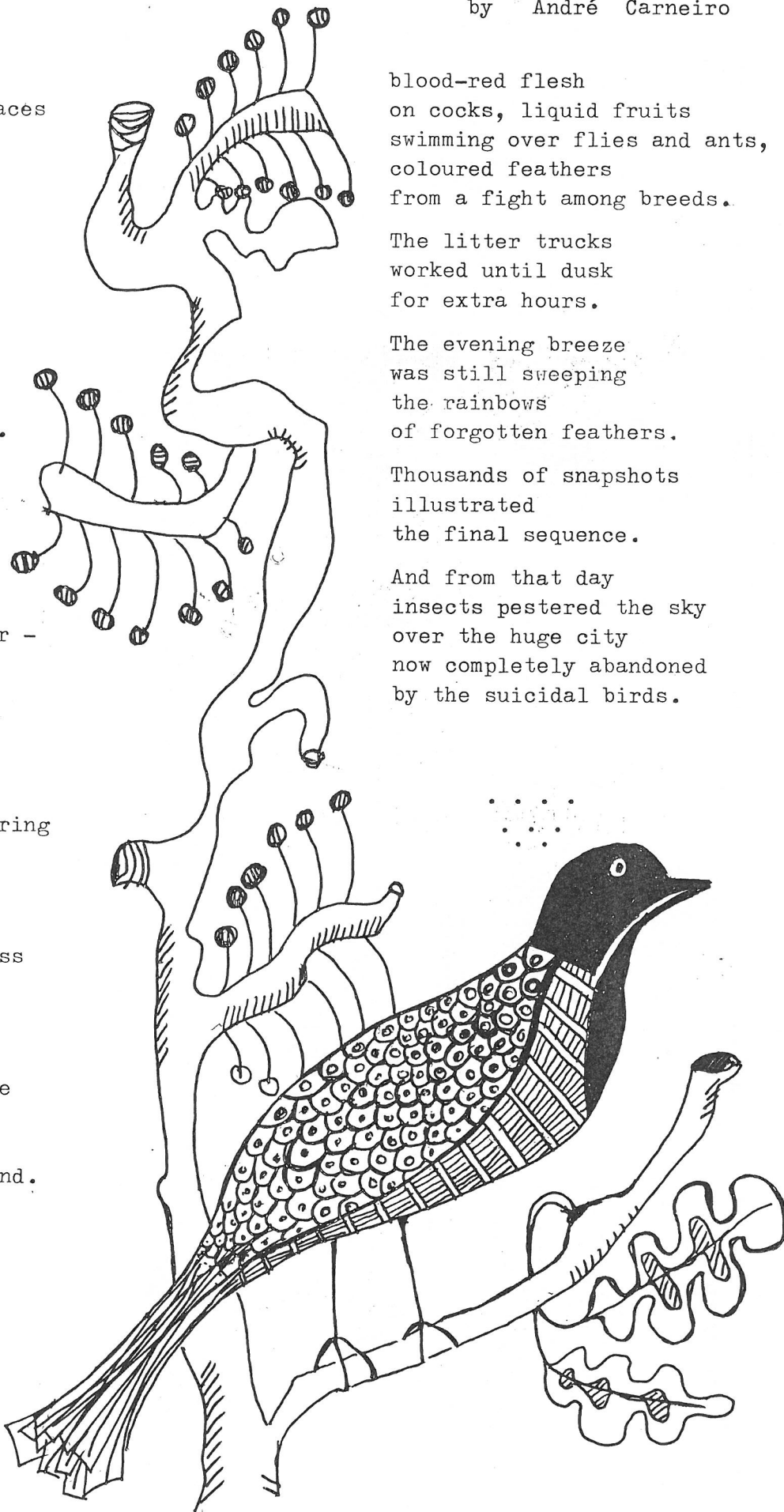
They came out of nests  
from all the world over -  
shadows running,  
clear signs farrowing  
all lands.

Heavy-eyed men  
were opening windows -  
their frightened offspring  
saw by the thousand  
wings entwined.

The city halted,  
early toilers numberless  
were waiting.

From the wing sky  
the first bird fell.  
Its body hit the square  
at its middle  
with a fwaff  
of feather-muffled sound.

An insane whistle  
pierced the sky.  
Beaks open,  
wing-dismantled birds  
kept falling down  
on yards and attics,  
on lanes, on roofs  
of parked cars,  
unto the rivers'  
freezing waters -



blood-red flesh  
on cocks, liquid fruits  
swimming over flies and ants,  
coloured feathers  
from a fight among breeds.

The litter trucks  
worked until dusk  
for extra hours.

The evening breeze  
was still sweeping  
the rainbows  
of forgotten feathers.

Thousands of snapshots  
illustrated  
the final sequence.

And from that day  
insects pestered the sky  
over the huge city  
now completely abandoned  
by the suicidal birds.

You have a firm like Hodder Books, which for years has been publishing the horror novels of John Lymington as an apology for a paperback SF list; and then one morning you see THE IRON THORN by Algis Budrys in their latest list, and suddenly realised that they too have joined in the rush to produce SF that sells. (Which, I suppose, they're in business for.) And even more, they've got some very respectable titles.

THE IRON THORN, first, which is practically an original, having only been published as a serial and as an American paperback by Gold Medal under the title of The Ansirs and the Iron Thorn; while the British reprint goes back to the title of the serial version. It's Algis Budrys beating hell out of our views on humans and animals, and I think enjoying himself in the process. Hodder have also two collections from one of the foremost anthologists in the SF field, Groff Conklin. His anthologies were always a joy to read and none more so, perhaps, than these two titles, SEVEN COME INFINITY and SEVEN TRIPS THROUGH TIME AND SPACE, the first at 3/6 with the second at 5/.

Another good thing that Hodder has got is the right to publish PEANUTS strip in paperback form; and it has eagerly taken advantage of this, having sixteen titles out already, with what seems to be a new title each month. If you're a collector of this famous strip, it's a very easy way to add to your collection; and all titles are at the very reasonable price of three shillings and sixpence.

AD INFINITUM 9 had a note on NEW WORLDS as "the well-known fanzine"; and I was going to write refuting this, to the effect that it was an important magazine; and then I realised that it had, in fact, become a fanzine again. For the past few issues it's had its pages reduced from 64 to 32, its price reduced from 5/- to 3/6; and all in the name of increased costs and dwindling demand. So now there's this small but well-produced fanzine, written and read by people who believe that the future of SF and literature lies beyond the present-day trappings in which it's slowly choking itself; and who's to say whether they're wrong? It's certainly more outstanding than some fanzines being produced.

Sphere Books seem to be taking the title of "the firm that has Brian Aldiss in paperback" from the New English Library, for they have a further two books to join the three they issued earlier, REPORT ON PROBABILITY A, which was his first full-scale work to suggest that he was outgrowing the bounds of conventional SF; and HOT-HOUSE, his earlier story of an overgrown Earth, and the strange creatures which inhabit it. (Part of this appeared in MINOTAURO 10). The other three titles were AN AGE, THE PRIMAL URGE, and the SALIVA TREE, AN AGE, being one of his more speculative works, THE PRIMAL URGE his lesser-known sex comedy, and the SALIVA TREE a collection of his short stories, the title story winning a Nebula award given by the Science Fiction Writers of America. All these are five shillings each.

An interesting piece of film news is that Michael Moorcock has sold the film rights of his novel BEHOLD THE MAN to the Scandinavian star and film producer Mai Zetterling. Probably too controversial for the big American film-makers, this story of a 20th century psychiatrist going back in time to find out the truth about the historical Christ...and what he finds...nevertheless won an award; and it should make a very interesting film. One not so welcome piece of news is that the big American company of United Artists has bought the film rights of J.R.R. Tolkien's master classic, THE LORD OF THE RINGS. But how can you film each person's personal vision? For there isn't one version of it; each reader will draw the people, the events and the landscape from his own inner mind, relating them so they become real; and United

Artists are going to have a very tough job in trying to please everybody. The film will probably bring in the general public, but not the hosts of Tolkien fans (among whom you can count me).

GALAXY magazine seems to have turned full circle, for, again, with its change in publishers, it has acquired a British edition. The first issue was ghastly with the various departments such as Willy Ley's column starting on one page and then being continued halfway through the magazine, and one illustration each for the stories. But Jack Gaughan is working to improve this layout; and there should be an improvement in the stories. For although Galaxy had so many first-rate authors, they so often contributed second-rate stories. Which would explain why it carried off the HUGO awards for best story, novelette and short story, yet failed to win the award for best magazine...

Comics fans might be interested in a fanzine I have just received called FAN-FARE; published on a monthly schedule, it's a fascinating glimpse into the world of British and American comic lore, with articles and news on the various strip characters that grace our magazines, and it really does come out every month; Tony Roberts publishes it, from his home at 8, Princess Avenue, Worthing, Sussex, England, and at 2/6 a copy, I'm going to be a regular reader, for it seems to be able to cater for the beginner as well as the established fan.

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THE MADRID CHRONICLE

by

Carlo Frabetti

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Very few things, but nonetheless interesting, in this our first month of C.L.A. extra-uterine existence in Madrid.

We go on getting together Sundays at 11 in the morning in the bar SORIA (a choice I hope nobody interprets as a bout of ~~castilianism~~) to speak about everything, even SF.

The San Juan Evangelista College has commissioned (with budget and all) Montalbán and me an SF lecture cycle, for which we count with the collaboration of Juan Atienza and Carlos Buiza.

The CULTART bookshop has agreed to sell to the public a heap of posters by Carlos Giménez, and has also asked for the collaboration of CINESTUDIO for the organization of a series of SF films projection.

There was, on Friday 21, a small SF-party at Carlos Buiza's home, and among those who attended were Enrique Jarnés ("Diego Valor" 's script writer), José Luis Garci and myself. We chatted, among other things, about two new and imminent SF collections: "Fantasy for all" (a parallel series to the known "Pætry for all") and an as yet unnamed collection of 200-sheet volumes at one hundred pesetas each of Spanish SF fiction, from which the first six will appear soon.

Our good friend José Luis M.Montalbán has been nominated secretary of the National Movie-Club Federation.

The search for local premises is at a standpoint. We have detected a very interesting one, but the proprietess is as yet undecided as to whether she should rent it to us (she probably suspects us of belonging to some sordid sect).

On Sunday 23rd a new and interesting member came to our weekly meeting: Agustín Jaureguizar, in whose library there is the most complete SF index I know of at present.

And thinking about "what's bad, if short, is half as bad" I'll cut off.

A telepathic effluvium to the whole Fandom.

CARLO

# correspondence



BY  
**PILAR GIRALT**

This month, and specially during the last days, has witnessed an extraordinary activity, most letters coming from people who want some tickets of our lottery number, and it's only natural since I am sure by now everybody knows our ability to predict the future, so why shouldn't we know which number is going to win the first prize on December 22nd? This is just one of the innumerable assets enjoyed by members of the C.L.A. Let us name first of all, before we pass on to the letters, the happy mortals who have just received their membership card.

Humberto Martín Muñoz, from Madrid, writes asking for a poster by Carlos Giménez, signed and dedicated, and includes the completed admission test.  
Nacha Medrano, from Barcelona, who comes to increase the still small group of C.L.A. feminine fans.

José M<sup>a</sup> Camarero López, from Sevilla, another Andalusian fan joining our Circle.  
Agustín Jaureguizar, from Madrid, sends the most scientific test to have reached us till now. If his imaginative faculties run parallel to his science, here is a C.L.A. member able to write the kind of SF stories we have been long waiting for.

José Luis López, a recent find of our new Coordinator in Santa Cruz de Tenerife.  
Adolfo Guillamón, also from Santa Cruz, and another friend of our Cordi's.

Julio Gómez Medina, from Madrid.

Carlos Ansoleaga, from Barcelona.

Pedro Cladera, also from Barcelona.

Francisco Aranda, from Hospitalet de Llobregat, editor of the fanzine HOMO SAPIENS, together with Jaime Palañá.

Mario Bosnyak, who lives in Niedernhausen, Germany; he's a member of the HEICON '70 Committee and likewise a member of many European and American SF clubs; he has already received his C.L.A. membership card. Welcome, Mario!

Carlos Giménez Fuentes; excuse me for going dotty, but he is my first C.L.A. godchild. He was born on November 18th, and he was registered in the C.L.A.'s books before he was included in the civil register! I have given him a birthday gift: his C.L.A. membership for a year; all the subsequent years will be paid by his father. Yes, you guessed it. he's Carlos Giménez Sr.!

From Benidorm writes Juan Monsell, who thanks us for sending him all the back issue of AD INFINITUM, asks for some lottery tickets and declares himself enthusiastic over Carlos' poster, which is already hanging on a visible wall in his home.

Antonio Bonet, from Palma de Mallorca, sends a ministory with an unexpected ending, and though it is rather pessimistic...we simply must accept the possibility...

Emilio Sánchez Cabezas, from Don Benito (Badajoz) writes that he's collecting data for a study on the press from the whole world, for which he asks for information about our fanzine and several copies of it.

Jesús Iragui Aguinaga, from Pamplona, has learned about the C.L.A. from BANG!, and asks for a copy of AD INFINITUM.

Miguel Lacave Gómez, from Cádiz, a great SF fan, has known about us through Nueva Di-

mención and wants to know how he can join us.

A letter from Manuel E. Darías telling us about the birth of a fanzine in Santa Cruz de Tenerife; the enthusiastic editors are several boys, one of which being Fernando Sáenz, our Coordinator in the Canaries. The fanzine is called EPSILON ERIDANE, and we shall be waiting for it impatiently. It's wonderful, our idea is spreading, day after day it acquires more importance and significance.

Another member, a very new one at that, Baudilio Montoya, writes to announce a short story of his, and expresses his wish to actively take part in our meetings and our tasks. Just go ahead, you won't have to say it twice!

Fabián Rodríguez Pozo sends five ministories and six drawings, very good and very funny! They have been received with open arms since we were a little short of jokes. Please don't stop being funny, Fabián!

A letter from Mario Bosnyak, our new member from Germany: "Dear Pilar! First of all I want to congratulate you on your excellent German, did you learn it at school? I was very surprised to read the whole translation of HEICON NACHRICHTEN N° 3 in AD INFINITUM and wondered who could have done it. Many thanks for this friendly gesture, which I appreciate enormously. I'm happy to know that through you fans can get our news. It is really rather funny that we write each other in German: I am Italian (with Yugoslav parents, that's where Bosnyak comes from!) and you are Spanish. But the important thing is that it works.

Please tell me how much it costs to be a member of the C.L.A. for a year and I will send the money. I'd also like to subscribe to your wonderful fanzine AD INFINITUM, so please tell me the price. Thanks for issues 8 and 9 which came a few days ago. When I included, without asking you anything, the C.L.A. notice in the Heicon Report Zero, I couldn't imagine your development would be so quick! Congratulations.

I need some particulars about the C.L.A. members who will come to Heidelberg. Their full names, their addresses and the city where they live, so that I can send them their Heicon membership cards and later on the Progress Reports 1, 2 and 3. Please specify if they are Mr. or Mrs. or Miss, because I already made a mistake with Pilar, and I wouldn't want to repeat it."

A letter from Beryl Mercer, including my BSFA membership card. She thanks us for the last AD INFINITUM, which she finds very improved in quality; she has enjoyed the photographs. As for the English edition, she and Archie think it's up to the best Continental English. They tell me to blush nicely, and I comply.

Ned Brooks is the ideal correspondent: he answers at once, his letters are long and to the point. He comments A.I. number 7. He liked the article by Gabriel Bermúdez, and thinks the article about Mafalda should have been accompanied by an illustration. Carlos Giménez's SPERLING he qualifies as very good; the style of his drawings is among the best he has seen.

A long letter from Jean-Pierre Turmel, our friend from Rouen, who has founded there an SF club. He promises us a story from the disappeared French fanzine, MERCURY.

Carlos María Federici writes from Montevideo: "My congratulations," he says, "for my namesake's interview, Carlos Giménez, whom I classify, together with Esteban Maroto, the best in the present scene."

A letter from France has surprised me; the signature was Spanish, but the owner of it is French: José Fayos. He read about us in Alain Schlokoff's L'ÉCRAN FANTASTIQUE, and offers his collaboration.

Paul Bérato, the French writer I told you about, cannot read AD INFINITUM, either in Spanish or in English, and he asks for a French edition! He sends a short story and allows us to publish it in as many languages as possible!

And many more letters I must put aside for next month. Do go on writing!



# INTERNATIONAL FANDOM

BY

PILAR GIRALT

At last a new issue of HAVERINGS, from Ethel Lindsay, with very pertinent reviews of all the fanzines she gets, which are a great many. Two issues of AD INFI-ITUM are reviewed, numbers 7 and 8. She explains we have two editions, praises the illustrations, says it is very informative, but Ethel goes on complaining that we are too reticent about ourselves. I suppose she will be delighted with number 9 and the graphic report! I like the way Ethel writes, clearly, precisely and to the point, a sentence of hers says much more than a whole page elsewhere! Besides reviews, a new column is inaugurated with this issue.

SPECULATION, by Peter Weston, interesting as always. Very good articles, and no wonder, signed as they are by Brian Aldiss, John Brunner, Harlan Ellison, Kenneth Culmer, all of whom write about Robert A. Heinlein, to whom this issue is devoted. Another article I always read avidly: Christopher Priest's. For subscriptions write to Peter Weston, 31, Pinewall Ave., Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, England. Price for issues: 7 shillings and 6 pence.

If you are interested in belonging to the British Science Fiction Association, (BSFA), please write to Beryl Mercer, 10 Lower Church Lane, St. Michael's, Bristol 52, 8BA, England. This Association sends to its members a monthly news Bulletin, an information one and another one dedicated to the SF writer, with all possible advice and editorials, correspondence courses and the most varied warnings and suggestions addressed to SF writers who are just beginning and may have some doubts concerning their profession. But this is not all: the BSFA also publishes VECTOR, a fiction fanzine, with reviews to boot. A bravo for this English association keeping their members in close contact with anything happening in the international fandom.

From Gian Paolo Cossato we receive the international newszine called NOTIZIARIO SF, written in Italian. The August issue is almost exclusively devoted to comments on the Trieste Festival. A good informative work, and attractively printed. The reaction's address is the following: CENTRO CULTORI SCIENCE FICTION - CASELLA POSTALE 23 - VENEZIA 30100.

At last, ANABIS has reached our hands! and we are not in the least surprised that it won the prize to the best German fanzine. It is really perfect in every respect: looks, text printing, drawings. In short: great artistic quality, no good SF fan could miss it, for even if you don't understand German you can enjoy it, since it is magnificently illustrated. **RECOMMENDED** with capital letters! Two issues yearly, the subscription price being 6DM. Write to Horst Christiani, 1000 BERLIN 41, Lefèvrestrasse 10, Germany.

We have received the FANTASY COLLECTOR, by Camille Cazedessus, about which I wrote a few months ago. It is useful for its very varied information, from the most exhaustive list of SF publications in the whole world, to the rarest advertisements from people selling part of their collections, or whole novel collections, or wanting to buy some title or other. I repeat: useful and fun for the active fan.

From Albuquerque, New Mexico, we receive DYNATRON, by Roy Tackett. Information, reviews, very interesting, well printed, well written.

The organ of the National Fantasy Fan Federation is the COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN: a lot of interesting news for members and otherwise: advertisements, reviews, lists of editorial specialties, etc. If you are looking for a very rare book, old comic strips, or fanzines

from the most varied origins, write to us and your wishes will be announced in the section called POTPOURRI.

WITZEND, the wonder of wonders fanzine, the sublime of comidom, perfection and genius in each page...in short, indispensable! The price: 1 dollar per issue, but the best artists appear in it...WITZEND MAGAZINE - P.O. Box 882 - Ansonia Station, New York City 10023 - U. S. A.

We have received IDEES POUR TOUS, a monthly magazine informing on all kinds of publications: books, magazines, prose, poetry, etc. There is in it a brief review of AD INFINITUM, but no mention of our English edition, and the wrong number given of our Post Office box: please note, it is 1573.

SF fans in London get together on the first Thursday of the month in the GLOBE, Hatton Garden (nearest tube station: Chancery Lane, or the bus to Gamages) any time in the afternoon. Once there you must simply search or simpler still listen to your kindred souls. In case you wish to be recognized, introduce yourself or just wave ANALOG, or do something in this line. Often real celebrities turn up to chat with fans who happen to be present.

In England they have organized a bus trip to Heidelberg for the HEICON '70. The ticket price will be 22 pounds and ten shillings, including return bus and ferry, any kind of frontier expenditures, hotels en route (room, breakfast, dinner) and some 250 miles of excursions around Heidelberg. In fact, a real boon! If we were a sufficient number, we could organize something like this.

More about the HEICON '70. As is usual now in this column, I shall point out the news reaching us from Germany about the HEICON '70.

"To begin with, congratulations to those of you who have already decided to pay your membership cards before January 1st, because they will be more expensive from then on! Besides the assistance of our three guests of honour, already announced, there will be a toastmaster, who will be a distinguished SF writer called LESTER DE REY, and who has promised to lead the banquet in German and English (and esperanto, on request) so that nobody can complain about not understanding everything. New applications reach us daily from every country, and we already have members in Moscow, Prague, Bucharest, Sarajevo, Belgrade and Warsaw.

Wait for your Heidelberg hotel reservations until our Progress Report Zero appears at the beginning of December, for in it you will find all the hotels and the prices. "

From Karl Krejci-Graf, Frankfurt, we have received the following fanzines: LANDS OF WONDER - PIONEER, devoted to sword-and-sorcery fiction.

MUTANT, fiction, essays, reviews.

SOLARIS, edited by Jürgen Mercker, Dietmar Wagner and Werner Koeppel; a few stories and some interesting articles.

IKARUS, from Robert Wantke; fiction, reviews, articles.

SPACE JOURNAL 7, from Ronald Hahn and Rolf Gerow; fiction.

And...before I say goodbye I shall copy a sentence by Baudelaire (yes, Charles Baudelaire!) which I'm sure you will like:

"Speaking about Sleep, that sinister adventure of all our nights, we could say that men go to bed every day with a daring impossible to understand were we not aware that it is the result of the ignorance of danger."

.. .. .

# COMICS

BY PEDRO TABERNERO

A MUSING ON COMICS

by

Juan I. Garrido

Time rushing behind our heels, my friend Pedro Tabernero (profession: his balloons) summoned me to what I would call the hell of a jolly-good job - that is to say, entertaining our C.L.A. members' fancy for comics. A jolly good job, as I said. Pedro is lucky enough to be often visited by Alex Raymond's ghost, who whispers to him, but as far as I'm concerned...

Anyway, I sit before a white paper sheet with a headline reading: COMICS. Ain't I a snob? Why should I be so sophisticated and pick up a foreign word, "comic", when we have our Spanish "tebeo"? But, to say the truth, I'm not partial to the Spanish connotation, either. Novelette? Could be, it seems closer to the idea. This "tebeo" expression sounds a little childlike, don't you think so? Oh, you don't...Well, all right, then let me hear your own choice, voice your opinions, suggest alternatives. We all know what we are in for, but how should we call it? There's a quizzy quiz.

Oh, boy, I already wrote a bit of something. Let's go ahead. To believe my friend Pedro already referred to, a comic (er-hmmm!) includes the following items: plot, drawing, colour, lettering and balloons. The last three are not so indispensable, in my opinion. We have, for instance, Giménez' "Mensajero", no balloons, and also the Bruguera stuff, with a cold, meaningless lettering, and DELTA 99, colourless. But could we think of a comic with no story at all, with no drawings? Oh, come, Mr. Beá, be respectful! I won't begrudge you your qualifications as an artist, but would you please find for me the plot of your "Emotivations"? For no plot to a comic - take it from a devoted fan of "Flash Gordon", DELTA 99 and even, why not, "Diego Valor" - amounts to no meat to a stew.

And speaking about plots, can you imagine some publishing firm picking up a decent script (in the line of Buiza's, Vilgil's, Santos', and the like) and some decent drawings (Giménez', Maroto's, Buxadé's, Beá's - yes, man, I said Beá; I do like his drawings; what I don't like...well, let's drop the subject) and with this equipment in hand the publisher giving us a decent, likeable comic in the SF line? Wouldn't it be just grand? And for that matter, why doesn't the C.L.A. take the hint? Now come, stop making excuses, start making tebeos and to hell with Eric Losfeld.

And speaking about Losfeld, couldn't we C.L.A. members get something off the prices levied on Losfeld's albums?

Well, am I not overdoing household criticism? Let me now harass a little the domestic SF comics.

(But are there any domestic SF comics?) Of course, man, you have DELTA 99 and you have...- hey, boy, you were right! there are no Spanish SF comics! Just DELTA 99, and I won't criticize that one, because I like it and besides...who wants to discourage the only one we've got? Well, we also have BANG! magazine. Not that it pops up often, but it helps the atmosphere so! Yes, Martín, (Don Antoni we can figure out how busy you are doing BANG! all by yourself, but cheer up: we will wait for you till Doomsday, if necessary.

And that's that for today, before I say something in earnest and I get a black eye. My views are mine only and I'm ready to share them with anybody, or to discuss them with anybody who doesn't share them, or to run faster than anybody who feels offended by them.



# THE TRANSDOR GAZETTE

BY  
**RAMON CORDON**

When this issue of AD INFINITUM is being printed, the HispaCon will be under way. The usual chronicler of this Gazette would have liked to inform you minutely about the long process leading to this splendid reality...but all I could tell you now you will have already seen with your own eyes, and my only words about the HispaCon '69 will have to be of gratefulness to all C.L.A. members and otherwise who have contributed, with their effort and interest, to the success of this important achievement.

I promise to comment, in the next A.I., on this event.

... ..

We have heard that OCTAVA FUNDACION, by Jaime Rosal del Castillo, is almost ready. We have been told it will be an extraordinary issue, with exceptional collaborations. We are impatient to get a copy of this fanzine, one of the most outstanding currently being published in Spain.

... ..

Carlos Giménez has created a new puppet, and it saw the first sunray on November 18th...but, please note, we're not speaking about a new SF hero. The subject is a magnificent baby boy who, with Raul, will become the centre of Carlos' already happy family: we congratulate the happy parents, etc....Seriously: congratulations Carlos, congratulations Mely!

... ..

We must insist on the call we made in our last Gazette, addressed to all members who can collaborate with us in creating a review section of books, magazines, films and TV programmes. Please send your reviews, commenting all you read or see. Don't forget it takes all of us to do everything... and we lack your help to begin this all-important section.

... ..

We want to underline in this Gazette the friendly support received from our new friends in the U.C.A. (Union of Cinema Amateurs). We know for certain that this new contact will prove very important for us in the near future, when we shall begin a regular series of SF séances. Once more, our gratefulness to our U.C.A. friends.

... ..

Every endeavour, no matter how modest, requires a great effort. Very few know about the sacrifices involved in the making of our fanzine, since apart from our usual sections, and the selection of material, and the work of our artists, there is still the technical part of printing the fanzine.

All that is responsible for the delay in the appearance of A.I. and even though we can almost assure you that the December issue will come out in December, we cannot waste the opportunity to wish you a happy Christmas.

Please excuse us for being different! but in this November issue we send you our best wishes for the December holidays.



