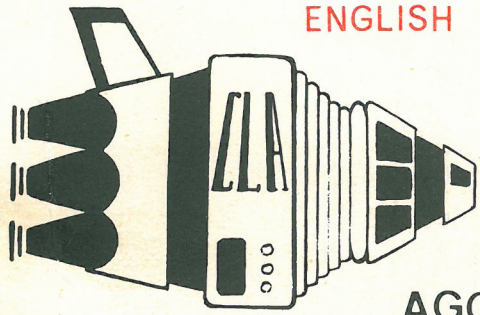


ENGLISH EDITION

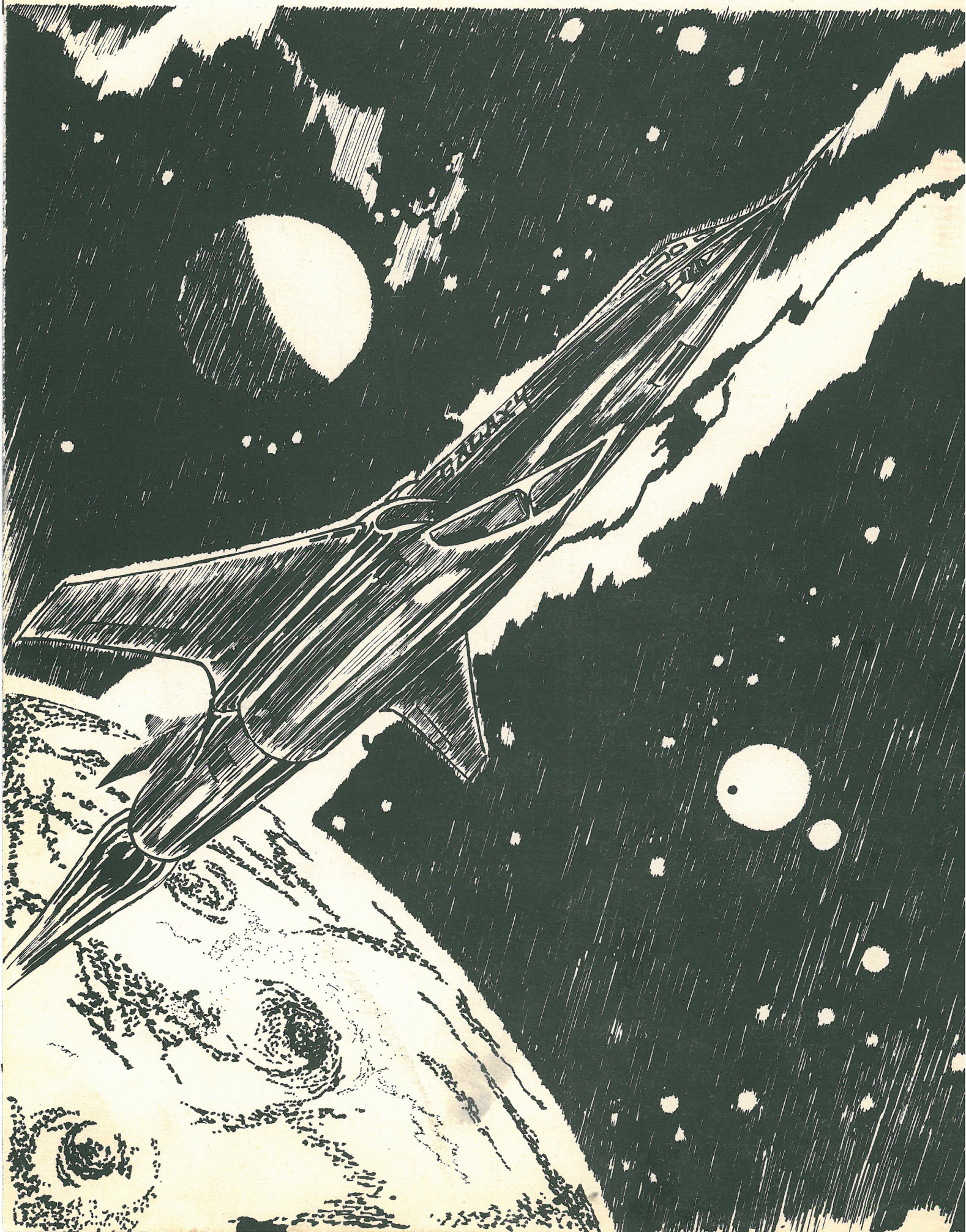


# AD INFINITUM

CIENCIA - FICCIÓN, FANTASIA Y COMIC

FANZINE DEL  
CIRCULO DE LECTORES DE ANTICIPACION  
BARCELONA

AGOSTO 1969 EPOCA PRIMERA NUMERO 8









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CIRCULO DE LECTORES DE ANTICIPACION  
AD INFINITUM - ENGLISH EDITION

Dear friends:

Our Circle, from the pages of its fanzine AD INFINITUM, wants to greet all of you who represent the international fandom, offering you our friendship and collaboration, while considering it a great honour to edit the English edition of this fanzine in order to tighten the bonds already uniting us in our common favourite subject.

We wish to make friends with you and to have you know precisely the quality of our organization and the manifold aspirations shared by all Spanish SF fans.

We ask you, therefore, to write to us, thanking you for it in advance, telling us your sincere opinion about our group, the only Spanish club dedicated wholly to Science Fiction and SF comics, and also about its fanzine AD INFINITUM, its goals and its achievements; we would like to get that constructive criticism so characteristic of our common hobby and to which we owe that slowly but surely the present world is preparing to build the future world as we wish it.

We have written a great many letters; most of you have already received our news. We have also got a great many answers, all encouraging, all friendly. We thank you for them; we can say that with your help, with the help of fans all over the world, this CIRCULO DE LECTORES will never succumb in its quest.

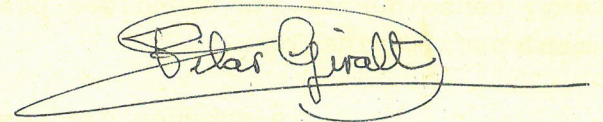
We want to ask you something else: owing to logical financial reasons AD INFINITUM is sent to you as printed matter, by ordinary mail. Some of you have written that it has failed to reach you. We ask you to let us know as soon as possible, so that we can send it registered by return mail, thus assuring its safe arrival.

Thank you again for your encouraging words and even warmer thanks to those of you who have already sent your MSS. to be published in AD INFINITUM.

We want you to know that all Spanish fans are following your steps, helping to consolidate our common efforts, and that all of us are ready to help in whatever enterprise you may undertake to dignify and generalize Science Fiction.

We shall be waiting for your news; do write soon!

Ever yours,



APARTADO DE CORREOS 1573  
BARCELONA



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EDITORIAL

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On reaching nº 8 of AD INFINITUM, another milestone in our ever ascending trajectory, and faithful to our device procuring us so many satisfactions and achievements, we feel the almost irresistible temptation to philosophize in your company over the moral obligation binding us all who have received the wonderful gift of our own imagination.

A Chinese philosopher said: "How mad is man who clutches at the firmament, forgetting the Earth is a star".

Do not surmise that this sentence in our lips is a contradiction. The philosopher, who was surely a man of great intelligence, could not possibly foresee in the year 1.000 B.C. that in the year 1969 of our Era his sentence would be quoted in a fanzine dedicated body and soul to Science Fiction. Had he been able to foresee such a phenomenon, he would bend in deep reverence before our plight and add in our honour a postscript to his words, running more or less like this:

"Like a good Chinese I am a great lover of metaphors. When I said that man is made who clutches at the firmament, forgetting his Earth is the most beautiful and shining of all the stars shining to our everlasting fascination in the Cosmos, I referred exclusively to the mediocre man, who for lack of convictions he can call his own, is content to plagiarize the convictions of others, becoming thus an amorphous creature who has lost every right to possess his own life and his own intelligence. This constitutes the greatest of crimes, and it is daily committed by man in absolute impunity: the renunciation of self. Let us not forget that the Earth is also a star! By which I beseech you: let us not forget that the fact of being intelligent creatures makes us the potential creators of as many wonders as we can imagine, and if we do not imagine them, if we do not realize them, what imprint will remain from our existence among the stars?"

Let us, then, give full vent to our imagination; let us not fall into the unforgivable apathy of restraining it or framing it into absurd limitations, for only thus, in a unanimous effort, shall we be able to raise the foundations of a new society, conscious of its boundless possibilities, and the breath of infinite which is man's own imagination.

" WHOEVER HAS SEEN THE INSIDE OF THE ROSE GARDEN  
IS FOREVER OUT OF BESTRUCTION'S REACH."



The ninth planet of the system was covered by a dense ammoniacal atmosphere. Hundreds, thousands of years had gone by, and the inhabitants of that world had fought with all their might for survival. According to the annals of the People, that transparent vault had been erected to protect them from death by poison, some hundreds of years ago when the Protective Fathers of the People had realized that the air they breathed contained less and less oxygen. But many young people born after the building of the vault thought that that transparent wall was there from the beginning of the centuries.

Beneath that vault were the cities, which were cold, sad and dark, since the light and the warmth of the sun hardly reached the Ninth Planet. Between the cities were the fields, fields with no trees or crops, since on the fruitless soil of the Ninth Planet nothing could grow and food was produced scientifically synthesized by means of huge casks in which grew the hydroponics cultures.

The Ninth Planet had also a capital, which lacked ambiance, light and merriment. In it was the palace of the Sovereign Prince, Beloved of the People, the Lord reigning by the grace of the Galactic Spirit, Supreme Guardian of the Seal of the Annals of the People, and some fifty other titles enhancing his magnificence.

It was in the capital where the Council met, the democratic legislative organ of the People, governing the population under the protection and the sword of the Prince. It was precisely thirty days now that the Council was in session voting for the reformation XXXVII, which must subsequently be registered in the Annals.

.....

The voice sounded arrogant in the Council room.

- I object, I shall always object - shouted WRAH, knocking with his great fist against the long oblong table, around which all the members of the Council were sitting. - This idea of a lawful euthanasia seems to me cruel and absurd.

A cold silence followed WRAH's outburst. Outside, behind the big windows of the Council building, the concave reflections of the protecting vault could be seen, and pressing against it, in an embrace getting closer and closer, were the dense ammoniacal clouds.

- Then, you give us a solution, WRAH - the Supreme Attorney-General of the Legislative Committee broke the silence - Whenever we have met to discuss this new law, you have come out with your reasons of old-fashioned morality, in order to avoid the issue. It is a survival issue, and we must choose between them and us.

- I think the solution would be to send a Legation as proof of good will - WRAH explained - We could expose our case and sign a treaty to share their soil; they are intelligent and I think that if we spoke with their Government representatives we could succeed in having them give us part of the sparsely populated Continents; in exchange we could promise to instruct them in our science and modern technologies; they are clever creatures and would understand our problems.

- It is true that they are clever; nevertheless it is written in the Annals of the People that in all the numerous occasions we have tried to communicate with them, all attempts at a peaceful cooperation have proved unsuccessful. You are very young, WRAH, but you may recall that a hundred years ago we sent an expedition to the Third Planet, and all our envoys were annihilated by the gigantic inhabitants. And that thanks to the retrieved magnetic tapes coming by hyperspatial sounder, we could verify that both the height and the physical constitution of the men living in the Green Planet make friendly relations impossible. But as, on the other hand, our Holy Laws, written in the Annals of the People, forbid us any bellicose action against any intelligent creature, be it ever so small, a scientific extermination of this world's inhabitants for the sake of survival is the only way out.

- But this is unjust - replied WRAH - We are not qualified to decide the extinction of an intelligent species; in the name of the Galactic Spirit I conjure you,



Guardians of the People and Noble Councillors, to think about...

- Enough, Councillor WRAH, we heard you long enough - the Beloved of the People's voice, the Lord of the Galactic Spirit's voice, the voice of the Supreme Guardian of the Seal of the Annals of the People was heard for the first time in all the days during which the Council of the People had been in session - This discussion leads nowhere, and is just a dialectic elongation of this irksome matter. We have been here for thirty days without coming to an agreement and I deem it is the appropriate moment to emit our vote.

WRAH was silent, he knew that any further insistence would be useless; what was more, his penalty for provoking the wrath of his Sovereign would be the "Decompression Chamber". The capital sentence adjudged in the Ninth Planet was the logical one in such a place. Since they had an ammoniac atmosphere, all those defying the authority of the Supreme Prince were condemned to the Decompression Chamber. After an expeditious trial, the offender was led to a panel in the wall of the protecting wall, where the Decompression Chamber was situated. The culprit was taken inside, the protecting door slid open, and ammonia invaded the Chamber, causing the culprit's death by asphyxia. Then he was pneumatically dispatched into space where his body would float forever in the eternal night of the cosmos.

The Great Chamberlain, in the impersonal voice acquired along all the years of his professional duties, made the announcement:

- Lord Councillors, Noble Guardians of the Happiness of the People, we shall proceed, after this long discussion, to vote for the reformation XXXVII of the Annals of the People. Those approving the lawful euthanasia of the Third Planet's inhabitants must push the green button situated on the right of their chairs. Those who disagree must push the red button situated on the left.

- But before we begin - interrupted WRAH's contender - as the Supreme Attorney General of the Legislative Committee, and in the name of the Galactic Spirit, if Your Reverence, Sovereign Prince give your permission, I must make a last suggestion to the Lord Councillors. You must realize, my noble lords, that you are not going to vote for just another reform. All of us who are together now in this Chamber must decide once and for all the survival of our People. For this reason, before the computer selects the cards to give us the final result of the voting, I pray you, noble Lords, very carefully to weigh your decision in your minds. Push the button your purest conscience advises you, but remember that in it is involved the future of our race against the existence of such creatures who, whenever peacefully approached by us have responded with the fire of destruction. May the Galactic Spirit guide your hand in such an important matter.

A low approving murmur was heard in the immense Council Chamber. One after the other the Councillors pushed the buttons deciding the future of their race. The computers' electronic memory began analysing the registers sent to it. The relays, compactrons and electronic cells of the computer began working with a series of whistles, while the registers on passing the light beams lit the pilot knobs of the scrutinizing machine. With a sharp noise a yellowish card slipped out of one of the slots, falling on the result tray. The voting was over. The Great Chamberlain went to the machine and took the card. He approached the pulpit where the verdicts were pronounced, slowly and ceremoniously. Once on it, he read aloud:

- With the permission of His Reverence the Prince Sovereign; Noble Councillors, by a majority of 147 votes against three, the Reform XXXVII for the Annals of the People has been approved. Legal euthanasia against the inhabitants of the Green Planet is declared. Let it be written, registered and done. May the Galactic Spirit guard our Prince!

WRAH was downcast. His eyes were veiled as he watched the Great Chamberlain walk towards the Supreme Attorney and handed him the final card of the voting. The Attorney slipped it into a portfolio containing the papers which must be signed by the Prince Sovereign. - What a bureaucratic carnival! - WRAH thought. Those documents had the power to condemn a race irrevocably. A probably noble race. Whole cities would disappear, children who were perhaps playing now and who represented the future of a civilization. He could not let it be. Even at the risk of his own people's extermination, he thought of a peaceful solution. A bloodless solution allowing them to subsist. Suddenly, inevitably, he raised from his chair.



- You are mad - he yelled - You are all mad. How can you decide the extinction of a race with an intelligence like ours...

At a sign made by the Prince Sovereign, two guardians of order sprang upon him brandishing their neurotic whips. He felt a piercing pain shooting down his spinal cord, paralyzing all his muscles. He lost consciousness and was taken out of the Council Chamber.

.....

- My project, my Lord Councillors, - Doctor Gwam was explaining to his audience sitting around the oblong table of the Council Chamber - consists in the scientific painless annihilation of the Third Planet's inhabitants, in order that we can invade that Green World in a span of time no longer than some five hundred years. It is a slow system but offering absolute safety and making failure impossible. As registered in the Annals of the People, the vault protecting us will crack open in a period oscillating between nine hundred and a thousand years. The construction of the vault, undertaken by our ancestors, an idea competent for that time, but owing to their rudimentary technology, it was not a final solution. When the atmosphere of our planet began disintegrating into ammonia, the vault walls were sufficient to hinder the filtration of that lethal gas, but we know now that ammonia has corroded the transparent walls protecting us, and our only salvation lies in the abandonment of our native planet. And since our scientific researches have led to the fact that there is only one planet possessing the necessary characteristics and a minimum of salubrious qualities...

- Dear Doctor Gwam - the Prince's arrogant voice interrupted him - all this was already discussed and approved in our Reform XXXVII. As for the history of the wall, it stands written in the Annals of the People, for which reason it is a waste of time to tell us something all of us know by heart. Our only concern is at present your project and all matters pertaining to it.

- I beg to be excused, Your Reverence, but it is my belief that all scientific theories must, previous to their explanation, be preceded by a kind of foreword so that they become more comprehensible and less boring to the audience.

- By the Galactic Spirit, Doctor Gwam, obscurantism and superstition have long been lost into the night of time. Today, in the XXXIXth century of our era, any of us can understand, with the help of the Prepositional Logic we learnt in our childhood, any well-established theory, - interrupted the Supreme Attorney of the People.

- In that case, I will proceed - answered Gwam - Once the possibility of our invading the Third Planet has been established, the only reasonable way to achieve the legal euthanasia approved by our Reform XXXVII is sending an artificial celestial body which, conquering the laws of attraction of celestial bodies, contaminates the atmosphere of the Green Planet, poisoning its inhabitants. What I propose is the launching of an artificial comet emanating from its tail carbonic monoxide, describing an elliptical orbit of 76 rotation periods of the Third Planet round the Sun and contaminating that world's atmosphere, destroying all life in it. It will be approximately during the ninth orbit of the comet that the carbonic anhydride from its tail will infect the atmosphere of the Third Planet, which will be entered by the tail alone, since the mass of the artefact manufactured by me would explode on entering the foreign atmosphere and thereby destroy the Green World. I have programmed the event taking place in the ninth orbit because the para-historical equations I have studied demonstrate that in that period our race will be ready to colonize the New World.

.....

Wrah recovered consciousness some moments before being sent to the Decompression Chamber. He had been condemned to die for disobeying the Council of the People. The law demanded it and the Law of the People was inflexible. The door to his cell was opened wide and two Servants of Death (an honorific title enjoyed by the executioners in the Ninth Planet) appeared at the threshold. With a look the two executioners commanded him to get up. Then they took him under the arms and out of the cell. They walked along a dark long windowless corridor. At its end there was a white circular room with a metal effigy of the Prince Sovereign at its centre. On the right was a sliding door, communicating with the Decompression Chamber. Hardly forty-eight hours



had elapsed since his impertinent voice had asked for mercy towards the Third Planet's inhabitants. In a rash moment WRAH had staked his brilliant future and lost it, but he did not repent. It was also written in the Annals that men must love their fellow men, but this had been written a long time ago and the other Members of the Council made fun of it. But he remembered. His race was very old and the time had perhaps come to yield before new civilizations, before different notions about love and mercy. Empty words in the XXXIXth century of his civilization.

A metallic voice issued from the Prince's effigy, interrupting his thoughts.

- Citizen WRAH, ex-Councillor of the People, ex-illustrious Lord of the Name of WRAH, the chosen Council of the People condemns you to the capital punishment by decompression to be executed at once. Your women will be transferred to the harem of the Popular Commune to be eventually sold, your children will be sent to the worthy Institution for Royal Eunuchs, your property and fortune will be confiscated and...

But WRAH heard the voice no longer, he did not care any more, he knew it was too late for appeal for a new process. The Law of the People was very strict. At the moment the only thing that interested him was to know whether the inhabitants of that beautiful Green World were worth dying for.

...the culprit will be condemned to die in the Decompression Chamber - the sentence had finished, the Prince's metallic voice died away.

The two Servants of Death took WRAH to the Decompression Chamber. The door was shut with a sonorous clack. And then...eternal emptiness, death.

.....

At some millions of kilometres away, two hundred years later, a young astronomer of the Third Planet called Edmund Halley made the discovery in 1682 of the terrestrial era of a comet describing an elliptical orbit of 76 years between the Earth and Pluton, which he baptized with his own name.

.....  
PROGRESS

by

JORGE FUENTES DUCHEMIN  
.....

Day and night, the electronic brain spies me. One would say it is asleep, and dreaming of becoming a man. And I think: justice requires that we allow a long rest to such a faithful servant. But its eye looms above my head, just as I feared from the first.

Meanwhile, the new man, he who will inexorably come, conducts experiments with my own spinal cord. He tantalizes my antropoid's brain, building at the same time his divine, ultimate dwelling.

God, in the meantime, is giving the last touches to a titanic plan which, perhaps, helps him to understand.

.....  
CUENTA ATRAS (COUNTDOWN), another fanzine in the best school of science fiction, with reviews, excellent articles, exhaustive information and original stories which must be read by every conscious fan.  
.....



Ten years ago the first Sputnik was launched in orbital flight and Science Fiction has developed from a literature for a Messianic minority to a literature accepted by the general public.

Ten years ago Alfred Bester published in book form *THE STARS MY DESTINATION*, thus opening a new epoch in Science Fiction.

Ten years ago J.G. Ballards marked the beginning of a new era in Science Fiction, an era not exclusively identifying itself with space and technical progress, but also with time and human conscience, and with the philosophy of science.

This change in meaning suffered by Science Fiction basic ideas and thematic cannot be the result of just a literary evolution. It is above all the result of a revolution, whose spirit is reflected in the renewed ambiance of society in general.

This revolutionary spirit in Science Fiction has found a faithful echo in the magazine *NEW WORLDS*.

The writers rejecting so decidedly the premises and achievements of the old Science Fiction, as well as the conventions till now considered necessary for Science Fiction to maintain its identity, have written stories which the old idea of the "true" Science Fiction could not possibly sanction, and in their fanaticism and fervour, persuaded that theirs is the only way, they have anathematized everything done previously, proclaiming in the declaration of their own merits all the characteristics of the revolutionaries.

The shrill tone of their proclamations and manifestos - most of them expressed in *NEW WORLDS* - meets with the disapproval of many readers and authors who, even though believing that Science Fiction ought to be "bettered", do not admit such radical methods. The revolutionaries say that the child is dead and that they have begotten a new one.

The arguments of the "evolutionists" are just and equanimous. They seek a compromise. The arguments of the "revolutionaries" often seem unjust and by no means equanimous, and surely they are not. They refuse to compromise.

"The revolutionaries have my confidence,  
if some one can save Science Fiction, they will."

Even though I can understand the "evolutionists" opinion and actually try to support them in *NEW WORLDS* with the means at my disposal, the revolutionaries have my confidence. I think they can save the present Science Fiction as nobody can - because they are enterprising and unanimous and offer a real alternative. Although the form of this alternative may not yet be of a great coherence, it offers the advantage of having new foundations and more solid. It rejects the conventional novel with the same energy as it rejects the conventional Science Fiction.

The revolutionaries discard the possibility of Science Fiction developing from "pulp-magazine" literature into good literature (mainstream fiction) - and are brave enough to affirm that, even if it were possible, it would not be desirable.

It used to be said - and is said even today - that Science Fiction should be more exacting; that it should adopt the new imperatives of the novel. I am afraid that such a marriage - instances of which are to be found at present on sale in the bookshops - would only lead to depriving Science Fiction of its essential characteristic, turning it into a bastard lacking all speculative fiction and not fulfilling the purpose of the novel. If Science Fiction continues along the same path it has



trodden during the past ten years, a change of attitude becomes imperative.

Many supporters of the revolutionary school think that, not only Science Fiction but prose in general ought to revise its direction. Until now all prose (excepting healthy Science Fiction, which had come out with THE STARS MY DESTINATION) has been directed towards the past; a great part of Science Fiction has been referring to the present, - and even though taking references from the future, in its role of registering a kind of verbal testimony - its message and thematic were directed towards the present and originated in the present.

A great many writers, among whom there is a fair number of authors collaborating regularly in the old NEW WORLDS, are convinced that society has reached a turning-point. Instead of looking for examples from the past as was previously the case, now there is more and more speculation about the possibilities of the future.

Governments attach a greater importance to planification, social evolution and the research of the best possibilities, and base their national politics on these possibilities - economy, communications, housing, education, national health, etc. One cannot bother with the past exclusively, politics must rest on reasonable provisions of the future. It is no longer possible to study "similar" situations in history. We live in an epoch which, owing to the double danger of over-population on one side and total destruction on the other, has no precedents anywhere. What interests us the example, not of our ancestors, but of our offspring.

Most of the possibilities old Science Fiction authors concentrated on in the past, are no longer interesting to anybody except a few scientists and readers. They are possibilities already forming part of the general consciousness. Nuclear catastrophes, space conquest, over-population, commercial or state control of the individual's freedom, etc., all are possibilities with which the man of the street must live every day; he may not mention them, he may even discard them, but they are a part of his subconsciousness.

"...they care little for what already was,  
and much for an understanding of the future."

General literature is more concerned with the past, however close to us it may lie, thus losing little by little in significance because it loses the ability to understand this subconsciousness I just named. In short, the conventional novel is retrospective and ignores the future. When it describes the present it becomes at best a sort of press report, but not an improvising prose in the absolute sense.

Several writers are beginning to try their luck in the new ambiance, in a kind of genuinely speculative attempt at reality, very much in accordance with the psychology of the times, and which will surely flourish when the meaning of this new trend becomes accepted. These authors pretend less to predict than to try understanding the complexities of the future. Not all of them proceed from the ranks of writers collaborating in our magazine; only two of them, in fact, can claim the title of SF writers.

A certain quality of dynamism is common to the men living in close relation to SF - consecrating a great part of their lives to prophetic poetry, they have had plenty of time to muse over it.

It would perhaps be better not to call "the new Science Fiction" the kind of prose it is our preference to publish in NEW WORLDS, but "the new poetry", as speculative literature. It is a poetry rarely alluding to social and scientific currents, but to the possibilities of humanity, its future psychology, organization, and social metaphysics. And above all it is a poetry speculating deeply ~~over~~ the nature and implications of humanity.

Speculative literature, therefore, is not very different from Science Fiction in its superficial trends, which look alike at first sight, but they are very dif-



ferent in their attitude before them. Speculative literature is a literature of ideas - but in the new literature there is emphasis on the quality of the ideas and the quality of the methods used to present them.

Many writers of this new school, though by no means all, are of the opinion that totally new techniques must be found in order to do justice to thematic. These techniques must be orientated towards the future, just as the ideas are, and keep no trace whatever of the past (something impossible for common novels.)

They believe that the ancient tools are corroded, and corrode everything they touch. New clean tools must be provided. Others consider that the old ones may still be of use once they are polished or, if necessary, reshaped.

I would like to point out that this attitude is not only taken by a handful of SF authors who are tired of the old school. It is the attitude of many writers and artists who believe they are already living in the future and they must dedicate their works to the rapidly increasing number of men who are also living in the future. It is an intellectual attitude, I could almost say it is an abstract attitude. But since in this ever progressing world there are always abstractions of one kind or another daily influencing us (as demonstrated by, among others, Hannah Arendt in THE HUMAN CONDITION) I do not think the objection is of any considerable weight.

Seen from a general point of view, our war methods are becoming more abstract, our conversations are more abstract and our mutual relations are more abstract. In this world orientated towards the future, every decision is necessarily more abstract; even the games played by men are more abstract. A further objection could be raised considering the danger involved in this evolution: that we lose contact with reality - but this seems to be unavoidable. Perhaps what we need is to understand a new reality, to learn to live with the unavoidable. Our art can help us in it, can help us to understand this world of the future in which we are already living in spirit.

(Published in nº 100 of MRU (München Round Up))

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THE CAT by Luis Mayoral Cáncer

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I was crossing St. Michael's square when I said, looking up at the sky: "How odd! Already St. Lawrence's eve and no star has fallen." I reached the bar at the corner and there, on a low balcony, I saw a cat, to which I said: "Hallo! What's on your mind? Come with me", and patted her head.

Before entering the place I met the night watchman of that street talking with the landlady, who was sweeping the pavement. I greeted them, offering a cup of coffee to the former, who declined it.

The landlady came in, The cat followed her. I order a Gulder, and while I was drinking it I commented upon the gracefulness of the cat; she was now playing with a gust of wind.

The only other client in the bar remarked: "What a thin neck she's got!", to which I retorted: "Maybe it is a cat from Mars". Smiles.

The cat answered me: "You said it", and left, very proud of her extraterrestrial origins.

Half of this story is true, the other half is not.



.....  
(Excerpt from a lecture delivered during the International Astronautical Congress in Belgrade, the 25.9.67, on the theme "Political and Technical Alternatives for International Space Projects", by professor Dr. H.H. Koelle, Berlin TU, Vicepresident of the IAF. This list includes manned space flights exclusively, and makes no claims at being complete.)  
.....

1. Earth projects

- a) Researches towards a better profitableness of the earth (Earth Resources Laboratory), ready around 1977, with a ten-man crew, supplied weekly from the air.
- b) Earth research station, with a six-man crew, supplied monthly from the air, around 1978.
- c) Space research station, and orbital flights base, with 24 men, supplied weekly, around 1980.
- d) Quick and global transport system at 10.000 km/h (6.000 miles/h) average speed, with 20 tons freight or 200 passengers per plane, ready around 1990.

2. Moon projects

- e) More advanced orbital flights and supplying station with a ten-man crew, ready for 1976.
- f) Research work of the front side of the moon by a ten-man crew, around 1980.
- g) Radioastronomical research of the hidden face of the moon by a ten-man crew, in 1990.
- h) Lunar colonization by more than 100 persons; construction beginning around 1992.

3. Planetary projects

- i) Venus expedition, towards 1980/81.
- j) Mars expedition, begun around 1982.
- k) Orbital flights to Venus with ten-man crews, around 1988.
- l) Mars landing around 1984/86.
- m) Orbital flights to Mars, with ten men, around 1990.
- n) Research work in Mars by ten men, around 1995.
- o) Maiden expedition to Mercury, around 1994/95.
- p) Maiden expedition to Jupiter, around 1998/99.

(Published in MRU, the fanzine of the  
München SF Group)

.....  
WE SHOULD ALL WORK FOR THE DIFFUSION OF THE CLA; WITH YOUR HELP WE SHALL SOON BE  
MANY; WE ARE ALREADY MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED.  
WRITE ASKING FOR THE ADMISSION TESTS ! ! !  
.....



The trumpets thundered in the air with musical clamour, while a bright sunshine inundated the streets and squares of the city of Lontra.

The market at that early hour of the morning was a whirlpool of people coming and going and shouting the prices of the different merchandises they had displayed for sale hours ago.

That was the day of the Great Atton and pilgrims flowed en masse from distant towns and villages in the most variegated means of transport. Horses, asses, carts formed an interminable procession in the accesses to the city; it went on farther than the eye could reach along the dusty path.

= = = =

Lussi, the old potter, followed them with his tired eyes, which had seen seventy years go by, while his still skilful hands kept on moulding the wet clay. He felt too in his old heart the call of the Glorious Atton, Creator of all the Worlds and Destroyer of Evil; but he was too tired and his body lacked the vigour of his youthful years. He looked with satisfaction at the beautiful vessels drying in the sun and decided to work no more for the day. He entered the house and prepared with the rest of his family for the abundant meal cooked by his wife, kind old Myra, in honour of the holy festivity.

- To the table, children! - she was calling gaily, and her summons was answered by a choir of childish voices and running and dragging of heavy chairs. Then the grownups, some of them with their wives, occupied more silently, though no less gaily, their respective places around the big wooden table.

They all kept respectfully silent while the venerable patriarch sat down at the head. Lussi, his face lit up by a serene smile, looked at each of them in turn, and his voice betrayed his emotion when he addressed his family.

- My children, the Great Atton has allowed us to get together once more in honour of his glorious arrival in the World. I do not know if this will be possible next year; but it is my wish that when He calls me to his side, you go on getting together right here to offer Him your prayers as I taught you to do from infancy. And I wish too that you teach this to your children and their children to the glory and contentment of Our Lord.

And having spoken, he broke the bread as a symbol of sacrifice, and distributed it from hand to hand all around the table.

- And now, my children - he said when the ceremony was over, - let us raise our prayer to the Lord in order that he grants His blessing to our family.

And all of them, including the youngest ones, repeated in unison:

"Oh, glorious Atton, our God and King!  
Grant us your blessing and the eternal comfort.  
Save us from sin and corruption  
and keep tentation away from us..."

= = = =

Outside, the clamour had lessened because people were having their meal at home. Inns and hostelries were full and money flowed like a river whose estuary were in the merchants' pockets; they came, year after year, on the exact date with impatient avarice; but not forgetting to offer the customary gifts at the Temple of Atton for the maintenance of the divine cult.

The reason for that pilgrimage to the city of Lontra was visiting this Temple where, once every year, and before the eyes of all those who cared to assist, a relic was shown, the only existing relic of that God who, it was said, had survived the Destruction of Evil more than five hundred years ago.



The priests of Atton were preparing for the solemn Festival for many days in advance and, inside the Temple, activity was even greater than in the streets. Clothed in their red tunics they did not cease in their many tasks: some of them were polishing the floors, others adorned the altar, another group was choosing the candles...everything had to be done in the greatest hurry because the day was getting to its zenith and at dusk people would begin to throng in the vast chamber to contemplate their Lord and pray in their ardent faith for so many, many things...

In the upper Chambers, the Supreme Priest Petrio was quietly conversing with the Second in the Order named Josaf. They were both of a venerable age, time having inflicted irreparable damage on the former's wrinkled face.

- Yes, my good Josaf, - he was saying - I have also known doubt, many years ago. I believe all priests of all religions have known this great doubt about the truth of the religion they preach to the world; but as I said, it happened in the past and I am sure you will also surmount this difficulty and accomplish your task as well or even better than I have.

- Thank you, Petrio, - replied the other - your words are comforting, even though I am unable at present to reject this painful feeling, but I promise you that I will beg the Lord that my doubt may be erased and the way lit up which you have so wisely marked with your example.

- Come, my restless friend, you must prepare the last details and forget about your fears - and the older man's face looked like kindness itself.

Left alone, he sighed and pondered. He too had known doubt: what was worse, he still doubted. And this was the torture of his whole life and the shadow following him to the end of his days; but he had fulfilled his duty, and his faith had been the stronger, qualifying him to be the Supreme Priest of the Glorious Atton. Death, Petrio knew, was lurking near and the primary consideration occupying his mind, after having consecrated his life to the service of the God, was finding a worthy successor to continue his task as shepherd of the great human flock.

Josaf could do it, and although he was no longer young, he would live long enough to find a just and clever man to succeed him when his days were over. He began dressing for the great ceremony, and felt confident that Atton would see to it that his pious wishes came to be realized.

= = = = =

The crowds filled the Temple. All had left their gifts at the entrance, already being collected by the diligent priests who kept them in their cellars, built to that effect many years ago under the main chamber. This chamber had become too narrow with the years, and many people could not enter it, so they had to stand on tiptoe at the doors or in the square, straining their necks to watch the proceedings over the sea of heads before them.

Lussi, the potter, was occupying with his whole family one of the side stands built for that purpose for the oldest and most powerful families in the city. The old craftsman looked with eyes wet with emotion how faith transfigured all those innumerable faces, and from the corner of his eyes watched the youngest of his grandchildren who, with eyes and lips wide open, was looking around him without understanding, his childish soul entranced before such a pageant.

The clamour of the crowds had been increasing to the point of a deafening pandemonium in which all ages and sexes were represented. All of a sudden, when the Supreme Priest appeared dressed in his yellow robes before the resplendent altar, an impressive silence reigned as if by magic in the Temple. Then, the thirty-two priests standing on both sides of the altar started a beautiful song in honour of Atton, thus marking the beginning of the Great Ceremony commemorating the Destruction of Evil, achieved more than five centuries ago by the God of all the Worlds.

After the hymn, Petrio addressed all the faithful and spoke about the Lord, and Faith and Virtue, and all the mercies they owed to the God of the gods. And his



heart was in his words, and the tears he shed while he preached released tears from thousands of eyes full of religious faith. And when he finished, a murmur broke from the throats of the faithful, a murmur increasing in volume until the huge stone vaults shook under the universal cry of Atton, Atton!

The end of the ceremony was near, and silence reigned once more. All eyes were now focussed on the oblong shape resting, under black curtains, on the altar, waiting for the Supreme Priest's hands to uncover it before the faithful crowds. Many in the audience had already seen it; but their reverence had not diminished; on the contrary, it was deeper from year to year, before the depthless mystery of their God's only relic.

The trembling wrinkled hands of the Supreme Priest Petrio pulled the curtains aside, uncovering the Divine Relic, the greatest treasure of their faith. Everybody's eyes rested with boundless respect on the object displayed before them.

The reddish sunset rays filtering through the tall window-panes, intermingling with the restless sheen of the hundreds of candles surrounding the altar, shed a colourful light upon a metallic object, twisted and impaired by the centuries. On it were hardly visible the letters U.S.A. and the shadow of what once had been a star. It was an old intercontinental missile. The crowds, devout and happy, were slowly coming out of the Temple. The ceremony was over.

---

UNFINISHED MAN

by

JORGE FUENTES DUCHEMIN

---

Creatures come to me from other galaxies, from other dimensions of the imagination. Creatures who do not understand my situation, ever standing. As someone has said: a biped, hungry sacrament. Absent and submerged in my ancestral sleep, ever lost in my sorrow. Let me speak to you, if words are valid for you.

Esoteric creatures come from I don't know where: behold, I am a child, a decrepit old man, a man taking roses to the graveyard, covering my own tomb with flowers, and then I shout on waking up and I have a little joy in my lips because it is now that the master begins to be afraid.

To you I address my words, to you who know everything. And I turn to you reverently and display for you my foggy brain.

---

We shall never tire of recommending to you the best SF fanzine edited in Spain, NUEVA DIMENSION. Make it part of your library.

Write to us and we shall subscribe you to it.

Please remember that our members can profit of a special subscription price if done through the CLA.

---

BANG!

The fanzine of the comic strip. The most serious and documented publication in our country, to which all real fans must subscribe. We are waiting for your letters asking for information about BANG!

---



.....  
BIBLE  
.....

by André Carneiro  
.....

A robot from Alfa  
commands over the Earth  
pressing sensorial  
buttons for the  
governing of the galaxy.

The same way  
insects  
were manufactured.

Adam and Eve, androids  
with positronic defects  
were released upon the Earth.

The sun was generous and kind,  
the hot climate  
provoked several  
clumsy caresses  
starting  
genetics.

The apes,  
well-trained  
invented the  
holy books.

A foreign astronaut  
invented a super-nova.  
Other colder theories  
from beyond space  
show how life  
is manufactured.

Carnivorous flowers,  
abstemious computers,  
dolphin doctors,  
women sirens  
and other things  
imperfect  
will persuade the chief robot  
from Alfa  
to liberate the Earth in about  
a million years.

.....  
TO A DREAM  
.....

by Elena García  
.....

These brief beautiful dreams  
reflecting strange worlds in an instant,  
strange countenances,  
who or what engenders them in the mind?

Are their faces more perfect? you will by  
chance ask.

No. They are only strange faces. Pure.  
They are not from this world.

Is the colour of their eyes exotic? Has  
their gaze an unwonted design?

No. They are only strange eyes. Pure.  
They are not from this world.

Is their voice sweeter? Warmer? Who knows!  
All one guesses is the wealth of truthfulness  
flowing from the open soul.

It is a strange voice. Pure.  
It is not from this world.

And, at last, you will ask:  
Could they be some roaming images seizing  
the spirit of him who sleeps?

Who knows!  
But I ask: is it not beautiful to call  
them foreseen images of other more  
perfect creatures?

And is it not sad, disquieting, that this,  
our world, does not conjure up similar  
images in other worlds?

Yes...Now you will ask: are they better,  
these other worlds?

Who knows!  
They are only strange ideals.  
They are pure.  
They are not yet from this world.

.....

.....



The comic, as an art, consists of five elements, although some people name but the first two: drawing, script, colour, balloons and lettering. It must be taken into account that the last three are not included in the drawing, they are independent. This is to the point because there is another element which has nothing to do with the comic as an art, but which plays an important, though negative role, in it. The name is nostalgia.

Nostalgia is the reason why things like "The Masked Warrior", "The Puppy", "Roberto Alcázar" and "Pedrín" are studied and defended...

Nostalgia is what makes fan magazines fill pages and more pages with the study of these characters, and what makes writers lose their time looking for absurd homosexual relations between the heroes.

Nostalgia is to blame for the existence (with success) of the current "Jaimito", TBO, "Pulgarcito" and the like.

It is finally the reason why the Spanish comic has not yet attained the ultimate degree of development which, it is to be hoped, will attain some day.

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One of the very few flaws in NUEVA DIMENSION is, besides there being practically no comic strips in it, a certain tendency to be "difficult". They mention editors, but forget to add the addresses of the editorials where they are to be found. Let us hope that Vigil will soon correct this mistake.

= = = = =

An interesting Belgian magazine, RAN-TAN-PLAN (435, Avenue Van Volxem - Bruxelles 6). The editors often make re-editions of old strips. The last is JUNGLE JIM, by Raymond.

The first volume has appeared (300 Belgian Francs). The second, on subscription (300 BF) has some poor reproductions.

= = = = =

A French editorial is currently publishing most of the Spanish material from Maga and Bruguera. Thus, for instance, we find editions of "Capitán Trueno", "Jabato", "Green Cossack", "Red Arrow", and many others.

In nº 21, the "Shirley Spécial", they publish "Pamela", who is no other than the "Delicious Paula", by Enrique Montserrat, edited in Spain by HIT.

None of the reproductions are commendable. The address is: "Editions Aventures et Voyages" - 26, rued'Aboukir - Paris 2<sup>e</sup>.

= = = = =

Let us name one of the editions from Editoriale Corno (Viale Romagna, 14 - 20133 Milano), "Alan Ford". The authors are MAX BUNKER (writer) and MAGNUS (drawing artist), both of whom are responsible for the great comic strip MAXMAGNUS, appearing in the Italian magazine EUREKA, which is at present translating POGO into French.

= = = = =

Two new comics in the Spanish market: PHYTON and ALMAS-12, by Boixher. The first one boasts of three characters: PHYTON, DOCTOR MORG and MIKROS. The first of these with an argument by Mytek, the second by Kungoo and the third with argument and drawings from DELTA-99.

In ALMAS-12 there is RIP KIRBY, but without his spectacles.

It cannot be said that the Spanish comic is improving much.



Speaking about plagiarism, there you have the last collection from Galaor (it lacks a title), where you find whole vignettes copied from "5Xinfinite", "Delta 99", "Flash Gordon" by DAN BARRY, and "Ghost" by SY BARRY.

= = = = =

Easterman (66, rue Bonaparte, Paris 6e) has published the first issue of its new collection "Les dossiers de B.I.D.E.", by Jean Jeanne and Lito Topin. In "La Langouste ne passera pas" (48 pages - 10 Fr.) there are modern style illustrations and onomatopoeias style Eguilor.

= = = = =

We are planning to choose the comic of the year, for which reason we ask all readers to write Pedro Tabernero - Divino Redentor, 4 - Sevilla, (or to the C.L.A.) giving us the titles of your three favourite present comics.

---

FROM THE GALACTIC GEOGRAPHY  
Description of the planet "TERRA"

by

Dr. José Luis Barceló

---

"Taken from the "Manual Guide of the Planets", Vol. VIII, page 143":

TERRA, third planet of the Sun Group; INHABITED; DANGEROUS.

TERRA is the only inhabited planet in the ROXIS-SUN GROUP; judging by the gigantic ruins discovered there, the Sages of the Great Galactic Council reached the conclusion that an important civilization might have flourished on it, some 3, 4 in the scale.

However, there is no doubt that, at a given moment of its life, the planet TERRA suffered an excessive charge of radioactive fissionable matter which destroyed most of its animal and vegetable life, and which even now maintains an intense activity hindering the normal complete development of a positive evolution.

It presents a predominance of water over earth areas; the latter are grouped in three large continents and some bigger islands; two of these continents are burned by radioactivity in almost the whole of their extension, and it is only in the extreme south of the third, and in some of the islands, that some deformed races exist, presenting notable anthropological differences in what concerns external organs as well as pigmentation.

On the continent called AFRAS lives a black race, closely related to the aboriginal tribes of the Equator zone, living in scattered clans in a condition of frank savagery; they feed on the flesh of their fellow-beings and lack almost any kind of culture. They are extremely aggressive.

In the great island of AUSTRALIS there are several nuclei of white human beings with clear external deformities which make it impossible to establish a standard-type race, since individuals in this racial group present extremities in the thorax, while others lack them completely; some of them have seemingly normal visual organs while others display totally white eyeballs; they dwell in the ruins along the coastal zone, and even though their food is rudimentary and primitive, they do not eat the flesh of their fellow-beings. They are essentially peaceful, and very shy.

Finally, spread along certain areas in the second great continent, in the highest range of mountains and in some islands, lives a third race, its colour a deep yellow, lacking any hair and the external ear, and calling themselves "tchinois"; their cultural level is higher than that of the two races already mentioned. They are very aggressive, refuse any contact whatever and possess some primitive launching weapons



they call "missiles", of rudimentary manufacture and short range.

QUALIFICATION: Planet unfit for colonization owing to the high level of radioactivity; for research work expeditions and tourism or pleasure cruises, consult previously the Department for Intergalactic Voyages Protection, and apply at the Cartographic Department for Prevention Maps. Indispensable: anti-radiation clothes, preventive weapons and decontaminated food. Planet in quarantine and observation for unlimited time.

---

LA JETEE is a film doubtlessly belonging inside the realm of Science Fiction. Partly because of its title, partly for lack of the necessary publicity, many fans of the genre lost the opportunity to see it. In order to make up in at least a small way for this lapsus, we publish the following text about this important and singular work by CHRIS MARKER.

---

THE COMPLETE TEXT OF "LA JETEE" BY CHRIS MARKER

This is the history of a man marked by an image of his childhood.

The scene shaking him with its violence, the meaning of which he could not comprehend until much later, took place on the great field of Orly, several years before the Third World War broke out.

Sundays, parents use to take their children to Orly to watch the planes taking off. The child we are talking about would keep in his mind for very long some memories from that particular Sunday: the sun, the field and a woman's face.

There is not a dividing line between different memories: but later on they show up, with their scars. That face which would be the only image of a peaceful interlude in war time, he kept asking himself for a long time whether he had really seen it or had imagined a moment of tenderness in order to face the moment of madness following it, the sudden noise, the woman's gesture, the body poised, the clamour from the crowds on the terrace, tense with fright. Later he realized that he had witnessed a man's death.

And a little while later came the destruction of Paris.

Many died. Some thought they had won. Some were made prisoners. The survivors settled down along the Chaillot underground net.

Living on the surface of Paris, and in all likelihood of most of the world, was utterly impossible. It had been destroyed by radioactivity. The victors kept

watch over a world of rats. Prisoners were submitted to a kind of experiences that seemed to interest them. When they were over, some of the prisoners lost part of their thinking powers, others died or went mad.

One day they came to take one of the prisoners away, whose history we tell.

He was afraid. He had heard about the work headmen. He thought he was standing before Dr. Frankenstein. He met a man who explained to him that the human race was doomed, that space had closed in on it, that the only possible relation with the means of survival was to be found in Time. A gap in Time in order to pass victuals, medicines, fountains of energy.

This was the reason for the experiences: to project Time in go-betweens, to call the past and the future on behalf of the present.

But human spirit doubted. To wake up in another time meant to be born a second time, as an adult. The shock was too strong. After projecting in different time zones lifeless or mindless bodies, the inventors concentrated now on individuals endowed with strong mental images. Able to imagine or dream of another time, they might also be able to adapt themselves to it.

The field policeman watched even dreams. This man was chosen among one thousand for his fixation over an image of the past.

At first, just banishing the present. The subject does not die, his mind does not waver. He suffers. Then they go ahead. On the tenth day of the experience images begin to appear. A certain morning in time of peace. A room, real children, real birds, tombs. On the sixteenth day he is on the



field. Empty. Sometimes he finds a happy day, but different, a happy face, also different. Ruins. A girl who could be the one he is looking for. She walks across to him. He sees her smiling from a car. Other images come up, they get together in a museum which could be his memory's.

On the thirtieth day the meeting takes place again. This time he is sure of recognizing her. In fact, it is the only thing he is sure of in this dateless world, staggering him most of all by its wealth. All around him fabulous matters: glass, plastic, foam texture. When he is free from his trance, the woman has disappeared.

The men directing the experience tighten their control, throw him again on the field. Time unrolls once more, the instant returns. This time he is near her. He speaks to her. She listens and is not surprised. They have no memories, no plans. Their time is simply being built around them. Nothing counts but the taste of the moment they are living and the signs on the walls.

Later, they meet in a garden. They remember that gardens existed before. She asks him about his collar, "the warrior's collar" he was wearing at the beginning of the war which will break out someday. He invents an explanation.

They walk. They stop before a sequoia tree all covered with historic dates. She pronounces a foreign name he does not understand: "Hitchcock". As in a dream, he shows her a point beyond the tree. He says: "I come from there..."

...and falls down again, exhausted. Then another time wave shakes him. Surely they have injected him once more.

Now she sleeps in the sun. He thinks that in this world he has just entered, while he was being thrown again towards her, she has died.

When she wakes up he speaks to her once more, says a truth too fantastic to be accepted. But he omits the essential: a distant country, a great distance to be covered. She listens to him without derision.

Is it the same day? He does not know. They will take innumerable walks like this one, during which a mutual confidence will grow. Without memories or plans. Until the moment when he feels a barrier before them.

Thus ends the first series of experiences. It was the beginning of a period of tests where he will meet her in different situations. She receives him with simplicity. She calls his spectre. One day she looks as

if she were afraid. One day she bends over him. He never knows whether it is he who goes to her, whether he is led to her, whether he invents or dreams.

Around the fifteenth day they meet in a museum full of eternal beasts.

By now the cast off is perfectly aimed. Projected towards the chosen moment, he can remain in it effortlessly. She, too, looks tamed. She accepts as something quite natural the appearances of this visitor who exists, speaks, laughs with her, is silent, listens and leaves her.

When he returned to the experimenting chamber he felt that something had changed. Judging by the commentaries he overheard he knew that, in view of the successful experiences with the past, they were going to project him into the future. The excitement of the new adventure made him overlook for some time the idea that their meeting in the museum had been the last.

The future was better guarded than the past. After several more difficult experiments he succeeded in getting adapted to the future world. He crossed a transformed planet, a reconstructed Paris, ten thousand incomprehensible avenues. Other men waited for him. The meeting was brief. It was clear that they had no use for the rubbish of a past epoch. He recited his lesson. Since humanity had survived, he could not refuse his own past the means for survival. This sophism was accepted as a mask of fate. He was given an energy central capable of starting again the whole human industry, and the doors to the future were closed again.

After a while, on his return, he was taken to another part of the field.

He knew his jailers would not forgive him. He had a tool in his hands, the image from his childhood had been the bait to have him conditioned, and and it had played its role well, fulfilling their hopes. He only expected to be killed now, along with the memory of a time he had lived twice. In the bottom of that liquid he received the message from the men of the future. They too travelled in time, and with a greater ease. Now they were there, inviting him to join them. But he wanted something else: instead of that future in peace he asked to be returned to the world of his childhood and that woman who was perhaps waiting for him.

Once in the great Orly field, that



hot Sunday before the war where he would be able to remain, he thought in a sudden panic that the little boy he had been must also be there, looking at the airplanes. First of all he searched for a woman's face in one extreme of the field. He ran towards her. And when he recognized the man he had followed down to the underground field, he understood that he did not escape time and this moment given to him to watch his childhood and which had never ceased obsessing him, was also the moment of his own death.

"LA JETEE" (THE FIELD)

A "photoromance" by Chris Marker

Setting.....Jean Ravel  
 Music.....Trevor Duncan and  
                   Russian Liturgy for  
                   Holy Saturday  
 Production.....Argos Films  
 Narrator.....Jean Negroni  
 Cast.....Hélène Chatelain  
                   Davos Hanich  
                   Jacques Ledoux  
                   André Heinrich

Prize JEAN VIGØ 1963 - FIRST PRIZE  
 "GIFF-WIFF" (Club de Bandes Dessinées))

"LA JETEE" is the first filmed tragedy on travels in time. It is the most beautiful film of the year. Cahiers du Cinema.

This philosophic tale, moving and thrilling, this 27-minute film is one of the year's most important works. Georges Sadoul in "Les Lettres Françaises"

A pathetic meditation on love and death, on happiness and peace. Yvonne Baby in "Le Monde"

With "La Jetée", Chris Marker reveals himself as a cinematographer of unparalleled intelligence and sensibility in French film-making. It is an admirable film, of an indescribable beauty. Marcel Martin in "Cinema 63"

.....  
 NIGHTMARE IN BLACK

by

Luis Vázquez León

.....  
 Story-Homage to the work and thought of René Rebetez.  
 .....

They came in turns for the daily ritual.  
 In the early afternoon came the youngest.  
 Later came the females, and last of all, at dusk, the males. They sat there, and stared. They formed a half circle around him, observing the ancient rituals.  
 They all strived to keep one in their dens; the ritual was a duty hammering in their brains. Some of them, not content with just one, possessed two or three...it was a token of magic power to own as many as possible; they thought-dreamed to have one in every corner of their dens, one always before their eyes, anywhere their dull sight came to rest.

.....  
 He felt fatigue as a thing long past, although his body was unwilling to obey him. The first thing Arthur did, as soon as he was in his home-den, was to approach the fetish and activate it.

He began hearing strange sounds and seeing images issued by the entrails of the



fetish. It seemed an extraordinary thing to be there alone, without his wife and children; he had the fetish all for himself!

Arthur leaned back in his armchair, relaxed.

Abandonment filled him.

And Arthur started listening to the orders which must be executed tomorrow morning:

DO NOT THINK - DO NOT BELIEVE - SEE - BUY - DO - GO - BE ..

Thus the list went on endlessly, for a whole hour.

Arthur raised himself from the armchair where he had been sitting motionless, and with automatic-rhythmic steps went towards the fetish.

He was on the point of disactivating it when the new orders reached his ears:

SIT DOWN! RELAX! REPROGRAM!

FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER.

THEY MUST BE FULFILLED AS SOON AS THIS TRANSMISSION IS OVER.

KILL! DESTROY! RAPE! COMMIT SUICIDE!

END OF TRANSMISSION END OF TRANSMISSION END OF...

Arthur, forgetting to disactivate the fetish, entered his bedroom. An artificial-light beam partly revealed his wife when he opened the door. She was asleep. He went to his wardrobe and there, in a drawer, was his sparkling Remington-870, carefully wrapped among his linen. He took it out, holding it in his right hand, while his other ramified appendix groped knowingly in the drawer for the munition box. Mechanically he proceeded to place the cartridges bearing such boastful names: Remington Express-buck shot. Now it was loaded. The rest of the cartridges he put in his trouser pocket.

Arthur turned on his heels and quickly pressed with his left hand.

A characteristic crack was heard. Movement right forefinger, detonation, reaction. Rozana, his wife, did not even utter the briefest of moans.

Again the quick movement press-left hand. There, in the distance, he felt something hot scraping his right arm. He kicked open the door to his children's bedroom. He raised the barrel and again shot-left hand-shot-something hot-distance.

Now he approaches the window and hears louder and louder detonations, explosions, mitraille shots.

Quite a number of people are running in the streets, destroying everything before them. Some with sticks, with stones, with sharp instruments, with fire arms, with anything capable of putting an end to life. This show in the darkness strikes one as being an orgy, and yes! it is an orgy of death and destruction!

Arthur now adjusts his Remington to the frame of the window, and adds his own contribution to the general clamour, aiming successfully at the perfect targets offered by the people in the street...thus he kept shooting for a long time until he thrust his hand into his pocket in search of more cartridges and found only one, the last! the most precious of all!

He slipped it with great care into the chamber with quick movement- left hand.

He turned the weapon against himself and aimed. He groped for the trigger. There it was. He pressed it.

The reaction sent the acephalous body against the wall, while from it gushed thick spurts of blood, like red oil.

.....

All that seemed fantastic to the alien men. During their long roaming conquests in the Galaxy they had never seen anything like this. They had done nothing except change the program. It had been as easy as that. However, it struck them as very odd, this surrender of those hypnotized creatures who killed and destroyed in a trance. It was as if they had been created for precisely that end.

The rest was easy. The total eradication of the survivors, those idiots and anti-insanes who did not watch television.



"The organization of the International Fandom is terribly loose", thus ran the candid criticism expressed during the Saturday morning discussion (April 5, 1969) of the Oxford Eastercon.

The open discussion was led by David Kyle, who is a regular guest at the English Conventions and was the President of the World Convention 1956 in New York. The discussion was supposed to begin at 10 a.m., with the title "International Fandom", some foreign fans were going to be introduced, and the problems arising during the Worldcons discussed. At the announced time only five persons were present, and after waiting for five minutes, the discussion was opened with six participants.

Kyle began it with a brief history of the Worldcon 1939, pointing out that at each Con the Committee enjoys a practically boundless autonomy, with no official continuity really existing between the different Cons. As a consequence, the same problems which in preceding occasions had already been half solved, presented themselves again with a minimum of help from past experiences. In the face of this traditional disconnection and the almost total lack of organization, Kyle sees little hope of a change in the right direction taking place in the near future.

Manfred Kage, President of the HEICON candidature, revealed the plans of the HEICON committee and emphasized the absolute internationalism of the Programme. He referred to the convenience of a permanent organization serving as a link between English and American fans, and insisted upon the need of a coordinating group or society. He mentioned his hopes, shared by many (by now the audience had notably increased) that an Organization is formed able to benefit from the useful experiences of all the veteran fans visiting almost all the Cons.

The lack of a "structure" was repeatedly harped on, as it contributes to the confusion and misunderstandings afflicting many fans in their international relations, although luckily this problem is relatively rare.

Hans-Werner Heinrichs accused the American fans of being afraid to lose, perhaps indefinitely, the opportunity to celebrate Worldcons in their cities, as a result of feeble interest and an indifferent leadership. He suspected this to be the cause of the reluctance showed by American fans to visit overseas Cons. Kyle refuted this charge, pointing out that the two most important American candidatures for 1970, Boston and Washington D.C. (together with Baltimore) had stepped out, leaving the way free for Heidelberg. Rumors about a Bermudas candidature were pooh-poohed by Kyle as a "joke" from a small minority, adding that Syracuse (where Kyle had been co-president of the candidature) would not come out in 1970.

Further questions were interrupted with the remark that the use of the word "world" had been common in America from the first to give Cons more significance and a wider horizon. Now its use was no longer appropriate, and the idea is gaining ground of calling American Conventions "national". Kyle pointed out that the change suffered by the "rotation Plan" (intended to distribute Cons regularly in the different regions) consisting in celebrating a Worldcon out of American soil every five years on a compulsory basis, had been specifically approved in order to make this "right" hold permanently. However, Kyle added, this alteration was not, in many people's opinion, so convenient as the original plan, establishing no compulsory non-American Worldcon every five years, but inviting every two years an overseas candidature and leaving the most qualified to win.

Kyle asked some questions of primal interest: What are international Cons? Why are they held? What purpose do they serve? He answered his own questions saying that Cons are social events during which one indulges in conversations. They lack an official or formal function, with the sole possible exception of the Annual Achievement Awards (HUGOs).

Mario Bosnyak expressed his hopes that the HEICON, if it was finally chosen as the seat of the 27th WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION, could mark the beginning of a new era of international cooperation and coordination.



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C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

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Were I endowed with telepathic powers I could transmit you ipso facto my joy at finding our letter-box filled to the brim with your letters. As I unfortunately do not possess them, I try to convey it to you from this page. This last month has witnessed an extraordinary activity; we wrote many letters and now we see our efforts rewarded.

Let us begin by chronological order. Luis Vigil and Sebastián Martínez, the geniuses behind NUEVA DIMENSION, send a postcard from the Swedish Polar Circle, the classical and ever lovely picture of the midnight sun reflected on a lake, with a gigantic Christmas tree in the foreground. I wish I were there, enjoying the summer polar breeze...We thank them for not forgetting us.

Our friend, Dr. José Luis Barceló must also this time appear on my page because he has written to comment (favourably) on nº 6 of AI. Keeping his promise, he sends a short story for our beloved fanzine. Thanks to him we are beginning to get acquainted with the extraterrestrial point of view, something very useful just in case...

José Luis Martínez Montalbán, our brand-new Coordinator in Madrid, a good friend and an able one, will be a worthy representative of our Circle, much to the advantage of the already large colony of our members in the capital. He asks for a list of them all so that he can summon them to a general meeting, a good idea intended to foster friendships and close collaboration. He promises monthly reviews for AI. What more can we ask?

Also from Madrid, Manuel González writes a very nice letter. We appreciate your suggestion of an AI colour issue now and then, to lure fans who are still "in doubt". You are right, Manuel, it is an issue not to be overlooked. When AI reaches the degree of perfection we all want for it, it will be beyond competition!

José Ignacio Fontes writes about nº 6 of AI, praising it of course, and hoping to get nº 7 very soon, for comics are his great weakness, and the field where he plans to choose his profession. We shall be waiting for his collaborations, now that he is a member of the CLA.

It is so encouraging to receive the work of a new member, so new in fact that I wrote only last month about his test having just arrived. Joaquín Suñé will see his poem published in one of the next issues of AI; poets are so rare, nowadays, you are welcome, Joaquín!

We say the same to another new member, Luis Mayoral, from Zaragoza, who sends a lovely short story and a poem.

Letters containing a test are our favourite, meaning as they do that a new friend has come to share our dreams and our realities, and to help us in our way up to the summit. You can imagine therefore the cheerful ambiance these days in the sancta sanctorum of the CLA, after receiving the following tests almost consecutively:

Antonio Puente, from Zaragoza, was the first to come, followed by:

Ramón Vidal, from Tarrasa: you remember him from my page in nº 5?

Manuel S. Darías, from Santa Cruz de Tenerife, lives in the same town as:

Fernando Sáenz, who writes a long letter. Fernando has been looking for a club like ours for a long time, in order to give vent to his hobby. He wants us



to: tell him about any CLA members living in his city; send him a list of all SF publications edited in Spain during the year, as well as the addresses of the respective editorials; and, very specially, subscribe him to Jaime Rosal's fanzine, FUNDACION, in which he is very interested. We shall readily comply in all three points.

Antonio José Cerezo, from Madrid, learned about the founding of the CLA in NUEVA DIMENSION; he asks for information in order to join our family in an official way, since in spirit he belongs to it already.

Juan Monsell Prat, from Benidorm, writes: Subscribe me to AD INFINITUM! We have written back and sent our test, which he must fill before we can obey his command.

And lastly, Eduardo Miller, from Jerez, sends the test we had been waiting for. All right, now that you entered the CLA you must write something for AI. He makes two good suggestions in his letter: we will put them into practice. A decided proselytizer, he asks us to publish his address here so that possible fans in Jerez can contact him. Here it is: GONZALEZ BYASS & Co. Ltd.

As for our correspondence with fans beyond our frontiers, this month we have seen it considerably increased, thanks to our previous diligence in writing. I shall begin with our neighbours, and the first is Paul Bérato, a distinguished writer, whose novels have been translated into many languages, Serbo-Croatian included! He offers us some short stories of his, although he fears they may be too long for AI, but, luckily, they are not, we have decided to accept longer stories in view of our readers' general opinion in their favour. Paul's letter ends with a sentence I shall copy for you in its original version: "Je vous souhaite beaucoup de succès dans ce monde un peu fou."

A French faneditor, Alain Schlockoff, expresses his pleasure on hearing from new SF fans and readily accepts to collaborate with us. He has shortly travelled around Spain, where he was very favourably impressed by the Spanish fandom, its great professional and semi-professional activity concerning SF and fantasy, and ends by pronouncing NUEVA DIMENSION an excellent magazine. He, too, is interested in our collaboration for his fanzines, which are several: METALUNA; L'ECRAN FANTASTIQUE, CREPUSCULE, etc., and gives us the address of a French magazine, HORIZONS DU FANTASTIQUE, in case we want to appear in it.

From Belgium, Michel Féron, who kindly sends his fanzine, MIZAR, promises to include in a next edition our request for texts from the Belgian fans. He agrees to our suggestion of trading our fanzines. And now something very important: Michel is a delegate of the Committee of the International Science Fiction Convention which will be celebrated next year in Heidelberg. We have asked him for badges with the Convention mascot, a mischievous little fellow named JOK.

Another Belgian friend, Jean-Paul Flament, writes in the nice fraternal tone prevailing in all letters from SF fans, and explains that his magazine, PEAU DE SERPENT, features poetry, painting and reviews, but no science fiction, at most fantasy stories. He finishes his letter wishing AI a long life and its collaborators a great deal of courage. Amen!

From Austria, Franz Rottensteiner answers our letter and sends his fanzine, QUARBER MERCUR, for which he would like us to write, stories, articles, reviews. He gives us his permission to translate and publish any part of his fanzine in which we may be interested.

German fandom is worthy of attention for its quantity and its quality, and we wrote Alfred H. Beha, who answers very cordially. He no longer edits a fanzine, but he sent our letter to a friend of his living in Berlin-West, who will, we hope, trade with us, and we shall know his fanzines, SLAN and SLAN-NACHRICHTEN, a weekly newszine where our letter will be published, thus getting to be known by the German fans.



Jacqueline H. Osterrath has written and sent her fanzine, LUNATIQUE. We bow to her and her work; we were captured by the interest of the stories and their good style. Jacqueline gives us the addresses of several faneditors, who are already beginning to send their fanzines; attention all new-baked authors: before you is the unexpected opportunity of seeing your prose (or poetry) printed in fanzines travelling round the world.

MRU, (Munich Round Up) is the fanzine of the Munich SF fan Group. Its editor, Waldemar Kumming, sends us three issues, one of them celebrating the MRU centenary. In deep reverence we salute this venerable brother of AI's. We hear it is the oldest fanzine in existence. They printed 40 copies of the first issue with a nondescript printing machine for which they paid 25 Marks, experiencing the classical afflictions of new faneditors.

Together with the three issues of MRU, Waldemar sends a copy of the HEICON '70 NEWS; as it is of the greatest interest for all of us, the more so since it mentions the spanish fans and our own group, I translate it for you in its entirety:

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THE HEICON '70 NEWS

n° 3 - 1 August 1969

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HALLO, FANS!  
HALLO, FRIENDS!

Ugh! What a hot summer!...and to make matters worse, for ever in the move!... Oxford, Marburg, Trieste, Luna, Düsseldorf...and within a few days, St. Louis... It's more than enough for me!

But to the point! After Heicon News n° 2 I have kept silent, just as I warned you I would, in order to inform our friends in foreign parts of the world, but here I am again with you, just in time for the Düsseldorf Con. This is the last edition of News report in its present form, but I will go on as usual keeping you in the run of things. Today I have important news ready, and very interesting news, too. As you already know, we all strive to make HEICON '70 a really international Con. We have kept it in mind in the matter of choosing our guests of honour, and I have today the great pleasure of announcing to you that we shall have one guest of honour from each of the following countries: the United States, Great Britain and Germany. Their names are:

ROBERT SILVERBERG ===== EDWIN C. TUBB ===== DR. HERBERT W. FRANKE

We think, or rather, we are sure we have chosen well, and we thank the three authors for their friendly collaboration. In one of our next editions we shall introduce them to you in brief. In the final Programme, which will appear shortly before the HEICON '70 begins, we shall publish a complete biography of our guests of honour, with photographs and autograph page.

And this will be all for today, I'll be seeing you again soon,  
very cordially yours,

J O K

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AND NOW A LETTER FROM THE COMMITTEE OF HEICON '70:

N° 8 - 24



My dear friends!

Arrangements for St. Louis are well on their way. Meanwhile, we are getting encouraging letters and marks of sympathy from abroad. During the traditional Estercon in England, where our Committee was present almost in a body, we could establish valuable personal contacts. As most of the people present were our JOK badge, it almost looked as if HEICON '70 had already begun! Not only fans, but also innumerable writers and editors promised their support. Enthusiasm over our task grows everywhere. A reduced English group plans to sail across the Channel and then along the Rhein and Neckar until they come right up to Heidelberg City Hall in front of which they will drop anchor. We are really thrilled while waiting for them to make it. Another group will drive from England in several hired buses. The same as the Spanish fans, who have recently founded the first SF club in Spain, and which already counts with 120 members. From the United States they will come in a chartered plane! Even during the International Cinema Festival in Trieste have we met enthusiast supporters of HEICON '70, and also there people were wearing our JOK badge! All this fills us with satisfaction. Judging by the present rate, it seems there will be more foreign fans than German-speaking ones taking part in HEICON '70.

HAVE YOU MADE UP YOUR MIND ALREADY?

FOR HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO LOOK AT US  
OVER THE FENCES

Just in case you still don't know, HEICON '70 will take place in Heidelberg, from August 21 to 24, 1970. The sale of memberships has already started. Those of you who are interested, please send DM 10 for a half membership, or DM 16 for a full membership. You will get a quittance from us and your membership number, as well as (until we run out of them) a copy of the recently published HEICON REPORT ZERO, English edition, 20 pages in DIN-A-5 format, entirely offset. You will also get as soon as they come out all the subsequent publications, like the PROGRESS REPORT 1, 2, 3, the complete PROGRAMME, and the HEICON EXTRA NEWS, which will appear in Heidelberg daily. All will be bilingual (German and English) and only members will get them. The membership cards will be printed and distributed as soon as we come back from St. Louis. Full members (DM 16) will also take place in every activity, with the exception of the Banquet, for which an extra contribution will be required.

Please make your payments through our bank accounts:

Thea Molly Auler - Sonderkonto HEICON '70  
Postscheckkonto 2995 04 - Frankfurt/M.

Thea Molly Auler - HEICON '70  
Konto 2665 - Volksbank Ildstein/Taunus

I M P O R T A N T !!!

On writing your cheques, please do not forget to add MEMBER; otherwise, your cheques will be automatically considered a donation. We ask you to save us unnecessary rectifications! THANK YOU!

NATURALLY, DONATIONS WILL ALWAYS BE WELCOME !!!



As we have done for the last few months, our first news will be the naming of a new CLA Coordinator. This time his name is JOSE LUIS MARTINEZ MONTALBAN: he will from now on lead CLA members in Madrid. His address is:

Fomento 37 - 1º Drcha. Madrid- 13

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Anything we say now about the Sitges International Fantastic Cinema Week will come too late, since when this issue reaches you the Festival will probably be over.

However, there are some aspects of it which may interest you and that you must know.

As we already announced in an annex last month, and in order to make our assistance to the Festival more conspicuous and complete, the CLA will edit together with BANG an especial issue in which we put our hopes and wishes for success.

The said issue will be distributed among visitors to the Festival and will be part of the documents the Festival Committee will distribute all over the world. You will receive it at the right moment.

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What do you think about the Week's poster? Also in collaboration with BANG, and under the Festival's auspices, our own poster is at the prints. There were a great many considerations or, let us say it straight, many discussions as to what would be the theme of the poster. But I will not say anything beforehand, or I would ruin a formidable surprise.

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And a last thing about the Week. Although we are sure of meeting you all there, we shall strive to comment it in detail for the benefit of those who cannot possibly attend.

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For a few days we have had Pedro Tabernero with us: he is our Coordinator in Sevilla. Eager to meet us all, he came loaded with comics, signed admission tests and enthusiasm.

We hope, Pedro, that you enjoyed yourself, and that others follow your example; we shall always do our best to entertain them as we did in your case.







