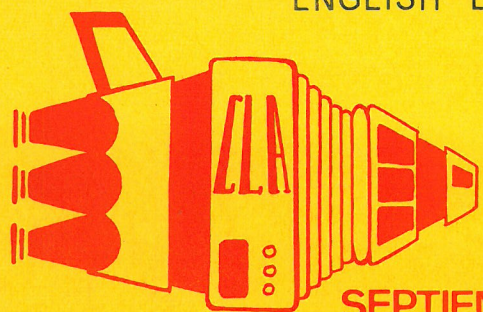


ENGLISH EDITION



AD INFINITUM

CIENCIA - FICCIÓN, FANTASÍA Y CÓMIC

FANZINE DEL
CÍRCULO DE LECTORES DE ANTICIPACIÓN
BARCELONA

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EDITORIAL

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There is something special about this AI issue. As any well-bred child, the CLA wishes to pay an homage to its birth place: Barcelona. This is the reason for the drawing on the cover, to which we would like to give an extra meaning: from the take-off point this Circle is launched into space; it wants members from everywhere, different, even antagonistic, but with a common spiritual nexus uniting all of them: their fondness of SF, comics and fantasy.

This editorial would like to convey much to you, perhaps in the way of a growing intellect already searching, from its cradle, for the means of conquering the world. We have said over and over again that the CLA is the common work of us all, of each one of us who reads AD INFINITUM and lives the projects and realities of our Circle. Now we want to say something more: this common work, this extraordinary something we have built and made to breathe on its own, needs the active collaboration of all its members. It is true that, as in any organization, there is a group of individuals joining their separate efforts and putting into practice the ideas, suggestions and projects conceived by their fellow members. But the CLA being so special in itself, we think it must be special also in this: all its members must take part in this group, every one of you must help, with your collaboration, and in the broader sense of the expression, launch these ships into the Infinite.

It is difficult for you to have a general idea of how you help the CLA in its development and growth. Daily, letters containing stories, articles, drawings, reach our editorial staff. Our Circle's members collaborate effectively in the editing of AI, our diffusion organ; but there is something beyond that, and it comes from the idea giving birth to our activities. We need Conventions in every city, fan gatherings, polemics... This is why our president has asked for your opinion concerning the I National SF Convention, which, for the reason exposed at the beginning of this editorial, could take place in Barcelona. In the letter sent to CLA members no dates and no programmes have been alluded to, for the simple reason that it just pretended the acceptance of the idea. The first impression is favourable, and the spirit behind it is no other than our purpose to persuade all CLA members that it is only through our joined forces that our enterprise can prosper and our goals be reached.

The Convention will coincide with the CLA's first anniversary, and here, in the very place where it was born, it will now see the fruits of its first year's existence: the number of its members and its ideals realized by them, who for some days will be able to meet and discuss their favourite subject.

This issue of AD INFINITUM we dedicate, as we said before, to its birth place, to the place where its first anniversary will be celebrated and which will be the scene of its first great achievement: HISPACON '69.

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From Gérard Grangin to
Dr. Mauret, Director of the Psychiatric
Clinic at M... (Corrèze)

13th July 1971

Dear Doctor:

Can you give us some news about grandfather? How is he? Have you noticed any improvement? We are still under the shock of the last events, which have considerably impressed our family. You ask me to inform you about the circumstances in which my grandfather lost his mind.

It would be more accurate to say that he "lost his spirit", in the most literal sense of the word.

It was like this. It happened a month ago. You know that my grandfather possessed a very modern country property, extending itself to several hectares; we were both in the fields making a survey of the tract when the event took place.

I was not exactly beside my grandfather when it happened; he was in a field about a kilometer away from me. I suddenly became aware of a vivid radiance in the sky, and a humming and a whistling sound similar to those emitted by a helicopter. That thing appeared precisely over the spot where my grandfather was: a disk of indefinable colour, somehow resembling a blood-red hue. A very large disk, descending right down and disappearing behind the hills and the trees.

I took it for an optical illusion, a hallucination provoked by the strong sun which was merciless that day. But I felt rather uneasy when I decided to go to the field where my grandfather was and ask him whether he too, like me, had seen that object seemingly descending towards him.

When I got near - which took me about fifteen minutes, since I was on foot - I saw him lying on the ground: an unknown smell floated in the air, and the ground was burned, blackened, scorched, as if some powerful jet planes, like the lunar missiles that are sent into space for some years now, had visited the place.

I thought that perhaps one of the spacecraft from the nearest base had landed there; I feared that my grandfather, rather ignorant of progress and suffering a cardiac illness, had had a stroke under the unexpected shock. I knelt by him. But his heart was beating normally; and he breathed regularly, as if he were sleeping.

On turning him a little I discovered two scars at the nape of the neck, and two further ones still bleeding a little at the temples. I read quite a lot, Doctor, and Dracula, the vampires came to my mind...but they never take walks at noon, let alone in a flying saucer. While I was wondering about the origin of that mysterious red disk and what could be the matter with my grandfather, I saw him move slightly and heard him whimper like a child.

Dumbfounded I realized it was not his voice at all. His gestures too had something alien in them, as if they were those of an animal, not of a person in his right mind. There was on his face the expression you know so well by now, since he has worn it ever since. You could have said he was a faber man of the first ages!

He woke up, or at least he opened his eyes and sat up, but I would not call that "being awake". It was more like the return to life of a zombie, or a puppet living only through another's will.

When he started speaking, it was with another's voice he spoke. He murmured those words he repeats almost constantly ever since. He said:

- They come from another world, and their world is called... (here comes that name nobody who has heard it can pronounce). It is at thirty light-years from the planet Earth. It is there I am going. My body is just an empty receptacle without a spirit, and it remains, like a cornless walnut, withering away in the neighbourhood of its fellows.

What was he saying? What had happened? What was really the matter? You will understand, Doctor, my agitation. Which was all the greater when I noticed that my grandfather, a countryman with no education to speak of, was speaking in English! A language he did not know, which he had never learnt, and in which he could only say those same words, seemingly inculcated upon him, in whatever intelligence he might have left, by means of a mnemotechnical method unknown to us, in a record time.

- Grandfather, wake up! What's happened, what's the matter with you? - I asked him, shaking him softly by the shoulders.

It was as if my words released some mechanism within him, as if he were a robot, or an electronic brain like those being used at present during military exercises.

- They know too many things for us to understand as yet. They needed a man to study him at leisure - and they chose me. (His fixed eyes shone with pride, they shone with an unnatural brightness: it almost looked as if they had also planned that his eyes should shine at this particular moment). - So I went with them. My brain belongs to them. What is, then, my body but the receptacle needed to bring this important news to the Earth men, to prepare them for contact with... (again that curious word, derivative of the first, which surely designates the inhabitants of that far-off planet). - When they come back they will be strong, they will be numerous, they will be hard to us or they will be good to us. If we are not their friends, we shall be their slaves! So, be prepared, Earth men!

I took him to the house and explained to my parents what had happened. They did not believe me till grandfather began his litany, in the same terms as before, as a recording tape or a dictaphone would do.

We called the family's physician. He pronounced himself incapable of solving the mystery. He pretended that, if he was to believe the radiographs he had taken, my grandfather had no brain any more. A kind of jelly introduced in its place seemed to enable him to perform the necessary actions for his survival. It also looked as if he had kept a part of his brain: the motorial centres for the different gestures needed in daily life; and a portion of his memory.

The brain surgery specialists declared their inability to understand. My story had appeared in a local paper, and then journalists began to arrive from the great Paris and London newspapers, sent by the agencies A.F.F., A.P. and Tass, etc.... Some policemen told them I could not say anything. I was asked not to speak with any journalist. A man came from the Second Military Office and some more from the Occidental Forces.

From that day onwards nothing was as before. You could say my family has become the centre of the universe; they tried to kidnap me (some men who spoke Russian and who must be Soviet spies; the policemen on duty in the house detained them and I have not seen them again; no paper has printed the news). I have the impression of living a thriller. The conquest of the Cosmos seems to preoccupy everybody more than anything else. Are my grandfather's warnings the incoherencies of an insane man? In that case, why such an interest in our persons? If, on the contrary, they are true, we should prepare to receive the alien men on an equality level. But they are not interested in this. They seem to be more insane than grandfather himself.

What makes me so uneasy, Doctor, is not so much these people's insanity, their stupidity. After all, what do I care? I am not a believer, but I suppose there exists a more or less immanent justice; without this hope nobody could live. Perhaps

these people from that remote land will be the ones to bring us a more genuine justice, and to help us follow the right path, us, the poor madmen of the Earth.

But I do care about my grandfather. I calculated, Doctor, on the basis of the speed reached by lunar missiles, as well as the martian ones. And I'm afraid I shall never see my grandfather living and normal again. Will those far-off explorers be able to bring him back to normality?

I am afraid, Doctor. A terrible suspicion is taking hold of me: what if these alien men were as destructive as we are ourselves, what if they were just a little more advanced technically -- what if they are not wiser?

THE WALL

BY

Federico Sánchez

I had never heard about Catllar until the lawyer mentioned it to me. It appeared that now I was in the possession of the fourth part of a municipality. One of my mother's uncles had died in Mexico, 94 years old, and I was his only heir. I had not even met him; I just vaguely remembered having heard him mentioned in some family conversation, no more. He had died a bachelor, and as his two only nephews had long since left this world, just as my mother and my uncle Richard had done before them, I was the only living heir to his legacy.

The first impression being over, the idea of being a land-owner left me rather cold. What the deuce was I supposed to do with so much land? I am a city man, and the country has always bored me, even on a Sunday outing. Besides, there was that matter of transfer duty. The degree of kinship between the deceased and myself being so remote, it would surely amount to a lot of money. However, the lawyer informed me that, even after paying the transfer duty, if I decided to sell, a respectable amount of money would still be mine.

A week later, once I had signed all the documents handed to me by the lawyer, - and they were not few! - and I could call myself the proprietor of the land my mother's uncle had owned, I thought it only pertinent to go and give it a look before starting sale proceedings.

At the Catllar townhall an old man who doubled as secretary was kind enough to offer me his services. He was very old, endowed with a fabulous memory and an unquenchable verbosity. Through him I learned something about the history of the land I had inherited.

Of course, he knew perfectly well the land of the Segarra family. He even remembered having met in his youth Emilio Segarra before he went away to Mexico, soon after his father's mysterious disappearance.

The latter, Don Ramón Segarra, had come from Barcelona to settle down in the village around 1870. A strange man with not too many scruples, he became the proprietor of the best tracts in the place in a few years, and with the revenues they procured him he was able to retire to the mansion he ordered built on a hill over Catllar, isolating himself completely from the world around him.

Five years after his coming he married a rich heiress who died after giving birth to the twins Esteban and Emilio. As soon as they reached school age they were sent to Barcelona, where their father had some relatives. On the year 1895, Esteban married a young lady from a Barcelona middle-class family, who gave him two children: my mother and uncle Richard. He died in 1898, run over by a horse tramway, thus leaving Emilio as the sole heir to the Segarra fortune, which went to him a year later on his father's sudden disappearance.

Anselmo, an old man who had been Don Ramón's only servant, affirmed after the strange event that on that afternoon his master had retired to his library as always at that hour, after warning Anselmo not to disturb him under any circumstance. Sunset was beginning when a blood-curdling scream echoed through the house. Ever since that moment, nobody had seen him again.

A few months after this event Emilio had left the country for Mexico, and the big house had been uninhabited all that time.

This strange story appealed to my curiosity and I resolved to visit the old house that very afternoon. It was the typical rural building, characteristic of many others like it in the region. It did not in the least resemble the idea I had conjured of the house sheltering such a strange man, with a sorcerer's reputation. It had just one uncommon detail: during its construction they had made good use of a thick wall standing on the hill since time immemorial, and which went to form one of the side walls of the house; it was probably the last remnant of a fort built by the Romans more than two thousand years ago.

I walked up to the door of massive oak and inserted into the keyhole the heavy key given to me by the lawyer. After several fruitless turns the door opened, and I went into the house. It was dark inside, with that characteristic smell of the places that have remained uninhabited for a long time. When I began getting used to the darkness, which was not so deep as I thought at first, since I had left the door ajar, I saw a great hall occupying more than half the area of the ground floor. At one end there was a great fireplace, a door on the right and another on the left, plus two windows, one at each side of the entrance, and a staircase leading to the upper floor. The scanty furniture consisted of a big round table placed in the centre, under a lamp of forged iron, and half a dozen chairs lined against the walls, all covered with a thick layer of dust, accumulated during more than fifty years.

I went toward the door on the left, which I assumed would be that of the library. Inside it was really dark. Lighting a match I looked for a window and, after some struggling with the oxidated latch, I let air and light into the room. I was in the library all right. Three of the four walls were covered with shelves reaching up to the ceiling, filled to overflowing with books. The fourth wall, facing the door, was the old Roman one. A table with heaps of papers and books on it, and a big armchair constituted all the furniture in the room.

I threw a glance at the books on the shelves. Sorcery, magic and secret sciences, necromancy... It had not been proved that Don Ramón Segarra was a sorcerer, but he had doubtlessly been a great fanatic of the theme. I likewise examined the papers lying on the table. Most of them were covered ^{with} strange characters and cabalistic formulae completely unknown to me. On one extreme were two thick volumes bound in leather with metal angles that called my attention. I opened the first of them and on the front page, written in a small and nervous caligraphy, I could read: FIRST PART OF THE NECRONOMICON. It was entirely a manuscript, and judging by the condition and the binding of the book, I assumed the volume to be no older than sixty or seventy years, and that it should be a copy of a much older book. Vaguely I remembered having heard something about that book, a long time ago. It was the most complete encyclopaedia of the magic arts; with it, all the forces of the Earth and many beyond them governing the world, could be mastered.

I took the second volume. It was written by the same hand which had copied the NECRONOMICON. It was the diary of Don Ramón Segarra. It was highly interesting to me. I began reading some paragraphs at random:

"5th May 1898.- Finally I finished copying the NECRONOMICON. Tomorrow I will give it back to my illustrious friend Aldo Certelli, the happy possessor of this incomparable treasure, and who next week sails for Naples.

"12th July.- I may have interpreted the formulae wrongly. The bird feather did not even penetrate the thinnest of my paper sheets.

23rd November.- A new defeat to be added to an already long list. I shall have

to revise carefully all the texts in order to verify the accurateness of the invocations.

"15th May 1899.- I believe I am in the right path. I will try again tomorrow.

"16th May.- I succeeded. The feather went through a paper sheet tracelessly, just as a bird leaves no trace in the air when flying through it. I must try now with more solid objects.

"31st May.- All the experiments carried through until today have been successful. Yesterday I succeeded in making a fist-sized stone go through a thick fifty-page volume. But until now all the experiments have been with inanimate objects; what will happen if done with living creatures? Will the power of the invocations be sufficient?

"6th June.- Anselmo has carried out my orders and built a wooden frame, as big as a door, which I nailed securely down on the floor. I covered it with a linen sheet, well folded round the sides, like a painter's cloth. Tomorrow I will try to penetrate through the texture.

"7th June.- I just went through the sheet without a mishap. Halfway I noticed a light resistance but I conquered it without any difficulty. Now there is but the ultimate attempt. If my expectations prove correct and I am successful, a new world will open before me. No walls, doors or railings will detain me."

Here ended my ancestor's diary. There was no doubt whatever that Don Ramón Segarra was raving mad. Stones going through books! As if we were children! I closed the book, went out of the house and walked to the village.

I already mentioned that the land belonging to the Segarra family was the best in the region. It was, therefore, quite easy for me to sell them at a profit. But nobody wanted the house, be it because the hill on which it stood was steep and arid, or because of the legend spread about the region since the disappearance of its builder.

I returned to Barcelona as soon as the contracts were signed and legalized, and I forgot all about Emilio Segarra's heritage.

It was not until last summer that I remembered I was the proprietor of a house in Catllar. After a long stretch of a very demanding work I had a nervous breakdown and my physician ordered me to rest far from the city. Then I thought of the house. It was just where I wanted it. I am not specially fastidious and thought that a few alterations would make it habitable.

I went to Catllar and contacted a building contractor. The house was solidly built and did not require much to make it fit again. The only important alteration I undertook was the demolition of the Roman wall, in order to build an open porch exposed to the sun and the air.

Everything got started right away, and in the meantime I stayed at the village inn. On the third day a worker came to fetch me. The manager wanted me on the spot, something had happened that...

The manager was waiting for me. His face was pale and his hands were trembling as if he had seen a ghost. Wordless he took me to the wall, which the pneumatic hammers had begun to demolish. No words were necessary, I saw it at once. On the wall was the imprint of a man's shape, seen clearly as one sees a fruit inside a heap of jelly. My eyes followed the outline up to the head. The two dark stains I saw there terrified me. From their stone prison, my ancestor's eyes kept staring at me...

I had the wall shattered with dynamite, and I will never again go back to Catllar.

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THE SILENT RACE

by

Joaquín Suñé

And the soul
and the honour of a silent race,
where are they? I do not know; there is silence
but there is no race,
since the race of silence is extinguished.

. . .

He walks alone, he is searching
the Brother who died;
died?
Who knows where Man is?

. . .

In a limpid morning of light
and love,
he opens his eyes to the blind sheen
of hope, bitter and blind,
and deaf,
but he lives among Ruins.

. . .

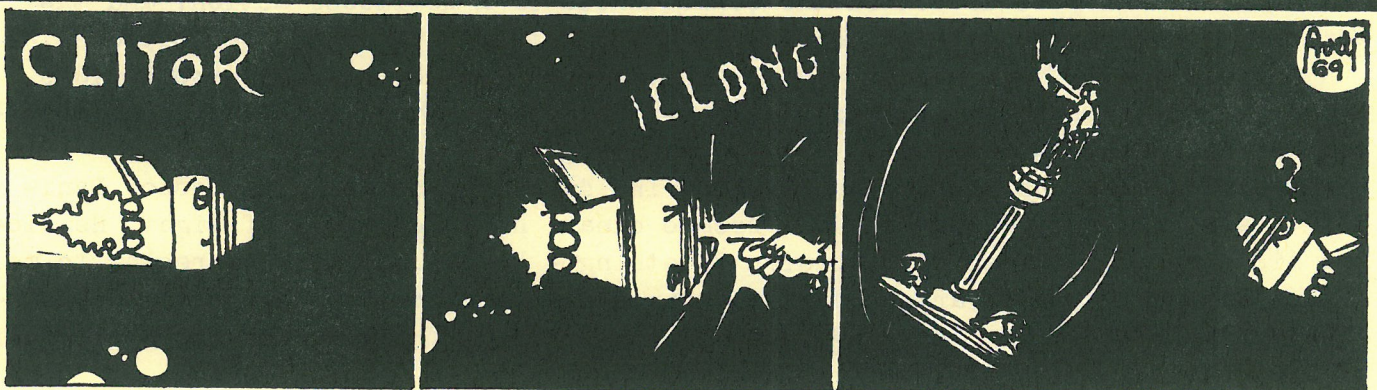
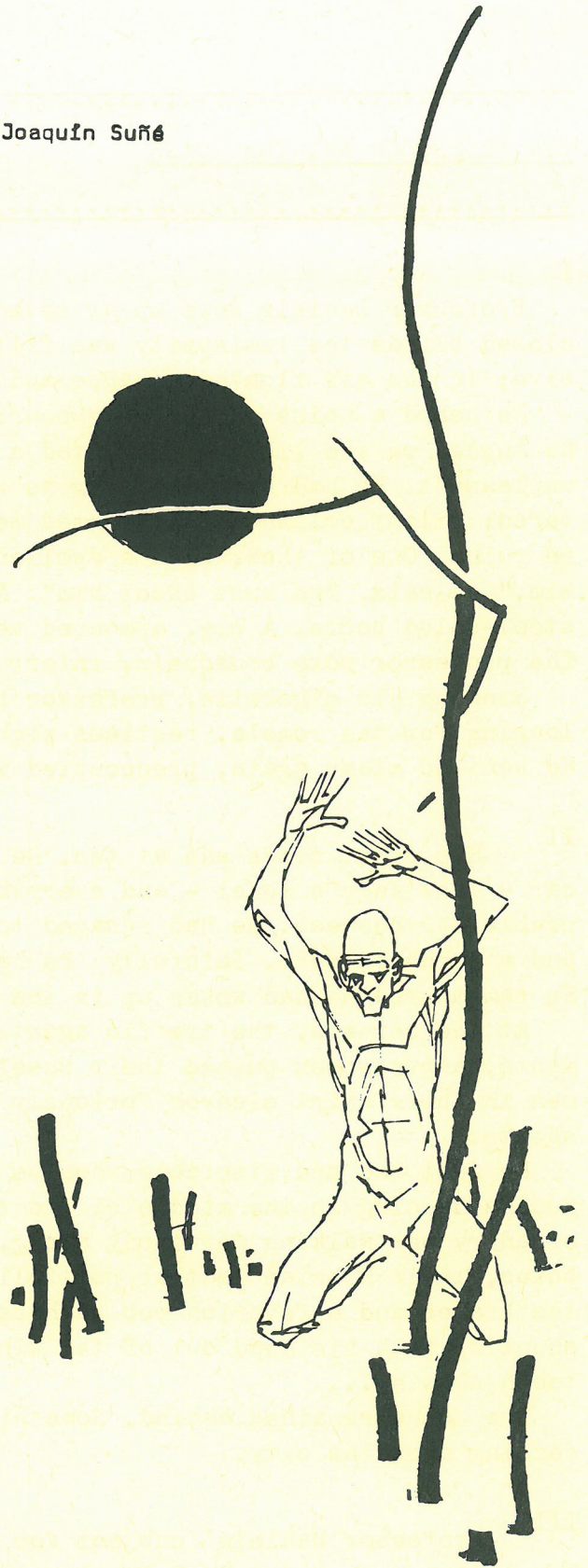
The Mushroom is extinguished:
the whole world, the immense world
perished?
The man cannot believe it,
he cries in sorrow...Now he gets up and SINGS;
yes, he still has a voice, and a heart
and tears in his eyes,
and dreams.

. . .

He looks at his bleak surroundings,
all matter destroyed, horror-
stained.
And he thinks:
in what strange dimension do I exist?
and his dry tense throat
calls Christ.

. . .

Wake up, man! This is no dream,
it is the work of your humanity:
the blind goal
of so many generations;
you destroyed a world with your evil.



I

Professor Daniels woke up at seven thirteen in the morning. Through the half-closed blinds the luminosity was filtered from the young dawn; the heat was oppressive; in the air floated a vague and timorous foreboding.

He heard a noise in the neighbouring apartment; lazily, with a certain sadness, he turned on the light and lighted a cigarette, the taste of which was suddenly unpleasant. He had been dreaming he was in Europe, in a German city, half shattered; silent columns of uniformed men marched along the narrow corridors between ruins. One of them, with a swollen face and cold blue eyes, had seen him. "It's him," he said, "we must shoot him". Among the ruins echoed the strong steps of the steel-soled boots. A big, armoured vehicle, red and black, was slowly approaching. The professor woke brusquely, interrupting his dream.

Smoking his cigarette, professor Daniels realized he was thinking of Amanda, longing for the remote, restless nights. He dropped his cigarette on an ashtray. He went to sleep again, preoccupied with the strange foreboding invading him.

II

His first class was at ten. He had crossed the city in his recently paid car - last year's model - and everywhere he had sensed that vague, almost unnoticeable nervousness. He had managed to eat his breakfast: two cups of black coffee and a hardened cake. Painfully, he had even shaved, in spite of the copious sweat. He remembered he had woken up in the middle of his dream...

At the corners, the traffic agents moved their arms spasmodically; on the pavements, angry women pushed their wheeled, bulging shopping bags; from the windows, men in their shirt sleeves furiously waved sheaves of ungrammatically typewritten sheets.

He felt sad and miserable when he had to blow his car horn to warn a group of youths dancing in the middle of the road. His sadness increased on seeing groups of angry men walking nervously along, with their leather suitcases, their metal boxes, their Russian leather portfolios...A bus stopped with a great jarring of the brakes and a feverish mob gathered in front of the door...The conductor was shouting with his head out of the window...A couple of policemen approached, with teeth showing...

The scene remained behind. Something like a red, thick, merciless mist was descending upon the city.

III

Professor Daniels' subject for this term was "Modern age; from the French Revolution to our days". Today he was talking about the naval battle at Mobile. With some difficulty, fighting against the mental apathy which was growing in him, he succeeded in drawing a superficial portrait of Commodore Buchanan and Admiral Farragut; clumsily he described the consequences of a bellicose action, and the Admiral's responsibility when he ordered the "Hartford" to cross the torpedo line.

"Actually, - he said - that was the first naval battle in which armour plate had any importance. Hampton Road, in my opinion, was just an interesting experience. We shall have to wait until Tsou-Shima for..."

Something like the noise of a piano string snapping echoed in professor Daniels' brain. All of a sudden the air became clear, hurtlingly full of light. He closed his eyes and resumed his lecture: Something - he thought - is happening to me...

...in order to give armour and long-range cannons a basic importance - he continued, his eyes shut - From Leyte onwards they lost it, making way for another kind of armament."

The automatic man chooses, as a rule, to stand at the corner Paseo de Gracia-Avenida de Roma. The reason for his choice is that it is always a crowded place, with no rolling pavements, so that people have to walk at the slow pace of their own steps, and must always pass by him.

From the terrace of my flat I can watch this strange being showing for hours on end to the hurrying pedestrians the mechanic marvels of his body. This exhibition is usually rewarded by some coins thrown into the plate proffered by this metallic beggar. The automatic man acknowledges the gift with a slight motion of the head. He is a very ancient model, since it is not programmed to speak. Very few of his kind remain in existence, and he is aware of the fact and avails himself of it to obtain some money. Later, with the product of his mendicity, he will buy some lubricant, the cheapest on the market, with which to grease his tired organism, because the automatic man is very old and always tired.

A long time ago there was an epoch of real splendour for the automatic men. It will suffice to say that, when my grandfather's grandfather was young, every family possessed an automatic man for all domestic duties. The well-to-do families could even possess more than one. They were programmed to perform some specific duties. There were gardeners, valets, waiters, gate-keepers, chauffeurs... and their masters were proud of them, because an automatic man was an expensive whim, an external sign of wealth and power.

They were called robots. And these faithful and silent robots performed any kind of task, no matter how hard or difficult, delivering man of the slavery all work involved. There were robot masons, carpenters, miners, mechanics, turners, painters...an army of dumb tireless workers toiling from dawn to sunset and claiming no reward.

Man had tamed the machine. And the machine created to man's image and semblance worked for him unconditionally. The machine had an advantage over its creator, the machine lacked all its maker's vices and defects. The robots were too perfect, too inhuman. And man, unconsciously, hates perfection as a thing too difficult to achieve. The machine was never tired, it never complained, it never knew envy or jealousy, it was obedient and always complied with man's wishes. Man did not like this kind of perfection.

The robot-machine-automatic-man was always ready to please, and man hated it in silence. Man, that enigmatic creature, the strangest in all Creation, and whose wishes must be law to those submitted to him, man got tired of machines. Thus when it looked as if the lost paradise had been regained, when it became obvious that the heirs to all the generations' wisdom would not have to worry about earning their bread with their own sweat, the Unexpected occurred.

How wrong the brothers Kapeç had been. How mistaken all the hypotheses from all those who predicted the end of mankind crushed under the cold mind of the thinking machine.

Saying that man is a habit-governed animal is a topic; but not the less true for that. Liberated from work, man quickly realized that he was bored. He was used to work and without his daily routine he felt bored to death. What could he do, if everything had already been done? How could he avoid boredom, that infinite boredom, since he had an infinity of time in which to do nothing?

New games, new sports, new pastimes were invented. To no avail. Men were still bored, although they would not confess that the cause was the lack of an occupation. "We have attained perfection. We live in a world with no problems", they

said. But they were deluding themselves, since it was precisely this lack of problems that caused the greatest problem of all....

...And then came a new era, called of the Substitution.

Housewives, for instance, tired of sitting all day long before their stereovisions, began disconnecting their domestic robots in order to dedicate some hours to performing the amusing duties of their sex with their own hands. How pleasant it was to stand before the oven and be able afterwards to surprise one's husband with a new meal! How wonderful to knit a garment, mend some socks and wash the laundry...!

The example spread around.

Many magnates discarded their robot gardeners to tend their perfect gardens with their own hands. Other people discovered that their own martinis tasted a lot better. Drivers began to realize again the peculiar pleasure of driving their cars without the help of their robot pilots; how wonderful to grasp the steering wheel and drive anywhere just for fun, even to transgress the law in small things. The snowball grew bigger and bigger. The miners began yearning for their mines. The fishermen took to sea again; how pleasant to feel again the sea breeze on your face, a responsive human face...The masons went back to their scaffoldings, the labourers to their fields...Some groups of exalted youth began throwing stones at the automatic men working in public bars. The robots manufacturers tried in vain to keep this new trend at bay. It was a great mistake since the sense of contradiction in the thinking ape became apparent once more. The climax was reached when the armies voted in favour of a general mobilization and proceeded to dismantle all the robot soldiers on duty.

Hundreds of slogans appeared out of the blue singing the praise of work and toil. And gradually, step by step, everybody returned to his job, substituting, discarding, forgetting the automatic men.

The rest was a question of time...The robots were abandoned, their isoatomic batteries were discharged, the lack of lubrication hardened their joints.

Nobody cared any more for their old servants, who, forgotten by their masters, fell into decay and died like autumn flies.

A new public service had to be created which picked the servants' bodies. Incineration, smelting. The end of the machine-man.

Only some of them, very few, subsisted, because they took care of themselves. But they too will fall, inexorably. No one bothers to get them out of the way, they are harmless dolls symbolizing the past. Everybody knows that sooner or later their isoatomic batteries will become extinct, and then...

Man has tamed the machine again. At first he made it work and then, as a toy in a child's hands, his curiosity satisfied, he has dropped and forgotten it.

These are the reasons why I feel sorry for the automatic men begging in the streets. And as a homage to what they have been once, and because they taught us perhaps to find ourselves, demonstrating man's greatness intangibly, every afternoon I go down to see the automatic man and give him a coin.

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The biggest news so far is the arrival of the new British magazine on the SF scene, called VISIONS OF TOMORROW. Ever since NEW WORLDS changed publishers, editors and policy, there's been a gap that wasn't really filled by ex-NEW WORLDS editor John Carnell's praiseworthy efforts to promote new SF in hardback and paperback form, New Writings in SF. Though this has been a success (at the time of writing, n° 16 is out), a Manchester group of fans decided that something more was needed, and published the first issue of what was proclaimed on the cover as "Britain's new SF magazine", which unfortunately lasted only one issue.

Now VISIONS OF TOMORROW has come out, and I think it's only pertinent to ask what chance this magazine has of success. A slightly better chance, I would say. It's got the backing of a business organization headed by that veteran Australian fan, Ronald E. Graham. It's got stories by Kenneth Bulmer, William F. Temple, E.C. Tubb, etc., and it provides a market for them that the American magazines never really did. It has stories by new writers like Maurice Whitta and Michael G. Coney, together with editorial departments like Walter Gillings survey of British fandom from the beginning, and promised book reviews and articles on other countries' SF. It's big and glossy; and my only quibble is that they should run big and glossy stories, instead of the ordinary digest-type ones that they featured in the first issue. Still, there's lots of time yet; and it needs support. So why don't you try a copy? I think you'll be pleasantly surprised. (5 shillings a copy, or the equivalent from the editor, Phil Harbottle, at 32, Tynedale Avenue, Wallsend, Northumberland, England).

BAREFOOT IN THE HEAD is the latest from Brian Aldiss (Faber, 30s) and is his vision of a Europe so crazed with mind-expanding drugs that whole populations wander in a dream, totally lost and stoned out of their minds. Then the Messiah-like figure of Colin Charteris appears, a man out of time and out of place, and the multitudes fix on him as the only one who can lead them out of this hell on earth; so they follow him on a great Crusade...Though far above the plot, the images of the contemporary poems, there is the drug-induced language in which words take on new meanings, several meanings or no meaning at all "bombed" back to the time when language began. This may well be the most important title this year. Various sections have been appearing in the new, speculative NEW WORLDS; but the impact is so much greater in the book version.

ARMED CAMPS, by Kit Reed, also from Faber at 25s., might be termed an exploration of the same theme, but is a very minor exploration. Picturing the battle between flower-power and violence in the year 2001, the book has as its hero Danny March, with the title of Lieutenant Colonel U.S.A. "chained to a pole on top of a mysterious cone in front of millions of television viewers". So what does Danny do? Kit Reed can tell you; and entertain you at the same time.

Gollancz are publishing NORTH CAPE, by Joe Poyer at 30s., and are making it their big adventure novel for January 1970; his American publishers, Doubleday, are promoting it as a thriller; and when you consider that it started life as a novelette in ANALOG, under the title of MISSION: RED CLASH...Still, it's a good example of the nuclear cowboys and Indians story that's so popular in this day and age; and a logical successor to his OPERATION MALACCA, which also started life in ANALOG.

Robert Hale have got a healthy selection of titles from British authors, with QUENCH THE BURNING STARS, from Kenneth Bulmer (18s.), THE SQUARE ROOT OF TOMORROW, (also at 18s.) by Edmund Cooper, and two titles from crime writer Leonard Daventry

trying his hand at SF, REFLECTIONS IN A MIRAGE and THE TICKING IS IN YOUR HEAD, (21s. & 18s. respectively); while Eric C. Williams has another puzzler title, comparable to MONKMAN COMES DOWN, with SO END ALL TELESCOPES (18s.).

A lot of the new titles show a gleaming from the magazines with THE GOBLIN RESERVATION, by Clifford D. Simak (25s.) taking pride of place. Published by Rapp & Whiting, this was originally serialized in GALAXY. Another GALAXY serial has found its way on to the Gollancz list: A SPECTRE IS HAUNTING TEXAS, by Fritz Leiber (25s.) while from Sidgwick and Jackson comes THE MAN IN THE MAZE by Robert Silverberg, which first saw the light of day as a serial in IF.

Short stories collections from the magazines are also thick on the ground, with Gollancz taking three titles; the pick of the crop in NEBULA AWARD STORIES, four edited this time by Poul Anderson and THE WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION, 1969, edited by Donald A. Wollheim & Terry Carr; and a collection of short stories by Robert Sheckley in THE PEOPLE TRAP (25s.). Hale have brought out a Hal Clement short story collection called SMALL CHANGES, (21s.), and featuring such stories as Dust Rag, Trojan Fall and the more recent The Foundling Stars.

Macdonald have just brought out A GIFT FROM EARTH (25s.), which of course first appeared as Slowboat Cargo in IF; which seems to pose the thought is it best to read the magazines, or wait for the hardback version to make its inevitable appearance? For the way things are going, there doesn't seem much between them...

SIDGWICK & JACKSON LTD.	- 1, Tavistock Chambers, Bloomsbury Way, London W.C.1
FABER & FABER	- 24, Russell Square, London W.C. 1
RAPP & WHITING	- 76, New Oxford Street, London W.C. 1
VICTOR GOLLANCZ LTD.	- 14, Henrietta Street, London W.C. 2
HODDER BOOKS	- St. Pauls House, Warwick Lane, London E. C. 4
ROBERT HALE	- 63, Old Brompton Road, London S.W. 7
DOBSON BOOKS LTD.	- 80, Kensington Church Street, London W. 8
MACDONALD & CO. LTD.	- 49-50, Poland Street, London W. 1

Paperback Publishers:

SPHERE BOOKS	- 40, Park Street, London W. 1
UNIVERSAL-TANDEM PUBLISHING CO. LTD.	- 33, Beauchamp Place, London S.W. 3
NEW ENGLISH LIBRARY LTD.	- Barnards Inn, Holborn, London E.C. 1
PAN BOOKS LTD.	- 33, Tothill Place, London S.W. 1
TRANSWORLD PUBLISHERS LTD.	- Bashley Road, London N.W. 10
MAYFLOWER BOOKS LTD.	- 229-231 High Holborn, London W.C. 1
PANTHER BOOKS LTD.	- 1-3, Upper James Street, London W. 1

From here we want to thank our new British friend, Roger Waddington, for his excellent article on British SF publications; and we also want to ask all SF fans in any country to contact us in order to start a long and happy association, as Roger says in his letter, as well as a lifelong friendship. Whoever is an SF fan is our friend, and our home is his. We shall let you know as soon as the CLA has its own premises, in which you will always be welcome in your visits to Spain and Barcelona.

The American astronauts and scientists, in a daring feat, have brought the moon down into our living rooms, and not without surprise we realize that for some time now Science Fiction has been overtaken by reality. Nevertheless, this feat is but the realization of human dreams expressed in literature and the cinema. It is not, therefore, in the least amazing that precisely now the VII Trieste International Science Fiction Cinema Festival has awakened an extraordinary interest.

It is difficult to put into practice the idea, theoretically easy, that a Fantastic Cinema Week can compete with the great festivals in Cannes, Venice and Berlin. Until now this kind of cinema has been successful thanks to enthusiastic youths, but after what has happened in July 21st, the theme takes on an additional lustre. 47 films were presented, of which 12 were of normal length, 19 were short, 7 documental and 9 retrospective. The Trieste Festival is not yet very important. This fact accounts for the presence of boring monsters like Godzilla and the repeated space invasions which we need not bother about here. But beside these bad samples of old-fashioned cinema there were many notable experiments with new expression forms and new exposures of present and future societies. Even though today's science fiction could be described as more optimistic than that shown in last year's Festival, recent films predict even worse things for the future.

Charles Bitsch's first film, "The last man", presents a world where just a man and two girls have remained alive after a general catastrophe - the common element to so many films, and which helps maintain our dread before reality - ; Bitsch bases his idea on "End of August at the Ozon Hotel" and suggests that we lack the necessary preparation to cope with such a catastrophe. Private misunderstandings between the three individuals lead to the fact that not even the last three human beings are able to understand each other. This film won the gold medal.

With a similar thematic, the Hungarian Tamás Fejér, in "Window to Time", introduces the aftermath of the Great War, with all men in a congealed state, waiting to be revived two hundred years later. An earthquake provokes several people's waking up prematurely, among them the man responsible for the war. As they are the last five men on earth they must try to live together. The dialogues contain the idea, amazing in the East, that certain crimes cannot be judged rashly. Only history can tell who has behaved rightly. Above all other things is man, with his unconquerable will to live. Even a catastrophe cannot prevent him from going the way of his own evolution.

Ray Bradbury's collected novels, "The Illustrated Man", go to make Smight's film, "The Tattooed Man". In the tone of a fairy tale - a fairy tattoos a man, and in the images she conjures the future can be seen - we are told that the future is for man just a long chain of terrible events. The three novels chosen for the film deal with: first, the strained relations between the members of a family, then, a space voyage's technical disaster, and the third tells the end of the world. Rod Steiger plays the main rôle. From Bradbury's eighteen stories, only those have been chosen that harp on the convenience of alarming humanity.

Also William Klein's film, "Mr. Freedom", expresses mixed sentiments. With a mixture of exaggerated satire and science fiction elements, Mr. Freedom, the ambassador of American culture, conquers France with force, pathos, and some scenes which somehow remind one of the Third Reich. In spite of problems being simplified and diminished, or maybe precisely because of it, the onlooker finds himself before the mirror reflecting the ugly side of America. Like the idol Che Guevara, Mr. Freedom says that a longer and harder fight is needed to change social order. The victims this fight may require are but a minor side issue.

The Finnish film, "Time of roses" (Ruusujuen Aika), by Risto Jarva, offered a more optimistic outlook in presenting a free society pleasurably delving in the empty life of a XXth century singer. A girl from that future time identifies herself with the singer, tragically losing her life. Whatever in our current lives looks serious and important, can be wrongly interpreted or just become a caricature of our time when looked upon with a certain perspective. An effort deserving high praise; and the journalists' prize it got. On account of some "freer" scenes, this film was not shown to the general public, which provoked many justified protests.

In "Mr. Freedom", some political tendencies were apparent, but a Belgian short film, and specially the British film "It happened here" by Kevin Brownlow, were unfortunate additions to the Festival. The latter, for instance, describes what could have happened if the German troops had conquered London. The German past, in precisely a Festival Week dedicated to the future, should have been left out.

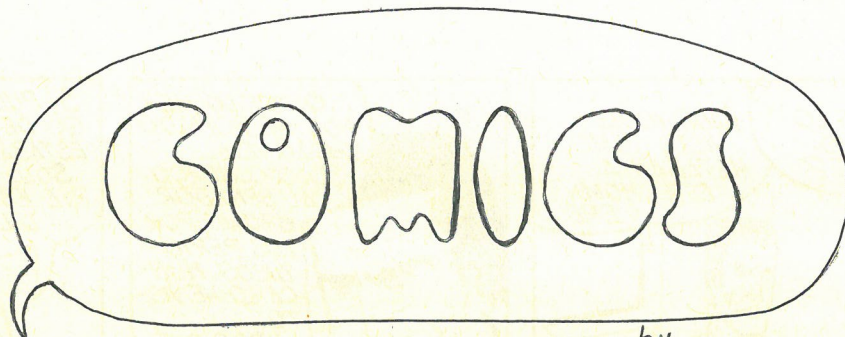
Short and documentary films round up the Trieste Week. Specially interesting this year were the NASA films on the different Apollo phases, and an excellent entry from the Soviet Union on coupling manoeuvres in space. Yugoslav cartoons are always attractive, caricaturing easily and freely the present and the future worlds. The technical films "Cosmic Zoom" from Canada, and "Why we are creators" from the United States, won the gold and silver medals. Among the retrospective films were nine horror ones by Roger Corman, so that youth tastes were also represented at the Festival.

As long as science fiction is represented by such films, it will be difficult for Trieste to acquire much importance. The many films about star adventures should be rejected for the Trieste frame, and choose instead, from among the incessant production, those good films worthy of being presented to a connoisseur public. Trieste is somehow a familiar event, now totally justified after the lunar landing as a good occasion to meet and be warned or prepared for a better future, which could also be worse.

(This article has appeared in Peter Skodzik's
newszine SLAN-NACHRICHTEN)

The President of the CLA has written a letter to all the members of our Circle asking their opinion about the celebration in December this year of the first National SF Convention in Spain. If all CLA members agree on it, it will be held in Barcelona, during the first December week. Three hectic days exclusively dedicated to Science Fiction in all its manifold aspects.

We shall keep you informed; all our friends from abroad who wish to attend will be given such a warm welcome that they will come every year to the HISPACON !!!



by Pedro Tabernero 3.10.69

Analyzing further the reasons why the Spanish comic strip does not develop at the logical pace (and here we refer only to the comic published in Spain, be it national or foreign) we stumble with censorship. The tight Spanish censorship is responsible for many plots and drawings lacking what we call "glamour".

Almost everything is censored. "Capitán Trueno" 's enemies lose their daggers from one vignette to the next (Trueno Color 20; page 8; vignettes 8-9-10-11-12). In Blueberry's Spanish edition we often see the violence in some vignettes substituted by onomatopoeia. For instance: in "La Piste des Navajos", page 48, vignette 3, or "El hombre de la Estrella de Plata" (The man with the Silver Star) page 6, vignette 3. Sometimes, an adventure story with 46 pages ("El Jinete perdido") is reduced to 42 pages, only because it represents Craig being buried alive by the Indians.

But it does not stop here: even texts from the miserable Blueberry by Bruguera are censored. For instance: when Craig and Blueberry get a glimpse of a lone Indian, who can mean their salvation, the latter exclaims: "C'est le diable qui nous l'envoie", (the devil sends him to us). But the Spanish edition in BRAVO runs like this: "Heaven sends him to us", (Fort Navajo Album, page 21, vignette 8).

Other favourite victims of censorship are DELTA 99 and 5xINFINITE. Two samples: the suppression of an intimate feminine piece of clothing, which GORO is holding: (Never in the mist; page 14). In nº13 of series 13th, "The sound of silence", page 48, vignette 3, we can clearly see a censorship's lapsus, forgetting to clothe Eve as in preceding or posterior occasions.

This is all lamentable for the fan and motivated by the scant importance given to the comic strip in our country, where it is considered apt only for subnormals and chil-

dren. From here I'll express my wishes that in Spain adult editions may come out, as they do in America, France and Italy.

. . .
BANG (Apartado 36312 - Madrid), our only magazine dedicated to the study of the comic strip, is preparing nº3-4 (a double number) which will appear at the end of October.

This magazine will start a new, important epoch, or will otherwise disappear. We hope the last prediction will prove false. Go ahead, BANG!

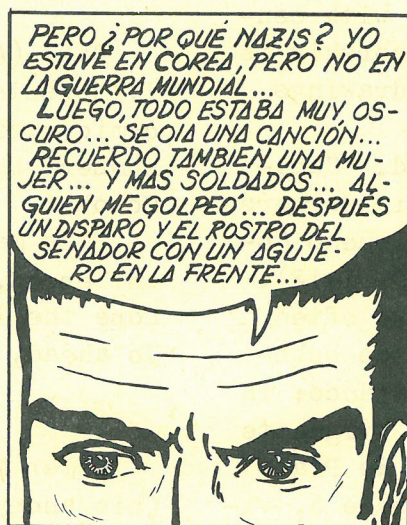
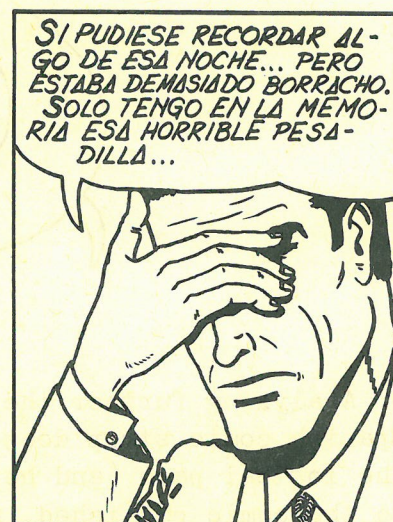
. . .
After McRaboy's death, it is Dan Barry (his anonymous follower) who leads Flash Gordon's Sunday pages.

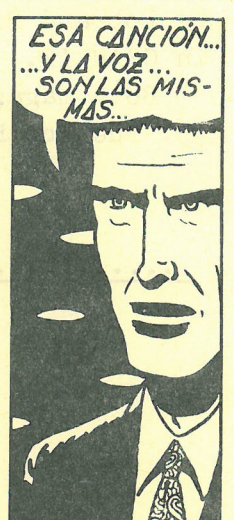
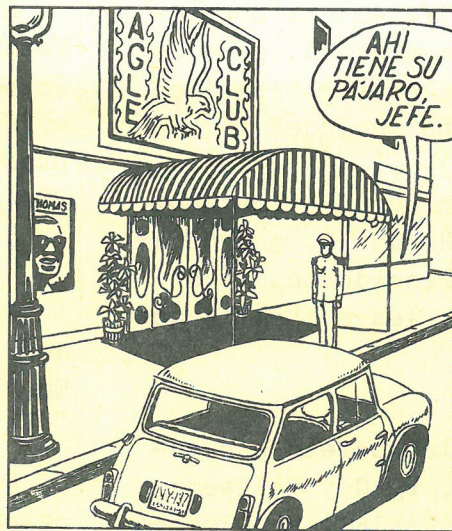
. . .
Editorial Bruguera prepares the editing of a new sports magazine, on the lines of the late "Campeón".

. . .
We celebrate the improvement experienced by nº 35 of "Gran Pulgarcito", with a change from four pages by Ibáñez to four by Ros in a serial: "Campeonato y el Sidralón", in which we appreciate Rafael Roldán (Ros) in his best style with Flash.

. . .
LINUS has published "Valentina Speciale" (1.000 Lire), where besides 80 pages on this character by the genius Crepax, we find Peanuts, Barbarella, and others. I recommend this issue. Linus: Via Spiga, 1; 20121 Milano, Italy.

. . .
The appearance is announced of the book by Luis Gasca: "Comics in Spain", edited by LUMEN.





The same magazine, "Valentina Speziale", announces a 132-page extra issue for October 1969. Probably the first part of Aguerdi, by Sió, will be included in it.

The last "jewels" in our publications are called: Galaor's "Heroman", and "Star Trip", from Ediciones Presidente. As a personal advice, I say: leave them in the news stands!

One of the first Eric Losfeld's creations may be: CARASHI!, by Guy Pellaert, published monthly in HAKIRI, & Ulysses, by Lob and Pichard, at present appearing in CHARLIE.

Both magazines from: Editions du Square, 35. rue Montholon, Paris - 9^e.

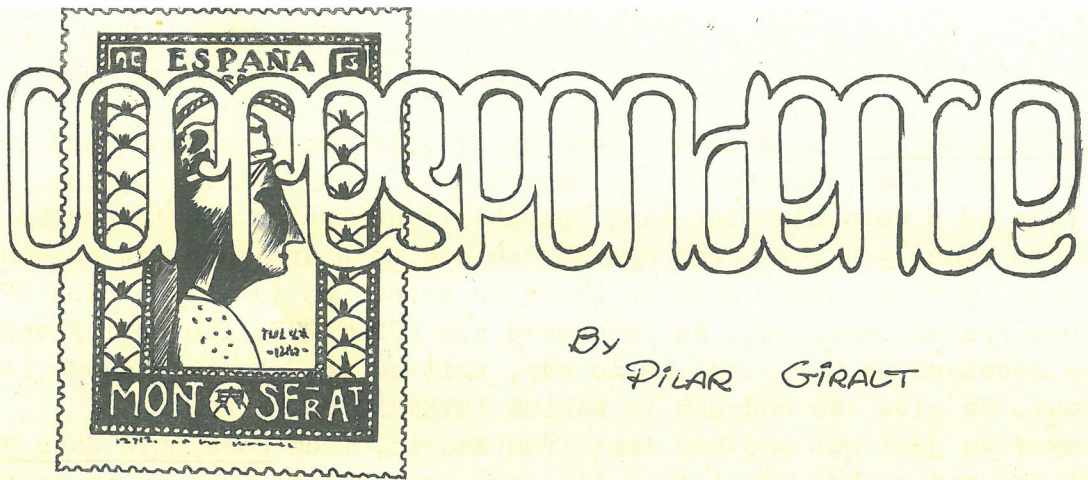
Editions Pierre Horay (22, Passage Mazzarin: Paris 6^e), will publish in November: LITTLE NEMO IN SLUMBERLAND, by Windsor McCay. It can be obtained at present by subscription at 75 francs. 224 plates are reproduced.

Phenix n° 10 has appeared. (7, rue des Filles du Calvaire; Paris 3^e). Each number at 7:30 francs.

Finally: I never meant to write ex cathedra. The opinions expressed in this column are exclusively mine. I prefer to create a polemic than express an uncritical view leading nowhere.



BONET..



Correspondence

By
PILAR GIRALT

Here I am with you again, in very high spirits as is logical in a person daily reading your wonderful letters. Shall we begin today with those from new members, and by order of arrival?

- 1º Juan Monsell Prat, from Benidorm, whose letter asking for information I mentioned last month.
- 2º Eduardo Texeira, from Málaga, a known writer who sends with the completed test a story of his which has been published in a local newspaper.
- 3º Manuel Valls, from Barcelona, who learnt about us from a friend of his, who is a member of the CIA.
- 4º Carlos Pinto Grote, psychiatrist from Santa Cruz de Tenerife, a friend of Jorge Fuentes', our new member and collaborator. He sends a book of his poems, which you will soon read in AI.
- 5º Antonio Bonet, from Palma de Mallorca, where they are beginning to know the CIA. With the test, Antonio sends some cartoons of his; in one of them you will see a nondescript creature with varied tentacles reading AD INFINITUM with the attention it deserves!
- 6º Félix-Fabián Rodríguez Pozo, from San Sebastián, writes: "Ever since I lost contact with Carlitos Buiza (the betagenic monster you must surely know, telepathically or personally) owing to military hibernation, I have been hungry for SF and witty fanzines. On receiving AI my slumbering more-fantastic-than-scientific fibre started vibrating. I AM ENORMOUSLY INTERESTED in your adventure and would like to collaborate with you whenever possible." Fabián draws comic strips, and his test is profusely illustrated with just balloons, no drawings, for once.
- 7º Manuel Rotellar, from Zaragoza, one of Spain's most experienced writers on SF & fantasy cinema. He asks for our admission test and says he includes a review of the CIA and AI in his paper.

And now let us turn to the "old" members. Jorge Fuentes Duchemin, our chemist member, author of the two short stories you read in nº 8 of AI, and to whom we have joyfully given our welcome, together with his magnificent prose, writes us a letter displaying those qualities of enthusiasm, generosity, imagination and sympathy common to all SF fans (no false or true modesty, please, I like none of the two!)

From Federico Fortuny, a Barcelona citizen, who could well be Andalusian for his humour and his tendency to exaggerate, writes about his new membership card: "it's gorgeous!" and talking about exaggerations, listen to what he has "in mente": the Great CIA Building, fifty-storied, with 20 libraries, 100 cinemas, spaceport, all kinds of amusement parks, laboratories and (sit down before going on) a room with partial ingravity with girls galore! This is exactly what I call science-fiction.

More and more collaborations are coming in. Jaime Palañá, our Barcelona member, sends two mini-stories: PARADOX and IMMORTALITY, both of which you will probably find in nº 10.

José Ignacio Fontes, our dear Madrid member, sends a story with the title: THE CYBERNETICS REVOLUTION.

Antonio José Cerezo would like a monthly article about national and international fandom; his letter reached us two days before closing this edition, and I include it here as a demonstration that thought transmission and telepathy are not a myth! since exactly a fortnight ago we decided to start this new column, which we inaugurate in this issue. Antonio wants to subscribe to all Spanish SF fanzines and some French ones, too. We recommend him LUNATIQUE, the best French fanzine we have received so far, that is to say, written in French, because it comes from Germany. We give the address in FANDOM INTERNACIONAL.

Late news: we just got another test from Madrid, from José Luis Sanz García, an enthusiast fan and author of several literary productions, who is impatient to collaborate in AD INFINITUM.

From Italy come two interesting letters. The first from Gianfranco Battisti, who lives in Trieste and writes in flawless Spanish, offering us his stories and articles and dedicating us a sentence which, were we in the least modest, would make us blush: "AD INFINITUM is, in my opinion, one of the best fanzines in the world..." We shall try to deserve this at any cost.

Another Italian, Gianfranco di Turrís, writes from Rome to thank us for AI and ask us the first five issues as he wants to collect our fanzine. He sends his magnificent magazine OLTRE IL CIELO, dedicated to astronautics and scientific fantasy, which we consider indispensable for any fan, by reason of its excellence. If you wish to subscribe to it, you will find the address in the column INTERNATIONAL FANDOM.

How very nice is Jacqueline H. Osterrath! By return mail she answers our letter in which we asked her permission to publish in AD INFINITUM two stories appearing in the last issue of her fanzine LUNATIQUE. Delighted, she complies, as do the authors of both stories, whom we also asked. One of them, David Drexel, has written ORGANIZED VOYAGE, appearing in this issue. This French friend of ours, with a perception unusual in a foreigner, knows that my name is intransferably feminine, something very difficult to know since it has no translation, and I find myself very often addressed as: Dear Sir. This clever friend agrees to our publishing any story of his and offers us his collaboration in photographs of any kind, as text illustration, independent series or as a graphic report of interviews with Sf writers or painters, etc. A very interesting idea, isn't it?

Another author whose short story was published in LUNATIQUE is Alain Magniette, who also complies, expressing his wish that Sf in Spain continues along its present impetuous way. His story, titled AXONES, you will be able to admire in nº 10 of AI.

Pierre Gripari, an illustrious writer in our neighbour country, and with SF friends' proverbial generosity, also agrees to our publishing his magnificent story VENUS MARITIMA, which has likewise appeared in LUNATIQUE.

You will no doubt consider L. Sprague de Camp one of the best SF artists in the whole world, if not the best, "tout court". He writes us in Spanish to thank us for our "bilingual faniodic", and promises to visit us when he comes to Spain.

And last, but not least, we have the honour to present two new AD INFINITUM collaborators: a German friend, Dieter Steinseifer, whose story, RENUNCIATION, appears in this issue, and an English one, Roger Waddington, whose article on new British SF publications appears also on these pages. Our deep gratefulness to both for their quick and positive compliance with our wishes, and our most cordial welcome into our Circle.

I shall leave you now for a very short while; let us see whether our November issue comes out, o wonder of wonders, in November.

.....

International Fandom

Por
PILAR GIRALT

Beginning with this issue you can count with this new column through which you will learn about novelties taking place in the fandom of the different countries.

First I shall give you the addresses of the magazines we recommend for their quality and the interest they offer to the fan.

LUNATIQUE (SF stories & reviews) - Jacqueline H. Osterrath - 2959 SASSMANNHAUSEN
DEUTSCHLAND

OLTRE IL CIELO - Gianfranco De Turrís - Via Michele Di Lando, 33 - 00162, ROMA

NOTE FOR COLLECTORS: For any French SF publication apply to: LIBRAIRIE ROUSSEL,
8, rue Mayran - 75 Paris 9^e

THE COLLECTOR'S BOOKSTORE : 6763 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California 90028

In America exists the National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F). To belong to it, and automatically receiving THE COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN from Ned Brooks, full of news on the international fandom, please send \$3 to Stan Woolston, 12832 Westlake St., Garden Grove, California 92640.

The initials APA, so common in foreign fanzines, mean AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION.

More initials it is useful to know about: TAFF, Transatlantic Fan Fund; it is an international fund yearly providing money for a fan's voyage over the Atlantic, in both directions. It is only logical that the fan benefitting by it is chosen by the people contributing to the Fund.

Intesresting: there is an International Fan-Address Book, and it can be obtained from Ron Bennett, 52, Fairways Drive, Harrogate, Yorks. England.

THE HUGO PRIZES The American SF pioneer, Hugo Gernsback, who in the year 1926 edited the first fanzine in the world, AMAZING, still being published now, and in the year 1934 founded the first SF club in the world, is the godfather of this prize. The HUGO is awarded every year during the World Convention to an SF publication written in English. This year the ceremony was held in St.Louis and this is the list of the prizes awarded:

Best novel:	STAND ON ZANZIBAR	by John Brunner
" story:	NIGHTWINGS	" Robert Silverberg
" novelette:	SHARING OF THE FLESH	" Poul Anderson
" short story:	THE BEAST THAT SHOUTED LOVE TO THE HEART OF THE WORLD	by Harlan Ellison
" film:	2001, a Space ODYSSEY	" Stanley Kubrick
" professional magazine:	MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION	
" professional artist:	JACK GAUGHAN	
" fanzine:	SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW by Dick Geis	
" fan writer:	HARRY WARNER JR.	
" " artist:	VAUGHN BODE	

HAROLD PALMER PISER is well known in European fan circles. Though himself not a fan, he had set himself the gigantic task of keeping a record of all the fanzines in the world...After many years of work, Harold Palmer Piser has died in New York. Sadly enough, all his notes have been destroyed after his death.

Camille Cazedessus Jr., editor of a magazine called ERB-dom, (the initials corresponding to Edgar Rice Burroughs), writes that he will advertise the CLA and its fanzine in THE FANTASY COLLECTOR, an adzine of his enjoying a world-wide circulation. This American fan directs the SARGASSO BOOKSHOP, specializing in SF works, and the OPAR PRESS, editing them. He would like more subscriptions from Europe, and asks us to introduce his adzine to the Spanish fandom. His address is: P.O.Box 550, Evergreen, Colorado 80439 - USA.

We have a letter from Beryl Mercer, a member of the Council and Secretary of the BSFA (British Science Fiction Association). Her husband edits the Association's Bulletin, where the following has appeared concerning our Circle:

"Members might be interested to learn that in Barcelona an SF club has been founded, calling itself CIRCULO DE LECTORES DE ANTICIPACION, CLA for short. The club has its own fanzine AD INFINITUM, which even runs an English edition. For more details contact: Pilar Giralt, Apartado de Correos 1573, Barcelona, Spain."

The first BSFA member to contact us after reading the above lines was Roger Waddington, whose article we publish in this issue. Beryl sends an application form, very similar to our own admission test, which we have sent her duly completed, since it interests us a great deal to belong to the Association. The advantages it offers are more or less the same CLA members enjoy: information service in the Bulletin, as well as free advertisements, the possibility to get in contact with fans all over the world, facilities to assist to the numerous Conventions, an important library, etc. We have a list of BSFA members who would like to correspond with foreign fans, (in English, of course). Those of you who may be interested, write me and I shall give you the addresses.

ARTISTS wanting to exhibit their works at the art-show in Heidelberg during the HEICON '70, contact Mario Kwiat - 44 Münster - Stettiner Str. 38 - Deutschland.

NEW WORLDS, the well-known fanzine in English, is edited by: Michael Moorcock, 271, Portobello Road, London, W.11 - England.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, Box 40 - University Station - Regina - CANADA. Its editor, Leland Sapiro, has sent us two issues of his magnificent magazine. It has everything, stories, poetry, reviews, etc. and is one of the best, not to say the best among those sent to us so far.

Jean G. Muggoch sends her newszine, EUROPEAN LINK. This is what she writes about us: "At last the joys of fandom have reached the Spanish readers who, like ducks at the first sight of water, are getting enthusiastically into the new environment. I classified Spain among the already established fandoms, and I think no country has reached that status at a greater speed! After the appearance in Nueva Dimensión of a letter signed by Jaime Rosal asking fans to contact him, the CLA has been founded in Barcelona, and its clubzine AD INFINITUM is edited also in English, with stories by new authors coming from behind every cloud." (Excuse the errors, as I'm translating from the Spanish version!) Then Jean dedicates us some lines in Spanish which, textually, run like this: "I think many fans in Spain can read English. But they have made a fanzine in English and I want to write some words in Spanish. You already know much about HEICON '70 from AD INFINITUM. So I'll say no more and hope to meet you in Heidelberg next year. All artists, professional or not, must remember about the SF art exhibition there. We have seen some instances in Galactic Fair and would like to see more. In spite of my grammatical mistakes, welcome to the friendship and the psychosis of fandom!" Isn't she wonderful?

Until next month, when I shall provide you with more interesting news!

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THE TRANITOR GAZETTE

by Ramón Cordon

IN my last Gazette I announced to you the naming of MONTALBAN as our coordinator in Madrid. Rounding up this news I shall tell you that, since we are expecting a lot of "movement" in the capital, and in order to distribute the burden imposed upon our new coordinator, it has been decided to as ad-junct coordinator:

FCO. ELIAS FERNANDEZ LARRONDO
c/ Alava 11 - Madrid

AND to go on with nominations:
PILAR GIRALT, indefatigable collaborator in AI, the CLA's official interpreter, and spokesman with the 200 contact points we have abroad, writer, poetess, and above all a very dear friend to all of us, has been nominated General Secretary of the CLA.

IT goes without saying that this nomination has more symbolic than effective value, since Pilar has been accomplishing all these tasks for many months now. This news is, then, a public acknowledgement.

I imagine you have all received by now the letter our Presi sent to all members. What do you think of it? Remember he asks for your opinion. We must answer him! What do you think about a National Convention? Very soon, if your answers are in the affirmative, you will receive independent, direct and concrete news on HISPACON '69.

THE Fortunate Islands are proving they are a real quarry of comic and SF fans; daily, the number of CLA members is growing there, and their ease at the task of gaining adepts

seems to indicate there will soon be many more. An example to imitate! In my next Gazette I shall tell you the name of our coordinator in the Canary Islands.

WHEN each month we prepare the sending of the fanzine, we notice that a good many of them go to Valencia. But, most of them are for CLA sympathizers. It seems there is something preventing them from becoming members. Why don't they decide to take the last step? If they did, Valencia would be the third city in CLA members.

WHAT do you think about our poster? Did you recognize the artist's signature? I'm sure all comic fans have recognized the character: DELTA 99. His "father", CARLOS GIMENEZ, offers to sign and dedicate the poster to all of you who ask for it. So, you know you can have it just writing some lines addressed to him and sent to our post office box.

IN order to be able to meet at last, a gathering of Barcelona members has been announced for October 18th. I shall tell you all about it. I promise to mention all the ugliest present.

SECOND GRAPHIC REPORT IN AD INFINITUM

You surely remember that the first graphic report in AD INFINITUM appeared in our fourth issue, on the solemn occasion of giving the CLA a lawful status.

Half a year later, the importance of our Circle consolidated by loyalty ties and shared illusions, we offer you this series of pictures of a total spontaneity which we hope will help convey to you the joy prevailing in these happy meetings of CLA members, to which of course you are all cordially invited.

In these snapshots you will be able to know some of us who gather - for lack of the club's own premises - at the home of our president, Luis Giralt.

Beginning with the upper row, from left to right: Pilar Giralt, Avelino Flores, Angel Rodríguez and Luis Giralt, looking very satisfied after one of the lively and fruitful Saturday gatherings.

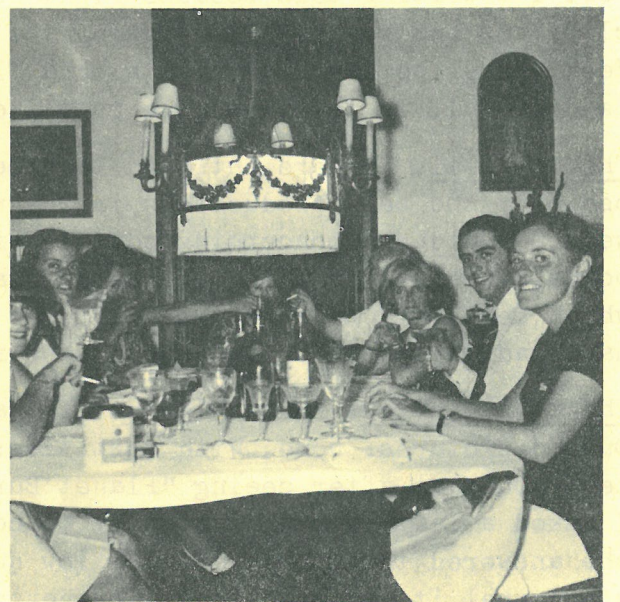
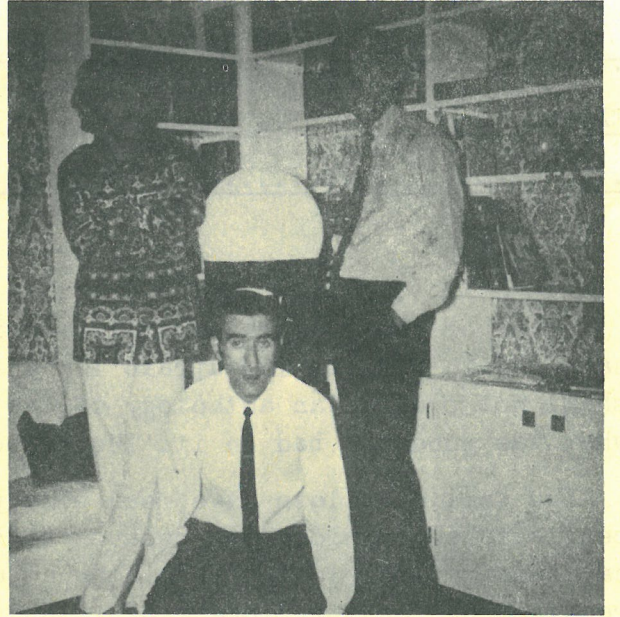
In the next picture, surrounding the very modern lamp in "the CLA library" (did you notice the moon on the third shelf on the right?) our gifted artist, Carlos Giménez, wearing the shirt he has borrowed from DELTA 99; standing by him, Jaime Rosal, our founder, wonderful friend and tireless colleagues; and sitting on the floor, Avelí, the CLITOR magician, the creator of the spaceship that can think, speak, laugh, cry, fight, and always win!

In the middle row, also from left to right, Teresa Segur; by her Ramón Cerdón, looking very thoughtful, probably thinking of the next TRANTOR GAZETTE; by him, and not in the least thoughtful, but laughing as always, Luisa, Avelí's wife; her husband is next to her with a loving hand on her head. Follows Pilar Giralt, our friend from CORRESPONDENCE and the brand-new INTERNATIONAL FANDOM. Standing, and observing us all, Carlos Giménez, (who has drawn the two magnificent drawings of extraterrestrial monsters you see hanging on the wall, and which he has dedicated to our president). Sitting on the floor, Luis Giralt, who is trying to hide his smile behind a smoke cloud; Jaime Rosal, admiring his feat, and Victoria del Castillo, his young and delightful mother.

In the next, waiting for coffee, Luisa, Isabel Segur, Victoria and Avelí's profile. At the head of the table is our president's and our secretary's mother; on her left Jaime Rosal Sr., our founder's jovial father; Pilar, Jaime and Teresa.

Third and last row: at Carlos Giménez' home in Premiá: from left to right: Ramón Cerdón, Pilar, Raúl, Carlos' lovely son; Isabel (hidden behind a lamp); Carlos, looking, quite logically, at his son; Pepe González, another fine artist, and a member of the CLA; and with her back to the camera Mely, Carlos' wife, who is philosophically waiting for the stork.

In the next picture, exhausted after so many deliberations: Teresa, Luisa, Victoria & Pilar on the sofa; the president, resting on the floor, Ramón, Avelí, Carlos & Jaime.



Many of you will be expecting to find in this issue of AI a report on what happened in Sitges. I'm afraid I'm going to disappoint you this time because I shall not provide an anthology of the Week; I shall not even give an account of what was good and bad in it. The reason...! I shall try to explain:

You will doubtless have read some press reviews. But, I warn you!, do not accept a false opinion just because of some prejudiced words from a journalist who has been invited to a week's stay at one of the best hotels in Sitges, who has received one or two "tokens of friendship", and who, to begin with, has more or less an amateur's idea of the meaning of science fiction, fantasy, and even terror. I'm writing this because right now, on my table, I have more than ten press clippings before me, all covering the II Sitges International Fantastic Cinema Week. Never before had I met such a flagrant lack of objectivity. The truth? It is difficult to tell when one is blinded by anger. However, one must do it.

The material: We were entitled to expect that the Committee would strive to choose only the best productions in the world today. It is true some difficulties were unavoidable concerning certain films, but a rational selection would have borne subsequent fruits. The unfortunate reality was the rubbish we were shown, which certainly belonged to the worst from every country. Logically, among so many bad things there were some honourable exceptions, but...they were so few!

The organization: Laughable! not to say: deplorable.

Dubbed pictures: none. With subtitles: practically none. As an anecdote I shall tell you that after seeing "Planet Bur", a sovietic film of considerable candour, I asked a lady from that country to comment on it; with a difficult pronunciation she answered that, owing to the low quality of the sound tape, she had not understood what it was all about. If they had at least given us a synopsis of every film shown! About the same film I just referred to, I have read in the papers: "...it was a reddish planet, similar to Mars...", when, in fact, "planet Bur", in Russian, means "planet of storms", and in this particular instance, it is supposed to be Venus. This, just to give you an idea of the absolute lack of orientation prevailing in the Week.

By the way: possibly in total innocence, during the hypothetical "brilliant closing night", they sold the same tickets twice. You may imagine the confusion provoked by this incident! I remember the words appearing in NUEVA DIMENSION at the end of the I Week, in the sense that all mistakes should be imputable to the improvisation and inexperience of the first year. But...to what or to whom should we impute this year's mistakes, even crasser than the first?

You can perhaps define these lines as a fanatic's fury and disappointment; for truth's sake I must emphasize the fact that my opinion coincides with that of the majority of people attending the Festival.

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