

with a Spaniard at the (SF) works

Barcelona, June 1966

SCIENCIA TUA EX ME, MIRIABILIS FACTA EST

The above motto is that of Barcelona University, mine, but as "miriabilis facta non est" I have needed all the available time of the present month to prepare my examinations, I had two possibilities: make a thin number or forget about the zine utterly.

As I want to maintain a monthly publishing schedule as closely as possible, I have adopted the first solution, although the second was really tempting.

COMING SOON

But, brighten your faces, folks, because next month you will receive a big, fat number...

I GOT PLENTY O'NUTTIN'

That's how the song goes, and that's true for me also in every aspect. I have been deluged with offers to subscribe to a lot of zines, and always I must answer: sorry, it's not possible. I don't have so much money!

That's why I make this fannag, because I have realized it's cheaper to ask for zines in exchange than to subscribe to all those I would like to have. I continue sending "Spainfan" to all those who ask for it (and to a lot who never would have asked) and if someone says he can't accept trade I will regret it, fellas, but...

AT LAST A SPANISH PROZINE

During the last three years (and I didn't know it until some days ago) preparations have been made to start the first true Spanish-published prozine. Now it seems that things are beginning to run well and, perhaps, before year's end we will have it.

HEY, I'M GOING PRO!

And what's more, the editor of the projected magazine has met me to ask for my collaboration. I didn't believe my ears!

Naturally, I have agreed, all for good old SF, and so I have been charged with the task of selecting (from a well known American promag) stories, translate some of them, and also make some drawings. What he thinks I'm?... an one-man band?

NO, IT'S NOT A GOLDMINE...

But he is going to pay me something at least, he will pay me to read SF! As said a Folies Bergère's fireman, at the end of his first month of work, when called to the cash-box, incredulous: "But, besides, they are going to pay me?"

EASY AS TO SNAP YOUR FINGERS

The Martian had quite a success with girls. From the day of his arrival to Earth, aboard of his UFO, he only had to snap his fingers and they went like bees to honey.

The police colonel, chief of the security forces custodying him, was awed and, also, a little envious.

"Tell me" he asked at last "how do you manage it?"

"Well" said the Martian "it's quite an art which we have been developing for more than two hundred centuries in my planet. It all depends of the way you snap your fingers".

"This kind" he snapped his fingers "is for blondes".

Twelve secretaries, fair as gold, entered the room.

"And this one" a new snap in a different note "for brunettes".

Five dark-haired girls and three blondes erupted into the office.

"Hey!" shouted the policeman "this time your trick hasn't worked".

"Haven't you ever heard about dyes, colonel?"

A machiavelian idea began to grow in the Earthman's mind "All that is very, very important, we must record it on tape" he said.

"But, colonel... "

"No, but!, it's a security measure!".

Next day the papers gave a curious news: STRANGE HAPPENING IN A FASHION SHOW Yesterday, in the fashion show held at "Parisart" all the ladies of the concurrence went stomping towards a corner of the showroom.

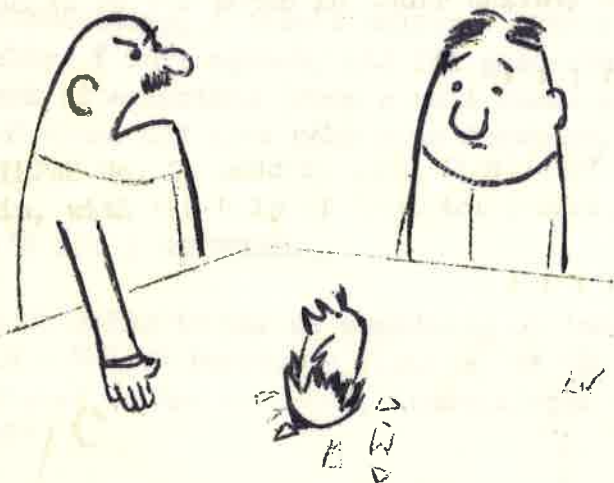
Shortly thereafter, it has been discovered that the reason for their strange conduct were sounds, like snaps, emitted by a tape recorder.

Unfortunately, we have to deplore the decease of a police colonel, trampled to death by the women in their anxiety to reach the apparatus.

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SPAINFAN No. 2, made by Luís Vigil/José Anselmo Clavé 4, 2ª 2ª/Barcelona 2/ Spain, with the help of Christel Bocker, María Pons and Andreu R. Parra.

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So you have purchased an authentic, genuine, legitimate fossilized dinosaur's egg, oh, Mr. Müller?