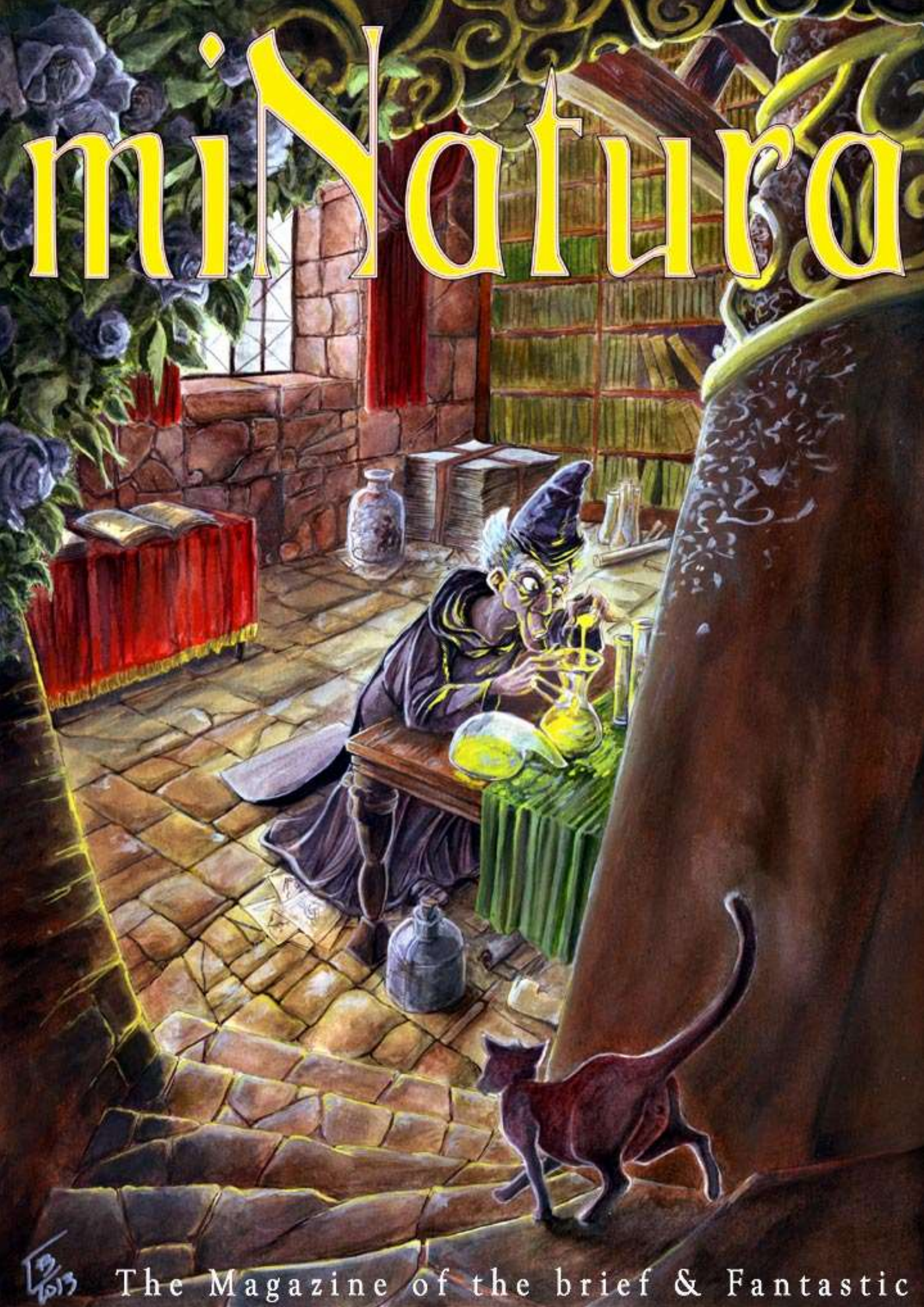



miNatura



 The Magazine of the brief & Fantastic

If even the grass
chu-sheng can
prolong life.

Why do not you try
to put the elixir in
your mouth?

Wei-Po-yang, *Ts'an
T'ung Ch'i.*

...

This languid body,
to weaken day by day

It teaches me that
soon disappear.

Oh! I do not know where it
leads the soul

When of this clay deserts
tired and worn. Rhazes (Abu
Bakr Muhammad ibn
Zakariyaal-Razi), *The Books of
secrets.*

...

All things come from the same
seed, in origin, were lit by the
same mother.

Basilio Valentín, *Carro triunfal
del antimonio.*

...

The matter is unique, and
everywhere the poor as the rich
have. Of all known, is despised
by all. In your error, rejects the
vulgar like mud, or constantly
sells vile price, even if is



something precious
to sagacious
philosophers.

*The light itself comes
from the darkness,*
Hermetic text from
XVIII century

...

To explain the
mystery of matter,
another mystery-
projected their own
psychic background

stranger in what was to be
explained: the dark by the
darkest, most unknown by
unknown! That was not, of
course, intended to proceed,
but a fact involuntary.

C. G. Jung, *Psychology &
Alchemy.*

...

–Tell me, then, if atendiste,
why death deserve those at
death?

–Because the original source of
our body is the grim darkness
from which the wet nature,
which constitutes the cosmos
sensitive the body, which is
irrigated death.

Hermes Trismegistus, *Corpus
hermeticum.*

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miNatura Digital
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To work with us simply
send a story (up to 25
lines) poem (up to 50
lines) or item (3 to 6
pages)

Times New Roman 12,
A4 format (three inches
clearance on each side).

Entries must respond to
the case (horror, fantasy
or science fiction) to try.

Send a brief literary
biography (in case of
having).

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Alchemy

"If the doors of
perception were
cleansed,
everything would
appear to man as
it is: infinite."

*El matrimonio del
cielo y el infierno,
Una fantasía
memorable.* William
Blake (1757-1828).

Account Bernard Trevisan
in *Green Dream* (XV
century): "Build, my
friend, a temple

monolith, like white lead, alabaster, a
temple that has no beginning or end,
and inside of which is a source of
purest water, bright as the sun. We
must penetrate there with sword in
hand, as the entrance is very narrow
and is guarded by a dragon that need
killing and skinning. Gathering the
flesh and bones, to do with them a
pedestal, on which you will climb to
reach the temple, where you will find
what you seek. For the priest, who is
the bronze man you see sitting near
the source, changes its nature and
becomes a man of silver, which, if
you want it, you can become a man of
gold. "

Being an Alchemist is a way of life,
a searcher of truth that you know all
the laws of man were created to
punish him, because in the end we do
not want to know the Truth.

The Alchemist applied Theurgy
(from Greek *θεουργία*) at will,
creating their own gods, too selfish to
go to the official and recreate life with
homunculi.

When we ask a Alchemist What is
the Philosopher's Stone? Zosimos
Panapolitano in the Crown of the
philosophers (fourth century. C.)

answers: "Receive this stone is not a stone, this precious thing that has no value, this polymorphous object that has no form, this unknown that is known to all. "

As ever see an Alchemist will give us a straight answer and perhaps that his biggest secret.

This number is in addition to the classic short stories and symbols of this magazine, brings the interview to Cuban writer Erick J. Mota gives us his particular vision of the fantasy genre.

This editorial cannot close without mentioning the illustrators:

Didizuka –Seud.– (France), Nelleke Schoemaker –Seud.– (Holland), Yolyanko William Argüelles Trujillo (Cuba), Pedro Belushi (Spain), Rafa Castelló Escrig (Spain), Evandro Rubert (Brazil), Vaggelis Ntousakis (Greece)

Like the previous issue we want to share this notice:

The project, which involves the translation into French tales, integrates a team of people passionate about the translation and literature in Spanish and its main objective is to meet the authors in

Europe (and even in Latin America).

The project does not involve any financial commitment to the author or the loss of their rights, the translation and publication are free. Applicants must submit the text and a brief resume. They will read it and publish what they like, there is neither subject nor extension, though only published a story by author.

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If you have doubts about the project or wish to send

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Erick Mota: Uchronia with Cuban flavor

Entrevista: Cristina Jurado

Traducción: Cristina Jurado

Fotos e imágenes: Erick Mota



Cuban writer Erick Mota graduated in Pure Physics by Universidad de La Habana as well as a course in narrative technics by Centro de Formación Literaria Onelio Jorge Cardoso. After publishing his first book “Under Pressure” (Editorial Gente Nueva, 2007), he won the literary contest “La Edad de Oro de Ciencia Ficción para jóvenes”.

Many of his stories have been published in numerous anthologies and magazines. A collection of his short stories came out in 2010 under the title: “Some worthy memories”. The same year, Atom Press published “La Habana Underguater” in an anthology, and later as a novel. Erick has been recognized with the awards TauZero de Novela Corta de Fantasía y Ciencia Ficción (Chile, 2008) and Calendario de Ciencia Ficción (Cuba, 2009). His short story “Memories of a Zombie country” was included in Spain in “Terra Nova, the Anthology of Contemporary Science Fiction” edited by Sportula.

Revista Digital miNatura: *What drives a graduate in Physics to try his luck in the literary world? Your education, was the reason behind your decision to write science fiction?*

Erick J. Mota: To answer this, first I have to explain why I became a Physics student when I was a voracious reader. I believe that scientific research is thrilling, because allows you to find the truth and to learn about

how the world works. In my university years, I spent more time creating stories than studying. When I finally graduated, I started to write SF. The reason why I chose this genre has to do with the way I see the world. I perceived my daily life in fantastic terms and create stories in every step I take. My education helps... and also my city.

Revista Digital miNatura: *I read in a previous interview that you consider Robert Heinlein and Stanislaw Lem early influences in your work. How about authors in Spanish?*

Erick J. Mota: In my education as a writer, I had very few influences regarding SF authors in Spanish. Some are from my own country, and I'm proud that that is the case. I have to mention Agustín de Rojas and his wonderful utopia/dystopia "The year 200" and Daína Chaviano with her "Fables of an extraterrestrial grandmother", which gave me a lesson in humility. Time has come and ago, I have read other Spanish writers, but those two are the ones that help me forge my ideas about the genre in my maternal language.

"In SF, uchronias are the most effective way to make people reflect about themselves and the world"

Revista Digital miNatura: *You feel for alternative stories, because most of your work addresses uchronias. Is reality so disheartening that we need to re-define it?*

Erick J. Mota: I don't think so. But we are so close to our reality that the trees don't allow us to see the forest. When we depart from a rewritten story, if we add elements of our actual reality, we can reflect properly about it. In SF, uchronias are the most effective way to make people think about themselves and the world around them. If we choose a story set in the future, readers will perceive it as out of touch, because it hasn't happened yet. If we

pick a story that takes place in space or an alien planet, the unique features of that universe or technology will create a certain distance between the story and the audience.

But if we tell something about a universe that could be possible, in another present, things change. It is not the same to share a story questioning -this is only an example- and talking about my country's patriotism and how this has been manipulated by some people. When confronting this story, the History that every Cuban learned in school would prevent him or her to embrace it. In Cuba we are all accustomed to symbolic patriotism and the epic stories of our independent wars against Spanish colonialism. Let's say that I questioned patriotic feelings in an alternative world resulted from the English conquering La Habana in 1572, and this city is part of East Cuba where there is an independent movement called West Cuba Republican Army (with the same patriotic manipulations taking place in today's Cuba). Let's assume that there is a situation close to the one in Ireland. Then, the readers can understand and think better about how their reality is been manipulated. They can question the roots of patriotism and the political manipulation related to the concept of nation, without having the historical prejudices taught in schools. The same can be applied to each country and theme. My example is just an illustration, because it's about the country and reality that I face daily. Uchronias offer infinite possibilities to analyze/question our current reality.

This is something that needs to be applied depending on reader. If I write an alternative story in which September 11th never happened, it could be interesting if I set it in USA or Iraq, but in Cuba or Miami would not have as much impact as a story in which changes took place in 1959 or 1962.

Revista Digital miNatura: *What are the elements than differentiate and characterize sci-fi in Latin America?*

Erick J. Mota: In my limited experience, because I still have a lot to read, Latin America has different perspectives about the world and the technology. Therefore, its science fiction is very different. The cyberpunk made in countries like Mexico comes from the way poverty gazes the Anglo-Saxon alienation or the enthusiasm about computing technology. They are stories

written from the bottom of a bottle full of violence and despair. I call it cyberpunk with an “i”.

Another feature of our SF is Latin America’s tumultuous political History, filled with dictators, guerrillas and death squadrons. When a classic heimlenian hero lands in a jungle-like planet, the Anglo-Saxon writer would portray marines with high technology walking around. In Latin America, soldiers hide their weapons and take out their machetes. The use of those tools/guns misses some SF aesthetic aura, but in Latin America we all know that this weapon in the hands of military, paramilitary, guerrillas or fanatics is more deadly than any light saber.

SF in Latin America uses religion and theosophy as scientific elements. Magic and religion in Anglo-Saxon SF are simple parts of misinterpreted technology. In Latin America, spirits are real or are hacked by operators through Ouija-keyboards, like in the works of Chilean author Jorge Baradit.

We still have a lot to say about SF in Latin America. Our culture is the result of, at least, three others (the Indigenous, the European and the African), divided in many more. If authors apply only 3% of their country’s culture (radically different from North America and Europe), a much more original SF will emerge.

Revista Digital miNatura: *Spain is learning little by little about more sci-fi authors coming from the other side of the Atlantic Ocean and, more specifically, from Cuba. What is the current landscape of the genre in the island?*

Erick J. Mota: Science fiction in Cuba has moved forward in terms of themes and style. When I speak about this, I like to refer to it as an epic battle. We had a Glorious Age in the ‘60s when our SF movement was born. The Golden Age came in the 80’s and in the 90’s we had our Dark Ages. I believe that SF from the island has overcome many demons and still has many others to defeat. We have distanced ourselves from the dark side of the Soviet science fiction, a sort of pulp literature focused on morals and politics. It took many years for our publishing companies to accept stories with more optimistic and hopeful views about the future. In the first decade of this century, many short stories and novels -covering the most diverse and

amazing themes- were published. We captured the attention of our publishing companies and, even if we are not in a competitive market, there is a progressive evolution on themes and style. We left behind the Socialist utopia and the UFOS, which is a great achievement.

Revista Digital miNatura: *In one article that you wrote about Unicómix 2011 you explored a presentation by Argentine writer Angélica Gorodischer, who talked about the exhaustion of science fiction -an opinion shared by Ursula Le Guin-. This is a very discussed topic among SF fans. Can you share your opinion about it?*

Erick J. Mota: As I said then, when I read that opinion, I felt insulted. After, I thought hard about how many stories, with truly interesting themes, I had read in the last decade. I was forced to agree with Gorodischer. Finally, my analysis arrived to other conclusion. Almost everything that I had read was American/English SF or copies by Spanish speaking authors. I realize that what we call SF it was just a category, very popular in North America, successfully exported to the rest of the world. The majority of themes, stereotypes and conflicts from French, German, Czech or Russian SF before World War II, are not exhausted. We have focused on the last 40 or 50 years in repeating the American formula (campbell, hardcf, new wave, cyberpunk). The world has changed and the way we interact with one another is radically different. The fact that I am in Socialist Cuba and somebody from Spain is interviewing me through a computing network connected via satellites and that you can download it through a cell phone... That IS science fiction! From this point, there is no theme limits, and the future of this kind of literature turns to be boundless and hopeful.

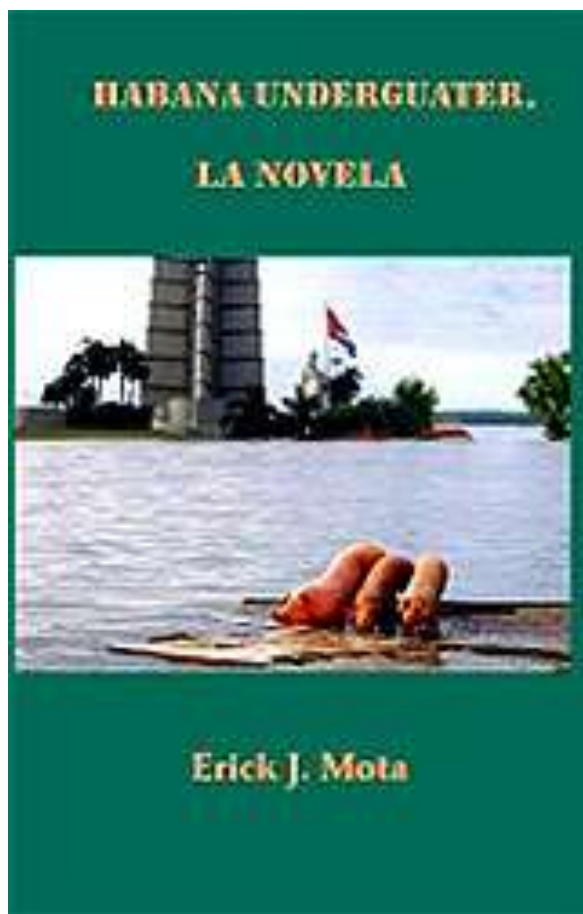
"Science fiction is like high cuisine: there are many recipes y every chef has his/her style."

Revista Digital miNatura: *In your wonderful short story “Memories of a Zombie country”, included in Terra Nova anthology (Sportula), you are able to bring a new and fresh look to an exhausted subject. How did you come up with the idea? Do you think that social denunciation is one of sci-fi future ways?*

Erick J. Mota: The moral responsibility for this story comes from my friend and “brother” Ricardo Acevedo. He asked me to write something using zombies for an anthology. One only does this for a friend, so I told myself: how am I going to write anything about zombies? I went to the streets and I started to observe people. I found an old propaganda poster saying: “This street is Fidel’s”. My mind filled up with slogans like: “This Zombie is Fidel’s”, “Our Zombies are revolutionaries”, “If you are Zombie and don’t jump, you are a Yankee”. I continued walking and reading every propaganda poster, “seeing” zombies everywhere and witnessing policemen “asking” zombies their documents. I wrote a very short story titled “A well known secret” because I made a promise to Acevedo. Afterwards I wrote relaxed and without format limits. That is how “Memories of a Zombie country” was born. And I believe that social denounce is one way to the future. It is mandatory to do it one way or another, and science fiction cannot be oblivious to it. In fact, SF allows us to exaggerate without losing the good sense and that is very important.

Revista Digital miNatura: *Can you describe for our readers your last book “La Habana underguater”?*

Erick J. Mota: This is a very difficult question to answer because “La Habana underguater” is full of different things. It is and it is not an uchronia, and it does not happen in a close future. It presupposes that the



former URRS won over the Americans in the cold war, but the story happens after 2016, when a mega-hurricane devastates La Habana. From an orthodox point of view, the story can be considered an uchronic future. In this world, Internet uses soviet servers from space stations like Mir instead of satellites and earthling stations. The “orishas” from the Yoruba religion (originally from Nigeria, but very popular in Cuba and Brazil) have a virtual presence in the Global Net. It is a difficult story to label it. Some people call it Orisha-Punk, but it is not a very serious categorization.

“La Habana underguater” is the novel (more like a saga, because I just finished the sequel) more fun to write for me. It is intended to readers that love the efficiency and oversize roughness of former soviet technology. It is a modern extrapolation of their identical way of manufacturing everything: from a tank to a washing machine. Cubans my age know what I’m talking about.

Revista Digital miNatura: *In your opinion, what are the ingredients for a good quality SF story?*

Erick J. Mota: There is no recipe for it. A story must surprise, it needs to be anchored in the proposed universe and, at the same time, it has to make the reader think about the world outside SF. It cannot be boring but it cannot also be just pure entertaining. And it has to touch souls, being heartrending as much as possible, without being a tragedy like the ones pictured in soviet realism. It must be in a middle point, a very difficult one to achieve. SF is like high cuisine: there are many recipes and every chef has his/her style. And, of course, there are many tastes.

Revista Digital miNatura: *The literary world is undergoing an important transformation thanks to the increase number of self-publishing platforms. Traditional business models are experiencing the effects of the global economic crisis. How do you see the situation at the short and long terms? How do you feel about self-publishing?*

Erick J. Mota: There is a clear change in the editorial world. In my opinion, every change is good at a long term; I don’t believe in maintaining

the same state of things for a long time. Since I live in a country in which traditional editing methods are not employed, I cannot talk about a topic that I don't really know. For authors like the Cuban ones, who depend on a sole editing criteria for the island, self-publishing is the only solution to stay afloat. It is worrisome to feel that only people with money can publish. My question is: didn't this happened already with traditional publishing methods? Could young writers from poor countries really succeed inside the former model? If you ask me, all methods have their virtues and defects. I think that, the more opportunities for those who normally don't have any, the better.

Revista Digital miNatura: *You have been awarded in numerous contests with awards like “Juventud Técnica 2004”, “La Edad de Oro de Ciencia Ficción para jóvenes 2007”, el “TauZero de Novela Corta de Fantasía y Ciencia Ficción de Chile 2008” and “Calendario de Ciencia Ficción de 2009”. What advice would you give to young writers?*

Erick J. Mota: They must be themselves. That is the only useful advice in which I believe in. They must try to be authentic and not imitate anybody else. Past authors can inspire, but you cannot stop being yourself. That is the key. They need to go to the street and observe everything and everybody: they will know what to do afterwards.

And they need to have fun, of course. Writing, only works if you are having a good time. Otherwise, there are always better ways to make money. Bukowski said something about drinking beer... not a bad advice either.

Revista Digital miNatura: Now, I would like to ask you few quick questions:

Star Wars or Star Trek?

Firefly.

Fast food or homemade food?

Both.

If you were the character of a movie, who would you be?

Darth Vader, no doubt.

What was the worst book you have read?

“Expedición Unión Tierra” and I’m sorry to say that it is by a Cuban author.

What is the best book that you have read?

They were several volumes, written by a certain Tolkien... it was the English Encyclopedia... but it talked about a ring. I don’t remember very well. It said something like “ash nazg dumbadul...”

What type of music do you listen to?

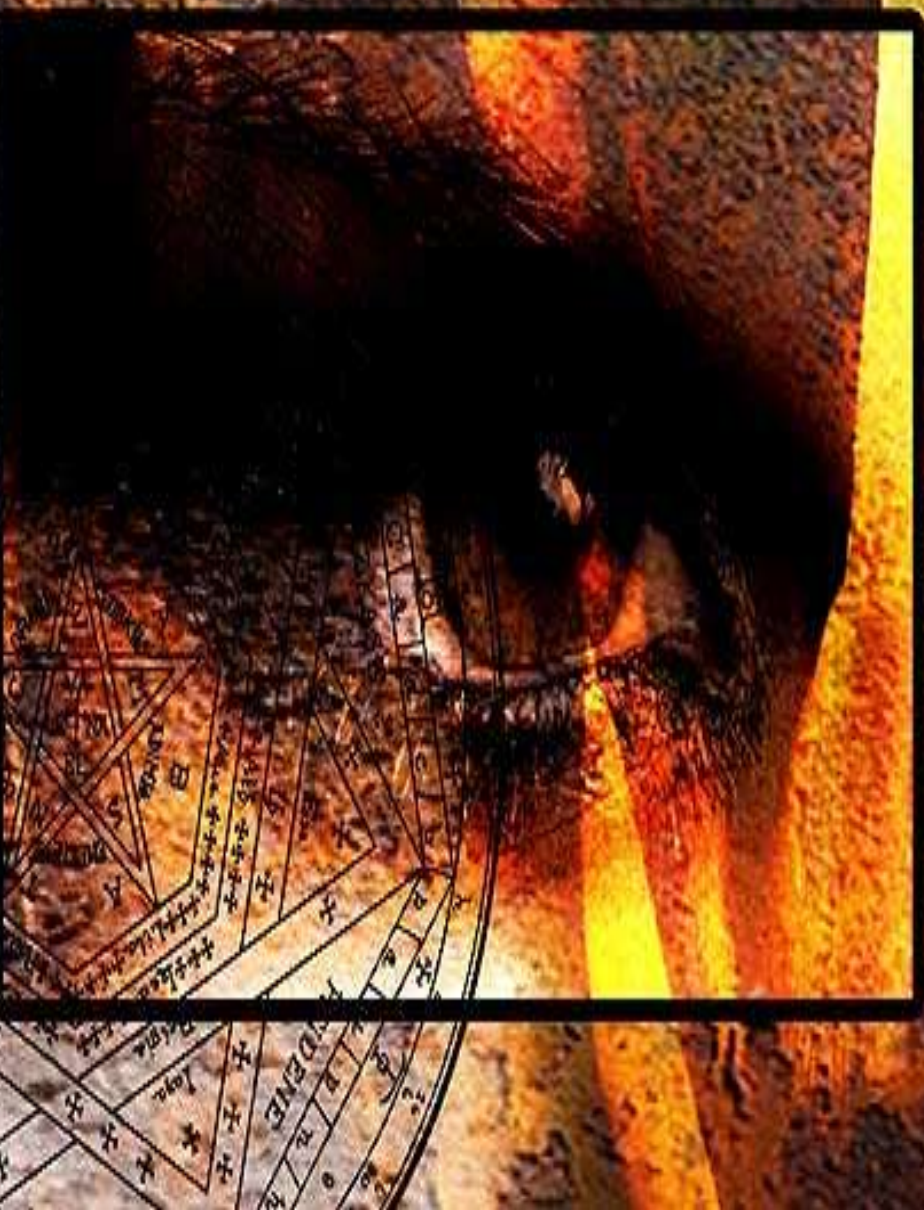
Johnny Cash and Leonard Cohen, but only when I’m depressing.

Cinema 3D, yes or no?

I’ve hear that it exists. When I see it, I could respond.

If you could chose a super-power, which one would be?

My super-power would be teleporting, but not because of the reasons you may think. Don’t interpret it as a stereotype, because I’m Cuban and I live in the island.



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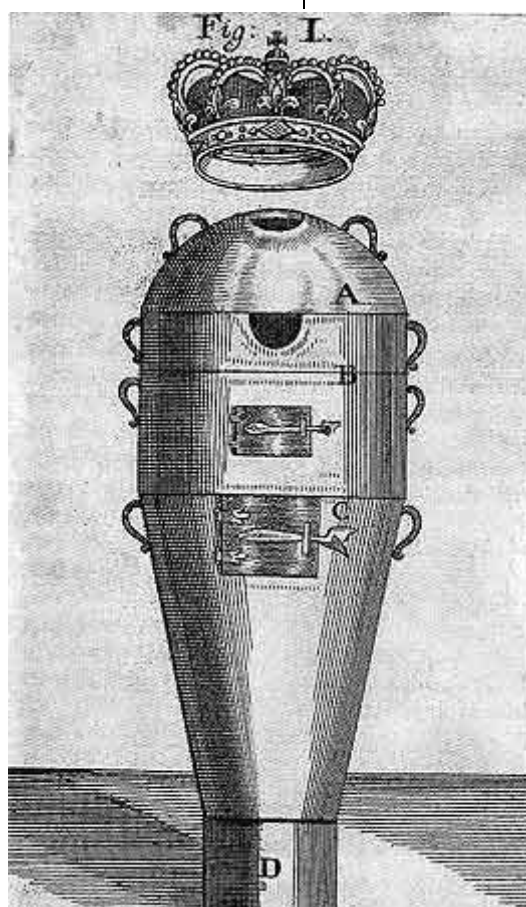
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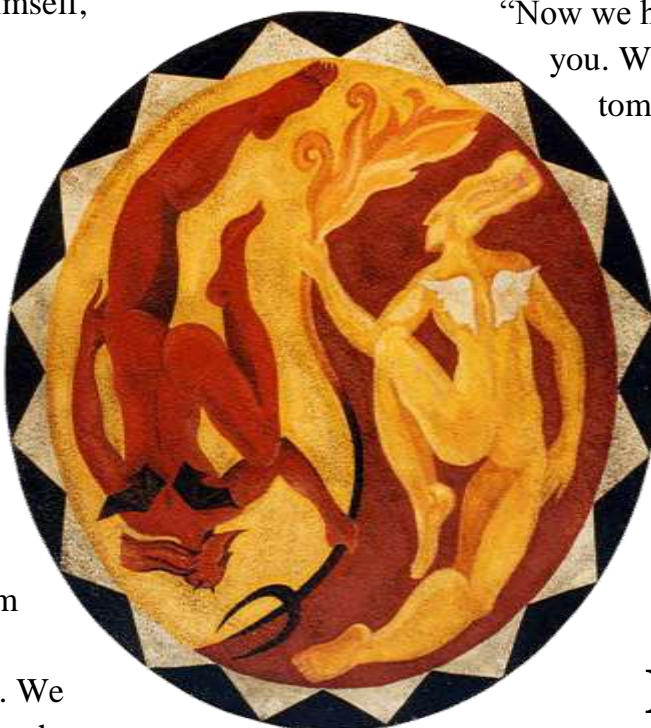
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Homemade alchemy

“We remind our respected audience that during this live broadcast, all hidden thaumaturgy secrets of the trade, more a life vocation than a paid job, will be preserved. The show World Spells greets you from the kitchen of Germaninus Armenicus! This renowned alchemist is going to delight us with his occultist abilities... At this very moment, Germanicus is starting the pseudo-chemical ritual with a series of turns around himself,

mimicking the dervishes. The objective, esteemed public, is to find the balance within his spiritual center, so telluric forces can flow seamlessly form the closest energetic areas. We can see now how he stops rhythmically and... yes! ... We can confirm that he is invoking Hermes Trimegisto in preparation to the dairy transmutation he is intended to perform! Germanicus just dissolved mandrake root powder into the milk, previously obtained from the cow that



he keeps in the balcony. Ladies and gentlemen... let's see because... it seems that the snowy liquid is boiling, although is not placed anywhere near any source of heat! ... From where we are, we can corroborate that our host's famous milkectoplasms are forming in the cauldron where the milk rested. No doubts allowed! ... He did it again, ladies and gentlemen! It's incredible! ... We brought you the news right to your homes! A herd of bleached creatures have appeared in an immaculate way! Germanicus transmutating skills are unrivaled!”

“Now we have to say goodbye to you. We remind you that in tomorrow's show there will be an exclusive interview with the reputed huichol shaman Xochitl. Good and magical nights!”

*Cristina Jurado
(Spain)*

The Science Mistakens

He was an alchemist. He knew the secrets of life and death. He suffered from Alzheimer disease, so he used to mistake the substances. Looking for the eternal life he invented, in the year thirteen thirty, the powdered milk.

Daniel Frini (Argentina)

Transmutation

The jester makes everything that was necessary to entertain the king and the rest of the court. Everyone claps his wanderings, his word and his artistic expressions. Seeing that his inventions take effect, the jester begins to imitate the magician, in their potions and spells, trying transmute the matter. It is so funny that the king urges him to do it again. The jester repeats it again and again, everyone laughs.

In one of his speeches is interrupted by the magician of the court, who appears on the back of the room. When jester saw him, stops the show and the silence arrived. Even the king stops laughing, sensing that it brings bad news.

The king comes and the magician does an appropriate reverence while the magician begins to explain what happens. The alchemist is running out of prays. He explained him that this is the three hundred test, and the dragons have not been successfully transmuted into more manageable beings yet. If we don't feed them, they will end up starved and his kingdom will be unprotected and taken by the barbarians.

The king hesitates. The magician says that all they want is to transmute the dragons in order to have them at their service. If they achieve that, nobody will have a fleet so vast and powerful, the gold will be a later reward, they

may stealed from neighbouring villages.

The king looks at the jester and starts thinking. The jester feels observed and he tries to be placed within the crowd

-I know the solution - shouts the king.
- Catch him! - Said the king with a smile.

They bring the jester to his feet and the king says that the jester will serve his king as never before. The dragons are hungry.

- Why me, Lord?

- Because you laughed at me.

*Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán
(Spain)*

The strange visitor

-Joel, Dear, are you okay? - Ask my wife.

-Let me, I'll meet someone, I reply letting go of her hand.

Dear – She pull me again -what happens?, The priest is blessing the grave of your father to bury him forever. Where are you going?

I stand next to my wife and I try to keep my composure. It's impossible what I just saw. Again I look for on the man and he's leaving by the main road from the cemetery and my wife follows my gaze with concern. Yes, he is, cannot be his son, much less his grandson because he had any offspring. God is not true; Enrique "El Loco" as

we called. I never met him in person, was the best friend of my grandfather and I only saw him through a sepia photograph when they were 18 years old, therefore that I recognize him. He was always the instance that they gave us at home when someone dreamed of doing impossible things. Be careful not to end up like Henry "The Crazy"!, They told us.

Enrique, left everything behind and chased the dream of finding the philosopher's stone and the secret of immortality. He was convinced to know where were located the original writings of Nicholas Flamel and also he believed that they could produced the elixir of life. One day he left his home and nobody ever saw him again. His parents thought he had been reading books on alchemy and that became him in mad, haunted by the secrets of Flamel. Soon a rumor: Henry was crazy! 25 years later, they decided to give up him, not knowing anything about him, even his whereabouts.

When we returned home that evening, I work to find a picture of my grandfather and Henry, if my grandfather were alive today would be 120 years old. I finally find the picture and I shudder. Get back to her and tell my wife:

- Did you recognize to anyone?

- Yes and he pointed to the pantheon's Young, He is Joel!,

An estrange shiver runs through me; Enrique "The Crazy" not only lives, he is 18 years old.

Mª del Socorro Candelaria Zarate
(México)

An inoffensive dinner

The dinner was delicious, although it did not see the hour of which it was ending. It had cost him almost twelfth average of bottles of Pale dry but it had been worth while, he thought, with the fixed eyes in the partner that was lying dispelled, with the faces sunk in his respective dishes. A malevolent smile showed in his face. After leaving the blank dining room of top, it loaded the guests, for shift, up to the cellar; once there only he was staying to hope that the cauldron of the central heating, put to ceiling, should do his.

The man woke up for the metallic din of the bang. It was gagged, it began to struggle and to express croakings under the tape that was sealing the mouth; immediately he remembered the dinner with the new neighbor, this so kind elder. First the uncertainty, then the terror, they took possession of him. The tears began to show to his eyes when he saw his unconscious wife next to you, it was the last image before the fire was consuming them completely.

The invocation began immediately. The voice of the elder was already not human, it was becoming more and more cavernous; his blue pouches had acquired a darker tone awarding a dark, almost cadaveric appearance. Nevertheless, when one began to throw above the ashes, still lukewarm, that was containing the receptacle — without leaving the psalmody and driving away occasionally the enormous book that it had ahead—, the change started occurring in him. Little by little his body was mutando up to passing a young man seemed well that it was exuding vitality for every pore of his skin. It had the eyes opened as dishes and the proper smile of the alienated one; it had achieved it ... once again ...

This dawn, the silence that it was wrapping to the sleepy quarter was torn suddenly by a few demoniacal guffaws, which were silenced of the same sudden form that they initiated.

*Patricia O. (Patokata) –
seud.- (Uruguay)*

The Taínos' Ars Regia

I, friar Ramón Pané, a poor hermit of the order of Saint Jerome, couldn't give credit to my eyes then, nor to my memory

now, while am about to write down this secret which wasn't included in my Relation to the Admiral, Christopher Columbus. In the year of our Lord of 1497, I found myself at brake dawn before the mythic cavern known as Yobovava by the Taínos people, in the realm of the chief Maucia Tivuel. From it, said the legend, came out the Güey and the Nonún (the Sun and the Moon). The behique ordered me to watch and beheld the Tainos art to make gold.

From the cavern stepped out two monstruos living cemíes, named Boinayol and Maroya, carrying with them another cemí idol made out of black crystal. One of its eyes was silvery, like the mercury of the philosophers; and the other shined with a reddish fire, like the sulphur necessary for the achievement of the Great Work. They placed the cemí on a rock facing the sun that already was ascending to the throne of the Turey.



As the rays of light illuminated it, the black color of the cemí switched to white and finally to red: the stages nigredo, albedo and rubedo of the alchemical process. "We've got something even more transcendental than the Philosopher's Stone of the Arijuna for turning the base metals and the cibas into gold... We have the Philosopher's Star", he told me shaking my amazement. "Now get into Yobovava... and marvel yourself."

At the middle of the cavern stood a little mound of ordinary cibas. The cemí was placed in front of them. The behique uttered a canticle and at once, along the spine of the idol appeared — in ascending order representing the stages of the Great Work— the planets' symbols: Mercury; Saturn; Jupiter; Moon; Venus; Mars; and the Sun. When the last symbol showed up, the cemí's eyes casted a ray whose color was a mixture of sulphur and mercury. This shined over the cibas turning them on the spot into the purest gold. Thanks to this alchemy, the Taínos still exist in Santo Domingo; and I achieved immortality with the Elixir of Yocahu.

Odilius Vlak (Dominican Republic)

The origin of the question

Dedicated to George Walton Lucas

Few can conceive it today, but the fact is that in the early eighteenth century the order of alchemists covered all

Europe and gave expert advice to leaders of all stripes, as well as millions of ordinary citizens.

During this bonanza of the order came the triumph of encyclopedists conceptions that caused to ask the alchemists that allowed the mass dissemination of their knowledge and skills most important and reelaborasen their texts of more accessible form.

The refusal of the guides of the order precipitated his fall like a house of cards. European political elites, within which the bourgeoisie began to play an increasing role, began a coordinated international campaign based on the idea that the alchemists despised all who did not belong to their organization.

— As if not —they said— we can understand their refusal to make their texts intelligible to the ordinary citizens. They lack universal vocation.

It was just that phrase: "They lack universal vocation", which became the motto of the attackers. The rest is known. They were hunted down and killed everywhere. Thousands abjured his activism and became the fiercest persecutors of his former teammates, being also the most enthusiastic among the distorters of the alchemical texts, which were retouched to make them mere accumulations of nonsense.

The few survivors of the order had to go underground, and their natural inclination to secrecy made minimize their contacts, and take a disciple at a

time, after numerous precautions and confidence tests. Thus were born the legendary duos of alchemists and, with them, the question that his pursuers were made after captured a fugitive:

— Will be the teacher or the student?

Yunieski Betancourt Dipotet (Cuba)

In veritatis splendor

Truth makes you free

John, 8:32.

It is just a surmise, but unavoidable in the face of the capsizing in the Vatican. Pieces are scattered in the misty borders between conspiracy and historic fantasy. We know that Benedict XVI was obsessed with the work of Saint Thomas, “Aurora Consurgens” and Jung’s “Mysterium Coniunctionis”. We know that there was dusted off a never published fragment of the edict by John XXII <<Spondet quat non exhibent>>, in which, alchemist practices were deeply detailed. We also know, that the brief about Silvester II —the “Millennium pope”— and his dalliances with the transmutation of metals and organic compounds, was censored. And we know, for sure, that the Supreme Pontiff ordered to analyze the authenticity of some abstruse coptic writings of the first century, which were inherited by the Holy See after the death of its owner, Sir Isaac Newton.

Only eight wise linguists can translate these writings. Three of them had

confirmed the essenian influence in the so called “the Gospel of the disciples”. The theories become darker from this point. It seems that the research threw its verdict just a month ago. Everybody knows about the Holy Father’s resignation. The leek of the Gospel’s excerpt seems nonsensical, but here it is: <<In those days he [the Master] preached at the holy town while he looked for the Solomon’s caduceus. His wonders enraged the impure. Through his Emerald Table’s domain [expelled] devils from the temples of flesh, walked [over] the Jordan, he irrigated his blood into the veins of his disciples and teared away brothers from the death’s jaws. The roman’s fear and the zealot’s betrayal led him to martyrdom, but he restored his temple in three days. He instructed his brothers before he faded away into the light and moved to Tarso, from where he returned under the name of Saulo to finish his doing>>.

It is just a surmise, but, could the light of the truth have turned off the Pope’s faith?

Carlos Díez (Spain)

The Collector

The man, look through the half-open door, stealthily. Inside of that rustic shack, he could see a woman stoking the fire at an old athanor. She looked very young and she didn’t seem to have those great powers that people said. Come in, she exclaimed. He was

surprised when the woman realized his presence. The man obeyed. Your powers are real?, he asked her with trembling voice. She answered looking him with poisonous eyes. He swallowed saliva and put the hand in his pocket and took five copper coins out. The scared man showed them her and she smiled slightly. I understand what you want, said the mysterious woman taking the coins. Quickly, she got close to moth-eaten table and put them in a small clay pot. Later, she took a certain amount of a yellowish liquid out from a cauldron, with a ladle, and poured it in the clay pot. Come here, said the woman. Her suspicious client doubted, but he did it. Let me see your left hand. The man obeyed, every time more confused. She took the hand with the palm up. Out of nowhere, the woman took a sharp penknife out and cut the life line with a fast move. That unlucky man screamed in pain, meanwhile she squeezed to the last drop of blood on the clay pot. Next, she dropped the hand, took the clay pot and introduced it in the athanor. In a while, the frightened client started to writhe in pain, making an effort to breathe; he

wanted to yell but he couldn't. With a last death rattle, the man fell down on the floor, like hit by lightning. The woman bent down over the corpse, undressed the torso, and with a large knife, she made a deep cut on the chest and separated skin, muscles and bones with superhuman strength. There, it was what she looked for. A shining golden heart sparkled in the midst of the darkest blood. Greedily, the woman took out it. She wiped it and pampered with tenderness, while got close to the old trunk where she saved her valued belongings. The enigmatic woman opened it and put her new acquisition along with the others six golden hearts that she had already taken.

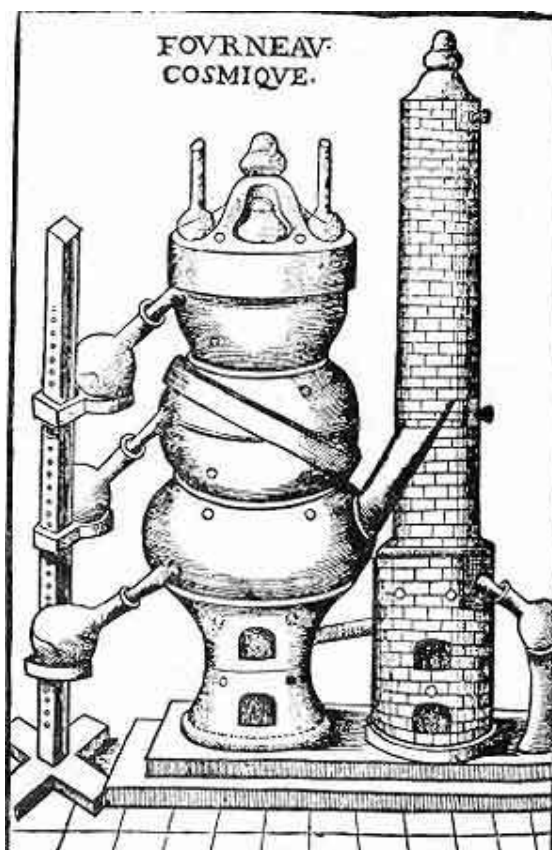
Marco Manuel Ruiz (Colombia)

The athanor of joy

There is no such a thing as chance. By chance we understand merely a term indicating known effects of unknown causes, extant but not recognized or perceived yet.

Kybalion

The story tells of a cuadrillero of the Santa Hermandad who hid a book



meant to be burnt in an auto-da-fé. Even though the movement was minimal his hand trembled at the thought of unimagined torments that awaited him should the Santo Oficio find him out. However, no horror of the Inquisition would change his mind for: in this work of Ibn Hayyan al-Jabir al-Azdi Bariqui al-Kufi resided the answer to his prayers and the end of his sorrow.

The instructions seemed to be clear enough even when coming from a Moor. The treatise was an update of Aristotle's magisterium, who taught that all elements of Nature have four basic qualities: heat, cold, dryness and humidity. And the prescription was simple: if after rearranging the qualities of a given metal another one could be obtained, then, by rearranging the principles of a dying body it was possible to have access to an immortal body. Indeed, and what also made the stolen book an invaluable object was that it contained all the necessary steps to achieve the takwin, the artificial creation of life. During daylight, the sorcerer's apprentice read the hermetical pages. At night, he built a large athanor. But after two weeks without sleep and the first signs of exhaustion, the time had come to proceed. Aldonza was dying from an unknown illness and the many indentations and poultices had not yielded any results. And as the altar where he planned to outwit the Grim Reaper was now ready he chose a

maiden of unearthly beauty. She was the perfect subject to recombine her qualities. He sequestered her during a moonlit night and greedily undressed her, in anticipation of the pleasure he would find in her transmuted flesh. He set up the proper substances, stuffed both unfortunate woman with them and stirred the alchemic fire. Alas! It was not enough to replicate the formula of universal panacea. Their screams attracted the King's Guard. The stench was unbearable. One historian noted that even an old soldier of the Tercios puked his guts and the failed alchemist did not have the strength to resist the arrest for he had already lost his mind. However, and quite prudently, the chronicler omitted to state that from the bottom of the furnace a monstrous creature kept watching him with a drooling smile.

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

You offer tempting

Li Yu doesn't stop to analyze the teacher's proposal Tse Chu, he is always a young alchemist willing to help anyone that requested its services.

All are satisfied with their works and they tell him that it is prepared to consent to the biggest secrets and to deepen in the investigations. Always smiling he goes away promising to think it. Many of these teachers think that it would not reject their offer, in fact very tempting. But they always receive the negative as answer.

That last work with the teacher Tse Chu was very complicated, they didn't calculate the exact time of exhibition to the fire, and the transmutation failed in two occasions. Li Yu gave the teacher a reagent that this he ignored and they could save the experiment.

—You should come to work with me Li; you and me insurance would conform a very good team —and later, the offers.

The ponderings of Li on the teacher's offer Chu is serious: "Why not to accept?", does he wonder:

—I can make the two things —it was said being confirmed their possibilities aloud.

In that moment the metallic light already known by him invades its room, and he reads in one of the walls: "Four damaged robots will arrive. You should transmute the pieces of their brains until obtaining in them the following characteristics... "

The doubt in the mind of Li is resolved. He cannot stop those people that he not even knows to help and however they request him those works so complicated. (Their alchemists should not be very experienced), he thinks while he studies the strange

characteristics of the requested metal this time.

Omar Martínez (Cuba)

The last Pegasus

The boy's body froze, and instead of breeze, a black horse he flew. The roof shook beneath the wild gallop. Two huge black wings were deployed to the flanks formerly puny arms. He jumped on the planned gross midnight. The



whinny cut the sky like a sword wielded by man shower. The skin was hurting, but no matter, should arrive. The mutation was painful. Never thought in a body seen as different. He learned each step of the book, believed everything he said, though it was hard to accept at a stretch. At the head of a human being suddenly

comes the possibility of becoming animal, let alone a horse. The height of the detuning would think of a flying horse. Since neither the donkeys roam believe the story of Pegasus. So good at first no one will jump to one that is going to turn into a horse to walk from roof to roof and care is taken with the crystals and antennas if the tail will not let up there. Be that as it trotted the horse, or rather flew, to a place that seemed to set in your subconscious. To

understand this we would have to return two nights ago, when he was still man and promised by Facebook to Flor, his eternal love, see it on Saturday at midnight in the park fountain, "where they kiss the statues," he joked ...

He felt no blow, but suddenly stopped watching and started to decline. The wings are weakened and could not control the fall. For the last time he looked down and realized that although everything seemed far was at the rendezvous.

When the world awoke a black horse, beautiful, shiny coat, tail and mane huge rested his muzzle toward the source. The passing onlookers watched him could not believe their eyes. The animal resembled those used by. Moreover, none of them had seen such copy in his life. But the strangest thing was the book stamped with the front legs. "Al-Khimiya, Hermes" read with difficulty apparently Arab characters.

Rodolfo Báez (Dominican Republic)

Sea foam

She, as opposed to her sisters who could neither learn anything new nor forget what they knew, asked the harpy from the East how long could mermaids live. Two hundred years, affirmed the old crone. And humans? Much less, however after death some continue their existence in Heaven. I want to be human, insisted the mermaid. That's all very well as long as one of them promises you eternal love, remarked the

harpy giving her two measures of Dog of Heaven, the elixir that confers the powers of ascension and descent, prepared by the hermetics of Alexandria with equal parts of Dog of Carascene (sulphur) and Bitch of Armenia (mercury). You'll need them, cried out the woman to the eager mermaid climbing a rock to sing and enchant the seamen. As it happened a storm threw a ship and its crew over the coastline and among the dying the mermaid recognized the very man who would love her forever. Intoxicated by her beauty and solicitous care, he promised her eternal love. Take me to your world!, she urged. And carrying him on her back traveled the waters, encountered indescribable dangers and arrived to the shores of a strange country where she drank the first elixir and became a woman like all others albeit without her beautiful voice. Her figure ended no longer in a fishtail but a pair of beautiful legs intent on dancing. The couple settled and lived in poverty and without any children; he cut timber and tended the sheep. She danced in the taverns. The man got old. And on his deathbed he confessed his love for another. Devastated, the woman took refuge on the highest rock overlooking the sea. There, facing the immensity of the ocean that separated her from her kin she cried, bitterly the loss of her eternal life. And then she drank the second elixir, recovered the nature of a mermaid and threw herself into the water. The ancient tales talk about how the beautiful mermaid lived the

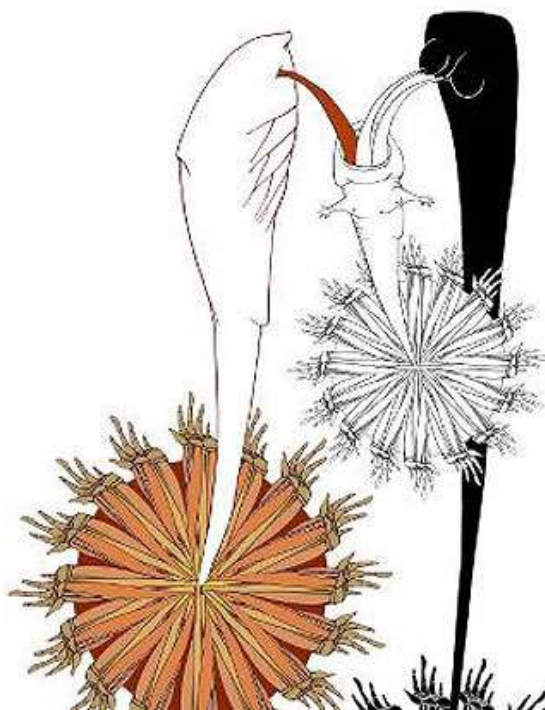
rest of her life in the many oceans of the planet, singing those sweet melodies that never fail to seduce unwary and unfaithful sailors, and led them to their death. At two hundred years of age she ceased to exist and, as it happens with all mermaids she became sea foam.

Violeta Balián (Argentina)

Strange tenant

He came a winter day. He had learned that my wife and I rented a room in the second floor of our house and he wanted to live there for a month. His name was Hermes Mendoza. He was professor of chemistry, as we had said us. He were encouraged to pay the price that we requested him without question and we decided not to ask more questions. As soon as he entered, he locked himself in his room. He does not came down for breakfast, lunch or dinner, he asked Sandra to let him food at his doorstep. It was the beginning of a series of strange behavior that we worried as the days passed. Sometimes we heard strange sounds on the top floor, I had desire to go ask Hermes what was happening, but I was a little scared to up the stairs and approach to his threshold. He had paid in advance, so it did not worry us too; we never saw him, but we knew that he

occupied all the time that room because he picked the food that my wife reached him. Within a fortnight, some drops began falling from the ceiling of the room where he was, this drops were white, thick. I knocked on his door and warned him, I heard some grumbling, I could not understand anything, I went down to the kitchen, ran to tell Sandra about this. That night the dripping stopped. By the third week, we heard the scream. It was terrifying, inhuman, we got fed up and decided to go with the police. When officers arrived, they knock repeatedly on the door of the room, we saw that underneath this leaked a milky substance, which seemed to move from one place to another. We hear the sound of a window breaking, the police men overthrew the entrance and entered the room. The floor was littered with a strange white substance, some had a



strong smell, there was smoke in the air and there was a hole in the wall where the window was before. One of the officers looked there through and he screamed, later he said he had seen something amorphous fleeing at high speed towards the end of the street, disappearing within a park. We never see Hermes Mendoza again. It's been three weeks since that, we have not cleaned the room, we hear disturbing news about horrific crimes in our district.

Carlos Enrique Saldivar (Peru)

The thorns of Paracelsus

In the laboratory: the athanor, pots, phials, retorts, manuscripts and books, many books with which to interpret the universe. Nothing is what it seems to be.

—We shall see. The road is long and narrow, made of study and

perseverance. The vocation will reveal itself to be your only reward. "If it is gold that interests you, you'll never be my disciple."

—Accept me —he insisted. And he lied. All that mattered was his purpose, everything was allowed.

No faith or passion in him. He has not suffered any spiritual transformation. He just pretended to see the rose where there were only ashes. And the teacher believed him. Or he wanted to believe him. He had been so lonely ... He bequeathed his knowledge, the fruit of a lifetime, to him. And yet, time after time, he has only obtained lead instead of gold. But one day, after having tried all possible combinations, the wonder comes from within the swollen alembic.

Then he finally understands his master's warning: "the path is the Stone" ... For the first time he truly explores inside himself and discovers that he has perverted the message and trivialized the search, he has taken the



highest goal for vile metal. He has always pursued a false brightness. While the teacher devoted himself body and soul to his discipline, to penetrate matter and spirit, he has only repeated words learned mechanically. He has never sought perfection but success, the panacea: an adulterated elixir, a fictitious eternal life. He has not taken one step in that journey from ignorance to enlightenment. He is too arrogant. There is no formula, now he knows. So he will not conceive a perfect work anymore.

—He is a mediocre author, Georgie. We should not include him in the anthology. He left only pretentious texts. Except a single work, a harmonious and balanced one, a perfect work.

Borges seems to direct all his attention to the air, to a secret message that only those eyes blinded by the repeated reading on the skin of the jaguar can see.

—Every alchemist has to reach his moment of glory —he finally responds—. Who cares if he reaches it through divine inspiration or by chance. A zahir always has two faces.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Argentina)

Exchange

Waiting had come to an end. As the process described, I turned my body away from meat and distillates liquids, and I purified my spirit praying at the time of the sunrise to route myself in

my return to Saturn. I did everything according to the rules. I carefully put the lead in the alembic, in order for it not to graze the corners, and then I waited. Slowly it became the noblest metal. Gold bits appeared in the bottom and I calmed down when I saw the exchange successfully fulfilled. I waited for some sign, some immediate effect on me but I was aware that my Inner Gold would take a little to manifest. It was late when I discovered that, with transmutation, not only panacea occurred. We discovered each other in the mirror. In the first couple of minutes, he reacted like me but he did one of my movements wrong when he scratched his head with his left hand. I gave lead and received gold in exchange, but my opposite was given as well. He came into this dimension and continued fulfilling my aspirations, lost in the desire for power and selfishness that I had left behind. He made me fulfill the maximum degree of nobility and, from this gold frame, I see all his attempts to obtain eternal life.

Raisa Pimentel (Dominican Republic)

Manual

Chipped light beams
the veil surrounding the creation
to the Great Source
to Spring
the Cattleya Orchids.

When I see

I ask him about his secret
-I have such good boy
Hermes says in his writings.
And it begins.

Take fire and brimstone
Kibris called, continued
the burning Elixir
shining gold,
reduces the liquid mixture.

Purify
retains vapors,
do not miss out
like your life
do not let them flee
Sustain them.

Use the fire of the Sun
most burning
Triad
you already know
penetrate the body
and the Spirit.

Then,
Matrix milk
emerge.

But do not rush,
go and take wild, pure land
from Small Mountains,
turn it into dust.

And there you will find what you are
looking

the true Body
which does not evaporate
which does not evaporate
which only the Chosen can see.

Valeria Rodríguez (Uruguay)

Some day

–I will turn these rocks into...–said in
the top of his drunkenness while he put
a crooked gold crown, totally deformed
by his craft inability.

–¿In what Sir Maximilian, king of all
Pompoland? –asked the next door
slave, with gold chains and a spittle
thread hanging from his neck and
mouth.

–Some booger for a neat nose– he
answered and fell from the bicimotor–
Jajaja...¿Ehhh? – suddenly he heard
something.

–Psst psst.- someone whispered from
a tiny little grillage in the lower corner
of the cell.

He get close rolling from the floor and
without standing opened his eyes a few
centimeters of the voice.

–Hey. Dismael or whatever is your name, here is yours and your friend´s- said a man and crossing a hand he gave him two gold keys. I said $\text{CH}_3(\text{CH}_2)_{14}\text{CO}_2\text{Na}$, never mind, the mold worked, it was nearly soap. I fulfilled my part you are free and full of gold.

–Gold is worthless. ¿Do you know what´s worth? Alcohol. –Dismael said with his voice trembling.

–I told you, where I came from gold is much valuable, we are a third millennium custom kind of town. Not like you barbarians. ¡Ja! The worst jail cell only for an automaton.

–¿That junk? Not a drop out. ¡Thief! We are slaves, but robbing water... ¡Hip! - he forgot but he was saying. - ¡What a hell! ¡Raúl! ¡To the land of gold! -he said to the neighbor,

then they listened footsteps of a guard.

–¡Slaves! ¡H2O immediately! The King is thirsty- he entered the cell.

–The King demands....¡Aaaahhh!

–screamed in terror being pushed into the machine by Raúl. Dismael was singing while he was pedaling in the bicimotor.

–¡¡Ohhhh land of goold, antic cityyyy, brilliaaaaant.....!–he sang while beer was coming out from the machine.

Federico Miguel Aldunate (Argentina)

Elixir

He had found it. After months investigating and documenting, and weeks rummaging in old book stores and webs, he had discovered the precious book, which he don´t doubt for



a second buying it.

Excited, and at his home, began reading that book entitled “Life Elixir”. “Like alchemy clean metal impurities, also will remove human bodies corruptibility, obtaining long youthfulness”.

He spent next weeks working hard to reproduce rites and procedures stipulated in that ancient handbook. Finally, he was able to show that substance to the cosmetic company heads where he worked, without revealing the unorthodox method used to produce it.

It wasn't many days to appear in his internal mail a message from Innovation Department: “The substance you provided us has moisturized mild effects on skin, but very discrete and lower effectiveness comparing with the others we commercialize, so that, thanking your initiative, we reject use it for our enterprise”.

Ricardo Manzanaro (Spain)

The Unusual Death of Luis Valero

The tragic and bizarre story of Luis Valero, a prominent peruvian chemical, interests me particularly because very often I used to see him in those years, although I was only seven years. During his last months of life he set about unusual experiments. His peers mocked him and he had been fired from some college known, but Luis did not

care, he never ceased to proclaim that he had discovered a substance that facilitated the transmutation of organisms. One day, he was approached me when I was playing on the swing in a park, he said he took care of me from an hour ago. I replied that I had not seen him. He said he had become a tree. He said he could become whatever, animal, vegetable or mineral, but only for a limited period of time, about sixty minutes. I never believed him. My mother was owner of the house where he was staying, she said the neighbors to Valero went out and did not return until the morning, and he always did sober, with a disturbing smile on his face. Sometimes, at breakfast time, he approached me and told me that he had become a wolf, a rock, a bush, in a car, and had lived countless adventures. Despite my young age, I was not impressed, I knew he was joking because their narratives speak of impossibilities and my parents had grown up me in a place where reason prevailed. That did not prevent me I feel a special affection for this intelligent and curious man. His death shocked me, not so much by the fact but does by circumstances. It was my father who murdered him, and he paid for it with prison. My parent's arguments have not yet been erased from my memory: he cleaned upstairs and saw an insect the size of a dog, dark, viscous, speaker. My dad only managed to kill it with a broom, then he went to the street for help. When police arrived, they found a human body, it

was Luis Valero. This happened twenty-four years, I returned to the room closed from my old home in search of manuscripts of that man. I imagine what I'll do once I locate his secret. How do I become? A bird! Yes, a bird.

Carlos Enrique Saldivar (Peru)

The alchemist and the king¹

When the alchemist found out that that the Golden egg's goose really existed, he run to inform the King. The King, greedy as he was, took over commanding all his servants the difficult mission of finding the goose. In case the plan did not work, he would send the jesters and, at last, the knights of the court. The alchemist could not wait to see a new order established, and it was from this point that a barbarism thought emerged. Despite he dedicated his whole life to convert in gold everything he desired, he could not find the way to raise to heaven and stardom. The king now, with his verdict in hand, and so much power, surely could achieve the precious jewel, the promise of a whole life, the eternal elixir, the capacity to transform everything into this essential glare. There was not fortune in the first inkling. Any of the thousand servants found a hint. The jesters run around the world but they were not lucky either. The knights were

¹ Translation by Manel Solé

about to have a hard job. Riding their horses they travelled everywhere, until finally they found a hermit who showed them exactly where to find her. Thankful with the hermit, the knights went to find her. However, when they arrived, there was just a starved, half plucked goose which barely could walk. A knight walked to the goose, took her and put it in a sack. In their way back home, they travelled almost seven days until they reached the castle. The big door opened, and they were received by the King, proud for the victory in the mission. When they opened the sack the goose had died, with the skin sticking on her bones and a circled bright swelling (it was a golden coin) in her belly. The problem came afterwards, when all the goose of the kingdom had to swallow one, and with the money the King earned from them, he improved the weapons, in order to make them more fulminating and to exterminate the oppressors. The alchemist ended up in the stardom, indolent and supreme he was designated the new successor.

*Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán
(Spain)*

A deadly weapon

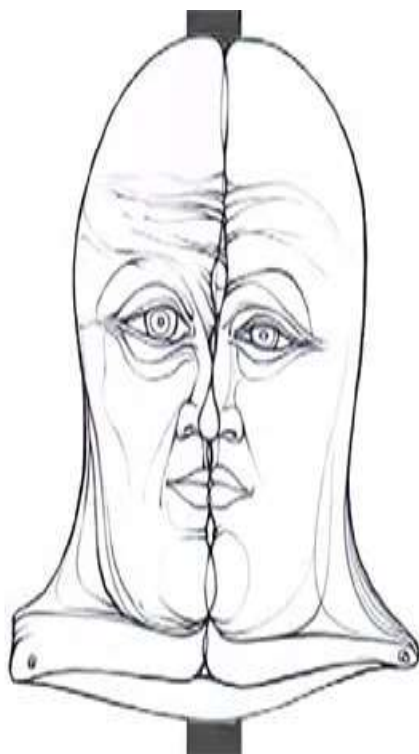
I am very angry, after thirty years working at the Department of National Defense, charged with the charge of the weapons innovations and being the creator of so many modern weapons used in war, the Government today I announced the arrival of someone who

comes to create a truly lethal weapon against humanity. Who knows more than me? I specialize in bacteriological, chemical and nuclear weapons, what weapon can be more deadly than those, which have already proven their effectiveness destructive? No, I'm not angry, I'm offended. Also, I need to meet to our new "guest" and provide everything that he needs. The phone rings and blow me out of my thoughts:

-Doctor, an elderly man looks for it in the entry, refuses to give his name and said that you expected.

-Let him through, thanks, awaiting the arrival of someone younger, with studies abroad, but he's not an old man.

When I open the door I was shocked, I have before me a cross amongst an old Merlin with modern Dumbledore, the man doesn't look like scientist, but he seems a Wizard. He enter and without saying any word he starts to work, I was sit beside him, just watched with increasing horror what he's doing, at midnight finished his work and I'm on



the verge of madness. Mentally reviewed what he did: he just built seven artificial beings that resemble humans, used a true philosopher's stone and was naming each one: Lust, Gluttony, Greed, Sloth, Wrath, Envy and Pride. I think based on the Homunculi seven deadly sins! I never believed in magic, much less in alchemy, I am a scientist and my

thought is always rational, what I just witnessed was no logic and I have an even bigger problem: now what I have to do with these monsters? When he leaves, I begin to mourn and I only say:

- Thi*96s* really is the end of humanity, t93he government has gone too far, science can be very destructive, but use alchemy ... is another thing.

*Mª del Socorro Candelaria Zarate
(México)*

The secrets of Deuromo

Sacrio Deuromo finally after several days had captured Elículas, creation. A being of eternal life, a man of glass. The village, just outside the castle raising torches and makeshift weapons

demanded the blood of both. The glass man, lying in a fetal position on the dungeon sequences radiated all kinds of clandestine truth, absorbed the dark secrets of the common people. Elículas not deserve to live, no one could tackle the whole people. Everyone had to know their truths and lies naturally. What for Deuromo had created a being to steal the secrets of the people? Elículas what he saw held him without consciousness of wrongdoing. All we keep secrets that others cannot see ever. What about if people could see your secrets? The glass man after not being seen and tread wisely at night not to break, it suffered. Deuromo with his alchemy he had. Create a being who was capable of such a thing. There was a roar. The city was coming, knowing the secrets of others, revealing them in the most surreptitious and sneaky, destroy lives and full fault that appear before you feel that you no longer have the need to use me. - Elículas said and added. - How energy and power is? But by their very livelihood Elículas was equipping itself with sensitivity and reason to finally discover his own secret, the creator of many others, including those of God himself. 'I thought to dispense justice. - Explained to the crowd Deuromo installed in his castle. - No secrets there domain! Where do you hide? - Said a parent who led the crowds, holding a

cobblestone and brandishing a torch. - We're killing us by our betrayals. Elículas hear after all, dismembered, after sneaking through the bars, soaked by her strange bleeding, which were no more than the tears of those present, He stood on one leg and showed her breast projecting Deuromo secrets. Four hours later the two were squandered.

*Sebastián Ariel Fontanarrosa
(Argentina)*

The task

-Not accepter other fail but get it the death will be your poor wretch destine.

-Mister if gives me more time maybe gets it.

-The time finish to him, at daybreak it will turn and it wait for your although have gotten it.

The duke not said nothing but, so single watch me once again with face of hate and went leaving to him me there shut in in my dismal laboratory.

Being an is worthless that did not accept a not for answer. I well wise that which asked was an impossible, even so it tries to with all my knowledge's of alchemy it get it, but was not possible me, this is my last night, the death comes to for me at daybreak.

—God mine, your good know that is not possible, so single a crazy as my mister it can believe that it exists some mode to convert the gold in iron.

The duke had arranged this beams task, for fear to that the king in your prompt visit to your castle, discovered your great fortune in this so valuable metal, collected after several years without paying for it totality of your tributes to the monarch.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

Alchemist's stories: Potion of love

Jacques, was an apprentice in the laboratory of the great alchemist Èugene, in search of the philosophical stone, substance that, according to the alchemists is provided with extraordinary properties, as the aptitude to transmute the vulgar metals into gold; they were investigating tirelessly in the small castle near to the river Aude. Èugene, with wisdom him had warned that the real feeling of the

alchemist is not the mutation of the metals, but the possibility of receiving the Mercy of the Universal Medicine.

The one who was spoiling the altruistic sense, might be punished and mutate his body as the metals.

Jacques was learning hotly the formulae of elixirs, destined to the treatment which were used with prestigious. A sunny evening Jacques knew a beautiful young woman, haughty and intellectual, she seemed to be absent-minded and unattainable, Jacques tried to approach it without any success; while his knowledge was growing as disciple of the main wise person, also his pride and greed grew, the hermetic agreements Èugene were profaned by Jacques, there he was speaking about ailments of the spirit and love, formulae prohibited and forbidden the use of the mortal ones they were practised by Jacques. While it was materializing the love of the unattainable maiden, his body began to turn into steam, since an ethereal cloud reached the most beautiful instincts of poetical love, which prompt were

ruined when the teacher Èugene it discovered and destroyed the potion of love, remaining Jacques confined in the eternal nightmare of strolling around as a cloud, chasing the love in the non-existent plane of shades.

Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)



The Dark Queen²

She was one of the Nameless. Her powers were so strong that she was rightfully considered as a queen of her kin. She spent all her time in her castle hidden in the Shadow Realms. The Shifter was her sole companion and her messenger. She received countless messages begging her to fulfill wishes. She read them for her amusement and then threw them away. This time two demands drew her attention.

“A young girl wants to attend the Royal Ball. Her sisters and her stepmother treat her like a servant and won’t allow her to go. And this is from a miller’s youngest son. After his father’s death, his brothers took everything leaving him only a cat. I’ll help them both.”

“My mistress is wise,” agreed the Shifter.

“Disdained people rising to the top are the best Dark Knights.” She gave the Shifter - currently shaped as an ibis-headed³ lord – a list of items. Before she had time to wink twice, he was back with all she had asked.

² In Medieval Alchemy in the Western countries, the items used by the Dark Queen were symbols. Please be aware that the interpretation of this symbolism is extremely fluid- more than one interpretation is possible.

³ Egyptian God Thoth was the precursor of Hermes Trismegistus *The Master of Alchemy*.

She reached for her mirror. It was a vessel bearing her symbol – a dark half-moon⁴ – filled with quicksilver⁵. Into it she threw three hairs of a Green Lion, a silk white ribbon made out of a unicorn’s⁶ mane and a peacock tail⁷. While mixing the ingredients, she pronounced the spell. A beautiful



⁴ The moon and the mercury- essential element in Alchemy. The counterpart of the Dark Queen I used here (my own invention).

⁵ The essential symbol of Alchemy – associated with Hermes Trismegistus, the patron of alchemy.

⁶ The White Stone.

⁷ Emergence of all colors of the Rainbow- accompanies the production of the White Stone (=Philosopher’s stone).

peacock fairy emerged out of the iridescent mixture. Her blue, sapphire-like eyes stared at the queen.

“Go and help the servant girl to attend the royal ball. Tell her you are her Godmother. Keep watching over her after she has ascended the throne.”

The fairy graciously bowed and flew away.

When the mirror was clear, the queen threw three hairs of Green Lion, two teeth and a few dark silver hairs of a Grey Wolf⁸, a pelican’s heart⁹ and a griffin’s claw.

The liquid mirror boiled. It became red then white then black. Finally a cat emerged out of it. He was dressed in an elegant suit, had a hat adorned with a huge crow¹⁰ feather and wore red boots. His eyes reflected the poisonous emerald light of the Green Lion¹¹. “My Lady, I’ll help the miller’s son to become a king and watch over him.” He bowed and vanished as if lost in shadows.

The queen’s eyes shone with delight. “The girl will become a powerful queen and cause a war. The miller’s son will be a fearsome sovereign allying with pirates and bandits to enrich his

kingdom. He will marry eight princesses and murder them all.”

The Shifter remained silent. He knew that the price for the queen’s services was to follow the Dark path and there was no way out of it.

Sissy Pantelis (Greece)

All that glitters is not gold¹²

After many years he had managed to do it. He proudly contemplated the large cauldron which held the divine mixture, the philosopher’s stone. He had tried it out in small doses on everyday objects, and the result had always been the same: they turned into gold. Pure, shining gold. He was rich, hugely rich.

Lost in his thoughts he didn’t notice that his lover, Maria, had just entered his studio. Worried over his disappearance for the last few days – when he’d shut himself away in this basement – she’d come to look for him. She wasn’t aware that the footbridge on which she was walking was in a bad state of repair, and that Juan Sebastian never used it to get to his alchemy workshop. It was only when the floor started to creak under her feet and she heard the terrified shout of her lover as she plunged headfirst into the bubbling cauldron, that she realised her mistake.

Juan Sebastian could only extract the golden body of Maria from the inside of

⁸ Antimony.

⁹ Reddening- associated with Sol or “Red King”

¹⁰ Associated with blackening.

¹¹ Poisonous substance (vitriol or sulfuric acid)- force of green nature.

¹² Translation by Elaine Jones.



the huge cauldron, lifeless and converted into pure, golden metal. He wept for a long time over the transformation of his lover, then swore that he would find the formula to return her to life. But he'd need time, a great deal of time, to do this, and he wouldn't be able to hide this strange golden figure that was now Maria from prying eyes. So he decided to cover her with a thick layer of plaster. He moulded the woman's beautiful features until all that was left to see was a simple stone statue which expressed deep pain and sorrow.

Afterwards, knowing that the works on the new cathedral were almost finished, he contacted the master of works and offered the statue as a donation. It would be a suitable decoration, conveniently attired, for one of the rooms of the cathedral. There, she would be safe from the busybodies until he found a way of bringing her back to life.

Unfortunately, the alchemist died soon after, a victim of the plague that was afflicting the area, and Maria is still in the cathedral awaiting her resurrection.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

In the ocean that swallowed the island

In the water, they formed a circle with submerged lanterns. From distanced points from the perimeter, the alchemists made a ritual. They put their hands in the surface until they got wet, the tone of the lights changed, electricity became present. Rocks and other materials were emerging at a high speed. Atlantis appeared.

Their chief smiled, but he was still concerned about the first law of alchemy of transmutation. The elements for change did not change. "In order to

receive, we have to give something in return first”, he reminded, and then, one call changed his face. He was notified that they have no place to come back.

Vicente Arturo Pichardo (Dominican Republic)

The last notes¹³

Sebastian Maurer contemplates the starlight as it hits the table coming through the soot on the window. Moments later, in a single move, he spills the inkwell over his last notes and tears the pages. Later that night the witch-hunting militia strikes into his lab. The fire is on and, though nobody saw him burn at the stake, the people know the alchemist destiny is sealed.

Three years later, in 1618, lead-

coloured rain falls for some seconds and kills 13 members of Hrdcany church in Praga, among them, the archbishop's favourite novice. Katerina Petrova, a foreigner, gets accused and drowned publicly.

At the beginning of 1707, enslaving Captain Alfonso López de Rivera believes he has seen a blue flash twelve knots from the prow. At that time his galleon, sinks into the Caribbean Sea, engulfed in flames. No log can give testimony of this event.

Towards June, 1785, marquis de Jouffroy d'Abbans' workshop burns down, taking everything including the definite steamboat planes. Authorities claim it was an accident.

In the summer of 1817, General San Martín saves the little sealed jar provided by an assistant at the time of departure. Days later, the bright red substance from the jar saves his life; however, it worsens his digestive condition.

In 1947, the South Pole scientific military expedition 'Highjump' suffers numerous casualties while mapping Queen Maude's Land. United States forces abort the operation. The following year, two enormous German submarines coming from Antarctica, arrive in Mar del Plata, part of the crew remains in that city.

Tonight, near La Plata city, three burnt bodies were found,



¹³ Translation by Aleja San Martín

they belonged to an unknown minor and to Mr and Mrs Montes, the owners of the house now ruined by the fire. The firemen cannot find any documentation other than old scorched notebooks filled with illegible scribbles. Inside the body of the child, still beating and reminiscing, is the heart of Sebastian Maurer.

Claudio Leonel Siadore Gut (Argentina)

Be careful what you wish for

The shadows were gradually chasing the light away as the forest received the last warm rays from the red setting sun. A wooden staff rapped at the door of the only cabin in sight in the thicket, which was in the middle of a peaceful plain and oblivious to the wickedness of the lurking nocturnal creatures.

— Who goes there? asked a voice, opening the small window in the door that served as a peephole.

— A poor traveler who needs the comfort of a bed for the night.

— There is no room here, poor traveler, —the owner of the house replied, looking the unwelcome visitor up and down. The man's appearance confirmed that he could not offer the owner anything good in return for his hospitality.

— I beg you, sir, let me come in. I need to be in the warmth.

— We only have two rooms and one is for my wife and me. The other is where my son sleeps, and he's too small and fragile to spend the night with a filthy traveler that brings with him heaven knows what kind of misfortunes —with that he shut the peephole and would listen to no more pleas.

«I wish our child were tall and strong» he thought, as he lit the oil lamps.

While the night and its chill breeze rolled in, the traveler stood waiting at the cabin's door. After an hour had passed, he crept to the window of the small room where a boy was sleeping and he whispered...

— If you think he's so fragile, that which you should protect so, I will give you a strong boy and indestructible like a brilliance toy. Never again will he be hungry, nor cold, he won't feel sorrow, nor grow.

But keep him from the neighbors' eyes, for if today he's your son, tomorrow he will be everyone's desire.

The next morning, a strangled motherly cry woke the owner of the cabin. When he went to help his wife, he found her holding the sheet from their son's bed, which shone, illuminating the entire room as if by a miniature sun, warm and gleaming gold from head to toe.

Rafael J. Sánchez Rivera (Spain)

Concentration exercise

In a castle surrounded by seven pits, after a spiral staircase and a lock with seven gates, was the deepest dungeon of the kingdom. There, Argus Trismegisto, the best alchemist in the world, was working in the philosopher's stone.

His hands were precise with materials. His gown was fluttering behind him, with the sentence "Solve et coagula" ("dissolve and concentrate") inscribed around the neck. His brow was furrowed: the price of fame was supporting all the fools who wanted to be alchemists without understanding what it was.

Metals, gold... everything was a metaphor of mankind's history, it should not be interpreted literally. At the dawn of man, science, better known as magic, was a whole. But, over time, the dissolution had occurred: to better understand the world, had been necessary to dissolve the magic in many arts: physics, chemistry, philosophy, biology, psychology... The task of the alchemist was completing that last step: re-concentrate everything, and so, ultimately reaching understanding, complete enlightenment, gold.

Argus completed his formula. Did he, at last in front of his eyes, the key to transmute all mankind into gold? It was

only a small stone... how should interpret that? Furious, he threw it to the ground. The slab that bounced against was turned into gold.

That could be used to gain wealth... but greed would blind understanding. It would be the opposite of what he wanted. The alchemist broke all the papers with his calculations, screaming in the dark solitude of his dungeon. He would have to start again...

Ibai Otxoa (Spain)

The Alchemist of Caffa¹⁴

It is the year 1340 AD and the city of Caffa, on the coast of the Black Sea, is under siege by the Tartars. The Genoese are hard-pressed to defend it against such an implacable and blood-thirsty enemy, and they don't hold out much hope because all possibility of help has disappeared. All that remains is for a miracle to happen. And that miracle appears in the form of the alchemist, Giotto.

"I'll find the formula to destroy the army that is besieging us," he states in an emphatic voice.

Those who hear him, generals and barons of the city, can only agree in silence and trust in this man's science... and in the will of God.

¹⁴ Translation by Elaine Jones.

In his office, Giotto studies old parchments about the epidemic that plagued Constantinople in the sixth century, known as the plague of Justinian. He studies day and night without rest, and he undertakes innumerable experiments in his cauldron, by dim candlelight, only accompanied by a dog and various cages full of rats.

Finally, by the third week, when the siege is at its height, he presents himself before the Genoese leaders.

“I have the weapon that will finish off the enemy army” he announces to them.

“Where is it?” asks one of the officials.

He signals to a cage where he has various rats enclosed.

“Release them tonight, on the other side of the walls!”

he shouts when he notices their mistrust, “And afterwards, pay me”.

This they do. A few days later a terrible plague decimates the enemy army.

Unfortunately, the Tartars discovered where the illness which attacked them came from and hurled the infected bodies inside the city by catapult,

spreading the plague to the Genoese. By way of revenge, they executed the hapless alchemist, who had caused a deadly new epidemic.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

A new live

It's so curious the alchemy. With it's power, it's way of creating things, other

substances from the one that was nothing, one without value.

It's so easy as having the adapted ingredients to make what you wish; lead to make ore, or blood and souls to make humans. I guess is not necessary to use the alchemy to make a human body, but of course, having the power and not use must be like having food and not eat it ;mustn't it?

Filling the cauldron with blood, tears,

dead souls and found in the most hidden places. Keep until the last second the cauldron over the fire, obtaining then the perfect boiling. To look after the sublime moment in which the inanimate thing turns to a living one, to a being, to a person.

All is mixed in an intention dance in which the matter lost its essence, and



it's modelling to the shape than the whim gives to.

All the ingredients lost their manner and disappear as a unity, to create one dissimilar and different, one no so simple as the sum of the parts.

The alchemy can do this and much more. It can alienate the bodies that use, steal its essence, finish with what they are and force them to recreate as it wants. Or, as the alchemist wants.

My father didn't choose to born, but this is something usual in every human.

I in return didn't choose to be created.

Juan Antonio Román (Spain)

Transmutation of consciousness

As they that approve a private opinion call it opinion, but they that dislike it, heresy: and yet heresy signifies no more than a private opinion, but has only a greater tincture of choler.

Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan*, Capítulo XI

The uncanny suicide of Professor Engel von Himmel caught me off guard. He and my father had been comrades at the Egyptian wing of the Vatican Museum. Later on he became my mentor. I owe him everything that I am. A few weeks ago, the mailman delivered a posthumous letter. In it, the late professor warned me about a massive conspiracy. He also regretted getting me involved. I wish I had time to deny the much talked about "Curse of the Pharaohs" but gunmen are

already after me. And the *Zeitschrift für Sprache und Altertumskunde Ägyptischen* has refused to publish this fabulous discovery, arguing that my dear teacher was suffering from senile delirium. Hence, I only have miNatura's courage to denounce this renewed attempt to falsify History. The letter was full of documents. Most important of all, a papyrus of no more than 20 cm in length, very poorly preserved and broken parts caused by the passing of time. Professor von Himmel acquired the papyrus from the heirs of a former Afrika Korps officer, who had sold it for a few coins.

As I read it, I felt an existential dizziness, a transparent certainty. There, shining before me was the testimony of an alien irruption in human evolution. I do not want to contaminate such exquisite translation therefore, with fear but as well as hope, I faithfully transcribe the words of this martyr of the truth. The papyrus says: "In [...] Pharaoh summoned Dyehuthi, the scribe, to witness the miracle which came from the skies. A burning disc landed in a rain of fire and the King's Army could do nothing [...]. Visitors approached to the Lord of the Two Lands and they were tall [...] skulls as giant eggs. Their paladin had a cane that looked like a blue fire serpent. They came from [...] and they claimed the gold in the belly of the Earth to restore [...] the star without heat in order to be able to breathe again. In return, they would give us a great gift to

master the elements, to know the primordial substance and its transmutations, transform metals [...] the health of bodies and the last journey of souls. They also asked for women to make home with them and breed a race of Titans who would return to their world to restore the reign of the light which has no end". (Editor's Note: The e-mail here transcript was truncated and the author has not been heard since).

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

The alchemist

The bitter taste of the tragedy burned my throat, softened only by the smooth malt flavor. The music and debauchery harmoniously intertwined in the tavern silencing the accusing voices in my

head.

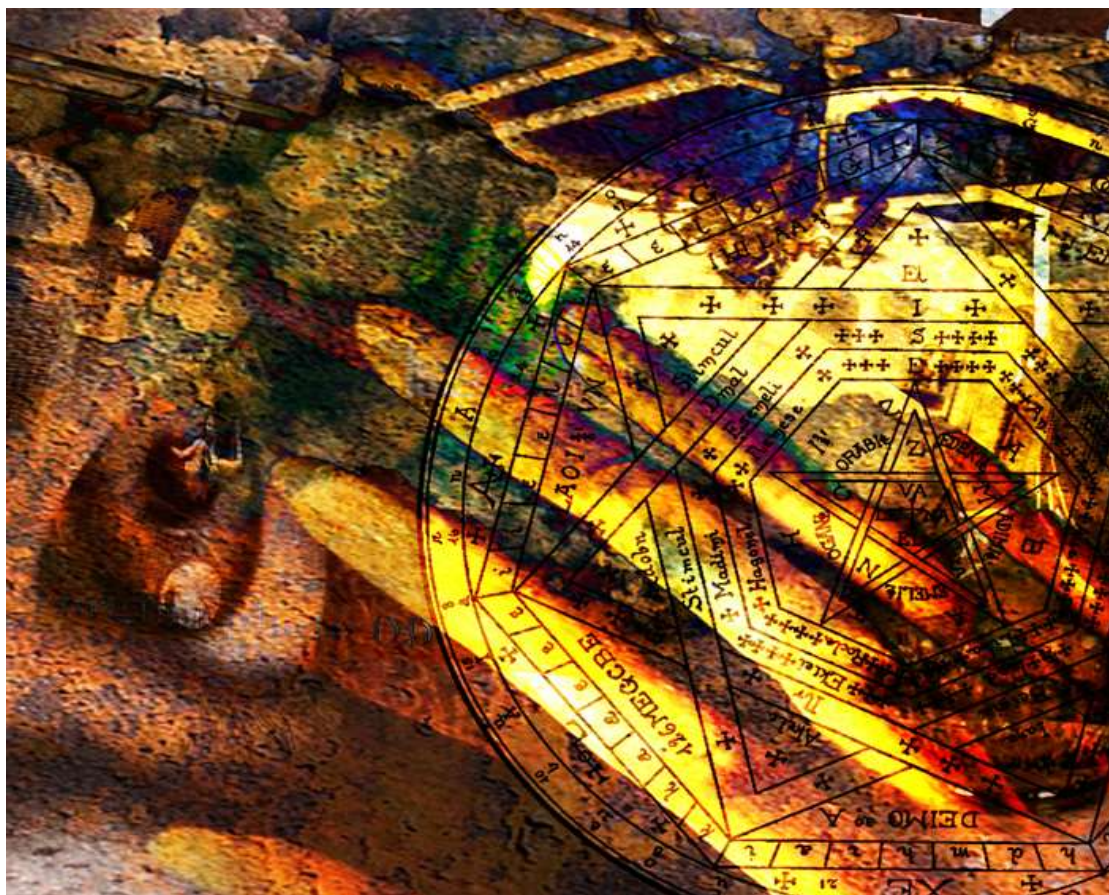
–Heavy has to be the cross that you drag to drink with the sole purpose of not receive a new dawn. –That priest's words did that for a moment I was not paying attention to my glass.

–Drink with me and make less harsh my loneliness, Father. – Inviting him to sit down.

The old priest tasteful accepted my invitation. –What corrodes you inside, son? –He asked me before quench his thirst.

–The guilt... - and I filled our glasses again.

–Tell me, the Lord hears you through me; he will take care of you and will guide you among the shadows. – I saw



sincerity in his eyes.

—God abandoned me long time ago...-
I took the crucifix hanging on his habit;
I held it in my hands turning it in
molten gold. His gaze clouded over and
the panic gripped him. —How you've
been able to commit such blasphemy!
You will be burned in the bonfire
wizard! — The music and the clutter of
the tavern stopped, the looks turned
towards me, the voices in my head
blaming me returned, I fled without
looking back once again...

The dark night gives me shelter of
inquisitive looks, I put my hand into my
pocket making sure the stone is still
there, the panacea, absolute knowledge.
I tried to transmute dead to life, to see
her again, to share eternal life together,
but what Hades returned of the
underworld was an abominable being, a
grotesque mass of flesh crawling dying,
in his gaze I recognize a sparkle. I set
fire to the mansion; I left her between
the flames. Strolling around between
streets I think I see another tavern, the
drink will relieving my sorrow, it will
silence the voices.

Gorka Moreno (Spain)

Spell

Infernal abyss succumb to the
shadows of the beggar.

I cook, eat. I grow in its claws. I dry.

Companions of nights and hardship.
Stone erosion after your flight.

Tortuous wandering breath, in which
the letters are soul and feeling.

I incantations, invocations to go down
to the depths.

There, channeled by the absence of
being able to do,

but be filled with souls wanderer,
sweeter be my company.

Maybe it's crazy, maybe my hell, for
there managed to escape and made
away the silent.

Where the sun rises at midnight,
without reproach, and I spell out my
madness...

Texy Cruz (Spain)

All that glitters...

The golden glow the polished surface
reflected, illuminating the room as it
did with the only witness to such a
yearned metamorphosis, certified the
conclusion of his never-ending pursuit.
He had given his youth, his best years,
his entire life to the hunt for the elusive
dream that in his childhood was sowed
into him by an old man that everyone in
town called crazy. Now he was the
insane one; time had turned him into
the reflection of that man, and his
withered hands spoke of the high price
he had paid for it.

Time had come to see the smile on the
face of his wife again, that decades of
isolation, working from dawn to dusk
in that dark basement, had made
disappear. Finally he would be able to
fulfill the dreams she confessed to him

when they were just kids, dressing her in silk and enfolding her with perfume brought from the distant France. He would take her to know the sea, after years of broken promises, and she'd know what is like twirling endlessly in a ballroom, being envied by all the ladies thanks to the jewels that were to adorn her withered neck.

There were so many things they would be able to do, and so little time left to them...

The old alchemist took all the writings that had led him to his discovery, and hastily threw them into the fire in the hearth. Without taking the time to



contemplate its complete calcination, he went outside, facing the storm that had broken out hours ago, and didn't stop until having buried deep that golden metal piece, the only vestige of his success.

He only rested when he was sure the life he had known wouldn't change; at that point he felt much too old to change his routine.

Juan José Tapia (Spain)

The end of the world

To turn everything into gold ended the starved. The ambition was the last rider of the apocalypse.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

Vitrum homo

His obsessions guide him every day to the basement, cathedral of their beliefs. They say that on one occasion he was struck by lightning, an event which marked the foundation of the theory that insisted on demonstrating. Not concerned about the progress of others in the same discipline, because it was believed keeper of the keys to success would make him worthy. He had suffered in their own flesh the vicissitudes of their findings, and prepared thoroughly for the final experiment that would fill with glory, elevating it to the heights of science

where his name would be engraved in letters of gold.

Took several days wandering from one corner to another engaged between manuscripts and books, grumbling and barely eat anything or sleep. Well before dawn, went alone toward the sun where it was struck by lightning, to dig in the exact place of the incident. From the bowels of the earth had proposed to rescue the last ingredient. Once in his hands with him, returned to the laboratory for the experiment promptly incorporate. The flask containing the vital essence, the parent substance would provide, once dissolved, the elixir with which to feed the fruits of their research: the first homunculus in the history of science brought to life.

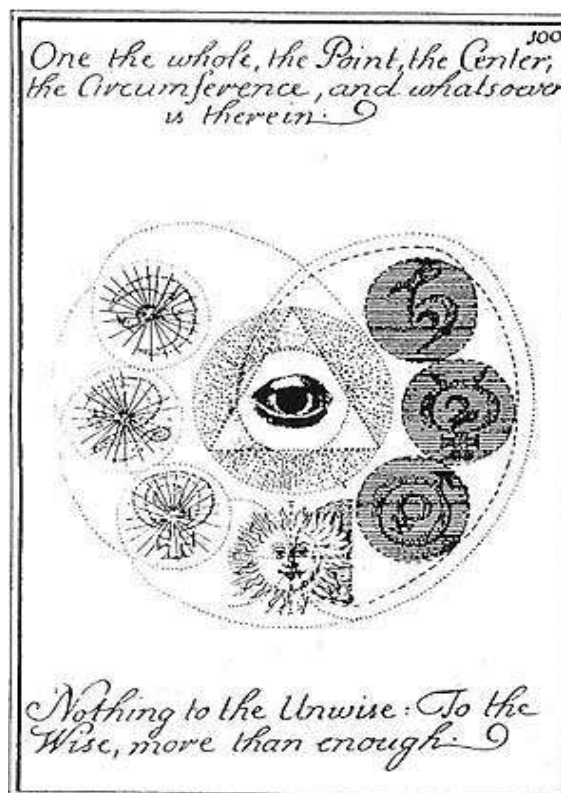
When they found him on his face a look of complacency that was interpreted as acceptance of his own death. The hours trascurrieron, after what happened, had served to derail their efforts, indeed, no one could interpret his intentions and everything was destroyed even before his body was buried.

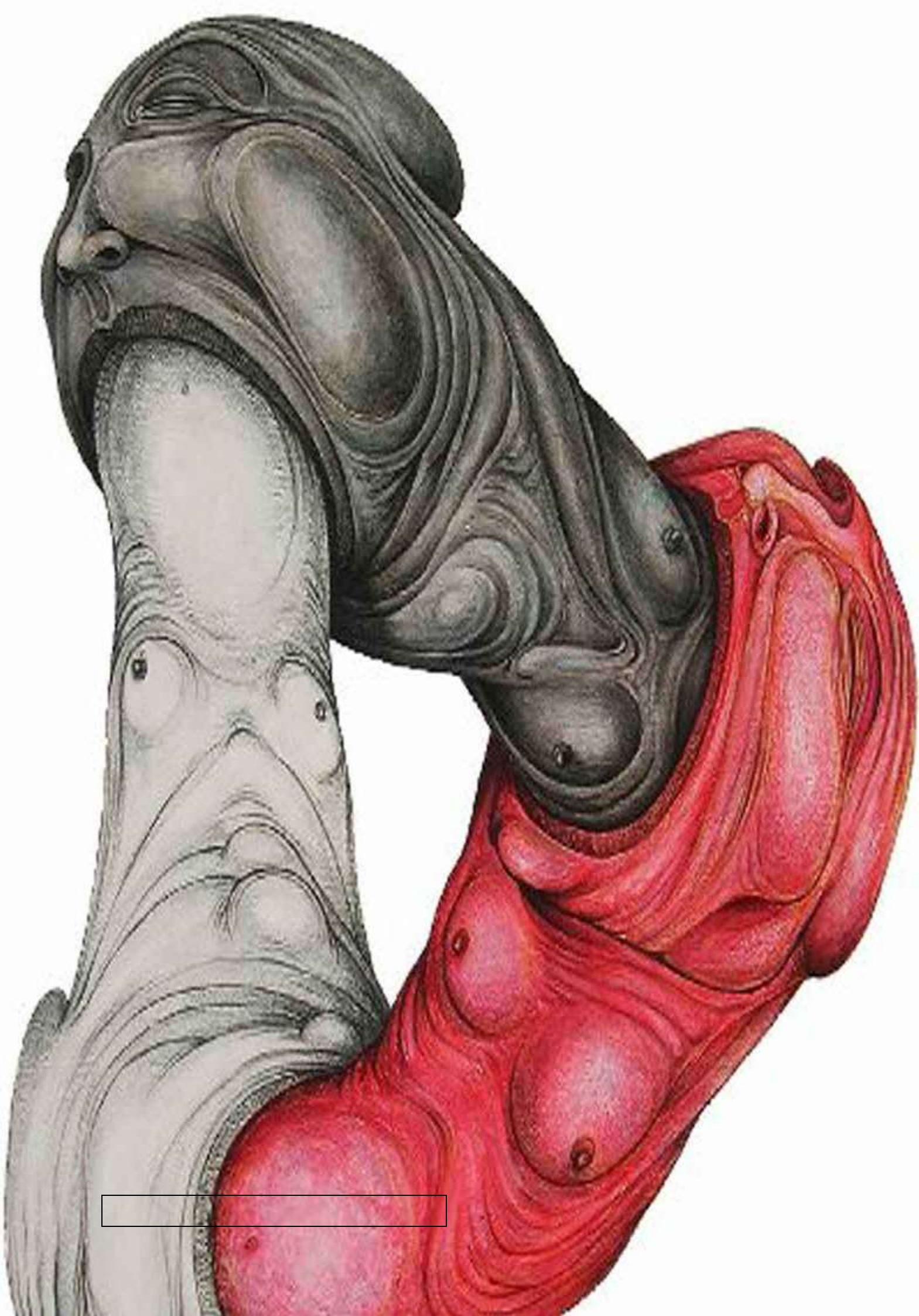
The family crypt was opened to enter your body. From inside his hand, tightly closed, nobody dared to pluck a piece of darkened glass of anthropomorphic form still muddy.

Carmen Rosa Signes U. (Spain)

The Wheel of the seven spirits of the font:

Structure represents the fundamental dynamics of all natural process, is an eternal back and pull out of unfathomable abyss divine and Trinitarian magic eye of eternity. From fourth spirit of the sources, the sun, which separate the dark qualities of light, sudden enlightenment stands both as the sensible world of the four elements.





LA BIBLIOTECA DEL NOSTROMO

Art Book:

Title: The art of Vaggelis Ntousakis: 2009 - 2012
Years of texture

Author: Vaggelis Ntousakis

ISBN: 1482365308 /
9781482365306

Page Count: 168

Trim Size: 6.14" x 9.21"

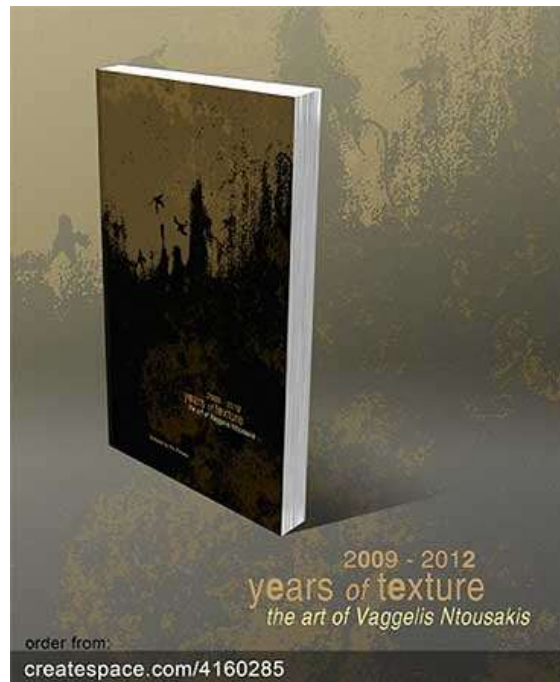
Language: English

Color: Full Color with
Bleed

Web:

<http://www.nightmareforge.com/>

Synopsis: More than 70 full colour, full page illustrations of Vaggelis Ntousakis' work spanning three years of his career



(2009-2012)
ranging from
traditional
fantasy to
surrealistic
horror.

Bio: My name
is Vaggelis
Ntousakis. I was
born on the island
of Crete, in
Greece, where I
still live and
work. In 1990 I
had a diving
accident and
since then I have

been a quadriplegic.

Since a very early age, I have been fascinated by all things horror, weird and creepy. I used to spend hours losing myself in the paintings of Bosch, Goya and Bruegel. When I was eleven, a book of horror stories fell into my hands by chance. I discovered Robert E. Howard, Arthur Machen, August Derleth and others, but my biggest and most amazing discovery was the unique works of H.P. Lovecraft.

I had been drawing long before that but suddenly the bleak environments of Lovecraft's stories, full of creepy crawly things, started to bleed into my childish pictures. I began to hunt everything fantastic be it in literature, movies, music, graphic novels and art in general. I fell in love with the 70s and 80s genre of splatter B-movies and the gorgeous stories of 2000AD like Slaine, Judge Dredd and the 13th Floor.

Revistas:

Revista: Akiba-tan

País: Cuba (#3)

Portada: ddLuffy

Staff:

Editor: FiroKun
(Alvaro)

Difusión: Santiago
(Santiago)

Redactores: KiSHiI
(Ernesto), GHØST
(Livan), Scarlet (Adalis)

Colaborador: ddLuffy
(Jesús)

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3- Editorial

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7- Buenos o malos...

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anime

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Limpieza de dibujos
escaneados

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34- Normas Editoriales

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tan@outlook.com](mailto:akiba-tan@outlook.com)

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HD.rar/46964/0/0](https://rapidshare.com/#!download/567p2/696265531/Akiba-tan_No3-HD.rar/46964/0/0)

...

Revista: Korad

País: Cuba (oct.-dic.,
2012 #11)

Editor: Raúl Aguiar

Co-Editores: Elaine
Vilar Madruga, Jeffrey
López y Carlos A. Duarte

Corrección: Zullín
Elejalde Macías y
Victoria Isabel Pérez

Plana, Olimpia Chong Carrillo y Sunay
Rodríguez Andrade

Colaboradores: Claudio del Castillo,
Daína Chaviano, Rinaldo Acosta, Yoss

Diseño y composición: Raúl Aguiar

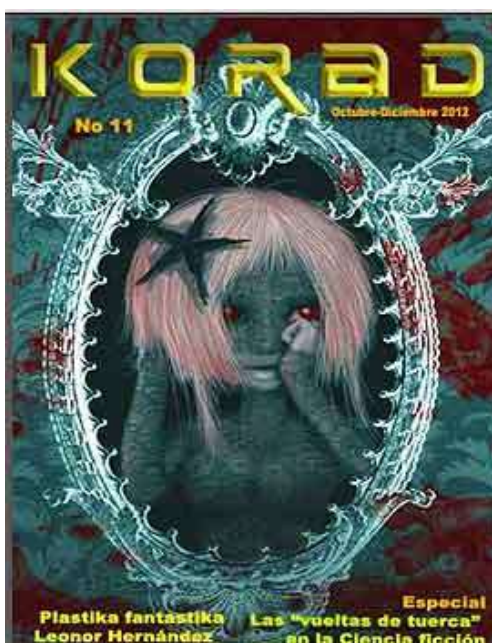
Sección Poesía: Elaine Vilar Madruga

Ilustración de portada: Leonor
Hernández, Halloween

**Ilustración de
contraportada:** Grupo
Arcángel

**Ilustraciones de
interior:** Guillermo
Enrique Vidal, Leonor
Hernández, Mario C.
Carper, Raúl Aguiar.

Proyecto Editorial sin
fines de lucro,
patrocinado por el Taller
de Fantasía y CF Espacio
Abierto y el Centro de
Formación Literaria



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Los artículos y cuentos
publicados en Korad
expresan exclusivamente la
opinión de los autores.

Korad está disponible ahora en el blog de
la escritora cubana Daína Chaviano. Allí
podrán descargar versiones de mayor
calidad que las que enviamos por email.

Editorial/2

Las “vueltas de tuerca” en la ciencia
ficción. Yoss/4

Todo excepto el gruñido. Keith P.
Graham/19

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Hyperion: un breve viaje
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Carlos A. Duarte/25

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de conducta. Claudio del
Castillo/66

Concursos: Oscar
Hurtado/Minatura/Ciudad
de Utrera/ Terbi / Planes
B/72

Próximos títulos de la
editorial Letras Cubanas: 78

...

Revista: *FanZine Revista Apocaliptica
de terror y scifi, online y mensual*

Febrero, #3, 2013

Relatos, cómics, reseñas.

Colaborar: fanzinezombi@gmail.com

Descargar:
<http://fanzinezombie.blogspot.com.es/>

...

Revista: 3rd Moon
*Revista gratuita de
fantasía y ciencia ficción*

Portada: Pacheco
Claire

Editorial: Oneiroi

Jefe de redacción:
Lisbeth Pérez

Redactores: Laia
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Ariadna Puig, Iris
Medina.



Fotografía: Laia Medina

Traducción y corrección: Meritxell Quiñonero, Rafa Weber

Edición Web y redes sociales: Ada Riera

www.3rdmoon.tk

Colaboran en este número: Lourdes Juárez, Joseff Barnett, Meritxell Quiñonero, TF Famux

Ilustraciones: Joseff Barnett, Lisbeth Pérez, Pacheco Claire, Toyosaki Hiroki, Ninona, Gwendolin Basala.

Publicidad y marketing: Ada Riera

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the3rdmoon@gmail.com

Descargar:
<https://rapidshare.com/#!/download/903p1|3700996334|Revista%20-%20Enero2013.pdf|25473|0|0>

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Revista: Imaginarios
*revista digital trimestral
de género fantástico*

País; España (diciembre, 2012 #14)

Portada: David Agunto

Contraportada: Óscar Pérez

Directora: M^a Carmen Cabello
Rodríguez

Descargar:
<http://www.issuu.com/imaginarios>

Disco:

Disco: Seeds of Kindness

Grupo: Balamb Garden

Año de lanzamiento:
2013

Duración: 35:01

**Arte gráfico y diseño
libreto:** Pedro Belushi

Relato conceptual:
Magnus Dagon

Balamb Garden es un
grupo de rock
electrónico fundado por
Pily B., Magnus Dagon
y Alfonso de Lucas.





Alfonso, dedicado a la dirección de cortos y largometros.

ajes, buscaba gente con la que desarrollar una serie de maquetas propias. Le respondió el escritor Magnus Dagon, que aportó su experiencia en el desarrollo de las letras y una voz muy particular. Magnus sugirió la incorporación de la autora, editora y amiga suya Pily Barba, que se encargó de la voz de apoyo y fraseos ocasionales en los temas. El grupo tomó su nombre de la espectacular ciudad voladora que aparece en el videojuego Final Fantasy VIII.

Tracklist:

- 01 Black Lips
- 02 Call me
- 03 Red Roses
- 04 The Ghost
- 05 Mirror of Souls
- 06 Reset
- 07 My notebook talks to me
- 08 Down
- 09 Wonders
- 10 Hate
- 11 The Writer (bonus track)

ALBUMTUNER URL:

http://www.albumtuner.com/album/Seeds_of_Kindness/195262

SOUNDCLOUD URL:

https://soundcloud.com/balamb_garden/sets/balamb-garden-seeds-of-kindness

E-mail: balambgarden.music@gmail.com

Novelas:

Título: El sueño de los muertos

Autor: Virginia Pérez de la Puente

Editorial: Minotauro

Sinopsis: En un reino al borde de la guerra los destinos de un futuro rey y un esclavo que no se conocen parecen estar irremediabilmente unidos.

El príncipe heredero de Novana, Danekal, intenta averiguar quién está detrás del atentado que casi le cuesta la vida a su padre en vísperas de la firma de un tratado con la reina de un país vecino. Al mismo tiempo deberá lidiar con los nobles que esperan la muerte del rey Tearate para hacerse con la corona, una horda invasora y sus propios fantasmas interiores.

Ajeno a ello, Kal, un hombre esclavizado por su capacidad para encauzar una antigua magia llamada Shah, pugna por liberarse de las cadenas que lo someten a la mujer que obtiene de él su poder: su Melliza.



Pese a sus enormes diferencias, el futuro rey y el esclavo descubrirán que existe entre ellos una unión, y que es mucho más profunda de lo que ambos suponen.

...

Título: La semilla del mañana

Autor: Andrew Butcher

Editorial: La Factoría de Ideas

Sinopsis: De vuelta en las calles de lo que antaño fuera su hogar, Travis y sus amigos se enfrentan a un mundo devastado por los cosechadores. Mientras luchan por retomar sus vidas y las relaciones entre ellos, descubren que no han sido los únicos en escapar de la cosecha de esclavos. El hallazgo de que hay más supervivientes trae consigo una renovada esperanza... y nuevos peligros.

A medida que se preparan para la batalla final contra los invasores, la verdad empieza a abrirse paso: la labor más dura hoy es plantar la semilla del mañana.

...

Título: Clementine



Autor: Cherie Priest

Editorial: La Factoría de Ideas

Sinopsis: La popularidad de Maria Isabella Boyd como espía confederada la inhabilita para desempeñar semejante labor, por lo que empieza

a trabajar, muy a su pesar, para la agencia nacional de detectives Pinkerton de Chicago.

La nave Clementine, un dirigible de transporte federal con un cargamento altamente secreto, debe llegar sin demora a su destino, pero está siendo salvajemente acosada.

Su incansable perseguidor es el pirata aéreo Croggon Haine, un esclavo fugitivo

buscado por las autoridades desde hace quince años.

El deber de Maria es atraparlo, pero cuando fuerzas ajenas conspiran contra ambos, deciden arriesgarse y formar una alianza.

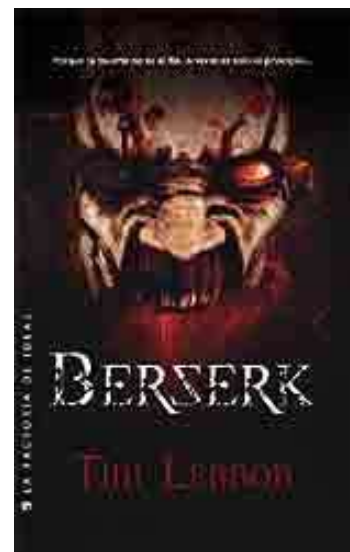
...

Título: Berserk

Autor: Tim Lebbon

Editorial: La Factoría de Ideas

Sinopsis: «Allí tenían monstruos.» Eso fue lo que Tom escuchó sin querer en el bar esa noche. Y oyó más cosas que podrían llevarlo al fin a averiguar la verdad sobre la muerte de su hijo, diez años antes. «Un desgraciado accidente durante unas maniobras», le había comunicado el Ejército. Pero entonces ¿por qué estaba sellado el ataúd en el que lo enviaron a casa?



Así que una noche oscura, en un campo desolado, Tom empieza a excavar la fosa común donde espera (y teme) hallar los restos de su hijo. Lo que descubre en su lugar es el horror: cadáveres encadenados, descompuestos, decapitados, mutilados. Y una niña podrida, aparentemente muerta, que sin embargo le promete a Tom ayudarlo a encontrar lo que está buscando si la libera...

...

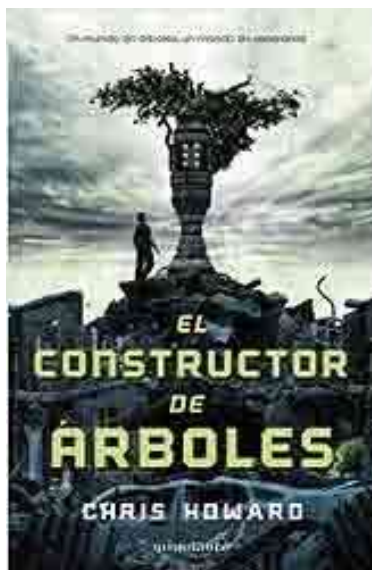
Título: El constructor de árboles

Autor: Christopher Howard

Editorial: Minotauro

Sinopsis: Banyan es un constructor de árboles. Los fabrica, usando chatarra y trastos viejos, para los ricos que buscan un alivio al desolado paisaje. En realidad Banyan nunca ha visto un árbol de verdad, porque todos desaparecieron hace más de un siglo, pero recuerda las historias que su padre le contaba sobre el Viejo Mundo. Aunque eso fue antes de que su padre también desapareciera...

Todo cambia cuando conoce a una mujer con un extraño tatuaje y decide iniciar un viaje en busca del paradero de los últimos árboles. Mientras intenta escapar de los peligros que acechan en las Tierras Yermas,



Banyan descubrirá la verdad acerca de su familia, su pasado, y lo que algunas personas son capaces de hacer para recuperar los árboles.

...

Título: Tecnoscuridad.
Tiempo de oscuridad

Autor/es: Andrei Levitsky |
Alekssei Bobl

Editorial: Timun Mas

Sinopsis: Ucrania vive un intento de golpe de Estado y Kiev, su capital, está en plena guerra. Yegor Razin, un golpista piloto de un cazabombardero, es capturado, condenado a muerte, y entregado al extraño doctor Hubert. Éste le ofrece una alternativa a la pena capital: participar en un extraño experimento científico que lo llevará al futuro. Pero algo sale mal y Yegor acaba en un mundo insólito.



Una Rusia arrasada, convertida en un árido desierto contaminado de radioactividad. Los pocos humanos que quedan se han organizado en clanes que luchan por el control del petróleo y el agua. La trata de esclavos y los robos a mano armada están a la orden del día, lo único que importa es la supervivencia.

Tiempo de oscuridad es el primer libro de la serie Tecnoscuridad, saga con puntos en común con Metro 2033: una historia



postapocalíptica de ciencia ficción, ágil y llena de acción.

...

Título: Mundo Anillo

Autor: Larry Niven

Editorial: La Factoría de Idea

Colección: De Bolsillo

Síntesis: “Mundo Anillo” es una de las novelas más laureadas en la historia de la cf. Parafraseando a uno de los maestros, Ítalo Calvino, no debemos olvidar la importancia de leer a los clásicos. Y por méritos propios, esta es una de esas obras que han adquirido el marchamo sin lugar a dudas.

El tiempo la ha puesto donde debía: es una de las novelas capitales y más importantes de la ciencia ficción de todos los tiempos.

...

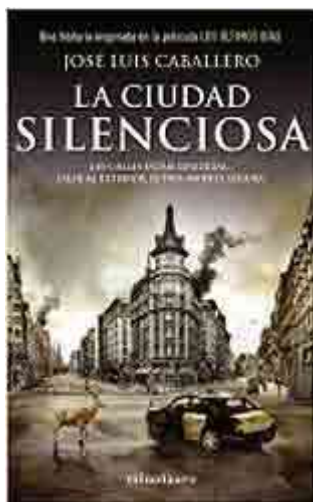
Título: La ciudad silenciosa

Autor: José Luis Caballero

Editorial: Minotauro

Síntesis: ¿Qué ocurriría si un día, de forma inexplicable, toda la población del planeta quedara atrapada en edificios y espacios cerrados, incapaz de salir

al exterior?



En su próximo proyecto los hermanos Pastor, los jóvenes cineastas que triunfaron en Estados Unidos con su ópera prima Infectados, nos muestran una Barcelona postapocalíptica donde los protagonistas tendrán que sobrevivir en el subsuelo de la ciudad cuando una extraña epidemia obligue a la gente a vivir encerrada.

Minotauro presenta una novela que completa y narra parte de los acontecimientos que no veremos en la película. En La ciudad silenciosa, la joven Andrea deberá encontrar la manera de sobrevivir a la locura que se abate sobre la ciudad.

...

Título: La ópera de la mente

Autor: Víctor Conde

Editorial: Minotauro

Síntesis: Un relato del Multiverso. Caleb Gloss, un rico

arancelario de espacios en la órbita de atraque del planeta Tanjet, decide trasladar su mente a un nuevo cuerpo, debido al accidente que tuvo durante las fiestas de carnaval que se celebran por todo el planeta. El nuevo cuerpo parece perfecto: hermoso, atlético, sano... pero pronto nota cambios.

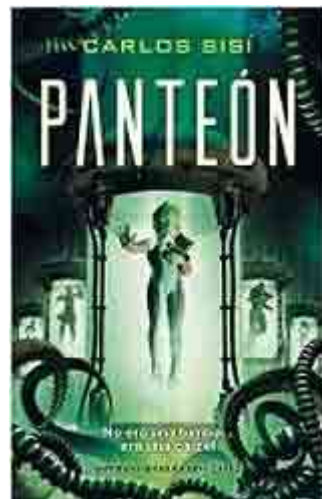
...

Título: Panteón

Autor: Carlos Sisí

Editorial: Minotauro

Síntesis: La Tierra, el planeta original, explotó



hace algo más de diez mil años. Por aquel entonces el hombre ya había iniciado su periplo por el espacio. En esta nueva Era, la guerra y la paz son elementos de una misma balanza que se equilibran cuidadosamente desde La Colonia, el enclave científico por excelencia. Desde allí, la controladora Maralda Tardes detecta actividad bélica en un planeta alejado de cualquier ruta comercial, y decide iniciar un protocolo estándar de inspección.

...

Título: Un pequeño favor



Autor: Jim Butcher

Síntesis: Harry Dresden está pletórico: en un año, no ha sufrido ninguna tentativa de asesinato. El mayor problema que ha tenido últimamente ha sido lidiar con la

torpeza patológica de su nueva aprendiz, así que el futuro parece halagüeño. Por desgracia, el pasado no es, ni de lejos, tan benévolo.

Una vieja deuda lo ata a Mab, monarca de las hadas de la Corte de Invierno y reina del Aire y la Oscuridad. Harry le debe aún dos favores y el momento de saldar cuentas ha llegado. Apparentemente, se trata solo de resolver una menudencia, pero no puede negarse. Acabará atrapado entre un enemigo espeluznante y un aliado mortífero, obligándolo a medir sus

lealtades y probar los límites de su destreza. Vaya sorpresa.

...

Título: Almas grises

Autor: Juan Luis Marín

Editorial: La Factoría de Ideas

Síntesis: La Capital, una ciudad emponzoñada por los miasmas de la corrupción, es azotada por una ola de desapariciones.



Toledano y Castro tienen mucho que ver con ello, tanto que necesitan escapar. Fueron seres sin barreras morales, tan libres como esclavos, adictos a la peor de las sustancias: la adrenalina que se segrega al provocar el sufrimiento extremo a otro ser humano. Hastiados de la tortura y la muerte, trazan un endeble plan para poner a la policía tras la pista de su oscura comunidad, aquella que los aceptó y les dio cobijo... aquella que no tolera la traición. Acosados por su propia naturaleza, por su antiguo mentor y por las fuerzas de seguridad, los dos asesinos tratarán de huir de su antigua vida en una cruenta carrera en pos de la libertad.

...

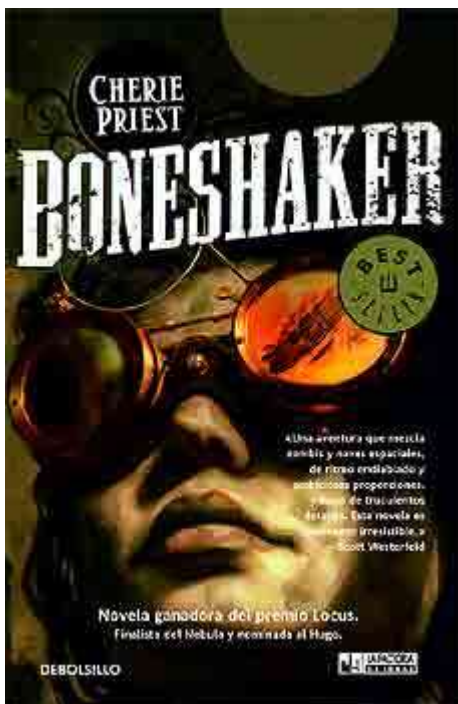
Título: Tropas auxiliares

Autor: José Miguel Sánchez "Yoss"

Editorial: Atom Press 2010



Sinopsis: 2013: la invasión definitiva. Una agresivísima raza de artrópodos alienígenas llega a la Tierra... y en pocos meses la conquista casi en un 99%. Son fuertes, resistentes, veloces y astutos. No tienen piedad. ¿Persiguen el completo exterminio de la raza humana? Nadie parece poder enfrentar a su más terrible arma: su apabullante número y su ferocidad individual. Sólo parecen tener una debilidad: no pueden nadar grandes distancias, y no usan barcos ni balsas humanos. Pero tampoco parecen necesitarlo: han aparecido a montones en cada ciudad, en cada campo, en cada isla. Pero ¡grande es el espíritu humano!



encontrado oro. Nació así la increíble máquina taladradora Boneshaker.

Sin embargo, la Boneshaker no funcionó adecuadamente, y destruyó el centro de Seattle, provocando un estallido de gas venenoso que convirtió a quienes lo respiraban en muertos vivientes.

Pasan dieciséis años, y un muro rodea la tóxica y devastada ciudad. Al otro lado vive la viuda Briar Wilkes, con una reputación

arruinada y un hijo, Ezekiel. El joven se embarca en una cruzada secreta y su búsqueda lo llevará tras el muro, a una urbe repleta de voraces zombis, piratas aéreos, hampones y guerrilleros. Y solo Briar puede salvar a su hijo.

...

Título: Boneshaker

Premios de la novela: Locus (2010).

Autor: Cherie Priest

Traducción: Álvaro Sánchez-Elvira Carrillo

Formato: 19 x 12 cm

Editorial: Factoría de Ideas

Páginas: 352

ISBN: 9788490181386

Colección: DEBOLSILLO N°: 42

Sinopsis: Durante la guerra civil, el inventor Leviticus Blue creó un ingenio capaz de atravesar el hielo de Alaska, donde se rumoreaba que se había

About the Writers and Illustrators

Writers:

**Alfonso, Graciela Marta
(Buenos Aires, Argentina)**

Professor of Fine Arts in Painting and Printmaking Orientation of the "National School of Fine Arts Prilidiano Pueyrredón", and Bachelor in Visual Arts Orientation Engraving Art Institute "IUNA".

Thesis performed, "Poetics of Book Art and Book Object".

Artist Book xylographic of unique copy with illustrated poems.

Publications: Book of Poems "The Silence of the Fire."

Selected and published in the Call: Poetry and Short Story Anthology, organized by "Passion of Writers". Argentina.

Selected and published in the Call: Short Story and Poetry Anthology, "A Look at the South." Argentina.

Selected at the XIII International Poetry and Story Contest 2012, organized by "Argentine Writers Group."

Publication of his work: Poem Random in magazine "Arts and Letters Plurescentes", National University of La Plata, Argentina.

Collaborates with various literary journals, where he accompanied his literature with the visual representation.

**Aldunate, Federico Miguel
(La Plata, Argentina, 25 years old)**

Sometimes college student math teacher, also drummer of candombe. I have published stories in The Cave of the Wolf, and Novurbo Chronicles miNatura (#123).

Blog: elpapoola.blogspot.com.ar

Baez, Rodolfo (Rancho Arriba, San José de Ocoa, Dominican Republic, 1983) Is currently developing his career Thesis Social Communication, Journalism Mention at the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo. Storytellers Workshop belongs to Santo Domingo from the Ministry of Culture. Published under the pseudonym of The Silence cat the poems of my soul and Verses in minor art also has unpublished books, "Poems of abandonment, more verses in minor art, Shadow blue eyes, The Return of the Prodigal Son the Man of 100 hearts and memories, these are respectively three books of poetry, a novella and two storybooks. About the Authors and illustrators

He now works in the trilogy of novels Daughter of Commander whose series is finished the first volume, and gives the final steps to the second, which is called The crime, a blood pact, and another

novella works which have not decides to head.

He has worked for the past five years in various national stations as announcer.

He is also a music lover with some ease to perform within their bars, so you can play several instruments.

Balián, Violeta (Argentina) Studied History and Humanities at SFSU. In Washington, D.C. contributed as a freelance writer to Washington Woman and for 10 years was Editor in Chief for The Violet Gazette, a quarterly botanical review. In 2012 and in Buenos Aires she published El Expediente Glasser (The Glasser Dossier) a science fiction novel with Editorial Dunker and its digital version through Amazon.com. Balián is also one of the 28 Latin American writers participating in Primeros Exiliados (First Exiles) a ci-fi anthology to be published in Argentina in March 2013.

<http://violetabalian.blogspot.com>

<http://elexpedienteglasser.blogspot.com>

Betancourt Dipotet, Yunieski (Yaguajay, Sancti Spíritus, Cuba, 1976) Sociologist, university professor and writer. Masters in Sociology from the University of Havana. Third Prize at the 2012 Contest of Science Fiction of Juventud Técnica Journal. Member of the World Network of Writers in

Spanish (REMES) Reside in Havana.

Candelaria Zárate, M^a. Del Socorro (Mexico, 38 years old) Academic Program Coordinator. San Luis de Potosi. He has worked in various issues of the digital miNatura.

Díez, Carlos (Leon, Spain, 31 years old) Has published two editions microstories yearbook "Release on words", published by the Foundation for Civil Rights "and won first prize in the contest IV Caudete Love Letters . Published in the journal "loudly" Caudete and the numbers 10 and 13 of the magazine "Estadea". In 2008, one of his poems have been published in the About the authors and illustrators poetry book "Poems for a minute II", the Editorial hypallage.

Regular contributor to the websites of political opinion Austroliberales.com and "middle classes of Aragon" and the literary magazine "Alborada-Goizialdia". He currently resides in Madrid.

Fontanarrosa, Sebastián Ariel (Argentina) writer of short stories and novels microstories fantasy and horror.

"Juan" (Justice PLC), with honors awarded work and publication of 3000 copies per publishing area. same work

Novel Art selected by Publisher to integrate his anthology. "A pit" work

awarded with distinction from author

Editorial meritorious Tenth Muse contest most other works on selected short stories in various international competitions.

I count three novels and a catalog of 30 stories not published.

Frini, Daniel (Berriedale, Cordoba, Argentina, 1963)

Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. He was editor and columnist in humorous magazines. Contributes to various blogs, digital and paper publications. Are a class member and coordinator of Heliconia Literary Literary Workshop "Virtual Machines and Monkeys" magazine "New Scientist". He won several awards (Dinosaur 2009 Black Sheep 2009, Garzón Céspedes 2009, The impatient lectotra 2011). Integrated several anthologies of poems and short stories. In 2000 he published in book

"Adriana Poems". Soon, the publisher Andromeda publish his book of short stories "The Flood and other special effects." He was sworn in various literary competitions. In 2012, his short story "Cry of a fallen" was selected as one of the "Big microstories of 2011" by the readers of the "International Microcuentista"

Jury Marcos, Cristina (Madrid, Spain, 1972) has a degree in

Information Sciences from the University of Seville. It has a Masters in Rhetoric from Northwestern University (USA). Currently she studied Philosophy at the Open University. Has lived in Edinburgh (UK), Chicago (USA) and Paris (France). His short story "Paper" was selected in the 1st Story Contest Editorial Briefs GEEP for the title of the anthology that collects the winning entries. His story "Higher Lives" was a finalist in Round 1 miNatura Editions. He has published his stories in "lost papers" (Babelia blog, the literary supplement of El Pais) and Letralia magazine and contributes regularly to publications of the genre. Write a blog about science fiction Libros.com <http://blogs.libros.com/literatura-ciencia-ficcion/> anywhere and has just published his first novel "from orange to blue" in the United-PC publishing <http://es.united-pc.eu/libros/narrativa-novela/sciencia-ficcion-fantasia.html>

Galán Ruiz, Diego (Spain, 39 years old) So far I have published the story LA PRIMERA VEZ in the online digital magazine LA IRA DE MORFEO, the short story LA AMANTE has been published in the book CACHITOS DE AMOR II and the short story EL DOLOR DE CABEZA, in Book II emerged from international competition for mundopalabras microstories.

Guadalupe Ingelmo, Salomé (Argentina) Doctor in Philosophy and Arts, educated in Spain and Italy (where she also worked as translator and teacher of Spanish). She is a member of the Institute for the Study of the Ancient Middle East, located at the Autonomous University of Madrid, where she develops educational activities since 2006 as honorary professor, teaching courses related to languages and cultures of the Ancient Middle East.

She has received many national and international literary prizes. Among them: in every edition of the Francisco Garzón Céspedes Awards (CIINOE) from 2010 until 2013, II Prize “Crossing the Strait” organized by Granada Culture and Society Foundation, V Short Story Contest on Water Aljarafe...

Her stories have been included in numerous anthologies. We could highlight the digital publication of his short story *Sueñan los niños aldeanos con libélulas mecánicas* (Dream villagers children about mechanical dragonflies) (Los Cuadernos de las Gaviotas n. 6, CIINOE/COMOARTES, Madrid/México D. F.: 2010), included later in *Antología de cuentos iberoamericanos en vuelo* (Anthology of Latin American stories in flight). Her text *Es el invierno migración del alma: variaciones sobre una estampa*

(Is the winter migration of the soul: eternal variations on a picture), appeared in “Las grullas como recurso turístico en Extremadura” (“The cranes as a tourist resort in Extremadura”), was published by the Department of Tourism of the Regional Government of Extremadura in 2011. Thirteen of her writings were included in *Pupils de unicornio* (Pupils of unicorn), (Anthology of winning stories in the International Short Stories Award “Garzón Céspedes” 2012, Los Cuadernos de las Gaviotas número 89, CIINOE/COMOARTES, Madrid/México D. F.: 2012). Seven more were published in *Picoscópico* (Anthology of winning writings in the International Contest of Dramaturgical Short Fiction “Garzón Céspedes” 2012, Cuadernos de las Gaviotas número 96, CIINOE/COMOARTES, Madrid/México D. F.: 2012).

She prefaced *The Portrait of Dorian Gray*, written by Oscar Wilde, and she also wrote the introduction to the Anthology of the VIII Bonaventuriano Contest of Short Story and Poetry, organized by the University of San Buenaventura of Cali (Colombia), in which she acted as jury for the event. She was also member of the jury at the V and VI International Literary Contest Angel Ganivet, organized by the Association of Friends of Helsinki (Finland).

In addition to writing a huge number of short stories, she is the author of several poetry anthologies and two unpublished novels.

Her first digital anthology of short stories (thirteen tales: eleven winners of various literary prizes and previously published in joint anthologies of multiple authors and two other, head and close, unpublished), *La imperfección del círculo* (The imperfection of the circle), and an extensive interview, *La narrativa es introspección y revelación: Francisco Garzón Céspedes entrevista a Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo* (The narrative is introspection and revelation: Francisco Garzón Céspedes interviews Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo), part of the collection of narrative inquiry *Contemporáneos del Mundo* (Contemporary of the World), supervised by the prestigious writer and man of culture Francisco Garzón Céspedes, have both come to light recently.

She has frequently collaborated with *Revista Digital miNatura*: *Revista de lo breve y lo fantástico* (miNatura Digital Magazine: Magazine of the brief and the fantastic) since 2009.

More detailed information about her career in the world of literature may be obtained by consulting <http://sites.google.com/site/salomeguadalupeingelmo/>

Jurado Marcos, Cristina (Madrid, Spain, 1972) Has a degree in Information Sciences from the University of Seville. It has a Masters in Rhetoric from Northwestern University (USA). Currently she studied Philosophy at the Open University. Has lived in Edinburgh (UK), Chicago (USA) and Paris (France). His short story "Paper" was selected in the 1st Story Contest Editorial Briefs GEEP for the title of the anthology that collects the winning entries. His story "Higher Lives" was a finalist in Round 1 miNatura Editions. He has published his stories in "lost papers" (Babelia blog, the literary supplement of *El País*) and *Letralia* magazine and contributes regularly to publications of the genre. Write a blog about science fiction Libros.com <http://blogs.libros.com/literatura-ciencia-ficcion/> and has just published his first novel *Del Naranja al Azul* in the United-PC publishing <http://es.united-pc.eu/libros/narrativa-novela/sciencia-ficcion-fantasia.html>

Odilius Vlak –SEUD– (Azua, Dominican Republic) Writer with continuous self-taught, freelance journalist and translator.

In December 2009, created together with a team of writers, illustrators and comic book artists, the Blogzine, *Zothique The Last*

Continent, space devoted to the genre of Science Fiction, Horror and dark fantasy especially. The latter symbolized by the blog name taken from the eponymous series American writer, Clark Ashton Smith.

As a freelance translator, and the romantic aspect of the trade-is dedicated to translate new texts in Spanish, whether essays, stories, poems, literature related to gender.

Including a series of pulp science fiction stories of Smith, published in due course in Wonder Stories magazine.

Also tests Lovecraft and Edgar Allan Poe.

As a writer, he has two unpublished books in print but whose documents are posted on the Blog: "Bottomless Tombs" and "Plexus Lunaris". Poetic prose narratives that constitute their first explorations in search of their own language and therefore the first stage of his literary career.

They explore the dark side of the imagination in a kind of symbolic fantasy, closer visionary poetry of William Blake that narrative expressions of the fantasy genre as we know [Epic: Tolkien / Sword and Sorcery: Howard]. Just finished his story, "The Demon of voice", the first of a series entitled, "Tandrel Chronicles" and has begun work on

the second, "The dungeons of gravity."

www.zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com

Otxoa, Ibai (Spain) Has published stories and articles in various websites, digital magazines and blogs, as Ultratumba, Exégesis, Bella Ciao, I like reading or previous issues of Minatura. He has also published some stories in the Freak! Anthology publisher by Paranoia Comic Studio.

Pantelis, Sissy (Greece) Is a writer of fantasy and comic. His stories have been published in Greece, France and the UK. He has worked as co-editor of the French magazine Science Fiction Galaxies.

He has written and edited several stories for Dark Brain, including God's Play, Columbia Underbelly, Locked Out (due out in print as early as January 2012). His graphic short stories have been published in ICCW anthology comic anthology IDWPresent FTL and British.

Upcoming projects include a graphic novel called Blue Sparkles, to be published by MARCOSIA and many other comics and prose.

Patricia O. (Patokata)-SEUD. - (Montevideo, Uruguay) publishes texts of his own authorship in blogs and some blogs shared. He has collaborated on several literary magazines of the network. Currently working in Pen

and Inkwell Literary Magazine, Digital Magazine and Literary Magazine miNatura words. It also has its own micro column: "ravings of Muses" at Sharp Pen. It has published books themselves but shares space with other authors in the books published by the Cultural Sphere: That Other Stories of Christmas and Porter, respectively, also in poetry anthologies I Am Woman Movement International Women Poets Anthology of Literary Encounters First International ELILUC.

Pichardo, Vincent Arturo (Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, 1981) Graduate of the National School of Fine Arts (ENBA), where he studied visual artist, graduated in 2002, is an architecture student at the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo (UASD). He joined the Literary Workshop Manuel del Cabral (TLMC). Storytellers Workshop is coordinator of Santo Domingo (TNSD). Some of his stories have been published in the journal Litterātus (North Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic) and Starting Point magazine, dedicated to Literary Workshop Manuel del Cabral (Ministry of Culture, Dominican Republic). In the anthologies "Santo Domingo NO PROBLEM" Storytellers Workshop of Santo Domingo, in the book "Tales of never ending" the publication of the stories of the

contest "Young National Short Story Award Book Fair 2011" and "The bottom of the iceberg" Storytellers Workshop second anthology of Santo Domingo, December 2012. It has some micro-stories in the publication of the competition "I Concurs de Microrelats Negres of Bòbila (Barcelona, Spain)." He earned Honorable Mention in the National Short Story Prize Contest Young Book Fair 2011. He was a finalist in the "II Contest Microstories of Terror in Honor of Edgar Allan Poe page Artgerusrt.com wed in December 2011." Won first place in the National competition talleristas V in the story line in April 2012.

Pimentel Mendoza, Raisa (Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, 1990) Student of Social Communication at the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo (UASD). Member Workshop "Litervolución" Storytellers and Literary Workshop in Santo Domingo, has cultivated spaces where poetry and narrative. His writings have been published in anthologies Poetas de la Era (2011) compiled by Elsa Baez and El Fondo del Iceberg (2012) Literary Workshop Storytellers of Santo Domingo and Pandora Magazine.

Read to write and to live lives enough before dying.

Manzanaro Arana, Ricardo (San Sebastián, Spain, 1966)

Medical. With respect to the C.F. is the current administrator of the Awards Ignotus AEFCFT. Association President Terbi Basque Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror. Assistant usual since its founding 19 years ago of the circle of c. f. Bilbao. He has published more than 30 stories in various media. Live in Bilbao.

Personal blog:

<http://notcf.blogspot.com>

Marcos Roldán, Francisco Manuel (España) Talaiot, text "El espantapájaros" (Scarecrow) spring 12 and "The Book" Winter 12; Toma la palabra toma el mundo, "Behind the mirror"; Revista Digital Miniatura # 124 monographic "Angels and Demons" with "The presence" (Jan-Feb 13).

I have been selected to publish anthologies: Summer Travel in Morocco stories and micros, "Taj mahal". (2012); Lots creative, pen, ink and paper. "The Ogre", "theft".(2012); In bits of love, Acen, "The big bang"; World Competition words, words " War " (January 13); Acen II Cachitos de amor, " Change solstice " (January 13).

Finalists stories: Finalist in Microbiblioteca with a Catalan write, " The Last Temptation " (February 12); Finalist of Microbiblioteca " Parallel Lives " (December 12); Finalist in patchwork literary love letters to "

Request first appointment " (February 13)

Winners stories: Second in environmental microstories Adalar, " Biological extract " (November 12); Stories of love Cacharel: Explain us how was your first kiss, " From as your first kiss leads to another" (Feb.13); Retales literary love letters Ranked 2nd " The heartbeat that unites us " (February 13).

Blog;

<http://cirujanosdeletras.blogspot.com.es/>

Martínez Burkett, Pablo (Santa Fe, Argentina, 1965)

Since 1990 lives in the city of Buenos Aires. Writer by vocation and a lawyer by profession, is teaching graduate universities in the country and abroad. He has won over a dozen awards in literary competitions in Argentina and Spain. In 2010 he received the 2nd prize in the National Competition Tales Bioy Casares and 1st prize in the National Literature and Fantastic Horror "dark world". He has published stories and poems in ten anthologies. Regularly collaborates magazines and sites devoted to fantasy literature, horror and science fiction. He recently presented "Penumbra Smith" (Ediciones Galmort, 2010), a book of stories that give the reader a unique account of joint portrait and disclosure anomalous everyday. It

also is preparing a book of fairy tales forthcoming where groups all stories published in the magazine miNatura. Some of their stories can be read in the.

Blog:

www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com

Martínez González, Omar (Centro Habana, Cuba, 41 years old) Has participated in the following competitions: Provincial Competition "Eliezer Lazo", Matanzas, 1998, 99, 2000 (Distinction), 2001; Municipal Varadero "Basilio Alfonso", 1997, 98 (Distinction), 99 (1st Mention), 2002; Competition Provincial Municipality Martí 1999, 2000 (Distinction) Territorial Competition "Candil Fray", Matanzas, 1999, 2000, (Distinction) National Competition Alejo Carpentier 1999 CF National Contest Youth Technical Journal 2002, 03; National Competition Ernest Hemingway, Havana 2003 Literary Contest Extramuros Promotion Centre "Luis Rogelio Nogueras 2004" Literary Contest 2005 Center Farraluque Fayad Jamis (Finalist) Cuba Event-Fiction 2003 Award "Rationale "2005 Alejo Carpentier Foundation, International Competition" The Revelation ", Spain, 2008-9 (Finalist), 2009-10 (Finalist) International Competition" Wave Polygon ", Spain, 2009, Finalist;

monthly Contest website QueLibroLeo, Spain, 2008-9; Microstories monthly Contest on Lawyers, Spain, 2009.

Moreno, Gorka (Barakaldo, Bizkaia, Bilbao, Spain, 1981)

From a very young age I had great admiration for everything about movies, comics, literature, etc ...

Although circumstances my studies have led me in another direction, it is this passion that has made devote my spare time to writing scripts for short films and comics. Some have already become reality as is the case of "Shackles" and others are underway. Collaborated with the film web www.Klownsasesinos.com doing movie reviews and opinion on the world of film and now I have the chance to miNatura. I currently live in Barcelona.

Rodríguez, Valeria (Uruguay, 1976) *No posee currículum literario.*

Román, Juan Antonio (Spain)

Author of the horror novel "El umbral del dolor" and the anthology of short stories "Escrito en sangre", both yet to edit, plus several stories published in anthologies of publisher TyrannosaurusBooks ("Una sombra detrás de mí" and "Remordimientos"), and a story to be published in the coming months in the anthology "urban Legends "of the publishing universe ("Polybius"). Today his writings have seen the light on gender digital

magazines, as Ultratumba (“Bajo presión”), miNatua (“Fiebre” and “Y ahora quién contará historias”) or Forbidden Planet (“La puerta del dormitorio”), and was a finalist in the contest blog horror stories of Alfonso Z with his story “Al despertar” with a theme raw and direct. Juan Antonio is a founding member of the association ESMATER, which advocates for the spread of terror written in Spain, and works daily to ensure that gender finally reach readers. Today is immersed in writing his second novel.

Ruiz, Marco Manuel (Colombia) He is a graphic designer, he works as a freelance and loves art and literature. Some of his shortstories have been published on Sunday supplement of El Colombiano, digital magazine MiNatura and his personal blog: <http://marcneblarelatos.blogspot.com>

Saldivar, Carlos Enrique (Lima, Peru, 1982) He studied Literature at National University Federico Villareal. He is director of the printed and physical magazine Argonautas and he is director of the printed and physical fanzine El Horla, he is member of the editorial board of the virtual fanzine Agujero Negro, all these publications are devoted to Fantasy Literature. Books published: Historias de ciencia ficción (2008), Horizontes

de fantasía (2010) and El otro engendro (2012). Compiled selection Nido de cuervos: cuentos peruanos de terror y suspenso (2011).

Blogs:

www.fanzineelhorla.blogspot.com
www.agujeronegro2012.wordpress.com

Sánchez Rivera, Rafael J. (Seville, Spain, 1987) With a degree in Business Management and Administration from the Universidad de Sevilla, Rafael combines his professional work with writing and other hobbies such as music and cinema. He has been a member of the board of directors of the spanish webpage www.losporquesdelanaturaleza.com since 2011, where he also regularly publishes cultural, scientific, and informative articles.

He also studied image editing and he is an enthusiast for digitally retouching photographs.

He also collaborated and wrote scripts for non-professional short films which were made available on the Internet and he finished his first novel in 2012, for which he is currently seeking an editor.

Segovia Ramos, Francisco José (Granada, Spain, 1962) Law degree from the University of Granada. HE is official. Granada City Council since 1987. He contributes to magazines Kalepesia

knocker and Alkaid, and also writes in various journals.

Honorary member of Maison Naaman pour la Culture, in Beirut, Lebanon (Spanish only so far). Directed and presented the radio show "More Wood" on Radio Maracena (Granada) has published a novel, "The Anniversary" (Hontanar Editions, 2007), and has seen his work published in numerous anthologies and magazines. Among his awards and prizes: Ist Prize at XII Love Letters Competition 2008, organized by the municipality of Lepe, Huelva, Prix d'honneur in Naji Naaman Literary Awards 2007, organized by the Maison Naaman pour la Culture, Beirut, Lebanon honorable mention in the XI's Christmas Story Contest Ampuero, Cantabria, 2007, special Mention in the II Tanatología.org, 2007, convocadopor the Spanish and International SCincaociedad Thanatology, SEIT, Tenerife, Spain, 2007, II nd Prize Story Contest in FantásticoGazteleku Sestao, Vizcaya, 2007, III prize in the Contest of Stories Victor Chamorro, Hervas, Cáceres, 2007.

Siadore Gut, Claudio Leonel (La Plata, Argentina, 1977) studied visual communication at the Faculty of Fine Arts of the UNLP.

Posted in Heliconia group blogs: Brief not so brief; Chemically impure Gust, blinks. I Finalist Sculpting contest microstories

Stories, La Forge of metaphors. Published in Poetics Apple in 2010. Published in the Journal of the International Microcuentista, Christmas 2010 edition.

Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Castellón, Spain, 1963)

Ceramist, photographer and illustrator. Has been writing since childhood, has published works on websites, blogs and digital magazines (Magazine Network Science Fiction, Scientist, NGC3660, Portal CIFI miNatura Digital Magazine, not so brief Briefs, chemically impure, Gust flashes, Letters to dream, preached.com, The Great Pumpkin, Cuentanet, Blog Count stories, Monelle's book, 365 contes, etc.).

He wrote under the pseudonym Monelle. Currently manages several blogs, two of them related to Digital Magazine miNatura that co-directs with her husband Ricardo Acevedo, a publication specializing in micro story and the fantasy genre short story. He has been a finalist in several competitions and micro story short story: the first two editions of the annual contest Owl Group, in both editions of the pageant Letters fairy tale dream, I Contest horror short story the boy square; mobile Literature Contest 2010, magazine Jan. He has served as a juror in competitions both literary and ceramic, and

conducting photography workshops, ceramics and literary.

Tapia, Juan José (Nueva Carteya, Córdoba, 1975)

Industrial engineer, and studied at the Conservatory of Music in Seville. He began writing in 2004, moving quickly from short stories to the novel, by offering the possibility to develop in them their stories more freely. Like to venture into different genres, including works of horror, detective, suspense, of classical Rome, West, and of course, science fiction. He combines his work with his literary techniques and musical side, as a member of a rock band. Their stories appear in several anthologies, and has published the novels "Enarmonia" (Editorial C & M), selected among the finalists Metro Novel Award in 2007, and "The Final Third" (Editorial Galeonbooks).

Texy Cruz –SEUD.– (Canary Islands, Spain. 32 years old)

Has been involved with winnings from Paroxismo literario, Imperatur, Graitis del alma. Support Psiconauta magazine.

Illustrators:

Pág. 27, 34, 47 Argüelles Trujillo, Yolyanko William (Jovellanos, Matanzas. Cuba, 1975) graduated from the School of Fine Arts San Alejandro. Course cartoon-ICAIC. He has worked as: drawings, screenplay and direction for animation films, book and magazine

illustration, paintings and murals designs, storyboards for films, comics and drawings script Filmography: 2007 - "The sunken cathedral"- direction and prize drawings (FIPRESCI) 2008, 2007 - "Ex-ergo"- direction and drawings Prize (FIPRESCI) 2008 Award "after dark" animation festival south beach. 2009, 2009: Top; Opus; dictation. Special prize for animation. Sample 9th young filmmakers. 2010 Solo Exhibitions: 2010 "Sumerged cathedral" "collective" gallery; 2010 "Sumerged cathedral" space "TouchMe" 2006 "on line" "recreative center Joseph A. Hecheverria "1999" always human, "University Student House, 1998" Spring in Havana ". Education Museum.

Group Exhibitions: 2002 "Cuban Illustrators" Traveling Show by several galleries in Brazil, 2002 "Tribute to Belkis Ayon", Gallery Sunday Ravenet, 2002 "Living Fayad Jamis small format"

University of Havana, 2001 "Living Flora", Municipal Culture House " Marianao, 2000 "Living Fayad Jamis small format" University of Havana, 1999 "Living Flora", Municipal Culture House Marianao, 1999 "40 + 30 "(In commemoration of the 40th Anniversary ICAIC), Teodoro Ramos Gallery, 1990" Workshop Young "Teodoro Ramos Gallery, 1988" Youth Workshop ", Gallery Quinta de los Molinos.

La Catedral sumergida (The engulfed Cathedral)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m v8B8nmqFJk>

Pág. 14, 20, 29, 38, 40, 42, 44
Belushi, Pedro (Madrid, España, 1965) Illustrator of book covers, comics and cartoons and fanzines such as Bucanero or miNatura. His work has been shown at international festivals such as: The Great Challenge: Amnesty International, The Cartoon Art Trust and Index on Censorship. South Bank, London (1998) or Eurohumor; biennale of sorriso (Borgo San Dalmazzo, Cuneo. Italia) XIII International Exhibition of Graphic Humor: Foundation of the University of Alcalá de Henares. Madrid. Spain, Rivas com.art e RivasVaciamdrid. Madrid, Spain. (2006). Prize: Peach Mechanic (2006).

Pág. 18 **Castelló Escrig, Rafa (Castellón de La Plana, Spain, 1969)** Graduate School of Arts and Crafts in Castellón specializing in Graphic Design (1993). Poster designer, illustrator and artist, currently combines his work in local government in a small municipality in the province of Castellón with their creative work. He recently participated in the exhibition of his drawings and paintings in the First Mostra Traditional Sant Joan de Moro (Castellón) and at the 16th edition of the Art Fair Pasearte in Castellón de la Plana.

Pág. 1 **Didizuka –SEUD. – (France)** She is an extremely talented artist with a strong personality and a huge creative potential. She has been working on various projects including illustrations, bandes dessinées, creation of videos to advertize for comics by various publishers. She was the main creator of the animation part

of Le Rat Bleu, a mixed show which included stage performance, music, animation. Cindy also publishes her own fanzine called E-Crucify.

Here are her sites:

<https://www.facebook.com/DidizukaArt>

<http://didizuka.free.fr>

<http://didizuka.deviantart.com>

<http://crucify.coolbb.net/index.htm>

Pág. 36, 75 **Nelleke Schoemaker –SEUD.– (Hollanda, 1990)** self-taught traditional artist from Holland.

She mostly works in a traditional style, but she draws in different styles too: real life paintings, manga,... She also makes hand-painted violins and designs jewels adorned with her artwork.

Her work can be found here:

<http://hollow-moon-art.deviantart.com/>
<http://hollow-moon-art.deviantart.com/>

Pág. 51 **Ntousakis, Vaggelis (Crete, Greece)** Lives and works on the island of Crete. In 1990 he had a brief Magazine and fantasy as diving accident and became a quadriplegic. From an early age, I am fascinated with anything related to the horror, the weird and strange. And spent hours together between the paintings of Bosch, Goya and Brugel. At eleven, fell into his hands a book of terror and discovered Robert E. Howard, Arthur Machen, Derleth among others, but his greatest and most striking finding was the work of H. P. Lovecraft. In the 90 studied graphic design in Athens and in 2000 returned to Crete where does

my business. Without leaving my personal projects in the digital illustration.

Pág. 16 Rubert, Evandro (Brazil, 1973) Can not remember much more than the electric train and the mountain of comics from his childhood. Along with Sergio Abad and David Baldeón among others, Comics Otracosa founded about 15 years ago, and has since been heavily involved in

the world of comics. Today is Editor and Chief of Epicenter and Sergio Abad teaches Bullets Comics and Narrative at the University Jaume I of Castellón. Also painted lead figurines and plays drums with Panic Idols.

Next issue:

Phobias



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