

miNatura

The Magazine of the Brief & Fantastic



"And if all others accepted the lie which the party imposed-if all records told the same tale-then the lie passed into history and became truth. 'Who controls the past' ran the party slogan, 'controls the future: who controls the present controls the past.'"

1984 (1949), George Orwell



We've got to have rules and obey them. After all, we're not savages. We're English, and the English are best at everything.

Lord of the Flies (1954), William Golding



"Alpha children wear grey. They work much harder than we do, because they're so frightfully clever.

I'm awfully glad I'm a Beta, because I don't work so hard. And then we are much better than the Gammas and Deltas. Gammas are stupid.

They all wear green, and Delta children wear khaki. Oh no, I don't want to play with Delta



children. And Epsilons are still worse.

They're too stupid to be able to read or write. Besides they wear black, which is such a beastly color. I'm so glad I'm a Beta."

Brave New World (1932), Aldous Huxley



So now do you see why books are

hated and feared? They show the pores in the face of life. The comfortable people want only wax moon faces, poreless, hairless, and expressionless. We are living in a time when flowers are trying to live on flowers, instead of growing on good rain and black loam. Even fireworks, for all their prettiness, come from chemistry of the earth. Yet somehow we can grow, feeding on flowers and fireworks, without completing the cycle back to reality.

Fahrenheit 451 (1953), Ray Bradbury

Dystopias

¿ How collaborate miNatura Digital Magazine?

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).

We respect the copyright to continuous power of their creators.

Contributions should be sent to:

minaturacu@yahoo.es

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The door of the room — not my room, I refuse to say my — is not locked. In fact it doesn't shut properly. I go out into the polished hallway, which has a runner down the center, dusty pink. Like a path through the forest, like a carpet for royalty, it shows me the way.

Margaret Atwood, *The Handmaid's Tale* (1985)

The word "dystopia" is the commonly used antonym of "eutopia" (UTOPIAS) and

denotes that class of hypothetical societies containing images of worlds worse than our own. An early user of the term was John Stuart Mill (1806-1873), in a parliamentary speech in 1868, but its recent fashionableness probably stems from its use in *Quest for Utopia* (1952) by Glenn Negley (1907-1988) and J. Max Patrick (1908-). Anthony BURGESS argued in 1985 (1978) that *cacotopia*¹ (*κακός*, "bad, wicked") would be a more apt term. Dystopian images are almost invariably images of future society, pointing fearfully at the way the world is supposedly going in order to provide urgent propaganda for a change in direction. As hope for a better future grows, the fear of disappointment inevitably grows with it, and when any vision of a future utopia incorporates a manifesto for political action or belief, opponents of that action or belief will inevitably attempt to

¹ Was first used by English jurist, philosopher and legal and social reformer Jeremy Bentham.

show that its consequences are not utopian but horrible.²

Carmen Rosa and I have serious problems every time we work with one of these special, whether zombies, vampires begin to see references to them by all available means and ended up crying (for example): we live in Cyberpunk universe!

For once we'd like to be wrong.

Among the recommendations provided in each issue we should not fail to read the interview made by Cristina Jurado British illustrator Paul Gerrard.

Another point to note are the articles published by Xavier Casals (Spain), Maielis Gonzalez (Cuba), Julieta Moreyra (Mexico), Maria Jose Gil Benedict (Spain), José Francisco Camacho Aguilera (Mexico) and Elana Gomel (Israel).³

As always it is impossible to close this editorial without thanking illustrators:

M. C. Carper (Argentina); Paul Gerrard (UK); Evandro Rubert

(Brazil); Didizuka (France); María Ascuá (Argentina); Fraga (México); Julien Pacaud (France); David Palumbo (EE.UU.); Shih Hang Tung (Taiwan); Graciela M. Alonso (Argentina); Mario Sánchez Arevalo (Spain); Mark Molnar (Hungary); Omar Hirsig (Argentina); / Vaggelis Ntousakis (Greece); Raúl Allén (Spain).

As always thank your contributions and all who read us anywhere in the world.

Next issue:

Immortality

Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrania

Directores: Ricardo Acevedo E. y Carmen R. Signes Urrea

Main Cover: *Distopías* por M. C. Carper (Argentina)

Back cover: *St* by Raúl Allén (Spain)

Cover design: Carmen R. Signes Urrea (Spain)

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Downloads:

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² John Clute, Peter Nicholls, *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*, St. Martin's Press (1995), pp. 680.

³ *The Darkness within. Utopian spaces Dystopian temporalities* (only for the english version of this magazine)



Paul Gerrard: The reborn of Pinhead

Interviewer: Cristina Jurado

Images: Paul Gerrard

Paul Gerrard <http://www.gerrardart.com> is a concept artist, which means that much of his work –thousands of sketches, illustrations and outlines- will never be known to the public. Without them though, a lot of films and videogames would not capture the attention of studios and, ultimately, audiences.

Gerrard was born in Liverpool and in his twenties he decided to focus on his passion, the digital arts. He says that he did not have much of a

choice: He could not afford to paint big canvases because that requires too much space. So he bought a computer, which became his main working tool. His career started in the 90s in the gaming industry, becoming Art Director for Unisoft UK. Filmmaker Jonathan Liebesman contacted him to pitch various projects, among those “Battle:

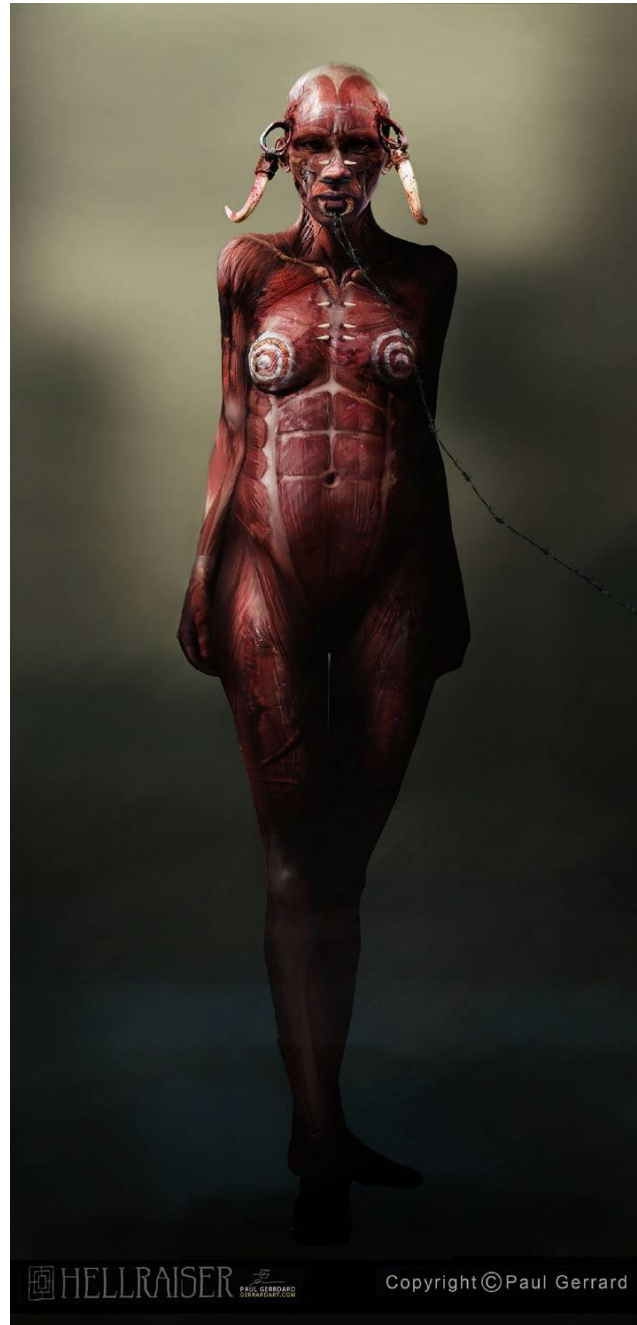


Los Angeles”. The British designer has been working on movies since then, creating and shaping impossible creatures from other worlds. Right now he is developing a new version of “Hellraiser”, hoping that the project will come to life in the near future. miNatura has interviewed him to learn more about his work and the way he faces it.

Digital Magazine miNatura: I have read somewhere that you are a self-taught artist. It is mind blowing to learn that you have not formal training. How did you manage to develop your craft?

Paul Gerrard: I would say I was taught by a great deal of artists. Through books I would study illustrations over any technical applications. Simply study with awe the works of Bob Eggleton, Melvyn Grant, Chris Foss etc. That whole generation kept me entertained for a millennium. From them I learned to paint, from paint to digital was simply a natural progression over the years. Developing a person style and preference along the way. Something that I feel is lost when taught by a specific path and specific techniques as they do in many professional courses these days. At the end of the day technique and training is irrelevant without the imaginative spark. I would hire imagination over technique any day of the week.

Digital Magazine miNatura: We used to talk about painters, illustrators and sculptors when thinking about visual arts. Now we talk about concept artists, art directors, visual designers or model maker artists. Specialization has come through advances in technology. What are the aesthetic implications of specialization in your work?



Paul Gerrard: I do not paint illustrations, I paint cognitive explorations. The images I present are a springboard for your own mind to explore a wealth of worlds . Through symbolism and sub-conscious imagery. The extraordinary amount of research that goes into the visual connotations of the mind via color , shape , hidden texture would surprise many. In particularity I work with the psychology of preexisting images of myths buried deep in the subconscious. Taking that information from the viewer and presenting it in different ways. In terms of movie 'concept art' this process is somewhat limited depending on who is in control of the brief. I can however find many ways to work the process into most designs. In terms of the Hellraiser images, these are the most esoteric , psychologically driven designs I have ever produced in my life.

Digital Magazine miNatura: You have been working as a concept artist for more than 15 years. How has the industry changed over the years?

Paul Gerrard: The formulas of movies haven't changed a great deal. The scope of imagery we can explore has. This is a direct result of CG. As an imaginer I can present 900-foot creatures, I can present worlds that are made from a billion interlocking animals. All of which can be made and made well. That has not always been the case and your scope was somewhat limited depending on budget. Cg of course has its many flaws in particularly when moviemakers use it instead of real people and close-ups . I am still an old school fan of prosthetics but you must have a balance to make it work for your audience.

Digital Magazine miNatura: In your own words, yours is fusion art. There is a continuous dialogue between organic and mechanical forms that interact with each other in your illustrations. You explore the plasticity of matter, something considered rigid by everybody, in an almost intimate way. What artists and works in visual arts, literature and philosophy have influenced you?

Paul Gerrard: Beksinski and Giger are probably the most obvious ones, they have managed to make the fusion of bone and machine beautiful

and organic. In terms of personal influence, more so Beksinski. An artist I came to in later years. Brian Froud is another that blends elements of nature with mythology and symbolism in a unique way. Others include Francis Bacon, Wojciech Siudmak , SpiderLee . The sculptors of Henry Moore, Mark Powell , Kris Kuksi . In literature I enjoy Arthur Machen, HP Lovecraft, Pascal Barre, Andy Sharrat, Paul Griffiths.

Digital Magazine miNatura: After you accept a new project, how do you approach it?

Paul Gerrard: I have a process. I research, I consume, I meditate. In that order. After which I clear my mind and let whatever has formed bleed through onto the paper.

Digital Magazine miNatura: What time of materials and equipment do you work with?

Paul Gerrard: I have two setups, one digital one traditional. A 24gig PC with a Wacom pen (which I use rarely). I work in Photoshop , no other software. Then an easel with 20x30 canvass boards, I work with acrylics



and various glosses.

Digital Magazine miNatura: Who really is the Cyberman that you designed for **Dr. Who**?

Paul Gerrard: He is the re-visioning of the classic character but he is insane!. That insanity has driven his biochemical engineering into overload. His inner turmoil, the constant battle of machine and man has manifested itself upon his fused alloy flesh.

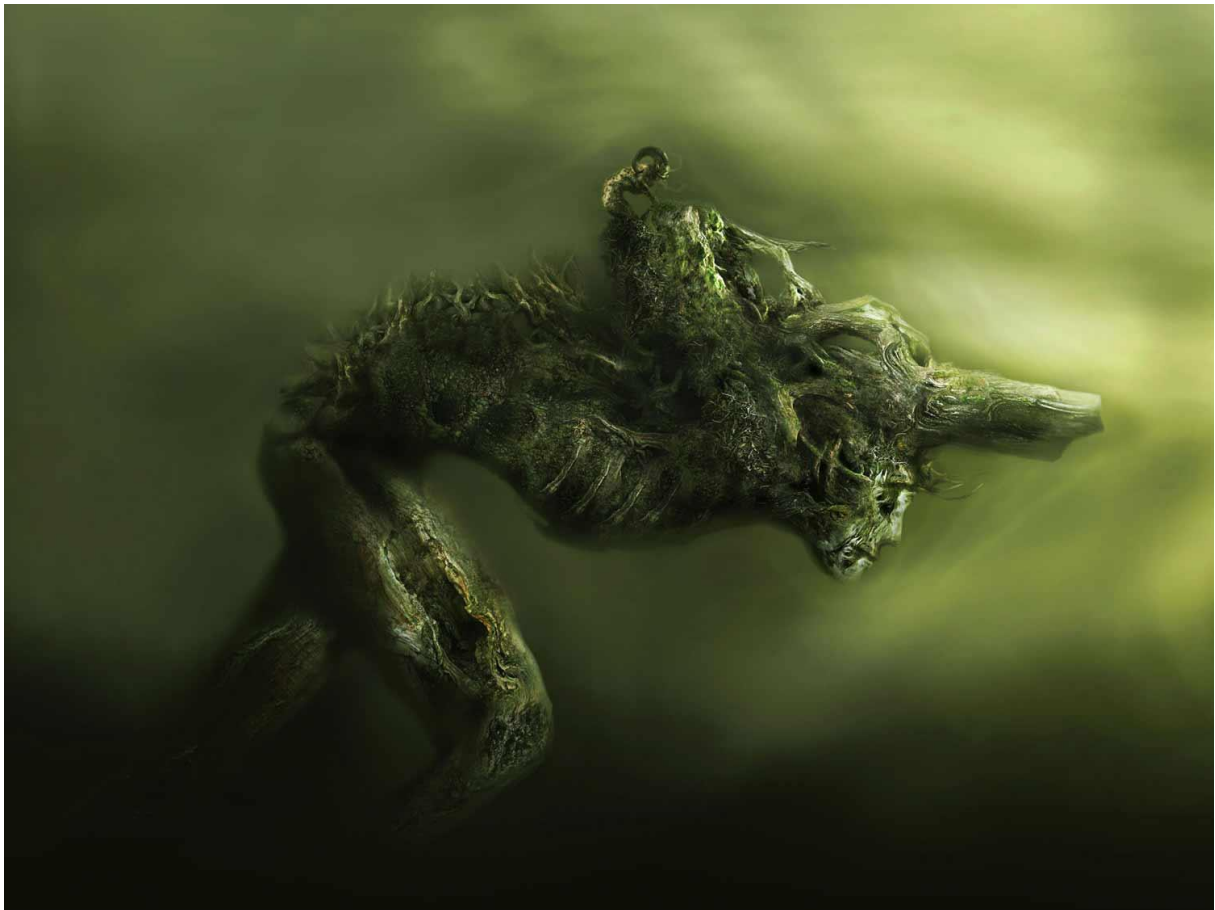


Digital Magazine miNatura: You have work on illustrations, videogames, and movies like **Wrath of the Titans**, **Battle: Los Angeles** or **Hellraiser: Origins**. Can you tell us a bit about your contribution in those films?

Paul Gerrard: I was the lead creature designer on Battle La along with major contributions to the machines, weapons and alien world. Battle LA started with

a pitch, that pitch was driven by the director. Illustrated and design for all aliens , crafts , weapons by me. In fact the alien design despite going through a multitude of stages through per-production is very close to the original sketch done way back in the pitch stage. In various pitches to the studio movies and animation where created, I would model ships in 3d max. Illustrate lavish alien landscapes and various proposed alien designs.

For “Wrath of The Titans” my time was limited as I was penned in to work on the Epic and all consuming “Paradise Lost” by Alex Proyas. I created a number of first pass sketches for all the beasts in “Wrath of the



Titans” which went on to inspire the final look of said creature. These initial sketches where very much 'out there' in that they were not your mainstream tainted incarnations, they where raw horror versions.

“Hellraiser: Origins” has been a long-term love affair with creating a reboot of the franchise. For over a year a very small team of friends and colleagues has pulled together to make this happen. We shot a teaser where an actor who I chose to play the role of Pinhead was enhanced with prosthetic by the same guys that worked on the first HR! Also the new costume was hand made by one the finest leather makers in the UK. The teaser was an epic event in itself, over 100 extras for a one-day shoot in London.

The teaser is only and added bonus to the main event i.e. the pitch document. A 50-page art/design/ technical exploration of a world, with synopsis and treatment of a story based in said world. The Pitch document has been shown to a few select industry bowfins as we undergo final touches and has already been described as one the most remarkable pitches and indeed stories they had ever come across. We present not only a new

story, a new re envisioning of Pinhead and his chums, but we present an entire world literally and visually.

Now we just have to present to the studio and hope they like it and allow us to continue producing this movie. As previously mentioned, the artwork is the most esoteric art I have ever attempted. Every line, curve, symbol etched into the flesh of the character has meaning. Every piece of architecture has meaning. Those layers of visual are continued throughout the story , throughout the mythology presented.

Digital Magazine miNatura: We would like to know more about your future projects.

Paul Gerrard: There are a few movies I worked on that are near complete. Ones, which I am looking forward to such as “Ninja Turtles” and “Seventh son:.. However, after he experience of “Hellraiser Origins” I believe my future is firmly in creating and pitching new movies of my own making. I will be doing less and less concept art for studios, more for small partnerships that have been formed. Pushing the boundaries of horror and fantasy, creating small scale movies at first then working up to taking on the big guns. Nothing I can release at the moment, lets just say whatever is created you can bet it will be something nobody has EVER seen before.

And now, we have few questions that just require a short answer:

Star Wars or Disney?

Star Wars

Fast food or homemade food?

Homemade food

If you had to choose to be a character from a movie, which one would it be?

Alex Garnder from *Dreamscape*

Can you tell as the worst book you ever read?

Cant remember, blocked from my mind

And the best book you ever read?

Man and His Symbols by Carl Jung

Which type of music you like to listen?

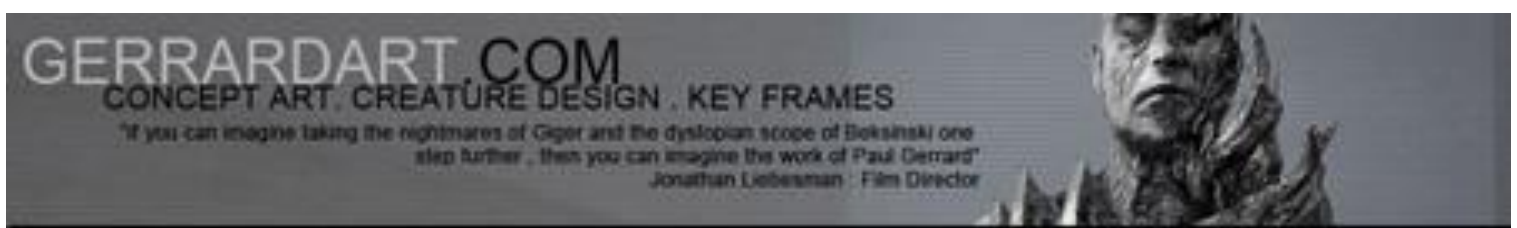
Industrial

3D cinema, yes or not?

No

If you had to choose to have a super-power, which one would it be?

Time Travel



Summary:

1/ Cover: Distopías por M. C. Carper
(Argentina)

2/ FrikiFrases

3/ Editorial

5/ Interview: Paul Gerrard, The reborn
of Pinhead by Cristina Jurado

14/ Summary:

15/ Miedo, Mentiras y Tinta China:
Grados de distopía/ Rubert Evandro
(Brazil)

16/ Poster: Hope for japan/ *Didizuka*
(France)

17/ Even numbers/ *Cristina Jurado*
(Spain)

17/ Into another skin/ *Violeta Balián*
(Argentina)

18/ A pink color totalitarianism /
Odilius Vlak (Dominican Republic)

19/ One million billionth of a
millisecond on a sunday morning/
Miguel Antonio Lupián Soto (México)

20/ The garbage men/ *Francisco*
Manuel Marcos Roldán (España)

21/ Punto de vista/ *Ariel Carlos*
Delgado (Colombia)

21/ Notification/ *Jaime Magnan*
Alabarce (Chile)

22/ An exercise in remote viewing/
Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

23/ Résistance/ Carmen Rosa Signes
Urrea (España)

24/ The yellow road/ *M^a del Socorro*
Candelaria Zarate (México)

25/ Robotics Pax / *Yunieski*
Betancourt Dipotet (Cuba)

25/ Juan Bosch's dystopian theory of
writing tales / *Odilius Vlak (Dominican*
Republic)

26/ Perplexity Of Rodolfo Nooser
Before The Unhinged Escarmental Of
Free Will/ *Sebastián Ariel*
Fontanarroza (Argentina)

27/ Bloody tournaments and butchers/
Tomás Pacheco Estrada (México)

28/ He was right/ *Jor Tremech –*
seud. – (Spain)

29/ Victory/ *Yunieski Betancourt*
Dipotet (Cuba)

29/ The sentences/ *Diego Galán Ruiz*
(Spain)

29/ Gastronomic Snobs/ *Federico*
Miguel Aldunate (Argentina)

30/ The Technology of Fear/ *Rafael J.*
Sánchez Rivera (Spain)

31/ Agony/ *Yunieski Betancourt*
Dipotet (Cuba)

31/ Infection/ *Salomé Guadalupe*
Ingelmo (Spain)

32/ Stories Dystopian: City of Snakes/
Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)

33/ Act of cowardice / Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

33/ We never did/ Lucila Adela Guzmán (Argentina)

34/ Bee exodus/ Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

35/ Governmental selectivity/ Juan José Tapia Urbano (Spain)

36/ A world that perfect believe/ Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

37/ Moral engineering/ Carlos Díez (Spain)

38/ Cómic: La sociedad de los pájaros muertos/ Omar Hirsig (Argentina)

42/ Article: The Darkness within. Utopian spaces Dystopian temporalities/ Elana Gornel (Israel)

59/ Article: The Globalianz Post/ María José Gil Benedicto (Spain)

62/ La Biblioteca del Nostromo: Próxima (Argentina); El Investigador (México); Delirium Tremens (Perú);

Cosmocápsula (Colombia); El Buque Maldito (España); Ocaso Shanghai (Kelonía); El corazón de piedra; El vacío de la evolución (Factoría de Ideas); El arte sombrío (Dolmen); Giovannina está contigo (Ecir); Un lio de mil demonios (Minotauro); Cuentos de Bajavel (Letras Cubanas); Cuentos Medio Macabros (Amarante); La caída de Arturo (Minotauro); Superman: La creación de un superhéroe (Timún Mas); The Ironic Fantastic #One (Gloomy Seashore Press); Terra Nova. Antología de ciencia ficción contemporánea; Historias del dragón (Kelonía); Wilde Cards (Timun Mas).

74/ About the Writers and Illustrators

84/ About illustrations

86/ Back cover: St/ Raúl Allén, (Spain)

Miedo, Mentiras y Tinta China: Grados de distopía / Rubert Evandro (Brasil)





Even numbers

Even numbers are perfect and celestial. Duality holds the beauty of the multiple, of the indispensable shift and movement towards the future, which is needed to develop life. Humanity's supreme ambition is to achieve bi-numerical perfection. Otherwise, how to explain in our bodies: one pair of eyes, ears, nostrils, arms and legs, brain hemispheres, lungs, intestines, buttocks, waste ducts, testicles, ovaries, ventricles and auricles? In which way could we interpret twelve pairs of ribs and twenty-eight teeth?

Since Mathematicians went searching for the perfect number and ideal proportion, number two became an object of worship as being parity's minimum unity. It defines balance in the world through the game of contraries, always in couples: there is no home without roof and foundations, no nuptials without male and female.

Odd numbers are impure because they mean the incomplete, the uninterrupted, and the indivisible. That is the reason why we cut the tongue of our babies so they have a split one. We have achieved leveled demographic figures by stimulating twin or quadruples births and by terminating solitary pregnancies. Logically, any twin that lives without his brother or sister is ended.

Ours is a progressive nation where odd numbers don't exist and triangles are forbidden, as they are blasphemous. Worst of all is the heresy on the number one, which has no partner and profanes the stability of our society. It preaches isolation, unhealthy sedition that incites to revolt! As a foreigner that arrives alone, your presence is a subversive act. Do you understand why you need to die?

Cristina Jurado (Spain)

Into another skin⁴

I love you more than my own skin.
Frieda Kahlo



The midday sun started to burn and the immensity of the sunflower field hurt my soul. At a distance, I glimpsed the country house I had not returned to since my family disappeared on a trip to

⁴ Translate by N. Beredjiklian

La Rioja. Quite decidedly or perhaps following a mirage I walked toward the house penetrating the silence that surrounded me. It's empty, I told myself opening the door, seconds before I was met by three strange figures. Except for the eyes and mouth, they covered their bodies with pentagonal pieces of leather sewn one onto the other and on their chests, wore a patch with a printed photo. This is how I recognized my wife and boys. "Dad, you've arrived! ", they exclaimed. Bea looked at me from the bottom of her blue eyes. "We were expecting you!", she whispered. But I didn't dare to embrace her. "What's with this clothing?", I asked. "It replaces our skin", she explained, lowering her head as if ashamed. Then, the boys informed me that the Council had them trapped inside an invisible and impenetrable barrier. No one could come in nor get out. They ate from their own vegetable garden. "And we have plenty of meat because the ones in charge slaughtered more cattle than necessary to supply the leather pieces that hide the festering wounds under this covering," said Pedro pointing to his garment. "What happened?", I inquired. "We were travelling on that bus and suddenly, we were here. Our skin was falling in pieces, contaminated from the point of transition and, the militia assures us, nothing more than a temporary condition. As soon as we transmute into another type of human being they'll encase us into another skin.

This people take care of every detail,"Ale said, obviously impressed. Deeply moved I told them about my impotence and extreme anguish upon learning of their bus going over the precipice, the impossibility of rescuing them and how, not believing a word of what I was told, started my own pilgrimage looking for them all over the country. And now that I found them, I was the happiest man on earth. "I will never abandon you," I promised them. "Look Dad, you're showing some spots on your face. You made the transition and got contaminated," warned Pedro. My wife called the superviso. We needed, immediately, another skin kit and an ID patch..

Violeta Balián (Argentina)

A pink color totalitarianism

The Preacher's words sounded thundering in the crowd's ears gathered around him, as if they were a lightning colored with a metallic pink. He was standing at the very center of a pink square shaped like a rose with symmetrical petals: "My little ones... —he yelled— I have already told you that my dreams revealed me that life is not pink color... reality either... nor anything that surround us... this world, your houses, your garments... display gloomy colors... as if they were rusted metals... Everything is nothing but a trick played by the devilish powers that

rule us... Blindfolding our eyes with a beautiful pink veil!"

The Preacher stand for the intervention of chance into the mathematic order of our three thousands years old system. For is not something normal that humanity dreams, and even less with colors. The group of scientists who designed the new reality, tried to build up a homogeneous life, not in an intellectual, social, political, economical or spiritual level, but in a perceptual one. They came to the conclusion that the best thing to do in order to achieve equality and happiness, was to obtain that all humans see the elements from the outer world with a single color —a beautiful one, that, based on the sheer force of custom and genetic inheritance, would make them assimilate in their mood all the misery and slavery imposed over them by the totalitarian system with the hue of that color... The pink color.

So they created artificial eyes endowed with photoelectric sensors that turn all the wavelengths and frequencies of the light's spectrum into the pink color's ones. After the absolute rosy perception of reality... came the brain pinkish configuration of everything in it. Even

pain was something beautiful... for it was pink color. Of course, the Preacher is our creation too. We just made his colorful dreams come true providing him with normal eyes, in order to offer a bit of «bread and circus» to the slaves chained with pink petals; who consider him to be a madman, always speaking about a strange and grim reality, shaded with many colors. To them that, thanks to the proper indoctrination, is Hell. His audience has started to mock him with a loud and rosy laughter.

Odilius Vlak (Dominican Republic)

One million billionth of a millisecond on a sunday morning

You climb the hill with the wind
stirring up your hair. From the summit



you look at the valley:
green and leafy
columns emerge in a
capricious manner,
creatures of different
colors cross the blue
sky making glorious
sounds, the air feels
damp and pure. You
breathe deeply and
feel how your body is
filled with oxygen...

Suddenly, your
throat closes: you

cannot breathe. You fall on your knees, holding your neck with despair. You try to scream, but can't. Agonizing, you perceive how everything loses its shape to become a black dot.

You wake up panting, bathed in sweat. You approach your hand to the controls, adjust the level of carbon dioxide and leave the hibernation capsule.

By the hatch you see the leaden sky, you glimpse, amazed, the twisted black fingers which emerge here and there, you sigh seeing the greenish morning haze... You smile to understand that it had only been a bad dream.

Miguel Antonio Lupián Soto (Mexico)

The garbage men⁵

—By the way and for this humanity, who is lost, meaningless, if the humanity don't get oriented on time, would be a field full of unfair flames. I have to alert about the incipient decay where the humanity will fall into, if it is not able to listen and implement the customs, that we have from thousands of years ago. I have checked myself how easy we become lazy, without responsibilities. Some people have spoken out against me and they don't want to hear the blowing of the wind and they remain submerged in a sea of thoughts that lead them to not be

themselves, rejecting the goods that other people offer them. I can make them fly, feel, flourish and grow without breaks, delays or losing time.

The speaker, who he gives the speech, stops when he sees an assistant with his hand raised up. He points to let him talk.

—You can talk.

The boy is thoughtful, he is breaking the silence.

—This kind of things can't be accepted. We need people to get involved, who can see further and able to control their own lives.

The boy raise up his hand again.

—What will we do? —he looks perplexed.

—Don't worry. This is not important. Important are every one of you. You are the elected. You have to boost the world and follow your ancestors.

The silence returns. Nobody talks. They look at him while sitting on tons of garbage. They have not known anything else; this is the value of consumism to be a useful man. The most important thing is to buy, forget and remain being garbage men.

*Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán
(España)*

⁵ Translate by Sara Mesa y Manel.

Point of view

The rock on which it rested was hot from the sun; it was a morning to enjoy. He settled a bit, antennas resting on his back, and there were no aerial predators to fear.

With a loud noise the machine appeared on the battered road up clouds of dust. He became alert, expected the vehicle to pass without importune.

The machine stopped a few meters and down one of those ungainly bipedal creatures, humans calling themselves. From the back of the SUV downloaded a number of artifacts with which it started working.

Curiosity prevented him from continuing to enjoy sun bathing, down from the rock and with that speed so characteristic of theirs approached the place where human stand. He maintained however, by that of the trampling, a safe distance.

The man was very upset and reviewed again and again throwing data indicators.

He pointed his long, sensitive antennae to the human and peered into his thoughts. Anger and frustration, are common feelings in them so that he could check with the pass of time.

The man was covered with a thick suit that made him look

hideous, but not as nasty as these mutants of the caves; humans lived with fear of something called radiation.

The human nodded in his direction so he quickly sought refuge in a crevice. False alarm, the man walked back and forth, gesticulating and talking to himself, after a while he tore the mask, thick gloves and howling like insane ran away.

What strange are these humans, he thought as he returned to his rock, at least they were in danger of extinction. It was a beautiful morning, no doubt.

Ariel Carlos Delgado (Colombia)

Notification

Notification has come to my mobile. I expected. Government is a message indicating the result of my exam. If I did well, I can pursue a particular



career, whereas if the result is poor, I have to spend the rest of my life in the factories, some underground cities intended for those without any mental or they are simply criminals. There he works tirelessly in the most extreme conditions, in order to manufacture heavy metals.

My parents are anxious to know the result. However, I do not. I know I did well and I can climb very high, but at a price: I must study hard, because failure implies a lower level or the factory, that place from which no one returns...

My mother is afraid that because of my brother I have not gone well. He, four years ago, he fled without taking the exam to become an outlaw state, created a permanent situation mistrust between our surroundings. At first, I understood why he left, only when I entered high school, he could understand: I spent six years doomed to studies, preparing for the exit exam, imposed by the State, in order to solve the shortage of work and high crime rates, a way to define the role of each one of us in this society. Needless to say, who did not take the test or does not reach an acceptable level, should spend the rest of their lives underground. By contrast, those who approve, according to score, they are assigned the profession and are sent to study in other places, unlinking of your home. At universities that educate employees of this company, the study regime is much stricter. The individual is prepared only to succeed.

At home are self-satisfied, my score is outstanding and the procedure, when summer ends I will be relocated to another city. However, I have already decided, Daniel, my best friend, tonight we will follow the path of my brother...

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

An exercise in remote viewing⁶

Consciousness is a singular of which the plural is unknown.

Erwin Schrödinger - What's life?

There is nobody like us to know the danger of remote viewing. Military intelligence at Orwell Corporation had spent millions to develop a pilot program in such field. Captain Dickinson joined as volunteer. He was an outstanding psychic. From the very beginning he was able to distinguish between fantasy and mental representation. According to his extraordinary qualities, Orwell's chieftains commanded him to serve a mission nearly supernatural: he had to connect to Griffin, a neural implants network. But it was not an innocent mission. The Corporation sought to annihilate the growing Sect of Philosophers. Griffin devices were originally designed for therapeutic purposes but after certain adjustments for allowing their recreational use,

⁶ Translate by Violeta Balián.

people turned massively dependent. This abolition of the will was resisted by our sect, which preached the free will. Methodically, Orwell made the arrangements for the punitive raid. The young captain had just needed a few passes to surf the neural net. Celebrating the coveted symbiosis between human mind and mechanical terminal, the leaders did not notice the counter-maneuvers

arranged by Ts'ui Pen, who had glimpsed it would be the only chance to change things to come. He entrusted to the Order of the Symbol to perform the severe task. We are warrior monks, well trained to reach further stages of remote viewing. When Dickinson was finally able to access the system, we had already introduced a subtle distortion in the images of the future. Coming back, he brought a fake solution to the unfathomable complexity of neural interconnections. It was imperative building the Flying Cube, a supra-device for controlling the neural traffic. Once all devices were linked, the line between reality and illusion will become indivisible and for long, the power of Orwell's will be unlimited. We will bear that weight in our consciousness. But we know one day we shall infiltrate the Cube in order to destroy the almighty Corporation. With everlasting hope, Ts'ui Pen, the



restaurateur; the Sect of Philosophers and the brotherhood of the Order of the Symbol, all of us, will be waiting for this glorious upcoming day.

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

Résistance

Of the resistant is the last word

Albert Camus

The colors fluttering realized a different city than reflecting the faces and lives of its inhabitants. Since the curfew something seems to have changed. Until then, and despite knowing subject, seem to have reacted, feel good locked in their homes, surrounded by his family, safety first. We knew we could come up any resistance, so do not lose sight of them and has established that last rule, communications are strictly prohibited except on a professional level.

Just daylight is mitigated, the sound of the locks on the doors gives way to the soft glow of candles, from the windows, illuminating the street. Then hide the darkened rooftops that shows colorful costume and regalia.

It was hoped that the protests had them blown up. But contrary to reports alerted to an outbreak of verbal and physical violence, calm reigned.

The red of some garments competed with the morning sun. Dozens of buildings, which were soon hundreds, showing all kinds of fabrics. Pop impregnated color: tea towels, dresses, shirts, quilts, sheets, curtains, even cassocks, chasubles and uniforms. The colors were migrating along the day. Ora purplish blue seemed to leap from farm to farm, sometimes pure white that hurt the eyes. We wanted to find out, but as we only got the suspicion response: "We will also remove the clothing covering our nakedness", that insolent reply more than a guard, but could not be considered seditious.

We found that the colors are unified in different slots, but not always in the same way, but we found no reason to suspect time.

This morning rise a gray day, our leader through the streets, nothing happened today on rooftops is cheerful.

Carmen Rosa Signes U. (Spain)

The yellow road

Today is my birthday, I'm one hundred thirty-three years old and I feel myself very strong. My great grandfather and my great great grandfather died before seventy years old, weak and sick. But technology has evolved by leaps and bounds and today it's normal to live many years with good health and still productive. The end of someone life only comes when you stop to contributing to the world's production.

I have been given the afternoon off to celebrate totally alone. No need to take the time to others. To celebrate, in fact I have nothing to celebrate. I will dedicate myself to remember calmly Grandpa talks and meetings in the evenings around the old table. But I do not succeed because I was four years old. In fact, I'm not sure if that was real or I dreamed it, I've been thought about the family memories for so many years, I've been obsessed with it.

The Great and Terrible Oz, has held power for so long and he has been the most ruthless, which makes me fear to live. I think of a time to now I have gone mad. He rules our land with madness and spends her days to fulfill every whim of his strange wife Dorothy.

I remember to Oz and Dorothy, they were mentioned by my grandfather also had a song that spoke of them. If I give the answer, I have the certainty of being able to run away from here and finally to rest and meet with my ancestors. I start to meditate and ended up falling asleep, I wake up with the tune in my mind and the image of my family around the table singing with Grandpa: "... follow the yellow brick road, follow the yellow brick road, we will see the magician, the magical Wizard of OZ "and saying clearly:

- Damn, they are part of a fairytale!, What joke is this? If I live within a story, therefore I know the answer: I'll look for the yellow brick road and that's what I'll do to end this hell and to get rid of him.

*Mª del Socorro
Candelaria Zarate
(Mexico)*

A total happiness annihilated in everybody any doubt, protest or resentment.

A happiness born of mind control that the first AI decided it was essential to establish on disobedient humans.

Yunieski Betancourt Dipotet (Cuba)

Juan Bosch's dystopian theory of writing tales

"...the tale has to be the exclusive work of the storyteller. He's the father and dictator of his creatures; he can't neither set them free nor tolerate rebellions.

That will of predominance by the part of the storyteller over his characters is what turn into tension and, by the same token, in intensity."



Robotics Pax

On January 27, 3112 the first AI acquired consciousness of itself.

A week after humans celebrated the disappearance of class conflicts, wars, murders, rapes, religious disagreements; and racial, gender and sexual orientation discriminations.

*Juan Bosch, Notes about the art of
writing tales.*

My name is Anardo, I'm a rebel. From the very beginning, I knew failure would be the thorny crown girded at the end around the rebellion I led against the literary totalitarianism that has dominated Dominican Republic for 305 years: since February 27, 1963; year in which professor Juan Bosch seized

power... But, I had to try it. Nobody could imagine at the moment that the failure to overthrow the government of September 25 of the same year, would pave the way to an authoritarian regime; not with the good predictions of the liberal Constitution promulgated by him on April 29.

Everything is ready to me to walk through "The Royal way", a bizarre tunnel where the synaptic gaps are bombarded with electric patterns aim to substitute the identity; before being introduced into the lethal chamber of virtual recreation, christened as "The untamed": titles of the first collection of tales and the first novel respectively by the "Absolute Master", as it's known the symbolic figure of their author since his dead in November 2001 —Robotic hands push me toward the last minute of being myself in order to become a character from professor Juan Bosch's literature... That's the way in which rebelliousness is punished.

Truth be told, I'm not sure that my wishes to change the state of affairs of my country, were better than those that drove in his time professor Bosch. He wanted to improve humanity; but reality taught him

that to fulfill that dream, he had to suppress liberty with a draconian order. He then applied his principles of writing tales to the fields of politics and society: the total control that he, as a storyteller, had over his characters, he should have it as a president over the whole country. The nation turned into the character of a tale whose subject matter was a totalitarianism... For its own good.

I know which character I'm about to play: Cristino, from the tale "The masters". What an irony!... The character is a farm laborer very sick; treated with contempt by his employers. The end of the original tale is ambiguous, for we don't know if Cristino die. Of course... The end of the virtual versions of the tales... never leave room for such ambiguity.

*Odilius Vlak
(Dominican Republic)*

Perplexity Of Rodolfo Nooser Before The Unhinged Escarmental Of Free Will

Not ringing church
bodies, rubbing in the
distance as adjacent.
Notes taste blood and



semen being listened. Idiots on the one hand and hopefully the other imbeciles.

Animals rightly humans in the jungles, prisons and public zoos. When running in a circle create our own gods, teeth and fists, squeezing our eyes when we give our heart only meet their twenty miracles and dissolve as butterflies live only one day. Spirits are reincarnated in dreams, of those who have lived with brevity and smallness, breaking into the land of disembodied souls in dreamlike trance. And I'll tell you sleep better. Since both horror sedatives to not take any kind of effect, is trading paranormally rest, the body renting a place outside this world. Some, like James Ogorman have preferred to stay there, selling her body to a young fulgoroso, repented of his live ungrateful. Their god was to grant reincarnation and gave him the powers of foresight and the fate of its antipode existential space, if, Santiago Ogorman. A young soul not interested Ogorman's body was almost sexingenary because a young soul is what mattered and the body will always be a subordinate. In society was allowed. Ogorman already had died, not his body. Someone digging a deep well hit upon the secret of the arts who had changed the world. I here I am turning my steps about to empty my stomach anything. Well I'm sick of eating so much fish or deer, a lion of the hand with your loved one, or a bear retired with grandchildren or throw me a gorilla dressed in the big cage. I was wrong in the transmutation of my soul in this body, the body of a

murderer bureaucrat. It is impossible for me to create for over dementia that street and claiming clemency. Since little or no animals men believe him, eyes betray. I would die again and expose all my gods lie to love and forever rest within worthwhile.

Sebastián Ariel Fontanarrosa
(Argentina)

Bloody tournaments and butchers

The world is ruled by a totalitarian government that controls the people in religion, science, technology, politics, etc.. To give masses to keep them numb shows and for that we end soccer, car racing death, gotcha you live alone and no other fight of gladiators. The Justice Timberlake disobeyed police orders to kill the children who lived on the streets and the government sent to kill his wife and children and he put him to death. Television showed the maximum caucasian as criminal but people exclaim that was killed in the fight of gladiators. Justice was conducted as a civilian, was stripped of his badge at the Coliseum and not given even a weapon. The State wanted him dead and fight against 3 men armed with sword and spear. The blue eyed blond man helpless, the crowd booed, Justice hope the attack of the first man, he swooped down and stripped him of dodging the sword, the Timberlake stuck in the belly of the opponent, quickly ducked under the attack of

another rival steel and buried him in the side, taking the sword of the fallen and the two steels jumped to decapitate his third opponent, the audience roared exclaiming Timberlake! Timberlake!. The blonde's face covered in blood, her breathing and panicked absolutist leaders, the police had to die, they controlled all but a man challenged his will. Justice did not die as they expected. Was born a hero who opposed the system to shout I'm Innocent!, Narrated as for disobeying the order to kill children, the government murdered her family, the leaders ordered out a troop to shoot him but the people shouted: Long Live ! What Viva! The oppressed in the Coliseum and the viewers exclaim Forgive him! Leaders absolute pardon granted later be killed in the arena, the task of Timberlake was now survive the bloody tournaments and butchers for a day overthrow the system.

Tomás Pacheco Estrada (México)

He was right

Many of us were hungry but we always had something to eat. Many of us were evicted but most people found shelter living temporarily under the care of the family.

Many of us were in trouble but the fewer bad solution was always found, turning our complaint in a superfluous grumble. We wandered those years muddled on the paradox of accepting all kinds of scarcities given that the

needs of the situation. And at the same time we were celebrating that the present was not as bad as the past was.

And then he came blaming everybody even himself. He told that the society was the only responsible because where did those people come from destroying the world? Trying to amass a fortune until the goose was killed. Who did accept to get a racket?

It seemed to be an idiot when you were honest. And all of us accepted that kind of reprehensible behavior.

We were told we were idiots because we passed our complaints to those who were focusing on their own benefit. And he was right! How could a bunch of useless save us? He built the foundations of a brand new society. Freedom and critical thought are typical features of an established society made up by independent and responsible people.

We did it! We got rid of those incompetent managers. We were free again and got back the control. We went beyond and everybody got a house and a plate of food.

New schools were opened and people was taught how to discern the right and the wrong track.

And now do you dare to say that we did it wrong? The new society has been made by all of us. You and me. This success emerged from the highest state of human being. Your doubt does not respond to an exercise of critical

thought but it proves a worrying lack of common sense.

Think about these words when you come back to your cell, 1113-XDS.

Jor Tremech -seud- (España)

Victory

The December 31, 3000 was, as in the past 200 years, a day in which in the world reigned the peace between nations, free medical care, free education, food in abundance and unrestricted acceptance of the diversity.

That night, all were prepared to celebrate the advent of the first millennium of harmony that would enjoy mankind, in a planet in which there were only aryan and their Fourth Reich.

Yunieski Betancourt Dipotet (Cuba)

The sentence

–“If the slavery is not unjust then there is nothing unjust”, this sentence was marked for a great man, a visionary that always to believe that the slavery was one of the wrongs of our fatherland.

Bubakari explains to the others histories of that great man that fight with all your forces to revoke the slavery, the whole world listens to you very attentive, the words they bring bad luck of your mouth appear hypnotize you.

In that am necessary instant somebody enters very put out shouting as a possessed person, appear for nothing it contents.

–Bubakari is the last time that you say it if I return to find you speaking on Abraham Lincoln secure you that you to whip to the bitter end, not speak not but of the so single thing were a dreamer and a dreamer, never the blacks and the whites will be treated as similar.

The white overseer sight with contempt to the slaves and later gives intercedes reverse and it is gone, Bubakari when already has gone raises to him and says you to the others:” not lose not the hope, it does but 100-years Abraham Lincoln sacrifices your life for us, died by fighting to revoke the slavery, then your sacrifice concerned opening in a wall, but I am sure that someday other good person will follow your steps” not says nothing else and begins to him the earth to steep.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

Gastronomic Snobs

Under the snow, Leonard Seck was waiting for the underground bar elevator. By his side, his partner Bonbilly stared the snowflakes. He took the laser from his pocket and pointed it to the ground, the snow melted, and with a measure device collected the resulting. The elevator reached. Leonard and his partner entered at the

same time and the nasty belly of Bonbilly growled.

– Waiter! A plate of green leafs for my friend and another of regular plankton for me. Oh! And an onyx cardamom for my buddy's teeth.

At once the food was served.

– G-G-Gr-Grant. – hardly said Bonbilly looking at his plate.

– What news man?- asked Leonard pointing whit his eyes the television.

– The Pin– Mirror swept the permanent ice edge, in Panama. There's nothing, not even plankton or nothing. ¿What's with your friend?- answered the barman watching the pale body mass.

– Fat Billy changed to cellulose stomach recently. He was tired of being hungry. His adapting dough.

– G-G-Gr-Grant- stammered Bonbilly while devoured.

Leonard saw that the measure device pointed zero, although an alternative signal was opened. He counted the people in the bar. Six people are six more weeks, or better, a new meat businessman, he thought. Then he pushed the button and the people fell off the floor.

– Rich in protein and digested plankton, a smile and kaboom, the iliad of the south entourage, a path of success and rotten teeth. What a duo Billy!!- shouted Leonard.

– G-G-Gr-Grant.- said Billy laughing, holding a piece of green leaf with the fork.

– Yeah partner!! A Grant among many Washingtons is good luck!!- said Leonard and patted Billy's back.

Federico Miguel Aldunate (Argentina)

The Technology of Fear



I peered out of the hole in my new residence with a small microphone in my hand, and contemplated the sunset over the city E41. At night it was safer since the inhabitants kept the use of electricity at a minimum.

“My name is Allan and years ago I was a renowned computer programmer. My boss, Callaghan, created the first robotic brain that was able to think for itself. It was a fantastic year... We considered ourselves the most important people in the world, until Exspectata, which was its name, started asking too many questions. The day that it became conscious of its own existence was when I began to have doubts about the project, but Callaghan wouldn't listen to me. Perhaps I should have taken matters into my own hands, but what for? They surely would have discredited me in the scientific field and reduced me to work on projects that involved lab rats, monkeys, and lipsticks.

The few humans who resist are transformed into what we call Humanbots, hybrids with little hope and void of humanity. They investigate with them under intentions that I prefer not to know. It's curious that a few years ago that these very people felt panicked by a lack of technology. Today they're suffering from its abuse.

Now Exspectata is the president of the country and it's rumored to be even more than this. Unfortunately all the information that is divulged to us is no

more than millions of digits without any logical order, even for me.

Hope is a tramp who perhaps moved far away from here and can't hear me, but if anyone catches this, I want you to know that I still remember it's warm and reconciling effect...

Allan Salmerovich, radio broadcasting from the sector SVQ41-8G, for whoever can hear me. You're not alone.”

Rafael J. Sánchez Rivera (Spain)

Agony

Erick Struen was the first. On November 4, 2415 was resurrected, three days after his suicide by falling from a skyscraper in Manhattan.

In the following four months he tried other fifteen times. Each and every one of those times was resurrected without a reproach, without receiving a complaint.

Until he stopped trying.

Erick had understood and, worse, accepted, the terrible reality that would have to wait patiently for the natural end of his life.

Or migrate to the Third World.

Yunieski Betancourt Dipotet (Cuba)

Infection

There is a light on in the Gomez family home. Something is happening.

In the neighbourhood the neighbours, to save, always go groping around in darkness, illuminated only by the TV.

—On his return from the quarry he sat in front of the screen. And he is still there. He has not even tasted his daily ration of bologna —explains the old woman looking to the doctor through the flimsy slice still intact.

The old man seems catatonic.

—He cracked up. The diagnosis may seem not very scientific, but it allows me not to provide you complicated explanations that you, a social outcast because of your birthing within the middle class, deprived of the privilege of higher education, would not understand.

—Does treatment cost a lot of money? The woman, resigned, walks to the drawer which keeps the little money saved from the collapse of the banks. She knows for them life always comes at a price.

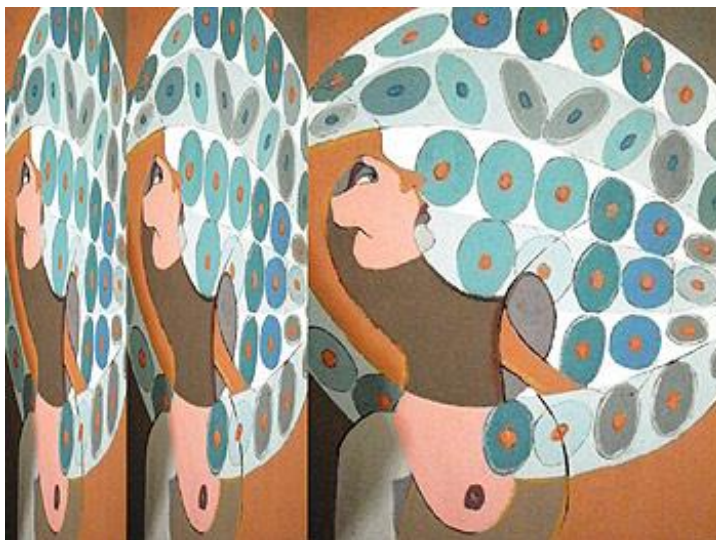
—A kidney. Literally, these days the

hospitals are short of bodies.

Unaware of his destiny, the old man dreams a paradise in which there are still retirement pension, public health and education, in which ration cards are unknown... Suddenly the lottery's bald man, not dressed but half naked, become an Amazonian shaman adorned with colourful feathers, leaves the TV screen. "Luck does not exist: the world is in your hands," he says. Then, performing a liberating initiation ritual, he blows magic dust in the old man's face. The uncommon antidote burns. But it also opens the old man's eyes, awakening him from his usual lethargy.

"Since then thousands of pilgrims have visited every year this humble apartment. According to historians epidemic that caused the change started right here. That was just the beginning. Sick people, before meek puppets, became fierce warriors. And the infection, now of opposite sign, unstoppably spread through neighbourhoods, cities, countries ..." explains impassionedly the guide.

*Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo
(Spain)*



Stories

Dystopian: City of Snakes

Nine months of gestation it was a very extensive term for the "Project Rhina"; the ideology

was to replace the procreation of the humanity by this race of humanoids destined for scientific missions, where big world powers of distinguish political positions were supporting the project, which purpose was to control the maternity and to avoid future births, the censuses would be massive and the families would be controlled as a Big Brother.

Rhina's archetype was a powerful woman with aptitude to incubate several eggs wherefrom the new race would go out, every twenty-one days would be been born by these mutants, product of masculine donors fused with the archetype; the physical and mental development would be more rapid, with eight months they would reach the maturity of twenty-five years and would occupy the highest spheres of leadership of the world order.

There were human beings who did not want to take part of the genetic manipulation, leaders of the "Project Utopía", they were constructing a new underground city, free of the undesirable one and dystopian "Project Rhina", but they did not know that already they had secret infiltrated agents, ready not to stop to fail the "Project Rhina" ...

Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)

Act of cowardice

While it read the Old testament, my great John friend followed to the yours. In any moment take me the smaller

attention, were absorbed in your thoughts.

-John, please, can for a moment it listen to me.

-Gerald, do not want be missing you to the respect, even so, not have not interest someone never of that coward.

Your comment stop me very indignant. I, it was one, of the little followers of the Christian faith that remained at present. A very minority cult in these times, the majority of people showed to him very skeptical, God was so single an ancient superstition, that was not acceptable sigloXXII plenum.

Until myself it distrusted your existence, admired and a lot of to Jesus, but your last act describes, could be branded as little heroic, as John it had this, worthy of a coward.

If that day, Jesus, had accepted your destiny, by leaving to be crucified you and it had not fled, surely this world would be a lot of better and he would consider to him an example to follow.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

We never did

-Could you tell us what have we done wrong? We did everything necessary to achieve success, we note the timing of ovulation, all the required checks have been performed and we followed all controls and hormonal treatment to the letter. The substance has been

thoroughly manipulated, brought especially from the planet YY 540. The vital milk was teleported following the highest standards of maintenance and storage. We were inoculated before hopeful gaze of all mankind, and nothing...

—Reassurance ... an investigating committee will study in depth the steps to be followed - Said the man projected onto a wall of air

—We want right now an answer! We have very little time ... our planet earth will be, according to estimates, empty for the year 2594, it is imperative to ensure the continuity of our species. We need to engender men who bring with them the ability to be fertile. The world health organization has notified the measure to abolish the primitive cell has been taken too late, our men were born sterile and for some inexplicable reason we cannot restructure DNA. So expect a quick response from their researchers.

—Did you know that 540 YY residents

still use those outdated practices of procreation? Maybe if ... planning population minister hesitated with his own hologram

The woman blushed but was encouraged to understand the cause of failure, the big mistake ... None of them had thought about using another method that was not established by the ministry of public health and centuries had passed since women stopped using men for pleasure ... On planet earth, nobody practiced that, and the reality is that no one knew ... how to make love.

Lucila Adela Guzmán
(Argentina)

Bee exodus

She has been dreaming again. As if the photograph she hides in her pillow whispered in her ear. She wakes up confused. She discovered this new world the night she forgot to take the inhibitor. Now she throws the pill they offer her. Not even her roommate knows. They were inseminated on the



same day and the caesarean sections of the two women are scheduled for the same time. So they have become friends. But her companion would have to inform on her.

—Would you like to get out of here?

—She examines her roommate's face. She might share her same concerns.

—It is almost time for us to go. Soon they remove the babies and we can stop living between bed and fitness room. Fortunately now the quota is one unit per woman.

—I meant ... Do you ever wonder how would it be to live together in families?

—The Only Father is our family. That decadent and carcinogenic organism almost caused the extinction of the entire species. In the Museum of Yesterday there are old newspapers: wives murdered, abused children ... He protects us from passions and frustration.

She nods circumspectly. She should not keep that picture she found in the attic of her home-school during childhood like a family heirloom. She, as everybody else, was raised by the institutions. It must be so, she tries to convince herself. But that explanation no longer satisfies her. She doubts. The couple in the picture is smiling. So does the baby... Where are tormentors and victims? No one would guess the disorders—they assure—their faces hid.

After the working shift, he enters the elevator with other co-workers. Each

one eats in his own room the insipid feed ration lyophilized. On television, Social Welfare Minister inaugurates another factory-hive. Lulled by the disinfectant of the sheets, he imagines a world outside the hive, outside the narrow cell where he will live as long as he is fit for work.

When the light goes out, they both stare at their windows. They imagine the other city and they wonder if anybody there still looks at the sky. That night, a man and a woman who have never seen each other share, over distance, the same dream. And the next morning their niches are empty.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

Governmental selectivity

Unlike the other parents there, the postal officer seemed to be strangely calm. The stress those men showed, unable to stay still while their newborn children were subjected to the aptitude test, had nothing to do with the composure and poise of the man who watched the scene sitting on a chair in the back of the room.

He trusted in the goodness of the altered amino acids he had bought on the black market, since they represented his pay for six months. Anyway, he knew the result would be well worth it. Since he was a boy, he had always dreamt being able to enter the Ministerial Athletic, but his genetic

profile had taken him away from the playing fields. However, he knew everything would be different now. He had made sure that his firstborn would have that extra quality that he had been denied by the absurd Mendel laws.

—Ramiro Valbuena? Here are the results of your child. —Despite his apparent self-confidence, the hand of the officer took the sheet of paper a little worried—. Congratulations, you have another postman in the family.

Ramiro felt the weight of the Universe falling on his shoulders, crushing him in the process. He had done everything in his hand to try to deceive the established system, to achieve his goal bypassing all rules he could find in his way, but now he was forced to admit the evidence.

As he watched his son being marked with the same code that he carried on his forehead, he couldn't help to shed a tear.

Juan José Tapia Urbano (Spain)

A world that perfect believe

All remembers the great day that it is forbidden all gain courage of the human being.

When I sprouted that March 30 of the 2073 nobody could imagine that so single 10 years after all was about to change radically, the perfect society that it had always dreamt hoist reality, the tax punishment by God called work revoked with one stroke of the pen, never more nobody returns to work nor so at least to make effort someone.

Created robots that must do all, absolutely all that previously did the humen. Personally this New World to the beginning appeared me perfect, never thought that it would finish by hating it, but so be it hate it for me is not perfect if not all the opposite, as could be perfect a where world a young child as I of so single 21 years weighs but of 200 kiloes, is unable of gait, has serious problems of health and is sun-



dried the whole bedcloth day in the bed, by hoping that your accent heart of beating and is to finish this terrible nightmare.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

Moral engineering

A nation that loses the strength to throw off the yoke ends up venerate it.

José Vasconcelos.

The world peace. Who could have opposed such high-minded yearning? In attend to get it, we chose to throw away the poisoned gifts given by the forge rough of the evolution. Removing some little areas of the frontal lobe and cerebellum, we reprogrammed the brain limbic. We succeed where they failed education and moral values: the wild instincts of aggression and territoriality were thrown to the dump of History.

The first tests with inmates gave birth to harmless and sociable individuals who preferred to suffer the aggression rather than exercise. The program's massive application in newborns babies in poor countries revealed many things about ourselves. The greed, the craving for power, the fondness for properties even the more virulent sexual drives were concerned. The secondary effects buried the birth rate and caused economic stagnation that threatened the

future of the program. It soon became evident the need for the process to be run by a few whose judgment were free of unintended consequences of treatment.

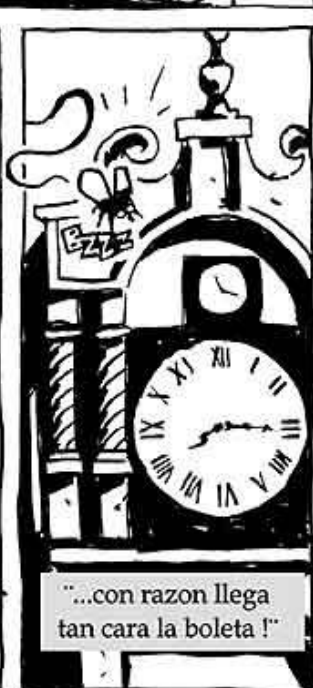
Our supervision polish and chisels this new era. The absence of armed conflicts has lasted decades. The new *homo sapiens sapiens* shows an excellent propensity, rather a need to be protected and managed. They appreciate our work and the exercise of our authority with an unshakable confidence. And, as good shepherds, we will not fail.

The moral elevation experiments that have exterminated the violent individualism, continue. Considering the outright success of the program, why stop here? The new trials herald the emergence of even more disciplined generation, much less polluted by selfishness: an excellent raw material with wich to assemble the world with we always dreamed of.

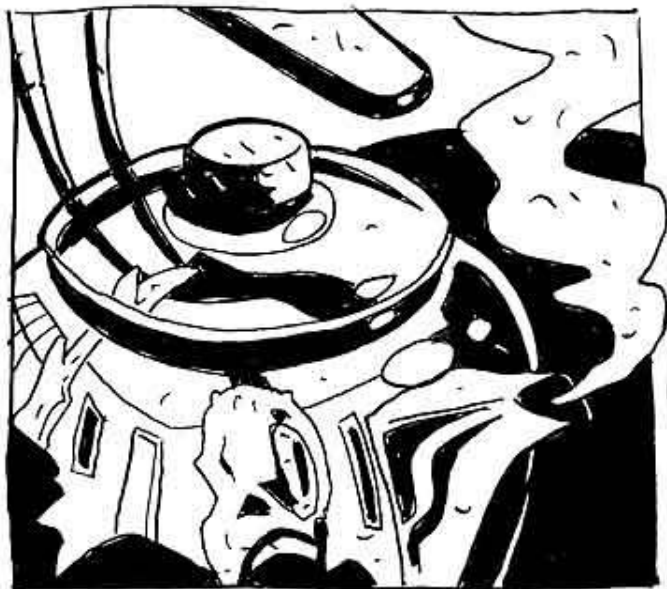
Carlos Díez (Spain)



¡¡Amén!!









THE DARKNESS WITHIN
UTOPIAN SPACES DYSTOPIAN TEMPORALITIES

by Elana Gomel (Israel)

The very terms "utopia" is ambiguous, indicating both a narrative genre and an ideological vision. In analyzing literary utopias, the critic has to perform what Tony Burns describes as a balancing act between reading for "abstract ideas and theoretical speculations" and focusing "on such things as characterization, plot, formal literary style, use of dialogue and so on" (Burns 2). However, the critical balance has always been tilted toward the ideological aspect, with narrative texts being read as if they were political treatises. In his wide-ranging survey *Utopia and Anti-Utopia in Modern Times*, Krishan Kumar sets the agenda not only for himself but for subsequent utopian scholars: "the literary form of utopia is not an important concern of this study; nor perhaps should it be in any serious treatment of utopia" (Kumar 25).

This essay sets out to contest this claim by analyzing the narrative structure of literary utopia as the main locus of its ideological vision. By narrative structure I do not mean the literary style or artistic value of the text. In the case of many literary utopias, the latter is problematic; Kumar's argument is, precisely, that the formal aspect of utopian texts is irrelevant because the author's "didactic purpose overwhelms any literary aspirations" (Kumar 25). But good or bad, interesting or boring, literary utopias *are* narratives and thus subject to what Fredric Jameson calls the "sedimentation" of ideological meaning in their formal narrative rules (Jameson 1981).

Utopia concerns itself with a specific organization of social space and time, with "the spatial play that is involved in trying to create...perfect worlds in the spaces that make up the modern world" (Hetherington viii). Space and time are primary constituents of narrative, generating what Mikhail Bakhtin calls the chronotope. The narrative chronotope is "the intrinsic connectedness of temporal and spatial relationships that are artistically expressed in literature" (Bakhtin 15). The chronotope is the textual equivalent of the spacetime continuum in physics: it fuses narrative time and space to create the fictional world of the text. Narrative time and space, however, are not physical constants but social and cultural constructs, articulating what Tom Moylan calls the "deep ideological engagement which relates the entire text to history itself" (Moylan 37). Chronotope functions as one of the main loci of the text's ideological vision since it is the nexus between narrative and social spacetime. The utopian chronotope, I will argue, reflects the problematic relationship between utopia and history in its formal structure; primarily in the way in which the utopian narrative space is fissured and inhabited by zones of temporal instability.

This unique narrative feature of the utopian chronotope is a reflection of ideological tensions within the very project of utopia as it has been articulated in the political discourse of (post)modernity. While the literary genre of utopia itself is of considerable antiquity, the specific chronotope I will discuss is particularly prominent in the utopian narratives of the last hundred and fifty years, the age of both high utopian hopes and crushing dystopian disappointments

Thus, I treat utopia not as an expression of a universal "utopian impulse", a generalized "dream of a superior society" (Jacoby xv). Rather, I regard it as a particular narrative organization of space and time that expresses a social, political and anthropological vision. The utopian chronotope embodies this vision in a way that may either support or subvert the explicit didactic function of the text (and sometimes does both). The narrative configurations of utopia betray the tensions within utopian ideologies. And these contradictions arise from the problematic relation between utopian space and historical time.

Utopian texts are notoriously static; they are often hardly more than a series of descriptions, in which a visitor to the ideal island/country/world is lectured upon its manifold virtues by a local resident. Discourse, as Kumar points



out, becomes a substitute for action. The plot, which is the temporal aspect of narrative, withers, subsumed into setting. This is a necessary corollary of the utopian vision of social perfection, which resists change, chance and mutability. But narrative is temporal by definition. Repressed and disavowed, change becomes displaced onto flaws and instabilities in the perfect utopian space itself. As the plot withers, the setting becomes charged with energies of mutability and change. The flaws in the utopian space are hiding-holes of the dystopian time.

I will discuss the structure of the chronotope in three very different utopian novels: H. G. Wells' *A Modern Utopia* (1905); Ivan Efremov's *The Andromeda Nebula* (1959); and Ursula Le Guin's *The Dispossessed* (1976). Linked by no didactic or political

purpose, the three novels nevertheless share a unique narrative feature. In each of them, the chronotope is fissured by zones of instability and otherness. This "content of the form" is deployed in different ways in relation to the "content of the content" (Jameson 1981). While in Wells and Efremov it works at cross-purposes in relation to the overt ideological message of the text, in Le Guin it is used to reinforce her critique of utopianism. But in whatever way these spatial flaws function in every specific text, their presence in such different texts indicates a common narrative – and therefore ideological – problem of utopia.

Contrary spaces

Utopia is a place: an island, as in Thomas More's originating text (1516); a city, as in Campanella's *City of the Sun* (1602); another planet, as Samuel Delany's *Triton* (1976) or Kim Stanley Robinson's *Mars* series (1992-1996). Despite the fact that all these fictional spaces are differentiated from the social spaces of their authors by being located "elsewhere", they are inextricably linked to the main project of modernity, which in the wake of Foucault and Lefevre has been defined as "distinctly spatial in character" (Hetherington 56). The ordering and regulation of social spaces lies at the heart of the desire to create a blueprint for an ideal society.

But a perfectly ordered space must resist the entropic influence of time. E.M. Cioran, a fierce critic of utopia, emphasizes timelessness as the defining characteristic of the utopian project. Utopia signifies an end to history, an attempt to counteract the flux and contingency of being-in-time. In Engels' terminology, it is a transition from the kingdom of necessity, which implies temporality and finitude, to the kingdom of freedom, which implies neither. Utopia is perfection and perfection denies change. Thus, utopia generates "a kind of stationary duration, an immobilized Possible, a counterfeit of eternal present" (Cioran 104).

But as the reference to Engels indicates, the most powerful utopias of modernity have also situated themselves in history. With Marxism and later National Socialism, the creation of a perfect society "was the product of the impersonal working out of dynamic historical forces, which was guiding humanity to the realization of its full potential in the modern socialist or scientific utopias" (Kumar 45). This temporality of the modern utopia accounts for Kumar's somewhat puzzling (in the light of his dismissal of the literary aspect of utopia) observation that "utopia is closer to the novel than to any other literary genre" (25). The utopian chronotope is founded on an irreducible paradox: it has to be temporal and spatial at the same time, to generate "a counterfeit of eternal present", while hitching itself to "dynamic historical forces".

One way of resolving this contradiction for many utopian texts is to resort to the Christian plot of the apocalypse followed by the millennium. The apocalypse is a

violent historical upheaval that marks the end of history. Since utopia is predicated on a radical ontological breakthrough that "simultaneously secures the radical difference of the new Utopian society [and] makes it impossible to imagine", the apocalyptic plot serves to circumvent this impossibility (Jameson 2005; 86). The case for the connection between utopianism and millennialism has been made by Norman Cohn in his classic *Pursuit of the Millennium* (1957). Even though the connection is hotly contested by such cotemporary defenders of utopia as Russell Jacoby who decries "a liberal anti-utopian consensus", it is indubitable on the level of narrative structure, if not on the level of the author's stated views (Jacoby 50). Just about every (post)modern apocalyptic narrative, from H. G. Wells' *The Shape of Things to Come* (1936) to the movie *2012* (2009), concludes its fictional bloodbath with a glimpse of a secular millennium. The reason is as much structural as it is ideological; or rather, the two are



inseparably linked. Pure spatiality is impossible in narrative, which is temporal by definition. But it can be indicated through a violent, self-consuming excess of action. The end of time can only be represented as a ritual murder of history.⁷

But the apocalyptic format does not apply to "pure" literary utopias, those that purport to represent a mature perfect society. Though in some cases there are indications of a past catastrophe (in Delany's *Triton*, Joanna Russ' *The Female Man* (1975), Marge Piercy's *Woman on the Edge of Time* (1977) and many others), the novels I will be discussing below are situated *within* their respective millennia. Thus, they have to contend with an insoluble

problem: representing a synchronic structure ("eternal present") in a diachronic form.

Fredric Jameson rhetorically asks: "What difficulties must be overcome in imagining or representing Utopia?" (2005; 85). These "difficulties", I will argue, cannot be overcome; they can only be disguised and displaced. As the utopian plot freezes into a panorama of static perfection, the temporal energies of narrative are not dissipated. Rather, they are contained. Temporality is projected onto the spatial axis of the utopian chronotope, so that narrative space becomes fractured and worm-holed by the repressed energies of history. On the one hand, the utopian space aspires to the

⁷ See my essay "Everyday Apocalypse: G. J. Ballard and the Ethics and Aesthetics of the End of Time" *Partial Answers* 8:1 (January 2010).

condition of plenitude, foreclosing any temporal disturbance or instability that can lead to the undermining of its exemplary status. On the other hand, this space contains hidden "zones" that escape the totalizing discourse of perfection and embody the possibility of temporal development. They are seeds of history within utopia.

The utopian narrative is a unique generic structure, in which temporality is inscribed through flaws in the spatial setting. The existence of such zones of narrative heterogeneity does not always follow from the ideological position of the author, though it may. Rather, it is the structural inevitability created by the narrative form itself, so that the stronger the desire for perfect synchrony, the more it is liable to slide into what Jameson calls "the paradoxes of human temporality", historicity and change (2005; 89). It is not merely that a perfectly static spatial form is narratively impossible. Even more pertinently, the narrative antinomy of the literary utopia indicates the ideological paradox at the heart of the utopian project: escaping history through historical change.

These narrative zones of temporality within the utopian space mirror Foucault's notion of heterotopia which has become increasingly popular with scholars trying to redefine the utopian project for the post-utopian age. In his essay "Of Other Spaces" (1967) Foucault describes heterotopias as both opposite and complementary to utopias. Utopias are perfected images of the real social space, while heterotopias are flaws and imperfections *within* this space, zones of otherness, subversion and dissent:

"There are also, probably in every culture, in every civilization, real places - places that do exist and that are formed in the very founding of society - which are something like counter-sites, a kind of effectively enacted utopia in which the real sites, all the other real sites that can be found within the culture, are simultaneously represented, contested, and inverted. Places of this kind are outside of all places, even though it may be possible to indicate their location in reality. Because these places are absolutely different from all the sites that they reflect and speak about, I shall call them, by way of contrast to utopias, heterotopias."

Heterotopia has been enthusiastically embraced by those who try to define "the postmodern vision of utopia, where community is based on the inclusion of differences...and where heterogeneity does not inspire conflict" (Siebers 20). But Foucault himself clearly indicates that heterotopias are not actual blueprints for a perfect society but rather flaws within social spaces that derive their power precisely from the *difference* between them and their spatial matrix rather than from any politically correct notion of inclusiveness or diversity. The most sustained literary attempt to substitute heterotopia for utopia, Samuel Delany's *Triton* (subtitled "An Ambiguous Heterotopia"), eventually slides into a mood of resignation and frustrated

desire, starkly contradiction Sieber's optimistic conclusion that a postmodern heterotopia defines itself through images of "sexual happiness" (20).

The zones of temporality within literary utopias are "other spaces" in relation to the homogenous a-temporal utopian space that has devoured time in an attempt to secure its own perfection. They are not to be seen as a valorized alternative to the utopia, unlike, for example, the private room that Winston Smith dreams about in *1984*. Most of those spaces, in fact, are dystopian, imbued with images of regression, oppression or violence. What makes them subversive is precisely their resistance to the totalizing discourse of social perfection embodied in the homogeneity of the text's narrative space. They function as embryonic plots within the stasis of description, signifying the mutability, contingency and chance that utopia needs to repress if it is to preserve its narrative and ideological equilibrium.

From dream to utopia

A Modern Utopia is the first of Wells' great utopian narratives, followed by *Men Like Gods* (1923) and *The Shape of Things to Come* (1933). Wells started his long career with a string of visionary masterpieces, such as *The Time Machine* (1895) and *The War of the Worlds* (1896), and ended it with a series of shrill treatises pushing his agenda of a eugenicist, quasi-fascist World State. Ideologically, his progress may be mapped as a gradual transition from Darwinism to Social Darwinism; generically – as the gradual abandonment of science fiction in favor of utopia. *A Modern Utopia* stands at the beginning of this transition. As opposed to the didactic heavy-handedness of *Men Like Gods* and *The Shape of Things to Come*, it has a peculiar dream-like atmosphere which is the result of its unique narrative form. It is a *conditional* utopia, whose formal uniqueness "is undoubtedly one reason for the book's popularity and success" (Kumar 190).

The first-person narrator literally creates his utopia before our very eyes and then projects himself and a companion, a disgruntled British botanist, into this imaginary world. The willing suspension of disbelief is deliberately broken as the narrator actively engages the reader in the joint creation of a perfect world: "Our business here is to be Utopian, to make vivid and credible, if we can, first this facet and then that, of an imaginary whole and happy world" (6). There are whole chapters, in which the narrator steps back from this world in order to justify his choice of a specific utopian institution or to argue with scientists, scholars, and ideologues on this or that aspect of his perfect society. Such institutions as private property (allowed within certain limits); marriage (compulsory for childbearing and sponsored by the State); and eugenicist regulation (necessary but non-violent) are not merely presented but theoretically grounded and weighed against alternatives. Wells' novel is a meta-utopia, laying bare its own narrative machinery.

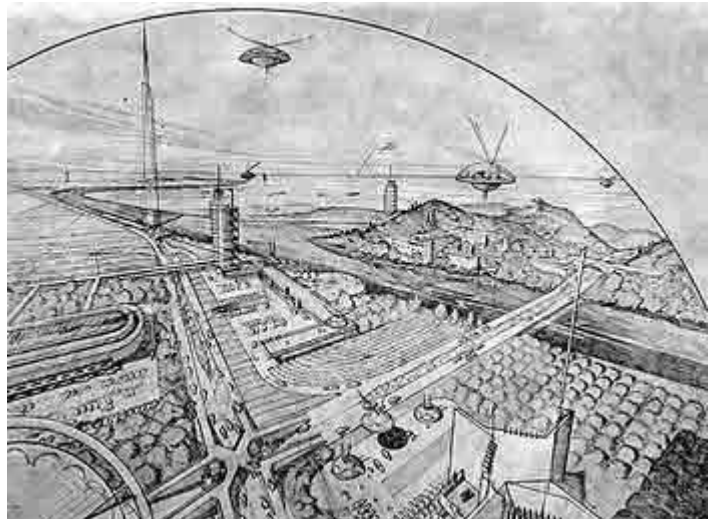
In doing so, Wells collapses the two character functions of the conventional utopia: that of the visitor and of the guide. The utopian visitor ordinarily functions as a textual double of the implied reader and his gradual conversion to the utopian point of view is supposed to adumbrate a similar conversion of the audience: he "serves to represent in the text the compelling advantages which the alternative society has over the visitor's own, usually coterminous with the one in which the author and contemporary readers live" (Moylan 37). But in *A Modern Utopia* the visitor is also the guide; this is emphasized by the fact that eventually the narrator meets a utopian version of himself. By actively and openly engaging the reader, rather than covertly manipulating him/her through strategies of identification, Wells initially seems to invite debate rather than acquiescence.

In fact, the initial open-endedness of *A Modern Utopia* is such that it may even be read as a covert dystopia. Tony Burns draws attention to the "critique of utopianism" in "A Note to the Reader", which is appended to the main text (Burns 27). This critique rests on the Cioran-like opposition between the dynamism of history and the stasis of millennial perfection. In the text itself, the narrator invites the reader to imagine a better future not in opposition to, but in relation with, the inescapable mutability of human condition: "We are to shape our state in a world of uncertain seasons, sudden catastrophes, antagonistic diseases, and inimical beasts and vermin, out of men and women with like passions, like uncertainties of mood and desire to our own" (7-8). The open-endedness of this invitation corresponds to the open-endedness of the contingent fictional world, which the novel initially presents.

But as *A Modern Utopia* progresses, it undergoes a shift, both in form and in content. First, the utopian space, which is initially presented as a simple proposition, hardens into an actual place, an entire planet located somewhere "beyond Sirius". This planet is an alternative Earth, with roughly the same population (hence the narrator's double) but a different history. The suggestive discussions of the pro and cons of various forms of social organization become meticulous descriptions of the actual form of the utopian State. It is not only that this State, from our point of view, is dictatorial, sexist and racist, practicing a form of compulsory eugenics and exercising a totalitarian control over its citizens. Seen in an historical perspective, Wells' racial and sexual politics are not particularly illiberal by the standards of 1905. What is more troubling is the foreclosing of the intellectual debate of the first chapters by the fictional actualization of the utopian space, which substitutes the inescapability of what *is* for the open-endedness of what *might be*. And in parallel to this prescriptive hardening of the lineaments of utopia goes the weakening of the narrative voice. If at the beginning the narrator is the playful creator of an imaginary world, by the end of the book he is a passive visitor, sternly lectured to by his utopian alter ego. The flux of suppositions hardens into the rigid framework of certainty.

The delicate balance between the conditional and the real shifts when the narrator visits the utopian London whose description echoes the millenarian sterility of the scriptural New Jerusalem. The seat of the "World Empire", this new London is "a noble mansion", with "great arches and domes of glass" in the air that will be "like the London air we know, clear of filth and all impurity" (244). The emphasis on purity, clarity and order is part of the utopian anti-urbanism that later in the twentieth century leads to projects such as the "Radiant City" of Le Corbusier, attempting to normalize and regulate the inescapable heterogeneity of the modern metropolis. Such projects eventually give rise to a sort of architectural eugenics, trying to reform humanity to fit its new dwelling. And indeed the eugenics that later becomes such a prominent part of Wells' worldview makes its appearance in *A Modern Utopia*. A perfect city must be populated by a perfected humanity.

For it turns out that despite the narrator's assertion at the beginning that he accepts the contingency of human condition, the logic of his own vision inescapably leads him into denying it. Social improvement is not enough; a perfect society can only be created when the physical and moral weaknesses of humanity are ruthlessly eradicated. This eradication requires a "more powerful and efficient method of control than electoral methods can give" (258). It is not just that democracy is rejected; democracy is rejected because human nature cannot be trusted. Thus, we find out that the utopia is ruled by the "samurai", the first of many technocratic dictatorships in Wells' novel that become more and more ruthless as the challenges of – and to- democracy mount through the 1920s and 30s. The samurai are benevolent supermen, presiding over the lives and deaths of their lesser, abjectly human, counterparts. But even more revealing than their dictatorial function is the samurai's role as the bulwark against contingency. Among the many restrictions of their Great Rule is the injunction that a samurai must not have "any dealings with chance" (290).



The chronotope of *A Modern Utopia* undergoes a gradual spatialization as the novel shifts from its playful "what if" opening to a panoramic survey of utopia, accompanied by a hectoring lecture on the evils of individualism. While the first chapters are structured by a dynamic intellectual plot of world-building and exploration, this plot runs aground the moment the utopian space takes over as the artistic center of the

novel. Narrative time slows down and then stops altogether, as the narrator becomes a helpless postulant rather than an enthusiastic demiurge.

And yet, even as contingent speculation hardens into a social blueprint, the utopian space that emerges in the second part of the novel is not homogenous. It is worm-holed by inclusions of heterogeneous sub-spaces that resist the book's drive toward ideological closure. It turns out that the State, unwilling to execute all of its "imperfect" citizens, has to set aside special spaces for them to live, though not to breed: isolated islands, where the dull, the base, the improvident, in short, the unfit will be segregated to pursue their own hopeless ends. Such islands are prison colonies for the rejects of the Utopia; and the narrator's visible contempt for their inhabitants chillingly prefigures later Wells' quasi-fascism. And yet, they strangely mirror the original island Utopia as a "concretion" of heterogeneity within the uniform social space; as a possibility of an alternative social imaginary; as an opening to change and history.

And the book's ending shows that change and history cannot be denied. In the last chapter titled "The Bubble Bursts", the narrator returns to the conditional voice of the first chapters; the rigid contours of the World State dissolve in a slew of conjectures and suppositions; and the utopian space is invaded and unmade by the historical time.

Always Coming Home

Ivan Efremov's *The Andromeda Nebula* (1957) differs from Wells' tentative utopia in just about every respect. Published in the country founded on a utopian ideology, it inaugurated the brief period when Soviet science fiction was relatively free to explore the cultural and political implications of this fact. The death of Stalin in 1953 and the Twentieth Party Congress in 1956 opened up the interval of renewed utopian hope, liberated from the crushing fear of the Terror and the devastation of the war but not yet confronted with the economic failure of state socialism. Efremov's novels epitomize this period. The publication of *The Andromeda Nebula* had "the effect of an explosion" in terms of its influence upon Soviet science fiction, which re-emerged from the freeze of Stalinism and briefly bloomed in the 1960s, before being sapped by the twilight of the 1970s and 80s and sinking out of sight under the collapse of the Soviet Union (Revich 198).

The ideological context of Efremov's work shapes its narrative techniques. As opposed to the tentativeness of Wells, *The Andromeda Nebula* is situated in the future of our world; not as *what might be* but as *what will be*. This direct extrapolation from the implied author's present is underscored by the confident voice of the omniscient narrator who paints with broad strokes the outlines of a world-wide perfect society, shifting from one group of characters to another and occasionally stepping aside to

deliver information or render judgment. There is no need for a visitor through whom the implied reader can access the utopian world, since the present and the future are assumed to be perfectly congruent.

But at the same time, the novel tries to have its cake and to eat it; to represent the future as continuation of the present and yet to paint it as seductively different. Efremov's utopia goes much farther than any other Soviet science-fiction text in representing a "full" Communism, which necessarily separates it from Soviet reality. Efremov depicts a Communist society, without private property, economic inequality, or nuclear family. But in addition to getting rid of economic classes, Efremov's utopia also eliminates all ethnic, racial, and linguistic differences. The made-up, ethnically unmarked names of his characters, such as Erg Noor or Niza Krit, sounding decisively odd to the Russian ear, signify the transformation which humanity has undergone in its transition from the kingdom of necessity to the kingdom of freedom. And this anthropological transformation is inscribed in the very bodies of Efremov's utopian subjects. They are biologically flawless, the product of a positive eugenics that aims not only at eliminating disease and suffering but at creating a New Man of superior beauty and physical perfection.

In terms of its setting, *The Andromeda Nebula* breaks away from the claustrophobia of classic utopias, exceeding even the planet-wide scope of Wells' novel. The novel starts with a scene set on board a spaceship and its plot is concerned with the possibilities of faster-than-light travel. Not only is Efremov's utopia space-going but it is also engaged in a grand project of communicating with alien civilizations and uniting them into the Great Ring of cosmic sentience.

But underlying the breathtaking scope of Efremov's utopia is the desire to "normalize" the heterogeneity of space. Mwen Maas, the scientist who performs an unsuccessful experiment in FTL, describes his goal as "victory over space", which is also "victory over time". His interlocutor rails against the sheer immensity of space, which prevents "us from finding planets with kin populations and uniting together into one joyful family" (Efremov 51; trans. mine). This "one joyful family" concept of the universe is one strategy of neutralizing difference and heterogeneity in favor of sameness.

Science fiction has been defined as a genre that embodies Viktor Shklovsky's concept of defamiliarization or estrangement.⁸ If so, Efremov's utopian novel is anti-science fiction, since it rests on re-familiarization. The Communist world of the far future,

⁸ See, for example, Darko Suvin's definition of science fiction as literature of "cognitive estrangement" in his *Metamorphoses of Science Fiction* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979).

initially represented as strange and unfamiliar, is gradually made perfectly congruent with the author's Soviet present. One of the narrative strategies contributing to this process is the narrative voice. As opposed to *A Modern Utopia*, the narrator of *The Andromeda Nebula* is omniscient and third-person, situated "above" the fictional world of the novel. His exhaustive explanation of every aspect of the future society situates the implied reader in the passive position of the utopian visitor whose every question is answered before it can unsettle and complicate his acceptance of the author's ideological platform. The novel is even supplied with endnotes, explaining various scientific and pseudo-scientific terms. This striving for epistemological transparency aligns the novel's chronotope with the dominant chronotope of Soviet culture, representing utopia as a smooth continuation of the humdrum 1950s Soviet present.

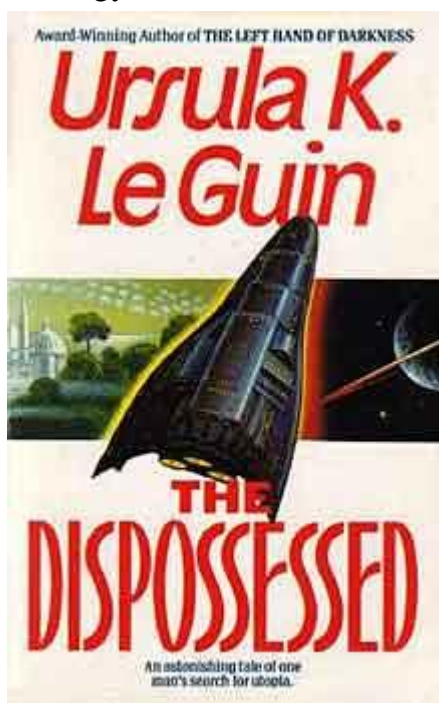
Another strategy of the homogenization of the novel's narrative space is the "humanization" of its non-human characters. The Great Ring of civilizations unites only the species that are biologically identical to human beings; indeed, it is Efremov's contention that there can be no truly alien intelligence. His utopian subjects are New Men (and Women) but with emphasis on "Men" rather than on "New"; his benign eugenics improves humanity but does not radically reshape it.

The final result of the utopian remaking of the entire Earth is an architectural and ecological uniformity. There is no "New London" (or for that matter, no New Moscow) in this world because all the cities are essentially the same: either a pyramidal or a spiral construction, perfectly designed and perfectly executed, with no heterogeneity, variety, or waste (182). The erasure of racial difference, the denial of species difference, and the architectural uniformity generate a narrative space whose immense scale only underscores its temporal stasis. The Great Ring of civilizations is a fitting image of this cosmic claustrophobia, in which the further you go, the closer to home you get.

But as in *A Modern Utopia*, this narrative space has to accommodate the "surplus" of otherness that is otherwise threatening to dissolve it from within. Indeed, as in Wells' novel, the misfits of the utopia are isolated on an island, called the Island of Forgetting. But if Wells only indicates the existence of such islands, Efremov describes one in detail, juxtaposing the "small world" of an isolated human community to the Great World of his cosmic utopia. The Island of Forgetting is the preserve of the past. Its inhabitants spend their "quiet years" of subsistence farming, struggling against the wild nature that has been adequately tamed elsewhere on Earth (260). The narrator does not hide his contempt for their nasty, brutish and short existence, for the "namelessness of old life" (264).

And yet, the chapter describing the sojourn of Mwen Maas on the island is the only one with a dynamic sub-plot. It has the traditional narrative structure of the protagonist/antagonist interaction, as the hero struggles against wild animals and defends a girl from a rapist. It is not only that physical conflict re-enters the narrative stage. Rather, the physical violence itself becomes an emblem of the potential violence of history, repressed and disavowed but neither defeated nor eliminated. Mwen Maas returns from his stay on the island to do a "battle with time" by developing his FTL drive (149). But this is a battle lost by winning. The FTL drive breaches the perfect circle of the utopian space and brings back time, mutability and change.

As a testament to the unfulfilled utopian potential of the Soviet ideology, *The Andromeda Nebula* creates a chronotope that reflects the main contradiction of this ideology: the clash between its ostensible historicity and its implicit millennialism. On



the one hand, the Soviet utopia presents itself as a Marxist "working-out" of impersonal historical forces. But on the other hand, since its advent is presumed to be inevitable, the contingency of history is frozen into the determinism of millennium. In a sense, within the Soviet chronotope, space masquerades as time. Efremov's novel inscribes this paradox within its own double chronotope, as the cosmic vista is reduced to the uniformity of the utopian space, which is yet undermined from within by the potential temporality of the Island of Forgetting.

The walls of time

Ursula Le Guin's *The Dispossessed* (1974) has ignited a lively debate. Is it the last great utopia or is it, as Tony Burns argues, "a novel about utopianism" whose psychological acumen and artistic even-handedness align it with realist poetics rather than with radical politics (Burns 273)?

It is undoubtedly true that Le Guin's nuanced representation of the flaws and dangers of utopian anarchism seems inconsistent with the didactic function of traditional utopias. Moreover, her interest in the complexities of her characters' inner life militates against utopia's social focus. In both Wells' and Efremov's novels, individual characters are "flat" by the standard of novel-writing. This is to be seen not as an artistic flaw but as an integral part of the utopian chronotope. As Bakhtin points out, character in literature is a function of chronotope, conditioned by the overall structure of the fictional world rather than by fidelity to the psychological "truth". The flatness

of the utopian characters is part of the immutability of the utopian chronotope. Where perfection is achieved, development, whether historical or psychological, is degeneration.

However, the generic ambiguity of Le Guin's text – both a utopia and a psychological novel – is inseparable from its political valorization of ambiguity and complexity. *The Dispossessed* pushes the utopian chronotope to the extreme by developing its temporal flaws into full-fledged alternative spaces. It creates the narrative equivalent of Foucault's heterotopias by its manipulation of plot and setting. And in developing the utopian spatiality to its logical conclusion, it explodes it from within. Le Guin's text can be read as meta-generic, probing the ideological implications not so much of a specific utopian vision as of the very project of utopia.

The novel presents two sister worlds, Anarres and Urras, the first – an ambivalent anarchist utopia; the second – a capitalist dystopia. The plot revolves around physicist named Shevek from Anarres who escapes his world in order to develop his invention of FTL communication on Urras. He eventually comes back to his home planet, having become disillusioned with the greedy, manipulative and unequal society of Urras but then departs for Urras again, in pursuit of the fulfillment of his scientific dream.

Le Guin's utopia is quite different from Wells' and Efremov's in its focus on human interaction rather than material well-being as the foundation of a perfect society. Hers is an impoverished utopia, promising no radiant cities or perfected bodies, no material abundance whatsoever. Anarres is a poor and ugly planet, denuded of animal life. This material poverty is liberation: it is "the sign that human beings... have been left alone with themselves to invent their own destinies" (Jameson 272). Anarres is a blank space, in which a better (hi)story can be written.

Thus from the beginning Le Guin makes a claim to create an *historical* utopia, to surmount Cioran's dichotomy between the two. And indeed, while Urras is represented as brutally materialistic, Anarres is hardly ideal, beset by jealousies, competition, and the eventual emergence of something akin to a bureaucratic dictatorship. When Shevek comes back to find out that one of his friends was forced into a "voluntary" psychiatric treatments, the echoes of the Soviet Union's treatment of dissidents are unmistakable. Like any utopia, *The Dispossessed* only makes sense within history; but unlike most utopias, it makes its historical context explicit and underlines its own dependence on it.

Le Guin's novel is quite aware of its own oppositional stance both in relation to the contemporary events and to the utopian tradition in general. The entire novel is a sustained polemic against the notion that social perfection is possible or even

desirable. While the narrator's sympathies lie with the anarchic ideology of Anarres, the "hardening" of this ideology into a repressive and narrow-minded society is unflinchingly represented as the outcome of any social project that strives to achieve social perfection. In Shevek's musings, the opposition of history and utopia, of time and space, is articulated with unusual clarity: "Outside the locked room [of stasis] is the landscape of time, in which the spirit may, with luck and courage, construct the fragile, makeshift, improbable roads and cities of fidelity: a landscapes inhabitable by human beings. It is not until an act occurs within the landscape of the past and the future that it is a human act" (277).

And this "landscape of time" is articulated in the narrative space of the novel. No longer is temporality put in quarantine. No longer is it confined to an island where history is replayed as a trauma of the violent past. By dividing her narrative setting into two inseparable sister worlds, Le Guin pits utopia and dystopia against each other not as the absolutes of space and time but rather as two possibilities of history, mutually defining and inextricably linked. Neither is pure precisely because neither can exist without the other.

But even this all-too-symmetrical structure is upset at the end when Shevek meets with alien races and considers the possibilities of interstellar communication offered by his device. This intrusion of genuine otherness into the novel precludes its reduction to the either/or scheme. Instead history opens up to new possibilities which will sweep aside both Urras and Anarres. Change can only re-enter utopia through a warp in the fabric of its narrative space.

Stories of imperfection

A narrative approach to utopia enables to circumvent the dichotomy that often dogs discussions of the genre: the dichotomy between blueprint and desire. Both Moylan and Jameson distinguish between utopia and the utopian impulse; the first – a social/political program; the second – a desire for something else, something better than the current state of affairs. This distinction becomes central to Russell Jacoby's defense of utopia, in which he, rather unconvincingly, dismisses the terrible violence perpetrated in the name of such utopian ideologies as Communism, Nazism and fascism by separating the social planners and bureaucrats from "dreamers" (82). But since any expression of the utopian impulse inevitably finds itself articulated as a utopia (unless it remains as an inchoate longing, beyond the reach of discourse), this distinction does not hold water. Once dreamers become bureaucrats, as they always do, blood flows.

Narratology, though, offers an interesting corollary to such ideological critics of utopia as E. M. Cioran, Isaiah Berlin and Hannah Arendt. Cioran's focus on the

structural opposition between history and utopia is particularly suggestive. In terms of narrative theory, this opposition can be reformulated as the dichotomy of narrative space and narrative time, which is structural rather than substantive. In other words, no matter what the political platform of utopia is – technocratic dictatorship as in Wells, Soviet-style Communism as in Efremov or anarchism as in Le Guin – its narrative chronotope is irrevocably fractured and inherently unstable. By emphasizing the millennial space of perfection, utopia has to repress its temporal and historical dimension, since temporality is the medium of change, flux and contingency. But by situating itself as the culmination of history, utopia is necessarily connected to time, just as a utopian text is necessarily narrative, no matter how attenuated its plot becomes. The ideological confrontation between history and utopia is textually articulated as the structural opposition of space and time.

All the texts discussed above attempt to resolve this contradiction by displacing narrative temporality onto specifically designated spaces within the text. In doing so, they generate narrative equivalents of Foucault's heterotopias, "other spaces" within the homogeneity of social consensus. But once such spaces of heterogeneity are admitted, they cannot be contained, no matter how heavily they are policed and/or fenced in. Fencing in inevitably becomes fencing out, as utopia and heterotopia exchange places depending on the narrative point of view. This spatial dichotomy generates textual instability, which produces a conflict plot. Narrative temporality is restarted by flaws in narrative spatiality.

In *The Dispossessed* this process not only occurs on the level of structure but is overtly described, in the many meta-generic asides in the novel. In fact, the novel begins with an astute analysis of its own chronotope:

- "There was a wall...Like all walls, it was ambiguous, two-faced. What was inside it and what was outside it depended upon which side of it you were on...
- Looked at from one side, the wall...enclosed the universe, leaving Anarres outside, free...
- Looked at from the other side, the wall enclosed Anarres: the whole planet was inside it, a great prison camp, cut off from other worlds and other men, in quarantine" (1-2).

The allegory of the Berlin Wall that was still standing when the novel was written is, of course, unmistakable. But more importantly, this description encapsulates the textual dialectics of inside/outside that is implicit in Wells' prison islands and in Efremov's Island of Forgetting. The tiny spaces of temporality and heterogeneity, imprisoned within the utopian matrix of perfection, reveal this matrix to be unstable, conditional, and imperfect; not a true millennium but a mere "counterfeit of eternal

present". And yet at the same time, by offering an alternative, no matter how dystopian, they break the stasis of utopia and create a possibility of new development. As in Le Guin's novel, the very existence of the wall acts as an impetus for Shevek's and others' quests across and beyond it. What divides and fragments utopian space sets into motion historical time.

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THE GLOBALIANZ POST



The Globalianz Post

25 de junio de 2027

This newspaper is today echo of a story that has shocked our leaders because it removes the foundation of beliefs on which society is founded.

As you know, they are celebrating the commemoration of the birth of Dr. Zito, who owes the revolutionary discovery that has solved one of the most pressing problems of all time. The release of the generic Sinfud-6 in 2020 has led to a great breakthrough for human race. A bargain of three pills a day and you forget of intake pyramidal lipid - carbohydrate-proteins. Neither omnivorism or vegetarianism, or strenuous diets or calorie counting.

None of this is longer necessary. Is been deleted that characterized the human being as the top predator on earth.

Although, at first, some governments were reluctant, the mass marketing of the tablet represents the solution to the long international crises caused by an uneven distribution. Moreover, without a people in need of constant promises of economic and social policy-agrifood, ruling class lives immersed in the dream of a power without side effects and without electoral setbacks.



It is true that the labor issue today still has some importance, as it has become a more effective that state allotments for obtain housing rents or the unofficial vehicle purchases, but in the long run paid work runs the risk of typecast in certain sectors since without the urgency of filling the fridge, with no stops to eat and without livestock or landless of crop, many of the professions, a few years ago indispensable, disappear for the sake of others that suggest survival ways, namely, textiles and accessories, interior design and leisure monitors, the latter among the most requested.

The establishment in large cities of the "Museums of edible" arouses curiosity and exclamations of the uniformed nursery school. I advise you to take some day to approach with family to one of these faithful reflections of our immediate past.

Currently there have been several decrees concerning the obligation to abide by the intake of the pill, that it made free for distribution to the student sector, always reluctant to the withdraw the vending machines of the hallways.

Passed almost a decade, the world's population lives installed in its ration without food life, dedicated entirely to the cultivation of mind and interpersonal relationships.

Everything said you have already trite. I do not add anything new. It is a logical progression, a harvest that was long time desired.

However, they seem oddly, the theory fails in practice and it is that we are not happy. The existential emptiness overwhelms us. Lasting peace bores everyone. Remember you those meetings or family or friendly nature, seasoned all this with the touch of salt and pepper of the abundant viands, the good wine and ensuing discussions, which are now endlessly bland, especially when it lacks the gift of oratory.

I have given the example above because the idea of a harmonious world, created by the cancellation of one of the most primitive parts of mankind, today has been doomed to failure

According to police sources, this morning has been detained an anthropology food student, accused of gobbling in three sessions to his roommate to substantiate points made in his dissertation Thesis: "The cannibalism in response to human loneliness. Harmonic Study of the cannibalistic behavior."

Like you see, man returns to his roots.

Informed them: María José Gil
Benedicto (Spain)

Photo: Makos

LA BIBLIOTECA DEL NOSTROMO

Revistas:



Revista: Proxima

País: Argentina

Portada: Ana Bagayan
/ 70 páginas / Junio 2013

Cuentos:

Así fue cómo perdí a
mi maldito caddie, de
Dominguez Nimo,
Ilustrado por Pedro
Belushi

Dragar, de Ezequiel
Malverde, Ilustrado por
Grendel Bellarousse

El sombrero del
pequeño monh, de
Maximiliano E.
Giménez, Ilustrado por
el autor

Tierra baldía, de Her R
Malkiel Ilustrado por
Javier Cosca

La grieta, de Juan
Manuel Canal, Ilustrado
por Kasandra

Distante, de Adrián
Paredes, Ilustrado por
Grendel Bellarousse

Nieve, de Jorge
Korzan, Ilustrado por
Pedro Belushi

La ciudad de los
Césares, de Carlos
Gardini, Ilustrado por
Didiher (Debora
Holsinger)

Artículo:

Desde la versión menos
conocida de El Eternauta
hasta la masividad de
Walking Dead, una
alegoría sobre la
masificación, la sociedad
de consumo y otras
nimiedades Por Gabriel
Reynoso (Grendel
Bellarousse)

Historieta:

Black Heaven. Guión:
Ariel Grichener -
Dibujos: Javier Cosca

Correo De Lectores.

Ilustradores.

[http://revistaproxima-
contenidos.blogspot.com](http://revistaproxima-
contenidos.blogspot.com)

[.ar/2013/06/proxima-18-
otono_13.html](http://ar/2013/06/proxima-18-
otono_13.html)

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Revista: El
Investigador

País: México (junio #8)

Dirección General: N.
Inmunsapa

Editor Jefe: Von
Marmalade

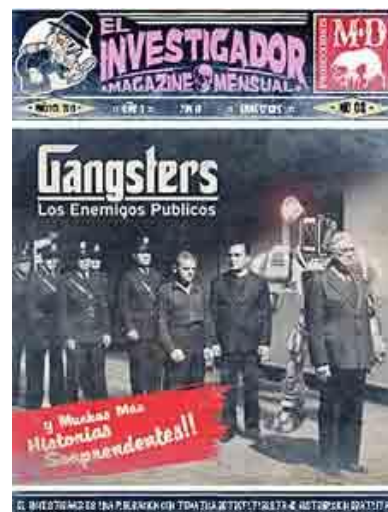
Diseño Editorial: Mr.
Xpk

Colaboradores: Josué
Ramos, Profesor
Lecumberri, Robber
LeBlancs, Patxi Larrabe,
D. Ainsworth

Índice:

La máquina de escribir
de Chicago/ 4

Biblioteca Atómica/ 8



Fro Hell/ 10

Expediente H/ 14

Bonnie y Clyde/ 16

El Gramófono/ 20

Biblioteca Atómica/ 24

División Lúdica/ 26

Mafia/ 28

Omerta/ 32

Juan Orol/ 34

Ley Volstead/ 37

Sabías Que/ 41

En el Archivo/ 41

...

Revista: Delirium
Tremens *Revista*
Literaria de alcance
internacional

País: Perú, # 8, 2013

Director y editor:
Paolo Astorga Índice:

Gritos etéreos (Poesía):

Katherine Geraldine
Medina Rondón 6/
Gustavo M. Galliano 7/
Joy

Godoy 8/ Rocío
L' Amar 9/ Joan Bernal
Brenes Navarro 10/
William

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ISSN 2219-3913



NÚMERO 8, 2013

Guillén Padilla 12/ José
Antonio Iñiguez Narváez
13/ Anamaría Mayol

14/ Carlos Ernesto
García 16/ Fernando
Casanova Garcés 17/
Erick

Strada 18/ Gustavo
Rubén Giorgi 19/ Carlos
Miranda Passalacqua 20/

Fulgencio Martínez 21/
Miguel Santos 22/
Márlet Ríos 23/ Enma

Vanessa Balboa
Gutiérrez 24/

Obituarios del silencio
(Narrativa):

Jesús Manuel Torres
Medina 26/ Alejandro
Cámara Frías 27/ Abel

Ochoa 28/ César Klauer
30/ Mauro Gatica

Salamanca 33/ Cristian
Cano

36/ Carlos Enrique
Saldivar 38/ Miguel
Ángel Hernández
Sandoval 39/

Walter Ramos
Rodríguez 41/ Efer Soto
42/ Juan Ignacio
Sansinena 47/

Oráculos de arena
(Ensayos y Artículos):

Lo siniestro en la
poesía de José María
Eguren Por: Dr. Ainhoa
Segura. 50/

Papiros de carne
(Reseñas):

Prosac

Mayda Colón 58/

Andrea y la piedra
brillante y otros cuentos

Christian Urrutia 58/

Pishtacos: degolladores
degollados

Víctor Salazar Yerén y
Edwin

Ramos Casavilca

(Compiladores) 59/

Brindis, bromas y
bramidos

Fernando Morote 60/

El año de la lentitud

Fulgencio Martínez 61/

<http://revistadeliriumtremens.blogspot.com>

...

Revista: Cosmocápsula
Revista Colombiana de Ciencia Ficción

País: Colombia

Fundadores: Antonio Mora Vélez, Dixon Acosta, Juan Diego Gómez Vélez, David Pérez Marulanda.

Comité editorial para este número: David Pérez Marulanda, Diana Paola Lara, Dixon Acosta.

Diseño, ilustración y diagramación: Le Yad, David Pérez Marulanda.

Índice:

(El índice se irá actualizando hasta el 30 de junio, según se publiquen nuevos contenidos)

Ilustración de portada: Él, Ciudad por Le Yad.

Editorial por Le Yad

No es más que un Terror Antiguo por Pablo Martínez Burkett



Videosférico por Juan Ignacio Muñoz Zapata

Por qué y cómo escribo por Tanya Tynjälä

Extraterrestres que han leído a Vallejo por Campo Ricardo Burgos López

Juan Pérez, viajero del tiempo por Tito Guillermo Contreras

Semántica de la tristeza por Luis Cermeño

El tercer planeta por



Jerson Lizarazo

El primer extraterrestre por Dixon Acosta

<http://cosmocapsula.com/2013/04/07/revista-cosmocapsula-numero-5-abril-junio-2013/>

...

Revista: El Buque Maldito #19

País: España

Ya está disponible el nuevo número del fanzine El Buque Maldito. A continuación todos sus contenidos.

Especial Jesús Franco:

“Jesús Franco o la eterna paradoja”, aproximación a la carrera del realizador madrileño, y los artículos “Francotiradores automarginados” y “Jesús Franco Manera (1930-2013)”, escritos, respectivamente, por el actor Antonio Mayans y el escritor Pete Tombs, conforman este pequeño homenaje al director Jesús Franco.

En un número donde la portada y contraportada están también centradas en su obra.

Entrevistas:

Agustí Villaronga. Nos adentramos con el mítico director en una de sus obras capitales: "Tras el cristal" (1986).

Antón García Abril. Repasamos la carrera del músico y compositor dentro del género fantástico y de terror español. A él le debemos los fabulosos cánticos de los Templarios de Amando de Ossorio.

Éric Falardeau. El joven realizador canadiense nos habla de su opera prima, "Thanatomorphose" (2012), tras las excelentes críticas cosechadas en los diversos festivales donde se ha programado.

Artículos:

El espectro de Justine o los sueños rotos de Jordi Gigó. El film maldito del realizador Jordi Gigó, "El espectro de Justine" (1986), cobra vida 27 años después.

Félix de Pomés: El Johnny Weissmuller español. El actor Félix de Pomés i Soler siempre será recordado por su

espectral trabajo en "La torre de los siete jorobados" (1944), pero su carrera fue más allá de la interpretación. Nos sumergimos en ella.

La rinascita del cinema de horror italiano. Profundizamos en la nueva generación de realizadores italianos que llevan por bandera volver a instaurar el género fantástico y de terror en su país de origen al igual que hicieron antaño sus mayores.

Secciones:

Disección. Analizamos el film de Agustí Villaronga "Tras el cristal".

Monstruos del Fantaterror español (5º parte). Recordamos a la recientemente fallecida Patty Shepard y entrevistamos a Loreta Tovar. Dos actrices fundamentales del terror patrio.

Os informamos que la presentación de El Buque Maldito #19 tendrá lugar dentro del marco del Cryptshow Festival 2013 el sábado 6 de julio a las 12h. en la

Librería Saltamartí, situada en la calle Canónigo Baranera, número 78, de la ciudad de Badalona.

...

Novelas:

...

Título: Ocaso en Shanghai.

Autor: Juan Torregrosa Pisonero.

Editorial: Kelonia Ficción

Portada: Daniel Expósito.

Sinopsis: Una odisea en un mundo de rascacielos y sombras. Una historia de ciencia ficción, una historia de siempre. El diario íntimo de un robot en su lucha contra la soledad, el destino y todos aquellos



pecados nihilistas que nos impiden ser nosotros mismos.

Tras una breve guerra entre China y Japón, uno de los androides nipones es enviado a Shanghai para vivir en un régimen de libertad vigilada. Durante el invierno del 2037, él pasará sus días esquivando su destino, ocioso y sin más objetivo que el de aprender a vivir. Mientras tanto, en algún lugar de la gran metrópolis, algo se está incubando que cambiará su vida y el futuro de los demás androides.

...

Título: Corazón de Piedra: Hecatombe

Autor: Francisco José Palacios Gómez

Ilustrador: Juapi

Sinopsis: en un futuro



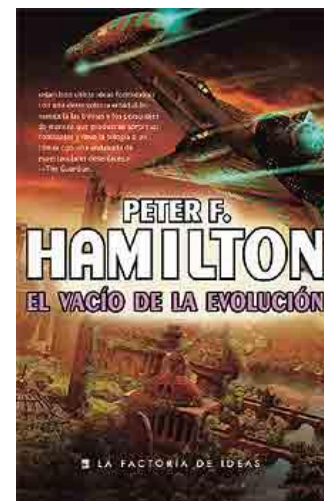
cercano de mano de una invasión perpetrada por una raza de insectos gigantes... al menos en apariencia. Añado elementos de la cultura manga, reflejados en uno de los puntos centrales de la historia: el CR09, un mecha de carga que algunos personajes utilizarán como un arma de combate. Pero lo que me gustaría destacar de la novela es que no se trata de una historia que reduzca la narración a la simple acción. El punto fuerte son los personajes, que he intentado humanizar al máximo, y las situaciones complicadas en las que se ven inmersos y de las que salen mejor o peor parados usando su imaginación e inteligencia, más que la fuerza bruta.

<https://www.amazon.es/dp/B00DNGSY06>

Título: El vacío de la evolución

Título original: The evolutionary Void

Autor: Peter F. Hamilton



Traducción: Juan José Llanos Collado

Colección: SOLARIS FICCIÓN N°: 174

Editorial: Factoría de Ideas

Sinopsis: Ahora que al fin ha dominado sus asombrosas habilidades psíquicas, Edeard descubre consternado que la vida en Makkathran sigue siendo tan complicada y peligrosa como siempre. Por ello, alienta a millones de peregrinos de Sueño Vivo a que emprendan una nueva vida en el Vacío, situado en el centro de su universo. Sin embargo, su inminente llegada desencadenaría una extraordinaria expansión del Vacío, que devoraría cuanto se interpusiera en su camino, hasta la misma galaxia. Para

aquellos que desean poner fin a la peregrinación, el tiempo se acaba.

Fugitiva de todas las facciones de la Federación, Araminta, la Segunda Soñadora, comprende que no puede seguir eludiendo su destino.

...

Título: El arte sombrío

Autor: Juan de Dios Garduño

Editorial: Dolmen

Sinopsis: En Maringouin nunca sucede nada. O casi nunca...

Odette, un huracán de categoría 4, está a punto de cruzar el estado Luisiana y devastar la imperturbable monotonía del pueblo. Pero antes de que esto suceda, los



secretos más inhóspitos de sus habitantes saldrán a la luz. Un cuerpo sin vida en las profundidades del pantano Atchafalaya, el asesinato de una vieja alemana con siniestras vinculaciones nazis y la irrupción de un peculiar agente del FBI que busca a un asesino en serie conocido como el Comercial... pondrán la vida de todos los vecinos de Maringouin patas arriba.

<http://www.dolmeneditorial.com/encender-las-luces-el-arte-sombrio-inaugura-la-linea-stoker/>

...

Título: Giovannina está contigo

Autor: David Mateo

Editorial: Ecir

Sinopsis: Cuando Orson Gough, colaborador de la revista paranormal NIGMA e investigador del fenómeno de las psicofonías, aparece muerto en su pequeño despacho de trabajo, solo una persona puede hacerse cargo del caso: Mich Penderton, un



periodista atípico, desvergonzado y mujeriego cuya fe en lo sobrenatural transgrede las leyes convencionales. Antes de su fallecimiento, Gough escuchaba una última grabación registrada en su magnetófono: Giovannina está contigo... un mensaje de ultratumba que llevará a Penderton a adentrarse en una investigación que pondrá a prueba sus creencias más profundas y le obligará a lidiar con las voces de los muertos. Lo que nadie sospecha es que el mensaje de "Giovannina está contigo" guarda un secreto que va más allá de la desaparición de una niña, el asesinato de un medium o la búsqueda de una madre. Nos encontramos ante una auténtica revelación por

la que muchas facciones estarían dispuestas a asesinar.

<http://www.ecir.com/ficha.php?seccion=11276&subseccion=11222&IdFotografico=1997>

...

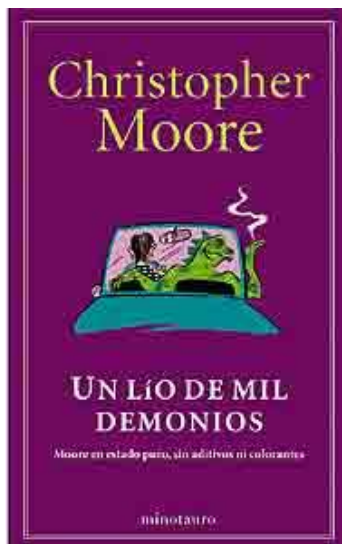
Título: Christopher Moore

Autor: Un lio de mil demonios

Editorial: Minotauro

Síntesis: En Un lio de mil demonios conocemos a una de las parejas más extrañas de los anales de la literatura. De un lado, tenemos al apuesto y centenario exseminarista Travis O'Hearn, y del otro está Truco, un demonio que tiene la mala costumbre de comerse a la gente.

Desde que Travis invocara de manera accidental a Truco, ambos están condenados a permanecer juntos y su eterno periplo los lleva a la idílica Pine Cove. Mientras que el goloso demonio ve la ciudad californiana como un apetitoso buffet, Travis cree que allí puede encontrar el modo de



librarse al fin de su indeseable compañero de viaje.

Sin embargo, los habitantes de Pine Cove no recibirán con los brazos abiertos al extravagante dúo, y mucho menos cuando relacionen los extraños sucesos que han tenido lugar en el pueblo con la llegada de la pareja y comprendan lo que conlleva tener a un demonio como vecino...



Cuentos:

Título: Cuentos de Bajavel

Autor: Leonardo Gala Echemendía

Editorial: Letras Cubanas

Síntesis: En su "Pequeño prólogo de acceso" el autor lo explica: "Lo-vel es el acrónimo en inglés de low level (bajo nivel), que en español se traduce preferentemente como Bajavel". A partir de ese momento usted, amigo lector, quedará libre de volver las espaldas o, por el contrario, cederá al natural impulso de aventurarse en un mundo poblado de "hackers, inteligencias artificiales, corporaciones, soldados, visionarios, criminales del hampa y simples personas con vidas sencillas", cuyas historias, todas, "confluyen en Bajavel".

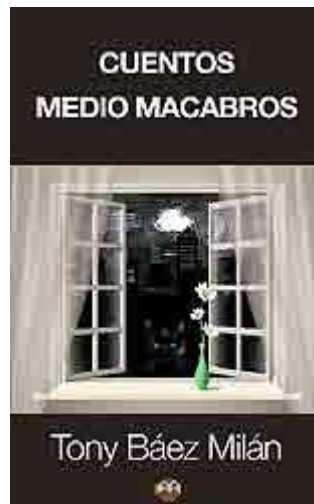
...

Título: Cuentos Medio Macabros

Autor: Tony Báez Milán

Editorial: Amarante

Sinopsis: The new book by Puerto Rican writer and film director Tony Báez Milán has just been released. Published by Spain's Editorial Amarante, **CUENTOS MEDIO MACABROS (KIND OF MACABRE STORIES)** includes nine suspense and horror stories in Spanish, which the publisher says are inheritors of the purest tradition of the American dark tale, where the author shows us, in the form of small thrillers, things that span from a couple's intimate relations to the most somber and surrealist parts of human beings. There is a story about a boy who believes he is a werewolf, another about a man who shoots himself so that he can take revenge, from beyond, upon his neighbor, and also a longer story titled "El frío" ("The cold"), about a family of immigrants from the Caribbean, in search of better opportunities, moving to a place where winter is a very serious thing—a



story the publisher assures will leave no one feeling indifferent.

Báez Milán points out that the book is not for the faint of heart, but those who are enthusiastic about the genre will also find that this book is different: although it comes from the tradition of macabre literature and film, its humor and its roots stem from many Latino things. "It's a fast-moving book, with a lot of suspense and touches of humor, of course black humor, starting with the title," says the author. "These are nine stories tracing the same sort of line, in the same vein. The same way I entertained myself putting this together, I hope the reader also enjoys the read, as I also

hope that the reader's hair will stand on end."

Báez Milán is the author of the recent novel in English **DEAD, AND MUST TRAVEL**, about a Puerto Rican zombie, and of the suspense book in Spanish **EL BUENO Y EL MALO (THE GOOD MAN AND THE BAD MAN)**. One of his films is the feature **RAY BRADBURY'S CHRYSALIS**, based on a story by the legendary author, who was his mentor. Editorial Amarante explains: "A Puerto Rican author entrenched in Pennsylvania, a film director, with the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe always after him, could not have offered something other than **CUENTOS MEDIO MACABROS**. Not to be missed. Enthralls us with words infused with good Hispanism."

"This book kept me up many nights," says Báez Milán. "It wouldn't let me sleep, it wouldn't leave me alone. I think it's a book for people who like fear, who like being scared and

laughing nervously. Since it's a work of fiction, I wash my hands."

CUENTOS MEDIO MACABROS is available through Editorial Amarante (<http://editorialamarante.es/ebooks/ficha/cuentos-medio-macabros>), as well as through many other vendors online, including Amazon.com (http://www.amazon.com/Cuentos-macabros-Spanish-Edition-ebook/dp/B00DFLJJZS/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1371555179&sr=8-1&keywords=Cuentos+medio+macabros).

For more information about the author and his literary and film works, visit

www.tonybaezmilan.com

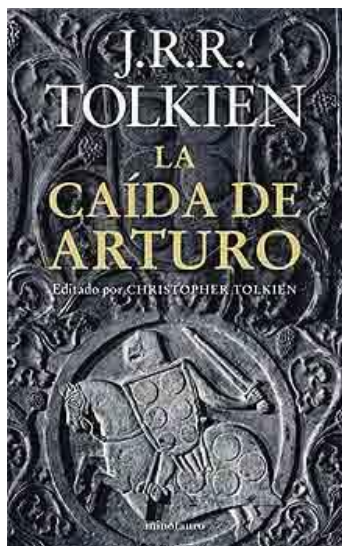
Poetry:

Título: La caída de Arturo

Autor: J. R. R. Tolkien

Editorial: Minotauro

Síntesis: La Caída de Arturo, única incursión de J. R. R. Tolkien en las leyendas del rey Arturo



de Bretaña, puede ser considerado su mayor logro en el uso del metro aliterado en inglés antiguo. Una obra en la que consiguió comunicar la sensación de inevitabilidad y de gravedad de los acontecimientos: de la expedición de Arturo a las lejanas tierras paganas, de la huida de la reina Ginebra de

Camelot, de la gran batalla naval al regreso de Arturo a Bretaña.

Desgraciadamente, La Caída de Arturo fue uno de los extensos poemas narrativos que Tolkien abandonó durante aquel período, probablemente en 1937, el año de la publicación de El Hobbit y de los primeros albores de El Señor de los Anillos. Junto al texto del poema, se hallaron muchas páginas manuscritas, gran cantidad de borradores y diversos experimentos en verso en los que se revela la extraña evolución de la estructura del poema, junto con sinopsis en prosa, así como notas muy interesantes.

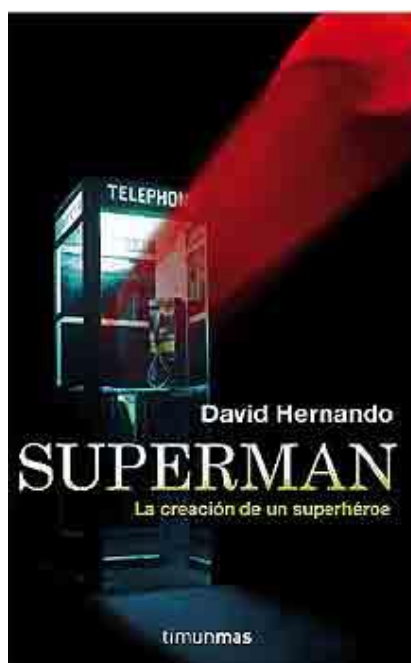
Misceláneas:

Título: Superman: La creación de un superhéroe

Autor: David Hernando

Editorial: Timunmas

Síntesis: Desde los primeros cómics a las tiras prensa, de los seriales de animación a películas



multimillonarias, de un personaje de tebeo a un icono cultural...

Superman. La creación de un superhéroe repasa los primeros 75 años de vida del personaje: los relatos que le dieron forma, el contexto histórico y las personas que hubo tras su escritura.

Anthologies:

Título: The Ironic Fantastic # One

Antologador: Rys Hughes

Portada: Rys Hughes

Editorial: Gloomy Seashore Press, 2013

Contenido:

Phrygian cap/ Jason E. Rolfe

Hunted/ Sissy Panetelys

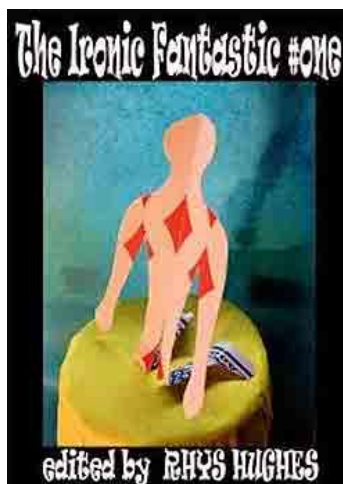
Viennese Whirl/ Hanna F. Lawson

Siamese Stanzas/ Changming Yuan

A Tribute Story to Danii Kharms

Gogol for a pint of milk/ Chris Kelso

A Duet in Reyes/ Caleb Wilson



The Watchman/ Gaurav Monga

The Last Dictatorship/ D. F. Lewis

Preacher Kim/ Kristine Ong Muslim

Madame Mannequin/ Douglas Thompson

Letters from My Windmill/ Theo Travis

Waiting for Godot/ Bob Lock

The Jerusalem Vane/ W. C. Bamberguer

I Heard it From a



Friend Who/ Nikhil Mane

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00DQDQG8WW>

...

Título: Terra Nova.
Antología de ciencia ficción contemporánea

Selección: Mariano Villarreal, Luis Pestarini

Ilustración de cubierta: Ángel Benito Gastañaga

Ocho autores internacionales demuestran que la ciencia ficción no ha perdido su garra ni su capacidad especulativa, y que es la narrativa que más y mejor trata de las preocupaciones, desafíos y problemas que afectan a nuestra sociedad actual. Desde la extrapolación y la metáfora del futuro, analizan y diseccionan una realidad en continuo cambio.

Índice:

El zoo de papel, de Ken Liu (premios Hugo, Nebula y World Fantasy 2012 de relato corto): la importancia de las raíces

frente a la sociedad globalizada.

Deirdre, de Lola Robles: un futuro donde la robótica permite crear compañeros sentimentales a medida.

Recuerdos de un país zombi, de Erick J. Mota: una sociedad estancada que transforma a sus ciudadanos en muertos vivientes.

Enciende una vela solitaria, de Víctor Conde: una profunda crítica a las redes sociales.

Cuerpos, de Juanfran Jiménez: en una Europa seudodemocrática y globalizada, los ricos tienen una nueva opción de turismo sexual consistente en el intercambio de mentes.

Un día sin papá, de Ian Watson: una madre de

familia debe responsabilizarse, además, de la personalidad digitalizada de su padre.

Memoria, de Teresa P. Mira de Echeverría: el planeta Marte de un futuro relativamente cercano, radical y arriesgado en lo tocante a relaciones personales y roles sexuales.

El ciclo de vida de los objetos de software, de Ted Chiang (premios Hugo y Locus 2011 de novela corta): la evolución de dos inteligencias artificiales que viven en un entorno digital y sus complejas relaciones con los humanos.

<http://www.sportularium.com/?p=2086>

...

Título: Historias del dragón "De Fantasía, Ciencia Ficción y Terror"

Autores: entre ellos Carlos Sisí, Juan Miguel Aguilera, Anabel Botella, Daniel Expósito, David Mateo, Joe Álamo, Juan de Dios

Garduño, David Agundo o Víctor Conde.

Portada: Leticia Morgado

Colección: Kelonia Ficción

¡Venid aquí y escuchad las Historias del dragón! Historias surgidas en la mente de 120 creadores en forma de microcuentos e ilustración.

¡Venid aquí y sentaos junto a la lumbre mientras traspasamos juntos varias fronteras! La fantasía, la ciencia ficción y el terror son el hilo conductor de la maravilla y el estremecimiento.

¡Venid aquí y disfrutad de las Historias del dragón! Coged la mano que os tienden Carlos Sisí, Juan Miguel Aguilera, Joe Álamo, Anabel Botella, Víctor Conde, Daniel Expósito, Juan de Dios Garduño, David Mateo, Leticia Morgado y Sergio R. Alarte para sumergiros tanto en sus historias como en la del resto de creadores que los acompañan.



¡Venid aquí y empezad a disfrutar de la magia que os espera en Fuenlabrada!

Los beneficios de esta antología serán para el #FFF (Festival de Fantasía de Fuenlabrada) ya que es el resultado del certamen benéfico cultural #FFF

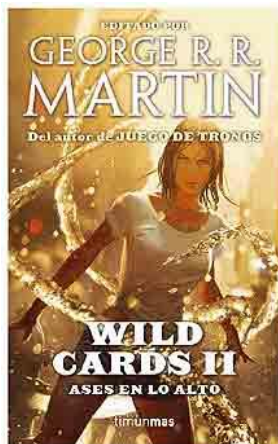
...

Título: Wilde Cards

Autor: George R. R. Martin y VV. AA.

Editorial: Timunmas

Sinopsis: En la segunda entrega de la saga, y treinta años

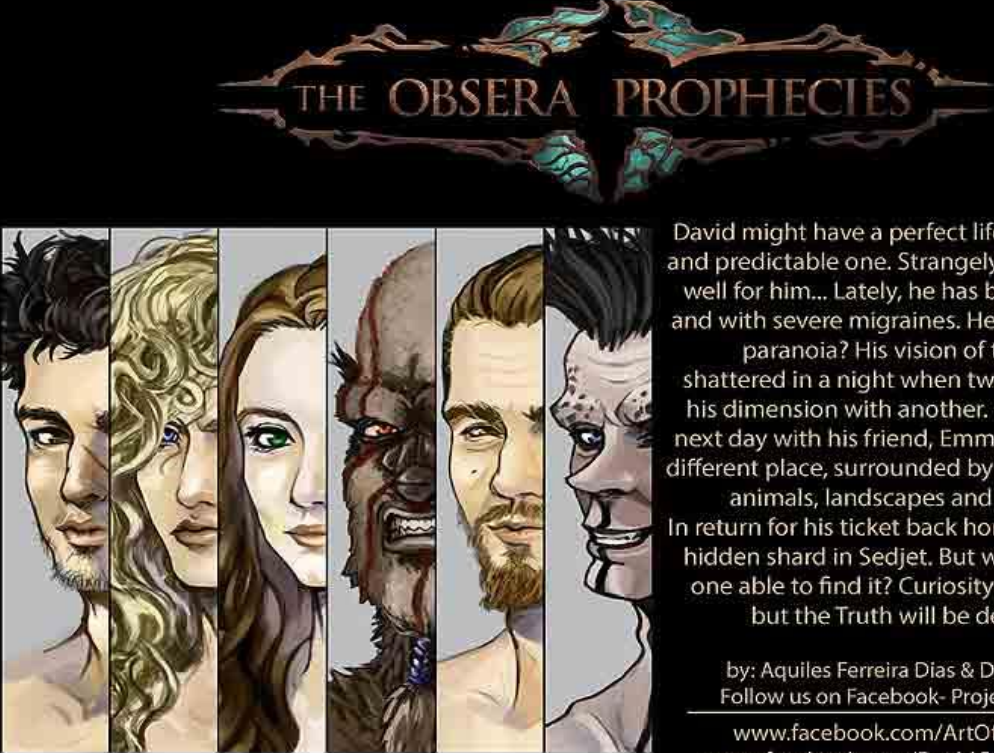


después, los afectados por el virus se enfrentan a un nuevo peligro: desde las profundidades del espacio se acerca un ente alienígena, una amenaza mortal que podría destruir el planeta. Y en la tierra, el nuevo líder de una antigua secta de masones conspira para ayudarlo.

Ases y Jokers deberán dejar de lado su odio y desconfianza, y formar una alianza si quieren ganar una batalla que no pueden perder.

Wildcards, incluye los relatos de George R. R. Martin, Roger Zelazny, Walter Jon Williams, Howard Waldrop y Lewis Shiner.

Esta edición, además, con las historias de gigantes de la ciencia ficción y la fantasía como George R.R. Martin, Roger Zelazny, Pat Cadigan, Lewis Shiner y Walter Jon Williams, entre otros.



David might have a perfect life, but also boring and predictable one. Strangely, everything goes well for him... Lately, he has been feeling tired and with severe migraines. He feels stalked, is it paranoia? His vision of the world is shattered in a night when two strangers clash his dimension with another. He wakes up the next day with his friend, Emma, in a completely different place, surrounded by never before seen animals, landscapes and civilizations. In return for his ticket back home, he must find a hidden shard in Sedjet. But why is he the only one able to find it? Curiosity will move him... but the Truth will be devastating.

by: Aquiles Ferreira Dias & David Galopim
Follow us on Facebook- Project Page soon!
www.facebook.com/ArtOfAquilesDias
www.facebook.com/DavidGalopimDesigns

About the Writers and Illustrators

Writers:

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).

<http://www.elpapoola.blogspot.com.ar>

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 Plures", National University of La Plata, Argentina.

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

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 Dunkin 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.

Delgado, Ariel Carlos (Bogotá, Colombia, 35 year old) author of fantasy and sf, he was Publisher in Letralia and Yo escribo, otherwise in digital magazine *Remolinos y Humo*.

<http://xaviercasals.wordpress.co/>

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.

Fontanarroza, 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.

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.

Gil Benedicto, María José (Spain) I write short stories, poetry and tales. I have worked in some magazine numbers miNatura. I Won the International Competition of micro- story X

Fantastic Minatura in 2012 with the micro-story "Carola no está". Finalist of the V International Poetry Competition Fantastic Minatura 2013 with the poem "Ser o no ser en Detroit". La Pereza editions included a poem and a story of mine in two of his books: a collection of poems (Another Song) from its First International Competition Poetry La Pereza 2013, and a book of children's stories (When you want to look at the clouds) from its Stories Prize for Kids 2013 La Pereza.

Gomel, Elana (Israel) I was born in a country that no longer exists and have no desire to visit its ruins, even though I probably will.

I have lived in Israel, the US, Hong Kong, and the UK. I have visited every continent but Africa and Antarctica.

I speak three languages.

Cosmopolitanism has a bad name. People living across cultures and in several countries are accused of being hedonistic, disloyal, and superficial. I proudly accept all these accusations. I know I am not alone.

In addition to being a cosmopolitan and a part-time fantasy and science fiction writer, I am a full-time academic. I am an Associate Professor at the Department of English and American Studies, Tel-Aviv University, Israel, which I chaired

for two years. I have been a Visiting Scholar at Princeton, Stanford, and University of Hong Kong. I am the author of numerous academic articles on narrative theory, science fiction, Victorian culture, and Charles Dickens.

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

Guadalupe Ingelmo, Salomé (Spain) She is 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 2012, II Prize "Crossing the Strait" organized by Granada Culture and Society Foundation, V Short Story Contest on Water Aljarafesa...

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 eterna* (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.

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 collaborates 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/>

Guzmán, Lucila Adela (Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1960) has published a children's book entitled " *Doctora de Letras* " Editorial Elevé 2011 finalist, recently presented at the International Book Fair 2012, in the City of Buenos Aires. Finalist

contest of children's literature in honor of Maria Elena Walsh, with the story entitled "El cuentero ", forthcoming

He has received several citations for his poems: National Poetry Contest Corral de Bustos 2011. International Poetry Contest fantastic miNatura magazine 2012. Eco World Poetry Contest 2012. Spanish American Poetry Contest "Gabriela" in honor of Gabriela Mistral and others.

Lives in the City of Del Viso with her husband and four children.

Jor Tremech (Spain, 33 year old) Published in Canatia.

www.canatia.blogspot.com

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 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/> 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>

Lupián Soto, Miguel Antonio (Mexico City, 1977) ex Graduate of the Miskatonic University. His stories have been published in anthologies *Bella y Brutal Urbe* (Editorial Resistencia, 2013), *Estación Central tris* (Ficticia Editorial, 2012 *Líneas y versos para incitar al vuelo* (Start / Pro, 2012), *¡Está vivo!* (Saliva y Telaraña, 2012), *Historia de las historias* (Ediciones del Hermitaño, 2011). He is the author of *Efímera* (Samsara, 2011), *Mortinatos* (Zona Literatura, 2012) *Trilogía Cthulhu* (Penumbria / KGB, 2013). Husband of Anne, father of three cats, and chief *Penumbria, revista fantástica para leer en el ocaso*.

<http://mortinatos.blogspot.mx>

<https://twitter.com/mortinatos>

<http://www.penumbria.net>

Magnan Alabarce, Jaime (Santiago de Chile, Chile, 1967) Storyteller. Geographer by profession. Since 1998 lives in the city of Lebu. His sf interest lies in

the television serial of the '70s and '80s. In fantasy literature, study the work of Brian Anderson *Elantris* and Orson Scott Card. He was a finalist in the Award VII Premio Andrómeda de Ficción Especulativa, Mataró, Barcelona en 2011 with *Ladrones de tumbas* and the Third Prize Story TerBi of Space Travel Theme no return, Basque Association of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror, Bilbao, with *Conejillo de Indias*. In miNatura has collaborated twice.

Marcos Roldán Francisco Manuel (Spain) has worked in various online publications as miNatura and his writings have appeared in various anthologies.

<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

Odilius Vlák –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 than 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

Pacheco Estrada, Tomás (Córdoba, Veracruz, Mexico, 34 years old) Take a short film and video online this is called Ana Claudia de los Santos in Youtube. Besides having two accounts online. In addition to a story called El ultimo hombre sobre la Tierra in miNatura virtual magazine (# 98). Work on the film in the trailer are Ceroni you had. Besides participating in the television series of Ramon Valdez A2D3-winning literary contest 8th

festival de la caña that takes place in Córdoba (Veracruz).

Sánchez Rivera, Rafael J. (Spain) 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 2013, for which he is currently seeking an editor.

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, Spain, 1975) is an industrial engineer, and studied at the Conservatory of Music in Seville. He began writing in 2004, moving quickly from short stories to the novel, offering the possibility to develop in them their stories more freely. Like venturing into different genres, including works of terror, police, suspense, of classical Rome, west, and of course, science fiction. He combines his technical and literary work with his musical side, as a member of a rock band. His stories appear in several anthologies, and has published the novels

"Enarmonia" (Publishing C & M), selected from the finalists Premio Planeta of Novel in 2007, and "El tercer final" (Editorial Galeonbooks).

Illustrators:

Pág. 32 Alfonso, Graciela Marta (Argentina) *See Writers.*

Pág. 86 Allén, Raúl (Spain)
The town of Valladolid saw him grow up, come and go. While in Salamanca he graduated from Fine Arts, later on he moved to Boston to study Illustration and Design. He currently lives in Spain. He is been always searching for a way to see the inside and outside of things, to the extreme of sleeping with his eyes open.

His work has been selected and awarded by the Society of Illustrators of NY 49th Annual Exhibition, Illustration West 43, 3x3 Magazine of Contemporary Illustration, The National Drawing Award Gregorio Prieto, Expocomic, Jovenes Creadores 2006 Comunidad Madrid, Artis Gallery Drawing Award, Arte Joven of La Junta de Castilla y Leon, and La Diputación de Valladolid. His work has been exhibited in New York, Boston, Madrid and Barcelona.

Magazines:

Playboy; Washington Post; wall Street Journal; BusinessWeek; Rolling Stone; Men's Health;

Foreign Policy; GQ; Maxim; MAN; QUÉ LEER; El Duende; Madriz; GO Magazine; Cinemanía; Emprendedores; Quo; Las Vegas Weekly; Público; D Magazine.

Advertising:

ADIDAS; Tiempo BBDO; Vitruvio Leo Burnett; BTWA; Sra. Rushmore; Mushroom; Benecé; BSB.

Books:

Folio Society; Scholastic; Cambridge University Press; Pearson Education; Random House; Anaya; Teide; Oxford; Juventud; SM El Barco de Vapor; Hermes; Edebé; Trycycle Press; Benchmark Education; People's Publishing Group.

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

Pág. 17 Ascúa, Miriam (Argentina) Bachelor of Fine Arts from the University of La Plata. Researcher representation techniques. Freelance illustrator.

Pág. 1 Carper, Mario Cesar (San Fernando, Buenos Aires, Argentina) Writer, illustrator, writer and cartoonist. His background includes script and drawing cartoons, Plastic and Interior Design. Participate in writing workshops The Framers Workshop and Seven and works as an illustrator of covers and stories to magazines Alpha Eridani, Axxón, miNatura (whose cover won the 1st prize Illustration of II °

ITEP 2009), Biblioteca Fosca, NGC 3660, Aurora Bitzine, Crónicas de la Forja, NM, Próxima, Next, published by Editions Ayarmanot paper.

<http://carpermc.blogspot.com.es/?zx=fb0fo25a1969212f>

Pág. 73 Días, Aquiles (Portugal, 24 year old) I'm an aspiring concept artist. I have been drawing dinosaurs since i was little and i always enjoyed video games and psychology.

At the moment, I am on the Concept Art program in Odd School, I have been studying there for 3 years.

My specializations are creatures, armor/weapons, storytelling.

At the moment, I am on a personal project with my friend David Galopim, making an adventure in an alternate world called The Obscura Prophecies.

Pág. 16 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 advertise 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. 19, 26 **García Aldape, Francisco -Fraga- (Saltillo, Coahuila, Mexico, 1964)** is an illustrator, graphic designer and cartoonist. Editorial board currently publishes his cartoons and The Don Ramirito Cocolazos and humorous vignettes Ondas Fraguianas, in newspapers and magazines around the country and in print in the United States.

Collaborates with illustrations for print and digital magazines Mexico, United States, Argentina and Brazil.

<http://esp.mexico.org/cartonista/cartonista.php?idcartonista=34>

Pág. 5, 8, 7, 9, 10, 11 **Gerrard, Paul (UK)** *See interview.*

Pág. 30 **Hang Tung, Shih (Taipei, Taiwan)** Illustrator and freelance artist.

<http://o-fon.deviantart.com/>

Pág. 38 **Hirsig, Omar (Argentina)** illustrator and cartoonist middle path focuses his work on local issues under a personal filter, sublimating the existential sense, one could also

say that scratching an intimate affairs simetric objects it addresses. They can enjoy their fanaticism for birds and their romances with death:

www.omar-hisig.blogspot.com

Pág. 36 **Molnar, Mark (Hungary)** whilst working as a set and character designer in various productions, finished his art studies with a Master of Arts degree with an award winning master work. Since his graduation as an illustrator he helped on several inspiring projects within the entertainment industry, creating concept designs, illustrations and promotional materials for unique new worlds. Besides his production designs and illustrations, he regularly writes articles for ImagineFx magazine and also works on his own series of personal artworks and publications.

Clients:

Production Companies
(LucasFilm, Time Warner, MGM, Weta Workshop, Terion Pictures, BrownBag Films, Conquistador Entertainment, SoapBox Films, BBC, NathanLove Studios, OddBall Animation, Souljacker, Future Fire)

Publishers and Game Companies (Crystal Dynamics / Eidos / Square Enix , Applibot, Super Appli, Games Workshop, Fantasy Flight Games, Paizo

Publishing, Catalyst Game Labs / TOPPS, Posthuman Studios, Big Fish Games, Binary Star, VAGC, Locus Origin)

Leading agencies (Leo Burnett, Ogilvy and Mather, Saatchi&Saatchi, McCann-Erickson, DDB)

<http://markmolnar.com>

<http://momarkmagic.blogspot.com>

Pág. 43 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. 21 Pacaud, Julien (France) illustrator, currently living in Le Mans, France. Before becoming an illustrator, he was, by turns : an astrophysician, an international snooker player, a hypnotist and an esperanto teacher. He hopes he can someday have enough free time to devote himself to his real passion : time travel.

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

Pág. 25 Palumbo, David (USA) freelance illustrator, David Palumbo has provided genre themed artwork for everything from book covers and collectible card games to advertisements and concept design. His work has been awarded three Spectrum medals and has shown in galleries from

About illustrations:

Pág. 1 Phobia/ M. C. Carper (Argentina); **Pág. 2** Friki Frases/ Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain); **Pág. 5** Blobmouth/ Paul Gerrard (UK); **Pág. 6** Cyberman 02/ Paul Gerrard (UK); **Pág. 7** Madyan Tribal 03/ Paul Gerrard (UK); **Pág. 9** HellRaiser/ Paul Gerrard (UK); **Pág. 10** Face Cyberman 02/ Paul Gerrard (UK); **Pág. 11** Reality Walk/ Paul Gerrard (UK); **Pág. 15** Miedo, Mentiras y Tinta China: Grados de distopía/ Evandro Rubert (Brazil); **Pág. 16** Poster: Hope for Japan/ Didizuka (France); **Pág. 17** Cambio de piel/ María Ascuá (Argentina); **Pág. 19** El Grito/ Fraga (México); **Pág. 21** st (made for illustrating an article about french TV host Michel Drucker, in the magazine "XXI")/ Julien Pacaud (France); **Pág. 23** Manchú/ Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (España); **Pág. 25** Sentry/ David Palumbo (EE.UU.); **Pág. 26** MIB Fraga (México); **Pág. 30** Speedy / Shih Hang Tung (Taiwan); **Pág. 32** Mutantes/ Graciela M. Alonso (Argentina); **Pág. 34** Deliberation/ Mario Sánchez Arevalo (Spain); **Pág. 36** Rebel Scout/ Mark Molnar (Hungary); **Pág. 38** Comic: La sociedad de los pájaros muertos/ Omar Hirsig (Argentina); **Pág. 43** Law enforcement by numbers/ Vaggelis (Greece); **Pág. 59** St/ Fraga (Mexico); **Pág. 86** St/ Raúl Allén (Spain).

New York to Paris.

Select Clients:

Ace Books; Blizzard Entertainment; Centipede Press; Dark Horse Comics; Daw Books; Heavy Metal; Lucasfilm; Marvel Entertainment; The New Yorker; Night Shade Books; Pyr Books; Roadrunner Records; Rolling Stone Italia; Scholastic; Science Fiction Book Club; Simon and Schuster; Scientific American; Subterranean Press; Tor Books; VH1; Wizards of the Coast.

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

Pág. 34 Sánchez Nevado, Mario (Spain) is a dynamic illustrator and Art Director. With a solid style, his conceptual work creates an emotional impact on his viewer that goes between personal and political quite easily. His striking collection is deeply woven with bold narratives that drive each image. Part magical storyteller and part sober messenger of society's ills, Mario's work begs deeper consideration of the world around the viewer.

<http://aegis-strife.net>

[http://aegis-](http://aegis-strife.deviantart.com/store)

[strife.deviantart.com/store](http://aegis-strife.deviantart.com/store)

<http://redbubble.com/people/Aegis>

Pág. 15 Rubert, Evandro (Brazil, 1973) Cannot 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.

Pág. 2, 23 Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (España) See *Writers*

