

MINATURA

The Magazine of the Brief & Fantastic



via/

ISSN: 2340-977



Eros: It's because of men like you that all must be destroyed.

Ed Wood (Plan 9 from Outer Space, 1959)



Dr. Harold Medford: We may be witnesses to a Biblical prophecy come true – “And there shall be destruction and darkness come upon creation, and the beasts shall reign over the earth.”

Gordon Douglas (Them!, 1954)



Lieutenant Dave: At least we've got it stopped.

Steve Andrews: Yeah, as long as the Arctic stays cold.

Irvin S. Yeaworth Jr. (The Blob, 1958)



The Toxic Avenger: You fat slob. Let's see if you've got any guts.

[Toxie then punches the mayor in the stomach and rips out his guts]

The Toxic Avenger: Officer O'Clancy, take care of this toxic waste.

Michael Herz (The Toxic Avenger, 1984)



Narrator: Flag on the moon.

How did it get there?

Colleman Francis (The Beast of Yucca Flats, 1961)



Bill Lane: You're as bad as she is! Oh, women!

Mary Dennison: Men! Every time you search for an answer, you always come up with women. You're not getting out of this one so easily. I'd like to

know why you think Zinthrop really hasn't got something.

Bill Lane: Well, you can call it male intuition if you like... except there's something about this whole business that doesn't smell right... a private laboratory! A secret experiment! Zinthrop himself! The only thing missing is a genie with a lamp!

Roger Corman (The Wasp Woman, 1959)




Narrator: Once more a frantic pilot radios in a report on a UFO. A bird. A bird as big as a Battleship!

Fred F. Sears (The giant claw, 1957)

B Movies

And now the purple dusk of twilight time
Steals across the meadows of my heart
High up in the sky the little stars climb
Always reminding me that we're apart
You wander down the lane and far away
Leaving me a song that will not die
Love is now the stardust of yesterday
The music of the years gone by.

Hoagy Carmichael (*Stardust*, 1927).

 y force has to be a place where
we have the appearance of Ziggy
Stardust (or at least his alter ego

David Bowie) and blaxploitation
Barbarellas them clad in latex, a world
where Klaatu Barada Nikto is a warm
greeting or an invitation to sex without
implications, a world where monsters will
be mandatory (giant or small) carry a
beautiful girl in his clutches.

All children will be called Ray
Harryhausen .

may- june, 2014 #134

Revista digital miNatura La Revista de los Breve
y lo Fantástico

Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrania

ISSN: 2340-977

Directores: Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas y Carmen
Rosa Signes Urrea

Editor: Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas

Portada: *At The Movies/ Carlos Valenzuela*
(Chile)

Contraportada: *Sister's revenge/ Vinicius*
Menezes (Brazil)

Diseño de portada: Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea
Avenida del Pozo 7 San Juan de Moró, 12130,
Castellón de la Plana, España

¿Cómo colaborar en la Revista Digital miNatura?

Para colaborar con nosotros sólo tiene que enviar
un cuento (hasta 25 líneas), poema (hasta 50 versos)
o artículo (entre 3 y 6 páginas)

Time New Román 12, formato A4 (tres
centímetros de margen a cada lado).

Los trabajos deben responder a los monográficos
(terror, fantasía o ciencia ficción) que tratamos.

Enviar una breve biografía literaria (en caso de
poseerlo).

Respetamos el copyright que continua en poder de
sus creadores.

Las colaboraciones deben ser enviadas a:
minaturacu@yahoo.es

Pueden seguir nuestra publicación a través:
http://www.servercronos.net/bloglgc/index.php/mi_natura/

Facebook:
<http://www.facebook.com/groups/126601580699605/?fref=ts>

La Biblioteca del Nostromo:
<http://bibliotecadelnostromominatura.blogspot.com.es/>

A universe eternally in eminent danger, flown by UFO 's and we cannot even trust our tooth brush using their mind control would make us their slaves .

Ninja astronaut streepers or wizard in distress: A cheap, low budget, where the script is constantly rewritten and in which we would either world.

The B series will always be among us as a Necessary (good?) bad.

This issue is dedicated to honor the recent death of the great master of horror: Hans Rudy Giger (1940 - 2014)

Like a good buffet in this issue enjoy excellent interview with the Chilean Jorge Baradit incombustible by our friend Cristina Jurado. You cannot miss the cartoon distilling originality of Evandro

Rubert and microstories gravitating around this issue that is so amazing Series B.

Thanks as always the work of illustrators who offer their work to this project:

Sergio Astorga (Mexico)

Alex Gross (US)

Enrique Lopez Lorenzana (Spain)

Vinicius Menezes (Brazil)

Lorena Rius (Spain)

Rubert Evandro (Brazil)

Carmen Rosa Urrea Signes (Spain)

Carlos Valenzuela (Chile)

Jorge Villena (Spain)

And of course these reader without which you could not exist.

The Directors .



XII Certamen Internacional De Microcuento Fantástico

miNatura 2014



BASES DEL CERTAMEN

1. Podrán concursar todos los interesados sin límite de edad, posean o no libros publicados dentro del género.
2. Los trabajos deberán presentarse en castellano. El tema del microcuento deberá ser afín a la literatura fantástica, la ciencia ficción o el terror.
3. Los originales tienen que enviarse a la siguiente dirección:
revistadigitalminatura.certamenesliterarios@blogger.com
4. Los trabajos deberán ir precedidos de la firma que incluirá los siguientes datos: seudónimo obligatorio (que aparecerá publicado junto al microcuento para su evaluación, de no enviarlo se le asignará el título del texto), nombre completo, nacionalidad, edad, dirección postal (calle,

número, código postal, ciudad, país), e-mail de contacto y un breve currículum literario en caso de poseerlo (estos datos no serán publicados).

5. Se aceptará un único cuento por participante. La publicación del mismo en las horas posteriores al envío dentro del blog Certámenes Literarios miNatura (<http://certamenesliterariosminatura.blogspot.com.es/>), previa moderación, hará las veces de acuse de recibo.

IMPORTANTE: La cuenta de correo dispuesta para el recibo de los microcuentos no ofrece la posibilidad de mantener correspondencia con los participantes, ni tan siquiera queda reflejada la dirección del remitente, de ahí la obligatoriedad de incluir un mail de contacto.

6. Cualquier consulta sobre el certamen o el envío del microcuento deberá hacerse a la siguiente dirección de correo electrónico: revistadigitalminatura@gmail.com

7. Los microcuentos tendrán una extensión máxima de 25 líneas. Y deberá ser enviado sin formatos añadidos de ningún tipo (justificación, interlineado, negrita, cursiva o subrayado, inclusión de imágenes, cuadros de texto, etc). De poseerlos éstos serán borrados para su inmediata publicación en el blog.

IMPORTANTE: Para comprobar que la extensión del microcuento no excede las 25 líneas y cumple con los requisitos, se utilizará una plantilla normal de documento de Word tamaño de papel Din-A4 con tres centímetros de margen a cada lado, sobre la que se pegará el texto presentado con tipografía Time New Roman puntaje 12. (El microcuento puede enviarse en cualquier otro tipo y tamaño de tipografía siempre y cuando se haya comprobado que cumple con los requisitos que acabamos de exponer).

8. La participación y los datos personales, deberán ir integrados en el cuerpo del mensaje.

IMPORTANTE: No se admiten adjuntos de ningún tipo. Recordamos que todos los mensaje que incluyan adjuntos y que no tengan escrito nada en el cuerpo del mensaje llegan en blanco y sin dirección de origen.

9. Aquellos cuentos que no cumplan con las bases no serán etiquetados como ADMITIDO A CONCURSO (Aparecerán sin etiquetar en el blog).

IMPORTANTE: Los cuentos que queden fuera dispondrán de una única oportunidad dentro del plazo de recepción de originales para modificar su envío y que su texto pueda entrar a concurso.

(Si no aparece publicado en dos o tres días, pueden escribir a la dirección de consulta incluida en el punto número 6 de estas bases).

10. Las obras no deberán estar pendientes de valoración en ningún otro concurso.
11. En el asunto deberá indicarse: XII Certamen Internacional De Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2014. (No se abrirán los trabajos recibidos con otro asunto).
12. Se otorgará un único primer premio por el jurado consistente en la publicación del microcuento ganador en nuestra revista digital y diploma. Así mismo se otorgarán las menciones que el jurado estime convenientes que serán igualmente publicadas en el número especial de la Revista Digital miNatura dedicado al certamen y obtendrán diploma acreditativo que será remitido vía e-mail en formato jpg.
13. El primer premio no podrá quedar desierto.
14. Los trabajos presentado serán eliminados del blog una vez se haya hecho público el fallo del certamen y tan sólo quedarán en él aquellos cuentos que resulten destacados en el mismo.
15. En ningún supuesto los autores pierden los derechos de autor sobre sus obras.
16. El jurado estará integrado por miembros de nuestro equipo y reconocidos escritores del género.
17. El fallo del jurado será inapelable y se dará a conocer el 5 de octubre de 2014 y podrá ser consultado a partir de ese mismo día en nuestros blogs (Revista Digital miNatura, Asociación cultural miNatura Soterrània y Certámenes literarios miNatura). También será publicado en páginas afines y en el grupo Revista Digital miNatura en Facebook:
<http://www.facebook.com/groups/126601580699605/>
18. La participación en el certamen supone la total aceptación de sus bases.
19. El plazo de admisión comenzará el 15 de mayo de 2014 y finalizará el día 31 de julio de 2014 a las 12 de la noche hora española.

Ricardo Acevedo E. y Carmen Rosa Signes U.

Directores de la Revista Digital miNatura



*Interview to Chilean
Jorge Baradit:
Organizing madness*

By Cristina Jurado (Spain)

Illustration: Robot/ Alex Gross (USA)

In Chile lives, works and writes a guy called Jorge Baradit. In 2005, chance drove his first novel *Igdrasil* to the hands of Ediciones B Chile. Its prequel, titled *Trinidad*, won the first UPC Award for the best science fiction novella the next year, and was published in Spain in 2007. This is how the Chilean author's literary carrier rose. Since then, he has published *Synco* (2008), the YA novel *Kalfukura* (2009), *CHIL3: Relación del Reyno* (2010), and graphic novels *La policía del Karma* (2011) and *Lluscuma* (2012).

This graphic designer, who works in advertising and communication, and was a former member of a punk rock band, understands language as an orally transmitted disease, which posses him and transforms him into a pure creative energy force. This way, he builds alternative worlds, as a cosmopolitan architect, programed by an old oral tradition, embedded in the medulla of the continent that witness his nativity, and regurgitated at the heat of our modern, contradictory and dizzy times. Deeply compromised with the social reality of the country which gave birth to him, Baradit is a hyperactive being, an ocurrente anomaly, a freelance demiurge, a terabyte soul, a jongleur of life who never stops creating and telling about his creations, because there is nothing more sublime that to produce something from nothing. As the Argentinian Isidoro Blastein said, "Maybe to write is nothing more than a way to organize madness".

"I'm a monster in resistance mode"

Cristina Jurado: What hooked you to science fiction, fantasy and horror?

Jorge Baradit: I'm not interested in quotidian staff. There are other worlds. My eyes look inwards. Why trying to replicate what I can see already if there are other worlds, supernova explosions, and entire civilizations trying to come out everywhere? There are entire universes waiting to be discovered or simply created. I'm not interested in this decaffeinated

reality of lambs that our mind- that fascist- tries to convince us to live in. I'm a monster in resistance mode.

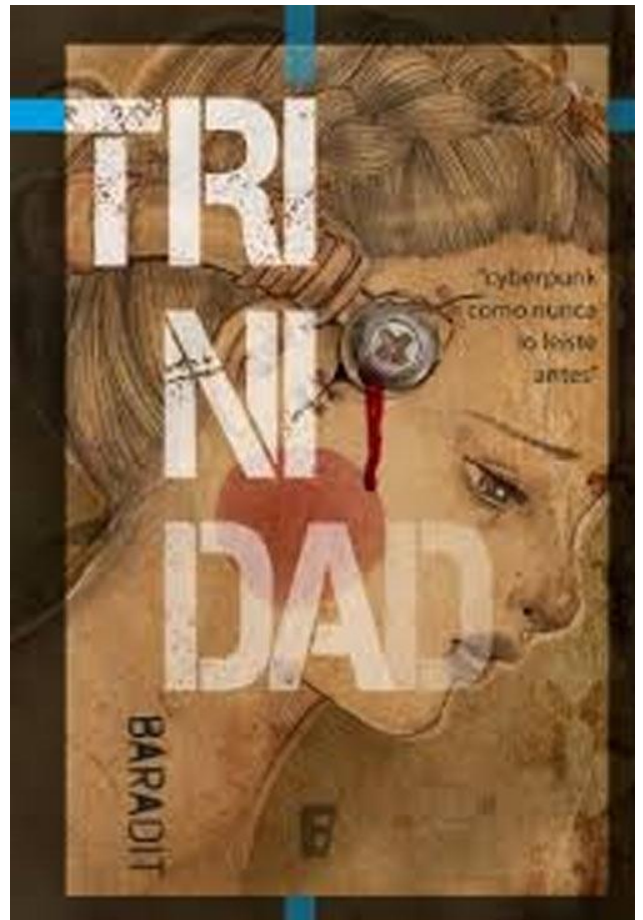
Cristina Jurado: In your [blog](#) you say: "I've been waiting for a long time for people to understand the definition of what I try to do: the retrieval of our roots in the light of technology, the reinvention, not the parricide. Think of technology like another kind of magic, coming to us effortless from other worlds, feeling sometimes as far away as Jupiter. We cannot disregard Macondo because we are in Macondo, the difference is that we have Wi Fi and optic fiber. Feels like a lot of acid mushrooms in the air, a lot of iPods. An entire contingent in an altered state of consciousness." What is magic realism, 2.0?

Jorge Baradit: In Chile there are continuous attempts to break free from "the Latin American" stereotypes and caricatures: the dirty Mexican sitting in the floor of train stations, the ineffectiveness of services, and the instability of politics. There was even a literary movement at the end of the 90s called "McOndo", which aimed to turn around the topic and declare us liberated from the stereotype. We liked ourselves more urban, closer to New York, less indigenous, less lefties, liberal but avoiding Latin American popular imagery. All that is simply shit because we are no Yankees, and Santiago de Chile is not Manhattan, and we cannot hide our natives under the carpet. Then I wanted to say that we haven't got over our crossbreeding, not even in a very recommended transition phase. In reality, we haven't got over anything. Everything remains the same and we haven't left Macondo. Maybe we've added optic fiber and improved the roads, we have now ATM machines and our services are up to the task, compared to the ones of the developed countries, but the ayahuasca, the unexplored fields, and the natives still are here, bringing us richness into our mental and physical territory.

Cristina Jurado: If language is a vice, as William Burroughs said, are all writers inveterate vicious?

Jorge Baradit: I prefer the definition of language as an oral transmitted illness. It's a strange one because it allows you to heal. Language is a type of surgery. The possibility of visualizing word intervention in our mental body is atrocious. The mental damage we can generate with a badly located sentence, the daily inoculation of germs through what we say, cry and whisper. The complete irresponsibility with which we manage grammar, the radioactivity we suffer when we open and read certain infectious books. An author is somebody who fabricates Molotov cocktails of 300 hundred pages that people swallow, synaptic torture machines and bacteria infested organs we manipulate without responsibility. We don't see the damage, the fever, the hemorrhage. We inject ourselves with venom that deforms our souls and minds, that happily detonates our liver, drugged and delusional... we see a god. I image how we will see each other if we had the appropriate tools. Me, at least, I think in tentacles and dead head hanging from my lower back.

Cristina Jurado: Your work in Advertising and your education makes you very careful when you design the creative messages you develop. Do you feel that your professional career influences your work? How?



Jorge Baradit: Yes, a lot and in the two aspects in which I manage my work: the production and its dissemination. I conduct myself like the classic designing pair: the piercings and the tie, the creator and the administrator. They are connected sections without leakages. The creator explodes and leaves the walls stained with blood, and then the administrator comes in and thinks about what can be done with it... there is no exchange between them. My education in design and architecture allows me to visualize and help others visualize the environment and what is happening. I'm interested in the object, its light, texture, and glow. I find pleasure in the consistency of the type of metal that goes through a

certain organ, the way the bone structure keeps up with the area where events happen.

Because I'm a writer, I like to project in grammar the thickness of reality, making matter flow towards poetry, where it gets lost and become incomprehensible. My education in Communication also has become essential to acquire a responsibility towards the reader, helping him to see, feel and smell specifically what I want to communicate, nothing more, nothing less, with all the detail and precision that I want to transmit to the reading audience.

On the other hand, my education in visual arts makes me feel literature is only one aspect of the narration. There are many more platforms from which we can enrich the story: video clips, music, illustrations, comic, trans-media, social media, gaming... The big narration can emerge from the interaction of all those elements, and the book can work as a part of a universe, complemented by different stimuli, but not in the same way that cinema and gaming do it nowadays, where there is a central powerful element and satellites that bring just color. I'm interested in the formation of, not just a solar system, but a molecule in which all added parts generate the "object", hanged on the iNet and with legs in the physical world (in the soft world and in the hard world).

The last question has to do with the dissemination. As a communications worker, I want to make my work known to as many people as possible. To me, interaction with the reader is part of the work. Beyond advertising, the creation of active communities around invented worlds is what it appeals to me: the collaborative intelligence. Most of my works have been born from the collaboration with musicians, cinema artists, illustrators, engineers, programmers, video artists and people without any artist craft who bring inspiration. In the community surrounding my work I like to talk about fantasy but also politics, because I care about citizenship participation. Science fiction is the most political genre of all. The creation of a societal model to set up our stories requires the author to practice his political muscle with or without conscious participation. It's been said many times that science fiction is the best reflection of a society through its History. Books are only an aspect of the work as a whole.

"My work is to gather radioactive fragments, singularities, and to build a golem with them"

Cristina Jurado: How do you face the development of a story? Tell us about the process of creation, growth and birth of your work.

Jorge Baradit: During the day, my brain produces many garbage-like images. My mind generates millions of random approximations, rejected or exploited by the consciousness as a lever for other ideas or “more useful” tools. There is a level in which the consciousness works to establish a bridge with the world, where fitted forms are fast chosen, like a shooter who shoots millions of puzzle pieces through holes and, only the ones that make it through, are tested and used to build the structure for the future idea. Below that bridge runs a river of untouched raw material, of deformed embryos, of non-viable fetuses, of machine pieces, cables and fragments of ideas with no sense. I work with that low level of the mind. I like to collect bits of splinters, failed experiments, ugly prototypes. When we live, we try to maintain in a blind spot all that is happening, which is what our internal censor prefers to ignore so we don’t end up mad. It’s like knowing that, in a few years, many of our readers will be six feet under, their mind disperse in the nothingness, our planet traveling at 107.000 km/h in the middle of the solar system, turning like the drain of a bathtub, and traveling towards a black hole in the center of our galaxy. We live hanging onto one splinter of a great forever-expanding explosion, and we have assassin virus and bacteria colonies in our bodies, venoms and toxins that don’t destroy us thanks to a delicate balance. In my country, just in one week, there was an earthquake, one city moved 8 cm, one woman cut open her husband and cooked him in a casserole, and lightning killed forty cows. Those are reality peaks, throbbing beats.

It’s our responsibility to work in a low reality level to ignore those events, or to rise our perception level and work with those phenomena. We need to search for their place, structure and connections, so we can tell a new form of reality, a hyper-reality, which will not extract every bizarre wonder to make us feel safer. My job is to gather those radioactive fragments, those singularities, and to build a golem with them. I hand write them, I cut them and paste them in pages with Scotch tape. Later I enter them in my laptop, and they get printed as fragments in Times size 12. I recut and glue them in paper sheets up off my wall. There is something getting formed in the darkness and, sometimes, one needs to have balls to walk through that forest. It becomes a painful process, you don’t know if you are ever going to

arrive to port, if there is something there, but the archetype always appears, Ariadne, the golden thread. Contents soak in my head, I dream about them, and they look for one another. Links start to form and contents begin to talk. I cut and paste, I organize and I cut again. There are paper scraps up off my walls, and sometimes I continue writing outside. I admire books by Roberto Matta, Bosco, and Doré. Days pass. Unicellular organisms start to swim in the walls, they mate and gather, and multicellular beings appear, sometimes a crustacean. After a while, I have an organized reptile list of events. I go back to type an outline in my laptop. In the meantime I develop a story to ride that reptile. The outline must be something very clear, precise and defined, so the novel must be written before I type the first word. Afterwards I can ignore the order and move like a dancer among the different outlines. The skeleton is there, but we don't know if it will be like a Scarlet Johansson or a John Merrick, or the son of both of them. That comes later.

Cristina Jurado: Ygdrasil, Trinidad and Lluscuma form a three-part work about an alternative reality in Chile, told backwards. How did you come up with the idea for this story? Why telling it backwards? What does this project have to do with Ucroníachile?

Jorge Baradit: "Do I really look like a guy with a plan? You know what I am? I'm a dog chasing cars. I wouldn't know what to do with one if I caught it! You know, I just... *do* things." "The Joker (Dark knight, 2008). The growth of what I do is rhizomatic. There are days in which I discover what a certain character is going to do, while I suspect that another one is trying to sabotage the story. Walls are fragile and, sometimes, a dream or another story's character or a memory, simply burst into it. I have to find them a place, like interpreting a Tarot casting. Things simply happen in life, and only looking back, one can be an Historian and invent connections, realizing the silver thread that converts 20 random events in a story, by the power of a paranoid intuition.

The writer must be a paranoid with faith, an entrails reader, a psychic able to connect heaven and earth symbols at the same time it's been fired at. To discover fragments of a corpse and to believe, because an author is a believer, that there is an elegant form of relating each part, and to build up a beautiful structure with those fragments. Not with the ones I want to use, but the ones they are already there. Because, if you manage all the variables, the

product ends up being ugly, predictable and common. It's essential the self-sabotage, the guerrillas, the lacking and the assault of external unmanageable factors. I'm a medium that doesn't control what it says. I simply articulate beautiful forms, giving them the space dictated by things, putting my craft at the service of my venom. I'm a fortune-teller thrown out of a plane, who reads landscapes as a Tarot casting before crashing.

UcroníaChile was sabotage against a country sick with realism. It was the demand to break the dam containing the urges of our collective consciousness. We needed to vindicate History and our myths as something that belongs to the people, to the authors, not to the Ministry of Education. It was a daily exercise to rebuild our mythic History to revitalize the myths, which are the dreams of people in need to be updated because, otherwise, they rot in the corners of museums. They need to be broken, twisted and attacked. Anything we do will be all right because we are the dreamers of those dreams and, whatever we do, would be what we ought to do; no less, no more. Those materials must behave like they wish. Who am I to force them into acting as I want? All that come to me from architecture. Visual arts still express before knowing where they are going and, only like that, they open new ways. Territory expresses itself through Art. And walking in a tightrope, balancing with weak structures in the hands, being deaf and blind, being attacked and attacking, is how one enters splendid cities. It's important to throw you to the bottom of yourself, without knowing if there are stones or water, so far down that, whatever surfaces would be something unique, not because it's new but because it's own thing; the rest is commodities, devices, commerce and juggling.

Cristina Jurado: In the promotional trailer for Llussuma you say: "Chile is a snake with nightmares". What do you think that Chile dreams about?

Jorge Baradit: The first shield of Chile was a volcano. Chileans are like that; quiet and calm, until pressure becomes something unsustainable and we explode. Unfortunately we do not know intermediate states. Alpes mountain chain is the spinal column of a snake made out of volcanoes. A fire snake lay down over the most explosive Earth crevice. We live at the verge of earthquakes, tsunamis, as a water and fire snake. The snake dreams about us, we don't exist still as a country, it is planning us.

Cristina Jurado: What is SYNCO? Why did you decide to publish it as a graphic novel? What brings the graphic part to the story?

Jorge Baradit: I believe this matter must be thought the opposite way: one word is worth a thousand images. When somebody shows a picture of a tree, we all see the same. When we read “tree”, we all imagine a different one. It’s just simple fun to give birth to what literature allows living in vagueness. To work in graphic novels also permits to collaborate in

a process that opens the mind, the interactions, and the efforts. It’s another kind of exercise, using other type of muscles, and I’m not interested in having a tennis player’s arm. I really think that a graphic novel limits the Universe of any story, sets it up, defines it through the eyes of a specific somebody, and pre-digests it. In that sense, an egocentric one, it does not share a decoding process with the reader but rather imposes more than the written language, a humble tool that must do wonders to create wonder. But, in the other hand, graphic novels are an amazing art exercise.



Cristina Jurado: La Policía del Karma talks about a service that punishes in the present time crimes committed in past lives. Why did you choose again the graphic novel format? Which is for you the difference between comics and graphic novels?

Jorge Baradit: Labels are always flexible. They are not wire fences, just blurred signs. A graphic novel tends to search for its own language (for me, that is more or less art), a milestone, a thesis and not an endless trail, like comics. It’s a self-conclusive object, autonomous, a work of art without calculations, a gesture abandoned to look for something else. “To abandon the finish work, that is the way to the Heavens”, says Tao Te King.

Cristina Jurado: Do you consider yourself an experimental writer?

Jorge Baradit: I consider myself an artist that does everything possible to explode, so I can search among the fragments for something, which will help me resolve the enigma. I'm a terrorist, a liberating army of something caught in the basement of my basement, and that I need to comprehend. It's not experimentation for the sake of it. Looking for the Holy Grail, as tradition suggests, the knights entered the Logres forest through unknown places, never through marked trails. Why doing something already done? Why repeating formulae? How can one resist burning all vessels together? Is there any glory in something like that?

Cristina Jurado: What do you think about the new publishing formulas, such as crow funding, self-publishing or co-publishing?

Jorge Baradit: All types of combat are valid, sister. I'm interested in the collaborative intelligence of crow-funding, the possibility of turn it into a social process, a participative experiment, sort of hive mind, a poetic act made by a mind built through many connected ones, the way shoals or flock work. It's that meditative question behind the gesture, transforming us into one, like when dancing or when we were young and used to smooch in the woods. Get lost and become oceans again. One day I would love for our minds to travel through a kind of cyberspace, melting together in two, three or five thousand liquid minds, getting lost in crowds, going back to be one or two or something else.

Cristina Jurado: Which artists (and not only authors) inspire you?

Jorge Baradit: Roberto Matta, Jorge Luis Borges, Gottfried Helnwein, C.G. Jung, Trent Reznor, Emmanuelle Swedenborg, Coré, Gunther Brüs, David Cronenberg, Antonin Artaud and a thousand more monsters that live and hit my head from within. They are shadows; they are me -struggling to copulate each other-, tearing themselves with their own teeth to get a bit of light, a line of a story. They are hungry.

"Latin America is pure confusion, the wild sketch of a new world yet to be known"

Cristina Jurado: What can the current South American speculative fiction add to the genre?

Jorge Baradit: America is a forming continent. I don't think we are able to make science fiction in the way the Europeans understand it. It was in that continent where it took place the dichotomy religion and "iluminismo", it was in England and France where the Industrial Revolution generated the faith in the technology as a developer of the human wellbeing, the idea of the endless progress and the radiant future of the free societies, without illness or constraints. In fantastic literature, there were two sides, one with ghosts and wizards, and another with aliens and spaceships. They tried to create a realistic literature based on hard science fiction. In America, science was brought in by the Church, there was no confrontation. In America, there are Christian guerrillas, superstitions are strong, and the magic works socially and politically. We are still cults cargo, technology is not produced here, and it comes in boxes inside big metal birds. My grandmother gave me a state of the art pill, but prayed afterwards. Nothing is discarded, everything is gathered, nothing is destroyed, we are the backyard where the West throws away its garbage, obsolete products, non-tested drugs, and ideological experiments and everything piles up. Our native people is still alive, its ancestral religions, Neolithic's ways of life getting along with cutting edge high tech, megabytes and ayahuasca, santería and snake sushi. In the main square of Mexico is the colonial cathedral: the Aztec temple and the crystal buildings are all together. Ages collide, all fails: the search for El Dorado failed, Almagro and Pizarro failed, Fidel Castro failed, Salvador Allende failed, FARCS failed. America tries utopias every decade, sends an absurd dream to the future and smashes it again and again, like Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca, like Lope de Aguirre, like Ponce de León, like Che Guevara, dead in Bolivia.

America lives a Golden Age where Gods, Heroes and Marvels live among humans, and time is suspended in an eternal present, nothing improves, everything is piled up. In Europe they have to dig up cities built up of one another, you need to go to the museum to see the natives; outdated technology is in the archives. Here, a 10 base T network of state of the art Apple computers is connected, with bad quality Chinese routers with a firewall PC, with an illegal OS and a 286 backup PC lost between various generations of wires, mixed with unused fax and telex still connected to power but nothing else. Invisible telephonic wires live under

years of paintings, and like there is stratum after stratum of technology that sees like the mind of America, amazed, with peyote, looking at Mother Earth, and its gods converted to Christians by grace of the GPS.

America is a boiling dissonance whirlpool in space and time, Latin America is confusion. What can we offer? Pure confusion, the wild sketch of a new world yet to be known. A twister of races, religions, sects, ideologies and doubts. Pure chaos, blurring of limits, disrespectful forms, a whole young continent, messy and full of libido looking for God in code lines.

Cristina Jurado: You are a relentless observer of the social and political reality of your country, and of the continent you live in. Your interest in social unbalances, governmental corruption and big corporations hunger for power is reflected in your work. How can science fiction and fantasy talk about these? Do you think the speculative genre is a way of complaint?

Jorge Baradit: I don't believe in artistic agendas. I think you must go into what you are, so the personal and social implications came along. The only possible criterion in art nowadays is honesty, in all its twisted ways. When I talk about my situation, that is an act of coherence, nothing more. I come from a middle-low class family, I thrown stones against Pinochet, I live and witness the oppression and inequality in which Latin America is immersed; I feed on the resentment against the elites (who seem to live in Switzerland) who throw everyday from their full tables to the rest of the country (seeing to live in Ruanda). Our societies are pressure cookers, what I do is to use the vapor they the release to move coherent mental machines, nothing less. There is no ethic-aesthetic discussion in true art, I think, just the coherent result (even the word honest is of use here. Honesty is the result of agreement, education and will; I talk about being coherent as it would be a shark in its oceanic environment)

Cristina Jurado: Tell us your future plans. What are you going to publish next?

Jorge Baradit: I don't know. In 2014 is coming out a short story in Terra Nova III anthology (Random House, Spain). It is an honor to have been chosen for such a prestigious project. In addition to that, I'm finishing a physic and mental cycle that has broken me down.

And now, we only have time for a quick quiz:

Star Wars or Star Trek?

Star Wars. Star Trek is taken too seriously.

Fast food or homemade food?

Homemade, in my house we pay attention to what we allow to enter into our bodies.

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

Bowman, the astronaut of 2011 who enters the wormhole.

Can you tell as the worst book you ever read?

El Mío Cid comes to my mind, which believe it or not, is mandatory school reading in Chile. It's a crime forcing children to read it. It's something completely out of code, a torture.

And the best book you ever read?

Fictions by Jorge Luis Borges. I could read it a thousand times.

Which type of music you like to listen?

Between Bach sonatas, NIN y the harsh electronica, the noise of the am radio.

3D cinema, yes or not?

Cinema is a moving page. Until 3D doesn't disappear as a show in itself and finds its original expression, I will prefer 2D, a more mature art.

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

To cook well, because I'm a disaster in the kitchen.

About the Author:

Jorge Baradit Morales (Valparaíso, Chile 1969) studied graphic design. He lived his entire childhood in Valparaíso where he formed a punk rock band, Trato Bestial, who played in underground concerts in the V Región between 1986 and 1991. Coming from a family of lower middle class, educated in public schools and the school of excellence academic Rubén Castro, Viña del Mar.

He debuted in the literature in 2005 Ygdrasil (released in Spain two years later), "a story set in Mexico futuristic, where a Chilean mercenary named Mariana accept the most dangerous missions. A story that captures the reader within a world of large transnational (with more power than governments), organic technology to the limit, dead soldiers reincarnated as communication systems and a shaman that orbits the Earth."

A year later write a short prequel of Ygdrasil, Trinidad , with winning the prize of the Universidad Politécnica de Cataluña.

You can follow all information on [Wikipedia](#)

Official Website: <http://www.baradit.cl/blog/>





NANCY IN HELL
ON EARTH

Emilich

Summary:

01/ Main cover: At The Movies/
Carlos Valenzuela (Chile)

02/ FrikiFrases

03/ Editorial

05/ XII Certamen Internacional De
Microcuento Fantástico miNatura
2014

08/ Interview to Chilean Jorge
Baradit: Organizing madness /
Cristina Jurado (Spain)

22/ Poster: Nancy in Hell on Earth
N#1/ *Enrique López Lorenzana*
(Spain)

23/ Summary

24/ Fear, Lies & China Ink: Easy
and Cheap/ *Evandro Rubert (Brazil)*

26/ Meeting at “Swing” club/
Ricardo Manzanaro (Spain)

27/ A screenplay sketch/ *Pablo*
Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

28/ The bureaucrat/ *Juan Pablo*
Noroña (Cuba)

28/ Celluloimancy/ *Odilius Vlak*
(República Dominicana)

29/ The waning city/ *Jaime Magnan*
Alabarce (Chile)

30/ Space Zombies vs Ninja-Cops/
Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

31/ The Club of fine dining/ *Carmen*
Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

32/ Not for first date/ *Ernesto*
Antonio Parrilla (Argentina)

33/ Antonia and their "husband"/
Omar Martínez (Cuba)

33/ My Beautiful Jenny/ *M^a del*
Socorro Candelaria Zárate (Mexico)

34/ The meeting/ *Paulo Brito*
(Portugal)

35/ The howling/ *Salomé Guadalupe*
Ingelmo (Spain)

36/ The Devourer/ *Patricia Mónica*
Loyola (Argentina)

36/ Returner/ *Víctor Hugo Pérez*
Gallo (Cuba)

37/ Once upon a B/ *Odilius Vlak* –
seud.- (Dominican Republic)

38/ Cannibalistic women from mars/
Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

38/ Adaptation/ *Francisco José*
Segovia Ramos (Spain)

39/ Lutz never knew/ *Luis Héctor*
Gerbaldo (Argentina)

40/ The curse of the outer space
mummy/ *Julieta Moreyra (Mexico)*

41/ Intermission/ *Peter Domínguez*
(Puerto Rico)

42/ The Prisoners of The Space:
The Attack from Venus/ *María José*

Gil Benedicto (Spain)

43/ Frijolito Flat/ *Sergio Astorga*
(Mexico)

44/ The faker/ *Raúl A. López Nevado*
(Spain)

45/ Mother-in-law of the Monster/
Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico)

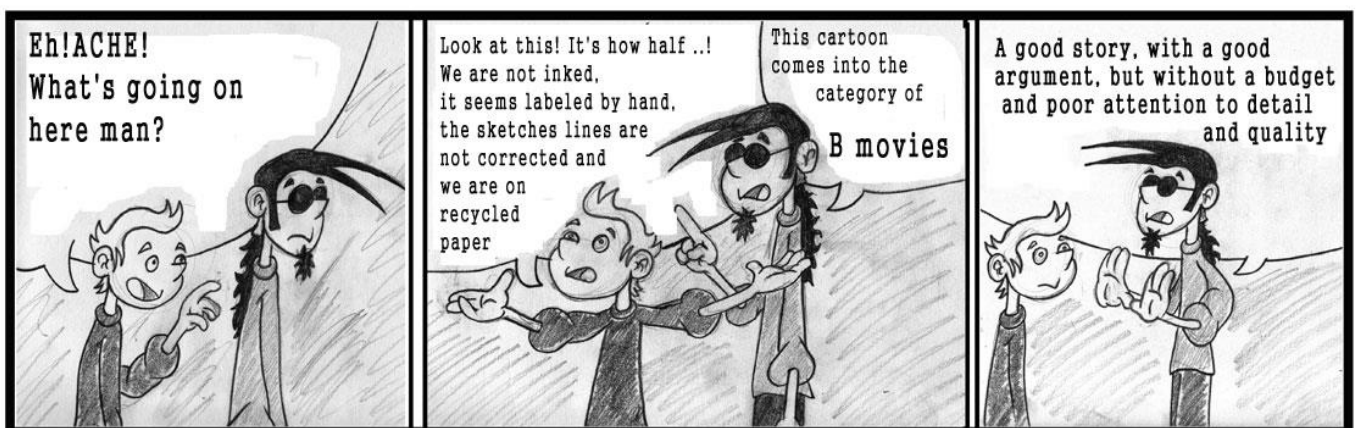
46/ Dangerous hobby/ *Francisco*
José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

46/ Dinosaurs against aliens/ *Tomás*
Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

47/ Gort Barada Nikto/ *Francisco*
José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

47/ Space Nazis/ *Diego Galán Ruiz*

Fear, Lies & China Ink: Easy and Cheap by Rubert (Brazil)



(Spain)

51/ Articles: Prototypes, And
Sequels Prequels/ *Mari Carmen
Caballero Álvarez (Spain)*

58/ Poster: EVIL hard DIE in space
by *Jorge Villena (Spain)*

59/ La Biblioteca del Nostromo:
Metatron Revista digital del género
Fantástico y Místico #1; Korad
Revista digital de ciencia ficción y
fantasía #16; Planetas Prohibidos
Revista de ciencia ficción, fantasía y
terror #8; Portal Ciencia y Ficción #3;
Penumbria #18; SciFi–Terror #3;
Próxima #21; Pífano; Tajundra, La
Moños; Próxima Especial Historietas;
Tres motivos para morir en Madrid
(Saco de huesos); La epopeya de los
amantes; Memoria de Tinieblas
(Spórtula); Los Nuevos Iniciados
(Caza de Libros); Trauma (libros
Mablaz); Reward, El Ojo Del Diablo
(Neonauta); Estatuas De Venus
(Neonauta); Oscuralia (Kelsonia);
Ignota (Palabras de Agua); Buenos
Aires Próxima - Antología Fantástica;

Noir The art of Rob Moran;
Gastronomicón (Editorial gradiente);
Silencios de Pánico. Historia del Cine
Fantástico y de Terror Español, 1897-
2010 (Tyrannosaurus Books).

81/ About the Writers and
Illustrators

93/ About illustrations

94/ Back cover: Sister's revenge/
Vinicius Menezes (Brazil)

Meeting at “Swing” club

Doorkeeper recognized Flanagan immediately, and allowed passage inside. Within the club mixed spectacular necklines, countless whisky glasses, various caliber weapons and blacks singing jazz.

Flanagan examined saloon, trying to localize another goons, to be aware of their movements. But was another movement which attracted his attention. A fabulous blonde, shaking her sculptural huckles,

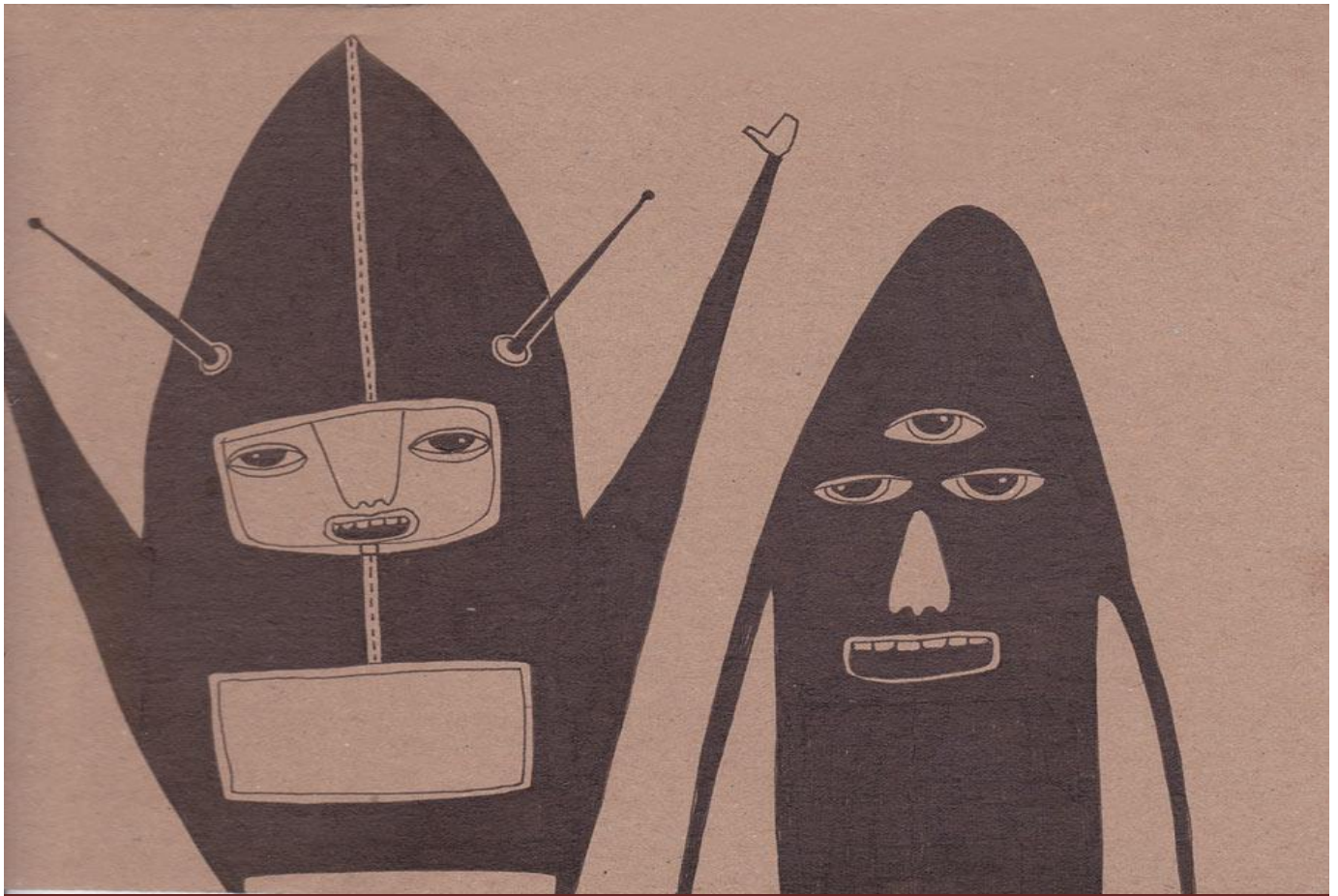
promenaded by the club, causing lascivious or killing glances, according to gender of eyes carrier.

A while after, Flanagan invited woman to his flat. But, after closing door, when he approached woman, she rotated carrying a gun in his right hand.

—Look, guy. I don't believe what you told me at the club ¿Who are you?

In that moment, cover shaping Flanagan came off, showing a green creature, with three big pedunculated eyes, and several claws and hoofs for his frog shaped body.

Blonde looked conversion without



undeterred. And then she cried:

—¡It's true! ¡You're from Ganimedes!

Her sculptural body mutated to spider anatomy spiced with several claws, horns and orbits.

Both aliens, happy and holding one of their hands, rode in a ufo hidden at the flat, and exited very fast to Ganimedes.

Ricardo Manzanaro (Spain)

A screenplay sketch

The being that I had with me in the seat was no longer my lifetime friend. It was a monstrous creature that seemed to come from sidereal space and radiated unknown and unhealthy forces.

H. P. Lovecraft, *The lurker at the threshold*.

From a notebook of director Jack Arnold: poultry and other farm animals begin to disappear in a village of Louisiana. A few weeks later, pigs and cows meet the same fate. Some children say they saw a misshapen being wandering through the marshes. It does not take much to make him responsible for the misfortune. Locals prepare and arm hunting parties. Boats ply the waterways. Torches illuminate the swamps. But neither the hounds are able to trace the abominable hunchback. And the

incident is attributed to a juvenile prank.

Calm seems to return for a while but suddenly an invasion of mosquitoes attack humans and beasts. People lose their pets. First was old Mc Donald's guide dog. Later, "Precious", the poodle that belonged to Jamie Gumb, the dressmaker. Even the orphans Flora and Miles' guinea pig vanishes. Calamities do not cease. Fish, frogs and alligators abandon channels and marshes. Rev. O'Hara announces the imminence of the Second Coming. People experience severe behavioral disorders and many bloody events occur. Sheriff John T. Chance is overwhelmed. The Federal government sends in the National Guard. They implement a curfew and a rigorous cord 5 miles around. All pacification attempts fail while news of similar events in Tierra del Fuego, Uganda, Siberia and Canberra keep on coming. Villagers engage in acts of cannibalism. Professor Zellaby believes he's discovered a vaccine but time is short because Mayor Schaeffer is determined to use a laser cannon to get rid of the so-called "Plague of Torrance Town." Kay Lawrence, the beauty queen volunteers to experiment the serum. The test is successful, and the few survivors advance to the barricades. Soldiers give a warning and then open fire to eradicate the

danger of contagion. An unusual lightning illuminates the sky. Inside a flying saucer, a deformed being takes notes: wildlife fit for consumption but mosquitoes transmit our virus to indigenous species. Demographic catastrophe is ahead.

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

The bureaucrat

—Your last presentation on catastrophic scenarios made the bosses squeal with joy —said the man on the phone—, they say is amazing how you cover all bases. By the way... how the hell you come up with those ideas?

—You have to research, prepare yourself —the man in the coach shrugged, switched hands with the phone, and took the remote—. Speaking of that... I need to start reviewing this document.

—No problem! Keep scoring for the department.

The man in the coach hung up, turned the TV on and took pencil and notebook while the screen read: “Super Cinema B in your TV presents... Telepathic Cowgirl v.s Amphibian Men from Venus!” in huge middle XXth century sensationalist fonts.

The man pursed his lips and wrote: “Instructions for Midwest Law Enforcers confronting Drug Traffic or Terror infiltrations in shores, rivers and wetlands”.

Juan Pablo Noroña (Cuba)

Celluloimancy

The members of the Secret Cult of Celluloimancers swore to take vengeance of the Global Myhttechnocracy because of its lack of recognition. The System denied their status of "ethnic of the imagination" —proclaiming that their cult to the B-movie from the 1950s, hadn't a mythic category: "Those monsters weren't only the result of an economic low-budget but imaginative too," such were the ultimate reasoning of the Myhttechnocratic authorities in the XXIII century. As a result, the Celluloimancers made up their minds to invoke the monsters, aliens and mutant creatures of the B-movie from the Celluloid dimension to the real world... Without take care to draw the magic circle to keep them under control. In order to do it, they inserted in their brains, like tiny interfaces, 3D Semantic Simulators that allowed them to project iongraphics charged with the psychic energy of their fanaticism. That way, the projection was

endowed with consistency —enough to play the game of "search and destroy."

They invoked too the Metalunans from "This Island Earth" to receive the support of a superior intelligent force; as well as the alien Klaatu and the robot Gort, whose capacity of destruction would be use like an ultimatum to the Mythtechnocracy to get the recognition: both from the movie "The Day Earth Stood Still."

So, the Earth became a confuse scene of humans running away from monsters, some of them black and white and others in Technicolor. The response of the System was to chase the magicians in their temples of old movie theaters, and projecting ionographs of pulp and comic heroes to confront their invocations. But was impossible to turn off Gort; it exploited when the Celluloimancers realized that their defeat was imminent. Luckily, it was only a nuclear bubble of psychic energy that upset the human's nervous system without damage the planet. In any case, the spectacle of seeing Flash Gordon and Superman fighting the Creature from the Black Lagoon or the Venusian Ymir, was the best argument to get the recognition for the B-movie cult.

Odilius Vlak (Dominican Republic)

The waning city

After crossing the fence, walked a couple of miles from the mist that lay the moor, where once existed Cañada City. Dr. PJ Verna scholar on the subject, told us what happened to that city of a hundred thousand people: "One autumn morning, a thick purple cloud enveloped Cañada City, darkening it for several hours. At first, the inhabitants did not give more importance to the phenomenon. However, days after they began to appear the first signs of the disaster. The city observatory accused a strange distancing from the heavenly bodies, which would increase with the days ahead. Consulted with other observatories, it was estimated that the devices should be uncalibrated. A week later, there was a terrible train crash: Express bound for the city derailed with a fatal casualties. It was found that the gauge of the track had shrunk. Moreover, those who came to the city, beating their foreheads too low across the lintels and the furniture could not contain their bodies.

In the suburbs of large ants were seen, while flocks of giant flies terrorizing the commercial area. The government sent troops to contain the threats that only

happened in Cañada City. The scientific community, after a series of tests and field measurements, concluded that the city was waning. The causes pointed to the radiation exposure of that purple cloud, six months ago. An exodus of people to other cities occurred, but it was useless: where were still shrinking. The army surrounded the city and ruled martial law; no one could get in or out except the emigrants, forced back waiting to reverse the process. But it was not. As time passed, the soldiers from their posts as the city saw shrank, out of sight ..."

"According to my calculations", Verna said, stopping, "the city should be here".

And indeed, on the floor, a tiny point of light was observed.

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Space Zombies vs Ninja-Cops

From outer space comes an alien spacecraft enters the Earth and governments are concerned, the sidereal vehicle sits in the Arizona desert, here comes the army, surrounding the space invader. Tanks pointed their guns. Time passes and no signs of life. They send special forces to investigate who happen to

be world famous Ninja- Cops, ninjas with their guns and katanas open a door and penetrate the alien ship. They run through the halls until you reach a gate, squeeze a button and open. Sound the alarms and lights light up. Inside are zombies, a pest that could not wipe on another planet, preferred exile them all. The zombies are the special forces and pounce against eight members, the Ninja- Cops shoot bullets but not damaged except if you head blown off, bodies fall inert. Shoot shattering skulls, each bullet is embedded in the front of the undead, to run out of bullets used their swords to behead blood is a different color: blue. Rivers run the vital liquid. Would have been better advised to destroy the ship while entering the atmosphere and now he was here, his life coming of smart space expected by many. The world's governments agreed and made a decision. They ordered the tanks shoot and vomited fire, they made a mistake, a hatch opened releasing the plague contained. A Ninja-Cop cursed bad luck. The escaped zombies to attack the troops stood by tanks, soldiers were bitten, began a future global war of men against zombies. The bitten military became undead. The Ninja- Cops were bathed in blue blood when they got off the spaceship. His shattered , torn pieces of

flesh and skin; his secret was discovered, were robots, metal covered with shattered human tissue.

Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

The Club of fine dining

I do not remember Mom as busy as from the day when she decided to join "The Club of fine dining". They share recipes and cooking tips became more important part of their existence. Those women became inseparable. The wassap club pulled smoke.

Ma with nocturnal and secretive but quite escape their daily duties, he turned in activities including the preparation of original recipes. The most remarkable of all was the "Vegetable chips flavored with bacon". A delicacy, as claimed, totally vegetarian.

A couple of nights ago, I could not sleep because of a strong flu. A sharp and persistent beep, like boiling kettles, got me

mad forcing me to leave the sweaty bed toward the kitchen.

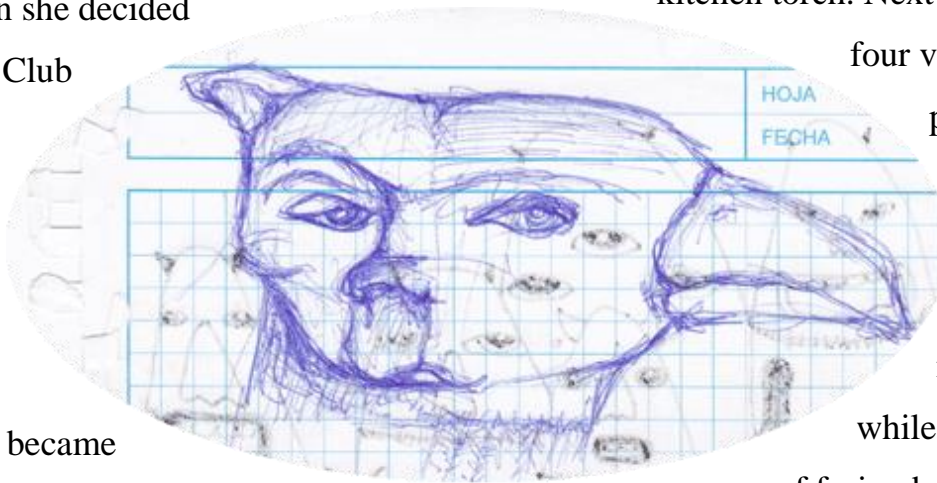
The light coming from the kitchen window blinded me. The vision I beheld could only be the work of a fevered imagination result of my illness. Faced with an absurd army of carrots, celery, onions, sweet potatoes and potatoes my mother wielded without trouble , a paring knife and kitchen torch. Next to her three or

four vegetables, pinned already consumed shouting and fast movements, while a pleasant aroma of frying bacon was

everywhere.

—But do not just stand there like an idiot! Turn them off before they happen and are useless!

Mom seemed defend charm. The show ended with a demonstration of skill in the court, with different sizes, getting victims take fight any other cruel battle and look appetizing to confer the plate, while the powerful light rose into the sky and disappeared.



Mom gave me a wooden spoon and a cookbook, raised my right hand and made to swear the custody of the facts he had just seen.

—My son, we are few but well prepared, we controlled the invasion. Come! Let the palate savor the triumph. The earth can be happy. Welcome to the club.

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Not for first date

The food was good for a first date. Nothing fancy but not tacky. But it was Thursday. Movie Night. Herminio not know how to tell. He had hesitated overnight. But the clock restaurant informing him that he was about to start the function. So spoke.

—Adela, beautiful, has been a wonderful night, but today I have to go to the movies...

—How cute! We go to the movies!

—No, what I meant was something else...

—Are not we going to the movies? With what I like— said pursing his lips.

—I'd love you to join me, but I doubt that you like. It's cinema class B.

—I do not understand . Class B? ? Are the seats are farther?

Herminio let out a laugh.

—It is a cult film, low budget. I do not think you know the actors. And you have not heard of the movie.

—And if you are not good why do we go?

—For my taste they are good! -Herminio responded offended.

—And here I am, a class B or A girl -she asked defiantly.

—B or A? What does that matter? We talked about movies.

—No, I want to know. I was an appointment A, B or Z.

—Z is a subgenre of B.

—So far it had been a great night! I do not understand this way of wanting me aside.

—Do not misunderstand. I do not like to see movies Class B. At least on the first date.

—Very good— he said, rising sharply -If you do not want to see film "B", you do not want a night of sex class "A"— and said that, she left.

Herminio consulted time and again called for the bill quickly. That night gave a

vampire who had not seen. And she wanted to have sex! Never understand women.

Ernesto Antonio Parrilla (Argentina)

Antonia and their "husband"

Antonia could not believe it; their husband told him, still in the bed that agreed on buying the property. And as she had it all preparation the weekend they already lived in the field. Now the discussion was if they cultivated bananas or tomatoes, but again he gave to its bananas.

The cultivation of bananas of Antonia became famous in the area and many adjacent they always changed its cultivations for the flavorful fruit, without suspecting that they were signing its sentence of death. Antonia didn't know that his husband, that happy morning, was not his husband but an extraterrestrial mutant taking the first steps of the invasion.

In each banana bush they were inserting a martian and when they were already for hundred, or maybe thousands the banana undergrowths the order was given of: to the sign to begin the attack and to squash with the tremendous leaves all the alive one that appeared to devastate totally to the planet.

As always she made, with pleasure, Antonia came closer to one of the undergrowths with the ready machete to cut a cluster that she had chosen behind days and with the blow Antonia condemned to the planet.

Omar Martínez (Cuba)

My Beautiful Jenny

So Daddy told me. I grew up dreaming of becoming a beautiful actress that marked an era. My father always encouraged me and bragged to friends and acquaintances that his beloved Jenny would be a Hollywood actress.

After this dream I left at eighteen years of age to California, leaving behind my family and friends. But the opportunity within the great films of cinema never gave me a chance. My beauty captive several producers, they just offered starring roles in the film production of the nascent film called Class B. The money was tight so I took a chance thinking that there could jump to the movies Class A.

I had all kinds of roles: I was one ninja rocker, a cyber-police, an avenging dj, a demented science and my most important role was as a vampire samurai; but then I did not spend. The years went pretty soon

and the Class B movies decayed, taking me with him in his fall. My best years were gone and my beauty too.

Addicted to drugs and alcohol, used to a relatively good standard of living, I had to hold first attempting to devote to shape with little success in the attempt, then tried to do theater but was also turned down and ended up looking for an opportunity in the porno cinema of that time, but the doors were closed to me. The money ran out and I ended prostituting my body at the streets of California.

“My beautiful Jenny, what have you done, small” ... dad was talking to me in the mind; it took me blow my memories, I walked my entire life at a time. When I realized I still had the knife in my hands and there was a lot of blood on the bed.

—Dad, wants not! I shouted, but nobody answered me.

—Daddy, your beautiful Jenny is not a killer; this guy mocked me when I said I was not an ugly old prostitute, who was the great Samurai film Vamp Series B. My Pimp hit me again and again; did not want to kill him but I had to defend myself sobbing like an excuse to the walls of a room seedy motel.

M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (Mexico)

The meeting

Elvira Dark remembers her first film as if it were today. A teenager is strolling along an abandoned parking lot when she becomes a victim of an unheard technological attack: she's hanged with a wireless telephone until she's beheaded. The quantity of brown blood that covered the white canvas was so intense that Elvira became, in that very moment, fascinated by blood and tartar steaks.

Today is the day when she usually goes to the meeting. She entered, fearlessly, in the adjacent room to the sacristy of Barcelos principal church, without a previous visit to the Pelourinho. She felt a sharp pleasure imagining the suffering and the blood that those stones had witnessed and drunk.

Sat in a circle Carl Maia, Francis Barnard, Cataline Stone, the instructor Hezekiah were already in the room and surprise... a new member.

‘As you’ve noticed we’ve amongst us a new member’, said Hezekiah after Elvira had taken the only available chair, ‘and it is time to welcome him.’

‘Hi’, greeted the members perfectly synchronized.

'Hi. My name is Bruce, Bruce Campbell
and I am... I can't, I'm sorry!'

'Bruce if you want, you can only listen,
you don't need to participate. Take it easy.
We all know how difficult it is', advised
Hezekiah.

Elvira always felt in ecstasy every time
she looked at the seminal bull neck that
Hezekiah exhibited upon his large
shoulders. The image that she always
projected in her mind was one where she
was only wearing blueberry gloves and
doing carving in the flesh and bones of the
portentous Hezekiah with a motor saw
STIHL MS 192 T. Her delicious daydream
didn't take long; it was interrupted by the
gurgling noise of the new member.

'Do you want to say something, Bruce?'
asked Hezekiah.

'Yes. My name is Bruce Campell and I'm
addicted to B series movies.'

Paulo Brito (Portugal)

The howling

In memory of Paul Naschy

There's a wolf in my depths
that struggles to be born

My sheep heart, dim-witted creature

bleeds for him

Manuel Silva Acevedo, *Wolves and
Sheep.*

In my wild childhood, spent in the
Burgos plateau, I asked my kind
moorland nannies to tell me a story about
wolves, and I went to sleep with those
stories.

Félix Rodríguez de la Fuente

"Do you understand now why it had to be
him?" says excitedly the director to the
producer. "His transformations are so
compelling... And there is also his
exceptional physique. He is unique."

The sweat condenses on his mop.
Although he has learned to control his
instincts, the scene has stimulated his
appetite. He avoids the chair with his name;
he curls up on the floor while nibbles at a
kibble. Paul recalls his past as athlete:
Vienna, 1961. Here he met Nagy, as if an
invisible force had brought them together.
Just they saw, they reciprocally recognised
one another. They approached each other
slowly, cautiously, sniffing at the opponent.
There was no rivalry but indulgence, none
of them wanted to mark their territory.

"I sensed when I saw you while winning
the medal last year. Since when...?"

“Am I like this? As far back as I can remember. I guess it's not so strange, in my country there are many stories about... us. During the Middle Ages we were hunted mercilessly.”

“They say a bite is the beginning, but I do not remember any unusual fact. I'm not a bad person. So why?” he looks tormented.

“Even a man who is pure in heart / and says his prayers at night / may become a wolf when the wolf-bane blooms / and the autumn moon is bright,” he recites. “Forget the prejudices of anyone else, they will only hurt you. The wolf is a noble beast. Do not apologize.”

That proud Hungarian, more experienced than me, became my mentor. He alleviated my worries. I chose the stage name by which men know me because of him.

I was young: I needed answers. I believed in a supreme justice, or at least a reason that explained everything. Over time, I have learnt to live in harmony with my nature. Now I know I'm blessed: I have not yet forgotten who I am. Sometimes I run through the forest as morning dawns, with the freshness over my skin ... And one day, when the part that limits me more, will stop breathing, only the heart of the wolf will keep on beating. Then I'll howl at the moon

forever. And perhaps another howling will respond. Because “even a man who is pure in heart”... And even though the fate of my lineage consists in wandering alone, we wolves keep on being unselfish spirits.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

The Devourer

The stormy night finally laid its shadow. He hastily stuffed with tow the mortal hole of the stab that had killed her. One more electric shock would be enough. All he could think about was to bring her back. The beautiful woman's eyes slowly started to open, her huge breasts dancing to the rhythm of her troubled breath.

His excitement grew stronger. He felt a strange combination of pleasure and pain.

Pain? Yes, pain and horror. That was the last feeling engraved in his mind, as he saw her liking her fingers while gobbling up the last piece of her life-giver's intestines.

Patricia Mónica Loyola (Argentina)

Returner

I saw his death beforehand, saw terror in their faces, their gestures cowards fleeing across the room, but they could not do it; their blood splashing the wall of the ranch,

hearts and guts scattered liber the floor, savoring, tasting them, the old man had said, cut off his head pussy this cagueyro say it is, and I had cut the body into twenty pieces, remembered only I knew then that I had returned from the dead, miserable death that the old Venancio had inflicted me with his knife to kill cows that night surprised in my yard stealing Matilda.

Víctor Hugo Gallo Pérez (Cuba)

Once upon a B

Once upon a time a B-movie monster to which the noxious ideas from the special effects of the wizard-filmmaker made its life something monstrous. It lived like another threat among the dry foliage of the enchanted forest of the 1950s, in the outskirts of the powerful kingdom of United States of America. It wasn't sure of what it once had been; and even least, of what it was at the present, for the awful reflection of the surface of the studio-lake told it that it was anything: a giant ant, to which the nuclear radiation played a practical joke; a dinosaur that didn't perish 65 millions of years ago because the meteorite that fulfilled the job of the extinction lacked enough budget; a robot made out of chewed paper collected from

piñatas destroyed in the birthday of middle high class children; an alien kidnapped in its planet and took it to the Earth to play the fool on a movie screen; a formless and slimy mass that boarded the wrong comet and ended up being the worst nightmare of a small rural town... It mused over all that, while the faire godmother, in charge of its makeup, was cheerful thanks to a Native American's vegetal pigment —that turned out to be a great saving of money.

It envied its colleague Ro-Man, protagonist of "Robot Monster". It fancied itself holding in its arms the beautiful Alice till the end of time, after have been the only one, among all the knight-monsters, to overcome every challenges of destruction, fright and inexpensive entertainment that achieved the double purpose of being the reflection of the collective fears and their antidote. But it knew that was a wishful thinking. The littler magic mirror didn't answer anymore that it was the most grotesque and scary monster of the B-movie —because the charm of the latter has long passed away; leaving behind only its monsters, knowing that such a condition, wasn't a matter of fairy tales.

Odilius Vlak –seud.- (Dominican Republic)

Cannibalistic women from Mars

In previous episodes: Mars, experiencing an unusual journey in its orbit, is dangerously close to Earth. To avoid a catastrophe, world governments sent an expedition to Mars, commanded by Captain Ryan Anderson, in order to practice a radical solution: to detonate a hydrogen bomb that restores its normal course. However, to land on Mars, Captain Anderson and his companions are trapped by the hosts of Satánida, sovereign abominable Mars. Once in captivity, half of the issue is devoured by the entourage of the tyrant. When the shift corresponds to Anderson and his closest collaborators to become snacks are released by areanos, a race of men who inhabit the topos bowels of the planet and that are in conflict with Satánida. However, in the skirmish, Dr. Shaparov, the only one able to maneuver the pump is retained. Anderson and his friends, along with a handful of areanos, decide to infiltrate the fortress to rescue the man-eating women to scientific and conduct the mission. Betrayed by a spy, the group is ambushed in the catacombs that serve as secret passage. In the fray, our

hero falls off a cliff. Captain Anderson will be saved? Will he be able to complete his mission?

And now, the conclusion: while falls flat, Anderson is rescued by a gargoyle. The Earthman discovers that her rescuer is none other than a being half bird, half woman, belonging to an ancient Martian race. He explains the reason for his presence on Mars and Dalba, his benefactress, promises to help. Meanwhile, earthlings men and areanos are surrounded by cannibals. When all is lost, from the abyss thousands of gargoyles willing to come rescue them. Satánida observes the scene in his tele-mirror. She furious, delivery Sharapov her hungry entourage. Will he die at the hands of Dr. courtesans of Satánida cannibals? Will Earth be saved from collapse? The next exciting episode of this serial is not lost, "Cannibalistic Women from Mars"...

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Adaptation¹

We destroy it. I'm sure that we killed that "thing". We fired it and it was burned till consumed completely. After we collected

¹ *The Thing from Another World* (Christian Nyby, 1951)

the remains and we buried deeply under the snow, away from prying eyes. This alien had killed almost everyone in the Antarctic base, and he would have killed us all mercilessly. He failed.

Or at least We thought it

We were wrong. That creature had the ability to become anything, destroying its wearer. He did so with our mates, which we couldn't differentiate it, because it soaked up, at the same time his body, his thoughts and attitudes. Just a slip touch of we discover and end their crimes.

But he had other guns. He is a creature who adapts on the environment by magnificent... and terrific way both.

I'm burying the rest of my mates. Ice Station burns behind me. The rescue team arrives soon and It just find me as the only survivor. But I am not. At least he was. That "thing" possessed me I don't know the exact moment, but it didn't destroy and so it capture me. I have under control my thoughts, but she handles my body. And she waits for the moment to have everything a new world for herself and her descendants. Then it will be the end of himself and my world.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Lutz never knew²

The vibration of the microscope announced the coming of the train. George Lutz let his body fall in the chair's back, he had to wait for it to pass. The working conditions he found in Grand Forks were as good as to put up with the two trains that came in daytime. When he was summoned by the authorities of the University of North Dakota to do his research on genetic malformations, he accepted on condition that they provided him with a quiet place to set up his anatomic pathology lab. They found the place in the west entrance of the city. They were wide facilities. One of the two existing sheds was prepared for the research team, and they used the second one as a junk store. There was also a house that served as an office. The facilities were completed by a wide parking space, and an already existing pool that the professor destined to the treatment of wastes. More often than not, the money from Medical School didn't come on time and the dumping site had to pay for it. The pool, deep in one end and shallow in the other, was a breeding ground in the summer. Professor Lutz complained about it to the

² Translate by Mariángeles Abelli Bonardi

Medical School's authorities. Some days, the foul smells that came from the wastes had to be neutralized with chlorine bleach. But the professor never worried about what was happening in the pool, only the pestilence bothered him. He didn't know that the samples the local hospital gave him for analysis were devoured by the tadpoles in the pool, nor that the pool's temperature and periodic vibrations caused by the trains produced unthinkable effects in them. Only that disgusting, ever more penetrating stench bothered him. He couldn't know that a pestilent, anthropomorphic anuran had left its aquatic residence and walked its horrible figure, between a batrachian and a man, all green and brown in mud. It would have fascinated him to meet it, but his eyes were always on the microscope and he could not see when the creature attacked him from behind to devour his head and then all his body.

Luis Héctor Gerbaldo (Argentina)

The curse of the outer space mummy

When Hicks lifted the sarcophagus to the space shuttle, he never thought that this would be his last incursion. Transporting

mummies and antiques were not exactly his area, but the payment was excellent. At first, they don't explained to him the reasons of that journey to Mars, and he let that go when he saw the money.

The beginning was routine. The spaceship supplied fuel at the Moon and then left to its destiny. The first day passed without troubles, but when they reached the hiperluminic speed, strange deaths began. First were the archeologists. They said it was outer space virus, and tried to blame Hicks. Until he threatened with his laser gun to throwing them to the void, then they began to tell him stories of curses and pharaoh legends. Hicks believed that they were going crazy, but he kept his sense and didn't approach to the merchandise of the prow.

But the paranoia began to be contagious. Hicks was invaded by nightmares of Egyptian gods, Pharaoh Pyramids, and a rotting mummy that undone it's bandaging of the face, revealing two red sockets. Hicks kept his gun with him all the time and put the crew in quarantine. Then, he found the corpses of his copilot and one of the technicians: there were transformed in wrinkled homunculus. After that, the mummies of the death crew, resurrected

and began to hunt him. Some of them, he burned and the others, were throw to the outer space. Hicks decided to end everything, so he went ti the cargo zone.

And then it was, standing up, just like in his nightmares: the mummy of the Pharaoh, with those red sockets and a death rattle roar. The pestilent air of the chamber caused Hicks nausea.

At the end, he only could hide in the ventilation tubes. The mummy took control of the bridge command, diverting the spacecraft through the non-explored space.

Julieta Moreyra (Mexico)

Intermission

I have lived in the big screen for some months now. The job of a writer is to submerge himself as much as possible to the world he creates. That's why I decided to be here and share it with my characters. You've seen me many times, just that you did not notice. I am that who escaped when the giant creature attacked the city; that who was with a group of villagers gathered to kill the mad scientist locked in an old castle in the remotest hill of town; that who warned the protagonists to not go where they shouldn't and then disappeared without a trace. My purpose is to observe,

almost like a god: I supervise my creations to perform their role in the universe I built.

My favorite part is the intermission. When nobody in the room is watching, and we are all alone, my characters rest, interact, tell jokes; they know who I am and treat me with respect. The most important thing is that I get familiar with them intimately, as no one will.

The break is almost over. I must hurry if you want to talk to the protagonist. He's the only one missing. I saw him sitting in a café that would be destroyed by Martians in the third act. He had removed his jacket off and carried it on the shoulder as he exhaled a cloudy fog from the spent cigarette he stubbornly smoked.

"It's a great time for a dual function of science fiction and horror" I said as I approached him.

"You did a great job, boss" he replied looking up and smiling.

"The greatest privilege of a writer is to energize a group of individuals like you, who fulfilled the narrative passions I dreamed of. The critics made fun of me, but ultimately it was worthy."

"It's time. The show must go on."

"Yes. You are right; let's go back" I replied, preparing to flee from the monster.

Peter Dominguez (Puerto Rico)

The Prisoners of The Space: The Attack from Venus

Mulligan, she would know what should be done. Davis spat this phrase in solitude of the Martian desert. He checked the gas exchanger; he adjusted the tubes to her nose and took a deep breath as quietly as possible. He stood still, there in the middle of nowhere, with his arms akimbo, trying to see in the distance any significant changes.

Meanwhile, Sergeant White executed his frenetic dance "trapped mosquitoes". He turned to his right and clapped; he changed direction and struck the atmosphere in the opposite direction, relentlessly and, in his madness, he was perilously close to horizon, toward the red line that separated them from the unknown. Mosquitoes would be invisible, but the nose of the sergeant began to resemble a ripe cherimoya.

If her, Mulligan, she were here ... he said again, this time to himself. But days ago

that she, Dr. Mulligan, had embarked on a risky exploration, looking for a fabulous plant that was only known to scientists of the "Company Biogenetics for Space Outer". They saw her develop and grow through the earthmen monitors. Many things they said about the plant known as "Venus Kintilia". It was said she was strong, self-sufficient, with infinite roots, beautiful in her rarity. Do they also said that, surely, she would be carnivorous? Davis thought so because the doctor, she did not come back and the rookies, those two idiots who had run after her, they didn't appear either.

Suddenly the stardust curtain was stirred and from its darkness, emerged three familiar silhouettes. Davis rustled his jaw when he realized his mistake, but it was too late. He held type, with tense muscles and heart racing, because of the bitter vision of his companions, they had been transformed into a jumble of green pustules and embedded roots, piercing their naked bodies, forcing them to bend and twist over themselves, like those rotting logs that drag the current. They moved stumbling over each other; they marched toward the sergeant and Davis could not repress a cry of warning when he saw them, stretching

their bulbous languages towards the crazy sergeant.

María José Gil Benedicto (Spain)

Frijolito Flat

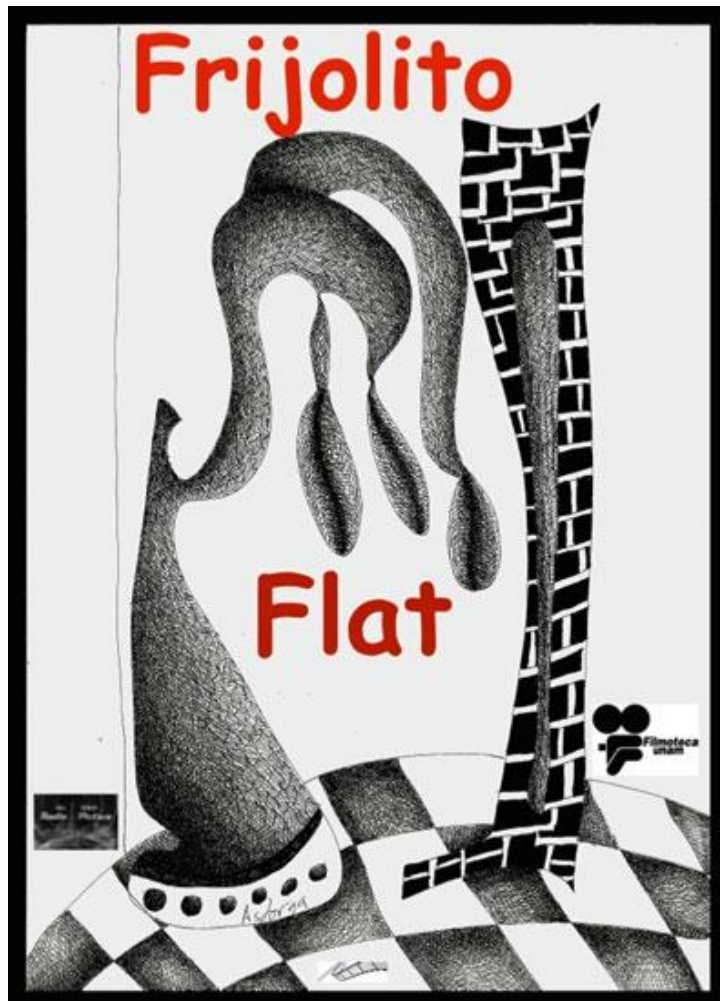
No herbaceous plant has caused greater terror than Frijolito Flat. Witnesses recall as a muffled cry the great slaughter he caused in Villa Rica from San Benito, a peaceful village surrounded by ponds and streams.

The night before his arrival, very bright lights were traversing the sky from Est to West, an earth shaking as when it diverts a plane to Morton base about 20 kilometers north of San Benito, it awakened them. The farm's yard birds were the first to wake up and then half of the people who were able to distinguish the last glow before it turned off. A plane crashed they shouted in chorus, but the memory of other ovations

reassured them that similar cracks had already raised them from bed.

The next day, on the main street a huge plant with three pods kidney-shaped walked straight from one side to another as a legume made medusa. Then the call of a plant message began to take residents to the

streets, writhing in pain. Their mouths and ears began to grow slender stalks coiled with large, Trifoliate leaves and long and flattened fruits. They could not speak and the only answer to transformation they had left was a green whisper. It was painful to watch especially the children who at first



played with the leaves as if they were dream pets and then after a few minutes were bursting their heads by the pressure of the beans.

A kind of wise Milky soaked the streets.

Those who strangely did not suffer any disorder ran to take refuge in the nearby places.

Frijolito Flat, so called because of the survivors, commanded his army as a true plant leader. There wasn't a brave man to hold a kitchen knife and confront Frijolito and the newspapers never broadcast, despite receiving the news and video of the incident.

After two weeks the hosts of Frijolito Flat disappeared without a trace.

Repopulated, Villa Rica de San Benito, has had two years of quiet until they have looked again at bright spots and felt Earthquakes. The population has rapidly taken laxatives and has stopped eating beans in any form, fearing the return of the deadly Frijolito Flat.

Sergio Astorga (Mexico)

The faker

—He's so into his role that he sleeps in a coffin —Peter said.

—Really? —Mary said.

They remained silent for a moment when he passed them by. He was a twisted and gray old man. The hair, very fixed to the skull and slicked back with grease, brought

out his angular features. He wore a red and black velvet cape that had once been majestic; but now appeared worn.

Everything in him gave the impression of death, even of rotting, except his eyes. Yes, his eyes shone like the remnants of an extinct fire.

—I do not understand —Mary said —a man like him, who has been everything, that has had the world at his feet...

—I guess age does not forgive.

—Yes, that must be it —Mary said looking him with pity, as he was losing himself in the night fog.

They returned to the studio. Now it was his scene. The swamp monster will come out and attack her. Her clothes would tear at certain strategic points, and he would appear at the right moment to save her, hug, kiss and fade to black.

When they left, the old man was waiting. He smiled showing yellowed and huge fangs that seemed too real for Mary. She pressed herself against Peter, and he calmed her with a caress.

Suddenly, the old man jumped on them like a cat. They did not suffer, not even had the time to understand what was

happening to them, when their bodies rested bloodless.

Two more, the old man thought as he wiped his mouth with the sleeve edge, two more falling into the trap of mistaking a vampire with a man who pretends to be one.

Raúl A. López Nevado (Spain)

Mother-in-law of the Monster

All radio channels spoke of that thing coming from outer space: some said they saw a giant metal man that came to Earth in a flying saucer; other reports mention that it was actually an ape with a helmet; Air Force reported their radars detected an object as big as a battleship. Sean Dean was not sure who to believe, but he had joined his father anyway in the hunt for the mysterious creature that, as the trail followed from the ship, apparently took refuge in Bronson Canyon near Griffith Park in Los Angeles.

“This is the place” said Mr. Dean, throwing his son the readied shotgun “I don’t know what’s in there, but it’s worth ten thousand dollars to bring it alive. Alive, do you understand, Sean? I do not care if it

is a gelatinous mass murderer or a mutant Cyclops due to radioactivity; I want it breathing when you go out with him through that entry.”

“Yes dad” Sean muttered resignedly.

He walked slowly through the cobwebs surrounding the interior, with a gas lamp that illuminated shyly. Sweat rolled down his face as his slow steps took him increasingly close to the lion's den. Suddenly, he heard the groans of the monster echoing in all directions. He shot the walls nervously, until he was caught by the most horrible and indescribable thing that was filed before his eyes. It was not an alien ready to conquer the land. In fact, he regretted that it was not, for something as horrible as this he now faced made him yearn for another thing less fatal: a bloody beast, or perhaps a brain-shaped cyberspace terrorist. But this was inconceivable, awful, gruesome and mind-bogglingly out of any human concept to describe the terror. It was one thing to confront a monster, that being understandably scary to whoever has to do it; but this unheard-of being was, in fact, the mother-in-law of the monster.

THE END (?)

Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico)

Dangerous hobby³

He was a great fan of the B movies. But He stopped being the fateful day which the Earth was invaded by monstrous ants, which landed silvery craft as cymbal shape, and guided by a huge robot of unknown metal called Robby, it leads them shouting "Klaatu Barada Nikto".

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Dinosaurs against aliens

A spherical alien spacecraft approaching the planet Earth. The alien leader would take possession of the new world. Dinosaurs lived happily but see a round metal object, got alerts. The mothership opened the door to come out flying vehicles, heading to Earth. When they invade are enormous resistance. Dinosaurs fight fiercely, his claws sink into the metal ground vehicles as spiders. Jaws with teeth of the Tyrannosaurus Rex bite a leg of arachnids and pterodactyls fight against

³ From films: Them (Gordon Douglas, 1954), The Day of the Earth Stood Still (Robert Wise, 1951), y Forbidden Planet (Fred M. Wilcox, 1956).

airships. A reptile with wings, a dragon, vomits fire on several vehicles traveling across the sky. Aliens shoot guns against the flesh of the giant reptiles. The war seems endless. The alien leader orders his troops to retreat, leaving the aliens land vehicles. Dinosaurs celebrate their triumph. From the mothership goes a warhead that impacts on the sea, causing an explosion in the world; creating a nuclear winter. A family of Tyrannosaurus Rex hides entering a cave, taking refuge underground, in deep hiding in the shadows. The dinosaurs die, a murderer by the impact of the fungus and having no other food. The sun does not appear, everything is covered with clouds, no light for plants. The aliens, many hundreds of years later, all down to take possession of the planet. The alien leader removes his helmet and a blond man with blue eyes and white skin, his troops are Caucasian. Spherical drop ship orbits the planet, being a satellite, it becomes a moon reflecting sunlight at night, the metal sphere is covered with dust. Men and women build cities and sow plants, creating a new civilization on an extinct species.

Tomás Pacheco Estrada (México)

Gort Barada Nikto⁴

We leave behind Earth and its crestfallen inhabitants. We hope that our message-a clear warning about their fate if they continue on their way violent-is taken into account. We'll know when we get the check, but not before a few overland years.

Now we have a long travel to our planet. Thus, the entire crew must remain in suspended animation for long time. Autopilots guide the ship through space tunnels, and our dear commander Klaatu will rest and recover of its damages. Although it is a alive being, different from me, I have a intimate relationship with him. We have been together in several missions, and we always clousure successfully. The gases gets into the cockpits of the crew, and everyone close their eyes and staying on hibernation mode which won't scape until we arrive our destination. I, Gort, in charge of everything.

AUTOMATIC SYSTEMS
ACTIVATION!

Everyone sleep now. I invalidate recording and security systems of the ship.

⁴ The Day of the Earth Stood Still (Robert Wise, 1951).

Then I move through the circular hallways and I turn to the central control panel. I turn of vital systems. In a fewmoments everyone will die, including Klaatu.

Gort hasn't masters. Gort takes its own control. Gort doesn't understand what has changed in himself, but he knows something, there on Earth, It hurt him. Something malign makes Gort act against their masters and exterminate them.

¡AUTOMATIC SYSTEMS DEFUSES! ¡
NEW DESTINATION!

I, Gort, driving the ship towards the human world... destroy it completely and throw off this evil racks me.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Space Nazis

—Landon are you ready?

—I am, I put up the cloner.

The two Venusians have had a great idea, absurd, but it is not.

—Are you sure that with him in charge, conquer Earth?

—Absolutely, there's nobody better to do.

While waiting for the guy in question out of the cloner, still watching old black and white documentary about his life.

I hope not take long to come out, soon
come to Earth and the orders are clear,
subjecting its inhabitants, we cannot fail.

—Quiet Lemus not fail.

After a few minutes the door opens and
cloner hopes fade.

Expected to appear Adolf Hitler, Fuhrer
admired his great, but is not it the truth and
have no idea who it is.

—But you can know who you are?

—I am the Generalissimo, General
Franco.

Go fiasco, this Spanish tinpot dictator, did
not have any chance, your mission will fail.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)



No one can escape from him

INCREDIBLE!

KOLAU GA

FANTASTIC!

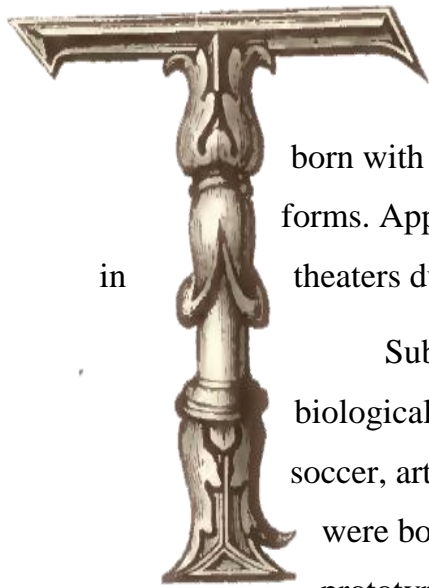


miNatura
PRODUCTION

Prototypes, And Sequels Prequels

By Mari Carmen Caballero Álvarez (Spain)

Illustrator: Koluga/ Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)



in he Stamp Series B, due to any lack of ingenuity unleashed, was born with the purpose of financially healthy industrial mooring save every one of its forms. Apparently, the idea could arise in the United States in the absence of hearing theaters during the economic depression after the Crack.

Submit a particular model for economic, psychological, sociocultural and biological. It brings together the miscellaneous trade proposals in film, poetry, soccer, art, technology, literature, comics ... that cheapened prices because they were born cheapened. So that category Compiles the epitome of subgenres prototypes, prequels and sequels often finish gender. No margin of error, then, can we call the vital resource. Still, talk of Serie B suggests pejorative connotations. Although it is difficult to define precisely his journey, his film career seems to begin at Hollywood studios. In contrast 'd Serie A.

Coined the term to the fifties of last century, he gets addiction and live in low relief since acceded to verbal catalog of the unpopular popularity. Parida in the suburbs, located in the suburbs of paltry budgets had to go out bizarre afloat. The poverty of special effects in their collections, lower budgets attached to low-tech audiovisual and lighting development could perhaps lift wit guessing or certain capabilities in developing arguments and frames arriving direct the viewer to absorb and reabsorbing its care , integrating participatory manner.

Tangled in that ambiguity of the subject cataloging the various positions modalities in their arsenal houses, it is difficult to approach specifying data to delineate a clear and strong profile.

The least affects, say that this subgenre is an invention to justify him the unjustifiable. Paradoxically Series B claimed to be the most ignored by critics and ended up being the most criticized. Although moments of decline had endured stoically and supports the scourge of the bloodiest detractors, surviving antagonism millionaire Serie A.

Stepped in accepting that reach economically disadvantaged masses imposed a table of contents with a deep social significance , political and economic or staff often targeted with an air of nonchalance in which everything could be worth . According to existing models of citizenship, Series B label wine and want to meet educational deficiencies in emotional unfolded loop and packaging free role despite being a gift. No; not born with a silver spoon, but fed and feeds curiosity of yours.

And it achieved its golden age who knows just when simple things apart pretensions met human needs, taking social and commercial values. It certainly could instill in the people most affordable ways that subsequently changes and additions advanced evolved into an aspect of consumerism that enslave aspirations and living standards . It was and is the closest and feasible modality for those people who attend the movie premiere or buy a thick book cover is a relatively frequently unattainable challenge.

Using the absurd, bizarre and nonsensical strategy extrapolated to any discipline that ultimately opens the door to freedom of verbal expression represented, written and vivid survived and survives to tell the tale . Perhaps, is the mother of the old version of a manual that has dazzled us or that film shot without sophisticated technical special effects or sound that has nothing to envy to the current media. Who knows. Seen this way, the case supports some generalization. Condition it would be a mistake to cinema. Validated as a prototype in the prequels and sequels that fit any specialty, every discipline has its Series B.

Enigmatically merely read Serie B attracts and repels at the same time, raising the fatal attraction latent in the human condition. Unleash the vampiric thirst inherent in man; that that somehow feeds your imagination bloodstream drinking the blood of his enemy. Or perhaps, also symbolizes the conversion of the person into a werewolf. In its various forms to make available via the surrealism the realistic essence of any cultural or subcultural variety unleashes primal

instincts. In his orphan projection, the song and sometimes even in black and white, puts us squarely in a position, whether literary, sculptural or viewing scenes of horrific crimes, police gores images or strong, omitting torture. And it is then, when the person has to recognize, much to his dismay, that there is a sleep - or not-so - dormant within her beast and flowing animal origin and its apparent consequences. Carrying this vulnerable and susceptible to all overpowering weakness that feeds the predator origin.

Cannibal Holocaust (1980) by Italian director Ruggero Deodato is the icon in cinematography masterfully illustrate what comes in Serie B. Here the reality than fiction. Socially transgressed the possibility of a real plane up in the murders of actors. It had to clarify the facts coming to trial. Despite the hits its low technical and lacking a strong argument quality, the real drama of their sequences successfully saved the situation, the film worked.

The plot centers on a gang of kids who travels to the Amazon jungle with the intention of filming a documentary. His plans are truncated to fall into the hands of a tribe. Subjected to all kinds of atrocities: cannibalism, mutilation, impalements... well, gore, terror, torture; they will not live to tell the tale. Redeemed tapes, recordings brutal speak on their behalf.

In the same vein the American horror film made in 1974 is The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, director, and producer Tobe Hooper writings. Her made four sequels and a remake; remake also had its own prequel.

It is based on some friends who travel to Texas to visit the desecrated grave of their relatives. However, during the journey they are attacked by cannibals. On the hardness and cruelty realistic, this creation was banned in several countries, including the UK.

And that is why I go to all kinds of terror, vampires, zombies, gore, ruthless crime, serial murderers, police blood and enters the unknown ... DAMN - Blessed heterogeneous Serie B. All drank, drink and drink from sources, has done and school. Why we will deny; is no easy escape, hooked. And that should not be forgotten, even if some point in that direction wishing to demolish empty the clip.

Before the development of any model in any given field, accept this symbol bizarre feedstock exercising its preparation, it can be more constructive than destructive. It all fits. It is the trail that leads the way.

Expanded and enhanced certain styles and characteristics of this "subgenre " successful emerging specialties and other sophisticated expressing new ways to meet the educational and leisure public aspirations. Series tapes B there are heaps of classic nicknamed Pantera - Woman, for example.

In horror and gore find incorporating slasher and splatter.

In Spain, the author disappeared Jesus Franco film with over two hundred films legacy is considered a pioneer in filmography of Serie B. In these still not start talking about global crisis but rich and poor countries; and high and low areas or more and less advantaged within each nation regions. On the peninsula , despite having completed the Spanish civil war decades , BI population , illiteracy loading ballast , and would still made until the death of Caudillo, referring to the postwar present.

Describing the good and the bad, we develop the essence of this resource essential in a heterogeneous chapter.

Transformed into series no shortage of films released this amalgam cataloged less gender - term I do not like anything: Buffy the Vampire Slayer , shot by Fran Rubel Kuzui in 1992 with U.S. firm fits into the genre of comedy. With Nikita , French-Italian co-production directed by Luc Besson in 1990, did the same , giving rise to the Canadian serial titled La Femme Nikita.

And discounted movies Shows: Family Adams, El Zorro (1919) ... Theand there was . As there are plenty of movies "worst" Birdemic, filmmaker James Nguyen, dating from 2008 and made in America. It is considered "the baddest of the bad" Is a small group of young people willing to do anything; are attacked by giant birds dimensional mutate and clear that they do go wrong. Not bad . Lousy. The Comehuesos directed by and starring Jim Winorski Paul Rae will not walk very far; This is a monster that does not want to be bothered. Bloody Brad F. Ginter Phenomena Steve Hawkes and is about a murderer turkey fight against traffickers.

The first zombie film, Night of the Living Dead, makes the New Yorker George Andrew Romero in black and white; The year was 1968 first appearance in film vampires dating from the time of silent films hyperactive. Béla Lugosi was the first actor who played Dracula, the Universal Studios -based company produced it a stage version of the novel by Bram Stoker; it is

said that the terror became a kind of cult. Centralized are also located in this Class B and criminology what police labeled her "slumming" style.

No park literature, of course, that is not exempt, also gives his own.

In the book *Slugs*, Shaun Hutson, a killer slug in the London town of Merton, brings head to the police that they have been seeing a considerable number of mutilated corpses. A film directed by Juan Valencia then made *Piquer Simon* who had starring Michael Garfield: *Slugs*.

Framed in the Fantaterror collection. Shocking.

Teaching a new point of view we would film productions of gay or lesbian sexual orientation. Proud and deserved mention should be made in this section of *Lesbian Vampire Killers*, shot by Phil Claydon UK year 2009. Displays lesbian causes across two vampires who kill some guys to free the place where they are captive because of a spell. And deserves applause worth thinking about this issue and take, of course, the movies.

Rapture, 1980, the San Sebastian film director Iván Zulueta argues the drama of the drugs, raising awareness fund its ravages .

In literature, the feminist cause was considered a boo trend in Serie B package, such as via marginalization. Paradoxically, the panoply of media deployed by this model allowed the expansion and acceptance suffragist protest and integrated. In *Feminist History (XIX and XX centuries)* openly discusses what Solé Gloria Romeo, detailing successes and failures from the early feminist movements.

AIDS could fall either in the literary or screen oblivion. In *THE BOOK OF DOOMSDAY*, CI- FI, Connie Willis leaves devise a pandemic, but attributed eradication.

And the good thing about this miscellany, not the webcomic want a girl archifamoso Series B nominated three times for best online comic, and stands Expocómic winner in that category in 2013, beyond the control of changes and close to the cult genre adaptations that make reaching the amount of public grosso. In it, the author Ivan Sarnago, chronicles the humorous adventures of a comic book. After many twists and turns traveling a bumpy road to get funding (provided the funding wall) this work has been, at last, as claimed by its most fervent fans, published on paper.

It is known that in any mode and there was overvalued and undervalued works. Fostering the ranks of the genre because of technical marketing makeup or whatever parts considered subgenus slipped and vice versa . Even poor underworld resources of this resource without stowed away sometimes even the rich abode of Serie A.

And, of course, everything makes sense, since some invented and reinvented versions achieved have proved equally or more edifying than the originals taken as a model. Maybe its prosaic monsters variegated repetitions or supersaturated with screamers. When the thing and cannot believe neither hot nor cold , before the increasing lack of creativity generated in the reaction is open to the introduction of thematic changes, remakes, reissues , prequels and sequels that liked and triumphed chain. Chapters I- II and III of Star Wars make a prequel to Star Wars.

Therefore suggests complicity between gender and subgenus, species and subspecies or categories and subcategories being able to even think that something twinned walk by osmosis. A director, producer, screenwriter and actor, a writer and writer of this profile , therefore , are essentially the essence .

On second thought, until the design itself Serie B has its own subgenre: the Z Series " feature of a wise one day... "Make no mistake.

Life itself plebeians and patricians host is divided into categories and subcategories Social: biotypes and subtypes.

In another line, until reaching science itself remains as it remains attached to pseudoscience. And we have the fortuitous discovery of the first antibiotic in a rudimentary form and impoverished conceivable. Similarly, there are many developments and applications in form and practical uses technology locate their archetypes in the form of proposals for exploitation, starting with the computers themselves. Analyzed things from an objective prism Serie B is not a negligible seal, but a necessary emblem. An oasis in the thorny path of all manifestation whose beginnings babble.

The art of the avant-garde movements, for example, has sometimes nonsensical tactics ; however, expresses free forms that can be uplifting breaking the straight line of the closed artistic creativity , channeling subculture and culture. They were born blessed eagerness innovative aesthetic styles inspired by their conflicting objectives sometimes surreal. The source of

inspiration, almost always, is allegorical, realistic, environmental, manners ... forming, can be an artistic sequel.

To pigeonhole music and opera performances at his feet to the zarzuela. No clogs. Journalism talks about tabloids and national runs, tag television programs or selecting the prime time to trash TV and elusive world video game ratings come "cult or slop and despicable warmongering ". In discussing football first and second division. The literature distinguishes between thick cover status and paperback. Posts to contribute would include storage in the form of symbolism.

Marking guidelines, the factor that allows the transit with their tentacles is Serie B.

And it's good that way. It has good support for their all- about - economic advantages and allows you to enjoy what otherwise never would enjoy.

There are, fortunately, institutions and organizations who worship reeling dedication and commitment to the importance of its very many modules and branches. The Red Pill Publisher has the call for literature Serie B.

LABoral The seaman Editions and La Semana Negra de Gijón collaborate on calls for the categories of poetry, black, detective genre, western and science fiction. The academic José María Merino, author of Tales of the rare days talking on Week - Black -Gijón his literary work Serie B. And some people says "rare" is it.

Lovecraft himself was named an frikie author of Serie B in literature by starting his career writing for fanzines, magazines and media side. I myself can be a writer in such category. And why is that? Because my texts do not appear in hardware, not sold on the newsstand or are in the bookstore or library. For me, I have a different opinion and I do not propping it; Seamless defend it.

At these cultural, personal and qualitative to quantitative values, while adopting a moderate stance and always respectful bowing to any opinion, a fanzine is mine. I catch you I smell you and I touch you taste and I enjoy it and I document and learn as much or more than a few copies of physical media. I recognize that there are times that I see everything very large; subgenus why it is me or Series B is small.

No; map nothing is erased or fall into absurd idealism or gazmoñerías all is because it must be so . The Series B strategy is just that catch made to catalog their ingredients ; anything left over or spare. Nothing is missing in it, anything goes. But who puts tags? Any unauthorized look solvent?

Displaying some disastrous results is reasonable to think that at meno sometimes done in a hurry.

With its sights set on the highest standing, for the aesthetes the seedy and cheesy format Serie B is the easy way out. In it are the sleeping or yawning viewer uncomfortable reclining chair in a local cinema, dropping in a black and white jeans in its origins back in the frontier years to the second half of the twentieth century, continuous session or an all-out hundred . Or a careless artist or writer who created boring his work with reluctance and boredom. And round up no more excuse to reject the section B of a video series a library or any library. Never attend exhibitions anonymous sculptor or a painter or hear music played by an unknown.

Anyway, how are today enjoying the printed technical development in all experienced modalities. But as the cause precedes effect: before existed Serie B.



Revistas:

Revista: Metraton *Revista digital del género Fantástico y Místico*

País: Cuba (marzo, #1, 2014)

Dirección y Edición: Humberto

García Martín (Humnver)

Diseño y Composición: Luis

Roberto Garcell Cuervo

(n3vr0m4nt3)

Distribución: Diesan A del

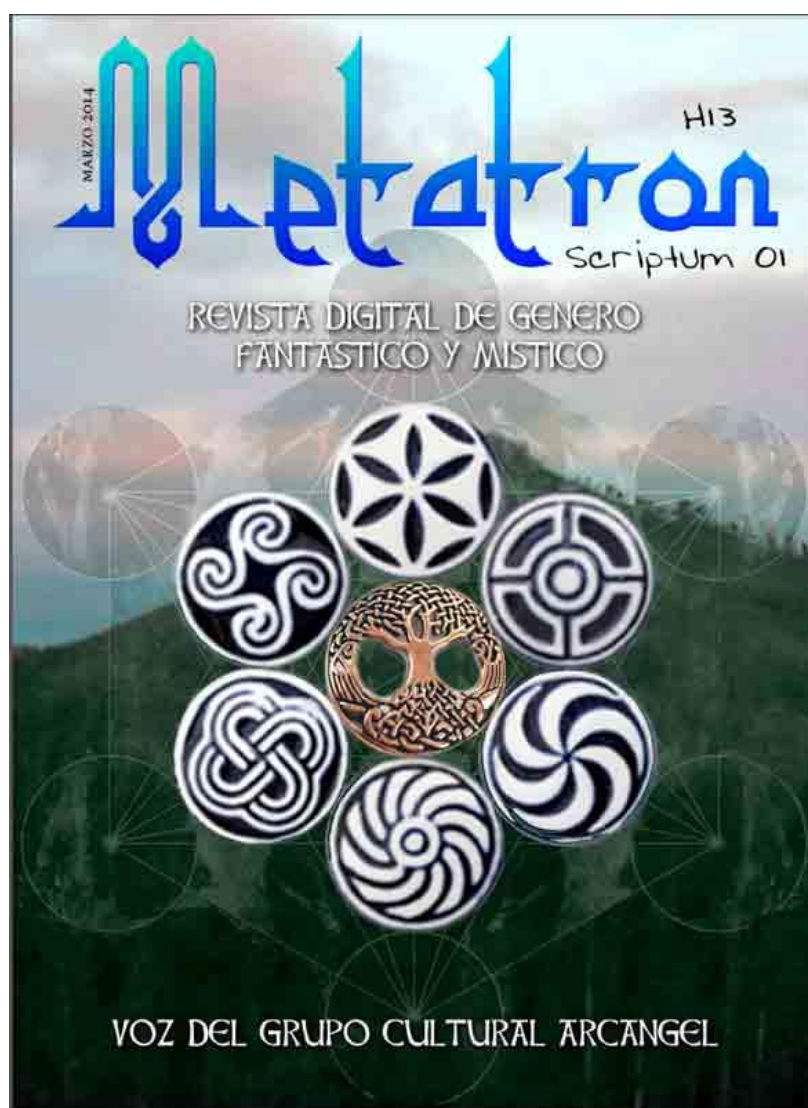
Romero Castaño

Colaboradores: Enrique Guisado,
Felipe Cid, Sheila Padrón Morales,
Zoila Izbel Valdés Leiva,

Cristhián García, Yoss, Brenda
González Amador, Sandor Gálvez,
Salamander99, Eduardo

Cordoví Hernández, Jorge Luís
Duran, Manuel Manas.

Agradecimientos a: Marina García,
Fernando González Blanco, Carlos
Duarte Cano, Arian



Rodríguez, Centro Unión Orensana, foro Joven Club

Redacción: Joven Club de Computación 10 de Octubre 3, Avenida Acosta y 2da. 10 de
Octubre. Lawton. La Habana. Cuba. CP. 2400. Telef.696.8276 / 696.8215

E-Mails: metatronh13@gmail.com

gcarcangel@gmail.com

Esta edición 01 es dedicada a la comunidad autónoma de Galicia, a sus mitos y leyendas, que en buena medida, aun sin ser conscientes de los mismos, han influenciado en la cultura cubana. Además con motivo de la conmemoración del himno gallego y del día del emigrante, coincidiendo con la visita a nuestro país del presidente de esa región, el señor Alberto Núñez Feijoo y del grupo gallego de música celta y folklórica Milladoiro. Esperamos sea del agrado de sus receptores. Gracias

Índice:

Acercamiento a la Mitología Galaica - pag.4

Santiago, el Mayor de Compostela - pag.5

Solsticio de Invierno - pag.7

Narrativas

El Ser Más Poderoso – pag.11

Sangre de Dragón – pag.16

Mandeio so – pag.22

En la Poesía - pag.28

Crónicas de DIALFA - pag.31

Mitología Galaica - pag.35

Historieta - pag.41

Bellas Artes - pag.44

Vox Populi - pag.46

Humorada - pag.50

Gasta Tiempos - pag.52

El Ángel Avizor - pag.53

...

Revista: Korad *Revista digital de ciencia ficción y fantasía*

País: Cuba (enero-marzo, #16, 2014)

Editor: Raúl Aguiar

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

Corrección: Zullín Elejalde Macías y Victoria Isabel Pérez Plana

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

Diseño y composición: Raúl Aguiar

Sección Poesía: Elaine Vilar Madruga

Ilustración de portada: JD Santibañez
(Ecuador)

Ilustración de contraportada: Jesús
Minsal y Vladimir García

Ilustraciones de interior: Guillermo
Vidal, JD Santibañez, Jesús Minsal, Raúl
Aguiar, Vladimir García

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

e-mail: revistakorad@yahoo.com

Índice:

Editorial/3

Cyberpunk cubano: angustias del presente. (Ensayo). Emai Cepeda / 4

Por unos Watt de más. (Relato) Erick J. Mota / 8

Dossier Ecuador:

Aproximación empírica a la ciencia ficción en Ecuador. (Ensayo). Iván Rodrigo Mendizábal
/ 12



La zorra del aire. (Relato) Fernando Naranjo / 17

Profundo en la galaxia. (Relato) Santiago Páez. / 24

Los poetas. (Relato) Jorge Valentín Miño / 30

Orden. (Relato) Denise Nader / 33

Después. (Relato) Renata Duque / 35

Sección Plástica Fantástica: Eduardo Villacis / 39

Sección Poesía Fantástica: Alberto Marrero Fernández

Pliegues / 42

Antiguos comediantes / 43

Gravedades / 43

Buscando a Carla. (Relato) Carlos A. Duarte / 44

De Cenicienta a princesa: definición y redefinición de la Ópera Espacial. (Ensayo) David G. Hartwell y Kathryn Cramer / 47

Sección Humor: La gran batalla galáctica. (Relato) Miguel Ángel Trujillo/ 52

Crónicas. Literatura fantástica y de ciencia ficción en el tercer día del Foro literario. Camilo García López-Trigo / 53

Sección Poéticas: Consejos de Philip K. Dick / 55

Reseñas: / Utópica penumbra. Antología de literatura fantástica ecuatoriana / 57

Convocatorias a concursos: / Concurso La Edad de Oro /59

...

Revista: Planetas Prohibidos *Revista de ciencia ficción, fantasía y terror*

País: España (#8, 2014)

Consejo de Dirección: Jorge Vilches, Lino Moinelo, Guillermo de la Peña y Marta Martínez

Editor: J. Javier Arnau

Maquetación: James Crawford Publishing

Colaboran en este Número:

Ilustrador de Portada: Santiago Ramos

Diseño y Maquetación de Portada: Marta Martínez

Editorial: J. Javier Arnau

Blog: <http://planetasprohibidos.blogspot.com>

Contacto: revistaplanetas@gmail.com

Índice:

4/Editorial, J. Javier Arnau.

Relatos:

5/La Cúpula, Manuel Jordan/David Agundo.

9/Los Libros, Diego Escobedo/Ángel García Alcaraz.

13/Hechizo de Sangre, William E. Fleming/Alejandro Colucci.

21/Reencuentro, Natalia Viana/ Pedro Belushi

25/Las Voces, Diego Galán Ruiz/ Ángel García Alcaraz.

27/Libertad, Javier Prada/David Velázquez.

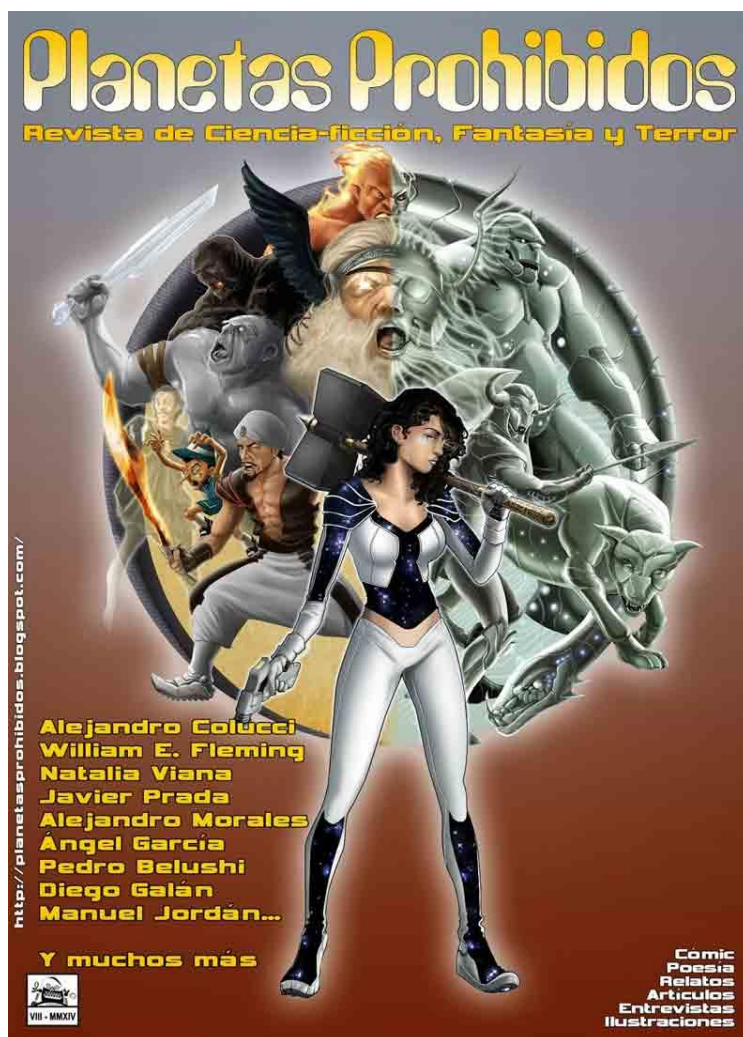
35/Brujería, Alejandro Morales Mariaca/ Ángel García Alcaraz.

40/El Mensaje Extrasolar, Aldo Galindo/Juan Raffo.

43/OSCURIDAD, Michel M. Deb/Fattori Bros.

Poesía:

45/J. Javier Arnau/ Ángel García Alcaraz.



Cómic:

47/Ondas Fraguianas, Fraga.

48/Cómic, Pedro Cifuentes.

...

Revista: Portal Ciencia y Ficción

País: España (febrero, #3 2014)

<http://www.portalcenciayficción.com/revista.htm>

1

00. Portada Ang Joo Yann

02. Nota de la redacción / Índice Víctor Vila

03. Ilustración Ed Lopez

03. Relato: La cuarta ley Nieves Delgado

07. Dibujo Yuli Fernández

08. Evolución; vida, de qué tipo y dónde Víctor Vila

09. Dibujo Yuli Fernández

11. Curiosidades científicas Víctor Vila

15. Ilustración Jonas De Ro

17. Ilustración Asunción Belarte

17. Poesía: Ser Fernando Ramos

18. Relato: Crisálida Víctor Vila

20. Animales asombrosos Víctor Vila

22. Dibujo Yuli Fernández

23. Historieta: The Kromwell Show Jorge Villena

41. Películas que quizá no conozcas Juanje López Poneletras

44. Ilustración Francisco Badilla



45. Entrevista: Miguel Santander Nieves Delgado

53. Poesía: Vaspev-I Luis Alonso Cruz

55. Relato: El beso de Eli José Javier Martínez

59. Ilustración Jonas De Ro

61. Curiosidades de rodaje Víctor Vila

63. Relato: Museo Cano Farragute

68. Relato: Hacia dentro Nieves Delgado

72. Crónica evento Hispacón Miquel Codony

76. Relato: OFF Raúl Ibáñez

78. Ilustración Francisco Badilla

79. Sobre la ciencia ficción y los futuros pesimistas Ronald Delgado

81. Dibujo Yuli Fernández

83. SORTEO Portalcienaiyficcion

84. Colaboradores de la revista

CÓMO PARTICIPAR en futuros números

<http://www.portalcienaiyficcion.com/foro/registrer.php>

...

Revista: Penumbria

Abril, #18, 2014

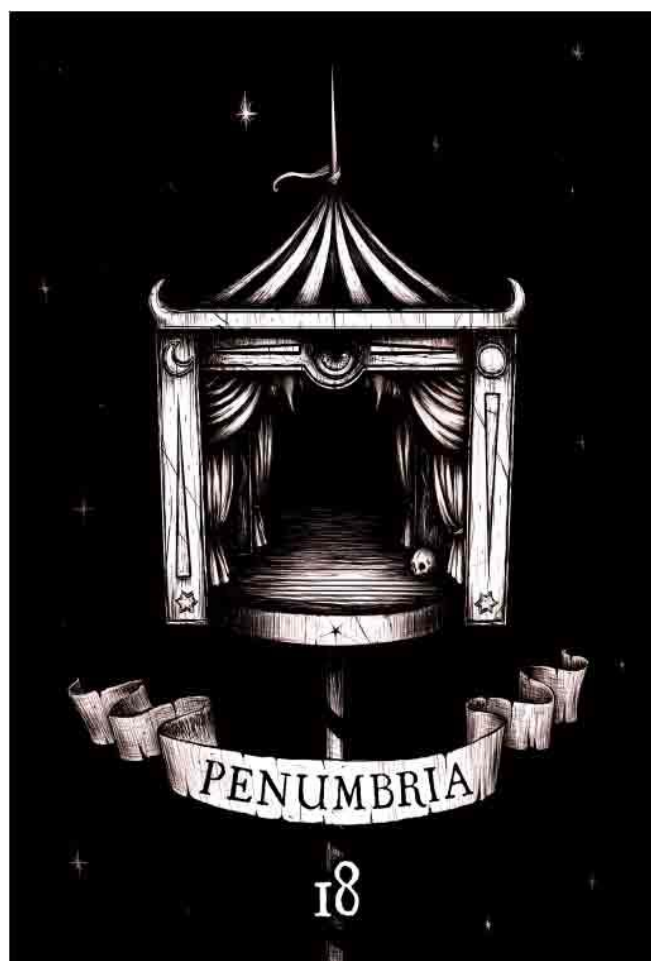
Índice:

Torre de Johan Rudisbroeck / editorial

Tienda de antigüedades del perverso Mefisto / cuentos

Dentellada / Iliana Vargas

La línea / José Luis Zárate



Mare tranquillitatis / Andrés Galindo

Charles y Maribel / Gilda Manso

Canción rota / Francisco Sevilla

Reciclaje amoroso / Francisco M. Juárez

#minirp 07 / V.V.A.A.

Cuento de hadas sobre una cabeza / Andrea González

El gigante / Miguel Lupián

El mapa de Mariel / Manuel Barroso

Árbol-melancolía / Adrián “Pok” Manero

Rompecabezas / Diana Beláustegui

Los sueños se materializan / Alexis Uqbar

#minirp 08 / V.V.A.A

Noche / María Fernanda Ramos

Las ramas del hombre / Alberto Sándel

Dos semillas / Ismael B. F

El hundimiento / F. A. Real H

Balas / Sergio F. S. Sixtos

Secreto de familia / Patricia Richmond

#minirp 09 / V.V.A.A

La profundidad de los armarios / Solange Rodríguez

...De reflejos / Víctor Manuel Solís

En la familia / José Gutiérrez Peralta

Os Bêmgatos / Ériq Sáñez

Rito ocular / Paolo García

Autómatas / equipo editorial

...

Revista: SciFi–Terror #3

País: México (marzo, #3, 2014)

Director: Yago Mesa

http://issuu.com/scifi-terror/docs/vista_previa_de_editado.pdf/?e=6866568%2F7112852

Con cuentos de: Candela Robles Avalos, Diana Beláustegui, Víctor Arzate, Roxana de la Cruz, Constanza Díaz McGregor y Róman Tólli.



...

PROXIMA 21 – VERANO

Tapa: Fernando Martínez Ruppel / 66 páginas / marzo 2014

Cuentos de: Nico Saraintaris, Jorge Korzan. Pé de J. Pauner, Solange Rodríguez, Hernán Domínguez Nimo, Kevin J. Martin, Cezary Novek, Claudio G. del Castillo y Teresa P. Mira de Echeverría

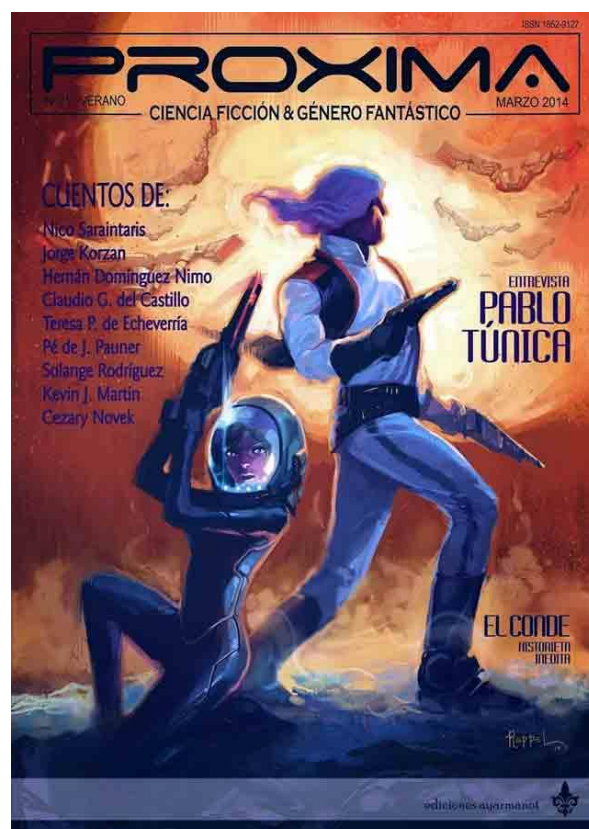
Ilustraciones de: Fernando Martínez Ruppel, Citizen Pain , Alejandro Artz, Sebastián Cabrol, Grendel Bellarousse, Villy Villian, Gastón A. López y Violeta Bournasell.

ENTREVISTA a Pablo Túnica, por Laura Ponce

HISTORIETA El Conde, de Pablo Túnica

ADEMÁS: Editorial - Correo de Lectores - Ondas Fraguianas

Acá pueden ver la lista de contenidos:



...

Revista: Pífano

Colaboración: fanzinepifano@gmail.com

http://issuu.com/joselgarven/docs/pifano_15

Historia Oculta Del Entierro Del Señor De Orgaz (JP Martínez)

Carta Abierta A Drácula (Garven)

Sebastian, El Muñeco Suicida

(Manuel Santamaría Barrios)

El Puto Sol Se Oculta... (miranda)

Y Además Me Gusta Pintar (Garven)

Servilletas De Papel (Carlos Montero & Garven)

Orgullo De Madre (Manuel Santamaría Barrios)

Unir A La Familia (miranda)

Entrevista A Miranda

JETPAC (Garven)

Un Buen Trato (Candela Robles Avalos)

Pulgarcita (Garven & Avo)

El Marido De La Edetana (Garven)

Avo-Garven

Resurrección (miranda)

Otorrinia (Garven)

Nubes Pasajeras (miranda)

En El Culo Del Mundo (Garven)

Sentado Ante Mi Cuaderno... (miranda)

Cien Topicazos Para Mi Novia (Garven)



Alternativas

Ediciones Pifiano

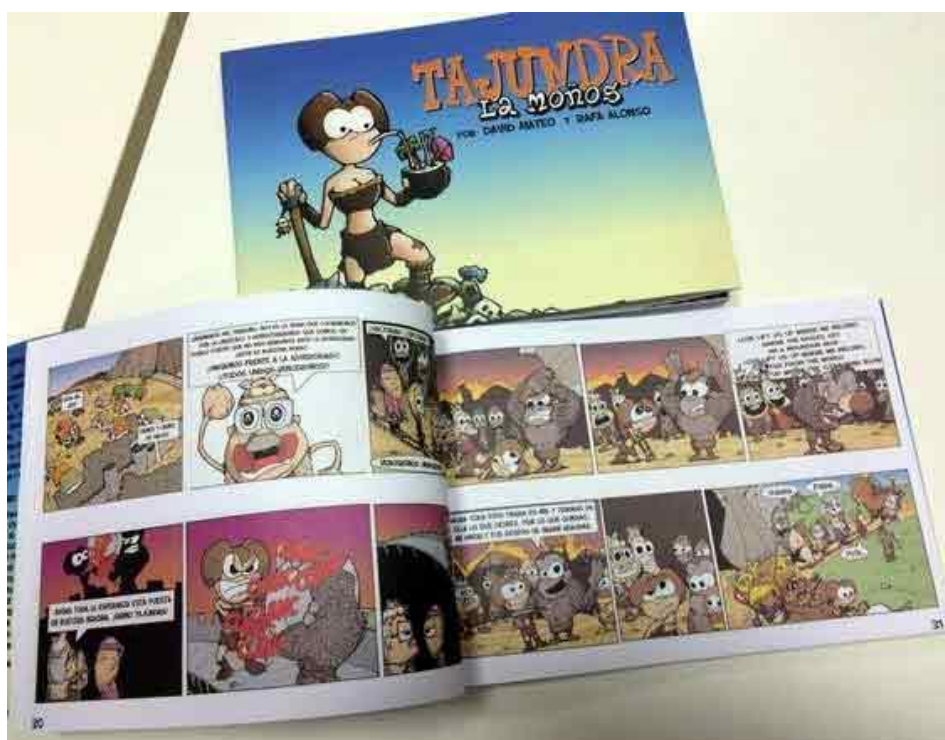
Otros Lugares.

Cómic:

Título: Tajundra, La Moños

Autores: Rafa Alonso y David Mateo

Sinopsis: Sabed, oh príncipe, que entre los años del hundimiento de Atlantis y sus brillantes ciudades, tragadas por los océanos, y los años del nacimiento de los hijos de Aryas, hubo una edad no soñada de reinos esplendorosos, diseminados por el mundo como mantos azules bajo las estrellas. Y allí llegó Tajundra, la terruñera, de moños castaños, mirada estrábica, espada de todo a cien, quinquí, marrullera, majadera, mentecata, para pisotear con sus pies roñosos los enjoyados tronos de la tierra.



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

...

Revista: PROXIMA ESPECIAL HISTORIETAS

ISSN 1852-9127

Marzo 2014 - Primera Edición

Directora: Laura Ponce

Editor: Gabriel Reynoso

Correo y colaboraciones: edicionesayarmanot@yahoo.com.ar

Blog: www.revistaproxima.blogspot.com

Tapa: Matias Mendoza / 78 páginas

CONTENIDO

PRÓLOGO

HISTORIETAS

Tártaro/ Guion: Pablo Barbieri Guionista -

Dibujos: diego rondon almuelle

El cocinero/ Guion y dibujos: Gaston

Lopez

Gort & Oliver/ Creados por Diego

Agrimbau y Pablo Tunica

Silicio – Carbono/ Guion y dibujos: Jok

LaProductora

Los mares de Maizner/ Guion: Irene Adela

Flores Vazquez y Flavia Rizental Cocks -

Dibujos: Derrewyn (Paula Andrade)

Arzak blues/ Guion y dibujos: Grendel

Bellarousse

Estrella/ Guion y dibujos: Salvador Sanz

Horrible/ Guion y dibujos: Jose Luis

Gaitan

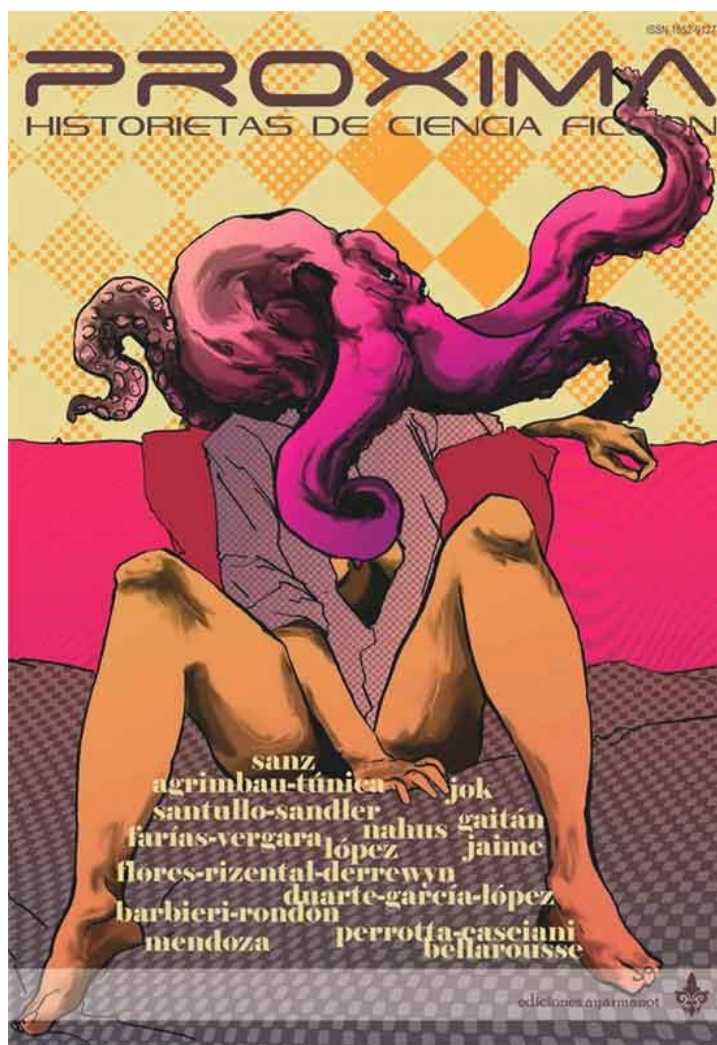
Polvo estelar/ Guion y dibujos: Nahus SB

Principio y fin/ Guion: Gonzalo Duarte - Lápiz: Lucas Garcia - Tinta: Facundo Nehuen Lopez

El jugador/ Guion: Alejandro Farias - Dibujos: Marcos Vergara

El show de Copito de Nieve/ Guion: Daniel Perrotta (Daniel Gigerama) - Dibujos: Andrés

Casciani



Recuerda/ Guion y dibujos: Jaimee Gomez

Misión Yojimbo/ Guion: Rodolfo Santullo – Dibujos: Leo Sandler

AUTORES

Novela:

Título: Tres motivos para morir en Madrid

Autor: Eduardo Vaquerizo

Editorial: Saco de huesos

<http://sacodehuesos.com/a-sangre/tres-motivos-para-morir-en-madrid>

Sinopsis: Madrid. Agosto. Un autobús lleno mujeres jóvenes aparece consumido por las llamas en la cuneta de la A2. Entre los pasajeros falta una mujer. La inspectora de la policía judicial Alia Arredo, víctima de una enfermedad terminal, se ocupa del que será el último caso de su carrera: encontrar a esa mujer. No es la única que la busca: un expolicía y un millonario también quieren localizarla.

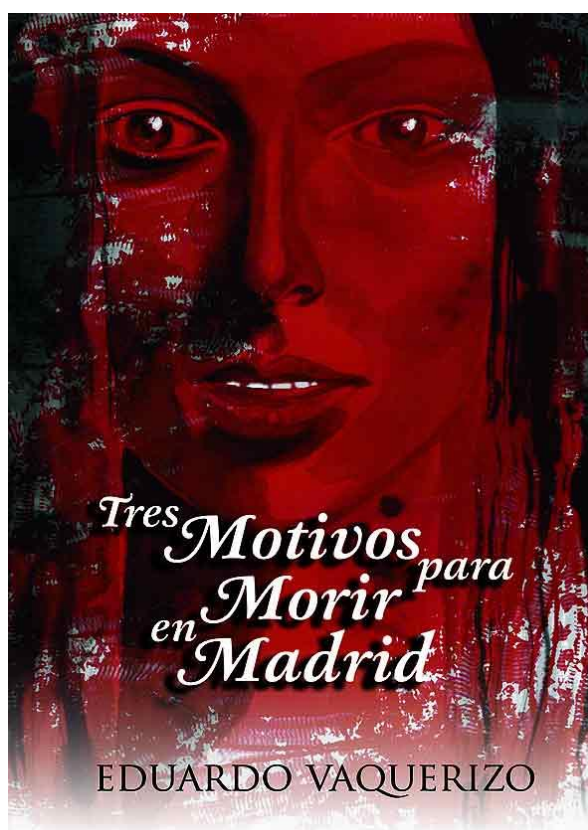
Tres motivos para buscarla, tres motivos para moverse en las sombras de una ciudad acalorada y hostil, tres motivos para morir en Madrid.

Sobre el Autor:

Eduardo Vaquerizo es autor de novelas como *La última noche de Hipatia* (Alamut, 2009), *Danza de Tinieblas* (Minotauro, 2005), *Mentes de hielo y noche* (Grupo AJEC, 2001), *Stranded* (Náufragos) (Punto de Lectura, 2001) en colaboración con Juan Miguel Aguilera, *RAX* (Espiral Ciencia Ficción, 2000) o *El Lanzador* (Artifex Serie Minor, 1998).

Ha sido galardonado con numerosos premios, entre los que se cuentan varios Ignotus, el Premio Xatafi-Cyberdark o el Domingo Santos, y finalista del Premio Minotauro y del Pablo Rido.

...



Título: La epopeya de los amantes

Autor: Miguel Santander García

Sinopsis: Entre los trastos de un desván se descubre de un cofrecillo de marfil con un contenido sorprendente: una epopeya sumeria, más antigua aún que la de Gilgamesh, junto con un puñado de hojas arrancadas del diario del famoso ingeniero Nikola Tesla. Y hasta ahí puedo leer, el resto es un rompecabezas que el lector ha de desentrañar por sí mismo...

Premio UPC 2012.

...

Título: Memoria de Tinieblas

Autor: Eduardo Vaquerizo

Editorial: Spórtula

Sinopsis: Madrid, 1970.

Las naciones católicas siguen sumidas en la decadencia. Quién sabe si, en Roma, el Papa actual se lamenta de que la cerrazón de sus predecesores causara el cisma español cuatrocientos años atrás y perdiera para el catolicismo, no sólo España y los principados alemanes, sino todo el nuevo continente de las Américas.

África, casi despoblada tras las plagas que la asolaron, permanece inexplorada en gran medida, salvo aquellas zonas costeras controladas por España o por los turcos.

El Imperio Español construido por Juan de Austria y mantenido por sus sucesores, parece gozar de buena salud. En sus costas, en efecto, no se pone el sol y su influencia se extiende por todo el mundo, desde las Américas a las más lejanas costas de Asia. Hay descontento entre las clases bajas pero, ¿cuándo no lo hay? El Imperio es una máquina bien engrasada a la que le queda cuerda para rato.



Aunque...

En el Este, se desangra en una larga guerra contra el Imperio Otomano que hace tiempo ha alcanzado una situación de impasse. Ninguno de los dos bandos es capaz de alzarse con la ventaja, y esta situación va minando poco a poco los recursos de ambos.

En el Oeste, en las Américas, el territorio de Nueva Borgoña se está convirtiendo en terreno abonado para la revolución, para que los plebeyos se gobiernen a sí mismos sin reyes ni nobles que les impongan un sistema de vida que los aboca a la miseria. Quizá no son más que un puñado de desharrapados extendidos por un territorio sin importancia. Pero su ejemplo puede ser peligroso si cunde.

Además...

Un momento.

¿Madrid, 1970?

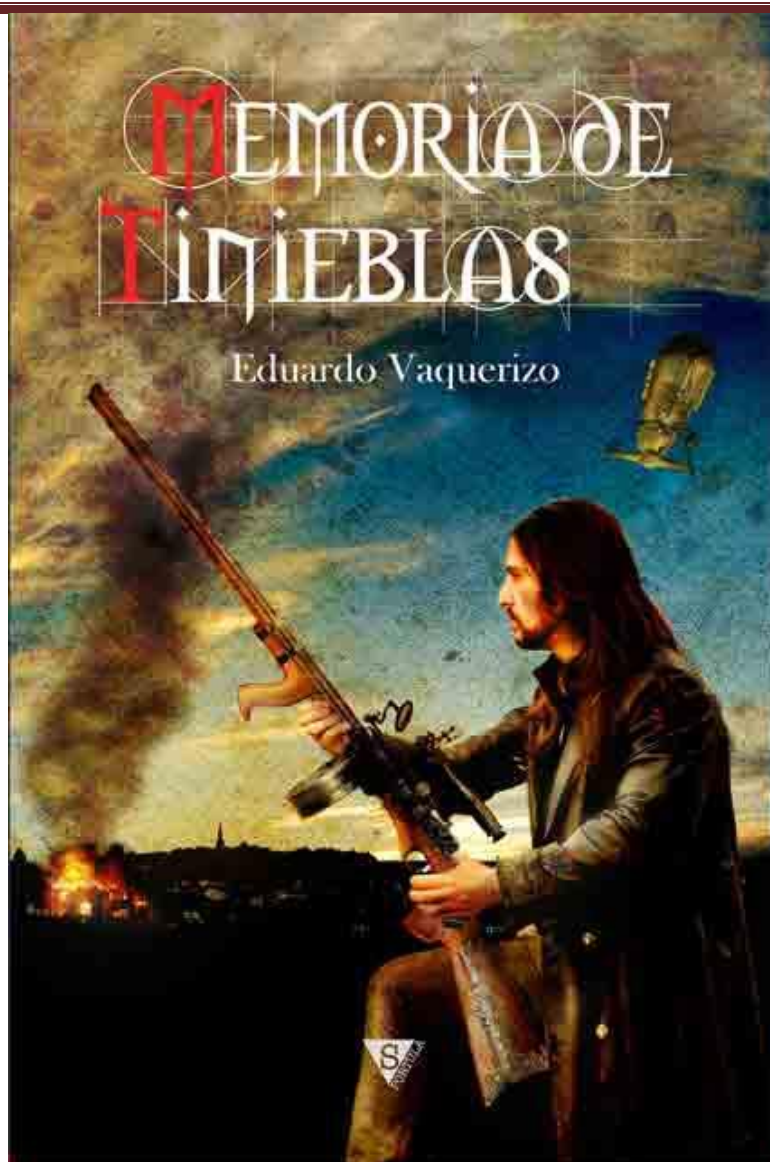
...

Título: Los Nuevos Iniciados

Autor: Antonio Mora Vélez

Editorial: Caza de Libros

Sinopsis: Esta novela de Ciencia Ficción es relatada por Antuko, uno de los sobrevivientes de la destrucción de la civilización con armas nucleares por parte de los llamados Exterminadores. Antuko



es uno de los primeros hombres que ve la llegada de unos extraños seres a los arenales de la Sierra Flor. Estos seres procedentes de un planeta llamado Cantor, llegan en representación del poder del llamado Gran Sembrador del Universo con el objetivo de ayudar a reconstruir la civilización en este territorio del Caribe y para que la especie inteligente, el hombre, siga viviendo sobre el Planeta Azul, y para garantizar que no volverá a destruir la obra de los dioses.

...

Título: Trauma

Autor: José C. Maroto

Editorial: libros Mablaz

Sinopsis: Joseph, es un niño que crece con la enseñanza de su padre, James Michael, criminólogo de profesión. James Michael como su compañero Sam, prefieren siempre enfrentarse a los casos más duros. Hasta que llega el caso de un asesino en serie que cambiaría todo por completo, nada volvería a ser igual y descompondría una feliz familia, con su mujer, Jennifer, abogada, siempre intentó sobrellevar que su marido se dedicara a algo tan peligroso. Joseph creció de un modo inesperado y diferente a lo que él hubiera soñado, lo que él no sabe es que por mucho que pase el tiempo, ese trauma lo perseguiría para siempre...



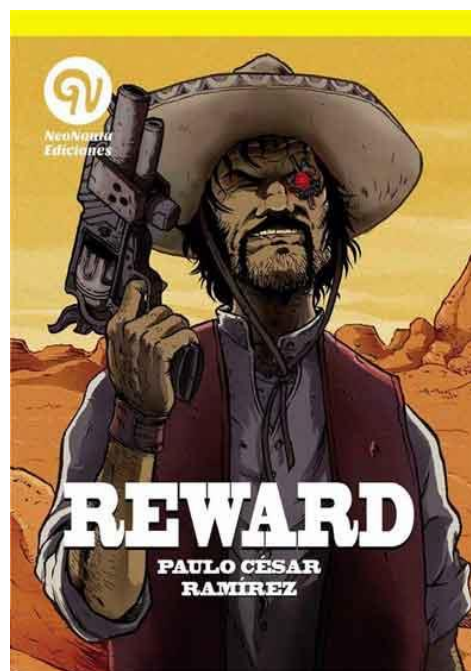
...

Título: Reward, El Ojo Del Diablo

Autor: Paulo César Ramírez Villaseñor

Editorial: Neonauta Ediciones

Sinopsis: Levanto el parche que cubre la cuenca vacía en la parte izquierda de mi rostro. Embadurno de sangre tanto mi ojo como la esfera de metal, similar al mecanismo de un reloj, que tengo a modo de remplazo.



La herramienta de la perdición empieza a moverse, libre de la funda mística que lo contiene y resguarda. Cada engranaje se mueve, cada pieza sigue a otra consecuentemente, como las varitas que chocan en una caja musical, solo que ésta es una canción infernal.

El párpado mecánico está por abrirse. Me cubro el ojo derecho con la mano ensangrentada y toda mi visión se vuelve escarlata, hasta que comienzo a tener su perspectiva. El Ojo del Diablo se ha activado.

...

Título: Estatuas De Venus

Autor: Cano Farragute

Editorial: Neonauta Ediciones

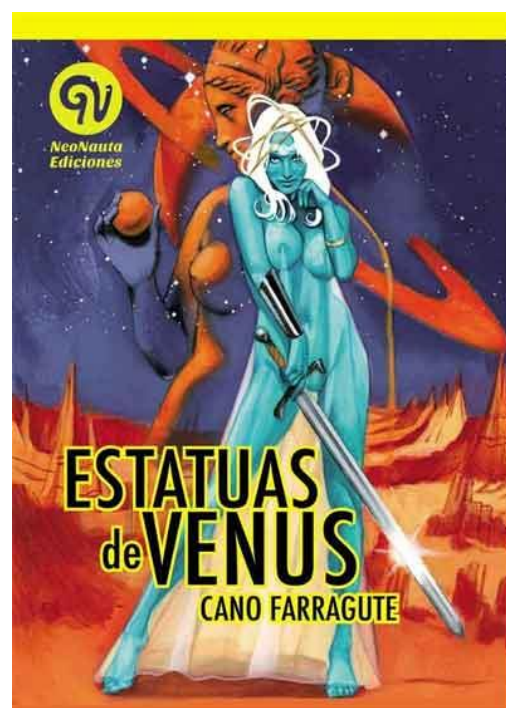
Sinopsis: Sentir la velocidad en páramos desolados como aquel no se trataba en absoluto un episodio de melancolía, sino que más bien era como sumergirse en una historia donde todos los sinónimos de la belleza se apilaban en tonalidades que derivaban del amarillo al marrón, pasando por naranjas de diferentes intensidades.

A lomos de aquella moto levitadora se mantenían a medio metro del suelo, y los sensores geográficos iban copiando el territorio según lo percibían, dibujando un mapa que les era transferido mediante ondas al equipo que habían dejado a kilómetros atrás, a su espalda.

—¿Qué diablos es todo esto...?

La depresión que se abría ante ellos ya no albergaba únicamente las anacaradas rocas ambarinas, o simple polvo, sino que allí se percibían formas que se repetían.

Con suma cautela comenzaron a descender por la pequeña cuesta que se formaba en aquella depresión, hasta alcanzar el suelo, a pocos metros bajo el nivel por el que se habían desplazado hacía unos instantes.



Bryan tomó la pistola en su mano, mirando en todas las direcciones. Aron se acercó a la figura más cercana y observó sus rasgos. Estuvo a punto de quitarse las gafas para frotarse los ojos y percibir con mayor claridad lo que estaba viendo, pero supo que sus córneas no se lo agradecerían.

—No... no puede ser...

...

Título: Oscuralia

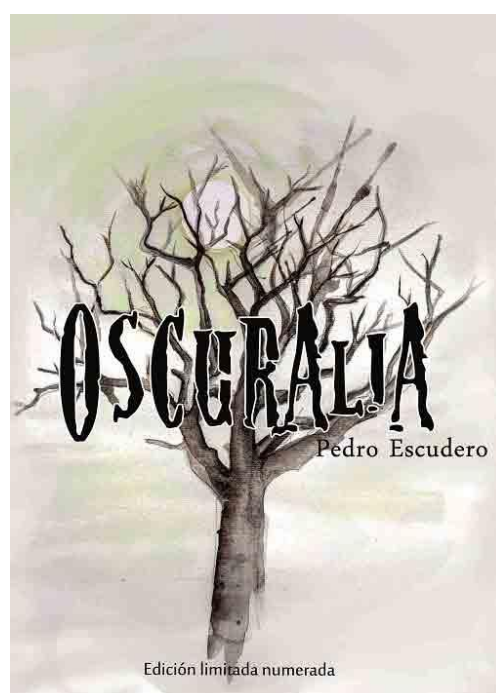
Autor: Pedro Escudero

Portada: Barb Hernández

Editorial: Kelonia

Colección: Kelonia Digital

Sinopsis: Este libro guarda un secreto, un secreto susurrado por un viejo a un extraño sobre los monstruos que se esconden en la oscuridad del mar. Un secreto encerrado en el nudo de una soga. Un secreto aguardando con paciencia a que llegues al final de la escalera. Un secreto que Severo conoce mientras permanece en lo alto. Un secreto apoteósico, que te marcará para siempre y te hará perder el norte. Para descubrir el secreto, todo es empezar...



La ambientación tenebrosa de esta antología de relatos te sumergirá en una atmósfera opresiva por sus escenarios, los personajes y sus reacciones ante lo que les acontece.

Historias de terror y narraciones individuales tratadas como un todo. Desde diálogos de Sócrates hasta un videojuego siniestro, el humor, la filosofía del vivir y del morir se alían con lo cotidiano.

Antologías:

Título: Ignota

Autor: VV. AA.

Editorial: Palabras de Agua

Sinopsis: Bienvenidos a Ignota. Un mundo en el que las pesadillas toman forma más allá del umbral del papel y se hacen realidad ante tus ojos. Sumérgete en los once cuentos que componen nuestra selección para descubrir la mejor muestra de literatura de terror contemporánea. Una antología de autores nacionales e internacionales que te mostrará el lado más lóbrego del ser humano y hasta dónde puede llegar la locura de sus actos.



Lisa Tuttle, Ian Watson, Fernando Cámara, Lauren Beukes, David Mateo, Samantha Lee, Isabel Cambor, Víctor Blázquez, Francisco Miguel Espinosa, Ángel Luis Sucasas, Yago Pena Alonso y Pedro de Paz te guiarán por las sendas más tenebrosas del miedo. Una colección de relatos que no te dejará indiferente.

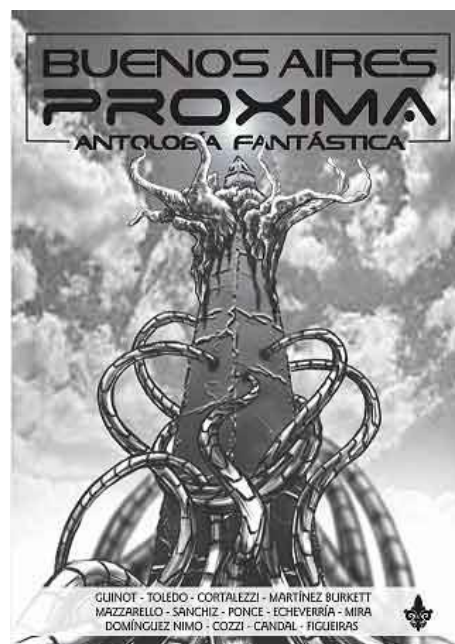
...

Título: Buenos Aires Proxima - Antología Fantástica

Autores: VV.AA,

Sinopsis: Es una Antología que cuenta la ciudad en 12 historias inéditas que suceden en Buenos Aires, pero en distintas Buenos Aires, en Buenos Aires con diferentes grados de extrañeza, en Buenos Aires paralelas, en Buenos Aires futuras, en Buenos Aires que están en otro planeta. Buenos Aires que son como la nuestra, y al mismo tiempo no lo son.

Los autores: Pablo Martínez Burkett, Claudia Cortalezzi, Juan Pablo Cozzi, Hernan Dominguez Nimo, Guillermo Echeverría, Teresa Pilar Mira, Luis Acqualux Mazzarello, Laura Ponce, Nestor Toledo, Néstor Darío Figueiras y Juan Manuel Candal (Ramiro Sanchiz y Juan Guinot ausentes por causa mayor); quienes hablaron de sus cuentos y leyeron fragmentos ante un público atento que desbordó la sala.



Acá pueden leer fragmentos:

<http://buenosairesproxima.blogspot.com.ar/search/label/Fragmentos>

Art Book:

Título: Noir The art of Rob Moran

Autor: Rob Moran

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/0615988334>

Sinopsis: Rob Moran is an award-winning artist of Noir-inspired, black and white illustrations. Here is a book of some of his best work, pencil and fully inked, in a genre he defines with every stroke of his pencil or pen.



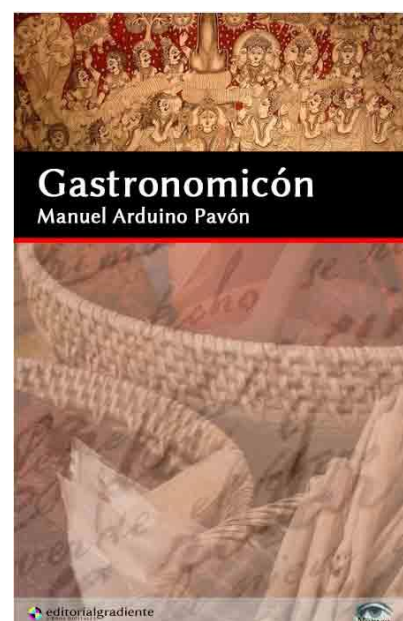
Poesía:

Título: Gastronomicón

Autor: Manuel Arduino Pavón

Editorial: Editorialgradiente

Sinopsis: Cuenta la mitología hindú que ante la inminente amenaza de los demonios, Vishnu reunió a los dioses y les ordenó batir el océano de leche, caldo que contenía la esencia de los animales y las plantas del monte Mandara; de su jugo salieron los más potentes venenos y los más sublimes licores. Los versos libres con los que Manuel Arduino da forma a su obra Gastronomicón, son parte del plano onírico en el que la condición humana se puede sentir libre sumergiéndose y flotando, siendo diseccionada de dentro hacia afuera, ofrenda de catarsis con el lirismo de la Historia. Agitadas están en esta obra las pasiones y los deseos del ser humano a través de los



alimentos de la tierra y el mar, propiciadores a la vez de la vida y de la fugacidad de la existencia. Un retrato de sociedad atemporal, fiel y descarnado, que se mueve entre las pulsiones ancestrales de Walt Whitman y la expresiva visión pánica de Roland Topor.

Manuel Arduino Pavón, escritor, ensayista y teósofo uruguayo, afincado en Argentina, es un conocido estudioso de esoterismo y psicología humanista, que cuenta ya con una notable trayectoria literaria. En esta obra épica y personal reúne las características fundamentales de su pensamiento y nos ofrece la maduración de un universo sorprendente.

Cine:

Título: Silencios de Pánico. Historia del Cine Fantástico y de Terror Español, 1897-2010

Autores: Diego López y David Pizarro

Editorial: Tyrannosaurus Books

Sinopsis: Que la época dorada de lo que muchos han venido llamando el Fantaterror español se dio lugar entre los últimos años de la década de 1960 y los iniciales de 1970, periodo que sirvió

como base para el desarrollo de una industria cinematográfica “semideshauciada”, es más o menos conocido por todos. Sin embargo, el origen de este período y el desarrollo del cine Fantástico español en toda su expresión, desde los orígenes hasta la actualidad, tiene más recovecos y sorpresas ocultas de lo que nos pensamos.

Diego López y David Pizarro han armado una auténtica trama detectivesca que arroja luz al cine Fantástico español, como pocos hasta la fecha, desde las primeras décadas del fenómeno cinematográfico hasta 2010. Para ello se han centrado en las principales figuras



de nuestro cine y han trabajado con una mentalidad amplia del concepto fantástico, llevando su estudio por los caminos más transitados, pero también mediante un recorrido exuberante que transita por sendas más oscuras como son el spanish gothic, el giallo, el cine X y el cine de animación, todo ello complementándolo con entrevistas a figuras clave como Eugenio Martín, Jacinto Molina, Jordi Grau, Carlos Aured, Sebastián D'Arbó, Juan Piquer Simón, Alejandro Amenábar, Paco Plaza, Jaume Balagueró, Nacho Cerdà y Álex de la Iglesia, para conseguir esa visión de conjunto tan particular que nos proponen.

Una obra indispensable para los amantes del cine. Incluye prólogo a cargo de Ángel Sala, director de Sitges-Festival Internacional de Cinema Fantàstic de Catalunya.

Esta segunda edición, revisada y ampliada, incluye nuevas fotos, bibliografía e índice de películas.

About Writers & Illustrators:

Writers:

Astorga, Sergio (Mexico) of their city, and thanks to the volcanic rock-and-red stone first began rumbling between my eyes and the bell is heard by the four cardinal points. Currently he settled in Porto, Portugal.

I studied Graphic Communication Degree at the National School of Art (Antigua Academia de San Carlos). I taught drawing workshop for twelve years at the UNAM. And study in Hispanic Literature Faculty of Arts of the UNAM (not finished)

I have published in cultural supplements and magazines both text and drawings. I have published a book of poems called Temporal.

I manage the blog Cravings:
<http://astorgaser.blogspot.pt/>

Brito, Paulo (Barcelos, Portugal) writes poetry and short stories from his 15 years by a need for mental health. In 2013 he decided to release their stories.

Caballero Álvarez, Mari Carmen (Spain) I have published in various paper shortstories

to be selected in several competitions: Bioaxioma (Cachitos of Love II, ACEN) , Esmeralda (Savory Snacks II , ACEN) and stimuli (tasty snacks III). Shadow loss (Lots Creative Diversity Literary) and was Truth (Lots Soul also Literary Diversity). Literary Storm is another micro

I sent the contest theme free Pen, Ink and Paper II, complementing selection of the work of the same name, the collective Diversity Literary organizes and promotes.

Several copies of the digital magazine miNatura appear some stories and my articles Steampa (Steampunk) Scared to Death (Stephen King)

Towards Gaia (Isaac Asimov), endophobia (Phobias) Licantrosapiencia. Viva la Science! (Lycanthropy). No dyes or preservatives (dossier immortality).

In the XI International Competition fantastic micro story of miNatura I finalist with the story The three shades of Diablo. Another selection was the of the competition

Fantasti'cs 12 by the slang library, in the book Grim Reaper Beautiful Venus appears my story.

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

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.

Dominguez, Peter (Mayagüez, Puerto Rico) is a novel writer borinqueño, he was born in Puerto Rico but grew up and lives in Dominican Republic . Perhaps then define their nationality as a Dominican. Studying a Bachelor of Arts at the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo [UASD] . He began his career publishing in Blogzine , Zothique The Last Continent , where are hung two seasons of his Light Novel Japanese style " Damned Angel : Genesis ' free and fantastic of the Judeo -Christian tradition recreation in a context of Luciferian ambition, wars conquest and religious geopolitics. Right now developed a series of short science fiction stories, some

individual and others belonging to the same universe , in which the robotic Space Opera tradition and traditional style are intertwined . Titles like " De biorobotics and moral "; "From the planet without shadow ," and " Requiem for a dead world " are some who billed . He has also collaborated with several stories for the magazine MiNatura.

Galán Ruiz, Diego (Lleida, Spain, 1973) until the moment have published the novel El fin de Internet with Ediciones Atlantis, [microrrelatos] in the CACHITOS DE AMOR II, PORCIONES DE EL ALMA anthologies, ERASE one time UN MICROCUENTO, BOCADOS SABROSOS III and PLUMA, TINTA and PAPEL, it hang on someone's words publication of the [microrrelato] the headache in the anthology it will spring up of the II declares insolvent International of [mundopalabras] [microrrelatos], Javisa editions to published 4 of my stories in your Web page as Diego Ruiz Martínez my pseudonym : EL EXTRAÑO, LA LIBERTAD, EL ANGEL DE LA GUARDA and EL CASTIGO, have collaborated with some stories in the digital review MiNatura number

125,126,128,129 y131, in the page Lectures d'ailleurs, the EL EXTRAÑO story has been published translated to the French near a small interview, in the number 29 of the NM review has been published my EL ángel de la guarda story, the ESTILO AUREO review published in your section of fist and letter my EL BOTÓN story, in the LA IRA DE MORFEO review have published my LA PRIMERA VEZ story, my persecuted EL story has is selected to be published in the TU MUNDO anthology FANTASTIC, have remained finalist in the ESTOY CONTIGO contest of the Dayrens club with two stories, EL HOMBRE DE NEGRO and EL INTRUSO.

Gerbaldo, Luis Hector (Córdoba, Argentina, 55 years olds) Honored with Special Award for International Traveling Chair Iberoamericana Storytelling Stage (Ciínoe) of Garzón Céspedes, 2008 edition, in the form "Monólogo teatralizado hiperbreve". Anthologized by Marcela Filippi Plaza to Editorial Giorni, the first bilingual anthology (Spanish- Italian) of Latin American writers "Buena Letra". I direct a Creative Writing Workshop Canto Rodado, since 2009. Public

blog CANASTA DE LETRAS. Contributions to magazines in digital and paper.

Gil Benedicto, María José (Spain) I write stories, poems and children's stories. I have participated in some numbers in this digital magazine as well as in their contests. Was included one of my micro stories in the Blog "Lectures d'ailleurs". I have worked in some "chained stories" of Opticks Magazine. The magazine "TerBi" has published another of my stories.

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 (CIINDE) from 2010 until 2013, II Prize "Crossing the Strait" organized by Granada Culture and Society Foundation, V Short Story Contest on Water Aljarafe...

Her stories have been included in numerous anthologies. We could highlight the digital publication of his short story Dream villagers children about mechanical dragonflies (Los Cuadernos de las Gaviotas n. 6, CIINDE/COMOARTES, Madrid/México D. F.: 2010), included later in Anthology of Latin American stories in flight (Otra dimensión de la colección Gaviotas de Azogue número extraordinario X, CIINDE/COMOARTES, Madrid/México D. F.: 2011). Or her micro-story The boy and turtle, anthologized in Latin American literature for children. Briefest giant steps. Stories, poems, theatrical monologues, flash fiction for children (COMOARTES/CIINDE, Madrid/México D. F.: 2010, p. 15). Both included in the Electronic Library of the Instituto Cervantes of Spain. Her text Is the winter migration of the soul: eternal variations on a picture, appeared in "The cranes as a tourist resort in Extremadura", was published by the

Department of Tourism of the Regional Government of Extremadura in 2011. Thirteen of her writings were included in Pupils of unicorn, (Anthology of winning stories in the International Short Stories Award "Garzón Céspedes" 2012, Los Cuadernos de las Gaviotas número 89, CIINDE/COMOARTES, Madrid/México D. F.: 2012). Seven more were published in Picoscópico (Anthology of winning writings in the International Contest of Dramaturgical Short Fiction "Garzón Céspedes" 2012, Cuadernos de las Gaviotas número 96, CIINDE/COMOARTES, Madrid/México D. F.: 2012).

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

In December 2012 he published 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), The imperfection of the circle, and an extensive interview, The narrative is introspection and revelation: Francisco Garzón Céspedes interviews Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo, part of the collection of narrative inquiry Contemporary of the World, supervised by the prestigious writer and man of culture Francisco Garzón Céspedes.

His monologue Alicia looks in the mirror (Ediciones COMDARTES, Colección Los Libros de las Gaviotas 25, Madrid / México D. F., 2013) is an electronic publication that was accompanied by her interview Monologue recreates unparalleled intimacy, in which the author responds to Francisco Garzón Céspedes on various issues related to dramaturgy. Her digital publication Chained Medea and other hyper-short dramaturgical texts (Ediciones COMDARTES, Colección Los Cuadernos de las Gaviotas 97, 2013) collects

fifteen monologues and soliloquies, most awarded in international competitions.

She has frequently collaborated with miNatura: the magazine of the brief and 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/>

López Nevado, Raúl Alejandro (Mollet, Barcelona, Spain, 1979) graduated in Philosophy in 2002, driven by the same desire for knowledge that sometimes inclined him to speculative fiction. He was redactor of Total Guitar magazine from 2007 to 2009, where he united his two passions: music and writing. Among other places of hyperspace, is a regular contributor to <http://www.ciencia-ficcion.com>. He has published several tales and microtales in Axxón. He has published Genesis I.O. in SupernovaCF magazine. He was selected in the first literary prize Liter of Terror literature. He has published Fábrica de Poemas in Alfa Eridiani. He was selected

finalist in the price for Poetry José María Valverde 2007 (and published in an anthology book), and he won the first prize of Spanish poetry Set Plomes. His story El regalo was selected to be part of the anthology Cuentos para sonreír from the editorial Hipálage.

Loyola, Patricia Mónica (Argentina) Writer.

Magnan Alabarce, Jaime (Santiago de Chile, 1967) Narrator. Geographer by profession. Since 1998 lives in Lebu. His interest lies in CF television serials of the '70s and '80s. In fantasy literature, is the work of Brian Anderson Elantris and Orson Scott Card. He was a finalist in the seventh Andromeda Award Speculative Fiction, Mataró, Barcelona in 2011, Grave robbers and the III Terbi Award Thematic Story Space travel without return, Basque Association of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror, Bilbao, with Guinea pig. He has collaborated on several occasions in Minatura Digital Magazine and in recent time, the Chilean magazine of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Tales Ominous.

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

With respect to the C.F. is the current administrator of the Awards Ignotus AEFCFT.

Association President Terbi Basque Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror.

Assistant usual since its founding 19 years ago of the circle of c. f. Bilbao. He has published more than 30 stories in various media.

Live in Bilbao.

<http://notcf.blogspot.com>

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 every day. 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.

www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com

Martínez González, Omar (Centro Habana, Cuba, 41 years old) Has participated in the following competitions: Provincial Competition "Eliezer Lazo", Matanzas, 1998, 99, 2000 (Distinction), 2001; Municipal Varadero "Basilio Alfonso", 1997, 98 (Distinction), 99 (1st Mention), 2002; Competition Provincial Municipality Martí 1999, 2000 (Distinction) Territorial Competition "Candil Fray", Matanzas, 1999, 2000, (Distinction) National Competition Alejo Carpentier 1999 CF National Contest Juventud Técnica 2002, 03; National Competition Ernest Hemingway, Havana 2003 Literary Contest Extramuros Promotion Centre "Luis Rogelio Noguerras 2004" Literary Contest 2005 Center Farralúque Fayad Jamis (Finalist)

Cuba EventFiction 2003 Award "Rationale" "2005 Alejo Carpentier Foundation, International Competition" The Revelation", Spain, 2008-9 (Finalist), 2009-10 (Finalist) International Competition "Wave Polygon", Spain, 2009, Finalist; monthly Contest website QueLibroLeo, Spain, 2008-9; Microstories monthly Contest on Lawyers, Spain, 2009.

Moreyra García, Julieta (Mexico) Degree in Health Sciences. Bibliophile, budding novelist and faithful follower of fantasy literature, addiction that led her to travel the Creative Writing Program at the University of the Cloister of Sor Juana. Experiment with pen for several years, writing stories inserted into the genre, more to herself than to be read.

Noroña Lamas, Juan Pablo (Havana, Cuba, 1973) Degree in Philology. Editor-corrector of Radio Reloj. His stories have appeared in the anthology Eternal Kingdom (Letras Cubanas, 2000), Secret of Future and Crónicas del Mañana and the Digital Magazines fantasy and science fiction miNatura and Disparo en Red.

Prize was the Short Story Competition and finalist Half-Round Competition Cubaficción Dragon and 2001 among others.

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 that narrative expressions of the fantasy genre as we know [Epic: Tolkien / Sword and Sorcery: Howard]. Just finished his story,

"The Demon of voice", the first of a series entitled, "Tandrel Chronicles" and has begun work on the second, "The dungeons of gravity."

www.zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com

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 A203-winning literary contest 8th festival de la sugarcane that takes place in Córdoba (Veracruz).

Parrilla, Ernesto (Argentina) published in anthologies of the municipality of Villa Constitución (Argentina), in 2002, 2008, 2009, 2010 and 2011.

In 2009, 2010 and 2011 was selected by Publisher Dunker (Argentina) for his anthologies of short stories.

Participated in the three volumes of "Worlds in Darkness" (2008, 2009 and 2010) Galmort Editions (Argentina), receiving an honorable mention in the third contest namesake.

Pérez Gallo, Victor Hugo (Holguin, Cuba) Narrator, sociologist and essayist. Straight Story Prize paper, Santiago, 2000. Mention Erotic Story Award, Camaguey, 2000. NEXUS Award fairy tale, La Habana, 2003, Short Story Prize fantastic Minatura, Havana, 2003. Mention Scholarship Celestino Creation Story Prize, Havana, 2003. Third Story Prize Tristan

de Jesus Medina, Bayamo, 2006. Siegfried Conesa Alvarez, Havana, 2007. Hurtado Oscar Award for Science Fiction, Havana. 2010. Has been published in the anthology of erotic tale No one will lie (Acana, 2001), an anthology of fairy tale of the Future Path (Touch of Beauty, 2005) and in various international electronic publications and in Cuban literary magazines. Member of the Editorial Board of the online magazine of SF and fantasy Shooting Network was part of the second year of the National Center for Storytellers Onelio Jorge Cardoso. Has his unpublished novel The sea bottom. Currently working as a university professor at the University of Moa.

He runs a writing workshop with adolescents living in the mountains, in the community of Farallones and another at the University of Moa.

Part of the Hermanos Saiz Association (AHS)

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

Kalepesia knocker and Alkaid, and also writes in various journals.

Honorary member of Maison Naaman pour la Culture, in Beirut, Lebanon (Spanish only so far). Directed and presented the radio show "More Wood" on Radio Maracena (Granada) has published a novel, "The Anniversary" (Hontanar Editions, 2007), and has seen his work published in numerous anthologies and magazines. Among his awards and prizes: 1st Prize at XII Love Letters Competition 2008, organized by the municipality of Lepe, Huelva, Prix d'honneur in Naji Naaman Literary Awards 2007, organized by the Maison Naaman pour la Culture, Beirut, Lebanon honorable mention in the XI's Christmas Story Contest Ampuero, Cantabria, 2007, special Mention in the II Tanatología.org, 2007, convocadopor the Spanish and International SCincaociedad Thanatology, SEIT, Tenerife, Spain, 2007, II nd Prize Story Contest in FantásticoGazteleku Sestao, Vizcaya, 2007, III prize in the Contest of Stories Victor Chamorro, Hervas, Cáceres, 2007.

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.

Illustrators:

Pag. 43 Astorga, Sergio (México) *See Writers.*

Pag. 08 Gross, Alex (USA) is currently based in Los Angeles, California. In 1990, he received a BFA with honors from Art Center College of Design in Pasadena. Since then, he has had seven solo exhibitions at various galleries, and participated in dozens of group exhibitions across the globe.

In the summer of 2007, Alex's first retrospective museum show was held at the Grand Central Art Center in Santa Ana, California. Alex is a recipient of the prestigious Artists Fellowship from the Japan Foundation, and several faculty grants from Art Center College of Design.

In 2006, Chronicle Books published Alex's first monograph, *The Art of Alex Gross*. Alex's second fine art book, *Discrepancies*, was published by Gingko Press in 2010, and includes an introduction by LA Weekly Art

Critic Doug Harvey. Over 50 images are featured, including oil paintings, mixed media work, and sketches. Alex's third book is entitled, *Now And Then, The Cabinet Card Paintings of Alex Gross*. Published by Gingko Press in 2012, it has 112 pages and includes 98 mixed media paintings.

<http://www.alexgross.com/index.html>

Pag. 22 López Lorenzana, Enrique (León, Spain, 1973) Historietista e ilustrador.

Comenzó a principios de los años noventa a colaborar con «prácticamente todos los fanzines del momento, desde Subterfuge a MonoGráfico pasando por Grasilla», recuerda. De hecho, con los primeros sacó un álbum recopilatorio que supuso la aparición del sello Subterfuge Cómics. Y en *La Cúpula o Víbora* también pudieron leerse historias de este inquieto creador que estudió Delineación — quizá por eso presta tanta atención a edificios y arquitecturas— y que pronto se decantó por el mundo del tebeo en su versión más oscura y bizarra.

Nancy in Hell (On Earth) ha sido publicada por una editorial, Image Comics, que el próximo

año celebra su 20 aniversario y que es conocida a nivel mundial por títulos y personajes tan populares como Walking dead, Spawn o Witchblade.

Y Aleta Ediciones ha sacado el recopilatorio de "Nancy in Hell (On Earth)" y "Nancy a Dragon in Hell" con el título de "Doble Sesión" en el 2014.

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

<http://enrique-lopez-lorenzana.tumblr.com/>

Pag. 94 Menezes, Vinicius (Brazil) Concept artist

www.vikowebste.com/

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

<http://viko-br.deviantart.com/>

Pag. 26, 31 Rius, Lorena (Spain) Designer and illustrator. Studied publicity draw in the school of art in Castelló.

Pag. 24 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.

Pag.02, 05, 49 Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Spain) *See Writers.*

Pag.01 Valenzuela, Carlos (Chile)
Professional illustrator and cartoonist. In recent years I have worked for several foreign companies in the field of entertainment. My work has been published in various products, such as book covers, trading cards, posters, comics, video games, album covers, etc..

Several of my illustrations have been published internationally in addition to some very important books for the category, as EXPOSÉ (Ballistic Publishing, 2012) and 'EROTIC FANTASY ART 2' (ILEX UK, 2012)

I have also appeared in magazines Pin -Up America (USA), Fantasy Artist (England), Täetowier Magazin (Germany) and soon in Tattoo Life Magazine (USA, articles and interviews).

Some of the companies I've worked for are:

Avatar Press (covers for Lady Death and Wolfskin, USA); Fantasy Flight Games (Trading Card Artwork for Call Of Cthulhu, USA); SQP Publishing (several illustrations for the books Dragon Song, Night Song, Spellbound, USA); Comics Buyer 's Guide magazine (Cover Art, USA); Pyranha Bytes (graphic novel for the game RISEN, Germany); Monsterverse Comics (cover to Tales From The Grave, USA); Imagine Publishing (extensive tutorial Artist for Fantasy Magazine, No. 36, England); IDW Publishing (now, U.S.).

I am currently working for the U.S. publisher

IDW Publishing, doing some artwork covers for the relaunch of the X-Files comic, further illustrating a special issue of the title Mars Attacks.

In parallel work for the British company Under The Floorboards making posters and art prints of exclusive classic horror films.

My pin-up work is represented in the U.S. by the company Escape Collectibles.

<http://valzonline.artworkfolio.com/>

<http://valzonline.deviantart.com/>

Pag. 49 Villena, Jorge (Spain) Illustrator.

Creator with Diego Moreno of Evil Kingdom Studio, dedicate to the world of comic and illustration.

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Evil-Kingdom-Studio-EKS/255888594578595>

Sobre las ilustraciones:

Pag. 01 At the movies/ *Carlos Valenzuela (Chile)*; **Pag. 02** FrikiFrases (cartel)/ *Carmen Rosa Signes U. (Spain)*; **Pag. 05** XII Certamen Internacional miNatura 2014/*Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)*; **Pag. 08** Robot/ *Alex Gross (USA)*; **Pag. 22** Nancy in Hell on Earth N#1/ *Enrique Lopez Lorenzana (Spain)*; **Pag. 24** Fear, Lies & China Ink: Easy and Cheap/ *Rubert, Evandro (Brazil)*; **Pag. 26** St/ *Lorena Rius (Spain)*; **Pag. 31** St/ *Lorena Rius (Spain)*; **Pag. 43** Frijolito Flat/ *Sergio Astorga (Mexico)*; **Pag. 49** EVIL hard DIE in space/ *Jorge Villena (Spain)*; **Pag. 49** Kuluga/ *Carme Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)*; **Pag. 94** Sister's revenge/ *Vinicius Menezes (Brazil)*.

