

MINATURA

The Magazine of the Brief & Fantastic



ISSN: 2340-977

A beginning is the time for taking the most delicate care that the balances are correct. This every sister of the Bene Gesserit knows. To begin your study of the life of Muad'Dib, then take care that you first place him in his time: born in the 57th year of the Padishah Emperor, Shaddam IV. And take the most special care that you locate Muad'Dib in his place: the planet Arrakis. Do not be deceived by the fact that he was born on Caladan and lived his first fifteen years there. Arrakis, the planet known as Dune, is forever his place.

from Manual of Muad'Dib by the Princess Irulan



"The eye that looks ahead to the safe course is closed forever," Paul said. "The Guild is crippled. Humans become little isolated clusters on their isolated planets. You know, I might do this thing out of pure spite . . . or out of ennui."



"The drug's dangerous," she said, "but it gives insight. When a Truthsayer's gifted by the drug, she can look many places in her memory — in her body's memory. We look down so many avenues of the past . . . but only feminine avenues." Her voice took on a note of sadness. "Yet, there's a place where no Truthsayer can see. We are repelled by it, terrorized. It is said a man will come one day and find in the



gift of the drug his inward eye. He will look where we cannot — into both feminine and masculine pasts."

"Your Kwisatz Haderach?"

"Yes, the one who can be many places at once: the Kwisatz Haderach. Many men have tried the drug . . . so many, but none has succeeded."

"They tried and failed, all of them?"

"Oh, no." She shook her head.

"They tried and died."

Paul Atreides and Reverend

Mother Gaius Helen Mohiam, on the subject of men undergoing the spice trance.



"The Guild is like a village beside a river. They need the water, but can only dip out what they require. They cannot dam the river and control it, because that focuses attention on what they take, it brings down eventual destruction. The spice flow, that's their river, and I have built a dam. But my dam is such that you cannot destroy it without destroying the river."



A process cannot be understood by stopping it. Understanding must move with the flow of the process, must join it and flow with it.

The First Law of Mentat

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

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

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

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

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Dune Universe

Oh, worm of many teeth,

Canst thou deny what has no cure?

The flesh and breath which lure thee

To the ground of all beginnings

Feed on monsters twisting in a door of fire!

Thou hast no robe in all thy attire

To cover intoxications of divinity

Or hide the burnings of desire!

Wormsong from the Dunebook.

During and interview to Frank Herbert: ¹

WM: *The Bene Gesserit, all his mystique is explained only in part. For who want a Kwisatz Haderach ?.*

FH: *The name of the game is power. They want it in a very specific way. But having a weapon powerful enough, especially psychologically, to beat anyone, it can also destroy yourself. But they think they can control that power.*

¹ Realized by Willis E. McNelly (director of *The Dune Encyclopedia* and university professor) in Fairfax, California (1969).

The magazine of the Brief & Fantastic

WM: *Power corrupts everyone. Let's talk about eg. Gaius Helen Mohiam.*

FH: *Let me tell you something. I was at the Univ. Of Sonoma recently, giving a talk. And someone asked me that "it was that nonsense" Voice control. They said that was impossible and I told them I do it all the time. There are thousands of examples. The words used, intonations, hidden behind what we mean ... for example. in politics. The science of control by the Voice. The meta-message, the message hidden within the message.*

The Voice (read also the Verb) Words can lead to love or war. Dune is about total control Paul Atreides is the tragic pawn destined from cradle to play a major role in this game of power and unlike other heroes agree to be manipulated and is fully aware of it. A novel-river (roman-fleuve) where stories flow leaving certain spaces unresolved as meandering river that removes the foundations of an ossified universe by a necessary evil: The Melange.

Perhaps the real goal of Atrides, Harkonnen, Bene Gesserit, The Guild is becoming Fremen: men and women who fear losing anything and know find poetry among the damn dunes of Arrakis.

In this issue you will enjoy magnificent stories acclimated in this fabulous universe come to life in the hands of our illustrators

who never cease to amaze us with their works:

Juan Miguel Aguilera (Spain); Sarima (Spain); Viviane Nonato (Brazil); Evandro Rubert (Brasil); Elena Fortanet (Spain); Gal Or (Israel); Jason Felix (USA); Michael L. Stribling (USA); Mark Molnar (Hungary); Rael Lyra (Brazil); Henrik Sahlström (Sweden); Pascal Blanché (Canada); Richard Wright (UK); Sean McMurphy (UK); Puy —seud.— (Spain); Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain); Carlos NTC —seud.— (Spain); Vaggelis Ntousakis (Greece); Mateusz Oźmiński (Poland).

Let yourself carried away as the psychotropic effects of spice open that window for moral or religious fears we refuse to hold open and enjoy the show.

The Directors

Next issue:



Deadline: december 25



CONVOCATORIA SELECCIÓN DE TEXTOS TIEMPOS OSCUROS Nº5

La Revista Digital Tiempos Oscuros (Un panorama del Fantástico Internacional) tiene el placer de dar a conocer la convocatoria para confeccionar su quinta entrega, un número dedicado en su totalidad a mostrar el panorama de la literatura fantástica de Perú.

Es por ello que todos aquellos escritores peruanos que deseen participar en la selección de los textos que compondrán el número

quinto de la revista digital Tiempos Oscuros deberán atenerse a las siguientes bases.

BASES

1. Podrán participar todos aquellos escritores peruanos residentes o no en su país de origen, con obras escritas en castellano.

2. Los textos deberán ser afines al género fantástico, la ciencia ficción o el terror.

3. Los trabajos, cuentos de entre 5 a 10 páginas, deben estar libres de derechos o en su defecto se aceptarán obras con la debida autorización del propietario de los derechos de la misma.

4. Los trabajos deberán enviarse en documento adjunto tipo doc (tamaño de papel DinA4, con tres centímetros de margen a cada lado, tipografía Time New Roman puntaje 12 a 1,5 de interlineado). Dicho archivo llevará por nombre título + autor de la obra y junto a él se incluirá en el mismo documento plica que incluirá los siguientes datos: título del cuento, nombre completo, nacionalidad, dirección electrónica, declaración de la autoría que incluya el estado del texto (si es inédito o si ha sido publicado, en este segundo supuesto deberá incluir dónde se puede encontrar y las veces que ha sido editado, tanto si es digital como en papel, y si tiene los derechos comprometidos se deberán incluir los permisos pertinentes). Junto a todos estos datos también pedimos la inclusión de un breve currículum literario que será publicado en la revista y una fotografía del autor si lo desea para el mismo fin.

5. En ningún supuesto los autores pierden los derechos de autor sobre sus obras.

6. La dirección de recepción de originales es:

revistatiempososcuros@yahoo.es

En el asunto deberá indicarse: COLABORACIÓN TIEMPOS OSCUROS N°5

7. Las colaboraciones serán debidamente valoradas con el fin de realizar una selección acorde con los intereses de la publicación.

8. Los editores se comprometen a comunicar a los autores, que envíen sus trabajos, la inclusión o no del texto en la revista. Nos encantaría poder incluirlos todos pero nos hacemos al cargo sobre el volumen de textos que se podemos llegar a recibir.

9. Todos los trabajos recibirán acuse de recibo.

10. La participación supone la total aceptación de las normas.

11. El plazo de admisión comenzará desde la publicación de estas bases y finalizará el 1º de junio de 2015. (No se admitirán trabajos fuera del plazo indicado).

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

Directores de la Revista Digital Tiempos Oscuros



INTERVIEW WITH
WELSH AWARD WINNING
JO WALTON

By Tanya Tynjälä (Peru)

Illustrated by Sarima (Spain)/ *The Counselor* (from *Ilunabar Magic Fables*)

The last Swecon realized has among the Guest of Honour Jo Walton, whose book “Among Others” has won in 2012 the Copper Cylinder Award², Robert Holdstock Award, Romantic Times Reviewer’s Choice Award and the prestigious Hugo and Nebula.

Besides her official interview and signature of books, she had and she participated in the panels Welcome to science fiction fandom in which discussed how she discovered fandom, Fantasy and sf worth reading, about some of her suggestions for reading, World building in written stories, How do you make a plot? Science fiction and fantasy, two sides of the same coin? and, Where did all the females’ sf writers go? Of course some of the questions go around those subjects.

Tanya Tynjälä: For you is there a difference between Fantasy and science fiction?

Jo Walton: For me they are different but related genres. I find quite useful how the term Fantastic that covers all of it and even other genres like magical realism. But I think fantasy and science fiction are different but related genres, with different but related protocols, expectations and ways to doing things.

Tanya Tynjälä: And which are those differences?

Jo Walton: Well, there are a lot of differences. There are two clear circles in fantasy and science fiction and sometimes they overlap. But most elements are not overlap. When you are talking about fantasy you are talking about a metaphysical or what we call the metaphysical element; while in science fiction you expect to be in a cause and effect scientific world. It depends also how those elements are treated. You get books that are science fiction

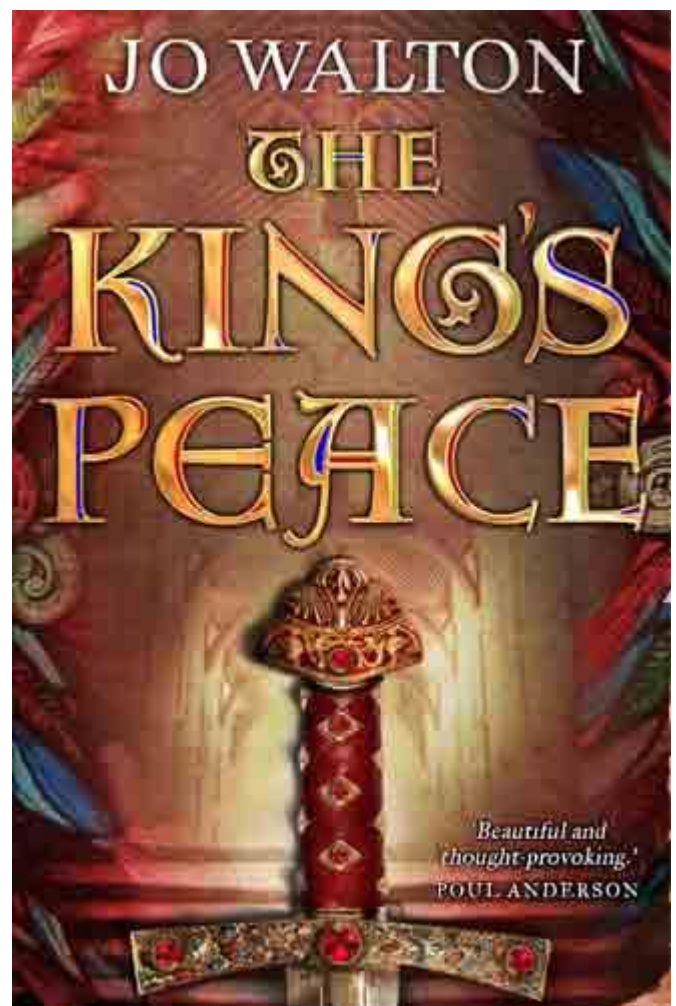
² It takes its name from the novel *A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder*, by James De Mille (1833-1880), which is considered to be the first Canadian science fiction novel. **[Editor Note]**

but with half things in there that are fantastical elements. For instance Alfred Bester's "The Demolished Man" has people transporting using the power of their minds to move from one place to another, and this element is completely fantasy but the book is still science fiction, because the way that he treats it is a science fictional way, there is a scientifically physical cause for this power. In the other hand Kit Withfield's "Benighted", also known as "Bareback" has werewolf, but he talks about them in a totally science fictional way, not at all in a fantastic one.

Tanya Tynjälä: So is what Frederik Pohl explained in his article "SF: The Game-Playing Literature", that science fiction has to do with methodology, in this case the scientific method. He gave the example: "If you investigate any area of knowledge (whether it is stellar physics or the number of angels who can dance on the head of a pin) by this method, you are doing science."

Jo Walton: That's Right! It all has to do with the way you explained it, the attitude towards it. What distinguish fantasy from for example magical realism is that in fantasy, magic is treated as something knowable and so it works: you learn it, you use it. As in magical realism things just happens because they happen. Like to cry preparing a wedding cake and then all who ate it also cried, without "magic" explanation. The differences between genres is this attitude, this way you choose to explain, or not, things.

Talking about Latin American magical realism, I was reading Angelica Gorodisher's *Kalpa Imperial* and I was enjoying this wonderful book as an "outsider" fantasy reader and I was wondering if for example you read it in another way, with the knowledge of the culture



where it comes from. Perhaps you can understand better why she choose to write the way she wrote the story.

“There are also some stereotypes about me personally, because I am Welsh. A lot of people, not in the UK, thinks Wales is this magical enchanted kind of place, they don’t think it is a real place with for instance economic problems.”

Tanya Tynjälä: This is a very interesting point. I don’t think the intention of Angelica was to do a “Latin American Science Fiction”, but a lot of critics find some related themes in her book. I always said I don’t want to write as an “Latin American Woman” but I can’t deny who I am, and somehow you can notice in the way I write, I am not a North American writer for example.

Jo Walton: Of course your culture defines the way you write, and also the things you grew up reading, the kind of stories you were expose when you were young. They give you the feeling of the ways stories could be constructed and defined how you write.

Tanya Tynjälä: Talking about culture, we cannot avoid the stereotypes linked with culture and even gender. What are the most annoying stereotypes you have encounter?

Jo Walton: Well in Poland I have been asked how I feel to be famous and successful. That was very surprising and I could not answer it. Also in Poland every single person asked me whether I believe in magic. In that case I answer: “Do I look stupid?” Outside of fandom, people who read my books assume I believe in magic, that I would not write about it if I was not a believer: If I write about fairies I have believed in fairies. For me that is an annoying stereotype for sure.

There are also some stereotypes about me personally, because I am Welsh. A lot of people, not in the UK, thinks Wales is this magical enchanted kind of place, they don’t think it is a real place with for instance economic problems. So when I wrote about industrial ruins in South Whales in “Among Others”, that of surprises people, they still think of Wales as an enchanted place, they have a romantic view of Whales.

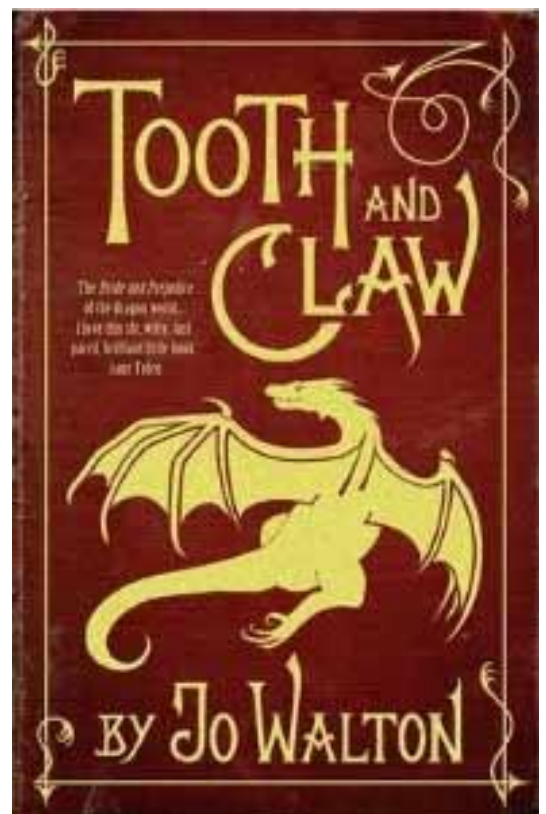
Tanya Tynjälä: And what about gender stereotypes? Was it easy for you to enter into the genre? Have you been harassed, professionally or personally?

Jo Walton: I don't think that I actually have any problem because I am female. The reason can be the age I started to be published and perhaps also I was lucky.

However, I was never published in the UK until last year. "Among Others" has been published first in the USA and it is quite successful and before that no publisher was interested in the book in the UK. I really think there is prejudice about women in fantasy/Science fiction in the UK. There are very few women that are being published there despite being published in other countries. But this is more a prejudice than professional harassment.

About harassment I can say that particularly in the USA I have never had problems in conventions or with people. I have always been reasonably taking seriously as a writer. I have always received a very good professional treatment from my publisher and my agent. As a human being I have encountered some, but nothing really serious and never from the professionals. I have never encountered the kind of professional harassment I have heard from some other women

writers. It might be I was quite older, when I was first published and also that I am not pretty. I mean it might help, people are less likely to sexually harass me because I don't fit in the ideals of the kind of woman they find attractive. But basically I really think I am very fortunate; I have always been dealing with excellent people. I don't think my career has been affected because I am a woman, and you know what? It is great to be able to say that. I was 36 when my first book "The King's Peace" came out, I suppose it might be different for somebody who is 22 or 25. I could be more difficult to be taken seriously. I am not saying I have never encountered prejudice or harassment as a person, because I have had some experiences with this problem, but not as a writer, never professionally.



I think also that there has been a change in society and in the fandom, in the last 20 years. Young women now are more aware and prepare to deal with harassment in a combative way than in my time. If somebody made an advance to a young woman in a convention 20 years ago, she would probably smile and move away. But now if something like that happens the woman will put that man in his place. It is an improvement. Women in their 30 now have had 20 years more of feminism than us and there are in a clear space where they can ask for more and that is really good. We all deserved that.

“If somebody made an advance to a young woman in a convention 20 years ago, she would probably smile and move away. But now if something like that happens the woman will put that man in his place.”

Tanya Tynjälä: But what about for example a real, nice, innocent compliment? I am a feminist, but also a Latin American woman, and we are used to be told “this dress suits you”, and just to answer “thank you”. My former French boss, in a situation like that told me: “How good is to be here (in Peru) to say something nice to a woman, and she just thanks”. It is because in France, that kind of comment can be considered sexual harassment. Perhaps in some cases there is an overreaction?

Jo Walton: Yes, I agree with that as well. People are talking about a code of conduct at conventions, and it says for example that nobody should say anything about how everybody looks like. But for example in fandom, if I look at somebody who has a wonderful outfit, and we are together in an elevator, even if I don't know the person I could say how good he or she looks. How is that harassment? It is just a perfect normal interaction. It is only not normal when it becomes creepy and it is only creepy when somebody is a predator. The problem is that it can become difficult when the person complimenting is not a predator, there is a fine line that is not very well defined.

I think the situation is clear when there is power involved. For example in the case of your former boss, you did not feel you were forced to say thank you because he can fire you.

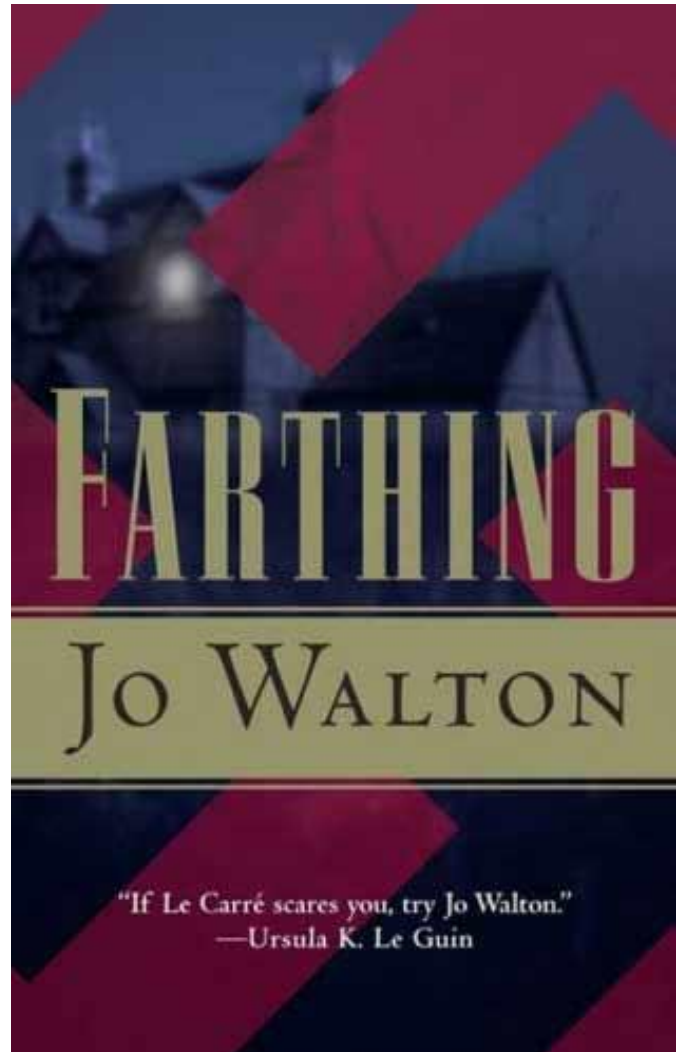
He had not that power. Where is not power involve, people are equal and is ok to just react politely to a compliment. That is where the line is.

Tanya Tynjälä: Some people are announcing the “Death” of science fiction or at least not trendy any more. What do you think about that?

Jo Walton: I don't think is dead. What I do think is that it is become more “mainstream”, and that it is because of movies in part. It is no longer a minority interest. With “Hunger Games” we see the huge interest in the young adult genre, that is not just been read by young people. Somehow the “geekiness” is more mainstream that is used to be. I think also computer games have something to do. People now are more open to science fiction and fantasy.

Tanya Tynjälä: And you don't consider it is bad for the genre to be more mainstream? That perhaps some are doing things just for the money, without paying attention to the quality?

Jo Walton: I agree but for the movies. There are things that I will never put my money on. And I always ask people: Do you realized that if you go to see those movies, directors are going to do more and more of the same? But I think that the writing genre is still alive and doing well. Beside some cases, I think writers don't have the pressure to please the public. And even those who are more a phenomena, like Harry Potter or Twilight for example that make children keep reading, are positive. I think this phenomenon is great, because I



have personally seen young people beginning with those books and then went to other books from different authors, and then search for more, so they have become readers.

People are talking also about reading dying, but for me is nonsense, people are reading more than ever. They say that now people have other things to do, like play computer games. It has always been like that. In 1950 you could watch TV instead of reading. There have always been things that can distract us for reading, and there have always been readers. Reading is an important part of a lot of people lives. Whatever makes children a reader is good for them.

You can have a wrong impression about the genre, because in general there are fewer books sold than before, but there is internet, and e-books. Also now there are hundreds of science fiction authors, we have more choice. In the 50 we could read all the published books in the year. As now you can read a book a day for one year and you would never arrive to read all that has been published. I think is a good thing this diversity.

"People are talking also about reading dying, but for me is nonsense, people are reading more than ever. They say that now people have other things to do, like play computer games. It has always been like that. In 1950 you could watch TV instead of reading. There have always been things that can distract us for reading, and there have always been readers."

Tanya Tynjälä: What about your poetry? You have said in a panel that writing poetry is very easy to you. Is it fantasy/science fiction poetry?

Jo Walton: It is all kind of poetry. I think within speculative poetry we are having like a renaissance time now. Ten years ago there was hardly anything and twenty there was nothing. It started with "Strange Horizons" all different kinds of poetry. And now there are a lot of magazines on line dedicated to speculative poetry: "Goblin Fruit", "Stone Telling", "Mythic Delirium" for example. (There was a list of names, but it was very noisy, so I can't understand the names, please put some names here) People are much excited about this kind of poetry, and they are been paid for that in some publications.

Mostly I put my poetry online for free and sometimes I sell it afterwards. A lot of my poetry is fantasy, science fiction. Some of them are just random stuff about life. I have published some collections: *Muses and Lurkers* (Rune Press, 2001) and *Sibyls and Spaceships* (NESFA Press, February 2009)

Tanya Tynjälä: Last question. Projects?

Jo Walton: I have a collection of my essays called “What makes this book so great”, coming on January 2014. It is a non-fiction book. In May I have a new novel coming out called “My Real Children”, both with Tor. This novel is an alternate history, but is also feminist women fiction. It is about a woman born in 1926 and in 1949 she makes a decision and her life is change. The rest of the book is writing in alternated chapter whit her living two different lives because of her decision. But also because of this personal decision the world changes, so she is also living in two different worlds. There are two different histories of the first half of the 20TH century in this book. But all comes together. In the first chapter she is in her 80 and she is living in an old people’s home and she can remember both of her lives and of course she is confused. So she wanders which was her real life, which were her real children, because she is a mother in both of the worlds.

I have another book which is finish and is coming 2015 called “the Just City”. It is a fantasy book about time travelling setting in Plato’s Republic.

About the Writer:

Jo Walton (born December 1, 1964 in Aberdare) is a Welsh-Canadian fantasy and science fiction writer and poet. She won the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer in 2002 and the World Fantasy award for her novel *Tooth and Claw* in 2004. Her novel *Ha'penny* was a co-winner of the 2008 Prometheus Award. Her novel *Lifelode* won the 2010 Mythopoeic Award. Her novel *Among Others* won the 2011 Nebula Award for Best Novel, and the 2012 Hugo Award for Best Novel, and is one of only seven novels to have been nominated for the Hugo Award, Nebula Award, and World Fantasy Award.

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

About the interviewer:

Tanya Tynjälä was born in Peru and currently resides in Finland, after living in France and the Philippines. She studied at the Escuela Normal de Monterrico in Lima, Peru, and later on pursued her Master's degree in French as a Foreign Language at the Stendhal University, Grenoble 3 in France. At present, she is finishing her doctorate in French language and literature at the University of Helsinki. Tanya is the representative for Finland of the Red Mundial de Escritores en Español (REMES) and the president for Finland of the Unión Hispanoamericana de Escritores (UHE). She is also a member of various international organizations for writers.

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



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Fear, Lies & China Ink: Easily influenced by Evandro Rubert (Brazil)

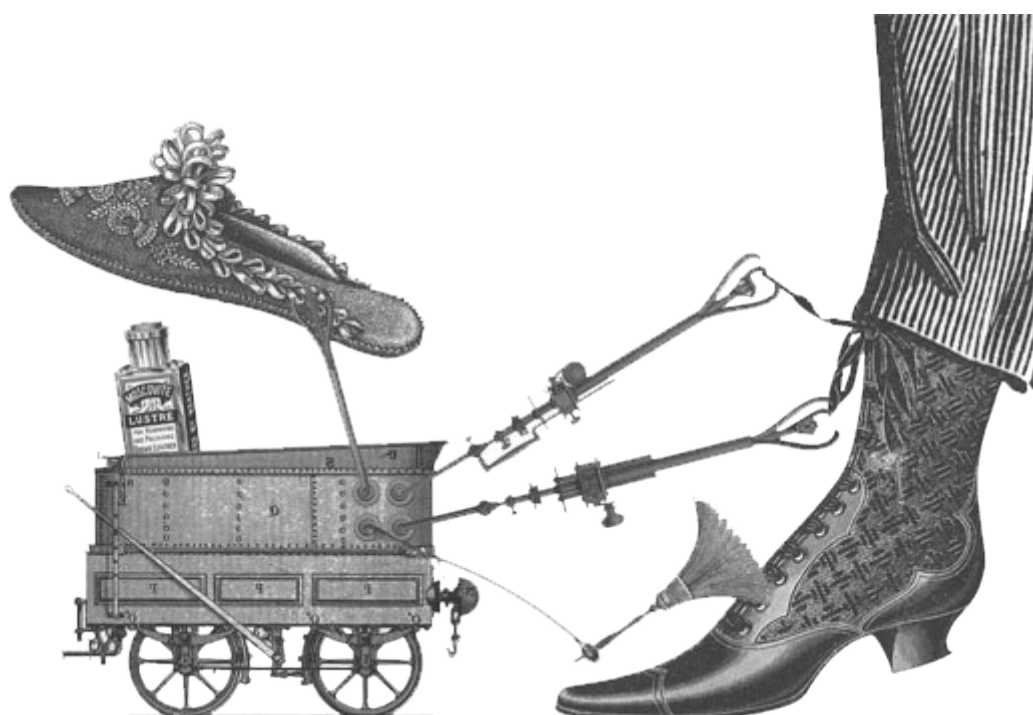


(Fantasy).

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Trial

in Khan al-hawatim madat baqat al-asabi. ³

Zensunni proverb.

On Arrakis there is no gods ...!

Year 2820 Guild before ... I always thought that if all else failed, we would be gods. We have lost our land, our identity, the legacy of those ancestors who transmitted to us the strength of what we are and now we are also denied the destination belongs to us by law. Left to our own devices, a new dawn brings us the winding and undulating lines that never subside; impossible to survive the vicissitudes of the desert where the only water we can find out of our bodies, sweat and tears, pain and death; animals hide in the shadow of the moon and the beast deep yet unnamed arises. ...



Year 2880 Guild before ... Life on Arrakis softens at times. We managed to tame the beast, I think that also possess the key that opens the gates of time and space. We are a privileged people. Like my father, I am convinced that when we were sent to this world, seeking our destruction, we were

given up for dead.

But know that death dance with us and flee before our decisions.

Of the unclassified documents
Zensunni Padishah
Shaddam IV hands:

"... And when we fell into oblivion almost Tuk Keedair melange discovered and began our methodical plan of creating the legend of the Kwisatz

Haderach which the Bene Gesserit obsessed and the monopoly of space travel for the Brotherhood around the worm droppings. We encourage hatred and secrecy on those that hit our backs. Great House went to war and spice became his

³ If the ring is free finger disappear.

fate. But you, poor Paul Atreides, were manipulated before your conception until every cell in your body assimilate you were the messiah, the man who now read these fragments ... that truth is revealed to you God Emperor: Blood of God Essence of Shai-Hulud, the Melange ... *It has no effect*"

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)

The conspiracy of the faces

Maybe History will remember us in a different way. And then, through the pass of the years, many scholars will wander who would be the true responsible of the fallen of The Messiah. Although, probably no memories would be keep. For a certain period of time, I was one of the Qizatare⁴, not by conviction but by command, and my many faces inhabited them, wrecking their faith, preparing the chaos that one day would turn off against each other and their god. Also, I was a blind child playing the

⁴ The religious civil servants of Paul Atreides's new faith, usually formed from retired Fedaykin. They are first seen in Dune Messiah.

baliset⁵. In other time I was Korba, that unfortunate being over who this conspiracy finally will fall.

I look at my valuable cargo and for an instant I feel a fright, a sense of resistance. It's almost the same emotion that assailed me when I saw the Consort Princess for the first time, in the meeting of Wallach IX. By then we shared the same destination: Arrakis, although our intentions seemed very different in appearance. Back then, she looked consumed by her loneliness, she was staring at the coffin glass of the gholas⁶, that Hayt⁷ creature in it. Then the young Irulan looked at me. One moment, one blinking and we were the same, two persons tied at our destiny: she, to the

⁵ Was a nine-stringed musical instrument, lineal descendant of the zithra, tuned to the Chusuk scale and played by strumming. The baliset was a favorite instrument of Imperial troubadors.

⁶ Were created in Axlotl tanks and could be reconstructed from as little as one cell from the original being. They were created almost exclusively by the Bene Tleilax, although at least one (based on Miles Teg) was created by the Bene Gesserit shortly before the Return of the Honored Matres.

⁷ The name given to the first Duncan Idaho gholas produced by the Bene Tleilax. In Arabic, Hayt (حياة) means "Life".

inexorable predestination of a Messiah and me, to the obedience of the Tleilaxu Masters. Yet, knowing that I'm unable to understand their logic and thoughts, I understood enough to know this: that Irulan, the ghola and myself were mere pieces, handled to accomplish an end. We were a perfect warp for those that control the universe.

For a creature like me, with a loyalty that can't accept dichotomy, a feeling like this is painful and unsettling. So I tried to erase it. That's when I remember my training and the warning of Lord Scytale about the mastery of the presentiment, because it can cloud the true vision. I concentrate my strength in this last mission. The bombs are ready. Before me, raises the stone burner and I think that this will be the anteroom of my death and the last night of Dune's Messiah.

Julieta Moreyra (Mexico)

The river of the myth retakes its course

FIRST ACT: "THE REPLACEMENT."

The Benet Gesserit acted fast and with precision; its interpretation of the future

challenge of a set of genes observed over two thousand years was right: Lady Jessica, against the given orders to give birth a girl from Duke Leto Atreides, brought to the world a boy. But its agents acted on the spot, and taken advantage of the blind moment that come just after the painful trance of the

birthing, substituted him with a girl from an unknown origin, but surely carrying genes modified artificially by the Benet Tleilax to resemble those of the Atreides. As for the child, he was taken to Arrakis hoping that a Coriolis Storm takes his life away.

SECOND ACT: "THE DARK FACE OF THE MYTH." The lighted face of the myth made the planned gesticulation. The girl, named Anzalis, grew up and mated Feyd-Rautha Harkonnen, nephew of Baron Vladimir Harkonnen, whose union was supposed to produce the Kwisatz Haderach. But problems during the birthing, maybe caused by a wrong calculation in the Benet Tleilax's bioengineering, took the lives of the mother and her child. Accusations by the part of the Harkonnens about a crime conceived by Duke Leto, gave place to a political conflict whose solution was the order by Shaddam IV to send the House of Atreides to Arrakis, directly to the vengeful

hands of their enemies. Meanwhile, in the same planet, a fifteen years old Fremen, nicknamed Muad'Dib, beheld himself on his genes' mirror.

THIRD ACT: "THE RIVER OF THE MYTH RETAKES ITS COURSE." Lady Jessica went speechless when saw the Duke Leto's ring fit perfectly in the middle finger of the right hand of that strange youth. The traitor Dr. Yueh was redeemed. Muad'Dib was at the very high of a spice trance at the bottom of a Sietch. Duncan Idaho saw Duke Leto come to life again in his face. "Who are you?" asked Jessica trembling. "Me?... From now on I'll be the lighted face of the myth" answered him.



The water of life

The Benne Gesserit drank the water of life and she understood the past and future lives of her sisters, so much, that she knew her sister Arya's infidelity.

William Ernest Fleming —seud.— (Spain)

Deus Ex Machina

He's sat on the beach looking at the sea, feeling on his face the sound of the waves and the freshness of the wind. He had just given birth to his first planet; however, he had failed completely. What would he do to solve the administrative problems that the planet he called Earth had created?

He understood he should have used a flowchart – too late!

He had already created heaven and earth; the sea, the rivers and the fishes, the terrestrial animals that had suddenly died because he had forgotten to create the plants in the first place – at that moment he hated the laws of physics, of biology, of time and space, that were beyond his control. And now, that the smell of the dead animals is becoming more and more disgusting, he sincerely regrets having

skipped the science classes. The planet had to have a solution. Nothing was lost, he could still please his Father, the Teacher, if he, at least, solved mere administrative dilemmas, he thought.

In a glimpse of creation he gave birth to vultures and hyenas so that they would eat the dead animals' flesh. He loved himself narcissistically; this was pure and divine engineering. However, this act originated a new problem: excess of poo. The more they ate, the more they defecated – what flawed animals!

Now that the flies, invented to solve the poo problem, were invading exponentially the planet, were biting his body, were sucking a non-ubiquitous patience, he felt discouraged. To create the Earth had been a true failure. And the fact that his brother Buddha, The One of the Smiley Belly, by doing nothing had done everything and that his sister Kelly entertained herself creating and destroying, didn't help to improve his mood. Why had he set his mind to create a world with so many things?

Being God would be funnier if there was the possibility of undoing what was already done. He couldn't fail the Aptitude and Professional Test. How could he be called

the Savior? To put it simple...he just couldn't. Not now. All he knew is that to finish the Professional Degree in being God he only had another chance.

Downhearted, he dives his hand into the sand. He stares at the grains of sand, slipping out of his hands until there is only one left, completely covered in red – the mass of dead flies was thrown into the floor. Looking fascinated at the grain of sand he had squeezed between his thumb and index finger he had an epiphany: with this immense grain of sand he would create another world, but now a perfect world, without complications of water, land or animals. A world of sand and yes... with giant earthworms: a world he would call Dune.

Now the degree was definitely a piece of cake!

Paulo Brito (Portugal)

Fear

Last night I dreamed with her, an old woman who guided my steps through a vast and arid desert. I followed for a long distance, our lack of words was drowned out by the howling of the wind caressing unforgiving impetuous ancient dunes, which excited lover. Upon reaching a peak, the woman stopped, faced me with his face distorted by wrinkles and I smiled with his toothless mouth, "Do you trust me?" I wanted to respond, but again woke with a start...

Since we go through the portal have experienced the same dream. I assume that this is a symptom of anxiety, perhaps fear: I am one of the first two human beings who explores this sector of the universe, a



quadrant so far unknown. After thinking for a long time, I've decided my dream comment Jack, my fellow mission. At first, he had listened with dismay and astonishment, as if he already knew, but reacted violently, thinking I'm mocking: "Bullshit! You That sounds like an old novel...!" He interrupts ship devices have reported the existence of a planet, less than a light year. We take our jobs to make the descent and soon fly over the surface of this new world, consisting of an endless sea of dunes...

By resting my feet on the surface, I have seen the old lady who visits me in dreams, has invited me to follow her. Jack tries to hold me, indicating that this is a mirage. Desoigo my partner and I follow. When ascending a large mound of sand, the woman stops and asks me if I trust her. Hull Letting go, experimenting sandstone rubbing against my face nods. Then I look at the landing: Jack screams while being eaten by a giant worm emerged from the sand. The Bene Gesserit asks me to forget: "Fear is the little evil that leads to destruction"⁸

Now we have a long journey. Is my destiny? Meet the son of the house of Atreides.

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Alba Mater

Blessed Is The Fruit Of Your Womb

It was a virtue not to stay,
To go my headstrong and heroic way
Seeking her out at the volcano's head,
Among pack ice, or where the track had faded
Robert Graves, *The White Goddess, In dedication*

The Reverend Mother looks away disgusted. The strict training has allowed her to overcome the spice agony, but not the agony caused by that species. They are primitive, violent, arrogant, greedy... destructive. They are a life form not much higher than sandworms. She craves the comforting oblivion Other Memory does not allow her to have. There is no point in sacrificing herself longer for them.

She, embodied century after century in all previous Bene Gesserit, pretending to be the submissive partner of a petty lord mandate after mandate, has tried to lead them discreetly from behind the scenes: advising them, patiently waiting the rough warrior would mature. But her efforts

⁸ Frank Herbert.

prove futile. They have continued conquering and plundering, destroying and enslaving.

She has expected the miracle long enough. They have to go back, even further back: before all this barbarism, until the beginning of time, when Great Mother had not yet been subjugated. She focuses on rotund and warm forms of the statuette that once her acolytes worshiped with fervor and then was branded by corrupted minds as “steatopygian Venus”.

Her hand repeatedly caresses the belly still uninhabited. She is able to completely control her complex metabolism, so her desire moulds the seed. And perfection begins to take shape in that holy place. In the next room the rough body rests, unaware of the privilege that is about to be snatched away from him: he will never be again an instrument of Her plans. She will be the last concubine humiliated; the sacred marriage is over. Because the daughter now she is conceiving by herself, by the power of her mind and the litany that her words form, will retrieve the power lost for so

many dark centuries. Divine Empress will give birth, generation after generation, a new species finally complete. The retrovirus with which each opponent has been infected, will be released. Men, entirely unnecessary, will extinguish as a feeble flame. Resurrected, She will finally inherit the universe.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

Tests

A Guild Navigator was a senior rank of artificially super evolved humans within the Spacing Guild, and for many Guildsmen the pinnacle of their ambitions. Mutated through the consumption of and exposure to massive amounts of the spice Melange, Navigators are able to use a mentally conditioned and trained form of prescience to safely navigate interstellar and galactic space in long range starships called Heighliners.

The Reverend Mother sat with her back to the window. Beyond the panes of weathered glass scorching winds whistled down from Al Dhanab’s cliffs, cutting through the planet’s desert gorges to

fuel the contrary visions of mortality and timelessness that plagued the old Bene Gesserit. The Reverend Mother often saw her own aged visage mirrored in Al Dhanab’s dry surface. Her voice was sharp.

—It takes strong self-control to deliberately endure agonizing pain.

—You expect me to fail.

—The *gom jabbar* is a test of willpower, Sera, of discipline.

—I am a child of the *Kwisatz Haderach*,
Reverend Mother.

—You are a petulant child. And you are
unfit for the Bene Gesserit.

—If I am unfit it can only mean that the
Kwisatz Haderach failed, that years of
calculated breeding failed. Who among the
Bene Gesserit should be held accountable
for that failure? You, Reverend Mother?

—
—You think I am too stubborn, too
strong-willed, yet the *gom jabbar* tests one's
strength of will. Test me. Prove that I am
unfit.

Fueled by impatience and the need to be
right, Sera placed her hand inside the box-
like *gom jabbar*. Her dark eyes met the
Reverend Mother's, and despite the test's
agony, she smiled contemptuously.

The Reverend Mother slid the unseen
dagger between Sera's ribs. She turned her
back on the young woman's death and
refused the tears that kissed the cold
corners of her soul. Al Dhanab was an
artificial world, one of the Sisterhood's safe
planets. It was a world of constant testing
and very little moisture.

Jason E. Rolf (Canada)

God of my People

My vehicle thrown over the lonely
boulders, its wings shattered beyond repair,
the power unit broken, and the extra
equipment and batteries spread, sunk into
the unforgiving desert. Cannot escape,
cannot call for help. Won't live much
longer, the stillsuit has its limits and I
brought very little reserves. What good are
my many water rings now? My trusted
crysknife? Will never see the Sietch again,
nor my loved ones, nor my own proper life
end in the communal water: all that is me
will be gone, swallowed, slurped by the
sandtrouts. Didn't have enough to cry.

And now the storm comes for me. On the
other side of this rock formation, the wind
howls for me, blowing streams of
scourging sand. Wait, is not just the wind; I
hear a power beyond that of Nature. Huge
static discharges, the sound of tons hitting
the ground with might enough to sunk
deep, to swim through sand like a dagger
through the air. So I came out from behind
the boulders, I faced the grinding wind, ate
the burning sands, and yet found the
strength to look upon Him, still distant

among the dunes, but undeniable within
His cloud and whirl and sounds of doom.
He was... passing by.

—Strike me, Shai-Hulud! —I defied—
Show you are my God and my enemy!

For a few seconds, He appeared to ignore
me. Then He turned towards me.

Not even the streams of sand could
prevent my final tears.

Juan Pablo Noroña (Cuba)

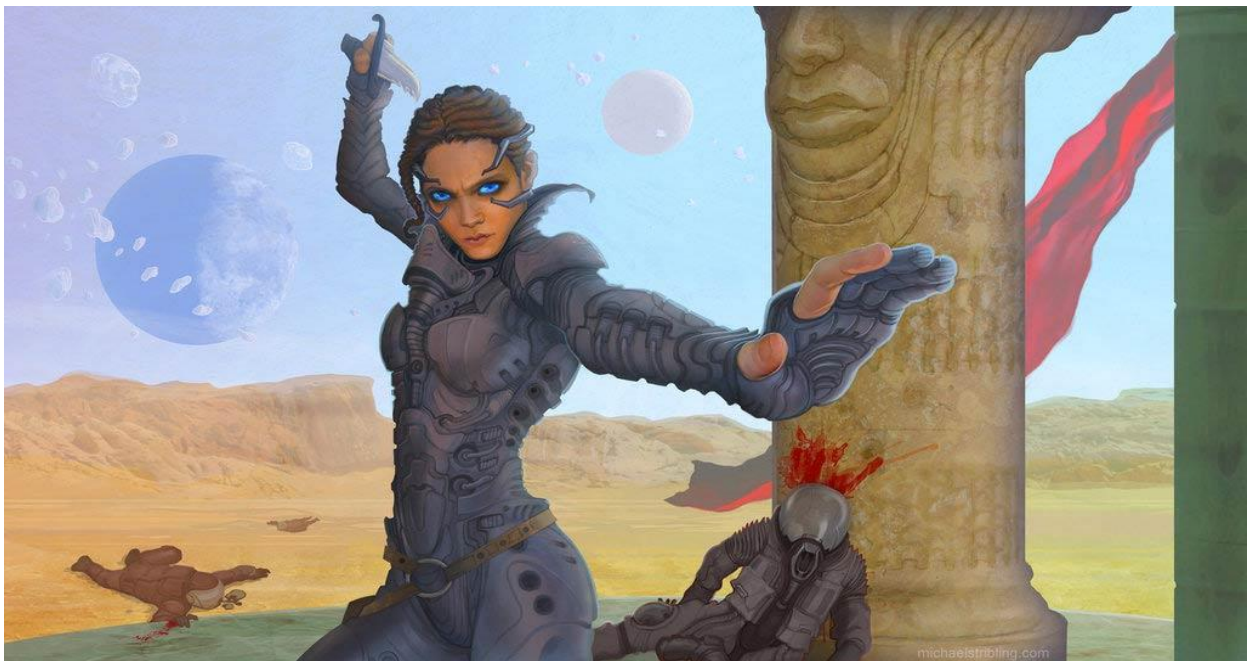
The Shaitan's well

Liet-Kynes, the Planetologist, put he
wings of the Ornithopter in the stormy sky
of Dune. The sand storm breathes over
miles. The sun was wrapped by that
powder cloud. The rays formed by the
static energy of the sand, upset slightly the
controls of the metal bird. He couldn't wait

to see the marvelous discovery lying near
the North Hemisphere, aligned with the
Constellation of the Mouse. When he
descended, drank a little water from his
stillsuit.

—Thirst'll be a thing from the past! It's a
miracle... —exclaimed a Fremen next to
him—. That's one of the wells called by the
legend The Wells of Shaitan. They said that
He created them with the water that sucks
out from our lives.

"This Fremen and their humble
superstitions," thought Kynes while
jumped out from the Ornithopter to
hidden it behind a rocky projection.
Another mechanic bird came flapping its
wings, descending slowly till landing near
Kynes. It was Thufir Hawat and a
companion, present there to give a detailed
report to the House of Atreides. They



made their way through the sand storm which was lessening, just like the last light of the day.

Kynes hammered on the old rocky concavity, and on the spot, a shot of pure water came out from one of the hidden veins of Arrakis. Everyone bent to wet their lips with the beloved liquid, which shined with a strange glow under the first nocturnal moon. But a threat lurked from the bared darkness of Arrakis—a super Mentat Harkonnen was waiting for them to take the well and their lives. In the middle of the battle, and without nobody being aware of it, a weird entity took shape out of the water emerging from the rocks. And in the twinkle of an eye, everybody was wrapped by a wet embrace that in the split of a second, sucked out all their body fluids. The five dried bodies fell around the well; where the gloomy entity made its way back to the bottom of hell with the precious transpiration of Arrakis.

Morgan Vicconius Zariah—seud.— (Dominican Republic)

Ibad's eyes

¿Addicted?, no, definitely not, my mind immediately replied, with great clarity, conviction and lucidity; but my mouth was

not moving at the same speed that my thoughts and I could hardly get the words out.

None of those around me understand that I have come consuming Melange for several years. The first time I consumed was when I heard of his wonderful geriatric properties; intended to live many years. Even knowing it was highly addictive, I decided to consume it, I remember the smell of cinnamon rich immediately captivated my senses.

Then came the coveted time to see the possible future for me and my family, I also had the opportunity to choose which thought was best for me; not always proved to be the best of choices, but at least I had that option. What I always tried and never succeeded, consuming larger amounts of spice was achieved space travel; I knew that many used it for that.

I touched the limits of consumption of Melange, when I decided to expand my consciousness and take an overdose; that was the worst time I lived, I plunged into the Spice Agony and almost on the verge of death. It was a bad experience.

Suddenly I come back to reality when I hear my mother mourn with desperation

and pleading, saying to those two men dressed in white in front of me:

—Take him, he went insane, heroin killed him. Whether it is always staring and saying it is a Fremmen. My son is a heroin addict; fan of science fiction book "Dune", he believes that he lives in that planet.

¿Junkie? Lost looking nothing? ...!My mother is insane! spice consumption has completely left my blue eyes, I have staring; I have the eyes of the Ibad. But I cannot explain it, the men in white put me in a straitjacket and was completely immobilized.

M^a Del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (Mexico)

Thirst for time

The blind man changed his position without anybody noticing it, not even the most attentive beholder by chance. He could count with the calloused fingers in his hands the people who, after hundreds of years positioned at that corner awaiting,

had perceived him... truly perceived him. There was no point in counting among them the night watchmen, the soldiers or police officers who every now and then could tell the difference between his silhouette and the dirty facade, urging him with more or less rudeness to leave the place. Among the most persistent ones of those, a slight use of The Voice had been enough; the majority of them passed by in the next round, as though he and their encounter had never ever taken place. His last breath of foresight brought him behind the old man to this universe, leaving him alone completely blind to his fate afterwards. It was only the strength of his memories and the firmness of his resolution which freed him from considering himself a spectre while accomplishing his mission: wait.

The traffic light turned green. Hardly did his eyes used to the deep desert remember that colour. It had not been worth recovering his eyesight to behold the

A Face Dancer is a type of human servant caste of the Bene Tleilax, Face Dancers are shapeshifters, and their name is derived from their ability to change their physical appearance at will.

Originally, Face Dancers were Tleilaxu trained to mimic others using acting and makeup, enhanced by plastic surgery. As time went on, the Tleilaxu began to use genetic manipulation to enhance natural ability in phenotypic plasticity, so that Face Dancers could change height, increase and decrease apparent mass, change coloring and texture, and change facial features.

First appearance *Dune Messiah* (1969).

monotonous show that, despite everything, he could describe so well: clumsy alienated beings, crossing the road after some kind of noise towards some destination they believed important, or at least safe. They were not worth even a drop of water. What bland importance they gave to that world lacking in excitement, nonetheless never safe.

The scent finally got hold of him, alerting his body without a single movement, yet. He was here. The intense, enrapturing smell of cinnamon penetrated through his nose down to the bottom of his throat, which prickled eagerly. The traffic light turned green once again. The blind man sat up after

a long, long time, and opened his deep blue eyes. Putting his hand on the crys hidden under his clothes, he found out the youth and vitality that emanated from the refined old man. The precious spice melange, which overflowed out of his pores, had disappeared from the blind man's knapsack decades ago. It was his last chance. If he

failed again, he would die. Therefore, no universe would see the face of an Atreide again.

Silvia Cabello (Spain)

Intent

For anything they imagined in the superior level of control of the Fraternity Bene Gesserit that there in Arrakis some tribes Fremen began to doubt on the arrival of the engaged Messiah transformer of that hostile world.

The women began to hide worms of sand to the Bene Gesserit that traveled to Dune in search of the melange.

In that way they went conforming their own domain and control of the drug taken place by the tremendous animals.

For those women the intention was clear: to finish with the exploitation that the inhabitants of different galaxies suffered that you were mutados, transformed into slaves and forced to work in the Houses



that dominated the enormous Empire of the Millions of Worlds.

After the battle of Corrin none of the Houses gave up in their distrust the other ones; and the information of the witches on the little quantity of melange transported from Arrakis became a galactic conflict.

The answer had to be in the tribes Fremen and they were tortured in several random ways of its members until some spoke:

—They take the melange to different planets! They are preparing a rebellion!

The universe was folded to travel to millions of places and of Galaxies. The women that the Kwisatz looked for Haderach were captured and given to the gigantic worms that consumed them and they improved the quality of the melange, causing this that, starting from that moment, some members of the tribes Fremen was used as food of the worms of sand.

Again the domain of the imperial Houses was imposed.

Omar Martínez (Cuba)

The new homeowner

The man came from the desert. The wind blew swirls of sand in front of his feet, as if to indicate the path that so long he had travelled in the opposite direction. As if it was afraid the old man could not recognize it.

The young man was installed in the central square. In the area there were five large houses, surrounded by a dozen smaller. Some of these insignificant houses were being remodelled, workers grouped around, adding new structures to the old, with very discouraging results. The young man looked around with the gesture of one who feels owner. At one side, a copyist was working on a table. When the old man came to the square, the young one rose from his chair. Then, annoyed by his own insecure reaction, he sat down again.

The old man ignored him. He looked at side to side, trying to unearth the memories.

—It's different.

—It grew, father —he said, implying that the word included him.

—No doubt there are more houses. Some I do not recognize. These three I do, but those others...

—This is Vernius House.

—Vernius yes, the name sounds familiar to me. And this one, here?

—It's Richese House. Along with Harkonnen House, facing Atreides House.

—And that's Corrino House, yes. But I see there're other houses under construction...

—Yes, some are just projects, others are almost done. All this is bigger than a man. Or two —said the young man, pointing toward the scribe, who worked without paying attention to the chat—. Once on, it is impossible to stop the letters and sagas jihad. You should know more than anyone else, Father.

Hernán Domínguez Nimo (Argentina)

Invasion

With the death of the last worm, Arrakis lost all its value.

For thousands of years, the production of the species had become so arid planet in the most important to humans. A great paradox, coming these from a planet called Earth, which despite its name, was known for something that Arrakis had no water, and that was the paradox, so much importance to a world without this precious liquid, the key to life for humans.

Entertained and constantly fight for the species, forgot to external dangers, and could, thus, preparing the invasion of planet Earth.

When the last worm died, woke from



their slumber, but it was too late, the invasion was underway, its destruction was imminent.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

The call of Shai-Hulud

"I am a net in the sea of time, free to sweep future and past. I am a moving membrane from whom no possibility can escape."

Muad' Dib

Again, Paul Atrides stepped from the threshold of Castle Caladan to the threshold of the cavern placed in that weird planet awaiting for him in the awakening state, in the future showed by his dreams. He felt like a drop of Caladan's water falling till crash itself in thousands of sparkles on the Arrakean sands—he saw his identity being transformed into its opposite. From the depth of its dunes he saw Shai-Hulud emerged once more, like a dragon that invite him to dispose freely of the treasure it guarded: the Melange. He heard its call in the bottom of his being; it seems to hurry him to fuse it with its own through the spice that was its flesh and its blood. "Know yourself —whispered the huge worm in his heart— Kwisatz Haderach." Then, he saw it to ascend to

the blue sky and fall again, but not into the vast desert, but into the universe, devouring the space-time to open a path to his future.

Paul hesitated before trespass the third threshold of his existence, that of the tunnel toward his future. Then he recalled the Litany against Fear of the Bene Gesserit: "I must not fear. Fear is the mind-killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration..." And reciting it he dived into his future. In the lightning of one single intuition, he saw the human genes scattered all across the universe thanks to the Holy War that him, the Kwisatz Haderach, will launch over its worlds from Arrakis. He tried to deny that future, but once more, the call of Shai-Hulud defeated his doubts. "Yes—he said to himself— where the fear has gone there will be nothing. Only I will remain... and my future."

When he waked up saw the figure of Lady Jessica and that of a very old woman named the Reverend Mother Gaius Helen Mohiam. She was struck by the defiance brightness that expelled the eyes of the fifteen years old youth. Without ceremony Paul said: "Let's go Reverend Mother, show me your Gom jabbar," and thought:

"I promise you that at the end of this story... I'll show you mine."

Odilius Vlak —seud.— (Dominican Republic)

Crossover

Paul Muad 'Dib ran the huge worm, looked at the sky and saw a spaceship landing in the desert sands. His blue eyes were focused, remember the vision of a crew. The Shaid - Hulu crossed the dunes, heading for the car. The ship went down, Flash Gordon, John Carter and the warrior Yautjas. The Kwisatz Haderach fell worm, wearing his suit distiller, the reason for his visit is to join forces. Since you mentioned that Ming the merciless, along with Darth Vader, would join forces with the

Landsraad, to overthrow the rulers and tyrants put in place. Flash Gordon, a soccer player, along with the Martian king, he explained that they will fight to protect the universe, if the Atreides was interested. His blue eyes looked at him and visions came the terrible battles that would be fought in space, looked at a Bene Gesserit meet Darth Vader, another vision that some stormtroopers invaded Arrakis, captured his beloved Chani. Other creatures, the Xenomorphs, spit acid on the Fremen. He was also, captured, tied up and taken to the Landsraad, which Irulan smiled. When it arrived several space warriors. Flash Gordon using a lightsaber, step opening and freed from bondage to Muad 'Dib.



John Carter fired on enemies. Outside worms devouring aliens and stormtroopers forces. A bald man, her metallic eyes, rescuing Chani, fought hard, she thanked Riddick. The Kwisatz Haderach came to, he agreed to join them, but told them that they should look for other space warriors. He had another vision, where he saw a pointy-eared Vulcan, Spock name. Another, where the man yelled Buck Rogers. John Carter, Flash Gordon and Predator boarded the ship. Paul Muad 'Dib prayer universe to go missing warriors and thus prevent overthrow the evil of House Atreides, his government on Arrakis.

Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

Purgatory

Far greater is the fear, wherein suspended
My soul is, of the torment underneath,
For even now the load down there weighs on
me.

Dante Alighieri, Divine Comedy, Purgatorio,
Canto XIII, 136-38

Twenty-fifth century, as ubiquitous as

powerless, the Father stares at it. Not even in his wildest dreams would he have dared to predict such a long life to his empire. Nor would he have suspected that mankind could have survived their sins for so long. At the doors of bookstores, the multitude, expectant but obedient, stand in line to download the recently published novel. They prepare their skull sockets to receive the supposed final book of this saga he began to write a day long ago, now it seems to him another universe. He barely recognizes the planet. At the top of the austere facades, the great-great-great-grandson of his great-great-great-great-grandson, drained like cacti that grow in the Arrakeen harsh desert environment, offers his best artificial smile from a self-propelled levitating chair. No one would think he has one hundred and fifty years. In fact he does not look more than a century old. Devotees venerate his hologram as it were Paul Atreides himself.

He would like to send them a new flood, to teach them a lesson for having worshiped a calf of lead, to reproach those

Mentat in the Butlerian Jihad results in the strict prohibition of all thinking machines, including computers, robots and artificial intelligence of any kind. This is a key influence on the nature of Herbert's fictional setting. The Mentat discipline is developed as a replacement for computerized calculation, just as the Bene Gesserit and the Spacing Guild take on functions previously performed by thinking machines. For thousands of years, society considers Mentats the embodiment of logic and reason.

ungrateful their indifference, punishing them for their treachery. There is only one true Father... But he lacks a body for centuries. And no one remembers him. Sometimes even he doubts who Frank Herbert was. “God is dead, long live god”.

The effects of spice agony decrease. The writer slowly leaves the state of precognition and returns to 1965. Those visions of future torture him more every day. So much that some sleepless nights he has planned to destroy his manuscript and thus break the chain. But his nature is weak, and he can't do anything against earthly temptations. He has failed to pass the test: he has failed to kill his passions. He's just a man. He opens the drawer and pulls out a ready package: the address of his editor carefully written in a hesitantly handwriting. “Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas”, he mutters for a moment, before he immerses himself again into his dream of glory.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

Interior trip

—The blind will never find your treasure-, whisper you to the captain.

It trembles to listen to me, and injects his will in pushing us a new destination path.

Maybe wrong by its calculations, or possibly incoherent, that spurs on the absolute truth, without remission or change, in spite of taking us to the end of the world.

—My Lord —I say—, could change course and go to Bates on the Galapagos Island, there you will find what you craves.

Avoid listening to me, hiding behind other stories that do not come to mind, but that prevent you from going forward by believing that it is not lawful. Shake your gaff pointy, shining in the Sun the heroic, and the value of having a winged ship capable of flying over the clouds if necessary, and transform the wickedness in a gale of benefits for each of the sailors with whom we share your adventure. The wind blows him in the forehead, only he knows that my words are true. Almost all seen blind their lips waiting for words to change the course. It is a God in this boat. No one is willing to fall overboard, to forget their origin, not be digested by the worms of the desert. In these infected lands nobody is safe, he knows it. Told him long ago; the treasure you are looking for is not in any corner buried under tons of sand. He never heard. You know I tell the truth. It has a presentiment of it that

preserves my life. Her turquoise eyes reflect it. Know that I am the key, and my words the way. My life is the only treasure of this boat. The abyss his blindness.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

Schemes of the Arrakis' fate

He saw it in his prescience dream, in that region called Alam al Mithal. The cryptic and tall figure drew near in the darkness with her beautiful face, laid smoothly her hand over his shoulder: "There are schemes within schemes within schemes," whispered in his ear the mystic figure. Suddenly, in his head a set of visions unleash themselves, stretching out just like

the Arrakis' sands: great, changeable treasons. Explosions under the desert's nights. Riots in feints within feints... But he got upset by the man lurking behind every treason —the one hidden by his fat grandfather, Vladimir Harkonnen, like a double shadow.

—What strange machinations are weaving by the destiny over the wasted entrails of Arrakis? —wondered Paul once got awake under the ancient Dune's stars. The two moons lighted the entrance of the Sietch. He thought: "It must be the spiced food that keeps these visions beyond their proper time. But, what means that of schemes within schemes within schemes? Why the visions of the fight with that boy to whom I killed in my dreams endure so



much?" It was the youth Feyd-Rautha, included by Arrakis in a destiny along his machinations; a destiny shared by Muad'Dib. A mortal confrontation.

—There's someone manipulating your visions, Paul —said Jessica with a profound intuition—. Someone with a powerful Benet Gesserit' magic is pulling you toward her with her own schemes within schemes, weather from the future or the past. From the sands of her soul.

—That means that somehow my future is written? —asked Paul.

—I don't know —hesitated Jessica—. But I believe that already is being written. The Kwisatz Haderach's history is just beginning!... Jessica was right; the Emperor's daughter got her own plans: a great legend conceived to satisfy her literary inclination.

Morgan Vicconius Zariab —seud.— (Dominican Republic)

It was night

It was night time.

The narrator's voice thundered on the screen, crashing into all five senses. What an aggressive voice. The match, a derby between two regional rivals, neither of

whom I cared about, was "vibrant", "aggressive" and "quite a performance for the audience" according with the narrator.

I obviously wasn't paying the slightest attention, not like my brother. A true fan. It is in this moment when he turns around and asks me.

— Yes or no?

I frown at him. Did he ask me something? Haven't heard anything. Nothing at all.

— Excuse me? — I reply closing the book. — I didn't hear you.

— Oh, Lord — He answered back, moving his head, denying. — You are a weak spirited, I told you that the narrator is right; it is indeed a great match.

— Well... — I say hesitatingly. — If I am honest, I am not paying that much attention to the match.

— What? — He says puzzled, while turning at all and looking at my book, pointing at it vaguely with his left hand — it is because of that shit?

I look hard at him. Steel in my eyes. — This..."shit" is a masterpiece. And it's much more interesting that those guys playing in shorts. — I snapped, waving the book in front of his face.

— What are you saying? It is impossible!
Let me see, what book is this!

I open my eyes, as wider as possible and
smiling slightly, very slightly, I reply.

— Dune o brother...

— Dune.

Rodrigo S. Olivenza (Spain)

My Friend, The Worm

My friend John was a great fan of Frank Herbert's work. There wasn't meeting or conversation, however it may be banal, in which he didn't bring up any reference

from figures of the american writer. When it wasn't a taken quote from his novels,

—which he knew almost by heart— it was an invented story based on some of his figures.

So, sometimes planets appeared in the series, wrapped in mists of mystery and action. Others, most of the time, the Fremen, the Harkonnen, or Atreides appeared, wrapped in convoluted plots without apparent end. But worms of Dune were their favorite figures, with which one he was delighting in some lunches and dinners, delighting in his frightening appearance and elongated bodies and large snakes.



I confess that we've got tired of him and his non sense things about himself and its recurring theme. One day we decided to give him a punishment.

We deceive him vilely, inviting him a dinner with a surprise party. The dish was devoured for him greedily almost his fully satisfaction. Only then we said him that it was composed mostly of crushed and cooked properly worms.

He looked stunned. We thought he is shouting, cursing us or breaking all things around him. But he didn't any. He kept silence, he stood up, be half thinking, be half smiling. Since then several weeks went and Juan didn't show any sign of life.

We were alarmed, we went to his house. We found him dead. Or at least we foud something looking like him, because only his head, slightly deformed from a difficult way of describing, was looking like him.

The rest of his body, from the waist down, had been coverted an elongated shaped capsule... it was looking like a worm.

We just found a note on the bedside table, which one he had written by his own hand: I'm the little maker of sand.

Francisco José Segovia

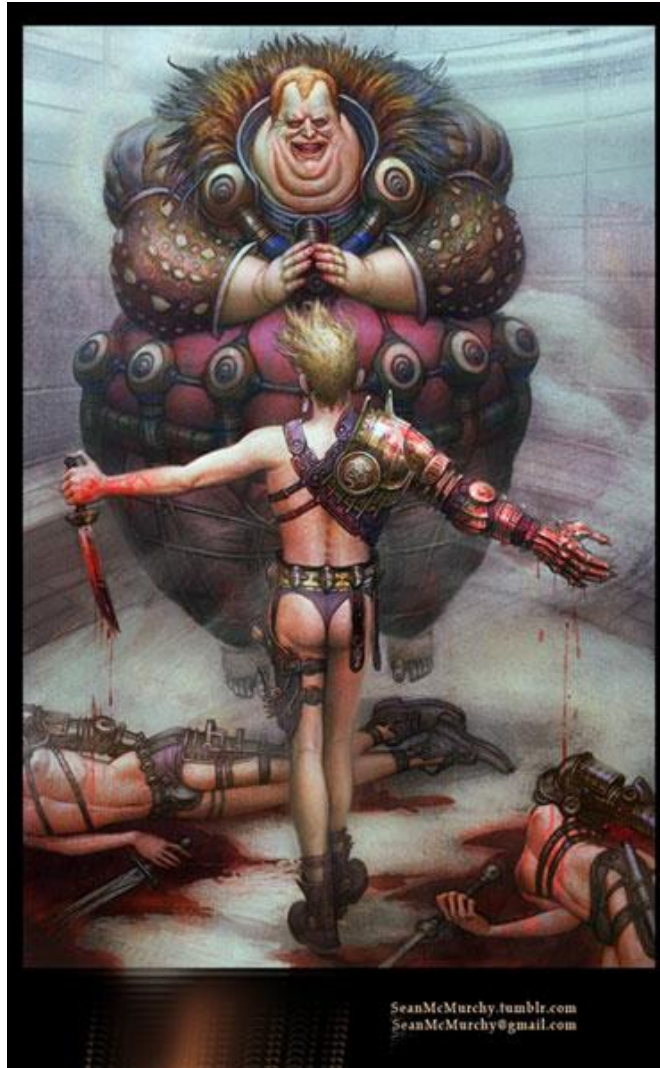
Ramos (Spain)

To Tame a Land⁹

To Frank Herbert, who failed to understand the music of Iron Maiden.

The first time Steve took the melange, his mind was about to explode. Then the quietness came, just a few seconds, for the vision to find accommodation in his

brain without destroying it. He saw himself lost in the tortured sands of Arrakis, wearing a stillsuit and stinking like demons



⁹ It's the last song of the album Piece of Mind, of Iron Maiden band [Editor note]

under an infernal sun. He felt the presence of the Kwisatz Haderach. He was at his side, majestic and eternal, with his access to all the remembrances of the specie and yet so foreign like an incomprehensible alien. He put his hand on his shoulder, and then Steve turned, recognized him and spat him.

The memory of that vision obsessed him for months. He could not explain his reaction to seeing the Kwisatz Haderach: the dread and horror that had drowned him in a blind rage finding him by his side, insulting in the roundness of its existence. Later, he began to understand. It was the music, the nine strings of the baliset in whose abstract consciousness he achieved the loss of himself, which guided him and made him suffer visions as disturbing as those of the melange, but without the feeling of rapture and loss of control that had accompanied them.

An old master, a wise man but ossified in a time who looks for the distant future without understanding its present, had told him once that he hated the music that he plucked from the strings of his baliset, which was noisy as Hell and would end up damning himself and anyone who would listen to it.

But Steve could not stop playing. He respected the master; but he had seen the Kwisatz Haderach. Do you understand? The messiah himself driving the fremen, freeing them for burying them under the oppression of their own presence. Steve needed to break free of that vision conjuring it among its chords, transfiguring it into an army of notes that will shape its horror for anyone to see. Steve had realized that the Kwisatz Haderach was no salvation but damnation for Arrakis and therefore, he could not stop playing like he did in spite of what was said for the old master.

Raúl A. López Nevado (Spain)

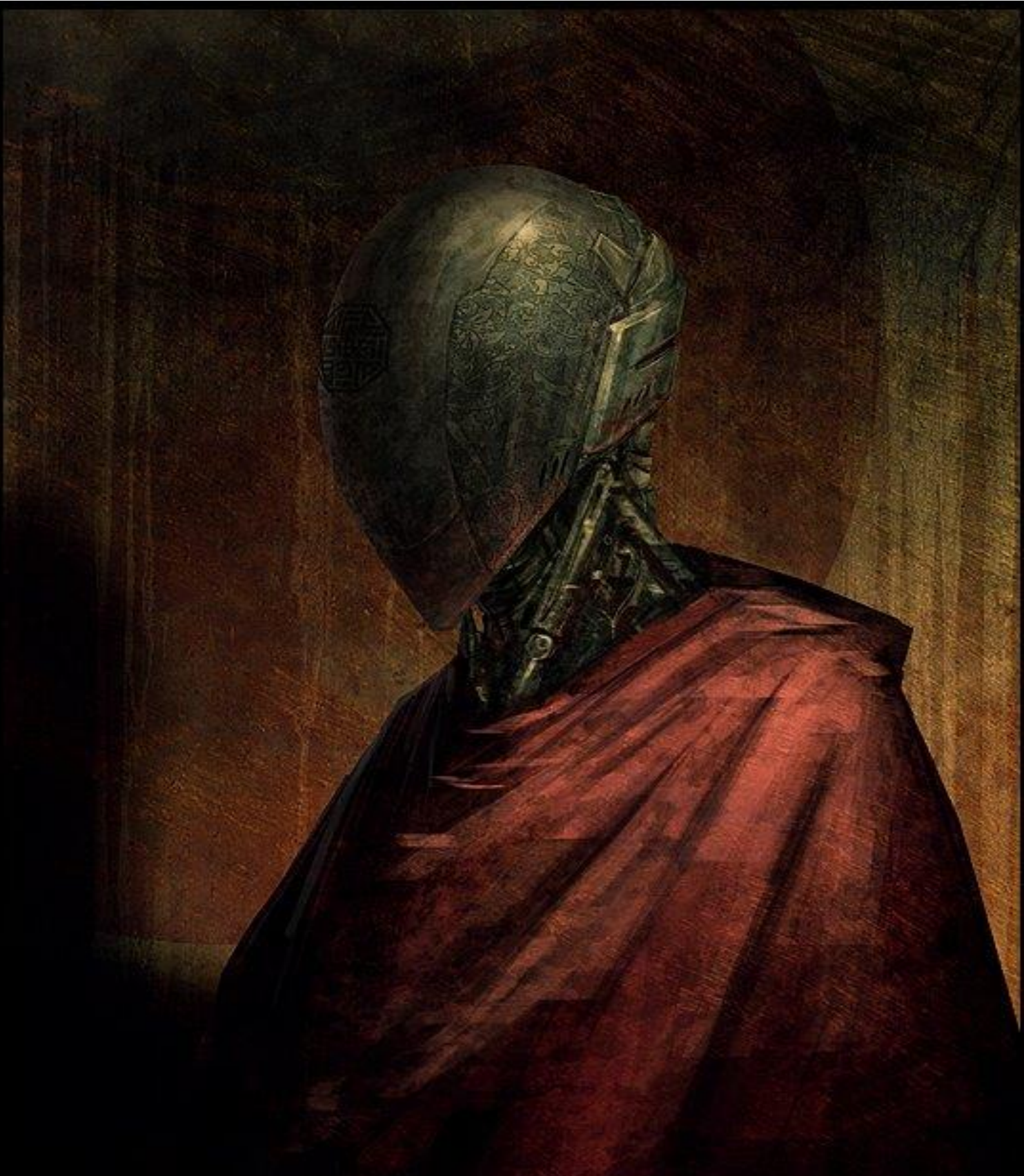
Paul's Atreides doubt/ *Puy –seud.– (Spain)*



The Intergalactic Flamencos / Manuel Santamaría B. (Spain)

After passing through Arrakis never to be heard
from The Intergalactic Flamencos



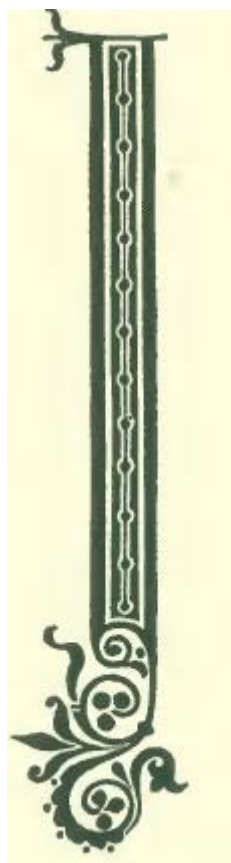


FRANK HERBERT'S DUNE AND HUMAN EVOLUTION

By Salvador Bayarri (Spain)¹⁰

Illustrations by Mark Molnar (Hungry)/*Sardaukar*

Carlos NTC (Spain)/ *He is the Kwisatz Haderach*



In the six books comprising the original Dune saga, Frank Herbert created a narrative tapestry with a thematic and temporal complexity very difficult to match. Arthur C. Clarke didn't doubt when he stated that the famous work, with its richness of cultures, plots and characters, could only be compared to the Middle Earth mythology created by J.R.R. Tolkien. Dune's exuberance combines topics as diverse as human and planetary ecology, religion and politics, rituals and drugs, power and military strategy, self-control and sacrifice, with the human response to change and crisis as a driving motive.

Far from being the result of a haphazard accumulation of materials, the multidimensional narrative of Dune is the deliberate product of the author's intention to trap us in a net through which we absorb his view of humanity's problems. Specifically, Herbert was concerned with investigating how the human species could avoid the dangers ahead of us, and our own weakening tendencies, to achieve long-term survival. As he said once, he liked to think that 20,000 or 20 million years from now there would still be humans enjoying life as he did.

Unconscious forces and memories

Frank Herbert mentioned that one of the reasons behind the writing of Dune was the damage he realized was caused by power-wielding leaders. According to him, in the case of charismatic leaders this damage is amplified by the blind following of crowds who depend on them as messiahs or saviors. Herbert and his wife were close friends with a couple of clinical psychologists, the Slatterys. Irene Slattery related to them how in the 30s she had attended in Berlin some of Adolf Hitler's massive speeches, watching his amazing ability to dominate and inspire the multitudes with his demagoguery. Herbert himself worked on several occasions for political candidates in the United

¹⁰ This article is based on the presentation "Frank Herbert: Dune and human evolution", to be held on December 6, 2014, as part of the HispaCON/MIRcon 2014 Conference.

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States, getting to know the inner workings of Washington's power structures. His sad diagnosis was that those politicians who were truly honest, the ones who were focused on defending the interests of citizens, were inevitably wiped out by those with no qualms about promising what the electorate wanted. Still more alarming was his observation that even those politicians with the best intentions were dragged by the tide of voters hungry for safety and good purposes. For instance, he was worried when watching how the mythology built around John F. Kennedy put him in a position from which his ambitious brother Robert could act with impunity, and from which JFK himself could bring the world to the brink of disaster.



It was a surprise for many readers to find Paul Atreides, after his awakening and triumphal ascent in the first book of the saga, revealing himself in “Dune Messiah” as a prisoner of his own power, unable to control the violent Jihad he had unleashed. However, as he confessed many times, Herbert’s objective with “Dune” was precisely to show the impossibility to control or domesticate the unconscious forces of history and of our instincts, and to seek alternatives to achieve our survival as species and as individuals.

Where is this emphasis on the unconscious coming from? Through his friends the Slatterys, Herbert also acquired an in-depth knowledge of the ideas of Carl Jung, the father of a psychoanalytical school based on the concept of ‘collective unconscious’. This unconscious is formed by forces, symbols and ancestral archetypes rooted in our collective memory, shared by all humans regardless of time and culture, controlling our psyche from below the reason which tries to repress it.

At a time when there was still no explanation of memory as a property of the brain’s neural network, Jung developed the theory that the memories were stored in the genetic material of our cells and therefore they could pass from generation to generation, becoming the physical substrate of a collective knowledge that remains unconscious for all of us, except those who can (through a painful process) bring that hidden material to the conscious level. This theory of ‘cellular memory’ will be used by Herbert to provide the Bene Gesserit Reverend Mothers, Paul Atreides and other characters of the saga with the ability to listed to their Other Memories stored in the genes of their ancestors, after going through the traumatic awakening prompted by the Water of Life. By means of a similar mechanism, the gholas recreated by the Tleilaxu from dead body cells can recover the memories of their past life, even chaining together multiple lives. These dormant memories of their genes are reintegrated with their personality triggered by the crisis of confronting a loved figure (Hayt-Duncan against Paul Atreides in “Dune Messiah”, or Duncan against Miles Teg in “Heretics of Dune”).

Leto II, transformed in God Emperor by his symbiosis with the sand worm (which represents the irrational and unconscious forces), is the pinnacle of this accumulation of collective memory. He has at his disposal the combined experience and wisdom of thousands of generations, a knowledge that brings him both omnipotence and weariness.

The dynamics of human evolution

The collective memory is active in those humans who can wake it up to the conscious level (although in some cases, like Alia’s, they may not be able to control it) but according to Herbert, the collective unconscious also guides humanity by driving historical movements and cycles, controlling us by means of our instinctive tendencies, through the “demanding memory”. Each of us is pulled by

these unconscious and collective waves, but at the same time (as Paul Atreides) we are also active participants in the jihads of history.

On the other hand, our desire for safety and peace, our acceptance of the promises given by the messianic, scientific, political or religious mystiques to sooth our fear of the future, may bring us to achieve the sough-for utopia, a 'perfect' world. But Herbert warns us that the paradise of tranquility brings domestication, weakness and stagnation. In addition, our irrational instincts cannot stand that much peace for long: the vital need for creative chaos and procreation will always usher a new expansive cycle through conflict and war, a chaotic revolution that will mix and select the genes, reinvigorating humanity.

The saga offers a number of examples of these competing cycles. The backstory speaks of a distant past when humanity was lethargic, dominated by the thinking machines. From this stagnation period arose the frantic Butlerian Jihad and the rebirth of humanity's creative powers, with the foundation of the great schools that occupied the niches of computation and control vacated by the machines: the Bene Gesserit and Tleilaxu with their breeding and genetic programs, the Mentats trained in calculations and deductions, and the navigators of the Spacing Guild able to fold space with their limited prescience. However, by the time the saga's plot actually begins, we are immersed in another stagnation period. The feudal system of the Great Houses, the monopolies of the Guild and the CHOAM, and the control of the spice melange by the Emperor bring the humans to a new explosion catalyzed by Paul Atreides, reborn as the messiah Muad'Dib. Unable to stop the violence of the new Jihad against stagnation, Paul falls into the trap of using his prescience to control the events, without realizing that he becomes limited to a single course of action that prevents any freedom, another form of stagnation.

It will be Paul's son, Leto II, who finally understands the unconscious dynamics of human history, using his 3,000 year old empire to create a long period of forced peace and stability, making humans react by embarking on the chaotic Scattering after his death. About 1,500 years later, in "Heretics of Dune", this Scattering has again stagnated, but a mysterious force is making the fiery Honored Matres, evolved in the far reaches of the expanded human universe, return to wake up the Old Empire from its dormancy, forcing the Bene Gesserit to respond and evolve again as the only way to survive the onslaught.

In the construction of these historical cycles and the relationships between power groups, Frank Herbert applies in a pioneering way the laws of ecology to human societies. Years before writing "Dune", Herbert had visited as a journalist a project to stabilize sand dunes in the state of Oregon.

He was impressed by the beauty of the waving sea of sand as well as by the efforts of the local population to adapt and control the natural environment. Herbert confirmed with this example his views on the mutual influence between humans and their surroundings. He realized that the pressure exerted by an environment of extraordinary harshness may drive evolution and prompt the development of new talents in the species. This idea is behind his description of the prison planet Salusa Secundus and its role in selecting and secretly training the Emperor's elite Sardaukar troops. However, the imperial soldiers will be overwhelmed by the fierce Fremen, trained in the even more inhospitable planet Arrakis.

Just like the genetic pool of the prey is improved during evolution by its predators, Herbert thinks that individuals need painful pressure and the threat of death to realize the potential of their cellular memories, to rise to new levels of consciousness. This process can also be eased by using drugs like the spice. The new powers of Paul are revealed after a series of traumatic experiences and the exposure to melange, culminating with the agony of the Water of Life. In "Heretics of Dune" the surprising talents of Sheanna, Miles Teg and the last Duncan Idaho gholas appear as a response to life threats (sand worms kill Sheanna's family, the T-probe is forced upon Miles, as is the sexual imprinting on Duncan). In the same way, societies and the human species as a whole need enemies and challenges to awaken its creative potential and advance the required evolutionary steps.

Dangers in the future

Evolution cannot stop if, according to Herbert, we want to face the changing and unpredictable nature of the universe. No matter how much we try to foresee and plan, design and build new weapons against uncertainty, the universe is always a step ahead of our logic. For each new power we develop, a counter-power will rise. Surprises will show up when we feel secure. Total control is not possible.

For instance, the result of the Bene Gesserit breeding program, the awaited Kwisatz Haderach, does not become the ultimate control weapon expected by the order, but a young man awakened to prescience and bent on destroying the ruling regime. Afterwards, when Paul tries to use his power to control the events, the oracular shield of the Navigators and the Dune Tarot conspire to blur his vision on the troubled waters of time. Later, the ixians build no-chambers against the prescient sight of Leto II, and Siona develops a genetic invisibility against any form of oracle. Ix-made spaceships break the Guild monopoly on space travel and the Tleilaxu are able to produce artificial spice in their axlotl tanks. So we see that no advantage is permanent, no empire lasts forever. Neither control nor isolation guarantee survival in a universe where laws are mutable.

Herbert also points to some of the possible dangers threatening humanity. When Siona is tested in the desert by the God Emperor, she has a vision of powerful machines hunting and annihilating human beings. However, it is not clear (as Brian Herbert y Kevin J. Anderson interpret in their sequels) that the Enemy fighting the Honored Matres in the Scattering is the fruit of new generations of thinking machines. About this Enemy, Frank Herbert only mentions in “Chapterhouse Dune” the suspicion that the mighty women seem to have been attacked by some infectious plague, and he refers to the veiled threat of evolved Face Dancers, to whom the old couple Daniel y Marty (which Duncan Idaho sees through space-time) might be related.

Regardless of the form of a future menace: a natural or man-made catastrophe, the contact with an alien civilization or the rebellion of artificial intelligences, Herbert warns that the true danger lies on the complacency of the human species.

First of all, we humans have “all our eggs in one basket”. At the present moment we still live on the surface of a single planet, and a cosmic catastrophe could easily cause our extinction. Even the large space inhabited in the Dune universe is too small to ensure the continuity of the species, causing Leto II to start the Golden Path as a way to force the Scattering of humans across the galaxy, shattering the dormancy of the Old Empire and opening a way to future survival, even if that means the brutality of the Famine and the Kralizec (the “battle at the end of the universe”). Therefore, according to Herbert, our first duty as a species should be to expand across space, the same way hundreds of thousands of years ago we left our cradle in Africa to populate the continents of the Earth.

The second inner danger facing humans is our continuous search for security, our confidence that everything is under control, and our reliance on powerful leaders who promise to bring us a perfect future. If we are not careful, our collective instinct may thus become a burden weighting on our ability to react in front of the unknown, “weakening our psychic muscles”.

Recipe for survival

If the solution to humanity’s survival is not more control, and it is neither possible to isolate ourselves from the surprises stocked by the universe, ¿what strategy should we follow to improve our chances? Herbert uses again lessons taken from ecology, from the mechanisms allowing living creatures overcome crises and catastrophic changes.

In addition to the physical scattering of the species, Herbert talks about the need of a “science of discontent” to sustain a tension that keeps us awake and ready, with the strength and adaptability necessary to respond to unexpected events and enemies. In spite of being a pacifist who protested

the Vietnam war, the author of “Dune” acknowledges that a threat against our survival may require hard decisions including violence and death for many.

To improve our options as a species it is also necessary to promote racial, cultural and lifestyle diversity in our world. If we make our gene pool homogeneous, if we all depend on the same communication channels, food supplies and energy sources, if we all let ourselves be captured by the same mystique, whatever its type (messianic, technological, religious or political), if we narrow the possible paths to the future, then we increase the chances that all practicable ways lead to the abyss. We must use our instinctive chaotic strength, “creative anarchy” and procreation prowess to grow more diverse. We have to be cautious regarding the destructive capabilities of those forces, but we must also know that any attempt to suppress them ends up generating an even larger destruction.

A regressive force, opposed to change, which Herbert fought all his life, stems from the organizations trying to perpetuate themselves as aristocracies and bureaucracies. As the writer used to repeat often: “power attracts the corruptible”. After taking command, even those who were once rebels become aristocrats who forget their mission. Their new goal is soon to keep the power structure of their organization instead of the wellbeing of the humanity they should serve.

How to fight these tendencies of our atavistic unconscious? Herbert proposed that the only way to do so is to improve the self-consciousness of humanity, to awaken the knowledge of our subliminal impulses so we are able to refocus them on a “noble purpose”. However, as he showed in the Dune saga, it is possible that this awakening happens only in the urgency of a crisis threatening our very existence. Sadly, it is likely that extreme pain may be needed to reveal the potential we carry within us.

DUNE



By Clark Beckham —seud.— (Mexico)

Illustrated by Vaggelis Ntousakis (Greece)/ *St.*

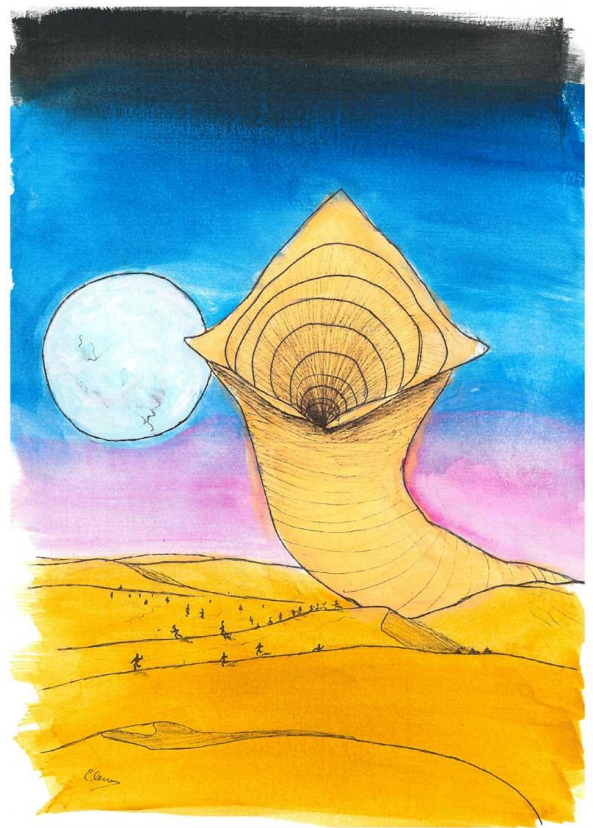


film based on the novel by science fiction writer Frank Herbert. The adaptation to the big screen is great. Directed by David Lynch. Where to start to see the Princess Irulan tell which is the year ten thousand one hundred ninety-one. The known universe is ruled by Emperor Shaddam IV Padishad. The most prized substance is the essence of the spice, which can extend the lifetime, expands consciousness and makes space travel. The Council and its mutants boaters under the influence of Spice by 4.000 years use the orange gas to fold space, travel without moving and spice notes that only exist in

one place in space, a desolate, dry planet filled Fremen vast deserts where they live. Among them there is a prophecy that a man will come, a messiah and lead to true freedom. The planet called Arrakis, but is best known as Dune. So we see the face of Princess Irulan, who narrates, disappear and then show us the planets, where the main characters live. Planet Arrakis, source of the spice. Planet Caladan, home of House Atreides. Planet Giedi Prime, home of House Harkonnen. Kaitain Planet, home of the Emperor of the known universe. Here and after this introduction we see the beginning of the frame, when Shaddam IV receives the third planet Council, the Emperor tells them to send the Duke Leto and his family to the planet Arrakis, then betray them, attacking them with the Harkonnen. A mutant, warty-shaped fish with small eyes, floating in an orange gas, asks the death of Paul Atreides, son of Duke Leto. After arriving we Gurney Halleck, Dr. Wellington Yueh and Thufir - Hawat, before the young Paul Atreides. Where Gurney challenges him to a duel and are wearing an armor of solid orange light. Hence we know the rivals, the repulsive fat, which can float, Baron Vladimir Harkonnen and his nephew Rabban and Feyd of Rauthan where disgusting obese reveals that the Duke Leto is a traitor and does not know. This breed is characterized by being redheads. The Atreides leave their home planet Caladan, to go to the planet Arrakis, then install and supervise the extraction of spice, also known a monster, a huge worm that nothing of the desert sands, here is a creature shocking and colossal. They try to kill Paul and the traitor turns out to be Dr. Yueh Duke Leto and imprisons the lower the shields of the fortress. The Harkonnen attack and Duncan Idaho

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die to protect the Atreides family. Escape the slaughter Paul and his mother Jessica. The young Atreides swears to avenge his father, when attacked by a worm, the Fremen help us decide the alliance to destroy the Harkonnen. Paul decides to call Muad' Dib and trains the Fremen in weapon sound techniques. There he discovers that the planet is water and few know that. Jessica becomes his Bene Gesserit despite being pregnant with Alia. Lady Jessica thinks Paul can become the messiah of the future, the Kwisatz Haderach, because for the love of Duke Leto a son and not a child had, breaking the control of genetic lines. Baron lets you power Rabban, meanwhile Paul falls for Chani, and together Stigal helps guide the Fremen men completely blue eyes. They ask dominate the Shai - Hulud and that scene looks awesome, where Dib Muad' climbs a worm and submits, then using it as a guide to transport and assemble large and giant worm. Thank Stigal give a bodyguard, the Fedaykin. For two years Paul and the Fremen attack structures spice in possession of the Harkonnen. The council requires the Emperor Shaddam IV accounts, not to bring order to Arrakis, so the Emperor uses his Sardaukar troops. Knowing Paul to come to attack yet takes the dangerous decision to drink the water of life. Doing so becomes the Kwisatz Haderach, his eyes are blue, worms respect him. His sister Alia comes to enemies and poisons the Baron Vladimir and pleases us look like a caterpillar eats the Harkonnen and Sardaukar forces fighting against Muad 'Dib and the Fremen, mounted worms. Where the end gain the troops of Muad 'Dib. Here is the summary of what the movie is Dune. I hope that rent the movie or buy it on DVD. And I end up with Alejandro Jodorowsky could say that having led the work on the project for more than five years. Besides inviting Orson Welles, Salvador Dali, HR Giger and Moebius. Like that film would have been, I imagine, because we have to settle for the aforementioned film.





Revistas:

Revista: NM #34

Minimalia (Cano Farragute).

Tren bala (Hugo Ramos Gambier).

1, 2, 3 (Claudia Cortalezzi).

Un Shakespeare analfabeto (Mauricio del Castillo).

Ahira (Rocío Sala Espiell).

La niña y la canción (Dante Galuz).

En las playas de las estrellas (Maximiliano E. Giménez).

Lazos peligrosos (Patricia K. Olivera).

La casa en Polanco (Antonio Suárez Moreno).

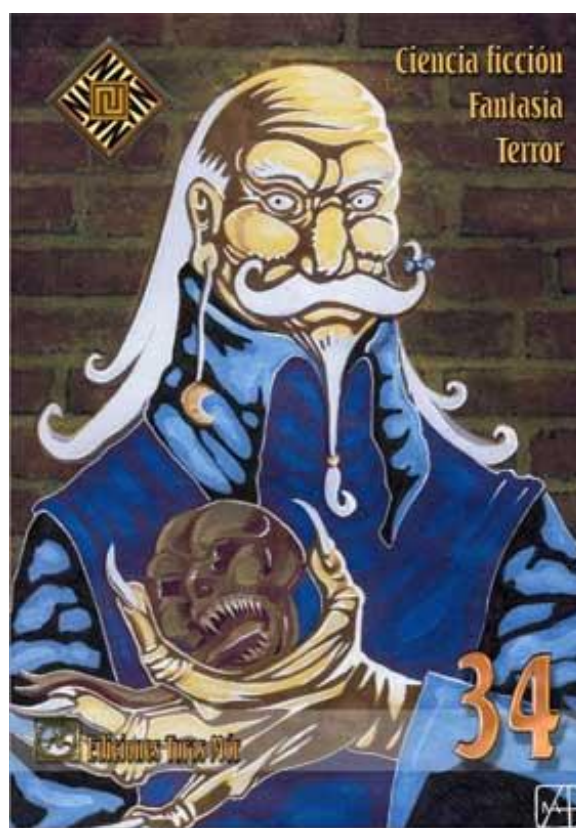
Onironautas (Daniel Navari).

Tapa: "Viejo sabio" (Jorge Santiago Inzaghi).

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Participes: Ana María Madrid, Esteban Moscarda.

PARAFANTÁSTICA le propone en este noveno número, las poesías La mentira y el amor, de Nancy Nasr, y Fue fácil engañarme, de Cristino Vidal, el relato breve Único creyente de Carlos Enrique Saldivar, el microrrelato Mentiras de Ana María Madrid, y otro del mismo título de Esteban Moscarda y Carlos Enrique Saldivar; el artículo Somos o parecemos, de José Luis Vergara, y el segundo capítulo de la novela Absenta, el secreto cósmico, de Eugenia Carrión.



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Juan Carlos Toledano Redondo, Lewis & Clark College

<http://scholarcommons.usf.edu/alambique/>

En un Alambique, los alquimistas de la antigüedad buscaban obtener oro filtrando metales comunes. La biblioteca de la University of South Florida ofrece esta revista como destilador de sueños (im)posibles de ciencia ficción y fantasía.

Alambique (ISSN 2167-6577) es una revista revisada por pares, de libre acceso, dedicada a la investigación académica y la crítica en los campos de la ciencia ficción y fantasía compuesta originalmente en español y portugués. Alambique también acepta artículos académicos escritos en inglés, siempre y cuando el enfoque principal del estudio se centre en una de las regiones culturales del español y portugués en el mundo. Alambique también acepta artículos académicos escritos en español, portugués e inglés que se enfoquen en

áreas culturales de contacto como el catalán, guaraní, náhuatl, etc. Además, Alambique tiene la intención de publicar obras literarias antiguas y/o en gran medida olvidadas que ayudaron a forjar la tradición de la ciencia ficción y la fantasía en español y portugués. Estos textos, siempre que sea posible, tendrán una traducción acompañante en inglés.

E-books:

Título: Viaje a las Tierras del Ocaso

Autor: Juan Miguel Aguilera

Editorial: Kokapeli

<http://kokapeli.com/2014/10/29/viaje-a-las-tierras-del-ocaso-primer-libro-electronico-de-kokapeli/>

Sinopsis: Publicado hace diez años con el título de Rihla, esta obra de Juan Miguel Aguilera fue en su día pionera. El autor la ha rebautizado como Viaje a las Tierras del Ocaso porque el título Rihla llama a equívocos, no siendo el menor que ya existe un clásico del mismo nombre, y que la existencia de una h intercalada causa problemas a la hora de buscar. Problemas que pueden parecer a algunos baladíes pero no lo son. De todas formas, se ha incluido el antiguo título en la portada para evitar que alguien, no deseando comprar la nueva edición lo haga y se enoje, con razón. Así nadie se llama a engaño.

Decíamos que fue en su día pionera porque es un tipo de libro ahora común y en su momento no tanto. Una novela que funde los géneros histórico y fantástico. O que es novela histórica con toques fantásticos, como deseen. Difícil en su momento de clasificar, cosa que fue un hándicap porque desorientaba a parte de su público objetivo, más en



un mercado como el español, donde las mesas de novedad están parceladas por géneros...

Viaje a las Tierras del Ocaso narra la aventura de un estudioso del reino nazarí de Granada, poco antes de la caída de este ante las armas castellanas, hacia una hipotética tierra situada más allá del Atlántico. La novela combina el elemento puramente histórico, de cómo era Mesoamérica en aquellos días antes de Colón y Cortés, con los recursos de la ciencia-ficción, como es el sentido de la maravilla, que Juan Miguel Aguilera conoce y maneja tan bien.

Título: La costilla de Caín

Autor: Miguel Ángel Moreno

Sinopsis: Madrid, 1915. El diplomático Enric Mantey aparece muerto en su despacho. La herida de su costado recuerda, para desconcierto de policía y médicos, a la dentellada de un tiburón.

Sólo el controvertido biólogo y erudito John Baldinger parece capaz de encontrar una respuesta, aunque ello signifique traspasar la frontera de lo creíble y adentrarse en un mundo colmado de misterios extraordinarios, personajes sorprendentes y lugares ocultos entre las sombras.

Junto a su ayudante, Raúl Sibeud, el profesor Baldinger no tardará en comprender que se enfrenta a un horror primigenio; un mito narrado en las crónicas de Odiseo, que acecha a la humanidad desde una dimensión de pesadilla.

La Costilla de Caín transporta al lector a las calles del Madrid de principios del s.XX, donde los estrechos callejones y los quinqués a media luz envuelven un misterio tan antiguo como la propia existencia.



Título: El Pliegue Iceberg

Autor: Miguel Gámez

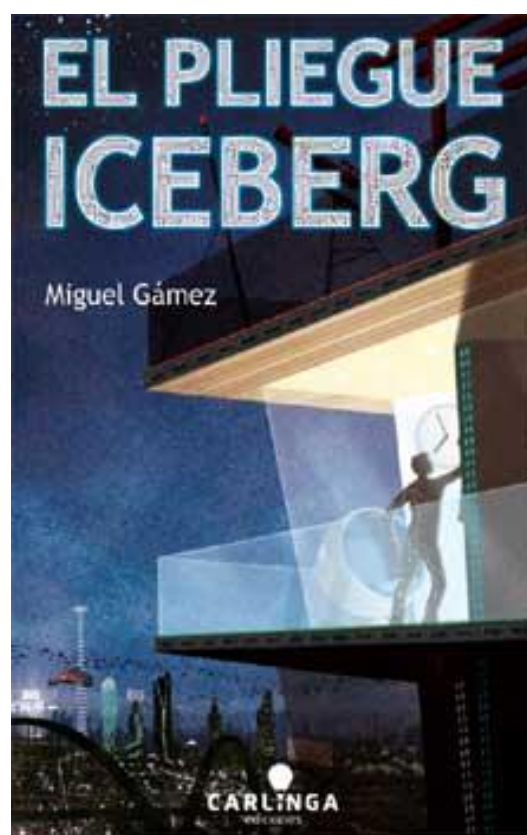
Editorial: Carlinga Ediciones

Sinopsis: ¿Qué se esconde en el cerebro de Lazarus Davids? Un concepto global de ingeniería sostenible que proveerá a la Tierra de un nuevo sistema circulatorio, un medio de transporte total capaz de viajar a cien mil kilómetros por hora. Sin embargo, lejos de su compromiso con una humanidad obsesionada con el tiempo, lo que realmente se oculta en su cabeza es un cúmulo de desesperación, aunque también de esperanza. En su periplo a través de un tiempo y un espacio relativos, salva el pellejo y a la vez muda la piel para convertirse en un hombre sin identidad, un ser por encima del bien y del mal.

Sobre el Autor

Miguel Gámez abrió los ojos por primera vez en el Hospital General de Alicante, en pleno agosto, mirando al Mediterráneo desde una habitación con orientación sureste. Al mismo tiempo puso a enfriar el corazón para hacer posible su romance con la cultura Británica, donde su trabajo para la Universidad de las Highlands and Islands, el reconocimiento a su campaña de publicidad “Cut Out Waste Scotland” y la mención especial en el Festival de Artes y Libros de Nairn por su relato “Northern Travellers”

confitaron esa afección a fuego lento y le abrieron los ojos por segunda vez. De vuelta a España, acababa de publicar el libro infantil “Clara Parrot y el misterio en el aeropuerto”, editado por Aena. Antes, infinidad de colaboraciones, publicaciones y premios como ilustrador, dibujante y guionista de cómic, además de escritor de relatos cortos. Tras siete años trabajando en publicidad y catorce en el sector aeroportuario, por fin consigue fichar por Carlinga Ediciones, gozando de su confianza para publicar su primera novela corta titulada “El pliegue Iceberg”.



Novela:

Título: Tu Nombre Después de la Lluvia

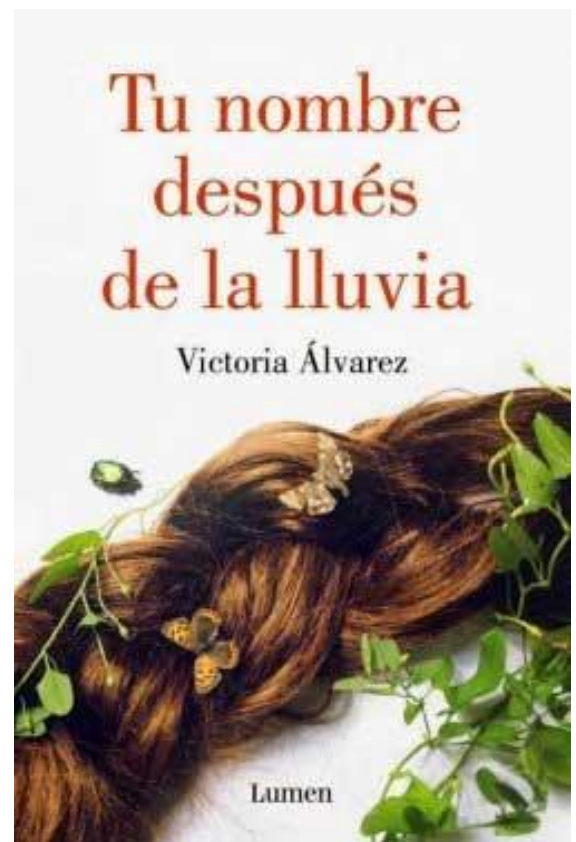
Autor: Victoria Álvarez

Editorial: Lumen

Sinopsis: Durante una tormentosa y oscura noche de 1903 en el castillo irlandés de Maor Cladaich, los sollozos de una banshee, anuncian una misteriosa muerte. Las leyendas cuentan que durante siglos este espíritu de la mitología irlandesa ha estado ligado a la ancestral familia O'Laoire, anunciando con sus llantos la muerte de los miembros del clan.

Alexander Quills, un profesor viudo, dirige desde Oxford el "Dreaming Spires", un periódico especializado en fenómenos del más allá. Entre su equipo se encuentran el atractivo y mujeriego Lionel Lennox, aventurero y cazatesoros; el joven romántico de mirada soñadora Oliver Saunders, experto en lenguas clásicas; y el clérigo August Westwood, médium y exorcista profesional.

El grupo reconoce en la aparición de la banshee la oportunidad perfecta para sacar a flote un periódico que ya no resulta rentable, y deciden viajar a las costas irlandesas para solucionar el misterio. Allí se encontraran con una tierra llena de supersticiones y con unos vecinos hostiles, reticentes a dar cualquier tipo de información a los extranjeros. Al borde de un acantilado se encuentra Maor Cladaich, donde viven la recelosa viuda Rhiannon O'Laoire y su enigmática hija Ailish Ní Laoire. La situación económica de lo que queda del clan O'Laoire está al límite y el ruinoso castillo en venta. Durante las investigaciones Oliver descubre en Ailish su otra mitad y ambos se enamoran perdidamente. Poco le importa a Oliver que Ailish sea un ser extraño con el don de la videncia mediante el tacto. Tres potenciales compradores se alojan en el castillo para pujar por él: entre ellos la elegante Sra. Sterling, que actúa como



representante de un enigmático príncipe húngaro. La Sra. Sterling es una descomunal mujer de gran belleza que esconde grandes secretos y que provoca en Lionel algo más que una simple atracción.

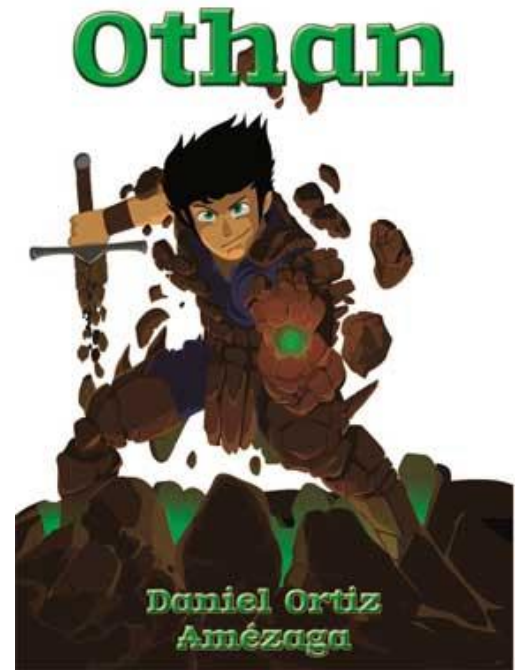
Título: Othan

Autor: Daniel Ortiz Amézaga

Portada: Javier Ara

Editorial: Kelonia

Sinopsis: El joven Othan vive aburrido en su pueblo soñando con escapar de allí y correr aventuras.



Pero hay que tener cuidado con lo que se desea, porque sus sueños se podrían ver cumplidos cuando un mal ancestral sacude a toda su aldea. Suya será la misión de recopilar las cuatro gemas mágicas que podrían salvar a su familia... y a todo el universo en el proceso.

Acompañado de su amiga Luna y un pequeño trol de piedra llamado Bruxter, recorrerá todos los confines del planeta en busca del poder de las Gemas Elementales, conociendo nuevos amigos y aliados mientras descubre que la auténtica aventura consiste en madurar.

Vive con Othan la aventura más grande jamás contada repleta de monstruos, animales fantásticos, peligros, amigos y enemigos, magia y, sobre todo, imaginación.

Título: La calle Andersen

Autores: Sofia Rhei y Marian Womack

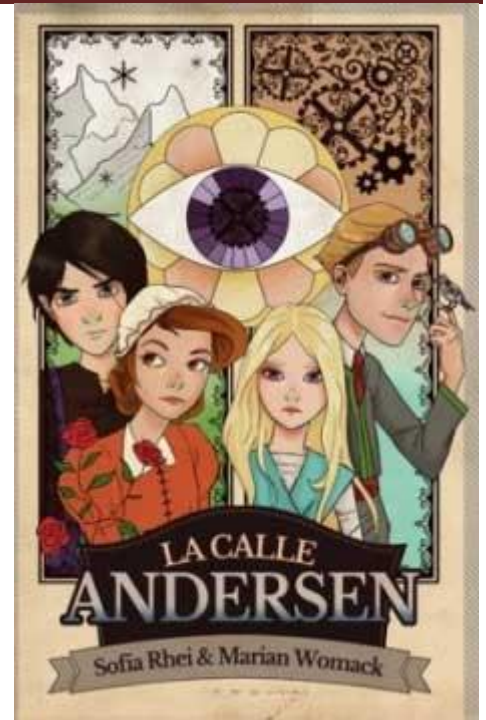
Editorial: La Galera

Sinopsis: En la Copenhague de plena revolución industrial, una niña corre por las calles nevadas, huyendo de un grupo de adolescentes con obvias malas intenciones. Kay y Gerda, no mucho mayores que la víctima, ven la persecución y cómo -muy al estilo de la

The magazine of the Brief & Fantastic

época, en que la vida de un pobre apenas contaba para nadie- nadie se molesta en ayudar a la niña. Ellos sí lo harán, enfrentándose al grupo... y acabarán siendo salvados por un misterioso tercer personaje.

Así comienza una gran aventura donde se unen la ciencia y la magia. O, quizás, como decía Arthur C. Clarke, ambas sean indistinguibles una de otra. Impresionantes autómatas, la lucha por la creación de vida artificial, investigadores sin escrúpulos, experimentos fallidos con humanos... Una historia descarnada, protagonizada por un grupo de jóvenes sin nada que perder y malvados inventores con mucho, mucho que ganar.



Cuentos:

Título: Crónicas de Ouroboros.

Autor: Odilius Vlak.

Editora: La secta de los perros (Puerto Rico)

Sinopsis: Crónicas de Ouroboros plantea una relación dialéctica entre un pasado imaginario y un futuro regido por una distopía denominada Mitotecnocracia. Un ciclo de historias donde cada una agrega un nuevo bloque para diseñar un universo donde la mitología taína y africana, el folklore dominicano y los eventos históricos, son recreados de manera fantástico-científica cuyo producto final es una especie de ucronía fantástica. Dos historias en esta entrega: una que utiliza como materia prima un evento histórico: «Descarga de



meteoritos en la Batalla del 19 de Marzo»; y otra que lo hace con los juegos y las canciones de corro propios del folklore infantil: «Juegoedrox platónicos». Dos visiones en las que la Singularidad Tecnológica revive la magia antigua; y las IAs tienen encuentros cercanos con extraterrestres. Otras historias del ciclo son «Cemíes de un mito virtual», «Artículos de consumo divino» y «Pesadillas folklóricas».

Antologías:

Título: Terra Nova 3 Antología de ciencia ficción contemporánea

Autor: VV.AA.

Editorial: Fantasy

El Gran Hotel Catalanian/ Miguel Ángel Chamizo Jodar

Diminutos/ Javier Urquiza López

Los pocos minutos que nos quedan/ Sergio Gaut Vel Hartman

Mi padre/ Marco Antonio Marcos Fernández

El Proyecto Acuatécnia/ Néstor Bardisa

Proyecto Planeta/ Pedro Moscatel

Hoax/ Javier Fernández Bilbao

Hijos de Coubertin/ Antonio González Mesa / Juan Glez. Mesa

Chico Problemático/ Magín Méndez Sanguos

Muñeca/ Alejandro Valiente Lourtau

Gastronomía española/ Francis Novoa

La mole/ Carlos Romeo

Sabemos lo que te gusta/ Aitor Solar Azcona



Duna/ Ricardo Cortés Pape

Fecha de caducidad/ Anaid Ofelia Pérez Mendoza

Hotel Sahara/ Juan Jesús Botí Hernández

Jugar un juego/ Sandra Monteverde Ghuisolfi

Tú tienes que estar conmigo/ Alfonso José Gijón Morales

Güijas Cuánticas y bufandas del Atlético/ Pedro López Manzano

El penúltimo día/ Vicent Sala Enguix

About Writers & Illustrators:

Directors:

Acevedo Esplugas, Ricardo (Havana, 1969), poet, anthologist, editor and writer of science fiction Cuban. He graduated from Naval Construction, studied journalism, marketing and advertising and served as a professor in civil construction in the Palace of Pioneers Ernesto Guevara in Havana. Currently resides in Spain. His literary career includes being part of the following literary workshops: Oscar Hurtado, Black Hole, Leonor Pérez Cabrera Writing workshop and Spiral. He was a member of the Creative Writing Group Onelio Jorge Cardoso. It belongs to the staff of the magazine Amazing Stories

Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Castellón de la Plana, Spain, 1963) potter, photographer and illustrator. Been writing since childhood, has published works on websites, blogs and digital magazines (Red Magazine Science Fiction, Axxón, NGC3660, ICTP Portal Magazine Digital miNatura, Brief

not so brief, chemically impure, Wind flashes, Letters to dream, Predicate. com, The Great Pumpkin, Cuentanet, Blog's count stories, book Monelle 365 contes, etc.). He has written under the pseudonym Monelle. Currently manages multiple blogs, two of them related to Magazine Digital miNatura who co-directs with her husband Ricardo Acevedo, specializing in micro story and the fantasy genre short story publication.

He was a finalist of some short story competitions and micro story: the first two editions of the annual contest Owl Group; in both editions of the contest fantastic tale Letters to dream; I short story contest of terror square child; Mobile Contest 2010 Literature, Journal Eñe. He has served as a juror in both literary and ceramic competitions, workshops and imparting photography, ceramics and literary.

Writers:

Acevedo Esplugas, Ricardo (Havana, Cuba, 1969) *See Directors.*

Bayarri, Salvador (Valencia, Spain, 1967)

has a PhD. in Physics and a Master degree in Philosophy. A specialist in visual simulation and virtual reality, he is the author of "The Owl in Daylight", a screenplay based on the life of Philip K. Dick, and of the science fiction adventure "La Ciudad de las Esferas" and he has participated in many conferences and presentations, and collaborated in several screenplays.

Salvador also writes a blog on topics from Physics, Philosophy and Science Fiction

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

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.

Cabello, Silvia (Spain) while Hunter Dam dreams generally shared in the intimate sphere of a few known. Almost addicted to the impulses that catapult the mind to any scene, for my eyes only?, I enjoy photographing since my turret my trench, my drone or observer, as I see and feel on the

fly. Share moments, and hardly care with a prop chair, screen and screen office where I earn my bread, so far, and occasional laughter. The suit heroin why I changed my outfit is gray white in this moment, not trademark muscles, and does not need boots: barefoot is used ... writing excites me, but it also frees me.

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.

Clark Beckham -seud.- (Córdoba, Veracruz, Mexico) writer, actor, filmmaker. Take a short film called Ana Claudia de los Santos is on You tube. Participate in the television series of Ramon Valdez A2D3 and short raw meat on you tube. I was also extra film Glory. And the winner of eight literary contest cane festival that takes place in Cordoba Veracruz. And this year the festival 2013 cane won second place.

Domínguez Nimo, Hernán (Buenos Aires, Argentina) has stories and articles published in magazines and anthologies in Argentina, Spain, Colombia, Greece, Japan, France and Venezuela. Enjoy writing stories between 4000 and 8000 words, but taken recess of 300.

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 Doyrens club with two stories, *EL HOMBRE DE NEGRO* and *EL INTRUSO*.

Guadalupe Ingelmo, Salomé (Madrid, 1973) Having studied at the University of Pisa, La Sapienza University of Rome and Pontifical Biblical Institute of Rome, she took a Doctor degree in Philosophy and Arts at the Autonomous University of Madrid (2005). Member of the Institute for the Study of the Ancient Middle East, located at the UAM. She has received many national and international literary prizes. Her work appears in numerous anthologies. In 2012 she published

her first personal anthology of short stories: The imperfection of the circle. She has been member of the jury for the International Literary Contest Angel Ganivet, event organized by "Asociación de Países Amigos" of Helsinki (Finland). She acted as jury for the VIII Bonaventuriano Contest of Short Story and Poetry, launched by San Buenaventura University of Cali (Colombia). She regularly publishes literary essays in magazines and digital media. She prefaced The Portrait of Dorian Gray, Nemira publisher. Her work appears in Tiempos Oscuros: Una Visión del Fantástico Internacional n. 3, and also in some anthologies of Saco de Huesos publisher. For more information:

<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.

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

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.

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

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

Martínez 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 Tecnica 2002, 03; National Competition Ernest Hemingway, Havana 2003 Literary Contest Extramuros Promotion Centre "Luis Rogelio Noguerras 2004" Literary Contest 2005 Center Farraluke 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) bachelor of Health Sciences. Bibliophile, budding novelist and faithful follower of fantasy literature, addiction that led her to travel the Creative Writing Program of the University of the Cloister of Sor Juana. Experiment with pen for several years, writing inserted in the genre, more to herself than to be read stories.

Morgan Vicconius Zariah -seud.- (Bani, Dominican Republic) writer, philosopher, musician and manager. He began his poetic wanderings in the spiritual and philosophical circles of his native Bani influence subsequently screened at the literary world.

Later he became involved in the literary group of bohemian and subversive movement erranticista court where he met people in the cultural field and music. Was contributor to the literary group the cold wind as some others.

He has organized some cultural events and poetry readings and many others have participated.

<http://zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com>

Noroña Lamas, Juan Pablo (Havana, Cuba, 1973) Degree in Philology. Editor-corrector of Radio Reloj. His stories have appeared in the anthology *Reino Eterno* (Letras Cubanas, 2000), *Secretos del Futuro* (Sed de Belleza, 2005) 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 Vlak -seud.- (Azua, Dominican Republic) Writer with continuous self-taught, freelance journalist and translator.

In December 2009, created together with a team of writers, illustrators and comic book artists, the Blogzine, Zothique The Last Continent, space devoted to the genre of Science Fiction, Horror and dark fantasy especially. The latter symbolized by the blog name taken from the eponymous series American writer, Clark Ashton Smith.

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

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

Poetic prose narratives that constitute their first explorations in search of their own language and therefore the first stage of his literary career.

"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

Olivenza, Rodrigo S. (Spain) big football fan... and Dune Universe.

Pacheco Estrada, Tomás (Córdoba, Veracruz, Mexico) writer, actor and movie maker. I do a short film named Ana Claudia de los Santos for You tube. Work in the tv series A2D3 by ramón Valdez and Carne cruda in you tube, extra in the Gloria film.

Rolfe, Jason E. (Canada) writes absurdist and speculative fiction. His work has appeared (and will be appearing) in The Ironic Fantastic, Black Scat Review, Apocrypha and Abstractions, Lovecraft eZine, Pure Slush, Cease Cows, Flash Gumbo,

miNatura #131, Sein und Werden, and Wormwood.

Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Castellón de la Plana, Spain, 1963) *See Directors.*

Segovia Ramos, Francisco José (Spain, 1962) Law degree from the University of Granada. First Prize, among others, the IV International Competition of science fiction novel "Alternis Mundi", the Prose Prize XXVII Moriles (Cordoba); the Micromegas Story Book of Science Fiction; the II Contest of "Primero de Mayo" Stories, Argentina; twelfth Story Contest "Saturnino Calleja" Cordoba; the First Literary Contest in homage to Mario Benedetti, Albacete.

Publications: "Los sueños muertos", "Lo que cuentan las sombras" stories; "El Aniversario" novel. Participant in numerous anthologies of poetry and story with multiple authors. Other activities: Collaborating in several newspapers and literary magazines.

Blog:

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

William E. Fleming —seud.— (Toledo, Spain, 1982) writes for various online publications and blogs in various collaborations. His scattered by the intangible world of the internet, work from the thriller versa, to science fiction through eroticism, sensuality and pure terror. Several of his novels, collections and poems are about the most current issues His work sad song of a wounded poem, is his latest collection of poems and prose in Part I micrologies the door is the first volume of a set of micro-stories various subjects.

Illustrators:

Pág. 01 Aguilera, Juan Miguel (Valencia, 1960) is a Spanish science fiction author.

He was first trained as an industrial designer. As an author, he has received the Ignotus prize, the Alberto Magno prize, and the Juli Verne prize.

His first works were written in collaboration with Javier Redal. These are histories influenced by hard science fiction, set in the universe of Akasa-Puspa, although

the time gaps between them make the similarities harder to find. These worlds are created with great consistency and attention to detail. *Mundos en el Abismo* (Worlds in the Abyss) and its sequel *Hijos de la Eternidad* (Children of Eternity) combine a plot typical of space opera with elements of hard science fiction.

El Refugio (The Refuge) shows a deep scientific influence: biotechnology, biochemistry, communication between species, evolution.

Aguilera has also collaborated with Ricardo Lázaro and Rafael Marín.

In his solo work, he spends less time on scientific detail and incorporates elements of fantasy, in a genre he calls "speculative history." As a scriptwriter, he has worked on the film *Stranded: Náufragos*.^[2] He has been the illustrator for a number of science fiction book covers.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Juan_Miguel_Aguilera

Pág. 42 Blanche, Pascal (Canada) 3D

Artist, Art director and freelancer.

I started my career back in 1993 at TILT magazine, an early video games magazine and then worked in the video game field for twelve years in companies such as Virtual Xperience, Xilam, Haikus Studios and also with Sony, worked on the first French/Canadian full CG movie "Kaena: the Prophecy".

I am presently Art Director at Ubisoft, one of the biggest video game development studios in the world, where I worked on Myst IV revelation, and Naruto: rise of a ninja for Xbox360.

As freelancer, i worked for many companies, including Autodesk, Fantasyflight games and Wizards of the coast.

I have also some private projects i hope to have the time to achieve, but that's another story.

<http://www.3dluvr.com/pascalb>

<http://www.derelictplanet.blogspot.com/>

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

Pág. 51 Carlos NCT —seud.— (Spain)

Concept artist on Mercury Steam.

Graduated in FINE ART COLLEGE of Valencia (Spain), and currently working as illustrator and concept artist.

<http://www.carlosnct.com>

<http://bucetoz.blogspot.com/>

Pag. 28 Felix, Jason (Wisconsin, USA)

raised in a protected other creative minds and artistic environment. The only way out for inspiration was RPGs, comics and videogames Jason eagerly enjoyed. After graduating from high school, he began working freelance for creating illustrations for Vampire Games White Wolf leading to a budding career in the field of print publishing.

Years progressed and soon discovered his interest in the development of art for the film industry and video games. He moved to San Francisco in hopes of making a dream come true: to work professionally in the entertainment industry and become a recognized name in the art world.

He has continued his personal projects:
Salvaged series, Slayers Abyss Graphic
Novel, Mail Order Monsters, and MWM: The
Field Guide series.

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

Pág. 23, 59 Fortanet, Elena (España) *See
Writers.*

Pág. 26 Gal Or (Israel) Concept Artist and
Illustrator.

Actually live in San Francisco (USA).

<http://www.galorart.com>

<http://galorart.tumblr.com>

<http://halftonechronicles.tumblr.com>

Pág. 37 Lyra, Rael (Brazil) concept artist.

<http://www.raellyra.blogspot.com.es/>

Pág. 45 McMurphy, Sean (UK) Freelance
Artist/Illustrator

<http://seanmcmurphy.tumblr.com/>

Pág. 35, 49 Molnar, Mark (Hungry)
concept artist / illustrator specializing on
visual development and pre-production
design for the entertainment industry.

Currently working on projects for film,
game, animation companies and creating
articles and videos about digital painting and
concept art for various publications including
ImagineFX.

Clients:

Production Companies (LucasFilm, Time
Warner, MGM, Weta Workshop, Universal,
Ternion Pictures, BrownBag Films,
Conquistador Entertainment, SoapBox Films,
BBC, Adult Swim, NathanLove Studios, Boss
Creatives, OddBall Animation, Souljacker,
Future Fire)

Publishers and Game Companies (Crystal
Dynamics / Eidos / Square Enix, Applibot,
Super Appli, Games Workshop, Fantasy Flight
Games, Paizo Publishing, Catalyst Game Labs
/ TOPPS, Posthuman Studios, Big Fish Games,
Binary Star, VAGC, Locus Origin)

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

<http://markmolnar.com>

Pág. 18 Nonato, Viviane (Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, 26 years old) is a designer and traditional painter in love with academic drawing. Computer Graphics student with a focus on Concept Art and Illustration. It is technical in Restoration Painting by EPSJV and he teaches visual arts since the age of 15 in social projects. Uses Free Software for 8 years. Member and volunteer at SLRJ (Free Software Rio de Janeiro) and KDE Brazil.

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

Pág. 57 Ntousakis, Vaggelis (Crete, Greece) Lives and works on the island of Crete. In 1990 he had a brief Magazine and fantasy as diving accident and became a quadriplegic.

From an early age, I am fascinated with anything related to the horror, the weird and strange. And spent hours together between the paintings of Bosch, Goya and Brugel. At eleven, fell into his hands a book of terror and discovered Robert E. Howard, Arthur Machen, Derleth among others, but his greatest and most striking finding was the

work of H. P. Lovecraft. In the 90 studied graphic design in Athens and in 2000 returned to Crete where does my business. Without leaving my personal projects in the digital illustration.

Pág. 84 Oźmiński, Mateusz (Poznań, Poland) obtained master's degree in Architecture and Urban Planning at University of Technology in Poznan. Since 2008 he has been working as a freelance illustrator and a concept artist. Discovered his passion in the age of 16 drawing numerous portraits in pencil. Soon after, he added Photoshop to his toolset and he has been loyal to these two tools ever since. Appreciated in international contest and competitions. Won ImagineFX Rising Stars 2011, as well as "inspired by Japan" organized by the PSD Photoshop. His graphics are published in magazines and books such as: Digital Art Masters vol. 6 by Focal Press publishing or Prime – The Definitive Digital Art Collection issued by 3DTotal Publishing. Earned an honourable mention with the title of Excellence Award in the Expose 9. The

award was given by Ballistic Publishing. Every day he takes up different jobs for a variety of clients among which are such names as: the Volta, Legendary Pictures, Mattel, Ubisoft, Sony Online Entertainment, Games Workshop, Fantasy Flight Games, Applibot and DeNA. He loves both sailing and bar sports.

<http://www.ozminski.com>

Pág. 20, 21 Rubert, Evandro (Brazil, 1973) Cannot remember much more than the electric train and the mountain of comics from his childhood. Along with Sergio Abad and David Baldeón among others, Comics Otracosa founded about 15 years ago, and has since been heavily involved in the world of comics. Today is

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

Pág. 48 Santamaría Barrios, Manuel (Cádiz, Spain, 1977) BSc in Nautical and Maritime Transport. Currently working as a

freelance trainer courses merchant navy which I manage from the facebook page "Training Nautica Cadiz".

Why I write ask me some? At my age I do not get anything and I started late, easier, helps me avoid me, makes my normally dispersed thoughts and focus on everything, and this is really important, because I like it.

I have published stories in magazines such as digital miNatura, Fife Fanzine, Anima Barda, and Zombies do not read. I work as a columnist in "The Keeper of Latveria" Bay of Cadiz Digital Journal column earlier in the "Holy Santorum" section of the website of the Carnival of Cadiz.

A great lover of comics, for years I manage the group on Facebook "Dungeon Latveria." And now the public reviews the cultural section of the aforementioned journal.

Pág. 08 Sarima -seud.- (Bilbao, Spain) was born and currently lives in Bilbao after several years in Madrid, his second home. He studied fashion design and for several years

devoted to the design and set dressing and bridal apparel.

He has taught drawing and traditional painting but currently working in digital media, using photoshop and gimp for their jobs. In 2008 "Anita" one of her artwork was selected for inclusion in the book "Exotique 3" Annual Ballistic Publishing, which includes a selection of the best works of digital artists worldwide.

He recently worked as a graphic and textile designer, and 3D computer graphics and the development of characters and scenes for video games. It is dedicated to editorial illustration for books, magazines, role playing games, working with photographers for photo retouching and manipulation, builds websites and graphic design work done for companies and design studios.

In November 2009 his illustration "Amalurra" was awarded first prize in the competition section of Mallorca Fantastic illustration.

Currently he is Director of Art Imaginary, fantasy magazine spread produced by the Federation of epic fantasy readers and Universities and won the Ignotus Award 2011

His first book illustration "Ilunabar, Magic Fables" sale in November 2011 from the hand of the publisher Dibbuks.

She is always waiting for new commissions.

<http://www.envuelorasante.com>

<http://sarima.deviantart.com>

<http://momarkmagic.blogspot.com>

Pág. 39 Sahlstrom, Henrik (Stockholm, Sweden) Concept Artist for video games

<http://henriksahlstrom.wordpress.com/>

Pág. 32 Stribling, Michael L. (USA) illustrator, art director and concept artist.

I have been passionate about art and drawing since childhood, and am blessed to make a living doing something I love. My professional pursuits have taken me into mural painting, illustration, graphic design, video games, and comic books. I am also an

art director for LeapFrog Enterprises, where

<http://richard-wright.com/>

I make educational video games.

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

www.michaelstribling.com/

Pág. 44 Wright, Richard (UK) Freelance

Artist/Illustrator

About illustrations:

Pag. 01 Ataque a ornitóptero en Arrakis/ Juan Miguel Aguilera (Spain); **Pag. 08** The Counselor (from Ilunabar Magic Fables)/ Sarima (Spain); **Pag. 18** Majestade/ Viviane Nonato (Brazil); **Pag. 20** Fear, Lies & China Ink: A Shot of reality/ Evandro Rubert (Brazil); **Pag. 21** Fear, Lies & China Ink: Easily influenced/ Evandro Rubert (Brazil); **Pag. 23** Dune/ Elena Fortanet (Spain); **Pag. 26** SewageTunnel/ Gal Or (Israel); **Pag. 28** Swamp discovery/ Jason Felix (USA); **Pag. 32** Chani daughter of Arrakis/ Michael L. Stribling (USA); **Pag. 35** Sardaukar/ Mark Molnar (Hungary); **Pag. 37** Dune/ Rael Lyra (Brazil); **Pag. 39** Fremen of Dune (cover of Gollancz, Orion Books)/ Henrik Sahlström (Sweden); **Pag. 42** Irulan/Pascal Blanché (Canada); **Pag. 44** Worldspine Wurm/ Richard Wright (UK); **Pag. 45** n.n./ Sean McMurchy (UK); **Pag. 47** Paul's Atreides doubt/ Puy —seud.— (Spain); **Pag. 48** The Intergalactic Flamencos/ Manuel Santamaría Barrios (Spain); **Pag. 49** Sardaukar/ Mark Molnar (Hungary); **Pag. 51** He is the Kwisatz Haderach/ Carlos NTC —seud.— (Spain); **Pag. 57** n.n./ Vaggelis Ntousakis (Greece); **Pag. 59** Gusano Dune/ Elena Fortanet (Spain); **Pag. 84** Dune/ Mateusz Oźmiński (Poland).

