

MINIATURA

**The Magazine
of the Brief
and Fantastic**



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The human race needs an intellectual challenge. It must be boring to be God and have nothing left to discover.

Stephen Hawking



Spirit remains merely a shadowy conception of the mind without being or life, an empty abstraction, to him who does not picture it in this way. And the same may be said in reference to what one calls the Spirit of the Age (*Zeitgeist*).

Theosophy, An Introduction to the Supersensible Knowledge of the World and the Destination of Man (1910), Rudolf Steiner.



In its Essence, The All is Unknowable.

The Kybalion —chap. IV The All— (1912), Three Initiates

The evils from which humanity suffers are not eternal, but confined into the limits of time. They diminish and their intensity decreases in the same proportion as humanity expands its life both in space and in time.



Hidden Treasures of the Ancient Qabalah (1918), Elias Gewurz



Nothing so excites the imagination as mystery, and the excited imagination electrifies and multiplies tenfold the will. The wise are called to govern the world, but it is the mad men who overturn and metamorphose it. This is why madness is considered by Eastern nations as

something divine. Indeed to vulgar eyes the man of genius is a mad man.

Dogme et rituel de la haute magie (1854), Eliphas Lévi



In the autumn of 1883, and for years afterward, occurred brilliant-colored sunsets, such as had never been seen before within the memory of all observers. Also there were blue moons.

I think that one is likely to smile incredulously at the notion of blue moons. Nevertheless they were as common as were green suns in 1883.

The Book of the Damned (1919), Charles Fort

marsh -april, 2015 # 141

Revista digital miNatura *La Revista de los Breve y lo Fantástico*

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¿How collaborate miNatura Digital Magazine?

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

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

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

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

We respect the copyright to continuous power of their creators.

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Cosmogonies

In Bilaspore district of Hindustan, when the leading men of a village meet in council, nobody will spin the spindle, it is assumed that if such a thing were happening, discussion, like the spindle, would lead to a vicious circle that never could unravel.

The Golden Bough. A Study in Comparative Religion (1894), Sir James George Frazer

There was one man, one animal, bird, fish, crab, wood, stone, cave, canyon, grass, jungle. Heaven only existed. The face of the earth did not appear; there were only limited sea, the entire space of the sky. There was nothing gathered together. Everything was invisible; everything was still in the sky.

Popol Vuh

William Blake identified the male principle over time, and the female with space. A seemingly innocent

phrase implies copulation but not to say that anthropomorphized divine figures: Blasphemy!

It's so easy to fall in aberrations when we try to explain the facts and these in turn us away from perfect.

"Long ago it became a party where all the dogs in the world were invited, but these should leave his tail in a fight armed puerta.Se and everyone had to take the one that could. Why dogs sniff the ass when you are. Looking tail lost"

The humble patakíe (tale, legend in Yoruba language) escapes the gaze learned from Sir James George Frazer and somewhat funny is recorded giving a response to this cosmos full of Buddhas, primordial hills or trees whose roots give life to the world.

The Gnostic sect of the Ophites (The serpent, Leviathan, Ouroboros) give us a number of areas surrounding the heavenly waters around our world and warn us (in this series are placed) on the last ring reigns Saturn (god Outlaw) creator of space and time. The snake guarding paradise.

We mere mortals (Writers, moreover!) Will be the *griots*¹ of the XXI century, our stories will become part of the music of Eru.²

In this issue we are pleased to interview the Uruguayan writer Carlos M. Federici translated for our English version by Ana Beard, all complemented with excellent cover of Guangjian Huang, an article of Salome Guadalupe Ingelmo, Evandro Rubert humor and a comic of Yolyanko William Argüelles Trujillo very consistent with it.

I hope you enjoy this issue as we create it.

The Directors

Next issue:

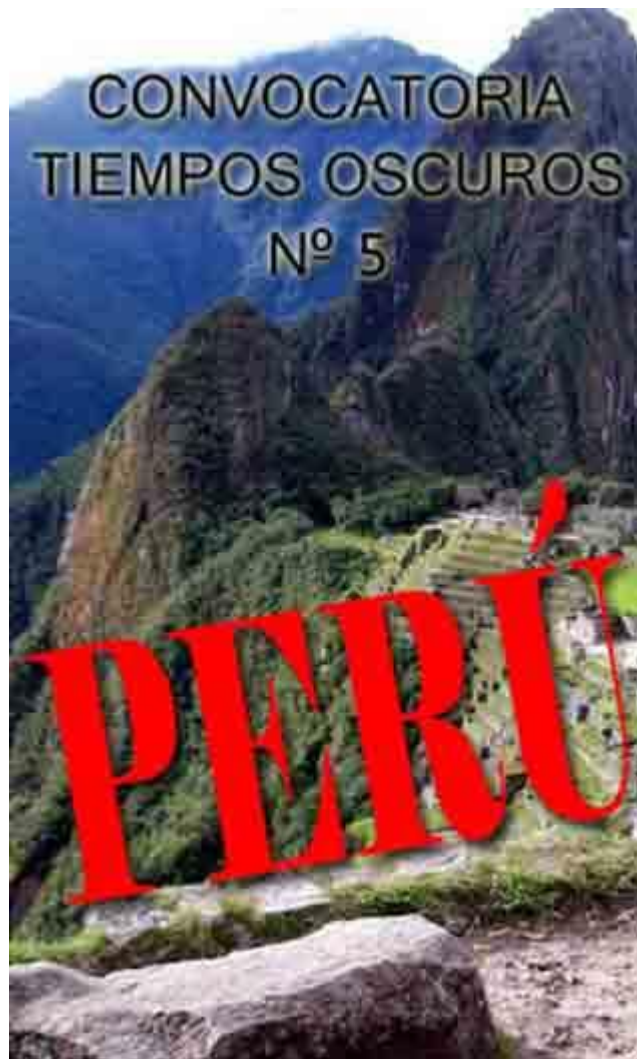
Weird Fiction

Dead-end: april, 25

¹ A griot jali or jeli (djeli or djéli in French spelling) is a West African historian, storyteller, praise singer, poet and/or musician.

² "The One, who in Arda is called Ilúvatar" The Silmarillion, Ainulindalë.

CONVOCATORIA SELECCIÓN DE TEXTOS TIEMPOS OSCUROS N°5



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.

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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.

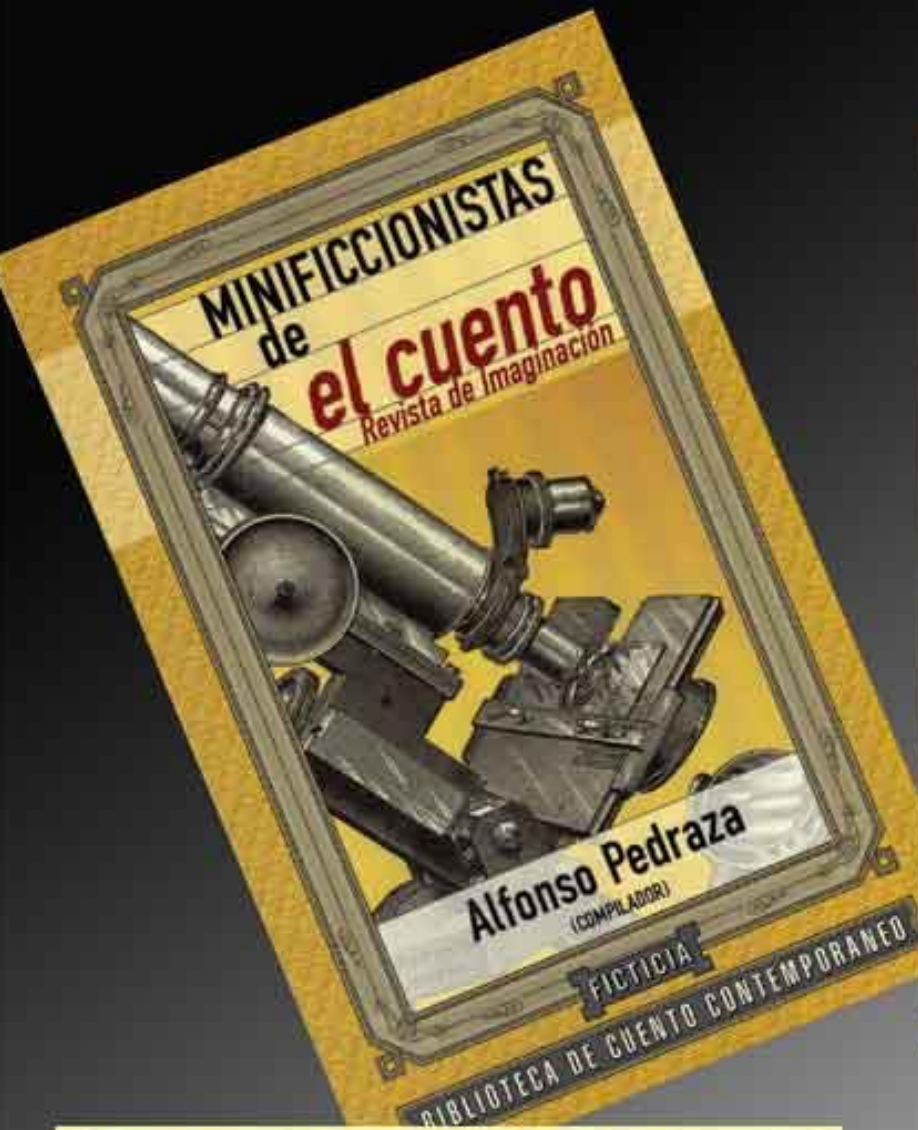
10. La participación supone la total aceptación de las normas.

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



Confessions
of Carlos
M.
Federici

Por Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Translate by Ana Beard (GB)

Carlos, thank you for agreeing to an interview with this magazine. It is a pleasure to hear what you have to say and to be able to contribute to a much wider exposure of your excellent work.

miNatura magazine: Who is Carlos M. Federici?

Carlos M. Federici: They tell me that I am a member of the human species, specifically an inhabitant of Montevideo, Uruguay. Nevertheless, let's keep in mind my extravagant criteria. I don't like maté tea, or football, or barbecues, or Coca Cola. I hate the beach, dancing and - ough - the Beatles. Contrary to the average writer, I don't drink alcohol, smoke tobacco or other substances, or even consume their sublimated equivalents such as Martini, the pipe or marijuana. (The latter was recently legalised by the current president of Uruguay). I hate modern cinema. There is a strong argument in my case for a possible alien origin, which has slipped from my memory during the process of Earth-adaptation. Who knows? I do write such things! Well, specifically with regard to my profession (if that was what the question was about) I feel more comfortable with the label of narrator, rather than that of 'writer'. The label of 'writer' has serious connotations which do not tally with the actual aspects of my work. In John Huston's film *Moulin Rouge* the painter Toulouse-Lautrec says to his mother, "In Arlès I met a painter who worked wonders with the colours in nature. I am a different beast: a painter by night, a painter of the streets." For my part, I state that I am an author of pulp fiction. I lean towards exotic environments, artificial measures, a proliferation of adjectives; and I only want to entertain. Sometimes I use pictures to tell a story.

miNatura magazine: When did you start to write, and why?

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Carlos M. Federici: At the beginning of the 60s. In fact, my early ambition was to be a strip cartoonist, because I had become a voracious reader of that particular genre ever since I had learned to read. But one day, I was listening to a radio programme 'University Radio News' which was calling for listeners to send in their stories. And I said to myself - I know how to do that! I always remember it, even though my memory suffers from patchiness. I always got the best marks in composition at school. I was very happy, truly eclectic in my approach to reading everything that fell into my hands: from Readers' Digest, to the books from my beloved collection of Robin Hood stories, with their yellowed covers and wonderful memories. And what excitement - when they read my story on air! That encouraged me to submit the story to 'Mundo Uruguayo' magazine, now out of print, but very popular in my country at the time. In what would be an unfortunate recurring theme in my career, the story was published but without its share of publicity build-up. I discovered the fact purely by chance as no one had bothered to inform me that the story had been accepted for publication. Leafing through a magazine, I saw my story. And I could say with a kind of bitter-sweetness, that the rest is history. The future would hold many more anecdotes of that sort. Nothing was easy. So, why did I start? To escape a reality that did not suit me, perhaps.

"They tell me that I am a member of the human species, specifically an inhabitant of Montevideo, Uruguay. Nevertheless, let's keep in mind my extravagant criteria. I don't like maté tea, or football, or barbecues, or Coca Cola. I hate the beach, dancing and - ugh - the Beatles."

miNatura magazine: How did your career as a journalist influence on the development of your love for writing?

Carlos M. Federici: Strictly speaking, there was no career in journalism. I made the odd foray into journalism because I understood, back from the time of 'Mundo Uruguayo' that facts were more readily accepted than fiction. But writing fiction has always been my primary goal. In any case, I devised it so that I could mix business with pleasure. I would only interview beautiful women - models, or 'Misses'. I would leave the serious work to the others. Occasionally, I would be asked to do something really sensational and earth-shattering that

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would shock the readers. And what did I come up with? No less than the clearly apocryphal ‘confessions’ of a Uruguayan girl, the daughter of a diplomat, who had been John Lennon’s first love when he was still an unknown! I had to carry out research. Me! I couldn’t stand the man. But it ended up being quite convincing, to the point where the story ran over four issues of the magazine. I signed it off with a pseudonym of course, ‘Reynaldo Soler, journalist, from Argentina.’ It’s clear that my love of writing influenced my work as a reporter, and not the other way round.

miNatura magazine: In your early days as a writer, what works and authors were your biggest inspirations and what were your favourite genres?

Carlos M. Federici: I had started off on the aforementioned Robin Hood collection - because of which, incidentally, I had asked my father to buy me Jack London’s *White Fang*. The short story adaptation for ‘Patoruzito’ magazine in Argentina had piqued my curiosity about the original book. Through all that I had the good fortune of coming across great classic writers, Charles Dickens (who quickly became my favourite) and Mark Twain, as well as London and others. Later on, as a teenager, I was hooked on novels and crime fiction and soon after that, when I was 15 I think, it was science fiction. I remember that I saw an issue of the legendary ‘Más Alla’ (‘Beyond’, Spanish science fiction and fantasy magazine) in a bookshop and I bought it thinking that it would be Flash Gordon-type stories without the illustrations. But then, I came across the magnificent novel *The Long Loud Silence* by Wilson Tucker - an author who I feel is unfairly forgotten these days. A whole range of wonders opened out to me then. Next were stories by Bradbury, Asimov, and Clifford Simak... I succumbed for various years to the genuine preoccupation of reading everything possible under that genre. It was for me the highest form of all. So for a while I left comics to one side, which incidentally were in decline at the time thanks to the Comic Code and television, and I left crime fiction for a while, too. Of course, like every fan, I also aspired to become an author eventually. But that was not going to be as easy as expanding my reading collection.

miNatura magazine: As a Uruguayan, do you believe that nationality can have either a positive or negative influence on an author’s development?

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Carlos M. Federici: In my case, it could be a mixture of the two. On the one hand, as a fellow Uruguayan writer pointed out to me (accurately but not without a grain of contempt) there isn't a tradition for genre or sub-genre authors in Uruguay. Literally, whoever set themselves apart to write in a picturesque manner, like Morosoli, or with the urban realist approach of Onetti and Benedetti, would be disapproved of. It simply wasn't the done thing in Uruguay; that was the unanimous opinion. An innately rebellious spirit, which has lasted me to this very day rejecting fashions, trends or cliques, also led me to defy the universal norm. And I proved that it *could* be done, even though it might not yield any material results. Of course, as money was never top of my list of priorities, that didn't bother me. It seems that on this point, the issue of nationality influenced negatively on my professional development. On the other hand however, in the absence of any substantial competition, I was able to build up a certain prestige to the point where someone told me once that I was 'mythological'. This was supposedly because home grown comics, crime fiction and science fiction had all started with me. I didn't take it seriously of course, and as one of my favourites Somerset Maugham would say, I didn't let it go to my head. Incidentally, I enjoyed a rare privilege. My tentative early writing was praised by the three most prominent Uruguayan writers in the 60s and 70s - Juan Carlos Onetti, Mario Benedetti and Carlos Martínez Moreno, no less. I was also lucky enough to make their acquaintance in a casual manner. Of course, those endorsements don't guarantee the quality of my work in any way; but it's an anecdote.

miNatura magazine: How did you get published for the first time? Tell us of the successes, disillusionment, and limitations in the life of a new author.

Carlos M. Federici: Going back to the aforementioned matter of 'Mundo Uruguayo', I spent some years on that activity only. In the 70s I decided to broaden my horizons, and so I published stories in the best known magazines in Argentina at the time: 'Para Ti' ('For You') and 'Chabela'. These publications required romantic material for their predominantly female readership. It wasn't my favourite material to do, but during that period I was brimming with ideas and felt very capable of being versatile. So without hesitation I wrote various love stories, although they always had a touch of suspense, intrigue or at least some irony; and of course, de rigueur surprise endings. My career path, summarised in a few lines, wasn't as easy

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as it seems. That was the heroic era of typewriters, notebooks, and carbon copies; and the very slow and unreliable postal system to communicate with. Oh, those weeks, months, years, waiting for a response from those distant editors! And the postman, who never seemed to come! For the record: my novel *Dos caras para un crimen* (Two Faces to a Crime) was edited in Mexico after being unsuccessful with Acme, a publisher in Buenos Aires. Acme had published my first book in 1972, *La Orilla Roja* (The Red Edge) after it had been accepted by the Aztec publisher Diana. It ate away six years of my life! And then at last I had a copy of the book in my hands. They had ‘misplaced’ the original, and I didn’t have another copy! Oh, if only computers had existed back then. I had to cross the water, as it were, and travel to Acme in Buenos Aires, where the editor simply took the script out of a drawer in which it had obviously languished for a couple of years. Thank goodness it hadn’t ended up in the wastepaper basket. He gave it back to me so that I could send it to Mexico; and then to wait for the postman... and wait, and wait...

“I don’t think the ground has been prepared yet for large-scale digital editions. Internet... now that we’re on the subject, would you believe that I invented the wretched word, without possibly guessing what it would become, in a novel that I wrote at the beginning of the 70s? The vastness of the internet is so overwhelming that you get quite lost in it.”

miNatura magazine: Your body of work, and all aspects of it, is well known and admired. What type of reader is the most demanding when it comes to evaluating your work, whether they are Spanish-speaking or foreign?

Carlos M. Federici: Terms such as ‘known and admired’ are relative concepts. If you check on Google, you will see that adjectives such as ‘strange’, ‘odd’, ‘outsider’ and others of the kind are linked to my name. Someone or other adds ‘cult’ as a form of consolation, but that is a tiny proportion of the total result. I don’t know what will apply in other cases, but in my case I had a much better reception from readers abroad. Bernard Goorden, who is Belgian (and with whom I have sadly lost contact from a few years back, although I am very much indebted to him) took on the task of disseminating my stories with a great deal of effort and

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precarious resources. He more or less circulated them to the French-speaking market. Then they went on to Switzerland, where my good friend Sam Lundwall placed my SF stories in his magazine, 'Jules Verne'. Sam also translated from the Spanish. After that, as I commented before, there were all those ominous recurrences in my career. What I do tends to be short-lived. And it goes without saying that, just like a certain Nazarene, I wasn't a prophet in my land.

miNatura magazine: Do you think that it is easier to publish in today's market or that in fact it has become more complicated? What is the influence of new technologies on the current situation?

Carlos M. Federici: I would hesitate to give a categorical answer on this. Much has been lost with the disappearance of fiction magazines. Now there are only gossip rags, if you'll pardon the expression. Those previous publications opened up all sorts of interesting possibilities for eager beginners. I don't think the ground has been prepared yet for large-scale digital editions. Internet.... now that we're on the subject, would you believe that I invented the wretched word, without possibly guessing what it would become, in a novel that I wrote at the beginning of the 70s? The vastness of the internet is so overwhelming that you get quite lost in it. How can a certain publication be found, unless it's by chance, or because someone has mentioned it to us? I'll leave it there.

miNatura magazine: We live in a global village in which there apparently exists a total freedom of expression. Have you come across censorship at any time?

Carlos M. Federici: I have another anecdote. I was censored, if you will, three times if I remember correctly, over a certain period of time. My story *Accidente de Ruta* (Road Accident) was rejected after submission to 'Nueva Dimensión' (which would eventually open its pages in 1968 to my international SF debut, *First Necessity*). One of the reasons being the story's "dangerous" ending. I had quoted, or paraphrased, a few lines from the third chapter of Genesis. That reaction was understandable, taking into account the dictatorship that was in force in Spain at the time. What is not so clear to me is a rebound of the same story, 45 years

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or so later, from an Argentinian publisher which had already kindly accepted a couple of my works. This time, the reason was that the aforementioned ending awakened some scruples in them, and supposedly disqualified the story for publication. The way they saw it, the story was liable to incite misogynist thoughts. In short, according to an interpretation of that chapter in Genesis in SF code: if there is misogyny, it stems from the original text (I did not invent it), or to go further, it originates from Judaeo-Christian religion itself, which had come up with the idea of a deity that was masculine and not feminine. And in fact, if freedom of expression is being proclaimed, does it only apply when that freedom coincides with the criteria of whoever is proclaiming it? Let's leave it there. My story "Jet" Galvez' also suffered censorship. It was an SF story aimed at a young readership. In one of the comic frames I had a space bandit in the middle of pillage, holding a beautiful young woman up high, calling out, "I'll exchange my share of the booty for this pretty thing!" That was the last straw... they nearly hanged me. And they blanked out my text with a black strip. That really annoyed me - they could have done it with a bit more subtlety! Ah yes, they didn't have the so-called technology.

"I was censored, if you will, three times if I remember correctly, over a certain period of time. My story *Accidente de Ruta (Road Accident)* was rejected after submission to 'Nueva Dimensión' (which would eventually open its pages in 1968 to my international SF debut, *First Necessity*). One of the reasons being the story's "dangerous" ending."

miNatura magazine: The magazine *El Cuento (The Story)* has had a very well-known influence on the development of Hispanic literature and achieved good circulation, catapulting its contributors to the pinnacle of success. Let's talk about what it meant for you to be part of that legendary publication.

Carlos M. Federici: I will always have fond memories of *El Cuento*. However, I will always feel some disappointment too for never having made the short story category, in spite of the praise rendered for my short pieces - there had been many stories for that category, written by authors of various different nationalities.

miNatura magazine: How did you get into the world of comics?

Carlos M. Federici: I had always been in it, although I prefer the more traditional label 'cartoon stories'. It's a paradox by the way, that the typically North American label of 'comic' was imposed from the 60s onwards, at a time when the world fought to free itself from American influence and achieve independent, vernacular styles. I started off in this genre in 1968, with the daily strip 'Barry Coal'. Without wishing to brag inappropriately, I believe that it was the first cartoon strip with an international feel that was tried out in Uruguayan publishing at the time. It introduced perhaps the first ever detective character of African origin in the world of cartoon strips. 'Dateline: Danger' was considered the first 'integrated' cartoon story released in the U.S., a month after mine was released in Uruguay. Barry was a character who even had two Caucasian sidekicks, as a journalist pointed out to me years later - a feature that made him unique, although a similar kind of hero might have appeared beforehand in the Harlem papers. I want to clarify that I did not create the character with political intentions - Afro-Descendants have proved by a long way that they don't need comic stories to vindicate themselves. I was merely motivated by the search for originality. As a fan of the crime genre I had the entire collection of Ellery Queen magazine, edited in Chile, and in it appeared all conceivable manner of detective or private investigator - English, American, European, Persian, female, blind detective, etcetera. But black people were noticeable by their absence. So I decided to create Barry Coal, a really special FBI detective: extremely thin, funny, very tall and extravagant, a jazz fanatic (certainly not rock, which luckily was not at its height when I wrote the story sometime in the 50s). And he was very skilful at deducing. The unfortunate thing (what did I say about recurrences) was that his adventures were over in a two shakes of a lamb's tale. Barely 21 days. Was it my fault? No, it wasn't! The newspaper that carried the strip was shut down for political reasons. I did not give up: years later I turned the story into a novel and it ended up as the book I mentioned earlier (Two Faces to a Crime). I had huge satisfaction some time ago, in the middle of a television programme in which various cartoon story artists were participating. The only caller remembering a character made a reference to Barry Coal - so many years after his disappearance! Now if only he had lasted at least five years?

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miNatura magazine: If you could recommend one of your works to a being from another planet who had just landed on Earth, which one would it be, and why?

Carlos M. Federici: That would be after taking the alien to 'meet the leader' which is the classic urgent request from alien visitors. Well, I don't really know. Generally speaking, I have portrayed them sympathetically. I am not an 'Alienist' - I say that because of the revolting Alien franchise. None of my stories would offend an alien.

miNatura magazine: And what other author would you recommend?

Carlos M. Federici: Undoubtedly the immense Ray [Bradbury]! Did I tell you that a copy of Dandelion Wine with his dedication on the front cover is one of my proudest possessions? I have it thanks to an intermediary.

miNatura magazine: What are you currently working on?

Carlos M. Federici: Rather than writing, I am going through a stage of gathering my work together, revising it, trying to bring texts which have not seen the light of day out of their drawer - literally and figuratively speaking. And I'm looking for the opportunity to circulate the ones which in my view have not had enough exposure.

miNatura magazine: As author of the fantasy genre do you think that it is developing in the Spanish language to the same level that it has in other languages? How do you view both



new and contemporary authors of this genre?

Carlos M. Federici: I don't consider myself qualified enough to give a definitive opinion. But I am sure that the hyperglobalisation resulting from new technologies has facilitated a respectable and well-known progress in the capacities of our authors. Today they have access to an endless amount of information which in earlier times was either banned or at least very hard to access. However, I do not approve of the tendency towards decadence that the majority of contemporary fiction seems to fall into (and of course it may well be that I am wrong about this). Classic SF was much more stimulating - at least to my way of thinking.

miNatura magazine: As a creator of worlds in detective stories, horror, and science fiction, in which of those three genres do you feel most comfortable?

Carlos M. Federici: I get on well with all of them. However, I am aware that it's strange that as a writer I rarely cultivated horror, as it was the genre I most respected from the start. This was possibly because I did not find a truly original subject according to my own criteria. My novel *Doorway to Darkness* (*Umbral de las Tinieblas*) is, perhaps, the most significant effort in that direction. There I resorted to combining diverse classic themes of the genre, all within one plot, in a type of potpourri that acted as a substitute for a lack of imagination.

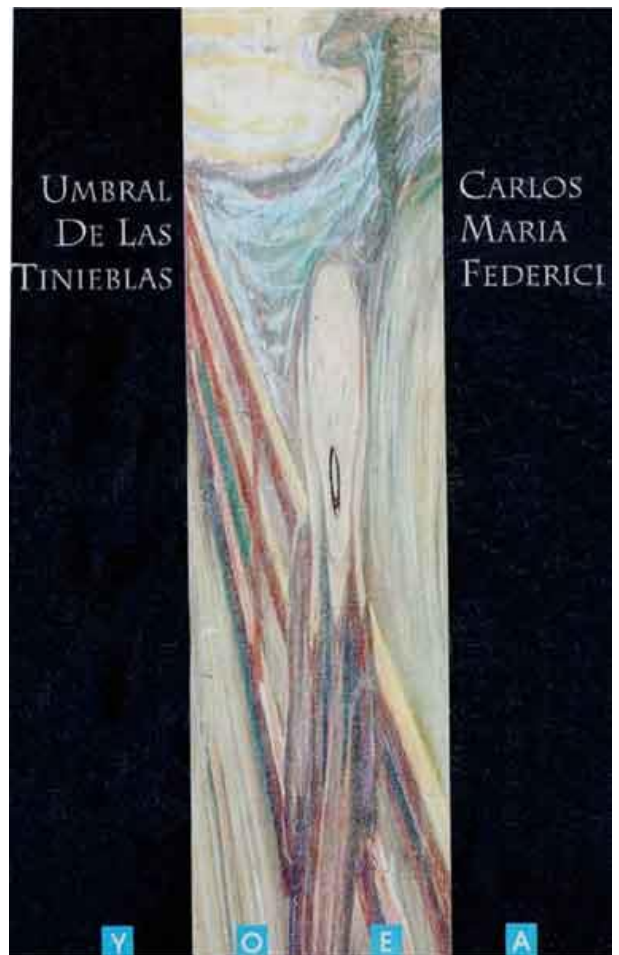
miNatura magazine: Today, the micro-narrative is seeing a revival after a long period of hibernation. It is becoming a true phenomenon, attracting all kinds of writers. What do you think will be the consequence of all this?

Carlos M. Federici: It is undoubtedly a new form which is perfectly adapted to the accelerated pace of the times we live in. Gracián³ would be full of congratulations for us.

³ Baltasar Gracián (1601-1658) in *The Art of Worldly Wisdom* – translated by Joseph Jacobs (1892)—: Don't be a Bore. The man of one business or of one topic is apt to be heavy. Brevity flatters and does better business; it gains by courtesy what it loses by curtness. Good things, when short, are twice as good. The quintessence of the matter is more effective than a whole farrago of details. It is a well-known truth that talkative folk rarely have much sense whether in dealing with the matter itself or its formal treatment. There are that serve more for stumbling-stones than centrepieces, useless lumber in every one's way. The wise avoid being bores,

miNatura magazine: What would you advise the new generation of creative writers?

Carlos M. Federici: Be less pessimistic. Indulge less in the ugly and the sordid. Have more respect for your reader. Use more subtlety, too. But I know that will fall on deaf ears. Who knows? Maybe they are right, doing what they are doing for a readership that seems to delight in all that. Even so - and this is strictly confidential - sometimes, in this current age in which such mindless confusion between fiction and reality reigns as never before, to the point at which one can't be distinguished from the other: animated film characters that look like real people; actors who are made to look like cartoon characters; violence, sexuality and various types of gruesomeness in television series; films and news programmes all coming together on the same screen in the same guise and with the same common faces - I sometimes get the urge (please forgive this defiant seventyish old man) to shout to the heavens: "Please Lord, for once and for all make them stop polluting my beloved fiction with their clumsy spewing of alleged reality!" But of course, I keep quiet.



Thank you for your answers. An honour for us and our readers. Up next, in keeping with our custom, I suggest a game of our quickfire questions, which will need quickfire answers.

Digital books. Good or bad?

It's complicated. I've already read the prediction somewhere that the e-book is dying out.

especially to the great, who are fully occupied: it is worse to disturb one of them than all the rest. Well said is soon said.

Fast food or slow food?

I am neither gourmet nor gourmand. Pass.

What superpower would you like to have, and why?

Super-memory. That would do me very nicely!

What would you take to a deserted island?

Don't tell anyone: perhaps one of my beloved 'Witch Stories'.

Maté tea, or hot chocolate?

White coffee, or tea.

Lovecraft, Poe or King?

A mixture. They're all good. Why leave out two?

3D cinema. Good or bad?

I experienced it in the 50s. Your eyes have to be in good condition. If not...

What is the best book you have ever read?

I'd be inclined to say several. I don't want to be unfair.

And the worst?

I haven't read it yet.

Star Wars or Star Trek?

There is a huge difference between the two in terms of technology. But each has its own particular charm.

If you could travel in time and be able to meet a historical figure, who would it be and what would you like to say to them?

Helen of Troy. I would say to her, “Did you actually take a good look at that guy Paris?”

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About the interviewee:

Carlos M. Federici (Montevideo, Uruguay, 1941) Has been a professional writer since 1961. His work has been published in magazines from Uruguay, America and Europe, and translated into various languages. He has contributed to international anthologies and has published 13 books, some of these second editions from different publishers (9 titles originally). Federici has won numerous prizes in national and international competitions.

La orilla roja, 1972

Mi trabajo es el crimen, 1974

Avoir du chien et être au parfum, 1976

Dos caras para un crimen, 1982

Goddeu-\$ - Los ejecutivos de Dios, 1989

Umbral de las tinieblas, 1990

El asesino no las quiere rubias, 1991

Cuentos policiales, 1993

El nexó de Maeterlinck, 1993

Llegar a Khordoora, 1994

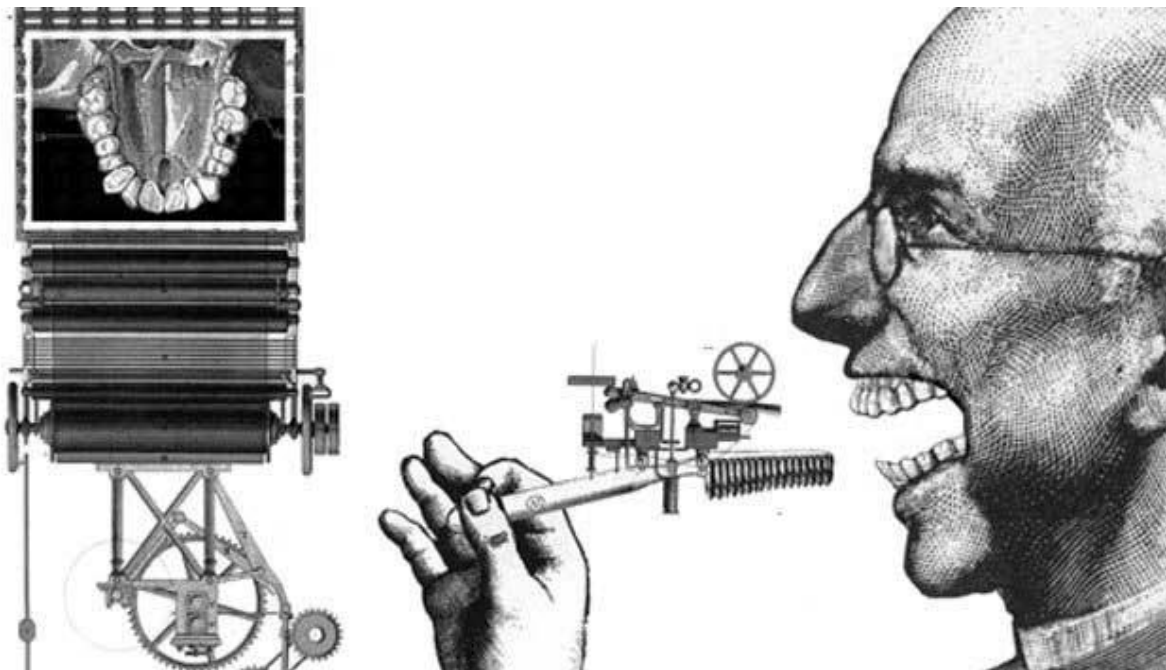


About the interviewer:

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Castelló de la Plana, Spain, 1963) *Ver Directors*.

About the translator:

Ana Beard (UK) has come back full circle to translation via publishing, songwriting, and a career as a personal assistant. She has completed a Diploma in Translation course and lives in London.





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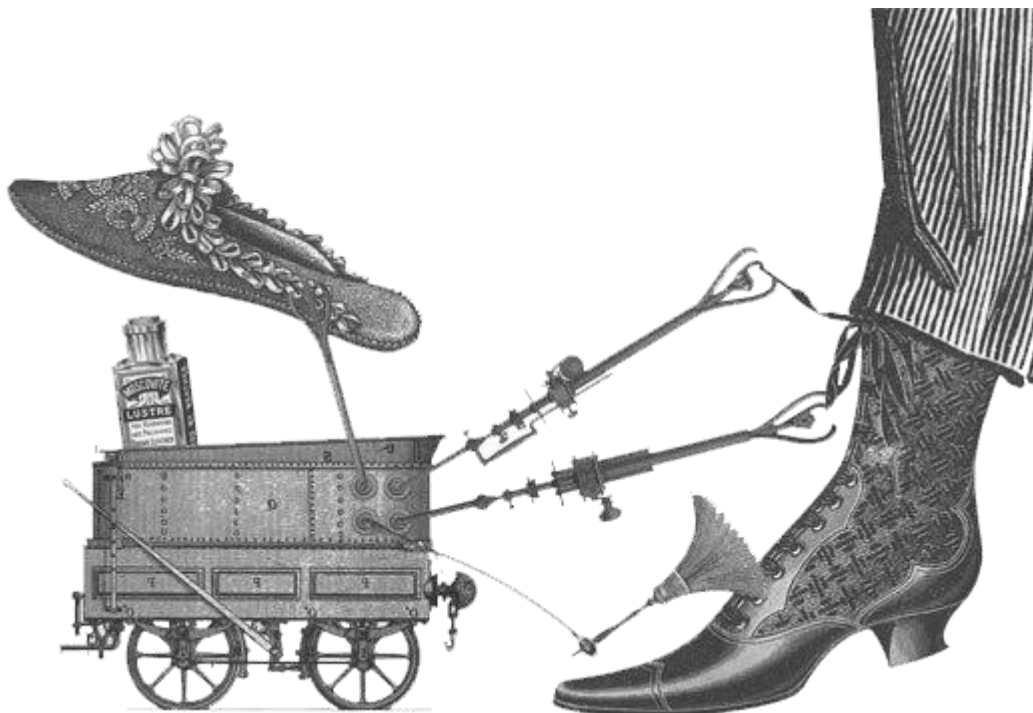
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Gloria

Omnipotens

“Goodness!” exclaimed the bishop.
“I could have sworn that it was a man!”

Van Nutten, Robotist, First Class, placed a gentle hand on the android’s chest.

“Your Excellency, I assure you that it is completely synthetic,” he smiled.
“It has artificial flesh with sweat glands; laser eyepieces; nylon hair. Trust me, we’re really proud of this prototype!”

The visit to Plant RUR-23, aimed at invigorating the weakened relationship between worldly and spiritual powers, was turning out to be highly educational for His Grace. With undisguised admiration, he observed the figure which lay between Van Nutten and him and asked, “And is this... astonishing entity...capable of thought?”

Van Nutten glowed with pride. With an expert movement he found the

activator located behind the left ear of his creation.

“You will see him in action,” he announced. “See, he’s already opening his eyes!”

The automaton stood up, and no sooner had it laid eyes on Van Nutten than it lifted its arms and knelt before him, exclaiming:

“Oh, glorious and omnipotent Lord! Oh, most Supreme One!”

The bishop arched one of his eyebrows. Van Nutten gave a muted chuckle.

“Logic sui generis,” he explained. “This is only because it was instilled in him that I am his creator. Therefore, he concludes that I must be the sum of all perfection and consequently perceives himself as a being that is fractionally less than perfect.” He shrugged. “Your Excellency, please keep in mind that he is no more than a machine after all.”

“Yes of course –” the bishop stifled two or three polite little coughs under the cover of a bejewelled left hand.

“When all’s said and done, you wouldn’t

expect it to reason like a human, would you?”

Carlos M. Federici (Uruguay)

The question

It had not been easy, finding the elusive Guardian of Memory. Many had warned her that he was just a legend, but after a long search Zhendra had a hunch: the spirit had to live close to the treasure he watched, inside their own minds.

–Welcome, oh Goddess of Perseverance! –she heard a powerful voice.

–If you are truly the custodian of what is forgotten, show yourself before me – commanded Zhendra. Immediately, a giant warrior of basaltic stone, dark and radiant, took shape in her vast imagination. The goddess confronted him.

–Guardian, I searched for the ultimate origin in a thousand universes, but their creation tales always returned to us the gods. Then from the emptiness I produced a thousand bubbles of space-

time and followed the evolution of their creatures under my power, but we cannot be created by that which we conceive. Later, I traversed my lineage of a thousand ancestors to the very beginning of time, when Ankor the God of Unity sacrificed himself with the Sword of Void to engender the multiplicity of immortals, but I could not find the story of Ankor. Why was that myth forgotten, Guardian?

—Reconsider, oh divine. Your persistence can be dangerous as well as virtuous. Do not risk your sanity and your position among the eternal.

—We are not eternal, Guardian, since we had a seed. Answer me.

—The tale of the Sword was meant precisely to divert your question, my goddess. Ankor never existed.

—Then reveal the lost truth to me — required Zhendra, surrounding the warrior.

—The truth? You eternal erased your memories in shame, assigning to me the ungrateful mission of preserving the knowledge —the Guardian stopped, but the burning gaze of Zhendra forced him

to continue—. The gods were born, yes... descending from mortal beings named Humanity, a race which painfully evolved beyond their material handicaps. That, goddess, is all I can remember.

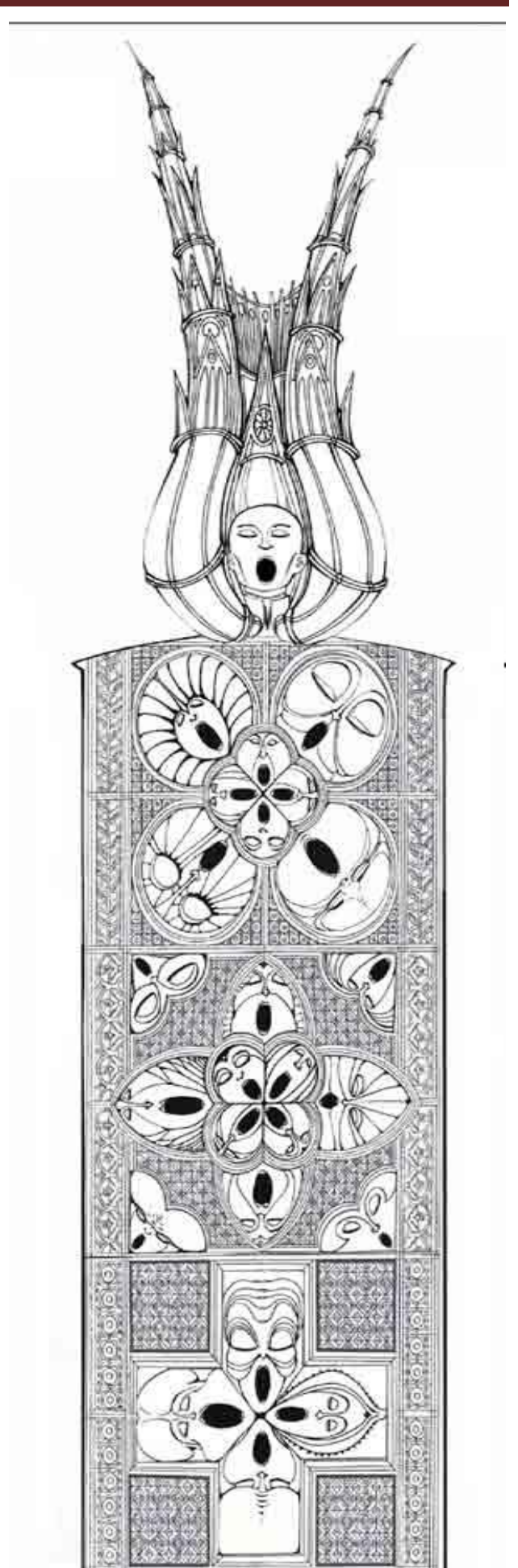
Salvador Bayarri (Spain)

The strings that Olodumare plucks

The palm tree's nuts clashed with a strange noise upon the Ifá Oracle board; producing sonic patters that the Babaaláwo priest hadn't heard so far, for they got nothing to do with the drums' voices that uttered their crying centuries ago in the Southwestern prairies of Nigeria, home of the Yoruba spiritual path. The board's wood turned into a kind of heavenly mirror where, in the split of a second, he saw the stars became atoms, these ones in protons that eventually disintegrated themselves in quarks and all sort of weird subatomic particles, till a fabulous realm was revealed. The Babaaláwo priest couldn't believe that he has been possessed by Orunmila: the divinity of the oracles —

his personal Orisha. The fact was that his relative time went distorted.

There was Olodumare, beating with his hands millions of strings of energy as if they were drums —tiny snakes made out of light that crawled at the bottom of the subatomic points. Olodumare was celebrating the party of creation of a new Genesis. The guests were the Orishas who came into existence out of the rapture of Olodumare: Elegua, Shango, Yemoja, Oshun, Oshosi, Oba, Ogun... Obatala. He saw how the latter descended to the Material sphere carrying with him a mollusk with soil and two roosters; he then poured the soil over the waters and commanded the birds to scatter it. He saw him crafting humans out of earth while Oludumare, in another ringing of the tiny strings, gave birth to myriad of subatomic particles that blew life into them. The first humans were free black men and women: "The liberty of the beginning of time or that of its end?," asked himself the Babaaláwo, who wasn't sure if the vision was an evocation of the past or a prophecy of the future. Suddenly, he saw that the human figures started to



dance and to beat drums. Without knowing it, the Babaaláwo was channeling another age for his race in the Caribbean. The date was August 1791: the celebration of the first humans in the Yoruba's Cosmogony was the reflection of that of Bois Caïman in Haiti, which was about to create the first modern nation of free slaves.

Odilius Vlak —seud.— (Dominican Republic)

The Dream Thief⁴

“Crazy Old Bitch, get out of my way and take your stinky critters with you!” I yelled, kicking the two felines. “One of these nights, while you're sleeping, the cats will steal your dreams and they'll take them to roam among the shadows,” replied the woman clad in black who sat halfway on the bridge close to my place. I couldn't sleep. I'm too fond of those images and adventures that populate my mind while I sleep. I spent three nights without sleeping, for fear of the prophecy. Last night was the fourth. I took a sleeping aid and shut my eyes. I didn't dream anything, I only remember

a low purring coming from my chest. The fifth day just dawned. Nothing, I don't remember anything from the moment I sat on the couch at 22:00. I roam every corner of my house. I call the office and say I'm sick. I'm nervous. I drink milk, eat a bit of tuna and sit on the windowpane. It's 23:00, I jump onto the street, sniff around the neighbor's trash before moving on without a destiny. Sometime later, I find the woman in black at the other side of the bridge. She looks and points at me. I feel my blood on fire and jump at her. I beat her down with all my strength, I bite, claw and yell: “I want back my dreams, old witch!” “You shall have them... You'll be the thief of your dreams,” she replies, a gush of blood coming out of her mouth. She slaps me and I fall to the ground. The woman disappears and I see a pool of blood, from which a hundred cats emerge. My fur bristles, I hiss and quickly run back home. When I arrive to my window, I yowl with all my might and hide under my bed.

Ana María Fuster Lavín (Puerto Rico)

⁴ Traducción por David Caleb Acevedo

A mother of new men

“Todo verdor perecerá...”

Eduardo Mallea

“The fate of the hominids is cast. The waters advance, unstoppable. Once

again, the small planet succumbs to the millenary sleep and glaciation sets in to eliminate all traces of life from the face of the Earth. Hear the words of the Immortals, oh Vishnaks! Glorious race. Offer your genes and sacrifice yourselves to engender a new race of men, hybrids that will survive thousands of years to be reborn during the meltdown. The Earth will then become



your natural dominion,” exhorted the Seer. I listened attentively. I had never given thought to the cycles ordered by the gods. Even though aware I’d perish in the intent, this time I got excited with the notion of becoming a “mother of new men.” I trusted Lesq, the warrior assigned to accompany me. He’d asked the scientists to hand me the singular product of their experiments. A chimera with a dog’s head, soft eyes, long porcine snout and tarantula extremities. A creature designed to disperse, upon its death, the genetic codes encapsulated in its organism. Overcome by love and compassion, I held it between my wings not minding their instructions nor my family already giving me a heroine’s farewell. I picked up the small animal and covered countless distances before penetrating a new air, translucent and naked. We rested on a beach under the scorching sun. I folded my wings and stayed the whole of three days, curled up, face down on the sand, the chimera cooing by my side. On the fourth day, Lesq showed up bringing instructions from the Seer. We were to take different

paths. His task was to impregnate as many female hominids as possible while mine was to act on the orders I received back home. Only then you’d be able to gestate hybrids, he threatened before taking flight. In anguish, I traveled the dryness and solitude of the valleys. From a mountain top, I made out green fields, villages, towns and smoke, vestiges of ancient hominid empires. I hesitated. But a sudden impulse made me extend my claws, grab the chimera, and after an uneasy ascent, drop her on a field. Without delay I continued on my way to the cities, their towers and peoples, aroused by the essence of my mission: to produce a new race of men and then perish.

Violeta Balián (Argentina)

Ceremonies

This morning I woke up as if this house already not belonged to me. Don’t misunderstand me just for a moment I saw myself foreign, my remains scattered on the walls did not claim me.

I followed the path to the garden without fully understanding why that light and white forecourt moved away from me, or what might have known about them

I took me a while back and I'm not sure I have concluded this transition.

Outside the morning coagulated as per usual with this rare tropic substance, a thin membrane over the abyss.

I was too tired, I left soon the assault of memories corpuscles that keep that kind of heartbeat, which one slurp as little Vampire: the stem of a plant, the hollow of a hand, the trail of sand over the chants of the doors.

I remained in a lethargy old lizard, I revolved myself over the things as before in the gravid mud, and I let the light of that fire, that patient and lacerating, light, comply with it's plan: show me at the distance the new body would be offered me.

Alejandra Pacheco Mamone (Uruguay/México)

Cosmo(a)gonia

“—Like those harebrained theories that are all the rage now that the

universe is no more than a hologram. Or, say, a software program in some fantastical entity's computer. Like some many other wacko hypotheses littering the internet, and showing up even on some allegedly serious publications.”

“Now wait a sec. What evidence do we actually have the universe isn't a hologram, or a computer program?”

“About the same we do it is. In other words: both possibilities are perfectly valid, yes or no, when you're offering a theory which essentially you have absolutely no way to prove either way, right or wrong, as with that one.”

“That we can't come up with some evidence now doesn't mean we can't find a smoking gun sometime later in the future.”

“Knock yourself out. Let's postulate--just for the heck of it--that this sweet universe, including us chickens here, is just a software program. My question, as usual, will be, ‘What are you gonna do about it?’”

“OK. OK—say we could, ah, rebel. I don't know, change the way we act, stop acting the script. Show them we know

what they're doing, and we don't like it. Demand, I don't know, to be granted our free will, even if we're simply creations--"

"And? What could stop them from debugging the program, erasing our little rebellion and starting all over again with a fresh corrected version?"

"—like those harebrained theories that are all the rage now that the universe is no more than a hologram. Or, say, a software program in some fantastical entity's computer. Like some many other wacko hypotheses littering the internet, and showing up even on some allegedly serious publications."

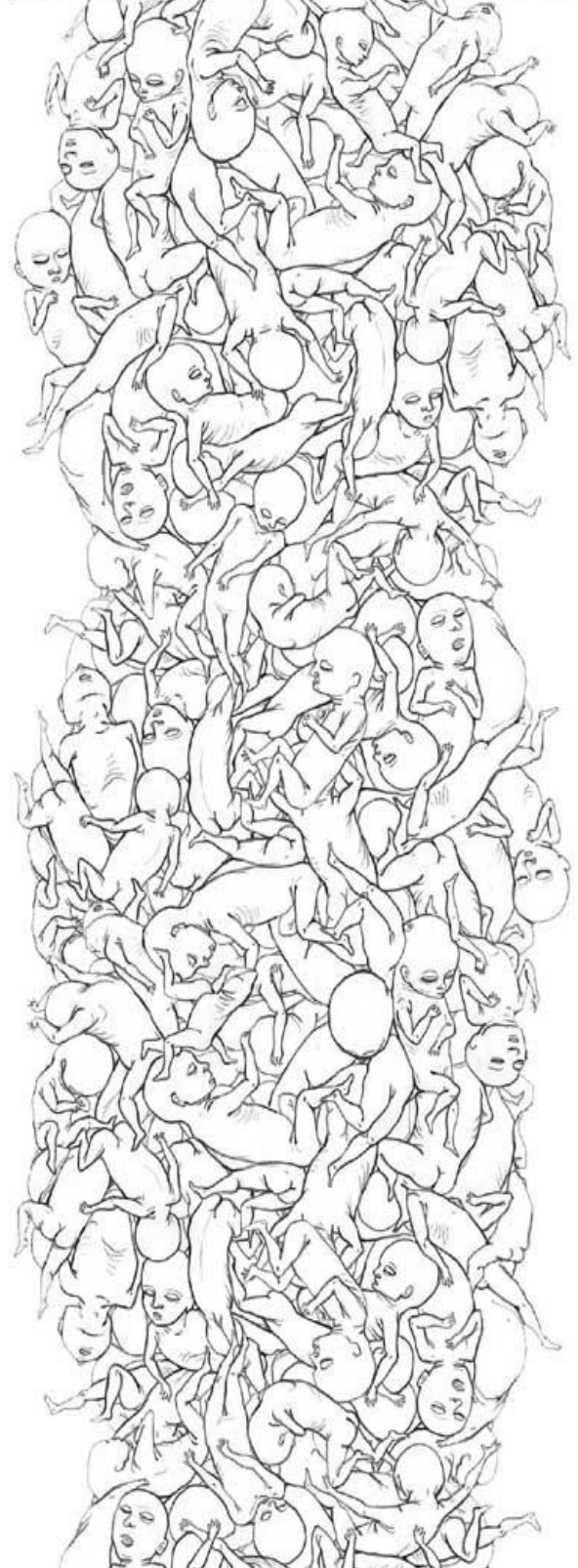
"Oh, that. Some people have too much time on their hands. More coffee?"

Ricardo L. García Fumero (Cuba/EE.UU.)

Threads⁵

Mother of stories, allow me to spread your long moon-white hair along the night's plains, to coil it and untangle it, to untie its knots, so that from them can spring free worlds and suns, gods

⁵ Traductor Ricardo L. García Fumero (Cuba/EE.UU.)



and heroes, as well as cities and the purposeless men who inhabit them. Mother of stories, weep for your dead sons, then let me drink your tears and spit them into the deep bosom of the lands, that they so make seas, seas where sailors can also die. I, your father and slave, your uncle and lover, cannot create. I, your friend and slave, warrior and old man, don't know how to transform. But I take care of your threads and renew them, with my hands, my seed, my blood when you ask for it. Look, look down below at the men, how they beg me, that I not let your hair get entangled, that I not let it get dry, not break it.

A smile seemed to follow his prayer. He performed the movements marking the start of the ritual. He lifted his arms to the sky, then let them down suddenly, shaking them wildly like windmills. The thin restraint that kept him suspended in space like defying gravity seemed to shake. He tried not to lose his balance and composure. Thousands of followers awaited the climax of the ritual. And the fire came down hiding the trail of blood from the chosen ones, for yet another

year. The flames ignited the rockets carrying the hearts of the sacrificial victims that were launched to the skies.

The once powerful story that quieted down the cry of the hungry child, that stopped the rolling of dice at taverns. It didn't please everybody this time. In bewilderment they tried imitating it with their town-market small talk, the cries of the drunkards on the holidays. But the story got even more confuse, like a thread of gray had shown in the Mother's hair. So were writers born, my child.

Juan Pablo Noroña Lamas (Cuba/USA)

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)

Comings

After humanity had died out from self-inflicted poverty, a type of miracle occurred. Life began again, and mankind was gradually reborn.

Time went by and He presented himself once again, but this time His skin was black.

Aeons later, the cycle repeated itself with subtle variations. Obviously, things

had not improved. He returned, although this time He came back as a woman.

Following the last mass suicide (which had been triggered by biological warfare) when the process of re-re-re-creation required one more Coming, He tried the ancient formula once more: the son of a humble carpenter, born in a manger.

His weariness was noticeable.

Carlos M. Federici (Uruguay)

In Illo Tempore

Could this be the work of a woman? Dear me, how is it possible?!

Roberto Longhi, about Judith Beheading Holofernes by Artemisia Gentileschi

I am the angry maiden, and anger covers me as the bushes cover the mountain

Hittite poem Song of Hedammu

At that time there was chaos. And chaos began to rotate on its axis like a violent tornado, until it condensed into a single point. And it was so strong and so corporeal that took the form of a

hideous monster, the champion of the shadows. It was invincible. No voice rose to challenge him. And so its empire of tyranny widened day by day until completely overshadowed the light. And creation that had been orchard of life and joy became taciturn graveyard. Flowers and grass turned into thistles for the feet; the songs of the birds changed into rude roars.

Submission asked in exchange for moderating its anger. And submission got the beast. It was delivering its poison slowly, in small doses. Until one day, discovered its ruse, She decided to anticipate her fate. She stood up. And clothed in a blinding cuirass, she faced her opponent. "I will never kneel again," she said. This time the dragon was content with cutting off her little finger. But many others she challenged it and many others she was overcome... Nevertheless she did not surrender. Piece by piece she was losing parts of her being. She finally realized that she must devise a plan, and she learned to be shrewd. She changed her cuirass by an ethereal tunic and, after seducing the monster, she sang until put it to sleep.

Then she raised her scimitar. She threw the head into the sky: the only eye that she left in its socket, forever vigilant and open. Then she cut its body in two parts. Instead of scattered entrails, a universe emerged: a bright and promising new world. She closed the door behind her. She never returned to that apartment.

“Do you think it could be a satanic ritual?” he inquires as he tries to dodge the gaze locked that seems to judge him from the top of the lamp hanging from the ceiling.

“I could not tell; difficult to explain so much violence.”

The police inspector attempts to withdraw from the crime scene. He takes refuge in silence and meanwhile he dreams. He dreams of leaving this world perverted and go back to other times, to those one where man did not exist and the wolf did not eat the lamb.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

The spell that chains the gods

At the beginning there was only darkness and the Brahman's seeds were confined inside the cosmic egg. Then, the Nothingness breathed a new Manvantara that stretched itself along the Brahman's yawn, Yaya, Viracocha... the Ain Soph. The One with many names weaved the universe and the gods in his dream; then, expelled them from his womb with a big explosion.

The Manvantara spread itself with great elasticity and the gods began to distribute among them the worlds, stars and domain of the space. When the men started to imagine were seduced by the gods with conjunctions of heavenly bodies and took ownership of the cities. The darkest among them ruled the age of the ascending imagination and built the pyramids, till the Olympians overthrown them turning the thought more daring and sophisticate. But they didn't last forever, either. That fact was noticed by the new gods that saw the Olympus disappeared before their

noses. Now, the former antagonists were alarm.

—We must keep men's torch of faith burning in order to keep them serving us. If it happens to fade away, we going to bubble out in the same way like a chimera —warned Jehovah-Allah with a white splendor shining over Jesus, Mahomed and Buda.

—Your worry cast down my heart! — said Buda—. You're the most likely to survive because you're worship by three different religions.

—As far as we impose religions with fire, blood and fanaticism will be hope —thundered Mahomed with a light smile while Jesus kept a musing silent. Then, from the curtains of diamantine glow, came out Lucifer:

—Ah by Brahman! What I've done! I gave the gift of science to men and now they reject us. We won't be displaced by waiting gods but for the men themselves; the evil science and its atheistic awakening. This is the beginning of the countdown.

Morgan Vicconius Zariah —seud.— (Dominican Republic)

Kaleidoscope

It approached inside the spyhole and its eye looked into the world of those versions of itself. It studied through that dark tunnel and the labyrinth of shapes and colors. A roulette dressed by a rainbow, inhabited by the original gods. It became the one that divided itself in a thousand parts: the giant of many names. It was Ymir of the ice age and Purusha of the countless heads, living within its creations.

Then, with a twist and turn, focus its sight. Behind the perfect darkness, it conceived a windmill of spinning mosaics. It was, therefore, the nothing, the silence and chaos. And then became the light, because the origins were in a thought. It was the words of Tepeu and Gucumatz, the gods of nomination. It became the restless resonance of the great music of the Ainur, fighting the void.

After a blinking, it returned to that passage of mirrors of watercolor and symmetry. It turned in to something that transfigured, that changed its essence. It

was the ancient ocean, the water of the goddess Tiamat and Nun, after the void. And it was Gea, after de chaos.

And the eye of the world closed its large eyelid. In the sleep, it dreamed: a configuration that would explain the immensity and the nature of smallest things. It saw an ecumenical disguise of other names, it listened the music of the creation, speaking the history of the colossal and the space-time singularity with the vision of the elementary particles and infinite equations. It was the history about paradoxes that were the telling of the universe childhood.

Julieta Moreyra (Mexico)

Timeless Tales

"The Tree of Life"

The Mother Earth was expiring, only a new birth could save the roots of the Tree of Life.

In the penultimate coalition where principles was found, moon and sun in the deep night, razed the stars in the blue sky.

The Invisible dew began to expand by unhealthy branches expiring the rarefied air of ash and yellow leaves.

Mysteriously beautiful metamorphosis occurred; of rib tree skin, wings spread



to become Anaxiel, prophetic angel who would give life to a new nature, materializing in a sphere the sublime cosmogony where roses bloom, the waters would nourish dry rivers and flying fish would cross the clouds sunny. The mountains, in the thin horizon line drew a sun in everlasting sky magenta.

Anaxiel with her golden hair in the wind held its branches winged the beginning of creation.

Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)

Black on White

From its blue stripes He created the water. From its golden stripes He created the Earth. And with its blazing hooves He stepped on the earth and mixed it with the water. The air was separated from this primordial soup; mountains, forests, oceans, seas, lakes, valleys were created and this way He gave shape, texture and beauty to this celestial ball.

From its golden and flaming mane He shaped the animals and plants. With its neighing he waked up the beings that were, up to that point, inanimate. And

all through the centuries He admired His celestial garden: His Eden, in that remote and forgotten corner of the galaxy where everything lived in perfect harmony.

Several eternities went by when He, looking at his master creation, felt something was missing: The worship service. He understood that veneration is a condition sine quo non to be God. So, with the celestial dust, He generated what he called “his celestial children”, to have a being that worshiped Him.

He created them to His image, but some with a white body and black stripes and others with a black body and white stripes; they had in the extremities of their legs, hands (a copy of a mythological being that had achieved outstanding achievements until its self-destruction). Black is no and symbolizes the negative moral; white is yes and symbolizes the positive moral. With these only two morality values he avoided the conflict of emotions, the unrestrained flourishing of doubts and neutered immediately the famous free-will.

He had mass-produced the worshiped ideals. His children were always in accordance with the unique, immutable and divine (eternal) will: some loved Him just because, others loved Him because not, but all, without exception, loved Him. And He rejoiced with the merciless, many times bloody battles, that the No and the Yes had between themselves.

Continuously, year after year, century after century, the two civilizations that loved Him developed new ways to show how important He is.

In schools, the Judeo-Christian-Muslim mythology was taught so that the zebras could understand the inconsistency of the ancient religions, thus confirming ad nauseam, the obvious Yes/No, and that only the religion of the Blue and Golden Stripes Zebra is the true faith.

Paulo Brito (Portugal)

Judgement Day

The seven angels of the apocalypse blew their trumpets.

“Judgement Day!”

I felt extremely ill at ease. I imagined that the glare of a thousand flaming eyes was boring into me and – the way I saw it – it was absolutely unfair!

Guilty, I thought. Definitely. What had I made of my life? What foul depths had I sunk to? Cowardice and the corruption of all values... but what is anybody to do, in these stinking times? In fact it was me who should be making declamations!

The clouds parted. There was a scorching breath from immense columns of fire.

“Judgement Day!”

Here they come, I said to myself. They are going to hit me with the whole lot. But I'd love to see them, these archangels, down there on earth, surrounded by filth! Here in Paradise of course, everything is clean and pure. It's easy to keep your precious snout clean around here – but – I come from the pigsty down there! Is it possible that I could emerge from it without a stain? And anyway, did I ask to be sent there? Was it my idea to be born?

I admit he surprised me when I saw him enter. I had expected, I don't know, perhaps a kind of Thundering Jupiter, a figure harsh and unyielding in his justice, full of a rage as flawless as a block of steel.

However, I could not have been more mistaken.

I saw a pair of light blue eyes, full of tenderness and sadness, their gaze avoiding mine. Then I heard his voice, gentle and soft:

“Do not judge me too severely,” he entreated.

Carlos M. Federici (Uruguay)

Genesis

In 2515, the Space Union, after verifying the Bing Bang theory, imposed the eradication of all cosmogonies known until that time. In response, alien civilizations declared war against the Union and its allies, but soon, both groups began to engage in a series of fratricidal struggles in an increasingly confusing and destructive war, throughout the known universe. After ten years of fruitless struggle, a truce was

agreed: scientists were consistent the exact location of the center of the universe, where orbiting a planet, baptized at distance and Genesis. All races disputed expressed interest in knowing that planet "where it all began." Then they agreed on an expedition to solve their approaches and assess the appropriateness of accepting or not the Big Bang as the only truth. A flagship welcomed the representatives of all faiths, six months traveling at speeds approaching that of light. During that time, the ship moments of great tension they lived and the mission was about to fail, on more than one occasion. The expectation with respect to what you would find in Genesis, it was frightening. The latest impasse was with garianas, who argued that females were the first inhabitants of the universe, creating offspring through the fertilization of Dam, the creator, demonstrating that, if proven their beliefs, all male species of the universe should be under their mandate. This, of course, produced a new controversy which was appeased when approaching Genesis, when the ship received a

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transmission delivering landing coordinates. Produced descent, the crew were welcomed by millions of humanoids, accented whitish complexion and total absence of villi which tested a heartfelt reverence. An elderly man, who was spokesman, came to newcomers and, lowering his view, with some trepidation, welcomed:

“Greetings, creators...”

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

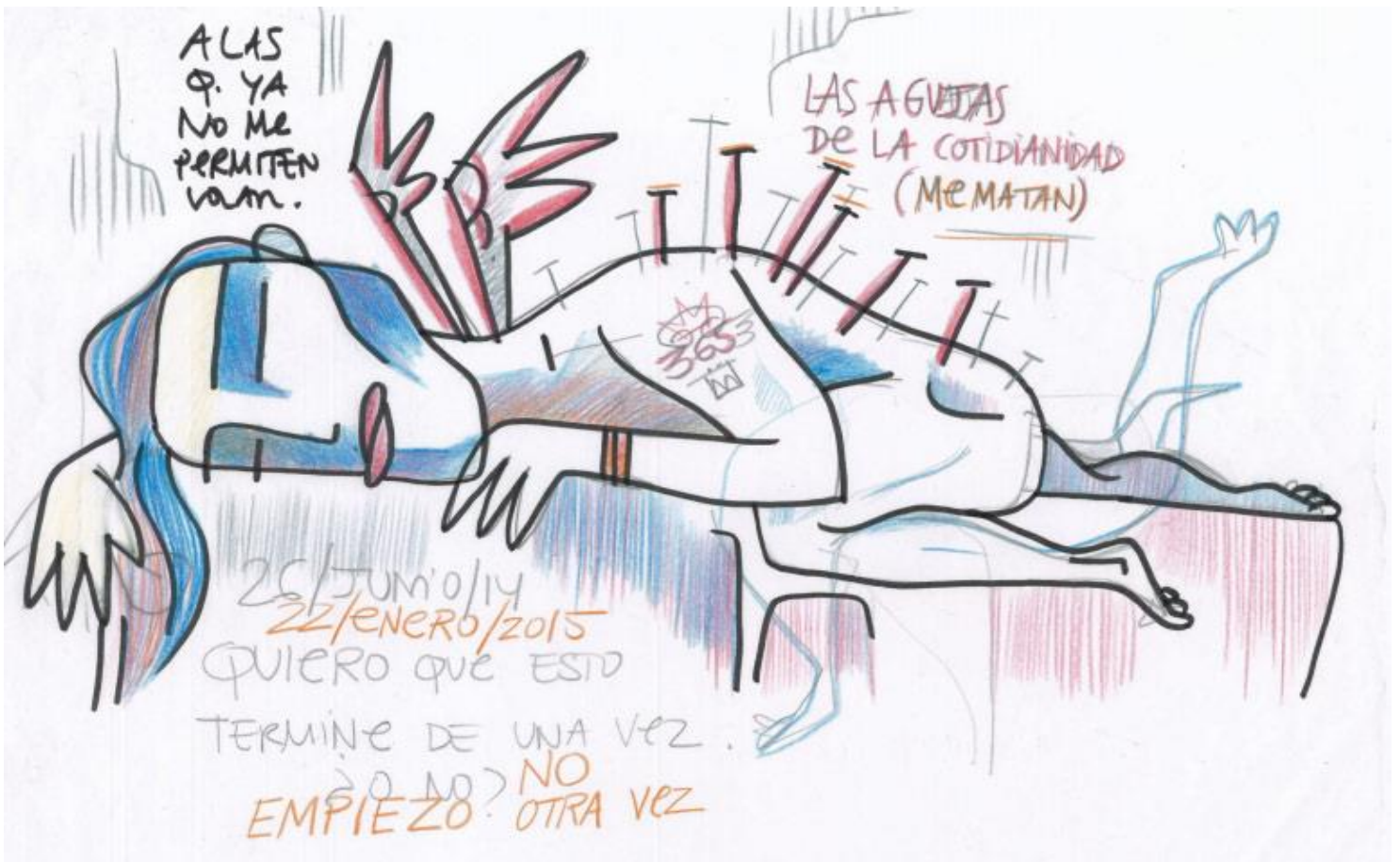
Fragile

Every time mom broke an egg, to make

fried or omelet, reciting the same tune not before rinsing well with tears, a mantra that turned into harmless that event, saving our existence of unforeseen and catastrophic failure.

—But how will that be, Mama? Incredulous was asking.

—And Your grandmother's grandmother did and she learned it from hers and passed it to her daughter and so on until today. They say that the world where we come from, and we are still looking, was created within a shell, through which life arose. So we respect



egg shape and every time we break one we must give thanks to the gods, be happy for it and thus avoid disappear.

—Then Does God is like us?

—Maybe, perhaps that's not really important. Listen, my daughter, I'll be home soon!

I learned that so quickly and with such conviction that I finally believe it obsessively. But Mom was right. I finalized the transfer; we were the last generation that sailed the space in search of the primordial material of the planet where we were born.

A sort of children with wings corroborate the legacy and protection beyond the legends that safeguard the fall, with soft and lightweight down her wings, those clueless pieces of brittle shell to keep us rolling in this distant world shaped egg others called Earth and now returns to us.

Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)

Temptation of the anoointed watchers

“And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day”.

The General Epistle of Jude 1:6

Were it not for the fact that I was at an NASA installation, I could swear this was a tall tale. And had they ever so kindly had not convinced at gunpoint, I'd cry out it was sheer insanity. However, the horror in their faces persuaded me. I must reveal the secret, even at the cost of my life. I do hope someone finds these notes. Until that moment, I believed only in matters that could be reproduced, refuted and checked out. However, this finding was more than overwhelming for unearthed in the Utah desert was a meteorite, embedded with a stele covered with a cuneiform text in three languages. I happen to be regarded as an expert in that area, and I readily agree: no one else knows Archaic Persian, Elamite and Akkadian. The stele is about 82 feet high by 50 feet wide and the experts

conferred it to be about 8,500 years old. I was urged to decipher the inscription. The erosion did not stop me from reading it, fluently. Where doubts assailed me, I resorted to the following language in order to corroborate the reading. And so, in the silence of an aseptic underground location, the voice of the Old Ones was heard again: "And it came that the Anointed-Watchers untied the strings of Uru-Anna and came down [from their dwelling] and chose women to fornicate. [After that] they taught them sorcery, the omen of storms and eclipses, the management of crops and harvests. And [those women] became pregnant and gave birth to giants. [The children of men] became suspicious of that offspring but [women] denied their fornication ... The treacherous Bat-Enosh [she then lied]: "Oh Iamga, my husband, does not thou remember when we laid together, do not thou bear in mind the pleasure I shared with thou? I swear by The-Exalted-who-Reign-in-Heaven that the fruit of my body is from thy seed, and it is not the son of Túri'el or another Watcher "... [However] as the children grew up it

happened that no bird nor beast or fruit were enough and as they became Nephilim, they attacked and killed [all] and drank their blood and ate their meat. Sick of [such as blasphemy] The-Exalted devastated Earth and tying the bonds of [star] Light of Heaven where He detained [there] the Watchers until the end [of times] when they shall return [for] revenge". I finished reciting the antiphon and then I cried with deep anguish in anticipation of the unavoidable. I do not rule out the possibility of killing myself.

Pablo Martinez Burkett (Argentina)

Calculation error

Inside the ship creator of universes and galaxies the bewilderment was tremendous; provoked when being detected a missed procedure of the calculations in one from the habitual revisions to all the programs.

The boss of processes had ordered to stop all the shipping of the provocative loads of explosions. Disposition this that didn't arrive to the bridge of launchings number on time four, and

from there they left, five seconds behind, two positrons for to collide and to create two galaxies of the type Starburst whose interns would continue exploding to create supernovas.

—Which can the consequence be? - the captain asked from the ship to the boss of processes.

—They will explode very close and it collided with us.

After thinking some seconds the captain it refuted:

—In forty six seconds a portal will open up to transport us to the neighboring world...

—He is this way a captain, but the explosion will be in twenty-two, when the portal opens already all we will be cosmic powder.

Omar Martínez (Cuba)

William Blake and the Big Crunch

"Four Universes round the Mundane
Egg remain Chaotic

One to the North, named Urthona:

One to the South, named Urizen:

One to the East, named Luvah: One to
the West, named Tharmas

They are the Four Zoas that stood
around the Throne Divine!"

William Blake

William Blake beheld the London's landscape for the last time. The vital throbbing of the satanic Industrial Revolution and the Age of Reason struck him through the steam driven machines, the mechanized cotton spinning and the logic of the Enlightened philosophers. He walked to the center of the magic spiral to retake the vision of his last Prophetic Book, the one that will reverts the iron expansion motioned by the weird entity that his Poetic Genius showed to him, which in the future will be known as Dark Energy. The expansion of the Universe had to be halt, in order to stop the Man's fall into the total annihilation of non-existence in the Void of Urlo. The magic nucleus was a point of gravitational singularity at the end of a

words made spiral —the prophetic poem that Blake had written, like a conjure, on his lodging's floor.

"I, Albion —dramatized Blake— command my Four Zoas to fusion with me again along with the Universe whose expansion has taken it far away from the original point called Eden: the Eternity beyond the space and time." The words of the spiral poem started to retreat toward its center, diving into the Black Hole that opened itself under Blake's feet. The Zoas answered the call from the four cardinal points of the Universe: Luvah from the East, with the love, passions and emotions that inspired the Big Bang at the beginning; Tharmas from the West, with the instinct of reproduction and growing that gave birth to chemistry; Urizen from the South, with the reason that created the laws of physics; and Uthorna from the North, with the imagination that pictured the heavenly bodies. Albion was again a complete being. His eyes saw how the poetic exaltation of the gravity magnetized all matter, pulling it toward the point where he stood — toward the Big Crunch that he

symbolized. Albion descended into the Black Hole with the last metaphor. The Universe got down after him to rebirth in the future vision of Blake's prophecy.

Odilius Vlák —seud.— (Dominican Republic)

Baptism of love

In the beginning of time chaos reigned at infinity. The darkness and the silence in the vast disordered universe generated Madness to the only being that travel with no path in time and space, the being began taking a ghostly and unreal appearance, red eyes sparkled with a wild glance of madness and the over the centuries became a great magician. It generated more chaos within the existing and in a fit of rage caused a huge explosion, leading to the origin and evolution of the Universe.

As a result of the explosion was released to the vastness of the abyss and unconscious for what seemed an eternity, he wandered into nothingness. But He also changed, he spent a long of time thinking; full knowledge. Then he let his mind blank. It was taking an almost human image and when he

regained consciousness, a feeling of great happiness filled him. The memory of the moment of Creation gave the answer and the Universe was done; the big bang gave the origin of the order and chaos was gone. He decided that when there will, no way; because for Him nothing is impossible and nothing fails in its space.

He knew he had the power to create and transform, was now determined to do differently. It would create life! And when He thought and perfect light emanated from Him and flooded all the space, spread his hands and his palms began to sprout little sparks of fire. Pure ideas came to mind, the depths of his feelings converted into thought, springing from his hands. He thought of creating beings full of great gifts. Determined, with extraordinary force placed his palms together and began to sprout many more divine sparks; He put his hands together and began to mold beings of Light. Once he had finished, he began to shouting, love, faith, hope, passion, confidence, freedom, justice ... and the time elapsed, the Creator brought them to the life. He cried when

he saw his finished work, carefree, sure he delivered all of his generosity in this great project, he started with a baptism of Love.

M^a Del Socorro Candelaria Zarate (Mexico)

Under The Sphinx

The archaeologists worked long and hard for several months until to expose a bronze door beneath the Sphinx of Giza.

They had been aware of its existence through studies of Egyptologist Mark Soria, who also noted that the ancients called that door the entrance of the underworld.

They unlooked the chains which was over the door, and then they went in its womb. They went through a long hallway which was just under the Sphinx, and then they went down a twisted steps. Video cameras were recording everything that generating spotlights illuminated.

They descended, more and more, until the air became rare and hallways became

wide hallways of walls carved with horrific figures. However, far to get frightened, the group moved on.

When they discovered a large circular craft, full of statues of impossible shapes, they knew they had come to the underworld seeking.

It wasn't a legend, or mere fantasies of hallucinated minds. And the bronze door finally wasn't an entrance, but an exit... but the ancients had sealed with magical chains to avoid a primordial god, with unpronounceable name, return to reign on Earth.

But they only knowed it while a monster, half man, half-reptile, wielding his curved knife, was opening their bellies and drew her womb, while he prayed in an unknown language, almost inhuman, for this vengeful god who began to loom between the ominous shadows of the sanctuary.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Creation of creators

A writer, I think, has to ask at least once in his life what is the reason for its existence. I'm not one of those artists who says that we have to do our work and nothing else. I think that philosophical issues must be analyzed, finding or no answer is not important, but we get to formulate some theories, which could make more interesting our passage through the world. However, I have the answer and the question is: why are the writers in this world? There were some people who argued that the authors are the voice of God (read this as the ordering essence of things), that the writers are the messengers of humanity and other dimensions. A character in a literary book mentioned the reason because the book's author knew it and now I know because the older writers in my country told me. At this time, I'm sitting at the big table with our books during a nice chat, my older colleagues have told me the secret. I spent immediately to be like them and I will save the story for future literary generations, the most talented authors (they are not many) can acquire this knowledge, whether young or old,

because a requirement is the proximity of death. The story is this: in the beginning of time, and even before this, the universe came out of nowhere, there was a big bang, then were a series of explosions, and even today the cosmos is expanding. It happens in many places, as in our galaxy, hence in our system; matter, reality, space and time, tend to come apart and disperse. However, our planet does not crumble, it remains compact because there are writers. The storytellers have always existed: poets, storytellers, playwrights, essayists, and his creations have helped to keep order among the chaos. We are able to catch fragments of reality and we have united all that surrounds us, all that we are. The

Earth cannot stay without writers, without them everything would crumble. Our work is vital, in other worlds and ours. That is the reason why we were created, why we are here. Now I know. Now, reader, you know.

Carlos Enrique Saldivar (Peru)

The travel of Astolfo, what this was over the moon and so it did not count

In a deep valley, nestled between towering mountains, had an immense treasure, made with everything on Earth was wasted.



Astolfo sulla luna (1532), Ludovico
Ariosto.

The hippogriff down gently between
the valleys of the moon. Without losing
their dignity allowed Astolfo caress her
under his feathered neck, and then
promptly devour its share of gems.

Without understanding why, Astolfo
knew the usefulness and the name of all
present and future objects piled there: a
large breakwater made of lifejackets;
stray bullets that fly like flies looking for
an invisible target; grass billed with
speeches full of broken promises; and
with the wind declassify all secret
documents in the world.

In the distance, Astolfo could scan a
figure dressed in white comic gait, his
voice came full of interference:

"This is one small step for man ..."

Ricardo Acevedo (Cuba)

The Creation

After the dice game, unsatisfied it went
to play the poker. Bothered by the bad
luck he decides to go for a walk for the
tunnel of the time. There looks with
attention each of the exposed works,

and stops in a few linens removed by
memories. Kabyle a few moments.

Armed with value it takes down those
that they fill to him, and in the most
absolute gap its life transforms it into
harmony. Contentment for the find
decides to finish some of the works.
Rogue in the most absolute inspiration
quite the muses offer him. He has a
good time with the strokes, plans,
outlines, and equal at the innocence of a
child he smiles happily for having found
the way. It has good desires it was doing
its work, which has proper life, but she
knows in the deepest thing, that in spite
of having been a good creation, they will
continue its course, of which perhaps
nobody should remember the origin in
the future, and accuse the existence like
a simple chance baggage called big bang.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

The last link of the planetary consciousness

"I'm a concept, an idea, a simulation
of the grand cosmic machine, you're free

to call me an entity if you like, there's no difference," told me that entity who took material shape distorting the reality around it. It was as if the surroundings got melted for a brief moment only to retake at once its natural state. "I've been under a lot of stress these days," I told myself while beholding, seized by terror, that weird being drawing near in plain daylight. I was thinking in my library about universal concepts that, since my childhood, have chased away my sleep. "It has to be an illusion," cried out my logic brain trying to get rid of that mental ghost.

"I'm going to teach you everything clearly," it said flouting several inches above the floor. Its silhouette was humanoid and resembled metal. "I'll unveil the reality for you, where past, present and future fusion themselves in one single point. Take my hand and get lost in my consciousness" it commanded me. When I took its hand, a something bigger sucked and spit us into another dimensional dream where the insights were limitless. "Here exist interlinked the thoughts of all the sages from all times and their approach to the truth

without conflicting each other," explained a robotic voice that projected itself like a hologram awaking all my dreaming intuitions. "This is the dwelling of the last truth," It assured me. The answers to my questions were there. Suddenly, the beginning and end of the universe unfolded before me. That evolution was mechanic and purposeless? No! The universe is a conscience calling us from the future to unite us in a transcendence experience. A hologram projected in each one of us according to our species and dimensional consciousness. While travelling between times my humanity thought: "Teilhard and Bhom were right—the Omega Point is real." In the future were the machines. They dreamed us along with the universal consciousness—raising our memories from the dusty genes.

Morgan Vicconius Zariah —seud.— (Dominican Republic)

Creators

In the beginning was the Nothing, and the Nothing was everything, and nothing exploded creating space and

time. The atoms joined together and interacted, and the stars were born, the planets and all stellar objects that make up the universe.

Time, if time exists when there is nothing and no one to measure it, passed and in one of those thousands of objects emerged tiny specks of life, solitary cells that, after a time, gave way to larger groupings.

Millions of years passed until those tiny signs of life evolved to shape the Creators.

Many millions more spent and then the Creators said:

-Let's create the Guardians, the Watchers that will have to take care of our treasures and our beauty. In our image we'll create and we'll give them dominion and control over all our work.

And They gave us life, They created us in the own image and said:

Extend yourselves throughout the earth. We leave it to you into custody. Take care of with care and care you, too, all our work until the day we can return and claim them.

Then They boarded their ships and disappeared into space.

Lot of time has passed since then, we have learned, grown and multiplied but still guarding the sacred work of our Creators and waiting for his return because that's what They ordered us.

Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)

Viewers

I do not know if you are police, medical, or both, but I thank you for taking the time to listen to me. This will sound crazy. I've said it countless times and people called me mad, but the taunts and insults have not helped to solve things; human beings are like that, we tend to aggression, we to point the finger at those who are different. Viewers designed us this way. They are the cause of my condition. No, they are not human beings, they are aliens. Although I'm not sure if the term 'alien' fit what they are. "Gods" might be a better word to describe these beings. You see, long ago, before the Earth was created, they existed and made all kind of things throughout the universe. I do not know exactly what they did, I just know that they worshiped

entertainment. They was seeking various forms of fun. They had their own planet, its distractions, although there was a time when they got bored of themselves and they began to look at other worlds as if they were TV shows! If a planet ceased to entertain them, they destroyed it and they go the next. It was a network of interconnected systems and galaxies such as TV channels, so that they could choose which view, do you imagine? Each galaxy was a channel and each planet a program. Programs with little audience were annihilated. Viewers roamed the cosmos in search of new worlds to observe, but could not find one that they met their desires. They realized that there was no more interesting sights, so they decided to create one. They came to Earth, they eliminated the dinosaurs and they created man. Since the beginning of mankind the viewer's look us and laugh at us, because our stupidity and violence. However, they have begun to get bored and our existence is threatened, so they unveiled me his secret. Yes, these terrible creatures appeared in front of me and they told me everything! They know that my revelations will spread across the globe and that will most exciting chapter of the

week. But then what will happen? We are doomed. Soon they change channels and we will be wiped out. Maybe it would the best ... People say that garbage television is harmful.

Carlos Enrique Saldivar (Peru)

The planet

In the spacecraft *Archimedes*, which orbited the newly discovered planet, the captain in charge was watchful. In a short time, they should be informed by the team of men who has just gone to new world.

If they will get successful, and then they will confirm life is possible there, they could come back to the Earth to advise the good news. Otherwise, humanity was doomed to continue living in a polluted planet, without resources and on the verge of collapse.

At the appointed time, the transmission began. After the captain listened it, he captain gave immediate orders to leave the planet, leaving the team landing to the amazement of the rest of the crew.

He didn't give any explanations to anyone. None of the few who heard the last message of the sole survivor of the

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mission to the planet survived a few days. Most of them were finally suicide. Except one, who went insane and he couldn't say any about they had seen.

On the planet, again abandoned by the presence of man, huge diamond-shaped creatures and long tentacles looked at the sky like never before done. They didn't know presences of bodies outside their own environment, and this unexpected visit had opened the anxiety of knowing that lay beyond its skies. In addition, where they had come visitors should have thousands, but millions more...

The diamond shapes began working for travel after the mysterious silver object which had orbited about them. They will follow them... to its source. They will find surely more palatable food there.

They devoured the remains of the last of the land expedition, and they began to manufacture the device that allows them to walk through empty space.

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Call me god

Enthused with extraordinary software that allows modeling images in 3-D, similar to reality, decided to create my

own universe, to have fun. For a long time I have devoted to this new program organizing routines and subroutines that allow their own evolution, according to a number of parameters that work at random, making the game more entertaining. Of all the planets I created, there is one that attracts my attention. Its inhabitants have called Earth and my God calls me, in different languages, as well as the stories invented to explain its origin, each more bizarre, causing me laugh. However, I must confess that already lacks fun pastime. As, each other earthlings sides impose their beliefs, the issue is becoming complicated because my name is kill each other. Go else. Many times I have been going to delete my creation, because as the events are happening, and speed they develop, and what I gather, they soon take their disputes to my universe. Then it will be too late...

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

The beautiful music of existence

Just a simple twist of my fingers, a slight increase in the frequency and Suddenly everything was presented clearly to me. Everything was connected, and also perfectly fulfilling the principle of parsimony, IE, it was easy to rationalize and hear elegance itself rather than any celestial music. In fact deep down I realized it was just that.

Long ago, in my college days, I had been exposed to the wonderful grandeur Lissajous curve, seemed alive, adopting multiple forms difficult to describe with our current geometric paradigm. That had left me hooked for life, without any doubt, that vision of divinity on the oscilloscope screen had shown me the beginning of everything.

It kind of reminded me of a fractal structure, always the same but always different, without beginning or end, depending on the perspective, or the scale at which it is observed.

All in one form or another is represented in the Lissajous curve, and everything is a fractal. But a fractal has no beginning or end, only development.

I realized that everything that exists is only the representation of the primary vibration in different states and scales, This is how I understood that increasing frequency in my oscilloscope creates complex shapes based on a simple one, and this is the process of creating one universe to another level. This is how we was created?.

When we listen to a beautiful symphony it sounds like a whole, a



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YOUNG & WILLIAM

complex unity, do not realize that it is the combination of many simple parts, like ourselves which we, as himself is the universe, and this is how with a simple twist of my fingers, everything was presented clearly to me . Everything that exists is the product of a single large symphony; the beautiful music of existence.

Silver Suárez —seud.— (Spain)

Reflections

These things that make us feel bad, just by dynamiting the lives that we are, which we see tired without knowing what is important. And we say what we are not, and we are as soon as we have never been, in a twist that makes us turn in the most high. As of today do not have the same prestige of yesteryear, worshipped by the confines of the world for the peoples who implored us abundance and well-being. We were object of veneration, worship, wisdom. We were encouraged to continue in the task of our alleged infinite goodness, make sprout the life. Later they came out imposters capable of becoming

authoritarian demigods who tried to usurp thrones. Then came the disappointment, the doom, the holocaust. No one was safe from that cold wind conditioned by the crowd. The riverbed was filled with mud, until that solidified. I never wanted to this runaway inflation. Try to homogenize as soon as i was happening, and i did not build walls, if not be objective into reality. And now I realize, that in spite of having the power to create, i have to leave my work is manifest as you want.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

Pets

Finishing work, contemplated his work with satisfaction and a point of pride. He paced around, very proud, reveling in the magnificent result of his creativity and effort.

He reviewed all a thousand times. When he reached one thousand and one, yawned and said to noone:

'I'm bored.

Sitting under a tree, meditated a long time on how to make more bearable the

long days of boredom awaiting him now that he had finished his project.

Finally, watching the small animals frolicking around there it occurred:

- I need a pet to keep me company!

And God created man.

Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)

God playing Tetris

God plays Tetris, to create the universe and the elements, particles with atoms that fall, shape worlds, suns and species in different ways. The pieces descend piling harmony, when a planet is created elements are appropriate. God is addicted to the game of cosmic Tetris, with molecules designed the macrocosm or microworlds, from galaxies billions of suns, to unicellular beings, full of protons, neutrons and electrons. The pieces fall to accommodate the right elements, stars, satellites. The Almighty knows how to play this great game; makes new species or forms of life, plants, animals, DNA is fun for him. The Bible mentions the Tetris game with a compelling headline: "Genesis". The pieces to fit in perfect harmony are

not static, but an eternal movement; Fail to wear or Tetris, an extraordinary event occurs, the star explodes, life forms are extinguished to make way for new structures created, dropping the pieces occupying the empty place of the above. God never tires of playing Tetris, no, he fascinates you and loves, he is made fun in an infinite leisure. The best was that he was alone and without anything in your environment so to spend a fun time. He designed to taste the video game Tetris. The Genesis was made very entertaining, especially when he discovered that the pieces to fit between creating worlds, suns, galaxies and varied and diverse forms of existence. The pieces were small but very patiently formed the macrocosm that extends to infinity level, nobody knows when it started playing. God moves the pieces of Tetris at will and marvels at play, smile happy, cheerful control in hand. When you get tired, what will? It will cease to play but will keep the cosmic game Tetris or delete it after your break to start again, nobody knows how many times have you been in the video game "Genesis". At what maximum level has

been reached or when stop playing Tetris we know as Genesis.

Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

In the corners of mind where Ransunok is hidden

It doesn't exist. I said him. I stated flatly in each and every one of the press conferences di worldwide. Ransunok was merely an invention of mine. An entity that was created for one of my stories. Everything else, if existed under a lost city in the Sahara, or took refuge among the sands waiting for some unsuspecting who own and to thus be moved to the cities inhabited by mankind, were pure invention.

I was successful. I sold million copies making believe that evil entity was real. There were archaeological expeditions, paid by major television and even by governments of some countries, who sought unsuccessfully that city covered by sand. There were followers investigating on their own and,

extraordinarily, agreed with me in his life.

When books, documentaries and essays about Ransunok grew exponentially, and emerged sects of fanatics who followed the rites that I had described, I decided to finish with abandon size. One thing was fantasy, and means more or less éticos- to achieve fame, and quite another, let a farce ended becoming a symbol for thousands of people.

Then publicly denounced fraud. I denied the existence of the Cannibal God. But nobody believed me. I was neglected, abandoned by the media, forgotten by publishers. It was not a person who got the sympathy of anyone.

They created an entity where there was nothing before. It was my fault. Now I deserve it, Ransunok, is in my bedroom and comes slowly toward me with his six spiny crawlers arms, take me tightly, tighten my throat with his long tongue as my lies, and I begin to eat slowly, without I can do nothing but scream and curse silently for having created...

Francisco José Segovia Ramos (Spain)

Tandem

—The Creation Evolution triggered, cause precedes effect. Remember this: yoo created the Universe, yooo, out of nowhere did the Supreme Being Supreme Creation.

—In The man coexist Creation and Evolution replied the Patriarch rationalist.

—Is It possible. Perhaps humans are afraid to find the truth and do not look so inside it. Rocks, apparently, between the vagaries of desire and fear. The Big Bang is a theory —refer the Sovereign that while explains many things, not the show.

'I remember you having a right to be explainable scientific things but not demonstrable; and vice versa -Responds Darwin directing his gaze to the grotesque pseudosabio that, Bible in hand, round them. None suspected to be the devil.

He venerable mortal has always been clear that man was created by God in the image and likeness but rather man created God's image and likeness.

"Here lived and lives enslaved by their own dogmatic vision, looking for ever and ever the Holy Grail", he thinks, even conciliatory leader of Natural Selection.

Both theoretical and practically the two models are worth, no clogs' I clarified the Lord.

It's true -formula the Creator, thinking about minutes-. Perhaps the two doctrines synchronized and together give answers to the big questions. We are both theory and practice, you just have to assemble two links in the correct order projection.

—A See if between both wanting and not power will be that we can and do not want.

The two found no appointment that morning at Terminal del Cielo. Seated on the pedestal of the Sanctuary, lecture before. Aflora the pact. People, as if emerging from a Tower of Babel, looking at the heights cries in all languages consensus.

—Born Cosmogónica FUSSION Lord says Charles, showing the hierarch the document with the letterhead: The

Chalice and the Origin of Species, prints footnotes.

Lucifer could not overthrow the holding. But history is cyclical: a new Big Bang forces start again. Sprouts a new world, new life, new beings...

Mari Carmen Álvarez Caballero (Spain)

The creator

I am your creator.

The retinol our holy book explains very clearly, our world, everything in it there, and of course, the universe was created in an instant as if by magic, out of nowhere, by a superior being we call the creator.

—¿Surprised?

Yeah, well, I never thought you had

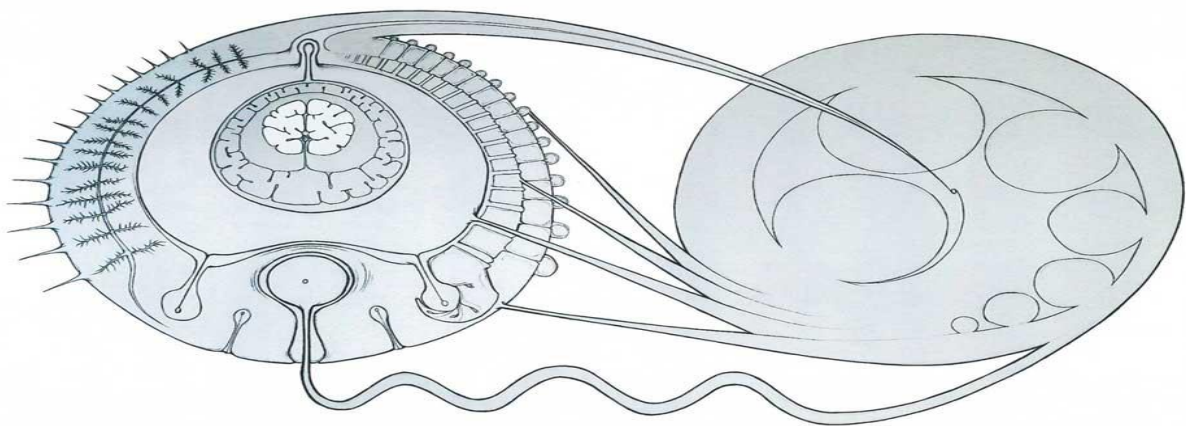
this.

—Why? All you have it, because I, your Creator, should not have it, I'll tell you, I believe you, all your peers and the world, sorry to say I really do not exist, only you are protagonists of an online game I think, I am a computer programmer, I am interacting with you for one simple reason, I've been watching and before remove you from the game I thought it appropriate to talk to you, do you want me any questions?

Is there heaven? Whats there I go when you delete me?

Believe me, I have no idea, I would think so, goodbye.

The programmer press the key and the unfortunate character is destroyed, had become a danger, began to question to



doubt the writings of retinol, the world's fellow nonlinear fashion game again to be safe.

Diego Galán Ruiz (Spain)

Girls

My mother told me that it was at the beginning when there was such a thing as rain but gods' tears. After that it wasn't usual that some women would get pregnant. Of course, not all of them. Only few. Just the fire-eyed women who only would have baby girls. The tribe celebrated the births like it was a great party, like it was a gift from the Gods. The girls were gladly accepted among the tribe children even when the girls were timid and cold. Everything changed when Ash Men came. They kept the girls for themselves and little by little it stopped raining. My mother told me that after many full moons without raining, Ash Men ate the girls alive and

the tribe men, hearing their cries, went to rescue them. It was too late though. Deranged and violent, tribe men tore them into pieces. When they tore their bellies wide open, they lost all the hope to find the girls. There wasn't anything inside but some fire creatures that set everything on fire on their way out.

This is how we found out how powerful Djinnns were. It rained that night and shortly after, many girls were born and among them, me too. The tribe celebrates us like we were a sort of a miracle when they, such of ignorant mean people, should fear us. We are no Gods' daughters. We bring no joy or fortune. We're Iblis' daughter and we are here to whisper you all the way to Jahannam.

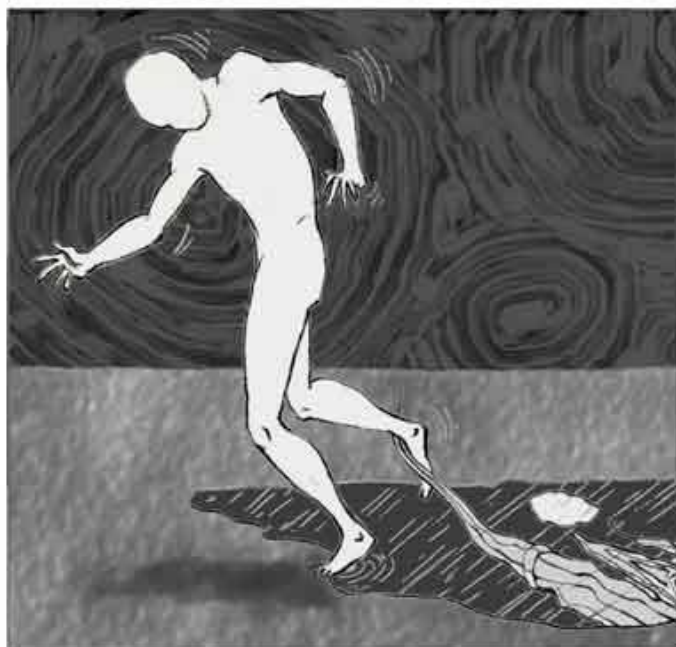
María L. Castejón (Spain)

THE ENGULFED CATHEDRAL

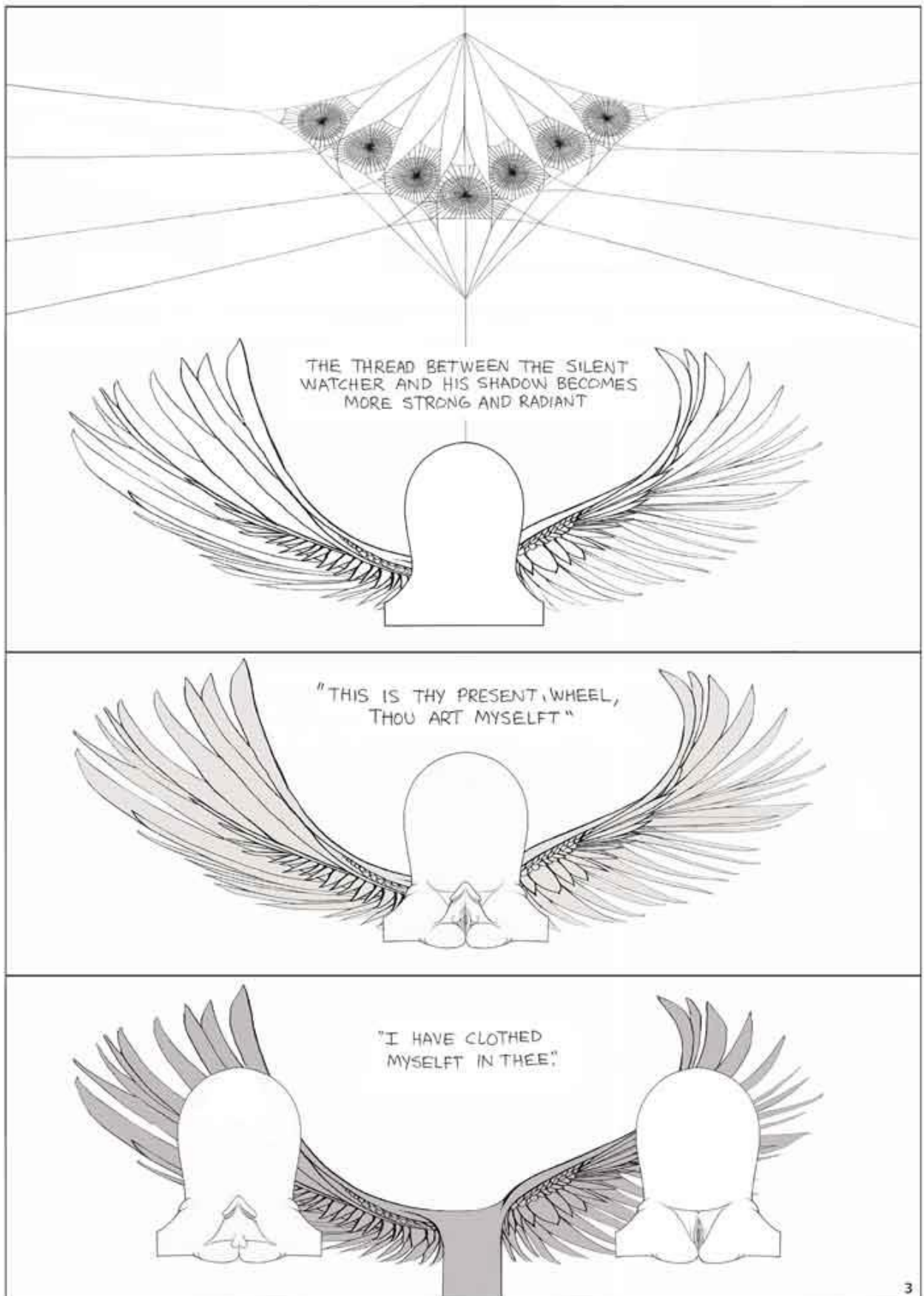
TEXT: "THE COSMIC EVOLUTION IN SEVEN STANZAS" THE BOOK OF DZYAN

ART: YOLYANKO WILLIAM

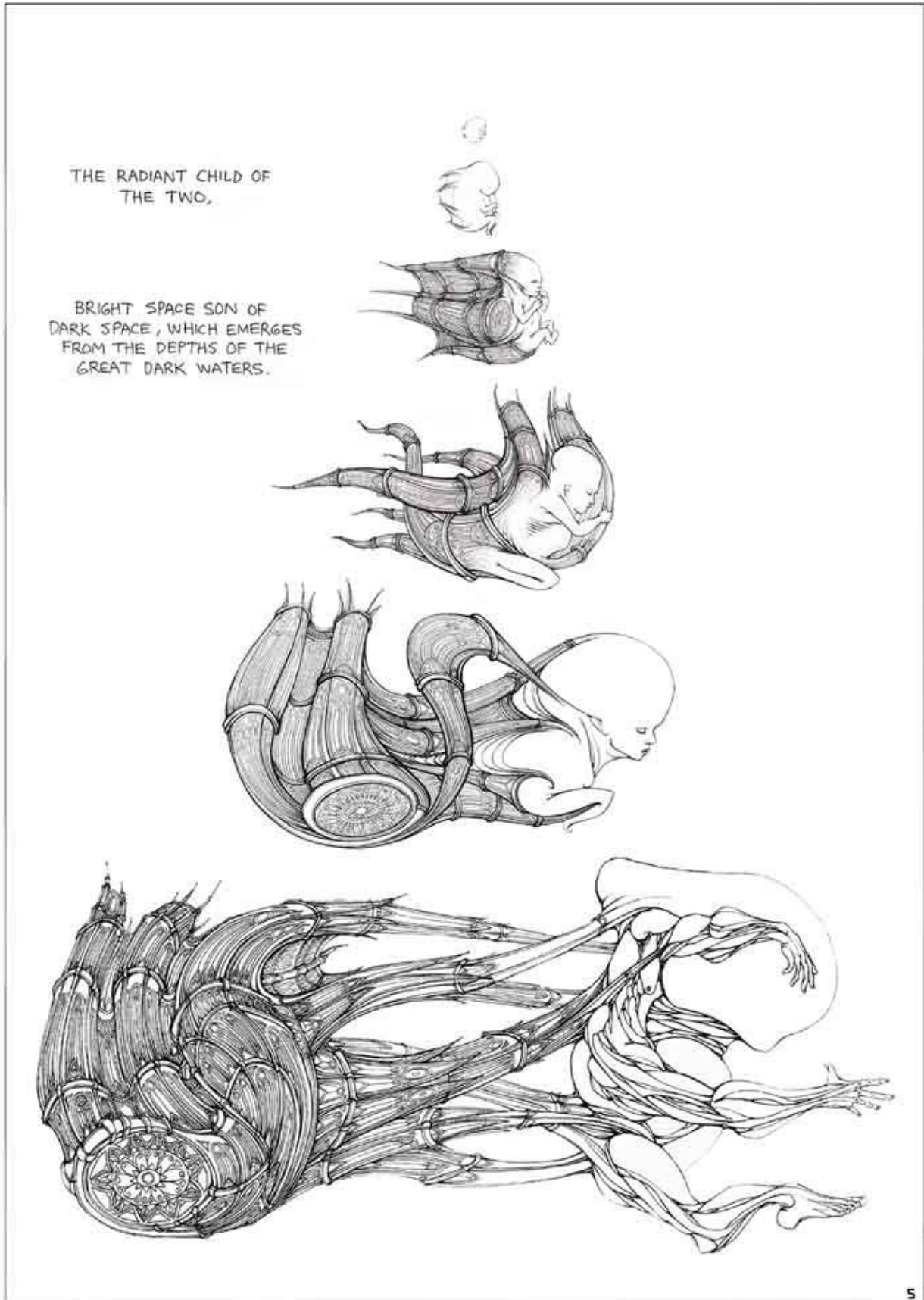
THE MOTHER SWELLS,
EXPANDING FROM
WITHIN WITHOUT,
LIKE THE BUD OF THE
LOTUS

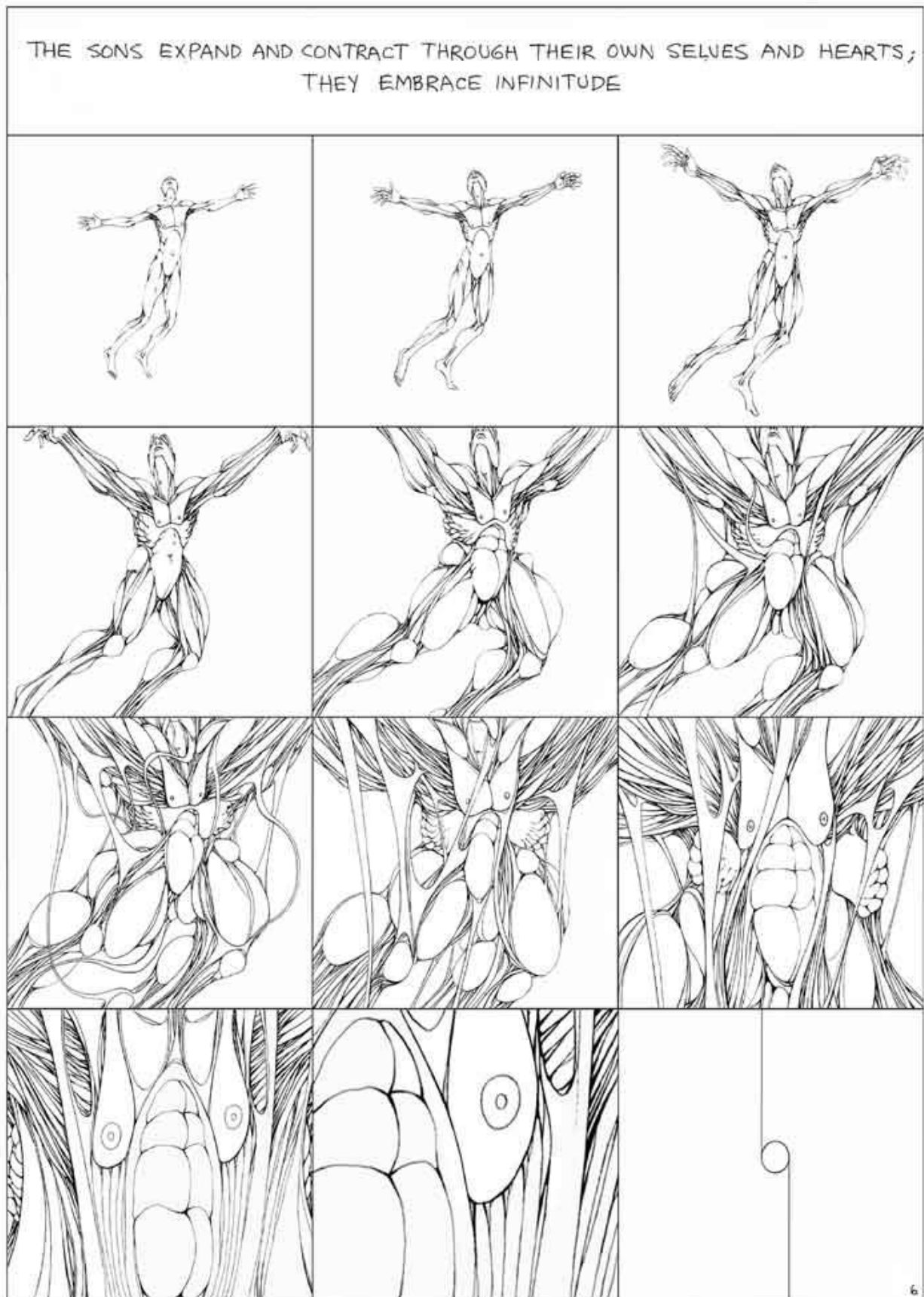


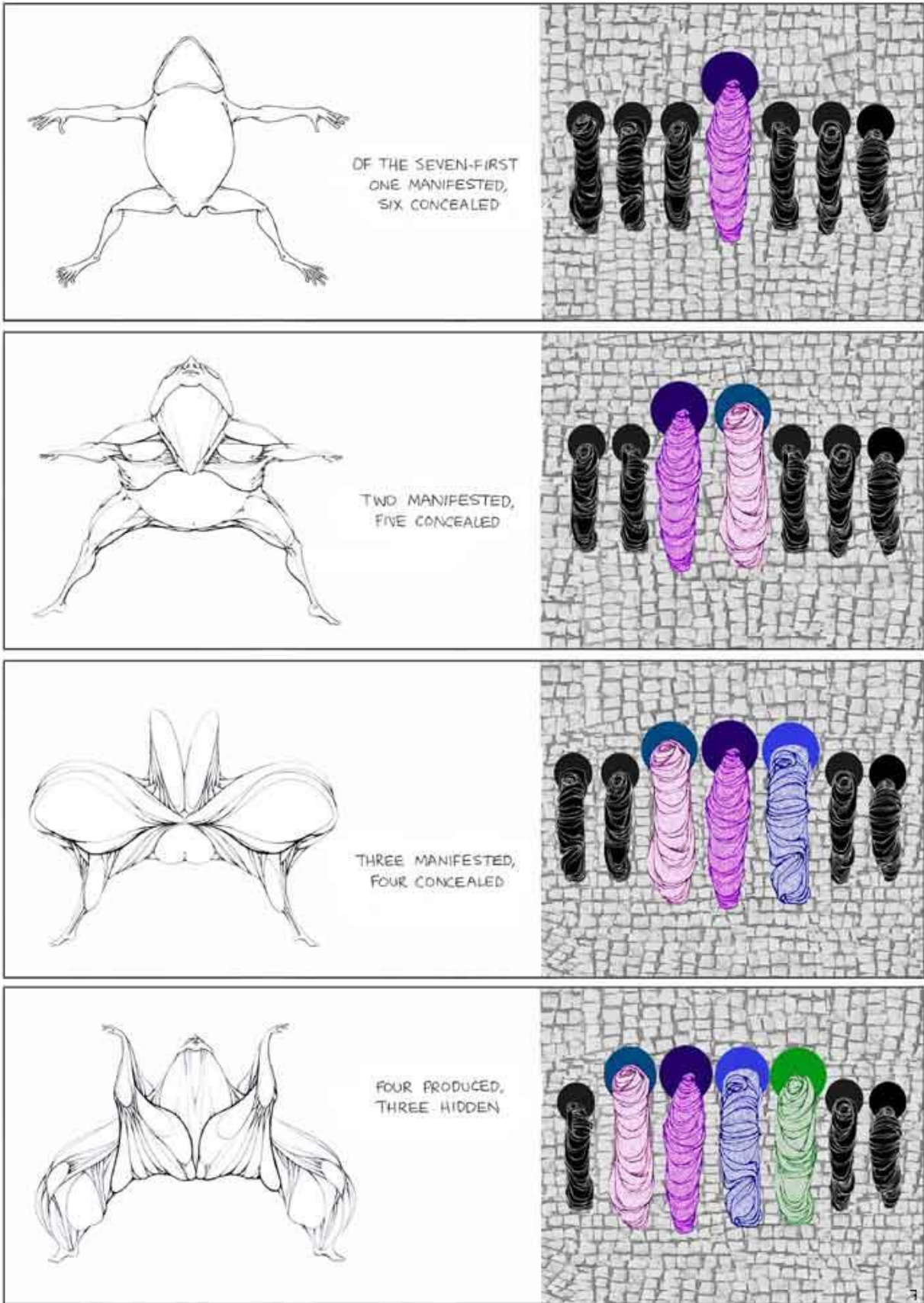


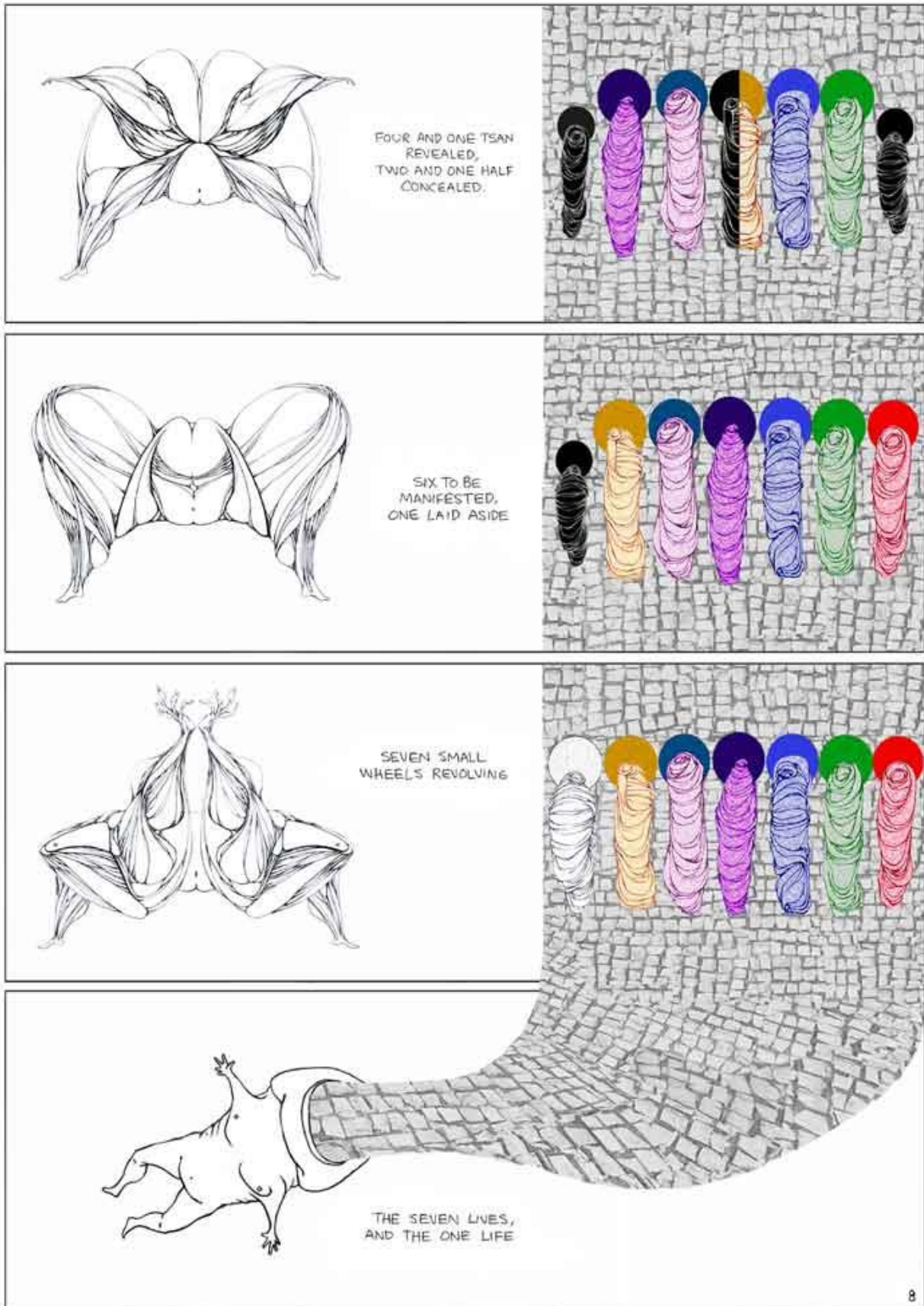




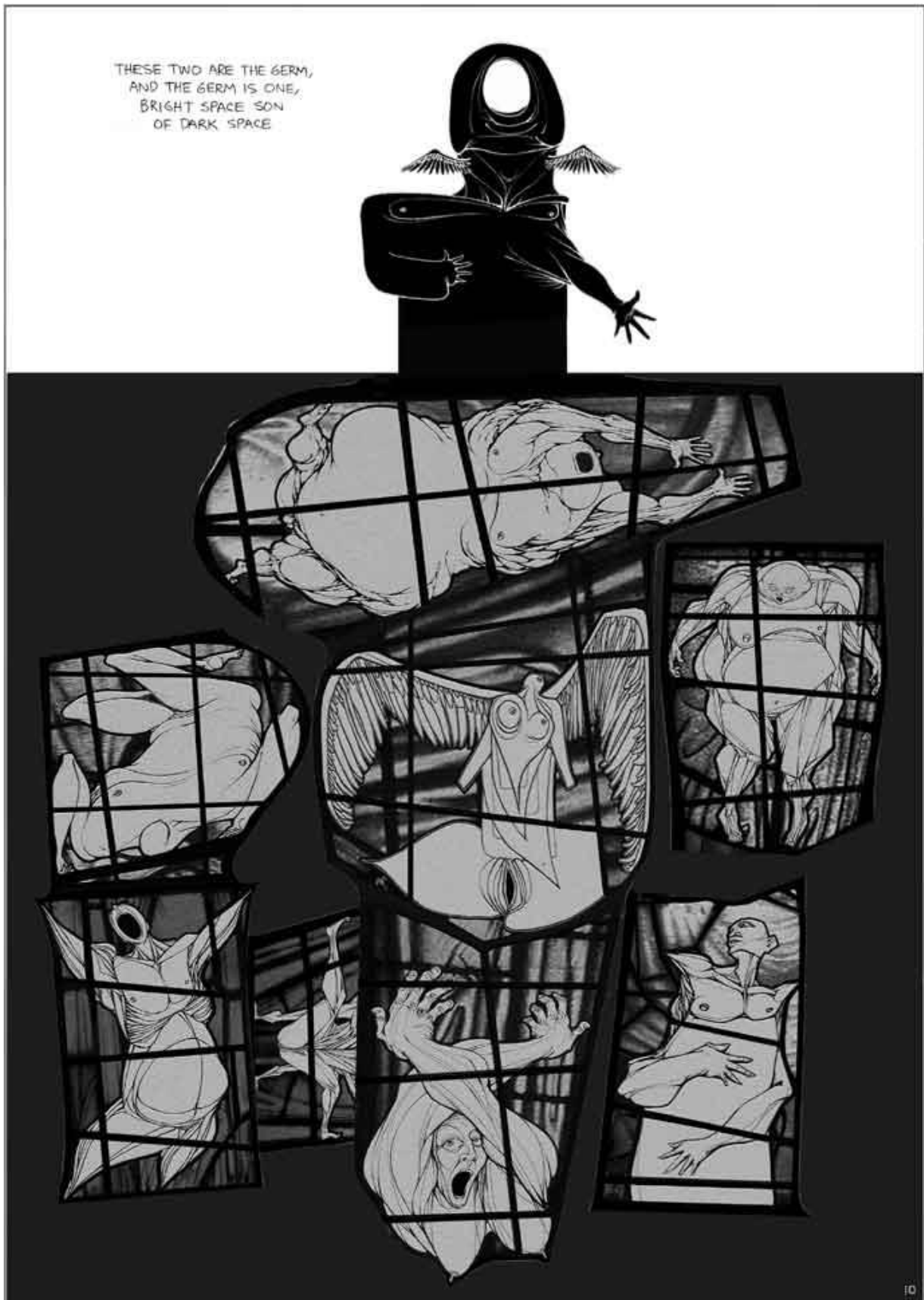


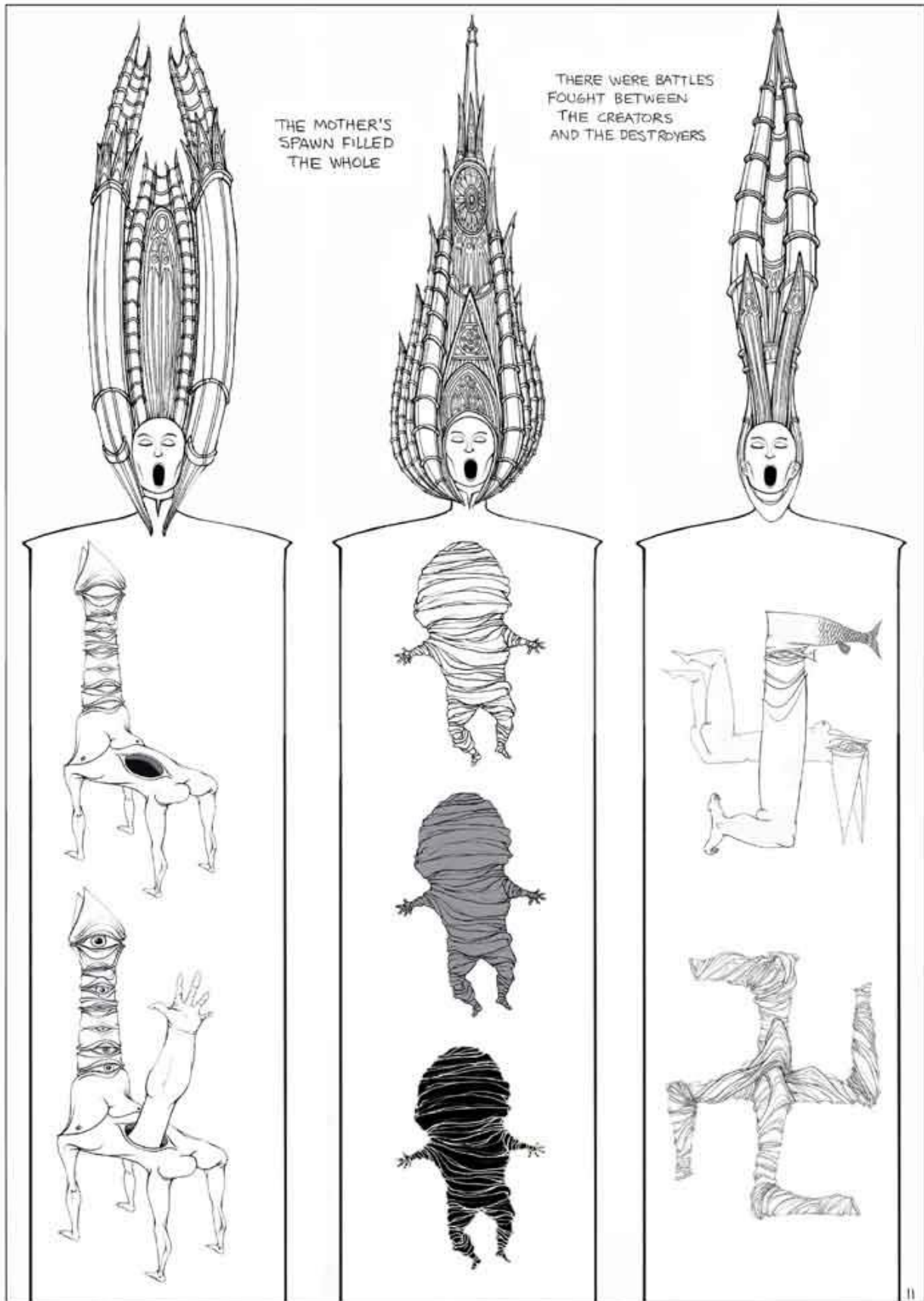


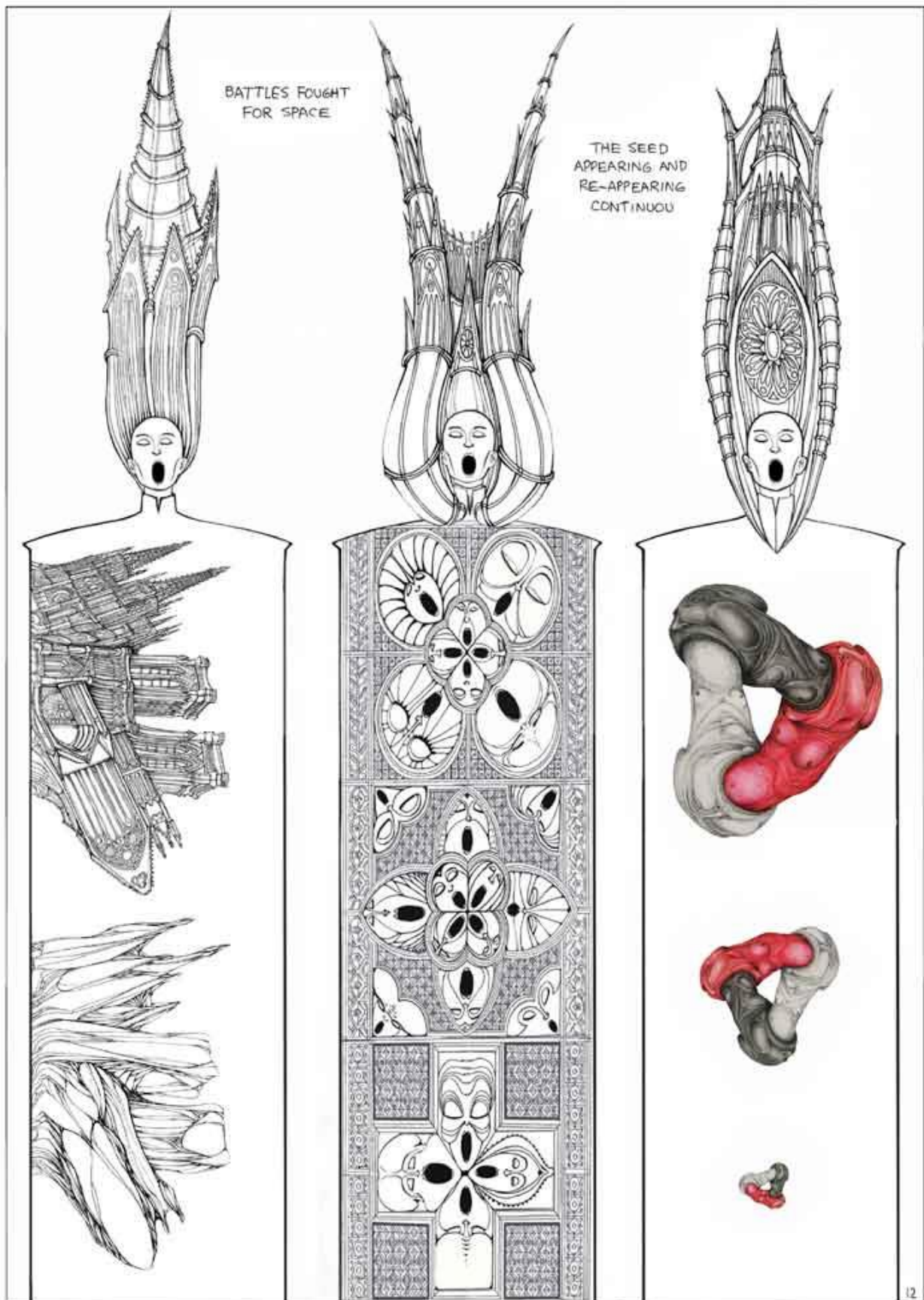


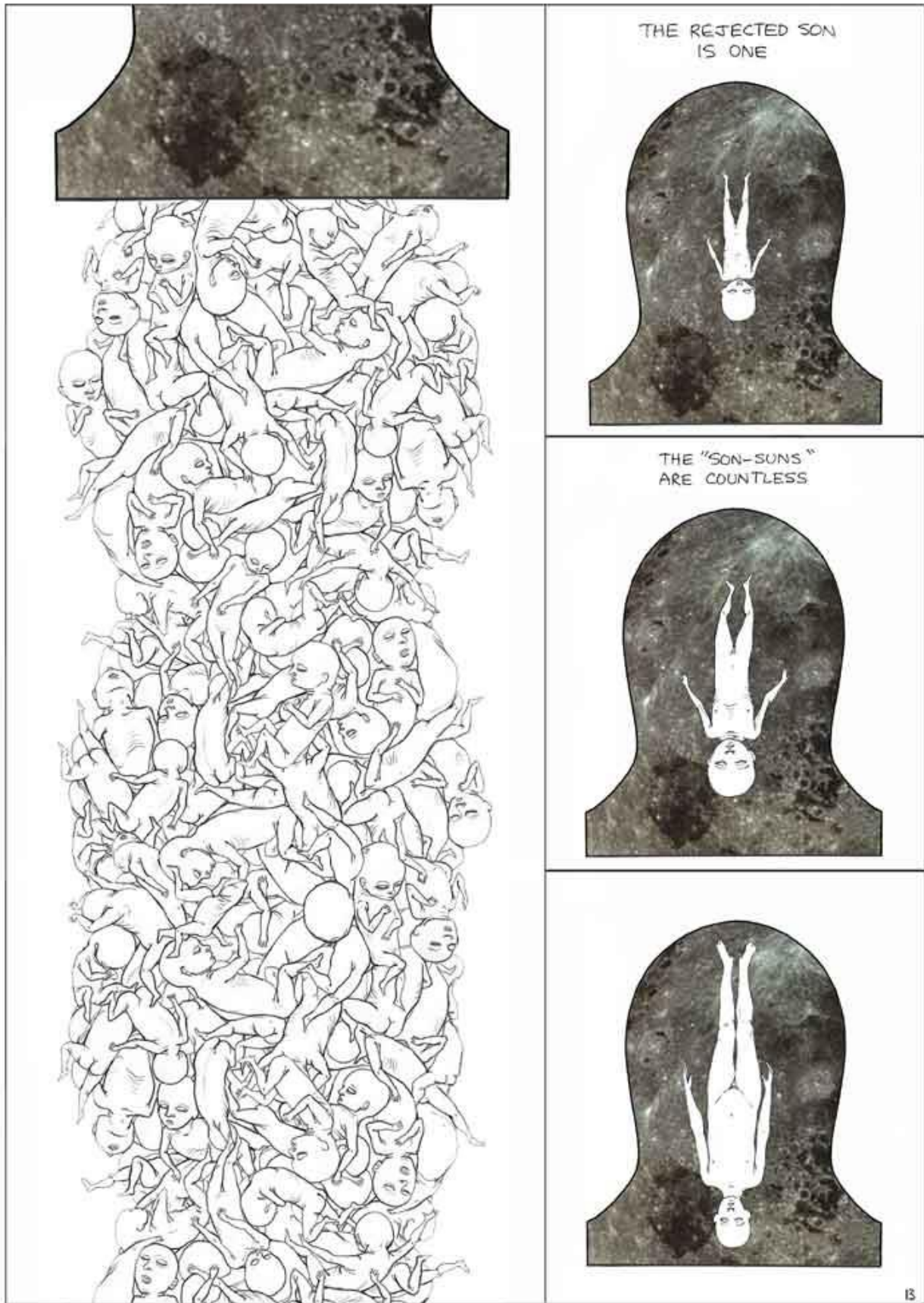


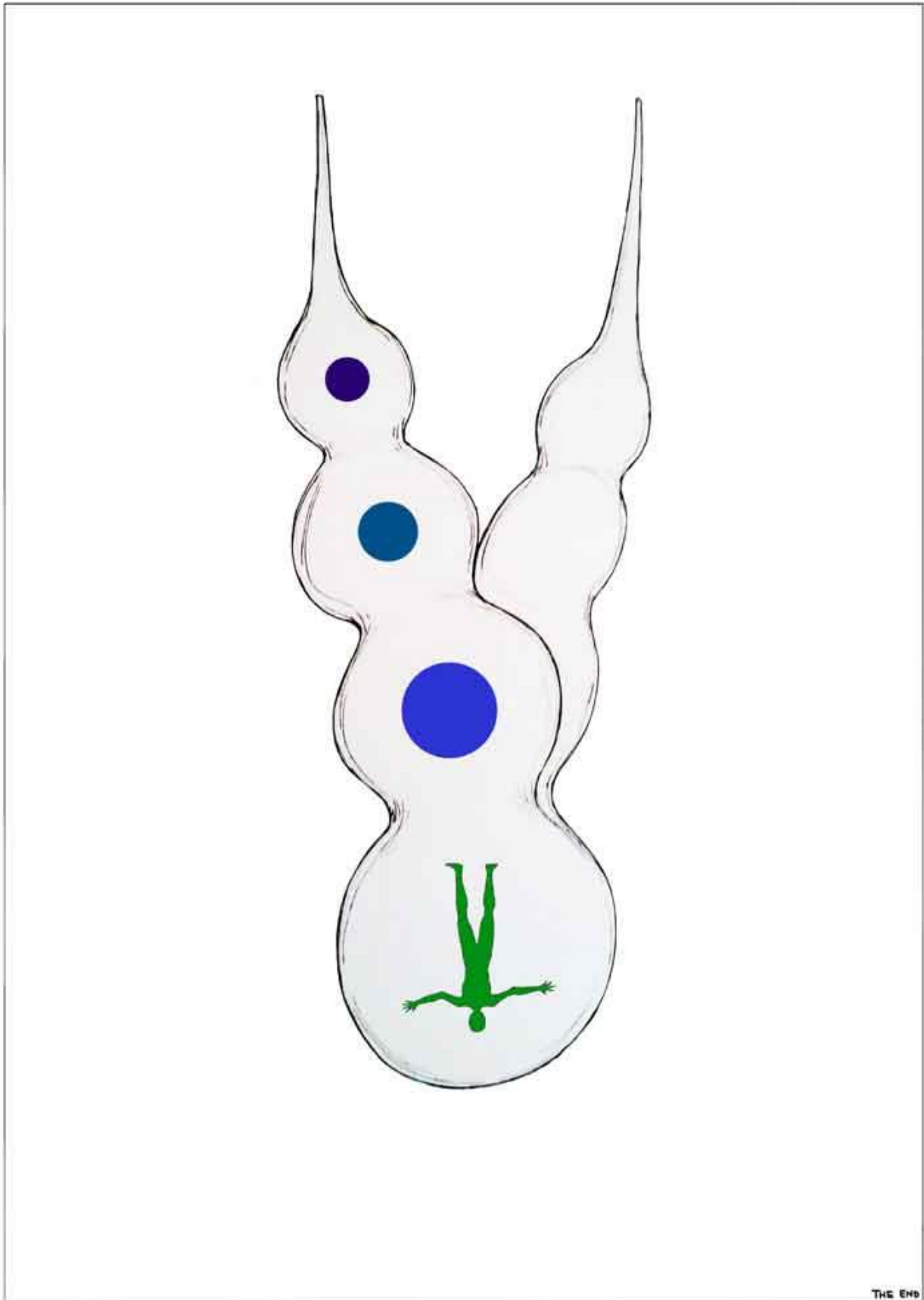












THE END



Revistas:

Revista: Korad *Revista de literatura Fantástica y Ciencia Ficción*

País: Cuba (octubre –diciembre #19, 2014)

Editor: Raúl Aguiar

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

Corrección: Victoria Isabel Pérez Plana

Colaboradores: Daína Chaviano, Rinaldo Acosta, Yoss

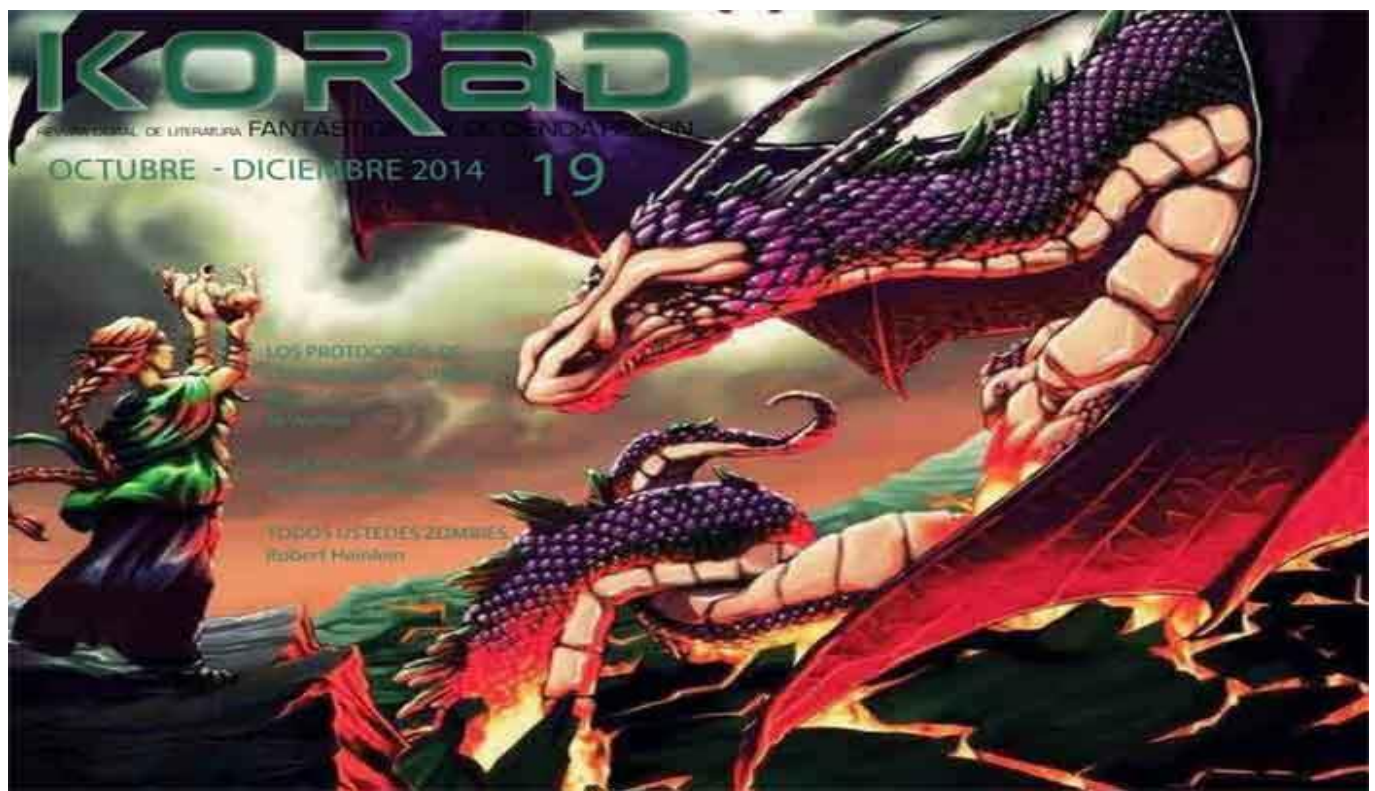
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e-mail: revistakorad@yahoo.com



Revista: Pífano nº16 Revista De Estratos

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Textos (copyright) Garven, miranda, Manuel Santamaría

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

CONTENIDO

Roma in love (Garven)

Noia (miranda)

Si el amor es verdadero (Manuel Santamaría)

Bostonman (Garven)

Calca (miranda)

Nightmare (JPMartinez & Garven)

Pobre rico (miranda)

La idiota (Manuel Santamaría)

Setamán (Garven)

¿Inconclusa? (miranda)

Yo no soy esa (Garven)

Yago (miranda)

Arte en bruto (Garven)

Los últimos de Hamelin (miranda)

... Y otros excipientes.

1. QUÉ ES PÍFANO Y PARA QUÉ SE UTILIZA

Pífano está indicado para el tratamiento sintomático de las butterflies en el estómago.



2. ANTES DE TOMAR PÍFANO

No use faja si va a tomar Pífano.

No tome Pífano:

Si está embarazada o dando el pecho.

Si tiene coloración azulada en la punta de los dedos de los pies.

Si tiene un dolor agudo localizado a la altura de la oreja.

Si sufre con facilidad la aparición de espectros.

3. CÓMO TOMAR PÍFANO

Eche usted un vistazo sin abusar de la ruleta del ratón dejando atrás turroneos de párrafos.

Lea esos párrafos; contienen arginina. Páselo a otras personas para el contagio.

http://www.mediafire.com/view/bp2csluzupuwa7m/PIFANO_16.pdf

Revista: Penumbria #25

Dirección: Miguel Antonio Lupián

Soto

Equipo Editorial: Ana Paula Rumualdo

Flores; Adrián “Pok” Manero; Manuel

Barroso Chávez; M. F. Wlathe;

Francisco de León

<http://www.penumbria.net>

www.facebook.com/Penumbria

revistapenumbria@gmail.com

Portada: Un Autre Monde de J. J.

Grandville (1844)

Contra: Flowers of the Sky de Richard

A. Proctor (1879)



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- Inside the devil / Macarena Muñoz... 7
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Revista: Mono #1

Consejo Editorial: Dulce Fernanda Alcalá Lomelí; Valentina Guadalupe Macías Preza; Diana Andrea Sánchez Rivera; Karla Sánchez González; Miriam Joselyn Silva Zamora; Diana Isabel Torres Goñi; Enrique Urbina Jiménez; Emilio Arjuna Valencia Ochoa; Emma Patricia Vargas Carmona.

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Cuentos:

Título: Forjador de penumbras

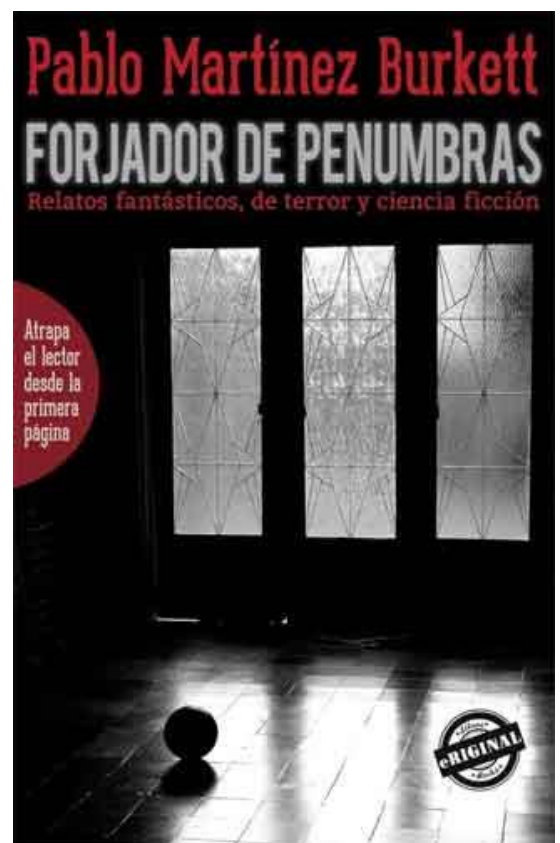
Autor: Pablo Martínez Burkett

Editorial: Eriginal Books

Sinopsis: El mejor fantástico rioplatense vuelve de la mano de Pablo Martínez Burkett, cuyo libro FORJADOR DE PENUMBRAS llega a la segunda edición, ahora publicado por Eriginal Books de Miami para todo el mercado hispanoparlante a través de la plataforma Amazon.

Esta nueva edición, corregida y aumentada, contiene una equilibrada dosis de fantástico, terror y ciencia ficción mediante un minucioso trabajo de disección y reducción comparable con un experimento de la cocina molecular, tan en boga por estos días. Una página de FORJADOR DE PENUMBRAS equivale a unas diez páginas de sus otros hermanos de sangre. Y ello merced a que Pablo Martínez Burkett es un contador de historias que domina por completo el uso de las palabras, domina la táctica y la estrategia del juego y hace lo que le gusta y lo hace bien. Se abre paso en el campo de batalla con una autoridad que despierta respeto y revela su mano profesional para escribir ciencia ficción, en la mejor y más rancia tradición pulp.

Con prólogo de Roberto Alifano, el reconocido escritor, poeta y periodista argentino, que fue amanuense de Jorge Luis Borges en sus últimos diez años de vida, en sus páginas podemos encontrar portales temporales, bilocaciones históricas, enloquecidas acechanzas nocturnas, monstruosas transformaciones, inquisidores impiadosos, alienígenas varios, dragones vengativos, talismanes celtas que abren pasajes a una multitud de universos, demonios dados a la jarana, locos perseguidos, perseguidores enloquecidos, filósofos con vana pretensión cabalista y todo un catálogo de peripecias donde lo cotidiano se vuelve



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extraño, anómalo, siniestro o simplemente terrorífico. Pablo Martínez Burkett nos propone historias que borronen los límites entre lo real, lo imaginario y lo simbólico; relatos que proponen una realidad oscilante que son tal del gusto de nuestro público lector.

Por eso recomendamos FORJADOR DE PENUMBRAS que se puede adquirir en el sitio Amazon a través del siguiente link:

http://www.amazon.com/Forjador-penumbras-Relatos-fant%C3%A1sticos-ciencia/dp/1613700555/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1426504180&sr=8-1&keywords=forjador+de+penumbras

E-book:

Título: y el catorce de febrero... Te mataré

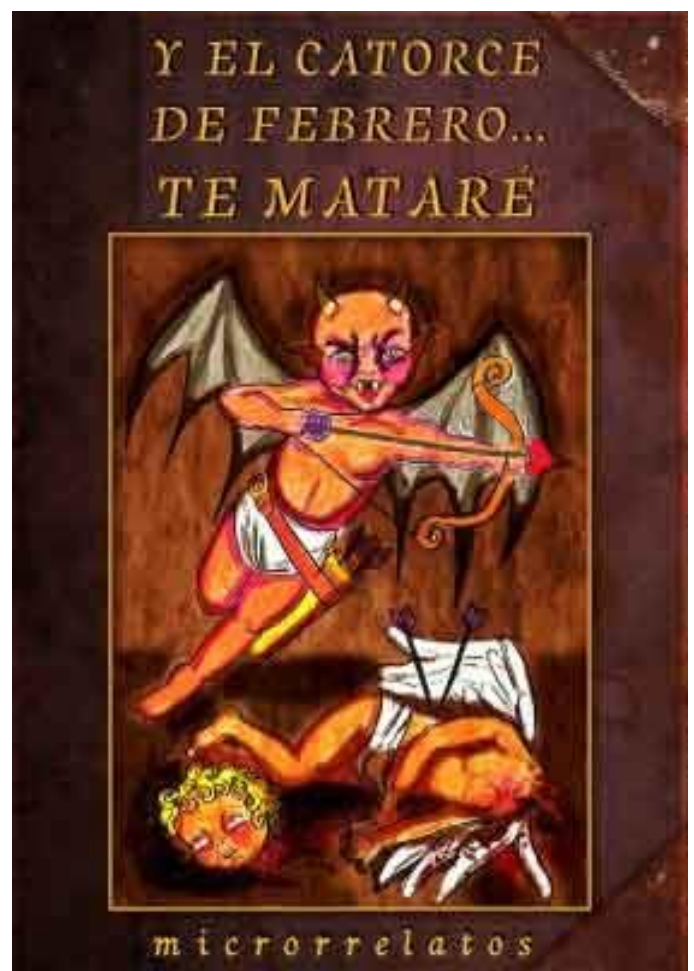
Autores: VV.AA.

Sinopsis: Más allá de los típicos relatos que por las primeras fechas del año empiezan a eclosionar y estallan a mediados de febrero.

Donde el amor y el consumismo se consolidan como una onda sísmica; una réplica de las Navidades y el Año nuevo. Se ha popularizado un cambio de registro, historias diferentes del amor perpetuo y el deseo de amarse entre personas.

Esta antología pretende reunir algunos microrrelatos que dan una visión diferente a lo establecido, como forma de presentación de esa visión diferente y edulcorada.

<https://lektu.com/l/james-crawford-publishing/y-el-catorce-de-febrero-te-matare/1368>



Antología:

Título: 3.0

Autores: VV.AA.

Antologador: Vázquez, Jose Ramon

Una colección de relatos de José Ramón Vázquez.

Prólogo de Santiago Eximeno

Del Molonio y los Caballeros de Oxidada Armadura

Bidesari

Cuenta atrás

El romance del siglo

Libertad de mercado

Novedad en el Alcázar

Veredicto

Cóndor con alas de metal

El chico nuevo

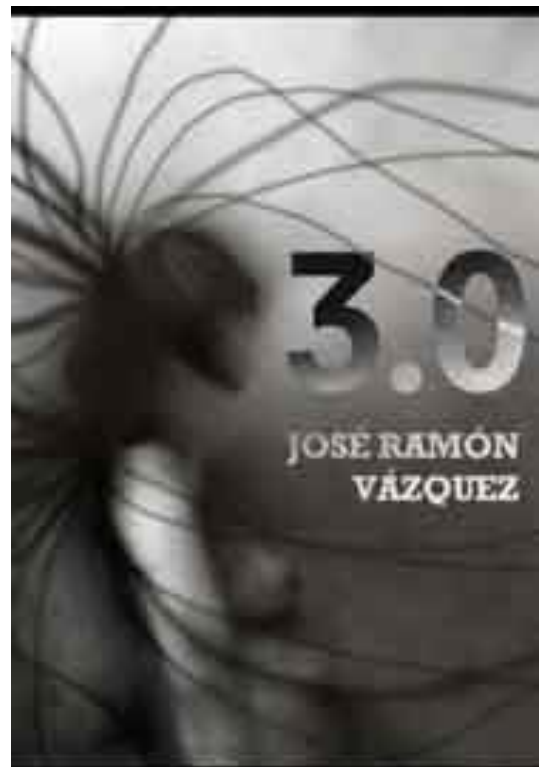
Amplitud de improbabilidad

TDT

Share rider

Jihad

NeoTokyo Blues



Novela:

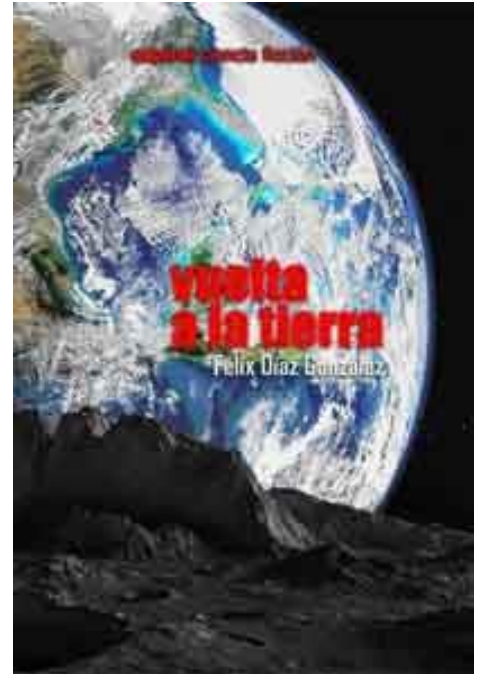
Título: Vuelta a La Tierra

Autor: Félix Díaz González

Editorial: Espiral Ciencia Ficción, 2015

Sinopsis: El cometa Turmanov-21 impacta contra la Tierra en medio del Océano Pacífico. Los muertos se cuentan por miles de millones, unos a consecuencia directa del impacto, la mayoría al no lograr refugio adecuado durante los años de Oscuridad que sobrevienen a continuación.

En la Luna, la pequeña colonia que allí ha sido fundada también se ve dejada a sus propios recursos si quiere sobrevivir. Han pasado ya 75 años, y la colonia lunar no solo ha sobrevivido sino que ya tiene los medios para «volver a la Tierra». Una nave fabricada en la Luna viaja al planeta para establecer contacto con los supervivientes. En el planeta, aquellos que salieron de los refugios tras la Oscuridad abominan de la tecnología y desean a su manera «volver a la tierra». Son estos los supervivientes que los altamente tecnificados selenitas encuentran a su llegada.



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 (La Habana, Cuba, 1969) *See Directors.*

Alfonso, Graciela Marta (Buenos Aires, Argentina) Professor of Fine Arts in Painting and Printmaking Orientation of Fine Arts Prilidiano Pueyrredón National School and Bachelor of Visual Arts with orientation Engraving Institute of Art "IUNA". He made the Thesis, Poetics of Book Art and Book Object.

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Book single original woodblock artist with illustrated poems.

<http://hilodeariadnagrace.blogspot.com>

Balián, Violeta (Argentina) Studied History and Humanities at SFSU. In Washington, D.C. contributed as a freelance writer to Washington Woman and for 10 years was Editor in Chief for The Violet Gazette, a quarterly botanical review.

In 2012 and in Buenos Aires she published El Expediente Glasser (The Glasser Dossier) a science fiction novel with Editorial Dunken and its digital version through Amazon.com. Balián is also one of the 28 Latin American writers participating in Primeros Exiliados (First Exiles) a ci-fi anthology to be published in Argentina in March 2013.

<http://violetabalian.blogspot.com>

<http://elexpedienteglasser.blogspot.co>

Bayarri, Salvador (Spain) doctorate in physics and philosophy. Specialist in visual simulation and virtual reality, is author of "El Profeta Americano" a script about the life of Philip K. Dick, and adventure novel science fiction "La Ciudad de las Esferas". He has made numerous presentations and lectures, and collaborated on several screenplays.

He also writes a blog about topics of Physics, Philosophy and Science Fiction

www.bayarrilibros.blogspot.com

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

Caballero Álvarez, Mari Carmen (Spain, 55 years old) I posted in various paper microstories to be selected in several competitions: Bioaxioma (Cachitos of Love II, ACEN), Esmeralda (Savory Snacks II, ACEN) and Spurs (Savory Snacks III). Your Name (Cachitos Love III). Equality (Cachitos love IV)

In the resulting anthology of III contest Isonomía, she posted a story of my authorship: Faces of counterfeit currency.

Lost Shadow (Creative Lots, Literary Diversity) and was Truth (Lots Soul also Literary Diversity). Literary Storm is another micro I sent to the contest theme Free Pen, Ink and Paper, complementing the selection of works Pen, Ink and Paper II, the collective Diversity Literary organizes and promotes. Yearning Autumn, Fall and Winter event. Cuneiform writing (Once upon a

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time ... a micro story). Textual (Sensations and senses). Ultratrueno (Microterrores)

Several copies of the digital magazine shows some stories Minatura and my articles - Steampa (Steampunk), Scared to Death (Stephen King) Towards Gaia (Isaac Asimov), endophobia (Phobias), Petrolibros (Ray B. Douglas) A chalk Pokes (Vampires). Operation: Warm (Spy Fi). Licantrosapiencia ... Viva la Science! (Lycanthropy). No dyes or preservatives (dossier immortality). Lights and Shadows (Area 51). Prototypes, prequels and sequels (Serie B). Normal, abnormal and paranormal (Paranormal).

In the XI International Competition fantastic micro story of Minatura I finalist with the story The Three Shadows Devil. Another selection has been the of the Fantásti`cs I2 competition by the slang library, in the book Venus Grim Reaper appears selected my story: Fair.

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

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

Castejón, María L. (Madrid, Spain, 1973)

literature fan in general, and the erotic and horror in particular.

He has been a finalist in the 2007 story Avalon, erotic poetry Contest II Red Owl, II International Poetry Competition 2010 Fantastic miNatura well as micro story VII International Competition Fantastic miNatura 2009.

His work has appeared in various publications online and in print journals in both Spanish and English.

Currently working on her first novel, and a haiku poems with Mar del Valle Seoane illustrator. He lives in Dublin, Ireland.

<http://stiletto.crisopeya.eu/>

Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain) has written several short stories published in the Annual Cultural Magazine The Truce. Short story published in the Anthology of Time II Editorial hypallage. Tales short story published in the anthology to smile Publishing hypallage. Story published in the book Atmospheres, 100 stories to the world. Short story published in the anthology More stories in Editorial hypallage smile. Finalist I nonsexist Literary Short Story Competition Traditional Children convened by the

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Commonwealth Zona Centrode Extremadura with the story: An inconsequential story and published in the book I Story Contest rewritten from a Gender Perspective. Contest Finalist Anthology of Short Fiction "LVDLPEI" (Voice of the International Written Word) with the story: Segismundo, published in the book I Hispanoamericana Short Narrative Anthology. Short story published in the anthology Free yourself up to you! Publishing hypallage. Story published in The Inkwell Publishing Atlantis. Giants short story published in the Editorial Liliput Atlantis. Children's story published in the book It Could Happen to you. Several children's stories published in The Ship of books 3rd Primary, Editorial Santillana. Several children's stories published in The Ship of books 4th Primary, Editorial Santillana. Story included in the anthology 400 words, fiction, Publisher Letradepalo

Federici, Carlos M. (Montevideo, Uruguay, 1941) *See Interview.*

Fuster Lavin, Ana María (San Juan, Puerto Rico, 1967), writer, editor, proofreader, editor and columnist textbooks cultural press. He has won several prizes in essay, short story and poetry. His writings have been published and translated into English, French, Portuguese and

Italian. Co-editor with Uberto Stabile (Per) versions from Paradise, Puerto Rican poetry anthology century (Rev. Howl, Spain, 2005). It was also included in the anthology In the eye of the hurricane, New Anthology of Puerto Rican narrators (Ed. Norma, 2011), poet invited by the collective The Rake with plaquette "The Juggler Sleepless" the anthology of Dominican authors Words bleeding (2012). Books published: whimsical Truths (First Book Pub., 2002), short stories, award from the Institute of Puerto Rican Literature. Requiem (Ed. Isla Negra, 2005), cuentada novel prize PEN Club of Puerto Rico. The Book of Shadows (Ed. Isla Negra, 2006), poems, award of the Institute of Puerto Rican Literature. Mystery Legends (Ed. Children Alfaguara, 2006), children's stories. Sketches of a silent city (Isla Negra Ed., 2007), stories; Body of Evidence (Ed White Goddess., 2009), The Eróscopo: collateral damage of poetry (Ed. Isla Negra, 2010) and After the Shadow of the Moon (Ed House of Poets, 2011.) Poems. Recently published novel (In) insomnia (Ed. Isla Negra, 2012) and the craft poems Necropolis (Ed. Aguadulce, 2014). It has unpublished novel (Butterflies Black) and a book of microstories (Carnival of the blood).

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Galán Ruiz, Diego (Lleida, Spain, 1973) until the moment have published the novel *El fin de Internet* with Ediciones Atlantis, [microrrelatos] in the *CACHITOS DE AMOR II*, *PORCIONES DE EL ALMA* anthologies, *ERASE* one time *UN MICROCUENTO*, *BOCADOS SABROSOS III* and *PLUMA, TINTA* and *PAPEL*, it hang on someone's words publication of the [microrrelato] the headache in the anthology it will spring up of the *II declares insolvent International of [mundopalabras] [microrrelatos]*, *Javisa* editions to published 4 of my stories in your Web page as **Diego Ruiz Martínez** my pseudonym : *EL EXTRAÑO*, *LA LIBERTAD*, *EL ANGEL DE LA GUARDA* and *EL CASTIGO*, have collaborated with some stories in the digital review *MiNatura* number 125,126,128,129 y131, in the page *Lectures d'ailleurs*, the *EL EXTRAÑO* story has been published translated to the French near a small interview, in the number 29 of the *NM* review has been published my *EL ángel de la guarda* story, the *ESTILO AUREO* review published in your section of fist and letter my *EL BOTÓN* story, in the *LA IRA DE MORFEO* review have published my *LA PRIMERA VEZ* story, my persecuted *EL* story has is selected to be published in the *TU MUNDO* anthology *FANTASTIC*, have remained finalist in the *ESTOY CONTIGO* contest of the *Dayrens club*

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

García Fumero, Ricardo L. (Havana, 1955)

Enters in *Oscar Hurtado Workshop* in 1983, his second story presented to the workshop *DH - Juego De Una Noche de Verano* – was the first to appear in print (number 20 Anniversary revista *Juventud Técnica* (July , 1985) and also appears in the anthology *Astronomía se escribe con G* (Havana, 1989). Winner for two consecutive years prize *Plaza*, SF category, *II nd* prize in the *First* (unfortunately also the last ...) *Biennial* the tale, with the history of SF *Una tragedia Americana*. Their story end resource gives the title to the genre anthology published by *Editora Abril* (Havana, 1988). shares with *Angel Arango* pioneer a notebook *Astral Collection* (*Cuentos Cubanos of Science Fiction*), *Oxford Union*, (Havana, 1991) with *Factor Cuantitativo* history also appears in *JT*, in November 1986, and in *Astronomía se escribe con G*. SF stories I contribute regularly to *JT* – *Un Número al Azar* (December, 1985), *Victoria* (February, 1987), *Ángeles y Demonios* (January, 1988), *Juguetes* (January, 1989). Nicely, his first published story, as previously anthologized, is included in *Crónicas del Mañana: 50 Años de*

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Ciencia Ficción En Cuba, edited by Jose Miguel "Yoss" Sanchez (Havana 2009).

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/>

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 Burkett, Pablo (Santa Fe, Argentina, 1965) Since 1990 lives in the city of Buenos Aires. Writer by vocation and a lawyer by profession, is teaching graduate universities in the country and abroad. He has won over a dozen awards in

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literary competitions in Argentina and Spain. In 2010 he received the 2nd prize in the National Competition Tales Bioy Casares and 1st prize in the National Literature and Fantastic Horror "dark world". He has published stories and poems in ten anthologies. Regularly collaborates magazines and sites devoted to fantasy literature, horror and science fiction.

He recently presented "Penumbra Smith" (Ediciones Galmort, 2010), a book of stories that give the reader a unique account of joint portrait and disclosure anomalous every day.

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

www.eleclipsedegyllenedraken.blogspot.com

Martínez González, Omar (Centro Habana, Cuba, 41 years old) Has participated in the following competitions: Provincial Competition "Eliezer Lazo", Matanzas, 1998, 99, 2000 (Distinction), 2001; Municipal Varadero "Basilio Alfonso", 1997, 98 (Distinction), 99 (1st Mention), 2002; Competition Provincial Municipality Martí 1999, 2000 (Distinction) Territorial Competition "Candil Fray", Matanzas, 1999, 2000, (Distinction)

National Competition Alejo Carpentier 1999 CF National Contest Juventud Técnica 2002, 03; National Competition Ernest Hemingway, Havana 2003 Literary Contest Extramuros Promotion Centre "Luis Rogelio Noguerras 2004" Literary Contest 2005 Center Farralque 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 fantastic literature, addiction that led to transit the Creative Writing Program of the University of the Cloister of Sor Juana. Experience with pen for several years, writing inserted in the genre, more to herself than to be read stories.

Morgan Vicconius Zariah -seud.- (Baní, Dominican Republic) writer, philosopher, musician and manager. He began his poetic wanderings in the spiritual and philosophical

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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

Pacheco Estrada, Tomás (Córdoba, Veracruz, Mexico) writer, actor and movie maker. I do a short film named Ana Claudia de los

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Santos for You tube. Work in the tv series A2D3 by Ramón Valdez and Carne cruda in you tube, extra in the Gloria film.

Pacheco Mamone, Alejandra (Montevideo, Uruguay, Mexico naturalized in 2013, 52 years) researcher, consultant and lecturer. PhD in social sciences from El Colegio de Michoacán, AC, Master of Science, esp. Psychobiology by Universidade de Sao Paulo, Brazil, studies language Critical Theory and Critical Studies Institute 17, Mexico. His current research topics indigenous worldviews, memory, relationships between man and nature; scientific coordinator in a foreign civil partnership (DECOTUX, AC) addressing risk plans and ecosystem recovery with rural communities and research associate at the National Institute of Anthropology regional Xalapa. Publications: Night and Fire Warriors (anthology) -Prize Latin Heritage 2010, joined the anthology of poems Epic Years (2010) and Marathon Anthology (2009), Editorial epic, Mexico, and has published stories and poetry in magazines The head of the Moor (Mexico) The wrath of Morpheus (Chile), Cinosargo (Chile), two seas, two islands (Cuba).

Saldívar, Carlos Enrique (Lima, Peru, 1982) He studied Literature at the UNFV. He is director

of the print magazine Argonauts and the fanzine The Horla. Also he is a member of the editorial board of the fanzine Black Hole (virtual), those publications are devoted to Fantasy Literature. He is a member of the editorial board of the fanzine Black Hole (virtual). He is on the editorial committee of fanzine Tiny Cubed (virtual). He was a finalist of the Andromeda of speculative fiction awards 2011 in the category: short story. He was finalist of the I Contest of Microfictions of the Texts Abducidores that was organized by this group. He was a finalist of the First Competition of Horror Tale Peruvian Lovecraft Historical Society. He has published three books: Stories of Science Fiction (2008), Fantasy horizons (2010) and The other monster (2012). He has compiled the selections Murder of Crows: Peruvian tales of horror and suspense (2011) and Angels of Darkness: Peruvian stories of demons (2013)

www.fanzineelhorla.blogspot.com

www.agujeronegro2012.wordpress.com

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

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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.

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

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

Silver Suárez -seud.- (Santa Cruz de Tenerife, Canary Islands, Spain, 1975) Consider chemical and computer science profession to which I devote myself now, so we can deduce that was always clearly science, however always I drew a lot of literature, music and all the arts in general, so I started reading HP Lovecraft, Arthur C. Clarke, Isaac Asimov, Edgar Allan Poe, and all creepy comics that fell into my hands, and all music I could, of all styles that exist, which always my love of science fiction, as well as art in general was as present as science.

Today game to write stories and composing symphonies, I do not know if I ever really get it, but it seems very entertained the try.

Illustrators:

Pág. 33 Ascúa, Miriam (Argentina), illustrator.

Pág. 31, 36, 58 63, 65 Argüelles Trujillo, Yolyanko William (Cuba, 1975) Graduate School of Fine Arts "San Alejandro". Painter, draftsman and audiovisual. He has directed several cartoons like "The Engulfed Cathedral", "Ex-ergo" participating and achieving prizes in international film festivals, as well as personal and group exhibitions of his work in different art galleries.

<http://yolyankowilliam.com/>

Pág. 23, 28 Castelló Escrig, Rafa (Castellón de La Plana, Spain, 1969) Graduate School of Arts and Crafts in Castellón specializing in Graphic Design (1993). Poster designer, illustrator and artist, currently combines his work in local government in a small municipality in the province of Castellón with their creative work. He recently participated in the exhibition of his drawings and paintings in the First Mostra Traditional Sant Joan de Moro (Castellón) and at

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the 16th edition of the Art Fair Pasearte in Castellón de la Plana.

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

Pág. 99 Gumbleton, Jake (UK) concept artist/illustrator

www.jakegumbleton.com

Pág. 01 Huang, Guangjian (República Popular China), illustrator.

<http://www.hgjart.com/gallery.asp>

Pág. 52 Paricio Font, Rubén (Spain, 38 years) Inspired, like most children, comics and drawings televisión (Mazinger Z, spiderman, etc.) started trying to play their childhood heroes believing that the draw would become one of them, trapping their souls on paper and making them his own.

As he grew, made drawings of everything that lay before her: Fruits, shoes, photographs, and began to give orders: shirts for friends, murals,

portraits of family, etc.

After graduating from basic education, with 15 years, he studied graphic design at the School of Arts and Crafts in Castellón.

www.labombillanegra.es

www.mondaigua.com

www.webdepsico.com

Pág. 25 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.

About illustrations:

Pag. 01 The Mirror Realms/ *Guangjian Huang (Popular Republic of China)*; **Pag. 08** S.t./ *Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (Spain)*; **Pag. 23** Universo/ *Rafa Castelló Escrig (Spain)*; **Pag. 25** Fear, Lies & China Ink: Cosmos Agonies/ *Evandro Rubert (Brazil)*; **Pag. 28** Ángel (boceto)/ *Rafa Castelló Escrig (Spain)*; **Pag. 31** The Engulfed Cathedral n°1/ *Yolyanko William Argüelles Trujillo (Cuba)*; **Pag. 33** Madre de nuevos hombres/ *Miriam Ascúa (Argentina)*; **Pag. 36** The Engulfed Cathedral n°2/ *Yolyanko William Argüelles Trujillo (Cuba)*; **Pag. 41** Renacimiento/ *Graciela Marta Alfonso (Argentina)*; **Pag. 45** Sin alas/ *Rafa Castelló Escrig (Spain)*; **Pag. 52** Bosque/ *Rubén Paricio Font (Spain)*; **Pag. 58** Rosicrucianism/ *Yolyanko William Argüelles Trujillo (Cuba)*; **Pag. 63** S.t./ *Yolyanko William Argüelles Trujillo (Cuba)*; **Pag. 65** The Engulfed Cathedral/ *Yolyanko William Argüelles Trujillo (Cuba)*; **Pag. 99** The Puffin (from graphic novel Vessel)/ *Jake Gumbleton (UK)*.

