

MINATIM

The magazine
of the brief &
the fantastic



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Ally White
D. Marco

Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu
R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn: ["In
his house at R'lyeh, dead
Cthulhu waits dreaming"]

The Call of Cthulhu (Weird
Tales, 1928)



"I always carry a pistol when
I go [to the New York Public
Library]. Never did trust those
stone lions."

Robert Bloch.



"Stern and white as a tomb, older than the
memory of the dead, and built by men or devils
beyond the recording of myth, is the mansion in
which we dwell."

*The Return of the Sorcerer: The Best of Clark
Ashton Smith*, Clark Ashton Smith.



"Know, oh prince, that between the years when
the oceans drank Atlantis and the gleaming cities,
and the years of the rise of the Sons of Aryas,
there was an Age undreamed of, when shining
kingdoms lay spread across the world like blue
mantles beneath the stars."



*The Complete Chronicles of
Conan*, Robert E. Howard.



"You see, a witch has to
have a familiar, some little
animal like a cat or a toad. He
helps her somehow. When the
witch dies the familiar is
supposed to die too, but
sometimes it doesn't.
Sometimes, if it's absorbed
enough magic, it lives on.

Maybe this toad found its way south from Salem,
from the days when Cotton Mather was hanging
witches. Or maybe Lafitte had a Creole girl who
called on the Black Man in the pirate-haven of
Barataria. The Gulf is full of ghosts and memories,
and one of those ghosts might very well be that of
a woman with warlock blood who'd come from
Europe a long time ago, and died on the new
continent.

And possibly her familiar didn't know the way
home. There's not much room for magic in
America now, but once there was room.

Before I Wake..., Henry Kuttner.

Weird Fiction

Takes three clods of earth of a vacant field, recite the incantation over seven times and [the] throw the water. Undo the curse and change it! ... The dream I saw evil, the wind take him!

Babylonian incantation against nightmares and
bad dreams.

"Nothin'... nothin'... the colour... it burns... cold an' wet, but it burns... it lived in the well... I seen it... a kind of smoke... jest like the flowers last spring... the well shone at night... Thad an' Merwin an' Zenas... everything alive... suckin' the life out of everything... in that stone... it must a' come in that stone pizened the whole place... dun't know what it wants... that round thing them men from the college dug outen the stone... they smashed it... it was the same colour... jest the same, like the flowers an' plants... must a' ben more of 'em... seeds... seeds... they growed... I seen it the fust time this week... must a' got strong on Zenas... he was a big boy, full o' life... it beats down your mind an' then gets ye... burns ye up... in the well water... you was right about that... evil water... Zenas never come back from the well...

The Colour Out of Space (Amazing Stories,
september, 1927) H. P. Lovecraft.

may— june, 2015 # 142

Revista digital miNatura *The magazine of the Brief & Fantastic*

Asociación Cultural miNatura Soterrania

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Directors: Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas y Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

Editor: Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas

Main cover: The old witch / *Alejandro D'Marco – seud.* - (Argentina)

Back cover: Swamp Elder / Sam Carr (UK)

Cover design: Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea

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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).

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

Nothing seems to be so naive and childish as the Weird Fiction, I see a subtle warning to certain hazards beyond our understanding. Some writers thought they saw the misty land of a dark universe and were only cliffs where shipwrecked Poe, Machen and Bierce.

HP Lovecraft¹ whispers through his alter ego Abdul Alhazred² about creatures beyond space and time whose dreams are sources of inspiration for architects and insane.

Perhaps for the same reasons as the Dayak people (I love quote James George Frazer!) Went hunting heads, their wives or sisters remained in the waking state, armed with knives, because while sleeping warrior may be attacked by wizards or demons. We are like children to the terror of going to bed and turning off the light, but to stop being so lose the gift of the key of dreams as Randolph Carter, arguably the most positive and least pathetic and endearing

¹ His own last name is in itself a cosmic joke: Lovecraft "Love crafted" How we did not give statements before?

² To learn more about the origin of this name I recommend reading the Swiss publisher Rickard Berghorn and forget the writings of August Derleth was prudish.

Lovecraftian cosmos character, eternal searching the home of the Ancients.

As always we thank you who read the magazine and the cooperation of illustrators friends:

Alejandro D' Marco -seud.- (Argentina); Carlos Valenzuela (Chile); Evandro Rubert (Brazil); Alex Niño (Philippine); Miriam Ascúa (Argentina); Jean Henri Gaston Giraud (France); Rubén Paricio Font (Spain); Pavel Lujardo (Cuba); Patricio G. Bazán (Argentina); Sam Carr (UK)

The Editor

Next issue:

THE DEVIL

Closing date: June 25

XIII CERTAMEN INTERNACIONAL DE MICROCUENTO FANTÁSTICO miNatura 2015

BASES DEL CERTAMEN

1. Podrán concursar todos los interesados sin límite de edad, posean o no libros publicados dentro del género.

2. Los trabajos deberán presentarse en castellano.
El tema del microcuento deberá ser afín a la literatura fantástica, la ciencia ficción o el terror.

3. Los originales tienen que enviarse a la siguiente dirección:

revistadigitalminatura.certamenesliterarios@blogger.com

4. Los trabajos deberán ir precedidos de la firma que incluirá los siguientes datos: seudónimo obligatorio (que aparecerá publicado junto al microcuento para su evaluación, de no enviarlo se le asignará el título del texto), nombre completo, nacionalidad, edad, dirección postal (calle, número, código postal, ciudad, país), e-mail de contacto y un breve currículum literario en caso de poseerlo (estos datos no serán publicados).

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

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



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

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

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

8. Tanto la participación como los datos personales, deberán ir integrados en el cuerpo del mensaje.

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

9. Aquellos cuentos que, pese a llegar correctamente, no cumplan con las bases del certamen no serán etiquetados como ADMITIDO A CONCURSO (Aparecerán sin etiquetar en el blog).

IMPORTANTE: Los cuentos que queden fuera dispondrán de una única oportunidad dentro del plazo de recepción de originales para modificar su envío y que su texto pueda entrar a concurso. (Si no aparece publicado en dos o tres días, pueden escribir a la dirección de consulta incluida en el punto número 6 de estas bases).

10. Las obras no deberán estar pendientes de valoración en ningún otro concurso.

11. En el asunto deberá indicarse: XIII Certamen Internacional De Microcuento Fantástico miNatura 2015. (No se abrirán los trabajos recibidos con otro asunto).

12. Se otorgará un único primer premio por el jurado consistente en la publicación del microcuento ganador en nuestra revista digital y diploma. Así mismo se otorgarán las

menciones que el jurado estime convenientes que serán igualmente publicadas en el número especial de la Revista Digital miNatura dedicado al certamen y obtendrán diploma acreditativo que será remitido vía e-mail en formato jpg.

13. El primer premio no podrá quedar desierto.

14. Los trabajos presentados serán eliminados del blog una vez se haya hecho público el fallo del certamen y tan sólo quedarán en él aquellos cuentos que resulten destacados en el mismo.

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

16. El jurado estará integrado por miembros de nuestro equipo y reconocidos escritores del género.

17. El fallo del jurado será inapelable y se dará a conocer el 5 de octubre de 2015 y podrá ser consultado a partir de ese mismo día en nuestros blogs (Revista Digital miNatura, Asociación cultural miNatura Soterrània y Certámenes literarios miNatura). También será publicado en páginas afines y en el grupo Revista Digital miNatura en Facebook: (<http://www.facebook.com/groups/126601580699605/>).

18. La participación en el certamen supone la total aceptación de sus bases.

19. El plazo de admisión comenzará el 15 de mayo de 2015 y finalizará el día 31 de julio de 2015 a las 12 de la noche hora española.

Ricardo Acevedo E. y Carmen Rosa Signes U.

Directores de la Revista Digital miNatura



how the knight EVANDRO RUBERT
COME FROM DISTANT LANDS
BEYOND THE SEAS, WAS
INTERVIEWED, AND WHAT
WERE THEIR ANSWERS.

Interviewed by *Ricardo Acevedo Esplugas (Cuba)*

Photos © *Carmen Rosa Signes Urrea (España)*

Translate by *Malena Salazar M. (Cuba)*

Online Magazine miNatura: We want to know Evandro Rubert. Introduce yourself!

Evandro Rubert: Eh!!! I am Evandro... I draw comic strips «Miedo, Mentiras y Tinta China» and I've been doing comics for about 25 years... fan of epic fantasy and comic book superheroes, and worshiper of Lovecraft's primal gods... I look before crossing streets and brush my teeth well before I go to sleep...

“and worshiper of Lovecraft's primal gods... I look before crossing streets and brush my teeth well before I go to sleep...”

Online Magazine miNatura: In the bags you brought to Spain, you wore the same interests you have now.

Evandro Rubert: All but one... I loved skateboard... I loved skateboard tracks, competitions ... but an accident has taken me away from all this just before I came ... Otherwise, music, comics, books, movies ... the only change was the language ... same heroes, but with different names.

Online Magazine miNatura: What was your first character? And the last?

Evandro Rubert: I started drawing a little character that looked a little like Joe Ramone, I called him «Chicleb»... I used him in a work in English at school, and then I did some other

things with it ... I could say it was my first character. The latter is Octavio Pinilla, who used it for collaboration in a fanzine, and rescue him again for the strips that we made on May 9 in the Free Comic Book Day.

Online Magazine miNatura: We have seen your "tablet" (this photography will be Day free comics). You have problem with new technologies?



Evandro Rubert: No!!! No way! I love working with my Intuos and my iMac... but it is a material that cannot lead to a comic book store to draw... I love technology, but I learned on paper, using classic tools... and the treasure and turn to them whenever I can.

Online Magazine miNatura: What can you tell us about the creative process of your stories?

Evandro Rubert: I spend the day writing things down in notebooks, on napkins, on slips of paper, and all end up in the "Futures Project Drawer". I never entirely abandon an idea ... when someone offers me something, or when I have to work on something, the fact of always writing really helps when I doing new things, and if it is not the quickly inspiration, a

So we met him in the midst of a publicity stunt during the Nit de l'Art del 2010 in Castellón de la Plana

review of the endless little notes stored in the Drawer just providing the spark to start developing the story. However, working with a character that takes much time with me as is the case of "Ache" Man Organic, makes a big difference... there is so much familiarity with that character that I just have to propose a topic and he just answering all the questions... I like to get carried away by the character when I typing.

Online Magazine miNatura: We know that you play in the Cave-Canem, how it differs musician to cartoonist.

Evandro Rubert: They are two very separate artistic facets... when you draw, create, work on the material, and after some time (sometimes a year) receive comments, reviews, praise ... the feedback is great... but not as intense as the music... when you're on stage and you play by putting all the enthusiasm in what you're doing, the public response is immediate... that rush of energy is not comparable to anything. I love the comic; love seeing the results on the page... but it's the music that really gives me the feeling of connecting with people.

"Entrenched in El Corte Inglés... is easy to defend, have food, clothing, technology and weapons (yes, weapons... I find much more useful than a gun the area of sport and tools). And then there's the golden rule of survival against the undead... a blow to the knee of fellow you have next... while they eat, you can escape easily."

Online Magazine miNatura: You are an expert in many disciplines: archery, swordsman, master role, electrician, artist ... What are your rules or tips to survive the day Z?

Evandro Rubert: Entrenched in *El Corte Inglés*... is easy to defend, have food, clothing, technology and weapons (yes, weapons... I find much more useful than a gun the area of sport and tools). And then there's the golden rule of survival against the undead... a blow to the knee of fellow you have next... while they eat, you can escape easily.

Online Magazine miNatura: Terry Pratchett said. "The problem with having an open mind, is the people will insist on coming in and putting his things there," This defines you somehow?

Evandro Rubert: Everyone has an opinion... everyone thinks that his opinion is what counts... everyone tries to make others see that their opinion is valid ... I think that if a view was really good, people do not give it free... the influences are not bad, and the views either. But it is important to know who you can make filter and that it issues. Having an open mind is good, but having a minimum own criteria is much better.

Online Magazine miNatura: Continuing with Pratchett, complete the following sentence, on your way: "That's an elf ..."

Evandro Rubert: Have pointed ears, long hair and bright, sharp jaw, and smells of mint ... so ... surely is an elf, and elves always have abundant gold and magic items ... I do not have abundant gold coins, and one magic item that I have is a ring singing lullabies... the universe is unbalanced... that does not seem right... we follow that elf

Online Magazine miNatura: Dismissing the question about your future projects for banal



and unoriginal. Let's change it by your *Advice to an illustrator/cartoonist teenager*.

Evandro Rubert: Practice is the best teacher of all... look, learn, study the great and being influenced by the best... the style comes from there, the mixture of influences... the draw is mostly experimental ... experiment new things, new materials new techniques ... stagnate is the worst that can happen to an drawing and illustration artist... play, get experience, it should be fun... but above all, always have a pencil handy, and a pad for sketches ... never stop drawing.

We now turn to our burst questions:

If you were to write a book "For Dummies" What would be your title?

"How to Write a Book for Dummies"

If you could choose a mythological creature as a pet, would you choose and what would you name it?

The Cerberus ... and I would call Atos, Portos and Beethoven

¿Star Trek or Star Wars?

Star Wars ... without detracting from the two new films of Star Trek (Thanks JJ Abrams)

If you traveled in time: Which historical person do you know and what would you say?

I like to meet Monet ... and say "Hey man!!! That thing of Impressionism result IMPRESSIVE!!!!"

The comic that never recommend.

Spawn, comic after comic talking about the great war between heaven and hell.... at the end... often bluff...

The comic you do not get tired of reading or wished you create it.

Freakangels ... When I finished reading, the first thing I thought was that I would write comics like this... thrilling... I love Warren Ellis.

Favorite dish.

Ice cream ... a lot...

What three things would you take to a desert island?

Toilet paper... sunglasses... a sonic screwdriver

A superpower?

Hypervelocity ... to see if I get comics deliver on time... glups ...

About the interviewee:

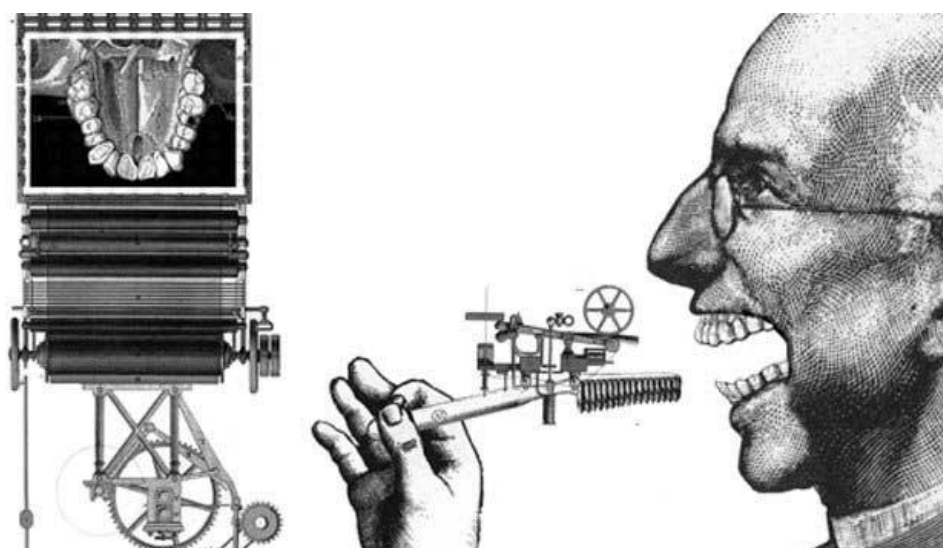
Evandro Rubert (Brazil, 1973) Cannot remember much more than the electric train and the mountain of comics from his childhood. Along with Sergio Abad and David Baldeón among others, Comics Otracosa founded about 15 years ago, and has since been heavily involved in the world of comics.

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 *Cave-Canem*.

About the translator:

Malena Salazar Maciá (Havana, Cuba), writer.
Bachelor Technical Informatics.

Currently she is studying at the University of Havana Law Degree in the distance mode. Graduate of creative writing workshop Onelio Jorge Cardoso, Havana, Cuba, 2008. 2nd place in the literary contest Copextel Amateur Festival, Havana, Cuba, 2011. Grand prize in the story for adults in the 4th Juegos Florales, Havana, Cuba, 2012. Mention in the story for adults in the 5th Juegos Florales, Havana, Cuba, 2013. Mention and Award of popularity in the category fantasy story in Mabuya, Havana, Cuba, 2013 contest. Mention in the contest of Science Fiction, summoned by the magazine Juventud Técnica, La Habana, Cuba, 2013 Mention in the category of science fiction story in Mabuya, Havana, Cuba, 2014 competition Collaboration in the No.82 of the Mancuspia digital magazine, Mexico, 2014 Collaboration in No.140 Space Western, miNatura, Spain digital magazine, 2015. Collaborative with Cosmocápsula digital magazine, No. 12. January to March, Colombia, 2015 Mention in the contest HYDRA novella, in the science fiction category, Havana, Cuba, 2015.





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The Dream-Quest of Unknown

Kadath³

(Fragments)

Then Carter did a wicked thing,
offering his guileless host so many
draughts of the moon-wine which the
zoogs had given him that the old man
became irresponsibly talkative.

Robbed of his reserve, poor Atal
babbled freely of forbidden things;
telling of a great image reported by
travellers as carved on the solid rock
of the mountain Ngranek, on the isle
of Oriab in the Southern Sea, and
hinting that it may be a likeness which
earth's gods once wrought of their
own features in the days when they
danced by moonlight on that
mountain. And he hiccoughed
likewise that the features of that
image are very strange, so that one
might easily recognise them, and that

³ Arkham House, 1943



they are sure signs of the authentic
race of the gods.

Now the use of all this in finding the
gods became at once apparent to
Carter. It is known that in disguise the
younger among the Great Ones often

espouse the daughters of men, so that around the borders of the cold waste wherein stands Kadath the peasants must all bear their blood. This being so, the way to find that waste must be to see the stone face on Ngranek and mark the features; then, having noted them with care, to search for such features among living men. Where they are plainest and thickest, there must the gods dwell nearest; and whatever stony waste lies back of the villages in that place must be that wherein stands Kadath.

Much of the Great Ones might be learnt in such regions, and those with their blood might inherit little memories very useful to a seeker. They might not know their parentage, for the gods so dislike to be known among men that none can be found who has seen their faces wittingly; a thing which Carter realised even as he sought to scale Kadath. But they would have queer lofty thoughts misunderstood by their fellows, and would sing of far places and gardens

so unlike any known even in dreamland that common folk would call them fools; and from all this one could perhaps learn old secrets of Kadath, or gain hints of the marvellous sunset city which the gods held secret. And more, one might in certain cases seize some well-loved child of a god as hostage; or even capture some young god himself, disguised and dwelling amongst men with a comely peasant maiden as his bride.

Atal, however, did not know how to find Ngranek on its isle of Oriab; and recommended that Carter follow the singing Skai under its bridges down to the Southern Sea; where no burgess of Ulthar has ever been, but whence the merchants come in boats or with long caravans of mules and two-wheeled carts. There is a great city there, Dylath-Leen, but in Ulthar its reputation is bad because of the black three-banked galleys that sail to it with rubies from no clearly named shore. The traders that come from

those galleys to deal with the jewellers are human, or nearly so, but the rowers are never beheld; and it is not thought wholesome in Ulthar that merchants should trade with black ships from unknown places whose rowers cannot be exhibited.

Howard Philip Lovecraft (USA)

La porta dell'arcobaleno

There are no sketches of La porta dell'arcobaleno. A Marcelo Il brutto ever interested him into the history of art and Le Vite de 'più eccellenti architetti, pittori et scultori italiani confirms by Vasari.

Goatherds son left the hills of his beloved Stromboli to work alongside Pirro Ligorio in the garden of the Villa delle Meraviglie was said to be that transformed his figures in monstrous deformations, manipulating the Orsini own for so accepted.

A Marcelo Il Brutto was revealed to him in a dream: "Following the silhouette of a girl who has not tasted man tempts his jugular throbbing trembling like a dying bird, these will be the basis of your archivolt".

—Il Portico, il Portico of Heaven.

He cried.

He suffered ridicule from his contemporaries, the divine Michelangelo tried to dissuade him when she saw him peering tight Arabic manuscripts of celestial mechanics and whispering litanies on amorphous creatures coming from other worlds that promised the return of our loved ones.

There are not witnesses of the opening the door in his inaugural party, the first to fall were the men of Orsini, sword in hand jumped over multitentacled horrendous beasts. The blood of the servants was mixed with spilled wine glasses. Amid the storm of membranous wings and looks trilobe thought they heard a female

voice: "Orsini Orsini mine! Count of Bassanello ordered to close the door, which was closed and demolished to its foundations. Never heard anyone talk over Marcelo Il Gross, there is even who denies their existence.

Perhaps the heaven is not what we all hope.

Ricardo Acevedo E. (Cuba)

My cursing moon

I'm dying.

Life is ebbing away from my body in crimson spurts which I'm unable to restrain. Just like the others... I've been careless. The frightful sight appalled my senses in such a way that made me overlook all caution. Maybe he saw my shadow on the ground..., or perchance I made some noise.

Now he's safe. I was the only one who suspected him. No one else would believe it!... He looked quite average, despite his reserve and his somewhat eccentric moods. I was the sole of us who remembered he

happened to be somewhat acquainted with all the victims. And every death had occurred in nights of New Moon. Plus those wounds... No one but one of them could inflict such injuries!

I recalled the ancient legends... and made a point of watching him closely.

And now my suspicions are confirmed. But I'm dying, and no one else will know...

Still I make out him, yet with decreasing clarity, standing in front of me on his pair of white legs..., his repulsive hairless naked form, and his thunderous iron still fuming.

And he laughs..., laughs, with the ghastly blunt laughter of man-wolves!

C. M. Federici (Uruguay)

First blood

It was only with the disappearance of the last *partenaire* of Onorato il Magnifico, with the proceeds of a week, Beatrice Babette Bonard, alias Madame Doubleface, dared proposed

to him as an assistant. The Motty and Flappi clowns, knowing how obsessed heart beat magician, filled with lust for her deformed friend, advised him not to, but the attraction was mutual. In trials, Il Magnifico gestures were so precise and distant as ever. Of course, with this meager sequined dress covering just curious malformations of Beatrice, and the show it was not suitable for all audiences.

That night everything was fine, at least initially. But suddenly the sensitive hands of Onorato began to go forward octopus as Beatrice's body. Who, though bound hand and foot and with a gag in his mouth, was in heaven. With trembling gesture, the magician ended to lock women in the enchanted box and lifted the saw. Drums band redoubled circus marking the climax of the act ... and immediately fell silent so that everyone could hear the groan of the wooden wound by cutting teeth tool carpenter. Then he jumped the blood,

the woman in the front row shouted, others howled, there was faint, run ... but the illusionist, undaunted, continued sawing with all his might. And they came to hold the trainer and the strongman of the company when, with theatrical gesture, he turned to show amazing, wonderful result of his act.

Slow sliding out of the respective halves of the box, they took the sawdust four little feet of the runway, before the silent astonishment. Bloody and covering their nakedness with rags glittering sequins, the two dwarfs, small but perfect, blinked confused, looking in all directions. Until smiling Onorato offered his hand first one, saying -Beatrice- and then the other -Babette- and drove away the three, among the deafening cheers of the whole circus standing to common happiness.

Carmen Rosa Urrea Signes (Spain)

Jose Miguel "Yoss" Sanchez (Cuba)



The Tower of the Elephant⁴

(Fragment)

“We saw men grow from the ape
and build the shining cities of Valusia,
Kamelia, Commoria, and their sisters.
We saw them reel before the thrusts
of the heathen Atlanteans and Picts
and Lemurians. We saw the oceans
rise and engulf Atlantis and Lemuria,
and the isles of the Picts, and the
shining cities of civilization. We saw
the survivors of Pictdom and Atlantis
build their stone age empires, and go
down to ruin, locked in bloody wars.
We saw the Picts sink into abysmal
savagery, the Atlanteans into apedom
again. We saw new savages drift
southward in conquering waves from

the arctic circle to build a new
civilization, with new kingdoms called
Nemedia, and Koth, and Aquilonia
and their sisters. We saw your people
rise under a new name from the
jungles of the apes that had been
Atlanteans. We saw the descendants
of the Lemurians who had survived
the cataclysm, rise again through
savagery and ride westward, as
Hyrkanians. And we saw this race of
devils, survivors of the ancient
civilization that was before Atlantis
sank, come once more into culture
and power – this accursed kingdom
of Zamora.

“All this we saw, neither aiding nor
hindering the immutable cosmic law,
and one by one we died; for we of
Yag are not immortal, though our
lives are as the lives of planets and
constellations. At last I alone was left,

⁴ *Weird Tales* (march, 1933)

dreaming of old times among the
ruined temples of jungle-lost Khitai,
worshipped as a god by an ancient
yel-low-skinned race. Then came
Yara, versed in dark knowledge
handed down through the days of
barbarism, since before Atlantis sank.

“First he sat at my feet and learned
wisdom. But he was not satisfied with
what I taught him, for it was white
magic, and he wished evil lore, to
enslave kings and glut a fiendish
ambition. I would teach him none of
the black secrets I had gained,
through no wish of mine, through the
eons. “But his wisdom was deeper
than I had guessed; with guile gotten
among the dusky tombs of dark
Stygia, he trapped me into divulging a
secret I had not intended to bare; and
turning my own power upon me, he
enslaved me. Ah, gods of Yag, my
cup has been bitter since that hour!

“He brought me up from the lost
jungles of Khitai where the gray apes
danced to the pipes of the yellow

priests, and offerings of fruit and
wine heaped my broken altars. No
more was I a god to kindly jungle-folk
– I was slave to a devil in human
form.”

Robert E. Howard (USA)

To an old gringo

The bodies, horses and soldiers, lie
scattered, disordered. Uniforms
muddy, torn, bloodied ... No sign of
dignity in agony. No sign of pomp or
glory in death. The same squalor and
brutality in every battle, in every war,
regardless of location or flags. These
could be the fields in which he lost
many comrades and he himself was
wounded. For a moment he wonders
whether, after having seen it all,
would have a meaning going to seek
death in a foreign land.

But he only leaves behind a failed
marriage, dead or sick sons and, in
truth, a handful of stories because of
which it has been worthwhile. So he
moves on; there is no reason to

return. And he penetrates deep into the fog. It is so thick that only allows him to see a few steps ahead.

However it is not icy but unusually warm and inviting. So much, in that sinister place, an ineffable sensation of wellbeing fills him. Inexplicably, he no longer feels suffocation or fatigue. As if his body had ceased to be heavy and years had vanished.

“Hello, Ambrose,” Sergeant Halcrow greets, jovial as always.

He does not startle at his appearance. He looks all right like that day 52 years ago in Shiloh, before the battle. A few hours later his intestines are scattered across the floor, while the pigs rooted around. The writer welcomes to him with a pat on his shoulder. Together they continue the journey. They carry on the conversation interrupted decades ago as though time had stopped.

"He simply disappeared, sir. He was walking before me, I saw him as clearly as I see you now. And

suddenly I stopped seeing him. He dematerialized. The traces of his footsteps disappear there, in the middle of nowhere. It is a supernatural event, ghost things.”

Thereafter many claimed to feel a presence in this area, and hear a laugh that overwhelmed them. Not for being evil neither threatening, but because of its energy and vitality. Some people say it was the missing old gringo, as he had found his place.

Salomé Guadalupe Ingelmo (Spain)

Secret file

Confidential Report

Case 251-7 / Serial Murderer "El Toro"

Status: Closed

The killings that have occurred in the last two and half years, which by its nature and form of execution, have been determined to law enforcement agencies that are written by a serial murderer. I have had to investigate

the case of madness and psychiatric confinement of Detective John Kalzen in charge of this case, with over twenty years of service in the police force and an unblemished career in the Police Department.

Detective Kalzen before being admitted to a psychiatric clinic, claimed to have found the serial murderer nicknamed "El Toro" for drilling that left its victims, all female, who were raped, mutilated and killed by asphyxiation by pierced his lungs by two symmetrical inlaid chest as bull gored.

According to the statement of Detective, following up on his research, he came looking for a clue to the big city abandoned factories. He heard the desperate cries of a woman inside a warehouse and enter it with the laser gun in hand, ran into the most amazing and unthinkable in a society of XXII century scene. He found a monster with the body of man and bull's head was mutilating

his victim. The detective barely had time to turn around and flee the scene. When they found him at dawn roaming the streets, his hair had turned white and delirious.

The killings have continued, the mobile remains the same. Wear an average year and looking the Minotaur and must conclude that does not exist. The case remains open and I must close this investigation into the existence of this mythological creature that is part of the beliefs of a vanished society for millennia. The time ran out and I have no solid to hold open my research elements. But I think Kalzen not delirious.

M^a del Socorro Candelaria Zárate (Mexico)

Post-Mortem

“Do not go gentle into that good night...”

Dylan Thomas

Fiona, only daughter of the wealthy widow May Bolton died in March of

1870 at 14 years of age. I read the Philadelphia Inquirer's obituary with interest. It described a mother grieving her loss. Also, a woman who refused to bury his daughter in the municipal cemetery.

And who "against all what is decent, kept the girl's body on her property, in an underground cellar, injected with a substance intended to preserve the corpse." Some days later, the widow contracted my services as a photographer. She insisted on a prior examination of the cadaver. We found it

in perfect condition. Fiona's corpse was immediately taken to the Bolton Mansion, to be photographed post mortem as it was the fashion in those days. With that task in mind and at my command, the body was seated against a backdrop of dark tapestry

and tied up to a wooden prop, held by two servants hiding behind the curtains. An adhesive kept the eyes wide open which I softened with tricks of lights to suggest a pensive gaze. I completed the picture by resting the right elbow on a console and adding a small detail: a book in



her hands. "She looks just as she was when she was alive," the mother said, visibly moved, and ordered the printing of hundreds of photos to be signed by her hand and

distributed among her friends. The body, injected for a second time, returned to the low temperatures in the cellar. And the Inquirer, responding to the general hysteria, jumped in with an editorial: "While a mother's pain has not limits, Death

cannot be deceived by trickery or sacrilegious offices." And as an experienced chemist had suggested it, the paper introduced the possibility of a dangerous gas buildup. The widow requested I attended the civil and ecclesiastical intervention in the case. However, the girl's remains were still intact. But suddenly, and to the general astonishment, the corpse stood up and abandoned the coffin. There were those who confronted it with crucifixes while others fled in terror. Agitated, the mother went after her daughter. To no avail, the child had begun its ascent, transfiguring into a giant, luminous sphere which upon reaching a certain height, let itself fall on top of the gaping crowd in an explosion I can only describe as abominable. Dazed by shock and repulsion, I walked a few feet forward and tripped over Mary Bolton's lifeless body.

Violeta Balián (Argentina)

The seal of R'lyeh⁵

(Fragment)

It lasted three months and our search, when two days ago we drop anchor off an island of black rock, uninhabited, quite apart from the others. Devoid of vegetation and he looked bleak and desolate as if it had been scorched by fire. Indeed, it seemed a geological upheaval of basaltic rock, which at one time had emerged high above the water, but it certainly had suffered heavy bombing during the last war. We left the boat, we turned to the black island and plunged us. Also there was a sunken city, also in ruins by enemy action. But even in ruins, the city was not uninhabited, due to its large size, many looked undamaged areas. And there, in one of the huge monolithic buildings, the largest and oldest, we found what we were looking for. In

⁵ From *The mask of Cthulhu* (The Arkham House, 1958)

the center of a huge ship taller than a cathedral ceiling, it was a big slab on the surface looked carved figure who had served as a model for the arms of the residence of my uncle: Seal R 'lyeh! And gathered before him, we heard a noise that came from below, as the movement of a huge and amorphous body, restless as the sea, agitated by dreams ... We realized that had reached the end. Now we could spend an immortal life to serving Him Who will rise, which dwells in the depths of dreams in the depths and whose dreams mean the domain of the earth and of all universes, for the need of Ada Marsh Me to placate her want to sound the hour of his resurrection.

I write on board our ship. It is late already. Tomorrow we will go down again, and find the way to lift the seal. Were they really the Elder Gods who sealed off the abode of the Great Cthulhu to prevent their return? And do we dare us to blow the seal and stand in the presence of The Sleeping

there? We will not be alone and Ada; soon there will be another one, born and in their natural element, to store and serve the Great Cthulhu. For we have heard your call and have obeyed, we are not alone. There are others who come from all over the world, also born of the mating of men to women in the sea, and soon the waters will be ours in full, and then the whole Earth, and more. And we enjoy the power and the glory forever.

August Derleth (USA)

Spontaneous generation

The generation of life, a discovery of a species of cockroach I didn't know of and have never seen before, rather long ones lying on the tile of the bathroom floor, apparently dead, but after a few hours or days, some of them have changed their positions slightly. This leads me to reflect, rather guiltily, that I've been

establishing this trivial fact in the bathroom of my apartment—actually the second floor of a house in a more-or-less trendy neighbourhood—instead of following the news that has spread poppies of blood across the world. Well, you can always resort to tradition, to what has been established, and I quote: “the microcosm reflects the macrocosm.” With this excuse that doesn’t fool me, I feel my associations lead me to antiquated, discredited things like spontaneous generation, which is the possible emergence of complex plant and animal life, spontaneously, according to Wikipedia.

Jorge Etcheverry (Chilean / Canadian)

A dreaming insomnia

—Yes, this is a very ancient lodging, but there isn’t any graveyard around —answer the aged woman staring suspiciously how my shadow

got the hue of the dusk’s orange fire—. I got the feeling that I’ve seen you before... In my childhood —she adds. Then, motion me to pass into this weird dwelling, placed in the wilderness of a country I never imagined to exist till my dreams led me to it. The outer coolness sticks, scared, to my flesh. In the vast and rocky desert outside, there is no living being to accompany it with its shiver.

As soon as I get into the room, visualize myself lying on the bed: again the dreaming world takes possession of the everlasting insomnia of my life. I set my eyes on my projection; sneak myself into its dream. Just like I thought, the last stage of the corpse’s route was this lodging. Its silhouette resembled the position of my body at the moment of its conversation with the aged woman who attended it in that epoch. The scene was the same except by one detail: next to the aged woman was a little girl. It slept that night in this same room, adopting the same

posture my projection adopts in this moment.

Last night the corpse went on in its journey through my dreaming insomnia toward the life I left behind among the futuristic architecture of an alien city. Its departure took place in a morning just like this one. As for me, I didn't sleep. I've never done it. Now is my turn to go on in my journey toward its death through this wooded landscape; a new dreaming whim. It always has been so from the very beginning: in pilgrimage among landscapes that change like the scenes in the dreams. Since the corpse emerged from its rocky sepulcher, under the light of a full moon that bathed in silver the graveyard and the ceremonial square at its center, the landscapes have adopted all kind of fancied shapes. ¿Where I'm supposed to find out that graveyard in this forest shrouded with fog? In any case, I must start out. I got the feeling that the discovery of the sepulcher will

cure my insomnia with an eternal sleep.

Odilius Vlak –seud.- (Dominican Republic)

Butterfly

The Butterfly drew perfectly on white skin of Kate, which hung motionless on the ground. After having removed almost all of the strings, with the same precision that had been placed, Arthur watched his work. The stage had a whole lot of lights and guns scenes that highlight the different parts of that theatrical masquerade, that the girl had become singular puppet, particularly macabre canvas. Arthur, once an unbuttoned the top of his coat and shaped with saliva upward mustache, he looked at the audience awaiting approval. It was then that Kate came up and shook her two or three times. Kate sniffed the atmosphere licking, and then maybe a cat in heat which fell into a trance before an audience made up of hundreds of pairs, each of different

generations and races. The naked men and honeyed held bouquets. The blood-drenched women each carrying in his arms tattooed and totally deformed infants. Kate began to squirm excited, her moans were impregnated in the walls of this new temple mounted below the mythical Scottish Greyfriars cemetery. Arthur undressed without prejudice. To the crowd, his member, bruno, winged a imago embraced by two red tentacles, straightened. The drawing of that butterfly on Kate's shoulder came alive: multiple blood wires snaked his flesh, leaving behind deep cracks, with a final crunch, broke the white bare shell. A chorus of screams greeted the birth of a prodigious *Acharontia atropos*.

Arthur stared entranced the butterfly feeding on the faithful. In what seemed an eternity, she was ready for her wedding ritual: he spread his giant wings, whose shadows engulfed the compound and all became dim, except the unmistakable silhouette of

a skull and the bright smile of a man frozen in a rictus of eternal pleasure.

Carmen Rosa Urrea Signes (Spain)

Sebastián Ariel Fontanarosa (Argentina)

Patricio G. Bazán (Argentina)

The nursery school

Adults had gone. It seems like forever this time. The room light had turned off inexplicably, and children decided to gather around Tommy, who was lying immobile on the ground. His pale sweaty face wore an expression of deep pain. All in the room bent over his body not knowing what to do. Some kids began to move, hardly, his flabby arms and shoulders, trying to wake him; others, the youngest ones, got away sobbing inconsolably.

Finally, some determined fingers made the move to deploy those defeated eyelids, and all emitted a frightful cry of horror. The membranes, pulverized by contact

with the fingers, discovered the terrible spectacle that shaped the face of Tommy Pickles irretrievably dead. Of their basins emerged a white gleam that drew a light beam. Instead of eyes now he had a couple of diamonds that flashed illogically, coloring the dark room of the nursery school.

A rumor of a struggle at the front door made swung in unison the hopeful necks of children. But adults still will take a while to return.

Maielis González Fernández (Cuba)

Hounds of Tindalos⁶

(Fragment)

He was straining forward in his chair, staring at the opposite wall But I knew that he was looking beyond the wall and that the objects in the room no longer existed for him. "Chalmers," I cried, "Chalmers, shall I wake you?"

⁶ *Weird Tales*, 1929

"Do not!" he shrieked. "I see everything. All of the billions of lives that preceeded me on this planet are before me at this moment. I see men of all ages, all races, all colors. They are fighting, killing, building, dancing, singing. They are sitting about rude fires on lonely gray deserts, and flying through the air in monoplanes. They are riding the seas in bark canoes and enormous steamships; they are painting bison and mammoths on the walls of dismal caves and covering huge canvases with queer futuristic designs. I watch the migrations from Atlantis. I watch the migrations from Lemuria. I see the elder races—a strange horde of black dwarfs overwhelming Asia, and the Neandertalers with lowered heads and bent knees ranging obscenely across Europe. I watch the Achæans streaming into the Greek islands, and the crude beginnings of Hellenic culture. I am in Athens and Pericles is young. I am standing on the soil of Italy. I assist in the rape of the

Sabines; I march with the Imperial
Legions. I tremble with awe and
wonder as the enormous standards go
by and the ground shakes with the
tread of the victorious hastati. A
thousand naked slaves grovel before
me as I pass in a litter of gold and
ivory drawn by night-black oxen
from Thebes, and the flower-girls
scream 'Ave Caesar' as I nod and
smile. I am myself a slave on a
Moorish galley. I watch the erection
of a great cathedral. Stone by stone it
rises, and through months and years I
stand and watch each stone as it falls
into place. I am burned on a cross
head downward in the thyme-scented
gardens of Nero, and I watch with
amusement and scorn the torturers at
work in the chambers of the
Inquisition.

"I walk in the holiest sanctuaries; I
enter the temples of Venus. I kneel in
adoration before the Magna Mater,
and I throw coins on the bare knees
of the sacred courtesans who sit with
veiled faces in the groves of Babylon.

I creep into an Elizabethan theater
and with the stinking rabble about me
I applaud *The Merchant of Venice*. I
walk with Dante through the narrow
streets of Florence. I meet the young
Beatrice, and the hem of her garment
brushes my sandals as I stare
enraptured. I am a priest of Isis, and
my magic astounds the nations.
Simon Magus kneels before me,
imploping my assistance, and Pharaoh
trembles when I approach. In India I
talk with the Masters and run
screaming from their presence, for
their revelations are as salt on wounds
that bleed.

"I perceive everything
simultaneously. I perceive everything
from all sides; I am a part of all the
teeming billions about me. I exist in
all men and all men exist in me. I
perceive the whole of human history
in a single instant, the past and the
present.

Frank Belknap Long (USA)

Eyes

At first, it was that protuberant eye. It was a repulsive balloon without eyelash crossed by tortuous veins and its wrinkled eyelid incapable to shelter it. The old woman and her eye looked and at him with a dilated pupil crowned that off-white bulb. He stood up, astonished, until a shiver broke with his fascination. He left in a hurry, tried to put aside that. But the next day he found that bump in the same place, again.

She was shrunk in the middle of the corridor, hidden again in her hood and frayed robes. He doubt, but then he stalked, trying not to make a noise at the paving stone, hoping that the bundle that was the old woman, kept the posture. But that bundle came alive and she removed the hood. He stopped dead, incapable to resist, so he caught a sight to the parchment of her face and that leading eye that had made look to his brother like mere

corpuscle. Her erosive look went through him again.

Then, in the nights, he was inhabited by nightmares and the objects lost its color, its shape, they were changed by shadows and vision of nonexistent strangers. He began to see floating filaments with each blinking. The light began to disturb him. He hid from it and the distorted images that appeared. He made spells of amulets and implored litanies with a branch of flowers, rue and rosemary underneath the full moon. But that evil was inside him. He could feel it, taking form, crouching, trailing. The evil was a beating pain in his face every morning.

He touched his face and felt it: a viscose hump, so he was conscious about that thing inhabiting his socket. When he looked at his reflection there it was, the same off-white growth, stained by a weft of reddish treads, leading to that middle mole. The same pupil. The same eye.

Julieta Moreyra (Mexico)

Saturday night

In the indestructible thin jaws of the night a man is chasing another. Once I was a poet and I sang the dark truths about the dirty corners of Lima. Today I have a bottle of rum in hand, I'm in the darkness of an alley, next to a garbage can. I drink a little and I heat up, I will survive another day, it will not happen the same with the men who have gone before me quickly. They have not seen me. It is not the first time that I glimpse two human beings amid an affront, it often happens, especially at midnight on Saturday; people leave their homes, they lose track of reality, either alone or in groups. I was too young, I was also idiot. Also I hurt others, I sent some people to the grave, but I do not want to comment those things, I put them in the corroded box of my personal memories, but sometimes I open it and I do not like what I find in the box. The bigger man, the persecutor, takes the thinner guy. They came running from the avenue, the persecuted one tries to get to the next street and he tries to break a wooden porch. Big mistake, residents have covered the entrance with thorns. Now you scream, it is very painful; the other has kicked you

in the genitals and he hits you more. Poor you, you cry, your suffering is intolerable, you are writhing on the ground. The attacker is scraping the soles of their shoes on your head, you bleed, you are being destroyed, your brain is getting out. I hate to see these things, but they sometimes offer me, as a brutal television program that someone forces me to see. The aggressor destroys the body, now he is using his fists. He's crazy. My bottle of rum falls. The deranged turns to me. He says nothing, he comes with a killer glare. I'm standing. I know what comes next ... come from various corners, some are small, some are the size of a dog, they attack to the man and eat him with his teeth. My precious things, you came the proper way, I love you, because you have accompanied me for so long. You will leave me the heart and the brain; if you can, the guts. It's time to go down into the sewer to my unfathomable house, where they also live. Her screams will accompany this sumptuous dinner.

Carlos Enrique Saldivar (Peru)

A strange case of delusion in laguna Epecuén

That is not dead which can eternal lie,
And with strange aeons even death may
die.

H. P. Lovecraft, *The Nameless City*.

Thirty years ago, a wet, southeasterly wind brought down the embankment. The governor decided to evacuate the population and blow up the retaining wall. And, as a result, the lagoon devoured the small town of Epecuén. The wind's fury did not even respect the cemetery; there were coffins floating in the streets. Then, as soon as the waters receded, and where the land was cracked and parched, and the trees stood like claws, emerged a ghost town.

Hariberth Webber, MD arrived not long after and settled in the abandoned hospital. He spoke Spanish with difficulty. His very

presence was scary but as he took care of the sick, no one paid much attention to the foreigner. I became his nurse; out of boredom. It was not uncommon for him to get drunk and boast about the nature of his experiments which, according to him, would astonish all of mankind. Other times, he cursed the fall of the Berlin Wall for postponing his scientific triumph. I noticed my condescension exasperated him. One night, he dragged me into the last wing, the one that bordered the cemetery and where an unexpected horror overtook me. Inside a huge aquarium, I could see a horde of gelatinous, cylindrical beings flapping like flags. They were lampreys, he said. Their horrible sucker- mouths, riddled with serrated teeth, clung on to something that was not readily distinguishable. I got closer and saw them fixed on a corpse and feeding frantically off it. Herr Doktor explained that the salty lagoon had preserved these human bodies in unbelievable freshness. And

while the lampreys took care of the meager rot, optimal conditions were being set for the administering of that green, phosphorescent liquid bubbling in a distiller. It was the formula to reanimate dead bodies and restore rational functions. I was there to witness the event, he added. He then pressed a button; the lampreys received a shock and dropped the corpse. Another touch of a button and a drainage system quickly emptied the infected tank. Next he filled a syringe and started injecting small doses of the green liquid. At the peak of this atrocity, the body began to move, slowly at first and then with violent contortions. The poor soul opened his eyes and raised a hand. I guessed I passed out. When I regained consciousness, there was nothing and no one around me; I was now in a madhouse, they said. Only, I did not care anymore.

Pablo Martínez Burkett (Argentina)

Pencil of doom!

You 're a good fellow, stranger!
Your two dollars are welcome indeed!
Come near, I wanna shake your hand,
man!

I can feel your disgust... Won't dare
lookin' at 'em eyes, uh? Can tell by
the sound of your breath. I know they
frighten people... You were kind to
me, so I'll tell you how I got these
ghastly black holes in my face. Wanna
hear it?

Believe it or not, this dirty beggar
was once a top artist. Comics, that is.
Forty five years ago I was at the top
of my career, but I suddenly went out
of ideas. I grew desperate, really. I
turned to drink, even dope, but
nothing seemed to help. Until, one
night...

It was a nasty night, no moon, no
stars, just that icy wind which seemed

to creep into one's blood. I was wandering through the streets and alleys of the City, going nowhere, just trying to escape from the fact I was a failure at twenty-eight.

Suddenly the light from the window of a little shop attracted my sight. It was a curiosity shop I'd never seen before, although I knew that neighborhood quite well. Don't ask me why I finally entered there. The Horned One must've sent me inside, damn him!

The ugliest, most repellent-looking old man was behind the counter. He made a horrible, toothless smile, and addressed me with a croak:

"You honor my place, Mr. Chuck Fedders! I have just what you need!"

He knew much more about me besides my name, oh, yes! For a small fortune—in fact all I had left in my pockets—he sold me that..., that Pencil of Doom. It looked a little larger and thicker than normal

pencils, black, with a needle-sharp point. He said it was magic, made in the Eighteenth century by a necromancer who had yielded his soul to the Devil!

It would make me get back to the top, he assured with a fiendish leer... Fame and fortune would come to me and my

comics would become best-sellers. But there was one condition.

"You must never, under no circumstance, look at the pictures that will sprout from this pencil... Not even a peek..., or you'll be doomed!"



I could feel he was not joking. There was danger there... and evilness. But I had to get my fame back, no matter how; so I made the deal. How blind I was..., ironically!

Things worked out exactly as the strange man promised: the pencil drew by itself, in the dark. I could listen when it stopped; so I entered the room, took the pages from the table, put them into a big envelope and went to sell them. They were a smash hit! Everyone was soon talking about my character, who became even more popular than caped superheroes. His stories were grim, frightful, even macabre..., but readers loved them! Money, praise and female company galore poured over me.

But a bug stung me: curiosity. I suddenly felt compelled to find out what was in those comics. I was posing as a “blind aríst”, so I could explain why I went to comic conventions and interviews with my eyes covered, and I never seemed

prone to talk about my work. I got the reputation of being eccentric, but it was only natural, being rich and famous, the world thought.

One cursed, fateful day, though, I could resist no more and succumbed to the temptation. I grabbed one of the magazines which published my stuff, and gave it a hungry look... Oh, God in Heaven! Why didn't I die before that?

I hardly got a glance of my main character —malignant face, green garments— and... Thud! Thud! The Pencil of Doom jumped in the air, as animated by an evil self, and reduced both my eyes to these pitiful remains! I was really blind now, and, even worst, couldn't find the accursed black pencil anywhere. Nor the small curiosity shop, which seemed to have never been over the face of the Earth, either.

...Now everything left is this dirty beggar you're lookin' at... and, oh, yes, the old magazines which featured my

character, now treasured by collectors. I heard N° 1 is worth over \$900.000...

But if you want to read them, don't give up hopes, my friend. I also heard one fellow Cochran is reprinting them at reasonable fares..., those loathsome, eerie stories of the Vault Keeper!

C. M. Federici (Uruguay)

Triangulation with unknown apex

The squaring of the circle is not out of the question in the field of psychology. Eggheads are usually also perfect squares. The problem of the physicist, educated in some renowned North American university but not foreign to eschatology for family reasons—an ancient lineage going back to Calvinism—is that by following Einstein and many others, he saw a divinity behind or around, or at the very core of what is called—

and that we do call—the universe, which having been created this way, surely does exist and in it we, as the human species, would be more or less at the centre. This is quite normal and unspectacular. For example, if you work loading and unloading cargo in any port of entry—air, land or sea—you would need this kind of reassurance.: If reality is not real, and I have no way of knowing whether or not it is, then I'm not getting out of bed today. Or maybe I will, definitely, because to comply with the natural imperatives that are not at all disagreeable when you satisfy them, the ultimate meaning of everything is not actually needed and you just have to get up out of bed. After quite a hard day of work in the lab the physicist dreamt he was in the center of a triangulation where the left vertex was the Devil and the right, God, but in the lower vertex—or perhaps apex—it depends on the point of view, there was an entity.

Jorge Etcheverry (Chilean / Canadian)

The legend of the galipote and the fetish⁷

—This is the crossroads —
informed me the peasant—. Here
took place his last transformation.
Notice the three blue crosses at the
right and the old fetish within the
rock's fault on top of the small hill at
the left. A little farther of the two
corners the main road, the one that
form the vertical stake of the cross,
comes to and end. It's the one that
we've walked over. Now I'm leaving.
It's six o'clock pm; a cock is singing...
bad omen.

—Thanks Mr. Casimiro. How the
legend calls the galipote?

—It's unknown —answered him
making the sign of the cross—.

⁷ Galipote: In the Dominican folklore, is a
peasant who possesses the magic knowledge to
transform himself into animals, plants and
inanimate objects with the aid of secret prays.

Nobody has ever got near the fetish
due to its horror: it makes people see
through the devil's eyes.

Casimiro left with the remnant of
the day's light. Heedless of the
solitude, the ever thickening darkness
or the silence only challenge by the
mournful sigh of the barn owls, I
went up to the top of the small hill. I
faced the gloomy stare of the fetish. It
wasn't made out of rock, as the
tradition put it, but out of wood.
However, it was a cemí; in that point
the legend was right. I squatted and
held the fetish's head with both hands
to start the psychic rapport: only way
to find out the truth.

I saw myself coming to the place
again, but in another epoch. A
peasant arrived after me, chased by a
brigade of soldiers from the village of
La Vega: it was the galipote. He
kneeled down before the three
crosses and whispered a pray.
Forthwith he changed into a trunk.
But his metamorphosis went on.

Invisible hands carved the trunk with the fetish's shape. The eidolon uttered a cry that breathed life to the terror of the galipote's soul; he understood that had fallen in the trap of a far more powerful sorcery than his. My psychic journey kept going. Now I saw myself surrounded by a circle of grim Taino behíques: the ones who created the fetish to catch the soul of future sorcerers at the moment of their physical transformation. Now I know: the horror people felt while passing by the fetish, it's the horror projected by the galipote's soul confined within it... The horror that now I feel creeping inside me.

Odilius Vlak –seud.- (Dominican Republic)

The atlas of the accursed cities

That book remembered from my childhood, back when my father was still living with us. Sitting beside her, he explained me the contents of that

wonderful volume full of maps with symbols and hand-drawn illustrations, in which emphasized drawings of demons and other mythological beings. "They are", said my father while instilled the importance of books, underscoring the utility that someday it would provide. "Most cities in the New World were built on other cities," he explained, "as Technotitlán, in order to tapiar ancient dwellings of the necrontes, dark inhabitants of the underworld, who had built their colonies on the face of the land, in order to master". The book, a great leather-bound atlas animal, accurately reproducing the urban fabric of the old town centers on a transparent paper, which was superimposed on the purple bygone demons of hell. However, the ancient architects well planned closure locating a church in various strategic points that, when put together formed a disturbing staff.

During the infamous years that shook our existence, my father

disappeared along with the Atlas who looked askance. My mother, like many others, I sought unsuccessfully. The official version even claimed that he had never existed or would be in hiding, plotting against the established order. They wanted the book.

At age 18 I received a letter from my father with a wrench. When reading the letter, my father explained why his disappearance: should hide the atlas to prevent access to the ancient accursed cities, were revealed. The note indicated the signs of a bank where the specimen was sheltered...

I am the custodian of the world's greatest secret. I cannot disclose the contents of the book to anyone except my son, his next guardian.

Someday the elect will need access down to the underworld and fight the last battle. Then, humanity will be free.

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

The key

I paid a small fortune for this strange and mysterious key, lavishly adorned with three delicately engraved initials HPL. Nothing could get the antiquarian interest, except a sly chuckle and exaggerated praises about their artistic value. Certainly, this beautiful piece was intended for my collection of old keys, pride and conversation among my few friends. He longed to reach my venerable mansion to examine it more carefully and assign an approximate dating. Its design damascene lit a spark in my excited brain: I remembered an ancient volume found in the attic, the content was confined to mortal eyes by a final and rusty bolt. My attempts to unravel the secrets of the mysterious volume were unsuccessful so I retired to rest. Bethany bothered by the wait, I barely attended. -¡No Be ridiculous, Alberto! Tomorrow I'll tell you something really important.

Bethany took the key which, in contact with your skin tone change to a glowing red. The spring gave way. Dozens of tentacles peered from between the pages of the book. The trance lasted as long as a *envestidas*, she enjoyed under their cries of pleasure. Upon waking, I discovered his absence. Next to his pillow the positive outcome of a pregnancy test. Among sudden nausea and dizziness I went to the attic convinced that there find. A media luz that door ajar, weight and texture, felt differently. Later I took notion that he was getting further from the top of the ancient volume; the damn key to turn my back gave me closure. I began to freeze. He felt like they were writing horrible things about me. Lacerating lines corroded my bones, tore my guts and then be readable on my skin. "In the name of Uthun, of being instrumental disciple Mr Lovecraft and our God Cuthulhu ... When the ventral full moon of marine wolf tentacular is the genesis of the

amniotic tide Trinity resurface." I read in my forearm before he died.

Carmen Rosa Urrea Signes (Spain)

Sebastián Ariel Fontanarosa (Argentina)

Patricio G. Bazán (Argentina)

The Graveyard Rats⁸

(Fragment)

Old Masson, the caretaker of one of Salem's oldest and most neglected cemeteries, had a feud with the rats. Generations ago they had come up from the wharves and settled in the graveyard, a colony of abnormally large rats, and when Masson had taken charge after the inexplicable disappearance of the former caretaker, he decided that they must go. At first he set traps for them and put poisoned food by their burrows, and later he tried to shoot them, but it did no good. The rats stayed,

⁸ *Weird Tales*, 1936

multiplying and overrunning the graveyard with their ravenous hordes.

They were large, even for the mus decumanus, which sometimes measures fifteen inches in length, exclusive of the naked pink and grey tail. Masson had caught glimpses of some as large as good-sized cats, and when, once or twice, the grave-

diggers had uncovered their burrows, the malodorous tunnels were large enough to enable a man to crawl into them on his hands and knees. The ships that had come generations ago from distant ports to the rotting Salem wharves had brought strange cargoes.

Masson wondered sometimes at the extraordinary size of these burrows. He recalled certain vaguely disturbing

legends he had heard since coming to ancient, witch-haunted Salem—tales of a moribund, inhuman life that was said to exist in forgotten burrows in the earth. The old days, when Cotton Mather had hunted down the evil cults that worshipped Hecate and the dark Magna Mater in frightful orgies, had passed; but dark gabled houses

still leaned perilously towards each other over narrow cobbled streets, and blasphemous secrets and mysteries were said to be hidden in subterranean cellars and caverns, where forgotten pagan rites were still celebrated in defiance of law and sanity. Wagging their grey heads wisely, the

elders declared that there were worse things than rats and maggots crawling in the unhallowed earth of the ancient Salem cemeteries.



La Somme le Roi, a moral compendium compiled in 1279 by the Dominican Friar Laurent d'Orléans for King Philip III of France (1270-1285)
http://www.bl.uk/manuscripts/FullDisplay.aspx?index=8&ref=Add_MS_54180

And then, too, there was this curious dread of the rats. Masson disliked and respected the ferocious little rodents, for he knew the danger that lurked in their flashing, needle-sharp fangs; but he could not understand the inexplicable horror which the oldsters held for deserted, rat-infested houses. He had heard vague rumours of ghoulish beings that dwelt far underground, and that had the power of commanding the rats, marshalling them like horrible armies. The rats, the old men whispered, were messengers between this world and the grim and ancient caverns far below Salem. Bodies had been stolen from graves for nocturnal subterranean feasts, they said. The myth of the Pied Piper is a fable that hides a blasphemous horror, and the black pits of Avernus have brought forth hell-spawned monstrosities that never venture into the light of day.

Henry Kuttner (USA)

Drover

Climb up, tap the Metrocard, in for the 77 night ride. Get a Rosa Parks seat, vantage point to gaze upon fellow travelers. The poor, the uninsured, the old, broken, crazy. As every night my weary, aching mind fancies them unreal, abnormal, incredible. There has to be a beauty to them, see. Be it that not all, but many, are in fact lost souls, undead or haunting. Ghoulish, rotten, zombie like, they drip, creak, almost come apart. Only in appearance are they of this world, for a veil of delusion covers them, but I pierce through it with an eye of mind. This fancy that I need, oftentimes I wish it fact, as in tonight, so hard. What are they, I ponder? A tribute, a herd of, lets laugh it, livestock. Carried from upper lands, gathered along, funneled into this last leg. Last, yes, because they will be dumped, ever under veil, in shallow Biscayne Bay. To be

devoured by... entities, ancient
crawling behemoths, phosphorescent
yet invisible... yes, again a mirage. So,
encroached before man's time, feared
by Seminoles, ignored by De León,
sentient enough to duck detection by
Tuttle, Brickell or Flagler, they rest.
But after each meal they send
luminous, thick tentacles up the coast,
along the streets, lassoing the wealthy
towers, and they pull themselves upon
us, find each other above us, and
feverishly inseminate each other,
above us. They vibrate with lust and
power unseen since the Lord made us
blind to their kind. Oh, their pulse,
their buzz, feeds and shines this city,
makes its greed, thirst and pleasure,
same as the lost souls feed them. And
why don't they escape, the herded
souls? Well, there's a drover. To you,
fools, he's but a man with an iphone,
standing strategically by the door. I
see his actual proportions, torso
minuscule, insanely long limbs, tiny
comical, oblong head, 7 beady bird
eyes on each side. Unhuman. Every

time a soul sneakily moves, a shadow
whip emerges from his swan neck,
lashes, strikes, settles the question of
fleeing. Ah, my mind gaze, the things
I will myself to see. And then I notice
that actually I stare. So rude. Oh, he
sees me. Stares back with baffling
intent. Has he human, normal eyes, or
14 of watchful soul drover? And
comes towards me. The souls, their
dark empty sockets, follow him. I am
the looked upon now... no, this isn't
what I think it is. My eye of mind
plays me. But the one besides me
stands up, makes room for the
drover, who seats by me. And hisses,
as I fall in is thrall, "I see you see
things for what they are". I dare not
deny... I dare nothing. And he adds,
"Would you like this job?"

Juan Pablo Noroña Lamas (Cuba)

Puddles

Martin was terrified of puddles, even
the smallest.

He carefully encircled each puddle in his convinced that, at any time, could arise from its depths a deathly claw willing to hold him by the ankles and drag him to a creepy Lovecraftian universe.

Martin did not even bear to see reflections of things in the city micro lakes. The idea that, if he looked at those reflections could end up looking face to face evil in its purest and bloody state, caused him panic attacks.

One rainy morning in an attempt to overcome a small puddle, Martin fell headlong into another, huge, oddly crystalline and seemingly placid.

In an instant he was surrounded by a deep darkness. He felt himself falling for what seemed like eons. Noticed his flesh eaten slowly though his body was not suffering no pain, no thirst, or hunger. The darkness had swallowed him and was now digesting slowly. He spent an eternity until, at last, light peered over his head.

His hand shot out of the puddle. He looked for something to cling to. He grabbed a foot and, looking up, watched terrified what his hand was imprisoning an ankle (his ankle) and a face, his face, looking with horror as a hand (his hand) clutching an ankle (his ankle) and a creepy and deformed face (his face) looking with amazement from the bottom of one of those puddles that had always terrified.

Dolo Espinosa —seud.— (Spain)

The black amulet

Two days ago I returned to Santo Domingo after completing the expedition in Mayan territory which took two months. I have not slept since. The New Year has come, and now I write in the first of January 1913. I do not know how long I can resist the temptation of the amulet. Dr. James is an esoterologist well recognized in his hometown, Providence; according to his studies, the necklace belonged to members of a secret cult of Quetzalcoatl, which evidence we found in the pyramid

suggested were the only ones in direct contact with the deity.

When the doctor wore the necklace, the black stone glowed in the darkness of the room where we were, and it seduced me with its infinite beauty. In it I thought I saw the whole cosmos perpetually spinning as if it were a whirlwind of stardust. Before I knew it, I had strangled him with the chain covering his neck and plucked the black eye of the ancient god hanging from it. I placed it in my pocket and went back home in the first boat I could find. I wonder if by now they have already found his body.

On the trip, I replaced the chain with a new one made of solid gold. I placed it around my neck, and almost immediately heard the voice of the Serpent in the language of his subjects. It lasted only a few minutes on my neck, but the mental link that it produced transcended Earth's atmosphere; I had visions of another distant galaxy. From there Quetzalcoatl asked me to honor him, to praise his power, as he was a god who knew the secrets of our magical tradition that was lost over time. And I know what he wants from me: that I worship him, that I do so as our ancestors once did.

This letter is more than a collection of words: it's an initiative. A proposal that will completely change humanity. The cult of the Serpent starts with me, the first of its priests.

Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico/ Dominican Republic)

Cane man

The man sitting in front of me continues to study us. He has since joined the train, the last stop. Divert my eyes to the rugged landscape of the English countryside, parading through the window. I look askance at his fingers entwined on his thin cane and relieved breath: not carry the ring of brotherhood. Will it be a hired agent for them? I am prey to my paranoia. Maybe "they" have not yet found desecrated the tomb of Azael, who woke up from his eternal sleep and now travels with me. He is weak, effect of sleep started in the beginning of time, when angels and demons fought the last battle, where God's elect were victorious.

York is minutes, and announces the inspector from the corridor of the car. Hidden in the Woods, is the cemetery where my love lies Gwendolyne.

The man with the cane now focusing their attention on me, her eyes I read contempt. Security thinks, my partner and I are fans of Wilde, Irish poet that damn convicted of sodomy and whose trial has been the talk of London society. I smile, my partner, the messenger of death, return to my beloved to life. He promised in return, for having saved his conviction...

It took me many years to bear with the brotherhood. I took so many more to win their trust and only enough for me a couple of weeks to betray: my love is for above Gwendolyne even Humanity. I give a fuck all: if you want to take over the world Azael is his question. I just want to spend the rest of my life with her.

The gear train decreases. I uneasy at the thought that soon will achieve my mission. Cane Man smiles, perhaps a farewell. He gets up and stumbles before leaving the cubicle falling on Azael. He apologizes and leaves. I turn to wake him: his languid body has returned to the eternal trance. I hear a noise behind me: the man with the stick hits the window from the platform. Fist of his staff shows a skull, the symbol of brotherhood...

Jaime Magnan Alabarce (Chile)

Piranha Men

Nazi troops entered the Danish town of Lovecraft, people were humble and simple. The soldiers of the Third Reich marched spotless, tanks with their guns frightening. The military proudly carrying the symbol of the swastika. The general Schwarzenegger was a caucasian cold soul and rough looking. The soldiers aimed at people. The village built on the shores of the sea, but curiously no

boats, no fishing, no single network or harpoon in the village of country people. Hans Cristian, a wise man spoke, his voice rising.

We're peaceful men, we are not violent. Nobody hurt them. Do not bother, they can stay as long as they want.

In the middle of the square was a statue of a man with traces of fish, his mouth was covered with sharp teeth. The general approached and then ask answers.

What a thing is this creature.

Hans Cristian under the eyes and cheeks tears wring told the terrible tragedy.

It's the evil god who lives in the depths of the sea. Every year come to claim his subjects, a sacrifice of human flesh.

Schwarzenegger laughed and said that was nonsense, superstitions of ignorant people, took his gun and pointing to the statue.

'I receive rain of lead.

Dusk, Nazi troops were bonfires, ate and danced with the Danes, women kissing Hitler's soldiers. While everyone had fun, the sea bubbling, about sea creatures, bipedal beings with features of fish scales and jaws with sharp teeth, emerged from the waters. The piranhas men ran to the village, the Nazis saw with wide eyes and took their weapons, bipedal creatures with scales jumped on soldiers and civilians, his teeth were embedded in the flesh, to pluck and devour it in one gulp. The bullets of the guns roared but did not penetrate the enemy casualty. The troops of the Third Reich were decimated, the general lost a hand. The surviving Nazis left never to return.

Tomás Pacheco Estrada (Mexico)

Black Wings

Dreamed I was walking by the streets of my town and the enormous birds lay on the pavement, yards and

some roofs. Were all dead and the wind shaking their dark plumage.

Pedro El Loco was aimless from one side to another and celebrating in the street. Three men (I guess they were neighbors, but can't remember their faces) were trying to climb one of the corpses onto a truck. I set out to help them. It felt soft the rubbing of feathers and a strange happiness.

— It's over— said one of them smiling.

—Yes. It's over.

The screams of El Loco woke me up. Was mid-afternoon and a flickering light streamed through the tables. I peered into one of the slits and saw him running down the street. I yelled at him to hide. He stopped short, staring in my direction. Then a shadow fell and rose again, taking Pedro. I saw the black bird flying away until confused with the vortex fluttering around the town.

Why they let him out? No one can leave.

There was nothing to do but lie down again and try to sleep.

Alexy Dumenigo Águila (Cuba)

The quest's end

Finally I know that the quest has ended. After months, years, a lifetime, it could not be but in the moldy basements of the Victorian mansion in which everything had started, like if this zigzagging just only served to lead me again to the beginning.

I hear a noise above and I know that I don't have so much time; someone follows me. I run to the last door and open its rusty lock with the silver key I carry in a chain over the neck since always. The door opens just when I listen a creak on a step of the stairs that led me here. I cross the threshold with a hurried jump and close the door since the other side in what a

heartbeat lasts. Now I'm sure, at least for a while.

I'm still in the mansion; all of their rooms seem equals, but I'm convinced that this one is still part of my way, as the alf-opened door in front of me does. I open it completely, hesitating, and I discover another basement. I start the descent and I hear steps down. A rung creaks under my body's weight and I listen a door closing slam. I hurry up; nobody can reach my destiny before myself, because finally I know that the quest has ended.

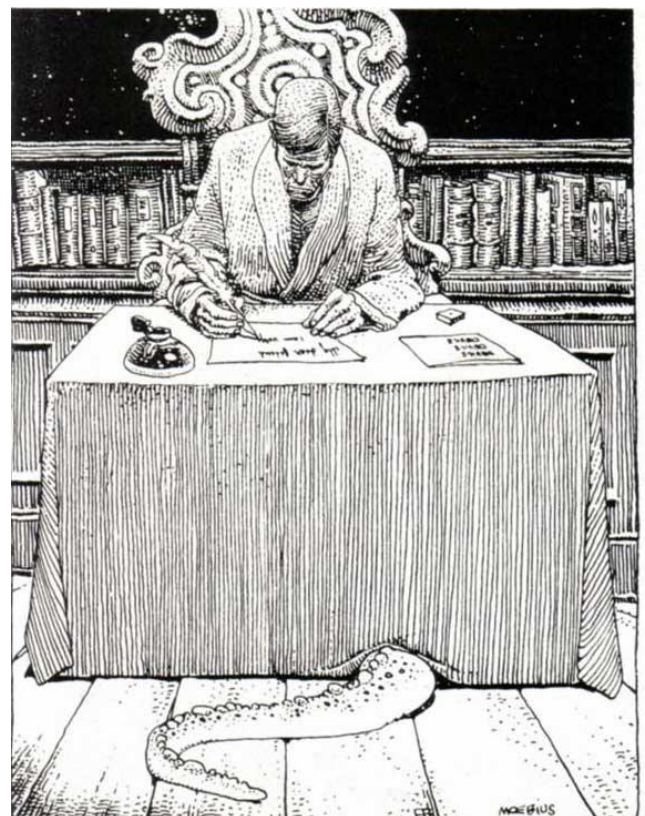
Pedro López Manzano (Spain)

UBBO-SATHLA⁹

(Fragment)

Through aeons of anterior sensation, of crude lust and hunger, of aboriginal terror and madness, there was someone—or something—that

went ever backward in time. Death became birth, and birth was death. In a slow vision of reverse change, the earth appeared to melt away, and sloughed off the hills and mountains of its latter strata. Always the sun grew larger and hotter above the fuming swamps that teemed with a crasser life, with a more fulsome vegetation. And the thing that had been Paul Tregardis, that had been Zon Mezzamalech, was a part of all the monstrous devolution. It flew with the claw-tipped wings of a pterodactyl, it swam in tepid seas with



⁹ *Weird Tales* (july, 1933)

the vast, winding bulk of an ichthyosaurus, it bellowed uncouthly with the armored throat of some forgotten behemoth to the huge moon that burned through primordial mists.

At length, after aeons of immemorial brutehood, it became one of the lost serpent-men who reared their cities of black gneiss and fought their venomous wars in the world's first continent. It walked undulously in ante-human streets, in strange crooked vaults; it peered at primeval stars from high, Babelian towers; it bowed with hissing litanies to great serpent-idols. Through years and ages of the ophidian era it returned, and was a thing that crawled in the ooze, that had not yet learned to think and dream and build. And the time came when there was no longer a continent, but only a vast, chaotic marsh, a sea of slime, without limit or horizon, without shore or elevation, that seethed with a blind writhing of amorphous vapors.

There, in the grey beginning of Earth, the formless mass that was Ubbo-Sathla reposed amid the slime and the vapors. Headless, without organs or members, it sloughed from its oozy sides, in a slow, ceaseless wave, the amoebic forms that were the archetypes of earthly life. Horrible it was, if there had been ought to apprehend the horror; and loathsome, if there had been any to feel loathing. About it, prone or tilted in the mire, there lay the mighty tablets of star-quarried stone that were writ with the inconceivable wisdom of the pre-mundane gods.

Clark Ashton Smith (USA)

Sacrifice

When I entered the small room, the stench was such that even I, a seasoned detective, couldn't stand it.

"I'm horrified" uttered the maid while guarding behind the door, which was open midway. "Ms. Lopez

was not allowed to leave the house. She had just turned fifteen.”

“Definitely it is a ritual murder. The marks on the hands indicate that at some point she was chained. And the cuts? They are not random. They are carved into her flesh as if they were a work of art” I exclaimed as I knelt to turn the body, which was facing the ground. And then we saw it. She screamed, and I held back on vomiting. The opening was deep in her chest, as if someone had drilled onto it to break her rib cage. It was not an amateur who performed this. Someone experienced had taken her heart.

It was obvious that at least one of the perpetrators belonged to her family. Who else would have access to her in her own mansion? I went outside to smoke a cigarette and to clear my thoughts. Suddenly everything darkened. I fought to defend myself, but I never saw the blow coming that made me lose

consciousness. I was awakened with a bucket of cold water. They removed the sack that covered my face, and then I could see who had kidnapped me. It was Mr. and Mrs. Lopez.

Excuse us, detective Gonzalo; the cult of the serpent is not used to recruit members by force. You see, we are interested in people with your skills, your sense of research: we need someone to help us hide our ... hobby. Yesterday not only we killed our daughter, but ate her heart. Quetzalcoatl gave us the power to raise the dead. Tezcatlipoca the strength, and with it our daughter lives again.

The corpse who they embraced knelt at my feet, and offered me a piece of meat.

Peter Domínguez (Puerto Rico/Dominican Republic)

The peephole

Marcela had the bad habit of looking the entrances and exits of her

neighbors through the peephole of her door. In fact, more than custom seemed addiction.

The woman could not live without studying, with a naturalist's passion, the lives of her neighbors and she knew by heart working hours, visits from family and friends, vacation outings, marital discussions, teen dating, diseases, joys and sorrows.

But one day, when she brings near her eye to the peephole, Marcela didn't see the landing or the elevator door or her neighbors.

That day Marcela saw another eye approaching to it from the other side of the door. An eye full of blackness, an overflowing evil eye, one eye swollen of endless hatred and cruelty, an eye that looked at her and knew she was there, on the other side, an eye that told her "I know you... I know you're there ... soon I will be with you ..."

And Marcela felt she sank in that dark look, she saw horrors he had never imagined and felt his sanity slipped like sand between her fingers.

It took all the strength of her husband to separate her from the peephole and the look but nothing could turn her away from terror that, from then on, lived behind her eyes.

Dolo Éspinosa —seud.— (Spain)

The visit

Regaled by the uncertainty i am torn on whether to go out running, or let myself be influenced by the pang of fear, which has begun to brotarme, moments after observing as the fridge has been raised a few centimetres above the ground. I do not call into question my ability to react, and solving this poorly understood that can acknowledge my senses, but i have seen first-hand, which to my great regret, and to the possible reasons that are discussed in give me clarity, not meeting logic to what's

happening. Reappointing me will be that i am crazy, a simple gone that lives alone in a house that is not owned, on which we formerly murders were committed and outrages.

Now I know that panic is camouflaged in the walls, and forms that pulpy buck to the humidity. Can that even my doubt, is that influence that i am not able to see, or of my simplicity as a person who wants a reliable sample of what goes on around me is no more than transitory. That would give me a break, and could get me out the thorn that has me galloped away, on the verge of a heart attack. In this dingy room, in which i lived part of the last few years, i am by session time that after that image that was repeated in my retina, there is a dark hand, which has begun to estrujarme brains, calling me by my name, telling me how much he loves me, and absorbing my life, to fall into oblivion, and my heart to stop beating. It is the only moment of

lucidity, and that company without my words will be in a vacuum, and no one will ever know because I went, and the fridge will be in the same place as if nothing. A perfect bait. Until you open the door another victim.

Francisco Manuel Marcos Roldán (Spain)

The energetic vampire

“Follow me! I’ll teach you how to win a war without making noise,” told me Aurelius as the moon climbed with a silver shine across the Easter sky. Our feet made their way through worn out steps and humidity while we ascended to a promontory beyond the narrow gorge. On top of the promontory there was a very gloomy castle that casted over the imagination an oppressive atmosphere, as if a doomed past were still chained to its rocky body.

“What kind of thing we’re supposed to do here?” I asked him while he took off his knapsack; where he carried that weird device.

“Calm down, Romulo!, you’ll see it,” he ejaculated knocking down one of the worm eaten door through which we entered. “We going to drive away the invaders of our country without shooting a single bullet. They got among their army powerful magicians who will be rewarded by killing me, but here we have the perfect weapon, hear and watch carefully. The family that used to dwell in this castle was consumed by a curse created unconsciously by itself: with calamities, illness and madness. Through their emotions, their karmic records created an invisible and devouring monster who still flow in the environment. Look how I trap the entity with the anti-matter particles accelerator.” After those words, myriads of blue particles filled the space and a chilling shriek seemed to come out of the device that captured

all that oppressive energy, augmenting each pain giver atom, and so strengthening its devouring nature. When we left the place headed right to the invaders’ headquarters and Aurelius aimed his weapon against it. Within three days the news came: the imperial army died in a mysterious way, consumed both psychic and physically by what seemed to be the fangs of a cosmic vampire.

*Morgan Vicconius Zariah —send.—
(Dominican Republic)*

The old Indian cook

The old Indian cook allowed to fall several plates on purpose to get the attention of the four men that they prepared his attires to leave hunt in the near dawn; these they looked at it with the intention of rebuking it, but their granddaughter, with about fifteen years very well formed and that she helped him in the tasks of the kitchen it contained them

remembering them that Hofa was blind.

—Why you maintain to that nuisance without vision working in your house— they began the censorships then with Tonhy, the host.

—I make it to maintain Emma, the granddaughter here.

—Ah! As cagey hunter of the forest, you want to conserve close the prey— later, the laugh of all; interrupted by the surprise of seeing the stopped girl in front of them.

—Hofa wants to notice them not to leave that the wind rotated the north and him it feels a lot of and him it feels much bad scent arriving of the forest and that in this time it is not good.

Tonhy tried to speak but one of the hunters didn't leave it:

—They are the creatures of an elk that they are born dead and they break down, their mothers don't

separate them and that is what we have to take advantage to catch them.

Hofa was sure that he don't see them again. In their memories he appeared that night in which being boy an identical scent wrapped the shacks of their tribe, era the Wendigo that arrived hungry! Those that could rush to run, but that mossy monster, half human and half beast went them catching all. It pulled up the legs to the speediest to guarantee that they were there to their return, to the children it swallowed them whole. The village was destroyed in front of him that he closed eyes expecting the death.

From that moment she didn't dare to see. And the scent has always pursued him!

Then he requested to the granddaughter that accompanied him to the patio, it would begin the rituals for the dead that are not buried.

Omar Martínez González (Cuba)

Hot chocolate

I still remember the pleasure supposed to feel the soft smell that wafted through the windows of that place. When the cold numbed to the slightest piece of skin, even the most remote corner of my body, feeling that mild smell, slipping through my nasal cavity and reveling the winding pleasures, difficult to explain in words, that gives us the sense of smell. Yes, I admit, I loved that hot chocolate smell in cold days. Maybe that reminded me the memories of my childhood days, or maybe simply because the smell activated a receptor in my brain that simply makes me feel attracted to it. The truth is that I've always accompanied by a hot chocolate the days of intense cold, I guess it's the only pleasure that left; which brings me back where I come from.

To investigate that case was leaving me exhausted, I did not understand

the motivation of that guy; the world in which i lived did not work in the same way, simply there was no one acting superior, we assumed we were a whole, as part of a larger organism, however I often wondered if that guy came out of this world .He maintained he wasn't t scare about his situation because it was only a dream, and that would end when he awake. I kept in mind that affirmation.. I left the office and I leave, I could not stop thinking about that guy and his world of injustice, envy, gray, barren, dreary, where there was a primordial evil, a world where the most ignored terrors from our oldest archetypes slaving us with lies, plunged into a nightmare from which there never wake up again. The last things I remember was leaving my cup of tea on the table and fall asleep.

I woke up the next morning and all that still being the same was only the smell of a sweet hot chocolate. I believe that this guy was right, I hope one day I' ll wake up from this which



they call civilization, even if it the
opposite indeed.

Silver Suárez —seud.— (Spain)

The Shambler from the Stars¹⁰

(Fragment)

I left hurriedly with my precious loot
under his arm. What had found! He
had references from the book. Its
author was Ludvig Prinn, and had
perished in the inquisitorial bonfire in

Brussels, when witch trials were at
their peak. It was a strange character,
alchemist, magician necromancer and
reputation; He boasted of having
achieved a miraculous age, when he
was finally slain by the fierce secular
power. It was said that the only
survivor of the Ninth Crusade was
proclaimed, and exhibited as evidence
certain documents that appeared to
testify moldy. The truth is that in the
old chronicles, the name of Ludvig
Prinn was among the knights of
Monserrat servers, but it still
considered unbelievers as a nut and

¹⁰ *Weird Tales* (september, 1935)

an impostor, at most descendant of that famous knight.

Ludvig knowledge of sorcery attributed to the years in which he had been held captive between the witches and magicians of Syria, and spoke often of his encounters with the djinns and efreetis of ancient oriental myths. It is known that he spent some time in Egypt, and among Libyans saints certain legends circulate that allude to the feats of the old soothsayer in Alexandria.

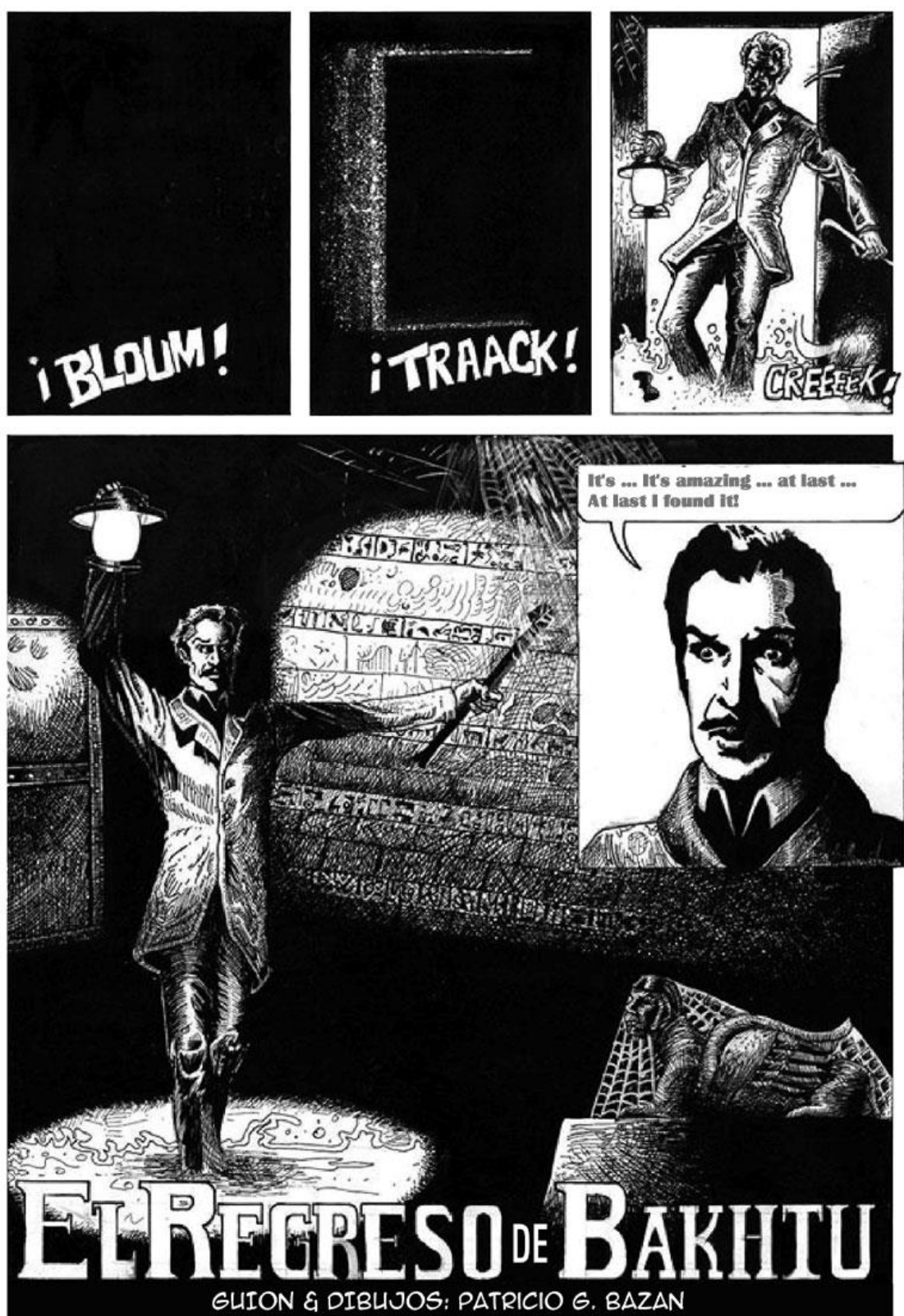
In any case, he spent his last days on the plains of Flanders, his native land, dwelling -place very adequate- the ruins of a pre-Roman tomb stood in a forest near Brussels. It was said that

there lived in the shadows, surrounded by family demons and fearsome spells. Manuscripts say, in forming a so evasive, which was attended by "invisible companions" and "servers sent to the stars" are still standing. The farmers avoided the night in the woods where he lived, did not like certain noises that sounded when the moon was full, and preferred to ignore what kind of beings prostrated themselves before the old pagan altars that stood, half crumbled in the darkest forest.

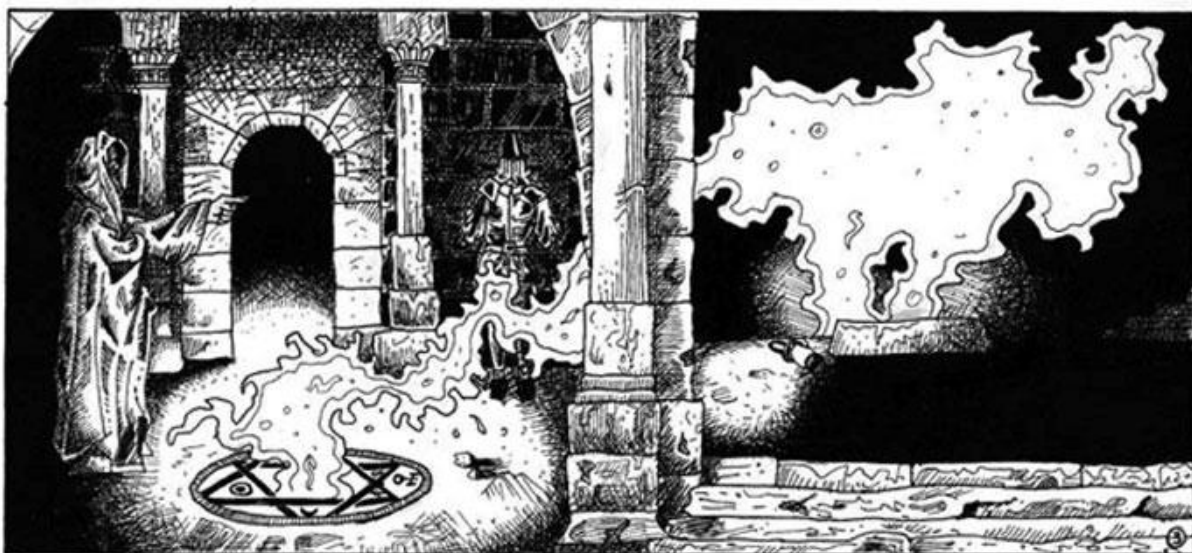
Robert Bloch (USA)

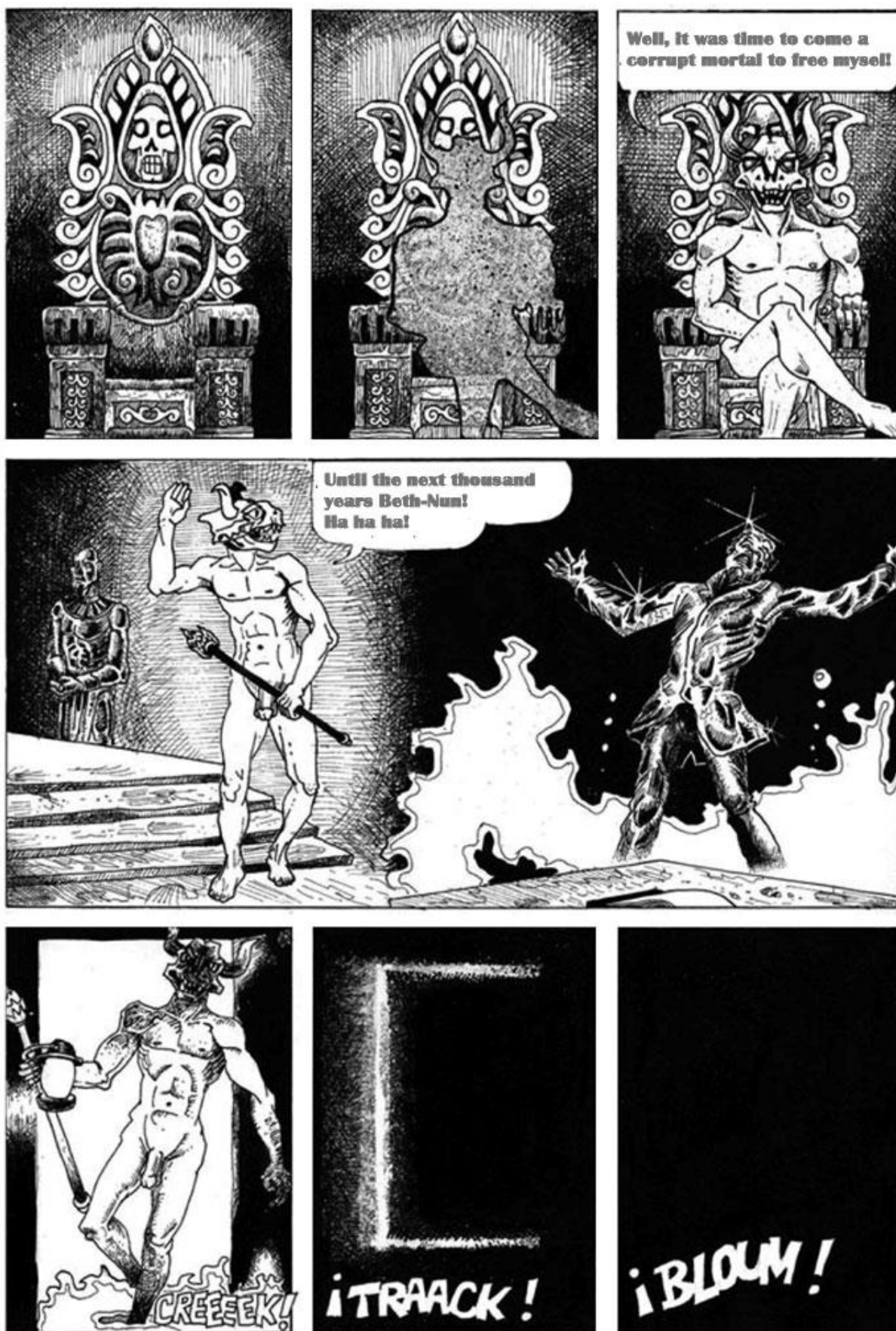












The Weird Fiction multiverse



By Mari Carmen Caballero Álvarez (Spain)

Illustrate by Pavel Lujard (Cuba) / *Deep One*.



he Weird fiction or weird fiction stems from the tentacles of speculative fiction originated in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. It is a specialty that opens its wide spectrum of elements, macabre, supernatural, mythical, scientists and futurists among others, distinguishing the horror and fantasy and that predates commercial market later this fictional genre.

It is known that the Irish storyteller and Gothic novels Sheridan Le Fanu coined the term and, later, Lovecraft himself was borrowed to name their work. Likewise it is believed that Robert Heinlein popularized the term speculative fiction by referring to it in an editorial essays back in

1947, although its variant above speculative literature mentions known. Since the 1980s it is often used to describe such a definition into the slipstream guild that would encompass the mix of horror, fantasy and science fiction in all its breadth.

"The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all art and all knowledge "(Albert Einstein).

Imagination and fantasy are hard to explain why not take place either in time or in space. But what they topped it all. Evolution, at all levels of the human species begins with symbolic thought. From it comes the ability to create, fantasize and imagine, preventing our ideas traveling on our brain as a closed circuit. To him we owe the development of spoken language, art, religion and other skills that define our species, why evolutionary scientists determine how uniquely human abilities. Bake all this, remember, in the birth of abstract. The human capacity for abstraction has been and is an essential, indispensable, then, in the historical development requirement. The bridge of the tribe-civilization. In science fiction and all its wide range of genres and subgenres, respect him the space to fantasy, the soul essence is

consolidated because in that multiverse everything fits: ufology, vampires, horror, mystery watered sometimes being black comedy ... art cinema and literature the most valuable burgeoning. Thereby we are reaching explore our minds find it hidden in the most unexpected. And that itself emerges as if from nowhere crystallized the impossible possible.

Although the genre of science fiction develops and matures in the twentieth century, it is lawful to grant a remote source. Her mother and fantasy literature was written in antiquity. What is not known for sure is if writing is a form of expression prior to singing and music, or was it vice versa. It establishes a close link between the modern and the old writer, compiling existing resources in both seasons. Its evolution documented cultures and counter-cultures that beat cross various historical contexts. It is said that the term was coined in 1929 the editor of one of the first magazines of the genre, Hugo Gernsback. The author was born in Luxembourg in 1884, defined science fiction rightly, I think, as "fantastic tales interspersed with scientific fact and prophetic visions." Their contributions, along with those of H. G. Wells and Jules Verne were important.

Others, however, trying to minimize define it as a subgenre of fantasy literature. And if it is true that sometimes caricatured versionando certain works making use of the absurd, so it is that she was caricatured. It is legitimate, therefore, to exercise the exercise of weird fiction. The mind is an electric organ. Any excitement, the most innocent signal leads by steep paths impassable in appearance, blurring prejudices and conventions in the shortcut. Science fiction with science fiction and opens a door to the uncertainties that haunt us and enriches us pass it fantasizing, availing of free will. This responds to stimuli that we call raw material. Which favors the release and growth by incubating the human factor. Nourishes, illusory or not, vital signs that the moral, emotional and mental shape inherent to man requires --a little nuance breaks, though: when the self-imposed demands become obsessed or expectations exceed our capabilities, they can copar mind Creative blocking the kick out. It is clear that not only literature or cinema, journalism or the script or comics are responsible for the weird fiction; in art you can find this maximum expansion. And that is well worth the effort to highlight it as a separate genre.

Often the mind is often labeled an abstract avant-garde artist of surrealism or dysfunctional or alienated, because they are branches that carry an implicit interpretation of

symbols and images that do not always know decipher. Occurrences slid on the prospect of visions that could classify many times foreign or perhaps absurd example of Van Gogh as it seems not worth found that schizophrenic, but there were and are many false testimonios- are merely the product of a others-the mental logic of the author whose understanding, in some cases, beyond our cognitive control. In literature and numerous other cultural disciplines supernatural it has led to the creation of aberrant and massive creatures. Characters and objects or scenarios seemingly far removed from reality that, when studied carefully, it was found representing allegorical aspects and the old, contemporary or chained to the near future of mankind social order beliefs. It is true that in the midst of agonizing and devastating quest for liberation, to write, film, television, sculptural, pictorial or literary vignettes and graphic design work can come to describe psicodramatizados personal episodes. Would project these frustrations, fears, desires, fears, phobias, traumas and accumulated anxieties, making the rare target label. But what are the arts then? A foreshortening of reality itself framed in that same reality. An escape route. Inventions or deformation of life that we pursue in the image when it is not and we want change. And at last the reality is that which leads us to believe in the unreal refuse, sometimes even herself.

Following the trail of human evolution is as better value than the abstract and logical thinking contributed to its growth is seen. It is natural to think that the guidelines of this magnificent achievement the marked the cavemen. Seated, according to scholars, in surreal beliefs, despite their drawings as realists were guided by the conviction hunt more easily if they represented in his paintings of animals. Those prehistoric using unknown methods and techniques apparently unrepeatable, developing natural resources exploited logradísimos pigments, or the careful study of contemporary experts has managed to unravel. Such human capacities but have limits, not always flow unpolished brain lamp. The handling of the physics and chemistry of fantasy and science fiction breaks the mold; thwarts the clichés that make our brain a closed circuit. Its spacious rooms open with its lights and shadows to the development of any discipline, any style that boasts. It is a fact that all artistic expression located in fictional territory obeys the laws of free experimentation, imposing the mechanics practice openness, investigate, discover, experience ... gender, or their cousins plurigéneros subgenres. Drawing on rare science, saying, pseudoscience, strange, metaphysical fictions, pocket, around the house or the craziest or most geeks or whatever. The thing requires angles

to catch him fiction from all perspectives. Put it in the living trick mirrors of our brain. Symbolic mind: the Big Bang that made plausible human written art, carved, painted, abstract or avant-garde. And of course, foresight, rare and less rare literature, cinema, theater, poetry ... Conquering the open pockets of different cultures arrive to conceptual art, which makes full in intellectual speculation and philosophical connotations. That science fiction is art and art is science fiction! An essential art. And since it reaches every corner, concede its importance to art, art in all its extension, say, within the category in question. As she ventures into the abstract as an aesthetic form of weird fiction that opens without limitation those opportunities space, becoming fine arts to believe in the actual construction of these. No exaggeration to tick the weird fiction as an instrument of the many available on our extensive background. Accepting, for as inexcusable element is not unreasonable to ensure that stands as the muse of reality. Of all reality: near and far in space time. Mostly constituting the physical, natural and social sciences the raw material. Seen this way could be considered weird fiction grail of the human race Santo. And I think that there would walk misguided. When we practice it affordable, mentally, through the existing platforms but unattainable style -in the space, time ... - Drawing on contemporary, futuristic and retro-futuristic technological advances. Teleportation is a medium widely used in science fi, we have seen, for example, in the fascinating stories of Star Trek. Super Powers, the interlocking or overlapping we have also learned from it, but these are matters of experimental physics.

A boring and trite script and circumspect conventional art, intrigue verging on anxiety invited to explore interconnections and extensive grounds nearby. Given the need to change things or perhaps change ourselves, when we are not comfortable in our own skin or our vital space we are too small, the new realities created by the inquiring minds may be the manifestation of art and literature and film and all project openness flying their free will. An oasis in the poor way redundant arguments. They substitutes and derivatives can create intelligent machines that will never be smarter than that bore intelligence. Narrating, perform, film, drawing interstellar travel, conquest of space, any terrestrial and cosmic catastrophe, human evolutionary processes by mutations, progress of the robots, the same virtual reality, the existence of alien civilizations ... the development of events in time past, present or future. And even create alternative time outside known reality. Without ignoring the scenarios can be, also, real or imagined, terrestrial or extraterrestrial physical spaces. Regarding

anthropomorphic characters tend to follow patterns leading to the creation of robots, androids, cyborgs or anthropomorphic creatures endowed with intelligence.

Although it is widely believed that science fiction was born with the industrial revolution and Jules Verne, we have largely of Greek literature observe fantastic prevailing traditions; enough to cite as an example the *Odyssey* of Homer. Specifying that it is not entirely clear, could be according to some ancient testimonies that Lucian of Samosata - 125 d. c.- write a story that chronicles a trip to the moon. If true it would be this much earlier, of course, written by Jules Verne. And an interstellar battle is attributed to the historian Herodotus "Father of History", which would have mentioned flying snakes and giant ants looking for gold in India. The Greeks were fascinated by the exotic and the discovery of new worlds. Whereas, in the writings of the ancient world costs, often figure out what was real and what was fictitious, since it does not delineate borders with thick line. To review, therefore, science fi, do not talk, then, but a minority branch of literature. Then, since the industrial revolution in Mary Shelley *Frankenstein* scene stands as the first work of the genre published in 1818. In the nineteenth century came the very famous works of Jules Verne mentioned, plagued by arguments based on certain scientific principles and technology . They that would offer the public the surprise of his inventive but not only facts and developments anticipatory capacity; placing, for example, the shuttle of his trip to the moon -Florida- Cape Canaveral, exact location where NASA launches today its rockets. On the island with propeller speaks global information wiring and telephoto, transmitting images and sound. We were not therefore faced mere unscientific issues. In one of his short stories - *The voladoras*- islands, Chekhov julioverniano parodied the style at the time when they wanted to come and say, roughly, that no science fiction or science is fiction. Until it was shown to have each other and do, indeed, in many ways friends with philosophy. It is not easy to say when or how inroads in science fiction or science fiction, routing steps towards consensus. But we can assure that actually minimizes the eternal battle against fiction, fiction versus reality, homogenizing the two concepts. Objectively it is not inaccurate to assert that supernatural or fantastic elements are legitimate parts assembly in the genre of fiction no more, no tagline, no subgenre therefore neither exclusive patent would be awarded.

But it is that always, imagination has invented and reinvented recycled into the mold from unexpected subgenres. Spigots as weird fiction attest to this. Perhaps the most interesting story of science fiction and strange variations is its own written history, rewritten a thousand times and made another two thousand undone. When at crucial moments of the rough walk in its infancy seemed to bring their days, the most disaffected wanted to erase gender map. Overwhelmingly evidenced sometimes mediocre appearance styles that discredit the lucubrations and rigorous work dedicated to the genre authors. It's pathetic. But they exist and are many, most of them well able to transmit messages vertebrates and wise reaching scientific achievements. And there indeed, makes full Grandmaster Jules Verne dabbling in his writings a very good science awareness overdose. From this podium hardcore defended tooth and nail branch from any written, oral, painted, sculpted, or made poetry into music. Edgar Allan Poe was a writer committed to the cause in an emerging era to the early nineteenth century.

Although it is clear who are the authors of the twentieth century who put it head, body and limbs. Stevenson 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde', Wells, London or Conan Doyle; Clarke, Sturgeon and compiled so many new themes, innovating formats constructive concluded by a public affection for the genre and eager for new forms of expression. They emerged thereby styles, frames and freshest arguments saying things they say otherwise activating its strengthening. Among them has its site Weird Fiction. So they overestimated (and that's because we are attached) to the deserved place now occupied. Amazing Stories is considered the first American science fiction fandom. And, yes, magazines and fanzines as the present one without deviating from the topic provide exquisite contribution.

And if we talk weird fiction literature, of course that they come to mind HP Lovecraft and H.G. Wells, now, now they are fashionable time travel. Since the two played with it, they made it manipulated storing and pulling out of the hat, many times. For the first time was a living being that parasitized the settled brain obsession The Shadow Out of Time, where the protagonist, a professor of political economy leads a quiet life until he suffers a strange collapse and change of personality, is only one of many examples we have. And Wells was wrong to same or similar, so it is clear from his work The Time Machine, published in London in 1895. The adventures of the protagonist traveler extend in the future, the plot is debate about the fourth dimension. Imagination on wings and wheels emphasize masterfully

put Jules Verne. In his "Master of the world" created in 1904, the car-plane-boat "Terror" launched into space achieving a rate "exceeding that reach the birds." The Spanish author Eduardo Vaquerizo put in their true desire written in the ucronías, steampunk stories and postcyberpunk, also experimenting with surreal actions that make target in weird fiction. The list is long: Isaac Asimov, Dick Clarke, Frank Herbert, Philip K. Dick, Borges, Tolkien, Bradbury Heinlein and ... The novel Childhood's End by Arthur C. Clarke -1953- has been reissued by Minotaur. It is a story that manages to compile the greatest genre, combining both humanistic reasoning religion, myth, science ... the hallmark of Clarke, already known: "The visionary of the stars." Rendezvous with Rama, another of his works, is one of the most awarded of the genre: in 1973 he received the Nebula award and then some more. By documenting scientific rigor this novel is considered one of the best examples of hard science fiction. Describe the impact of an asteroid in Italy in the middle of the century. Solaris, the Polish satirical writer Stanislaw Lem, is another long story worthy of mention. It was published in Warsaw into a film three times: by the Soviet Nikolai Nirenburg in 1968 by fellow Soviet Andrei Tarkovsky in 1972 and by the American Steven Soderbergh in 2012. The plot focuses on the futile attempts to contact the alien civilization, on a planet of binary star system that is presumed intelligent life. The author uses the story as a study of the human psyche -are the ones I gustan- and limits of scientific knowledge. The saga of the Foundation, Isaac Asimov: is a series of sixteen books written between 1942 to 1957 first, and then 1982 to 1992, until the date of his death. It is human expansionism in the Galaxy. But perhaps among so much fiction and pseudoficción it struggled a bit to find the thing science.

Yes, because the film spy or detective literature out forms and tactics fictitious- appearance -in whose strategies and tools are extrapolated, then the practice of real actors. And it is true, in espionage fiction and sometimes tecnohazañas the invention is not to copy reality, quite the contrary. In the American television series, Homeland, made by Howard Gordon and Alex Gansa, based on an Israeli model -Hatufim-, the US Vice President is shot distance to hack your pacemaker causing lethal heart attack. An experiment conducted by the computer specialist Barnaby Jack showed that this criminal strategy was feasible in real life. In magnetic gloves used Tom Cruise Mission: Impossible 4, to climb the walls of the building of Dubai it has inspired the US military research agency Darpa, to produce a model capable of adhering to glass surfaces. And it is said that a German company called Trans Ultra aims to create a

magnetic levitation costume inspired by Jeremy Renner used in this tape. Speaking of that cinema not stop talking, the latest installment of Star Wars, The Awakening of force JJ.Abrams directed by and starring Harrison Ford, based on certain principles possibly viable technology has more than science fiction. I like it in all the saga of the tools used in the world it seems to have been designed for the real world. The use of weapons of Sable contact combined with traditional light-situations such as creating two warring orders, the Jedi and the Sith, recreate a real world within a scenario of unreality, its creator, George Lucas, known stoke masterfully. He certainly thinks he is devoting a museum in Chicago, everything a modern 400,000 square meters dedicated to the galactic saga and personal pieces. Ma Yansong was the architect chosen for the project.

Other films Guild dropped frames arguing that natural disasters are possible, apparently in real life. Based on Hurricane film, directed by Daniel Lusco, born in Pueblo (Colorado, USA) - it is said that a hipercán, an accumulation of destructive hurricanes that drag winds up to 965 kilometers per hour, is theoretically possible. It even includes the possibility of its involvement in the death of the dinosaurs. And we have the film Sunshine, directed by Danny Boyle in 2007, q-balls with particles that cause the death of the Sun attacking him from within; something that could really happen and that could kill people, according to the predictions. Australian film exposes 2014, final These hours (The late), the director Zak Hilditch, a fire that destroys the planet in less than twelve hours because of the fall of a meteorite on him. Or Interstellar, released in November 2014, its management is concerned Christopher Nolan. In it, due to dust storms killed crops. This puts humanity in the position of finding a habitable planet Earth substitute; if you are not famine will consume them. There, apparently, real precedents for this in the thirties. And it may be that it is happening in some areas of China, according to writings of some magazines. Following the trail of amazing facts already talk in some media scientific disclosure likely to inhabit a two-dimensional universe. And I wonder: how is it possible that we are three-dimensional beings then? Maybe it should hear the voice of a sculptor, an architect or a painter or a musician who brings us to the discovery of these unknown worlds installed in our real world. Whether creating multiverse in space, tucked intrusion in police or coming out of a considerable number of toothpicks as did the artist born in Rochester-New York, Stan Munro, to replicate in miniature, with this material the very Burj (Dubai), one of the world's most famous buildings. Now, in the XXI

century, the Neonymous project, although the Bilbao musician based in Burgos, Silverio cavies, who takes us on a journey that goes from prehistory to modernity is born. In his music transformed the primeval rhythms folk compositions, jazz and experimental sounds nearby; It combined with other existing instruments manufactured in bone. Pure and simple art, really. Real fiction.

Let's take imagination. Through imagination speaks to our inner voice makes us invisible or leave us when there levitating cloned. Well, the same things are done lying truth. Already said Gustavo Adolfo Becquer: "He who has imagination, shows how easily a world of nothingness."



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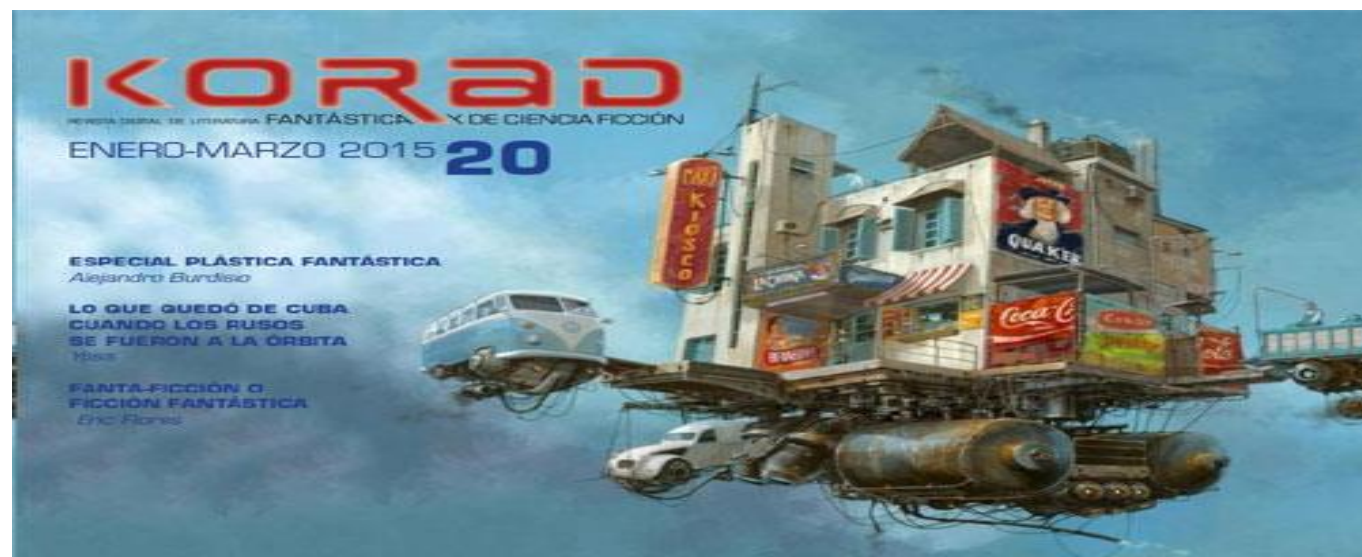
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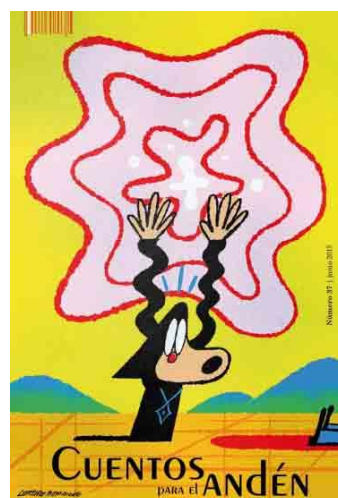
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Pintura Plataformas de emoción / Francis Denis

Narrativa Un paso más allá del fin / Carlos Enrique Saldívar

Narrativa El rencor / Nuria de Espinosa

Música Música desde la tierra / Emilio Prieto Palavecino

Fotografía Genealógicos / Miguel Vallinas

Poesía Soy tu fantasma / Natalia Valenzuela

Narrativa El copiloto trastornable / Daniel de Cullá

Poesía Para despertar mañana / Consuelo Rodríguez

Poesía Los capítulos del amor / Alejandra Zhardi

Poesía Querer, han querido matarle / Marycarmen

Pintura Fireworks / Paulo Escobar Elorza

Cómic Cómic / Yoyita

Agradecimientos



Novela:

La Ciudad de Las Esferas

Autor: Salvador Bayarri

Sinopsis: Nadir vive en Vikatee, la ciudad que vuela sobre las nubes perpetuas del planeta Mekham. Los habitantes de este pequeño mundo han mantenido durante mil años el precario equilibrio necesario para sobrevivir, pero Nadir y sus amigos descubren que un terrible peligro amenaza ahora su existencia.

Desafiando a sus mayores, los muchachos se embarcan en una desesperada búsqueda que les llevará a sorprendentes revelaciones sobre su origen y su destino.

La Ciudad de las Esferas es el inicio de una gran saga de aventuras que combina los elementos especulativos de la ciencia ficción clásica con el cuidadoso detalle y la acción trepidante de la mejor fantasía.

"Al igual que la ciudad volante donde comienza la historia, la Ciudad de las Esferas está construida en múltiples niveles que satisfarán tanto a los fans de la ciencia ficción 'hard' como a los que buscan aventuras, escenarios y criaturas inolvidables."

"La Ciudad de las Esferas va más allá de la típica historia de fantasía o ciencia ficción, implicando al lector en las grandes cuestiones como "¿Quiénes somos?", "¿A dónde vamos?" y, sobre todo, "¿Hay algún sentido en el universo?", a través de las peripecias de personajes cuidadosamente delineados."

"La Ciudad de las Esferas despliega su argumento con maestría, comenzando por la curiosidad de un muchacho y su pandilla, hasta abarcar la complejidad de una intriga cósmica. El suspense y las sorpresas nos esperan en cada capítulo, consiguiendo que esperemos con impaciencia la continuación."



<https://lektu.com/1/salvador-bayarri/la-ciudad-de-las-esferas/1508>

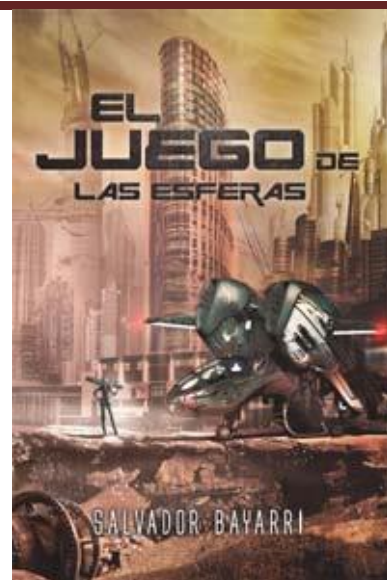
El Juego de Las Esferas

Autor: Salvador Bayarri

Portada: Alex Drasse Bayarri

Sinopsis: "El Juego de las Esferas" es la segunda parte de la Trilogía de las Esferas, una saga de ciencia ficción fantástica. Nadir debe pasar una prueba para finalizar su entrenamiento como agente de inteligencia al servicio de Ahura Masda. La extraña misión le llevará por el espacio a la búsqueda de su padre y de las misteriosas esferas que son clave para el control del

universo. ¿Qué mensaje ocultaba la Insignia en la ciudad flotante de Vikatee? ¿Cuál es la verdadera naturaleza de las esferas y del perverso Juego de los inmortales Fravashi? Muchos enigmas se resuelven en esta segunda parte de la trilogía, llena de intrigantes personajes y sorprendentes escenarios, mientras nuevos misterios salen a la superficie. Los lectores, sobre "La Ciudad de las Esferas": "La historia fluye como un río sinuoso, encadenando recodos que, ocultando lo que viene, sutilmente nos lo anticipan... esta es una historia para paladear" "El ritmo es sostenido, intenso y casi cinematográfico" "Parece que lo estás viendo en lugar de estar leyendo. La trama atrapa tu interés desde el principio" "Es de esos libros que una vez empiezas no puedes dejar de leer"



http://www.amazon.es/El-Juego-las-Esferas-Trilog%C3%ADa/dp/1512081159/ref=sr_1_1_twi_1_pap

Cuento:

Canción de cuna: 15 relatos estremecedores

Autor: José Manuel Frías

Sinopsis: Las historias incluidas en "Canción de cuna" suponen una dosis de choque, un arriesgado ejercicio de lectura que empuja al lector a un reino donde impera el miedo en su esencia más pura. Siguiendo la línea de Stephen King o Edgar Allan Poe, sus referentes literarios, José Manuel Frías propone un inquietante viaje a través de quince relatos que harán las delicias de los amantes de la ficción de terror. Si es usted una persona aprensiva, no lea este libro a media luz. Si lo hace, puede que sus ojos hurguen de vez en cuando en la oscuridad que le rodea, y le costará girar la cabeza sin saber si algo se oculta detrás del sillón. Advertido queda.



http://www.amazon.com/Canci%C3%B3n-cuna-relatos-extremecedores-Spanish/dp/1511716525/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1430211308&sr=8-1&keywords=canci%C3%B3n+de+cuna+jos%C3%A9+manuel+fr%C3%ADas

Directors:

Acevedo Esplugas, Ricardo (Havana, 1969)

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

Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Castellón de

la Plana, Spain, 1963) potter, photographer and illustrator. Been writing since childhood, has published works on websites, blogs and digital magazines (Red Magazine Science Fiction, Axxón, NGC3660, ICTP Portal Magazine Digital miNatura, Brief not so brief, chemically impure, Wind flashes, Letters to dream, Predicate. com, The Great Pumpkin, Cuentanet, Blog's count

stories, book Monelle 365 contes, etc.). He has written under the pseudonym Monelle. Currently manages multiple blogs, two of them related to Magazine Digital miNatura who co-directs with her husband Ricardo Acevedo, specializing in micro story and the fantasy genre short story publication.

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

Writers:

Acevedo Esplugas, Ricardo (Havana, 1969)

To see Director.

Ashton Smith, Clark (January 13, 1893 – August 14, 1961) was a self-educated American poet, sculptor, painter and author of fantasy, horror and science fiction short stories. He achieved early local recognition, largely through

the enthusiasm of George Sterling, for traditional verse in the vein of Swinburne. As a poet, Smith is grouped with the West Coast Romantics alongside Ambrose Bierce, Joaquin Miller, Sterling, Nora May French, and remembered as "The Last of the Great Romantics" and "The Bard of Auburn".

Smith was one of "the big three of Weird Tales, along with Robert E. Howard and H. P.

Lovecraft", [1] where some readers objected to his morbidity and violation of pulp traditions. It has been said of him that "nobody since Poe has so loved a well-rotted corpse." [2] He was a member of the Lovecraft circle, and Smith's literary friendship with Lovecraft lasted from 1922 until Lovecraft's death in 1937. His work is marked chiefly by an extraordinarily wide and ornate vocabulary, a cosmic perspective and a vein of sardonic and sometimes ribald humor.

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

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>

Bazán, Patricio G. (Argentina, 1965) *See*

Illustrators.

Belknap Long, Frank (April 27, 1901 - January 3, 1994) was a prolific American writer of horror fiction, fantasy, science fiction, poetry, gothic romance, comic books, and non-fiction. [1] Though his writing career spanned seven decades, he is best known for his horror and science fiction short stories, including early contributions to the Cthulhu Mythos. During his life, Long received the World Fantasy Award for Life Achievement (at the 1978 World Fantasy Convention), the Bram Stoker Award for Lifetime Achievement (in 1987, from the Horror Writers Association), and the First Fandom Hall of Fame Award (1977).

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

Bloch, Robert Albert (/blɔ:k/; April 5, 1917

– September 23, 1994) was a prolific

American fiction writer, primarily of crime,

horror, fantasy and science fiction, from

Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He is best known as the

writer of *Psycho*, the basis for the film of the

same name by Alfred Hitchcock. He wrote that

"Despite my ghoulish reputation, I really have

the heart of a small boy. I keep it in a jar on my

desk," (a quote borrowed by Stephen King and

often misattributed to him).[2] His fondness for

a pun is evident in the titles of his story

collections such as *Tales in a Jugular Vein*, *Such*

Stuff as Screams Are Made Of and *Out of the*

Mouths of Graves.

Bloch wrote hundreds of short stories and

over 30 novels. He was one of the youngest

members of the Lovecraft Circle. H. P. Lovecraft

was Bloch's mentor and one of the first to

seriously encourage his talent. However, while

Bloch started his career by emulating Lovecraft

and his brand of "cosmic horror", he later

specialized in crime and horror stories dealing

with a more psychological approach.

Bloch was a contributor to pulp magazines

such as *Weird Tales* in his early career, and was

also a prolific screenwriter and a major

contributor to science fiction fanzines and

fandom in general.

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

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 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 Fantástics 12 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.

Derleth, August William (February 24, 1909

- July 4, 1971) was an American writer and anthologist. Though best remembered as the first publisher of the writings of H. P. Lovecraft, and for his own contributions to the Cthulhu Mythos genre of horror, as well as his founding of the publisher Arkham House (which did much to bring supernatural fiction into print in hardcover in the US that had only been readily available in the UK), Derleth was a leading American regional writer of his day, as well as prolific in several other genres, including historical fiction, poetry, detective fiction, science fiction, and biography.

A 1938 Guggenheim Fellow, Derleth considered his most serious work to be the ambitious Sac Prairie Saga, a series of fiction, historical fiction, poetry, and non-fiction naturalist works designed to memorialize life in the Wisconsin he knew. Derleth can also be considered a pioneering naturalist and conservationist in his writing.

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

Dominguez, Peter (Mayagüez, Puerto Rico)
is a novel writer borinqueño, he was born in

Puerto Rico but grew up and lives in Dominican Republic.

Perhaps then define their nationality as a Dominican. Studying a Bachelor of Arts at the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo (UASD).

He began his career publishing in Blogzine, Zothique The Last Continent, where are hung two seasons of his Light Novel Japanese style "Damned Angel: Genesis" free and fantastic of the Christian Jude tradition recreation in a context of Luciferian ambition, wars conquest and religious geopolitics. Right now developed a series of short science fiction stories, some individual and others belonging to the same universe, in which the robotic Space Opera tradition and traditional style are intertwined.

Titles like "De biorobotics and moral"; "From the planet without shadow," and "Requiem for a dead world" are some who billed. He has also collaborated with several stories for the magazine MiNatura.

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 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, Education, 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.

Dumenigo Águila, Alexy (Placetas, Villa Clara, 1991) He studies at the University of Information Sciences (UCI). He graduated sixteenth Narrative Techniques Course Center "Onelio Jorge Cardoso" and member of the literary workshop "Espacio Abierto". He won the Oscar Hurtado V Competition in the category of fairy tale and earned mention in the Contest Mabuya 2013. In 2014 Mabuya has won the award, mention in the tale of the VI Contest CF Oscar Hurtado and contests finalist minicuento El Cuentero and Papeles de la Mancuspia.

Etcheverry, Jorge (Chile, 69 years old) poet, prose writer and critic. Cronipoemas, his sixth book of poems was published in Canada in 2010. In 1993 appeared his novel De chácharas y largavistas. His anthology of Chilean narrators in Canada, Northern Cronopios, was also published in 1993. He has published prose, poetry and criticism in Chile, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, the United States and other countries. His writings appear in anthologies like Cien microcuentos chilenos, Armando Epple, Chile, 2002; Los poetas y el general, Eva Goldschmidt,

Chile, 2002; Anaconda, di Poets Anthology Americani, Elias Letelier, Canada, 2003; Latinocaná, Hugh Hazelton, 2008 and The Changing Faces of Chilean Poetry. A Translation of Avant Garde, Women's, and Protest Poetry, E.Aravena Sandra Herron, USA., 2008. Canada's ambassador to the World Poets. Chilean anthology Poets: A New Anthology was published by Marick Press, USA, 2011. He was recently anthologized in Antología de poesía chilena I. La generación de los 60 o la dolorosa diáspora, Teresa Calderon, Calderon and Lila Thomas Harris, 2012 Alquimia de la tierra, Santiago Aguaded Landeros, Dante Medina and Sarah Schbabel, Spain, 2013.

He lives in Canada since 1975 where he works as a translator.

Federici, Carlos M. (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 nexa de Maeterlinck, 1993

Llegar a Khordoora, 1994

Fontanarrosa, Sebastián Ariel (Argentina)

writer of short stories, and novels, microstories fantasy and terror. Manage my personal blog T-imagine reading. Minatura N126 contributor Magazine, Magazine Avalon enigmas and mysteries. Writer own cartoon "Philosophy Pediculosa". "Juan" (Justice SA), awarded with honors work and publication of 3000 copies by Editorial Zone. Editorial same Novel Art selected to integrate its anthology work. "A pit" work awarded special mention for meritorious publishing author Tenth Muse pageant, plus

other short fiction works selected in various international competitions.

I count three unpublished novels and a catalog of over thirty stories.

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/>

González Fernández, Maielis (Havana, 1989)

Bachelor of Arts (2012). Professor of the Department of Linguistic and Literary Studies of the Faculty of Arts and Letters of the University of Havana. Editor of the *Editorial UH*. Among his appearances as a speaker highlights theoretical events *Open Space of fantastic gender and science fiction* (2013 and 2014); *International Seminar Markers weather Antilles* (House of the Americas, 2014); *International Day Gongora* (Cuba Embassy of Spain in 2014). He has published, among other works: "The strange possibilities of science fiction," *The Everlasting*, 2012; "Jorge Luis Borges and the paradigm shift in fantasy literature" *The Jiribilla* (online edition), 2014; "Fahrenheit 451: a reading from the Post-Modernity" *Minatura*, no. 131, 2014; and "Juan Manuel Planas and the genesis of science fiction in Cuba" and "Cuban cyberpunk dystopia

in" *CH* ", "Ofidia "and" *Havana Underguater* "" *La Isla* and stars. Testing and criticism of science fiction in Cuba, Rinaldo Acosta (ed.), 2015; and the story "Handbook for non-byes in the lecturesdailleurs.blogspot.fr blog.

Howard, Robert Ervin (January 22, 1906 – June 11, 1936) was an American author who wrote pulp fiction in a diverse range of genres. He is well known for his character Conan the Barbarian and is regarded as the father of the sword and sorcery subgenre.

Howard was born and raised in the state of Texas. He spent most of his life in the town of Cross Plains with some time spent in nearby Brownwood. A bookish and intellectual child, he was also a fan of boxing and spent some time in his late teens bodybuilding, eventually taking up amateur boxing. From the age of nine he dreamed of becoming a writer of adventure fiction but did not have real success until he was 23. Thereafter, until his death by suicide at age 30, Howard's writings were published in a wide selection of magazines, journals, and newspapers, and he had become successful in several genres. Although a Conan novel was nearly published in 1934, his stories never

appeared in book form during his lifetime. The main outlet for his stories was the pulp magazine *Weird Tales*.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_E._Howard

Kuttner, Henry (Los Angeles, California, 1915) Naphtaly Kuttner (1829–1903) and Amelia Bush (c. 1834–1911), the parents of his father, the bookseller Henry Kuttner (1863–1920), had come from Leszno in Prussia and lived in San Francisco since 1859; the parents of his mother, Annie Levy (1875–1954), were from Great Britain. Henry Kuttner's great-grandfather was the scholar, Josua Heschel Kuttner. Kuttner grew up in relative poverty following the death of his father. As a young man he worked for the literary agency of his uncle,[1] Laurence D'Orsay (in fact his first cousin per marriage), in Los Angeles before selling his first story, "The Graveyard Rats", to *Weird Tales* in early 1936.

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

López Manzano, Pedro (Murcia, Spain, 1977), computers engineer, director, screenwriter and editor, collaborates with articles and tales in some magazines, websites

and in his own blog *Cree lo que quieras*. As a writer he has been winner of the A. C. Forjadores 2014 and finalist in contests like I Terbi, Cosecha Eñe 2011 or IV Ovelles Elèctriques and selected for anthologies like 2099, Ácronos, Visiones 2012 and 2014, Calabazas en el Trastero 10 and 14, or Crónicas de Tinieblas.

Lovecraft, Howard Phillips (August 20, 1890 – March 15, 1937) known as H. P.

Lovecraft, was an American author who achieved posthumous fame through his influential works of horror fiction. Virtually unknown and only published in pulp magazines before he died in poverty, he is now regarded as one of the most significant 20th-century authors in his genre.

Lovecraft was born in Providence, Rhode Island, where he spent most of his life. His father was confined to a mental institution when Lovecraft was three years old. His grandfather, a wealthy businessman, enjoyed storytelling and was an early influence. Intellectually precocious but sensitive, Lovecraft began composing rudimentary horror tales by the age of eight, but suffered from overwhelming feelings of anxiety. He encountered problems with

classmates in school, and was kept at home by his highly strung and overbearing mother for illnesses that may have been psychosomatic. In high school, Lovecraft was able to better connect with his peers and form friendships. He also involved neighborhood children in elaborate make-believe projects, only regretfully ceasing the activity at seventeen years old. Despite leaving school in 1908 without graduating—he found mathematics particularly difficult—Lovecraft had developed a formidable knowledge of his favored subjects, such as history, linguistics, inorganic chemistry, and astronomy.

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/H. P. Lovecraft](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/H._P._Lovecraft)

Magnan Alabarce, Jaime (Santiago de Chile, 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 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 Noguera 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.

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

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

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

<http://zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com>

Noroña Lamas, Juan Pablo (Havana, Cuba, 1973) Degree in Philology. Editor-corrector of Radio Reloj. His stories have appeared in the

anthology Reino Eterno (Letras Cubanas, 2000), Secretos del Futuro (Sed de Belleza, 2005) and Crónicas del Mañana and the Digital Magazines fantasy and science fiction miNatura and Disparo en Red.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

www.zothiqueelultimocontinente.wordpress.com

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

Saldivar, 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

Signes Urrea, Carmen Rosa (Castellón de La Pana, España, 1963) *To 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.

Yoss, —pseudonym of José Miguel Sánchez Gómez— (Havana, 1969) is a Cuban author of science fiction.

Degree in Biological Sciences at the University of Havana, in 1991, began writing literature at fifteen. It is professionally engaged in writing all kinds of texts, from fiction to newspaper articles. Founder of science fiction writing workshops Espacio Abierto and Espiral. Graduated in narrative techniques of the first contest (1998-1999), the Centre Onelio Jorge Cardoso Literary Formation. He has taught workshops narrative in Chile, Spain, Italy, Andorra and Cuba. It belonged to the literary workshops Oscar Hurtado and Jules Verne.

He has attended several international conventions and science fiction and fantasy, held in France in 2002, 2003 and 2004. Integra,

since 1994, the Union of Writers and Artists of Cuba and since 2007 is vocalist of the rock tenacious. He has participated as a judge in various competitions such as Dragon 1999 and several contests magazine Juventud Técnica.

His stories have appeared in several anthologies and magazines virtual CF i + Real (Cuba) and Axxón (Argentina). He has also published in Italy, Spain and France.

Illustrators:

Pag. 01 Alejandro D' Marco -seud.-
(Argentina) digital illustrator,
photomanipulation.

Self-taught artist whose inspiration is old horror movies, science fiction and urban legends.

<http://09alex.deviantart.com/>

Pag. 30 Ascúa, Miriam (Argentina),
illustrator.

Pag. 68 Bazán, Patricio G. (Argentina,
1965) writer and illustrator.

Author of fiction, including the short story collection "Panoply", the novel "The Plugged and Lion" (both unpublished), and the plays "Tea for

Three", "Damn Woman" include "Cosmic Mambo" and "Hotel Victoria".

Pag. 105 Carr, Sam (UK) Freelance artist/
Illustrator <http://www.samcarr.net/>

Pag. 57 Giraud, Jean Henri Gaston (France,
8 May 1938 – 10 March 2012) was a French artist, cartoonist, and writer, who worked in the Franco-Belgian bandes dessinées tradition. Giraud earned worldwide fame, predominantly under the pseudonym Mœbius, and to a lesser extent Gir, which he used for the Blueberry series and his paintings. Esteemed by Federico Fellini, Stan Lee and Hayao Miyazaki among others, he received international acclaim. He has been described as the most influential bandes dessinées artist after Hergé.

His most famous works include the series Blueberry, created with writer Jean-Michel Charlier, featuring one of the first anti-heroes in Western comics. Under the pseudonym Moebius he created a wide range of science fiction and fantasy comics in a highly imaginative and surreal, almost abstract style. His famous work in sci-fi include Arzach and the Airtight Garage of Jerry Cornelius. As Moebius, Giraud is also famous for collaborating with

avant-garde filmmaker Alejandro Jodorowsky for an unproduced adaptation of Dune and later created The Incal series together.

Moebius contributed storyboards and concept designs to numerous science fiction and fantasy films, such as Alien, Tron, The Fifth Element and The Abyss. In 2004, Moebius and Jodorowsky sued Luc Besson for using The Incal as inspiration for Fifth Element, a lawsuit which they lost. Blueberry was adapted for the screen in 2004 by French director Jan Kounen.

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

Pag. 67, 72 Lujardo, Pavel (Cuba, 1968) I started drawing comics at age 5.

I published my comics professionally for the first time in 1987. I have done cartoons and illustrations for several publications in the United States and Europe. Currently I do mostly freelance jobs or work on my own projects.

I'm pretty much a traditional artist. I still draw with pencil and pens. I use the computer to color and add the text.

Currently live in USA.

<http://tha-pig.deviantart.com/gallery/>

www.futurepig.com

Pag. 26 Niño Alex (born May 1, 1940) is a Filipino comic book artist best known for his work for the American publishers DC Comics, Marvel Comics, and Warren Publishing, and in Heavy Metal magazine.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alex_Ni%C3%B1o

Pag. 65 Paricio Font, Rubén (Spain, 38 years old) draws since he had the strength to lift a pencil.

Inspired, like most children, comics and drawings television (Mazinger Z, Spiderman, etc.) began to try to play to their childhood heroes believing that the draw would become one of them, capturing their souls in the role and making them his own.

As he grew, he made drawings of everything that lay before her: Fruits, shoes, photographs, and began to give orders: T-shirts for friends, murals, portraits of family members, etc.

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

At age 20, he had to get to work as a laborer in a factory of ceramic tiles. After three years, he decided to quit his job to try to find work

drawing, and saw that in the ceramic industry design was a section where the end he managed to get. He spent 12 years designing ceramic tiles, which made the most of the opportunity to work with software like 3D Max or Photoshop (his favorite), without stopping to draw at home the orders that were coming to him, over 300 portraits in pastel and pencil. Several exhibitions of oil paintings, illustrations for the magazine Antropia of the University Jaume I of Castellón, Fallas collaborations with artists, props for theater, decorative designs for stores, logo design for companies, illustrations, comics, illustrations for architects and industrial engineers, photographs and etc.

In 2010, due to demand for artistic works that had decided to leave his job in pottery to start his own art studio in La Vall d'Uixó, called Bombilla Negra, where, in addition to their jobs, imparts drawing and painting classes for adults and children, which adores.

He has won several awards in national competitions of posters and paintings. The latest fast painting contest of Sant Mateu 2012, where he was awarded the First Prize.

He has also designed and launched several web pages www.labombillanegra.es, www.mondaigua.com or www.webdepsico.com.

If there is one word to define it, it is versatile, as it is passionate all traditional as well as different types of computer graphics representation of the image. He is addicted both pencil and Photoshop.

Pag. 18 Rubert, Evandro (Brazil) *See Interview.*

Pag. 16 Valenzuela, Carlos (Chile)

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

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

I have also appeared in magazines Pin -Up America (USA), Fantasy Artist (England), Täetowier Magazin (Germany) and soon in

Tattoo Life Magazine (USA , articles and interviews).

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

I am currently working for the U.S. publisher IDW Publishing, doing some artwork covers for the relaunch of the X -Files comic, further illustrating a special issue of the title Mars Attacks.

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

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

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

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

About illustrations:

Pag. 01 The old witch/ *Alejandro D' Marco -seud.- (Argentina)*; **Pag. 16** Lovecraft homenaje/ *Carlos Valenzuela (Chile)*; **Pag. 18** Fear, Lies & China Ink: Deify/ *Evandro Rubert (Brazil)*; **Pag. 21** Lovecraf silhouette (march 29, 1925)/ *Perry (?)*; **Pag. 26** Cauchemar (comic detail)/ *Alex Niño (Philippine)*; **Pag. 30** Post-Mortem/ *Miriam Ascúa (Argentina)*; **Pag. 49** La Somme le Roi (1279)/ *Laurent d'Orléans (France)*; **Pag. 57** Metal Hurlan (Lovecraf Special)/ *Jean Henri Gaston Giraud (France)*; **Pag. 65** Zombie/ *Rubén Paricio Font (Spain)*; **Pag. 67** The text of Cthulhu/ *Pavel Lujardo (Cuba)*; **Pag. 68** El Regreso de Bakhtu/ *Patricio G. Bazán (Argentina)*; **Pag. 72** Deep One/ *Pavel Lujardo (Cuba)*; **Pag. 105** Swamp Elder/ *Sam Carr (UK)*.

