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The Call of Cthulhu Illustrated by Baranger Coming Oct 31

The stars are right. On October 31, François Baranger's massively illustrated edition of H.P. Lovecraft's iconic story *The Call of Cthulhu* will be released by Free League Publishing, in partnership with Design Studio Press. A true classic of American horror literature, *The Call of Cthulhu* is tale of the weakness of the human mind when confronted by powers from beyond our world.

H.P. Lovecraft is a giant of horror literature and popular culture. Since the 1920s his short stories and novels has spellbound generations and influenced countless games, comics, novels, records and films. His short story *The Call of Cthulhu*, written in 1926 and first published in *Weird Tales* in 1928, is an absolute classic. Now, french artist François Baranger presents the ultimate illustrated version of the story. Baranger's *The Call of Cthulhu* is a 64-page hardback book in the huge 262X350mm folio format, bringing Lovecraft's horror to life with lavish, full-spread images.

The book is already available for pre-order at [Free League Publishing](#) and [Design Studio Press](#), who will distribute the title worldwide.

For review copies, interview requests, and other queries, please e-mail: pr@frialigan.se



[Watch video on YouTube here](#)

About François Baranger

François Baranger is a multi-faceted artist and illustrator. He works primarily as a concept illustrator for films (*Harry Potter*, *The Clash of the Titans*, *Beauty and the Beast*) and computer games (*Heavy Rain*, *Beyond: Two Souls*). He has illustrated a number of book covers and written the two novels *Dominium Mundi* and *The Domino Effect*. Early on, Baranger was fascinated by Lovecraft's cosmic horror that explored the darkest corners of human imagination. After dreaming about an illustrated version of Lovecraft's works for years, Baranger finally decided to create his own vision of the Lovecraftian horror. He chose to interpret the most iconic story of them all, *The Call of Cthulhu*.

Read more: <http://www.francois-baranger.com>

About Howard Philips Lovecraft

H.P. Lovecraft (1890-1937) is one of American literature's most influential authors. Although he achieved limited success during his lifetime, his reputation has grown over the years and he has been praised by among others Stephen King and Guillermo del Toro. Lovecraft's cosmic horror touched on themes such as humanity's inadequacy and the horror of the incomprehensible and indifferent universe surrounding us. His characteristic prose, heavy on adjectives, grand imagination, and his frantic storytelling technique have formed a school, and his legacy in popular culture is unprecedented. Along with Edgar Allen Poe, H.P. Lovecraft is undoubtedly

one of the greatest horror writers of his time.



It was a faith of which other Esquimaux knew little, and which they mentioned only with shudders, saying that it had come down from horribly ancient ages before ever the world was made. Besides nameless rites and human sacrifices there were certain queer household rituals intended to suppress evil-doers or sorcerers, and of this Professor Webb had taken a careful photo-
 graphic copy from an aged sealer or wizard priest, expressing the
 thought in Roman letters as best he knew how. But not one of
 prime significance was the faith which this cult had cherished,
 and around which they danced when the moon lay high over
 the ice cliffs. It was, the professor stated, a very crude but-
 erful of magic, comprising a hideous picture and some cryptic writing,
 and as far as he could tell, it was a merely magical in all essential
 features of the horrid thing now lying before the meeting.

The date, received with surprise and astonishment by the
 assembled members, proved doubly exciting to Inspector Legrasse,
 and he began at once to ply his informant with questions. Having
 noted and copied the final and among the esoteric and un-
 known to him, he had arrested, he brought the professor to remember
 as best he could the details of the dance, among the Esquimaux.
 There then followed an exhaustive comparison of
 details, and a moment of really awful silence when both detective
 and scientist spent on the final identity of the strange ceremony
 to two hellish friends so many words of distance apart. What,
 in substance, he felt that he never understood the Esquimaux
 had chosen to show their kind had been something very like
 this—the word-divisions being passed at from traditional leads
 in the phrase as quoted above.

"Wiglat wgh'wah' Cahuilu
 R'lyeh wgh'wah' h'raug."

Legrasse had one point in advance of Professor Webb, for
 several times his informant had referred to him what
 older celebrations had told them the words meant. This text, as
 given, ran something like this:

"In his house at R'lyeh
 dead Cahuilu waits dreaming."

And now, in response to a general and urgent demand,
 Inspector Legrasse related as fully as possible his experience with
 the esoteric and profound significance. In a word, the old-time
 dream of myth-maker and dramatist, and disclosed an aston-
 ishing degree of cosmic imagination among such half-castes and
 primitives as might be here expected to possess it.

On November 1st, 1907, there had come to the New Orleans
 police a frantic summons from the swamp and Legrasse country
 to the south. The esoteric there, mostly primitives but good-
 natured descendants of Latin's men, were in the grip of stark ter-
 ror from an unknown thing which had taken upon them in the
 night. It was woods, apparently, but woods of a more terrible
 sort than they had ever known, and some of their women and chil-
 dren had disappeared since the midnight hour some had begun
 to scream bearing for within the black haunted woods where
 no devil's tentacle. There were intense shivers and howling
 screams, and chilling chills and dawning devil-haunts, and the
 frightened messenger added, the people could stand it no more.

So a body of twenty police, filling two carriages
 and an automobile, had set out in the late afternoon
 with the shivering squatter as a guide. At the end
 of the possible road they alighted, and for miles
 splashed on in silence through the terrible cypress
 woods where day never came.



III THE MADNESS FROM THE SEA

I have never wishes to grant me a boon, it will be a total effacing
 of the results of a more chance which fixed my eye on a certain stray
 piece of dead paper. It was nothing in which I would naturally have
 stumbled in the course of my daily round, for it was an old num-
 ber of an Australian journal, the *Sydney Herald* for April 18, 1925.
 It had escaped even the sorting bureau which had at the time of
 its issuance been avidly collecting material for my uncle's research.
 I had barely given over my inquiries into what Professor
 Angell called the "Cahuilu Cult," and was visiting a learned friend
 in Paterson, New Jersey, the curator of a local museum and a

mineralogist of note. Examining one day the reserve specimens
 roughly set on the storage shelves in a rear room of the museum,
 my eye was caught by an odd picture in one of the
 old papers spread beneath the stones.
 It was the *Sydney Herald* I have mentioned, for my friend
 has wide affiliations in all conceivable foreign parts, and the pic-
 ture was a half dozen out of a hideous scene image almost identical
 with that which Legrasse had found in the swamp.
 Eagerly clearing the sheet of its precious contents, I scanned

the item in detail, and was disappointed to find it of only mod-
 erate length. What it suggested, however, was of portentous

significance to my flagging quest, and I carefully note it for
 immediate action. It read as follows:

MYSTERY DERELICT FOUND AT SEA

VIGILANT ARRIVES WITH HELPLESS ARMED NEW ZEALAND YACHT IN TOW, ONE SURVIVOR AND
 DEAD MAN FOUND ABOARD. TALE OF DESPERATE BATTLE AND DEATHS AT SEA. RESCUED SEAMAN REFUSES
 PARTICULARS OF STRANGE EXPERIENCE. ODD IDOL FOUND IN HIS POSSESSION. INQUIRY TO FOLLOW.

The Morrison Co.'s freighter *Vigilant*,
 bound from Valparaiso, arrived this
 morning at 10 o'clock in Oatling harbor,
 having in tow the battered and disabled
 but heavily armed vessel yacht *Alert* of
 Dunedin, N. Z., which was sighted
 April 12th to S. Latitude 34° 22', W.
 Longitude 129° 17' with one living and
 one dead man aboard.



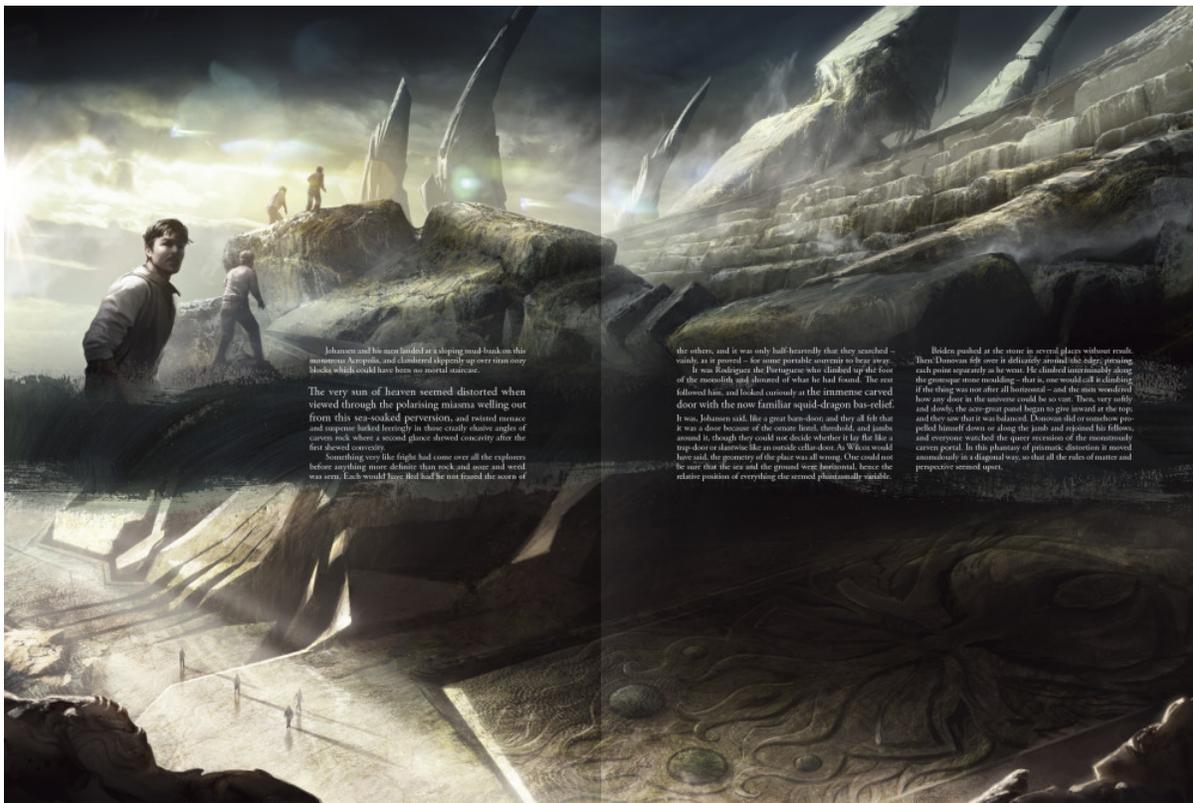
The Slave Idol

The *Vigilant* left Valparaiso
 March 25th, and on April 2nd was
 driven considerably south of her
 course by exceptionally heavy storms
 and counter waves. On April 12th
 the derelict was sighted, and though
 apparently deserted, was found upon
 hoisting to appear one survivor in
 a half-delirious condition and one
 man who had evidently been dead
 for some time. The living
 man was chancing a horrible stone
 idol of unknown origin, about a foot
 in height, regarding whose nature
 authorities at Sydney University, the
 Royal Society, and the Museum in
 College Street all profess complete
 ignorance, and which the survivor
 may be found in the cabin of the
 yacht, in a small carved statue of common
 porphyry.

without warning upon the seaman with
 a peculiarly heavy history of brain cannon
 forming part of the yacht's equipment.
 The *Alert*'s man showed fight, says the
Vigilant, and though the seaman began to
 sink from shore beneath the superior they
 managed to shove alongside their enemy
 and board her, grappling with the savage
 crew on the yacht's deck, and being found
 to kill them all, the member being slightly
 superior, because of their pitifully
 exhausted and dazedly though rather
 glumly state of fighting.

Three of the *Alert*'s men, including
 Capt. Collins and First Mate Green,
 were killed, and the remaining eight
 under Second Mate Johnson proceeded
 to investigate the captured yacht, being
 almost in their original direction to
 see if any reason for their derelict
 had existed. The next day, it
 appears, they raised and landed on a
 small island, although none is known
 to exist in that part of the ocean;
 and six of the men somehow died
 ashore, though Johnson is quietly
 reticent about this part of his story,
 and speaks only of their falling into
 a rock again. Later, it seems, he and
 one companion boarded the yacht and
 died in strange lot, but were beaten
 about by the storm of April 2nd.
 From that time till his rescue on the
 15th the man remembers little, and he
 does not even recall when William
 Briden, his companion, died. Briden's
 death reveals no apparent cause, and
 was probably due to exhaustion or
 exposure. Cable advices from Dunedin
 report that the *Alert* was well known
 there as an island trader, and bore lit-
 tle resemblance along the coastlines. It
 was owned by a curious group of half-
 breed whose frequent meetings and
 night trips to the north attracted no little
 curiosity, and it is said to have been
 just after the storm and earth tremors of
 March 1st that Auckland correspondent
 gives the *Alert* and her crew an excellent
 reputation, and Johnson is described as a
 noble and worthy man. The admittance will
 function as inquiry on the whole matter
 beginning tomorrow, at which every effort
 will be made to induce Johnson to speak
 more freely than he has done hitherto.

Advertisement for Charles Hutchinson's Hurricane Watch, featuring a watch and promotional text.



Johnson and his men landed in a sloping mud bank on this mountainous Acropolis, and clambered slippery up over stony boulders which could have been no mortal staircase.

The very sun of heaven seemed distorted when viewed through the polarising miasma welling out from this sea-stained pavement, and twisted mountains and stupor harked forebodingly in those crazily chosen angles of curved rock where a second glance showed concavity after the first showed convexity.

Something very like flight had come over all the explorers before anything more definite than rock and soap and wood was seen. Each would have had his feet fast to the soles of

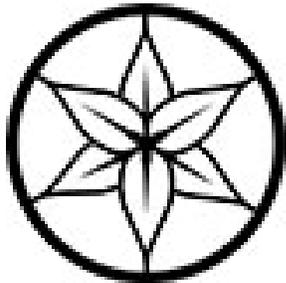
the others, and it was only half-heavily that they scratched – vainly, as it proved – for some portable support to bear away.

It was Rodriguez the Portuguese who flung himself first of the men, and showed of what he had found. The rest followed him, and looked curiously at the immense carved door with the now familiar squid-dragon bas-relief.

It was Johnson who, like a great lion-shout and roar, all felt the air was a door because of the corner level, chisel, and joints around it, though they could not decide whether it lay like a trap-door or dome-like in convex reflection. As Wilson would have said, the geometry of the place was all wrong. One could not be sure that the air and the ground were horizontal, hence the relative positions of everything the second phantasmically variable.

Belden pushed at the stone in several places without result.

Then Dawson felt over it delicately around the edge, pressing each point separately as he went. He climbed unthinkingly along the groove or more moulding – that is, one would call it climbing if the thing was not after all horizontal – and the men wondered how any door in the universe could be so vast. Then, very softly and slowly, the acre great panel began to give inward at the top, and they saw that it was indented. Dawson did for himself, propped himself down on the joints and rejoined his fellows, and everyone watched the queer recession of the monumentally carved panel. In this phantasm of geometry, distance is moved anomalously in a diagonal way, so that all the rules of matter and perspective seemed upset.



FREE LEAGUE

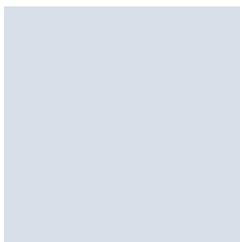
Free League Publishing is a Swedish publisher dedicated to speculative fiction. We have published a range of award-winning tabletop role-playing games and critically acclaimed art books set in strange and wondrous worlds.

Our game range include the alternate '80s *Tales from the Loop* (winner of five ENnie Awards 2017, including Best Game), sandbox retro fantasy *Forbidden Lands* (winner of four ENnie Awards 2019), postapocalyptic *Mutant: Year Zero* (Silver ENnie for Best Rules 2015), space opera *Coriolis - The Third Horizon* (Judge's Spotlight Award 2017), dark fantasy *Symbaroum*, and the official *ALIEN RPG*.

We have also published the art books *Tales from the Loop* and *Things from the Flood* by visual artist *Simon Stålenhag*, as well as the illustrated edition of the Lovecraft classic *The Call of Cthulhu* by French artist François Baranger.

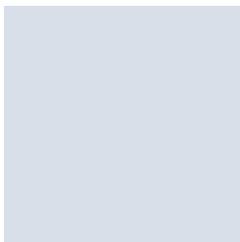
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