

The Call of Cthulhu Illustrated by Baranger

Nov 01, 2019 09:49 GMT

## The Call of Cthulhu Illustrated by Baranger Released Today

Great Cthulhu has arisen. Today, François Baranger's massively illustrated edition of H.P. Lovecraft's iconic story *The Call of Cthulhu* was officially 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 available at [Free League Publishing](#) and [Design Studio Press](#), who distributes the title worldwide.

**For review copies, interview requests, and other queries, please e-mail: [pr@frialigan.se](mailto: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 Lovcraftian 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 horrible ancient aeons before ever the world was made. Besides nameless rites and human sacrifices there were certain secret hoodooer rituals addressed to a supreme elder deity or *menowah*, and of this Professor Webb had taken a careful photostatic copy from an aged *angaitah* or wizard-priest, expressing the words in Roman letters as best he knew how. But not now of prime significance was the faith which this cult had cherished, and around which they danced when the sunset leaped high over the ice cliffs. It was, the professor stated, a very crude but-oh-oh of magic, comprising a hazy panacea and some cryptic writings. And so far as he could tell, it was a merely parallel in all essential features of the heathen thing now being before the meeting.

The data, 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 an oral ritual among the swamp-cult worshippers his man had arrested, he besought the professor to remember at least he might the syllables taken down amongst the distant Esquimaux. There then followed an exhaustive comparison of details, and a moment of really avowed silence when both detective and scientist agreed on the total identity of the phrase common to two hellish rituals so many worlds of distance apart. What, in substance, both the Esquimaux wizards and the Lemnians occupiers had chosen to their like-kind idols was something very like this—the word-divisions being passed at from traditional breaks in the phrase as chanted aloud:

*"Winglat ngah'neuph Cahulhu  
R'lyeh ngah'neuph Itagoo."*

Legrasse had one point in advance of Professor Webb, for several among his mounted prisoners had repeated 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 Cahulhu waits dreaming."*

And now, in response to a general and urgent demand, Inspector Legrasse related as fully as possible his experience with the swamp worshippers telling a story to which I could see my uncle attached profound significance. It was one of the wildest dreams of myth-maker and dramatist, and disclosed an astonishing degree of cosmic imagination among such half-castes and primitives as might be here expected to possess it.

On November 1st, 1917, there had come to the New Orleans police a frantic summons from the swamp and beyond country to the south. The squatters there, mostly prisoners but good-natured descendants of Lafitte's men, were in the grip of such terror from an unknown thing which had taken upon them in the night. It was swishes, apparently, but swishes of a nature terrible worse than they had ever known, and some of their women and children had disappeared since the midnight sun-noon had begun its incantant beating far within the black haunted woods where no dwellers remained. There were insane shrieks and howling screams, soul-chilling chants and dancing devil-dances, 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 passable 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 wished 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 on which I would naturally have stumbled in the course of my daily round, for it was an old number of an Australian journal, the *Souley Bulletin* for April 18, 1925. It had escaped even the curating beams which had at the time of its issuance been avidly collecting material for my uncle's research. I had legibly given over my inquiries into what Professor Aught called the "Cathart Call," 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 *Souley Bulletin* I have mentioned, for my friend has wide affiliations in all conceivable foreign parts, and the picture was a half-toner cut of a hideous stone image almost identical with that which Lepreux 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 moderate length. What it suggested, however, was of portentous

significance to my flagging quest, and I carefully note it out 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 DISPERATE 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 its berth 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 in S. Latitude 34° 21', W. Longitude 129° 17' with one living and one dead man aboard.

The freighter left Valparaiso March 25th, and on April 2nd was driven considerably south of her course by exceptionally heavy storms and oncoming waves. On April 12th the derelict was sighted, and though apparently deserted, was found upon hoisting to appear one survivor in a half-delicious condition and one man who had evidently been dead for some time or weeks. 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 survivors may be found in the cabin of the yacht, in a small carved statue of common pattern.

This man, after recovering his senses, told an exceedingly strange story of piracy and slaughter. He, in brief, told a New Zealand man of some intelligence, and had been rescued out of the two-masted schooner *Emma* of Auckland, which sailed for Callio February 20th with a complement of eleven men. The *Emma*, he says, was delayed and blown widely south of her course by the great storm of March 1st, and on March 22nd, in S. Latitude 49° 37', W. Longitude 129° 34', encountered



The Stone Idol

without warning upon the schooner with a peculiarly heavy battery of brass cannon forming part of the yacht's equipment. The *Emma's* men showed fight, says the survivor, and though the schooner began to sink from shots beneath the waterline they managed to leave alongside their enemy and board her, grappling with the savage crew on the yacht's deck, and being forced to kill them all, the number being slightly superior, because of their particularly abundant and dexterous slings rather than slugs mode of fighting.

Three of the *Emma's* men, including Capt. Collins and First Mate Green, were killed, and the remaining eight under Second Mate Johnson proceeded to navigate the captured yacht, intending in their original direction to see if any reason for their ordering back had existed. The next day, it appears, they landed on a small island, although some is known to exist in that part of the ocean; and six of the men somehow died ashore, though Johnson is quarterly reticent about this part of his story, and repeats only of their falling into a rock cleft. Later, it seems, he and one companion boarded the yacht and tried to manage her, but were beaten about by the storm of April 2nd. From that time till his rescue on the 17th the man remembers little, and he does not even recall when William Holden, his companion, died. Holden'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 his best reputation along the coastward. It was owned by a curious group of half-breeders whose frequent meetings and night trips to the north attracted no little curiosity, and it was said in great haste just after the storm and earth tremors of March 1st. Our Auckland correspondent gives the *Emma* and her crew an excellent reputation, and Johnson is described as a bold and worthy man, the admiral will continue an 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.

A collage of three small advertisements. The left one is for 'AWELL FED PAN' and 'LICKS LUNCH'. The middle one is for 'Charles Hutchinson' and 'Hurricane Hatch'. The right one is for 'HOTTES AND OR TWITS' and 'SHE COUNTY FAIR'.



Johnson had been landed in a sloping mud bank on this monstrous Acropolis, and clambered slippery up over stony ooze blocks 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-stocked perversion, and radiant sunbeams and sunbeams looked through in those steadily chosen angles of cavern rock where a second glance showed concavity after the first seemed convexity.

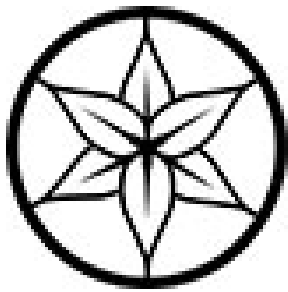
Something very like flight had come over all the explorers before anything more definite than rock and noise and word was seen. Each would have had his feet fast to the soles of

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

It was Rudger the Dorsetshire who climbed up the face of the monolith, 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 said, like a great horn-door, and they all felt that it was a door because of the square head, the neck, and limbs around it, though they could not decide whether it lay like a trap-door or dome-like an ornate ceiling-door. As Wilson would have said, the geometry of the place was all wrong. One could not be sure that the sea and the ground were horizontal, hence the relative position of everything the record photographically visible.

Holden pushed at the stone in several places without result. Then Dawson felt over it delicately, and the edge, pinning each point separately as he went. He climbed unhesitatingly along the prominent nose protruding - that is, one would call it protruding, if the stone was not after all horizontal - and the stone receding how any door in the universe could be so thin. Then, very softly and slowly, the great panel began to give inward at the top, and they saw that it was balanced. Dawson did not remain to propel himself down or along the bank and exposed his fellows, and everyone watched the queer excursion of the monstrously cavern portal. In the phantom of primary dimensions it moved automatically 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.

Website: [www.freeleaguepublishing.com](http://www.freeleaguepublishing.com)

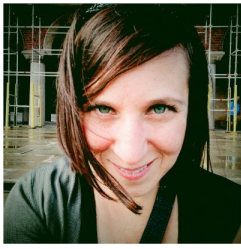
Facebook: [www.facebook.com/FriaLigan](http://www.facebook.com/FriaLigan)

Instagram: <http://instagram.com/frialigan/>

Youtube: [www.youtube.com/c/FrialiganSe](http://www.youtube.com/c/FrialiganSe)

Twitter: <http://twitter.com/FriaLigan>

## Contacts



### **Boel Bermann**

Press Contact  
Arcane PR Wizard  
Press contact  
[pr@frialigan.se](mailto:pr@frialigan.se)



### **Free League Publishing**

Press Contact  
Press Contact  
[pr@frialigan.se](mailto:pr@frialigan.se)