



VOID HORROR

JULY 2950 ISSUE

 IMPERIAL
GEOGRAPHIC

THE NINTH PLANET

The **Verse** is so vast and yet we know so little. What awaits us in its outer reaches or even beyond our very own dimension? What significance holds our own little cosmos contrasted with the infinite realms that surround us? We may never know, but maybe this ignorance is bliss. The mere knowledge of the unspeakable terrors that float indifferently through space and time, capable of dispelling our universe's existence with the wink of an eye, would drive even the most mentally stable person **insane**.



The human mind is limited, it can't describe the incomprehensible. When there are no words, nor math or science, artistry might shine a light and share a glimpse of what we mustn't know.

The fear of the unknown, forces we can't see or understand form the foundation of **Cosmic Horror** - also known as Lovecraftian horror. Howard Philipps Lovecraft's tales of cosmicism have inspired many great works from past to present. And so they did with this issue of Imperial Geographic.

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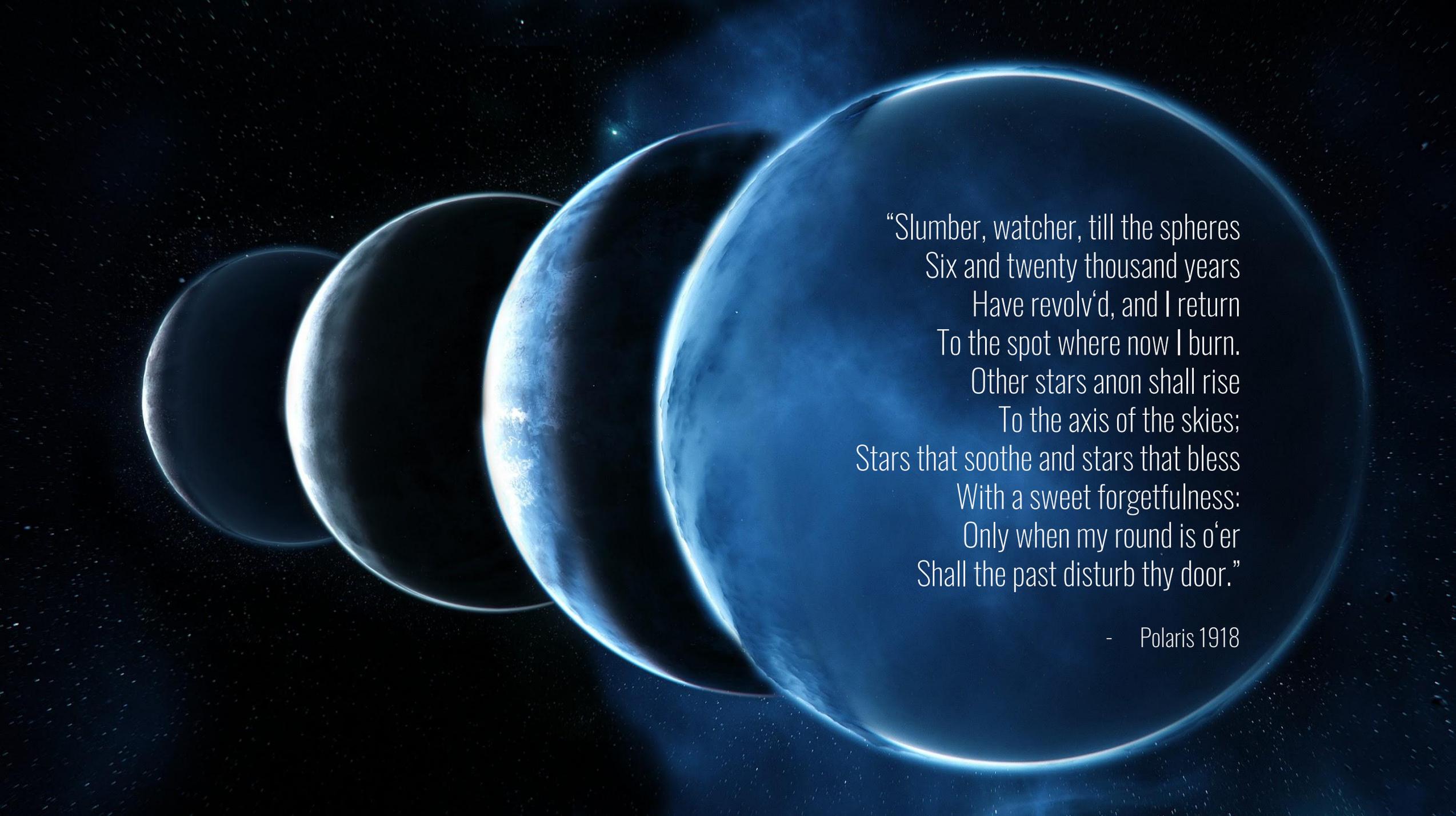


A futuristic space station interior. A large, curved window in the center shows a bright blue and white view, possibly of a planet or a nebula. The interior is dark with blue and orange lighting. A person wearing a dark, futuristic helmet with a red visor is visible in the lower right foreground, looking towards the window. The background is filled with a dense field of blue and white particles, suggesting a starfield or a nebula.

“Within twentyfour hours that machine near the table will generate waves acting on unrecognised senseorgans that exist in us as atrophied or rudimentary vestiges. Those waves will open up to us many vistas unknown to man, and several unknown to anything we consider organic life.

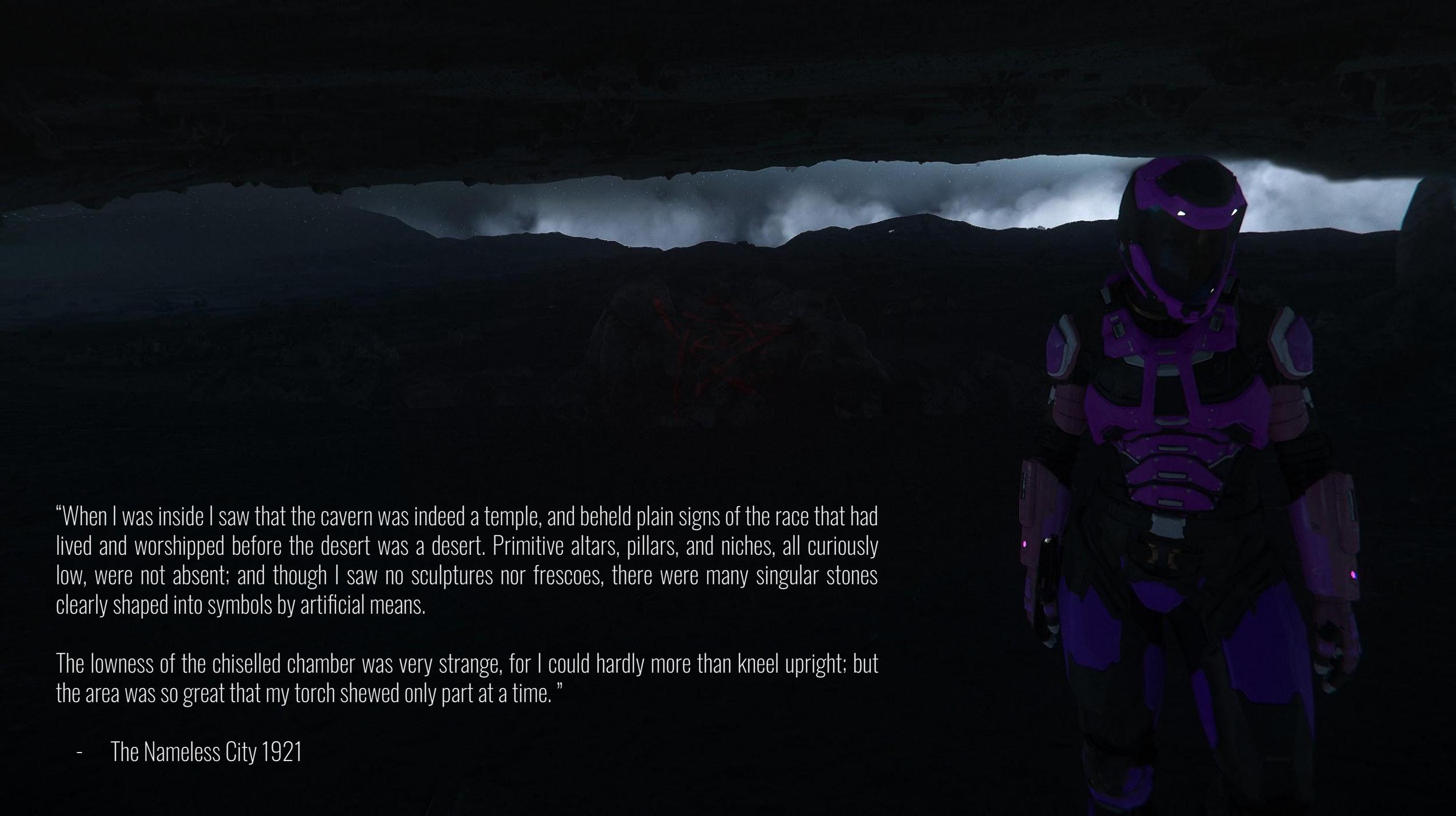
We shall see that at which dogs howl in the dark, and that at which cats prick up their ears after midnight. We shall see these things, and other things which no breathing creature has yet seen. We shall overleap time, space, and dimensions, and without bodily motion peer to the bottom of creation.”

- From Beyond 1920



“Slumber, watcher, till the spheres
Six and twenty thousand years
Have revolv’d, and I return
To the spot where now I burn.
Other stars anon shall rise
To the axis of the skies;
Stars that soothe and stars that bless
With a sweet forgetfulness:
Only when my round is o’er
Shall the past disturb thy door.”

- Polaris 1918

A character in a purple and black futuristic suit stands in a dark, cavernous space. The suit is highly detailed with various panels and glowing purple accents. The character is positioned on the right side of the frame, looking towards the left. In the background, a large, glowing red symbol is visible on the wall, resembling a stylized 'X' or a similar geometric shape. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and dark, with a narrow opening in the distance showing a bright, cloudy sky.

“When I was inside I saw that the cavern was indeed a temple, and beheld plain signs of the race that had lived and worshipped before the desert was a desert. Primitive altars, pillars, and niches, all curiously low, were not absent; and though I saw no sculptures nor frescoes, there were many singular stones clearly shaped into symbols by artificial means.

The lowness of the chiselled chamber was very strange, for I could hardly more than kneel upright; but the area was so great that my torch shewed only part at a time.”

- The Nameless City 1921

“And Randolph Carter, gasping and dizzy on his hideous shantak, shot screamingly into space toward the cold blue glare of boreal Vega; looking but once behind him at the clustered and chaotic turrets of the onyx nightmare wherein still glowed the lone lurid light of that window above the air and the clouds of earth’s dreamland. Great polypous horrors slid darkly past, and unseen bat-wings beat multitudinous around him, but still he clung to the unwholesome mane of that loathly and hippocephalic scaled bird.

The stars danced mockingly, almost shifting now and then to form pale signs of doom that one might wonder one had not seen and feared before; and ever the winds of aether howled of vague blackness and loneliness beyond the cosmos.”

- The Dream-Quest of Unknown
Kadath 1927





“Upon retiring, he had had an unprecedented dream of great Cyclopean cities of titan blocks and sky-flung monoliths, all dripping with green ooze and sinister with latent horror. Hieroglyphics had covered the walls and pillars, and from some undetermined point below had come a voice that was not a voice; a chaotic sensation which only fancy could transmute into sound, but which he attempted to render by the almost unpronounceable jumble of letters, —Cthulhu fhtagnll.”

- The Call of Cthulhu 1926

“Even the pictures illustrate only one or two phases of its infinite bizarrerie, endless variety, preternatural massiveness, and utterly alien exoticism. There were geometrical forms for which an Euclid could scarcely find a name—cones of all degrees of irregularity and truncation; terraces of every sort of provocative disproportion; shafts with odd bulbous enlargements; broken columns in curious groups; and five-pointed or five-ridged arrangements of mad grotesqueness.”

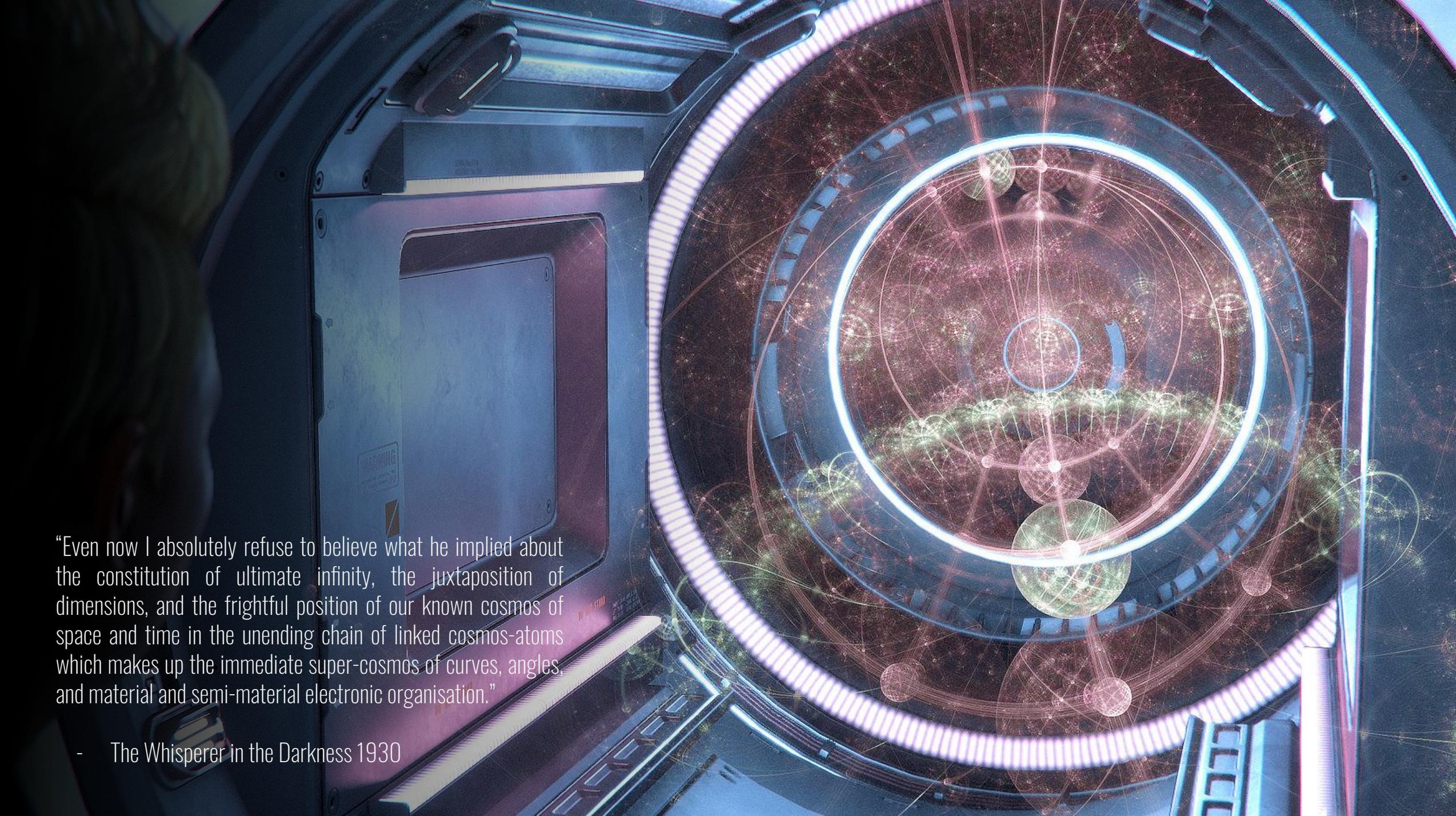
- At the Mountains of Madness 1931



“The Old Ones were, the Old Ones are, and the Old Ones shall be. Not in the spaces we know, but between them, They walk serene and primal, undimensioned and to us unseen. Yog-Sothoth knows the gate. Yog-Sothoth is the gate. Yog-Sothoth is the key and guardian of the gate. Past, present, future, all are one in Yog-Sothoth. He knows where the Old Ones broke through of old, and where They shall break through again. He knows where They have trod earth’s fields, and where They still tread them, and why no one can behold Them as They tread. By Their smell can men sometimes know Them near, but of Their semblance can no man know, saving only in the features of those They have begotten on mankind;and of those are there many sorts, differing in likeness from man’s truest idolon to that shape without sight or substance which is Them.”

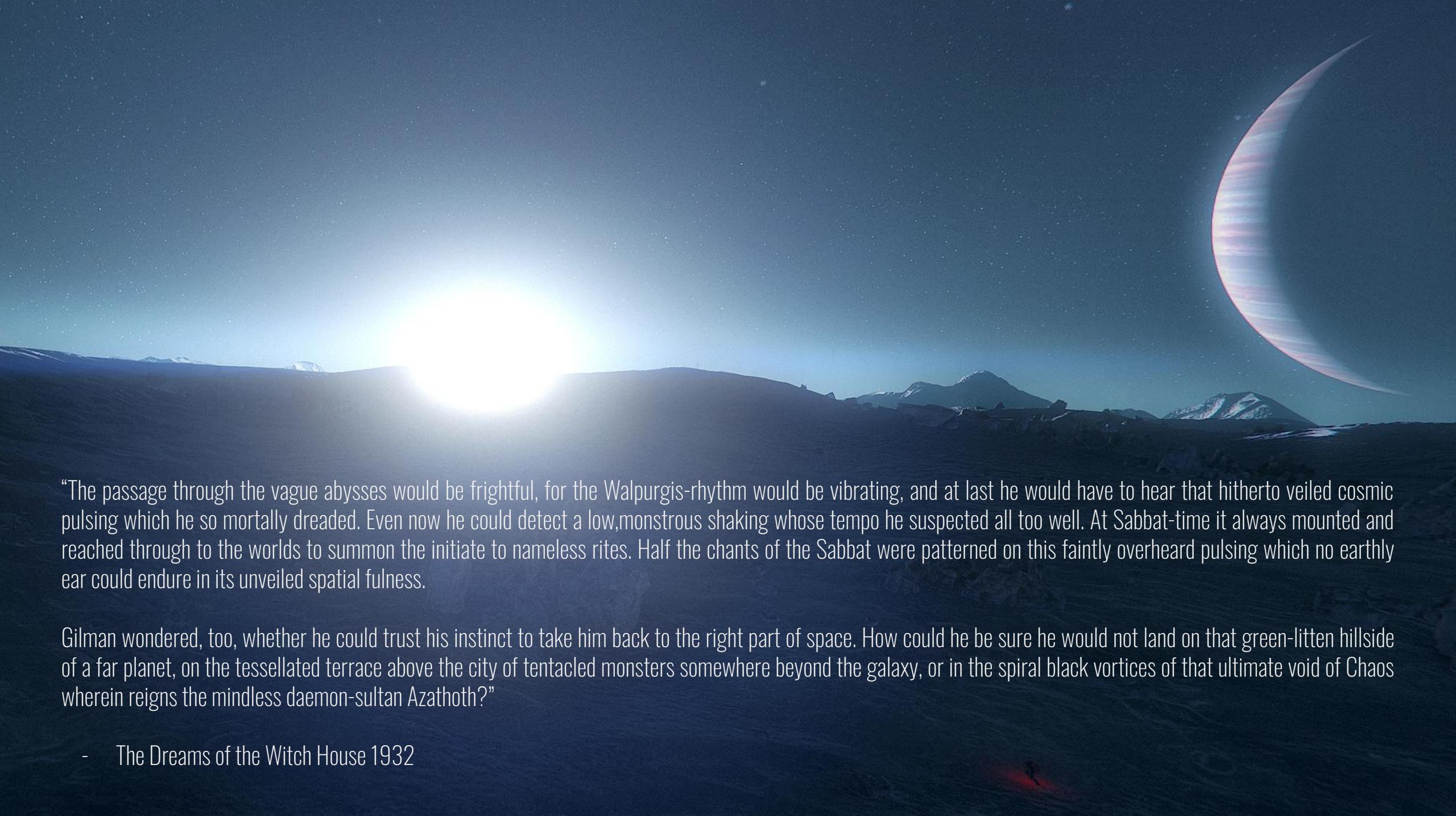
- The Dunwich Horror 1928





“Even now I absolutely refuse to believe what he implied about the constitution of ultimate infinity, the juxtaposition of dimensions, and the frightful position of our known cosmos of space and time in the unending chain of linked cosmos-atoms which makes up the immediate super-cosmos of curves, angles, and material and semi-material electronic organisation.”

- The Whisperer in the Darkness 1930

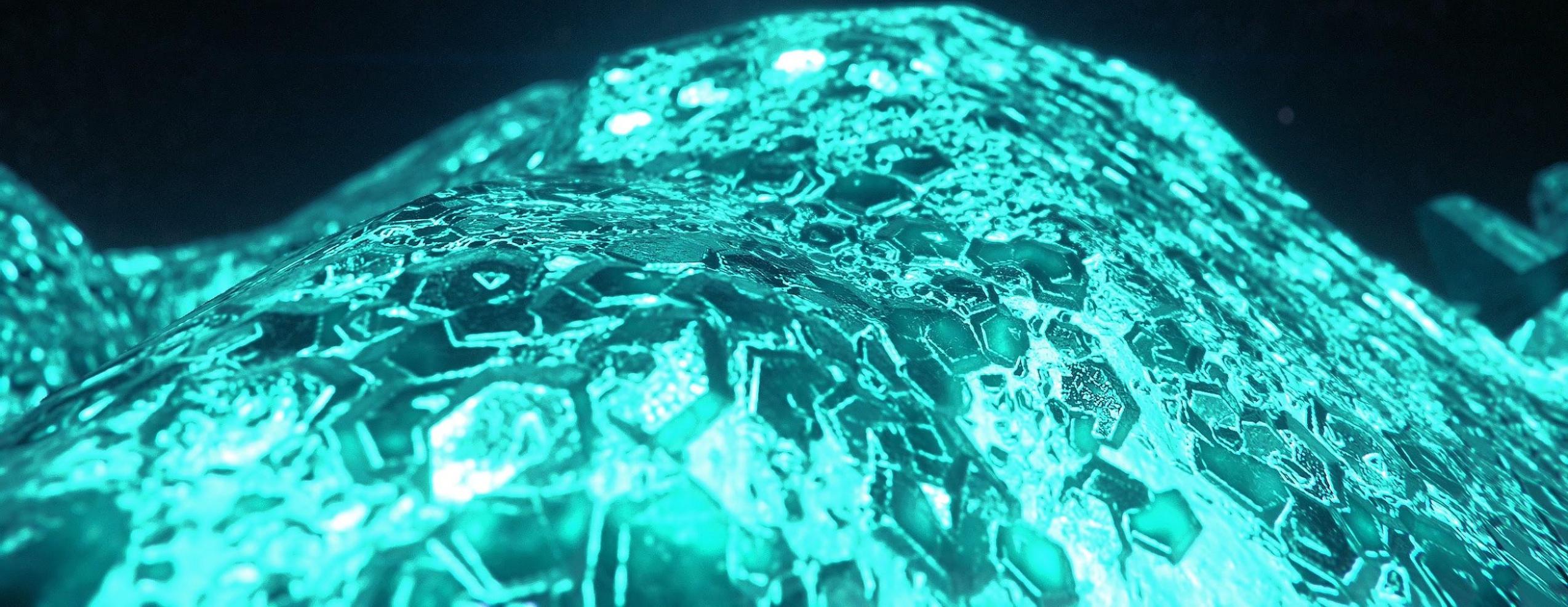


“The passage through the vague abysses would be frightful, for the Walpurgis-rhythm would be vibrating, and at last he would have to hear that hitherto veiled cosmic pulsing which he so mortally dreaded. Even now he could detect a low, monstrous shaking whose tempo he suspected all too well. At Sabbat-time it always mounted and reached through to the worlds to summon the initiate to nameless rites. Half the chants of the Sabbat were patterned on this faintly overheard pulsing which no earthly ear could endure in its unveiled spatial fulness.

Gilman wondered, too, whether he could trust his instinct to take him back to the right part of space. How could he be sure he would not land on that green-litten hillside of a far planet, on the tessellated terrace above the city of tentacled monsters somewhere beyond the galaxy, or in the spiral black vortices of that ultimate void of Chaos wherein reigns the mindless daemon-sultan Azathoth?”

“It was a scene from a vision of Fuseli, and over all the rest reigned that riot of luminous amorphousness, that alien and undimensioned rainbow of cryptic poison from the well—seething, feeling, lapping, reaching, scintillating, straining, and malignly bubbling in its cosmic and unrecognisable chromaticism.”

- The Colour Out of Space 1927



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