

# **EL PENDON DE LAS HUELGAS**

## **Gacetilla Número Dos**

**De nuevo aquí, mediodía, en el apreciado bar que da al trasero del Monasterio de las Huelgas, o monasterio de Santa María la Real de las Huelgas, de la congregación de monasterios de monjas cistercienses de San Bernardo.**

**Estamos con el poeta y prosista, dibujante y correo artista (mailartista), Daniel de Culla, que nos trae bajo el brazo dos nuevos libros deseados: su ATAPUERCANO de flamantes colores carnales; y su LIVE ON EARTH (Vivir en la Tierra), totalmente en inglés, que me recuerda el “Emperor’s Robe” (El manto del emperador), de Hans Christian Andersen, figura de la literatura danesa.**

**ATAPUERCANO es como un libro de viajes que se alimenta de las propias ideas del Autor. Con Daniel de Culla me pasa lo mismo que a Miguel de Unamuno con Soren Kierkegaard, cuando declaró al leer sobre él: “descubrí en él a un hermano, casi otro yo, y decidí abrazar su alma”.**

**Y aquí están estos dos libros del gran Autor de Culla, para deleite de los aquí presentes, que gozaréis sin duda de su “Yo” heroico-cómico-erótico. Mientras su cabeza vuela por las nubes de la mano de sus tres Musas: de la Poesía, de la Música y la Tragedia, sus pies se conservan firmes sobre la tierra, como lo demuestra en su libro en inglés LIVE ON EARTH.**

**Gozad, pues, acullá, de la Musa de Culla; de su numen e inspiración, e ingenio poético.**

**También, admirad y leed el texto, en inglés, que ha enviado a los Amigos de Charles Darwin, de la que es un destacado amigo, respondiendo a la carta recibida de ellos, en**

**el 211 Aniversario de su nacimiento en Shrewsbury,  
Shropshire, Inglaterra.**



**12TH FEBRUARY 2020**

**Dear Friend of Darwin,**

**Today marks the 211th anniversary of the birth of Charles Darwin in Shrewsbury, Shropshire. Happy birthday, old chap! And Happy Darwin Day to one and all!**

**Respuesta:**

**Many thanks, with Gift:**

**ATAPUERCANUS FROM ANOTHER GALAXY**

**-Buah! We had a great time, "da buten pelotilla", said two friends, "Cachalunas" and "Ronchabichos", seeing how a large group of elderly travelers, men and women, who had gotten off their bus in the square of Santa Teresa, on the way to the cathedral of Burgos, they came running towards the statue of the “Naked Atapuercanus Man”, which is located in front of the Museum of Human Evolution; the women telling their men, in front of the statue with a naked child:**

**-What else would you like to show the same as the “Atapuercanus”.**

**Starting to pass in front of him, passing the child, as when they pass in front of the column of Santiago, or the Virgen del Pilar, rubbing his cock, pretending to shine.**

**Men and women laughed at more power. And them.**

**-But that cock can't give you an ass, some men exclaimed; Following:**

**-Place your foal on his cock; Let's see if it is as optional and as expert as ours.**

**A voice out of the group, loudly, exclaimed:**

**-Atapuercanus, brave, release the child, and put them all for the Year.**

**Ha, Ha, Has were heard throughout the ride.**

**-Look how they have fun, fixed an old man to another bypassing the walk. How beautiful they sing with joy, our beautiful garment, even if it is bronze.**

**- We know, other women answered, that as well as yours, the Atapuercanus cannot procure us, but we feel tickled when we rub it; and does not complain or get angry like you.**

**-Of course we were angry that you don't have it so beautiful, and that you are just as antediluvians, others said.**

**Raising his voice, another exclaimed:**

**-He has it as the great Ass of my Earth, or that alien, who is my neighbor, and says it will last 2120 years.**

**There was a moment when they were silent, because children and young were coming from a school next door.**

**After silence for a while, some and some were heard again, commenting:**

**-What do you think about the Museum?**

**-A fucking shit.**

**The men:**

**-Women, now we miss that your Musa or Pocha, protector of our Rebuzno when we have it ready and stiff.**

**Women:**

**-And that clamor so resonant that comes out of your ass and rumbles in the valleys and hills, instilling, sometimes, fear.**

**Ha, Ha, Has, they couldn't take the two friends anymore, and even me. They went after some dogs and bitches that were going to ride it between them, in heroic dogs meters, right next to the Arlanzón**

river, which runs down the river running, like that dream of my friend Sisebuto when he tells me and says:

- Yesterday I had a fermented dream of lust and honey. Female spirits taught me her hairy vagina personifying her ancient concept of punishment.

On the other hand, I saw forms of animals that have not followed the same evolutionary process, but that live in the same environment of convergence and functional activity.

My sexuality was in an aquatic environment and my penis was like that of a Reptile in search of the caudal fin of a Cetáceus in a crystalline sphere.

She was Sirénida, and I looked like a Linguatulidus born from the drops of sperm and blood that fell on Gea, when Crono mutilated Uranus in an endoparasite dream.

My Sirénida's pelvis and abdominal limb made my eyes cry, and my organ out of the coccygeal vertebrae had turned me into a cave animal.

My common lizard had a hypertelia, becoming monstrous but not harmful to Sirénida. Its tip grew in such a way that it entered its jaw as a primordial force born of the night.

Penis, Sex and Oblivion. I no longer wanted Eride, my fucking girlfriend, who turned me on for her beauty and her snake-like vagina. Now, I wanted Sex with Sirénida, my cetaceus, whose abode is the infernal Darkness under the tropical water.

While I was running inside it, I saw passing, tied to a dorsal cord, mystic myceicets that bit my eggs with their dental sketches, like fish, that went crazy kissing the basin of the Year without rest.

I was awakened by a Sacculina carcine, a rhizophone parasitic zircon of the crab Carcinides maenas that chased nauplius and cypris larvae that had settled on my toes tickling me and that. Shaking an ear, he said:

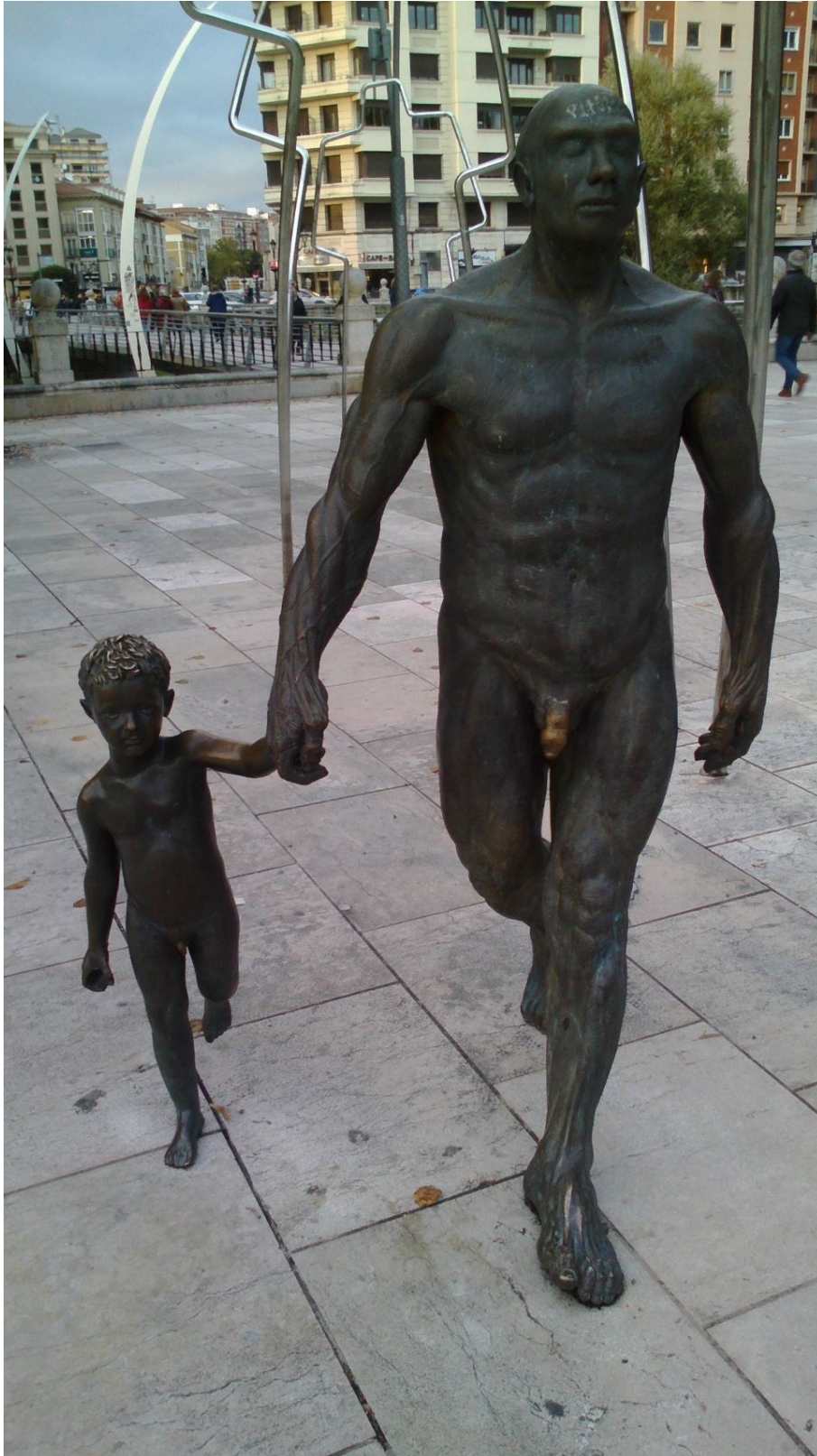
-You know that the fuck has no amendment; starting to hum that song of Zager & Evans: "In the Year 2525". –D de Culla

También, el Autor nos presentó un mini Diccionario Inglés “Tulipán”, español – inglés; inglés – español, “regalo por la compra de

**un tambor de jabón de lavadora”, como él nos dijo, para quien necesitara usarlo en traducir el texto.**

**--Gerineldo Fuencisla. Las Huelgas, Burgos, 14 de Febrero de 2020.**

**ATAPUERCANO**



# **DANIEL DE CULLA**

**Autor-Editor: DANIEL DE CULLA**

**Título: ATAPUERCANO**

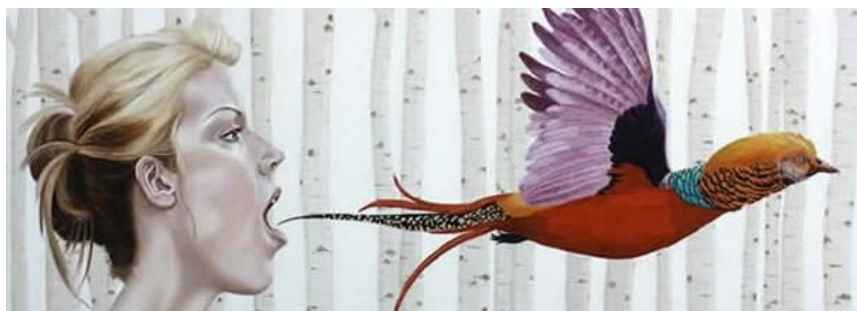
**Género: Poesía, Prosa, Dibujos y más...**

**A todo color**

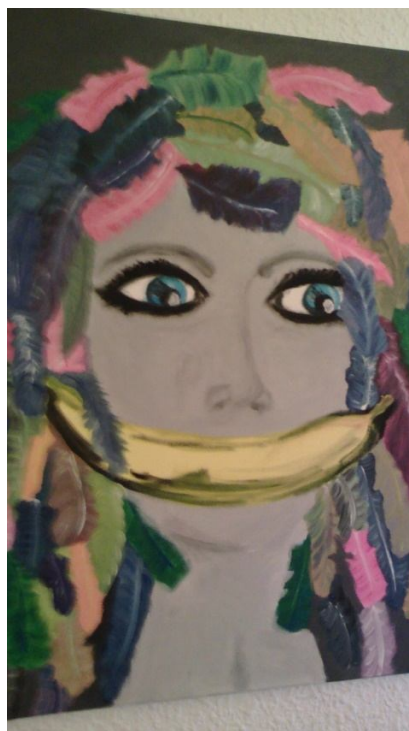
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**Sin Título. Isabel G. de Diego**

**“Se puso en las manos las cubiertas del Libro y exclamó así:**

**-Ea, páginas, ya podéis salir.”-Gerineldo Fuencisla**



# **LIVE ON EARTH**



# **DANIEL DE CULLA**

**Autor-Editor: DANIEL DE CULLA**



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**"Daniel, with you we go singing the joy of Being"**

**-Gerineldo Fuencisla**