

Stone Ring Island AtlantyChronicle

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Leading Article

From the silver arrow to the arrows of the mind

2000 years ago, my Geto-Dacian ancestors shot silver-tipped arrows to the rain clouds that darkened their sky. 1000 years ago the horse was still the main means of locomotion. In the year of 1500, in the world, people who supported scientific truths were still burned at the stake. In 1806, the internal combustion engine appeared so that 100 years later Traian Vuia could detach from the Earth on board the first plane heavier than air. In 1945 we experienced an unfortunate nuclear error, but a year later ENIAC appeared. Then things rush: the engines evolve until they take people to the moon, the ENIAC transforms into a 286 then a laptop and later a smart phone. Meanwhile: in 1989 the Atlantykrone Movement begins and in the second decade of the third millennium, 2020, we talk at a coffee with NASA researchers about the Rover most recently sent to Mars.

The conference attended by: Erissa K. Stilley and Ravi Prakash, our friends from NASA Laboratories, Heather Caton Anderson, one of the organizers of the virtual Atlantykrone, Dorin Prunariu and Alexandru Mironov two undisputed personalities of scientific life in Romania, Sorin Repanovici and Gabi Vâlsan, two of the organizers of the classic Atlantykrone and last but not least Paul Paraschiv and Radu Cioacă, two young people who are at the beginning of their scientific career, is a living, palpable proof of the fact that human society is -at the beginning right- on a road that has as a finality a society of consciousness.

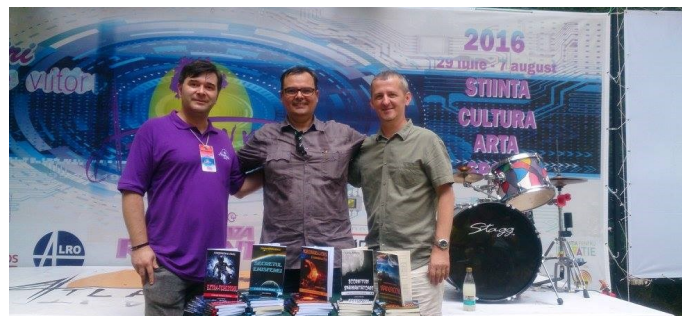
..(to be continued in page #3)



Compass — The Interview of the Day

The Man Who Science-Ficts the Island

Today we will find out something about Constantin Pavel, the man who built the Pavcon Publishing House in recent years, a publishing house that is now among the organizers of the virtual edition of Atlantykrone and that we will present in our magazine at the right time.



When and how did the man Constantin Pavel meet the Stone Ring Island and The Atlantykrone and how did this meeting influence his life?

My first step on the Island was in the fall of 1992. Like most of the SF and nature lovers, I was fascinated from the very beginning. It was love at first sight! I was 24 years old, I was feeding myself with SF in the morning, at noon and in the evening, I was a new technical editor of the "Anticipația" magazine and I felt that the whole Universe of my passion opens wide in front of me, to conquer it! That magical place, the ruins of the Capidava fortress, the Danube (meaning not any kind of Danube, but the DANUBE!) And especially the SF-ists! It was perhaps the most effervescent summer week of my life, living things condensed so much that all the next year I fed on those feelings. The island is Atlantykrone and wherever we are on this Earth, if we stepped on it once, we carry it on our feet wherever we go ...

How do you find the virtualization of Atlantykrone, from an editor perspective?

The virtualization not only of Atlantykrone, but of the entire information / education system, due to the new conditions that humanity is facing, is a forced step taken before the time came. But soon it had to be done. It's called evolution. Because the man arrived at the moment when it is no longer necessary to go to school, to the library, to the show, to access the information. Yes, he still needs interaction with his peers, nature and the environment, but if we talk strictly about accessing information strictly to complete his knowledge, online is the easiest way.

..(to be continued in page #2)



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2020-31st edition

Reporter from the far side tent - Alin Laicu (3rd level troll)

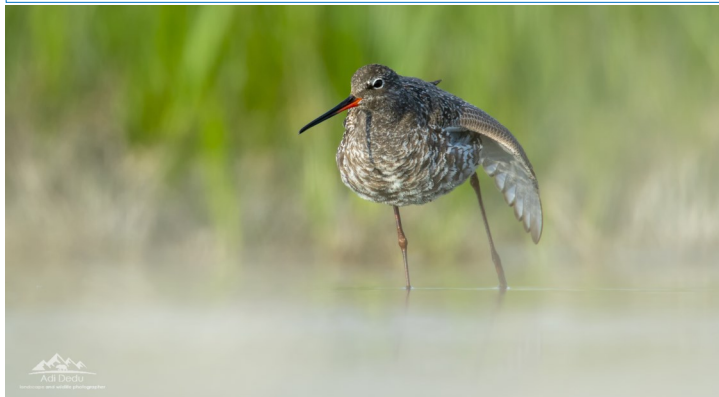
Staying quiet behind the screens and Zoom watching the conferences is about to become our new norm.

Somehow bored, some participants took their mosquito killer spray and filled their room with the flavor that will strongly and always be associated with their yearly passing on the Atlantykron Island.

Their laptops got again the chance to feel that sublime near-death experience with coolers, keyboards and screens swamped in sticky clouds.

On the other side of the virtual Island, they can just imagine the friendly noise of tableware during the dinner time.

And then, quietly, the sun set.



Atlantykronedotes

Radiating

One day, I was walking through Bucharest. I was walking and radiating like a fool. That's what happens to me when I'm happy, I radiate. Why was I happy ?! No reason. Well, if you're waiting for a reason to be happy, you're always unhappy. So I'm happy when I feel like being happy. Anyway, I was walking and radiating when the police jumped on me. God, what did I do ?! I wonder in my mind, feeling innocent. But does that seem to matter to the police ?! I think that maybe, being so happy, I wasn't careful enough and I crossed the street when the traffic light was red. But to be arrested for that ?! I think it's a mistake, I tell in my mind, feeling my level of happiness drop sharply. What happened, I ask the cop. Did I do something wrong? Madam, the level of radiation coming from you is much above the allowable limits. Please hand me the purse. I gave him the purse and they pass it to a guy in a protection suit. Ladies, put your bags in order, because I, now, in this difficult situation, instead of fearing for my freedom, I was ashamed of the mess in my purse. You know, I have a stupid habit of throwing all the shopping bills in my purse, because the law requires you to keep them until you leave the store. Sometimes I clean my bag and throw them away, but, damn, the police never stops you after you've just tidied up your purse. I hope they will not notice how much money I spend on sweets. But the police, measuring my radiation level with a device, finds that I am still radiating, although it would not be normal. Where do you keep the radioactive material? Please hand it over voluntarily, otherwise we will have to proceed to body search. I don't want a body search, because I'm tickling. So I tell them the truth, that my radiation comes from my soul. They look at each other, then ask themselves out loud: how do we do a soul search? Let's ask the boss. The boss comes, spins around me, then admits that he feels a gravitational attraction around me that disturbs his peace. Guys, let her go. I feel like I can't take bribes around her anymore. I wonder if it was any hint. But I had spent the last penny for 200 grams of walnut Turkish delight, so I didn't have any money. Okay, go, the boss tells me. But stop radiating. Don't you know that happiness is illegal in Romania?

by Marilena Dumitrescu

(The Man Who Science-Ficts the Island- continued from page #1)

Which of the Atlantykron's editions had the highest impact for PAVCON publishing house and why?

That of 2016. It was the year in which the Science Fiction Collection project came to light in my mind and soul and materialized in the launch of the first five books, in front of SF lovers on the Island. Until then, only a few friends knew what were my intentions; from that point forward, my statements became facts ... And since then, after only 4 years, SF lovers can enjoy the over 120 books made exclusively by Romanian creators! And the project expanded, with the publication, last year, of the CSF magazine, and this year, with the publication of the writings of Romanian authors in the USA, on Amazon, thus becoming visible to a whole world!

A message for the SF writers, from Romania and abroad, please.

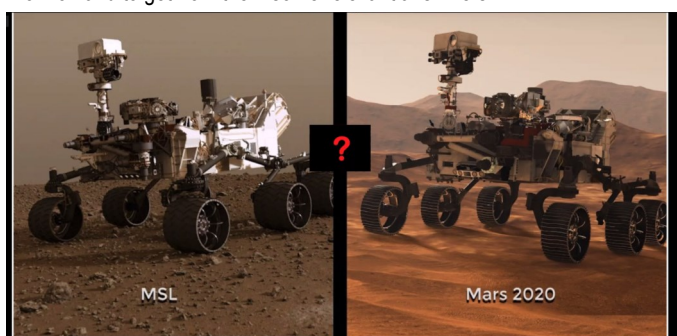
To write better and better and to be selfconfident! To send the writings to publishers, to magazines, to accept to grow and learn permanently, to communicate a lot with publishers, editors and especially with their readers! To write not only for their pleasure in writing, but to give unforgettable emotions and feelings to their reading public! To write not only to convey emotions, but also ideas and knowledge, because literature has had and will always have a primary role in educating people!

Atlantykron redactional team

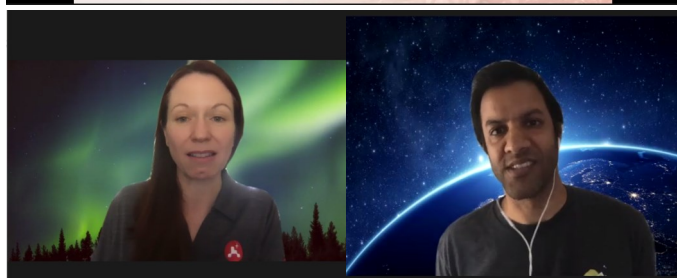
Special guests - NASA, Jet Propulsion Laboratory

MARS 2020 PERSEVERANCE - ROVER MISSION

It is already in the tradition of Atlantykron Summer Academy of Learning to include in its programs one meeting with Erisa K. Stille and Ravi Prakash. It all started few years ago with Curiosity and the organizers persevered to invite them year after year. The two specialists from NASA JPL shared with the atlantykronians a lot of last minute information about some of their current and future projects. The presence of the experienced and well-documented persons, such as Dumitru Prunariu and Alexandru Mironov, transformed the session in a very interactive and animated session. The virtual island setup of this year brought the benefits of having more time for a lot of interesting questions. A couple of passionate young students (Paul Paraschiv and Radu Cioaca) had the opportunity to share with the NASA experts some innovative projects they work on and to get from them some relevant answers.



THE MARS
HELICOPTER
INGENUITY



Impressions and Expressions from Antlantykron 2020

After one year I hit the road again. The road to Antlantykron, the imagination island where I discovered New Horizons for mind, body and soul. This time the travel was a virtual one. However, it was not less valuable. On the contrary. A lot of interesting conferences and workshops enchanted the audience like usually. For three days (and two more to come) I managed to watch some of the sessions I had been interested in. I noticed that people from different countries, who were attending the same workshops together with me, were eager to know and learn more about the future of the humankind. Especially the young people got involved in conversations on various topics and asked very good questions. It was a real delight to listen to the amazing dialogues and great interaction among people of different ages, nationalities and cultures. To say nothing about the wonderful speakers who brought us food for thoughts and inspired us. To be honest, the only difference between the last year edition and this year one of the Antlantykron Summer Academy was that we could not enjoy swimming in the waves of the Danube River, sleeping in a tent in the middle or at the edge of the forest on the Stone Ring Island. I must admit that I miss the "morning coffee" song and the people I used to meet during my wanderings about the island. Still, to my great surprise, I could see and hear some of my friends I made on that wonderful real realm of knowledge last year. Despite of the unexpected but precise situation that overwhelmed the entire Earth, people from all over the world shared opinions and gave each other hugs (even if virtually). I could feel the enthusiasm and happiness of many of them to be together again and take part in discussions and roundtable sessions. It looked as if our planet had got up from a nightmare and the participants were hungry for knowledge more than ever. Which made them get involved in the virtual activities that the organisers prepared for this year. As the topic "New Horizons" announced, new ideas and perspectives were created this summer. What a wonderful virtual world opened in front of our eyes from the very beginning of the Antlantykron Summer Academy 2020. It showed me the potential of the humankind, the love and compassion of the participants and last but not least, the bridge they virtually build between generations and different opinions. What a wonderful world, these words came to my mind at the end of one of the sessions, during which I could see and hear dear fellows being grateful and thanking each other for the great interaction they had. Irrespective of the topics the people created an amazing harmony over time and space, an optimistic and trustful atmosphere with their friendship and catching laugh and warm words. Today I felt that it was one of those days when you can feel your awareness stretching beyond any imagination. You could feel this in your mind, your body and soul. If last year some of us built new roads, literally, or discovered new paths and shared their discoveries with the others, this year I realized how flexible, creative and adaptive the humankind is. I could see the invisible threads of kindness, love and empathy that together created strong bridges (please read: relationships and communication) among individuals. I was so happy to see that what apparently separated people, actually united them. It was like a revival of the good, the creativity and joy. Once a famous singer said: The show must go on. I felt literally that the world goes on. With a new game, a new perspective in a fresh world. Great speakers, great interaction, great sessions, great organisers, wonderful feelings. Although we met just virtually, we made real steps to the horizons we imagined, visualised and talked about these beautiful days. And yes, some of the famous Atlantysynchronicities happened again. In a nutshell and in my opinion, this year's edition of the Antlantykron Summer Academy represented the simplicity in its complexity.

Diana Susman



Adi Dedu

(From the silver arrow to the arrows of mind - continued from page #1)

I do not rob you of the pleasure of discovering on Antlantykron's Facebook page the recording of this memorable discussion between some personalities who can be called without fear: landmarks of ethics and scientific training, of verticality, discipline and passion for what I do! And I can't go on before I tell you that for NASA and our friends Erissa K. Stillely and Ravi Prakash, the cultural diversity of those who participate in research is very important, and space missions cannot be designed outside of international collaboration. the chance of each nation to contribute the best!

Aren't these words exactly the "work together" that the distinguished Prof. Florin Munteanu always talks about? Here's how "Sowing seeds for tomorrow's world / society!"

From the Red Planet we do not return to Earth but remain among the stars with the physicist Cristian Presură, one of the most appreciated readers of Antlantykron.

Cristian Presură is a born storyteller. He knows how to formulate his speech in relation to the target audience, he has an overflowing energy and he is so in love with physics that you are overwhelmed by the passion with which he explains scholarly things to you using examples from everyday life.

I am sure that whoever will watch Cristian Presură who presents us this year three episodes of The Physics of Compact Stars: White Dwarfs Neutron Stars, Black Holes will be attracted if not by the mysteries of distant stars will be at least enchanted by eloquence and tenacity the valuable physics teacher.

At the end of this editorial I will find that either from NASA, or from the light of a physics library, or from the Virtual Island Antlantykron, and today we shoot with the bow of the mind with arrows-ideas and their target is no longer rain clouds but more and more possible and visible, at the edge of the horizon, society of consciousness or exciting stars at the border of the visible universe.

Lupișor



“If you want to find the secrets of the universe, think in terms of energy, frequency and vibration.”

Nikola Tesla

Compass — The Second Interview of the Day

The People in The Shadow

It is the first fully virtual edition of *Atlantykrón*. To make it possible, behind the scenes, there has to be somebody to start the zoom sessions, to make sure that the connection works and a lot of other technical details. Today we got some answers from the technical support coordinator - Mihai Gabriel Oprea.

You are the technical support coordinator of the Virtual *Atlantykrón*. How big is your team and what are the main challenges of this edition?

We are 4 people: me, Alexandru Calinciuc, Heather Caton-Anderson and David Anderson; each of us is handling one component of the technical activity behind *Atlantykrón* Virtual. Alex and I manage the sessions through the zoom platform (their configuration, their activation and the distribution of live streams on social media) Heather and David take care of the site and the information posted there, the process of recording and sending emails with the links access for virtual sessions.

Is this your first experience of this kind?

It is not the first experience, every year I coordinated the virtual invitations I had at *Atlantykrón* (ex: NASA, Dumitru Prunariu, Corneliu Chisu, etc)

Can you tell us some figures about how large the area now covered by the *Atlantykrón* Conferences is? (number of continents, countries, participants)

You can find some data in the picture below, but the truth is that the number of followers was much larger for some sessions due to the social media live streaming, while for others not all the registered people joined the zoom sessions. The good thing is that we recorded them and they will be made available for revisit.

What do you think would improve the conference audience? (bigger advertising, newer technique, etc.)

Personally, I think that using an automatic mechanism to register for *Atlantykrón* activities would have been much more accessible to participants and would have helped us to have a larger number of people, but we are constantly learning that is why we already have some ideas for virtual sessions. which we will organize in the coming years. Also, a much more intense and earlier promotion would have helped us.

If you want to add anything else ...

I think this is a unique experience that showed us that it can be done differently, even if the personal experience is not the same as on the island. I believe that for years to come we can combine the island with virtual activities broadcast live in a much better way.

AtlantyChronicle Redactional team

Less than 15	4
15 to 20	47
21 to 25	28
26 to 30	17
31 to 35	17
36 and Over	72

Bangladesh
Canada
France
India
Indonesia
Italy
Kenya
Moldova
Netherlands
Nigeria
Pakistan
Romania
România
Sierra Leone
Switzerland
Tunisia
United Kingdom
United States of America
Vietnam
Zimbabwe

All Registrants - 195 - 202043302343.rtf
Apocalyptic 2020 - Part 1 of 2 - 62 - 202043310043.rtf
Apocalyptic 2020 - Part 2 of 2 - 60 - 202019310119.rtf
Atlantykrón Closing Ceremony - 102 - 202030310130.rtf
Carpathia 2020 - Sci-Fi Anthology - 49 - 202018310018.rtf
Elements of Complexity Science - 91 - 202057310057.rtf
Energy and Evolution - 107 - 202004310004.rtf
Generating and Solving Crisis - 84 - 202054310054.rtf
History of Romanian-Canadian Writer Claudiu Murgan - 35 - 20201...
MARS 2020 Perseverance Rover Mission - 93 - 202029310029.rtf
Maximize Your Memory - 1 of 3 - 92 - 202050302350.rtf
Maximize Your Memory - Part 2 of 3 - 91 - 202008310008.rtf
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Meditation Session - The Violet Flame - 26 - 202037310137.rtf
New Horizons of Animal-Human Relationships - 74 - 202011310011.rtf
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New Horizons Roundtable Discussion - 72 - 202053302353.rtf
Notions of Semiotics and Bisemiotics - 68 - 202015310015.rtf
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Personal Development - Relaxation Session - 28 - 202033310133.rtf
Planning and Scripting a Time-Lapse Movie - 63 - 202001310101.rtf
Post-Apocalyptic Literature - 40 - 202036310036.rtf
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The Physics of Compact Stars - Black Holes - 90 - 202040310040.rtf
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The Physics of Compact Stars - White Dwarfs - 91 - 202001310001.rtf
The Science and Meaning of Water - 89 - 202012310112.rtf
Who is Afraid of Autonomous Cars - 75 - 202023310123.rtf
Yoga with Heather - Part 1 of 3 - 63 - 202047310047.rtf
Yoga with Heather - Part 2 of 3 - 59 - 202008310108.rtf
Yoga with Heather - Part 3 of 3 - 53 - 202026310126.rtf

"Nothing in life is to be feared, it is only to be understood. Now is the time to understand more, so that we may fear less."

Marie Curie

**Don't look for an answer
In the tragic air**

today's air kills.

**You don't want a name
Different from your name ...**

**Don't break up with your shadow
Solitary reflecting in the rain
On different platforms,
Through intense stations, through parks
Smelling the hug ...**

And especially don't learn transparency ...

**And most of all, don't get thin
At every sunrise
Like a shadow ...**

**anonymous extinguishing himself
in the translucent skin of the windows
what keeps the others transparent
be captivated.**

Marius Conu

PoemGate

Island Vocabulary - words of the day

**Iron Crust
Crystalline Mantle
Superfluid Neutron Liquid**

(from the conference

***The Physics of Compact Stars: Neutron Stars*)**

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Cultural Addendum

Stone Ring Island - AtlantyChronicle - Year 4, nr 3, 08/03/2020,

Virtual Island date: **Monday, +3.31**

SF Cinema

When the movie runs faster than reality (2/3)

1982: *Blade Runner*. Large digital advertising screens did not exist in 1982.



1982: *Airplane II: The Sequel*. A SF-themed comedy in which we see for the first time a full-body scanner at the airport.

1984: *The Terminator* ... and military drones. In addition, the film also influenced the way we talk about the development of artificial intelligence and computers, to the point that the British called their network of military satellites Skynet. That means playing with fire, don't you think?



1986: *Star Trek: The Voyage Home*. What, did you think you got rid of Star Trek? In the fourth feature film, Scotty puts his shoulder to the "invention" of transparent aluminum, from which to make a pool in which to transport whales through time. In 2009, at Oxford University, it became a reality by bombarding ordinary aluminum with high-power X-rays.

1990: *Total Recall*. You may have guessed: we are talking about driverless cars. The ones that exist today, although not yet available to the large public, have a big shortcoming: Johnny Cab.



1995: *Hackers*. A film that has not aged too well and seems extremely naive today. One thing happened to him though: VR games. That year, virtual reality headsets were just taking their first steps, but they had gone beyond the idea stage. Instead, one of the characters is in a very convincing VR treadmill, which appeared in military laboratories only after two years, and on the large market of virtual reality games, much later, after 2010.



1995: *The Net*. The year 1995 seems to have been overly concerned with computer security. The theft of the identity of the character played by Sandra Bullock then seemed quite exaggerated, but for today's audience it is very plausible. And, to see the good side of things, here we also discovered that we could order pizza online.

by Cristina Ghidoveanu

SF Serial Prose - by Liliana Negoii

Carbon (part 2/3)

Maude looked at him without saying anything, but there was no need for words. They both knew that this would trigger a real chain reaction. In a system depending so much on balance, that micron, although seeming something so small, would increase exponentially. It was only a matter of time until the planet would either crash into one of the suns or be thrown away into space, depending on its luck. Or bad luck. All the same, in this situation.

There was nothing that they could do. The instructions specifically said that, in case of any disturbance of the system, no matter how small, the colony had to evacuate the place.

Suddenly seized with frustration, Maude tapped her heel and made an indefinite sound followed by a series of invectives against humanity. It wasn't fire. This system, which might have been unique in the universe, was suddenly going extinct, and somehow Maude felt it was the fault of humans. Darj removed his glasses and spoke with a tired voice:

- I don't know if it's our fault, Maude. Maybe Rhessus would have modified its trajectory in time anyway. Maybe, somehow, our presence slowed down that process. Either way, this only demonstrates that such a system cannot endure.

- But it did endure, damn it... it did that for so long until we discovered it..., protested Maude.

- That's just it, we don't know for sure HOW LONG it endured. Maybe at the time when we found it, the system had just entered in some temporary balance phase. As long as we don't know what other forces influenced the atypical orbit of the planet aside the gravity of the two stars, we cannot learn whether we are or we aren't to blame for this planet being on the go.

- Darj, we've been in this world forsaken place for twelve terrestrial years. You came here together with me, when they sent the colonizing mission. And before the mission, the system was continuously observed for five years. Add to that the duration of the journey... Tens of scientists affirmed it to be stable. You cannot tell me that a system had a moment of balance of twenty years and then, just out of the blue, it goes haywire.

The man looked at her with an unusual gentleness. Somehow all his frenched attitude and snobbism and pedantry had vanished. Maude was under the impression that she was seeing him for the first time.

- That's exactly what I'm telling you. Tens of scientists said that it APPEARED stable. It is not the same thing. It's just as normal for this system to lose balance as abnormal in structure it was when we discovered it. Maude, look, I'm not going to hide behind my finger and claim that the human race history is spotless. We did far too many bad things along time as a species to not be aware of everything we destroyed back on Earth out of sheer stupidity. But what is happening in this system, in my opinion, has no connection to us reaching this place. I think...

Darj stopped for a second, then took a deep breath and continued:

- I think that we were simply lucky to witness the manifestation of an extraordinary

(to be continued in C.A. page#2)

temporary exception in astrophysics - and nothing more. The human species was lucky enough to find this system, and we - you and I and the others in this colony - were fortunate enough as to literally see it. This is no small thing. What is going on now is no more unusual, no matter how frustrating - apparently, other corners of the universe are prone to the flow of time. *Panta rhei, ma chère, et tempus fugit.*
Maude's lower lip had a slight tremor.

- When...

- When did I notice the change? Yesterday evening. Why do you think that I didn't care anymore about cleaning those stupid coils?

- I thought that maybe...

- Yes, I know that my sloth is proverbial, but I do have my moments. And all I had in mind last evening was to finish my shift faster and to come and check again the data.

He sighed, rubbing the root of his nose with two fingers. The woman suddenly felt a heart-breaking tenderness about his gesture and its implications. Then his voice was heard again:

- I'm tired. You don't look too well either after what I told you. I checked already four times the data, I rebooted the satellite, I recalculated the parameters... Yes, I'm sure. The deviation is infinitesimal right now, but I think that it is enough to trigger the degeneration of the system's entire balance. I don't know how long it will take - I assume that after crossing the intergravitational barrier we'll acquire some clearer elements. We'll see... Anyway, you have to admit that all this situation is rather poetic - the eight of the infinite on the way to getting disintegrated..., concluded the man on a dreamy tone.

- Screw the poetry and the philosophy, exploded Maude. So we have six days to hope that everything will return to normal?

- I don't know what you understand by returning to normal, but if you're referring to the fact that some unknown force might correct this deviation and allow us some more time here... yes. That's about as much as we have.

- I understand...

All of a sudden, Maude lost her will to analyze the fleas. She removed in slow-motion her mask and gloves and threw them in a corner, then sat on a chair with her elbows on the table, fists by her temples. Her brain refused to function in that very moment, and any activity seemed superfluous.

- Have you notified the council about the change? she whimpered towards Darj.

- Not yet. I should do that as soon as possible, so they would take the proper measures.

- Can't you postpone this announcement for a few days? Maybe some miracle does happen in the meantime...

- I stopped believing in miracles for a long time now, smiled the man bitterly. But I suppose that six terrestrial days with such a small deviation of the trajectory won't kill us. I'll try to postpone this for as long as I can - but I make no promises. If there's someone else who... The lab's door opened in that moment and they both saw in the same time the face of Ezequiel coming inside. He was pale enough for Maude and Darj to understand that he had heard exactly how things were. Zeq shut the door behind him and leaned against it, gasping for air. When he finally opened his mouth to speak, his voice was hoarse and low:

- What about us?

- Us? First we'll waste some time gathering all that can be gathered around here. Then the evacuation will begin, and depending on the acceleration of the phenomenon in time we'll remain fewer and fewer on Rhessus. I'm sure that the last team will leave the planet only in the last moment, the council will want to monitor for as long and as close as possible the entire situation. For the rest..., Darj shrugged his shoulders. I assume we'll be relocated to other missions. After all, I don't know how many of us truly want to return to Earth, he concluded, fixing Maude with his eyes.

The woman suddenly felt empty on the inside. Rhessus had been for her, under the appearances of that imposed exile, a real escape. Her life had gone to pieces a long time ago on Earth, and even if it hadn't, all those years at such a distance had definitely generated an insurmountable barrier between herself and her past. Darj was right. She at least didn't want to return to Earth. And inside her the need for a miracle became so strong that tears sprang from her eyes. Misunderstanding her reaction, Ezequiel leered at Darj:

- And what is so bad about us wanting to go back to Earth?! I, for instance...

- I wasn't talking about you, espèce d'idiot, replied Darj bored. Neither I, nor Maude are not very keen on returning to our "mother planet". There's nothing left for us there.

- Why are you talking in her name too?

- Hush, Zeq, whispered Maude. He's right.

Ezequiel stared at the woman, who continued:

- If Rhessus doesn't miraculously return to its original trajectory, which is the one it had when we found it, for me at least everything is finished.

- Well, yes, but... weren't you exiled in exchange for the release of Serge...

- Officially, yes... unofficially... you see, Zeq, my leaving Earth saved me from collapse. I was on the brink of depression, and the so-called exile that I accepted for Serge came more like a rescue. Anyway, it doesn't matter anymore... The thing is, though, that I have nothing to go back for. I don't even like snail races. Never mind, I'll explain some other time, she murmured anaemically towards Darj, who had raised a brow at the sound of the expression "snail races".

The lab became quiet. After a few minutes, Darj broke the silence, talking slowly:

- You know, Maude even if you do get that miracle, I still have to announce the council about this anomaly - if, indeed, it is an anomaly. Or all the more so I have to announce them if you get your wish.

- I know, chewed Maude the words with difficulty.

- But why? asked Zeq. If some miracle does happen and the trajectory of Rhessus rebalances...

... if some miracle happens and the trajectory of Rhessus rebalances that means that we have to take into consideration the fact that this deviation of one micron might actually not be an exception, and that the next deviation might not be of just one micron, explained Maude under the grateful eyes of Darj, who wasn't in the mood to go into details again. And we cannot risk developing this colony up to a level where the losses may become incalculable. The only solution would be for us to get that miracle and to understand the bloody forces that act upon this system, with the hope that we might rebalance it artificially. Which is quite improbable, otherwise.

- In other words...

- In other words, it would be easier for me to not get my miracle, ended bitterly Maude. It would complicate things for nothing. Do what you have to do, Darj. That's it. I'm going to go down my shift's end in some tea surrogate, and then, considering that I have no clue as to how much time I'll spend around here, I'll get back on analyzing those damn fleas. At least this will take my mind off the true situation of the planet.

Ezequiel swallowed hardly when she left - the second time that day - and said:

- I'm going to do the shift change. I'll manage on my own...

Then he got out.

All alone, Darj looked at the screen in front of him and sighed with resignation. Fate mocked him in the most cruel way possible. When he'd met Maude, years ago, he had been captivated by her way of being, but due to some misunderstandings, her feelings about him had become completely opposed. For years he had built all sorts of strategies in order to seduce her, and now everything was turned upside down by something as small as... a deviation of one micron of the trajectory of a planet. And to say that God has no humour...

Maude returned to the lab with a cup of steaming tea in her hand, put back her gloves and mask and went to her table where she began to prepare her tools and scanner. Darj looked at her in silence for a while, then he said, turning his back to her:

- Don't bother anymore. It's my fault.

- It's your fault that Rhessus changed its trajectory? murmured Maude, paying only half attention to what he was saying, while staring through the lenses to those insufferable things.

- No. I'm to blame about the fleas.

- Yes, I know... you never clean them properly...

- Oh, no. It's not just that. I actually plant them there.

- You actually...

Maude raised her eyes from what she was doing, then turned slowly towards him. It was as if she couldn't exactly understand what she'd heard.

- What do you mean by "you plant them"?!

- Well, just like you heard, shook Darj his hand. I've been trying for so long to find a solution to get you to work with me, and I haven't been able to. You got stuck on the idea that I'm like this or like that, so the only thing that crossed my mind about a year ago was to invent those goddamn parasites, in order to push you to ask me for help in taking them out for good. We would have worked together for a period whose hidden purpose would have been to make you fall in love with me. After that I would have simply stopped planting them on the coils - you know, the electric flux feeds them, they suck it like calves do the cow's milk, and they grow, and grow... Yes, I know, silly scenario. Apparently I'm not capable of a smarter one, he concluded.

- But why would you want me to fall in love with you?! asked Maude astonished.

(to be continued in C.A. page#4)



(Carbon - by Liliana Negoï - continued from C.A. page#2)

- For a very simple reason, *ma chère*... any person in love wants to be loved in turn. But now it doesn't matter. Stop wasting your time with those bloody things. I won't plant them at the reactor anymore. Apparently, my karma is a fucking bitch. When, in the end, you decided to come around me, the planet's orbit went to hell. Pam-pam! Dark irony.

- And the sprays, and all the things you recommended me to use against them...

- Local things, honey. Stuff made by yours truly. You had become overly effective against them anyway. Damn bets. Never mind, you don't want to know the amounts squeezed from my account by your colleague each time, he said in reply to her questioning eyes.

Maude looked at him for a long time, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry. So much time wasted... bloody hydrogen and Euglena... stupid man... Then, with perfect calm, she removed her mask and gloves, got close to Darj, who was waiting with resignation for a burst of anger from her, and staring at him with a shadow of amusement in her eyes, she said in a tone full of dignity:

- Mon cher, I love chocolate. I adore it. I'm absolutely desperate about it, I'm its slave. But you'll have to find a solution to make a whole damn much and good of it for me to forgive not your idiotic scenario or boyish behaviour, but especially the fleas' pestilential stench which I've endured for so many times because of you. This first of all. And second of all, make sure that we'll be a part of the last team leaving Rhesus, no matter when this will happen.

Then, smiling to the mistrust from his tired gaze, she ended while exiting the lab:

- You know what my room is. After you announce the council about the problem, I'm waiting for you to come and start redeeming your guilt. And you're going to do that for such, SUCH a long time from now on...

The tone of her voice left no room for any doubt, and the man's tiredness miraculously vanished. Never had his fingers moved faster while composing a message, especially an official one, while cursing between his teeth when he misspelled a word and had to correct it. When he finally pressed the "Send" key, he suddenly felt so invigorated as if someone had injected concentrated caffeine in his veins. Then he wanted to go straight to Maude's room, but the smell of his own sweat hit his nostrils and he realized he had to go to the showers first. In any other circumstances he would have completely ignored it, but now, because of the unexpected upheaval, he wanted everything to be perfect, and his very sensitive nose made it clear that things were far from perfect like this. Especially after Maude reproached him... what did she call it?!... the pestilential stench of the fleas... yes, yes, the truth was that in their case he had kind of exaggerated with the Aramae extract, they smelled awfully bad...

Minutes later, disinfected, deodorized and hoping to soon be also "deshabille" for purposes other than purely hygienic, Darj strode towards the cradle of his dreams, when he bumped into Maude who, rushing from the opposite direction, almost ran into him.

- Damn it, Maude, I didn't know you were so im..., he remarked amused, without being able to finish the last word.

But Maude ignored him completely and, after briefly avoiding him, continued her run towards the laboratory.

- ...patient, concluded Darj in astonishment, then hurried after her, unable to understand her attitude.

Once in the lab, Maude put on the protection equipment and glued her eyes to the microscope where the parasitic sample was still mounted.

- Darj, she mumbled without looking at him, your parasites are organic, no?

- Yes.

- And how the hell did you create these wonders?

- Well now, began Darj on a nonchalant tone, elementary stuff, you know? A bit of carbon, a pinch of silicon, a bit of magnesium and phosphorus, sprinkled abundantly with ammonium and Aramae and Xaenium extracts. You let it rise in the presence of light. It may

contain traces of chlorine, because I don't know if I disinfected properly the tank in which I made the "dough", and there used to be some residual chlorine in it. That may also have contributed to that stench you mentioned...

- Screw you and your ironies, I'm serious!

- So am I! That's what the fleas contain.

- You mean you played biochemistry on a planet where everything is atypical?

- This is not biochemistry, this is just crap, commented Darj with a shade of boredom in his voice. And let's be serious, I know enough biology and chemistry to be able to not blow up the base of the colony. I don't understand what came into you all of a sudden... I thought I was supposed to come and "redeem my guilt"..., he continued in a neuter tone, watching the woman's reactions.

But she continued to stare through the microscope to the sample, and only late when Darj had consumed even his last reserve of patience, she straightened her back with a tired gesture and turned towards him.

- Did they react in the presence of oxygen?

The man looked at her for a few seconds without answering, trying to understand what she meant, then replied dryly:

- Obviously.

And after a short break, he completed:

- But only when exposed to light.

- Darj, where did you take the carbon that you used?

- Well, I couldn't use our terrestrial reserves, naturally. I extracted from the planet's soil a small quantity, just enough to trigger the biochemical process.

- And you used no other element than those you listed before?

- No.

Maude let herself fall limp on a chair while looking at him.

- Do you know what this planet on which we're sitting truly is?

- What?

- Some sort of pollinator.

(to be continued tomorrow, in *AtlantyChronicle* #4/2020 - Cultural Addendum)





Poetry

The Pyramid effect

I feel like I'm growing, as the dough
 once kneaded by my grandma
 huge, warm tears are growing in my eyes
 and a complete smile surrounds my face
 my spine becomes infinite
 no, not like the one that Brâncuși once carved,
 but infinite because it has no beginning either -
 like the zero meridian
 which does not necessarily pass through Greenwich
 but always through the two poles
 and my hands grow and become Equator
 like I can hug the whole Earth within
 and the air I breathe smells
 a well-grown bread, taken out of the oven
 and left by grandma to say Our Father
 (as a child I never understood
 the pace so slow that
 the bread says the prayer
 but today the miracle is clear)
 and from the clouds of thoughts
 I grow bold words today
 to hug each of my neighbours

Ah! I was going to forget - the Pyramid.
 don't get me wrong -
 The Pyramid lays in my soul
 between the tears and the smile

by Adina Stoicescu

SF Miniatures

Thoughts Sent from Ceahlau Mountain

single

A morning dream in which I pretended to change my hydraulic thoughts like an Australian oceans with mechanical seagull wings and translucent liquids and memnotehnics colour with lips lacking an inner geometry so even more ideal ... as they moved away from the planet singing to other stars.

distance

Now ...

now you have your eyes closed, somewhere in the membranous labyrinth in the soft shell of that strange sea floats soothingly, now ... now the soothing flight of a seagull intersects high and slowly the high arch of the eardrum ... suddenly the eyelid contracts painfully and mechanically ... suddenly the eyes open spasmodically, painfully ... so much light at once.
 Ah and the memory...painfull memory...
 Of Her.
 Vivid and dizzying image still floating sinuously over the transparent restraint. So much color at once that it seems to piss you off in dry, sandy shards abrasive look ..
 so much reality at once, suddenly and cruelly crashing through you.

Beyond the dark and cold valleys of space, her image floating in your eternal dream like a nostalgia. Second by second in the metal belly of the ship your being moving away.

behind enemy lines

The war is over, you told me, sadness and hunger, despair and fear are over. close your eyes
 he told me, and imagine that we are alone and only the air around us collapses, only the air rushing huge past our bodies. Just close your eyes ... soon you will be free ... and alone on a planet with two suns ... like an astonishment ...
 the war is over for you and your life will flourish.
 you told me before you became light and forgetfulness ... in a raw explosion of glass and reinforced steels ..

by Marius Conu

