

Stone Ring Island AtlantyChronicle

read and share

Year 4, nr 4, 08/05/2020, daily newspaper published by Asociația Culturală Adsum

Virtual Island date: **Tuesday, +4.31 & Wednesday, +5.31**

Leading Article

Our team does NOT move mountains...

The path of humanity through time started relatively hard, it had obstacles, there were lessons that we learned only after centuries of bad experiences. Now in the year of 2020, however, the number of people who understand that having a rich general knowledge, that learning constantly, being curious, helping and asking for help from those around you when you can't solve a problem alone are not elements of luxury, are not privileges of a certain social class but are a necessity in this stage of development of the human society.

We begin to realize that life is the result of a fragile balance of chemical elements and that there is no form of life in nature that is here only as a result of a whim. Any life form present on Earth has a well-defined and not infrequently decisive role in the evolution of the terrestrial biosphere.

Mankind lives in the middle of a puzzle of riddles and man alone, no matter how much knowledge he accumulates, cannot solve the riddles of the entire known Universe. Here are only a few years since issues about the principles of transdisciplinarity, about the sciences born at the border between fields or about the methods of transforming the society into a balanced integrated and integrative system and we have already made great strides in these directions. At the same time, let us not forget that humanity is in continuous process of transformation and this process is accelerating over time, bringing with it changes not only in the social, economic and territorial policies but also irreversible changes in the human being itself.

The principle of the first steam engine started from Heron in Alexandria, and went through a winding road passing through the skilful hands of people like: Denis Papin, Thomas Savery, Thomas Newcomen, James Watt so that only in 1769 Nicolas Cugnot used the principle to the first steam car. It took humanity 1700 years to transform a principle into an engine with a speed of 5km / h!

"Very soon people will fall into two categories: old people and people who know how to use the computer." said Grigore MOISIL, the father of Romanian informatics, 50 years ago.

And here we are intensely experiencing that "very soon" predicted by the Romanian scientist: we send probes and robots into space, discover new stars and galaxies based on physical and mathematical principles. we are researching unconventional energies, in other words we have started to decipher the riddles of the Universe!

But as we discover, research and assimilate more of these enigmas and the physical human being will change, his needs will become different, his aspirations will be stylized, social, economic and production systems will undergo irreversible changes in turn and this carousel will never stop.

(to be continued in page #3)

Compass — The Interview of the Day

Mindfulness as way of living

There is no doubt that this extraordinary learning experience of the virtual edition of the Atlantykron Summer Academy wouldn't have been possible, or at least not at such extent without all the multilevel support provided by the World Genesis Foundation who hosted and coordinated the whole visible and invisible structure of the program. We couldn't miss the opportunity to get some answers from its warm, empathetic, open mind and tonic feminine spirit. I am sure you all guessed that I name here Heather Caton Anderson.



When and what was the first connection between the World Genesis Foundation and the Atlantykron movement ?

The first connection was in 1999 when David Anderson attending the summer camp. Because of that experience David Anderson and Sorin Repanovici created World Genesis Foundation and they have been active at Atlantykron ever since...

What do you consider the major advantages of a virtual edition of this Summer Learning program and what are the major loss ?

I believe that the major advantage is the amount of students we can have participate from around the world. It opens up a whole new way of connecting and making lifelong friends. Of course it is so different than being on an island in nature, totally immersed. Being all online is a learning experience of how to maximize the virtual experience .

(to be continued in page #2)



Redactional team:

Editor in chief: Adina Stoicescu

Editors and reporters: Ion Gabriel Pușcă-Lupișor, Călin Giurgiu, Lia Stoicescu, Cristina Ghidoveanu, Cotiso Hanganu

Colaborators: Liliana Negoii, Marius Conu, Marilena Dumitrescu

Wildlife photos: Adi Dedu

Portrait photos: Tudor Panait

Proofreading: Ion Gabriel Pușcă-Lupișor, Lia Stoicescu



2020-31st edition

Reporter from the far side tent

Walking through the dust

From the beginig of this virtual version of Atlantykrone, we all missed our beloved Island: the Trees, the Mosquitos, the Grass, the Wind, the Dust. But all up to now.

The relief came the Pavcon panel about the Florin Purluca's take on Dust. Watching them, I suddenly felt happy being on my room, away from any natural environment. And that's not at all about to end here... there is a fourth novel to come.



When I got to the point of looking suspiciously even at my cat's litter box, discussions moved on to a different types of calamities, so I managed to slowly calm down. For sure no Turkish sand coffees for me in the near future.

Călin Giurgiu (AKA - Alin Laicu - master troll)

Atlantykronecdotes

Chat

When she looked up from the phone, her son had just graduated. He even won the graduation exam. She found out on Facebook. She is almost happy. It's not easy to graduate these days. Look, Doru, she told her husband, Bogdanel graduated. I know, I saw it too, said her husband without looking up from the phone. And why didn't you tell me? the woman asked. Tell you what? By Bogdan, he passed the exam. Well, if you haven't asked me ?! he said, and immersed himself in his chat. She saddens a little, then enjoys her sorrow. I still have human feelings, she thought. How sensitive I am! Not like ... She looked up at her husband. She didn't recognize him. Alas, but this is not my husband, she thought. I married a young brunette with green eyes. This is an old man with white hair and his eyes looking on the phone. Who are you? she asked him. How, darling, who am I? I'm Doru. You just told my name. Yes, he is. She recognized him by his voice. Okay, but when did you become white like that? she asked. Am I white? Really?! I didn't even realize it. He opened the phone's self-portrait camera and looked intently. I'm really white, he said. "I think you're getting old," she said, sighing. God, what if I grow old too? she wondered, then dismissed this annoying thought with a like. I saw you this morning in a selfie, you looked much younger, she said. I was even younger, I found the picture on Facebook's memories, Doru answered. It's been 4 years. They both sighed at once, then put their phones to charge. Each had its own charger.

by Marilena Dumitrescu

(Mindfulness as way of living - continued from page #1)

What can we learn from this in the future to use the advantages in the physical space, if the learning academy gets back to the Stone Ring Island or to recover the loss in case of future virtual editions ?

I believe there is a lot we can learn and appreciate from this year being so different. Maybe it opens up as far as a virtual experience in growth for the academy but still hold and cherishes the time we get to share together on the island in nature.

How can the World Genesis Foundation integrate the Atlantykrone experiences into other projects?

We integrate the experience in so many projects we do throughout the year, working with youth, creating educational opportunities around the globe. Atlantykrone is always a golden thread through it all.

AthlanyChronicle redactional team

PAVCON Publishing House

Pavcon Publishing House was founded in 2002, in Bucharest. Focusing especially on the field of personal development and non-formal education, in 2003 it launched the first motivational and personal development magazine in Romania, "Teacher of ... Happiness", as well as the Collection of Personal Development Titans, which contains the works to the most important authors in this field.

In 2016, it launched the Science-Fiction Collection project, editing over 120 titles exclusively by Romanian authors, from short stories and novels to essays and memoirs related to the field of SF. Then, in 2019 the launch of the eponymous magazine, CSF - Science-Fiction Collection, came naturally, and 10 issues have appeared so far. Starting this year, the CSF magazine will also appear in the United States of America and Canada, in Romanian, for Romanians living there. Also, the project of CSF Earth magazine, the English version of CSF magazine, but which will contain writings by authors from all over the world, will appear worldwide, we hope, at the beginning of next year. Together with our partner from the US, Century Benchmark Publishing House, we publish the writings of Romanian authors, in English, on Amazon, thus offering a way to the reading public from all over the planet!

.This year, in the Science Fiction Collection of Pavcon Publishing House will appear:

Orpheus, by Diana Alzner (novel)

Noopali, by Cristian Cârstoiu (stories)

Intertwined Worlds, by Mihai Grecu (novel)

Blue Wings 6 - The Falcon's Song, by Anamaria Borlan (novel)

Blue Wings 7 - Ties, by Anamaria Borlan (novel)

Liquidate Rommel!, by Aurel Cărășel (novel from the series Romania under Siege - the city of Bechet)

Origin, by Florin Purluca (novel from the Mercenarii series)

The Riders of the Race, by Anamaria Borlan (novel)

Mongatlant, by Anamaria Borlan (novel from the series Romania under Siege - the city of Brașov)

Sphere, by Voicu Bugariu (novel)

The first man to step on the moon, by Florin Purluca (stories)

Glass Coins, by Victor Martin (novel)

The rider, the hand, the horse, by Ovidiu Petcu (essays)

Other forbidden stories, by Ovidiu Petcu (stories)

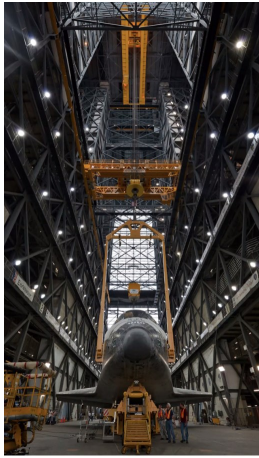
In Frankenstein's World, by Ovidiu Petcu (stories)

Island Vocabulary - words of the day

Limnology (from *The Science and Meaning of Water*)

LiDAR sensor (from *Who's afraid of autonomous cars*)

TARA (Threat Assessment and Remediation Analysis)
(from *Who's afraid of autonomous cars*)



10 life lessons

Extreme Time Lapsing the Space Shuttle @NASA

If I have to admit this has been the very first webinar I've registered for at Atlantykrón this year, despite many friends are lecturing in Atlantykrón and I have been missing them for quite a while now.

The never - stopping (hard to understand even for me) passion I have for photography put a strong foot on my decision, so here I am, waiting to find out if there can be something new to find out about time lapsing and photography.

For sure, the unicity and irepetitivity of the events shot increased the stakes and my curiosity.

And I have to admit Stan managed to create, during his presentation, an extra layer of value through funny personal insights, beyond the technical details regarding challenges and solutions.

On top, all has been covered in a tone of cool pictures and, of course, some amazing time lapse videos.

For astro-tech fans, young and old, the whole subject was for sure, of great interest, as well, especially these days SpaceX is taking over the legacy from Atlantis, Discovery and Endeavour.

But I think the most important takeaways I've got from Stan's presentation are valid not only in videography, or photography, but also in anything you want to do in life:

1. Relevant accomplishments requires appropriate planning.
2. Perseverance is of essence to get done the unprecedented.
3. Creating and maintaining essential human relationships can become essential in reaching your goals
4. 4eyes principle (double check everything out with peer review) is a must when dealing with important tasks, both repetitive and unique. Do not do it, then expect for failures.
5. Proper documenting, combined with thorough calculations can take you to the imagined results.
6. Always add a margin for error. And on top expect for unexpected, even so.
7. In the end, multiple angle takes will save the day.
8. Before assuming delivery terms, do your math!
9. Amazing great things requires effort and the grit for getting over in tough conditions. Be ready to pay the price, facing whatever it takes to get things done
10. Innovation is a state of mind that nurtures the extraordinary.

I definitely encourage you to see the recording on Facebook in case you have missed the live broadcast.

And if, on top, you are also a photography passionate, creator or consumer, there is no excuse not to.

Cotiso Hanganu

Where the space begins

Google "Stan Jirman". You will find some amazing time-lapse videos shoots from the inside of NASA facilities.

But is different when you find yourself in the same room with the person itself. This time in a virtual room. Of course I couldn't physically sense the place, but I enjoyed the feeling of being synchronized in time with the event.

For the last few minutes of the panel, I've could asked questions, but I didn't need to. I got enough on how long time it takes to analyze and process all the frames into a high professional level document. And before that, his challenges on how to position the cameras to get the right angles, to calculate the exposures times and set-up the timer for some one-time-only, irreversible events.

I lived through his eyes what I would have loved to be able to experience myself. Some years ago, while founding myself on a side road at Cape Canaveral and waiting for hours to get a distant view of a launch test, I day dreamed, along with maybe hundred of other bystanders, of being able to take a closer look from inside.

Călin Giurgiu

(Our team does NOT move mountains - continued from page #1)

And here we are intensely experiencing that "very soon" predicted by the Romanian scientist: we send probes and robots into space, discover new stars and galaxies based on physical and mathematical principles. We are researching unconventional energies, in other words we have started to decipher the riddles of the Universe! But as we discover, research and assimilate more of these enigmas and the physical human being will change, his needs will become different, his aspirations will be stylized, social, economic and production systems will undergo irreversible changes in turn and this carousel will never stop. How can we who are consciously experiencing these profound transformations help or what can we do?

We can open windows, doors, horizons to our fellow human beings, we can be examples of responsibility, perseverance and creativity, we can show that respect for the work of those around us as well as the help offered to someone in trouble can lead to the transformation of these ways of expression of humanity into human rights principles, in milestones for the education and preparation of future generations.

We can show that a team - such as the one that organized this year's Atlantykrón - can make a difference! It can take the first step towards change, it can become the team that marks the starting line for Tomorrow, just as a handful of young people passionate about SF literature accompanied by three visionary people: Alexandru Mironov, Aurel Cărășel and Sorin Repanovici have put the Atlantykrón flag on the Stone Ring Island 30 years ago, marking a beginning of a Legend.

The first Virtual Edition of Atlantykrón is a real success and we can say that we have a strong team and we have many visionaries, from all continents, who have joined this Movement!

To summarize: we have a better chance to open wide the horizons for the inhabitants of the entire planet!

Our team - as the title of this editorial says - can NOT move mountains!

But if the situation requires we can always move the most beautiful island in the History of Mankind in the virtual space, to make it functional and efficient!

It was possible to see and study for five days this combined effort of a multi-disciplinary team, with members from all over the world, with lecturers who are recognized subject matter experts in the fields they introduce to us, with an audience gathered from over 20 states of the world.

The 30 years spent on the Stone Ring Island were a training of good practices that allowed the Atlantykrón team to mature, to know how to manage a global challenge such as the one at this edition.

Stone Ring Island remains the root to which we will always joyfully return, it remains the source of energy that now feeds the first Virtual Earth Shuttle: U.E.SH. Atlantykrón!

Captain Sorin "The Shark" Repanovici, you are in command!

LONG LIVE ATLANTYKRÓN!

.Lupișor

AtlantyChronicle Blitz Interview

Core Values for the New Horizons

As the works of the virtual edition of the AtlantyChron Summer Academy of Learning were progressing and revealing to the audience interesting topics and directions of the humankind evolution towards New Horizons, our redactional team addressed two questions to all those who contributed, either as speakers, guests or as organizers to this amazing knowledge sharing experience.

We received back 18 out of 42 answers from which we could consolidate a list of core values that should be developed by means of innovative and holistic education at the upcoming generations.

We also reproduce below the complete answers coming from professor **Florian Colceag**, the well-known international expert in children's education and excellence:

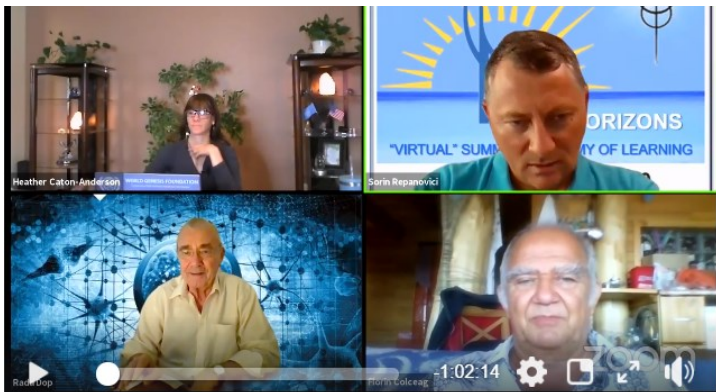
What are, in your opinion, the most relevant three values that should be the pillars of human personality to support humankind transition to the Society of Consciousness?

This question is fundamental question because three pillars are not enough to evolve to an ideal society. Three pillars can characterize one phenomenon because they will be "source", "sensor", "decident", (see Prigogine). The respective phenomenon will interact with another phenomenon, or with the environment, and so we find two triplets of phenomenon. The first set of pillars is characterized by Renzulli: task commitment, creativity, and cognitive abilities. The second triplets need to characterize the environment characteristics: equilibrium, sustainability, and cooperating metabolism among species. We need to learn from the nature, and develop our personality, to become consciousness and efficient about the routes to develop stability and peace on the planet Earth. .

How do you think these values can be generalized in the behaviour of the next generations?

Generalization is depending on the system of education, and of what we mean and understand in education. If we consider "potential maximization of each person", cooperation in solving problems and avoiding crisis", and "sustainable innovation in repairing the ecological equilibrium", we obtain a completely different behavior in the future. The actual system based on power, welfare, and profit maximization, created the model that generated crisis. We need to start now this recalibration of the human consciousness, and will be necessary two generations at least, to succeed in this effort. At the present moment, more than one billion of species are going extinct, few years ago they were 9,5 billion species in the world.

AtlantyChronicle Redactional team



curiosity
communication
creativity ethics tolerance
perseverance empathy kindness
listening trust criticality
compassion
patience mindfulness
humility responsibility
positivism openness
honesty pragmatism
adaptability respect
awareness

WordItOut

The Talking Rose

I was talking on an evening to a purple velvet rose
that was reigning in a glass bowl on a shelf inside my
house –

I was asking it to sell me out its soul, but I suppose
what I offered was too little,
what I offered was too useless,
what I offered was too shallow,
for I thought I heard it grouse
of how priceless was the perfume which it spread
inside my house.

PoemGate

Feeling vexed by the contempt and pride affected by
the bloom

I ignored all further whisper it attempted to convey –
'til one night, when in the thickly warm and humid
summer gloom

all I heard was just the silence,
all I heard was just the darkness,
all I heard was just my breathing
vainly searching for a say
from the rose which, in the meantime, hushed its
scent and passed away.

So I tenderly beheld it – purple velvet turned to brown
–

as it gracefully adorned the wooden shelf within my
room –
now, that all the sweet aroma had resigned the rose's
crown,
what was left was just the stillness,
what was left was just an echo,
what was left was just a shadow
of the rose that met its doom –
and I missed – oh! how I missed! – the talking
fragrance of the bloom...

Liliana Negoii

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Cultural Addendum

Stone Ring Island - AtlantyChronicle - Year 4, nr 4, 08/05/2020,

Virtual Island date: **Tuesday, +4.31 & Wednesday, +5.31**

SF Serial Prose - by Liliana Nego

Carbon (part 3/3)

Darj gazed at her, wondering whether Maude had gone crazy after all that had happened in the past few hours. The woman, however, took his long silence as a sign for wanting to hear more about her theory, so she continued:

- You know how flowers are pollinated by insects?
- Yes, the pollen of one flower gets on another one, carried by the insects' legs. So what?
- You said you used indigenous carbon. Well if you look very carefully through the microscope, you'll see that the carbon atoms are slightly different than those from Earth. Each one is connected to another particle, which is nothing of what you added during the creation of fleas.
- You do realize that what you're saying sounds crazy, right? Carbon is carbon everywhere in the universe. What else could it be? Maybe there was some special chemical reaction between carbon and one of the other elements when I first used them and then it perpetuated in the next generations of fleas.
- No, Darj, smiled Maude. Look, I bet my credits for a whole month that, if you start to check the biochemical equations and the catenae, you'll discover that all the elements added by you are untouched. The carbon that you used is something new, something different than what I've seen so far. It's like carbon with marsupium... marsupial carbon... Anyway, moving on, what I'm trying to say is that, in my opinion, that carbon takes something from one star during one revolution and reflects it towards the other star during the other revolution, taking in exchange something from the second star and bringing it back to the first star at the next revolution... and so on. Like a crossed pollination. That thing tied to the carbon particles from your fleas is probably what the planet took from Roya. When you took the carbon you diminished the storage capacity of that element, whatever it may be, which the planet is carrying towards the other star. The difference is feeble - which is why the trajectory was prolonged by only one micron, the planet needed a little more time to absorb the exact necessary quantity of, let's say, "pollen". This planet is the bug, for some reason the two stars cannot exchange directly the "pollen" between themselves, but only through the means of the insect.
- OK, let's assume for one second that you're right, although I must admit this sounds like a hallucination. How exactly is that "pollen", as you call it, transported?!
- I believe it is with the help of photons, darling... and I also believe that this special carbon's atoms store and somehow reflect back the "pollen". The only problem now is how the hell to re-establish the balance?! The carbon from your parasites is compromised, cannot be reused. We'll have to find a solution and replace it in the planetary structure, and we must do that as quickly as possible, if we want the system to return to normal. Hoping that the system still CAN return to normal...

Darj shook his head, still confused by Maude's theory, then mumbled with an uncertain voice:

- And if you think that in all this time we assumed that the trajectory of Rhessus was an effect of a balance with unknown origin... when, in fact, if you're right, it could actually be its cause... You know, I just had another thought: that means

that somewhere, at molecular or atomic level, there is intelligence. Or, anyway, something that started and guided all this process...

Maude looked at him for a few seconds, then said slowly:

- Do you realize what you're saying? That means that the orbit of Rhessus is somehow pre-established. Or that there is somewhere, in this planet, a mechanism to adjust it in order to compensate for the possible situations similar to what you caused. Yes, I know you didn't do that on purpose, she said quickly when the man made a movement of defence with his hands.
- Artificial intelligence?
- No, not artificial. Natural. Or, anyway, something generated by a natural life form. What frustrates me, however, is the fact that, if so, that means that all the theory about the exception from the rule and the randomness of this system's appearance falls... damn it...

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

SF Cinema

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

2002: *Die Another Day*. James Bond movies often had SF elements. Although not exactly the best of them, *Die Another Day* launches a promising idea: the famous Aston Martin of our favorite spy becomes invisible! We still have to wait until reaching such a perfection of effect, but the armies of various countries are working on "active camouflage" to hide their tanks, so maybe we won't have much to look forward to it.

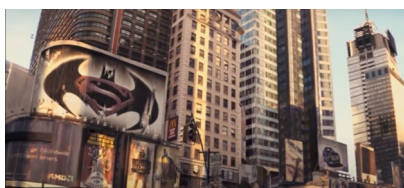


2002: *Minority Report*. 18 years ago, targeted advertising was just a weird, secondary idea from a fictional movie. Today, we are constantly annoyed every time we search for something on Google, although not as personal as in the movie. At least, not yet ...



And, to end in a funny key:

2007: *I Am Legend*. In the midst of the zombie apocalypse, the film predicts the release of *Batman v Superman: Dawn of Justice*. Don't you believe me? Here is the image from the movie, next to the logo of the 2016 movie.



It's just a very brief list, which you are free to fill in as you wish. I hope that the time will come when we can add to it the terraforming of Mars, the superluminous journeys, the time travel or who knows what other "craziness" that has passed or will ever pass through the mind of a screenwriter or a director.

by Cristina Ghidoveanu

Suddenly struck by a thought, Darj interrupted her and began to theorize, walking back and forth, as if trying to explain the situation to himself:

- Wait. First, it is obvious that the so-called "pollination" has nothing to do with the actual free surface of the planet, otherwise changes would have started ever since the foundation of the colony, or the problems have appeared strictly since I took the particles from the planet's soil. It's like a sponge would hold less water because it doesn't have all the absorbent cells anymore.

- Exactly, approved Maude.

- Secondly, the question arises: can we completely eliminate the existence of any external influence on the planet in such a long time as the one from acquiring the equilibrium position until now? No. The hypothesis that during hell knows how many million or billion years there was no intervention of an external force able to affect the system's balance can hardly be valid. There are enough elements and bodies drifting through the universe that could have at least an indirect impact (cosmic dust, currents, solar winds, particles of all kinds) if not a direct one on the actual state of things. Right?

The woman nodded in approval, and he continued:

- This means that the system must have been forced to adapt on other occasions too in order to return to the perfect balance variant. Because, don't get me wrong, I'm certain that the situation of the system when we found it IS the perfect balance variant. Everybody, including you, calculated what may happen if orbits change in any way, either due to gravity, or to centrifugal force, or to other reasons. No. The position of Rhessus when we found it is the only position of equilibrium. Are you following me?

- Yes, replied the woman in an uncertain tone.

- Your earlier conclusion, regarding the role of the carbon atoms, makes me think about something else, namely the fact that the number of atoms from this special carbon must have somehow remained constant along time. External interventions probably modified some other times the number of "pollinating alveoli", so there is only one conclusion to this: that the planet, or maybe the entire system, had a well-adjusted self-regulating mechanism, for compensating the possible imbalances over time. In other words, the atoms must have been replaced, reproduced.

- Well OK, but if in the current situation the assembly doesn't balance itself automatically, then we must understand how and from where the planet or the system could get some more of these atoms. Weren't you the one with the theory of the "limited resources"?

- This has nothing to do with the theory of the "limited resources"! Don't you understand the beauty of the situation? burst the man with a radiant face. The system MUST rebalance itself on its own! The few atoms I picked from the planet's soil cannot compare, as level of influence, to, let's say, a meteor accidentally hitting the planet. Or with other external forces. No, Maude, we don't actually have to do anything. If we intervene, trying to "help" the system, we risk to entirely ruin its balance. All this assembly here has inside of it, somewhere, somehow, the necessary resources to correct any problem. We only have to let it "lick its wounds". Without antiseptic or antibiotic of terrestrial origin.

- But what if..., said Maude, attempting a weak protest.

- There is no "what if", added Darj calmly. There CANNOT be. I am sure that the evolution of the situation in the next days will prove me right.

- Shouldn't we discuss this theory with the Council from Earth?

- I wouldn't do that for the following reasons: one, for the time being we have no proof that any of this is true, aside what we discussed here, you cannot present to the Council a crazy theory, and two, admit it, wouldn't you love it if they evacuated the base and we remained here alone, like Adam and Eve in Heaven? laughed Darj when the woman stuck out her tongue, then went on, becoming serious again: Maude, think of it for a minute, all we have are assumptions, starting from the microscopic analysis of some parasites created by yours truly in order to sabotage, for personal sentimental reasons, the proper

function of the reactor here. Do you really think that the Pairs from the Council should learn such details?

- So? asked Maude with shivers in her voice.

- So... for the moment we wait and observe.

And hope, added the woman in her mind, but didn't say it out loud. Then she headed slowly towards Darj, put her arms around him and said, with her head against his chest:

- I'm scared...

- Don't be, smiled the man. I have a feeling that we're going to remain here for a long time. Or, if this should keep you close to me for a longer time, then be scared, he added with a grin, gasping in amusement as she nudged him in the ribs. Then he closed his eyes and inhaled deeply the perfume rising from her body.

Maude sighed. Taking that as an encouragement, Darj hugged her gently and asked with a dreamy air:

- So, pray tell, may I start my penance now, since we sort of cleared out the situation? Or would you rather fast until I'm proven clearly right or wrong?

Without another word, Maude pressed her mouth against his and after leaving him breathless *mais quelle mort parfaite!*... she left towards her room, beckoning him to follow her, and he didn't let himself be invited twice.

The following days (improperly called days, because, since the duration of one rotation movement of Rhessus was of approximately 31 earthly hours, and since during the orbital transition the surface of the planet was lighted almost entirely, the colonists had been forced to use a system that artificially darkened the ceilings, according to the Earth schedule) were like a whirl of feelings and thoughts. The entire colony had already started the retreat protocol, many were caught with the preparations, and in the fever of organizing things nobody seemed to notice that Maude and Darj did what they did and disappeared from everyone's sight under any possible pretext.

When they weren't busy with the "redemption" of Darj's sins, the two of them watched the evolution of the planet's situation. Since the parameters and the calculations didn't seem to change in any way, a sharp sense of despair began to creep into Maude's soul, and even Darj showed signs of being abandoned by optimism, but clung to the idea that this was still a matter of the healing of an entire planet, not just some bloody cold. But the days passed, becoming weeks, and things didn't seem to be going to follow another course.

After more than a month since Rhessus had crossed the intergravitational barrier, during one of her spare mornings, Maude was still lingering in bed, chewing with resignation on the idea that maybe the planet would never recover. A first series of colonists had already left the place, the process of abandoning the project was in full swing, and Darj had managed somehow to include both of them in the last team to leave the planet. But this only represented a postponing of the inevitable - sooner or later, Maude and Darj and whoever else might have been on that list would have to board a ship and leave the system. Bloody fleas...

While the woman looked with nostalgia through the concave window at the rays of Roya, around which Rhessus had orbited during the last year or so and from which it was now moving away imperceptibly, she heard a slight knock at the door and immediately after that Darj appeared, opening it and holding a box in his hand. He sat down on the bed, by Maude, and she contended herself with looking at him in silence, smiling. After several seconds though, the man broke the silence and said:

- Come on, get up, love of my life, rejoice, I bear good tidings.

Overcome by curiosity, Maude dropped the comfortable softness of the mattress and looked at the box in Darj's hand.

- What's there?

- Oh, nothing special, just a mixture of some more or less synthetic things, to provide the impression of something good, he said in a seemingly careless tone.

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

Poetry

mother,
they came with a truck,
at our home,
from the tin one
cracked ...

you were alone
my father had been gone for a year
and something beyond ...

with a tin truck
covered
with thin tarpaulin
they came to the gate

they were all dressed
in white
and they were silent before the gate
less than one
who had taken your hand
whispering to you that it will be fine
with strange eyes, shining
under the visor ...

many of you left then,
in trucks
good, with his hands on his knees
and the gaze left
so long ago
When
they had populated for the first time
The barrage of souls
and I'm still calling you, Mom
and I'm still calling you
with fear.

and still dreaming of a truck
tin, foreign
with thin cloth tarpaulin
pulled over the sky
out of cruelty.

by Marius Conu



Poetry

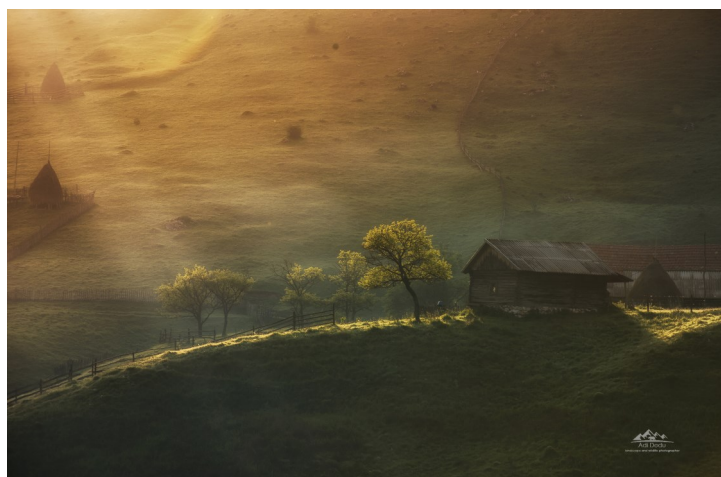
Petale de maci

Să ne ascundem într-o arcă
de curcubeie fără teci
printre culori să înotam de parcă
am fi -nu oameni- ci poteci!

Sătui de-atâtea falii temporale
să ne-ngropăm în stele fără teamă
și tăvăliți prin prafuri siderale
să punem Universu-n ramă.

Să-l țințuim într-un pulsar c-o piatră
când Noi, sălbatici ca lumina,
IUBIREA o vom transforma în ARTĂ!
și-om da pe curcubeie vina.

Ion Gabriel Pușcă-Lupișor



Drawn now completely out of the previous melancholic state, the woman reached for the box, eager to see what it contained. But the man pulled back the box, asking her like a capricious child:

- What will you give me to show it to you?

- A spanking, replied Maude and squinted at him, then kissed him and, pretending to hug him, she stole the box.

- Women are still women, murmured Darj, pretending to be sad. That's it, I quit, you can fool me with a single kiss... come on, ma chère, open it now, what are you waiting for?

Giggling amused by his theatrics, Maude opened the box and was left with her mouth open at the sight of the dark brown cubes waiting quietly inside.

Darj picked one of those cubes and slipped it into her mouth, raising then her chin in order to force her to chew. The face of the woman, feeling the velvety taste of the chocolate spreading on her tongue, was indescribable, and Darj couldn't help but mumble:

- Sure, even in our best moments you weren't as ecstatic as you are now because of this damn chocolate...

He wanted to say something more, but Maude closed his mouth with such a passionate kiss that the man was unable to comment any further.

- Men will always be men, she replied with an angelic smile on her face. It's not like you didn't know how desperate I am about chocolate, she added, biting slowly from another cube and savouring it.

Darj looked at her breathless after the kiss, then smile and answered:

- Of course I did. Chocolate, however, was supposed to be the means of celebrating the real good news. But I suppose the other way around is good too...

- Other good news?!... murmured Maude with her mouth full, unable to understand, or better said too afraid to understand.

Letting her boil for a few seconds, the man removed his glasses and pretended to clean them meticulously of some inexistent dust specks. Then, putting them back, said only this:

- Rhessus is back to normal.

Had he ever claimed any reward for anything, the tears of joy that sprang instantaneously from the woman's eyes were much more than that. Suddenly moved by the effect of his words, Darj tried to wipe her tears, muttering:

- Come on, calm down, all is well now...

Managing to overcome the moment of sentimentalism, Maude raised towards him a pair of bright eyes reflecting tangentially Roya's beams and giving him a nudge with the hand dirty of chocolate whispered:

- Yes, all is well now... bloody carbon...

- You have to admit it, in the end those fleas were good luck... we are together, we learned something extraordinary about the planet...

- God forbid you play again with fleas on this planet... or on any other planet... or I'll beat the carbon out of you, Darjeeling Rao!

Hearing her threatening tone, the man burst into laughter and eventually she did too. The entire tension accumulated in the past month or so was finally coming out of their pores. When they managed to calm down, she asked seriously:

- And now what do we do? Do we announce the Council that things are back to normal?

- Mmmmno. Or yes, but anyway, we announce it with the recommendation to retreat most of the colonists here, as a method of prevention of a possible further catastrophe... bla-bla-bla... You understand, we cannot hand the secret of this planet to others... you never know what humankind may try in the future...

Maude nodded with gravity.

- Then it's our secret?

- Our secret. And, obviously, the secret of this system.

She smiled, approving. Through the window, the inversed rising of Saya wove its beams with those of Roya setting.

- The carbon arrived safely at its destination, with everything necessary in its marsupium. I received the confirmation, communicated Saya's photons to her partner through luminous quanta.

-- Yes, I received it too. We fertilized another planet, the life cycle started there already, replied Roya. And Rhessus is fine, back on its track.

- What about the humans?

- Nothing, let them be. Anyway, there's no chance for them to see too soon the genetic connection between their DNA and the carbon from Rhessus. Besides, come on, isn't it nice to have your children visiting after so long?

by Lilliana Negoï



First Hand Science Humor

Where does infinity ends

What is this nonsense that infinity has no beginning and no end? That's not possible, I thought. My mind could not understand. Yours can? Let me check, I tell myself one day when I could no longer bear the uncertainty. So I take that upset eight that annoys me anyway that I always feel like putting it on its feet. Let me start it, I thought, turning it on all sides. He only had two, like any fake friend, so I finished quickly. Where to enter infinity? It had no cracks. Let me do it, I thought, taking a pair of scissors. See? It's like the Gordian knot. You need some courage, some determination and motivation. So, as I didn't have a sword like Alexander the Great, I cut the infinite with scissors and go inside, along and to the side, looking for the way out. Now I was sorry that I didn't let him lie down, that being in an upright position I still had to go up and down. Let me remember the next time I want to explore infinity that not every erection is desirable. Well, I found out. Infinity is not great, it's just twisted. Like Moebius' strip. Do you know Moebius' strip? Search Google. Or like a vicious circle. Come on, you know that. But with scissors everything is solved. Or with the sword of Alexander the Great. Anyway, I cut him a little more, because I had taken the scissors with me, and I came out of infinity. Do you know what was beyond him? Lots of other infinities. And that's it, I'm just not going to abide indefinitely.

by Marilena Dumitrescu