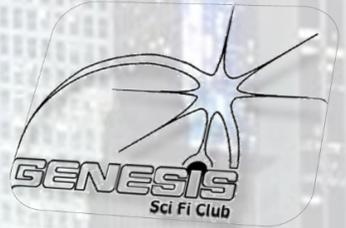


THE
GENESIS

MATRIX

(ReBooted)



The Magazine Of
Genesis Sci-Fi
March 2013



Paul's New Shiny

GOLD CHANNEL

Chairman:
Paul Russell

Vice Chairman
David Offen-James

Treasurer:
Matthew Greet

Events Secretary:
Paul Belsey

Membership Secretary:
Louise Stanley

Honorary President:
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March 2013



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All sources acknowledged, we own nothing. No infringement intended, no money made etc etc.

—
KEEP CALM AND
VOTE SPACE STIG

Hello, I cannot believe it, but just yesterday I got a text message from Jeremy, one I am sure he was really looking forward to. Apart from the idle chatter contained within there was a short note asking for me for a Gold Channel.

As I say Jeremy I am sure loved writing that sentence as it meant he was no longer chairperkin (*insert pause for wild celebrations and applause, not only from me but also, probably everyone else – Ed*) and had passed the baton (*poisoned chalice? – Ed*) to me.

So here we go, I would like to say thank you for your confidence in me and to once again have me as your puppet master (*insert evil laughter*). I shall hold true to me former agenda, that of attempting to bankrupt the club and if not bankrupt it at least spend all the surplus monies Matt has industriously salted away. So it is with good humour that I speak of the New Committee.

Chairperkin— that would be me then .

Vice-Perkin— David O-J (re-elected to the post, someone you can almost rely on to keep me in check).

Treasurer- Matt Greet (the longest continuously standing member and we all should be glad for that).

Membership Secretary- Louise Stanley - I would like to officially welcome her to the committee.

Event Secretary— Paul Belsey - another new member to the committee, again welcome Paul

And of course, thank you to Jeremy for continuing to research and write *The Genesis Matrix* each and every month (*apart from next month, when you can blame Ross. But thank you anyway – Ed*).

Now a quick look back over Jeremy's leadership. (*Uh-oh – Ed*). First and most importantly a fixed location - I lost count of the number of venues we tried last time I had the helm! New members, yes we have a few new members which can only add to the overall mix of the club (also the possibility of new members and this being a very short tenure at the helm – and not another 5 years like last time).

I hope to continue with these successes and add to the wealth of talent within the club. So here is to another term of honest toil and another 15 years of Genesis Sci-Fi Club.

Chairperkin Prus



The man who designed the Daleks has died aged 84 after a short illness. Former BBC designer Ray Cusick died of heart failure in his sleep on Thursday 21st February.

Mr Cusick, from Horsham, West Sussex, leaves two daughters and seven grandchildren, his family said.

The official Doctor Who Magazine tweeted: "It's with great sadness that we report the death of Ray Cusick - the designer of the Daleks. Half a century on, his iconic design lives on."

Doctor Who actor and writer Mark Gatiss tweeted: "Farewell to the great Ray Cusick. His passing is especially sad in this anniversary year but his creation remains immortal. Daleks forever!"

The designer gave form to the concept of the Daleks, created by Doctor Who screenwriter Terry Nation and which first appeared in series one of Doctor Who nearly 50 years ago.

In the show, the race of Daleks was developed by a scientist to survive a war on their home planet of Skaro. However, the scientist was later killed by his own creation. The Daleks, mutants encased in studded, tank-like machinery that appear to glide over the ground, became a cultural sensation, with generations growing to love their famous electronic command of "Exterminate".

In a 2008 episode of BBC Three's Doctor Who Confidential, Mr Cusick visited the



*RAYMOND
CUSICK
1928—2013*

BBC props department and explained his inspiration for the design of the Daleks, which has changed very little over the years. "People do say I was inspired by a pepper pot - but I always think 'If that's all it takes to become a designer then it's a doddle'."

He explained that, in fact, the pepper pot detail came from a lunch with Bill Roberts, the special effects expert who would make the Daleks, when Mr Cusick picked up a pepper pot and moved it around the table, telling him: "It's going to move like that - no visible means."

"Ever since then people say I was inspired by a pepper pot - but it could have been the salt pot I picked up," he said. "When I'm asked what I was inspired by I suppose it was really a system of logic because I realised that you've got to have an operator

to operate them. If you had anything mechanical, ten to one on the take it would go wrong, so you've got a human being in there who would be absolutely totally reliable...

"I then thought 'Well, the operator's got to sit down', [so I] drew a seat, ergonomic height, 18in, got the operator down, and then drew round him. That's how the basic shape appeared."

David Graham, who created the original



voice of the Daleks, said the villains' success in frightening generations of viewers was a combination of "brilliant design" and the synthesised voice added to it.

He said Mr Cusick was responsible for "one of the most iconic designs of television sci-fi".

"They captured the imagination of so many people. It was a wonderful thing," he told BBC Radio 5 live's Stephen Nolan show.

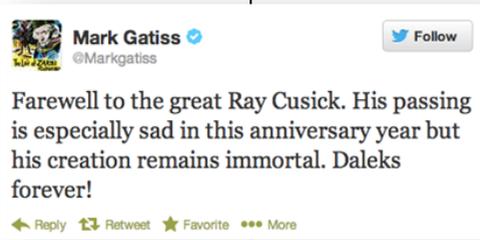
Nicholas Briggs, who voices the modern Daleks, said the show would not be the same without them.



One of the Doctor's first companions, Barbara, (Jaqueline Hill), is menaced by a Dalek, the first time a Dalek was seen on screen.

"Extinction is not an option - If you say Doctor Who to someone in the street about the second thing they're going to say is 'Exterminate'," he said.

"Lots of my friends who are not Doctor Who fans think that the programme is 'Doctor Who and the Daleks' - that surely the Daleks are in it all the time - which isn't true but that is the impression. That's the brilliance of the creation of the Daleks. They've made an indelible stamp on the series really."



Source:
bbc.co.uk

And not forgetting...
RICHARD BRIERS
1934 - 2013



'It's all gone quiet,' thought Rhubarb. 'Too quiet,' thought Custard.

Conventional Wisdom

Welcome Back To Convention Land - Redemption 2013

You know when you've stepped into a science fiction convention hotel when you're stood in reception waiting to check in and there is, clearly visible in the function room just opposite the desk, a Morris Dancing Andorian, performing said Morris dance with someone dressed in a dark Babylon 5 uniform.

And soon the convention normality kicked in, with a couple of Friday afternoon panels to take in, before dinner, where we were joined at our table by Virginia Hey of *Farscape* fame, one of the two guests, who was finding it difficult to find a table to sit at. Then there was the festivities of the opening ceremony, and finally for the first evening, the Starship Cool Wall, presented by LOTNA, with help from their tame starship pilot. Some say, (apparently), that he has a higher midi-chlorian count than Master Yoda. Some say that he did the Kessel run in only *two* parsecs. All they know is that he was called Space Stig, and at the end of the hour his candidacy for the traditional Ruler of the Universe election was declared.

Saturday is usually a blurry succession of panels, punctuated, if I'm lucky, by lunch, possibly dinner, and of course, the centre-piece of the day, the fancy dress and cabaret. The day kicked off with Mark's talk on 'Big Science' projects and experiments going on around the world, (and, in fact, out of it as well). Virginia Hey appeared next with some entertaining tales from her time in film and TV, and there was the startling revelation that she was soon to add Doctor Who to a quite impressive list of TV and film cult-followings she already has - *Farscape*, of course, *James Bond* (for her non-speaking

part in *The Living Daylights* - the director told her that the lines were cut for time but she's fairly sure it was her atrocious Rrrrrussian accent which did it! - *Prisoner Cell Block H* and *Mad Max 2*. She has recorded a part in an upcoming Big Finish audio play, but as, naturally, was supposed to have been a secret, she wasn't allowed to reveal any more. There was also the obligatory and traditional buying of a non-SF related item in the traders room, and the discovery nearby of a *Star Trek: The Motion Picture Photo Novel*, the reading of which will be quite a time-saver compared to actually watching the film!



Virginia Hey
(Photo By Smurf)

Now, although I enjoyed the day's panels and goings-on, due to circumstances beyond my control I was not able to enjoy them as much as I normally would. I don't wish to make this too graphic, but lets just say that from early afternoon I was not in the best of convention health, although I did my level best to enjoy the rest of the day. The fancy dress and cabaret was very good, with a Ruler of the Universe candidate Servalan stealing the show with a hijacked version of *I Will Survive*, which she made into pure election propaganda. Also there were a couple of *Round The Horne* inspired skits, which were great to see. Entertaining as always, but that was that for Saturday as far as I was concerned.



Kim Newman

On Sunday I discovered the real reasons why Cylons evolved as far they did in the new *BSG* – the self-service toaster in the dining room was proof that those contraptions are a really bad idea in a crowded convention hotel.

But a morning walk in the fresh (ie freezing cold, and slightly snowy) air, and a snooze helped, and I tried to take in as much as possible on the final day, with some of Virginia's Q&A panel, followed by a session on how real-World events have impacted upon science fiction shows, and the Ruler of the Universe Hustings, where all the candidates get the opportunity to persuade you to vote for them before then trying to cheat their way into office. The Space Stig's turn at the microphone was described by the returning officer as 'inspiring'. Quite. He may have been silent, but on the plus side, at least he wasn't lying.

Some years ago at Redemption there was a panel entitled *The Trial Of The Doctor*, which I was roped into to take part (ask me and I, or possibly Ross, will explain). This time we were treated to *The Doctor Who Balloon Debate*, in which four incarnations of the Doctor argued their case to remain in a rapidly descending balloon, with proceedings marshalled by a fellow Time Lord of dubious repute, despite the fact he was wearing a vicar's 'dog collar'. Actually, aside from one short exchange which involved scurrilous claims revolving around the presence of certain items of dubious footwear, the 'Master' stayed admirably in character, and the debate was won by the current, Eleventh incarnation as portrayed by Sue from LOTNA, who used the 'Fezzes and bow ties are cool' argument to their full potential.

That led to the inevitable script reading of the long lost *Blake's 7* episode, *Man of Iron*, which was a funny as ever, especially seeing as the evil scientist Algor appeared to have acquired a new and highly inappropriate voice for the occasion, and on to the closing ceremony, where the usual skulduggery and foul play quickly overtook the formalities of declaring the Ruler of the Universe election. Not to mention a regeneration. Incidentally, by a land slide margin, Servalan will be your ruler for the next two years, although Space Stig came a respectable second, and kept up his persona throughout, from sitting arms crossed near the back of the hall for much of the proceedings to disappearing into the lift at the end! Will we see him again in 2015?



*Space Stig
(Photo By Smurf)*

The evening gave a chance for a natter in the bar, as is normal for the last night. (*Janet and John* has yet to be unleashed upon this particular unsuspecting audience, and I suspect that's the way it



Fancy dress Contestants

will stay!) so all that was left was a departure through a slightly chaotic hotel reception following breakfast (or in my case, toast) on Monday morning. I gather the event was slightly smaller this time, in terms of number of attendees, but it felt as lively and well-populated as always, and still is highly recommended as a well-run, friendly and most importantly *fun* event.

Jeremy Ogden

The inevitable plug: the Redemption 2015 website can be found at: www.conventions.org.uk/redemption.

Thanks to Smurf for the photos.

WEIRD SCIENCE

Science Proves Luke Skywalker Should Have Died In The Tauntaun's Belly.

It is one of the weirdest, wildest moments in Star Wars history. Han Solo picks up Luke Skywalker's lightsaber and slices open the belly of his dead tauntaun and stuffs Luke in to to warm him up and save his life.

But is this scene at all realistic? If you were freezing, would jumping inside the dead body of a giant animal really help you stay warm in this situation? According to our highly scientific examination of this topic, the answer is a shocking "no." Here's why.

Nights on the icy planet of Hoth are brutally cold. Since the tauntaun is dead, it is no longer generating heat. In time, the interior of the animal will become a death trap for Luke. How much time does Han have to find shelter and save his friend who is also one-third of an ongoing love triangle? First things first . .

How did the Tauntaun die?

This question is the key to determining how long Luke can survive. Tauntauns are denizens of Hoth, acclimated to average temperatures of -61° Celsius on the planet. While the beasts of burden are accustomed to extremely low temperatures, they often seek shelter at night in order to survive. Echo Base is located near the equator, with nighttime temperatures averaging around -60° C (-76° F).

Han Solo does not appear to have any problems with the tauntaun that would denote symptoms of hypothermia during his travels. Based on this fact, I am going to say that the tauntaun dies of overexertion/exhaustion and not hypothermia. This allows us to set the tauntaun's body temperature at the time of the death to be 37° Celsius (98.6° F for those on the



Fahrenheit scale). This decision, of course, is made with the the assumption that tauntauns operate at a core body temperature similar to mammals on Earth.

When a Tauntaun becomes a (p o t e n t i a l) deathtrap

Using Newton's Law of Cooling, we can estimate the time it takes for the tauntaun's body temperature to reach levels detrimental to Luke's survival. Luke is swimming in a sea of blood, bodily fluids, and organs during his time inside the tauntaun.

This is essentially a liquid-like environment, one that will transmit the body temperature of the tauntaun well. To best model this scenario, merging Luke's body with the tauntaun becomes necessary, creating a one body system.



Forensics teams use Newton's Law of Cooling to estimate the time of death of a newly discovered body. Dead bodies will acclimate to the surrounding temperature of the room as the bodies no longer metabolize nutrients or generate heat. By

measuring the rectal temperature of the cadaver and temperature of the room, the

time since blood circulation ceased (i.e., death) can be calculated. Let's just let the *idea* of obtaining a Tauntaun's rectal temperature sit with you a moment.

The calculated values we will discuss assumes a particular body temperature for the Tauntaun/Luke sandwich, and then back-calculates the amount of time it would take to achieve that temperature in a cold climate. Both commonly reaches temperatures of -60 °C at night, and we will use that temperature to establish the frigid "room" temperature.

Whether Luke is completely inside of the tauntaun plays a role as well. Tauntauns are a little over two meters tall. This makes the fetal position necessary in order for Luke to be entirely enclosed within the belly. Any part of Luke that is hanging out of the tauntaun will cool faster than rest of his body inside the tauntaun, as the starting point for cooling would become Luke's own body temperature. The open wound is a problem as well, but one that is not easy to model. For the sake of Luke's survival and simplicity, we will assume Luke is completely within the interior of the tauntaun carcass.

What is Luke's condition?

Luke's body temperature at the time Han rescues him is likely below normal body temperature of 37 °C (98.6 °F). Luke recently fought a wampa, spoke to a vision of Ben Kenobi, and is seen shivering and confused.

Admittedly, wampa-fighting is not a symptom of hypothermia. But hallucinations, impaired movements, and confusion — three symptoms Luke exhibits — are useful for diagnosis of Luke's physiological state.

Hypothermia comes in a variety of forms - mild, moderate, and severe. Mild hypothermia begins once the core body temperature drops to 35.0 °C (95.0 °F), a temperature at which the human body's metabolism and organ systems begin to be affected. In mild hypothermia, the the body begins to shiver and one's heart rate increases in an effort to conserve heat. One

might suffer some confusion in this state too.

Moderate hypothermia begins at 32.0 °C (90.0 °F), with the symptoms of mild hypothermia worsening and the extremities beginning to turn blue. Severe (and deadly) hypothermia sets in once the core body temperature reaches 28 °C (82 °F). This state is characterized by speech difficulties, amnesia, puffy blue skin along with the joy of organ failure. Limb loss and death comes soon if this stage persists.

How much time does Luke have?

Thanks to the diagnostic criterion of blue extremities and puffy skin, we can likely rule out Luke as being in the stages of moderate or severe hypothermia. Luke's bewildered state and sluggish pace places him in the mild stage of hypothermia, placing the upper limit of his core body temperature at 35.0 °C (95.0 °F). This is also a reasonable starting point for the temperature of the tauntaun carcass, as it has been dead for several minutes.



With Luke's body temperature decided, we can now determine how long it takes for the Jedi to plunge into severe hypothermia and with it, death. If Luke enters the tauntaun in a state of mild hypothermia, Han only has 17 minutes and 48 seconds to remove Luke, clean off the

fluids from his face, and move him to warm shelter before moderate hypothermia sets in. The bigger scare here is the possibility of severe hypothermia, limb loss, and death, with Han having the extremely short window of 47 minutes and 26 seconds to extract, transport, and warm Luke.

Even if Luke is at a normal body temperature (37 °C/98.6 °F), Solo has just under 60 minutes before Luke plunges into the deadly realm of severe hypothermia.

Real life cases

During the winter of 1860, Father Joseph Goiffon, a minister and French missionary traveling from through the Dakotas used a Tauntaun-like tactic to ward off the cold. Father Goiffon cut open his dead horse and

crawled inside to seek shelter from the snow and cold. A search party found Goiffon alive, but his leg had to be amputated.

There is a spectacular medical case where a seven-year-old girl Swedish reached a core body temperature of 13 °C (55.4 °F) and survived. This is an extreme outlier, with the girl likely benefiting from the plasticity of a child's brain. For Luke to reach this temperature inside the tauntaun, it would only take two hours and twenty-two minutes.

The burden is on Han

The clock is ticking - how fast can Han Solo create a temporary shelter and warm up Luke? Pressurized pop-up tents exist in the Star Wars Universe. Mace Windu is known to carry a "wallet tent" that self assembles in seconds and can house two people.

Han Solo makes use of a similar tent in the novel *The Courtship of Princess Leia*. Solo pops out the tent as he explores the planet of Dathomir, a planet he won the deed to in a game of Sabacc. There is one problem however — Han explicitly keeps the tent inside the Millennium Falcon. We cannot know for sure if the tent is on his person as he explores Hoth. Luke's search and rescue mission is a quick one — Han leaves Echo Base in a hurry, likely believing it will be a short trip.

In a matter of minutes, Luke will succumb to hypothermia under our understanding of physiological limits. Can Han Solo pull a tent from his backpack and erect it within minutes? Is Han building a simple snow shanty over the course of hours? Where is the additional heat source coming from? If Han fails to act quick enough, Luke Skywalker dies from the effects of severe hypothermia, or at the very least, loses a limb or two.

Additional Dangers and caveats

The transfer of Luke from the tauntaun interior to the shelter becomes a problem as well. Any liquid on Luke's face would freeze within seconds of leaving the tauntaun, creating a solid case around Luke's mouth and nose that would need to be removed before Luke could breathe again.

What is inside the belly of a tauntaun? Feces, bile, stomach acid and more wonderful biological fluids. The wampa Luke fought in the previous scene left him with several lacerations. Any feces that comes in contact with these open wounds would make for a wonderful breeding ground for infection.

As this is a tongue-in-cheek look at applying real world science to a fictional event, we should probably discuss a couple of unknown parameters and assumptions. This thought experiment assumes Luke Skywalker's physiology is the same as Earth-based humans and that his core temperature are similar to warm blooded animals. Also, Luke lacks Jedi meditation and healing skills, as the young Skywalker has yet to meet and train with Yoda.

Erring on the side of saving Luke's life (and the galaxy), we are also assuming the snow storm on Hoth did not venture outside the boundaries of temperature extremes for the planet. It very well could have due to the severity of the snowstorm at Echo Base. The effects of windchill are also neglected in this model, as well as any severe cooling of the tauntaun prior to Luke's insertion.

I *want* Luke to live, but there are plenty of real world hurdles to overcome for the son of Darth Vader. The bacta tank will help Luke overcome possible infections and promote limited tissue regeneration, but things don't look good for the 'ol farmboy. While this math and medicine, it's not the final verdict. Remember, it's just a movie — if Boba Fett can come back from partial digestion in the depths of the Great Pit of Carkoon, Luke can fight off the effects of hypothermia.

Source: Io9.com

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An additional comment posted on the site regarding this article:

"Two things that this article doesn't take into account.

- 1) The likelihood that the clothing worn on Hoth is likely waterproof and highly thermal, as they would assume any liquid seeping into it could cause problems and that the body temperature would need to be maintained.*
- 2) They keep talking about body fluids, but the Lightsaber cauterizes as it cuts. So that should not be a concern."*

Conventional Wisdom

Redemption has now been and gone, yet again, so here are a few more memorable things which have happened at conventions past....

Coalition Trend Setters

2007 was the last time the event was held in Hinkley, and while being enjoyable it was, in some ways....insane. This was mainly due to the entry into the Ruler of the Universe election of the Puppet Alliance, which consisted of a Mr Flibble puppet, Toy (Mr Flibble's 'handler'), and me. We memorably came up with a speech for the opening ceremony at less than half an hour's notice....and then had to re-Write it in ten minutes when Tony's computer decided it couldn't stand the pace and crashed. To this day I am still way too proud of the fact that the lines about Thunderbirds now being 'live action, but still wooden', and 'replaced by CGI, Yoda has been' got the biggest laughs of the evening. We adopted some admittedly dubious tactics (such as printing our own ballot papers using the complete mobile office we'd brought with us in the boot of Tony's car) and as a result came implausibly close to winning. Thanks to some unholy alliances declared at the closing ceremony when the results were announced, we were years ahead of our time in making coalitions fashionable.

Filking

This hasn't been done for the last couple of times but until about 2007 we would inevitably get a taste of this during the Saturday night Cabaret, although there is usually a Filking Workshop of some description for those who are musically inclined. The Redemption variety of Filking involved adapting the lyrics of well-known songs to topical subjects such as Angel (We're Watching Angel Instead, or, possibly, Then He Lost His Soul Again), and various others, which to my eternal shame, now I'm halfway through writing this paragraph, I can't actually recall. But anyway, it's kind of like what Weird Al does to songs like



McArthur park, Piano Man and American Pie...sort of.

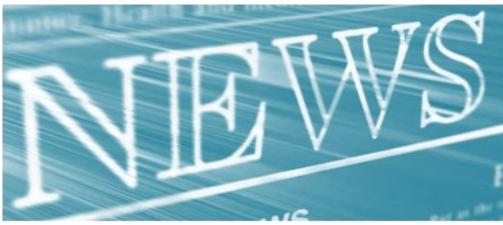
Tabletop Cricket

This was a staple of the convention until a couple of times ago, in which Blake's 7 would take on Babylon 5 in a game of Tabletop Cricket. In one memorable moment, during one particularly close finish, Marcus Cole ensured that it was he who was run out when Michael Garibaldi took a sharp single when there was never a run, in order to ensure that the established batsman stayed in. In other words, he sacrificed himself – again! Also on the cricket theme, England always seem to do quite well when one of their matches takes place on Redemption weekend.

"Is There Anyone AT This Hotel Who DOESN'T Like Doctor Who?!!!"

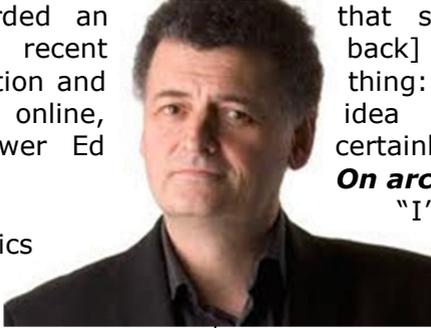
During my time going to Redemption, Doctor Who has gone from an -out-of-production-with-no-future TV series to being one of the most popular TV series in the World again following it's 2005 re-launch. Writer Colin Brake, who has written Doctor Who novels and audio dramas turned up at the 2005 event for an impromptu Sunday panel about the re-launch, when the transmission of *Rose* was a little under a month away. I can't recall how long the panel went on for, it may have been two whole hours, but I remember it being one of the best I've ever been to at a Redemption, because the atmosphere and discussion was one of genuine excitement, anticipation and hope for the series. And Colin Brake said at the end "I've never met such a sane bunch of Doctor Who fans!" Well, to be fair, he was only there for the afternoon.

Jeremy Ogden



**THE MAN IN THE HOTTEST SEAT
IN BRITISH TV—
STEVEN MOFFAT ON THE
ANNIVERSARY, CHRISTMAS
SPECIAL AND SERIES 8**

Steven Moffat recorded an interview for the recent Gallifrey One convention and the video is now online, courtesy of interviewer Ed Stradling.



A wide range of topics are covered and he is clearly aware of the concerns lately.

Here's some choice quotes.

On the 50th anniversary:

"A lot of things are going on. Don't believe the nonsense about one 60-minute film. That is complete nonsense!"

On 2013 Christmas Special:

"Of course there's going to be a Christmas special. Santa will also visit your house. Yes, all is as it was."

On whether the Master will come back:

"I think there's a danger with giving the Doctor an arch enemy like that. It's sort of limiting and a little bit cartoony. I thought Russell T Davies making him a complete lunatic was really, really brilliant. I did think he sort of ended

that story. [Bringing him back] comes down to one thing: do you have a great idea or not? But it's certainly not off the table."

On arcs and Series 8:

"I've just started planning the next series and I'm going to swing [the arc] a slightly different way again."

On Russell T Davies returning one day:

"I do keep asking him. Do you imagine I don't! I get really resentful if I hear he's written anything that's even vaguely around the *Doctor Who* area, because I'm saying 'bring it over here!' He's the best writer breathing in TV. I'd book a holiday. The offer is continually made, but I'm getting nowhere. I think he did his duty so he's maybe wanting a nice long rest from being a writer."

On Matt Smith's future:

"[He's staying] forever! For the rest of time."



Source www.doctorwhotv.co.uk

RASA

By Louise Stanley

IS SHE AN ANGEL?



OR IS HE THE DEVIL?

THE WAR WAS OVER.

When the lights went out in the ward, Michal never got to sleep without a struggle. Kept idle, with plenty of rest during the day, he was uncomfortable. Out there was a whole world waiting to be rebuilt. In here, the doctors and nurses busied themselves with their patients, enforcing complete bed rest. For those still sick, or those whose injuries would never heal, this was understandable. For those mobile and convalescent, it was frustrating.

He got up, put on his slippers and dressing-gown, and walked out of the ward. As he passed the nurses' sitting room, he saw only a single light on there. He recognised the nurse in there, knitting, as Rasa, a Lenkish woman who was in charge of their ward.

What was odd about the room took Michal a few minutes to realise. There was no light on; no candle, oil-lamp, or incandescent light-bulb. The light in which she was sitting was radiating from her body.

Nervously, Michal crossed himself with the points of the compass, and hurried on downstairs to meet the friends in the office with whom he spent part of most evenings.

RASA

LOUISE STANLEY ~ AFTER MAKSIM GORKY
2013-16-02

"DEW!"

IVAN DMITRIYEVICH
FILIPOV.

BY RIGHTS HE
SHOULDN'T BE HERE,
IT'S A WASTE TO HAVE
BROUGHT HIM.

HE'S
DEAD,
RASA.

NO, HE'S
NOT,
COMRADE
DOCTOR.

YOU KNOW NOTHING,
WOMAN. YOU AND YOUR
PAGAN...

BUNK

...SUPERSTITION.

