

# Re: National Space Intelligence Center proposed

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- *From:* "tomcat" <[jlavine@xxxxxxxxxxxxxx](mailto:jlavine@xxxxxxxxxxxxxx)>
  - *Date:* 7 Jun 2006 23:46:10 -0700
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Brad Guth wrote:

tomcat,

Huston, we have another problem; Especially when we have the likes of "Tom Davidson" and even yourself telling us such blatant lies upon lies, as based upon all of that hyped infomercial-science, and of others as equally having to use various forms of evidence exclusion in order that their infomercial-science that obviously can't be replicated, and of their having to use those conditional laws of physics are of what's having no option but to survive in spite of the truth, as in no matters what the consequences none the less. Whereas with such a skewed and/or perverted mindset it's an absolute wonder that the likes of Muslims and of other honest folks haven't put us pagan LLPOF heathens out of our misery long before.

Our gamma and otherwise hard-X-ray moon has NOT been walked upon, at least there no such hard-science proving otherwise, whereas there's otherwise more than sufficient hard-science as proof to such NASA/Apollo stories being chuck full of lies, yet obviously you're remaining so thoroughly snookered and subsequently dumbfounded that it's simply too late for salvaging the lost soul of "tomcat" and of all the souls of so many other fools that can't seem to understand as to why all sorts of things have been going so terribly wrong.

You keep telling yourself that there's simply no good technical reasons as to why we haven't returned to the moon, much less to having established the much simpler LL-1 platform, whereas many other aspects of our perpetrated cold-wars and of our NASA has since cost us far more than merely another Apollo class of mission. Yet lo and behold, everything from the complexity of utilizing various new and improved delivery rockets, to the lunar orbiting unit and of the lander itself are each having to be R&D invented and proof-tested from scratch, exactly as though it has never been accomplished before. Exactly what part of double duh and no kidding folks don't you get?

There's actual sci-fi that uses more of real hard-science and depends entirely upon the regular laws of physics than of what our NASA/Apollo wizards supposedly used for their walking on our physically dark and

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TBI nasty moon. What part of being "physically dark" is even too much for the likes of the "tomcat" mindset to understand?

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Brad Guth

tomcat wrote:

Eric Chomko wrote:

tomcat (jlavine@xxxxxxxxxxxxxx) wrote:

: Brad Guth wrote:

: > >And, yes, we really do need an Outer Space Intelligence Center.

: > tomcat,

: > We certainly lied our extremely white and Jewish butts off in order to

: > have pulled off the best ever perpetrated cold-war (only costing

: > humanity a few trillion per decade), thus how hard could it be to

: > snooker a few more of those heathen ETs?

: > —

: > Brad Guth

: The only reason we aren't in Outer Space already is that the U.S. is

: afraid of ET. We certainly have all the necessary equipment to get up

: there in a couple of years with a crash program.

: We have to learn to conquer our fears and do what has to be done. To

: put an Outer Space Intelligence Center in orbit or on the Moon is a

: good place to start. Then, when they are attacked, killed, eaten, or

: burned to death, we will have an excuse to do what has to be done.

You've been watching too many sci-fi films. You obviously thought the Mel

Gibson movie, "Signs", was a documentary.

Eric

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The U.S. went to the Moon in July of 1969. The year is 2006 and we are capable of going there with just a couple of years of preparation, regardless of who says we can't.

Often, today, things are thought of as sci-fi when they aren't. This is one such case.

tomcat

Tomcat climbs into the cockpit of his freshly built — with 2 years — of his sport model Fat Albert.

The sport model has one SSME and has a gross liftoff weight of 4 million pounds. The fuel weight is 3 million 9 hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The dry weight, then, is 50 thousand pounds with about 8000 pounds of SSME. Fully 38 thousand pounds is devoted to huge doughnut and spherical tanks, one inside the other, with a 20 foot thick skin consisting of sheet titanium laminated with basalt/epoxy and covered with Corelle/silica tiles. Most of the skin is vacuum, making the 20 foot thick skin lighter than air.

I make my way through a tunnel deep into the center of the sport model. I find myself surrounded with high resolution screens showing everything around the spaceplane in 'starlight green' just as if I was in a glass bubble.

My hastily made spaceplane is capable of escape velocity, but the flight is to be a quick Moon flyby with a 200,000 mph 'slingshot' return. Speed to target (Moon) will be 27,000 mph and take 18 hours. The return will only take a couple of hours.

As far as the Van Allen Belts are concerned, I will penetrate them on the way to the Moon surrounded by many feet of hydrogen, oxygen, and water; not to mention the titanium skin, stainless steel tanks, and titanium cockpit egg. The fuel will be depleted on the return, but the 200,000 mph speed will limit my time in the Belts to less than 2 minutes.

The onboard computer lights a screen and greets me with a cheery "Good Morning, tomcat."

"Computer, fuel in seconds on the left screen, flight instruments on the top screen, and telephoto the Moon on my right screen," I command while settling into the ejection seat. The standard menu screen is to my lower right. The stick is on the left side. I strap myself in.

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Screens light up all around me. I can even see the runway between my legs.

It is 3:30 am and the runway is glowing green. No runway lights at all. The Moon is at 10 o'clock high directly ahead of the runway. The last two years and nearly a billion dollars have been for this moment.

I push the stick all the way forward. I feel a soft but constantly increasing acceleration. The runway stripes are zipping between my legs. At 4 million pounds GLOW it is going to be slow at first, but will prove itself in about an hour.

When the engine shuts down some 63 minutes into the flight, I swivel my seat around, unstrap, and step into the my cabin. The autopilot will handle the flight for the next 18 hours. About 15 hours from now I will have to strap in again for the slingshot. Then a couple of hours later I will strap in for planetfall. The rest of the time I can relax, rest, or study the Moon with telephoto lens. Or, read a book for that matter.

"Isn't that right, computer," I ask.

"Yes, tomcat," the computer replies.

So, you see Brad, it is possible.

tomcat

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