

Sonova Quark

Brought to you by Steven Vincent Johnson and Darlene P. Coltrain, mailing address: 6666 Odana Road, 213, Madison, WI 53719. Email Steve: svj@orionworks.com. Email Darlene: dpcoltrain@gmail.com Web: <http://OrionWorks.com>. All material is Copyrighted © by Steven Vincent Johnson and Darlene P. Coltrain unless otherwise specified. Quark is brought to you by *OrionWorks* with occasional help from Grasshopper Press when I feel an inspirational mood overtake me. Final layout is assembled in CorelDraw X6. Some might be asking how do you pronounce "Sonova Quark"? There isn't one.

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You Can't Go Back

Confessions of a science fiction artist

Back in my late teens and into early adult life a lot of my extracurricular socializing time was spent participating in two theatre groups, Madison Theatre Guild and Madison Savoyards. I have fond memories of having been a leaping waiter in *Hello Dolly*, a disgruntled knight in *Camelot*, and as a wretched filthy prisoner rotting away in a dungeon in *Man of La Mancha*. In my senior high school year I also got to play a starring role in a presentation of *You're a Good Man Charlie Brown*. I had acquired the nickname of "Charlie Brown" during my senior year which, fortunately, only my stage crew associates knew. After performing a few times in front of audiences I joined the stage crew and worked behind the scenes. Eventually, I stage managed a couple of performances.

As I hit my 25th birthday a vague feeling began to surface, hinting that perhaps I had done enough theatre. This might have been considered an odd conclusion to have come up with since participating in theatre had been, for the most part, fulfilling. Nevertheless, it was as if an internal compass started telling me I needed to close that chapter in my life. To be clear the theatre scene wasn't always a bed of roses. As one finds in many social organizations there existed the usual collection of politics. There were factions and counter factions. One clique opposed another clique's objectives. One clique wanted to commandeer their theatre one way while another clique, another. There was always someone to uphold or defend, and someone else to tear to shreds. The tedium of these on-going struggles probably contributed to my departure.

In all honesty, however, avoiding political battles was not the real reason I left. My departure turned out to be motivated by a much more deeply buried reason. With my departure a series of random events were set in motion that would force me to encounter unexplored portions of myself that I had not witnessed

before. Some would likely have labeled my personal encounters as *learning experiences*. Perhaps a more creative interpretation might have been: *May you live in interesting times*. Yet another interpretation: *Welcome to adulthood, my son*. In any case, all of these interpretations were correct.

Having lived with a group of UW students in an apartment located on Langdon Street (Madison's student ghetto district), I initiated my independence by renting a one-bedroom apartment out on South Park Street. I also reassessed my educational opportunities. I ended up dropping out of the UW of Madison where I had been pursuing a BS in Fine Art and instead enrolled over in Madison Area Technical College (MATC) with the objective of pursuing what I had come to believe would turn out to be a much more practical career move, completing an Associate Degree in Data Processing (DP).

While enrolled as a MATC student it never really occurred to me that perhaps I might like to seek out some extracurricular activities the college might have offered to replace my former social activities in theatre. I think at the time I was much more interested in pioneering a vision of self-sufficiency, independence, and personal freedom that I assumed would come from living in an apartment all by myself. I wanted to fix my own meals, make my own bed and, I guess, be responsible for cleaning the toilet. No more excuses as to why the garbage hadn't been taken out. It was a good premise to start with. I ended up establishing a fairly boring routine of habits. Between classes I had been hired on as a lab assistant in the Data Processing lab room helping DP students with their programming assignments. After class work and lab work I drove back to my South Park Street apartment. I did what few homework assignments I had been given, prepared an evening meal, watched Star Trek reruns and Tom Snider interviews before hitting the sack. Except for lunching



with some MATC class-mates, being invited to a couple of poker games with old high school buddies, (Mr. Nash, do you remember some of these evening seminars?), and going to a couple of social outings put on by the MATC class of Data Processing students, I really didn't socialize. As the semester passed I did my best to ignore occasional feelings of emptiness that surfaced, particularly on the weekends. I stuffed them under a couch pillow in my starkly furnished apartment living room.

I was not involved with anyone at the time. With that aloneness came a growing sense of uneasiness that haunted me, telling me that perhaps I didn't know how to go about getting a date. I did my best to stuff that uncertainty under the couch pillow as well. Of course, both sexes (and orientations) can claim an equality of having wrestled with such concerns, but I was pretty much oblivious to that.

Let me digress for a second and bring up a senior high school memory. I had actually gotten involved with a stage crew lady named Marcy, a junior, I had gotten to know. She was a nerdy tech person, a



Fig 1
Marcy tormenting
a stage crew member

sophisticated intelligent woman capable of expressing a wicked sense of humor. During the duration of our involvement I concluded I must be doing all right for myself in the relationship department. I really was oblivious to the fact that she had grown increasingly frustrated with the sense of remoteness I often exhibited towards her. In my own defense, I was an inexperienced high

school kid who had not yet acquired a sufficient amount of skills in communicating and expressing emotional intimacy. While I thought wanted intimacy, the truth of the matter was that intimacy, specifically emotional intimacy, scared the holy shit out of me. This, of course, was a matter I had absolutely no interest in admitting to myself. As anyone could easily assess I was setting myself for generating a relationship that bounced around like a yo-yo. One summer evening, as our relationship I soon was about to discover was in the process of coming to a close, after finally consummating the act of coitus for the first time in my life out in the Eagle Heights community garden, I told Marcy that maybe... just maybe I might



Fig 2
Hanging out in the Stage Crew office of West High
as a stage crew member. Doing alright for myself.

be falling in love with her. Telling Marcy that maybe I was falling in love with her felt like a huge step, as if I had confessed something. Revealing it seemed to go against my comfort zone of protecting myself. Upon hearing this confession Marcy considered her options. A couple of weeks later, I noticed she began ignoring my phone calls and avoiding me at parties. Eventually, I discovered that she had left me for another senior graduate of Memorial high school. He was a stage manager. I was, of course, heartbroken. I moped about for much of that summer like a lost puppy. Outwardly I wondered what I had done wrong while secretly obsessing over what might be wrong with me. I also secretly worried that the longer I remained single, the less capable it might be for me to find another relationship. I didn't realize that perhaps it wasn't my awkward nerdy-cuteness or fleeting bouts of humor that others might have taken notice of. It was the hungry look of a young adult male urgently seeking out a new girlfriend and not knowing how to go about securing such a relationship that most of my objects of affection noticed. And fled they did, as fast as they could in the opposite direction. I brought this high school incident up to help give the reader a little more depth of what I felt about my chances of landing another date might be, now that I was in college.

Oh Very Young. What did I know.

Getting back to my MATC adventures, my self-imposed isolationist habits were beginning to accumulate into an emotional debt that was about to default on me. The first of a series of "amount due" notices had already been sent through the mail one Friday night when I went to the Memorial Union to catch a Monty Python Movie. Before the show started, across the aisle I recognized a young lady I knew from high school. Ann was her name. She recognized me back, her face lighting up in a beautiful smile. She bid me shiny hello. We had both taken the same summer school biology class a couple of high school

summers ago. Our class had shared a wonderful summer outside cavorting about throwing fermenting balls of seaweed at each other while ostensibly collecting samples of Lake Mendota paramecium and nematodes for lab analysis. She's an attractive girl, I silently pined... someone who was completely beyond my capacity to reach. Sitting next to her was her date, a distinguished looking man who I had to admit complimented her. After pleasantries were exchanged the movie started. I tried not to dwell on the fact that as they sat there together in the theater, I was sitting alone. I wondered if they had noticed the fact that I had come alone. I wondered, what did they think of that? Actually, I tried not to think about that.

In the middle of the MP movie a funny skit (of many skits) played out, one easily viewed out on YouTube under the subject tag of "Monty Python nudge nudge wink wink". For reference, see: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ona-RhLfrfc>



Fig 3
Monty Python

Eric Idle and Terry Jones playing the nudge nudge wink wink skit

I observed an eager looking young adult male skillfully played by Erick Idle attempting to engage in conversation to another male, Terry Jones, who in turn was trying his best not to talk to him. The eager Idle character was trying to act like he knew what it was all about to have a steady girlfriend that included physical-relations (Nudge, nudge! Wink Wink! Say no more!) while at the same time desperately trying to find out what it really was like to have a girlfriend and experience physical relations. The scene was intended to be both funny and tragic, and I'm sure the audience perceived it in that way. But for me I felt neither emotions. What I saw was a pathetic shell of a man, a tragic representation of what I feared I myself may be transforming into. At the end of the movie as I drove home I tried to bury a knotted bundle of disquieting emotions that had been stirred up from watching that scene. I went to bed silently hoping Saturday would turn out to be a better day. At approximately 3:00 am in the morning the Amount Due bill was effectively delivered at my doorstep. I woke up with a start and noticed I was shaking uncontrollably. I had no idea what was happening to

me. I couldn't stop the shakes as I got out of bed pacing back and forth. What do I do about this? I probably could have been diagnosed as having become clinically depressed, the result of all my attempts to suppress a growing collection of personal anxieties. I drove myself to the emergency clinic and told the receptionist I was shaking uncontrollably. WTF is wrong with me, I told her. An hour later they sent me home with a prescription of valium plus the suggestion that maybe I just might want to discuss my shakes with a counselor. What I had not realized at the time was that my body had finally rebelled against all the mental and emotional barriers I had built over the months in an effort to continue toughing it out alone. My emotional body had initiated the process tearing through all the psychic armor I had erected to avoid admitting just how utterly frightened I had become.

I will attempt to filter out much of the monotony and mundanity while trying to side-step a collection of inner terrors over the next year and a half. Needless to say, there was much floundering and gnashing of the psychic teeth as I became close friends with Angst and Anxiety. As the onset of my anxiety bouts became more persistent I reacted by dropping out of MATC despite the fact that my high grades had awarded me a modest scholarship. I only had about a semester and a half of course work left to cinch my AD as well. But none of that mattered to me. I had come to the conclusion that living alone in my one bed room apartment was probably not a good thing for me to continue doing to myself. I subsequently subletted the rest of my rent contract and moved back home. By then I was in a state of emotional lockdown. I moved back home in a desperate attempt to rekindle memories I recalled of once having felt safe and secure in my earlier life. Needless to say, returning home was probably not the best thing I could have done for cultivating a sense of emotional health, independence, and self-actualization. It was the perfect recipe for extending my dependence. It enforced a belief I had begun to harbor that something terribly wrong and dangerous could possibly be lurking at the center of my soul.

My parents were good caring parents. Without question, they unconditionally gave me safe refuge back home. But that was all they really could do for me. They really didn't understand what I was going through, and of course, neither did I. Eventually, after experiencing several months of walking about as if I was on an emotional tightrope I slowly came to a realization that I couldn't go back. I couldn't stay home and attempt to relive an earlier childhood time in my life filled with a child's sense of unconditional security that only a child believes. But if I could no longer live at home, where should I go?

I recalled years ago my older brother, Norm, had left Madison for Bend, Oregon. He did so out of a primal need to survive. By the time he was 18 he had flunked out of UW Madison, getting D's and F's on his



Fig 4

Side-note, in 2009 my big bro completed his college degree out in the state of Vermont. His wife, Kay, is at his side. His degree is in a field related to history and journalism. Straight A's too. Norm was 62 when he graduated with honors. Guess we were both late bloomers. Seems to run in the family.

destroying himself. He had the sense to realize there was nothing left for him in Madison. I began to wonder, and maybe even believe, that perhaps there was nothing left for me in Madison as well. I knew my brother eventually found work out west, in Oregon. For a while he had become a jumper and a park ranger. Later, he drove cement trucks and delivered wine cooler products to grocery stores in the local Bend area. He seemed to be putting his life back together. I felt I needed to find some kind of job that involved a lot of physical labor. My goal at that time was to find a way to physically exhaust myself at the end of the day performing repetitive routine labor. I felt I needed to maintain a tight rein on my emotions and not allow much free time to play mischief with the internal fragility that I had come to believe was lurking just under the covers. I came up with a plan (not a terribly thought out plan I might add) of finding work out on the west coast possibly out on the docks of a coastal city... maybe even work on a tug boat in the San Francisco bay area. It sounded romantic to me. I told myself I needed to get some callouses on my hands handling coils of heavy rope day after day. I packed up my meager belongings into the back of my silver grey Honda-Civic. I bid mom and dad good bye and hit I 90. Next destination: Go west, young man!

The one really good thing I managed to kick-start upon my departure from Madison, tentative and awkward my original plan may have been, was that it set me up for facing a few of my least favorite personal demons. Before then, I had been doing a really good job of running away from all of them.

report card. He was placed on probation, and then double-secret probation. I remember him floundering about getting regularly drunk with cohorts while living the high life in a frat house on Langdon Street, an establishment that gave Animal House a good run for its money. Eventually, my brother realized he was

OR

To be continued
in
My Walkabout



Fig 0:

And now, for something completely different. Zoey back in 2005, learning the art of shoulder squatting. She's about 14 weeks old.

What Really Happened at Roswell

By Vince Dingalint, Reporter at large in time and space.

<TRANSMIT>

I'm reminded of the infamous Roswell Incident that took place back in the summer of 1947. From the time-line where I'm currently hiding out in that incident is better understood by those willing to educate themselves on matters concerning various observed classifications of interplanetary evolution. While we may be a tad more educated, unfortunately, just like in your time line I must confess the fact that the quaint ideology of Creationism has not yet completely died out. You have my sympathies.

But getting back to the Roswell incident, I would point out a seemingly insignificant matter that was never considered in all the drama stirred up in the original investigations: There were very few top level brass of the female gender who personally witnessed the incident first hand. Had more women been allowed first-hand access to the wreckage and bodies it is quite likely a very different assessment of what had actually transpired would have been made.

Let me put it this way for those of the opposite gender who are still scratching their heads. On our planet there are many examples of evolution taking interesting twists and turns. Evolution can occasionally do an about face and seemingly backtrack. For example, sea turtles were once land animals that decided there were better opportunities to exploit if they packed up their reptilian bags and returned to the oceans. However, because their basic biological engineering had been hard coded while they were still land dwellers they are forced to crawl back onto land where they continued to lay their eggs. While sea turtles make the best of this evolutionary modification, trying to turn it to their advantage, it is nevertheless a laborious process filled with many pearls for the gravid female. She must drag her ponderous armored body across a hostile hot surface until she finds an appropriate soft patch of sand to lay her eggs in. After essentially exhausting her physical constitution expelling a clutch of eggs down a dug-out pit of sand she must then endeavor to crawl her way back to the inviting cool arms of the ocean before exhaustion and heat prostration consumes her. She doesn't always make it back.

Now, consider the possibility that there might exist certain life-forms that have been puttering about the cosmos for millions of years. Their biological ancestral heritage may have originated on the surface of a planet or within the oceans. But then, millions of years ago perhaps some of them decided there would be more opportunities to exploit if they packed up their little scaly alien bags and migrated out into the vastness of the cosmos.

In the great scheme of things, as certain mates are apt to discover, navigating a highly distressed and extremely gravid mate in the throes of labor to the nearest spawning asteroid can turn out to be a difficult up-stream journey. Sometimes spawners have no choice but to park at the side of the road and let the blessed event take its own course. Combine this with the fact that 20th century interpretations of what extraterrestrials look like, how they are supposed to behave, how they are assumed to have been biologically put together, and finally how they go about replicating themselves, and well... I would have to say that most top-secret reports I managed to hack into were downright prudish.

Many generals fainted. Others threw up. No wonder they suppressed the incident.

Gotta go now. Tonight I've got a hot date with a couple of gorgeous replicants.

BTW, they aren't green.

Yours Truly,
Vince

</TRANSMIT>

VD

About Vince Dingalint

Vince Dingalint: born 1961, died (unknown). Vince describes himself as a reporter at large in time and space. Back in 2004, an unfortunate set of circumstances resulted in Vince getting himself accidentally caught up in a Black Ops clean-up operation. Due to dumb-luck, and wandering into a neighborhood where he shouldn't have been snooping around in, Vince gets abducted and incarcerated by underground MIBs, ostensibly for security reasons. Contrary to popular belief he was not thrown in some cell located in Area 51 out in the deserts of Nevada. Vince didn't know it at the time but he had been spirited away to an even more secret underground base located in the scenic bluffs south of Dubuque, Iowa. Early in his underground incarceration Vince attempted a daring escape. He stumbled through chamber after chamber containing strange and exotic looking machinery. In one dark passageway he tripped over a thick power cable and accidentally induced a massive power surge from a nearby piece of machinery. The energy surge triggered a temporal time displacement field that completely enveloped and destabilized the molecular/quantum equilibrium structure of his body. Vince subsequently becomes unstuck in time and space. The best analogy I can come up with is that it's similar to what happened to Billy Pilgrim from Vonnegut's novel, *Slaughter House Five*. Fortunately for Vince he eventually learns how to control his journeys through time and space. Vince has turned into a variant of the Dr. Who character, but with one distinct difference. Instead of trying to save the Universe, along with his current companion in 60 minute installments, Vince prefers to passively sit back and report on his travels. Vince occasionally takes time out from his journeys to discretely slip back into our time-line. When back he enjoys uploading the highlights of his latest travel experiences. I'm under the impression that most of Vince's accounts tend to strike readers who stumble across them as being outrageous works of "B" movie science fiction. They are subsequently dismissed as new age mumbo-jumbo and fantasy derived from an unknown wannabe writer who probably dropped too much California Sunshine while in college... case closed. Will there be more of Vince and his sightseeing accounts? Hard to predict. I occasionally feel Vince in the back of my mind nattering on about this or that trip that he had just completed. I suppose I ought to try removing my tin-foil helmet and see if the reception improves.

OR

Revisiting That Kepler Thing

I want to thank Greg Rihn for bravely taking a crack at my recent Kepler entries. I freely admit I have been a tad cryptic. No, I am not hinting that there might be something physical (like a mass) located at the empty foci. We earthlings would have picked up something long ago with radar or with our powerful telescopes if that had been the case. Greg is correct about how

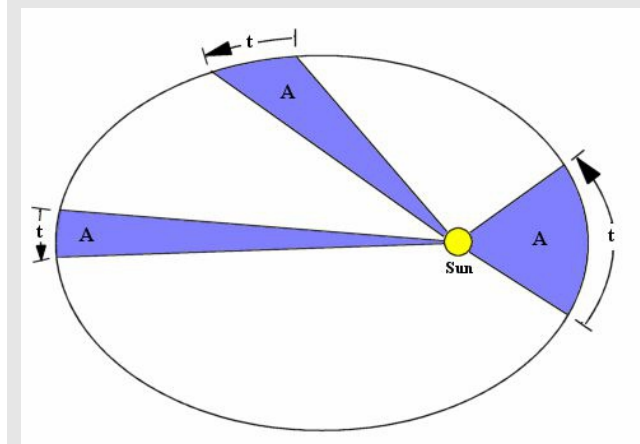


Fig 5
A graphic showing Kepler's 2nd Law,

"An imaginary line joining a planet and the sun sweeps out an equal area of space in equal amounts of time"
The sun is positioned at the "filled" foci position.

gravity affects orbiting bodies. Approaching planets swing around a sun moving faster when they approach the sun and decelerate, slowing down when they move farther away. That's Kepler's famous 2nd law in action, which states "An imaginary line joining a planet and the sun sweeps out an equal area of space in equal amounts of time". I can certainly forgive perhaps even apologize to anyone for misinterpreting my intentions. I have been deliberately obscure to see if anyone might be able to pick up on a few obscure hints. Over subsequent TURBO installments I may attempt to clarify some of my Kepler findings further. It is challenging. It's not easy creating easy-to-understand definitions accompanied with easy to see graphics and animation, particularly when technical preciseness is required. I will likely be working hard at this project for several more years before I feel I had enough of it.

Greg is also correct about using the famous string tied around two thumb tacks to trace out an ellipse. That is a famous contemporary example that attempts to give some relevance for what the empty foci might provide. It is both a perfectly valid explanation as it is an elegant interpretation that clearly shows why we need

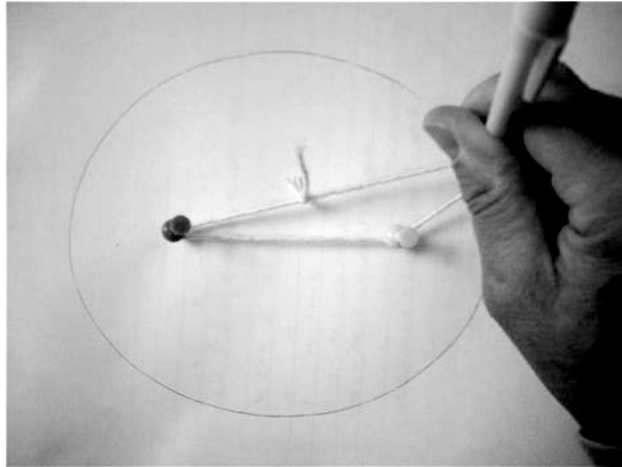


Fig 6
Tracing out an ellipse using two tacks and a loop of string.
This method utilizes both foci of an ellipse.
From PennState Dept. of Astronomy & Astrophysics

to use both foci in order to trace out an ellipse. I believe Richard Feynman may have actually suggested this as an explanation for the purpose of the empty foci. But that is not what I'm hinting at. My own research seems to suggest there is a distinct

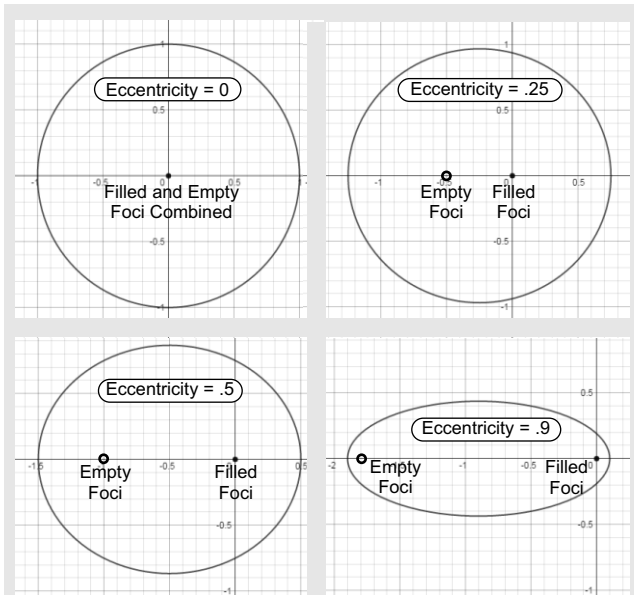
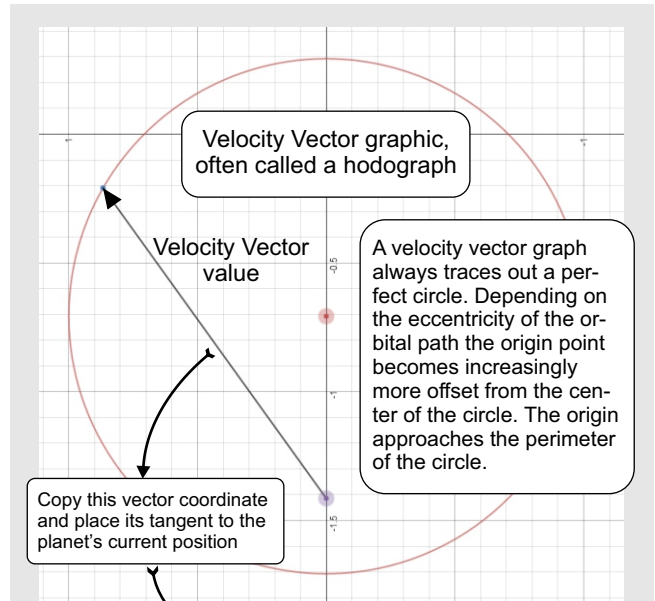


Fig 7
The more eccentric, or flattened, an ellipse is the more separated the two foci are from each other, and the more offset each one is from from center of the circle. An eccentricity of 0 (zero) is a perfect circle. An eccentricity of 1 is nothing more than a flat horizontal line.

mathematical construct specifically having to do with what the empty foci represents all by itself. Its relevance is as just as important and unique as how Kepler's 2nd law uses the filled in foci. In a nutshell I believe the empty foci performs the following

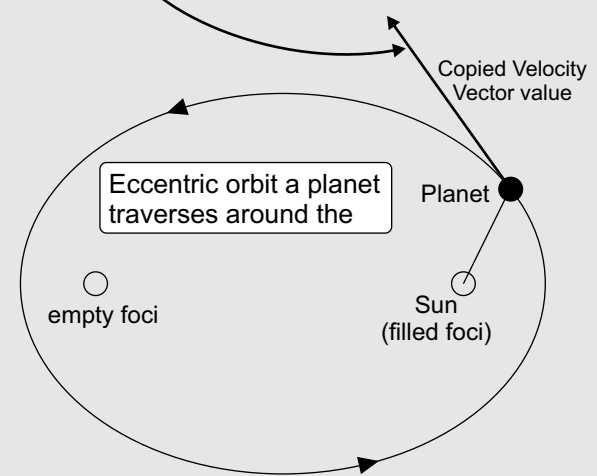
mathematical "Keplerian" law:

The "empty" foci represents the geometrical "focal" (origin) point for measuring the accompanying velocity/vector coordinates associated with each stationary/static planetary position.



Copy this vector coordinate and place its tangent to the planet's current position

A velocity vector graph always traces out a perfect circle. Depending on the eccentricity of the orbital path the origin point becomes increasingly more offset from the center of the circle. The origin approaches the perimeter of the circle.



It doesn't matter the eccentricity (or flatness) any planet's orbital path takes, the accompanying velocity vector always generates the outline of a perfect circle. This is well known by scholars.

The above representations have also been how most scholars have tended to perceive both graphics - as separate, not connected or integrated with each other in any kind of an intuitive way. All attempts I've seen, so far, to connect both graphics appear visually awkward. No additional useful information has been created.

Fig 8

When it comes to plotting an orbiting body, like a planet in time and space, one needs to employ two unique kinds of coordinates commonly used in algebra and calculus.

- A static/vector position coordinate - the current position of the planet - (Kepler's 2nd law.)
- A velocity/vector coordinate - the current speed and direction of the planet.

Both coordinates are necessary in order to accurately plot planets in an elliptical orbit. Unfortunately, Kepler never got around to defining velocity/vector coordinates. If he had, I think he would have understood exactly what the empty foci represents.

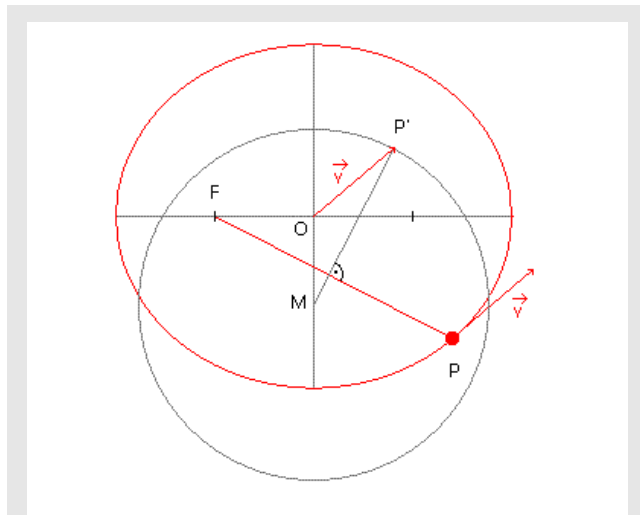


Fig 9

This graphic attempts to combine both the elliptical orbit (Kepler's 2nd law) and the velocity vector graphic into a single geometric/mathematical representation. It is the closest representation I've seen, so far, of anyone attempting to integrate a typical elliptical orbit with the accompanying circular velocity vector graphic into a singular unified representation. The graphic is out at: <http://www.jgiesen.de/kepler/> Unfortunately, the author does not seem to comprehend the fact that the vector's circular diameter needs to be the same length as the major axis belonging to the elliptical path. The vector path also needs to be placed directly on top of the elliptical path, not slightly below. Positioning the circular vector in this matter the author unfortunately breaks the symmetry in his attempt to simplify the information. In fact this configuration, as intriguing it may be to look at, actually ends up confusing the data and the observer even more than necessary.

An interesting point to make about plotting orbital velocity measurements (as compared to the static/stationary planetary position measurements) is that the velocity/coordinates always trace out a perfect circle. A circle is generated regardless of the

eccentricity of the accompanying ellipse any planet makes around the sun. Planetary velocity/vector characteristic are well-known by those who study orbital mechanics. Scholars have known it always traces out a circle, but where the center (origin) typically is located *not* at the center depending on the elliptical eccentricity of the orbit. In my own research I

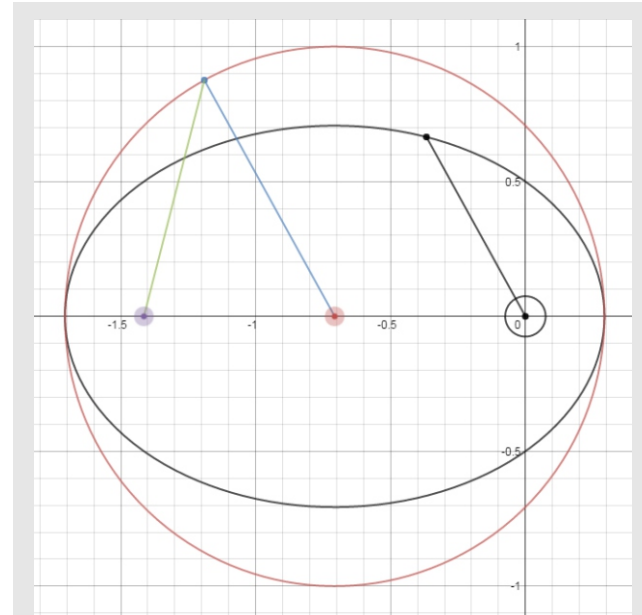


Fig 10

The above graphic is the configuration I have come up with, the result of my own research. The elliptical orbit graphic is symmetrically integrated with the circular velocity/vector graphic. This configuration simplifies the application of combining both coordinates. See Fig 11 for a more detailed explanation of what the above configuration reveals. I have developed an animation of the above graphic out at: <https://www.desmos.com/calculator/iunhi6yqz8>

discovered that the velocity circle can and should be overlaid on top of the elliptical orbital path of a planet. What's truly remarkable about this fit is that all the off-center focal/nexus point fit exactly where the empty foci is positioned within the elliptical orbit of the planet. As best as I can tell, no contemporary 20/21st century (or earlier) researcher I've come across who has studied orbital mechanics has apparently noticed this remarkable configuration. In other words, it is my opinion that this is the missing piece of the puzzle having to do specifically with what the empty foci codifies in mathematical geometric terms. While the filled in foci gives us the position on the elliptical path pertaining to where the planet should be located in static/stationary time increments (Kepler's 2nd law), the empty foci gives us the accompanying velocity/vector values associated with each planetary position in the same time increments. Again, Kepler's

2nd law doesn't give us velocity measurements. But in my research, assuming I remain on track and don't eventually discover a horrible mistake, I'm likely to propose a new honorary 6th Keplerian law to reveal the purpose behind the "empty" foci. Not so empty after all. A sixth law? Yep, a sixth law. That implies I'll be defining a total of three new laws - fourth and fifth honorary laws in order to properly support the sixth law in Keplerian terms. You've already seen both laws displayed in this report. The laws are based on well known orbital mechanical facts.

These velocity/vector measurements are somewhat obfuscated in the visual sense when using static graphics. The process is a bit easier to see and comprehend when viewing an actual animation of an elliptical path showing how both foci work harmoniously together giving both the position and velocity vector data. The tricky thing about how to properly utilize the velocity/vector coordinates is that the values are curiously embedded within the mathematical architecture of the ellipse at a 90-degree angle to the actual tangent of where its velocity measurement needs to be positioned

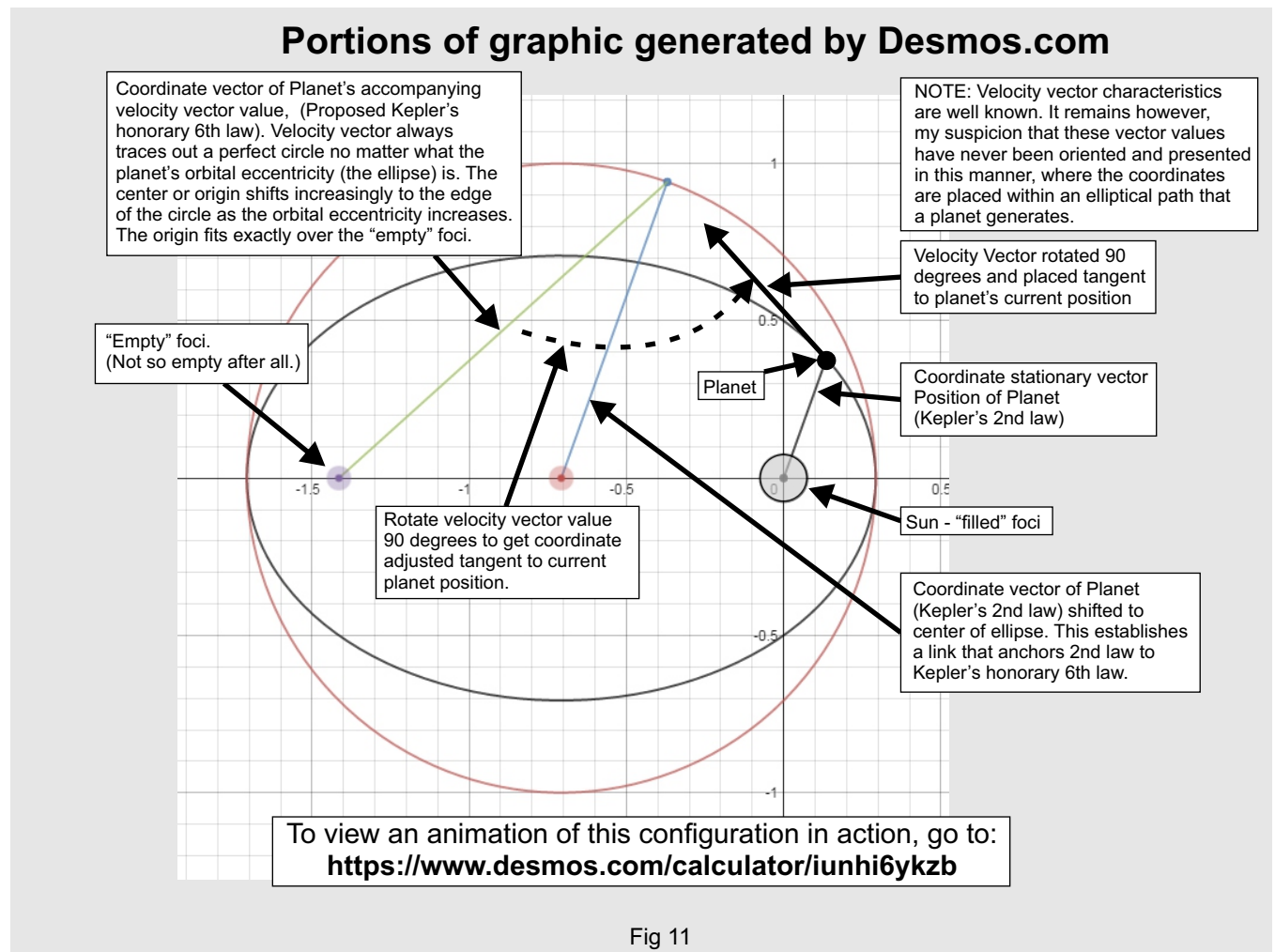
adjacent to the planet's current static position. This 90-degree reorientation, I believe, could very well have been the primary reason scholars have missed this particular configuration for several hundred years. You can view an actual animation I recently constructed out at the following link:

<https://www.desmos.com/calculator/iunhi6ykzb>

I think Kepler would have eventually figured the velocity relationship out on his own. He simply needed more computing power (to map out additional theoretical orbits), and more time to ponder what the new configurations were telling him. Unfortunately, he had neither at his disposal. If he had, it is my opinion that Kepler would have eventually come up with at least six laws, not just three. I will likely describe the additional three laws in later Turbo installments, posthumously, in honor of Kepler.

The quest continues. More later.

OW



Mail Bag

Greg:

It's true, I could elevate my peasant status by ushering in paying patrons of the arts to their theatre seats and then quietly slip in to watch performances for free. It's possible I may have given TURBO readers the impression that I maybe I'm just a little ashamed of fact that I described myself as a peasant. It would be more accurate to say that I'm OK with being perceived as a peasant who resides in the peanut gallery along with other fellow peasants.

I used to be much more involved in the theatre arts. I go tangentially into that earlier time in my life in this TURBO installment. Alas, the theatre experience seems to have burned out of me a long time ago though I still love to go to Spring Green to catch a good Shakespearian performance with friends. Perhaps a little bit of ADD kicks in after a while trying to understand Shakespearian dialect. My attention span often seems to wander off looking for other interesting things that might be happening on or off stage. My apparent lack of an attention span used to bug me until I realized it was just a pleasant relaxing experience sitting with friends outside on a balmy evening taking in the ambience. While everyone remains transfixed when Demetrius pontificates "*Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?*" (from a *Midsummer Night's Dream*) I often seem to end up finding my own entertainment looking for other creatures of the night. Oh look! There goes another furry little *Myotis lucifugus* fluttering past the stage lights!

Mapping out hypotrochoids in high school must have been a fun physics experiment. I would have enjoyed plotting them too. If you're feeling adventurous link out to the following [desmos.com](https://www.desmos.com/calculator/vuyvztor3b) URL I recently assembled:

<https://www.desmos.com/calculator/vuyvztor3b>

Andy:

Glad to hear that you're planning on placing your prodigious historical research on-line, supplied with appropriate hypertext links. You mentioned the fact that the meticulousness of your historical predilections tend to be, "fairly brief" as compared to the amount of detail you have supplied. Wow! No s#\$t! I had no idea.

I have considered the additional topics of interest you brought up. For example:

- *Kingdom of Jumbola and Kuklastan, with sidebars on the Great Horde of Bacteria.*
- *The Principality of Ebola.*

Both titles sound interesting. Regarding, Jumbola, my research seems to suggest the word might be a form of deviant art. Would you recommend I get inoculated first?

- *Washoe's Free Legion*

I consider myself to be a part time dyslexic. (The affliction seems to come and go.) Persistent reading helps. I don't know if viewing a book possibly filled with combative sign language would fare any better. But then, who knows. Perhaps it would. Go for it!

I want you to know that my favorite Andrew Hooper short story was the wonderful witty account you placed out in TURBO decades ago. It was more like a diary, the account of an enlisted TNG Federation starship grunt serving his first stint onboard the *Enterprise*. Being situated at the bottom of the Starfleet pecking order tended to result in a less than glamorous view of what it's like to serve on an exalted starship while attempting to see all the wonders of the universe. I recall the poor guy being assigned to a bunk situated

uncomfortably close to the machinery that ran one of the recreational holodeck chambers. Whenever Riker needed to work off another wet dream fantasy the accompanying machinery tended to suck up so much of the surrounding ambient energy that the temperature dropped 10 to 15 degrees in the enlisted man's bunk. Hey! Riker! Get a room!

BTW, if you think K.R. might get a kick out of my Roswell account feel free to pass it on. I see he has acquired four college degrees and a PhD in psychology. Fantastic.

Jim: I hope in a future life I get you as my grandmother. I suspect mature and old souls are likely to make marvelous grandmothers.

Catie: I think I'll never look at a Partridge in a Pear Tree the same way again. Darlene and I came late to watching GOT. We're still waiting for Netflix to release season 5 so that we can once again watch in addicted horror at all the carnage, deceit, and just plain bad luck our favorite characters are forced to endure. On top of all that crap... winter is coming.

Scott: Regarding retirement, I think you'll like it.

Walter: Regarding that endless mystery we call consciousness, or what is the "self", itself? Concerning consciousness, you eloquently state "...a narrative constructed from memory and present sensory perception." Not a bad definition. More to the point, not a bad POV.

As a species we have probably pondered the conundrum of consciousness since we first became sentient. I think I have approached the investigation of this matter from a different angle. Back in my early adult college years I took the Maharishi Yogi approach and learned Transcendental Meditation (TM). The basic procedure is to sit quietly for 20 minutes while gently

focusing my attention on my specially assigned mantra. A mantra is a meaningless phrase that is supposed to assist us in quieting the constant mental chatter that goes on in our minds. The initiation cost me seventy-five bucks to learn how to repeat a meaningless phrase in a quiet room. Over the decades I've continued to practice TM and many variants. I can't speak for others, but in my case having meditated for almost four straight decades, I think it was money well spent.

It is my conclusion that consciousness cannot be adequately defined, quantified, and subsequently categorized through herculean efforts of our intellectual prowess. Tied closely to consciousness is our intellect which is an incredible evolutionary tool that has graced us moon landings and, unfortunately, Trump. It's my contention that we must remain observant against allowing ourselves to become a tool to the whims of our intellectual predilections and the accompanying beliefs our intellect loves to construct just justify its own existence. I think it would be more practical to recognize our intellect as a nothing more than a valuable tool to be used at our disposal. As for consciousness itself, in my case I would say that the experience of simply becoming aware... of slowing learning to recognize what other meditators have often described as a sense of unbounded "being-ness"... to me, that is consciousness. The rest, including our intellect, is what is constantly orbiting around our consciousness.

FWIW, the popular contemporary author and speaker, Eckhart Tolle, seems to have acquired a reasonably practical handle on these states of being-ness, on how one can go about becoming more aware of simply experiencing and inculcating being-ness in our day-to-day lives. In my experience, (no pun intended) the process turns out to be paradoxical in nature. Others have said the same thing, too. Kind of like becoming aware of a mindless koan. One pursues a state of

experiencing nothingness (often by sitting quietly and letting the constant chatter of the mind settle down) and within that nothingness there seemingly exists states of unbounded awareness. Some like Eckhart's simple approach. I suspect Eckhart has made quite a wad of money going on the lecture circuit, holding seminars on how to basically chill out and take it easy. Others hate him precisely because his approach tends to be so annoyingly simplistic. Some want more complexity and endless classifications filling up the intellectual shelves of their gray matter. I heard that one disgruntled reader who had the misfortune of reading one of Eckhart's self-help books mailed it back to him in a cardboard box completely shredded. As for me, I've gotten a lot out of good out of reading his books. It probably didn't hurt that back in my early adult life I unexpectedly experienced what I would describe as a transformational confrontation with the "self", an experience I gather that may not have been all that dissimilar to what Eckhart had gone through during his own young adulthood. It probably helped me feel a sense of affinity with where Eckhart was coming from. It all seems so utterly simple, the way Eckhart tries to explain it. Not necessarily EASY, mind, but simple... utterly simple. For others, I have no doubt: Mileage may vary.

Cathy: I also liked Greg's witty conceit of the colony-ship faction being outvoted. Of course, I would have voted yes. Story of my life.

Cliff and Marilyn: Thank you for explaining what the acronym for World Wide Opportunities on Organic Farms stands for. I didn't have a clue. I think KC must have had a good cat life to have stuck around for 21 years. Consider yourselves congratulated for being most excellent cat servants.

Kathi: Glad you're enjoying your kickboxing rituals. I get my "kicks" in working out at Harbor Athletic Center being tortured by an

elliptical machine I secretly suspect has it in for me. I go 5 – 6 times a week. I'm probably physically more fit now than when I was still working. Didn't have the time.

BTW, the other night our back porch was visited by the biggest possum I've ever seen. Jesus! Those beady-eyed creatures look like the biggest rats I've ever laid my eyes on. Regarding squirrels, they certainly can get pretty ingenious when it comes to raiding the bird feeder. There exist numerous YouTube videos showing these tree rats negotiating their way around just about every barrier a human can conceive of. Kind of like trying to keep military secrets from the enemy. In the end, impossible.

Jae: What's with the staples? landscape orientation? You're messing us, aren't ya!

Or

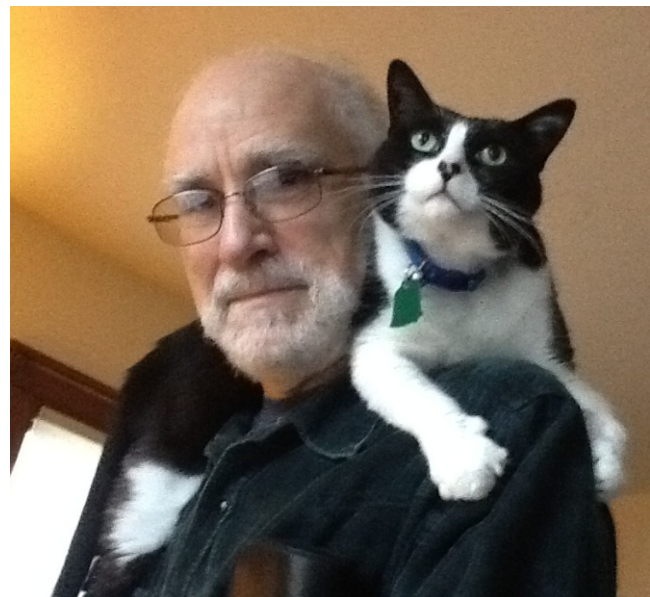


Fig: 12

Zoey in 2015. She is approximately 11 years old. She has turned into an accomplished shoulder squatter. We learned she is a lefty.

c u in February... or March.

—
Steven Vincent Johnson