

# OrionWorks 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](mailto:svj@orionworks.com). Email Darlene: [dpcoltrain@gmail.com](mailto: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 InDesign CS5. Printing done on a HP Color Laserjet Pro MFP M277dw. Some might be asking how do you pronounce "Sonova Quark"? There isn't one.

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## Crossroads at the Stoplight

### Confessions of Science Fiction Artist

#### Part 2



Fig 0: Intersection of University Ave. and N. Midvale Blvd.

**B**efore embarking on my walkabout it would be helpful to detail an unexpected experience I encountered several months into my emotional lock down period. The encounter helps frame why I was willing to completely uproot myself and leave behind everyone and everything I had grown accustomed to. My "walkabout" really didn't start when I got into my car and headed west. It started several months prior - at the crossroads of Midvale Boulevard and University Avenue, in Madison Wisconsin. It just took several more months for me to finally get in my car and hit the road.

To recap last month's TURBO entry, this was a period in my mid-twenties when enjoying the

simple pleasures of life seemed to be an unattainable dream. Like many young adults I was going through my own personally crafted identity crisis, one brought on by a perceived and profound sense of existential isolation exacerbated by relentless angst typical for many young adults. I felt flawed and separated from myself and from others. I harbored foreboding suspicions that every action that I had tried for the past six months in attempts to extract myself out of my chronic rut of negativism had not succeeded. I didn't know what else to try. I feared my fate was spiraling into oblivion. I no longer seemed to even care that I didn't care. It was classic depression. From my point of view, life had failed me, or perhaps I had failed life.

\* \* \*

One day, in the midst of this seemingly endless personal fugue-like state I was driving my gray Honda Civic northbound on Midvale Boulevard, approaching the cross section of University Avenue. It was a mundane driving action I had performed countless times in the past. This time, however, as I quietly coasted my car to the red light to stop, with no prior anticipation, expectation or conscious awareness on my part, I let go. With a flip of a switch, my awareness of the world slipped into utter darkness and silence. I surrendered, utterly, and ceased to exist.

I died.

Press: reset.

A fraction of a second later, the lights came back on. My ears were filled with the din of traffic. I felt figuratively slammed back into the driver's seat. Disoriented, I looked around. I quickly scanned the interior of my car. I heard the loud chaotic sounds of bustling traffic outside my window. It was daylight - bright intense daylight! It was as if within a nanosecond the volume and lighting controls inside my brain had been jammed up to maximum. These past months I must have been gradually turning all of my sensory controls down millimeter by millimeter, week after week, month after month. It was as if I had reduced my senses to a point where my surroundings felt no more tangible than a muffled gray whisper.

I felt confused and disoriented. At the same time I also felt a profound sense of renewal from the core of my being. What had just happened to me? There was one strong impression, a singular belief that dominated all my prior senses. With profound clarity I knew that whoever had inhabited this body just a second prior, that person had died. He opted out. With his departure, someone else had replaced him. Another me who was looking through his eyes of a body that used to belong to someone else. Paradoxically, at the same time, I felt here "I" was, just as "I" had always been here just seconds before, back in the driver's seat with full possession of all of this prior departed person's memories. That's the way it felt to me. Paradoxical, confusing, disoriented, yet refreshed and utterly renewed. Everything seemed fully intact. Vision, check. Hearing check. Logic and analysis systems, check. Feelings and sensations, check, check, *CHECK!*

I was confronted with an unexpected revelation. It no longer mattered what prior tribulations this prior individual or "me" who had inhabited this body must have endured. What mattered was the present. All that mattered was that a new "me" had an infinite number of choices he could make in the present. The traffic light turned green. What do I do next? I hadn't a clue. I took my foot off the break and gingerly pressed down on the accelerator. I drove through the intersection of University avenue.

It would be tempting to conclude the telling of this transformational experience, as if this was the end of a story that hints to the reader that I then lived happily ever after. To do so, however, would have been profoundly misleading. It would make a mockery of what happened next. It would discount numerous unresolved issues I had yet to confront and wrestle with. While it had indeed felt as if I had died and had been reborn in the most profound psychological way I can describe, I had also been brought back with all the prior memories, feelings, and psychological habits that my prior-self had been in possession of. I did not realize the ramifications of what could easily happen to someone... anyone who is once again in full possession of all of his past-life memories and psychological habits.

As I think back on this unique experiential period in my life, there is one thing I wished I had had access to: A modern-day shaman. I could have used a good 20th century technically proficient witch doctor who not only understood the mythologies our contemporary society has constructed out of subjects such as Einstein's theory of general relativity, of quantum mechanics, and speculations about parallel universes, I needed someone who also understood how to prescribe an appropriate collection of rituals any good witch doctor worth his magic bag of tricks would have enacted to help his client through his or her current malaise. I really didn't need a psychiatrist... actually I was seeing one at the time. I certainly didn't need anti-depression pills. A prescription the psychiatrist gave me did nothing more than deaden my emotional state. Nor did I need MRI scans of my brain to check for physical anomalies followed by a turgid diagnosis based on cold objectified medical statistics. What I needed more than anything else at that time in my life was a shaman who could have helped me recognize what had just happened to me - and how best to take advantage of it.

Of course, would I have listened to what a witch doctor might have to say at that precarious time in my life? Hard to tell. I was a stubborn son-of-a-bitch. And of course I still am. I also realize that some things in life simply take time to process - time backed with plenty of repetition. "*Apply as needed.*" My suspicion is that if I had had access to a witch doctor, my journey might very well have taken the same amount of time. On the other hand, I might have acquired a gentler tolerance of the many contradictory confusing feelings and emotions I was processing at that time in my life. A good shaman might have even constructed appropriate rituals to help me more effectively encounter and face some of my inner feelings and fears. Perhaps a ritual could have been constructed in a controlled environment where a better understanding could have been incorporated. At least, that what I have often speculated. Alas, good witch doctors are in short supply these days. I pretty much had to stumble my way through

the journey of self-discovery on my own.

I still think a shaman could have helped me understand that as I allowed myself to become more observant of the inner demons thrashing about within, he would have suggested that eventually I might like to question who is the unknown unnamed presence that is doing the observing of all those nasty little gremlins thrashing about within my conscious awareness. She might have then added, cryptically, possibly just to annoy or tease me: "You want to find yourself? Stop searching, and just be. You can never lose that which has never been lost." That is perhaps the most important journey of all journeys a pilgrim must eventually embark on. It took me decades to finally get an inkling of that.

In the meantime, after my encounter with the stoplight, as successive weeks and months marched on, much to the dismay of the brave new "me" I began to notice that I was once again beginning to assemble and act out most of my prior issues. I was becoming moody, apathetic, feeling even suicidal at times. It felt to me as if the new reborn "me" was slowly de-

volving back to the past "me" I thought had abruptly discarded. As I watched myself reverting back it was the stoplight experience that eventually gave me the impetus... the courage to go on. The most profound thing that experience taught me was that I it really didn't matter if I lost everything I thought I was. There I would still be. That's when an outrageous thought entered my mind, an idea I had never entertained before: Why not let go of everything I knew and was familiar with. Why not remove myself from my current environment? Why not let go of all my past associations and see what happens. Why not leave Madison. What did I have to lose?

I prepared to leave Madison.

Or

To be continued

## Errata

in *TURBO* #355, page 1, regarding statement:

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*.

Should have read:

In my *summer* school senior high school year, I also got to play a starring role in a presentation of *You're a Good Man Charlie Brown*.

I mistakenly implied that I had been picked for a starring role during my senior year of high school. That is both incorrect and misleading. I was picked for the starring role of Charlie Brown during an extracurricular summer program geared for high school kids who had nothing better to do with their summer vacations. Actually, it was fun! It was one of my summer activities I participated in between my Junior and Senior years. My apologies at implying that I was so popular in high school that I got picked for a starring role in a play.

The extent of my high school popularity was more akin to that of working at McDonald's after school and on the weekends. That's me, in uniform, being photographed by my parents. It was taken when I was being trained on how to prepare steamed roast beef sandwiches. Mc D's unsuccessfully toyed with the product back in the early



Fig 1

1970s. I seem to recall they dropped it about a year into regional testing. I heard it was too expensive to maintain for the amount of sales generated. I don't think I had anything to do with that.

The McDonald's establishment I worked at was eventually torn down back in the 1980s. The location was eventually replaced by Whole Foods. Definitely a neighborhood upgrade - except that nearby parking is now a bitch.

Or

# Revisiting That Kepler Thing

I continue to refine my graphics. I hope to give the reader a better understanding of why I think it's important to physically incorporate the geometry of velocity vectors into Kepler's original research findings. In my opinion incorporating velocity vectors and anchoring the starting position of all the velocity vectors at the empty foci gives the observer a huge amount of additional *intuitive* understanding not perceived before. I'm arguing that one doesn't need to resort to using huge amounts of turgid calculus to

explain what's going on. If you can draw an ellipse using the two thumbtacks method, if you then use those two thumbtacks as the two foci positions you can instantly map out a planet's position and its associated velocity values instantaneously *anywhere* on the elliptical path. No calculus needed! It can all be done with simple geometry. *Please feel free to critique these graphics.* The more I learn from you the better I might get at graphing out the whole process. Ultimately, this needs to be animated.

This tends to be one of the most popular ways of viewing planets and a planet's associated velocity vector, (speed and direction). To the best of my knowledge no one has successfully integrated both of these graphics into a single graphical presentation - not without the results looking awkward. Note that the velocity vector lines **a-d** and **c-e** are always depicted as being parallel with each other. At first glance this would seem to be the most logical way of revealing a planet's velocity information in relationship to the planet's current orbital position. I'm arguing that this configuration isn't the most informative way of revealing what's really going on. Intuitively understandable information can not be revealed by keeping these two graphics physically separated from each other. Unfortunately, putting these two graphics together, as currently displayed, reveals nothing useful. We must find a way to physically integrate both graphics into a single representation without producing results that look awkward! I believe I have found a way... a way I think Kepler would have appreciated.

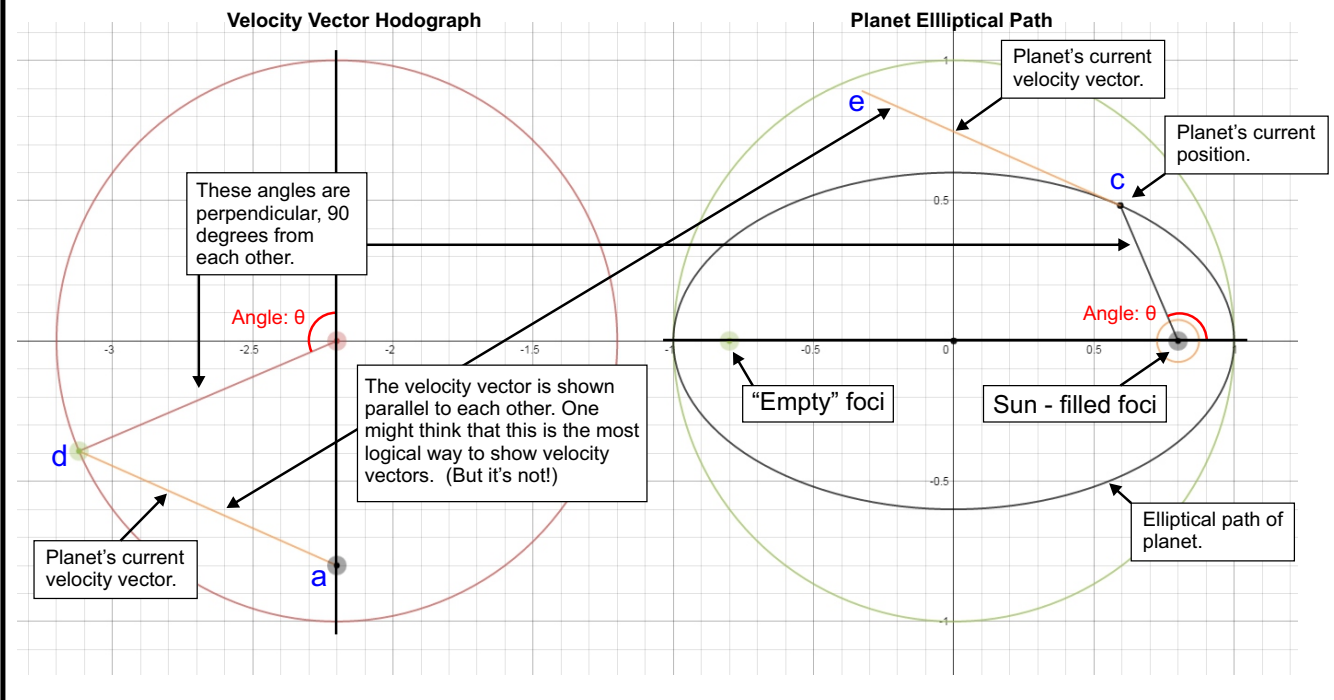
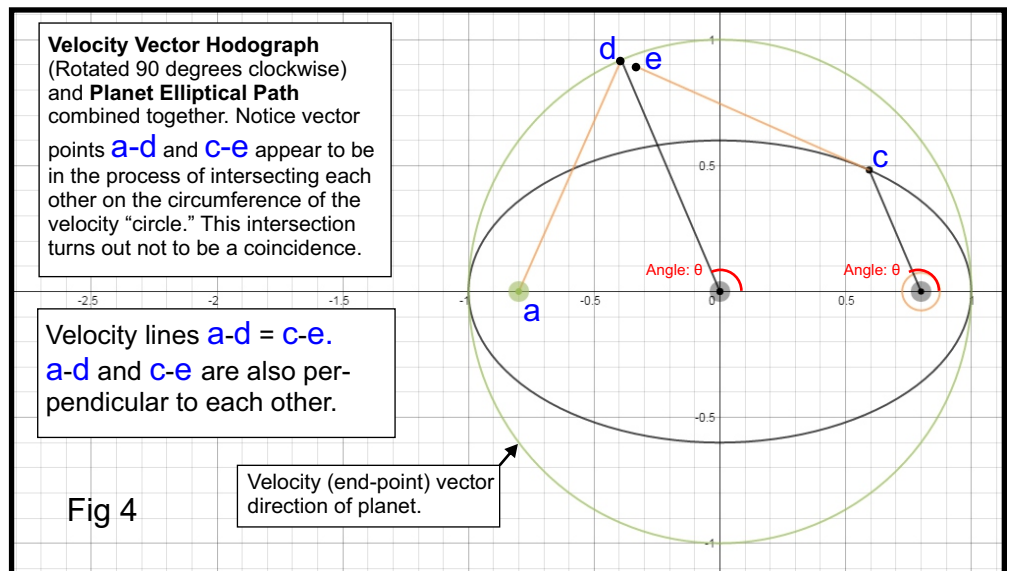
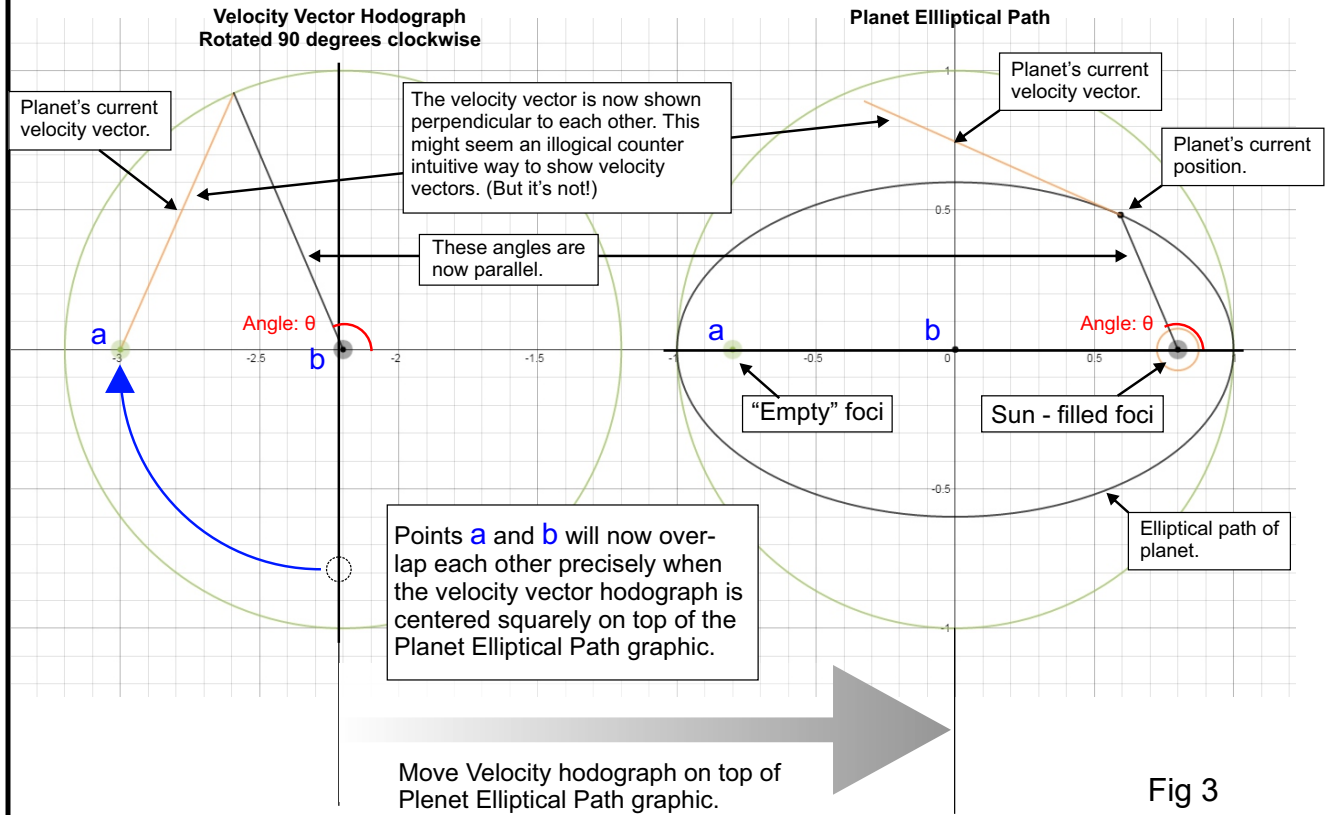


Fig 2

# Updating Kepler's Laws of Planetary Motion

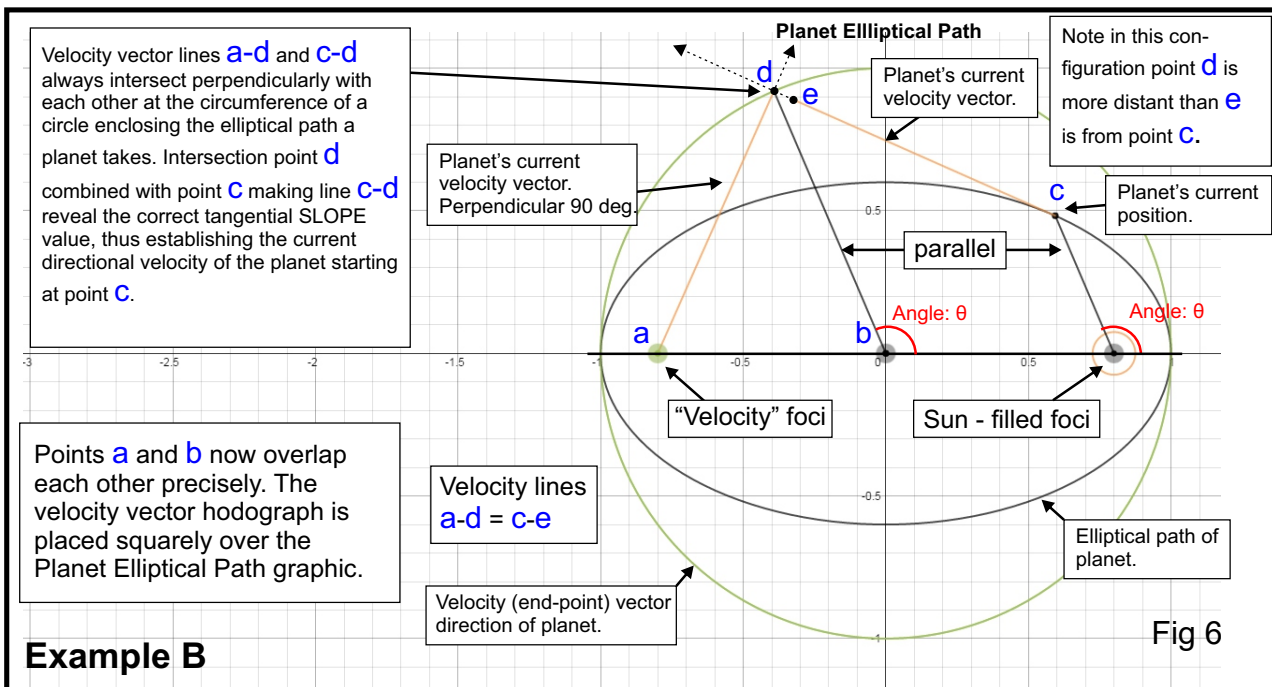
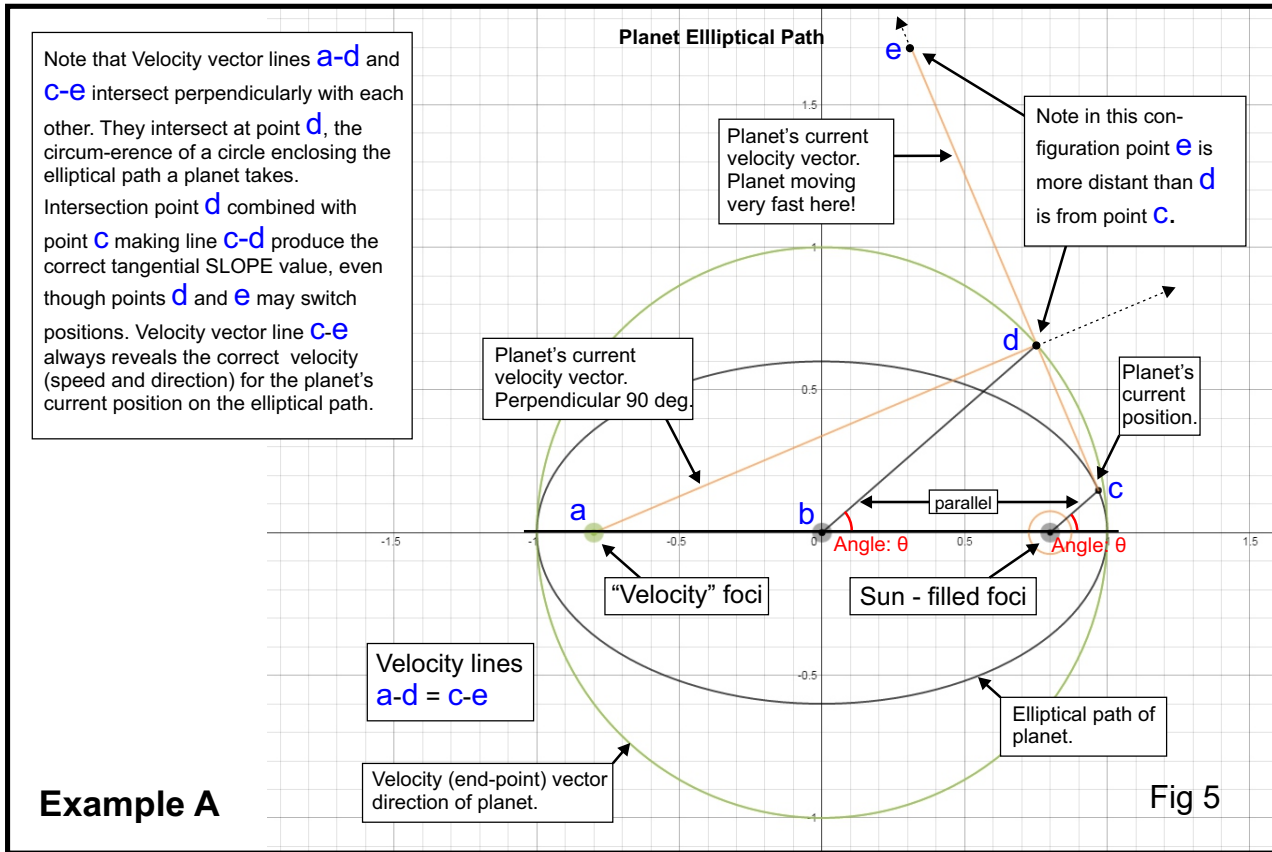
I propose we rotate the Velocity vector hodograph 90 degrees so that **Angle  $\theta$**  is parallel to the angle depicted within the graphic depicting the planet's elliptical path. We then move the Velocity Vector Hodograph on top of the Planet Elliptical Path graphic.

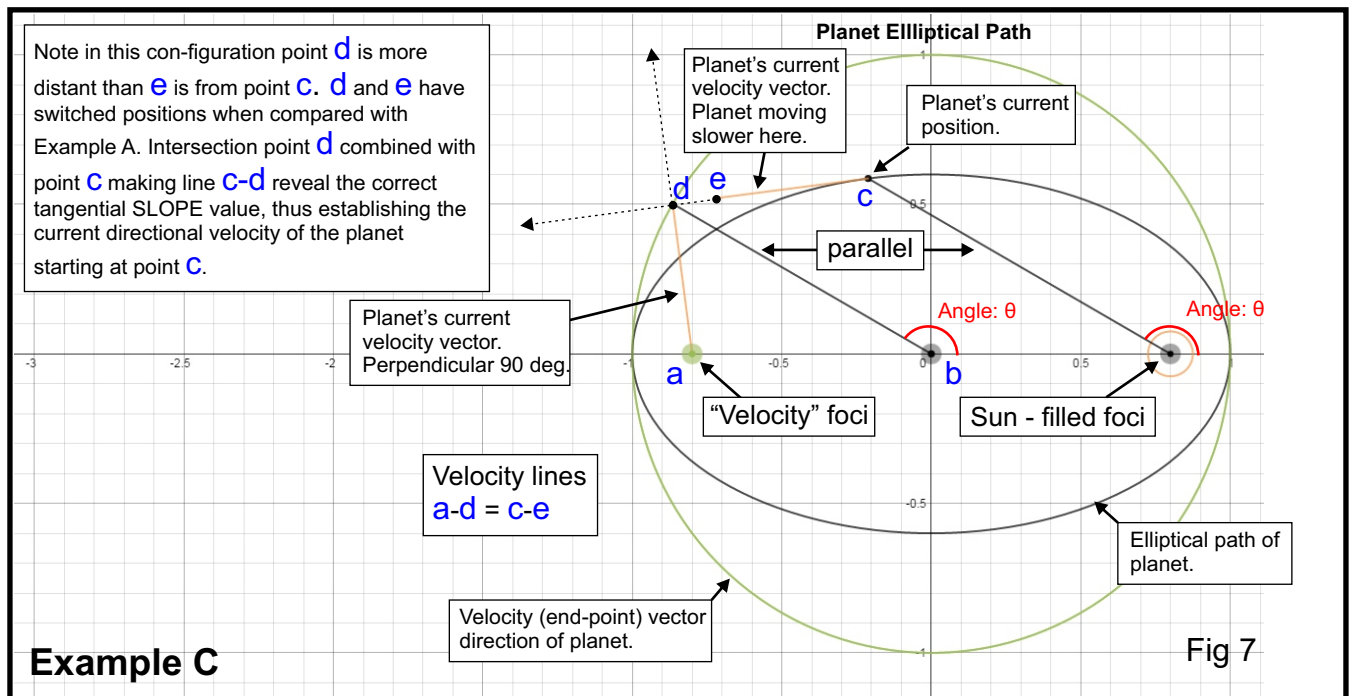




# A revised way of looking at Kepler's Orbits

I propose we rotate the Velocity vector hodograph 90 degrees so that **Angle  $\theta$**  is parallel to the angle depicted within the graphic: Planet Elliptical Path.





## I had a dream

On February 19, around 6 AM Friday morning I woke up from a disturbed slumber. It had been three days since I had exercised my right to vote, to choose which candidate I wanted advanced to Wisconsin's supreme court race. At the time I had not fully appreciated how disturbed I had become over the fact that I was required to show my ID, a Wisconsin driver's license in this case. I had to show my ID to a clerk in order to prove to the bureaucracy-at-hand that I was who I said I was, and not some nefarious imposter. It was clear to me that clerk who summarily glanced at my card before giving me the go-ahead was trying to be good natured about the whole affair, making the best of a situation for which I got the sense he was not happy about either. With deliberate aplomb he parodied the figure of a bureaucrat who presumably had the power to legitimize my right to cast a vote. I smiled back and retorted something to the effect that, yes, it really was me and not some evil imposter, a doppelganger, attempting to steal away my right to vote. I then exercised my constitutional right. And that was that, or that's what I thought that-was-that.

Late last night I read the news of Pope Frances

questioning Trump's professed sincerity of acting like a Christian due to all the walls, instead of bridges, he seemed intent on building, all to presumably protect god-fearing Christian Americans from all the non-Christian people of the world. Trump, of course as he is known to do, shooting first before deeming to ask questions, impulsively shot back, "If and when the Vatican is attacked by ISIS, which as everyone knows is ISIS's ultimate trophy, I can promise you that the Pope would have only wished and prayed that Donald Trump would have been president,".

Early Friday morning I had a dream. In that dream I had the sense that I was living in a country where my ideological predilections were not appreciated by a growing number of citizens - increasingly so. I had been born in a country whose constitution had originally been set up not to judge anyone based on the color of their ideology but by the content of their character. But things were changing. A growing collection of citizens were beginning to believe they no longer wished to grant the same rights and privileges to those that shared the same color of ideology I followed. Of particular concern to me was an unspoken implication that individuals like me would no longer



be afforded the same rights of protection everyone else assumed remained their right. I was becoming creasing aware of the chasm opening up under my feet threatening to engulf my sense of well-being as well as the safety of my life.

I had been born in this country and assumed I would die here. But being a realist I realized I needed to leave, and quickly. To my alarm I had become aware of the fact that a growing political movement was beginning to take hold, demanding that anyone sharing my ideological background were required to possess a growing collection of official documents. I would need these new documents to conduct business, to buy or sell a house, to request leaving the country. While not everyone believed those with my ideological persuasion needed to possess every single one of these additional documents, their numbers were quickly becoming the minority.

It had become a race to get to the immigration office and present what meager documents I did possess and hope that they were sufficient. Unfortunately, it became clear that my objective depended on nothing more fickle than the ideological predilection of the clerk who, by the luck of the draw, waited on me. Some clerks were likely to be sympathetic. But many, if not most, would not be. If I got the wrong clerk, not only would my request be refused, I would be summarily marked as one of *them*, one of those despised individuals who needed to be meticulously documented in a whole new way, a way that ensured that from then on every social and economic transaction I made, anywhere I went would from then on be closely monitored.

The fear of coming face-to-face with an unsympathetic clerk became too great a risk. I left the building as discretely as I could and began wandering the streets feeling lost and helpless, not knowing how I was going get out and save my life. I woke up with a foreboding feeling that I was being hunted.

It was, of course, just a dream. Thank god it was just a dream.

Nevertheless, it caused me to revisit my brief encounter at the voting center last Tuesday. I would have liked to have replied to the sympathetic clerk in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear:

*I'm now required to present an ID, a driver's license in my case just to vote. How often has attempted impersonation of a voter ever been a real problem in Wisconsin? This new law is a crock of shit. Nothing good will come of it.*



Fig 8

I don't know if I escaped.

*OR*



Harper Lee

1926-2016

RIP



## Other stuff

### New Printer:

A week ago I purchased a laser printer from Best Buy, an HP Color Laserjet PRO MFP M277dw. It prints, scans, copies, FAXes. It also slices and dices. Got a two-year service contract to go with it as well. Since rejoining TURBO I had been using the services of FedEx to print up my monthly contributions. B&W printing at FedEx was reasonably cheap whereas color turned out to be outrageous, on the order to 3-4 times more expensive per page. This motivated me to do some financial arithmetic. I was surprised to discover that, assuming I made regular TURBO contributions, if I purchased what I initially felt was an outrageously priced color laser printer I would start saving money in less than a year. This was especially the case if I went to a monthly color layout with at least a two physical page duplex layout, otherwise known as a four page TURBO contribution. This included paying for the expensive toner cartridges. How's the quality? Type is crisp. Pretty much all laser printers do a much better job of printing type as compared to ink jet printers. Basic graphics and charts are excellent too. TURBO readers may have noticed I tend to insert a lot of charts & graphs. Color photographs, on the other hand, are rated a tad muddy due to darkness. Nevertheless, photo quality, dark they may be, are considered acceptable for most purposes. Photo quality is comparable to newsprint and flyers. I can live with that. Meanwhile, I have a Cannon PRO9000 inkjet printer (8 colors) which produces excellent professional quality color photos should I ever feel the need to contribute top quality images for TURBO.

Ok... enuf bragging rights.

Until March, or April.  
Steven Vincent Johnson

