

# 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: orionworks@charter.net. 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 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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## And Then it Was Wednesday

### What the 2016 Presidential Election is Teaching Me ("Me", a so-called left wing Liberal)

My original plan had been to take a TURBO break for the month of November. However, due to the unexpected 2016 election results it felt important to me that I help lend support to the TURBO community as we try to find our way through the current tumultuous political landscape. Since I was one of the most vociferous Trump opponents, and since I expected Hillary would win (as perhaps most of us did) it just felt wrong of me not to share in everyone's shock and grief. Many of us so-called liberals and/or democrats have lost a lot of sleep over the schizophrenic results. Through most of November 9th I experienced the-shits. I stayed home close to the porcelain pony. A friend of ours vomited for good measure. All this in addition some well-deserved crying and grieving that is making the rounds. If shock, fear, anger, and terror have been some of the emotions you have been feeling lately, congratulations. You're a perfectly sane person.

I know that I was particularly harsh in my Trump critique in last month's TURBO September issue. Some of that harshness may have come from personal memories of my own (fortunately very brief) close encounter with physical and emotional abuse that transpired in a sixth-grade classroom in San Salvador, El Salvador. I was essentially targeted and subsequently objectified in a manner that was not all that different than what Trump bragged he often did to women, as recorded in the infamous 2005 audio tape of him stalking and groping women. The point being, physical harassment... sexual harassment is an equal opportunity employer capable of recruiting apprentices from both sexes. For these reasons, and many others, it's blatantly obvious to me (as it probably is to many others) that Trump is... to use one of Trump's favorite words "*unbelievably*" inexperienced when it comes to behaving in a presidential manner. And now, Trump has essentially become our newest "apprentice" president. How he handles

his apprenticeship will determine whether we will re-hire him or fire him. The clock is ticking.

The tactics Trump exploited that helped secure his latest apprenticeship gig needs to be better understood. Donald successfully exploited the power of Twitter as if he was wielding a political nuclear weapon. The tactic: Keep the opposition off-balance and upset. It worked. He exploited a new communication medium that many now believe is where they will find "the truth". "Truth" fed to us in strings of ASCII bytes less than 140 characters. I don't have a twitter account. I supposed I should eventually get one. Twitter has done some good in the world. Think of the Arab Spring uprisings. OTOH, the 2016 campaign was one of the dirtiest and shabbiest conducted campaigns in our nation's history, and Twitter played a major role in allowing that to happen. Right now Twitter leaves an extremely bad taste in my mouth. Perhaps a quote from Jeremy Corbyn, a British politician, leader of the Labour Party and leader of the Opposition said it best:

*"Saying anything to win a vote has consequences on the ground afterwards."*

...to which I would add: It's a Faustian bargain. I suspect the tax collector eventually collects.

The electoral college has elected Trump to be our next President. And once again in modern political history the popular vote would suggest a different outcome. WTF! How do I feel about that?

In my own case, what my feelings have been trying to get me to recognize, in spades, is how powerless I had been feeling about losing the election. What I know deep down in my heart is the fact that I am not powerless. I just feel powerless right now. What my feelings are challenging me to do is to do something constructive. In a sense, they are telling me to take back my centeredness, restore my sense of destiny, my direction, my path in life.

As we pick up the pieces and make plans to once

again move ahead I think we must not lose sight of the fact that, as this latest election has revealed, there are many individuals in this country who fear, viscerally so, the direction America has been going for some time now. They have felt left out, ignored, discarded. Thrown out to the dumpster in the back alley and left to rot. Many of them may think liberals and democrats (is there a difference?) are to blame for their demise. Other's simply believe the entire political system, regardless of which party is in power, has become so dysfunctional and corrupt that one might as well elect what they hope will turn out to be a swamp drainer, a loose cannon who will shoot so many projectiles right and left into the political establishment that it will eventually topple the foundations into rubble. Over the decades many have lost decent paying jobs due to the inevitable consequences of globalism. This has resulted in many heartbreaks in heartland America. Citizens trying to feed their families and pay the rent. Who's to blame? Inevitably, someone gets blamed. In a sense, the tables have been turned. I suspect I'm feeling many of the same kinds of emotions and fears many Trump supporters may have been feeling for quite some time. Perhaps that is a good thing - to feel the pain of what some have been feeling. It's certainly been educational for me. What do I do about my fears? Do I try to do something constructive, or do I go out and throw a brick.

To me, Trump is a quintessential opportunist. I think Donald will attempt to exploit any opportunity if he believes it will further the gratification of his enormous ego to be perceived as an "unbelievably" famous president. Now that Trump is no longer 100% focused on winning the election no-matter-what-it-costs, perhaps he can finally take the time to acquire a better sense of where the majority of this country resides. If the Faustian tax collector doesn't come a'knocking on his door before the end of 2017 it's conceivable that Trump might eventually begin to play more to the desires of the majority of America as compared to Tweeting more lip-service to the alt-right, which probably thinks their Donald is Manna from Heaven.

It's too early to predict with great certainty what Trump will attempt to do. He really isn't a conservative. It is why many republicans passionately didn't want Donald on their conservative ticket. They know Trump is a chameleon wrapped in wolf's clothing. Stalwart republicans fear the possibility that there may be moments when they will start witnessing strange bed fellows walking down the halls of congress hand-in-hand. It is conceivable that Democrats and the Trump administration might be able to find issues to fight together on, such as rebuilding our country's failing roads and bridges, much to the consternation of the tea party and their rabid fear of balancing the national debt above everything else. Find what we can agree on. Strike a deal and go from there.

It's still too early to work out action plans that some of us so-called left-wing liberals and/or democrats might feel compelled to do. While we ponder this, it is never too early, or too late to remember the wisdom and the dynamic actions that both Gandhi and Martin Luther King took that ended up enlightening the entire world. Welcome back to the 60s! Perhaps it's long overdue. Fortunately, some of us old farts are still around. Some of us still remember those days. Perhaps some of us can give out some useful tips on how to demonstrate constructively, effectively, and peacefully. How to avoid getting caught up in doing really stupid destructive things. Hey! I know you're mad as hell and you're not going to take it anymore, but please put that brick down. Can I help you instead?

Or

I still feel a need to take a break, a month off from TURBO. Perhaps I'll c u all in January. If so, have a wonderful Winter Solstice holiday.

In the meantime, how'bout some science fiction fantasy from Your's Truly, Vince Dingalint, to temporarily distract us from all our angst.

Or



Charm fastidiously grooming her wet fur coat after escaping the clutches of another thunder storm.

# The Probabilities of Election 2016

By Vince Dingalint, Reporter at large in time and space

<TRANSMIT>

I know some of you are not very happy about the recent election results of 2016. Some of what I'm about to say might not make much sense. But then, trying to make sense of politics, in my experience, has often been overrated. I will instead try to give you something to hope about. A leap-of-faith in the midst of facing the dragon. But first, please bear with me as I try to explain where I came from. Ill then set up some scenarios that hopefully some of you may find worthy to ponder at your own leisure.

First of all, where did come from? I came from the year 2014. That was the year I became unstuck in time. Becoming unstuck was both a gift and a curse. What I was endowed with was the ability to manipulate through temporal displacements and probabilities. In plain English, I learned how to time travel. It wasn't easy to learn. Takes time to master, if you can pardon the pun. I didn't ask for the ability. Unexpected circumstances beyond my control conspired in a unique Machiavellian way and resulted in me becoming gifted with the ability.

My first totally involuntary time-trip shifted me into the future, one-million years into the future. Fortunately, I got some help from the local residents. Perhaps they felt obligated to help me. That's what I'd like to believe as I stumbled across their doorstep dazed, bruised, and bewildered. Why? I'm not entirely sure. Whatever our species must have evolved into, perhaps they saw something in me that made them empathize with the predicament of an ant trapped at the bottom of the kitchen sink

with the water running and garbage disposal on, ready to be disposed of with the rest of dinner's leftovers. Suddenly, a finger comes down and the flaying ant desperately crawls on to the surface. It feels relatively dry, so hang on for dear life! The next thing the finger does is move outside into the back yard. The finger gently nudges the ant onto a leaf. The ant doesn't know what happened. All she knows is that, once again, she can crawl towards familiar territory, territory she can deal with.

Whoever or whatever they were, they were utterly unrecognizable to me. Neither could I recognize my environment. In fact, I experienced no physical environment at all. I was engulfed in total darkness. All I had was my consciousness for company. I couldn't feel my body or sense any external environment. I didn't know what was up or down. I felt like I had been placed in a giant test tube possessed of no physical dimensions or walls that I could clutch onto. Suddenly, in the midst of my growing panic I sensed I was being watched. If I had a bladder I probably would have emptied it. Had I been deliberately trapped? To study me? To dissect me? I sensed they knew everything there was to know about me. They knew more about me than I knew about myself. I didn't like the invasion. Next, a crystal clear voice spoke inside my head. The voice asked me: Why I had handed the dog to the woman? The question caused me to relive a chaotic experience that happened only seconds ago. The memory was filled with smoke, fire, and explosions. I was handing a terrified little dog back to a hysterical woman who I knew had no love for me, a woman who would have had no compulsion but to do me in if she could have. As

the memory subsided I felt an assessment had been made. Of me. I had been judged.

My captures told me this was no place, or time-period for me to live in. They asked me if I wanted to go back. I didn't have to say anything. They knew the answer even though I had just escaped from an incarcerated hell-hole of a nefarious secret government underground compound hidden within the picturesque bluffs of Duluth, Wisconsin. I bore some personal responsibility in destroying a small portion of that government compound. I would imagine the staff would be none-too-pleased to see me re-materialize in front of them again.

My captures cautioned me that there would be consequences in sending me back to my time-period. My encounter with them had resulted in the acquisition of a unique ability. I was now linked to them. I was operationally linked to their perception of time and space - forever. I instinctively understood that I was no longer embedded in any particular time-frame. It was a link that I could never sever. I could either learn how to live with the consequences, or die in the process. One of the last things I sensed from them as I felt myself being pushed back to 2014 was something akin to: sympathy. Good luck.

It's been an interesting adventure. I've managed to survive, at least, so far. I've

even gained a modicum of control over my time-trips. Some of the resulting adventures have been good. Some bad. Some terrifying. But then, some: Indescribably wondrous. Perhaps I'll get a chance to write about some of those little slices in time and space. Perhaps in future installments.

Of course, I know a lot of you are probably asking things, like what kinds things have

I seen! What's in store for us? *What happens after the 2016 election? ...or maybe I don't want to know!*

Unfortunately, I can't be specific. It's not that being specific would disturb the delicate space-time continuum, potentially causing someone to kill your grandfather before your dad was born. Such paradoxes can't happen. What I eventually began to realize as I slowly learned how to manipulate through the fabric of space and time was that there is no single time-line. There are only probabilities. Everything is probabilities. All experiences are probabilities. If I go back and experience

a unique series of events, what I experienced may or may not manifest in a manner that you will experience even though it is happening at the same time. I learned that this grand ol' Universe isn't a reel of celluloid film containing a single time-line. Your scientific community's is beginning to understand this. The effects of quantum mechanics hints of this possibility. It's only a matter of time, (no pun intended) before all the probabilities in your experiences acquire a better grasp on the ramifications of a probable constructed universe. Don't



What it was like existing one million years in the future.

knock it! It gives you free choice. What I'm really trying to tell you is that your future isn't pre-ordained. Strangely enough, neither are your perceptions of the past. But that is another matter I might get into at another time.

Something else I began to understand as I learned how to move about in different probabilities. As I personally witnessed several major historical events play out in all sorts of different scenarios, all within the same time frame of reference, I began to get a better feel of the dynamics of how all these different probabilities, when placed side-by-side, eventually play out. Probabilities seem to operate in a manner akin to Law of Conservation of Energy. Energy can neither be created or destroyed. It can only be transmuted, or moved about in different states of existence. Eventually, the books must be balanced. If one rowdy group of individuals become passionately adamant in executing plan "A" while another group of equally passionate individuals want to execute plan "B", it is assured that sufficient energy has been collected to generate a temporal split. Both probabilities spring into existence. When that happens, particularly if the collective emotional energy were highly charged to begin with, it

infuses a significant step-up in the energy states of both probabilities. A dynamic sense of energized tension is sensed by all the inhabitants that exist in both probabilities no matter which probability you might find yourself inhabiting. Accompanying that energetic sense of tension is a strong urge to merge back into a single probability. It's similar to the energy state of an electron might feel as it contentedly spins around in its favorite ground state electron shell.

Suddenly it's forced to jump up and around, bouncing between different higher energy states. This occurs when an external event unexpectedly collides with the unsuspecting electron. When pushed into a higher energy state, the energized electron shell immediately feels an innate desire to find a way to return to a more comfortable lower energy state, what might be called the electron's ground state. Given an appropriate opportunity, the electron will do just that. However, opportunities to step back down can generate consequences. All the accrued energy that was collected and stored up in the stepped-up probabilities will need to be released. That can occasionally result in what could be experienced by the inhabitants as sudden, unpredictable, and occasionally violent events as the energy is released. Eventually, the dust settles back into a more comfortable, more centered state of experiences.

Now, regarding the recent 2016 election results. The percentage of time-line probabilities that manifested plan "A" (Hillary



Temporal time-lines splitting and merging



for president) roughly correlate with the percentage of individuals that wanted to choose plan "A". The same thing can be said for Plan "B" (Those who wanted Trump for president). Now! Wait a minute! I can hear some of you screaming out right now. If that is the case why the hell am I stuck in the Plan "B" scenario (the Trump universe), particularly since I clearly voted for and wanted to go with the plan "A" president!

Well, the best explanation I can give you is one that, in all honesty, I'm still trying to grapple with myself. This is where my "link", established one million years in the future, sometimes intervenes and infers something to me that quite frankly I don't always want to grapple with. My link infers that my consciousness exists simultaneously in the Plan "A" universe, just as much as I might currently feel I'm forced to live out my existence in the really sucky Plan "B" universe. Yeah, I know. It really does suck, because I certainly don't feel like I'm in the "A" universe. There is more I need to say on this matter. The Link also inferred that we sense the separation, the splitting of our consciousness into two parallel realities. Invariably all of our probable consciousnesses want to merge back into a larger more singular more comfortable probability-line. We want to dump all that uncomfortable extra energy along the way as well.

Regarding percentages probabilities, based on my field work, so to speak, it is my scholarly assessment that roughly 80-90 percent of all the probabilities generated from the recent 2016 election elected Hillary for President. That means those of you reading this transmission are currently experiencing one of the other, more rare, probabilities residing in the 10-20 percentile range. In other words, you are experiencing a smaller branch of all the probabilities that were manifested in your time

continuum. It's another reason why many of you are feeling out of sorts. REALLY out of sorts! Where the hell am I, and can I get back to my main trunk of probabilities where I'll feel more grounded and safer.

Eventually the smaller branch probabilities will find their way back. It's inevitable due to conservation of probability states. How the merge manifests into your experiences of probabilities is as much a mystery to me as it probably feels to you right now. I can only say that, based on my own temporal travels and experiences, merges of this nature often manifest in surprising and unexpected ways. Earthquakes are not uncommon side effects of emotionally charged probabilities merging and releasing their energy. All those different probabilities merging back into a single time-line must get sorted out. Sometimes it's a messy business. More likely though, particularly in this 2016 election case, based on what I repeatedly witnessed, major political parties currently in charge ended up releasing their stepped-up energy states. They were transformed into remarkably different parties possessed with new mandates remarkably different than what their predecessors were interested in or capable of pursuing. I suspect many of you will be involved in the crafting of some of these legislative changes. Some, intensely so.

By the way, major probability merges don't have to manifest violently such as in the form of an earthquake. How violently or smoothly probabilities merge back into each other seems to be the result of how you collectively cooperate, or don't cooperate with each other. When there is less collective cooperation, other things just as scary or just as unpleasant as an earthquake can instead manifest as the merge happens. I witnessed one (fortunately) small probability time-line where Hillary manages to

get elected president in spite of the fact that Trump won the electoral vote. It had to do with the popular vote in which Hillary won by a really sizable margin, over five million. In that particular probability line the "urge to merge" essentially forced Hillary to ascend to the throne despite what the electoral vote had to say about the matter. This resulted in number of Trump followers and sympathizers freaking out big time. My kingdom for a brick! Major riots ensued in every major city. Martial law ended up being implemented across the country for several weeks until the smoke, more-or-less, cleared. Many Americans seriously fretted that the United States of America was headed for another Civil War. Of course, it wasn't, but it sure felt like it for weeks. There was much changing of underwear. The angst generated during those weeks of enforced martial law was painful and deeply felt by all. The after effects of that merge took a long time to heal - much longer than most of the other probability time-lines. So, if I were to lend some insight on the matter, I would suggest that all of you finding yourself living in one of those Plan "B" probabilities continue to work through the political system, as flawed and occasionally unfair that system might be. That way, the inevitable merge back into the main trunk (a merge which I assure you *will* happen) will manifest in a more gentle manner. Helps give everyone more time to get comfortable with the coming changes. It definitely helps if you can acquire some patience. In some time-lines it took more than two decades for the return merge to fully manifest.

One final matter before I sign off. I'm sure some of you are *still* wondering why the hell I'm in the Plan "B" universe when I clearly voted for the Plan "A" universe. It's just so damned unfair! Again, this is where my link told me something else I really didn't

want to hear. A sense of sympathy was not the only emotion (if I can call it an emotion) I sensed during my futuristic encounter. There had been a calculated decision made about my fate. I now gather they had considered keeping me in their time-frame. I could have remained trapped in their reality. Would my existence have been nothing but formless blackness - forever? I shudder to speculate. Apparently, much of my fate had been to a large extent formulated on an impulsive action on my part to hand a frightened little dog to a hysterical woman, seconds before I got myself zapped out of that god-awful underground compound. The link strongly hinted to me that it was important I get sent back to 2014. What I do, however, once I got back was up to me. That same dispassionate link seems to suggest to me that if you find yourself in the Plan "B" universe despite the fact that you clearly and unequivocally voted to exist in the Plan "A" universe, it is probably because you and your ability to envision a better reality are needed more in the "B" universe, far more than they are currently needed in the plan "A" universe. And if that doesn't tick you off, it was you. Specifically, it was the Alls-of-You that drafted you. Yeah, I know. It sucks.

But wait... just wait. You might have a change of heart as the ball gets rolling. It is a fascinating piece of history you are about to experience and create for yourselves, no matter how the probability lines eventually manifest individually and collectively. So, enjoy the ride. You'll have plenty to tell your grandchildren.

Yours Truly,  
Vince

</TRANSMIT>

Or