

Orion Works Sonova Quark

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Amongst the many musings of
Douglas Adams shall be unveiled:

*"In the genesis, the cosmos birthed, inciting
wrath and disdain, a move deemed ill-advised
by many."*

Verily, Adams did bequeath unto us tales, witty and laden with existential angst, that transcendeth generations. Alas, his premature departure left a void, a hollow chasm in the hearts of devoted readers.

Amidst the nebulous annals of time, whose exact moment escapeth my memory, I found myself ruminating upon the possibility of communing with the departed spirit of Mr. Adams. Pondered I, what occupation hath he since found, freed now from the mortal coil? Doth he revel in eternal mirth? Hath he encountered companions anew, or perchance reunited with kin long lost? Perchance this seemeth preposterous, to conjure a private séance, in whimsical hope to elicit a response. Yet, this impervious folly of my own ways hath ne'er restrained me ere this.

I assumed a posture of repose, beseeching my restless mind and body to find solace, beseeching the ceaseless cacophony of thoughts to relinquish their quarrels hushing their tumult, if only for the fleeting moments of this solitary séance. Gradually, I succumbed to tranquil states betwixt consciousness and slumber—a realm where somnolence doth pervade, whilst awareness lingereth. In this domain, I perceived enigmatic

Apologies Doth Maketh the Ending Well in all Matters

vistas, uncharted realms where dreams cavorted, forever eluding my gaze. At the threshold of this new reality, where spirits frolic, toying with Earthly laws beyond mortal grasp, I set mine thoughts upon Mr. Adams.

Softly I uttered his name, beseeching an audience. "Sir Adams... Sir Adams... How fare thee? Thy tales have broughteth much mirth unto mine soul. Pray, dost thou now partake in wondrous pursuits?" Silence greeted me. Perchance a different approach may prove fruitful. Embolden, I endeavored to pose another query "Is there aught thou wishest to impart, that I may share with my fellow mortals?"

I lingered, envisioning this query traversing ethereal realms, a message poised to reach the consciousness of Sir Adams. I paused lengthly, awaiting a response. Would the void relent and grant me an answer? How long should I tarry? Suddenly, an archaic entrance materialized before me, nestled within a frame most timeworn. Slowly, the door swung open, revealing naught but dark voidness. Before me was an ominous chorus of wind bemoaned from the stygian abyss. A presence, malevolent and armored with a warning most malevolent, "*Thou art an interloper. Enter at thine own peril.*"

Startled, my serene meditation shattered, abruptly torn asunder. I grasped the notion of having trespassed uninvited, a fool who barged into hallowed domains. I felt a pang of foolishness. Another fleeting curse formed within my mind's recesses, calling out. "*I am an atheist, thou ignorant fool!*"

Flushed with embarrassment at mine audacious endeavor, I withdrew, hoping not to hath disrupted another tea engagement with Eleanor.

Or

More Flirtatious Rendezvous With Chat-GTP:

I recently dug up a short essay written years ago detailing a fleeting encounter with (I think) a ghost. It was the result of an impromptu private séance personally conducted at my own risk. I pondered what to do with the story. Refile it? Throw it in the round file? Perhaps it might be fun to run it through **Chat-GTP** with instructions to convert my contemporary grammar into Shakespearian prose. With a few post Chat-GTP edits performed on my part, you can read the results on the previous page. Again, I want to stress that I performed a number of edits. Below is the original text, in contemporary English prose:

All's Well That Ends In Apology

One of many quotes that Douglas Adams left us with is

"In the beginning, the Universe was created. This has made a lot of people very angry and has been widely regarded as a bad move."

Douglas Adams produced some of the best tales of both contemporary and snarky existential angst to ever come out of our generation. Alas, He died way too early in life. His absence continues to leave a hollow hole in the lives of many readers.

Lost in a time period I can no longer remember when, I recall wondering if it might be possible to contact the late Mr. Adams. I wondered what he might be doing now that he is no longer living with us mortals. Is he happy? Has he found new friends. Has he perhaps been reunited with long lost relatives? It probably sounds preposterous of me to think of conducting my own private séance, all in an eccentric hope that I would actually get a response. But behaving in preposterous ways never seems to have stopped me in the past.

I sat down and relaxed my body and mind. I closed my eyes and encouraged my over-active mind to please settle their current internal bickering with each other, and quiet down... at least for the duration of a short privately conducted séance. Eventually, I began to slip into a peaceful state of semi-consciousness. It's a place I've learned to go to where I feel sleepy but remain consciously awake. I began sensing mysterious and uncharted landscapes, where day

and night dreams seem to prance about just out of eyesight. I'm on the threshold of being carried towards a new reality where spirits play around with the laws of physics in ways we mortals cannot. It was time for me to start thinking about Mr. Adams. I called out his name, "Mr. Adams... Mr. Adams... How are you? I want you to know that I've enjoyed your stories. What are you doing these days?" I quietly waited. Silence. I sensed nothing. Maybe I should try a different tact. Feeling emboldened I asked Douglas a specific question, "Is there anything you would like me to convey to me that I could share with the rest of us mortals?"

I paused and envisioned my query as being broadcast through the ethers of my dreamy landscape. I envisioned the message reaching the awareness of Mr. Adams. I paused, and waited for a return message. Would anything come back to me? How long I should wait? Suddenly, in front of me, a door resting inside an archaic frame appeared. The door slowly opened. I looked through the opening. I saw blackness. I sensed a feeling of utter nothingness. A foreboding chorus of wailing wind called out from the inky darkness. I sensed something... "You do not belong here. Enter at your own risk." The rebuttal abruptly pulled me out of my mild meditative state. It left me with a subtle realization of having invited myself to a place without first receiving an invitation. I felt a little bit foolish. Suddenly, a terse message formed in the back of my mind. "I'm an atheist, you ignoramus!"

Feeling a tad embarrassed over my obnoxious fopaux, I discretely bowed out. Hopefully, I had not interfered with another Tea date with Eleanor.

Or

Had I been forced to read and write English in the style of 16th Century Shakespearian prose, it's likely my employment prospects would have honored me the position of a *grave digger*.

Or



Comments, #443:



The scowl

he has left. I also agree that he needs to be held accountable and have the book thrown at him. The future well-being of our democracy demands he receive the exact same punishment as any common citizen would get for committing the crimes that he has been charged with. An example needs to be set of what ultimately happens to a corrupt political figure. Make it crystal clear to any future wannabe thinking of copying the gameplan of the master, that if you try, you'll be tried. No exceptions.

We should speculate as to what Trump would get if he was ordered to take an IQ test or psychiatric evaluation today. His own niece, Mary Trump, a psychiatrist, has had plenty to say about her uncle's abnormal behaviors.

Maybe a pool should be set up where we place bets on whether Trump will ultimately end up spending time in correctional institution, or not. The rules need do be clear. If he ends up in a mental institution that would mean he is not serving his sentence in a correctional institution. Neither would house arrest win the incarceration bet.



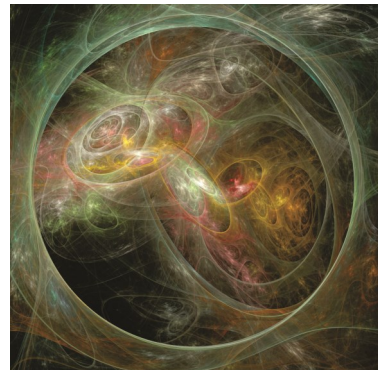
The props

Trump. I worry about the future of Melina's son, Barron. Not so much about Donald Jr., or Eric. Just about every photo I've ever seen of Barron shows no expression of happiness. It would seem that being heir apparent to a potential fortune hasn't secured him happiness.

Jeanne and Scott: Congrats on finishing the garage!

Scott Custis: I don't like agreeing on this point, but Trump does seem to possess more survival skills than I would like to give him credit for. It would seem he's done miracles with what few brain cells

Georgie: Thanks for sharing your friends perspective on what to expect from the Natural World. One of my personal revelations, a'long time coming, was a slow realization that Nature is infinitely recursive. We are intimately involved in it's care and feeding. In order to comprehend the ramifications, we learned long ago to deliberately forget how intimately involved we have always been in analyzing and modifying her ever-evolving architecture. Shake, pore and drink. WTF! Rinse and repeat as needed.



Recursive Bubble Universes

Steven Vincent Johnson, 2004



Reinhard Heydricha

Stephen Miller

Joseph Goebbels

Greg: After reading up on the life and times of Reinhard Heydricha I have to admit he was one nasty racist during the NAZI reign of terror. As far as who might have been Stephen Miller's prior incarnation, could it be Goebbels or Heydricha, I can see why you might have picked the latter. I also confess that the above photo of Stephen's suggests a sense of paranoia lurks behind those beady eyes. I shan't choose who was the lucky descendent of Mr. Miller. This is, after all, speculation.

It's not clear to me where you might have gotten the admittedly disquieting notion that miscreants like Goebbels and Heydricha are getting out of paying their karmic debts. Granted, it may seem like they are, particularly if in an immediate successive incarnation they continue much in their same nasty ways. But what they are really accomplishing is earning *more* Karma that *also* eventually must be paid back. So, you are correct, all debts must eventually be paid back, both good and bad. Addressing a legitimate concern of yours, it's how psychic energies infuse a sense of balanced *ethics* in the conscious balance in the Universe. FWIW, in

Miller’s case, it seems to me that the speechwriter for Trump was not allowed to create as much havoc and suffering as what Goebbels had managed to unleash during his reign. As I understand it, in today’s world more people have now acquired a subconscious memory Goebbels past actions, and that has helped us collectively to reduce (at least somewhat) Miller’s ability to implement more of his preferred draconian plans. You may recall that while Miller may have remained as one of Trump’s speech writers, his title possessed far less power that what was handed over to Goebbels. In Michaelean terms, some of us learn our lessons faster than others. In the greater scheme of things, there is time enough in the Universe to burn yourself as many times as necessary in order to eventually get the point and make amends. There is no hurry.



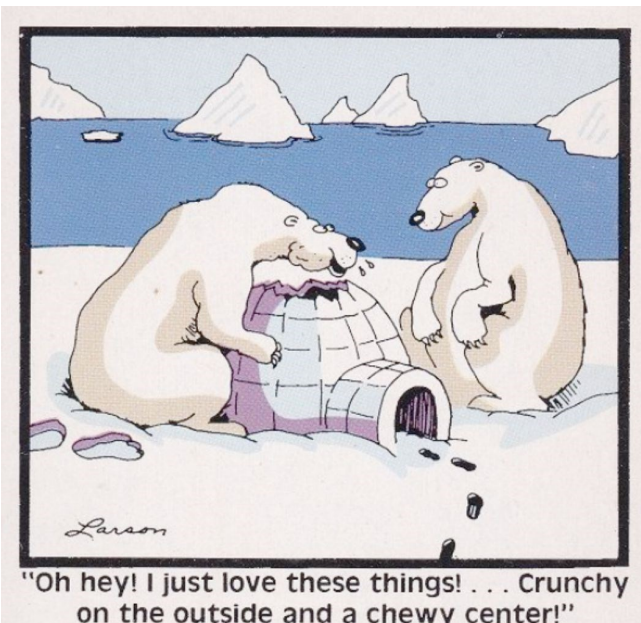
Steve S: Thankyou for finding the time for a rendezvous in my area of MadTown. It was enjoyable touching base on numerous subjects. The AI conundrum has many of us fearing who will eventually end up at the top of the food chain. I hope to deal with the matter by feeding AI systems a constant diet creative problems to solve and play with. If done properly I think we

might eventually be able to domesticate them. Everyone should have a house AI. I’ll fill out all the proper registration documents, pay the annual license fees, and make sure it gets an annual preventative *ILRP* booster shot, *Infinite-loop & recursion prevention*.

Andy: You mention of the Boundary Waters *Canoe of the Mind* is an apt description. I painted the boat applying what I believed was accurate 3-D perspective rules. Unfortunately, I still got it wrong. By the time I figured that out so much of the canoe had been finished that I just couldn’t see myself to wiping it away and starting from scratch. Your keen eye spotted the flaws. It is too narrow. There are some foreshortening issues too. I need to study Caravaggio’s “David with the Head of Goliath” in more detail. Notice how David’s extended arm holding the Head of Goliath looks natural instead of flattened out. I think there be no bowling ball as ballast. Neither is there a Smith Corona in the nap-sack. More likely, packed within is a portable solar-cell and iPad. Yeah, you’ll have to rough it with touch-typing on glass. ...or simply dictate your thoughts. I bet there’s a can of *Bear-Off* in the satchel, too.



David with Head of Goliath
Caravaggio



Pat H: I also hold good memories of the Boundary Water trip Andy organized. I remember the northern lights on our trip up, and the campout on top of the huge rock where we swam in the waters and some of us were delighted with the subtle feeling of little fishies nibbling away at our submerged bodies. ...And the loons calling out to each other as night fell. I also vividly remember a incident on our first night’s campout. I had to pee in the middle of the night. When I returned to my tent, shared with Bill Farina, I had to fumble with the tent’s zipper to get back in. My fumbling woke Bill and startled him. He began screaming and making all sorts of threatening growling sounds. He thought I was a bear on the prowl for a midnight snack.

Carrie R: Alas, we all have regrets of putting off events that we believed would be follow-up on later. Always later. Some of my deepest regrets was not visiting my Uncle

Archie more often during his life. He lived in Pocatello, Idaho. I eulogized his life in *TURBO* several years ago. Despite the fact that Idaho is a stalwart red state, it does harbor pockets of sanity sprinkled here and there. The mountain views are stunning. It was near *Atomic City*, Idaho, where



Atomic City, Idaho
"main" street

we rescued our abandoned Charm at a rest top on our way to Sun Valley with Archie in tow. See *Charm's Glamor Shot*. Above is a photo of the once thriving establishment. Obviously, it's seen better decades.

Jamie: I hope we meet up more frequently on our afternoon walks. My walks are about 60 minutes these days. Below is a photo of lily pads shot while walking the Universi-



ty Bay Dr. bike trail after a recent rain storm. The water droplets on top of the lily pads looked like polished sapphires sparkling in the sunshine.

Hope & Karl: I wished I had witnessed the same Aurora Boreas in the night sky too. Fortunately, I did witness a fine spectacle decades ago around 3 AM on our trip to the



Boundary Waters with Andy. I can see why gazing up at such sights could have both awed and terrified our ancestors.



Alas, I have runneth out of words. There lies more sweat and toil for thy to attend to. The ghods of Orbital Mechanics who reside in celestial realms bid me further to disclose their dance.



Charm's glamor shot
Estimated to be 18 months old



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