

Orion Works Sonova Quark

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Winter Has Come!



January 12, 11:30 AM, 30 degrees



January 14, 4:20 PM, 0 degrees



Owning a black car in winter has its advantages.
Less so in the middle of July.

We continue to keep the bird feeder well stocked. Flocks of sparrows invade the establishment in the morning. Other birds, including a cute cardinal couple come any time of the day.
Same for the squirrels.




“My kingdom for a red ignition key”

- Steven Vincent Johnson, the first

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Purchased Jan 2024



Parts 4 Outdoor
 Aftermarket Snow Blower Ignition Key 4Pk Replaces Toro 117-7728 Power Clear 180 418 ZR ZE 518 ZR ZE
 \$13⁹⁹
 FREE delivery Fri, Jan 19
 Or fastest delivery Thu, Jan 18
 Small Business
 Add to Cart

Late morning on January 13, I spent an hour breaking my back shoveling snow. I had to shovel first before I could get around to using my snow blower to tackle the worst of the heavy lifting. When I tried to start it, it wouldn't. A closer inspection told me the ignition key was missing. F**K! I used the blower the previous day. I remembered leaving the ignition key in the blower like I've done a million times before. My search occurred within the safety of my garage, not out in the cold wind or engulfing quicksand snow. But now it was gone and I couldn't find it anywhere on the concrete floor of the garage. F**K! F**K! F**K! F**K!

Eventually, I went to Amazon and ordered another ignition key, plus a few extras. Cost about \$12 for a F**KING piece of red plastic. So, for days the snow blower remained in the garage languishing about with a full tank of gas. I always try to run the blower empty before putting it away. I don't know how long it takes for stagnant leftover gas left in a gas tank to start gumming up the fuel lines, and I don't want to test that theory.

Damned if I know how the F**KING piece of red plastic got lost, or more to the point, *how the hell did I lose it*. But boy, was I pissed!

I finally got my F**KING red plastic keys. While my back still hurts, at least the blower works. The gas tank is now empty.

Or

About Write Hemisphere

The title is, of course, a play-on of word definitions concerning left/right brain functions. The right hemisphere tends to be more intuitive and wholistic in its perceptions. The left hemisphere tends to be more analytical and physics orient-

ed. That's probably where much of my on-going series of Orbital Mechanics articles come from. I try to maintain a balance of both hemispheres working more-or-less in harmony with each other. Your mileage may vary.

I have decided to give my right hemisphere additional freedom to express its more wave-like (versus particle-like) perceptions. One could say the writing resembles a form of channeling, this based conversations I've shared in *TURBO* combined with the many thoughtful replies participants have been willing to share back.

Some of you may have noticed the content seems to possess a strong Michaelian flavor. Yes, I would say there are some Michaelian energies running through much of the wording. But I suspect there is much more being expressed allegedly originating from other sources. At present, I prefer not to give names to these other right hemisphere oriented sources of information.

It's my understanding that these energies don't use names for identification purposes. Each source possesses is a collection of unique frequencies that make up every gestalt of conscious living energy. Each "unit" is unique... even ourselves though in our current level of development we still need to use names to help convince ourselves of our existential separateness from each other and the rest of the universe. We hang out the *Physical Plane* in order to experience a profound state of separateness and isolation. It's one of the major adventures, and lesson, continuously being played there.

If you have been curious enough to read *Right Hemisphere* you're likely to notice much of the information is scientifically unverifiable, if not blatantly out of this world, if not just plain wacky. That said, some of the information seems to imply there might exist authentication that may not be possible to verify, yet. On this point all I can say is that this is the way the information comes out for me. It is how *I feel* I need to write it down. Such a literary pursuit has the potential of turning into a very slippery slope to travel on. One should always remain observant and careful about what one is walking through.

Therefore, I do not want *anyone* who reads this literature to take what I have written for granted as... *the truth*. Neither do I, myself, take what I've written... *the truth*. I would in-

stead hope that what you might care to read occasionally gives you the liberty to pause and ponder, to speculate on the ramifications of what is being implied. I hope some of this literature might help enrich and expand our perceptions in ways that always... always remain *totally up to each and every one of us* to decide what we want to do with the information. And that personal choice includes the right to discard it. I've noticed one of *The Write Hemisphere's* most important messages is informing us that each and every one of us has the right to choose what we want to believe rather than choosing to allow others tell us what we should believe. it's a quintessential lesson expressed in Quinn Yarbro's Michael books as well.

In regards to my latest installment, I'm trying to make the text a little larger and easier for the rest of us 60-70+ year-old-farts to read.



Thankyou!

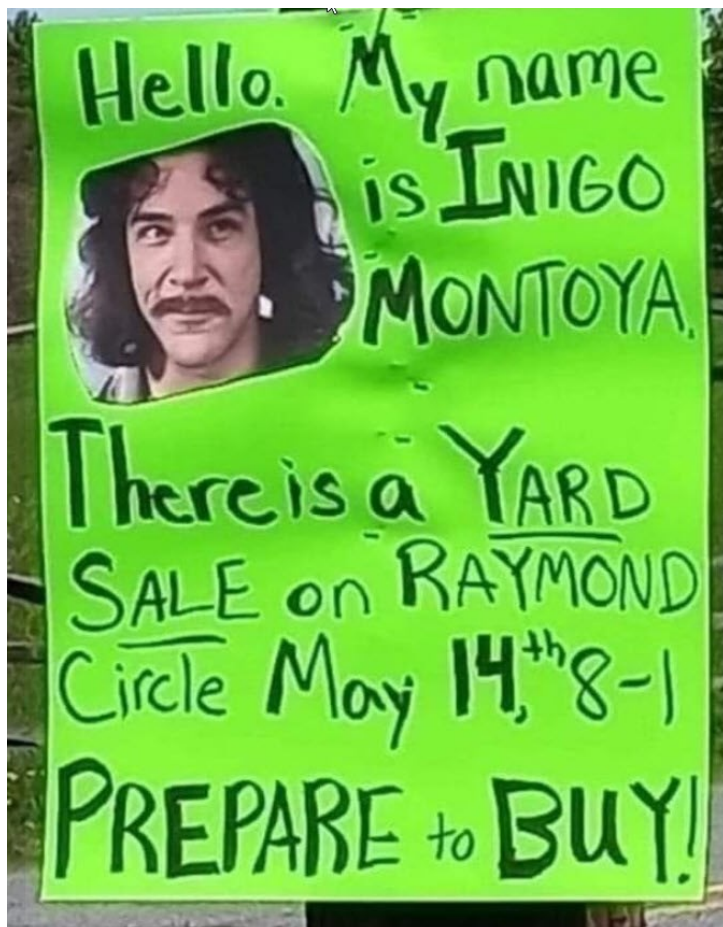
Thankyou for the many compliments on the completion of our house repainting adventures. There is so much more we would like to do for her. But the coffers need replenishment before additional renovations can be tackled.



Comments

To **Scott, Jeanne, Greg, Georgie, Andy, Carrie, Catie, Steve S, Lisa F, Luke**, and others I might have forgotten to list, thankyou for your comments and observations—both detailed, or short. Some of you have even asked me questions, and I have not had the time to answer them. I hope I can do more answering in the future.





**Yard Sales are coming
Honest!**

The Write Hemisphere

Hybrids - Part Two

Earth is a remarkably fecund planet. She is possessed with a vast wealth of carbon-based biological life-forms. Many planets where complex where biology manages to evolve do not possess the vast diversity that Earth's fecund biosphere has been blessed with. Your evolved simian collective conscience has responded with science fiction related speculation focusing on what would happen if Earth would be visited by interstellar scientific expeditions, or better yet, invaded by opportunists with personal agendas involving the plunder of your planet's fecund riches. Meanwhile, others have wondered and debated whether there could possibly exist physical evidence that hint of past extraterrestrial visitations, and maybe even the plundering of your planet. We will tell you that your planet has been, in the loose sense, tampered with by extraterrestrial visitations in her past. Such accounts still roam about primarily in the form of mythic tales. Due to the vast timeframes involved there exist no historical accounts preserved or recovered in any format that contemporary scholars and archeologists would consider credible evidence. While we tell you that extraterrestrial tampering-with has happened, you should not take our "Write" as the truth. It is not up to us to validate such speculation, especially when you are more than capable of verifying or falsifying them on your own - if you were to make an effort to do so. We can tell you that you can find literature describing past encounters and exploitations in the Vedas and ancient Sumerian literature. Sans scientifically verifiable proof many of you are left experiencing pangs of existential isolation while pondering your questionable place and purpose in the Cosmos. This has motivated some with technical knowledge and financial means to actively look for evidence of nearby extraterrestrial civilizations. So far, you have detected nothing that could be considered definitive, or at least hinting of. This has caused some to wonder whether it is due to the utter vastness of outer space, that searching for ET civilizations is no more than a quixotic endeavor. Is that why you have not detected anything?

We can tell you there exists within your solar system the equivalent of what could be described as monoliths, or signposts. You have either not yet detected them or you do not yet comprehend them to be artificial in nature. Their messages roughly translate to "Natural Preserve Park", or "Move along, nothing to see here", as well as "Keepa-u hands off, or you'll have us to deal with". We are not implying advanced interstellar overlords are lording over your planet. We will instead tell you such messages imply the possibility of opportunists waiting patiently in the wings for the chance to scavenge anything worthwhile should Earth's most technologically advanced species succeed in rendering the biosphere inhabitable to 99.9% of all life-forms. To paraphrase the definitive message uttered from a classic science fiction character, Klaatu: *"We are ready and prepared to have you join us, but not if you can't learn how to police yourselves. We certainly won't let you out of the confines of your own solar system, not until you can demonstrate to us that you*

won't attempt to indoctrinate or exploit other civilizations with your own ideologies or ambitions of conquest." Most civilizations that manage to graduate to the interstellar stage have, by then, learned the folly of getting involved in Vietnam scenarios.

In what could be considered your local interstellar neighborhood there exists interest in what's happening on Earth. Your neighbors realize there is a distinct possibility your planet's graduation into the interstellar stage might become a reality, and soon... or not. With such drama and speculation currently at play, of course you are being watched.

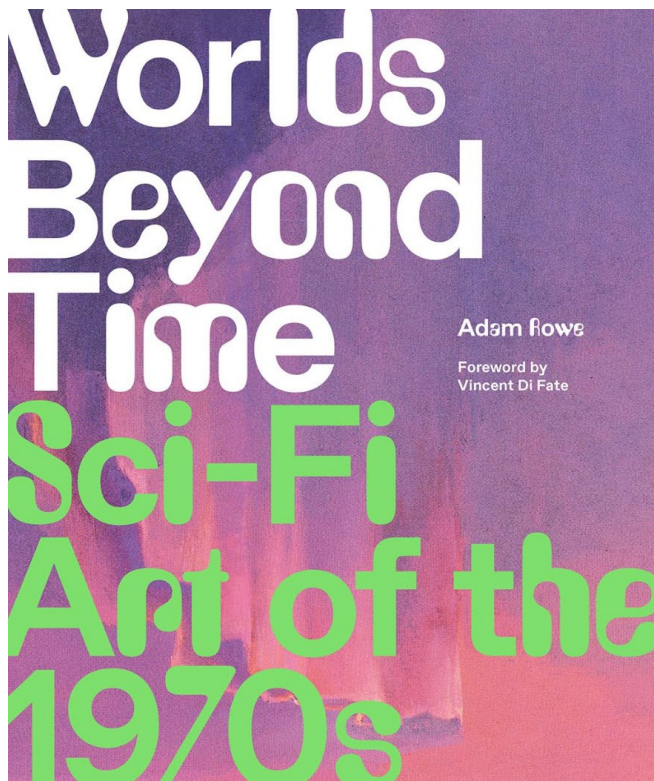
We can tell you signposts such as "Natural Preserve Park" imply additional actions are at play for which you DO have the capacity to verify, should you choose to do so. Recent UAP/UFO reports have finally started to become acceptable topics of study in mainstream scientific communities. Those willing to scrutinize the subject have become aware of the fact that a significant percentage of UAPs enter and exit your oceans at great speed and with the greatest of ease. This has caused many to wonder what UAPs are doing darting about within your oceans. Are they building massive underground bases, perhaps to evade detection, or are they contemplating other equally nefarious actions?

We are glad that you are becoming aware of an urgent matter that some are now actually trying to address. It concerns cetaceans inhabiting your oceans who are in serious danger of extinction from pollution, the direct result of overpopulation of the human species. While there is still some controversy over the matter of whether cetaceans can be classified as being sentient, we do not hesitate to tell you they are fully sentient. Some of the confusion is the result of cetaceans possessing sentience in cognitive areas that humanoids have difficulty comprehending. This lack of comprehension can work both ways. As mentioned in our last post, over 20 million years ago your monkey-like ancestors were deliberately gathered up and transplanted on Earth, as well as other favorable planets. This was done to give your proto ancestors the freedom to evolve on their own terms. Back then, your proto ancestors didn't have much of a choice in the matter. They were incapable of comprehending the limited future they would have continued to face had they not been transferred. But YOU, who are their progeny, the gift that came out of your proto ancestry, YOU CAN COMPREHEND the ramifications, not only in regards to how those actions had been applied to your proto ancestors, but how it could be applied to other threatened species in today's environment. We will tell you that there are advanced interstellar aquatic civilizations that DO comprehend and appreciate the sophisticated dimensions of cetacean sentience. For several decades they have been transporting large groupings to habitable planets free of industrial toxins, and apex sentient predators who might feel it's their God-given right to eat them. They are not being corralled or trapped. Nor are they being abducted as your proto ancestors had been. These aquatic interstellar civilizations are very good at communicating with cetaceans. They spelled out precisely what was being offered to them. They had plenty of volunteers, not enough to perceptually influence a population decline in your oceans. But that imperceptibility could change, possibly abruptly, depending on what you continue to do, or not do to their aquatic environment. In the meantime, transportation efforts are ongoing.

So long, and thanks for all the fish!

We will have more to say in a future installment.





Worlds Beyond Time, Sci-Fi Art of the 1970s
 Art Book, hardback. 2022. Published by Abrams, 4th publication. Forward by Vincent Di Fate.

While I was a bit late getting it, I just purchased an art book titled "*Words Beyond Time, Sci-Fi Art of the 1970s*". Three of my illustrations are in the book. I recon my most productive years doing Sci-Fi art was back around 1978 through 1982. While I never really stopped doing "sci-fi" art, it was during those years where I feel I got noticed the most, especially within the Sci-Fi community.

I got contacted late in 2022 by a book packager named Adam Rowe. We conducted a couple of ZOOM sessions, where he ended up picking out several of my illustrations. I was paid \$150 for my contributions. Obviously, one does not make a living based on secondary publication rights, and Adam had a budget he had to stick by. Our conversations were enjoyable and I hope he gets around to producing more art books. If Adam does one for the 1980's, maybe I can get a few more of my pieces published... maybe even earn another \$150.

I asked for a complementary copy of the book which Adam agreed to honor. Unfortunately I never received a copy. I

don't really blame Adam. Quite frankly, I simply forgot to contact and remind Adam about the matter. I think he would have come through had I pestered him.

I attempted to purchase a copy via Amazon. My efforts failed. The order was never processed. It just hung out in limbo for over a month. At least Amazon didn't take my money and run. I wised up, realizing I need to go to favorite book finder, Hank Luttrell, of *20th Century Books*. Hank located a new copy in less than a week. He added his finder's fee, which I was more than happy to shell out. It gave me an excuse to visit, catch up and chew the fat with him. These days Hank conducts much of his business within an obfuscated office cave located on the 2nd story of a dilapidated building shared with a massage parlor conducting business on the 1st floor. That's Park Street for you. My copy is the 4th reprint. A likely sign that the art book has sold well.

Or



Approaching Dawn on Ring World
 1979, One of my illustrations published in the book