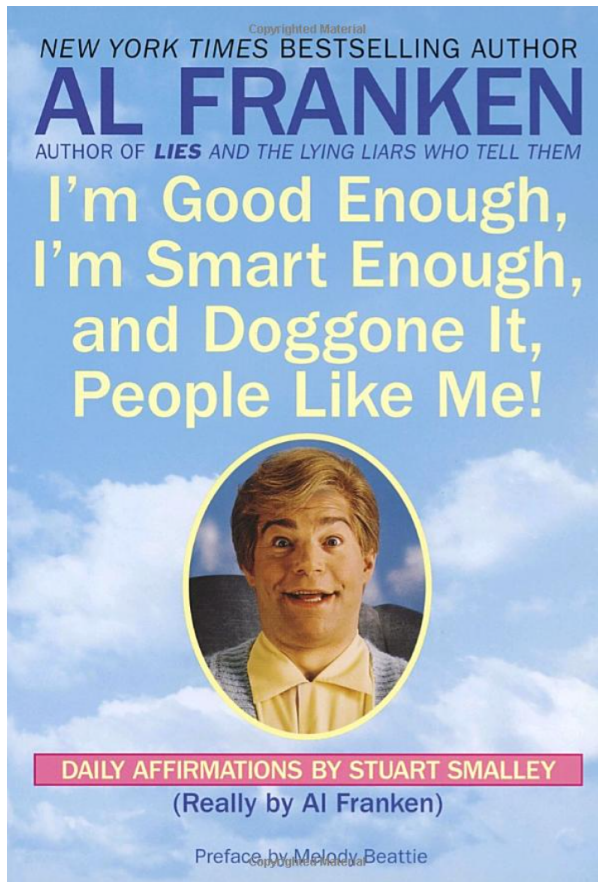


Orion Works Sonova Quark

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A Brief Response



For Steve Swartz... again:

I inserted the following Stuart Smalley book cover image, authored by Al Franken, back in November 2022, TURBO #437, in honor of Steve Swartz - primarily for his courage in disclosing and sharing some uncomfortable experiences he was going through at the time. I responded by sharing some uncomfortable experiences I had recently gone through myself in the hope that doing so might be of some practical use to Steve in his own journey.

I'm inserting the Smalley book cover again because this time I completely forgot (essentially dismissed) the candor that Steve had once again expressed in October 2025, TURBO #472, that he is experiencing cognitive issues. I was so wrapped up in my own personal world involving pesky hydrinos that I forgot to respond to Steve's candor. I feel bad about that and wish to make amends.

Steve, it sounds like you and Allison are taking your personal concerns very seriously. I certainly applaud your frankness. This being a psychological or a physiological matter is a matter that must weigh on you. Whatever the diagnosis, may the remedies be less of a weight on your psyche.

I can sympathize with how uncomfortable it must feel for you. For most of my adult life I've felt like I've never been good at carrying on extended conversations. I'll suddenly freeze in mid-sentence, realizing I can't remember what or how the next phrase is supposed to be processed and spoken. In my case I think it is mostly psychological, *but not entirely*. I stuttered as a child. I managed to get over most my stuttering by adulthood. When I was four and eight years old, had two eye operations to correct a condition known as *strabismus*, cross-eyes, in both eyes. As a child, It bothered me how people stared my eyes... at me. There's a part of psyche that will carry that sense of self-awareness to my grave.

I was a forceps delivery. There is conjecture, though I gather not officially verified, that *the procedure puts abnormal pressure in various spots on a baby's brain as he/she is being pulled out of the birth canal*. It's speculated that sudden abnormal pressure placed upon various points on the skull can potentially lead to certain neurological issues such as:

EYE problems, including strabismus. CHECK!

Language issues, shuddering, cognitive problems in comprehending what others are saying & replying back. CHECK! Stuttered as a child.

DIFFICULTY LEARNING CERTAIN DISCIPLINES, like being good at Math, but suck royally at learning foreign languages. CHECK I spent over two years in San Salvador, never graduating past beginner's Spanish at the *Escuela Americana* a bilingual school I went to. I never succeeded in mastering future and past tens verbs. Later, back in the USA, while I wuz good at Algebra, I was terrified of Calculus. It prevented me from pursuing a coveted degree in mechanical engineering, or computer science. How very different I speculate my career might have been if...

DYSLEXIA: CHECK. Fortunately, I've gotten better through persistent practice

I am now 73 years old. Just about everybody I see outside on the sidewalk, in stores, in groups I associate - ALL appear younger than me. I'm still getting used to the grandeur of my stature - while I know most don't perceive me as possessed with the same sense of grandeur.

It bothers me to no end that I can't remember the names of people, both friends and associates I have known, as well as famous movie stars. I wuz never good at name recognition when I was younger. But now... FUCK! I spent weeks trying to remember the name of one of two famous actors who starred in the film *"The Sting"*. ...and now... as I type this... I experienced a temporary episode of forgetting the name of the other actor as well. Oh, Yes... his name is *Robert Redford*. Somehow "Redford" remains intact but loosely rattling about somewhere within my gray matter. As for the other phantom name, I finally employed an association trick. I googled the title of the film and sought out the names of the two actors. Once I located the phantom actor's name I associated his first name, which is "Paul", with the first name of a friend I know who shares the same first name, someone I know from work whose first name is still hardwired inside my brain. Take that... *Newman!*

Fortunately, my disabilities have never been severe. ...Just annoyingly distracting. But being 73, I wonder if some of these "inconveniences" are becoming a tad more noticeable. I can't tell what part of this personally

experienced disability is physiological and what part is psychological.

I'm reminded of something Kurt Vonnegut once said:

"I think I am trying to clear my head of all the junk in there - the assholes, the flags, the underpants. Yes - there is a picture in this book of underpants. I'm throwing out characters from my other books, too. I'm not going to put on any more puppet shows.

I think I am trying to make my head as empty as it was when I was born onto this damaged planet fifty years ago..."

I remember Kurt talking about how he felt his head was filled with so much... *junk*, that his sense of conscious awareness had become noticeably *dimmed* from what he thought a normal sense of wakefulness should feel like. I understand. I feel like I need to WAKE UP from a sense of dimmed-lit awareness, as well. ...but my body and mind refuse to wake up from it. I must comfort myself... If I can still remember Darlene's name, it's business as usual.

W



You looking at ME?



**Have a happy Winter Solstice everyone!
May 2026 bring us A New Hope, and Joy**

