

Q Sonova Quark

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Sell By Date

How much time do we have?

I seriously asked myself that question when I turned sixty. I was born on August 1, 1952. I'm currently 73 years old. Most days I enjoy a sixty minute walk along

University Bay Drive. The scenery is beautiful—ducks, geese, cranes, and the shoreline of Lake Mendota beside the path.

By the age of three I was becoming increasingly cross-sided in both eyes. It's a genetic condition. Fortunately, I underwent two eye surgeries at an Oakland hospital in California, at ages four and eight for the condition known as **strabismus**—crossed eyes.

Crossed eyes don't kill you. It's a cosmetic problem, though it's visual symptoms that can psychologically haunt you for the rest of your life. For the past sixty-eight years I've seen straight, and nobody has stared at my eyes because they weren't properly aligned. Granted, some people still stare—but for other reasons.

At age six I had my tonsils removed. The surgery was performed in the country of Taiwan at a Seventh-day Adventist hospital in Taipei, the capital. It was one of the best hospitals available at the time. The surgeons put me under with Ether, administered through a wire mesh mask covered with gauze placed over my face. Drops of Ether were poured onto the gauze.

The gas smelled petrifyingly horrible as I gasped and choked my way into unconscious oblivion. Later, as I began waking up, I experienced frightening nightmares.



Ether was known to induce them. I vowed never to encounter such a horrid experience again.

At age seven, still living in Taiwan, I developed a condition called **volvulus**. (Not to be confused with the shorter word, *vulva*. No relationship!)

Volvulus occurs when a loop of intestine twists around itself and the surrounding tissues, creating a potentially deadly bowel obstruction. It's often diagnosed in early childhood and is sometimes considered a birth defect.

So... It turns out that very early in life I had a genetic propensity for crossed eyes—and intestines prone to twisting themselves into a knotted mess. If doctors had not operated quickly, gangrene would have invaded my abdominal cavity and killed me.

So once again I was back at the same Taiwanese hospital where my tonsils had been removed. Once again the Ether mask came out. I felt helpless and terrified as I was rolled into the operating room. The mask went over my face and again I choked my way into unconsciousness, only to return slowly through a swamp of nightmares.

Once again I told myself that I would never, **ever, EVER** allow myself to be placed in that situation again.

Unfortunately, the initial surgery was not a complete success. Months later the volvulus returned. Anticipating the horror I was about to endure, my mind handled the situation the only way left to me.

I erased the entire experience from my memory.

All I remember were the first pangs of abdominal pain from the returning volvulus, followed by hysterical crying. The next thing I recall was waking up in a hospital bed after the second surgery had been performed. I had blotted out the entire experience of going to the hospital, the surgery, and subsequent nightmares of waking up after surgery.

I never forgot those Ether-induced nightmares. As a young adult in my twenties, even the faint smell of Ether could trigger a phobic reaction.

Eventually I decided to confront the fear. My father kept a canister of Ether in the basement as a cleaning solvent. I began exposing myself to the smell in small, controlled whiffs. Gradually I retrained my fear response. What had once triggered panic eventually became nothing more than an unpleasant odor—but no longer life-threatening.

The most important outcome of that experience—aside from overcoming a phobia—was that I had made it past my first **Sell-By Date** in the year 1959.

Many decades later I had to revisit that idea.

Late in 2019 I was diagnosed with prostate cancer. Surgery was performed in December 2020 at University Hospitals in Madison, Wisconsin. I was 69 years old. The ungrateful organ was removed, along with part of my inflamed bladder. Ever since, I prefer taking an alley seat when going to the movies.

It's now been more than five years, and my PSA counts remain at zero. As far as prostate cancer goes, I appear to have kicked my **Sell-By Date** a bit farther down the road from 2020—for perhaps another decade or two.

Eventually, something else will claim the prize.

As I started writing up this essay, I began experiencing my first honest-to-God cold or flu... the first one in about eight years. Throughout the entire COVID ordeal, neither Darlene nor I ever tested positive. We always got vaccinated,. Occasionally we had minor sniffles or scratchy throats, but every test came back negative.



Chin Up

This cold felt different—deeper, more embedded. My sinuses, especially the left side, felt permanently stuffed. My left nostril kept draining, incessantly - so I took to rolling up bits of tissue and plugging the nostril. It worked surprisingly well.

My temperature remained stubbornly below or at 98.7°, with only one brief bump up to 99.1°.

This cold eventually passed in a few days. Most of them do. But at my age, even a simple cold has a way of reminding one that the wet-ware we enclose ourselves within are no longer under warranty.

At my age, I'm well aware that my official **Sell-By Date** is still out there and approaching me. Exact date still remains a mystery.

I've slipped through at least two expiration dates. A volvulus flareup would easily have ended me in early childhood. Prostate cancer might have closed the curtain in more recent times. Life rarely announces these things ahead of time. Have there been other close calls that I never even noticed, or perhaps deliberately forgot? Maybe.

But until that **Sell-By-Date** arrives, I have things to do. Things that I can *still* do. Projects to complete. And some are ambitious projects. Others are just plain fun. Friends to go bowling with. Gatherings to assemble an APA. Dining out with Darlene and friends. Walking the shoreline of University Bay Drive. Visiting and be visited by our progeny and relatives, by choice. And then, there's the following lyrics from *The Byrds*:

*Hey, Mr. Spaceman
Won't you please take me along?
I won't do anything wrong*

But will I remember it?

PS: As I finish this text my cold has taken leave of my carcass. It's currently visiting Darlene's.



Responses, mixed in with images of my walks around University Bay Drive.

Scott: Alas, I suspect *Donnis the Menace* will stay as long as he can. I enjoy interpreting his hindness in Michaellean/metaphysical terms. Many Michael students would describe him as a 7th-level Young King stuck in the Negative Pole. I realize for many, this sounds like indecipherable woo-woo, so I'll translate: a Young 7th-level King in the Negative Pole can be one of the most tenacious—and tyrannical—types out there, especially when driven to be the biggest, meanest alpha male in the tribe. This combination can be very hard to dislodge.

At first glance, it might seem his life's goal is simply self-service to himself and to his oligarch circle. But from a Michael perspective, his deeper (and unconscious) "service" may be to accumulate power in order to tear down structures he deems useless or obstructive. He appears well-practiced at dismantling things. One could even speculate he volunteered for such a role.

The irony is that what he tears down may ultimately make it easier for those who follow his devastatoin to rebuild. Many institutions can become too dilapidated, their continued existence can actually hinder renewal. Sometimes destruction clears the ground in ways reform never could.

Setting metaphysics aside, it's clear we're living through a major historical turning point—perhaps globally—as we



collectively decide what direction civilization will take. There's a strange clarity that comes when we find ourselves heading somewhere we know we do not want to go diwb. It becomes a moment of: "*Have you had enough? Then take your hand off the grill.*" Even in a darkened room, a single candle can shine so brightly, and show the way out.

There will be volumes written about this era—books, films, endless mini-series. And we were here to witness it. All of it.

As for Donnis... perhaps he'll be sent back to Driver's Ed for another round of road rules. He's a stubborn one—but maybe learning. Not long ago, he openly expressed a troubling belief that he might not be admitted into Heaven. That kind of dim self-awareness, however faint, might be something that Heaven can work with.

Jeanne: Thank you for your thoughtful and detailed response. You've laid out a complex observation.

To clarify: I'm not saying that I personally believe aliens are observing us, nor am I claiming with-certainty that they are. What I am doing is repeating a claim—that *they* themselves claim to have said, that they are observing us. And I want to be precise about language here: I would prefer to re-



the ones from the sky. If I had been one of those original ET visitors, I think I'd be re-thinking that "visitation" over, wondering what I could have done different to have help prevent such a mis-interpretation from raping a still young and fledgling Earth civilization.

As for the word "apparently"—feel free to load it with as much interpretive weight as you like. I have no intention of interfering which of your proposed scenarios is "correct." I wouldn't want to spoil your fun.

Carrie: Thanks for bringing up the on-going development of small modular nuclear reactors for commercial and civilian use. I've been following their long-overdue progress as well. They offer a practical way to meet the surging en-

ergy demands of data centers, support desalination efforts, and provide power to remote or sparsely populated regions.

Their key advantage is modular design. Standardization allows for mass production, which drives down cost and improves reliability by focusing on a single, repeatable blueprint.

place the word "judging" with "observing." I never intended to suggest that humanity is being judged.

I would also add that, depending on which parts of history one considers, these observations are sometimes described as including direct, prolonged, face-to-face interactions—reports that stretch back hundreds, if not thousands, of years.

It seems to me that our Western mindset has particular difficulty reconciling the idea of visitation—or even the possibility of being observed at all. The immediate reaction tends to be: *Why? To what end? Are we being studied... later to be "harvested", or eaten?*

Meanwhile, many other cultures long ago incorporated such possibilities into their worldview. One can look, for example, at folklore passed down through various Native American traditions. And then, there's the sad tale of the Mayans. Boy! Did they screw that one up. The Mayan's thought the arrival of the Spaniards was the return of



Still, I want to return to a phrase you used:

"...you say realizations, I say fantasies."

Einstein once said, *"Imagination is more important than knowledge."* His point wasn't to dismiss knowledge, but to emphasize that imagination is what drives discovery—it allows us to explore possibilities before they're proven.

BLP, for its part, is inviting independent scrutiny. According to their own published material:

Unfortunately, that's not how the United States approached its fleet of gigawatt-scale nuclear plants. Each one tended to be a custom build—almost as if it was another act of Genesis. The result was predictable: massive cost overruns and uncertainty, because each project was, in effect, a first-of-its-kind construction. On top of that, the lack of standardization made it harder to fully capitalize on lessons learned from previous builds.

France, by contrast, largely committed to a standardized reactor design across its nuclear program. That decision paid off. Costs were more controlled, and they developed a deep, cumulative understanding of the strengths and weaknesses shared across their entire fleet.

Shifting gears, I understand why many people are skeptical that BLP (Brilliant Light Power) will ultimately deliver on its claims. I don't know if they will either.

<https://brilliantlightpower.com/requesting-hydrino-analytical-testing-collaborations/>

They are offering samples of their claimed hydrino compounds to laboratories worldwide for testing, with the requirement that results be publicly shared. Multiple spec-





troscopic methods are cited as producing repeatable results on specific compounds.

Now, whether those bold claims hold up—granted, that’s still an open question. I don’t know if they’re valid, and I’m not pretending otherwise. I hope they are—but personal hope is not proof.

However, the existence of something to test moves the conversation beyond pure fantasy. We can debate interpretation till the cows come home, but the question of whether there is a measurable phenomenon is, at this point, an empirical one. It’s not fantasy.



And yet, much of the establishment continues to dismiss the entire matter outright. That raises a different question: why the persistent resistance to investigating it more deeply?

The only answer that has made any sense to me at is that some secretly fear they may not like what they might find.

Andy: Regarding Spielberg’s upcoming *Disclosure* film, I’ll go out on a limb and suggest a possible premise—one that follows in the thematic footsteps of Arthur C. Clarke’s *Childhood’s End*.

My speculation wouldn’t focus so much on the UFOs themselves (aside from the inevitable visual spectacle), but rather on the disclosure of suppressed knowledge about the structure of human DNA, and are we possibly hybrids.

In Clarke’s novel, humanity is confronted with a transformation that feels, from our perspective, like a devastating loss of individuality. In a Spielberg reinterpretation, per-

haps there’s more room for choice. Imagine a scenario where humanity is presented with a decision: how—or whether—we choose to “grow up.” Let the genes bloom.

We might be offered the opportunity to join a broader galactic community. Accepting that invitation could bring extraordinary technological and psychological advances—perhaps even the emergence of a kind of collective consciousness, an added “sixth sense.”

For some, that would be an extraordinary gift. For others, it would feel like an unacceptable loss of personal identity.

Alternatively, we could decline—and remain on our current path, one confined *strictly* to our own solar system, left to evolve on our own terms. Forever, penned in.

Let’s see if those darts land anywhere near the board.

Another sci-fi film I’m genuinely looking forward to is *Project Hail Mary*, starring Ryan Gosling. He plays a reluc-

tant hero—a science teacher who wakes up alone on a spacecraft, light-years from Earth, with no memory of who he is or how he got there.

As his memory gradually returns, he uncovers his mission: to solve the mystery of a substance that is causing our sun to dim, threatening total extinction of all life on Earth. To succeed, he must rely on his scientific knowledge and unconventional thinking.

Suddenly, an unexpected ally appears—an extraterrestrial from another world facing the same crisis. Together, they must learn how to cooperate and find a solution that could save both their civilizations.

Of course, there must be serious drama to deal with: like will one of them have to make the ultimate sacrifice?

Luke: I saw the “Donald duz the doo-doo” clip as well. It’s a curious scene—but, as you noted, completely inconclusive. That’s my take too.

Having gone through prostate removal myself (along with part of my bladder) as a trade-off to eliminate cancer, I’ve gained a much deeper appreciation for what people dealing with incontinence go through.

There’s also been a lot of discussion about the visible redness or bruising on Trump’s hand. One suggestion is that it could be related to medication or treatment protocols associated with early-stage dementia or Alzheimer’s. For those interested, here’s a link that explores that possibility:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=02bRuZWHUbE>

Changing the subject...

Luke, if you ever decide to explore claims about ancient civilizations, you’ll find no shortage of intriguing examples.

One often-cited case involves a granite block in Egypt that appears to have been cut with remarkable precision—far beyond what we typically associate with copper tools. Some interpret the markings as resembling saw cuts, even suggesting the possibility of advanced techniques or lost technologies.

There are also examples of hollowed granite structures with striking precision—work that remains difficult even with modern tools. That gap between expected capability and observed result is what fuels much of the speculation.



Granted, There may be explanations we don’t fully understand yet, but that doesn’t necessarily imply advanced lost technology. But then, it just might.

Catie: Your photos, it looks like you had a great time exploring both the beaches and the ancient sites.

Your trip brought back a memory. In the early ‘70s, when I was still in my early teens, my family traveled from El Salvador through Guatemala and Mexico, eventually re-entering the U.S. via El Paso, Texas. My dad planned to go back to school to get a PhD in Food Sciende at UW Madison. While passing through Oaxaca, we visited ancient pyramids and ruins—impressive structures which have stayed with me.

While shopping in Oxaca I learned the art of bargaining while shopping. I learned I wasn’t very good at it—but I did manage to walk away with a silver ring featuring a skull and crossbones. I considered that a win.

As for current events, the reporting on Biden’s age seems far more candid than the coverage of Trump’s blatantly cognitive issues. When this political chapter is finally behind us, we—as a nation—need to take a hard look at how we go about vet-

ting future candidates for the presidency.

Here’s a short clip illustrating one such example:
<https://www.youtube.com/shorts/5YwcKnX3aRI>

We should be doing a better job identifying serious concerns—whether they involve cognitive fitness, temperament, or character—before someone reaches the highest office. The stakes are simply too high to keep getting this wrong.

Of course, the mainstream response is usually more cautious, paraphrasing:

Yeah, weird. But I dunno... Move along. Nothing to see here.



Ten pages is enough!

c u ale next month!

Steve



