

Ode to E Pluribus Unum for Sunday September 4 2022

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What Goes Around Comes Around



NASA's next opportunity to make this shot may be tomorrow. It being a holiday there could be a pretty large audience to watch the event. Join me in praying the launch is a huge success

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Here's More on Artemis



The space agency's upcoming lunar mission will launch the ambitious Artemis program, building on the landings 50 years ago.

<https://bit.ly/3SR7rtc>

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Lang Lang and His Father (Lang Guo-ren) at Carnegie Hall



<https://youtu.be/fyJemf8hwkU?t=1>

You are in for a treat listening and watching the two in action. The tree does not fall very far from the apple I don't think.

Now you get to see Lang Lang with his mama who is a virtuoso of a different stripe.

<https://youtu.be/zo8Fn3hnI1U?t=5>

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Researchers Engineer Novel Material Capable of 'Thinking'

Penn State-led collaboration builds on decades-old research to engineer advanced material



<https://bit.ly/3wuaaz0>

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Flying on 'Fifi': What It's Like to Relive History on a B-29



Photo by Tom Demerly

<https://theaviationist.com/2022/08/19/flying-on-fifi/>

Tom Demerly's article in The Aviationist gives insight into the bird and its place in history. 'Fifi' is one of just a handful still flying.

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How Insects Become Airborne...

Slowed Down to a Speed the Human Eye Can Appreciate



<https://youtu.be/1Wnd6c42w7w?t=2>

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Turning Nonrecyclable Trash into Carbon-Negative Hydrogen



By Julie Campbell

Trash that would otherwise stay in the landfill will be used to replace crude oil as clean energy.

Boson Energy, an Israeli-Swedish-Polish startup is preparing to move ahead with a form of carbon-negative hydrogen production using nonrecyclable garbage. The strategy is meant to make it possible to produce the clean H_2 locally from readily available waste.

CEO and founder of Boson Energy, Jan Grimbrandt explained that the new method will make it possible to affordably and locally produce carbon-negative hydrogen using trash that would otherwise be on its way to landfills. The household, medical and agricultural waste that will be used is all nonrecyclable, meaning that it is widely and cheaply available, and is environmentally friendly to divert from the dump.

Boson Energy is hoping to be able to use this production strategy to produce H_2 that can be used as energy in place of barrels of crude oil. This has the potential to play a helpful role in the global transition away from fossil fuels.

“Today, waste is seen as a negative value in terms of the climate and the economy. But biomass and waste streams are largely unexplored chemical carriers of hydrogen,” said Grimbrandt in a recent ISRAEL21c report. “One ton of waste destined for landfill can instead replace five and a half barrels of crude oil. That is a real benefit you can put numbers on. It’s easy to understand.”

The carbon-negative hydrogen production equipment is well suited to operation in urban areas.

According to Boson, its strategy is “IMBY”, which means “in my back yard”. Unlike most other forms of waste management and energy production, this method includes hardware that is suited to use in urban areas. This is already where the power is needed the most, offering an additional layer of practicality above potential affordability and environmental friendliness.

The carbon-negative hydrogen technology was originally developed in Israel, where Boson Energy is continuing its development and advancement. The method uses gasification for continuous H₂ harvesting from nonrecyclable waste and biomass. The equipment uses plasma torches to melt what remains of the waste’s ash into a usable glass material.

Every part of the waste is used, making this carbon negative hydrogen production method is fully circular.

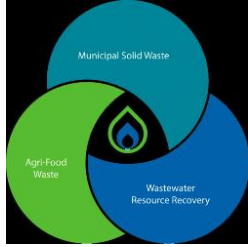
Furthermore, the method also captures approximately one ton of CO₂ from every ton of treated waste. It is that component that turns the process into a carbon-negative hydrogen production strategy instead of being CO₂ neutral.

The US Department of Energy has said that H₂ is an appealing energy carrier that can be used in fuel cells. It can be produced from a spectrum of readily available sources which can be powered by renewable energy in order to ensure minimal – if any – greenhouse gas emissions. The only emissions a hydrogen fuel cell itself produces is heat and water vapor.

Among the primary barriers standing in the way of accelerated use of H₂ isn’t a lack of technology as much as that the tech has not been produced at scale and a distribution infrastructure has yet to be established.

“In the past, and even today, waste was a persona non grata — nobody wants to know what goes on there,” said Boson Energy CTO Liran Dor. “When we find a way for waste to be a resource instead of a problem it changes the way you look at it.”

Anaergia, whose Carlsbad, CA-based affiliate is a pioneer in the gasification field has recently opened a bioenergy facility in Rialto, CA.



Odester, Eugene Tseng (who though 20 years my junior happens to be my father) has been instrumental in its development.

<https://www.cwea.org/news/rialto-bioenergy-facility-started-up-by-anaergia/>

Throughout my 20+ years as editor of MSW Management magazine, I championed the development of advanced waste management technologies such as Anaergia's...and do so even more so today in the face of climate concerns.

<https://www.facebook.com/eugene.tseng.5>

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The Highwayman by Alfred Noyes



Part One

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees.
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas.
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
 Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin.
They fitted with never a wrinkle. His boots were up to the thigh.
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
 His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard.
He tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred.
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened. His face was white and peaked.
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
 The landlord's red-lipped daughter.
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

“One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
 Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way.”

He rose upright in the stirrups. He scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair in the casement. His face burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
 (O, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the west.

Part Two

He did not come in the dawning. He did not come at noon;
And out of the tawny sunset, before the rise of the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching—
 Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord. They drank his ale instead.

But they gagged his daughter, and bound her, to the foot of her narrow bed.
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!
There was death at every window;
 And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest.
They had bound a musket beside her, with the muzzle beneath her breast!
"Now, keep good watch!" and they kissed her. She heard the doomed man say—
Look for me by moonlight;
 Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
 Cold, on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it. She strove no more for the rest.
Up, she stood up to attention, with the muzzle beneath her breast.
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight;
 Blank and bare in the moonlight;
And the blood of her veins, in the moonlight, throbbed to her love's refrain.

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horsehoofs ringing clear;
Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding—
 Riding—riding—
The red coats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still.

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot,* in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer. Her face was like a light.
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
 Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with her death.

He turned. He spurred to the west; he did not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, and his face grew grey to hear

How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high.
Blood red were his spurs in the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat;
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with a bunch of lace at his throat.

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding—
Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.*

*Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard.
He taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred.
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.*

*I first heard the poem on the radio while I was still in grade school. It resonated me
then as it does nearly 80 years later.*

I mean 'Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed'

Can't you hear it...see it...feel the tension in the scene...know the threats that lie ahead?

I put this in my very first Ode and wish to foist it on you again.

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More Poetry for Today

*If you want a car or truck, go see Cal
If you want to save a buck, go see Cal
Give a new car to your wife
She will love you all your life
Go see Cal, Go see Cal, Go see Cal".*

Ok, 'clattering and clashing over cobblestones maybe it doesn't, but those of us growing up in Southern California during the fifties and sixties knew this jingle along with Cal Worthington and his dog spot as well as we knew Mairz Doats and our next door neighbor...maybe better.



The amiable, handsome WWII Army Air Corps B-17 pilot with 29 missions to his credit along with a handful of Air Medals and a Distinguished Flying Cross burst on the live TV scene in the 1950s as the electronic shill for his own Los Angeles area dealerships, a role he played for more than a quarter century.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QOsLdT4slsk>

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Return of the Pandemic-Free Burning Man Pandemonium



<https://bit.ly/3ReBKiz>

Whoopie! Only \$575 a ticket

In Heaven



On their way to get married, a young Catholic couple were involved in a fatal car accident. The couple found themselves sitting outside the Pearly Gates waiting for St. Peter to process them into Heaven. While waiting they began to wonder; Could they possibly get married in Heaven? When St. Peter arrived, they asked him if they could get married in Heaven.

St. Peter said: "I don't know. This is the first time anyone has asked. Let me go find out," and he left.

The couple sat and waited for an answer...for a couple of months. While they waited, they discussed the pros and cons. If they were allowed to get married in Heaven, should they get married, what with the eternal aspect of it all? What if it doesn't work? Are we stuck in Heaven together forever? Another month passed.

St. Peter finally returned, looking somewhat bedraggled.

"Yes," he informed the couple, "You can get married in Heaven."

"Great!" said the couple. "But we were just wondering; what if things don't work out? Could we also get a divorce in Heaven?"

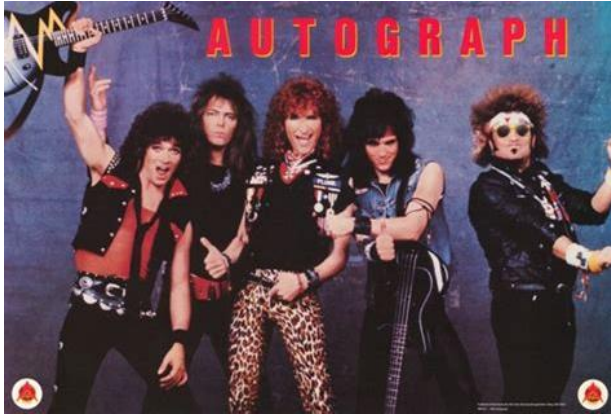
St. Peter, red-faced with anger, slammed his clipboard on the ground.

"What's wrong?" asked the frightened couple.

"Oh, come on!!!" St. Peter shouted. "It took me 3 months to find a priest up here! Do you have *any* idea how long it'll take to find a lawyer?"

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Autograph



Autograph is an American glam metal band formed in Pasadena, California, in 1984, best known for their hair metal anthem "Turn Up the Radio".

The band rose to prominence opening for Van Halen, ultimately playing 48 shows, an act of distinction for an unsigned band. Due to their rising popularity, Autograph soon signed a contract with RCA Records.

Autograph's debut album, Sign In Please, was completed and released in October, but did not make an appearance on any record charts until January 1985. The album contains the band's only major hit, and now signature song, Turn Up the Radio. The song itself was one of the last ones recorded for the album, and the band members were initially very lukewarm toward it. However, the tune would become a top-30 hit, pushing album sales past the gold album mark (500,000 copies sold).

Turn Up the Radio <https://youtu.be/j8CcTYsMHYU>

Do you think they visit their parents looking like this? Probably. They can afford to.

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The Glenn Gould Corner



Mozart Piano Sonata No, 13 in B Flat Major K 333

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D_1pJ9sptk8

Glenn Gould performs Mozart's "Piano Sonata No. 13 in B-flat major", at the classical music television series "Music For a Sunday Afternoon", 140 years after the death of the legendary composer, originally broadcast on March 19, 1967.

K333 is a warm and lovely piece, gallant, and feminine throughout. As is so often the case even in Mozart's lightest works, there are moments in them which reach beyond mere charm; in the present Sonata these occur in the middle section of the slow movement, when the chromaticism evolves into an intense expressiveness. For the rest, one is content to revel in the sheer loveliness and openness of a splendid gem of a creation.

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James Webb Space Telescope Detects Clouds on a 'Hot Jupiter'



<https://bit.ly/3Bl33wf>

JWST's discoveries are just beginning. What will tomorrow bring?

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The Sand Shortage



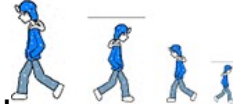
A discussion of the sand shortage crisis and what it means for the future of the environment.

<https://stanford.io/3PZA4T9>

Huh. Who'd have think it? In the meantime I'm certain a lot of bucks will flow.

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My Walking Thoughts



For September 4 2022

California Dreaming:

Last week, the California Air Resources Board (CARB) voted to ban the sale of new gasoline cars by 2035, a breathtaking step to be sure and one cheered by many who feel this will play a major role in reducing CO₂ emissions in the state and eventually throughout the country.

The Board also issued interim quotas for zero-emission vehicles, focusing leveling restrictions on new models sold within the state. Starting with 2026 models, 35% of new cars, SUVs and small pickups sold in California will be required to be zero-emission vehicles. That quota will increase each year and is expected to reach 51% of all new car sales in 2028, 68% in 2030 and 100% in 2035.

Does this make sense? From what I can tell, it depends today on whom you ask.

Much has been said about the role of renewables in the effort to save--well at least help--the planet heal itself from wholesale use of fossil fuels in meeting the burgeoning needs for energy. The question is not whether this is good policy, but whether will it have the positive outcome its authors intend.

Clearly many experts, CARB among them, think so and that renewables will play a major role in paving the way for option-limiting bans such as this to proceed without introducing counterproductive results. Let us hope not, not that I will be around to gauge their success.

Twenty years ago oil, natural gas, and coal provided 86% of world's energy. Today, despite generous governmental investments in excess of \$5 trillion in green energy initiatives, that number has been reduced to 84%...a hint the challenge is more daunting than even most optimistic among us realized.

An emerging concern lies in the recognition that raw materials such as copper, iron ore, silicon, nickel, chromium, zinc, cobalt, lithium, graphite, rare earth metals account for more than 50% of the cost of energy production themselves create increased energy demands. Currently, the US imports nearly all of these materials from other putting our efforts at the mercy of others. Can we change this situation? Perhaps, but not easily.

These materials, while available here or in friendly nations, face increasing hurdles including outright bans to their acquisition, benefaction, and production...conditions not likely to change in the foreseeable future.

I am a fan of establishing long range goals allowing for options to take into account impacts in other areas of society rather than narrow mandates that limit solutions and often prove divisive to a society already in the grip of contrary ideologies.

How do you feel about CARB's approach? Are such prescriptive approaches the way to go and can they be successful, or do you see other ways we might proceed? Please share your thoughts with me.
