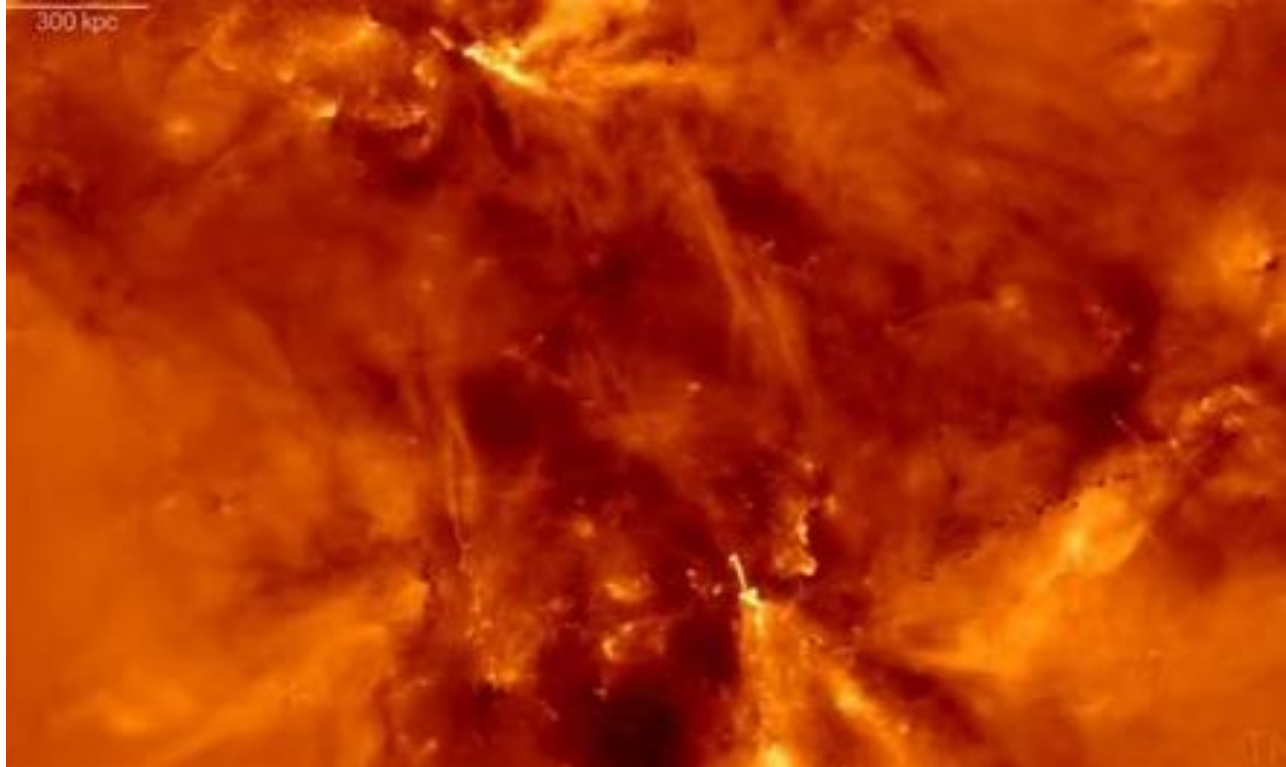


Ode to E Pluribus Unum for Sunday June 5 2022



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Simulation TNG50: A Galaxy Cluster Forms



*Video Credit: IllustrisTNG Project; Visualization: Dylan Nelson (Max Planck Institute for Astrophysics) et al.
Music: Symphony No. 5 (Ludwig van Beethoven), via YouTube Audio Library*

<https://youtu.be/cNT5yAqpBmI>

How do clusters of galaxies form? Since our universe moves too slowly to watch, faster-moving computer simulations are created to help find out. A recent effort is TNG50 from IllustrisTNG, an upgrade of the famous Illustris Simulation.

The first part of the featured video tracks cosmic gas (mostly hydrogen) as it evolves into galaxies and galaxy clusters from the early universe to today, with brighter colors marking faster moving gas. As the universe matures, gas falls into gravitational wells, galaxies form, galaxies spin, galaxies collide and merge, all while black holes form in galaxy centers and expel surrounding gas at high speeds.

The second half of the video switches to tracking stars, showing a galaxy cluster coming together complete with tidal tails and stellar streams. The outflow from black holes in TNG50 is surprisingly complex and details are being compared with our real universe.

Studying how gas coalesced in the early universe helps humanity better understand how our Earth, Sun, and Solar System originally formed.

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A Father-Son Team Solves a Geometry Problem With Infinite Folds



The result could help researchers answer a larger question about flattening objects from the fourth dimension to the third dimension.

https://www.wired.com/story/a-father-son-team-solves-a-geometry-problem-with-infinite-folds/?bxid=617fdd8c62717d23af47aa50&cndid=67131721&esrc=growl2-regGate-0321&source=EDT_WIR_NEWSLETTER_0_DAILY_ZZ&utm_brand=wired&utm_campaign=aud-dev&utm_content=WIR_Daily_052922&utm_mailing=WIR_Daily_052922&utm_medium=email&utm_source=nl&utm_term=P4

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The World Has Passed 'Peak Agricultural Land'

The world produces more food than ever, but the amount of land we use is now falling. This means we can feed more people while restoring wild habitat.



<https://ourworldindata.org/peak-agriculture-land>

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Aaron Copland



Aaron Copland's music seems to define the sound of America, from his settings of old folk tunes to his ballets to his instrumental works. In addition to composing, teaching, and writing, Copland was active in creating institutions that brought music to the general public and enhanced the lives of musicians.

Composer, conductor, writer and lecturer, teacher, advocate of modern music, a founder of the American Composers Alliance and the Tanglewood Festival, Copland commanded a central role in this country's musical life for almost seventy years.

It is perhaps ironic that a composer of Russian-Jewish immigrant extraction would be more closely identified with Americanist music than any of his Yankee colleagues. Yet, in many ways, Aaron Copland exerted such profoundly shaping influences on American music that he became an institution in his own right.

Hoedown <https://youtu.be/LsReWx9XdNs>

Appalachian Spring https://youtu.be/W_LcjNe9fMQ

Piano Concerto <https://youtu.be/vC3qQpyp4rI>

Symphony for Organ & Orchestra <https://youtu.be/StjRTrR9A0g>

Symphony #3 https://youtu.be/pfqCo_vuMsI

Don't worry, there are more, but I'll save them for another Ode.

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Ferrari Testarossa 1958: Art on the Hoof.



<https://youtu.be/nUFQ5IxD9QU>

1958 Ferrari 250 Pontoon Fender Testa was one of only 21 Ferrari "Pontoon Fender" Testa Rossas built.

The reliable V12 from the 250 Gran Turismo was used albeit with a radically tuned with six twin-choke carburetors. Compared with the 500 TRC, only the valve covers were painted red, but the car still kept the Testa Rossa name and won the Manufacturers' World Championship in 1958.

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Preview of the New World War I Memorial



The massive sculpture by Sabin Howard consists of five tableaux about a U.S. soldier. This is "Battle Scene." Vincent Tullo

https://www.smithsonianmag.com/history/exclusive-look-new-world-war-i-memorial-180980032/?utm_source=join1440&utm_medium=email

One sculptor and his team of artists take on the epic project of conveying the century-old conflict through a massive bronze installation

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An Invasive Species Chased Off by a Sea Lion



<https://youtu.be/AELZPgarsps>

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Helmet for my pillow



Robert Leckie

A helmet for my pillow, A poncho for my bed, My rifle rests across my chest- The stars swing overhead.

The whisper of the kunai, The murmur of the sea, The sighing palm and night so calm Betray no enemy.

Hear! river bank so silent You men who sleep around That foreign scream across the stream- Up! Fire at the sound!

Sweeping over the sandspit That blocks the Tenaru With Banzai-boast a mushroomed host Vows to destroy our few.

Into your holes and gunpits! Kill them with rifles and knives! Feed them with lead until they are dead- And widowed are their wives.

Sons of the mothers who gave you Honor and gift of birth Strike with the knife till blood and life Run out upon the earth.

Marines, keep faith with your glory Keep to your trembling hole. Intruder feel of Nippon steel Can't penetrate your soul.

Closing, they charge all howling Their breasts all targets large. The gun must shake, the bullets make A slaughter of their charge.

Red are the flashing tracers, Yellow the bursting shells. Hoarse is the cry of men who die Shriek are the wounded's yells.

God, how the night reels stricken! She shrieks with orange spark. The mortar's lash and cannon's crash Have crucified the dark.

Falling, the faltering foemen Beneath our guns lie heaped. By greenish glare of rocket's flare We see the harvest reaped.

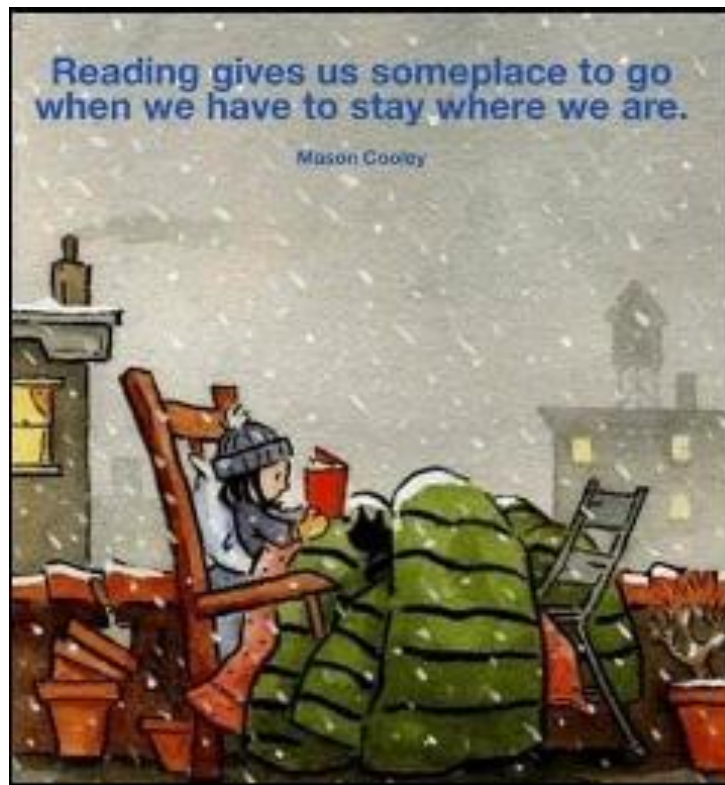
Now has the first fierce onslaught Been broken and hammered back. Hammered and hit, from hole and pit- We rise up to attack!

Day bursts pale from a gun tube, The gibbering night has fled. By light of dawn the foe has drawn A line behind his dead.
Our tanks clank in behind him, Our riflemen move out. Their hearts have met our bayonet- It's ended wit a shout.

"Cease fire!" -the words go ringing, Over the heaps of the slain. The battle's won, the Rising Sun Lies riddled on the plain.
St. Michael, angel of battle We praise you to God on high. The foe you gave was strong and brave and unafraid to die.
Speak to the Lord for our comrades, Killed when the battle seemed lost. They went to meet a bright defeat- The hero's holocaust.
False is the vaunt of the victor, Empty our living pride. For those who fell there is no hell- Not for the brave who died.

Robert Leckie's book of the same name is one of the finest of World War Two.

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Mars Helicopter Marks New Flight Records



https://www.avweb.com/aviation-news/space-flight/mars-helicopter-marks-new-flight-records/?MailingID=938&utm_source=ActiveCampaign&utm_medium=email&utm_content=Pearl+10X+Reaches+Development+Milestone%2C+Mars+Helicopter+Marks+New+Flight+Records&utm_campaign=Pearl+10X+Reaches+Development+Milestone%2C+Mars+Helicopter+Marks+New+Flight+Records+-+Wednesday%2C+June+1%2C+2022

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GE Big Boy Appliances



<https://youtu.be/vZRzJJcq6Rs>

Designed for today's housekeeper

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Oscar-Winning Animated Gem



<https://youtu.be/H8c8cY8-PyE>

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Lenticular clouds over Torres del Paine, Chilean Patagonia



photographer by Michael Fung

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**J.S Bach - Goldberg Variations. Variation No.29, John Walsh
Guitar**



Walsh's arrangement of Variation 29 from Bach's Goldberg Variations.

One of the most well-known variations from the work and one of the most challenging to play on guitar because of the way the melodic lines are split between the 2 voices

<https://youtu.be/OWhjHYF6pyg>

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Comments made in the year 1955! The March of Time



I'm afraid the Volkswagen car is going to open the door to a whole lot of foreign business.

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Thank goodness I won't live to see the day when the Government takes half our income in taxes I sometimes wonder if we are electing the best people to government.

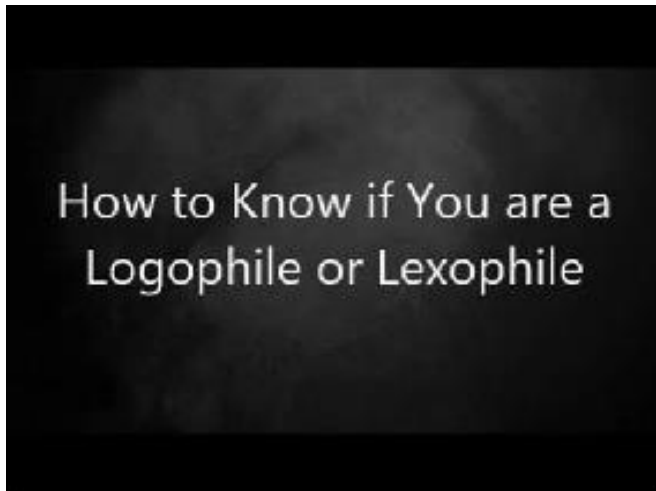
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The fast food restaurant is convenient for a quick meal, but I seriously doubt they will ever catch on.

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Lexophile Competition



An annual competition is held by the 'New York Times' to see who can create the best original lexophile.

This year's submissions -

- Police were summoned to a daycare center where a three-year-old was resisting a rest.
- Did you hear about the fellow whose entire left side was cut off? He's all right now.
- A bicycle can't stand alone; it's just two tired.
- The guy who fell onto an upholstery machine last week is now fully recovered.

- He had a photographic memory but it was never fully developed.
- When she saw her first strands of gray hair she thought she'd dye.
- Acupuncture is a jab well done. That's the point of it.
- I didn't like my beard at first. Then it grew on me.
- Did you hear about the crossed-eyed teacher who lost her job because she couldn't control her pupils?
- When you get a bladder infection, urine trouble.
- When chemists die, they barium.
- I stayed up all night to see where the sun went, and then it dawned on me.
- I'm reading a book about anti-gravity. I just can't put it down.
- Those who get too big for their pants will be totally exposed in the end.

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Why it's called Lake Superior



Lake Superior Facts

- Lake Superior contains ten percent of all the fresh water on the planet Earth.
- It covers 82,000 square kilometers or 31,700 square miles.
- The average depth is 147 meters or 483 feet.
- There have been about 350 shipwrecks recorded in Lake Superior
- Lake Superior is, by surface area, the largest lake in the world.
- A Jesuit priest in 1668 named it Lac Tracy, but that name was never officially adopted.
- It contains as much water as all the other Great Lakes combined, plus three extra Lake Erie's!
- There is a small outflow from the lake at St. Mary's River (Sault Ste Marie) into Lake Huron, but it takes almost two centuries for the water to be completely replaced.
- There is enough water in Lake Superior to cover all of North and South America with water one foot deep.
- Lake Superior was formed during the last glacial retreat, making it one of the earth's youngest major features at only about 10,000 years old.
- The deepest point in the lake is 405 meters or 1,333 feet.
- There are 78 different species of fish that call the big lake home.
- The maximum wave ever recorded on Lake Superior was 9.45 meters or 31 feet high.
- If you stretched the shoreline of Lake Superior out to a straight line, it would be long enough to reach from Duluth to the Bahamas.
- Over 300 streams and rivers empty into Lake Superior with the largest source being the Nipigon River.

- The average underwater visibility of Lake Superior is about 8 meters or 27 feet, making it the cleanest and clearest of the Great Lakes Underwater visibility in some spots reaches 30 meters.
- In the summer, the sun sets more than 35 minutes later on the western shore of Lake Superior than at its southeastern edge.
- Some of the world's oldest rocks, formed about 2.7 billion years ago, can be found on the Ontario shore of Lake Superior.
- It very rarely freezes over completely, and then usually just for a few hours. Complete freezing occurred in 1962, 1979, 2003 and 2009.

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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 song was their only top-40 hit, making them a one-hit wonder

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

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My Walking Thoughts



June 5 2022

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Another Outtake from Phantoms from Vietnam

The End of Gordon's Marriage

Gordon levered himself upright, whimpering in sweat-soaked covers...humiliated, lifeless, bound by memories of his fervent desire to die.

"Oh Christ," Martha's thick-tongued voice sawed into him, and he felt the sheets tug, giving emphasis to the realization he had done it again.

"I can't get any sleep like this," she added with a bitterness that brought bile to the base of his throat. "I'm going to GiGi's room," she concluded as she yanked the comforter to her and made good her threat.

It hadn't always been like this. At first when he returned, he would cry out for no apparent reason, but Martha had been there to comfort him - to bring him a sense of peace and reality.

"It's over, baby," she'd croon. "It's over."

And for a nearly a year it seemed as if it really had been. Then the demons began to return...wraithlike in the beginning, then swelling in threats more real, more devastating than those his waking mind could fashion. Once he tried to tell Martha about his terrible memories, about having his hands bound so tightly by sharp leather thongs that except for the ice cold void below his wrists he lost awareness of their presence. But even as he began, he realized the hopelessness of the task.

In one of his midnight phantasms, Gordon found himself arms behind levered into a vertical posture by a leash anchored to the ceiling. It was a posture that forced him constantly to arch against the thongs in order to breathe...one of the rope tricks that pinned him in a bitter no-man's land between madness and death until he no longer cared.

And when he no longer cared about his life; the lives of his fellow captives; his family, flag, or creed; then did his tormentors relent and lower him to the floor allowing blood to bring white-hot sheaves of pain to his extremities and hotter yet assaults of shame and remorse to his miserable soul.

"You're killing yourself," Martha said when he stumbled down the stairs to the kitchen. "You're killing yourself and dragging me and GiGi down with you."

She sat quietly at the counter waiting for Gordon to pour himself coffee, but Gordon knew this morning's confrontation would be different. Before, there had been tears and pleas and recriminations, but this time there was something final etched in the corners of her mouth. Or was it the set of her eyes? Where before they seemed soft and rounded and vulnerable, now there was a glint that blocked communication with an unassailable hardness.

"At first I knew all I had to do was help you put things into perspective, and you'd snap out of it." She held up her hand to forestall any comment.

"Then I hoped if GiGi and I gave you enough love, you would want to reassemble your life." For an instant it seemed as if her resolve would weaken, but she straightened and pressed on.

"Finally, it dawned on me it wasn't me, or GiGi...or even your expectations for yourself that were important--that made you want to drink and forget. It was the drinking you loved."

Gordon blazed to say something, temporize, lie, delay - anything but face the stinging truth her words held. Anything but acknowledge what she said churned up bitterness not even a nightly deluge of scotch could drown into submission. Such was his demon lover - the consuming mistress of his every action to which all the other pieces of his life must conform or rot in hell...yet it was not enough.

"GiGi and I are going now," Martha said and Gordon knew they weren't coming back

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