

Ode to E Pluribus Unum for Sunday May 22 2022



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On the Edge



By Louisa Wallace Jacobs

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Jester's Cap



Quantum mechanics

Quantum mechanics, aka "quant mech," and relativity truly is mind bending stuff. What did it for me was the single photon interference demonstration for quant mech, and the meson decay demo done at sea level and on the top of Mt. Washington (New Hampshire). If those two don't make a believer out of you, nothing will.

Neal Stephenson's early work is great; later stuff not so much. One of the latter nonetheless was based on a quant mech duality idea. It dealt with the question of magic(k), and whether it could be real. He argued that, before 1851, sentiments ran about 50/50 on the subject; after that, it was seen as all gimmick. What changed?

What changed was photography--it had begun. And by beginning, it "collapsed the wave function" that had essentially allowed magic and anti-magic to coexist in equipoise. Specifically, it was the photograph of the solar eclipse that occurred in 1851 during the World's Fair. Much of the rest of the novel is largely useless, but that idea was pretty clever of him.

And there's always

<http://felix.physics.sunysb.edu/~allen/Jokes/bohr.html>

Jester's Cap will be an ongoing part of Odes whose author wishes to remain anonymous. This one refers to an article in the March 20 Ode.

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How do octopuses change color?

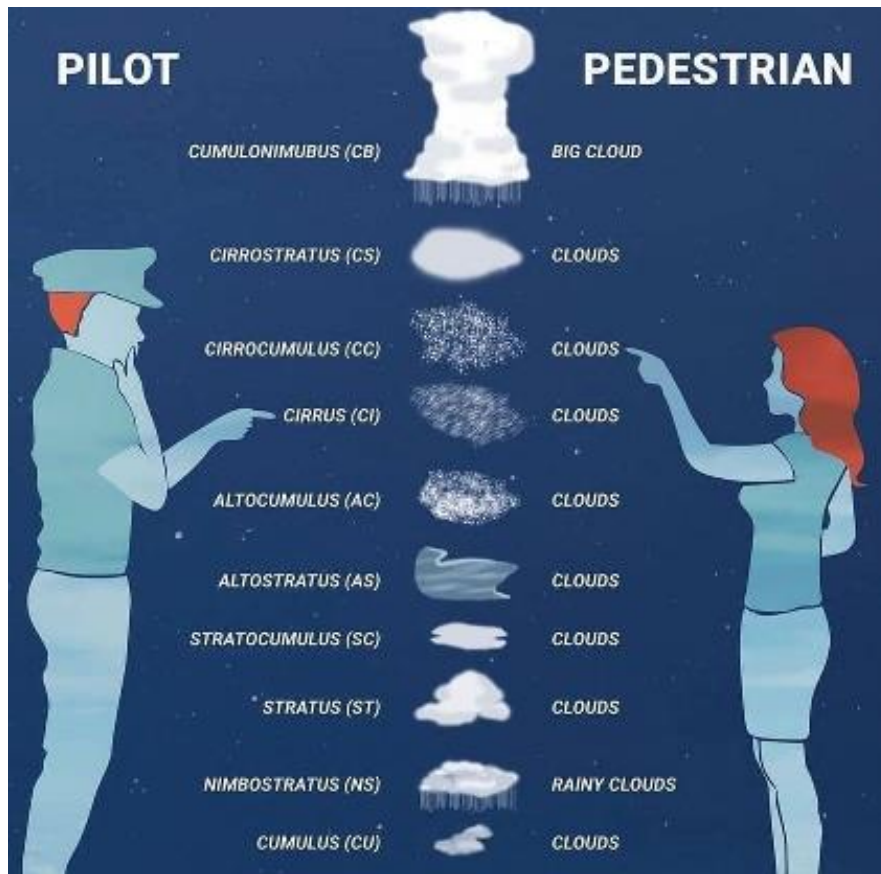


Iridophores help octopuses produce iridescent blue and purple hues.
(Image credit: Shutterstock)

https://www.livescience.com/how-do-octopuses-change-color?utm_source=SmartBrief&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=368B3745-DDE0-4A69-A2E8-62503D85375D&utm_content=32AADDE9-8C04-4437-8806-D22B3941B400&utm_term=59a643f9-7e24-4926-8577-6b5be1ff1b6c

For those of us who grew up believing the plural of Octopus was Octopi, it seems the modern Philistines have stuck it to us once again.

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Dylan Thomas: Poet (1914-1953)



Welshman Dylan Thomas was a reporter and prominent writer in the early 20th century. His most famous poem, "Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night," was published in 1952, but his reputation was solidified years earlier. Thomas' prose includes *Under Milk Wood* (1954) and *A Child's Christmas in Wales* (1955). Thomas was in high demand for his animated readings, but debt and heavy drinking took their toll, and he died in New York City while on tour in 1953, at age 39.

Clown in the Moon

My tears are like the quiet drift
Of petals from some magic rose;
And all my grief flows from the rift
Of unremembered skies and snows.

I think, that if I touched the earth,
It would crumble;
It is so sad and beautiful,
So tremulously like a dream.

Especially When the October Wind

Especially when the October wind
With frosty fingers punishes my hair,
Caught by the crabbing sun I walk on fire
And cast a shadow crab upon the land,
By the sea's side, hearing the noise of birds,
Hearing the raven cough in winter sticks,
My busy heart who shudders as she talks
Sheds the syllabic blood and drains her words.

Shut, too, in a tower of words, I mark
On the horizon walking like the trees
The wordy shapes of women, and the rows
Of the star-gestured children in the park.

Some let me make you of the vowelled beeches,
Some of the oaken voices, from the roots
Of many a thorny shire tell you notes,
Some let me make you of the water's speeches.
Behind a post of ferns the wagging clock
Tells me the hour's word, the neural meaning
Flies on the shafted disk, declaims the morning
And tells the windy weather in the cock.

Some let me make you of the meadow's signs;
The signal grass that tells me all I know

Breaks with the wormy winter through the eye.
Some let me tell you of the raven's sins.

Especially when the October wind
(Some let me make you of autumnal spells,
The spider-tongued, and the loud hill of Wales)
With fists of turnips punishes the land,
Some let me make of you the heartless words.
The heart is drained that, spelling in the scurry
Of chemic blood, warned of the coming fury.
By the sea's side hear the dark-vowelled birds.

Fern Hill

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green,
The night above the dingle starry,
Time let me hail and climb
Golden in the heydays of his eyes,
And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves
Trail with daisies and barley
Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
In the sun that is young once only,
Time let me play and be
Golden in the mercy of his means,
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,
And the sabbath rang slowly
In the pebbles of the holy streams.

All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it was air
And playing, lovely and watery
And fire green as grass.
And nightly under the simple stars
As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away,
All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the nightjars
Flying with the ricks, and the horses
Flashing into the dark.

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all
Shining, it was Adam and maiden,
The sky gathered again

And the sun grew round that very day.
So it must have been after the birth of the simple light
In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm
Out of the whinnying green stable
On to the fields of praise.

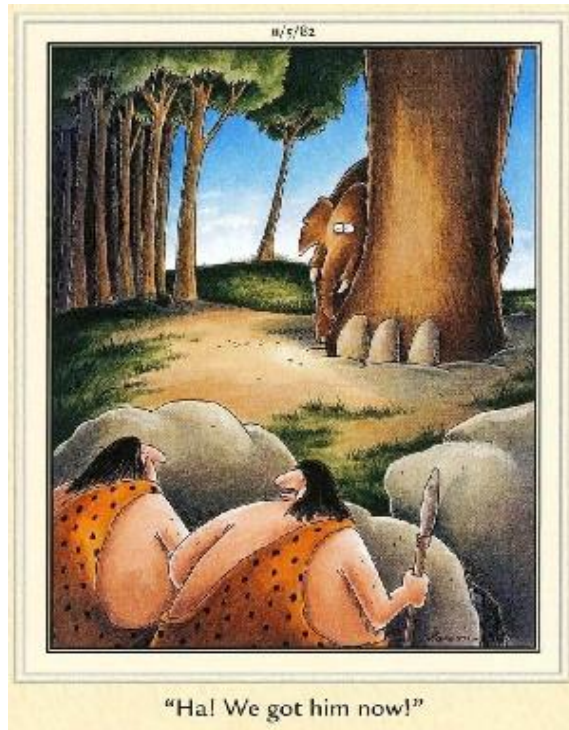
And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay house
Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart was long,
In the sun born over and over,
I ran my heedless ways,
My wishes raced through the house high hay
And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows
In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs
Before the children green and golden
Follow him out of grace.

Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would
take me
Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,
In the moon that is always rising,
Nor that riding to sleep
I should hear him fly with the high fields
And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land.
Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,
Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

*I was told by a teacher in high school that Dylan Thomas was not a poet, rather a
drunken clown who attracted attention by his foolish behavior.*

*Well Thomas is dead, the teacher is dead, and I'm still alive enough to enjoy the works
of Dylan Thomas...poet.*

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Robin Meys:Guitarist



Joaquín Rodrigo - Concerto de Aranjuez <https://youtu.be/7qQFxdJNetw>

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'Machine Scientists' Distill the Laws of Physics from Raw Data

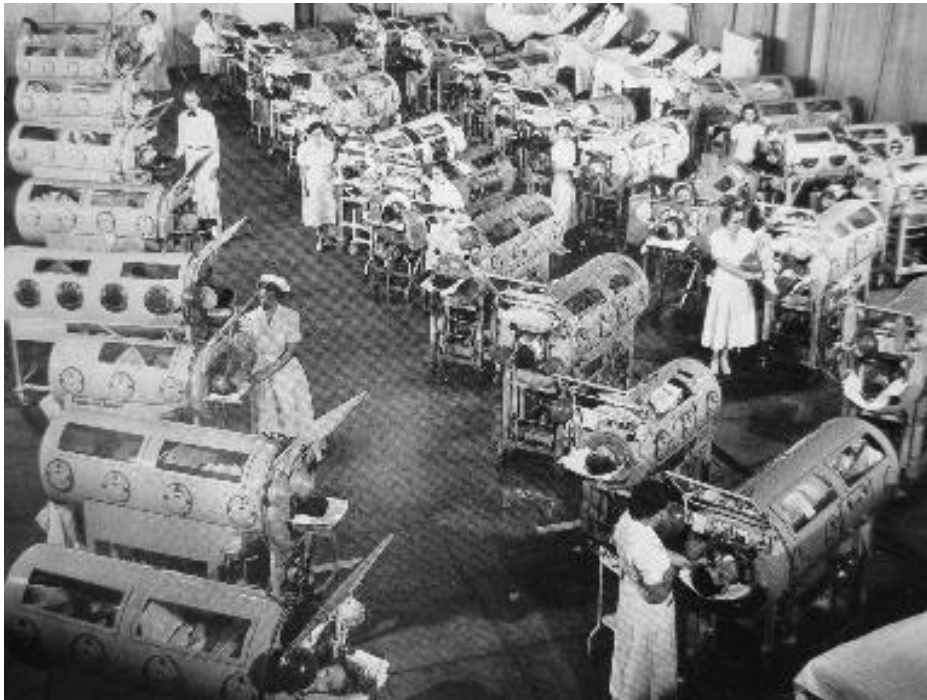
Researchers say we're on the cusp of "GoPro physics," where a camera can point at an event and an algorithm can identify the underlying physics equation.



https://www.quantamagazine.org/machine-scientists-distill-the-laws-of-physics-from-raw-data-20220510/?mc_cid=641f1f91c3&mc_eid=636bc88d2e

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Polio

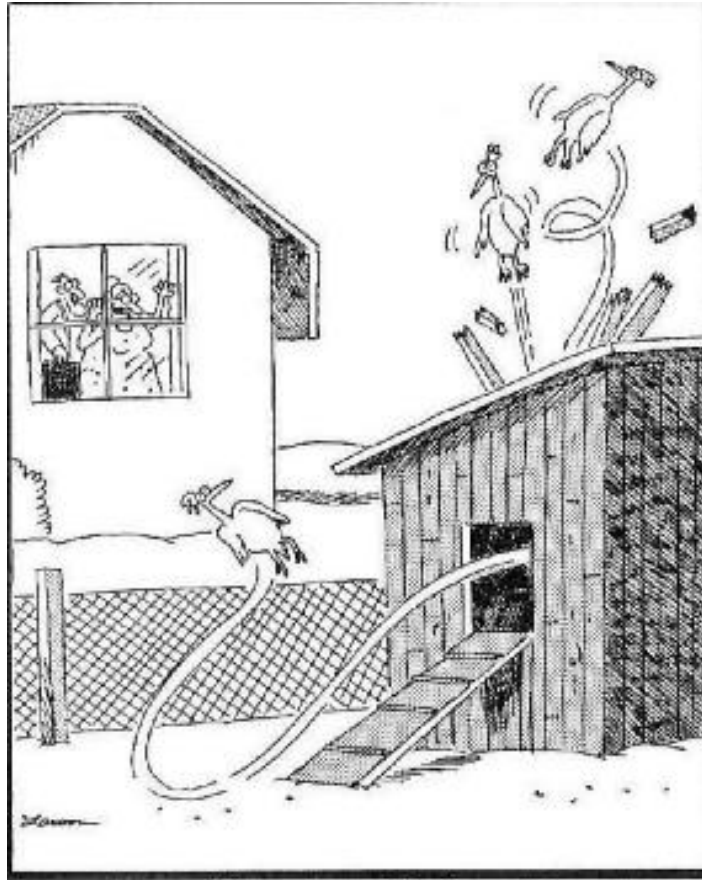


by Saloni Dattani, Fiona Spooner, Sophie Ochmann and Max Roser

<https://ourworldindata.org/polio>

Here is everything there is to know about polio in our world today...thankfully a far cry from when I was in high school on the eve of when Dr. Jonas Salk changed the world in a most wonderful way by sharing with the entire world his vaccine, free of encumbrance. I remember the announcement of his achievement and standing in line looking forward to the needle-stick that was to free us from a frightening uncertainty.

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“Aaaaaaaaaaaaa! Earl! ...
We’ve got a poultrygeist!”

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Energy Data Around the World: 1965-2021



https://ourworldindata.org/explorers/energy?time=latest&facet=none&country=USA~GBR~CHN~OWID_WRL~IND~BRA~ZAF&Total+or+Breakdown=Select+a+source&Select+a+source=Solar&Energy+or+Electricity=Electricity+only&Metric=Annual+generation

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© 1990 Bill Keane, Inc.
Dist. by Cowles Sybil, Inc.

"If they make us wear uniforms to school I wanna be a Marine."

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Colors of the Moon



Image Credit & Copyright: Marcella Giulia Pace

What color is the Moon? It depends on the night.

Outside of the Earth's atmosphere, the dark Moon, which shines by reflected sunlight, appears a magnificently brown-tinged gray. Viewed from inside the Earth's atmosphere, though, the moon can appear quite different.

The featured image highlights a collection of apparent colors of the full moon documented by one astrophotographer over 10 years from different locations across Italy.

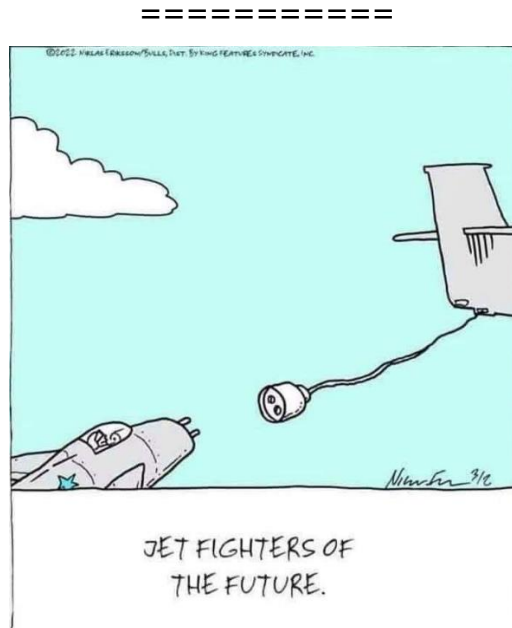
A red or yellow colored moon usually indicates a moon seen near the horizon. There, some of the blue light has been scattered away by a long path through the Earth's atmosphere, sometimes laden with fine dust.

A blue-colored moon is more rare and can indicate a moon seen through an atmosphere carrying larger dust particles.

What created the purple moon is unclear -- it may be a combination of several effects.

The last image captures the total lunar eclipse of 2018 July -- where the moon, in Earth's shadow, appeared a faint red -- due to light refracted through air around the Earth.

Today there is not only another full moon but a total lunar eclipse visible to observers in North and South America -- an occurrence that may lead to some unexpected lunar colorings.



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Misty FAC Film to Show on PBS



<https://mail.google.com/mail/u/0/?shva=1#inbox/FMfcgzGpFqdDVGPIKpWCWNCXknHfhSNw>

During the month of May, the Public Broadcasting Service, PBS will tell the story of the Misty FACs in the Vietnam War, airing the film **"The Misty Experiment: The Secret Battle for the Ho Chi Minh Trail."**

Presented by Maryland Public Television, the film airs on public television stations across the country in time for Memorial Day (check local listings). The film will feature several Misty FACs who are in the DFC Society.

Press release for "The Misty Experiment," including links to photos, a trailer and more [HERE](#).

Check your local listings, it may show on earlier dates. Viewing times airing on PBS WORLD (all times eastern and):

- Saturday, May 28 at 6pm ET
- Sunday, May 29 at 11pm ET
- Monday, May 30 at 11am ET

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Mooch's review of Top Gun Maverick



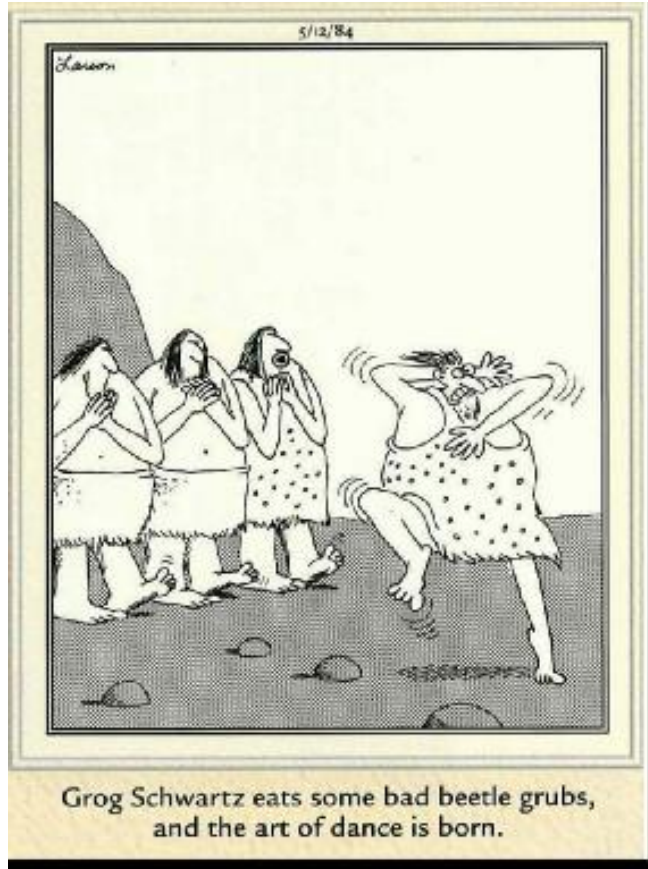
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=itlyBtNoJHw>

A good piece that doesn't give away the store.

The sequel to Top Gun, the film stars Tom Cruise as Captain Peter "Maverick" Mitchell, a test pilot, alongside Miles Teller, Jennifer Connelly, Jon Hamm, Glen Powell, Lewis Pullman, Ed Harris, and Val Kilmer. Cruise and Kilmer reprise their roles from the first film.

Official trailer https://youtu.be/giXco2jaZ_4

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Exercise and Brain Health. 30 Days on a Treadmill Works for Mice



Brain-derived neurotrophic factor, also known as BDNF, supports the survival of existing neurons and encourages the growth and differentiation of new neurons and synapses. photo: ibreakstock/getty

https://nyulangone.org/news/boost-nerve-growth-protein-helps-explain-why-running-supports-brain-health?utm_source=join1440&utm_medium=email

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Chris Stapleton



Christopher Alvin Stapleton is an American singer-songwriter, guitarist, and record producer. He grew up in Staffordsville, Kentucky. In 2001, Stapleton moved to Nashville, Tennessee, to pursue an engineering degree from Vanderbilt University but dropped out to pursue his career in music. He has amassed credits writing and co-writing over 170 songs.

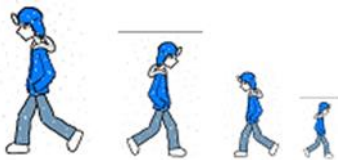
As a vocalist, Stapleton sang lead in two bands before he started recording as a solo artist including a bluegrass ensemble from 2008 to 2010 called the SteelDrivers and the Jompson Brothers. After that, he released his solo debut: the critically acclaimed studio album titled Traveller that reached number one on the US Billboard 200, His version of "Tennessee Whiskey" was certified Diamond by the RIAA.

Tennessee Whiskey <https://youtu.be/4zAThXFOy2c>

Fire Away <https://youtu.be/ZI-aPHeUDIk>

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My Walking Thoughts



May 22 2022

How Some People Deal with Dog Poop in Ojai

I am part of the one-tenth of one percent of Ojai Valleyites who doesn't own a dog...not because I don't like dogs—I am in fact highly partial to them and them to me—but I demur at this stage of my life because I don't want to leave an orphan in my wake.



Posted on street corners and trailheads throughout the area, signs accompanied by plastic containment bags and deposit bins have sprouted like mushrooms designed to help keep our pathways free of the stuff that when stepped in can turn a pleasant day with nature into ...well you know what.

Anyway, I can affirm that Ojai's walking routes are remarkably free of unclothed dog droppings, but...well, those of us who spend a lot of time hoofing it in our little piece of paradise are witnessing a new phenomenon. You may have seen it in your area as well...a neatly captured and incarcerated pile of poop taken to the threshold of proper management then deposited on the pathway waiting for someone to handle its final interment.

"What," you might wonder, "could these doggy doo-gooders have in mind."

It's tempting to say, 'nothing,' but the more I think about it I suspect they've grown up as card-carrying members of the 'entitled generation,' free from any responsibility beyond meeting the written injunction, 'Bag your Doggy doo'...

...but maybe you have a better explanation. If so, would you kindly let the rest of us know.

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More Outtakes from Phantoms from Vietnam

I have the habit of writing what I call 'snippets' that give me a background of my characters to help me flesh out how they might act in different situations. In the second section of my recent Ashau series, I had the Air America C-45 'Bugsmasher' flown by Carl and Bobby. Here are the background pieces I wrote about them.

Carl and Bobby were retired military pilots, lured away from a life of genteel and boring poverty by the promise of action and profit. Both had families with kids in college and both liked their pleasures. Beyond these, the two were worlds apart.

Bobby

Bobbie was a Southerner, steeped in the attitudes and principles prevalent prior to the Civil War. He was kind and generous and genuinely interested in your health. He was paternalistic towards all non-Caucasians and felt it America's duty to help its little brown, red, yellow, and black brothers have a decent shot at the good life. Bobbie never farted at the dinner table, always held the door for ladies, and wondered at least twenty times a day, what is this world coming to.

Youngsters, and by that he meant anyone under the age of twenty-five, mystified him because they were into so many things of which he knew little or nothing and had no burning desire to learn. Having been stationed in various parts of the country during his military career, he found California youngsters the most mystifying of the lot, operating with assumptions and motivations seemingly devoid of reason. Among themselves (and to a lesser degree their elders) they had managed to elevate rudeness to an art form, disdaining civility as if it were a disease. Moreover, they upended what to Bobbie were logical priorities, so that surf's up counted for more than school's in. As for the girls, they regularly exhibited parts of anatomy Bobbie hadn't known about until his wedding night and nobody seemed to think anything of it.

This lack of understanding didn't make him mad or uncharitable towards youngsters, indeed it allowed him to accommodate to a life that racked back and forth between the poles of panic and boredom.

Starting as a Navy carrier pilot in World War II, Bobby had met his challenges secure in the faith that a caring God watched over his every move. If he were to buy the farm, it would be God's will no matter if some buck-tooth myopic runt was the instrument.

He retired in 1962 after twenty years of close calls and took a job with a small engineering firm just north of San Diego. At first, it was nice being home for dinner every evening, but after a while he began to feel the strain. His wife called attention to it first, suggesting that he take up golf or tennis as an outlet, but it wasn't enough.

One evening the phone rang, and the next morning he drove to a downtown Los Angeles parking lot where he was joined by two well-dressed men, one of whom was an old flying buddy. They talked for three hours at the end of which they had come to an agreement. Two weeks later he landed in Taiwan, and the day after, he was in Vietnam. Secretly, his wife was as relieved by the situation as he.

Carl

America's Great Depression had left its mark on Carl. He was five when he discovered his father, Steffan, dangling inert from a rafter in the milking shed at the end of a hastily drawn noose. The cow's going dry for lack of proper feed was the final straw for a man who had arrived at Ellis Island from Germany in the hold of a freighter.

After Steffan's funeral, the farm was sold at auction and Carl ran away to Minneapolis just before Thanksgiving, 1939, the day after his fourteenth birthday.

Even though he was good with machinery, Carl had difficulty finding employment. Production began to increase, driven by the war in Europe, but it wasn't until the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor that the job market really opened up.

The war was the best thing that could have happened for Carl. No sooner had he finished boot camp than he was shipped to Kelly Field in San Antonio for aviation gunnery training. The day he reported in, there were extra openings for pilot training and Carl found himself in ground school learning about engines and controls and weather.

He was a natural, graduating at the top of his class. At flight school, it was the same, only more so. While his classmates spent as much time chasing skirts as they could without washing out, Carl concentrated on all the Hun he was going to personally destroy. When he worked out a navigation problem, he did so with the vision that any deviation from perfection allowed some dirty kraut to live to fight another day.

Following graduation from flight school, Carl was commissioned a second lieutenant and sent to Omaha to learn to fly the B-17 Flying Fortress and then to England for assignment to the Eighth Air Force.

Carl flew his fifty missions as co-pilot and then pilot in command without giving true thought to the danger or his own mortality. Others got shot down - some quite literally blown out of the sky - and his airplane took occasional hits, but such thoughts never penetrated. You signed for the bird, took her off, waited for the enemy to give you his best shot, got in your own licks, and high-tailed it for home. He made neither friends nor enemies.

Like Bobby, Carl found it difficult to adjust to ordinary living after retirement. He tried selling insurance and real estate before deciding to take a shot at corporate flying. It was bad enough having to put up with all the petty regulations the Feds continued to dream up to rid the sky of a single vestige of joy, but what made things worse was that invariably he played co-pilot to some twenty-five year old rookie building time to go to work for the airlines. Besides, the pay was awful.

His recruitment scenario differed from Bobby's in only minor details: Two men sidled up to the bar at the Holiday Inn adjacent to Chicago's Midway Airport where he had just landed, and after passing along a few pleasantries, proceeded to explain Air America. They talked far into the night, sometimes focusing on the point at hand, others reliving countless war stories worn smooth in the countless retellings.

The next morning, he signed the papers, phoned his resignation to his employer, and wrote a note to his wife asking her to pack a suitcase and send it on. That evening, he boarded an airliner to the West Coast where he transferred to a Pan Am charter bound for the Philippines. His clothes caught up with him ten days later.

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