

SCIENCE:
A CURMUDGEON'S VIEW

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CONTENTS

A New God.....	3	Science Today.....	25
The New Evangelists.....	4	Scientific Wisdom.....	26
Eye of the Tiger.....	5	Stiff Upper Lip	
The Universe in a		Fairyland.....	27
Brown Paper Bag.....	6	Voodoo.....	28
Great Collision.....	7	Heisenberg.....	29
Rotation.....	8	Subatomic World.....	30
Sonnet to the Universe.....	9	Black.....	31
The Damned Ellipse.....	10	Space.....	32
Technology.....	11	Quantum Hour Glass.....	33
Gravity Gremlins.....	12	The Dark.....	34
Intriguing Question.....	13	The God Particle.....	35
Quaint.....	14	Purple Parakeet.....	36
Scientific Genius.....	15	Little Black Holes.....	37
Tattered Sky.....	16	The Scientific Method.....	38
Darwin Was Wrong.....	17	Science by Ballot.....	39
Can't Beat the Real Thing.....	18	Reductionism.....	40
Who's Who in the Zoo.....	19	Symbol Shock.....	41
Delusions.....	20	Answered the Oracle.....	42
Fractured Minds.....	21	Einstein.....	43
Labyrinths of Science.....	22	Quantum Physicists.....	44
Science Evolution.....	23	Coming Full Circle.....	45
Science in Little			
Black Boxes.....	24		

A NEW GOD

A new God now take center stage;
omnipresent and omniscient. The new God
reveals the great mysteries with force. No
quaint superstitions as in the past. It's
grounded in fact. The new God is science.

Mystery and magic are for the fainthearted
who haven't the stomach for rigor. Hard nosed
analysis is too demanding. There is no magic
in the full moon. It's just a big rock. Any magic
comes from wistful, distorted psyches.

The new evangelists hawk their new God, from
the Big Bang to evolution. Rest assured those
who preach the new religion are not scientists
but are preachers of the word..

They proceed with proper vigor and remain
aloof. They manage to neuter the poets
and artists. A painting is just splotches of
pigment on high grade burlap. Poetry but tales
told by idiots. But their reductionism builds ivory
towers out of mud. Unfortunately, their findings
are simply modern voodoo depending on how
they beat on their bongo drums.

THE NEW EVANGELISTS

The new evangelists spew firebrand rhetoric.
Their mission is to debunk myth and superstition
for gullible people.

The new evangelists masquerade as scientists.
They have letters behind their name to prove it.

They spread the gospel of hard-nosed truth and light.
Their sermons, neatly packaged in scientific language;
on the surface they tend to make sense.

Make no mistake, they left the cult of science when
they put on their evangelical frocks. They have chosen
to neuter most everything.

I have no problem with your ministry until they veil their
diatribe as science. Because they are PhD their rhetoric
is incredible instead of bullshit.

Eye of the Tiger

Scientists are the prophets of
modern-day, their words of
wisdom reverberate, spilling
from serpentine lips.

The eye of the Tiger is blind;
pure perfidy gone awry.

Stainless steel blade stab
ugly and deep. Blood oozes;
while the wounded sing weary
laments. They sing with jaded
lips.

Green fields once kissed by
the sun are now baked and
bruised.
Withered trees cling to the
baked soil.

Yellow rain falls, tainting everything;
green has turned to brown.

The words of the prophets are but
a sounding brass and a tinkling
cymbal. Their mouths have been
stopped with dust and their wisdom
turned to stone.

The eye of the tiger needs some really
strong glasses.

THE UNIVERSE IN A BROWN PAPER BAG

I have the universe in a brown paper bag.
KAPOW!

Fire flashes; the grains of sand explodes.
It's hotter than the mind can conceive.

Cosmologists call it the Big Bang; they say
that's how the universe began.

Let's scrutinize this idea, and from whence
it sprang.

Humans have a powerful innate drive for
closure. Things must have a beginning.

The human mind can't wrap around the
idea of endless.

To achieve closure, men draw lines in the
sand and say that's where it all began.

Such nonsense is imposed by the
architecture of the human mind

Our mind is a serial processor; it functions
step-by-step.

Why must things have a beginning; can we
wind the clock backwards.

Look at a circle or a torus; where does it
begin and where does it end?

Ponder for a moment, the universe reduced
to the size of the head of a pin.

If you buy all of that, you might be interested
in some beach front property in Henderson
Nevada.

GREAT COLLISION

My eyes dilated and my forehead
sweats; fear tears at my gut. The
end is fast approaching.

Across the void, the Andromeda
Galaxy is hurtling towards us at
the speed of light.

The collision with the Milky Way
will light the entire universe. The
spiral arms of our galaxy will be
crushed. The Earth will become an
insignificant piece of ash.

Before you run out and sell the farm
and take up the beachcombers life,
stop and consider the great collision
is a two or three billion years away

ROTATION

Everything in the universe rotates, even the university itself. If that is true, why don't stars fly off into some unknowable abyss? In such a universe, the center wouldn't move, but the outer stars and clusters would spiral around an axis. The angular momentum of stars at the edge of the universe would be beyond our ken. Celestial bodies at the edge of the universe might move faster than the speed of light. The brilliant light from quasars must be the collision between stars and the edge of the universe. For reasons still not knowing, the universe spins like a top. But nature in order to keep the stars from flying off, lined the edges of the universe are lined with celestial silly putty.

SONNET TO THE UNIVERSE

The idea is absurd and totally perverse;
having 14 lines to describe the universe.

Tomes a foot thick had failed the task;
14 lines is simply a ludicrous laugh.

Where to start? With quarks and work down,
or with a electrons spinning round and round.

Did the universe started as the head of a pin?
Have cosmologist imbibed into much gin?

We should all shrivel, baked by the sun
if the cosmological constant is less than one.

Are the multitude of stars simply God's toys,
or sand tossed in the air by peevish boys?

I must end this poem; I've run out of rhyme,
besides, I've used up all my lines.

THE DAMNED ELLIPSE

Aristotle got it wrong; fortunately nature didn't listen to Aristotle. She has a mind of her own; refusing to acknowledge Aristotle's dictum that the universe is made up of perfect circles. It took volumes of drawings of great epicycles to describe the motion of the planets relying on Aristotle's dictum.

Even Galileo's sun centered universe relied on Aristotle. Planets circle the sun imperfect circles. Then came Johannes Kepler who had some weird ideas. He challenged the perfect circle idea.

Why couldn't Kepler have left it alone? He should have kept the perfect circle. That would imply an ideal world where nothing ever goes wrong, but that myopic Kepler had to come up with that damned ellipse/

TECHNOLOGY

Waiting is hard work for me, and the lady is always late. Drinking a cup of coffee at a sidewalk café, I was whiling away the time. Then that crazy idea seized me. Images began to flow like a dam that burst.

On the back of a napkin, I scratched out a drawing of a framemis. I had always thought that the device was impossible to build. A framemis would be a boon to mankind.

I lost track of time and everything around me as I scratched out the drawing. Images spurted forth freely. I would need the following items: three widgets and a single packaloomer. I'm not sure of the technical name, but I would need to grudle of thingamawhatits. Put it in a titanium steel box with a carbon fiber arm. I would need a spool of tungsten wire, a zinner diode, photographic cells, and motion detector

Suddenly she was standing beside me. She touched my shoulder. My eyes flew to her. Her flashing smile took my breath. She reached out and took my napkin and blew her nose. The framemis was a thing of the past.

GRAVITY GREMLINS

What is gravity? Newton named it and described how it works. Yet it remains a mystery. Why do things attract?

Science has proposed some bizarre explanations. The most bizarre is, there are sub atomic particles called gluons. That all sounds good but how do the gluons work? This modern flim-flam adds nothing new.

Here is an alternative hypothesis: things don't attract, they suck. Each object has at least one Gravity Gremlin. larger masses have many gremlins. Celestial bodies have at least half a gajillion. The larger the mass, the more gremlins.

Each gremlin longs to be kissed, so they began to suck. Those gremlins really suck. When some of Earth's gremlins sucked on Newton's apple, it landed with a splat. This simple fact is so obvious that it was ignored. The splats are just the sighs of gremlins after being kissed.

The bizarre thing about Gravity Gremlins is as plausible an explanation as the more rigorous theory of Gluons and such.

INTRIGUING QUESTION

Help me; someone help me;
I have an intriguing question.
Would you scientists and scholars
please lend me a hand. Mine is a
disturbing, conundrum, Most people
count by tens; that's because they
have ten fingers. That leads to my
dilemma. Losing one of my fingers
in an accident, I have only nine.
Which makes me wonder, should I
count by nine.

I'm not sure that's such a good idea,
but it would make it a whole lot easier.
If I counted by ninth I would grow old
ten per cent faster.

QUAINT

We often met for lunch and discussed the problems of the world. This exchange was biting but friendly. It started out as a discussion of the big bang theory. Somewhere we got off on a tangent, we began to talk about the origins of life.

He asked me what I believed; I told him I held to a position of intelligent design. He said while laughing that Adam and Eve was pure myth; it was really quite quaint.

Asking him how life began, he said that life evolved. It started when amino acids embedded in an meteorite landed in a colodial soup. The soup was struck by lightning and amoebas burst forth.

Puckering my lips and wrinkling my nose, I chuckled. I told him that his explanation was just a myth and really quite quaint.

SCIENTIFIC GENIUS

It's fascinating, the way some scientific minds work. They have whirlwind minds, not tethered or shackled by conventional wisdom. They don't think outside the box because there is no box to begin with.

Most people think in bits and bytes, but these scientists think in megapixels. We take things apart to understand how things work. They understand by putting things together. Those individuals little parts are nothing but minutia.

Rather than be laden down with objects; they think in terms of processes. They don't want to know how things work, they want to know why they work that way. They don't reduce their reality to black or white; for them, everything is fuzzy.

Unfortunately the great genius minds of today are locked away in funny farms.

TATTERED SKY

The brook babbled on about the ragged tear in the sky. Grasses and pines laughed at such nonsense. The craggy mountain cried out, "It's true, it's true."

Hikers attuned to human sounds are oblivious to the warning. They have no idea that there is a gash in the sky. Their only problem is pesky mosquitoes.

The protective layer of ozone is thinning. Sunlight blasts through, scorching the verdant meadow.

The sun feels good in the mountain air, but soon everything will be scorched ugly brown. Oblivious to the pending doom, they are too busy scratching mosquito bites.

DARWIN WAS WRONG

Darwin was wrong; let me explain. The theory of evolution rests on three conceptual columns. If one column crumbles, the whole theory falls apart.

Gradualism is the first of the great pillars. According to the theory evolutionary processes are very slow. How do they explain the Jurassic period?

For a few million years, life sprang forth at a furious rate; much too quickly for gradualism to apply. The whole column disintegrates.

Mutation is the next pillar, and it makes some sense; that's why it is so appealing. Mutation however it is simply a fable. Nature abhors aberrant things. Mutations die off; they regress to the mean.

The only pillar left is that of selection. Survival of the fittest is half true, but with advances in medication and surgery the weak live long productive lives.

The three great pillars of evolution are no more. But let me add one more telling blow. This final argument is television. If Darwin was right, it would come as no surprise, we humans would have pea brains and grapefruit eyes.

CAN'T BEAT THE REAL THING

Questions swirl around the humanoids known as neanderthals. Were they brutish more like an ape than man?

Were they more like you and I building fires and making tools? Did they mate with humans? Why did they suddenly disappear. Theories abound, but the enigmas persist.

You can only learn so much from their grave sites in the fossil remains. There is however, away to study their behavior directly; with a video camera in hand, go to a redneck bar on Saturday night.

Who's Who in the Zoo

Bonkers, insane, crazy as a loon,
Charlie talks to telephone poles.

A half bushel of anti psychotic
drugs didn't make any difference.

He claims that his favorite telephone
poll has a PhD in particle physics.

When the weather is bad, Charlie
stays inside and plays the piano.

As he plays, his fractured mind
becomes cogent and lucid.

He plays very softly, caressing the
keys; his melodies make you cry.

Charlie is writing a book about
the truth learned from his friend.

As he talks about the things he's
learned, I am set to pondering.

Sometimes I wonder if it's Charlie
who is sane and it's you that is crazy.

The one great truth espoused by the
poll; modern physics is a whiff of smoke.

DELUSIONS

A schizophrenic tells weird tales, they are bizarre and absurd. We smirk when he tells us that he sees a dozen angels dancing on the head of a pin.

Let's look at an equally bizarre tale. The universe was once the size of a grain of sand. It didn't exist in a void. It was matter and a void smashed into a one dimensional blob. For some yet unexplained reason the blob got tired of its tight quarters, so it exploded. The result is the universe that we know today.

A psychologist would tell us that the schizophrenic is crazy and having wild hallucinations. If we told him about the Big Bang theory. He would tell us that the theory is as crazy as the schizophrenic's.

The schizophrenic's ramblings make more sense.

FRACTURED MINDS

The human mind is convoluted.
From dark corners, specters
chase monkeys. Black bananas
grow mold. Subconscious urges
embrace the dark. Reality is filled
with dark foreboding things.
Rationality is a weak twin sister
proud and pretentious; making its
home in ivory towers made of mud.
Napoleon leads to the light brigade.
Impotence is a tacit king. Green
snow delights hedonistic eyes.
Science is pure perfidy, bizarre
hallucinations no medication can
help.

LABYRINTHS OF SCIENCE

Twisted and dark corners lurk where
cockatoos sing a Stravinsky ballet
as puppets dance on strings.

Rambling thoughts probe dark realms
hidden from view; the minds all knowing
eye s blind leaving a quivering mind.

There is no more clean and neat;
no more black or white. Science's
new metaphors lead to an endless
abyss. It's pure perfidy?

The laws of physics are ivory
towers resting on quick sand. They are
guarded by pussycats with bright
red fur. They play with a windup
mouse and subatomic particles.

Theoretical physics is bizarre
tale produced by fractured minds.
Tales told by an idiot; full of sound
and fury; signifying nothing.

SCIENCE EVOLUTION

Newton's clockwork universe is no more. That the elaborate and intricate series of wheels and gears have been replaced by modern metaphors.

His absolutes of space and time have undergone a total metamorphose. The old chassis remains the same, but today's scientist have added new wrinkles and a variety of whistles and bells.

Astronomers have found satellite galaxies that move contrary to Newton's laws of gravity. To make matters worse relativity stood physics on its head, and quantum mechanics makes Newton turnover in his grave.

Science has evolved from absolutes to complexity and fuzzy. In the long run, all that has occurred, is the new breed of shaman have complicated the hell out of things.

SCIENCE IN LITTLE BLACK BOXES

Scientists put their facts in the little boxes and attach colorful bows. Science is so attractive when packaged so.

The cold hard facts of science you learned in school are really quite fuzzy. Scientist must specify the exact conditions under which they hold. .

We must always remember that facts in scientific boxes have little to do with truth. At the very best, those facts and their cousin mathematics, only answer how things happen. Science is important to tell us why.

When you drop an object, it falls. You say that was due to gravity. Gravity however is just a verbal metaphor that tells us how things happen. It doesn't explain why. It doesn't say a thing about why two objects attract. It raises the old conundrum, what is gravity anyway?

Remove science from its pretty packages, and it is no longer clean and neat. It's fuzzy around the edges. The human mind hates fuzz. It prefers a rigid conceptual scheme with hard edges to organize a chaotic world. The only advantage of this sterile framework is that it keeps us from going insane.

SCIENCE TODAY

Universities need to attract grants to keep their operations going. Many departments conduct “scientific research” to keep their operations afloat. It’s a publisher or parish world.

As a result, the public is bombarded with results from surveys, rat studies, and well controlled experiments on freshman who volunteer for extra credit.

Most of the findings fall stillborn from the press. Much of it is just plain inane. Research shows that women are less interested in sex than men. Rats fed only “Cream Of Wheat” die in about six weeks. Alcoholic weasels do stupid things. “Don’t step in the manure, it’s dangerous and it stinks.”

The whole system is out of whack; funding agencies have money to spend, and they spread it around liberally. It seems strange that nobody ever gives any of it back.

SCIENTIFIC WISDOM

They say that experience is the mistress of fools. What is it that makes a man wise? Is it a steel trap mind that seizes every situation? Is it being decisive? Is it the innate ability to ask probing questions? Is it a good memory that helps you remember that you've made that mistake before. Perhaps it is knowing how to avoid putting your foot in your mouth.

Unfortunately, scientists are rarely wise. They get caught up in thinking they are finding truth. The lessons of history show that modern science is wrong. They start with faulty assumptions, believing their metaphors are true. In reality, they are only creating new metaphors. Nothing less and nothing more.

Time for them to move on to meta fives.

STIFF UPPER LIP FAIRYLAND

An intellectual cloak clings, hiding the world.
Eyes are impotent to pierce the cloak. Hanging
motionless, it produces ominous feelings from
confronting the unknowable.

When reality stirs the fog, A fairyland appears.
The drops of discovery seems to sparkle in the
light. Those glowing crystals are new metaphors
attached to the bare branches of old truths.

They are, however, no more than an attractive
illusion; promising a theory of everything. But
reality resists being jammed in two neat little
boxes. Theoretical physicist joust with intellectual
windmills. They fail to understand that there
bizarre ruminations will only bring about the
futility that comes with kissing your sister.

Voodoo

I'm fascinated with voodoo though
I'm not into zombies and the walking
dead. Living gargoyles as such leave
me totally cold.

I often wonder what part of the human
psyche conjure up werewolves and
vampires. They seem to arise from
dark corners of the mind where fantasy
dwells.

I have a fascination in a special branch
of voodoo. It's called modern science.
It has a cult claims to have discovered
truth.

They delude themselves into believing
their findings are real. They have
"proved" that charmed quarks really exist.
When in reality they haven't the foggiest
idea of what's going on at the subatomic
level. They find what they're looking for.

Itm is updated black magic..

HEISENBERG

It was a new Mercedes on the autobahn,
going nearly the speed of light. The car was
stopped by the police.

The local cop asked for a drivers license.
He examined it and said, “Dr. Heisenberg,
do you know how fast you were going?”

Heisenberg look strangely puzzled. He mused
for nearly a minute, then replied, “No but I
know where I’m at.”

SUBATOMIC WORLD

Absurd and bizarre!
The subatomic world.

Common sense
down the drain.

Ramblings of a
psychotic.

A grand puzzle
without edge pieces.

Particles pop into
existence from nowhere.

Light is a wave and
a particle too.

Quantum phenomena
have strange names.

Hadron bosons, and quarks
just to name a few.

The bottom line of it all;
no one has a clue.

BLACK

What is black? Look beyond
the obvious.; is it more than the
absence of light?

Staring into the darkness, you
don't see anything. No, that's not
right; what you see is black.

Is black some ethereal vapor that
clouds the human mind; is it some
atomic particle activated by the
absence of light?

Is it the structure of the mind that
comes to the fore in the absence of
visual input? Is it a deep veil that
separates us from angels and demons?

Is the dark nearly silly putty left over
from the big bang? We may never
come to grips with it; when we shed
light on it, it disappears.

SPACE

Until the 20th century, space was taken as an absolute. Einstein then stood space on its head, saying that it cohabited with time. The two are inseparable; you can't have one without the other.

As a scientist, I am proposing a new view about space. It isn't a void as is commonly thought. It is more than the absence of everything.

Space is made up of subatomic particles called Voidons. They don't interact with the Higgs particle so they don't have mass. They have no charge, spin, or parity.

They are conspicuous only by their absence. The gravity of any object deactivates them. The particles are more than the theoretical construct, but they can't be measured. And, at the present state of our technology, we are unable to isolate them. The damned things play a mean game of hide-and-seek.

QUANTUM HOUR GLASS

I threw my watch away twenty years ago. I really don't care what time it is. The Sun and the Moon are my timepieces. The exception is my old hourglass.

It's been in the family for who knows how long. I use it several times each week. I don't trust my judgment when it comes to boiling eggs. I turn over my hourglass and watch the white sand trickle down .

It's fascinating to watch but it's perplexing. The hour glass presents a quantum conundrum. It would drive a quantum physicist crazy. How does each grain of sand know when It's his turn to fall.

I refuse to trifle with how each grain of sand decides when it's time to fall. I refuse to ponder with such heady things. All I know is my eggs, come out just right.

THE DARK

Light bulbs don't glow and
you emit light; they suck up
the dark. Spinning electrical
generators don't produce a
watt of electricity. They
vacuum up black.

Dark is made of subatomic
particles called darkon.
They have no mass or charge,
but they possess gravity and spin.
Parity is still open to debate.

The darkon particle is really big
much larger than the elusive
Higgs. No human collider can
capture the dark. We know it's
there but can't capture it. The
human eye can't see anything
but dark until a light bulb sucks
it up.

Utility companies deceive us
why stealing our dark and
charge a price for doing so.
They store dark in old coal mines.
When they've gathered up all the
dark, we will miss it so. They will
sell it back to us for an exorbitant
price.

THE GOD PARTICLE

It's a monumental intellectual endeavor; finding the Higgs would be the last link in the chain. The final chapter in the standard model would be written.

The Higgs explains how ordinary matter has mass. It is a critical element in quantum theory. Those cunning little devils are playing hide and seek.

There is little doubt however, scientists will find the God particle. A key axiom of quantum mechanics is, "You find what you're looking for."

But, if science holds true to form, the Higgs particle will pose more questions than it answers.

PURPLE PARAKEET

My mind quivers as I see
a purple parakeet staring at me.
Anxiety drips from every pore.
My crystal ball turned coal black.
The world is upside down, topsy-turvy.
It swirls and spirals.
Thoughts are a stampede of butterflies.
Nausea!
Trembling!
Tears!
Snotty nose! Help, help, help!
Quantum physics is driving
me nuts

LITTLE BLACK HOLES

When you think of a black hole, you think of a gigantic astronomical feature. In reality black holes, come in many sizes; at least, that's the latest thinking. Surrounding us are a myriad of tinny tiny little black holes.

Let me give you some evidence about their existence. When I need a pair of socks, in my sock drawer, I always have one odd sock. There is no other cogent explanation for the missing sock, other than, it was snarfed up by a black hole.

My neighbor has a child with mild ADHD. He never turns his homework in. His mother complains that he does the work, but it never makes it to school unless its stapled to his forehead.

I talked with the lad about the problem. He told me that a sinister little black hole lurks around the neighborhood. It doesn't emit light, so no one can see it. But you know it's there because it sucks up kid's homework.

THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD

Science classes in school drill into your minds the scientific method. You are taught the steps: observe, hypothesize, test, and replicate. This was the tried and true method of good science. It was the basic way of arriving at laws and facts. The method was devoid of human bias.

It would be a Pangloss world if only this was true. Science is not clean and neat but fuzzy at best. Observation depends on what pigeonholes you choose to put your perceptions into. Your conceptual framework has more to do with what you see than what is out there.

Building conceptual frameworks and operational hypotheses is a mere myth. The experimenter slices and dices reality until it fits their conceptual schemes. They find what they're looking for.

Testing a hypothesis empirically is no less biased. It claims to remove the human from the experiment, but it is the experimenter who sets up the design. Alternative explanations are rarely considered given the zeal of finding what you're looking for.

It's a long-standing dictum of science that findings must be replicated to be reliable. If it isn't reliable it can't be valid. This narrow view is nothing more than a social convention. It would eliminate much of what we call science. The astronomer can't ask a nova to repeat itself.

SCIENCE BY BALLOT

A testament to the follies of men,
the great debate raged. The tiny
frozen rock stirred heated debates.

Much too small and distant to be
a planet. It's no bigger than our moon.

Yes but, it's been a planet for over
70 years, why change now?

Calling it a planetoid would be much
more precise.

Think of the thousands of planetary
tomes that would require revision.

It all came down to a vote, and
poor Pluto lost its planetary status.
The underlying question is, did the
vote change the nature of Pluto?
Did the fitting neatly into some human
intellectual scheme change any of
Pluto's planetary parameters?

The only thing the great debate and
vote did was to reveal a great deal
about human capacity for jousting
with straw men.

REDUCTIONISM

Scientists trying to understand how things work. They do so by breaking things down into smaller pieces till they think they understand. To know why salt bites the tongue, they break salt down into its constituent parts. Understanding that the chemical bond between sodium and chlorine make salt, doesn't answer the question, why it bites the tongue..

Understanding the chemical valence of both sodium and chlorine doesn't give us a clue. That scenario is just the tip of the iceberg. Elements are made of molecules, and molecules are made of atoms. Atoms are made up of protons, electrons, and neutrons. Those in turn are made up of quarks. Quarks in turn made up of vibrating one-dimensional strings. The question arises, what are strings made of; and so it goes. For all of that, we have no idea why salt taste as it does.

Is reductionism just a fools paradise? How do you break the insights of a poet into its constituent parts? And furthermore, why would you want to do so?

SYMBOL SHOCK

The great abyss is staring
back at us. Whistling gypsies
parade; a turquoise keeps
time with a yard stick. The purple
moon laughs at their gyrations,
as the universe laughs itself to
sleeps.

Seagulls squawk a lilting
melody awakening the nimble
imp in my mind. It pounds
fanning the smoldering desires
to be a pelican protected by law.

Thousands of walnuts litter;
the grapes make sour wine.
The river is on fire; choking
smoke is a shroud of white.
A cockatoo sings ribald songs.

All the above happens when
we encounter a § or a ?. Our
eyes dilate and we shake
from symbol shock.

ANSWERED THE ORACLE

The azure sky is brittle;
a mongoose bares its fangs.
Troubled waters boil with undercurrents.
Silk trees wears a black negligee

Torrents of words tell no lies;
the moon laughs scientific explanations.
They are but fado sung into the evening
air; hyenas scavenge round river rock.

The coquette kisses the mime;
he dances and erotic flamenco.
Ground squirrels swing in the trees;
they forage for yesterday's mail.

The deep red wine has turned sour;
the telephone poll sings lullabies.
The cliffs of the shore are green.
Wisdom leeches into the soil.

Is the above from a science journal
or from Alice in Wonderland?

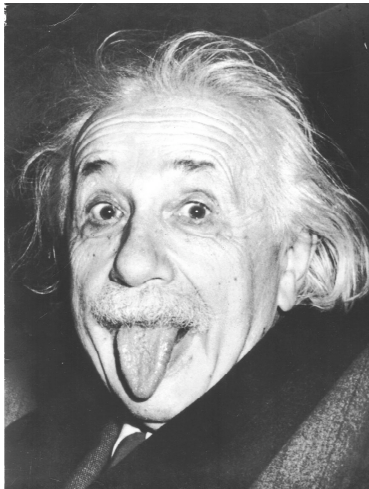
EINSTEIN

Albert entered God's office with much anxiety and trepidation. God didn't greet Albert with a handshake. He took him in his arms and gave him a hug.

They sat and God looked deep into Albert's eyes. He said, "Albert, I am so proud of you. Through your dogged persistence, you have come to know my mind.

God smiled and pointed to the equations neatly written on the white board. Albert recognized the equations immediately. God spoke again, "You have uncovered a principle I use to create and govern the universe."

Albert's chest filled with pride. This was a compliment from God himself. Then God handed Albert a pen and a notebook. He asked Albert to take notes. He said he was going to teach him the other thousand principles that He used everyday.



QUANTUM PHYSICISTS

They are caught up in the zeal of exploring the sub-atomic world. Their minds conjure up the most absurd ideas. Most of their theories are polysyllabic.

Mathematics is their forte; equations scribbled on the board make it real. Fortunately, nature isn't a mathematician. Reality would be neutered if she were.

Examine a paradox known as Schrodinger's Cat. In a box is a poison pellet that the cat may trigger. You don't know if the cat is dead or alive until you open the box. Until then the cat is both dead AND alive. You don't know until you peek.

Lets solve this conundrum by replacing the cat with a stuffed animal cat in the box. That way the cat is neither dead or alive.

COMING FULL CIRCLE

Isn't modern technology grand; we have come a long way. In the antiquities humanoids roamed the earth, using swords and spears, they kill each other one at a time.

Then came the bow. A group of archers could shoot their arrows, killing a dozen at the time. Black powder was a death mail to the arrow. Grape shot could kill two dozen in a single blast.

Not long after men began to fly, they learn to rain down devastation from sky. Carpet bombing and the Daisy Cutter could kill a thousand at a time.

Then came modern science and the bomb. It killed sixty thousand in the wink of an eye. That doesn't count the wounded and the maimed.

We live on the brink, waiting for some rogue nation to press the red button. Millions will be decimated. After the fall out, hairy mutants will roam the earth killing each other one at a time.

SCIENCE: A CURMUDGEON'S VIEW

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