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Gooney Ducks and Naked Physicists

Part XXX
The Nobel Love Prize

D. and S. Birks
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Editing contributions by Daniel Birks

Abstract: An allegory of modern science.

Part XXX

Oofta!

With all this talk about peace, I almost forgot about love—my date with Eva’s sister tonight! Hmm...the science of peace, the logic of love? I guess they’re in the same ballpark. (Yeah, if I don’t show up for the date, I’ll never have any peace with Eva!)

Anyway...

Eva reassures me, “She’s my sister, dude. She’s perfect! Dollars to donuts, you’ll like her!” But I don’t know. *She reminds me of you, but she’s nothing like you?* Hope she’s not just another “pretty face” but has a delightful, zany humor, like Eva.

No time for cold feet, though.

Might be kinda fun when imagination and reality finally meet!
Like my brother’s “perfect” date in high school: What a hoot!

After finally summoning the courage to ask out the girl of his dreams (let’s call her Joy Darlington), she agreed! They decided to go on a romantic picnic—what butterflies of anticipation. He could hardly wait to be alone with her!

Of course, when the big day arrived, Dad handed him the keys to the old station wagon, with some solemn advice of what to do if the hood flew up while driving down the highway. Haha! Driving there, he had this whole fantasy lined out: picnic basket, the perfect glade by the river, Doobie Brothers, Cat Stevens, Frampton on the eight-track. Oh yeah!

But turns out, Joy had her own idea of perfection.

Knocking on her door, imagine his surprise—nay consternation—when her entire family came out and piled into the car! Well, at least they brought their own food—fried chicken and chocolate cake, yum! To top it off, her dad brought along his idea of perfection—a little plastic lemon he kept squeezing “liquid” into everyone’s drinks! Talk about a woozy drive home. But, hey, wine (or should I say vodka), women, and song? How can you go wrong?

Hmm, James at 17: *Every good and perfect gift is from above?* A first date with philosophy?

When I think of all the people out there struggling to find “Joy” amidst the chaos—each striving for their own ideal of heaven on earth...Wow! A million different ideas of love, peace, and perfection? How do they ever go together?

Welcome to the wild realm of infinite possibility!

But getting back to my fantasy of the scientifically perfect date: How 'bout...*April 25?*
Because it's not too hot, not too cold. All you need is a light jacket? Sorry, Miss Rhode Island.

Nah, if I had my druthers, it'd have to be one of those long, lazy, hot and hazy days you'd like to capture in a bottle and keep forever. I'd be sitting under the blue and white striped awning at Ivar's, kicked back with a cool one. And as the sun begins to set, a gull hovering nearby swoops in, takes the last French fry from my outstretched hand, and floats away...

(Meanwhile, over at Safeco Field, Cruz hits a walk-off home run. The crowd goes wild!)

Ahh, perfection!

So how to get from my date with the pelicans to a night at the ballet? Lemme see...I got it! I just grab a cab at Ivar's, then maybe swing by Molly Moon's for two scoops of Sasquatch ice cream (ooh, that chocolate symphony), and the story continues like an old movie:

Lady in Blue! First position, everyone! Scene two, take one! Lights! Camera! Actionnn!

Turning the corner onto Mercer...bam! It smacks me in the face! Color, opulence, emotion; spears of klieg lights raking across the darkening skies; the street jammed with limos. Holy adagio, Baryshnikov! What've I gotten myself into? I wonder, is it too late to "hook a U"? No, this is too good to miss. Look at all the ladies! I've just stumbled into "big dame hunter" territory! Where's my safari hat? What a sight! A sea of Cinderellas: rainbows of elegance and breathless anticipation, aglow with the delicate vibrancy of hothouse flowers, with their freshly shaven, red-faced, starched-collared, tightly knotted-tied, penguin-suited escorts in tow. Man, are those boys "jag'd out"! (You know the dream where everyone is dressed and you're naked as a jaybird? I know I'm underdressed, but let's not go that far!)

Stepping into the moment—letting myself be carried into the crowd—I float up the red-carpeted stairs on waves of Chanel perfume, aftershave, and pomade. As I enter: music, movement, the warm crush of excitement, expectation, the orchestra tuning up, the velvet curtain lifts just enough to catch a glimpse of lights, a blur of legs, the soft thud and thump of slippered feet on the Marley floor. And then, it happens! Across the crowded room, the lady in blue! She turns, our eyes meet...

Hold on! Back up the Love Boat, Capt'n Stubing! What's this? Some Enchanted Evening?

Some cheesy romance novel? WHERE'S THE SCIENCE?!!

But don't jump ship. There's a method to my madness:

Yeah, what's science without a little romance? What's life without love? So, where was I?

Oh, that's right...

Our eyes meet. Caught in the undercurrent of a thousand lifetimes, the windows of the soul collide! Swept into the deep liquid pools, transported in a rush—in a whirlpool of a moment, the mountains, the sea, the earth shift and fall away. In a deliciously delirious burst of sensation, every thought courses and vibrates, every experience of separate existences joins. The gates of heaven clash and clang! The rib of Adam resonates, and whoa doggie!

...Then, in a dreamy haze, she smiles and crosses the room. (Be still my beating heart!) I hear her laugh, that familiar voice, "Hey handsome, there you are, my knight in shining armor! Knew you wouldn't bail on me. Bad news. My sister couldn't make it. Looks like you're stuck with me. But guess what! I just found out they're serving mini-quiches and flutes of champagne at intermission. I can't wait. I'm hungry already!"

Hmm...Déjà vu all over again? Yep, all that's missing is the ol' station wagon!

Bet you saw that coming a mile away, didn't ya? Perfection? It was right there in front of me all the time! What can I say, *sh-weetheart*? I may not be Bogie, but Eva's my Bacall, the only gal for me—all I could ever ask for. (Cue the music.)

Don't change a hair for me. Not if you care for me...You're my favorite work of art.

Ha, ha! *Howlin' at the moon like a slack jawed fool?* So much for my hard-boiled, private-eye exterior! If only I could make my words dance! Ahh, love!

Who can explain it, who can tell you why? Fools give you reasons, wise men never try.

Sure, I could add my own song of love to the boatloads of poems, sonnets, soliloquies, and encomiums...maybe even write a *Symposium* on the philosophy of love (yikes, where's the dolly, the bill of lading, Plato?)

But to keep it short and sweet, for me, Indy's romantic line to his Maid Marion pretty much says it all: *"Other women? Yeah, there were a few. But, they all had the same problem... They weren't you, honey!"*

So, if Eva's my near perfect Lois Lane, could I ever improve on all that "perfect imperfection"? Maybe by adding her sister to the equation: Eva times two? Don't know if I can handle that kinda math! Sounds like a formula for "exponential" trouble! Wonder if Pythagoras ever had this problem? Chances are, he must have. (He knew all the right "angles.")

And hasn't love been there from the very beginning?

Hmm, love from the start? Now that I think about it...

After creating Adam, and seeing that he was lonely, God caused Adam to fall into a deep sleep, took one of his ribs, and made Eve. (I guess God was the first to split the Adam! Har, har!) But seriously, all “ribbing” aside, imagine that first meeting between Adam and Eve—the first Romeo and Juliet. The first love? Must’ve been perfect!

(Scene: *The Garden of Eden. Adam awakes from his sleep and behold! There’s a woman!*)

*Adam. [Aside] Yowza!!! Hubba, hubba, ding, ding! Ooh, that makes my heart sing!
(Loosely translated: It is good under heaven when boy meets girl.)*

Adam, struck by this vision of loveliness—the mother of all beauty, the origin of every love poem and song to be written—is now faced with the first lesson in love—how to pick up girls. But what’s his line? Being the original cool dude, he can’t use the old standby “Haven’t we met somewhere before?” So, maybe a little *Voutian schmooze* to win fair maiden:

Adam. But, soft! What’s your story, Morninglory?

Eve. Got no tale, Nightingale.

Adam. What’s your pleasure, Treasure? You snap the whip, baby, I’ll make the trip.

Eve. That sounds as groovy as a ten-cent movie! And so the dance of love begins!

(Hark! What light through yonder winder shines? Streams of profound illumine, no doubt! Or—perchance—tiny rivulets of unsubstantial silliness—you be the judge!)

Hearts of fire create love desire, take you High and higher to a world you belong...

Holy amore, I’d always thought of peace as the ultimate in scientific and human achievement (the Nobel Peace Prize, fraternity between nations, U.N. peace keepers, peace congresses and all that). But now, I’m starting to wonder...which is more fundamental—which is the higher goal: Peace or love? That’s a tough one. On the road of life, which is the right gear to be in? Nuthin’ automatic about peace; maybe it’s time to double-clutch! Shift gears from peace to love! Maybe it’s time for the first “Nobel Love Prize!” I know the Good Book says:

*Love the Lord your God with all your heart and soul; and love your neighbor as yourself.
There are no commandments greater than these.*

So if we had love we’d have peace. But does it go deeper than that? I guess it could be argued that love, as the basis of biology, is the basis of creation; and without love we wouldn’t exist. But love, the key to existence? There’s a thought: just what is this *crazy little thing called love?*

Yeah, what would we have without love? Could love be the true common ground?

I wonder if love is strong enough to create peace.

Reminds me of a song:

*There is no historical precedent
To put words in the mouth of the President
Mr. Trump says we will bury you
I don't subscribe to that point of view*

How can I save my little boy from Oppenheimer's deadly toy

*There is no monopoly in common sense
On either side of the political fence*

*We share the same biology
Regardless of ideology*

Believe me when I say to you

I hope the Russians (and the North Koreans) love their children too.

Dedicated to Zoe
There is no greater love.