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# Gooney Ducks and Naked Physicists

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Part XXVII

Sweet Dreams and Flying Machines  
(Andarse por las Ramas y las Nubes)

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Abstract: An allegory of modern science.

## *Part XXVII*

*“Why do we do it, Martin? This space travel, I mean. Always on the go. Always searching. Our insides tight, never any rest.”*

*“Maybe we’re looking for peace and quiet. Certainly there’s none on Earth,” said Martin.*

*“No, there’s not, is there?” Captain Hart was thoughtful... “Not since Darwin, eh? Not since everything went by the board, everything we used to believe in, eh? Divine power and all that. And so you think maybe that’s why we’re going out to the stars, eh, Martin? Looking for our lost souls, is that it? Trying to get away from our evil planet to a good one?”*

*“Perhaps, sir. Certainly we’re looking for something.”*

*The Illustrated Man?* I should take my cue from Mr. Bradbury: write social commentary like a sci-fi safari, with metaphors so thick you have to hack your way through with a machete! Sure—why not let a Martian solve the world’s refugee/immigration/discrimination/racial profiling problem? He’d have an objective point of view. I can just hear him:

*“Build walls? No way, fellas, that’s not cost effective. Look at me! Think green! Greenbacks? Green Cards? Greenpeace? Go green! There you go! Spray paint everyone the same color. Paint everyone with the same brush! That should do it! It’s simple Greenomics. There’s no war on Mars!” He nods his head vigorously and then takes a snort of his favorite—a mixture of lime juice and mustard he calls “chunchy plus.”*

*After a respectful pause, a young reporter from The Martian Chronicles replies.*

*“Perhaps, sir. Green certainly looks good on you—you wear it well. But the first time someone says, ‘I don’t wanna be Martian green. I’d rather be Venusian chartreuse!’ Well, you can see, we’re right back where we started. The whole war’s on again!”*

Lime green? Grass green? Florescent green? Peace as close as your local hardware store? Nah! It’s like that timeless wisdom of Buckaroo Banzai: *Wherever you go, there you are!* Whatever changes externally, the problem remains: There’s no escape from yourself! “So, Dad, are we there yet?” “No, Son, we’re not there because we’re always here!” Yeah, the answer isn’t “out there” somewhere; it has to be within! And the scientific approach to breaking the peace barrier? The grass is always greener? Fire up the spaceship? Blast off to search the infinite, going from planet to planet, seeking and seeking? Or develop an “oscillation overthruster” to drive through the solid grey matter to the answer within?

Hmm, “Drain the swamp?” I can see it all, now...

The Potomac River, blue skies, the Washington Monument reflected in the calm waters of that long Lincoln Memorial Pool; the crowd packed full, stringers from all the major newspapers, networks, and news agencies, the air charged with a quiet expectation, hope rising like cherry blossoms on a gentle wind. And, as the Marine Band plays “Hail to the Chief” with pomp and splendor, the president and first lady walk proudly to the podium. Then, following a moment of silence (and a buzz and high-pitched squeal of the PA system), the president clears his throat; his voice rings out:

*“This is such a momentous day, people. I know you’re going to be so happy! I even let the press secretary have a day off. This is yoooge!”* (A small laugh runs through the crowd.)

*“My friends, mark this day on your calendar! With us is the opening promise of a better time, wherein genuine “humanity” doing its noblest work shall have its greatest reward. We stand on the threshold of the future! Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valleys of war and conflict to the sunlit path of peace! Now is the time to make real the promise of freedom!*

*Free at last? Free at last? As a nation, we pride ourselves on freedom!*

*The cry for freedom is what made us great! But now, let freedom ring, not just throughout our great nation, but throughout the entire world!*

*‘Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free’...*

*Lady Liberty—that beacon of hope and enlightenment of the world, lifting her lamp beside the golden door—can now truly be called the Lady of Peace!*

*Our founding fathers believed the opportunity for freedom would bring peace...but, today, science has found we had it all wrong. We had the equation reversed! We were so close! It’s not freedom that equals peace, but rather peace that equals freedom:*

*Peace = Freedom!*

*And so good people of America, and of the world, I bring you action...the real thing—fulfillment and fruition of a promise. Today, science has given us a way not only to find peace, but also a way to keep it! Yes! Who knew, people? Peace was the key!”*

(Functionaries bring out a large symbolic gold key. The president and first lady raise it high above their heads with both hands, and the president continues.)

*“I hold in my hands the key to the future! Welcome to the golden age of humanity!”*

The crowd begins to cheer and chant, “Peace! Peace! Peace!”

Doves are released. Fireworks, like skyrockets, softly burst in the air in the background...