

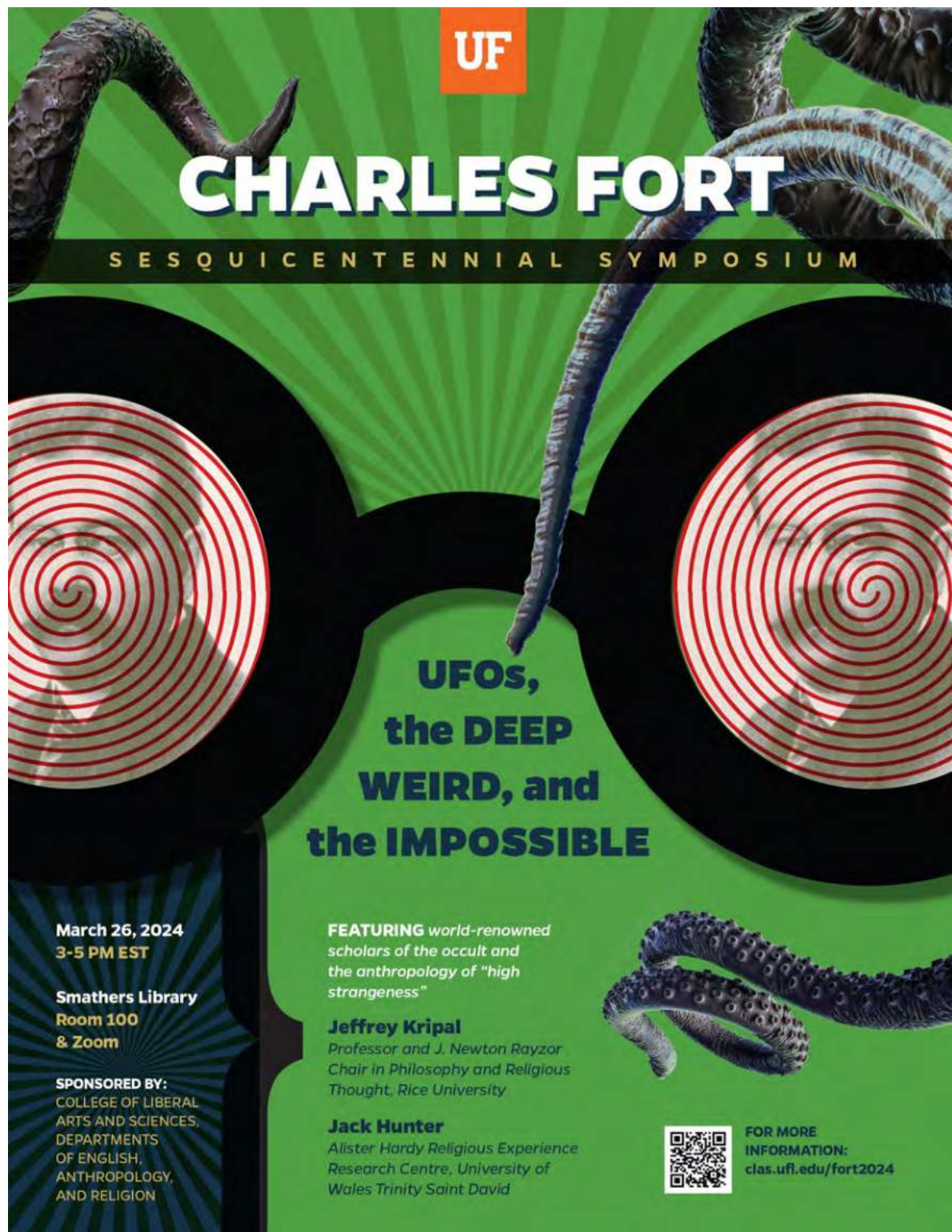
A Space Lorax on the Beach at Night Alone

Speaking for the trees & all that remains...

Terry Harpold
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Imagining Climate Change
Astraeus Space Institute
University of Florida







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CHARLES FORT

SESQUICENTENNIAL SYMPOSIUM

**UFOs,
the DEEP
WEIRD, and
the IMPOSSIBLE**

March 26, 2024
3-5 PM EST


**Smathers Library
Room 100
& Zoom**

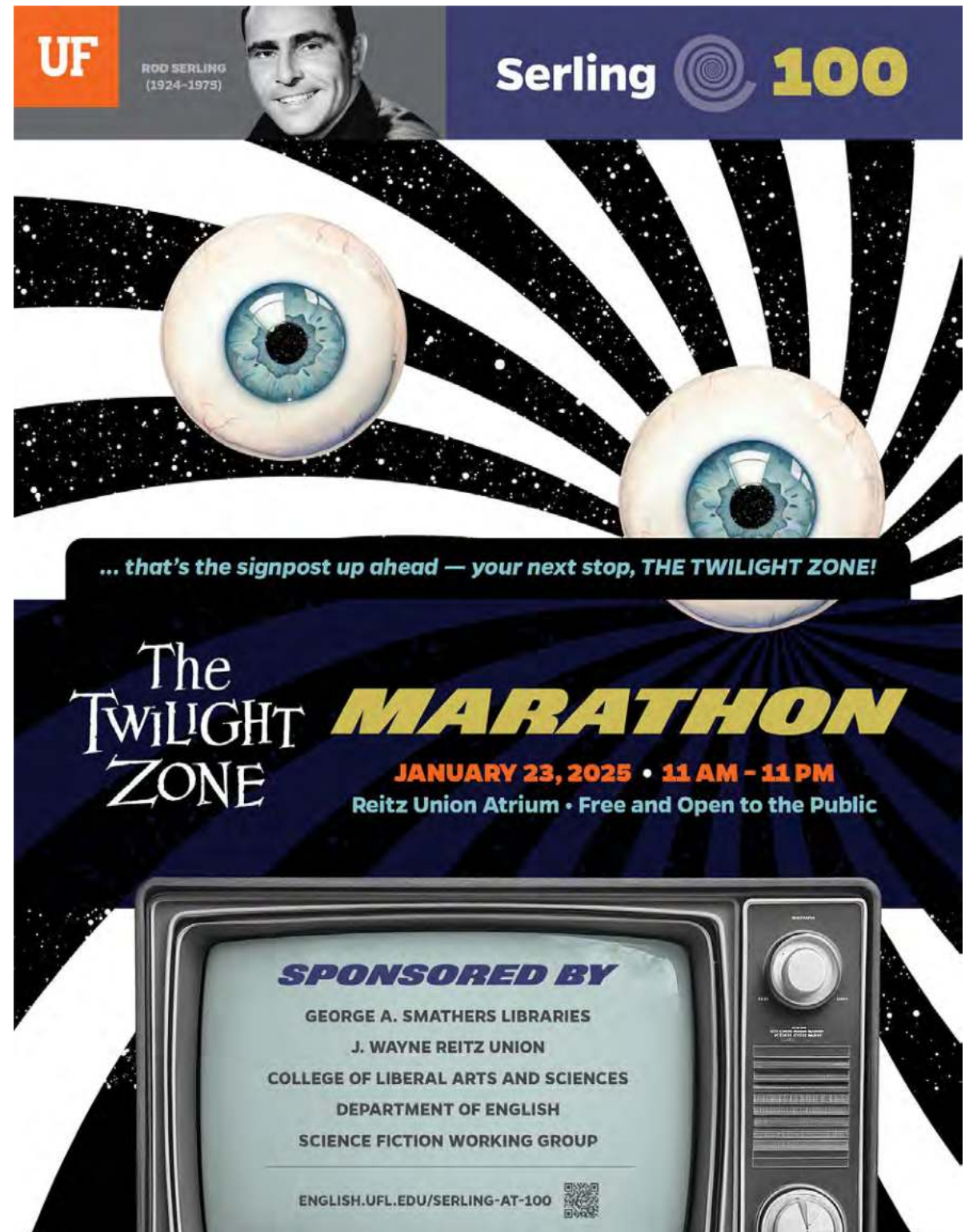
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 **FOR MORE
INFORMATION:**
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ROD SERLING
(1924-1975)

Serling  **100**

... that's the signpost up ahead — your next stop, **THE TWILIGHT ZONE!**


**The
TWILIGHT
ZONE**

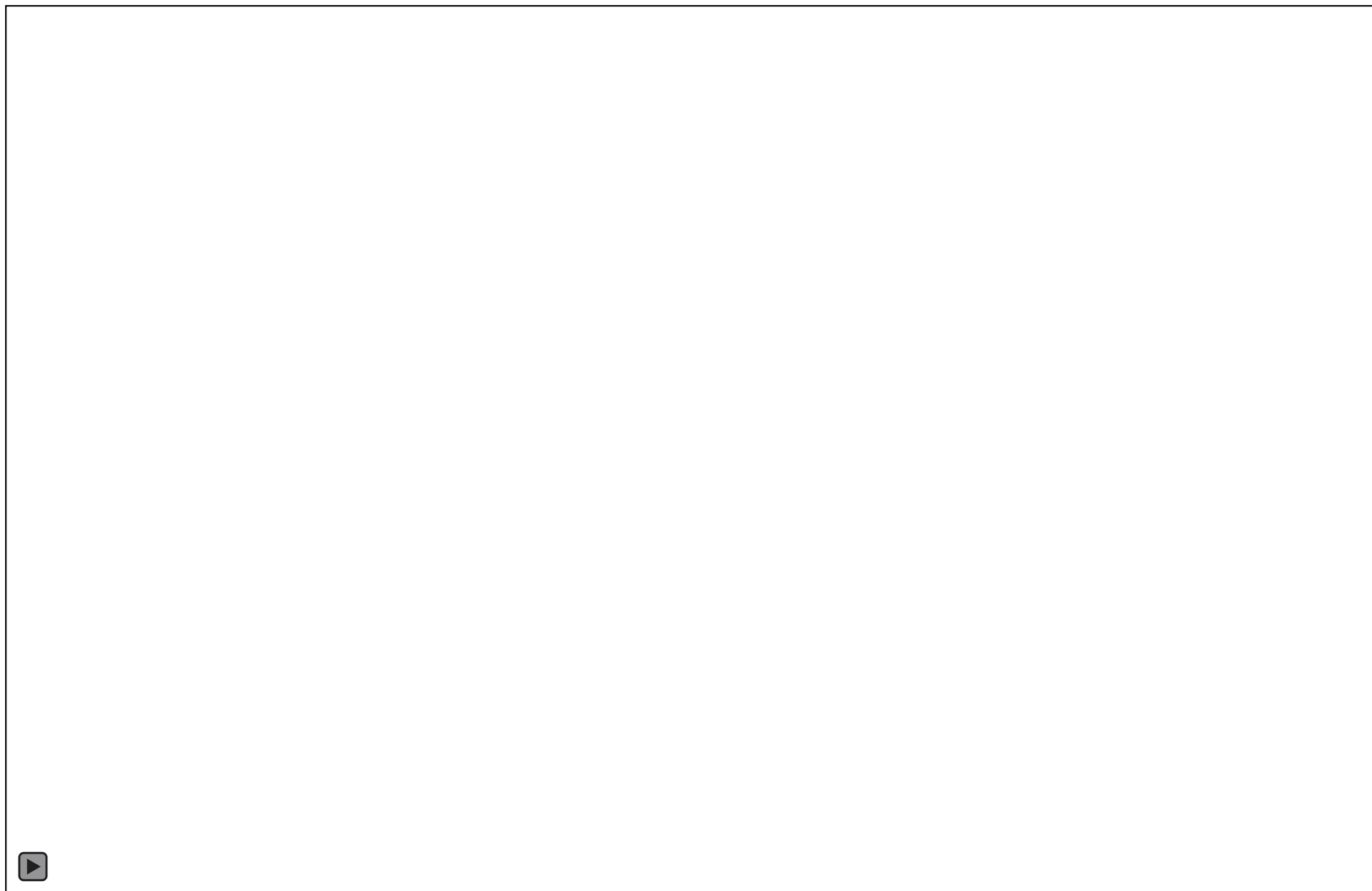
MARATHON

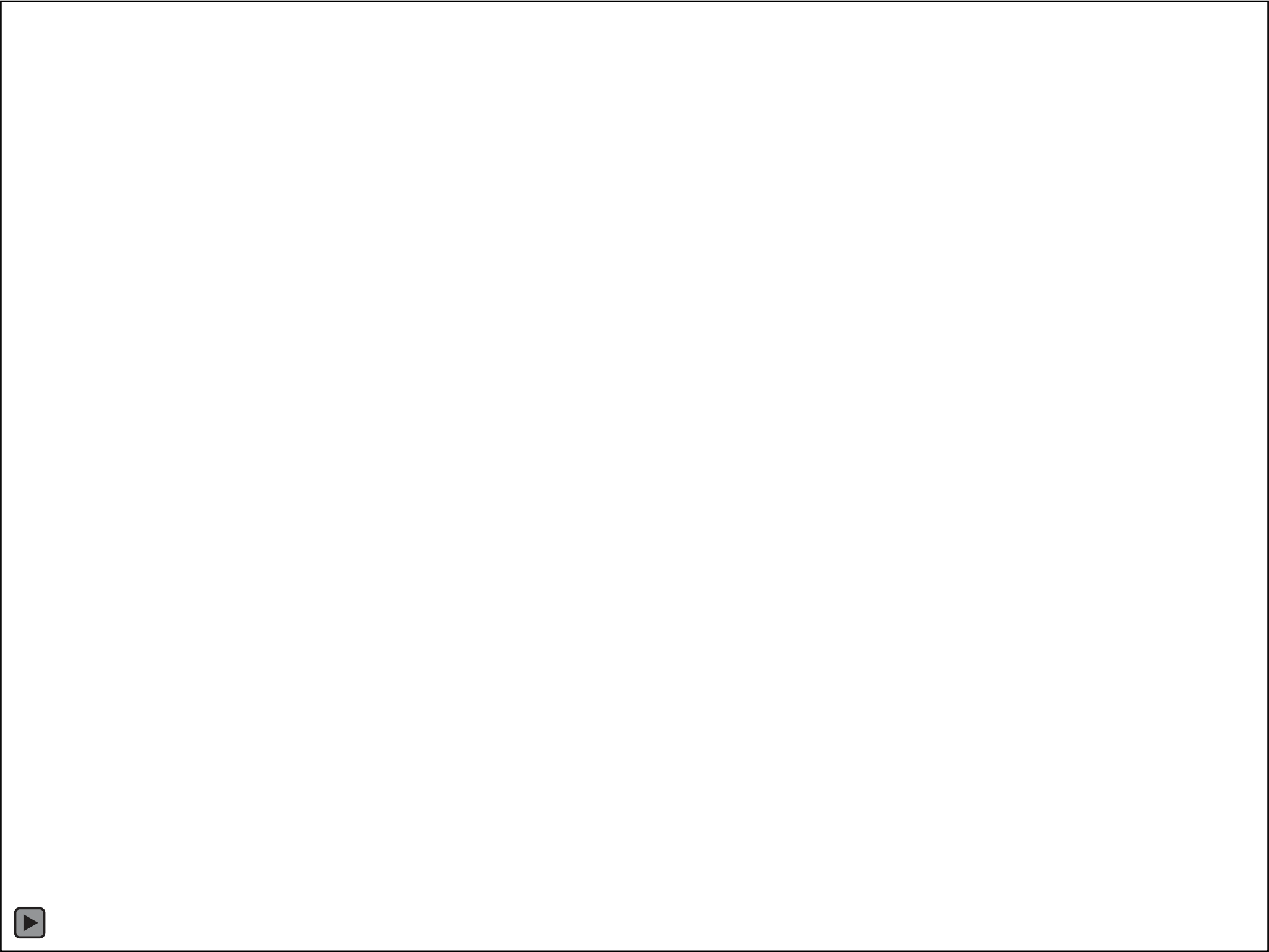
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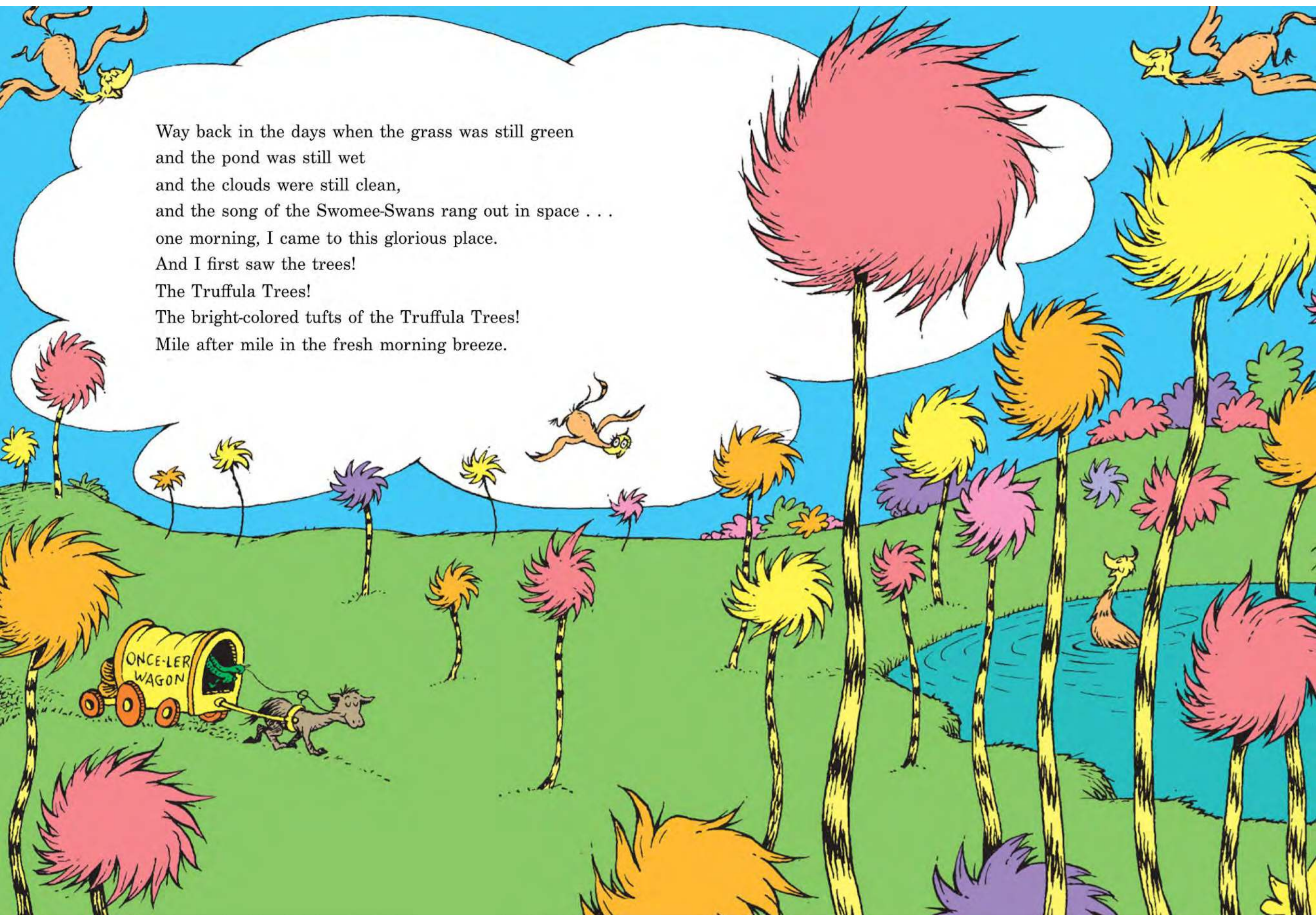


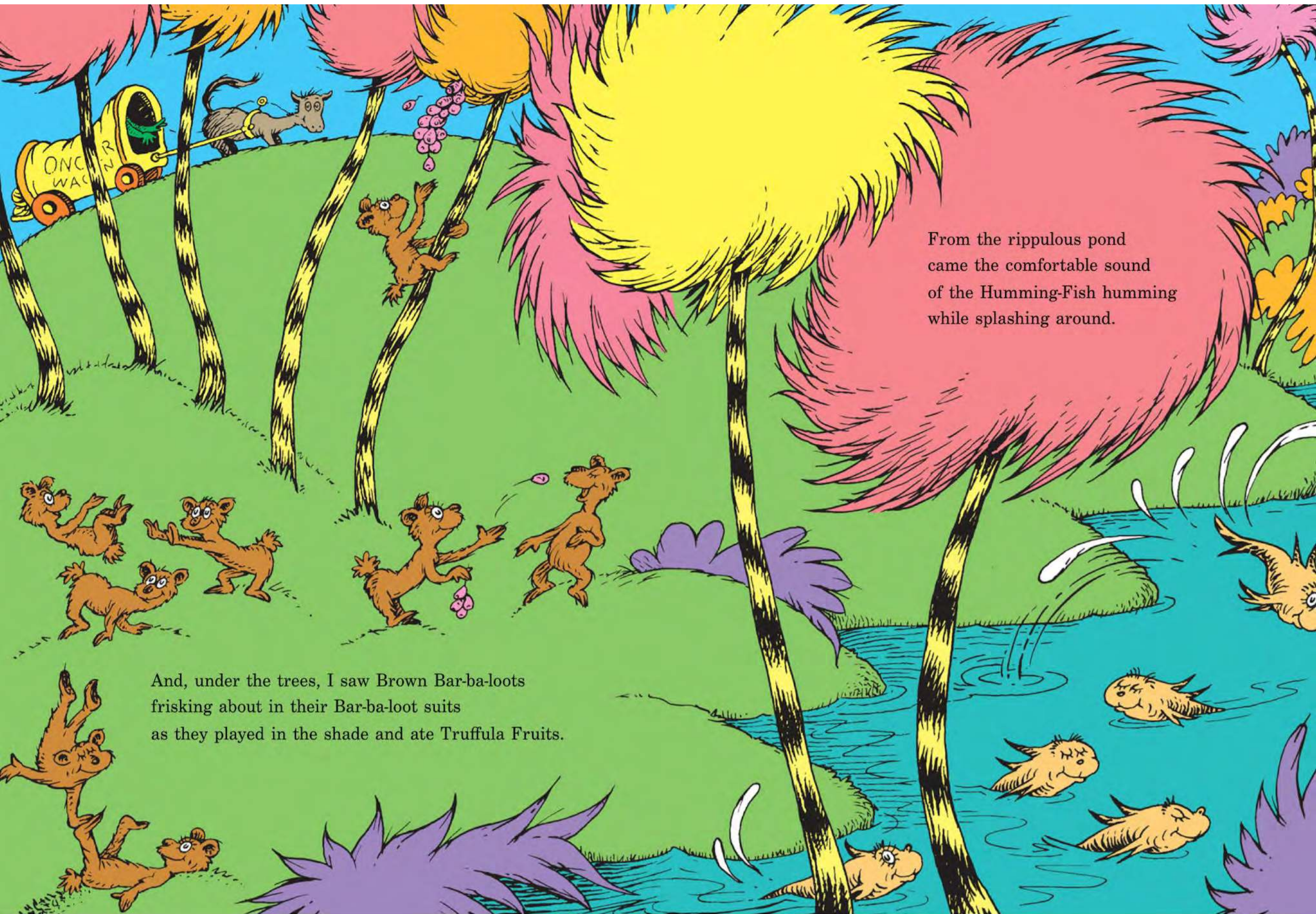


Imagining Climate Change – Trees!
(<https://imagining-climate.clas.ufl.edu/trees/>)



Way back in the days when the grass was still green
and the pond was still wet
and the clouds were still clean,
and the song of the Swomee-Swans rang out in space . . .
one morning, I came to this glorious place.
And I first saw the trees!
The Truffula Trees!
The bright-colored tufts of the Truffula Trees!
Mile after mile in the fresh morning breeze.

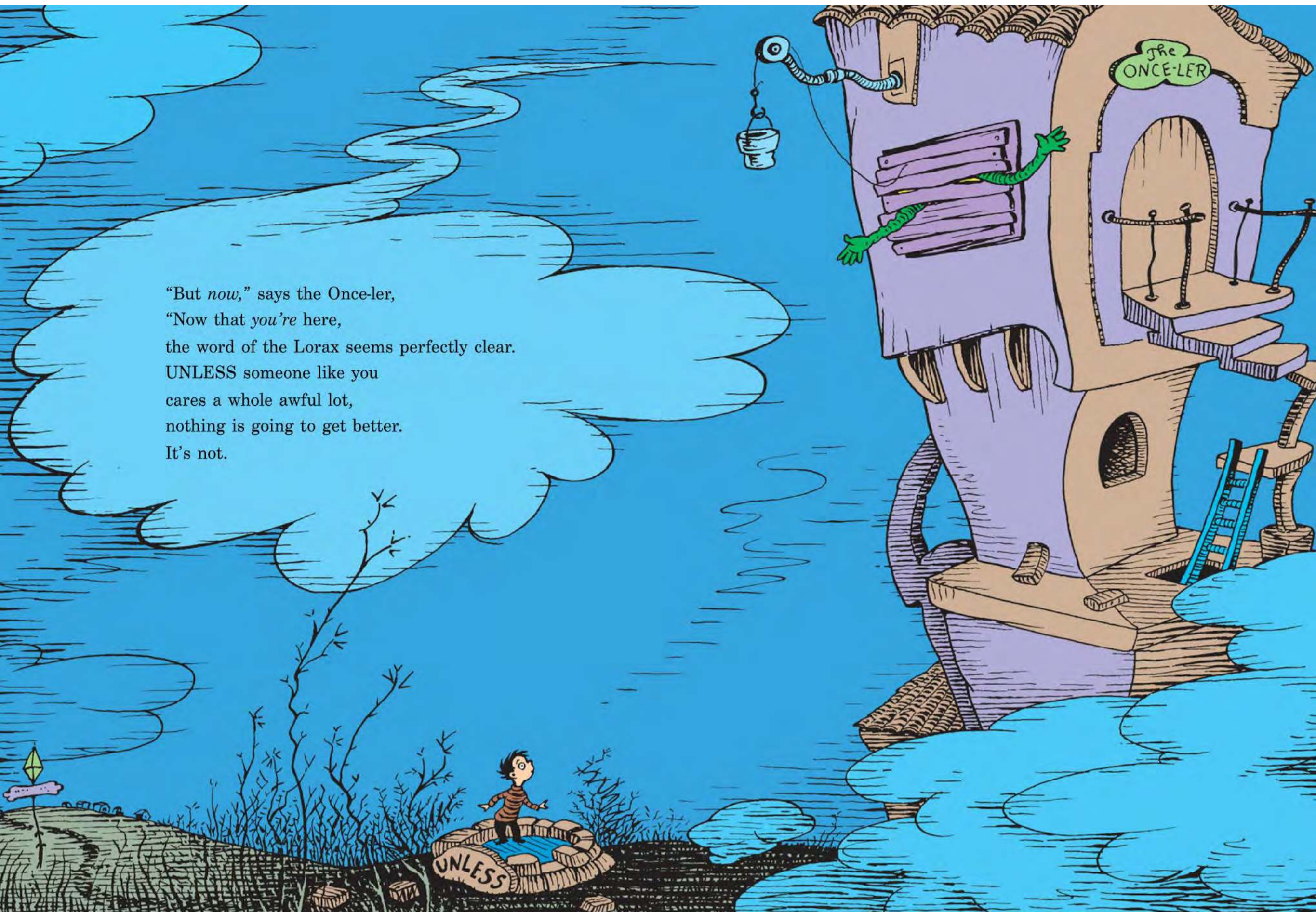




From the rippulous pond
came the comfortable sound
of the Humming-Fish humming
while splashing around.

And, under the trees, I saw Brown Bar-ba-loots
frisking about in their Bar-ba-loot suits
as they played in the shade and ate Truffula Fruits.

"But *now*," says the Once-ler,
"Now that *you're* here,
the word of the Lorax seems perfectly clear.
UNLESS someone like you
cares a whole awful lot,
nothing is going to get better.
It's not.





The Traveler alone on the entropic shore.
Les Edwards's illustration (1979)
for H.G. Wells, *The Time Machine* (1895)



“Earthrise” (Bill Anders, Apollo 8, 1968)
“Pale Blue Dot” (Voyager 1, 1990, rev. 2015)

In Praise of Mystery: A Poem for Europa

Arching under the night sky inky
with black expansiveness, we point
to the planets we know, we

pin quick wishes on stars. From earth,
we read the sky as if it is an unerring book
of the universe, expert and evident.

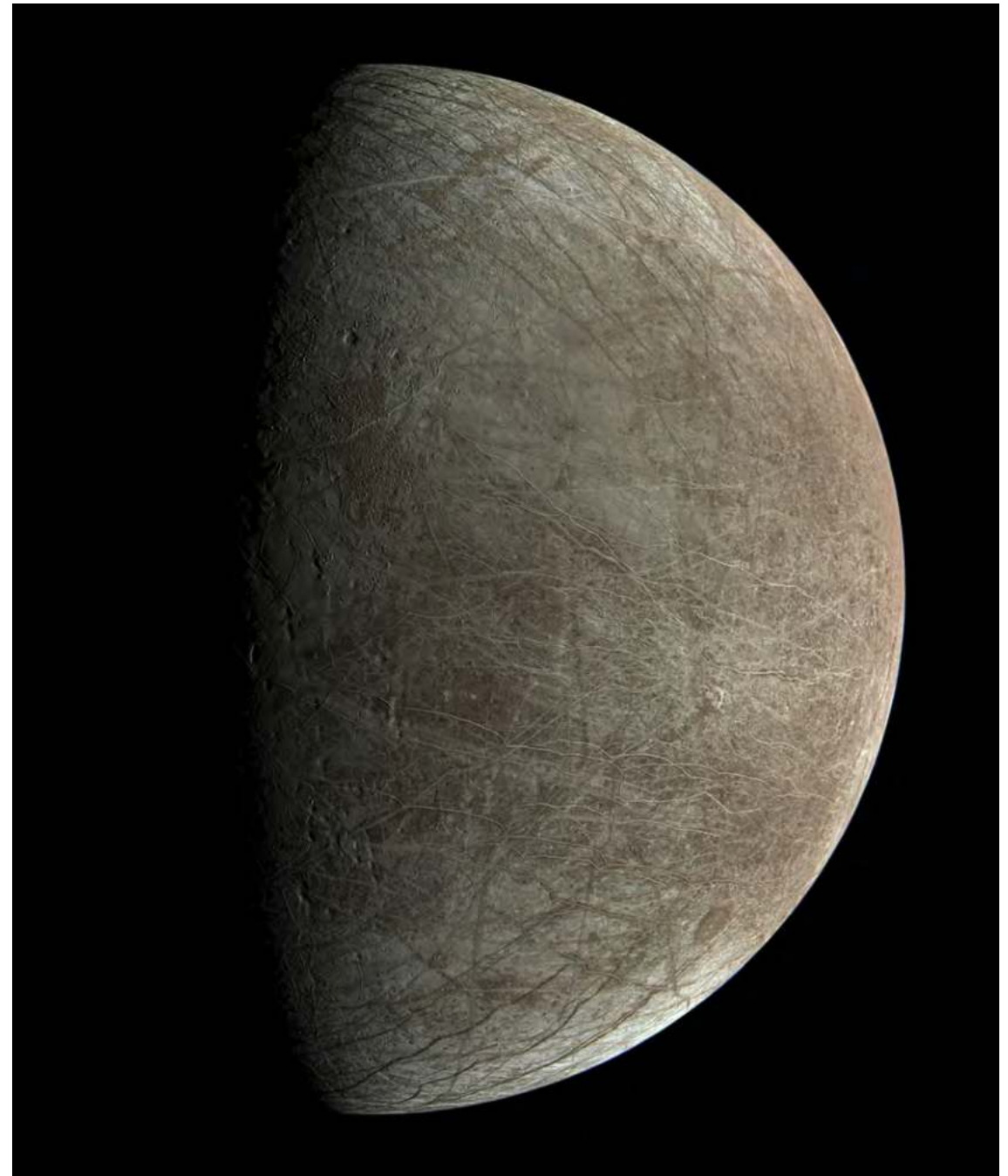
Still, there are mysteries below our sky:
the whale song, the songbird singing
its call in the bough of a wind-shaken tree.

We are creatures of constant awe,
curious at beauty, at leaf and blossom,
at grief and pleasure, sun and shadow.

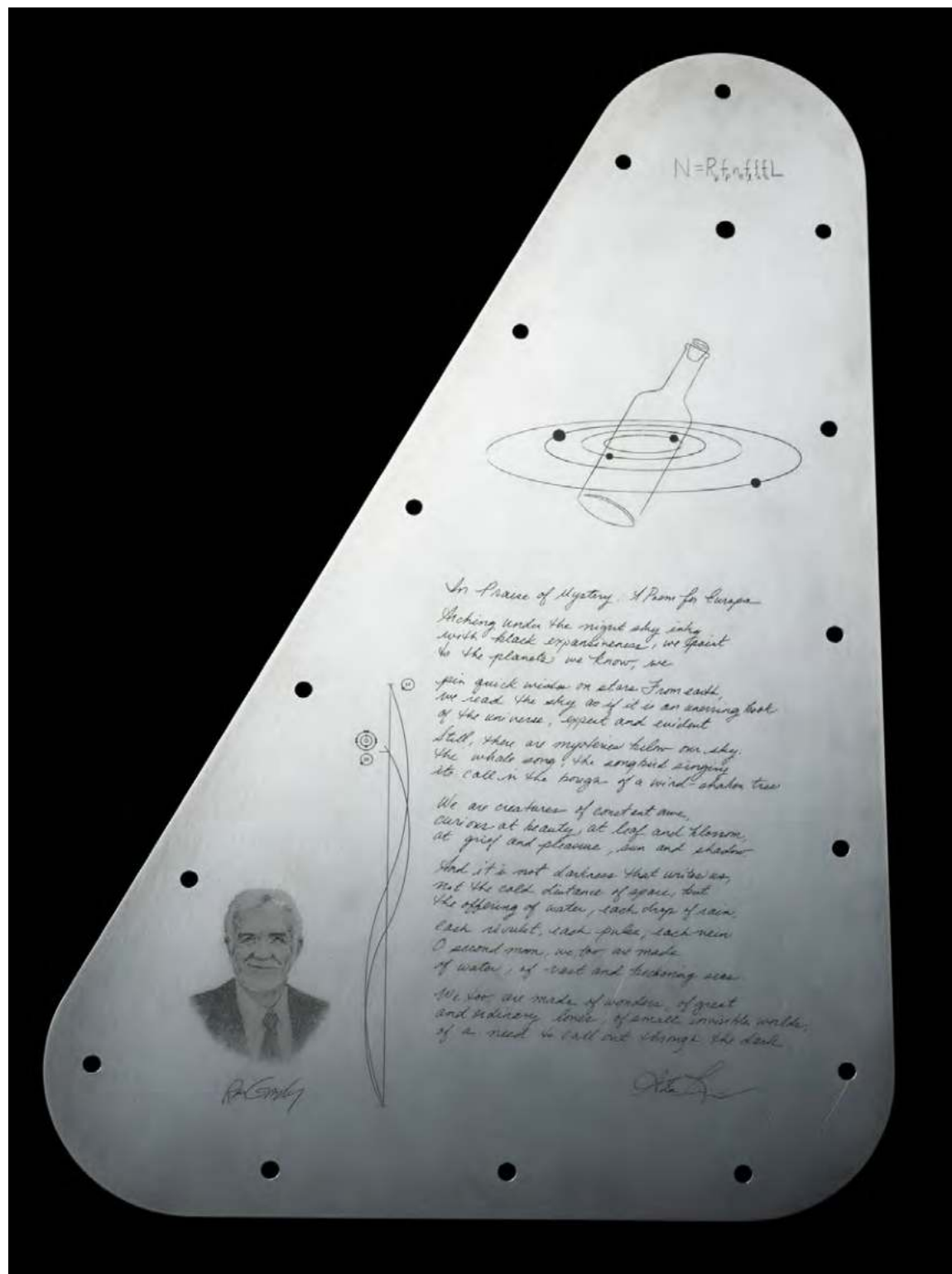
And it is not darkness that unites us,
not the cold distance of space, but
the offering of water, each drop of rain,

each rivulet, each pulse, each vein.
O second moon, we, too, are made
of water, of vast and beckoning seas.

We, too, are made of wonders, of great
and ordinary loves, of small invisible worlds,
of a need to call out through the dark.



Ada Limón, "In Praise of Mystery" (2023)
Europa (JunoCam, 2022)



Commemorative "Message in a bottle" plate,
 Europa Clipper (2024)

On the Beach at Night Alone

On the beach at night alone,
As the old mother sways her to and fro singing her husky song,
As I watch the bright stars shining, I think a thought of the clef of the universes and of the future.

A vast similitude interlocks all,
All spheres, grown, ungrown, small, large, suns, moons, planets,
All distances of place however wide,
All distances of time, all inanimate forms,
All souls, all living bodies though they be ever so different, or in different worlds,
All gaseous, watery, vegetable, mineral processes, the fishes, the brutes,
All nations, colors, barbarisms, civilizations, languages,
All identities that have existed or may exist on this globe, or any globe,
All lives and deaths, all of the past, present, future,
This vast similitude spans them, and always has spann'd.
And shall forever span them and compactly hold and enclose them.



The Lorax observes early galaxy formation
in the Era of Reionization, 13.3–13.4 BYA
(James Webb Space Telescope, CEERS, 2022)