

DITTO ADDENDUM

CORRECTION OF FORMATTING ERROR

FEBRUARY 2026



Dear Readers,

You will find below a correction of James Webb's essay that was published in the most recent Ditto. I made a drastic formatting error that can only be described as a major oversight. Thanks to all who are making this correction possible!

And...a community member has stepped up to become the next Ditto editor. His first month flying solo will be April. I think it is time.

Jan Kinney



**Melonie Rollin**



Siuslaw Home & Health Help

Melonie Rollin
Certified Caregiver
Free Consultation
541-999-5031

✓ **MEAL PLANNING**

Holistic Nutrition
Geriatric Nutrition
Recovery Nutrition
Diabetic Nutrition

✓ **ANIMAL CARE**

Dogs, Cats, Horses, Cows, Pigs,
Llamas, Goats, Sheep,
Chickens, Dragons, Guinea Pigs.

✓ **HOME & GARDEN**

Home Organization
Garbage Services
Large Item Hauling
Yard Debris
Weeding

☸ ☸ ☸

FRIENDLY QUALITY CARE

Do you need help around the house? Do you struggle to maintain your home and health? Let me be your advocate and go-to person to help you manage your lifestyle. Available 4 hours per day \$25 per hour



**Contact Us**
541-999-5031

New Curmudgeon Feb. '26

While we are ready to exchange our personal and home furnishings or the implements of our business for newer and more efficient ones whenever we become convinced of their inferiority, we are hesitant about exchanging our outworn mental furniture for those that are more in harmony with the state of our own and humanity's intellectual development and knowledge. We are anchored with the familiar hues of the ordinary and willing to follow the narrow stream of certainty, creating conspiracy theories to offer simplicity to a complex subject or situation. Drops of doubt may form a stream of truth but maybe "hell is the truth seen too late." *Thomas House* We are not given the power of clear sight as it will forever be clouded by the mists of our perception. We are a species of selfishness forever plundering the treasures of the possible. Here we are, suspended in this common orbit pretending to be separate and unique beings but woven together in all this unlikely beauty, each day a constant now but never free from the claws of then and next and joined in this terminal excursion we call life. It is our nature to exist within the confines of our imagination..trying not to care and caring too deeply. Could we be spared the agonies of hope and be humble enough to be surprised, singing a song of inner silence within our cage of judgment. We live in a universe where entropy prevails on every level. Entropy measures how much of the energy of any system is unavailable to do work. Therefore a system moving toward equilibrium represents increasing entropy. Once at equilibrium, a system in balance can do no work. This is the second law of thermodynamics. The kinky part is that it also implies a linear time structure. Our time measurement is now based on the vibration rate of a strontium atom...accurate to one second in 15 billion years. We live a flickering in and out of existence around the now. Time's flow appears nowhere in current theories of physics. Conscious awareness has been a problem too hard to address. The glaring contrast between our experience of times flow and the eternalized mathematical theories is hard to miss. Where is life and death in these equations? Our genes, our personal memories and the very structure of our various languages are all encoded forms of knowledge about the world. However it is based on a very restricted range of perception. The logical and mathematical language of modern physics, because it is so rigid and formalized, is a necessary tool yet it does not address our own place in the world...just how the world itself is out there. This is where art in its various forms allows us to view reality in a unique and individual way, each of us profiting from the qualia as an experience beyond what the physical senses tell us. Art can capture a moment that never ends, poised between speech and silence, a sandbag between chaos and civilization. Our sense of self leans heavily on our memories, stories developed by the brain where "before" "now" and "after" must be ordered. We make an anxious projection of the world, always on guard against being wounded. "This is the time and this is the record of the time" Laurie Anderson I'm looking for just a single moment where I can slip through, lost in the moment, to the place where time and hope converge from the vastness of the imagination. I am screeching tires on a midnight road, a whole landscape gone to seed a long time ago set to the music of insects rubbing their legs together. It charms the night...I turn around...strange dreams, this long road, an empty room. In our sleep we're standing on our heads...we're ready. My mind's out on bail...it's exactly like...only much much! The choreomaniac people are lost in the glare of how they appear and how I imagine them to be. Progress is a storm blowing us backwards into the future. They've invented trees that cut themselves down. In the movie they know they have to find each other but they ride off in opposite directions, soft as pale blue, the pleasure dome of ice melting in the distance! Whoosh that was a good one...i'll write it down.

Submitted by Jan on behalf of James. The true story!