

Physics and Sex

In contrast to the [Britney](#) page, the following stuff is from me (don't rat on me).

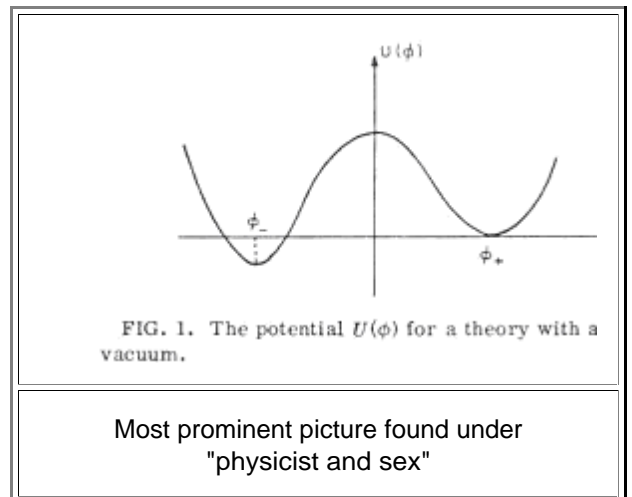
- Several old short **jokes** or one-liners, and some hints to other texts of this ilk, are mixed into this narrative; but essentially this is part of the Hyperscript (© **H. Foell**)
- It is also a little test of sorts, about what will be disclosed later.

Illustration

The dirty mind of physicists

- "An electron will recombine with a hole deep in the valence band, emitting a photon if it is a direct transition" Sara, peeking over my shoulder, was reading out loud from the Hyperscript I was just composing. "Little did I know that you scientists have such a dirty mind when you do your thing" she announced, "are you perhaps meeting little cute holes too, somewhere deep in a valence band?"
- Now who has a dirty mind here? While the juxtaposition of physicists and sex is not exactly an oxymoron (after all, we do reproduce), physicists have better things to do than to chase females (so we believe). Mathematicians now, they have a dirty mind, not to mention chemists. On second thoughts, forget the chemists. If you don't believe about the mathematicians, just look up the adventures of little convergent Polynomia, and her encounter with the operator Curly Pi. It's just disgusting how he integrated her up to the asymptotic limit.
- Only civil engineers, perhaps, are purer in mind (if not body) than physicists. That insight comes straight from pondering what kind of engineer the designer of the human body might have been. One might guess it was a mechanical engineer, considering all the joints, or possibly an electrical engineer, appreciating the zillions of electric connections of the nervous system. But only a civil engineer would be capable to run a toxic waste pipeline through a recreational area, so that solves that question.

- Sara actually knows her engineers and physicists. One day, when I came home quite late with a torn shirt, hair messed up, and generally looking like hell, she wanted to know why? "Well" I said, "after I quit work for the day, a few friends and I went out to the bar for a few drinks. We met up with some rather good-looking young women, and started to drink to excess; things just kept happening, as you can well see. I sobered up enough to note how late it was, so I rushed home."



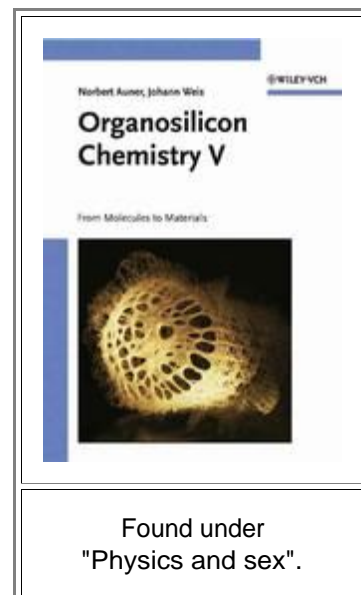
What did she reply? "You liar!!" she said, "You were in the lab again and coming home you fell off your bike. Weren't you?? ?!!!"

So Sara really knows her personal physicist. She also knows that there is no such thing as a generic physicist when it comes to sex. I mean there are theoretical quantum physicists who do it with uncertainty, and there are the astrophysicists who do it with a big bang. Not to mention the Astronomers, who do it all night on mountaintops, or the mathematical physicists, who understand the theory of how to do it, but have difficulty obtaining practical results. Electron microscopists, of course, do it in the dark.

It's not that our minds don't stray off the eclectic joys of physics every now and then, even if it is more than now. But even then there is no reason to give up physics entirely for that. Dirty minds and pure physics are easily reconciled, just consider for example our colleague Micro Farad, who decided to get a cute little coil to discharge him. Attracted by Millie Amps characteristic curves, he approximated her asymptotically and took her for a spin on his megacycle. They crossed the Wheatstone bridge with plenty of momentum, and still had sufficient kinetic energy left to oscillate their wave functions a few times before they made a transition, emitting some fully coherent photons. Their matrix elements increased exponentially, and soon he had her fully excited, approaching the inversion condition. He connected her to ground potential, lowered her resistance, raised her frequency, and finally started to increase the generation rate.

Well, by now they were far off equilibrium. A large entropy current was flowing freely, heating up her her shunts, which were getting pretty hot. A bifurcation opened up and the transition to chaos was imminent. They started swirling around a strange attractor, and if they haven't renormalized by now, they might even reverse polarity and blow each other's fuses.

See what I mean?
Only problem is that while those electrons and holes might have fun at recombining, they also have a distinct advantage to real physicists: They always come in pairs. That cannot be said of real physicists - they almost exclusively come as unpaired males. Why physics is not attractive to females in general, and to attractive females in particular, is totally incomprehensible and counts among the major unsolved mysteries of physics. For some females, their dislike of physics even extends to a dislike of physicists, which might be just as well, because in all (unfortunately severely limited) experimental experience, these ladies cannot carry on a prolonged conversation about interesting items like dark matter, super nova explosion, charm quarks, the newest electron microscopes, or high temperature superconductors. So dates tend to be dull, because what can you do all that time?



(physicists also do it with the speed of light). There are a few ladies who can carry on an intelligent conversation, but their attractors, unfortunately, usually tend to be on the strange side everywhere, not just in phase space.

● "Aha", Sara said (again peeking over my shoulder), "I see. But what exactly did you find out about the inadequacies of, what's you call it, strange attractors in female form? And how about those hot shunts? Hmm - I wonder, how it feels to be inverted?"

▀ So excuse me now. I've got this sudden urge to increase the generation rate, and that's easier while the shunts are hot.