

Random Musings February 10, 2011

1. There is a quiz coming on Tuesday. I do hope you remember the challenge I made to the class—it is imperative that you do better than last year's class when it comes to quiz 2, otherwise I will have to start referring to you as “the second best class I ever had, you know, after last year's class which was better than you by any statistical measure.....” Anyway, you can fix this problem by performing well on the upcoming quiz despite a staggering array of weather-related excuses not to study or get help.

2. For the record:

Quiz 2 results in 2009: 70.

Quiz results in 2010: 78%.

Quiz 2 results in 2011 (Laude's prediction):

83% (don't let me down)

3. As posted on Thursday last week, question types for quiz 2 are

- Setting up an equilibrium expression
- Using LeChatlier's Principle to determine reaction direction
- Comparing Q to K to determine reaction direction
- Using the RICE set-up to find equilibrium values
- Understanding the relationship between free energy and equilibria: $\Delta G = -RT \ln K$
- Understanding the relationship between temperature and equilibria (Van't Hoff equation)
- Understanding the autoprotolysis of water and its temperature dependence
- Calculating molar solubility from K_{sp}

4. Reminder that the worksheets through the first exam are posted. By this weekend, you should be able to do Worksheet 3 and starting next week you really need to be working on worksheets 4, 5 and 6 in earnest.

5. The usual materials before a quiz will come in the following way:

- I will post a practice quiz 2 this weekend in the portal
- The TAs will write up their own practice quiz and it will be available Sunday in the portal.

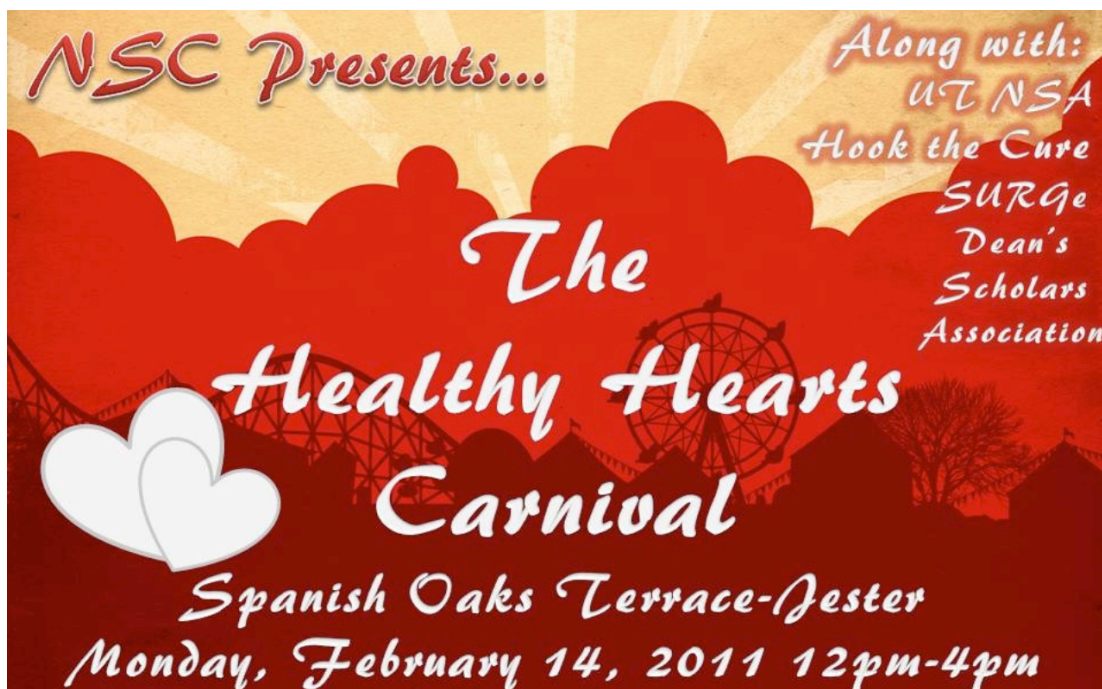
6. As mentioned in an e-mail earlier this week, I have now posted all the video clips through lecture 10 on line. They are in higher resolution than the fall version but are still quickly downloadable on campus and with any decent broadband internet providers (the one's that aren't decent know who they are no matter how much they advertise.).

7. **“How to get an A in Dr. Laude’s Class” presentation by Dr. Laude on Sunday evening at 8 pm.**

No time like the present to learn what it is you need to learn--there is a quiz on the 15th and an exam on the 24th. As I mentioned the first day of class, I do not believe in curves and in fact believe instead that my job is to make it possible for you to learn what is expected for this course, and if I do so, I will give you an A.

Well there are 130 new students this semester, many of whom are wondering what the heck is going on—“doesn’t Dr. Laude actually teach anything?” In response, I will host a “How to get an A in Dr. Laude’s Class” presentation **this Sunday evening at 8 pm in this room**. During that time I will offer the study strategies that I have seen work both in terms of week to week learning of the material and specifically, what you should do to prepare for my quizzes and exams. All are invited but it is intended specifically for new students—most folks who had me for CH301 will have heard what I have to say before. Still, it will be valuable to all in that I will use quiz 2 question types as the vehicle to introduce the study strategies. Oh, and it is going to be videotaped for those who cannot attend in person.

8. Public Service Announcements.



9. Hate poetry. Since it isn't Valentine's Day till next week, it seems reasonable to do hate poetry this week. Please, please, get your poetry in, especially the love poetry. But in the mean time hate as experienced by your peers:

i hate that you had the nerve
to use me (again)
to trick me
to do those things behind my back
to fool me
to wrong me
to think you could get away
but i am not here for you to use

well you thought when i said good bye
that i would come back
and be the subject for you to twist and tear
and smear onto the canvas
bits of my broken heart
to once again show off to your friends
and hang on your wall
for you to look at and smile about
before you sleep but not dream

about meaning
faith
respect
friendship
loyalty
and love

its true when they say there's only
one.
thing.
on.
your.
mind.

</3 with hate,
Me (yes you know who)

*H is for Hairy, like your arms, chest, and back
A is for your Arrogance, an ego to the max
T is for the Time you misspelled my middle name
E for Expectations of you that never came*

*Maybe I don't HATE you. After all, for months I cared
And I revel in the fact you're stuck with memories we shared
So blocked you'll stay, on facebook. Calls and texts you'll never get.
If you think you have a chance, you ain't seen nothin' yet!*

*As Valentine's approaches, I'll be sure this time to find,
Someone who will match my hilarity and mind.*

Dear Dr. Laude,

I've never actually been in a relationship; I've just strung together a few angry words. But in case I ever do break up with somebody, I now have this poem.

Regards,

P.S I Hate You

How did it come to this?
We used to be so good together.
But now we just clash
Like a spell of bad weather.
As Ricky Henderson did with bases,
My heart did you steal.
But now you're Yoko Ono
And my heart is the Beatles.
Of course, it's not a reference you would get.
You always despised my sporting passion.
You gave so little effort as I atrophied
From your inane gossip and fashion.
Now I'm free to watch games,
Instead of fielding your insipid calls.
And whenever I see a slam dunk
I imagine your face is the ball.
I have cast away the fetters
Of your abusive behavior.
Who knew that a breakup
Could be such a savior?
Well, what's done is done.
So long and farewell.
Don't expect a get-well card from me
If you fall down a stairwell.
And alas for Valentine's
There will be no love sonnet.
You'll find instead on your doorstep
A dead rose with your name on it

I hate Bobbleheads,
ballooning heads teetering on a pin body.
Would you like an M&M?
No, thanks, I'm on a diet.

Monsters hiding their sunken eyes behind sunglasses,
creeping from High School nightmares.
Would you like a glass of wine?
No, thanks, I'm on a diet.

The devil clutching their starved bodies
in the fitness studio.
How is a cup of tea?
Yeah, but no sugar. Please.

Lipless, frowned faces,
forcing the stroller up that mountain.
Are you decided on a dinner?
I'd like the salad as an entree.

Bony, fleshless wives,
tired, juiceless, bitter, deprived.
Anything to drink?
Water, please.

Silently whispering poison:
You are fat.
I hate you.

Valentines Day

Personal sentiment, hand to hand held,
Kisses and hugs (because sensitive sells),
Roses and cards we will send,
Though it's all about sex in the end,
But if he gets what he wants all is well.
She wants to think that she knows what she needs,
Showered with words, wowed with gestures and deeds,
That smack of love unceasing;
Naught but unknowingly increasing
The stock value of chocolate companies.
It will end in decay, just like always, the same;
Like severed plant genitals—what's in a name?
Your love's a faux, an ideal
A trick, dance, war, dross, joy, plot, shell, a spiel,
We just want sex, don't make it a game.

There is a girl blabbing nothing outside my window
What do I have to show
To a world that the only way to destroy
Is to die like a baby boy
I could be happy in infinity
Of the space of my eyelid
But I know I'm somewhere else
Where the words on this page
Are better than the scribbling nonsense they are
And it would be real,
And I eat my last meal
Wish that I could feel
But now I don't even know if I'm real

A dove is a glove
That I wear in my heart
And though I like to dress smart
It doesn't have any part of the world of fashion
And you're there to put me down
And I'm sick of the frowns that follow me around
I would like the sky but there's no reason why
Shed say to this world with the nose of a girl
Turned up so loud that IT SINGS STEALS THE CLOUDS
I've never been here and though you're physically near
You're pushing me away to decay like the days that I loved

**From a girl's bathroom at Burdine
Hall**

By the time you swear you're his
Shivering and Sighing
And he vows his passion is
Infinite -- Undying
Lady make a note of this
One of you is lying

Hollow

Don't look at me
with those piercing eyes...
You can pick and probe
but you'll never hear
my smothered cries.
Don't look too deep---
you'll waste yourself,
for there's nothing to see
but an empty shell.
Don't stare too intently
into the void.
Like a black hole, the darkness
you can't avoid.
I can see you straining
to find the sparkle in my eye.
But it's been washed away so long ago
and left here in the cold to dry.
There's nothing in me now...
No tears, nor fire;
No fears, nor desire.
I am hollow,
but I am sane.
I am jaded,
but I am tame.
So, don't bother trying to gaze
into the depths of my soul,
for, there is nothing there but space---
emptiness amidst the lull.
There is fog and mist
and everything is gray.
But, in the coldness
there's no emotion to give away.
You think that I
am flesh and bone
But, the truth is, I am
made of stone.
Can you not see
the nothingness inside of me?
Do you hear me complaining?
This hollowness is captivating...
mesmerizing... vindicating!
The cold has frozen my heart

and this numbness brings me peace

No sadness, no pain;
my mind finally at ease...

I may be hollow,
but I am sane.

I may be jaded,
but I am tame.

So, remember this
when next you try
to look into me
with piercing eyes.

All you will see
is the emptiness
that sets me free.