

their own radiation are far too hot for us to touch, and the ones we dare to touch are too cold to see.

The student of the night must set out on a path where there is little help. In earlier times, before infrared sensors, he had to literally grope his way in the dark. The sun has been the whole story, because sunlight tells the story. With its warmth and brilliant light, the sun directs all our attention to incoming energy in the daily in-and-out energy tide. This bias is bad enough, but what is worse is that the sun's color language overwhelms the media we might hope would tell us the rest of the story, that of departing energy. What if objects could be revealed by each glowing at its own temperature, as with infrared cameras? Instead our eyes ignore things until the sun rises to repeat its skin deep opinion of everything for yet another day. If we could see by I.R., we would find the night a busy but gentle scene, with softly glowing clouds crossing an icy blue sky, with every object telling its own temperature story in color. The colors would be the indicators of the energy gained during the day as it is shined away at night. Gusts of wind would brighten blades of grass, or leaves of trees, as heat (energy) passed from the atmosphere to them. Massive rocks would glow all night, according to their thickness and previous exposure. The rising sun would cause us to retire, along with other night creatures, for the sunlit scene would bewilder us, as our overheated star revealed the arbitrary nonsense of colors in the brighter world of thermal misinformation.