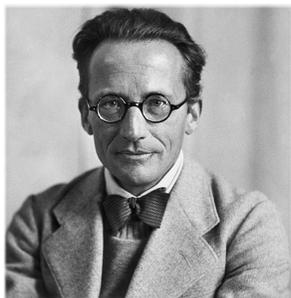


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## Using the Many Worlds Interpretation (MWI) of Quantum Mechanics to Win at Texas Hold-em Poker

A BROWN FEDORA PAMPHLET

Like all cats, the one belonging to Erwin Schrödinger loved sitting alone in a shoe box. As a matter of fact, leave a box of *any* shape or size lying open on the Schrödingers' living room rug and soon to be sitting there would be their pussycat, Pussy (named after the Nineteenth Century Gross-Mass physicist Bixby "Big Pussy" Galore— but to be totally transparent here, Pussy the cat was not named *immediately* after Bixby was named, but about two-hundred years later).



This Schrödinger guy was not so much a cat lover as he was a Quantum Mechanics theorist (as indicated by those two little dots over the Ö in his name, which some art critics credit with being the inspiration for Edvard Munch's "The Scream"), and so what he did was, he slammed a lid on the box, cat still inside, wrapped it around in both directions with heavy duty duct tape, and yelled in, "Hey, Pussy, your odds of getting out of there alive are around fifty/fifty, tops!"

The cat was horrified, Schrödinger went to lunch.



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Schrödinger's acclaimed reputation as a world-class physicist/theoretician (along with a wheelbarrow full of hush money) allowed him to avoid prosecution for animal cruelty and instead to be lauded for initiating a Quantum Mechanical breakthrough.

According to Schrödinger, here was the brilliant paradox which he had constructed: He insisted that prior to opening the box, his Pussy would be both dead and alive simultaneously.

"Simultaneously? How could that be? I don't understand," asked a lab assistant, anxious to get to the kickoff of the U. of Zurich football game.

"'Simultaneously' means 'At the same time'," Schrödinger explained, wondering if the punctuation combination of ', ' had ever been used before.

"Oh, sure, now I see," responded the research assistant, insincerely, just wanting to grab his coat, along with some pompoms, and leave. He could hear the band tuning up.



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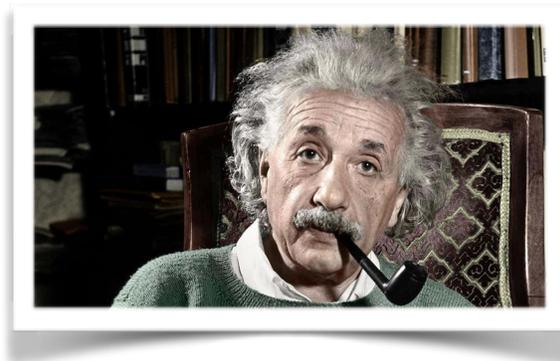
After the lad had departed for the game, Schrödinger continued explaining the entire conundrum, like Quantum Mechanics theorists often do, although it can get pretty annoying. “The cat remains both dead and alive, don’t you see, even *after* the box is opened.”



“How could this be?” he was asked by a feline bounty hunter who had wondered in wondering if he could collect the bounty on a renegade cat if the cat was wanted “*Dead and Alive*,” not “*Dead or alive*.” Grinning like a sleep deprived sheepish slushhead, Schrödinger explained to this Dog the Bounty Hunter wannabe, “An indeterminacy originally restricted to the atomic domain becomes transformed into macroscopic indeterminacy.”

To which Albert Einstein, who was listening in from the lab across the hall, replied, “Duh.”

Schrödinger shouted back across the hall, “Who asked you? Go get a haircut, Curly.”



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But enough of this fun stuff, let's get serious—How can all this philosophical information help you win at Texas Hold-em?

Well, let's illustrate with a typical poker situation:

You're holding two queens, hoping for a third to match your pair, but you get no help on the river, so your two ladies will have to do the job by themselves.



You're all in.

Your opponent has been underachieving, showing nothing beyond three non-face cards and a single Ace. True: if he gets a second Ace on his river, then he wins, you lose, but if any other card at all is drawn, anything from a Two through a King, the you can reach across the table and rake in your chips.

A lot is riding on the flip of that next card.

Anything other than an Ace will bring you untold riches, success, fancy yachts and tater tots, dreams fulfilled. However an Ace would bring complete devastation, desolation, poverty, disgrace, and worse. Living on the street with cardboard in your shoes, explaining to passers-by that you used to be somebody.

So, remembering the tale of Schrödinger's cat, here's what you do...

Before the dealer hits your opponent with his river card, you hold up your hand, temporarily suspending play, and you announce, "Gentlemen, lady..."

You then reach down to the floor and come up with a shoe box, taped closed, which you push to the middle of the table. "...earlier today, I sealed a live cat inside this box, along with the digestible contents of an opened packet. That packet contained either six ounces of Yummy-Kitty Cat Treats, '*The cat-treat made from liver and fun,*' or the same amount of d-CON rat poison."

After questioning how you manage to speak in both *italics* and normal font, the players sit, silent and dumbfounded. You continue your explanation. "I inserted the

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packet into the box while blindfolded, so I do not know which item accompanied the cat and which one the cat has by now ingested.”

Here, you reference Schrödinger’s Cat for your table-mates, explaining that for the time being at least, *both* worlds exist within that box, the world of a living cat, the world of a dead one. Opening the box will reveal one of the two, but—here’s the key— even subsequent to the revelation, both worlds will continue to exist.

“Same thing goes with *his* river card,” you smirk (although that line of dialogue is admittedly a difficult one to smirk). You point accusingly at your slightly annoyed but more-so confused opponent, sitting across the table wearing his Tommy Bahama shades, a ball cap, a sleeve-garter, but with no cat box of his own.

You smile knowingly, (or at least as knowingly as one who has no idea what he is talking about can smile) and you state with utter confidence, “That next card lies within a state of quantum superposition, since it is randomly linked to a subatomic event.”

“What are you, some kind of joker?” one angry player asks, who had gone out by drawing a Joker on his flop.

Undeterred, you continue. “Ace? Not an ace? These two events are decoherently linked until we get to the river. Once we look at the card, we become disentangled with the quantum decoherence.”

With a cavalier flip of your fingers, you bid the game go on as you say to the dealer, “Please, my good man, deal on... as if anything actually matters.”

If the river card is not an Ace, you win. You take your money and run.



If however, it *is* an Ace, you simply question the validity of the dealer’s existence and quote Joe Pesci in the movie “Raging Bull,” talking to his brother Jake about his next bout. “If you win, you win, if you lose, you still win.”

This segment is true as far as it goes, but Joey LaMotta obviously had not read the Einstein, Podolsky, Rosen (EPR) article published in 1935. Or if he had, he fell

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asleep before getting to the good part. (A financial brouhaha prevented this exciting magazine article from being turned into a movie.)

For what Joey failed to point out to his brother is— if he won, he also would lose, and vice versa.

With this quandary in mind, you must now at least entertain the thought first introduced by Cosmologist Max Tegmark, entitled “The Quantum Suicide Machine.”

Acting on Max’s behalf, you should allow yourself to be sealed in a medal casket, along with both a baloney sandwich (equating to life) and a Germain Mauser with one bullet in its chamber (absence of life).

I think we can now all clearly see what has just transpired here.

