

## Excerpt Oneiro II

The answer was unsettlingly obvious. It was simply deeper. Much deeper. Smaller. Infinitely tiny. It came to him quickly. It had always been there. Been there longer than he could possibly conceive.

Did it come from the stuff of sub-atomic astrophysics? [W boson](#), [Z boson](#), Muon, Quark, [Gluon](#), [Graviton](#), [Higgs boson](#)? No. This was new. Unexpected. A door opening with a strangled cry of wonder and surprise. An astrophysical plane populated by particles unknown to man. Smaller particles than science ever imagined. A new discipline altogether. Quantum-quantum? Q<sup>2</sup>? What inhabited this realm?

Phil already knew as well. Just a matter of impelling it to consciousness. Exploring the universe that dwells within every cell. Every atom. Phil was getting excited. He gave it a name. SNA. Subatomic Nucleic Apperceptum.

DNA and RNA were the aggregation of random adaptation over 3.5 billion years on Earth. Then again, maybe not so random after all.

SNA was the aggregate consciousness of the Universe. Nearly 14 billion years old. Passed on at inception within the atoms of all existence. Awaiting discovery. Imagine if DNA were a code built of a code. DNA made of SNA. Patterns within patterns. Steganography of the gods. SNA organized in the same general manner, yet unimaginably vast in capacity. Capitalizing on the astoundingly miniscule size of its carrier. Infinitely propagated since the Big Bang itself. DNA and RNA might not be universal. SNA most definitely was. A dazzling spectacle from the primeval birth of the cosmos.

He thought about Anthony Leeuwenhoek in the 1600's; developer of the first truly powerful compound microscope. Phil imagined being the first human to witness microbes—dozens of unearthly tiny creatures—swimming about in a single, small drop of water. Animals so small they are invisible...titanic relative to Phil's SNA.

Seconds after creation itself, hydrogen, helium and lithium isotopes fused in this particulate mini-verse, nucleosynthesizing vast spectra of exotic particles.

Some known to man. *Tau leptons, gravitons, quarks* and many more. Others, unknown to man, Phil seemed to be christening himself. Somehow diving their ultramontane natures and idoneous designations. Gestalting their names. *Mavros-pragma morio, mavros-energeia morio, aspros-pragma morio, aspros-energeia morio, safis-pragma morio, safis-energeia morio* and thousands more. He peered down an endless corridor lined with these exotic micro-bits of creation. A number approaching infinity. Each with their supersymmetric heavy counterpointal particle. A cosmic whirling dervish. Dancing and swirling, interacting, glowing and unfolding. Blossoming in sublime substance and meaning. Beyond beauty, beyond measure, beyond comprehension.

He envisioned these micro-miniature swirling universes. His vision was so clear he could actually see them. Infinitely small. Alive. Stunningly beautiful. Swirling bright, glittering crystal chandeliers of creation. Phil stood atop a lofty cliff. Star frosted darkness. Looking out on distant fires stretching beyond an endless horizon.

This realization electrified him. It inspired him. Somehow he had inadvertently happened upon one of the pivotal moments in his life. The pivotal elements of existence. Phil was deep under water. Nonetheless he suspected he was doing something akin to weeping.

For this single point in time, Phil was the first and only human in all of history possessed of such wondrous knowledge.

Happy birthday indeed.

SNA permeated the Universe. Everyone. Everything. Humans. Radios. Rabbits. Stones. Water. Chocolate cake. Atoms. Stars. Quasars. Black Holes. Dark Matter. Strings. Novae. Galaxies. Everything.

Philip's great personal human singularity: He could access and interpret the SNA comprising his being.

SNA. Inviolable. Undeviating. As sacrosanct and transcendental as Newton's Laws. Everything in and of the universe since its stygian eruption. Everything that has been. Everything that is. Everything dissipating towards the

ultimate entropy. Or compressing towards the ultimate congeries. If this was so, then logically it contained everything that *would be*, as well.

Dr. Webber had suspected as much it seemed. Years ago he told Phil "Chaos does not exist." Perhaps he was right.

Breathtaking and dizzying. Difficult sensations to manage underwater.

What did this say to determinism? He supposed it denied its existence. Could not exist. No randomness. Forget about Heisenberg's uncertainty. From the first primordial matter and antimatter particles exploding outward to infinity. From the first billion-billion-trillionth of a picosecond. No nucleic constituent had ever, or would ever deviate so much as one trillionth of a Nanometer in any direction from its precisely targeted predestination for a million-billion years.

Like flies in amber. A triacontatrillion to the hundredth power beings, spanning the cosmos for all time. Marching unswervingly to a cadence drummed out literally since the beginning of existence. A cadence resonating until the end of time. Smacks of a god. Sounds like a plan. An insouciant *escapada* to hell. Or heaven. Or purgatory. Or oblivion. Or whatever. Life and death passing without control. Without responsibility.

Without free will.

The physical movement of particles was actually the definition of everything from form, to action, kinetics, to thought, history, science, art, emotions, good, evil, life, death, gold, bananas, televisions, super novae, funny, monstrous, noble, brave, worthy, mundane...everything. If physical movement is predetermined. Everything else inexorably follows. Just as billiard balls on a flawless two-dimensional slate plane, every movement, every clash of balls and drop in pockets, all predetermined by the first, single stroke of the queue. SNA. The blueprint of eternity.

All things predetermined by subatomic particles 14 billion years ago, blazing outward in all directions. A fabulous balloon stretching and expanding. Inflation bearing the sinews of creation faster than light itself. Matter and antimatter in a monumental conflict. Explosively abrogating one another. Matter exceeding antimatter; or antimatter simply finding its own cosmic

eddies. Either way, matter prevailed. The titanic opening skirmish of existence itself. Predetermined as well. Perhaps we come by our nature naturally. Not our fault. Conceived in the blistering furnace of sub-atomic violence of mutually assured particulate destruction.

Phil was unprepared to face this or further analyze it. This was inspiring. Or it was devastating. This was wondrous. Or it was infinitely ironic. This was profoundly disturbing and cried out for an intensity of concentration lasting a lifetime. Far more than he had to give now. Instead, as he was taught in Fear Training, he *wrapped* the problem.

Only he carried it incalculably further. Initiating the process at the Medial Prefrontal Cortex, that part of his mind would commence independent analysis. Then he would let his mind, or minds, continue the process, sort it out; and he would review the conclusions for the rest of his life.