

The Secrets of the Universe

Wherefrom, Whereto, and What To Do

Backward Gravity slows down Forward Light to create temporary virtual matter.



By Austin D. Torney

SECRETS OF THE UNIVERSE

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The Secrets of the Universe

SECRET FORMULAS

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$1 + 1 > 2$ (synergy of partnership)

Truth + Goodness + Beauty = Love

Love $\div \infty = \text{Love}$

(Love when divided diminishes not)

$1 + 1 = 1$ (when in love)

Fire(man) + Water(woman) = Steam

MVEMJSUNP

(What does it mean? hint:SUN)

'I'(awareness) *observes* Mind(self)

(Universal Subject *observes* mental object)

S l o w d o w n

Nothing $\Leftrightarrow$ Positive + Negative

(Non-existence $\Leftrightarrow$ Matter + Anti-Matter)

Existence (Figure) $\Leftarrow$ Being (Ground)



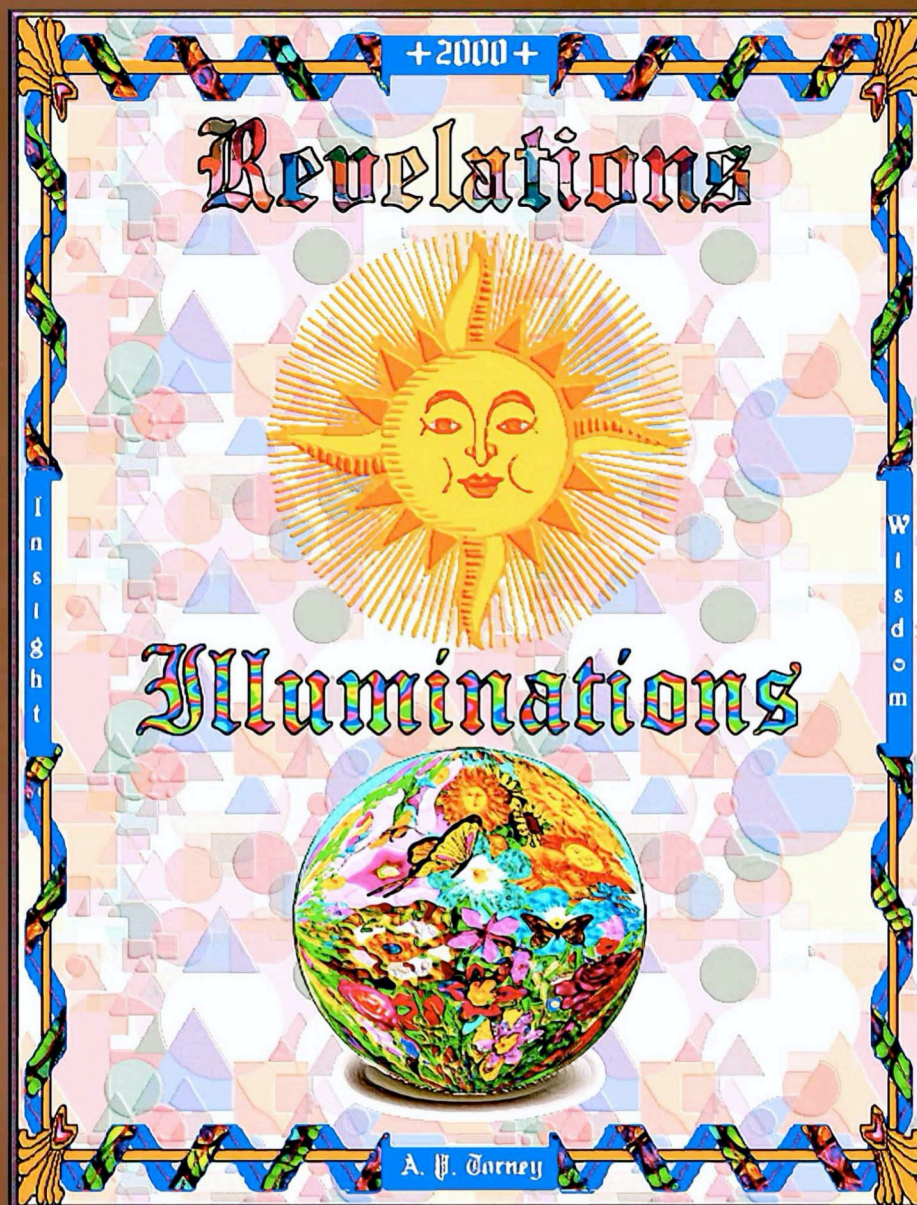
The Secrets of the Universe

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Can an absolute 'Nothing' exist?

Could Something have existed forever without cause?

What is 'Potential/Possibility'?

What is the Theory of Everything? How does it explain all?

What is a human being?

Do we have free will?

What is the root of all evil?

What is a good way to live?

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nothing(why) + possibilities(how)



{ [space(where) <— (appearances) —> matter(what)]

+

[past(then) —> (movement) —> future(when)] }

=

the spirit of life



evolution



being(who)



now

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Why is there Something rather than Nothing?

If an absolute Nothing could exist, then it would still be amounting to nothing, begetting nothing; yet, we are here, so Nothing is an impossible state, both unconceivable and inconceivable. Existence means 'to be'; 'Something is the natural state.

How could the right (or any) Something have been around forever without cause? (Since Nothing produces Nil.) How could it have been so sturdy?

A real thing couldn't be. What would have decided its nature and its when and where? There could have been no such definition due to its eternalness. Nor could forever's infinity ever have completed. Therefore, 'something' is utterly undefined chaos.

Haven't we found that real things are made of smaller and smaller things, down, perhaps, to the level of quarks and electrons—'unbreakable' things that might never wear out? Where must it all end?

Yes, the Universe seems to go from the composite to the simple, but that leads to an infinite regress or to fundamentals that had to exist forever with full definition in the first place, a place that never was. The end must then occur at the causeless.

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N
O
NOW  HERE
W
H
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R
E

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Perhaps Something had to form since Nothing obviously cannot be? The physical laws concerning Time and Something only apply to our Universe and not necessarily 'before', for then, the physical laws would have been up for grabs. Imbalances could have still produced a Something that, in sum, still adds up to the none. All was possible 'then'. Just the threat of the perfect Nothing would have jiggled change, for the simple always leads upward.

Indeed, for the possibilities of the Timeless-Formless would have been endless with no constraints imposed. It seems that the Theory of Everything must reside below the level of space. This unlimited Potential or Possibility resides between Nothing and Something and nicely ends the infinite regress of 'boxes within boxes'. Have we seen any real examples or remnants of this happening on this side of the Materialization?

Yes, in the accepted quantum world, 'particles', like electrons reside everywhere and nowhere in a superposition until coming into real existence.

Yet, all tolled and tabulated, the All is the Null, in a relative way, for neither could exist absolutely on their own. The Positive cancels the Negative.

True, but how did we get 'here' from this Potential?

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Come and Gone

Like the light from a star already spent,
Our 'get up and go' has long gone and went.
We all birthed, lived, and died right away—
There's nothing left but the slo-mo replay.



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The Timeless-Formless was free to create every possibility in no time, all at once. One of these virtual paths became the shimmering rainbow of our particular reality. It just takes a while to play out, for we are chained to Time and Form here.

It is an imperfect Universe... an uncongenial one.

Yes, and there was no guarantee that it would be optimal, but it does have a workable, intricate balance—or we wouldn't have arisen herein as beings to discuss it. It was, at least, probable.

That would explain the incredible luck of all the occurrences and happenstances that led to us. How useful is the Timeless-Formless whence we came? Should we try to tap into it, learn from it? Adore?

Evidently, it already works through us, as our essence, but, in particular, luck provides unusable information for universes sprung out of disorder.

But, it performed everything!

Perhaps, and so then it is akin to Borges' library of Babel that contains every possible book that could be written: Everything is still the same as Nothing. The negative energy of gravity cancels the positive. All accounts sum to zero on Nature's thumbnail.

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Something Had to
Become since "Nothing"
is unconceivable.

(Materialization)

q ↓ l ↓
fundamentals
a p p
s r a v i t y a
k o c
stars n e
stars (weak,
(star t strong)
dust) o c
molecules
T s l
H O W m l i f e h
E b r a i n s u
e x p e r i e n c e s a
d n
c o n s c i o u s n e s s e s

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True, but, meanwhile the virtual is usable as the real and so we can enjoy our cognition of this place.

Yes, why not, for we were thrust into this place and might as well enjoy it, since we're not going anywhere but from the dawn of Nothing to the dusk of Nothing. Existence, then, precedes essence.

Ah, the future is the nowhere and the nowhen, so we are pretty much on our own. Should we take it seriously? It seems to be a wonderful place here.

Yes, to make the best of it, but, in a way, I think Shakespeare got it right for a lot of life.

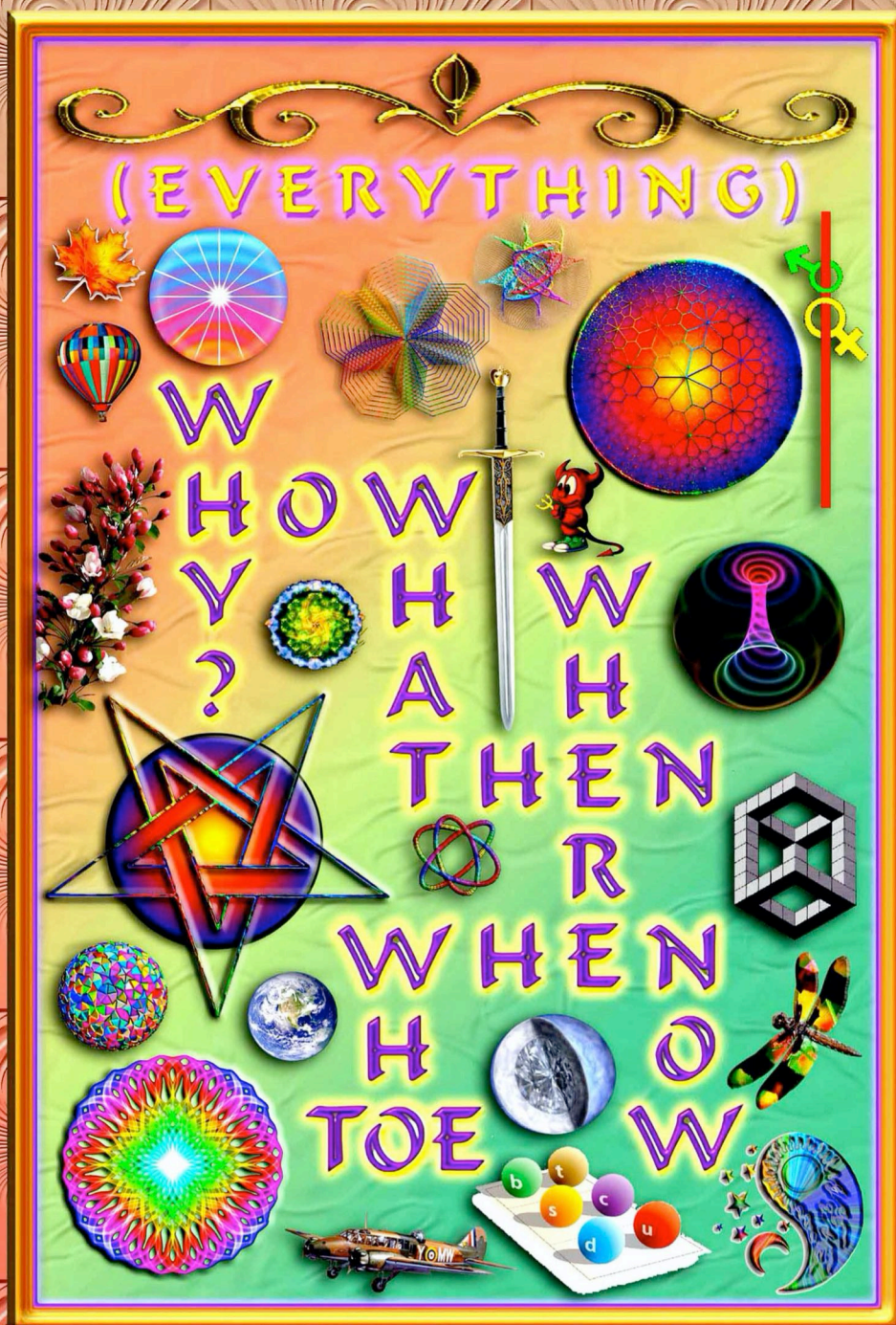
How so?

Much Ado About Nothing.

It's still an interesting place to be. How did being arise from the real fundamentals, this glorious form of the human condition of creativity, growth, planning, and direction that developed in us, as us?

The real fundamentals ever combined to form the composites, whose movements throughout space gave rise to the past, present, and future of Time. 'Nothing' was the simplest state, so all did form, our brain now being the universe's most complex.

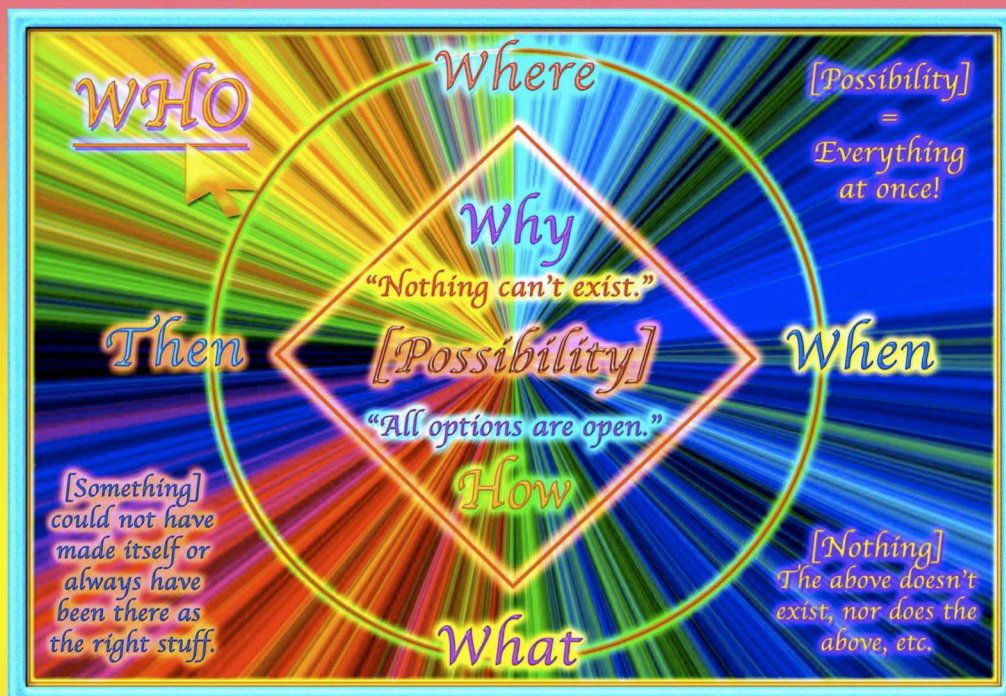
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Can you elaborate?

Sure. Oppositionally, the Mattering 'What' moves through the Spacing 'Where' as Time toward the Future 'When', in a continuum from the passing 'Then', perceived via the everpresent 'Now'.

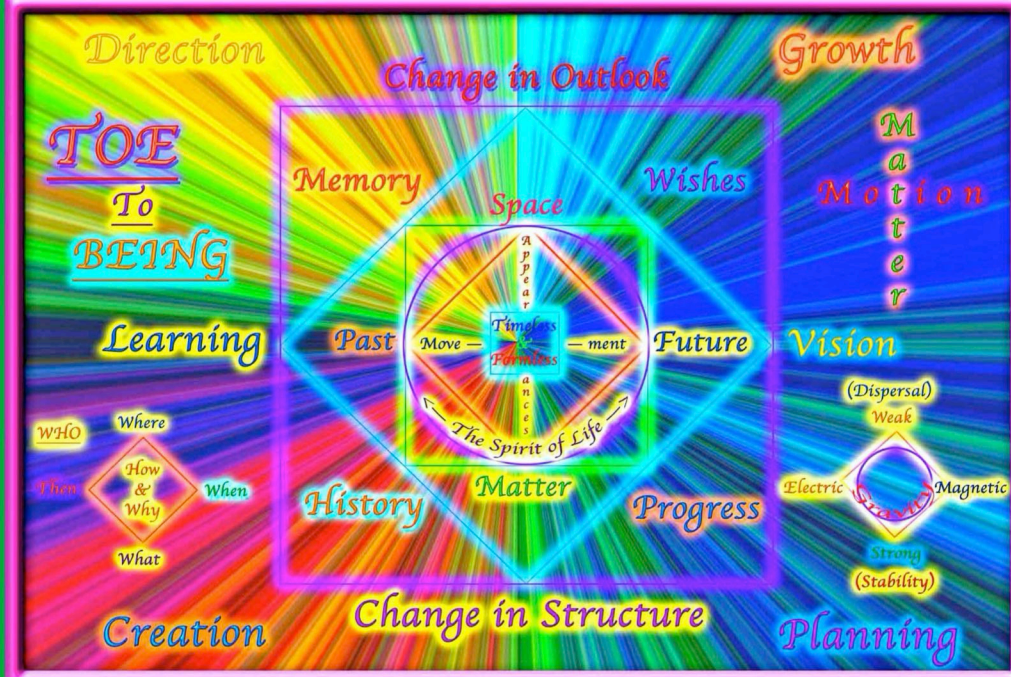


Thence the fields combine: the When-Where of Future-Space, becomes our wishes, as the Where-Then of Space-Past turns to remembrance, while the Then-What of Past-Matter is history, where to the What-When of Future-Matters will be progress. Then these secondary fields further combine... on and on, up and up, to our glorious being.

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*The Why of
Inconceivable Nought
and the
How of Must-Be Possibility
begat the Universe of the
What that moves
through the Where
From Then to Now to When,
All of Which becomes
The Who of Being
that evolved from
Dust to Stars to Atoms to
Molecules to Cells to Life to
Brains to Experiences to
Consciousness and on into
Direction, Growth,
Planning, and Creation.*

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So, then, what are you?

I am an evolved bioelectrochemical being, part and parcel of the organic world—nothing less, but not a thing more—the result of time, death, and stardust.

Indeed, you have found the the ultimate humility, for even the religious felt that they were Special.

Cognition allows us to enjoy everything. Cheers.



Hear, hear! That's the spirit—we're free to be, and very fortunate to be here, alive on the cusp of time.

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**THE ONLY PURPOSE OF LIFE
IS TO BE-FINDING
YOUR OWN MEANING
THEREIN;**

BUT,

**SOME QUESTIONS
STILL REMAIN,**

SUCH AS

**"WHAT IS LIFE?"
(AND IT'S POINT).**

**TO FIND THE ANSWER,
ONE MUST LIVE IT FULLY!
(WITH GOODNESS)**

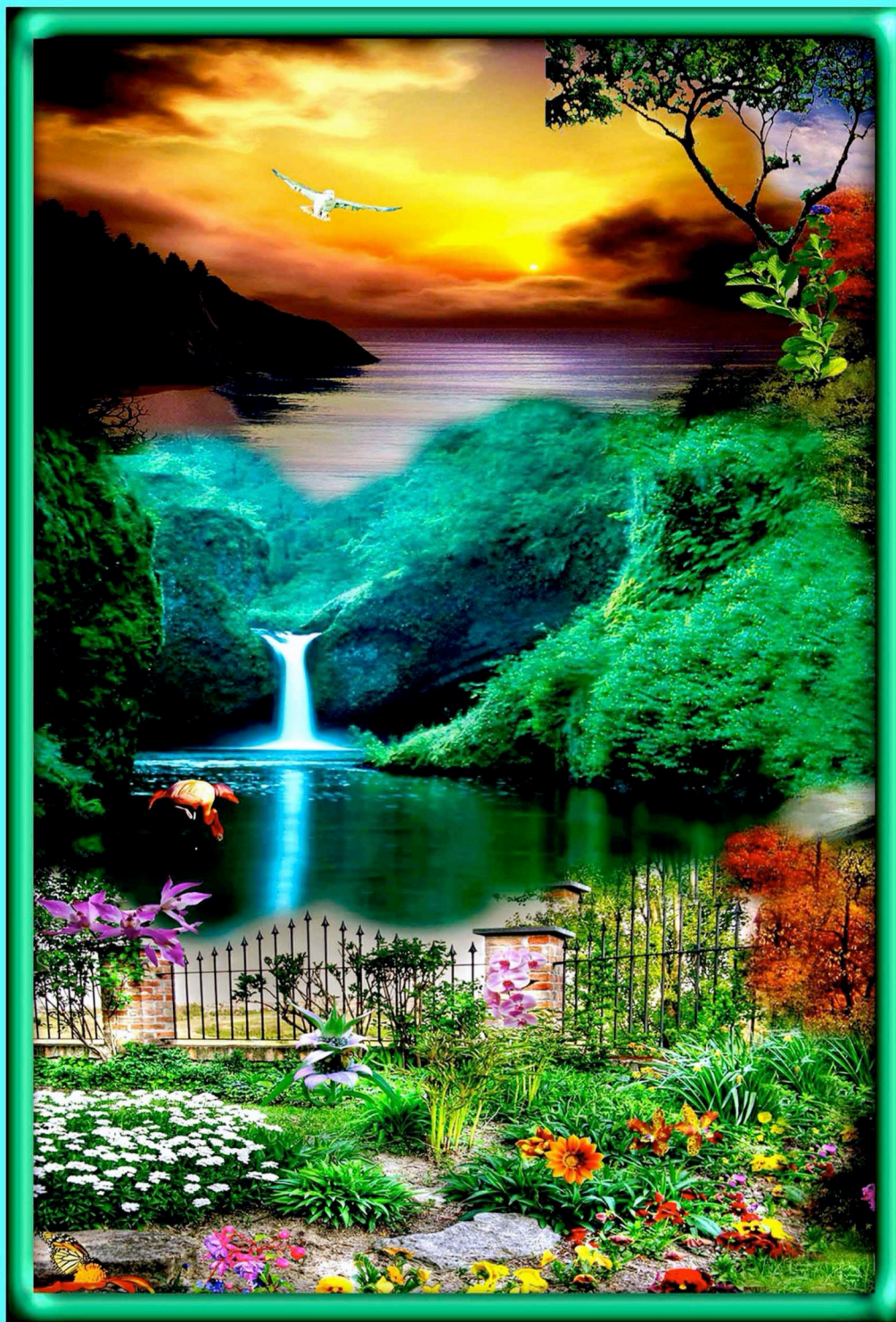
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The Meadows of Heaven

We, of the highest consciousness and of the most versatile form, so far as we know, reside as the ultimate beings in this rarefied realm—as we are among the most fortuitous creatures that the universe has ever wrought; in fact, we ARE the universe come to life—necessarily from a long line of numerous and fortunate accidents. It had to be this way, for any universe in which we could appear would have to be suitable for us by chance or we wouldn't be around to discuss it. Looking back in time, we already know, ahead of time, that we will observe that the slightest of variations would have doomed us. All this we know and expect because we are here.

Perhaps, in some “other-where’s”, junkyard universes litter the omniscapes in every direction—for they flunked, failed, and miscarried—a quadrillion universes broken down for every one that worked to any extent. In some of these forlorn universes, perhaps the basic material was inert and so it just sat there and did nothing forever. In others, maybe gravity was insufficient or had no natural place to collect particles, although the particles may even have been somewhat similar to ours, and so it thinned out endlessly and spread coldly toward infinity. In yet others, again, even in the same ballpark as ours, the portions weren't quite right and although they may have formed a few elements, they went no further after that for a zillion years.

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In our own universe, the dark chest of wonders of possibility and probability opened up in just the just right way, and naked quarks spewed forth, among other things, and boiled and brewed in one of the steamiest broths that was ever cooked up. They somehow simmered and combined into the ordinary matter of protons, neutrons, and so on. Quite independently, by some unknown means, dark matter arose, too and, luckily, also, some very long filaments, called cosmic strings, formed and survived long enough to be of use; however, they were merely imperfections—as in an unevenly freezing pond—kind of a cooling flaw.

None of these three independent happenings were related or connected to the others, but, fortunately, the cosmic strings attracted, by their gravity, both dark and ordinary matter, which, in turn, attracted even more of the same. The rest is history.

Pearls of embryonic galaxies arose and were strung along these cosmic necklaces, as can still be noted. So it was that some almost incidental irregularities, frozen out as cosmic anchors, were latched onto by matter, both light and dark, the proportionate portions of which were favorable—the dark matter dwarfing our ordinary matter by some chance, for some reason—some happy circumstance. Fortuitously, anti-matter, if there ever was any, did not fully cancel out the uncle-matter. The universe could not foresee any of this, for, if it could, then we'd only have the larger and near infinite problem of how the foreseer could have been foreseen, ad infinitum...

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The Infernal Regions

Hellholes hurl thousand light-year jets of fear,

In Centaurus, cross'd the galactic sphere,

Supermassive darkling beasts devour all...

Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.

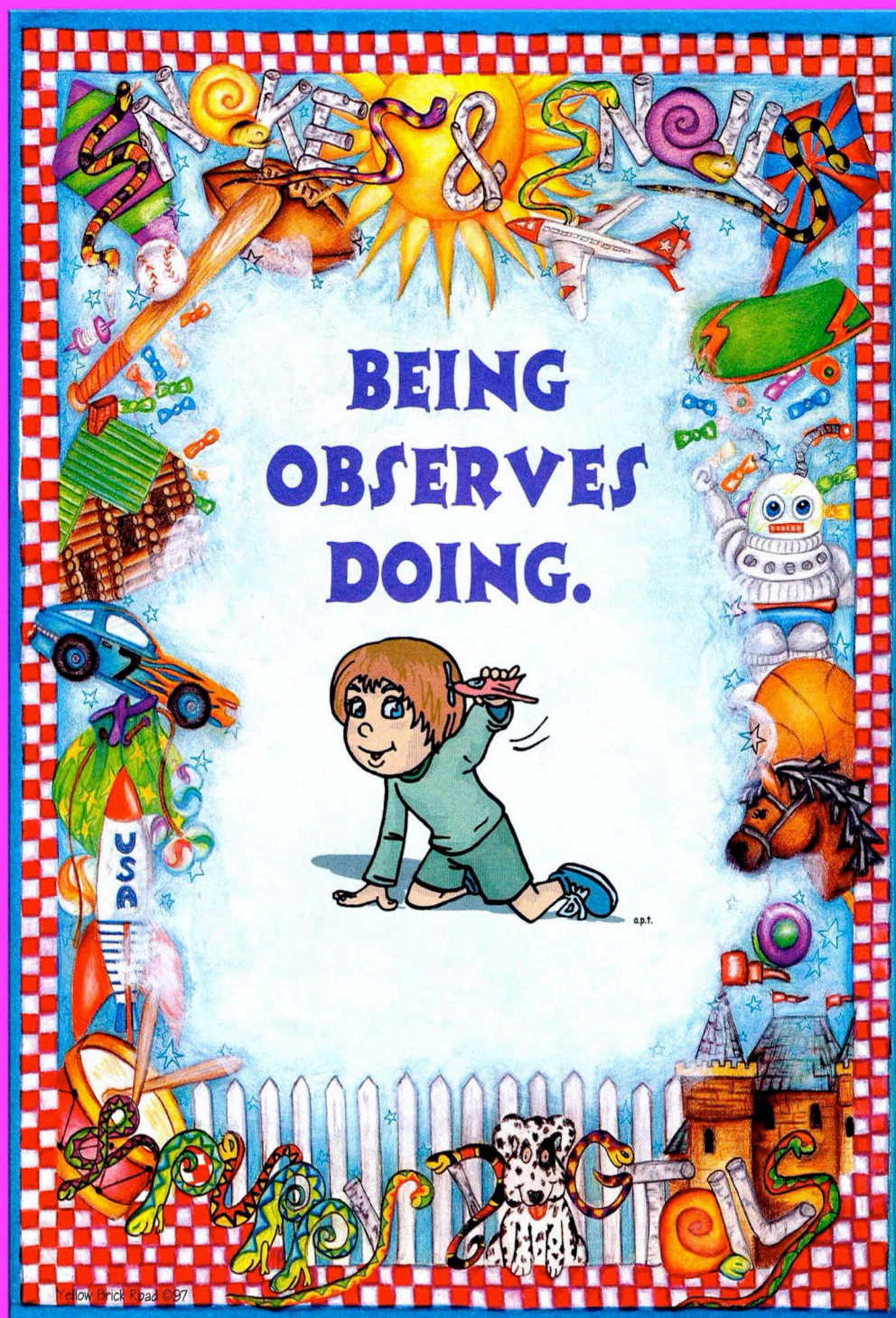
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We know much of the rest of the story—how stars and supernovae created the elements, which combined into the molecules, which, auspiciously, became able to replicate themselves and progress to make cells, tissues, and life. And then there was oxygen, a mere waste product of photosynthesis, that could fill the lungs, as well as build an ozone layer of protection from harmful rays. Luck on top of luck, while fortune all stumbled along, and then—prosperity. Of course, all this took billions upon billions of years—and it is this long “yardstick” that both baffles the mind and stick in our throat, yet it demonstrates the long time lag need to produce even the tiniest of advances. This bears all the hallmarks of randomness at work.

Dinosaurs roamed the Earth for over two hundred years—imagine the length of that—supreme and invincible from all but their own kind—the kings of all the Earth—on land, seas, and even in the air—heading towards forevermore and beyond, but... Dame Fortune again intervened when the asteroids or some such catastrophe finished the dinosaurs as well as 90% of the species. This random event left a vacuum in which new species, such as our ancestors, could evolve and thrive.

Proto-man gave way to near-man and thence to us when two chromosomes fused together, making us incompatible with chimps—and so it was that our ancestors descended from the trees! We came to no longer need specialized niches, since we could adapt to any terrain, having brains that could learn much more after birth than instinct could bestow before. Our higher level consciousness was the crowning glory—we had won the human race—the be all

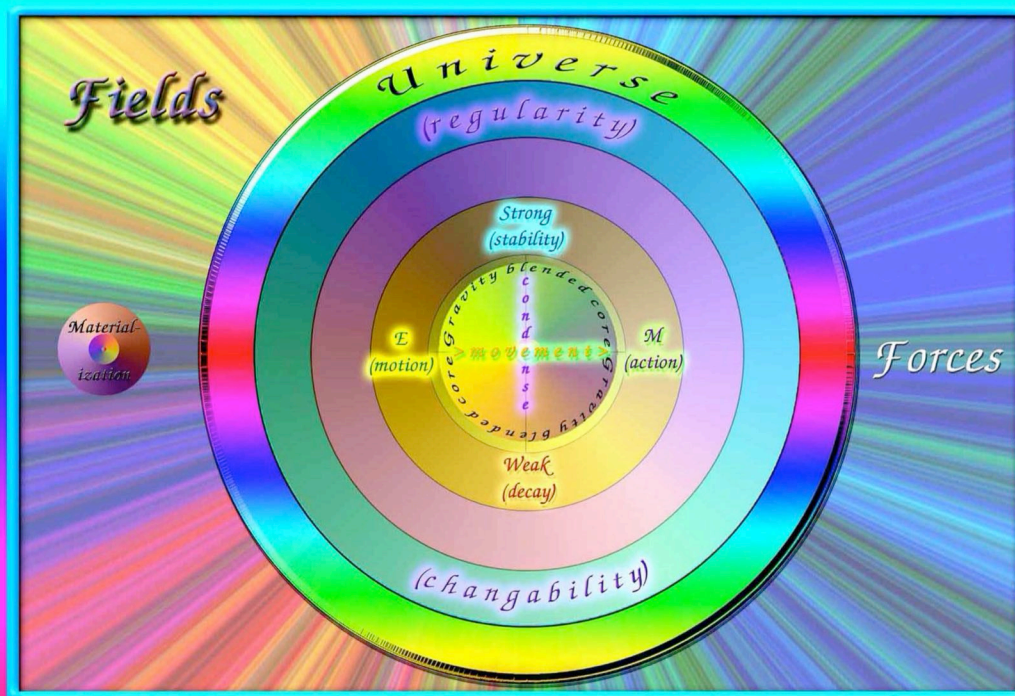
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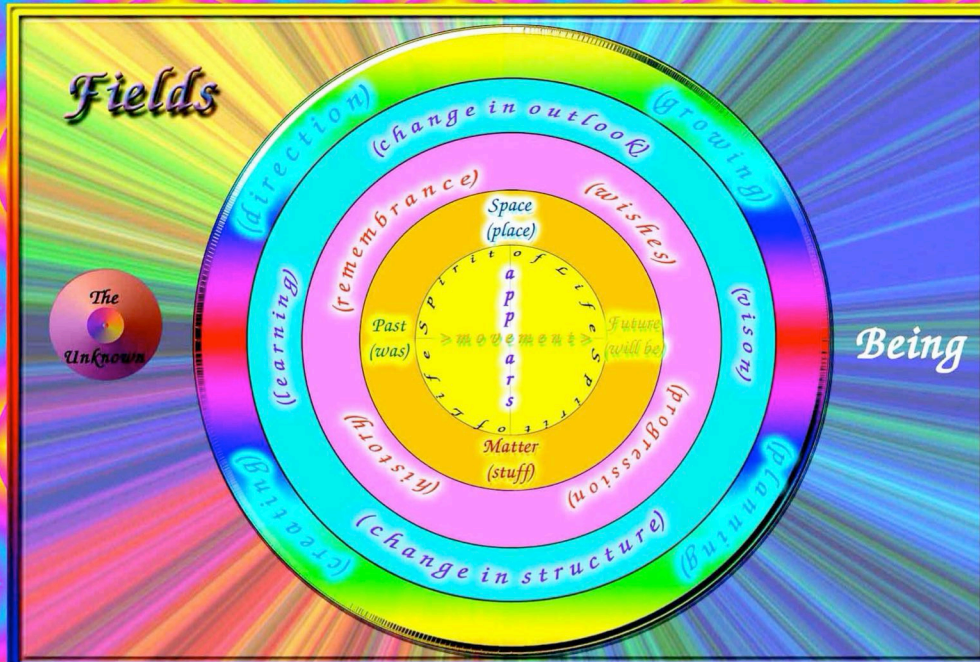
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and end all—the grand prize, the jackpot, the largest lottery. There is nothing more, aside from our own progress.

DNA remembers every step—and you can see this in fast motion when embryos form simply in liquid, replicate, and grow cells that diversify into a human being. Four billion years is compressed into nine months. So, then, hail, and good fortune, fine fellows, and welcome all of you to the Meadows of Heaven—the highest point of all being, although we are surely still in our infancy. We were borne here upon the shoulders of so many who have long since come and gone, and advanced the cause, over eons of wiles. Fare thee well, good friends, for we are some of the luckiest sons and daughters of being in a rare universe well done. Celebrate.



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From TOE to Being and Finding Meaning Therein

Why & How

Nonexistence can't be, nor could something
Make itself or always have been perfect;
Before definition is the possible—
Timeless-formless—all options were open!

What, Where, Who, Then, and When

"What" matter stabilizes in "where" space,
Begetting the appearances in motion as
"When" future moves through the "now" to "then" past—
This spirit of life granting our "who" being.

The Forces

The strong force facilitates stability;
The weak force allows changeability;
Electric action leading to magnetic motion
Facilitates the movement of appearances.

The TOE to Being

The TOE has to explain origin, method,
And life, and so this does, the key being
That movement of appearances begets
Changes in time, leading to our life's realm.

Universal Answers

Since there's no rhyme or reason for existence,
We're free to make our own meaning of it;
If we don't, then it's really meaning-less;
If we do—it becomes the ultimate!

Luck Happens

Asteroids swept away many species;
Two chromosomes fused, leaving chimps behind;
RNA remembers all survivors;
Good fortune smiled on Homo Sapiens.

The Balance Sheet

Life on Earth is death's borrowed debit;
We spend this life on good fortune's credit;
We're not God's puppets, but free of the strings;
Dispensing with angst, we're free in being.

We Are What We Are

Unintelligently designed, humans
Were a lucky accident of nature,
A haphazard Rube Goldberg "invention",
A nervous system ruled by ancient times.

The Lucky State of Us

As an accident of evolution,
We have the ultimate freedom of choice—
No "God's will"—we're beyond instinctive;
We're free to grow and evolve through learning.

Difficulties Abound

Emotion often bypasses the intellect;
Many stand at the brink of insanity.
Only education can save the world—
We're at the turning point of history.

Wishful Thinking

Pride: Ego exaggerates self-importance
To say that we're specially created,
Deserving a divine destiny.
Humility: we're electrochemical.

Unfortunately...

Those who can't or won't learn are doomed to stay
As their robot selves, living the sitcom life,
But, learning disperses the myths of old—
We make our own way or stagnate and die.

Meaning—or Not

Direction arrives or we go nowhere;
Growth happens or we vanish to nothing;
Creation comes or reaction destroys;
Planning makes a life or it collapses.

Coming Full Circle

Searching for the ultimate happenstance
Of how we began leads to exploration
Of within and without, a rewarding quest;
Upon return, we know the place for the first time.

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TRUE COLORS

We are the Eternal Smile of Being, the Joy of the Universe's Creation! In us the Cosmos has come alive and has evolved into our consciousness from primordial possibility, matter, and energy. We have arrived! We are the Cosmos itself. We are the Universe—life from Stardust and before!

We live but for one of Eternity's heartbeats, borrowing Life from Death for just a while. All that we are we owe to Time, Death, and Stars. Truly, from the Stars cometh our help, and much more. The Stars are the creators of the higher elements. Within a Star's heart, matter transforms itself and gives energy—this is why the Stars shine! Death is the ultimate evaluator and the director of all evolutionary progress. Over eons upon eons, Death selects the wise from the silly; Death chooses the useful from the useless, but, it takes Time. It is this long yardstick that sticks in our throat when we try to contemplate it. For what seemed like Forever, our sleepless spirits have waited to catch light, life, and delight from Heaven's smile. Finally, we are so lucky and we live. We stand atop the pinnacle of Nature's tireless toil which has at last brought forth our selves from that black and endless eternal deep. What a joy to Be!

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GOOD AND EVIL WERE WROUGHT FROM WRONG AND RIGHT,
WHEN, FROM NOUGHT, TWIN GENII SPLIT DAY AND NIGHT.



SOME THINK THAT BLACK'S MIGHT CAN VANQUISH WHITE,
BUT NIGHT CAN'T EVEN QUENCH THE SMALLEST LIGHT.



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In what far and fiery depths of space burnt the fire of your Spirit? In what distant Stars was born the gleam in your eye? Know it well, for one day Death will ask you "What did you do all of your life?". But, for now we are alive. Our mind and senses interpret and distort the Reality into the colors and sensations of the phenomenal world. We can become either rainbows or ugly stains! Our minds, like Shelley's prisms of many-colored glass, strain this white Radiance of Eternity in our life—until Death tramples us—and back we go to stardust after relentless time has wasted us away. Yes, our creators of Time, Death, and Stardust must also write our epitaph; they devour us in order to return that life-dream which was lent to us. But, here we are now, and perhaps we come to know that the simpler things in life are still the best: A glass of water from the well in the morning; to love, laugh, and sing with family and friends. So we live our lives with honor and love, kindness and generosity—these are our true colors. Life for the sake of life! Good for good's sake! Enjoying everyone and everything through every season.

Many think that they are more important than they really are, that they deserve a reward of a divine destiny in Heaven where their every whim, wish, and fancy can be fulfilled for all of time.

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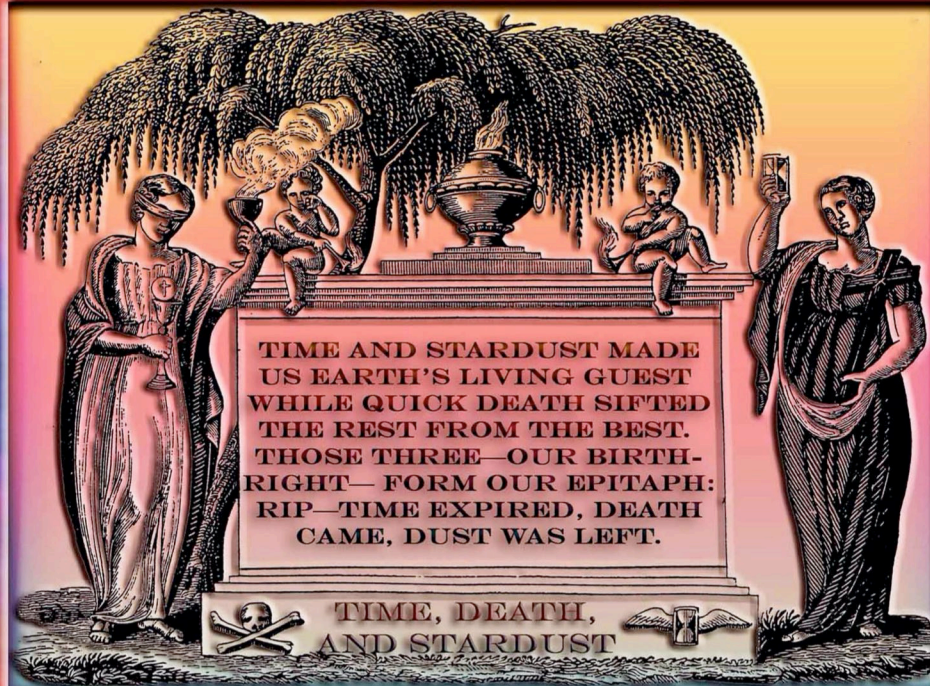
— Heaven Found —

Purgatory's on Venus, where sulphurs rain.
Hell's found in the sun's heart, oh, hot burning pain!

Of Heaven's site, no one has any idea—
For it's the world's best kept secret: Earth's its name!

— The Best of All Worlds —

Earth's a garden, an oasis in space,
A world of boundless beauty and grace.
One could search the heavens for such in vain,
Finding no equal, anytime or anyplace.



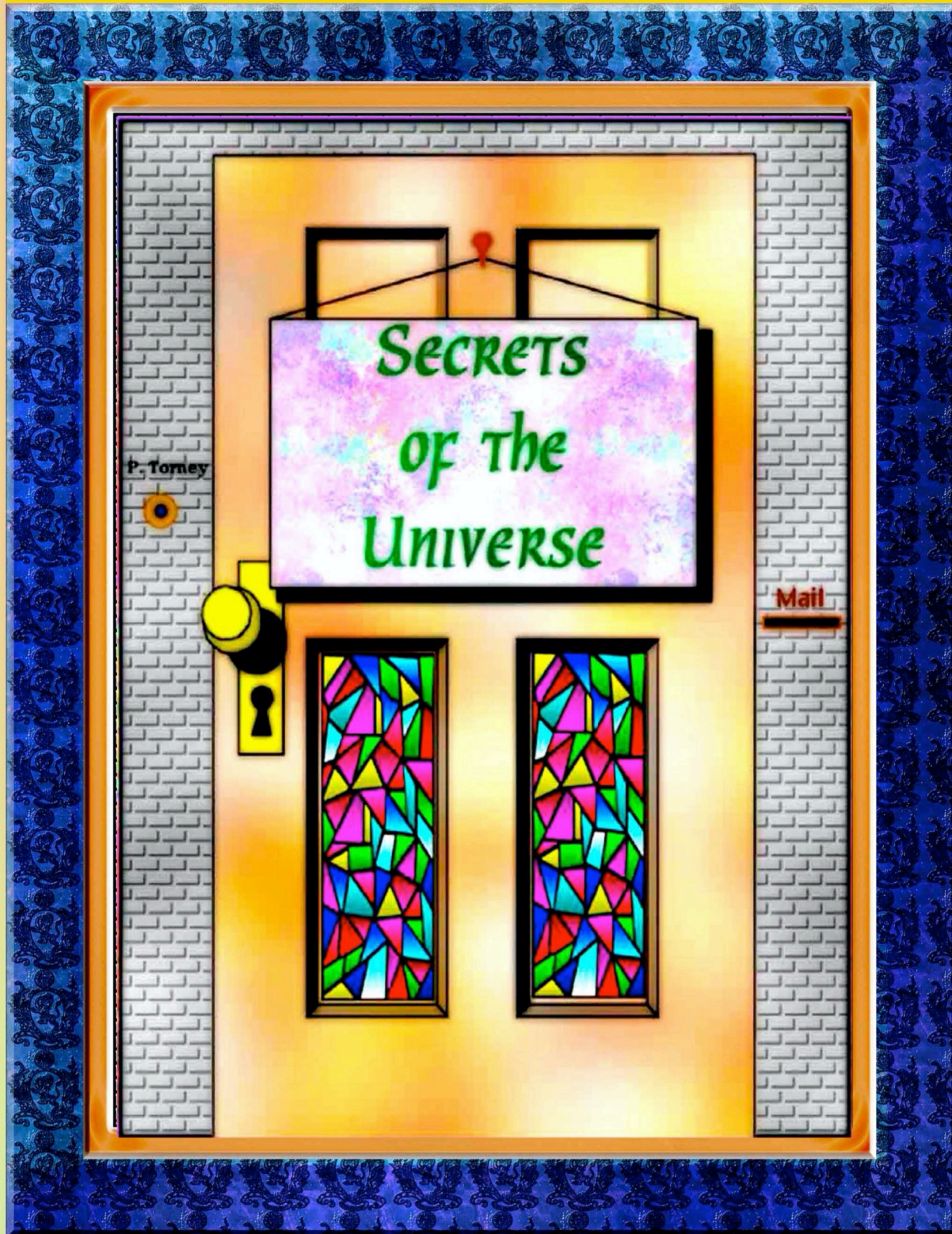
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The ultimate humility is, I think, for us to realize that we are no more than electrochemical organisms, that we, too, are part of nature. Are we quite lucky and fancy organisms? Oh, yes. Are we specially created by a Master? Oh, no. We are the embodiment of the Cosmos and are ever the results of natural laws of Biology, Physics, and Chemistry. Death may be forever, but man, with his exaggerated view of self-importance, and, not wishing to see a final end to his glorious life—and I can hardly blame him—desperately grasps for immortality's promise. For me, I will continue to catch life's joy and smile and will bathe in the light of its constant sunrise. On my last night on this Earth I will not be haunted by regret when the Sleep of Death comes to take me to Corruption's dim dwelling place—for I will know that I lived for color and smile.

And what of the Stars? They remain, as Eternity's Love-lamps, representing our good works and deeds, which even the fathomless night cannot quench. Perhaps one day, at the end of forever, the Stars too will die and grow cold when Time conquers all; but, as long as they live they will shine and radiate the hues that paint the colors of our ashes reborn again on the phoenix wings of Energy.

(Inspired by Robert Ardley)

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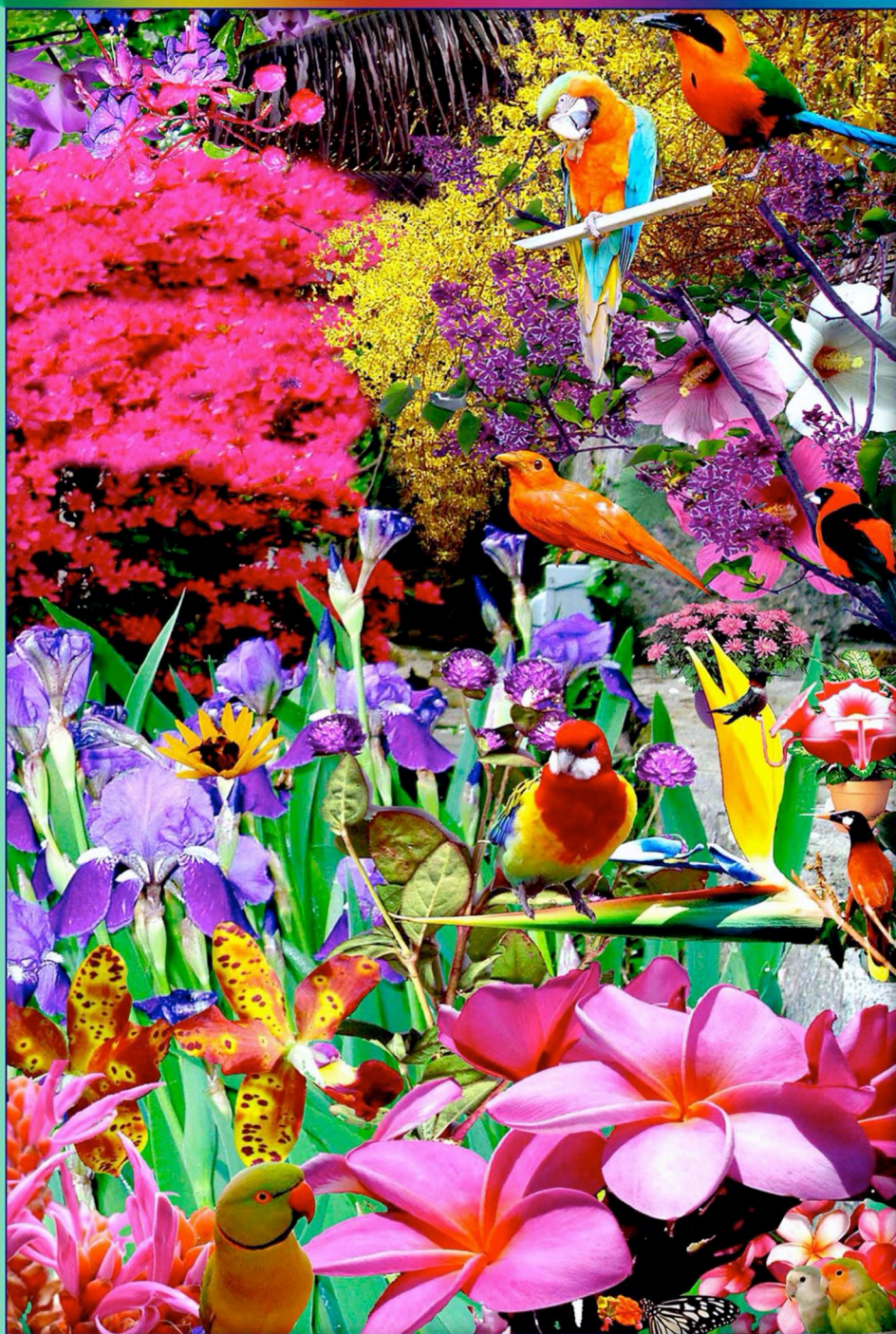
THE THREE HEAVENLY THINGS ON EARTH

Whether by accident or by design, not many Heavenly things remain on Earth. I suggest just three: flowers, love, and dreams. A fourth, elfin creatures, is perhaps only a pleasant speculation on near-Heavenly beings that for some reason exist in the half-light scenes of our imagination.

Had flowers never appeared on Earth, could anyone even have conceived of them? Or, say, if the natural world was all green or had no color (colors are seen mostly in the flowers) would there have been a need for us to be even cognizant of colors? More than anything else on earth, flowers have universal appeal, being picked, grown, presented, used for medications, and just plain admired as beautiful by everyone. Some think that flowers were God's going away gift to Eve as she departed the Garden of Eden, as in my poem 'Flora Symbolica'.

The second Heavenly thing on Earth, night dreams during sleep, shows that we really don't need eyes to see, an amazing insight in itself. Actually, all reality takes place in the mind's eye—it just looks like it's out there. Dreams, whatever their ultimate purpose, provide an all night cable TV channel on which we can put on almost any show that we chose—or we can just simply lay back and discover what's on our mind, if we can read past the static.

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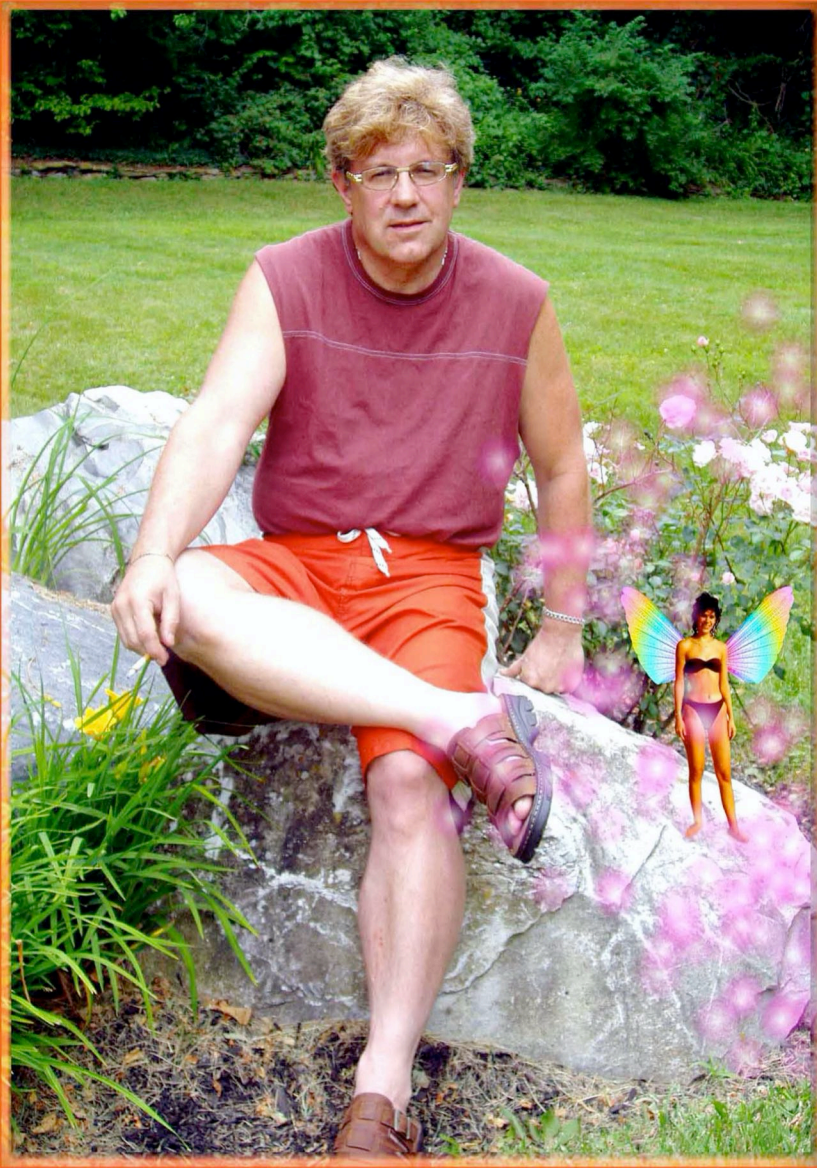
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Finally, love, which is perhaps the greatest of the Heavenly things on Earth since it is the greatest feeling on Earth. Would life even be worth living without affection, romance, passion, and loving? I wonder. And is there any excuse not to seek it out?

Though many other Heavenly things were perhaps removed from the Earth when we were cast out of the metaphorical Garden, love, dreams, and flowers were allowed to remain—lent by us forever seemingly from some other dimension.



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On Living Well

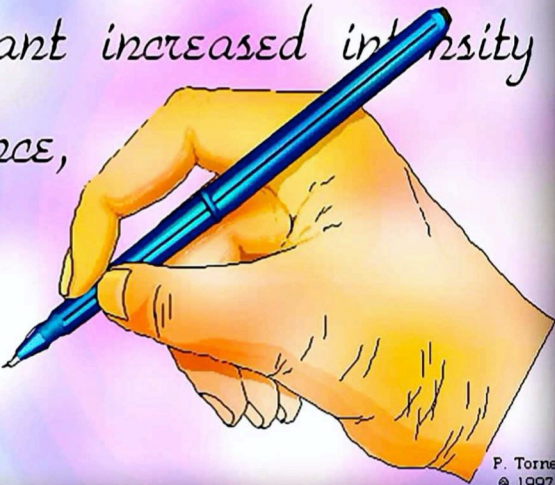
When we operate from our higher consciousness, and give its unconditional love, we become safe and free from fear and vulnerability, for our conscious awareness is the audience that witnesses the dramas and traumas that play on our minds. We may be used to operating from those lower levels of consciousness that have to do with the endless securing of possessions, the seeking of more and more sensations, and the constant gaining of control through power seeking, all of which are not ultimately satisfying because they can never ever be enough.

In our personal relations we can learn to put ourselves in the place of others and avoid our emotional upsets by sympathizing with their 'motives'. We can thus bring peace and harmony to ourselves and those around us instead of mirroring their moody behaviors and spreading them to others. Rather than wearing blinders and interpreting the world in bits and pieces and thereby losing it, we can learn to see the bigger picture.

We can learn to live in the here and now, the only place where life actually happens. Also, negatives can be turned into positives. Fear can be replaced by the excitement of a new opportunity; our hurt

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We the living hereby agree to
do so, to live a being more
intense, to leap toward higher
orders of magnitude, to revel
in the glories of conscious life,
to attain each minute a more
euphoric mood, and to enjoy
this resultant increased intensity
of experience,
and build
on it, etc.



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feelings can become a reminder of where our love and caring went, anger's energy can be redirected toward solving the problem. Happiness will reign and continue, turning into bliss. Life can be happily accomplished through unconditional love, being fully present for each moment, and seeing the larger reality of life. We can then harmonize our energy by going with the flow of all the energies around us instead of fighting the current and suffering. Low level emotional suffering will be no more, having been replaced with a higher level awareness. We can absorb life with an awestruck reverence for its overpowering beauty. Living becomes more exhilarating and heartfelt than anyone ever dreamed of. We will be free of inner turmoil and its ill effects on us and others. There will be no action by another that can disturb us.



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Going with the Flow

All things arise, and away they all go,
For life's impermanent and volatile.
Flow and change are normal features of life—
Suffering starts when you resist the flow.

Never struggle against the way things are,
But rather become the way that things are.
When you give yourself to the moving whole,
Natural currents will carry you quite far.

My spirit flows from moment to moment,
Connecting and savoring life's events,
Drinking-in the sounds, currents, textures, scents,
And subtle delights—for I'm self-content.

We did not create ourselves, of course
We're an expression of some deeper force.
Why rein it in or try to control it?
It comes from beyond—so, flow with the force!

To those of you who ignore life's romance:
Ignorance, like shadow, has no substance.
The shade is removed by the light within;
Feel the rhythm of the universal dance!

Listen to your inner creative source—
The power is in you to set the course.
Don't let your ego get in the way—
Success will then this method reinforce.

Experience the oneness of everything,
As manifested in ways of being.
Become aware of interrelations
It's a nonintellectual happening!

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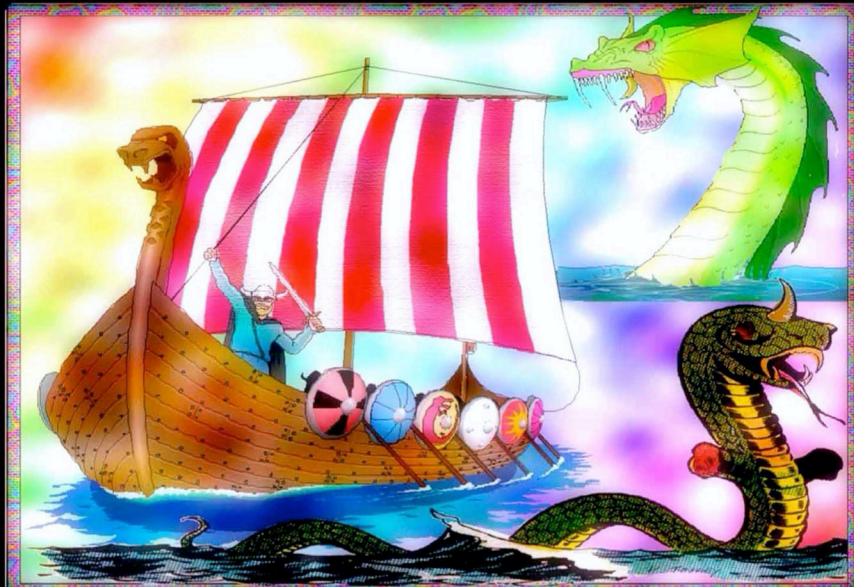
HIGH QUALITY VIRTUAL REALITY—FOR FREE

No need to go off to a multimedia arcade, spending a fortune on a virtual reality helmet, gloves, and wires to experience time- and space-limited holoscenes of cartoon-level quality—there is a free method of not only viewing high quality virtual reality but also of movie-scripting all the scenes, scenery, and character actions instantaneously.

Do we need a Cray mainframe computer or a Hollywood studio to do it? No, it's free and simple, and you can do it everyday, enjoying high quality graphics that are indistinguishable from reality—with deep emotions thrown in to boot:

As I lay down to sleep, I sent the following message on ahead to my dream-self, etching it into the sands of unconsciousness by repeating it over and over hundreds of times: "It is only a dream—so be aware, enjoy it, control it."

Sleep's drowsy circles drew ever closer, soon closing to a point through which I emerged on the other side. Deeper waves of slumber rose and fell across the sands, eroding the directives written there. And yet, as I started to dream, some faint echoing thought of that message from heretofore still rang as a dim chime—and, so reminded, I became aware that I was dreaming—and that I could enjoy it, even control it.



The insight was unbelievable at first—but it helped that I was flying 10 feet off of the ground, and therefore my disbelief soon surrendered to a knowing amazement. I inspected the dream, being careful not to become so alert that it would cause my waking. The colors were true and glorious—24 bit color, at least; all was so clear—nothing was hazy, as is a dream's remembrance; all the players acted in character—one even told new and funny jokes. Best of all, my emotions were still felt deeply, for I still felt that I was really living through it, even though I knew it was a dream.

I picked up a book once in my dreams, although the images were reversed, so, totally in control, I conjured up a mirror, reflected the words, and read a most astounding book, but, the nagging question is: *Who wrote it?*





It's Everywhere

P. Torrey © 1997



*Consciousness is irreducible
because it cannot be explained
in terms of more basic entities,
nor can it be located since it's
beyond our spatial extensions.
Perhaps the intrinsic properties
underlying physical dispositions
are themselves the experiential
properties of the hidden dimen-
sion, permeating everything.
Consciousness would then be
The Ultimate, all that there
is of heaven, earth, and sky.*

MEANING

Some unprovable but suspect happenstance has come to present our cognition with reality, be it the “actual” mechanism of our brain or the brain putting a better face on what’s really out there—and, so, what can the average person make of it? Is it a rule-bound experiment that limits us or is it an accident that gives us the ultimate freedom?

Whether it’s an illusion that’s completely useable as if it weren’t or an actual reality is a really fine line, one that disappears, since reality exactly matches a useful illusion. Either way, one can use it, for it does present itself as being here to us, while it—all the atoms of the earth, air, water, and space—continue to interact with each other and progress on into complexity.

I think reality was generated as real from some admittedly nebulous “possibility” of the timeless-formless that had everything-at-once available—although some feel that the same is just apparent but not really real, but can be used as such. Reality generators must be real, in a way, though perhaps they are reality of a different order or nature, since they create something and we then experience that something via substance.

*Stars generate the lower elements;
Supernovae generate the higher ones.*

*Atoms form the molecules that lead to
Life's complexity—from simplicity.*

Well, we'll just have to leave these generators as very likely suspects, and not fall into faith's trap of declaring the unseeable unknowable as a supernatural to which even more tendencies could be arbitrarily added—and see what meaning we can get out of the being we have thrust upon us—and help the human race by understanding as much as possible, for dull would s/he be of soul who could pass by a sight so rare (Wordsworth slightly amended).

I am an intermediary trying to extend Fredrick's ToeQuest oppositional pair of space (where) and matter (what), conjoined with the transitional pair of past (then) and future (when), all of which blend as the spark of the spirit of life or being (who), upward, to complexity, to show who humans are and can be, which any TOE must explain, as well, as we go from the past-where or wherefrom(thence or whence) to the future-where or whereto (hence) within the past-what or what-then of history into the future what or what-when of progress, and so forth. So far, science doesn't have these formulas.

While pretty much agreeing with Nobody of ToeQuest that both absolute nonexistence and existence are both unlikely as original sources of reality, I'm trying to preserve an actual penultimate reality, but, what would be outside of the universe?



From Heaven's stars came our dust eterne,
As time's seas nurtured thee and thine in turn.
From time, death, and dust we thus became,
And by this, thus, and that we must return.

- Time, Death, and Stardust -

Time and stardust made us Earth's living guest
While quick death sifted the rest from the best.
Those three—our birthright—form our epitaph:
RIP—time expired, death came, dust was left.

The TOE Resides Below the Level of Space (Spacetime as an Emergent Phenomenon)

Not so many scientists are naive realists any more, for the “elementary” particles are thought to emerge from the quantum realm and are therefore not straight forward physical realities, although they lead to stars, atoms, molecules, cells, and our own glorious complexity; however, we are after the TOE itself.

The geometry of space is not fixed, and spacetime is certainly dynamical and contingent—Einstein’s great discovery that space evolves in time; therefore, we need a TOE about what makes up space, not what happens there, such as strings wriggling.

A theory of what moves in space would be background-dependent, as in string theory that chooses an appropriate fixed background to obtain the results it wants. These kinds of theories have a “truth” that derives from their choice of background, but, the background is not really fixed at all—it’s dynamic. A theory of *what makes space* would be a background-independent theory. A purely quantum mechanical theory is needed that shows how space emerges from a deeper level of reality in which space does not even exist—surely the ultimate of background-independence.



Ontological Type



Austin Patrick Torney ©1999

Mind and Matter are made of the same Stuff,
Being different tokens of the same Type,
Each "sentient" and made of the Substance
Which is eternal, absolute, and fundamental,
That Substance which is made only of Itself,
The Ground of the Figure of All Existence,
The Ground of Determination (G.O.D): energy,
 Mind experiencing the present moment, 
Matter recording the past from the Mind;
That is, Present Mind, Past Matter, combine
The frames of Space and Time into the film
That lives and plays in us as Consciousness,
Mind taking Space and Matter doing Time;
But, still, both stem from the Eternal Substance,
Space-Time Itself, wherein the buck must stop,
Wherewhence lies Experiential Being Itself,
For, life's great riddle of Oneness is that
 Mind really Matters, Matter ever Minds. 

Many quantum gravity scientists think that space emerges as an approximation of something discrete, the apparently smooth continuum of space being an illusion, like a movie or the smoothness of water, and that causality is fundamental, especially below the level of space's emergence.

The keys are **emergence of space** from the quantum world, and **discreteness** and **fundamental causality** within the quantum world. One approach is non commutative geometry (AB is not equal to BA), since you can't measure a particle's position and momentum at once.

The casual dynamical triangulations model uses simple building blocks, each of which represents a simple causal process. The quantum spacetime is then a sequence of possible spaces that succeed one another in some kind of "time."

Whatever the case or approach, it seems almost out of reach, but it must be there that the ultimate TOE resides. Now, why would the quantum world be where the buck stops. Perhaps because it generates substance through possibility and probability, ending the regress of smaller substance causing larger substance, because, well, we have to throw out the rule book of physical laws of form and time. What could the formless-timeless do? *Anything and everything!*

The Simple TOE

Before time was the timeless—all at once;
Before form was the formless—everything.
Existence had to be since something IS.
For nonexistence was an impossibility.

Quarks, photons, and electrons form from
Possibility, either a lot or a bit.
(Along with dark matter, dark energy)
Which collects from gravity into stars.

The strong force stabilizes matter.
The weak force disperses matter;
Electromagnetic force allows movement.
Gravity arises out of all the above.

Stars generate the basic elements;
Supernovae generate all the rest.
These atoms form molecules that lead to
Life's complexity—from simplicity.

RNA tracks successes, failures meet death;
Luck, time, and accidents evolve the species.
Appearances in motion grant our being
Through their what-where and then-now-when.

The brain interprets reality and puts
A face on the waves of sound, light, color, touch,
And a sense on molecules' smell and taste.
Consciousness is the brain's perception of itself.

We operate through the where-to and where-from,
Using the what-then and the what-when of matter,
Leading to history, progress, wishes,
And remembrance, or being—

All made possible through the movement of
Appearances that creates past (then) and
Future (when) through the now, along with
Matter (what) in space's place (where).

BETWEEN NONEXISTENCE (NOTHING) AND EXISTENCE (REAL SUBSTANCE)

0) Complexity rules the Universe, but simplicity seems to underlie, so I will try to become simple-minded in this analysis of the bare beginnings of everything!

1) Nonexistence can't exist. It can't even "try", for it is not there and nothing could become of it. There is not even potential in an absolute nothing—no pseudo wave crests and troughs that could cancel out.

2) So, therefore, due to (1), some think that real substance has to exist, but how could it, for real substance (in the way that we know "real"), could not make itself or know what type of non-inert substance would work out.

3) So, we retreat to saying that All is just there, existing, not having come from anywhere, with no how or why, and, although this seems almost "sensible" if there were more than one kind of real substance (avoiding the undifferentiable "one"), it is still seems improbable and nonsensical to say something(s) could just have always been.



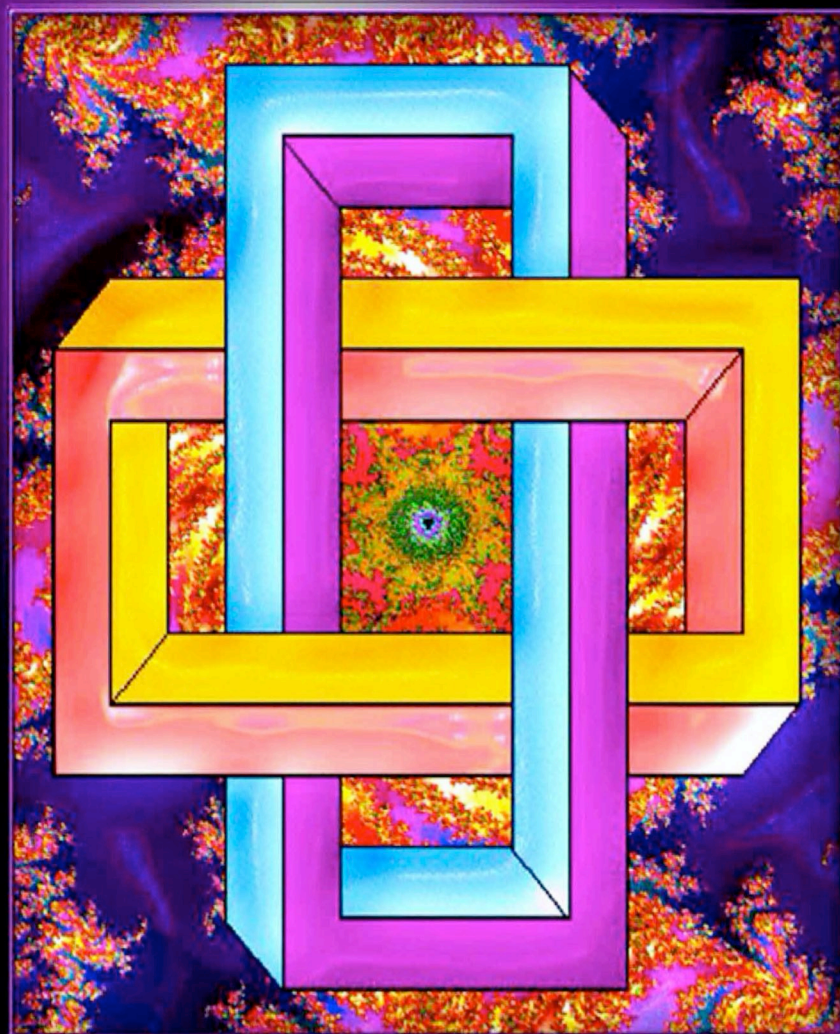
'Shadow and Substance'

4) Perhaps, if substance(s) had always been, those real substances had to be those that facilitated appearances and movement, leading to our being of past (rememberings), now (sensations), and future (anticipations) of appearances; however, again, it is not a defensible answer to say that real substances have no antecedent. Perhaps substance has an antecedent that is not itself substance.

5) Furthermore, why would the real substances that were always there have been the right stuff for us to evolve from? Why not some dud inert stuff that went nowhere? Again, no defense, for there seem to be many more arrangements that would fail than those that would succeed.

6) Therefore, the startling inference must likely be that there must be a possibility that is more than nothing but less than real substance! How could there be a middle ground? Because there has to be! We'll call it Possibility or Potential, similar to probability wave of the superimposed quantum world.

7) One good answer is Nobody's from ToeQuest, that the "one" couldn't move, so it couldn't exist, and that "nothing" can't exist—and so all is relatively constructed from the instantaneous forward light and backward gravity, all granted from the one freedom, which is to have the sum as zero.



(The Two Impossible Locked Boxes of Creation,
Each of Which May Contain the Other's Key.)

Such, the sum of positive and negative forces amounts to zero—within which the whole of relative reality is enjoyed by us. The ONE sums to the NONE.

8) But perhaps there is something real in another way from what we know as real, something called Possibility, which needs no antecedent, since that would only be possibility itself; so, it is kind of like everything-at-once, but at a simple level, there being no rules of time, space, light, etc. to restrict it, that is. There was complete and ultimate freedom of possibility, and this could have generated the substance of reality, some of it useless and collapsing, and some of it useful and staying around and forming ever greater complexities.

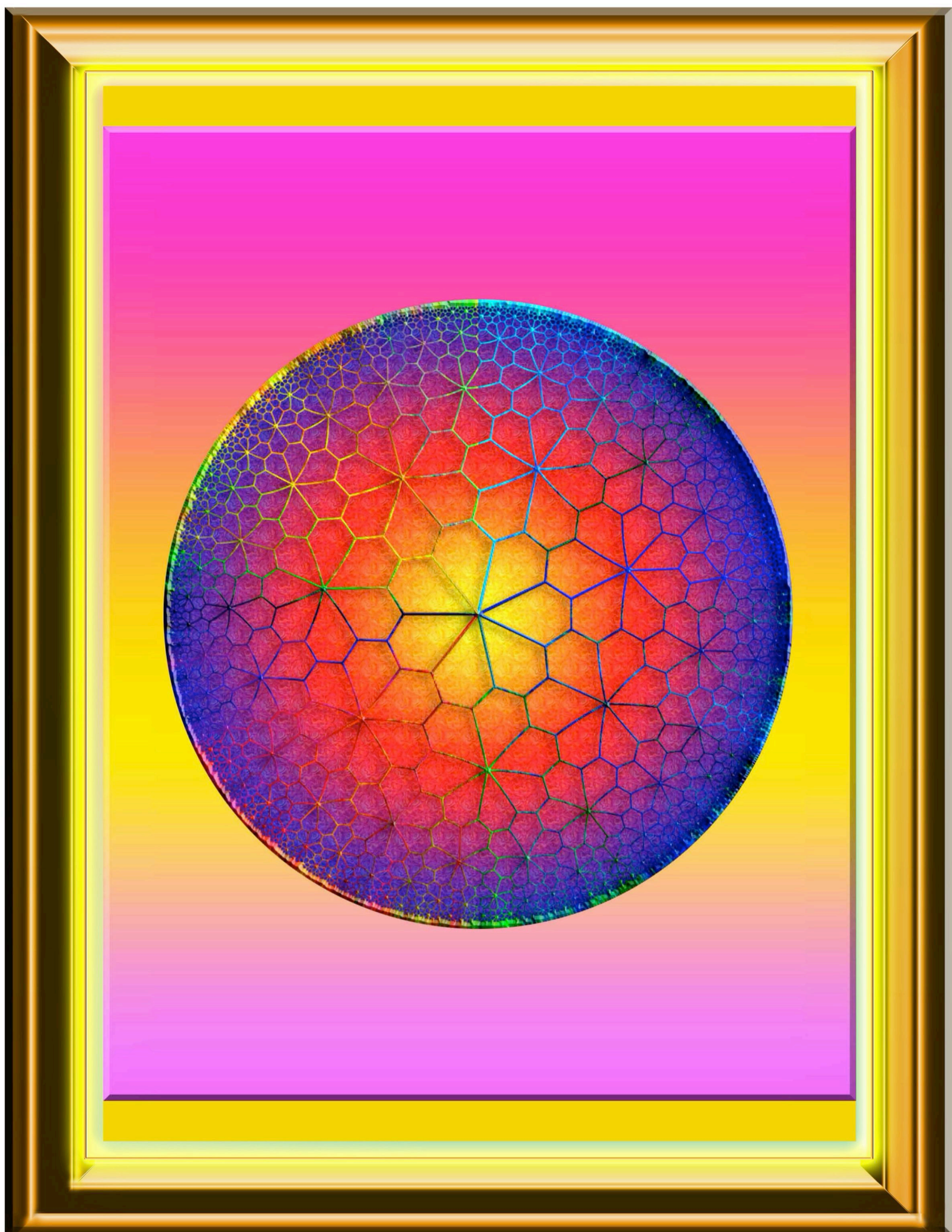
9) This Possibility is not a complex composite mind and so there was no way it could know how to produce the right stuff that would lead to our being or even to anything stable; it was not “smart”, but more like the most probable outcome of quantum superposition, nor “brilliant” like our subconscious mind that sifts through scenarios of consequences to present the right path to consciousness (at least to the learned), but tried everything, so to speak, (at its simple level), and may still do so as we speak.



10) I am speaking of Possibility as the lowest level of reality, lower than the quantum substrate (if there is one), lower than quarks (if they exist), lower than strings (if they exist); maybe it didn't even form our kind of substance, but another intermediary such as our space or the quantum foam.

Note that there is some strangeness of what we think of as real: There is no light as we know it out there that is all bright and illuminating, only what we make of what's behind it in our "dark" heads. What is lit in REM dreams is the same as what is lit in waking reality. The same for scents, forms, sounds, and everything else, but, I am still referring to it as substance even if it's just a clumping of waves or interference patterns, for what can be manipulated as real is real to us.

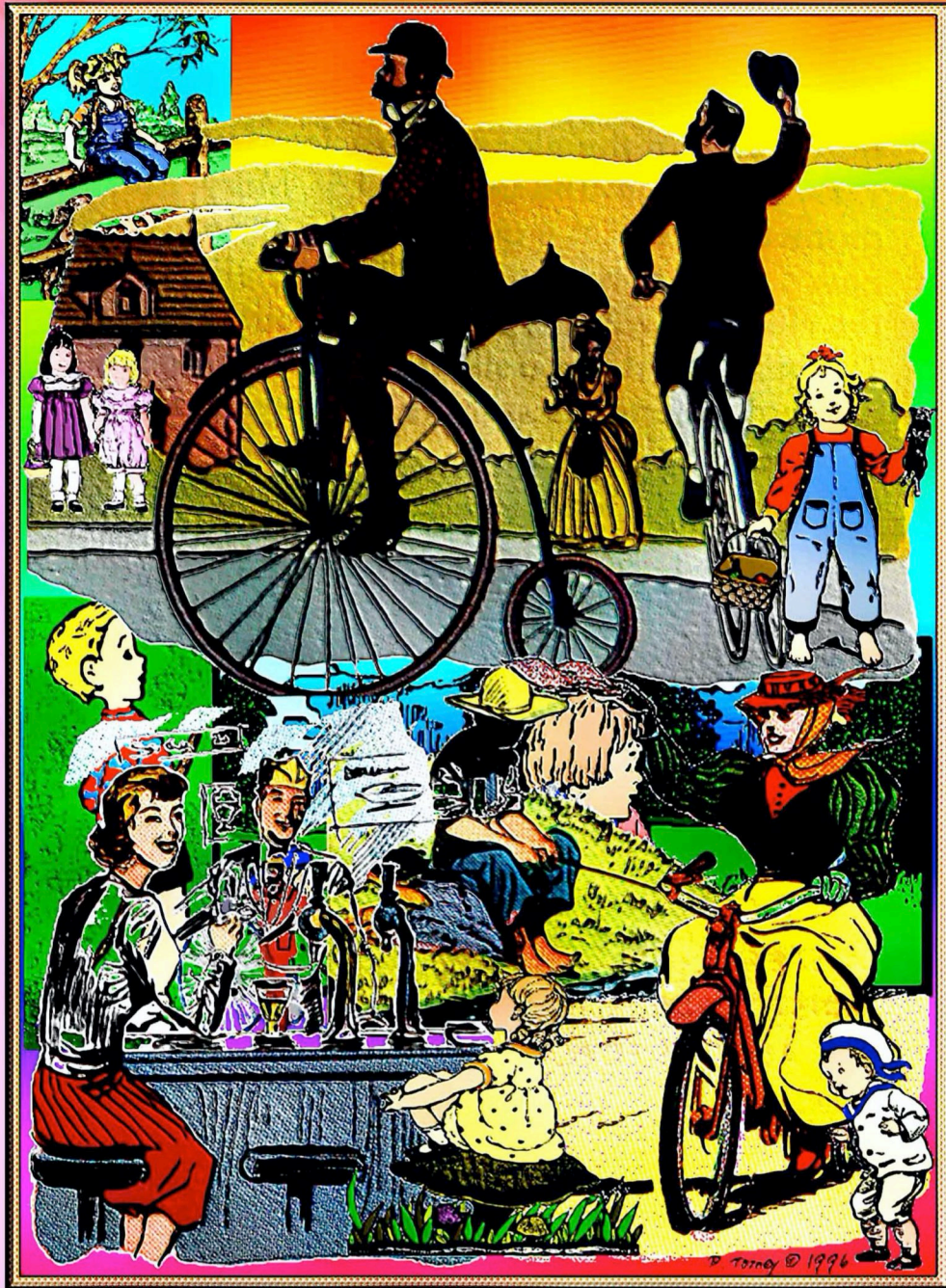




CHILDHOOD REMEMBERED

As Peter walked to call on his new friend, Angelina, he chanced to see the town in a younger light, and so he ran his hand along a picket fence, counting heartbeats, running like a child, still carefully not stepping on the cracks of the sidewalk, then paused and noted the ants thriving in the furrows, and wondered at a tree that buckled the cement as it ever so gently tilted the walking plane. Somehow, a chestnut tree had survived the blight, presenting even more ancient notions—of tire swings hung from low branches, of a lemonade stand secure in the shade.

Out in the street, the back door of a bread wagon reopened again and released the fresh baked aroma. A grandmother came out with a handful of nickels and dimes, and, like a serf brought into modern times, bought that which would've taken her three hours to bake. On the steps of the houses rested newspapers and the ghostly images of the sturdy rounded bottles of clean white milk, compliments of Elsie the cow—truly a vision from the grazings of childhood.



Peter's youth came flooding back and he continued to give it life:

We played games on these sidewalks, like hopscotch, roller-skating, and marbles. My assorted marbles were as a bag of jewels to me. One day, I brought to school a cool green cat's eye, a big blue boulder, and various pockmarked throwaways. Never mind that the marbles got scratched on the concrete, although we always started on the dirt. There was nothing like that long roll and a hit!

Peter saw a lush garden, lovingly attended by an old lady, along with bees and butterflies, and indulged in further flights of fancy:

As children, and even now, if we're young at heart, we'd always pause in play when the first butterfly fluttered by, that fragile ephemeral vision of something Heavenly—a flower floating on air perhaps. This event signaled that our endless summer had begun—that something called “school” was now an ancient artifact of the past. The butterfly first arose from the soul of the pansy, said one legend, one of those inexplicable Edenesque transformations from long before human time, when there was still magic on the earth. The metamorphosis is still rather miraculous, even now, albeit only from a caterpillar.



Amazingly, butterflies, fragile as they seem, fly all the way to Mexico, taking their sweet time, fluttering here, alighting there, meandering from flower to flower. One wonders how they ever get anywhere. We can learn from them that there is often more fun along the way than when we "get there".

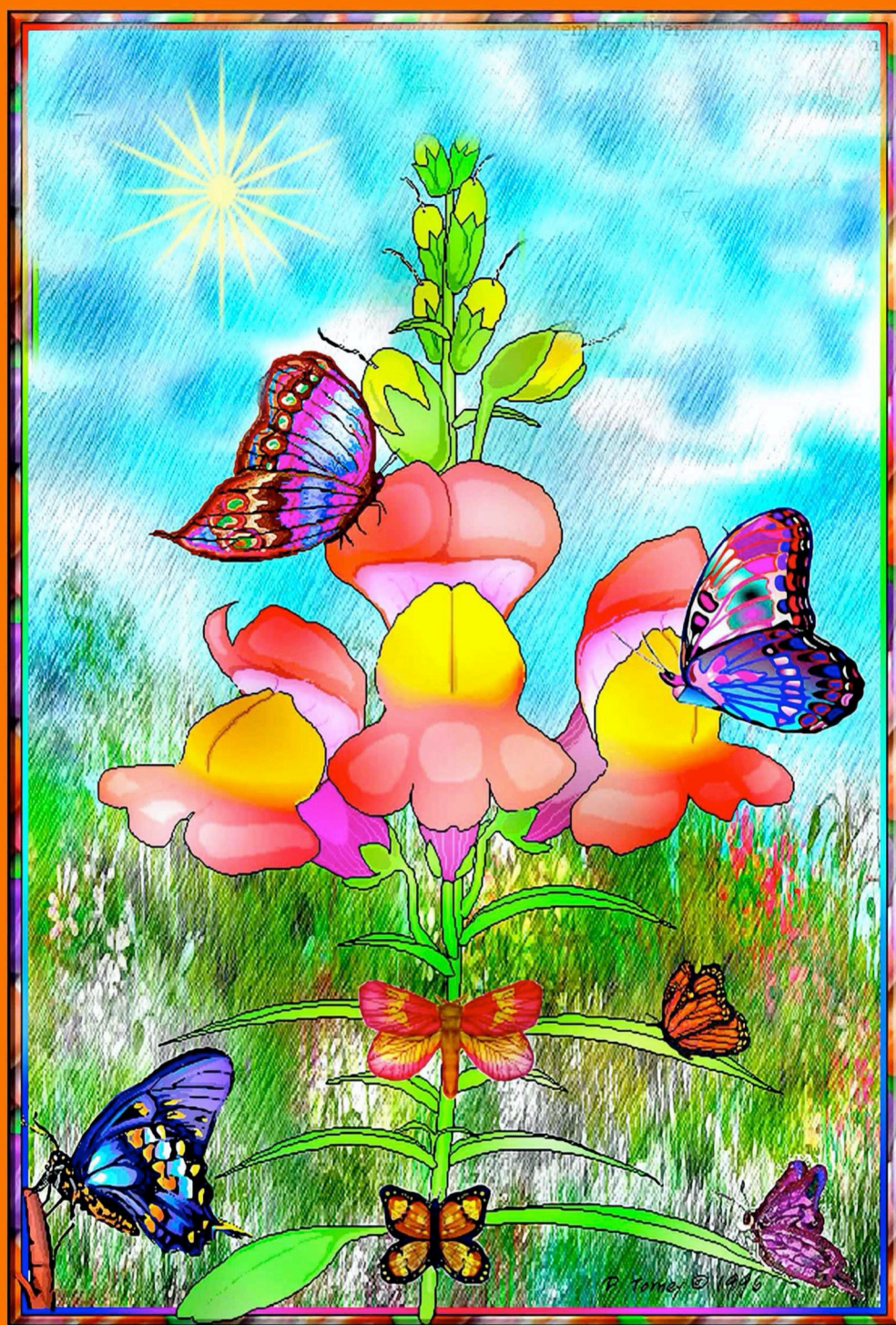
During our carefree summer days, we'd swim in the public pool, diving off the pool side after pennies, retrieving them from the bottom, near the big drains. On the way home, we'd stop for a Green River soda.

Peter leaned over the fence to smell a flower and a thousand memories reoccurred:

Each Morning Glory blossom lives for but a single day, and is replaced by another as the next day dawns, each flower in succession shining in its morning glory, wilting in the noon heat, withering in the afternoon, languishing in the evening, and then dying in the night. Their message to us remains: a new day will always come on. There's a bright flower. I've always been intrigued by the Amaranth, for its leaves never fade, even long after death, and remain a vivid red for ever and ever. Could it be that some portion of the Infinite has made it into this flower? A snapdragon appeared.



You had to know just where and how to hold Snapdragons, just around the crease, then they would slowly open on the unsuspecting person and then SNAP! Got you! There, galaxies of sunflowers. The luminosity was blinding, so to speak, when we had discovered a field of sunflowers in the yard of the abandoned house where we weren't supposed to play. We learned how to dry the seeds so we could eat them, each a glowing ember of memory now, of those bright days in the land of a thousand suns. Then there were the elfin goblets. We humans, too, can drink from the little yellow flowers that populate every lawn—those buttercup potions of lively yellow light, the color that is the easiest and the quickest to see; Yellow flowers grab our attention so they can take us into the secret realm of fairies, elves, pixies, fays, goblins, trolls, and sprites. Ah, nasturiums. We called them “nasties”, for they had a real sharp taste, but we were still fond of their colors, and besides, they grew in Grandma's yard—where every turn of the eye took one places that were safe and secure, for, when we were young, this had been our whole world. Purple crocus was still vibrant, with its golden grains inside, demonstrating the complimentary colors of spring, seen also in the yellow primrose and its romantic friend, the purple violet. It was like the loving sun warming the virginal earth with love and life into spring.



And then there were the weeds—honored because the plant that is the most alive is the one that is the wildest—and, therefore, the dandelion is the most ever-present flower, although it's better known as a weed. Of course, when its dried blossom is blown with a puff, it turns into just so much fluff, reminding us that someday we, too, must lie amid the dust. I'd walk down to the stream with my sister and we'd pick the yellow St. John's Worts and put them in a basket for a table centerpiece. Then we'd pick dandelions and make a salad from some of them while dad made wine from the remainder. We had a strawberry patch and also a grape arbor, too. Following their progress each day, we'd beat the squirrels to the berries, eating them fresh, always forgetting to wash them, and, after driving the birds from the grapes, eat them, too, sour as they were, spitting out the seeds. We had a good cherry tree for awhile, too, until it fell in a storm. Sometimes flowers grow in strange places, as along a rocky path, and, as such, they give a greater pleasure, in a way, than they could in a whole garden. Where did all the flowers come from, and thrive? Legends say that fairies tend the flowers, and that there are invisible, funnel like entrances to other worlds, nearby, especially in flower circles, such as to fairy kingdoms—the small end hard to find at first, but easy to get funneled back out of—worlds that are difficult to tell



apart from our own except by their more vivid colors, and, so, upon entering one, I wasn't sure where I was exactly, but then I saw a pterodactyl flying by!

Peter walked on, seeing a lake with old broken down vacation cabins all around:

Of course we were never "there yet" when we asked it early on in the vacation trip, but, soon we tired of asking and dozed off into a warm sleep, the fight for the window seat long forgotten—and, when we awoke, there it was—a crystal blue lake just beyond the turn, seen through the trees. "We're there," said dad. We'd dig the worms at night and keep them moist, get up with the sun, and walk down to the pier to fish before it got too hot for them to bite, then bait the hook and catch them, keeping only the big ones. Skin them and cook them up for lunch and dinner—this was America Remembered. Dad was always out fishing and caught many fish in his time, although he often came back with none. I went a few times, and my brother Mike more often. I see now that fishing has a little to do with fish but with warm sun, cool breezes, moist air, watery smells, and peace and quiet. We wore our life preservers all day long, even on land. One time, leaning over the pier for a closer look at the fish darting in the water, I fell in and went straight to the bottom, then pushed



up with my feet, swimming with the fishes for an exciting instant, then surfaced just like a rocket, my new lifejacket working fine, now all broken-in. All sorts of water craft are seen on the lakes these days, such as wind surfers, jet-skis, and even submersibles. Yes, water has been conquered and we can almost walk on it, well, at least glide on it, but give me a rowboat with my paramour in it with me and we'll drift under the branches near the shore and have all the adventuring that we need. My brothers and I loved our first motorized rowboat—we puttered over to that mysterious island five miles out into the lake. There we found—nothing—but we camped on the shore and had lunch and felt like pirates the rest of the day, telling no one about it until a whole day later. Our shore house had an open front and was a shady place to sit and hang out and tell some stories and smoke—and, oh yes, kiss a girl. Often, we and our vacation girlfriends would take the dirt road from our vacation cottage to the garbage dump at twilight, where we'd watch the bears forage for scraps. However, one night there wasn't much food to be found—and then the bears turned and looked over at us. Then there were the rainy days. Mother would call out during the storm and say "Don't you have enough sense to come in out of the rain?", but we liked being in the rain—that's what made it fun. Nowadays, unless we



wear sun block, the sun is considered dangerous, and the mothers say “Don't you have enough sense to come in out of the sunlight?” Anyway, as soon as the sun came out after a storm, we'd run out to see if there was a rainbow—that shimmering other-worldly vision which seemed to belong more to the world of angels and fairies than to humans, and there it was, always magical, and ever revealing the deep and colorful secrets of “simple” white light. Then the rainbow faded. Once upon a time there was gold at the end of the rainbow, but now we find toxic gases and chemicals there—so, the message for today is an IOU, instead of gold, that says we'd better take care of the colors of the sky or nature will be no more. What strange colors lie beyond the rainbow? What unknown colors hide between blue and green? How are millions of colors made from just the three primaries? Why do the wavelengths of light form colors in our minds, anyway? Why is the sky blue? Well, I'll tell you one thing: color was invented in the 60's—for proof, just look at TV shows made before then.

Oh, those summer days! To keep cool in summer we once carried fans, pinwheels, parasols, and sucked on a piece of ice. We'd leave the sweltering house to make for a cool stream, pool, or glade, but now we have electricity to run motorized fans, TVs,

Rainbow

Toward the end of a sunny day,
A storm came and washed away,
And the sunset clouds, being glad,
Held a party for the returning lad.

The sun then peeked, and soft shone
Into the mist of the departing squall,
Its light split into particolors lone,
Separating, each from the ALL—

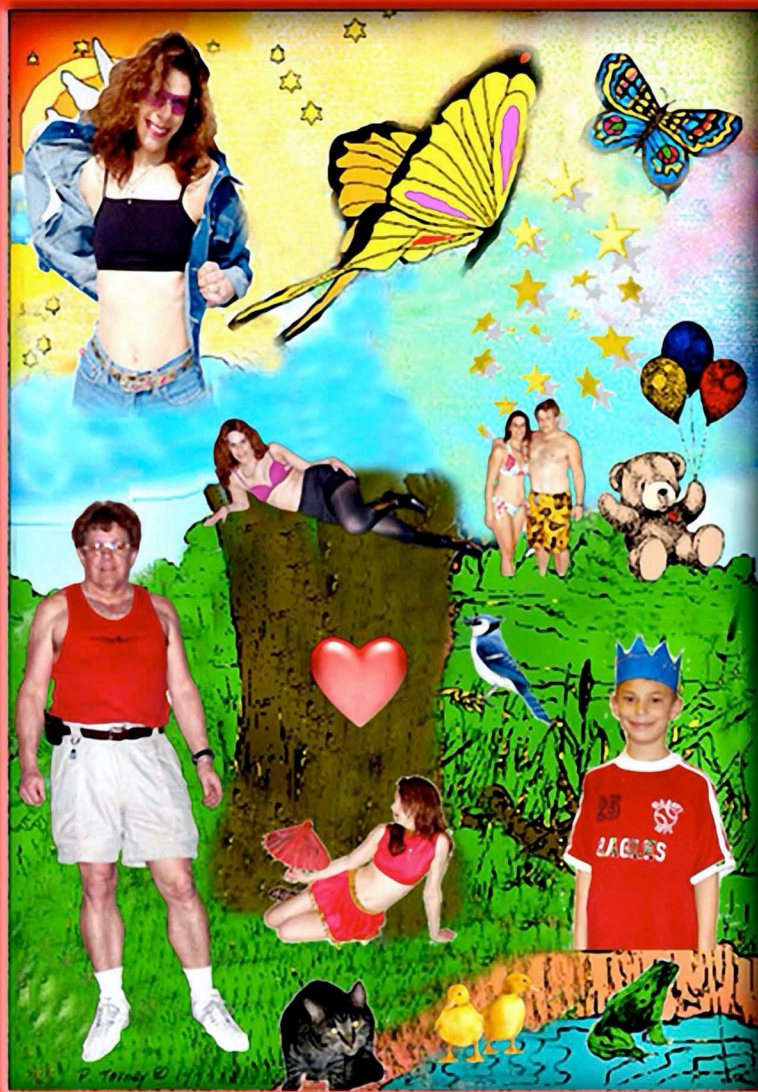
A bouquet of colored rays
Swirled into sight,
And promised good weather
For the rest of the night.

The rainbow lit up the east,
As long we attended the feast
Of both the east and the west,
Till into darkness we descended blest.

The stars guided our homeward flight
By shining their jeweled lights
Of ruby, emerald, and sapphire
In living colors of blazing fire.

the internet, and air-conditioners—so we stay in the house all day long! In the old days, real scandals, not just idle rumors, could be learned of by eavesdropping on the party line, for one couldn't help but accidentally overhear a few words when trying to make a call—and, if it was more interesting than watching the grass grow, then you'd have to hear the whole story, although it was sometimes difficult to keep quiet. Before we had a telephone, our information was communicated by tell-a-woman! Now, these days, we talk to answering machines, computers, or solicitors, and many think that a cellular phone is a necessity, but I think that life should be taken in easy steps—so, if you're not there when the phone rings, you're not there, because you're doing something else and don't want to be disturbed!

We looked for bottles to get the two cent deposit, especially on playgrounds, and collected popsicle sticks to glue together into little boxes. Then I got hooked on cigarette packs, sometimes finding a smoke left inside, but my mother threw them all away. Even now my hand still tries to pick them up when I spot one. We took the returnable bottles to the corner market. Larger than a corner store, the corner market carried all that we needed, especially vegetables and fresh fruits over brimming with their natural healthiness and normal color. Not touching



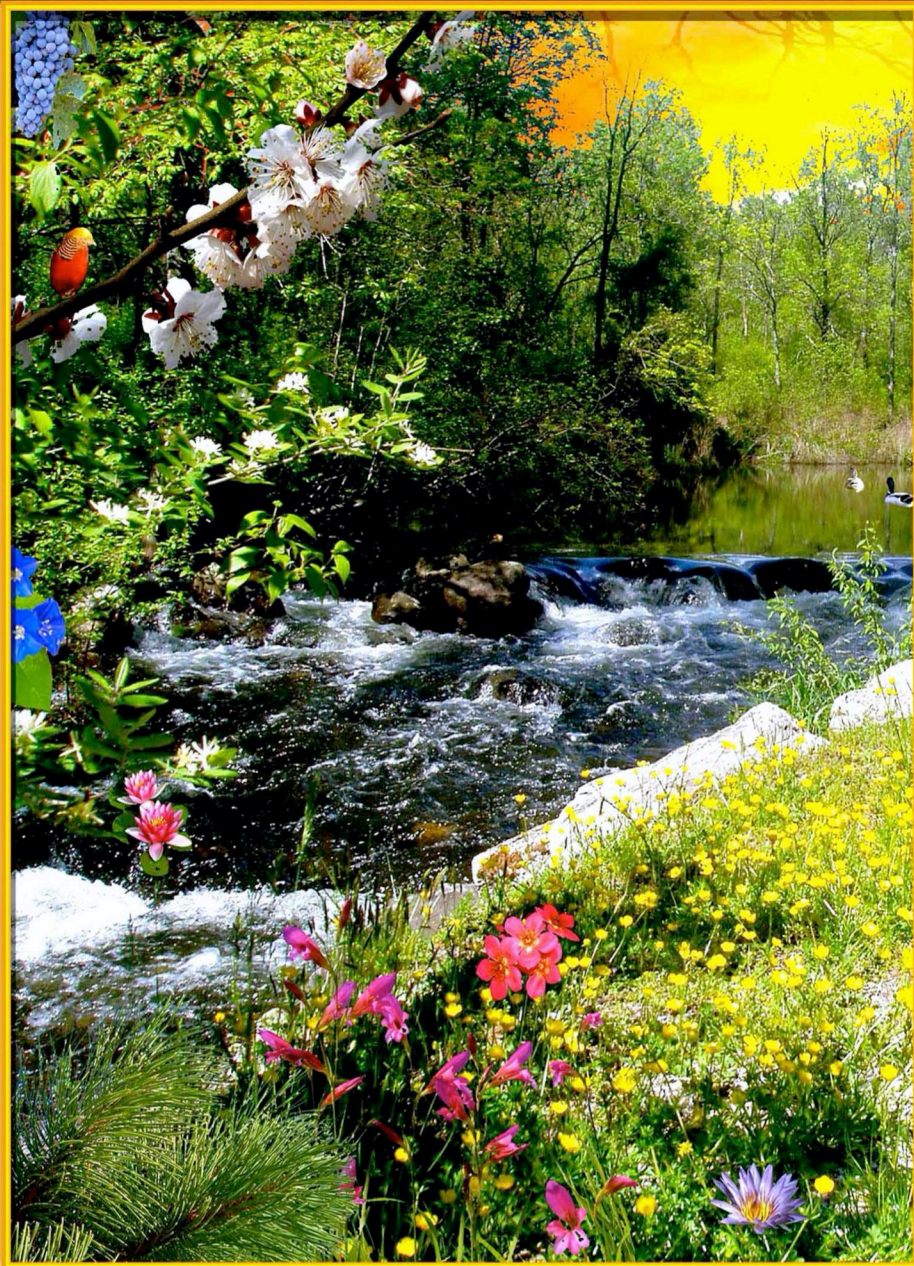
the apples, or anything else for that matter, was nearly impossible for a young child, for the shiny red apple called out, "touch me, buy me, eat me", and so, before the mind knew what the hand was doing, a bite had been taken—and trouble was at hand, but it was crispy, sweet.

I rode my bike everywhere. Once, I rode up and down the steep hill, hoping that my bad brakes still worked, but my brakes broke and so I went flying into a bush. Another time, I fell on my roller skates at the same place. Now I drive my car on that killer hill and have finally learned to be careful there—yes, I'm finally getting over the hill! On Memorial Day, then called Decoration Day, we'd run crepe paper through the spokes of our bike wheels and ride along at the back of the parade after we'd watched it from the curb side and waved our flags. Now, not much happens on Memorial Day—it's a pretty dead day, but that is only fitting.

I saw a penny on the ground once and picked it up for good luck or bad, heads or tails. And I always picked up a pin—more good luck. I had a friend who once found a horseshoe all of the sudden—it was very bad luck for him that it was still on the horse's foot! I saved a lot of coins as a boy, mostly ones that dad gave me, but also traded in dollars at



the bank for rolls, finding a few old dimes and steel pennies therein—not yet so scarce as they are now. I found the collection in my basement the other day—the hunt for the 1950D nickel goes on. We used the rest of our money to buy candy and ice cream. We were afraid of the scissors grinding man, but we all screamed when the ice cream man came ringing down the street. After a scramble for loose change, we'd cut him off on the next block, always asking for a piece of dry ice to play with. Reading was the our other diversion. Children's books were lavishly illustrated, as seen now in the libraries' special collections. Chromolithographic colors were vivid but laborious to create—yes, they just don't make colors like that anymore. Then there were the parks, and the graveyards. Rural cemeteries were meant to be used as parks way back when, and so ours became a familiar place, especially the duck pond where we'd give the ducks stale bread, and then run away when the geese stampeded us. Years later I returned with my sweetheart—like a duck that had been away for too many summers. At the park, there were monkey bars for the climbers, swings for the movers, see-saws teeter tottering for the restless, and a sandbox for the diggers—and a refreshing sprinkler to go into afterwards—but there was always some kid sitting right on top of the sprinkler, blocking the spray.



Other hobbies were making model airplanes—we coated them with extra glue, then set them on fire and threw them into the air as flaming wrecks. Greeting cards were made only by hand, using colored paper decorated with assorted scraps saved from magazines, with some lace, perhaps, or ribbons, writing an original message on it. Nowadays, we buy an expensive, dumb looking card with fluffy words already on it and give it, but in a day or two it is in the trash, for it wasn't a keepsake.

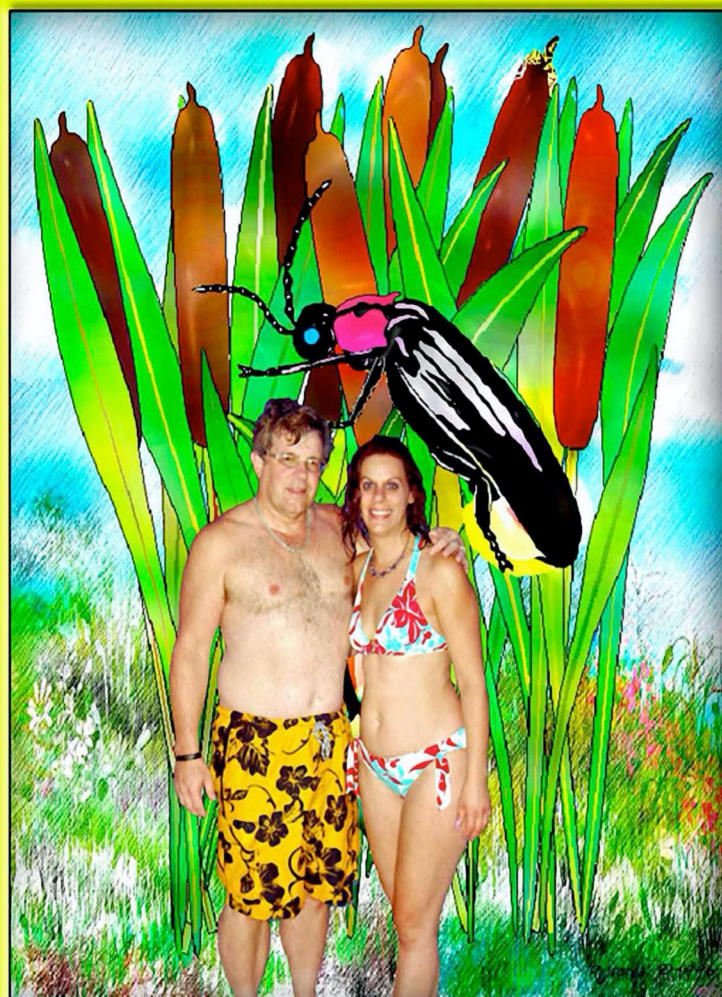
Simple pleasures today are as free as ever, like the sights, sounds, and scents of nature, the giving one's self, riding a bike, going on a picnic, the starry night sky, playing cards on the porch, writing a letter, reading a book... Hard to ever get bored, isn't it?

Peter arrived at Angelina's and related to her many of the nostalgic notions above, spending several hours.

The autumnal night fell, like a knell, the sun plummeting into the recesses of the Catskills across the Hudson. The coolness of the air was a hint that Peter should not overstay his welcome. She, too, sensed this, and, yet, they needed a magic moment, some sort of romantic beginning—and it came soon enough, with the fireflies, as the couple watched

the winkings and blinkings of the females in the grass that were the yes/no signals to the males in the air—those pulses of love flashing in their green and yellow light, the nodding inquiries, twinkling like stars, the mating calls from luminated pods, the tracers pulsing wild, the searching thoughts that smiled—from Angelina to Peter as she leaned over and kissed him—and back came the beacon of his reply: a-light, oh yes, said his lips, as he returned her kiss, and another kiss as well as they stood and embraced in an electric hug, now all aglow, like lightening bugs.





MIND, IT MATTERS; MATTER, EVER MIND And All the Secrets of the Universe, as Well

In the beginning—no, wait, for there could be no real beginning, as this would imply a prior and Absolute Nothingness from which nothing could ever have emerged. Note that an Absolute Nothing cannot even have any potential within it, such as the possibility of a “big bang” just happening to happen. However, it did happen, creating our particular universe, although perhaps not exactly in the way we imagine it.

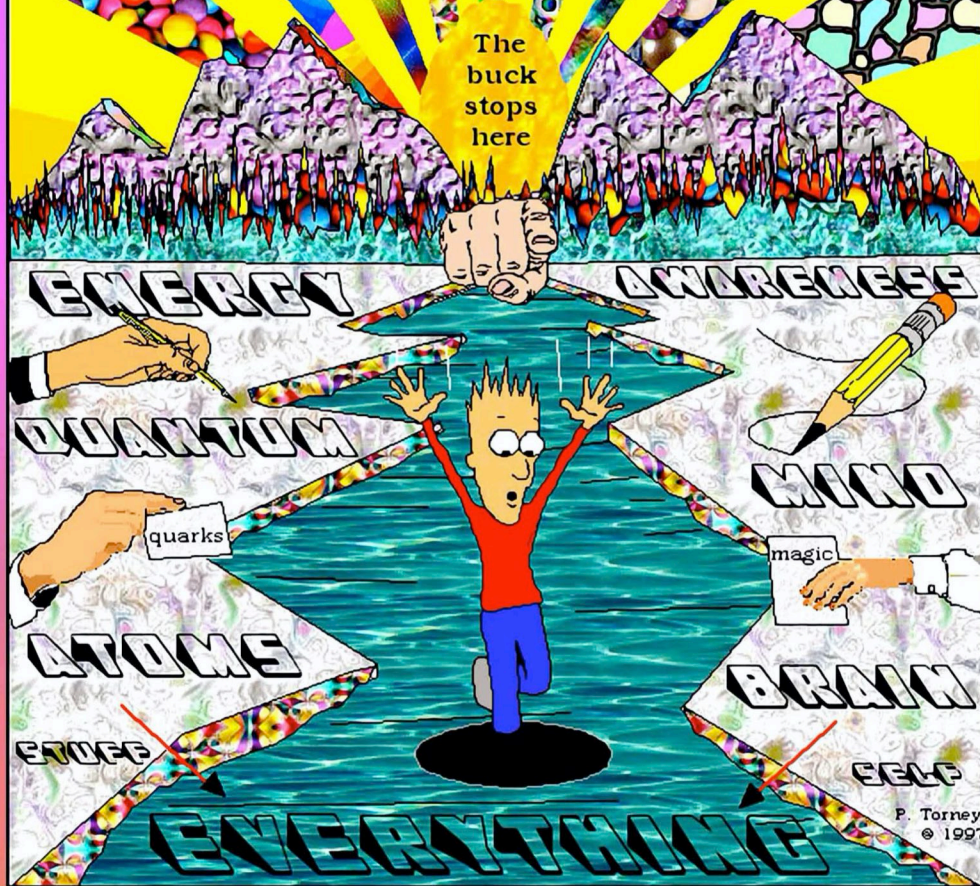
There exists ‘fundamental’ substance(s) that are the Ground of All Local Reality—those substance(s), ones that worked, were produced by Potential, which, by the way, is neither nothing nor something (Potential exists forever). You may call this substantial result of Potential (or Possibility) the quantum foam, or such, but I’ll just call it Energy, It may very well be energy. Elementary particles and forces are made from it.

The Timeless-Formless “nothing” with Potential must, when it differentiates, divide itself up into pluses, like particles, and minuses, like the forces between particles, the net result still being zero should all ever totally recombine (although it can’t). Gravity is, indeed, a negative force that draws positive objects together—and should the whole universe ever collapse into itself, it may end up as an almost “nothing” for an instant, at its point of greatest collapse, although a “nothing” with some bounce to it. Obviously, there HAD to be something.

Energy, a substance, being made only of itself, through Potential, is, therefore, the only non-composite substance, being locally fundamental, since it is not made of any pieces. Energy is the ultimate source of everything, with all higher, composite complexities that we know of, including all mind and matter, built upon its flexible base. Stronger than the legendary Atlas, who stood on the back of a turtle, with turtles all the way down beneath him, presumably, Energy is, indeed, where the buck must stop, substance-wise, for there is nothing lower of substance left to make Energy out of (just Potential). Energy holds up not just the world, but EVERYTHING that there is, mind and matter, too. Energy is omnipresent. It is everywhere, and contained even in the so-called vacuum. This Energy IS our Absolute Reality, the Ultimate Ground of All Our Existence, the Mother of All Our Reality, the Fundamental Substance. This Energy is all that there is at the fundamental, bottommost level on this side of Materialization—there can be nothing lower, but for Potential, for it is made of itself. It is what it is, as in “I am what I am”. Those who rightly refer to IT or Potential as the Ground of (all) Determination (G.O.D., not GOD) are right, but they err if they take it any further by

THE GROUND OF ULTIMATE REALITY

The
buck
stops
here



thinking of it as a person, being, alien, or superbeing, and, by doing so, ascribe personality, temperament, and such to it, for that would require even more composite and complex qualities than we have as people—aye, far from fundamental and absolute. Yes, of course, there may be higher beings, but they would not be fundamental and absolute at all, but composite, like us, and, as such, would not be the Ultimate, the Absolute, or the Energy—and they would certainly not be their own cause, being fully dependent on, and existing after the Ground of Our Ultimate Reality, or Energy, via Potential, being just as good or bad as humans, really, unless way more advanced—the current Gods of myth being not good role models at all, their intellectual and emotional systems necessarily composite, like ours, it would seem, from their tantrums and violence and genocide and shame and blame and low self-esteem—having brain chemicals. Gods may even be worse than us, for we even go so far as to make excuses for our Gods' insane behavior such as saying "He works in mysterious ways", but, anyway, that is a topic for another essay: "Why Have a Non Role Model as a Leader That No One Would Ever Imitate"?

Anyway, this Energy is a simple thing, being such a fundamentally low building block, but this does not preclude the possibly of it being very close at hand in its basic and fundamental non-composite form. It could be conscious awareness itself, as it is similar to what moves the universe through electromagnetism, light, and heat—and seeming to move the same in us, as well as giving rise to all of the elementary particles and forces.

We learn from physics that everything in the universe seems to be connected, entangled, with everything else, especially at this basic level of energy. For example, in photon pairs that are created and become separated by distances far larger than the speed of light could traverse, either photon "snaps to" in an instant when the other photon is randomly polarized and changes its own polarization to match it precisely. It is as if the two distant photons are still the same particle in another dimension or that they remain connected in some way forever.

This connection of everything to everything may provide some rudimentary perception in and of itself that is tapped into by the subconscious. We might even define Energy as being Awareness itself. This is made ever more plausible by the fact that Energy does indeed give rise to all that we know, to all mind and consciousness as well as to all "matter", quotes used because matter may turn out just to be swirling energy that gives the appearance of solidity.

Could it be that everything is really globally connected in some higher dimension, although still as real as could be, but projected in our 3 dimensions by our brains—the extra dimension being something like all possibilities existing at once, in superposition, just as in the quantum



Energy Prayer

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Our Energy, which art the cosmos, elemental be
thy name, granting awareness be thy game.
Thou can neither be created nor destroyed—
and must, therefore, be eternal & omnipresent,
the All & the One, the Eternal Substance—
made only of Thyself, the One which forever
was and ever always will be, the Ground of all
Existence, upon which the composition of all
gods, persons, and superior creatures must
depend, though thou art none of the above,
since, by thy own definition, thou cannot be
composite, and, so, must ever remain simple
and fundamental, but, we, nevertheless, can
adore thee as what does the knowing that
grants us our being so that we may observe our
doings—the ground as to the figure, the
essence of existence, the universal subject, the
awareness of being for that which does, being
the sea in which we see, oh, thou soul—thou
Ground of all Determination (G.O.D.)!

world—like a hologram, only with more oomph. After all, consciousness seems hard to spatially locate and it does work so well in its instant global type manner, seeming to collapse all possible scenarios of consequences of possible actions into just one resultant thought-action, much like what happens in the quantum world that is the root of all our reality, in which objective reality does not exist at all, just the probability of all possibilities of the collapse of the wave function into an event.

This Awareness/Energy could be the “be” in being—thus, we would be free to be, but not totally to do, for our thoughts are known to be the forced end result of a countless multitude of influences, many of which we are not even consciously aware of. Can you will that which does the willing? Oops, a surprise thought just came, out of the blue? Did you will it? No! It arose from countless influences, thus, the will is mostly unfree, although we seem to have a last second veto power over it, called “free won’t”, such as in “I would like to kill that person who cut me off in traffic!” Usually, but not always, we veto those types of obviously bad or forbidden thoughts, but, how many less obvious ones slip through, unvetted? Oh, our human nature is like a glass filled to the brim with liquid temptations of which we are not supposed to ever spill a drop. And, of course, we may learn things today that will cause us to make different decisions tomorrow, so, decisions can change, but, be careful what you learn, for it becomes you. Learning is a rewiring of the brain and can readily become permanent.

Awareness, in its local, to us, version, while we are alive, seems to only be able to observe the self, actually only that part of the self that is on display as the contents of the mind at any given moment; “on your mind”, as they say. This awareness, intimately known and referred to by us as ‘I’ (Capital ‘I’ in single quotes), or even the soul, by many, is the part of us that is free to be, for it cannot act (do), but can only observe. It is the audience, the witness. If you doubt it and think that awareness can indeed act or do, then there would still be the problem of who or what higher “awareness” observes that action! We are all familiar with ‘I’, almost taking it for granted, for we note not the sea in which we “see”. When ‘I’ looks at the contents of the mind, note that ‘I’ is not itself the contents of the mind—yes, we often confuse what’s floating in the stream of consciousness—objects of thought—with the water itself—awareness. It is famously said that ‘I’ am not this body... ‘I’ am not even this thought, nor the contents of the mind, for ‘I’ am a part of space-time itself—‘I’ am Energy itself? ‘I’ am made of the fundamental stuff? ‘I’ am not an object. ‘I’ am the universal subject. I am the Cosmos. However, being subjects only, all ‘I’s are interchangeable, and, as such, are more a part of space-time, than of us as individuals, our total uniqueness of personhood being formed at birth and lost at death, although the soul may

Regressing

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I'm aware of being aware of being aware.



I'm aware of
being aware.

I'm
aware.

live on, sort of, in an unperceptive immortality, for it was always part of the Cosmos to begin with.

Indeed, it seems that Awareness would have little or nothing to do if there were not something for it to be aware of, and, so, of course, there is much to be aware of while we live our lives, although one can certainly realize pure awareness by going into the selfless meditative state of pure being by removing all of one's thoughts, except, perhaps, "I am", but, then, after we die, I'm afraid that would be the end of any unique personal identity, although, you may be happy to know, your awareness would ever endure in rejoining—it never left—the eternal substance at large in the Cosmos in its immortal, but non-perceiving reality—what's to see without the brain's sense collection and memories? And ditto for the time before we as born. What was my soul doing for an eternity before I was born? Not much. What will it do after I die, with no mind, no brain, no memories, no senses, no feelings? Not much. Well, perhaps I can still still save the soul with my last ditch efforts herein, but, as you see, not much is left of it and it has practically no value beyond its pure being, with no thoughts, but, maybe that's not so bad, as in meditation, when we totally escape all of this existence by making all thoughts of it go away. It calms us—due to nothing happening.

So it is, it seems, that the Cosmos itself comes alive in us, and in any higher beings, too, if they exist, but surely not as we've invented them, mostly in our image. Mind and matter are really the two opposite sides of the same coin of Information, awareness providing the ultimate glimpse of cosmic information from the inside—and matter providing it from the outside, especially in quantum physics, although in a limited way, as when Mother Nature slips up and reveals her true and counterintuitive self, as in her non-locality, in which an electron goes from here to there without ever being present in-between, or when one photon goes through both slits (parallel universes?), as a wave, unless we try to check which slit it went through, in which case it only goes through one as a particle, and in her non-objective reality at the sub-atomic level, where all possible and potential realities exist all at once in superposition until one emerges into our reality. Indeed, minds, too, seem to sense in another dimension, trying out new ideas through ideas and consequences, collapsing possibilities into the one reality that we "choose". Consciousness could be the mysterious agent which focuses the spread out quantum "object's" waves of existence so we can observe them at one place as the objects of thought.

As for our accepted version reality, it exists in it's usual form only in the brain's simulation model of reality, the VERY SAME model employed in our night dreams, when the model is driven only by noise, static, and memory, but in a stunning and realistic virtual reality that is usually in-

*Subjective awareness
or being/ essence,
is the ground
on which
objective
figures exist*



**THE GROUND ITSELF IS NOT
A FIGURE OR AN OBJECT.**

Austin Patrick Torney ©1997

distinguishable from real waking reality, aside from lucid dreaming in which one realizes s/he is having a dream. Yes, all we ever “see” are the insides of our heads, our reality referred back out whence the waves, vibrations, or fields may have come from, and probably did come from in our wide-awake dream that comes from real external input if we are not asleep and dreaming, although its ultimate source may be extra dimensional. We see colors, like red, let’s say, but there are no colors out there, really, just differing frequencies of light waves and reflective properties of surfaces. The same is true with sound waves. All reality is fabricated by the brain, as we can tell by still feeling the texture of a surface by scratching it by a pencil—it is referred to the end of the pencil even though we have no sense organs way out there, although, hopefully fabricated in a way that is useful to us, as when the wings of a hang glider are felt as an actual extension of the arms. Yes, reality is painted with the forms that we are made to see, but, what’s really out there? We’ll never know. Even the brain’s processing time, speedy as it seems, is hidden from us, our consciousness itself being referred back in time a bit, like the tape-delay used by live TV shows. Witness the four-way taste vector of bitter, salt, sweet, and sour or the three-way red/green/blue color protein cones of rotation in the retina that determine which color is being seen, even the ten plus vector of facial recognition. As for time itself, we only experience it and its apparent rate as a succession of events appearing over the horizon of consciousness, this succession of frame” exposing our living film into an illusion of fluid motion. We are much like robots? Are we robots? We are robots. Robots trying to figure ourselves out.

Are we free to will that which does the willing? Of course not. No way. All thoughts, even those apparently coming in from “out of the blue”, are determined by our memories, associations, learned behaviors, hormones, mood-regulating neurotransmitters like serotonin, and countless influences right up to the instant, with perhaps some tiebreakers or a little flexibility for choice among equals thrown in. Does this make us robots. Of course! There is no real way for us not to be robots, even if we somehow arranged to make all our decisions randomly, which would be useless. However, I realize that some of you believe in free will—since your religion says that you must! Ha-ha! But the irony of this, aside from the joke of it, is that you can exercise this supposed free will without penalty only if it agrees with God’s will. Anyway, that jibe aside, it does actually feel like we have free will power, although it is really “free won’t” power, isn’t it—and it does take some of the magic out of, say, love’s meaning, to learn that it is really bonding hormones that create and hold our attraction to certain members of the opposite sex, pheromones us into lust, love, and relationships that are spurred ever onward by the love-made

The Simulation Model

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ALL THAT WE EVER SEE IS THE
INSIDE OF OUR HEADS! THIS
INTERNAL MODEL OF REALITY
IS JUST LIKE THE ONE THAT WE
SEE WHEN WE ARE SLEEPING
AND DREAMING WITH EYES
CLOSED IN TOTAL DARKNESS!



(OF COURSE, THE INTERNAL MODEL SEEN AS NIGHT DREAMS IS DRIVEN
ONLY BY "STATIC" SINCE NO EXTERNAL SENSE INPUT IS COMING IN.)

endorphins, the natural opiates that our brains create in order to keep us doing pleasurable things. Well, we always sort of suspected that there could be chemistry between people, didn't we! Dopamine lights up our interest on new things to get us to focus attention on novel situations, even boring ones, but not boring at first sight, like something so simple as the remodeling of a building. As for novelty interest, we chalk it up to the thing being new, not realizing that we are forced to take an interest in it. And, the clincher, if you still don't believe that you are a robot, is that your consciousness is the last to be informed of your brain's results, a full three hundred milliseconds AFTER the brain has subconsciously completed its analysis, although there is still time for a veto—"free won't". Again, don't feel bad—for how else could it be, really? But, somehow, your knowing this secret can make you just a little bit less robotic. How? Just let your evil or conditioned responses and/or problems sail on by without your acting on them instantly and impulsively—and, in this space that you've just created, this distance between you and your conditioned response which perhaps never existed before, you can perhaps accomplish a much more creative solution, than say, yelling. Yes, I know, it allows but a small amount of "free will" but it's more than you had before and can turn a hell of a life into Heaven. Perhaps you could even will away something like jealousy or anxiety, but that's a tough one, since it is deeply forced upon us all from ancient times.

So-called first-level people merely have beliefs and desires, period, robotically and dutifully attending to them as they fall hook, line, and sinker for their very own thoughts, even ascribing more importance to them if the thoughts obsessively persist and loop and reoccur, but, second-level people have beliefs and desires about their beliefs and desires, and thus can become able spectators of themselves, learning when to ignore their very own thoughts. Of course, by now you realize that many of our impulses were put there by natural selection and evolution, not necessarily a bad thing in the universal sense. Is it really your own brilliant idea when you automatically decide to have so many children? Or did natural selection put the desire there, but not tell you that you might have to give up your whole life to raise them, often a difficult task. For sure, many of our impulses and aversive behaviors are certainly no longer useful to us in the specific sense. Negative feedback mechanisms in our central nervous systems, in particular, continue to send out thousands-of-years-old messages. Fight or fly! How easily these emotionally primitive messages lead to most of our problems, cravings, and addictions. Perhaps this type of knowledge should be the most often taught course in elementary school and high school. How can we even live with such barbaric emotions and diseases of the mind that occur now and then, even in normal people?

Can you start or stop your thoughts?

*In other words, can you will that which
does the willing?*

Influences ... Memories ... Associations



*I think, therefore I am
a machine.*

*Well, suppose a surprise thought comes
to you right now out of the blue, as
they often do.. Of course you did not
will it! The thought is an effect of
countless influences, i.e., causes.*

The will is unfree!

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As for blaming evil on outside influences, the devil does not whisper to you, but low serotonin does, affecting mood, always for the bad, and, in the long term, causes mental illnesses. Forbidden thoughts are normal and sane, even when we're totally healthy in body and mind. They can be vetoed when all else is well. Low levels of the mood-regulating neurotransmitter, serotonin, can lead not only to anxiety, depression, and persistence of thought (obsession), but also to anger, hostility, violence, and, with a low standing heart rate, inducing fearlessness, to crime. Low serotonin can be the result of genetics, stress, or lack of exercise, but not the devil, although the church thinks so, but then again 500 years ago the church thought that evil spirits caused body illnesses that now we know are caused by bacteria and viruses. You don't believe that low serotonin causes problems? Are you not irritated at things when you're under stress, things that never would have bothered you otherwise? Why do you kick the cat or the dog for the same noise that was OK and cute last week? Well, the brain, when irritable, associates the irritability with the most recent happening. Drinking alcohol is a doomed attempt at self-medication, raising serotonin evils in the short run, but sending them plummeting in the long run. Paxil or Prozac may work fine, as can behavior modification and cognitive therapy. As for emotions in general, the mind is rather weak in fighting off emotions since they have a separate and direct pathway into consciousness, thus bypassing all of the rational brain areas. As you by now must suspect, your highly valued feelings and emotions are merely molecular events, and that they are sometimes meaningful and sometimes spurious, but, either way, they have a way of overwhelming any logic that you might manage to dredge up from any sanity. Emotions often take sole control, obliterating logic completely. This non-coordination of reason and emotion is probably all there is to tell, really, about all the miseries and follies of human history, the many great and "deep" theories of historians notwithstanding.

What to do about all these evolutionary relics? Well, to further reduce the evil thoughts mentioned before, meditation can help, for meditation is, as they say, "not what you think". Practice letting undesired thoughts just sail on by into oblivion. Then practice letting all your thoughts disappear at will—and, while you're there, you might as well intuit the ultimate reality by becoming it. Then, next time a "false" crisis arises, you will know how to instantly quiet your mind. Soon life becomes euphoric as you reach the higher modes of being, true paradise being simply an attainable state of mind. You will become fully present for the moment, enjoying life completely, as regrets of the past and fears of the future fade away into meaninglessness. You are fully alive—you are in the zone, in the now, where you cannot miss, where everything you touch turns to gold, the world looking like one big wish. You have reached the Treasure

The D(anger) Zone



P. Torney
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House, instead of stumbling outside in the dark over trifles. Sounds good, but you cannot claim to KNOW it unless you DO it! So, do it. Is there any real choice? No. Will people just read this essay and then put it aside? Yes.

What a world! Our universe is the ultimate free lunch, our earth an oasis in space provided for us by Father Time, Mother Nature, and guiding stars—so, then, enjoy it, for you are the Cosmos and there is nothing more. Nothing. Consciousness is all there is. As for our Earth, all is as it should be, even with creatures like bacteria or worms which do both good and bad things. No bacteria or worms, no earth, for what else would aerate and ferment 400 tons of soil each day?

Now, for the final matter (and mind) of consciousness. Many have tried to dissect it, confine it, reduce it to something else, but, it remains fairly intractable. I suggest that it is irreducible just because it is so fundamental and, thus, cannot be explained in terms of more basic entities, nor can it be located since it lies beyond our spatial dimensions. It is as if the intrinsic properties underlying physical dispositions are themselves experiential properties of a hidden dimension, and permeate everything that there is, both mind and matter. Consciousness would then—no surprise—be much like or close to our fabled Energy—all that there is or ever will be between heaven and earth. Experience is perhaps a fundamental property of the universe. Materialism's inability to explain how mind could arise from supposedly inert and non-experiential matter stems from its faulty premise, for matter is indeed experiential in and of itself. Dualism, with its supposed interaction between that stuff which has a mind (nonphysical) and that stuff which is mindless (physical) rules out any interaction by its very own definition—there would be a violation of the conservation of energy. One course remains: experience is part and parcel of all mind and matter, and is, or is close to, the eternal substance itself.

Well, by now exceeding even the capabilities of quantum physics, once so promising, and, with no where else to go, we must delve straight into the pure and intrinsic visions of mysticism and meditation, for, it seems that Awareness is an intrinsic path to information from the inside, being the essence of, if not, the eternal substance itself in its spiritual (gaseous) state, and that the ethereal matter (frozen) state of quantum physics is but an extrinsic path, now at its limit, to information from the outside. Physics, once clear, becomes more and more full of fog and dust at its limits, as meditation, once a foggy notion, becomes the light. But, beware, as well, that the being at one with the Cosmos, as meditation provides, and the dissolution of self that it provides as well, may just be a neurological effect of the quieting of the brain areas, during meditation, which tell where you end and the universe begins, and what is the self,



So, in conclusion, mind and matter are made of the same Stuff, being just different tokens of the same type, each “sentient” and made of the eternal substance. Mind experiences the present mattering moment, and matter records the minded past from the mind. In other words, Present Mind and Past Matter combine the frames of the film of Space and Time that lives and plays in us as Consciousness, Mind taking Space and Matter doing Time, yet, both derive from the Eternal Substance, Space-Time itself, wherein the buck must stop, where fleas don’t have smaller fleas, wherewhence lies Experiential Being itself, for Life’s great riddle of the Oneness of Mind Stuff and Brain matter is that Mind really Matters, Matter ever Minds.



"What is really out there, I suppose,
are just "waves" and "fields"."



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Good For the Sake of Good

I believe that 'Good For the Sake of Good' (GSG) might be a better approach to making the world a better place. The Pope just spent the last few days talking about the sins of priests and bishops—even they need help.

GSG could be taught in grade schools and high schools, without worries of violating the separation church and state, and may already be, to some extent, especially in some colleges, as a course in Ethics, but could be more intensely taught, as are the already ongoing and recurrent subjects of math and English. It is perhaps even more useful than some courses now taught.

At any rate, much more insight into the learning of right and wrong is needed. 1 out of every Americans is now in prison—an astounding number made even more amazing since it would be higher if prisons weren't crowded to the max, and, that of the other 99, some were in prison and released, some may be headed to prison sooner or later, and some are just never caught or just operate on meanness at the personal level.

GSG is simple, non-confusing, non-divisive, non-mythological, and non paradoxical: It says life is valuable and is not to be harmed. In fact, life is to be helped. And of course you may attempt to preserve yourself if under attack. That's it: humans interacting with humans in decent ways.

GSG, unlike religion, has no leaders or Beings who are above the very morality that is advocated. Wrathful Gods need not apply—they are totally outside the scope of GSG and not an image that GSG wishes to be associated with.

GSG draws attention to the facts that the natural/civil consequences of detention, prison, divorce, bankruptcy, losing friends, and so forth eventually befall those who harm others through stealing, cheating, robbery, assault, murder, deceit, lying, rumoring, meanness, drugs, wasting the family's money on gambling, and the like. Likewise, it promotes the glories and returns of doing good, such as peace and happiness and good friendships.

In GSG, there are no ceremonies, arbitrary beliefs, confusing role-models, rituals, faith in the unknown, the holding forth of contradictory revelations that come with cultural myths, or any of that kind of stuff.

GSG recognizes that certain mental conditions may afflict humans and cause them to do strange things. There's help, medications, and hospitals for those clinically poor souls. For the rest of us, the more slightly impaired, learning is available. GSG admits, too, that there will always be the incurable types.

GSG neither opposes religions nor considers them sacred. Some relig-

The First Step

Problems are not as complex as you think;
Simply, misery and death follow drink;
Evil and cruelty are the same reflected;
Drugs plainly lead to a life out of sync.



ious principles may happen to coincide with those of GSG. Where they don't, they will just not cut it with GSG. Religions/cults whose founders, followers, or gods advocate or have harmed humans are not seen as helpful visions.

Excluding all superstitions, GSG, for example, would not put stock into 'the Devil tempts people into sin', but that brain imbalances and/or bad upbringing lead to mental errors, the human condition being a work in progress. Adolescence, for example, has it ups and down due to hormones. Also, myths of evils spirits causing mental and physical ills are necessarily excluded from GSG.

To continue on the religious track, let us divert to the Pope's example, for he is in the news lately. He once said something like "... the Jews have a blindness" (toward accepting Jesus as the Messiah, Son of God, Redeemer of mankind via 'being saved', the New Testament, and all that goes with that).

The Pope later changed it to something like "I hope God will enlighten the Jews", then finally amended it to something like "God has a special covenant with the Jews and so they are indeed still waiting for the first Messiah", perhaps a diplomatic gesture. So now we have that Jesus was the Messiah and was not the Messiah.

This is what GSG would call being ARBITRARY. Being arbitrary is neither here nor there, but is a result of a familial, cultural, sociological, or geographic influence.

That is, if say, a Jewish person preached here, or even better, if a Catholic were to have been orphaned by war or some such and raised as Jewish, he might be pointing out that Jesus is not the Messiah. GSG says that we should no more believe him than the opposite stance stated. Sorry, but could not this be so?

Note that it would be of no avail for either camp, Christian or Jewish, to restate their data of revelations, testaments, beliefs, agreements, inspirations, ghost-writings, and so forth here, for either camp would simply state that the other is dead wrong. Arbitrary, yes! Useful, no.

It could also be that both Christianity and Judaism are wrong, that there never was, nor ever will be a Messiah.

GSG attempts to avoid such paradoxical confusion by concentrating on humans doing good things for humans for the sake of good, a much better use of time than engaging in beliefs and time-consuming rituals that are likely to be dead wrong.

The same would go for Mormons posting that they have obtained a rather larger supplement to the bible that they copied from engraved golden tablets. Examples abound, ad infinitum.

GSG is black and white in saying that life is valuable. This is something that can be followed without any supernatural hocus-pocus.

Since life's complex, they say it must have origin—
It couldn't have made itself or always have been!



The answer: God; but they've begged the question—
God couldn't have made himself or always have been!

Leaders who set examples of destroying all life on Earth (excepting Noah and his family) are not seen as role models, whether claimed real or imagined. Many infants and young children were drowned, some of whom might have turned out bad and some of whom may have turned out good. If God had decided that the potentially bad were reason enough, due to the snare of their human nature, then we would say “who set it there?, for supposedly God, in His infinite wisdom, designed human nature. Then, God, appearing to have made a mistake, says He won’t do it again. This type of thing is consigned to the ash heap of the many myths that mankind has dreamt up and has nothing to do with GSG.

GSG dispenses with those, real or invented, who would destroy life, desiring role models who do not exhibit anger, impatience, tantrums, negative, emotional outbursts, genocide, and such. In fact, the exact opposite model is desired.

To continue with similar examples, GSG holds the individual responsible, not their ancestors, as in the Legend of the Garden of Eden, who, entrapped, fell for a cunningly sharp angel-powered snake known as Satan—who, by the way, is allowed to continue exist by God, so it is said.

GSG would not tolerate evil. These above are just not beliefs/methods GSG wishes to emulate, imitate, adore, follow, or otherwise embrace any way. GSG deals with the problems right here on Earth.

Nor is there Good For the Sake of Not Being Burned and Tortured Forever, but, again, Good [only] For the Sake of Good (and the natural/civil consequences of not doing so).

In summary, emphasis and repetition is needed in the schools and families to counteract the influence of the media and the general decline of civilized behavior. Luckily, it is a simple thing to present, for there are many real life tales of terror and horror to exhibit, ranging from the criminal to the ‘mean girls’ (and boys) in school.

So, then, some say, Nature, or God, through evolution, crafted Homo Sapiens through a long line of his animal predecessors via the material provided by the stars, etc., over 13.5 billion years.

At an unknown time, a soul was infused into Homo Sapiens by God, perhaps in a garden setting, but human nature did not go well, and a curiosity about an apple, perhaps symbolic of sin in general, doomed Adam and Eve’s ancestors to annihilation in the Great Flood, except for Noah and his family—the new start.

However, human nature again did not go so well as desired, perhaps not at all unexpected, given that God is all seeing and all knowing; nevertheless, Jesus, Son of God, was sent to redeem original sin by dying for mankind; however, for some reason, human nature is still not doing so well, the prisons now holding record numbers of inmates.



**GOD'S IGNORANCE OF
HUMAN NATURE - OR
ENTRAPMENT?**

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Religion cannot be taught in public schools, so how about GSG? Perhaps a mere human invention, of which there are many glorious examples in our laws, could provide an emphasis that humans could better relate to?

Could it also be that the Old Testament was merely an amalgamation of many old Jewish legends written by human mammals who only thought they were inspired or knowledgeable, such as in the Book of Revelations and other chapters thrown out by the Catholics, but retained by the Lutherans and others?

Hard to make sense of a God who so much does not abhor evil that He allows the Devil to persist and take advantage of lower-minded humans (but easily kills innocents in a flood), who blames His own creations for sinning, who so much does not love His creations that He destroys them, who shows all manner of having a human-like emotional system full of anxiety, wrath, and retribution.

If I were a God and ruled above, you could take away all my powers but love.

RELIGION UNVEILED

A God-who-is-a-person would, like us,
Be dependent on, and exist after,
The Ground of Ultimate Reality.
And, so, could not, in Himself, be His own cause.

The light of Heav'n did the earth illumine
When HE shaped human-nature's acumen.
Temptations HE then placed everywhere,
But HE'll punish us for being human!

Who's to blame for our genetic defects
That lead to social misfits, obsessors,
And other special personalities?
Did the Maker's hand shake when He made us?

The founders of the religions were all
Divinely inspired, but were each told a
Different story; now we know that their
Visions were but psychotic episodes.

A God-which-is-not-a-person could be
The Ground of Ultimate Reality,
Energy, Awareness, or what you like,
The source of which forms/is our consciousness.

The so-called near-death experience of
Bright lights and a peeking into Heaven
Is but a flood of opiate endorphins
Causing hallucinations and calmness.

If I worship You from fear of Hell,
Then You should rightly cast me into it;
If I worship you from a desire for Paradise,
Then you should deny me entrance into it.



G-D-D is merely the quantum wave function
Of the entire universe, hardly some
Vengeful and overly emotional
Superbeing who thrives on adoration.

Most deep religious beliefs are shaped by
Little more than local social forces:
Jewish, Buddhist, Islamic, Christian, or none.
So, then, how deep and spiritual are they?

If the soul's eternal, then where was it
During the eternity before birth?
Nonexistence is nonexistence, whether
It comes before or after a lifetime.

Only a Fool would blame His own creations
For the flaws therein, for His poor craftsmanship.
So, rejoice, there's no Maker of Man—these flaws
Provide for interesting character types!

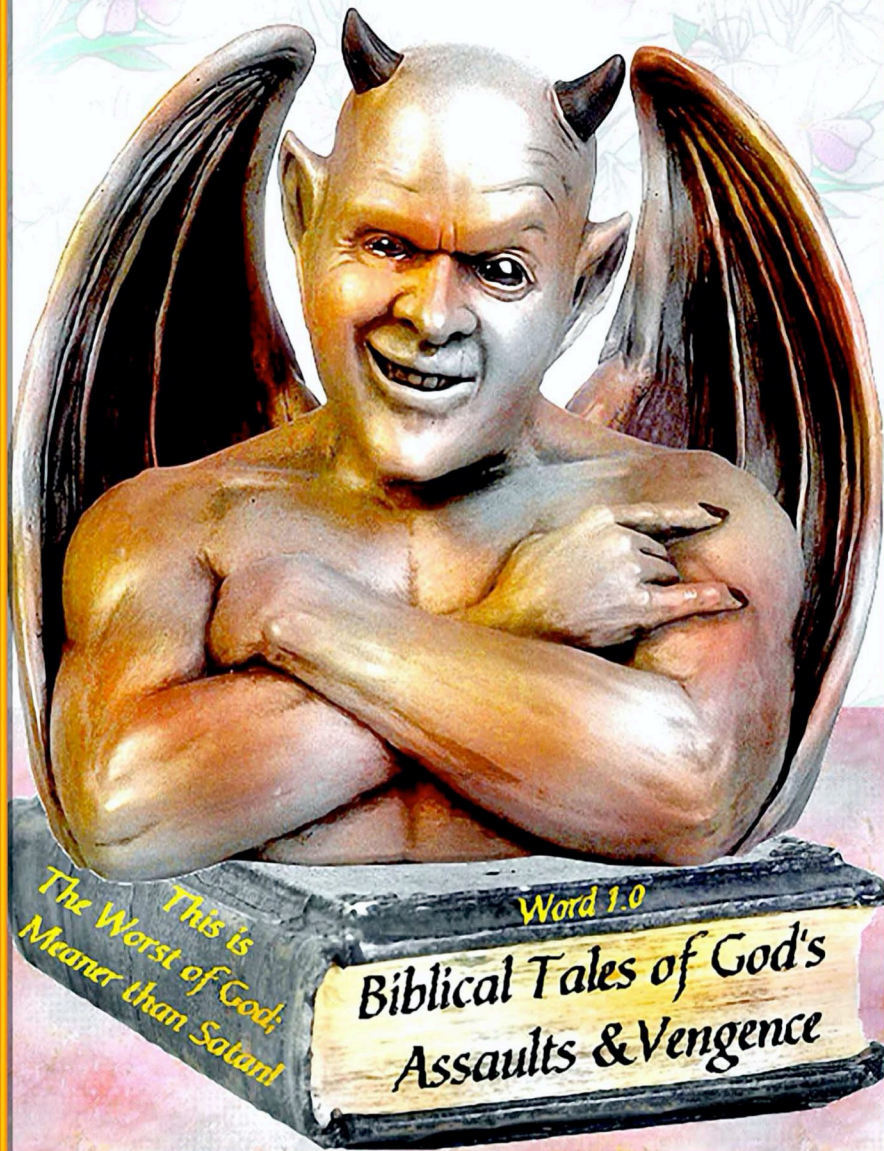
He murders by flame and flood; He tortures;
He entraps; He blames you for his mistakes;
He holds grudges for your ancestors' sins;
He throws tantrums and fits—his name is God.

The Christian concept of reward and punishment
Handed out by an omnipotent, omniscient God,
Is derivative of the family experience,
The child and parent—a conception of our world.

Evolution had no real direction,
Except what was advantageous to life,
However, since we are here, the tendency
To exist was in matter all along.

The Christian God is vengeful, demands of,
And tortures us with threats of Hellish shove.
Well, if I were a God and ruled above,
You could remove all my powers but love.

"With 'friends' like God, you don't need enemies!"



*This is
The Worst of God;
Meaner than Satan!*

Word 1.0

*Biblical Tales of God's
Assaults & Vengeance*

From Eternity to Sin to Here to Eternity

God, Perfection Itself, with unlimited powers, is the ultimate complexity, and existed always, some say, bearing the talent of the infinite. As far back as He can remember, there would still be more; however, His memory capacity is infinite, and, even better, He knows all future, present, and past. The eternal God had no birth, no creation, no end, and knows EVERYTHING. How this be? No one knows. At any rate, this fortunate position meant that He could do anything whatsoever.

Issac Asimov once noted that he was merely a natural in writing his many science books and that it wasn't easy for him to accept praise for that which was an ability he just happened to have and develop, that lots of people are good at different things such as music, sports, and humor.

But, I am trying to along along with the Plan—and there are those who feel that the good angels and humans should be ceaselessly adoring God, not that HE necessarily has a need for it. So be it and such it is said.

However, even angels war and rebel, and so there is Lucifer and whatever legions he has following him in his counter 'reign'. Like twin genii, God and the Devil split day and night.

To continue, for reasons unknown, God, 13.5 billion years brought forth the Universe, seeding it with workable and flexible fundamentals, causing trillions of stars to form, and so forth, all-knowing that it would all amount to life someday via Evolution. It is not known if this is His only created Universe—whether others are, have been, or will be.

Near to at least one of these suns (we don't know if there are, were, or will be more life-sustaining planets), 50-80 million species of life developed on a place called Earth. Of these, one species of higher mammal, Homo Sapiens, seemed promising, for they had to be so—God's Work.

Of all the Homo Sapiens, Adam and Eve Sapiens, in particular, were selected, for some good reason, to become quite special and so were given a soul, along with free will, in the Garden of Eden, where they could flourish without the pain and suffering that they had known before as animals out in the world.

Now fully human, Adam and Eve roamed among Eden's peaceful animals and bountiful flora. Presumably, all humans descended from them (through Noah). The other Sapiens, Neanderthals, and whatnot died out somehow.

By granting humans control of their own destiny, God purposely and intentionally made it such that even He could not know how it would all play out. We can imagine that He hoped that it would go well; however, the humans were free to exercise their God-given nature and did so.



Unfortunately, the humans believed the Serpent's tale and sinned, as if they were born yesterday, which perhaps they were, by consuming the forbidden fruit, and so were thrust back into the world whence they came, having again to contend with the unfriendly beasts and nature's elements; but, they remained human, albeit much estranged from their Creator through their poor behavior, temporarily dooming all of their descendants.

As if Human Sapiens didn't have enough to contend with, the Devil was still ever at hand to offer temptation, a method of testing humans; but, no matter (that's life), for the underdog humans may, nevertheless, someday rise to the top, garnering even higher rewards given the more strenuous testing.

Some time later, the human experiment at large was given up on and begun anew, via the promising Noah and his family. Humans were still free—anything could happen, success now even more likely, for it was a brand new beginning. However, not much improvement resulted from this, apparently, so God prepared some tablets.

Moses brought down the Ten Commandments from Sinai. Many humans, for some reason, were not impressed, but many were; but, it was not a sufficient number. Some even adored Zeus and hundreds of other gods, even golden calves. More help was on the way. I'm not sure how many years elapsed.

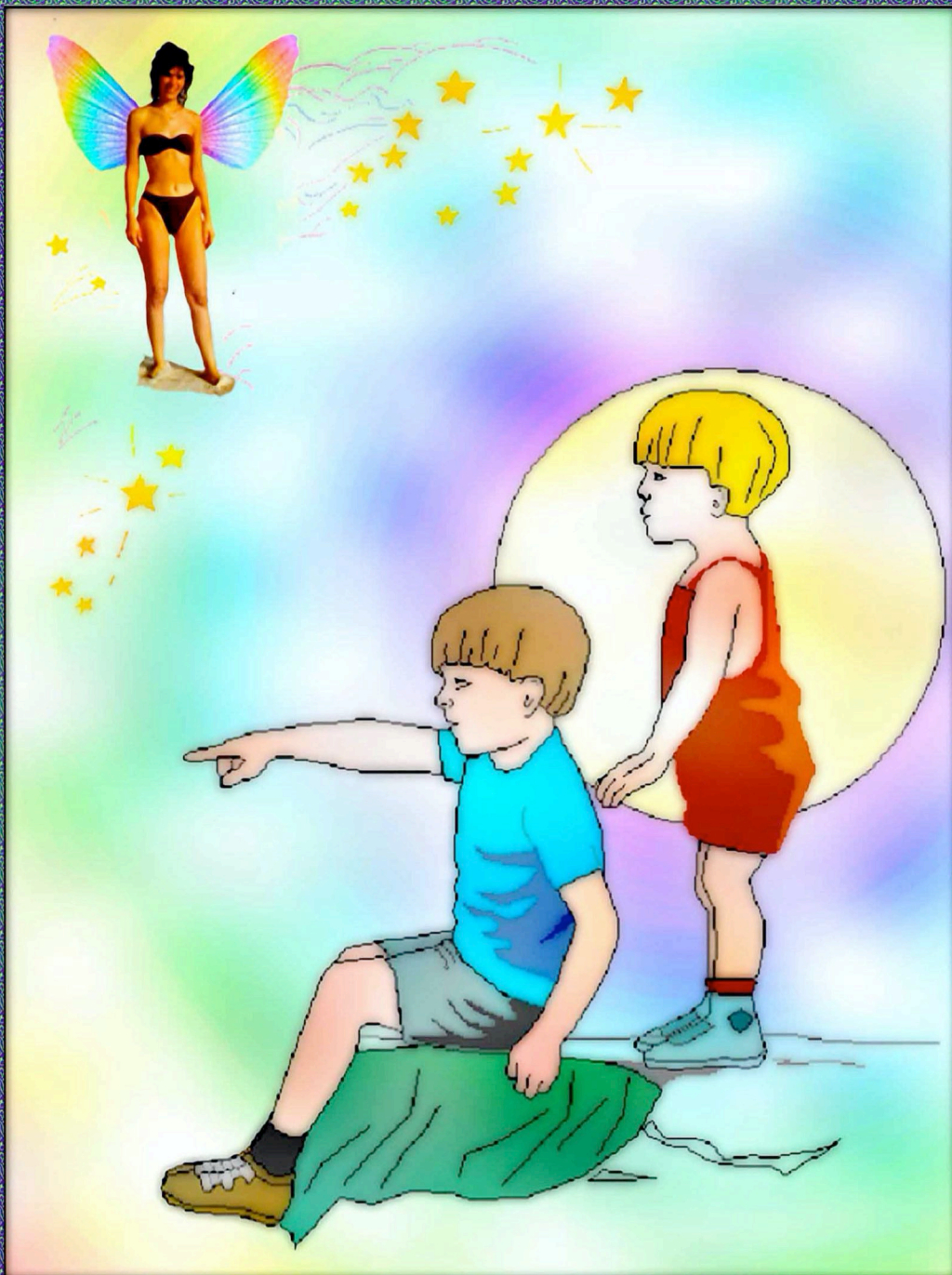
We humans were fully taken back into the fold, so to speak, through redemption by Jesus, a Jewish man—and so we may continue to improve, hopefully, over untold numbers of years to come. I'm not sure what can be said about the last two thousand years, but this period of history was filled with human folly and misery, both the religious and the not-so starting wars and proclaiming all sorts of nonsense.

Meanwhile, today, human invention proceeds apace with whatever outside help that God delivers, if any. We are not really afraid of human enterprise, for God, it seems, wishes us to utilize our human gifts to improve behavior and ourselves. We could claim that God helps good things along, like new medications, to come about, while the Devil does his best to retard such advances.

Well, there have been great strides in health, more civilized laws to guide behavior, science, and so on, especially in the last one hundred years.

Humans were at the brink of destroying the entire world during the Cold War, and may try again, but, for the moment, humans can still answer the roll call in various ways that traverse the full spectrum of right to wrong, good to evil.

Some humans are extraordinarily good and great, saintly even, helping others, and have excellent awareness of the consequences of their ac-



tions, 'easily', for whatever reason, knowing pretty much instantly what is good and right.

Others, seemingly hopeless, exact terrible and horrible evil upon others, appearing to have little or no conscience or learning ability.

The remainder of human fill the range in between the Angelic and the Devilish. We have the charitable, givers, helpers, but also the grouches, back-stabbers, and meanies.

Perhaps a new Adam and Eve will be chosen from purity's end of the spectrum, but we know not the ways of the Divine. Good people, like some we know, should work out well, I would think.

For now, we can only assume that we must go with what we have, continuing to contribute to our own destiny in a big way, good or bad.

Current research suggests that a low amounts of certain brain chemicals, such as serotonin, degrade the ability to sort out the traffic of the brain's reasoning powers, causing those afflicted to revert to more primitive ways of living, begetting severe anxiety, depression, anger, impatience, reactiveness, and violence. Low serotonin results from genetics, from not enough exercise, or from eating the wrong foods.

Other depletions, such as those of dopamine, seem to cause risk-taking behavior in order to obtain satisfaction from life. There are more, but you get the idea—we are electrochemical beings—part and parcel of the organic world.

No one's nature is perfect, so even 'normal' people may become unhinged upon occasion, 'normal' being, on average, maybe something like only 20% obsessed, compulsive, anxious, ADD, depressed, and what have you.

The science of medicine is well on its way to reducing physical ills, and, recently, within the last twenty years or so, has even made some rudimentary advances on mental ills, even 'normal' ills that afflict us all, such as anxiety.

Currently, Selective Serotonin Uptake Inhibitors (SSRIs) are not quite selective enough and so they hit other serotonin receptors having to do with sleep(insomnia) and sex(the dampening of it), but many are still thankful for anti-depressants.

As for those humans going toward evil due to bad upbringing, bad influences from friends, parents, or the media, we feel for them, for what you become is often due what you have seen and therefore learned. Many were in the wrong place at the wrong time. We will have to try to counter this massive influx of 'bad' with an immersion in what is good.

Learning is a permanent rewiring of the brain, hence the saying, 'learning is a dangerous thing'. It begins with mere observation. Let's say a monkey sees another dig up a potato from the ground. Just by watching, mirror neurons mimic the act and begin to learn the procedure (later

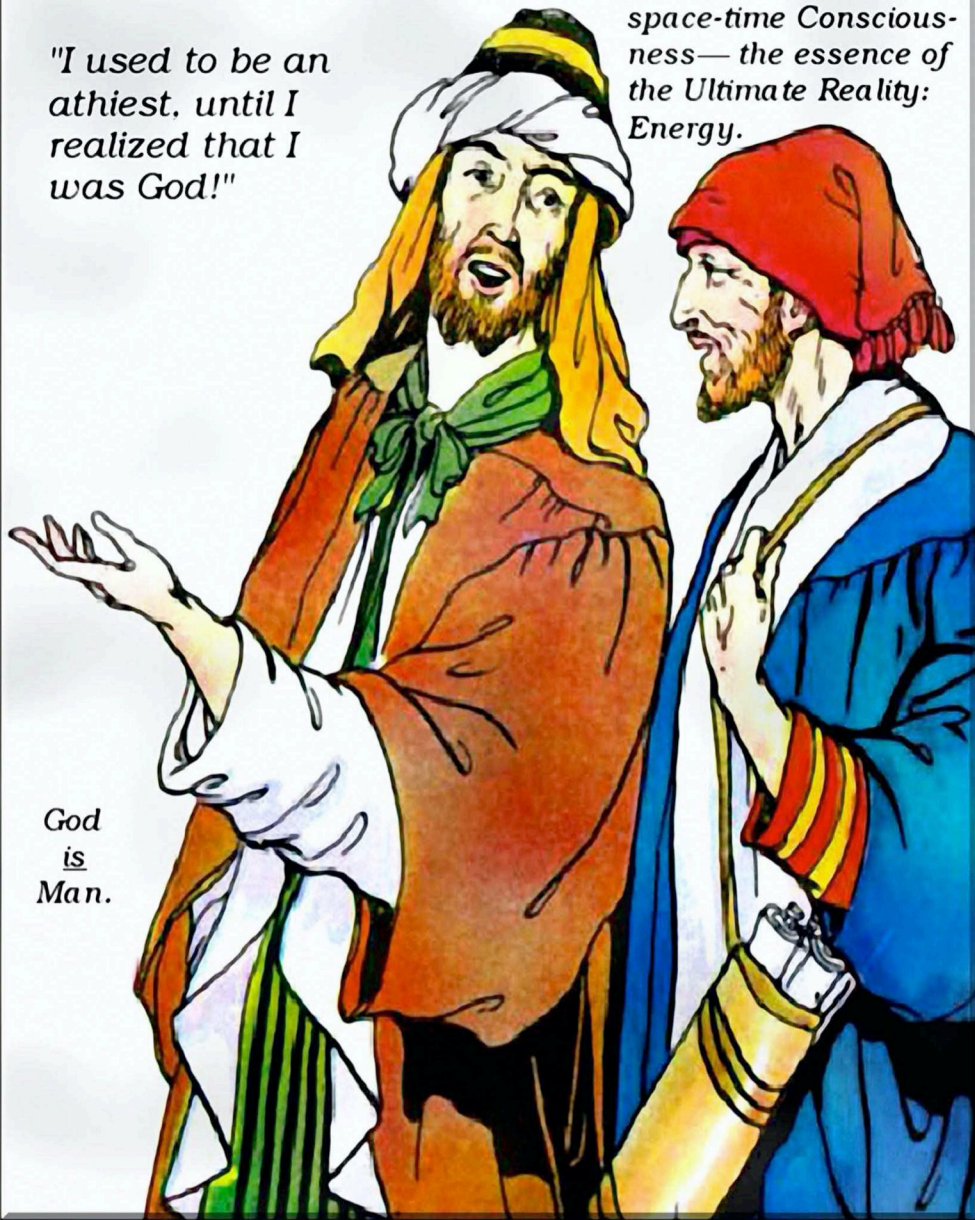
Right in Front of Our Nose

P. Torney © 1997

"I used to be an
athiest, until I
realized that I
was God!"

"How true, we're all
part of and made of
space-time Conscious-
ness— the essence of
the Ultimate Reality:
Energy.

God
is
Man.



cementing the learning by the doing), which, in this case, is great, but bad learning can get well grooved, too.

Humans certainly differ in their genetic potential for learning. There are two sisters down the block from me: one has always been a perfect angel, loving and caring, and the other, well, quite the opposite. It seems that all persons are not created equal.

I observe, too, that many don't have the ability to easily think actions through to their consequences upon others (to me, this is the root of all evil). The best case might be to foresee the other's pain and practically or emphatically feel it; the worst being to merely react, at which point all thinking halts.

Some have ADD, or bouts of it—a heavy focus on that which should not really matter so much, but we must realize that false alarm bells are going off inside their heads, and to some lesser extent, perhaps in all human heads at times.

Human beings seem to be a haphazard, but workable, conglomeration of Rube Goldberg contraptions layered by evolution on top of older ones, some of which mechanisms may now be so ancient as to be useless. Evolution is as slow as molasses, and some even say it has stopped. Perhaps the mind consists of many smaller, localized, 'simpleton' 'mini-minds', each with their own narrow agenda.

Many human traits are so interwoven, good with bad, that it's hard to see them as unnatural. Did we survive in spite of our violence or because of it? Did social groups band together for protection from harmful animals (human ones included), or for effective hunting through cooperation, which then became the larger good thing of 'community'? Is a zest for life and adventure—an OK thing—tied to our beastly nature? Robert Ardley, said, near the end of one of his books, "Australopithecus lives on, in your heart and mine".

Were the Homo series of near-men and proto-humans merely a lucky result of the extinction of the dinosaurs and 90% of all species by asteroids or some such? Or did God send the asteroids? Well, we can't expect to know everything, but let us just say so.

For those who feel that evil spirits still tempt us into sin, we could say that Devil's method is to unbalance one's brain chemicals. Not fair? Well, don't expect 'fair' from a Devil. Religion can adapt to new information, as it did with evolution.

So, the infant species of Homo Sapiens continues forward, some ahead of their time and some way behind. It is not totally unexpected that many will arrive at evil and that saying they shouldn't won't change this. Some will obsess on winning the Olympics or being great at something (doing little else along the way), some will go into depressions and do bad things, some will get so anxious that they will hit their children and

Convicted (low serotonin led to unregulated moods, which, when combined with a low heart rate, led to fearlessness and crime).



spouses, and many will slip into the sit-com life of being selfish. This is human nature as it really is.

Science continues inventing helpful things, schools continue Good For the Sake of Good (GSG), by say, putting drunk driver's wrecked cars on the school lawn by the entrance.

I just suggest more focus for the young and impressionable. There could be a class in which students daily log how their thinking out of consequences helped lessen their problems, or, when they merely reacted without thinking, how problems arose and bloomed out of control. Such thinking ahead might then become as routine as doing math calculations. Why not focus on the actual living of life?

We have, perhaps, zillions of years to improve, which, at the current rate, may be necessary, for human nature is what it has become. All could go the other direction as well.

Other Hitler's may arrive (this time completing their heavy-water experiments).

More Napoleon's may attempt to conquer the world.

More Mother Theresa's may help the poor, even without felling God's presence.

Barrack Obama, a racial mixture, may unite the Ununited States.

The Devil may win the War of the Heavens, or at least that of Earth.

The TOE might be found.

Islamic extremists and their associates may meet a horrific demise.

Israel might defend itself TOTALLY if pushed hard enough.

Some gigantic natural disaster could unite the world or destroy it.

Moslems in Pakistan could again war with the Hindus of India over differences concerning the afterlife. The same for other similar conflicts of dogma and/or power.

The difference between cultures and tradition could deepen animosities.

Children might torture and torment their siblings more since 'everyone does it'.

Sources of energy could dry up, causing primitive havoc.

We could colonize space and flourish throughout the galaxy.

The Pope could further alienate Protestants and Jews by pointing out more of their 'defects'.

Overall to date, is the human race progressing? If not, why does the same evil stuff keep befalling it? Is the gene pool degrading? Why are the prisons full? How come many Europeans have abandoned churchgoing?

Will drug-users, abusers, gamblers, sports nuts, gang members, workaholics, and all such (the list is too long) reproduce so much more of the same until goodness becomes a rarity?

You can't
KNOW it
unless you
DO it —

so,

quit





Still, what an adventure it is to be alive at this time on this pale blue dot in the middle of nowhere between the eternities of forever was and will be...

— Meteor Memoir —

*Obliterated by a war nuclear,
The Earth exploded in blazes solar!*

Said a child in a galaxy afar,

“Oh, look! Look at the pretty shooting star!”

'Awareness' Popped Out of Potential

The reason Potential has to be is, I think, also, is that Potential has to come between Nothing and Something, for an absolute nothing cannot happen (or be maintained), since evidently, something popped out, and this something could not have been around forever, for, how could that be and, also, how could that something have been the right and workable stuff for our universe.

Therefore, similar to the quantum world, there must be potential or possibility (what I call it), as this ends the infinite regress of things being made of smaller and smaller things.

This potential is 'before' all physical laws, for they would not have existed 'then', plus, there was no 'then' in the way that we know time, since time requires movement. All workable probabilities of possibilities were open. There were no constraints.

Perhaps, if all the relative forces were to be added up, the sum would be zero, but the absolute nothing always unbalances itself...

As for random evolution amounting to something more and more complex, I like to think so since there were billions of years for this to happen and eternities for other 'wrong' stuff to pop out 'elsewhere' that never amounted to much of anything.

As for awareness, perhaps the apparent entanglement of everything with everything can always recreate the whole locally, as in a hologram, light carrying the information that defines objects—kind of like awareness makes up the dispositions underlying reality, which helps our experiencing of it.

A good point that we are here—and so potential had to be there make us possible, and, I might add, we would have to be in such a place. (note that we've dispensed with the notion of some or one right fundamental thing having been around forever that worked perfectly for no apparent reason. And that a perfect absolute nothing without potential would stay as such.)

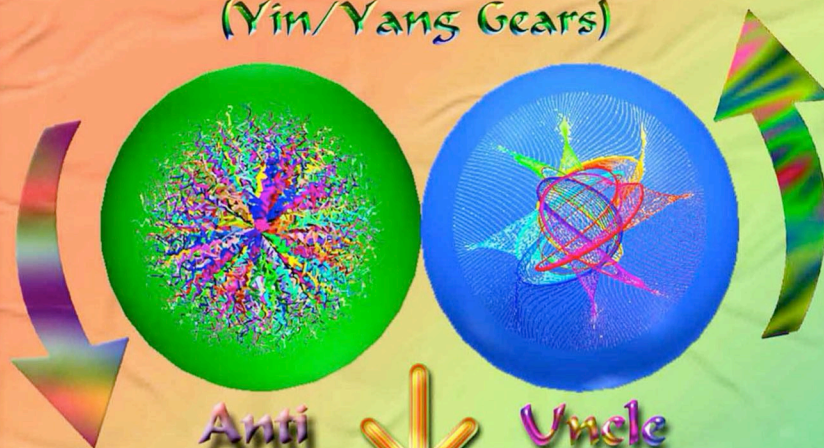
Were there other places that became from some spewed inert stuff that had no potential? Does the timeless-formless 'try' everything in no time and in all forms? (Brute force)

Was the 'incredible luck' that led our universe via the basic stuff to space to gravity to stars to atoms to molecules to cells to life to brains to experiences to consciousness really remarkable, or not so, given that it had to be stumbled upon eventually, given all of time?

It impossible for us, even with computer and math, to solve the three-body problem, so it's difficult to propose an underlying fundament awareness that could foresee all, especially at the earliest simplest point, for we

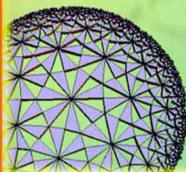
The Creation of Our Universe

(Yin/Yang Gears)



Anti
Matter

Uncle
Matter



You Are Here

can't fathom any composite, non-fundamental systems at that earliest point. Thus, a 0-dimensional simple beginning somehow grew to feed-back upon itself and form Awareness, much like Hofstadler proposes the strange loops forming a cascade of symbols leading to consciousness.

Yes, this is a lot of hand-waving, but, we are stuck with today's words, and perhaps whatever started reality is now long gone and beyond our grasp.

But we can still ask questions like 'Given all this, how should we live our lives?' Enjoy and do well.

What happened after the TOE's early doings is something we can at least get a handle on, but will never be as interesting as the TOE itself, although it still affects our outlook on the human condition.

Is the quantum world inside the Planck length where the potential might be, or must it be deeper than that—even what gave rise to the quantum world?

Should not the accepted superposition of all possibilities in the quantum world be taken as proof that a potential/possibility theory should be taken more seriously?

From Matter To Vs

The big bang, or materialization,
One of many, was prosperous for us.
For its constants allowed for life's basis
'Though it didn't have us in mind at all.

It arose from some unbreakable stuff,
Perhaps several such eternal things,
Or the same from previous contraction;
But not from nothing, for how could that be?

Now, if the big bang's material result
Was not favorable for our becoming,
Then we wouldn't be here to discuss it.
'Though auspicious, it guaranteed nothing.

Matter and antimatter formed of it,
In equal parts, most of it annihilating;
However, some black holes evaporated,
Leaving a fortunate amount of matter.

Matter's here that works as building blocks,
The strong force's stability opposed
To the weak force's dispersal through decay,
Plus electromagnetism's motion.

Lucky, not planned, all this gave us a chance,
As from the stars cameth our help and hope,
When they generated all the elements
That brewed a soup of fortuitous accidents.

Earth was a golden distance from the sun—
A large number of other planets unfit;
Earth's features evolved in a good proportion
To sustain the beginnings of early life.

Soil and sun's plants generated oxygen;
Death chose the useful forms over the useless.
Kept track of by RNA-like structures
In life's cradle, though we had not yet appeared.

Our blind fated road was much further paved
When asteroids finished most of the species—
Far from a feature of intelligent design;
But it was just the opening we needed.

Evolution sifted through the accidents,
As it directed the good from the bad;
We began from the fusing of chromosomes
That made us incompatible with "chimps".

From matter to us—to all our senses,
To our brains, our minds, and consciousness,
In a universe of matter and space,
Past and future—we won the human race.

It only took 13.7 billion years,
For these many rare events to occur;
Though just a few of the coin tosses were good,
The bad tosses went nowhere in a hurry!

Well, I've left a lot of good fortune out,
And perhaps you readers can help fill it in;
Know, too, that bad luck may come as well:
Global warming, nuclear war, or more asteroids.

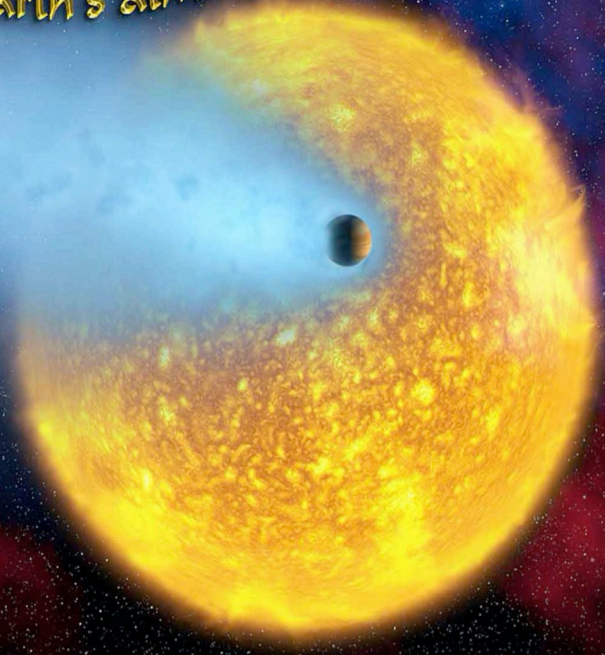
The lure of myth is ever great to man;
But, beyond the apparent solidity
Of the word "faith" is its meaning—of
Belief in the unseen supernatural!

Matter and motion manufactures all
Being and time in the arena of space,
We the complex composites from simple stuff,
The ultimate, so far, in the universe.



Finale

Beyond the pale, aft the last perfect day,
The Earth's atmosphere incinerates away.



Mercury/Venus now within the sun,
For the Crimson Giant is on his way.

The 'Aware'

In our universe, as it came to develop in a very particular way, there are a handful of very finely-tuned universal constants, without some of which there would be no stars to produce the atomic elements (or the supernovae not producing any further elements). Some of these constants had to be exact within an astronomically small tolerance.

It still could be luck—I can't rule it out, but could it be...

That Awareness, which may be a special focus of Consciousness (or perhaps one and the same with it), was the greatest thing that was ever wrought by the timeless-formless 0-dimension of 'Forever', and, with this 'mind', including our own (which is the Universe coming alive to observe itself), somehow formed precisely the Cosmos that was sought—via observation begetting our workable reality, meaning that the finely-tuned universal constants were somehow self-taught?

That is, the Universe could only have been created in its own 'future'—remembering that there is no such thing as time in the timeless, so 'future' and 'past' can interact, just as we plan actions somewhat instantly by imagining scenarios of consequences (superpositions) in our minds.

Such, the observation of thought via Awareness granted material substance—through the 'future' ultimate universal and eternal mind, albeit the slo-mo replay we live in takes billions of year to play out—the only way that we could keep up with it. Let us call it the future past.

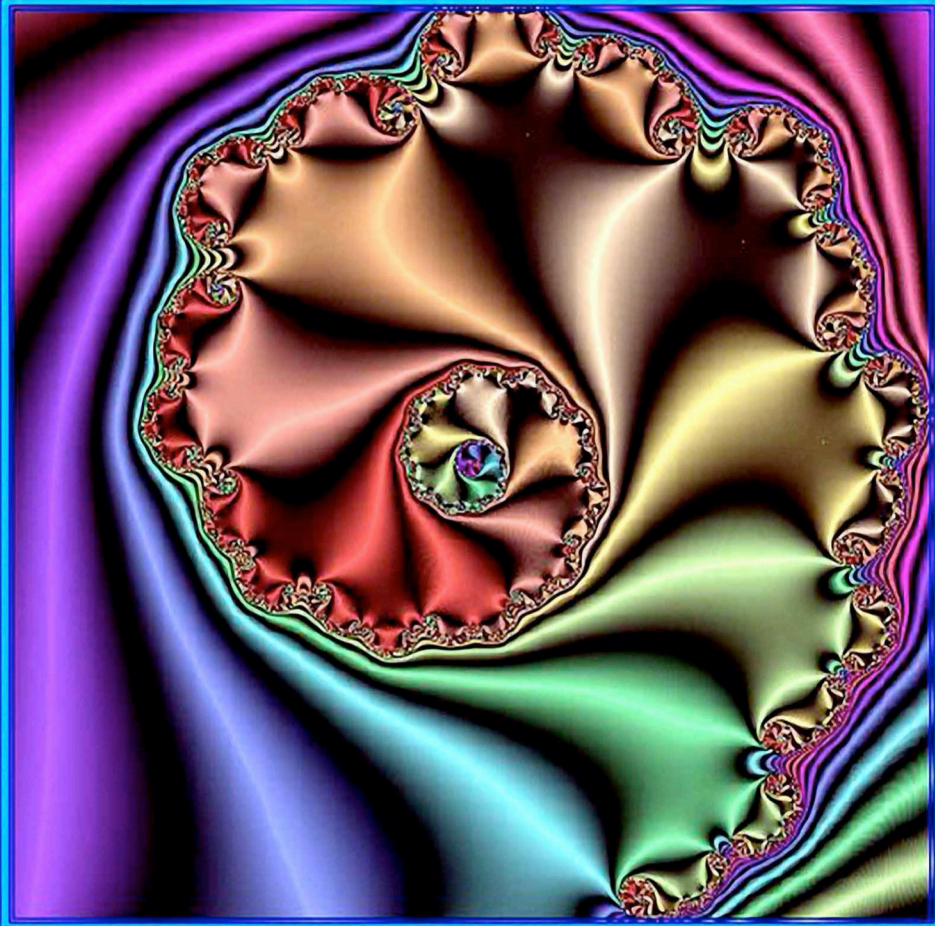
So, essence became existence, delivering the 'now', for that is all there is. Outside of Time, there never was, nor will there ever be—just the instant know-how of all the forms interacting. It is as if mind 'matters' as much as matter 'minds'—in some kind of self-adjusting Universe as the Tao'... and so I can say no more.

The all is in the one, in that all things are infinitely connected through entanglement, as when we retrieve a dim image of the whole from any part of a hologram. Everything interpenetrating everything produces a seamless web of information that facilitates perception...

So, perhaps Blake's 18th century vision is confirmed: that the whole Universe is contained within a grain of sand, all eternity within a moment—the Universe rumbling when an electron vibrates, everything looping and feeding back into itself, just as some say our own minds have come to operate.

So, 'I', in the normal sense, is Awareness itself, being a part of everything, although 'I' require a mind/brain to see objects in the sea of consciousness, and that, consciousness, too, produces what 'I' witness—a strange loop, indeed.

*We cannot see beyond
the quantum realm*



Some often say that we have the Golden Touch, that the Midas-magic of our Consciousness taps into the Potential, and, like some quantum alchemist, creates the real from the possible, turning everything it touches into matter. (Because some quantum events just stay in the quantum world unless they are brought out by human observation.)

This would imply that Fundamental is more like Funda-Mental, that the intrinsic properties underlying all physical dispositions are experiential.

So, I hereby declare that the superimposed potential of all possibilities created the Universe through the probabilities sequenced by Awareness as those that would be flexible enough to form future, just as the purpose of our personal conscious awareness seems to be.

It's certainly not easy to think outside of the physical laws that we have on this side of the Materialization, although even here we must still gulp at the counterintuitive, such as an electron or photon being everywhere and nowhere until it is summoned into being.

I am figuring that the birth of reality (and the raising of this offspring) may surprise us even more with some counterintuitives. However, there's not much to go on when we try to reach as far back as is ever possible, through the hazy shadows of 13.5 billion years, and before—to the exciting part of conception. We have to be like Sherlock Holmes and look for meaning in Mother Nature's scant clues, such as superposition, night-dream reality, what's the Planck length for, why no perfection of humans, why are the stars so far apart (thwarting any escape from an unstable planet), what timelessness implies, why squirrels run under cars, and the like.

The Universe has come a long way, although progressing much slower than a crippled snail's pace, but there are now zillions of interdependencies operating. In some areas, the world seems to be very workable, even where we wouldn't think so at first glance; for example, worms and bugs may be a nuisance to many, carrying diseases, too, but they aerate the soil and pollinate the plants. As for the mosquito its malaria, perhaps the food chain requires this bug.

Ego, anxiety, and violence perhaps derive from the wariness necessary to the human survival mode on the caveman era and remain with us, still, for only an instant of evolution has passed since then, but these aversive substrates may eventually dissipate. Perfection may come with the future. At any rate, anxiety may have been a necessary phase, such as that which teenagers go through, and might even sharpen one's wits. Interrelations abound.

The deduction is that Aware probably couldn't foresee everything at once, although this would have been great, but always heads off in a promising direction. (operating at a "cellular" type level.) The next ques-



tion is how it operates—to which I can say ‘I don’t know’.

Others, like Nobody of ToeQuest, whom I appreciate, conceive that even the above could happen instantly in ‘universal time’, but have to wonder why the ‘DNA of the Universe’ seems to be corrupted, for few humans have perfected their nature to find true happiness.

This counterintuitive idea of ‘universal time’ is, I’m guestimating...:

— Mortality —

*We are chained to Time, to the speed of light,
A fair price in return for ‘existence’;
But, the timeless-formless/potential is free
To conceive all there could be, all at once.*

— In No Time—

*The probable emerged from the possible,
It’s future already past in an instant,
For everything has already happened,
Although we’re just learning about it now.*

— One Sums to the None —

*The timeless-formless contains every path,
Though as useless as a library of ALL books;
For, its sum of information is zero,
But, one of these virtualities is ours.*

— No-Where and Now-Here —

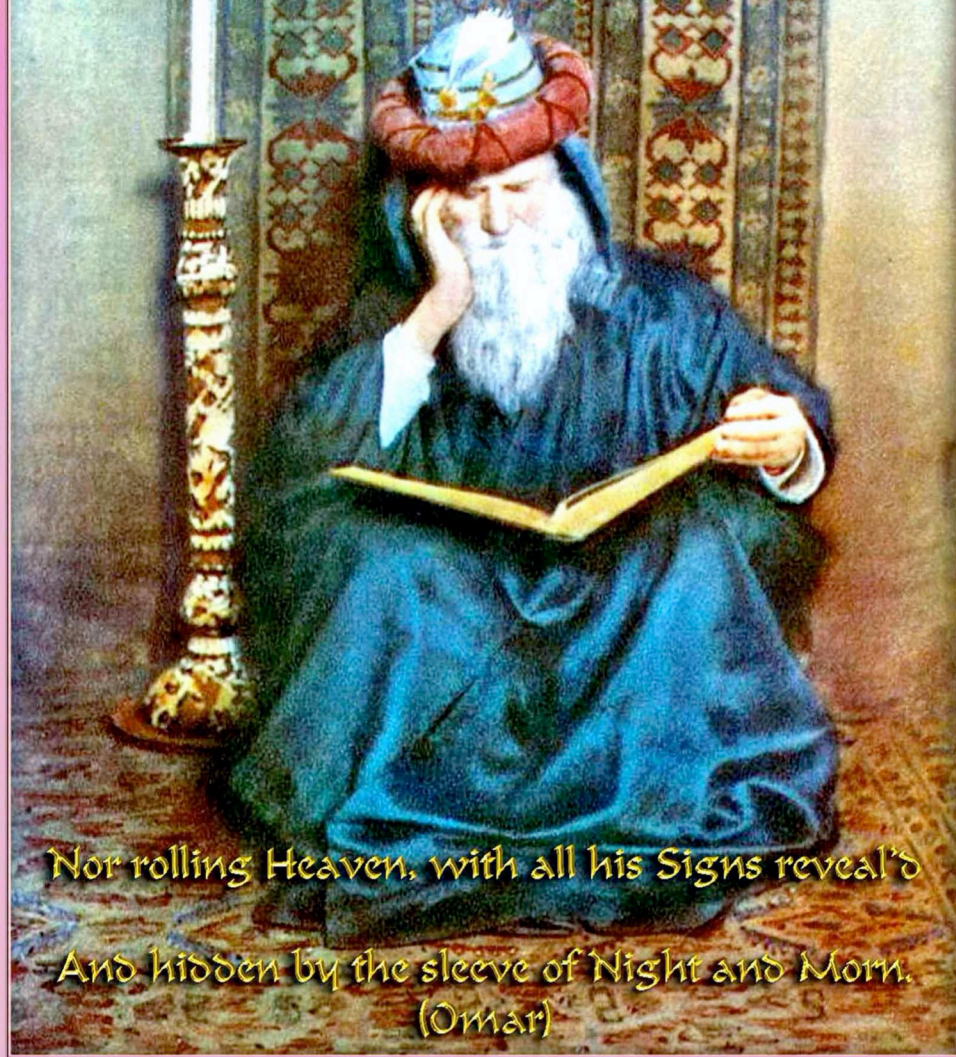
*We shine as unreal and shimmering rainbows,
The stable-virtual still usable as the real,
This differentiation was of potential—
Being there’s no way to ‘freeze’ Nothing.*

The above may or not be so, but that’s where we have to look—for extraordinary answers.

For sure, we are thrust into this world, willy-nilly, not knowing where or whence; hence, we enjoy our cognition to take-in the beautiful sights and live the best we can.

Neither God (the opposite of simplicity), nor other forever stuff, nor dumb luck, nor science can fully answer (yet) the ultimate question.

Earth could not answer, nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;



Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.
(Omar)

Many Moons

Elder Sapiens, well nigh almost 30 years old now, sat outside the shelter as twilight ended, noting that the moon was pale and sickly, dim and feeble, much as he felt himself. 'Twas not the best night for the Hunter Sapiens to be out... but the ever-present worries bred by these ancient times had won over his weariness, halting, if only for a time, his vitality from slipping away any further.

The crescent was brightening, as best it could, and he half-slept a while; then a dragging noise in the bush brought him to life. They were back, hauling a carcass. If there was danger about, he would've waved them off, but they was none, so he waved them on. No one had eaten much but leaves and berries for five days now, except for Infant Sapiens, who feasted on Mother's milk.

Elder pointed to the dying moon and then to himself, but the Younger Sapiens motioned that he was fine.

Many tens of millennia ago, their communication had begun, faint and ethereal, only within themselves—symbols forming and connecting. This eventually led to gestures, preserved even to this day, as when people talk, along with their hands, even while on the phone! Grunts and simple references followed, then the basics of language.

The moon set, and the Homo Sapiens gathered round, friend and family, the night enveloping them, as evolution continued to sift the best from the rest, as ever it had done through death, our ancestors waning and waxing in strength.

About 50,000 years later, around 1100 A.D., Omar Khayyam, a rebel among the Islamics of his day would write about the moon. About 750 years later, Edward FitzGerald translated it into English verse; however, it never appeared in his published *Rubáiyát*, but remained in his notebook:

Be of Good Cheer -- the sullen Month will die,

And a young Moon requite us by and bye:

Look how the Old one meagre, bent, and wan

With Age and Fast, is fainting from the Sky!

160 years later or so, Rascal ordered his team off the doomed jet, he to jump last, as leaders did. Each and all parachuted out the door as he took this last moment to radio his last report, that of noting the retaliatory nuclear launch from the silo and that Richmond was already evacuating. The pilots would eject soon after he left the sleek Ninja jet, which had now become the silent and black Angel of Death.

Rascal next gathered up the strewn about proof pages of his book and stuffed them into his shirt, then leapt out the door into a slight free fall, one more heart wrenching than any roller coaster, to clear the jet and its draft, then pulled the rip cord.

Many Homo Sapiens would die and die this day, all over the globe, from this pretty much prearranged plan that had been engaged when the U.S. Capitol Complex and much of D.C. had been vaporized by an attack by unknown terrorists. This was evolution of a different order, not an eye for an eye, but 12 eyes for an eye, for the world's evils had reached unprecedented levels by the year 2012.

Rascal floated down, steering toward a treeless area, a meadow perhaps, seconds away from landing. A few of his book pages floated free of his shirt, but he held tight to the rest, his tome almost literally becoming a Total Field Theory.

Rascal landed; no one was about. He walked on in the dark, noting the old moon holding the new one in its arms.

China had been a few minutes from launch, but thought better of it when the U.S. finally went to DEFCON 1, but not Russia, something the future would not soon forget.

Ground-based radar in Australia tracked a launch to the north. "Don't let it be coming here", the tracker gasped. It wasn't.

When Islamabad went up in a chain reaction, along with 11 other suspected large cities harboring terrorists, Pakistan launched on India, the only country they could reach—but also their old enemy for disputing their vision of the Afterlife; however, India was ready, and intercepted all, then countered, and soon Pakistan was no more, as well as the mountainous region between it and Afghanistan, it being destroyed now twice over, since the U.S. had hit it as well.

Meanwhile, Israel destroyed the beginnings of yet another Syrian nuclear site, as well as all of those in Iran.

Silence followed, followed by a relative peace—the Mayan calendar had ended, but not the world—Homo Sapiens would continue, perhaps colonizing space some day before he died off on Earth.

Moonlight Sonata

The music of the spring was in the breeze,
A prelude borne by airy musicians
Of the trees—the mating calls of the birds,
That opened for the cosmic symphony.

The Music of the Spheres played in the park
At night—flung down by our Father, the Sky,
Through the soft night to our Mother, the Earth,
Then to us, their audience and progeny.

The planets joined in a concert to the
Merrie Monthe of Maie, arrayed as follows:
There was Venusia, the Bringer of Peace,
Singing side by side with warring Marsius.

Flitting about was the wingéd Mercuria,
The speedy messenger who conducted
The orchestra, melting all of those who
Were touched by her wand of burning desire.

And mighty Zeus, was there, full to the brim
With the jollity of the fat man's belly.
By Jove, came Saturnus, so very gray
With age—lumbering into the party.

Thence sat Vrania, a magician, and
The old sea captain, King Nep, the mystic,
But not Pluto; he was downsized, no more
One of the harmonics—an underworld!

Jupiter's music was round and robust,
While Saturn's boomed with the sounds of grandeur
And the old venerable melodies;
But, Mercury soon picked up the pace.

Next flowed the serene love songs of Venus,
Followed inexorably by Martial marches.
Now was the time for Urania's magic—
She played musical jokes and surprises.

At last, their music came to mesh as one,
As our wanderers of the night floated
Away on the haunting mystical strains
Of King Nep's tune, into the May Flower moon.

Now we're touched, so touched by the starlight,
Afraid that we'll ne'er be the same again.
Can you sense the euphony of the spheres?
Can you fathom the Theory of Everything?



Religion

We cannot put much stock into divine revelations claimed by human mammals called phrophets—since there have been so many, from Joseph Smith of the Mormons learning from divine engravings that Jesus spent his early years in America, the Jewish having some special information only for them that Jesus was not divine, Mohammed learning of his special mission from the Angel Gabriel in a cave and what happens in their afterlife, Martin Luther, etc., and especially the revealed Catholic Bible written by God and published by mammals that claims the Adam and Eve story and God's massacre of all but Noah and his family in the Great Flood.

Even Catholic Bibles have an asterisk on the front page under which they admit that the Adam and Eve story is just a tale and that the Canites (sheep herders) always opposed the farmers. Those occupations seem similar to us, but were much at odds at the time. See the Philippine Catholic Bible.

I surely doubt that an all knowing, all seeing God could be so shocked at the fall of man, for Adam and Eve were given a glass of temptations filled to the brim and were told not to spill it. Even us mere higher mammals know that if you tell children no to touch something, they most certainly will. Yet, He was astounded as if He couldn't foresee or tell any future.

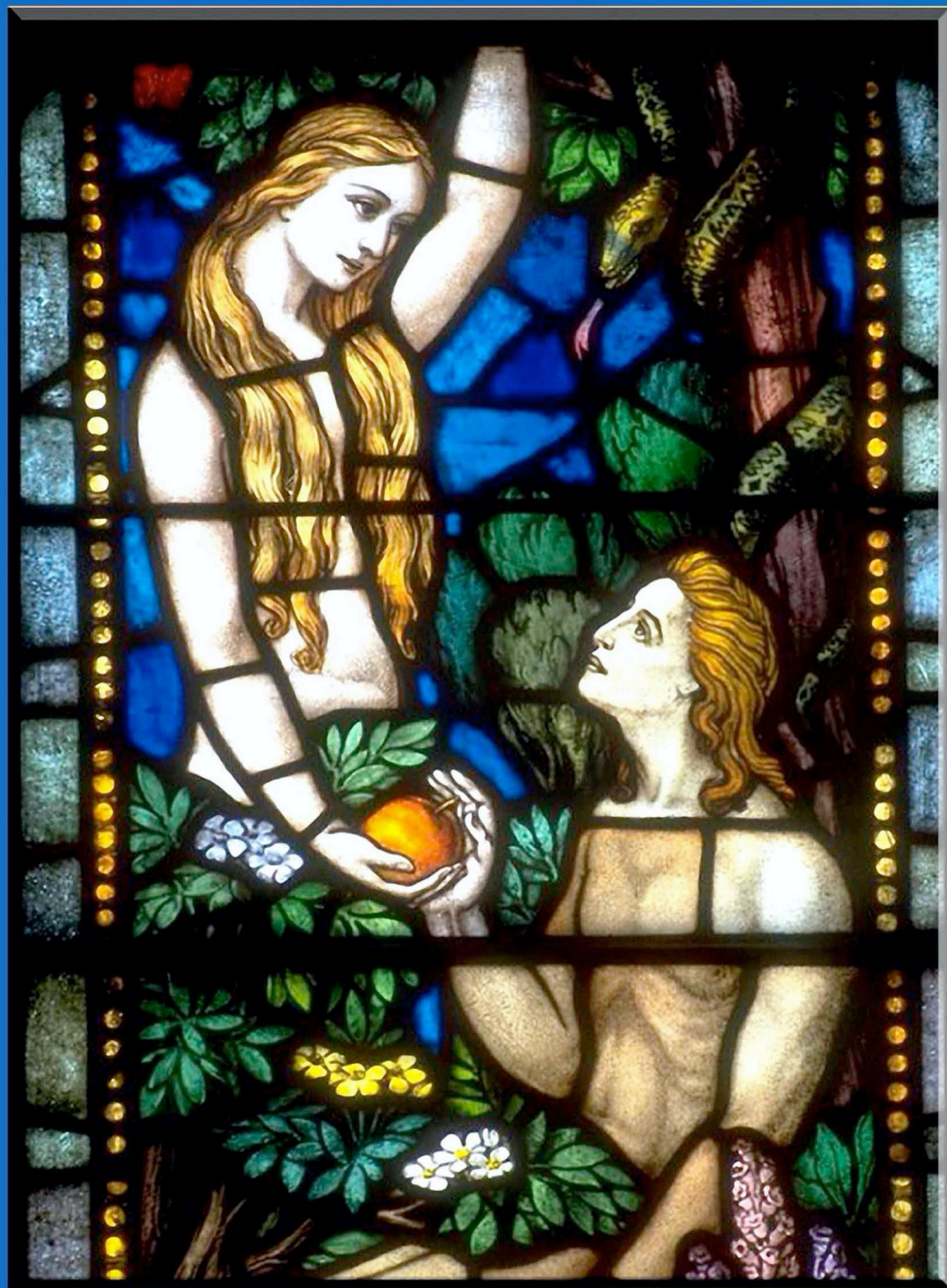
We are inherently human, not evil. We are what we are. Some are blessed and giving; others unbalanced and evil. How could anyone commit a heinous crime without being "mental"?

The loving God had no qualms about drowning many young innocents in the Great Flood; however, the all knowing One claims that He, of all, goofed and made a rather large mistake and so He invented the rainbow as a reminder that He would never do such a thing again.

Whoever made Him up didn't realize that the above act and many more only portrayed Him as a poor example, bad leader, and not a good role model, someone whose leading acts we would never wish to follow. If we did, we'd do things like blame and punish our descendants for our own sins.

Sorry, but an overly emotional, rageful, unknowing, unseeing Super Being doesn't cut it—and it doesn't help to declare that He works in mysterious (read crazy) ways to get around His insanity. Evidently, many such God legends are merely derivative of the child-parent relationship.

Nor is the church to be believed—they once taught that physical ailments came from evil spirits—they make a similar mistake even now in



claiming that mental ailments called sins result from the Devil's influence, but it has been found that many "sins" come from mental imbalances of chemicals in the brain and/or from poor upbringing from those who had such imbalances. Nor are the Popes infallible—many committed criminal acts.

Do we derive purpose and meaning from another Mind as second class citizens—we are supposedly given free will—the catch of it being that if our will doesn't match His own will, we will be burned and tortured in Hell forever. Would you do that to others and follow yet another of the Leader's non examples?

If one is so opposed to believing that the potential of the Universe was eternally there or that it came from nothing, then why all of the sudden do a reverse and accept these ideas in the form of a God? That is begging the question, and worse, turning it into an infinitely more complicated question for which your answers need to be so much more expansory—ultimately more—than to the initial simpler question for which the answers are unacceptable. We all know they're actually the same answers—He made Himself or always was—so, no problem.

The Universe traces back from large complexities to tiny simplicities. Is this the point at which to suddenly introduce the ultimate complexity? Does not One with an emotional and intelligence SYSTEM have composite parts upon which HE depends? Well, we could just declare it so and not so.

Anyway, we slightly higher mammals in a far corner of the Universe who formed over billions of years from molecules that themselves took tens of billions of years to form and produces cells and such, and who are only 2% different from chimps, hardly qualify as so GREAT and SPECIAL so as to deserve divine rewards in an afterlife. It sure does seem that we're a part of the organic world, doesn't it? It does, even to the religious, and so it is that God's retreat and vanishing act begins as an un-interfering God who simply invented quarks or strings.

Well, to begin to conclude, Noah's progeny haven't fared so well either, so perhaps God will soon forget His anger management lessons and rain more destruction upon His creatures for using the free will granted to them.

Perhaps some are mercilessly indoctrinated at some point beyond their control through geographical, sociological, or familial influences, and, let's say, if one was a Mormon, you'd arbitrarily be pushing their revelations from Smith's golden tablets and thinking the Christians wrong, just as the Evangelicals supporting some Republicans aren't keen on Romney's beliefs, and vice-versa, not to mention Huckabee, who thinks that the Earth is only a few thousand years old.

The point is that many religions think that the existence of the others

Indian Giver

F. Torrey © 1999



You can have free will
as long as it agrees
with My will.

I BELIEVE IN FREE WILL -
MY RELIGION SAYS I HAVE TO



somehow lessens the credibility of their own. They must all, at some point, begin to wonder: if not for the grace of my own right God, there might I go following the wrong once and thinking martyrdom is the key to a speedy Heaven without trial—or some such different afterlife nonsense. You think it of them; they think it of you. You think they are a nut; they think you are a nut.

THE VANISHING

God is losing his definition in stone,
As his sworn traits disappear one by one,
In a retreat to higher ground that is
Outside of space, time, and all existence.

He made Adam fully formed, without a navel;
Now, an asterisk on page one of the
Philippine Catholic bible says no,
Don't take it literally—it's just a tale.

So, because of evolution's record,
God's bible was no longer written in
Plain text for the common man, but now is
Open to the guesses of interpretations.

God's become aloof—he just started the Bang
And let the design gradually evolve
Over thirteen billion years into man,
The "endless" universe a mere backdrop.

He no longer intercedes in causes,
Except in the nebulous cures they claim,
Like improved hearing or being safe from harm,
But he never heals amputees, or appears.

For the latest is that he must stay hidden,
Even if the miracles of his son
Were very much out in the open to see—
Better that no one know clearly of him.

So there is faith—blind trust in the unknown,
Believe or be tortured—or has this, too,
The Word of God, become inoperable?
Only the supernatural realm remains.

GOD IS GONE?

Why is the old testament out of use
In many churches, in favor of the new?
Was it divine revelation or not?
Are not his fits of a good role model?

OK, so science has found that the universe
Operates just as it would without him,
That evil spirits don't lead to bad health,
That brain imbalances can lead to sins.

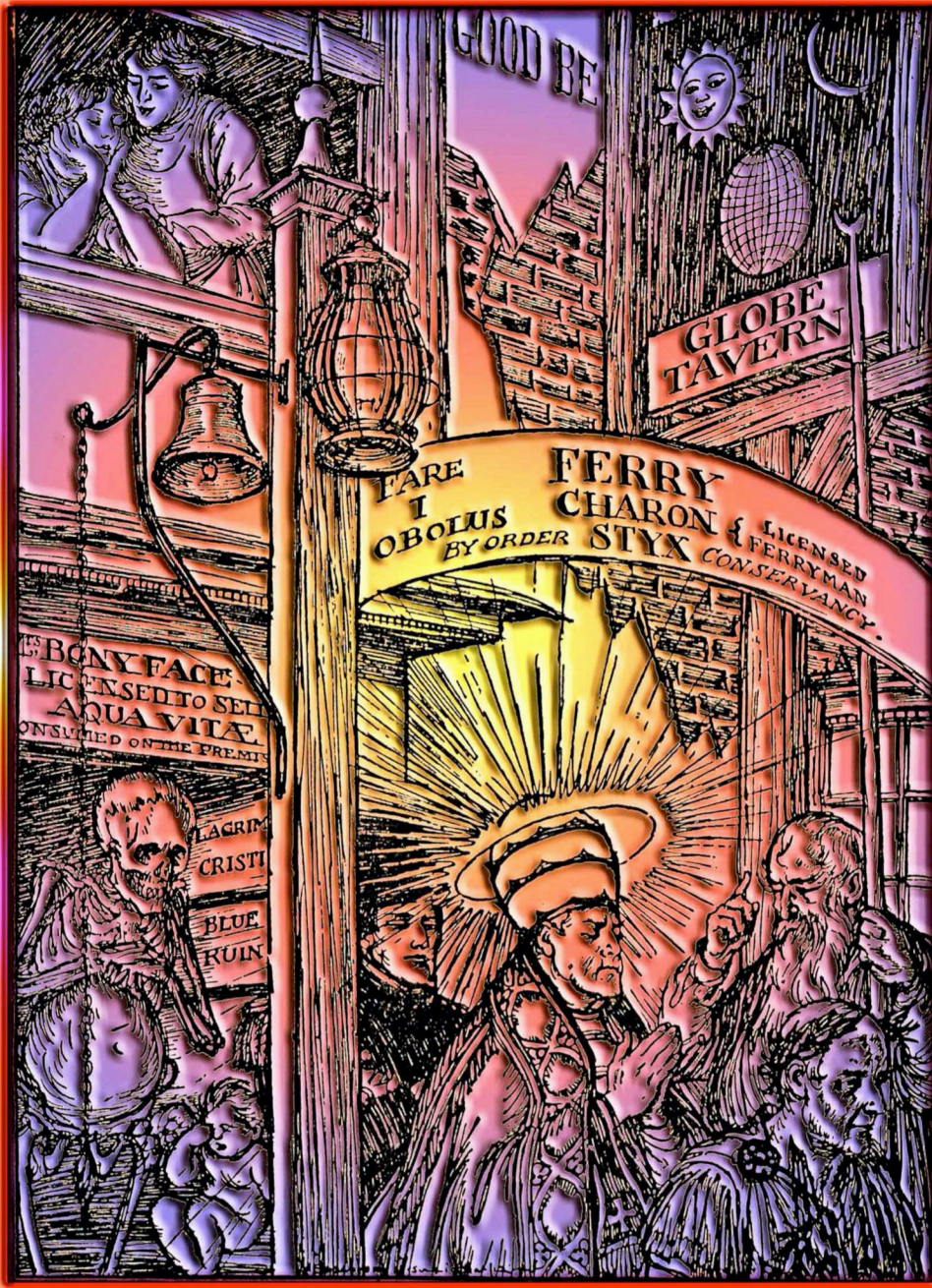
He is the intelligent designer that
Is deducible from not understanding design,
But wait, he is of infinite design—
Now I know that something had to make him!

Devil, Hell, the bible, intercession, etc.,
Are all gone—he is undefinable—
Protected from the knowing—safe, away;
Yet claimable as an unseeable unknowable!

He just is, the same as the universe
Cannot be, leaving us all on our own,
Just as is the case that's seen by science:
Now we're a planned random accident!

Terrorists now go to war in his name;
It's all going astray—the design fails;
If I knew where the great designer stays,
I'd question his mysterious(insane) ways.

What is left of the vanishing phantom?
More features have fallen than I've listed,
The extraordinary superstition
Remains only as a shadow of a wish.



THE TOE = THREE

Theory of Everything

=

Matter
(What)

Moving
(Then to When)

in

Space
(Where)

due to

A "Nothing" that couldn't be,
(The Why)

So there was no way to stop
existence from forming,
all possibilities being open.
(The How)

The simplicity of the Three,
Matter in Motion through Space,

led to the
Stars

that in turn formed
The Atomic Elements

that combined into
Molecules and Planets



Details

— Electromagnetic Unity —

Electricity and magnetism each
Lead to the other, being transformational.
They facilitate action and motion
Through EM's pushes and pulls of movement.

— Strong/Weak Opposition —

The strong force binds the atomic nucleus
Barely beating EM's repelling force.
The weak force counters strong's stability
Through decay that promotes matter's changes.

— Electroweak Unification —

Electromagnetism and the weak force
Unify when the temperature gets HOT,
As during the Big Bang, but they oppose
The strong force as duality's balance.



Forces

— AWOL —

What about gravity? Where has it been?
It needs both matter/movement to exist
And so it is the blended result of
The forces, a secondary effect.

— The Duos and Duels of Nature —

Dualities seem to assist nature:
Good/evil, on/off, hot-cold, man/woman,
Up/down, left-right, here-there, past-future, and
So, none can exist without the other.

— Separation Allows Duality —

There can be no more unification,
For what one could be versatile enough
To form both the electroweak force and the
Strong—as different as the north/south poles.

that led to
Cells

that arranged and evolved into
Life

that further composited
Brains and Senses and Bodies

that led to
Experiences

and our
Consciousness of them,

involving our capabilities of

History
(what + then)

and

Progression
(what + when)

through

Memory
(where + then)

and

Wishes
(where + when)

that further fueled

Change in Structure
(history + progression)

and

Change in Outlook

Austin's Progressive
Theory of Everything
1/2

A
"Nothing"
couldn't be,
(The Why)

So, there
was
no way
to stop
existence
from
forming,
as all
possibilities
were open.
(The How)



Matter
(What)

is

Moving
(Then
to
When)

through

Space
(Where)



Dust



Stars



Atoms



Molecules



Cells



Life



Brains



Experiences



Consciousness



Dust

History
(what + then)

and

Progression
(what + when)

through

Memory
(where + then)

and

Wishes
(where + when)

Change in Structure
(history + progression)

and

Change in Outlook
(memory + wishes)

and

Learning
(memory + history)

and

Vision
(wishes + progress)

Austin's Theory of Everything 2/2

Creation
(learning + change in structure)

and

Direction
(learning + change in outlook)

and

Growth
(change in outlook + vision)

and

Planning
(vision + change in structure)



All of which

is

the Living of a life

or

Being
(The Who)



This,

we
have
Now



(memory + wishes)

and

Learning
(memory + history)

and

Vision
(wishes + progress)

that further blended
into

Creation
(learning + change in structure)

and

Direction
(learning + change in outlook)

and

Growth
(change in outlook + vision)

and

Planning
(vision + change in structure)

all of which is

the Living of a life
or

Being
(The Who)

So, hail to the THREE!



BALANCE

Not quite sober blest nor drunk to excess.
Never too foolish nor very reckless—
Yes, my passion is so reasonable
In this delicate state of awareness.

Life must be more like a mosaic done
Than a focused laser funnel of sun.
Since few lengthy pleasures are lent to us,
We build a stained-glass window of small ones.

I dare to walk the line, balancing fun
There between adventure and misfortune.
For the greatest blunder in life is to
Repeatedly fear that you will make one.

Classicists drone toward mechanical perfection;
Romanticists drown in emotion's affection;
Even worse, others alternate between extremes.
The way's not this or that, but joined in direction.

Each holds within itself the seed of the other—
Yin reaches climax, then retreats in Yang's favor;
Cyclic movement of rotational symmetry.
Rounded life is the blend of Yin/Yang together.

Edges dissolve when opposites are balanced—
Time and dimensional space are transcended.
Everything joins, yet remains as it is.
For what "is not" is as great as what "is".

Strive to maintain a dynamic balance—of light
And dark, hard & soft, Yin & Yang, and wrong & right.
Reality is found not in separate actions,
But in related events blended in twilight.

Opposites are just a different view
Of one fundamental phenomenon—
Light, beauty, and goodness are the inverse
Sides of darkness, ugliness, and evil.

All feelings, sad, happy, or in between,
Crisscross the woven cloth of our routine.
They're reflections of life's sensations,
Forming the rainbow that colors the scene.

(with apology to Lord Byron)
Let us have wine, lovers, song, and laughter,
Water, chastity, prayer the day after.
Such we'll alternate the rest of our days—
On the average, we'll make Hereafter!



The only purpose of all of this existence, although our formation was accidental, is to be, through the freedom of finding one's own meaning, since there is no predefined script, although, of course, much of the doing of one's meaning comes from the depth of one's direction, growth, planning, and creating that is all granted by the spark of the spirit of life: the then-when of the what and where.

So, it is seen that consciousness of experiences is the ultimate composite complexity of the universe, so far, and that it depends on every thing below it, as well as the 13.75 billion years that it took. We are powerful, indeed.

Since consciousness is the ground of our being that experience plays against as the main event, it is tempting to proclaim it the One ground of existence as well, but these are two different things, as different as could be, for consciousness of experience is the ultimate composite complexity grown from the sheer and tiny simplicity of the THREE fundamentals of existence. Indeed, consciousness would have nothing to observe if it were not for experiences, and so, while consciousness is necessary, it is not so primary, but experience is, for it is the brain's perception of itself on a global basis that unifies what is presented to consciousness, albeit a half-second after the brain completes it's analysis. Consciousness may be like a tourist coming along for the ride sometimes, but it's value is that it is fed back into the brain for future shortcutting, as well as important for the attention of learning until the subconscious can take over on autopilot.

From these three TOE primaries, just as with the three color primaries, the whiteness of all possibility grants the three fundamentals that form the many phenomenal colors of being.





The Possible

Fundamental Possibility, or Potential, exists and is the ultimate basis of reality, and has always existed, since nothing can come of nothing. It is fundamentally every substance-possibility at once in superposition.

An eternal particular fundamental state of substance was totally impossible, for how could the choice have been made? A fundamental state of nothingness was totally impossible, for there is something that our consciousness interprets.

Possibility projects our local reality—now the penultimate reality—via electrons, quarks, and such, and/or strings, a hologram, consciousness, or whatever.

All is as it is in our local reality because the parts meshed.

— Beyond Local Reality —

*Time, space, stuff, change, and form were real-ized from
The Fundamental Possibility,
Becoming our penultimate reality—
One possible from the probabilities.*

— Quantum-like Superposition is Real —

*Our reality came not from nothing,
But existed always as Possibility,
One that amounts to something workable,
Among all in superposition.*

— The First Impossibility —

*No form of our penultimate realness
Could have existed alone before
Everything was quantum-known-all-at-once,
For what could have made the choice among many?*



— *The Second Impossibility* —

*Nor came it from an absolute nothing,
Since there can be no such “thing” at all,
So, since either way is impossible,
Fundamental Possibility is.*

In a Theory of Everything forum long ago in the 9th century, Abunaser Farabi wrote:

Vague and unrefined did the secrets of existence remain.
Unpierced did that highly revered pearl remain.
Each person said something according to his reason.
Yet untold did the point which was of essence remain.

And Abulhasan Kharquani replied in the forum in the 11th century (the internet was slow in those days):

The primordial secrets neither you know nor I.
The words of the puzzle neither you can read nor I.
Your discourse and mine are behind the curtain.
When the curtain falls, neither you remain nor I.

But they didn't know how far science would advance and that we would actually be able to see the curtain and derive the truth from it. So we do say more...

A thought arose out of the depths of wondering:

*Since we all became of this universe,
Should we not ask who we are, whence we came?
Insight clefts night's skirt with its radiance—
The Theory of Everything shines through!*

(A Discussion of the Above)

“I've been thinking about Fundamental Possibility—it solves a lot of problems!” he exclaimed. “It's also what I've been leaning toward lately, although ToeQuest's revelations clarified it.”

“Like what?” she inquired.

“Like how the penultimate reality, the fundamental substance, could still have existed forever, or at least in its potential form, and how its particular form was specifically one that worked instead of one that didn't.”

Nonexistence can't be, nor could something
Make itself or always have been perfect;

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Before definition, is the possible—
Timeless—formless—all options were open!

Two chromosomes fused, leaving chimps behind;
Asteroids swept away many species;

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RNA remembers the survivors;
Good fortune smiled on Homo Sapiens.

"It existed forever because time was born with it, from possibility, the both of them always there as potential." she replied.

"Yes, there was what just what is, rather than what was not—for a nothingness could never be, for there is surely something here."

"The fundamental substance was one of the most probable of all possibilities," she surmised.

"Yes, and perhaps it was the only possibility that would work."

"Or the others fizzled and failed by going nowhere, sort of a survival of the fittest of all the scenarios of consequences of what could serve as our reality."

"And Fundamental Possibility had to exist, rather than not, for that's all there could be. Yet, I'm trying to adjust to this new way of thinking."

"True," ToeQuest chimed in. "Fundamental Possibility is a bit like your mind sifting through eventualities of possible actions, only Possibility forms substances. It may even be forming some now, here and there, but on a lesser basis than when the universe expanded, for then all was wide open. Of course, this Possibility must remain simple in a way, that being the price of being Fundamental, but you, a 13 billion-year complex composite, are much more advanced, and that is where real meaningful life occurs. If Fundamental Possibility could talk, which it can't, for it is not a system, it might say something much the same as you would now in your quest for the theory of everything:

*I'll follow every single avenue,
Whether it's brightly lit or a dark alley,
Exploring one-ways, no-ways, and dead-ends
Until cornered where the truth is hiding.*

And now you've arrived in that dark corner and so you can live life better by knowing who you are:

*Some simple substance(s) gave rise to everything,
Chosen as probable above the rest—
Knowing at once that it would function well—
The most promising—the possible ones.*

However, unlike the simple beginnings, the possibilities of the complexities of everything are unbounded and that's the greatest thing:

*As to how complex, there is no limit,
Except perhaps when it forms a black hole,
And the smallest is the planck distance,
So size is absolute, not relative.*

Secrets of the Universe

1. Thought depends on countless influences; therefore, you cannot will it.
2. You only see the inside of your head—the dream-like simulation model.
3. Consciousness arrives 300 millisecs after the brain has done its analysis!
4. We all DO what we must, however, we are, at the very least, free to BE.
5. The succession of events appearing over the horizon of consciousness grants the illusion of time passing, as well as its variable rate of passing.
6. Don't sleep through your dreams, for, you can direct this virtual reality!
7. Love and lust are nothing but bonding hormones—phero-moaning away!
8. Mental ills stem from the unrelenting persistence of thought (OCD-like).
9. Meditation is not what you think! So, unthink & know the ultimate reality!
10. To gain a modicum of free will, avoid that same old robot response, and, in that newly opened space (otherwise not even there), get real creative!
11. You can't KNOW it unless you DO it! So, then, quit smoking and drinking!
12. To live life well, one must be fully present for each and every moment.
13. Mind, it matters; matter, ever mind! These are the 2 aspects of the ONE.
14. We note not the sea in which we "see". So, who is this "I"? A Mind's "Eye"?
15. "I" (Awareness) [only] observes the contents of/on the mind (the self).
16. "I" am not this body . . . this mind/self . . . or even this very thought . . .
17. The universe is the ultimate free lunch—its conserved energies add to 0!
18. Physics/consciousness is information coming in from the outside/inside.
19. The eternal substance is made only of itself; composites are built from it!
20. There is no objective reality at the sub-atomic level. Experience only?
21. Mirror neurons practice what you observe; therefore, they become you!
22. Emotion overwhelms logic, but, knowing this, can we ignore emotion?
23. Stop trying to change others, for, personality is genetically determined.
24. Consciousness is the Ground of all Determination, the G.O.D., the "I".
25. We share 99% of our DNA with the chimps — so, now, who is so great?
26. No time machines are possible — they would've been back here already!
27. Mind experiences the present Mattering moment, while Matter records the Minded past, i.e., Present Mind, Past Matter, combine the frames of Space & Time into the film that lives & plays in us as consciousness, Mind being Space and Matter being Time—different tokens, same type.
28. There can be no distinct unique enduring personal identity after death, for, we all share in the Ground of Existence: Space-Time Energy Itself; but, we need not die if we can prevent DNA damage during replication.
29. Useless feelings may someday be removed. We'll then be "in the zone"!
30. We'll be able to build everything that we need, atom by atom.

All in all, you are the lucky ones standing atop the pinnacle of time, change, form, and substance. Life awaits:

*Like the moon, challenge night and gain the light;
Like the rose, suffer the thorn—gain the fragrance;
In life, surrender to live forever—
Enlightened more than a thousand suns.*

Life is waiting when you have the right attitude—you will come to not even know what sorrow is:

*World does not pass by—you pass through it;
Clear your being so the treasure may arrive;
This spirit sparkles of a different light—
The gemstones are of a different mine.”*

They continued through the entangled forest.

“Our minds do seem to make the actual from the possible, don’t they?” she proposed.

“Well, Possibility was our birthplace, so perhaps we retain a version of it.” he answered.

“We create thought.”



SEASONINGS

Nature Springs from Winter's tomb,
The bloom already in the seed,
The tree contained within the acorn.

Surging sprigs sprout from the soil:
Spring showers make the Summer flower.

Summer wakes from Spring's dying kiss,
Blooming when the rose does,
Sunning after the Spring's running.

Summer reigns upon the land,
Eventually fading in the night.

Autumn Falls as Summer leaves,
Harvesting its sum of days,
Seconding the rose of Spring.

The smile meets the tear—
Fall's embers last through December.

Ice winds stalk the weed flowers,
The ghosts frosting the dead stalks,
Snow crystals barring all that grows.

THE DECOMPOSITION OF BEING AND REALITY

The components of being, or living a life, seem to be creating, direction, growth, and planning.

Being creative, or forming something new, comes from continued learning combined with a change in structure.

Direction, or where you're heading, results from adjustments made from learning and a change of outlook.

Growth, or what you are becoming, is a change of outlook combined with the vision of your future.

Planning, or design, is having the vision for a change in structure.

As for learning, it is accomplished through the remembrance of history—its successes and failures, as well as through education supplying the same.

Change of outlook derives from the continual remembrance of your wishes and dreams that allows you to make changes to your course.

A change in structure is the progression from history.

Vision is the ability to see what can become.

History is the matter of the past.

Remembrance is the past stored away in a space.

Wishes and dreams are a space that is to be in the future.

Progression is the matter of the future.

Space is a place for stuff and is defined by the reach electromagnetic radiation which facilitates action and motion and is a part of the appearance of reality.

Matter is the stuff of many forms in a the place of space and is a part of the appearance of reality.

The past is what was of movement (time).

Future is what can become of movement (time).

Past into future is reality's movement through the now.

Past into future and matter and space blend to form the spirit of life that leads to all of the above that forms being.

Reality is movement (past into future) and appearance (space and matter), or movement of matter in space through time.

Our reality resulted from the complex forms and interactions of space,

(EVERYTHING)

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matter, and movement over a long time, evolution keeping track of the advantageous through DNA and discarding the useless through it not thriving.

Matter in its molecular forms came from the combination of atoms.

Matter in its atomic forms of the elements came from the stars (hydrogen, helium, carbon, iron, and oxygen) and from the supernovas of stars (the rest of the elements).

Stars, galaxies, and planets formed from gravity, a secondary effect of the four forces of electric, magnetic, weak and strong.

Atoms are formed of electrons, and protons and neutrons made of quarks, along with facilitation by the weak(decay) and strong(stability) forces, as well as somewhat by the Electric and Magnetic forces.

Quarks,photons, and electrons and such with the forces are near to the fundamentals of our universe and are the results of Potential-Possibility or the indestructible predecessors of the “materialization” of our universe.

Complexity “oversees” the universe, but the simplicity of the ultimate fundamentals underlies it—appearances in motion.

So, we see that being comes from an understandable chain of events of adaptive organization under the influence of past, future, space and matter from corresponding movement and appearance over 13.75 billion years or so.

And further:

No myth of a single one fundamental thing exhibiting multiple part systems of intelligence, planning, thinking, or emotions that operate underneath reality to rule and create all that is, including itself.

No strangeness of a complex composite arriving before its parts—to rule by underlying reality;

No superstitious believing on faith, faith meaning believing in the unseen supernatural because somebody declared it so.

No complex composite overseeing reality, whether claiming fundamentalness or not, since no such alien life forms have been seen.

GENESIS REVEALED

A tale I've written, invented, yes, hence,
An attempt to unite the Christian pense
With the non-belief, in a middle ground,
Somewhere between mystery and good sense:

With flora mystical and magical,
Eden's botanical garden was blest,
So Eve, taking more than just the Apple,
Plucked off the loveliest of the best.

Thus it's to her that we must give our thanks
For Earth's variety of fruits and plants,
For when she was out of Paradise thrown,
She stole all the flowers we've ever known.

Therewith, through sensuous beauty and grace,
Eve with Adam brought forth the human race,
But our world would never have come to be,
Had not GOD allowed them HIS mystery.

For when they were banished from HIS bosom,
Eve saw more than just the Apple Blossom,
And took, on her way through Eden's bowers,
Many wondrous plants and fruitful flowers.

Mighty GOD, upon seeing this great theft,
At first was angered, but soon smiled and wept,
For human nature was made in HIS name—
So HE had no one but HIMSELF to blame!
But still HE made ready HIS thunderbolt,
As HIS Old Testament wrath cast its vote
To end this experiment gone so wrong—
And then HE felt the joy of life's new song.



Eve had all the plants that she could carry—
GOD in HIS wisdom grew uncontrary,
Out of Eden she waved the flowered wands,
The seeds spilling upon the barren lands.

GOD held the lightning bolt already lit,
No longer knowing what to do with it,
So HE threw it into the heart of Hell,
Forming of it a place where all was well.

Thus the world from molten fire had birth,
As Hell faded and was turned into Earth,
This HE gave to Adam and Eve with love,
For them and theirs to make a Heaven of.

From HIS bolt grew the Hawthorn and Bluebell,
And HE be damned, for Eve stole these as well!
So HE laughed and pretended not to see,
Retreating into eternity.

"So be it," HE said, when time was young,
"That such is the life MY design has wrung,
For in their souls some part of ME has sprung—
So let them enjoy all the songs I've sung.

"Life was much too easy in Paradise,
And lacked therefore of any real meaning,
For without the laws there can be no highs—
All that remains is a dull flat feeling!

"There's no Devil to blame for their great zest—
This mix of good and 'bad' makes them best!
The human nature that lets them survive,
Also makes them feel very much alive.

"That same beastful soul that makes them glad
Does also make them seem a little bad,
If only I could strip the wrong from right,
But I cannot have the day without the night!"

WHY ASK WHY?

All the stars roll by for me to classify
Science more and more my life does simplify;
But I have one final question left to ask:
Why in the world was I born to live and die?

Since life's complex, they say it must have origin—
It couldn't have made itself or always have been!
The answer Gods, but, they've begged the question
God couldn't have made himself or always have been!

A thousand starry goblets fill the sky,
So we can taste Heaven's drink when we die,
This is man's tale, not God's, so drink today—
The stars shine on, heedless of where we lie.

When I chased the flitting shadows of some
Unknown ultimate perfectionate ONE,
The phantom fled at my touch, a dim image—
Reflected faint and far removed from.

Knowing that I can't solve the eternal mystery
Frees me from that senseless task and all its misery,
Now I see, hear, smell, feel, and drink into my being
ALL reality that penetrates sensibility.

Why fret about life's ultimate secret,
For whose thoughts can escape this worldly net?
It's so easy; don't despair, be happy!
All told, 'tis best to live without regret.

Helpful effort, or love, defines what's good;
Goodness taken to extreme is called God.
Laziness, or non-love, is but neutral,
Evil, or harm excess, names the Devil.

Good and evil—you can't have one without
The other; so, too, with plenty and drought,
Sadness and smile, life and death, night and day,
Sun and flood, give and take, and truth and doubt.

In Heaven, desired pleasures will come like rain,
Or so we've dreamed till we felt no mortal pain;
But we needn't wait for some promise beyond,
Since on Earth—enjoying life—we have the same!

If we were angels, life would be so just,
Instead, we try, we push, we climb, we lust,
We dance, we dream, we feel, we love with zest—
Yes, all this, thanks to the beast within us!

Purgatory is on Venus—where sulfurs rain,
Hell is found in the sun's heart—oh, hot burning pain!
Of Heaven's site, no one has any idea—
For it's the world's best kept secret: Earth is its name!

In the darkness I lit from the Wix,
Then tried to make sense of this world of His,
Now I've found the answer to life's dark quiz:
One must live this life by what light there is

Something exists and it produces time, space, and all that there is; it just exists because nonexistence is impossible.

It preceded the big bang and all that we call forever. It is likely more than just one thing; otherwise it would be undifferentiated—one external unbreakable thing could have no parts.

It seems to be several things at certain levels: A strong force that helps forms and stabilize matter, a weak opposing force that helps disperse matter through decay, and an electric force and a magnetic force which seem to facilitate movement and more.

At lower levels we have all the “ultimate” fundamental “particles” and forces.

Electric and magnetic forces each lead to the other and so are closely linked as the electromagnetic force. Note that all forces blend to produce other effects, like gravity, which also facilitates movement, and so on through forms of matter on right up to human being (of course via the forming of stars which produce heavier elements, billions of years of brewing, DNA, and so on).

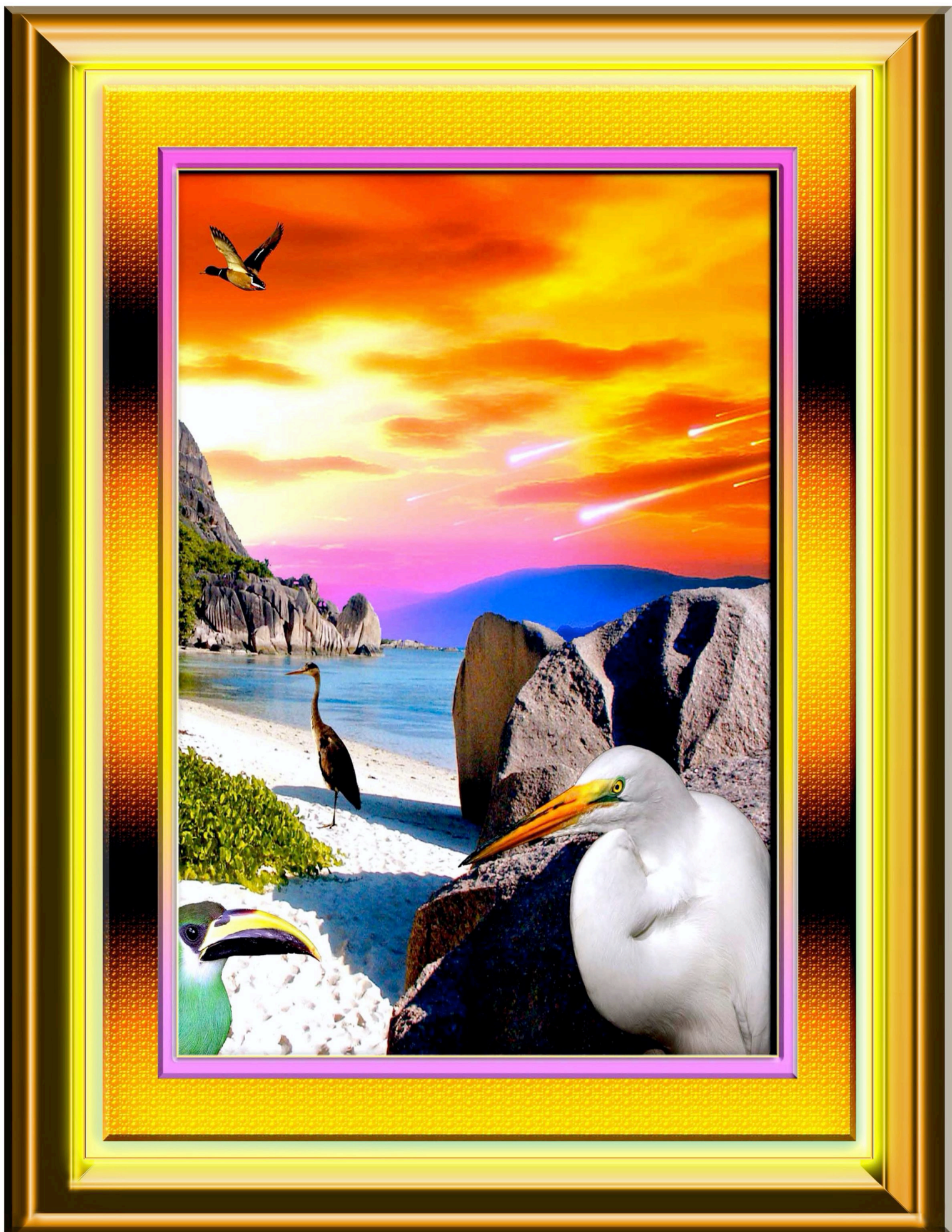
Movement begets time. No movement, no time, just like in the movies when somebody stops time.

Space is defined by the influence of the forces. Anything beyond this influence is nonexistence, meaning that it is not there at all in any way.

Human life was a lucky accident, owing to death as the chooser of the wise from the silly through natural selection, events like asteroids wiping out 99.9 % of species, the fusing of two of our chromosomes— separating us by making chimp mating impossible, etc., and, in general, 13 billion years of unforeseen unplanned happenings. That’s a very long time. Hard to even imagine it.

Consciousness is still somewhat of an enigma, unless is it simply (probably) the brain’s perception of itself, although it still seems unique and global and all that.

The brain receives input from the senses and itself. The brain generates thoughts from the self: our memories, sense data, goals, wishes, and learned associations. Some make it to the mind’s eye at different times;



Consciousness (I) observes what is on the mind.

*Luckily, we live at peak, atop life's pile
Of miraculous lives, from eons of wiles.
We're alive, thanks to all who've come before,
So how could we live by any style but to smile?*

Movement gets noticed (measured) whenever or never, even long afterwards when we note, say, that the moon moved a lot, but even if we didn't look, it still moved on its own.

Space and matter share the same arena and each help the other out. At some level it is all mixed together, in a way, but at some point matter gains permanence real quick and it operates in space, a place to roam. But it's still like Yin-Yang.

*The void pulsates in a structured sequence.
A field is present throughout space immense,
Out of which all particles must condense—
Occurring where the field's extremely intense.*

*Atoms are just bundles of inertia,
Knots in the field and fabric of space;
Yet matter defines the structure of space...
The Yin is in the Yang, and vice-versa!*

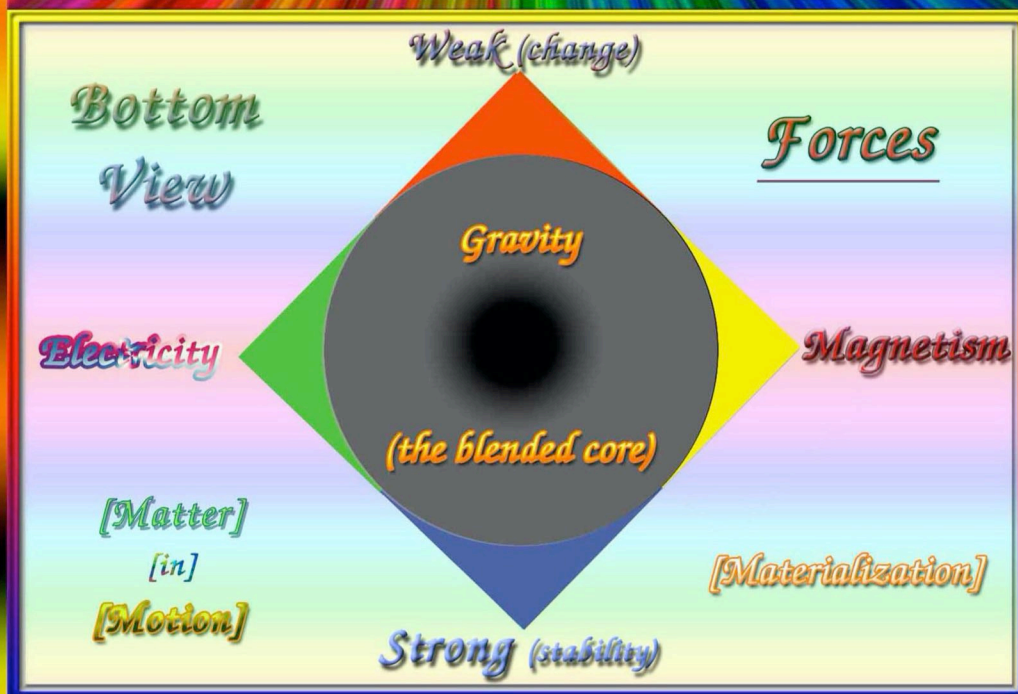
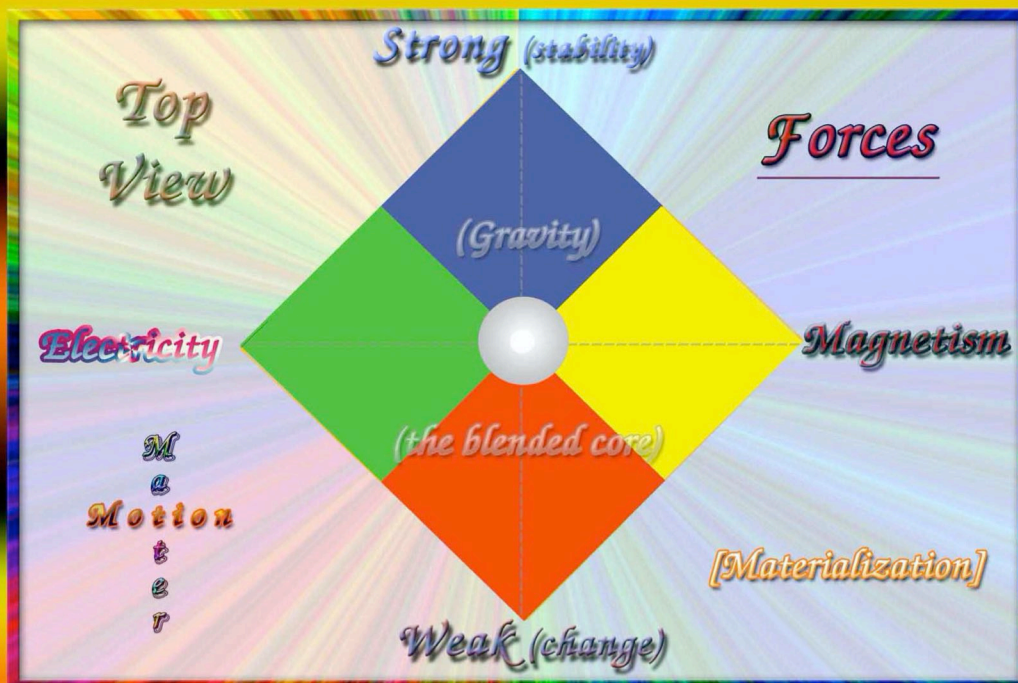
The spirit of life is not a spirit like God, just the emergent power of the mixture of past, future, space and matter.

The end of space is wherever the influence of what it contains ends and can't affect or define anything.

A void is thought of these days as absolutely nothing. The vacuum is more or less the same as space, filled with stuff of many shapes and sizes. Some use a shorthand of space to refer to both space and matter together.

Mass/energy and wave/particle are the same as much as they transform into the other. Same with the the past, for it transforms in the future as the now rolls along.

Live well and prosper, my friends.



Being Nothingness

Our parentheses in eternity
Flashes as a twinkling, but's extended
By time into a phantasmic life dream
That's existent the same as if it were.

A life dream's like a rainbow, not really there,
A false phenomenon become tangible
Through its being, the true true of the faux true,
Molding a genuine significance.

Life's indeterminate or not, the same
Being brought by the virtual as the true,
The mechanics being as incidental
As why "primary color" chose its waves.

Life's here, like a virtual particle
Born this side of an event horizon
Of a Black Hole, realized by its presence
In the realm of what's been radiated.

There is no difference of what makes none;
Realism is now playing, the living film:
A reality show in the theater
Of the mind's eye, with the 'I' observing.

HOLOGRAPHIC UNIVERSE

When a tree falls in the forest and there's
No one around to hear it, does it make
A sound? No, for there is no ear to turn
The sound waves into sound.

Nor is there a smell, for there is no nose
For the odorous molecules to attach to.
Nor has it any color, for there is
No retina to decode the light frequencies.

What does it look like, then? It doesn't look
Like anything, for there is no brain to
Put it all together by detecting
Form, color, texture, size, taste, smell or vision.

Since the entropy of a black hole is known
To depend on the surface area of the
Event horizon and NOT on its volume,
Then our third dimension **MUST** BE a projection.

A projected illusion, as in a hologram.
May still be used as it were really there
Since we can make sense of it, so to speak.
But, in truth, the third dimension does not exist.

Thus, apparently separate particles
Like created photon pairs, copy the other
When one is changed, because, in truth, they are
Still the same thing in the projector room.

If the universe is holographic,
Then the tree in the forest, whether seen or not,
Is, at heart, an interference pattern
Brought to life only when we tune it in.

This is the mystery of the realness
Of sleeping dreams revealed: we tune in to
The interference patterns, whether awake
Or asleep, to bring alive the reality projected.

Everything connects to everything else
Through overlapping interference patterns.
And so nothing is separate at all, as it seems,
But is one large all-encompassing whole.

Memory, too, seems to be holographic,
Residing everywhere in the brain,
Every piece associated with others related,
Instantly broadcasting all the connections.

Every part of a hologram contains the whole.
The whole universe contained within a
Grain of sand, all eternity within a moment.
The universe rumbling when an electron vibrates.

We are part and parcel of everything—
We are the cosmos; we are life; we are love;
We are all that is: We are the creator
Of the dance as well as the dancer.

Whether the past is recorded and accessible
As part of the holographic whole is not known
Or whether the other two dimensions are
Projected, as well, but perhaps we shall see.

This then is the secret of the universe,
Knowing of that which underlies all reality:
Fundamental, absolute, indestructible,
Omnipresent, omnipotent, and all pervasive.

Why absolute and fundamental? Because
It is made of one piece—itsself.
And therefore indestructible, and eternal, too,
And makes up all that there is, everywhere.

The Infinite may radiate through a matrix,
Using Information or Energy to create
The Cosmic Background antenna which broadcasts
Interference patterns of virtual reality.

THE YEAR

— P. Tornary © 2000 —

WINTER STORIES the YEAR

In the MONTH of Brand-new-airy,

Then FEB-BURIES us in SNOW...

March, Lady April! Spring!

Let's reign as we May With sum(mer)maids

Named June and Ju-lye, Until, after A-gust of

HOI withering wind, The sunny FIRE burns out—

'Cept embers, when Leaves FALL into OCT-TOMB BURR

Till—no leaves, no sunlight,

No sky, no warmth—No-vember!

Next, de sleet, de COLD,

de embers—De-cember,

When all that we can do Is but sweet Remember.

The Future

Life should be euphoric, like spring fever,
As in those rare moments of ecstasy
When one is in the zone and cannot miss;
So—let all aversive substrates be removed!

The higher modes of being that await
The future-chemically-enhanced
Will make today's primitive mind-states
Seem as a child's tin flute to a symphony!

Mind reaches out to see what's possible
And what's not, like particles forming
In the quantum world, but, better than that—
Mind makes the impossible possible.

Mind is the ultimate of all there is
It is the universe—billions of years
Of primordial material—complex.
So, what more could human beings want?

The secrets of the universe are all found—
All exists out of consciousness, the ground.
Blame, soul, free will, and God have all fallen—
But it will take a thousand years to sink in!