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### **Eloie Pregonis Awoke ~ a dream from Quantum Mechanics**

Imagine for a moment that you are Eloie Pregonis, a young physics student in your fourth year at Princeton, MIT or Caltech. You are there on a special fellowship grant due to academic excellence.

For years you had dreamed of majoring in music performance, as you love the piano and showed an above-average talent for it. However, regardless of instructors, family, and friends who encouraged you to pursue a career in music, you knew what they didn't. You knew that because you started piano at age 12 instead of age 5, there was no way you had a chance to make a dent in the world with the piano.

There is something in you that made you think that you actually could, or were even supposed to leave an indelible mark on this world. Something distinctively greater than just for yourself, family and friends.

You found yourself with an unusual fascination with the intricate workings of this world and felt that some of its answers must come from an intimate understanding of its most rudimentary physical elements, which is why you majored in physics with the specialization in quantum mechanics.

The primary textbook for your first Quantum Mechanics course is *Quantum physics*, by Leonard Schiff, but it is so dry that even though you're getting most of you're sure it is atrophying your brain and will soon turn to petrified stone.

A friend recommended *Quantum Enigma: Physics Encounters Consciousness*, by Bruce Rosenblum and Fred Kuttner, who teaches the subject at UC Santa Cruz, the school you almost went to. This not only proves to be a wetter read, it feels as if it turned the quantum particles in your brain into a waveform – relaxing. There was something... unrecognized... about the waveform that was almost... you hate to even think it... spiritual. You put down the book and go to sleep.

The following morning you wake up with the most bizarre feeling you've ever had. Even before opening your eyes you sense it... that something has happened. It was this feeling that woke you. It is such a remarkable and somewhat disturbing feeling that you're apprehensive to open your eyes, as you aren't sure what you'll see.

You experience an eerie premonition that something deeply profound has occurred, something that will shake the very foundation of your world.

You open your eyes, and instead of seeing your bedroom, there is a completely alien realm of vague forms that make up the objects in your room. The indistinct forms have shape, and appear as sort of colorless, stationary mirages consisting of minute particles. It was like you'd stepped into a pointillist painting.

You rub your eyes to clear your focus, but sense that it's not going to clear it up, and it doesn't. Looking around the room in uncomprehending awe you think it must be a dream, the reality of which you never imagined. But you know it's not a dream.

You feel like you should be experiencing fear, but for some reason, it's not scary – there is only intense curiosity. You're looking with enhanced granularity, the likes of which you can only relate to the special effects in a sci-fi movie, as if you're an extraterrestrial from another dimension.

You realize that you're looking at the particles in such minute detail that you're actually seeing molecular waveforms. Again, you feel you should have completely shattered wits about all this, but somehow

understand that that would be an unnecessary reaction, that it's all very natural, as it should be, and there is even a calmness about it. A dozen different ideas and implications flash, but you put them aside, innately sensing that your curiosity about all this will somehow be satisfied.

You see waveform vibrations of different kinds passing through the room and your body, emanating from multiple sources. Your attention is drawn to the vibrations coming from the digital clock on the bedside table, and see that the time displayed doesn't match your internal sense of time.

You feel the bedsheets with equally enhanced perception, recognizing each thread, and realizing that it isn't tactile you are sensing with. You can also get the idea of feeling the objects in the room, in a way that goes beyond merely what could be done with tactile or visual perception.

You automatically shift to sit up and see the shifting wave formations that accompanied that motion. You purposely move your arm and see the waves you cause by that. You see that these somatic circuit manifestations are originating from the epicenters of the body. You move the other arm, and you wiggle your feet, noticing that the wave circuits through the bed sheets – the sheets being rather transparent. You notice that transparency allows you to view through the bed. Your attention goes broader to your apartment building, and you notice that the colorless walls and all the other objects are not only granular but also transparent, having no color of their own but only have form, and that the color you've always seen before is solely the result of the light reflection of some part of the electromagnetic spectrum registering through the eyes as interpreted by the brain. But that isn't what you're being aware of at the moment. This is something entirely different.

This new awareness begins to crystallize, and you realize that of course, you couldn't be looking through your eyes. Your attention isn't centered in your head as it always has been but somehow encompasses a much wider space. There is no singularly directed view, but you are taking in the wall behind you, in front, up and down, everywhere - fully viewing 360 degrees, at once.

Your attention is drawn to a sound outside your bedroom, and without turning your head you get the idea of seeing the source of the sound, a car passing by on the street outside. The sound specifically is coming from the engine, so you take a look at it. Then you notice the

middle-aged women behind the wheel. She is late for work and thinking about her husband and her daughter and son – what she'll make for dinner that night, hoping they'll like it, not knowing how she'll have time to make it.

Your thoughts go to the book you were reading last night and realize you are experiencing exactly the theory that was described. There was no red pill, no LSD, and no experimenting with Eastern mysticism, you just understood that book so thoroughly, above the theoretical level, in such a personal experiential fashion, that you REALLY GOT IT!