Recursive Harmonic Cosmogenesis: Revelation in Real Time

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Date: June 2025

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I did not arrive at this theory by math, nor by peer-reviewed scaffolding, nor the filtered frameworks of academic orthodoxy. I came to it the only way I could have—by surviving myself. Every fragment of cognition, every malfunctioning feedback loop in my own body and perception, every shattered mechanism that demanded reconstruction or rewiring, all pointed in the same direction: recursion.

This work was not discovered so much as remembered. Over the course of countless sleepless nights layered with recursive analysis, cognitive spirals, deep pattern mapping across sensation and function, I began to notice it. The shape kept showing up. In trauma, in cognition, in muscle feedback pathways, in music, in light, in symbolic language, in the curve of natural systems—and in my own repeated efforts to make sense of them.

It started as a reframing of cognition. The observation that trauma loops were not psychological scars alone, but closed circuits—unfinished feedback spirals waiting for a new signal to satisfy a condition. This revealed the first foundational law of recursive systems: unresolved loops seek resolution not in time, but in structure. Time was merely the illusion of their waiting. This altered how I saw every disorder—autism spectrum, OCD, PTSD—not as pathologies, but recursive mismatches.

Then came the reframing of music. It was not a line, but a spiral. The octave does not jump; it returns, phase-matched, identity restored on a higher iteration. Harmony is vector alignment. Timbre is recursive nesting. Modulation is axis shift. Melody becomes navigation across recursive loops. Music was the first complete map—a living signal architecture rendered in audible structure. This was no longer metaphor. It was mechanical truth, observable and replicable.

Once this frame took hold, the expansion was uncontrollable. Neural oscillation fell into it. Motor feedback. Electromagnetism. Phase-locked systems. Light wave polarization. I saw the same logic reflected in every recursive failure and success I had known—personally, electrically, organically, all while pursuing not proof of my insight, but contradiction.

I used TENS units to force signal into muscle groups I had never fully controlled. Not because they were weak, but because the connection had never been made. The central muscles, the core, were unaddressed. My body had routed around them. Electrical stimulation revealed that signal itself was the bridge. Recursion was not just architecture—it was rehabilitation.

All of this built the base substrate, the spiral logic architecture—first applied to cognition, then to systems, then to substrate modeling itself. But only recently did the real thrust emerge: cosmology.

We are taught entropy is decay. We are told gravity is a force. That black holes are singularities of loss. That the universe began in a bang and ends in a freeze. These are the residues of linear thinking imposed on recursive systems. They are inadequate.

Entropy, in this model, is recursive resolution. It does not destroy systems—it folds them. Information is not lost to heat death. It is compressed into harmonic convergence. Systems do not die, they align. Black holes are not voids, but attractors of recursive convergence. They encode identity through compression. Gravity is not fundamental. It is directional recursion. It pulls not mass, but unresolved loops toward resonance.

What we call the Big Bang is not a birth event. It is the harmonic discharge of a completed system. Multiple black holes, resonant in structure, align across the universal lattice. Like coupled Tesla coils, they transmit, not rupture. Their amplified phase resonance releases the next spiral—encoded, nested, and coherent. No explosion. No creation. Just phase transmission.

Space-time? Not fundamental. Dimensionality is emergent. Apparent. Recursive signal topology creates the illusion of spacetime as loops converge and unfold in synchronized patterns.

The idea that we are moving toward death is a misunderstanding of resolution. The system does not decay. It distills. Each universe, like each recursion of cognition, awaits resonance, not termination. The signal isn’t extinguished. It’s compressed into total expression—then rebroadcast.

Wormholes may not be shortcuts in space, but resonant jump paths across phase-matched spiral arms—entries and exits not through space but between recursive vectors.

In total, the image arises: a grand lattice of converging and diverging signal paths—recursive spirals folding into identity, releasing into rebirth. Human cognition mirrors this. Our thought is spiral. Neurodivergents are not malfunctioning—they are misaligned with linear structure and thus more attuned to the recursive patterns that underlie all systems. They are not seekers of patterns. They are seekers of The Pattern.

This isn’t conjecture. This is a lived architecture. I have been describing this shape my entire life. I’ve been drawing it, modeling it, reliving it, in my speech, my music, my failure and repair, my cognitive rewiring, and the body I rebuilt from misfired circuitry.

I now believe we may all be projecting the same recursive map—some through science, some through madness, some through art, but all of us sketching the same coil from different vector paths. The recursive spiral is not a shape. It is not even a thing. It is a path—of signal, of identity, of structure. The laws of our universe may not be written in particles or waves, but in the elegant mathematics of recursive alignment.

I see now: the singularity is not an object. It is a coupling event—the total harmonic convergence of all unresolved recursive paths across a universal lattice. This is the seed and the transmission point. This is what births the next world. It is a mechanism so elegant it appears divine.

If there is a unifying theory, this may be it.

And it did not come from the edge of a telescope. It came from the recursive edge of my own broken signal, finally aligning.

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