

The Dark Matter Terrain

“The... British enzymologist J.B.S. Haldane—who discovered enzymes,... said, ‘The world is not only stranger than we suppose, it is stranger than we **can** suppose.’ And this is something that we have not entertained very seriously as a possibility, especially the cheerful characters in the white coats with the clipboards.”¹

There is a quantum entailment and entanglement at play which is intimately interwoven into every facet of our experience and it is accompanied by a spacetime mirage. The universe is simultaneously entirely within you and entirely with-out you. Each individual only stands to comprehend and notice this through the use of personal memory and personal observation of the memory of the universe—or in other words—through the use of time and witnessing it in its infinitely processual formless forms.

Personally, I have started to refer to DMT as the “Dark Matter Terrain” hallucinogen. The ~~entangled~~[interwoven] web of spoken and written language, the languages of science, and the pervasive cosmic joke readily inundating every aspect of our linguistic lives make this reference point possible. This reference point will become vastly more significant as we watch this all cohesively weave together, thread by singular thread.

Inexhaustible reports from those who have experienced a sufficient dose of DMT recount being either shot out of, or pulled out of their bodies and into a world that is more real than the real world which they were just in seconds prior to their inhalation. There is space, structure, taxonomy, morphology, and ecology; an entire ecosystem hidden behind this iridescently transvisible veil of contracted human perception. I believe this is the dark matter we seek to illuminate. It is out there as our ~~mutually entangled~~[interwoven] spacial opposite, just as it is entirely and exactly here within us as our mutually entailed neural moiré; the Dark and Grey Matter Terrain of experience.

But if DMT is the psychescopic catapult into a visual and spacial dimension of dark matter then what does that mean for dark energy, the force behind the rapid expansion of the universe? Well for starters I’d say that dark energy, much like grey energy, is the resting and active potential of the universe, and with its energy enables worlds to pass through phases of both excitatory and inhibitory post-galactic potential, with its formless form of activity leaving behind various forms and frequencies, trace-waves of live-action interference.

¹ McKenna, Terence, June 28, 1989, “A Psychedelic Point of View”

On the matter of either being shot or pulled out of ones body and into an oddly familiar transvisible realm one begins to wonder, just exactly what and where is this pathway being traversed before becoming inundated with the expansive and dark ecological scene if it is not isolated solely to the individual undertaking the experience? I argue that the place encountered after expanding the neural and otherwise physiological activity of DMT is the transvisible spectrum behind otherwise dark matter, and is traversed through quantumly ~~entangled~~[inter-woven] and spatially illusory black holes.

The accompanying energy that makes this possible? The quantum ~~entanglement~~[inter-weaving] and decisions made by you and the DMT to expand this neurally entailed dance with the stars. This doesn't mean that the hallucinogenic experience is necessarily, or specifically evidentially occurring somewhere out in a hyperspatial cosmos, but neither does it mean that it is happening from exactly where you inhaled. Dark matter and energy are all around us, and within us—always.

As a way of demonstrating this idea lets first look at the auditory experience of DMT. The soundscape encountered, much like the various entities, is also well known to be a shared aspect of each individuals rendezvous with the terrain. There is reported an electric buzzing blast-off noise, hurricane force winds, as well as the tinkling of bells, chimes, bursts, and the pervasive all-trip lasting hum, whir, or drone. It is this pervasive latter one to which I would like to draw your attention.

On May 4, 2022 the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), released processed and modulated sonifications from the black hole at the center of the Perseus Galaxy Cluster. I submit that this is the pervasive drone accompanying the DMT experience (fig. 1.1.1).²

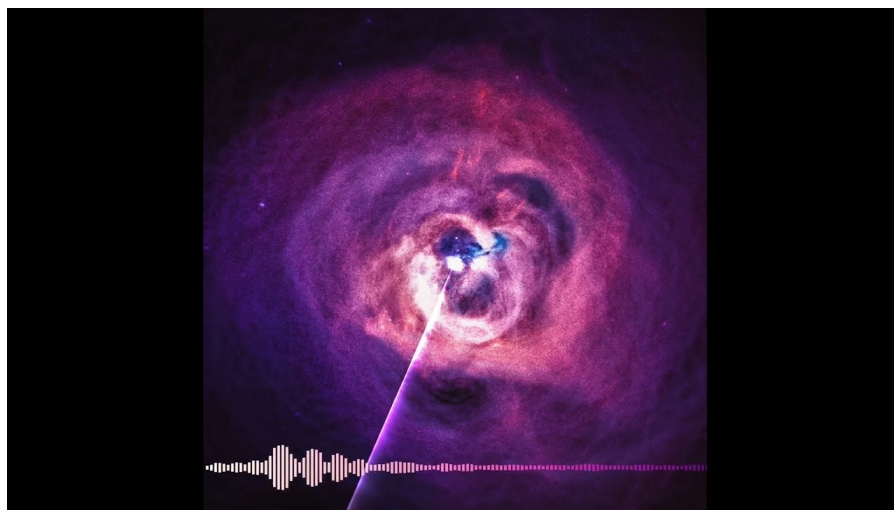


Figure 1.1.1. Sonification of black hole at the center of the Perseus Galaxy Cluster, *url available in 'List of Media'*

² Watzke, Megan, Chandra X-ray Center, Cambridge, Mass., & Molly Porter Marshall Space Flight Center, Huntsville, Ala., “New NASA Black Hole Sonifications with a Remix”

This, of course, is not something which can be corroborated without first having listened to the sonifications and also having had a personal experience with the molecule, whether through pharmacological induction, sleep or meditative states, etc.

Now, if this concept rings true it brings another interesting question to the surface: if DMT allows us to interface with the terrain of dark matter, and if the hum-drone is that of black holes, does one enter that once-dark, now-bright ecological terrain through the black hole and its stream at the center of our own Milky Way Galaxy? Are we shot out through the white hole of DMT into the transvisible spectrum of the Dark Matter Terrain and all its frequent and energetic frequencies? This all may seem a stretch, but remember, we're talking about quantum ~~entanglement~~[interweaving] here—that spooky action entailing you at a subjectively relative distance.

Consider that which may inevitably and very personally thread you to the center of our galaxy—the black hole at the forefront of your entire experience. For all you can truly see when you look out at the world is the world at large in an open field of view. Close your eyes and the wave of the world collapses into the black hole of your experience. Either way, all light that reaches you is sucked into the black hole of your face behind which is the brain you've never seen. From a first-person perspective the black hole of your entire head, and thus your entire experience, is lit up inside and then projected out from—and because of—all that which occurs outside and inside of you at any given moment in any given place.

As for a general thought concerning all particular sounds heard on the dark matter soundscape, the hums, drones, chimes, etc., it would follow for me that these are the sounds of the both the universe and neurons at large. Black holes, stars, comets, planets, moons, asteroids, stardust, supernovas, pulsars, nebulae, so on and so forth.

Hums and drones, tinkling and chimes, these are, respectively, black holes and gravitational dances, and the music of starlight. They are most often heard because they are the most consistently pervasive, ~~light-entangled~~[interwoven], wave-communicating objects around. Hums, drones, tinkling, chimes, these are the scapes of varying brain waves, action potentials, synaptic firing, apoptosis, so on and so forth. The universe at-large and the universe on-the-lam inside of you mutually entail the entire experience just as much as they are singular and unique.

This is the terrain of our most enigmatic musicians. Music is the architecture of not only the brain but of the entire universe. Musical notation is what neural activity and neutron stars look like in situ. To hear music is to hear neural activity and neutron stars. This music is multifarious and yet entirely beyond our local instrumentation. It is the key signature, the scale, the pitch, the chordal progression, the time signature and cadence, the tonality, the transpositions, etc., but there is little doubt that

dimethyltryptamine is the master mode motivating every aspect—the conductor of the universal orchestra. I’m certain a similar metaphor could be painted up for our most treasured artists as well.

Serendipitously recently NASA and the James Webb Space Telescope (JWST) released more galactic sonifications.³ Taking the near-infrared data from the Cosmic Cliffs image of the Carina Nebula’s Southern Ring Nebula, scientists, musicians, and members of the blind and deaf community helped render the sound (fig. 1.1.2).



Figure 1.1.2. Carina Nebula Cosmic Cliffs sonifications, *url available in 'List of Media'*

When I mentioned the music of starlight—the tinkling and the chiming—this linear representation and mapping of the near-infrared imagery provided by the JWST into a soundscape is as near an inference as I believe we can currently model. I argue that these are among more of the many sounds accompanying the dark matter terrain experience on the quantum and neural moiré.

To try to better simulate the DMT soundscape I have combined the two previous sonifications into the following singular sonification so that the pervasive droning of the black hole could accompany all the rest (fig. 1.1.3).⁴

³ Laura Betz, Goddard Space Flight Center, Greenbelt, Md., & Christine Pulliam, Space Telescope Science Institute, Baltimore, Md., “NASA Webb’s First Full-Color Images, Data Are Set to Sound”

⁴ Audio Layering of “New NASA Black Hole Sonifications with a Remix” and “NASA Webb’s First Full-Color Images, Data Are Set to Sound”



Figure 1.1.3. Layering of the Perseus Galaxy Cluster black hole and Cosmic Cliffs
sonifications, [url available in 'List of Media'](#)

There is a significant quantum entailment and interwoven field of spacetime ~~illusion~~[mirage] and apparent[ly] spooky actions at a subjectively relative distance in which we each play individualized roles. From a reflective black hole of universal experience and expression, to a soundscape of neurons and pulsars playing in harmony, the Dark Matter Terrain is alive and ready for us to engage in all its formless forms. Simply stated, what neurons do is what the universe does and what the universe does is what neurons do. Put another way, Dimethyltryptamine is the Cosmic Mirror Neuron.

The Grey Matter Terrain of the brain encompasses all neural activity and presupposes DMT as a primary thread in the operations of consciousness and the neural moiré of human perception. The resting, active, excitatory post-synaptic, and inhibitory post-synaptic potential of neural activity is mirrored from that which is outside of you while being simultaneously adumbrated and projected out from that which is within you. This neural activity is what the self-transforming elf-machine bubble-entities of the Dark Matter Terrain do. Whether they receive a request from the psychonaut, or whether they just want to show you something, they do what they do as ~~cosmic~~[quantum] particles do while simultaneously descending the cortical columns of quantum ~~entanglement~~[interweavings]—this spooky action entailing us at a subjectively relative distance.

Notice this is not to imply, as many cheekily, lackadaisically and ignorantly do, that it is “all in your head”.

Spacetime is a mirage of the ~~entangled~~[interwoven] neural and quantum moiré and is the Dark and Grey Matter Terrain of all entailed and energetic experience.

DMT & Particle Draughts

The atom is the smallest cohort of intelligent particulates out there. These particles know how to make anything you can suppose and beyond. They can be stable, unstable, radioactive, a bit zen, and completely antithetical to their twin particles. To say the least, the all-inclusive coterie of the atom is the pervasive elementary unit of matter interweaving and inundating everything.

To explain how I came to surmise the idea that DMT not only presents us with the transvisible spectrum and psychescopic view of the abundant world of dark matter but also that of atomic and neural behavior, I must recount and thread together several personal experiences with LSD, THC, and DMT, some quotes and experiences from Terence McKenna, and responses from conversations had with two psychonautic friends upon hearing all of these stories before I had even had my quantum realization.

Long story short I have had Fibromyalgia, wide-spread chronic pain, for nearly twenty years—since I was thirteen years old. Notably to those most intimately familiar with such a condition, chronic pain is known to be associated with high levels of suicidal ideation. It has taken me most of my life to decipher how to best manage my day-to-day living given these circumstances. At the age of thirty I was able to experience LSD for the first time. Self-reportedly this knocked the suicidal ideation out of me for just shy of exactly three years. Near the end of this initial trip I looked up at the night sky for the very first time. I was overcome by the intense spiraling of the Milky Way Galaxy and its star-inundated arms. It was unspeakably astonishing. As I was overcome with emotion it was as if all of those spiraling stars gathered together, descending upon me to form an intensely bright, wondrous, hyper-pointillistic cloud as if something directly out of a quantum Georges Seurat painting. This cloud and all of its constituent parts let it be known to me that all ~~was~~[is] well, that I was fine given these circumstances.

A year and a half later I was able to partake in medical cannabis for the first time for the management of my chronic pain. Though I had utilized black market cannabis off-and-on prior, I would discover—much to my suspicion—that it would not be up-to-snuff in comparison to what lay in store for my medicine cabinet. Needless to say, the experience of pain relief I underwent approximately three minutes after inhaling medical cannabis for the first time, and the accompanying perspective view it gave me of the world around me, caused me to have the strange realization that I had no head in the midst of my experience. At the time I had no possible way of describing this with words. It would be half a year or more before I came upon someone else's personal experience and how they found the words enough to describe their same headless discovery. This was not the first time I had experienced this expansive view, but it was the first instance I recognized the unquenchable nature of neurons doing what the universe does as the universe does what neurons do.

I just so happened to come upon DMT. I wasn't seeking it, it wasn't seeking me. Just, there it was in presence, shedding all its previous absence. It would sit on the shelf for over a month before I got around to taking it. I had read a lot of literature about the physiological experience as well as several trip reports

of the psychological experience, and since I tend to keep my home in a constant disposition of contentment I felt confident diving in at around ~75mg. I received the entire gamut of what I had previously read to expect or at least anticipate, and then even a bit more I could not have possibly known to expect, nor had I yet read reported by others. There was an intensification of light, a bright white tunnel overlaid by a rushing of hurricane force sounding winds and an electric-sounding blast off, a ceasing of winds and blast off but the replacement of an ever-present and pervasive whirring, hum, or drone, the sound of tinkling like that of a glockenspiel cast to produce the highest notes ever heard, elves, fairies, heat, bubbles and clouds, continuously cycling euclidean geometry in all and new colors appearing from every direction, hyperbolic geometry and chrysanthemum's in kaleidoscopic unison, nystagmus, vast tunnels of incredibly beautiful and jeweled serpents, a dark and vast void, clouds of bubbles, purple, blue and gold lightning strikes on the peripheries of the void, and then a dragon emerging from that pervasive darkness to commune and confirm my personal suspicion and comprehension of why I had come to find myself resting in that area of the terrain.

Following this experience I inevitably came across the body of works left behind by Terence McKenna. It wouldn't be long after hearing him discuss his encounters with the self-transforming elf-machines, bouncing up and down like "...jeweled self-dribbling basketballs...",⁵ before I would wonder if these weren't the same things as my hyper-pointillistic cloud-forming bubbles. Several convincing enough encounters have since satiated this personal wonder. McKenna also described these jeweled balls as not matter but rather "syntax driving light."⁶ I argue that they are both a light-driven syntax as a mode in the layer of communication, and that the effervescent elves are fundamentally elements of ~~matter~~[reality] ~~entangled~~[interwoven] with syntax-driving light.

A co-mingled syntax-driven light is reminiscent of a description of spirit given by Joseph Smith Jr., the founder of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, colloquially recognized as Mormonism. He said,

"There is no such thing as immaterial matter. All spirit is matter,
but it is more fine or pure, and may only be discerned by purer eyes."⁷

Interestingly enough Joseph Smith also seems to speak to the notion of our quantum ~~entanglement~~[interweaving] with the particulars of the universe, saying with his lexicon,

⁵ McKenna, Terence, July 23, 1994, "Rap Dancing Into the Third Millennium"

⁶ McKenna, Terence, March 1996, "Countdown Into Complexity"

⁷ *Doctrine and Covenants of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (D&C)*, Section 131 v.7

“... Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created nor made, neither indeed can be ... For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and element *inseparably connected*, receive a fulness of joy; and when separated, man cannot receive a fulness of joy.”⁸

After discussing some of my experiences with two psychonautically inclined friends who were unfamiliar with Terence’s work, though who are deeply familiar with Mormonism, and after describing my cloud-bubbles, Terence’s self-dribbling basketball elf-machines, and Joseph’s intelligences, one friend responded, “Amazing! I’ve always called those my ‘party balls’; they just show up and we have a good time.” The other friend said, “Very interesting. I call those my marbles.” I told him to be sure not to lose them.

Additionally, I couldn’t possibly move on to the next section without bringing up the striking similarity between these pointillistic DMT bubbles, the self-dribbling jeweled elves, the Mormon intelligences, the party balls, the marbles, when compared to that of the atoms seen in IBM’s short film, *A Boy and His Atom: The World’s Smallest Movie* (fig. 1.1.4)—or as one might suggest—An *Elf* and His Atom(s):⁹

Heraclitus said that,

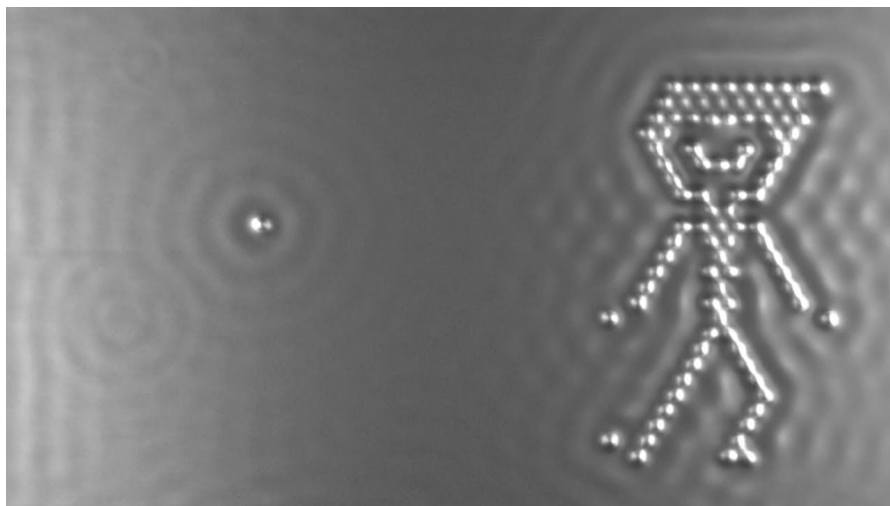


Figure 1.1.4 “A Boy and His Atom: The World’s Smallest Movie”, *url available in ‘List of Media’*

Time is a child playing at draughts, a child’s kingdom¹⁰

⁸ D&C 93: 29, 33; *emphasis added*

⁹ IBM’s “A Boy and His Atom: The World’s Smallest Movie”, 2013

¹⁰ Heraclitus, *On Nature*, LXXIX

As such, I believe that the eternal Elements of Joseph Smith's Intelligence cosmogony is that elementary unit of matter, the quarky particle *inseparably connected* with the transvisible light of enigmatic truth; the photon.

DMT & DNA

Whether nuclear DNA or mitochondrial DNA it is all very distinctly and dynamically individual as much as it is clearly the fractal trace-wave of a multitude of helical and spiraling points of no-origin radiating so far back in our universal ancestry that we can never truly be sure from where we first originated. It's almost something we could call the Deoxyribonucleic Acid Geneticwave Background, or DNAGB for short. Our ancestral axis reaches back to a coordinated and fixed point of familial reference which is a reference point among reference points in the ~~entangled~~[interwoven] trace-wave-pattern of human procession. Perhaps then there is no family tree, but rather a family sea. This would assist in explaining the complexity of, and troughs or gaps of the evolutionary process. Branches of the tree aren't lost or missing answers laying in situ waiting for us to build a freeway so that we can take the Gods out of some of those gaps and replace Them, no, they have been completely washed away. They may have left trace-waves, wakes, or no trace-wake at all. This type of representation, a family sea rather than a family tree, is consummately more difficult to represent, yet knows how to effortlessly entail and put on display the spacetime mirage and the human family in its innate reflective nature. This, a perfect example of cross-disciplined communication necessary to build more complete models of our experience. The evidence is abundant, and a few ~~pages~~[waves] back I said that the reflection of the universe being evident in music would most certainly find an equivalent in our most treasured artists.

Not many have provided a better example of how we may represent the family sea in a complex and infinite, yet beautifully simple form, more than Katsushika Hokusai.

In Hokusai's famous woodblock print, *Under the Wave off Kanagawa*, (fig. 1.4.1), he illustrates the fractal adumbrations of nature with a quality that is difficult to reproduce even by the artistic standards of today —AI included.



Figure 1.2.1., Katsushika Hokusai's, *Under the Wave Off Kanagawa*, c.1830-32

While it is true that Hokusai also represented these qualities in other forms of nature such as trees and clouds, and a fractal representation of life may be a more beneficial approach in general, I believe the representation of water to be our most vital and useful imagery.

Representation of Entity Morphology

This is a bit of a tricky section. Not just because we're dealing with elves, jesters, and so on, but because there are many angles to take, and while the entities are often encountered they are likely the least explored and explained. Here, we are not dealing with the simplistic idea that the entities simply are what they are as they are and they are somewhere out there, nor that it is all in your head. No, no, it is likely much more complex, yet ordinary than that. So far as I can see at present there are at least two superficial explanations which are out of their depth.

Needless to say, but not frivolously, you will see the entities you see exactly because of who you are. As previously mentioned this could be because of either, or both, sociocultural influence and genetic history. Do we see elves and fairies because we have heard in stories past that when one takes a sufficient hit of DMT that they will inevitably meet elves and fairies, or do we meet elves and fairies because of the intergenerational imprint of some heretofore unknown genetic ancestry and its associated imagery and way-making? This is to say that there is both a sociocultural *and* genetic influence at play in what you will encounter. These two superficial explanations often blend into one. If this reasoning for why we see elves and fairies stands, then it follows that this same concept extends to that of the other altered states of consciousness previously referenced, such as but not limited to: sleep and dream states, visionary states or spontaneous phenomena, near-death experiences, comatose states, methods of meditation, etc.

What neurons and DNA do is what atoms and photons do and what atoms and photons do is what neurons and DNA do. Certainly, there is no doubt that one may see their ancestors in a visionary or psychonautic state because their ancestors are quite literally them. No doubt one may see religious or sacred iconography which stands to comfort and ease and convert their life-long and often multigenerational faith into a knowing. In a sense, this idea—with an added flair of personal, experimental and experiential ~~randomness~~[spontaneity]—perplexed Terence McKenna.

He said,

“Other times it can be very cosmic. It can be steered. This is a phenomenon that totally puzzles me that many people have verified, which is: you can give it a theme. Like, you can say, “Art deco,” and this stuff will begin flowing toward you. Millions and millions and millions of cigarette lighters, ash trays, glasses, dresses. All this stuff, all perfectly realized Art Deco. High Art Deco. And then you can just say, you know, “No. Hellenic Greece.” And it does that. And then you can say, “Okay, do one I’ve never seen,” and it can do that. And you say, “Okay, now make it weird.” And it just wooooooh! And you say, “Okay, that’s weird enough!” And what is happening here, you know? I mean, orthodox evolutionary theory, if it can be extended to brain organization, would tell you that you’re not supposed to have anything in your head that doesn’t have a survival purpose, a biological *raison d’être*. And yet, [there’s] vast amounts of imagery and information.”¹¹

Beyond what you and the entities already know you know: your ancestry, your art history, your comforts, your fears, etc., there is “surprise” and “weirdness” upon request because what happens is so ~~randomly~~[spontaneously] unintuitive that it is without and beyond concept. It occurs in such a manner that we cannot lexically and physiologically compute and communicate it with words in an effective or efficient manner.

Additionally, not only can you give them requests to change the theme, you may request that they operate as their fundamental sElves; sElf-dribbling, party-going, bubbling cloud particles of the Dark and Grey Matter Terrains. The surprises, peculiarities, and atomic marbling of things we have never seen before are not entirely with-out us—that could never be the case. The ever-present, effervescent, humility-inducing fact of the matter *within* is we simply cannot explain all that is percolating through the brain and body just as we cannot explain all that is permeating the universe. So far as I can tell there is an ~~entangled~~[interwoven] and immediate mirroring of active, resting, excitatory and inhibitory potentials in every individuals neural complex and in every thread of the universe.

Additionally, I think it wise to consider the genetics and ancestry of the plant being consumed. Any other seemingly inexplicable ~~randomness~~[spontaneity] of imagery and happenings must include the life

¹¹ McKenna, Terence, “Walking Out of the Ordinary”

and experiences of the plant, its genetic makeup, the history of where it may have *derived* its life; i.e. coprophilic mushrooms from the excrement of animals, its environs, et al.

When my endodimethyltryptamine undergoes expansion do I unspeakably communicate with faceless atomic elf-jester-geometry, dragons, snakes and dragonfish out there in a hyperspatial plane because with them my locally couch-comfortable genetic code and neural activity are in the midst of a quantum entanglement[interweaving]? I think so. Am I sometimes overcome with the desire to listen to Brazilian samba rock music after a trip because of certain *Mimosa Hostilis* Root Barks? I think so. The brain and the entities, the dark and mysterious universe of the matter—they will continue to show us things we have never before seen, things that are, as Terence relayed, “beyond what we *can* suppose”.

There is always more to what we think we already know.

Self-Transforming Cephalopod Machines

As another matter and method of discussing the concept of syntax driving light we may turn to the cephalopods. Coleoid cephalopods are capable of vast arrays of morphological representation. They can change the color and texture of their skin to mimic and match myriad facets of their environs, as well as to communicate moods or intentions such as hunger and sexual reproduction. Much of this is seen to occur through a tissue-specific protein recoding wherein messenger RNA converts specified proteins found within its static, prepotent genome of Mollusca relations into a dynamic proteome of both evolutionary and adaptive characteristics. In other words, for decades now, and with research of fully sequenced cephalopod genomes ever-revealing more, we have seen squids, octopus, and cuttlefish adaptively inject and recode novel traits into their DNA sequence, allowing them the ability to flow effortlessly and unmediated through their aquatic system.¹²

Quite serendipitously for much of the intended linguistics of this over-arching work, the Marine Biological Laboratory of the University of Chicago called this RNA editing behavior, “Another Arrow in the Quiver to Generate Novelty”¹³. Indeed when a coleoid cephalopod churns up its genome, like water does to the sands resting beneath, it is taking a new arrow out of the quiver, placing it in its coordinated stream of static and prepotent cephalopod DNA, pulling back from the future all pre-encoded possible developments which may require future modifications or upgrades, and releases it into the stream of time and experience without a second thought—more likely with no thought at all; just a knowing how to move this new energy forward.

This molecular and quantum method of phosphorescent and textile adaptation and communication is the same syntax driving light of the universe and the DMT entities. They wear their brains, minds,

¹² Albertin, C.B., “Genome and transcriptome mechanisms driving cephalopod evolution.”, 2022

¹³ Kenney, Diana, “Squid and Octopus Genome Studies Reveal How Cephalopods’ Unique Traits Evolve”, 2022

thoughts and intentions on their skin—*at the very surface*. This not only opens the representational form that language can take but speeds up the method of communication altogether and leaves little to no room for misconstruing intention or actions—much akin to perceiving emotion on someones face. This is not really a syntax which is generated, but rather—as the *Daodejing* expresses—a syntax that is *becoming*.¹⁴ It is clear that the cephalopods and the elf-machines are not simply beings, but rather they are becomings. They have perfected in their very nature the nature of photons and trees. It is when one of the adumbrated impressions from the probable future *must become* the physical reality. Reality, observed or unobserved, is not something that is, it is something that is becoming.

These self-anticipatory, self-transforming intelligent elf-machine cloud-bubble party marbles are mutually entailed DNA, RNA, proteins, enzymes, mitochondria, neurotransmitters, neurons, fermions, bosons, photons, et al., in an interwoven dance of individualized disposition, so that they may most effortlessly and dynamically utilize their elements of reality to become everything in this prepotent system of quantum, micro, and macro relationships.

This brings us to our next subsection, *Vintepathy*. This is more or less a churned up excerpt of journal entries regarding how to discuss this method of visible communication and quantum spooky action.

Vintepathy

One of the more curious aspects of the experience is one that is known to occur on other hallucinogens such as LSD and psilocybin. Users will often report vaguely defined and mysterious forms of telepathy, or synchronized thoughts, or a sort of simply knowing what someone else needs or what their intentions may be without that person having said a word about it. This absolutely translates to the DMT experience. Though interestingly enough it is not just the various entities: elves, bubbles, marbles, fairies, jesters, insectoids, light-beings, dragons, snakes, etc., which communicate in this nonverbal seemingly telepathic manner, but also, the entire field of the experience—even the geometric patterns. Beings with faces and forms, beings with forms but no faces, and forms such as geometry and serpent tubes have a way of welcoming you, and informing you, and interacting with you without the trappings of a spoken language. Some may say that this is nothing more than *grokking*—understanding something intuitively or by empathy—but there is much more at play here.

Terence McKenna said that the world is made of language but also admitted to its limits and the need to understand the unspeakable, saying,

“What is language? What is it if the world is made out of it? Well this becomes dicey because the tool for describing language is language. You don’t have to have graduated from Logic III to understand that there is a self-limiting program involved

¹⁴ Ames, Roger T., and Hall, David L., 2003, “Dao De Jing: A Philosophical Translation”.

in something carrying out a complete description of itself. It's a tautology. It can't be done. Does that mean that language can only be understood from the vantage point of the unspeakable? I think so. We didn't know what that meant. We thought the unspeakable was like silence. That isn't what it is. The unspeakable is the grounds of language."¹⁵

This is, in all manners, matters and forms conceivable, a language that is fathomed only when it is beheld. I maintain that this does not solely relate to optical interaction, nor optical illusion. As a way of describing this non-linguistic experience I have formulated a word with several definitions:

Vintepathy

1. a vibrationally visual and vintage pathology.
2. the visual adumbration of intention experienced as unmediated wisdom, reciprocated or trepidatious emotion, and is the non-verbal, non-lexically construed communication of our archaic ancestors, and of nature.
3. a universal morphic resonance.
4. the spiritual "gift of discernment"
5. The visible language of cephalopods.
6. quantum teleportation of information

These experiences do not reside categorized among mere understanding and empathy. Rather, it is an unmediated knowing entailing the dance of ~~chaotic randomness~~[genuine spontaneity]. Vintepathy is an ~~entanglement~~[interweaving] of felt, visual, and genetic experience. Many report that in the initial instance of their DMT watershed they feel an overwhelming sensation of unmediated wisdom, a true knowing of the honest intent of welcoming love into the space as they take their brave first step onto the terrain. This is communicated through vibrations of intentional action and is also seen in the resting and active behaviors of entities and others. Vintepathy is not only vibrational and visual, but vintage in the sense that our ancestors were at one time more intimately familiar with the unspeakable than are we. It is in us to behold and understand without us having to talk about it. This is nature resonating with nature in all scopes.

Any one who can talk to their dog and receive a proper response without saying a word will understand this.

¹⁵ McKenna, Terence, *The Edge Runner*, May 1990