

The Sound of Rushing Water

Content Dictates Form

“Experience has shown, and a true philosophy will always show, that a vast, perhaps larger portion of the truth arises from the seemingly irrelevant.”

– Edgar Allen Poe

Our minds have evolved to take on our environs in the same manner water does when entering any vessel. Water is our most vital life force, a commodity beyond the precious. Mind is much like water—mind is precious liquid. It takes on the shape of its surroundings and is most effective when it goes unnoticed, though it is essential and must be noticed. It is vital to forging our way forward and any sound one knows it is also too precious to squander and lose. A brain without a mind is a body without water. A body of water brings a sound mind. Stay hydrated, folks; mentally, physically, spiritually. While our mind is constantly taking on the shape of what is always all around us, it is not the cyclical and common events of the day to day—those things which leave lasting imprints: valleys, basins, and canyons of routine life—but mere moments which spontaneously surprise and permanently carve out new landscapes for exploration and habitation.

This idea can be summed up in the form of a truism, *Content Dictates Form*. This was requested to be set in stone for artists by Stephen Sondheim; the perfect form for such a dictate. In an interview he had for the Library of Congress with Mark Eden Horowitz he expressed this concept when discussing another truism, *Less is More*. In regards to “taking out the underbrush, or the overgrowth...” and rethinking or revising an already realized, actualized piece of art,

“I like the old scores fine. It seems right to me that Sweeney Todd is thick, whereas Sunday in the Park with George is very spare. And that seems right, because look what Seurat did—the score echoes the subject.”¹

Content Dictates Form. The contents of consciousness dictate the form of the individual. The contents of the individual dictate the form of conscious awareness. However, the contents of consciousness are prepotent to the existence of the form of the individual, so the contents of the

¹ Sondheim, Stephen., *Sondheim on Music, Minor Details & Major Decisions* by Mark Eden Horowitz, Library of Congress, c1, p p. 43

world play a larger role on the dictation of the form of the individual; a spot of Functional Determinism to get your Free Will back on track. It seems right to me that the contents of the world, especially the immediate, local world, dictate the form of the individual. This goes beyond the obvious genetic dictate that we are discussing the physical form of a man and not a cow, or a dog. Yes, the contents of the DNA dictate the physical form. Consciousness being what it is, however, there are overlaps in experience regardless the physical form. For reference and comprehension revisit Zhuangzi and Huizi conversing above the fish and the Hao River. Human minds of liquid consciousness are liquid minds of human conscious awareness and they will take on the form of their surroundings in the same manner water does when entering any basin.

Before moving forward to the insistent particulars it should be noted that “liquid” in regards to consciousness and mind is not necessarily meant as literal, though this may be the case. It may be that it is liquid only in reference to its adaptability, as well as its motion. Though it may be a synthesis of these ideas, as the case may be that we see the motions we do in the universe because the Marangoni effect is at play on a large, tension-textured scale, but this is for later. For now, it could be said to be more like a current of air.

From the *Daodejing*, Chapter 5,

"The space between the heavens and the earth—
Isn't it just like a bellows!
Even though empty it is not vacuous
Pump it and more and more comes out."

The form of a fire is, among other things, dictated by the content of its surrounding air current. Pump more air into the fire, the more fire you will receive. The more conscious experience is pumped into the human mind the more conscious that mind becomes, and therefore, the more “*human*” consciousness becomes. The more this occurs the more likely there is to be overlap in the human experience. The trick is noticing and recognizing that similarities oft reside in the space between where the contents of language dictate the forms of the world. We are all playing a game of the naming of things, there are different names for the same thing, and when a new name is allegedly found, the same old game is right around the corner waiting to take on a new sequel form. The content of language dictates the form of the world. It's as Terence McKenna said, “the world is made of language.”

Phlegmatic Shamanism

“The sound of rushing water filled his ears, and listening to its roar, he knew he possessed the power of *tsungi*, the first shaman. Now he could see. Now he could find the truth.”²

– Michael Harner

From where I am, knowing now how Dennis McKenna must have felt during the weeks of late February and early March of 1971 as recorded in, *True Hallucinations*, I must insist on linking several experiences which appear to arise from seemingly irrelevant forms of circumstance and situation, but which are universal in their content. This excerpt is from a time when Dennis believed in, and saw a connection between two ostensibly unrelated mechanisms of translinguistic and conscious action.

“We talked at length there by the river’s edge, ranging over the options and the possibilities. He was insistent in linking my experience in Nepal with a very strange phenomenon that occurred in Jivaro shamanism in Ecuador. The people take ayahuasca after which they, and anyone else who has taken ayahuasca, are able to see a substance that is described as violet or deep blue and that bubbles like a liquid. When you vomit from taking ayahuasca, this violet fluid comes out of your body; it also forms on the surface of the skin, like sweat. The Jivaro did much of their magic with this peculiar stuff. These matters are extremely secret. Informants insist that the shamans spread the stuff out on the ground in front of them, and that one can look at this material and see other times and other places. According to their reports, the nature of this fluid is space/time or mind, or it is pure hallucination objectively expressed but always keeping itself within the confines of a liquid.”³

In various locations of the Amazon Basin there are objects known as magical darts, which—depending on the intent of the shaman—are either used to bewitch, or to cure those around them. These darts will have different names depending on where you are. The Jívaro shamans of Ecuador use what is known as a *tsentsak*. When the mestizo shamans of Peruvian Amazon utilize it they call it a *virote*. Anthropologist Michael J. Harner reports the following regarding the *tsentsak* as conceptualized by the Jívaros,

² Harner, Michael, J., *Sound of Rushing Water, Health and the Human Condition, Folk Healers and Ethnomedicine* 1978., pp. 188

³ McKenna, Terence., *True Hallucinations, Being an Account of the Author's Extraordinary Adventures in the Devil's Paradise*. Harper Collins, New York, NY, 1993

“According to Jivaro concepts, each *tsentsak* has a natural and a supernatural aspect. The magical dart’s natural aspect is that of an ordinary material object as seen without drinking the drug *natemä*. (Jivaroan word for Ayahuasca). But the supernatural and “true” aspect of the *tsentsak* is revealed to the shaman by taking *natemä*. When he does this, the magical darts appear in new forms as demons and with new names. In their supernatural aspects, *tsentsak*’s are not simply objects but spirit helpers in various forms, such as giant butterflies, jaguars, or monkeys, who actively assist the shaman in his tasks.”⁴

In regards to the natural aspect of the dart it can vary widely. They are tiny objects often extracted from something, including but not limited to: venomous snakes, fish quills, wasps and scorpion stingers, plant parts such as tree thorns, insects and even small stones. The physical aspects of the *tsentsak* are stored in the phlegm of the stomach or the chest which is known to the shamans as *yachay*. This phlegm is thought to contain within it the spirit of nature and is the key source of knowledge for the shaman. It is only when the shaman imbibes in their brew of ayahuasca that the supernatural aspect of the *tsentsak*, the morphological spirit helpers, and the *yachay*, the violet or deep blue, bubbling liquid come forth and are realized.

In Greek, “phlegm” is a multifaceted and important concept. It is one of what is known as the ‘Four Temperaments,’ also referred to as the humors. The Greeks believed human personalities were controlled by four different bodily fluids, those being blood, yellow bile, black bile, and phlegm. Phlegm in terms of the personality is mirrored in the natural element of water. These individuals are the phlegmatic—calm, cool, unemotional. However, it may also be seen mirrored in the natural element of fire, being that the original meaning for phlegm, phlegma, means “flame, fire, heat.” These phlegmatic individuals may also have an inflammatory side, sending tidal waves of fire down any path—bewitching their chosen victim where they could otherwise remain calm and curative.

The supernatural aspect of the phlegm, and the visual reports of the fluid, combined with a half-remembered reference is perhaps where some of the original bewildering wonder began for our friends investigating and experimenting at La Chorerra, but I think this excerpt, (also from Harner’s piece), might be what sparked this lengthy discussion which started all those years ago at the edges of the Amazon river,

⁴ Harner, Michael, J., *Sound of Rushing Water, Health and the Human Condition, Folk Healers and Ethnomedicine* 1978., pp. 188

“To give the novice some *tsentsak*, the practicing shaman regurgitates what appears to be—to those who have taken *natemä*—**a brilliant substance** in which the spirit helpers are contained. . . The Jívaro believe they can keep magical darts in their stomachs indefinitely and regurgitate them at will. The shaman donating the *tsentsak* **periodically blows and rubs all over the body of the novice**, apparently to increase the power of the transfer.”⁵

In these and other ayahuasca accounts there are many variations on the overall theme, but the theme endures. Not every ingestion in the form of ayahuasca will be the same, but the contents of the hallucination may contain as many overlaps in experience as it does contain the absence of an experience. Ayahuasca can take on many subtle forms which in turn means the content can take on many subtle forms, but since it is invariably in the form of ayahuasca then it must need be that it is subject to its underlying natural and supernatural content—making for a base of experience, no matter the brew. In attempting to conceptualize a unified model of these circumstances, Terence McKenna reflected,

“Looking back from the vantage point of over twenty years, these notes seem both arcane and naive. The idea of a possible unitary metamorphosis of the mental and physical worlds is counterintuitive and conceptually difficult, yet the belief that something real lies behind this phenomenon, or the idea of it, was a central factor in leading us to explore the shamanism of the Amazon Basin. At the time when I first read these notes, I doubted what I read. It seemed to go against the grain of common sense; I could not really understand them. Today, after years of education pushed toward understanding the events at La Chorerra, these ideas seem as magically near and yet as far away as they did then. We had a theory and we had an experience, and we soon decided to try to link them through an experiment whose results would have been preposterous unless there were some seed of operational truth in the bizarre ideas born in that period.”⁶

Rounding back to the insistent similarity Dennis saw between this *tsentsak-yachay* mechanism and Terence’s experience in Nepal, I insist that his experience in Kathmandu is eerily reminiscent of some of my own experiences. Terence recounts one night when he fulfilled the

⁵ Harner, Michael, J., *Sound of Rushing Water., Health and the Human Condition, Folk Healers and Ethnomedicine* 1978., pp. 189 (emphasis added)

⁶ McKenna, Terence., *True Hallucinations, Being an Account of the Author's Extraordinary Adventures in the Devil's Paradise.* Harper Collins, New York, NY, 1993, c7, pp. 76

promise he made with some friends to let them each try some of the DMT he had. The night started with Terence taking a tab of his treasured stash of Orange Sunshine LSD before his friends arrived. Upon their arrival, they took the pulverized and tea-soaked seeds of *Datura metel* used to substitute for the lack of LSD to go around. They shared some hash and relaxed as the moon rose high into the night sky. When Terence came back from a bout of getting lost in the mental spaces and spell of his LSD visions he found that one friend had gone away, and only he and a woman remained. With fluid motion he offered her his DMT pipe and they both partook. They were sent away on their DMT flashes and upon returning found themselves reaching for one another, a thought they had neither previously considered. Terence recounted,

“Then we made love. Or rather we had an experience that vaguely related to making love but was a thing unto itself. We were both howling and singing in the glossolalia of DMT, rolling over the ground with everything awash in crawling, geometric hallucinations. She was transformed; words exist to describe what she became—pure anima, Kali, Leucothea, something erotic but not human, something addressed to the species and not to the individual, glittering with the possibility of cannibalism, madness, space, and extinction. She seemed on the edge of devouring me.

Reality was shattered. This kind of fucking occurs at the very limits of what is possible. Everything had been transformed into orgasm and visible, chattering oceans of elf language. Then I saw that where our bodies were glued together there was flowing, out of her, over me, over the floor of the roof, flowing everywhere, some sort of obsidian liquid, something dark and glittering, with color and lights within it. After the DMT flash, after the seizures and orgasms, after all that, this new thing shocked me to the core. What was this fluid and what was going on? I looked at it. I looked right into it, and it was the surface of my own mind reflected in front of me. Was it translinguistic matter, the living opalescent excrescence of the alchemical abyss of hyperspace, something generated by the sex act performed under such crazy conditions? I looked into it again and saw in it the lama who taught me Tibetan, who would have been asleep miles away. In the fluid I saw him, in the company of a monk I had never seen; they were looking into a

mirrored plate. Then I realized that they were watching me! I could not understand it. I looked away from the fluid and away from my companion, so intense was her aura of strangeness."⁷

The Primordial Substance

So what is it? What is this substance? Well, it is a substance that takes on the quality of the mind, and mind is liquid. Minds can take on many subtle forms which in turn means the content can take on many subtle forms. Since these minds we are discussing are incontrovertibly in the form of human minds then it must need be that it is dictated by its underlying genetic and ancestral content. Meaning, a substance made visible seems to be present in all of these experiences because that is an aspect of the human experience; an encounter with a substance. The form will vary slightly only due to the dictates of the prepotent content of the environment.

“It echoes the subject.”

Concerning what I said in a previous chapter about my Grandpa Jack and his Grandma Mollie, “Simply put, my Grandfather is a product of her genetic code; he is her, and she is him.”

Given that, then it follows that I am him, and he is me. If that is true then I know what my Grandfather was likely doing in the moments before Grandma Mollie breached the surface of his mind in the Salt Lake City Temple in 1951. He was either intently reading the chapel provided scriptures, or he was in a deep Mormon meditation—clearing out the excess chatter of the natural man so that he could be ever-present for the sweet, little, and still-small voice of the Spirit, whispering, “Don’t you think it wise to go check with the temple clerk to make certain that no family names have been left behind?” It would appear that the only thing missing in his account is the encounter with the liquid substance, however, it seems right that his encounter took on the form of an ancestor, because look at what he was doing—he was acting as proxy, an eternal beneficiary to the perceived and believed eternal salvation of another soul. *It echoes the subject.* Now, I can’t help but wonder if the Elder sent to my Great Grandma Rosa Lee via Grandpa Annie’s prayer was not just a quantum of experience interweaving sisterly DNA—requiring neither Space nor Time to deliver the message, allowing for substance in the form of “an Elder with the church” to surface. Perhaps it was someone from the depths of their still

⁷ McKenna, Terence., *True Hallucinations, Being an Account of the Author's Extraordinary Adventures in the Devil's Paradise.* Harper Collins, New York, NY, 1993, c6, pp.61-62

living, embodied, and shared genetic family line—an ancestral angel, a being of light-operation in the waiting room of an endogenous-DMT hyperspace. . . in Spirit Paradise. . . a liquid substance appearing in formless present form to heal and guide.

In any and all of these examples the longer the content is studied the more it seems right that their substances inhabit the particular forms they do. It seems right that it takes on the form of nature spirit helpers for the Jívaro Shamans, and it seems right that it takes on the form of ancestors for Mormons in the temple, and it seems right that for dreaming children or psychonauts traversing quantum hyper-realms it takes on the form of magical creatures, superpowers, jesters, unimaginable shapes, and infinite oceans of color and light.

D.E. Harding also recognized this content dictation of form, saying,

“Whether this Entity is recognized as God, or Christ, or some other Divine Being, or the Light of Consciousness Itself, depends (not surprisingly) on the beliefs and expectations of the patient.”⁸

The *yachay* or supernatural fluid of the phlegmatic Amazonian shamans, the obsidian liquid from Terence McKenna’s Kathmandu interlude, the iridescent ocean from my recurring dreams, and several of my own DMT trips, from my grandfather in the Salt Lake City temple, what do they all have in common? They admit to the presence of a substance in some form which is known and seen only when time and space collapse—where they contract, or are a-bridged; whether Einstein-Rosen, or ecumenical—leaving only the natural and eternal yawning moment of the present to be experienced through all no-time.

Liquid mind is a substance dictated by the contents of the human form and it entails the experiences that form undertakes. I found that Dennis McKenna shared similar speculations and wondered if this violet substance of the phlegmatics was in the mind or if it is an actual fluid. He further suggested that it is perhaps only visible in the UV spectrums which ayahuasca may enable one to see—this mirroring my intuitive hypothesis that when one consumes DMT they are opened up to the expansive view of a transvisible plane of matter. This is something that can be seen and experienced by anyone taking the molecule and will appear in various spectrums and various forms, but it is that terrain we seek to understand and there is intense energy found there.

Here is what Dennis had to say regarding the phenomenon in his journal in 1971,

⁸ Harding, D. E., ‘*Science of the 1st Person, It’s Principles, Practice and Potential*,’ Shollund Trust, 2020, c22, pp. 52

“Many questions occur concerning the phenomenology of this temporal hologram as fluid matrix. We speculate it is hyperdimensionally metabolized tryptamine—an alchemical phenomenon which is a correct union of tryptamine (a compound nearly ubiquitous in organic nature), with vocally produced sound mediated by mind. It is the mind that directs this process, and that direction consists of a harmonic attunement to an interiorized audio-linguistic phenomenon which may be an electron-spin resonance “tone” of the psilocybin molecule. When this tone is locked in on—a process which consists of vocally imitating the interior tone to perfection, the hyperdimensional tryptamine is produced. Is this substance mental as an idea is mental? Is it as real as an ordinary liquid, like water? Harner insisted that Jivaro shamans under the influence of MAO-inhibiting tryptamine plus *Banisteriopsis caapi* (ayahuasca) infusions produce a fluorescent liquid by means of which they accomplish all of their magic. Though invisible to the ordinary perception, this fluid is said to be visible to anyone who has ingested the brew. Ayahuasca is frequently associated with violet auras and deep blue hallucinations. This may indicate a thermal plasma, perhaps only visible in the UV spectrum. If this phenomenon is found to fall into the category “mental,” indicated above, functioning as described, but with the limitation of not being tangential to ordinary spacetime, it will still represent perfected understanding of the hyperdimension Jung named the collective unconscious.”⁹

Over the years I have had several of my own encounters with a strange colorful substance, some of which have been discussed previously, with a few more yet to be realized in print. Furthermore, I find that this transvisible, translinguistic substance is actually formless because its base state is liquid—the only state of matter with no fixed form. Mind is like a liquid, and when we and the shamans encounter these states of conscious awareness we see its timeless and formless form. Understanding the mind as liquid is like understanding a zen kōan. As Alan Watts said in, *The Way of Zen*,

⁹ McKenna, Terence., *True Hallucinations, Being an Account of the Author's Extraordinary Adventures in the Devil's Paradise*. Harper Collins, New York, NY, 1993, c7, pp.75-76

“The continued practice of zazen now provides the student with a clear, unobstructed mind into which he can toss the kōan like a pebble into a pool and simply watch to see what his mind does with it.”¹⁰

I find this further clarified in the actions of the phlegmatic shamans who, only after ingesting an ayahuasca brew, and only then after regurgitating their personal liquid matter and gifting it to another—*only then* does the liquid mind morph into the form of a spirit helper. Only after a Latter-day Saint has entered a meditative state in the sacred space of the temple, and only after having been previously endowed with sacred covenants can their liquid mind—ascending the genetic ladder and up through the cortical columns—only then can it morph into the form of a spirit helper, or a long-lost yet never far away ancestor. Only after a mystic has eaten of the hidden manna—only then can they see and hear and feel quintessential essence. Only after a shaman has drunk the brew and heard the sound of rushing waters, only then can they see and find the truth.

The substance is still liquid regardless its apparent form as there is a definitive and nearly constant volume to it independent of the pressures and annealing it undergoes, but it is a more delicate type of matter with its particle structure not as tight-knit as that of a solid substance. This, so that it can slip through any space at any time—almost unnoticed—taking on the form its contents dictate. Oddly enough, the idea of mind as liquid, and the idea that this is something that can only be perceived when one is otherwise under the influence, this is not entirely different from Joseph Smith’s description of Spirit—perhaps another spot of evidence for my great-great-grand Grandma Mollie being this mysterious substance as well. As Smith stated,

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

We cannot see it; but when our bodies are purified we shall see that it is all matter.”¹¹

¹⁰ Watts, Alan., *The Way of Zen.*, 1957

¹¹ “The Doctrine and Covenants of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints”, Salt Lake City, UT: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 2013. Section 131.7–8. Online at <https://www.churchofjesuschrist.org/study/scriptures/dc-testament/dc/131?lang=eng>

This substance is the mind in its infinitely variable formless forms. Recall from Terence McKenna's escapade in Nepal, he said of the fluid, “. . . *I looked at it. I looked right into it, and it was the surface of my own mind reflected in front of me. . .*” The mind ordinarily takes on the solid shape of each individual human it inhabits, but on such particularly splendid occasions the substance reverts back to its base liquid state—becoming a “temporal hologram as fluid matrix—” slipping out through refined, dilated eyes and into the transvisible spectrum for beholding.

If it is in fact matter linked to the solid shape of a human individual's physiology, and not only a transvisible hologram, then what exactly is it? The questions still remain, what is the physical representation of the fluid and how is it extraneous to the ordinary perception of, and encounter with the mirage of spacetime? Is it the phlegm that the Greeks and the Amazonian shamans say contain the spirit of nature and a human temperament? Is it blood? Bile? Sweat? How could any of those allow for perception through mind and time? I'm not certain they do, nor could. However, I believe an entourage of aspects are colliding here, some in the form of substance, others in the formless of ideas.

Watershed Mind

“Drugs and words have the same mechanism of action”

— Fabrizio Benedetti

I had been wondering off-hand what exactly is the information doctors glean from performing a lumbar puncture, otherwise known as a spinal tap. It has been presented as potential option for diagnosing my ailments before so occasionally I think about the procedure. But this time I wondered what it could be in particular that is found in the results. Was it the color, the viscosity, or something microscopically observed? I had no idea. Turns out it is at least a mixture of the first two. The fluid is naturally clear with the consistency of water and while not diagnostic in and of itself a color change in cerebrospinal fluid (CSF), even if just turbid, may indicate the presence of another substance in the mix such as blood cells or bilirubin. It may also become thicker in different cases of cancer or infection. This is all interesting enough, however, what this spot of personal research lead me to find was a very recent publication regarding the intriguing presence of CSF in the awake brain, a phenomenon commonly known to occur during sleep and dream states. This awake state flow was triggered and monitored when scientists showed a flickering checkerboard to six healthy, wide-awake adults.¹² The implications alone are

¹² Makin, Simon, ScienceNews., 'Scientists triggered the flow of spinal fluid in the awake brain,' Mar. 30, 2023., online at <https://www.sciencenews.org/article/scientists-spinal-fluid-awake-brain>

fascinating, as scientists hope to find signs that this “washing” of the brain in CSF has cleansing and therapeutic value for such disease’s as Alzheimer’s, which patients historically have often suffered from sleep deprivation.¹³

I believe that what is occurring in the case of the Amazonian Shamans, Terence in Katmandu, and several of my encounters, is that when someone ingests a potent tryptamine their brain is awash in cerebrospinal fluid, and that this is the literal physical representation of that infamous “psychofluid.”

In a 2019 study entitled, *Biosynthesis and Extracellular Concentrations of N,N-dimethyltryptamine (DMT) in Mammalian Brain*, Dr. Jon G. Dean found that the enzymes required for the production of DMT in a mammalian brain were present in a region named the choroid plexus—which is primarily responsible for the release of cerebrospinal fluid. This further suggests that when the brain is in a state of dreaming, or any otherwise endogenously altered state of conscious perception such as a spontaneous awakening or other moment of neural annealing toward healing that there is the potential for a conversion of enzymes leading to an injection of DMT into the CSF as it then washes over the brain. This would follow in the case of neural annealing if we are to believe that a CSF wash contains some therapeutic efficacy; the glassy sea of cerebrospinal fluid mingled with tryptamine meets the fires of neurology, insulating and warming the cortex to a particular temperature, thus leaving behind a more resilient mind and body.

It would seem to follow to me then that this beautifully answers a decades old wonder regarding Michael Harner’s influential article, *The sound of rushing water*, for that sound is the brain receiving its wash of liquid mind—cerebrospinal fluid infused with tryptamine. You see, a psychedelic like DMT is a psychoscope; that is to say it is like the microscope for the psyche, or as some may call it, the quantum. Hearing this sound of rushing waters is like holding your ear up to a sea shell to hear the acoustical mirage of blood flow and air currents, only with DMT you’re holding up your entire auditory cortex to the sea of the mind. Once the scope of this sound is heard and realized it may then reach watershed, spilling forth into reality, actualizing the oceans of the timeless time within and surrounding your own formless form.

On November 15, 2023 I came across a conversation on the Shaman Oaks YouTube Channel regarding a gentleman, Vincent Tolman, who had been pronounced dead for 45 minutes and subsequently experienced an NDE. At one point during the NDE Vincent came across a stream of water and reported that the water asked if he wanted it to wash over him, Vincent said yes. He

¹³ Beil, Laura., ScienceNews., *‘The brain may clean out Alzheimer’s plaques during sleep,’* July 15, 2018., online at <https://www.sciencenews.org/article/sleep-brain-alzheimers-plaques-protein>

said it began to trickle over him from the feet on upwards, that it was not wet, and that it made him feel both warm and cold. Vincent reports that it was a moment of healing. I believe this is another instance of an individual reporting a body of rushing waters washing over them in a moment of exotic phenomenal time mingled with deep healing, and that that body of water is cerebrospinal fluid, perhaps infused with endogenous DMT somewhere along the way.

A Translinguistic Quantum Psychojewel

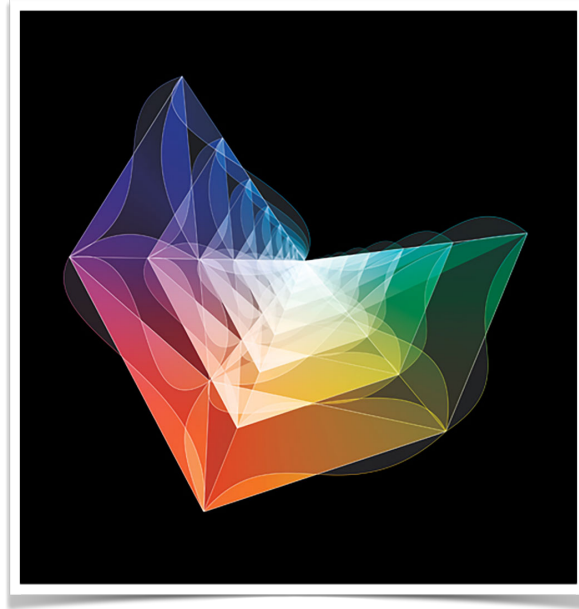
There is something to be said for liquid not being the only form of mind and consciousness. Within the contents of the stories retold by many psychonautic travelers are not just the images of wonderfully unifying symmetry elements and their accompanying dancing movements and colors, but tales of more present, more tangible, crystalline forms of symmetry waiting to wade with us through the n-dimensional waves of life.

When Heraclitus described the Aeon of incalculable time it was said to be like a child playing with draughts. When Terence McKenna's friend Ev recalled one of her hallucinations she described a small creature playing with a draught, or a polyhedron which seemed like "a window onto another place in time or another world," and in my recurring dreams as a child I would see small creatures tossing around hyper-crystals, polyhedrons of windowed light, and I have observed and realized them many times as I have expanded my mind onto the terrain of DMT since those childhood dreams.

It wasn't until late 2022 that I came upon an article that had been published by Quanta Magazine in 2013 entitled, *A Jewel at the Heart of Quantum Physics*. This article discusses a complex object that is something like a "geometric representation of real particle data. . ." with calculations made plain, and complexity simplified—as if designed by Steve Jobs in his afterlife. This newly discovered crystal converts and transforms the mathematical calculations and formulas needed for testing the scattering processes and amplitudes of particles from being thousands of terms long to, "yielding an equivalent one-term expression." This jewel is called the amplituhedron and is described as such,

"The amplituhedron looks like an intricate, multifaceted jewel in higher dimensions. Encoded in its volume are the most basic features of reality that can be calculated, "scattering amplitudes," which represent the likelihood that a certain set of particles will turn into certain other particles upon colliding.

These numbers are what particle physicists calculate and test to high precision at particle accelerators like the Large Hadron Collider in Switzerland.”¹⁴



Artist's rendering of the amplituhedron by Andy Gilmore.

Beautifully, this amplituhedron contains within it the truism that content dictates form. The researchers stated that,

“The details of a particular scattering process dictate the dimensionality and facets of the corresponding amplituhedron.”

This could otherwise be said,

The **content** of a particular scattering process **dictates** the **form** of the corresponding amplituhedron.

Content Dictates Form. This object is the formless form of all probability through time—a master amplituhedron with infinite facets. This master crystal was described by the team of researchers as something,

¹⁴ Wolchover, Natalie., Quanta Magazine., 'A Jewel at the Heart of Quantum Physics,' Sept. 17, 2013., online at <https://www.quantamagazine.org/print>

“. . .analogous to a circle in 2-D, which has an infinite number of sides. Its volume represents, in theory, the total amplitude of all physical processes. . .”

As a former Latter-day Saint still interested in Mormon cosmogony and metaphysical ontology an object analogous to a circle in 2-D with an infinite number of sides that represents the total amplitude of all physical processes awakens the idea that God’s course is one eternal round. From the Latter-day Saint scriptures, *Doctrine & Covenants*,

“For God doth not walk in crooked paths. Neither doth he turn to the right hand nor the left, neither doth he vary from that which he hath said, therefore his paths are straight and his course is one eternal round.”¹⁵

If God does not walk in crooked paths, but time is, as I’ve described before, a crooked bow, then it stands to reason that God is omnitemporal. The time with which we most often interact is in the shape of a crooked bow, pulsing to a rhythm like an archer tensing and releasing an arrow, or like the crooked bow of a violinist, bending the strings, sending out coordinated vibrations of the melody of a time pre-potently set for harmonization.

Not being subject to this crook of the tenuous fabric of time God sees through infinite awareness—flattening the bends of all scattered amplitudes and yielding a one-term expression of eternal roundedness. But who or what is God? Well, for starters, thus saith the Lord, “Ye *are* Gods; and all of you *are* children of the most high.” Perhaps interpreted, “Ye *are* amplituhedra; and all of you *are* alive as the infinite number of facets on the no-face of this master amplituhedron.’

This is true seeing, actualizing an attenuated and muted iridule of both phenomenal and physical time, which feels like waltzing through a wet silk wind, sounds like a rushing river, tastes like purified waters, and smells of petrichor.

It may be that the amplituhedron has arisen in time before in many formless forms. It may or may not be what is known as the Net of Indra, or the Philosopher’s Stone, or even the Urim and Thummim. Perhaps it is the Atomic Polyhedraughts toyed around with by the self-transforming

¹⁵ “The Doctrine and Covenants of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints”, Salt Lake City, UT: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 2013. Section 3.2. Online at <https://www.churchofjesuschrist.org/study/scriptures/dc-testament/dc/93?lang=eng>

elf-machines in tryptamine hyper-realms. Whatever it really is, it has taken on a new form because we have discovered new contents. Particle physicists say of this jewel,

“The revelation that particle interactions, the most basic events in nature, may be consequences of geometry significantly advances a decades-long effort to reformulate quantum field theory, the body of laws describing elementary particles and their interactions.”

The details, or contents of elementary particle interactions dictate the form of quantum field theory. Quantum field theory has received a significant new focus.

Our Field[s] and Our Focus[es]

There was something about this amplituhedron and its scattered amplitudes that I also found mirrored in a new and continually developing concept by Developmental and Synthetic Biologist, Michael Levin. In the Glossary to a paper entitled, *Technological Approach to Mind Everywhere: An Experimentally-Grounded Framework for Understanding Diverse Bodies and Minds (TAME)*,¹⁶ Levin provides a description of the Self which includes a great reference to this new idea he refers to as, “Cognitive Light Cones.”

“Self—a coherent system emerging within a set of integrated parts that serves as the functional owner of associations, memories, and preferences, and acts to accomplish goals in specific problem spaces where those goals belong to the collective and not to any individual sub-component. Selves are defined by the spatio-temporal scale and nature of the types of goals they can pursue—their “cognitive light cone.” They have functional boundaries and material implementations but are not identical with any specific type of substrate, and can overlap within other Selves at the same, higher, and lower-level Selves. A Self is a theoretical construct posited by external systems (such as scientists, engineers, and conspecifics) and by systems themselves

¹⁶ Levin, Michael., frontiers., Hypothesis and Theory article, 'Technological Approach to Mind Everywhere: An Experimentally-Grounded Framework for Understanding Diverse Bodies and Minds,' Mar. 24, 2022., online at <https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fnsys.2022.768201/full>

(via internal self-models), which facilitates prediction and adaptive behavior by serving as an efficient, high-level target for intervention and control strategies.”

He summed up his definition of a light cone in an interview had on the podcast, The Truth w/Carlos Farias, on April 1, 2023, saying,

“You can define a cognitive light cone as the spatio-temporal size of the biggest goal that the system can pursue.”

Perhaps this could otherwise be stated as, ‘you can define a cognitive light cone as an amplituhedron with an infinite number of facets for the system to pursue.’

Here, is where I argue for the wisdom of *dao*. In the ‘Philosophical Introduction’ to the *Daodejing*, ‘*Making This Life Significant*,’ by Ames & Hall, they perfectly sum up the totality of these ideas,

“We will argue that *the* defining purpose of the *Daodejing* is bringing into focus and sustaining a productive disposition that allows for the fuller appreciation of those specific things and events that constitute one’s field of experience. The project, simply put, is to get the most out of what each of us is: a quantum of unique experience. It is making this life significant.”

The text is commonly known under a different spelling with an almost consensus title translation, this being *Tao Te Ching*, with *Tao* being loosely translated Reason, and *Te* being loosely translated Virtue. However, Ames & Hall had a different aim, further expanding on the reasoning behind their title translation and giving significance to the spatio-temporal size of the offering of *dao*, they say,

“We want to introduce a translation to the title that attempts, however imperfectly, to capture the defining purpose of the text stated above: bringing into focus and sustaining a productive disposition that allows the fullest appreciation of those specific things and events that constitute one’s field of experience. Of

course, there is no one correct translation of the title ‘*Daodejing*.’ Were we to give priority to the cosmological insights provided by the text, we might render *Daodejing* as: ‘The Classic of This Focus (de) and Its Field (dao).’ If instead we wanted to emphasize the outcome of living according to this cosmology, we might translate it as: ‘Feeling at Home in the World.’ But with deliberation we chose to underscore the human project that has prompted the articulation of Daoist cosmology and is inspired by it. Thus we translate *Daodejing* as ‘Making This Life Significant.’”

To make this life significant one must first know which field, (or which resonant mode) makes up the experience they find themselves situated in before they may focus on any significant objective. Since there is no one correct translation to the title *Daodejing*, thus I offer up my own: *Daodejing*, “Giving the Field of Life Significant Focus.”

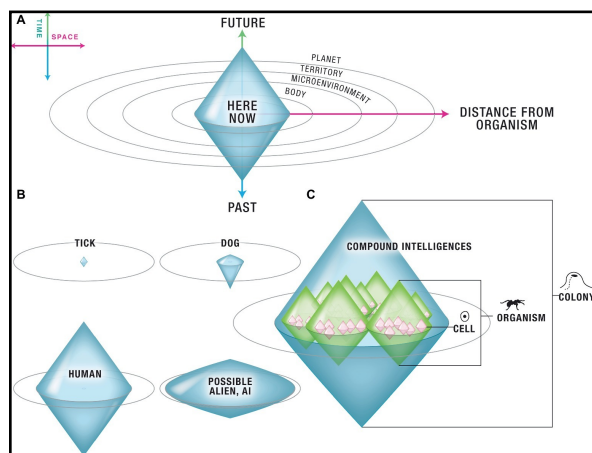
In an earlier paper entitled, *The Computational Boundary of a “Self”: Developmental Bioelectricity Drives Multicellularity and Scale-Free Cognition*¹⁷, Levin discussed the shape of the defined space for any given agent’s cognitive system—a boundary beyond which it has no predictive power for future events,

“The edges of a given Agent’s goal space define a sort of “computational light cone” – the boundaries beyond which its cognitive system cannot operate. For example, a tick has a relatively small cognitive boundary, having very little memory or predictive power in the temporal direction, and sensing/acting very locally. A dog has much more temporal memory, some forward prediction ability, and a degree of spatial concern. However, it is likely impossible for a dog’s cognitive apparatus to operate with notions about what is going to happen next month or in the adjacent town. Human minds can operate over goals of vastly greater spatial and temporal scales, and one can readily imagine artificial (organic or software-based) Selves with properties that define every possible shape in this space (and

¹⁷ Levin, Michael., *frontiers.*, Hypothesis and Theory article, ‘*The Computational Boundary of a “Self”: Developmental Bioelectricity Drives Multicellularity and Scale-Free Cognition*’ Dec. 13, 2019., online at <https://www.frontiersin.org/articles/10.3389/fpsyg.2019.02688/full>

perhaps change their boundaries over evolutionary and individual timescales). As will be seen in the next section, expanding the horizon is what enables information (in the Shannon sense) to acquire meaning, because data become causally linked to distant and past experiences, and acquires implications for future expectations.”

Here is an image depicting the size and shape of different cognitive light cones for different lifeforms, and how they are nested into time and space. In an excerpt from his own description of this image he says,



Cognitive Light Cones

“The size and shape of this cognitive boundary defines the sophistication of the agent and determines the scale of its goal directedness. This scheme enables multiple agents, regardless of their composition/structure or origin (evolved, engineered) to be directly plotted on the same space. The shape of boundary defines each agent’s “cognitive light cone” – anything outside this region is mentally inaccessible to that system.”

These cognitive light cones don’t look terribly unlike a bow being pulled back into a system with a coordinated stream set to shoot forward into an arrow of spiraling reality. These light cones may readily imagine Selves with properties and volumes that represent the total amplitude of all physical processes that can define every possible shape in their space. Expanding their field enables for a larger focus where data become causally linked to distant and past experiences, acquiring spooky adumbrations from future superpositioned probabilities calculated off the bejeweled and dynamic fractal of times past.

The shape of the cognitive light cone, the shape of time, shapes on and in the many faces of the amplituhedra, these all, in some form or another, contain the shape of a bow. Peculiarly, so does the hippocampus—where time is only a memory nestled neatly in a tiny crook of the temporal lobe, the only place you really ever recall yourself having arisen. Interestingly enough for Dennis McKenna’s experience in the Amazon, the temporal lobe—where all this memory and time is encoded—is also responsible for the processing of auditory information. When

properly stimulated, this crooked neurological region assists in propelling the Self out-of-mans-body and onto the fiery terrain where memories are formed on the multifaceted, translinguistic hypercrystal of Gods timeless sea of a glassy mind.

Further into his conversation with Carlos Farias, while discussing the morphogenetic field, Levin leveled a perfect description of all of this focused action within the field terminology of oncogenes, or cancer cells.

“So that boundary between Self and world grows and shrinks, it grows during development and grows during the course of evolution, and then it shrinks during cancer. That is really important to think about—that these cancer cells are not anymore selfish than normal cells. In a lot of Game Theory you treat the cells as more selfish—they’re not more selfish, they’re exactly as selfish as every cell, they just have a tiny, little Self. All the other cells are also being incredibly selfish but their Self is huge, and so they’re all working towards this common purpose that we see as an organ, or in fact the whole organism. But it’s not because they are not selfish, it’s because their identity is partially erased through their tight informational linkage to other cells. Cancer is exactly what you would expect from a breakdown of that process. As soon as you’re disconnected—and we see this—you get a strong oncogene and the first thing that happens is it shuts down gap-junctional communication, you get a weird de-polarized voltage state, and then you start doing this calculus, ‘Where am I better off? Well, I’m going to go down there and I’m going to proliferate as much as I want.’ That’s metastasis. Then your goals start to deviate from the rest of the collective. . .

The key is. . .thinking, maybe we don’t need to kill the cells, and maybe the problem isn’t the molecular hardware, maybe what we can do is physiologically reconnect it to the network and it should go back to doing it’s normal thing—and that’s in fact what we’ve done.”

If the amplituhedron is the jewel of simplified probability in quanta then it is the jewel of the ubiquitous scattered amplitudes in us, in our cognitive light cones. The field of the master amplituhedron can take on many forms, but each is its own unique jewel with its own unique out-pouring. It is as Ames & Hall said,

"The project, simply put, is to get the most out of what each of us is: a quantum of unique experience. It is making this life significant."

The Atomic Polyhedraughts of the self-transforming elf-machines seen in both mine and Ev's hallucinations are amplituhedra being attuned to the correct angle in time needed for viewing. I'm not sure what it meant for Ev, but this transdimensional icosahedral supraRubik's cube master amplituhedraught appearing at the mid-point of my toy-room recurring dream, I don't think is coincidental. When dream me could have been walking through the upper doorway, through the watery web poised to show me a scattered amplitude of my distant future, I was instead watching hyper-dimensional hobbit creatures toss the window of my future back and forth like a baseball, playing keep-away as I unknowingly watched parts of my probable life glide through the dreamy, watery air immediately above my slumberous reach.

It appears to me that the enigmatic violet psychofluid of the phlegmatic Amazonian shamans and the sound of rushing water that fills the ears is the liquid mind made visible and audible once activated by a cerebral cortex soaked in a warm bath of tryptamine and cerebrospinal fluid. With individual neuroplasticity set to the proper amplitude the ocean of time and of the interwoven mind can reorient anyone on this field of life toward a newly annealed, bright and focused future.

Making this life significant, finding meaning, is something that is done when horizons are expanded.

(~4,000 words were cut from this essay because they were referential to anecdotal material utilized in a larger work that has since been unpublished. The personal recurring dreams mentioned within have been republished as stand alone pieces found at dragonofdesert.com).