

Patterns, Textures, Designs

A journey into this new mode of consciousness gives me a marvelously enhanced appreciation of patterning in nature.

Before spontaneous action can be expressed in controlled patterns, its current must be set in motion.

Consciousness is suddenly released from its conditioned patterning and flung into a flashing loom of unlearned imagery.

He may have a deep and moving religious experience in which he understands the pattern of all life, with awe, gratitude and total understanding.

In this world, nothing is wrong or even stupid. The sense of wrong is simply failure to see where something fits into a pattern.

It is possible to zoom in and selectively focus on different levels and planes of the experiential continuum and to perceive or reconstruct fine textures.

Materials not normally accessible to consciousness surge up and determine the thought content and patterns.

Old destructive patterns of behavior may suddenly be abandoned after an overpowering emotional experience. The learning of new attitudes and techniques may become easier.

One can conceive of this great pattern as having a transcendent uniqueness over and above the nature of its parts, that some might call its divinity.

Organism/environment is a unified pattern of behavior. (You are part of your environment, not separate from it.)

Patterns, mosaics, kaleidoscopic designs and sparkling clusters of jewel-forms appear before the eyes.

Place and distance cease to be of much interest. The mind does its perceiving in terms of intensity of existence, profundity of significance, relationship within a pattern.

Psychedelic drugs allow you to see and hear new patterns of energy that suggest new patterns for composition. In this way, they enhance the creative perspective.

Scientific description follows the pattern of nature; it does not lay down, like rails, the rules which nature must follow because the pattern itself is developing freely.

“Stuff” is a word which describes the formless mush that we perceive when sense is not keen enough to make out its pattern.

Texture and shape yield their qualities in the most profound manner to the sense of touch; the absolute essence of any scent is penetrated by the olfactory senses.

The eyes have become microscopes and the texture of the visual field is infinitely rich and complex.

The image, poetic or mythic, is closer than linguistic categories to events themselves or to what I would rather call natural patterning.

The nuclear exploration of solids suggests that even a rock contains far more space than “matter” while “matter” itself seems to dissolve more and more into energy patterns.

The organism, rather than acquiring behavior from the environment, hooks up an innate behavior pattern to the environment.

The richer our picture of man and of the world becomes, the more we are aware of its relativity and of the interconnection of all its patterns in an undivided whole.

The structure of nature is a multitude of changing patterns, not a multitude of distinct things.

The texture of the fabric of these socially shared hallucinations is what we call reality and our collective madness is what we call sanity.

The universe is a many-dimensional pattern, infinite in extent, infinite in duration, infinite in significance and infinitely aware, we may surmise, of its own infinities.

The universe is an arrangement or pattern in which every so-called part is a function of the whole.

The world of nature is neither things seen by an ego, nor things, some of which are sensations, bundled mechanically together, but a field of “organic” patterns.

There is simply energy in various intensities, durations, qualities, patterns: signals to be received, changed, selected, filed, retrieved and harmonized.

Things, facts and events are names selected from the infinite multitude of lines, surfaces, colors, textures, spaces and densities.

To the biological, physical and psychological sciences, man is a pattern of behavior in a field.

Ultimately, nothing is irrelevant to anything else. There is a togetherness of all things in an endless hierarchy of living and interacting patterns.

Upon examination, every substance turns out to be a closely knit pattern, this moving pattern.

We are not the chemicals but the pattern. (Our identity is not our bodies but the “pattern” of the entire universe.)

We can define and feel ourselves to be the total pattern of the cosmos as focused or expressed here.

When the ego is dispelled, there is insight, the perception of a whole new pattern of relationships comparable to scientific or artistic discovery.

Aesthetic responses are greatly heightened, colors seem more intense, textures richer, contours sharpened, music more emotionally profound, the spatial arrangements of objects more meaningful.

Amorphous surfaces, textures of objects and spots on the floor or walls can be seen as fantastic animals, grotesque faces or exotic scenery. The optical side of aesthetic LSD sessions can be so overwhelming and rich that it has been described as “orgies of vision”.

Body movements (dances which are spiritual) can get you grooving with your internal energies. The movements can be in tune with your ancient cellular-mythic patterns and the dance itself can be a wild ecstatic turn-on spiritual event.

Closed-eye fantasies in this world seem sometimes to be revelations of the secret workings of the brain, of the associative and patterning process, the ordering systems which carry out all our sensing and thinking.

Creative or revelatory experiences involve a temporary and voluntary breaking up of perceptual constancies, permitting one “to shake free from dead literalism, to re-combine the old familiar elements into, new, imaginative, amusing, or beautiful patterns.”

Cultural institutions encourage the delusion that the games of life are inevitable givens involving natural laws of behavior. These fixed delusions tend to rigidify behavior patterns.

Expecting scientific descriptions to discover the pattern to which nature conforms is really assuming that law or verbal formulations precedes physical behavior. (Nature was around long before man and his word games.)

For millennia, man has been involved in the ritual ingestion of substances reputed to produce an awareness of a sacramental reality and has come to incorporate these substances into the myth and ritual pattern of the culture in which they occur.

In developing systems of communicating experience, how can we transmit energy patterns to “turn on” the receiver—i.e., directly stimulate the nervous system, bypassing the receiver’s symbol system?

In its broadest sense, the term “archetype” can be used for all static patterns and configurations, as well as dynamic happenings within the psyche that are transindividual and have a universal quality.

Jung observed that there are certain primordial patterns of experience in the collective unconscious which he termed the archetype. Archetypes are the templates from which the individual variations of experience are drawn.

Matter is not inert. Whether it is organic or inorganic, we are learning to see matter as patterns of energy, not of energy as if energy were a stuff, but as energetic pattern, moving order, active intelligence.

Patterns of nature which the language screens out are, in psychological terms, unconscious and repressed. Social institutions are then in conflict with the actual pattern of man-in-the-world.

Physicists and mystics agree that what we call “objects” are really patterns in an inseparable cosmic process and they also agree that these patterns are intrinsically dynamic.

Psychedelic equals mind-opening consciousness. Psychedelic means ecstatic which is to stand outside our normal patterns. It means going out of your mind, your habitual world of contingencies, space-time coordinates.

Shapes devoid of content could produce feelings of meaning, in the same way that unusual notes in a pattern seemingly devoid of content, can convey very specific images and emotions.

Sometimes the image of the physical world is not so much a dance of gestures as a woven texture. Light, sound, touch, taste, and smell become a continuous warp, with the feeling that the whole dimension of sensation is a single continuum or field.

Tao signifies the energy of the universe as a way, current, course or flow which is at once intelligent and spontaneous. It's your own true self, the very energy and patterning of your bones, muscles and nerves.

The ability to see patterns, far from being a psychological weakness to be treated, is a vital capacity of the unconscious mind that must be developed and allowed to interact with our conscious perceptions.

The atom, the molecule, the cell or subordinate organ of any particular organism is what it is by virtue of its place and its membership in the pattern of the whole. (It's the same with people and their place in the pattern of the universe.)

The detailed complexity of the genetic code and the astonishing design of intracellular communication should caution us against labeling experiences outside of our current tribal clichés as “psychotic” or abnormal.

The organism, the whole pattern of nerve and muscle, is more complex and intelligent than logical systems of arithmetic, geometry and grammar—which are in fact nothing but inferior ritual. Life itself dances.

The self reveals itself to consciousness more completely than has been possible hitherto, with consciousness “living” the ensuing symbolic drama in terms of patterns that have become simultaneously personal and universal. (eyes closed)

The subject may observe or feel himself to be a part of evolutionary process, seemingly becoming aware of the whole or a part of the pattern of emerging life on this earth and its progression towards the present point in time.

The universe is not a collection of bits and pieces, divided in time and space, but is in reality the metaphysical “One,” wherein everything is tied up with everything else in a pattern which is absolute for the entire universe.

The world of separate individuals and objects is replaced by an undifferentiated pool of energy patterns or consciousness in which various kinds and levels of boundaries are playful and arbitrary.

There are as many levels of consciousness as there are neurological, sensory, anatomical, cellular, molecular and atomic structures within the human body—a galaxy of communication systems and energy patterns, being sent and received.

When you look for stuff underlying the pattern of nature, you cannot find any stuff. Instead, you just find more and more patterns because there never was any stuff. What we call “stuff” is simply pattern seen out of focus. When it is fuzzy, we call it stuff.

Whether it is organic or inorganic, we are learning to see matter as patterns of energy, not of energy as if energy were a stuff, but an energetic pattern, moving order, active intelligence.

Without losing their normal breadth of vision, the eyes seem to become a microscope through which the mind delves deeper and deeper into the intricately dancing texture of the world.

You are really seeing for the first time, not static, symbolic perception of learned things, but patterns of light bouncing off objects around you and hurtling at the speed of light into the mosaic of rods and cones in the retina of your eye.

According to Jung, the universal and primordial patterns in the collective unconscious, or “archetypes”, are mythological in nature. Experiences that involve the archetypal dimensions of the psyche convey a sense of sacredness—or “numinosity” in Jung’s terms.

Certain classes of perceptual images appear again and again; colored, moving, living geometrical forms which undulate into more concrete perceptions of patterned things, such as carpets, carvings, mosaics, transmuting continually into other forms in heightened color and grandeur (eyes closed).

Each atom is a structure of detailed intricacy held together by energy of such speed and power that it eludes our conception. Each atom is a space-ship of galactic proportions and at the center of each galactic structure God places the entire staff of his atomic engineers. Do you understand the brilliance of the design?

Is the use of LSD the initial event that will guide us to a new morality and to new patterns of human life on this planet? Will we keep our heads straight and our bodies and minds clear? Or will we become anti-intellectuals devoted to the culture of “big fishes eating smaller fishes” in the holy names of religion, education, civilization, progress.

It is not uncommon for subjects reporting evolutionary experiences to manifest a detailed knowledge of the animals with whom they have identified—of their physical characteristics, habits and behavior patterns—that far exceed their education in the natural sciences.

One traumatic event can shape a life, one therapeutic event can reshape it. Psychedelic therapy has an analogue in Abraham Maslow’s idea of the peak experience. The drug taker feels that the self is part of a much larger pattern, and the sense of cleansing, release, and joy makes old woes seem trivial.

Plato tells us that beyond this ephemeral and imperfect existence here below, there is another Ideal world of Archetypes, where the original, the true, the beautiful Pattern of things exist for evermore. It is clear where Plato found his Ideas. Plato had drunk the potion in the Temple of Eleusis and had spent the night seeing the great Vision.

Psychedelic drugs dramatically suspend the conditioned, learned aspects of the nervous system. Suddenly released from its conditioned patterning, consciousness is flung into a

flashing loom of unlearned imagery, as eerie, novel landscape where everything seems possible and nothing remains fixed.

Psychedelic subjects regularly report experiencing events that seem to harmonize with quantum mechanics. They speak of participating in and emerging with pure energy; of witnessing the breakdown of objects into vibratory patterns, the awareness that everything is a dance of particles.

The basic rule is to respond sensitively to the phase, intensity and content of the experience, rather than try to impose a specific pattern on it. (This is a basic rule for the guide or therapist, in general. In this case, it was a reference about how to choose what music to listen to.)

The death-rebirth cycle has been recognized as a natural and lawful pattern throughout our history by many cultures. Just as spring reliably follows winter year after year, so the development of a new life automatically follows a full experience of the destruction of the old.

Among Jung's best known contributions is the concept of the "collective unconscious, an immense pool of information about human history and culture that is available to all of us in the depth of our psyches. Jung also identified the basic dynamic patterns or primordial organizing principles operating in the collective unconscious, as well as in the universe at large. He called them "archetypes".

Anything in the environment—a painting on the wall, a pattern in the carpet—may become a universe to be entered and explored; drug users say they understand what Blake meant by "the world in a grain of sand and heaven in a wild flower". Color seems dazzlingly bright and intense, depth perception heightened, contours sharpened, and relief clearer; details usually overlooked become intensely interesting.

Events in the sessions are part of a broad pattern, the scope of which transcends the energy field of the individual. (Then again, the individual's energy field is the entire universe. We all have or share the same unlimited energy field. It transcends the ego or the energy field of the ego which is not to be confused with the individual or the individual's energy field.)

I do not feel that any church known to me is seeking the truth. Each is certain it has the truth. They do not want to help me find the truth; they only want me to worship that which they have already decided is the truth. They are not interested in my soul, except to surrender it to some concept they have. They are more interested in making me behave in a certain pattern which they have decided is best for me.

If all this ends with the human race leaving no more trace of itself in the universe than a system of electronic patterns, why should that trouble us? For that is exactly what we are now! Flesh or plastic, intelligence or mechanism, nerve or wire, biology or physics—it all seems to come down to this fabulous electronic dance, which, at the macroscopic level, presents itself as the whole gamut of forms and "substances."

In this state, the subject finds it difficult to see any negative aspects in the world and in the very structure of the cosmic design; everything appears perfect, everything is as it should be. At this point, the world appears to be a friendly place where a childlike,

passive-dependent attitude can be assumed with full confidence and with feelings of complete security.

One frequently sees geometric patterns of multi-colored abstract lines that are visionary in nature. Although such patterns are often more clearly visible when one's eyes are closed, they may be seen superimposed upon objects in the external world when one's eyes are open. These abstract patterns are generally three-dimensional and constantly change in a steady, rhythmic flow, resembling the view through a kaleidoscope.

Sensory perceptions become especially brilliant and intense. Normally unnoticed aspects of the environment capture the attention; ordinary objects are seen as if for the first time and acquire new depth of significance. Aesthetic responses are greatly heightened; colors seem more intense, textures richer, contours sharpened, music more emotionally profound, the spatial arrangements of objects more meaningful.

These abstract, three-dimensional forms are intensely illuminated and brilliantly colored. After a time they tend to take on the appearance of concrete objects, such as richly patterned carpets or mosaics or carvings. These in turn modulate into rich and elaborate buildings set in landscapes or extra-ordinary beauty. Neither the buildings nor the landscapes remain static, but change continuously. (eyes closed)

Within the cosmic order, every component pattern, every object and event, is related to every other; there is a co-varying togetherness of all things. But, by creatures like ourselves, most of the interconnections within the general Gestalt are and will always be unrecognized. For us, "the world is full of a number of things," which we tend to see as so many independent entities.

Near the beginning of the experience, one frequently sees geometric patterns of multi-colored abstract lines that are visionary in nature. Although such patterns are often more clearly visible when one's eyes are closed, they may be seen superimposed upon objects in the external world when one's eyes are open. These abstract patterns are generally three-dimensional and constantly change in a steady, rhythmic flow, resembling the view through a kaleidoscope.

All forms of matter and all living beings are seen as patterns of divine consciousness.

Conversion or startling change in behavior patterns can occur.

Divided matter and form becomes unified pattern-in-process.

Existence is basically a kind of dancing or music, an immensely complex energy pattern.

LSD permits the mind to organize its sensory impressions in new patterns.

Nature, instead of conforming to a pattern, is a pattern.

New relationships and patterns emerge.

Organic pattern is another name for intelligence.

Patterns and designs begin to distinguish themselves and take on significance.

Space perception may be distorted in a number of ways and there is no particular pattern.

The brilliantly colored patterns change incessantly.

The historian is basically an artist, selecting things from the past to fit a pattern.

The pattern itself is intelligence and love.

The rules of grammar are not the rules or patterns of nature.

The universe is not made out of stuff, but patterns, patterns of relationship.

The visions aren't random visions, but follow patterns that are logical internally.

The whole is a pattern, a complex wiggleness which has no separate parts.

There is order, pattern and meaning in nature.

You see music-like dancing particles and see sound in multicolored patterns.

He “feels” in his brain the patterns that man once employed in creating the zodiacal patterns.

I enjoy the visions of beautiful patterns in motion everywhere, on plain cloth, on walls, in clouds and dirt yards.

Those folds in the trousers—what a labyrinth of endlessly significant complexity! And the texture of the gray flannel—how rich, how deeply, mysteriously sumptuous.

What is happening to Martin’s shirt? It begins to glow. The leaves and peacocks are moving. Yes the design is changing. (the “flowing shirt”)

I look at those leaves with their architecture of veins, their stripes and mottlings, I peer into the depths of interlacing greenery and something in me is reminded of those living patterns, so characteristic of the visionary world.

Looking at drapes, a face appears in the design. As you go on looking, the area surrounding the face begins, if you don’t force the process, to form a logical pattern; and the longer you look, the more the whole scene becomes as clear as a photograph.

There is no hurry. Here, the present is self-sufficient, but it’s not a static present. It is a dancing present, the unfolding of a pattern which has no specific destination in the future, but is simply its own point.

I look at those leaves with their architecture of veins, their stripes and mottlings. I peer into the depths of interlacing greenery, of those living patterns, so characteristic of the visionary world, of those endless births and proliferations of geometrical forms that turn into objects, of things that are forever being transmuted into other things.

I see all these sensory dimensions as a round dance, gesticulations of one pattern being transformed into gesticulations of another and these gesticulations are flowing through a space that has still other dimensions, which I want to describe as tones of emotional color or light or sound.

The pale bluish light from the windows becomes rich with hints of color, breaking into strips and ribbons, then brighter color within the ribbons, moving and forming glowing patterns. Complicated medieval stories forming and unforming. I sit near the window, watching entranced. The light is calling out to me, brighter and brighter. I raise my arms to it and feel myself drawn out, flowing.

A piece of bark on the tree was magically smooth. It had the texture of a nice frog. All was just color on the finest kind of texture.

Almost an endless variety of exciting colors and textures swept one after another across the sky.

An architect on LSD figured out the design for an arts and crafts shopping center. He caught the essence of the image.

Around me poured streams of gems of every color, in ever changing patterns like the play within a kaleidoscope.

I became vividly aware of the fact that what I call shapes, colors and textures in the outside world are also states of my nervous system, that is, of me.

I closed my eyes and brilliantly colored geometrical patterns of fantastic beauty collided, exploded, raced by.

I had been able to see through and let go of many constricting patterns of thought and behavior that previously seemed automatic and beyond conscious control.

I remember falling upward towards a mass of designs and all different colors or lights. It may sound nutty, but I was there. (You read that right. It says “falling upward”.)

Listening to music with closed eyes, I beheld the most fascinating patterns of dancing jewelry, mosaic, tracery and abstract images.

The rays crossed and recrossed, making exquisite patterns of such beauty that they left me breathless.

Thousands of Christmas lights came into view—different shapes and forms and designs of colors that was of tremendous brilliance and elegance.

When I closed my eyes, fantastically beautiful and intricate geometric depth patterns were interweaving behind my eyelids, washing, colliding, streaming by at great speed.

wood beautifully grained. I was projecting figures into the grain patterns. One could look right through the socially real grain to a higher order of pattern.

As each design was born and arranged itself, it dissolved and the next one followed without confusion. These designs were preparatory sketches for entire Oriental cities. (eyes closed)

I looked at a film of sand I had picked up on my hand, when I suddenly saw the exquisite beauty of every little grain of it. Instead of being dull, I saw that each particle was made up of a perfect geometrical pattern.

She was deep in a world where color became magnificent music and music became beautiful colors and designs, a symphony of radiance and sound, a world in which nothing inharmonious could enter.

The city was transformed into the wonderful world I had experienced when hearing fables as a child. The rich colors and textures, more real than real, were pure enchantment. Walls of buildings had an added dimension to their surfaces.

The walls were vibrating and the air was becoming three-dimensional with psychedelic trails and energy patterns moving through it. Everything was coming alive with psychedelic energy.

There were brilliantly colored geometric patterns flashing across. I could not identify any one of the patterns. They were varied in shape and size and color and they flashed all around, everywhere. (eyes closed)

As I stood on the lawn, I noticed that the rough patches where the grass was thin or mottled with weeds no longer seemed to be blemishes. Scattered at random as they were,

they appeared to constitute an ordered design, giving the whole area the texture of velvet damask.

Somebody brought back sherbet. It was Haagen Dasz and I took one mouthful. It was absolutely delicious. I thought it was the best thing I had ever tasted in my life. I could taste every nuance of the flavor and also felt, really felt, the texture as I never had before in my life. I took one more taste but that was all. It was perfect but it was enough.

The most extraordinary event happened. Quite suddenly the room, a dingy office in an old college building, resembled a cathedral of enormous size and beauty. The colors of the furnishings were incredibly beautiful, full of deep texture and hues I had never seen before. Small objects around the office were magnificent works of art.

There was simply a pattern of action, of process and this was at one and the same time the universe and myself with nothing outside it either to trust or mistrust and there seemed to be no meaning in the idea of its trusting or mistrusting itself, just as there is no possibility of a finger's touching its own tip.

Every plant became a kind of musical utterance, a play of variations on a theme repeated from the main branches, through the stalks and twigs, to the leaves, the veins in the leaves and to the fine capillary network between the veins. Each new bursting of growth from a center repeated or amplified the basic design with increasing complexity and delight, finally exulting in a flower.

Feeling not that I was drugged but that I was in an unusual degree open to reality, I tried to discern the meaning, the inner character of the dancing patterns which constituted myself and the gardens and the whole dome of the night with its colored stars. All at once, it became obvious that the whole thing was love-play. This single source was not just love as we ordinarily understand it. It was also intelligence.

I could see that the intricate organization both of the plants and of my own nervous system, alike symphonies of branching complexity, were not just manifestations of intelligence, as if things like intelligence and love were in themselves substances or formless forces. It was rather that the pattern itself is intelligence and is love and this somehow in spite of all its outwardly stupid and cruel distortions.

The city was bathed in the first pink rays of the morning sun and was truly breath-taking to behold. The soft greens of the trees and grass of Central Park were beyond belief. The buildings and streets had a warmth and charm hitherto reserved for memories of bygone days...That evening I was back in my old familiar world but with an awareness of and appreciation for colors, hues and textures that I had never had before.

The ordinary world was erased, it was expanded, enlivened and made infinitely more interesting. For example, I became totally engrossed in contemplating the fascinating edges of weaving around edges and radiating out from them. The telephone was a veritable marvel of diamond studded, gem-encrusted, crystalline sculpture, yet itself also moving, breathing, changing, as if it were alive.

I could see the patterns in their psyches.

I lay in the grass, felt its wondrous texture.

I saw the design of the universe, the blueprint of evolution.

The random patterns of blades of grass in a lawn appeared to be exquisitely organized.

a beautiful column in the majestic corridor of a visionary castle, covered with mosaics of intricate design (eyes closed)

an enchanted reality wherein everything is bound up with everything else in a pattern which is absolute for the whole universe

astounding display of divine archetypal entities, rainbow spectra or intricate peacock designs (eyes closed)

awareness that our bodies are momentary clusters of energy and that we are capable of tuning in on patterns

breaking through the normal boundaries separating persons, the simultaneous sharing of images and visual patterns and apparent telegraphic communication

changes in perception of sunlight on the floor, the grain in wood, the texture of linen, the sound of voices across the street

eyes closed—mosaics, temples, sacred objects, patterns of great intricacy and profoundly meaningful jeweled patterns, mosaics, color, emerald rubies (eyes closed)

feels the encounter with Being has led to the erasure of behavior patterns blocking his development

gave him certain inner enduring feelings that seemed to play some significant part in his pattern of living

leaves of trees intricately patterned and at times resembled webs spun by God-inspired spiders of a thread of unraveled emeralds

organism is inseparable from the still more marvelous patterns of its environment—from the minutest electrical designs to the whole company of the galaxies

patterns and scenes so intense and autonomous that they seem to be physically present (eyes closed)

patterns of leaves and flowers, with recurrences and varieties reminiscent of the living geometries of the Other World

release of fixed perceptual patterns and the temporary opening up of fluid, boundaryless awareness

saw the magnificent unfolding of the cosmic design in all its infinite nuances and ramifications

seeing the room in wonderful technicolor, raving about the beauty, the texture, the delicate shades, the shadows on the rug, the subtle play of light on the wall

surfaces swelling and expanding from bright modes of energy that vibrated with a continuously changing, patterned life

the awe and wonder one experiences when confronted with the creative forces of nature and the many mysteries of the universal design

the landscapes, the architectures, the clustering gems, the brilliant and intricate patterns, these in their atmosphere of preternatural light, color and significance (eyes closed)

the release of fixed perceptual patterns and the opening up of fluid, boundaryless awareness

the state of radiant unity—there is only one network of energy, everything a manifestation of the single pattern

the transporting visions of the textures of rock and sand, of the shadows and emerald lights in grass or among the reeds .

the unspeakable beauty of the patterns he made in his jacket every time he moved his arms

to see beauty in form, color and texture, to become lost in and fascinated by the interplay of the elements of an object or scene, to create beauty

an inward liberation from the bounds of conventional patterns of thought and conduct, understanding life directly, instead of in the abstract, linear terms of representative thinking

enormous networks of electrical forces—atom, molecule, cell, planet, stars: all forms dancing to the nuclear tune. The cosmic design is this network of energy whirling through space-time

lacework patterns, geometrical forms, architecture, fountains, fireworks, landscapes, persons, animals, historical and mythical scenes, all constantly moving and changing (eyes closed)

participation in cellular flow, visions of microscopic processes, strange undulating multi-colored tissue patterns, being a one-celled organism floating down the arterial waterways, being part of the fantastic artistry of internal factories (eyes closed)

the capacity to stimulate powers by sweeping away the intellect's fixed categories and definitions, exciting new associations of ideas, and shaping abstractions into symbolic patterns

a fantastic variety of mosaic designs

a fine and intricate set of patterns

a galaxy of nuclear-powered atoms spinning through changing patterns

a great, endlessly changing design

a mysterious pattern of movement

a new living pattern

a Niagara of abstract designs

altering old thinking patterns and providing new perspective

an increased aesthetic appreciation of color, form, texture and sound

beautiful, constantly moving patterns of colors

beautifully colored designs and patterns

bejeweled and exquisitely lovely in design

changes in perception, mood, thought patterns

changing colors and patterns

color and design greatly heightened

complex experiential pattern of oceanic ecstasy

constantly changed intensity and pattern

dynamic kaleidoscopic patterns
dynamic kaleidoscopic patterns and intricate designs (eyes closed)
dynamic patterning-process
dynamic patterns continually changing into one another—a continuous dance of energy
dynamic patterns of energy
ecstatic kaleidoscopic patterns
enrichment of color and texture, heightened clarity
exquisite patterns of such beauty that they left me breathless
incredibly colorful and dynamic visions of geometric designs (eyes closed)
inseparably interconnected patterns
interrelated patterns wherein all the parts grow simultaneously together
intricate designs
intricate patterns
jeweled patterns, mosaics, color, emerald rubies (eyes closed)
man's inseparability from the entire network, networks of natural patterns
meals, snacks and fruits of interesting colors, tastes and textures
music to create rhythmical patterns of incredible richness
Niagaras of exploding colors and wiggling patterns
old images combined into new patterns
opens the mind, frees the nervous system of its ordinary patterns and structures
patterns of a higher order
patterns of color which have a power to move us and in ways which we little understood
patterns of energy flow
patterns of rich hues and abstract designs
patterns within patterns, merging, pulsating (eyes closed)
perceptually changing three-dimensional patterns
pulsating energy patterns
richly textured jackets
richly textured surfaces
saw luminous, moving patterns of great beauty (eyes closed)
seductive, enticing patterns
sees not objects but patterns of light waves
textures with LSD colors superimposed on them
that the unitary principle of all systems be considered as their form or pattern
the all-pervading intelligence and beauty of the total design
the archetypal pattern of the universe
the breaking up of the individual's customary thought patterns
the complexity of color patterns
the cosmic design
the divine design
the fundamental rhythm which is the very texture of life
the intensification and "deepening" of color, sound and texture
the intricacy of geometric patterns (eyes closed)
the isolated social patterns which have isolated man from his consciousness
the latticework shuttling of energy patterns
the most luminous colors and patterns

the organic pattern of the universe
the pattern of God
the pattern or order of nature
the phenomenon of seeing patterns in the air
the physical world, a manifestation of innumerable and simultaneous energy patterns
the play of patterned energy
the sound-textures of various musical instruments
the spectrum of textures
the universal design
that beautifully textured paper
this experiential pattern
this extraordinary richness of texture
to break out of old patterns into the unknown
to discover a basic pattern of the universal process
to see life in the totality of its cyclical patterns and interdependences
truly universal patterns, universal archetypes
unsymmetrical, fluid and intricate patterns
vibratory patterns, the collapse of external structure into wave patterns
visions of geometrical patterns (eyes closed)
visions of microscopic processes, strange, undulating tissue patterns (eyes closed)