

Vibration, Rhythm, Throbbing, Pulsing, Shimmering, Wiggling, Waves

As the retina enables us to see countless pulses of energy as a single light, so the mystical experience shows us innumerable individuals as a single Self.

Ecstasy is the sensation of surrendering to vibrations and sometimes to insights that take you out of your so-called self.

Entities like electrons and photons can exist as waves or particles, energy or matter. (It's like water. If it's cold enough, it becomes ice and if it's hot enough, it becomes gas.)

Everything seems alive. Everything is alive, beaming diamond-bright light waves into your retina.

Everything seems to be in undulating movement and inanimate objects are frequently described as coming to life.

Learning from a physics textbook about the wave structure of matter is one thing. Experiencing it, being in it, is quite another matter.

Music, dancing, rhythm—all these are art forms which have no goal other than themselves

No one part of it is more real than another. Everything at all moments is shimmering with all the meaning.

Nothing exists except undulating energy and flowing consciousness upon which the grasping mind imposes categories which have nothing to do with the energy-flow.

Objects in the environment—lights, trees, plants, flowers—seem to open and welcome you. They are part of you. You are different pulses of the same vibrations.

One feels open to a total flow, over and around and within the body and one becomes more and more conscious of these threads of energy, of their vibrations.

One sees that all form is an illusory package of vibrations, just like your television screen.

Psychedelic experience emphasizes the unity of things, the infinite dance...You are the wave, but you are also the ocean.

Rhythmic sounds seem to control and conduct a color symphony that can be viewed from behind closed eyes.

Sexual arousal can reach an unusually high degree and can be expressed in scenes of orgies, sexual perversions or rhythmic sensual dances. (eyes closed)

Streams and waves never stop moving and yet they are in no hurry to reach any destination. Indeed they are not going anywhere at all.

The avatar, the divine one is he who discovers and lives out this rhythm during his earthly trip.

The deep psychedelic experience is a death-rebirth flip. You turn on to the ancient rhythm. You become its beat.

The degree to which he can allow himself to be carried unresistingly by the tidal waves of visions seems to determine the richness of the experience.

The learned perceptions disappear and the structure of the world disintegrates into direct wave phenomena.

The mystery of creation, the wonder and fascination of creation shimmers in every leaf and stone, every thorn and bud.

The mind comes to rest and notices the rhythm, becoming aware that the timeless intent of the process is fulfilled at each instant.

Though our individual forms come and go like waves, we are each and all the eternal ocean.

Victory over life and death is won by seeing the oscillating dance of energy and yielding to it.

We have a universe that is an infinitely complex system of vibratory phenomena rather than an agglomerate of Newtonian objects.

When the eyes are open, the environment appears to be in flux or in rhythmic undulating movement.

You've climbed inside Einstein's formula, penetrating to the ultimate nature of matter and you're pulsing in harmony with its primal cosmic beat.

All living organisms are throbbing together. One is joyfully aware of the 2 billion year old electric sexual dance. One is at last divested of robot clothes and limbs and undulates in the endless chain of living forms.

For most people, it's a life-changing shock to learn that their everyday reality circuit is one among dozens of circuits which, when turned on, are equally real, pulsing with strange forms and mysterious biological signals.

If you get with yourself, get with gravity, get with energy, following its line of least resistance, you will discover that all the vibrations of nature are ecstatic, erotic or blissful. Existence is orgasm.

Is all this one thing wiggling in many different ways or many things wiggling on their own? Are there "things" that wiggle or are the wiggles the same as the things? It depends on how you figure it.

The recognition that the universe is not a mechanical system but an infinitely complex interplay of vibratory phenomena of different types and frequencies, prepared the ground for an understanding of reality based on entirely new principles.

This new psychedelic style has produced not only a new rhythm in modern music, but a new decor for our discotheques, a new form of film making, a new kinetic visual art, a new literature and has begun to revise our philosophic and psychological thinking.

Various objects in the surroundings can lose their usual forms; they seem to pulsate and be in a state of strange instability and flux. During this process, they frequently appear grossly disproportional, distorted and transformed.

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)

Flowers, leaves, grass, trees are seen with tremendous vividness—“with the intensity that Van Gogh must have seen them” is an often-used description. They seem to pulse and breathe; in fact, even everyday, fixed objects around the room may take on “flowing,” “waving” shapes, as if invested with some life force of their own.

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 macroscopic objects into vibratory patterns, the awareness that everything is a dance of particles.

Science states that all things are in motion; that there are no solids; that everything is in a gaseous state. The molecules of matter are always in motion. This was what I was actually seeing. The constant motion of the molecules made everything seem alive. The wall, the table, everything had the same sort of aliveness that the human being has.

The notion that the universe is gyrating stupidly in which man is doomed to frustration, this reductionist, nothing-but-ist view with its muscular claims to realism and facing-factuality is at root a resentment against quality, genius, imagination, poetry, fantasy, inventiveness and gaiety. It is as superstitious as flat-earthism.

A trip can function as a crack of lightning, an explosion of light so brilliant that it scorches the emotional flesh and casts deep saturnine shadows in the cavern of the soul. Many trippers feel as if their psyches were opened up from above or from within as a rolling wave of stimuli floods their sensorium to the point of overflow.

An individual can experience scenes from famous red-light and night-club districts of the world, participate in the most ingenious strip shows and group orgies, become part of Babylonian religious ceremonies involving indiscriminate promiscuous sex or witness and partake of wild primitive rituals with sensual rhythmic dances and a strong sexual undertone. (eyes closed)

Distances suddenly seem to be different. A person sitting across the room may suddenly seem to be sitting only a few feet away. The ceiling may seem to bulge at the corners of the room and the walls may undulate as though they were breathing. It may actually seem possible to step inside a picture of a woodland scene on the wall and walk among the trees.

Everything may seem bathed in a theatrical or lunar light or illuminated from within. Objects change their shape and size; walls and floors undulate as if breathing; spatial perspective is distorted into exaggerated depth or flatness; stationary objects look as if they are in motion without seeming displaced in space; faces become younger, older or caricatured in various ways.

Often a good part of the session would be spent on the beach or in the water. We found that the surf, in the protected bay, proved to be an excellent way to bring someone through a difficult phase of the trip. Simply to lie at the water's edge, merging into the eternal currents of air, ocean, sea, and earth, seemed to clear away much fear, suspicion, frustration, and other emotional baggage.

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.

The intensification and "deepening" of color, sound and texture lends them a peculiar transparency. One seems to be aware of them more than ever as vibration, electronic and luminous. As this feeling develops it appears that these vibrations are continuous with one's own consciousness and that the external world is in some odd way inside the mind-brain.

Under conditioning, it seems impossible and even absurd to realize that myself does not reside in the ego alone, but in the whole surge of energy which ranges from the galaxies to the nuclear fields in my body. At this level of existence "I" am immeasurably old; my forms are infinite and their comings and goings are simply the pulses or vibrations of a single and eternal flow of energy.

How many of us now realize that space is the same as mind or consciousness, that your inside goes with your entire outside as your front with your back, that this galaxy and all other galaxies are just as much you as your heart or your brain, that your coming and going, your waking and sleeping, your birth and your death are exactly the same kind of rhythmic phenomena as the stars and their surrounding darkness?

A timeless pulsation seems to take us across all barriers.

All matter, all structure is pulsating energy.

All sensation and perception are based on wave vibrations.

At root, being is vibration.

Feel the ecstatic energy vibrations pulsing through you.

God is a singing, swinging energy process who likes to laugh and make love.

Incredible new physical sensations pulse through the body.

Look at man as process rather than entity, rhythm rather than structure.

Modern American man is completely out of rhythm with nature.

Objects ripple and breathe.

Open eyes see vibrations in the visual field.

Our universe, including ourselves, is wiggling.

Participate in the heart of the great vibration dance.

Perceived forms swim into focus out of the swirling, unformed wave process.

Psychedelic art is expressive of an inner rhythm like that of music.

Relax and swing with the wave dance.

Religion means being tuned in to the natural rhythm.

Rhythm lies at the heart of play.

The physical world is basically vibration.

The universe is in essence a vibratory dynamic system.
The universe itself is an energy system which vibrates.
The whole is a pattern, a complex wiggleness which has no separate parts.
Vibrating wavicles produce the illusion of solid material.
You're in pulsating harmony with all the energy around you.

The world is not static and dead. It's now a shimmering dance of living energy. All solidity is gone.

I hold Gina's hand as we sway with the powerful current.
The room is alive, undulating, rhythm.

An incredible amount of light and energy was enveloping me and streaming in subtle vibrations through my whole being.

Celestial music of inexpressible beauty seemed to make the rhythm of the universe, of the melody and of our movements one.

He felt light, ecstatic, reborn and pulsing with exuberant life energy. His senses felt cleansed and wide open.

Hoffman noticed that everything was gleaming with an extraordinary vitality the next day and felt reborn, his senses vibrating, attuned.

I didn't know that there could be such joy and freedom in rhythm and movement (or such joy and freedom in general).

I felt in me an unshakable conviction that there is indeed a universal and God-created energy which expresses itself as rhythm in all things.

I felt so blessed to have seen what I felt was this energy of creation at its purest and highest vibration.

I felt waves of joy and an overpowering conviction that "all shall be well and all manner of thing shall be well."

I looked down at the leaves and discovered a cavernous intricacy, pulsing with undecipherable mystery.

I looked out the window and the earth seemed to vibrate with life. It's alive. It's a wonderful world. I don't have to run anymore.

It did not matter what music it was. It was not music as such but rhythmic sounds around which I wove the fabric of my experience.

music—The whole body shimmered with the chords. The chords were multi-colored, vaulting like rockets across his consciousness.

My pelvis was vibrating as enormous amounts of energy were being released in ecstatic jolts.

Objects in the images seemed to generate a light of their own and cast off glowing and pulsating or rippling waves of color. (eyes closed)

Outdoors the world was wondrous, new, alive. Everything breathed and throbbed with vitality.

Sound was a current that flowed through me and vibrated intensely through the bone structure.

Suddenly there was white light and the shimmering beauty of unity. There was light everywhere, white light with a clarity beyond description.

The music seemed to lift me with infinite tenderness into the air where I floated bodiless and weightless, moving gently in rhythm (with the music).

The radiant colors flooded the room, folding over the top on one another in rhythm with the music. Suddenly, I was aware that the colors were the music, the colored music.

The visible world was wholly real and in no way a deception, but it nevertheless has this underlying structure which glowed and pulsed like a living force.

The walls moved in and out rhythmically, contracting and expanding in a pulsating motion.

The waves of the Dance of Creation pulsed all around me and I could no longer refuse to join the dance.

The whole field of vision of the entire inside of the room would just jolt a little bit and vibrate a little bit and settle back into still again.

There was an overwhelming and continuous, vibrating, sensuous, erotic-orgasmic feeling and expression of ecstasy.

This was interesting, how dimensions and color and other things all were mixed up in that they were all part of the whole pulsating ebb and flow.

Tingling, vibrating feelings overwhelmed my nervous system and I felt myself lifted upwards.

A different quality of consciousness came with a rush. The room was suddenly transfigured. All objects stood out in space in an amazing way and seemed luminous. I was aware of the space between objects, which was pure vibrating crystal.

A sensation of well-being and renewed life flowed through me. The world was as if newly created. All my senses vibrated in a condition of highest sensitivity, which persisted for the entire day.

As my body was rocked with wave after wave, I lost contact with my feet and my legs. I began to experience a total identification with nature, as though my body were merging with the earth, like a tree with roots in the ground.

I could feel each muscle in my shoulders and legs swelling, pulsing with power, feel the hair growing on my limbs, the unspeakable delight of movement, fiber excitement, fierce ecstatic mammalian memories, delightful tissue recollections.

I felt within me the same glorious rhythm I had experienced all day. Now I knew this joyous rhythm to be no less than the rhythm of the universe itself. I knew that at last I was beginning to find God.

It seemed to me that the feelings of joy, rhythm, appreciation of music and the many other emotions I had experienced were all part of an intrinsic spiritual power which pervades the universe, each of them different aspects of God.

LSD had flipped consciousness out beyond life into the whirling dance of pure energy, where nothing existed except whirring vibrations and each illusory form was simply a different frequency.

The body sensations were distinctly oceanic. The rushes were like waves and it seemed to make self-evident the principle that everything in the universe was comprised of waves of energy at varying frequencies.

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.

Every object in the room was a radiant structure of atomic-God-particles. Radiating. Matter did not exist. There was just this million-matrix lattice web of energies. Shimmering. Alive, Interconnected in space-time. Everything hooked up in a cosmic dance.

I looked in Paul's eyes, and every edge, every line, every detail became electric and alive with threads of color running through it, until the entire environment was neon psychedelically pulsing crawlingly alive and lit. He looked into my eyes and smiled inscrutably, as he lit up the environment.

All of a sudden I found myself in a completely new and magical world. The little green strands of the shag rug were undulating in a most delightful way. The lights reflecting off the glass coffee table top sparkled with a kind of moist luminescence. The furniture, the walls, the floor, were all pulsing and undulating in slow waves as if the whole room was breathing. The rate of the waving motion seemed to be coordinated with my breathing.

I experienced a wave of extraordinary bliss, like a full-body orgasm, and the sense I was in the presence of something absolutely awesome. Sex is nothing compared to the ecstasy I felt at that moment. I had no awareness of my body or ego or time, only a profound sensation of illumination and the feeling I was in the presence of ALL That Is, eternity, God, whatever you might call something all-encompassing.

I was amused to see the brick walls of a house tirelessly undulating. Fascinated, I drew near the trees whose trunks heaved and whose bark flowed and pulsated in a manner suggesting organic growth. Close observation of the bark was astounding. I reminded myself of the mental patient one sees in films, on the lawn of the institution, drawn next to the inanimate in watchfulness.

It hit, the waves of sensation rippling down the body. The walls and ceilings glowed phosphorescent yellow, electric vibrating color. The floor was shimmering like lemon jell-o. Some torn fragments of party decoration were scattered on the floor and they sparkled, dazzling, black shiny ebony jewels. Orange gems. Walking around the kitchen joking about the fortune in jewels on the floor.

When I realized that I was being born again, that life goes on and on and on, the feeling was overwhelming. I was filled with confidence that it was okay to die, because the consciousness that inhabits the flesh has a higher destiny. It never began and it won't end. It just keeps going. Then I was struck with wave after wave of value wisdom, as though the forms behind human spirituality were hitting me for the first time.

A myriad of multicolored telephone wires hummed as they wiggled like serpents.
All colors glowed and pulsated. Throbbing currents moved through my body.
All my senses vibrated in a condition of highest sensitivity.
Colored forms swayed to the music.
Each and every object in sight began to breathe in its own distinct rhythm.
Ecstatic energies pulsated up my arms and rocketed into my brain.
Everything was alive, pulsing, everything connected.
Everything you looked at was pulsing and glowing with divine radiance.
He began to stomp the floor as if obeying some strange internal rhythm.
I became drunk with the beauty and singing rhythm of it.
I felt like a surfer riding with great joy the wave of life.
It felt I'd tapped into the rhythm all around us.
My fingertips discharged a pringling, vibrating current.
My whole body was pulsing with new energy. I relaxed into this orgasmic vitality.
The colors in the room were vibrating, alive, glowed.
The entire world seemed to shimmer with a beautiful radiance.
The music pulsed through me, striking my very organs at their core.
The music rolled on in orgiastic waves of sound and color.
The music vibrated through my body as if I were one of the instruments.
The red stool throbbed.
The room seemed to shimmer. The world shimmers.
The rhythm of the music became outbursts of beauty.
The stars were dancing in vibration to the sound.
The telephone set was wiggling and juggling like a demented jellyfish.
The tranquility and the vibrations were healing.
The undulations of the curtains became the Ballet of the Flowing Folds.
There seemed to be a pulsation, vibration within all objects.
There was the sense of the body's biochemical processes rhythmically throbbing.
Things moved toward and away from me as though on waves.
We resumed our divine dance, effortlessly, timelessly, in tune with the pulse of the house.

a laugh that is delicate, though intense, born of tenuous vibrations, a laugh that is "in the know", that grasps the infinite subtleties of an infinitely absurd world

a rose—its petals rhythmically expanding and contracting and hues of pink rushing into its heart and out again

a vision of the ocean with the waves marvelously colored and sparkling like jewels rolling in

a vivid flooding of his mind with an intense sense of pastel colors of changing hues and with a wavelike motion

becomes aware of physiological and biochemical processes, rhythmic pulsating activity within the body

high souls and brave hearts, which make their throb felt in the giant pulses of a great nation

images related to religious rituals and ceremonies involving sex and wild rhythmic dances (eyes closed)

intense sexual orgiastic feelings and scenes of orgies, pornography, harems, lascivious carnivals, rhythmic sensual dances (eyes closed)

sound a vibration of sound/silence, the whole universe, existence, a vibration of solid/space

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

the beauty and color, artists are trying to get it all down on canvas, the way it glows and throbs and lives

the electric dance of energy, the wisdom of your own electricity, radiant, dazzling wave energy

the infinite moment when we immersed ourselves in the waters of our deepest selves, one with the universe, the rhythm, the energy, one with the pulse of existence

the universal Store Consciousness, on the surface of which forms arise and pass away, like the waves on the surface of the ocean

to throb in harmony with the energies radiating on the sense organs—the mark of a sage, holy man, a radiant teacher

visions of every kind of sexual encounter one can imagine and tremendous waves of lust and rapture (visions with eyes closed, lust and rapture with eyes open or closed)

visions of religious ceremonies involving sensuality, sexual arousal and wild rhythmic dances (eyes closed)

one myth after another, lived out and traced back to the basic flash in the silent, impersonal, whirring of primal vibrations, beyond sense, beyond cell, beyond seed, beyond life (eyes closed)

to explore the underlying mystery of the spirit which lives and moves in forms, the underlying rhythm of the mysterious spirit that manifests itself in every aspect of our universe

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

through into another dimension...billions-of-protein-file-cards, flicking through, confronting me with endless library of events, forms, visual perceptions, memories, not abstract, but pulsing...now...experiential...a billion years of coded experience, classified, preserved in brilliant, living clarity that makes ordinary reality seem like an out-of-focus, tattered, jerky, fluttering of peep-show cards, tawdy and worn (eyes closed)

a fantastic world of intense emotions, brilliant colors and undulating forms

a galaxy of nuclear-powered atoms spinning through changing patterns

a mysterious rhythm

a shimmering display of vibrations

a throbbing and rhythmic current
an ecstatic, floating, shimmering radiance
aware of the wave structure of the world
beautiful, shimmering and glowing
become more intensely aware of the living vibrations of the real world
becoming one with the cosmic vibration bliss
broader meanings and rapturous vibrations
changing waves of color
colors radiant, pulsating
earth wiggles, water streams and waves and nature in general dances and swings
ecstatic energy vibrations pulsing through you
ecstatic, orgiastic, undulating unity
energy vibrations
exquisite, intense, pulsating sensations of unity and love
external world becomes unstable, receding and approaching, flowing and vibrating
finding the basic rhythm inside
“flipping out” on mysterious wave lengths
great waves of sensuality and longing
identification with undifferentiated vibratory energy
in harmony with the vibrations
intense vibrations
merging with energy flux, seeing all life forms as physical waves, existence as energy
more sensitive to sound and rhythm
mosaic of visual rhythm, pulsating vibratory color
music to create rhythmical patterns of incredible richness
Niagaras of exploding colors and wiggling patterns
objects shrinking, growing, melting, undulating, expanding, contracting
one with the pulsing of all life
patterns within patterns, merging, pulsating
Persian rug undulating, each unit in motion, a swirling rock-and-roll of color
physically felt rhythms of the other person
pulsating energy patterns
pulsing waves of ecstatic sensations
radiating, pulsating color
revelatory clarity, shimmering unity
riding the crest of a high and beautiful wave
rocking to the motion of all there is
saw a multicolored mosaic on the ceiling and for a while the ceiling rippled like a pond
see rolling waves of colored forms whirling up, bouncing jolly
sees fibers of her dress, breathing and undulating
sees no objects but patterns of light waves
shimmering leaves of the birch trees
sparkling, shimmering light
the dance of the body, humming with energy
the deep, eternal, reassuring vibration of the Source
the discovery of the vibratory nature of the universe

the flow of vibrations
the flow of electronic vibrations
the fundamental rhythm which is the very texture of life
the infinite spaces of living light that now pulsed and breathed behind his closed eyelids
the joys of being in harmony with the beat of life
the latticework shuttling of energy patterns
the leaves a cavernous intricacy, pulsing with undecipherable mystery
the musical vibration of the world
the play of rhythm
the radiant core of meaning, the great vibration dance
the room rolling gently to ocean-swells of vibration
the rhythm of life
the rhythmic beauty of detail which the drugs reveal in common things
the rhythmic clarity of forms
the rhythms of nature
the world a play of physical waves
timeless flights into pure energy vibration fields
to catch the cosmic wave and ride it in
to let themselves go, to the spontaneous rhythms of nature
to perceive the pulse of the universe in himself and others
to trust the great evolutionary current
trees with their waving clusters of distinctly individual leaves
vast explosions of vibratory color
vibratory mosaics
vibratory patterns, the collapse of external structure into wave patterns
visions of microscopic processes, strange, undulating tissue patterns (eyes closed)
wave energy flow
wave vibrations, energy dance
waves of orgasmic sexual feelings
when man is in tune with this blissful rhythm
whole room, flowered walls, cushions, candle, human forms all vibrating