

# Shimmer And Vibrate With An Almost Erotic Lust For Life

BY KAREN PALLISGAARD

Ever started quivering or shaking when you met a certain someone, feeling electric when you hugged and sensed all your cells spinning?

I still can't shake it. I remember my first ever class with Uma Inder.

Into the class walks a tiny pint-sized woman. Uma. Dressed in white. Long black hair. Black penetrating eyes. Everyone in class stop talking. Everyone's looking. At her. She closes her eyes and opens her mouth. I expect a high-pitched voice judging from this small, feminine woman's look, but out of her roll sound waves that wash over us – and beyond I'm sure. A deep, dark, confident and somehow universal familiar voice makes sounds of ancient mantras that I have never heard before.

What must have been her regular practitioners start singing along. They start shaking. Howling. Me, I just sit there, jaw dropped. And then we start moving. Stomping. Sweating. This is not a regular 90 minutes asana-thing. It is not wellness. It is not positive psychology-lingo. It is not Westernised yoga. It is two and half hours of going back to what feels like the ancient source of yoga. Deep down into the dark. Whirling with the chakras. Diving in. Lifting up. I'm fascinated. I'm sceptic. After class I feel electric. Like all my cells are vibrating with an almost erotic lust for life.

For my remaining weeks in Bali I sit in with Uma and students from yoga class. No small talk. Only big talk. I have kept coming back many times since. Everyone is welcome. All Uma asks is that you dare speak your truth. Always. I ask her

this:

**Karen:**

Okay, straight up, I have never met anyone like you. You are the scariest, deepest and most wise, spiritually connected and insightful person I have ever encountered. When I'm physically near you, I tend to start to tremble and shake. It's not because I'm nervous, so what is up with that?

**Uma:**

We are harmonising with each other, literally. It can feel scary, because the heightened reception to unveiled reality overwhelms the sense of apparent, fear-conditioned control. We are resonating with each other at the rarefied levels that count, when the time is ripe to join for the purpose of expressing the pure, fundamental electromagnetism of naked truths. This effect was best described by two gentlemen on separate occasions. They equated this tremulous recognition with the tuning fork phenomenon. From being close to me they felt as if they were being vibrationally attuned to my particular amplification and frequency and in being so, they were vibrationally fine tuning their own unique amplified frequency. The outcome is vibrational interplay at amplified degrees of pure, organic functionality. It's music!

I experience it as an undeniable recognition of something more than the sum of each of our interconnecting parts. A dynamic recognition that attunes us to each other at more subtle, fundamental frequencies with an amplified range of purified self-expression. Expression that vibrationally and sonically penetrates conditioned thought and speech patterns to directly transmit, on a cellular level, the remembrance that we are each shimmering and dancing electromagnetically in the same living expanse of "god's play".

In my experience, these vibrations work to dissolve our false, conditioned impressions that mask each other's original

nature. The shaking breaks up the obscurations of self-image that overlay our primordial being as perceivably absolute, that which we are in essence. The vibrations at neural and super sensory levels heat up, transform and liberate energies that were bound up to run the psychosomatic loops of personal, habitual, racial, social, cultural, religious, spiritual, transpersonal code. Those freed energies accumulate at the base of themselves, accelerate, swell, explode, surge, saturate and circulate to run an earthed, sonically purified inter-dimensional resplendence. This liberated magnitude is inherent within each of us and is composed of all the pieces and spaces in between, of the bigger picture of which we are all pulsing holograms.

Look at the tuning fork mechanism. It is in the shape of a U. A U formed of two symmetrical bars, with non-vibrational nodes at their base, and ultimately merging as one at its crucible shaped bottom, itself bridged by a vibrationally counter balancing handle to its wooden resonator box. The U is shaped out of a substance that has to be both rigid and elastic. It has to be both hard enough to take the strike and integrally support its shape. It has to be yielding enough to readily and sustainably vibrate on impact. As an acoustic resonator, it must be unto itself a specific constant, whereby others may tune to its fixed standard pitch. As a U shape, it has the advantage of emitting vibrations that are fundamentally pure even to the end of its overtones which play out octaves higher above the primary mode of vibration. These overtones, subtle as they are, dissolve at faster rates. The U shape resonator has less energy bound up in the lower, gross overtones of other resonators such as a vibrating string or single bar. Without the distortion of the original purity of fundamental pitch that reverberates from the base of itself through and beyond its ends, The U shape allows for a "pure sine wave", a pure tone that is recognised by those close enough to hear and resonate with it.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .

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The moon is a loyal companion.  
It never leaves. It's always there, watching,  
steadfast, knowing us in our light and dark  
moments, changing forever just as we do.  
Every day it's a different version of itself.  
Sometimes weak and wan, sometimes  
strong and full of light. The moon  
understands what it means to be human.  
Uncertain. Alone. Cratered by  
imperfections.

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