

## **Beauty, Beautiful, Gorgeous**

Acid opens your door, opens the window, opens your senses, opens your beam to the vast possibilities of life, to the glorious indescribable beauty of life.

Albert Einstein said, "...To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty..."

An appearance of newness beautifies every object, clean and beautiful newness within and without.

An over-awing type of beauty is seen that makes people experience certain mystical revelations.

Beautiful natural scenery or certain objects that reflect nature's creativity usually have a very positive influence on the LSD experience.

Beauty is the object of our most spiritual, as well as our most material perceptions of mystical vision and of sense and feeling.

Childhood is not thought-ful but wonder-ful. Angels know truth and beauty directly, intuitively, not through the mediation of ideas and therefore early childhood is angelic.

Colors blaze and often have sound. Sounds throb with unbelievable beauty and intensity and often have color.

"Drug" means positive things, possible growth, opening up the mind, beauty, sensual awareness, religious revelation.

Ideal conditions for an LSD session involve a simple, safe and beautiful environment and an interpersonal situation that is supportive, reassuring and nourishing.

If there be righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character, harmony in the home, order in the nation, peace in the world.

If this potentiality were recognized and used, it would release for us unlimited strength, unlimited talents, unlimited harmony and peace, unlimited love, unlimited beauty.

In every culture, the abode of the gods and of souls in bliss is a country of surpassing beauty, glowing with color, bathed in intense light.

In its freedom, its gratuitousness, its playful absence of ulterior motive, beauty is of the essence of spiritual life.

In many instances, ego dissolution occurs when one is overwhelmed by the perception of something that is exquisitely beautiful.

In psychedelic therapy, there is a great emphasis on aesthetically rich settings and a beautiful environment.

In the oceanic state of mind, the world appears to manifest indescribable radiance and beauty. (oceanic ecstasy)

Intense beauty and intense pleasure are always gratuitous and are revealed only to senses that are not seeking and straining.

It is an experience which people have when they are, as it were, reborn into the world and suddenly, with this kind of visionary sight, they perceive its miraculous beauty.

It's a universe of inconceivable beauty in which all things are full of life and charged with an obscure but immensely important meaning.

LSD is a way of extending yourself so that something spectacular and beautiful can be available to you.

Many individuals become intensely interested in nature and find a capacity for ecstatic experiencing of natural beauty, frequently for the first time in their lives.

Men long ago, in ages however primeval, realized Beauty, and answered back its thrill with gladness and hymns.

Our meddling intellect (that part of the mind which uses language to take the mystery out of reality) misshapes the beautiful forms of things.

Our moral image of God is lacking in Beauty and Beauty's handmaidens—joy, laughter and in its sublimest sense, playfulness, a virtue which is at the very root of creative art.

Painful experiences can be as personally revealing and permanently beneficial as experiences of great joy and beauty.

Paradise refers to a state of metaphysical ecstasy, a sanctuary of eternal youth, gardens of incredible beauty, roads paved with gold. (eyes closed)

Plato and St. Thomas Aquinas maintained that pure bright colors were the very essences of artistic beauty.

Psychedelic drugs give me a sense of harmony and beauty. For the first time in my life, I can take pleasure in the beauty of a leaf; I can find meaning in the processes of nature.

Sounds throb with unbelievable beauty and intensity and often have color. (That's right. Sounds can have color.)

The beautiful forms of life upon the earth combine and swell and couple and embrace in the most incredibly intricate, divinely magnificent spectacle conceivable.

The beauty and mystery, the gaiety and exuberance which we see in nature and art exist supremely and perfectly in God.

The experience may be chaotic, beautiful, thrilling, incomprehensible, magical, ever-changing.

The experience of beauty is pure, self-manifested and compounded equally of joy and consciousness.

The experience of paradise combines feelings of transcendental happiness and joy with delight in exquisite beauty of an unearthly quality.

The Primary Clear Light has such overwhelming radiance and beauty that the unprepared may turn away from it in terror.

The universe is perceived as indescribably beautiful and radiant; individuals feel cleansed and purged and talk about redemption, salvation or union with God.

The whirling colors and shapes produce certain effects that recall flashes of rare beauty seen in pictures, dreams.

The world appears to be a beautiful and safe place and the zest for life is distinctly increased.

There can be direct, aesthetic acquaintance with the world as beauty or with the world's unity.

There is nothing too beautiful to believe of the soul. If its visions seem falsified by matter, it is only because they are above matter.

There was a beautiful flash to meeting another acid freak. It reminded you that you were part of something big.

They're all beautiful, brilliant, perfect people—Buddhas all. Why do they continue to play games?

This newness of everything—it is as though the world had just dawned—overwhelms you and melts you with its beauty.

This unprogrammed mode of attention, looking AT things without looking For things, reveals the unbelievable beauty of the everyday world.

To develop graceful, fulfilling ways of living a more serene, beautiful and creative life, psychedelics will help to point the way.

To reach a translogical form of knowledge or realm of wisdom, celestial beauty, and spiritual essence is one of the most ancient experiential goals of mankind.

Trust your nervous system, go with the flow, the universe is basically a beautiful and safe place.

Useful analytical knowledge about the world is replaced by some kind of biologically inessential but spiritually enlightening acquaintance with the world as beauty.

We must wake up and realize we know little. There is much more and the mystery is beautiful.

A good experience with the drugs heightens and intensifies all experience and just as one can enjoy music and art during the experience with a new and deeper appreciation, so one can do the same with sex—it can be a beautiful experience under the drug.

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.

Due in part to their ineffable and boundless nature, the divine domains are difficult to describe, although poets and mystics of all ages have created beautiful metaphors to approximate them.

Ecstatic and unitive feelings of belonging, infuse the individual with strength, zest, and optimism, and enhance self-esteem. They cleanse the senses and open them for the perception of the extraordinary richness, beauty, and mystery of existence.

For most people, this discovery is a glorious surprise. Mystics come back raving about higher levels of perception where one sees realities a hundred times more beautiful and meaningful than the familiar scripts of normal life.

I could make a strong, if not conclusive, case for the idea that plants are more intelligent than people—more beautiful, more pacific, more ingenious in their ways of reproduction, more at home in their surroundings and even more sensitive.

Like sensitivity to beauty, the capacity to encounter the Holy seems to reside within every human soul. Too often, it may sleep there eternally, but it is ready to be awakened by the right combination of circumstances.

Many people describe passing through a dark tunnel or funnel that brings them to a light of supernatural brilliance and beauty, a divine being that radiates infinite, all-embracing love, forgiveness and acceptance.

My experiences with these substances have been the most strange, most awesome and among the most beautiful things in a varied and fortunate life. (I'm surprised he indicates that he has experienced beauty of this magnitude before trying psychedelics.)

People perceive the mystical realms to be pervaded by a sacred essence and an unfathomable beauty, and they frequently see visions of precious gold, sparkling jewels, unearthly radiance, luminescence and brilliant light. (eyes closed)

Plants seem to represent pure being in the here and now, the ideal of many mystical and religious schools. Not exploiting and hurting other organisms, most plants serve themselves as a source of food and bring beauty and joy into the life of others.

The colors typically are described as rich, brilliant, glowing, luminous or “preternatural”—colors exceeding in their beauty anything the subject has ever seen before.

The individual sees the world as incredibly beautiful, radiant, safe, and nourishing. This is associated with a deep awareness of the spiritual and mystical dimensions in the universal scheme of things and with a sense of oneness and belonging.

The most beautiful emotion we can experience is the mystical. It is the source of all true art and science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger is as good as dead. (That was Albert Einstein. That's right, Albert Einstein.)

The purpose of the whole experience is for the person to learn to experience himself and the things about him with fulfillment and joy. Having a good time and experiencing beauty is therapeutic.

There was talk of change and of a peaceful, worldwide revolution of all-powerful understanding and love. The talk was of love, all the more exciting and beautiful because it seemed honest.

Words such as joy, ecstasy, grace, beauty, just don't exist in the psychiatric vocabulary. The poor psychiatrist has been given the sad task of looking for pathology and is usually bewildered when he comes face-to-face with the more meaningful experiences of life.

I suppose in a certain sense one can say the value is absolute. In a sense one can say that visionary experience is, so to say, a manifestation simultaneously of the beautiful and the

true, of intense beauty and intense reality and as such it doesn't have to be justified in any other way.

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 exists for evermore. It is clear where Plato found his Ideas; Plato had drunk of the potion in the Temple of Eleusis and had spent the night seeing the great Vision.

Sometimes, there is very little actual perceptual distortion of the environment, but the latter is emotionally interpreted in an unusual way. It can appear incredibly beautiful, sensual and inviting; or comical; very frequently, it is described as having a magical or fairy-tale quality.

The Good, the True and the Beautiful are absolute values and in a certain sense one can say that visionary experience has always been regarded as an absolute value, that it has been always felt to be intrinsically of immense significance and importance and worth having at a very great price.

The whole world has been completely misunderstood: for it has been looked at with a spotlight called consciousness so narrow in scope that it was all but impossible to see how things are actually related. But only in that relationship do things have their meaning and their beauty, as well as their existence.

These accounts do suggest that a "new vision" takes place, colored by an inner exaltation. Their authors report perceiving a new brilliance to the world, of seeing everything as if for the first time, of noticing beauty which for the most part they may have previously passed by without seeing.

To men and women who have had direct experience of self-transcendence into the mind's Other World of vision and union with the nature of things, a religion of mere symbols is not likely to be very satisfying. The perusal of a page from even the most beautifully written cookbook is no substitute for the eating of dinner.

As an educational psychologist, I'm interested in the implications of LSD research for the study of human learning and further human development. Through the LSD experiences I have learned to look at myself and society in a new way. These experiences have been, in effect, an additional higher education for me, equal in impact, effort, knowledge, beauty, and scope to obtaining a doctorate at Stanford.

Normal waking consciousness may be replaced by aesthetic consciousness and the world will be perceived in all its unimaginable beauty, all the blazing intensity of its "thereness." And aesthetic consciousness may modulate into visionary consciousness. Thanks to yet another kind of seeing, the world will now reveal itself as not only unimaginably beautiful, but also fathomlessly mysterious.

Previously almost-depressed individuals typically emerge from a successfully integrated LSD session with elevated mood, joyful appreciation of existence, enhanced self-esteem and self-acceptance and greater capacity for meaningful human relationships. Their inner life is enriched, they are more open and they show an increased appreciation of beauty in nature and art.

The individual is flooded by light of supernatural beauty and experiences a state of divine epiphany. He or she has a deep sense of emotional, intellectual and spiritual liberation and gains access to breathtaking realms of cosmic inspiration and insight. This type of experience is clearly responsible for great achievements in the history of humanity in the area of science, art, religion and philosophy.

The individual tuned into this experiential area usually discovers within himself or herself genuinely positive values, such as a sense of justice, appreciation of beauty, feelings of love and self-respect as well as respect for others. These values, as well as the motivations to pursue them and live in accordance with them, appear on this level to be intrinsic to human nature.

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 of extraordinary beauty. Neither the buildings nor the landscapes remain static, but change continuously. (eyes closed)

Three hundred years ago, if I announced there was a level of reality made up of tiny particles which seem to have a beauty, a meaning, a planfulness of their own, I'd be in danger of being imprisoned. When I could persuade people to look through the microscope lens at a leaf, or a snowflake or a drop of blood, then they would discover that beyond the macroscopic world are visible realms of energy and meaning.

Up this gradual stairway of Sense, Understanding, Intuition, we mount to that height from which we are able to behold, with some degree of calmness, the infinite fields of intuitive Beauty and Truth, when the screen of the bodily is removed, and the scope of vision belonging to our highest faculty is realized to be immeasurably beyond all that our most rapturous visions ever conceived it.

We may feel that we are really seeing the world for the first time in our lives. Everything around us, even the most ordinary and familiar scenes, seems unusually exciting and stimulating. People report entirely new ways of appreciating and enjoying their loved ones, the sound of music, the beauties of nature and the endless pleasures that the world provides for our senses.

We were convinced that drug effects were almost entirely determined by what people around the tripper did. If the environment radiated safety, beauty, wisdom, then even neurotic subjects would have experiences that were safe, aesthetic and revelatory. The theory held that all "bad trips" could be converted to "good trips" if the environment was intelligently managed to provide support. (That was Timothy Leary.)

When one sees God as light and beauty penetrating the whole of the universe, feelings are far too intense and sacred to contain one iota of humor. (The writer doesn't mean that humor isn't part of an LSD trip, but refers to someone insensitively revealing their total ignorance of LSD by laughing at the person's descriptions of some details of their experience.)

Young people started pouring into the Haight, propelled by a gut-level emptiness, searching, anything that might relieve the burden of nonliving that gnawed at their insides. They believed that at the other end of the rainbow was Haight-Ashbury, the

Capital of Forever, where beautiful people cared for each other, where all would be provided and everyone could do their own thing without being hassled.

A God not seen as fully beautiful is less good and true and above all, less living.  
A red traffic light may be, not a danger signal, but an object of surpassing beauty.  
An appearance of newness beautifies every object.  
An individual moves into the realms of light and beauty.  
He has seen the vision and its beauty and power.  
If people could only see their inner beauty, they'd have no need to criticize anyone.  
Individuals tend to discover meaning and beauty in ordinary objects.  
Life is a song. Life is beautiful. Life is the golden dream.  
Normal everyday consciousness are faint reflections of this eternal beauty.  
Order, beauty and discipline, harmony and cooperation, exist already in nature.  
Stars teach us lessons nightly, speaking both of Beauty and Truth.  
Subjects report that the viewed object has enhanced beauty and meaning.  
The appearance of the world takes on a sweet and beautiful oneness.  
The beauty of the real God, like so much other beauty, is rarely seen.  
The individual's appreciation of natural beauty is greatly enhanced.  
The intellect is a beautiful servant, but a terrible master.  
The intrinsic beauty and significance of the thing (object) seen is enormously magnified.  
The psychedelic experience signified the reality and the beauty of the flower of the spirit.  
The pursuit of truth is akin to the creation of beauty.  
The setting (for a trip) should be comfortable, familiar and beautiful.  
The visions may be awe inspiring in their grandeur and beauty.  
The world first-hand---that's where the beauty is.  
The world is a mirror of Infinite Beauty.  
The world is seen as a place of indescribable radiance and beauty.  
There is a certain awesome beauty that makes its appearance.  
There is a magical kind of beauty which we say is "trans-ported".  
There is a new peace in my life, as well as an appreciation for the beauty of existence.  
Truth is beauty.  
Under LSD, the world becomes a world of miracle and beauty and sublime mystery.  
When we keep our emotions on the surface, we never see the beauty of the depths.  
You liquefy, become fluid, flow back into the ocean where colors are more beautiful.  
You might feel baptized or cleansed by a beatific archetype (eyes closed).  
You will experience the harmony and beauty of nature as deity.

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

I find this world to be beautiful and if I can retain the insights I am getting, there will be some fundamental change in my whole being.

I'm strong and new again and there is no such thing as dark soul—fear and confusion.  
It's all love and beauty.

This is perfection. Everything, everything is so beautiful. I've never heard music like this before.

This preternaturally significant light shines on or shines out of a landscape of such surpassing beauty (eyes closed).

He reports a “magnificent, staggeringly beautiful” sequence of images. (eyes closed)

My companions have changed. They are supernaturally beautiful.

The world is beautiful and I’m on top of it.

This can’t be true. So beautiful. Heaven. Great.

Beautiful, soft colors emerged and exploded as climaxes of the tone (music) were achieved.

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

Everything I could see seemed alive and immensely beautiful and meaningful. Trees, rocks, cacti, the entire landscape was radiating with relevance.

For the first time in my life, I knew what the word “beauty” meant. Now I understood that I had never even begun to penetrate what beauty was all about.

He felt the experience was unbelievably beautiful; he had never experienced anything like that in his whole life.

He felt that if he could die right then, he could keep the tremendous beauty and rich emotions for himself throughout eternity.

He looked around him as if seeing the world for the first time. The world was beautiful, strange and mysterious.

Her smile, her whole face was beautiful beyond description and I wondered if I would be able to see her like this when the drug experience had ended.

His eyes were microscopes registering the jewel-like beauty and precision of the sidewalks and lamp posts.

I broke into a full joyous laughter at the mystery and the beauty of it all. How little we know about the soul’s journey.

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

I could see beauty in hundreds of commonplace things I had not thought of as being even attractive before.

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.

I ran out to the lawn, snow, trees, starlight. It had never been more beautiful. Etched, sharp, magnified.

I saw the most beatific visions, the most beautiful women, angelic in their mental and physical configurations. (eyes closed)

I wanted to shout and sing of the miraculous new life and sense and form, of the joyous beauty and the whole mad ecstasy of loveliness.

I was keenly aware that every little sparrow that flew had a beautiful song to sing that meant something.

I was struck by the magnificence and intensity of the colors. Everything was resplendently rich. I never imagined such beauty.

I wept without restraint, knowing that within my heart, love and beauty and God had become one.

I would look at an object hard and suddenly it would burst open into a beautiful terrain, a playground of movement, color, light, warmth.

It seemed ages since the day and the world had looked so beautiful, innocent and undismayed.

“It was,” according to Huxley “without question the most extraordinary and significant experience this side of the Beatific Vision.”

It was like looking at the world for the very very first time and thinking how beautiful, how sensuous!

It would modulate from beauty and the intense presence of life to love on all levels, the human as well as the mystical.

Magnificent galaxies tempted me with their majestic silence and staggering beauty. (eyes closed)

My heart was filled with a joy that was overwhelming, just a beauty and peace that I have never known.

My sensitivity to beauty was significantly increased and I perceived aesthetic qualities in most all of the objects that surrounded me, even in the walls of the room itself.

My spiritual vision was so clarified that I saw beauty in every material object of the universe.

No saint ever saw more glorious or joyously beautiful visions or experienced a more blissful state of transcendence.

Not a single color had been like anything produced by man. Every scene had color plus light plus jewels of such indescribable beauty. (eyes closed)

red lawn chair—This red color was just about the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, the way it combined with the shadow and the light.

Strangely enough, I preferred the subtle colors to the bright flowers. They seemed more mysteriously beautiful.

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

The beauty I saw so clearly was not even noticed by anyone else, much less appreciated. I realized this beauty was God.

The beauty of the trees simply gave itself away. Creation was good and it was an open secret.

The Christmas decorations, along with the streets glittered with exaggerated beauty and the lighted trees in the windows of homes had a fairyland quality.

The colors of the sky and sea and mountains were marvelously beautiful in a sort of shining air.

The exquisite beauty of this tree was like a window in which you could see the existence of this Other World.

The green trees transported and ravished me, their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart leap, almost mad with ecstasy.

The music had an intensity of beauty, a depth of intrinsic meaning incomparably greater than anything he had ever found in the same music.

The outside appeared clear, serene and beautiful. I saw things I have never seen on the road. The trees, grass, colors, sky—all were a real delight to behold.

The precious stones and jewels appeared to have a much deeper meaning than being just things of beauty. The green light emanating from them was of a spiritual nature.

The world and its occupants seemed enormously beautiful and harmonious and I was included within that general harmony.

There was a beatific smile on the faces. You know that they were transported into some inner heaven.

This was color like you'll never see in your life. It was the most gorgeous thing I've ever seen.

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 social real grain to a higher order of pattern.

How easy, I kept saying, to turn whatever one looked at, even a human face, into a pure object, an object of the most magical beauty, strangeness, intensity of thereness, of pure existence.

I believed the time would come when each person would be in continuous contact with the beauty, the great capacity for love, the musical and artistic talents, the spiritual richness and all the other wealth which now lay untapped deep within himself.

I found myself wishing that every living person might be given LSD and see beauty equal to that which I had witnessed, have the same feelings, know the blessed nearness of God and that these feelings might stay uppermost in all of us at all times.

In several staggered flashes of insight, like flashbulbs popping around a celebrity, I understood the Cartesian mind/body split. I also understood Beauty and Truth and Ultimate Reality. Unfortunately, I lacked the words to explain it.

It seemed that there was beauty, in all of nature, animate and inanimate alike and that the eyes of the entire human race must somehow be opened to this magnificence and thus to God.

Never has greater beauty immersed me in its flood. I was so lost in its waves, so separated from myself, so disembarassed of my ego, that odious appendage that accompanies us everywhere.

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 culminating experience was one of transcendental peace, with visions of supernatural beauty and the sound of celestial music...ecstatic feelings of timelessness, weightlessness, serenity and tranquility.

We had entered the cosmic state. It was divine. It was expansive and harmonious and beatific and one. I was alive! For the first time in my life I understood what it meant to be truly alive.

Everything was beautiful. Everything was right. Each smallest thing was uniquely important, yet fitted perfectly into the whole. My little ego seemed removed and I felt I saw clearly and purely for the first time in my life. I wept with relief and joy. I felt unworthy of such blessedness.

I cannot recall whether the revelation came suddenly or gradually; I only remember finding myself in the very midst of those wonderful moments, beholding life for the first time in all its young intoxication of loveliness, in its unspeakable joy, beauty and importance.

I cannot say exactly what the mysterious change was. I saw no new thing, but I saw all the usual things in a miraculous new light, in what I believe is their true light. I saw for the first time how wildly beautiful and joyous, beyond any words of mine to describe, is the whole of life.

I'd given up even trying to talk. I just smiled at everything that was said to me, and nodded my head up and down as the words went by. I felt beautiful and saw nothing but beauty. I was a little child being led and protected by two wise saints. On the perfect path to all-the-way-up now. Awake, finally, and headed for truth.

It was a beautiful feeling, a verification of what I hoped would be the ultimate truth and a hopeful view of creation: Don't worry about your body or about dying. That's an illusion. Consciousness cannot die. To me, this was mind-shattering, the ultimate revelation in my life.

It was as if all the warm, sunny wonderful days of my childhood had been rolled into one and this was the day. I felt like a child looking out of the window at the beautiful, beautiful world. Never in all my life have I seen anything that looked as beautiful as this particular day.

My consciousness was lighted up from within and I saw in a vivid way how the whole universe was made up of particles of material which, no matter how dull and lifeless they might seem, were nevertheless filled with this intense and vital beauty. For a second or two the whole world appeared as a blaze of glory.

Suddenly, my consciousness was lighted up from within and I saw in a vivid way how the whole universe was made up of particles of material which, no matter how dull and

lifeless they might seem, were nevertheless filled with this intense and vital beauty. For a second or two the whole world appeared as a blaze of glory.

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.

A most beautiful sunset was dying in the west, the river was tinged by it, the very zenith clouds were bathed in it, and the world beneath seemed floating in a dream of rosy tranquility. My awakened perceptions drank in this beauty until all sense of fear was banished, and every vein ran flooded with the very wine of delight. Mystery enwrapped me still, but it was the mystery of one who walks in Paradise for the first time.

All at once, everything appeared in an uncommonly clear light. Was this something I had simply failed to notice before? Was I suddenly discovering the spring forest as it actually looked? It shone with the most beautiful radiance, speaking to the heart, as though it wanted to encompass me in its majesty. I was filled with an indescribable sensation of joy, oneness, and blissful security.

Glasses started rolling on the table, the bookcase was full of swimming books, the door bulged like a balloon. The dial on the telephone was a huge pearl-studded wheel. The shapes and colors of objects got more and more intense, the outlines etched with luminous clarity and depth. Anything with a polished metal surface turned into gleaming gold or silver...The faces of other people became clear and beautiful and open.

I thought about the things I had studied in religion, and about how much more of it seemed to make sense now. I had somehow touched what Jesus, Buddha, and others had been talking about. Formerly confusing phrases out of various scriptures came to me and each seemed perfectly beautifully clear. I became aware of a harmony and wholeness to life that had previously eluded me. Disconnectedness was very clearly illusory....

It was all perfectly new again, mysterious and of great promise. Everything that had once been could be revived and much that was new besides. It seemed ages since the day and the world had looked so beautiful, innocent and undismayed. The joy of freedom and independence flowed through his veins like a strong potion and he recalled how long it was since he had felt this precious sensation.

My soul, I learned, is most “into” joy and beauty, i.e., experiences of joy and beauty most occupied me on acid. Joy and beauty do not dominate my awareness in general—and never with a comparable intensity—so I treasure these experiences on the grounds of their rarity alone. They were also profoundly educational. I think I understand the human race a little better

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.

While looking at a candle flame, tiny fragments of light began to sputter off the top like a fountain of fireworks, filling the room with sparkles of resplendent light. It was the first

time on psychedelics that I cried for joy. Beholding such beauty, I felt I was being welcomed to an ineffable mystery, as I'd finally come into contact with a spiritual dimension that gave hope to humanity.

Aldous had given me a bowl of vegetable soup, beautiful and delicious. When I finished it, Aldous made a move to take the bowl and wash it. I held on to it as though he were taking my most precious possession. "Please don't, Aldous." The round, white bowl with little pieces of vegetable was to me the cosmos, round and infinite, punctuated by light exuding planets and stars of fiery orange and translucent green. Aldous smiled; he knew what one can see in a dirty dish when the doors of perception are cleansed.

Color visions began to evolve into immense vistas of enchanting beauty.

Everything I perceived seemed much more beautiful, bright, alive, warmer.

Everything seemed so clear and beautiful.

Everything was larger, richer, more gorgeous.

Everything was transfigured as though by a heavenly light and everything was beautiful.

Extraordinary joy overcame me, a strong, a beautiful feeling of eternity and infinity.

He raved about the beauty. He laughed with joy. He saw it all.

Her face was that of all women, wise, beautiful, eternal. Her eyes were all female eyes.

Her face was transfigured by a kind of supernatural beauty, her body glowed with life.

I became Cleopatra, sensuous, beautiful, experiencing orgasmic ecstasy. (eyes closed)

I became drunk with the beauty and singing rhythm of it.

I felt how lucky I was to be living surrounded by simplicity and beauty.

I find it hopeless to describe in language the beauty and splendor of what I saw.

I had been permitted a glimpse into beatitude.

I had never dreamed that such heavenly beauty was available to mankind.

I moved through a world that was beautiful and intensely interesting.

I noticed color and beauty where I had never seen it before.

I saw that I, like everyone, was linked to this one mind and that it was beautiful.

I was ever aware that beauty was God.

I watched in rapture, thinking there had never been such beauty.

It was as if we witnessed the essence of creation. It was extraordinarily beautiful.

It was breathtakingly beautiful.

It was magic, far-out beautiful magic.

It was truly the most beautiful and fulfilling day of my life.

It's an experience of great beauty. I cried for joy.

One could not only see the beauty of the natural landscape but also feel it.

Perfect beauty abounded.

Psychedelics helped me keep faith with the truth in beauty.

She experienced a beautiful, warm, nourishing, golden glow.

She had a beautiful aura.

She looked ineffably beautiful.

The beautiful visions were the stimuli for spiritual emotions.

The beauty was so intense that I sobbed.

The entire world seemed to shimmer with a beautiful radiance.

The extreme beauty invaded consciousness like a vision from heaven.

The going was into intenser beauty, deeper significance.

The grass, bushes and trees outside my window glistened with a strange beauty.

The intensity of the colors was beautiful.  
The light sparkling from the cars was as beautiful as anything I had ever seen.  
The music seemed more beautiful than any kind I had ever heard before.  
The music seemed multidimensional, very beautiful.  
The rhythm of the music became outbursts of beauty.  
The trees, shrubs, flowers and lawn took on a transcendent beauty.  
The wood was a gorgeous, rich golden color.  
The world looked to me like it must to a little child, all big and beautiful.  
Their beauty made me drunk with ecstasy.

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

a feeling of awe, beauty, reverence, and humility, emotions characteristic of the mystic experience

a keen appreciation of the beauty of the music, my surroundings and myself, although without egotism

a magic key to paradise, a paradise of beauty and depth of knowing and understanding which had been dormant within me

a new soul-shaking appreciation of the inner beauty, either seen or potential, of all humanity

a new type of consciousness, an expanded awareness stressing man's commitment to love, beauty, joy and truth

a Now that changed incessantly in a dimension, not of seconds and minutes, but of beauty, of significance, of intensity, of deepening mystery

a perception of everything as not only potentially beautiful, but as basically beautiful in its own right

a transformation of the external world so that it seems overwhelmingly beautiful and alive and shining

a vision of God as a radiant source of light of supernatural beauty or a sense of personal fusion and identity with God perceived in this way

all the world so strange and multi-level intricate, but so perfect, so beautiful, so fine, so good, so perfect

an object of the most magical beauty, strangeness, intensity of thereness, of pure existence

at the secret of that infinity of beauty which shall be beheld in heaven and earth when the veil of the corporeal drops off

beauty, fun, philosophic wonder, religious revelation, increased intelligence, mystical romance, glamour, sexuality

direct spiritual experiences, such as feelings of cosmic unity, death-rebirth experiences, encounters with archetypal entities, visions of light of supernatural beauty

discovers a world of sublimely beautiful landscapes, of living architectures and of heroic figures (eyes closed)

enlightenment, full awareness of that blissful Reality whose attributes include inconceivable wisdom, compassion, light, beauty, energy and gaiety

experiential confrontation with artistic creations of high aesthetic value—visions of beautiful temples, sculptures or paintings (eyes closed)

flowers breathing, a repeated flow of beauty to heightened beauty, from deeper to ever deeper meaning

forests, gardens, lakes, beaches good for tripping—getting a sense of the world's beauty and of the subject's harmonious place in the overall "scheme of things"

freeing oneself from distractions that interfere with the perception of higher realisms or more beautiful aspects of existence

frees the mind from fixed preconceptions of beauty, creating, as it were, a free space in which altogether new forms and relationships may emerge

great moments of rapture, bliss and ecstasy, flashes of beauty, love, sexual experience, perfection, awe, aesthetic or creative wonder or insight

had an intensity of beauty, a depth of intrinsic meaning, incomparably greater than anything he had ever found in the same music

had opened my eyes to beauty such as this world has never seen and to God ("This world" means the so-called "real world" of ego, without LSD)

had visions of crystals, diamonds, jewels, ornate goblets and chalices in beautiful colors and supernatural radiance (eyes closed)

in the very midst of those wonderful moments, beholding life for the first time in all its young intoxication of loveliness, in its unspeakable joy, beauty and importance

of surpassing beauty, glowing with color, bathed in intense light, buildings of indescribable magnificence (eyes closed)

profound aesthetic imagery—Objects in the room may suddenly become transformed into works of considerable beauty and artistic value.

profound feelings of interpersonal communion and unity which endow every action with beauty and significance

revealing the brightness and true beauty of God which would shine if we allowed the love within us to glow to full capacity at all times

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

that infinity of beauty which shall be beheld in heaven and earth when the veil drops away

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

the drug, its revelation of interior mysteries, its glimpses of supernatural beauty and sublimity

the highest beautitude to which life can attain and yet, simultaneously, the root and ground of one's being

the keenest possible awareness of beauty in everything my glance fell upon, together with the deepest imaginable appreciation

the most extraordinary and significant experience available to human beings this side of the Beatific Vision

the overwhelming beauty, the awe and wonder, the existential challenge, the creative and therapeutic insights

the perception of the soul's capacity for a broader being, deeper insight, grander views of Beauty, Truth, and Good

the unfathomable beauty and joy that was right there, all around, everywhere, just waiting to be seen and appreciated.

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

the world of miracle and beauty and divine mystery when experience is what it always ought to be

those delicious raptures of beauty and sublime revealing of truth which break upon the mind under the influence of the drug

to make life in all its aspects seem not only worth living, but divinely beautiful and significant

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

visions of light that has a supernatural radiance and beauty and is usually perceived as divine

a deep unconscious association between oceanic ecstasy and the experiences of natural beauty, inspired artistic creations, spiritual feelings and highly satisfactory human relationships

direct spiritual experiences, such as feelings of cosmic unity, a sense of divine energy streaming through the body, death-rebirth sequences, encounters with archetypal entities, visions of light of supernatural beauty

fulfillment of people as individuals, as whole strikingly beautiful beings in and of themselves instead of parts that are only validated by some sort of institutional or governmental body

the beauty that transports the beholder because it reminds him of the preternatural lights and colors of the Other World (That's what seeing gems can do when you aren't tripping. When you are tripping, there is no need to be "reminded" or "transported" because you are already in the Other World, the Real World.)

a beautiful autumn day when the leaves are at their psychedelic best  
a beautiful, clear, sexual vision  
a calm, silent, restful beatitude  
a deep appreciation and personal identity with the total grandeur and beauty of nature  
a deeper sensing of beauty, an intensifying of color, and significance in form  
a feeling of overwhelming awe for the beauty surrounding them  
a great experience, the most beautiful experience  
a magnificent, staggeringly beautiful sequence of images  
a markedly noticeable increase in the appreciation of beauty  
a new attitude towards life which reflects itself in a character of remarkable beauty  
a Niagara of beauty  
a repeated flow of beauty to heightened beauty, from deeper to ever deeper meaning  
a sense that we are beautiful and whole  
a timeless, eternal beauty  
a wilderness of pristine beauty  
a wondrously beautiful heaven  
a wondrously beautiful heaven of visual imagery and music  
a world of ordered, moving beauty which defies external metaphor  
a world of very, very great beauty  
aesthetic experience very beautiful and inspiring  
aesthetic, sensory beauty  
an eternity of radiant knowledge, of bliss unchanging in its ultimate intensity  
an experience of great beauty  
an experience of transcendental beauty  
an extraordinarily moving and beautiful experience  
an inner experience of the beauty and the joy of God  
an inspiration of beauty by every visible thing  
an intenser beauty  
an ordinary household object a thing of beauty  
an overwhelming, beautiful, blessed joy  
an unprecedented revelation of beauty  
are tripping and having fantastically beautiful experiences  
authentic beauty  
bathing oneself in sensuous experience, a beautiful warm sea of being  
beatific glimpses of enlightening and liberating grace  
beautiful constantly moving patterns of colors  
beautiful eyes filled with a deep compassionate soulfulness  
beautiful, free, wild and spontaneous  
beautiful, magical  
beautiful mystical visions  
beautiful, shimmering and glowing  
beautifully colored designs and patterns  
beauty and truth being the wholeness, the Suchness of all deeply realized experience  
beauty in the eternal transformation of forms and colors  
brightly lit and beautifully colored  
brilliant lights of supernatural beauty

can see female guide as a goddess or the personification of wisdom, truth or beauty  
carried into a world of very great intensity, very great beauty and very great challenge  
closed eyes—saw luminous, moving patterns of great beauty  
colors bright and beautiful and possessing this mysterious loveliness and radiance  
colors exceeding in their beauty anything the subject has ever seen before  
dazzling, incomparably beautiful  
disciples of the beautiful  
discover a world of visionary beauty  
discover a world of visionary beauty, the enormous heightening of the perception of color  
discover beauty and wisdom and God  
divine beauty  
endless and overwhelming beauty  
eternal beautitude  
ever-changing landscapes of exaggerated beauty (eyes closed)  
ever-changing views of majestic beauty (“views” meaning visions, not ideas)  
exotic splendor and beauty impossible to achieve in this world  
exquisite beauty and perfection  
exquisite patterns of such beauty that they left me breathless  
extensions of his awareness of beauty  
extensions of his perception of beauty and transcendence  
extravagantly beautiful sunsets  
eyes with a tranquil, awesome beauty that was so beautiful  
fantastically rich and beautiful  
fresh meanings and unsuspected beauties  
gaining new extensions of his perception of beauty and transcendence  
glorious with a speechless beauty  
have never known what fascination there is in the ecstasy of beauty  
his “power of visual understanding” with deep perception and beauty  
idealized beauty  
immediate experiences which in fact are the only experiences of beauty  
incredible beauty and significance  
infinite beauty  
integral threads in a fabric where dark and light are harmonized in perfect beauty  
intensity of beauty  
intricate beauty set with glittering diamonds  
intrinsic beauty  
jewel-like beauty  
joy, ecstasy, grace, beauty  
joyous beauty  
liberation into the eternal and liberation is beautitude  
light of supernatural radiance and beauty  
like a saint’s vision of beautitude  
metaphysically starving youth reaching out for beatific visions  
more beautiful, more divine than anything I could consciously imagine  
music and love and beauty and serenity and fun and the seed of life  
mysteriously beautiful

mystic beauty  
nature and its beauty  
new, beautiful and significant experiences  
objects more significant and beautiful  
of ineffable beauty  
of surpassing beauty  
perceive an inner reality, beautiful and significant  
perception of spiritual beauty  
persons who love or even recognize Beauty, by itself and for its unmarketable sake  
radiant light and beautiful colors  
radiantly beautiful  
riding the crest of a high and beautiful wave  
romantic, impossibly beautiful  
sacred beauty  
saw beautiful scenes and colors and felt rich emotions  
saw luminous, moving patterns of great beauty  
saw visions of such beauty that he sobbed with joy  
see beyond-our-world beauty  
see Suchness in all its heavenly beauty  
seeing truth and beauty  
sensations of transcendent beauty and divine wisdom  
so much truth and beauty in the world and everyone so pitifully blind to it  
so unfathomably beautiful  
splendors of transcendent beauty  
stunningly beautiful  
such happy beauty  
surrounded by the most beautiful creations of Art  
that beautifully textured paper  
that embracing and interpenetrating beauty  
the advance toward complete beautification or deliverance through enlightenment  
the all-pervading intelligence and beauty of the total design  
the beauties of the sky  
the beautitude into which the enlightened soul is delivered, a participation in eternity  
the beauty and passion of nature, the divine warmth and radiance of the sun  
the beauty locked up in every minute speck of material around us  
the beauty of an object ordinarily ignored  
the beauty of color, the way it glows and throbs and lives  
the beauty of nature, the feeling it awakened in me  
the beauty of the inner soul  
the clarity, the exquisite beauty of the visionary state  
the contemplation of the beautiful in nature  
the divine Beauty  
the ecstatic smile that welcomes a sudden insight, a revelation of truth or of beauty  
the extreme clarity and beauty of the music  
the extraordinary beauty of the aesthetic sequences  
the forgotten beauty

“the glimpses of supernatural beauty and sublimity” that it had afforded him  
the great beauty and power of a free awareness  
the heightening of brightness or beauty of colored objects  
the illumination and the meaning and the beauty  
the immediate experience of the world as beauty, as mystery and as unity  
the immediate realization of all that is good and beautiful  
the inspired state in which beauty is created  
the intrinsic beauty that I now saw in every human being  
the magic and beauty of it  
the majestic symphony of unutterable principles of Beauty and Truth  
the most beautiful radiance  
the most delicately sensuous natural beauty  
the most heavenly music I have ever heard in my entire life, incredibly beautiful  
the perfectly satisfying intensity and purity of these gorgeous colors of ineffable beauty  
the Platonic trinity of the good, the true and the beautiful  
the pursuit of truth, akin to the creation of beauty  
the radiant benevolence and beauty of Paradise  
the reality revealer, the truth-and-beauty pill  
the rhythmic beauty of detail which the drugs reveal in common things  
the sensitive and exotically and tenderly beautiful  
the unbelievably beautiful strange imagery  
the unexpected beauty  
the utterly incomparable beauty of the vision  
the vision of highest beautitude  
the wonder and the beauty  
the world as beauty  
the world as beauty, the sun, the flowers, fresh-fragrant air  
this beautitude, the fulfillment of the potential of man’s being  
this breath-taking beauty  
this greatness of beauty and goodness that I saw and felt  
this other world of beauty and higher reality  
timeless beauty  
to advance toward complete beautification or deliverance through enlightenment  
to be in awe of beauty  
to contact incredible diversity, beauty, living, pulsating meaning of the sense organs  
to find beauties in which the soul might wrap itself as in a garment of delight  
to mediate on the unearthly beauty of “mere things”  
to see a beauty that transcends anything one had ever imagined possible before  
Truth, the bright, the beautiful, the eternal  
truths seen in the splendor of their own harmonious beauty as an intuition  
unbelievable complexity and beauty  
unbelievably, exotically beautiful  
unconceived beauties and truths  
unforgettably beautiful  
unforgettably beautiful, inexpressively wonderful  
unutterable beauty

visions of light of supernatural radiance and beauty

visions of the divine light, supernatural radiance and beauty

visions that seemed the very archetypes of beautiful form and color

visual beauty

walls glowing, seething with color, peaches glowing, are alive, the beautiful peaches

within the cell (of the body), incredible beauty and order