

Colors

As the phenomena gains in richness, colors stream and mingle at the edges of things and colored objects stand revealed in all their characteristic drug-state vividness.

Changes in perception of forms and colors are so rich and dramatic that they have been referred to as “orgies of vision” or a “retinal circus.”

Colors are typically very bright, penetrating and explosive; the light and color contrasts are enhanced and deepened.

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

Colors seem to hold great and uncanny significance. All of them are providential and mean something.

Depth perception is often heightened and perspective distorted; inanimate objects take on expressions, and synesthesia (hearing colors, seeing sounds, etc.) is common.

Everything is brilliantly illuminated, shining from within and a riot of colors is intensified to a pitch unknown in the normal state.

Everything is composed of tiny dots of color and these dots all blend together to form a single scene and a single reality.

Flowers are almost as transporting as precious stones, reminding us of what’s always been there, preternaturally bright, colorful and significant, at the back of our minds.

Forms and colors of abstract visions can be perceived as lascivious and obscene or very sensuous, sexually stimulating and seductive.

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.

Intensified light, intensified color and intensified significance do not exist in isolation. They adhere in objects.

Mescaline raises all colors to a higher power and makes the percipient aware of innumerable shades of difference, to which, at ordinary times, he is completely blind.

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

Preternatural light evokes, in everything it touches, preternatural color and preternatural significance.

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

The figures are often extremely colorful and accompanied by a variety of awe-inspiring sounds. (eyes closed)

The natural world is endowed with a richness of grace, color, significance and sometimes humor, for which our normal adjectives are insufficient.

The self-luminous objects possess a meaning and this meaning is in some sort, as intense as their color.

The unique perception of color and forms, as well as the overwhelming influence of music, frequently mediate a new understanding of art and artistic movement.

The visual field behind closed eyelids becomes rich in color and animated and the individual can see a variety of geometrical or architectural forms.

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

You're suddenly flooded by lights and colors and sensations and images, and also getting simultaneous messages from different parts of your body.

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

Colors are unusually bright and explosive, color contrasts much stronger than usual and the world can be perceived in a way characterized by various movements of modern art, such as impressionism, cubism, surrealism or superrealism.

Gem-like objects, bright and self-luminous, glowing with preternatural color and significance, exist in the mind's Antipodes, are seen by visionaries and are felt by all who see them to be of enormous significance.

Individuals can feel that prior to the experience they had never really seen colors, smelled the variety of fragrances and odors, tasted the infinite nuances of food, or experienced the sensuous potential of their bodies.

It's an utterly amazing, fascinating state of finding yourself a pleasant part of an endless vista of color that is soft and gentle and yielding and all-absorbing. Utterly extraordinary, most extraordinary.

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

The experiences have been described as waking dreams. But to me, the visions are far more colored and vivid than any dream can possibly be. With LSD, you see with striking and unforgettable clarity.

The first noticeable effects of LSD are primarily on the five senses: sight, hearing, touch, smell and taste. Colors seem more vivid and luminous; hearing becomes more acute; the sense of touch is intensified.

The magnification of inherent colors and essences can become so intense that common boundaries are dissolved, as adjacent forms bleed into one another, revealing the delicate underlying web that links all forms.

Along with light, there comes recognition of heightened significance. The self-luminous objects possess a meaning as intense as their color. Here, significance is identical with

being: objects do not stand for anything but themselves. Their meaning is precisely this: that they are intensely themselves.

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)

Characteristically there are at first flashes of light or amorphous forms of vivid color which evolve and develop into geometric figures, shapes, human faces, and pictures of great complexity. The depth of the color and its unusually arresting tone strike the subject. (eyes closed)

Everything seen by those who visit the mind's antipodes is brilliantly illuminated and seems to shine from within. All colors are intensified to a pitch far beyond anything seen in the normal state and at the same time, the mind's capacity for recognizing fine distinctions of tone and hue is notably heightened.

If I put on glasses and see details more clearly, no one can say that I am hallucinating. But if, under the drug, I see colors and forms I did not see before, they say I am hallucinating. But maybe I really achieved a new and better vision of external reality. (There are no maybes about it.)

One of the experiences most impressive to the subject is synesthesia—the response by one of the senses to a stimulus ordinarily responded to by another of the senses. For example, the subject may find himself able to taste colors or smell sounds. Occasionally the experiencing of synesthesias may prove to be a gateway.

The subject is caught up in an endless flow of colored forms, microbiological shapes, cellular acrobatics, capillary whirling. The cortex is tuned in on molecular processes which are completely new and strange: a Niagara of abstract designs; the life-stream flowing, flowing. (eyes closed)

Their color shines forth with a brilliance which seems to us preternatural, because it is in fact entirely natural, entirely natural in the sense of being entirely unsophisticated by language or the scientific, philosophical and utilitarian notions, by means of which we ordinarily re-create the given world in our own dreary human image.

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.

A person is likely to become increasingly sensitive to color and to form. Colors often grow richer and deeper, while the contours of objects in the room may stand out in sharp relief. The whole experience may seem to come into sharper focus, as though the person had just discarded a dirty, incorrectly ground pair of glasses for a clean, perfectly ground pair.

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.

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.

Socrates tells us that there exists an ideal world above and beyond the world of matter. "In this other earth the colors are much purer and much more brilliant than they are down here...The very mountains, the very stones have a richer gloss, a lovelier transparency and intensity of hue. The precious stones of this lower world, our highly prized cornelians, jaspers, emeralds and all the rest, are but tiny fragments of these stones above."

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.

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)

A red traffic light may be, not a danger signal, but an object of surpassing beauty.

A world of color is broken into.

All colors I have ever beheld are dull in comparison to these.

Bright pure colors are characteristic of the Other World.

Color is intense, luminous, objects look fresh and radiant.

Color is repetitively described in superlatives of intensity, luminescence and saturation.

Colors and sound gain an intense meaning.

Colors are often described as jewel-like, lit up from within.

Colors are seen with a certain movement and continuous influx of shades.

Colors become impressive, lose their boundaries, and seem to flow

Colors become brighter and more luminous.

Gothic churches and Greek temples were brilliantly colored.

I can't decide where shape ends and color begins.

I have never seen such color before.

Music may produce visions of color.

music---That passage is so sweet that I can taste it. That stream sounds like orange.

The colors become finer.

The extraordinary character of light and color is unbelievable.

The most brilliantly colored patterns change incessantly.

The shape of a leaf is its color.

The walls change color with the music.

The world of color is infinite as is the world of sound.

There is a third dimensionality to color.

This is truly a wonderful world of infinitely variable colors, forms, music.

You liquefy, become fluid, flow back into the ocean where colors are more beautiful.

You see music like dancing particles and see sounds in multicolored patterns.

The light is glittering as if reflected by diamonds or other precious stones in a tremendous variety of very rich colors.

The walls of the room are starting to writhe, objects are swimming in pools of light, colors are becoming vibrant, everything intense.

Why the colors are so bright! The world seems alive! I'm seeing for the first time! It's alive! Well, of course, it's alive. Your eye knew that all along.

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.

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

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

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

Brilliantly colored objects in the images seemed to generate a light of their own, waves of color. (eyes closed)

Colors seemed deeper and richer; and a soft, natural light seemed to reflect from all things.

Each color seemed to carry its own feeling tone, oranges, reds and yellows expansive and sexual, blues and greens, cool, serene and rational.

Every acoustic perception became transformed into optical perceptions. Every sound generated a vividly changing image, with its own consistent forms and color.

Every scene was realistic, but the colors were unusually vivid and all sparkled in brilliant morning sunshine. (eyes closed)

eyes closed—One of the fabulous aspects of this microfilm was the clarity of color and form, from the facial expressions to the most minute details of the background.

eyes closed—The colors seemed to glow with an inner light. It seemed a glimpse of something timeless and primordial, a sort of breakthrough into the realm of the absolute.

eyes closed—There surged upon me a succession of fantastic, rapidly changing imagery of a striking reality and depth, alternating with a vivid kaleidoscopic play of colors.

For the first time, I was seeing colors and forms and things in themselves (seeing objects as alive and meaningful).

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 closed my eyes and experienced a vision that unfolded in vivid colors and accompanied by voices that were audible only inside my head.

I had reached a state of “wakefulness” when the brilliance of light on a window sill or the colors of blue in the sky would be so important it could make me cry.

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.”)

I saw all the little shades of white in the sugar. What blindness I had to color differentiation all my life.

I suddenly saw the color of the wall waxing and waning, ebbing and flowing. The extraordinary character of light and color is unbelievable.

I wanted to feel the color of a purple glass and I seemed to be one with the soft glowing purple.

I was dazzled. Layers of iridescent silk cascaded from a waist-band; the subtle shading of its colors blended together into a psychedelic dream.

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

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 was as if a veil fell from my eyes. The shapes and colors in the room stood out more brightly and clearly, and everything seemed imbued with life.

Like a blind man newly healed and confronted for the first time by the mystery of light and color, he stared in uncomprehending astonishment.

Looking up, I saw the stars colored with the same reds, greens and blues that one sees in iridescent glass.

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

My visual field was glowing with a spectrum of colors that had an awesome and numinous quality.

Never have colors had the glowing, fascinating, delighting intensity that they had for me at the time.

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)

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)

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.

The colors had become not only more luminous and brilliant, but different in quality from any color previously seen; they were located outside the normally visible spectrum.

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

The colors were not only more luminous and phosphorescent, they were different in quality from any color previously seen.

The effects on my vision were spectacular. Pigment stuck out of the paintings forming valleys and mountains of raw, furrowed, gleaming color.

The experience opened into a world of millions of colors and eventually into images of swirling galaxies. (eyes closed)

The light was changing color kaleidoscopically with a different pitch of musical sounds (Color changes as sounds change.)

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

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

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

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

Without exception, every object was aglitter and asparkle, like diamonds dancing. All colors took on the quality of gems, without causing a loss of realism.

I saw that we were part of an enormous sinewy archetype, a monstrous rooted and branching phenomenon, the primordial life force. I could see the buds opening constantly to new existences and whole colorful worlds.

I was deeply enmeshed in an abstract world of whirling geometrical forms and exuberant colors that were brighter and more radiant than anything I have ever seen in my life. I was fascinated and mesmerized by this incredible kaleidoscopic show. (eyes closed)

It was as though for all of your normal waking life you have been caught in a still photograph, in an awkward, stereotyped posture. Suddenly, the show comes alive, balloons out to several dimensions and becomes irradiated with color and energy.

Kaleidoscopic, fantastic images surged in on me, alternating, variegated, opening and then closing on themselves in circles and spirals, exploding in colored fountains, rearranging and hybridizing themselves in constant flux. (eyes closed)

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 flower's incredibly exquisite petals opened on the room, spraying indescribable colors in every direction. I felt the colors and heard them as they played across my body, cool and warm, reedlike and tinkling.

There was only the music and then bright colors that turned out to be musical notes. The notes danced along a silver staff of music that stretched from one eternity to another, beyond the planets and stars and space itself.

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)

When I closed my eyes there was an endless flow of geometrical forms in the most magnificent combinations of color. I could not help thinking at this time how a man in advertising might make his fortune were he able to capture just a bit of this.

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.

I suddenly felt that everything was so much more real than it had been before. The grass was greener, the sun was shining brighter, and people were more alive, I could see them clearer. I could see the bad things and the good things and all that. I was much more aware.

It seemed that my senses had been given a kaleidoscopic character which made the whole world entrancingly complicated, as if I were involved in a multidimensional arabesque. Colors became so vivid that flowers, leaves and fabrics seemed to be illuminated from inside.

Scenes involving human forms and architecture began to emerge accompanied by play of light and color, a "technicolor" of the mind's eye. As the visions grew more interesting, I

could still convey my experience to the guide, although my engrossment in the sensations was such that I did not wish to interrupt them for long. (eyes closed)

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.

Was I going mad? Did the psychedelics rob me of my senses? No. They brought me to my senses. The world around me—people, scents, colors, sounds—all was intensified. I never knew how keen my senses were! And that other sense—the sense of oneness with all creation!

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.

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.

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 decorations 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.

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 visions were not blurred or uncertain. They were sharply focused, the lines and colors being so sharp that they seemed more real to me than anything I had seen with my own eyes. I felt that I was now seeing clearly, whereas ordinary vision gives us an imperfect view. I was seeing the archetypes, the Platonic ideas, that underlie the imperfect images of everyday life.

With my eyes closed, colorful, ever-changing fantastic images invaded my mind continuously. It was especially remarkable how all sounds—for instance, the noise of a passing car—were transported into visual sensations, so that with each tone and noise, a corresponding colored image, changing in form and color like a kaleidoscope, was produced.

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.

A myriad of multicolored telephone wires hummed as they wiggled like serpents.
All colors glowed and pulsated.
All colors took on a quality of gems.
All was just color on the finest kind of texture.
Color visions began to evolve into immense vistas of enchanting beauty. (eyes closed)
Colored forms swayed to the music.
Colors became more vivid.
Colors were alive and clear.
Colors were fresh and clear.
Every line and color was constantly breathing and mutating.
Everything seemed fresh and sparkling, exploding into brilliant colors.
Everything that I saw and the color of them seemed to be more intense.
For hours every sound had its color and form as truly as scenery could have them.
He "lost" himself in a "sea of colors," of "sensing," "feeling."
His visions were vivid in color, always harmonious.
Hofmann observed wild colors in a world without stability or form.
I could see colored shadows across the sky.
I had a feeling of colored musical notes floating around.
I had been struck by lively dissonance of its colors.
I noticed color and beauty where I had never seen it before.
I saw colors I never experienced before.
I saw temples in all the colors of precious stones illuminated from within (eyes closed).
I was overcome by the remarkable brilliance of the colors.
In a photograph, the oranges and yellows of the leaves were vibrant and luminous.
Magnificent, I never really saw color before.
My husband's red plaid shirt was glowing with a peculiar intensity.
Never was the sky so blue.
Red-violet roses were of unknown luminosity and radiated in portentous brightness.
Shapes and colors intensified.
Sounds were translated into vivid colored images.
The air was filled with curving color webs.
The colors in the room were vibrating, alive, glowed.
The colors were sumptuous, rich, and bright.
The different colored lights meant things.
The fall colors were a blaze of glory. (fall meaning autumn)
The grass was the greenest I had ever seen.
The intensity of the colors was beautiful.
The multicolored mosaic of space seemed to stretch.
The music rolled on in orgiastic waves of sound and color.
The red necklace of my assistant took on a luminous sparkle.
The sky was more deeply blue than ever.
The trees were sparkling with gold.
The wood was a gorgeous, rich golden color.

The world turned into an orgy of color, a rainbow symphony.
When he closed his eyes, the color dazzled him.

a central viewpoint from which not only the chemistry, the structure, the color, but rather all attributes become significant

a colorful visionary adventure resulting in a profound spiritual opening and personality transformation

a fantastic display of colorful visions, some of them abstract and geometrical, others figurative and full of symbolic meaning (eyes closed)

a flowing series of richly detailed, colorful, constantly changing images and emotional transformations (eyes closed)

a more acute awareness of color, a wonderful awareness of the almost infinite detail that objects will yield up if only one will give them one's attention

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

a whirling mass of light, brilliant color, movement and gaiety coupled with unutterable bliss

all joyous color and sound and magic and hope and maybe just the same old chips of glass, beads, and mirrors, but seen in a glorious new way

an unending series of colorful, very realistic and fantastic images, constantly changing in shape and color like the pictures in a kaleidoscope (eyes closed)

an uninterrupted stream of fantastic images of extraordinary plasticity and vividness and accompanied by an intense kaleidoscopic play of colors (eyes closed)

books whose color was so intense, so intrinsically meaningful that they seemed to be on the point of leaving the shelves to thrust themselves more insistently on my attention

eyes closed simple images—geometric forms, shifting “clouds” of color, clusters of jewels (The images get more complicated.)

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

increased vividness of color, visual harmonies, change in depth perception, sharper definition of detail, changes in time sense, especially listening to music

incredible colorful and dynamic visions of geometric designs, architectural forms, kaleidoscopic displays (eyes closed)

intensification of color and sound, euphoria, sense of having discovered some great wisdom

landscapes, which change constantly, passing from richness to more intensely colored richness, from grandeur to deepening grandeur (eyes closed)

light which doesn't seem to fall upon surfaces from above but to be right inside the structure and color

of exquisite colors such as surely no one has dreamed of (That's until they have taken LSD.)

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

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

strange visions of extraordinary vividness accompanied by a kaleidoscopic play of intense coloration

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

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

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

would intensify your visual awareness and would make you aware of colors—some of which you may never have seen before

an experience extraordinarily satisfying in terms of emotions, sensations and fantasy, complete with technicolor and sound-track, creativity and productively loaded with valid insights

image after image after image, flowing in succession more rapid than I would have wished, but all exquisitely detailed and with colors richer and more brilliant than those either nature or the artist has yet managed to create (eyes closed)

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

visions of many-colored geometries, of architectures, rich with gems and fabulously lovely, of landscapes with heroic figures, of symbolic dramas, trembling perpetually on the verge of the ultimate revelation (eyes closed)

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 deeper sensing of beauty, an intensifying of color, and significance in form
a fantastic world of intense emotions, brilliant colors and undulating forms
a great intensification of light and color experienced with eyes opened or closed
a heightened significance of light and color

a mental state in which appear fantastic visions, often in the most brilliant colors
a rich inner world of colorful images (eyes closed)
a rich spectrum of colors
a room with crawling walls and liquid color
a strong glowing of color or color-radiation
a tremendous intensity of colors and light
agliter, sparkling, saturated with light and color
an alteration in the value of the significance of colors
an increased aesthetic appreciation of color, form, texture and sound
an intense kaleidoscopic play of colors
an unending series of colorful, very realistic and fantastic images (eyes closed)
an unforgettable autumn scene, golden fields, trees turning technicolor
beautiful, constantly moving patterns of colors
beautifully colored designs and patterns
beauty in the eternal transformation of forms and colors
brightly lit and beautifully colored
brilliant with light and radiant color
brilliantly lighted perceptions of colored, moving, living geometrical forms (eyes closed)
changed perceptions of forms, colors and sounds
changing colors and patterns
changing waves of color
closed eyes—a succession of vivid images brilliantly colored and intricately detailed
closed eyes—an intense kaleidoscopic play of colors
closed my eyes, saw geometric forms, colors aroused in me a kind of emotional warmth
color and design greatly heightened
colors bright and beautiful and possessing this mysterious loveliness and radiance
colors bright and gay, the enormous intensification of color
colors brighter
colors deepening
colors...exquisitely deep hues, and astonishingly harmonious in their juxtaposition
colors radiant, pulsating
colors such as this world has yet to produce
colors swimming
discover a world of visionary beauty, the enormous heightening of the perception of color
enrichment of color and texture, heightened clarity
entered a world of fantastic shapes, colors and visual detail
extraordinarily brilliant color
fantastic images, exploding in colored fountains, in constant flux (eyes closed)
greatly heightened awareness of color
his experience of the range and intensity of light and color perception
indescribably brilliant and rich and unearthly color
intense, sparkling color
intensely colored
intensification of color and depth
intensification of color perception
jeweled patterns, mosaics, color, emerald rubies (eyes closed)

leaves yellow-fresh green that I remember from the springtimes of my childhood
lights like comets, ultra unearthly colors
looked at the painting, could "taste the color red"
many colored variations on the inexhaustible theme of crumpled wool or linen
meals, snacks and fruits of interesting colors, tastes and textures
mixture of senses, sounds experienced as colors
mosaic of visual rhythm, pulsating vibratory color
multicolored threads that seemed to connect everything in the room
Niagaras of exploding colors and wiggling patterns
patterns of color which have a power to move us and in ways which we little understand
Persian rug undulating, each unit in motion, a swirling rock-and-roll of color
radiant light and beautiful colors
radiating, pulsating color
rainbows of colors like gems
renewed life and color
rich and colorful imageries
richly colored
saw a multicolored mosaic on the ceiling and for a while the ceiling rippled like a pond
saw beautiful scenes and colors and felt rich emotions
saw flying masses of color
see rolling waves of colored forms whirling up, bouncing jolly
see vivid colors
shifting, brilliant lights and colors
so rich with color as to be a marvel never to be forgotten
supernaturally brilliant colors
textures with LSD colors superimposed on them
the brilliantly radiating lights and colors
the colorful rich world of intuition, inspiration and imagination
the complexity of color patterns
the emphasis upon the play of light and color, as though light were alive
the glint of bronze, the rich radiance of colored marble
the growing intensification of color
the heightened intensity of color perception
the heightening of brightness or beauty of colored objects
the heightening of color and form perception of well-known objects
the impressiveness of seen, real objects, their shape and color
the incredible intensity of color
the intense beamy quality of colored images
the intensity of color
the magic blue sky
the magic of noble forms and colors artfully blended
the most luminous colors and patterns
the new luster of colors that various things had taken on
the perfectly satisfying intensity and purity of these gorgeous colors of ineffable beauty
the sensuous qualities of color
the swirling of unlimited multicolored space

the unprecedented colors and plays of shapes that persisted behind my closed eyes
the vibrant and luminous colors
the vivid colors of a sunset
the whole field of vision with its vast multiplicity of colors and shapes
to enhance appreciation of color and form
to see colors in all its brilliance and absolute splendor
unusual richness of colors
vast explosions of vibratory color
visions intensely and preternaturally brilliant in color
visions that seemed the very archetypes of beautiful form and color
vivid colored imagery
vividly colored
walls glowing, seething with color, peaches glowing, are alive, the beautiful peaches
watching colors more exquisite than anything I'd ever seen
winds sparkling and diamond clear and full of color as they glittered through the valley
with a clearness of contour and wealth of admirable color