

Light, Luminous, Illuminated

After having had the LSD experience, I know that there can never be love where there is secretiveness and darkness. Love only endures in the bright light of the day.

All of creation—people, animals, plants and inanimate objects—seems to be permeated by the same cosmic essence and divine light.

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

As well as being filled with resplendent divine light, the transcendental realms are often described as existing beyond the ordinary senses.

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

Darkness and death are by no means the mere absence of light and life, but rather their origin.

Drugs have light to throw on the history, phenomenology and philosophy of religion and the practice of the religious life itself.

Eternity is now and in the light of unrepressed vision, the physical organism and the physical world turn out to be the divine world.

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

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

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.

Its clarity sometimes gives the sensation that the world has become transparent or luminous. (Transparent here doesn't mean nothing or blank but clear of ego perceptions.)

It's like a key is opening a door and the light is flowing in. And this means a great deal to me.

Light contained in objects, shining out of things and people is a kind of luminous living geometry.

Many people report visions of brilliant light with a supernatural quality radiating divine intelligence or experience God as pure spiritual energy permeating all.

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

Only when the mind and soul is empty, like clear glass, does it let through the light of God.

People may see lights or visions or they may hear different kinds of inner sounds. They may experience inner fragrances or tastes.

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

Purged and purified, the soul approaches union with the Divine. Light, love and joy have become the only realities.

St. Augustine wrote volumes of treatises basic to Catholic theology, toward the end of his life had the experience of Pure Light and never wrote a word again.

The familiar view of our surroundings is transformed; it appears to us in a new light, takes on a special meaning.

The man who lives in the light of God is conscious neither of time past nor of time to come but only of one eternity.

The mind grows clearer, more luminous, more peaceful. Insight becomes more penetrating.

The personality is touched to its core and is led into provinces of psychic life otherwise unexplored. Light is shed on boundaries otherwise dark and unrevealed.

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

The scenery of the heavens and paradises is typically flooded with brilliant white or golden light, and is full of luminescent clouds or rainbows. (eyes closed)

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

The skin is as much a joiner as a divider, the bridge whereby the inner organs have contact with air, warmth and light.

The soul beholds realities of greater significance, such as may never be apprehended again out of the light of eternity.

The soul emerges into the radiance of the Divine Light and experiences spiritual rebirth, salvation, redemption, resurrection, reunion.

The ultimate reality remains unshakably itself and is of the same substance as the inner light of even the most cruelly tormented mind.

The whole world of men and nature acquires an atmosphere that we may call variously divine, luminous, enchanted, timeless, archetypal.

There is indeed an almost universal tendency to express the divine in terms of radiating light.

This preternaturally significant light shines on or shines out of a landscape of such surpassing beauty.

Through the Greek Mysteries, men became gods and celebrated their divinity in the ecstatic light-space geometries of the great temples.

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

All of us carry around in the back of our head this mysterious other world which I have called the world of visions. The little twinkling lights of Christmas decorations remind us of this other world; they seem in some way magical.

Almost all mystics and visionaries have experienced reality in terms of light—either of light in its naked purity or of light infusing and radiating out of things and persons, seen with the inner eye or in the external world.

Blake said that “gratitude is heaven itself”—a phrase I was unable to understand before taking LSD, but which now seems luminously comprehensible. (That was Aldous Huxley. One can say that LSD is heavenly gratifying.)

Gem-like objects, bright, 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. (eyes closed)

In the light of the overwhelming evidence we have regarding visionary experiences in virtually every area of life, it is remarkable to think that traditional Western science continues to ignore this crucial force in human history.

It is possible to cut beyond ego-consciousness, to tune in on neurological processes which flash by at the speed of light, and to become aware of the enormous treasury of ancient racial knowledge welded into the nucleus of every cell in your body.

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

Only in the light of these revelations of what each human being is capable of becoming, ought to become and is ultimately destined to become, can we fully and clearly understand what in fact we are.

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)

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

Suddenly, the familiar view of our surroundings is transformed in a strange, delightful, way: it appears to us in a new light, takes on a special meaning. Such an experience can be as light and fleeting as a breath of air, or it can imprint itself deeply upon our minds.

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 experiencer, when he opens his eyes, sees the outer world transfigured, sees it as glowing with an intensity of light and significance and life, which is something he simply does not see at all in his ordinary state.

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 liberating aspects of rebirth and the affirmation of positive forces in the universe are frequently expressed in visions of radiant, blinding lights that has a supernatural quality and seems to come from a divine source.

The opening of the channel between the conscious and the superconscious levels, between the "I" and the Self, and the flood of light, energy and joy which follows, often produces a wonderful release.

The outer divorced from any illumination from the inner is in a state of darkness. We are in an age of darkness. The state of outer darkness is a state of sin—i.e., alienation or estrangement from the inner light.

The psychedelic experience can be not only a challenge, but also a support of my faith. I can see Judaism in a new and amazing light. (A Hassidic rabbi who tripped with Timothy Leary said that.)

The veil which made you see duality drops away and you experience the world as a blissful sport of God's energy. You see the universe as supremely blissful light, undifferentiated from yourself and you remain unshakable in this awareness.

We have at our finger tips a material and method by which we can draw back the heavy curtain of our underconscious mind and release into the bright light of our conscious mind many of the dark and troubling mysteries of our inner selves.

What can be done to prevent the glory and the freshness from fading into the light of common day? How can we educate children on the conceptual level without killing their capacity for intense nonverbal experience?

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

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.

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.

In the psychedelic '60's the flower children had been lit up like living torches and beamed out their powerful little lights across the world. For a while it looked like the light would conquer the dark, and there would at last be peace on earth. We were filled with wonderment, gratitude, awe, love. We had seen MORE than the everyday reality.

Introducing transpersonal experiences into psychology creates a conceptual bridge between Western science and perennial philosophy. It also throws new light on many problems in history, anthropology, sociology, psychology, psychiatry, philosophy, and comparative religion.

Just as photographic chemicals bring to light the picture already imprinted on the film, the psychedelic chemicals have, in actual practice, introduced many people to an appreciation of music, a capacity for art or a sensitivity to poetry that was there but which they never dreamed they had.

Lama Govinda says that to Tibetans, the attempts of modern psychologists, who try to "prove" extrasensory perception by scientific methods, would appear crude and laughable: one might as well try to prove the existence of light which is visible to all but the blind.

Psychedelics expand attention. They make the spotlight of consciousness a floodlight which not only exposes ignored relationships and unities but also brings to light unsuspected details, details normally ignored because of their lack of significance or their irrelevance to some prejudice of what ought to be.

The great religious leaders all found the same thing when they looked within. They all talked about the inner light, the soul, the divine flame, the spark or seed of life or the white light of the void. Those are clumsy metaphors for what are actually physiological processes within the nervous system.

The talk was of love, and it ripped my mind time and time again to realize that it had been said by so many prophets from the beginning of consciousness, and no one wanted to listen. Now someone was listening, and we swore that we'd never forget. It was all so simple. No obstacles that wouldn't crumble under the bright light of the truth of love.

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.

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

Perceptions of encompassing light, infinite energy, ineffable visions, and incommunicable knowledge are remarkable in their seeming distinction from perceptions of the phenomena of the "natural world." According to mystics, these experiences are different because they pertain to a higher transcendent reality. What is perceived is said to come from another world, or another dimension.

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 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 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)

We find again and again this description of luminous landscapes and architectures encrusted with gems, the whole world of landscape is filled with what Ezekiel calls the stones of fire. These descriptions of course very closely parallel all the accounts of paradises, posthumous worlds and fairylands which are found in all the traditions of the world.

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.)

A red traffic light may be, not a danger signal, but an object of surpassing beauty.
An individual moves into the realms of light and beauty.
Color is intense, luminous objects look fresh and radiant.
Color is repetitively described in superlatives of intensity, luminescence and saturation.
Colors are often described as jewel-like, lit up from within.
Colors become brighter and more luminous.
Cosmological mysticism is an experience of reality illuminated from within.
Everything starts to sparkle and turns into light.
Flowers call to mind a world of innocence, transparency, light and joy.
Glimpses into alternative realities can shed light on this one.
Here the depth of light and structure in a bursting bud go on forever.
Light has no need to shine upon itself since it is luminous already.
Light is intelligent.
Light seems preternaturally intense.
Light seems preternaturally intense in all that is seen with the inward eyes.
Our social realities are so ugly if seen in the light of exiled truth.
Our spotlight, narrowed attention must be opened to the full vision.
Paradises abound in gems of self-luminous, magical flowers.
Step into the light of freedom and divine responsibility.

The extraordinary character of light and color is unbelievable.

The light and dark are transcended through being seen in terms of a dramatic unity.

The light intensifies.

The most intense darkness is itself the seed of light.

The truth is revealed by removing things that stand in its light.

There IS a light at the end of the tunnel.

We use the mind as a spotlight rather than a floodlight.

We've all come out of the same light and we're all going back into the same light.

What is empty is not reality itself but all that seems to block its light.

I have finally come to myself and I have another body, a body of bliss, a pure body of light and energy.

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 suddenly vibrant, everything intense.

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.

An endless sea of glorious golden light which was in truth God, stretched into infinity. As I watched, an overpowering feeling of reverence settled into my very depths.

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

As the truth of the situation dawned on me, the word "father" resounded in this heaven of light and I was taken up and absorbed by the unspeakable Godhead.

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.

Eternity was manifested in the light of the day and something infinite behind everything appeared.

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.

He mentions the quality of light around him; it made the air seem radiant. All his senses were gratified to the highest degree.

He saw objects in a new light; they disclosed their inherent deep, timeless existence, which remains hidden from everyday sight.

I advanced toward the table. With every step its distance increased. The lights, the faces, the furniture receded.

I awakened into a brilliant, overwhelmingly glorious light. It was very brief but I'd never experienced anything like it in my life. It had quite an impact.

I felt flooded with lights and indescribable joy and connected in a new way to the world and the flow of life.

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 a gleaming, blinding light with a brilliance. I knew that I was looking at God. (eyes closed)

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

I was carried by this light to an Ecstasy beyond ecstasy and suddenly I was no longer I, but a part of the Divine Workings.

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

In that illuminated state, I felt completely boundless and free, surrounded and filled with brilliant light and washed by an enormous sense of peace.

In the garden, everything glistened and sparkled in a fresh light. The world was as if newly created.

It was as if everything were backlit or lit from underneath and not just from the sun above.

It was like escaping from a refrigerator into the sunshine. I could feel myself coming alive in that light of hers, that radiating warmth.

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

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.

Status and classification appeared as mere superficial differentiation, in the light of the harmony I saw among all beings.

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

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

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

The light reflections became important, meaningful and mysterious. It had some secret message.

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

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.

There came a knowing beyond all doubting, convictions unshakable in their strength, as if LSD had pulled back a curtain and allowed the light of wisdom to shine through.

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

We danced in the golden light of space, seemingly into eternity, in a state of bliss understood only by those who have experienced euphoria.

Whenever a pencil of light fell, between rocks or trees, it seemed a prismatic pathway between earth and heaven.

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

I was no longer as I knew myself to be, a small point of awareness confined in a body, but instead was a vast circle of consciousness in which the body was but a point, bathed in light and in a state of exaltation and happiness impossible to describe.

My own personal drama was no more significant than light playing on a movie screen. Even feelings of joy, ecstasy, and liberation in letting go of attachments were less important than the insight and sense of knowing, or remembering, inexpressible truth.

Perfectly harmonious, luminously alive, the rose was looking at Aldous and Aldous was looking at the rose. There was perfect communication between the two—and complete silence.

Suddenly, without warning, I felt that I was in heaven—an inward state of peace and joy and assurance indescribably intense, accompanied with a sense of being bathed in a warm glow of light.

The trees, shrubs and flowers seemed to be living jewelry, inwardly luminous like intricate structures of jade, alabaster or coriel and yet breathing and flowing with the same life that was in me.

The very heavens seemed to pour open and pour down rays of light and glory. Not for a moment only, but all day and night, floods of light and glory seemed to pour through my soul and oh, how I was changed and everything became new.

He had an experience of overwhelming cosmic ecstasy; the universe seemed to be illuminated by radiant light emanating from an unidentifiable supernatural source. The entire world was filled with serenity, love and peace; the atmosphere was that of “absolute victory, final liberation and freedom in the soul.”

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 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 looked on fields, and waters, and sky, and read in them a most startling meaning. I wondered how I had ever regarded them in the light of dead matter. They were now grand symbols of the sublimest spiritual truths—truths never before even feebly grasped, and utterly unsuspected.

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.

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.

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

This clear-light experience, as Leary termed it, was a true communion of the soul. I felt as if my consciousness and entire being had broken up with the brittleness of linear ego thought, while the person that filled the vacuum bore the same body of experience with a totally new vitality and an understanding of life’s true value.

We walked around the garden together. It was like walking in Paradise. Everything was composed and harmonized. I felt I had never really seen this garden before. I was enchanted with each plant, leaf, flower, tree trunk and the earth itself. Each blade of grass stood up separate and distinct, edged with light. Each was supremely important.

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.

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

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 had the feeling of going deep within myself to the self stripped bare of all pretense and falseness. It was the point where a man could stand firm with absolute integrity—something more important than mere physical life. The white light experience was of supreme importance—absolutely self-validating and something worth staking your life on and putting your trust in.

Most of the scenes were oriental—brilliantly illuminated landscapes, strange towers, pagodas and temples, furnishing the background to exquisite lovely dancers. (That's with closed eyes. To be clear, the scenes will not at all necessarily be oriental. They probably will not be, but can be as in this person's case and this person might never see oriental scenes again.)

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.

He re-experienced his own embryological development, from the fusion of the sperm and egg through millions of cell divisions and processes of differentiation to a whole individual. This was accompanied by an enormous release of energy and radiant light. The sequences of embryonal development were intermingled with phylogenetic

flashbacks showing the transformation of animal species during the historical evolution of life. (eyes closed)

All infinity seemed filled with an endless ocean of golden light. Then I saw Him!

Books—All of them glowed with living light, jeweled books.

Everything appeared in an uncommonly clear light.

Everything shone with the Inner Light and was infinite in its significance.

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

I saw a city of light.

I saw light in the form of a river blazing with radiance.

I saw temples in all the colors of precious stones illuminated from within (eyes closed).

I would just feel that vibe wash through and light up all my electricity.

In a photograph, the oranges and yellows of the leaves were vibrant and luminous.

It was like my mind was a searchlight that reached out into space for thousands of miles.

It was now given to see in their own light, the truths.

Red-violet roses were of unknown luminosity and radiated in portentous brightness.

The different colored lights meant things.

The light aroused me.

The light grew brightly. The understanding deepened.

The light sparkling from the cars was as beautiful as anything I had ever seen.

The object on which I concentrated became a radiance of pure light.

The paintings seemed suffused with a crystal light.

The red necklace of my assistant took on a luminous sparkle.

The room was celestial, glowing with radiant illumination.

The sun was sending a thrill of light.

Viewing the herbs and grass of the field in his inward light, he saw into their essences

a radiance that seemed comparable to the light of super-natural brilliance that according to Oriental scriptures appears to us at the moment of death

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

a vision of what may be called living geometries, geometrical forms brilliantly lighted, continuously changing (eyes closed)

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

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

concrete and detailed archetypal images of celestial landscapes, with cities of light, radiant palatial mansions, exotic gardens and magnificent rivers (eyes closed)

contacted the molecular energies within the cellular structure, experiencing the “inner light”

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

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

experienced an intense white light followed by a massive intellectual and moral illumination

flowers shining with their own inner light and all but quivering under the pressure of the significance with which they were charged

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

my ecstasy which heightened to behold the same rose-radiance lighting us up along our immense journey

objects, people, landscapes which seem to be impregnated and shining with their own light

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

pure mind, mind in its natural state, limitless, undifferentiated, luminously blissful, knowledgelessly understanding

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

sudden illumination of all things around, where a moment before I had seen nothing uncommon

the Clear Light of pure Suchness, much brighter than the sun but much gentler—You can look into the Clear Light and not be blinded, the Clear Light outshining the sun.

the Clear Light of reality itself or undifferentiated consciousness which underlies all being, knowledge and perception

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

the radiance of the Clear Light of Pure Reality (God is radiant, not a crackpot dictator demanding blind obedience.)

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

the white light of the void, the ecstatic union that comes from when you're completely turned-on, beyond the senses, beyond the body

to induce states that would lend extraordinary lucidity and light to the mind's unconscious and creative process

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

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

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 brilliant glow lighting the whole of the heavens
a day of clear sky and brilliant light
a great intensification of light and color experienced with the eyes opened or closed
a heightened significance of light and color
a light that seems cosmic and eternal
a magnetic-electric-psychic flow or energy between sound, light and dance
a new spark of light
a penetrating glory of light
a region of light and peace
a sudden flash of psychological lightning
a tremendous intensity of colors and light
a vision of the Primary Clear Light of Pure Reality
a whole universe inside the atom in which activities move with the speed of light
a world of vast, radiant, indescribable light
agliter, sparkling, saturated with light and color
an ecstatically lit, indescribable landscape
an enormous burst of light
an explosion of lights, jewels and rainbows, the glorious vision (eyes closed)
an illuminated vastness, brilliant light and the gloss and smoothness of material things
an inner radiance of intensely bright, pure light (eyes closed)
an unearthly light
aware of the play of light, the tone of voice
awesome and luminous experience
bathed in a luminous reality
brightly lit and beautifully colored
brilliant lights of supernatural beauty
brilliant with light and radiant color
celestial light
clear light
closed eyes—saw luminous, moving patterns of great beauty
contact with the Clear Light
dazzlingly brilliant, merge in rainbow light
eternal light
experience as "knowledgeless understanding, luminous bliss"
experiencing the "inner light"
fantastic visions of radiant sources of light experienced as divine, heavenly
glorious, dazzling, radiant light
heightened sensitivity to the activity of light, different intensities of light
his experience of the range and intensity of light and color perception
immediate luminousness
integral threads in a fabric where dark and light are harmonized in perfect beauty
lights deeper, more intense

lights like comets ultra unearthly colors
lights with supernatural radiance
living, changing, self-luminous stone (or any object)
love and joy carrying you up into the peace of the Clear Light
luminous landscapes (eyes closed)
luminous patterns of great beauty
magic lights and music
magical lights and shadows
mosaics lighted from within glowing, moving, changing
mysteriously glowing with golden light
naked consciousness, the "Clear Light of the Beginning"
passage up into the blissful light
pure, radiant light
radiant light and beautiful colors
sees not objects but patterns of light waves
shifting brilliant lights and colors
sparkling, shimmering light
speak of Mind in terms of light
states of rapture, expanded awareness and light
sudden illumination of all things around
supreme identity, inmost light, ultimate center, self more me than myself
that light which was the central reality of our beings
the all-discriminating wisdom of feeling boundless light representing life eternal
the ascent to the light of wholeness and integration
the awareness of living interpenetrating light
the brilliantly radiating lights and colors
the clear light of reality
the clear, unbroken and infinite light of God
the discovery of light in the very depth of darkness
the electric, interior luminosity
the emphasis upon the play of light and color, as though light were alive
the Eternal or Clear Light
the experience of tremendous light
the experience which, I find, has thrown a great deal of light on all kinds of things
the golden light of Joy, the rosy light of Love
the great flash of lightning which comes with these openings of consciousness
the honor roll of pure warriors who saw the great light and leaped for it
the infinite spaces of living light that now pulsed and breathed behind his closed eyelids
the inner light of universal benevolence
the intensity and significance of light
the light of a new day
the light of awareness
the light of heaven
the light of the Father shining down to me
the light of this awareness
the living peace of the Clear Light

the luminous bliss
the “luminous quality” of objects
the luminous skies and seas of the mind’s antipodes (eyes closed)
the most luminous colors and patterns
the Mother Wisdom of light and true clarity
the nuclear dance, celestial radiance from the light center, internal radiance
the psychedelic visual experience, a Niagara of light energy
the purity and exquisite life and light within death
the radiance of The Light made human
the realm of light and spirit
the soaring extraordinary light and bliss
the transfiguring light of dawn or sunset
the vibrant and luminous colors
the visionary experiences of paradises, celestial realms and cities of light (eyes closed)
the wondrous light of the New World
the world of Suchness, of Mind, of the Clear Light
the world where truth is an intuition, and stands in the dazzling light of its own essence
this luminous other world, this luminous other world within the mind
this natural magic of glinting metal and self-luminous stone
to awaken to joy, light, bliss, universal understanding and higher consciousness
to distinguish the clear light of truth from the illusory states of unenlightened existence
to regain the lost light of that which makes them truly human
tremendous visionary experiences of light, of luminous figures
until at last he achieves the very depths of his being and the luminous vision of the One
vastness, incredible luminous light, a different radiant quality here never seen before
vision of the Primary Clear Light of Pure Reality
visions of divine light, supernatural radiance and beauty
visions of incomparable light (eyes closed)
visions of light of supernatural radiance and beauty