

## Soul, Spirit

A person discovers that we are spirit and exist separate from the body in another, an eternal dimension.

A transcendent experience can be soul-searching—can be painful to return at once to game reality.

cosmic psychotherapy—To anyone whose soul has fallen to pieces, he can rearrange those pieces.

Education has never been an instrument to free the mind and the spirit of man, but to bind them. We think we want creative children, but what do we want them to create?

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.

It's how your soul is doing in its path to eternity, not how your body is doing in its path through this life that's important.

Nothing before LSD ever brought home to me the idea that things of the spirit might be real and palpable.

Objective reality, the world view produced by the spirit of scientific inquiry, is the myth of our time.

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

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

Realization is bringing to consciousness what is true all the time in the “unconscious”, in the Self and spirit which the ego does not know.

Religions teach of the eternity of man, of the greater life beyond, of the soul, of that which is greater than this physical life.

Some of the highest spirits of the West have spoken through music, expressing through sound something of the upper reaches of consciousness.

Spirit shines in glory in what is beyond the world. Though spirit lies beyond the world, it stays ever within it.

The ego's pride in itself is entirely debunked, not masochistically, but in the spirit of cosmic humor.

The consciousness-changing drugs give a glimpse into the mind. One could almost say that LSD gives a glimpse into the very soul of man, taps a universal knowing.

The full harmony of all qualities capable of teaching or delighting us may flow in at once to ravish the soul.

The irrepressibly boisterous spirit of Tim (Leary) bequeathed to us the exhortation to be sacred clowns who evolve into social change artists of compassionate rascalry.

The joy of the spirit is available the moment pride is swallowed and the free gift of union with God accepted.

The longing of my soul to experience the Reality of Oneness with the Absolute was my paramount hope and motivation in taking LSD—that some breakthrough might be given.

The root of evil is ego, the social fiction, the “Great Lie.” We are letting the “pretended soul” gyp and deceive the “real soul.” Your own betrayer is inside you and sells you out.

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 spirit, interiorly in a state harmonious to the celestial concourse, will be invested with a spiritual body.

The spirit will return to its mythological roots and the magic landscape from which it sprang.

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.

Throughout the ages, the church institution has been the great enemy of the interior religious spirit.

Traditionally it was said that the devil, the embodiment of evil, opposes everything we do towards enlightenment or tries to block our approach to the realm of Spirit, Self and God.

Until recently, it was rarely seriously considered that the descriptions of the adventures of the soul after death could reflect experiential reality.

We will attain to knowledge of the universe through the spirit of truth and thereby to understanding of our being one with the deepest, most comprehensive reality, God.

Without the consciousness of God in the soul and of the soul in God, Christianity in this age and for modern man can be no more than a superficial mimicry of spirituality.

A new, deepened reality consciousness could become the basis of a new religiosity which would not be based on belief in the dogmas of various religions, but rather on perception through the “spirit of truth.”

A truth tested and established may lie for centuries, mildewed and rusted, in the armory of knowledge, until some great soul comes along, draws it out of the rubbish, and with it pries open the portals of one more promised land of blessing for the human race.

All of this stuff that is normally hidden in the active language is suddenly not only available but visibly deployed in three-dimensional space and emotion. You recognize it as intimately of yourself. In a sense you recognize it as your soul.

In Nature, there is yet undiscovered glory, a spirit which gradually will interpenetrate you as you commune with her. She is not a mockery, a sham, for a truthful essence indwells, informs her.

Lama Govinda said that the process of breathing is the connected link between conscious and subconscious and that breath is the key to the mystery of life, to that of the body as well as that of the spirit.

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.

Religious experience is the most profound and powerful aspect of the human personality and is the aspect most capable of bringing out the compassionate and creative qualities of the human spirit.

Talk about the mind, imagery, or consciousness, was definitely discouraged, since their existence could not be “proved.” About that time a noted psychologist said of psychology, “First it lost its soul, then it lost its mind, and now it has lost consciousness.”

The DNA code is a 3 billion year old time capsule of consciousness. The DNA code is the miniaturized, invisible essence wisdom of life. Most of the characteristics formerly attributed to the “soul” describe the functions of DNA.

We live in a secular world. To adapt to this world the child abdicates its ecstasy. Having lost our experience of the Spirit, we are expected to have faith. But this faith comes to be a belief in a reality which is not evident.

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.

Drug use may be criticized as an escape from reality. However, this criticism assumes unjustly that the mystical experiences themselves are escapist or unreal. LSD is by no means a soft and cushy escape from reality. It can easily be an experience in which you have to test your soul against all the devils in hell (the ego’s fight for its life).

In our minds we possess a far greater wealth than we have ever conceived. Such a discovery may do much for us in every way, making material ends seem less valuable to us as ultimate aims, and encouraging us to live well for the sake of a spirit which possesses fathomless capacities for happiness no less than knowledge.

The current public taboo on any evaluation of drug-use experience that fails to be shame-fared and remorse-laden...individually and generationally reinforces hypocrisy, denial, guilt, inhibition, and repression. Like any ban on the utterance of truth, it warps public morality and cripples the soul.

The descriptions of heaven, hell and the posthumous adventures of the soul were misunderstood—frequently not only by critics of religion, but by clergy and theologians themselves—as historical and geographical references rather than cartographies of unusual states of consciousness.

The function of the guide is multifold: head nurse, tutor, baby-sitter, Mother Earth, sympathetic ear, scullery maid, priest, trouble-shooter, tourist guide, doctor, navigator, soulmate, and blank screen. The competent guide knows that it is the subject's session, not his.

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 thought of death does not in the least disturb me, because I am firmly convinced that our spirit is altogether indestructible and thus continues from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which to our eyes seems to disappear beyond the horizon, while in actual fact it goes on shining continuously.

This new self has no location. It is not something like a traditional soul, using the body as a temporary house. To ask where it is, is like asking where the universe is. Things in space have a where, but the thing that space is in doesn't need to be anywhere. It is simply what there is, just plain basic isness!

Your soul is free, loses all sense of time, alert as it never was before, living an eternity in a night, seeing infinity in a grain of sand. What you have seen and heard is cut with a burin in your memory, never to be effaced. At last you know what the ineffable is and what ecstasy means. Ecstasy!

I do not feel that any church known to me is seeking the truth. Each is certain it has the truth. They do not want to help me find the truth; they only want me to worship that which they have already decided is the truth. They are not interested in my soul, except to surrender it to some concept they have. They are more interested in making me behave in a certain pattern which they have decided is best for me.

The too-sudden opening up of the universe can induce an onslaught at what Aldous Huxley called the "horror of infinity," a terror of the vastness of the void within or without, of the utter minuteness and aloneness of the soul in the cosmos. A clenching reflex is, after all, a natural response to the floor and ceiling flying out of your mind. (One needs to be prepared for this and understand that it's all right.)

The guide must be a versatile individual. His functions may include that of nursemaid and baby-sitter, priest and trouble-shooter, soul mate and sympathetic ear, scullery maid and mother and any other role the situation may demand. The competent guide never forgets that it is the subject's session and not his. He must be adaptable to any of the eventualities of an acid session; and he must leave his own emotional involvements behind.

A new spirit was born in the '60's.

At that time, there was a spirit of camaraderie (the sixties).

Huxley saw the urge for self-transcendence as "a principle appetite of the soul".

In his deepest being, man is spirit.

It is the world of your soul that you seek.

Life should be lived in the spirit of play rather than work.

Listening to the music and seeing the visions, you know a soul shattering experience.

LSD should be administered not with authority but in the spirit of brotherhood.  
Man is capable of communion with the supreme spirit.  
People have awakened to the reality of the spirit.  
Seen from Spirit, nothing is heavy; it takes all things lightly.  
The drugs make an end run around Christ and go straight to the Holy Spirit.  
The fate of almost every cult is to fall away from the spirit of its early followers.  
The Infinite One is communing with this illimitable soul of yours to lift it higher.  
The soul becomes radiant and pure.  
The soul begins to float upward toward the restoration of primeval unity and peace.  
The soul of the living organism is its genetic code.  
The spirit is transported high above all the faculties.  
The spirit of the times and customs dictate what will and will not be science.  
The stamp of the intuition remains so indelibly upon my soul.  
To discover your soul, withdraw your thoughts from outward and material things.  
When a soul sails out on that unmarked sea called Madness, it has gained release.  
Your spirit seems to soar.  
Your very soul is seized and shaken until it tingles.

I feel that the mountains and the sea and the stars are all part of me, and my soul is in touch with the soul of all creatures.

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

A godlike sublimity swallowed up my soul. I was overwhelmed but I leaned on God and was immortal through all changes.

Acid allowed me to experience my soul. Ego, ambition, defenses, critical faculties are sloughed off or suspended.

I became aware of a brilliant sun rising from the center of my being, a new dawn and a ripening of my soul.

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 glowed like a new-born soul. The well-known landscape lost all of its familiarity and I was setting out upon a journey of years through heavenly territories.

I looked at the infinity of space and let my soul drift as it would. Carnivals were staged between the stars.

I thought that I was near death; when suddenly, my soul became aware of God, in an intense present reality. I felt him. I cannot describe the ecstasy I felt.

I was dead and yet I was never more joyously alive; thus I knew that after death, the soul is more alive than we can ever be while living (without LSD that is).

It expanded and dignified the soul with a sudden access of glories such as no earthly kingship could give.

It reveals the soul. My own experience under LSD was the revelation of my soul to me. There can be no deeper experience, or more profound revelation.

It was the work of an unearthly builder and my soul stood before it in a trance of ecstasy (a temple seen with eyes closed).

My spirit cried out, or seemed to cry out, “Let me tell everyone this wonderful thing I know, this secret that explains everything and will bring such rejoicing and happiness!”

The journey to the home and youth of the soul, it was everywhere and nowhere, it was the union of all times.

Every atom of my body and soul had seen and felt God. The world was warmth and goodness. There was no time, no place, no me. There was only cosmic harmony. With every fiber of my being I knew it was so.

I felt totally new, as though I’d just been born. Having had so much ego burned away had cleared and refreshed my spirit. It was a grace that profoundly changed my life by giving me a reason to override my scientific skepticism and accept the reality of the spirit.

I had traveled through all that immeasurable chain of dreams in 30 seconds. “My God!” I cried, “I am in eternity.” In the presence of that first sublime revelation of the soul’s own time, and her capacity for an infinite life, I stood trembling with breathless awe.

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.

With all my being transfixed in the moment that answered the quest of my life, I shuddered in my soul and with new velocities of divining sight, I saw our universe sphering on its destiny.

All day, in wave after wave and from all directions of the mind’s compass, there has repeatedly come upon me the sense of my original identity as one with the very fountain of the universe. I have seen, too, that the fountain is its own source and motive and that its spirit is an unbounded playfulness which is the many-dimensional dance of life.

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.”

It dawned on me that all the building blocks of the social structure were really nothing but an imposing veneer that kept you from being godlike, and that as soon as we knew the true potential of our own energy frequencies to overcome or pass through the artificial walls, the human spirit could be liberated.

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.

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.

What saved me from despair of my encounter with the Nothingness that lies at the heart of All was the realization that what I had witnessed was the destruction of matter, not of spirit. Modern physics tells us that matter is composed of atoms that stick together for a time to form an object—a table, a wall, a human body. Matter is energy; I saw it re-transformed.

A divine calm swept through my soul.

An atmosphere of fathomless and soul-satisfying serenity surrounded and transfused me.

His eyes were pure mirrors of the soul.

I entered a realm deep in the spirit world.

I felt a great heart-rending yearning rising from the depths of my soul.

I felt a strong presence of a good spirit.

I felt as if I could penetrate directly to everybody's soul.

I felt as if my soul had just been spread all over the universe.

I had known the living spirit of nature.

I knew beyond the shadow of any doubt that there was a divine spirit behind all creation.

I seemed to take off my body and sit in my soul.

It taxed my spirit to the limit.

LSD connected us to the Great Spirit.

Soul-shaking emotions took over, each seeming more intense than the previous one.

Suddenly, I felt my entire spirit come up out of the inside of me.

The freedom to get high represented for her a victory of the spirit.

The home and youth of the soul was everywhere and nowhere, the union of all times.

The psychedelic experience signified the reality and the beauty of the flower of the spirit.

With ecstasy, the whole soul drank in revelations.

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

acid a boon to psychotherapy, an enlarger of creativity, a religious sacrament and a liberation of the human spirit

an expansive vision of the continuous rebirth of the planets and souls in a very big universe

become more perceptive, more intensely aware of inward and outward reality, more open to the spirit

can pass into paradisaical states led by heroes, heroines, angels and super-spirits (eyes closed)

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

LSD a kind of telescope to scan the deep-space regions of the spirit and discover a greater understanding of his religious instinct

something not of this world, something alive in spirit and in truth a sense of harmony and wholeness

that self-discovery could be pleasant, that philosophy was fun, that science could be a pagan love of life, that revelation was joyful, the positive spirit of the 1960's

the monumental emotions which reached their peak, becoming unimaginably deep and soul shaking

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

the purest of soul-reaching, high-classic, rock-concert music, the sound of the miraculous space between eternity—between paradise

the realm of feeling rather than thoughts, the spirit of poetry rather than formal, intellectual philosophy

this exceptional state of the spirit and of the senses which can be termed paradisiacal as compared with the hopeless darkness of ordinary daily existence

those Other Worlds of transcendental experience where the soul knows itself as unconditioned and of like nature with the divine

to discover the kind of communion which the world and the soul are holding together, and the manner in which they hold it

to transcend the preoccupation with the small self to reach out for the greater Self—the Self that embraces all of humankind and connects us with the spirit

to unveil the ineffable Other, the revelation of which might help put his or her soul in ontological context

windows in the soul through which can be seen images created not by human but by the divine imagination

would find liberation, the energies would flow, the neurotic armor would fall off, a new and naked soul would be born

the church's disagreeable insistence on the reality of the totally malignant spirit of cosmic evil, everlasting damnation and on the absolute distinction between the Creator and the creature

the liberated soul who takes on in the spirit of play the task, which others view as a matter of life or death (The liberated one knows that it's life and death or life-death-life-death, not life or death.)

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

a link with the spirits in the vegetation

a spirit of gaiety and exuberance, light-heartedness and joy  
acid's soul-connected properties

beautiful eyes filled with a deep compassionate soulfulness  
for the soul to have its intuitional domain enlarged

free young spirits

giving rise in the human soul as if by magic

glimpses of the realm of the Spirit  
has a soul as deep as God  
his conscious ascent to heights, a conscious ascent of the soul  
his soul, immortal and expansive  
insight into the greatness of the soul of man  
Leary a true visionary of the potential of the human mind and spirit  
liberate the human spirit  
man's soul in primeval grandeur  
music refined to its ultimate ethereal spirit  
music so soul satisfying  
my soul on the soaring way to heaven  
my soul thrilled with a strange and unimagined ecstasy  
opens the mysteries of that great soul within him  
our deepest wishes and the soul's most ancient dreams  
profound and soul-soothing breakthroughs  
ravishes my soul  
reborn of the spirit of the shaman  
soul-penetrating eyes  
soul-shaking revelations of transcendent being  
take acid to cleanse his soul  
that spirit of things divine  
the awakened soul  
the beautitude into which the enlightened soul is delivered, a participation in eternity  
the beauty of the inner soul  
the communion of souls  
the divine spark or spirit within each man  
the divine spirit within himself (It's within you, too.)  
the endless capacity for growth of the soul  
the essentially musical and dancing spirit of the universe, the musical quality of nature  
the gentle spirit of that ancient wisdom  
the glory of the soul  
the Holy Spirit, the life force  
the identity of the human spirit in its pure and real essence with the Supreme Spirit  
the journey of the soul  
the living soul of nature with which I communed  
the love of wisdom, in the spirit of the artist  
the playful spirit of God  
the radiant, pure soul  
the realm of free spirit  
the realm of light and spirit  
the realm of spirit  
the realm of the soul itself wherein the self may find its deepest meaning  
the richness of this exalted view through the channels of the soul  
the soul's visionary heaven  
the Spirit of Truth  
the spirit of truth, a spirit of wisdom

the ultimate world of "the spirit"  
the transforming spirit of play  
the true soul I'd now found  
the vast dimensions of the creative spirit  
this remarkable exuberant spirit and creativity (the sixties)  
to awaken the spirit of self-divinity  
to dip into the reaches of the soul  
to experience this universal spirit  
to glorify the soul  
to restore the soul to the divinity it lost at birth  
to see the universal and all-pervading spirit of the truth  
which drugs the soul  
your "new" mind or reborn spirit  
your new soul