



The Doors of Perception and Heaven and Hell

Aldous Huxley

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Among the most profound and influential explorations of mind-expanding psychedelic drugs ever written, here are two complete classic books—*The Doors of Perception* and *Heaven and Hell*—in which Aldous Huxley, author of *Brave New World*, reveals the mind's remote frontiers and the unmapped areas of human consciousness. This new edition also features an additional essay, "Drugs That Shape Men's Minds," which is now included for the first time.

"A genuine spiritual quest. ... Extraordinary." — *New York Times*

The Doors of Perception and Heaven and Hell Details

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Author : Aldous Huxley

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From Reader Review The Doors of Perception and Heaven and Hell for online ebook

Frona says

Based on his own experience with mescaline, Huxley informs us about the true nature of reality, that is, the sheer scope of it. He doesn't stop at great works of art, schizophrenia or religion, but freely connects his intake of this drug to an ambitious bundle of themes in order to supplement them all and to prescribe some more of the same, or at least similar, medicine. Drugs and transcendence/life in general had always have much in common, but his way of preaching is exactly like what his drug encounter warns him against.

The description of his adventure would be much more revealing, if it hadn't elevate into a lecture about two ancient categories of being, one experienced through our everyday life, where language represents a barrier between us and the world, and the other one of true essence that can be reached only through some transcendental activity such as taking drugs. Although his expedition to the sphere of pure perception shows him the limitations of words and all of our classifications, it seems he identifies his trip with as many concepts and theories as he possibly can. He makes a paradigm of pure being out of it, which selfless as it is, is based on one sole experiment of his humble self. Little is left of this experiment but widespread doctrines, which just fit too neatly. I wonder how much previous knowledge affected his experience or how much posterior interpretations transversed it and I got the feeling he didn't quite catch its uniqueness, or as he would say, suchness.

Or perhaps it was just his forceful implications I have trouble with. When he doesn't generalize, he does his best; his characterisation of draperies in the baroque paintings is just beautiful.

Sam Quixote says

Have you ever had to be the designated driver while your buddies got wasted? Watching them laugh at nothing and behave like asses while you're (unfortunately) stone cold sober is a pretty miserable experience as your mind hasn't been altered by chemicals. Reading "The Doors of Perception" is like this - Aldous Huxley does mescaline and then describes it extensively to the bored reader who is probably not on mescaline. And it's not nearly as fascinating as Huxley believes it to be - because we're probably not on mescaline (I know I wasn't when reading this crap). "The Doors of Perception" is a 50 page essay and it's sequel, "Heaven and Hell", a 33 page essay, read like far longer works because they're so unreadable.

The point of the essays is that Huxley believes there is more to human nature than the base level of survival and that it's because of how our species has developed that has made us forget ways in which we can perceive things beyond the ordinary. He wants to allow people to experience mescaline in order to see things he believes are there but beyond our reach without the help of hallucinogenics.

And here's the big problem I have with this view - it's that assuming that what you experience while high is worth more and is more real than what you experience everyday. I mean, what you're experiencing is simulated with the aid of chemicals - why would it be more "real" than reality? A problem endemic to this book is that Huxley is talking about experiences that are purely visceral and "beyond man-made constructs" such as language and are therefore indescribable - yet he's trying to describe them with language. Which is why you get drivel like this:

“I spent several minutes - or was it several centuries? - not merely gazing at those bamboo legs, but actually being them - or rather being myself in them; or, to be still more accurate (for “I” was not involved in the case, nor in a certain sense were “they”) being my Not-self in the Not-self which was the chair.” p.10

“Confronted by a chair which looked like the Last Judgement - or, to be more accurate, by a Last Judgement which, after a long time and with considerable difficulty, I recognized as a chair - I found myself all at once on the brink of panic.” p.33

Good lord, this crap goes on and on for nearly a 100 pages and it doesn't help that he's not a very good writer to start with. His rambling style fused with a dry, almost academic, vernacular makes reading this book of insubstantial observations and half-formed ideas all the more insufferable. All he proves is that drugs make intelligent people sound like morons.

He feebly attempts to make the argument that researchers and scientists don't take “spiritual” experiences seriously because they can't see it, measure it, rationalise it, in any scientific way. Duh. He bewails methods (eg. taking mescaline) that allegedly “make you more perceptive, more intensely aware of inward and outward reality, and more open to the spirit” which constitute the “non-verbal humanities” aren't taken more seriously. Well, when you put it like that, Aldous...

He attempts to rectify this by constantly referencing William Blake, Homer, and Goethe in an effort to make the essay appear academic and therefore substantial and worthy of consideration. It's truly pretentious and pathetic in its ineffectiveness.

This quote basically sums up the essays:

“Those folds in the trousers - what a labyrinth of endlessly significant complexity! And the texture of the grey flannel - how rich, how deeply, mysteriously sumptuous!” p.16

Wooaaaah, Aldous got fucked up on mescaline!

Faye says

This book contained two essays Huxley wrote about the experience of taking Mescalin (LSD) and his journey to understand his inner self. I only read the first essay *The Doors of Perception* and to be honest I found it to be pretty boring. Huxley talks about watching flowers in a vase for hours, or studying old paintings in a new light. He does however make a few interesting concluding remarks, including my favourite quote from the essay: *“Systematic reasoning is something we could not, as a species or as individuals, possibly do without. But neither, if we are to remain sane, can we possibly do without direct perception, the more unsystematic the better, of the inner and outer worlds into which we have all been born.”* (pg 49)

Overall rating: 2.5/5 stars (rounded up to 3/5 stars)

Stian says

Men go abroad to admire the heights of mountains, the mighty billows of the sea, the broad tides of rivers, the compass of the ocean, and the circuits of the stars, and pass themselves by.

- St. Augustine, from *Confessions*

If you are like me, you have some reservations about trying drugs -- even psychedelic ones. I know one of the people that I look up to -- Carl Sagan -- was a fairly regular marijuana smoker. I know Richard Feynman, another one of my 'heroes', tried some drugs, but stopped at some point as he grew afraid of damaging his brain somehow and losing his abilities in mathematics and physics. But the allure is there. Like Ishmael in *Moby Dick* I have an "everlasting itch for things remote", but for me it's not remote, but rather quite the opposite: it's an itch to explore my own mind. It's an enticing idea, you must admit: to fully delve into your own consciousness, to see everything everywhere at once without even moving; to feel at peace with everything; quite possibly to feel that you've figured out the riddle that is human existence. I can't help but think that it would be a mistake never to have such an experience during this very short and most likely only experience of consciousness I'll have. Huxley, in his *Doors of Perception* essay doesn't make it seem like any less of a mistake.

Early in May 1953, Aldous Huxley volunteered to trip on mescaline in the name of science. *The Doors of Perception* consists, in its first part, of Huxley recounting his experiences on the drug, and in its second, shorter half of an argument for the usage of psychedelic drugs in order to "ooze past the reducing valve of brain and ego, into consciousness."

It's an incredibly fascinating essay. There is in particular one remarkably cool idea brought up, quoting the philosopher C.D. Broad,

"that we should do well to consider much more seriously than we have hitherto been inclined to do the type of theory which [Henri] Bergson put forward in connection with memory and sense perception. The suggestion is that the function of the brain and nervous system and sense organs is in the main eliminative and not productive. Each person is at each moment capable of remembering all that has ever happened to him and of perceiving everything that is happening everywhere in the universe. The function of the brain and the nervous system is to protect us from being overwhelmed and confused by this mass of largely useless and irrelevant knowledge, by shutting out most of what we should otherwise perceive or remember at any moment, and leaving only very small and special selection which is likely to be practically useful."

As such, the consciousness we experience has gone through a "reducing valve", so that our experience of consciousness does not overwhelm us. However, with drugs, you can let some more consciousness seep through the no longer watertight valve of the brain and nervous system. It is then that there is an "obscure knowledge that All is in all -- that All is actually each." And this is, writes Huxley, just about "as near, I take it, as a finite mind can ever come to "perceiving everything that is happening everywhere in the universe. ""

This essay was extremely fascinating. I'll skip writing anything about *Heaven and Hell*, as, honestly, I found it to be pretty boring. But read *The Doors of Perception*. It's brilliant.

Ian "Marvin" Graye says

Teenage Kicks

I read this book in the early 70's in my early teenage years.

The first thing about "The Doors of Perception" is that it was the source of the name of the band.

The second is that it shaped the views of many people about drugs for 20 years.

Aldous Huxley came from a scientific as well as a creative background. For me, it gave him some level of credibility when assessing the merits of psychedelic drugs.

Basically, (I think) he argued that the psychedelic experience could open the doors of additional powers of perception, over and above the rational.

I can't remember anything about Heaven and Hell, but in retrospect you could build an argument that drugs opened the door to Hell, just as much as anyone could have argued that they opened the door to Heaven.

No matter what your views about drugs, you have to acknowledge that the drugs of that period are different to today.

In those days, they were probably more natural, but more impure.

Nowadays, they are industrial, concentrated, focussed, powerful, dangerous, unless it suits someone in the supply chain to introduce impurities, in which case they are even more dangerous.

You can't afford to be romantic about some back to nature experience.

Nowadays, you are wrestling with a whole other beast.

Dang Ole' Dan Can Dangle says

Going into this I had very high hopes, which were somewhat let down. A book about hallucinogenic drugs and altered mind-states written by author of famed science fiction novel *Brave New World* (which, as of writing, I have yet to read). Being that I have dabbled in the use of psychedelics and studied countless writings on hallucinogens and alteration of mind-states, a topic that greatly fascinates me, not to mention my love for sci-fi, I really expected more from this.

I was deeply disappointed... mostly. Contained within the book are two parts: The Doors of Perception and Heaven & Hell, as the title informs. The Doors of Perception focuses on the author's experience with mescaline. I did not like it.

It comes off as preachy and even pretentious. Pretentious being a word I don't use loosely, seeing as how I feel it is often misused/misinterpreted and wrongly attributed to some truly great artistic and intellectual people. There's not even much psychology in here, and even less science. The author just goes on about there being a correct way of seeing the world and a layman's way. The former only achieved by a special certain few, such as artists or those who achieve said "vision" through drug-use. It's all boring and, to simply put it, fairly stupid.

Psychedelics, or drugs in general for that matter, do not unlock or expand parts of your mind. They merely allow you to look at things in a new, different way. They do not make you any smarter, save for the things learned through the experience of taking them. This is why many great musicians or artists are greatly, even directly, influenced by drugs, because with drugs they see things in a new light that many people never noticed before due to the routine of conventional thinking, which makes their art appear to be fresh and unique. Artistic even.

The second part is basically the same. However, what makes this book worth reading is the forty or so pages at the end of Heaven and Hell, entitled "Appendices". I found these pages to be the best and most fascinating. The author talks about pattern inducing stroboscopic lamps (something I was not very knowledgeable on), potential affects hallucinations had on religions in the past, the affect technology has had on art, and schizophrenia, among other things.

So yes, the appendices are better than the actual book. There wasn't really much in here that I wasn't already aware of, but even with the bulk of it being mediocre with the rest really shining, I can easily recommend this. Especially to those interested in altered mind-states or psychedelics, or even surrealism.

Toby says

Doors of Perception is a deeply interesting short essay by the famous author Aldous Huxley. In 1953 he was involved in a controlled experiment into the psychological effects of the drug mescaline.

What he describes is less a mere hallucinatory experience and more an opening of his ability to perceive, and to see himself as part of the Oneness of the universe. He argues (quite correctly) that a massive part of the function of the brain is to selectively discard sensory input, keeping only what is important in the here and now and relates to our immediate survival ability. The effect of mescaline, as also felt through sensory deprivation, oxygen starvation, hypnosis, and other sources, is to bypass the "brain valve" and receive more of the "useless information". And it is through that that we can perceive ourselves as we truly are, part of the All.

In Heaven and Hell, the follow up essay to Doors of Perception, Aldous Huxley revisits the topic of visions in the context of the social and spiritual import of these experiences. Through the essay (which is a considerably tougher read than Doors of Perception) Huxley discusses the history of vision-creating stimulus and how as time has progressed we have become desensitised to a lot of the vision-inspiring beauty that was used to such great extent in the religions of the past.

Lostaccount says

Aldous Huxley munches on some Mescaline (four tenths of a gram, means nothing to me as a clean living soul) as a guinea pig, experimenting for a friend. He expects some kind of visionary experience, a la Blake, but as he admits, he is a "poor visualiser" and experiences less than the visions described and painted by artists, because gifted artists, according to him, have a "little pipeline to the Mind At Large which by-passes the brain valve and the ego-filter". Unlike gifted artists, "by an effort of will I can evoke a not very vivid image" says Huxley.

What he sees are some golden lights, the intricacies of design in nature, trips out on the "Allness" and Infinity of folded cloth in his trousers (haha), is struck by lively dissonance of colours, experiences the "is-ness" of things, the *Istigkeit*, the "infinite value and meaningfulness of existence", things quivering under the pressure of the significance with which they are charged, sees simple things charged with meaning and mystery of existence etc. etc., and comes to conclusion that brain is eliminative, not productive, filtering out what we don't need in order to survive, protecting us from being overwhelmed and confused, or going insane, since we know all, remember all, about everything, everywhere in the universe. This is the finite mind, the "Mind at large".

Huxley discusses the idea that we all crave the release from Reality ("the urge to transcend is a principal appetite of the soul"), through some kind of soma/drug, to reach these (what he calls) "antipodes" of the mind, the universal and ever-present urge for self-transcendence, (Wells) the door in the wall, the need for

(chemical) vacations from intolerable selfhood. He later discusses how we achieve this through religious ceremony, drug taking, etc.

In second part he discusses in more detail these antipodes of the mind, claiming that we dream in black and white, which is not true (may be true for Huxley, the “poor visualiser”), and the scintillating things we create to bring us the visionary experience, like vivid paintings, fireworks, lights, even theatre lights and costume jewellery (bit of a stretch!), and the resplendence of royal ceremonial dress (another bit of a stretch!), etc. etc. things which give us a reminder of those things we see in that “other world”, “whatever in nature or a work of art resembles one of those intensely significant inwardly flowing objects encountered at the mind’s antipodes is capable of inducing if only in partial attenuated form, the visionary experience”. He uses this to explain our “inexplicable passion” for gems, shiny objects, jewellery, vivid colours in painting, stained glass windows, glass, chrome, “the beauty of curved reflections and softly lustrous glazes” etc., things that transport the beholder, as a reminder of preternatural colours and intensity of the “other world”.

He bangs on about this for page after page, but where the book gets good is where he starts discussing the numinous quality of certain works of art, like landscape painting as a vision inducing art form, the distances and propinquity in same, things isolated from their utilitarian context, medieval art, renaissance art, things seen and rendered as living jewels, things of visionary intensity, transfigured and therefore transporting.

Later he discusses schizophrenics as negative visionaries – “for a healthy person perception of the infinite in a finite particular is a revelation of divine immanence”, not so for the mentally ill. They are transfigured by their visions, but for the worse.

He also discusses religious punishments, self-flagellation, hypnosis, fasting, vitamin deficiencies, Mortification of the body etc., as a means of reaching those antipodes of the mind by increasing the CO₂ to lower efficiency of the brain as a reducing valve and permit the entry into that “other world”, to experience the visionary or mystical from “out there”, also including things like prolonged shouting, praying, chanting, etc. to experience the “intense significance of things that give us God’s immanence”, because, in a nutshell, the brain is “chemically controlled and therefore can be made permeable to the superfluous aspects of mind at large by modifying the normal chemistry of the body”.

An important little book that warrants re-reading.

Ammar says

This book consists of two essays by Aldous Huxley.

Short philosophical essays. The main one is Huxley's description about his Mescaline trip and his reaction to various forms of pictures paintings while he is on Peyote.

Interesting counterculture book that I can see the aspect of why it was a popular book in the 1960s.

Ned says

My first from Huxley and I imagine he represents the best of what a liberal education used to teach, a broad and deep knowledge of the humanities, art and psychology. His knowledge and visceral love of art is astonishing and made me long for all the greatness I never have known. Consequently I learned a great deal. His main thesis is that our consciousness is absolutely stifled by the narrow window through which we learn, created by our educational system and the reductionist thinking of modern science. To get beyond this narrowness (the portal), he studied the ancient practices of native Americans (and others) of using hallucinogens. Huxley details his experiences after consuming peyote, and comes up with rather startling observations, primarily through the enhancement of “seeing” without preconceptions (or abstract reasoning, as we normally comprehend visual perceptions, constricted by words and ideas). He experiences people and man-made objects suddenly as ludicrous and grossly insensitive creations that pale compared to the “true” essence of matter, objects, animals and the world. Fascinating stuff. A hero for Huxley is William Blake, one of the few who naturally achieve this, almost as religiously inspired. Theology, and the conception of god is enhanced, and he comments on the purity of ascetics and mystics, who achieve “chemically induced” perception through practice and various physiological techniques to obliterate comfort and conformity.

This is one of those books that I found largely happenstance: (1) I've always liked the band (The Doors) who took their name from this book; (2) it was staring me down in an airport; (3) I was aware of “Brave New World”, his most popular book; and (4) a general interest in hallucinogens and how I might personally achieve transcendence.

The writing was uneven, repetitive, even rambling. But the genius shines through and the educational aspect was immense. A truly “enlightening” experience, I recommend this. He's written broadly on many topics, and I know little about the man. It is not even clear his country or nationality, so I'll be looking into that as well.

Sumati says

'There are things known
and there are things unknown
and in between are the doors'; **The Doors of Perception.**

Why should you read it?

1. If you want to question the mind.
2. If you want an insight into psychedelics. (i.e. if you haven't already tried any form of hallucinogens yet)
3. If you want to know about the '*unknown*' and its difference with the '*known*'.
4. If you want to know what is the difference between a deranged (schizophrenic) and a normal brain and what defines a brain, normal and labels a visionary, mad?
5. If you want to read the richness of the text used to describe the philosophical treatment of the mystical experience.
6. If you are a Morrison fan.
7. Lastly, If you want to ***BREAK ON THROUGH (TO THE OTHER SIDE)*** ; Please use the ***DOORS OF PERCEPTION***

Keith says

Generally, I greatly prefer to read books in the dead-trees format—actual paper in my hand. This was the first I've read in a long time where I found myself desperately longing, not only for an electronic edition, but for a fully hypertextual version, rich with links. Over the two months I spent on this volume, on and off, I believe two-thirds of my time was spent on the Internet looking up references. At the very least, this book would benefit greatly from extensive illustration: the range of artistic works referenced, from Caravaggio to Millais to Vermeer, is sure to baffle most modern readers without a degree in Art History. Remember Laurent Tailhade? Yeah, me neither.

Frankly, with the state of Liberal Arts education today, I have a hard time believing that much of anyone who has read this in the last 30-40 years has understood but a fraction of it—and reading over the reviews I can find bears this out. Both essays are often seen as little more than an apologia for "drug experimentation." While that is certainly an element of both, it can hardly be taken as Huxley's central point. It was rather Dr. Leary who much later reduced the matter to such a simple and simplistic premise, and even he had more than that to say to those who were willing and able to delve beneath the surface.

Instead, while making the case for the legitimacy of drug use, *Doors* offers a hypothesis for the mechanism of the experience via the well known reference to Blake and the then-current state of neuro-biological research; to wit, that ordinary perception is a matter of the mind filtering data for survival, while transformed or visionary experience—whether achieved through asceticism, art, or chemistry—opens the mind to all the data available, regardless of its mere survival value, thus allowing one to see through the ordinary to a truer vision of reality. Why, after all, should one need to starve or abase oneself for months and years to achieve such states when the same experience, or a reasonable simulacrum, can be had for the cost of a drug and perhaps a mild hangover?

Heaven and Hell goes on to develop this thesis by comparing the visions induced by exogenous chemicals to the more visionary pieces of art throughout history, as well as elaborating on the religio-spiritual theme. This is where, I believe, a majority of readers are likely to get lost, and thus explains why there are far more extant reviews of the former essay than of the latter. Even with handy art references, the latter is still the more difficult read, with its several tangential appendices and textual digressions. One might almost suppose that the drugs had not yet worn off while he wrote this one. Still, for the persistent, this is a worthwhile sequel, and it is readily obvious why the two are so often packaged together. But keep your browser near at hand, because many of his points are utterly lost without knowing the art to which he refers.

Finally, it is this very lack of illustration, and internal referencing for the modern reader, that prompts me to deduct one star from what would otherwise be a truly stellar recommendation. I continue to hope that the Huxley estate, or whoever controls the copyrights, will consider reissuing this with the necessary supplemental material, perhaps even in a definitive scholarly "critical edition." Were it in the public domain, I might take on such a project myself.

Erik Graff says

Towards the end of his life Aldous Huxley was introduced to psychedelics, still legal at that time. His analyses of the phenomenon are detailed in these two essays here combined in one volume. For further reading about his relationship to such drugs see, of course, the various biographies about Huxley, particularly

Huxley in Hollywood, and his wife's collection of essays by and about him and these drugs entitled *Moksha*. For his use of his experiences in literature see his novel *Island*.

Though dated, much of what Huxley surmises about the way psychedelics work still corresponds in a general way with contemporary theory and all of what he writes in describing the psychedelic experience is quite well done.

Note that Huxley was legally blind throughout most of his life--a reason for his fascination with his lucid inner vision?

Adam says

I liked this much more when I read it a few years ago. But I am a different person now, though not different enough to not still think Huxley's writing w/r/t the infamous Chair is, alone, worth the price of admission.

The truth is that this essay is neither *woah mindblowing maan* nor stupid drug-addled drivel. Both positions reflect, I think, biases brought to the reading of the essays.

The latter species of reactionary dismisses without much consideration the possibility that certain chemical substances might be useful and even important (one reviewer here compares the experience of reading Huxley's sober account of his experience with mescaline to the experience of being sober in a car full of drunks. One small problem: mescaline is not alcohol. Another problem with this general account of things, which usually makes the "lol he's chemically altered he's lost touch with reality" appeal, is that it fails to take account of how we are all a bundle of chemicals constantly being altered by our experience of the world, the food we eat, the air we breathe, the exercise we get or don't, etc. etc., and that the experiences possible through drugs are often possible without drugs and that individuals *can* experience reality in very, very different ways without being insane and without losing touch of some common ground on which to communicate... [I mean, as a depressive who until a couple of years ago spent much of his life mired in deep, dark, anhedonic unipolar MDD, I can *assure* you that the depressed person's experience of reality is absolutely and unequivocally *not* the not-depressed person's experience of reality]).

The former species of reactionary probably read on some website that members of the Native American Church take peyote, and somehow believes it logical to transition from that assertion to the conclusion that mescaline has some inherent profundity. This type of person reads *The Doors of Perception* and goes: "right on, man." Probably.

Huxley's actually not representative of either of these species, which unfortunately tend to dominate the discussion on synthetic, semi-synthetic, or naturally occurring substances in relation to the human brain. The reason why Huxley is not a member of the *woah maan* club is that he is primarily writing about potentialities and not about certainties. That's not to say he doesn't get a lot wrong and that there aren't problems with his argument in these essays. I would not present Huxley to anyone as a particularly good philosopher. I should also note that my present reading of Huxley's position probably has to do with my just having read his *The Perennial Philosophy*, which outlines his position on mysticism.

Huxley has a point and he has a case. Sharp prose and a dry sense of humour give the essays a bit of an edge over most things of this kind, and Huxley's Oxford education and mid-20th-century-Englishmanness make the thing quite dramatically unlike most similar things in the drug-lit canon. Most similar? Maybe

DeQuincey, except DeQuincey's just way more interesting [despite writing on a seemingly less interesting drug] and has a much more sophisticated account of what constitutes (at least) reality-for-the-individual attained through sensory and perceptive and cognitive faculties. His position on altered states of consciousness also appears to be quite different than Huxley's. But that is something not to be commented on at just this moment.

KamRun says

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