



The Doors of Perception

Aldous Huxley

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The Doors of Perception is a philosophical essay, released as a book, by Aldous Huxley. First published in 1954, it details his experiences when taking mescaline. The book takes the form of Huxley's recollection of a mescaline trip that took place over the course of an afternoon in May 1953. The book takes its title from a phrase in William Blake's 1793 poem 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell'. Huxley recalls the insights he experienced, which range from the "purely aesthetic" to "sacramental vision". He also incorporates later reflections on the experience and its meaning for art and religion.

The Doors of Perception Details

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From Reader Review The Doors of Perception for online ebook

Nick Allen says

My hopes were partially fulfilled in the second half of the essay, in which Huxley examined the natural human urge to experience the world through the lens of any kind of drug or alcohol, and how this relates to current legal policy and common conceptions of mental well-being. However, most of the essay carried the kind of underlying tone of semi-religious reverence for the effects of drugs that I hear all too much of from the kids at college. The idea that the human brain can have knowledge of the entire universe, and the restriction of glucose to the brain keeps the mind from suppressing this knowledge, well I just don't buy it.

COME_TO_THE_DARK_SIDE says

Las puertas de la percepción es un ensayo narrado en primera persona que relata los efectos que produce en el cerebro una droga llamada mescalina. Aldous Huxley reivindica la utilización de drogas para librarnos de las limitaciones mentales y poder percibir una realidad con menos filtros mentales o válvulas reductoras, opinión que no comarto.

La segunda mitad del libro está plagada de reflexiones filosóficas. El autor analiza los valores de nuestra sociedad y el sistema educativo. *"Gastamos actualmente en bebidas y tabaco más de lo que gastamos en educación. Esto, desde luego no es sorprendente. El afán de escapar de sí mismo y del ambiente se halla en la mayoría de nosotros casi todo el tiempo. El deseo de hacer algo por los niños es fuerte únicamente en los padres y sólo durante los pocos años en que sus hijos van a la escuela. Tampoco puede sorprender la actitud corriente frente al alcohol y el tabaco."*

Lyn says

An erudite artist and scholar tripping on mescaline.

Decades before other drug culture manifestos and hippy folios cool cat Aldous Huxley first published his *Doors of Perception* in 1954 (the same year as Poul Anderson's *The Broken Sword* and Richard Matheson's *I Am Legend*). The initial part is a first person narrative about his experiences taking peyote and his descriptions of the insight.

Of course what makes this stand out from the legion of trip and tells is his intellectual observations. Huxley's heightened appreciation for art, music, psychology and philosophy is the antithesis to the Homer Simpson "doh!" or Cheech and Chong weed humor. His drug-induced musings reminded me of the *The Exegesis of Philip K. Dick*.

The second part, though, is what really hooked me. Huxley's essay for the promotion of mescaline is all the more timely as we enter the beginning stages of our growing social acceptance of marijuana and the

approaching end to that ridiculous prohibition. Huxley, speaking from the early 50s does the green libertarians one better by advocating for mescaline. Like the persuasive argument today about how tobacco and alcohol are far more harmful than illegal pot, Huxley goes on to articulate how mescaline is the more spiritual and beneficial for society and even for religion.

A surprisingly entertaining and illuminating essay.

Lindu Pindu says

Huxley. Not on my list of great writers, but an interesting person with ideas.

There are more illuminating books on psychoactive substances, but this would perform well as a primer for those completely brainwashed into thinking that drug-takers are dazed hippies. I see them/us as *seekers*, people seeking to believe in something they can see and experience in an age where we don't take words like mind, soul, reason for granted anymore. This is exactly the point of view Huxley uses here. Also, imagining the guy hunching next to the bamboo legs of a chair whilst gazing at them with childlike delight is a nice little visual.

Read it, it'll only take you one evening. Keep an art book/laptop at hand- there are quite a few references to works of art that you might want to see.

Mike Awtry says

Huxley's writing is brilliant and a joy to read. The work is littered throughout with so much religious and philosophical allusions, which adds to the thoughtful depth. I found it to be quite fascinating.

However, his conclusions leave empty. Essentially, it's religion achieved through chemistry. And his conception of religion focuses purely on the subjective. It's no surprise that he refers to Eckhart, Boehme, and eastern philosophy so often; he looks only at the "inner light" rather than considering an external objectivism.

Lisa Reads & Reviews says

Increasingly, I'm learning that perception is far more complicated than I ever imagined. Sight, as an example, isn't simply eyes acting like cameras, sending image data to the brain for interpretation. An article in the online journal, Nature, described the mechanism by which the brain "sees" what our eyes are going to see before our eyes see it. This is why we don't view the world through what would otherwise look like a hand-held camera. Research at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine has shown that "the human retina can transmit data at roughly 10 million bits per second."

What the brain does with this data is amazing. For one thing, it compensates for anything that prevents us from seeing things as normal. In 1896, George Stratton experimented with eyeglasses that inverted his vision. After a few days, his brain adapted and Stratton saw everything the right way up.

The brain, needing to process data rapidly, is predisposed to see a *perceptual set*, which means we see what we expect to see, based largely on prior experience. No wonder children look at the world with such wide eyes--they are truly *looking*, whereas adults are watching re-runs. All this is necessary from an evolutionary point-of-view, since survival depends on quick data interpretation and reaction--useful for escaping lions, for example.

In *The Doors of Perception*, (published in 1956), Huxley recounts his personal experience with mescaline and its effect on his senses and thought processes. An interesting springboard into the discussion was Huxley's admission of being quite ordinary in artistic skills, yet wanting to see the world as an artist sees it. Likewise, he wanted to see and feel about the world as would a mystic. Most of the essay described exactly that.

An interesting section, which I expect has been more thoroughly researched by now, discusses adrenochrome, a product of the decomposition of adrenalin. Huxley wrote that adrenochrome "can produce many of the symptoms observed in mescaline intoxication. But adrenochrome probably occurs spontaneously in the human body. In other words, each one of us may be capable of manufacturing a chemical, minute doses of which are known to cause profound changes in consciousness. Certain of these changes are similar to those which occur in that most characteristic plague of the twentieth century, schizophrenia."

Mescaline, it seems, along with chemicals found naturally in the body, can shake up the way the brain normally filters and manipulates data input. Huxley thought it prevented the brain from filtering input from our senses, thereby making everything intense and amazing. The end result was to make other things less important, such as the idea of the individual and our self-importance. If we have a finite capability for 'input', then it stands to reason that turning the valve on the senses will change other aspects of our world view. Huxley coined a term, Mind at Large, which I rather liked--

"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 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 that very small and special selection which is likely to be practically useful. According to such a theory, each one of us is potentially Mind at Large."

In any case, I enjoyed this slim volume as it connects scientific inquiry with what seems to me to be a higher pursuit of our consciousness. The other edge of the sword is that one cannot operate or navigate in this world, outside a lock down mental facility, with other than a brain that functions within certain margins of filtration. While under the influence of mescaline, Huxley lost interest in relationships and all sorts of trivial pursuits necessary to sustain life in society. Seems we are as we need to be, and if one wants to pursue other avenues of consciousness, they'll have to do so within certain limitations.

Sidenote from internet search: "On his deathbed, unable to speak, Huxley made a written request to his wife for "LSD, 100 µg, intramuscular". According to her account of his death, in This Timeless Moment, she obliged with an injection at 11:45 am and another a couple of hours later. He died at 5:21 pm on 22 November 1963, aged 69."

One can't help but wonder what that trip was like.

Carlos De Eguiluz says

Such a happy hippie trip in Huxley's words...

Aldous Huxley (1894-1963) fue uno de los autores de su tiempo que se dedicó a tratar con sustancias psicotrópicas para su estudio psicológico y espiritual. Sus anotaciones, que fueron reconocidas, admiradas y estudiadas, tuvieron éxito; en ellas dilucidaba lo que pensaba que era realmente importante, y alcanzaba en su mente las puertas de la percepción. Este es uno de sus estudios, su primera vez bajo la influencia de la Mescalina —Sustancia alucinógena obtenida a partir de las flores de algunas especies de cactus originarios de México, cuyo consumo provoca cambios en la percepción, en especial visión de colores irreales—.

El origen de su título se encuentra en la célebre cita del poeta y pintor William Blake en "*The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*":

"If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite."

Huxley pretendía expandir su mente, alcanzar esas puertas, observar las cosas en su estado más puro, y tal vez, conectar con la infinitud.

La delicadeza con la que Huxley narra cada momento de su "viaje", es divina. Y su habilidad para mantener tu atención y divagar sin realmente hacerlo, ni se diga.

Es la primera vez que un autor casi me convence de rendirme a esta clase de situaciones.

Una joya que no tiene el reconocimiento que merece.

Kyle van Oosterum says

In 1936, Huxley boldly became the guinea pig of an experiment testing the effects of Mescaline (active ingredient in Peyote) on humans. After having ingested the mystical drug, he recounted his experience 20 years later.

Almost instantly he enters a state of transfiguration, wildly more vivid than his subjective and banal consciousness. Every innocuous object has as much relevance as the birth of the universe, and everything silent and unmoving seems to scream its importance. With this spiritual elevation, "place and distance cease to be of much interest," and time appears paralyzed yet on the verge of disappearing. Huxley observes that flowers, tables, landscapes and art objectively manifest themselves and present truths which are ensconced under the biased lens through which we perceive reality. He calls this the "Suchness of reality", in other words, it is the undeniable essence of all things. When we are under the effects of Mescaline we realize that "All is in all - that All is actually each."

Pondering the significance of all that is around you and the meaning of everything's existence is liable to

make you reticent, which Huxley realizes. This drug activates a higher order of contemplation and cleansed perception which is so irrevocably difficult "to reconcile with a proper concern for human relations, with chores and duties". Huxley recognized this to be the fault of Mescaline - you get lost in yourself. However, to live under the façade of objectivity and to constantly and complacently endure the monotony and banality of life is surely a curse in and of itself. "Familiarity breeds contempt,", he cogently concludes.

Huxley knows that having an objective reality revealed to you is akin to Schizophrenia and he asserts that psychedelic drugs give us the heavens of Schizophrenia without its many hells. These drugs are naturally addictive since it is difficult to depart from "artificial paradises." His unadulterated and unbiased account proves him to be the original Gonzo journalist and the following summarizes his experience most accurately:

"A transience that was yet eternal life, a perpetual perishing that was at the same time pure Being, a bundle of minute, unique particulars in which, by some unspeakable and yet self-evident paradox, was to be seen the divine source of all existence."

Avishek Das says

This has opened some aspects & still some are in mirage. I would read again and again over the ages & believe will be able to decode more...

Jason Koivu says

This must've blown minds when it came out. Now though, it's lost its edge.

Full disclosure, I'm here because of The Doors...of the Jim Morrison sort. Being a HUGE fan of him and the band, I absorbed all I could of them back during my teens. I even read his poetry. Hell, I even read William Blake's poetry, simply because it apparently influenced Morrison. However, I never did get around to reading Aldous Huxley's *The Doors of Perception*, the book title from which the band was named. WHAT THE HELL KIND OF A FAN AM I?!?!?!

Well, the reasons for me not getting to it until now are even more boring and inconsequential than this sentence. The point is, I've finally read the damn book. I needn't have bothered. It's pretty much what I figured it would be and there's nothing within it I needed to know.

Backstory: Bookish brainiac Huxley decided to try out the cactus drug peyote. In *The Doors...* he describes his trip. It's not half as interesting or entering as I'd hoped. (Here's a more entertaining, though less enlightening example: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zrIPL...>)

Nowadays this stuff is so commonplace as to make this book almost quaint. And the parts that aren't outdated, are just not interesting enough to make this a winner in my book. In fact, Huxley spends so much time, too many pages imo, on art and artists that I began to doubt the need for a book on the topic. I mean, if you've got to use filler in a 60 page novella, the book probably could've just been a lengthy article or pamphlet. I get the connection he's trying to make between the artist mind and that of one on mind-altering drugs, it's just that I don't find it all that enthralling.

Still and all, this has its value. Some of the points Huxley makes herein are still valid. He was clearly an intelligent, well-read man. I guess I just didn't have the same mind-expanding experience as Morrison had when reading this.

William Strasse says

I need to read more Huxley...maybe I'll finally dig in to the copy of "The Perennial Philosophy" that I've started on several times (although probably not until after "A Brief History Of Everything"...those two at the same time would be just masochistic.)

Although I did get a lot out of this book, the single thing that really made an impact was the discussion of our brain as a sensory-limiting mechanism which is concerned most of the time with filtering out all but what we need for survival at any given moment. That is how our brain has evolved and how we have risen to the top of the food chain (but look at what we eat!) We have a little more leeway these days, but what do we do with it? Watch "Rock Of Love"? We are at a point in history where we have the capability to evolve and create things beyond our wildest dreams, but we've generally made life so meaningless that most of us just consume increasingly more/"better" (more expensive) products in an attempt to fill the void staring us in the face...that is, the void that was always there, and the one we've created to forget that one. He doesn't get into all that...that's more or less my depressing rant, but perception and consciousness are important words for me...they are the keys to any kind of meaningful life and our collective future.

Part of the reason this made such an impression is that right before reading this part of the book, I was waiting on a bus, thinking that I must be getting old because I was actually early for something...it seems like not that long ago it was a small miracle if I was on time. I thought about how old people always want to be ridiculously early for everything. Then I theorized that most people go through their lives gradually concerning themselves more and more with only the mechanics of life..."Birth, School, Work, Death" in the words of The Godfathers. I'd add bills, doctors appointments, etc...

Then I opened the book and...vee-ola!

So even just in the course of an individual life, the brain gradually imposes tighter limits on itself until all you have is bills and doctors appointments. Of course, it doesn't have to be this way...

Cecilia says

My friend Amanda who dated & married this guy based on their shared obsession with Nick Cave said I had to read this book in Oz. They even got it out for me at the library. I read it. It was alright. My genuine reaction was that this is a lazy short-cut...everything he described, you could achieve drug-free from mind-training and meditation....so if my tibetan meditation teacher had to spend 30 yrs in some cave up in the Himalayas doing this and lazy people want to pay \$30 and take a short-cut.....

Well....lets face it.....maybe you are taking it all down the "exit" and not the "entrance"....

So they said,"What about the Shaman's and all the other spiritual use of hallucinogen?"
So I emailed my other friend Amanda who was studying at a Peueblo and she asked her teacher and he goes,"

Our tradition is a sacred experience, done according to a person's inner journey....not a joke to support spoilt white kid's life-destructive habits."

So maybe just stop being so lazy and REALLY learn something...then you wouldn't have to worry about using "short-cuts" to chase your Creative visions?

Anyway Amandas x 2 both did their Ph.Ds and got "over" the silly fascination with that "undergraduate phase".

www.ceciliayu.com

????? says

I'm planning to trip on shrooms (psilocybin) soon so I read this to give me an idea of what to expect. I'd die happy if I experienced half of what's described here.

11811 (Eleven) says

I've never tried mescaline but always hoped that the opportunity would knock someday. The idea has only become more attractive after pondering this author's thoughts on his experience with the famous mystical medication and the brief history he presents on the value of peyote.

Short book but well worth the read.

Daniel Gonçalves says

In 1952, Huxley, an already well established writer and intellectual decides to ingest a dose of Mescaline. He records the entire process and later sits to write - rather poetically - his experience with the hallucinogenic drug. This is his authentic testimony.

In this memoir, Huxley indulges in a careful description of his visions and thoughts whilst under the effect of the drug. His vicarious experience inflicted him with a shift in perception. At the end of it, a vivid description - he proposes some new ideas: should we perceive the universe through the limited spectrum of language? Or should we obtain an ability to describe the cosmos without naming and separating ideas and objects?

Quiver says

Thus it came about that, one bright May morning, four-tenths of a gram of mescaline dissolved in half a glass of water and sat down to wait for the results.

What ensues is a description of the experience written retroactively, with the help of taped conversations taken at the time, and interspersed with commentary on art, philosophy, and the usefulness (and abuse) of drugs in reaching altered states. Some themes: mind as a valve that regulates how much the chaos and infinity of the universe we can access (without the valve we'd be swamped); perception of time and space; mind and body separation; exploration of visual changes brought upon by mescaline (less so the other senses); art and what it means to be a visionary; specific references to painters (Van Gogh chiefly), the attraction of draperies, patterns and colours.

Ultimately, it felt rather broken up, mystical, and chaotic—a little like the high he describes and perhaps deliberately so. To the detriment of the reader, however.

Scott says

In terms of the writing itself, *The Doors of Perception* is a solid 4 or 5 star level; it's a superbly written book. Also, there are a few interesting (if poorly considered) ideas proposed in the book about the nature of reality as it relates to the way in which the human mind perceives it. The only aspect of the book ultimately worth reading about, though, is the description of Huxley's experience on mescaline itself, told moment to moment as he experienced it.

The huge drawback of the book (and the primary reason why I had to give it 2 stars) is that, ultimately, this is a nonfiction essay in which Huxley is proposing an idea that simply isn't true. If he just stuck to describing his moment to moment experience on mescaline, that would have been sufficiently interesting, and I would have rated it higher. But he doesn't. Instead, he spends page after page detailing all of the imagined cosmic significance of his experience and coming up with all sorts of ridiculous, pseudoscientific nonsense he attempts to explain through the use of made-up jargon like "Mind at Large", "the mind's antipodes", "Other World", etc. This stuff would actually make for a fascinating fiction novel, which Huxley should have written, rather than attempting to pass these concepts off as real and factual.

Huxley also writes about this fallacious conception of reality as though it were all self-evident, and that people are simply incapable of accepting this true nature of reality because it's just too much for their puny mortal brains to comprehend and/or because they haven't seen for themselves through the use of hallucinogenic drugs or through some other means of "transcendence." Not only does this come across as supremely pretentious, it's also just a bad argument; his only evidence is purely subjective and anecdotal, a fact of which Huxley seems to be aware and even complacent as though the subjectivity of his argument itself lends it strength somehow. He fails even to consider the much more likely probability that the mind, when under the influence of a hallucinogen, is apt to imagine all sorts of crazy things that aren't real, as assuredly convincing as they may seem to the hallucinator.

This book is the perfect fodder for the millions of scientifically illiterate pseudoscience advocates of the past half century. At least Huxley himself could be forgiven somewhat for some of the more ludicrous ideas he proposes in the book because he wrote it in 1953 when the scientific understanding of the human brain was next to nothing. Anyway, I'd still encourage people to go ahead and read it if they can. Like I mentioned, it is well written, at least, and there are some interesting passages and ideas, albeit, ones that would have been better suited for a fiction novel.

B0nnie says

November 22, 1963. That fateful day. Yes, the day Huxley died. His last words were "LSD, 100 micrograms I.M." He took psychedelic drugs less than a dozen times in his life, but he always did so with a deep spiritual purpose, never casually. *The Doors of Perception* is a detailed account of the first time. The title comes from William Blake's *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*

"If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite. For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro' narrow chinks of his cavern."

Huxley attempted to open up that door and find the perfect state of grace that he believed was possible for all. The session was recorded and he was able to reconstruct "the trip" and his thoughts very thoroughly. It is quite evident the man truly had a beautiful mind. He is erudite, witty and full of good will toward men.

Ironically, part of the trip occurs at "the world's biggest drugstore", where, browsing through some art books, he waxes eloquent on art and culture. His thoughts on drapery make you believe that folds in a piece of cloth are the most important thing in the world. And I would have to agree.

In the average Madonna or Apostle the strictly human, fully representational element accounts for about ten per cent of the whole. All the rest consists of many colored variations on the inexhaustible theme of crumpled wool or linen. And these non-representational nine-tenths of a Madonna or an Apostle may be just as important qualitatively as they are in quantity.

They had seen the *Istigkeit*, the Allness and Infinity of folded cloth and had done their best to render it in paint or stone. Necessarily, of course, without success. For the glory and the wonder of pure existence belong to another order, beyond the Power of even the highest art to express. But in Judith's skirt I could clearly see what, if I had been a painter of genius, I might have made of my old gray flannels.

Timothy Leary read Huxley's book, and they had met at Harvard. However Huxley was dismayed that *Doors* had been used in the launch of the counterculture of the 1960s. That he ends up on the cover of *Sgt. Pepper's* was not exactly what he intended. But if he inspired *Within You Without You* (rather than "come on baby, light my fire") I think he would not have minded.

"We were talking - about the space between us all
And the people - who hide themselves behind a wall of illusion
Never glimpse of truth - then it's far too late - when they pass away." -George Harrison

Huxley, second last row, third from the left

Some of Huxley's stoner thoughts:

On Cézanne's self portrait - "What pretensions!" I kept repeating. "Who on earth does he think he is?" The

question was not addressed to Cezanne in particular, but to the human species at large. Who did they all think they were? ...It's like Arnold Bennett in the Dolomites."

An hilarious art anecdote - "One day towards the end of his life, Blake met Constable at Hampstead and was shown one of the younger artist's sketches. In spite of his contempt for naturalistic art, the old visionary knew a good thing when he saw it- except of course, when it was by Rubens. "This is not drawing," he cried, "this is inspiration!" "I had meant it to be drawing," was Constable's characteristic answer."

Vermeer - "For that mysterious artist was truly gifted-with the vision that perceives the Dharma-Body as the hedge at the bottom of the garden, with the talent to render as much of that vision as the limitations of human capacity permit, and with the prudence to confine himself in his paintings to the more manageable."

The Le Nain brothers - "They set out, I suppose, to be genre painters; but what they actually produced was a series of human still lives, in which their cleansed perception of the infinite significance of all things is rendered not, as with Vermeer, by subtle enrichment of color and texture, but by a heightened clarity, an obsessive distinctness of form, within an austere, almost monochromatic tonality."

The schizophrenic - "...a soul not merely unregenerate, but desperately sick into the bargain. His sickness consists in the inability to take refuge from inner and outer reality (as the sane person habitually does) in the homemade universe of common sense - the strictly human world of useful notions, shared symbols and socially acceptable conventions. The schizophrenic is like a man permanently under the influence of mescaline, and therefore unable to shut off the experience of a reality which he is not holy enough to live with, which he cannot explain away because it is the most stubborn of primary facts, and which, because it never permits him to look at the world with merely human eyes, scares him into interpreting its unremitting strangeness, its burning intensity of significance, as the manifestations of human or even cosmic malevolence, calling for the most desperate countermeasures, from murderous violence at one end of the scale to catatonia, or psychological suicide, at the other.

5/5 µg's

Tom says

I recommend this to all artists, intuitives, and introverts. Like me, you may recognize your own perceptions in the beautiful and lucid writing. No, I do not recommend mescaline for everyone. I have never taken it and I know for certain I haven't got the right psychological makeup to avoid the dangers Huxley wisely describes. Read this essay if you have already absorbed the Tao Te Ching or other classics of the literature of transcendence. If you're already insightful you certainly may not need a drug to understand.

Ugh says

If I was only rating The Doors of Perception, I would be giving it 5 stars. True, when I read its 50 brilliant

pages in a single sitting I was feeling the first effects of a flu infection that I was hoping was going to be fought back before it could take a firm hold (so far so good), but I'm reasonably confident that the impression it made on me was genuine, and not a product of any fevered flights of fancy.

So: The Doors of Perception. It's fascinating, insightful, and provided more food for thought than pretty much everything I read in 2011 combined. From Huxley's gripping unfurling of his personal mescaline explorations, grounded in a still-well-founded conception of sensory perception, through his encylopedic knowledge of fine art, to his highly pertinent critique of modern education, I followed entranced, stopping only to lose myself in ruminations on his latest gem. I can't remember being inspired to meditate so frequently by a book for a long time, if ever.

Unfortunately, TDoP is succeeded by Heaven and Hell, the point of which almost entirely escaped me.

People have been having visions for a long time, and for many reasons, and in similar(ish) ways. And so?

Huxley seems to be trying to draw these disparate facts together to mean something more than 'the brain is a curious little bugger that can teach us much about humility if only we take the trouble to learn how to wring it in just the right manner' - and I can't for the life of me figure out what that thing is. Perhaps I'd be able to if it wasn't couched in such a dull sequence of overlong and esoteric references, but there you go.

Hopefully when I reread TDoP at some future date, I'll remember to stop there and not spoil it all by carrying on into HaH. Either that, or I should wait until I'm fully at the mercy of some pesky virus that'll have the run of me for 125 pages instead of 50. We'll see.

Favourite quote: Most men and women lead lives at the worst so painful, at best so monotonous, poor and limited that the urge to escape, the longing to transcend themselves if only for a few moments, is and always has been one of the principal appetites of the soul.
