

Trance Phenomena

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What's it like? What's it like, being in a trance? It's an individual experience, and each time may be different. I know I have certain signposts, indications I'm in trance -- the feeling in my hands and legs, in my forehead. Some times my mind goes so clear, so empty, so blank. Other times, I'm filled with flitting thoughts.

Today was an interesting experience -- well, they all are. Initially I thought it was going to be a light trance day, as I had a tickle in my throat. Somehow I gave up my expectations, and just let things happen.

Things shifted after a bit. I could tell I was going deep. At some point I could see sheet music in front of me. There were tied triplets in the right hand. The left hand was pretty simple. I tried to read it, to let my hands read it. I could feel my hands trying to read the music, quite Bach-ish, but it was hard to read -- the notes seemed to shift as I concentrated on them.

Some time later, I recall looking at my left hand. I'm left handed, and use fountain pens. One of my favorite pens is somewhat cranky, and occasionally stains my fingers. I looked at my left hand, and in addition to the usual stains at my fingertips, I saw splotches of turquoise ink all over my hand, on the palm and the back of the hand, and the fingers. I turned my hand back and forth a number of times -- it was quite amusing.

Later on, I was floating, drifting -- but I was drifting sideways, and that was unusual. I'm used to rocking sensations (I love that), or drifting down slowly.

Reviewing things after the session, a number of things stood out. One was that I lost track of time completely. I was in a deep state of trance for about fifty minutes. During that time, once I settled down, I didn't move. My hands didn't move when I was trying to read the sheet music -- even though I distinctly remember my hands moving, and the rapid motion in my right hand and wrist following the triplets. My left hand didn't move when I was looking at the ink splotches on it. And no, I didn't drift sideways out of the chair.

The other fascinating thing is I don't remember what was said to me, from shortly into the induction until I was coming up, told to take a deep breath, wiggle my fingers and toes, and so on. That was wild. Every time is different.

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