

My Out-of-the-Body-Experiences

by Dirk Gillabel, 2019

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OBE Characteristics

Another State of Being

Out-of-the-body-experiences (OBEs) are not that uncommon. Many people experience them. Often it is a one time event. Sometimes it is called astral projection.

I have met ordinary people who had left their bodies during accidents and did not even know what an OBE was. Not knowing what OBEs are, they are afraid to talk about it. However, it is part of being human and it is totally natural. Some people, while in an OBE, visit other places in the physical world, but also in the astral world. A former friend of mine, a clairvoyant woman, would go out of her body while relaxing in the bath tub, and visit Kathmandu in Nepal. She had no idea why she was drawn to that city. Perhaps she had lived there in a past life. One summer she actually went to visit that city with a group of tourists and was able to walk through the complex of numerous little streets without getting lost.

The following is a summary of my out-of-the-body-experiences in my twenties (the 1980s). They all happened while I was relaxing on my bed. I learned to induce them, with a 50% success rate. After a couple of years my situation changed, and I didn't have time anymore to continue.

It is my understanding that during the OBEs I stayed within my own psychic 'envelope', that is, I explored the immediate astral environment of my room, and sometimes certain astral scenes. I did not go to any of the lower or higher astral realms that some people have written about. Nevertheless, my scientific mind was eager to explore this new environment and its reality. The following summary and examples of my OBEs give you an idea about a level of reality beyond the physical.

Initially, I had no idea that what I was experiencing was an OBE. Luckily I wrote it all down in my diary, so I have detailed descriptions of all of them. Somehow I was feeling and moving my astral body. My consciousness was one of deep rest, and not that clear. Most of the movements were automatic and with little self-control. Many months later after reading *Out-of-the-Body-Experiences* of Robert Crookall, I finally understood the nature of my experiences.

The Process of Leaving the Body

Getting fully out of my physical body was not always a straight forward matter. First it happened spontaneously. When I tried to get into the right relaxed state, I would be able to leave the body half of the time. It was not a matter of me willing it, or to apply a certain technique. I had to get into the right state of relaxation.

In the beginning my limbs would separate first, but then my body would constantly pull me back. After several experiences I was able to go out of my

body more easily, but between experiences the body would pull me back for a short moment. I don't know for sure, but it seems that the physical body continuously tried to pull my consciousness back into it. This only happened when I was outside the body but present inside my room. Once I left my room, and I was in astral scenes/landscapes, I did not experience any pull-back.

At first, I would try to sit up. Later I discovered I could also turn 180°, along my body's axis, and then sit up. On occasions, my astral body fell out of my bed, or I pulled myself out through my head. My first movements in the OBE state would generally be automatic. There was no conscious choice in my actions; they just happened by themselves. My hand would rub over my chest, or my thumb over my forehead for no apparent reason. Then I would act in a more conscious manner.

On occasions, during an OBE, I could feel myself "breathe", and notice that this "breathing" was different from my physical breathing, although both were synchronous. On the astral level one does not need to breathe as there is no air, but the mind often continues its physical habits when in the spiritual realms.

At times, I would feel strange, oppressive sensations in parts of the body, especially the chest, throat and head. These were probably localized tensions.

Sometimes I would still hear the sounds produced in the physical world, through my physical hearing, although I was completely out of my physical body. It is a known phenomenon with OBEs to have, at times, a dual awareness. One's consciousness receives impressions from both the astral and the physical world at the same time.

Consciousness

During my first experiences I did not realize I was in the OBE state. My consciousness was at a lower level than normal clear day consciousness, and it would also fluctuate. Sometimes I was out of the body but I thought I was still in my physical body. I was conscious of what was happening at that moment but I did not, or barely, have the capacities of memory, reflection or decision when I was limited to my room.

I was often not really sure if I was in the OBE state or still in the physical body. Afterward I knew I had an OBE, but at the moment itself it was not always easy to figure out. When coming back into the physical body, I always had trouble remembering what had happened. Often memories were just out of my reach, and it took some effort to get them back. I learned to program myself in advance to increase my awareness, to do certain things while in the OBE-state, and to remember them afterward.

I assume that most of my OBEs, while staying in my room, were a shift of consciousness to the etheric body, hence the often dull consciousness in that state. Only when I was in scenes/landscapes, my consciousness was in the astral body which allows for a clear, lucid, sharp and observant consciousness. It might

also explain why I could never see while I was in my room.

Vision

During my OBEs I never could see my room as my astral eyes were always closed. There are other OBE experiencers who have the same problem. However, I could feel everything, knowing my position relative to the physical body. When trying to open my astral eyes, I was often back into my physical body, opening my physical eyes.

On occasion, when slowly opening the astral eyes, landscapes and scenes would appear. Sometimes I would be in the middle of it, walking through the scenery. Some of them resembled dream-landscapes, but my consciousness was entirely clear. I could calmly walk in any direction and observe things and people around me. A few times I saw scenery like on a movie screen.

I was never sure if those landscapes and scenes were actual astral environments, or if my mind had created them. As all astral environments are created by the mind of other beings, it is also possible that I entered their creation and my mind interacted with it.

Sexual Feelings

In the beginning, when I was feeling or rubbing my skin, while in an OBE, sexual feelings would come up. Sometimes they would so strong that they would end the OBE. However, I was able to control it by paying attention to these feelings and let them ebb away. Sexual feelings right after leaving the body are not an uncommon phenomenon, as in real life skin sensations and sex are closely related. Other people have reported that with OBEs sexual feelings often spontaneously arise. Sexuality is a basic biological or bodily function. With a little practice one can get past these initial reactions.

Exploring My Room

Most of the time my OBEs were spent with astral eyes closed. I was aware of my movements and my position in the room. So I started to explore my room by touch. I could feel the book shelf above my bed, the alarm clock, the desk and the walls. Soon I discovered that the room was not an exact duplicate of the physical room. I felt objects that were not there on the physical plane. I curled up the antenna of my radio just to see if the physical antenna would also have been curled up when I would come out of the OBE. Of course, it was not. During the OBE both my consciousness as my reasoning were different.

Although the walls felt solid, once I started to remember (I had programmed myself before the OBE) that astral substance is not solid like physical matter but flexible, I could put my hands in the wall and mold it, or push holes in it. The

astral body is flexible too, and from in the beginning it felt elastic, like a sponge.

One time I mentally projected a sixth finger on my hand, and feeling my hand, there were indeed six fingers on it. The astral plane is a copy from the physical plane, but the mind plays a great role in it too, as the astral plane is elastic and can be changed and formed by the mind.

The Astral Cord

The astral cord is well-known in OBE studies. It is an energy link between the physical and the astral or astral body, which is commonly seen as a silvery cord coming out of the body, mostly the solar plexus. There are different opinions and different experiences of what the astral cord is and where it connects to the body, or that it exists at all. One time, during an OBE, I decided to investigate this.

I sat down at the end of the bed, with my back towards my physical body. Feeling around the area of the solar plexus, I did not find anything. Then I noticed that when holding my hands in front of and at a certain distance of the solar plexus, I was feeling a slight tingling in the hands. An *energy tube* was leaving the solar plexus perpendicular to the body.

It seems that the astral cord is an energy link that is not always visible unless one pays attention to it. At least that was my experience.

The Sound Threshold

One time after lying down and relaxing, I heard a short, sharp sound, after which I went out of my body. I soon discovered that whenever I heard that sound my consciousness was immediately disconnected from the physical body. It was obviously a threshold between the two states of mind. When focusing my attention on it, I discovered that I had always passed that sound level, but was able to hear it only when passing the threshold very slowly. After some efforts I was able to hold still at that sound level for a longer period. The sound was first heard in my left ear, sometimes also in my right ear, but finally I heard it in the center of my head. The longer I kept my attention on it the stronger the sound would be. One time it was so loud I had to break it off and enter the OBE, because I was afraid it would do some damage to my head. The sound was one continuous tone on one particular level that can be encountered when the body relaxes and awareness descends through many levels of consciousness.

One time it was different. Have you ever been at a train station when a train pulled in, loud squealing breaks needing an oil job, and people putting their hands on their ears? Well, that is how it sounded.

Concentration

Concentration was always difficult while in an OBE state. I was able to focus on exploring my room, with specific experiments, but when I focused my concentration on one particular thing, it was always short-lived.

Because my consciousness was rather dim during an OBE, I programmed myself beforehand to sit on my bed, to face the wall and to concentrate on the Light, in order to raise the clarity of my consciousness. I never succeeded because of the short duration of the concentration. It seems that the unconscious, or subconscious, is the ruling force during OBEs, until you cultivate a clear consciousness.

The Matrix

Shamans all over the world talk about the network of energies they see when going into other dimensions. Well, I had the chance to see them once. One day I was going in and out my physical body several times in a row, and suddenly, at the moment of separating from the physical body:

I discovered an inner view that was different from what one has when closing one's eyes. I saw a flat, vertical structure in front of me, consisting of empty squares (only the lines making up the squares were visible). All the rest was infinite space. As I concentrated on it, it became clearer and sharper. Many more geometrical, symmetrical structures took its place, but in such a fast order that I could not remember them afterward. It was like moving through several matrices.

Introduction to My Diary

All my experiences happened when lying on bed, relaxing and drifting off. In about half of the times I would have an OBE. Actually it was never a single OBE. I would go repeatedly out of the body, and then I would go automatically back into it. Sometimes I was able to will to go back into the body. Sometimes I would go in and out dozens of times in a row, before moving away from the body. When I went out of the body, I had several experiences. Basically it was a constant back and forth process with short or long periods of astral experiences. The whole thing could take from five minutes to half an hour or more.

Remembering was not always easy, so I had to program myself each time to do certain things when out of the body. Most of the astral experiences were automatic, that is, they just happened without any conscious decision to do them. It is the unconscious, or subconscious that decides, until, by experience, one learns to cultivate conscious decisions. In general, everything I did when out of the body was done without conscious intent. Only when I was in astral scenes/landscapes, I had a clear consciousness comparable to our everyday consciousness, and I could consciously decide what to do.

Reasoning is different in the astral state, at least when I was in the immediate environment of my room, or body. Initially I took the astral room for granted, but learned that it was just a projection of the mind. Even then, the room still appeared solid/flexible with objects that did not exist on the physical plane. It seems that the sub-/unconscious has a strong habit of recreating on the astral what exists on the physical.

When I found myself in astral scenes, my consciousness was quite lucid and clear. Everything was very clear, colorful. I was able to observe everything and move around. I believe that these are astral landscapes of other souls, although my own mind could also have a role in shaping them. Why I found myself in those different scenes/landscapes, I have no idea. I suppose it is another subconscious decision of which I have no clue as to why I was taken there.

It is also an unconscious habit to create an astral body, although I knew that it is just a projection. Even experimenting with this astral body is an unconscious habit.

My Diary

June 06, 1987

I was lying on my bed to relax. After about one hour I was very relaxed, both in body and in spirit. My left arm felt like it was loose and hovering. I was able to move it freely, even through and above my blanket. I am pondering if I could do the same with the rest of my body. I did the same with my right arm. Then I tried to sit upright, but this was difficult. Every time, when I raised myself a little, my cheeks pulled inwards. I tried to prevent this by rubbing my cheeks with my left hand. I noticed that I clearly felt my face, but the touch is very different from normal.

I tried to raise myself again. This time by stretching my arms toward my toes. This time I felt a clamming sensation in my throat. I lied down again. I rubbed my throat with my left hand, and I felt beard stubbles on my chin.

I felt my legs raise, but they continuously went up and down. After a while it stopped.

I tried to raise me again by placing my hands on my hips and pushing my elbows on the bed. After being raised a bit, I tried to turn to the left, and sat upright on the side of my bed. I clearly felt that I was present at that location.

I tried to open my eyes, but my physical eyes opened, and I was lying in bed.

I don't quite know how to interpret this experience. Apparently my arms and other body parts must be subtle energy parts, but I did not experience them as such. They felt real. My consciousness was that when one is deeply relaxed. This was not a dream.

June 22, 1987

After an hour I entered the same deep relaxation state. I felt my subtle left arm coming loose. The same happened with my right arm. To be sure they were loose, I made little circles with my arms. I brought my left arm to my left cheek. Yes, I definitely was feeling my skin, and this caused sexual arousal. By concentration on this I could quiet it down. Doing this made my consciousness rise to my head and eyes.

July 12, 2018

After a half hour of relaxation I turned to my left side, with the purpose of relaxing even more. I was lying on my side with knees pulled up, left arm in front of my chest, my left hand touching my right shoulder.

Without any reason or conscious decision, I raised my left arm to my head. With my hand closed, I rubbed my forehead with half stretched thumb, in a straight vertical line from the root of the nose to the hairline. I repeated this movement many times, and this gave me a pleasurable feeling and later on a sexual feeling.

After a while I became aware that I was in the same state of being as my two previous experiences.

July 13, 1987

I found myself in the same strange state of being, because my right arm came loose. To make sure, I touched my chin and mouth with my right index finger, giving me the same kind of feeling as before. A sexual feeling also arose. I was able to subdue this but I had to concentrate on it repeatedly.

In the mean time I tried to raise myself by pushing my right arm on the mattress, so I would be able to get up sideways, but every time I did, I fell back. I tried this several times. One time I fell back so quickly that I rolled around on my mattress, losing every sense of orientation. I opened my eyes, and found myself back in my physical body.

I continued to go into the altered state, but the sounds of the external world caused my consciousness to return to the physical body.

July 14, 1987

After half an hour of relaxation I lay on my left side. After about another half hour I found myself in the same strange state of being. I tried to raise myself immediately, this time by pushing my two hands on the mattress. But each time, I fell back, although I was able to stay up a little longer. For a while I doubted that I was in the altered state because I could feel the blanket move whenever I raised myself. Somehow I verified that was indeed in the altered state. A sexual feeling arose again, causing me to leave this altered state.

January 10, 1988

After being half asleep for a while, I laid on my back. I noticed that I was again in the altered state. My legs were loose. I tried to raise myself, but my throat and chest were stuck. I felt as if something heavy was lying on top of these areas. My arms were loose, and I used these to rub my chest and throat, and I told myself to loosen up these parts to.

I was now able to lift myself up, but every time I did, I was pulled back. So I tried to shift myself, in a half raised position, backwards towards the head of my bed, so I could sit against the head board. After a lot of struggles, I managed to do this.

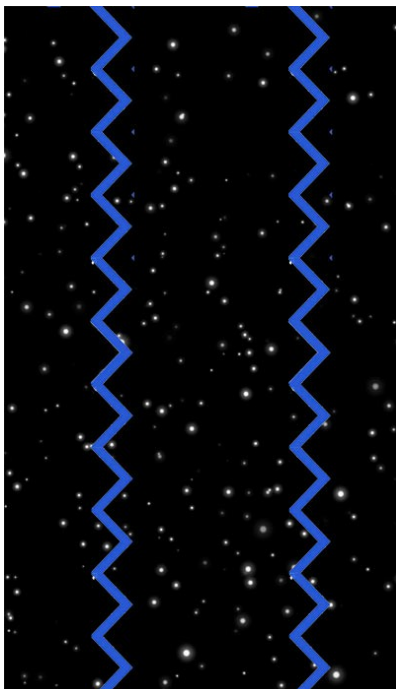
I was able to feel the iron bars of the bookshelf above my bed. I touched my body in order to discover how this would feel. To my surprise, this body was feeling elastic, like a sponge. I also noticed that I was breathing but this breathing was different.

At times, I heard the sounds of the external world through my physical body. I felt the cord of the pull-light. I thought that maybe my physical arms were also moving., I tied a knot in the cord, so I could verify it later on if this really had happened in physical reality.

I stretched my left arm to my night table and was able to feel the alarm clock.

As with my previous experiences, this time too, I had no sight as my eyes are closed in this state of being.

At the beginning of the today's experience I saw two vertical, parallel, blue, zig-zag lines, against a background of stars in space. I felt I could zoom into it, but I decided not to do this.



Sexual feelings also were present.

When I was back into the physical body, I checked the pull-cord, and of course it didn't have a knot. My alarm clock was not on my night table. The night table itself was too far from my bed to be able to reach it from my physical position.

This would indicate that the physicality I experienced in the altered state does not always correspond with the real physical world.

January 31, 1988

This time I had many experiences; I possibly forgot some of them.

After half an hour of relaxation on my left side, I laid on my back.

I came back many times to my physical body, and every time I came back there were explosions just above the area of the heart shaking my chest.

My etheric legs were loose and moving freely. However, every time I raised myself, I fell back. There seems to be something stuck to my astral throat. I rub my throat with my hands but it didn't make much difference.

Suddenly, without any reason or intention, I rotated along my axis, and then raised myself up. I was standing upright at the foot end of my bed. I tried to open my etheric eyes, but went back into my physical body. I repeated this way to get out of the body several times, and it was easy to do.

One time I fell down. My feet were still on the bed, but my body and face were on the ground, face down. I used my hands to feel the floor. I felt the legs of the chair and of my desk, of which I opened two of the drawers, and felt what was in it.

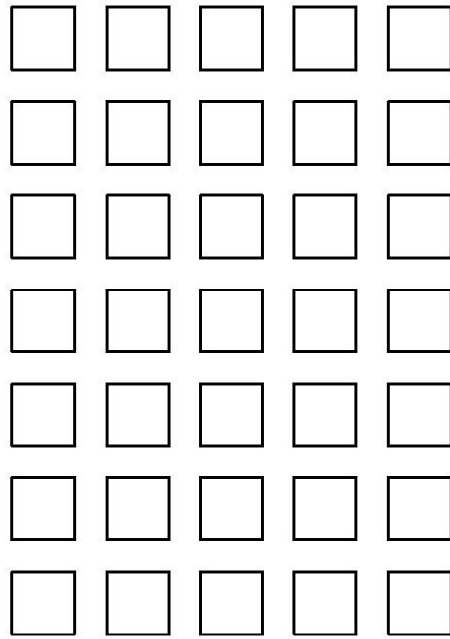
I was able to touch and feel my face really good.

At a certain point there was a sudden pressure and pain in my solar plexus. I had no idea what this was about. Assuming that it might be due to an elemental being, I closed off my solar plexus with both hands. The pressure and pain disappeared.

When coming out of the body, I sometimes had strange, cramping sensations at certain places in chest, throat and head.

I still could not see anything when in the other state.

I also came across a particular inner field of vision, different from normal darkness when the eyes were closed. I saw flat vertical structures of squares of which only the lines were visible; all the rest was infinite space:



As I concentrated on this it became more detailed. I was able to call up other patterns, but I don't remember them.

During what happened next, I did not experience any emotion or feeling. It was pure observation with consciousness. They were no dreams or dream images.

I found myself in a sunny landscape, very beautiful, with a field of grain. At my left is a railway berm. I recognized this landscape from one of my previous dreams. I looked around at my ease, and observed. I went underneath the bridge that gave passage through the berm, where there was a guard house with two soldiers of low rank. They looked like they were from a South-American army. They didn't notice me. I thought that maybe this was the case of me being of a higher vibration than them. I passed them and went underneath the bridge. Behind the berm I saw another railway berm that ran parallel to the first one. The space in between them was empty. I remembered that this was also the case in the previous dream, but I remembered that there was a chapel, which was not there this time. I returned, passed the guards. I was back into my physical body.

In the next experience I was in a large, empty building. I went through many rooms. In some of them I passed a person. I arrived at a large hall which had an improvised work table with work documents. A person entered. I went to the table and looked at an alarm clock. The left wall was covered by a white cloth reaching to the floor. A transvestite appeared from behind it, and also a man who is putting on his cloths.

I am back in my physical body.

It wasn't easy to remember all these experiences. The explosions were nothing new, I have had those before when just relaxing, and they seemed to be a release of energies.

The etheric drawers of the desk were open, while the physical drawers were

closed. The content in the etheric drawers does not correspond with the physical contents.

February 02, 1988

I now tried to guide myself into the deep relaxation state, and it worked.

My astral arms and legs came loose. I touched my face to verify that I was in the altered state. My sense of touch was clear. I tried to raise myself many times, but chest was always pulled back, often accompanied by unpleasant sensations. So I decided to pull myself out through my head, and I stood upright at the head board. My etheric eyes are still closed. Feeling my way, I went to my desk and felt the different objects on it.

I went to the foot end of my bed, and tried to open my etheric eyes, but as always I found myself back in my physical body opening my physical eyes.

I went back out of the body and went to the door (feeling my way), opened it, went through it, closed it, went down the stairs, but then I decided to go back.

Back in the physical I found that the objects on my desk did not correspond with physical reality. When I stood upright at the head board of the bed, I should have gone through the metal shelf that is above the bed, but I did not notice that.

February 07, 1988

After a long relaxation, I went out easily.

I moved side-ward with ease. One time I tried to raise myself, but I was pulled back.

I tried to pull myself out through my head but it was very difficult. With each movement a strong sexual emotion arose concentrated in the sexual organs. Up to now I did not experience this so strongly. I had to break of the experience.

March 09, 1988

After an hour of relaxation, I laid on my right side, and brought myself intentionally deeper.

I suddenly heard a sound for a fraction of a second. I was able to bring it up again, but every time it was of very short duration. Passing this sound, I was out of my body. I rotated 90 degrees to the left and sat upright. I tried to stand up by placing my hands on the wall, and thus guide me upward. The idea arose of contacting the space behind the wall (which is the neighbors sleeping room). I reached toward the ceiling, but instead of the ceiling I was feeling the top surface of the vertical wall. I reached behind the wall and felt the neighbor's wall paper. I tore off a few pieces as proof of my experience. One of the pieces I put on my bed.

I had to repeat these actions many times, because each time my consciousness became dimmer and I had to go back to my physical body to make my consciousness clearer. Sexual feelings in the sexual organs were also present, but they were easily subdued.

Based on books about out-of-the-body-experiences I am now convinced that my experiences are indeed OBEs. The fact that the etheric environment does not completely correspond with the physical environment is well-known, as in the etheric world, it is the mind that creates its environment.

In today's experience it is also clear that reasoning in the etheric is not the same as on the physical (taking the pieces of the wall paper as proof).

March 20, 1988

I went down to the point where I heard the sound, in my left ear, after which my etheric body was free. I tried to raise myself toward my left several times, but each time my consciousness and stability diminished quickly, making me return to my physical body. Each time, I descended to the level where I heard the sound. The sound first was heard in my left ear, sometimes in my right ear after that. A few times there were a couple of other short sounds in between my two ears, when the sound moved from my left to right ear.

A few times I left the body and I sat down in a squatted position; this was easier. A few times I asked the Light to help me with making my consciousness clearer, but I could not sustain the concentration long enough.

One time, my etheric legs were very loose, and by rubbing them together I noticed that this caused sexual sensation, which was subdued by my will. My etheric hands removed the blankets, but then I realized that these are not the physical blankets, but 'projected' blankets (by the mind).

I also had a dream image: I was in a forest with meadows and ponds. Another dream image of my sisters at home talking.

March 21, 1988

It was my intention to stay still at the level of the sound, because last time I noticed that I heard a continuous tone but only for a short time span. I only heard it for a fraction of a second because I was passing by that level too fast.

I went down and heard the sound for a very moment. I was able to regulate my depth to return to that level, and to hear it four times, although for a short time. However, the way of leaving the body after hearing the sound, was so easy, that I soon could not find that sound level anymore. I went passed it too fast.

This time I went out of the body many times and easily, and it was very difficult to remember all of them.

Sometimes I found myself at another location in my room, and that pleased me.

Sometimes I returned to my bed instead of into my physical body. I was lying back-to-back with my physical body, and I found this funny. I turned around and went into my body that way.

I wrinkled the antenna of my clock radio to verify that this would also be on the physical plane.

My window has exterior roll-up blinds that are pulled up by an interior ribbon. I pulled on the ribbon to pull up the blinds, but the ribbon kept on coming and coming, many meters long.

As I still could not see anything, I was feeling the wall, and going upwards, I was now able to feel the ceiling.

I opened my etheric eyes just a tiny bit and saw some paint flakes of the ceiling. I quickly closed my eyes again.

I asked the Light again for a clearer consciousness, but I couldn't sustain my concentration.

I had light sexual feelings in the sexual organs. Instead of subduing, I concentrated on them, but nothing happened, but the sensation did diminish.

In my mind I visualized a cord to climb. I felt myself going through the ceiling and the roof. I assume that these feeling are actually mind projected. Then I came back down.

Of course, the physical antenna was not crumbled, and the ceiling has no paint flakes. I came to the conclusion that the investigation of my immediate environment is not useful because it is a projection of my mind.

March 29 1988

During the next experiences I had some clamming feelings around the heart area. I had to breathe deeply to get through it.

When out of the body I still could clearly hear the external sounds.

I pulled my night table closer and felt something on it that I knew was not there in the physical world. I realized this, and that this was a mind projection, and so I turned away.

When I went down during relaxation, I came upon the sound much sooner than expected. I was able to return to the level of sound easily and many times. I was also able to make it last longer and increase its loudness. I noticed that it was produced inside my head, but it sounded in my ears, more in my left ear than in my right ear, and independent from each other. I could raise the loudness, but at a certain point it was so loud that I feared for damage inside my head.

I decided to check my silver cord, so I felt down my body, in front and in the back, and a second time over again, but I could not find anything.

I reflected on myself. I felt myself present, but not in my physical body, nor in my

room, nor anywhere else. Just being present.

I sat down on my bed next to the wall. I carefully rubbed my eyes and made a suggestion to see. My vision became blurry, but gradually became clearer. To my astonishment, I did not see my room, but a wall with a chess board pattern situated about three meters (9 feet) in front of me. I noticed that I was in a corridor. I walked to the right. I arrived at a staircase that went up. There was nobody present. There were bicycles. From another corridor a man arrived. He said something. I continued and came into space, a room with a bed. When entering the room I realized that this was the room of a mental patient that was being taken care of. At the same time I was feeling a kind of hard pill between my back molars, and I could not remove it. This made my mouth to be slightly open as checked by my hands. This was very uncomfortable. When I entered the room, the blinds of the window automatically rolled down. I was able to see that outside there was a grassy area with a berm to the right. To my astonishment it seemed to move as if watched from the rear of a train. I wanted to raise the blinds again and began to pull of the cord. A nurse came in and said that I should not do it the difficult way. She pushed on a button to the left of the window, and the blinds went up automatically. The pill between my molars was very bothersome, and I tried to remove it again. I gave up and decided to return.

May 10, 1988

When I relaxed I was feeling vibrations from tensions. I tried to enhance them but that didn't work. The astral arms and legs began to move by themselves. It was easy to get upright. I walked back and forth on top of my bed to verify if I was really out of my body. I pulled the cord of the pull-light, probably an impulse from before. I tried several times to walk through the wall, but it felt as hard as in the physical world. I stood on my bed again, with my back against the western wall, and raised my arms upward. I noticed that I could make holes in the ceiling. I pulled myself up through the ceiling. Instead of being in the middle of the attic I found myself at the edge of the exterior wall. I thought about jumping off to see what would happen, but I found myself back in my physical body.

I went out again and sat against the west wall. I made the suggestion to see. My vision arose, first vaguely, then clearer. I was seeing a moving landscape, and found myself inside a train. The landscape was one of grain fields and grass fields.

Next I found myself in the landscape, and I saw the train rolling by to the right. I could not hold this for long as my consciousness was not that clear.

I had to suggest myself again to see. This time I saw a soft rolling landscape with meadows surrounded by fences. I walked on a dirt road toward a farm. Behind a hedge I saw a man with a cow approaching. Back in my room again.

Another suggestion to see. I was standing on the top of a mountain. This was a strange mountain, I have never seen anything the like. At a lower level there are glaciers. Back in my room

I walked to the door (no vision), went down the stairs, opened the little window in the front door, and now I had vision and was seeing the street outside, but there was nobody. I felt as if somebody was coming into the corridor, so I hurried back upstairs to my room.

When I was back in my physical body, I clearly heard a man's voice talking on the radio. However, I could not figure out where the sound actually came from, because my radio was not on. The sound was so clear that I could hear every single word he said. He was talking about somebody else. Because I realized that this was not possible, I suggested myself to make the voice disappear. It was difficult but I finally succeeded. After a short while, the voice was back. I went a couple of times out of the body again, but decided to stop.

May 29, 1988

I couldn't remember everything that happened, and also not the right order.

I felt my hands and feet move, which was a sign that I was moving out. When I moved out, there was a kind of short but powerful light flash. This surprised me, and I realized that it was not a release of optical nerve energy.

One time, when I returned to the body, I heard the radio sound again, very clearly. This time there were two voices, and they were speaking French in a happy tone.

Several times, concentration on arms and legs helped the process of leaving the body.

The moving out and moving in was very easy this time.

I was having a totally different but nice feeling. Consciousness was clear, but dimmed at the end of the experience.

When I moved out I immediately wanted to 'see'. I stood in front of the western wall of my bedroom. On the wall several geographic maps appeared, all in color. I tried to read the names on them, but it took a lot of concentration. It felt like I had to focus a lens to get the text sharp. One of the maps was of a part of Africa showing a lot of lakes; and there was a map of the first continent.

After this I saw several objects but I can only remember a small wooden box. It looked like the one I had made in the past. The box was decorated with an image of the Death card of the Alrea Tarot.

I felt that my room had a spiritually clean feeling. I am lying on my bed and with my hand I wiped something away from my back. I couldn't figure out if it was my etheric hand doing this, or my physical hand.

I looked at my alarm clock, and saw the digital numbers 27, but I couldn't focus on the number(s) for the hour. Therefore, I looked at my other, analog alarm clock, and saw that the large hand pointed to the 27-minute position.

I sat down on my bed. Suddenly I could see my room, or at least my mind had

created the scene of my room. From the east, through the door, the Devil came in. He looked like the old European image of the Devil. A flamboyant, robust man, in a red coat. He was eight to nine feet (2.5 to 3 meters) tall. He was not scary at all. I was not afraid, no emotions came up. I was just watching. He went by me and disappeared in the west. Then, from the west an equally tall woman dressed in red came into the room. I went up to her and kissed her. I touched her small breasts. I stepped back. Then she disappeared in the east.

I am outside the house, on our small patio. I looked over the stone border wall and saw a group of people at my neighbor's house. They had their back toward me. I concentrated on a girl who stood behind them, but she did not look around.

I remembered that I should keep everything about my experiences in my memory.

I also realized that my etheric room actually does not have an independent existence.

I decided to stop my experiences, because it already took a long time, and maybe it could cause a headache.

I think that the images on the walls were projected by my own mind.

The feeling that my room was spiritually clean was a clear and definite feeling.

The 27 minutes cannot correspond with real time. Maybe it was symbolic? My second, analog alarm clock was not present in my room, so this was a projection too.

The presence of the Devil and the woman was totally unexpected. They were not spiritual, conscious beings. Maybe they were created by my mind as they are clearly archetypes. The woman can be seen as the Scarlet lady. Do they also have a personal meaning?

August 31 1988

My arms and feet came loose, so I knew I was going out of the body. Automatically, I began to touch and explore the western and southern wall. Then I remembered that the room did not have an actual existence. I thought about infinity. I had programmed myself beforehand to repeat the word 'sun' in order to contact the Central Sun. I did this, but I also repeated the word 'soleil'. However, my consciousness was too low, and my concentration too feeble. I repeatedly went in and out of the body. This time I also had difficulty to keep my balance.

I stood before the western wall, but my knees were trembling. Sitting on my bed was better. Because my concentration was not that good, I called upon my spiritual guide, but I couldn't keep it up for long.

I was feeling the western wall, which still felt solid, but now I could put my hands into it, although with a lot of effort. I pulled a stone out of the wall. I tried to 'see' but to no avail. I went to the window and tried to see, and this time I saw a landscape illuminated by a brilliant sun, and an airplane flew over. All of it was in

full color.

In the real world the sky was cloudy. Why I also used the word 'soleil' (French for sun) I don't know. I intended to use the word 'sun' only.

June 02, 1988

I went out and in many times, consciousness was low in every case.

I immediately stood in front of the western wall. I put my hands against it to make sure I was really there. My legs began to tremble again, but I was able to withstand it longer than last time. Then I sat down on my bed. I again concentrated on the Light. This time concentration was better. After a while I had to give up and stood in front of the cabinet. I wanted to see. For a moment I vaguely saw the door of the cabinet, but not clear enough to figure out if it was the physical door. Immediately another image appeared, very clear, with brilliant colors. It looked like a movie. I saw the side of a car in close-up. The car was driving towards the right on a dirt road in a forest. There were two people in the front, and one in the back. The man in the front had a quarrel with the man in the back. I had the impression that these were gangsters. I concentrated to remove the vision, and after a lot of effort I succeeded.

I vaguely noticed someone on my bed, with a smaller someone else next to it, who told me to look at my body on the bed. My consciousness was too dull, so I returned to the body.

July 10, 1988

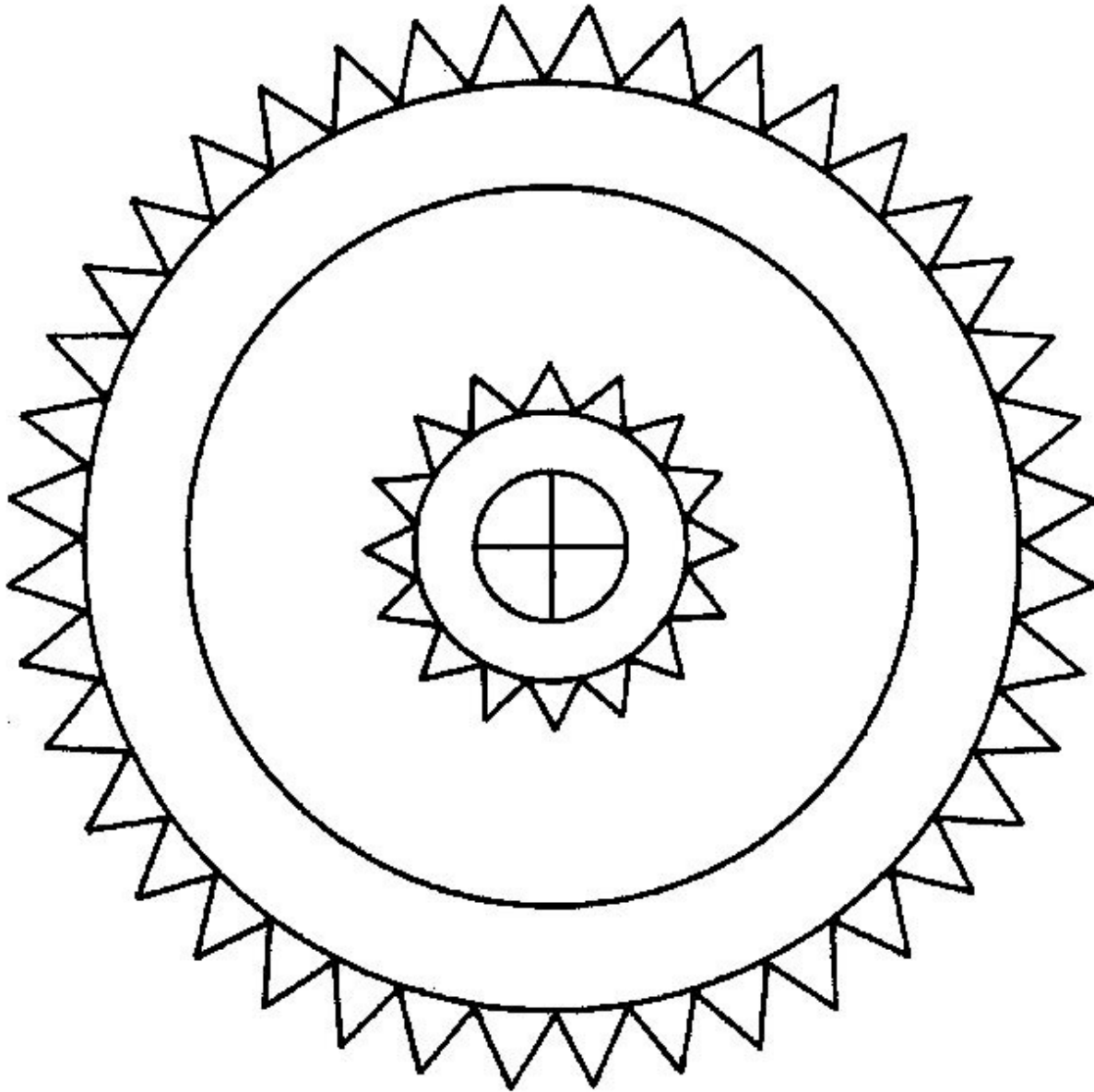
I relaxed deeply. I thought about something exciting, and my consciousness became clearer and initiated the process of going out. I breathed through my mouth what facilitated the process.

In the beginning I had difficulty to figure out if I was out of the body or not. I stood in front of the western wall, just to make sure I was somewhere else than in my body. I felt the structure of the wall paper. I also felt the frame that was hanging up. I tried to see several times, but every time I ended up in my body opening my physical eyes.

Again I clearly heard my radio. This time it was music with a woman singing.

Then I found myself in neatly cared for ruins of a roman (temple?) complex. There were rows of columns with a grassy yard in between. I was fully present at that location, everything was in full color.

After I went out again, I sat down, legs folded for as much as I could feel any legs. I concentrated on the Light. No Light appeared. Instead, a large clear image became visible. I looked at it with the clear intent to remember it later in detail. Then the image disappeared. This is the image:



I went back to the wall, and felt it. I remembered that the wall has no actual existence and that it is elastic. With a lot of effort I pushed my fingers into the wall. I also reached up and felt the ceiling. I pushed my fingers into the ceiling and this was easier to do. I let my arms drop and pushed my fingers back into the wall. This time it was easier. I became more confident that the wall was elastic, and I pushed my hands and arms against it, what made the wall bend. I pushed with my entire body against the wall, by which the elastic material gave more and more way. I continued doing this, and was feeling the elastic material against my body. I went further and further, so far that I came into a nothingness, or in other words, I was not receiving any impressions anymore. This was unpleasant, so I retreated, and went back into my body.

The structure of the wall paper did not correspond with the physical wall paper. The frame was not at the same location as the physical frame.

All my actions are for a large part automatic, there is little or no conscious choice in doing anything. They were largely initiated because I had programmed myself to do them before going out of the body.

August 01, 1988

An initial sexual feeling arose after which I was in the altered state and started moving my hands. I went repeatedly in and out of the body, until I was completely out of the body. Consciousness was not that clear and limited to my immediate surroundings.

I tried repeatedly to visualize the Light symbol I had seen last time. The image was vague and did not result in anything else. I went to my desk to look at the Light symbol that I had drawn on paper, but I saw other papers.

I heard my father talking, and I heard him putting down a box. I still had no sight, but I knew I was in another room of the house. I heard him mumble: "Everything is behind because of the bad weather." (in relation to the garden plants) Then I was in the living room. Instead of seeing the radio on a shelf, I saw a comic book. Then I was back in the body, but still in the altered state. I became conscious of the presence of my sister, who was just next to my head. I thought that maybe she was thinking of me. I told her to go away, but she didn't do it. I insisted, and finally she left.

August 18, 1988

I went into the altered state, and felt a big explosion from the center of my body, creating a shocking feeling throughout the body, and my lower legs moved a little.

Being still in the body I encountered the sound again. I was able to repeatedly go to the level of the sound and to make it last longer. This time I intended to listen to it as long as possible. The longer I was able to 'hold on' to it, the louder it became. It was the same single tone, loud and sharp. My excitement made me return to the body.

September 07, 1988

When in the altered state, my etheric legs started to go up and down wildly. Getting up was easy. I went to the western wall and touched it. Then I sat down with legs cross-wise, and concentrated on the Light. Visualization of the symbol did not succeed. Only a vague circle manifested.

At times, I wondered if was actually in my physical body.

September 09, 1988

I was going toward the sound, but I didn't reach it. So I started with imagining a rocking motion and that helped, although sometimes I wasn't sure if my physical body was rocking instead of my etheric body.

A few times I found myself with my face on the pillow, and thought that maybe my physical body was lying that way. Then, I rolled over, lying on my back. I stretched my arms and fumbled my etheric hands. They felt 'real', 'solid', but at the same time the feeling was different. I felt my chest, and my sexual organs, and I noticed that I did not feel any clothing.

I stood up at the foot end of the bed, and I felt the closet at the southern wall. It felt solid, and I had vague vision, by which I decided that I was indeed out of the body. I turned to the right facing the west wall, and automatically rubbed my forehead with my thumb (as I had done on July 12, 1987). It created a pleasurable feeling at that place. I went into the body, out again, and started rubbing my forehead again.

I decided to end the experience.

September 19, 1988

I noticed I was going out. The experiences were quite different from before, although I still could not see anything in my room.

I went in and out of the body many times, with ease, and felt the difference in the state of being. When I was inside my body I could feel my breathing which was quick and deep because my physical body was warm. One time I decided to move the blanket with my arm, but noticed that it was my etheric arm that moved.

In contrast with all the previous experiences, this time there were no automatic actions. I had a clear consciousness of being out of the body, sometimes lying on my back, and I took my time checking the situation.

I went to the western wall. I felt it was solid. I suggested that it was elastic, and I was able to push my hand into it, and to even kneed the material.

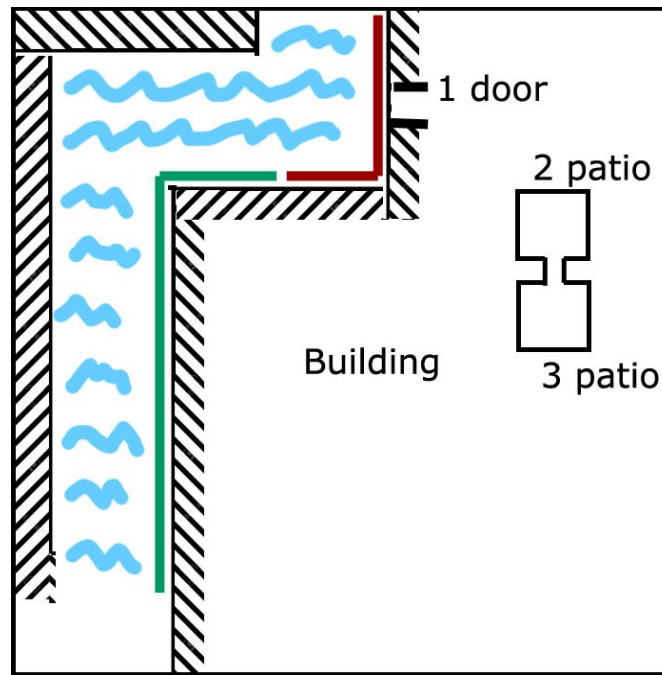
I stretched my hands and felt all my fingers. I suggested that I had one more finger, and indeed it appeared.

Every time I was out of the body, I was calm, and I could calmly decide what to do. However, I do not understand why I had the following experiences.

At times, when I was out of the body I was suddenly in a scene. I did not understand what I was doing there, although I could observe everything calmly, I could think, and I could take decisions. I do not remember all the experiences.

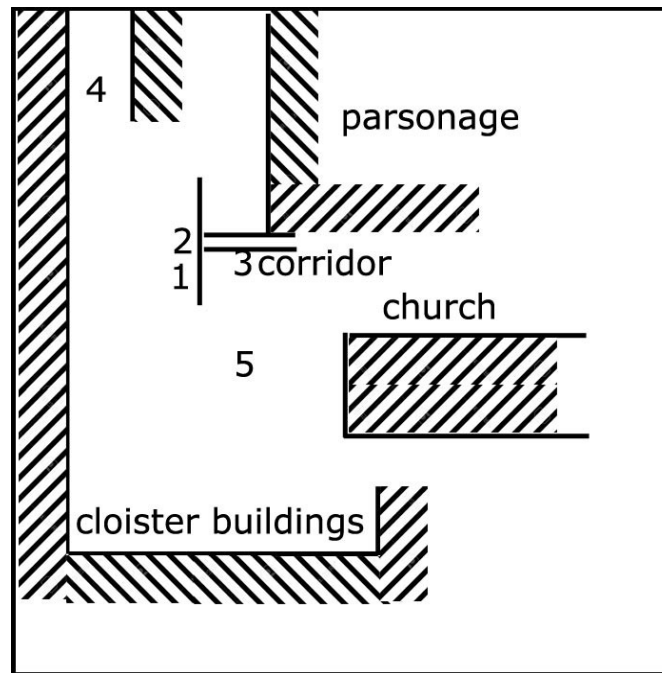
One time I was in a restaurant with a lot of people. I went up to a woman to make acquaintance. Behind me was a man who was tipping his chair backwards several times, hitting me slightly every time. That was annoying.

Another time, I was at the edge of a pond, standing on the ledge.



The ledge (green line in the diagram) was next to a building. I walked on the ledge, along the building, but then it ended, and I had to continue by grabbing onto tubes (red lines). I saw a couple of other people doing the same. I got bored with that and entered the building through a door (1). I arrived at an inner patio (2) where a man was baking something, in a pan. There was also furniture. Through another door I arrived at another patio (3). I saw a car going from this patio to the previous one. I found this too strange, and so I decided to break of this experience.

I went out of the body again. I stretched my arms, and felt my clothing. I felt my chest underneath my clothing. My consciousness is very clear now. I went to the western wall, and felt it clearly. I sat on the edge of my bed, crossing my legs. I concentrated on the Light symbol. Concentration was very good. However, after a few seconds I was in a scene. I didn't understand what I was doing there. My consciousness was clear, calm and observant.



I stood at point 1, in front of a small, low wall. I observed my environment. The buildings in front of me were of a clear red brick color because of the brilliant sun. I surmised that the building to my left was a parsonage, and the one to the right probably a church, and further to the right were tall cloister buildings, also built from bricks. At different places were crates with fruit. I was asking myself why all this had to do with the Light. I noticed that there were a lot of oranges with the fruit. Oranges are symbolic for the sun, but I didn't see any other link. I took my coat off and put it on the wall, and walked toward the right. There were people around. Suddenly they all ran into the buildings. I retraced my steps and picked up my coat. A person (I shall call P) said something to me, and together we went through a door in the wall, which led to a small narrow corridor. Just before I entered the door, I looked to the left and I saw a car arrive with a rather large man inside who was dressed in a red coverall, and he had a kind of helmet on his head. I told P that I saw this, and that that man looked like a kind of 'destroyer'. After a little while we looked over the wall and I saw that at 4 people went through a passport check. After a while I went back on the street again and mingled with the people who had already passed the control check. I heard them say that they were ordered to get something. They all went to the direction of 4. I decide to break off the experience because I still do not see any connection with the Light. I went back into my body.

September 20, 1988

Consciousness was rather dull. I went in and out many times.

In the beginning I had some dream images, but I made an end to it.

My mouth opened and a large amount of saliva flowed out of it. By concentrating on it I figured out that this was not on the physical level.

I went to the western wall, with my back to it, and rubbed my forehead with my thumb, vertically, what gave me a pleasurable feeling. This time I noticed that there were two centers where the feeling is greatest: the third eye spot and a spot about 6 cm (2 1/2 inch) above it. I went back to the body. I went out again and stood in front of the western wall. I felt it, sat down with legs crossed, then I sat on the edge of the bed. I went back into the body.

I went out again. Same routine again. I concentrated on the Light and visualized the Light symbol, but I could not hold the concentration, although it lasted longer than previously. Nothing happened. Back into body,

Back out again, against the western wall. I concentrated on seeing, but went back into body and out again several times. Every time I was out I tried to see.

Suddenly I was in school room. I didn't see anything, but I heard a man's voice from a loudspeaker attached to a wall, speaking in a relaxed way. I heard every single word he said clearly. He was speaking for so long that I realized that I could never remember all he said. He was speaking about a study work from a certain Pascal about South-Angolia. After a few sentences I saw images, from the air, of a large, narrow river that ran from North to South Angola. Then I saw an aerial image of a forest, with a man in a lake. Then I slid into dream images, so I went back into the body.

Strangely, when I saw the image of the river, I associated this with South-East Asia. I did not connect the name Angola with Africa.

September 22 1988

I noticed that my mouth was wide open, but it was my etheric mouth. I went out of the body and started to concentrate on the Light, but my consciousness was again too dull. I went in and out of the body many times. As usual, I did not have control over this.

The first time out I stood upright and felt my head, arms and clothing. I tried to make my clothing disappear but that didn't work. I went to the western wall, and stood with my back against it. I sat on my bed, and went back to the wall facing it. One time I found myself about one meter (3 feet) above my body. Several times I rubbed my forehead as I did previously. I also tried a horizontal rubbing but that did not produce any special feeling. When I rubbed vertically I felt the two centers again. As I rubbed longer and longer the pleasurable feeling spread throughout my entire astral body. A few times this produced a euphoric feeling. It was similar to a sexual feeling but not the same.

After going in and out several more times I slid into dream images, so I ended the experiences.

September 24, 1988

I arrived at the level of the sound, but this time it was another sound. This one

sounded like the forceful breaking of a train arriving in a station. It was also continuous. I was able to hear it for longer. The longer I heard it the stronger it became. This time I could diminish its strength, probably by moving slightly away from it. The sounds emanated from the middle of my head. One time it shifted to my right ear and went back to the middle of my head. This time it allowed me to go very easy out of the body, and back in.

When I went out again it was so easy that I didn't know where I was. I checked and found myself in the middle of my bed. I went to the western wall, touched it, sat down, and concentrated on the Light, although for a very short time, as I was pulled back forcefully to the body.

By making my breathing deeper and faster I could leave the body again, rolling out towards the left, and I fell out of the bed, hitting my steel paper wastebasket, resulting in some noise. Back into the body again.

Back out, to the western wall. For a short moment I saw the wall paper, but I doubted if I really saw this. I was able to better concentrate on the Light, but visualization on the Light symbol did still not succeed, in spite of being able to concentrate longer than usual.

I wanted to break off the experiences for two reasons: to be able to remember everything, and because the process of going out was very rough and not pleasant. I went into the body and felt my face. I felt the places where I had shaved this morning. When I opened my eyes I noticed that I had not felt my physical, but my astral face.

October 01, 1988

I felt that I was approaching the sound level but did not manage to get there. After leaving the body I had dream images of short duration. I walked through the room, opened the door, went to the bathroom, but consciousness was dull, and I was pulled back to the body. I was feeling somebody's fingertip massaging my forehead around the eyes, and the right side of the nose. Halfway this massage I discovered that I could influence the direction of the massage.

I tried to concentrate on the Light, but again didn't succeed.

October 17, 1988

I am feeling I am going toward the sound level but I didn't hear it. I went past it several times, when going in and out. A few times I went into a state with dream images while I was semi-conscious.

Each time I went out I went to feel the western wall. Again, I was not able to hold my concentration on the Light symbol. For a moment I vaguely saw the wall paper but with other colors. I concentrated to improve my sight, but failed. I was aware that what I saw was not the real wall.

At times my physical breathing increased.

One time, for a brief period I heard a radio voice again, singing a Flemish song. I heard it very clearly.

By feeling my way, I went to the bathroom. I did not notice any change in consciousness, so I went back to my room.

I wanted to look again if I could find and see the silver cord. I was sitting at the edge on my bed, with my back to my physical body. I felt the area around the solar plexus but I did not find anything. Then I noticed that when my hands were in front of the solar plexus, and at a short distance from my astral body, that they felt a slight tingle. From this sensation I deduced that there was a kind of tube going from my solar plexus, perpendicular to my skin. I pondered if this tube would bend and go around my astral body to go to my physical body.

Then I remembered that in one of the earlier dream images I suddenly became very angry at something. I was surprised about this sudden, uncontrolled and intense emotion.

As a note: Oliver Fox mentions in his book Astral Projection that he has never seen the astral cord.

January 01, 1990

I was relaxing on my bed and did not intend to go out. After a while I felt something in my head that indicated that I was going out. My astral arms and legs were moving, and I jumped out of the body and sat on my bed. I concentrated on the Light several times, but without results.

One time I went out so fast that I felt the very back of my bed behind my feet.

I urged myself further, and went through the cabinet and wall, but did not notice any change in consciousness.

I wanted to 'see', so I sat on my bed, brought my hand slowly to my head, and suggested myself to open my astral eyes. I was feeling my hands touching my eyes, but noticed that I was opening my physical eyes, and I was back in the physical body.

June 14, 1992

I concentrated for half an hour on my throat chakra, then I laid on my back for 15 minutes with a phurbu (Tibetan ritual dagger) on my throat, and slumbered. I heard the sound from the breaking train in my head at the level of the pituitary, but not concentrated in it; it was more spread out. The sound was clearly audible, lasted a long time but it was not painful. It allowed me to go out of the body. I went out several times, each time initiated by the sound.

The first few times I was moving through space in the literal sense. It was very pleasurable to move around, to roll around, in all directions.

Then, when I was out of the body but still coinciding with the physical body I

threw up astral filth coming out of mouth and throat. This happened several times in a row, and it was a rather strange phenomenon. For a moment I thought it would be wiser to do this somewhere else in the astral world, because now this astral filth is floating around my room.

One time I went out onto the street but the landscape was different. The clouds were gloomy, so I went back.

One time an erotic feeling surged up but was subdued quickly.

I ate a piece of chips that felt very real.

A few times there was somebody else behind me laying his hands on me. I felt his hands clearly. He laid his hands on my legs, my chest and to my astonishment also on my fontanel at the back of the head. I went back into the body and out again. This time, the person put his two thumbs at both sides of a vertebra and pushed very hard for a long time. This was painful.

There were probably other experiences I could not remember.

October 07, 1992

I went out several times, but not so pronounced as before. I rolled around, sat up, stood up. One time I went to the ceiling and pulled a piece out of it.

A sexual feeling arose but was easily controlled, and disappeared.

I thought about concentration of the Light symbol, but I decided that it might be a better idea to think about my guides.

After a while I was feeling hands on my legs. After a while, one hand moved and one of its fingers touched a vertebra at the level of the second chakra. I felt a second presence who was behind me and at a higher level. He firmly grasped my chest what was painful but bearable. He also touched a vertebra, but at the level of the heart.

After this I had the feeling that my OBE's were finished for the day. I tried to go out again, but I only got dream images.

Consciousness during the OBE was low, and I still had no vision.