

FAR JOURNEYS

By the author of
Journeys Out of the Body

ROBERT A. MONROE



Far Journeys



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JOURNEYS OUT OF THE BODY

ROBERT A. MONROE

THE WAY TO THE MOUNTAIN
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THE WAY TO THE MOUNTAIN



Far Journeys

ROBERT A. MONROE



A Dolestin Book
DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
1987

"The Out-of-Body Experience: A Phenomenological Typology Based on Questionnaire Responses," by S. W. Twenlow, G. O. Casbard, and F. C. Jones, *The American Journal of Psychiatry*, Vol. 139.4, pp. 450-55, 1982. Copyright, 1982, the American Psychiatric Association. Reprinted by permission.

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Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Monroe, Robert A.

Far journeys.

"A Dolphin book."

1. Monroe, Robert A. 2. Psychical research—
Biography. 3. Out-of-Body experiences. I. Title.

BF1283.M582A29 1985 133.9'013 65-1633

ISBN 0-385-25182-2

Those interested in the activities of the Institute may write

The Monroe Institute


Faber,

Virginia 22938

DEDICATED TO:

Nancy Penn Monroe, much more than a wife,
whose constant and consistent love, support,
sharing, and understanding were the indispensable
elements in the writing and completion of this
record.

The literally hundreds of others over the past
fifteen years who freely gave their time, energy, and
interest in so many different ways and without
whom very little would have been accomplished.



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<http://www.archive.org/details/farjourneys00monr>

Flow Sheet

	Prologue	xi
Part I	Near Reaches	1
1.	Old Local Traffic	3
2.	Heracl Synce et al.	16
3.	The Gateway Program	26
4.	Explorer Team I	37
5.	New Associations	50
6.	Segue	63
Part II	Far Reaches	73
7.	Surveys and Schematics	77
8.	Contact Point	91
9.	Rainbow Route	107
10.	Newfound Friend	121
11.	Rescue Mission	144
12.	Hearsay Evidence	157
13.	Shock Treatment	173
14.	One Easy Lesson	182
15.	Promised Plan	205
16.	The Gathering	228
Epilogue:	End Game	238
Appendices		
1.	The On- or-Body Experience: Most Frequently Asked Questions and Answers	265

- II. The OBE Psychophysiology of
Robert A. Monroe
By Stuart W. Twemlow, M.D.,
and Glen O. Gabbard, M.D. 271
- III. The Out-of-Body Experience: Phe-
nomenology
By Stuart W. Twemlow, M.D.,
Glen O. Gabbard, M.D., and
Fowler C. Jones, Ed.D.
Paper Presented at the 1980
Annual Meeting of the American
Psychiatric Association, May 5-9,
in San Francisco 274
- About the Author 291

Prologue

There seems to be an easy way to go—and a hard way. Given the choice, all of us take the easy route simply because it's more efficient, saves time and energy. If it's too easy, some of us feel guilty. We get the uncomfortable sense that we're missing something if we don't go the laborious, tried-and-true pattern. If it's that easy, it must not be good, might even be sinful.

But after a while, the easy way becomes the ordinary way and we forget the old road. When you've lived in an area long enough to have traveled between two cities before the interstates and freeways were built, try the old familiar highway just once. You'll find there is enough. The start-and-stop congestion, the total disorder, the growing frustrations far overshadow any remaining nostalgia you may have had. You have enough of such local traffic at the beginning and end of each run on the interstate.

Now the problem. Suppose you met someone who had never driven on an interstate. All his life, he has driven only in local traffic. He's heard about such superhighways. He might even have seen one from a distance or heard the rumble of vehicles or sniffed their exhaust fumes. He rationalizes any number of reasons why he hasn't and won't go interstate; he doesn't need to, he's satisfied the way he is; they travel too fast so it's not safe; you have to go out of your way to get on it; it's full of strangers from all over the place so you don't know whom you'll meet so you can't trust them; your car isn't in very good condition and it might break down and leave you stranded without anybody to help, in some lonely spot you never heard of. Maybe sometime you'll try it, but not right now.

Suppose you happened to see a construction order from the state highway department to begin demolition of the old highway so that all local traffic will have to go interstate eventually, like it or not. What do you do? What would you do? Nothing? Suppose the replacement is an old and dear

friend. Then what? Your friend knows of the order but refuses to believe it. He can see the work crews beginning to form at the end of the old highway and he ignores their existence. Thus you know the intense trauma he will undergo when the old road is shut off, and he will be carried kicking and screaming into the fastlane.

You decide to do something, anything you can. After your decision, weeks, months—years—pass due to your own inertia. You have your own rationale. You don't know how to proceed. You don't know how to describe the interstate in local traffic terms, and your friend understands only local traffic. Someone else will come along and do it for you, for your friend.

Finally, finally—you discover the stupidly simple answer. You and your friend suffer from the same affliction but from different causes. It is inertia. Back in the old railroad days, a locomotive could pull only four or five cars at a time because if more cars than that were added, it would simply spin its drive wheels trying to get started. Inertia. Then a smart young thinker came along and invented the sliding coupler, which let the locomotive pick up the slack—and inertia—one car at a time. Ask any freight conductor what it was like to be in a caboose on the tail end of a 100-car train when he highballs the engineer. Instantaneous zero to thirty miles per hour. It's the same with automobiles. The transmission is there to provide big torque in low gear to overcome inertia. Once under way at cruising speed, power is required only to overcome wind resistance and road friction—and very little of it relatively. The hard case is the catapult launch of an aircraft carrier, which does the job at a huge and not too gentle. Guns are inertia-overcoming devices for bullets.

It's doubtful that explosive or catapult methods to full-speed interstate in a different form will be less than confusing and bewildering, even with modification to local traffic standards. Take this as an observation:

... I can't get the stuff under a rub point, there ought to be a better way to do this.

(Your uncontrolled emotion of anger is using much of your energy. A very human response.)

A better way to do it ... stuff can't help being what it is, you kick a stone in your path and if it hurts your toe, why get angry at the stone, you

can't be angry at it for being on the path or being harder than a toe . . .
 yet, now let's see if it works.

(It is focus of attention, of consciousness, which is without diversion or deviation. No other energy available to you as human is as powerful, as a lens will direct energy you call light, so you can use consciousness.)

Each time I hear something like that, I realize how far I have to go.

(You are doing very well, Mister Monroe. Your own recognition of such percept is an indication.)

Hey, I get it! It's under the baseline . . . the, except for this one sawtooth, can't seem to hold onto it, and there's a smaller waveform on the sawtooth, can't get it put away.

(It is another form of noise, as you call it. Take it if you so desire. It may be interesting to you.)

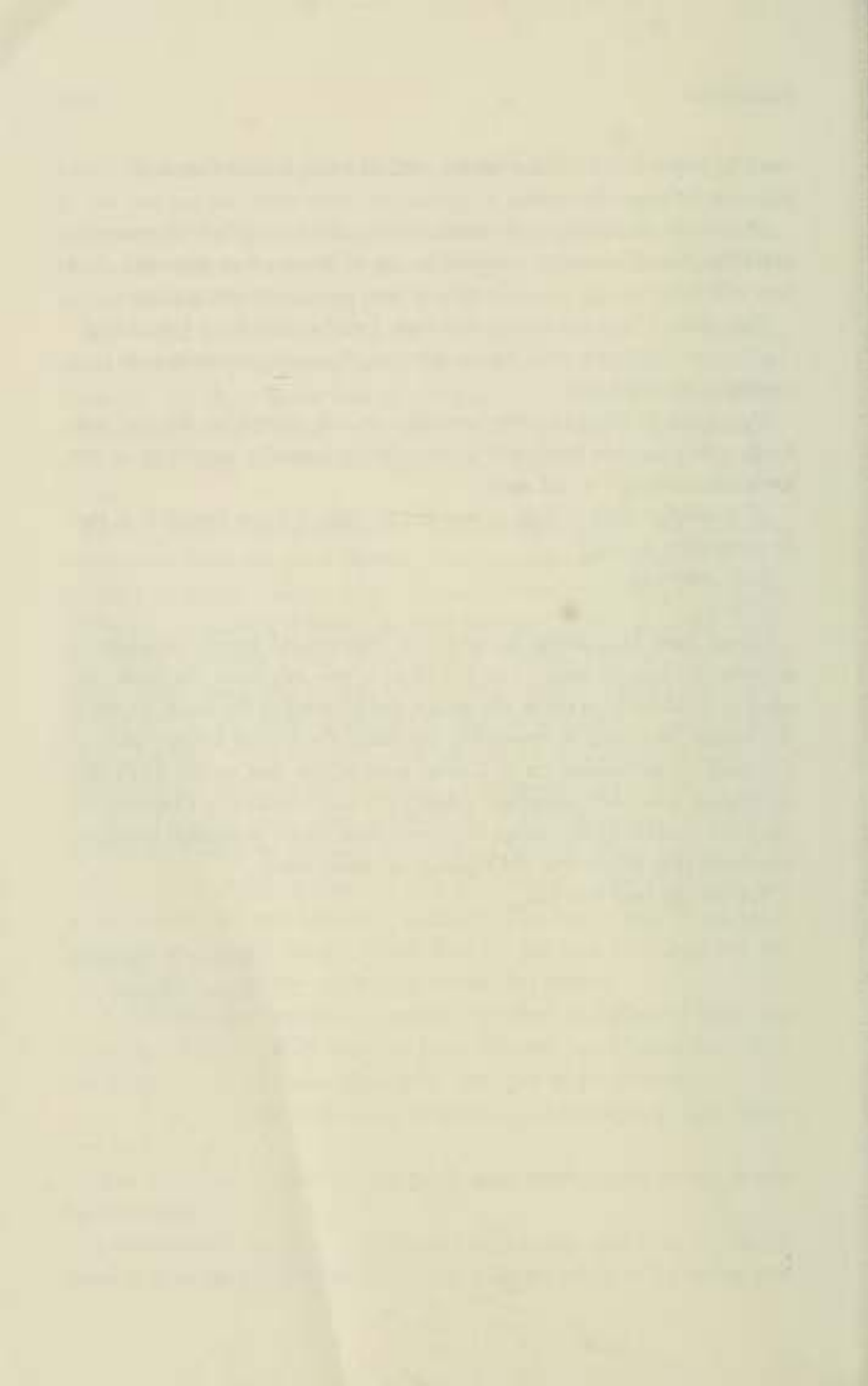
Sure, why not?

(Click.)

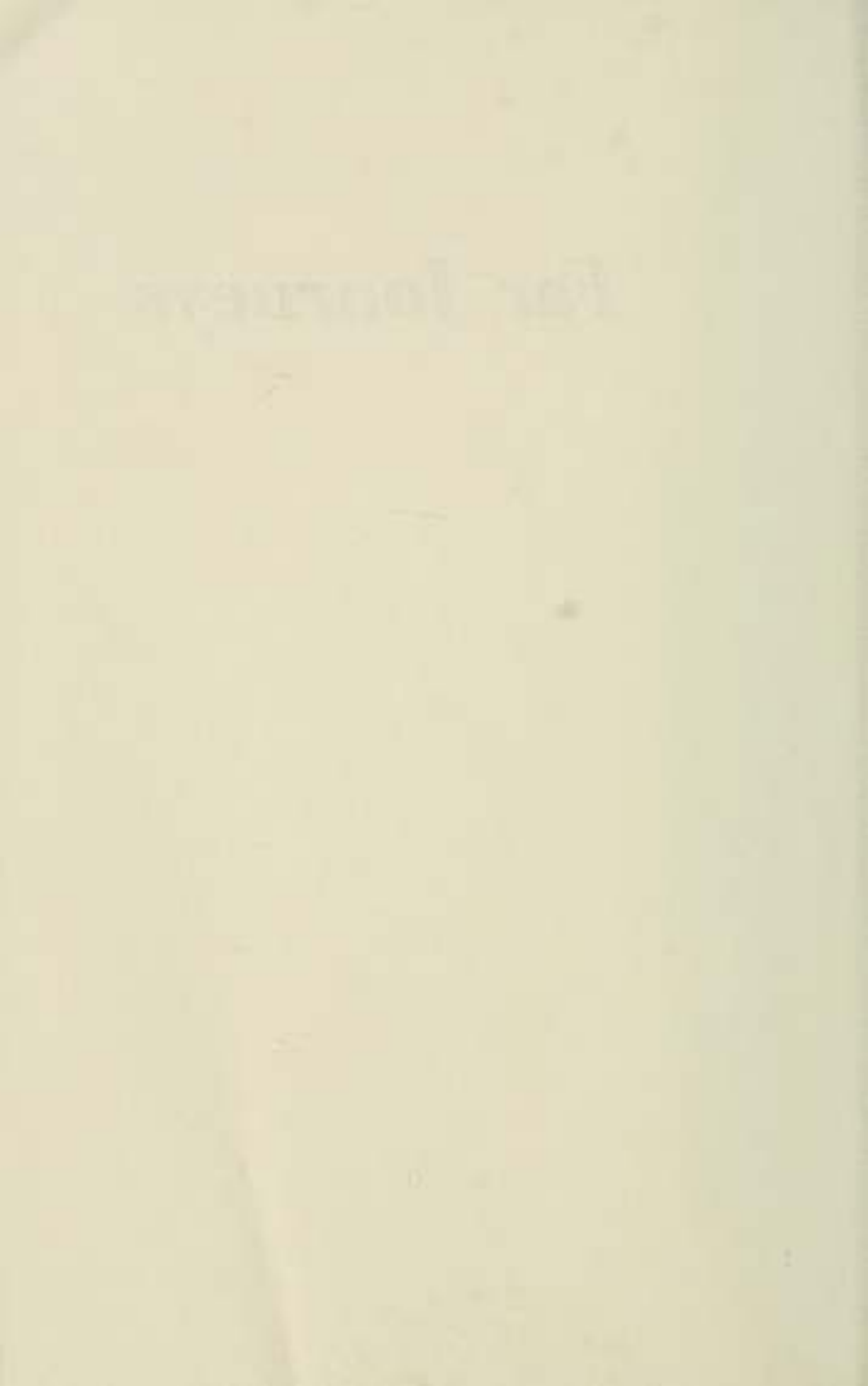
Going from local traffic to interstate does indeed require an entry or acceleration lane to merge into the flow. If you can make the tools supplied by local traffic apply to the design and building of the ramp, so much the better. You need to remember especially the inertia factor—pick up the slack on one loaded car at a time, start in low gear so you don't stall the engine, then shift smoothly, or automatic transmissions don't know when you need to shift. If the design is correct, you'll know is cruising along the interstate long before the old highway is closed down.

You do the best you can.

Robert A. Monroe
 Cedar, Virginia
 1985



Far Journeys



Part I
Near Reaches

1907
1908

Old Local Traffic

If there is a fast and obvious point to be made, I can report that I am still alive physically after twenty-five years of exploring personally the out-of-body experience. A little tattered, but still more or less operational.

There were several moments when I was not so sure. However, some of the best medical authorities have assured me that the physical problems I have encountered have been simple cause-and-effect of living in the culture/civilization of mid-twentieth century America. Some take another position. I am still alive as a result of such OOB activity. Take your pick.

So it would seem that one can practice "going out of the body" regularly and survive. Also, after having been tested periodically by experts, I can still make the statement that I am reasonably sane in a not so reasonably sane world. There are many people who do strange things and get away with it. A century ago, it might have been going over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

What is the out-of-body experience? For those who have not encountered the subject as yet, an out-of-body experience (OOBE) is a condition where you find yourself outside of your physical body, fully conscious and able to perceive and act as if you were functioning physically—with several exceptions. You can move through space (and time?) slowly or apparently somewhere beyond the speed of light. You can observe, participate in events, make willful decisions based upon what you perceive and do. You can move through physical matter such as walls, steel plates, concrete, earth, oceans, air, even atomic radiation without effort or speed.

You can go into an adjoining room without bothering to open the door. You can visit a friend that's thousand miles away. You can explore the moon, the solar system, and the galaxy if these interest you. Or—you can enter other reality systems only dimly perceived and theorized by our time/space consciousnesses.

It's not a new phenomenon. Recent surveys indicate some 25 percent

of our population remembers having at least one such experience. Man's history is full of reports of such events. In earlier literature, it was commonly labeled "astral projection." I began by refusing to use this term, as it had an occult connotation and was certainly non-scientific by our standards. Charles Tart, a psychologist friend, popularized the term "out-of-body experience" when we were working together in the sixties. In the past twenty years, it has become the accepted Western generic term for this particular state of being.

Without any obvious reason, I began to "go" out of my body in the fall of 1958. In the light of later historical events, it is important to state that no drugs or alcohol were involved. I was a nonuser of the former and an infrequent imbibor of the latter.

Several years ago, I attended a conference not too far from our home in Westchester County, New York—the site of my first out-of-body experiences. As we drove by the house, I commented that the reason why they began was still obscure.

A psychologist friend riding with me took one look at the house, turned, and smiled. "The answer is easy. It's the house. Take a good look at it."

I stopped the car. The house looked the same. Green roof and stone. The new owner had maintained it nicely. I turned to my friend. "I don't see anything different."

"The roof." He pointed a finger upward. "It's a perfect pyramid. Moreover, it's covered with copper just like the tops of the big ones in Egypt before the looters took over."

I stared, dumbfounded.

"Pyramid power, Joebert," he went on. "You've read about it. You were living in a pyramid. That did it!"

Pyramid power? Well, maybe. There are reports and hoax that make claims about strange energies therein.

That the out-of-body experience frightened me then is a quantum understatement. When it recurred, I was filled with panic-driven visions of brain tumors and imminent insanity. This led to extensive physical examinations, all negative, followed by recommendations of psychotherapy for "minor hallucinatory dysfunction." I discarded this diagnosis automatically. Some of my best friends at the time were psychiatrists and psychologists with their own problems, albeit certainly more orthodox.

Instead, I stubbornly began a search and research (not the phenomena) out of self-preservation and, as the fear and panic subsided, out of growing curiosity. The trail took me beyond conventional scientific circles (total rejection), religions ("It's the work of the devil"), parapsychology ("Interesting. Sorry, no data available"), and Eastern disciplines ("Come study at our ashram in northern India for ten years"). This was chronicled in my previous book, *Journeys Out of the Body*.

One thing is certain. The purpose of the previous book was many times fulfilled. It brought thousands of letters from all parts of the world and among them many hundreds of people wrote their personal thanks for a reassurance that they were not mentally deranged, were not so much alone after all with their "closet" secret experience that they could not explain, and, most important, that they were not necessarily candidates for the psychiatric couch or mental hospital. That was the stated purpose of the original book: to help just one person avoid such needless incarceration.

I personally am bemused at the changes in these twenty-five years. In most academic and intellectual societies, it is now quite acceptable to talk about OOBs. However, I'm sure that the great majority of people in our culture are still unaware of this facet of their lives. In 1959 or 1960, I certainly would have derided the idea that I might give a talk on OOBs at the Smithsonian Institution. Or papers on the subject would be presented before the American Psychiatric Association. But they happened.

One of the most frequent approaches I hear reminds me very much of the old and worn out show business routine about the question a producer usually puts to the job-seeking performer. He is listening to what he knows already, that the actor appeared in *The Great One* in 1922, starred in *Who Goes There?* in 1928, won the Critics Award for his lead in *Nose to Now*, and in 1949 played the role of Willie in *What Aches Willie Weeps*.

The producer interrupts and puts the very simple question: "That's great, but what have you done yesterday?"

And so it is. What have I been doing (out of body) since the publication of *Journeys Out of the Body*? The answer I usually give is this. Beginning in the seventies, I began to experience a frustration, a limitation in my out-of-body activities. It is hard for some people to believe, I suppose, but such travels actually became boring. The early excitement had long passed. It became an effort to participate in controlled tests, and because:

I was an effort, I began to sense that the particular theme of "proof" was not part of my mode of operation. Moreover, when free of such testing imitations, there didn't seem to be anything existing to do.

My deliberate induction of the second state also became tedious because I had found a simpler way to achieve it. I would wake up after two or possibly three sleep cycles, or approximately after three or four hours, and find myself already relaxed physically, rested, and completely wide-awake. In that state, I found it ridiculously easy to "unhook" and flow freely out of the body. This, of course, posed the question of what to do. Everyone else was asleep at three or four-thirty in the morning. There seemed nothing to be gained by going and meeting people while they were asleep, not any easy prospect for validation because of the hour. So with no particular goal or attraction, I usually would drift around a bit, then flip back in, turn on the light, read until I was sleepy again, and that was it.

This compounded the frustration, as there was still the compulsion. All of the effort to work in the out-of-body state had to have some meaning or importance beyond what my conscious mind (or those of others) thought to be important.

In the spring of 1972, a decision was made that provided the answer. The limiting factor was my conscious mind. Therefore, if OOBH decisions were left up to that part of me, as they had been, I would remain just as I was. I was too much in control—this left-brain "I." What would happen if I turned this decision-making process over to my total self (soul?), who was purportedly conversant with such activities.

Believing this, I then put it into practice. The following night, I went to sleep, went through two sleep cycles (about three hours), woke up, and remembered the decision. I detached from the physical and floated free. I said in my conscious mind that the decision to *do* is to be made by my entire self. After waiting for what seemed only a few seconds, there was a tremendous surge, a movement, an energy in that familiar spatial blackness, and there began for me an entire new era in my out of body activities. Since that night, my nonphysical experiences have been almost totally due to this procedure.

The results have been of a nature so far removed from anything my conscious mind could conceive of that a new problem arose. Although my

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