

Memories of Dr Wolff.

My introduction to Dr Wolff came from reading about "Pathways" in one of Dr John Lilly's books. I bought the book, read it, and was seized by the impulse to see the author. Dr Lilly had said that the Post Office would not say where he lived, so following the clues in his book, I prospected roads leading into the valleys western foothills. I found myself ascending a steep rocky mountain road, skirting large boulders, and eventually on flatter ground with deepening snow (it was late October, and I had had to come through Nevada since some passes were closed). There were no other tracks. No matter how adventurous, it didn't seem likely a man in his eighties would live here, and if I proceeded I would surely get stuck.

So I turned round, came down the hill, and did ~~the~~^{the} only thing I could think of, which was to try my luck at the post office. Without hesitation they gave me directions, and this time I arrived at what I later found to be the back door of Dr Wolff's house. There I was met by Gertrude, who in addition to many other functions, acted as gatekeeper. I must have satisfied her, because shortly I found myself sitting in the carved chair, and in came Dr Wolff. The thing I remember most about that moment was the torrent of energy that passed through my body.

He and Gertrude were very kind to me. They invited me to stay and study. I stayed for a night or two, but ~~since~~ had not planned to stay, so had to leave.

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We had been invited to have lunch with the family, and were visiting in the living room, when there was a loud explosion. We rushed into the kitchen. Gertrude had been making split pea soup in a pressure cooker, and the vent had clogged, the cooker exploded, there was a ding in the ceiling, and pea soup all over. The ceiling has been patched and painted, but you can still just see the traces, ~~on the kitchen ceiling.~~

Dr Wolff and his party had stopped in Palo Alto, where he was to give a taped talk. I had wanted to take him to a good restaurant, but we wound up what was then a coffee shop called Stickneys. Dr Wolff ordered chicken, and pronounced " This is perfectly good food".

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Gertrude gave me a Himalayan kitten called Jason. We put it in the car, and drove back to Palo Alto. Unfortunately it contracted feline leukemia and died. Since then I have been very fond of the breed, and now I have a make himalayan cat which I have called "Franklin".