
THE FRANKLIN MERRELL-WOLFF FELLOWSHIP NEWSLETTER

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The Franklin Merrell-Wolff Fellowship is a publicly supported, non-profit corporation whose mission is to educate the public about the twentieth-century American philosopher Franklin Merrell-Wolff through his writings, audio recordings, teachings, and life. Our activities include publishing and distributing his works, and the sponsorship of forums and events to study and discuss the life and work of Franklin Merrell-Wolff, as well as to explore the connection between Wolff's teachings and those of other traditions.

A Message from the Chair

Charles C. Post

The Fellowship is charged with the preservation of the archive of Franklin Merrell-Wolff, and thus far we have focused on his audio recordings. As we transcribe these recordings—which are decades old—we also endeavor to bring the audio quality up to a more listenable level. These recordings are then posted to our website, where you may listen to and download them for your own use.

Our next project involves the entire archive, which we will move to a special collection at Stanford University. This prestigious repository will be able to protect the integrity of this material, and will make it available for use by students, scholars, researchers and the general public. We are indexing and copying this material before sending it to Stanford, for the benefit of both the Fellowship and Franklin's family. Once this process is complete, we will post this material to the Fellowship's website for your access. ***This process is costly, and we need financial assistance—please help with a donation today!***

Many of our members are familiar with the work of Carolyn Conger. Dr. Conger's work is different from Franklin's, but no less effective, in my view, in opening possibilities for expanded consciousness. Her new book opens a fresh path toward this end—for more, please see my conversation with her in this newsletter.

In this Issue

Robert Holland

This issue of the Franklin Merrell-Wolff Fellowship Newsletter starts off with a call for donations. As we announced last fall, the Fellowship has been charged with the task of collecting, inventorying and copying the complete Franklin Merrell-Wolff Archive. This task will no doubt prove to be an expensive one, and we would be grateful for your help with this project. All donations are tax-deductible, and we will send you a receipt for tax purposes. As we get this material scanned, we will immediately begin to post it on our website for member access.

In this issue, you will also find a brief interview of Carolyn Conger, PhD. Dr. Conger has been a conference leader, researcher, and counselor to many, including Franklin Wolff after the sudden passing of his wife Gertrude in 1978. Our Chairman, Chuck Post, recently made contact with Carolyn to catch up with her activities and her anticipated new book, which will be published in December of this year.

Next in this issue, we introduce the new Forums page on the Fellowship's website. This page now showcases submissions by your fellow members. Last fall we published a memoir by Joseph Rowe; this spring we are pleased to offer a memoir by Tim and Coral Zook. In this essay, Tim and Coral recount a life-changing dream, and explain how the work of Franklin Merrell-Wolff helped them interpret and integrate the message of this dream into their lives.

We end this issue with another plea for help; specifically, we would like to ask Fellows to submit their favorite quotes from Franklin Merrell-Wolff (via our website), which will then be catalogued in a database. These quotes will be indexed by subject, and we will publish them as an eBook for our membership. The timing of the publication is, of course, dependent on your response. We are excited about this project, and hope that you will be too!

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Franklin Merrell-Wolff Fellowship

Call for Donations

May 2013

Dear Fellows:

As we announced last fall, the Fellowship has been charged with the task of collecting, indexing, and copying the entire Franklin Merrell-Wolff Archive. When this task is complete, we will ship this material to Stanford University, which will safeguard the Wolff Archive for future generations in a special collection.

The Wolff Archive includes all of Wolff's published and unpublished manuscripts, books, articles, audio tapes and recordings, correspondence, drafts and notes, photographs, video material, educational and student materials, as well as other material (including works authored by either of Wolff's wives). In addition, the following "Related Material" will be sent to Stanford: an inventory of the books in Wolff's library, digital images of any handwritten annotations in these books, digital copies of the photos on Wolff's office walls, and an inventory (as well as photographs) of the memorabilia in his office.

This task will no doubt be expensive, and we are appealing to our Fellows to help cover the costs of having this material prepared for shipment to Stanford. As we get this material scanned, we will immediately post it on the Fellowship's website for member access. In anticipation of posting this material on the site, we will also begin to reorganize the Wolff Archive on the member's page of our website later this year. This will include an annotated catalog of the Wolff Archive, which members may download for their own use. And, of course, each of the pieces in the Archive may be downloaded for your personal library.

The Fellowship is recognized by the Internal Revenue Service as a 503(c)(3) public charity, which means that all donations to the Fellowship are tax-deductible, and we will send you a receipt for tax purposes. The mission of the Franklin Merrell-Wolff Fellowship includes the duty of making the work of Franklin Merrell-Wolff accessible to as many people as possible, and we are attempting to do so in a manner that adheres to Wolff's instructions that no charge should be made for spiritual services. Of course, this is only possible if we get enough members to support us with regular donations.

The easiest way to make a donation is to visit the Fellowship's website and click on the 'Donate' button on the home page. On the Donation Page, you will find two options: Click on the PayPal button and use a credit card or your PayPal account to make a donation. Or, if you prefer to pay by check, print out the donation form and send the form and a check to the address listed there. If you are reading this newsletter online, the link below takes you right there!

Please Donate Today!



Assembly of Man Convention - 1947



Wolff in his Lone Pine Office

A Conversation with Carolyn Conger

Charles C. Post

Many in the community of people who have contacted Franklin Merrell-Wolff or his books over the past several decades know of Carolyn Conger, PhD. Dr. Conger has been a conference leader, researcher, and counselor to many, including Wolff after the sudden passing of his wife Gertrude in 1978.

Our Chairman, Chuck Post, recently made contact with Carolyn to catch up with her activities and her widely anticipated new book, *Through the Dark Forest: A Guide for Facing Death and Transforming Your Life*, which is due out in December of this year.

Chuck Post (CP): It has been awhile since I attended an eight-day conference with you. A conference, by the way, that had a very significant impact on my path in life. I just want to catch up with you, and give our Fellowship a chance to do the same.

So, what's new with you?

Carolyn Conger (CC): I have the normal seminar and conference schedule, the counseling, and this year, a new book. It will be out at the end of this year.

CP: What title? What subject?

CC: I am in discussion with the publisher about the title. The subject is one I have been much involved in with my clients and my teaching. It's about facing death, and is written for people who are terminally ill, as well as for those who are ready to transform their lives by facing the fact that their lives will end. As anyone can well imagine, a death event, or a death prognosis, are significant prods

for personal and spiritual growth.

CP: That's interesting, because it recalls your timely advice to Franklin at the hospital in Lone Pine in July of 1978. Your psychic sensitivity came into play, as I hear it, in passing on to Franklin Gertrude's wish to be released from Franklin's grief-imposed "hold" on her, so that she could go on.

CC: That is one example of how a death event can play out. Most of my work in this area, and the new book, deals with the weeks and months preceding the death event, as a period of intense change and growth in spiritual understanding and progress for both the patient and the family.

CP: Remind me: What is your own background? How did you arrive at the work you do now?

CC: My work life began as a probation officer. In those eleven years, I got to see the effects of drugs and gangs, mostly in the Los Angeles Area. I went on from there to get my Doctorate in Clinical Psychology. I was not attracted to the conventional office-based practice, and fairly immediately began to conduct travel experiences as a consciousness-expanding modality. I did this for many years, and this work took me to most continents and many countries, including China just as it was opening up to the rest of the world.

CP: And how did you transition to your current work?

CC: I could see the commonalities of all human experience, but perhaps the insights that most influenced me were those of the tribal cultures I visited. I was actually taken into the family of a Hopi elder, who became my spiritual mother. The net of these broad experiences in various cultures made me what I might refer to as an "eclectic universalist".

CP: Can you say more about that?

CC: I began to see and feel, not just intellectually, but experientially, the oneness of all things. The love and the energy that underpins all things became palpable to me. I have felt since then—have experienced—the energy connection between all things. I believe this connection is Unconditional Love, a pure love for all humanity that asks nothing in return.

CP: And those of us who have experienced your conference work have had a touch of this too. I could say more, but this interview is about you. Getting back to Franklin Merrell-Wolff, is there anything else that comes to mind as you reflect on your visits to his home in Lone Pine?

CC: My own interaction with Franklin was limited. You have spoken of the event of the passing of his wife

Gertrude. The late Brugh Joy, MD, a very close friend and associate of mine, took great pleasure in Franklin's discussions with him. Much of my impressions of Wolff were through Brugh's enthusiasm for him.

CP: And as you know, Dr. Joy left a bequest of personal property to the Fellowship, in order that the Wolff's work, similar in many ways to his own, should continue. And your work, Dr. Conger? Similar to Wolff's?

CC: Well, similar in that we counsel and teach spiritual principles, but Franklin's path was more of the intellect, mine more heart-centered. Words and concepts are certainly important, and a legitimate pathway for many, but my own work focuses more on heart awareness, heart experience as a way of connecting to the consciousness underlying all of life. The content of my seminars is based on psychological and spiritual work, and the goal is for us to move more into our wholeness.

Note: Carolyn Conger may be contacted through her website at www.congarseminars.com.

Fellowship Forums

The Fellowship's spring cleaning this year has focused in part on its website, and specifically, on the *Forums Page*. Listed on this page are now a link to the Fellowship's Google Discussion Group, a link to our Facebook page, a link to the current Newsletter, and a new section, *Member Essays*.

This section will replace the annual forum series. Thus far, we have published four articles: Joseph Rowe's memoir, "The Gnostic of Mount Whitney," as well as his "A Mathematical Supplement to the Lectures of Franklin Merrell-Wolff," an excellent compendium of select mathematical concepts that Wolff uses in his work.

We have also posted two papers originally penned for a forum on Wolff's Political Philosophy. The first is by Satayanda Giri and is titled "The Vertical Thought Movement of Franklin Merrell-Wolff." The second is an anonymous submission by "mt," and is titled "Franklin Merrell-Wolff: A Step Beyond."

This month we are pleased to publish a memoir written by Tim and Coral Zook, longtime supporters of the Franklin Merrell-Wolff Fellowship. An excerpt from this memoir follows below. In this memoir, Tim recounts the power of the work of Franklin Merrell-Wolff in the course of their lives, and specifically, in their interpretation of a life-changing dream—we hope you enjoy it!

A Biker in Devachan

Adventures for the Corporation

By Tim and Coral Zook

The dream was more like a vision predicting the direction of the next eighteen years of our lives. Its mystical power has only grown more profound over time.

Ever since I gave up trying to set the world on fire with my contracting business and hit the road making my living with my tools, I loved the occasional slack times when one job was completed and the next one had not yet appeared. My gypsy life was far less stressful and I was at last able to make ends meet. My office was a mid-1980s Jeep that served as my work vehicle as well. Tagging along behind my office was my living quarters, a 1942 Airstream camper. After having quit-claimed everything else I owned to my ex-wife, the rig was all I had, and I loved every square inch of it. It meant little to me to hop in and drive 3500 miles from Florida to Washington State and many places in between; going wherever I needed to go to swing my hammer and push my saw, pocketing a few dollars for gas money to get me to my next job.

Then there came a major miracle bisecting my life into two eras: before Coral and after Coral. Coral saw the jeep as a sturdy, vintage steed and the Airstream as her enchanted castle. She saw me as the valiant prince who had come to rescue her. Her well-meaning friends never could believe her when she claimed to love our gypsy life, and they secretly blamed me for refusing to give her a stable home.

I had found some work in Oklahoma City a few years before when I was single. In 1996, I was called back for another job. We had nested into "well-used" Nuhoma Trailer Park right on historic Route 66. The summer had been profitably spent—we had saved a little money and, with fall coming on, it was time to go on our way, but no job prospects had appeared on the horizon.

And so it was, one warm night, Coral had her provocative, life-changing dream. It was that particular kind of dream that one doesn't forget the following morning; it seemed even more real than the mundane waking world. We knew this dream was highly significant for both of us on more than one level. It was also instrumental in helping us determine our direction: a long anticipated exploration of the far northwestern United States. This time we would leave the Jeep and Airstream

parked at a friend's estate outside of Oklahoma City and use our sleek Thunderbird for the trip, sleeping in a tent under the stars.

During my prior work in Oklahoma City I had become friends with Wes, a roofing contractor. Wes was a big hunk of a man, just tall enough for his feet to reach the ground and the foot controls of the biggest, fastest motorcycle money could buy. Coral found him fascinating. How could a big, powerful man like Wes have a pair of such incredible, penetrating blue eyes? One knew in an instant that Wes was a man with a deep understanding of transcendental mysteries, even though he appeared to be just another hard-ass businessman happy to get his hands dirty with his crew on the steepest, slipperiest roofs in Oklahoma City.

One day I caught my left thumb in the locking mechanism of a folding scaffold. When I found I couldn't get it free, I yelled for Wes, who was working on the roof on the other side of the house. He didn't hear me, forcing me to lurch myself free, breaking my thumb in the act and slicing it half-way off. Wasting no time, I ran to the other side of the house, shouting for Wes. He stopped what he was doing and took me to the hospital emergency room.

Several days later, I was wondering how I was going to pay a thousand dollar medical bill when Wes knocked on my trailer door, offering to take me on as his employee retroactive to a few days prior to my accident. Wes' kindness made it possible for me to file a claim for workman's compensation. Then he handed me a Christmas gift, a copy of *Urantia*, a kind of esoteric Bible colorfully detailing the plan of the ages of the earth (*Urantia*), the cosmos, and Paradise itself.

I was deeply impressed to say the least. I have described Wes in some detail because he plays a major role in Coral's prophetic dream.

In her dream Coral became Wes, taking on his startling blue eyes and powerful, yet gentle, manhood. She was racing down a city street on a massive hog with no agenda in mind and to nowhere in particular. The ride was exhilarating and Coral was entranced with watching the ground beneath her race by even though she didn't seem to be moving at all. Physics has it that there can be no sense of movement when acceleration is zero. In spiritual transformation there is quite often no sense of acceleration either, leaving us quite convinced that we are going nowhere while, all the time, we are developing our inner resources at breakneck speed.

The hog came to a screeching halt in the parking lot of a multi-storied corporate headquarters. Coral dismounted

her steed and methodically removed her helmet, storing it in the compartment bag on the side. She walked hesitantly towards the forbidding building and its equally unfriendly glass revolving doors. This was an alien world to her, and she had no reason to be there.

Entering the building, the receptionist in the lobby started, staring at her as if she were some kind of invader. Sensing her alarm, Coral gave her a reassuring smile, and then retreated to the darkest corner of the crystal and glass reception area without a word. She had nothing to say—for she did not understand why she was here in the first place.

Coral found a seat and began studying her surroundings. The place seemed cold and otherworldly. She made mental notes of everything that she would change in an attempt to make this eerie anteroom appealing to earthbound mortals. The most striking anomaly of all was a large clock hanging on the wall in front of her, for the clock had no hands. Even if she did have an appointment with someone, there was no way to tell whether she was on time or late.

Coral was torn. Painfully aware that she was making the receptionist nervous, she wanted to leave, but a stubborn voice within her wouldn't let her give up and walk out. She didn't blame the receptionist. After all, what was a big, brawny biker doing in this corporate office anyway? Every once in a while the woman would peer over the reception desk with a terrified curiosity. Within a few minutes that seemed like an hour, Coral heard a booming male voice over the intercom: "The CEO is now ready to see you."

Coral stood up and walked towards the desk. Somehow the frazzled receptionist found the courage to lead her down a hallway. She was at a loss to explain why her guide ignored the large gothic lettered sign hanging over a set of massive mahogany doors announcing that it was the "Office of the CEO." Instead, they continued further down the hall to a small, nondescript panel door with no enlightening information on it whatsoever.

The receptionist opened the door, ushered Coral through and retreated abruptly down the hall. Dressed in biker jeans, boots and black leather jacket, Coral felt foolish and presumptuous. "I should be wearing a suit with a backward collar or some kind of official uniform," she thought. Unsure what else to do, she sat down on a chair across from a desk where a man in his mid-fifties with salt and pepper hair sat fidgeting with papers and muttering to himself incoherently. The office was more like a small efficiency apartment than the private quarters of a well-

heeled businessman. Indeed, there was even a pot of stale smelling coffee sitting on a night stand by an unmade bed.

The gentleman, whose demeanor was as forbidding as his corporate headquarters, didn't even glance up from his frantic obsession with his papers. Having sat there for what seemed an eternity with no recognition of her presence, Coral finally spoke in an apologetic voice. "Sir, did you want to hire me? Why am I here? What do you want me to do?"

Absolutely beside himself, the CEO sprang to his feet. With wildly flailing arms, he shouted at the nervous but resolute Coral. "Damn right I want to hire you, but why the hell are you asking me what you're supposed to do?" At first she thought this was just an unstable, aging executive, but his eyes held a power she couldn't resist and didn't understand. "Just get the hell out of here and leave me alone," the CEO raged on. "Get that hog of yours out of my parking lot and just go! Go! Go have adventures for the corporation!" His tirade over at last, he sat down and made an offhand gesture towards the door.

Coral obeyed gratefully, anxious to put as many miles as possible between her and this bizarre magus in the shortest amount of time. She hadn't even reached the door, when the suddenly reflective CEO called her to a halt. "Do you see this?" he asked, waving an enormous wad of green money at her.

Coral nodded, unsure what to say.

The CEO's voice was almost compassionate, as if he regretted his righteous wrath. "When you are finished with your adventures, come back and see me. This is yours."

The money did not excite Coral—all she wanted to do was get out of there. She ran down the hall, banging her head on the slow revolving doors on her way out. Mounting her steed, she roared past the tiled fountains of the parking lot like a traumatized banshee, although her would-be benefactor's incomprehensible instructions kept repeating endlessly in her mind, "Go! Have adventures for the corporation."

The passing landscape finally soothed her tattered nerves, and she approached a rich, impossibly green alpine meadow. Mesmerized by the surrounding snow-capped mountains and the magnificent evergreens, she parked her hog to explore this unexpected paradise. Drinking in the beauty, she headed into the meadow. A penetrating whispering—powerful enough to open the secrets of the soul—drew her on.

Quickening her pace she came upon a hairy, ape-like creature about a foot shorter than she. Although he was definitely an ape, his body had human proportions and he

was dressed in light blue pantaloons and suspenders like an Austrian peasant. The most remarkable thing about this magical ape was his amazingly bright, intelligent blue eyes. With her senses now sharpened to the point of clairvoyance, Coral realized that he was no threat. Utterly harmless, he seemed glad to see her. Still aware of the poignant whispering, she lifted her eyes and saw several dozen similar creatures, both male and female, which were playing on an elaborate labyrinth of ropes and wires in the middle of the meadow by a large chalet.

Enthralled by the sheer wonder of these adorable beasts and the whispering that threatened to bare the contents of her soul, she turned to her companion. "Where did you come from? You are all so beautiful! How can you speak to me?"

The ape looked up into Coral's eyes. Only then did she realize that he was weeping. "Our creator doesn't love us and thinks that we are worthless. Our name is Adventures. We try to have fun, play games and make her happy, but inside we are very sad because she doesn't think we deserve to exist. We whisper to each other because she doesn't want to hear what we have to say."

Suddenly I was being shaken by a very excited Coral, who was supposed to be sleeping beside me, not attacking me at first light. "Honey, I've just had the most astonishing dream. It was so real."

"But can't you give me time to wake up?" I moaned.

"No, no! I have to tell you now before I forget any details."

I forced myself awake as she put a cup of coffee in my inert hands and carefully related her nocturnal travels.

There was no room in our small camper for a TV, so Coral and I had been spending our evenings reading and discussing Joseph Campbell's *Hero with a Thousand Faces*. Our studies had given us a fair amount of understanding of mythological symbolism. At first Coral wanted to brush the dream off, thinking it was just inspired by our readings, but I sensed something far deeper and more profound at work. I had no idea how far it would carry us into unfamiliar realms of transcendental consciousness.

There was no doubt about it. It was time to have adventures for the corporation. We were now gainfully employed by some cosmic corporation and sent on a mission. We knew it was definitely time to pack our bags and head for the great Northwest. I kept reminding Coral that money would be no problem as long as we were faithful to our mission. We had no idea how much the grumpy CEO was offering us. I instinctively knew it

would be sufficient to cover expenses and possibly get us out of debt, but I underestimated the CEO's generosity.

To read the rest of this memoir, which relays how the work of Franklin Merrell-Wolff led Tim and Coral to interpret and integrate this dream into their lives, please download the entire memoir from the *Members Essays* section under the 'Forums' tab at the Fellowship's website. Here is a direct link to the memoir:

[A Biker in Devachan](#)

Submit Your Favorite Quotes!

The Fellowship has just launched its *Franklin Merrell-Wolff Quotations Project*. The purpose of this project is to compile a book of quotations by Franklin Merrell-Wolff that have been submitted by members of the Fellowship. Once we have received a sufficient number of submissions, we will organize them by subject, and publish them in an e-book that will be distributed to all Fellows.

You may submit your favorite quotation (or quotations) by logging into the Fellowship's website and selecting the 'FMW Quotes' tab under the Fellows Page tab. There you will find a link to an entry form that allows you to submit a quote, its reference, and a subject for the quote.

For those of you who are unfamiliar with the site, here are some detailed instructions on how to get to this form:

To gain access to the quotation entry form, simply go to the Fellowship's website and login (click on the 'Login' tab on the top banner). Once you have logged in, you will see a 'Fellows Page' tab on the top banner. Please click on the Fellows Page tab, and then on the 'FMW Quotes' tab, which will open a form for you to fill in your favorite quote(s).

Please note that although access to this form is restricted to members of the Fellowship, membership is free to all. To set up an account, click on the 'Join Us' tab on the top banner of the home page. You will receive an email from the Fellowship shortly thereafter notifying you that your membership has been activated.

Submit your favorite quotes today!

A Quote from Satyananda Giri

What first attracted me to Dr. Wolff's teaching was the style, the absolute lack of fanaticism and the way he showed how the Buddhist insight can be reconciled with the Vedantic approach. Since I was moving mostly in Vedantic circles at that time, many were stunned by his transcendent insight and his very accurate delineation of the High Indifference. Even J. Krishnamurti was not able to achieve the type of clarity which Dr. Wolff seemed to have possessed all his life.

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