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# 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

Chuck Post

Good spring, fellow students of Franklin Merrell-Wolff. I once heard a Unity minister claim that the whole mystery of life comes down to a question of identity. Since then I have seen this theme in many quarters: Yogananda's "Self-Realization," Gurdjieff's "Self-Remembering," Aurobindo's "Knowledge by Identity," and Merrell-Wolff's "Knowledge through Identity."

The question arises: At a moment of insight, is our sense of self expanding or is it diminishing? Or does it just disappear in a single slice of time?

I stand in awe of Wolff's intellect. His path was a jñāna path—Realization through the mind's acuity. Some say it is the most difficult path to self-realization. Brother Lawrence, a medieval monk, was said to be enlightened. His path? Doing dishes, singing, loving Jesus. All heart—a bhakti path.

Franklin wrote in *Pathways Through to Space* that each individual will add something unique in his or her path to Truth. I wish you each well on your incomparable travels.

## In this Issue

In this issue of the Franklin Merrell-Wolff Fellowship Newsletter you will find an interview with Dorene White, who relates some of the events that led her to spend a year and a half on Wolff's ranch in Lone Pine, California. Dorene also shares some of the lessons she learned from "Dr. Wolff," and what she observed while sitting with him on the day of his death.

Franklin Wolff highly valued the work of Sri Aurobindo and in fact, he spent almost a decade (during the 1950s) studying the writings of Aurobindo. Indeed, you will find that a good number of Wolff's audio recordings (all posted on the Fellowship's website) speak of Aurobindo's work and philosophy.

The second piece in this issue was inspired by the work of Aurobindo and by Wolff's comments on this work: Timothy Zook recounts how he was led to what Aurobindo calls the "psychic being," and he hopes that this discovery will help others to find their own "Helper." We present an excerpt from Tim's essay, including a large part of the preface of as well as the Introduction. The full essay is published on the Fellowship's website under the Forums tab. We think you will enjoy reading it.

You will also find in this issue a quote from Franklin Merrell-Wolff that relates to Chuck Post's reference to the role of identity in Realization. And lastly, you will find a reminder that an eBook of Wolff's quotes (all submitted by members) is available to all members on the Fellowship's website.

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## An Interview with Dorene White

By Chuck Post

CP: Many of our readers will know you, since you were with Franklin (Yogi) for a long time. But for those that may not, tell us about yourself.

DW: I was born in 1947 in Lynwood, California. I was the youngest of three siblings, a brother two years older, and a sister five years older. The sister was my protector. I did not talk until I was five years old, so I started out a bit cautiously in social matters. I let my hands and feet do my talking. I loved sports. I was good in school, especially mathematics.

CP: How about your later education?

DW: I went to Brigham Young University for my first year of college, majoring in chemistry. This was interrupted when I returned home to help out mother, who was a recent widow. I resumed my college work by going to Long Beach State as a mathematics major.

CP: Did you complete there?

DW: I got married and dropped out of school to support my husband's schooling. I got a job at Metropolitan State hospital as a Psychiatric Technician. I worked in the maximum security admissions ward.

CP: Is this, perhaps, where your interest in consciousness matters came into play?

DW: Perhaps, at some level. Before too long I divorced, and moved to San Francisco during the end of hippie era. I got a job at Mission Mental Health Center as a Psych Tech. This was a community clinic with a diverse population—drug addicts, manic depressives, terrified immigrants, “bad trippers.”

I did some hallucinogenic experimentation at this time—LSD, mescaline—but I respected the drugs greatly and was very careful with my mental state when taking them due to my experience working at the mental health clinic. We all remember those

times, and I took part in some of it: antiwar marches, and so on.

CP: Is this where you became acquainted with the work of Wolff?

DW: No. I went back to school at the University of California at Berkeley as a cellular biology major. In my final year I became interested in Carlos Castaneda and other mystical writings. A friend gave me a transcript of a meeting at Esalen, which included G. Spencer-Brown. The meeting was organized by Alan Watts and John Lilly. That material was transformative for me.

One weekend I went up to a small park next to the Buddhist institute in town and read through Spencer-Brown's *Laws of Form*. It blew my mind! It shifted my whole awareness of reality.

CP: Laws of form?

DW: Yes. His insights and writings are right at the junction of mathematics and philosophy.

CP: This is beginning to sound like your doorway to Wolff's work.

DW: Not yet. After a year or so I went in search of Spencer-Brown. I wrote to him through his publisher and asked to come to England to study with him. I got no answer, but in a couple of months I learned that he was coming for a weekend workshop in San Francisco. The workshop was entitled, “The Unconscious is not Unconscious.”

I, of course, attended, and I then found that he was planning a sabbatical at Stanford. I asked to study with him, and we began ten weekly sessions. These sessions consisted of students sitting in his living room. He would start talking, sometimes for an hour, sometimes for six hours. Topics ranged widely. It was a very rich time. But it was ended when he realized I was becoming emotionally attached to him. His spiritual guidance for me at this time was to seek out elders.

CP: And did you?

DW: Well, in time. Shortly after that I answered an ad in the *Bay Guardian* regarding instruction in

Spencer-Brown's "laws of form." It turns out it was Tom Stolick, who was a student of Dr. Wolff.

[Editor's note: The title 'Dr.' was attached to Franklin early on, because he had done graduate work in philosophy at Harvard University, and had been offered a professorship in the mathematics department at Stanford University. He did not complete his PhD, but in light of his advanced studies and the respect he commanded among his students, the title stuck.]

Tom told me I would find a home at Dr. Wolff's. I had heard of Dr. Wolff through John Lilly's writings but had not read his books. My friend Christine Gilruth and I started reading *Pathways Through to Space* together. We had a wonderful time doing this and I wrote to Dr. Wolff requesting a visit.

CP: And this led to Lone Pine, and your first meeting with Franklin?

DW: Yes. We planned a trip for a three-day weekend. Upon arrival we felt quite blessed by his warm greeting, and we were exhilarated by the intensity of his presence. John Flinn was there and we were sure he was an angel.

[Editor's Note: Flinn was a key student and caretaker of Wolff in his closing years, and was interviewed in the fall 2014 issue of this newsletter.]

We stayed in the guest house with another visitor, Ed Dedeo. By the end of our three-day visit, I told Christine that I had to stay longer. I paid her my share of the gas money, and she left. I remained for another two weeks. It was a magical time.

CP: And did you return to San Francisco too?

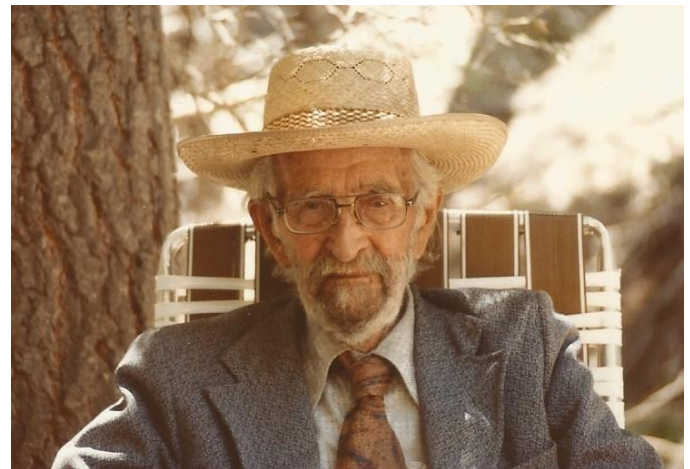
DW: Yes. But in returning to the city I was struggling with a lot of crown chakra energy, along with strong empathetic awareness of emotions around me, and felt drawn to return to Lone Pine.

At this time I had a dream in which I was flying. I awoke in the dream and knew I could fly anywhere. I flew up to the Ashrama canyon and knew there was nowhere else in the universe that I

wanted to be. I wrote to Dr. Wolff and asked if I could come for an extended visit. He responded personally, urging me to get out of the chaos of the city as quickly as possible. As he told John Flinn, "I think she is asking for help. Not only does she end her sentences in prepositions, but she splits her infinitives."

CP: And this was a much longer stay, I suspect.

DW: Yes. I saved money for a few months, bought a VW van, and drove to Lone Pine for Easter. I parked the van next to the house, but soon discovered "humble house" by the orchard. This was an old chicken coop. It was barely usable, but I saw its potential if given some "tender-loving care."



Dr. Wolff was by this time elderly, and I was happy to fill in as his caretaker for John Flinn, who needed some time to attend to personal matters back in Arizona. Dr. Wolff wanted to pay me, but instead I asked for roofing paper for humble house. I put a new roof on it, doors, windows, moved an old brass bed from the garage, and built a bookshelf. After moving the mattress in from the van, I had a new home. As winter approached I put in a wood stove. This was my home for one-and-a-half years.

CP: And how did your spiritual life go with Franklin once you settled in?

DW: My relationship with Franklin was as a student. He afforded me the luxury of exploring depths of consciousness in an extremely safe psycho-sphere. One could sense the boundlessness

of the psychic space as one walked out on the dirt road. Readers who visited Dr. Wolff and explored the property will know what I mean.

The small town of Lone Pine was initially a difficult excursion for me. As I settled into an ordered and simple life, my sensitivity was more balanced and allowed to deepen. Once a week I went into town and worked at the health food store for Robert Frickel. He paid me \$20 and a bag of groceries. I also paid Dr. Wolff \$15 a month for propane for shower use.

CP: Tell us more about your study with Franklin.

DW: He guided some of my readings, however due to my energy experiences he did not feel he was my “root guru.” He seemed to see himself more as a spiritual friend who could actively guide me.

Time there during this first one-and-a-half year phase consisted of morning visits, listening to his audio tapes, and afternoon hikes often to the area south of the ranch towards Diaz Canyon. In earlier years, Evelyn Eaton, the author of *I Send a Voice*, lived at the ranch and established a medicine wheel in the rocks that I would visit.

A small group was resident near Dr. Wolff at that time. Ed in the guest house, Peggy De Cono, Gene and Lillian Sedgwick in the A-frame, and often Murray and Viola, who owned the Point House, would visit. Pete Geshell and his wife lived there, but were no longer students of Dr. Wolff. It was a warm, supportive atmosphere.

John Flinn needed to return to Arizona, but by then there were other long-term visitors and caregivers to take over. At various times there were Rao, Seth Larssen, Joseph Rowe, Andrea Pucci, and Ellen Vogel. Many other people passed through, staying shorter or longer periods.

CP: Wolff was still conducting his annual “conventions” right up to his death. You were there for some of those summer events, of course. What were they like?

DW: They were good. Dr. Brugh Joy came in via helicopter for one convention and Dr. Wolff asked

me to be his chauffeur back and forth from town. I had had what I felt was an important dream and I asked Brugh’s help interpreting. I felt an immediate resonance with him. I soon felt we could converse telepathically. He was an inner friend for the rest of my life. After his convention visit I felt him working with me on an inner level so I could be with Dr. Wolff without an energy drain.

A skill he helped me develop was what I call “universal channeling” rather than “personal channeling.” This gave me greater energy, especially when supporting Yogi through strenuous activity, like preparing for convention. Through Brugh’s influence I also began ninety-minute meditations each morning and afternoon in which I did strict visualizations. One practice was to visualize each number from 1 to 100, clearly “seeing” the numeral. If I lost track, I would start back at 1.

CP: So there were more influences on your spiritual practice at that time than just Dr. Wolff.

DW: Yes, but Dr. Wolff was the major influence. An example is how he believed in order and precision. On my arrival I had the habit of sensing and responding to a flow of ideas, spontaneously, mistaking fluidity with spirituality. Dr. Wolff felt this caused too much chaos. His approach was to put the outer world in order (for example, Tuesday and Thursday, a 9:00 a.m. trip to town with all expenditures carefully recorded). With all the outer demands settled, he could move into depths of consciousness not available if one were distracted by the “flow” of life demands.

Another example of this was Dr. Wolff’s first interaction with visitors. He made sure his guests were fed and provided with whatever comfort they needed. Practical matters first. Each Sunday after his weekly meeting he had a lunch for all of his guests, usually about six to eight of us. Even though he was scheduled and orderly in these ways, his conversations with people were often spontaneous, jovial affairs.

CP: I had to laugh when you mentioned, above, that he spotted grammatical errors in your letter to him, and joked that it might have indicated you were “asking for help.”

DW: Humor was often part of our interactions with Franklin. He would quietly chuckle at common conversational habits, pointing out the absurdities in many common, accepted expressions. His eyes would twinkle as he gently corrected somebody.

I was blessed to spend about eight hours with him on the day of his death. He seemed to go into another state. Once when he returned to full consciousness, he told me that Tarthang Tulku, a Buddhist friend, and Erma Pounds, a psychic, were with him. He said that Tarthang wanted him to reincarnate as a Buddhist, but Franklin, chuckling, said he wasn't sure he could stand the food.

*His humor, at any time, and at any stage of life, was probably one of his great lessons to all of us.*

### **An Excerpt from**

## **“The Mysterious Divine Trio: How My Mennonite Father led me to the Psychic Being”**

By Timothy Zook

### **Preface**

*Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy to the only wise God our savior be glory and majesty, dominion and power both now and evermore (Jude 1:24-25).*

With these words my Mennonite minister father always blessed the congregation and sent them on their way. To a boy of five or six years, this passage of scripture meant nothing in terms of theology, nevertheless I awaited it eagerly. It was my ticket to a long anticipated freedom from endless hours of incarceration, being forced to sit in reverent silence unless we were standing to sing or praying on our

knees.

The words of my father's benediction were far too mystically incomprehensible for me to understand, but they left an indelible impact on my young soul which could neither be buried nor denied through the following years. This passage of scripture would often arise unbidden from somewhere deep inside. After I grew to maturity and began raising a family, I was too busy to give it serious thought and so it lay there, aging like fine wine in the depths of my being. It took sixty-five years to reach its potential, lighting up my soul, my intellect and even the emotional dimension called the “vital body.”

I will never know if my father comprehended its timeless message or if it had a similar impact on his soul. I often ask myself these questions: Were we both blind to the real meaning of this cryptic passage? Did the same spiritual hunger fill us with angst and agony, reducing us to helpless tears of aspiration, catapulting us both into a deep intense search for existential truth and meaning?

But I am getting ahead of my story. I would like you to return with me to a rustic church set in a pristine Pennsylvania forest which had become my second home. Much about my childhood religious life remains an intriguing mystery. Even though the Mennonite theology that shaped my younger years was steeped in dogmatic, staunch fundamentalism, it catapulted both my father and me into deeper depths and higher heights. We were powerless to resist the innate craving for a truth and reality that would forever shatter the bounds of religious convention.

Rockville Mennonite Church was set in a small town of several dozen houses hard by the foot of Stone Mountain. Stone Mountain marked the western boundary of Big Valley, Pennsylvania where more than eighty percent of the residents were either of Mennonite or Amish persuasion. Anyone who didn't fit into these two sects was simply “English.” There was no neatly paved

church parking lot. The Fords, Nashes, Edsels and Studebakers of yesteryear were sandwiched among the trees, creating the perfect place to play hide and seek after the last “Amen.”

My dad was Pennsylvania Dutch to the core. The gentlest son of a proudly non-resistant people, he could trace his ancestry back to the Swiss Anabaptists of the sixteenth century. Unlike most of his fellow Mennonites, he was not a strict, rigid theologian. When he caught the scent of intriguing, unfamiliar truth he was like a bloodhound on a hunt; he had to trace it down and get to the bottom of it. He was a latter-day Galileo, blessed with intuitional insights, but unlike Galileo he would not recant in spite of threats of excommunication which implied hellfire and eternal damnation.

In my home, Bibles could be found lying here and there, which our parents encouraged us to read. Hidden out of the sight of visiting friends and all too inquisitive ministers, my dad also kept his treasure trove of heretical books; in fact, he was a contemplative, often spending many hours a day in his bedroom/study. Sometimes as I passed by his closed door I could hear him reading aloud or praying. What concerned me most, were the times when the muffled voice from the study sounded tearful and agonized. I wasn't as concerned about my dad's physical welfare as I was for his apparent emotional suffering.

In reality, my dad was a closet mystic. He was never a hell-fire and brimstone preacher. On the contrary, his voice was soft but compelling. Following his example, I did not disclose the stirrings of my soul to anyone. What I felt there was nobody's business but my own. Unlike my father, however, I was not a lifelong student of the scriptures, even though I memorized entire chapters of the Bible, earning a gold star when I parroted the words correctly to our congregation. For some unknown reason the Bible was never the pure, unquestionable word of God to me. Today it is only a reference, a resource I rarely consult although

many of the verses will often arise unbidden, inspiring me to search them for hidden wisdom in the archaic prose. One thing has not changed over the years: the unquenchable, fearless passion for truth I share with dear old dad. I suspect that I was born an iconoclast, but I went about it in a non-resistant, passive/aggressive, Mennonite manner.

The last three years of my father's life found his unorthodox theology beginning to filter through his sermons. Cautioned and reprimanded by his immediate superiors, he made an effort to curtail his heresy at the pulpit, but it was of no use. He could not deny what the promptings of his soul were dictating. When he rose to speak, another being would take over making him powerless to stop the flow. A year before his death in 1956, his sermons inspired a valley-wide theological firestorm. He had a following of both Amish and Mennonite dissidents who were equally hungry for truth. Summarily silenced and forbidden to speak publically, he would gather his faithful together, arranging house meetings here and there. Eventually, he rented an old school house directly across Stone Mountain from Rockville Mennonite Church. His new sanctuary was open to all; he would invite speakers from all over the country to come and share their hearts, whether he agreed with them or not.

My dad's apostasy marked the beginning of my own liberation. Our friends and family had turned their backs on us and I was bullied and persecuted at the valley Mennonite school. When I entered senior high, my parents enrolled me in a more liberal boarding school sixty miles outside the barrier mountains circumscribing our valley. I was thrilled, filled with absolute joy at the change. It was at Messiah Academy, near Harrisburg, that I began to question many of the tenets of mainline Christianity.

My dad was not entirely happy with my new found freedom and immature euphoria. Concerned that I had followed in his footsteps, launching

myself into an even more uncertain trajectory than his own, he sent me a short, uninspired letter, warning me to keep myself from wandering too far afield of the faith. As with most lads, I was far more aware of how my dad lived his life and handled his affairs than I was of his cautious admonitions.

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My father died two months after I began my senior year at Messiah, but I carry his legacy and it burns in my soul. It was that inheritance that brought me face to face with my Helper. I've often deeply regretted that I never had the opportunity to sit down with Daddy as an adult and discuss the movement of the divine in our souls. I would like to tell him that I have made a personal acquaintance with this "Him" to whom he referred in his benediction. This magical Him who is said to have the authority to present us unfallen and faultless before the presence of One who is even greater carries a power that follows me continually. I can almost feel the thrill in my dad's heart as we converse together and I tell of my experience with this Him. I am confident that he would clearly understand my words and realize that we have both discovered the most precious treasure available to mankind since the beginning of time.

In this essay, it is my fondest desire to be of service to you and to introduce you to this divine Him, who is neither Jesus Christ nor the Holy Ghost, but a very personal and individualized being who is being born within you as you read these words. Whether you knew Him or not, He has always been a vital part of you through all of your incarnations. Your every thought, word or deed that has been oriented to truth, beauty and goodness has been initiated by the influence of this divine Him who dwells within.

By the end of the essay, I hope that you will agree with this summary found in A.S. Dalal's work, *The Emergence of the Psychic: Governance of Life by the Soul*:

One of the most inspiring and ennobling concepts in the spiritual lore of the world is that of the psychic being. It provides a major key of understanding the significance and process of the evolution of consciousness and offers a potent tool for the transformation of consciousness.

## Introduction

My focus for this work of personal reflection and research will be solely this mysterious "Him" referred to in Jude, speculating about his influence on the individual, his origin, his evolution, his mission and his ultimate goal. He obviously must possess divine powers unequalled in the mundane world because he is said to be able to take a mere human being like you and I, presenting us unfallen and perfected into the Presence of a Somewhat even greater than he. This being so, we may also infer that he is no less able than Jesus Christ to forgive sins, heal the sick and raise the dead.

Here are a couple of quotes taken from the New Testament:

*And I will ask the Father, and he will give you another Helper, to be with you forever, even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it neither sees him nor knows him. You know him, for he dwells with you and will be in you (John 14: 16-17).*

Several chapters later we read: *"Nevertheless, I tell you the truth: it is to your advantage that I go away, for if I do not go away, the Helper will not come to you. But if I go, I will send him to you"* (John 16: 7).

In part one of this essay, we will examine the pearls that are hidden in the three preceding Biblical passages. It may already be quite clear to you that there is, at the very least, an indication of a strong connection between the "Him" mentioned in Jude and the advent of the Helper Jesus promised in the Book of John. To illuminate this connection, we must have an understanding of the complex spiritual nature of the amazing creature known as a "human being." Toward this end, I will make use of terms

and ideas taken from the works of Franklin Merrell-Wolff and Sri Aurobindo.

The various components of a human being and their interworking are a fascinating subject, but we will concern ourselves only with the three basic elements that comprise the divine nature in the human species. It is obvious from the evening news that humankind harbors other aspects that can be downright demonic. In contrast to most religious persuasions who propose their brands of redemption to fix these shadowy dimensions, we are now given an indwelling, personal divine “Him” who is supremely able to tackle this daunting task.

The Judeo-Christian term for what I am calling the divine triune nature of man is simply “God in man,” but there are, no doubt, as many meanings for the august title “God” as there are Jews and Christians. Therefore, when referring to anything beyond the material universe, I will use Wolff’s phrase, “the Transcendental Component,” or as Aurobindo would say, “The Divine.” We may postulate that the Transcendental Component is unmade or self-created, undifferentiated, illimitable and unreachable by the means of human intellect or reasoning. The long and the short of it is that the Transcendental Component is ineffable.

We will begin our exploration of the divine trinity within the human being with that aspect which is the most transcendental, often called “the Self” by many of the sages. It is spelled with a capital “S”, differentiating it from the mundane self on which Christianity is predominantly focused.

There is very little that can be said about the Self. It is far beyond man’s ability to penetrate because it doesn’t follow the rules of human logic. We can only say it is That Somewhat which is the source of all that is. In some unknown way, it has apportioned a fragment of itself into every individual who has chosen to participate in the evolution.

The second aspect of the divine trio in mankind is the soul of man or what I shall call the “divine

essence derived from the Self.” We shall have more to say about this essence in Part 1 of this essay. For now, in order to define the divine trio, we only need to know that the essence is intrinsic in all that exists in the universe. In the human body it is capable of metamorphosis into a subtle being in its own right. When this transformation is complete we have the appearance of the Helper, which then becomes the third aspect of the divine trio.

We are now prepared to examine the dynamics of a subtle being taking form within human flesh. What are the repercussions emanating from such a momentous event? How is it possible for two entities such as the Helper and the human aspect to concurrently inhabit a single form? This is a mystery of major proportions.

[To read the remainder of Tim’s essay, please visit the Fellowship’s website click on the Forums tab, where the essay is the newest addition to the list of member-submitted essays. If you would like to submit an article devoted to Franklin Merrell-Wolff’s life or philosophy, or one inspired by Wolff’s life and work, please contact us using one of the addresses below.]

### **A Quote from Franklin Merrell-Wolff**

The following quote is from chapter 3 of *Pathways Through to Space*, which is titled “Cosmic and Transcendent Consciousness”:

Recognition of the SELF in its purity is Realization of Identity with absolute Emptiness, Darkness, and Silence, when viewed from the standpoint of relative consciousness. In point of fact this Emptiness is Absolute Fullness but, as such, never can be comprehended from the perspective of egoistic consciousness. In one sense it is the “thing-in-itself” of Kant. Relative consciousness deals with phenomena alone and can never reach beyond phenomena. But the phenomenal world rests upon the Real or Noumenal World.



Thus it is that the Consciousness of the SELF or 'pure apperceptive consciousness' sustains the whole universe or cosmos. But the latter is an outward projection. Behind the cosmos is the formless or Transcendental World. Within the cosmos is the domain of relative consciousness. From the latter standpoint the SELF appears as formless. Hence the approach—for from the relative point of view it seems like an approach—to the SELF from consciousness posited within the cosmos takes on the form of progressive negation of all identity with form until finally Identity in the Formless breaks forth as Recognition. At this stage Recognition may well take the form of 'I am Formlessness.' But this is really an incomplete Recognition, as Shankara has shown by his acute logic. The final Recognition is "I am not form and I am not formless." This standpoint is neutral with respect to the cosmos and the truly Transcendental or Formless. What this really means is that beyond Nirvana there is a Paranirvana which is a position of metaphysical indifference with respect to the states of manifestation or non-manifestation. At the same time, the individual soul may have a tendency or natural gravitation either toward the manifested or the non-manifested. Thus Buddha, being drawn toward the non-manifested, was tempted not to put forth the effort to establish His Message among men. On the other hand, Jesus, being drawn toward the manifested, faced the temptation in the form of worldly power. Both men conquered the temptation. But the form of the temptation marks what really is the individual bent or tendency of these supremely great Men. Thus we may say that the sublimated Consciousness of Jesus was predominantly 'Cosmic Consciousness', while that of Buddha was 'Transcendental' or 'Noumenal Consciousness.'

The common basis of both is Identity in the SELF.

### **More Quotes from Wolff**

Don't forget that you may access more quotes of Franklin Merrell-Wolff in the eBook, *The Wisdom of an American Yogi: Quotations from Franklin Merrell-Wolff*. This book is a compilation of quotes that have been submitted by members of the Fellowship.

To download this book, simply login to the Fellowship's website and navigate to FMW Quotations under the 'Fellows Page' tab that appears after you have logged in. A copy of the book may be retrieved under this tab. And, if you have a favorite quote that you would like to submit, you may do so under this tab as well.

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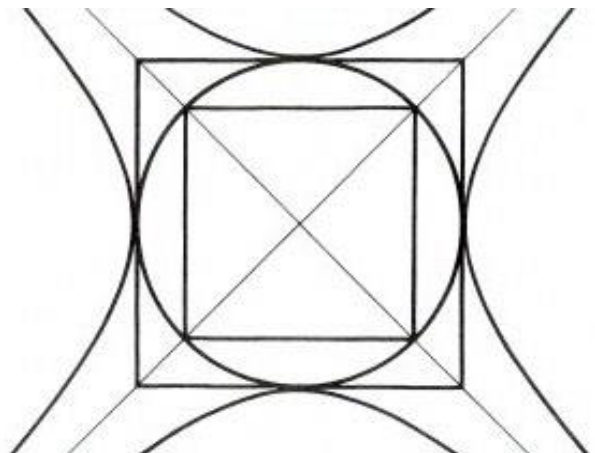
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