

## REPORTS OF EXPERIENCES FOLLOWING AN INDUCTION TALK

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**Helen Briggs:** There was, throughout the room (and house), a very strong force—an energy. As Franklin began speaking, the room seemed to fill with a soft golden light. I seemed to withdraw from objectivity. There was a drawing “in” or “up”—both words seem applicable. I was not conscious of other “persons,” other “bodies”—any objects. There just seemed to be Space, and the words of the speaker seemed to fill Space.

Although I heard words, I do not think I was conscious (objectively) of the concepts of the words. I seemed to get them in another manner.

There seemed to descend—a Silence. A Silence that is “heard.” Then a peace. There was a feeling that I suppose might be called bliss, but I did not think of it as bliss. In fact, I thought of no qualities especially—not even peace. It was only after returning to outer consciousness a little more that I thought of any qualities that might apply.

There was just Space and Light. Then there seemed to be a sort of twilight—neither light nor darkness. Then I became aware that there was Darkness—quite a deep darkness—and I was That. It was a very peaceful darkness—a friendly darkness. I do not know how long this darkness stayed, but I felt no desire to leave this state—nor to enter further into the darkness. It just was.

At one time during the evening I opened my eyes and looked at the speaker, and there seemed to be a beam of light, of shining gold (a broad beam), that came straight from the speakers eyes to my eyes. It seemed almost as if I were drawn along that beam of light,

After the lecture was over a very deep feeling of Peace and Silence was throughout the room, and one was reluctant to leave such a state and return to ordinary consciousness. However, there was a part of me that said, “You are hostess and there are certain courtesies owed to your guests.” So, I made the effort to become objective in my consciousness. I had a bit of difficulty becoming objective. One realizes the insignificance and emptiness of the ordinary objective consciousness and there doesn’t seem to be much incentive to return to it.

Later, on retiring, I had a very deep sleep. I am not aware of anything happening—I just noticed the quality of the sleep the next morning on awakening.

**Robert Briggs:** I felt the effects of the current primarily in the area of the heart, and the current apparently reached such high intensities that the heart or chest area literally began to hurt.

Psychic heat was also felt and during the last 45 minutes of the lecture. My chest and shoulders kept sagging towards my knees and I wasn’t able to maintain a straight posture. I personally did not think I was in any type of a trance until Franklin ceased to speak, at which time I knew I wasn’t normal.

I had sort of an indifferent attitude toward things; that is, my emotions didn't appear to be affected, such as having great love for mankind, etc. At no time did I black out or lose my awareness of things in the room; however, I could not observe what was really happening to me, since I could not obtain anything concrete to analyze. I was in a state of bliss?

I could notice the flywheel effect as soon as Franklin ceased to speak; that is, I seemed to approach my normal state of consciousness slowly, but surely, and I could easily tell the inductive source had been withdrawn. I noticed that at a much lower state of trance I seem to be able to prolong it at will or induce it at will, if I did not think about the everyday objects.

**Natasha Greenlee:** According to your request for a report a placing on paper the apparent result of the Induction Experience. As I expressed to you later, I had my eyes closed almost the entire time, as in meditation, in order to get the fullness of your words and their intent.

I tried to be as receptive as possible and reached out spiritually to hear, as one does to hear the still small voice of the Divine Oversoul. This also enabled me to shut out pictures and disturbances of the five physical senses, which distract our attention.

To me it was a beautiful experience, and I feel I am not able to place any judgment on it yet—as to the depth or magnitude of the experience. At least not at this time, except that there is a calmness and a serenity within me.

Also it is quite apparent to me that I have no desire to speak as often as formerly. When I do, however, I have a sense of uneasiness; it seems that I have wasted energy that might be used for another purpose.

The very perversity of things: It appears I am asked to speak more than ever before—so I realize I must be very cautious of what I say and do now.

**Doroethy Young:** As I was driving from my home to my mother's home, the location of the meeting, I saw or felt the east valley fill with energy. It was clear and powerful and I thought Buddha.

I sit at one end of the couch, my daughter Sherie on the floor just in front of me. We were directly in front of Franklin, although across the room. Eye contact was intense. He asked that we not bring any hostilities into the room, and to clear them out of our mind for now. As he began to speak I felt myself gently fall, as it were, into a meditative state. Hostilities, etc., melted away, dissolved. All around me dimmed, a pleasant visual darkening, and there was only Franklin. I heard his deep, resonant voice, but the words or meaning entered into my consciousness without my thinking or reflecting. In "falling" deeper, all was absolutely as it should be, no need to change the world, my friends, my family. It was all within Peace. There was a silence, not of no sound, but of profound stillness.

Franklin ended by reminding us to become grounded before driving. I resisted becoming grounded—who would want to leave this state?—until Mom served coffee and cake, and I

gradually became responsible for interacting. Although the peace tended to be unemotional, upon being grounded an intense joy and calm happiness was who I was.

**James Mugridge:** I seemed to remain entirely extraverted throughout last Saturday's session, and have little to report in the way of actual experience. There have, however, been some changes in the Sadhana which might indicate a change in the inner being. Mental silence seems to come more easily. Most important, though, a certain impurity with which I have been struggling fruitlessly for years beginning to be overcome.

**Mike Pounds:** My realization of the ravening is that I am the I Am in you and in everyone. The same that is witness in me is the same as is the witness in everyone. This realization came about as I was intently peering into the eyes of Dr. Wolff, and suddenly I recognized the I Am in him as the I Am in me. I realized that the small I in me cannot be taught to recognize the I AM but that the That is the witness, and that It is not separate, but Is ALL, as the witness in Dr. Wolff is ALL—it penetrates everything and is even that which it witnesses. THAT is like a circle with no boundaries; hence it encompasses nirvana and sangsara.

**Willow Pounds:** So far as I am aware, I experience no deeper awareness of being than before. I thought the heat (in the room?) rose to an uncomfortable point, and throbbing heat continued after the train of thought was diverted to getting coats and going home. I noticed that my limbs were heavier than during my regular times of quiet contemplation, and [it was] an effort to move. Concentrated thinking was easier and steadier than usual.

It occurred to me (as a thought, though, not as an experience) that the reflected sun in a dewdrop would not even be, as such, if there were no onlooker to observe it. That is, the light deflection moves with the observer—its localized point a deception, since in fact the light it receives is evenly diffused. If the onlooker is the ego, sustaining his sense of separateness by watching the reflected sun, and if the ego could be coerced into focusing attention on the real sun, the reflection would cease. The flood of sunlight everywhere would be the experience of both dewdrop and ego.

Later that night I dreamed that I had a stuffed hobby horse whose furry covering I was removing. Before I woke up I found myself interpreting that this meant I must change the coat of my ambitions and attractions—transform my attachment for horses to attention to and striving for the Divine. It was mentioned during the meeting that even the lower vital energies—even lusts—can be transformed, if they are harnessed and directed.

**Sherie Young:** I was sitting on the floor, at the feet of my mother. The room was packed with students of Franklin. There was initially a feeling of excitement among the adults as everyone got seated for the anticipated lecture. Franklin began speaking, in his usual slow, deliberate, manner. Within 5 minutes I felt a heaviness in my eyelids and could not keep my eyes open. I was aware of the part of me that was struggling to listen, but became more aware of the pull to a warmth and to “going to sleep.” This happened to me many times when listening to Franklin speak—it felt different than usual sleep though. It was more like a deep settling in—a deep relaxation. When he was finished, I “awoke” and had no residual sleepiness—I was wide awake

and the room was again abuzz on the part of the adults. I did not really understand at the time, but looking back, I know now—it was energy, and it had an afterglow of peace.

**Lillian Reid:** We were sitting quietly and, shortly before Dr. Wolff entered the room, I felt a great fire come into my body. Something seemed to rise and circle around inside the top of my head, then move from side to side. I then seemed to go upward and inward. I did not seem to have any other feeling or awareness. Then it seemed like a cup or bowl was tipped and something pouring out and downward from within my head, an emptying out. There was no other awareness, one way or another that I can recall. Then, near the top of my head, seemed to open up like a bowl, and a force or substance poured down into it and flowed into the upper part of my body. It seemed that if it came all the way down, that the body would disappear. When I tried coming out from this inner state, there was something that gave a strong pull inward again. I just sat and did not want to externalize.

The next morning, while lying awake, I suddenly realized that there was nothing to be attained, for anything that I can conceive of I already am. Then these words came: “Transcend time, Space and Causality.” And as the last word was repeated, it seemed that the Guru spoke it. Sunday night at Erma’s, while the Dr. was talking, I got the silence, peace and going inward to depth.

Monday morning, while waiting at the doctor’s office, I was reading Yogi’s Aphorisms on Consciousness without an Object, and again started going inward.

**Patt Rohrer:** To convey the feelings I had while in meditation the Saturday evening Dr. Wolff opened a door, it may be best to describe the sensations I had prior to that door being opened. For some time I felt the damming up of a dynamic force within myself. It manifested itself physically as a great deal of tension at the base of the neck. I couldn’t pin down what the force was, but felt when a release did come; a very positive result would be effected upon my life.

As I sat meditating after Dr. Wolff’s tour, a deep peace began to pervade my body. All tensions were dispelled. I had expected them to culminate in an explosion of sorts, but just the opposite happened. They faded away into stillness of my inner being. Any kind of movement was an effort. It reached the point, later on in the evening when I was alone, that even taking breath demanded some concentrated effort.

After I left Mr. and Mrs. Brigg’s home, and sat quietly in my car for a few moments, the realization came over me that anything I was anxious about didn’t matter. My happiness isn’t ultimately dependent on my relationship with anyone or to anything.

**Gertrude Wolff:** Having been familiar with what Dr. Wolff calls the “Current” for several years, I had no difficulty recognizing it that evening. I felt it in the room prior to the meeting, in varying degrees, not so much at the beginning, but more again as the evening wore on. It is rather like the gentle buffeting or water when in swimming. Toward the end I had the feeling of having a light cap over the back of my head, and I began to feel like what must have been a very light state of trance. Perhaps the feeling was akin to being pleasantly drunk, a feeling of

peace and little concern about the things around me, though I did not by any means lose my awareness of them. Nothing much could bother me. The feeling did not last too long.

This is the nearest I had yet come to a trance state. The following day, as we listened to part of the recording, I deliberately tried to reenter the state, and succeeded somewhat; but, the following day, while finishing the recording, I sat with some little routine work, keeping my hands busy and not intending to “drink” of it. But I felt myself slip in involuntarily, and remained in it for several hours. Since, while in the presence of Dr. Wolff or while on the subject, I have several times felt myself slip in.

In summary, for me this is a beginning, certainly not the great Realization of which Dr. Wolff says is worth many lifetimes of suffering, but which, I hope, will lead to it a little sooner. The fact that I can now induce the state, lightly, almost at will, is a step.

**Anonymous:** I doubt that anyone would have the ability to express on paper what has just happened. I don't want this to be phony, so I'll just not attempt to be literary—just honest.

From some place an almost indescribably sensation happened. The tightly wound mainspring began to unwind and stretch out beyond... It “unwound” faster and faster, and there was created an absolutely blissful looseness.

And then there was an exchange of communication beyond my ability to describe. It had to be a spiritual coming together. I know who it was with, but I don't know how. Then there was an all pervading softness—I still have it. I know I laughed. I cried. I jumped. I felt and feel it. But, frankly, I can't tell you just exactly what IT is.

**Anonymous:** Shortly after the beginning of the meeting I felt strong pressure in the center of my head. Then it felt as though a rod running down my spine from that center so that I wanted to remain in a fixed position. There was a feeling of being close to the members of the group and of real participation in the evening even though [seeming] many miles away. The feeling in the center of the head remained the rest of the evening and almost constantly the next few days, dropping off somewhat, but still occurring [until the end of the month].

During the first hour there was a pulsating image of a dark blue ring with a violet center. There was once a feeling as though there was about to be a disintegration—a field seemed to be trying to break apart, but went no further.

**Anonymous:** At the time of last week's meditation I entered without reservation into the casting out of hostilities. I noticed nothing at the time, but now I find I am unable even to recall, remember, or re-imagine certain negative feelings I previously had toward others that were present. I can remember the reasons I had for certain dislikings, but am unable to find anything in those reasons that seem to warrant hostility. For me this is highly unusual, and I am grateful for the experience. I am left with the feeling that the past itself has been changed for me, hard as this may be to understand.