

Discussion with Franklin Merrell-Wolff, Erma Pounds, and Others

Part 1 of 2

Franklin Merrell-Wolff
February 9, 1969

Franklin: . . . to talk at—

Erma: Obadiah's?

Franklin: —Obadiah's place—

Erma: Good.

Franklin: —a week from today.

Erma: I'll be there. What's your subject?

Franklin: The significance of Realization.

Erma: My gosh. Well.

Fred: Is that next Sunday?

Franklin: Yes.

Erma: Just a, just a teeny little topic. Huh?

Franklin: Hmm?

Erma: Just a teeny little topic; just a nothing.

Franklin: Well, it won't all be covered there naturally—

Erma: No.

Franklin: —but, actually for a long time some Realization or something related to it that has governed all of my speaking, and . . . Oh, by the way when he was talking here there was temptation to get off the subject, he made some statements I thought too greatly restricting spiritual consciousness.

Erma: In what way?

Franklin: Well, in that it was rather exclusively an action in this world.

Erma: Oh.

Franklin: Yeah.

Erma: Well, he's Aurobindian geared, of course, and oriented I should say.

Franklin: I don't think Aurobindo would give it—

Erma: No.

Franklin: —that exclusive—

Erma: No. That's true.

Franklin: —position.

Erma: People who follow that path tend to restrict Aurobindo a little bit too.

Franklin: Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm. Aurobindo would not say—

Erma: No.

Franklin: —that a *nirvanic* state of consciousness was not spiritual. Then again, concerning this matter of identification with respect to—let's make it in the third person—to the junior partner in this incarnation what important reason is there for accepting such an identification? I have some ideas, but I want to know something more, if there is something more.

Erma: Of the junior partner now, you're asking—

Franklin: Yes.

Erma: —in particular.

Franklin: Why should they be given recognition?

Erma: Well, they have prepared a vehicle at some great cost not only a vehicle that's going to carry that one who comes through, and who occupies it to an extent, but another vehicle of which we haven't heard so much about just yet. It's, it's not an astral; it is subtle, but it isn't quite the subtle that Jung talks about. I think he comes closest to it. They prepare a very special subtle vehicle which is a nerve-racking experience, and probably requires that they give up a good portion of themselves. It is a sacrifice. It's quite a sacrifice. They wear impressed materials, subtle and otherwise, that, that just doesn't fit in the beginning. It's, it's like assuming a coat that's too tight and gladly wearing it.

Franklin: Mm-hmm. And—

Erma: When they adjust to it, they become the size required, so to speak, and conform to a, a very subtle pattern which influences even the astral pattern, your own astral pattern. They, they suffer.

Franklin: Well, ordinarily it's not necessary for a person to know of his own past incarnations. But your insistence suggested that there's some reason—

Erma: Yes.

Franklin: —why. And I had an impression that I knew part of it because picking up something of this very great suffering and that that might possibly be a record that could be transformed into something that wasn't so—thus suffering. Maybe I'm building a—or awakening a capacity in doing that because it happened night before last on another subject matter. I'll tell of it. I've been for some time asking the question what is it that makes the alcoholic so dependent and so—upon their chemical substance and why is it so difficult for them to break even when the best reasons in the world said—indicated they should? Well, night before last, it came—I seemed to be put into the state of consciousness that such a person would be in. I felt a great craving for alcoholic beverage—even my mind wandered over to where Jim might have his stock and so on—and I felt that craving as something so intense that no reason, or moral consideration, or even the threat of death would keep one from going toward it. That lasted for up to about ten minutes or so and then vanished off. It's the sign of a superposition, I'd say.

Erma: Definitely.

Franklin: And you feel the whole thing, but it really seemed it might be pretty difficult to exert the will to stop oneself acting in accordance with that craving. It didn't give me any key as to what you could do about it, but I got a certain insight into what was going on.

Erma: Mm-hmm. Well, I think we agreed that it is a possession. It's basically—

Franklin: Yes.

Erma: —a type of possession. Just what is a possession?

Franklin: Yes.

Erma: Now, this, I think, is a class of "Elementals" that belongs to decay, to deterioration. This is stated clearly in several instances throughout the older teachings, that a person who is alcoholic or who is tending toward alcoholism attracts to himself a type of Elementals that are restricted in evolution within this *Manvantara*. They can go no further than they are now. They can exist only so long as they have decaying substance to feed upon. Whether it's the decaying thought or the decaying substance for the making of the alcohol.

Franklin: Now, would this be Elemental or Elementary?

Erma: Elementals. They are a class of Elementals.

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Erma: Right. They, however, do attract "Elementaries." So you have both possibilities there. But before an Elementary can enter or possess, you have a possession by a certain type of Elemental, and they're very, very clever, if we can use a—

Franklin: Yes.

Erma: —a term. At least their action seems to be clever, and subtleties upon subtleties work there. The Elementary which is, as you know, the shade that's hanging around and not yet dissipated—

Franklin: Yes, ex-humans.

Erma: Yes. This does long to attach itself to something still human and this type of Elemental gives it its entry. It can't enter without it; so that the taking possession, or the attachment by an Elementary, requires a certain group of Elementals. And they exist solely on matter in a state of decay. And that means the higher principles are entirely absent—even the higher principle in a mineral state for instance. There's a higher principle there.

Franklin: They're even lower in one sense than the mineral?

Erma: Even lower than that, but the higher principles are gone and there is nothing but that which is slowly dwindling and dying. Now, if they attach to a person who is in this process, they obstruct a barrier even more solid than the one the person has created himself by his choices separating the higher principles from the lower in that living human being; and into this no man's land between come all kinds of hideous creatures who decide what is going to be here and what is not going to be here. But they have an advantage, in a sense, because they do partake of some of the current from the mind and they are attracted magnetically by the currents of the lower so that they will seem to be my own decision by the person who acts or who chooses. It's a subtle, subtle thing.

Franklin: It's a subtle thing, but now—

Erma: It's a hideous thing.

Franklin: It's hideous? And knowing the force of it, assuming that my experience was true to the type, the problem of correcting it, overcoming it, seems very formidable.

Erma: Mm-hmm. I think it is formidable, Franklin. But if one wants to enough, if he's been knocked down far enough—and it usually takes that before he wants to enough—he can, with help, whip it.

Franklin: Well, that's virtually what the Alcoholics Anonymous people say.

Erma: Yes. They do. They help this, but it isn't just an ex-alcoholic who can help these people unless you want to say an ex-alcoholic of another lifetime, which probably we all have been somewhere along the way. But if, if such a person seeks out one who represents, having cleared himself of that sort of temptation—he exemplifies that clearance we'll say—if he seeks out such a person and asks for help, literally asks for help, in the moment of his asking, he can be entirely free of it.

Franklin: In other words, he'll have to come to—you can't do anything till he comes in asking for help.

Erma: Uh-uh. You can even say I would like to you, would you let me? I've done this. There's a man here in Phoenix who is definitely now alcoholic, one of the students, and he's a good man, a fine man in many ways. I went to him and I said, let me help you. I know what your problem is; let me help you with it. And as I told you before, he immediately, as if it were his very own idea, said “Well, no, no. I can't ask that of you. Let me work on it myself a little while, and if I can't make it, then I'll let you know.” Well, that was weeks ago and he's worse now than he was. He went one week without a drop because I said to him, “If you won't ask me, could I ask you to let it alone for one week?” And he said, “I'll do that.” And he did it. But I did say a week because I have no right to make his choices for him even if I want to. I have no right to do that. And I don't know that I could influence him in less than a week. And I am certain that it is not worth the energy if his own desire isn't great enough to want help. The energies are needed elsewhere.

Franklin: Are needed elsewhere. Well, let that subject rest then. Now, concerning these *tulku* combinations involving the Buddha of which we know the statement concerning this series: Shankara, Christ, Apollonius of Tyana, Tsong-Kha-pa in Tibet, and then, not in this particular statement but elsewhere, I've run across the statement that the incarnation continued in the Tashi Lamas, the same sort of *tulku* combination. I myself invented the distinction as that between—as a combination of a junior and senior partner in which the junior may possibly even be a *chela*—and very likely would be, and the inner entity had freely offered to supply it a vehicle—

Erma: Right.

Franklin: —and allow the replacement of principles, which is definitely described in the case of Shankara was the whole of the intermediate principle replaced by the *Bodhisattva*, or *Nirmanakaya*—both terms are used of the Buddha, and so that the higher self—and here it doesn't say, but I think also the *Karanopadhi* of the entity that was supplying the body—

Erma: Right.

Franklin: — shown through, or were—had as an *upadhi* the *Nirmanakaya* of the Buddha himself, and that the lower principles that formed the outer vehicle also belonged to the junior partner. Those intermediate ones were the senior. Now, the—of course, one can see the brilliance was due to the senior partner for there was a developed intelligence and apparently this took place in childhood and then intelligence was there at a very young age, and it was a flawless incarnation so far as the work was concerned. I asked myself who is responsible for what is done? And the answer does seem to be that the senior partner is the one that's responsible for the work done and so forth. And that in a way the relationship between the junior partner and the senior is a personal one, but the junior is not responsible for the public work. And the same thing would apply in the case of the Christ. But, if what I get is valid, I seem to get an overlapping of a consciousness that was often not sure what to do in the midst of problems. Often went out into the desert to get some help, meditated, fasted even, and meditated, and was groping. I even have an impression of a considerable amount of sadness and even of a depression if possible. I'm just reporting the state I got and not, not claiming that it is objective, but then the question arises, why this uncertainty? The answer seems to be that there was a gradual withdrawing on the part of the senior partner throwing the junior partner more and more on his own, whereas it had been continuous in the case of Shankara. But now it's necessary to get the junior partner over to taking over the load and make decisions and so forth, so it comes in, and it retreats, and it comes in, and that—

Erma: And that's the cry of why hast thou forsaken me.

Franklin: —of why hast thou forsaken me, yes, of course.

Franklin: And of course there was withdrawal, there had to be withdrawal at the cross experience because that was the junior's *karma*. And the later stage of the junior partner—let's talk in the third person— does seem to be in a state of being much more completely thrown on his own feet.

Erma: Mm-hmm. Yes.

Franklin: And that the contact with the senior partner, while it did exist, was a very brief one, as you know a couple of overlappings of the consciousness and, and that message you saw the other day.

Erma: Right. It's as if the first part of the relationship is a bestowal by the senior to the junior and the latter part of the relationship is a blending of the senior with the junior.

Franklin: I see.

Erma: There's a little difference.

Franklin: Well, that would be a pretty tremendous thing.

Erma: Yes it is. Mm-hmm, could be either one.

Franklin: That would explain how the High Indifference was possible.

Erma: In what way?

Franklin: Hmm?

Erma: In what way, now?

Franklin: Well, I'll only say what Senior said; he only knew of four who had been in that state and come back from it.

Erma: Well, if you have a Buddhic consciousness, which we'll say is the senior type working through a junior, the junior is evidently long ago selected and long ago volunteered—which came first, who knows? Maybe they were simultaneous, and the Buddhic consciousness, which is really knowing, and before that knowingness is impossible to blend into or with the lesser, the *chela*. In the beginning, he couldn't take it. It would shatter him completely. But it would require a few years of that sort of inflow we'll call it, and after a certain point—and I think that would vary depending upon just what was going on and what the need might be—after a few years, there would come a time when that offered one and chosen one—one and the same—would have reached a point that he could begin to assimilate the teacher in the highest sense of the word. His teacher would assimilate his teacher, and then he would represent the blended aspect and rather than just reflecting rather than *radiating*, he would be a continual *emanating* vehicle. The higher would first of all, as I see it, focus upon the junior partner—the senior would focus upon the junior. The senior represents the emanative ray, which is very strong White Light. The junior would represent the focal point breaking that out into radiations, and he would be only capable, as a junior partner, of radiating. There would be those, however, who at a point in their life development, because of what they have been, and the training that has been, and the desire now, they would reach a point where almost all of that emanative ray would continue its path right through that one. It would not be broken. There would be a slight change. There would have to be, but not much. But these are rare. There are many instances, as I understand it, where the senior partner works through the junior partner and the work of the junior continues solely as a radiative instrument, but a few are capable of emanating with just a slight alteration of that strong White, Pure Light. So that might answer it.

Franklin: Well that's put it . . . Yes, that's a new light on the picture—had not occurred to me so.

Erma: Well, it's mathematically correct. You might say that the junior's mirror has no dust at that point and reflects perfectly and continues and contains perfectly. But these are the rare ones—only a few. We haven't even the number of them that we have fingers on one hand yet.

Franklin: That's possible.

Erma: Mm-hmm. But we will have.

Franklin: I would assume, too, that the blending is a multiple possibility with as many juniors in principle as there are.

Erma: Yes. There can be one junior, or there can be many juniors with the blending process. But there has to be a special focal point. So even though many are chosen—the old saying is many are called but few are chosen—nowadays, it's many are chosen but one is particularly used. The others also benefit and perform the work that they volunteered for—inwardly and outwardly. But there has to be a main focal point. So this, this peculiar incarnation can, as I understand it, occur in several ways. It can make itself known primarily through one individual or it can make itself felt and somewhat known through several individuals; but there's always one who is a little bit special even when several are used in the blending process. He has to be, he has to focal, focalize and without it you just can't contain it.

Franklin: Well, it would explain how it is possible if the High Indifference, as seems to be true, is identical with the Clear Light, and the combination of *Rig-pa* and *Shes-rig* is the *Dharmakaya* it being a general rule that he who enters the *Dharmakaya* cannot leave it but in the given case under discussion, did leave it as could be explained because there was a blending with one who was familiar with the realm and master of it.

Erma: Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm, right.

Franklin: It was superimposed in some way. I know that. Something unsought.

Erma: Unsought as far as the Franklin—

Franklin: Outer consciousness.

Erma: —as far as the Franklin part is concerned—

Franklin: Yes.

Erma: —yes. But who is it who resides behind there?

Franklin: Oh, yes.

Erma: He, he long ago made up his mind what was to be—

Franklin: Yes.

Erma: —and don't think he forgot it in Franklin. So, it's not at all surprising, but even there, there would be a necessity, if the teachings I've received are true, and I fully believe they are I'll say I know they are, even there, there would have to be a superimposition at first.

Franklin: A what?

Erma: A superimposition at first—in the beginning.

Franklin: Mm-hmm. It's like what Aurobindo said when he said that *Nirvana* walked in on him.

Erma: Yes.

Franklin: This walked in on me—

Erma: Yes.

Franklin: —and there was an impression of a very great gentleness; depart if you so wish, or make such use of me as you wish. Well, I was tremendously interested in plumbing everything I could. And at one stage plumbed into darkness where nothing could be discerned except deeper shades of darkness. This didn't occur to me, but one might have been scared wondering whether he'd ever get out of it; but I had the feeling that here was a friend and nothing to be afraid of. And furthermore, I was interested in knowing. I interpret the darkness not as meaning that it was not Consciousness in its own nature, but that it could not make correlation with the developed *Shes-rig* consciousness, which is an evolving thing—

Erma: Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm. It's neither involving nor evolving in that stage. There's — it, it's—to picture it, one might say there's a teeter-totter and the fulcrum is placed solidly, it can't be moved, and the weights are placed solidly at either end and they can't be moved. There is neither up nor down, light nor dark—

Franklin: Oh, yes—

Erma: —nor any of the opposites.

Franklin: Furthermore, timeless.

Erma: Yes.

Franklin: Now—

Erma: Well, now there time does not require the particular type of consciousness to, to contain it and —I like to use the word re-cognize—to re-cognize it.

Franklin: It seemed familiar.

Erma: Yes.

Franklin: Old ground. I spoke of it this way, as the beginning, the end, and the midpoint all at once.

Erma: Yes.

Franklin: being timeless an instant there or a *Manvantara* there would be the same thing.

Erma: Mm-hmm.

Franklin: The only way there could be a chronometer would be to have the consciousness divided and part of it out in the *sangsaric* field where there is the chronometer. Otherwise, if you said I'll dip in for ten minutes, you might wake up a *Manvantara* hence.

Erma: Mm-hmm. Or ten *Manvantaras* in there. I wonder what happened.

Franklin: Now I think this chap over here has an involvement bearing in that, assuming what Senior said about him and it might be something of importance to him all that you've been saying now.

Erma: It should be. The Tibetan offices of the different Lamas is something that very few people understand. These three lamas are aspects of humanity, and they represent it . . . The Dalai Lama is—he knows what he is. He knows exactly what he is, and he plays it to the hilt, his role. He's probably a much more spiritual man than most men will ever meet, but among the known Lamas of Tibet, he is the least. I'm speaking of the higher ones now, not the many, many lamas.

Franklin: No. Yes.

Erma: And then Panchen Lama, and Tashi Lama, and these offices are, are just not understood by the majority of people, even the Tibetans. The Panchen Lama's duty is to maintain the Law. Now what law?

Franklin: Yes, not the law of the land.

Erma: And he maintains it. He sees to it that it remains impressed where it must remain—not only for the Tibetans, but for others. He's situated in a zone of the earth where he has access to a *current*—or was situated, I should say—where he has access to a *current* that is least resistant for broadcasting, let's say. The Tashi Lama is not yet understood and will not be understood fully for probably 200 years. He reflects still another Lama who is given no name, who is said to reside in the Golden Monastery which is not and cannot be touched by communists. No one enters there unless they're invited. But he reflects, represents and reflects the thought of that one. And I have never heard—I've asked—I've never heard given his duties.

He has to pick up with a clear mirror himself and reflect those duties. And then those who have the eyes to see, observe and see from within what they are. But I know of nowhere that it's written. I've asked those who would know. Not that I would know, but I've asked those who would know, and the answer has been given that it is not written, nor will it be written, nor is it likely to be known for 200 years. That was in '41.

Franklin: '41.

Erma: So, it'll be awhile before it's fully understood.

Franklin: Well, I think that is clarifying. It covers the point. I wonder how far our tape . . . keep others from knowing what is being said.

Erma: Well, for those who have the ears to hear, let them hear. That's the one thing I like about the old Buddha's doctrine, it's the doctrine of the open hand, and there's nothing hidden. It's right there. The Secret Doctrine is only a secret for those who will not see. And there, there's nothing withheld; there's nothing esoteric—that's nonsense. Esotericism is stupidity.

Franklin: In other words, the individual himself sets the limit—

Erma: That's right.

Franklin: —rather than the teacher.

Erma: Mm-hmm. I have to laugh nowadays when I hear people talk about being a member of the esoteric schools, because they're literally saying, I am still stupid.

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Erma: It isn't what it always meant, but that's what it means now.

Franklin: Well, I thank you for some clarification.

Erma: Well, I think that it was in the air. Maybe it was beamed over and reflected. Quite possible.

Franklin: Let's open it to everybody. Have you any questions Bob?

Bob: I don't know enough to ask a question.

Franklin: I don't believe that.

Gertrude: What about these vows to silence?

Erma: What about them?

Gertrude: Well—

Erma: I mean, what is your question . . . ?

Gertrude: See, one of these four truths, I understand, is to keep silent and I'm just trying to figure that when the well the esoteric side of it—I can't say it. I can't express myself. But evidently there are things that are not to be said—

Erma: You're right. Yes, this is true. And there is a certain esotericism there. Yes. But things that are not to be said are just not to be said. But how do you keep it from one who knows or one who is ready for that? It doesn't have to be said. You're thinking of the doctrine of the open hand and nothing withheld, and the—

Gertrude: What you were talking about.

Erma: Yes. Well that belongs—I'm thinking—now I don't mean this to be *the* way, because there are many, many ways—but as I see it the way of a century ago and the way of many centuries ago, because of the race mind, the level of the race mind, it was necessary to have secret, silent, little groups, to have secret meetings, to cover the truth with many, many symbols. It's, it's no longer necessary to contrive for that. The truth is there. It is for everyone. We've passed the nadir point and we have stopped the involuting process—I'm speaking race-wise now, not units within the race, but of the great majority—and we are in the ascending cycle. From the nadir point to the halfway mark of the ascending cycle there is a tremendous impetus given by something that has come in not belonging to this evolution, something that is pushing down, so to speak, and thereby pressing up. Now, that is free. Once the evolutionary group passes its nadir point, there is no longer need for anything to be withheld. It's all been given that can be given, and from then on, it's wide open for those who have the ears to hear and those who have the eyes to see, and so on. And those who know offer it very, very freely. They can speak, they can speak silently, or they can speak quite loudly. It depends upon who is listening. It changes from cycle to cycle, and what you have been pledged to keep in silence, naturally you will not talk about. I'm not saying that you reveal what you promised to keep to yourself or to keep within limits. But how can you keep truth?

Gertrude: Truth?

Erma: Truth.

Gertrude: Truth.

Erma: The thing that irritates me among different groups that I find nowadays is that they start out, so many of them, with something just very, very real and then they forget what it is that they have and they become a little isolated group of, "We are special people," and they think of themselves as the esotericists. And they are precisely that. They are not open hand. They are closed fist and they rejoice in it, and they think they are really something. I know. I have been that route with Theosophists. I have been that route with some other groups that I'm not going to mention because we don't need to mention, but it served its purpose, it no longer has any function as far as I'm concerned.

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Erma: It is time for it to be completely open hand.

Franklin: In other words, more blabber-mouth.

Erma: Right. You got me.

Erma: Well, you remember a few years back that several of us were very, very quiet, weren't we? And we've become awfully noisy lately. And, and that's, as far as I'm concerned, on the lesser end of the stick. But I think that the race is such now that where we have those who are forerunners of, or reflectors of the forerunners of a sixth sub-race type—either one—that they just are not going to put up with this nonsense of we-me. They have come to know that they are part of something that is pretty vast and if there is any truth to it at all, that it belongs to all of us. And why hold back something and cling to it as if it's special and mine?

Franklin: No. It isn't special and mine. I assume it's for those who come and seek.

Erma: Right.

Franklin: You don't force it down somebody's throat.

Erma: Oh, no. But when they ask, you offer all. Now, they won't see all, nor will they take all, but everything is offered. I was reading something from a letter today, early this morning, and last night too. I told Fred I had a feeling all day yesterday that something was very, very imminent, and then last night when I was making myself ready for bed—I couldn't get sleepy at all—and suddenly it came through that there is to come to us very quickly, to certain ones—well he comes to all, but only certain ones will know—a Master, in the body, who has not been here before, and that there is a certain preparation to be made; and this isn't 200 years from now, nor ten years from now, it is imminent.

Franklin: I see.

Erma: And, so I was reading something then from an old letter, and I thought of what was said there that the student is invited. One was explaining to a younger student that he need not have any fears in actually meeting this Master that he had been invited to meet. And he went on to describe what it would be like, and he said this is true today, and yesterday, and tomorrow, that when you meet the Master, you will be very, very much surprised for he greets you with such gentleness and makes you so completely welcome and so at home that you may forget whose presence you're in. And I thought about this because we tend to forget something else, and that is something that's made very clear in *The Voice of the Silence*, in a footnote, that the Master is within.

Franklin: Yes.

Erma: And something else returned that had been said, and that was that to know a Master you've got to be one.

Franklin: Well, that's understandable because—I use this figure. If you have mountain peaks that go above the clouds, who from below can measure their height?

Erma: Yes. But if you just once get up there, even for a brief flight, then you know what's up there. And then if you meet one who resides there continuously and agrees to come down a little lower for the sake of a visit, his visit doesn't erase anything of his home. Anyone who has ever visited in the highlands recognizes a highlander no matter where he meets him. And the same with a lowlander. So it's,—I think that the race mind has reached a point where those who are to know are ready to know and those who are not to know won't quite reach that stage this time. They'll gain something and they'll learn something, but the nadir point is passed and those who have come through the nadir point and are in the ascending cycle belong to the ascending cycle and there is nothing held back there. Everything is offered. How much can be taken is up to the one who comes and asks.

Franklin: Take all you can.

Erma: Mm-hmm. So this is a little bit of what I meant tonight, this speaking of the esotericism.

Gertrude: There are some things that can be said and—well not just generalities either, but I suppose there are some other things that well, one just has to use discretion.

Erma: I think so.

Gertrude: Yes.

Erma: Mm-hmm. What an experience—excuse me, go ahead.

Gertrude: You see, this is someone who has not been here before—

Erma: Who has not been here? Right.

Gertrude: — by here do you mean the—

Erma: Here.

Gertrude: In this country?

Erma: Here.

Franklin: Phoenix.

Erma: Imminent. Mm-hmm.

Gertrude: In his own body?

Erma: In his own body. Quite. Quite in his own body. Definitely in his own body. Mm-hmm.

Jim: Well, let me ask something here on this some things are not to be said—

Erma: Mm-hmm.

Jim: —but on the other hand if somebody asked you a question and you have the answer you have an obligation to answer it, do you not?

Erma: That is right. But how you answer it depends upon your own choice.

Jim: Yes and no.

Erma: Mm-hmm. There are times when you need to answer explicitly and there are times when you need to take a good look and see whether the adjustment requires a direct explicit answer or a little pushing into the nearest sphere of the one who asks a little energy to let him find his own answer. The role of the guru is to adjust, not to tell. Now, if he needs to tell in order to make an adjustment, then he may tell. It will depend upon who asks the question. I remember attending a session one time and oh I had a thousand questions but I was the most ignorant one there so I decided I better listen that evening—and it took some doing because I just wanted to ask—but someone who was a little further along, I think, asked the question of one of the men and he answered him with perhaps a half an hour of jewels dropped at the feet. And then six days later, I was in another session where this same one was present and a new man asked the same question, phrased it identically, and he looked at him and he said that is a very interesting question. I wonder what the answer is. And I thought about that a little while. Well, now, why would he give such a complete answer to the one and nothing given to the other one—well of course he did give him something—and talked to Mrs. Clough about it. She said that she had learned that those who were just crashing the gates were never given complete answers, nor even much answer, but were stimulated to find their own answers. See, she used something else—and I liked this—that the students approach the Master, or rather they approach the Master's door, and he sits in his room and awaits them. His room is something that isn't very changeable. So he sits in there because of the atmosphere and the psychosphere. And many of the students reach the door to that room all at the same time. They've been walking along pretty much apace, or maybe one gets ahead for a while, and then another one back here catches up later on, but they reach the

door at the same time. For one of those students, that door will open just like that when he leans on it, but for nine others, they have to stand there and beat on it, and beat on it, and beat on it. Now, the one who only has to lean on the door to get in is never given anything more because he has all that he needs just to come in. But those who are going to panic when they've knocked for quite a while, and maybe misunderstand and turn away, those people are given a little bit more help, enough to keep them there at least awhile. Does that answer your question Jim?

Jim: Not exactly.

Erma: He has his nerve. I know what you're saying. There are certain questions though, that when they're asked, I think we are obligated to give an answer.

Jim: Well, I—what—

Erma: I think that something of this sort happened last night. I'm going to tell on him. We were with a student last night, you don't know her very well, this student, none of you, but she's pretty earnest, I would say, wouldn't you? She's had a background that really makes it difficult. She doesn't live here, so you won't know who I'm talking about. You will, but I don't think the rest of you will unless you're tuned right in, and if you are, that's fine. But anyway we met with this student and she—we had a little time together and then she said to me, could I have just ten minutes with you privately. And I said well certainly—and I'd already told Fred I thought that this might happen—and then as we got up to go for our ten minute private time, she turned to him and she said, would you tell me some things that I need to know? And she asked in a certain way. And because of the training here, and the background here, and because of up until recently not knowing quite what's going on either, the habit has been—now don't look like that—has been to say, I don't know enough. I don't have all that I need. I can't, unless I have everything that I need to compile this for you. And so we went and had our little talk. It went a little longer than ten minutes, I think. An awful lot happened. And then we came back and I said well do you have something for her? No, he, in all modesty, he didn't. So I-me said to I-he you owe this and you're blocking yourself if you close it off and you better let it out. And out it came—an hour's worth. And every so often, he would say, "Well, and if I just had such and such here, I could go on with this, but I don't—but then, now let me see," and he'd listen a little while, "Oh yes," and then on it would go again. One hour, and when it was finished, she was a changed person. What had come out in the back room, in our little private discussion was verified by what he brought through so that she heard from two sources, who had not heard anything of this beforehand, the exact same thing in different ways, and I understand that she is a totally different woman. Well, I can't say totally, that's a little extreme, but a very different woman. She told me of an experience that she had had. It reminded me of you when you've said, well, many times a student would say something had happened and you had no real awareness of this, but nevertheless it had happened. She told me of a time back in the fall when there was a great stress, and a great temptation; and she had two years ago made her first commitment. A year ago she made a stronger one, and then in the fall after that stronger one, she met with a tremendous temptation of a kind that would have knocked her down. And she said—well, first of all she wrote, I have a letter—and she asked for some help. And I tried to answer that letter but it didn't seem to me that what could be said in a letter would do or give what needed to be given at all. And I really tried; over, and over, and over I tried to write that letter and it just wouldn't come. So, I thought alright, put it aside then. It isn't to be written. I thought about it quite a bit. So she told me, she said, "Did you know that your answer came?" And I said, "No I didn't know." Well I did know that she had been helped, but I didn't know how.

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Erma: And she said that at its peak, she had gone to bed, just in desperation, and just about the time that she decided that she would just throw it all aside, she looked up at the ceiling and she saw a small vaporous form like a little ball, she said, and it grew bigger and whiter, lighter, and then she said it took shape. And she said the shape was your head and the upper part of your body with a white cape over it. And she said she felt next that she was drawn up to this point—it seemed to her to be up near the ceiling somewhere—and she reached out to touch; and instead what she saw touched her and held her at arm's length, and she said looked at her up and down, up and down; and then still holding her at arm's length, took the cape off and wrapped it around her, even her head, and then touched her in a certain way and said what has been impure is clean. And she immediately was back in the body in the bed again, and everything was clear. Now, there was another involved in this who is not quite as interested, and certainly not committed in any certain way, but who knew through a rapport with this woman what was going on. And she awakened from a sleep, got up from her bed, and was going to go comfort her, but she reported that she was blocked at her bedroom door by the same vision with arms outstretched saying you stay here.

Franklin: Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.

Erma: Now, I knew nothing of that, but it was reported accurately in the letter of the other person I read, reporting it in the same way. So, help is given in some pretty strange ways; plus coming through like it does here, or did here, for one hour. And I want to hear what you have to say in just one moment; but, for those who are listening here, I think that it is important to lay aside the modesty, no matter what anyone else may think, when one is asked, and when one is in the occult school, and when one has access to that knowledge, to bring it through one way or another and give it. Otherwise you are practicing the doctrine of the closed fist, and this is trouble. So, even if it's only a word or two, that has to come through in order for it to continue to be the doctrine of the open hand—

Franklin: Open hand.

Erma: —which is the symbol for this dispensation.

Franklin: I just was going to refer to that apparent functioning without your central consciousness here being aware of it. Now, there was a question once put by Jasper Niemand in a letter to Judge on just that point—

Erma: Yes.

Franklin: — Judge—she was a *chela* of Judge's—

Erma: Right.

Franklin: —and it seems that he had appeared to her in this subtle way more than once—

Erma: Right.

Franklin: —and she asked him if he, in his own personality, knew of it, and he said no, but it's unquestionably true that I was there—

Erma: Right.

Franklin: —but and it would be knowable if I submitted myself to a certain discipline—

Erma: Yes.

Franklin: — but withdrew from world work.¹

Erma: Mm-hmm. That isn't necessary.

Franklin: —and the world work is more important.

Erma: It isn't necessary. If it can be done without that then why bother?

Franklin: Yes.

Erma: Mm-hmm. Those letters from Niemand to Judge are invaluable—

Franklin: They would be. I do recommend them because there it's the relationship of a guru to a disciple. It's not general discussion.

Erma: And she was, she was loyal. If ever there was a loyal *chela*, she was it. Judge's.

Franklin: A Mrs. Keightley, wasn't it?

Erma: Pardon?

Franklin: Keightley?

Erma: Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm. Yes. Mm-hmm.

Gertrude: Let's see, I want to get some quotation marks straight. You said this image that she saw was you. Now, is this in quotation marks? She's talking to you?

Erma: She was speaking to me, yes. And she said what I saw was your head, shoulders, and your upper body. And the other one reported it the same way. Now, the other one is not in attune the way she is, but apparently there was a need to prevent her from entering the room because of the experience that was taking place at that time. So, the report was—as near as we could figure—that both saw the same figure at approximately the same time in two different rooms.

Gertrude: That's spreading yourself thin, isn't it?

Erma: Yes. I was telling Fred about it and I said I did not have the awareness of it. But, now, we talked and some things were brought to the front that had been needing to come out for a long, long time. I'm sure of that. And what was given back, I'm certain, was of help. But, when this came through then, back in the other end of the house, a little later, it was an entirely different approach. But verified what had been said at the other end of the house. And she just sat there with her mouth open, didn't she? She did. She—

Franklin: It looks as though what we were talking about a couple of days ago with her is working.

¹ William Q. Judge, *Letters That Have Helped Me* (Los Angeles: The Theosophy Company, 1946), 121-122:

You ask if I was at — where you saw me. Let me tell you something in confidence. I am around at all places, but, of course, most at such as where you, —, and others like that are, but, it is not necessary for me to remember it at all, as it is done without that, since this brain has enough to do here. To remember, I should have to retire and devote myself to that, and it would make things no better.

Erma: Oh, yes. Oh, yes. I think so. That's right. Mm-hmm. Very much so. Well, thank heavens, because help was needed. But that's, that's the first that I have seen so strong in this way now. I suspect that's just the beginning now, and I think you had something to do with it. I think you came over and blessed the doorknob and the door swung open a little bit.

Participant: How 'bout that?

Fred: Yes, how 'bout that?

Lillian: You got things moving'.

Erma: Well, they were moving pretty fast already, but it just, just got him focused, we'll say. That's interesting and it's even fun when you see, and, see the results of that, and see what can happen to a person in a matter of minutes. And—

Franklin: It's a case of being ripe or perhaps a little overripe.

Erma: Yes. Yes. Yes. It isn't a matter of either personality. I'm not speaking in terms of personalities. You know that. But it's what can happen when you really desire to function in the role that we're here for. And it is—it's so much not mine, nor yours, nor anyone's, but so universal that when there is really that much need, and that earnest asking, and that desire to help—not knowing how in the name of God you're going to do it, but you're going to do it—when there is that, then in it comes and then it's backed up and verified through another, and another, and another, and another. Now, there'll be no more trouble there, I'm sure of it.

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Erma: It's, it's done. But that just makes my heart say “wee.” That's good.

Fred: Well, I think that some of these people that come looking for help of whatever kind, don't have a very earnest desire, and that's easily detectable and therefore it doesn't elicit an equal response—

Erma: That's right.

Fred: —because the real desire isn't there. So why put forth the energy?

Erma: There's the key. There's the key. If the desire is great enough, it can't help but come back.

Fred: We see this every day. Dozens of times in a day sometimes, and if the desire isn't there, why, immediately that there's no basis of rapport to begin with—

Franklin: Yes.

Fred: —and you can pick it up pretty quickly.

Franklin: I had a boy come to me just about two days before we left for here, and he really had strong desire. One of these young hippie types that had taken LSD, and marijuana, and had spent a couple months in jail because of the marijuana, but he's obviously got the call to yoga and in particular the *bhakti* form. We had two sessions, and I got a copy of Aurobindo's *Synthesis of Yoga*, the large volume, into his hands. I loaned it first to him and he read some. He said he was enormously impressed with this book and so he—he has now that.

Erma: Mm-hmm.

Franklin: Well, anybody that gets up that hill, I'm open to.

Gertrude: You've got to climb the mountain to get—

Erma: Particularly in the winter.

Fred: Do they have to carry wire clippers Erma?

Erma: Sometimes. Now, if he—

Franklin: . . . I'll make one exception, Jehovah Witnesses. How do you handle Jehovah Witnesses?

Erma: Well, I usually let Paul go to the door, my son. And Paul's kind of a weird little character anyhow. And he opens the door, and he stands there with his mouth hanging open, looks them straight in the eye and listens to it, and then he says, "Have you had breakfast?" And they stand back a little while and they say, "Yes, quite a while ago." And then he'll make a remark like, "Wasn't it rosy?" And they look at each other and they turn and leave. He does; he does it just about like this. Or, or he will say, "My mother is opposed to all education." I'm not kidding.

Lillian: You have a good door keeper.

Erma: Oh. He also protects me every once and awhile when the phone rings. If he's decided that I've had too much, or no more is needed, and the phone rings, he answers it and he takes a great big deep voice and he says, "Kelly's mule barn." And that's—and then maybe they'll call back a second time, "Jim's tavern, what can we do for you?" And that's the end of that. They don't call again. One time my mother called though and he, he thought it was going to be something of the same sort and he answered it with "Kelly's mule barn." And she said, "Oh good gracious," and hung up. And then when she called back she said, "Guess who I got on the phone when I called?" She said, "I must have dialed one digit wrong." I said, "Well who was it?" She says, "Some gruff voice said Kelly's mule barn." Oh dear. So that's how I handle Jehovah Witnesses. I just turn them over to one of the boys.

Franklin: Well, you have a good system.

Gertrude: We never have had a salesman up there.

Erma: Really?

Franklin: We did have, no, not, no salesman, but the Jehovah Witnesses got up there once.

Erma: By gosh.

Franklin: I never thought it would happen.

Erma: Isn't that something.

Gertrude: They're very hard to get rid of.

Erma: They are something.

Franklin: Orthodox in her religious outlook. No possible communication between me and her at all. More with my father . . .

Erma: Mm-hmm. I've wondered about that myself because, it just seems in one way a strangeness that one would have that relationship without the communications, and the same thing was true in my own.

Franklin: It was true in yours?

Erma: Right. Very, very strange, and—

Franklin: It is non-understanding. I—the same with all of the family, I never—I'm not known. In fact, I rather like to live where I'm not known. But gradually one here and one there came into the picture, but you're a little more comfortable, I maintain—if, if someone opened the door and inquired, that's a different story.

Erma: Mm-hmm. Yes. But otherwise it's just—

Franklin: Otherwise, yes, it's better that way.

Erma: I found something that I thought you might be interested in. It's—I think Leadbeater wrote a book called *Path to the Masters* once upon a time. This is the book *The Path of the Masters*.² Not by Leadbeater. It's written by a man named Johnson.

Franklin: Oh, is it the Johnson that trans—Charles Johnson?

Erma: No. No. He was a physician, this man. Very little known, I think.

Gertrude: I wonder if we don't have that?

Franklin: I don't know it.

Gertrude: *Path of the Masters*?

Erma: I don't think you do.

Gertrude: Who, me?

Erma: I don't believe you would have this one.

Franklin: I don't.

Erma: I think you might have the—it might possibly be that you have read the one which was put out by the Theosophical Society, the same title; but I doubt very much that you would have this one. I would certainly be surprised.

Gertrude: Well, I bought one in Chicago years ago. It's not Leadbeater's.

Erma: Is it J. Johnson?

Gertrude: It might be. Is it, now, wait a minute. Is it published in Chicago?

Erma: No. Printed in France. Published in India.

Gertrude: Oh.

Erma: Julian Johnson. You know him?

Franklin: No I don't.

Erma: Well, he's not much known. But this is another thing that's kind of interesting. After I started to work over at the office, I found—being a Sagittarian, I wanted to see what was in the bottom of all the cupboards, and back in the storeroom, and in the places that couldn't be seen. And there were books, and books, and books; and I found that his immanence had bought

² Julian Johnson, *The Path of the Masters* (Punjab: Radha Soami Satsang Beas, 1939).

all kinds of books from time to time because he had the money to buy them and I didn't. And so the gentleman let him buy them but he never read them. He just stored them. So, as I found these books, one by one, I'd just almost go frantic because, God, here'd we have all these people coming through the office and here was this gem waiting for me. So I took to snitching 'em out one by one and reading them up in the corner, or maybe in a closet, or the bathroom, or any old place. And then when I got a little more open about it I would ask him if I might read them. And then I graduated a little bit more and every once in a while he would find one that was tucked away, and say would you like to read it? So this one is one that he bought a while back . . .

Fred: This one?

Erma: This one.

Fred: It's got a strange story behind it.

Erma: Why don't you tell them the story? I don't know that I want you to mention the man's name just yet, because I have a reason—

Fred: Oh, no.

Erma: —for keeping that one quiet.

Fred: I'll call him the Colonel?

Erma: Yes. Just call him the Colonel. But otherwise, tell the story.

Fred: One weekend while I was practicing in Indianapolis, I went to South Chicago to attend a weekend seminar—a medical seminar—and I walked in on a Saturday night to register at the motel where I had a reservation, so I gave the clerk my name, and I signed the register, and registered at the motel. While I was registering another gentleman walked up whom we'll call the Colonel. And I'd never seen him before. He was a nice looking man, impressive.

Erma: Tall. Very aristocratic face.

Fred: Friendly, tall, nice, nice—

Erma: Describe him, appearance wise.

Fred: —nice, nice looking man. Neither too, too fat, nor too thin, but tall and pleasant looking. And—

Erma: Very balanced face—

Fred: Yeah.

Erma: —very aristocratic face, very compassionate looking.

Fred: Yeah, a very, very noble looking type of man, and I'd never seen him before, and I just turned away a little bit from the registration desk. It was a small motel. It wasn't a great big room, so we were rather face to face with each other. And he made some remark, I can't remember right now because this was about 1960, or 2 or 3, somewhere through there, and finally one remark led to another. Just, just between strangers, supposedly. And we got quite a conversation going and then he said to me, he said, well I'm Colonel so and so, and so forth. And I said fine. He said "I have a book here." Have you ever heard of this book? And I said no, not by that author, and he talked about the book a little bit and I said, well where can I get a copy? He said, well, I have three or four here; he says, I'll let you have one. So I said, well how much is it?

It's ten dollars. So I gave him ten dollars and I took the book. And in the meantime he gave me his name and address and everything. So I went back to Indianapolis, and took the book back to Indianapolis with me, and I was working day and night like I always have been, and I didn't have a chance to read the book. I just put it on the shelf and figured, well, sometime, if that's a book I'm supposed to read, sometime I'll read that book. It's still the same way with 40 or 50 other books that I have judiciously selected at various times—

Erma: I couldn't afford them. He could.

Fred: So I got 'em all for Erma, I guess.

Franklin: Well.

Erma: Well. This was published in—

Franklin: I'm curious about that man.

Erma: Well, we'll tell you a little more about him later, but for right now we're not going to name him. Right now we're not going to name him.

Fred: She doesn't want you to know just who he is, I guess.

Lillian: She doesn't want everybody to know who she sent out to buy the books for her.

Erma: Well, he's—I think you would recognize him alright.

Fred: Yeah, Franklin would recognize him. Yes.

Erma: Tall and very, very familiar face probably.

Franklin: Yes.

Jim: Did he have a beard?

Fred: No, he was clean shaven.

Franklin: Oh, he was clean shaven? Yes.

Fred: Clean shaven, yeah.

Franklin: But was the face on the blonde or the darker side.

Fred: Well, no medium. Smooth skin. About 60ish or so, but didn't look that, for me actually.

Franklin: Well, I didn't mean necessarily extremely blonde but—

Fred: No.

Franklin: —definitely Caucasian white.

Fred: Yes. Uh-huh. Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.

Erma: Well, so—

Fred: He just wasn't an ordinary man. You could tell that—as most of us meet the ordinary.

Erma: Incidentally, he was well acquainted with Inayat Khan.

Franklin: That's right?

Erma: Mm-hmm.

Fred: Johnson was, Dr. Johnson.

Erma: Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm. The author of the book.

Franklin: Oh, good. Well, I had some acquaintance with Inayat Khan.

Erma: I know. This this little bit I'll read first, and then the part that I marked especially to read, I'll read later. This tells you a little bit about the author. He begins by saying:

To write a book is to tell oneself one's secrets, but through it, the reader must feel that he is discovering his own; this is the author's desire.

In a first volume, he described his impressions after spending four years [passed] "at the feet of the Master."³ He then [he—he's speaking in "I" and "he" presence].⁴ He then settled in India, this time not to teach but to learn.

[He] Dr. Johnson, the minister who preached, [he] the physician at the head of a hospital and [the whole of] its staff, and one [he] who gave orders became [a] the humble adept freed from all the baggage of the past in order to acquire the "knowledge." There the sick or crippled Indian brothers and sisters were given the advantage of his professional capacities. [He established a dispensary where] He treated and operated free of charge. And there on the bank of the river Beas, at the feet of the Master, he wrote this work which to-day constitutes [a] his spiritual legacy, the first of its kind revealed to the Occident.

In the course of our stay in India we had the privilege of discussing with him personally all the questions dealt with in this volume and we render homage of deep gratitude to his unselfish and disinterested efforts, to his perfect uprightness, rectitude and probity, to his tolerance and his untiring goodness. Dr. Johnson was a scholar of philosophy as well as of literature; he was also a man trained in scientific disciplines, precious token for every occidental mind.

He received us not with open hands to take but to give. His warm, benevolent and most generous hospitality [here it is again] and the acquaintance with the Master he discovered in the North of India on the bank of [a] this sacred river from which at sunrise the impressive profile of the Himalaya is to be seen, all this will remain in the very depth of our heart as the most moving, happy and blissful experience.

"God speaks to the [he's quoting] ears of every heart, but it is not every heart that hears Him", nevertheless, he who seeks, finds—sooner or later—and to everyone is given [a]the meeting he deserves. It is the destiny of every being to germinate in the dark—as the germ of wheat—and to die in the light but this death far from being an annihilation is in reality a "new birth!"⁵

³ This is a reference to an earlier book by Julian Johnson titled *With a Great Master in India* (Punjab: Radha Soami Satsang Beas, 1934).

⁴ Erma apparently confused the previous footnote notation with the first person pronoun "I." She is currently reading a passage from a preface to this book written in 1939 by Dr. Pierre Schmidt, hence the use of the third person pronoun "he."

⁵ This is a quote from Lekh Raj Puri, *The Spiritual Path*, 3rd ed. (Punjab: Radha Soami Satsang Beas, 1964).

“He who has found Him, seeks no more; the riddle is solved, desire gone, he is at peace. Having approached from everywhere that which is everywhere whole, he passes into the whole.”⁶

Pilgrim who treadest the Mystic Path, if thou searchest humbly and sincerely, thou wilt find in Santon-ki-Shiksha—this Voice of the Silence—the resolution of the great Enigma and the perfect Union with the Supreme Being from Whom thou issuest.⁷

Erma: Now that little part first. Okay. Now, the part that I wanted to read to you. First, as a transitional happening, which could be from what we call living to death or which could be from what we call sleeping to awakening.

Franklin: Yes.

Erma: They’re the same thing, really; so it can be taken for either way. And these are the teachings of the Master.

Now, *after death* what happens? Where do we go and what happens to us? [We have a lot of this, of course, in Theosophical teachings as to names of, conditions of, states of, and so on, but this is a little, this is a step further.] To answer this question we have divided mankind into four distinct classes or groups; and the reason is that each of these four groups meets with a different sort of experience after death.⁸

Erma: Which would be also the transition from not knowing to knowing.

⁶ This is a quote from Paul Brunton, *A Search in Secret India* (London: Rider & Co., 1934).

⁷ Julian Johnson, *Path of the Masters*, xxi-xxii.

⁸ *Ibid*, 382.