

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

Part 2 of 2

Franklin Merrell-Wolff
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[This recording begins with Erma Pounds reading from *The Path of the Masters* by Julian Johnson.¹]

1. The first class includes *all who have no master*, no Sat Guru. This of course, takes in the great bulk of mankind. All of these are obliged to meet the emergencies of death unsupported, unescorted, alone, under the law of their own karma. They are now to receive payment in full for just what they have earned in their life just finished. Of them the messengers of death ask not when they shall come, neither do they listen to the cries of distress. They are relentless, merciless. They operate under the orders of their master, the Negative Power, whose duty it is to administer absolute justice with no favoritism. As we all know, this class includes the vast majority of mankind. No matter to what religion they may belong, no difference between king or peasant, no matter how good or how bad, all alike must face the “dark angel” and follow where he leads. They must go when the hour strikes whether they are ready to go or not. Their individual wishes are not consulted. There is no remedy, there is no escape. No man can stay the hand of death when the inevitable moment arrives. All must face it alone and meet its issues.

Let no one imagine that his Lord of some past age will come to his relief at the moment of death. It is not so. His religion and the founder of that religion will do him but little good when he faces the ray of that court to which he must go. That summons he must answer and there he must appear to answer the stern demands of the law—the law of karmic justice. Each and every soul of this class is escorted to the Court, there to “give an account of the deeds done in the body,” as the book says. This accounting is not postponed until some future time when all mankind are called up and judged. Each one is judged. There is no such thing as a general “judgment day.” Every man’s judgment day comes. That court is always in session, and before that judge there will be no “attorney for the defense.” Each one judged according to his own record, and the sentence pronounced in strict accord with justice. But it is a Justice in which there is no mercy or clemency of the court. From that sentence there is no appeal and no release on probation. If a person has been, as they say, very

¹ Julian P. Johnson, *The Path of the Masters* (Punjab: Radha Soami Satsang Beas, 1939). This is the sixth edition of this work; it is not known what edition was used for this reading.

bad, living a selfish life, indulging his evil passions, his sentence will send him to some region of remedial and disciplinary punishment, or so he calls it. This sentence is not final, like that of an orthodox hell. It is intended to purge that soul of his evil mind. I use the words they give, not I.

He himself will know and fully approve of his own sentence, for he will know that it is exactly what he has earned. When the period of his discipline expires—which may be years, a century or a thousand years—he has another chance and returns for another birth and another to create for himself another karma. The deep impressions of his bitter experiences will be retained, and he will bring them with him into the new life although he may not remember the details. Automatically he will shun those paths which formerly brought him to grief. If he has learned enough, in the next, he is sure to have a better record.

If one has lived a better life, he will be sent to a better environment, to some sort of paradise, as they say, where he may enjoy that which he has earned, there to rest and recuperate, so to speak, until the time arrives for him to return once more. But in each and every case, one receives exactly what he has earned and in each case he must sooner or later return to be born once more on this earth.

Erma: Now, this is speaking of the general group:

If one has lived a very exalted and noble life,—

Erma: These are still the ones that have no master.

If one has lived a very exalted and noble life, he earns thereby the privilege of a long sojourn into some region of pure delight, there to await his eventual return. He may thus enjoy a thousand or more years in some heaven; but as certainly as time rolls on, he must finally return after his earnings have been spent. Thus each and every one must tread the wheel of birth and death, age after age, until the karma eventually brings him to a living Master.

2. The second class are *they who have had the Initiation from a living Master*, but who have done but little or nothing in the way of spiritual exercise. A few may have actually indulged their passions in unworthy conduct. As a result, they have made no progress on the Path. Yet they have a Master.

Erma: That's no measurable progress, I take it.

What happens to them? In what respect do their experiences differ from the common lot of mankind? There is a very important difference. The Master meets them at death or a little before. That is, he makes himself visible to them and he notifies them that their time is up. They must go. And they respond with joy. At least we have never known or heard of one who was not glad to go with the Master at the time of departure, and

without hesitation. They fear nothing, have no regrets at leaving family or world. No matter if they live ten thousand miles from the Master in the body, he is there in a form visible to them, to receive them and go with them. He comes to them in Radiant Form. As soon as they leave the physical body, the Master himself takes them to a region or “locality” which they have earned. There he places them in a sort of training school where they make good progress under his direction. If they have done very wrong, the Master himself administers discipline. They then continue in their training until the time comes when they are fit to go on. But in no case does any disciple of a true Master ever go before the judge, nor does a black angel of death ever approach him at the time of death. He cannot approach a disciple of a real Sat Guru. The Master himself is there to take care of his own and he is always in command of the situation. There is no power above him for that *chela*. The Sat Guru is the embodiment of the Supreme One, and as such he has power to do whatever he likes, and no one can obstruct his path.

3. A third class are *they who have made progress on the Path of the Masters*, but have not yet attained mastership themselves. All of this class know the day and the hour when they are to go, long before it comes. The entire process of death is under their own control, and there is never a shadow of difficulty or distress during the process of passing. Neither do they lose consciousness for a single moment. They pass out of the body as easily as one would lay off an old garment. In their daily practice, they have already gone through that process many times. So, the whole performance is quite familiar to them. Many times already they have visited the region to which they are now to pass. It is just like going back home. The only difference between his former visits to that region and his final exit from the physical world, is that now he breaks the “silver cord” and releases himself from that body forever. Separation being now complete, he is free to go where he wishes without any bonds of any sort. He goes directly to that region under the escort of his Master, where he is to abide for a time until he is ready to go on. And the Master is with him in consciousness during all of this change. He makes it in great joy, and his own free will. There is no compulsion. Of course, he has absolutely nothing to do with the dark angel. He like the second class, is taken care of by the Master. And it is an occasion of joyful home-coming.

These two classes never return to earth life again, unless it is so willed and ordered by the Master. Generally, they are taken on until they reach a little higher. It is extremely fortunate for any student if he has been able to reach Sach Khand before he leaves the physical body. The way to this is open to all, and they can do it if they do the required work. But in actual practice, not a very large percentage ever accomplish much. In each and every case, however, disciples of the Master are saved from the monotonous rounds. They have a choice, but their choice is submissive to the Master. Their dreary [we’ll skip that . . .]

4. The fourth and last class are the Masters themselves. When the time comes that a Master wishes to leave his body for all time, he simply lays it down of his own will and steps out of it, as he has so often done before, only now he breaks the cord and discards the body as an instrument for which he has no further use. And his disciples prepare it. The entire process, of his passing, as well as all circumstances connected with it, are under his own control, and there is never a momentary shadow of unconsciousness. He remains Master even through the process for they are Masters of life and of death, a truth often emphasized. They may do exactly as they please at all times, and no one can interfere. After leaving their bodies, they rise at once above physical or material world, above all lower heaven-worlds, and take up their residence wherever they see fit, according to their duties and responsibilities, entering upon higher duties, as these may have been assigned to them by the Supreme One.

It may be said in passing that the Masters do not generally remain in their physical bodies much, if any, longer than the usual time allotted.

Erma: However there is a special incarnation which allows for a little else than this.

They generally let Nature take its course, in all matters physical, although they have plenary powers to interfere with the usual routine if they saw fit to do so. It is not generally their plan to interfere. They could remain in their bodies for centuries if they wished to do so, and deemed it wise. But as a rule they do not. Many yogis have been known to keep their bodies for centuries, and any yogi truly so can do it. The Masters observe the laws of this world, and carry on their work in harmony with those laws as closely as possible. Their work is strictly of a spiritual nature, and they do not wish to interfere with the rules governing a foreign country in which they have but temporary interest. They come to this world for a definite purpose and they stick to that purpose and work as closely as possible. After all, what advantage would it be if they should live in the body for a few centuries or even thousands of years? They go on to their work. The Supreme Sat does not wish to have one of his beloved sons remain in this dark region, the nature of which is for that one more like a prison. When they have finished the work assigned to them, they are welcomed home. It would be a very great sacrifice to remain here indefinitely. While they would be willing to make that sacrifice, yet they do not permit themselves to do so.

Erma: I thought that was kind of interesting about the four types and their transition.

Franklin: Yes, that is quite suggestive.

Erma: Uh-huh, it's a little different approach.

Franklin: Yes.

Erma: A little different.

Franklin: No reference though to this opportunity that's given in there?

Erma: Not in this, I wouldn't think so. No. I, I think that you won't find it maybe except in *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* in its entirety.

Franklin: Mm-hmm. But, it makes sense. Well, that's the thing that draws me.

Erma: Well, yes. Well, I think the type of person who would read, not pronounce the words, but read, *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, would not have need for this sort of thing. But on the other hand, this sort of thing would add a good bit more for other people than would many of the books that we have available.

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Erma: So, I think it's serving a very good purpose. This that's offered, suggested in *The Book of the Dead* is something that most people would simply gloss over and think, that's very interesting, but not even know whether it's interesting or not.

Franklin: Yes. They don't know what it's talking about.

Erma: It isn't one of the best sellers.

Franklin: No. It enormously intrigued me the moment I found that it had such a similarity to the *High Indifference*.

Erma: Mm-hmm.

Franklin: In other words, a familiar zone.

Erma: Mm-hmm.

Franklin: It's what pulls me.

Erma: Now, stay awhile Franklin. I need a little blabber mouth around here.

Helen: That's how you get things blabbered.

Erma: Yes. Who would blabber if you were gone Franklin? We've got a few little blabberers around but they're not the blabbermouth you are. They just aren't— they can't touch you in that field, no sir. Oh dear. Funny. Funny.

Franklin: You might be interested, back in those old days—1936, '37—we had, many interviews with the one we called Senior.

Erma: Mm-hmm.

Franklin: And Lillian was there. The only other one that's living that was in on those conversations, and there were many, and she sometimes, few occasions took record as best she could in longhand. There'd be, thus, blanks, but I think she did a very good job for longhand. I have some of it here, if you are interested.

Erma: Yes.

Franklin: You might be interested in reading—

Erma: Yes. I definitely would.

Franklin: —it. It's a mixture of profundity with incidents like what they ate in Posedonis and, some of the times even statements about their way of life.

Erma: Mm-hmm. You know, I think that Lillian is to be given much credit.

Franklin: You wouldn't have this but for her.

Erma: You know—

Helen: She really did much.

Erma: —not only for this, but—

Franklin: For many other things.

Erma:—but for many, many things. I think that she is to be given very much credit . . . in the living room talking. We were going over some letters and papers that I had there. And when I had a few special ones that I had been leafing through back in the bedroom and had laid them out for her arrival, and, I said to her now, I'll get a few more that I want you to see. And I went back to get them and they weren't there. And I immediately knew that we were having a little fun around the place.

Franklin: Mm, little people, hmm.

Erma: Mm-hmm. So I went back in, sat down, and I said to Vasant, they're not there but they will be in a little while. And about that time the door opened. She and I were the only ones in the house. About that time the door opened and Donna came in through the kitchen. And, she greeted us and went right through the hallway and back to the bedroom, and in the meantime we felt that it was time to get up and look for them again, and she said what is it you're looking for? I said we're looking for some papers that are in a folder, and I described it accurately, and, oh, well, she said, it's right here. So, I said right where? She said in your, under your little box on your bedside table. I have a special little box that I bring out there occasionally. And, I said okay. I said to Vasant, why don't you go back and get them, and tongue-in-cheek, Vasant went back and when she got there they were gone again. So, this time Donna got pretty intrigued with it. She said they were right there. I saw them. And I said, well honey you must have been mistaken, they're not there now. They were there. I saw them. And Vasant said, well they're not there now. Well, about this time Ed came in, and this was at a time when he was seeing all kinds of things happen, and I can see why it might have upset him. So Vasant came back in and sat down and she got the giggles about the whole thing at this point. I said, well Vasant we're not going to do anything with them right now. Why don't we have a cup of tea? So I went out to the kitchen. I brewed a cup of tea, and came in and sat down, and talked to Vasant for a few minutes. Donna came—she said, well did they appear anywhere else? And he said, did what appear? Mama had a pack of papers in a yellow envelope with a great big stamp on one corner and sealing wax on the back side, and they were back there a little while ago and they disappeared right before our very eyes. And I said well, maybe we just mislaid them, and she said, I guess you did mislay them and, oh, this little look of more of the same, you know. So, about that time Vasant's teacup rattled, and she was sitting on the end of the couch where you usually sit, you know, and the table here beside it. Teacup rattled, we looked, and here it was, under her saucer. Vasant looked at me, and her eyes got this big, and Donna's eyes got this big, and my eyes got that big too, I think. And, Ed said now look, he said they were probably there all the time. And Donna said, they were not, and Vasant said, they were not, and I said, no they weren't. And, he denied, denied what he had just seen. So, he mentioned a book

that he thought Vasant would be interested in about twenty minutes later. It was one of Gamow's books. So he walked over to the shelf to get it down and it wasn't there. And, he said well I remember distinctly putting it back on the shelf this morning. Were you reading it, he said to me. And I said, no I haven't had it down. Well, I remember distinctly putting it right there. So, he went over the books again. Two or three times he did this. And he went back to the bedroom and he looked back there a little while. Pretty soon he came back out, went over and looked again at the shelf. He sat down puzzled and he just didn't know where in the world that could have been. Where could he have put it? Donna went over to the shelf where he had just been. She said, what kind of a book is it Daddy? He described it color-wise and size-wise. It's right here on the shelf. And he went back; it was right on the shelf.

So he brought it out and put it down and was going to do a little talking about it with Vasant. Decided he would have a cup of coffee instead of tea. Went out, the coffee was already hot. I went to get his cup of coffee. He came as far as the door to meet me with it, I suppose. Took it from my hand, turned around, his book was gone. That day was one of just continual playing. We finally just gave up any attempt to study and decided that we weren't intended to do it. The next day we got with all of it. But it was, it was a day when quite a bit was going on. Afterward, we decided—and lately we talked about it too—that a good bit of that at that time was for his benefit. But later on the reasoning and the logic came to the front to try to determine what had really happened. But don't know; didn't fit.

Franklin: Yes, that would be dumbfounding.

Erma: Well, and, and as I've thought since, it would be pretty hard to live with, I guess.

Franklin: Yes.

Erma: I guess it would. Did I show you the Tibetan coin?

Franklin: I don't think so. I don't recall it.

Erma: I'll have to bring that for you then. I had that for quite a while. It's a very unusual thing. It's so worn from handling that it's almost paper thin—silver with a thousand and one symbols on it. And it was said to have been passed down for how many centuries, I don't know. One person said that it had once been handled by Tsong-Kha-pa.

Franklin: Hmm.

Erma: And once, when I was trying to find out more about Tsong-Kha-pa, and held it, I was given the phrase, the son of Kapila, to think about. Well, anyway that coin disappeared and in its place was left a little tiny bell, just a teeny, little bell with a couple symbols on it, and for months it was gone. And finally it did get back. Carl and I were in the kitchen one morning and we suddenly heard a crashing, glass-breaking sound, and on the cabinet beneath the stove, or beside the stove, was—there was no broken glass, but it sounded for all the world like a glass had just shattered—and on the cabinet by the stove where there had been nothing before except the little bell, was the coin, and the bell was gone. Now what purpose that was back for all those months, I don't know, but when I

picked it up, it was icy cold, and it's generally quite warm. It was just as if it had been frozen.

Franklin: Hmm.

Erma: It usually radiates quite a bit of warmth.

Franklin: Now, are they ever a serious annoyance?

Erma: No. No.

Franklin: They wouldn't interfere with some serious—

Erma: Oh, no. No. As a matter of fact, usually, if I stop to think about it, I find that they are a necessary distraction or, sometimes a little help where it's needed.

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Erma: Now, for instance, had we been studying as we planned to on those papers, the day that Vasant was there, two occurrences would have taken place that we hadn't counted on. One was that it was a day when school was dismissed early and we, we didn't know that. Donna came in early and, Ed came home early. So, you might say it was a bit of help.

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Erma: But there was also a little merriment with it. If they're gonna help, they're going to have their fun too, begorra. No, I've never known it to be negative.

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Erma: I'll say that. Let's see what time it is? Well, what do you have to say about this coming year?

Gertrude: Is there a new cycle?

Franklin: Your hopes or prognostications in the field of events and so forth, or—

Erma: Whatever comes. I addressed it to Franklin, but I'm talking to you.

Franklin: I don't have an impression that it's going to be a tragic year at all. I don't think that we'll sink under the ocean like we did last year.

Erma: Coastline and all.

Franklin: Yeah.

Gertrude: Erma is not one of those who predicted that.

Franklin: No. I know you didn't. Dr. Goyette seemed to be taking that seriously. I'm going to have a little fun with him.

Erma: Well.

Franklin: Um.

Erma: Go ahead.

Franklin: Mm?

Erma: Go ahead.

Franklin: Just this moment I have an impression that it's going to be a movement to something a little bit sounder than what was. I'm a, I'd say a bit optimistic.

Erma: Good.

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Erma: I did have a vision that I'm going to tell you about. I'm not, I'm not sinking California under the ocean, but did have a vision. Occurred, was it last week?

Fred: Mm-hmm.

Erma: I was at the office at the time, came on unexpectedly. I saw a large truck, one of these big, big trucks, like a boxcar, moving down a hillside in California, and quite suddenly the whole hillside moved. And the date was placed as April 13th. Wasn't that clear?

Franklin: 13th of 69?

Erma: Yes. Then there followed that, another vision—these were waking consciousness—in which I found myself sitting on a hill in a large plain, and on another hill, not too far distant, White Bear was sitting. And I was trying to communicate with him but it seemed that he wasn't hearing quite at the time. Then an old one came up from behind the hill, climbed up with him and sat with him, and he heard. And—now help me with this; I've lost a couple things there. There were three seated, one chariot, two squash, or something like a gourd—two gourds—one chariot, two gourds, and three what? I may not get this one out to you, I don't know. All of this symbolic, Hopi symbolism. And the old man who sat on the hill with Bear was going to write in the sand so that it would be understood, and it was that there will be much devastation, and then the date again, April 13th.

Franklin: Could be an earthquake.

Erma: This pertained to California. Now, I don't know what it means literally in order, in exact detail, and I'm not enough interested to go digging for it.

Franklin: Well, you know, according to Richter, on just external probabilities that heavy earthquakes on the faults occur approximately, very roughly, once a century.

Erma: Mm-hmm.

Franklin: And we're close to a century on the fault that's near us. There are four places listed as a high probability for a severe one.

Erma: Mm-hmm.

Franklin: So that sort of thing could happen.

Erma: Mm-hmm. Well, I thought of that. I also thought of devastation in other ways.

Franklin: Oh, the—

Erma: And Fred turned up something very interesting here the other day, astrologically.

Fred: I was looking at an astrological chart; I noticed that there was going to be a conjunction pretty soon of Mars with Neptune—

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Fred: —and I said to Erma, I said you know that's interesting. I said you know Mars rules fire and Neptune rules oil, and here we have all this oil off the coast of California, and there's been news reports of the dangers. If a fire should ever take place out there, it would be devastating to the coastline.

Franklin: Well now Bob said something about their effort to burn the oil that was spilled near England. They really tried to burn it and it wouldn't burn.

Erma: Right.

Fred: Mm-hmm.

Erma: Right. Mm-hmm.

Fred: But whether the oil's the same there or not—

Franklin: Well, that might—

Fred: —well so how much oil. The thickness of the oil film has something to do with it too.

Erma: About two inches off the coast over there.

Fred: That's not a thin film, relatively speaking.

Erma: It's not enough to siphon it up.

Fred: Two inches is a pretty thin film.

Erma: I understand it has to be about six inches to be able to really get it off the ocean.

Franklin: That's with their present pumps.

Fred: And then the emulsifying chemical that they tried to use, I understand is very flammable. Extremely flammable. So—

Franklin: That could be it.

Fred: That could make the difference.

Erma: Now, this conjunction was also due—

Fred: Yeah, we looked that up, didn't we? When did they tell you?

Erma: We thought about the 8th and it could also run into the 13th he said. Well, not the conjunction itself but the influence.

Fred: Well, within two—

Gertrude: Is it February or—

Fred: —within two degrees orb it would be? Wouldn't—

Erma: Wow, now. That's now.

Fred: —the end of this, the 21st of this month.

Erma: The end—it's, it's very soon. Very soon—

Fred: About the 21st of this month is what I looked up.

Erma: Right. Uh-huh. Right.

Fred: See, see we can't go by the exact conjunction because the heavy planets have an orb two degrees at which time it becomes effective. Two degrees *before* the exact conjunction is the orb that most of your—the astrologers will allow, so there's a possibility that we might get some news in that regard.

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Fred: Particularly if they start to use that emulsifier. And then as you know, boats give off sparks and this is always a fact, if you're a pilot. You've always got to use your bilge pumps or something to get the fumes out of the, out of the certain parts of the boat. A single spark could create a fire on a boat very easily.

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Fred: Anything in the wrong place.

Franklin: Of course there might be volatile parts, elements in an oil in one area that's lacking in another. It might make the flammability different.

Erma: Mm-hmm.

Bob: Yes, the oil in England was a very thick oil.

Erma: Mm-hmm.

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Fred: Well, is most oil that's, that's, that's drilled, when it's in the crude state, isn't that thick too?

Bob: I believe so, yes.

Fred: Mm-hmm.

Erma: That stayed for years and years and years, didn't it Bob?

Erma: . . . a plane, or just what, but the message was very definite—and I wouldn't say that the, that I'd go so far as to predict it's going to sink under the sea. Who was it, oh, you wrote that Lee had given me credit for some statement that—this was some while back—some prediction, and Lee said that Erma said—

Gertrude: The one that—

Erma: —or something or other, and I thought, oh, dear God. And I needed—

Gertrude: The water would not reach the redwoods.

Erma: I don't remember what it was now, but at the time I thought, now how strange it is that one gets quoted for something that one never said.

Franklin: Oh yes, that happens.

Erma: By the way, I have not had communication from, San Francisco people—Bernard and Nadine. They came for a visit and . . .

Fred: Not a word.

Bob: Not a peep since?

Erma: Just—

Gertrude: I thought that it was Doroethy's.

Franklin: Now, you know a funny thing—

Erma: no communication.

Franklin: —in '67 we stopped at Tiberon's in order to make contact with them—

Erma: I heard about that.

Franklin: —a couple of the days. And we had some conversation, some showing of pictures, and Bernard says, will you take us on as *chelas*? Well, I feel I haven't a right to turn anybody down, but I have a right to make a test. And I said well, I gave one—this one instruction: Bernard talk more and Nadine talk less.

Erma: And that did it?

Franklin: That did it.

Erma: Now, I heard about it.

Gertrude: She, she hasn't been writing to anybody.

Erma: Well, that's good.

Gertrude. It was just a short message at Christmas and think she wrote Doroethy a note, and she explained that she's not feeling well now. She doesn't, just doesn't feel like doing anything. And she's just not writing anybody unless it's necessary.

Erma: . . . any of the Indians say just what it was. They only knew that it was time for them to move, and if you ask, well what's going to happen, unless it's a drunk Indian, he won't likely tell you.

Fred: Well, now on the other hand, if they're making these predictions and these people are actually physically moving from one geographical area to another, does that mean it's only going to be on the subtle physical? If it's only on the subtle physical, why move.

Franklin: Well, that's true, but I'm assuming that they may have the two zones confused in whatever communication they have. They don't spot it precisely perhaps. And there's some evidence that in certain states of consciousness the two flow together so that it's a kind of a confusion. There's one of the four books that are edited by Evans-Wentz—do you remember the title of this one—it's not the *Secret Doctrine—Yoga and the Secret Doctrine* or *Milarepa*, but the other one.

Gertrude: *The Great Liberation.*

Franklin: Hmm?

Gertrude: *The Liberation.*

Franklin: *The Liberation*, yes. In the biography of the chief figure in there, it speaks about events that could happen in a world like this, that slips into other events directly, that couldn't possible happen out here in the gross physical, then slips back as though there was a consciousness at that time that flowed between them so that they were one whole. And no clear differentiation made. Now, could it be that in the Indian consciousness, there's something of that sort; that they would not have a clear demarcation or separation between a gross physical event and a subtle physical event?

Erma: I think it could very well be with them; with certain ones of them especially, but then is the—they're people who live so close to nature—

Franklin: Yes.

Erma: —that they partake of subtle forces, and to them they are very physical.

Franklin: I know before the St. Francis dam went out, and there were some Indians in the canyon below that had been imported by Harry Carey for an Indian post. They left before the dam went out.

Erma: Mm-hmm.

Franklin: I know too that when an area of the outlet from . . .

Erma: Oh, yes.

Franklin: Prophecies. Prophecies.

Erma: And more prophecies.

Franklin: —and I don't see them coming through.

Gertrude: One of these days one of them will surprise you Franklin.

Helen: Imagine that. It finally came through.

Gertrude: But I never heard them like this last year.

Jim: Well, what, Helen said about that prophesy on California from Dr. Goyier at Franklin's so she could see Franklin out there standing on the mountain with the water coming over his head saying, well I'll be darned it came true.

Franklin: It would be worth it to see that, hmm?

Gertrude: What is the chance that, that, they have picked up—the different ones have picked up some symbols and misinterpreted them. What is the chance that it could be the real manifestation could be, as a, a kind of civil war or something?

Erma: I don't know.

Gertrude: Burning.

Erma: I don't know. As I say, it could be many, many things. When you're, when you're moving in the in-between realm between this plane consciousness and the other

consciousness—which is what happens when a vision is produced—you, you get symbols that are mixtures from two areas, you might say; and the symbol relates to an idea. But for it to have any meaning on this plane we're going to examine it, we have to have several symbols put into the form of an emblem so as to get the message of the related ideas. Now, again, you're switching back and forth between two and I don't know. I think if I wanted to concentrate the energies on it and really dig, I could find out but I'm not that curious about it, yet. I'm a little bit curious, but not that curious. I suppose it could be a civil movement or civil war as well as something else. I don't, I just don't know Gertrude.

Gertrude: Or a general uprising or a burning of everything—

Erma: It could be—devastation could be on many, many planes. The thing that impressed me was that it was a definite date. The word was quite forceful, and it pertained to California.

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Erma: So, now what that would be—

Franklin: Well now, we'll remember—

Erma:—I don't know.

Franklin:—that's only about a little over two months from now—

Erma: Yes.

Franklin: —and—

Erma: It may be that Franklin will take on a harem.

Fred: That's something devastating.

Franklin: Take on a what?

Erma: A harem.

Gertrude: Well, I guess I'll have some company, won't I?

Franklin: Oh, by the way, I had a little fun last night when we were over at Doroethy's. And that Dana came over to me and I said to her, I married you forty-nine years ago in 1920. And she said, I don't remember that far back. And that didn't seem to be much of a difficulty. So she became, I thought she was a little bit possessive.

Lillian: She got him pretty good though. She said she wasn't born then. And then she said was that in my last incarnation?

Erma: She's a character. How was Wes last night?

Franklin: I had a good feeling about him. The trouble there, Doroethy was expecting some real trouble. And that he would ask her whether she told me anything. And she'd be up against the necessity of telling the truth and there was no way of avoidance that she could imagine in time. Well, he was mad, but not at me, but at—

Erma: Obadiah.

Franklin: Obadiah. And the reason doesn't seem to be connected with what we were talking about, but because Doroethy goes to meeting over there. And he has, and Wes feels some influences—evidently jealousy. And that was the trouble. There's nothing—I could feel nothing adverse so far as I was concerned or extending toward me.

Erma: Good.

Franklin: He even asked me what I thought of Obadiah.

Jim: Incidentally, I may not have passed this on to you, but when I talked to Doroethy this afternoon, I passed on to her what I had heard that Erma had said, that it would be a mistake for her to give up going to that—

Franklin: Yes.

Jim: —church.

Erma: Well, I think it would, if she wants to go.

Jim: —and, and she told me that, she said that Wes, this morning, told her that he wanted her to continue to go to that church.

Helen: Yes.

Franklin: Is that right? Well, that may be the result of what I said.

Jim: So, it may be working out a little.

Erma: Good. I hope so.

Franklin: At any rate, I felt a pleasant rapport with Wes.

Erma: Good.

Gertrude: Well, as far as I—

Franklin: But at the same time, you know what Obadiah said, and evidently Aurobindo emphasizes, that there, a person may seek awakening while it's still a matter of green fruit, as it were and they should be held back. I had a feeling that that is true about Wes. And that he's under a pressure because he's so close to Doroethy and he's totally unoriented that way. And if I read the signs, sometime, it might be years, but they'll separate.

Erma: Well, that could be.

Franklin: Remember what Jesus said—that he separated families.

Erma: Set brother against brother.

Helen: Well, Doroethy said it was a problem, that they did talk late this morning.

Erma: Well, good.

Helen: And he said, well, he had always wanted her to love him above everything else. And he said of course you don't, because the work comes first. And I said, well of course. It has to. So at least he sees that it does, and he's not reconciled to that, you see.

Lillian: Well, he said something I thought was . . . said he had, you know, well I guess gone along part way, but he said, I find myself now being drawn more to the

sensuous side. He said more of the outer than sensuous life. And he said it seems I have to go that way. He said, I'll probably regret it. And, I—I said well maybe it's only a temporary thing. You know just an experience. He said, I hope so.

Franklin: He has said also he couldn't understand what is being said. He said, no use going to the Peoples Meeting. It didn't ring any bell at all. I suggested to him if he wanted to get some view of what's going on in the simplest, clearest form, well-organized, was Judge's *Ocean*. It's a short book anyhow. I hope he does. He may get some idea what it's all about because Doroethy and I have talked, and I know that he wasn't at all on the beam—not knowing what was going on.

Erma: I'll tell you who speaks to Wes, and that's Khalil Gibran.

Franklin: Who?

Erma: Khalil Gibran.

Gertrude: The author of *The Prince*.

Erma: Mm-hmm. That one he, that one he likes. Did, anyway, would read for hours and hours and hours.

Helen: *The Prophet*.

Erma: Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.

Franklin: Would he read Corelli's books, I wonder. Do you think that would touch him?

Erma: I don't know.

Gertrude: Are they sophisticated?

Franklin: *Life Everlasting*?

Erma: I don't know whether her's would or not Franklin.

Franklin: Of course, I wouldn't vouch for—

Gertrude: Ask me to ask—

Franklin: —dead accuracy of what she says at all, but . . .

Erma: No, but it might open a door.

Franklin: Might open a door.

Erma: Well, he could try. I don't know, Franklin.

Gertrude: Doroethy asked me to ask you all if it would go no farther than this small group.

Erma: Oh, well, of course.

Helen: —that we've spoken to you—

Erma: That's understood.

Franklin: No, we don't talk about that—

Erma: Why should there?

Franklin: We don't spread gossip. Furthermore, I get a good deal of material that the lawyers would call privileged that I don't talk about.

Helen: No, I know you do.

Franklin: But—now returning to this tendency to prophesy. Ever since 1915, when I took up residence at Halcyon at the Temple of the People, I've known students to get ecstatic pleasure out of the anticipation of a disaster—

Erma: I know—

Franklin: —impending—hmm?

Erma: And being awfully disappointed when it didn't come off.

Franklin: Well, they, the next, they forget it doesn't happen and then there's another one, a prophesy, they see another one coming; and they keep living in that anticipation, and—

Erma: I remember an old Baptist preacher who used to have a big one going most of the time. And it would come the day for it and all hell didn't break loose then, and I would torment him. I'd go to him and I'd say it didn't happen. And he would look at me with all solemnity and say it was only my prayers that saved it. Three times he averted disaster, Franklin. Worldwide.

Gertrude: That happened in 1962—February 4th and 5th. They were predicting the end of the world, but everybody's prayers saved it.

Erma: Well, the truth of the matter is, it's only because of Fred and I working together so hard the first hour of the morning. And then when Bob comes at 5:30—

Fred: He takes up the—

Erma: —the little conversation that occurs then is really what turns the tide. Isn't it Bob?

Bob: Oh, sure.

Gertrude: I was always curious about that date though. Something, something did happen, didn't it? Or—

Erma: When?

Gertrude: February 4, 1962.

Erma: Well, in February of '62 we had a great conjunction.

Gertrude: Yeah.

Erma: And undoubtedly something happens when you have a conjunction. But how many—

Fred: Well, it was on the subtle planes.

Erma: Yes, how many are aware of it is something else again.

Gertrude: Yeah, but the form it takes, I'm curious about.

Erma: And far as an end, I'm sure that it was an end in this world to a good many things that had been, and a beginning for something else.

Gertrude: Of course, some had predicted a rainy weekend, and . . .

Fred: Well, even the worst weatherman can do that.

Gertrude: I think that's the way the wind will go on.

Erma: By the way, I have heard that there are reports that the Chinese leader is gone, but they're keeping it quiet.

Franklin: The Chinese what?

Fred: Mao Tse-Tung?

Erma: The Chinese—

Gertrude: Mao?

Fred: Mao?

Fred: Oh. Oh.

Erma: I have, I don't know that it's authentic, but I have heard it said that he may be dead—

Franklin: It was—

Erma: —as of his birthday.

Franklin: Mm-hmm. What date was that?

Gertrude: How old was he?

Erma: The 24th of December.

Franklin: Mm-hmm.

Lillian: But he was holding up very well.

Franklin: Well, he was ailing. He's quite old.

Gertrude: How old?

Erma: But I don't know that they would announce it if he had gone.

Franklin: No.

Gertrude: They use a lot of trickery there. They use the little pictures made active at home.

Erma: . . . late. These people have to sleep.

Gertrude: It's not either.

Erma: It is too. Franklin needs his rest. Jim needs his rest.

Gertrude: We're just getting, we're just getting started.

Erma: Well, it could go on all night, you know.

Franklin: But now, no you don't have to. This goes on for years.

Erma: True.

Franklin: And—

Erma: And centuries.

Franklin: —after you're dead too.

Erma: And *manvantaras*. Well, I'll call you first thing—

Franklin: Okay.

Erma: —in the morning then, or Helen and relay the message—