

# Running Commentary Following Gertrude's Death

## Part 8 of 53

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This is the continuation of the commentary.

I woke up this morning very early, as I have been doing nearly all the time since the passing of Gertrude. I woke up with a sense of a very deep, inner fatigue and a feeling that if I do not soon get some real rest from this psychical activation, I don't know what will happen. The thought has even come to me that I might go over the deep end. Rest, in an effective sense, seems to be of imperative importance to be relieved for a time from this psychical activation.

Now I'll return to something that happened on the night of the 29th of June. I was playing a group of records on the phonograph—they were records involving the human voice—and I was in a rare state, for this time, of contemplation, and found myself developing, apparently through the aid of the contemplation and the music, into a modest ecstatic condition. I maintained this for some time in the living room, running the records, and finally retired at about ten o'clock. I had what for this time was a good night and in the morning there still was a remnant of that ecstatic condition. This is the first and only positive state realized during the past month. I get relief by turning to the tapes and listening to Dr. Brugh, to Robert Johnson, to my own comments on the matter, and I get a partial relief out of that; but there is all the while, this incessant activation of psychical contents. There seems no real durable rest anywhere, except in the presence of X. What shall be done? I'm in a quandary. I heard recently that K. was reconsidering whether she would come here; that leaves me in a state of increased insecurity.

In effect, three ways have been presented to me for the continuation after the death of Gertrude. These are: one, the way of death; two, the way of the companion; and three, the way of a god. I know that since Gertrude left, the way of death has seemed particularly attractive, and, no doubt, is the easiest way. One thing that was a little consoling out of that recent ecstatic state was that I had a sort of impression that the process of life here would not last very long and that I would be permitted legitimate death. That seemed attractive.

The other way, the way of the companion, I followed that way after Sherifa's death. The period which followed Sherifa's death was extremely difficult. After everything had been done, and I had officiated at the funeral service and at graveside, and the relatives who had come up finally went home, the bottom dropped out. I went into a state of desolation very hard to indicate. It is a state in which there seems to be nothing left of the sap of life. I saw a forest recently after a fire had been through it, where all the trees were black and lifeless, the ground covered with ashes, and not a living thing around. That aroused in me a psychical feeling very similar to this that happened after the death of Sherifa. It had a curious effect upon one's processes, in the psychical sense. As I

sat in the car, intending to drive back to my home—I had been out tending to some chores connected with an apartment house—I found I didn't know how to get back home. It was wiped out of my mind by this state of desolation. I studied for awhile and then recalled that I knew the first part of the course I would have to take. So, I went along that, and I found that by the time I had to come to a turn, that was recalled, and I gradually made my way home successfully. This happened two or three times.

Then there was the sense of bleeding, to which I have referred to before, and the later identification that, in fact, it was a bleeding of *prana*. I had been giving Sherifa all the support I could and was even told that I was keeping her alive, as it were, by a kind of *pranic* transfusion. And when—toward the end of the period of her long illness, living on oxygen all the time—evidence of gangrene came, confirmed by the doctor, I realized the situation had become quite impossible and I deliberately withdrew the *pranic* support, and she passed in within 24 hours—tending to confirm the idea that I was, indeed, keeping her alive. But the result was, that I had this sense of bleeding, and I could not stop it; and there are very few who have any understanding of that sort of thing.

I found that when I was close to certain feminine entities, the bleeding would stop. I would have a sense of a kind of delight in *anahata* and a feeling that if one had psychic vision he would see the rose color there. The thought came to me that if I was to continue in the work to which Sherifa and I had been dedicated, I would have to stop this bleeding. I studied for awhile as to whether it would be wise to terminate then, let the bleeding go, and pass in, myself. But I seemed to be impressed there was more to be done, and if that was to be done, I had to find some companion who could have the effect of stopping that bleeding.

I made a search, and I set certain conditions: one was they had to be willing to go with me; second was that they had to be available; and the third was they had to carry this quality that would affect the stanching of the bleeding. In that search, I found Gertrude. And from the time she became my companion, the bleeding stopped and has not opened up again with her passing, implying that it was an effective healing. Now, this was not due to something that Gertrude understood and could apply consciously. It grew out of something which she was in relation to me. As a result of this combination, we had nineteen years of exceedingly happy life; and, what is more important, it was a productive life. I believe that I have produced on tape more material in those 19 years than in the years that preceded. This would seem to indicate that the course I took was the right course at that time.

Now, one effect that the association with Gertrude produced, about which I was not too happy, was that the *imago* of Sherifa was covered over, as it were, by the *imago* of Gertrude; though my esteem and regard of Sherifa remains as ever. But it seemed that this was necessary to effect the wholeness in my psyche that would make it possible to produce further work. So, I accepted that. But now that Gertrude has gone, the bleeding, as I said, has not started again, but I'm in a state of deeper desolation. I'm moving in the field of blackened trees and ash covered ground, except in so far as relief has come from those who have contributed, as did Dr. Brugh Joy and Robert Johnson, and a certain help from X, which is the most potent of all.

Shall I try to go the way of the god, and then fail through exhaustion; or shall I go, again, the way of a companion, if I can find one who is willing to go with me? That is the issue as I face it today. I do reject the way of death as voluntarily imposed by will or the cutting off of life, for that is a sin against the Good Law. I find the desolation and sleeplessness, the weariness, too great to endure. Is it indeed true that there is a dichotomy between the way of the companion and the way of the god? Something in me says this is not necessarily so. Simply, one must not permit the companion to occupy a place that obscures the god; but, it is possible, so it seems to me, to go both the way of the companion and the god. That is the way toward which my decision is now inclining.

The problem in connection with the way of the god is that it implies the complete crucifixion of the human personality. I never have thought of myself as a god in that sense. To be sure, there is the sense in which I and along with me all creatures are in reality Brahman; but there is another sense in which we speak of the god as an entity that has risen superior to all the limitations of a human nature—a kind of godhood which is attained rather than the innate godhood which is characteristic of all creatures whether they know it or not. This, no doubt, is a lofty way that can be maintained in solitude, in solitary function, all supported lying within oneself, from which one can radiate and be independent of the support of the back return; but I don't have the inflation to imagine myself that lofty.

Of late, I have been sharing information which I have been sharing secretly for a long time to those who have an appropriate right to it. This information should be shared, and now I do not know how long I shall be here. And further, I have been sharing the anguishes and other features of this dolorous way with those who come to hear me. This is the sort of thing that in my former years was really inconceivable. I have always been, heretofore, oriented to the presentation of a proper attitude towards the public, to present the knowledge that I may have garnered to all who might value it, but to leave unspoken the private, sensitive facts of the personal life. But with the shock of Gertrude's departure, and also with a due consideration for that possibility affirmed by both Dr. Brugh Joy and Robert Johnson that I carry a collective responsibility, I have opened the door to the sharing of intimate facts. It is a little like being psychologically vivisectioned in public or being rendered completely nude in the public assembly. It is basically a difficult thing to do; but Dr. Brugh Joy says that this is the revealing of something that has been very largely hidden heretofore. The Oriental Illuminati give us a view of very little of this. Sri Aurobindo has given us some, but not a complete view. Generally, the Oriental who travels the way, when he ultimately emerges gives formal directions or a metaphysical philosophy, but hides from others the travail, and delights, and other details of his own intimate experience. So, Dr. Joy insists that this should be revealed so that those others who are traveling the journey, knowingly or not, may have some guidelines in this intimate domain. Well, I have made this sacrifice, and I'm speaking as frankly as I can. Perhaps when I've unloaded all, I may be permitted to depart from this outer domain.

Oh Gertrude, why did you leave me so suddenly? That morning you prepared my breakfast though not eating yourself; and while we were preparing for the Sunday meeting you asked me to go with you to the emergency room of the hospital and by noon had passed away—no preparation, just an immeasurable shock. What will I do without

you? When Sherifa left, there was a long preparation. In 1950 she was at the ashram for the last time. Thereafter, her health declined and she finally left me after nine years—a long preparation. And although that was hard to take, still, it was not the shock that came from just a few hours of no indication that such a departure was immanent. I had been preparing for what seemed to be the reasonable and probable course of events. You were 24 years my junior and had the presumptive greater longevity of the female sex and I assumed the reasonable course that I would predecease you and had planned all things to that end on the practical and the emotional level and then all was turned topsy-turvy and I stand wounded and alone.

In my initial search for the hidden truth I made the sacrificial offering of the career I most preferred and began a groping search for that great value. Often I stumbled. Often I felt that I had made an error. But in the end, I found Shankara and then very promptly the door opened to a value transcending all other values this world could offer, and I became, in effect, a Vedantist. But I renounced the release as a private Realization and in a few short days there walked into my consciousness another and greater Realization that rendered of me a Buddhist. So with these two, I found myself both a Vedantist and a Buddhist and thought that it was more than anyone had a right to expect. And for forty years I spoke from out this basis, and wrote, and otherwise produced. I found it a most satisfactory career, a more than ample compensation for the sacrificial offering that I had made. And I thought this was enough, and more than enough, for a lifetime. But now it appears that more is required: that the illumination of the mind is not enough; that, in addition, the heart also must be illumined. And this it is that appears to be the process under which I am proceeding. But this way hurts incredibly. It make of the other effort to seem as almost the achievement of a child. Never was it a way of profound suffering, but this way is such. It cuts into the very vitals of one's being and melts down all hardness.