

On the Place Gertrude Had in this Work

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July 11, 1978

Tonight I shall speak to you instead of giving a tape. Next Friday we will run the memorial tape that was produced on the fourth of June with respect to the passing of Gertrude. Next Tuesday we will run a tape involving a major dream, very major, that took place nearly 50 years ago and was precipitated into action with the death of Gertrude; that we'll have next Tuesday.

I'm speaking concerning the place Gertrude had in this work. I don't know that any of you realize just what that was, and I shall go into a bit of personal history to make clear what her office was and what her contribution was.

In 1920, on the 25th of June, I was married to the one whom you have heard of as Sherifa. We were brought together because of a work to be done, not for the usual reasons. We were diametric opposites. I was a Cancer, she a Capricorn, and she was eleven and a half years older than I was. I was married to her for thirty-nine years and had worked with her four or five years prior to that. We founded The Assembly of Man. We engaged in other work before that. We founded the *ashram* in Tuttle Creek Canyon in the mid-region of the Sierra Nevada. The last time she was there was in 1950 and her health was never strong enough to return. There was a slow decline. We continued with some lectures in San Fernando. Ultimately selling some property, we were able to move to Santa Barbara where she wanted to be near the water, but she declined so much that she got little benefit from that. During 1958 to the end, she was bedbound, under oxygen all the time, and continued to live when the doctor thought there was no possibility of living.

Now, here is where the important point comes in. I was doing everything I could to maintain her life. It seems that I succeeded in producing what is known as a direct transfusion of *prana* or life-force. There came a time when gangrene developed. I knew this was an impossible situation. I withdrew my support and she passed in in twenty-four hours. After that, I went into an experience of desolation, an enantiodromia, and a subtle bleeding which I could not control—bleeding of life-force. I found that now and then there is a feminine entity who when I was close to that entity, the bleeding stopped. Why, I don't know. What it is some feminine entities have that could stop that bleeding I don't know, but it was a fact. I realized that if this bleeding continued death would ensue. I faced the question, shall I try to continue with the work, or shall I accept death at this time? I was about seventy-two. I decided to try to continue with the work. Therefore, the first thing I had to do was to find some companion who had the power in herself that could stop that bleeding and was both willing and free to go with me. I found Gertrude—the first one who met all the qualifications. The bleeding stopped and I was able to produce.

Since that time I estimate that I have produced on tape perhaps half a million words, made possible because of what Gertrude had done—not knowing how she did it. Therefore, everything I have produced since then is the joint work of Gertrude and myself. Not because she contributed to the ideological portion of it, I did all that, but because she made it possible for me to produce. Her attitude toward me was one of single-pointed unbroken devotion. It's fourth level, expression of the principle of love, that is, *anahata*. Most expression is *manipura*. It made my work possible.

Now that Gertrude has been pulled out of the picture, it's doubtful that I shall produce any philosophical work anymore, because I've gone through another enantiidromia and an extremely severe psychological or psychical tornado, which is not merely the effect of the loss of Gertrude. The death of Gertrude was the catalyst which started a psychological process or psychical process, of monumental proportions the meaning of which lies in two dreams which occurred on the order of fifty years ago. Two superb analysts, rare in their capacity, have been up to the ranch and given their analysis, which I have on tape, and they both agree that the period of actualization of the foretelling that was in the dream is at this time. The process, as indicated by both analysts, is on the level of a kind of Enlightenment; therefore, exceedingly rare and capable of being understood only by very rare analysts. Both agree that the easiest course, or the easiest thing that could happen to me would be to die, and I agree. But, there being a collective responsibility here and not merely a personal one, I've determined, if possible, not to die before the normal time. What I shall produce in the future, if I do produce, apparently is to be of a different kind. What I've already produced is very different indeed. It tends to be more like drama than like philosophy.

Now, an enantiidromia is equivalent to a kind of dying with a kind of resurrection. Thus, for instance, suppose you're a thinking type, you go through an enantiidromia and come out a feeling type. That's like a death and a rebirth. I managed the first enantiidromia that happened with Sherifa's death. I knew from the study of Jung that you had to go along with it. So I decided to channel it into the field of music, and I ran music hard. Starting with the top works of the top composers, like *The Art of Fugue*, and spreading down from that to some indulgence of a better class of popular music, but not the coarse stuff we have today. And I ran that hard at the rate of running all of Wagner's operas, nine of them, in a week's time, and running them over again the next week; again and again until I was able to manage that enantiidromia and keep the thinking power in the ascendant, where the tendency of the enantiidromia, left to itself, would be to plow under the thinking power. It is possible to manage these things if you have the appropriate skill. These analysts said that I shouldn't try to manage it this time. I don't know whether I'll agree.

Now, Gertrude's significance is that without her none of these tapes would have been produced. If you value them, give due credit to her. Not that she contributed the mental part of it—that I could do—but she made it possible for me to do it; therefore, it's a joint work. It is our work, and that our work comes to an end with her passing.

Now, this is the message I wanted to bring you tonight: to know that Gertrude was not simply a wife—that she was before the law—but she was a *chela* and my *shakti*, and that is a far closer relationship, who made possible the work we have done for the last

nineteen years—a wonderful relationship, not one quarrel in nineteen years, not one cross word between us. But there is evidence that she was pulled out by the inside chess player to start a process in me that I can assure you is monumentally uncomfortable. These analysts indicate that it tends toward another phase of Enlightenment if it carries through successfully, an Enlightenment concerned not with *sahasrara*, but with *anahata*.

Now, *anahata* you know is the heart, *sahasrara* the head. If you turn to the Grail myth and consider it: you have the Grail, or the cup, and the Spear. The Spear represents the mind, the cup the heart. When Amfortas on an occasion took the Spear alone, separate from the cup, to go forth and overcome Klingsor the black magician, he was worsted by Klingsor, and Klingsor wounded him. The wound that would not heal until sometime later Parsifal came and was able to heal it. The Amfortas wound is the wound that comes from separating the pairs of opposites: separating the Grail from the Spear, or the heart and the mind. My work has been with the mind to an extreme degree and that is shown in the dream which I propose to reveal to you next Tuesday with Robert Johnson's interpretation of it and possibly part of Dr. Brugh Joy's interpretation, but his interpretation is several hours long.¹

Now, this is a very brief statement. I have tried to produce in these days a little. It is of a very different sort from what you're familiar with. There is an enantiodromia. I'm not working on the same basis as before, and I have not yet arrived at a stable position. There is, of course, the fact of the grief that goes with losing a *shakti*, but along with that a psychological tornado that undermines your former basis of self-management, and that's critical business. It is stated by these analysts, if carried through to its highest possibility, it means an achievement not for myself alone, but for the collectivity—that I am pioneering a *way*. As Robert Johnson put it, we will in our way, in our time, and on the appropriate level, go over the same ground, and this is not in any sense an easy way.

I crossed the desert in the years before 1936. Before I went to Harvard on a scholarship that was issued by the Harvard Club of San Francisco, I signed up for two seminars besides other subjects—one in epistemology, one in metaphysics. In the one on metaphysics I heard a brilliant young Scotsman read a paper that was essentially the Vedanta and defend it successfully against the criticism of all the students and the administering professor. That convinced me at last that here was something that may be another way that is true, and it was clear to me that if this opens a door to truth, then any philosophic integration which does not include it would be incomplete; it would be only an academic exercise. Therefore I decided to take a journey away from the academy, because it could not be done in the academy, and see if I could prove that there was such a way. The sacrificial offering that was made was that of an academic career either as a teacher of philosophy or of mathematics on the collegiate level. I was going that way before. That was the renunciation, and it was the activity I most preferred. That was twenty-four years of groping; brought to despair at times because it seemed I could not make any progress and that the sacrifice had been in vain. But there were words of encouragement that came at the critical hour.

¹ See the audio recording, "Report of Major Dreams," for Robert Johnson's interpretation of this dream.

Ultimately I found Shankara, and I found him through *The Secret Doctrine*, for there's one place in *The Secret Doctrine* where he is spoken of as the "Adept of Adepts."² When I found him in the work of Paul Deussen, *The System of the Vedanta*, and I read him, time after time I knew what was coming before I read it. It was so utterly familiar. And one day on impulse I turned to the section on Liberation.³ I read it and afterwards meditating on it, this thought came to me with compelling force, "I am already that which I seek, therefore nothing is to be attained." And I gave up all effort and at that moment, the doors opened: the bliss beyond all understanding; the sacred ground; the assurance that solves, in principle, all the metaphysical problems that have worried you; the assurance that the continuity of consciousness is unbroken and that behind the veil all is well, however distorted, befouled, or confused it may be on this side. The fulfillment, the rich goal so valuable that you would cry, "Though this cost a thousand lives of suffering the price would still be low."

Up to that time, I had not taken the Kwan-Yin vow nor the advice of *The Voice of the Silence*, but I studied it then. You remember the Kwan-Yin vow runs this way, "Never will I seek or receive private, individual salvation; never will I enter into final peace alone; but forever, and everywhere, will I strive for the redemption of all creatures." *The Voice of the Silence* in the third section called "The Seven Portals" directs that he who having taken the normal path and attained the great reward, the right to *nirvanic* withdrawal when life at last ceases, should think twice: shall he take to himself private bliss and leave all these creatures suffering here when he has now a power that could help? Take not the stream which flows from Sumeru and make of it a private pool, but make of yourself a channel so that that stream may be borne forth to serve the needs of all suffering creatures.⁴ That's the message of *The Voice of the Silence*. *The Voice of the Silence* says this is a renunciation for untold *kalpas*, and a *kalpa* is 4,320,000,000 years, and *The Voice of the Silence* says there is no compensation.

² H. P. Blavatsky, *The Secret Doctrine*, vol. 3 (Wheaton, Ill.: The Theosophical Press, 1897), 385:

Still it is maintained that this Adept of Adepts lives to this day in his spiritual entity as a mysterious, unseen, yet overpowering presence among the Brotherhood of Shamballa, beyond, far beyond, the snowy-capped Himalayas.

³ Paul Deussen, *The System of the Vedanta* (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company, 1912), 401-417.

⁴ H. P. Blavatsky, *The Voice of the Silence* (Los Angeles: The Theosophy Company, 1928), 70-79:

Would'st thou thus dam the waters born on Sumeru? Shalt thou divert the stream for thine own sake, or send it back to its prime source along the crests of cycles?

If thou would'st have that stream of hard-earn'd knowledge, of Wisdom heaven-born, remain sweet running waters, thou should'st not leave it to become a stagnant pond.

Know, if of Amitabha, the "Boundless Age", thou would'st become co-worker, then must thou shed the light acquired, like to the Bodhisattvas twain, upon the span of all three worlds.

Know that the stream of superhuman knowledge and the Deva-Wisdom thou hast won, must, from thyself, the channel of Alaya be poured forth into another bed.

Know, O Narjol, thou of the Secret Path, its pure fresh waters must be used to sweeter make the Ocean's bitter waves—that mighty sea of sorrow formed of the tears of men.

But I was warned by one who was able to communicate to me, “Look for a cycle involving the number thirty-three.” After thirty-three days, at night-time after I had gone to bed, there walked into me another and a greater more comprehensive Realization the nature of which was not delight, but the neutral state lying between the *Nirvana* of bliss and the *Sangsara* of suffering giving to one the power to move either way, to move into the state of bliss or to participate voluntarily in the suffering of creatures and to bring something of the delight to those creatures. This neutral state of the High Indifference transcends the Realization of supreme *ananda*, and it gives command, and it renders one capable of bringing help to the starving and suffering masses.

Now, that journey was symbolically represented in the poem at the close of *Pathways* called “The Supreme Adventure.” I should have memorized the whole thing before I lost my sight, and I’m probably the only one that can read it correctly, cause it’s symbolic of the path over which I passed. I remember the first four lines:

At long last the forest lay behind,
Before stretched a desert, bleak and empty,
Beyond, a mountain, dim in the dancing haze,
Reaching upward, defeating all measure.⁵

The forest symbolizes the activities, the pleasure, the interests of the *sangsaric* order, the whole domain of worldliness. There are false lanes in it and one can drift down them, one can be confused because he has no clear vision or highpoint to look forth. So the first part of the journey is through this forest, but before you can reach the mount of Illumination there stretches a grim desert. It’s symbolized by the forty years of wandering in the *Old Testament*. Always there is that desert. Now, there are certain currents in the forest. There was the last cool stream at my feet from which I drank refreshment before entering out on the desert. But at last you start out because the mountain top lies beyond. You cannot reach it without crossing that desert.

Now, this is not merely philosophic contemplation. That’s the thing I’ve emphasized, for that merely points you the way, orients the mind and so forth. You’ve got to cross that desert, and it hurts. It gets harsher and harsher. A little vegetation perhaps at first, then a burning waste, no water, nothing alive, nothing of comfort, and the mount which is your objective, hidden by haze. And you wonder if there is any possibility. You sink down with exhausted strength, no drink, no sustenance. I knew that stage, and at that time a voice spoke and did arouse into me the will to new effort. And when I put forth that effort I found that the crossing had nearly been made; the mount shown before me. I rushed toward it, and the steeper it became, the easier it was to rise. I passed that awful cliff transcending the furthest reach of thought, and at last stood on the top in the utter Glory, the transfiguring Delight, and the Presence of the ultimate Divine surrounding you on all sides. Though it cost a thousand lives of suffering to attain this, yet the price would be small.

⁵ See the audio recording, “Abstract of the Philosophy,” part 12, to hear Wolff read this poem in its entirety.

And I also tell of the descent, till you reach the point where you look out upon the plain upon where humanity moves, and you see them grubbing here and there, seeking but not finding, and occasionally one looking up wondering; and then a Beam forth-sent from the Illuminati watching those far below. And that Beam forth-sent causes them to come ever nearer and nearer, and the voice said, "Thou hast seen, find thy way below and devise thy means for sharing in this harvest of hungry souls." And I made a map, the best I knew, and here it is for all who hungry wish to see how they saved may be.

And that map was *Pathways Through to Space*, followed by *The Philosophy*. Those works were put out in the days of Sherifa along with some minor works and a number of lectures. The tapes belong to the time of Gertrude. In both cases, it was our work, not merely my work.

Now, this is the inside picture. I thought the time has come that you should know. Philosophic contemplation is good. It prepares the mind. But everyone must journey; and he who would reach to the top of the mount of Enlightenment must know the crossing of the burning desert. It tries you to your depths. The greatest value of all is helped by philosophic contemplation, but philosophic contemplation by itself is not enough. You must be prepared to suffer. You must face purification. You must will to continue when there seems to be no sufficient reason for continuing. But I assure you that the goal when attained is well worth what it costs and infinitely more.

That's my message for tonight.