

THE OBSERVER'S NOOK

*Volume Three, Number Two
April 1, 2008*

*"Once there was a fool
Who wanted to be a martyr
Blood, would he for God
And goodness barter,--
Little knowing that both saint and clod,
When dying, die alike for God."
—Carillon, by Richard Rose*

April Fool's Day... a time when we all get a chance to act like a kid again, and hopefully, enjoy the good humor of it all. Though the history of it points toward a group of people living in the 16th century who happened to be oblivious to their Pope's calendar change, thereby suffering the consequences, it has since become a day of pranks and tomfoolery, leaving none unscathed regardless of class status, hopefully, in a spirit of fun and good humor.

Richard Rose was a master of humor. My fondest memories are of times when several of us would gather in the family homestead awaiting our yearly "diplomas" – a bit of Zen "tongue in cheek" confrontation. It was a way of relieving the tension from holding the pose of being the perfect prefects - kings and queens, princes and princesses, butterflies and bishops - of nothing. Of course, it's much easier to laugh at someone else than at oneself. But his intention was to help us cut through our foolishness and projections and see ourselves for who we really were – and to discover what chief feature might be holding us back from that realization. The results were mixed, of course. Some people thought the event should be more serious and got quite upset that their accolades were really part of a roasting, not a toasting.

"I recently ran across Mr. Rose's writing and books and find reading his work refreshing and humorous." –Barbara L.

So as you go through your day, if you are reading this on April Fool's Day, we hope that your "roasting" was not too severe and provided

a good belly laugh for all involved. But do let us know of any pranks worthy of passing along ;-)

Best wishes,
Cecy Rose

This issue of the Richard Rose Teachings Newsletter features:

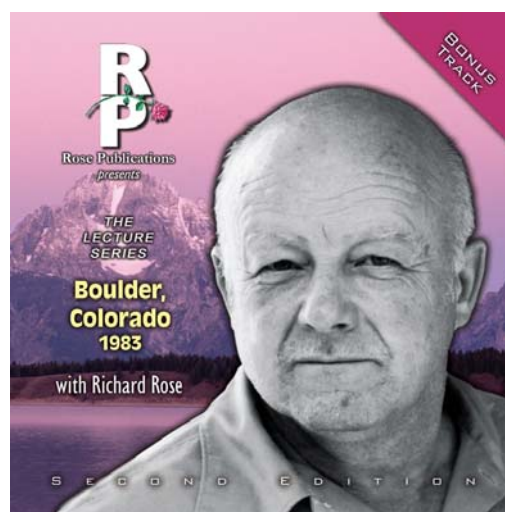
Book Review by Michael Casari on *The Sex Connection* by Alan Fitzpatrick – An experienced therapist hails the book that cracks the myths behind human sexual behavior and serves as a tribute to the psychological aspects of Richard Rose's teachings.

Richard Rose: Advaita Mountaineer – Andrew McMaster weaves his insights into an outstanding comparative analysis of the spiritual teachings of Richard Rose, Nisargadatta and Ramana Maharshi.

Letters from Richard Rose – This particular correspondence is most interesting, revealing Rose's early insights into personality and his approach to teaching, including suggested reading.

Meeting Richard Rose – John Rose, brother-in-law, friend, student of Rose, has crafted a subtly witty short story every reader can relate to.

The Poetry of James Cornie – Poems that express the nature of all things.



SECOND EDITION, BOULDER LECTURE. AVAILABLE AFTER APRIL 7TH FROM ROSE PUBLICATIONS.

BOOK REVIEW:

The Sex Connection: A Study of Desire, Seduction and Compulsion by Alan Fitzpatrick

Rose Publications, 2007
Paperback 371 pp. \$19.95
ISBN 9780977614714

REVIEWED BY MICHAEL CASARI, MA

“This book is about sex, and the way we think about sex,” says Alan Fitzpatrick in the opening sentence of his recently published, *The Sex Connection: A Study of Desire, Seduction, and Compulsion*. This book is unlike any other written about sex. Its message is direct and mind-boggling. Nothing that I encountered in ten years as a therapist had prepared me for its contents.

In essence, Fitzpatrick's work is a study of the psychological teachings of Richard Rose (1917-2005), who was known as a man of tremendous spiritual understanding and achievement. Rose wrote seven books, but shunned the limelight to work directly with people who wanted to answer the big questions in life—Who am I? Where did I come from? Where will I go after I die? Rose also developed a unique practical psychological system, the understanding of which, says Fitzpatrick, is necessary to achieve mental clarity and peace of mind.

“I am reading ‘The Sex Connection’ at the moment. This is an amazing book that brings up ideas I have wondered about. It is so good to have these things that aren’t quite clear in one’s mind be clarified in writing, by someone who really knows. I only wish I had come upon Mr. Rose’s teaching earlier that I might have been able to know him personally.”

—Lucette S., Aptos, CA

This long and somewhat tedious read, though well researched and documented, does not agree with today's mainstream academic and scientific theories. Fitzpatrick points out that Rose was never concerned with political correctness or professionalism, but only with Truth. The author's main premise is that human beings are

not “proud possessors” of sexuality, but instead, are victims of forces beyond their control that compel their behavior.

The Sex Connection includes a historical review of related literature by authors Kraft-Ebbing, Oesterreich, Hite, Mailer, Kinsey, Hill, Weil and others. Ideas from Eastern and Western religious traditions, modern medical science and examination of more than eighty case studies taken from the literature, the media and personal interviews support Fitzpatrick's contentions. He also discusses sexual morality as it relates to Rose's psychological system and genuine mental health.

Fitzpatrick states that psychology and psychiatry have failed when it comes to the accurate diagnosis and treatment of millions of people who appeal to them for help. He proposes that mental health professionals are causing more harm than good by promoting any form of sexual behavior as healthy, and implying that there is no connection between a person's sexual behavior and their psychological state of mind. Fitzpatrick says that the “experts” hide behind labels and unexplained terms that prove nothing, and that they don't help people who are troubled, obsessed, and burdened by moods, manias and other debilitating psychological conditions. Psychology seems unable to explain, predict or cure the bizarre, often criminal behavior that we read about in the papers. The author flatly states that there is a direct connection between sexual behavior and mental health and that various forms of sexual behavior cause nearly all psychological problems. He considers Rose's system to be the answer, or the cure, for those who are willing to try it.

This book is not for the squeamish or fainthearted, as it contains descriptions of many types of sexual activity often in the barest of terms. I think that anyone remotely interested in psychology and mental health should read this work. The National Institute of Mental Health reports up to 26.2% of Americans have a diagnosable mental illness and 6% (13.2 million people) have a serious mental illness—signifying a need for a system that offers a cure, whether or not it coincides with mainstream beliefs and popular opinion.

I suggest that if you are troubled, confused, or depressed, and have not found help through traditional psychological and mental health

channels, this book may contain your answer. Be prepared, however, to let go of some ideas about sex that you may have cherished for years. Fitzpatrick says that Richard Rose's system will bring peace of mind and freedom, a goal worthy of pursuit in any context. *The Sex Connection* and titles by Richard Rose can be obtained online at www.richardroseteachings.com or ordered through your local bookstore.



RICHARD ROSE: ADVAITA MOUNTAINEER

BY ANDREW MCMASTER

There is much in the teaching of Richard Rose that is similar to the *Advaita* (non-duality) teachings of Sri Nisargadatta Maharaj and Ramana Maharshi. Thousands of miles separated the enlightened Indian sages and the awakened West Virginian, but the systems they described for becoming the Truth, and the way they led their lives, were alike in many ways.

Sri Nisargadatta Maharaj was born Maruti Shivramant on [April 17, 1897](#). As a boy, Maruti lived on a farm and received little education. His father died when he was eighteen, at which time he moved to Bombay. Eventually he opened several small tobacco shops. When he was 34, a friend introduced him to his guru, Sri Siddharameshwar Maharaj, the head of the Inchegeeri branch of the Navanath Sampradaya.

Siddharameshwar Maharaj told Maruti, "You are not what you take yourself to be. Find out what you are. Watch the sense 'I am', find your real Self." Maruti sat for hours, looking at himself in silence and tenaciously holding on to the sense of "I Am." Pursuing this course for three years, Maruti awakened. In "I Am That," the most well known book of his teachings, he said, "...peace and joy and a deep all-embracing love became my normal state. In it all disappeared -- myself, my Guru, the life I lived, the world around me. Only peace remained and unfathomable silence."

Taking the name Sri Nisargadatta Maharaj, he set out to walk to the Himalayas where he planned to spend the rest of his life. A fellow devotee

talked him out of it by convincing him that dispassion in action is more spiritually fruitful than the unworldly life. He returned to Bombay where he maintained one of his tobacco shops. Eventually he took disciples and taught in the living room of his humble home. Word spread of the truths he spoke and seekers from all over the world came to sit at his feet to listen and ask questions.

Sri Nisargadatta taught that identification with the "food body" and all the concepts and ideas that maintained it were unreal. To overcome this and realize the true Self he taught:

"My Guru ordered me to attend to the sense 'I am' and to give attention to nothing else. I just obeyed. I did not follow any particular course of breathing, or meditation, or study of scriptures. Whatever happened, I would turn away my attention from it and remain with the sense 'I am'. It may look too simple, even crude. My only reason for doing it was that my Guru told me so. Yet it worked!" -- [I Am That](#), Chapter 75, p. 375.

Sri Nisargadatta Maharaj continued to teach, asking for no compensation, until he died in relative poverty of throat cancer on [September 8, 1981](#). Books of his teachings and quotations continue to sell well. His disciples in India and the west still attract large numbers of seekers.

Born, Venkataraman Iyer in 1879, in South India, Ramana Maharshi lived the life of a Brahmin until the age of 16. The sudden death of his father brought about a morbid preoccupation with death in the boy. This preoccupation led him to contemplate death to the extent that in July of 1896, during an intense self-enquiry, he awakened. Of this enquiry he wrote, "Enquiring within *Who is the seer?* I saw the seer disappear leaving That alone which stands forever. No thought arose to say *I saw*. How then could the thought arise to say *I did not see*" (from David Godman's website.)

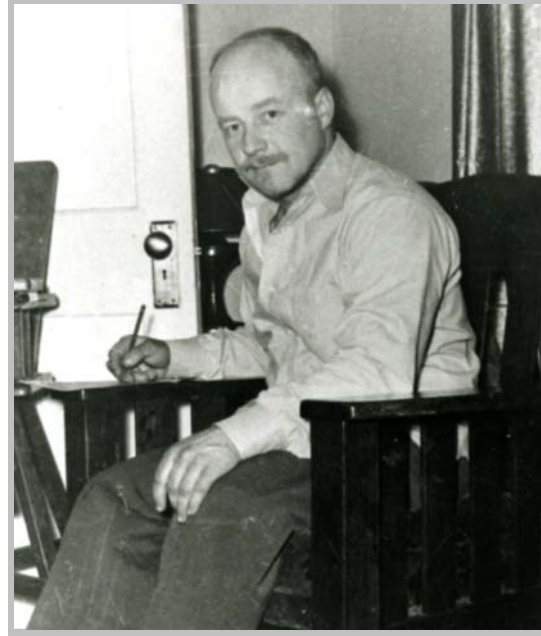
Venkataraman became disinterested in the worldly life and left his home for the Holy mountain of Arunchala. He took the name Ramana Maharshi and lived on the mountain for the rest of his life, accepting no pay for his teachings. Like Nisargadatta, his reputation spread and seekers traveled from around the world to sit in his presence. He died, also of cancer, on April 14, 1950.

The simple practice recommended by Ramana Maharshi is *Atma Vicara* or Self-inquiry. Simply stated, this was total attention to “Who Am I?” This is not a question and answer practice, but rather paying total attention to the “I” thought. This would eventually lead to the destruction of all other thoughts and the ego. This awakening is termed *sahaja nirvikalpa samadhi* in Sanskrit. Mister Rose found a description of this stage of Samadhi in the writings of Ramana Maharshi that best described his experience in Seattle in 1948. This is what he found:

“In sleep the mind is alive but merged in oblivion - In kevala nirvikalpa samadhi, the mind is alive but merged in light, like a bucket with rope lowered into a well, that can be drawn out again. - In sahaja nirvikalpa samadhi, the mind is dead, resolved into the Self, like a river discharged into the ocean - its identity lost - and which can never be re-directed from the ocean, once discharged into it.” - “Sri Ramanasramam Website (Talk 187)”

Kevala nirvikalpa samadhi is not ego or mind death. Sahaja nirvikalpa samadhi is the death of the ego and mind. There are no more concepts from the work of the mind. Furthermore, in sahaja nirvikalpa samadhi, the awakened one can continue to function in the everyday world. He is “in the world, but not of it.”

Two Indians and a West Virginia who realized that they are not what they “think” and became the Truth or One with the Absolute, in Sanskrit, *Advaita*. The simple way they led their lives, refusing to accept pay for giving “water by the riverside,” separated them from the frauds and robe wearers who profit from seekers, then and now. “Who Am I?” “I Am,” and “Going Within” are the same practice; a practice designed to lead the truly sincere and dedicated seeker away from the lies of the ego so as to become the Truth.



LETTERS FROM RICHARD ROSE— THE “POST EXPERIENCE” CORRESPONDENCE

We continue from the last correspondence in the 8th Edition of the newsletter, Richard Rose’s letter to Douglas G. following a brief response from Douglas regarding a visit to Benwood:

May 16, 1956
Wheeling, WV

Friend Gunkel:

I am glad you wrote your last note in your own handwriting. I can read it easily. Why not use the script...? I am one of those conceited persons who thinks he might be able to deduce from handwriting. I am not always right, but every little thing tells us more about those with whom we correspond. We search for such straws to offset the disadvantages caused by not being able to converse directly with the personality itself. Never be ashamed of any part of yourself. Admit anything that is true about yourself, at least to yourself. Only then can you advance.

In this paragraph are the thoughts that come to me from observing your handwriting. (They have no bearing on Truth as they are speculative, but my observations may be interesting, and they should be conveyed in honesty). I would say there is immaturity...a conflict between Will and

art (the speech of the emotions). Immaturity is coincidental with your age. You have not cemented into a pattern of thinking...which can be good in many ways.

Do not cut your letters too short. It is only by language that man enters into understanding of one another. Not only are words necessary, but the exchange of ideas and even philosophy (is necessary). You have much more time than myself to write. I have over a hundred people to answer from the ad, and I must take considerable time and contemplate each reply so as not to overstep the degree of their understanding. And still I labor for a living. I do not live by my pen.

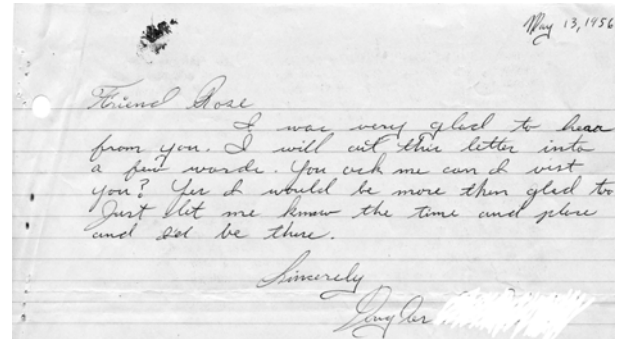
If writing is difficult for you, then it is almost imperative that you do a tremendous lot of it. I am more interested in doing things that I am able to do only with difficulty. I appreciate the challenge. It hardens the muscles of character and will. When you meet me, and see my life's pattern remember this statement and you will understand why I chose my means of livelihood, and chose to accept the responsibilities. The reward is proportional to the effort.

I neglected to ask you if you purchased any of those books that you mentioned in the list. If you possess them, I will ask you to bring a couple of them with you. Vivekananda's book on Yoga we could go over together. I have two books by Steiner, but do not have "Initiation and its results." Also, the two books by Carrington and Muldoon. If you do not have these, do not go to any bother. I would be interested in the "Cave of the Oracle" by De Laurence. I have a book by De Laurence that is somewhat rare.

If you wish, I would be pleased to have you check the Chicago book stores for two rare books – "Cosmology" by Franz Hartmann, and "Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians" by Franz Hartmann. I have searched the country over for his Cosmology. I found it in two libraries, but neither would loan it out. And it cannot be read...it has to be studied. The Cosmology is a very complicated volume of esoteric writing and symbols. Sometimes the two books are incorporated into one volume I think. You may find it thus.

Another author of whom I desire to know more is Aleister Crowley. If you run across any books by him or Stella Matutina, look them over, and let me know what you think of them. Crowley

was an outstanding author on Rosicrucian philosophy.



Please write me a longer letter, whenever possible. I find that you have yet to catch up on some of the questions I asked. I wish to function as a friend...and friends have nothing to conceal or to be reluctant about. In fact, I am really going contrary to many esoteric principles in breaking down the barriers of secrecy about myself. I corresponded with a guru who refused to tell me anything about himself or his private life. He claims that the work is all that matters. He is right. But when I was your age, I would have wanted to look my friends in the eye. My belief still stands that it helps to meet one another. If we are true seekers we will not be less in friendship if our friends observe our physical or material patterns. If for some reason you do not wish to answer my queries about yourself, then the reasons for not answering will justify your silence. The reason for many of my questions is that I am trying to develop a groundwork of understanding between us so that we will know one another well enough to enter into discussion as closely to the core of matters as possible when I meet you. Again I request,--a photograph.

I am a contractor, and the spring of the year finds me very busy. If it will be agreeable with you, let us set June 15th or any day thereafter, for your trip here. You will be welcome even before then, but I feel that at that date I will be more free to spend the time with you that I should. It will also give you time to prepare, (to check the bookstore for me, -forgive this selfish insertion), and also we can exchange a few letters before your advent. In the process of reading the mind there is a sort of rapport engendered. Dunninger approaches this and J.B. Rhine proves it, that it is brought about by a system of assertions (guesses) culminating in better and better averages until the truth or true message is obtained. Now I must read your mind, or be in

rapport to an extent to know your feelings, to be of any real help. Your letters are an instrument to that rapport, even as you will begin to feel more and more about my mind as you read mine.

You must inform me in advance when you expect to leave there and arrive here. I will meet you at the Wheeling station unless you are coming by other than public vehicle. Benwood is four miles south of Wheeling, and facilities for transportation are rather confusing in these small towns, -also directions.

I meant to ask you if you had met any others in Chicago who held parallel interests in metaphysics.

Fraternally,
Richard Rose

Pyramid Zen Society
www.pyramidzen.blogspot.com

Law of the Pyramid: "The only hope of man lies in the existence of a source of knowledge or direction that is human. And while some may say that all lies within ourselves, we find that even the cloistered monks find a need for cooperation with other humans to secure their meditation. There are, besides teachers of relative wisdom, teachers of direction which are most rare." - Richard Rose

MEETING RICHARD ROSE

BY JOHN ROSE

It was late November of 1976. The farmhouse was a stark foreboding monument standing before me when my ride dropped me off after a long and exhausting bus trip from Lexington. The trip itself had been a fitting prelude to a spiritual adventure. I had been on the bus maybe fifty miles when a woman with her arm in a cast and a disheveled look seemed to be having a hard time settling into the trip.

The more restless she became the more apparent it was that something was seriously wrong. Suddenly in one sweeping full body jerk she fell into the aisle, rigid and foaming at the mouth. Someone lunged toward her yelling, "She's having a seizure, somebody hold her tongue." My immediate thought was, "please don't let that person be me." I watched as a large man held her down to protect her as well as the other passengers. The scene was not unlike what I would imagine a full-blown exorcism to be. It got so bad that the bus driver had to pull to the side of the dark highway and wait for an ambulance. Back on the highway all was quiet until we were around thirty miles north of Cincinnati. Once there, I decided to move to the back of the bus where I thought I would find a more peaceful surrounding. I was joined by a group of drunk marines on leave and I knew I was in trouble. Well, it just kept getting better. What I thought was an unusually tall, and homely black woman in a mini skirt stood up and began flirting with one of the marines. This created quite a stir that escalated into an argument just short of a fight. The final blow came when the woman raised her skirt to reveal not only her female anatomy, but also a fully developed male counterpart. She exclaimed in a proud voice, "I am a hermaphrodite." A stunned silence fell over the bus and then the violence erupted into mayhem as the bus driver pulled over, called the police, and coaxed the brawling mass of marines, the hermaphrodite, and a few other unfortunates off the bus.

On the road again, all was quiet until I had to change busses in Columbus. There in the bathroom I witnessed someone shooting up heroine, and the aftermath as they staggered around and finally slumped to the floor. I settled into my seat for the last leg of my journey. All was quiet; I even had an empty seat to my left so I didn't feel crowded. I could finally get some rest, or so I thought. An old hobo looking man boarded the bus at the last minute, staggered to the empty seat and flopped down in the seat next to me. As we left the terminal he exclaimed in slurred speech, "That bowl of chili ain't settin' too good." He laid his head over in my direction and passed out breathing on me most of the way to Wheeling.

One of the guys from the farm picked me up at the bus station and drove me back to the farm. We were silent the whole way over bumpy winding roads in the pouring rain on one of the

darkest nights I could remember. This unusually dark night seemed endless, and the cold rain drained what little warmth my fatigued body had retained.

The farmhouse, deep in the West Virginia hills, was surrounded by a tall wooden fence that gave the impression of an eighteenth century fortress. This was my first visit to Richard Rose's farm, which was turning out to be nothing like the comfortable, familiar farms I had known at home. Here I was, a 17 year-old kid knowing nothing of the brand of spirituality I was about to encounter. A queasy anxiety choked my unsteady, disoriented frame. I was homesick already, and I had just gotten there. Anxious about the prospect of a long, sleepless night, I tried to fix my mind on drinking coffee with my buddies John, Charles, and Tom at the Toddle House Restaurant back home until the wee hours of the morning. There we contemplated the arduous task of self-inquiry in a safe, comfortable spot, insulated from any chance of confronting the uncomfortable aspects of ourselves. Now, though, I was here, face to face with the reality of what I had only watched from a safe distance before. Through the darkness I could scarcely make out my surroundings. I felt isolated and lonely, longing for the comfortable and familiar surroundings that now seemed a million miles away.

Inside, the house was dimly lit through dingy, yellowing lampshades, and the walls were faded, tinged by years of smoke from a wood stove radiating the only heat source in the house. All around were miscellaneous bus seats and mismatched furniture that seemed to have been scavenged from the roadside. The smells of wood smoke, old books, and hard-working unwashed men permeated the atmosphere. My anxiety began to fade, and a deep peace settled over me at being here, an unexplainable rightness. Somehow the austerity of this place began to make me feel at home. I settled down for the night and awoke rested the next morning feeling a renewed confidence about my adventure.

There was no fanfare in meeting Richard Rose. I was there to visit my sister as much as I was to meet him. My first impression was like meeting a lost relative; at least, it was that way on the surface. Under the surface there seemed to be something else at work. In his presence I felt something I couldn't explain at the time. This

feeling was a fullness so overflowing that it made me want to cry, in the same sense that a sublime work of art or music can move you to tears. I had come with no preconceived reverence for him, and he in no way presented any pretense to me. There was an unspoken understanding beyond words. The time I actually spent with Rose came in brief encounters, and when we were together we exchanged few words. However, I knew I was in the presence of an ungraspable greatness. There were no motives in any exchanges we had. I recall one particularly Zen-like moment when he gave me a job painting fence posts on the farm. We were walking together toward the first of what seemed like an endless row of wooden posts with a bucket of paint and a worn but well-cared for paint brush. I don't think we exchanged any words at all, but there was a mind connection that I don't think I had ever experienced with anyone before. I couldn't wrap words around the rapport I felt. I don't know if I could call the moment profound at all. It was, if anything, a most ordinary moment. This brief moment remains as clear in my mind as though it were happening now. It is removed from time itself.



John's Albigen Study Group is located in Lexington, KY. For more info: albigenzen@mac.com
He is also the monitor of the Pyramid Zen Blog and welcomes your comments and questions.

POETRY

BY JAMES CORNIE

WANG WORLD

A myth swallows the man
As he calls "Space Creators"
Onto his screen.
Electronic visions from the Dark Forest
Fleet past his present
As if a rastered dragon has flesh
And a micro-processed image can
Joust with a windmill.

Highrise concrete and glass
Form his Powerpoint world.

Minds that once journeyed east
Now convolute to a sonnet in Cobol.
A digital flutist beams sounds
Blown by no vibrating reed,
No pursed lip.

Where is the world where
Windmills grind grain,
Songs of the soul
Are piped on a silver flute
And dragons are slain?

MOISTURE

Dad and I
And the hired hand
Walked through the field
Kicking clumps of sod

Looks like there's enough moisture
To plow, plant, and sprout
Before we irrigate ...

Dad, Dad ---
DAD! ---
What's moisture?

He drove his shovel into the ground
As far as his boot
Then overturned a full spade
Of brown teeming earth

I saw fine roots on new sprouts
And crisp succulent stems
From an exploded seed
A worm writhed
And the loam molded
Into my clinched hand

I did not then know
That moisture requires water

James Cornie
12/2/82 - 1/83

Comments are invited
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"Alliums," pastel drawing by Cecy Rose.

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If you have comments, testimonials, articles or pieces of poetry that you would like to submit to the newsletter, please send it ATTN: Editor,
info@richardroseteachings.com

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