

# THE OBSERVER'S NOOK

*Volume Two, Number Two*

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***“You have to fight like hell, and at the same time have an attitude of resignation.... That’s the paradox. You have to be obsessive and at the same time have the resignation.”***

***-From the Esoteric Library of Richard Rose’s Teachings***

*Hello Everyone. And welcome to those who are new to the newsletter!*

Riding the horns of the paradox, as Richard Rose often said, was part of the formula for a person to change their life regardless of obstacles and uncertainty. Rose dedicated his life to helping others “buck” the odds – to be honest about their shortcomings and to take “milk from thorns” as their sustenance for fueling their individual vectors. It’s a rough ride, no doubt. This newsletter is dedicated to those who have persisted and gotten a glimpse, at least, of what Rose speaks and writes about.

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***“FEAR HIM NOT AND KNOW YOURSELF. YOU WON’T KNOW TOO MUCH UNTIL YOU UNDERSTAND THAT THE PARADOX PERMEATES EVERYTHING. THAT’S ONE OF THE LAWS. THAT WHICH SEEMS TO BE MAY NOT BE.” –RICHARD ROSE***

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As you may have discovered upon visiting the homepage, the staff at Richard Rose Teachings and Rose Publications have recently been exploring the archives, uncovering some vintage film and audio lectures of Richard Rose at his best. We are calling the video collection The Spiritual and Psychological Teachings of Richard Rose, because the man’s spiritual teaching truly was based on psychological observation. The following quote from his

notes relating to the *Psychology of the Observer* gives us reason to believe that he spent a great deal of time studying human behavior and asking himself what essentially was behind it. For example, here is his view on therapy:

*“The cure for mental illness rests with greater certainty on a more certain knowledge – first of the mind, i.e. Umpire – and in the knowledge of the source and nature of the Observer, the source having origin in the dimension of mind. And there is generally hope for mental salvaging only when the salvaging is done by another, and this is not just the technique of therapy as known today. It is necessary that the therapist function as a changer in regards to a person who cannot change himself.”*

Rose spent many of his waking hours with those who had mental hang-ups and troubles of all sorts and to varied degrees, but could find no respite from them, particularly within the context of modern day psychology. His views could have been perceived as controversial at best. But testimony from people seeking his advice was proof enough that certain “spiritual” elements, denied by most psychologists and dismissed at the same time as superstitious, unreasonable and unsubstantiated, did in fact exist. Many students and friends of Rose were witnesses to such testimony.

He offered hope where none existed if people were willing to follow the “prescription” – get the “house” in order, be honest with yourself, retreat from error, have a friend handy to be a mirror for your thoughts and actions, a fierce friend, if necessary. Most of all, stay away from special interest groups or false causes that promote a lifestyle that is detrimental to one’s spiritual health. His statement in an interview with the Pittsburgh Press for an article about the 1975 Pyramid Zen Meetings, reflects those sentiments:

*“Social betterment is the biggest joke on earth. It can’t be done. It is warped people*

*trying to straighten out other people's warps."*

That philosophy was, and still is, a tough sell to those coming straight out of the sexual revolution of the late sixties and early seventies. But as he says in "The Farmhouse Meeting of April, 1987" DVD, he didn't speak to placate people. He offered his time and energy to those who sincerely wanted to change the course of their lives.

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***"BEING A SKEPTICAL PERSON I WAS LONG IN LOOKING FOR THE ULTERIOR MOTIVE IN RICHARD ROSE'S TEACHINGS. I FINALLY FOUND IT. HE GENUINELY CARES ABOUT OUR SPIRITUAL HEALTH."  
-T.F., AKRON, OH, 1984***

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Fortunately, we have come to know people out there who also care about the spiritual health of others and have worked at forming small study groups as well as a blog site at [www.pyramidzen.blogspot.com](http://www.pyramidzen.blogspot.com), both of which are based on the Albigen System. We are also preparing a site dedicated to the psychological teachings of Richard Rose.

Rose was an anomaly by most social standards – and a maverick. He has left behind a remarkable legacy that Rose Publications and Richard Rose Teachings is working hard to preserve for those seekers looking for a no nonsense approach to sanity as well as enlightenment.

Our sincerest gratitude goes out to those who continue to support us and contribute to our efforts. As always, we look forward to hearing from you.

--Cecy Rose and Staff  
Richard Rose Teachings  
[info@richardroseteachings.com](mailto:info@richardroseteachings.com)



RICHARD ROSE STANDING ON THE ROAD TO THE CHAUTAUQUA SHELTER, SITE OF SUMMER INTENSIVES, HYPNOSIS DEMONSTRATIONS AND VARIOUS SEMINARS DURING THE 70'S, 80'S AND 90'S.

## **ENTITY WORK BY JOHN ROSE**

Been thinking about moods lately and trying to discern the difference in moods and actual states of mind. Also, I see it as important to know when a mood is coloring a real event. A good example of this is how we feel more in touch with "God" when we are in a grand cathedral, or in the presence of a sublime piece of music performed by a deft musician. Digging deeper into this, what causes shifts in moods? Is it a chemical change in the brain? Is it an external influence? I have noticed that my mood can shift suddenly just from contact with or even being in a near proximity with certain people, or even certain environments or spaces. Is this truly an external influence, or is it merely some trigger of something long ago imbedded in the mind? Perhaps it is the result of some energetic imbalance, I don't really know. I can only observe and look for continuity. I can observe whether I am tricking myself or not.

These thoughts can lead to the investigation of entities and their influence on us. Are entities real beings like a virus or even more dramatic, a demon of sorts that can actually

invade our psyche or body thereby feeding on our energies through thought forms, neural energy, and even our physical energy? Can we protect ourselves from these entities? I think a logical means is to avoid contact whenever possible but also to keep our doors closed by maintaining a conservative lifestyle. By this I mean watch out where your energy goes. Look at your obsessions, appetites, lifestyle choices, habits, etc. By ridding ourselves of energy consuming activities, we are able to gain strength and control over ourselves at least to a point where we may not be as vulnerable to other influences. If we don't open the door or feed these forces, then they will not stay around. It is no easy task though to free oneself of these things once they are attached, and when we begin to starve them out they will usually put up quite a fight. We will find ourselves rationalizing and yielding to temptations often in ways we are unaware of. We must be careful not to substitute one habit for another. A change in patterns is often necessary, and even a complete change of scenery. An alcoholic working in a bar for example, might want to look into changing jobs.

Take a close look at the patterns in your life and how they affect moods, states of mind, energy levels, both mental and physical. Be aware of what things make you feel tired or put you in a bad mood, and look for consistencies. If being around a particular person makes you feel drained then maybe there is something to it. If it is consistent, then maybe that person is carrying an entity that feeds on the energy of others. You may find yourself rationalizing that that person is really a good person, and they may be, but they are victim to something and maintaining that connection will only perpetuate the cycle. Sometimes, if a person can remain open to looking at these things, they can be helped to become free of whatever the entity of obsession is. Don't try and help anyone through this process though unless you yourself are leading the right kind of life and have the strength to

really do something. It is vital that the person being helped really follow through and not fall back into old ways, otherwise it is only a quick fix with no lasting results and no one benefits.

There are a few basic practices and characteristics that are helpful in freeing oneself of energy drains, entities, obsessions, etc. It should be stressed that a person should in no way attempt to help another without following these practices themselves. This goes for healers and anyone embarking on a Spiritual Path.

Richard Rose recommended first that the person get the house in order. This means both one's physical home as in their house, where they live, as well as the body. Clean it up as in getting addictions and obsessions out of the way. Close up energy leaks. Quit drinking, drugging, smoking, fooling around, gambling, etc. He advised celibacy, not as a lifelong thing, but for a period of time usually starting with thirty days, or even ten days if thirty was too daunting. I feel it is important to attempt a definition of the celibacy Rose is talking about. It is not just refraining from the natural act of intercourse, but is a total abstinence from sexual activity to include masturbation, fantasy, intercourse, anything regarding sex. Be careful in this as you are dealing with a very strong force and there are endless rationalizations. Our doctor may prescribe prostate massages, masturbation, or any number of other ways to relieve the pressure brought on by abstaining from activity. We are not trying to kill our generative force, merely to transmute this energy for other purposes and to quiet the mind and body for a time and to break our obsessions with things of a sexual nature. This is a delicate process and involves walking the razor's edge so to speak. We do not want to engage in repression. I believe it is important to be physically active during this time, and we have to watch out that our mind remains in a "good" place. It is easy to get edgy, ill tempered, negative, or to drift to the "dark side." Do not be discouraged if success

doesn't occur at first. If you don't succeed then try again.

*The author of this article may be contacted at [sahadji@mac.com](mailto:sahadji@mac.com) (John Rose of Lexington, KY.) His music CD's are available through Rose Publications and listed on the Inspired Works Page of the website.*

## **THE SUMMER OF 1969**

**BY HOWARD T. LEVINE**

*"Here's my story and I'm stickin' to it" to quote a country song, says Howard, a talented lead guitarist and vocalist in all styles of music who currently lives in Austin, TX. Below is his account of a summer spent with Richard Rose and the profound effect it had on his life.*

It was during the summer of 1969, while I was a student at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York City, that I saw a classified ad in the Village Voice newspaper. The ad content was something about, "Ashram/artists colony forming in the hills of West Virginia."

As my interest in commercial art training was waning and my music career stuck in the all night bars of the "city that never sleeps," I decided to make a leap into something new. After a long bus ride west, my girlfriend Diane and I found ourselves in Moundsville, West Virginia. We were greeted at our bus stop by Richard Rose.

We talked, as he drove us out to his farm, about our pasts, interests, expectations, etc. We were entering a new realm, as different as anything we could imagine outside of our New York world, which was all we had ever known.

Our \$10 a month trailer in the woods was waiting for us. There was no electricity, no plumbing, no water and no outhouse. From what I recall, after almost 40 years, the trailer was on the other side of the road from

Richard's old farmhouse and the racetrack he was building. We had to carry all of our water from the well or spring far past the house. This chore was not a pleasant experience, especially for Diane. She didn't get along too well with Richard, so she returned to New York after a week or two.

I had decided to stay and was now alone in the trailer in the woods; living with no clock, radio, or motors for the first time in my life. In the farmhouse I recall: Richard, a college student named Elsie and a young married couple. That was the five of us that summer. I'd do some work on the farm and get a meal from time to time. At night we'd often sit and talk about the growing Krishna community on Rose's back farm that he pretty much gave away, and also about religious and spiritual matters, astral projection, self-discipline and about George I. Gurdjieff. The last topic was a new one to me, so Richard gave me a book about Mr. Gurdjieff, *In Search of the Miraculous*, by Peter Ouspensky. There were a lot of new ideas to learn and absorb. He was anxious to talk about every aspect of Gurdjieff's work and writings. I'd lie in bed at night, quietly sweating, pondering: self-remembering, the law of octaves, the enneagram, the Fourth Way and other new and strange concepts.

On occasion, I'd hitch a ride or take long walks through the verdant countryside. At 20 years of age I still hadn't learned to drive. I'd wander down to a pond, stock tank or lake where I could swim naked, another new sensation, then to the local beer joint. There I played pool with the regulars and became a minor celebrity after playing guitar one time.

The bar folk came by the farm looking for me once, which didn't set too well with Richard. He said, "Did you notice that none of those people have their front teeth?" I replied, "Yes, I noticed. Is something wrong with the water?" He said, "No, the water's fine. They get drunk and knock each other's teeth out and if you keep hanging around there they're gonna knock your teeth out,

too!" I stopped going to the bar and I still have all my teeth, thanks to Richard Rose.

One day I had a visit at my trailer from three of the Krishnas. While the others chanted one told me that some of my mail had come to their place on the back farm. I smiled and replied, "And I bet you didn't bring it with you." "No," he said. Then he invited me to come to their feast on Sunday and to pick up my mail. Richard didn't seem too thrilled with the idea of my going there. "I won't share a man's food who won't look me in the eye," he said. "Besides, they put this yellow stuff in their food," he added. Turmeric? He seemed bitter or regretful for the land deal he made with the Krishnas, a 99 year lease for almost no money, if my memory's correct. There seemed to be animosity on both sides, as I was about to find out.

Sunday morning I walked, then hiked a creek trail past several rusted out vehicles that didn't make it. I arrived at New Vrindaban, the North American enclave of Krishna Consciousness. Buildings were under construction and over a hundred men, women and children were chanting, dancing and feasting. It was quite a sight, especially in West Virginia. The food was good, if a little bland and heavy on the turmeric. At least it wasn't my usual, out of a can meal. I met with Kirtanananda (a.k.a. Keith Ham), who seemed to be in a position of leadership. He laughed about Richard and his "transcendental racetrack" and suggested that I should be at New Vrindaban. He said, "If you wanted cheese, you'd go to a cheese store." I told him that he should be grateful for the gift of Richard and his land. He found that funny, too. I gathered up my mail and walked back to my trailer.

Many years later, in 1987, I was stunned when I saw a Rolling Stone magazine headline: "Dial Om for Murder", a story about corruption, child abuse and murder in the hills of West Virginia. It was truly a shock, which continued when I saw Keith

Ham on a Larry King interview. Paradise lost, but they're still there.

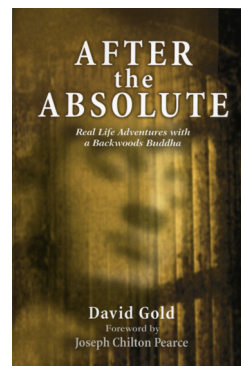
My remaining time at the farm was not to be much longer. Richard told me that he thought he was ill and seemed unable to finish anything, including the racetrack. He wanted me to stay and to even take an interest in one of his daughters. None of that was to be. I returned to New York, then lived and played music across the U.S.A. before settling with my family in Austin, Texas, where we've been living for over 30 years.

I tried to contact Richard several times throughout the years, with no reply. By the miracle of the Internet I am now back in the sphere of influence of the amazing man. I'm thrilled to know that his words and ideas can now be read and heard by everyone. I'm also very sorry that he is gone from this earth; also sorry to know of his illness and confinement in his later years. We may be spiritual beings and that spirit goes on but we're all mortal, too.

I'll never forget Richard Rose and his transcendental racetrack.

-Howard T. Levine, Austin, TX, 2007

*To learn more about Howard, the musician, go to [www.texchoice.net](http://www.texchoice.net). He's a member of several bands including the David Cummings Trio, and also teaches guitar and bass lessons.*



**To read more stories about life with Richard Rose, you can order David Gold's book by pasting this link into your browser: [http://www.richardroseteachings.com/products\\_inspired\\_print.html](http://www.richardroseteachings.com/products_inspired_print.html)**



**INSPIRATIONAL POETRY**  
**BY LEE O. WARFIELD, III**

*Lee attributes having met Richard Rose with changing and helping to save his life. As a result, he made a commitment to help others achieve the same desire to alter the course of their lives, offering inspiration and courage.*

**THE CURE**

I went there to heal myself  
but only found despair.  
My own desire was lying in wait  
to entangle me in its snare  
to entice, seduce and lure  
me from my hope  
to find the illusive cure;  
so I might endure.

Where, now, can I go?  
I do not know.

Such folly to think that it  
could be done without Your grace.

While perched on bended knee,  
reveal Your blessed face.  
As I await my destiny  
and my fate,  
renew for me the sanctity  
of that holy place.  
O Lord, redeem and restore me  
to Your grace.

**ONE AND THE SAME**

What is life,  
and what is strife?

What is love,  
and what is above?

What is breath,  
and what is death?



“TAMAR”, WATERCOLOR, GRAVESTONE RUBBING AND GRAPHITE BY CECY ROSE

**MORE POETRY FOR  
CONTEMPLATION**  
**BY JAMES CORNIE**

**MECHANISMS**

Electrons in a bounded fog  
Scud through silicon's inverted space  
Of energy's division by dimension  
Unsure this instant of position, momentum,  
or existence.

Foreign guests modify, expand potential  
And a galaxy of excitations are possible.  
Resonances from fellow's passage  
Induce mystical spin, orbitation, and  
polarization  
And sensing new character  
Micro-mechanisms order the work of man.

Waves of perception ripple through colloidal  
space  
Resonating gelatinous donors and receivers  
With an illusive charge.  
A fluid holograph permeates the system.  
The mechanism searches past precepts  
Linking, cross-linking, stimulating memory  
And synapses in concert vote yey or ney.

A muscle contracts, another relaxes  
And in cascading choreography  
She touches my hand.

I tend the mechanisms.

-James Cornie

## LEVIATHAN

I have been there  
Stirring the bowels of the Earth  
Belching volcanoes  
Scorching the land with lava flows  
Incinerating villages with nuée ardente  
Creating islands from the ocean's floor  
I am Lord of the Underworld.

I have been there  
Wrinkling the Earth's into mountains  
And sliding, my continents merge and  
divide.  
I quake the Earth and cause man's creations  
to crumble.  
I am the indiscriminate Lord of this pulsing  
Earth.

I have been there  
As ice grinding mountains into glacial till  
And melting I swell the oceans  
And bring cold deluge to low lying land.  
I scour the continent's shore and accept the  
Earth's debris.  
I am the Lord of the Seas.

I have been there  
Bending palms to hurricane's gale  
Dashing beaches with blowing surf  
Moving mountains of sand  
Twisting dust-devils through the desert  
And tornados through the heartland.  
I am Lord of the Atmosphere.

I have been there  
Playing with random processes  
Displacing chaos and inducing order to  
appear  
Causing complexity and memory in matter.  
I am the Lord of Life's Urge.

But I am also here  
Scattering stars from my galaxies' arms  
Imploding my selves in the death of a star  
Obliterating my selves in the black hole's  
abyss  
Obscuring my selves in the vastness of  
space and time.  
I am the Lord of this kalpa.

It is written into our atoms ---  
He who is born will soon die.  
He who finds joy will soon taste sorrow.  
But he who weeps will soon find peace  
And he who dies will reassemble.  
So do not tremble at my sight  
For such Lordship is your birthright.

-James Cornie

## Short essay to accompany the two poems:

In case you are curious, from the  
Geology Lexicon: **Nuée ardente** is a French  
term applied to a highly heated mass of gas-  
charge ash that is expelled with explosive  
force, and hurricane speed, down the  
mountainside. Take a look at the site:  
[http://www.geology.sdsu.edu/howvolcanoes  
work/Pelee.html](http://www.geology.sdsu.edu/howvolcanoes<br/>work/Pelee.html)

When I studied Geology, we took great  
interest (and perverse pleasure) in studying  
geo violent events such as Tsunamis and  
Vesuvius like volcanic clouds. In this case  
on the island of Martinique, on May 5, 1902  
a volcanic eruption of Mt. Pelée created a  
nuée ardente and 28,000 souls from the  
village of St. Pierre departed this plane. As  
I remember it there were two survivors from  
the village. Upon checking the web site, I  
find that one was a prisoner in a dungeon  
and another was a very lucky shoemaker.  
There was a third survivor, a little girl  
walking along the mountainside saw it  
coming and was able to evade it. These  
survivors were lucky but they are all as dead

as the original victims at this distance in time from the event. (Perspective tends to be impersonal).

If you are unlucky or have the faulty judgment to live on the shore in an area that has active fault zones offshore or at the base of volcano, you are at the mercy of the impersonal movements of a living planet. When the earth stops belching and flexing, it will be dead and will no longer renew itself or life on earth. We should mourn and aid the victims of a tsunami, Pelée or Vesuvius but we should also rejoice that our Earth is alive and continues to nourish us.

I grew up in the Snake River Valley in South Idaho on some not so ancient lava flows. There was a "hot spot" in the Earth's crust that over the last several million years migrated from the Owyhee desert, under my feet where I was born in southern Idaho to where it now exists under the caldera that we now know as Lake Yellowstone in Yellowstone Park. I had fun as a kid crawling through lava caves at a place called the Craters of the Moon. The last flow in the "Craters" area, about 50 miles north of the Snake River, was 2500 years ago and the indigenous Indians still have myths about it. We used to mine the cinder cones and spread it on dry earth to make roads that would not turn to dust and blow away. That hot spot (like the mid Pacific hot spot responsible for the Hawaiian volcanoes and the creation of that archipelago) is still moving and is not done churning the earth. We truly do live on the belly of a dragon that appears from the perspective of a mortal life span to be slumbering like my lazy cat but we cannot take it for granted.

I have a geologist perspective on global warming and I know that this has all happened before. There have been four different ice ages during the last 100,000 years or so. Modern man emerged within the last couple of cycles. We seem to be bringing this one on a lot faster through human activity and if we can avoid contributing our part of this cycle, we

should. There are a lot of economical, technological and geo-political reasons why we should take Al Gore and the climate scientists seriously. From a more apocalyptic view, when you add so much to the population to this earth, every geo-hiccup, however minor, will destroy hundreds of thousands of lives. You cannot send a dust devil through the desert or a tornado through the heartland without creating havoc in a farm or garden or strewing and destroying trailer parks, villages and schools and diminishing the local population. Katrina and the Indonesian tsunami are good examples of what common and recurring events can do to a population that unwisely lives in areas only slightly above sea level. (Great areas of our Earth need to be voluntarily depopulated and relocated. Otherwise they will be involuntarily depopulated and relocated by the random and impersonal acts of this indiscriminate planet.)

From a geologist point of view, I see some uncomfortable convergence with the Revelations inspired "left behind" crowd. I sense an entity that has taken control of our leaders. I sense another pack of entities in the cradle of civilization, in the people that gave us three of the one God religions that have continued to cause such mischief over the ages. I hate to say this but I am not optimistic that the future will be benign. It is times like this that I wish I could take a long walk and talk with Richard Rose.

My long geologist and materials scientist view gives some prospective. There is disaster around every corner. Some by the natural belching and grinding of the earth and some imposed upon this earth by our collective activities. We can and should do something about the latter but this all gives us little comfort when we superimpose our personal quest for self-knowledge and realization on the external events.

This newsletter has great potential for not only attacking the issues we all have when we look at our selves in the mirror but other



issues now being debated by various proponents of cognitive sciences, the recent crop of Mind/brain chemistry scientist/philosophers, the new generation of atheists, and the neo-creationist. (Surprised that I included the neo-creationist? I sense the workings of the Creative in the fertilization of a mustard seed and the growth of a blade of grass. I just don't see the Creative as being personally involved.

Personally, my ideas, even as I enter my seventh decade, are in extreme flux. As a geologist and materials scientist, I have a certain perspective on the wider issues of space/time, the universe, the planet and the inner workings of matter. I must confess that I lack clarity in that search for the final perspective. I for one would welcome an open forum in this space by serious students. I for one am also in urgent need of a re-reading of the "Three Books of the Absolute".

-James Cornie

For information on the St. Louis, MO Albigen Study Group write to: Andrew C. McMaster  
[tsaochi333@sbcglobal.net](mailto:tsaochi333@sbcglobal.net)  
314 - 837- 6249

For information on the Lexington, KY Albigen Study Group write to: John Rose  
[rosespace@earthlink.net](mailto:rosespace@earthlink.net)

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](mailto:info@richardroseteachings.com)

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Please address all inquiries to:  
[info@richardroseteachings.com](mailto:info@richardroseteachings.com).