

THE OBSERVER'S NOOK

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*"Know that while you are dying, that
you have been dead for years."
-- Richard Rose*

Sounds pretty dismal. But any seeker on a path of retreat from error knows this. It's no great secret. "We don't get out of this alive," as a well-humored friend from the nursing home once told me. But not everyone gets out of "this" with awareness that they may have been "asleep" all their lives.

Richard Rose's mission and commitment to himself was to offer a ways and means for the sincere seeker to escape the illusion of life's games. On the other hand he advised not to wake the sleepers. Not everyone is convinced that they have been dead for years. Regardless, he made himself available, day or night, to those who were troubled or questioning their purpose in being here. In his lectures he often referred the listener to Richard Bucke, who wrote in his book *Cosmic Consciousness* that there's about a one in a million chance of finding Enlightenment. However, Richard Rose continually encouraged people to "keep throwing mud at the ceiling." Like Jim Carey said in "Dumb and Dumber" – "So you're telling me there's a chance?"

Richard's first advice to me when I met him all those years ago in Providence, Rhode Island was that if a person wants an answer to the question "Who am I?" they need to, first and foremost, make a commitment. There's a formula, he said. It was synchronistic that he should say

that because hanging on my painting studio door was the following quote by W.A. Murray (the fellow that climbed Mt. Everest):

"Until one is committed, there is hesitancy, the chance to draw back, always ineffectiveness. Concerning all acts of initiative (and creation), there is one elementary truth, the ignorance of which kills countless ideas and splendid plans: that the moment one definitely commits oneself, then providence moves too.

"All sorts of things occur to help one that would never otherwise have occurred. A whole stream of events issues from the decision, raising in one's favor all manner of unforeseen incidents, and meetings and material assistance, which no man could have dreamt would have come his way.

"I have learned a deep respect for one of Goethe's couplets: Whatever you can do, or dream you can, begin it. Boldness has genius, power and magic in it."

The blueprint is laid out for us to discover. *The Albigen Papers* is just one source handbook for learning to read the blueprint. There are many paths to Truth, as long as a person develops discernment and intuition to find the right one. It is our mission at Richard Rose Teachings to provide you with a reference point – a place to start as well as a place to finish. The contributors to the newsletter and the website continue to help make that possible. To them we are deeply indebted.

--Cecy Rose and Staff
Richard Rose Teachings.com

“I TELL PEOPLE TO LEAD A MORAL LIFE. I URGE THEM TO THINK ABOUT THEIR LIVES AND TO FIND THEIR OWN PATH TO CONTENTMENT. EVERYONE HAS A SEPARATE NATURE AND A SEPARATE PATH...TO TRUTH. BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF. GET TO KNOW YOURSELF, AND YOU WILL FIND THE RIGHT WAY TO LIVE.”

—RICHARD ROSE, EXCERPT OF INTERVIEW FROM “ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS,” DENVER, COLORADO 1983

A “PEARL” FROM THE ARCHIVES: THE JANE S. STORY

These notes were provided from a written eye-witness account, circa 1972, recorded by a former student of Richard Rose. Initials have been used to protect the privacy of individuals mentioned since this article is published via the Internet.

Jane S. went through an amazing transformation during the “experience.” Her face changed physically into a serious-looking, suffering person. What she was experiencing—her perspective, had totally transformed her into a new person. She said, “I want to love you, Chuck (her husband), but you’re not there or not real.” She began to weep, tremble and fall apart before my eyes. I was amazed, but I never doubted that it was real—no one could act this way. I was shocked to hear her husband say she was acting most of it out. I was convinced; I had studied books about illusion (maya), states of mind, but now I had witnessed a mind penetrating these concepts in a very real way.

We were all not there, not real to Jane, and this made her, and me, very sad. She

knelt on the floor crying for some time. But time was the farthest thing from my mind.

I wasn’t sure of the mechanics of the experience, but I knew that Jane and Rose were linked in some way. His words seemed to either help her out of the despair or drive her to more tears, depending on the nature of his comments. He seemed to be along for the trip, but not able to control her every experience. After some time passed, Rose seemed to draw Jane out of the Pit by making favorable comments to her. When he would say, “you’re beautiful inside,” the crying would slow up or stop. Without favorable comments, she would seem to fall back into the Pit—explaining how hopeless and empty everything was. Her face changed dramatically again and she returned to the air-headed, energy-driven person I knew. It was Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde before my eyes. Rose later said he coaxed her out because he didn’t feel she could go any further. He turned his inner head away—shutting off the pictures she was picking up on. He told her if she wanted to finish it off, she should come back and stay for a definite time period.

I believe Rose said to Jane, right before the experience, “you’re inside my head.” Jane said, “I know, I’ve been there all day.” Early in the day we were at Rose’s farm walking around, J. (my wife) and myself, Jane and Chuck, and Mr. Rose. Rose said he was able to get inside her head as we walked and talked. Also, before the experience, Rose was doing some hypnotic suggestions and he read the Three Books of the Absolute. I remembered how alive all the words were. I seemed to drift into a state where I was feeling or seemed to be

experiencing some of what he was saying. “Oh tender I-ness, what have I done to thee.” He started to point at me as if he recognized my mental state. At that instant, Jane started to cry. All of the attention in the room, including mine, was shifted in her direction.

I remember Rose had given Jane a post-hypnotic suggestion, something about sugar. I believe he said when she heard the word sugar she would crave something sweet. I remember she left the room and when she came back from the kitchen, Rose said, “were you in the sugar bowl – were you eating something sweet?” and she started to laugh as if she was caught with her hand in the cookie jar. Then she started to cry. I believe that’s when he said, “You’re inside my head,” and she replied, “I’ve been there all day,” or something to that effect.

After the experience, I thought Jane would become a totally spiritual person. I visited her a few days or weeks later and I was amazed. She was dressed in a black mini-skirt on her way to a bar maid’s job. Her make-up seemed excessive and she was in no mood to discuss a spiritual direction with me. She said what she saw was death and that she wanted to live. She didn’t want to get into it anymore. I remember being upset with her because I felt her experience was real and that it was important for her to work with others and continue to pursue her own final spiritual experience. Rose had said she had seen only one part of the picture. The nothingness of life—illusion...but she hadn’t seen that she was everything.

In these days Rose was a powerful transmitter of thoughts. Jane, in my opinion, was a highly sensitive and

energetic person who was able to pick up on his head and this is what propelled the experience. Zen masters call it transmission.

Jane had been into TM and EST before we met up with Mr. Rose. She transformed during this experience. It changed her drastically so that she was trembling so much that she could barely speak. Normally it was hard to shut her up and she was highly egotistical. She did all of her husband’s talking, too. I’m not certain if it was her fault or his passive nature.

One night, months after her experience, she was doing some mescaline and I was taking notes and asking questions. I believe she started to go back into the experience. She looked at Chuck again and asked J. (my wife) to touch him. She said he has no feeling, that he is not real or something close to those words. Chuck was not upset at all and offered his hand to J. and I to prove he was real. J. refused, I didn’t. Jane seemed to get upset.

Shortly after that night Jane decided to divorce Chuck. Jane was a powerful personality. She did a million things at once. She was able to manipulate more than Chuck. J. was also under her spell (energy or the Holy Spirit and voltage) for some time when they moved into an apartment together.

Even though I had meditated and sat with people and searched for knowledge and power during my years in yoga, I was amazed by the energy that was present in the room the night Jane went into her experience. It was true what the yogis had said...a person could experience such an energy force without

drugs. The room was electrified. I could feel it. Rose later told me he could watch it move around the room. He said it was working on my head when Jane entered the room and it hit her. It seemed to freeze my mind or lock it into a single vision. All the right place to find the true self and get some answers. I was impressed with Rose. He was an older man in his 50's, but he seemed to have more energy than us youngsters. This energy phenomena was not isolated to just the Jane S. experience. Following the formation of a group of people who felt Rose could help them, I witnessed this energy again several times. In most cases, the voltage would transform whoever it descended on. I guess you could say they were all mild Jane S. types of transformations. These experiences mostly happened when we sat in small groups we called rapport sessions. The energy would build in the room and suddenly someone would receive a jolt. It caused tears, facial changes and new perspectives. Some who experienced, namely A.F. and M.G. (from OH) and D.P. (from PA), told me that they tried to fight it. I remember A.F. telling me how he felt the energy was trying to take something away (his ego) and he fought it tooth and nail for 20 minutes. A. He felt somewhat transformed—even though temporarily by these experiences.

To me, this proves that the energy was a universal principle and a teacher need not be present. Rose didn't have a monopoly. He advised us on how to bring it about, and that it wasn't really necessary for him to be there.

I guess most street people would think I was crazy if I told them sitting in a room

quietly for 35 minutes could produce such wild results.

None of the people that I sat with in rapport were present during the Jane S. incident so they could not fake or create the events I have recounted during these rappings.

During private meditation I would feel energy, but never to the degree that I witnessed during the group rappings. The voltage seemed to help open doors for people to see things about themselves or to help them change. It seemed to apply pressure to them, they didn't seem to enjoy it. It was not always enjoyable. Many people feel that anything that is not enjoyable cannot be good. But in spiritual progress this seems to be totally false. Through self-discipline, sacrifice and suffering, a person grows in stature if he can bear the load.

I often wondered how this energy was manufactured. Some people seemed more sensitive to it. Others would say they felt very little during a session. Rose says women have greater sensitivity so they would more often than not, receive the voltage. This prompted male and female rapport groups. Many people other than myself can attest to this phenomenon. I believe the number is close to 20 to 30 who have had minor breakthroughs as a direct result of Rose and his advised rapport sessions.

I admit this concept is nothing new. Quakers have used it. Christians talk of the Holy Spirit moving people. But for many people who came into contact with Rose, this energy was not just a concept, but an experience in life.

The energy phenomena happened to others in the company of Rose. J. was sitting in Rose's kitchen and felt an energy flowing between Rose and herself as it hit her in the heart area—she started to cry. M.M. (from OH) was in the room at the time and put his head across the table in the line of energy and was jolted by the current. I was present for another similar experience. J., myself, A.T. (from PA) and Rose were talking about some historical events when A. seemed to join a certain train of thought that Rose was thinking. In my opinion, he entered Rose's mind. The words of a certain battle hymn came out of A.'s mouth and his eyes got big and he started to get choked up. His transformation lasted a short time as J. turned to him and said, A., what's the matter? He slowly came back to earth. Later that day on the way to the farm I asked him what he had seen. He said he would never doubt that Rose was a genuine teacher. "He said Rose knows the answers, he really does. Most people think he knows, but I know for sure." I believe he also said he felt that their minds were one for a short time.

Rose, in evaluating his success as a spiritual mentor, has been pretty hard on himself at the time of these writings.

March 10, 1985: No one has reached the maximum answer "absolute truth", but many have received minor spiritual experiences as a result of their contact with Rose and the group. I wonder when compared to any congregation or religious group how well he would stand. In my opinion, most people who stayed with his system were affected in the manner I have described.

A meeting at my home developed into an intensive session. M.T. (from D.C.) received the energy on this 1979 occasion. Rose was away from the group at this time. We had a meeting of all the group (Pyramid Zen) monitors. We sat for a while and the energy began to build. When I saw the force that was on M., I decided to point at him. Rose had said when this was done at the proper time, it would intensify the energy. I was not sure if I was doing the right thing, but my intuition was giving me the go ahead. This session was intense. M. was trembling and seemed to get some insight from the session. Later, other participants confirmed my feeling and felt that the pointing I had directed was appropriate. I was glad to see we could produce something without Rose. Someday he will be gone and I thought these types of experiences should help to keep a group together...or help to bring in new people.

Rose taught us on various levels at once. Questions were addressed to all subjects—anything from auto mechanics to sex. Many of the early members were lacking the householder skills. I remember how much I learned on a physical level, (and) learning to be a man which would help on a higher level.

Rose was a powerful communicator—he would talk directly, didn't beat around the bush.

My first encounter with Rose was at the University of Pittsburgh. A student at the high school where I was teaching told me about him after he had attended his lecture. He said that he shook hands with Rose after his talk and felt a tremendous jolt of energy. He thought I would like what he had to say. J., myself, Jane and

Chuck decided to attend the following week. We headed for Pittsburgh to see how Rose compared to other outfits (T.M., EST, etc.) we had been investigating. We walked into an apartment and Rose was sitting on a stool discussing philosophy. After listening for a few hours, I was impressed. He talked directly and wasted little time in making his points. I knew from that moment, that he had something that I wanted. Some self-knowledge that I was lacking. I bought his book that evening—that shows what a good salesman he is, as I am not easily sold. It made for interesting reading for the next few weeks, but I was more impressed with his discussions, so we arranged to make a trip to Benwood to visit at his house. These weekend meetings became the highlight of my life. The more time I spent there, the more I wanted to return. He didn't have as many irons in the fire then, and was able to devote much of his free time with us. We would spend many hours in discussions, trips to his farm, hypnosis techniques and rapport sessions. He would also read from the Three Books of the Absolute.

--F.M.

Editor's note: To learn more about Richard Rose's views on the mechanics of transmission and the role it played in his teaching, refer to *Psychology of the Observer* and *Energy Transmutation, Between-ness and Transmission*. Briefly, as brought to my attention by Andrew MacMaster, a contributor to this newsletter, Sokei-an, who Rose met in California, and Alfred Pulyan, with whom he corresponded after his experience in 1947, were influential in regards to the Zen connection. Sokei-an

stressed direct transmission and his student, Mary Farkas (1910 – 1992), kept teaching his way after he died in the internment camps in 1945. Pulyan had a lady teacher. In 1930, Sokei-an opened an American branch of Ryomokyo-kai in New York City and incorporated it as The Buddhist Society of America. Sokei-an described his way of teaching as “a direct transmission of Zen from soul to soul.”

“I AM SO SORRY I NEVER MET RICHARD ROSE. I HAVE SEARCHED FOR ABOUT 65 YEARS—YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN—AND MR. ROSE WAS THE ONLY MODERN DAY ONE THAT WAS THE TRUTH”
—FRED C., AUGUST 2006



RICHARD ROSE AT AGE 57 UNDER THE SYCAMORE TREE AT THE FAMILY FARM

**“EMPLOY WHATEVER
NECESSARY”**
BY ANDREW MCMASTER

I never had the opportunity to meet Mister Rose, but I began to read his books, six months after he was gone. He cured me of religion. There are no

organized religions that actually teach “ego death.” Of course, everyone is welcome to practice the way in which they wish and most people DO NOT WANT ego death. But to become the TRUTH, ego death is necessary. A major section of Mister Rose’s manual entitled MEDITATION is “Going Within.” Mister Rose wrote, “Going within means to find Reality by finding the Real part of ourselves.” In the Summary Notes, Going Within is the fourth level. Mister Rose writes:

“4. Going within. Employ whatever necessary.”

As I seek to “go within,” and employ whatever necessary, I read the teachings and the writings of people whom Mister Rose seemed to approve. I try to find westerners, as that is where I was looking when I discovered Mister Rose. A very effective method of Going within is *Atma Vicara* which can be translated as “self-inquiry” or “looking within.” Ramana Maharshi taught this to his students and his awakened student, Robert Adams, recommended this practice at Satsang, in his home near Los Angeles, until his death in 1997.

Robert Adams appears to have had a genuine “ego-death” experience at the age of 14 and seven years later he sought out Sri Ramana Maharshi. He stayed with Ramana Maharshi for three years and traveled India for some years after that. He returned to the U.S. to sit Satsang with a small group of followers, near Los Angeles. He appears to have met all of Mister Rose’s criteria for a useful practice. It was never about HIM, he made no money, he had no dogma, and really advocated no set practice except finding the real Self through “looking within.” Even more in tune

with my intuition, is his insistence that there was nothing to do, nothing to be, nothing to let go. We are all ALREADY the Truth. It is our attachment to our bodies, our belief in maya and karma, our belief that our ego is us that prevents us from becoming the embodiment of the Truth.

Looking within, or *Atma Vicara*, is a practice whereby the seeker pays attention to the “I-thought,” I am sick, I am jealous, I am happy....essentially the ego.... and follows it back to the source. This is very much in synch with Mister Rose’s instructions to retreat from the false by “thinking about thinking,” by asking “why am I here, where am I going, where do I go when I die,” etc.

If one still has difficulty with paying attention to the thoughts, Adams recommends the “I Am meditation,” thinking “I “ on the inhalation and “Am” on the exhalation. This is essentially repeating the name of “God” for westerners, and is helpful for bringing the focus to Going Within. Adams says ALL spiritual practices are for the ego, there is NO NEED for the Truth to practice, but until we get to that point, Going Within helps bring about the necessary conditions for ego death.

I recommend: “Meditation” by Mister Rose and “Silence of the Heart” by Robert Adams.

The author of this article may be contacted at tsaochi333@sbcglobal.net

POETRY FOR CONTEMPLATION BY JAMES CORNIE

Before I met Richard, I was befriended by another who I perceived to have a

certain aura. He gave me a nudge that lead me to explore Zen, eastern philosophy, Plotinus, esoteric Christianity and eventually Richard Rose. The first poem, "Lightman," reflects that source of inspiration and was written prior to meeting Richard Rose. The second poem, "GAU Eight," is a contemplation about what I do for a living as viewed from the vantage of the mid 80's (a decade after meeting Rose). I still make a living feeding this same beast and so "GAU Eight" is never far from my mind.

LIGHTMAN

You tell me of wise things
Of matters beyond my ken
Of truths most profound
And of the brotherhood of light.

But I ask ---
Who are you?
Are you too a Lightman?
(for I sense your glow)
And your answer ---
"What do you think?"
I reel backward
Into the agony of unknowing.

Are you or are you not?
Is your brotherhood with Plotinus
A metaphor or a kinship of realization?
Was Eckhart, Gautama, Was the
Nazarene?
Indeed, can such a condition exist?

The heavens move.
Must they have a mover?
An electron and positron meet
With mutual destruction
And the creation of energetic photons.
Matter is a condensation of energy ---
Waves of probability undulating into
nothingness.

My universe is filled with molasses.
You enter my view.
You appear real
But on close examination I see a binary
code
From eye to occipital brain.
Combine this precept with memory
And I create you.
You exist only in my mind.

This absurd drama ---
This universe of molasses ---
Those undulations and you
Have no meaning
Unless there is awareness ---
Something that views the play.

The history of man is a drama without
plot
Played by a cast of fools
But a drama dedicated by a few
To deconditioning, to removing filters
To allowing awareness to be aware.

Struggling, stripping, sidestepping
The eye peering into the mind
The mind trying to conceive God
And only grasping fog
And revealing the ignorance
Of the filtered being.

All the confidence born in vain
Of this new season of my fourth decade
Is gone with the revelation
Of my abysmal ignorance.
Years of study are as ashes
Distilled of essence
And wasted with the wind.

And yet --- something remains.
The Absolute is
Though it eludes my efforts.
I cannot see God.
My mind is composed of crude stuff.
A transmutation is required
An alchemy of the soul.

I am a fragment of you
Seeking to be what I am.

GAU-EIGHT

...Our world has given to madness until
madness is declared sane...

I-
The winter Sonoma surf rolls high
Despite the gentle breeze.
A sea lion works the waves
And with him, a cormorant.
The bird is avian indifferent
But the sea lion and I have swum a
distant sea
And walked some distance the
mammal's trail.

We find rapport--
I, standing on a jutting rock
He, bobbing in place
Eyes afixed
As the Pacific continues the ancient
rhythm.

Perhaps it is his hunger
Or my urge.
We break the spell.
I leave my perch.
He dives for a fish.

II-
My cottage overlooks the rain-mist
shore.
I yield gently to the narcosis of this
place.
I have seen her many moods--
--Sonoma Spring is sired by a tempest.
The Pacific blows diamond spikes of
pristine pain.
--Summer blows hot over that ridge.
Here, the shore is a cool respite

To the desiccated valley.
--Autumn is quiet and fluids retreat.
The color of contemplation is brown.
--Now it is winter.
Cool breezes freshen the land
And set black distance to the stars.

III-
Off shore is the San Andreas Fault
Displacing twenty feet in a hundred
years.
Behind me is the Coast Range--
A mélange of tangled, faulted
Solution-injected congelard
Scraped as mud from the ocean floor
As the Pacific Plate plunges beneath the
continent,
Giving breath to the volcanoes of the
North.

This land is being created
And destroyed each instant.
Yes!
This is true
For each star, planet
Each atom, electron
Each instant of time.
...That matter continues
Is our most cherished illusion...

A small deer walks across my yard
Jumps a fence and strolls toward a
ravine.
She pauses, looks my way, then bounds
from view.

IV-
A friend's problem had become my
dilemma.
I drove top-down through the Green
Mountains
In Vermont's early-autumn glory
To his factory.

I received two visions--
 The impeccable beauty of the
Green Mountains
 The maws of GAU-EIGHT.

GAU-EIGHT fires forty-two hundred
Thirty millimeter bullets a minute--
 Seventy a second.
A small part fails after twenty-five
thousand rounds--
 Six minutes of Hell.

With materials of my invention
My friend believes
GAU-EIGHT could fire seventy-five
thousand rounds
From its six rotating barrels--
 Eighteen minutes of Hell.

Behind a thick wall
Windowed with laminated glass
Stood GAU-EIGHT aiming at junked
armored vehicle
Resting on an esker
Left behind by the retreated glacier.

It was not a cannon's report,
Rather, a roar--
Intense beyond imagination
And felt in my every fiber.
It was as if some evil
Was forcing entry
By resonating my body,
My every atom
To its beastly beat.
The esker became a maelstrom of steel
Flying stones and twisted debris.

"My God!"
"Well", replied my friend,
"Do you think the Russians
Are building ploughshares?"
"No", I say to no one,
"They share our madness."

The following weekend

My friend hiked with Boy Scouts
And camped in a glade by a stream.
My dreams were of splintered trees
And mangled flesh.

V-
The deer returns, glances again my way
Then bounds from view.
She reminds me that madness, like
beauty
Is a local phenomenon.
At low tide, I saw an anemone,
A sculpture in protoplasm
Clinging to a tide-exposed rock.
It yielded beauty to my projecting eyes.
Yet, it is a by-passed form
Abandoned to a niche half-a-billion
years ago.
This too is madness, but of an other
order.

POETRY FOR CONTEMPLATION BY LEE WARFIELD

THIS SEED

For without it I
Am lost.
It is the stuff of life
That comes without cost.
Having it is all
I need.
Nothing else can compare.
Great is this seed
Of life
Dealt to me.

DESTINY

Like a seed
 bursting forth,
Reaching up
 to touch the light,

Forever trying to meet
the source of life
That propels me
through space and time
To a destiny that awaits
and is mine.

LUST

There is a fire.
How can it be,
Ever present and raging?
Death, do I see thee
Rising up within
And against me?
Gushing forth to
Overtake and consume,
Not content to spare me.

THE DRAGON

Lies and deceit
Unleashed against me,
Such is the heat
That dares to consume me.

Lying in wait to
Use and abuse me,
Such is the fate
That wants to overtake me.

Lest I give in,
Unrelenting it pursues me,
Such is death and sin
That threatens me.

VAPOR

Very soon I shall go
And few will care,
Neither to nor fro
Into thin air,
To the place I know

Yet do not dare.

VANITY

Vacuous are my ideals
As are many of my deeds
Put forth merely to impress
Others with my prowess
Rendering them meaningless

ETERNITY

How can I
Only
Live to die,
Yet

Have the desire
Of
Life afire,
Yet

Hope to be
One
Living in Eternity,
Yet

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

For information on the Lexington, KY Albigen
Study Group write to: John Rose
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

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Please address all inquiries to
info@richardroseteachings.com.