

THE OBSERVER'S NOOK

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“The term ‘true meaning’ would imply that we wish to find meaning not affected by the Observer. Would the finding of ‘true meaning’ bring us to an Absolute Realization?”

—from the unpublished notes of Richard
Rose

**This issue of the Richard Rose Teachings
Newsletter features:**

A Gimble in a Wabe #2, A Further Exploration... by Jim Cornie – This eye-opener of an article presents the foremost and current research on the origin of the universe. Blending his background in esoteric philosophy with the scientific, the author confirms that Truth can be stranger than fiction.

“The Magic of Hypnosis,” A Personal Account of an Experience by Alan Fitzpatrick – The events leading up to a “death of the self” are retraced in this account of between-ness and the resulting experience.

“The Unpublished Notes of Richard Rose” – *The Psychology of Observer* was most likely based on these excerpts from “The Mind,” but you will find this explanation of the Unmanifested Mind to be the most clearly stated of any found elsewhere.

A GIMBLE IN A WABE #2 A FURTHER EXPLORATION OF ALL, EVERYTHING AND NOTHINGNESS

BY JIM CORNIE

Editor’s Note: Jim’s article reflects a life-long search for “the Absolute,” the perspective from which may give rise to an argument on the part of those who espouse a different spiritual path. But Jim, having espoused the philosophy of Richard Rose himself, raises key analogies to

that teaching that I also find relevant to the search. It is for this reason that I find this article such an important contribution to the newsletter as well as to those who use the Albigen System as a way and means to Self-Realization.

In my last piece, I covered a wide swath of cosmology, quantum physics, Genesis, the big bang theory of the formation of the universe, the enigma of the Observer, and a biocentric theory of the universe. While writing that piece, I found myself banging my head on the wall of the Absolute and obviously, neither my head nor the wall cracked. Frankly, I was simultaneously awed and intimidated by my failure.

I find that others with more apt physics and mathematical skills are trying experimentally to take physics close to the Ultimate in the Large Hadron Collider (LHC) in search of ever more fundamental particles of matter, including the quest for the Higgs Boson (sometimes called the God particle). I await their findings with much interest. We, the so called civilized world are spending ~\$10b on this contraption which is about the same amount that we pour down the drain per month in that doubtful geopolitical effort in Iraq. I applaud the effort of the former as I curse the effort of the latter. Yet this project is in tune with St Augustine¹ of Hippo in explaining the beginning of things. Our physics fails us at the low Planck time, the time it takes light to transverse a sub atomic particle, at the instant of the great singularity that we call the Big Bang. Time starts and there is no time before time. There is no before, only after. Like St. Augustine, I too, for lack of a better mechanism, relegate that instant to the realm of God, the Absolute, or whatever metaphor for the founding principle that we wish to employ. As to the nature of God after the creation, until I have direct experience of my own, I leave to St. Augustine and other myth makers.

¹ In considering all of existence St. Augustine of Hippo (AD354-430) postulated that there was no time before time and that God created time when he created the universe. Augustine, being a good Platonic thinker also believed that theologians should not try to bend phenomena of the natural world to Christian dogma. Modern physics, cosmologists, and most secular thinkers push their metaphor for God further back to the Great Singularity. As such, except for the choice of metaphors, they largely agree with this fourth century AD saint.

I have been reading Paul Davies lately after I discovered him when writing my last piece. Davies refers to the Goldilocks universe where the conditions are just right for the universe or life itself to exist. It is incredible to consider that if the universal “constants” were a few points off, none of this would exist. But we do exist so we find ourselves the recipient of the gift of a host of lucky accidents. I suspect that being the recipient of such a magnificent gift, existence itself entails an obligation to somehow pay back this gift. It is perhaps a life’s quest to determine to whom or what and how we pay back the favor. But start it did. Out of nothingness came all of this. We find that even a vacuum is full of virtual potential and out of nothingness virtual particles arise as observed experimentally. Out of nothingness came a string of events that lead to my friendly cat that is snuggling in my lap and mooching for a free lunch. I oblige him because I realize that this whole universal wabe in which we gimble is a free lunch. We literally got something for nothing. However, there is a payback coming because from nothing we emerged and it is to nothing that we will probably return. It is from this virtual nothingness that we will find the Higgs Boson in the Large Hadron Collider as predicted by super symmetry theories. It is from nothing that everything arises.

We seemingly cannot go back to before the kick start of time. However, it seems that we can “see” back most of the way. I followed a reference from Davies and found the figure from the NASA web site: <http://lambda.gsfc.nasa.gov/product/map/current/> I have downloaded it and annotated it below to point out key events of local interest. The Wilkinson microwave mapping program (WMAP) has been going on for nearly eight years from a satellite borne observatory (located at the “L-2” stable orbital site outboard from Earth and Moon tuned to the microwave portion of the spectrum) that few of us have heard much of in the popular press. Yet this remarkable observatory is allowing cosmologists and astrophysicists to “see” backward to the first observable signs of the universe when the infant universe cooled sufficiently for light and electromagnetic radiation to escape from the early expansion after the “Big Bang”. Remarkably, of a universe that started some 13.7 billion years ago, we can see backward to the afterglow of creation some 380,000 years (99.9972% of the total life of the universe) after

the initial inflation. Everything that was to be was predetermined by that point. Small irregularities in the “map” are the seeds of galaxies that we observe. Think of this; by looking out into the heavens, we are actually looking back to Geneses!

With an arrow (see page 5 of Newsletter), I also point to Geneses and with another arrow, I point to the formation of our solar system and our Earth itself 4.5b years ago, about a third of the way back to the Great Singularity. What amazes me is that this thing that we call life “organized itself” approximately 3.5b years ago, some 1,000,000,000 years after the initial accretion of our Earth when oceans formed and were more or less stable. My reference book on Organic Geochemistry by Stephen Killops and Vanessa Killops has a rather memorable quote in their Geneses section on the origins of life on earth. *“The story of the evolution of life on Earth is relatively straightforward in comparison to the problem of how it first arose.”*... Here then is another place for us to evoke the metaphorical “hand of God.” I am less than satisfied with the postulate that life came from elsewhere in a chunk of rock and colonized the Earth. Looking at the scheme of things it had to start somewhere and we may as well claim it here. The origin of life in the rich chemical soup of early Earth is no less a wall banger than is the origin of the universe itself.

As some of you who know me personally are aware, you will know that I was once a baby redneck from the frontiers of Idaho. My family is still given to creationism and like S. Palin, the former candidate for vice president, also from my home state, believes that dinosaurs² and man both roamed the Earth together some 6000 years ago (in accordance with the Archbishop of Usher³). I remember in Porgy and Bess, George

² Dinosaurs are emblematic of the Jurassic to Cretaceous periods which extended from ~200,000,000 to ~70,000,000 years before the Common Era (BCE) according to all of the stratographic and radioactive dating methods that are tools of the geologist and paleontologist. Punctuating the end of the Cretaceous period was a “great extinction” and the emergence of lowly mammals from which we derived.

³ James Ussher (aka Usher) Anglican Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland between 1625–1656 calculated the age of Earth based on the Book of Genesis, using the

and Ira Gershwin had their character, Sportin' Life singing "It Ain't Necessarily So." I suspected this early on as my mother dragged me to holy rolling revival meetings. After observing country ladies speaking in tongues and rolling and writhing on the floor, this baby redneck became a skeptic and jumped, when given the choice to major in Geology.

I became professionally as well as philosophically interested in life on earth when I started developing a new product for my company based upon natural graphite. I discovered that this marvelous material has about four times the thermal conductivity of copper and is about four times as conductive as my suppliers thought it was. Natural graphite is a very pure crystalline form of carbon, the stuff of life. My natural graphite started out as pond scum, i.e. algae. Algae was prolific on this fecund blue green ball we now call Earth. By its emergence and existence, it completely changed the evolution of life and the Earth itself by consuming carbon dioxide and exhaling poisonous oxygen into the atmosphere that later made it possible for oxygen breathing reptiles and mammals to evolve on earth. The vast red-beds we see in the Southwest and elsewhere and the vast iron ore deposits such as the Mesabi Range in up-state Minnesota are testimony of the abundance of this over-oxygenated atmosphere that transformed iron-rich minerals into its red oxide form. Vast quantities of the remains of algal life settled to the ocean and lake bottoms and were covered with thick sediments. This carboniferous material was thrust to some depth greater than 45,000 ft by plate tectonics and heated to ~750C for a billion years in an anaerobic atmosphere. This combination of pressure, temperature and anaerobic atmosphere and lots of time for purification is the prescription for creating crystalline graphite. Then in another billion years, it was up-thrust to where a Chinese or a Canadian miner could reclaim, concentrate, beneficiate, and bag it for sale to me so that I can, using my company's process, transform natural graphite into useful metal matrix composite products. From the evolution of pond scum DNA came our line of animals. This pond scum is our ancestor. My

lifetimes of the patriarchs, reigns of kings, etc. He determined that our planet was created 4,004 years before the Birth of Christ, on the 26th of October, at 9 o'clock in the morning.

natural graphite is a fossil of ancient life, but so is every lump of coal that we mine, barrel of oil that we pump, cubic foot of natural gas that we heat our houses with. We are literally mining and consuming the bones of our ancestors. Even the steel in your Toyota owes its existence to oxygen exhalation of our ancestral algae.

I once mentioned at a presentation in Texas a version of the above, that we were all evolved from pond scum and an engineer in the audience took exception and informed me that "You may have derived from pond scum but I am from a higher source". Oh-oh! another damned creationist! Professionally, one needs to keep one's light under a bushel. At any rate, the bones of my ancestors are transformed into our composite materials, which will most likely make me and my company rich enough to send all of my wonderful grandchildren to Harvard so that they too can ask questions of existence like their eccentric grandfather.

But look again at the WMAP and where we are. We, our species homo sapiens was pretty well developed into its present form some 200,000 years ago, a tiny fraction of life's 3.5b year sojourn on Earth. I have to believe that self consciousness is a very late arrival that was only possible after the hierarchy of physical needs and occasional periods of personal security were more or less satisfied. Julian Jaynes⁴ would be good reading here.

Looking back, I reason that it took about eight to ten billion years for the universe to cool to the point that the complexity of life could present itself. We seem to be the result of a lot of random trial and error and somehow, from all of this complexity consciousness emerged. We now look back and from our physics, we find that the Observer is required to explain the nature of matter as well as how we got here. We may find that the emergence of the Observer is the purpose of the universe so that the Observer may observe itself.

The WMAP image attached at the end of this article continues to fascinate me. It tells us that the universe is not infinite. There may be a God view of multiple and parallel alternative

⁴ Julian Jaynes dec. 1997, W. Newton MA, Harvard, "The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind", 1976

universes, many more dimensions as postulated by the string theorist and wormholes between them but for now, our universe is limited by how far light has been able to travel in 13.7b years and is expanding at that rate. Of that expanse of space-time, we can see all but the first 380,000 light-years. With our physics, we can project to Planck time, a minute fraction of a second. Anything before that is inaccessible and anything after our ever expanding WMAP hasn't happened yet. It is only the Now that we can deal with and we color the Now with our preconceptions based upon a life of opinion, propaganda and habit. My friend Richard Rose was able to see this evolving instant for what it is. This is the perspective that we all seek.

Some time ago when pondering such things, I wrote the following:

THE EVENT HORIZON

Black holes patrol the void
And time and radiation are still.
An instant away lies oblivion
And compression into a singularity.

How far is a mile
But two-thousand king's paces?
How long is an hour
But a meal taken?

What is thought
But the universe without bounds?
And what is life
But the movement of soul?

Here, at the event horizon
I breathe eternity.
Galaxies course through my veins
And a universe fills my view.

A star tills the fertile nebulae
And unaware of the stealth
Plants seeds of precious planetary
potential ---

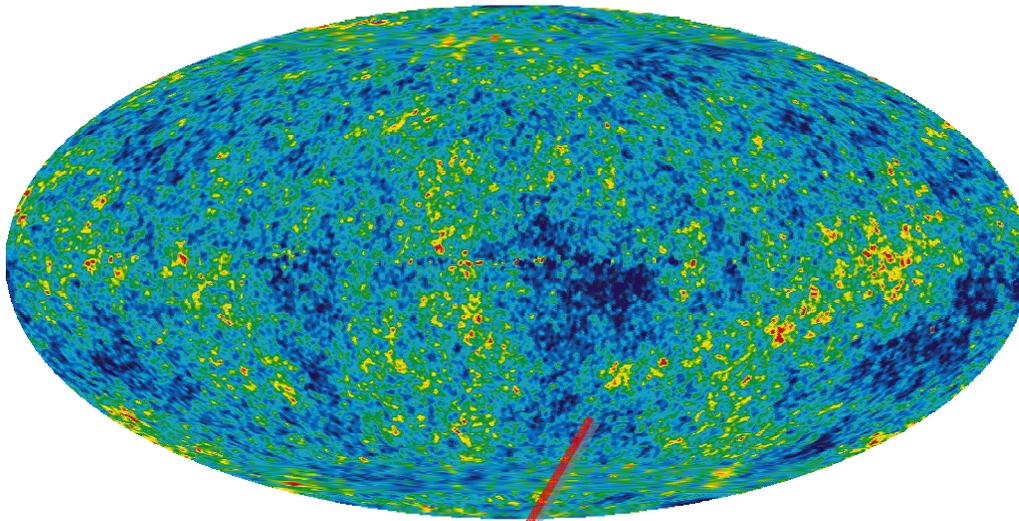
A rose unfurls its petals
And its sweetness brings a cherished tear.
I cry for the beauty of illusion
For when I blink, it will disappear.



Canyon de Chelley ruins of Chinle, Arizona.

Oh Hell! Here we go again! I am back where I ended last time, banging my head against the walls of being and nothingness. The universe has conspired to bring me to this point of awareness. For now, this line of inquiry into the origins of things will take me no farther. Consciousness and the Observer are just as great a set of mysteries as Geneses. It is back to probing consciousness and the Observer itself that must now occupy my philosophical musings and meditations, perhaps for the rest of my life.

I have no idea where this will take me but I proceed with awe and wonder. I am an old dog and this is a new trick. But I make you a promise; if I find out whom or what is running this show, I will let you know. Meanwhile, encouragement and damnation are equally accepted at jcornie@mmccinc.com.

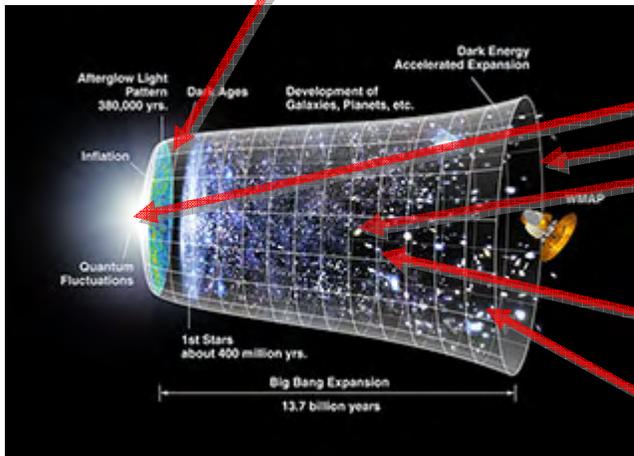


WMAP 5-year
-200 (μK) +200

The afterglow light seen by WMAP was emitted about 380,000 years after inflation and has traversed the universe largely unimpeded since then. The conditions of earlier times are imprinted on this light; it also forms a backlight for later developments of the universe.

More WMAP sky maps can be found at:
http://lambda.gsfc.nasa.gov/product/map/current/m_images.cfm
Five Year Microwave Sky

The detailed, all-sky picture of the infant universe from three years of WMAP data. The image reveals 13.7 billion year old temperature fluctuations (shown as color differences) that correspond to the seeds that grew to become the galaxies. The signal from our Galaxy was subtracted using the multi-frequency data. This image shows a temperature range of ± 200 microKelvin.



Timeline of the Universe

Big Bang: 13.7 billion years ago
We live here
The solar system and Earth was born ~4.5 billion years ago, approximately 1/3 the age of the universe which was born/created by the Big Bang
First Life on Earth ~3.8 billion years ago, only ~700,000,000 years after formation of Earth
Homo Sapiens developed within last ~200,000 years

A representation of the evolution of the universe over 13.7 billion years. The far left depicts the earliest moment we can now probe, when a period of "inflation" produced a burst of exponential growth in the universe. (Size is depicted by the vertical extent of the grid in this graphic.) For the next several billion years, the expansion of the universe gradually slowed down as the matter in the universe pulled on itself via gravity. More recently, the expansion has begun to speed up again as the repulsive effects of dark energy have come to dominate the expansion of the universe. Credit: NASA / WMAP Science Team.

“THE MAGIC OF HYPNOSIS”
AN ACCOUNT OF AN EXPERIENCE
BY ALAN FITZPATRICK

The following was written shortly after the event:

I'm going to try and put down on paper, in my own words, as close as I can come to a description of the experience that I had immediately after my hypnosis demonstration at Duquesne University in Pittsburgh on October 15, 1991.

The subject of my talk was to be “The Magic of Hypnosis” and I had given the same talk and presentation the week before at the Friends Meeting House in Oakland, PA, with a reasonable degree of success. My intention was to repeat much the same procedure at Duquesne, and attempt to hypnotize at least one, if not more people of the audience. Mike Casari had set up the talk, and had put up posters to advertize, but did not expect any great attendance.

I was a little late arriving at the University due to unexpected traffic on the Parkway, which was backed up and made me a little nervous about getting to the talk early and relaxed. Regardless, I met with Mike before the talk and spoke with the president of the Psychology Club on campus, and got into a spontaneous argument with a friend and fellow student of Mike's, Rob, who thought convincingly that we possess free will. The argument ended amiably, yet had some effect to set me a little on edge or off edge, whichever may be the case. I had prepared well for the talk, and after rehearsing my procedure, reduced my notes from the previous week, from several note cards to one.

The room we met in soon filled with about 65 students, and they were seated in a sort of classroom setting, all facing the front, and closely packed. Mike introduced me and I tried to make a joke, as I have done before about my working at the pen. The joke this time went over like a lead balloon. Another attempt brought similar results, and I remember thinking or reacting a little perplexed, not realizing that perhaps I was somewhat out of touch with college students. The room seemed a little close, as far as the atmosphere was concerned, and the ceiling low. My confidence, as I began the talk was perhaps a little tentative, and I remember referring to my note card more than I had

expected to, as I thought myself too well prepared to have to do so.

Some time elapsed as I spoke, and I could feel, or remember feeling that I did not think I was doing too well, in terms of getting across to the audience as I thought I could feel them stir a bit, in restlessness and perhaps boredom. I don't know exactly at what point it was that I turned to the deck of cards but I do remember that I had forgotten my place on my note card, which was not now in my hand, but back on the podium next to me, so that reach for the cards was a sort of stab to get back on track and at the same time a sort of desperateness as I felt that I was losing the evening, and that I was close to failure in the sense of not hypnotizing anyone, nor even getting around to it. When I thought about it, it felt even farther, not closer, away from what I was saying and doing at the moment. I knew that I would have had to establish rapport and interest in the audience or with certain people first as I had done the week before. Then I would be able to hypnotize someone. This was not happening, and I could even see on Mike's face uncertainty and recognition of pending failure.

I pulled out the deck of cards and went over to a young female student who was sitting to my right in the front row. She had her head bowed and was not looking at me when I approached her. To this moment, I don't know why I picked her at all, though I do remember feeling dismay in recognizing that my only choice of subjects would be those that I could reach in the front row, and I didn't see any glimmer of rapport with any of them. Somehow I moved directly to reading the color of cards – red or black – which was out of sequence with what I had planned to do. I told her to close her eyes, hold her head up, and I gave her a suggestion that she would be able to see the color of the face card, red or black, with her eyes closed when I placed the card up to her forehead, with the back of the card facing her so that only I could see the color. She guessed one, two, three, four, (a black joker), five, six, seven, and perhaps eight all correct, and with each guess, I turned the card up above her head for the audience to see, though I remember not giving her any indication that she was right or wrong, nor saying any comments to the crowd of students. From that point on, the mood and tempo of the room changed dramatically, and it seems in retrospect that there was nothing that I could not do with hypnosis, including pointing at people and having them fall asleep, or their eyes

close. This between-ness that I had talked about the whole evening and the week before was not occurring, though the strange thing about it was that I didn't seem to care at all, and felt myself as if in a dream, sort of detached from the whole thing. There was no plan after that. I couldn't remember any, nor did I refer to any. Things just happened. People were in front of me, or I was in front of people.

A few motions and words on my part and they were a sleep, or apparently so, though I strangely did not feel that I was doing it at all, but sort of like an instrument, if you would call it anything. Before I knew it, I found myself walking with the others out of the building and standing along some parked cars, halfway from the Student Union building to where my car was parked.

For some reason, Paul S., Mike Casari and his wife C., my brother Mike, and myself had stopped for a moment. I remember looking to the northwest direction and the skyscrapers of downtown Pittsburgh, all lit up office lights, and feeling them to be toy-like and sparkling, as if they were sort of miniature, and that I could reach out and grasp them. Then I noticed something peculiar about myself. My legs felt funny. I felt my awareness was about down to mid-thigh rather than all the way into my lower legs and feet. When I moved them, I could feel that they were there, but when I stood still, though I knew they were supporting me okay, I couldn't feel them or be aware of them in the same way that I usually am. I made the comment to someone present about this with no response, and thought it silly that I would even think it to be so. Next I noticed that the others were talking about what had just happened (the events of the evening) in terms of something remarkable, but when I thought about it, I drew a blank, so to speak. What I mean is, I knew that I had been in the room for the evening, had given a demonstration and talk on hypnosis, but when I tried to think of the incidences and particulars, I couldn't think of anything, except when someone would say something about something that happened, and then it would come back to me, in a sort of vision in which I would see that person's face. The comments of the other four seemed hilarious to me, as I felt sort of like an idiot or dummy, since I could not remember on my own what they were talking about, except when they would elaborate on the incident, almost as if they were talking about a completely different person that they had somehow gotten

confused with me. It seemed preposterous to me to think that I had done all these things, much less in the manner that I would have attempted to do them. In the frame of mind I was in, standing with them, it seemed distinctly impossible to me that I could, would, or had done anything connected with hypnosis, and I could not recall how this would or could be done. I felt that I couldn't do anything. That was the only thing that seemed sure.

From there to home seems like a fitful dream to me, other than I felt that my brother should lead the way as I felt for some reason unsure of where I was or how to get back. I don't remember thinking much on the ride home. We drove between 75 and 85 mph without radar and at one point I became alarmed at the thought of being caught by the State Police. Then after a moment, this thought was tempered by another thought that we had some sort of protection from that danger, and that I should just relax as we would make the trip home okay, though I had no data or evidence to believe that to be true. I got home, spoke briefly to D., and went to bed some time after midnight.

For some reason, I don't recall, I woke up near 4 A.M. and found myself wide awake and in a sort of distressed state. I felt I needed to go somewhere to think this out, as I have done in the past, when I don't think I can fall back asleep. So I went upstairs to my room in the attic, and sat in a cross-legged position in the dark until dawn. During this time I became aware that something had happened to me, or settled upon me that was different from anything that I had experienced before, and that left me with the distinct feeling that my life, as I knew it, was changed, or changing.

It was a feeling, or recognition that the matrix by which I felt myself to be was changed. A change of being, if you will, though I don't think that I thought those thoughts at the time. I just felt that I had changed totally, and the sum total of the change was one of emptiness. I felt empty of myself. Like someone had pulled the plug. But I do remember somewhere along the line realizing that this wasn't an emotion or mood, like depression, as an example. I remember thinking that the change was beyond emotions and moods, which I knew at the time from this new perspective, were somatic in origin. This was something else. I felt myself empty, alone, lost from myself and all the things that were in my

life, or rather, had been in my life, up to this time. Of course, everything was still there physically: my house, my wife, child, business, etc. What was evidently gone was their meaning in my mind, or their importance, or even their place. It just seemed that a lot of myself as I knew myself was gone, and I felt a sense of emptiness and loss. I began to weep at this picture of loss of myself, but not because I wanted all these things back. That I am sure of. It was more like the lament over the loss of a friend, never to return. Whenever I looked in my mind at some particular thing or association particular to my life and saw it, and the loss or disconnection from it, it brought this feeling on all the more intensely. It felt like it could get intense or wane, depending on what I was thinking of, though the overall backdrop remained the same. In other words, I did not feel myself return and leave, or anything like that. It's just that the intensity of this feeling of being lost or loss inside myself could vary. A few days afterward, I wrote down the words to describe it as something very close to death of myself. It was, I wrote, "a feeling of overwhelming emptiness and loss, with no end or depth."

By dawn, I realized that I was going to have to get up and face my wife, brother, job, and the world. The thought was alarming. I felt that when I did so, and not if, that the coming in contact with these things by my mind would somehow have an effect of lessening this feeling or experience and overall would bring me out of it by attracting my attention and forcing me to concentrate and literally project energy into these things or associations, which I felt to be at the moment unreal. My first test came with facing my wife, D., at shortly after six in the morning. I guess that it was not too hard for her to tell that something was "wrong" with me, as I was still weeping, or nearly so, and must have looked distraught to her. I looked in her face and could read alarm. She had never seen this before and didn't know how to handle it. Simultaneously, I read her further inclinations on her face. Out of her recognition of my distress and mental weakness, she was also wondering how long this change in me might last, in terms of its impact upon our relationship, but also in the sense of my now impaired abilities to provide all the things in our lives that she had come to expect in addition to her mental reliance upon me. In short, I saw that she was concerned that her "horse" was sick. I was unable and incapable of explaining anything to her about my condition in a sensible

manner. Or so I thought. This inability gave way to a quick and total realization on my part that she and I were total strangers living under the same roof, and there was a tremendous gulf between us in terms of her understanding my mental condition and my being able to convey it to her. It seemed at the time that the more I talked, the worse it got. Or at least, the more confused she got. I think overall she was concerned about my condition in terms of how quickly I could bounce back to my former state and get on with things. And I was beginning to see this whole thing in terms of having been in a more REAL state of being, and already sensed that I was losing it, and was in fact returning to my former self, though it was not ultimately by choice. There was a recognition inside myself that my former self was a dummy, and I was returning not to sanity but to insanity – my old self with all its attachments and projections which from this previous perspective I had stepped out of or been relieved of for a while and, though weeping, had grown to desire. The tears in some ways were not for lamentations to have my old self back, but joy of being freed, if there were emotions at all. I felt that morning, pending doom in terms of my house, wife and child. I may come back to myself, but I was sure that I was going to lose all these things physically. D. could not understand what had happened, and I was sure that she sensed the gulf between us as much as I did, and in terms of the old cliché, "the jig's up." I was sure that she would leave, and destroy my child in front of me, just for revenge. There was no need to even think about working on my house. I knew I was about to lose it. And yet with all of this, I remember being aware of not fighting this thing, that whatever happened from here on in was meant to happen.

I went down to the store and felt like a stranger, an alien. I didn't want to talk to people. The experience I had felt intensely through the night was distinctly leaving. I still felt empty, lost, unsure of what had happened. I decided, since it was by coincidence, my day off, to find and talk with Mr. Rose as soon as possible. So I went to McMechen and asked Cecy to call him and see if I could speak with him. I wasn't sure that he wanted to talk to me, though I don't know why. I felt kind of foolish, too.

I came into the kitchen in Benwood and said hello. He was looking up at the TV set on top of the cupboard and said hello without taking his

eyes off the set. After a few moments of silence he spoke, asking me “what was up” but without taking his eyes off the set. I said, “I don’t know. That’s the problem.” He then asked what I felt like, and I said something to the effect that I felt lost, or was lost, had lost myself, and felt empty. Or was empty. He then turned to me, looked me in the eyes and said, “I live with that every day or every moment,” then adding something to the effect that I shouldn’t fight it; accept it as this was more real and that it was true that my life, and for that matter, everyone’s life was, in fact, empty or unreal. A lot of things were said that I can’t recall, on a similar vein. What I do remember is that Mr. Rose said to me that morning, in a sort of evaluation of what had happened or where I was that I had come in through the back door to this thing called between-ness.

At some point I decided it was time to go. By the third day after the Duquesne talk, the experience had mostly gone, and I was acutely aware that I had both lost and gained something paradoxically. I had regained myself, now to my detriment. And I had lost the experience of lost-ness, and didn’t know if I would ever recover or get back to this place again, as all I had left was a memory and that that was nothing real. It was no trophy. The door had been opened and I had not been able to go through it and so had come back. Or maybe, for some reason, I was allowed a glimpse. But by Friday, I did feel depressed, in the true sense of the word. I felt that the experience had lifted, and so I was abandoned to the realm of shadows, and I did not nor do not today know if this was the pinnacle of my achievement as far as spiritual development goes in my lifetime, or the hope of things to come.

I wrote, “In a way I feel abandoned by it (experience) and have been returned to the land of the sane and the living, though I know the philosophical truth to be the opposite. I fear that it may (the experience) never return and that I will be left high and dry, laying out my meager hand of life in meaningless-ness and being lost.

That experience of stepping out, as I now sense it to be, was entirely more Real.”

--Alan Fitzpatrick, December 1, 1991

*In Tweeny Town, In Tweeny Town
There lived a boy and maid.
And they went up and they went down,
While all their children stayed.*

*In Tweeny Town, In Tweeny Town,
There is no grief or sorrow.
For they put off their ups and downs,
And look for them tomorrow.*

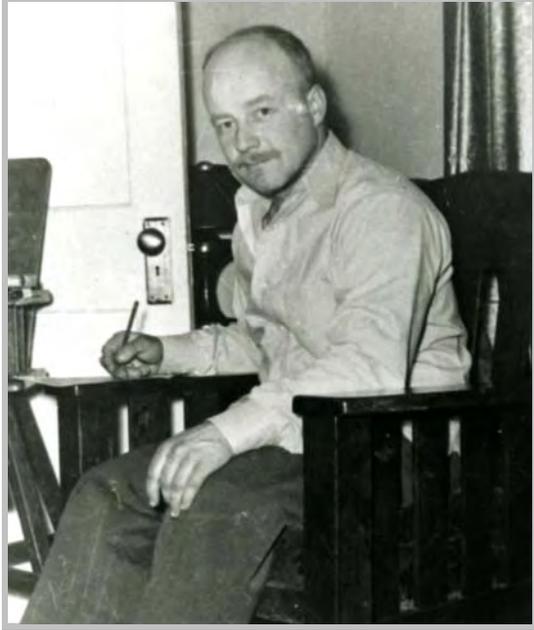
*In Tweeny Town, In Tweeny Town,
There are no great or tragic,
Nor Rich nor Poor nor Chain nor Crown,
For Between-ness is their Magic.*

--“Tweeny Town,” by Richard Rose



“CONVERSATIONS ON A RAINY MORNING,” OIL ON CANVAS BY PHILIP WINESTONE.

The painting above was created while listening to the music of John Rose, and titled after the cover song “Conversing with a Rainy Night.” Rose Publications offers a selection of musical CD’s that instill a mood of contemplation and relaxation. Whether you’re an artist, a writer, Yoga practitioner or just looking for inspiration, these compositions can provide a quiet opening to the inner world of creativity. For ordering information go to:
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THE UNPUBLISHED NOTES OF RICHARD ROSE

The following is an excerpt from Rose's paper he titled, "The Mind." Though undated, it was most likely written in the 1970's, prior to publication of *The Psychology of the Observer*.

The Unmanifested Mind is not demonstrable. The technique for studying it is. If you would see the true source of illusion, instead of living vicariously on the screen of the theatre, --follow the light back through the lens of the projector.

This may appear utterly ridiculous if taken literally, but it remains that we must observe the observer, not the make-believe which all of us agree is life-drama. We are chained to the theatre, rather than to a Platonic cave. We identify ourselves with veritable shadows, and laugh and weep at their motions. And perhaps we come back repeatedly to see the same show, to purge ourselves of Reality in a repetition of drama drawn from the Matrix of the dimension of the Unmanifested Mind.

When we observe the observer, we sense several things. One is that we have been in a dream state, and must return to a dream state as long as we are in this body. We observe also that the Dream State is very real, in that it is for us the only life for us until we awaken. And it is inescapable that we must deduce that dream-life is a real

manifestation of some agency within ourselves that acts as a creator. It is as though we were born with a false face, which all through life we accepted as our true face, because it was all we knew as a face, and because our friends accepted it as true. The face would literally have to fall off by accident for us to know that it was not our true self.

"Man does not move as much as he is moved....True observation must be carried on from a superior dimension. The mind cannot be studied with the mind. It must be observed from some point, outside of, and yet superior to the mind....The mind has the ability to create, better than the ability to accurately witness. With the ability to create comes the ability to delude the self."

—“from *Psychology of the Observer*” in
Carillon, by Richard Rose

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Also, we welcome your submissions to the Newsletter.

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