

THE OBSERVER'S NOOK

*Volume One, Number Three
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*“So you want to grow old ...
You look very good there by the marble
door,
Pen in hand,
Waving and pointing,
Planning for those you love,
Warning and being brave...
With robot gestures and computer
signals...
Trying to act supremely non-robot...
Leaning on the door and pretending
That you built the place and know the
combination.” –Excerpt from
“Prognosis”, an unpublished poem by
Richard Rose*

Hello Everyone,

This edition of the newsletter is published as a memorial to the anniversary of the passing of Richard Rose. We invited our readers to submit their own personal accounts, tributes and thoughts as a result of having read his books or come in direct contact with him and the response was very moving. Our deepest gratitude goes out to those who support our efforts to disseminate the teachings of a man who left an indelible mark on our thinking – on our very *Being* – as we hungered for knowledge and were given a pathway to Truth.

In memoriam to another personal friend and mentor of mine, Amos Lawrence, I am titling these accounts “The Dew Diamonds”, borrowing that phrase from a book he wrote but never published. His book was a compilation of success stories from his own students (at the

school I attended as a young girl) that he personally guided through trying times.

Thank you again for sharing your experiences and for letting others know that there is a Way, a Life and a Truth. It’s right here, right now in the books, the lectures and the notes. There are those of us at Richard Rose Teachings.com and the Pyramid Zen blog site who are available to communicate with anyone out there who is searching for a complete system of observation, meditation and action.

We look forward to your comments about this newsletter and hope that you will share with our readers your reflections, thoughts and inspirations as a result of having read through it. Thank you again for your support and contributions to the Richard Rose Teachings site.

Cecy Rose
Director, Rose Publications

“THE DEW DIAMONDS” (TITLE BORROWED FROM AMOS LAWRENCE’S WRITINGS)

From a reader in France:

Good to read that you have planned to pay tribute to Richard Rose on the anniversary of his passing. I’ve discovered Richard Rose on the Web during the fall 2005 and I was immediately impressed by the strength of this man, «strong in character and physique» as you say, and by both the deepness and sharpness of his teachings. Actually I’ve never met, at least through reading, a spiritual teacher which

reminds me such a lot Gurdjieff. It's just my opinion that since Gurdjieff (died in Avon, France, 1949), we haven't had in France a spiritual teacher of a stature comparable with those of Richard Rose. In addition, an infinite compassion and kindness shines out of this man and I feel strongly moved each time I hear or read about him.

I'd be very happy and honoured if you should accept as a gift for your WEB site, my French translation of the chapter 4 (the Absolute) of Dave Gold's book (After the Absolute), relating the Experience of Richard Rose. I think it might happen that some French browsers land randomly on your WEB site and be happy to read some material in French language, and so, have a first and short but significant touch with this teacher and his realization.

Remember: it's a gift. My personal and posthumous gift to Mister Rose.
Sincerely and friendly yours.

--Luc Tertrain

(Mr. Tertrain's translation is posted on the website and may be viewed by first going to the description page for David Gold's biography, *After the Absolute*, http://www.richardroseteachings.com/products_inspired_print.html)

From a reader in Nevada:

Although I never met Mr. Rose, his writings have always been much more than ink on paper to me. The reality of his words came through so strongly that it was like a face to face conversation. On the eve of my fortieth birthday, I was reading one of his essays or maybe it was the Albigen Papers and read:

"If a man hasn't awakened by the time he's forty he might as well forget it" (not the exact phrasing, I'm sure, but words to that effect) I was stunned, shocked and angry. I made a determination to prove him wrong. Now, almost 20 years later I'm still struggling through a ton of illusion but the determination remains. One thing is certain. I will wake up or die trying.

--Dennis Cartwright

From a reader in California:

In the mid-'80s, while living in Ojai, California and working on an "Index Project of J. Krishnamurti's Teachings", I came across one of Richard's books. Being impressed with what he said so clearly, and especially since I was a fellow "West Virginia Hillbilly", I decided to give him a call. Somewhat to my surprise, he answered the phone right away. I told him that I knew the owner of a bookstore in Elkins, West Virginia (where I was born and raised) and that I might be able to get his books in the store. He seemed delighted about the possibility and would mail me the necessary information. We continued to talk for a while about a few matters and what struck me the most during our conversation is that I never experienced Richard as coming across as a "guru" or "superior" in some sense. His completely natural and unpretentious manner in both written and spoken word have left an indelible mark in me. One which I've always cherished.

--Michael Adamson, Ph.D./abd - Health Sciences
CEO of Adamson Enlightened Health & Wellness Alliance, Int'l.
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From a reader in New Jersey, who chose
to send a poem in response to our
request:

Thinking of myself
In relative terms I am
Subject to objects.

Called to sacrifice
Myself as a center of
Conscious awareness.

This Holy Instant
Awareness knows Sensation
Consciousness is born.

AN EMPTY MIND

An empty mind is
Also clear;
Without thought
There is no fear.

A quiet mind lives
In peace;
Makes the most
Of even least.

A silent mind
Has no bound;
Open and still
Itself is found.

WHO AM I?

Who is this I that I seem to be,
That I feel I am, yet cannot see;
The one in me I've yet to know,
Though ever present wherever I go.

Who can it be, this I in me,
The I that I am, yet never see;
The one in me that still goes on,
When all about has come and gone.

The one in me that always knows,
That never comes and never goes;
That's always here and never there,
Ever present and so nowhere.

The one in me, the one in you,
The I in us and all else too;
The root and core of all that lives,
The essence and soul of all that is.

The I in all which cannot fall,
Alive in the hearts of great and small;
That's never apart and always near,
Knows no hunger and has no fear.

The one in all, the one in each,
The one all seek, but never reach;
The I that I am, that you are too,
The I that answers the question who?

BEYOND YOUR EYES

"What's going on within the geographic confines of your skull, behind your eyes, right now? Is it not everything you see before your eyes, and is this not actually composed of patterns of mental energy arising within your own head? Is it not also true that the patterns which you presently identify as self are composed of the exact same mental material you identify as other. This being true, how is it possible to be so intimately identified with one portion, and so alienated from the other? Perhaps because the preponderance of your attention is habitually focused on the former, while you are proportional less sensitive and aware of the latter. "

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--*Yours...Rich Hay*

From Richard's youngest granddaughter
in Pennsylvania:

I have thought about this and have never been quite sure what to say. The fact is, I never really knew my grandfather well. But I do know that he loved me. I guess the only way I can describe what I feel or what I wish I could have known about my grandfather would be in the form of something I read in a play once from playwright Celeste Raspanti:

"Fly close to him and ask him soft and low if he speaks of me sometimes with love. If he is well? Ask too before you go, if I am still his dearest precious dove...and hurry back, don't lose your way, so I can think of other things."

I guess what I am trying to say is that maybe I asked myself this in different forms a million times over the years. Maybe he did as well. But I do know, I was in his thoughts and in his heart and as I grew older he was in mine. I have seen many pictures over the years of the man so many men called, "Mr. Rose." I have heard countless stories of how my grandfather opened minds and eyes into truly understanding what it means to be understanding of the mind. Everyone takes away something different from what my grandfather believed in. I believe he believed in me, my mom, my sister, my grandmother et.al. that we would unite together to celebrate the most important thing in our lives. Each others love.

Thank you grandpa! I may have never said it, but I miss you.

--Alicia Lobanov
(Daughter of Kathleen Rose)

And last but not least, from Richard's daughter, Kathleen, in the spirit of her dad's unwavering stance in regards to obstacles on the spiritual path, including forces unseen. You may note an uncanny similarity in style of writing to her father. Caution: rose-colored glasses won't help you ☺

OUT OF CONTROL

THERE ONCE WAS A
CHARMINGLY ELOQUENT CUSS,
FROM THE VISCOUS LAND OF
COBWEBS AND PUSS.

HE SPORTED AN IMPORTED CAP
OF SUEDE
TO HIDE THE TRAGIC MESS HE'D
MADE.

HIS NOGGIN WAS OOZING WITH
FESTERED SORES,
A SUCCUBUS PORTAL FOR
DEMON SPORES.

SO HOW DID A GENT WITH SUCH
POLISHED CHARM
OPEN THE DOOR TO SPIRITUAL
HARM?

AHHH, HE DABBLED IN
DISTRACTION
WITH A NETHER REGIONS
FACTION,

THAT CARESSED HIS INNER EAR
WITH, "JUST ONCE WON'T HURT
YOU, DEAR."

AND SO, IT CORRODED AWAY
THE ARMOR THAT KEPT THE
BUGS AT BAY.

NEXT TO GO WAS THE MIDDLE
EYE,

ACUTELY BLINDED BY THE
ONGOING LIE.

BEFORE TOO LONG, THE COST OF
HIS NEEDS
EXACTED ITS TOLL FOR HIS
DANGEROUS DEEDS.

HIS CRANIAL NOODLES WERE
EATEN ALIVE
AND ONLY THE SPAWN OF
SUCCUBUS SURVIVED.

HE'D LOST CONTROL AND LOST
HIS MIND,
THIS WOODEN PUPPET LEFT
UNDEFINED.

HE WANDERED THE GLOBE
PONTIFICATING CRAP,
THE PAWN OF PARASITES LAYING
A TRAP,

TO LURE THE NEXT CHARISMATIC
CUSS
BACK TO THE LAND OF COBWEBS
AND PUSS.

—*Kathleen Rose*

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“THAWED PROGENY”
POETRY BY JAMES CORNIE, WRITTEN
BETWEEN JULY 1980 AND FEBRUARY
1983

Jim Cornie is a long time friend, and student of Richard Rose (though he has impressive credentials of his own as a former professor at M.I.T.). In response to our request for submissions, he immediately responded with this wonderful poem. To quote Jim, “Richard was a great inspiration in my life and I

take internal much of his example....While Rose was fresh in my mind and my life was being turned inside out and being rebuilt professionally and personally, I looked at life and my science in totally different ways. In addition to immersing my self in my new work at MIT, I felt the urge to write poetry, an example of which I offer....What that old friend did for me was to change the way I approach everything but almost nothing I do has his fingerprints for forensic historians to ponder. All that I can do at this moment is to offer you one of the poems, (Thawed Progeny) that I wrote during that period in my life when Richard was fresh in my soul. Feel free to use it or discard it for you know your readers better than I.”

Obviously, we have chosen to share this wonderful piece of writing with our readers. An introduction to the poem precedes it and reads as follows:

“A biologist at a crane sanctuary discovered that ovulation could be induced in a female whooping crane if he imitated the male bird’s mating dance. The female could then be fertilized with sperm extracted from a male crane at an earlier date. This discovery was thought to be a breakthrough in the attempts to increase the whooping crane population to that critical size required for biological survival. Unfortunately, biologists are all too human and have their own priorities that may or may not include the natural mechanisms of whooping cranes in heat. It appears that other biologists were unable to repeat this experiment. Behavioral science will struggle to reduce the magic of creature rapport to a digital readout. (N.Y. Times 3/26/80)”

THAWED PROGENY

I-

A man and whooping crane
Dance in nuptial ballet
In imitation of nature's way
Of planting the seed.
This ritual
Devised by perfidious life's force
To purify the breed
Now endangers its existence.

Dances of courtship artificially applied
Calls forth a muse
And releases a memory of contrast
From my agricultural youth
And a wonderment at our origins.

Conception
Creation
The relentless force of life
Drives creatures to dance.
Creation
Conception
Knowledge of God's mechanics
Drives man to design.
Manipulation
Creation
Conception
Drives the poet to ponder.
Come, let us explore
The barnyard
The test tube
The molecule
The dance
And beyond.

II-

The old bull on my father's farm
Needed little ceremony.
He dutifully serviced each heifer in heat.
He did his job well.

He never left a heifer unbred.
Alas, he did not carry the master-seed
And was sacrificed to the ideal
Of herd improvement.

Sperm can be frozen
For later insemination.
Master technology nurtures the master-
seed
And creatures are produced to
specification.

A master-breeder lounges in a pampered
pen
And is led daily to a rubberized heifer
And milked of his essence.
The collected semen is ampoulized and
frozen ---
An immortalized monument to bovine
posterity.

My brother now works my father's farm.
Romance and sentiment are far away
As he discards Dad's Ozark ways
For the sure control and predictability
Of genetic technology.

He buys seed ampoules
Thaws their precious propogenic load
Shoves one home to heifer in heat
Reads ear-tag
Checks clipboard
Duly recorded, the ceremony is done.

III-

But harken!
A miracle takes place!
Life is a force.
Life will continue.
That is the law.

Thawed carriers of life's male banner
Struggle in mucus space
To out race their fellows

And defeat probability
In this fallopian marathon.

At last the luminous egg is grasped.
They spin this Holy Grail
Casting aside all but the tenacious
Until the most determined penetrates ---
Merges essence.

Union is oblivion
Creation
Pain.

This is true.
But only man who has entered woman
Totally --- and returned
And only woman who has received man
Totally --- and returned
Will understand.

IV -

O harken again!
The dance continues.
A miracle takes place!
Life will continue.
That is the law!

Glimmering helices pirouette
In that inverted space
Of energy's division by dimension.
O see this perspective
With unmetaphored eyes.

A penetrating molecularity
Warbles through cells inner mansion
And finds in that most central chamber
A ballet of pure femininity.
They stand in arabesque for transfer.

The code is given.
The call words match.
They merge into one
And dance to a new beat
To a poem of a new creature.

Union is oblivion
Pain
Creation.
But only man who has entered woman ---
Totally
And only woman who has received man

Totally
Will understand.

V-

O harken!
Harken yet again!
More is revealed beyond the beauty
Of the shimmering bonding.
What is this dance
That denies this poet words?
O it exists
More surely than the air I breathe.

We can say ---
It is the dance of misfit essence
Undefined
Immaterial
Determined to be free
To be base or pure
As the Creative would have it be.

But I see this level
Beyond the metaphor.
I see the level ---
I see the level ---
But for now
I can see no more.

O union is oblivion
Creation!
But only one
Who has entered ---
Totally
And received ---
Totally
Will understand.

VI -

Cows need little ritual.
Cranes will not breed without it.
In the end it is a local strategy
Devised by the Urge of life
Which may succeed
Or fail that species into oblivion.

And yet ---
To see the seed-keeper
Dance in empathy
And inseminate tenderly
With fellow creature-love
Is to see man's humanity

--James Cornie
7/80 - 2/23/83

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The blog site at
www.pyramidzen.blogspot.com
continues to draw attention from those
who wish to learn more about Richard
Rose's Albigen System. I would like to
personally thank the monitors and
participants who continue to keep the
teachings of Richard Rose available to
all those who seek the Truth.



RICHARD ROSE AND HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, TATIA,
WALK THE FAMILY FARM, CIRCA 1985.

“CONSCIOUSNESS AND AWARENESS”
BY RICHARD ROSE
FROM “CARILLON, POEMS, ESSAYS &
PHILOSOPHY OF RICHARD ROSE”

You are aware prior to birth and aware
after you die, so you begin with
awareness, but you are not conscious of
awareness.

It will do us no good to deny the body as
being part of us, but it is good to deny
that it is all of us. Only when we have
learned to become aware when the body
is unconscious, will we be able to look
upon the body-type of consciousness as
being inferior and illusory.

(If you would like to purchase the *Carillon* book
and cd together, a special offer is in effect
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