

THE OBSERVER'S NOOK

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IN THIS ISSUE OF THE "NOOK"...

"Point of View" by Philip Winestone – A bit of humor from the author, woven through his description of a profound personal realization. He inspires the question, "Art thou the dreamer in the dream or the dreamer of the dream."

"Life and Times with Richard Rose" by Cecy Rose – A "normal" life it was not. An interesting life? That's an understatement. "People I've never met write to me regularly asking about what it was like to live with Richard Rose. My reply – Oh, nothing but out of the ordinary."

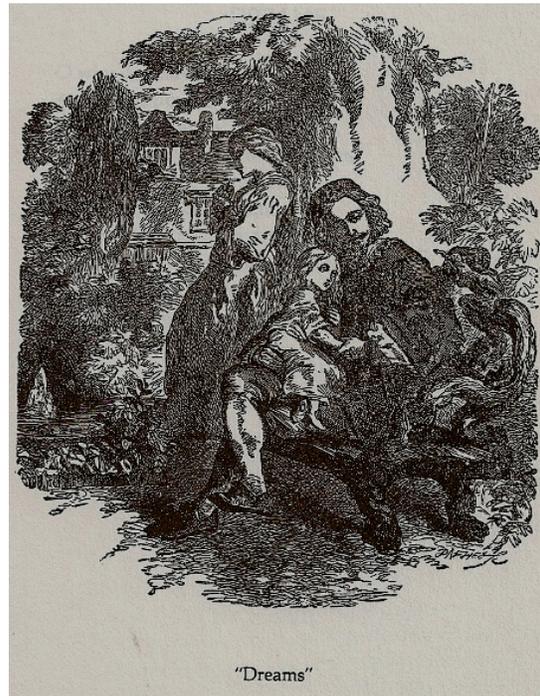
"The Enneagram" by Andrew McMaster – taking a line from Richard Rose's teaching that we should employ whatever means necessary when going within, "Mac" has chosen to write about an ancient system of defining the personality in order to observe and retreat from the obstacles it puts in our path to Truth.

Welcome to the Richard Rose Teachings Newsletter

POINT OF VIEW

BY PHILIP WINESTONE

So there I was – actually, here I was – as usual, shuffling aimlessly around the house in my housecoat and slippers, when something very simple happened. I was walking past the big armchair by the sliding door in the den, when... I sat down. I didn't think about it beforehand; I was in too much of a vacant state to think about such a major thing... I just plonked myself down and immediately closed my eyes. Now to most people, including myself, this would have seemed like the start of a determined effort to meditate, but the truth is, it wasn't. I had no intention of meditating. And even when I used to actually have the intention of meditating – every day for quite a number of years, I must add – chances are that if I HAD intended to meditate, the result would have been the same as always: not much. But as I sat comfortably in that armchair, something happened that truly rocked



me. And every day since, it has continued to rock me. What exactly happened? Well, those who know me may not believe this, but I actually have trouble explaining it. However, as it has since caused me so much melancholy and introspection, there had to be something to it. A line was stepped over. I didn't step over it; I was just walking past the big armchair, after all... I just sat, and as I sat, it became very clear – uncomfortably clear - that this life really is a dream, and that the implications of this hard truth – at least for me – were very sad.

It's not as if I didn't already "understand" that life is a dream; an illusion; Maya. How many spiritual mentors and friends had told me, or written about, this? How many times had I nodded sagely - usually with a very serious, long face - when reading what Richard Rose and others - David Carse and Tony Parsons and Wei Wu Wei for example – had to say about all that. It's just that I went from "nodding-sagely-with-a-long-face," to having my breath knocked right out of me. It literally hit me hard.

For example, all these nice people I know, including my wife and children? All part of the dream. When I die – when I "go," as we say – they simply won't be. I will be – not as "me," but in some other state that I can't define - but they will not. Nor will I remember them. My ideas, my profession, my artwork? Gone. I will have left them behind in the dream. Actually, I won't have left them behind; these wonderful people (as well as the not-so-wonderful ones) were – are now – part of this dream experience, so I will simply stop dreaming them. So although death is not (to my knowledge) a full awakening from the dream (which can only be an awakening to the Absolute state), I have to presume that a measure of "waking up" or "understanding" manifests in the after-death state, at least compared to how things are viewed in the dream we call the mortal state. This is all I presume to know. Which as you can see, isn't much.

Since the armchair episode, I've thought about, for example, the idea of leaving a will. Now you have to have a sense of humour about all this, because if you don't it will present you with all kinds of crazy and perplexing problems. And as Swami Chinmayananda once said, there is humour in spirituality. "Those who walk around with serious and/or gloomy expressions on their faces and make gloomy pronouncements, are

showing the effects of dyspepsia rather than spirituality." Hmm... now back to my last will and testament. If this is really a dream, then leaving a dreamed will to dreamed people – nice as they are – is foolish and pointless. The thinking seems to be that once we shuffle off this mortal coil, we will go somewhere; "pass on" to somewhere "up there" where we will be able to look down with love and nostalgia, and monitor what's going on amongst the people we "left behind". Are they holding on to my paintings? Are they pleased with the will? Is my wife going to re-marry? Will my older son EVER marry? What do they really think of me? What will my great-great-grandchildren (and beyond) think of me? It's a DREAM, for heaven's sake! What I am thinking about it is pure nonsense!!! When I awaken each morning, I couldn't really care less about what has taken place in my dreams – at least in most of them. That interesting person I met in the dream from which I just awoke; wonder what he's doing now... Perhaps tonight we'll continue our fascinating conversation, whatever it was about... Won't happen. Another dream experience will arise. Or not.

All that stuff. Because from our point-of-view, THIS existence is the ground of everything that exists. Every other form of existence – if we can imagine such things – is, from our point-of-view, inferior to this earthly existence. Our perception of the entire universe is based on our minute earthly existence. This is our fundamental point-of-view. So we talk as if we leave here – this wonderful life – and "go" somewhere after death; somewhere that isn't real (and isn't as wonderful) compared to what we just left. And we hang around in that after-death state – perhaps shuffling around in a heavenly housecoat, and wearing heavenly slippers - making sure that everything we did while alive, will have its intended effect. Even now, over the weeks and months since my mother-in-law's "passing," we talk about her having "gone," poor woman. As if all the physical and mental suffering she had undergone before she "went" was FAR better than whatever is happening to her wherever she is now. In fact we believe that even the worst conditions on this earth are far better than death; far better than "going". And when you consider this way of thinking you can see why we desperately need that sense of humour to which I referred. We have to be able to laugh at ourselves and our vanities.

This is a DREAM, for heaven's sake!!! When we – all of us – fall asleep each night, we disappear; we back out of this “waking” dream experience and into the state of bliss which is deep sleep. Does anybody doubt this? Does anybody hate or fear falling asleep?

So our current point-of-view is interesting and totally irrational, and it's deeply ingrained in all of us. I can't tell you for sure that it's utterly wrong, because I don't know that with complete certainty. All I do know is that the little episode on the big armchair allowed this mind to cross the line from many years of simple intellectual understanding (the “nodding sagely” reaction) towards an element of actual understanding. And it certainly didn't make me blissful or even happy. Quite the opposite. The trick, I have somehow learned, is to try to allow introspection, not depression, to happen. How? Again I don't know exactly, but it seems that “turning the head internally to look in a different direction” as Richard Rose has suggested, is reasonably effective. Meanwhile, this small element of understanding is always with me; it's still a little alien to this mind, and I often lapse into “normal” thought patterns. But behind these “normal” thought patterns something is always prodding me...

What now? Well, I'm tempted to go out right now and spend my children's inheritance. In reality, they – as part of this current dream – won't be around to spend it when I leave this dream, so why not enjoy it now? If only there was a way of convincing my wife...

THE ENNEAGRAM

BY ANDREW McMASTER

When it became apparent that each of us is already the Absolute, already perfect, and in need of no “higher, spiritual education,” I began to look for methods to retreat from the false, so as to approach the Truth. Mister Rose taught us to look within and use whatever methods were necessary.

One such method that was suggested to me by my mentor, Floyd Henderson, is the Enneagram.

The Enneagram is a nine pointed figure, on which each of the points represents one of the personality types to which all individuals belong. The study of the Enneagram types dates back thousands of years and was part of many different spiritual traditions. Recently, it has become a tool of modern psychology.

While it is true that Mister Rose disdained most of modern psychology, the Enneagram can be a useful tool in determining those aspects of an individual's personality that drive his or her actions. According to Maharaj, personality is the very reason that the unrealized live somnambulistic and robotic lives.

To realize the benefits of the Enneagram, one must answer a questionnaire which is composed of multiple choice questions. There are different versions of the questionnaire and the number of questions varies with each questionnaire. The questions are analyzed, generally by a qualified counselor, but there are self tests available. The counselor can then determine with a good degree of accuracy the personality traits of the client.

An important aspect of the Personality types for those of us seeking to be free from the false is that the dominant desire and fear of each personality type is identified. Fear and desire are the principle reasons we have adopted the false personas that we take to be real; that we erroneously believe ARE us. Having identified these fears and desires we can begin to recognize why we react to certain situations and how those reactions are not our own. We can learn to act spontaneously, and no longer react based on the fears, desires, and personas we received during domestication and enculturation. This is the beginning of awareness which can lead to Realization.

A good resource for learning more about the Enneagram Personality Types and investigating the testing is the Enneagram Institute at:

<http://www.enneagraminstitute.com/>

Besides being a realized Advaitin teacher in the Nisargadatta Maharaj tradition, Floyd Henderson is a qualified Enneagram Counselor. He can administer the test, analyze the results, and give counseling based on those results. You can learn more about Floyd at:

www.floydhenderson.com



LIFE AND TIMES WITH RICHARD ROSE

BY CECY ROSE

I should begin by stating that my intention to write this article is as much self-serving as it is to satisfy the curiosity of those few who even have an interest in knowing what my relationship was with Richard Rose. The need to review my life once in a while to remind myself that I still cling to certain undesirable thought patterns, drives me to write this article, for the most part. You'll probably be snoozing after the first paragraph, but if I strike even one chord within you, the reader, and provide the advice given by my teacher and husband, Richard Rose, then I've really accomplished what I set out to do in this newsletter.

This idea all started when I broke out some old journals (those that survived the burn pile, at least) from 1975, the year I first met Richard. His lecture in Providence, RI (one similar to that given in Boston, MA that is published in *The Direct-Mind Experience*) moved me to action with one simple statement by him: "There's plenty of time for sleep in the graveyard." I hadn't even considered the concept that we're all basically "asleep". I heard him say later that the worst that could happen to a person is to find out, at the point of physical death, that they've been dead for years. But in the same vein, when I later attended meetings of various other groups while living in Pittsburgh, and even confronted their beliefs, Richard reprimanded me, saying that not only was I being rude, but that, if it applied, I should restrain from "disturbing the sleepers". Looking back, it was strictly ego on my part to assume that I was going to impose my own agenda (still being a sleeper myself!) on others – and especially on their own turf!

Once I moved to Benwood, WV to the house in which Richard was born and returned to later in life, most of our days together were spent house-holding, doing projects on the farm like picking and processing grapes from the huge arbor he built, and working on publishing his books. And though he lectured on how one could attain the "Brahman" by following a path he called the Albigen System, he very much appreciated those

"Your husband may have been small in physical stature, but he was a giant in spiritual terms. Of that I have no doubt. His words have a directness and power that I have seldom felt...a living quality that speaks to the core of my being. I feel blessed to have made contact with him and his teaching transmission.

I also love Mr. Rose's wicked sense of humor, which particularly shines through in the piece that Bob Martin penned, with the correspondence from Mr. Rose. The letter he wrote to Bob's parrot had me in stitches!

Needless to say Mr. Rose has inspired me to re-focus my efforts and energies in my own personal search...at a time in my life when I was feeling a little lost and requiring guidance, motivation and clarity. Mr. Rose has provided me with the required Zen Master smack on the head I needed...and I'm sure if he were still here in the body he'd also be following that up with a swift kick up my derriere, for good measure!

I would love to have met him in person, but feel him close every time I make contact with his words and teachings."

--Martin C. North Carolina

experiences in life that would fall under the category of projection and illusion. Looking back, I've come to the conclusion that he saw these moments as a doorway to rapport. An artist might refer to it as entering the creative realm. I recall, in particular, one of the first visits I made to see "Mr. Rose" as I called him back then. We were sitting on the front porch of his farmhouse



"Zen Master" at work picking the grapes.

looking toward the east around dusk. Now, I've never done drugs in spite of having gone through art school (a stereotype, but nonetheless, partly true), but what I saw in the twilight of that evening I'm convinced had to have had more to do with who I was sitting next to than what was being projected from behind my eyeballs. Of course, those who have done drugs might call it a "contact high". But I've never seen the likes of that color since then so again, I'm convinced that my imagination didn't conjure it up. I go back to the premise that this "illusion" that shimmered before the two of us was part of a rapport that Richard so often described as the doorway to an ultimate realization. We shared the whole scene. And in that sharing, I knew that transmission was real and a means of taking a student to the edge of Reality. But, as Richard said, there are preparations to be made, even if the "event" itself comes totally unexpected. More on that later.

Back to this idea of an enlightened man appreciating the beauty within the projection, which would seem a paradox to most who have read his books. Many a twilight hour was spent sitting on the porch at the farmhouse after a long day's work when the conversation would drift to creative thinking, I guess you could call it. One

idea he had was to install blue lights along the pathways or wherever they would create an "atmosphere" around the farm. He wrote about how we are affected by moods and gave lectures on the subject. He was particularly fascinated by the nostalgic mood. And anything that would create a less dreary projection couldn't be all that bad. At first I was puzzled by this talk. How could a "Zen Master" even be concerned with such trivialities as mood lighting! But Richard had a deep appreciation for beauty – whether in the landscape or on a canvas in a museum or in a piece of violin music. I still recall a critique he gave of a painting at Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh which, as an artist, has affected my use of color even today. He spoke of the dark shades of green in this particular work as reflecting a dimension or bardo in which the artist lived, mentally, that was not healthy or beautiful.

He also had an intuition about people and events that was uncanny and a result, he would say, of a long and innocent life up until the age of 27 or 28 when he gave up the celibate life. When I first met "Mr. Rose" he taught me the ways and means to developing an intuition – and retreating from error. Much of this is written in his books and is in his lectures, but I will repeat it here just for the sake of reference. Step one: be celibate, at least for a period of 28 days, to clear up your thinking. And, as he pointed out to his students, you need a lot of vitality to "walk through death" so conserving one's energy is important. Step two: apply action. Go after the books and philosophers. Step three: meditate – go within. Analyze things with your mind and meditate upon your troubles. He called this "productive thinking." He said to find out what the obstacle is and overcome it. Provoke the mind to think but not in terms of acquiring more knowledge. Step four: don't speak about it (to know, to do, to dare and to be silent.) You can't have theatrics – his words. Step five: fight without any promise. A symptom of success is to start fighting. The animal body wants to fight back, of course, preventing us from making headway. But when you get in control of yourself, you'll feel "powerful" – a power that can be transmitted from one person to another. He thought that just being an orator is nonsense.

After his experience in 1947 he wrote the Three Books of the Absolute to describe what he went through as best he could in prose form. I think that says a lot about the man. He didn't try to

break it down into some intellectual construct but chose a medium that speaks from the heart. When he asked if I would illustrate and typeset his book of poetry, I was delighted. It was a different experience than putting together the other books – more of an artistic journey. And I came to know better the artist in Richard Rose. He painted his pictures with words.

But having said this, he could also be a tough West Virginia “Zen Master.” He came by it honestly as they say. We talked a lot about his mother and father and his upbringing, which was an interesting paradox in itself. His mother, a devout Catholic, insisted on his being raised in that environment, first in the Catholic orphanage in Wheeling, WV and then on to the Seminary in Butler, PA to become her one and only priest son. Of course, that didn’t work out. He had too much of his father in him to accept what he considered rhetoric coming from the monastery hierarchy.

His mother also encouraged him to take up the violin. All in all, it sounds like she was encouraging her son to be sensitive. However, as a child when he displayed the uncanny ability to predict the deaths of neighbors when passing by their house and smelling funeral flowers, she scolded him and told him not to speak of such things. This, however, didn’t stop him from researching all the possibilities of life after death when he was able to travel around visiting various spiritualist centers.

Richard was a true seeker – leaving no stone unturned as he advised us to do. But he also said a person can waste a lot of time spinning their wheels and so, back to those important steps of doing what it takes to develop an intuition and discernment. He thought that Zen was the perfect psychological system to teach these steps. As he said, *Zen defines*. It is not based on belief. A person must define themselves. They have to know what they can do – not simply *believe*.

But believe me – life with Richard Rose was very clearly defined! I am laughing, of course, but thinking back on the very first time I met him until the very last time we said our good-byes over thirty years later, even though he couldn’t speak, he left me with no doubt that one human soul (the Atman) can touch another. And if that other has come to realize the Eternal Soul (the Brahman), he can instill in the other a hope for realization of the Eternal.



Then there was the long goodbye.....

TWO WOLVES

One evening an old Cherokee told his grandson about a battle that goes on inside people. He said,

"My son, the battle is between two wolves inside us all.

"One is Evil - It is anger, envy, jealousy, sorrow, regret, greed, arrogance, self-pity, guilt, resentment, inferiority, lies, false pride, superiority, and ego.

"The other is Good - It is joy, peace, love, hope, serenity, humility, kindness, benevolence, empathy, generosity, truth, compassion and faith."

The grandson thought about it for a minute and then asked his grandfather:
"Which wolf wins?"

The old Cherokee simply replied, "The one you feed."

The poet is anonymous, but the poem was submitted by Steve Cornie, son of, guess who?(hint: see previous newsletter)

MOSES ON SINAI

who are You
that i must die
to know You

i am
because
You are

i am
that
You are

i am
i not
You are

who are You
that i am
not

Submitted by Dianne Bonner.

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

For information on the Lexington, KY Albigen Study Group write to: John Rose albigenzen@mac.com; also, check out his postings on Twitter at <http://twitter.com/albigenman> or go to his Facebook page at <http://www.facebook.com/people/John-Rose/692946767>

For information on an Ontario, Canada online discussion group contact: Philip.winestone@rogers.com or go to Richard-rose-friendship-group@googlegroups.com

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