

THE OBSERVER'S NOOK

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"You can't postulate. And when you finally realize you can't postulate, then you have to start from zero. And if you start from zero, you have to start with yourself...You have to start with zero convictions."

—Richard Rose, excerpt from "The Theosophical Lecture" CD, Second Edition

Hello Everyone and Happy New Year!

This issue of the Richard Rose Teachings Newsletter features:

"Walking the Walk" by John Rose

Another longtime student of esoteric philosophy embraces his dilemmas and obstacles on the path.

"A Gimble in a Wabe" by Jim Cornie

This fascinating article covers the spectrum from atom to the Absolute – or are they one in the same?

"Letters from Richard Rose—The Post Experience Correspondence"

Richard's earliest teachings come to light in this exchange.



Welcome to Rose Psychology -- A new site dedicated to the psychological teachings of Richard Rose located at www.richardrosepsychology.com

WALKING THE WALK BY JOHN ROSE

The deeper I get into the esoteric realm of things, the more I become irritated with everyday life. Not so much everyday life, as the importance that seems to be placed on these events. It is almost to the absurd, like erecting a monument to try and immortalize a thing that no longer exists. I don't know how to explain much of what is going on in my head, or what causes my irritation in the first place. Perhaps it is some ego stuck in the throes of knowing it is without purpose, yet it still strives to survive.

I get frustrated at not being able to awaken those around me, and yet I am not fully awake myself. What is that all about? I have been whittling away at untruths and keep facing mortality, and contemplating death. Contemplation of death sounds morbid, but it is all but that. In reality, such meditation clears away the morbidity associated with death.

Just when I sit down to write, I so often lose my thread of thought and have no idea what to write. It is like there are clear thoughts and experiences, but no actual words to go with them. Doesn't do much for communication except to reinforce the need for direct mind rapport.

I really long for others to share the passion of Self Realization to the degree I do. I know there are others out there, but it is not exactly a popular topic. There is a tendency to put off thinking about such things until very late in life when it is more than likely too late to do much about them. I suffer deep frustration at this. I keep digging. Where am I now in the search? I realize I have spent much of life reading, discussing, thinking, and so forth about Reality and the Nature of who or what I am and yet I have spent very little time really putting those things into action. Just when I start to squirm, I start to back off. The reality of it though is that it may be in those uncomfortable moments that the real progress begins. It is easy to say you don't fear death until a health issue or something gives you a death sentence. It is only then that you truly know what your reaction will be. I am by no means asking for something like that, but I want to make breakthroughs in the realm of Self Awareness, Truth, Enlightenment. Call it what you will. I am really afraid to ask for catalysts as I am afraid I will get them, and I am sure they

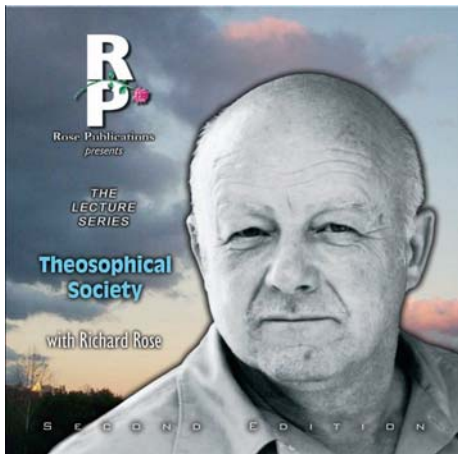
are more than likely unpleasant. I think we are all reluctant to embrace the unpleasant. In the meantime, I continue to look at things as best I can, and to try and live a life conducive to this line of work: shut off energy drains, keep the house in order, keep asking questions and walking the path of the reverse vector.

As things lose their significance I find it harder and harder to find the motivation to do anything other than maintain, which makes Johnny a dull boy. On the up side, I seem to care less and less what I do in order to make a living as well as caring less about other events in life. This allows for a much deeper enjoyment of the moment for what it is because there isn't all this entanglement in whatever it happens to be. I do still find myself hanging onto so many things, however, that saddle me with attachment. I get a twinge of freedom with each letting go of an ego or attachment of some sort. I waste so much time and energy with worry and fear; if I could just let an experience pass through, it would leave so much more energy in reserve, and things that I dread would pass with little notice. That is true freedom, to be able to truly live selflessly. Viewing some of the principles of Christ make so much more sense in that light.

I still sometimes do things in hopes of some sort of recognition even though I know on an intellectual level that the recognition I seek is foolish ego-gratification. The trouble is that I don't know it on a visceral level. (TO BE CONTINUED)

John's Albigen Study Group is located in Lexington, KY. For more info: albigenzen@mac.com.

NEW RELEASE!



A GIMBLE IN A WABE¹ BY JIM CORNIE

The Headless Way, a Biocentric Theory of the Universe, the Laws of Science and Beyond

I

January 11, '08 will mark the first anniversary of the death of Douglas Harding at an age of ninety-eight. Many of us who worked with and studied under Richard Rose had the opportunity to meet Douglas at a Chautauqua on Richard Rose's farm. Douglas Harding was an intense searcher of Meaning and Self definition. He found it while gimbling in his own wabe in view of the Himalayas. I quote from *On Having No Head*. "...What actually happened was something absurdly simple and unspectacular: I stopped thinking. A peculiar quiet, an odd kind of alert limpness or numbness, came over me. Reason and imagination and all mental chatter died down. For once, words really failed me. Past and future dropped away. I forgot who and what I was, my name, manhood, animalhood, all that could be called mine. It was as if I had been born that instant, brand new, mindless, innocent of all memories. There existed only the Now, that present moment and what was clearly given in it. To look was enough. And what I found was khaki trouserlegs terminating downwards in a pair of brown shoes, khaki sleeves terminating sideways in a pair of pink hands, and a khaki shirtfront terminating upwards in –absolutely nothing whatever! Certainly not in a head. ..."

Douglas went on to make it his life's work to bring others into his vision. When I met Douglas

¹ Definitions from Wikipedia attributed to Lewis Carroll:

Wabe – The grass plot around a sundial. It is called a "wabe" because it goes a long way before it, and a long way behind it, and a long way beyond it on each side; as defined by Humpty Dumpty and modified by Alice.

Gimble – To gimble is to make holes like a [gimlet](#) according to Humpty. A gimlet is a tool for drilling holes through wood without splintering.

In my mind, I had always considered a gimble in a wabe to be a philosophical stroll through a strange landscape. So in this occasional column, I hope to meaningfully stroll through this strange path of life and occasionally drill holes through the field of time and any other convenient illusion that I might share with the reader.

Harding at the Chautauqua on the farm in West VA, he attempted to get me to see that what I call a head was just a portal and that the universe flowed through me. I really did not get it but I could tell that he did and that his experience seemed to be genuine. He was open, generous and gregarious. He gave me the address of where he lived near Ipswich, England and told me to drop in if I had the chance. That chance came in 1977 just after I participated in a National Academy of Science exchange to the then Soviet Union. On returning, I adjusted my schedule to arrange for a layover in London, called Douglas and set up a visit. I soon found myself at the Ipswich train station and had a taxi deliver me to his house near the village of Nacton, deep into the lovely countryside near the East coast of England. When I arrived he asked me if I brought any food, that since he gets so many visitors and he takes no money for his mentoring, he thought that I understood the local law of the ladder. I was embarrassed at my lapse of etiquette and excused myself and set out on foot to find a store to buy some provisions. Douglas asked if I minded his company so we set off on a local hiking path across fields and pastures. We talked of small things and large. He told me that the English are great strollers and rights of way for hikers are deeded and sacred, that if a farmer plowed the path and seeded grain, the hikers would keep walking through the plowed and freshly seeded field, re-establishing their ancient rights. Walking across a field, I spotted a huge white mushroom that looked similar to ones I had noted in western PA. I pointed it out to Douglass and asked him if it was edible. He told me it was a sheep's head mushroom, a delicacy and more than sufficient for my contribution to the provisions. It was as large as my head and, seemingly, as dense. Back at his house, he had me slice it and fry it in butter. Douglas and I fed the multitude (a few young men like myself, attempting to loose their heads). It was like the loaves and fishes. Instead of loosing our heads, we gained a sheep's-head. I do not remember anything tasting so wonderful before or since but perhaps it was the magic of the mushroom and the beautiful Nacton countryside and how neatly he fit into that place. That and his genial hospitality, his gentle humor and his intense probing to show us the headless way is what I remember most about Douglas. Occasionally, while I am by myself driving my car, I try out the headless experience and let the universe flow through me. I kinda get it but my big fat head keeps returning and I realize that for

me to really get it, the universe will have to be a bit more blunt. Douglas has departed but I will never forget the generosity of spirit and the magic that we shared.

Douglas's way is quite gentle and intense at the same time. Several of the people around him seem to "get it". However, I expect an illumination to be more traumatic, that such a sudden realization would have to cause a cataclysmic readjustment of the seeker's approach to the world. I am also inclined to the notion that there are many things that drain the energy of a seeker from his path and I was not around Douglas or his students enough to see if he had a system of safeguards and protection mechanisms that he could transmit to his students. Perhaps he only attracted persons devoid of psychic tics but I doubt it. Perhaps others who studied with him could inform me of his in-depth methods. I would welcome such communication.

II

I did not get it then...but I do get it on an intellectual level. Douglas has the universe flowing through us or perhaps projected from us and it is formed by shared agreement into a sustaining reality as Richard Rose would modify it. I recently came across an article by Robert Lanza, on "A New Theory of the Universe" in the spring '07 issue of American Scholar (a Phi Beta Kappa magazine that my wife Ruth gets for being a smart kid in college). Lanza is Chief Scientific Officer of Advanced Cell Technology, a small innovative biotech firm in Worcester, MA and is a Professor at Wake Forrest School of Medicine. Lanza has confounded the physics community by positing a biocentric view of the universe. He starts his scholarly and philosophical article by quoting from Loren Eisely: "*While I was setting one night with a poet friend watching a great opera performed in a tent under lights, the poet took my arm and pointed silently. Far up, blundering out of the night, a huge Cecrophia moth swept past from light to light over the posturings of the actors. 'He doesn't know', my friend whispered excitedly. 'He's passing through an alien universe brightly lit but invisible to him. He's in another play: he doesn't see us. He doesn't know. Maybe it's happening right now to us.'*"

Lanza proposes that time and space are creations of our consciousness. As observers, we create

the observed. He writes: ...“*Our science fails to recognize those special properties of life that make it fundamental to material reality. This view of the world—biocentrism--revolves around the way a subjective experience, which we call consciousness, relates to a physical process. It is a vast mystery and one that I have pursued my entire life. The conclusions I have drawn place biology above the other sciences in the attempt to solve one of nature’s biggest puzzles, the theory of everything that other disciplines have been pursuing for the last century. Such a theory would unite all known under one umbrella, furnishing science with an all-encompassing explanation of the nature of reality.*”

In quantum physics, we know that the observer affects the observed. The act of observing, on an atomic level, affects the outcome. In the famous two-hole experiment, if we spray the apertures with a beam of electrons and observe the results, the electron will only pass through one hole and we consider it to be a particle. If we do not observe it, it passes through both and it behaves like a wave. Matter can be a particle or a wave depending on how we observe it. Matter has been defined as “Waves of probability undulating into nothingness” and that probability is a probability of existence. Matter waves in and out of existence, not in time and space. When you look at the sub atomic universe closely, it disappears. Time itself disappears. Heisenberg posed and used mathematics to prove that if we know momentum on the atomic scale, we cannot know position and visa versa. He called this the uncertainty principal and physics has never been the same since.

There is a famous experiment by Bell that shows that separate particles can influence each other instantaneously over great distances. The experiment confirms that properties of polarized light are correlated or linked, no matter how far apart they are. Flip one and the distant mate also flips instantaneously as if they were in achronal communication. It may be that some things can best be expressed poetically. I wrote a poem about it some time ago (oh-my-god, it was 25 years ago) which I insert here:

Bell’s Theorem

There is a paradox
In the Quantum Theory of Matter—
Electrons, protons, positrons
Neutrons, muons and pi-mesons*

*And a herd of virtual elementals
Change states
Achronal.
Einstein, Podoisky and Rosen tell us—
...Nothing exceeds the speed of light...
Yet Bell showed us a no-thing can.*

*Do you see yon electron dipole
Mated in spin, one thumbs up—
The other thumbs-down?*

*Good!
Let us play.
Let us filter the pair
Through a magnetic field:
Thumbs-up deflects upward at
an incline.
Thumbs-down, downward at
an incline.*

*Now!
Pass thumbs-up through a second field
and flip it thumbs-down.
What happens
To the distant unmatched mate?*

*Bell’s Theorem gives mathematics as
proof
To what the observer perceives.
The downward deflecting thumbs-down
Remote from the field
Becomes thumbs-up
Achronal!*

*Time dissolves to preserve order
But the seeker would grasp a beam
And commune through a world
Beyond the Field of time.*

**The paradox is only a conflict between
reality and your feeling of what reality
“ought to be” ...Richard Feynman.*

Time forms a couplet with space only in our consciousness because space and time are functions and creations of organic life and not the other way around. Lanza has us projecting the universe through our consciousness, that the material world is a function of the observer and to my mind, whatever continuity we see, we achieve through shared vision and agreement. Magic may exist where there is intense local agreement that differs from the greater majority agreement. It is what caused most of those in the Jonestown community to drink the poisoned Kool-Aid.

As Lanza lays waste to the beliefs of physics, he devastates the theories and aspirations of neuroscientists who believe that consciousness will be understood once we understand all the synaptic connections of the brain. I am out of my realm here but I am not aware of anyone who has grasped or observed consciousness from the firing of the synapse. They say that if consciousness exists, it is from the complexity of an ensemble of synapses but we are all arm waving when we try to define consciousness. For now, consciousness is the great mystery to our scientific, philosophical as well as spiritual communities. The quest for understanding of this mystery rivals or exceeds the quest for order of the nature of matter by the pioneers of quantum physics at the turn of the last century and by those who seek the mechanisms of evolution and the cosmology of the universe. ...*“We are living through a profound shift in worldview, from the belief that time and space are entities in the universe to one in which time and space belong to the living. ... Only for a moment, while we sort out the reality that time and space do not exist, will it feel like madness...”* concludes Lanza.

Again, the poet intuitively things that come from his inner space that he does not know in his ordinary rational mind. I quote a few lines from “Lightman” that I published a few issues ago:

*...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,
Allowing Awareness to be aware....*

There is much debate in the scientific community about Lanza’s article and the following issue of *American Scholar* had a number of scathing as well as praising reviews in the “letters to the editor” section. I have since read that Lanza is following up with a book where he will attempt to mathematically prove his positions. I conclude, however, that there is little disagreement between Lanza and Harding. (But, let us retain a respectful doubt. I have read some place that when great scientists age and start questioning their science, they sometimes become bad philosophers. I too run the risk of becoming a maudlin philosopher.)

III

It is now time to look at science itself. We are enamored by mathematics because it seems to describe the world around us as we observe it very well. Quantum physics, in spite of its weirdness, or maybe because of it, has resulted in nuclear bombs, nuclear power, the invention of the whole advanced solid state electronics industry and telecommunication industries that pervade every aspect of our life. Our technology is a legacy of Rutherford, Planck, Einstein, Bohr, Heisenberg, Schroedinger, de Broglie, Wheeler, Feynman and a host of others.

The serious popular press is beginning to pick up on the dissatisfaction of certain scientists with the priestly status of their class and pressure from the creationist below. Certain fundamental questions about the “laws” of physics are now under question. I refer to a recent editorial written by Paul Davies², Director of a research center at Arizona State University. He writes: *“The most refined expression of the rational intelligibility of the cosmos is found in the laws of physics, the fundamental rules on which nature runs. The laws of gravitation and electromagnetism, the laws that regulate the world within the atom, the laws of motion are all expressed as tidy mathematical relationships.*

² N.Y. Times Op-Ed , 11/24/07

But where do these laws come from? And why do they have the form that they do?

“When I was a student, the laws of physics were regarded as completely off limits. The job of the scientist, we were told, is to discover the laws and apply them, not to inquire into their provenance. The laws were treated as ‘given’—imprinted on the universe like a maker’s mark at the moment of cosmic birth—and fixed forevermore. Therefore, to be a scientist, you had to have faith that the universe is governed by dependable, immutable, absolute, universal, mathematical laws of an unspecified origin. You’ve got to believe that these laws won’t fail, that we won’t wake up tomorrow and find heat flowing from cold to hot, or the speed of light changing by the hour.”

When we question why the laws are what they are, we are answered that that is not a scientific question, they just are. So shut up. You are getting paid to apply them. There is much useful work left to do within the scope of these laws and besides, you must publish or perish.

To be fair, unlike religious dogma and faith-based belief systems, these laws work. Mankind has struggled out of the slime of creation to be able to predict the world around him. That the circumference of a circle is the number pi times the diameter and that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the sides of a right triangle were profound revelations to the Pythagoreans. To them, it was sheer magic that such an abstraction could relate directly to the physical world. Newton and his laws of gravity can get us to the moon and back as long as we apply relativity to the speed of communication and reaction by the astronaut or robot controlling the spacecraft.

Modern science and physics is perhaps the most effective priesthood that we have ever developed because unlike religion, they do give predictability to the external world and, most importantly, self correction is built into the system. But that predictability has limits and local exclusions such as Bell’s Theory discussed earlier and the Big Bang, that central singularity from which we all emanated. We have no way of approaching the questions:

- Are there alternative universes?
- What gave rise to the big bang?

- Can we even ask what went before it since time seems to be a product of consciousness?

We ask -- why are things what they are? We exist so we know that we are in a Goldilocks universe where everything is just right. The laws of physics seem to be exactly balanced for life to exist. To quote Lanza again:

- If the Big bang had been one part in a billion more powerful it would have expanded too fast for galaxies to form and for life to begin.
- A two percent decrease in the strong nuclear force would prevent atomic nuclei from holding together and the only atom in the universe would be hydrogen.
- A slight reduction in the gravitational constant would preclude stars from igniting.

I might add serendipity of my own, if ice did not float, there would be no life on earth. I have some minor miracles within my own field that will perhaps some day make me rich enough to send all of my wonderful grandchildren to Harvard so that they too can ask the unanswerable. But the wonder of it all is that it works and I for one am continuously amazed.

Lanza states that the lack of a scientific explanation of the Goldilocks universe, (not to hot, not too cold, not too hard, not too soft, just right), has allowed these facts to be hijacked as a defense of intelligent design. To some extent, the nutcases proposing intelligent design are doing us a service because they are forcing us to reexamine the limits of our laws of physics as well as evolution, cosmology and historical geology. Lanza and Davies are a part of this response. We cannot use Harding as proof since direct experience is difficult to verify by the scientific community and, as we know from our searching for Self-definition, it is beastly difficult to directly transmit to all but the most profound seekers. However, direct experience remains the only font of knowledge that, in the end, would be satisfying.

IV

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. The earth was without form and void; and darkness was on the face of the deep. And the spirit of God was hovering over the face of

*the waters. Then God said, "Let there be light" and there was light.*³

—And thus begins our western mythology common to Islam, Judaism and Christianity but with tribal gods in the beginning giving us great license to rape, pillage and kill those who believe other doctrines with slight differences and distinctions. Our commonly projected "God" as interpreted locally is still causing great and destructive mischief. Even with the current followers of the "one God" theology from the three great western religions, we have jihad, crusades, pogroms and contra-pogroms. This is the myth of our fathers and one that is being displaced by some relative rationalist with the following:

In the beginning (about 14 billion years ago) there was a void and that void was devoid of space and time. Out of this void arose a singularity, which we call the big bang, in which everything that we know emerged and which contained cosmic potential for an entire incipient universe in which organic life would become possible in discrete locations. We see echoes of the exploding singularity with our large optical, microwave and X ray telescopes. This is the myth of our time. It is no better or worse than any other except that we can observe aspects of it and interpret it based upon our self created models of reality. From such myths both the scientific priesthood that will not venture beyond the laws of physics and the creationist cult that presumes on faith derived from the bible that there is a designer God find a common sandbox in which to play (but draw differing conclusions). In effect they both gimple in their chosen wabes but neither will ever understand the other. We have re-created Babel.

Joseph Campbell found similarities in creation stories from virtually every culture on earth, from the Athabaskan speaking Navajo Indian of Arizona to the Hindi speaking Hindu Indian of India to what he understood of the Big Bang myth before he departed. They have a certain metaphorical commonality. They are the founding myths that we all share in one way or another. As we develop our consciousness, we develop tools for probing the myth and for gaining some predictability. We invent mathematics and enshrine a cult of practitioners. But step back and realize that an equation for a circle is not a circle. Kant's Thing in its Self is

only approached metaphorically. Poetically, we sometimes get close to the Thing in its Self. Rose apparently broke through. I can see enough of Douglas Harding's view to see that it is reasonable. Lanza is strictly intellectual but he is about as close as you can get with the use of intellect. Direct experience is still needed. Perhaps as Richard Rose said, you've got to fatten the head before you chop it off.

Robert March⁴, wrote a book for the poet/philosophical non-scientist on the development of physics from the early Greek and their atoms to quarks. He laments that even after exhausting ourselves on the findings of several mile diameter particle accelerators where we can blow the nucleus of atoms apart to reveal their inner workings, particles and wave packets, e.g. leptons and quarks of various fractional charges and flavors, that we are coming to a limit of where we can venture experimentally. To go further, we need to employ the ultimate particle accelerator, which is no less than the big bang itself. He laments that for now "...*the ocean beyond can be crossed only in the imagination.*" But:..."*The thrill of holding such visions in one's mind is one of the sweetest rewards of the calling of scientist.*"

In his Afterword, March concludes: ..."*To be human is to wonder. Children wonder for a while, before we teach them to be smug about the obvious and to stop asking silly questions. It is easier to pay someone (the artist and perhaps the mystic/holy man -jc) to retain a little of the child and do our wondering for us. ...I for one, refuse to believe that nothing can be done about this empty place, or about the more general disease of which it is but a minor symptom. But as long as we were sundered so, let me remain one of the children and wonder.*"

I know not how to end this. I too look at the universe and existence itself with amazement and wonder. Just to consider it brings tears to my eyes and my heart is bursting with an unknowable longing. But while immersed in wonder, I am now facing a familiar wall that I have been banging my head against for at least forty years. For now, all I can recommend is that we call upon our inner child and to sing the little ditty below: ...Here it comes... here it comes again... wait 'till it comes around again on my cosmic air guitar...all together now:

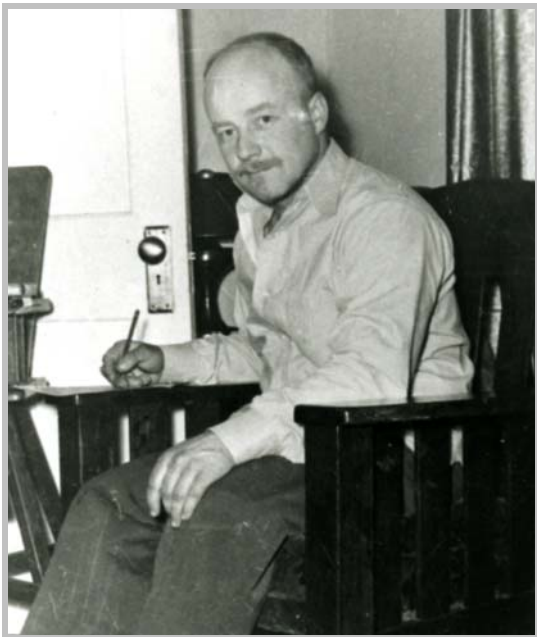
³ So sayeth the Gideon bible in my hotel room.

⁴ Physics for Poets, 1978

*'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe⁵*

Jim Cornie

Comments are invited to jcornie@mmccinc.com.



LETTERS FROM RICHARD ROSE— THE “POST EXPERIENCE” CORRESPONDENCE

In the last issue of our newsletter, we published the first of many letters from the archives of early correspondence of Richard Rose, dating back to the 1950's. The following letter is a continuation of his exchange with a young artist from Chicago who was inquiring about groups or a teacher to work with. We begin with Douglas G.'s reply:

Chicago, IL, May 8, 1956:

Friend Rose,

I received your very welcome letter. I will try my best to answer your questions as truthfully as I can. However, I am not very good at putting things on paper.

I first became interested in the occult at the age of 18. At the time, I was in the Navy, and in Los Angeles, Calif., just looking around when I saw a bookstore. So just for the fun of it I went inside and came out with a book on telepathy. I had heard of telepathy before that day, but I had never given it much attention. After I had read the book I became very interested. So I bought and studied more books. As time went on I began to lose interest in the material things of life. Then one night just before my discharge, I was sitting in meditation when I entered a state I can't find words to express. But I'll try and explain it as best I can. I felt as if I was knowledge in itself. I had no fears. I felt as if all powers were mine. Yet I had no desire to use them. I had a great understanding love for all things. I felt en rapport with the universe. There was much more to it then but I can't find words to put it in.

That state left me in a few days. But it left me with a vow. That I will find a way to enter this state again, master it, then I will help others to do the same. That is my only desire.

About a week after that I got a book on Raja Yoga. I think this is what I am looking for. Books can be a big help. But I can read all the books in the universe and be no wiser. The secret is in myself and only I can find it.

But like you said, I will need help from time to time. And it is good to know someone to stand by. At the present I am not working for anyone. I have been doing art work for a few persons, but I won't call that an occupation. However, I am planning on going to art school soon.

Well, I think that's about all I can say for now. I hope you can make something out of this letter. Like I said, I'm not very good at writing letters.

I thank you for your patient understanding and hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely,
Douglas G.

Encl.: List of books I have read (a total of 41)

Richard's reply from Wheeling, WV, May 9, 1956:

Friend G.,

You have done very well for your age. You will not find many of your own age who will have

⁵ ...with my apology to Lewis Carroll

much in common with you. Especially in this age.

I had pretty much the same experience that you mention. I lived it for about four years. Then came what mystics call the dark night of the soul, from which state I had to stagger forth as best I could, having no advice.

Your intuition is true to you. These things are all within yourself. But it is not always possible to get them out by yourself. Or should I say, it is not always possible to get your entire attention inside yourself wherein lies the Truth...by yourself. This I found.

At this point I will tell you that which will happen to you, (as happened to some degree to me), unless you strike boldly for a path. We generally forget, while swimming in ecstatic trance, that we are of flesh and earth. The necessities of economy will come harshly to our attention. No matter how firm our faith, it will have difficulty sustaining, if we are starving. As Buddha remarked, there is a middle path that travels the farthest.

I came to these conclusions after twenty years of study:

1. Man must live with Oneness of aim, energy. To rationalize is to hush the hunger of the soul. To pretend that we can work with one hand and play with the other is rationalization. We must become. We must be willing to give up anything for that which we assume to be our ideal. Only in that manner can we have complete success. We must devote our total energy. This includes celibacy. You may have found that your periods of illumination corresponded to periods in which you were the most continent.
2. Man does not work alone, or for himself alone. We have the mighty figure of Christ to exemplify this. He sacrificed for humanity to gain his kingdom. Buddha referred to the Dharma and the Sangha. All our time is not spent in meditation. Even after our golden goal of Initiation is attained, we will have hours to work for others. The Brotherhood is essential. A brotherhood of very close perimeter is necessary to

advance. I can transfer very little to you through correspondence, for instance.

3. The aim is initiation. By that I mean development of the ability to enter the next plane and return.
4. The path to wisdom must be the path of Truth. The aspirant should not be asked to do other than that which either feels utterly True, or that which can be proven to him by logic. We must reserve the right to doubt. Do not allow yourself to be snowed under by *anyone*. As you know, there is much that we experience that is not answerable to logic, but that which we feel utterly genuine propels us on in our endeavor. This latter instrument is the intuition...which I think you possess.

Now to get back to the paragraph that preceded Item 1, our progress rises sharply in our youth when our sensitivities are keen and our organism pure. We are apt to put ourselves high in our own estimation. (I did.) We feel that god is within our mental muscles. Pride is the first fall. Then we grope around looking for authorities to send us a notch higher. Economic or sexual exigencies will interpose to upset the perfect *ordo-horum* that must be lived. We begin to rationalize and drift away.

So from this knowledge, I will give you the philosophy that resulted: Everything must be regulated, before we throw ourselves with too much abandon upon the path. If you are not married, (since you mentioned losing interest in things material I presume that you are not), then celibacy is my advice. Also, the adoption of a diet that will not overload your energy. If you want to live this sort of life you will have to live close enough to be able to avail yourself of the help when you actually need it.

Can you visit me? I am taking you verbatim when you say that you have but one desire...that is to enter the state. If this is true then you will plod eastward. I can show you how to enter the state and remain it. But it will be well-nigh impossible in Chicago, unless you joined a monastery, and then only if the inmates allowed you to meditate as you wished. You probably know that these things are not effected in a day. We do not take illumination like a prescription.

It is the razor's edge. I want you to become a part of this movement. A vital part. Strike out with determination and courage. Make your very life a prayer. And goodness shall be one with you.

I cannot tell you these things. You probably know the difficulty it is to express the feelings you have experienced...how much more difficult is it to delineate the labyrinth that one must travel to arrive at Truth. I can help you, coincident with dynamic effort on your part. I may convey through demonstration, through the combination of words that I shall use in talking with, a conviction within you of the correct line of work.

If your art is of secondary importance, if your earthly career is of secondary importance, if wealth is secondary, if the appetites are secondary, then nothing stands in your way.

I neglected to tell you to ask questions if you wished. I will be Truthful or silent, and if silent I will give reasons.

There are a few things I would be pleased to know: Are you in a position to leave your home, or are there dependents? Will you send me in your next letter a report on Rudolph Steiner, that which you concluded from reading him? Do you have any physical permanent disabilities?

Give me an idea of your heredity. Are your parents professional people or craftsmen? You can send me a photo if you wish. This item is not essential but I presume that friendship grows only thru visualization and knowledge of, and I will furnish the same or additional info for you.

There is one thing more. It is my wish that you enter into an agreement with me never to conceal misunderstanding. If you do not agree with me on a point, I respect your rights to question. If you do not then our understanding will draw apart.

Ignorance throws its gauntlet at your feet, my friend. Will you pick it up?
Your servant in Truth,
Richard Rose

Response from Douglas, May 13, 1956:
Friend Rose,

I was very glad to hear from you. I will cut this letter into a few words. You ask me can I visit you? Yes, I would be more than glad to. Just let me know the time and place and I'll be there.

Sincerely,
Douglas G.

(To be continued)

GOT RESOLUTIONS?

Send us your resolutions for the New Year and we'll publish them anonymously (using just initials) in our next issue. Just for fun, we'll see how everyone did in our final 2008 issue. Send to: Editor, info@richardroseteachings.com

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